

Poetry Series

Avik Datta Gupta
- poems -

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Avik Datta Gupta(2nd April 1970)

A Battle Of Words

Battling words up against each other
Sharpened and tightened to the last syllable
Gets prepared to be fired like a projectile
Invisible to the human eye
A deadly duel of supremacy□
A never ending debate..of relentless arguments
But, we all need to prove our point
Absolutely, emphatically and mostly arguably
It is our sole purpose and our primary source of worth
And we are equipped with a word for everything
Ordinary comparatives to the extreme superlatives
Shot like a missile of messages, in all the colours of emotion
Hitting head on...winning over...losing out
And the battle rages on, a battle of words...
There are things all in the mind..
Causes are not always known, answers get eclipsed by ego
Leaving chagrined remains of our joyous souls
The battle of words, will never ever cease
The foolish foes that duel would be hard to please
Little did they realise, that words that battle will never die
As immortal missiles get on being hurled by the mortal lives

Avik Datta Gupta

A Madman's Ballad For His Golden Rose

Oh! Oh! Oh! my Golden Rose!

That's the name I would tell

If she's wise..she'd hear a bell

My Golden Rose must've had dreamy eyes

She must have been very wise..!

She probably had long shining hair..

Was there in Jan..but now she's just not there..

She said she hailed from the 'City Of Joy'

Oh! Have you seen the 'Helen of Troy'..

With her Golden Clothes! ..My Golden Rose!

But now..she has made an act to disappear..

I scream aloud..but she can't hear..

She probably was the daughter of an Engineer

Oh! Oh! why don't you all seem to hear..

For my Golden Rose.. in her golden clothes..

She must have had crimson lips... indigo eyes

Her poetic works was my only prize..

She loved her navel..she loved her hips..

She used her illusions..in three short trips..

Perhaps she studied a bit of Economics..

See. how she laid all those bricks..

And made that wall! ..Golden Rose! ..

Nothing at all..just a wall..

I rave at it..and I wanna break it..

Simmer the passions of poems she had lit..

Oh! Oh! Won't you all come and shed a tear? .

For my Golden Rose..oh my dear!

Long ago I had nothing to write..

When she came one day in my lonely sight..

And then I wrote and wrote.

Looking at the picture of a boat..

Which was still afloat..

With my golden rose..with Cleopatra's nose!

And then when suddenly vanished away..

I asked the skies..sometime in May..

To my Golden Rose.. 'Dear..it's over a year'

Tell me please..when? what? .. how? ..and finally where?

My Golden Rose..in your Golden clothes..

She cracked like lightning and surfaced one day..

And said..that I'd not really value her stay..

So she simply decided to stayed away

My Golden Rose! With her Golden Clothes!

Now! I have so much to share..I've so much to write..

My Golden Gal is mostly out of sight

She visits my home.. when I'm away..

Oh! Babe! why just don't you stay..

My Golden Rose! With your Golden Clothes!

My Golden Rose! see her shine in her Golden Clothes!

Avik Datta Gupta

A Solitary Drop

A solitary dropp of ink on a piece of paper
Took diverging paths..
Got guided by the wind I blew
From my untrained mouth, to create..
A skeleton of a tree..
Branching beyond my imagination..
Trunk to branch..branch to the twig
Till the ink dropp could move no more
Dried leaves rustled beneath my feet
The morning mist kissed by the gelid breeze
Writes a foreword to an awaited winter's tale
The Sun soothingly wraps my soul
Obscured by the solstice clouds
Both seeming to forget it's past harshness
While a solitary silent tear, flows like an unseen stream
From countless eyes, without a trace
Unheard, unnoticed and unseen
Converging to an ocean of unknown reasoning

Avik Datta Gupta

Acrostic Poem 1

All thoughts logical and beautiful
Comes from innovative thoughts
Ready with letters spread on the vertical
Ornate passages reach greatest heights
Sonic architects sketch and rhyme
Theme words juxtaposed and trimmed
It has to fit the cadence, pace and time
Colour the ideas that was once dreamed
Pastel, solid, hues and shades
On a piece of paper get a wordy look
Eternal words jostles and spreads
Mingling together..all in a notebook

Avik Datta Gupta

An Ode For This Moment

Blue eyes in the heavens
Gaze upon a seasonal leaf
That has turned the pages
From the seeds of time
Of an unfinished chapter.
The crimson sunshine
Illuminates the face
Of the stage we call our lives
Another day ushers
Speaking epochs of the unknown
Bleeding blue from the veins
The screaming light thickens
And drips by the shadows
Misted by diffused pains
Triggered thoughts that come and go
In a circular avalanche of words
Glittering sparkles reflect
From the turbulent stream of thoughts
Shining dust settle down
From depths beyond measure
Like a map without a scale
Lines can be spoken
Apart from being drawn
As we write our voices
A flower blooms in the desert
And time skips a beat
Just for the beauty of the moment.

Avik Datta Gupta

An Ode To The Leaders

Someone taught you, how to yell..
From the back..
Oh! My leader!
You're well on your track!
As you see your flogged multitude
Giving you all the leaders dues
A word is all that you need to say
And the people you lead..
Will pave your way
The people yearning for a piece of bread
Is lured by the false dream of a piece of cake
A dream knitted by you..
Numbed and hypnotized
By the future you portray
To the dazed and confused
Little do they know that
They are only being used..
For just one of your numerous goals
As you lead a million dying souls.

But the leader the lonely man right in front
The man who is taking all the brunt
Of his commitment to change from his humble shack
Is laughed and scorned all the way right upto the back
As he wades and heaves feeling your whip's crack
Cutting in deep into his skin, like a third degree burn
Isn't it how a 'true' leader earns
An unseen qualification of leadership
A people's man, holding a people's whip.
'Forward', you cry from the back
And the frontline gets butchered and hacked
To a world and a place nobody knows
A place where no one has ever been,
A place that none had cared to see
And one battle is over and the bottles are out..
As you toast on the victory of your leadership's glout!

Antiquated

What happens when the mind is lonely?
Living is a crime,
Shooting down the teradrops of laughter
Wishing for a friend
Flipping the pages of the past
Life was just another wave
Thrashing all over again
So easy for an alienated object
To flip back mammoth empty pages
Like the ones of empty hope...
Dreaming all over again
Screaming the lonely silence

Avik Datta Gupta

Are We Living For Today? ?

Are we living for today? ..
Without thinking about our future..
And shunning all our pasts..
Or taking life as it comes it's way
Are we standing by the mirror?
Refusing to see ourselves
Seeing virtual reflections
On a cloudy day..
Are we living for today?
To blind out someone's daylight
To appear in the limelight
Being blind ourselves anyway
As the Sun smiles from the horizon
And the Moon smiled in the night sky
As we did our masterpieces..
Being too scared to look at them

Those people with bloody hands
And those with filthy minds
Were painting on their faces
To hide their evil ways
Were they scared of bitter truths..
And fond of telling lies..
And flew the clear blue skies..
As the vulture watched it's prey

Did they think about their children
Did they think about their loved ones
Or played a tragic actor
In a life that was a play
Are we feeling disappointed
Are we feeling disrespected
To all these true sarcasms
In our living for today
Do we say we had no means
Do we say we have no freedom
Or say, "We like the way it is..
For we are living for today"

Be There!

Be there! somewhere, like fond memories
Which time failed to snatch away
The way the days rise
The way the nights fall
Those recursive feelings stay.

Be there! dear friends
You're miles away
All tracing your own lifelines
When a snap from the past
Halted the minutes holocaust
Before limping back to the waves of time

Be there! all you blessed souls
As you rest in peace
How can you rest so long?
Don't you feel our thoughts?
Pushing you to live
With the tune of a familiar song

Be there! if you are
As you hide, we seek
Like the stars so many of them
As we wander and wonder
Where none of us realise
We're very near,
But lost, in a crowd of games

Avik Datta Gupta

Blindsighted

Blind sighted.. we walk a hedonistic treadmill
Few hypnogogic jerks..
Brings us from a doze to reality
Futuristic deja vus..seemingly appear
At the tip of our tongues..
Mentally deceived by our own mind
All we need is a big hit
At the memory recall tab
Somewhere in future..
Revisit all the Great Expectations
Deeply embedded in dreams
That overflows our sleep
Like melting clocks..dripping with time
Like a turgid sponge like clouds.
As the liveries of Heavens change
From another day or a night
The mystic miracle continues..
We live another day older
As a part of our lives change
Past memories flash by like lightning
For just that little momentous while
To disappear for another bunch of clouds
Blind sighting time along with us..

Avik Datta Gupta

Candles

Flickering with unsteady emotions
Your flame depicts our living souls
Glimmering with hopes in darkness
You cry and melt in silent pain
Tears drip down and harden in moments
Leaving strange depictions
Perhaps we see how you feel
And feel something in common
Sometimes amazing, ugly at times
The way we leave our creations unknowingly
And when flames die leaving a brittle wick
White smoke lines creates it's own signature
Ascending to some unknown place and disappear
Telling myriad stories none can comprehend
Soft spoken against the screaming daylight
You slumber dead without your glinting soul
Till it is dark enough for us to seek your flame
To light up our own

Avik Datta Gupta

Come By..Clear Skies

The sky moves on holding the hands of the wind
The clouds of white cotton follow
And we move our own way
With tremendous pace
Like a lost honeybee
Trying to gather the honey of life
And to savor it's sweetness
Honey flows like blood, slowly...
Very, very slowly..
Testing our patience
Slowing time for the moment
Till it is shaken and awakened.
By a sudden realization that was in slumber
The book of life has been written
The pages yearn for a drop
The wind turns the pages and goes on reading
While the sky grins in amusement
The clouds soak up the last teardrop
And the Sun looks muddy in the water colour
Setting far in the oblivion between the hills
Just the way I drew as a kid in my painting book
With firm assertive brush strokes
And the sky moves on as companions follow
In the Royal hunt
Come by..clear skies
Dye up your blues with the crimson
Of the melting Sun and our bleeding souls
Feel no pain, feel no warmth, feel no loss
It is too small to be realised

Avik Datta Gupta

Decelerate

Slow down..oh you crazy minds..

Do stop for a while if you wish to be kind..

To yourself..and ask what are you racing for..?

Did you get what you had once started for..

Or you have to race a few more miles to score

Before you go and sleep off the nights you couldn't sleep

What's the hurry, you don't have the time to smile

Take your phone off the ear, close your eyes for a while

And feel what you gained all the while in your decade long exile

Two thousand miles away, , the roads you once tread

Are quite the the skies above are just that royal blue

Close your eyes and hear that beckoning song

The song that you haven't heard for sometime quite long

As you are on the run, for whom? you have no clue

But you will not believe..somebody waits for you

Slow down..you won't be late

You are running around for your want to be great..

Some money and some time is there now on your side

And don't you know that only fools are satisfied

There is too much to do..with twenty four hours in a day..

With a galloping heart and a panting mind of dismay

Running much ahead of your self, to get hold of the Sun

Forgot why you ran in the first place..all out of turn

And then you get something and just grow old

To meet the man to whom your world was sold..

And just two thousand miles away..the roads you once tread..

Are quite the same..and skies above are just that royal blue

Close your eyes and hear that beckoning song

The song that you haven't heard for sometime quite long

As you are on the run, for whom? you have no clue

When will you realize someone waits for you..

