

Poetry Series

Jaya Das
- poems -

Publication Date:
2019

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Jaya Das()

A Deep Seated Thought...

Sometimes, a deep seated thought,
Paves it's way, lingering inside my heart
Shouting aloud in silence, it yearns
To escape from the net, I am entrapped in
Knitted by the threads of love, despair and attachment
And set out on an endless journey, walking till the end of earth
Adoring the beauty of nature and it's bounties
And rest in her lap, diving into a sleep, too deep..
In order to lost my being in it.
And, yeah! While passing by on my way
I am not gonna ask the trees, why they are so tall?
I would just sit under their balmy shade,
Enjoying the serene bower in my weariness
I am not gonna ask those birds,
Perching on the branches of trees, How do they sing?
I would just listen to their melodious notes
And let my heart get elated through it
I am not gonna question the river, how do you flow?
I would just stand at it's bank and
See it flowing, realising the pace of my life passing by
I don't want to discover myself, all I want is to
Get lost in every small element of nature.....
This deep seated thought of mine
keeps on pounding my heart again and again
But, when I open my eyes,
I find the frame of net, a complex one!
And untangling the knots, a difficult task,
Restraining my unfulfilled growing desire
I resolve to move ahead....
Hoping one day, what I crave for I would surely get.

Jaya Das

A Fugitive

O Lord, a homeless fugitive I was
Untangling the knots of love and passion
I stepped out wandering place to place
Adamant my heart to reach the end
Where I could find complete solace
Aloof from the worldly despair
Where you and me have some part to share.

I know not what my destiny deemed
It opened my eyes, so far closed and
From the gleam cutting all the darkness
A way to her heart seemed....
I don't know on dry land of my heart
From where the amber of love it bore
It's curiosity behold me to know her more and more.

But then a realisation came
I was again trapped in the net, same
woven with the threads of sufferings and attachment
I decided to leave her and move away
My Lord I knew my love was true, where
Not a single tint of lust and obsession lay
I found her soul, the body was left with no role to play.

Jaya Das

A Soldier's Wife

Do you remember the day we first met?
My throat has dried up, I recall with eyes wet
I was a leaf clinging on an autumn tree
You were a stream running reckless, free
The day when I fell upon you
O' all my being seeped
Painting your heart with my crimson hue
I am waiting for the autumn to come
And I am coveting to fall again
But the stream has no water left
My dear! You are long gone to a land so far
Left behind a tattered heart, fighting everyday war
One day water will return, rendering others' life
I will cling till the end, I am a soldier's wife.

Jaya Das

Art

Different people, different place,
Different race, different face,
Far they live, Far they thrive,
Yet too close.....to remain alive,
The knot of art ties them together,
Differences may be any, no one bother,
All destined to play that one game,
Though the feel may be diverse,
The air they take in, is the same,
There's no religion to which art belongs,
Distinct culture, distinct tradition,
Several ways of worshipping lord,
Through verses, colours or melodious notes,
All believe and love that one god,
Inside whose bower, flowers of imagination bloom,
And the striving birds find their solitary abode.

Jaya Das

Be You

I may not be the poetry of a poet,
The protagonist Of a heroic tale,
The melodious notes of nightingale,
I may not be the rainbow....
Formed in the moist blue sky,
The spectrum of different colours
May not come out from the mirth of my cry,
I am just one of the beautiful creatures god made,
An ordinary yet unique in my own being,
I can't be moulded in the frame of others' thoughts
With lucidity in thinking, independence in my outlook,
Like the liberated wind blowing and,
The free rain falling, anywhere in anyway,
I would flaunt my flaws and do, , ..
Whatever to me, My heart say.

Jaya Das

Beauty

Drenched in rain forms prismatic sky
From cocoon springs out the butterfly
Scorching heat passes, cold breeze blow
On verge of winter, falls the snow
Not forever the Sun descends on horizon
The spring arrives for a short span
Nor forever lasts the winter wind
Candle has to burn to eradicate darkness
Beauty never comes out of nothing!

