

Poetry Series

dipak adhya
- poems -



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Twelve Lines For Him (A Tribute To Maxim Gorky)

Deem, as an apostle
Regard, as the pioneer
Follow, as long as eyes can go
Endure, not so; no comparison with him
Imitate, nothing as I've no power
Notice, whatever in the past were
Past means centuries ago...
Feel toil for those proletariats
Want, as committed as he was
As a reader as serious.
These are the twelve lines for him
And salute a pen that changed the sphere!

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Want To Be

Among all other creatures
I never saw any
To murder, to rape and to be envious
To their own sect
To their own creed

We, the human beings are apt in all evil deeds
And always the victims
Blame on fate

Yet we brag
As the best one
Probably all other creatures mock at us
And remain fingure crossed

And when I read the genocide
Even now like at Rampurhat
I pray to God
Let me bless with another rebirth
Not as a civilised one
But as a wild creature!

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Death

When the twilight descends decay also engulfs the body of grief
All day has been spent in intolerance fire
All the garbages of past have turned into ashes
The moon still plays in the depth of well
Along with the cold clouds
Past grief dies
The eastern sky decorates itself with the falling sound of dew drops
And with the morning song
The white cloud alone floats in the sky!

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My Nature, My Heart

Comes a pleasant morning
It is as soothing as my daughter's laughing
Being fascinated I pray for such moments
And can hear the breeze and the words of green foliage.

At noon when I bath in the pond
The bright sun shines in the water
I look at It's beaming rays
And feel the day has not been wasted yet.

At evening my dear baby nags me for going out
Often I deny
And twilight reflects on her face
Then suddenly I change my views
And agree, let us go for a little roaming
At once I look at her face
The descending reddish sunlight
Illuminating with newly grace.

When we sleep together
Night comes and spends lonelier!

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From Far Away

From the high-rises the river looks still
From far away
You may think me a dull
From here I don't see
Your thinking of us,
Yet all are going on
Unobtrusively
But in eloquence.

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Awaiting

It is my heart and its dreamy love
That springs the first rose,
And its fragrance will take
My love wherever it never goes.

My beloved would like to pluck that very rose,
As soon as will she start,
Drink the oblivion in secret
She might be transformed into a heart
That is akin to a rose tree itself.

And there I will live in her green and hectic red
And all the sweetness
Will be enamored with an ecstasy,
It is my dream, with her awaiting to be embodied.

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Promise

I didn't promise you
Grasping the stars I'll give you
For the shake of my love,
I didn't promise you
I'll remain by your side for life long,
I didn't promise you
Never I'll go away for myself
I didn't promise you
I only live for you.

But I promised you
I'll do what my heart calls
And never I'll tell a lie
To modify
The vague and obscurity
Into a sophisticated decorative notion
That may be very nice to say
But must not be valuable more than a hay!

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For A Dream

Before going to bed
I expect a dream
But never it comes.
My desire lingers
And like an expectant
I wait for the night to come.
Night comes
Then an unfruitful time waits for me.

I am defeated
Both in and out
But never leave the desire of dreaming you once!

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An Egoistic

Night descends
Though I never wait for it
But it comes
As sorrows come through your remembrance

Night darkens
Gradually silence prevails
But I remain awoken
With you-- with our past

Never I wait for morn
Yet evening comes
It comes with a new light-- new hope
But I know
You'll never come and call me

Gradually I become an egoistic!

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Togetherness...

Never I touched you with my hand
Rather it is mind
That always feels you are beside

Never I asked you anything
Rather it is my desire
That always asks you
Never be off from eyesight

Never I walked with you
Never spend a little time
'Togetherness' is an unknown word to us
But is there any place
Where did our feet not fall?

Never we spend time altogether
And now only me
Who knows
This one never keeps you away.

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Togetherness

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A Heart Of Brevity

I'm still at the same place
Waiting with warm heart
Time has not the power
To ruffle me at all

I'm looking for the past
Present and future can't allure me
I'm pleased with the past
That was possessed by me

How far will you go?
How long will you be absent?
But here I'm stood
With pride with my passion with your sublimity
Let's come and see
I really possess a heart of brevity.

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My Spirit Of Life Fades Away When You Are Gone

My spirit of life fades away when you are gone
My time stumbles
And I pass it
As if I've been sitting by
A stagnant river,
I gradually become feeble
Thousands of remembrance throng into the head
And I lose myself into the oblivion,
Have I drunk the water of Lethe?
Yes. You are nothing but of it,
But today I have lost the path
To go to you
So, there is only dejection!
Oh! I want to drink it more
Has Lethe lost its powerful rapport?

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When The Moon Comes Down On Earth

The moon comes down on earth
When a subconscious mind awakes
And the moon and a mind
Are mingled into one.
Like a scientist
I try to distinguish them
And like a painter
I draw a unique picture
From where two cuckoos
Sing loudly,
I lose myself
Their song becomes full of ecstasy
Having lost my identity
I feel myself
A merely green bough of tree
On my branch
The cuckoos are still swaying
And the sweet wind
Is carrying their song
Far a-w-a-y...

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You Are Felt In Everywhere

I want to get up early in the morning
Even before the dawn
When darkness still looms over
When the birds open eyes theirs
When to be bloomed prepare themselves the flowers
When start to go to brick-filed the labourers
When the boatmen prepare their minds
The tired nurses take napsitting on their chair
The police station remain quite and calm
The tea-shop owners fire coal in the oven
When the drivers again start their long journey
When the priest awakens his God
I'll get up at that time
Only to feel December morning
With foggy breath.
I know you'll certainly be with my side,
This is the time
When my surrounding takes after you
And you are felt in everywhere!

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Forbetter Life

I make better errors all the time
I judge wrongly whatever I try to
Yes I do
And my friends -my companions cherish it
Whenever I and we
Feel togetherness.

Now the leaves shed themselves
The trees are merely bare
As bare as me in time of bathing
And I mock them at saying 'naked'.
I listen all the sticks of the branches
They laugh at me
And whisper, Oh, friend!
Let us spend a night in open sky
You may put on as much as you wish
And we'll shed us all.

I was in ignoring mood
Yet I listened
Some leafy-words:
Whatever you tell, you just tell
And can't practise it
And here we don't utter the words
'Emancipation'
But in life we practise it
For better life!

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"If Winter Comes..."

The most friendly companion of mine
Is my garden
In the mornig when I get up
It greets me with ever green laughing
The yellow sunlight catches its fragrance
I feel
How much trifle am I.

Oh Nature! Oh my green surrounding!
You never let me down!
And I remain your earnest lover ever!

Now December is approaching
The mild cold wind from the north
Tells me, let you remain indoors
And in fear of cold
I keep away from her.

A few days passed
Suddenly I noticed in one early hours
My garden has wept all night long.

Oh! A subtle pain pierces me
I feel myself, what a selfish guy am I!
With a morbid-heart
I asked them to pardon me;
I softly touched on the hides, on the leaves
As if a kiss on petal-lips
I felt all the branches trembled
All the leaves swayed themselves
I twitched my ears
And a faint-song is heard
"If winter comes...if winter comes..."

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I Have Nothing But A Heart

I have nothing but a heart
And I can't do anything special
Except to love you
There in this universe everything can be found in plenty
Everything can be procured in various means
Green and grey
And there is one colour also
It is pink-
Money, lust, and greed
Oh! How can I demand
I can't do anything except to love
I can't do anything but to love you
And it is with all my heart

Everything ends in the long run
All war ends with a treaty
With the word gain and lose
Hatred and enmity
But here I am
Only with the red rose
Has been proclaiming everlasting love
For loving days to come!

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From About Seven Hundred Kilometers Away

As long as I spend myself with you
I never feel you are not mine and another entity
Rather I feel a true tune
Is mingled within us,
How can I think you another?

I am here,
About seven hundred kilometers away,
But my mind knows,
My nerves, blood circulation and even all physics know
You are very close to mine.
So close that often body shivers
Lips tremble
Eyes become closed...
And I feel you with each breathing,

When you go away
Your mobile shows off line,
I still read you
Your words, your heart, your notion, your witty pranks
And your verses
That are still found
I pluck from there
Only the amorous words
That may bring you to me
When you are far away
About it is seven hundred kilometers

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Let Them Die For Ever

I want light
More light
The darkness that engulfed me is so piercing
I can't bear with,
Let me lead to light.

Everyday,
Darkness is becoming omnipotence
Darkness is killing millions of youths
Darkness is pulling back and back
And the spirits of obscenity
Are shrinking loudly and deeply;
Will you not come with your ever-glowing torches?

The darkness has thousands tentacles
The darkness has poisonous breathe
The darkness is endowedwith millionsmaladies
Yet millions are rushing towards it
Oh! I want light
Let me give the light
Or fire
And dry direfully
All the evils
Let thousands sun enlighten us all
Let them die for ever!

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In Spite Of Trying

In spite of trying

I have forsaken willingly large material treasure
Only to conquer you,
I have ignored hidden lust and greed
Only to impart my adoration,
I want all that no one has gained-
Your spiritual sublimity
And now I am ready
To sacrifice even more
If there is left and remains.

When I was thinking so in today's morning
The sun came out
The eastern sky was still hazy
The mist engulfed the surrounding
And the sun was not in a hurry.

Oh! I felt
What a foolish man am I,
I could not leave my pride
And still count what did I,

I am still engrossed in my loss and gain
I am unable to be the sun
In spite of trying to be in vain!

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I feel With Your Words...

When I read your poem
And find myself
I am written
Written with your heart love and adoration
My mind is filled with
The flying clouds of spring.

When I read your poem
And find myself
I am written
I feel I am still sat beside you
And you are chanting with your sweet voice
I listen
The words of my heart are being uttered.

When I read your poem
And find myself
I am written
I feel a sweet dreamy fragrance
It tells, the story fo blooming of flowers,
The chirping of birds,
The sonorous sound of rains,
The whispering of your thought...
And I hum
'I feel with your words...'

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Now I Have No Grief, No Sadness

Now I have no grief, no sadness
If you wish you may go
As far as your mind goes
Because I have much remembrances of yours
Because now I can shout I gained your heart
Because I have become a real rich with your treasure.

Now I have no grief, no sadness
If you don't come within my arms
If you don't whisper of your love
If you ignore me here and there
I must listen you in my rumination.

Now I have no grief, no sadness
Because you are always with mine
And I never need your physical presence
As my realisation is much realistic
And feel you
You are always by me
Side by side!

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There Are Those

There are those who think me as good for nothing
I always respect them
And never wish to correct their wrong
It is not my job

There are those who think me dishonest
I chuckle at them in sly
I never wish to make them correct

There are those who think me bad
I wish for ever they think so
I dare for mor adventurous job
And make believe myself of my capability

There are those who never think of me
Only I wish they think me
As a human being
Who strives to do some better!

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For Sake Of Our Love

I am stood between winter and mourning
One is piercing me hard
And the other is on heart
I am trying with warm clothes
To ward off the first
But the other
Oh! nothing can keep me off
From you
Yet, there a lot of works remain undone
I'll do all before the night approaches
You-my mourning!
You are green and eternal,
So, how can I go far off
Let us ruminant not what we lost
Rather I would like to think
That can be done still
For sake of our love!

dipak adhya



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Coolness

Now the world is gradually becoming silent,
The night is ascending into the minds-
Someone is admitting and
Someone is denying or being careless turning their faces
The night-birds don't shriek
Don't flatter their wings
The rats in the November-paddy-field
Cries loudly while collecting corns.

In the morning-fog
I feel the tears of nature are mingled with the hope of the sunlight,
Gradually the colour yellow
Covers the faces of dejection,
The sky turns into hectic red
And the twilight again...
Oh Night!
Let us bring hope with coolness
Now we don't want to say
The other name of coolness is death,
Rather coolness means the opportunity for resurrection!

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Two Entities

I want to tell you something
Now I feel that I have another entity
Within me
And that entity dearly loves you
Adores you
And it does all what should be done.
On that very moment I stay aloof
I remain silent
I absorb myself in other deeds.

I'm the entity when I'm alone,
Can't exist without you
And unobtrusively
I'm divided between two
One is for mine and the other is
For yourself!

dipak adhya



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An Unknown Entity Lives Within Me

An unknown entity lives within me
I try to be like him
He has the good qualities
Unlike me
Beyond of all vices
Entices me to be perfect,
But that entity -Does he not know?
I have physical lust
Material greed
Outward fascination...
Nowadays, I don't like him
But probably he has sworn
He will make me like him!

dipak adhya



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The Time Of Love Passes Away Unobtrusively

The time of love passes away
Unobtrusively
And only the hard remembrance is left behind
Where heart looks back without wonder
Like the trees of winter
And looking at the fallen grey leaves
Reminds the joyous time.
Oh! With a deep sigh
Inner-mind absorbs all,
A subtle sorrow pushes back
And a sweet dream foreword,
When the sunlight fades in the evening
All the birds return to their nest,
One must listen their chirping
And a lover's heart
Can't keep far away
Their togetherness and whispering,

Oh! Readers, I'm listening hers
Are you not yours?

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No Body Waits For None

No body waits for none
Everyone is there at own place
It is time
That takes the examination
My eyes see one's awaiting
Heart feels so,
But there is the reality
Omnipotence
And always in between them
Lies justification,
We all are there for own needs
Own thinking
Own philosophy
Own attitude...
I'm playing my part with utmost efficiency
And you yours!

dipak adhya



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It Is Hope That Can Not Let Me Be

It is hope that can not let me be
As a common person
It entices me all the sunny faces
It inspires me
To conquer all
And I gradually feel
There the difficulties are more less-poisonous
Its sharp teeth have become blunt
And I dream to win all obstacles
-hope can rejuvenate all
And illuminate my soul to be enlightened.

Let hope be showered in our mind
Whatever is not there at my fingertips
I crave for that,
I'll go to her
With my hope and hopeful mind.
Oh! Hope,
Let me charge to win
Whatever invincible all around us.

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The Tree

Often it seems to me
No architect can create like
The tree itself,
No painter can beautify
As the tree can,
No composer has the ability to compose the music
Even with modern instruments
As it can
With its leaves and branches,
No shade is as cool as the shadow
That it provides in the mid-day of June,
I never get a companion as sweet as it
All the year round,
No one tries to realise me
As it always does,
No one awaits me standing at a single place
No one teaches me like it
What patience really means-
And unnumbered love that I'm used to get;
Now, is there any doubt?
Still have I to tell you who is my dearest one?

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Diwali

If light comes from within
And sucks all inner darkness,
I must call it 'Diwali'.
Oh light!
Let you be illuminated in all the huts
turning yourself into a new job
Where there is no job,
You become that girl child who fears
before her birth
in her mother's womb to be killed
And be a part of woman-power,
Let you be such a light
in that households where
Covid-19 seized near ones
and enlighten their faces
Let you help them the dreadful past,
You become optimists smiling to him
Who has been guarding us at the border,
Oh Diya!
Let you become a true spirit
Let you become a hope
Let you suck all the evils
And be a part of soul
For us, for the whole world!

dipak adhya

Let Us Sing The Tune In Chorus

Amorous night ends with dream
The received signals of heart
Make beautiful fragrance,
I transcend my body
And like a bloomed flower
Cherish my lovely beauty,
That only wants to get you as butterfly.
There is so much hatred
There is so much jealousy
There is so much selfishness around us,
Among all we compose a single tune
And hum it in our mind,
It is friendship
And only friendship;
I am praising my part,
Let us sing the tune in chorus!

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Attraction

Attraction is always undeniable
Attraction is always a notion of craving
That does not allow me
To be quite
And now it is one or other
I seek it's fragrance
It's lights have been turned into torches
And I hanker after
More
Where desires are hidden.
Are you really centred round of it?
I don't know
But that entices me
I feel that attraction is
The truth
And I'm always worshipper of it.

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As I Don't Still Unknown To Me

Did you ever walk on the untrodden paths?
Did you ever speak unspoken words?
Did you ever see the unseen colours?
Did you ever take company of an unwanted man?
To me all the answers are, Yea,
Said my heart.
And I remained silent for long
I know,
I am the most obscure in this world
As I don't still unknown to me!

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Eternal Love Knows Only Eternity

It is painful to be defeated
The sun sets not abruptly
River dries taking long years
And all type of decaying has its own time span
The rose tree that would give me
Hectic red rose every day
Where the birds would come to greet it
Butterflies would fly
Thinking the place as their paradise,
All went away
Slowly and slowly
And there was also a heart
That gave adieu me
Suddenly
Bolt from the blue-
I know,
You are like the time
For ever...
But here I have been waiting for
Perennial!
Eternal love knows only eternity!

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I'm All That Shakes Your Heart!

When darkness is illuminated with feelings
When silence is ebbd with eloquence
Of hearts
When unspoken words are felt
A shyness approaches
And I listen you
I listen your heartbeat;
The stars know all
The night birds are eyewitnesses
The night Jesmin twitches its petals
Only to listen our words,
And I forsake all my reservations
And speak only to the lovers' ears
I'm the spring,
I'm the love
I'm the music
I'm all that shakes your heart!

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For Jovial

The sorrows were born
Out of my wounds
And the wounds were
As pierce as needles,
Surprisingly now I am freed from all pains
And my dullness
Makes others irritating...
And I can't help it

Now, when there is your connivance
I think of the first day
Oh! A blunt needle just gives me a chuckle
When you insult me
I feel another cackle
And then...

The sorrows were born
Out of my wounds
But I was not
I look for happiness and love
That is abundantly scattered
And all the time stooping forward
I collect them all.