Avik Datta Gupta

Diamonds And Dust

Memories, hits our minds and falls apart
Like diamonds and dust
Dust laden nostalgia
On sepia brown snapshots
That brings flashbacks
As the lightning strikes
I flip those delicate pages
Pages that have become fragile
It has aged and implores me
To feel it one more time
With my floating gaze
Those obscure pasts in haze
Teardrops glisten like diamonds
Brown rust speaks in squeaks
As I open the age old door
Of the past that was once mine
To get dusted for another day in future

Avik Datta Gupta

Dopamine Desire

Disturbed and confused we seek in vain
Obstructed thoughts of vanity
Pleasure is all that amuses the brain
Altering alter egos of sanity
Meandering vagabonds dying for a drop
In the clasp of an unknown craving
No rest no peace don't think to stop
Entangled in obsessions enslaving
Deemed to be judged demeanor shatters
Entire personas that we pose within
Searching for that drop, we flog and batter
In process of committing an unknown sin
Ravage yourself or others, desires won't die
Engulfed by desires hungered satisfactions cry

Avik Datta Gupta

Dream Of Passion(Acrostic Sonnet 2)

Desolate diaries drain deemed dreams
Ridiculous riddles render reassured realities
Esoteric euphemisms emulate endangered esteems
Austered alarms address amicable abilities
Mediocre mumblings mess meddled minds
Ornate outbursts overcome oral occlusions
Frenzied furores flaunt flimsy farandines
Purport purposes pierce partially penned passions
Awakening awkward, awesome and attritioned abilities
Soothing scarred scalled souls sympathetically
Summarising soulfully substituted sensibilities
Iconic indications infiltrate into individuals intelligently
Optimistic opportunities ornate occult operas
Naming numbers..numbering names..nominally numerous

Avik Datta Gupta

Evanescence

I'm stupefied with the mounting grief

The shocking reality to believe..

The evanescence of my life hereafter.

A life filled with anger, fear, joy and laughter

The chores of the day sings it's usual chimes

Synchronising with the pace of our modern times

Not really caring for our kind perusals

Or any of our sweet disposals

A marathon without an ending

With desires ever pending,

As I segregate my feelings

And push out my best pretending..

Of mirth, joy and laughter.

Living a life with a heart getting softer..

Soaked in the tears of pain

Crying softly in the rain

Living the life for the next short term goal..

To get re bombarded with a fishy shoal

Of a million yearnings, swimming happily in my head

And I know they will keep on swimming till the time I'm dead

Go on! .. My Sweet Heart

Reach out for the ultimate..till you fall apart..

And then who knows, where you will be..

But for now, this is reality.

A reality well organized, planned and defined

Can't fast forward to check or amend post rewind.

Keep on beating at your steady pace

As I keep on running this never ending race

Avik Datta Gupta

Face Reading

I have been reading your face..all night long

And I've been thinking a lot..to write this song

As you smile into my eyes, and you ask me to say..

What I'd been thinking of you all day!

If I said, you thought a mile, you'd say 'not an inch! '

And chaff to leave me bantered, and fly off like a finch

You said I read faces, and you were very true

How you ever knew that, I never had a clue

And now you seem to test if I can compare

To your face reading skills, which gives me a scare

Before I could read one word..so true

I guess I got read ten times by you..

Like an even open re-read book

With just one wide eyed look..

You pretend not to understand, my unsaid phrases

Hovering in the air, singing your praises

As you ask me bewildered to read your face

As I am lost for words to describe the grace.

I've a long way to go to reach your mind

As my angel of mercy is very unkind

And now as you smile, all I can do is guess

To read those unsaid words hurled from your face.

Words of yearning get dampened when said

So I wrote it on a paper and kept it unread

But lady..good lady will you ever know

I wrote this little song on your facial glow

Can you read it on my face, as I write this song

As I try to read your face all night long

Avik Datta Gupta

Fire & Ice

How earnestly you smile..
Deep into the chasms of my being..
Garmented in the light of moonlight radiance
Precipitating on my lips..
Like gentle flowers crimson blossomed
Shivering at the touch of taste
Your voice is low and I hear your call
As cloven lips leads to the world...
That I can't see...but I can feel it coming..
As I fight for my breath and you are all over me
My arms are all open wide for your soft embrace
My heart pounds as I see myriad expressions of your face
As I cry out to God in ecstasy
And flow out of myself into you.

Avik Datta Gupta

Fires

The fires burn
And some rejoice
While some choke
And lose their voice

Now the fires are burnt
And the ashes remain
With traces of warmth
The smoke is all gone
To some unknown space
Unknown to me and the world
Fulfilling a long lost wish

No mercy within
Blinded by it 's own fury
It spells destruction
Rages on to rampage
Unkind and unforgiving

As the fire burnt
I stood by it and learnt
How weak and helpless
We could be to our creations
Created by accident

Fear of the dark
Fear of the night
Fear of unknown
The fear of fright
Prodigal thoughts
Wasted time
Priceless moments
And words that rhyme

Some are lost
While some have won
The battered lot
May still live on..
To fight back to live

Another day
The fires have burnt within
Burning the shame of defeat
Fulfilling a long lost wish
As fires burn
While some rejoice
While some still choke
And lose their voice

Avik Datta Gupta

For A Few Collars More....

The Good...The Bad..The Ugly and The Sad
The good part is there for mirth
The bad part is there for grief
The ugly part is only for the multitudes
Leave the sad part for the rest..!
Well did someone call some name?
Forget it!
Did someone like this game?
Oh! Just Forget it!
Oh! How can we forget...
All those names..all those games..
People play..far away..
Lets enjoy our holiday!
What did you say? What did I say?
Oh yes! I said, "We're far from Dead"
The dead people never think
They simply don't know how to act
But they sleep such an everlasting slumber
Leave the sad part to the rest!
Well! Did they blast our homes!
Forget it!
Did they cut us to the bone!
Oh! Just forget it!
Oh! how can we forget!
All those dates full of hate..
Guess..it was all in their fate
Lets light a five inch candle!
What did you say? What did I say?
Oh yes! I said, "We're surely not dead"
Can the dead run a marathon..
They can't chat on a TV show
Under the backdropp of some monument
Leave the sad part to the rest..!
Well! Did we turn away!
Forget it!
Well what we're gonna say!
Oh! Just forget it!
Oh! how can we forget?
All the stats of those rats..

Who were killed by the cats
The game goes on..and we're here to play

Dare if you say? Dare if I say?
Oh Cock! you Hen!
You're stronger than the pen!
The pen can only write
The pen can't really fight..
To keep you away from those cutting swords
Better Fly!Or Die!

Rest in Peace! Oh, Dead! Don't Fie!
Be Good! Oh, Bad! Don't Die!
Ugly Duck! Be Sad! Don't Try!

Avik Datta Gupta

For A Few Days More

Give me a few days more, my friend
And the days of our patience will surely end
We have to swim an ocean of tears
Through stubborn storms and bitter fears
But one day, surely, the Sun will shine
To lighten our hearts and brighten lifeline
Please wait for a while it's just a matter of time
To make the poem of our bondage sing in rhyme
And life shall be that special song
That would stay all day and all night long
And we shall surely meet someday
Sweet tears in our eyes, wondering what to say
I wonder what you would say to me
With your smile sweeter than the sweetest honey
For me, I've got so much to say
I'm scared to express it in any way
Am I scared of myself? Am I scared of you?
Or am I scared of the delicacy between me and you
Sometimes we get frostbitten on a midsummer June
Sometimes the Sun decides to orbit the Moon
Sometimes it feels it is all a sweet dream
Which I see so often, yet remains unseen
Perhaps days of mirth don't come so fast
So I have kept the best, all for the last.

Avik Datta Gupta

Frothless Fourteen Lines

I dedicate fourteen lines to no one at all
But for a mysterious invisible being, in hiding
That wore off like a chalk scribbling on the wall
There was nothing left for a process of undoing
Nail through your tongue and lips, don't speak a word
Just listen like a thoughtful rabbit
With ever shut mouth..oversized ears..large and awkward
Over observant crimson eyes stained with habit
We need to live..so let the others die
A lonely stint....another lunatic's mutiny
As we light up those lifeless candles and pretend to cry
A petrified tear adorns eyes that watch agony
Dedications are dead..like an unmoved shadow on a wall
These fourteen lines are futile...it'll convey nothing at all

Avik Datta Gupta

Happy Man

Happy Man, yes you can
Throw your hands up to the sky
As those angels in the air
Come on dancing to the ground

Morning dew, golden hue
Silver skies sings out the breeze
As the ripples in the lake
All came still and wet on a page

Daffodils, had murdered time
And that clock forgot to chime
See that bird fly away
Refusing to sing for you again anymore

Saddened lines, honey sweet
Happy ones are rotten meat
What remains is just ourselves
Counting wins in our defeats

Slow to walk, slow to talk
Do we count on all its pace
Time was fast with moments slow
As unread books on some strange face

Waiting time tested truth
Unsmart phones crush in our hands
Bridges sank in quicksand minds
With red nectar flowing out of our eyes

Happy Man, dont despair!
See those papers in the air
Or are they dancing angels on the fall?
To be torn and trashed in disdain

Hang on there in the air
Sing your song and sweetly grin
Moments are, rejoiced with tears
Do you think you need to care anymore

Avik Datta Gupta

How Do Feel Today?

Are you happy to be sad?
Perhaps you do, if people care
Comfort the sad yet happy souls
Comforting the comfort zone
That saddens with happiness
Which is just not enough
So are we sad to be happy?
Is comfort our actual discomfort?
Is it grief that we only need?
To discover what happiness was
Once upon a time..when we were sad
Happiness was just a step away
So we took the step and crossed the line
To find ourselves in grief
Simply because we werent happy enough
Not as much as the step had promised
But happiness was just another step away
So as we stepped on for happiness
We moved quite a few miles in life
To realise, being sad was better
Are you happy to be sad?
Perhaps you don't
Since people dont care
Analysing and auditing
How many cared or liked their griefs
Just like you, another lunatic in the crowd

Avik Datta Gupta

If

If you said that "I love you";
Would you really want me to believe
If you said that "I want you";
Would it mean for me to relive..
The pulse of the feelings thronging me..

If you saw my darkside..
Would you still be thinking the way you do
If you could feel my weakness
What would you do..?

Would you throw some salt on my bleeding wounds..? !
Would you make me drain my feelings away for you
And leave me alone..
Would you spurn on me in public
And break my bones
Would you send me cracking....
Or would you take me home?