Jaya Das

Behind The Veil

Draped inside the golden skin

She carries a mutilated heart within

With every new soliciting hold

Her old being gets crippled and sold

Confronting those eyes, giving a lewd leer

Creeps through her infected blood

Mingled spirits of fury and fear

The fright of surrender pounds her heart

For someone's pleasure, stings her every part

Bound in the hands of nasty pimps

In the ocean, unfathomable, all her hopes sink

In the bleak corners of the brothel, die

For escape, unceasing yowl, the never ending cry

Inside the four walls, for help no answer she finds

'This is your fate' the echo reminds

No one can empathize her pain

She is just a part of stigma and disdain

Behind the veil, comes out a wail

Who should have the real shame?

For a work, she has been coerced into

Why whole life her 'name' has to carry the blame?

Jaya Das

Betrayal

you pushed me inside darkness
imprisoned my soul
river dried up
now why you opened the door?

Jaya Das

Blind

Blind I am, the world is a blank screen for me
you have two eyes
Why are you ensnared in the net?

Jaya Das

Broken

Broken my leg, my heart broken more
The old silhouette of my being
gradually diminish to zilch
In the misty eyes
Of those masquerades
Who can only see
the wreck in my transient body
Piercing my heart with old spear of pity
None deem to pull the curtains aside
and admire indomitable beauty
and hear the incessant cravings
For someone's true love
Which I know has burnt all forever
Leaving ashes of mercy for me....
But I know my image unseen
I have gems draped inside my stony body
Clenching the plumes of art, high I soar
Broken my leg, my heart lands
On an aesthetic sea shore

Jaya Das

Camouflage

Every garden has weeds
Every heart bleeds
Smiling moon wears many scars
Sun hides it's hues of laugh
Sky seems blue from earth
A deer can see tiger's mirth
Every being has camouflaged to reflect joy
Inside the body, many souls cry.

Jaya Das

Fetish!

I plucked the rose
and it's petals fell off.....

Jaya Das

First Love

Like the flesh of an unripened fruit
The look of an unworn suit.

Like the gleam of a polar star
Unstretched strings of a guitar

Like an open treasure box
A key without any lock

Like the reckless waves of a sea
Balmy shade of a banyan tree

Like the night full moon
When an unfortunate receives a boon

Like a new baby born
The stem of a rose bearing thorns

Like the white snow shimmering in the sun
My first love shines and I feel warmth without getting burn.

Jaya Das

Freedom

The bird is captive inside the cage,
Where she knows no escape
With every passing day, her feathers shed
She has yet not touched the sky bed.

The day comes when she realises
Inside the cage, she can fly high
Without spreading her wings, without touching the giant blue sky
She opened the doors of her soul
Against the moor, she witnessed the sight of a dancing silhouette
Freedom was standing at her doorstep that night.

Jaya Das

Gleam Of Hope

Sitting beside my window pane,
i was gazing at all that was happening outside,
clouds of her thoughts were treading ahead,
gradually engulfing the tranquil gleam,
brightening my soul and my mind...,
and then with a sudden lightening and thunder,
i could hear the outburst of cloud, it couldn't bear anymore,
a plethora of drops, down my eyes, rolled,
wetting every corner of my face...as if.,
on the thirsty earth, the mercy of clouds was poured....
her memories constantly pounded my heart.....,
i sat numb and still beneath the curtains of oblivion,
drowned in the reminiscences, flooding every part of my mind,
the rain continued...., for an hour or two prolonged the tide,
again a sudden thunder and back i came to my senses,
few minutes past....my tears dried up,
.not a single bead was left to shed.....
I looked outside and found the beautiful prismatic sky,
Rays of sun reaching far to cover everything with its golden blanket,
The birds calling me out to start a new journey ahead,
All my thoughts drained, gone was all my pain,
If she couldn't understand my love,
i would indulge in something else, to show my love a way.....,
I left myself in the hands of creativity....,
The rains of past have fallen.....
I took my brush to paint the present scene.

Jaya Das

Have You Ever Gazed The Moon?

Have you ever gazed the moon?
May be; not really,
You can only see a magnificent disc
which cannot behold it's ecstasy
ends up spreading it's glare
illuminating the night sky.

Alas! Your eyes cannot cross the abyss
Those innumerable pits,
deep dug cavities on it's surface
were always out of your reach
All you can adore is it's exoteric smile
It always reflects back whenever you look at it.