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Friendship And Me

Often I die
When the hands of belief go far and far away
I feel a sort of deep insulting,
When there is darkness all around
Due to failure,
Then I merely a dead-body;
When they cheer for their victory with my dead-body,
Their words become like feathers of crown,
How maen a man I was-
And its colourful descriptions,
I feel
Centred round my past
There is only darkness!
Often I die
But looking at the hands of friendship
I could not say,
Et tu Brute!

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Ode To Life

I am wretched wherefore should I go
Surrounded by only despair
But no tears flow.
I am far away from my sweet dream
Now it is the time to fight for living on,
But wherever I cast my eyes -all grim
My coffee mug has been turned into cup of woe,
Let me tell you where should I go?
No, I am not craving for ungrateful love
Whatever I look for turns into a bluff!
All the misery's cure
I kneel down to you,
Let me awake, let me awake
Let me allow to do whatever is due,
Let remove the terror of my triumph brave
I want to do all before the resting allowed grave!

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Disbelief And Hatred

Disbelief and hatred
This two hands of darkness
Have been pressing my throat
With black fingers
And I can't come off it.

Disbelief and hatred
This two ominous prowess
Have been forcing me to retreat
Now there is no way
I'm standing against impassable wall.

Disbelief and hatred
Have engulfed me completely
I can't breath
I can't dream a sweet dream
I can't sing or recite a love poem
And there's a black-hole
I'm gradually walking towards it
And there's darkness and darkness all around me.

Let me give the light... more light!

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Tree

I did not learn how to love
I did not learn how to live
I did not learn how to speak
I did not learn what all know
And me
Nothing but a tree!

It is indeed a wrong notion
A wrong judgement about me by myself
A tree is far better than you and me
Though you may deny this.

Never I saw to measure a tree
How much it has given to earth
And in spite of being millionaires
One is more miser to her.

I want to be like a real tree
I want to give all my chattels
And what a tree imparts
Never thousands book can impart.

Oh! My God!
Let me be, at least a leaf
Since my birth
I have been consuming earth and sunshine
Now, it is time to provide more
Let you sort me a fuel
Or use me as an ampule to placate your appetite.

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Our Love

Our love is
Akin to the lotus kept beside the feet of Goddess Durga
I've decorated them as my offerings.
And I want to give you too a lotus
Want to put it into your hair
But there's no way to do this
As lotus is very rare.

If our love were
Like the flowers of eglantine beside the road
It would be joyous.

I would love them as my wish
I would keep them in my fist
I would take long breathe of it
All the time I could think
You are only mine!

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Transformation

I am like a flute of autumn
You play me with your unknown sublimity
I flow like the river Ichhamati
And make more green your heart

I am like the lotus of my garden
And I transform from white to pink
As I grow old
With remembrance, love and optimism.

I am like the joys of kids
Who cherish hooping from pandle to pandle
But today I am just like you
Who never believes in poem
But watch me in caustic view!

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In This Afternoon

Now the sun has moved
My shadow has also passed under my feet
Sweat is dripping from forehead
A little bit thirsty too
But all has been defeated
As I am hungry most.

I had had something at dawn
And I am certain
There is nothing in my stomach
Yet nothing is around my side
Except the work for which I have been engaged.

I am lucky enough now to get a job
I know there will be food and repose after this hard work
But my peers are not lucky enough

Yet I will eat at evening
Now I only want soon the approaching of twilight
I'll eat
Must eat
The salted food for this body!

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Fear Looms Over

Fear looms over our destiny
Everyone knows
But callous,
The court verdicts

But who is there to obey the rule?
The administration is blind
For a bigger game they are setting the chessboard
And there will be another certain word,

This court raps you

Report shows the increasing of death toll
The increasing of toil...

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When Hatred Reaches

When hatred reaches beyond limit
Acid rains start
In the mind of the cloud
And it drenches all goodness.

When there the light of the lamp is no more
I can listen
The whispering sounds of the witches
And who are they?
Once I recognised as my own friend.

When showmanship is come out
I can feel
The hollowness of world
And the sound of trumpet is heard
With meaningless words.

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Against

The lady who is hidden in my dream
Does not believe me,
The lady who is often written by me
Or I draw her picture as I wish
She too
But with all my beliefs
With all my adorations
I tried to create an apostle
To love, to dream, to gossip, to roam...

Why does an anonymous stretch hands!
Why does a flower blooms on barren land!
Why does a friend
Often is regarded as Brutus!

I am ashamed to myself
For dreaming a beautiful dream
That has been turned into a heinous reality,
I am ashamed to myself for believing a poem
As my own world,
I am ashamed to myself
For leaning against a heart
As my own friend!

I know, there is a dark side also,
But I surrender only to light,
And pray for holy earth,
How can I touch your hand
When you see there
The stains are in black,

No, it is a teaching to me
And I should remain an outsider
From all
Who always see in me
Something different and something devilish!

dipak adhya

Last Night

Last night she came to me
Last night a fairy came to me.

With all good wishes
She stretched her hands
And took me to the joy of heaven,

But from there I could see
The hollow rice-pot of the shanty
The naked babies on the dust beside rail-lines
Gasping desperately to breathe
But no one took him to hospital for treatment
A pregnant mother is carrying heavy load on her head,
And surprisingly I looked myself too,
Trying to paint a picture of yours
And at last I finished it.

I noticed my fairy looked at my eyes
And I asked with my eyes,
How it was,
She replied,
Why is there no lust in her eyes?
Why is there no love in her heart?
Why is it dull and passionless?

I remained silent,
But saw,
Two hearts are weeping at the same time
And a deep compassionate wave
Is surging all around.

dipak adhya

Having Seen The First Flower Of October

Having seen the first flower of October
I was overjoyed,
Then I cried a little,
With the moist-eyes
I feel the approaching afternoon,
The beauty of the mornig lotus
Faded
The petals turned into hectic-red,
Hanging like a corpse-leaf,
Like a broken dream.

The tree is happy
The leaves are dancing
The lotus is hailing the bees and drones,
Then I notice
There is no end a joy
And many more buds are laughing to be bloomed!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

With A Few Words

With a few words
I keep myself
Afar
I hide the words carefully
How will you know
The covered adoration?

Walking far behind you
I can feel the left fragrance
Lingering in the air,
Did you ever know
I can find out you
Even in the mass,

No, I may not find you
As you are ahead of me long
I must get my love
On the way
Where you stepped and gone.

dipak adhya

A Unique Beauty

When the dawn breaks
I feel a unique fragrance
Tells me an optimistic story
For the day to come,
Being overjoyed I pray
To the coming light
For a fruitful fulfilment.

With a hectic schedule
I pass the day
Pains Pierce
Laughing overflows
Hopes bring dreams
And with all of them
I find myself,

At night,
I only again think for a sunny morning
A jovial dawn
A blissful sleeping
And a glittering face,
It may be yours
It may be hers
It may be my non written verse,
Whatever it may be
I crave for a unique beauty...

dipak adhya

Pushy Cat And Butterfly

If I were like a butterfly
I would fly
From flower to flower,
Thinks the pushy cat -
I would suck honey from flowers
And give a hug to colours.

The butterflies think
What a brilliant creature are you pushy cat,
You are loved by your Master
You are coveted to young daughter
You are allowed to the room
Even cot or pillow or lap of maroon
No matter who the person is
You are just like a pretty childish,

If I were a pushy tiger
Never I would like to be again a caterpillar.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

If I Get You As A Friend Of Mine

If I get you as a friend of mine
I'll go with you for a short journey
Not far from your home
And You'll show me the hills and rivers and meadows
That are often penned by you.

If I get you as a friend of mine
I would like to meet your friends
Who are regards your soul-mates
To whom I'll try to search your words,

If I get you as a friend of mine
I'll request you to show that room
To show your pens and books
That entice me to be familiar with you.

If I get you as a friend of mine
We'll walk together
Where you never went
Even alone,
Holding your hand I'll try
How you create a World
Where my heart roams
And doesn't allow me to remain calm and quite,

How the words come to your mind
With love and adoration!

dipak adhya

Me

Face has been lost
Long days passed
Now I wear a mask and I don't feel uneasy
In my shirt-pocket I have kept all compromising
There are many pockets also
One by one I have kept in those
Lust, greedy and all others
I have petted a snake also
All the time I keep it under my sleeve.

I feel at ease now
I have no want, no pain
Only I pass the name of truth very cautiously,

I am gradually losing my heart's words
Now I speak very sober
That you listen always
And there is a gentle laughing
That I keep with my lips
I know you never judge me
Whom I only know
What the person is really.

dipak adhya

Something

There is something that I find always
There is something that give me pain always,
Out of it I strive
To find out happiness
And only a few words of mine
Sooth my herat sooth my grief
And I stoop myself to that words and letters always.

Never I strive for gaining something
Material gain is hollow all about
Let me read your poems that entice me
To go beyond this earthly sorrow.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Rice

I am wounded in my heart.
I am feeling pain
And it is paining me deeply
As I can't share it anybody,
And if you ask me 'Why'?
I can tell you in sly,
One may mock at me
Listening to it.

Leave it,

I can't do single handedly much more
So, today in the morning
I gave the woman only a very little amount
For buying rice.
I knew, she had nothing
Nothing, nothing,
And yesterday she starved
Saying it was the day of fasting!

Whatever I gave her today with it
She bought only rice
I know, she will eat tonight,
Do you know, what will she eat?
It is only rice, only rice and only rice.

dipak adhya

In The World Of Fantasy

Reading a few old poems of mine
I realise
How much you love me,
And you all tried to keep me
In another world
Where creative mind can find more sublimity.

All of you who read that poems
And praised me, saying the sweetest words,
Often in written form too,
And, when today
In the mornig I read them again,
I feel, they are nothing but prattling
They are merely decorated words,
A few lines with hollow and fruitless sound.

But I realise now,
You all love me dearly,
And enticed me to engage
In a fictitious world
Where I alreedy set up my paradise!

dipak adhya

Confession

An impure willingness always pricks my heart:

I know it

But never I admit it,

I myself have created an image

And don't wish to stain on it

So in the darkness

My hidden greed start to shout

I can't hear nothing but them

They entice me to crime

And I fight against them.

I'm very tired now

Is there any way to come out

I want to kill the evil willingness

I want to be a perfect one,

If not perfect

At least a little good human being!

dipak adhya



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Will You Not Come?

I always bring a frightened mind with me,
There is lack of many things
Now my purse is very frail
And the drum of rice is almost empty
And in my dream I see the days of starvation are looming over,
And I wake up in perspiration.

Someone's song of new days
Is unbelievable to me
Yet in my leisure I hum the words of that song
And ask myself,
Will you not come?
Will you not come?

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

In Time Of Tempest

Tempest comes down in the mid-ocean
Standing on the light-house
I feel the presence of uncertainty
Threat looms over life
Yet,
All on a sudden I can visualise
The eyes of her
Her flower garden
Her stretched limbs...
I sought in joy
Fear ebbs
But another tempest arises
And I feel myself
Merely a dejected sea!

dipak adhya



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Ma'hulika 38

How far should I stretch my hand?
To get a friend as mine
How long should I wait for a reply?
Ma'hulika asked
But I was always with you,
Unobtrusively I walk along with your breath,
I roam with you in my dream,
I write you, in poetic words,
I allow you as my heart
Leaving you, Oh! dear!
May I go far away and ever?

A very pleasant wind just then blows over us-
Ma'hulika said,
But I think,
Your thinking is nothing but a trush?
I remained silent for a while
And answered:
It is your notion that is not well
I'm still here
Only to remember
And the long days are the time to remember
A concealed love is as beautiful as the bud,
Later a bloomed flower!

dipak adhya

Life

As I never give up hope
As I never stoop to dope
I don't want to compromise
In spite of greed of paradise
My aim is not to be a great one
But to stand by the man and woman
Who are in real sense
Spend life with patience
Waiting for a piece of bread
They toil heavy, perform great
A want to be such a man
In modesty I pray for to be one
Oh! There the humanity is lain
Their trying is not lost in vain.

dipak adhya



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Beyond Gray

From this gray surroundings
You can't change me.
As much swate and labour
There is hidden my free laughing.
There are gray brown world
Surrounding me
Let me not push towards there
Even let me not say
To look at the gray sky,
Where there is only green
The old trees
Let me go there.

So pulling me on your sholder
Don't ask me to touch the sky
Let me keep stand on the soil
Green little grass is stiiil much dear to me.

dipak adhya



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There Is No Sign

There is no sign of full stop
Even comma or semicolon
Or dash
As life goes on and on

Our river symbolizes us
When there is an obstruction
It bends and carves
But flows never stops

I watch my life
And even you or him or her
Nothing can stop the song
Of walking
Of living
Of dreaming
Of blowing
Of flowing
Of learning
And so on and on



PoemHunter.com

So
There is no sign of full stop
Even comma or semicolon
Or dash
As life goes on and on

dipak adhya

A Few Words For Her

This is not a poem at all
Rather you may think
It is a love-message
When the sun sets and the stars are seen
I look at the sky
I don't know with whom
Should I compare you
As there's also the glittering moon
And it is not at all a false statement
For the time being
I forget you
Then when I come to my attic
And think the beauty of starry night
You approach
Being fascinated I forget all about the world
And feel you
But at morning
When I get up after the happy dream
My mind feels a certain pain
You were
But nowhere
There is a vagueness in everywhere
I crave for you
I long for you
And gradually I forget you
In the ever charming dawn
I feel Wordsworth comes
And asks
Have you read
Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802
I reply him
Yes
Many times
And gradually forget you

No
It is not true you are my all
Beyond this very limit
There is all

I admire them too
And truly
I regard you as very trifle
As myself

dipak adhya

Ma'hulika-38

I told Ma'hulika
Your each blow teaches me to be determined
Not to be distracted from aim
And I'm ever owe to you for this.
Replied Ma'hulika,
As I'm not perrinial to you
Yet I'll accompany you
For ever and ever.
How, I asked
She then smiled
Her smiling gave the answer-
As long as the verses on Ma'hulika are there
Where will I go leaving you?

Now when I'm thousands miles away
I feel
She is still beside me
And I'm in nowhere
Except in her thought.

dipak adhya

I Didn't Say

I didn't say
You have to love me
I only wanted
There will be a person
Whom I'll feel in the absence
And two eyes will await my coming back.

I didn't say
You have to love me
I only wanted
When I'll come back after day's toiling
A soft hand will stretch
A glass of cold water.

I didn't say
You have to love me
I only wanted
When I'll stay far away
A few messages will fill the inbox
I must read a face then
Through the words and emojis.

I didn't say
You have to love me
I only wanted
When the starry night will enlighten the earth
From the roof sifting together
A pair of eyes will bath
In the shower of heavenly beauty.

dipak adhya

Yet

Life has taught me to think myself
As a hawker
But there is deep antipathy
To walk along with the roads and allies and lanes
To face the winds
A glass turns into a mirror
At any time
I search for darkness

Often I become defeated to my own words
Now and from that time
I act as a dumb
Hence I dont shout in ecstasy.

dipak adhya



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Ma'hulika-37

Now there is a subtle crack
Between me and Ma'hulika.
It numbs me and I can't think more
Once I told her
What is the destiny of this unrequited love?
She laughed
And replied
All the rivers don't fall into the oceans
Some of them are interstate river...
In my imagination I see
Only vast sandy land
Over a large track.

dipak adhya



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Ma'hulika-36

No love is comparable
As the one
Between Ma'hulika and me.
As much as I adore her
She goes behind.
As much I try to get her
She mocks at me,
As if I'm a dull-headed man
Without a heart
And even amorous words.

Me and Ma'hulika
Often I think, we are inseparable
And the moment I say so
She messages
No, I don't know you at all
And ne'er utter a nasty word;
Being puzzled
I fold my diary,
And write on the scrapped paper
Nothing but scribbles.
When I stop my writing
I notice there is only a name
Ma'hulika X Y V Z.

dipak adhya

Ma'hulika-35

Me and my ma'hulika
Often in our conversation
Forget our own existence.
When we realize our identity
Ma'hulika laughs and blames me
My love has made her a forgetful one.
Just then I remember
(though I am very friable in my remembrance)
She always blames me
I don't have a little affection over her!

dipak adhya



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Ma'hulika-34

Though it is an astonishing fact to Ma'hulika
I don't give her time.
I don't read her poem
As I am used to do.
But she didn't say anything
And enquired nothing.
Then I asked myself,
Is she indifferent to me?
And at last I asked,
Did you not find anything wrong in me?
Then Ma'hulika smiled
And responded,
From an anonymous guy
One should ne'er anticipate anything!

dipak adhya



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Ma'hulika-33

Sunlight came and sucked the rain water,
A message came and soothed my anxiety,
The falling of the leaves and blowing of gentle breeze
Reminds me that you are composing your poem,
I'm not in that words
I'm not written,
But I wait for your posting of that flower
I'm eager to take a long breath
Of your fragrance
Of your poetical love
Of your rhythmic adoration
And for your unuttered words,
Where I'll find out myself
As your loving bud!

dipak adhya



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Ma'hulika-32

I didn't go far away
I don't want to leave you
But there was a curve on the way
And you didn't see me.

Though there is a single soul
And I never think you apart
O my Ma'hulika,
I can't spend a minute but you to remember.

And this long absence
And this longing
And a slight desire
Centred round a poem
Brings us a virtual closer.

Oh! Now you may blame a lot
You may cast me away
But I must say
There our love does stay.

dipak adhya

There Is No Way In This Obscurity

There is no way in this obscurity
Yet I have been penetrating alleys and lanes
Can you voice me
What Way should I go?

