

Poetry Series

Subrata Ray
- poems -

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Subrata Ray(January)

Subrata Ray, retired Headmaster of 12-grade Govt.Sponsored School, West Bengal, India is a published author and poet of inter national reputation. Subrata Ray has published more than twenty books, and more than 3000 poems. Poet Subrata Ray is a a critic on English literature, and has more than 300 criticisms on the poets, novelists, dramatists of English literature. The readers may find Poet Subrata Ray or Author Subrata Ray in global net,

Chinmoie Inmrinmoier

Chinmoyee In Mrinmoi.

Who dare to paint?
The focus of mystic grains
Who has the brain to catch?
The live goddess unmatched.

Perhaps the Bholā, the boatman,
Who sails your canopy,
In topsy turvey roar
May by your grace , impress,
The changing whims of Your Will
Save, who? Who can deal.

The face, showers grace,
The eye windows the Universe,
For you no poet can compose a verse.

Where is Word Brahman?
If you donot bestow,
Where to search, where to go
Save Avatar , no one knows.

In Woman Vase
You spindle human race
And preserve seeds in Blackhole,
And continues the destroyer and preserver's role.
Your poet possessed often attempts to rate
The Mystic Absttact of your worth,
The mystery of death and birth in the earth
That sprout and Vanish with Your play.

If you not reveal, the Solvation's tales,
Who dare to penetrate,
Who ventures to catch,
The already Brahman in your Creations! ! !

Subrata Ray

Beyond Time's Tyranny

Love And Tyranny Of Time.
Love And Tyranny Of Time.

Time had gone on body and mind,
Time runs the gear through seasons
Time recycles, puts impressions from
Infancy, youth, adult and old.....
Nature within on Maya's ground plays without

No fool my vagabond is,
I have an ardent soulful wish
To devour Time and remain fine
By awakening the Soul, timeless shine.

Why the Pilgrimage would go in vain,
Why my gifted Home I would ruin,
Why not fought, a colossal battle to be naught
From dreams and suffering of inert mind.

The body's reflection from Nature's lap
And records of Time's ebb and tide,
In the inevitable flow, I would ride
From here to hereafter , and reverse
No difference between death and birth
But the same, after the Soul is gained.

The irresistible forcing of illusions
The dwindling rage of Destiny,
Are tenable only to hope and fear,
In God possessed meditation,
No mind and no body are there,
But profuse non gravitational Love vibrates.

Subrata Ray

An Ideal Teacher: Galufsa Madam

To An Ideal Teacher:

An ideal Teacher' Service
With devotion and care
Ignites the spiritual fire
In the students' she teaches
And she proves herself
A never feeling friend,
Her pleasing contact
A student never misses.

Her empathy linked feeling
Brings healing with anewed inspiration.

The students get stirred
In a motivated motion.
They overcome their lacking,
For the Teacher's love
Rises into activity
The rusted will power
And the students bathe
In the pouring grace of the Teacher,
hour to hour.

As a friend, philosopher and guide
Her vacation the teacher rides,
And leaves behind the fragrance of her Love.
With oceanful hope
The students finds scope
And learn the ideal ropes..

She smiles with graceful face
And keeps open her heart to feel
With charms of personality in all deals.

Subrata Ray

Old Lone Looks Back To The Past.

@ Poet Subrata Ray.

The glorious days of the past
Have turned into dust,
The parallel pathways
Revealing valleys , glades,
The surge of mountain Brooks
The warmth of giddy bonvoyage
And teasing romantic look
The wild waiting, with suspended breathing,
Are now nomore.
No ticket for travelling in green train
With a gallant for a damsel
No dream to build a fantasy,
No canopy to flee through skiey blue
No boat to allot in topsy turvy sea.
But Love alone , in a broken Lone
Illumines as if by Spirit supplied oil
Profused immense, holds the Trance
The wealth and wisdom of Old age.
Wither! Withers with the age,
The glamouring glory of enchanting mirage,
And aheads the signal to temple gate
To cover the transient pilgrimage.

Subrata Ray

The Feast On Individualization.

Behind the spectrum glory
The white Sun beam has its story
The rose, elgentine, Shaphali and lily ,
The Fragrance has its divisions.
The birds chilimer in different notes ,
And the Adviditya through prism enforces
The identity of the Individual , in His mystery.
The eye is installed with color, and sense
The heart with multitudinous feelings
The tongue slides from hang to hang
In taste and wordy dealings.
The words are arranged in periodic Table,
Amen! Om! , Mantra, and base prophen,
Trail the tenor of the Vedas , Gita, Bible and so on,
And the darkness of even never mingles with morn.
The poets from different strands,
Flute their music in individual brands,
And Feast the harvest, eith fellow men.

Subrata Ray

The Mother In Mother's Day. A Poem By A Father. @ Poet Subrata Ray

The Mother In Mother's Day. A poem By A Father. @ Poet Subrata Ray

I do not bother

The mother with her daughters

Her love and blessings prevail.

She enriches them as they grow

In their movement to and fro

From the yesterdays to tomorrows.

Should I bother, should I bother?

No, no , no , never, never never,

The daughters are under the Mother's care.

Since their births, in this earth ,

By her love and service, she grows dear to dearer.

From their tender years

The mother ever bears

Vigilant look, on their ropes

And put forward every scope

In the struggle of upbringing

And rivered them with love and healings.

The father afforded sustenance,

And linked sentence to sentence

As every father more or less does,

Mother bestowed constant Touch.

Mother is great, mother is great

Greater than Fortune and Fate ,

Better than motherland and Heaven

A miracle of Love and Duty interweaven.

Subrata Ray

From The Kneaded Dough

From The Kneaded Dough.
The Sri Guru implied to go and go
And knead a malleable dough
Of body mind and thought
To be shaped for offerings to the Lord
And to dough and dough and dough on
Until the gross Sanskaras, are gone.
Make your Conscience a vigilant seive,
And screen the subsistence of your thrive
Add the tears of devotion to it
Bake shaped Roti in spiritual heat
And make honest Chapati to feed.
Had I been a Dough to be a hand made bread, ?
Whose hands, whose grace?
Or a pot in Divine Potter's thread
A recipe for the approval of His taste?
Yes yes by wage by wage
I am nearing to the end of my coverage
My Davita with Advaita now in marriage.

Subrata Ray

Dream Fragments In A Dream

The Dream Of Dream Landed Witch And Ghost.

It was winter night
The coldest day of December,
Silence pervaded the whole atmosphere,
My woolly blanket with thick cotton lair,
Got me armed as fairly Lover, .

Between sleep and awake,
A vision of a Blue Moon came
And by her side
Stood an illumined Bride,
And spread her Sky hair
And sure , sure, an illusive Witch peeped there.

..My Sleep slipped into sloppy May
Dreamy downy woodland way
And witnessed Carnivals of ghosts and witch
Haggard dogs and sullen bitch.
Caverns of Vampire
Housed in the air ,
An angel Spirit who alone merits
Whispered beware! Beware.

The Dreamdissolved intochasum of Fossils,
The deads from mommy and graves
Rose in a mystic waves
And initiated airy deals.

Scattered skeletons and empty skulls,
Of damsel, princess,knight and earls,
Retarding to youthful prime
Clamoured in colours and enamerled surge.

And breathed and wailed with Romantic urge.

The Dream shared not Time and Space
But vapid, vacant, crazycraze,
Fragments from phantasy

Bubbled, and redoubled,
A soulless body wanged and propelled.

Beware! Beware! Receded and receded
And in a sudden jerk, I rose from the bed.
What I saw wereghosts and witches
Chaffy scholars, fake politics, and enamoured bitches.

Subrata Ray

The Ego

The Ego.

Off! Off! Off!
Go! And vanish
Masquerading Ego
You stain and mow,
The fresh feathering wings
The genial goodness,
The virtuous Empathy
And the feast of
Mundane pilgrimage.

You mar the Jar of Divine seed
As guise Serpent in Paradise
And in Earth in form of intellect
Faith, Love and service , you neglect.

You think yourself all in all
Since your betrayal against God
Since your , pitiable fall,
Since your turning into Vice,
And you rampant on Innocent and Wise.

Greed, lust, jealousy, and cunning,
Are your three basic wings,
And ambination of name and fame,
With illusory magic you impinge.

Off! Venomous culprit ,
Return to your hellish pulpit,
Off Ego off, and Vanish.

@ Poet Subrata Ray , India.

Subrata Ray

A Modern Lady With The Lampdedicated To Teress Zlotorzynski

A Modern Lady With The Lamp, Didicated To Teresa Zlotorzynski. Poet Subrata Ray India.

My pleasure
Needs no measure
To have your friendship.
And I wish to reap
Wish to keep you
In my feeling, my dear.

With you a herald from foreign land,
A link from distant apart
Awakens from Time, takes start.

I open your profile,
And see, how laughing away the tears of life,
You smile and smile.

Work is worship,
Rendering love through service
Holding fortitude in it's best
Inviting dradugery, till the body seeks rest,
Qualify you dear Nightingale.

An ideal Sister, worthiest profession,
Encrowns your glory,
Dear, Teresa, how a poet can paint your story.

Honest labour, faith oriented harbour,
Sail your humane boat,
With Timeless Mariner,
Your Soul would ever float.

,

My Falling In Love

My Falling In Love.

Never knew, what Love was
A magic induction, without touch
Winged Tsunami, escaped velocity
Feeling filled empty wild,
My reminiscence reminds.

In tidal adolescence unknown joy
An opening above Time and Space
May it be a miracle or God gifted grace.

It had been, it is and will be
Between remotest She and He
As blessed as charmed magic,
An eternal flame in human wick.

It is sudden discovery of a TOUCHSTONE,
Beyond the bourne of life and death
More of thousand monarch's wealth.

In falling such love, Love sustains
Withers the memory, withers the brain
A single Passenger in a lightyear train.

Subrata Ray

My Divine Darling

My Mystic Darling.

My divine Darling is somewhat enchantress,
Igniting love's flame, she leaves without trace,

She is whimsical in Her attitude,
No offering of mine is her choice able food.

She wishes to rejoice with my pains,
Perhaps that is her only gains.

She is alert of my knocking to any other's door,
And leads me in suffering more and more.

She wishes to destroy my sense's pleasure one by one,
Andhaply , would be mine, when all hopes are gone!

Yet, my Darling to me, is the grandest goal,
Her love alone can reveal the mystery of soul.

Subrata Ray

The Dumb Lord

Mute Lord.

You are dumb.
And your art is like you,
Through all faces you peep.

Your condensed dumb form,
Unlocks the fathom-less depth of mine,
You reveal your dumbness in faces' springs.
In great Nature, Man and Beast.

Your silent vase, speaks of
Language unknown, and sense unborn,
And eye and ear range not to tread.

The fostered silences of ours,
Catch some fragments of your dumb speech,
The more one dips into the depth,
The more you get revealed to him.

Subrata Ray

The Tidal Eighteen

The Tidal Eighteen

The tidal eighteen
Rose with strange feeling
The tsunami of love
The tinged glow of hope
The enchanting touch
Swayed my all being.

Imagination mingled
To whatever mind links
Beauty bloomed in things
Flight to impossible winked
With distant wings.

Falling in love to someone
Often ran within in suspense.
Haunting notice with hinted propose,
Taunted glory for would be suppose,
Adoration and infatuation of the Spring
Inprofuse gathered in sunny swings.

Perhaps those are common to a Beauty
And may happen more or less to Everyone
Life unfolds with Time, and youth is gone.

In old age, I open the written pages
Read the passages of life, and hear
A call to return in ECHOING GREEN,
The glorious abode of my earthly shrine.

Subrata Ray

Love Researched

The Researched Love.

Hey love! the cup
filled with poison and nectar,
you spring with two face,
the nasty carnal, and divine grace.

Seeking your true nature,
is a venture to restore,
the infinite unconscious of Brahman.

Upon you rotate the nature,
and the perennial youth of time,
victimizes the divine -sparks wrapped in body,
and apparent comedy faces a tragic end.

In the package of good and evil,
evil dominates, and drags the aspirant,
to the den of procreative pleasure,
and the Soul transmigrates low to lower.

Bestow an escape velocity,
and a power to the subtle mind,
to burn out the roots of desire,
and be a live-image in unalloyed -feeling

Subrata Ray

The Live Kali Mother In Divine Mother Saroda.

THE LIVE KALI MOTHER IN MAA SARODA

BY DEVOTION AND PRAYER
TO UNIVERSAL MOTHER DIVINE
THE DEVOTEE MAY FEEL
THE BLESSING OF GRACEFUL WILL
OF MOTHER KALI THROUGH MAA SARODA.

SHE IS THE ABSOLUTE DIVINE
THE DESTROYER AND PRESERVER
THE SOLE GOAL OF LIFE
THE AVATAR SRI RAMAKRISHNA'S WIFE.

IN LIFE'S CRUCIAL DISTRESS
SHE COMES AS EMPRESS TO RESCUE
AS A HUMAN MOTHER TO CHILD DOES
SUBMIT YOUR WILL AND CRY AND CRY
URGE HER ASSISTANCE TRY AND TRY
KEEP FAITH, WAIT AND WAIT
THE MAGIC CASEMENT WOULD OPEN.5

Subrata Ray

The Bliss Of Woods And Hills

The Bliss Of Woods And Hills.

Forest and roadway hills
On way to tour enchant
To take an uncertain room
And standing on a laid rock
I become one with the secluded
Beauty of the nature.

The evoked language inspires
To have an abode for rest
From the clumsy conflict
And fake battles of logic.

The time being oneness
Comes up as an asset
As soothing balm in
Dinzy drudgery of artificial
Sale and purchase of life.

Subrata Ray

The Lady With Divine Countenance

Lord Buddha at Rabangla
Sits with stately stature
And radiates aura divine
From the huge statue He enshrines.

Beneath the sloping steps
Pilgrims with prayers
Assemble to go forward
And submit the wish of
Their ardent heart.

Shanta took a bow to go
And have grace from the Lord
Stands in meditative zeal
She links her soul to Buddha's will.

Subrata Ray

The Unified Trance

On the heart of nature
With snow bloomed calmness
And transparent firmament.

The Soul rises from within

The eye beyond stretching view
Of frosty sediments sets the being
In the realm of the remotest glory.

Subrata Ray

The Reflected Ecstasy

The Reflected Ecstasy .

The snow white cover
White to horizon runs
The blue deep skysustains
The stilled dumb manifests
The soul within links without.

The bare beauty of Gurudongmar
Installs the vast meditative province
Its physical touch does much to magnify
The mind, and leads to culminate
The awakened Wild of the Divine.

Subrata Ray

The Confessional Cry

The Confessional Cry.

While this earth, Paradise, and Heaven,
Go rampant to indulge pleasure of sense,
My imaginations beget further bondage,
I invite pollution, rather than clean-age.

While, inherited habits take stations,
Of Sattva, rajas, and tamasin life,
I hold inertia, covet fame, and pleasure,
With a blind man's eye and stumble.

While my I sounds to possess things around,
Each day collectssourcesto found,
The monument of my earthly permanence,
I pall my soul with layers, as earthing a grave.

While with interest, I sow seeds of actions,
And keep myself hankering after its fruits,
I inspire to flourish the tree of delusion,
And foolish walls I do erect around me.

While I give precedence of pleasures over pains,
And fail to see them as passing dreams,
I do harm my impartial liberty,
And suffer in the scale of loss and gains.

While my mind candles unsteadily with waves of winds,
And flames not to see, the image of seated God in my shrine,
I cry and cry for His grace, to repair,
So that I may not be the cause of my self ruin.

Subrata Ray

Gurudangmar The Miracle Of Tranquility

Gurudangmar The Miracle Of Tranquility.

The Monarch of the Himalayas
And the echoing steep mountains
Lord Shiva breathes His meditative
Om, and deepens the snowy hills
With mystic miracles of Unconscious.

A sudden import to frosty lakes
As Gurudangmar intensifies
Opens vistas of spiritual recesses
And the Eternal lone in us revives.

Myadventure was premeditated
With cloudlets of imaginations
And reaching the spot revealed discovery
Of a nature that transcends into a land of Soul

The Eye, the ear, the touch, the Mind
All got dropped into and resumed with
Spirit enlivened sense of language.

The awakened BRAHMAN and its silent touch
Went beyond imaginary marvel
And the finite life got enhanced into eternity.

Subrata Ray

The Emencipated Joy In Nature

The Emencipated Joy In Nature.

Upon the snow
Under the open sky
On Nature's mystic beauty
The souls of two damsels
Get lifted in unknown joy.

The scenic charms of Gurudongmar
Outdoes lofty tower of imagination
And in it one finds time being release
From all worldly turns and turbulations.

Rasni and Rupsi lost in wonder
Turn oblivious of Memory
And awaken in emancipation
In the condensed scilence of Nature.

The taste of liberty in bondage
The oneness with timeless colossal
The dipping in tranquil trance
Erase the physical sense
And activate the bare soul.

Subrata Ray

Rupsi The Incarnated Beauty

RupsiAn Incarnated Beauty.

Beautyitself is divine
From it radiates the inner rime
It widens the look of beholder
And teases the mind to Paradise.

Rupsi as the name in Bengali suggests
Herself is the incarnation of BEAUTY
The virtues of the Abstract wilds
Open her multitudinous profile,

In her the goddesly woman takes home
Andemits the fragrance of love and care
Her presence soothes the clumsy gloom
As a peep of fullmoon from the cracked cloud.

Subrata Ray

Divine Ecstasy

The body, mind and the soul
In cadence of unification transcend
Crossing the bars of memories
With artisen fountain of devotion.

The strings of human lyre
From unconscious cave of melody
Flood ecstasy with jerk of Divine intervensence.
Wild trance activates and the devotee
Is possessed.

Magic miracle happens
And somewhere in nowhere
The destination engulfs Time and space.

Subrata Ray

The Mother -Child.

How nice to behold
And to soothe the eye
With beautified glimpse
Of Mother with her child.

Aindrila Polley and Arish
In heavenly benediction flourish
And the poet does cherish
The sustain of the time-caught beauty..

Who, why, when, -matters not,
The Divine herself peeps,
She recreates and reaps,
Her image and will,
Through mother-Child,

Subrata Ray

Syantani-The Tender Glow Of Rising Sun

.
Softly soothed light,
Shooting-forth on earth,
From the moment of birth,
The harbinger of feelings,
You, unfold your wings,
And radiate joyance- cadence.

You love for love
You care to make fair,
And install your sense,
To awaken from remorse.

As you grow and grow,
Your light rises into heights,
And with no condition,
You reflect on all objects

.

Subrata Ray

Art And Its Enigma

Art And Its Enigma

In the world painting
Painter Ranjit Dey
Sent a pieceboard
Of multi coloured
Soaked of the brush
An wastage to be dustbinned.

The judges started to merit
To discover the idea of the Wit
One read owl-moaned rat
Another the omen of black cat
The 3rd , moon devoured Himalaya
The 4th, a human bonsai with no growth
And so on, and so on

Difference of opinions came
With non dimensional names
But all agreed in one hue
Art is an Enigma, its clue none knew.

Subrata Ray

The Home Of God In Human Body

Heart -The Home Of God.
In the midst of the body,
Blooms the infinite- Unconscious,
And on that condensed dumb,
The Lotus widens its petals.

When the mind is nonattached,
And it nurtures the body to be pure,
The flash of Divine, there will be sure,
Avatar Sri Ramakrishna may there spring,
There by life achieves the grandest thing.

Invincible Faith in the unattainable,
And tearful-anguish for His absence,
Heart, -the abode of God, feels His presence.

The thoughts of God's image,
His virtuous fostering of his creations,
By and by form, -new sense's notion.
Grass-level goodness, and innocence of ignorance,
Rise into activity to break all fence.

Subrata Ray

The Release In The Lagoon.-Dedicated To Camelia Jana.

Far from the madding crowd
And clumsy unrest of days drudgery
A release in lagoon brings respite.

Remorse from Cobweb, and rat race
The rolling gear for ELESTIC extension
The breathing suspense of rise and fall
Vanish in this beauty bloomed tranquillity.

Getting lost with refuse of Nature's bliss
And discovery of the reflection of inner self
With an enhanced victory open new realm.

The eye to azure sky, and rippling streams
With fencing mountain and island glade,
Amidst watery lease of forest,
Reform and rebuild the oblivious wild.

Subrata Ray

Reformation Of Love

Hey Fake -Remake!

Why do you say,
So many words of love,
Why?

While you flatter,
While you utter,
Empty is your cup.

The love Divine,
The miraculous wine,
Needs oozing tears,
A -haunting cry from crisis,
The sorrow to miss,
The ever pouring bliss,

You need not write to be a poet,
You need not preach the sermons,
What you need is farming,
The allotted garden of yours,
And uprooting the parasites of impulse.

Ah! Love manifests,
Where purity is the best,
And yours body turns to a temple,
The echo of love from within,
With luminous light comes as bell.

Subrata Ray

A Father To His Son

A Father To Child.

Now you are young
Stepping a score
Crossing so many doors
And oblivious of the past
Of the anxious hangs of parents
Please stand awhile and look back
To the taken prerogative as a child.

In the whirlwind of adolescence

Amidst temptations and addictions
Repetitions of good habits control the Self
And contacts of mighty minds through books
With remembrance of their footprints
Bring home the resource of incoming life.

Be an ideal farmer and narture
And cultivate your body And mind
Never allow the parasites to grow
And tresspasser to break your fence.
For you are coming out with flowery
Fruits and the genial fragrance.

Stopping to greed or lust is a Vice
And easy sense pleasure is a crime
To be a Man you must suffer
To eradicate the evils that cause suffering.

To be wise
In a day you must
PRAY and meditate thrice.
And outside the books of syllabus
You should have a constant touch
Of the lives of the great Men.

Never try to be well liked
By falsifying what you are not

Be contented from within
With things of your honest Labour
That oozing your sweat, you have brought.

Subrata Ray

The Grandeur Of Faith.

Time carries your love,
And the inward eye shares,
The soothing tranquility of your smile,
And heart bears the flame,
On faith by virtue of your name.

No presence is a substitute,
In your absence,
No sense the mind dare to hold,
In my ship, you are the rudder, I hold.

Your letters to your lovers
And the oracles in Gita Koran Bible
Serve SPEECH TOUCH within the tales.

Subrata Ray

The Restoration Of The Divine Self

.

Let a chance to be so,
An opening of transparency,
A tranquil revelation,
A shadow less realm to go.

Let the beauty earned by suffering,
And the fortitude to bear the Nature' waves,
Be the witless-wait to accept God's verdict,
Prevail in the quanta -conscious of our being,

Ah! the parasites covered mind,
Be burnt into ashes,
And then the the succeeding flashes,
From the Vast Unconscious in us,
Come up as the secret sharer with godly touch.

Subrata Ray

The Mystic Mystery Of Face

Mystic Facebook

Invisible letters,
Come swimming,
As desires do,
Through the channels of mind,

With radioactive geography,
Of multidimensional winds.
Super conscious computers,
With magic windows,
Spark sense -caught light,

And mirror the unborn time.
The germination re-generates,
As ionized, each plant is,

The ear, the eye, tongue,
With all inconsistent flood.
Trillion dumb with mirrored mind,
Reflect, at my apparent gate,
And cause mystic chemistry!

Subrata Ray

The Passage To Non Dual Brahman.

The Passage To Non dual Brahman.

A look a while
Auto concentrates
Memory slips into sleep
An- evoked -tease peeps
And leads to tranquil stay.

The tired mind finds a link
And dips and dips in Abstract
The home of God in heart opens
The Unconscious gives a jerk.

Chains of shadows depart
Cause born rusts turn inactive
The trails of the past, bubbles
Of present desire fade.

The gate way with a passport
Opens and smites on
smite on a deathless door.

Placid, tranquil, colourless feeling
Awakes and phantasmagoria of
Eternal Brahman sustains.

Subrata Ray

Mother -Sikha Polley -A Tribute.

A Tribute To Mother -Sikha Polley

Mother, - rarest treasure,

The Temple of Divine in Earth,

From issuing forth to steady growth,

Since the time of our birth,

Your Magnet -Divine ever shines,

In life here, and aftermath.

In your absence, present you are,

As if the unseen sun in the night,

Then in morn you awaken with fresh light.

We, Aindrila, Anirban, and Aniruddha,

Invoke your guardian -spirit,

And in this your son-in-law -Minaroj,

None the less merits.

Your agile, foliage with flowery fragrance,

Casts a longing lingering trance,

With pleasant memories revealing lore,

In timeless Time, in our hearts we store.

A short span, from 5th August 1968

To 2nd June two thousand seven,

You dwelt in earth, then in Heaven,

And I Aindrila up to 16-years of my life,

Got you Mother, and as Father's beloved wife.

No tribute from us equals your Love,

In our life, you are nectarous Cup.

When wearied, haggard and clumsy we feel,

We peep in memory, and inspire with your Will.

Mother, -you are with us, and perpetuate for ever,

The Live-connection in our running server.

Subrata Ray

Mother -Mother Day Inmemorium

Mother _Day Inmemorium (Maa)

Who can trace
Your grace
Love and care
Oh! The grandest Mother

From the days of infancy
The opening of the Dumb
Occasional flash of smile
Blossoming broken words
Feast of the eye, garland tie
And the first Voice Mother

Smile from your smile
Word from your word
Sense from your sense
Crawling half to full sentence
Grow and manifest with your presence

I never bother
I have my mother
The Himalayan Treasure
Undaunted and secured
The Child takes pride in pleasure.

Better than Heaven
Better than mother land
The Mother in child stands.

No Mantra to worship
No closet to keep
But in Temple of Heart
With feeling born flowers
And tears of gratitude
The children rever you
The incarnated Divine
O! Beauty of beauties
The One in universe MOTHER.

Subrata Ray

Summits Dutta The Artist

Susmita Dutta The Artist.

Art glorifies life
And arrests Time
It liberates beauty
And plys standstill
In the museum
Of human saga.

Dear Beauty Queen,
Your brush paints feelings
And shapes the miniature
Of the Self, evoking imagination
And you replace the primary.

You stir a poet to write poem
With your picture and name
And lead him to see the mystic glow
That from content of your Art finds flow.

In running wheel
We all feel
Life will decay and vanish
But your art of paintings
Would unfold its wings
And beautify the Truth it holds.

Subrata Ray

Aharshi -Pami -The Budding Divine.

I KNOW YOU FROM THE EVENT OF YOUR BIRTH
IN THIS MUNDANE AND MYSTERIOUS EARTH.

Your name -Aharshi, nick name, -Pami, Gulla, and other,
Dearly given by, grandfather, father and mother.

YOUR BELOVED MOTHER Rashni AND FATHER ABISHEK
IN YOUR CARE AND UPBRINGING TAKE INTAKE
YOU GROW DAY IN AND DAY OUT FROM WITHIN
AND LINK SENSE WITH NAMES AROUND EVRYTHING.

WODRS AS MUMMA, BABBA, DADU AND GRANY
BEGIN TO BLOOM IN YOUR TONGUE FLOWRY HONEY.
You behold, grasp, think, reflect and meditate
Upon the objects as Light, Fan, Cooker, bird, and rest
You are conscious of your little possessions
And wish to preserve what you like with fixed notion.

You know that you are in your kingly stature
And dictate to follow your whims by Order.
YOUR father is at your back and call
And to your Mother you are the be all and end all.

YOUR grand father AMALENDU, GRAND MOTHER TARA
And Reba, Sanku, Choton, and Susmita
Find in you ideal playmate and LIVE KOBITA.

To your poet, you are a joyous valley
A budding Divine and life enhancing glory.
In the days to come, you would jump
From one stage to another of life
And I hope you would learn, from Divine Urn
To be a banyan Tree, and honey Hive store
And for the service of comrades keep opened your door.

Subrata Ray

The Voice from Aindrila Polley -A Confessional Poem

Poetry I think
Is an artesian spring
That fountains records of life's rings
And sunny and cloudy upbringings.

For my case I confess,
My whole concern
As a daughter, sister, mother,
And the wife of a Great Other.

In my lifepains and sorrows,
From early morrows,
With my mother -Sikha-
Polley's sudden demise,
Take unprecedented premises.

It was a tornado-tossed tsunami
In the happy realm of our life,
The children lost the mother,
And the father, -his beloved wife.

Here I affirm, Since my birth
In this mundane earth
I had the prerogative
Of parental love and care,
And soul-touched affinity,
With two of my younger brothers.

At my age of 16-prime,
I lost my adolescent rime,
For the Mother was no more,
Closing my vibrant avenues
And all time secured door.

Ocean full- tears, for the father and brothers,

And untold pangs for the dearest one,
Turned standstill my life,
Ah! Ah! dead and gone.
Is loveliest mother.

My father Krishnendu Polley,
A teacher of rare stature,
With un-fathomed fortitude,
Shouldered the tragic matter,
He cooked, and fed us,
Implied tenderly the mother's touch
His vigilant conscience was alert to fill the gap,
He gradually came up in our Mother's Map.

When the turmoil of the cyclone
Was about to over
The darkest Fate,
Came out from the hidden cave,
My father was detected withthroat-Cancer.
Minaroj, Anirban, Aniruddha, and me,
Tried, cried, prayed, and whined,
Ah! The dropping sun, was never regained.

In the wide -wide seas of troubles,
Waifs we three were,
None to help, none to share,
But Minaroj, my beloved husband
Was always there.
A never failing soul to mitigate,
The wounds and patches,
Hurled by ominous Fate.
His humble and love-evoked service,
I our direst crisis, we all receive.

I am Hindu, Minaroj Muslim,
But in his being he is human cream,
My father on him had his heart poured blessing,
And my brothers in gratitude,
Look upon him, as life's anchor,
Oasis, and all forbearing.

Pathos-oozed pains reveals my poem,
Misery, misfortunes, tragedy, -what ever be name,
Yet incessant struggle, and undaunted fight,
With a "Friend To Man" offer sorrowful delight.

.

Now I have a son Arish, -as the stay of our life,
I am a daughter, sister, mother and a wife.

You the poets, may be delighted,
Having had your poetic source,
I here stand by life's strand,
As an ever unnoticed primrose.

Subrata Ray

Aindrila Polley's Confession.

I am a simpleton woman,
Every inch an Indian one,
I never took life as a fun
But a tale of joy and sorrow,
A transient journey from
Sum of yesterdays to fading tomorrows.

My child hood was echoing green,
Parental love and care,
But there appeared sudden despair.

But lucky I am, to have someone,
My dearest Minaroj, the rising sun.

Subrata Ray

The Explored Beautydedicated To Rimpa Parvin

Sudden message in my passage
With the gift of earth rooted Rose
The vederous brand by life's strand
As a newly born madding propose,
Sprang and rang and hang wild.

The fragrance from Arabin flower
Or pathway priming pinnacle's lore
Smote and teased my secret door.

Though the UNSAID cannot be said
But an ioata finds clue through offering
The beautified Love pours nectar in cup
Like the blooming of the1st in this fresh morning.

Subrata Ray

Stopping By The Whims In Romantic Ruins.

Whose Beauty arrests me know I not
Her father a farmer in village deep,
Lives with her daughter and paralytic wife.

A threatening danger to all young guys
Who to take a view often secretly peep.
A linked wink with whispering voice
The damsel and I settled to steal
From fear to be caught and an against will.

The old farmer never harbours
Any of my romantic trespass
But but my infatuated I, ever flys
To keep on the haunting touch.

My conscience finds no guilty
As his daughter wills me to meet
Stopping by her cottage with my steed.

Go I or go not to my work
Never does me prick
Only stopping by Whims at Her thrill
Makes my Gallant, nervously weak.

At my half sleep rises the Whim,
And dreams to ride miles and miles
A stopping near her cottage
Outdoes the the usual feast of Sleep.

Subrata Ray

Rimpa Parvin

Unalloyed Beauty
Refreshed and reformatted
In the fleeting pilgrimage,
Unconsciously alert
Of her divine heritage.

Fortitude with reticence
And sharing pains in brow,
Her inner will, in life's wheel
From yesterday to tomorrow grow and grow.

Frank and free
With all her vibrant zeal,
She receives the good and evils of life
And being contented of what God offers
With heavenly peace she thrives.

Subrata Ray

The Soldier.

Empathy harbors in sorrows's cottage,
Fire rebels to burn out injustice,
The lone flag of conscience erects its head,
Amidst the unruly and outlawed rage.

The strength generates from pains ocean,
The tranquil fortitude evokes commotion,
And the being leaves line on indifferent time,
The soldier writes in blood life's hymn.

Subrata Ray

The Pangs From Infatuation

My time waits with frustration's night,
My casting eyes are but drought for your sight,
My lone hut, loses its art, in pitiable plight,
And my vacation is sick without your ride.

My fading me breathes anguish for your advent,
My whole psychic stretches up to the shore,
And in cultivated melancholy wears widow's lore.

My love for you negates the allotted time and space,
It bothers little for the cycles of so many births,
But for you who needs earth and heaven!
Hey dearest Miracle! How could I survive!

Subrata Ray

The Ignominy

No otherwise was,
No solace from dedicated past,
And I had to walk with self -lighted torch,
Amidst the friend-faced, indifference.

Those sturdy hands,
Those formidable steps of swift feet,
Nurtured in support and shelters for dearest ones,
Now feel shame to receive commands.

Cowed I am by their rampant arrows,
Cut - and -start, start- and- cut -art,
And setting a face on the face for a face,
More of the catchy flower-girls in the red-light,
More of the poisonous missiles on innocence.
For my unequal, the Pity itself rises,
To erect a wall to hide my maddening trance!

Subrata Ray

The Old Age

Loneliness.

The desolation of the room,
The standstill Summer's sweat,
The moan of the deprecated memory,
In the fossils of adolescence and youth,
When crowd around your nowhere signal,
And the ghosts of bed-soaked arms,
Stare oblique irony at your unimportance,
You feel the beguiles of mirage with no oasis.

No resource to buy oil,
No pump agrees to supply,
The threshold waits to bid you the goodbye.

Subrata Ray

The Fool's Paradise.

Who is the Fool that creates Fool's paradise, ?
Is he not a not a dream-land wise?
With supposes, proposes and surmises.

Does he brags with his senses' prize, ?
As a penny-conscious he tries,
To fence things by dull doilies.

The more of this universe rests,
Beyond the floating images and dresses,
And like bubbles God's ideas sprout,
In the passing waves of Gay-Time,
And in graveyard backs life's rime.

Things revealed from Unconscious,
Execute the Infinity in its real touch,
And the shadowy dreams of age and clime,
Gets dropped in crystals of Divine wine.

Then the sun from super-conscious sky,
Tinges its wild glow,
The difference between ignorance and knowledge,
Fades away from Time's page.

Subrata Ray

The Blue Wings Of Love

The Blue Wave.

You may grant my prayer.
To be ever here
Like an oasis with a lake
The summer's breeze,
Cosy ease,
And a dip that I may take.

Knowing not you committed your window-wing
All that you have for no farthing /
And drifted your canopy in no where love
And lent your shoulder to unburden my harp.

It might not have been not so,
The diverged lines may, and may go,
And the deserted lone,
In each day would have grown,
With no hope but despair.

Beloved, it was destined,
So in the late-noon,
Face to face we are here,
Ah! You have granted my prayer.

Subrata Ray

The Grace Of The Mother.

From A Son To His Divine Mother(-Saroda.)

I wish to be a mad,
A mother-loran lad,
With one stay in life,
I have my mother,
In dark and gloomy strife.

No wealth I trace,
Save mother's grace,
And turmoil and death I invite,
Only I cherish a live-mother-sight.

I have my mother,
I need not bother,
For the things that come and go,
In all mother is there I know.

Her grace is unasked and supernatural,
No treasure to her is parallel,
She labors this universe by Her will,
I am her child, and in Her deal.

Subrata Ray

The Prize Of Education.

Do you think? 'I don't deserve!
I have stung ministers and big brothers,
In my art evoking body's harp,
Yes, yes, I do deserve!
Since the days of university,
My geography creates history,
Under my cover I hold romantic stories,

Why heart? But witty beguile,
Ah! Yes I have stamps and seals,
I stand gate-way for so many deals,
I can speak fluent,
From moment to moment I can bend,
Fairy honey-pigs I can arrange,
I myself a poetry with grapes and orange.