If I were a bird, I would chirp a tune for you
If I were the breeze, I would play with your hair
If I were a ring, I'd be wrapped around your finger
If I were a good guy, I'd surely talk more often to you

If you were awfully thoughtful to make me feel near
And if you helped me by making it clear... that I'm never here.
If the moon was not so big..
And if the moon that I see was not so rough
I wouldn't really mind if the Sun wouldn't shine
And I would really mind if nothing was mine

And I'm wondering whom I am writing this for..
If the rose just had thorns
If dreams remained dreams
If one day you learnt to feel
If you knew what was the joke

Avik Datta Gupta

Inversely Paranoid

Imagine a world around you
As your thoughts surround
Like a crowd
Of all those strange people
You called strangers
Those you seemingly ignored
As if you were ecstatic to be alone
Amused to live on your phone
But there they were! ..those picture perfect parasites!
Parading the masquerade
Bashing up that invisible door within
That some ghost had shut and bolted
As we slept helplessly, dreaming within our dreams
And now, suddenly, with ears on either sides
All the 'yours' and 'mines' decode
Ultrasonic Short Sharp Shockwaves
While they plotted and conspired
You contemplated and perspired
And screamed another scream
In yet another paranoid dream..
That shook you awake
And then you wondered.. why you?
The most wanted soul on their hit list?
Were you the special villain?
Or just another person of your selfish dreams
Harmless dreams with few paranoid screams
That echoed and resonated
Only to make you wonder
What if? They were really good
As you were..
Knocking on lovely souls with a hearty hug
Selling some caring virus for free
Spreading some epidemic of happiness
Laughing out loud
You peep through the keyhole
Seeing another amused eye smile
Saying, you're not at all blissed out fool
Neither a perennially stoned out dreamer
Not a kid you imagined back in school

Nor a stupid soulful sinner
All you need is to search that little void
To be inversely paranoid

Avik Datta Gupta

Invisible Being

Into the distance near or far
None would see as they didn't care to stare
Visions keep speaking like a twinkling star
Ignorant intuitions with a secret prayer
Should there be light of the natures kind?
Ignite the spark to rekindle the sight
Bantered inventions of a fertile mind
Longed for ways which puts out the light
Endangered species has twisted it's sight
Blinded by brain by perfected watch
Elusively eluding the light to bring on the night
Inscribing darkness with a radiant blotch
Negate trifle thoughts, tired minds torrent
Gazing the invisible being you thought you weren't

Avik Datta Gupta

Just A Year

Just a year..

Seemed to get swept by, within a seconds pulse of my soul
Whatever I had, kept searching for all my self assigned goals
Mesmerized at my inner voice
I didn't look for a second choice

Didn't care what the world around demanded
Just did what my soul commanded
Gave a damn to all boundaries
No time to ponder, no time to wonder of worries

Some disowned, some abandoned, some moved away
From near to very far and never came my way..
Broken by the cloud of hate,
My head got lashed by the wave of fate.

I had a few dreams left with me
Lots of realizations dawned upon the sea..
Of my turbulent mind, that still stayed with my soul
Some new resolutions, new promises and some other goal

Don't lament, grieve, don't shed a tear
Just smile and bury all your deepest fears
It doesn't help as the year finally says adieu
Get set..go! , days of mirth will soon catch you!

Avik Datta Gupta

Kiss Of Pride

Place a kiss upon the mirror
Feel the thrill of insanity..
Drown you in your washbasin of victory
Till there is no need for you to breathe
Love yourself you reckoned
No bigger success than success itself
No successor of success either
Apart from your brilliance Million micro organisms swarm below
It feels lonely at the top
Leave alone balancing on a toe
Like a ballet dancer
Defying stupid chills and that idiotic vertigo
Or the prick of the peak
Like a swirling wingless angel
Blowing it's own trumpet
Loud enough for the world to hear
Till you dont care to hear
yourself anymore
Like the big mouthed alligator
You know you need to compete with yourself
As you look back happily to see
Tired images of yourself
Running behind you in vain
The gold silver bronze are all yours
Like the Sun Moon and Mars
Yes, exosphere is where you start
Chucking that ball you were on
Somewhere into a blackhole
Some animal in the zodiac will fetch it..
Back..for you with another big bang
Echoing the explosions of your winning laughter
Feel your pet's tongue tickle
As it licks your feet
And you wag your tail
With countless inspiring tales
As you milk some cows of the Milky Way
Dont get distracted, just follow your nose
And see how far it goes
And when you are up close

Seeing your laterally inverted proud image
You might see a mesmerised house fly
Sitting and rubbing its hands on the lipmark of your mirror
Buzzing another magnitude
Of its awe inspiring deeds

Avik Datta Gupta

Laugh On Folks/The Shaded Man

When we laugh with everyone playfully..
Is everybody laughing heartily..
There must be an odd man out in the shade
Trying to suppress the hurt that stayed..
In his heart...all these days
He thought out his mind, but found out no ways
He could just smile for your company
Company indeed, what an irony!
You have hurt him yesterday and the day before
And laughed at him more and more
He accepted the humility with a sad face
A lonely man was he..he had no Grace..
Of God, no luck, not a word of protest
To fight back and be the best

Humour is a dish in our meal of life
Without which it is difficult to survive
Humour is got by hurting someone
And the degree of pain is different for everyone
If the pain can be borne by smiling faces
It is quite natural to laugh in such cases
Otherwise the purpose of humour ceases
And life seems to get dragged on in paces

But don't laugh at him on the same old thing
He is no corpse..but a living thing
Who's perhaps is more emotional than you
Try to see him from a different view
You'll see your mind will say to you
He's not very different from me and you

So laugh on folks..but keep it in mind
You could be the dying man any vulture could find
Perhaps then you'd recall the good old days
When you laughed and spurned on a shaded man's dismays

Avik Datta Gupta

Lighter Side Of Dark Fantasies

You have kept your dark side in darkness
That's why you are charming
You stay far away, out of reach
That's why you are sought for
These eyes could not find a flaw
And millions call you an eye candy
You know the truth of your beauty
But who's bothered about your true look
We see what you show us
What you want us to behold
Making our eyes crave for your darker part
The part of you that sinned.

Our eyes have been cheated
Our senses have been outwitted
Whatever we realized were false
A wrong decision taken in an infatuated impulse
You show up disrobed at the still of the night
And sometimes you are stark
And sometimes we get a peeping sight
Before you hide get hidden in the dark
The hue of your beauty is borrowed
Perhaps that thought has muted you
Your silence is mesmerizing
So we moon on at the night sky
Yearning for your presence dying for the sight
Oh Moon! dear Moon! over this sleepless night

Avik Datta Gupta

Listen To Me

If you can
I'll tell you a tale
Of a true life
Living in dreams
And dreams go on
In the isles and the lights curtained
On this stage..
Delving deep
Trying to sleep
Of those depths that I longed for
In this dream of mine
Papers fly
In the dusty sky
And the sandglass keeps turning
Until another turn
Attitudes..in solitude
Seems coming and going
In this dream of mine
So listen to me...

Turning back into the past
A lad grew up a little fast
Snaps freeze the while that's gone
He never really stayed here alone
When I get myself into that long line
I first heard life's grapevine
I learnt to see and stay blind
Life's reality was not so very kind
So listen to me...

All the helter skelter's done
The battles have never been won
Dream waves are still on the run
They were seen just for fun
Fair speeches by anon
Undressed and basked in the Sun
They craved for a jolly holiday
What more do I have to say
But Listen to me

I'm sure you will
As I'll tell you a tale
Of your true life
Living in dreams
And dreams go on
waiting under the lights curtained
On the same stage

Avik Datta Gupta

Little By Little....

Little by little..., life turns around..
Moments pass by like a ticking sound
So much happening all at the same time..
Getting unnoticed..yet spreading like grapevine
How can we undo the things that we have done
Our world turns slowly around a blazing Sun

Little by little ...a child grows up..
Wondering when he will be getting older..
As he counts the days to his next birthday..
His next goal seems a mile long inch away..
So near yet that distant length of dismay
Running around...to be the next in turn..
As the world turns slowly around a blazing Sun

Little by little.....we had some feelings
Scarlet red was our heart full of meanings
But the meanings meant nothing...whatever it meant
Prodigal time was that all I had spent
But for now I guess our meaningful thoughts have begun
As our world keeps turning around the blazing Sun

Little by little...I've tried to write out my feelings
I couldn't define my life and it's dealings
I have tried to laugh, but I couldn't weep
There's such less time yet so much go reap
The same old story seems to have just begun
As our world turns around the blazing Sun

Little by little...folks are turning away..
They don't want to share when I'm in dismay..
On the turning away..they do realize
How they've been ignored by me in disguise
It doesn't matter if it was me after all
The Sun is big and the world is too small
Wonder what did they gain, wonder what was the fun
As our world turns on around the blazing Sun

Living On The Edge

Living again, at the edge of life by the pouring rain

Gripping the foot and mind, on a slippery plain.

Burning it down, the leaves of all hopes, by the morning Sun

Live on the edge of life- was the call of the gun

The thin line between love and hate

Divided the rule for deeds and fate.

When the wrong went right and the right went wrong

There were no lyrics for a song.

And all they could do was

Scream with the multitude

Showing biased attitudes

Scaring the very sanity of man

Imposing on him a total ban.

Then he drank and he drank

The poison and venom of his think tank,

To find, as a rule, he had to live and give

Himself.. like a slave of motives.

With a master's world and a whip of desire

Stinging into him like a fang of fire-

When he screamed with the multitude,

Throwing a mask on his attitudes

He knew he was now insane within

A momentary lapse of reasoning..

Avik Datta Gupta

Meanings

Meanings mean nothing,
Soulful souls understands
The short sweet line of alphabets
Stirs the storm in the senses
Out of the blues...

Avik Datta Gupta

Metamorphosis

Your powers are within
Don't lose it
For momentary pleasures
One of your eyes have rested enough
The time has come
To see visions you have never imagined
And have dismissed as good dreams
Answers will appear to questions
That never seemed to have any
As you'll feel that fountain spurt
Where every drop is joyous energy
That would create the being within
Exponentially better than what your aspirations
Could ever reach
The mystic experience beckons
To change for the better

Avik Datta Gupta

Midnight Serenade

Wishing to drink the sunset, in the still of the night..
Lukewarm lullabies of the gelid zephyr...hums an unknown tune...
The tune of an untrained flautist...playing on carelessly...
As I listen..mesmerized and intoxicated..to nature's midnight serenade..

Avik Datta Gupta

Moonlight Serenade

Walking there along with you..

Beside your silhouette..

Smiling at the feel you're by my side

Sensing the fragrance..

That has come a long long way

Seeing the sweet moon..

That lit up all my nights..

Where did you get all that special glow?

And I had a dream just yesterday..

A dream where I heard you say..

You are always by my side..

And when I asked you where and when

You just smiled and went away..

To the place you seem to hide

Wondering where you came from..

Wondering day and night

Wondering whether it was just a dream

The songs that you always love to sing,

Keep singing in my mind

In a labyrinth of sorts

Lost in the wilderness

How did you find this puzzle place?

When I said, 'I had a merry day'..

And I thought I heard you say

You've place for me somewhere

And I just want to shout and say..

Come on.. come what may

That you are just not going away

Sending the kaleidoscope

Of your colourful insights

Sending me all that you had in your mind

Sharing all of your joys..and your sufferings

Sharing all those moments.. I just couldn't find

Where did you find this hiding place?

And I just seemed to heard you say..

You also had a merry day

A day you would cherish all the while

And you thought it was just a joke..

When my voice just came to choke

I can't speak, when I see you smile

Terra Firma..the piece of earth..

The place on which you stand..

Seems to harbinger the beckoning of your hand

A part of my very own eyes

Or a flower in wet lands..

The place that no one knows of..

The place from where you grin

Where is this place that I have never been?

And I just seemed to find a way,

When I thought I heard you say

You've found the way to my heart

And when I saw you yesterday,

A pair of blue eyes looked my way

And kept on smiling all the the way

Avik Datta Gupta

Much Ado About Nothing....