Have you ever gazed the moon?
May be; not really,
In cloudless night, it is found
surrounded by countless glimmering stars
as if million fireflies have lost their way.

Alas! You are oblivious how distant they are from the moon
Yet they seem so close
Feigned by its ethereal glory.

Have you ever gazed the moon as intently as I?
When you look up, the white sphere amidst
twinkling stars renders a glowing sight
But when I see, the moon seems as lonely as me
sharing my heart's doom
Which rises every night
and sets the next day with the rising sun's boon.

Have you ever gazed that moon?

Jaya Das

His Heart....

His Heart.....,

A stream, flowing recklessly,
No one can fathom, how deep,
Breaking all stony obstacles,
Unknown of where it has to reach.

Endlessly flows, has no bound,
Where path seems, takes a round,
No prophecies before it takes turn
Faces, may it be right or wrong one.

No one can make his heart captive,
In cages of lust and attachments,
It would escape and find a way,
Wherever it seems seclusion lay.

It's mouth is out of anyone's reach,
Runs and runs to fulfil the thirst of its mirth,
The end to the flow of stream lies,
From where ever the eternal bliss arrived.

Jaya Das

I Can Feel You

Oh singer! the fact that you know?
When those words jumping out of your mouth
One after the other, form a row
Dancing in a tune, holding every beat, they go on flow
And O' my heart feels like the golden coat of Sun
Is gently covering the cold, white snow
Like when water oozes out to heal my burning skin
The wind carrying it away, kisses me and blow
Like a ragpicker scrounging in a garbage heap
When a glare lights his blind eyes, discovering a penny or two
At night on the dark sky as the moon spreads its glow
Like after a long run, when you stop and rest
You start aging, your throbbing heart beats slow
And I lost myself from the outside world
Coz I dive too deep into the depth of your words
In a search of my being inside your music
An unknowing journey on your musical car, I start
Collecting small fragments of myself inside you
I see my destination inside core of your heart
Gradually my subconscious hits my senses and
O' my search ends there, finding myself, I get apart
O dear singer! this fact you never knew
But its true, with every single note that bloom,
I can so feel the fragrance of you.

Jaya Das

I Free You

O' my beloved.....,
Each day, the ocean growing deep,
By every new drop of love I seek,
My Heart craves for none, but you,
To drown in it, and find, what I pursue,
But if you love some else and move apart,
Then my beloved, I free you.....,
No single drop shall reach the shore of your heart.

O' my beloved.....,
Never shall you feel remorse,
It's love, can't be owned,
As much as, one enforce,
O my dear, you should be happy instead,
No agony I have, No grief,
Every pain, Every scar gets healed,
The ointment of love that I recieve.

O' my beloved.....,
Love makes my life blissful,
It is pious, it is eternal,
A path from my soul to your, it lays,
No role in between the body plays,
The feel is enough for me to be alive,
No more desires does my heart thrive,
Beyond the Destiny, No one can arrive.

O' my beloved.....,
My love for you was always true,
Though I couldn't get the same from you,
On the passage laid to your soul,
I found no footprints heading towards my abode,
You walked on some other path.....,
But my beloved, I shall sit forever on my way,
With just a hope, you may turn back someday.....

Jaya Das

I Lost Her Worth....

Like the everyday fading scar
Dying fragrance of a plucked flower

Waning of new winter moon
Unwinding thread from a dancing spool

Sand dunes washed away by the sea
Golden leaves falling from an autumn tree

Crimson dye turning pale
Boat drowning, weary to sail

Diminishing vigour of a yowl
Disappearing shadow of old from the wall

Past sinking in the present river
Chasing the sea to find its future bower

Oh! I lost her worth like a naked tree
Coz I always found her close to me.

Jaya Das

I Was Always With You

From God to his child.....

I was always with you....
Yet my being was not true
Talking, giggling, crying and...
All that actions you do
I always have a share, too..
I was always aware of all your wit
Though you couldn't recognize me a bit.

I was always with you.....
Drinking from the same cup of tea
Filled with mirth of your victory
or whenever those black clouds came
To shed from your eyes, the heavy rain
I used my tactics to brighten the Sun
And all the water used to go in drain.

