

Poetry Series

**Jayita Bhattacharjee**  
**- poems -**

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## Jayita Bhattacharjee(Dec 29)

Jayita Bhattacharjee....born in Calcutta, India and later on education from University of Houston in Economics, she had chosen her career as a trustee and teacher. Her Indian residence is in the vicinity of the famous Belurmath. Currently, she is settled in Tampa, Florida.

Her love for writing on a journey of heart and soul was hidden all within. Looking at the moments captured in love and pain, joy and grief, the hidden tragedies of life...it was a calling of her soul to write with the ink that kept flowing from her heart. This is what gave her the fulfillment, the richness in her heart. Her books &quot; The Ecstatic Dance of Life', &quot; Sacred Sanctuary&quot; , &quot; Light of Consciousness&quot; , &quot; Dewdrops of Compassion&quot; are meant to shed light on what guides a person to respond to the mystical voice hidden inside, to soar in a boundless expansion with the limitless freedom of spirit.

# A Young Heart That Lives In Air....Excerpt....The Ecstatic Dance Of Soul

Written on the grounds is the story in eternity,  
Of ancient chapters that lay buried too deep,  
Only for the heart to uncover the untold stories,  
Of those bygone times, left in the woodlands of past.  
My heart is awed when in silence I think,  
Of the seasons spent in frost and sorrow,  
That dimmed the light of a heart so young,  
And dulled the frolic play of youth.

All grow old and decay with time,  
The bud that flowers every rising morn,  
Lowers its head in such a sullen sorrow,  
As the petals droop in a sinking daylight.  
Some flowers that shoot in a springing joy,  
Get to give their fragrance in air,  
While some that failed to see a rising bloom,  
Leaves a story untold in air.

Yet, in silence, the words unfinished,  
Live forever to hang in air,  
To release the essence of a forgotten yesterday,  
That arrives with faltering footsteps  
On the grounds of this earth,  
To tell the story in a dense thicket,  
As the memories peep through the  
Leaves of ancient pines.

Young heart though its presses, rises from a past,  
When the sun went down, to set its light at rest.  
As youth that is gay is forever beautiful  
To tell a tale that was untold.  
Through its words, there is not lost  
What seemed to be gone, in yesterdays' sunset.  
Upon this earths' bosom,  
After the flight of untold decades,  
The youth of a young heart forever lies,  
And yet shall lie.

Jayita Bhattacharjee

# Divine Truth.....Excerpt.....The Ecstatic Dance Of Soul

I am the soul sky of mingling spirits,  
I am the running stream of compassion,  
Flowing in abundance;  
The sun of eternal soul light,  
The night of heart's delight,  
Walks in the pace of grace,  
In this endless space.

Dews of utterance come to my lips,  
Drops of truth churning serenity,  
Glistening rivulets of purity,  
And truth flow from the lips;  
This embedded divine secret,  
Coiled in a shell,  
Peeps in a mortal's soul.

Dwells his vision in the shrine of peace;  
Let the truth fall from my lips,  
It is a vision of formless, nameless God,  
In every soul that you behold.

Yearning for the Loved One,  
Longing penetrates every cell of mine,  
The eyes shedding tears like a shower of rain,  
His shining face appeared to me in a vision,  
And fragrance emanated in profusion;  
The universe dissolves in his celestial eyes;  
His face is the essence of enlightened life.

Life of the entire cosmos,  
His steady gaze speaks  
The eloquence of heavenly love;  
The bejeweled glory of God,  
All other worldly glories,  
Emanate from the universal glory  
Of the faceless One,  
Ever since diversity blended into unity,  
Merging in the bliss of the Ultimate Reality.

Mortals discover the pearl of purity,  
Ivory of truth, opalescence of grace;  
That grants us a glimpse of thy endearing face.

May those moments of bliss come back,  
And bring the beautiful miracles of healing,  
Do not deny my soul a glimpse of your eternal beauty,  
Let us offer the flowers of purity,  
At the altar of God.

Emitting the blissful fragrance of it,  
He that is my souls' repose,  
Encircles as a garland round my heart;  
And the soul of bliss,  
Laughs from my earthy bed;  
I rise for the Fount of Living mirth,  
Exquisite divine light and freedom,  
Concealed are the divine drops,  
In the mausoleum of heart,  
And the treasure trove of celestial pearls....

Jayita Bhattacharjee

# From Bud To Blossom.....Excerpt....The Ecstatic Dance Of Soul

I am love held within the bud in shy,  
I am love unfolding with the petals uncurling,  
I am rich in a delight so ecstatic.  
I am shy as the bud in me- struggles through the cracks.  
Yet, I am the fierce beauty that rises in light.

I am the lily born beneath the gold of sun,  
I am the struggling bloom rising through the waters of dark.  
I am the water lily floating in a dancing stillness,  
Reaching and grasping for all that is life- through the murky waters.  
Amidst the ground wet in my tears of heart,  
I am the bud that found its bloom.

Through the landscape of agony and grief,  
I am the lily that uncurled in full.  
I am the blossom that found its way,  
Through the waters that churned in mud and dirt.  
I am the bloom that soothes your soul,  
In the light of sun that rises with gold.