Be not jealous and envious of my fame,
I am a step for their democratic names,
That's why they sponsor and advertise,
I bring them ghosts' oil from the fools' toil,
Ah! Ah! Ah! , -I am the ultra-modern prize.

Subrata Ray

My Journey Through Some British Poets. By Ray Subrata

If I start from Shakespeare,
I see love be-fooling Time,
And I return to Avon with no rime.

In Milton, -the catharsis rests,
With relief of smokes from democratic chest.
And the vain glory of fantasy's best!

Donne introduces love both in body and spirit,
'Unification of sensibility' substantiates his merit,

In my intake, Blake seems to be a true poet,
The forms and colors of Soul, -unifies his gate!

Shelly by virtue of his past birth,
Has installed his vision in this earth!

Wordsworth is more a sermon than a primrose,
Disillusion in love and revolution, come in prose.

Coleridge the frenzy incarnate, - haunts my being,
For what we all are, -is the supernatural thing.

Keats for beauty's quest sends the senses into sleep,
And image wrought, for imaginary thought, he for art, reaped!

Arnold cries in wilderness for a vagabond's mission,
And thinks Humanization, as the guardian of civilization.

Tennyson gets confused with the incessant striving of his age,
And the born artist in him turned into a spiritual vase.

Browning finds himself, as curator of a zoo,
And records the humor of each animal, as per psychic hue.

Subrata Ray

Through Swines Muddy Lanes.

Alone I was,
And wished,
To have a mate,
Said the nasty street,
With her faceless face.

An anchor assumed he,
As imagination equals me,
And now in the street,
With sparrow, and wolf,
My mates, - rate and taste,
Me and the fire of my book

In the evening rises the sun,
As the night grows my day starts,
The cock and hen, bear squirrel,
Replace with blue and red light.

My mirror, reflects broken shadows,
Of a whole African -forest, like ghosts,
Of stamp-less ages, that seek dens,
And my God, I think is still with them!

My days and fate are for dates,
Still this vehicle sounds well,
And wilds the drivers' frenzy,
A sail through swines muddy drains.

Subrata Ray

The Trance In Love

With your love
My mornings bloom
and deny the fake shadows.

Your damasked causes
the perpetual affinity
and keeps the blue

I had something to say,
between the said and the unsaid,
But I forgot my birth and death.

With me you had been, are, and will be
And the abstract mirror reflects your presence.

Subrata Ray

The Intrusions

Thirsty! but short rope
to draw water from depth.
Stubborn land to plough
with frail furrow,
and falling in love
before love grows.

Subrata Ray

An Ardent Prayer

.
Give me a place,
Under Your grace,
And ignite the flame of devotion.

Make me meek,
Efface all tricks,
And lift above the inert-mind.

Bestow on me,
An Honest-oriented heart of joy,
And take away passion for toys.

Reduce me into a fleeting brook,
That visits Your foot-prints,
And wash your feet.

Impel in me an ardent hunger,
For the bliss of your mead,
That may I have in my lone retreat.

Open the wailing spring of tears,
Like sudden monsoon in my winter,
And come in person to your orphan.

Install the frenzy for secret-share.,
Of all Your will -good and bad,
And for Your touch ever wilds in me the mad. A Secret

Subrata Ray

The Devouring Volcano

Pale, darkbut quenched not,
youth's profilegrows in degree,
the occasional clients dip and collapse,
soon they swallow the fieryhearth.

She needs no art to learn,
inherited primeval she is,
and a greedy fucker meets an ocean,
and his tiny boat swaps in her cyclone.

With Himalayanboob,
and slippy clitshe harbors her prey,
kinks, gags and floggers,
and kicks the dead in satiety.

Subrata Ray

The Romantic Treasure

The Romantic Treasure.
You were felt before seen,
Long, long ago before the 'first sight',
When the tired sun had gone,
To kiss the moonlit night.
Your live-image seeded sense,
And caused horror to my Arabian steed,
A paragon damsel from Medieval Age,
In my goblet you served your mead.
While the days from mystic cavern,
Were trailed by the wings of Time,
I in my unconscious was painting your rime.
Henceforth, for the unborn years,
The reddish love would tinge abstract glow,
I have felt from times immemorial,
In me your love flows.
So what! No matter matters,
The measure of life and death on temporal vase,
Through cycles of Maya and gen-rooted trace,
Ah! Love -the flowery vibrant! You remake! ! !

Subrata Ray

Poet Writes

Hang time
caught somewhere
the impelling of woman
vagabond in nature

Ego rises
passions tides
the pen fountains
hang Time.

Subrata Ray

No Option

Compulsion to accept
and bear the tenor,
burdened on you by birth,
else forgo and wipe.
You have to afford,
either provided or not,
you are caught between
the jaws of life and death.
Aspirations for sunny days,
and evading the clouds,
in senses' appetite roll.
You grow and grow and then old
and turn into a black-hole.

Subrata Ray

Psychic Structure

Behavioral Structure.

Fie libido's awakening!

She, you, and I grow,

Through experiences windows,

Elements propose chemical reaction,

Our past relates a man and woman.

Fie imposition of moral flags,

The killing of the mind, we lack,

Then Time devours the bio-cycle,

When no where, where is the miracle!

Subrata Ray

The Mysticbird

In the body-made cage,
The soul-like bird,
Comes and goes
I wish to be one with it,
And erase the shadow of the cage,
I wish to vanish the cyclic mirage.

The strange bird recurs in births and deaths,
On space's nest and Time's wreath,
As if the biblical Phoenix reincarnates,
To stage the Lila as the Creator sets.

In the cage the bird has a secret Other,
The bird whispers to his dumb ears,
The bird reminds the close of its vacation,
But alas! The Other has does not bother,

Subrata Ray

The Inner Neighbour

The Nearest Neighbor
The Nearest Neighbor.
There lives a neighbor
A step away from my home,
Often He passes singing by,
In silent melody firing my inner Om.
Distant call His voice assures,
Though He lives nearest to my home.

A mendicant vagabond by nature is He,
In his pathway He sows the seed of Love
To those who offer land to have the fruit of self-tree.

His advent evokes music,
In the inward ears of His chosen listeners,
And His face if by grace flashes to any one,
The joy beyond seven -seas, at once to him comes.

Subrata Ray

Love In Tempest Twenty

It were a damsel she,
And adolescent me,
Sweet fifteen and tempest twenty.

It was a miraculous chemistry,
Of eye and heart,
It was an invisible bond above artless art.

It was a lease far above the Everest,
More beneath the Specific Ocean,
That like a grotesque sprang amidst us,
It was all prevailing with no body and touch!

She need no name, so the me of mine,
For we have the radioactive Unconscious,
That defying Time and Space shines.

While she denounced the world,
And left me alone to care the treasure,
I dug and dug my own well,
And flashed she, when I reached the water level.

Subrata Ray

A Visa In Foreign.

Wish to mitigate the thirsty unquenched,
And root out the installed ebb and tide,
But know not how and where to ride.

Wish to erase the reactive psychic,
That cradles the mind in hopes and fears,
I wish to be bathed in an oblivious shower.

Undone I am between Time and Life,
Drudgery for no cause, and causeless strife,
No stay, in an uncertain bay, I fight and fight.

Why this trance, why the spindle runs,
Baffle and dismay time and again,
Death's passport gains ground for a visa in foreign.

Subrata Ray

No Look In The Book

.

Look for a look withers
The breezy winks of emotion retires,
The ruins of feeling mocks
The standstill holds the dismay.
The cry of democracy amuses in orgy's bay.
No anger to look back
No fostered hope to look forward,
Beguile consumes beguile,
Poisonous utility casts face in art.
Brain weaved traps rampant in competition,
Manipulate the tenor of the day,
And the venom of Politics, ever wicks,
The pyres of the Mankind's stay.
No look in the book,
But a look to hook in the cobweb,
To be poacher and reaper of an innocent May.

Subrata Ray

Thought Spy.

May they read,
May they utter
Silent whisper.

But gut they
Have not to raise a voice,
'Thought police' watches,
The pet-wolves are ready,
The parasites are alert,
Invisible missiles threat,

May the know
So what!
Tongues are anesthetized,

The question of survival
Is more than a tiny beep,
Though rating of merit
Is sold to a corporate,
And chastity to brothels,

The greed for Power is well sowed,
Baits for loots are assured,
Snakes, foxes, owls, vultures
Are rampant in wild orgy,

May they feel,
But feeling is beaked by hawks,
They are yoked to carry the power,
And faith-made democracy to rock

Subrata Ray

Nasty Politics

Ideal Politics.

The words and deeds

By bead and bead

Must diverge

In an ideal politics.

Hookers, cooks and brokers,

By degrees in biology,

Produce chemistry of their own,

The pipers, drum-man, hang -man,

And all bestial intellects,

Come in democracy,

To create sovereign's fate

Snobs, knaves and primeval,

Tea-spoon, table-spoon and earls,

All for power sing jackal- song

And the Savior springs from the throng.

Subrata Ray

A Shadowy Clue In Phantom Blue.

Who thought
all struggles were for
a big naught
through cycles of shadows
Nature grows with time,
senses ornate orchestra,
and life-sun sinks into darkness
Mission misleads mission
enterprises are caught
in illusions' traps
Hope wines chemistry of flesh
youth puzzles true discrimination
self-posed authority tackles the wheel.
Home before and after
hangs in nowhere
birth differentiates not with death.

Subrata Ray

The Grandest Other

My Grandest Other

My boy- friends and husband,

With different passports,

Cross the boarder and take my land,

My home, I admit, accommodates rooms,

As if the groom in the bed lock consumes.

My soil I feel needs bottom -stirred plough,

While all the casual farmers retire from surface,

My secret Other quakes the buried volcano,

And grinds my satiety to saturated trance.

I render no confession but the flame of the Fire,

The switched strokes of lightening thunder,

I will the whirl of Tsunami's wonder.

My secluded occult Other, sends my senses to sleep,

And with His touch infinite I rises from measureless-deep!

Subrata Ray

The Other View

The Other View.

I have nothing to say you
Saying inflicts pains,
as fatigued bodies,
after paltry games.

Your face in each stage,
acted the drama of illusion,
and I vainly traveled the greedy mirage,
knowing not the black sheep in me.

That continual pyre
demanded collapse in sweating swim,
and hide and seek understanding,
equaling in the unequal.

Fie, all those were lies,
we were creepers in paralytic time,
ghost and witch on our own rime,
through the shadowy shades of history.

You issued, X, Y, Z and chained,
Alpha, Beta, Omega,
And I for my blind whim's sake,
infused venom like poisonous snake.

Better were it to be without chemistry,
a lone researcher for mystery,
in life without death and in death without life.

Subrata Ray

Philosophy Of Love

With my clumsy innate
daily fate and nervousness
weakness and slips
you may make me your suit.

Otherwise we may choose a motel
set gossip, soothe frenzy and rest,
and see the East in the dropping West.

The revealed eye, arrowed heart
and trauma of romantic lore,
may pass and go

The sharing of drudgery and its sores
pains of defeats and victories windows,
writhing penury and fortunes intrusions,
in love grow as permanent intuition.

To be an other, the secret sharer,
is the mammoth task for the pair,
love defies pleasing and disgusting affairs.
© 2 years ago, Subrata Ray love

Subrata Ray

Withering Call

Somewhere in the distant depth
The psychic chat is sowed,
Covered with mystic dye
It itself emits, and glows.

My miracle! the image peeps,
And the mystic queen, brings the ruins,
For Her absence the heart weeps.

The relatives around cause no relativity,
For empty shadows they appear,
My mystic Queen, alone shines,
'Lest I lose Her' -says the Fear.

She is my desert, flood, and forest,
My withering end, that me weans,
She is, curse and bliss,
My drudgery and soothing rest.

Her psychic is bike, that runs,
In my ghostly gloom She is my only sun.
© 2 years ago, Subrata Ray spiritual

Subrata Ray

The Cargo

Dry in care,
cowed in share,
Moaned for a relief.

In my sweet fourteen
i faced yellowish -green,
and wished to be ignited.

Bahamian father
gypsy mother,
and masquerade
crowded in my teen-gate.

I had no option,
but let loose,
the wealth of my virginal clues.

Traffic -vehicles,
to and fro
barrow to my brow,
hinted at desire of furrow.

I knew their zeal,
to fulfill
with my fiery in a bed,
the scorpions waded.

I grew in profession
with so many stamps,
in shady and blue camps.

Alcohols, and oddities,
sprang as lunch, and meal,
i turned into a willing will.

A nasty dustbin for wild sperms,
my life reduced into psychic germs.
chaff y, charcoal, tattered figure,
a sunless cave i bear.

Subrata Ray

Self Erosion

Dewy skin with coral-lips,
Damasked cheeks in pleasure trips,
Blossoming summer's adolescence,
Arrested eyes in heart's trance,
Dance in my ageless wild.

Cuckoo's rime with nightingale's chant,
The lark's winding flight wings flung,
The unheard music ripples in the tongue,
The somber released of stored memory sprang,
In my grotesque go ding -dang, ding -dang.

The flowery bed of the wedlock,
The chemical geography of physical talks,
The dipping into the depth of mutual well,
The untold tale of an unquenched tale,
Toll my senses to a glimmering bell.

The self-rejected eccentric's whims,
The vagrant monk's distant-travelling,
The love unrecognized as Christ's suffering,
And the devotee's devotion as deluge-swelling,
Evoke in me as mountain spring.

Subrata Ray

The Frankenstein- Corona Virus

.- : Poet Subrata Ray.

While the human psychic invites Cancer,
And ego creates Atomic-bomb,
Like the Monster by Victor Frankenstein,
Or the homicide and massacre by Hitler and Stalin,
Then we must wait, muse, and imply a second-thought,
To restore our genial human nature with penance;
For our haughty -utilitarian-motive that has dehumanized us.

Though none to blame, yet blame sustains,
The 'Forest of Night' with its primordial Vices awakened,
And our chemistry with Physics hits the Biological Echo-centre,
The innocent Geography is cramped,
The Monster haunts within and without!

Be alert of your diet and foods, -the Voice whispered,
But the rampant glory of self conceits merit not to pay heed,
And anarchy of whims brings ruins upon the Nature's placid heart.
Unrestricted swallow of pangolins, bats, snakes, swine and the likes ,
Cause a silent entry, -to human sphere, and now in a hike to toll the kneel.

Wuhan a city of China gave birth the Virus from live-bird- animal market,
And the ant-eater Pangolin and its scales, eaten by men, might be the cause,
Or there may be causes for the wickedness of scientists -who knows! ! ! .

Return to Nature, -the dictum revives, and community contamination is banned,
Fresh air in the secluded room, and prayer to the Lord, all feelings for comrades,
And a firm Vow to stand by as if we all are made for each other, triumph now.

@Author Subrata Ray

Subrata Ray

The Wizard's Wand.

Your honey -hived dale,
Withering will's tale,
Tolls tormented suspicion'sbell

Budded brook's reddish lotus,
Intense -withering breeze,
Wild-wish's tidal
Teases the unconsciouszeal.

Thebluedraws horizon
Fantasy sails canopy,
The voyage takes no weigh,
But dreamy-doom wings.

Subrata Ray

Theun-Quenched Profile.

Dewy skin with coral-lips,
Damasked cheeks in pleasure trips,
Blossoming summer's adolescence,
Arrested eyes in heart's trance,
Dance in my ageless wild.

Cuckoo's rime with nightingale's chant,
The lark's winding flight wings flung,
The unheard music ripples in the tongue,
The somber released of stored memory sprang,
In my grotesque go ding -dang, ding -dang.

The flowery bed of the wedlock,
The chemical geography of physical talks,
The dipping into the depth of mutual well,
The untold tale of an unquenched profile,
Toll my senses to a glimmering bell.

The self-rejected eccentric's whims,
The vagrant monk's distant-travelling,
The love unrecognized as Christ's suffering,
And the devotee's devotion as deluge-swelling,
Evoke in me as mountain spring.

Subrata Ray

The Inspiring Message.

Some of your scriptures, I have read,
That you have given to the Mankind,
The more there, that you bear,
In thy face I find.

In your love letters, "Where are you?"
I ask.
I read and read, and find therein,
Your mask.

Now, thou have made me feel well,
That to bring your conscience's bell,
You have kept in your trap a trained dove,
He calls the restless ones to confer peace and hope.
But you the hunter do stand,
Farthest from any recognized land.

In the first spring of my child hood love,
Thou were all bliss to my sensuous pleasure,
Now I feel, how fool I was and how,
I proved my self a loser.

Thou have wished, I should be,
A flowing stream,
To soothe the dip of those
Who are cloyed, thirsty, and grim?

Thou come in guise, in evil and good,
And let me taste life's future food.

They come one by one,
And their faces I see,
The un-numbered images of thy Face,
And, every where, it is thee.

Subrata Ray

The Probability

The Probability Of The Reality.

No tomorrow there unfolds,
No yesterdays could ever be,
The soul takes its pilgrimage,
In the timeless waves of the sea.

Perhaps for Her love and play,
She infuses life in the apparent clays,
And endows divine beauty of her own.
When clouds of mind are gone,
In the dome of abstract lake, she is shown.

It was destined for all, to have the call,
To clear the garbage of parasites,
To efface the dark, and restore the Light.

It is so, go and go,
Hold the scythe and mow.
Set fire every where,
On the rooms of seven deadly sins,
On the haphazard wizard,
In your, gay-Ego's labyrinths.

Subrata Ray

Arish Khan The Innocent Beauty

ARISH Khan_The Innocent Beauty.

The Beauty Of Innocence
Radiates aura divine
And in Mother's lap
Like dew bathed flower shines.

The stilled eyes link to
The azure Vision of a prophet
And the Face serves grace
With soothing delight of rest.

More of a budding Rose
The transparent soul glows
And leads the parents
To willow wanding wings
As if the execution of the Divine
In mundane human spring.

You with your Mother Aindrila
Grow with childish Lila
And your father Minaroj
Keeps arrested glance.

Your echoing flow
Glow and glows
And the fleeting Time
Hangs in trance.

Your poet feels BLESSED
Having the glimpse of your joyous jocund
In your earthly lease
You ever please
Vibrating your Heavenly Fund.

Subrata Ray

The Subtlest Dumb.

The ceaseless state is nucleus.
It remains in atom without touch.
So the Ataman in us.
Radiates beacon light with Divine focus.

Quanta physics relates spiritual science
The subtlest Dumb is life's turbine.

Subrata Ray

The Divine Self

The Restoration Of The Divine Self.

Let a chance to be so,
An opening of transparency,
A tranquil revelation,
A shadowless realm to go.

Let the beauty earned by suffering,
And the fortitude to bear the Nature' waves,
Be the witless-wait to accept God's verdict,
Prevail in the quanta -conscious of our being,

Ah! the parasites covered mind,
Be burnt into ashes,
And then the the succeeding flashes,
From the Vast Unconscious in us,
Come up as the secret sharer with godly touch.

Subrata Ray

Music Defecto

Music Within And Without.

Music by nature is without word,
As the dumb in us prevails,
The notes within find flow,
As boats of melody sail.

The melody is a predominating de-facto,
That stirs ecstasy first in human lyre,
Then in a piano its aura dissipates fire.
Intricate, subtle, as sleeping quanta in Unconscious,
Within the unified-field, in every field it has a divine touch.

Music bubbles in polyphonic notes,
Both in vocal-tone and instrument,
The Dumb-Divine supplies wine,
As Jackson equals to Beethoven's crescendo.
Music with melody blooms in Avatar's tongue,
And the listeners get stirred in a spiritual hang.

Monophonic in origin, as white light is,
Colors as symphony when through prism it is released.
It remains buried in the inert,
As piano, violin, lyre, and flute,
The artist secondary evokes tune,
When the Divine within supplies the wit.

Subrata Ray

The Root Of Love

How I wish To Love You.

Time carries your love,
And the inward eye shares,
The soothing tranquility of your smile,
And heart bears the flame,
On faith by virtue of your name.

No presence is a substitute,
In your absence,
No sense the mind dare to hold,
In my ship, you are the rudder, I hold.

Your letters to your lovers
And the oracles in Gita Koran Bible
Serve SPEECH TOUCH within the tales.

Subrata Ray

The Nude

The Nude.

Mountain, ocean, sky
Desert forest and the rest
Are Nude in their appearance.
Fresh and transparent in forebearing
In Nature's abode gleefully wing.

All humans in birth and death are nude
With growing life cover different moods
They clothe within and without
And invent tricks to hide
The Conscience, Righteous and Justified.

Art of installing manipulated traps
Go on coming out in their map
The hell born Vice guide to civilize
Inert Intellects bring their prize.

Shrouds after shrouds dim the Divine rage
Playful orgy in War and Politics
Build their epitaphs with THOUSAND bricks.

To be a nude in the true sense
Is evading the bar by breaking fence
And becoming one with all creations
And holding within the awakened Notion.

Subrata Ray

A Shadow's Cry

The Cry Of the Shadow.

Alone alone in the ancient desert,
The step hangs in despair,
The thirsty beak is all weak,
Mirage mocks every where.

Water water -laments,
The drought-lapped tongue,
Oasis oasis -the cherished bliss,
The haggard bird sang.

The thin shadow with oblique sun,
Wishes to mitigate the crisis,
It prays Above to have a scope,
For a shower and an oasis.

Being ignorant of next to come
The shadow loiters here and there
And brags with empty certainty
Its Ego creates its own mire.

A phantom ghost or illusive witch
Rampant it goes and beguiles
And with thunder speech I, I, I it cries.
Snobbery, exploitation and will be well liked
In its gear without fear is ever hiked.

From shadows after shadows
The SHADOW germinates in Deadland
And knows not its original Stand.

Subrata Ray

Sri Ramakrishna Samadhi

Sri Ramakrishna's Samadhi

The full_bloomed Atman illumines
The no man's land between life and death
Bestows a Live Touch of the eternity
The Dualism and Nondualism mingle
The dream of God Glimpse is fulfilled

No Wonder has everwondered the activated Brahman
The Vedas, Uponished The Gita and the Bible
So far remained as spiritual tales
With Sri Ramakrishna God realization is no marvel.

Subrata Ray

Identity Of The Self

Self Identity.

Some fragments of passions bubble
Amidst the tranquil lea and mountain glade
The inert mind leaves its cover
The boundless horizon vanishes
The Eternal Lone activates.

The memory built I, is cut off
The Nowhere takes hold
And the identity of the Self claims
The Divine negates time and space.

The past mirages are burnt out ashes
Hope_born dreams retire

Subrata Ray

The Primeval

The Spell Of The Primeval.
The blooming adolescence,
With some cankerin its blossom ,
Or some dormant snake,
Wilds all seasons.

The budding flower,
Arrests drones one by one,
And feels thirsty for equilibrium,
A peg in its draught, in the spring.

The fruits defies forbiddance ,
And lurk to bathe in the juice of orgasm,
The ghosts and witches take hold on desires.

Fire! More fire, rains and regains,
Seed to flower, fruit, and then pyre!

Subrata Ray

Corona Virus And Prayer

Prayer To Divine Mother SARODA.

Mother with wallet of Grace
Sri Ramakrishna's Bride, Divine Empress
Pray pray pray to You to bless
And restore us from CORONA's rage.

Who? But you reign
Through creation and destruction
And sow seed of human Religion
To be meek mild innocent and gentle.

Forgive us for committing sins
Upon your ECHOING GREEN
And give us a chance for penance
By bestowing your spiritual Trance.

Subrata Ray

Bengali Devotional Song

Mother SARODA'S Grace Bengali Song

Mon chai Mon chai
Gutea oi ranga pie
Kichu pap Kichu glani
Tatea Jodi dhueya jai.
Mon chai Mon chai.

Hai hai ea ki holo
Maya moho ghurni bai
Ao karonea karoner srotea mon
Sudhu dhai.

Orea jai jai dhueya jai
Sri Maa SARODA er Kripai
Kripa korea Maa Jodi
Ridhoyea agoto hoi.
Mon chai Mon chai
Gutea oi ranga pai.

COMPOSED by @ Subrata Ray.

Subrata Ray

Devotional Tears

The Artesian Tears

@ Poet Subrata Ray.

Devotee, spiritual aspirant or monk

To have the BLESSED Oasis

In the dreary mirage of life

From birth to birth in this earth

Cry with wailful tears.

Perilous, painful passage pungs

Slide, glide, with Ramakrishna name sung

Day in and day out and so on and so on

With Jappa, Meditation, and Bhaba are grown.

Thirsty to quench but no Water to drench

In the rough deserted hills

But a sudden Will, intervenes to deal

And opens the Fountain of the choked seal.

Distilled Divine flood of tears

Springs forth with Unconscious Mirth

And the Tsunami led by Brahm

Takes hold.

N.B The poem focuses on the central concept of Bhakti Yoga. Devotion in its condensed form comes out like a Flood and breaks all fences of life. Artesian fountain remains hidden in hills and mountains. Its sudden opening springs forth distilled water. Likewise from the Nath -Brahman, of an ardent devoteetears in huge current from within come out.

Subrata Ray

A Peep Into Love

A Peep Into Love.

Love is the ineffable-self divine,
It roots immortality amidst thousand ruins.
The truth reveals its mystery to Love's flame,
And Time bows its head to carry the name.

With its advent, the sun in in darkest-room rises,
And liberates the soul to divine -passage.

Subrata Ray

The Chaffy Poets

The Chaffy Poet

No river of suffering I did wade,
I read books, and lecture made,
I did not have the chemistry to react,
I am a product of conventional track..

I had no gypsy friends,
Nor had I sweat-oozed farmer,
Never did I open my social status,
I did not borrow the grass-root touch.

No tears of mine shared the fallen girl,
Never I picked the way-side pearls,
And service but self I could not know,
In my poetry my scholarly humors go.

I manipulate society of high profiles,
With oily-tongue, contrived conference,
And coordinator of anthology I beguile,
I bribe the Power to sail my will.

Subrata Ray

Feelings

Impressions

Le-goos condenses
consumes the appetite
the cow grazes grass,
the owl hoots,
and in agony life whines.

Lone island mystifies,
age buds to spoil and decay
gay immigrants adhere to stay.

No voice is heard
but assumed on faith
the old sailors quit pilgrimage,

The home of uncertainty,
employs Nature to play,
life germinates and decays in clay.

Subrata Ray

The Poet

The ever Tagged Poet.

In brothel, temple, and street
You merit for your youth,
both in figure and spirit

The inevitable decay is not yours,
as you have no wick of desire,
without friction you lamp invisible fire.

You are penned with the ink of feeling,
as pure water glides from fountain,

Subrata Ray

Humble Prayer

A Prayer To Goddess Durga -2018

Give me a place,
Under Your grace,
And ignite the flame of devotion.

Make me meek,
Efface all tricks,
And lift above the inert-mind.

Bestow on me,
An Honest-oriented heart of joy,
And take away passion for toys.

Reduce me into a fleeting brook,
That visits Your foot-prints,
And wash your feet.

Impel in me an ardent hunger,
For the bliss of your mead,
That may I have in my lone retreat.

Open the wailing spring of tears,
Like sudden monsoon in my winter,
And come in person to your orphan.

Install the frenzy for secret-share.,
Of all Your will -good and bad,
And for Your touch ever wilds in me the mad.

Subrata Ray

Searching For Meaning

Search For Meaning.

No Holocaust!
No Concentration Camp!
No Nazzy grudge
But a tiny Virus Corona
The diabolic wreath of Omen.

Nothing is there to wage war
Save prayer for Ablution of sin
With panic sweat and dumb Science.

Locked down and as if blocked
Tic tic stops the clock
The days lose their names
The weeks oblivious of months.

Who knows who are survivals
The street dogs beggars and earls
The volcano of hunger and cursed poverty
The just born infant to age of ninety.

The present predicts no future
Protection and assumption are the measures
Standstill, no will, and fading hope
None knows where to question and why! ? @.Subrata Ray

Subrata Ray

The Reversal With Corona

The Reversal With Corona.

The great Nature
With Her inmates
Invited Adam and Eve to dominate
And take care of all, _ animals, birds, soil
Water hills and obey God's call.

Lust greed envy as Vice
Sought price to rejoice with orgy
And Satan came up as Man
Defying God to hold his sway.

Venomous Intellect cancered the heart
Ambition to be supreme spoiled the divine parts
Bhesmechy, betrayal turned into art.
Rampant Wilds opened profiles
With bombs as Atomic, Hydrogen and nuclear
Chrrmical expulsion positioned the earth.

Power! Power! War! and War Out Cry
Treachorous turmoil boiled with brain born missiles
Manipulated traps wrapped and went beguile

God gifted Nature with animals and birds.
And fresh air with huge oxygen
Got polluted molested and massacred
The tyrant Man felt boast for his fraud.

The subtle, invisible Corona winked
To dwindle, wrinkle and suffocate
The self stamped brag of Human Fate.

No shelter but despair and unrest
As the Piper of Babilon thrust rates out of the gate
In dismayed suspension we wait.

@ Poet Subrata Ray

Nostalgia With Reverie

Memory's Romance.

Some days and years
With them bear
Pleasant fruits of memory
And remain buried in us
With cosy quenching touch
And exhort as soothing Oasis.

Unsaid love in countenance is felt
Emotion, infatuation, admiration well dealt
And privilege of sweet company
In giving Lift through bike ride
Or a hand made Cup of Tea
Serving with Pride
Reveal like a secret panorama, one by one.

The bygone days of blooming green
Revive like the dear and roe in wild green
To say some thing without saying
From the long preserved treasure of life.

Perhaps you are Wife of a Husband
Or a Husband of a Wife
It may be one's Whole bachalorship
Or marriage of a woman to a tyrant whip,
Or the monotonous rations of the squirrel and bear
Or the mask of "happy family" you wear.

Yet you know
Where ever you go
In your silent leisure
Your unexpressed love
Delights you with no measure.

And if it happens
You find a scope
And are urged to say
The ever cherished word

Can you open the Hidden Heart?
Or admit the colossal link!

Subrata Ray

The Wings Of Spirituality

Spirituality

The initiation is the vow

Walking is process

Hardship and troubles are the tests

Revelations of the self are the fruits

Realization of God in us is the goal.

Subrata Ray

The Withered Time

The Withered Time.

In Pealing at hotel Starling
Looking from cantilever
To green lost mountainous forest

Subrata Ray

Way To Redemption

Study of the Self

Mystery is there to uncover
The Occult is the grotesque within
The body is the lab to research
The Spiritual Master is the inspiration
This not that not is the way
And changing mind into Godparticle
Is the destination, they say.

Subrata Ray

Corona Destiny

Destiny

Character is there

But Fate is mystery

Uncertainty dominates

Witnesses the history.

The touch of CORONA VIRUS

And long before the Pleage

Smallpox, Cholera and so on

Collapse the flow of civilization.

A cell opening from brain

May discover and invent

To tackle the crisis and regain

But after awhile Fate opens profile

And dwindles away human Will.

From the Chesum of Blaackhole

Antipower bubbles

And Man's agony turns terrible.

Subrata Ray

The Winking Wind

The Idealised Damsel.

Damsel she is,
With fresh spring of time unknown,
In her smile,
The enchanting windows are shown.

Damsel she is,
With light-winged slim figure,
Her feet, she says,
A vagrant's mystic mole bear.

Damsel she is,
With thousands islands home,
In her eyes,
The haunting dreams of love roam.

Damsel she is,
With the majesty of commanding divine,
In her symphonic voice,
The action of Time's spindle reigns.

Subrata Ray

Love Lows To Low Land

Love's Showers Channel To Low-land.

Mine is low
Mine is bow,
For I do not know.

I am a prodigal son,
But my Father is great,
He can mitigate, desires,
And the Nature -bound Fate.

My Ego's I,
Never fly,
And makes me fool like Lear,
But I,
Must cry,
And the bond I sign,
To be joyous and fine,
As my burden, He bears.

A pond, stagnant,
Needs connection,
To a river for its flow,
So that to vast ocean,
Easily go it can,
And finds its transparent glow.

Life adds life, and dimension it sets,
And enhances, if links to a Great.

Subrata Ray

The Sane And Insane

Sane and Insane.

None is sane in humans
Relativity causes difference
The cells in brain constitute
The Universe of Brahman.

Bottom, Falstaff and Prospero
Bethoven, plank, Einstien
Are all from human brains.

Jesus, Mahamad, Sri Ramakrishna
The prophets of all times
Are sane in the truest sense
As the Bigger I in us with them rime.

One is sane in limited scale
In a culture or community of his tale
But there are cup, pot, pond river and ocean
Scattered and confused in man's notion

Normally abnormal we are all
Sane or insane you may call.

Subrata Ray

Love The Lunatic

Words may be abstract flower
, feelings may be fragrance
But beauty of friendship ever keeps
unprecedented trance.

You may clue

Love's Blue

from the Spring of heart

but the lunatic in friendship

flags the artless art.

Subrata Ray

Swami Vivekananda Ashram Shymtal.

Tranquillity stills

Nature rises with her spiritual Will

The mind dips into Unconscious

And gets vanished with Divine touch.

Agelong memories find release

Cycles of life and death get wiped

The non attached Soul awakens.

Subrata Ray

The Dollar Beds

To repay my obligation on this earth,
The wild orgy behind my birth,
My Natural had the whim to wade,
The cozy-cosmos dollar beds.

Who cares Time if time passes away?
In gleeful green of the first May,
With moral burden on an inborn gay?
And dub orgasm in a composite bay.

The kings ask for the virgins to comply,
The priests approve the residues of the prize,
The gang-man, hang-man, the trumpet-major,
Blinding blunder operate the procedure,
To be dollared by bed in prancing shades,
Who needs bed-lock where beds are free,
As if a leased forest with thousand trees,
For Honey invites the money,
Like the cry of a sale with no farewell!

I never thought to create a reason,
The Black snake and the tigress are in the prison,
They hear no word of the foolish bards,
But bear the forbidden hell in their hearts

Subrata Ray

Poetry Eternal

.

Long before history
Poetry rooted in psychic as mystery
And bubbles fragments of images
And focuses the inner story.

Love with different codes of chemistry
In tragedy comedy Gita Koran Bible
Poetry ever retains its tales.

Subrata Ray

Corona Virus -And Prayer To Mother Saroda.

Dare we? really dare!
In crisis -tossed dilemma of fear
Ah! We have our Divine Mother.

Fie! Corona Virus
We are in Mother's touch
And beg and cry for grace
To save and preserve Her inmates.

The tidal of Bhab(Inspired Feeling)
Washes away the scattered stamps of sins,
And mitigates the the greed-lorn ruins

In your Name, in your Image
In your worship, in your prayer,
Your Live-Presence awakens everywhere,
Dare we? Really dare! Ah! Our Faith swears.

Subrata Ray? composed on 19-04-2020
A Prayer.

Subrata Ray

Love's Tragedy

Love is an illusive chemistry.
Suffering records its history.
And the few spiritual giants
can solve its mystery.
The rest who deal with Love sucks the poison.
Being exhausted and bankrupt moan.

Faith comes as an Irony
Ideal to carry the cart
Lead to slaughter HOUSE
The old parents turn barren
And the squirrel leaves the mouse.

Blind fury for carnal pleasure
Stabs the Conscience and washes hands
Self inviting Salvery stands by strand.

Subrata Ray

Swami Vivekananda -The spiritual Cyclone

Swami Vivekananda The Spiritual Cyclone.
Word Brahman emits from your tongue
The listeners are transcended to trance
Your presence evokes joy unknown.
You awaken humans from wintery sleep
And open the dormant soul from buried deep
And with your will the illusions you wipe.
You have functioned the practical Vedananta
From the lab of your body
And left behind the Science of Spiritual study.

Subrata Ray

The Belur Math Of Swami Vivekananda.

The abode of God Ramakrishna,
The live-body of Swami Vivekananda,
The luminous halo of God-particles,
The Gateway to realize spiritual Miracles.

Swami Vivekananda's mission,
To activate the dormant God in us
And to see the reflection of the self in all
Gives us an undeniable Call.

A Divine Laboratory to manifest from within,
A Shrine to practice devotion, meditation and austerity,
An Oasis for shelter in Topsy-turvy cyclone of life,
An ideal to know and go-dedication
The Himalayan-Light House, -for renunciation.