I was always with you....
Solving the problems you do
Getting the scolding of teachers
Making fun of eccentric creatures
Sharing same punishment outside the class
When you don't know what teacher asks
In my trials, to get the answer pass.

I was always with you....
Hearing your each heart beat
Very close to you, Yet too far
Having a pain instilled in my heart
What I share, you don't have a part
The only wish I want you to make true
Recognize me, I am somewhere close to you.

I was always with you....
From as long as your birth
Felt everywhere but yet not seen
I have shared each fragment of your life

To find me, you still strive.....
Open your eyes and get around whole view
Reading the same rhyme
This time, I may be sitting next to you.

Jaya Das

I Went Away From Myself.....

My treading feet towards your abode
Couldn't trace my footprints back
Soul left my body so far.....
Couldn't hear yearnings of shadow marred!

Jaya Das

Idle

Days turn weeks
Weeks turn months
Months turn years
Time slips and time gallops
Those change who run in this race
For an idle man
In his today and tomorrow
this bad hour stays.

Jaya Das

If

If love is a dream,
Why are we seeking it?

If illusion is a trap,
Why are we chasing it?

If happiness comes in sorrow's disguise,
Why are we coveting it?

If contentment lies in soul's mirth,
Why are we running from it?

If nothing exists in reality,
Why are we living for it?

Jaya Das

Love

When eyes can't endure your splendid rays
It searches for a balmy bower.

When skin can't bear your searing kiss
It searches for hold of serene breeze.

When shadow can't restrain your dazzling light
It searches for darkness, to hide into zilch.

When wild storm in winter gloom, shakes my heart
I don't know why it searches for none but you, Sun.

Jaya Das

Love, Obsession And Hatred

Love, hatred and obsession, closely akin
The line of separation stands very thin.

Leaped over another, you not even realize
That moment when, love became despise.

Running in stride, astray you lead
The rose in the garden turns out to be weed.

In quest of love, always deemed to win
You never know, indeed you have committed a sin.

Love is an energy, not an invasion
It can't be destroyed, has no creation.

If you deliberately imbue seeds of affection
The hem of love disappears, heart dives into obsession.

When epiphany of losing strikes the mind
Hatred emanates that makes you blind.

Love blows away, specks of hatred tatter your heart
You never paused to realize when did it start.

The infection of love cures your heart, charred
Love can only be transmitted, it can never get marred.

Jaya Das

Mask

this world is her mirror
As the image it casts
she adorns her mask
sometimes with tears
sometimes with smile
no one knows the face behind
one day she has to break
come out of her disguise
the day she'll be her own mirror
mask falls!

Jaya Das

Mind Still Asleep

time passing, digging your grave deep
wake mind, still asleep....

Jaya Das

Pain

O lord, I am suffering;
My skin bears no bruise,
Nor do I have a disease,
I am suffering from the ailment of the universe;
From the stillness of the leaves in the blowing wind,
Silence of the cicadas in the spring,
Cry of the drooping sunflower,
Flickering gleam of the stars,
A tiny speck of this mammoth cosmos;
Separately, my being is incomplete,
My eyes roll wherever, my lord,
I can feel nothing but pain.

Jaya Das

Poetry To Me

poetry to me is like.....

on the thirsty earth, falling tears of sky
a bird free from the cage, takes her first fly
the cry of a new born, when life starts
salvation achieved after the soul departs.

Jaya Das

Possession

Never thou take possession of art
You will forget the place where it belongs
And keep wandering in wrongs alleys
Singing the same old songs.

Jaya Das

Rain

The bleak road of my lousy life
Has no footprints heading.....
Those who have walked past
their vestiges have faded,
they would show up no more

In the mid-summer days,
The sun is busy throwing its balls of fire
I don't know why everyday it rains at my place
My aching heart rambles in search of a domicile
Where it could get warmth to rest in peace.

Flame of my desire has yet not quenched
by the ceaseless showers
That one day she stumbles on my way
It seems sun casted the same shadow of her as mine
The tears welling in my eyes, flooded her heart too
Finally, my heart finds an abode, eerie and warm.

Now, it rains when it is gloomy outside
No more it inundates my soul, I have no despise
If it does, I trudge into that quaint place with ever glowing light
She too, was running on a wet road, before we met
From that day it rains, for us, the meaning has only changed.