My mind is swamped by panic and fright
Yet I recognise
There is no way to drip
And in this flash a sleuth of bereavement
seems to be forthcoming
and I'm in hidden habitation
trying to hide in more profound spaces.

I feel,
There is no way in this obscurity
do you sense so?
If not
Let me show the way to appease this blotch cognizance.

dipak adhya



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Ma'hulika-31

When I look at her face
I start to dream
Spellbinding
she asks me without words
with only her perceptiveness
and I remain silent.
But I know Ma'hulikha realizes my words
though she does not say a single word
yet I roam with her
from this world to a different.

dipak adhya



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Economical

Economical

I can't measure my devotion
Yet I feel
I want to give all.
You said, You accept the offering
Of even a leaf
Of even a flower
Of even a fruit
Of even water,
When it is offered
With long devotion.
Just in this curve of life
Being puzzled I remain silent.
How much will I keep
For my sustenance?
A leaf is not much valuable
I can give you in abundance
I can procure flower
With little money
Water is not at all costly
And fruit? I don't wish to buy
As you've told only for devotion
And without expenses
I feel devotion excesses.

It is all about feeling,
I can measure
Where there is low cost
Heart doesn't feel abashed!

dipak adhya

Ma'hulika-30

I asked Ma'hulika,
My dear, I long to dwell
With your thought.

Never I dined you, replied she.

But the sense-objects never show
I'm with you all the time.
Yet my desires grow,
Now this inclination develops into desire...

Be quite my dear, replied Ma'hulika
Otherwise You'll realise,
All your desire accrues
Only anger!

I couldn't tell her
I'm still in anger,
And truly want to get out from it!

dipak adhya

Having Seen The Humiliations

Having seen the humiliations
To everyone
By unfortunate notion
I became angry.
I didn't try to solve
But from anger came delusion,
From delusion I became confused,
From confusion I felt ashamed to myself...

Now I don't find myself anywhere
I notice, my poems are only decorated words,
And I'm far away from all good.

dipak adhya



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Waiting For A Phoenix

I know I haven't that fire
In my breast
With that I could fire in the bush or hunger
Now there's left only ash.

I'm alive with only remembrance
Though they are too hazy
Now all the day and night
There's loud noise for
Showmanship
I turn my face from there
They too want love and support
But Alas! Without compassion.
There's no one to tell them
Love cannot be demanded
Only, let you love
And you will be loved.

Now I'm awaiting to see
For a Phoenix to fly.

dipak adhya

Ma'hulika-29

Promise, I'll go to you
You will be very happy
To receive me
At dusk when there will be no star
In the sky.
I'll touch your cheeks
And the stars will start twinkling
The night-lotus will start
To open her petals
And in silence
I'll inhale the fragrance of our silence.
The sparrow may peep
From the ridge
But soon it will go to sleep
Leaving us alone.
Alone! Alone!
When the two hearts become one
The moon may grudge us
And being one
We'll enjoy her grudging!

dipak adhya

How Long Mother

Mother, I'll go out today,
Do you remember,
How long I have been here in the house?
That tree which I had drawn before lockdown,
I don't know, how that is now.
The birds that I had drawn
With only black
Do they live still on that tree?
I wish to know that, mother,
I wish to go out there.
Will you not allow me mother?
How long have I to stay indoor?
How long will the tree, the birds, the playing meadow, the sky...
Will be afar?
How long mother?

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Dreamy

For proper nourishment
A seed dreams
Of a new generation,
It fancies,
The new one will be
As large as the sky.
Being so jovial,
It sucks the last ray of the sun
In its womb
And dreams...

A preg-mother too
Whispers to herself
For a soothing birth,
And the baby,
Her own flesh and blood
Must be one
Whom the world will know...

I look at the both
And can't differentiate
Between a mother and a tree...
Between a bud and a maiden!

dipak adhya

Ma'hulika-28

"little by little is enough"
For sustenance
I don't want you
Give me all
As the Father wants.

A little morsel or a blink of love
Must lead me to step up
A few more,
Being confined in my little room
I only feel the caged bird
And crave to be one
That has been flying outward.

Little by little is enough
Ne'er I grasp all
A little touch is eternal
When hope reigns
And dejection is wiped off
A new day to call...

dipak adhya

Shelter

A bohemian river came down
From an ever silent mountain,
Then it asked the side ways trees
To bent their heads,
The hedges didn't listen
And in rage
The river washed away them.
It asked the pine and deodar
But they didn't listen to it
And lifted their heads
As to touch the cloud.
Being angry the river stopped flowing,
It fainted into rivulet
And dry gradually...
All the hedges rejuvenated
And spread themselves as they wished

Now the pine and deodar are only there
That can be seen far away
The hedges are also giving them company
In yellow noon
The deodar and pine
Give shade to their kins.

dipak adhya

Ma'hulika-27

Forlorn!

The roads are lain still
The leaves are not swaying
A dejected noon is waiting for the evening,
And here, I'm watching Ma'hulika
To comb her hair
To make herself presentable.

There beneath the portico
Beside the honeysuckles
A lame man is sitting,
I couldn't see his face
It was masked
I couldn't see him eating even a morsel
As he had nothing except himself.

I wondered,
But remained still,
And watching Ma'hulika's frolicking
Time to time.

All of a sudden I saw her
She prepared herself
And went down,
A little later
I watched her to regale
And just then
The butterflies started to fly
From honeysuckles
And the fragrance of it
Make my room like a paradise.

dipak adhya

Ma'hulika-26

Is there hidden in each love
A selfishness?
Is there hidden in each job
A pair of greedy eyes?

Does a mother love her baby
Only to be looked after by?
Does a lover madly wants his ladylove
For satisfying lust?
Does a poet write poem
To be a famousone?
If so, the world must not go on
And there wouldn't remain compassion.

Yea, mydear, Ma'hulika!
Often you and others
Think the evil only.
But there are also hope and joy
All that enliven us not to destroy
Love, passion, friendship, relations and all others...
Humanity there is
To defeat the vices and perversions!

dipak adhya

Ma'hulika-25

I kept the darkness in the attic
And you came
From the world of poetry
With a conjugal-noon

Gradually pushed my treasures of sorrow
And you transformed yourself as an amorous boon

I put up my death on the pages of Gitanjali
And you enliven me
With your song,
Now where will I hide my agony
Will you not tell?

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Ma'hulika-24

Ma'hulika do you want, I stop my pen?

Why?

I don't exactly know,

But there's so much suffering and fear

Surrounding me,

How can I write standing

Among them,

Many of them are in joblessness

Many of them are in fear

Being asymptotic

Many of them are penniless and have nothing to buy,

A little girl was nagging

Only for having a pow,

Ma'hulika, How can I write a poem

That can't wipe even a drop of tear at all!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Ma'hulika-23

On the way of life
Whatever comes
I regard it as experience.
It is satisfied
Getting a sweet fruit;
And a sour
Teaches me to choose.

So, now I am owe to Ma'hulika,
To entice me to write
If I ignored her on that day
Who would present me poetry,
Always a sweet fruit for hungry mind!

Yet she doesn't regard me as one of the few
So a long way is due
And still to go,
I'll implore her to guide
The song of experience ne'er dies!

dipak adhya

How Long...

How long will you confine me?
How long will you show me fear?
How long will I pray to be released?
How long will you reign upon us?

Like a caged bird I have been
Fluttering my wings
Day and night
There's no light to fly on
But willingis cropping up
To go out
And there's blocked door.

Everyday I watch from my windows
The roads are running with a few masked men,
The sealed vehicles,
And frontline soldiers are there
To regenerate.

Oh God! Let us release
From this grotesque cage,
I want to roam beyond limit
Only to feel a sunny day.

dipak adhya

Ma'hulika-22

Ma'hulika doesn't believe
A good poem can change my mind.
Im my dejected moment
A few optimistic words or rhymes
Lead me to a joy land,
I cherish them.

Ma'hulika doesn't believe
Word has the most powerful soothing antidote,
I'm always in search of that
And she thinks
I'm merely a poemholic,
But whenever I look at the blue sky
I recall my boyhood days,
I look at the green
I can see the young ones
Like the leaves of trees,
I look at Ichhamati
I feel, Ma'hulika herself is busy...
One-day I'll show her
How much poetry she has created in me!

dipak adhya

Ma'hulika-21

This town is silent now
Every night before going to bed
It writes down the number of death
And passes a sleepless night once more to be counted.

The days are passing away unobtrusively
The deserted roads and bridge
Only count the unperceived time.
Only little ripples are awoken
On the breast of the river Ichhamati
The boats are reclined
On the dry bank
All the amorous thought
Have been taken away.

Now in this August morning
I await like a young lover,
Not for his Ma'hulika,
But for a time
Without from the red eyes of pandemic.

dipak adhya

Ma'hulika-20

last night I asked Ma'hulika
If a slut comes to me and stretches her hand
For food, for money,
Should I stand by her
And talk twice...
And at that wee hours
Unknowingly you look at me
With her,
Will you not ask me any question?

Ma'hulika remained silent?
On the second day
Willingly if I go to her home
And help her a little bit
And someone notices me
And reports you
Will your mind not suspect anything?

Ma'hulika smiled and answered
For the time being
I may or may not
Think of you,
As I always believe in Jesus
And believe in you.

dipak adhya

Shame

I always love my country
As one loves his mother.
I always salute my country's flag
As a brave soldier does.
I always take pride in our countrymen
And their culture.
I always respect our constitution
And feel it is the best,
And whenever read the Nobel men
Want their heroic deed spread like flame,
But now when I read the word 'secular' in preamble
My head stoops
And hear the loud screaming
Of a few religious fanatics!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Ma'hulika-19 Or Waiting

A lot of things are unknown to me.
Vis-a-vis...
I know, never a morning waits for me
But only for it
I get up when it sleeps
In the darkness.
Though I never complained it against.
Even a dusk also
Does not care my watching
How every evening
I cherish it's coming.

No one cares me
But I feel
My heart craves for listening
The call of the vendors
The call of the milkman
The tinkle sound of the newspaper
And even the cracking sound of the gate.

Nowadays, I also wait for her message
Does Ma'hulika know it?
I don't know,
And I also await
For reading her new poems
Where there hides my love and sorrow!

dipak adhya

Let Me Pray For...

Let me show the light
I don't want remaining in the obscurity
There where the light comes from
The truth is in own job
Let me do something good
I don't want to pass away
Without doing something for someone
Let me lead that way.

Let me make you fearless one
Let me help remove
All the shyness and hesitation
I want to go forward
With the honesty.
I'll take with me passion and love
Let me give your blessings
All the odds to be overcome.

dipak adhya



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Ma'hulika-18

I asked Ma'hulika,
What are you writing now?
She stared at me and replied,
Trying to write a poem.
What is it about? I asked.
Now her eyes squinted in annoying,
No, it is not about you.
I asked, why?
She paused for a little and replied,
Never I want to waste time
In writing a worthless guy!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Ma'hulika-17

Is there hidden in each love
A selfishness?

Is there hidden in each job
A pair of greedy eyes?

Does a mother love her baby
Only to be looked after by?
Does a lover madly wants his ladylove
For satisfying lust?
Does a poet write poem
To be a famousone?
If so, the world must not go on
And there wouldn't remain compassion.

Yea, mydear, Ma'hulika!
Often you and others
Think the evil only.
But there are also hope and joy
All that enliven us not to destroy
Love, passion, friendship, relations and all others...
Humanity there is
To defeat the vices and perversions!

dipak adhya

Ma'hulika-16

There are two trees beside our window,
One is green and full of blossomed flowers
And the other is dry like
The skeletons of sorrow.
My heart is filled with joy
To look at the blossomed trees.
With soft voice I asked her,
Are you Ma'hulika?
A gentle breeze came and the leaves and flowers nodded their head.
And then I asked the dry tree,
Who are you?
I couldn't realise It's answer
But felt, it is nothing but
An elegiac poem!

Ma'hulika asked me,
To write a poem about them,
But I couldn't say,
I can't write a poem
Of sorrow and death!

dipak adhya

Ma'hulika-15

Today in the twilight
I was speaking with the silence.
I was sitting at the roof
Where there was no one
Except a brook.
Yea, often brook comes to my eye side
Often the B.garden,
It seems to me,
They feel my silence.

I was on the roof,
Yet my legs were dangling into the knee dip water
And there the green grass
Was like a carpet to favour.

I was along with the flying birds
Above our head,
I was looking the surrounding over there
And just then
She came.

I told Ma'hulika,
Why did you come now?
She whispered something
And I saw myself sitting alone
On the roof
Amidst the darkness...

dipak adhya

Often

Often,
A boyhood mind peeps
Into my heart.

And when I can't resist myself
I go out with him
Behind the pond in southern side,
Over the meadows,
Unknown lanes and allies...

I wander among them
And at ease
They all become my friend.

Now I'm a middle aged man,
I can't share the thinking of the boy
And pen him through my poem,
But Alas!
Much can't be shared
Much can't be drawn
As I face,
The paucities of sounds and words itself!

dipak adhya

In Time Of Raining

It has been raining since morning,
The earth knows
I have been watching it
From the first drop.
Outside the window
There the leaves are drenching
I stretched my hands
A few drops of rain stopped my thinking;
I could listen eagerly
The music of Rabindra Sangeet,
Has the wind learned it
Or is the poet owed to nature?

A prolonged thought...
I'm still at the window
With diary's open pages
And the poem is far away
Probably she is getting wet!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Another Feeling

Why do I feel
I'm no one to the earth?
When I stay lonely
Why tears come down
And a thought of singleness engulfs me?

I look at the trees
Like them I'm also stood
On my own feet
Yet, always there's a feeling of dependence engrosses me.

I don't know.
I don't know how much perfect am I.
I don't know
Is there any necessity of my existence?
I don't know
How much independent am I.

Yet, I enjoyed the stretches of green paddy field,
I enjoyed swimming in the running tide in the river Ichamati,
I enjoyed with the doves of my house,
I enjoyed roaming in our vast garden.

In spite of, a feeling of sorrow
Engrosses me
Whenever I think
The earth doesn't regard me
I'm her own one!

dipak adhya

Ma'hulika-14

Then I asked her(Ma'hulika)
You often misinterpret me,
And I never tried to say
Father leads me
Into the way of darkness and so
Rather I follow
The path of truth that He preaches.

Ma'hulika smiled and said
When and where my friend
Did I blame you?

I stretch my hand with a bucket of rose
And said, it is the way to propose
Proposal for reading one more time
What I have written 'In the prayer of mine'
At once she turns her face
And a gloomy cloud covers the place!

dipak adhya



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Prayer To My Father

"Everything seems beautiful"
But it is the power of thought
Objects that eyes see
Are akin to the mind's eye

My door is always open
For all my fellow men
But whenever one unknown enters
I become myself the keeper on the way,
And father! You know
I couldn't follow the path that you taught me,
Yet I brag all the time
As a perfect one should be.

Oh Father!
I can't devoid myself from the earthly greed
And disguise as a holy man
And deceive myself from others' eyes.

Let you lead me from this way of darkness,
My heart wants to see your glowing light
Amid this haziness!

dipak adhya

Ma'hulika-13

Then I told, Ma'hulika, my dear
Though this relationship of ours
Is much Doji in pattern
But I never look at this graphical interphases.
Rather I prepare myself
As your beloved one.

I know you must not agree
With this view of mine.
But now I confess,
There is an aim of every object,
And you know Eklavya or Aruni
Did ever they wait for granting for their aim
Though you may think me second fiddle,
And I want to write poem
If you turn me out
How can I gain?

But I must carry on,
When the obstacles come forward,
That's the time for test of perseverance!

dipak adhya

Ma'hulika-12

I cast my eyes to the blossomed flowers
And try to find out the new buds.
The green twigs make me expectant for the more new ones,
And even the old petals
Whisper to my ears
There new seeds
Are waiting for time
To be germinated
That will bring the new world.

Beside the decorated branches
There's also a dry stic
I turn my eyes
And pray for it...
Don't be so morbid
Let you see the coming glow
And let us sing for the new
With respect for the past sorrow.

Just then, a little breeze blows
And with harkening ears
I listen to their song
And see even the stick
Is trying to make an echo!

dipak adhya

Ma'hulika-11

I am I, and you are you
No poem can suck the dew
Of sorrow of autumn season
Not to get the spring for ever.

You must not go into the oblivion
As I already said
Only for this poem.

This is a unique opportunity
To make a bridge
Where love showers
In words and rhymes.

There always remains an inspiration
As Mumtaz behind the Taj Mahal
Like wise I curve your name
Behind the series of the poems!

dipak adhya



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Ma'hulika-10

The name of the poem is first to go
Then the poet
Gradually the words and subject
And there only one remains
A hollow.

Do you ever look at that point
A shadow might arise
Where bluntly clings
The past

I eagerly want to revive the dead foliage
It's torn net must be enliven once more
With the touch of my love-figure

The enliven leaf
Will tell me the story of an anonymous poet
A haze love song will be sung
And there will be hummed only your name
Ma'hulika!Ma'hulika!

dipak adhya

Friendship And...

My dear, I always wait for your good turn
I always pray for your sunny days to come.

I'm agreed to go along with you
Where both of us did never step
Where grey dawn will break
A new sun.

Whatever we'll receive
Both of us will take
At ease
And if failure comes
We'll again set on for the new days.

dipak adhya



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Ma'hulika-9

Ma'hulika, my Muse
You may turn your face
And can engross yourself
In your earthly affairs.
The world must go on
I'll try to write upon
Whatever blessings will be showered

You know, I'm devoid of poet's genius
But in my meditation
Oh! The daughter of Zeus!
Let you shower upon me
Your sublime blessings.