Subrata Ray

A Friend To Man -Khan Minaroj

How beautiful your family looks
It opens an ideal human book.
Love and care bind the trio.
The Divine grows for the tomorrow.
Life adds life with chastity and feeling
And secures security in inner healing.

Reformation of habit and desire
Evokes in you spiritual fire.
Your yeoman service must receive
The benediction of God
Love is your power
Granted by the Lord.
Sacrifice with undaunted will
Here and there reveals your profile.
Subtle discrimination and marshalling the problems of life
In your psychic gear ever strives.
Being a human, humanisation is your goal
Irrespective of biasism of Religion rises your soul.

God loves you as you serve him with your best
The Sun in your realm
Shines in the East and the West.

Subrata Ray

The Artesian Tears

Devotee spiritual aspirant or sanyasin
To have the BLESSED Oasis
In dreary mirage of life
From birth to birth in this earth
Cry with tearful eyes to have the prize.

Perilous painful passage pangs
Slide glide with Ramakrishna's name sung
Day in and day out and so on and so on
With Jappa Meditation and Bhaba are grown.

Thirsty to quench but no Water to drench
In the weary deserted hills
But a sudden will intervenes to deal
And opens the Fountain of the choked seal

Distilled Divine flood of tears
Springs forth with Unconscious Mirth
And the Tsunami led by Brahman
Takes hold.

Subrata Ray

The Guru -Dedicated To Ourgreat Teacher Basudev Viswas

The Guru -Basudev Biswas

More than milk of human kindness,
You are shire,
For, in the poor, wretched, orphan and common students,
You ignited the flame of inspirational fire.
In our child hood, you upheld your mirror to us,
Ignorant though we were, yet we got your spiritual touch.

You added your life to lives,
And unfolded the tender buds,
With teaching bedecked with feelings,
Implanted some of the fragments of your art.

Beloved Guru, Basudev Biswas,
With tearful gratitude, we admit,
You dedicated your grand life to render your touch.

Note: Portrait here, is the likeness of our shire, -Basudev Biswas, Me and my youngest brother, -the eminent professor of Psychiatry, Dr Suvash Ray were fortunate enough to be the disciples (Students) , of this master-minded genius. Time in its head would carry the grander of love and service of this great

Subrata Ray

The Trustee

The Trustee.

I have an old court to cut,
To run the go to be smart,
And I may alter
With the opinion of the common,
Though never I am summoned.

The father smiles,
Seeing my egoistic beguiles,
And enjoys my foolish brags,
Living in His light, -stepping in the dark.

The Father smiles,
In my multiplications of fence,
And oblivious of the trance,
My prerogative as His son.

His apostles are the pillar of beacon-light,
As they all bear the Father within,
And the truth we wish to know reveals in their human-shrine.

My inert intellect seeks reasons,
And I build within me prisons after prisons,
I forget, I have my Father,
The coat I keep to follow his order.

Subrata Ray

Swami Vivekananda -The Miracle Of The Miracles

Swami Vivekananda -The Miracle Of The Miracles.

Tranquility deepens to the unfathomed depth,
The subtlest beauty of the soul reflects in the face,
The stilled eye showers grace where it casts,
The tongue emits Word-Brahman in its voice,
A unique universe rises into surface with His grace.

The art of tracing the Soul He knows,
And awakens instinct-affected humans by His will,
With His touch, from us He liberates God-particle,
His holding spirituality up to nature is miracle of miracles

Subrata Ray

The Devotional Garland

The Devotional Garland.

Down in the dawn,
Under lonely Shaphali,
I sought my room,
And waited and waited,
For Your blessing.
Nothing I did but meditated on,
The sequence of the Shaphali flowers,
And in vacant look to read Your book,
In the beading of the flowers,
The leaves of the trees clustered you
And you transcended the nature with calm smile,
In my deepest depth opened your profile.

The reddish sun casts its rays,
The morning breeze sweeps,
The Shaphali's fragrance,
Azuring the heart effused my feelings.

From the grassy-bed of the tree ,
I picked and picked one by one
The dewed Shaphali flowers,
And beaded and beaded hour by hour.

I vowed to make the garland,
With the fervor of my poor devotion,
And implant in it the surge of my emotion.

I wished You to take my love-weaved flowers,
And put the garland round Your neck,
For I cultured it hour byhour

Subrata Ray

Judy's Marvelous Bird.

Judy's Bird

Soft whitish feather,
Blue -deep eyes,
You make Judy's home,
As the pilgrim of the sky.

Nurtured with love,
You dwell in Judy's heart,
A never failing friend,
You pour feeling through your art.

In life's mirage, you serve an oasis,
In lone loneliness with God you are a bliss.

Subrata Ray

Mellow -The Heavenly Babe

Mellow -The Heavenly Baby

Beauty condenses and emits fragrance,
Goodness blooms and casts a trance,
Of aura -oriented lucid sun.
The soul on Soul in ecstasy dances.'

The Face, -a lakeof prenatal Divine,
In the eye Eternal transparency shines
The smile beguiles sense pleasure,
Mellow willows joy of unknown measure

Subrata Ray

Aharshi Chaki -The Budding Divine

Aharshi Chaki -The Budding Baby.
You look pied and peerless ,
As the Divine in youshines,
A dewed flower in revealing morning.
Your smile radiates calm-delight,
And eyes shoot the glow of beacon-light.
Your presence impels flood of grace,
As meditative tranquility reflects in your face.

Subrata Ray

The Azure Wand

The Wizard's Wand.

Your honey -hived dale,
Withering will's tale,
Tolls tormented suspicion's bell

Budded brook's reddish lotus,
Intense -withering breeze,
Wild-wish's tidal
Teases the unconscious zeal.

The blue draws horizon
Fantasy sails canopy,
The voyage takes no weight,
But dreamy-doom wings.
Impressed touch,
A journey towards ecstasy,
A benumbed heaven ,
Time effaced awakening.

What was that,
Chemical transaction?
Quenched trauma,
A flag on bodies' Everest!

Ah! A flash of perennial spring,
The grotesque of self -oblivious wings.

Subrata Ray

Fortitude And Suffering

Fortitude And Suffering

Fortitude And Suffering. by Ray Subrata

Faith! , I signed the bond,

I took shelter under your Will,

And complain never whatever comes,

As I have submitted to your thrill.

Time! the recording impression,

May engrave the body at its province,

But the soul, I am, you have confirmed,

Abreast and undaunted I would go forward,

Negating the tyranny of the senses.

Searcher of truth, invites gross body's death,

So that the subtlest Atman may rise,

For, faith returns as God's awakening,

With fortitude as suffering's prize.

Joy from within and independent freedom,

Is the soul's mission to realize its own Home!

Subrata Ray

To My Soul Of Light

To My Soul Of Light.

You impressed dearest
To be wild for Nectar's taste,
And discriminate,
The causes of Fate,

I had taken an oath,
To go forward,
And prepare my heart,
To hold you therein.

Till then my boat sails
With foreign passport,
To realize the destination within.

I admit, the privilege,
To put my head upon your knee,
And cosy, breezy, transcendental touch ,
More than a live vision under your arch.

My bond is made signed,
By your gracious hand,
And in my whole being,
As the soul of light you stand.

Subrata Ray

The Vow To Go

A Vow To Go.

I wish to be your pet
As an all ardent dog to its master,
And have wait-less wait for your signals,
For, with all my worldly gifts, I am an waif, AA
Amidst all uncertainty of my strife.

The search of my own immortality
Brings You home,
And in the shrine of my retreat,
Your tranquil -presence reigns.
Time and Nature here have least entry,
Ah! The grace of my Empress alone prevails.

Who cares the gatherers of worldly garbage,
The articles of gratifying sense pleasures,
Who? Why? And for what?

Two breads and one loincloth,
And a shelter under the sky,
With unquenched anguish,
To have your sight and presence,
Are what I cherish. I wish to be your slave.

Life I might have felt -a chance,
To decode the language of the senses,
And dipping to dig the self well,
To taste the water from the unconscious level.

Subrata Ray

A Reply To The Saying Of My Dearest.

A reply To The Sayings Of My Dearest.

You negated my second coming
As you launched your full-fledged wings,
In the Chidakash as a liberated soul,
Winning Atman, -the grandest goal.

Mine is a haggard's staggering,
In the labyrinths of reason-headed profits,
Of base instincts and love-masked scorpions,
And lagging more behind than forwarding,
Like a tiny-boat in tidal cross-current.

My ego beyond apparent goodness,
My hidden blindness in the showy-knowledge,
And my innate poverty to hold the coverage,
To know the self and end the prosaic tale,
Hardly merit for escape velocity.

Yet may it be, I suppose,
As often all reasons wither
From my poetry and prose,
And the mantle of my spiritual master,
More than a rudder sails on the tsunami,
Of my every-day's struggle of filthy living.
May your word be fruitful like a Divine-Bard,
As I already have a crack that turns big to bigger,
And sure I am to have a non-dimensional figure.

Subrata Ray

Polymerized Poetry

Polymerized Poetry.

Nucleus of bubbling atoms,
Brain-tossed volcanoes,
Sharpened -beaks of hawks,
Reincarnate for survivals to fit.

Questions bubble and burst,
Answers bubble and burst,
No peace but unrest in trust.

Subrata Ray

The Bewitched Rose

The Bewitched Roe.

In Star Theatre,
Or hotel Grand,
Or in a purchased bower,
The prime chemistry waits,
She catches Wills and sets,
To be quenched and soothed.

She blooms in all romantic containers,
From lions to street dogs,
Half penny vagabond to monarch,
And equals geography to chemistry.

Rose blooms
Brings gloom,
Causes doom.

,

Subrata Ray

A Maiden

A Maiden

Immemorial fossil,
Grows and casts shadowy-live,
Hearth and birth coincides,
Willow-wingedspring,
Arrows and mows,
The fire-thirstyinsects.

Subrata Ray

The Soul And Maya

The Soul And The Maya

No tomorrow there unfolds,
No yesterdays could ever be,
The soul takes its pilgrimage,
In the timeless waves of the sea.

Perhaps for Her love and play,
She infuses life in the apparent clays,
And endows divine beauty of her own.
When clouds of mind are gone,
In the dome of abstract lake, she is shown.

It was destined for all, to have the call,
To clear the garbage of parasites,
To efface the dark, and restore the Light.

It is so, go and go,
Hold the scythe and mow.
Set fire every where,
On the rooms of seven deadly sins,
On the haphazard wizard,
In your, gay-Ego's labyrinths.

Subrata Ray

The Unidentified Poet

The ever Tagged Poet.

In brothel, temple, and street
You merit for your youth,
both in figure and spirit

The inevitable decay is not yours,
as you have no wick of desire,
without friction you lamp invisible fire.

You are penned with the ink of feeling,
as pure water glides from fountain,

Subrata Ray

Ma Sanghita Sen Sharma, -Token Of Remembrance

Ma Sanghita Sen Sharma, -Token of Remembrance

I remember you

with tears of gratitude

though my tongue mutes.

I keep you in my sorrow-oozed heart,

as one for me -a never failing part.

I love you as love does impel

as a star of light in my mundane sail.

You budded, bloomed and flourished,

And anticipated grand promise that we cherished,

Your one score and three,

Made you free, from earthly bondage,

Ah! The bird sojourns home-ward

Leaving the memories' cage.

Your love devours Time,

And in our plasma-monitor,

You keep a live-presence,

Though the Home is afar.

Never, neverhere, will be

Empty of your crowning glory,

Our lives expand, centering your story.

Subrata Ray

The Wizard's Wand

The Wizard's Wand.

Your honey -hived dale,
Withering will's tale,
Tolls tormented suspicion's bell

Budded brook's reddish lotus,
Intense -withering breeze,
Wild-wish's tidal
Teases the unconscious zeal .

The blue draws horizon
Fantasy sails canopy,
The voyage takes no weigh,
But dreamy-doom wings.

Subrata Ray

The Magical Glow Of Love

The Magical Glow.

I needed not to say a word
Her impressed look read my bard.
Therein there was a haunting psychic,
Willed willow in romantic hike.

A magic as if sending senses into sleep,
And melting the memory into dreamy fabric.
My Vagabond felt something like romance,
Flowery gusto in the spring-green trance.

No vocal transport but the full-bloomed dumb,
Defying my sensory enacted its triumph.

Subrata Ray

I Remember You

I Remember You.

I have cause in no-cause -way
to drag you in the brook of reminiscence,
as aura from the soul feels identity.

Your spiritual heritage, and devotional struggle,
create a psalm of its own nature,
And in my tiny path, your sudden advent,
flourished as flash of the Sun, in shadowy -night.

Subrata Ray

A Letter To Love

A Letter To Love.

Hey love! the cup
filled with poison and nectar,
you spring with two face,
the nasty carnal, and divine grace.

Seeking your true nature,
is a venture to restore,
the infinite unconscious of Brahman.

Upon you rotate the nature,
and the perennial youth of time,
victimizes the divine -sparks wrapped in body,
and apparent comedy faces a tragic end.

In the package of good and evil,
evil dominates, and drags the aspirant,
to the den of procreative pleasure,
and the Soul transmigrates low to lower.

Bestow an escape velocity,
and a power to the subtle mind,
to burn out the roots of desire,
and be a live-image in unalloyed -feeling

Subrata Ray

Love

Love.

Where I love you and when
Never I know
But a strange feeling emits
Where ever I go
Wordless to express
And strange impression dominates
Life before and after it kindles
Denying fortune and fate.
The impelling omnipresence spirit
Non-dimensional in its lore
/Resides within that Love's core.

Subrata Ray

Impressions

Le-goos condenses
consumes the appetite
the cow grazes grass,
the owl hoots,
and in agony life whines.

Lone island mystifies,
age buds to spoil and decay
gay immigrants adhere to stay.

No voice is heard
but assumed on faith
the old sailors quit pilgrimage,

The home of uncertainty,
employs Nature to play,
life germinates and decays in clay.

Subrata Ray

Chaffy -Charcoal

The Chaffy -Charcoal.

Dry in care,
cowed in share,
i moaned for a relief.

In my sweet fourteen
i faced yellowish -green,
and wished to be ignited.

Bahamian father
gypsy mother,
and masquerade
crowded in my teen-gate.

I had no option,
but let loose,
the wealth of my virginal clues.

Traffic -vehicles,
to and fro
barrow to my brow,
hinted at desire of furrow.

I knew their zeal,
to fulfill
with my fiery in a bed,
the scorpions waded.

I grew in profession
with so many stamps,
in shady and blue camps.

Alcohols, and oddities,
sprang as lunch, and meal,
i turned into a willing will.

A nasty dustbin for wild sperms,
my life reduced into psychic germs.

chaff y, charcoal, tattered figure,
a sunless cave i bear.

Subrata Ray

Love In Life

Love In Life.

With my clumsy innate
daily fate and nervousness
weakness and slips
you may make me your suit.

Otherwise we may choose a motel
set gossip, soothe frenzy and rest,
and see the East in the dropping West.

The revealed eye, arrowed heart
and trauma of romantic lore,
may pass and go

The sharing of drudgery and its sores
pains of defeats and victories windows,
writhing penury and fortunes intrusions,
in love grow as permanent intuition.

To be an other, the secret sharer,
is the mammoth task for the pair,
love defies pleasing and disgusting affairs.

Subrata Ray

Ideal Politics

Ideal Politics.

The words and deeds

By bead and bead

Must diverge

In an ideal politics.

Hookers, cooks and brokers,

By degrees in biology,

Produce chemistry of their own,

The pipers, drum-man, hang -man,

And all bestial intellects,

Come in democracy,

To create sovereign's fate

Snobs, knaves and primeval,

Tea-spoon, table-spoon and earls,

All for power sing jackal- song

And the Savior springs from the throng.

Subrata Ray

May They Not

May They Not.

May they read,
May they utter
Silent whisper.

But gut they
Have not to raise a voice,
'Thought police' watches,
The pet-wolves are ready,
The parasites are alert,
Invisible missiles threat,

May the know
So what!
Tongues are anesthetized,

The question of survival
Is more than a tiny beep,
Though rating of merit
Is sold to a corporate,
And chastity to brothels ,

The greed for Power is well sowed,
Baits for loots are assured,
Snakes, foxes, owls, vultures
Are rampant in wild orgy,

May they feel,
But feeling is beaked by hawks,
They are yoked to carry the power,
And faith-made democracy to rock

Subrata Ray

A Visa In Foreign Land

A Visa In Foreign.

Wish to mitigate the thirsty unquenched,
And root out the installed ebb and tide,
But know not how and where to ride.

Wish to erase the reactive psychic,
That cradles the mind in hopes and fears,
I wish to be bathed in an oblivious shower.

Undone I am between Time and Life,
Drudgery for no cause, and causeless strife,
No stay, in an uncertain bay, I fight and fight.

Why this trance, why the spindle runs,
Baffle and dismay time and again,
Death's passport gains ground for a visa in foreign.

□

Subrata Ray

The Perverted Politics

The Perverted Politics

We need no education
But politics
A vow to be a master in tricks,
And set trap in Votes' map,
To wash away all psychic gap.

Employment by hidden SMS,
No nexus but mighty leader's grace,
Either money or green honey solves all cases.

Dukes, barons, earls and the kings,
By manipulated democracy spread wings,
And sharing booty by muscle power,
Painted devils in gods and goddesses' towers.

In the dirge of honesty, faith and love,
We suck people's blood in Vampire's cup.

Subrata Ray

The Passage Of Faith

In The Passage Of Faith.

The falling victim to,
'Ye little faith' did not cause,
the sweep of passions turmoil.

Time with youth though had spell,
yet a third hand redirected the spindle,
and no vain glory was allowed for privilege.

Faith was sought
and submission anchored blindness,
as death and life were trivial for a life to you

Strangeness madness of a desperate lone,
Amidst zigzag gross ways of random bubbles,
And fountaining cry for the impossible presence ran.

Your revealing glories by and by flashed,
My biology, psychology and philosophy were gone,
I began to see another sky, another sun.

You cast a rainbow in a nowhere sky,
emit Arabian spell in a desert,
and install echoing heart in a stone..

I was a rejected slat, a morbid shit,
drought taken weed, chewed chewing gum,
time-rusted deprecate.

And yet by unprecedented cause,
in my stagnant remorse,
you season the rebirth of eternal spring.

My dreams dared not the realization of love,
the biological survival was a Time's dust-pan,
But with your advent, Nature's Maya hides her face,
I can now deny the body and the mind.

Subrata Ray

Perhaps The Train Runs

Perhaps The Train Runs.

The train in time,
To quit time runs,
Coming out from human urn.

Stations in succession come,
No destination but destination hangs,
Amidst uncertainty the dirge is sung.

Time for no time in time runs,
The journey starts with Nature's art,
The wick of the broader burns.

Who tenders the ticket who knows,
In light and shade the train goes,
Where to alight, and why -none knows.

Dim recognition converges into live-present,
The inevitable comings have no future dusts,
The inmates wither into antiqued trust.

Time, Train, and Passenger,
Flash, merge, and return into silent home,
The bravado of philosophy and science,
Pass into naught, Perhaps the train runs! ! !

Subrata Ray

Shraboni Dhara And Simran Mondal

Sraboni And Simran
Sraboni and Simran,
Jointly run,
To see life better.
They discover,
Every cover
In their adventurous fun.
Friends they are from core of heart,
And in life's feast they never feel apart.

Subrata Ray

The Rewarded Love.

The Rewarded Love.

The all yes girl lives,
In day-less quicksands,
All she knows is love,
That impels all with her magic wand.

Her whims emits perfumes of distant land,
Her smile opens profiles of unmasked grace,
The girl is an omniscient shadow of rarest race.

Once I feel in love to taste my ruin,
So to be a slave to the girl's whims.

What happened afterwards, I could not know,
But a feeling beyond all knowledge enthroned in my brow.

Subrata Ray

The Strange Bird

The Strange Bird

In the body-made cage,
The soul-like bird,
Comes and goes
I wish to be one with it,
And erase the shadow of the cage,
I wish to vanish the cyclic mirage.

The strange bird recurs in births and deaths,
On space's nest and Time's wreath,
As if the biblical Phoenix reincarnates,
To stage the Lila as the Creator sets.

In the cage the bird has a secret Other,
The bird whispers to his dumb ears,
The bird reminds the close of its vacation,
But alas! The Other has does not bother,

Subrata Ray

No Wife But All Time Husband

The husband was supposed to be home
The husband was supposed to be home
The wife did not know the dregs of the wounds
The Husband was supposed to be home.
The cultivated devotion starved to be soaked,
The pious Beauty waited to draw the yoke,
The big husband would come conquering New York.
In foreign land the husband had no wife but beds,
His necessity's masks wore multicolored shades,
In foreign land the husband had no wife but beds,

Subrata Ray

The Nearest Neighbor

The Nearest Neighbor.

There lives a neighbor

A step away from my home,

Often He passes singing by,

In silent melody firing my inner Om.

Distant call His voice assures,

Though He lives nearest to my home.

A mendicant vagabond by nature is He,

In his pathway He sows the seed of Love

To those who offer land to have the fruit of self-tree.

His advent evokes music,

In the inward ears of His chosen listeners,

And His face if by grace flashes to any one,

The joy beyond seven -seas, at once to him comes.

Subrata Ray

Santa Ray -The Queen Of Liberty

Santa Ray -The Queen Of Liberty

When beauty blooms,
It effaces confused gloom,
And the Sun from the unconscious rises,
Life illumines life as Pilgrimage's prize.

No arresting look,
No puzzling book,
But reticence and fortitude,
Speak of the secluded hermitage.

Subrata Ray

Love Upon Time

You cast a rainbow in a nowhere sky,
emit Arabian spell in a desert,
and install echoing heart in a stone..

I was a rejected slat, a morbid shit,
drought taken weed, chewed chewing gum,
time-rusted deprecate.

And yet by unprecedented cause,
in my stagnant remorse,
you season the rebirth of eternal spring.

My dreams dared not the realization of love,
the biological survival was a Time's dust-pan,
But wit your advent Nature's Maya hides her face,
I can now deny the body and the mind.

Subrata Ray

Poetic Feed

Poetic Feed.

Why did I sing my song
to ply her pulse and stir a look,
Knowing not the uncertain harangue,
and all a commanding book.

Where, when and how
the songs turned into an arrow,
my Cupid could have no guess ,
how the love was brought into my barrow.

Her flight in the blue-deep was never narrow,
the lea, mountain and the sea were with her,
though far to reach, I had a romantic jar.

Why did I sing my song,
and committed an undue wrong,
In her liberated isle with my missile,
Till beeps in my reeds.
I confess, I had no poetic feed.

Subrata Ray

The Paralytic Renaissance

The Paralytic Renaissance

Down the sleepy amorous tunnel,
The bravado of the hero in me,
Fragmented in frailty -fable

You may question, but I have no ear to hear,
Upon a Tigress' breast I find my cover,
Only with the Amazon Queen, I dig my ruins.

Down and down in upland mirage ,
My time and youth stir dreams,
And I see Heaven in the fire of my pyre.

Does anyone know the subject of life, ?
Fuel and oil for cowed husband and crazy wife.

Subrata Ray

The Amateur Poet

The Amateur Poet.

My darling urges to write a poem,
And praise her beauty, her name,
And to say the readers how I love her,
And an oath to be under her cover.

I confessed with an warmth embrace,
Ah! Yes, poetry comes from a lady's grace,
All poets' make the lady the muse of their story,
And in her absence fades away their poetic glory.

Petrarch for Laura dug infatuations well,
Shakespeare could not consume the Dark Lady's cable,
And Tagore fabricated his lost love-tale.
Who am I the deuce to write a Bible

Let me be a puppet in your booklet,
And paint the dances of your whims,
With all flattery of yours in my rime.
I claim no prospect of my fate,
You would make me an amateur poet.

Subrata Ray

The Discovery

The Discovery.

From unfathomed depth of our psychic center,
Where limitless Unconscious holds its sway,
The Divine awakens, and lets us feel,
The worth of love in passing days .
And impresses the innocence of goodness,
Through transparency of subtlety as God's grace.
Then love unifies as soil sprouts in echoing green,
God as love dwells in every human shrine.
Truth then is the full-fledged revelation of our own being,
And in transparent canvas the reflections of all things.

Subrata Ray

Goodbye To The Stage

As the drama concludes its note,
The wick extinguishes by and by,
The sights of colored lines,
Feel diffusion, and smoke covers the light.

□

The auspicious time demands,
To untie the bindings of the stage,
As the advent of the might ensures.
The screen on the stage downs,

Now the diary in the hand,
Denies the pen with a wish to retire,
For, now it wishes to leave the last account.

.

No more is there the leisure to cover,
The inevitability of the return,
And the Providence Himself would account,
The balance-sheet of failure and victory,
While my voyage leaves behind the mundane story.

Subrata Ray

The Vision Of Liberation

The Vision Of Liberation.

In a chasm of rippling riddles,
I paddle and paddle on,
No harbour no destination,
But dismayed shadows prevail.

I behold a thick screen,
Between my apparent me and the real,
With a little whole that sparks a ray of light,
And shows a glimpse of my own Self.
I laboured under frantic impression,
To make the whole big to bigger,
And gave myself to washout the memories.

Day in and day out life after life elapsed,
The screen turned thin to thinner,
And the whole expanded and vanished.

My Being felt liberation,
The miracle of the miracles came true,
The mirage of inert-mind was next to nothing,
The wisdom of life bloomed as non-attached Love.

N.B

The present poem -The Vision Of Liberation, comes up from the teaching of Swami Vivekananda on Vedanta and its scientific realization in human life. It speaks of the apparent world covered by Maya and the real world of Atman or Brahman. Again Swami Vivekananda renders the teaching of His spiritual Master Sri Ramakrishna. Here the human beings find the grandest truth of salvation.

Subrata Ray

Death

Death

Densely condensed night,
The last spark of the wick extinguished,
Imageless, uncoloured, dismayed shadow,
Springs in eternal peace.
Neither separation nor union prevails
The traveller finds his home in the self.
Tranquillity deepens in unconscious
Silence reigns in sleep.

Subrata Ray

The Pirated Booty

The Pirated Booty.

Upon the wasted night,
The pirated virgin beeped,
In half-shut-moan.
The burden of tornado gnaws
The mixed baster germinates.

Subrata Ray

A Woman

A Woman

The pillow plodded my chest,
The wings wrenched my waist,
The rattle numbed my ghost,
The Charapunji flooded my Gobi.

Primeval you are,
Moony -sunny -hawk,
You betide,
My fire-wood burns and burns,
Impelling haunt you yoke.

Subrata Ray

A Secret Letter.

A Secret Letter.

Give me a place ,
Under Your grace,
And ignite the flame of devotion.

Make me meek,
Efface all tricks,
And lift above the inert-mind.

Bestow on me,
An Honest-oriented heart of joy,
And take away passion for toys.

Reduce me into a fleeting brook,
That visits Your foot-prints,
And wash your feet.

Impel in me an ardent hunger,
For the bliss of your mead,
That may I have in my lone retreat.

Open the wailing spring of tears,
Like sudden monsoon in my winter,
And come in person to your orphan.

Install the frenzy for secret-share.,
Of all Your will -good and bad,
And for Your touch ever wilds in me the mad.

Subrata Ray

The Autumn In The Spring

The Autumn In The Spring.

When Autumn Visits in mid-spring,
Foliage of youth has no withering,
The cuckoo grows with romantic wings,
And the first bees of summer go murmuring,
How a youth feels with tuberculin!

When poverty visits in well- to-do morning,
With a sturdy father's honest-unbending,
And riches' taunt on poor upbringing,
How Pity hides its face in unnoticed knocking,

When faceless faces with no face at all,
The loutish neighbors and fair weathers scroll,
Routing, , pouting the tender faith's call,
And spread yellowish vapor on your plant,
How would look upon around your democratic gallants!

Would you like to be a Conrad, Lincoln or Orwell,
And secretly share your dismayed tales,
With your grave or the graves of your shires,
In your writhing in silent fire .

Subrata Ray

The Broken Images

The Broken Images.

She hinted option
He pushed the door
A green beam of sunlight,
Waded the blinks.,
The lone witch slanted on the ghost,

The closets half-open,
The rainbow ate the owl,
The beggar threw the bowl,
The wanton peeped through,
The pied-piper adjusted wrath,
The natural illegitimate lost the breath.

Subrata Ray

The Poetic Loutishness

The Poetic Loutishness

Stirring the barren cells of intellect,
Squandering press-club for anthology,
Flattering the feet of the politicians,
Bribing the media to be headlines,
And spending the amorous with wine.
The pose poets in modern era shine.

A deliberate saying from clumsy surface,
No sweat but frustration without wages,
Emitting the smoke of burnt -out desires ,
Igniting the damped heart without pains of fire,

Culture, nurture for the cultivation of the fruit,
Strut goody-goody in a Byronic mood,
The bookish warms reed chorus,
The Empty drum sounds for poetic touch.

Subrata Ray

God's Love

God's Love.

The Bible reveals,
So does Jesus' parable,
The love of eternal father,
For all creations as His offspring .,
In mundane pilgrimage,
God's love is everything..

God is our sheet-anchor,
God is our ever green oasis,
God is our highest goal in all crisis.

Loving God means reformation,
Anguish for Him creates commotion.
Tears for His presence is the easy way,
And God if wishes, visit you may.

Prayer, purity, devotion,
And exclusive meditation,
Change the nature of inert mind,
By and by the trace of God we find.

Subrata Ray

The Feeling Of Brahman

The Feeling Of Brahman

I want to say the unsaid,
And fill the gap that ever remains,
The mind dares, brain assumes,
The foolish body vainly consumes,
Knowing not them as passing mirage.

I wish to have a mind beyond sense ,
That Eternity subdues to hold,
A dipping like the slow fall of Death,
With purest thought in spiritual wealth.

Like nothing of something as Vast Unconscious,
An abstract haunting in Abstract touch,
I want to depict the Brahman in us
Where Relativity vanishes in all research.

But I fail to tell as 'word' has no tongue to utter,
As a salt made puppet dissolves in sea-water.

Subrata Ray

Only Love

.
Just for love, Love comes here,
With all our sorrows love we bear,
And live in love, whatever it may,
God enjoys us in our allotted days.

The earth adorns herself,
The sky opens rainbow,
The ocean choirs eternal rime,
And Time carries Love's hymn.

Just for Love God conducts His Lila,
And assumes Himself a porter,
Fills the urns with varied contents,
Infuses Conscience as His link,
Covers His identity with Maya's wings.

The Mystic Lover is all in love,
And source of dyes in all hearts,
By Love He creates all His arts.

Subrata Ray

The Predominating Primeval.

The Predominating Primeval.

How , why and when ,
The heart defeats the brain,
All logic fails to resist,
Who knows why.

The preserved wax,
Is destined to be melted by fire,
And the profaned epithet haunts,
The dormant manliness of man,
In presence of woman burns.

Induced induction She impels,
And propels the Maya to dislodge,
Cause born locusts spring from no cause,
Her gravitational pull victimizes.

Is there any one to scale her scale,
The world originates from her play's tale,
And Man she creates for the prank of her whim,
The foolish bulls consume her to bring their ruins.

Subrata Ray

The Voyage To The Soul's Land

The Voyage To The Soul's Land.

with the Opening of the Glimmering Bay.
The gypsy-eye springs from windowed- wand,
And takes a cutoff voyage to soul's destination,

The invisible Mariner steeds the ship,
The ocean stops its commotion,
The sky engulfs all its clouds,
The occasional birds drop their singing hearts,
And all arts of this universe dissolve into naught.

The liberation renounces all incarnations,
All shadows of the Karma are washed ashore,
The tranquil-ed Atman blooms in sense beyond silence.

Subrata Ray

The Recognition

The Recognition.

Many a yoked night and day,
From the two halves of the glob,
Dipped a while past in meditative zeal,
In sharing the Resource Divine,
Through channels of feelings.

Immediate plasma conscious,
With vibrant fossils of Brahman,
They took inroad in our temporal,
Trust for anchoring the eternity.

And now again when harbor bound,
Echoes the tune of Unified love,
Equal we turn in His eternal harp.

Subrata Ray

Poetic Inspiration -Dedicated To Surja Sengupta

Poetic Inspiration -To Surja Sengupta

I wanted to rate your portrait,
And was busy to add,
The passing beauty of nature,
I mused and muses to draw image,
To reflect the tranquil beauty of your face,

Your eyes drag me beyond my poet,
And placed my vagabond before a mysterious gate,
The door opened with a magician's wand,
Lost in awe and admiration, I was stunned.

Nothing so there was to translate into word,
You came out as the sole inspiration of a divine bard.

Subrata Ray

The Divine Wallet.

I felt that love you germinate
The willow wither
In the tinged glow of your soul
And feeling came as healing
The unification of sensibility rolls.

Neither from the weather-wise,
Nor from the passing waves of Nature,
But from the cave of the heart,
Where in the plasma abstract you dwell.

Your mandate is Conscience's sword,
And strongest discrimination on right and wrong,
To have the direct experience of the Truth,
Amidst the mirage of this passing throngs.

Had I had not had that Divine -wallet,
How could I disclaim my Fortunate and Fate!

Subrata Ray

The Unspeakable

The Unspeakable

I want to say you something,
Thou nothing comes up in the saying,
An uncaught bubble of feeling,
Beyond the horizon launches its wings.

What it is and why it haunts, ?
I muse and muse in confused times,
And no answer could I get,
From the wallet of my hundred rimes.

Where from the awe-causing suspense comes,
And how the infatuated adoration stretches,
Are still to me a gravitational hang,
Ah! That unspeakable I could not utter,
Though in my psychic you are ever sung.

Subrata Ray

Silent Departure

Clouds gathered,
defaced the luminous ridges,
a nowhere scorpions came,
and a hawk above was watching.

the shadows of blossoming springs,
yawned and smote on the door,
and she as a raped bee,
moaned as uncertain arrowed hope.

all innocence and glimmering glow,
with honest belief was the bond,
no trespasser there ever could masquerade,
but the lover grew withy irony,
and betrayed the faith-made bridal bed.

no message was to leave,
the cave was withdrawn,
a sad satiety fathered by the lecher,
might on time haggard and groan.

Subrata Ray

The Spiritual Mandate.

Fight not with your shadow,
Nor look at the charming meadow,
Still nor be greedy for easy companions,
Be lonely, live alone, alone, alone.

If ever happens a friend -Devine,
Purified, devotional, and wise,
Be sure, you have your prize,
For the path of renunciation.

Illusion leaves you when in utter isolation,
Isolation leads to static -concentration,
Then the realisation springs as liberation.

The knowing of the Atman is the goal,
For the Atman is the un-reacted Soul,

Subrata Ray

The World Might Not Have Been Like These,

The world might not have been like these,
Where green love turns into yellow bitch,
And tomorrow's faith is sold in Manipulation's shop,
The tie-of brotherhood assumes Hangman's rope.

Might the world be a vacant desert,
Rather a despotic Sense and Butcher's heart.
Why in the cry of democracy Big-Brother whispers,
The simpletons turn winery-toads in fear.

Imperialism masquerades in terrorists' threat,
The highest killers are recognised as the Great.
The Beauty trades sex and politician deals,
The corporate settles Government as it wills.

Frustration creates God, but no help comes,
If one wishes Peace, he must have an escape-jump.

Subrata Ray

The Fury Of Dumb-Sex.

And for that chemistry,
Nature evokes mystery,
The engines run for fun,
Memory remains,
Youths are gone.

The ancient ghost and witch,
After sucking oil breach, ,
And seek green honey,
Either by fire or money.

Libido captures the minds,
Rises the Union's wind,
For the repetition of biologic ruins.

Were Adam and Eve,
Before the forbidden fruits,
Were so?
Did their mutual orgasm sow?
The volcano of hearth and fuel,
Man woman what ever they assume,
In dumb sex's orgy dwell.

Subrata Ray

2025

2025.

Party-boss can sleep with any working-class -woman.

The Queen-Bee is ever a paid-up honest.

Development is the watch word of power-suction.

Threat of Big-Brother compels submission.

Newspeak holds double -dealing.

Doublethink substitutes clock-movement,

Survival recreates law-less law.

Sex sale and purchase liberate society.

Promiscuity earns the glory of a reformer.

Thought Police is rampant to evade individuality.

Treason and cunning would ever be worshiped.