In the lonely bliss of solitude...
I look up to the troubled sky
And try to remember a day
Far..Far...away
In the oblivion on my inner self
With portions of recollections
And wishful imageries of my subconscious mind
And..I suddenly seem to realize
That quite a bit of me is still unused...
Somewhere..my mind is still unamused..
My energies are yet to be depleted..
Some subconscious goals still remain uncompleted..
Till now my life seems to be ...
Yet another un-integrated story..
Written by a classic imperfect author..
Without a plan or a thought of splendour
Remembrances of which flash up in patches
Like a lightening flash ripping the darkness to light..
For a fraction of a second..
They often come in the murky haze of obscurity..
And sometimes emphatically etched..
On my dust laden mental archives.
I try to remember the first thought..
Eversince I was born...
As I look into the eyes of my infant child..
Blabbering meaningful thoughts and illusions..
Beyond my threshold of comprehensions..
Caught in the labyrinth of her bitter sweet imagery
Trying to express no one could decipher
Yet can have a glimmer of her feelings..
That of pain, hunger, mirth and the need for sleep
No conclusions or inferences I'd need to make
The painting of my life so far...
Is too dynamic to be framed...
Too many experiences to be written
A plethora of of situations worth remembering...
And forgotten the next instant..
In case you wish to take a plunge into me
Take a look at the little world within me..

Don't touch, don't hold, but just feel for me..
From the oblivious miles..
But why would you care..?
Since it is all there within you
Very similarly as it is within me...!
I may not be remembered
And maybe you will..
It all depends upon one's expressive skills
We talk, we touch, we hit, we live
But the feeling of love is not what we can give
Apart from ourselves....And to those people,
Whom we swear to love today..
Since today is a time for pleasure..
And if tomorrow comes..it might be a day..
Where promises are meant to be broken..
Pebbles of petrified soft feelings needs to be shaken
For the feelings of disarray to fall in place..
Before it's time to move on..it's time to race

Avik Datta Gupta

My Story

Well, that's my little story the moment of truths..
The scruples of time the hounds of glory
Did you ever see my dark side? ..Would you ever see my bleeding heart?
Falling into a haze below..heading for another start!

Didn't think that it would be so..when I started out all alone
Staring head on to the glaring light..of a delicate life of my own!
It was just another miracle and it all made perfect sense..
In these sinister grains of time..and be a part of the future tense!

Tomorrow..creeps into my minds seconds keep ticking away
So much to do about really nothing as one day it will all be swept away!
Oh! please tell me what to do? ! The grind is getting over me
As my bones are getting older as I keep swimming this deep blue sea

Another stranger! Another strange beginning when I try to recollect the glory
days
Of my childhoods end to youthful existence..from happiness to a windfall of
dismays!

But my story is not so sad as it seems..I do have pleasant memories..
There is no point in sharing it It is not meant for the galleries!
I wish I were a good guy and talk to you more often!
And amuse my self to death.. before being absolutely forgotten!

Avik Datta Gupta

Numbness Overflows At Ease

Calligraphic papers with your name...
A scribbling of a few signatures below it..
By someone you might not know ...
Proved to the world instantly
That you are numbered, and most importantly labeled
A piece of recycled plastic is our placard of annual identity
With a date of expiry...beyond which... we aren't what we are
We need to prove that we were born..our manufacture date
Our families need to prove that we are dead.... our date of expiry
Are we people or products?
We need to prove our nationality.. Yes..the 'Made In..' sticker
That split second, like that single dropp in titration
Colour changes from something to nothing
Nothing to something...flags up magical reactions
And they say seeing is believing
We are in compliance to certain complicated
Instantaneous reference point, which shifts with time
A shutter clicks, the flashbulb winks
And we are what we are for the rest of our life
Carry them in plastic folders and wallets...
We believe it more than our selves.
We all are a bunch of throbbing human resource
Euphemism for livestock..the poultry farm of humans
Believing none but some documentary evidence
With a meaningless fanciful logo on a stamped letterhead
Delivery notes from the throbbing store
Invisible invoices are generated instantly
What a price we pay for a tag
Be it a liability or an asset
Auditing, bookkeeping... accounting is imperative,
Sealed and validated..decided upon... and then ...
Hung up and shelved in suspended files
In the darkness of a morgue like drawer
Wonder what we want?
To select someone for flogging human beings
While swearing they are concerned about our freedom
Who are we in this world...? What defines us?
Who decides...? Who allows such decisions..?
Our Numbness overflows at ease

Avik Datta Gupta

On Your Special Day

With every passing day

The simmering hopes and longingness

Suddenly seem to explode into a big ball of fire

This special day is just meant for that

So don't let it pass off like just another day in your life

Where you struggle to be different

By isolating yourself from your own

It's time to reap the harvest you have sown

All these days, for the whole year

Saving every dropp of your deepest tears

So stay hand in hand and stay face to face

As you'll see beneath the bridge of your arms

The tired waves of life giving you eternal glances

Not making your soul live the life of the immortals

But enjoy the resources that come your way

Avik Datta Gupta

Our Dreams Within Our Dreams

I had a dream
And in my dream I dreamt of you
Dreaming about me
And as I dreamt
We dreamed together
Thinking of one another
Hoping that dreams would come true
As our spiteful words did misconstrue
From a garbled toxic conscious mind
Devoid of dreams

The dreams of subconscious minds
Could never be unkind
Unlike our selfish selves
Where we hurt one another
Battered feelings never matter...
Or do they? ...
Etch with venom in our ossified minds
And leaving a scar in our hearts
That explodes bleeds and splatter
On being hammered by a nail of spite
And what remains of us
Are our battered and tattered pieces
Getting carried in a chariot
Drawn by steeds of ego

Yet we dream on and we love
Our love for a dream
And our dream for love
As now, you have a dream
And in that dream,
You dreamt of me
Dreaming about you

Avik Datta Gupta

Papers In The Air (An Acrostic Sonnet)

Papers of scribblings fly in the air
Acrostic acoustics echoes like a drizzle
Poems, love, nothingness, happiness and despair
Ebbs like a tide and fizzles
Retinue of thoughts follow an unlike subject
Soft flakes of froth in a powerpacked ocean wave
Images are real for a virtual object
Nescience light illuminate raven raves
Titilating senses of fertile thoughts
Hover like an albatross far up in the air
Essays those thoughts that come to naught
And eludes the mind in solitary despair
Inane verses simply sound absurd
Remnants of those poets, who were never heard

Avik Datta Gupta

Paroled Tidings

Our deepest feelings could find a few words
Words..we have prodigally used too often...
To ornate trifle feelings..the odd exclamation, now and then...
And now.. we strive to find the valued tidings
To replace depreciated syllables of thought

A crooked path on trodden grass...
Has its own little tale to tell
As flowers bloom in the mid-summers gloom
In the blinding light of the day...
Shadowed by the darkness of expression

Euphemistic elegance, elevates eloquent esteem
Abrasive alarms... affirms austere absence
Sinister similes... signals sarcastic silence
For fanatic folks fighting filthy fragility
Deemed.. doing dramatic dexterity.. devouring dreams.

Yet words remain the same while our thoughts are on the run
As feelings swell and shrink in our pounding hearts
Wishing to drink the sunset, in the still of the night..
Lukewarm lullabies of the gelid zephyr...hums an unknown tune...
The tune of an untrained flautist...playing on carelessly...

We listen..mesmerized and intoxicated..
To the rancorous rendezvous within ourselves..or others
Catastrophic calls create curious cacophony..
Juxtaposing jesters with idealistic intellectuals..
Inundating ...interest...indifference...in infinity

Avik Datta Gupta

Part Of The Routine

Everyday it's the same old chore
A busy city bustling by it's sleepy shore..
You come back home and breathe in deep
As your tired eyes long for a bad night's sleep
There is an owl perched up on a lifeless tree
As you seem tell the feathered night Queen
All this is a part of a routine

Wake up to search for a sleeping Sun
The traffic below is well on the run
The cadence of a galloping time is in the heartbeat
As the alarm clock summons you to your feet
Snoozing is out waking is in
The daily agenda is in the dustbin
Since all this is a part of a routine

A beggar nibbles on a rotten bread
There's a long que by the toilet shed
As a rag picker shoos off a dog for his catch
As street urchins play a football match
All running behind a big round ball
In the play of life we're all, a cabotin
All that is just another part of our routine

A lady screams on at her ever silent man
Searching like a dreamer for his little dreamland
As their hungry children keep yelling away
'Almighty he swears', it's another long day
And time creeps upon this stupid state of mind
Biding the while with a comatose grin
All that is just another part of his routine

In the nearby station a train rushes in
A flock of people scrambles to get in,
Chucked into the wagon like a pile of logs
Or like garbage chucked into a bin of crap
Just let lose but do fight for your little gap
And listen to a radio song, while you gasp for air
The same old routine remains the same everywhere

There is a corrupt man behind the mike
With overfed guards on their corpulent bikes
As the idiots stampede to glimpse a zealot
Singing paeon of lies for the clickers to jot
Shouting slogans that mean nothing
As he waves to none, with his hyena like grin
All the same it is just another part of his routine

There is a slum stretched a good five miles long
A rusty tin board stood a decades storm..
In a tea cup, in the name of slum rehabilitation..
A Project indeed, with a very good mission..
With a prodigal plan and a lazy commission
It's all human error and you can't dare call it sin
Where such errors are just a part of a routine

Two dozen young guys are lined up on the road
As the early hour traffic checks the living billboard
Amidst the jammed signals in the morning rush hour
A radio channel is chatting with a silver screen star
A logo'd T Shirt, a few fast bucks for twenty four
Is an effective budget for such a quick short furor
Dear guys, it's just another part of our routine

The doors of state offices are open to bribe
As currency notes flow for an official scribe
We're taxed by the rulers, but what of the knaves
That's how you create their take home pays
The clerks, the cops, the peons and the minister
Have a common skill to gulp the public cash in
Such a skill is just another part of their routine

A couple find their passions on a dead man's grave
Graphiti depicts love equations of a love one craves
On relics preserved down the ages of time
A public toilet of an abusive mind, in line
With the fiery pace of the perplexed mind
As a culture shock rocks and goes for a spin
All that is just another part of a routine

Tourists, we happily invited the other day
Take home these pictures to our utter dismay
But what can we do? We say to ourselves..
The system are screwed and so are we, and...
Changing all this is not our cup of tea
So recluse and gape and watch world spin
All the same it is another part of our routine.

Avik Datta Gupta

Pinkie

I was sitting on my garden chair,
When I saw her face so fair,
She seemed to symbolize a childhood mare,
As she played with her golden hair.

As her feet rustled on the grass
She looked like a little highland lass
I stood up and put down my glass
Wish I could capture her - oil on canvas!

She was wearing a pink ribbon
Her lips were so lively..so crimson
Her cheeks had the colour of vermillion
Like the hue of the setting Sun.

She came upto me and asked my name
I replied and asked her the same
'My name is Pinkie', said the little Dame
Fondling with her ribbon in her own sweet game

It seems you are an artist by trade
The crimson lipped angel said
Could you please have my portrait made
A Portrait that would never fade

For me it was a dream come true,
I wanted to capture her from every view
Those crimson lips with a sunset hue
As often as I could, as she grew

The canvas was ready and so was she
With a mystic smile, she stood by me
I was amazed to see her facial glee
Painting this wouldn't be very easy.