I am the beauty who wakes up to the riches of a dawn.  
I am the one who rises to life from beneath the still waters.  
I am the heart who found a joy amidst the silent sobbing of dark.  
I am the soul who found the light amidst the weeping pain of night.  
I am the ecstasy dancing in delight,  
Traveling through yesterday's shattered pieces of life.  
I am the elation that sings in glee, staying afloat on the waters in still.

I am the splendor that fills this earth with a passion for life.  
I am the tearful beauty dancing in waters, holding the hope in light.  
I am the soul that sings a melody across the hills and meadows.  
I am the faith that learned to rise through the murky waters of life.  
I am the lily of compassion that unfolds beneath the sapphire skies.  
I am the clustered petals that opens through the cracks of a broken life.  
I am the bloom on murky waters, singing the song of this earthly life.

Jayita Bhattacharjee



# Gentle Blessings.....Excerpt.....The Ecstatic Dance Of Soul

The flowering of love blossoms in the lap of celestial bliss,  
The drops that rain from earth's lips,  
The awakening that emerges from heaven shaken rumbling,  
Our soul bursts in that garden of joy in a blithesome spirit,  
A garden of morning glory blooms in the expanse of our hearts,  
As the moonflowers burst forth in myriad blossoms at the  
Caressing of gentle spring breeze,  
And flows freely the perfumes of our souls lingering in delight.

Love births as an eternal enticement of life,  
As the poetry of hearts, the bursting forth of heavenly joy,  
The blissful showers of Eden on Earth.

Love is the beacon of hope when the clouds of despair  
Blanket our minds;  
Love eloquently speaks in the language of a wordless silence,  
Enchanting whispers and rainbows of hope.

And soul blossoms at the resplendent light of compassion,  
And the twilight of tenderness,  
Sending thrills into the heart of silvery night;  
Hope blooms in the unfolding of petals,  
Faith sings in the songs of soul moon,  
As they wipe the tears of weeping sorrow  
And turn them to love's delight.

Full blown rose unfolds its heart in the ecstasy of soul garden,  
From the seeds of love grows the flowers of tomorrow's beatitude,  
Love was reared in the lap of compassion;

And dances in rhythmic, blithesome swaying of soul flowers;  
As we sip the dew of love in dawn's first awakening,  
We embrace the slumber of yesterday's pail of sorrow.  
Love is the compassion wreath, the souls' divine gift,

The treasured memories of moment's joy,  
The fragrance with which the breeze is scented,  
The dancing of the glistening light,  
The soft moonbeams clasping the earth in love,  
And the stardust twinkling in delight,  
The sprightly flower is smiling,  
In the wake of a promising dawn.

Seeds of compassion scatter in the garden of harmony,  
Love is the light of eternity, the saga of humanity,  
Love moves in silence to touch the depths of souls...

.....Jayita Bhattacharjee

Book...&quot; The Ecstatic Dance of Life&quot; Copyright 2012

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# I Am Love.....Excerpt.....The Ecstatic Dance Of Soul

I am the fountain of peace, lake of tranquility,  
I am the lips of blooming youth,  
I am the wine of soul and rose of nature's bosom,  
I am the glimpse of beloved through amorous eyes.

I am the elation, the sacred shrine in the heart of  
An innocent child;  
The chalice of my love overflows with divine grace,  
I am the rose whom lover's lips have touched.

The dawn breaks with the echo of my heart song,  
And whispers in the twilight; I am the beating heart inside of you,  
The twinkling star in the night sky, the ardent desire in the swell of passion,  
I am the tremulous lips parted in delight, an expression of love's rhapsody.

I breathe fragrance into your heart's essence, tearing away the veil  
Of your sorrowful sigh, I am the flute which plays music to your ears,  
I am the nature's call, the echo of mountains, the wild dance of a swelling ocean.

I am the blazing fire of love arousing your soul to an eternal call;  
I flow towards the beloved like a dancing stream; I am the sweetness of your  
soul,  
Who fondles the book of caressing memories, beckoning you to be lost in my  
heart call.

I am the lost gem of love that your hungry soul has been searching for years;  
I am the loving wreath of moments of happiness,  
Your name, engraved on my heart shines as a rarest treasure;  
That sparkles, illuminates on my desolate soul.

From thee I arise, and to Thee I surrender;  
You are the gushing spring of my ecstasy,  
As the wine of my life rests in the chalice of your heart,  
Your lips press it to mine, sipping a sap of it,  
I die to rebirth in that soul wine.

Beyond all language, beyond all words, wherein lies the land  
Of enchanting silence; a paradise where lovers yearn to dissolve,  
And clasp the timeless love to their bare bosom.

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# In Search Of A Rhyme....Excerpt.....The Ecstatic Dance Of Soul

The seeking that will answer the call,  
To begin in life, you must fall,  
For in such a fall, rises your searching,  
For an emotion, where lies the birth  
Of a rhyme to tune with every breath,  
The rhyme that becomes a bridge,  
To this life again.

A rhyme where the heart speaks still,  
A rhyme where the chaos silences,  
As the sky fills with a music,  
Lighting the sky with a breaking glow,  
Coloring the horizon with heavenly blues.