Futurism never allows peace and hope.

Subrata Ray

Kripa(Grace) -Sri Ramakrishna

Sri Ramakrishna's (Kripa) Grace .

Once I was led,
To Kripa's gate,
While chanting Lord's name,
Ah! the Song Kripa came.

The Poem -Grace(Kripa)

Sri Ramakrishna's Kripa(Grace)

Translation Of My Bengali Song
Subrata Ray.

English-1

Nothing avails, -1
where Kripa does not prevail.
Kripa brings prayer,
Kripa leads to practice,
Kripa evokes dormant wish.

Bengali -1

Kripa bai-ki nahi hobe,
Kripa-thea sadhon,
Kripa-thea bhajon,
Kripa-thea chorenea mon robea.

English-2

Kripa germinates devotion,2
Kripa comes up as power,
Kripa changes nature.

Bengali.-2

Kripa-te Bhakti,
Kripa te-Shakti,
Kropa-te Prokriti Badla-bea.

English 3.

The waves of Kripa,
Visits a desert-like heart,
And evokes Love's flood.

Bengali-3

Kripa Joyar,
Maru-te-ashi-a
Pream-er bonyea bha-sa bea.

English -4

Kripa chants Name,
Kripa reveals Image,
Kripa mantles meditation.

Bengali -4

Kripateea Nam,
Kropa-te Rup,
Kropa-te Dhan jomibea

English -5.

Kripa codes sacrifice,
Kripa releases from attachments,
Kripa awakens the conscience,

Nothing avails without Kripa.

Kripa-te thag,
Kripa-te Bairag,
Kripate-Bibeak jagibea,
Kripa bai-nahi hobe.

Subrata Ray

The Power Queen And Her Big-Brothers.

In the cheating business,
The big brothers worship her feet,
The bandit queen who merits.
They add her as Idol-Honest,
For befooling the foolish in her net.
And to have the mead of political power,
They cluster round her hour by hour.
Money the honey from the laborious bees,
Is the desired object, their keys.
Their despotic motif, they mask with a bait,
And for Power-Imperialism, they make -belief,
The democracy of the proletariats in their ride.

Subrata Ray

The 21st Century Humans

The 21st Century Humans.

The appetite torments the bed,
The blind snake goes hiss-hiss,
The head lets loose the scorpions,
The hunger books the slaughter.

The dacoits and the thieves compromise,
The young booty writhes in agony,
The Looks organize manipulation,
They say 'her' honest to befool the rest,

The Day proves an irony of the Night,
The vampire rampant the empty shadows
The primeval wilds evacuate fake humans.

Subrata Ray

The Poet Of The Poets

The Poet Of The Poets.

From The Compunction Of My Course.

I owe to some prose-poets,
As Joseph Conrad and Orwell are,
Whose purgatory in candle light,
Spark wide and far.

The bivalent beep of some cloned poets,
And the fumes from their romantic delirium ,
As Homer and Dante in their heavenly hells,
Pollute and dilute the 'might have been tales',
Erect debris to bar the path of knowledge,
And draw phantom tree with painted foliage.

My reading of Swami Vivekananda unlocks,
The realm of truest poetry that vainly attempt the folks.
Poets if are the members of Visio-psychic Unconscious,
Then they must brush a line of divine Touch.

While I read Tagore's Gitanjali, I feel some flashing lights,
And from our dark abbey, the hidden poet comes aright.

A word from Sri Ramakrishna leads us to the Truth's door,
We begin to discover ourselves -poetry no more! ! !

Subrata Ray

The Glory Of Mother

To Mother -On Mother's day

I have no page,
To leave my homage,
To you the grandest divine,
In my all, rise and fall,
Your benedictions shine.

How shall I seek an imaginary Heaven,
Bedecked with the grace of my birth,
Ah! The Heaven glorifies your beauty,
For Her own manifestation on the earth

Subrata Ray

The Dollar Beds.

The Dollar Beds.

To repay my obligation on this earth,
The wild orgy behind my birth,
My Natural had the whim to wade,
The cozy-cosmos dollar beds.

Who cares Time if time passes away?
In gleeful green of the first May,
With moral burden on an inborn gay?
And dub orgasm in a composite bay.

The kings ask for the virgins to comply,
The priests approve the residues of the prize,
The gang-man, hang-man, the trumpet-major,
Blinding blunder operate the procedure,
To be dollared by bed in prancing shades,
Who needs bed-lock where beds are free,
As if a leased forest with thousand trees,
For Honey invites the money,
Like the cry of a sale with no farewell!

I never thought to create a reason,
The Black snake and the tigress are in the prison,
They hear no word of the foolish bards,
But bear the forbidden hell in their hearts.

Subrata Ray

Old Age

Loneliness.

The desolation of the room,
The standstill Summer's sweat,
The moan of the deprecated memory,
In the fossils of adolescence and youth,
When crowd around your nowhere signal,
And the ghosts of bed-soaked arms,
Stare oblique irony at your unimportance,
You feel the beguiles of mirage with no oasis.

No resource to buy oil,
No pump agrees to supply,
The threshold waits to bid you the goodbye.

Subrata Ray

The Idealized Damsel

The Idealised Damsel.

Damsel she is,
With fresh spring of time unknown,
In her smile,
The enchanting windows are shown.

Damsel she is,
With light-winged slim figure,
Her feet, she says,
A vagrant's mystic mole bear.

Damsel she is,
With thousands islands home,
In her eyes,
The haunting dreams of love roam.

Damsel she is,
With the majesty of commanding divine,
In her symphonic voice,
The action of Time's spindle reigns.

Subrata Ray

Swami Vivekananda -The Poet-Prophet.

Swami Vivekananda, -The Poet-Prophet -

Ideal Poet, -aura from the Truth's contents,
Induces others' hidden divine,
Awakes their slumbering souls,
And lead them to clamour in unknown glamour,
Where the Joy of Innocence rolls.

"My dear sisters and brothers..."
Addresses a voice,
Stops all noise,
The audience get stirred with luminous beams,
And transcended they are in Heaven -own dreams.
The dust-wrapped inert mind discovers its divine glory,
And here is where Swamiji unfolds His poetic story.

Others make rime, create image, falsify the real,
And weave the mimic in their artful tales.
But Swami Vivekananda is a station above human reach,
Each of his words avenues profound life,
And the poets forgetting their poetry, follow His speech.

Plato, had he been alive, would have jumped in His feet,
And begged to Vivekananda to have a nook in His poetic retreat.
For live-Ultimate -Reality Swamiji Himself was,
An animal -man turns -all divine with his single touch.
Matsuo Basho the bard of Japan could see beauty in poet's life,
That when through a prophetic tongue is sung,
Washes away Man's sorrowful strife.(Continue...)

Subrata Ray

The Clown In The Political Circus.

The Clown In The Political Circus.

I wanted to be a comic figure,
Though round me run magic scopes,
I wished to be fake and fickle,
And a political jester on the rope.

The gentle men around, hound and hound,
And set competition to catch a prey, -
The dyed mare, pimp-fair, and glittering gay.

The animals in circus, avoid touch,
Feeling inferior to humans,
And the pockets, buckets, whispers that murmur.

I wanted to be a clown in high profile circus,
By creating prologue with soundly dialogues,
To make fool the innocent tools, and thief their vote,
By showing them my humble cloth, not the wolf in petticoat.

Subrata Ray

The Great Friend -Carol Kate Chard-Hargett

Some thing beyond this prosaic reason,
You stand to beautify my romantic green,
And like Dove, in my poetry,
You here have brought the first Spring.

I remember with tearful-gratitude,
Your tender light and cozy breezy winks,
And the enigmatic bliss of your soul,
In those days of my spiritual suffering.

Never did I try to measure,
The spontaneity of inspiration that I owe to you,
From your divine realm you have come,
And that was what I knew.

Dearest Carol Kate Chard-Hargett,
I remember, how by you I was humbled and re-made,
And how my psychic found a bike, with your awake.

And now when this earthly lease is sure to over,
The Soul wishes to leave this,
I recognize your story as a bliss -divine,
In my poor -being, your worth would ever shine.

Subrata Ray

My Longings

My Longings.

I want to fall in the Love,
That Love alone cares
I want to have that love
Where beauty glares
I wish to set a link with eternal wings,
That sings the paeon of the soul.

I want to look at that face-full ,
Where lines of God's grace beam,
And a mere reflection evokes,
The frenzy of divine rage.

I want to hear that tongue,
That quakes the buried -deep Brahman,
And induces joyous-tsunami to my wintery-toad,
Floods my finite 'I' to the infinite Godot.

Subrata Ray

Pity Of Politics

Politics.

Those 'borrowed robs',
Open contrived scopes,
To cheat and feast,
With the name of politics.

The greedy Ambitions wear mask,
And to make believe people acts a task,
When the object of Power comes from vote,
They treat public as sheep and goat.

Subrata Ray

The Land To Sow The Seed

The Land To Sow The Seed.

I want to sow a seed of love,
But no land I find,
I waited and waited for a fair-weather,
But dismay sails the wind.

By, -this not that not, goes the search,
From Marjid, Church and temple,
In fear of withering my seed,
In the dreary desert I cry and tremble.

I wished to know from Him who gave the seed,
But my frail courage dare not,
I began to think how and when my life's seed was brought.

I remembered the land of my own,
That I neither have furrowed nor nurtured,
But led it grow with parasites and all black art.

I took a vow to mow all those desires' plants,
That the Father in my land did never grant.

Days after days,
Nights after nights,
I labored to evacuate the passers by,
And then the land I prepared to sow my seed,
It was already -in, a preoccupied divine retreat.

Subrata Ray

A Peg From Your Mystic Story, -Dedicated To Andi

A Peg From Your Mystic Story, -Dedicated To Andi.

you may not be here in Poetry,
I may create a missing vacuum,
But the fragrance from your psychic-flower,
From here to here after would ever haunt.

No dismay of transient romance,
Was there where you flash,
But the eternal beacon of soul's saturation,
Executes your artless art.

The pilgrimage of my poor Vagabond,
Might have been a vain glory,
Had I had not in my wallet,
A peg from your mystic story.

Regards, -yours Ray
edit

Subrata Ray

The Divine Art.

The Divine Art-Dedicated to Paulami Sabyasachi

Here is where,
Something to share,
The quintessence of refined ore,
A mystic face with Motherly grace,
That unlocks the coveted door.

No stately stature, but a lone oasis,
The dew-bathed grass,
In human premises.

Here is where, the eye reflects,
The tranquility of pain-soaked heart,
Here is where God manifests His divine-art.

Subrata Ray

Surja Sengupta's Ardent Anguish, -Dedicated To Surja

Those words you sowed,
Now grow and grow,
In the invisible land,
Just like the words,
Of a vagabond bard.

There was no art,
In your ever green heart,
And the tree of impossible Faith,
Secures your honest farming.

You attempted to abridge the gap,
That no earthly map has ever shown,
And your Lover would not mind to rate,
The beauty by merit you have won.

The drudgery of living for mending,
The dispassionate home of the soul,
And for having the touch-stone,
Are your obvious goals.

The flowery blossoms,
That delicate your tongue,
Are like the magic faces of flowers,
In spring-time from a tree hang.

Knowing not that un-uttered Brahman,
You nurture the Sri Guru given seed,
And your Lover drinks the mead in your retreat.

Subrata Ray

The Vow

The Vow.

Go I must,
With my humble trust,
Amidst seas of troubles,
Keeping that Faith ever alive,
And fanning the whims of frenzy.

'Sorrows' I discriminate,
As the obstacles to senses' pleasure,
And Ego I feel, as the Irony of the will,
Must I that poisonous snake kill.

Extreme poverty I need,
My pilgrimage to feed,
To be a dependent on God's will.
The recurring days and night,
Must I ride with the haunting spell,
Till all the layers of conventions vanish,
And the glimpse of Brahman is felt.

Subrata Ray

The Loss Of Humanity

The Loss Of Humanity.

Why so many words?
Why not stoic are the bards?
Why like rotten smell words bubble,
Why enchanting arts,
Bring home seas of troubles!
Erosion of inner virtue signs,
The psychic suffers of cunning,
Vice drains the human-brain,
Make-belief makes Faith a phantom,
Faith and honesty of the proletariat,
Are tempered and dyed by higher comrades,
No Hell can tell of the psychic missiles,
Of our politicians and scholars' present profiles.
Yet in poetry some rejected vagabonds,
For loss of humanity would ever mourn! ! !

Subrata Ray

Our Great Teacher, -Basudeb Biswas.

No teacher ever did I find,
So godly by nature, and manly by kind,
In his presence breathes Love's wind.

Orphan, waif, and wretched we were,
He gave us shelter and feeling of fire,
And taught us by his service to us,
Ah! how he molded our raw -wild,
With his colossal Empathy's touch.

This high -man leaves no comparison,
As his life illumines light,
No worldly convention could prove a bar,
To his all offering insight.

Subrata Ray

Ashik Khan, -The Passage Of Love, -Dedicated To Ashik Kahan

In a stormy thunderous evening,
When heavy rains was wildly feasting,
A young man with a car visited my school,
And seeing -me sitting alone in my office chair,
He wished to pick me up for his love's share,
Amidst his riches and aristocracy he was humble,
Polite, fresh and thoughtful in every word,
And in brief conversation I could read his vibrant heart.

Life, -he thinks, means Charing and caring,
Money to him is a healing balm to fellow comrades,
Religion, he feels is the service to all,
And philosophy if any is conscience's transparent call.

Always and ever he keeps his mind bare,
With conscious vigilance the Ego's trespass he cares,
And wishes to submit himself for the betterment of all,
The treasure I bore home was is Immortal Love's call.

Subrata Ray

The Godless Universe.

The stony morning visited gray fog,
Indifferent hawks loitered on the corpses,
The screaming of the doves had no ear,
Uncertainty put pulley in the damped air.

Gallery of faces glittered in yellowed market,
The whole parliament resolved to cultivate shadows,
The old farmer cried to have some earth on the grave,
The Iron-noon had no hue of nature to care,
Dull epithets celebrated painless marriage.

The moon and the sun were released from eclipse,
The Nature turned barren to reproduce an issue,
The Time wanted to cease its spindle
And God was nowhere in this universe! ! !

Subrata Ray

On The Death Of My Pet-Dog Tom.

Hello My Sweet Tom,
Undone I am to bear,
The deepest sorrows for your leave,
When the cycle of my birth revives,
The family and the friends,
Rises on love to wish,
I feel the shade of black pall,
And wear a shroud to mourn,
How on the day of your death,
My poor vagabond was born!

The coming tomorrows,
Would never be your foot-prints,
To the few steps from home,
On return from my school
No one there eagerly wait,
After day's drudgery take me retreat,
With jocund dance for a treasure to restore,

How I would forget the quarrel,
Between you and my three children,
Where your urge for me to intervene,
And pass for you a favorable verdict.

Your watching eyes more of my son and wife,
Stretched psychic-air around the home,
And at night sitting beside my table,
Your warning bark commanded my sleep,
And on business, for my few days absence,
How childishly you cried and wept.

How could you leave me as an waif, how!
Your poor father now have unfathomed grief,
And there is no closet to hold your love,
The memory is not a place,
To preserve and worship,
Your cosy hug and spritely ply,
All were alive a few hours ago,
And with your departure,

Now the world turns into gay-gray dye.

Subrata Ray

The Homeward Journey

,
Now the soul effaces the Time,
The tales of pilgrimage remains,
The left trees of love foster fruits,
The unborn years would not tempt,

Silence harbors peace to Mariner's Home,
The tears from the nearest have no appeal,
Lies vacant for the oblivion the allotted profile,
An opening there from where once the tide teased,

The faces where no face was at all,
The fickle trickery on Struggle's heartbeat,
Now by no way crumble the eternal retreat.

And in this weather-less departure,
Some lone one's fostered empathy,
Causeless service of soul's compulsion,
Would cast live-transcendence in Heaven,
As the prerogative of God's intervention.

Subrata Ray

The Booming Impostors.

Why there were no reasons,
But fabrications of Arabian tales,
The revival of the Donquixotes,
In Tropic Of Cancer with overtones,
And lingering languish of Push-thoughts?
Why the paralytic pens earn trophy,
For their secret deals and pornography.
Why?

The glittering baits for nightly whales,
And stamped masquerades of politics,
With swift-changing gramophoned ladies,
Paranoids, bouncers, and Big-brothers ,
In the cabinets of democratic states ,
Steam the spirit of the Nazis,
And manipulate psychic-threats.
Why? An Eliot skips two world-wars,
An Wells with lechery vomits romantic science!
Why? And yet are glorified.

The priests and the kings,
Succeed as the bourgeois of literature,
And the laws of the States are made,
With the oily tongues of political criminals,
The butchers of the dignity of the working class.

Alarming refugees in cheap brothels,
Are contrived by the Statesmen to have revenues,
More of prostitutions than agricultures and industries,
The face visits with alms by prophetic ministers,
And in the corridors forced cadging from slumps,
Are ordained as the mandate of Yeomen service.
Swindling as prerogative of trick-woven politics,
Trespass the lonely quarters of the honest breads!
Why?

Subrata Ray

What Ought To Have Been My Poem.

Picture of thoughts of readable politics,
No slipshod of unfelt drudgery,
No tool to make fool a bull,
And winnowing the sweat-dropped -wages.

The aesthetic delight of spiritual-science,
Like the uncovered crack of a volcano,
The reconstruction of constructed conscience,
And the literature of my nomadic vagabond.

Meticulous image as distilled lake,
Where one sees his mask-less face,
And the effacing identity reflects the within,
The tale of Time hangs without name.
That ought to have been a fragment of my poem.

The schooling of the Truth,
Though upland relative in every phase,
Of vegetation , birds, animals and men,
Might have been the candle of my poem to wean.

Subrata Ray

A Nun Towards Her Vagabond -Dedicated To Surja Sen Gupta

A Nun Towards Her Vagabond.

There might be a gypsy -damsel,
That for her Vagabond starts a sail,
And wishes to reveal unsaid tales,
Her poetic Muse, the Vagabond propels.

Night and day from mirage to mirage,
She expounds her will-born rage,
To liberate herself from Time-caught cage.
Her monsooned eyes turn into drought,
Save a glimpse of Vagabond all is naught.

Her East rises in the West sky,
Her heart enthrones the Vagabond well-neigh,
She tends the sense of tender bloom,
Her White Wave effaces all gloom.
The Image of 'Vagabond' stamps Love on Time,
The Vagabond bears the Chalice in all His rime

Unconsciously conscious of Timeless-retreat,
She presses her heart on the eternal gate.
Once again from the secret Cave,
Comes out the contented Shape ! ! !
A jump from within for liberty enormous,
She has caught her Vagabond by a single touch.

Subrata Ray

Psalm Of God's Grace.

Hindu, Christian, Buddha who ever you may be,
No way to salvation, if does not grace He.
God's grace sets the mind,
On the sail of devotional wind,
And anchors the devotee in His lotus rime.

By His grace you are led,
To try in the rise and fall,
In perils of life, forest and desert,
Your orphan-cry to Him is all,
Prodigal be you are He negates you not .

His grace comes like flood,
In the dreary desert of life,
And picks up your boat,
Leads it to float,
In the leludge of His hike.

Grace brings God's name,
Grace brings His form as Avatar,
In all spiritual path,
Grace guides as Pole-Star.

Grace awakens Conscience,
And opens your 3rd Eye,
To discriminate between right and wrong,
To manifest you Soul, and makes you strong.

Grace pulls you to Unconscious realm of meditation,
Grace bestows you the supernatural, -the spiritual commotion.

Subrata Ray

The Mother, -Dedicated To Surja Sengupta

Mother -The Whole Divine -Dedicated To Surja Sengupta

Mother Kali for Her Lila,
Assumes your vase,
Hey dearest mother,
The ever luminous earthly empress.

You are more than a universal name,
More of all treasures than we imagine,
In the passages of life, you guide and shine.

God resides in that heart,
Where the Mother is worshiped,
For, Divine Mother through you,
From our birth Herself in us is reaped.

By her love we grow and become,
With her word our Dumb blooms,
In her presence all is luminous light,
In her absence pervades the gloom.

Luckiest is one that like the Mother,
Serves the Mother in her old age,
Surely surely she/he would feel,
The Mother's grace as Divine bliss.

Subrata Ray

The Banyan Seed.

The way-mate banyan till waits,
It unfolds wings in scorching heat,
And invites the first summer breeze,
To have our bygone lease.

The lagoon by the river Belmudri,
And the passage line in village Alpine,
Lay the carpets of our infatuations,
And the devotional flowers of first offering.

The time-stolen corner box,
At the closing of uncertain ferry,
Casts wiry, weary look,
In absence of the pages of our adolescent book.

The mud-made paternal hut,
Now with a lonely bachelor laments,
And often in whisper pleads mandate,
To snatch away you by seven rivers wade.

The time of the spring in Time winks,
Dining the wild Summer and dropping Autumn,
For the heart grows like the banyan seed,
And the Youth remains as the untouched Mead.

Subrata Ray

The Mystery Of Music

The Mystery Of Music.

Music by nature is without word,
As the dumb in us prevails,
The notes within find flow,
As boats of melody sail.

The melody is a predominating de-facto,
That stirs ecstasy first in human lyre,
Then in a piano its aura dissipates fire.
Intricate, subtle, as sleeping quanta in Unconscious,
Within the unified-field, in every field it has a divine touch.

Music bubbles in polyphonic notes,
Both in vocal-tone and instrument,
The Dumb-Divine supplies wine,
As Jackson equals to Beethoven's crescendo.

Music with melody blooms in Avatar's tongue,
And the listeners get stirred in a spiritual hang.
Monophonic in origin, as white light is,
Colors as symphony when through prism it is released.

It remains buried in the inert,
As piano, violin, lyre, and flute,
The artist secondary evokes tune,
When the Divine within supplies the wit.

Subrata Ray

The Spiritual Mandate, -Dedicated To Akira Meneko

Akira -of wise feeling,
This is not far from the spring,
Nor without possession of the divine Dove's wings,
Ah! The rust of the mind would no longer remain,
Be sure in devotional anguish, comes down the Divine.

The joy unknown, by His grace is blown,
And the dreams of the apparent fade,
Your Shire, appears with liquid fire,
And stands to receive you in the Unconscious Gate.

Dig, dig, dig -the Body's well,
Drag out the layers of the conscious and the subconscious,
By and by the Unconscious would unfold,
Ah! The self revelation of Atman, would come as goal.

Then the difference between you and me,
Of the gender and the societal class,
Would drop into naught, with Divine flash.

Subrata Ray

The Unfolding Petals Of My Divine Poetess.

Non has ever seen that uncovered rose,
Nor in poetry nor in prose,
That finds flash in the depth of the heart,
The divine poetess for her lover treasures the art!

Bottomless, un-fathomed is the azure land,
God by His unasked love allows to stand,
And wishes the union of the two souls,
So in Time-less time the love would roll.

Recognition of the self in each other,
Is perhaps the mandate of the Heavenly Father,
And the taste of the Infinite, in finite pilgrimage,
Would bubble in rainbow-spectra through abstract image .

May it be in some bygone births,
By the Rhine and the Ganges in this earth,
Two beings of equal will,
Had sowed the seed of love and made the deal.
And the tenor of the flow with spiritual glow,
Finds here again a new dimension,
In poetry and songs that rise a duet motions.

Ah! My poetess is crazy, breezy whirl-wind,
She crescendos in to ecstasy in my sacred shrine.
Her art is premeditated, and songs are divine,
In my sense, she is a trance, and maddening wine.

Subrata Ray

The Psychic Drill.

The Psychic Drill.

How then the 'why' revives,
In a romantic wheel,
With no solution of sudden tornado,
Upon a capsulated mind,
That had lagged behind,
To open the mystic corridor.

Why! Why! Why!
Cries the lyre,
Why such agony, as it is,
Without physical fire.
Such tease as imagination,
Executes reality!

Darling Blue, ; without blue'
Would you be a bar to my escape velocity,
By the missile of your gravitational pull,
And awaken the hidden volcano,
Capsize my barge in wave less sea,
When I am just near the harbour,
To mingle with my Mariner!

Your cosy hand with beacon-born music,
Puts the glory garland round my neck,
Your melodious tongue sings the paeon,
On the meadow -ran passages of my poetry.

Were it written with divine -ink,
For such willow-mellow winking,
And save You, nothing thinking,
When the eastern sun in west sinking.

Subrata Ray

Sharons Poetry - Dedicated To Subrata Ray, And His Beautiful Timeless Words Of Wisdom.

<http://allpoetry.com/poem/545417-Ensoul-by-Sharons-Poetry>

Ensoul- to endow somebody with a soul
To cherish deeply something such as a feeling or memory.
Sometimes I want to take you down
Surround sound of you all around
Voices echoing in the daylight
The emerald jade of your eyes
Hypnotize memorizes me
Drifting unto past life memories
Seven seas of eternity
Within your smile
Shall I pause to look for just awhile
Sometimes I want to let the river flow
Oh, so long ago
A million miles
A million smiles
Hey Hey Hey
Where did you go
Are you resting on the vine
With the sweet sweet scents
Of the Mandarin Breeze
Hey Hey Hey
Where did you go
A million miles
Snow angel within the sun
Shall I today leave you again
Remember when
We were the best of friends
Baby your love comes
Baby your love goes
This world is crazy
Seeing past the mists
Seeing into the endless drifts
A place beyond time and space
The palace of love we relate

As the lions purr on
As you and I walk past
The ancient palace gates
To a timeless place
The state of grace
Is love
Waling on thru
To the place of you
The state of love
Where dreams are made of
Only within your dreams
Or so it seems
Is the key to unlock
Your heart
Slings and arrows of cupids dart
Love is about
Taking care of each other

Subrata Ray

The Ignominy From Love.

No otherwise was,
No solace from dedicated past,
And I had to walk with self -lighted torch,
Amidst the friend-faced, indifference.

Those sturdy hands,
Those formidability of swift feet,
Nurtured in support and shelters for dearest ones,
Now feel shame to receive commands.

Cowed I am by their rampant arrows,
Cut - and -start, start- and- cut -art,
And setting a face on the face for a face,
More of the catchy flower-girls in the red-light,
More of the poisonous missiles on innocence.
For my unequal, the Pity itself rises,
To erect a wall to hide my maddening trance!

Subrata Ray

The Inevitable

The Inevitable!

It was a cool, cool ox,
And and a daily ravaged bitch,
Who knows the power cut switch.

Subrata Ray

Mahadev Roy, -A Token Of Love And Gratitude. The President Of Moula Netagi Vidyalaya, -12 Grade Govt.Sponsored School

Others do little, and say more,
Seek to open many doors,
And project their Gay, in life's bay,
But you with your certitude and faith,
Go steady by and by,
Your fostered love and empathy,
For your fellow-comrades try and cry.

Honesty, -the God's sceptre,
Is alert in your conscience,
And keeps vigilant to your -path-way,
Love, the herald of Almighty,
Blooms in your nurtured garden.

Hey dear friend, friend to Mankind,
Your pilgrimage in this earth,
Would certainly give birth,
And leave tenor the grass-root goodness of the Divine,
You in thousands hearts, when you would depart,
Peep like Daisy and beacon-shine.

Subrata Ray

Divine Procession Of Spirit.-A Poem By Sharon Corr, - To Subrata Ray

Divine Procession Of Spirit.

My Dearly Beloved Subratra Ray,

Highly Divinely Appointed Author that God holds you in the highest esteem,

If Gandhi was here he would give you a salute, you are a very loyal comrade,

You are highly decorated from Heaven, as if you swoop down from the crowds,

You are the eagle carrying the dove, to a cloud in the sky where I am safe,

You are a tremendous light being, within the wings of Gods eternal Grace.

You are a beautiful person; I appreciate your respect, your honour,

I know I am God's Scribe,

Thankfulness for you,

This book is a mirror that reflects everything that happens,

They taste it, they smell it, they are deviling into a world,

Where life was rotting and nobody cared,

My friend you are infinite rose that blooms,

Like the daisy thru the stubborn sod,

You reside as one in the heart of God.

Thank you, for your brilliant muse,
I held my course and your heart is true,
This journey is not an easy fight,
As we, both take flight thru the night.

I ride in my love bubble all over the universe,
I am used to riding around the love bubble,
I float thru the galaxy where I want to go,
I know you know the glow of my soul.

Maybe we will play hopscotch in heaven
Were not human were angels from up above
Thank you for your grace and your infinite love
I will treasure beyond measure your divine doves.

All my love to you and yours, Namaste Sharon

I would treasure eternally any feedback you can share with me. Namaste.

The Blue Wave

The Blue Wave.

You may grant my prayer.
To be ever here
Like an oasis with a lake
The summer's breeze,
Cosy ease,
And a dip that I may take.

Knowing not you committed your window-wing
All that you have for no farthing /
And drifted your canopy in no where love
And lent your shoulder to unburden my harp.

It might not have been not so,
The diverged lines may, and may go,
And the deserted lone,
In each day would have grown,
With no hope but despair.

Beloved, it was destined,
So in the late-noon,
Face to face we are here,
Ah! You have granted my prayer.

Subrata Ray

Basudeb Biswas, -The Icon Of Humanity.

To Revered Sir -Basudeb Biswas

So What, so what,
The beauty buds from life,
Not from art.

So what so what,
The truth blooms from empathy,
Ah! The fools brag on sympathy,
And take vain mirth.

So what! So what!
Love floods from the pure heart,
And by its service opens paradise,
The fragrance from mighty soul,
Surpasses all surprise.

So what! So what!
Bow I must,
To my Teacher's feet,
If any dignity, I ever feel,
It is his merit.

Ah! goodness nurtures,
The Virtue's seed,
Who ever comes in your touch,
Drinks your Love's mead.

Time would bear your Majesty's feet,
And your Light illumine in thousand retreats.

Subrata Ray

A Devotee's Conviction

A Devotee's Conviction.

The Release.

So it be

All but He

The source of love and life

Cries, cries the vagabond,

More of a deserted waif.

The damsel-widow,

From her spring-flourished prime,

Waits and whines, and waits,

Time wheels on Years and age to age.

Other than the visual shadows,

The bubbling streams, sky, oceans and meadows,

The quanta-bedecked image of the Prince,

Often in her vision peeps as whirlwind.

So it was, she felt His touch,

And the treasure of His impression sways all,

Within her conscience,

He remains genuine,

And without in all His posts He Marches.

No 'why' seconded by negation,

Never, never, never, can be,

For, the vagabond knows,

There is none but He.

Subrata Ray

He? Yes He

He? Yes He.

He? Yes He,
The grandest friend be,
The love between you and me,
Yes, -He.

In my 57, I am near Heaven,
As love from Him through you comes,
Shall I be a foolish Hamlet?
In 'To be and not to be',

Do I need dry philosophy,
Or chaffy sermons?
And smoke breathed by bourgeois ,
Instead of the Sky's kiss on Himalayan ridge ?
Do I?

My yesterdays have escaped from Fool's paradise,
And they form rainbow, -in the inner sun's rise.
Ah! Did not, did not, He promise ?

Am I not a Bottom like?
Everywhere the same as worlds revive,
No shadows, but dreams,
Dreams from Dream arise!

You thrill evoking darling,
Fledge your wings,
The biblical horses there can not fling,
For Love by Love is ever winning!

He wishes Love,
So Love floods you and me,
Ah! Between us, it is He!

Subrata Ray

A Crack! -Dedicated To White Wave

A Crack! -Dedicated To White Wave.

Cave after cave,
Lie buried beneath the running vehicles,
No light but primeval ghosts ooze darkness,
So varied and colossal in the human forest.

The joyous and beautiful dawn gets imprisoned,
By the hungry shadows,
And the morrows racket the scorpions' torment,
Of every passing yesterdays.
God's wish, 'Let there be light '
The flow of WHITE Wave of innocence,
Seem to be repressed by satanic Vice.

And yet amidst this wreathing indifference,
There opens some cracks,
To let in Light in the caves,
And to evoke Love by White Wave.

Subrata Ray

And Yet

And Yet.

And yet, and yet, and yet,
We would wait,
Effacing the beguiled Fate.

For the caught catch,
From the grotesque's vase,
Would radiate, willing rays.

The half-flashed smile,
The planted vigor,
The swinging of the inevitable,
May or may not be,
But the lone twine,
Acts radioactive wine,

Threshold to threshold,
And beyond the crossed bar,
We would read our book,
And rise on feeling,
From anesthetized shadows.

Subrata Ray

The Homeward Vagabond.

The Homeward Vagabond.

Reluctant to sail the boundless ocean?
And looking back to have more of life,
To have a bliss to withdraw the roaring waves,
To have a peep from the Lotus God's face,

Ah! the denial of inert mind, that once the mind was,
To feel and recognize that Unconscious touch,
Amidst the bubbles of passing dreams,
And the sorrowful-tales caused from whims!

Do not you wish to cast a look outward?
Hey vagabond! Hey fake bard,
From the letters and sentences of your inner Book,
Where history quits from reasons and senses' hook!

Ah! are not the here and the there-same?
The soul in the seed, and the vase with a name,
The nest bound lark and his sky -beyond frame,

Yea.Yea. Yes
The soul when is conquered,
The same is the case.

Subrata Ray

The Mother's Love, -

Mother's Love –Dedicated To Surabhi Mondal

Love Mother love
, Infuse divine spirit,
You alone in this universe
To a child, -that miracle merit.

More of the Ganges' holy-water,
Your milk through the child flow,
With your smile,
The child changes its profile,
And with your aura, it glows.

Your watching eye ever casts,
Fence as girdle to sustain care,
Your azure wish ever cherishes,
To make the Innocence fair to fair.

Trillion oceans are trivial ponds,
When the depth of your love the child shares,
No full-moon is so glorious when the sky is bare,
And the Earth can never give birth,
As the Mother –Kali through you does,
The whole humans stand to salute,
The Unified-Field of your love on Earth.

Love Mother love
, Infuse divine spirit,
You alone in this universe
To a child, -that miracle merit.

Subrata Ray

The Bliss Of Serenity -Dedicated To Carol Kate Chard -Hargett

The Bliss Of Serenity.-Dedicated To Carol Kate Chard-Hargett?

The pathless path,
In some corner of the earth,
Glides to a destination somewhere,
Effacing glamouring gear,
Suspense and fear,
Of all haves and have not.

The Tranquility presides Her hermitage,
And the green leaf sets in meditation,
The Soul awakens from the Unconscious depth,
Like the friction-less quake of divine commotion.

Diffused Fog wilds mystic breath,
And the joy of Heaven visits the earth,
The Body dissolves into the Soul,
The Serenity Herself labors a rebirth.

Subrata Ray

A Fragment Of Her Poems.

A Fragment Of Her Poems.

She painted picture of thoughts,
And conveyed them with her name.
I just read them as love poems.

She serves her romance,
As primrose flower emits fragrance,
And winnowed willow stretches in dance.

She forwards her smile,
Like beams of crescent moon,
And my me there in sets and gets swooned.

Her voice impels magic,
And my heart-beat accelerates,
In me some grotesque itself celebrates.

My Forlorn when in anguish burns,
And my void thirst writhes for a peg,
With her un-bodied touch I awake.

Mine was not a midsummer's dream,
But a hanging in redeeming,
Oh! how I wish to be a fragment of Her poems.

Subrata Ray

The Ship And The Mariner, -Dedicated To My Youngest Brother -Prof.Dr.Suvas Ray

The Ship And The Mariner.

Dedicated -To My Youngest Brother, -Dr. Suvas Ray

The ship grows old,

But the spirit is ever young,

It goes steady amidst odds and cyclones.

Dedication, love service may prove wrong,

The ship bears the soul it is ever strong.

The ship would sail abreast,

Though ominous atmosphere may visit,

The ship would go to harbour

As the faith in the Mariner merits.

Subrata Ray

If It Be

If It Be.

No tomorrow there unfolds,
No yesterdays could ever be,
The soul takes its pilgrimage,
In the timeless waves of the sea.

Subrata Ray

Poetry And Love

Poetry And Love.

Poetry! The face of the pre- and post unconscious,
Pervades every heart with its touch,
And jerks with its surge to find an outlet,
With the visual images without,
The ever green-within it sets.

Poetry heralds love,
As mother showers grace on the babe,
It comes out from the Divine,
That resides in the Heart's cave.