A little creation
Become a flower to offer you
Like a pure hymn!

dipak adhya



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Ma'hulika-8

Yesterday morning I tried to draw you
Out of love and passion,
Unknowingly I touched you
I touched your red-heart
And promised at once
I must keep you living all the time and years
Like the everlasting star.

Then the question arises
Does a star remain through the ages?
Just then I write this verse
That whispers I must live long
As one wants
This poem for you will not be deleted
One must find Ma'hulika and me
Through soft utterance.

dipak adhya



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Ma'hulika-7

I stretch my hand to touch the moon
The moon laughs at me
The flying clouds whisper
And unknowingly I think only thee.

Then I compare you with the moon
The moon knows it
But you don't believe my words
Whereas the moon knows
How deep true it is.

Being hurt I look at the moonlit sky
The breeze comes quietly
And says we are real witness
The leaves sway their arms
And consoles, Don't be so morbid
I utter clearly,
You are not less beautiful than the lunar
But you mocked me saying bluffer.

One-day you must realise,
Beauty is not implicit only in outer light
Light always comes within!

dipak adhya

Ma'hulika-6

"Meaning has one request
Seek me every time you are lost."

I lost myself in finding out a poem
That is composed with petals
And coloured with the hue of the moon
It's rhetoric is full of love
And prosody is endowed with affection.

The poem must have the face of my little daughter
And It'll disturb me like her

But all the disturbances
Lose its way into a profound tune
And there a music arises
Which is harped with the notion,
Meaning!Meaning!Meaning!
Ma'hulika! Ma'hulika! Ma'hulika!

dipak adhya



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Ma'hulika-5

I'm owe to Browning
I'm owe to you
I'm owe to the birds and trees
That teach me making of love though.

I offer my love to you
As if you are my Dona
Yea, you may renounce it
And throw me to marona

There among them I must not forget you
Rather I must consider myself as a Jew
To whom the sheep is also a loveable one,
And I'll offer myself to be a loving person!

dipak adhya



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Ma'hulika-4

Then Ma'hulika smiled and said
Your sketch is pretty well.

I bent my head in adoration
And noticed she is not inclined to my affection.

I said my dear, with all my heart
I want to feel you...
Ma'hulika smiled, and said
Let you touch your forehead
Being puzzled I touched it
And at once she smiled in clear ringing.
I asked, what's the matter?
Ma'hulika explained, I didn't mean it in this manner,
Forehead means luck or fate
But I must admit this affair is great.

In a jovial mood I hold her hand
Didn't she notice there's no demand


Love is the most precious!

dipak adhya

Ma'hulika-3

I asked my friend Ma'hulika,
Will you allow me to paste a portrait of yours
Along with this verse?
Having listened to the words
She looked at me
Her eye-brows shrunk
And then she screamed, Nay.
I replied, Ok.

Then I sketched her
As usual
A face was drawn
And she couldn't recognise herself,
As it was the worst sketch
I've ever made.

Now Ma'hulika is happy
Her face is not hung in Poem Hunter
But I find her  PoemHunter.com
And stare at it,
As if Ma'hulika and me
Are whisperingside by side!

dipak adhya

Like A Piece Of Totem

I am I, and you are you
And there is a bridge between us
It is the verse
Composed by me and tuned with you.

Being fascinated
I'm watching the bridge
It's decorated barriers are full of words and sound...

But here I'm stood
Not to see the bridge
I'm here only to wait for the heart
Who is a book of poems herself
An embodiment of goddess
Who entices
To write for her
To pen a poem
That may not be a good one
But to offer a prayer
Full of admirations and devotion
Like a piece of totem!

dipak adhya

Like A Caged Bird

Like a caged bird
The days are being spent
And I look at the past
Now, it is felt, they are quite different.

Whatever lights and shadows were common to us,
Now it seems, they are distant past
And whatever we are being forced to take
All art are beyond of life itself.

How long have we to stay here in this way?
No one knows
And my little heart prays:
Oh God! Let us give a little relief
Let ward off this horror pandemic
We want to get back the old days
Where there is no red eyes of Covid yet!

dipak adhya



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Ma'hulika -2

I've a friend who resides far away
Not so far and over the bay
I call her by name: Ma'hulika! Ma'hulika!
She does not reply but reads my voice in silence
While my heart feels a certain panacea.

Ma'hulika knows it and gives a long reply
Oh! My friend, are you mad or in sly
Making a fun with me
Don't you know
All these are very trifling blow
Let me stay as I live
And ne'er write a word about me...

My pen then stops
And think again
For further reading her SMS
Open my phone
Being fooled I noticed
There anywhere she is no more!

dipak adhya

Ma'hulika

Suppose she is Ma'hulika
And who is she?
I don't know;
And what I know it is
Her profound utterance of words
That make sonorous sound
In my heart in my leisure-time

Ma'hulika! Ma'hulika!
Suppose she is
Like Browning's lady- love
I too request thee,
Will you go last ride with me
In this fictitious ride
Through the mode of writing
Through the mode of words
Through the mode of imagination...

Now it is rainy season
Having seen the floating cloud
I too am sending this verse of mind
I'm here...long miles away
Are you awaiting?

No need of it.
Suppose you have thousands obstacles
But here
The words are smooth and coy
Though my heart writes all these
To that fictitious lady
Suppose she is Ma'hulika or xyz.
No it is not a love poem
But only a prattling!

dipak adhya

Beyond Myself

It is a declamation new and fresh
My heart is tangled in this mesh
I can't think further being such prone
I'm still thinking this alone.

I look at my heart this is fleeting
No known steps or gesture
Everything is stooping at the lessing vesture
No excuse is there no stupid hand
Being foolish I see my heart expand
There's only one that I still believe
I'm no where, only my love is the chief
And there someone says, let me strive
I don't see myself, but see another one who always contrives.

dipak adhya



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Estranged Or Not

In my dream I saw you in my sleep
You were as usual
And nagging

I asked, Are you not hurt being separated
You smiled and said, love estranged.

At once I woke
And felt humiliated
Pronounced the word 'estranged! '
And next there came a subtle thought:
She is still loving to my heart
And my heart does never care what she thinks
It loves her that's true indeed!

dipak adhya



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An Earnest Prayer

Let us give a fearless night and deep sleeping
Let you remove the bivouac of life

I don't crave for a rosy bed
I crave for a soothing morally great
Whatever costly or cosy thing
You may take them away from mine

A little food is enough for me
With a loving dream in joy and glee

Let me say, life is real! Life is earnest!
And all my desire come to me,
Not they stay away farthest

Let me say, Oh my God!
Let make my heart generous and broad!

dipak adhya



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Gestures

All on a sudden she left me,
She left me all on a sudden.

But she had also left
A lump sum treasure
It was so enormous
Never she had imagined
And could imagine,

I don't know
How is she now at present
But my good wish is still with her
Though I know it has no significance
Yet, my living prayer...

Now I'm not so morbid
As one thinks
Because her all treasure is with me
And there is no one to take It's share
Only me and my love are there

Leaving me you may remain in cosy cruise,
But my heart!
I have been in my dreamy-paradise.

dipak adhya

You May Not Think Mine

You may not think mine
But all the time
I keep my eyes on the set-mobile
If that special ringtone rings

You are not far away from mine
In mathematical sense
But it is a distance of light-year
When my heart takes measurement

Leaving me and staying far away
You may think it is the best way
But I know your heart also bleeds
As mine but can't say

So there's no other option
So I write this poem
I know You'll never read it
But there in each letter
Your Remembrance is penned!

dipak adhya

For A Runagate

All firefly do not surrender to death
All firefly do not jump into the firey ringlet
The rest
After a certain time
Make their life
A fruitful ones

A life is not so dark
For the time being it is appeared
And there's patience
That heals us all intolerance

Hope for the sublime sunning
All darkness of the night
Is not perennial
The glowing sun awaits us
Where flower blooms in hectic colour!

dipak adhya



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Let's Go There

Let's go to a tour
Where no one ever went
Where He lives
With all His love and treasure

Let's go there
With innocent eyes
And being wretched.

If earthly wealth lags us behind
We must leave that on the way
But We'll take with us
A bottle of water and some food and a little clothings

He must not like to see
His siblings
Are in distressed.

In empty stomach
One can reach to death not to God!

dipak adhya

Curves

How many curves are there
In each life
I don't know.
But I know
We have to pass all the curves with care utmost
And in each curves
Another beckons to overcome.

Long days have been spent
Long way still remaining
And each curves presents
A unique ringing
That my experience and yours also
Like a gypsy-life
I gain gail and sorrow,
But I never think
What awaits me at the peak
I know He is there
And He must do
That suits me also!

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dipak adhya

Words Of Trees

One day we must realise
Trees in our garden or surrounding
Await us to make us know
They are ours.
Their awaiting is for our company
They want our touch
As my ladylove wants to hold my fingers.
Having given shelter
The trees also stretch their arms
To the birds
And in gentle breeze
They say,
Oh my friend!
Let you listen your song to men
On behalf of me.
My music is for you
My quiet shades are for all
Let me be like a sage
Who knows only to give
For the Earth's-sake!

dipak adhya

'Hope'

'Hope' is not a word of four letters only
It is the spirit
That entices
To go beyond the limit.

Hope has the wings
That take me
Where fears don't exist.

Hope is the unseen colour
That makes an optimistic painting
And from where the tune comes out
Without words in hushed-loud.

I always roam
In search of 'Hope'
And always cultivate in my heart
Like a rich-crop!

dipak adhya



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Let My Conscience say...

Wearing the mask
I feel comfortable
I easily hide my guile
And often you overlook my Mocking smile

Wearing the mask
Easily I can embrace the lies
My cheek and shade of eyes
Don't be judged by your light

I try to be a gainer
In this pandemic time
Fie! The fear of death is thought by
Only the cowardice

And I turn my face from You
As if You are a blind
And never utter a word of You
My conscience feels
The gravest guilty...

dipak adhya

No Innocence

The cloudless sky is on our head
Under the feet the farming land
They never demand, let us give tax.

In the scorching heat shadow soothes me
Gentle breeze sucks the sweat
They never demand, let us give tax.

My aged teacher still doesn't allow
To touch her feet,
Rather he advises,
Ne'er stoop your head
Keep your spine straight.

But whenever you call me just by name
And ne'er address with respect
My ego can't tolerate
And forgets all innocence!

dipak adhya



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The Other Side

A philosophical thought about death
Is not preferable to me.
I know it is undeniable
So I simply don't think of it
And use my time in work and deed

I never like to see a silted river
Where water flows slowly at the very bottom
Rather I like to see running tide
Water at the brim of it.
But never I can keep my eyes away
From a frail or dyeing life
My heart pains
But a feeling that he is also mine
Or she is part of my heart
I can't keep my eyes away from that part.

dipak adhya



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Dream...

Dream is always boundless
It comes unobtrusively in my sleeping
With stretched wings
I fly with it in singing

But all on a sudden I wake up
Nowhere I find my dream bedside
A hollow full of dejection lies
And my heart craves for new dreaming.

dipak adhya



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In A Sly

sometimes in a careless moment
An unknown lady
Steals my vision
And in turn
I become a thief

How can I tell her
Let you keep your saari in a restrained manner
Or look at yourself
Otherwise I become impatient

It is a mannerism
I don't want to break silence
But being an amorous thief
I cherish
I stoop at her
I look at the vast universe
I want she too look at me
My eyes want her vision
And then I stoop more
And feel the breeze lone.

dipak adhya

Me And Mine

I don't want to go with the trend
That doesn't suit me at end
I think that's my sarcastic foe
An apathy against all odds in my mind grow.

Except it I've no fear
Whatever one tells me against I don't care
I put on what I like with smiles
And see my heart ne'er cries.

All my desire grow in mind day and night
All are unique in quality dim or bright
All behold it shine
All know that these are me and only mine.

dipak adhya



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A Request To All Who Bring Evil News

Now in this ominous time
When I Look for the good
And try to keep myself optimistic
You bring a lot of gloomy news
I can't say no, my friend
On your face
So I write through such words
To shower well thoughts
That must make one
Jovial in inner-heart.

Death is inevitable
No one can conquer it
Why should I live in fear
When there is so green beside

Now my friend and all of you
Let us live a life in joy and amour
We must follow the rules
And keep ourselves
As the free hearts do

dipak adhya

I Always Want To...(2)

greed comes in at the lips
And lust hides in body
It has become eternity
One-day I must die
But now I crave for pungent smell
And look at her with a sigh!

dipak adhya



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As Old As I Grow

As old as I grow
A sigh of dejection lingers
I feel
Like the greed of wine
My cravings for love
Also remain
The same
Wanting and wine ne'er dies!

dipak adhya



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I Always Want To...

I always want to read you
I want to imbibe your virtue
If you become a readable book
And a man in true

Great men are always great
In work and deed
I want you to get
As a unique creed

Those who are respected
They remain to their places
I want to get you
As a persona of special classes

I want to adore you
I want you to be one among millions
I want you to look upon
As the pole star in the universe.

dipak adhya

I'm A Man Indeed

I'm a very common man
As common as you see in million others
I've nothing speciality except myself
That is simply endowed with manhood and humanity
But ne'er wanted I
To be recognised with this quality

Is it a quality indeed?
You may think otherwise
And when I see myself among others
I notice in many of them
Who always in persuasion
To be gainer
If not in the straight way

I remain at my own place
Comes dejection
Comes hatred
Comes pessimism
And gradually I overcome all odds
And remain at my own place

Though today I'm writing
But you say this
You all say this
I'm a man indded.

dipak adhya

When There Is

There everywhere a gloomy atmosphere is pervaded
In this epidemic season
A conflict between life and livelihood
Has been cropped up
And a simple question is there
Which way should I go?

When the epidemic is spread
In the community
This question becomes more prominent

Indeed it is the gravest dilemma
Indeed it is the fear
That looms over
And there is a very simple question
Which way should I go?

Without a concrete answer
Without a certain way
I'm going out
For livelihood
With my armour, a mask and sanitizer

Hunger is more fiery than epidemic!

dipak adhya

Proclamation

There is a change
And more changes will happen
There a dark side still pervades
But I'm looking for the glittering days
That will help me to forget
The bane days

Oh! Nature, my heart's god
Let you make its end
And proclaim
Peaceful days
Where this epidemic will be regarded
Only a nightmare!

dipak adhya



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In This Wee Hours

In this wee hours
I'm still with you
There's gloom everywhere
And I'm confined in my little room
Yet it is too vast
As I'm with you

Distance elopes
When words are eloquent
And remembrance approaches
As if time transcends

Oh! My heart
It is really a jovial time
Let us look at only the bright sky
There's no gloom beside

In this we hours
I'm still with you
I want remaining to be yours' ever
Through this versiclehue!

dipak adhya

Now

Let us spend a little time
Within ourselves
Pandemic has sucked
All the ecstasy of life
Let us go from It's evil eyes
And try to be jovial
For the time being

Fear is more powerful than all evils
Let us not cast our eyes
At these
And compose the tune of love and joy
Then all the evils must be ruined
In coy!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Love, Joy And Elation

The sweetest thing of my life
Are the sorrows of my soul
I'll never allow them to go
I'll never share them with others also

Now my sorrows are part of my life
And only I know
How much adorations are there
There in every blinks
Her sublimity is imparted
There in each steps
Her fragrance is felt
There I find the time living

When you ask me of my sorrows
I see they shower
A prolonged glow of
love, joy and elation!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Song Of Advent

In time of going up through the mowing field,
I see the smiling face of my wife
Just when she was given to bed
After the birth of my little child

The meadow is exhausted
Her heavy body is fragile now
But she is also happy
Like my spouse's bow

Golden and golden
As long as my eyes see
But in my inner feeling
The colour green approaches subtly

In joy I embrace the moment
A breeze of ecstasy blows
And sings of advent!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Calling

I have been spending time
Like a broken winged bird
Now there's unstoppable leisure
And it is providing also unique pleasure

There is a Chatim-tree beside the window
In every year
It reminds me the the advent of Saradiya
Having laughed it said to me,
Today you have made me presentable
I remember, today I have cut off It's dry leaves and branches
There was a large bush
Of pastoral eglantine
I cut them off in today's morning
And heard, the green leaves of others are whispering
Now It's our time
To be grown up.
With a sigh
The Time flowers said,
Now you must look at us,
When I was coming back
I listened the words of Guava tree on the courtyard,
Look, how many fruits
I have grown to you
And I touched one of them
Just then
A flock of Salik birds
With their chirping words asked,
Now certainly have you remembered?
I realise there in the wind
Is blowing an eternal calling!

dipak adhya

A Ditty Of Now

It is a fear of existence
It is a fear of identity
It is a fear of honesty

You are mocking at me
You are suspecting me
You are showing me with your index finger

I know the soil well
I know the history of this earth
That has been nurturing me still
I regard myself as her own child

You came with a heinous hatred
You came with a dividable lure
With a lurk you are awaiting still
To destroy the humanity and to make us fool!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

To A Cleaner

To a cleaner

My words stop still
Thinking of you
My head stoops in reverence
And feel you so close to my heart

And yet so far -

Though there is no untouchability
Though there is no hatred
Yet never I embraced you
And never thought you as mine

One day I saw a king
washing your feet
you know it was just a showing -
What a great farce it was!