Jaya Das

Rambling On Streets

Rambling on the streets, I found
Untouched sky, never trudged hills around
Sun peeping out of snowy jacket, hails
To let my boat free and
discover the seas where it could sail
Fear of drowning at last drown,
My heart flee from the cage that bound

Jaya Das

Realm Of His Musical Joy

When he was a boy at sixteen

All those things he did, it gets hard to believe in

He dropped out his school and left his home

Started busking on busy streets

Scorching Sun or chilly winds

Nothing could force him to retreat

He was adamant to concede

Wanted to bloom like flower, they treated him like weed

He wore rags hiding an opulent heart

No degree, no money just love for his art

With a book full of sonnets, he fearlessly dart

As the sky shine bright with the twinkling stars

Chanted his ballads, holding a guitar

Oh! His soul got healed wearing a skin with scars

Some stopped listening, some passed by

He just puffed up his voice till his larynx ached

They overlooked he never asked the reason why?

Coz he knew his heart is honest and his words never faked

A day will come when their feet be paused and minds blocked

And the butterflies, the trees, the birds and flowing stream,

All set free to dance, the moment on earth will be trance

And their eyes won't resist to cry

Such will be the realm of his musical joy!

Jaya Das

Sound Of Silence

An unknowing howl of joy is in air
That I can breathe but can't hear

Reaching every part, through blood it crawls
Like an ant creeping on the wall

As feeble as a bawl in vacuum
It doesn't sink in clamour of a room

Relishes my heart with its golden kiss
Teeming its exotic wine of bliss

Everything spoken, spilling no word out
Sounds of silence blare aloud!

Jaya Das

Spool

The invincible spool goes on rolling
Unwinding the falling thread
If loosely wound, it tangles itself
If wound tight, it breaks
At mean, lays the balancing beam of freedom
from stitching veil of life I am hemmed in, maya.

Jaya Das

The Floor

Every time I try hard to sweep the floor clean,
Dustier it becomes than before
I forget not, to keep the door locked
Through a tiny hole, the wind sneaks in.

Jaya Das

Thought....

As early as fourteen this thought was sown
Ever since then like a cancer it grows..
To discover the purpose of life
He traverses ahead a long road
In pursuit of his destiny,
unknown of what next to board
On reaching the extreme, he realizes his purpose is already done
The moment, his thought and life
is left nothing to serve,
their existence cease
With that enigma, on heaven's bed
the smiling soul rests in peace.

Jaya Das

Three Men

Once, three different men had a conversation. One was a business man, other a poet and a saint.

Business man said

I am like the night moon
Shinning bright in the sky's doom
Full fledged with all my opulence
I am the closest to the earthy womb
Glitz and glitters drape my marks
I provide the sight in dark.

Poet said

I am like the night stars
Twinkling spots on blanket of sky
With my own light I shine far and high
Earth can only percieve a tint that lie
My sphere is larger than yours
I render vision to the few who adore.

Saint said

I am like the blowing wind
Present everywhere, running wild and free
Only be felt yet no one can see
My realm is infinite, body is mortal
For a long span, it cannot accomodate
Ends up scattering my soul after the enlightenment state.

Jaya Das

Turning Pages

Turning the pages
of my diary.....

I can see that young sapling
Sown a day when I was fourteen
Is rising and growing
into a giant tree
It's foliage chasing the gleam of
yellow yolk peeping out of cloudy egg
It is growing each day in its quest
to kiss that old blue stagnant sky.

I can see that tiny bud
Resting in a deep slumber
Is blooming out
yawning high to awake
Gradually throwing out its petals
It is blooming in a long covet
To touch the soothing winter breeze.

I can see that small river
Born by the melting of huge glacier
Is widening during its course
Through the mountains, hills and valleys
It is flowing recklessly
Down to meet and lose its being
Diving into the infinite depth of sea.

Turning the pages, I reached the bookmark
On the right, blank pages staring at me

And I can see on the left
That young naive girl running
alone on roads of her fantasized world
Built inside realm of her silent thinking
Stealing those unseen, beyond visible spectrum
She is running to drink the downpour of wisdom
From ethereal fountain of her love- poetry!

When She Went Away....