When God possesses the poet,
Then poetry turns into divine mission,
The poet feels the truth and depicts the Vision.

Subrata Ray

The Birth-Day Wish

The Birth-Day Wish.

Dearest friend divine,
Not from my brain,
But from my heart,
I invoke the Beauty's art,
And wish all joyous days to come,
Bedeck you with spiritual psalm,

On your Birth Day, God May,
Be kind and shine,
And radiate from your soul,
Let Love, love alone fulfil the goal.

Birth-day is the focal point,
From where the infinite unconscious,
Takes its pilgrimage on the earth,
To realise the Soul, humans take birth.

So we wish and cherish,
The birth-day to be a beacon-delight,
And be a day to flourish and manifest,
All the virtues of divinity, may on it be set.

Subrata Ray

The Living Durga –divine Mother Saroda.

The Living Durga –Divine Mother Saroda.

Pains from water level of my well,
Writhes to rise and tell the tale,
Of the Living Durga in Durga's image,
That vibrates from Mother Saroda's rage.

The earth and the Heaven bow heads,
The saints and Avatars rise from Samadhi's beds,
The devotees and wises with folding hands,
Stand in queue to sing in brands,
The advent of Mother Saroda.

Lord Sri Ramakrishna looked upon Her as Mother Divine,
Swami Vivekananda worshipped Her as Living Durga shines,
And all that know the truth of creation,
In her feel the frenzy of divine commotion.

Pray to her, hour by hour and seek bliss to be righteous,
Pray and pray for a joyous mind, pray for Her divine touch.

Pray to Her to ring out the wild wings of evils
Pray to her to erase the Vice dominated devils
Pray to Her for devotion and self submission,
Pray and pray to Her the riddle of Maya's solution.

Subrata Ray

The Change

The Change

In crisis, mind retries,
To change the path and fight,
And secures to have the golden hope,
Of a liberated soul, in love and light.

The ignorance of faith in the slaughter house,
And trust on flatterers go by and by,
Alone and lone the pricked heart suffers,
With accumulated sorrows, the mind retries.

The crescent glow of tender adolescence,
Though droops in youth's dark forest,
In crisis caused by betrayal and ignominy,
The soul comes down on mind and retries.

The rescue of life from delusion's grave,
May change the life by kind,
For, in our deepest sorrow,
The soul of light we find.

Subrata Ray

The Waiting For The Godot

The Waiting For The Godot.

It was an uncertain wait,
Anguish set boiling vase,
It denied history, defied geography,
It forwarded its tears through poetry.
It was supernatural cult for mystic legacy.

Habit on oath,
Mind and body both,
Surge of the urge,
To wash off death and birth,
More of Heaven and seas seven,
It is the grotesque from Unified-field!

Lingering line from possessed-Will,
It comes as the Initiation to break the seal,
To be non-conducted by touching conductor.

Ah! Godot be availed,
Echoing abstract sounds the bell,
Lo! in the soul's sky, the Soul sails,
No certitude! But Godot be availed.

Subrata Ray

The Impression On Beauty -Dedicated To Mamta Sudha Kullu

The Impression On Beauty.-To Mamta Sudha Kullu

Beauty has her own grace,
As beauty herself emancipates.
Amidst the panorama of visual flow,
Beauty by her divine virtue emits the glow.

Beauty tunes the voice,
And peeps as flower in the face,
And flags her victory in the heart,
The Divine in beauty impels its art.

When Beauty visits, the truth awakens,
The bigger Being in us rises with luminous sense!

Subrata Ray

Your Advent

Your Advent

You came as a strange bird,
In my long waiting lone tree,
My longing look with ardent tears,
Moaned, and preserved the feeling,
As un-flooded water in artisan well.

I had no execution of love,
Save the sailing of imaginary abstracts,
From writhing heart for contentment.,
I was half in negation to the biting lore,
And then all on a sudden, you swamped the door.

My anguish cried, for beacon, beyond the daily light,
And love as timeless tranquillity of green ocean,
Bewitched between allotted uncertainty and adored love,
I was receding and receding towards nothing,
Life of mine got acidified, and the intercourse of the senses ,
Raped, plundered and mashed my moral conscience.

Better it had been to be an animal in dark Africa,
Than among such facial panoramic humans,
With vapid sterility of implied scorpions.
The gens of hellish ghosts and witches sprout,
Barbaric ego and indifferent difference declare victory,
Over the innocence of faith and simple goodness .

In such state Your mantle alone, preserves fortitude,
The occasional glimpse of Your face in the luminous,
Of abstract glory, heralded your advent.
And now vain is not the psalm of your vagabond bard,
Unlocked You have the cover from the lotus in my heart.

Subrata Ray

Friendship's Echoing Touch

Friendship's Echoing Touch.

.The windy Troy is no more,
No more is the arr-owed corpses of the Mahabharat,
But the live-call of friendship sprouts and lingers,
From the love-budded hearts of humans.
And me with my bare-footed lease,
Open my door to you, come please

No barrier, no difference of class and profiles,
The honest, the cheat and passing beguiles,
The friends to man of divine origin,
Come please, you the native and the foreign.

The East -rise is inevitable for the West fall,
The summon generates for the final call,
Come proletariat, high, and fallen, -come all.

No clairvoyance, no scholarship, but fortitude,
For the certitude of the Love that abides in us,
Let us feel and share the Friendship's echoing touch..

Subrata Ray

The Unrecognized Village.

The Unrecognized Village.

Village after village,
Near the glimmering horizon,
There might be a beautiful place,
Might there in Impossible,
My hitherto fostered Love dwells.

She might be the damsel,
Made of the dawn-bloomed Saphali,
With crystal still of pouring dews,
She stands wearing the trailing blue,
And presents the face of phenomenal grace,

My steed, through gloomy bushes and random weeds,
Through incessant plots and stubborn fields,
And the bank through Wilful-Rivers glide,
In the balance of hope and despair rides and rides.

Remote to remoter charms might be there in her bower,
My spirit swings in nightly dreams,
And my steed gallops in the daylight hours.

Perhaps in the village though,
If ever the village is recognised,
Might there my Love find,
The quenching lake of my contented Bride.

Subrata Ray

A Dialogue Between –a Devotee And The Guru.

My darling writes :

Lo! both day and night fight ride
Between the gap, -darkness and light
Let us have escape step to wipe
Let us clean and sweep the dialectic mind
And be in that One where ourselves we find!

My sole self tells,

Your love sails to seek,
The perennial beyond,
Years, months and week,
And yet for your romantic zeal,
In me the secret-sharer finds your will.

She claims her faith and reminds:

I thought you would bring,
Crossing the Seven seas' stormy rings,
A place oriented with abstract landscape,
Where Beauty with no friction casts her wave.

I thought with magic incarnation,
You would tease me to the spell of unconscious,
And here in this Island, sow in me green-enigma's arch.

She continued:

Thought I, -hello my! hello my!
Hunting my wild, you would home in your profile,
And infuse in my gypsy, the frenzy for the remotest treasure,
Ah! I thought, being my Mariner, you would carry my measure.

Subrata Ray

The She Woman

!

With Tom, Harry, and Dick,
I mind no trick,
They jump to burn as red light insects,
Or straw-boat in colossal waves.

The pirates and corporate like you,
Need revelation of art from the start,
And the terrified terror of the volcano,
The grinding of the granite,
The wild sea-horse breaking Neptune's ride,
Escort the lease of my pleasure.

Well, you have told your earlier tales,
And the satiety for the insipid cold,
The seeming fuel without ignition point,
And half -way collapse of womanly segments.

Now for the charms of my nuclear reactor,
And radioactive subsistence of power,
You have booked your empire and hours,
To be a kept slave in my omnivorous cave!

The legend of Vampire is not a fake tale,
You need more and more, more, -supplying oil! ! !

Subrata Ray

A Darling's Confession.

'Something' -said she, 'More of me
In other women you may air,
Rosy cheeks, lotus-eye, and coral-lips,
With your usual eye -on your way.

The catching smiles, willing countenance,
And artful talk,
As they catch and do in the passing revels.

I would not mind, for the other wind,
Breezing in your lone in my absence,
Your indifferent oblivion for my presence,
If longs on the margin of the horizon,
I would never cry and react.
For my love liberated you to love.

No -yet, no - but! You may pause,
In your lunatic asylum, no cause I implanted,

Your privilege itself was my prerogative,
Pardon me dearest in me mingle your East and West!

Subrata Ray

The Biochem Mead.

You opened the prelude with the shallow of your lips,
Then with your downy breast the second one,
The slumbering libido in me screamed and sprang,
And then your sloppy –hollow impelled the battle,
I forgot to utter a word from my tongue.

Why did the chivalrous knight seek the Holy Grail, ?
Or why did the cowardice Donquixote jump on the windmill, ?
Or mighty creaser stoop to Cleopatra's passionate will?
Were kept in suspension until the execution of the miracle!

How intensified was your quake, and how the crescendo attained the mark,
The Palaeolithic vampire had no ear to lend the groan, -hark, hark, hark! ! !
Your Nature deactivated the Time as the theatre of oblivion was in progress,
Never could I know the fury of orgasm without your grace.

All those were after thoughts, but the live-presence is our deed,
No princes could offer a squire as the art of your bio-chemic mead.

Subrata Ray

The Trapping Ad.

I have done something great and grand,
Passing the gate of university I do stand.
I have grown and become with bookish thoughts,
A glittering career by my labor I have brought.
I always uphold my glorious profile,
One in trillions with office seal.

People below all my ranks,
Need to bow with heartfelt thanks,
Besides, the world deserves to know my name,
And boastfully share my impossible fame.

Though few are above my present stature,
But in my dictionary, they hardly matter.
For, I allow the wealthy visitors my council,
And even the average with least bill.

The beauty-budded damsel may me date,
I can change and determine their shadded fate.
The adventurous politicians and the big-brothers,
Around me, for light, always gather.

Forget not that my presence would highlights you,
If I not display this, my greatness very few knew.

Subrata Ray

The Shadowy Arch

.

Aura-quanta from Unconscious bed,
Springs as spray from fountain head,
Headless, body-less, concentrated abstract,
Will-owed rainbow from atomic bust.

The flow glows, turns dim and fade,
Some bubbles collapse half-way dead,
Hope-made canopies float and retire,
Time carried lives are led to pyre.

The sprouted infinite in finite circus,
Erect heads as shadowy arch.

Subrata Ray

The Boomerang.

I wanted to amaze you,
With a romantic poem,
Rolling the impression of your name,
And painting your dramatic sense,
That oozes wild beyond the fence.

But, no sooner had I finished the poem,
I forgot all the past, and your name,
Your flowery smile, mystic eyes, rosy cheeks,
And the voice from the strange real,
Catheterized me and I got benumbed.

The palpable tending teased to frenzy,
The brain came down to heart, heart to emotion,
The surged of the seven seas rose with commotion,
I discovered before me, the incarnation of my poetry,
Hey sweet darling! You are Love's mystery.

No cause was there to have such a harangue,
My tiny poem from your returned as boomerang.

Subrata Ray

The Dirge Of The Deluge.

A foggy face half hides the sun,
The forest-inmates are back a step,
The winking humans lurk for a scope,
An arr owed dove writhes on Hiroshima.

The bell of the church negates the fashion,
The scholars and the philosophers dip in,
The dungeon of their catchy thoughts,
Heaves of empty manipulations seek penance.

'Be aware puppets of 21st century', a voice cries,
The slaughtered assurances assume live-ghosts,
An empty Coming takes home, the Indifferent feels,
No yesterdays, no tomorrows, Time withdraws will.

Subrata Ray

The Black Secret.

The Black Secret.

Dare you bid a farewell,
To night and forest,
In your day's work,
And your night's rest.?
Dare you?

The spell of the She,
The willing will of the He,
Anchor pulley silently!

The day's dream of Night's rise,
And the escape of the wilds,
Tease the chemical profiles.

The installed forest herself is a vampire,
The night's prime, causes crime,
And our buffoons admit it as grace.

Subrata Ray

The Himalayan Spring.

By the side of river Belmudri,
In the remotest loneliness of spring,
My adolescence had its privilege,
To share your lotus-bloomed wings.
In certain late after noon,
By the side of Tista glade,
When silence meditates for love,
I enjoyed the prerogative,
Of your unconditional faith,
And forgot time, death and birth.
I needed a nowhere timeless bed,
The abstract Unconscious in light and shade,
I did cover, wade and hover,
All that were possible,
And you sprang unseen like the Himalayan Tale

Subrata Ray

The Somber Mirror.

Dearest!

In some moment unknown,
In some oblique noon,
In some standstill gloom
Love may from grotesque bloom.
And initiates a phase of distilled sky.

The scorpions of the dialectic minds,
The wounds and burns of moral obedience,
The cheat and betrayal of fair-weather friends,
The vain drudgery of support and service,
All those as boon of love make us wise.

The wretched Lone amidst the chaffy beguiles,
While cries from within for a sheet of shelter,
The Mariner of Love Himself comes as anchor.

Subrata Ray

The Dejection.

The Dejection.

He wished to be a causeless Fool,
And only the Mandate of the Unconscious,
An aloof-ed Lone without spoiled touch.
The sway of the Thought -Cancer,
And the missiles by fermented orators,
Sprout yellow heads amidst his lease.
Two breads and a loincloth,
Upon the sky-touched grass,
By the glade-glided -spring,
Are enough for a simple living.
No sermon-coated packed falsehood,
No status and station of Ego; s proud,
But a mind jocund in willow-woods,
And peace-sustaining air as life's food.

Subrata Ray

The Passing Shadows And The Self

The Passing Shadows And The Self.
With magnified glass and microscope,
Telescope and satellite, I have tried,
Ventured I with the wisest sayings of the wise,
And the doctrines evolved through dialectic mind,
Save burdens of prisons, nothing I could find,
To serve a peg of peace to my wild horse.
Escapes like the forest of Auden, Illyria,
In my midsummer night's dreams,
Have only proved my fancy's deceptions,
Nothing my imaginations could avail.
The windy Troy and the battle of Kuru-Khatra,
The tragic dooms of the epics,
Agamemnon, Ulysses, Arjun, Vishaw,
And the rest of the ego-born headstrong heroes,
Have left a vacant cry of morbid remorse.
More sorrows but no solace did bring the science,
Atomic explosion, nuclear -reactor, black missiles,
The gay-agony of Time rums on the same wheels.
Dismay sets safaris to carry the wills,
As the earth moves round the sun,
The lamps of life ignite, burn and then gone.
Why Din not I redirect the mind from where it comes,
Why did not I have a quantum Jump,
To explore my nucleus in my own unified-field?
Where rests the Soul without any beguile!

Subrata Ray

The Dejection

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Subrata Ray

The Romantic Treasure.

The Romantic Treasure.

You were felt before seen,
Long, long ago before the 'first sight',
When the tired sun had gone,
To kiss the moonlit night.

Your live-image seeded sense,
And caused horror to my Arabian steed,
A paragon damsel from Medieval Age,
In my goblet you served your mead.

While the days from mystic cavern,
Were trailed by the wings of Time,
I in my unconscious was painting your rime.

Henceforth, for the unborn years,
The reddish love would tinge abstract glow,
I have felt from times immemorial,
In me your love flows.

Subrata Ray

The Mantra

.
Give them word to chew,
Give them emotion to float,
And give them feeling to smite,
In their inner door day and night.

The already given azure nature,
Fresh air and transparent lake,
The goodness and faith of innocent babe,
And all alert God in their heart's cave,
They possess, and yet they slip,
Hey Lord, let Your grace in them beep.

Give them Love to love,
Give them will to serve high and low,
And make their hands, your recognized bands,
As the brooks from the mountains flow.

Subrata Ray

The Feeling Of Love Offering.

When others play their lyres,
A bit of your tone I hear,
when You from Your garret sing,
I with my drooping feeling find wings,
And my soul awakens with celestial fire.

When others call me by my name,
I respond, go to them, hear their word,
With heavy a heart I return, and remake,
But when Your grace call my name,
I at once become a possessed bard.

When the dreary drudgery,
And the suits of crime and flattery,
Unbend, and lay pall on my, poor spirit,
I don't question, whether those I merit,
But I feel, behind all of them, -You came,
To impress me, to rise above good and evil game.

Subrata Ray

The Compelled Submission

That he-goat might have been a gay- ox,
But, for his governess he is a timid scholar,
A quivering yes-man to please the Madame,
Knowing well the daily requiem.

Undone he is for mouse's ration,
The mistress liquidates his residue potion,
Lullaby -lullaby , the pages torn,
Knew he the consequence, when was born!

Perhaps weak to the bone as stamped natural,
The bookish seals vaunt withal,
Save himself, all know him as coated genius,
Ah! He might be an individual with conscience's touch.

Subrata Ray

The Kin-Aesthetic Chorus

Come in my dream , hey empress,
As a fresh damasked of the prime spring.
Or as a violent eagle spreading your wings.
Fall on me like thunderbolt, and carry me aloft,
To make me the prey to your amorous bed.
And be the blacksmith to burn and quench,
Twist, and remould my passions with,
All the blind fury of your wild wench.

Make me spent-up swimmer in your blue river,
And drag me to dip beyond the recesses of your cover.
Lead the libido's vehicle to stir the gaining scream,
As if the approaching wheel of ecstasy is heralding.
Oblivious by the omnivorous as two corpses beside,
Immediately after the rubbing -juice -ride.

Subrata Ray

Arpita, -The Hidden Intruder.

You silently came in my garden,
And bloomed as a secret flower
, Never I minded to notice your beauty,
For, your fragrance floods my bower.

Your damsel glory voiced the story,
More of the awakening of the first love,
With a demand, soul-winning command,
Began to vibrate all in my harp.

My dying desert got awakened,
As if the Cherapunji made it her home,
Undone years were a-shored like flinging foams.

Where I was transcended, I can't tell,
But my dim recollections qualify,
In the realm of ecstasy gently, gently,
Whole of my Being went by and by.

Subrata Ray

Jan Mielke Schwartz, -The Lover Of The Mankind.

Jan Mielke Schwartz, -The Lover Of The Mankind.

Someones with the grace of God are so meek and gentle,
That the poets feel blessed to compose their tales.
For, they spend their lives for the welling of the others,
And serve as nurse, guide, guardians and mothers.

To them work is worship, wisdom is light,
With those two armors life's battle they fight.
They are the greatest friends to the Mankind,
The omnipresence of Divinity in them we always find.

In the passing passages, if luck favors, have a look at them,
Know and be sure, to flag God's love, they came.

Subrata Ray

Arpita's Live Fragrance.

The fragrance you gave left,
To me is a live.
No flower can produce
Such the madness,
That in me you reap.

My burning anguish goes a-haunted,
And my being writhes for your image,
How I long for a while a bit of your presence!

The fragrance you have left,
Waves frenzy beyond the universe,
Your abstract advent only quenches,
The desert's thirst in my verse.

Subrata Ray

The Triumph Of Flattery

The Triumph Of Flattery!

The grass is yellow,
Yet they say green,
The pond has withered,
They demand the monsoon swim,
The poetry is a pose flute,
They claim for Nobel Laureate.

Subrata Ray

The Romantic Revival

The Romantic Revival.
In some by gone births,
We came on this earth,
And sang the psalm of love,
Through window-wide,
Through revealing ride,
As pair of equal share,
Of a gallant and amazing bride.

The cozy -breezy perennial green,
The kiss of the sky on the horizon,
The moonlit night in shadowy shrine,
Had their share in our love-making.
The remote strands of the Ganges,
The door-less lea of autumnal sky,
The resumed rains of Cherapunji,
And the cloud-lets bidding bye,
All shared our romantic highs.
Often in the village Alpine,
Our feet in their pace had the wine,
The mind over tender plants winnowed wings,
And the twilight-sun shrieked to sink.

Those were the glorious glory,
The miracles of our love-story,
And they by their frantic deed,
Have made Time their sole steed.
Now in another start,
We recollect Love from the cave of hearts,
And unrest the rusts to share our souls,
For the You in me and Me in you are the goals.

Subrata Ray

Arpita, -The Equal In Love.

The Equal In Love.

Open the door,
And let me in,
Echoed the knocking.

No response came,
The lover tried again,
And addressed the same

Wait less silence prevailed,
The lover knocked and kneel,
And uttered an equal voice,
'Let you in, in your within'

The door widened without sound,
With the password 'You' from the lover,
The self felt the self without cover.

Subrata Ray

The Unexpressed Love, -

Dear Beauty of my live-prime,
I pledge here my endless rime
I wish your touch as infinitely much,
As condensed quanta of seven oceans.

Come through the west-wind -way
And create commotion in my mysterious room
Where light and darkness spark
As stars twinkle in stark night,
And sun emits aura at dawn.

Come with Monalisa's fragrance
And Diana's magic grandeur
Lull my senses into sleep,
And go deep into the subconscious castle
Awake my un-contented persistence
Heal the confused chemistry of the mind,

I have kept preserved my perennial spring,
I have reformed my above-time wings,
And myself have effaced panoramas shadows,
Come and become the Truth of my love,
Evade the wait less wait of Time and Space.

Subrata Ray

Arpita's Call.

There is a there,
Where man dares,
And woman opens window,
Love alone there can go.
The mystic whereabouts,
Drags with airy feet,
And tempest stirred sail,
When the discovered lady,
From within unfolds the coil.
The gloom of the lagoon,
Reduces into glorious light,
With advent of the other-land bride.
The strife for in-contented appetite,
And the gallop of the blind horse,
Would retire into a finished naught.

Subrata Ray

Arpita's White Story Of Love.

You urged me to say,
The white story of love,
With its fading colors,
And where and nowhere,
Of abstract chariot.

And me a self-same rail,
Just remember and forget,
The mission and the target,
That sprang and hang,
As birth and death.

Your departure rooted,
Ocean's permanent waves,
Ancient mountain's cave,
As the bigger me denounces time,
To share your silent abstract.

You uncovered otherwise,
And led me swim against the current,
Infused eccentricity to have your trace,
To defy the Nature's naturals,
To bear the burning sorrows,
To erase the yesterdays and the morrows.
Hey glorious Irony, fortune from suffering,
You peel layer after of life's onion,
And turn into ashes the hopes and fears,
Then from Geometrical atom, you rise,
You urged me to tell in a playful manner,
'The White story Of Love '
And now in me you alone flourish,
As the timeless story of Soul's light.

Subrata Ray

Arpita's Vision

Arpita's Vision.

The other morning peeped itself
without any premeditation of your image,
You flashed in my vision, -

And all on a sudden there opened
A sombre casement, -and I saw
With wander waiting eye, -You

. I began to muse over the grotesque,
And life before this birth and so many births as if revealed! ! !
This apparent improbable, -touched my Mind, beneath the inert cover.

I sensed and felt your tender hands,
And was taken aback with the glory garland,
Hanging round my neck.

All world of physical senses vanished,
And a voice from bottomless depth sprang,
Ah! Dearest! your love in me installed a hang!

Mattered little thousand universe and vapid time,
I was decreed to emancipation and unvoiced rime!

Subrata Ray

Arpita, -The Voice From The Strange Realm.

From a strange realm,
A transparent vision peeped,
Demanded, a vast filled of love within,
And commanded the mind to be a farmer,
And body be the land
To be ploughed and harrowed.

Subrata Ray

Immemorial To Arpita

Divine Arpita, glorious Nevedita!
Had I not been in love with you,
I used to play my sense,
And dreamed a dream of trance,
Of erosion and corruption of innocence.

Had I not been in love with you,
I flattered your youth to pollute,
With my blind eye, your book,
And turned every letter to gross appetite.

Had I not been in love with you,
I would have turned a servant,
Of you whims, and demanded yours,
For the island of swelled verbose.

Had I not been in love with you,
My daily poetry would have been prose,
And in bed and shade you faded,
I forgot to worship your rose.

Subrata Ray

Arpita, -The Green Impossible.

Arpita The Green Impossible Of Alpine.

The green Impossible might not have been.
Had Arpita not been beside Alpine,
With her mystic profile,
I might have been a daily beguile, □
And gathered the sediments of the faces gay,
Mattered it little to weigh and judge,
The rampant plays on Time's bed,
Had by Arpita not I been remade.

Miracle may not happen in ten thousand years,
And miracle may happen in a moment,
As if a Tajmahal replaces quicksand's tent.
Ah! The burden of my un-contented content,
Writhed and loitered with no avail,
Had I not had holy water from Arpita's well.

Subrata Ray

The Awakening Of The Surja.

There is a there,
Where man dares,
And woman opens window,
Love alone there can go.

The mystic whereabouts,
Drags with airy feet,
And tempest stirred sail,
When the discovered lady,
From within unfolds the coil.

The gloom of the lagoon,
Reduces into glorious light,
With advent of the other-land bride.

The strife for in-contented appetite,
And the gallop of the blind horse,
Would retire into a finished naught.

Subrata Ray

The Provisional Descent

.
Every midnight rises,
More of the sun in the eastern sky,
And the things beyond mortal knowledge,
Land on the archetypal highs.

Troops of moral survivals, - deny,
The sway of plundering wheels,
And build the Skeleton from their blood,
Upon the desert from their toil.

Thrust into isolation and self exile,
They with their own ships open profiles.
Nowhere, nowhere in the land of devil and vice,
The captain in the night-journey elsewhere tries.
The guilty conscience of what might have been,
And the psychic -ravages on moral wings,
Supply petrol to unroll the Unconscious,
In the voyage to remote myth in life's research.

Subrata Ray

The Dreamland Bride

The Dreamland Bride.

In the Greenland bay,
I proposed my love,
By the side of twilight,
And you smiled and impressed,
That you were dreamland bride.

Without speech I wished to know,
The destination of my steed,
You smiled and said,
'Ride, ride, ride on,
I am dream land bride'

I stammered out with all my being,
And attempted to pluck my soul,
Then a voice came calling my name,
'Ride, ride beyond the dream,
And be a spirit without form,
For I am your destination beyond sense and norm'

I waited a while for the fall of the pall,
But a grotesque sprang with condensed light,
You bloomed in my heart like the first Art,
And made me feel that you were the Divine Bride.

Subrata Ray

The Grandest One -Divine Mother Sarada.

That very face of love and grace,
Bikes my psychic being,
I wish to say, I wish to pay,
But nothing I have for offering.

Like the first monsoon my desert She visits,
And sets therein an oasis,
Nothing I have to pay, nothing I have to say,
I get weaned with her blessing .

My tiny pygmy by Her side,
Feels placed in the wide-wide sea,
And thousand Himalayas at her wink,
Erect their heads in me.

The bygone years and the undone ones,
Take away their screens from mind,
Her presence I feel in the Unconscious,
And in the sky beyond wind.

Never I dared to look at Her face,
But meditated only Her lotus feet,
All She impels is, She is Sri Ramakrishna's Bride.

Subrata Ray

The Universal Psycho

The Universal Psycho.

Seneca's Nero had psycho-fusion,
And he danced on the boarder of death,
The cannibal -king in him in blood waded.

'You may enlist me as the first psycho',
Hamlet rose and wished.
And Edmund from behind 'cried '.□
Iaago projected himself as psychic killer,
Cleopatra demanded to be the sex thriller.

Hitchcock's Bateman was a ghost in life,
And killed the living to enjoy the sprites -alive.
His concern was to abridge the here and the hereafter,
And amidst his life the deads he fostered.

The revival of the psycho-genetic stage of disembodied station,
Goes rampant in his earthly motion.
The gap between life and death,
Vanishes from his psychology for immortality's wealth.

Subrata Ray

The Indifferent Lease

The Indifferent Lease

.
If such time visits you,
With no hope to fulfil,
No return of your past,
All your attempts are dashed in to dust,
And friends flee like fair-weather birds,
Don't give in despair, but stay on your mast.

If no recompense of yeoman service,
Comes to you as solace of good deeds,
But betrayal, cunning and contrived plot,
Accept those passing shadows as reversal of your lot.

Look behind, and look after,
Like a stoic as desert,
And feel how vacant turns your crowded heart.

In such bereft loneliness your Unconscious flashes,
The cataract of your eye is dropped down,
And the whirlwind of illusions no longer clouds your looking glass.

Take for granted the indifferent lease,
As the bliss of gravitational equilibrium for your escape,
Your pined love for God, brings God out from heart's cave.

Subrata Ray

The Innate Frailty.

The all-time Nude,
Wearing a cover,
Impels the black snake,

Nooner the chemistry,
The quench of the mystery,
The Beguile smiles as fake.

The superconscious inhumans,
Propells missiles for mead,
The furnce and hopper serve feed.

The febricated lies of philosophy,
And the moral coat of hungry immorlity,
Patch the sins with innate frality.

Subrata Ray

Prayer To Mother-Divine –saroda.

Prayer To Mother-Divine –Saroda.

Remake and remould,
Remould and remake,
Redirect you spindle,
From fake and swindle,
Stop desires where,
Heart and conscience fail,
And endow grace on silly mistake,
Remould and remake.

Rescue from black-mind's ocean,
And remove the brags of Ego's posts,
Kill and seal the I-won ghosts.

Renew love with the love of Your own,
Speed seed as in pure you have sown,
Infuse joy as beauty from flower is blown.

Appoint the mind as self –digger,
To earth out the layers of past deed,
To have the goblet full of Your own mead.

Remake and remould,
Remould and remake,
Redirect you spindle,
From fake and swindle,

Subrata Ray

The Divine Face

The Divine Face:

Devotion soaked in purity,
And ardent prayer for empathy,
With the acceptance of God's will,
By and by cut off the Maya's seal.

The hidden pond of love,
Feels wave-less tranquillity, -
And the coveted lotus blooms,
The face reflects damasked aura,
As the mind effaces desire's gloom.

The Face from the bottom of Unconscious,
Peeps in the apparent, and links its touch.

Subrata Ray

The Self Invited Futility

.
The confused bundles of packed imaginations,
The vain glory of un-contented thoughts,
The dry annals of war, sex, and hypocrisy,
And the same sailed diary of consumptions,
All are negative bubbles in life's little lease.
Sorry figures, we cut in our brag of adventure,
Irony beguiles and Time smiles being indifferent,
And love, -the Passion's ghost squeeze the oil,
We get burnt out and turn into a skinny coil.
Lapped in female-male vase we play mimic,
And build the paradise of futile hope,
Burden of suffering accumulates in degree,
Coffin and pyre drag us to them.
God given conscience in us cries in wilderness,
But the weakness within deprives us to see its face,

Subrata Ray

The Miraculous Bliss, -Sri Ramakrishna's Vision.

The Miraculous Bliss, -Sri Ramakrishna's Vision.

The beauty of the ultimate reality,
The full-bloomed Divinity,
If is visited by a graced one,
Be sure in his Chidakash rises the divine Sun.

Irons of life, and cravings under illusions,
With Sri Ramakrishna's grace find timeless solution.
Love then is not a virus of attachment,
The soul from the cave comes out, as opens the casement.

Ah! His Highness's lotus feet,
My poor vagabond ever greets,
I would cry to convert my eye-well to desert,
And an incessant anguish in my heart,
So that I may, now and often with Sri Guru's grace,
Find the Self Revealed flash of Sri Ramakrishna's trace.

Subrata Ray

The Beauty Of The Divine Father Reflects -Through The Face Of A Child, -To Sattwik.

The Beauty Of The Divine Father Reflects -Through The Face Of A Child, -To
Sattwik.

The Innocence of the Divine,
In His smile for no reason,
Through the face of a child wilds.
From the unconscious bed glows,
The submerged Brahman,
The eyes and the 3rd Eye are on the platform.
Tender beacons as aura reflect,
God, -the father in Man expresses,
Beauteous goodness, to soothe His inmates.

Subrata Ray

The Triumph Of Contentment.

The Triumph Of Contentment.

Once upon a time,
There lived a mendicant monk,
Tattered was his attire,
And he begged singing Almighty's song.

In his palm-leaved hut,
He had least articles for use,
A brick to lay head, a torn mat to sleep,
And an edge-broken earthen pot to drink.

The gracious king heard, the monk's plight,
'No, no, no, ' he exclaimed! , 'It is not right,
I must provide enough subsistence to him ,
And in a moment I would ride.'

It was a morning of a promising Spring,
The king entered into the hut without intimating,
The monk rose and prayed the king to take his room,
Upon the ragged mat, by washing it with faggot boom.

Neither came hesitation, for fear,
Though the king was in the torn mat there.

The Highness of the king began to speak,
.How you dare to live so poor, and weak,
I am King, my assistance, you never did seek,
Your life style dishonours me and my subjects,
And here in I find a living abject.
I would provide you ten acres of land, bull and cow,
Two men servants to serve you and the land plough,
And above all a brick built home, and a pond to bathe,
In my kingdom please live in happiness, and mirth'

The poor monk said, 'Most revered Maharaj,
How you dare to employ your urge,
For your riches, I had the greatest respect to you,
So poor a mind you possess, never, never, I knew.
I have no conception that I am poor,

Though I beg from door to door,
My dictionary is without the meaning of `want`,
So why I would allow your ego, and worldly fund.
For the survival of this body I beg from the living gods,
In all of them, lives my Almighty Lord.
Again, they, you and me, all are beggars in this earth,
We are sent to be contented by since our birth `.

Subrata Ray

The Special One.

The Special One.

Some special one if not responses,
Burns the heart,
The warmth of the feeling droops,
Pangs of loneliness covers each part,
The ardent anguish multiplies,
And the deserts desert oasis,
The unmasked visit of the Special One,
Is only the bliss .

Subrata Ray

Sri Ramakrishna's Teaching On Super Mind

Sri Ramakrishna from His life teaches us,
To create a new mind for casting focus,
For mind is like milk, and it forms shape,
As an open-tape recorder that intakes.

Make the water-like mind butter first,
On process of meditation just a curd,
And the butter would float on life's surface,
Without allowing any mingling trace.

What a recipe He gives for spiritual path,
The Heaven of heavens one can get from this earth.

Subrata Ray

A Single Rose Without Mirage.

Ah! A single rose ousts the dull prose
And connects to beauty where love blooms,
and evades the morbid gloom.

An inborn heart of wide –wide, but lofty nature she had,
Where sharing feeling dug the well to collect sorrow,
Conscious empathy she was and would be, beyond the morrow.

Opens and drops, opens and drops, the leaves of her tree,
The hidden recesses of duties and service,
All follow the gross senses' call, and make face as passing beguile!

Hi your poet feels, -you were not born for common course,
Your humane-love had invited flatterers and unwanted foes.
All these were bliss, to have a kiss from the divine,
For the Potter makes your pot, and pours there nectarus wine.

The plotting of the ironies, have migrated you from eye-feasting garden,
And you are kept in a vase of Mother's grace,
Your lonely tree –is ever free, and you are a single rose, without mirage!

Subrata Ray

The Mother In The Daughter.-Dedicated To Surja Sengupta.

The daughter replaces the mother's care,
And the greater with her own being, she shares,
The service of motherly divinity perpetuates on earth,
Ah gratitude, for care, love and grandest birth!

While the young mother grows old,
To her daughter her worth, -outdoes all golds,
The memory steps, childhood, adolescence, youth,
The hidden mother in the daughter comes forth.

Never failing oasis, an ideal daughter ever is,
Her heart flows like mountain spring, for the mother's service.

The poet bows his head, the prophet showers His bliss,
And the great nature, the earthly mother ardently wishes,
The unification of the creator and the creation,
Ah! What more a precious gem, there can be, -the mother-daughter relation.

Subrata Ray

The Timeless Flash

The Timeless Flash.

I had no cause to remember you,
And feel the haunting trespass,
Your lips never gave me a touch!

For me your sense organs had no activation,
Your biological -bed had wait less wait,
From the first sunrise to the would be sunset.

The psychic-eye blinked with a blue clue,
The word-Brahman rose into activity,
And my un-contented me found solution.

That unlettered dumb you forwarded,
I felt the ruin of my identity,
Your omnivorous flash ousted Time.

Subrata Ray

The Heart And The Brain.-Dedicated To Swami Vivekananda.

Love comes from the heart, not the brain,
The superfluity of reasons the brain drains.
The brain is the surface of mind that glitters,
But the heart is the power house of the self,
That with joy unknown ever matters.