It was over on the eighth day
The portrait of a girl so happy and gay
With a rosy face and her eyes so grey

It satisfied me in every way

She saw the painting and clapped her hands
As a gift she gave me her hair bands
She was a flower in my deserted sands
She was a fairy in my wonderland

That was the last time I saw her
Then she departed to a world so far
That I'd never see her ever in the future
I lost someone close and dear

I wish she had stayed..
For me to watch as she danced and played,
But in my heart forever she remained,
As a portrait, that would never fade

Avik Datta Gupta

Plastic Perfect

The look and the smile
Those folders and those files
Stagnant sails aloft stiff grass blades
With different colours of varying shades
The new age pen and the age old sword
Behind the writing of each and every word
Lifeless flowers and the perfect green leaves
With that drop of dew that would never ever leave
Still essence of life in lifelessness
Signature showcase of a celluloid princess
Free to stay and free to flow
A frozen soul to all highs and lows
So lively and yet so lifeless
Colourful and yet so drab and colourless
Immortal and all visible
Fact of life and pasts of the possible
Moulded and shaped to linger
Faithfully wrapped around a little finger
Inducing the strange life into us
We have no time but we have just the time to rush
The glass of our dreams are shattered
A paperboy's load is all scattered
Plastic perfect lives got bettered
Green was the colour that mattered
All souls would sometime rest in peace
Except for an insignificant solitary colourful piece

Avik Datta Gupta

Please! ! !

Sleeping with the TV on
Dreaming on the dreams by gone
Staying right with you..
The bottle lies rolling there
Quite a lot of smoky air
My heavy heart's throbbing there..
Did you know how I feel for you..
Did you know how I keep missing you..
If..you don't know..please try to know

Send me postcards from your heart
Let us make a second start..
But where on Earth are you..
Sitting on an electric chair
Thought I saw you somewhere there
Vanish in the air..
Did you see..what you've done to me..
Did you see where you should have to be..
If..you can't see..please try to see

As I take a stroll down the memory lane
I as a Tarzan Boy..and you plane Jane..
When I had no one else but you
And love is the best thing that I could do
Work work all the time
Workaholic as I am.
Working wits out for you..
Standing by the fireplace
Kiss you right on your face
There is love all over the place..
Did you feel what I wanted you to feel
Did you feel what you wanted me to feel..
If..you can't feel..please try to feel

Postcards scattered on the floor
Bottle empty..none to pour..

Where is the pain killer
Cut is running deep inside
There is no one to confide
Silly words are by my side
Can you find...the words that make some sense
Can you find words with some difference
If..you can't find..please find for me

Avik Datta Gupta

Poetry

Poetry is not easy to write too often
Unless one is filled with somekind of passion
A passion for love.. or a passion of joy
An eagerness to create..or an attempt to destroy.

People ponder, what's a poem?
To me, it's like a seed with a xylem and phloem
The phloem would give the essence of life
While the xylem would give the firmness to survive
Which is impossible to isolate with a knife

Poetry is a fusion of thoughts and emotions
In it's own little cyclotron
Once started goes on like a chain reaction
Which requires catalyts but no precalculations

An integration of the weak and strong
May be used to differentiate between the right and wrong
It has no limit but it has continuity
Initially at zero it's progression is beyond infinity

It's not stated in the Penal Code
To frame a law to define it's mode
The judges, lawyers and the advocates
Can't chalk the path of it's ultimate fate

So, it is free to fly and it is free to flow
If the Sun is warm to melt the snow
It's power can enliven a bed of rose
And brings it's fragrance to every prose

Avik Datta Gupta

Prelude To A Kiss....

There's my front door..that's my black gate
I hate to control my emotions too late
Call it wasteful..if you like to wait
Let me take out the keys..just wait..
Ah! there you see that picture..that's me
And that thing on the wall is my Colour TV
I have a red book it has a few lines
Do take a look at it, and do taste the wine..
Oh! Cheers! Lets clang our goblets..I got it from Spain
Oh let me shut the windows.. it's coming to rain
Music..Music my cutie pie..what's that smile in your eyes
Dance lissome lady.. rhythm never tells lies..
Now just see the way I hold you, your lovely buckled waist
Oh! Hell I had some cheddar cheese..just for you to taste..
How you hold my shoulders..How you sweetly you gave that wink
But let me tell you look too good in that shocking pink
Let me get the lights to dim..it's too flashy for the eyes..
See..as I just told you..I have never won a prize..
Now that's my bedroom..there's that lonely pillow..
That's my cricket bat..made from English Willow..
That's Britney..That's Shakira..wow just look at the chest..
Of Rocky Stallone Balboa..isn't he the best..
Now don't call me a brat..you know I'm just like that
Ah! there is good old Clint..with his famous cowboy hat..
Now you look all transfixed right into my eyes..
How many times I told you..my eyes don't disguise..
But you're beautiful..you're beautiful..the James Blunt way
Let me try to "Fix You" the Coldplay's way..
But I like Pink Floyd and you like Doris Day..
How about her CD on your next Birthday?
Very Very funny..that's all you had to say..
Those pots in the corner..made from pure clay..
No! No! just chill..my little deary..don't fume at me
But you look too oomph! ..in all that fury..
Don't you think you're hungry..? wan't a grab to eat..?
Sandwiches for you my deary! ..the great "Mumbaiya" treat..
Now there's that yellow butter..spread it on the bread..
See those ripe tomatoes..deliciously red..
Let me take a bite..the other side's for you..

Oh! I didn't see your eyeliner..wow! Indigo Blue!
Take a sip of that fizz..I hate to drink beer..
Here...come closer to me..come that bit more near
That's the secret of success..the cookery book..
And to complete it all you may just kiss the cook..
So don't stand there bewildered with your fearless fairy look..
That's how they do in France...it's easy dear.
Look! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Avik Datta Gupta

R.E.M.

As I get swept away by the lashing waves of time
I need a dream to hold on
And latch off myself
To flow in synch with the everflowing river
Dancing into the tranquil sea
Where I'll be free from all sorrows and fears
And laugh aloud at my weeping peers.
High..High..I'm a guy in the sky
Where the Sun is my shelter
And the Moon is my eye.

As I got to see you far away in my possible pasts,
You were smiling all the way,
Humorous teardrops rolling down your cheeks,
From my eyes...
Washing your face with true overflowing mirth,

I bid goodbye to an unseen man on my birth
And now, I need to bid you all good care
As I lay motionless in the air
Darting towards the receding horizons
I'm certain you are somewhere there

Avik Datta Gupta

Reader's Challenge

I challenge you to read..
..Else you wont pay heed
Please dont like, infact dont even care
These lines of mine are wandering nowhere
I took a long picture of words you may read if you're kind
A bucket list of places I visited in my mind
In truth I know not why I despair
It worries me..but why the hell would you care.
I have this inborn curse.
I struggle to write a happy verse?
Shelleys words may have come true
The happy skies are sadly blue
Stand on your heart, and you'll understand
Happy as an emotion is a curious brand
A name we may have forgotten
If our creative eggs have gone rotten
Are we happy to be sad?
Are we that bad?
Or sad to be happy?
That would really sound crappy..
We are something to be something
And that's what we call everything
Oh hell..oh heavens..Where are the words?
Those words were there everywhere wherever you took a look
You paid for the one's you took
And you've lots to eat, before you puke!
Frost froze! !
Those dark grins rose
Eclipsing the light of the day
Call it clouds when it rains, if you may
Or simply nothing worth a say
As those white cotton balls sway
All happy blooming in white
Happy without reason light and bright
Unlike the lunatic Moon
That laughed because it could laugh
And cried because it couldnt..
..Cry wet as those happy clouds below
They cried fine dust that vanished somewhere

We declared it was worth the stare.
Far far away the Sun could sense
The glimmer of its light in the dark expanse..
And shed a burning tear of fire
And shined on happily like a stupid liar

Avik Datta Gupta

Reminiscence

Rattling through a maze of words..
Rambling for a phrase...
Relating to the recurring thoughts that have been..
Reclused in an uninhibited mind
Re-emerging from a roundabout of opportunities..
Rated and waited upon for one of its turns..
Reassured visions from unconscious dreams
Reality strikes..like a nail on the head..
Returning the spark..to start all over again
Repacking the shattered fragments

Avik Datta Gupta

Scientific Thoughts....

I have some feelings ...I can't explain
Share my thoughts no one can share...
In the speeding world's by lane
This world is good this world is fine..
But this world of mine...is just not mine..
I fail to speak...with my crowded head
Take a deep breath and sigh instead
As I know my words have no meaning..
I stay quiet..when I should be screaming

The door is locked...and I have thrown the key
On the other side there is misery
And there is misery on this side too...
The door can boast of it's rudiment
A division that is just not existant
There is nothing to diffuse
No feelings to effuse...
Dividing nothing by nothing...
Infinite thoughts of bickering

But I need to talk..whatever it means
Words are there in the Human genes
And we are all hear to sell....
Sell a crate of amusing fears
Sell a barrel of crocodile tears
With a hope to sell all your self derivative
To an integral source of superlatives
To a complex function that sold our world
And the limiting factor..is just a loose word

I am trying to find a logical way...
To correlate all experiences through out the day
To make a probability peak to decide what to say
I've taken the samples of what others have said
To find the mode of thoughts was mean instead
All frequencies are out of phase...
As I stand at rest and hear amazed
At the Doppler Effect of the whizzing race

Eureka! Was what Archimedes yelled
The buoyant force of my life had swelled
Equal to the weight of my tears that overspilled
In the bathtub of my thoughts, , in which I float
A Magdeberg Hemisphere pulled by a bunch of goats
Yes I know I am Blunt...and You're Beautiful
All the thrust you invoke on an unit area
Is the Pressure you have applied on your career
The measure of a man..the manometer

Dalton picked me like a tired particle
And so by Einstein's famous article
I need to move at the speed of light
I will have no mass and I'll feel so light
I'll be all energy..that no one could fight
E equals MC square
Hat's off old man..the world will swear
We need to move ahead at this lightning speed
Energy is the source of all we need

But who can forget Gravity
The apple of Newton's trinity
Calculus..remember that lump in you..
The rainbow that dispersed from the light in you
Same light... same speed...the photonic you
Where you have split yourself in two
Like a wave with all those crests and troughs
Or like that supercharged particle, who's had enough
Searching for the finish line in Brownian Motion

Heisenberg..Heisenberg..hats off to you
Uncertainty Principle is suited for humans too
A central soul and a cloud of paths
Of Electronic thoughts...and our thoughts of wrath
And Auf Bau seems to top it all
Since no two thoughts stay together at all
You may or may not have clarity
That's my Theory Of Relativity

Avik Datta Gupta

Searching In The Dark

Here I hing

Engulfed by the darkness of the night

The half bitten moon offers it's faintest glimmer

Enough to illuminate the eyes of a dreamer

Obscured once a while, by the passing clouds of thought..

All kinds of thoughts..and wishful thinking

Feeling high awhile and sometimes sinking

I let loose myself, .. I haven't an urge to turn the tide

No space for any pretensions, that I'd really need to hide

As I seek to find the epicenter of my cyclonic thoughts,

The cause of a feeling, an introspection of some sort

That keeps racing in and out

Etching in me it's signature, as it departs

Like an unexplainable work of art

Which strangely is nothing but a part of myself..

The thoughts are mine and so are the dreams

But at the end of it, I don't know what it all means

Colours of all kinds.. feelings of sorts..from my own being

Even those ones I'd swear to be totally unreal

That iota of me that is there vestigial..