The rhyme where doubts begin to melt,  
And morning gets in the eyes again.  
The rhyme where fears begin to dissolve,  
And ocean dances in the pupils again.  
The rhyme where struggles fade,  
And a bud breaks in the heart again.  
The rhyme where confusion clears,  
And moonlight spreads its magic again.  
Such is the rhyme that rises from the search,  
For a meaning, a purpose of something called life.

Life may not rhyme at all phases,  
As every phase may not have a perfect poem,  
Life may not rhyme at all seasons,  
As the pale winter comes with a gale of sorrow.  
Life may not bring a perfect rhythm,  
As times that come may carry poems,  
That break the rhythm.  
Yet from the imperfect rhyme,  
Rises a heart glistened with hope,  
Looking in the eyes of life again.

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# Inner Sanctuary

In the temple of sacred devotion in my heart,  
I light a burning lamp of enlightenment;  
In the depths of my soul,  
The commingled oil yearns to seek thy vision.

Emerges a soaring of perfumed incense of longing,  
To bow at the altar of thy immortality;  
Our sacred prayers are glistening in the presence of thy Omnipotent vision,  
As God's love embraces humanity and speaks the one holy language,  
Language of the flowering heart.

With a bouquet of devotion hued soul whispers,  
Emerges an ineffable joy of plunging;  
In your sea of transcending, perennial beauty,  
We mortals seek to be enfolded in thy sheltering love,  
As thy heart throbs of a universal, all-encompassing love.

We are the petals of thy all-embracing tenderness,  
Thou art the flower of universal love,  
Who floods our souls with the fragrance of divinity;

We awaken into spiritualized mortals,  
Illuminating with the wisdom of thy manifestation;  
As we adorn ourselves with the pearls of thy omnipotence,  
We enlightened mortals pass through portals of oneness love,  
Wherein lies the myriad of hues of multi faith, multi religion.

Placing an aromatic bouquet of multi beliefs hued with veneration,  
At the altar of thy lotus feet, the rarest rubies of thy love,  
Dazzlingly embellish our bodies; clustered to encircle our neck,  
That shines with a radiance of thy kindness.

Ages of our ignorance dissolve in thy light,  
Awakening from the slumbers of pain,  
I find myself garlanded with blessings;

The smoldering wicks of our quest turn to the  
Blazes of heart melted yearnings,

To behold thy universal omnipotent presence.

Our souls crave to unlatch the sacred gateway,  
Leading to the temple of liberation and ultimate salvation;  
The bird of our eternal spirit soars freely,  
In the aura of an azure firmament,  
To sing a universal song of a heart melting oneness....

....Jayita Bhattacharjee

Book...&quot;The Ecstatic Dance of Life&quot;..Copyright 2012

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# Leaping For Joy.....Excerpt....The Ecstatic Dance Of Soul

The words that fly,  
From the lips to the sky.  
The glee that sings,  
From the rim to the core.  
The poetry recited from a wellspring within,  
From the brink to the bosom,  
Is this the joy that keeps us alive?

The delight that roams  
From the earth to us,  
The scent that travels  
From the blossoms to the hearts,  
The music that flies  
From the soil to the souls,  
The voice that rises,  
From the wind to the spirit,  
Is this the fervor that fills the air?

The joy that leaps,  
From the heart to the earth,  
The elation that spirals,  
From the bottom to the high,  
The ecstasy that springs,  
From the ground to the sky,  
The euphoria that rises  
From the bosom to the breeze,  
Is this the feeling that sings in air?

The melody that rises  
In the wild blue yonder,  
The poem that breaks  
Through the curtain of sadness,  
The verses that travel  
Through the dark, dense madness,  
The rhythm that fills  
With wonder and wildness,  
Is this the joy that sets us to gladness?

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The Ecstatic Dance of Soul  
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# Memories Left Behind

Seeing You look at Me this way,  
causes My soul to leap, in a dancing delight,  
and give of, what I too have been feeling, all this time.  
Your eyes hold the light, that is rising from the moon of this night.  
My eyes hold the stars, that You have been searching all along,  
Is this the love that brought You here, brought Me here,  
To write the story of a lifetime.  
Is this the poem that has just begun?

Touch my song with your lips, paint my poem with your love,  
May this be the journey, from my pen to your heart.  
May you come to the blushing beauty of my poem,  
So, I may paint my soul with your hues.  
May our love mix together, like breath and breathlessness...  
May the night fall on our souls, where your moon and my stars  
Give out a flood of light.  
Is this the night, when the song of you and me,  
breaks the sky to falling tears.

Love, do you come with a pain, that breaks the sky to tears?  
Why do I feel the waterfall flowing from my eyes?  
Is this called love, that cuts me tonight?  
Do you see the sky weeping in my eyes?  
Love me tonight, one more time, as I see heaven in your eyes..