The prime nerve center of human body remains in heart,
It is the sympathetic ganglia, that illumines with divine art.
Atman, -the only identity of human life,
Takes its citadel in the heart's cave.
And creates the tidal of Empathy's wave.

The language of the brain attaches to reason,
And encircles a periphery like a prison.
But the language of the heart arises the water-level,
The voice of feeling from every one's well.
The heart knows no reason, but the liberty of ignorance,
It equals friends and foes in one sequence.

Subrata Ray

Satajit Ray –94th Birth Day Immemorial.

From Ibsen, through Shaw, to Galsworthy,
Tagore to Conrad and onward,
And above all, Shakespeare, -the Avon's bard,
Rise from the subconscious, and peep their faces,
In the dramatic glory of Satajit Ray's art.

Projections of ideas from the unconscious mind,
Universalizes the theme of every film.

Pather Panchali –projects growing and becoming,
Apu's struggle, love, duty, and suffering.
The joy of the unknown from willow to train-line,
The liberated -sky, open -nature, and adolescent –mind.

Kanchenjunga erects its head as the independence of the self,
The unemployed boy can feel his greater-Being well.

Jalsha-ghar declares the ego of blue blood,
Poverty may take every thing, but not the heart.

Gopi Gain and Bagha –Bain, -installs impossibility in life,
It satirizes human greed and follies by supernatural knife.

Agauntuk appears with a modern-minded reformed man,
And suffers the suspicion from civilized sane!

From film to film there sprout psychic gleams,
And we the audience get mirrored in them,
Ah! To make film a class by itself, Satajit Ray came.

Subrata Ray

If You.....

If You

If you was,
A crescent moon,
On the lap of the sun,
My love embedded,
As earth quake flings.
I put in your ears azure rings,
On your lips coral winks.

You were if, I claim,
The standstill damsel,
Where gallant time counts no access,
I granited my passage,
And made the unconscious home.

If you be of no difference,
I grew with you,
I could earn the triumphant victory,
And never descry as an waif,

If you were more than remedy,
Surely I dejected the Nature,
And would have left the sense,
Of eye and ear.

If your lease was not in abstract exile,
I cared not to drive my vehicle,
And minded not to gear the light-years,

Ah! If no 'if' did intervene,
I had no means to wean,
No anguish to quench,
No life to have a life to look forward,
I would have missed the joy of your ionized art!

Subrata Ray

The Undone River.

The Undone River!
Swimmers of ravaging roars,
Bathed their hungry grey,
As a gang of wolf on a roe,
In her awakening bower.

Merciless fury hugs her flesh,
And consumes as snake in coil.

Government has imposed pleasure tax,
Any one can paddle speed-boat,
Her candor, life –denying revolt, and belief,
Are now easy sweeps, as candles of red-light.

Undone is the fleeting of the Himalayan brook,
Through the green vales and sunny glades,
A common river she was destined, and so is made,

But alas! She hears the step of approaching desert,
The strength of the youth, flies like lark in her heart!

Subrata Ray

The Spy, -A Tribute To Joseph Conrad.

The Spy.

The spy, a guy of immense conscience,
Had to seek his inroad for bread,
And set his adventure to wed,
The black rivers, for a lagoon.

The nature-born savages of the forest,
Though enemy at first, but turned his inmates,
His psychic stretched its lea,
And he was transformed into Love among them,
Ah! From an appointed agent to a secret sharer!

He begins to hate his race, and its contrived face,
And the poisonous psychic missiles,
That cause among the innocence, -tepid wails.

The Colonial Vice has thousand -detective -eyes,
And no rattle of Africa can spite such venom as it has,
So the spy, a friend to savage, -must have the ravage,
As Christ, Gandhi, and Lincoln had,
Ah! In the forest of the intellectual animals, the Spy was a mad.

Subrata Ray

Sri Ramakrishna, -The Beauty Of The Whole Cosmos.

Sri Ramakrishna's name awakens the super-conscious,
The meditation of the image bestows divine touch,
The complete submission to His will breaks the inert gate,
Realm of the divinity triumphs, defeating the Fate.
What more a human can aspire!
If by Sri Ramakrishna, he/she is ignited with celestial fire!

Writhing anguish for separation, and the toll of forlornness,
Go a-haunted, day in and day out, for His prolonged absence,
And yet, yet, in misery, in drudgery, and taxes for love,
The aspirant is served, the nectar from Sri Ramakrishna's Cup.

In the death conspired-danger, -miracle sweeps,
For constant reversal of fortune obeys His whip.

This not, that not, -step the feet through weary desert,
Fatigue, obstacle, hunger, taunt, and humiliation,
Matter little, to turn the mind into a new -home,
For the love of Sri Ramakrishna, -the body and mind struggle,
To achieve nature changed profile!

Ah! The poets and philosophers breath their desire-spent smoke,
The scientists elapse their whims to re-create,
And by and by they are trapped in death-installed fate.
But love to Sri Ramakrishna, -mandates -the contented -gate.

Hi when the heart changes into a lotus, and the soul blooms there,
The hidden truth of life, meets beauty, -in Sri Ramakrishna's flair.

Subrata Ray

The Irony Of Parents-Ship.

Irony Of Parents-ship.(Part-I)

What an irony,
From such buffoon-y,
Of a branch of that part,
Oily tongue conventional hang,
And a fake and malicious heart.

Leaving the old parents,
The merry –he and she go,
Conventional gentle, fickle and fickle,
Venom of envy they show.

The old father casts a longing look,
To have a glimpse of the grand-children,
The old mother wishes to have the elder in the kitchen.
The two causeless victims, in their utter crisis moan,
But the scholar and the queen, -to them frown.

The innocent children, their grand-ones,
Pass every-day before their sides,
But alas! Alas! The poor parents have no 'call' to their rights.

The youngest son, ever harbors, the pangs of this ignoble crime,
But the merry-go, he and she pass in pleasure-trip their rime.
The two children in fear never uncover,
Their feeling for their grand mother and father,
Though they see, the unfortunates on the front road hover.

The post universities passports, and the social status,
With flatters and snobs, as they are, every-day attach,
To such status, a visit to poor parents, -is impossible!
For they have woven their cloths for the artificial cable..

In a broken heart, with pathos's sigh the father dies,
No visit, no care, no share, the first fruit tries.
The public in burning- pyre, whisper of the negligence,
And that of the betrayal, and self imposed –fence.

Does wither the glory of the parental love?

And watching eye to every rope,
Self -denial, for opening the son's scope!
Nay! Nay, in life' bay the conscience must prick in old age,
The law-of causality must visit every one in ending -phase.(First-Part) .

Subrata Ray

The Forest Migrants.

My vagabond in the spirit of Jim Corbet,
Often in leisure sets in forest.
This he does for the touch of wild habitation,
And for the remote pleasure of nomadic notion.

The broken images of the earlier trips,
The subconscious and the reverie ever keep.
The other dawn there occurred a marvelous dream,
My vagabond was wandering in forests with whim.

The first one was Jaldapara in West Bengal,
A home of the wild animals and their liberated calls.
But disappointed was the vagabond finding no beast,
Here and there the intellectual viruses hoisted feasts.

The 2nd image of the dream was the Amazon Forest,
Endless, deep, mystic, and perhaps the best.
Here too no animal did appear to please the taste,
Oh! What a horror! The same happens in the east and the west!

Haunted with the mystery of the animals' evacuation,
My vagabond began to change setting and situation.
While it was wandering through copes, groves, herbs,
An ancient tortoise rose and showed its neck's curve.

It harangued me, and started in a human voice,
'Ah! The forests have turned calm, there is no nose,
The ferocious animals, as hyena, wolf, and tiger,
Were changing with intellectual fire.
They proposed to take birth in human vase,
Which by evolution is their own race.

They claimed to forest god, -for exile,
And were granted to take birth with human profile.
For they advocated, -in barbarity, war, and cunning,
From day to day the humans are more shining.

Again the humans are more rampant in casual sex,
And out do the animals in assault and rape.

So the animals have their prerogative of human births,
And having the perverse intellect, they would dominate the earth "

My vagabond's psychic read the tortoise's deliverance,
And in the transformation of the animals he finds no offence
The tortoise paused, and poked in a taunt,
Look, the whole forest is vacant, look in every front.
And I would request you, to go back to human-animal -land,
Don't pollute the forest, giving a touch of your stand `

Why! how! revolted the vagabond, -a question of Dignity!
Yes, virus-headed -human-animal, -a complete frailty.

.

Subrata Ray

Social Animal-S.... Virus.

Social Animal, -S-Virus.
S-virus in human vase,
Is black, short, and monkeyed -face.
It likes to exploit politics,
It changes face with ominous tricks.

Though cold by nomenclature,
But venomous and fiery in deed,
Money and women are its mead.

Wine, smoke, and pleasure trips,
In this virus ever sweeps.
It threatens the Head, and pollutes the Beds,
And destroys the innocent husbands' home,
Wherever it goes, it evokes psychic -typhoon.

Subrata Ray

The Greatest Divine Mother -Maa Saroda, -The Sheet Anchor Of Ramakrishna Order

The Greatest Divine Mother -Maa Saroda, -The Sheet Anchor Of Ramakrishna Order.

In the purest mirror You reflect,
In tears of submission You awake,
In the direst crisis You appear,
And like the Mother you mitigate and share.

All earthly miracles subdue to your grace,
Passages of divinity open with your Face.
Ah! what grandest anchor, your lotus feet bestow,
Bearing your image, to any peril, the devotee, may go.

With the wink of your eye,
All base desires fly,
And the super-mind peeps from the Unconscious,
The bondage of Maya and meaningless karma,
Vanishes with your Divine Touch.

Subrata Ray

The Withering Wellness.

The Withering Wellness.

Can't you say, 'I am not well'
'I am inviting death in confused tales'
In the dismay of the bundle of parasites,
I seek in vain happiness' prize '

Can't you say the cause of wearing masks,
In the drudgery of bread, -your daily task,
How great, -money and sex! !
Ah! the slavery of an insignificant fake.

Can't you confess of your ill-education,
The art of employing hellish mission,
The dialogue of profit and gain,
The study of perversion in the brain!

Can't you stand on God-gifted conscience,
Can't you display your moral strength,
For drinking a peg of peace,
From dark to darker you are going,
Ah! the meaning of wellness, -you miss.

Subrata Ray

The Beauty Of Poetry, -To Theresa Andres Hermita?, -

The Beauty Of Poetry, -To Theresa Andres Hermita?, -

Dearest, -to day I was opening the bygone mine,
and drinking the pages of wine.
Sense-filled cups, feeling -oriented sun-shine.
The canopy upon the incessant waves rose.
I saw you in my mirror,
-all my garden turned into a rose.
I silently uttered a word, -again and again,
I became the reflection of your heart, and lost my brain!

Subrata Ray

A Vagabond's Prayer To His Lord.

A Vagabond's Prayer To His Lord.

Hay Lord! your sons and daughters,
Whom You love and foster, take your name,
They cry for your support, that you allot,
To cut off the bondage of sense, name and fame.,

In this diversified worldly prison,
They suffer from greed, and debased illusions,
They with their least sense of reasons,
Try to bring You in their heart's home.

They say, say the devotees, the wises,
Grace Of Ocean is your name,
And when in ardent anguish one cries and cries,
You in their hears ignite your luminous flame.

I am neither a devotee nor an wise,
And I have so many lapses for my daily bread,
I move in the threads of my chemical -head.
The currents and crosscurrent of life's river,
I am too powerless to wed.

Yet, yet I aspire a shelter in your lotus feet,
Knowing well, no virtue I do merit.

Subrata Ray

The Pilgrims To Divinity

The Pilgrims To Divinity,

Often the grace of God comes from friends,
Who from illusions' misery themselves wean,
With the fruits of conscience, faith and devotion,

They catch the wandering mind,
Entrap that, in a cage of stern austerity,
And refine the crude oil of their lamps.

They reduce the mind into a new vacation,
And remold the cage for the room of the Beloved,
Ah! a pure body, and a peerless (heart) bed..

Electro-divine fragrance emits from them,
And the distance between death and life is forgotten,
By their love, all our 'unequal' - the Signal attains.

Often the grace of God comes from friends,
Who with their love tell us how to amend,
And awaken and steed the divine mind in us,
Ah! whose bodies suffer giving us a divine touch!

Nothing is enough for them , but tears of gratitude,
For they open in us the artesian well,
And bedeck our boats to have the divine-sail.

Subrata Ray

The Back Pain Therapy

Back Pain -Massage.

In the name of back-pain,
The black snake plays the game.
When base instinct overpowers the brain,
You need gratification of sense,

Ah! the harps of therapy make pyre,
And the dormant desire culminates in to fire,
All your moral courage gets burnt into ashes,
And the art of the therapy in your memory flashes.

The manipulation of a salon,
Or the posing the function of movable brothel,
Are the new arts of corporate for body's sale.

Subrata Ray

The Liberated Leisure

Can't you ply me a night's lease,
In the home of your way-bridge.
Like the broken-wings,
Like the rejected haggards,
And drained heroes of nowhere.
A transience -permanence,
Full of true to heart's lees,
In your spring of Paradise,
Can't you tender as my prerogative.
Who in their midsummer breathe the Autumn,
Whose sturdy feet are wasted in quicksands,
Who for their innocence, and honest-mistake are banned,
Can't you revive them from the boggy-fake, and be their stand.

Subrata Ray

The Beauty Of The Innocence.

The Beauty Of The Innocence.

Who wants dress in life's passing vase

, -ah! beauty is all innocence.

The Vice-born sense makes difference,

And Nature's profile does the chemistry,

The biological knowledge causes ravage,

It leaves behind all a black history.

Subrata Ray

Heart –the Home Of God.

In the midst of the body,
Blooms the infinite- Unconscious,
And on that condensed dumb,
The Lotus widens its petals.

When the mind is nonattached,
And it nurtures the body to be pure,
The flash of Divine, there will be sure,
Avatar Sri Ramakrishna may there spring,
There by life achieves the grandest thing.

Invincible Faith in the unattainable,
And tearful-anguish for His absence,
Heart, -the abode of God, feels His presence.

The thoughts of God's image,
His virtuous fostering of his creations,
By and by form, -new sense's notion.
Grass-level goodness, and innocence of ignorance,
Rise into activity to break all fence.

Subrata Ray

The Individualization Of The Evils In Man. The Allegory Of M-Virus.

M-virus gave birth Machiavellian politics,
And acts more of hydrogen bomb in diabolic tricks.
In falsification, fabrications and backbites ,
It has no parallel to cause human plight.
Its malignancy reigns over Ebola and hepatitis,
To conceal its fraud it acts as good Wish.
In study of deception and playing black art,
It employs its metamorphosis in every part.
Being chaffy by nature, it changes its fake masks,
Dwindling plan, and plundering wealth are its prime tasks.
Forgery, duplicity, and exchanging bribe,
Are the other things that it lifelong thrives.
The Devil-Porter is in anxious trauma for its arrival,
With its entry it would spoil all the sinners in the hell.

Subrata Ray

The Redemption Of The Man-Kind

The Redemption Of The Mankind.

He who shoulders others sufferings,

In this mundane world, ever remains.

His is the way to God, among the Mankind,

Whom from the eternal Paradise, here we find.

The Vice and his plot of seven deadly sins,

Spread and contaminate the human minds.

They being overpowered by those evil virus,

Turn into the hellish devils, and render heinous fuss.

Lord Christ, the Avatar, -gave His life for salvation,

And the torture he withstood, creates spiritual commotion.

His is the benediction and blissful offering,

In every unconscious He lives as everlasting spring.

Subrata Ray

The Barrier

The Barrier.

The scholarships and the high profiles of my friends,
Erect barrier to the entry of my vagabond,
For his foolish ignorance, and unconscious trespass,
Rebound with thousand broken hearts.

When difference from within erases,
When all livings as passing shadows,
Fade into the fantasy of illusions,
My Vagabond rises above the reason
For no reason is there between life and death,
When from within reveals the divine wealth,
And sense and intellect dissolve into big zero,
My Vagabond disclaims the buffoon and the hero.

Subrata Ray

The Fire

The Fire.

Father of light,
Soft, violent and bright,
Whitish by nature,
Seven channels by feature,
Form of divine,
And more of cosmic glow,
In streams of spectra,
You flow.

Were you created with God's will?
Or for His wrath or gentle smile,
Or to feed and bid His creation,
In destruction and preservation?

Had you been in Olympian with Zeus?
Were you brought by the Titan, - Prometheus?
Or had been dormant in dead logs or black -hole,
Knowing the mystery Prometheus stole?

Does the Vedic legend of Brambha as the fusion of heat?
Confirm your origin and perpetual merit.

Mendeleev' , Bohr, and Plank,
Consider you as quanta trunk,
And my Vagabond feels you,
As the counter foil of water,
That gives divinity in life and matter.

Subrata Ray

So Many Plays Within A Play.

All those Hamlets are born terrorists,
Psychic riots on metamorphosis,
Obligations of fixations obsess,
'To be or not to be' they can't erase.

The Prosperoes need the Arians,
To control the Calibans,
As night soothes day's drudgery,
When the sweat of the sun is gone.

The Bottoms and the Falstaffs,
Need neither knowledge nor ignorance,
To them the apparent and the dream,
Die and take birth in an unearthly earth.

The burdens of ethics and the diseases of dogmas,
Like ghosts from airy deserts, play age-long wanton,
The soil like the tongue, taste and stomach,
No results in the dark forest yield,
But incessant waves of illusory funs.

The day opens one play, the night another,
Play opens play as life moves from far to farther.
Fields after fields create unified field,
And the Brahman reflects in all plays,
The Abstract comes and goes, building and leaving the clay.

Subrata Ray

The Latest Theory On Dreams

The Latest Theory On Dreams.

From the submerged black-hole rises the soul,
When the Conscious in sleep retires,
And the quantum waves from Unconscious caves,
Jump, liberating liquid sprinkle of fire.

Ten trillions or more enough is the invisible inner realm,
Photonic sparks, neuronal larks chorus there the silent psalm.
The past of the mind retains behind as the angle or ghost,
The id and ego all forgo, and the awaking present boasts.

Genetic- fossils involuntarily rill from the infinite,
And fragments of thought- image from hidden case,
Bloom and flash on the mystic glass of the mind.
In light and shade, the super conscious bed winks,
And from the grandest whole, peep the moles,
And pass over the conscious sensory.

Freud, Bergson, Adler, and Carl Jung,
Upon the unconscious reality have ever sang,
But between casual reverie and deep meditation,
The abstract truths of dreams hang.

Subrata Ray

The Soldier -Dedicated To Shumi Reksona Parvin

The Soldier, -Dedicated To Shumi Reksona Parvin?

Empathy harbors in sorrows's cottage,
Fire rebels to burn out injustice,
The lone flag of conscience erects its head,
Amidst the unruly and outlawed rage.

The strength generates from pains ocean,
The tranquil fortitude evokes commotion,
And the being leaves line on indifferent time,
The soldier writes in blood life's hymn.

Subrata Ray

The Psycho-Therapeutic Drama

Psycho-Therapeutic –Drama.

The bosom bloomed throat,
The sky condensed bottle,
The sea devoured needle,
Stand in queue to suck the fiddle!

Oh yes! the Mummy cries,
Egypt rises to set prizes,
The shadows in forestless void,
Live bubbles are lively laid!

The quanta boat sails,
Love is Rooded by nails,
Heaven marries the hell,
The statesmen leave Hiroshima's tale

Roomful thoughts spoil generations,
The parrots clamor from cage to cage,
Youthful beauty demands weight.

The farmers wear cover,
The bonsais roam wild,
In houseless air dreams sprout.

The antic female willed a male,
As God wished there be light,
In shadowy desert camels fight.

Subrata Ray

The Fool's Paradise

The Fool's Paradise.

Who is the Fool that creates Fool's paradise, ?
Is he not a not a dream-land wise?
With supposes, proposes and surmises.

Does he brags with his senses' prize, ?
As a penny-conscious he tries,
To fence things by dull doilies.

The more of this universe rests,
Beyond the floating images and dresses,
And like bubbles God's ideas sprout,
In the passing waves of Gay-Time,
And in graveyard backs life's rime.

Things revealed from Unconscious,
Execute the Infinity in its real touch,
And the shadowy dreams of age and clime,
Gets dropped in crystals of Divine wine.

Then the sun from super-conscious sky,
Tinges its wild glow,
The difference between ignorance and knowledge,
Fades away from Time's page.

Subrata Ray

From A Vagabond To A Poet.

From A Vagabond To A Scholar.

Had you had that luminary,
Where no wings dare to reach,
Have you seen that angel in his own light,
From the confused pulpit of your dreams,
If not, you are not well wrought to sense the sense,
Yours is an 'empty vaunt' in the cycle of tense!

Stretching the biological conscious,
You produce pranks up to the Don Quixote,
And hurl burl'd hubris to a poet(Shelley)
Who more than Puck sucks milk from divine breast!

Ah! comicality from an Wit leaves irony on Age,
No fire in the pyre but a staged mirage!

Subrata Ray

Misery Of Dreams

Misery Of Dreams.

The adolescence sprang,
In a dreamy hang,
With enchanters of Midsummer's moon,
And my wanton prince,
Spread wings in the mystic glooms.

Hope laden boats rose sails,
For a princes of Eastern chemistry,
Never could I explore,
Though a-haunted from door to door,
The troubling cause of unrevealed mystery.

The Paradise lived by Adam and Eve,
Cast a spell for a bridal-honey transit,
Days came, nights went and so on,
And with breathing anguish I descried,
But alas! There was no dream-land –bride.

Time, -the ancient lady fostered and deprecated my urn,
Now in a shadowy slumber, I remember and remember,
How by dreamful mirage, -my earthly advent is burnt.
Some distant voice often I heard, -"Shake off the garment of dream",
For dreams are ironies to spoil life by Fate's whims!

Subrata Ray

The Lonely Dumb

The Lonely Dumb!

I wish to fall in,
With vacant eye
And timeless feeling,
O-black, blue and white ,

Gone are the songs,
The seasons bid goodbye,
No more are gay spring,
And Autumn forgets the winter.

The beak retires pitiable kisses,
The sickle's harvests are done,
Who cares the drowning sun?
Ah! inevitable Lone!
Life if any -What a fun!

Subrata Ray

The Girl On The No Man's Land.

The Girl On The No Man's Land.

Piquant mixture of sense and nonsense,
With grave and prudent frivolity she stands,
Ships from different lands she receives,
Who knows whom she favors whom bans.

Hers is not a toad's cave of couple-compromise,
The lust of rising day in night's paradise.
The chaffy crops of same -sailed rails,
And the rubbing juice of spring, autumn and winter,
Find her no prey, as the tiny hungry hunter.

Wistful wealth for lotus eaters, she fosters,
And the haggard and broken wings come by,
In her perennial dismay -doleful despair hangs,
Whoever tastes her pleasure, forgets all ranks.

The deserted deserts may find in her a home,
A home above time with bubbling azure,
Ah! She is ever transient but always secured.

Some gypsy-climbs of frustrated goals,
Return not with wafted feather,
The scheming bothering of insipid lanes,
In her no man's land forget for ever.

Subrata Ray

The Dominating Anchor.

Lip needs lip to feel the beep,
And to taste the shower fall in desert,
The writhing tornado mountains the hearts .

Unnaturally natural for Nature's play,
The Eve defies Adam's Paradise,
More of Satan's scheming to God,
The island gateway stays on Anchor.

The Abyssinian pilots breaking the forest,
Lunch to cause ruinous explosion,
The dumbness accelerates the fiery motion.

The exhausted collapse rests on Anchor,
And the humor of the wills demand the same,
But for the Anchor the Primeval plays no duel game.

Subrata Ray

Emancipation.

Emancipation.

The image peeped through a somber mirror,
In the cave of my abstract heart ,
And the queen of imagination dissolved in feeling,
Dumb but murmur us with remotest healing.

Lost in admiration, I stood benumbed,
And got escaped into psychic-whirlwind,
Senses between 6th and 8th dimension,
Rolled and tolled my mundane ruin.

Amidst that third Eye's visibility,
The Face of my Dearest sprang,
With glory garland of impossible measure,
In my neck, in my Being She hang.

Subrata Ray

The Identity Of Woman As Illusive And Divine.

The live-treasure of romantic feast,
The enchanting bath of the black snake ,
The submerged volcano of the crude psychic,
Hi -mystic catcher, -hi beloved, hi wife.
The immemorial enigma for Man's gravitation,
Multi-edged attractions' power- house,
The endless mirage to tempt, impel and inspire,
The life's kitchen that from Man draws fuel,
And burns the mind, the heart, supplying fire.

You create, recreate, sustain and destroy,
You are the cause behind Kuru-khatra and Troy.
Whoever seeks sense pleasure, can never know,
The colossal Divinity buried deep in you,
The votaries that look upon you with awe and adoration,
By Your grace can go beyond the boarder of illusion

Subrata Ray

The Flash Of The Brahman

The Flash Of The Brahman.

Shadowy flash of the tinged abstract,
Beyond the clasp of time and space,
Sprouts both in naked and 3rd eye,
And awakes in meditation from Unconscious,
The truth in inner sky impresses the touch.

The concentrated holy of all holiness,
Flags its arrival in the trance of Samadhi,
And the soul liberates in the Chidaksh,
The hovering blue on green water loses,
The bounds of horizontal -arch.

Subrata Ray

The Home Here And Hereafter.

The Home Here And Hereafter.

You may share peace,
You may bestow bliss,
But your image I would,
In my heart, never miss.

The path that follows distant nowhere,
The home that unburdens the mirages of time,
And the love that by itself sings on its rime,
Would all be my prerogative above age and clime.

You may be oblivious of me,
While in this earth I shall be no more,
You may, keep closed your door,
And may my ardent psychic rebound back,
But yet hereafter your love would prove to me a hack!

I remember the cottage by the lake,
The flights of scattered cloud-lets above,
The joyous sprouting of the cozy grass,
And amidst all the grotesque of your miracle.

Take it for granted that I am beyond the border,
And yet my Psychic Pilot has His reign here,
My subtle would play its tale in the bygone every where,
My seeds of love would germinate and grow through and through.

Home! The placid tranquility above Time and Sense,
Would bloom in the flower of peace-attained love,
And the rapture Unconscious of abstract Brahman,
Would set link the past with my beloved Avatar (Sri Ramakrishna)

Subrata Ray

To Marian Haddad, -A Token Of Friendship.

To Marian Haddad, -A Token Of Friendship.

Some souls are born with art and beauty,
And as votaries of art they render their duty.
Among some few here I remember one,
Marian Haddad, -the artistic cum spiritual urn.

Hers is the exploration of the genius of Michael Jackson,
The language of music, dance, and Art's cyclone.
By her kindness, my Vagabond poet, met her in the internet,
And the prerogative of divine friendship he enjoyed.

It was some years since hence,
Some of our friends were imbued with heavenly trance
Ah! Those days unfolded in a divine spring
And we took the privilege of spiritual wings
Strangeness in beauty and beauty in feeling
Sprouted in the echoing green.

Amidst the confused Time there awakened a glorious glow,
The sharing of the Great One -in this mundane flows,
I remember, I remember -the peep of the same divine Face,
That rules, controls, loves, and showers Her unasked grace.

Subrata Ray

My Ex-Staffs.

My Ex-Staffs.

All my husbands,
Nightly minions,
Day's guys,
Haunt my leisure,
And my room is scattered,
With shadowy shows,
The mimic of unsaturated pleasures.

None I blame, none I claim,
For, they were ebb and tide,
In the run of my temporal see,
In my blooming flowers, they were bees.

Love, -never I had, but a tigress' appetite,
The hunger of chemistry did alone fight.
Time and Nature contrive to spoil,
I could not see my soul for their vain broil!

You may live in street, home or brothel,
In your psychic, I do feel, you have my tale!

Subrata Ray

Theresa Andres Hermita.

Theresa Andres Hermita.

Consciously unconscious,
You do activate, radioactive touch,
And make alive the dormant plasma.

Thought -rays from your poetic vase,
Wild frenzy to the farthest gates,
Triumph all transparent hearts.

You may have one Dearest,
Man or God -the best,
In the chamber of your chest!

You set link therein,
The timeless and ever green,
You love Him in your purest shrine!

And the Other in you, the divine,
Glorifies your lonely mine,
And with Him your poetic beauty shines!

Subrata Ray

The Thrilling Advent

The Thrilling Advent!

What a joy!
The romantic damsel,
With an innocent boy!

They assume vacant look,
But feel the urge to read,
And drink the ecstasy,
Of the mutual book!

Ah! in the forest of Arden!
They may light the burden,
And be the secret sharer!

They may turn their faces,
To see the face for grace,
And be one in standstill embrace!

Subrata Ray

The Pervert.

The Pervert.

The nude woman in art,
In the name of Beauty's seeker,
Comes from the pervert.

A woman is all divine,
As the grandest creation of God,
And her age-long glory ever shines.

She is the secret chamber of devotion and love,
With dignified drudgery, the Mankind she serves,
He who before public dares her to make nude,
Dishonors the Mother class as stamped brute!

Some grayish gay and bawds peep to be familiar,
With woman's nudity in their ads, and posts,
Though damned they are, -yet feel vain boast.

My vagabond wonders how the perverts clamor the market,
And invite the Bacchanal orgy in Nation's fate.

Subrata Ray

The Creative Genius.

The Creative Genius.

The prerogative to be mimic,
And reflective as Nature's child,
You artist discover image,
And install therein your imaginative rage.

You break the tie from the primary,
And mold and recreate,
Dismayed you are not with running history,
As the Unconscious within reveals the gate.

To you the shades of Brahman on Time's mirror,
Would expand and contract and so on and so on,
The echoing green and the withering desert,
The dramas after dramas are born and gone.

You never claim any man-made adjective for your work,
As no elephant ever cares when on the way the dogs bark!

Subrata Ray

To My Dearest Husband.

To My Dearest Husband.

Oh! the light in my Africa,
Oh! The Columbus in my America,
Oh! The Caesar in my Egypt,
You are, I proclaim, my grandest gift.

You are the furrow in my azure garden,
You quench my volcano by metabolic fluid,
And harrow my defused passions to equilibrium,
You remake my every wild and solve my sum.

Hello my Arabian hoarse!
Hello my gallant Atlas!
Hello my magical musician!
With your hug my hungry night,
Consumes the warmth of the sun,
And the untraveled land is ridden,
The heavy wait of desire is lighted,
And my dumb violin rises into crescendo.

Oh! My treasure Island, -my husband!
All my effusions and sensual dreams,
You control, and roll, by part by part the whole,
And you ever remain salve to my pleasure,
How I how you! I know not the measure.

Subrata Ray

The Flowers Of Love

Flowers Of Love.

Flowers do seem lovely,
When love buds in heart,
And azure romance spreads its lure,
With Nature's rise in body's art.

Love the foreign gypsy pipes its advent,
In the crescent tide of adolescence,
Birds sing, fountain glides, sky opens,
And joyous feeling produce chemical trance.

Subrata Ray

The Irony Of Intellect.

The Irony Of Intellect.

Nature's minion of the self-dress,
So does the intellect impress,
And manipulates the Ego's prime,
Establish supremacy through time .

Dialectic by nature Intellect you are,
And you put cobweb every where,
Never you can know the truth of life,
On Ambition's boat you strive and strive.

All the fights you fought, brought an empty naught,
Your galloping to compete the race and to win,
Degrades the society and brings self ruins.
You divert the individual from peace and love,
With Reason's poisonous wine , you fill your cup.

Your recreation of Nature from Nature's resource,
Runs for profit and gains through life's course,
And when you look back to your copious task,
You discover your Irony wearing Nature's mask.

Subrata Ray

The Tranquil Home

The Tranquil Home.

Lo! how the sun peeps through,
The shadowy margin of symphonic horizon,
And converges into the azure rainbow,
Setting around the watery unconscious.

The mandatory summon impels,
The return voyage of the pilgrims,
Washing off the memories -bond,
And to be oblivious of Time's ebb and tide!

The invisible Mariner is on divine boat,
To carry your soul to transparent Impossible,
Joyous was the travel with love and faith,
And there too be, after the removal of earthen urn.!

Had not been here the house calmly radioactive!
Don't moan and bother for the tyranny of passions,
You would be mended by the Father,
And would be graced for another pilgrimage!

Subrata Ray

The Taj Mahal's Mystic Live.

The Tajmahal's Mystic Live

Rosy busy eyes from marble stones,
Shoot forth with bouncy and cry and roam.
Each stone assumes, the passionate, nymph and gnome,
The earth born tempests, turned to airy homes.
The feast harvests in tickling fall,
Through unheard voice and tuning call,
The moon-caught night,
Through prism flight,
And the queen from the mommy,
Bursts out in a light oozed scroll.
The moon did talk,
With vampire rock,
And it came swinging in air,
Through the corridor,
Came more and more,
The long and vast Desire's shore.
The dancer fays,
Like seven colored rays,
Filled the art's drinking cups.
The building stone,
Withdrew its moan,
And spread their hearts to share,
They rose headlong, in scattered throng,
And jumped in void to commit a wrong.
The king wrapped with attendants,
Made the court bewildered and stunned,
Damsels thousands dead and living,
From heavy air sprang.
The flute, violin, lyre came,
With music strung but no frame,
The artists denial, without corporal,
Toned the tiring tunnel trance.
In sun-barred time,
There evoked a rime,
The shadowy figures,
Full of life's vigor,
Gave their voice a maddening tongue.

The sculptors with no fingers,
Off-tongue, and words-hunger,
With be-moaned music said,
"Well, the worth of art we are paid"

Subrata Ray

The Cry Of The Shadow

The Cry Of the Shadow.

Alone, alone in the ancient desert,
The step hangs in despair,
The thirsty beak is all weak,
Mirage mocks everywhere.

Water ! water! -laments,
The drought-lapped tongue,
Oasis! oasis! -the cherished bliss,
The haggard bird sang.

The thin shadow with oblique sun,
Wishes to mitigate the crisis,
It prays Above to have a scope,
For a shower and an oasis.

The old Bachelor claims a vacation,
And wills the kiss of crescent Moon,
But hopeless uncertainty sweeps silence,
And kills the love by primordial gloom.

The Time-budded transients fall and vanish,
The young blossoms that flash would soon perish.
The newborn ghosts and witches cast on twilight beds,
Night and day no matter, Shadows for shadows wait.

Wanton Weather weds Dismay and procreates the funs,
The mirage born of light and shade on the rails of Time runs!

Subrata Ray

The Mystery Of Music.

Music by nature is without word,
As the dumb in us prevails,
The notes within find flow,
As boats of melody sail.

The melody is a predominating de-facto,
That stirs ecstasy first in human lyre,
Then in a piano its aura dissipates fire.
Intricate, subtle, as sleeping quanta in Unconscious,
Within the unified-field, in every field it has a divine touch.

Subrata Ray

The Eternal Tie Of Love.

I my heart, You play the art,
And the magic miracle you tune,
I think You are in me the gramophone!
In my eye there dances Your image,
And my unconscious feels your tidal wave,
My infatuation worships you in Soul's cave!
Enamored, bewildered and attached though,
I harbor the psychic of if-if-if loss,
For behind my shadow of time You are the only cause.

Subrata Ray

The Floating-Sinking Boat.

The Floating-Sinking Boat.

On the junction of Tista and Torsa,
The surge of the cross-currents reigns,
The Monsoon queen here declares ruins,
And the romantic wings feather.

Nature here evokes tide from upland springs,
And the burning damsel sucks the wild of lover's quill.
The azure takes the flight and floats on the sky and the water,
Who cares? While floating-the boat sinks -is a matter! ! !

Subrata Ray

The Grandest Mother Divine -Maa Saroda

The Grandest Mother Divine, -Maa Saroda.

Hey Prayer be deep, vehement, and ardent,
Hey Will be the spindle of super-manliness,
Hey Tongue be the articulation of Unconscious melody,
Hey Mind be the lotus to carry and hold,
The Abstract-Live of eternal mother Saroda.

O-the Miraculous Steadfast,
O-the Self-revelatory dormant -Divine,
Awaken and feed the wild wine,

My boat may cross the sensible ocean,
My feet may trample the Everest,
And my effort may conquer the impossible rest,
Yet all those are but a dry mole,
Than your Grace that makes the soul to win the Soul.

Subrata Ray

The Divine's Sacrifice.

