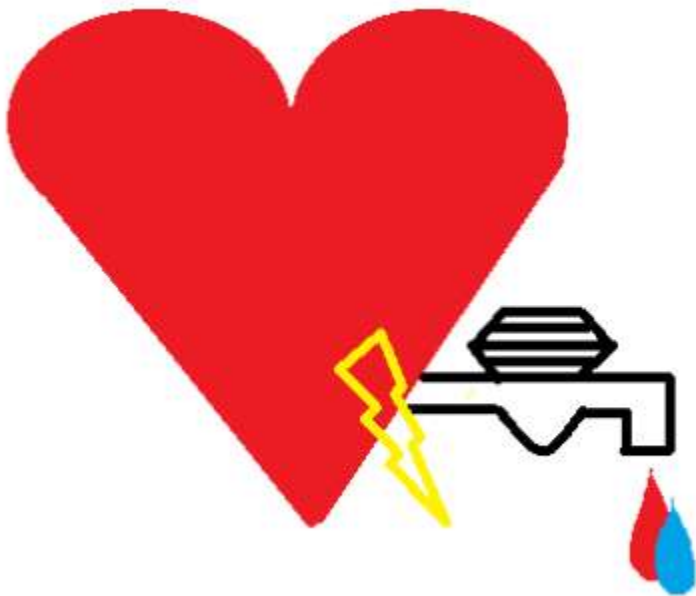


From The Bottom Of My Heart

By Arghya Dey



Foreword

This is a collection of some poems written by me. They bring out my emotions and thoughts at different contexts including love, humour, society, injustice and various others. I hope you will enjoy the variety of poems that have their roots in the bottom of my heart.

Dated, the 2nd January, 2015

Kanchrapara (near Kolkata, India)

Arghya Dey

Call for change

The darkness still prevails
With fake hopes,
Promises that are never
Meant to be kept,
Works not to be done
And situations not to be changed
Forever.....

May be we need once again
That little child
Who will not fear to say,
'Oh, the naked Lord,
Where are your clothes?'

May be one more Buddha,
One Jesus more,
One more honest heart
Bearing the sorrows of others,
Determined to bring a change.

May be some more thinkers
Like Tagore, Swami Vivekananda,
Scientist like Edison
To enlighten humanity
With scintillating discoveries...

Or may be just us,
A little more virtuous...

I have no rebels

I am the king, almighty.

My subjects don't know how wise I am; They should boast for having me as their protector.

But some of them are so callous.

When I stud my kingdom beautifully, embed my bedroom with novel furniture from East, those prattles babble about me so much.

They say I squander money.

I hate those rebels.

I kill them or capture them in my dungeon, one-by-one.

So sublime is my feat.

Now I have none to soar from the unfathomable darkness of prisons and challenge me, my integrity towards my people.

Ah! What a peace it is!

Without rebels, I have a liberty to turn a little reckless.

I love my queen so much.

When she dies, like Shah Jehan, I will build a Taj Mahal instead of getting engulfed in languor.

I will wear the new mantle if I sit by her grave in the winter night.

Only the frail do cry.

That's why, I will bid my men to cry for her; They will get death if they are unable to bring tears at the rims of their eyes, hazed by a mist of winter.

Oh! How glad I am that I have no rebels.

Guard! Why are you pointing your lance towards me?

Oh! My darling, my queen, why are you glancing at me with askance? Flit the eyes or I will gouge!
Cover them with your veil.

My wreath of roses, braided so nicely, is now turning into a crown of thorns.

My blue blood is turning red.

My beloved queen is turning traitor.

Now I finally have a rebel.

Or, may be I am surrounded by rebels, to have a tryst with some more.

I knew the path

I knew the path

But couldn't walk it,

I knew the circumstance

But couldn't face it,

I knew you're mine

But couldn't say it

And...

When I tell you I am nice

I just can't fake it.

Return them to eternal eye gland

The tears are incessant

Down the glossy cheeks

Tuned in a melancholy note

Like a sculpture by ancient Greeks;

They tell so many a tale

Of battles fought so futile

Of lives sold in name of duty

Of despair replacing innocent smile,

Of hungry fellows at sunset

Still awaiting a golden sunrise

Still taking the air into nostrils

Still fighting every evil and vice.

Fear that revengeful ire

That nowhere else can be found,

So don't let tears turn into fire,

Don't let them ever touch the ground...

And...