The tragedy of love is not that it ended so soon.  
But because, we waited too long to dance in faith,  
Trusting the light that we saw in each other's eyes.  
But every ending sees the glimmer of a new beginning.  
My love, why not you and I begin, one more time,  
As I see heaven in your soul for this lifetime...  
Our story was born in the breath of a love,  
That you and I once shared.  
Your breath that you filled me with,  
My breath that I filled you with,  
Why not you and I breathe  
in the breathlessness of love,  
just so, we can begin, for one more time?  
Have I never opened the petals of my dreams?

Have you never opened the petals of your dreams?  
Where did you and I fail? And why?  
How did the clouds come in our poem,  
or is it to break the sky so heaven can dance again  
in you and me?

Only in the eyes of love, can you find me again,  
Only in the eyes of light, can I find you again.  
So you can find breathlessness in my breath again.  
So, time can stand still again, for one more time.

Let the stars fall from sky again.  
Let the moon kiss our souls again.  
As behind the aching, beneath the fear, beyond the sadness,  
lies your moon, lies my stars that have been waiting to light us again,  
for one more time.

Is this love that calls the winds to carry our music again,  
Is this the whisper that calls passion to be wild again?

Is this the beauty that dances in our eyes again,  
As tonight is the night, when you and I  
seem to be dancing in light again.  
My love, You are the poem that I write in sky,  
So it can call the moon to light up your eyes.  
My love, I am the poem that you write in sky,  
So it can call the stars to light up my eyes.  
As, tonight is the night when the poem can be calling,  
from the lips of love, for one more time...

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Book....&quot;The Breath of Heaven&quot; Copyright 2018

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# Speak To My Heart.....Excerpt....The Ecstatic Dance Of Soul

Speak to my heart, as I speak to you,  
In the solitary times, in the lonesome nights,  
Do I look up to you, as the rain falls,  
From the silent sobbing of a soul so saddened,  
Who comes to you with a silent plea;

I seek for the truth that goes beyond ages,  
I search for the beauty that rests in eternity,  
The beauty whose promise comes,  
From the whispers of a love,  
Falling from the lips of heaven.

There is a freedom that breaks all chains,  
There is a beauty that breaks all sadness,  
There is a light that breaks through the darkness,  
There is a joy that overwhelms all pain.

I search for an ecstasy that breaks all bounds,  
I search for a triumph that crosses all tragedies,  
I search for a delight that cascades in drought,  
I search for an elation to which every sorrow kneels.

Speak to me, speak to me now,  
Whisper of love-lift my woes now.  
Rain down the words to my thirsting soul,  
The waters that fall from the heart of heaven,  
To lift all agony and fill with joy,  
So, I can rise from glory to glory.

One touch of your love,  
And I rise from darkness to light,  
To behold the gold in the richness of your face.  
One touch of your mercy,  
And the breath comes down to mingle with me,  
The breath that turns every sorrow to joy,  
Is this the needed—Breath of Life, to me?

The Breath that falls with hope, in a heart that has lost all.

Your love that streams with an unceasing flow,  
So, the brook runs, in all the high and low,  
The brook that gives waters to my soul,  
As I yearn, from my thirst held inside.

I rise in faith, I rise in light,  
As you carry me from despair to hope.  
I leap in delight, knowing no bounds,  
As you speak to my heart, soft and still,  
Deep inside me to soothe my agony.

Through the darkest night, through the hardest fight,  
I choose to rise and live by your light,  
Through the valleys low, through the alleys dark,  
I choose to walk, in faith held high.

You light my trails, as I topple and tumble,  
You light the darkness that weeps inside,  
You are my star in the blackest of pain.  
You are my glitter in the lonesome night.

Unfolds my soul as I hold your hand,  
Who makes my troubles less to bear;  
Unfolds my bud as I open in your light,  
Who rises with love in the riches of gold;

The frosts are past, the storms do not last,  
The light of thy love,  
With sweetness fills the earth.  
You are the answer, as my questions arise,  
You are the hope when the troubled waters flow.  
You are the carrier, when the burden seems to wear,  
Speak to me, speak to me now,  
So, I can't feel the pain.  
Speak to my heart, speak to my heart now,  
So, every fear is swept away,  
In the rising dawn of your love.  
You say hope and I cling to hope,  
You give light and I follow your path.

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# The Broken Beauty....Excerpt....The Ecstatic Dance Of Soul

I see compassion in your eyes,  
And I wonder,  
What agony has taught you such tenderness?  
I see kindness in your soul,  
And I wonder,  
What grief has taught you such gentleness?

I see light in your eyes,  
And I wonder,  
What suffering has broken into light?  
I see wholeness rising in your heart,  
And I wonder,  
What brokenness has taught you such healing in life?

I see smiles blooming in your face,  
And I wonder,  
What bruise has brought you such beauty?  
I smell fragrance of your soul.  
And I wonder,  
What murk has taught you to unfold?

I see kindness in your face,  
And I wonder,  
What severity has taught you such softness?  
I see gratitude lighting your cheeks,  
And I wonder,  
What loss has taught you such humbleness?

I sense peace in your soul,  
And I wonder,  
What struggles have taught you to surrender?  
I see shimmer in your eyes,  
And I wonder,  
What darkness has brought you to such light?

I sense peace in your heart,  
And I wonder,



What defeat has taught you such a submission?  
I see humility in your face,  
And I wonder,  
What trials have taught you such a gratitude?