The Divine's Sacrifice.

Wounds of love drinks sins of cups,
To restore and redeem the fallen ones,
The son to God, -Christ the Lord,
Leaves for us the skeleton of His sacrifice,

The Avatar as gypsy pilgrim inflames the flame,
Of the dormant Divine in the Mankind,
The history rolls, -but His blood,
Rises above the ravages of Time.

The monotonous and morbid Time,
Stoops to the glory of Christ's Love,
No cause it has to prolong,
Save, yoking the incarnated harp.

Subrata Ray

The Bubbles Of The Intellectual Virus.

All big sayings whisper and rebound,
Fear and panic force to be tongue-tied,
The molested Innocence experiences,
The orgy of the Big-Brothers and statesmen.

The scorpions, the falcons, the owls,
Are installed with dubious heads,
The corporate commerce the vampires,
To suck the blood of the proletariat.

The computerized heads window missiles,
Queues upon queues rush to open profiles.

Subrata Ray

Sri Ramakrishna The Divine Melody

Sri Ramakrishna The Divine Melody.

You have the musical body,
You are the condensed-field,
Within you Beauty builds the truth,
And love gardens fruits of immortality.

Word-Brahman from bottomless depth,
Emits soul-soothing fragrance from your tongue,
You are live God, your creations sing your psalm.

Subrata Ray

The Galloping Scholar

The Galloping Scholar.

Gallop, gallop, gallop -scholar,
On the bookish steed of your whim,
Your fancy-box dismay you,
And bring your Being's ruins.
Your stolen thoughts from dead parasites,
And hoarded chamber of logic,
Lead you to mirage and make thirsty sick.
Your seals and stamps erect prisons,
And depute you to teach lullaby,
And in the event of simple truth,
Leaving your contrived mask, you fly.

.

Subrata Ray

Song To Sri Ramakrishna

Song To Sri Ramakrishna

No gloomy day came,
As I chant your name,
And no remorse dare to peep,
As in my mind your Image I keep.

No bothering for uncertainty,
No fear for loss and gain,
No bondage of wealth and Maya's chain,
As by Your grace, -grace I obtain.

No drought I do face,
Although there deserts and deserts are,
No cyclones -though fierce be,
Though the perils of the sea ,
In my camel, cart, and boat, -you sit dearest Shire!

While my widow-anguish, in your absence,
Moans the breath of dull emptiness,
All on a sudden, lightening the somber burden,
Your presence showers the grace.

Subrata Ray

From A Son To His Divine Mother(Saroda)

From A Son To His Divine Mother(-Saroda.)

I wish to be a mad,
A mother-loran lad,
With one stay in life,
I have my mother,
In dark and gloomy strife.

No wealth I trace,
Save mother's grace,
And turmoil and death I invite,
Only I cherish a live-mother-sight.

I have my mother,
I need not bother,
For the things that come and go,
In all mother is there I know.

Her grace is unasked and supernatural,
No treasure to her is parallel,
She labors this universe by Her will,
I am her child, and in Her deal.

Subrata Ray

To Loving Partha Sarothi -A Token Of Love.

To Loving Partha, -A Token Of Love.

The seed of love once sowed,
Blossoms on time with foliage of devotion,
Chanting Lord's name and meditating His image,
Through day-in and day-out brings a new phase.

The divine-despair, and tears from bottomless deep,
As if a continual Monsoon, -weeps and weeps,
For Some One -the life's Sun, already in this mundane urn,
And then -jerk and quake, of the colossal awakening! ! !

Subrata Ray

The Running Wheel Of Love

The Running Wheel Of Love.

She wanted him to write a poem for her,
He too pledged to her to remember,
She proposed to receive his link,
He then did something that blinks,
He and she, you and me and so on,
Wrapped in illusion go off and are born.

Subrata Ray

The Inevitable Trauma.

The Inevitable Trauma

The burden of scholarship weeps,
The bookish thoughts foolishly moan,
The pedantic mind writhes ego's fire,
The drooping conscience cries where, where!
Time mocks from back on clever manipulation,
The plunged mind seeks confession ,
Amidst the self-rooted temptations,
And scattered paragons of consumed castle.

The hanging residue breathes musty frustration,
The bygone golden sun stares yellowish glance

Subrata Ray

S What

So What!

So what!

Do I need your trust,
Go I must,
And be one with the dust.

Ah! I leave the legacy!
The wild blue,
Your memory would scream,
Live dear live -live with dreams!

Had that Africa been not awakened?
And my cobra!
What did the young night do?
Without that eruption of the Dumb!

Ten thousands geography!
Ten million tales from history!
Ah! the fuel and the hearth are gone!
And Love like Nirban -blamelessly burns.

Subrata Ray

Holy Mother -Saroda, The Emblem Of Kali And Durga.

Holy Mother -Saroda, The Emblem Of Kali And Durga.

The focal face,

The all pervading grace,

The only worship-able image,

The liquid mercy and awesome rage,

Hey Mother Saroda bless us, bless us, bless.

You revealed your Majesty to God Sri Ramakrishna,

You let Swami Vivekananda to know who you are,

To them you are Divine Kali, and Durga -the Mother.

Subrata Ray

The Futility Of Illusions

The Futility Of Illusions.

The dead yesterday dwells in today,
And soon would pass into tomorrow,
Neither time nor the sense, I do borrow!
No pursuit, no dramatic stage of daily rose,
Can erase the gear of indifferent Time,
The poets, the scientists weaves the vain rime,

What to do and why, -baffle in crisis,
The rats competition run in the mirage for oasis!

The tomorrows would be the same as the yesterdays were,
The tinged glows of the Spring wither in the Autumnal air,

Subrata Ray

The Dolphin And The Dog

Love and share,
Among the animals are there,
How in the direst crisis,
A Dolphin to a dog turns an oasis,
And how it saves the life of another race,
Ah! How the love of God comes up as grace.

Hey life -be a help and guide to other,
For, we all living beings are from the same Father.

Subrata Ray

A Reflection On Character.

A Reflection On Character.

She then said "You are characterless,
In you I find no concrete base"
The lover nodded but said, 'Alas! ',
I think `character ` is a looking glass.
It is chemical, elastic and portable,
It is a hidden gallery of multiple cables.
It is confused dilemma in Maya's forest,
In it the Mind with instinct's ego rests.
It holds some ethics of bad and good,
With libido's mandate it changes any mood.
It varies as per the cultivation of habits,
And Habit gives birth, a lion, snake or rabbit.

The lady mused a while and said,
What you mean character is self -paid.
Ah! What you think and do you become ,
'Character is the summations of habits in life's sum'

Subrata Ray

The Stand Still Mirage Withers.

The Stand Still Mirage Withers.

Perennial shadow of the ultimate,
Mystic dimension off from east and west,
The shadowy summons of the dead,
In life casts a reflecting wait.

All query to you mingles into naught ,
No traveler can return and say,
What happens to the soul after life,
And the conscious alive confuses in dismay!

Oh! That One Image, -Sri Ramakrishna,
Oh! That One Name, -Sri Ramakrishna,
Through meditation and chanting,
Dispel the mirage without,
The darkest forest within,
And reveal the already in, -Divine Green.

Subrata Ray

Love After The Death Of The Black Snake.

Love After The Death Of The Black Snake.

Love was here in my heart,
As it was there in you,
We are linked with love,
Long before each we knew.

That great One that lives in us,
By His grace flashes Love's touch,
And we dig and dig on to search,
The time-above liberty from Unconscious!

And when the black snake dies,
Reasoned -caused virus flees,
We realize each as the identity of the same,
Without this temporal body and fading name.

Subrata Ray

I Dare Not To Tell You.

I Dare Not To Tell You.

My foolish infatuation!
My vagabond's fixation,
The suspension of my will,
And all oblivion save your deal,
Wait within and without Time.

The rime from Unconscious,
The too-deep voice with magic touch,
The withering horizon for the Gateway,
For you, hang in my dwelling bay.

I dare not to tell you, knowing you know all,
I would suffer a thousand births for your one Call.

Subrata Ray

Prayer To God-Sri Ramakrishna.

The recognition of Love is your grace /
Lord of the lords so you impress /
Save total self submission who can trace?
Who can know if you do not reveal /
The mystery of self realization in life's tale.

Subrata Ray

The Deserted Spring

The Deserted Spring.

Is it the place where you live?
Is it where you keep?
The secret treasure of your heart,
And eat -away night and day,
Aloofing yourself in alarming alert.

Haply here where your Other dwells,
And in deepening tranquility whispers His tale,
Here you wait with longing lingering eye,
Here with anguished frenzy your drought -eyes cry.

Ah! withering spring but time-borne azure,
The assured assurance, He would come sure,
Here where flashes the presence of your secret share,
Here your lone grows and the grandest Lone bears.

Subrata Ray

Love In Lovers' Poetry

Love In Lovers' Poetry.

Lovers are fickle,
Till they consume love,
And rainbowed romance,
Stir their psychic harps.

Where to be serious,
They hardly know,
Like a pair of pigeons,
The broil, loiter and go.

'Made for each other',
Their oily tongues speak ,
Though body may agree,
The inconsistent mind bibs.

The lovers' love is itself poetry,
And seriousness brings pathos and pangs,
As Romeo and Juliet in history!

Subrata Ray

To My Great Spiritual Master, -

To My Great Spiritual Master, -Swami Bhuteshananda Ji Maharaj.

You are so wonderful as innocence is!

You are so wise that wisdom often misses.

You are so graceful that grace seeks your rapture divine.

You are so everlasting that You on time shine.

You are so lovely that love prays You for Love.

With your grace one may fill his or her divine cup.

Subrata Ray

The Universal Truth Of Beauty.

The Universal Truth of Beauty.

The beauty of the Divine mother is the ultimate beauty of all,
It feeds the inner eye, and teases the soul to Heaven's call.
The beauty is an enhancing force, -with no mind to react,
For beauty without reflects within, it is the universal fact.

Subrata Ray

Arpita's Holy Well.

Arpita's Well.

The green Impossible might not have been.
Had Arpita not been beside Alpine,
With her mystic profile,
I might have been a daily beguile, □
And gathered the sediments of the faces gay,
Mattered it little to weigh and judge,
The rampant plays on Time's bed,
Had by Arpita not I been remade.

Miracle may not happen in ten thousand years,
And miracle may happen in a moment,
As if a Tajmahal replaces quicksand's tent.
Ah! The burden of my un-contented content,
Writhed and loitered with no avail,
Had I not had holy water from Arpita's well.

Subrata Ray

The Blind Blue.

The Blind Blue.

It was thoughtless noon,
The astronomical watch claimed so,
No visible darkness did the eye borrow,
And in the sense there was no tomorrow,
Nor the yesterdays cast any shadow,
The earthen imagination bubbled not to Godot.
i. It was a hang of weightless weight,
Without dismayed heaven and parental bed.

Was it the sinking grey sun?
Or the would-be dawn before the morn?
Or the dirge of the forest as clarion?

Perhaps the probable, for no probable,
The eternal current with no cable,
It may be between the gentle and the terrible.

Subrata Ray

The Untouched Goblet.

The Untouched Goblet.

Just for a peg of love,
I invited Time to wither,
And let the body be a corpse,

I fostered no gay forest,
And its wild animals,
In my deserted isolation.

For, your terrible spindle,
And choice of single vacancy,
I kept my self as goblet.

Subrata Ray

Life! ! !

Life! ! !

Life is a new comer in a strange land,
With a centre in Vast Unconscious,
It cycles circles after circle,
And like a comic fool on tragic stage,
It vomits the shadowy delirium.

Subrata Ray

Love From The Same Father

You may not read my poem,
You may not like my name,
And you may leave me at your ease,
But you may love me if you please. For you are born of love,
And love destines your vacation,
Your mind ever feels love's commotion.
All are we loitering haggard,
And fighting on quick sands,
Love alone is the oasis,
In this uncertain and withering land,
Come dear, let us drink a peg of faith ,
And be friend on God given conscience,
So as to share, sorrows and pleasure,
As we are from the same Father.

Subrata Ray

Why Secret Sharer?

Why Secret Sharer?

Something beyond eye and ear,
That causes no hope and fear,
And Time brags not there ,
Is what I intend to share.

Some effort to remend,
Some apology to soothe,
Some feeling to be subdue,
Are what I need to wean!

Some tears for unwanted wrong,
Some penance for honest mistake,
Some pangs of sins for selfish logic ,
Are what I cherish to wipe.

My vagabond fool whips me,
And pricks my conscience,
As not to be equal to His love,
For poor I am to fill my empty cup!

Subrata Ray

The Probable Solution

The Probable Solution.

Ok dear the screen is ever green,
The invisible in visible is often seen,
No one can see the revolving stage,
The players come and quite their phase.
You may try and reason out why and what for,
But the antic screen bears its primordial tenor.

Study and knowledge may evoke consciousness,
But the screen is mystic, it bears its own rage.
The screen the wises say is a Magician's miracle,
From where it peeps and where fades no one tells.
The screen is a monitor where pictures and thoughts flash,
The screen has no solution, till we wear Ignorance's glass.

Subrata Ray

The Lurking Primeval.

The day woke up with reddish sun,
And the silence broke with clamors of the birds,
The tender blooms budded from Nature's heart,
The gentle breeze rocked the standstill leaves.

Some certain uncertainty for some special one,
To be amused and to have a fun,
Waited in the cave with irresistible sequence,
And the would-be ecstasy took fancy in trance.

The pied damsel proposed to be the bride,
Gleefully stepped in her highs,
And exchanged welcome, warmth feelings.

No sooner could she feel at-ease ,
The dandy expressed his ill wish,
Forced her to drag in the dark bed,
Though she confronted the fatal fate.

Who cares! The blind fury of impulse,
Ah! The bloody libido from the wild forest!
The damsel tried, the damsel cried,
And returning to consciousness,
She stabbed herself with a poisonous bleed.

The wasted swine, with no wine,
Sought to reason out the murder of his love,
The Primeval came out from his hidden cup!

Subrata Ray

The Generations Of The Stamped Fools

I bear the tenor of fourteen generations' fools,
Twelve forefathers, father and my own tool,
Eccentric by principles and faith we were,
And save our humble needs, we sought never.

Hoarding food grains and money were not our case,
With day's drudgery and begging livelihood we fetched.
Succumbing to greed, lust and temptations,
Came not to visit our grass-root evolution.

The piety of the pious, and the truth of the conscience,
With complete dependence upon providence- divine,
Were the only treasures with which we were born,
Neither in poverty nor in crisis we do mourn.

The mantle of the earthly pilgrimage to us is all,
And from us the glorious glow of Divine never falls.

Subrata Ray

The Penance Of Unguarded Selfishness

Those days of struggle and untold effusions are gone. The shelter under parental paradise is no more. The black reasons seconded by hubris has eaten away the perennial spring. The service that conscience demanded, and morality urged came upon as self declared ego. The pricking memory yet reminds of the irrevocable wrongs.

Subrata Ray

In So Many Faces I Seek Love

Title: In So Many Faces I Seek Love.

So then you are my friend,
Another-island spark,
Ours, I hope would be
Light and love, -no dark,
Faith and reverence,
With empathy equal,
Bear the Time's Chariot,
The battle we had
And the battle, last to be fought.

In so many faces I seek love,
Though my inherited friends often deny,
In so many biased faith, with clumsy swath,
I failed, baffled, and caused no worth.

Our enterprise fades into daily rose,
And walled- reasons, imprison,
The static energy packed in matter,
By a third Hand experiences explosions.

In so many faces you seek love,
And in their urns love sustains,
In service-tolerance -fortitude's Garden,
The green Love blooms and widens.

So then, you are my friend,
And another province sparks,
The cosmos sings light every where,
Oh! Alas I am in the dark.

For Love before me in different forms,
Stands, flags, breezes and abounds,
The suns' love floods in light,
And in flowers smile it sounds.

Subrata Ray

The Unabridged Treaty

The Unabridged Treaty.

If you forger a-while,
If compulsion comes as cover,
If on my image you find no time to hover,
Then in leisure never repent,
For in all your states I was present.

If I be no more in earth,
Or for my unfinished task takes another birth,
Or in another green in a strange island,
Please feel defying time, by your side, I stand.

Or if you be in a foreign forest, or skied sky,
My humble willow would reign there high,
Between light and shadow the soul will try,
To revive and regain the sense of eternity.

Subrata Ray

The Mystery Of Word

The Mystery Of Word.

Word is the subtlest Brahman by its worth,
Its bud begins to unfold since the birth.
Word has several stations like periodic table,
It is cozy, tender, violent and terrible.
Word is a condensed image of thought and feeling,
And like a beam of fire it causes destruction and healing.

□

In ratio of purity of body and mind, □
Its flow from individual it finds.
Word has negative and positive power,
It may create volcano and soothing shower.

The highest glory of word comes from a prophet,
For like divine flood it awakens from unconscious bed.
Words of Sri Ramakrishna -Vivekananda ignite our divine wick,
And reform men and women from the innermost psychic.

Subrata Ray

God -The Source Of The Poet And The Painter.

Yours is green -land -granite -grand,
Painter, poet with thousand strands,
Un-fathomed love from the depth of the sea,
An immortal spirit in muddy -vesture you be.

My acquaintance with you is grace of God,
And in you I find an ever free lord.
In reality, God in us finds His face,
In prophet and poet, Himself He best express.

Your painting are the ideas derived from infinite,
With your brash and board, you try to shape a unit.
I your poetry you seek His glow,
The tongue unuttered here finds its flow.

Like the bubbles in a vast Unconscious ocean,
You here have your form and photonic-fusion.
What you have hitherto written in poetry,
Sums up in us, simply His mind's story.

Subrata Ray

Arpita's Mantle On Supernatural Transformation.

The Supernatural Transformation.

The pagoda pinnacle of your eye,
And the occult face of the face's mirror,
Swing me between fantasy and horror.
I had the glimpse of the terrified sense,
I turned a condensed phantom,
I was tongue tied and bemoaned.

The moment opened abstract miracle,
And a-haunting frenzy my being turned,
In burning anguish I burnt and burnt.

Your peerless nude from clasp to hem,
And implied language of the damasked sense,
Posed a tinged melancholy of void less occurrence.

I am oblivious of Time and a dejected forlorn,
Ah! Withered death and births, -I feel unborn.

Subrata Ray

Arpita -The Immortal Love.

The Immortal Love.

It were a damsel she,
And adolescent me,
Sweet fifteen and tempest twenty.

It was a miraculous chemistry,
Of eye and heart,
It was an invisible bond above artless art .

It was a lease far above the Everest,
More beneath the Specific Ocean,
That like a grotesque sprang amidst us,
It was all prevailing with no body and touch!

She need no name, so the me of mine,
For we have the radioactive Unconscious,
That defying Time and Space shines.

While she denounced the world,
And left me alone to care the treasure,
I dug and dug my own well,
And flashed she, when I reached the water level.

Subrata Ray

Sri Ramakrishna's Bride.

In wither hallow, roamed a damsel,
With swift but shadowy feet,
I willed to entreat her,
I willed to offer her uncounted greet ,
But slightly vanished her abstract feet.

She seemed to have a smoky complexion,
And Time-Horse was by her side,
Might She was, I assume,
Bhagoban Sri Ramakrishna' Bride.

Mighty Heroes of Heavenly nature,
With awe and reverence, stood by Her side,
An wise voice cried, 'Be aware, be ware,
Oh -ho -ho, -She is Sri Ramakrishna' bride'

Lord Shiva in human form waits to follow her command,
And God, our Sri Ramakrishna Lord, worships Her as Woman.
Saints of godly station bow to receive Her mandate,
The least of Her will in a sip, devours the whole human-fate.

I saw Her as Savior in direst crisis of my passage ,
Lost in admiration, I cried with wonder -waiting eyes,
My unborrowed trance, began to dance,
As a boat in a topsy-turvy wave,
Beheld I, all on a sudden,
My remotest soul coming out of the cave.

My poor vagabond rose to write,
The newly offered language of Her Divine grace,
But tears of gratitude rolled and rolled on,
And I whispered, -You the Divine Empress'

Subrata Ray

The Spider

The Spider.

The spider builds cobweb,
It spreads as rippling waves,
It weaves and breaks.

The spider creates a trap,
And watches as a poacher,
The spider is a silent butcher.

The spider installs www.net,
The spider runs from parental bed,
From time-immemorial spiders parade!

Subrata Ray

The Revelation Of The Brahman

.

Transcendence ripples in abstract Unconscious,
Infinitely colossal swiftly induces divine touch!
The truth unfolds through Beauty's ocean,
In oblivious state of the body rises the commotion.

Here in life the Avatar as God, reveals the Brahman,
Through Love and Service He teaches the common.

Subrata Ray

The Flower Girl

The Flower Girl.

The daily rose fades not,
She repairs, and stands,
For hers is no-man; s land.

She is conscious of her fate,
Yet she keeps open her gate,
An ad on the street she is!

The hungry masquerades tease,
The pimps eye their fingers,
Ah! the flower girl receives disease!

Subrata Ray

A Critical Survey On Poe's Supernatural!

Edger Allen Poe as goes with spirits of the dead,
A time-being off, from the earthly bed.
Neither star nor haven is there to cast light,
The spirits of the dead through evolution fights.
Poe's House Of Ushers comes up as spirit of the dead,

□

The haunting spell of on earthly visitors finds a tale.
The morbid mind engulfed by desire blind the darkness,
In the prison house of illusion it opens a chaffy phase!

None but the conqueror of the Soul can give a recipe,
Of the truth of the Self, and the supernatural is un-poetic elf!

Subrata Ray

The Eternal Oasis -Dedicated To Carol Kate Chard Hargett

The Eternal Oasis

The miraculous Rose,
Speaks of no prose,
But silently tinges her glow!

The abstract Divine,
Therein shines,
And glimmers Love's flow!

'Timeless' treasure you are,
And do hold beauty's peace,
Ah! Love you are my eternal oasis! ! !

Subrata Ray

The Divine Climax

The Divine Climax.

Divine lyric came,
Went away the name,
And the mirage dropped

Me and its memories,
Set passages of reverie,
Some One flashed from void.

The past waves forgot pangs,
A beggar and a king equaled ranks,
Only the unborn ancient hangs.

Ah! the beacon flood from Unconscious,
Above Time and space prevails its touch.

Subrata Ray

A Token Of Love To Anwar Farooq.

A Token Of Love To Anwar Farooq.

Living in a distant land,
In my poetry, in my heart,
You do ever stand.

The psychic tree blooms flower,
Emits fragrance hour by hour,
And your love I share.

Though not have a psychical tongue,
The naked eyes' camera,
Yet the drama goes in psychic opera.

Ah! love, -the enhancing tide,
In friction less Heaven -you ride!

Subrata Ray

The Summum Bounm

The Summum bonum
The hut was built,
Upon a lonely desert,
A heart was given to lit the heart.

The eyes were given to set
In window blinds,
And watch and wait,
The lover's advent in sands-storm gate.

The mind was given to cultivate
The body's land ,
And wash and clear,
The saggy, boggy temptation's fear.

The hands were given to pray and serve,
And offer the self with alms of love,
Around and every where,
With a faith that the Father is there.

The ear is given to hear the voice,
That God speaks from every race,
Amidst the crowds and uncared noise.

Subrata Ray

The Clarion Call.

The Clarion Call.

Some One rimes a poem,
And whispers a distant voice,
I feel it as pseudo sensitive case,

The revealing faces in passing gallery,
As quanta -bubbles from a mystic urn,
Some One I feel pipes a fun.

The age-long granny wheels,
Hand-loom to water her tapestry
Some One I feel, -plays a mystery.

A spell dragged out of feeling of the feel,
Administers the Home of Peace,
Some One I feel from Unconscious revives.,

Subrata Ray

These Smiles

These Smiles!

Why these smiles smile?

To have faceless face,
In canvas's profile,
With big men's share,
Wrist- men's blare,
And vomiting scholars,
In passing beguiles.

Do these smiles ever bloom,
In silent corner, shady gloom?
Oh! No, They go and go,
Catch, hatch and face,
Weigh and exploit,
Promote and underrate,
The faith of the proletariat!

Do the smiles aspire grace,
From the will of big- brother's vase,
Or to be loyal snobs to comply,
The secret-deed to imply,
The will of innocent democracy!

Hi here comes the president,
There the honest chief minister,
Great they are killing monsters,
Heart of darkness they foster,
They need your vacant smile,

Why these smiles smile?

Why these smiles smile?

Why these smile smile?

□

Subrata Ray

The Ghost's Oil

The Ghost's Oil.

Hungry desires,
Agitates fires from within,
And wishes to ooze Ghost's well,
It needs a witch or a bitch,
To crash and crash life's oil.

Subrata Ray

The Sleeping Snake

The Sleeping Snake.
Ever ready to rise and react,
From the den of dark instinct,
Through eye and touch,
The installed strings,
You sleeping Snake awake,
And functions the chemistry.
The condensed primeval,
From your libidinal forest,
Sets sail to find a mate,
And your Dumb jumps,
To the kinesthetic bed .

Never had you love,
Nor do you care to know,
What its divine bliss is,
But for procreative poignancy,
You only display your blind wish,

Subrata Ray

The Great This

The Great 'This';
The honorable chief minister hoisted this,
This would bring salvation and bliss,
This no one realized before,
This would open an enlightened door,
What more can I say of this,
This is really a grand wish.

I honor the leadership and feel it real,
Said the party secretary from feathered quill,
This would transect better monetary deal .
This foundation stone will share and bear,
The will of the chief minister o-my dear.

The district president rose his voice,
This will be helpful in many ways,
I never saw a greater this than as it is
This is the first this in last thirties.

An unconventional Aloof gave a cry,
To know what 'this' is, I try and try,
I now feel 'this' is a great mystery,
Upon this 'this' runs the political history.

Subrata Ray

The Mystic Chat With Mystic Queen

The Mystic Chat With Mystic Queen.

Somewhere in the distant depth
The psychic chat is sowed,
Covered with mystic dye
It itself emits, and glows.

My miracle! the image peeps,
And the mystic queen, brings the ruins,
For Her absence the heart weeps.

The relatives around cause no relativity,
For empty shadows they appear,
My mystic Queen, alone shines,
'Lest I lose Her' -says the Fear.

She is my desert, flood, and forest,
My withering end, that me weans,
She is, curse and bliss,
My drudgery and soothing rest.

Her psychic is bike, that runs,
In my ghostly gloom She is my only sun.

Subrata Ray

The Soul Blooms In The Face -To Audrey Lou Chambers?

The Soul Blooms In The Face -To Audrey Lou Chambers?

Your smile,
Opens the profile,
Of azure blue.

The divine therein,
In your human shrine,
Comes out to be true

Who but the fool goes to measure,
The inherited beauty of the cultivated treasure,
The flash of the unborrowed pleasure.

When Mother Divine Herself is the potter,
Such parks of quanta is no matter,

Subrata Ray

The Feathers Of Oblivion.

The Feathers Of Oblivion.

The void word like chaffy grain,
Inject not the fox in the brain.
Give me a peg of your maiden look,
And a page from your gypsy's book,
Opening the window of your first spring,
Breaking the innocence of the forbidden,
Lift me, lull me with fathers of oblivion.

Subrata Ray

The Gateway To The Divine Self.

The Gateway To The Divine Self.

Where is the gate way where!

In the 'forest of the night' where is the light? where!

Is it in the cave of the human tree?

Or in the unexplored Vast Unconscious,

Is it there where senses ' borne dissolve, ?

And the earthly mariners receive the fall.

This is the passage to abstract arch,

Here form the souls come and back a march.

This is the opening portal from Yogi's lotus,

Here the liberated souls feel Avatar's touch.

Subrata Ray

The Passing Touch

The winking wake of my fake,
As the inevitable Nature-calls,
And mending the ravages,
Of my acting knave and hero,
And my show for no trauma,
Dig the grave of my corpse.

I hang my degree and tricks,
I advertise my contrived countenance,
And engage agents, and arrange bribe,

Mine is a nowhere, and no where it would be,
And yet the confused compulsion threatens me,
What else but nasty garbage my van were,
Had not I had the passing Divine here,
And His occasional touch in this horrible drama.

Subrata Ray

The Nameless

The Nameless.

You came without name,
But never I asked who you were,
But in your presence, I felt and felt,
The ignition of forehead-fire.

You departed without a notice,
I took-feet, - desert, hill and ocean,
Haggard and wasted I went by,
Being tinged with your commotion.

Hey my dream-beyond impossible,
Your touch made my urn dimensionless,
I forgot the body and the shadowy waves.

Hey Nameless formless senseless Miracle! ,
How may in your poetry I hint at your tales.

Subrata Ray

The Phantom Lover.

The Phantom Lover.

Beneath the cover,
Peeps and whips,
The phantom lover.

The phantom of coarse romance,
Needs fun from the hidden urn,
The Phantom Nature burns.

Dumb, mimic, the phantom is,
For its wanton-thirst it teases,
Sowing seed, or mutual retreat,

The phantom plays as knave,
To stir and fire the psychic cave,
The phantom on phantom produce wave.

Subrata Ray

The Ever Unrealized She

The Ever Unrealized She.

Lively, spirited and well looked
Mystery remains in her unread Book
Love she oozes in her glance
The looker is arrested in a trance.

Her eyes glow bluish radiance,
The damasked cheeks,
Be reddish and whitish,
And the azure but coral lips,
Impel! impel! dying kiss.

Her smile awakens the drooping hearts,
Her voice rings sonorous melody,
And her touch transcends the buried soul,

She is the focal-divine with amorous wings,
Who ever steps in her, dissolves and sinks.
No poet can ever draw her truest image,
Only to an ardent devotee she shows her face.

Subrata Ray

The Brain Smokes

Brain Smokes

Smokes from the brain,
Can produce no grain,
But the garbage of reason.

Why schooling with no heart?
And sense of sharing,
Why not a farmer's cultivating.

Ambitions' class room,
Brides and grooms,
Manipulation of the cheats!

Better not the outlaws!
Than forced democracy's claws,
Alarming threats and panics

Cancer -sense and feeling!
No doctor dare healing,
O yes -you are willing!

Subrata Ray

The Humble Liquid

The Humble Liquid.

Lost in admiration,
In wonder-revealing awe,
My inner self got thrilled.

It was like a caged-bird's flight,
In blue-deep luminous light,
Vibrant-vibration tender delight.

O-Godot -the condensed Unconscious,
A tsunami from sense shaped urn,
The fading of the memory with a touch.

Empty yet filled, -with grand delight,
And echoing azure in un-doo red beauty,
No sense to remember, no voice to utter!

Who me was? Why and when?
Where from and where again!
No question but humble liquid!

Subrata Ray

The Phantom Gallery.

The Phantom hangs!
The phantom haunts,
The phantom in us,
From birth to death runs.

The phantom takes lease,
All of our earthly urns,
The phantom ignites and burns.

The phantom impels whims,
The phantom causes ruins,
The phantom for phantom,
Embraces clamorous wings.

The phantom makes goods,
To consume and reject,
The phantom puts traps,
The phantom falls in Phantom's map.

Shadowy, vacant, thin -
The phantom bubbles,
From the mystic Phantom-Queen!

Subrata Ray

What Is Love?

What Is Love?

Love is God
Love makes our Lord
From love He buds and blooms
With His love fades all gloom.

Love is an abstract vase,
Love is feelings' phase,
Love evokes divine rage.

Love breaks away all ties,
Dashes to the dust,
The narrow domestic wall.

Love is self forgetfulness,
And the cosmic mirror to reflect,
The souls of all our mates.

Subrata Ray

The Mystic Queen.

She is the romantic queen,
In her eye I see my mortal ruins.
She sees the things, never were seen,
Surely in my poetry she had always been.
She adds beauty to strangeness,
And light in the gloom,
With her sudden appearance I get swooned.

The whereabouts of her I know not,
But something unearthly she has brought,
The mystic magic of probable art,
Sprouts abounds in her start.
She is the mystic Madame,
Tinges she, as she be,
With her unborn divine wings.

Her love they say,
Infuses the divine despair,
And she blooms like the rose of May.

She remakes, where she graces,
The transparency of the soul,
And one leaving fun seeks the joyous goal.

Subrata Ray

A Father's Appeal To His Daughters.

The worth of growing,
The virtue of becoming,
Stage by stage subtly beautiful,
With service and care,
And humble and meek,
To turn from fair to fair,
Are what life demands.
I wish you two be so,
And in the mirage like world,
Love God and abreast go.

Subrata Ray

Mirage As The Prophet Witnesses.

Once in Western India through a desert country,
Vivekananda Swami had His pilgrimage,
He walked and walked on passage after passage,
Crystal lakes, trees and pants clad in green hue,
Revealed one after another in His wandering gaus.

One day thirsty He felt to quench His throat,
Hurried He was and his sense Him brought,
TO clear and transparent watery lake,
The more he approached the more it proved a fake.

The supernatural in natural began to haunt his Being,
A vow He took to search the real thing.
Every day the same apparent lakes charmed his sense,
In willing suspension of disbelief He felt the trance.
Then the ray of the truth flashed in His brain,
Throughout His life, Swamiji had seen mirage's train.
Yet He could not know why and what for it was,
It was a mirage –the bubbles of Nature's vanishing touch.

'So is it with this universe' –He draws the conclusion,
The past Karma and the future hopes evoke the motion.
Lifelong -lifelong run we after one mirage to another,
The body decays, the mind falls, -the mirage enchants farther.

So long the chains of Karma are broken,
In grips of mirage we are taken,
And vainly seek the objects of foolish desire,
And utterly fail to ignite the hidden divine fire.

A new knowledge by quantum Jump,
By our stern austerity would surely come,
And Mirage the provoking Cheat no longer remains,
Then the truest Conscience equals to purified brain.

Subrata Ray

The Divine Infatuation!

My time waits with frustration's night,
My casting eyes are but drought for your sight,
My lone hut, loses its art, in pitiable plight,
And my vacation is sick without your ride.

My fading me breathes anguish for your advent,
My whole psychic stretches up to the shore,
And in cultivated melancholy wears widow's lore.

My love for you negates the allotted time and space,
It bothers little for the cycles of so many births,
But for you who needs earth and heaven!
Hey dearest Miracle! How could I survive!

Subrata Ray

The Rose Within The Cover

The rose is ever green,
The rose remains bloomed
With dewy honey it graces the vase
Barring all sorrowful gloom.
The rose is there in the abstract room.
The rose in the garden,
Is plucked and molested,
The rose repairs for another night,
The rose forgets the sunny light.
The rose knows, wherever it goes,
That its youth and beauty grows in some One's garden,
And Love harbors it, -the rose is certain.

Subrata Ray

The Arrival Of Love

All came,
But love did not come!
Came Fate and death,
But love did not come.

The parasites deluded,
Friends tried their best,
But love did not open the door.

Shadows of dreams and hopes,
Rise and fade, as day and night,
Sun shines, but illumines not light!

Emptiness! Bankruptcy! Begging!
The sole submission to God's will,
All came, but love did not come!

Subrata Ray

A Glimpse Of Love, -Dedicated To Chitra Shaukhya

Night is dark and blind
But you come as light
And in your face
I see an auspicious sight.

The Atman without form,
Comes unexpressed in body,
And Love the link to study,
Erects its head, from the bed
Whose mystic blinks,
Originates the mother of immortality,

Hi -Thank you -Thank you
Before our births we knew
The lamps of our truest selves,
The identities of our Divines,
And each in other mirror shine.

Dearest! Below the buried deep,
You and me, and all ever keep
A timeless image of Nirvana,
Where in Chidakash there appears,
The unborn eternal Sun.

Subrata Ray

The Dream Rose

Between sleep and dream,
A red rose often flashed,
Amidst the blue-deep.

In the wave-less sea,
Stretching to horizon,
There flashed a rose,
Between sleep and dream.

In the triangle of the two eyes,
And the eye in the brow,
The rose flashes on the 3rd eye,
With circle twice -white and blue.

Man comes and goes,
But flashes the rose,
Denying Time and space.

Subrata Ray

To Mac Adrone Adonay

Happy to share,
The name you bear,
And the thoughts you display,
The posterity I hope,
Would find scope,
To read the beauty of your story,
As one who in poem sings human glory.