I've nothing to give you
I've nothing but a few words
With that I show my respects
And as usual regard you as my brother.

dipak adhya

To You -8

Though I pray to Him
I don't know what is the blessings of God
Even suspicion peers into heart
Has there his real existence

A starved baby was crying bitterly
Buying a sweet-bread I offered her
Having had it she looked at me
unknowingly I read her heart

No - never - I'm neither God nor incarnation
Being a very simple human being
I could feel a subtle pride

God certainly doesn't take pride in Himself!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

To You -7

We were walking together
Through the untrodden ways
I felt it was the happiest moment
When you kept my fingers
Into your fist
And pressed them gently

long days passed
Still I feel that moment
Still I feel our walking
And your beaming smile
That transcends me from now to past

I know
You feel as my heart
Love can't be different
When lovers are not

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

To You -6

I feel there's a suspicion
About your existence
As if you are my true love
There's all the time
A swaying thinking
Love -is it for mine?
Really do I deserve this?
And when it is manifested
When shades are off
Your unseen presence
Goes into oblivion

In rude reality
You are as far as you were so near

dipak adhya



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To You -5

Never I departed you
Never I want to depart
Yet your presence
I couldn't feel
Your words seem to me a zero
To think you
Valueless
Waste of time...

Yet I believe
You were very much
Within my heart
Beyond my pungent living

Today when in my leisure
I feel
That was like an exam
I cracked that
And now trying to read you
For the larger course

dipak adhya

To You -4

We are in each other all along
You may deny that
But I feel it in my heart

We are in each other all along
You may not see that
But I walk along with you
Beyond our limits

In loneliness when I talk to you
Your unseen presence
your unuttered words
Linger in the air
I myself become a joy
I drink myself
I relish you
And a poignant life
illuminates

dipak adhya



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To You -3

In silence
When I become eloquent
I try to visualize
your sublimity

But Alas!
There no trace is seen
Only the cloudless sky
Green leafy breeze
Twittering of joyful birds
All seem to me very earthly

Suddenly a light flashes into mind
I see you
Your beaming smile
Is manifested
In each object and living being

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

To Him -2

Before the dawn
I often listen to the birds' singing
Nestling round in their cote
Whom are they talking with?
Whom are they talking about?

Being puzzled I look at them
From the casement
In the subtle yellow light
I see their awaiting

The sun's rays touch the green leaves
The birds fly away
And I realise
They have already received
Your blessings.

dipak adhya



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To Him -1

Before writing this
I was praying to God
for His sublimity

A few words are here
with the fragrance of incense
I touch its soul
I touch Him as usual

let you read with heart
let you recite the words
yes, you're not reciting the poem
You're hailing the God.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

I Fall In Love

I fall in love
again and again to fall another
wait and wait
then suddenly when time approaches
I find a vast Paradise
in her
and like a jovial heart
I drink the dew of love
with her heartbeat
with her breath
with her fragrance
with her shyness
and murmur to myself
I love my sweetheart!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

If Justice Is Delayed

If justice is delayed

'Justice delayed is justice denied'
with trembling heart, with a lot of patience
there remains only days

everyone knows, time is not stagnant
now it is to you
Oh! honourable court
will you start walking with time
or will you lag behind

If justice is delayed
there's an outrage
and if it is done in apt
you will again win heart
of the millions
your order must shower
on each hearts
perennial solace!

PoemHunter.com

dipak adhya

For The Time Being

For the time being

Never think I regard you
As one who loves me a lot
Never think I regard you
As one whom I feel as mine
Rather I regard you
As if the moon
Who has other acquaintances
Many of men think as their own
And she has own likings too
To hide herself or not to
Now, it is full-moon night
I keep myself in your light
You may not think so
But you never can cease
My love and adoration
For the time being!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

After Long 200 Years Away

After long 200 years away

Truly, I learnt nothing from you
No imitation
No uncompromising
Not even to stick to the truth
Trying to be happy
Materially and only materially

Too dark is my heart only I know
A masked man wanders in front of you
With greedy eyes
And illiterate alphabets

Far in the enlightened society
The darkness is more deep
How can I reach there
How can I touch your eyes
(As) I'm in vain and a blissful hypocrite

Will the sun rise once more
To show the way
Just then one whispers to my ears
To read you
After long 200 years away!

dipak adhya

After Separation

After separation

My two lips are witnessed of so much love
So it will blame you never
My eyes have always noticed
All the qualities of yours
So I shall never go out to find out flaws
Your company I have cherished all the time
Today when you are away
I must not say
This is better than that of colourful day
I have so many things to me
That once belonged to you
And you were mine;
Today I'm the same person
And you too
But between there is a long river
That flows like Luni
Both of us feel that certainly
And feel a unique joy
And unquoted sorrow
That only can feel a separated lover
In the longing of past!

dipak adhya

Mother

Mother

You don't ever know
How many dejections are there
Hidden in my heart
You only see me as usual.
It is true,
Your little son is still just the same
But when I see in your eyes
Larger expectations
My heart lingers to perform
I try hard
And when success comes
I know it is yours blessings
That enticed me to do this.

I know what I am,
But you see in me a larger than life personality
And I feel ashamed
My peers may think me snobbish,
I care for none
Just then I take pride in
For being your son
And your loving affection
As if you are a big tree
And under your shade
I'm merely a little sapling!

dipak adhya

Game On Stock Exchange

Game on stock exchange

Having sold out my stock
I await for bear
He is as usual late
And Ifear
As if I have lost my blooming treasure.

An ox is then always visible
Previously I begged for him
But he is very dim
And spends time interim

Never a bear or an ox
Did not give me summer time
You may think I am not a good player
But that's not a hymn
Today I only look at the graph
And see the fountain of sorrow
Akin to Floral!

dipak adhya

A Blissful Magic

No matter. How envious you be
I'll love you. I must say the beautiful words about you
I'll remove all the stains that
You have stuck yourself on your body and heart.

No matter. How cruel you be
I'll love you.
And must not say to love me
But my love will make you like petals
All the flowers will bloom.

No matter. How jealous you be
I'll pray to Christ
To shower all his blessings
And one day, not me
You

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Dream And

Dream

I never want to let him go
I never want to be awoken earthly
If dream goes away
What remains of me?

I want to cherish my dreamy life
I want to be perfect so
My dream is only my dream
How beautiful you never know.

There is no shyness
There is no want
If the paradise becomes so
I say, I must have that won.

A dream is not a dream
If it can't mould a future life
I want to dream more
To make myself a perfect type.

I never want to let the dream go
It shows me the way of life.

dipak adhya

Portrait

you may draw me up
In silent pastel
I must be there
I must be praised by everyone
Your aptness will make me living
Your craftsmanship will be prominent

No, I have nothing to grumble of it
If you may
Just input a heart into it
It must talk to you
As you wish.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Me: A Mask Worn Man

To grin and to lie
To cheat and to make fool
To shade the real and to show the other
A mask is worn on my face
That you never see
That you never feel
But in the deep down of my heart
I feel it -I see it.

Never I want to be second fiddle
Never I want to be trifle
Why should I show you
My shortcomings
Why should Itell you
I'm wretched?

I smile, I grin
Only the God knows
What type of smile it is
Why such a grinning?

Certainly He sees a bloody heart
Which craves to be pure and sublime
But in my eyes there in me
A mask worn man does arise.

dipak adhya

If You Forget Me

If you forget me
I'd not be morbid
If it makes you happy
And less troublesome
If it keeps all others
As they wish
And above all
If you don't feel eerie
Let you forget me
Forget me.

If ever in any circumstances
Something comes in mind
Akin to me or our togetherness
Think then otherwise;
Not about me
Hence, I was not born at all,
It was merely a dream.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

As Much As

Yes, as much as I want to forget her
I remember her name
As much as I want to forget certain past
I enliven them
And my heart shows as much as abhorrence
A loving heart sees love and passion in them

She was on the past
She is in the present too
She is like a dreamy fragrance
Yet she she is like a void full of pain though
I stoop to that pain
And now derive aching joy
I search for a real love
And sees her beaming laugh

I know that two hearts
One is of course hers
And the other is none but her heart!

dipak adhya

Tell Me No More Of Thy Love

Tell Me No More Of Thy Love

'Tell me no more of thy love'
The earth moves round the Sun
But night comes as usual
And the earth never blames
For her darkness and for her sigh!

'Tell me no more of thy love'
My eyesight is as sharp as wild cat
My feeling is as sensuous as a maiden's first eye
So I know all your passions
As if Dona's dream
I feel it to the brim
Of my heart

'Tell me no more of thy love'
Rather you tell me
How will you spend the night
If the light
Is gone forever
Leaving a heart between you and me
Let me say so
How will I spend the days
And will you without me.

[Inspired by the first line 'Tell me no more of thy love' from the poem 'A love song from the north' by Sarojini Naidu.]

dipak adhya

My Father

In each sexagenarian
Who is short and fat
I find my father
And his son in me

A very amazing man he was
Austere but without superstitions
Economical but spent a lot to bring up
Rigid but as soft as feathers.
A teacher he was.
Indeed, a teacher was he,
But he never taught me
How to be rich materially.

My father was my Alphabet to me
And whatever I nurture today
I try to carry his words and thoughts.

Now if a blossom ever comes
And says of success
Just then, I feel his presence
And take pride in, being his pupil and being his son.

dipak adhya

In Time Of Writing About My Father

When I try to write something
About my father
Remembrances come thronged
-Congestion -I lose myself
Only his face, talking, voice, gestures
Become prominent
My past enlivens me -I live in there
And nothing is written
About him.

Blank pages gradually turn into mild breeze.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Next To God

It hurt Jesus to love us
It hurt Him
The days have not been changed
Men are still the same
And why will you not be hurt
When you are next to God?

No, our ancestor did not teach us
Not to be atheist
Rather in our pedigree
We take pride in
To assault the great in glee
Once they too
When Jesus was crucified.

We are not shameful
To hurt you Sir,
We can't ever judge
Who is God and who is not!

dipak adhya

1?6

1: 6

She decorates herself
All the year round
She too loves perfumes
That reminds her of the season
In Summer like a lonely maiden
She dries her hair with leafy fragrance
When the rains come
She drenches herself
Even often she remains still
Hours with wet clothes.
When the Autumn
She looks at the skies with open mouth
In Late Autumn evening and morn
I feel she enjoys dew drops
When Spring comes, she wears new clothes
And listens eagerly to the music of nightingale
Then again the summer comes
And in amazement I see her
Not to be grown up rather as young as I'm used to see her.

dipak adhya

When I Return After A Long Tour

When I return after a long tour

When I return after a long tour

I look at your eyes

They eagerly wait for new things

Gifts

I must carry.

When I'm far away for a long tour

My eyes crave to see all of you

They eagerly return and want

Heartfelt love

But they are not present there

For material affections.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

To Be Seemed

There is no flower
Beyond of your sight
When your vision falls on it
Heart makes it bloomed

Never I felt your love
Untill its sublimity
Touched my heart
I stooped towards your grace
I breathed the fragrance of that jest
And the flower once again
Peeped Through my craving den

My heart is opened for that love

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

A Cloudy Morning

A cloudy morning
Among the sunny days
Brings a joyful time
And reminds the past.

Expectations grow
For a rainy day.

A rainy day means
Coming back the childhood:
Standing by the window
Watching the rains:
The sound of pattering, paper-boat,
Bubbles, stagnant water
And many more.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Indebted

I'm indebted to the man
Who praised me a lot
In a gathering
And I showed him my gratitude

I'm indebted to the man
Who gave me a chance
In a long queue
To stand in front
And I showed him my gratitude

I'm indebted to the man
Who helped me finding my lost purse
In a running train
And I paid him my gratitude

I'm still indebted to you
For spending your valuable time of life
In reading me
But Alas!
I didn't give you 'thanks'
Yet to at least.

dipak adhya

With My Family

Tree is a four letters word to you
But it is like the four faced Vedas to me
Tree is only a noun to you
But it is akin to life to me
Tree is only a living entity to you
But I live for it
Beyond the scientific measures
It comes to me as my own family
My companions await me
All the time
They never think me an exotic
And I become more joyous
And touch them in glee
So, when I talk to them
They too talk to me
You may not listen to it
But I listen to their words in rumbling whispering!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Difference

And they are too living entity
They too whisper, love and even sing
They even decorate themselves
Being spellbound I look at them

Whenever there's a little time
I go out for a day or two
And spend the time with their shade and fragrance

It rejuvenates me
My heart tries to become like them
I feel their sublimity
And crave to be as great as them

When I come back towards home again
By the sawmill by the road
A deep pang pierces me
Not a graveyard did so more

I look at myself
And see I'm surrounded by a few names
Surprisingly all their names are 'Greed'
And they are greedy for boles!

dipak adhya

Poetry Vs Poem

A train of thoughts -is my poetry
And you read my poem
But when in other eye
I see wearing you the red clothes
At that moment
The words dance
And in tranquil night
When I'm alone on my bed
An unread poem
Comes to me

Am I not still reading it?

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Water-Lilies

I'll think of you
Growing in an abandoned pool
And all of a sudden view
I'll be stunned in wonder,
I'll take deep breath of nature
My heart will be like her beauty
And my desire be like that
Of water-lilies.

It'll be as though time waited
In this desolation alone
It now teaches me
Thinking as her own.

If more beautiful things
Come to mind
It must act as second fiddle
But I know, it will never happen
As nothing more joyous can ever be woven
For the time being.

dipak adhya

If You Leave This Hand

If you leave this hand
I must not stoop and beg
Rather,
I'll go back to my past
And will see the next day to come.

In between
I'll think of the past
I'll nurture the unfaded memories
I'll talk to myself
And must find you beside.

If you leave this hand
You may not be able to go
My remembrance must cling yo myself
No one will be able to snatch that though.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Two Birds

I have been trying to find out
My lost heart
Since long past.
I have been trying to get back
My lost dream.
I have been trying to ruminare
My whispering words
That once kept your ears twitching
And at last
I felt we were one

Let you come back once more
We'll go back to the old days
And must tell the sun
Not to set out again.

Two beautiful birds will sing forever.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

A Day At B-Garden

let us sit by the stream
Water is flowing at her wish
The pleasant wind just touches our hearts
We'll listen to its song
That's never ending.
When the twilight will approach
We'll come back to home
But must bring with us
This joyous togetherness
And We'll ruminate
This time, trees, stream, wind, whispering...
And running of two hearts
From one end to other.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Mind

Mind is a divine origin
A creative cosmic agency is it
It is a perceptive organ

There's a subconscious operation of will
It brings light in us
And at last its prakriti
Creates this material world

Mind is not independent
It is the final for the truth
So, in the Universal existence
A truth-consciousness hails the supermind
And I read in scripture:
Universal principle of life.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Beautiful Moments

The beautiful moments are always eternal
You have gone away
But they are still green
Whenever my heart feels you -
Your absence
Your going away
The memories come back
And I eagerly give it to those
My heart then gradually
Becomes joyous
I live and spend the time with you again.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Knitting A Shawl

Spending the time - day and night
Knitting a shawl for one
Is not only for his warmth
There is a lot of love
In each knitting and sewing
A bare thread knows
A lone cord knows
The time too

In time of wearing it
He must not wear a
shawl
To prevent cold
If you ever make it for me
I shall wear a warmth love
With your patience and adoration
I shall breathe your heart's joy
I shall wear you also!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Prayer: To Fulfil The Desire

Being tired I look at myself
Nothing has been done
Yet...
The setting sun is red
The flying birds are on homeward
And here I am
Tired and dejected

After the long night
I may come and engage myself
For newer job and thought
Before all this I pray:
Oh! My God!
Let me give the chance to fulfil the desire!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Not Remembering A Certain Day

The day that I once thought
As unforgettable
Passed without remembering me
I didn't pay heed on that certain day
Yet it is not that
You are a heart to forget
Indeed, you were and are
So close to my mind
That the certain day is trifle.
I have been living with you
And there is no need to remember
A trifle one!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Today Is Going Away

Today is going away

Today is going away
Though not unobtrusively
But without your good wishes
In the form of message
That's today's part now.

Today is going away
Without your phone call or greetings
My room has been waiting for
Listening to your voice
You better know this!

Today will go away
Without togetherness
No step will fall on the ground
When a single sound will be heard
But a lover's heart still hopes
For impossible to come
All on a sudden ever and ever!

dipak adhya

Having Without Relation

Having without relation

Yet I'm alone and very alone
Like the darkest night of year
Like a prisoned man

A dejected lover thinks different
After separation
Even committing of storm
That can't be solution

But surprisingly
I cherish it now
You are far away and Having without relation
I find in you -in our part
A new apostle of love
Whom I adore as my Goddess
Still now.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

In A Moonlit Night

she often comes to me
When dark night descends
All the people of house are in deep sleep
The dim light of the night lamp
Makes the room silvery
I look at my daughter's face
She is huddled into her mother's breasts
The nocturnal birds' scratching sound
Only is heard by me
Then she comes.
She comes unobtrusively
Into my room
And I go there slowly.

I enlighten the room
And the canvas gradually
Becomes darkened
Just then I see her, My beloved
In the form of moonlit night
In front of me!

dipak adhya

In A Midnight

In a midnight
When the half a world is asleep
I woke up.
From the open window
I could see partial dark world.
I went to the roof
Stood by the railing for long.

Being wondered
I noticed
They all were busy but very quite
The known trees were glad to have me
The nocturnal birds greeted me
The barking of the dogs wished me
Even the glow-worm began to dance
Oh! The stars too came down
To look at me

For long I was there among them
For long I was in the other world
Where there is no greed, no lust, no malice
Love is Perennial in each darkness!

dipak adhya

Only The Bridge Knows

In the midnight
When the last train goes by safely
Over the iron bridge with crushing sound
Certainly God also goes to sleep

The iron bars breath again in peace
He too goes to sleep

The bridge is now old
Very old
Every night he dreams shortly
To be rejuvenated
But Alas!