I sense freedom in your breath,  
And I wonder,  
What restraint has brought such a release?  
I see soaring of your wings,  
And I wonder,  
What confinement has taught you to fly in sky?

I see the ocean in your eyes,  
And I wonder,  
What grief has brought such an oceanic vastness?  
I hear the splashing in your laughter,  
And I wonder,  
What sorrow has brought this dancing madness?

I hear the brook babbling in your heart,  
And I wonder,  
What moss was gathered on the way that taught you to flow again?  
I sense the delight in your soul,  
And I wonder,  
What sadness came with such wisdom, to release the running river again?

I see stars in your eyes,  
And I wonder,  
What darkness has given rise to the galaxy in you?  
I see the sun rising in your soul,  
And I wonder,  
What night has brought such a glory in rise?

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# The Broken Heart That Sees The Light.....Excerpt.....The Ecstatic Dance Of Soul

Into each heart, some pain weeps somewhere,  
Into each soul, some words lie unspoken,  
Into each life, some story stays unsaid,  
But the moment dawns, the agony cracks,  
And out comes the seed that needs to sprout.

There comes a place where a bloom opens,  
There comes a time where whispers arise,  
There comes a moment when every agony carves  
A beauty in the heart, a painting in the soul.  
Such is the color that deepens inside,  
Where spirit mingles with the body.  
And the lily breaks into bloom,  
Despite the seasons of change.  
The sepals slowly uncoil  
and the petals shyly uncurl.

Into each life, as agony gusts,  
Into each heart, as teardrops fall,  
There comes a moment,  
When raindrops turn to thunder.  
There comes a season,  
When blizzard turns to blaze,  
As the pain seems neither solid nor distinct.

The heart that entered a spiritual winter,  
Now feels the summer blaze,  
As every seed begins to thrust  
Its beauteous bloom in air.  
The heart that bore agony becomes ornate again.  
As the gardening gets wild,  
The heart unfolds as a cluster of petals.  
From deep inside, the agony begs, a seed sprouts;  
And a hanging cluster ripens in bloom.

The untilled soil gets tilled again,  
As I plough through the seasons of life,

To dig deep the beauty, the blessings and lessons of life.  
My roots run deep in the soil so tilled,  
As on the landscape that I travel, my river runs deep.

The moments with life begin to bud,  
After the long and frosty winter.  
My heart that slogged through the thickest grief,  
Seems to shyly bloom again.  
Such is my agony that ripens into joy,  
So, I glow like a beauty in the throng.

I am the soul, unfolding in life,  
I am the heart that creates an art,  
To fill the needs and travel beyond surface.  
I am the soul who carries,  
the gentleness of petals, the pricking of thorns,  
I am the poet who paints through words,  
The emotions that speak inside the heart.

I am the dancer who finds a grace,  
Through the sweetest rhythm of life.  
I am the singer who finds a melody,  
Despite the wilting of the rose in me.

My heart that entered the spiritual winter,  
Saw the gleaming glaze again.  
As sunlight gilded the river of eyes,  
The shimmering gem shines again,  
To reveal the truth in a deeper intensity.  
The light that shimmers in the dark deeps of life,  
The river that flows in the deepest hunger of life,  
Leaves behind the eternal truth-  
Pain is a bud opening in the lullabies of spring,  
Every agony bottled inside, releases the bottled wine of life.  
From every broken heart, rises the growing garland of blooms,  
From every dancing chaos, rises the speaking stillness of wisdom.

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The Ecstatic Dance of Soul

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# The Forgotten Art Of Living.....Excerpt.....The Ecstatic Dance Of Soul

The thoughts, the emotions, the desires and the dreams,  
That live coiled and curled, somewhere deep inside,  
At times struggle in secrecy, to find the release,  
That speaks of a beauty to reveal the face of life,  
That fails to be faithfully portrayed by mundane living alone.

"What then is life"? Asks the curious mind.  
Beautiful life that feels the trembling need  
To carry the heart's deepest emotions,  
That brings the union of a soul, a perceiver, and an artist,  
That fills the chalice of richest ecstasy,  
Is a life lived to the brim.  
So, the heart seeking out life,  
Meets the perceiver through the eyes of reflection  
Where thoughts and emotions meet and entwine,  
To understand each other in life's deepest needs.

The emotions that evoke a sense of wonder,  
The thoughts that portray a sense of despair  
When the chalice runs dry.  
The feelings that portray a sense of hope,  
When the chalice runs high to the brim.  
So the emotions that run like a running river,  
Know not how to cease until they reach the shores,  
Where the despair settles down and hope lights the heart.

Life when portrayed as an intentional communication,  
Betwixt the artist and the perceiver,  
The poet and the curious mind,  
The painter and the heart,  
The storyteller and the soul,  
So the struggles dissolve in a heart-song,  
The conflicts melt in harmony,  
And the perceiver sees the light,  
That fills the eyes of despair,  
The heart cutting in pain.

Could that be the moment when a soul is reborn,  
At the interface of a curious mind, an artist and a perceiver?