That is there in me, un-noticed and un-utilized because

I never found it's existence since I never needed it's cause

Here I am, in search for the hidden..somewhere.. in some way

Hidden in me like a needle in a stack of hay

I am searching in the darkness of the night

I seek no object, and I don't need any light

I seek for some remembrances, blurred in my memories

A single tear from an ocean, a dream.. like a gentle breeze

Visiting me, momentarily, to be forgotten the next day..

Reappearing again in my wandering recollections..

Keeping itself a subject in my self conversations

Wherein I laugh and sometimes tears roll by..

Sometimes I've felt annoyed and sometimes felt shy

As I turned the pages of my storybook in fragments unwritten

See how far I remember and how much I've forgotten

As a half bitten real live cookie dipped in a cup of steaming fantasies..

Softening..breaking off drowning somewhere in my memories

And here I am, 'biding my time in darkness' as you say..

Searching for a needle in a stack of hay

Avik Datta Gupta

Shackles Of Freedom

We seek for our freedom
Which was what we thought
Unanswered questions
Utopian ideology
Fills up our brains
And then eclipsed with the light
Of another new wave
Another definition
That ties is down
Unexplained shackles
Another unexplained word
That we say and crave for
Till the time when we'd be free

Avik Datta Gupta

Short Sharp Shock

Simplicity of brevity
Hours seem truncated
Ordained words are meaningless
Racing against time
There is hardly any more of it

Slit skins, bleeding wounds
Hooked beaks slit up helpless preys
Angled and shining with aggression
Razor-like edges never forgive
Painful and harsh purposely

Surprising tingled sense of pain
Hits out at the brain
Onward reactions are useless
Currents of extreme disturbance
Knocks and lashes momentarily forever

Avik Datta Gupta

Silence & I

I love you sweet silence! ...
It was a mere coincidence...!
That I met you...
And found myself so close to you!
Crazy thoughts were always racking my brain..
And I was on the verge of going insane...
When I needed you...my sweet silence...
To loose myself in your sweet fragrance.

They say loving you in a crime! ..
Simply because it is a waste of time!
But I care a damn to what the world says..
You are my love and you'll always be that way..
You are the source of my inspiration..you are my meditation..
Where I can find myself in you...
Someone close enough to confide to.

Your silent breath caressed my hair..
And soothed me in moments of despair!
You wiped my tears...and you made them roll...
And gave some peace to my body and soul
Remembrances and agonies came by me..
But it was incomplete without your company
You are an integral part of my life..
The driving force that keeps me alive..
Don't leave me so soon my sweet..
Please don't cease your own heartbeat!
I need to be under your caring wings!
To discover in life all the good things!

Avik Datta Gupta

Simplicity

I am bragless, yet I'm proud
I am tolerant, I'm not too loud
I know not how to boast my deeds
I hate to see how humanity bleeds
I am outcast in your vanity fair
I really cannot talk in the air
I cannot be what I am not
I am content with what I've got
I'm not complex and I'm hard to find
I'm that little simplicity, in a simple mind

Avik Datta Gupta

Smaller Gardens(Acrostic Sonnet)

Satisfied souls live in smaller garden of thoughts
Meandering souls search for illusive satisfaction
Altering egos calculates haves and have nots
Limping on the shores of abstract attractions
Listings live while the contents perish
Endangered souls wake up in awe
Remembering life once was worth a cherish
Garnered and gutted by garrulous words of law
The times walked as usual all the way
Ravishing gardens were broken yet blooming
Dancing lonely the flower did sway
Existing in smaller gardens, unassuming
Nesting in hopes these lines do weep
Sings a lullaby before falling asleep

Avik Datta Gupta

So Near Yet So Far

You couldn't move your eyes
You couldn't move your lips
Yet you lived a life for the moment
From my finger tips

I was overwhelmed to see you
With your breezy cloudy hair
But the monsoons were in my eyes
In happiness and in despair

Wish you were here one of these days
To tell me who you are
Wish I could give you a soul
Because you're so near yet so far

Avik Datta Gupta

Sonnet 2

A magic lantern of kerosene
With a quivering yellow flame
Shows a world we wouldn't have seen
Giving darkness another name
The stark dark night gropes for a robe
As the flames dance and tease
Giving the dark a glimmer of hope
And let it be appeased
The darkness in turn, leaves some soot behind
On the crown of the glass hood
Antonyms make love of another kind
It's passionate embrace stood
Whispers of longings fill up the air
As light and dark make love, very rare..

Avik Datta Gupta

Sonnet 3

Breathe in the air... eclipse the Sun
Listen to the echoes of your throbbing soul
Melodies are heard by the souls that yearn
Guiding through labyrinths to an unattained Goal
There are moments of darkness and moments in light
As we dream on... as far as we can dream
We toil ahead, against all odds, we fight
Until a glimmer of hope is seen
Shine on! My folks and blessed souls, go outshine the star
Seek those latent secrets hidden within..
And you'll realize soon what you are
When black and blue will never be mean
Reach out for the light..beyond your sight
Give flight to your souls and chase out the night

Avik Datta Gupta

Sonnet 4

Prompter! Prompter! What is wrong with me?
The lines I mugged last night, aren't coming out...!
The stage is dark.. the spotlight's on me...
Those lost lines... are what the play's all about...
Oh ...! you senile creatures...! ! ! Oh..! you new born babes! ! !
If silence were to be golden, why are these lines...?
For actors and jesters with a common crest of knaves...?
The stage is stained with their footsteps grime...
They are there..left back..unrecognised..unheard and unseen
I try to remember... blinded and deafened by the silence of the spotlight
As the curtain falls for the next act's scene
The play gets over and over spilled crispy popcorns rot all night..
They say life is a play..so go relearn your lines...
As the silent prompter smiles and toasts with your blood's red wine! !

Avik Datta Gupta

Sonnet Spoof

Dare I compare thee to a Summer's day.
Thou art more hot than the Summers of the Middle East.
Rough winds do take harsh sandstorms into play.
Eschew we argue we chew a barbequed beast.
Sometimes to harsh thou seemeth to shout and whine
And often times my throat has a sticky thorn.
And then cometh the time when the Sun above declines
Thou seemeth to lose cool even with the AC on.
Oh thine eternal summer shall not be out and worn.
As thou mocketh me with my moneys and lost charm
Thou art so sure to munch my brain for popping corn
Knowing well I could never do any harm
So long all men be men they all seem to be the same
So long I live thou shalt find me there.. to blame

Avik Datta Gupta

Soulmates

Someone..somewhere
in your dreams

Swimming the
clear waters of your mind

Picked up from
a classic movie scene

Made for a
person of your kind..

Someone whom
you'd love to love

Wrapped on
your hand like a leather glove

Someone, whom
you'd love to hate

Somebody who
would make you feel great! ..

A person you
would love to tease

And in return
you'd love to freeze..

Like a
statue..for your soulmate's touch..

And you smile,
to know you're missed so much..

When you hit
hard..and kiss the head

Wincing in
pain, with no clue to retaliate

Someone who
would get you bored

Is strangely
the one you strongly adored

The one you'd
love to love madly

Is not the one
you're kissing now..sadly!

But you love
the person you have in your life..

While soulmates
never die..in each others lives

Avik Datta Gupta

Spoken Labyrinths

It was the best of times,
It was the worst of rhymes...
When the new age of wisdom got shaken,
When the pen and the sword were broken.
It was the epoch of belief.. turning over another leaf..
Of disbelief.. before our eyes!
A pill of truth swallowed by a fluid of lies!
A season of light..
As murky clouds set the brightness right
And we went on and on...
Said some words and became anon
We got lost... and stayed lost..
Like aimless winds and the heedless dust
To be or not to be.... was out of question
We were all honorably ordinary men and women
No one looked and no one would care
To see if we were lost..or really there
All we had was a tale of numerous cities
Telling the same old story of biased vanities
With different endings that seemed very new
The right turn of the screw
Into every passing year..which would be willing to hear
The heresy of words..emerging from broken pens and swords
Playing on our tongue after cooking in the mind for long
Yet, , words fail to impress as it always can't express
The unspoken syllables of the soul
All the words that they stole
Out! ! Out! ! brief candle! , give us the splendid Sun!
The poetry of the earth is never dead
The worst of all faces still are human
It's all up there in our head!

Avik Datta Gupta

Story Time

Once upon a time
Time got trapped unaware
As a fraction of a sentence
In the sentence itself
It didnt realize..but
For once..time was insignificant.
And it was for once..that
Time was just another word
Another stagnant object
That got trampled
And felt down and out
Like a mortal being
Struggling to live
That time had allowed
As that was the moment
Time couldnt move
It didnt envisage any allowance for itself
Tricked by its own immortal lie
It struggled to free itself
But for once again it failed
For it was once again, time lost
Its hyped up dimentional identity
For once it was expressed
As another amusing awkward Four letter worded name
Struggling in vain
To get itself free
Just the way no story ends
Once upon a time

Avik Datta Gupta

Strange Awakening

Somewhere, tucked away in time
In the realms of divinity
A space in infinity..evolved by the churning centrifuge
Of the seconds hand..
I reached this magical dreamland
Within the labyrinths of my inner being
Stuck up in the centre to watch
A lonely satellite, come and go
Throwing light on me from some unknown source
Not within the limits of my vision
Neither within the scope of my understanding
But, here I feel it as I close my eyes,
Somewhere lost in paradise
As a dormant serpent rests in a thousand fold lotus
Awaiting to be aroused, and sway up through my inner being
Passing through each and every plexus in me
And unlocking another basic source of power, from which..
My existence got a definition..
Opening up inflorescences of clandestine powers
Of my clairvoyant submerged senses, that I seem to seek
When the odds are against and I'm feeling weak
I simply follow your constancy as you sleep
As our pulses beat in tandem, and I seem to follow
Like footsteps on the muddy river banks
Of a flowing river...forever and ever...

Avik Datta Gupta

Thanks A Lot

Thanks for thanking me all the time
Without thanking me at all
Your seemingly thankful thoughts are fine
Feelings on the rise and fall

I see that look as I open the book
The pages of your mind
As I read your thoughts with a vacant look
And see your looks are kind

I don't know why and I don't want to try
To know what's on your mind
I'd rather escape to my own dream world
As reality is often maligned

Silence speaks a million words
As you quietly look at me
As I see myself in your eyes
Even if you don't see me

Avik Datta Gupta

The Art Gallery

Painters are of different kinds..with myriad ideas within their minds..
There was this artist..who tried to inject life amidst his paintings..
On the living and the non- living things.
He studied his subject for ages...for the galleries to give a moments gaze..
Well they had nothing new to see....
Portraits, fruits, beggars and the never ending seas..
Perceived by the eyes of this artist..
Who tried to inject some life amidst ...our lives..!
To give our minds a chance to survive..

There was another artist..who tried to do something amidst..
His "So called – Paintings", on shapely shapeless alien things
With colourful blotches here and there..
Giving myriad opinions..no one could share..
Let us see his work out here..! Some would think a coloured elliptical sphere!
Some would see rainbow eyes of a deer!
Some would visualize a distorted Sun!
While some would palate a coloured shapeless bun!
What has the artist to say for himself! !
Self help my friends! Imagine for yourselves!
But if you wanted me frank, open and kind....
I really didn't have anything in mind...that inspired me..
To this masterpiece..and make such an honorable release..
Of whatever! ...I had in mind! Thanks for being so wise, appreciative and kind!