The train everyday carries
The innocent ones
The old iron bars try hard to be fit
And then sighs!

One-day an MP was coming alone
In a special train
Now the whole bridge is
Very thoughtful

Does it think different?
Does it?
Only the bridge knows!

dipak adhya

The Rarest

A rare rose
Is not so rare as a diamond
A diamond is not rarer
Than your laugh
Your laugh is not the rarest
Rather it is your heart
That can be regarded by another heart
That you possess, the rarest entity
And I always love
The rarest feelings by the rarest existence!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

I Want To Go Out Myself

I want to go out myself
From my eyes, breathe, thoughts...
And want to adjust there
With the untouched folks

I'm certain that there is implicit
Pure love and passion
Adoration for a heart
That does not know wealth and pedigree
Not what in future may be

I want to go out myself
And I must go
If you forbid me
Let say them so:
Not to love from heart
And to be practical...

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Leaving Me You May Go Far Away

leaving me you may go far away
Your remembrance is prominent to my heart
And It'll remain still
I'll not forget you ever.

leaving me you may go far away
I may not be able walk with you
Side by side
The known ways will be unknown
The trodden paths may ask for coming once more
But I'll not
Our walking and togetherness will remain still
To my heart.

leaving me you may go far away
I must not hold your hands
You may not feel me
But I must
I must touch you all the days and night
As you must not be able to go far away
Leaving my heart.

dipak adhya

In Between

In between there can be no words
Where there only lust lasts
No hearts
No feelings
No adoration
In between whatever remains
I abhor heartily
So, I don't want
Any words come
Any clause...
There can never be any purpose
Like a bloomed flower!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Beloved

Beloved,
Your unseen presence is still felt
Here in the moonlit night
When I talk to you
And of course, you don't reply,
I compare myself to a sky
Where there the moon is.

Like the moon you too enlighten me
Like you I adore her
And there's a certain surety
Like the moon
We shall meet together.

My beloved,
You may think otherwise
But the moon must not think other.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

'Choroibeti'

'Choroibeti'

At morning standing by
The river Ichhamati
I often realise
Refreshment of creative urge

The flow of its water
The blow of cold wind
The rising sun from the Eastern sky
The young labourers
The running boats
All seem to me are the symbols
And they stand for a single word
'Choroibeti'

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Friendship

Friendship

On the way my friend stopped
But I pretended to be busy
I didn't walk with him
I didn't listen to him
And we parted

The days passed
Now I'm much wretched

I need my friend
I want he stands by me
Should I tell him this
But how?

Just then, todayat morning
Unexpectedly, unbelieving
He came, having listened about me
Still I'm very scared
To tell him as my friend...

Do I deserve this? i

dipak adhya

The Spring

The Spring

Spring time has come to me for a walk
Green leaves are much eager to talk
They stood by my village row
Today they all have forgotten the snow

Now I have been living within
Now they seem to play a violin
Let's see the leafy laces
All are bright on their faces

They all have forgotten the bound
They all have been rejuvenated and found
The past has gone away far back
Now they are in oblivion and black

The lives are stood on own feet
They stare at them - the lonely street
Besides me, there are the witness - leave
Everyone is joyous on the spring eve.

dipak adhya

To A Hesitated Thought

To a hesitated thought

I don't want to live leaving you
I don't want to stay under your shade
I don't want to get you only as remembrance

There are so many Noes
And a few Yeses
I decorate them whatever I get
And if I get the chance
I try to transform the Noes into Yeses
Then they laugh with joy
My heart with also dances

I see there is a bridge
Between us
To be amorous
Why will not I avail this
And make you happy and blessed!

dipak adhya

I Always Want To

I always want to keep up the relationship
That I come across on the way
During walking

I always want to keep up the thoughts
That you desire from me
During our togetherness

I always want to make you remember
I'm with you
During our long-distance living

I always want to make you feel
There is a special one
Who thinks of you
And you may think of him
As your dearest one! i

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Now You Come

Now you come and jump into my heart
Here a long area is waiting for your come
The green leaves of the trees
Have turned themselves colourful
The old leaves have stretched wrappers on ground
Mild wind is ready to soothe you
The birds are with cacophony
The clouds are with blue coloured covers

Let's see dear,
The time is also stood
The season is not going away
I've stretched my hands
Waiting for your coming
Let jump you
On my breast
In my heart....
Don't wait
Come
Come
Come just now!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Religion And Atheism

Religion is a strange invention
Preaches brotherhood
Yet kills humanity
The evils take it on hand
And sages take it with inform
The twos are prone to show
The power and capacity under tone

Only the atheists know
What a heart knows!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

I Rise

Though it was not like that
Yet, I think for your indifferences

Do you want me to see work the broken wing?
Craving for you
Longing for you
Otherwise...

Are you jealous me seeing in this state?
But I have a large number of obstacles
You must not see them
I don't want to show that too

Yes my dear
I rise
Still I rise

Without your love, attention, care
I rise and must rise.

dipak adhya

A Mask Of Beautiful Smile

A mask of beautiful smile

A mask of beautiful smile
Often cheats the flower
She goes forward
And smile engulfs
The innocent flower surrenders
To mask
Unknowingly and in abrupt

After a few days
The colour of the mask fades
When the flower realises that
She finds herself
Dry, frail, worn Out...
Just before her mental death!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Adopted Baby Girl

Adopted baby girl

Goddess is she herself
Love is her reality of living
But if you ask me how
And why has she suffered a lot
Before adaptation
You see, My dear,
God himself was hurt
Jesus had to suffer
And she too...
The smiling baby
The daughter of God
You're lucky enough
To have as her own
And get the opportunity to bring up...

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

God And...

God and...

God may forget something
But I don't
God may think difficult
But I must not

Such words were there
When both of us were in relationship
Now everything is past
But God is the same
His thinking is too

We are still examinee to Him
And the examiner remembers everything!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

State Of Being & State Of Mind

State of being & state of mind
Though they all signify noun
Yet are quite different
From one another

We, the two minds
Are the same
When the first is manifested over you
Certainly you look at me
In the eyes of second
Therefore, I remain quite
And try to learn grammar!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

I Too

All dream does not come true
Yet if it comes with joy
Wrapping itself with unbound pleasure
I try to ruminate
And pray for true happening

But the other,
Oh! Time! You come
And let pass quickly

I'm used to forget past
Past always instills fear and sorrow
The happy moments are awaiting to come

I too...

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

The Dawn

Let the sweet sun rays
Kiss me
Till I walk in the morning
In the village paths

In this hot Summer
Who prefers you
The crescent moon
In the night is dearer
And I pray for her love
Yet now
Like a sage
His beaming rays
Seem to me a morning joy
For those the earth too prays
Throughout the nigh
For a benign dawn.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Holi Hai!

When the colour touches
Not only body but also mind
I see, it is my holi and yours too.

When palash blooms
Light becomes fiery
Silent love engulfs mind
And she awaits
I see, it is my holi and yours too.

When all the friends together
Shout with coloured face
Hardly know each other
I see, it is my holi and yours too.

Holi Hai!
Lets enjoy it!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Holi

Even can the moon hides the maculae?

Simply no.

Looking at her as glittering sphere

I forget the pains of her

As I know, mine also.

The Spring comes every year

Holding his hands come

The happiest 'holi'

I too become joyous

As ever

But the past remembrance

The happiest all

The sorrowest all

The unfortunate ones

Come together one by one

And my heart pains

I feel melancholy blows

But when you come with colours

And make me colourful with it

Just then, I forget the maculae -the pains

And shout with you

'Holi Hai'

In a loud chorus!

dipak adhya

Rat Race

Rat race

My daughter always wants to know
My past
She compares herself with it
When she gets score more than mine
Her joys know no bound

In her seven years
She has defeated me seven hundred times
Yet she wants another win

Another win means another feather
She counts 701,702,703...
I make her remember if she forgets
And then I fear
Of undeniable rat race!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Quarreling

The other name of love is quarreling

The other name of affection is quarreling

The other name of remembrance is quarreling

The other name of egotism is quarreling

You may not agree with me

You may counter it loudly

You may say the other words

And then my beaming smile

Must say you other words:

It is you

Who are nearest to my heart

Therefore, such din

In our mind!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Rains

like illegal relationship

Rains started

In the inner heart

Lighting

Clouds.

Your remembrance becomes too vivid

You unobtrusively come and sit down by

Whispering tone of ours

It's stopping

Rains are stopping

Gradually my heart is coming off

I'm being engaged in daily affairs...

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Terrorism

No Islamophobia
No Hiduphobia
No Christianophobia
But a phobia is still there
It is menacephobia
It is religiousphobia
It is castophobia

And there are malice, hatred and ignorance
Until we are lighted with His light
Full of love, compassion and honesty
The devil will not die
And peace will be merely
A word to utter!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Totem

Throughout the night I heard the clouds moan
As if, to the sky and earth alone
It wants to know its presence with monotone.

Throughout the life I feel the poem
As if, nothing but an individual's totem
Where there only is written about freedom.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

My Possession

Don't want to give off anything
Whatever I got
Is precious
I collect from it
A little light
Bit by bit
And often I get
A poetical pleasure
Godly happiness
And above all
Your fragrance.

Is there anything more beautiful
Than all my possession?

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Dreamer

With eager eyes, sit beside the water of the river Ichhamati
Wave breaks the river side
Water runs forward
Like the remembrance of past
But I feel its poetical touch
First ever touch of you
Was not different than it

Still the river flows
Wave brakes, time brakes
But it keeps signs on the side

Now your presence becomes clearer
And I spend time without your presence
But with you in desolation!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

In Remembrance Of Her: Payel Khanra

In remembrance of her: Payel Khanra

A bolt from the blue is
Her death
At this early age -only 25

A promising talent
She herself was like a poem
The shedding of such a bud
Is really a tragic matter

She has left us
Yet, she is still alive
In her writing -stories and poems

When I think
When will she come back?
I hear a beaming smile
In her numerous writing
Just then, it is felt
A writer never dies!

dipak adhya

The Women's Day

The Women's Day

Though I often listen the word 'equality'
Though you talk about 'Women's empowerment'
And give ample example
Of the starry women

Yet in the darkness
A fear runs after her
When she is alone
But she feels never lone
Because a fear of lost accompanies her

And in broad daylight
Nation observes
With sound of drums and tomtom
The Women's Day

In time of coming back
We, the men forget all
And a secret lust engulfs gradually...

dipak adhya

From Sealdah To B-Garden

From Sealdah to B-gardn

When the conductor came for fare
I cut two tickets
The conductor looked strangely at my face
But remained silent

All the way I was thinking of you
How much we loved this ride
And the view...
Thousands tidbits were coming to mind
I was laughing ruminating

At the last stoppage he came
And asked a silly question: where is the second one?
I looked at me
But I think all the way I was not alone
Only a smile
I gave him
And sure, he thought me, indeed, a fool one

dipak adhya

Dream

When love goes away
Poems come crawling
And I'm divided into two

The first one
Wearing a mask engages himself in earthly works
The second one
Awakes till at night
Ruminates the past
Draws pictures
And in early morning
He becomes a dream himself

The dreams enliven him
It gives him sustenance to live.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Sorry

I've washed off
A colour called depression
I've broken a phrase 'I can't '
And much used words
'I'll try'
Yes, I've been trying to use
Not to you only
But my readers also
As well as me
Another one -
No, you need not listen to it
'Sorry! '

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

An Afternoon In Our Village

An afternoon in our village

Rolling the wheels my cycle goes on
In the afternoon amidst the village
It knows each lane and alley
It knows where to stand
It knows what to see
Only I sit on its seat as a driver
And look what's there

The meadows are green with paddy - leaves
White herons are in search of fish
The sound of wind blows
And goes as far as my eyes
Unto the horizon
The smoke of brick - field
Turns into clouds with a blink
And a sweet smell of
Vaantiful makes everything magical
But,
Evening descends
My cycle returns home
And a heart stays there still
Oh! What a surprise!
The heart looks like me!

dipak adhya

At Twilight

At twilight

When I woke up after a long midday nap
Evening was descending
Oh! I missed the afternoon
With the twittering of birds
That come to our courtyard

Now in twilight
The night-blooming jasmine
Is putting off its clothes
The fragrance is coming through the casement
A little latter with the stars
The moon will come
Today I'll kiss her forehead
With ever lasting love
I must make the moon
As mine with whom
I'll spend the rest of night
I'll spend the rest of life

dipak adhya

Question To Lord Shiva

Oh! My lord Shiva
Why are you so blind?
When I see the maidens
Who worship you
With their full heart and soul
In spite of thousands adversities

And one in a desolate night
Such an innocent flower loses her virginity
To the demons
Whom you don't discriminate.
In many cases
Being hero they loiter still
Beside your adobe place
Without your punishment!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Self-Banishment

When my opticals becomes hazy
I choose self-banishment
Past comes so nearer
And enlivens all
That were kept in darkness
For long

My dear
Why do you come so often
Believe, I want to forget you
And all that happened

Well, if you come again
I must not stoop to past
Rather, my self-banishment
Turns into a melancholic joy!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

To Our Soldiers

Whenever I remember our martyrs
Tears come down
But feel proud of them
And my head bends down
To respect

Whenever I read about
Their courageous activities
Their sacrifice
Their strength
Their discipline...
I take pride in
For being an Indian
And salute them in eloquent silence.
Jai Hind!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Yearning For Peace

Peace is the most precious to universe
We all have put it in our sleeve
And mourn for it
No one tries to enliven it
I know,
It means that peace is not dead now
Certainly it is alive
Yes, indeed, but in coma
We fear it most
And pray to God for saving us
But you see
We have the power
To save ourselves
Yet...
It means we can be God
We have the power to be such
But Alas!
We couldn't know ourselves yet!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Black Clouds

Black clouds

When a true gesture
Is politicized
Humanity is murdered
When a true statesman
Utters the words of peace
The universe laughs in joy
The innocent minds go to sleep
The Spring springs the first flower

Just then,
If one says about the new fear of terrorism
The recruitment of terrorists is heard
Black clouds gather in the sky
Innocence dies
And the pen
Stops writing new poems of hope again!



PoemHunter.com

(Based on a report on TOI,03/03/19)

dipak adhya

All Men Are Poet

If I lose myself among the mass
You'll never find me out
If you notice everyone's face
I must be reflected
As you often call me a poet
And you'll try to, I know
And there you'll find
The reflection of a poet on each face
As mine
All men are poet
And their words
Nothing but the words of it!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Dark Hour (14th February,2019)

Dark hour (14 February 2019)

Paradise has been shaken again
Consensus and peace are nowhere seen
No doves are found nearby
Rather one or two vultures above flying

The dark hour is still there
The frayed relationship between the two
Who is gaining and much how
Hanging the question among the few

Her tempestuous accession to her
There derailment of Democratic project
Blood stains on Hazratbal
Horror is also seen now and then

When will this problem be resolved?
Oh God! Let you remove this dark hour!

dipak adhya

War And...

War and...

Death is not the foe, we know
There are others whose ego
Or the greed for power
May lead for one war to another

The soldier who was caught yesterday
Not being a martyr now in grey
He knows what the enemy camp gives
That regards him full of vices

We, being the common men, indeed
Have the least power to beat
The warmongers and their evil notion
Like a statesman, chorus with nation

As war is not the solution of peace
I can think everything but this.

dipak adhya

The Tree In My Garden

The tree in my garden

Let us go into the garden

Trees will talk to you

As they talk to mine

They will teach you

How to stay still

Instead of earthly ups & down

Let us go into the garden

The palsy leaves that are still

On the ground, don't sigh for their decaying

Rather, now, they are celebrating

The Spring to spring the flowers

With new twigs in warm winds

Let us go there

And learn how to be a tree!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Peace Loving

350 against 40
Or 40 against 350
Can number bring peace
Can war ends terrorism
Can populist methods shower happiness
If it happens
I'll stand by the warmongers
I'll...

If you think different
If peace doesn't come,
Let talk and talk
If you don't believe in foe's words
You teach them through words
Only words & love have the power
Of everlasting happiness
Peace must follow them

I want to see such leaders
With blissful words
Not to kill or to be killed the peace ever.

dipak adhya

God &...

God is not an atheist
He always examines you
Day and night
Science may not admit
But conscience is guided by him
Or other wise
And in the long run
Our craving for Him
And a feeling of grief
Gradually purifies the soul
That's yours & mine!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Your Poem

Your poem

Whatever you write
I see it starts from mine
Whatever your words say
I listen it strikes the door of my mind

I know, it maynot be true
But my heart denies
Just like a childish mannerism
It nags being blind
And starts to believe
A new love -means a new day
For roaming the next way...