A life well-lived brings the meeting  
Of a listener, a visionary, a feeler and a thinker.  
Disengaging from what is best left behind,  
And engaging in what is best left today,  
So, the forgotten art of living,  
Is beautifully remembered,  
So, what seemed so mundane,  
Gives rise to an art, a beauty  
As you behold life through the eyes of a seer,  
A perceiver, a thinker and a feeler.

Beauty when found even in the mundane  
Gives birth to an evoking poetry,  
Beauty when seen even in the ruins,  
Fills the heart with streaks of light.  
Beauty when felt even in the ashes,  
Compels the heart to immerse in creativity.  
A heart that thrives amidst the dungeon of despair,  
Seeks after such living—a life felt and touched,  
A life where rawness thrives,  
And emotions are portrayed  
In the forgotten art of living.

Such a life then turns to be art,  
A way to grasp the truest living,  
Faithfully that fulfills heart's deepest desires,  
Where you the creator artist, the rising poet  
Meet the perceived receiver.  
Such is the sacred interface of mundane and heavenliness  
Where despairs die and beauty begins.  
The encounter that pushes you,  
To the deeper question—"Who am I"?  
This is when your life begins.

.....Excerpt....The Ecstatic Dance of Soul  
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# The Frozen River.....Excerpt....The Ecstatic Dance Of Soul

Beneath my smiles, I am the frigid sorrow,  
Whose form is the river, frozen in agony.

Last times souvenirs, memories of faded years,  
I feel the chilling rain,  
As the night creeps down on me.  
The wind that blows carrying the past times smell,  
Calls me to listen,  
To its lonesome echoes, falling in pain,  
Crying in vain, of some distant memories.

On those riverbanks I wander,  
Where those yesteryears roll,  
I am the broken heart listener,  
Who flows with the running melody;

The frozen river that begins to melt,  
As the waters release the agony,  
The frozen sorrow that sees an end,  
As the flow carries the melody.

For years, I have roamed along the empty riverbanks  
In search of a note, now played by the lute,  
The lute that plucks the strings of my heart,  
To give sorrow its rising words,  
So, it can beat the agony apart.

The shivering and shaking like a falling leaf,  
Now knows no quivering in a parting so weeping,  
As the river once built from sorrows so held,  
Breaks the agony in a delight too sweeping.

Watching falling stars on the grass I lay,  
I feel the memories of the times once shared,  
Of the love once felt, in those bygone years.



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# The Last Laugh.....Excerpt.....The Ecstatic Dance Of Soul

The moment that breaks in emotions,  
The moment that sees a dawn in rise,  
As the light spreads its gold in sky,  
Such is the moment, when new beginnings  
announce their arrivals in life.

In the mystery beneath a veiled light, lies the soul,  
dancing in gladness, whirling in madness,  
and rhyming eternal rhymes.

Walking the paths of grit and gravel,  
climbing the hills, worn with fatigue,  
dragging the feet, when life runs dry,  
with the meadows giving their cry,  
we stoop to ponder about the light in life.

On the edge of faith and hope,  
just when the light seems to dwindle,  
there comes a pathway through the twisting streets,  
there comes a peek amongst the winding trails.

On the pebbled grounds where life seems so weary,  
on the rocky roads where the slogging gets so long,  
The breathing seems so heavy as life loses its song.  
Yet beyond the lands where gravel grinds,  
lies a vista, where hearts roll into beauty,  
where the desert meets the ocean,  
where meadows laugh in flowers,  
and the soul bows to this singing earth.  
Out comes a heart-song,  
pushing through raw wilderness,  
Out comes a melody,  
breaking through the hazy veils.

There comes the sound of temple bells,  
the eternal shrine housed inside the body,  
and we rise from the dry and dusty ground,

to see the grand finale of life.  
Do not go sad on the final piece,  
that holds the beauty wrapped in wonders,  
do not walk fast on that glazy path,  
where light streaks in a thousand rays.  
Should you burn and rage at the dying of spirit,  
then go gentle with the screaming pain inside.  
For the black night could be blazed at the calling of life,  
And life will seem aflame with the rising sun again.

The light where night meets the dawn again,  
The skies that see their blazing blue again,  
The truth that rises from the birth and death of sun,  
A truth that sings of eternal joy again.  
The darkness that deepened with the setting sun,  
saw the breaking light in the sun swept plains,  
that calls us to rise through the rain swept pain again.

Every night opening into morning,  
Every darkness opening into light,  
Every bud opening into a flower,  
Calls us to break the reason and rationale  
running in our racing minds.  
The madness fills the air,  
as the earth nods its head in a silent smile.

The return of spring that breaks the dense sadness,  
says "the cold will one day dwindle,  
the pain will one day fade in cry,  
and life will have its last laugh";  
As what rises from the ground of earth,  
will forever have a heart song in the sky.  
The song that rises as I drink the sun,  
the melody that flies as I touch the falling dew,  
the music that roams as I fall in love with this earth again,  
calls me to be playful with life again,  
and I swim back in the light  
stroking through the gleaming ocean again.  
Is this morning glory brightest, is this heart song sweetest?  
The beauty that breaks through the mystery of life and death.