There was yet another one of it's kind...who never really could find...
Anything to paint at all. So he picked an empty canvas..and fixed it on the wall!
Some called it "The Sound of Silence", Some called it "The Colourless Essense"
"A Momeuntary Lapse of Reason" some said – "That's how it looks when you are
dead"

Vision on man has changed down the ages-and it is obvious from the history
pages!
Now we appreciate that work of art-where the brush and the canvas are miles
apart!
It is hilarious but it's true! People are obsessed with anything that's "New"
Abstract and obscure feel so intellectual! As realities of life still seem unreal!
As the matured infants kept scribbling all day! the "Null and Voids" had nothing to
say!

But there was still this artist..

Who keeps on trying to inject some life amidst....his paintings

Of the dead and the dying human beings! !

Avik Datta Gupta

The Artistic Work

Love lingers in your fingers
Like the snow broths of spring
Hauntingly it injures
The sweet pain it brings

Pick your groovy love crayons,
Brush your rainbow shades upon.
The colours of the blushing Sun
Kissed by the rain just for fun!

Capture the world in all it's moods
Touch it with your feelings
It could be bad it could be good
Your feelings will remain your feelings

Avik Datta Gupta

The Beggar

I have a long lonely road for my shelter
Some kindful garbage for my food
I thank you my good God above
For being so sweetly rude

Some people fling a coin
And drive into the dark
As I shake my shapeless bowl
Begging in the park.

There is so much love and passion
On the benches in the dark
But is this the love that people know
The coin or the outcast stark

Some beg for love, some beg for money,
Some beg for food, and some for being better
I beg for these like others
Then why am I called a beggar?

Avik Datta Gupta

The Book Of My Face

The book of my face, has nothing written on it
But has a lot to say silently
Read it with your feelings
Although eyes can see
It fails to comprehend unwritten words
The stories untold of choked emotions
Difficult situations, inexpressible thoughts
Way beyond the realms of expression
And then you'll feel
Vibrations from an unknown soul
Inviting you to their world
As I see those unknown horde of people around me
I sense multitude of myriad feelings
Being broadcasted without a word
All around me
Maybe you'll find yourself as I did
And get amused
A nature's way to share
Then one day we pick up our pen
Writing the empty pages of our faces unknown
And then, we will read
Comprehend understand unbiased perspectives
Harsh rebutting iftotally out of phase
An arm over shoulder for common blues
A weeping hug over common lives
Welcome my friends and read between
Those unseen lines
So that we could read and understand ourselves

Avik Datta Gupta

The Day All My Poems Would Be Read

The day all my poems would be read
I might have been a few more poems older
The scales may have tilted for the time in my favour
And a million unread poems would need to wait
I'm a face in the crowd crying out loud to be heard
Hopes like a light in the dark of the night
Flickers away like a tiny streetlight that's lost
Clustered thoughts like molecules in a drop
And a drop in an ocean on a turning wave
My poem's dust got dug out from it's grave

The day all my poems would be read
Reading poems might have been banned by law
And my lines would read in sneaking peeps
By outrageous outlaws with fugitive glances
Or shared in stealth like stupendous wealth
To renegades breaking all rules for good
Or those who liked playing with fire or fear
Forgetting those that were near and dear
In their lives or deaths my lines would live
Linger with their souls to live another life

The day all my poems would be read
All the clocks would have a second to live
And a man in that moment
Would have discovered in vain
That life existed with happier times
The times when the seconds still ticked
And those times when people had the time
To write something they called poems
Like floating papers that bit the dust
A lucky sheet would've fluttered in the hand

Avik Datta Gupta

The Distant Song

As we tread upon life's path so long
Please remember my distant song
Never say goodbye my friend
Make sure our song never ends
Though we may be many miles apart
Let the song keep singing in our hearts
The song, we sang together
The song, that got us closer
Let it sing in our mind
Let it sing in our senses
To prove a friendship of our special kind
By bringing sweet remembrances

Avik Datta Gupta

The Ignorant Sun

Spirits have vanished
Somewhere into the sunset
As the ignorant Sun splashed it's warmth
Upon the icy white cloud flakes
For us to rejoice into the night
Leaving rest to rest till tomorrow
If it comes as all...
It'd be another miracle..
Bestowed upon our lucky souls..
We live another day
As our star changes colour through the day
So do we...like unknown disciples
Passing into the dark..or the moonlit night
We stand on the ground..floating somewhere in the air
Where we all seem to laugh
Hiding our deepest tears
Ignorance is bliss for you and me
As we flip through the channels of the colour TV
Somewhere we are selfish within
Ignoring the pins and pains
We keep adding candles to our wishlists
Our little flames of desires have scorched the Sun
And the moon hides like a lunatic
Behind a cluster of crumbled asteroids..
Just like broken and forgotten dreams...
The bottle's empty there's nothing there
Spirits have vanished, like infinite desires
Trapped in our spirited souls
The coloured and those transparent bottles
A brand, the age, the country and the tag...
Twist around the neck and pour it out..
Like the fiery fluid throbbing within
Like the crimson and vermillion..the setting Sun
And then in a few moments..the night is gone
As we wake up to the call of the Ignorant Sun

Avik Datta Gupta

The Last Sigh

When was it last that you saw me cry?
Looking at the skeleton trees of autumn
When was it last you saw me sigh?
Looking at the boundless horizons.

Life was a seventh wave, which I leaped.
Into it's turbulent waves of passion..
For which sometimes I did weep
As I looked far into the obscured oblivion

With the long road ahead of me
I wondered where to heed
There was so much yet nothing to see
Apart from seeing the wild hearts bleed

The storms of show..were flogging me
To the very pretence of desire
The fortunes, the golds, the glitter and glee
Had taken sweet hearts on hire.

A social contract to show this world
The passerby in my life's road
Which leapt and fell turned and swirled
From the present to the heavenly abode

Was it then? That you last saw me cry..?
Looking at the skeleton trees of autumn?
Was it then? When you last saw me sigh..?
Looking at the boundless horizons

Avik Datta Gupta

The Need

There's a need to talk
To express the reason of silence
There's a need to smile
To be a part of some happiness
There's a need to see
To make out light from darkness

No one talks when silent
Smiles are reserved for a happy torrent
Seeing visions of the violent
All are in search for an emotional vent

What's the need?
We ask indeed
And see if money can buy
As eyes look up to the sky

But we shall swear
That the need is there
With a relative care
Within everyone everywhere

Avik Datta Gupta

The Other Name

When did you ask me for my other name?
The name that came out from my pen
The name that haunts me to delight
Oh! I have another name

I simply hate myself the way I am
That I'd like to be that other man
That hiding man inside me
Oh! where's that other man?

Another name and another me
Which is for me and for the world to see?
My true self or my counterfeit?
Oh! God! which one is the real me

What's in a name? It is just a game
Of bitter truths and sweet deceit
As I toss the coin on every street
Oh! I feel so incomplete

The classic maze in the misty haze
Is finding me from my own self
As I rummage through that untidy shelf
Although a million words are scribbled
The papers stays blank

Avik Datta Gupta

The Rain Goddess

The trees prayed to you..
For they wanted to live..
With the water sprinkled by you..
Which no one else could give.
They knew they'd surely survive

I don't know why I needed you
But I needed you all the same
I was puzzled enough by you .
And lost to your well planned game .

You appeared in front of me
On a very cloudy day..
You smiled and seemed to ask me..
And I didn't know what to say

You washed the dust off the roads
And gave the trees their lives
As they laughed away all tensions and loads
They knew they'd survive

I felt I was one of them..
As the tears washed my brain
I don't know why I needed you
But I needed you..Oh! Goddess Of Rain!

Avik Datta Gupta

The Romantic Feeling

Feeling romantic is quite a strange feeling
A feeling that really has no meaning
A feeling aroused by the spark of passion
That grows like fire and engulfs your emotions
Till you feel a partial end has come..
To an infinite craving..which appeared like a storm..
Of deep seated desires..and left behind absolutely nothing..
But for a little more craving...
For the same old pleasure or pain..
As we scamper towards a mirage like goal in vain
Our mind is consumed by these distant targets
Which we want to shedoff but just can't forget
As these impossible thoughts keep knocking
Deep within our subconscious self
We feel the pain but just can't help
We feel the pleasure one simply can't share
But can cherish and treasure for a few moments in life
In vivid fantasies of our romantic strifes
It is all up there within our minds
A romantic feeling ...it's truly unkind
It kisses and flogs your heart and senses
It breaks through all your mental defences
The craving remains etched forever
As you stride ahead an inch nearer to nowhere
But somewhere in the mind
In a romantic love state that is blind
Making love to your stars on the silver screen
As you kiss their lips and feel their skin
You may waltz with the moon..or challenge death
Or converse with God..to keep the faith
To be the earthy fragrance of moist soil
Or to be the sensuous perfume of some scented oil
Or to be the lifeless oil itself..that gives the glow
To some soft fair skin..a desire for another sin..
You may want to feel the pain, which others have felt
Go through the same emotions somebody else has dealt
You may cling to your sweetheart pillow and cry all night
You may want to break a wall with all your might
You may be a rock star in a barren piece of land

You may not have a guitar and you may not have a band
You may love someone you'll never see
But will be in love with the imageries of her facial glee
As I scribble down the thoughts..the verses don't come
In my turgid heart..I feel lonesome
I may have whatever I want
But I still don't have that something that haunts..
That haunts me! ...over and over again...
Like a poem or a song that has no end

Avik Datta Gupta

The Sleepless City

All day long..those lashing waves of gusty winds..
In a home of clouds..painted in the sky with mindless thoughts
Suppressed sobs break into a rain
Lost souls playing bleak roles..in this city of dreams
Where the dense dust disrobes the colour of nameless streets
Those nameless streets that beckon strangers from near and far
With it's even open door to promised green pastures
That they saw on the other side of the ever-flowing river of time
And time seems to be on standby for the moment
As melting watches and clocks trickle into the buffers of nostalgia
All night long the silver moon
Floats on a tarry bed of glistening stars
Ask questions to which we have no answers
As we sleep all over this place of dreams..
On the sidewalks, benches, tattered hammocks,
Or in cozy soft beds in fancy high rises..
Of those streets that have no name
Listening to the lullaby of our souls,
Sung by this place of dreams
The sleepless city smiles..
With a silent trickle of tear

Avik Datta Gupta

The Strategic Deception

Electronic pictures, links, videos, hacks
Victories, sensations, spites and facts
Controversies, quizzes, trivia, thumb votes
Tattered school books, old brainy quotes
Riddles, arithmetic or that IQ test
Accolades or proof of any achievement
Plastic bags with pricy name tags
A bench in a park, a light for a fag
Candles for the dead, blogs of our souls
Social champagne and the internet trolls
Inspiring anecdotes, spiritual messages
Jokes of all kinds, intimidating images
Fortunate lines of latitude and longitude
High fives, handshakes, snobbish attitude
Busy lies, busy roads and it's garbage bins
Fake friends, breaking news or someone else's sins
A song you sang, the instrument you played
The poem you recited, golden words you said
HAs, HBDs, RIPs, yellow round visages
Wishes from fingertips, Godly damages
Celebrity Sightings, popular songs and writings
Sensational footage of some people fighting
Baby news, regal views, advice and excuse
Accuse, refuse, abuse, reuse, and confuse
Recursive News, interviews, sensations that amuse
Things where we have nothing to lose
Sewer trucks hearse vans and the polluted air
Are these just what we can freely share?
Living with the hope to see list grow bigger
A strategic deception to do something better