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

We Are Not Lovers

We are not lovers

All the time we are together
All the time we live in one another
Yet we are not lovers

We think for oneself
We do just own job
The happy moments we share
But hides the tears

We walk together untill destination
We eat own words
And await one another
From dying of boredom
I can't deny you love mine
Though we are not lovers

If love is to live for one another
We have set up own world million miles afar!

dipak adhya

Hyacinth

Hyacinth

Now the water is stagnant
Boats are stood on both sides
From their sleeping
Sand-dunes have risen on the each side
And I'm stood on the other

Dear, you too have gone long days
A stagnant heart doesn't feel
Any wavy excitement
A few hyacinths are floating on river
Though not moving they are
Being an embodiment of beauty
They're gradually drying

I know, I too an unworthy guy
Who is just stood the river by
And similarizes tide and ebb to himself!

dipak adhya

The Vaantiful

The vaantiful

A tree bloomed with tiny white
Is a common sight
Beside our village path
But like a dull guy
Often I look at them
With curious eye
For its unparalleled beauty & fragrance

I realise
The Spring is come
And gladness overflows my heart

It is the Vaantiful
You may call it Pastoral Eglantine
But to me it is the hailer
For whom waits to come the Spring!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

To My Dearest Friend

To my dearest friend

A touch can enliven one
If it comes from the depth of Heart
A touch can enliven one
If it touches into other' heart

I'm like an insane
Is out of control of own heart
One's breathe has been inhaled
And mine to hers...

So, dear never part me
In time of sorrow or joy
Our hearts will live together
In broad daylight, not in coy...

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

The Worst Pain

The worst pain
You are green -
I'm awaiting...
went off
I call on you over
No answer -
I'm still stood with cellphone!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

International Mother Tongue Day

International Mother Tongue Day

The martyrs never die
Aspiration lives on ever
Goodwill is always reflected
And their name never
Go to oblivion

Rafique, Salam, Borkot...
Today is not to mourn
The World is owe to all of you
Even Nations

It may be German, Budapest, Philippines...
East or West, North or South
Only your endeavours
Brought it - provided to taste
The sweetness of own language
To speak, write and so on

We, with humbled notion
Observe this -
A day for,
International Mother Tongue Day

dipak adhya

Reminiscent

Reminiscent

If one reminds me
In the wee hour
My joy feels no bound
And spread Wings -no barrier

When you tell me this
Inform me of your reminiscent
I, being a true lover
Kiss on your hand with heroic bent

Truly, I'm not a guy to be remembered
So your reminiscent makes me more humbled!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Mother-Language

Day for mother-language

Mother - language

Its importance is beyond of measure

No one can think otherwise

When one remembers

About the martyrs for mother-language

Never feels sorrow

Rather takes pride in their vows

Their courage shows

Fulfillment of demand -ultimatum

Rafiq, Salam, Borkot and others

Are real hero to be remembered

All over the world

Now it is true,

We favour other languages too

But when one says in mother tongue

Its sweetness seem to be better

Than all the sounds and words

In the universe!

dipak adhya

Truth

Truth

Does crying ever reach to a terrorist?
Their gruesome act
Often voids families, hearts, dreams...

Do they belong to a certain community?
Do they have any religion?
Evidently 'No'
No community teaches to be a murderer
No religion teaches to commit crime
And in my deep belief
My pen writes,
No nation can it patronize

History never tells the truth
You may write it as you wish
But there's the conscience
That tells me about
Not only the terrorist
But also the fundamentalists
And to hit both of them hard
With light and values!

dipak adhya

Homage To William Blake

Homage to William Blake

words don't come out from the heart
But it pleases me
And I fall in it
Becomes an easy prey

I come awake next
Look back in grief
And reproach myself
For being a foolish guy

But in darkness
When there was none by me
'Song of Experience' of Blake
Once more becomes an evidential & everlasting!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Importance

Importance

To a soldier
Chocolate is more important than ammunition
Likewise,
Peace is more important
Than war
The first kills fear
The latter instills tear
Who wants to die in front?
Who wants to kill other?

As no war can bring Peace
No soldier is eager for life's sacrifice!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

14th February,2019

14th February,2019

You teach me the lesson of tolerance
I count the number of martyrs
You teach me patience
And our soldiers engage themselves
Defusing bombs
And to ward off attacks
You teach me to be quiet
And I make candles
To light again
To be grieved more!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

No War Will Be Taken Place

No war will be taken place

No war will be taken place
No revenge is on the card
It is a peace loving country!

Meeting after meeting and then...
In the closed room
In whispering tone
The martyrs' family will be given
More money
Deep consolation
And promise of a job

On the Martyrs' Day
Their name will be uttered with
A gallantry medal

No brother! No war will be
It is a peace loving country
And please you don't utter a word
If any car with full of RDX
Unobtrusively prepares itself
For another carnage
In the dark night
During our sound sleeping!

We'll again walk with a lighted candle a whole eve!

dipak adhya

On The Day Of Black Valentine

On the day of black Valentine

Mother,
My neighbour has been nurturing snake
Since '47
Its hissing sound
Makes me nervous
Its poison often numbs my limbs
Yet I remain
Quiet
You taught me Mother,
Love wins at last
How long will I bear with Mom
Its poison

Mother, let me go you
I must uproot its teeth
Then I'll sleep the night
And see a dawn new & bright!

dipak adhya

Lethpora Massacre Or...

lethpora massacre or...

Blood stains

Blown up vehicles

Massacre of 42 troopers

Worst strike in 30 years insurgency

Oh! My brothers!

The scattered words are there

The wind of Lethpora is still carrying

The smell of explosives

Millions & millions' heart all over the world

Are too shocked to crying

I've been thinking those

Who died and it to their dear ones

A deep blow not to go oblivion

Who killed them and who are the evils?

Or is it just a matter of fact, not more than this?

The personnel, died for the country

I've read such words in column

But the conscience of mine

Tells other words in line

Of vindictive politics

Remaining in power, is the sole aim

Here or there

Who wants to end them?

And ever thinks of the kashmiri or jawans?

They are merely puppets of old jackles

(You may read it as politicians)

dipak adhya

Attack On Pulwama

Attack on Pulwama

You may call it dastardly
You may call it despicable
You may call it cowardly
Or more
One said,
Sacrifices of our brave security personnel
Shall not go in vain
How many have we to give more?
How many jawans?
How many civilians?
And then it will be an eye opener
For Kashmir-centric politicians?

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

You're My Ever

You're my ever

I don't eat love
Rather drink
Without staining or hurt

Dear, I only pray for your goodness
May His blessings shower on you
And the rest of life...

A deep shadow of yours
Is still felt in my leisure
When unobtrusively you come
And with beaming smiles
Sit by me
I become like water
And like a little brook
Flow, overflowing sides
And someone swims there
With everlasting smile

Just then the rippling sounds of water
Seem to me and feel
You're my ever!

dipak adhya

My Valentine Mon

My Valentine, Mon

I love a broken heart
Only to be loved
She knows magic
She has poetic words
I want to make a scenic paradise
With our pen
That may end the pain
In deep
With our all, side by side!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

My Valentine Peu

My valentine Peu

Just a handful of life
I've filled it with adoration
Adoration to you, Peu, my valentine

A little bit of time whenever I get
Your coming makes it joyous
And my remembrance becomes more sensuous

But now you are not merely a remembrance
Now you are a living being
Now I can touch you
Kiss you
Feel you
Embrace, take care even talk
And your leafy banners
Deep Shadows, swaying sounds make me feel
You'll never part me till
I'll live & I'll live long for you -my valentine, Peu!

dipak adhya

In Spite Of

In spite of

In spite of being a nature-lover
I love to see my own books
Are being sold like hot-cake
And I remain jubilant
Apparently indifferent

In spite of being a zoophilist
I don't like to see the tiger's sleeping
In the cages of the zoo
When I paid for ticket
I'd like to see its growling

In spite of being a rational person
(though someone regards me as intellectual)
I like to comment with deep irony
Of present situation
Our state is...and political system is...
The leaders are only self-centric

Then, Coming back to my cozy room
I try to write poem - scourge, destruction, doom...

Now, it is midnight and feeling sleepy
I don't need to have sleeping pill!

dipak adhya

God Is Thankful To Us

Now

God is thankful to us
We have pulled his image down and thought
But couldn't do Himself
His omnipotent power has been transformed
By our cleverness, selfishness...
There is no God but He is present

God is thankful to us
We have removed him far away
Now, there is so much greed
There is attractive earthly treat
Why need Him in this catastrophe
No, indeed I don't bear His futurity

God is thankful to us
He is not away us
If we got Him anywhere
We would not make him better than ours!

dipak adhya

To My Valentine

To My Valentine

She can blame me as she likes
In her blaming secret love of hers
Always smiles.
Her rosy cheek, petal-lips,
Flying locks, wavy breasts
Mind alluring fragrance -
All are responsible
For this poem that whispers
Let you love me, let you love

Dear, I love you much
But today it is insignificant
To utter the words
As from your heart to dreams
You must know and hear mine
All the time
It is me whose offerings
Is not manly;
You may call you 'madly'
Only for your love
And blame me mockingly not to love.

dipak adhya

Adoration

Adoration

When she would sit beside me
I couldn't ventilate all words
It often came to me as mess
And I stumbled towards

When she would stay away
I tried to draw her in mind
But in our presence
Never I tried to find

Today the inevitable separation
Makes me as a harp
Whatever I sing lonely
The tune seems to me adoration!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Don't Be So Sad

Don't be so sad

Don't be so sad
That tears lose the way
Sorrow fails to grief
Rather, your moments of sadness
Be cheerful to make the world
Let you sing or seduce
With your broken heart
A joyful tune
That grief and sadness will lose its way
As the waves lose by the Bay.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

A Stoic

A stoic

Between coming and going
There is left
The pain, given by you
It brings shower
I keep my face out of window

I watch the sorrow
I breathe the pity
I nibble them bit by bit
And laugh as if a matter of cherishing

Between coming and going
I gradually become weak
I lose myself
And time comes and goes
Evening - night - sleep
And pray for enormous darkness
That ne'er comes and
I again become a pain myself
Now you may call me a stoic!

dipak adhya

I'm A Bad One

I'm a bad one

I know I'm endowed with falsehood
Addiction is in some cases
Greed is up to bottom
Lust is in darkness
An endless list
And you said a single word Bad!

One-day leaving me alone
You went away
Holding the fingers of honesty
Education
Truthfulness
Cooperation
Righteousness...

Unlike me he Is a rich one
I don't know; but my heart craves to know
Does he love you as a bad one?

My tongue wishes to tag you worst
But never I said such word
As I know, I'm a bad one!

dipak adhya

Living

Living

Not happiness. Goodness. A light of happiness of morning
It glimpses
Very little
And I draw vogue picture

From that picture subtlesound is arisen
My heart is broken into pieces
Time stands still

There everything is memorable
Unnumbered love
Rare a living

They all come back
This is the best time
I go away to past and sing
Darling! What is love!

dipak adhya

My Mother

My mother

A tree often comes in dream
Its branches are golden
Leaves are reddish
The birds that twitter on it
Are as white as milk
The ground is covered with velvet green
The blossoms are multi-coloured
Its voice is so pleasant
And shade is so warm that
I wonder and wonder

Just then, a face comes to my mind
And I see a laughter of my mother!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Pray For Her Coming

Pray for her coming

Wife wanted a male child
Husband always craved for a girl

No, there was no deep thought in it
Wife prayed to carry on
A lineage that is only theirs
But the husband
Never thought it so
The wife in a midnight
When the moon was pouring its light
In utmost silence, whispered
Why? Why? Why?
Do you prefer a maid?
The man said,
My dear, can you remember
That rituals
For the first time you came out in crying
Holding my hand
Throwing the grains of rice on your mother's apron.
Just then,
Your father's crying
Also wetted my heart
I saw the two pairs of eyes
Which said 'adieu'
What a fatherly affection indeed
What a daughter's love is...

I'll stand by her
When she'll go to house of in-law
Until she comes to my life
The poem will be only a thought of mine
So, pray for her coming
So, pray for her coming...

dipak adhya

Sin

Sin

There is no sin in sorrow
I feel it
Sorrow comes creeping
Holding the hands of her going away

I look at the wealth what she possesses
And then envy peers
You may see my smiling face
But I see sorrow's glance
And someone whispers
There is also sin
Sin in your prayer
Sin in love, lust, loss

Then I keep my face to the sun
A feeling of Godhood is manifested
The sun, the light, its warmth...
Gradually from mind the evil goes off

dipak adhya


In The Name Of Development

In the name of development

60 lives will be killed
And a few voices rose
And gradually fades away
In gray coloured words of everyday

I too,
Being shocked wrote a few lines
A few read it and forgot

A few lovers of theirs
Cried and protested
Slogans were raised faintly
Long sighs were heard
And the word 'compulsion'
Showing its teeth started to laugh

Just then 
Beside the road from a little window
The chorus of a nursery school children is heard
'Trees are our best friend'
Their voices are being echoed
Spread beyond all barriers

Opening my eyes I see
The trees are crying and shedding their leaves
Not to love and to be loved

dipak adhya

There's No Conflict

There's no conflict

There's no conflict in this truth
This hectic life is hurt now and then
With sudden gust of wind and its hit
That distract me from my dreamy way

There's no conflict in this truth
Your going away is a boon to me
Otherwise, you came to know my weakness
And it would force me to creep
For compromising an artificial life

There's no conflict in this truth
I would never surrender to earthly want
And that bohemian call would never allow me
To remain calm in your lusty warm

There's no conflict in this truth
I'll come back in each poems written in new forms
To establish my presence among the hearts
That never die or perish
Rather arise en every seasons among the lovers...

dipak adhya

If I Were Grilled

If I were grilled

You may defeat me with your power
There gruesome malice lives
With your intention -fierce

You may shut me in doors
The guards may not give me drink
But their heart will know
And stoop for sympathy

I'm forced to be grilled
They are forced to keep me
And as long as you'll keep me inside
My words will ring to their heart
Never an oppressor
Will listen to it

But its sonorous sound
Will awake everyone
And then

I see myself

I'm free

I'm free

I'm free

With my words and deeds

dipak adhya

Sharing

Sharing

I can see your despair
But its poignancy
Is yet to realise
I want to listen them now

You share your sorrow
I'll not cry listening to it
But, if a warm sigh of mine
Touches you
It will make you feel my sharing
And that certainly will give you
A friend's touch

I'll share mine
I'll pour all sorrow of past
My friend, please listen to me
And compare

Both sadness are salty
They nibble us unobtrusively
Let me say
And I'll listen yours

This sharing may ruin the grief
Or not
But certainly give us a new breathe to live

dipak adhya

I Fear

I fear

Now I fear to touch the old diary
That you gave me on my birthday
The pages of it know
How deep my feeling is
How much adoration
A heart can offer
A vast span like the sky
Our sublime love is spread there
But I fear
To be hurt
And like a deep addicted man
Again ruminates the old
With broken heart

Now I fear to touch the pen
That you gave me on my birthday
It's ink is much familiar to me
It's smoothness is as salty as tears
That flows in remembrance
In conflict of past and now
It reminds a few eternal lines
Full of pain and sorrow
That has been blowing
Like a flute-crying

I don't want the returns of that day
I don't want to read that poem
I don't want to write with that pen
But I never want to leave them
At all, at all, at all.

dipak adhya

Myself

Myself

Now the actual question
About me: Do I know myself?
And I see myself
Only in your eyes
Little known and failure one

My belief stretches its roots to deep
I believe what you see
I see in your eyes
I repeat the old and new words

Then, you, my dear
Showed me your thoughts
Being puzzled I remain quite
And think and think

There's nothing to tell me about
Truly, no success is even at horizon
That I may touch or breathe
And more I never craved for it
Or aimed at

Really, a silly guy am I
Just then I hear a boy
Who recites this verse
And a little wave arise in my heart
And touches my joy.

dipak adhya

The Winter Is Going Away

The winter is going away slowly
The sun is transformed into a reddish tip
The cloudless sky has stuck it on her forehead
And the little breeze
Is yet to forget its passion for coldness
Does not find on its way

The winter is going away slowly
Having left the naked trees...
Paddy fields have given away all its treasure
To the reapers who are more busy to take home them
Look, Nabanna is approaching joyously

The winter is going away slowly
Like a yellow saaree the mustard fields
Are bloomed and its beauty
Is too spicy to breath for long
The bees are humming
The sparrow and other birds are much busy
And I can't move my eyes
Not to want leave the place of beauty

In our village the mango trees
Are covered with boulders
The palash will follow her soon
Then I must not keep myself in captivity in doors
I'll go out to enjoy the spring with many more.

dipak adhya

Me And The Moon

The moon too becomes morbid
Often in wintery night
She herself wearing a red saari
With crater at its end
Hangs down it to show
So that no one can move eyes
From hers and pray...

She too becomes an enchanted one
She too becomes amorous
But Alas!
There's no one to woo
There's no one beneath the wintery sky
To look the beauty
And drink celestial joy

The night descends
Her make-up becomes fade
She craves for one
Whose eyes will create her
As perennial

Just then I walk out from my room
Unknowingly look at her
And her beaming smile
Makes me lunatic for ever

I know what she wishes me
And I must go there
Where there is only luminous

Now, I know
What love really is!

dipak adhya

Yours Ever

If you want to forget me
You may
I must not remember the old
If you want to regard
All as cursed
You may
I'll think it a bitter dream to say
Go away! Go away!Go away!

But in your loneliness
When there will be no one
If you remember the last ride together
I must come back
Being the gentle wind or a sweet fragrance
O My dear!
O My dear!
From that very moment
I must be yours ever
I must be yours ever

dipak adhya

In Your Surrounding

In your surrounding

Where I keep my face
There is your presence
Where I keep my hand
There is you Omnipotent
Where I take a glance
There is your fragrance

How can I think you forgot me
How can I think you dislike me

Rather all seem to me
I've been still in your surrounding...

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Love-Shaded

There was a light
Its rays were too pierce to look at
But I bore with it
Stood for a long time and watched its playing
People were thronged
Fame gathered
From here and there money was rushing in
Everyone
was amaged
Everyone
was craving to reach near the source
Happiness!Happiness!Happiness!