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# The Poetry That Searches....Excerpt.....The Ecstatic Dance Of Soul

Poetry that paints a portrait in words,  
Poetry that spills the bottled emotions,  
Gives life to the feelings deep inside,  
Breaks through all the times wept,  
To sweep you in a whirling ecstatic delight.

The chiseled marble of language,  
The paint spattered canvas,  
Where colors flow through words,  
Where emotions roll on a canvas,  
And it all begins with you.

The canvas that portrays the trembling you,  
Through the feelings that splash,  
Through the words that spatter,  
All over the awaiting canvas.  
Such is the painting sketched with passion,  
Colored with the heart's unleashed emotions.

The poetry that reads your trembling heart,  
The poetry that feeds the seed of your dreams,  
That poetry that reveals light within rain,  
Takes you to a place where beauty lies in stain.  
The poetry that whispers-  
"May you find the stars, in a night so dark,  
May you find the moon, so rich with silver,  
May you sip the madness and delight  
In a night berserk with a wailing agony".  
Such words that arise from spilling emotions,  
So recklessly you fall, in love with life again.

So, you rise shedding your fears,  
To chase after your dreams,  
As you hear thunder in the rain,  
That carries your pain,  
Through the painting of words, colored with courage,  
Splashed with ferocity, amidst the lost battles.

Such is the richest color splash in words,  
Laid down on papers, that stayed so empty,  
For ages and ages.

At times, you may feel lost,  
Wandering homeless in the woods,  
But poetry that you write,  
To drink the moonlight and madness,  
Poetry that you spill on a canvas with words,  
Calls you to fall, for life again.

The words that evoke the intense emotions,  
The painting that gives the richest revelation,  
The insight that deepens in a light so streaming,  
Is the poetry that reveals the truth and beauty,  
In a form so elemental, in a way so searching,  
For a beauty so emotive,  
Which trembles,  
With the poetry's deepest digging.

The words that take your eyes to sleep,  
The poetry that stills your raging feelings,  
Is the portrait of words that carries you,  
In emotions bottled within, held so deep,  
For an era so long.  
Forgotten they seemed, yet they arose,  
With the word's deepest calling,  
To the soul sleeping inside.  
The poetry that traces your emotions with words,  
Is a poetry that traces your soul with its lips,  
To speak a language that your heart understands.

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# The Spilling Poetry.....Excerpt.....The Ecstatic Dance Of Soul

The words that spill out of passion,  
Upon every page of a thirsting heart,  
The words that flow out of a surging sea,  
As the dam broke in a heart's earnest calling,  
And the emotions make their rapid release,  
On every paper that binds a life, piece by piece.  
The passion that spills with a dying thirst,  
Arising out of years untold,  
Through memories held in the shells  
Along the sandy shores.  
The sea that once heard a distant agony,  
Swelling in the whites of foam,  
Faraway from the rush, far away from the din,  
Amidst the bosom of nature,  
Where the sky meets the earth.

Feelings that swell like a boundless sea,  
Live locked inside for years so long,  
Until a day comes in mute agony.  
When sobs a story immersed in tragedy,  
And you rise to write your pent- up emotions,  
Striking along the desolate shores,  
Longing to have a breath of life.  
Such is the untold agony, that rises  
From a humming sea, spilling the words  
Held as pearls stored in the deep sea of heart.  
Feelings that were sunshine,  
Feelings that were rain,  
All burst in the torrents of pain,  
As they longed to be the spilling poetry.  
The words that eased the pain through pen,  
The verses that released the inside slain,  
The ink that spilled to shower the rain,  
On every page to break the chain.  
As they rose to be a poem to spill in the memory lane.

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# Walk Down The Memory Lane

Am I the soul where you searched for a pearl  
since the beginning of time?  
Are you the soul where I searched for a gem  
since the beginning of moments?  
Am I the soul where your restless heart knew how to rest?  
Are you the soul where my restless heart knew how to rest?  
Cause tonight is the night when peace seems to fall  
From the lips of love again.  
While lovers out there, wrote their poems on awaiting pages,  
You and I wrote ours in the sky,  
Cause that is where, our love was born,  
In the moon of a night, in the star of a light,  
All in the feelings, streaming from a heaven of delight.  
Your soul touching mine- this is how galaxies collide.  
Your heart roaming mine- my heart roaming yours  
As this deep is our love.

Where else would I be, in the sky without the love of your moon?  
Where else would you be, in the sky without the love of my stars?  
The moon that I saw in your soul,  
The star that you saw in my eyes.,  
Hold the light for a poem, that smells the scent,  
Of a forgotten love of yesterday.

Let me roam your soul freely, as you roam mine,  
No holding back, no facing fears,  
Let me roam your heart freely, as you roam mine,  
For one more time, in the sky of our love,  
Where You and I weaved, a poem of this lifetime,  
To gift the lovers with the musical beauty of the verses  
That sing in our souls, with the enchantment of our singing poetry.

You are the love that I cry in sky.  
So, the moon can dance in your eyes again.  
I am the love that you cry in sky,  
So, the stars can dance in my eyes again.  
Cause, tonight is the night when the sky weeps again,  
when the eyes tear again, when the pain cuts again,  
Only to light love for one more time.