Return them to eternal eye gland.

I Fear You

I fear your voice

In my dreams,

Able to remain in heart

Like those prickles

Reminding me of the scent

From the immaculate rose

Out of my reach

Forever.....

I fear your glance,

So mysterious as quicksand

But able to unearth

My every privy thought,

Every untold word

Out of my eyes,

Mesmerized,

Wanting to fall for you

Again.....

I fear those faces

Myriad newfangled,

Whose every expression

Tries to make me wanton

Resembling yours.....

I fear the rain cleaving clouds

Setting fire to my chimera

About that deadly scythe
Piercing my heart apart.....
I fear the flowers
Blooming in the dawn
Like those celestial blushes
On your shimmering cheeks.....
I fear the vast sky
With unfathomable height
Resembling the deep ocean
Of our sprightly love.....
May be I fear everything,
Including you.

Democratic Autocrat

It is so boring

So uninteresting

To let people live

The way they want.

What is use

Of a nose if

It can't be poked

In other men's business?

So let it enlarge

Until it satisfies

To be defined as

A property of

Megalomaniac.

Even in the shell

Of so called democracy

Their autocratic mind

Thrives to rule men

To teach them lesson

By infesting every corner

With their spineless soldiers-

Every club
Every office
Every industry
Every institution
Defying shame
Defying humanity.

The modern imperialism
By modern imperialists
With medieval mentality
Is now an art
A big reality show
A bloodbath
A democracy
To favour the slaves
By letting them choose masters.

Let's elect
Our next
Democratic Autocrat.

Don't feel yourself lucky

Oh girl!

Don't feel yourself lucky

If you are still alive

As you were not killed

In your mother's womb

By crazy son-seekers-

Parents hiding their sin

Under veil of sophistication

Cloaking blood-stained hands.

Don't feel yourself lucky

If you are untouched

By the acid-bulbs-

Gifts of unsuccessful love

That you had denied

Unlike thousands of others

Hiding their painful scars

Agonized by pathetic society.

Don't feel yourself lucky

If you are safe on roads

Walking and working on your own

Far away from the beasts
Sharpening their nails to tear
Your body, your soul apart
In the name of male lust
Aroused by your 'sexy' lipsticks.

Don't feel yourself lucky
If you are now able
To read these lines
As you have education
Unlike those millions others
Dissuaded to go to schools
By the freight of acid-attacks,
Bullets, assault & splinters...

Because your basic rights
Are not a sheer fortune.

Awaiting

I awaited your footsteps
like the stars await night
after all turn evening silhouette
with birds ending voyage
awaiting a return to nests.

I awaited your voice
from far away
crying my name
camouflaging unsaid pain
to see me...
echoing the ripples of rain.

I awaited a last kiss
before I bid adieu
to begin a search
within my inner self
solving the labyrinth
in sodden corners of heart.

But how mesmerizing it is
to find you sitting there!
At last !!!

Balancing act

I am balanced person, doing balancing act.

When I am needed badly, I never react.

I never protest

For any unrest

Created by people having beneficial impact.

But if none of them is my friend or well wisher

I have to make up for the inaction earlier.

Even if there's peace

To break each in piece

I collect the men to be proactive mass-beater.

Farewell

(1)

The yachts

Taking down stormy winds

While in river-

Battling fickleness of minds

Along with swirling tides

Prepare their hulls

For a tryst with ocean,

With flocks of seagulls

Pointing new sea-shores

Discovered by no ship;

Though yachts are to reach

The destinations through hardship.

(2)

The river

Bidding adieu to each yacht,

Tinged in plethora of emotions

But with content heart

Wishes all the best

For their new voyage

To discover islands anew-

Though it has to camouflage

The tears in its flow

With hopes cherished high

To meet them again

When they touch the sky.

Sonnet on stealing

She stole his famous car
Outside the restaurant
When he was drinking beer
To absorb daily resentment.

She drove it all night
And was stopped by police.
'Is anything not right?'
'Please show your license, miss.'

One cop pointed out, 'Fellas!
The number plate...it's of commissioner;
As usual, he will shout at us
If anymore we harass her...

You must be his new pal, good night,'
In meantime, she was out of sight.

I won't bring you

I won't bring you moons or stars

Like those ordinary lovers

As you are

Prettier

Than your distant twin sisters.

Sacrifice

I can be a dog

To smell your fragrance

But can you be bitch?

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