I looked back to myself
But surprisingly did not feel pity
I'm still stood in a shade
Where your love and blessings are more pleasant
Without any ache!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Everyday

Having heard the light's coming
I wake up
Prepare myself for the day
Pray in silence
For its warm heat
The dull December evaporates silently And leaves for me
A whole new hope to come

The work begins
Busyness crosses the mile stones
Or not
And I prepare myself
For long to go and to know
Until the evening comes
Still I go
Await the new night to rest
Just then, a whispering tone in mind
Says, look
A new day is coming...

dipak adhya

The Deluge

Having wanted to mingle with the moonlight
I am still stood
Under the clear sky
In my mind too...
But she knows
The deluge
In the distract part of my mind
And I am submerged
In that sorrow

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Forgetting

Forgetting is not a matter of joke
As well as remembrance
In my case I often
Forget whatever I don't want

Remembering a lot of incidents
I always feel sorrow
I want to forget them
But Alas! They never keep me away
Or throw...

I left thinking big or trifle
I am not bothered now
But surprisingly
I still forget what I should not
And scratch my head
Not remembering even the name
Of most necessity!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Om!

In a tranquil night you come out
As spontaneous surmise
From the very depth of my heart
I linger to recite
Still the stars are shining
Still the mild breeze is blowing
In the glowing shadow beneath the moon
The very word seems to the boon
And I pray: utter the holy hymnal word
My ears feel its transcending beyond the world!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Dust

My heart often turns into dust
It flies
I myself feel how the little ones as well as you
abhor me

Flying flying flying
Take shelter on the leafy banners
On the walls
On the ceiling
On the ground...
And then on everywhere

Before absorbing moisture
Before turning into mud
I feel sorrow
For blocking the hope of little rays
The tears of earth know it
And I again turn into a hopeful joy!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

A Love Poem To Her

You are always felt in heart
You are always seen in loneliness
But surprisingly
There I am not alone
And your sublime touch is enjoyed

I know you are in your new life
Have been enjoying
Let you drink the life with heart's content
I'm here
Not alone
And too praying for fulfilment of your
Dreamy desires.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

At Mohonpur, Hashnabad (On 23rd April,2018)

Often she decorates herself in such a way
All the words become trifle
Her beauty is changed time to time
Let us glance
And drink nature as a wine

Mohonpur at Hashnabad
Not far away from the District of Basirhat
There too Icchamati
Has stretched her two hands
She herself and Dansha, the rivers
With a deep carve
Have made a confluence
like 'Triveni Sangam'.

It was my first outing there
The roadside jungle was the replica
Of the Sundarbans
The brick fields, fish-hatchery
The lone way
And the setting sun
All were new to my eyes
And filled my thirst
Of beauty of nature.

Dusk was descending quickly
The reflection of the setting sun
Reminds me of your beauty
Before evening everyday -
She puts a tip of Sindur on her forehead
And I look her everytime
With a new look
With a new heart
And with a sublime spirit!

dipak adhya

Fiery Time

The person who writes the words of poem
The time of peace sticks to him-
Having left all evil thinking
I've bathed in the sacred water
Where is the termite
I've welcomed to cover the old
The time of peace
let come to me

My God!
I heard him in the morning
Where is my words
In front of me everyday
not only birds but also blossoms
Are being killed
I've forgotten all the words of poem
Now the time is like fire!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Death And...

(A tribute to poet Srutidhar Mukhopadhyaya)

Death too gave him
Series of pain
Death too fought
Seizeing him in his den
At last, at last,
Adieu friend
And pray
For a sublime life
With your dearest ones
Who had left you long before
And now,
Let you enjoy a life in real paradise!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

An Elegy For Asifa

Your bright eyes
Your beaming smile
And your name
Have been carved with eternal love and passion

Oh! My little Daughter
Indeed, let you see
Your fragrance has been spread
Like an Asifa flower
In every corner

Oh! Dear! you are unfortunate enough
Your innocence was devoured by greedy insects
In secret

You know Dear
We are really helpless
In our world there a large number of insects
All are roaming with lust
And innocence Asifa(s)
Are leaving us

Now let I pray for your eternal peace
And you too pray for
A heavenly mankind
Without evil insects and crime!

dipak adhya

Meghdoot

Listen -listen to me
Let you look at the sky
And see the flying clouds
Bright and blue

Did you keep any words to it
Did you keep any picture to it
Are they saying such secret words
As I feel

Dear, Oh, Dear!
I'll nit call it 'Meghdoot'
Rather my power of Iimagination
Become sharper
And I'll feel you heartily
With sweet memories once more!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

In The Silhouette

Did anybody give me
A piece of picture
That is still stuck on my breast
And haunts me
In my loneliness

Did you give me, or
The person was you
In the silhouette
Whom I see is just like you

You
What are you whispering in my heart
It is not secret
As my heart listens to it
And eyes cherish its fragrance!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Feelings

It is a showing act
When my friend invites me
And in spite of knowing me
My penniless state
Proudly shows his treasure
Being dumb I nod my head
And stare at them

No it doesn't instill greedy
No it doesn't feel me trifle
Rather it gives me heavenly joy
When my pen writesthis poem
To eternalize the worth of feelings
That were nowhere
In his earthly domain!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Consolation

I have been more rigid and quite
Patience awaits me
Mournful tears seem to me unnatural
Rather, if I stumble in time of walking
I don't think myself indifferent
It is the way that is rough and not walkable

I have been more rigid and quite
My thoughts don't stoop to past
My memories don't come and bother
At night when I look at the sky
Don't think your name was the same
No, now I hanker after myself

I myself, having lost myself
Only look for something that was never
Possessed by me and you either
Belief: only this noun of six letters.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Perpetual

perpetual

How far can you fly
Let you come down
There in the soil and with the grass your past is still stuck
You may forget them
But they didn't forget
They remember you always

Have you ever met the stars
Do you stii think
The sky is your adobe place
Tye they are not perpetual even to you
Know of it

So come down
And live with your old pals
So come down
And live with your innate thoughts
Our relations
Our earthly love
Will remain for ever.+

dipak adhya

The Farmer

O Dada!
How are you? I asked the man, whom
I had never met before
The man stared at me
Stopping his sowing the saplings a while

Evidently, he couldn't recognise me
And gaped at
Slightly bent his neck
And eyes replied,
so so

I stopped
and noticed his sowing
I know they spend life in fighting
Earn a little
Hardly maintain their life

We have been taught
They, the best friend of us
We know we've no time
For their welfare to blink an eye

It's my country
Sixty percent of land they nurture
More than half are called our friends

Our friends!
How far is it true?
Whenever the little children are taught
A pseudo friendship is brought.

dipak adhya

The Afternoon

Where the afternoon stops coming
Where don't feel anything except own hand
Where the willing sun too awaits for a while more
There my poem dwells

Still when I think of you
The afternoon descends even in the mid-night

Let you stay for a while more
Beneath this Chatim tree is still fervent
Let you keep your head on this breast
The old shirt is perfumed in spring

Today the evening will not come neither the night
Where my poem dwells
Can there ever come
Trifle coldness!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

My Rabindranath

In the month of Boisakh
You are remembered more
Than the rest of the hours
When the gulmohor blooms
The light becomes reddish
I too can't turn my face
From you
Your heavenly praises
Come down and teach my heart
Just then
I feel
You taught me to look at
You taught me to love
And in everything
It seems
You too are being manifested
You -My Rabindranath!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Reflection

Reflection

On each child's face
My own childhood pierces
To each morning
There lies happy old days

I gape in amazement to the faces of children
Mingling with my lost love
They turn into like petals
In my blinkless eyes
The sunlight comes
It becomes fierce
The soft petals being tired turns into the noon
I look at afternoon in prospect
But evening descends

I see my childhood on each child's face
And prays deeply
When they'll grow up, not I
Only the happy afternoon and success
Reflect them each.

dipak adhya

Foolishness

It is that black rose
I nurture in sly
Oh! How deepblack it is
That reflects me
In leisure

It is the nightmare
That comes in my dream
After a day's hectic schedule
I sleep to dream
And it comes crawling
In the deep dark night

I turn my face
From pleasant moments
And rage, anguish, agony...
All dance together in hatred

My conscience suddenly raises
And laughs at seeing foolishness!

dipak adhya

Whispering Words Of My Heart 1

There's a subtle alliteration
Between colourful Holy and cuckoo
There is more than that
Between you and me

But you wander in sly and I too
Often put off the dry lips of cunning
Even without informing myself

I still fear the desolate noon
In time of coming, you don't make any sound
On the floor of the pond
I hardly understand
But there is shadow on the water
Which is louder than the sound of alluminum
In the meantime to realise it
Being an enchanter
I'm still roaming in the heart!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Hatred

It is that black rose
I nurture in sly
Oh! How deepblack it is
That reflects me
In leisure

It is the nightmare
That comes in my dream
After a day's hectic schedule
I sleep to dream
And it comes crawling
In the deep dark night

I turn my face
From pleasant moments
And rage, anguish, agony...
All dance together in hatred!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Repentance

When I was fully blind
I could get her fragrance
Whenever she would come to me

When I was fully blind
I could get her sublime touch
Whenever I would feel

When I was fully blind
She was all to me
My thoughts were only centred round her
And I would feel myself
Merely like a satellite

But Alas!
Now I'm well sighted
And there's nowhere
Nowhere her fragrance
I'm devoid from all sublimity!

dipak adhya

Different Prayer

I have learnt to be silent from you
I have learnt standing alone
Ere when there is none
Still I feel you gazes on.

Are you really so silent and dumb?
How much they offer is not sum?
All of a sudden in today's morn
I came across a known mammon
To offer you a basket grandeur and pomp
Anxious his face though he told me
He came to you for asking in glee
His stock would have run to northern side
I'm taken aback for his pride
Now I am learned why silent you are
I feel ashamed for such a prayer

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Intimacy

In time of holding your face with my hands
My fingers tremble
That feels shaky because of
The mistake—not a single but numbered
That has been committed and may be again.

In time of holding your face with my hands
My fingers tremble
Then I heartily pray not for your pardon
My heart whispers, give me the strength
Not to repeat mistake again
In the sphere of greed and lust
Let show me light as soon as fast

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Before Your Sublime Sunning

Often I think you as joyful
As I `m gaining now
On the lap of yours
In such a blessing dawn.

Often I think you as peaceful
As I'm gaining now
In this calm surroundings
What every heart must be prone

From my innate of conscience
My heart is borne
Your feelings
I'm never devoid
In my earthly obstacles
Gaining your blessings.

Often I feel you when fold my eyes
Your breathing, your touch
Your smelling, your disguise
As you are showing now
Before a sublime sunshine.

dipak adhya

After A Little Shower

After a little shower
Your swaying in the mild breeze
Makes you more elegant.
Your deep gray leaves
As if fresh paintings
Enliven my dull times
With new visual splendor.
On the attic where mother worships
There she rings in bells
To awake you in the morning spell
And then I see
Your unbound joy in swaying spree.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Twelve Lines For Her

The crystal moon looks pale
In respect of you
A bunch of red-rose
Of course, is not better than my view
That has witnessed your loving hue

All loving desire
All heavenly notion
Become trifle
Whenever I think of our days
Guess and guess -I'm uttering my dear
You may know her and call her
Peu or Hue or a living drop of dew!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

To You

your existence
Is not an interrogative mark to me
Your existence
Is not unprecedented to me
Your sympathy
Is not unheard to me
Your offering
Is not unseen to me
Rather you are more omnipotent
Rather you are larger than thoughts
Yet I wonder
And often disregard you merely an idol

You are a true power
That elevates the mind
Beyond all earthly existence

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

To A Holy Man

I am captivated in earthly sum
I am masked when I come
To you, while living in the dark
Certainly, you are the best fellow at heart
I crave like you to be
Often dart of conscience pierces me
I see your smiling face to every one of
Then my heart cries in joy
I see you never move your face off
Even on myself who is in coy

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Being Fascinated

Being fascinated by the beauty of your tomb
I entered into your home
I am very glad having seen the replica
There's in everywhere business and business
But my God where are you?
In this showy world are you an incarnation of new
Generation in mosaic tiles and pseudo-air
Is it the only way or a fun mare?
I know not how they can think it
Try to put limitless light into a little kit?

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

In My Sleeping

In my sleeping often I see a light
In my sleeping often I feel a flight
Of drowsy wind
In my sleeping often I smell
Of beautiful something
Is that all yours?
Is it what I feel to be?
In desolate night when that stars excel
I feel you in that dim light
It is that light what you show to me
But what I know
I want to realize your sublime touch
Through all your earthly discourse.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

When I Look At Your Face

When I look at your face
I see your smiling
It tells me a lot
I don't know, do you mean it?
In the darkness I stretch myself
Try to come back with
Just then I enter
Into the oblivion of remembrance
I loss myself & still you smiling
As I smile when I watch
My little girl's first walking
As I smile when I listen
To my little girl's first prattling.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Hope

Hope is a silver line
That is far away but so near
Hope is a train of thoughts
That mind absorbs as dear

Hope is eternal green
Forces to give up evil
Hope is like your face
That enlivens me still

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

You Told Me And

You told me about your happiest time
There was not present one
I myself and fell unhappy

You told me about your togetherness
But there was not I myself
And felt unhappy

You told me about your candle light dinner
Oh! My dear, there too
I was absent and felt unhappy

You told me I'm still in your heart
And believed that
It made me not jealous
And at last I felt happy

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Let Me Give The Chance

Let me give the chance to hold that hand
I shall cross this long way
In silence and without being anxious
In this hand there's highest sincerity
That way must be smooth and without stopping
Have been walking since long for you
Let me give the chance to hold that hand.

Don't ask me to stop
There's a long way still to go
Holding your hand
I'll cross the coming night
But I feel in my heart deepest peace
I shall see the sunrise holding your hand
In the spree of coming dawn.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

I'm Never Alone

I'm never alone
your unseen shadow
Is overshadowed upon me
Our togetherness never keeps me to be quiet

I'm never alone
The times repeat itself
There's your sublime love
And I converse with myself

The past becomes present
The present becomes alive
My virility once more
Touches your thoughts
That are full of songs of Spring...

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Now I'm In

Now I'm resting under the shade of remembrance of you
Now I'm in gleeful view
We are by the river Ganges
In Botanical Garden
Sitting under the shade of a huge tree
I'm being fed
What mother cooked only for you.

The meal is being shared
The words are being shared
The dreams are being shared
from heart to heart
Oh! What a splendid time it is
As if we are born to love
To love this sight
And the time to immortalize

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Still Now

Still feel you are not far away
Still my remembrance are as alive as morning of today
Our times are forever ours
My heart feels not pain of going away

All distances are not same
All cravings are not in vain
As of now I
I still remain along with you
You may think other
What my silent moment can do

There's indeed a true sphere
I'm still in our trodden thoughts
O Dear, My Dear!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

The Moon And Me

Know, the moon too feels greedy
In the moonlight night
As much as I feel
Peers, looks swiping the clouds
Forces her -keep open the window
In the midnight

She knows well, what is known as convergence
Allures me in the deep of bosom
Detains the time in the chain of patience

Does she also know Hypnotism
As far as my eyes go
I remain dumb
The whole night -the whole night
She also feels very coy
And dawn also breaks to her!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

No Nor'wester

The dazzling sun suddenly turned into blackish
I'm in mid-river with my little heart
Who crossed two April with her biggy eyes.
Suddenly the river became turbulent
The boatman stopped his Vatiyali
And glanced at the bank
His muscles became more active to cross

The storm rose
The waves lashed against the boat
We are still away
My baby hugged my neck tightly
And looked at the water
Enjoying with heart's content
She screamed at me
Look, look, Papa, It is like an ocean
She was the least nervous as there was her man

At once I felt that
And I too tried to imbibe her
Called Him, Oh! my father
Let's give your blessings... and don't forget us ever

The speed of the boat is now quenching
And the boatman is with benign smiling.

dipak adhya

Way

When I awake along with poem
The afternoon of spring comes
Wearing the light of setting sun

I prepare myself putting on words
Decorate ornaments with expressions
And in walking on the way of title
All on a sudden stop at the corner of unknown words

Take rest awhile
Bake the unknown way again and again
With the warmth of myself

Again start to walk
On the later decorated way
On the words of meaningful way
On the rhythmic speedy way
On the allured prosodic way

In time of going
I myself become a poet unknowingly
And then mingle with the broad way!

dipak adhya

A Social Citizen

When I look at your face
My heart shivers
There in everywhere scatter
Malice, violence and disgust.
In fear, turn my face
There is also darkness
Homicide, murder, slaughter
Whom I leave and to watch?
For the time being
Remain silence- unseen world
And prays: let keep me save
From the heart of cold rage
I want to be a social citizen!

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

The Wind

Suddenly a pleasant wind kissed me
And went away
My body was convulsed
My heart was thrilled
My thought was disrupted
But I enjoyed to the brim all its chilling sway.

That wind also said something
But alas! I was not learned to realize.

The wind came again and went away
I'm still leaning against a railing
Looking and looking at your leafy thriving
Suddenly it appears to me
As if, you are smiling on your way.

dipak adhya



PoemHunter.com

Premonition

Premonition

- - - - -

Before facing destiny
Want to meet once more
Yet to be loved and given
You the heartiest enjoyment
Want to keep here my little trace
Into your heart
I must live long as long your soul
My friend! Watch out for the things
Take a little look around
I must be visible in everything
That once I loved and now you do

dipak adhya



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