Have you ever thought of the moments  
that once caught you and me,  
in the heaven of delight?  
Have you ever walked down the memory lane,  
To nurture the memories that you and I once built,  
somewhere along the lane?  
Cause tonight is the night, when love seems to fall  
from the lips of heaven again....

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Book.... "The Breath of Heaven", Copyright 2018

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# What Comes Must Go.....Excerpt.....The Ecstatic Dance Of Soul

The sadness that hangs in air in the autumnal winds,  
Part of you that dies with every falling leaf,  
As the branches go bare in the cold, wintry winds.  
Seems like the ground is covered with a crust of brown dead leaves.  
Could this be the moment, when your heart sees a second spring,  
As the earth feasts in colors, rising from the withered leaves,  
And what seems to be falling, leaves behind, a festival on earth.

The autumn that passes and I bow in reverence,  
When the nature bursts in its last beauty,  
Like the earth had been saving its blessed grand finale,  
The leaves are all falling with their last melody,  
Speaking to my soul how gentle need I be in letting go  
When the time arrives for it.

The grace that I see in the autumnal leaves,  
How gently they fall singing in the breeze,  
Tells me of life, its truth and beauty,  
"There is a time to feast and a time to part,  
All done in grace, is held at heart".  
So, I let myself be inhaled in a rich autumnal smell.

Feel the fall, as the wind rises, and the air grows wild  
As the leaves nod in a silent farewell,  
While they descend with an autumnal grace.  
The season that takes the last smile of face,  
Leaves behind a mist so draped in sadness.  
Such is the autumn that carries a gold,  
Through all its leaves that have grown old.

Just when I wonder, shall spring come in sight,  
I feel inside, "here comes the fall carrying an old with the gold".  
Just when I sink inside, fills with a depth,  
And rises with a light that breaks the darkness in delight.  
Just the still melancholy that makes my life and soul harmonize,  
In one tune, one rhythm, one melody of life,

&quot;What comes must go&quot;, such is the truth of life.  
And that old autumnal feeling, as I see another turned page,  
Fills me with heaviness yet a breaking light.

My agony that turns to a burning light,  
Rises with an incense in the pale face of night,  
The truth that speaks in a sorrowful beauty,  
Strikes my heart with a saddened sigh.  
My tears flow in stream, wordlessly down,  
From the cloudy sky in my heart.  
I take the truth in me and I lay still,  
What comes must go,  
as I smell the leaves' dying scent of life.  
And as the leaf gives its trembling sigh,  
The tearful grace burns its incense in the bosom of a deep, dark night.

In the moments when I smell the dying scent of leaves,  
I know the spring- time will one day come in sight,  
So, I who wept through the falling leaves times,  
As I hear their last melody in air,  
Deep down I know, what falls as tears, rich on the ground,  
Will be sown and rooted for God's merciful rain.  
Though &quot;What comes will go&quot;, is the melody in air,  
I sense a truth through all such spin,  
Where every beauty leaves a message behind,  
Nothing green can stay forever in high.

My heart cried and fled as the truth struck my soul,  
Yet I behold God's beauty: its infinite gleam.  
And a sunny joy adorns me with his rays of gold.  
As I see the crown of hills glowing in his glory.  
&quot;What comes must leave&quot; in this passage of life,  
Yet through all what comes, lives a beauty etched in sky,  
Through all that leaves, burns a lamp deep in my shrine,  
For a life that once bloomed, left its breathings in the air,  
To etch, to light, to leave an incense behind.  
The fragrance that hangs thick and sweet in air,  
From every death rises the beauty of rebirth,  
From the ashes and incense, rises the eternal scent of life.

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# When Dawn Meets The Night....Excerpt....The Ecstatic Dance Of Soul

I am the dawn that breaks a light,  
I am the gold that spreads the riches,  
I rise from night to light,  
I shine from dust to glow,  
Fighting through the battles of life,  
Rising through the blariness of times,  
I am the dawn that meets the night.

Clad in a blinding darkness,  
My tears long endure.  
Plunging in deep despair,  
My pain screams in silence.  
So, breaking the curtain of night,  
I travel, in search of a truth,  
To chase the mystery that calls my heart,  
I walk the unending walk,  
To hunt the beauty that waits for me.  
And I rise from the sea of grief,  
To see through and through, the brutal battles of life.

When the night sees its parting way,  
I am the scattered gold spreading in sky.  
When the agony falls from eye,  
I am the dawn painting this world with riches.  
When darkness feels a shooting pain,  
I am the light that meets the night.  
When thunder begins to roll in sky,  
I am the gold that waits behind the veils.  
When the air gets dense with sorrow,  
I am the joy that breaks through the gold of dawn.  
I am the light that travels through the haze of rain,  
To gather the hope that unbreaks the pieces.  
As thunder claps its hands, as clouds see a thickening,  
I am the light that kisses the sky to brush against its gloom.  
When fog blurs our eyes, in a grief that seems so wordless,  
I am the dawn that cuts through the pain, in a dancing delight.  
I am the light that chases the night to give sorrow its flight.....

.....Jayita Bhattacharjee

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