Avik Datta Gupta

The Time Soldier

Souls blossom
And wither like the weather
As time marches on
Like an unforgiving
Soldier driving to death
Whatever comes his way
I cried and screamed
To the cloud above
There was a lightning
That struck the sky
From here to there and
Nowhere just like the drop
Of the needed rain
But there was blood
On the slushy mud
As I was trampled
On the way, they said, I'm
Dead, shot in the head
But I lived on
Like dust in the air
The time is has come
The soldier cries
There is no more
To kill with
His brutal will
And now he has
No other soul
But his own and now
He has to die alone
He could hear
A million laughing souls
All watching from
The colosseum of the
Clouds, that had now
Begun to rain
As the soldier
Trembled and put
The barrel on his head
"Go On" we cried

Pull that trigger
And see it is just
A fraction of the boundless
You, why do you cry
Your courage dry
You have lived much
Longer than you
Ought to do
He closed his eyes
With a tearful drop
Moved his index finger
The bullet smashed
His brains away
But still he wasn't dead
That curse! that curse!
That terrible curse
Life couldn't be worse
When you could not die
When no one is alive
Around you
So he cried alone
And screamed to the clouds
To stop his beating soul
The clouds dried up and moved
Away, and left the lunatic
Cry all Alone

Avik Datta Gupta

They Were Waiting

Lock up the door and switch off the light
Kick off your shoes and turn on the shower
In front of the mirror stand pensive and vacant
See those daffodils dance and marigolds smile
See galaxies turn in the still of the night
They were waiting

You hear the doorbell and open the door
To see memories asking for alms for the blind
A sales girl selling discounted dreams
Buy a genuine and get one fake for free
Guarantee for a year if you produced the bill
They were waiting

Open up those books by the dead and famous
Hardbound heritage buildings on Shelf Street
Catching dust read a page if you must
Paper poems fly titled "An Ode To The Air"
Transformed to a cone for salted peanuts
They were waiting

An Airconditioner fights with the melting Sun
A machine washes your sins
An egg chuckles in the skillet, shells in the dustbin
Continental cake pieces have flags on them
Great dead men on paper folded in your wallet
They were waiting

On the house in the house
We drink our spirits and quench our soul
Sing and dance to the rhythm of the heart
Throbbing somehow on a desolate street
In the night like a lonely stray dog
They were waiting

Avik Datta Gupta

Thin Air Above Me

The thin air above beckons me
Head over heels I touch the ground
It closes my eyes to see
Nearness challenges oblivions to be found
An unseen breeze fondles my hair
In opposition to my mind's solitude
Rancorous thoughts gets riddance to despair
All bitterness finds little sweetnesses rude
Bending all rules to straighten the rulers
Obvious compasses reinvents yet another wheel
Vanity gets killed..modesty the killer
Enabling estranged radiance to give the feel..
Mind's simplicity mean more than biased, tagged matter
Endured willingness mean more than meaningless chatter

Avik Datta Gupta

Time, It's Time For You To Procrastinate

Time, it's time for you to procrastinate
First, give your second a hug for free
Feel the value of your minute minute
Those hours that were meant to be ours,
don't be in haste, don't give us a slip
We aren't bidding by your pace
But evaluating your value
You're good and bad
Happy and sad
Dark and illuminated
Lucky and ill-fated
All at once
As we try to race with you blindfolded
We hear every year every moment
Your step insynch with our hearts
And our mind sleeps and leaps for you
Our planet heads for another solar return
We run with you and see you smiling invisibly
You know for sure that you will win
Time, it's time for you to procrastinate
As you'll find a moment in yourself
When you will find, you're not worthy for yourself

Avik Datta Gupta

To Venus...As I Saw Her

Venus! Venus! ..why your hands are cut..?

Why do you stand with your head bowed down..?

Stripped down to your waist

You have no hands to cover yourself up..?

Is that why you are the Goddess Of Love..?

How do you smile with all that pain..?

Why don't your eyes burst out in rain?

How you have instead, that sensuous look..

A broken sculpture on my photograph book

My Iris! Iris! in sooth! Are you fast asleep.?

An eiderdown of light shines bright upon my buoyant vision

When I last saw you..there were no light at all.

All I could hear was your cherubic call

And I could see you rise from the deep

From the labyrinths of my very being

Dancing like a smiling shadow on my brow..

I felt your hands of love touch my soul

Head held high..ornate in gold

Smiling undone..from the clothes of pain

I could feel my eyes burst out in rain

Avik Datta Gupta

Treasure Island(Acrostic Sonnet)

Take a tour of the island of treasure
Reap the harvest you have sown
Exchange your stuff for a few points of measure
And bonuses for liking those that aren't your own
See above those colourful stars
Utopian metals of silver and gold
Ratings and forums makes one popular
Enigmatic hits, scales of ten one holds
In a crowd of artists that have just the dream
Simple dreams to be. felt shared and told
Lofty weavers spins dreams as a team
All priceless dreams and feelings get virtually sold
New hunting waves sweeps ashore a member to the band
Deemed to be marooned in the Treasure Island

Avik Datta Gupta

Treasured Words

In life there are treasured words and rules
That have been picked up by fools
And the spool plays loud and clear
Designer words that'd sound so cool
To make our lives aspire
Some brainy quotes as antidotes
Serve a million minds that ail
We hammer our heads with what they wrote
We have stored up some rusted nails

People live and die
With the blink of an eye
While their treasured words remain
We wallow within hit the sky
And treasure an unknown brain

We love to change when change is in range
We feel we may have changed alone
Yet we long to change from the way we are
As we believe ourselves to the bone
We flash out words
Like that priceless trump card
Drive nails to other minds
As the infection spreads
We speak words of the dead
Our precious knowledge is mined

Avik Datta Gupta

Voices Within

Here I come to heal you, heal you from your pains
Just share your woes as much as you can
Tell your heart out, weep if you can
Do you need a friend? Do you need some peace?
Do you need some food? Or someone else to please?
Do you need a home? Or want some sleep?
Or take hold of your life in your own strong grip?
Are you lonely in this crowded world?
Or a sinner in your own esteem?
Or another dreamer who hates to dream?

Days are numbers on a paper nailed to the wall
And one fine day you'll get your call
The Gods of Fortune will surely smile
And grant you happiness for a while.
Happiness and mirth are of a relative kind
The way you interpret is all in your mind
So smile away, even if you are in tears
You'll need courage to combat and forbear
And if you find it, you'll sense the awesome might
As the built in fire propels you to fight..
All your pains and woes one by one

And then, you are the victor and you are the king
You are the greatest living being
There is lot of grief and hate planted in our minds
All because of the spite brewed socially in mankind
Don't discount your fire and courage within
It is more than enough to make you win
So stand up and smile, dance and shout
To find yourself ...the rest will all be history in doubt

Avik Datta Gupta

Wait For The Rain

Let us discover and master
Gather our emotions to a cluster
To perfect the impossible art of doing nothing
Imagine and sing using deepest musings

We shall hate to hate all that we hate
And wait for the date at heaven's gate
Be loved the way to be in love with love
To dream of clouds moons and all stars above

Fiction of addiction with the friction of time
Sparks off a few lines and those lines does rhyme
Doldrums of thoughts suspicious minds
Black is the colour of the touch for the blind

There's time to spare, so let us stare..
And let our sights climb the heavenly stairs
Let desires brew as coffee foams through
Sordid sinners of bitter passions, are in the news

The paperboy sells as the readers swell
Life stores are stock out and nothing's well
We bicker and blast.. the papers are tattered
It's all useless and nothing really matters

Unsure in thoughts wondering what to say
Say it at ease.. it's never to stay
A glimmer of light or a seconds fire
Will pulse a few minds for a moments desire

Picture perfect memories in archived minds
Are scattered in the past and there's nothing to find
We found ourselves that we weren't in vain
All we did was to wait for the rain

Avik Datta Gupta

Water Of Love

I shape my palm like a bowl
And hold a bit of water of love
I feel it's coolness, I can see it quiver
I can see self reflections, as I stand by the river
There's so much of it, and so less I can hold
As the river of love flows on..
With a million miseries untold

I can't take a grip of you..
You'll escape from my fingers
Yet, you'll stay as long as I hold you
And your presence is bound to linger
You could take the shape of anything
You can make wet almost everything
But no one could really capture you..
You flowed away to someplace new
In my moist palms you remain remnant in time
Of the water of love that I thought was mine
But now I find you are free and divine
Expectations led to agonies...
And those agonies were just mine
You are free to come...and you are free to leave
While I remain an empty vessel waiting to hold you..
With my humble hands of belief
There's so much of it, and so less I can hold
As the river of love flows on..
With a million miseries untold

Avik Datta Gupta

What Are We Dreaming Of..?

Dream On! Keep dreaming all your life..

And try to live but an inch of your dream..

Hoping for a mile of it will come true..

As you feel like a hopefull monkey..

Climbing the greased ing a foot..

Slipping a half of it inching to the top..

Which seems quite a few miles away

And dear sweet time keeps dripping away

Like water dripping through the fingers of your cupped hands

And suddenly one day it is all too late

You want to do everything, and the world will laugh

As they do, when they see a lunatic on the street

You ought to be a vegetable of your choice my friend

Rotting somewhere in the corner of your soul's mind

Till the blessed soul is kind enough..to pick you up..

And say goodbye after dumping you live in an incinerator..

But for now..keep breaking your head..

In the hope to break the stone..kept in front of you..

As a funny song on your mobile phone..

Makes you shift your battered head

To look at the mirror with absolute horror..

The child has grown..the dream has gone..

A bottle of evil spirit is all you have..

To douse the flames of pain and put you to sleep..

As you keep bleeding to death and your cut runs deep.

You gasp a while and start to run..

And you're running for a deep rooted need., ,

And then after running a few blind miles

You wonder why you ran that far because..

You've forgotten the need that was so deep rooted..

But you can't stop and pretend to be satisfied

Because you are no idiot and neither an fool..

So start dreaming again..dream on in miles

And try to live but an inch of your dream.

As now you know that's what we are all dreaming of.

Avik Datta Gupta

When You'Re One Of The Few

When you're one the few...
To make me believe..
There is much more to my lines..
Than plain and simple grief!

Beckon it the way it is ...in the end
It could be your very good friend
It could be a brand new trend
It could be what you want to be
It could be what you want to see

Make it teach..make it preach..
Make it sing..make it reach..
Make it come all drowsed in mud..
Make it come all soaked in bleach

Or make it a part of your lovely speech
Stick it to the sky..it'll shine for you
Keep it your heart it'll beat for you
Put it on your tongue..and it'll be your taste

Put it on your head it'll have you blessed
Take it to your eyes and it'll see for you
Take it to your mind and it'll remember for you
Take it to your fingers when you want to write
Mix it with adrenaline.. in your sudden fright.

It is not a riddle but a part of you
You can't see it but it can see you..
Make it me..make it you..make it just add two and two..
Or make it laugh make it cry..make it immortal or let it die..

Avik Datta Gupta

???(Time)

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Avik Datta Gupta