Oh! From my pathetic life she went away
Her feet never treaded back on the bleak road
Heading towards my restless heart's abode
Everything changed, everything remained the same
I took another route, still I was a part of that game
And it seemed as if the parting waves of sea
Will never strike back the shore
The dormant seed'll never wake from its deep sleep
New fruits, the plant not gonna bear anymore
The needle of clock will not be tracing the path it has tread
No more on my lips, smile will ever come back
No more the mercy of clouds be shed
Leaving barren land of my heart beating, dead
With these thoughts brawling in my mind
I started walking on the long road
I walked past the silent mob
where people were talking without speaking
I walked past the small kids
Playing games without moving
I walked past the musical band, busking
Singing songs without uttering the notes
And I walked on and on, reaching the extreme
The long road further paved no more
My mind was choked up, heart gave all hopes up
Darkness gradually extended its blanket covering my eyes
And I felt my end now has arrived...?
But then within a fragment of second, I don't know
From where a beam, cutting the darkness embraced my heart kicking off those
gloomy clouds....they hastily depart,
From the back an enchanting voice gave a call it seemed
Whispering in my ears, it screamed,
Like a river, life has to recklessly flow
The boat gonna drown, if the oar I stop to row
Cause the present never stepped back to past
Nor it knows the place where future stands
And so turning back, with the present I decided to shake hands.

Jaya Das

When You Fall In Love

The chords of her heart

Resting in a long covet

For those fingers to touch them

And press hard against

To let her body possess the music of love

Which no else can hear

And like a boat sailing on the sea

She may float on it for rest of her life

Recklessly without any fear

And then the day came.....

When she fell in love

The cords of her heart remain untouched

But her soul was lifted.....

By the music originating from an unknown source

She told none, but everyone could hear

How? She knows not

Cause it was not the boat which was sailing

It was the sea holding the boat

Through its buoyancy

Cause she thought it was she who possessed love

But it was love that possessed her.

Jaya Das

When...

When Sun douse inside the old blue sea
Thorns turn bald seeing the capering bee.

When sky descends, bowing valorous marred earth
Roots free the trees, to soar high fulfilling their mirth.

When a rich preaches a vagabond not to beg
An eagle saves a sparrow's falling egg.

When none dreams of a Phoenix's life
Peace burns war, air devoid of worldly strife.

When streams of 'they' unite to form ocean of 'we'
Our boats may be different but we row on same sea.

When everything around changes, never happened before
The day our voyage of love begins, proceeding from shore.

Jaya Das

White Crayon

Akin to seven colors
I was the white crayon
They filled their silhouette
Splendid and bright
Alas! My head turned broad
Leaving a blank canvas drawn
Staying among motley wax
My endeavors were hidden,
Unseen, unborn
Proceeding the book of life
Came a day in the halfway
When eyes stuck on the black page
Finger lingering through all
From the box of crayons,
I was picked!

Jaya Das

You Are Not An Atheist

If every morning, God's prayers you don't recite
In his praise, do not sing any hymn
No rituals in life, do you abide, then
You are not an atheist my friend
If you have belief in yourself
Searching him outside is all futile
It's inside your heart, God builds his domicile.

If you don't go for a pilgrimage
Reaching high hills or low plains
Don't follow the preaching of a sage
You are not an atheist my friend
If you have faith in your capabilities
God lits up the light of courage in heart
In stark darkness, you can find your path.

In worst of your times my friend
When rays of hope reflect back, striking your door
You may not give him a call, accuse him instead
you are not an atheist my friend
He would just smile..to him, the fate is known,
Rising all the wide steps, when all your strength perspire
The beautiful site above will then be shown.

Finally, once you reach the top
The throbbing of your heart stops
It will be loaded with ocean of tranquillity
God seated inside in unfathomable depth
You may think you reached the top without his help
You are not an atheist my friend
Just think again.....
How could you see site, if those steps weren't paved to ascend?

If someday you realise the answer you recieve
May regret what you have always perceived
If there's no road, there's no destination
And if the road is plain, journey is short, the less you gain
If there are laid many gravels, twist and turns
Far you travel, heart bliss-outs, even if skin may burn

My friend, if then you realise God's role
Say it to yourself, ' I am not an atheist anymore.'

Jaya Das