Subrata Ray

The Himalayan Spring

By the side of river Belmudri,
In the remotest loneliness of spring,
My adolescence had its privilege,
To share your lotus-bloomed wings.

In certain late after noon,
By the side of Tista glade,
When silence meditates for love,
I enjoyed the prerogative,
Of your unconditional faith,
And forgot time, death and birth.

I needed a nowhere timeless bed,
The abstract Unconscious in light and shade,
I did cover, wade and hover,
All that were possible,
And you sprang unseen like the Himalayan Tale

Subrata Ray

The Forest Of Africa

A poet says, you can't erase,
The forest from an animal's mind,
It may be caged, it may be oppressed,
But it never lose its wild rage.

The forest of our Vast Unconscious,
Haunts and teases every one of us,
It pulls, it impels, to Instinct's bed,
The forest of Africa dominates the head.

Subrata Ray

The Confusing Maiden

The look, the smile, the gesture,
Open profile of mystic lake,
Who dare to judge, if she is real or fake,
The ever confusing maiden she is,
And more than Pandora's box her presence awakes.

She causes storm in man's psychic,
With little teasing of her response,
The epics hitherto she causes to govern,
And Time fails to record the mystery of her urn.

Helen, Cleopatra, Sita, Dropodi and so on,
Are born and gone,
But she remains as the damsel of the first morn.

Subrata Ray

The Marriage

The wedlock is Horse's egg,
Its bliss is the forbidden fruit,
It turns one an ignorant swine,
That in muddy pit dips and whines.

Marriage is a hangman's rope,
That drags the two into home of libido,
And ignites the hearth of consumption,
To be fueled with ores of sparrows.

Marriage earths the grave of the soul,
And makes the couple the natural children,
It yokes to pull the cart of flesh and money,
And installs a pigeon's nest in the brain.

Marriage comes as glorious mirage,
With unending dreams and hopes,
It prepares Time's grand feast,
Reducing the pair into skinny ghosts.

Subrata Ray

The Perennial Cuckoo.

The adolescence tidal heralds the Spring,
The Cuckoo coronets tinged wings,
Strange whims find flowing,
Desires illumine in mystic rings.

Things near and distant rise with fire,
The newborn chemistry seeks wireless wire,
Unprecedented flood gets hold of the blood,
And soft blossoms of volcano hang in the winds.

Who knows, who cares, -fie the weather-wise,
The Cuckoo coronets the mystic prize.

Subrata Ray

The Face Of A Vacant Night.

The Face Of A Vacant Night.

Once with careless steps,
In a shadowy springy night,
My weary vagabond had the face,
Of crowded street in Red-light.

Hyena, wolf and jackal I saw ,
Trudging in rows of caves,
And screaming sounds with,
Notorious laughters,
Were sold in exchange of rapes.

Faces yellow, blue and red,
Cast the glow of the primeval trade,
And the hungry knaves from ancient forest,
Sought refuge in the death bed.

Hello! Hello! Yawned the gallows,
And the indifferent night covered her face,
The pitiable Earth forgot her birth,
Witnessing the mad orgy of her race.

Subrata Ray

The Road Stoops To Feet. Dedicated To Swami Vivekananda

The Road Stoops To Feet. Dedicated To Swami Vivekananda

Travelled and travelled the pilgrim,
With denied time steps,
Through hunger, thirst and foot-sore,
Till ahead long is the destination,
And he knew not how many miles were more.

At midway of life, and in late adulthood he was,
But how the burden of the age and the forehead drudgery,
Of the untrodden unknown he would cover!
Mused he a while or two and felt the break of his chest,
Alas! No more now he can walk, but a permanent rest.

A fellow monk by his side, took the pride,
'Look down at your feet', he said,
The road you have covered is under your feet'
And the rest you need to walk will always be,
You are the lord of the road, -that is the key.

Subrata Ray

The Scientific Realization Of Religion Of Man.

The Scientific Realization Of Religion Of Man.

Unlocked by itself the mystic door of the 3rd eye,
The gateway of the vast Unconscious opens,
Senses placed on the 4th and the 5th dimensions,
Converged into liquid quanta of purest abstract,
You had been in love with me since the birth of Time,
Through the passing heredity in joy and sorrows rime,
Generations as each days sunset mingle in the dark nights,
And in the queues of dawns grow and decay by and by,
We for Your Will assume figures of go as one like,
Then for the waited ones vacate rooms to play.

Destination! Heaven or Hell, -the fraud of imagination,
With the conventional priests and bishops vaults into astray,
And you cry for the self-cheating of your immortal inmates,
Who in their mortal coils invite Time to feast the bio-sense.

The realm of the treasure house within, as nucleus in an atom,
In a sphere with full-bloomed lotus and awakening Sun in placid sky,
In a moment as tsunami, or volcano or earth quake may appear,
And the barriers of senses may lose their roots.

Spiritual amplitude in feelings' magnitude rises above relativity,
And the heads of the Einsteins and the Planks dissolve into Unconscious,

Subrata Ray

The Rebirth Wish.

The Rebirth Wish.

The anvil waits with wistful zeal,
And longs for the hammer to hit ,
The hopper breathes violent fire,
Though the old iron is in retreat.

The clinging leaves in autumnal guy,
Sprout within to taste the spring,
The Beauty Monalisa whines for past ,
And fails to unfold her heavy wings.

Time negates the body, drinking its juice,
Does the sun drop in the west, with rebirth wish?

Subrata Ray

The Fake Advertisers

Why do we invite sensible images,?
Images ourselves are we not?
Why do we need to declare a war,
While battles of instinct remain UN-fought.

Why questionings against conscience?
Go rampant in politics,
The bookish world with perverted intellects,
Weave and weave on exploitations' tricks!

The primeval forest leaves us not,
Though we claim us as civilized ones,
Our beasts in the inner forest are wild,
To gratify the hunger, -in names of fun.

No 'why' can ever answer, as why is fake,
All our promise for sex and money, we break!

Subrata Ray

The Primeval Identity.

The Primeval Identity.

The biology demands not psychology,
The physiology needs gearing spring,
And zoology devours botany,
Man is primeval by his darkest wind.

My vagabond recalls Mendeleev,
Reads the struggle in Darwin,
And seek synthesis with Freud and Jung,
And recognize the biological-self,
As mirage in desert's spring.

Nature's Natural as seasonal fruits,
We change rooms in house of Nature,
And vainly erect flag of sermons,
Wearing the crude Instinct's blare.

Our inert parameter extends to horizon,
And fake intellect just rebuilds an artificial creation.

Subrata Ray

The Miracle May Happen

The Miracle May Happen.

There may awaken love,
From human harp,
And wild ecstasy of Divine rage,
Divine flowers may bloom,
Dispelling the timeless gloom.
With the happening of Miracle.

There may fade the world of sense,
There may reign the wild trance,
With vibrant vibrancy of the Divine,

There may peep the 4th and 5th dimension,
Perpetual rhythm of photonic commotion,
In the off-land, with new brand in us,
With the miracle of Sri Ramakrishna's touch.

Subrata Ray

The Ideal Virgin, -Dedicted To Arpita Samanta.

The Ideal Virgin.

My virgin spring is all but mystic,
And casts wild look in her glamor,
An wink from her abstract vigor,
Rises my forest birds in clamor.

While my dreams covet her grace,
The lyre adds note after note,
And nothing I could grasp of her Being,
Save the grandeur of an Empress.

Her presence opens the remotest oracles,
Amidst the shadowy beacon light,
Alloyed images of Truth and Beauty,
Circle round Her eternal sight.

Melodious fragrance fountains from Her 3rd eye,
More of the rarest amber does emit,
And the Prince of the Himalaya in His meditative deep,
Seeks Her glimpse, if her Highness visits the retreat.

Subrata Ray

The Biological Phantom

Some salt made puppets,
Some straw-carrier- cargo,
Melted and sank,
And withered with feathers.

Brother, don't bother,
You have the fake wallet,
And from wordless Void,
You have a rootless hang,
Too insignificant to penetrate,
The tenor of causality.

Your science, -the perversion of Nature,
Your arts, -the museum of imagination,
Your commerce, -the sail of spoiled ship,
Accumulate heaves of garbage.

A biological phantom on Maya's whim,
You are born to emancipate,
Save a victim of attachments' ruins.

Subrata Ray

The Biggest You.

The Biggest You.

You are what, that might have been,
Free from hags and leather screen,
Above the muddy swine with no whine,
An escaped dove in an unarrowed green.

You might not have been,
Dark, insipid, and blind,
Waging tail, ghostly frail,
Plotting heinous ruins,
Of sermons with no morns,
Save the self bribing.

You might have been, Death itself in life,
With no hope of money, woman and wife,
The idealized abstract, -clear head and aching heart,
A transparent mirror to let the Sun shine,
A -live Divine, with fountain of devotion's wine.

You might not have been a wailing Lament,
But for your temptation's alloy,
But for your humane-boat to carry,
The fallen, the desolate, the weary,

You might have a secluded cottage,
Amidst pastoral lea and fountain brook,
Far from the spoiling intellect, and political hooks,
You could have the simplest equipage,
To stimulate and awaken the Divine rage.

You might have been a careless care,
Flourishing from within fair to fair,
Softly glimmering God-particle-waves,
From the treasure house of hidden cave.

Subrata Ray

Primeval

Night has her summon,
To the departing day,
As the day shelters in Night's bosom,
Her nature needs,
The prehistoric microcosm.

The darkest cave,
Craves ravings for swelling libido,
The frictional disaster screams the delirium,
The greedy yesterdays wait for the morrow.

The past bursts into lust,
The present hides in a nook,
And the primeval robber,
Tearing the cover,
Sets fire in the book.

An attempt to go there,
Where light would never go,
From time immemorial,
The blind fury prevails,
And all vain sermons we forgo.

Subrata Ray

The Eternal Swarasati(The Muse Of Poetry, Music, And Learning)

The Eternal Swarasati(The Muse Of Poetry, Music, and Learning)

Sarada Devi, the mother Divine,
Pours in us spiritual wine,
By Her grace She sit on our tongue,
We turn poet-possessed, and compose psalm.
She is the power behind music and art,
The true devotee feels Her in his/her heart.

Subrata Ray

The Rampant Intellectual Beasts.

The Rampant Intellectual Beasts.

Untold sermons were said,
So many rituals on conventions were paid,
Enterprises on emotion were launched,
And Jacobs' thrifts were plundered as fund,
No outcome did turn.

Save the oozing blood from the Rood,
Save Christ's suffering as spiritual food,
Save Swami Vivekananda's rebuilding of the soul,
Save Lord Buddha's Nirban as goal,
Nothing remain as skeleton.

What glory of philosophy and literature we claim?
Plato's Republic and Santiago's name,
Hamlet's whining on 'To be and not to be'
Dante's delirium on Divine Comedy,
Not at all, -a roomful books on empty call!

Science, -the thought-packed boon of inventions,
Engine, Radioactive, Electric, quanta and communications,
Missile, atomic bomb, nuclear-reactor,
Are but Satan's verses of man's demotion.
Ah! does it make us humane and contented,
Oh! no a betrayal of Nature, and invitation of Fate!

Hi where to go and why!
Our reason and intellect fall and try,
At best a restless hypocrite is our gist,
We are now, the rampant intellectual beasts.

Subrata Ray

Sri Ramakrishna The Grandest Guru.

Sri Ramakrishna The Grandest Guru.

The only One in the universe,
The Divine in concrete and abstract verse,
The contented content of god-particle,
The quantum-Divine in human article.

The path-maker of self -realization,
The scientist on spirituality of all religions.
The Doctor that removes the disease of parasites,
The Grandest God in human-body, the wisest of wise.

The focal trio of Beauty, Truth and, Love,
The One that bestows Samadhi from His Cup.

Subrata Ray

Holy Mother Sri Sri Maa Sarada (The Mother Figure Of Ramakrishna Math And Mission)

Words can't reach there,
And senses fail to feel,
Sitting as spiritual nucleus in human lotus,
Play of creation and destruction you deal,
Hay mother you labored the earth, by your will.

Remaining in every one,
You remain unseen,
And the wheel of Maya you stream,
Planting and reaping on Time's waves,

Life force and black-hole,
Light and dearness,
The pigmy and giants, -all,
Come and return as passengers,
From your mystic Urn.

You are self revelatory,
To a devotee of purest body and mind,
Who like a lost child cries for the mother,
You bring flood in a desert, by divine art,
And you illumines the worshiper's heart.

Subrata Ray

The Impression Of The Self.

The Impression Of The Self.

Time and again,
Time split into broken images,
Of Winter, Autumn, and rain,
Fake mind received waves of loss and gain,
And my digging to have rainbow-wings,
My firing radioactive for sense burning,
In light and shade with so many beds,
The deserted orphan went on crying!

There might have been A Time,
When Time had no relativity,
Or the dreamy Earth had no gravity,
And the Non-Dual on Void prevailed,
You had your joy with me,
And I had my oblivion in tranquil-transcendence!

Subrata Ray

Happiness

Happiness, -the desire's ration,
The romantic bed-of Hope,
You hang Hangman's rope,
And engulf the soul!

You are Gate-way of Reasons,
And you tease the ego to sail,
Ambition to spoil the glory of life,
Seas of conflict in senses' ride.

Subrata Ray

To My Friends, -Birth Day Greetings.

To My Friends, -Birth Day Greetings.

On My Birth Day,
From my heart I pay,
Reverence and gratitude,
And for your love Salute,
The beauty of all your souls.

On Time's wheel,
Progresses my tale,
And the Infinite devours the finite,
My Being is mingling into One abstract Unit.

The frame and the name,
Like seasonal crop,
From Time's screen, would drop,
And the sailor within me,
Would take me in His boat,
My liberated- escape- float,
Above eternity of Time and space.

Subrata Ray

A Passage To Her Poetry.

A Passage To Her Poetry.

In his primrose-path,
A Lily from uncertain vase,
Cast a catching grace,
And her youthful wild,
Hinted at Nature's profile.

Like so many dream-eyed gallants,
As he, you and me, were induced,
Bewitched, and fused a while,
Unable to read the willow will.

Some diggers growing wise by Fat.
Haggardly loitered at profaned gates,
From times immemorial perpetuates the state,
And happy willed slaves invite graves!

Hers is a phantasmagoria,
And she is the source of echoing instinct,
To man a fountain-head of illusion's Spring,
The reeds of harmonium flute at her winks.

Subrata Ray

The Power Of Woman.

Woman the Love-Divine,
By Her grace,
In us manifests and shines.

She is Goddess Kali in every woman,
And the Brahman at the same time,
Me a vagabond, sing, sing her rime.

Hers is the origin of Divine -mother hood,
She creates and recreates any mood,
With her wink, men her slave, dance and fight,
Accept drudgery with uncertain ride.

Her own resource and coverage demand worship,
Hey Man remember your mother, and for her love,
At her divine feet kneel, and weep! .

Subrata Ray

The Quanta Queen.

The Quanta Queen.

The words of my dictionary melted and dissolved,
The conventional faces got swept from memory,
The dreams with running mind ceased,
As in my plasma-quanta your image willed.

Spirit-damsel from un-haunted antiquity,
Thrusted my being with orbital gallop,
And spelled beyond Eisenstein relativity,
I was released into the center of Unified -field.

No space and time, but inspeakble impression teased,
As if, I were the nucleus of cosmology,
The subtlest Plank-constant in Unconscious lotus,
O-Love's ocean, I got dissolved in your touch.

Subrata Ray

No Time But You

Before inception of Time,
In a home made of love,
You dwelt in deepest abstract,
Universe and Time waited,
In their faint dreams.

Then in a playful fancy,
You commanded Time,
You commanded nourished space,
And installed light and darkness.

Your whim to feel Love of your creation,
Bestowed centripetal and centrifugal motion,
Illusion and renunciation sprouted,
Your creatures were placed amidst Fortune and Fate,
In a process of evolutions through several gates.

And now when your poet remember you,
You prove the ancient Love, never new.
Still sitting in the orbital lotus,
From the deepest Abstract you give your touch.

Subrata Ray

Suchitra Sen, -The Tempest In The Film World.

The Divine has thousands faces,
As elements in periodic table are,
She peeps in her creation as she desires.

Often in one she bestows her own kind,
The idealization of feelings with strange winds,
This enigma of an actress, in Suchitra Sen we find.

Strangeness of beauty with multitudinous strings,
The Dumb-Unconscious in her face spreads wings,
Shakespeare, Beethoven, Jackson, -in her art ring.

She is beyond class, as the Divine rises from her urn,
At her will she rejects film, and manifests as lay-nun.
Her revelation of Infinite in finite art,
Would remain as magic museum in trillion hearts.

Subrata Ray

The Groom Would Come

In rented cottage,
You awake and wait,
Amidst the humming bees,
And buzzing passerby.
You try to efface,
You try to repair,
The stains of unwanted ravages.

Somewhere in nowhere,
You have anchored your will,
No one can see the invisible seal,
Your love glides in Unconscious rill,

Your rented house,
Shares storms, thunder and sunny spring,
You wait with lighted candle,
Spreading the longing
Through endless evenings.

Save one condition, -the Faith,
You wither hopes of rise and fall,
Your conviction soothes the anguish,
The Groom would come,
The Groom would come.

Subrata Ray

The Contrary Sides Of Beauty

The Contrary Sides Of Beauty

Beauty emits love, -as flower fragrance,
Beauty stimulates the beauty within,
And suspends the mind in withering trance,
Beauty holds the Truth in all human-urns.

Beauty transcends to the realm of purest delight ,
If the already in Divine awakens to the height,
Beauty mirrors tranquil-quanta as the boon of God's might,
Beauty transmits Goddess' aura in the slightest sight.

Beauty beguiles the eye,
If not the nature gets transformed,
And the tranquil-3rd eye from the brow,
Comes down in the eyes and grows.
Beauty contaminates passion with desire's sorrow,
And pulls the black-mind in the illusions of tomorrows.

Subrata Ray

The Awakening

Morning comes and goes,
Goes the cycles of shows,
And the wintery sleep,
Of my toad continues,
I wake with no awakening.

Dream-boats in dream float,
The boarder-line often is imagined,
My hallow vaunt gives war-cry,
And I see Time devouring my parasites.

Someone's whisper abruptly comes,
'You are getting a barren land'
I try to recognize and feel,
But clothed in sloth, I am chill.

The colossal Gay runs rampant,
And when the Herald summons to awake,
I begin to dip in the darkest night,
The oil is burnt, the wick turns into ashes!

Subrata Ray

On Her Birth Day, -To My Great Nancy Langenwalter

Birth in this earth is a chance given by God,
And you dear me, by your love fulfill,
The harvest of feeling and honesty,
The receding mile-stones bloom your Captain's flag,
In you birth day inspirit I wish him to tag,
The captain of your boat, -the mariner,
And from me I offer you one heart-born flower.

Subrata Ray

Suchitra Sen, -The Enigmatic Bengali Film Actress.

Dumb Art begins to reveal,
From the unfathomed depth of your divine-coil,
And the display of senses find idealization,
From the periodic table of womanly emotions.

Feelings transformation to visual art,
The body language in every part,
The eyes, lips, hands, feet, -the whole gesture,
In your acting create a neo-psychic character.

Crazy, breezy, eccentric –romantic whims,
Find transparency in your plastic creams,
Artistic amplitude of the 4th dimension,
From your divine vase surges commotion.

You are no withering, but climax of abstract stage,
The profundity of your Actress is itself the eternal phase.

Subrata Ray

The Life Within Life

The Life Within Life.

You have the poetic face,
You have the cozy breezy wings,
Your body language springs,
The remotest mystic rings.

You remain ever unknown,
As the fleeting river,
You may have dip in your watery love,
But hardly we can open your cover.

You nurture Nature to sublimate,
By your Impossible lead the mind to jump,
Through the orbits as quantum.

And the when you pours your love,
There awakens the soul to hold a cup,
And the poor Mind taste the revenue of a Monarch!

Subrata Ray

Holy Mother Marry And Lord Jesus.

Mother divine! mother divine!
No word, no sense, but feeling,
Bestowed by Your kind grace,
Can only give us a trace of your love.

Who is that Great Jesus,
You by your will can reveal,
What we understand, in life's strand,
That in His love He is the marvel of marvels.

With His touch burdens of illusions drop,
Empathy from Love's ocean surge,
And joy unknown pervades in universal brother hood!

Mother Marry! Mother Marry,
The origin of Love's story,
Grace us, grace us,
So that we can love Your Jesus.

Subrata Ray

Sri Ramakrishna's Samadhi

Sri Ramakrishna's Samadhi

Visions after visions bubble but not fade,
Abstract regions open, -without gate,
The body within time denies Time,
Silent symphony fleets in silent rime,
Colossal oceans enter into an urn,
With no heat but delight awakens the Sun.

Subrata Ray

Arpita, -My First Poem.

My First Poem.

Were it you in your tender age
Beauty in Beauty's vase With divine rage.
Were it you in your tender age.

I too were in my blooming Summer
A beggar a-begging in the meadow
Cried for a goddess In desolate mirage
Or spent wait-less waiting for the Godot.

My willing will suspended,
With the flash of wild calmness,
With the dumbness of your dumb,
Benumbed I got reduced,
More of a rainbow than your sight,
The green adolescence of your might!

I feel the feel of love
In the cozy tub of your being
The unsaid arises in every breathing,
A haunting spell waits with eagerness
Trillions universes come and go
I wish to merit the scale
I wish to possess the privilege
If I could have the love you know!

You flashed as an African maid,
Or a roe from forest lone,
Or a dream-girl from Arabian tales
, And teased escape velocity to,
All my static vehicle.
And I labored under the impression,
To be a slave to serve well.

You came on Time's wheel,
And Time ceased its decaying flow,
Things invisible beyond nature,
As fossils became lives to glow.

Did you not come?
Had you not been?
How could my love blow in the wind!
But for your sake,
Me a fake could not remake,
And proved a gay of Time,
Had you not come,
How could I sing your crystal rime.

Vagabond, haggard and desolate waif,
On reasons and Nature,
I with clave feet had my strife,
A stamped-fool's life with senses' parasites,
A vacant survival of beguile compromise,
Did go on, go on, without Your comprise.

Hey wonder revealing grandest Being,
Liquid music, borders withering,
Opener of nowhere artisan-well,
And leveler to the Holy-water level,
Had you not sprang, had you not rung,
How could I see my first poem!

Subrata Ray

Sri Ramakrishna, -The Living God

Sri Ramakrishna, -The Living God.

By your single grace,
You impress,
The feeling of Divinity within,
And one who cries with ardent tears,
You remove the parasites and the fears,
And empowers him/her to realize the soul,
The grandest object of human-goal.

Subrata Ray

The Universal Submission To The Glory Of Avatar.

Time immemorial carries His glory,
Generations untold read His story,
In all of our deepest Unconscious,
He ever peeps as a live-touch.

He comes for us, -His creations
To untie and cut the sickles of illusions,
And makes us aware of our already in Divinity,
Showing His image without and within,
And when He leaves His mortal coil,
He is felt, recognized, and worshiped in every shrine.

On Time's cyclic chariot ,
As Avatar He takes frames and names,
Of Krishna, Rama, Jesus, Buddha, Sri Ramakrishna,
And creates Myths of Love and Service,

He is an Oasis, a Sheet -Anchor, a Shelter of Faith,
If in dire crisis, one cries, and seeks His help and support,
Miracle He does, by a single touch,
And lets the devotee feel that He is within.

Subrata Ray

The Mystic Eyes.

I wish to hook,
The crazy look,
With no readable sense.

The eyes are there,
In the nowhere where,
To be lost in oblivion.

Evaporated are the fun,
The world after world are gone,
In the soul's sky rises the only Sun.

Ah! the eyes speak of renunciation,
Half felt half realized annotation,
Of the rime of Brahmin in all beings.

Subrata Ray

Falling In Love's Well.

Can you tell?
How you fell in Love's well.
You dip and swim,
Swim and dip,
And receive cozy embrace,
Thunderous whip.

Ah! with your love,
You are middle in the brook,
And while wading you feel,
The abstract impression of the hook.

Can you tell,
With whose bell you jumped?
Why and how -! you know not,
Ah! with the flaming of your life's wick,
You were in love and love sick.

I am sure you can't tell,
And he or she can fell,
Who timelessly in Love dwells!

Subrata Ray

Arpita, -The Love As Divine In The Body.

Arpita, -The Love As Divine In The Body.

Here in this vase,
Love gets liquidated with suffering,
And digging of the mind continues,
Till the water-level is effused.

Here some special One,
Buds and grows,
As flower from tree,
To abridge the identification of duality.

Here mystic mystery illumines,
With transformation of senses,
From the 6th to onwards,
And here love occupies Oceans and lands,

Subrata Ray

Supernatural In Love

Supernatural In Love.

In your wind,
Strange fragrance whispered,
In your first look,
My third eye was enchanted,
And with your smile,
All the beguiles were washed off.

Your first words,
Occupied my memory's hard-disk,
I got transported to,
Timeless -innocent -wilds.

And at last,
With your kiss and embrace,
I turned oblivious of my own trace.

Subrata Ray

The Two Halves In One

The Two Halves In One.

Just for your sake I was born,
And had you not been,
How could I make love,
How could I feed Time to myself!

Your cyclic incarnations,
As the daily sun,
With budded hopes and warmth,
Petrol my vehicle.

I courted you to equal my illusions,
Knowing nothing of your identity,
And your home to me comes up,
A play house of appetite and rest.

Who cares the truth, -the idealized abstract ?
When beauty harvests chemistry's ecstasy,
And in deepening faith the mutual wantons fade,
Ah! love, -just for me You were made.

Subrata Ray

The Restoration Of The Human

My time waits with frustration's night,
My casting eyes are but drought for your sight,
My lone hut, loses its art, in pitiable plight,
And my vacation is sick without your ride.

Ah! Insufficiency! Incompetency !
From trillion chambers run the reasonable runners,
And reasons read reasons to survive,
The chambers bud, bloom, and fade into nowhere,

Where is the solution? To be mitigated with perfections!
The perfection of which the mind is in the dark,
And all our intellect are but instincts instruments,
Innovations of communications and arms! .

My vagabond has grown wretched,
With taste of the tongue and play of senses,
With processed thoughts of chemical products,
With forced tyranny of plundering intellects!

I am a converted Shame of hopeless remedy!
And too weak to take a step to open the door,
Hey Innocence! come, knock, break, and enter,
Uncover the shroud, and be dewy grass in my corpse!

Subrata Ray

The Destination.

The Destination.

Mattered you among others,
In my grassy garden of adolescence.
In blooming youth you came as rainbow,
And in my deconstructed poetry,
You reigned my Unconscious.

An a- haunting stranger in all my feeling,
You were, and I cried to explore.
Doors after doors opening went,
My deaths for births, and births for deaths,
Cycled and cycled.

Now often glimpse of Your face flashes,
Now often this world fades into oblivion,
And when always your presence would prevail?
Is what is the Summit, -on Time's hill.

Subrata Ray

The Tormented Anguish.

The Tormented Anguish.

My time waits with frustration's night
My casting eyes are but drought for your sight
My lone hut, loses its art, in pitiable plight
And my vacation is sick without your ride.

I am in desert with steps in quicksands,
And wistful heart longs for pole star in murky night,
And your flash after long interval meets not appetite,
Oh Greater Me, mitigate my thirst, by your presence.

Subrata Ray

The Flowing Temporal

Mystic mystery mouths,
Through the pores of installed unconscious,
From Nature-fed temporal vase.

Fogs wind round and round,
And oil-filled earthen lamps wick,
Then, with sudden jerk the sun is gone.

The Vice-wolf vaults and vaults,
And the Temptation erects flag,
Then, above the corpses float the hags.

Subrata Ray

Prama, -Dedicated To That One Who Is The Poem Itself.

Bengali Version

Prama, -Dedicated To That One Who Is The Poem Itself.

Moner theka anak dura,
hridaya maja raiba pora,
ekti ab-bakta kana.

udhaow jakan deaho brikha,
thakbona ar keho,
Thakba takhan ei dharanite,
sai anubhuti gara gaho.

Amar majha tomar tumi,
Bedra utha gopan bhalobasai,
Nitya puja, nitya sabhya,
Pranar anginaya.

Somoy jatha thucha shaya,
Moner jatha pai go loy,
Sai gharate amar ami,
Tomar tumi ke pai.

English Translation.

Love.

Far from sensuous mind,
In Heart's closet you flame,
The un-extinguished infinity.

Withered when the body-tree,
And beyond the bar we are,
Then in this world would remain,
The feeling-built feeling.

In me your You,

Grow and become with secret love,
Amidst devotion and service,
At the centre of Unconscious.

Time therein is trivial shadow,
And gets lost in naught,
In that sacred-secrecy mine bigger I,
Shares your bigger you.

Subrata Ray

Atman Loves.

Hi my dear me,
Who ever you may be,
By culture and habit.

In you are there the reflector,
The unborn eternal monitor,
Where from illumines,
The aura of abstract wine.

And me a passer by,
Crawling towards the high way,
By, this not, that not -way.

And love, -if any, one claims,
Unifies with you, -who is there to blame,
For Atman by its virtue, is all love,
It manifests from this transient cup.

Subrata Ray

The Psalm Of Beauty

A Beauty's face is marvel of marvels,
In it there are lines of mystic tales.
In it, a poet ventures to read the spectra of art,
The garden of the soul, covered by the heart.
Love here radiates as the beacon light,
And installs in the mind the grandest sight.
None but the Truth can know the Beauty's worth,
Beauty bestows Beauty on Divine mirth.

Subrata Ray

Deconstruction Of Determinism

Who merits fate, -immanent will!
The dark -blue tendrils,
The Unconscious chasm seasons,
And wraps Time in magician's bag.

Where is the Temporal in Permanence,
Black-hole dissolves in Unified field,
The periodic table farms matter in life,
Birth-bed and crination coincide.

Yours Universe and mine world,
Plank's jump into Einstein's space ,
The timeless God-particle dominates,
Spirit evolves matter to defy the same.

The absolute abstract geometric points,
Bubble and bubble, fade and fade.

Subrata Ray

Deconstructed Love In Poetry.

Tender wings germinate and grow,
Yesterdays birds corrupt lechery,
In the ancient bed sleep the snakes,
The hungry hyenas loiter for flesh.

Hunters arrow to neutralize the rage,
Flood quench the volcano,
The dumb quakes at 12 noon,
The old sun forgets not its adolescence,
The fired hearth collects fuel in the wood.

Subrata Ray

Poetry Deconstructed.

Your face madam breath autumnal gesture,
So many dead springs moan,
Winter twitter in the back,
Monsoon swells the hungry deserts.

History, geography, and chemistry ,
The furrowed land eats the annals,
The parental beds yawn from graves,
The gay-go invites the knaves.

The strung Time hangs its net,
The ghostly swine sowed shadow,
Trample rippled blacksmith's hammer

Subrata Ray

The Two Lambs And The Lake.

In a midnight in the forest,
With my adolescent sun,
I awake, behold me around,
The melancholy faced orgasm,
And satiety-starved moan.

I saw my libido mounting,
Through cozy bed and mounds,
And a damsel from mid-land crept,
With two lambs and a lake.
The forest grew dense with an intake.

The dumb unlocked the cyclone,
As the lambs appealed to the eye,
And the lake stirred trance for a bath,
Up to the lees of ecstasy's mine,
And the lambs and the lake turned wine.

Subrata Ray

The Unwritten Love Letter

Could I have written a love letter,
With the visible images scattered,
With the invisible senses that sprout,
Spreading the mind in thousand roots.

Had you been the appetite of my hungry heart,
My unquenchable thirst's saturation,
A lake to cool and soothe all temptations,
My vagabond stopped awhile and mused.

Ah! the heterogeneous in me is wild,
It sucks nature's milk and grows terrible,
Violates today's time and tomorrow's profile,
It is multitudinous cosmic of ever growing flood.

I need to discover the language to write,
From the mine of Love's alphabet,
Morpheme, phoneme, paradigm, inflection,...
And study of orgasm and unified field.

The love in me is unfelt and unrealized,
And if ever that Deluge, that Sun, that Volcano rise,
I would have the privilege to see the Lover,
Than the unwritten love -letter to write.

Subrata Ray

To Jan Mielke Schwartz, -The Spiritual Soul

You wade the river of life,
With inborn intellect and earthly strife,
And never stop to explore,
The psychic recesses of human lore.

The whole America and the world know your story,
Hi forensic scientist with divine glory.
Your love extends from man to animal,
And it would remain in Time's skull.

Your radioactive Love of positive nature,
Is the innate virtue of your Being's feature.
Poets from time hence would search their theme,
From your milk of kindness, -the poetic cream.

Subrata Ray

Beneath The Fire.

Beneath The Fire.

No tempest can poetry rise,
Where the heart reduces into a stone,
No stirring spirit can break the inertia,
Where carnal desires moan.

Inflection from conflict,
And psychic-fermentation from Ego's whims,
Eats away, eats away the soul's cream.

Suffering by service, and receiving wounds,
Amidst uncertainty bestow crown,
For, love by nature is dedication of spirit,
A nowhere in nowhere brings the bliss.

Subrata Ray

The Divine Transparency In Love.

Love that divine well springs,
Brings the mandate of God's will,
And fosters the tie in Faith's land,
With the privilege of transparency,
That feels the other with empathy.

Love that spindles the voice of the Divine,
And stands alive as the language of the soul,
Grows as the timeless tree to prove oasis,
To the tormented sense-victims.

The claim to be a friend, and its approval,
Are the two foliage of God's will,
The psychic service and its abomination,
From tranquil vase chants amen! amen!
And flags the glory of peace -oozed virtue.

Subrata Ray

Arpita, -The Only One.

There is one,
Only one Arpita,
With ten thousands synonyms,
And two Nature's amplitude,
To cover sense of love, and that of feeling,

The widened unconquered,
Ripples beyond the horizon,
And the frictionless revere,
Mingles with the waited time,
Lo! the colossal silence chambers the rime.

Hers is the eternal Divine in love,
And she tinges the hearts,
With the magic fragrance of frenzy,
She impels, she awakens the slumbering soul,
There is only one Arpita, that arises and rolls!

Subrata Ray

Syria Massacre.

No Satan in hell,
Had parleyed such tale,
With science of chemistry,
Upon the innocent comrades.

Hiroshima repeats,
With writhing heart beats,
And all glory of science,
All claim of civilization,
Reduce into a live Vampire.

Subrata Ray

The Tempest From The Unconscious.

The links to the senses were boomeranged,
The planted traps on pleasure house licked dismay,
The traditional gay haggard in the weary mirage,
The Nature's cycle stood –still in autumnal –winter.

All yesterdays' hope-ridden dreams breathe smokes,
Of kind as foul odor from the heaps of dead-bodies,
Half eaten and stored booties, wasted in a harem,
Rise and whisper, whisper and rise as phantom-locus.

The earth and the stars receded, departed the memories,
The Time -left –un-rotten corpse wished the confession!

Subrata Ray

The Revelation Of The Remotest Azure

When the natural nature of the eye finds a change,
It looks beyond the habitual range.
Beauty from within begins to bud,
The soul awakes with a new start.
The third Eye comes down in two windows,
Beams from Divine in the eyes flow.
The remotest azure hidden in us,
Begins to tease us with placid touch.

Subrata Ray

The Only One View Of Life

Flood of emotion,
Feeling filled boat,
And upon that Divine the Mariner,
In my transient vacation I need.

Transparent thought, I cherish,
As crystal as possessed vision,
And lotus abstract with Divine Bard,
With no shades of time in my heart,

I aspire, hopeless -immediate joy,
As fleeting streams of beams,
With packed rays of God-particles,
As if I have no cause of birth and death.

The immortal daughters and sons,
Are in struggle to recover,
The promised state of Brahman,
The habit born parasites,
Like roots of cancer darken the mind,
And make the body tormented hell.

Subrata Ray

No Relativity

No Relativity

God wished, -let there be light,
And there revealed the light.
Let there be Time, and came the Time.
Let there be matter and life,
And then -appeared they
Let the universe be black-holes,
Then, cessation of all happened.

Who needs quanta, matter and energy?
Yes they are relative to sense's appreciation,
And beyond time in condensed Abstract!
There only prevails the tranquil art,
Ah! Subject and object turn into one absolute part!

Subrata Ray

The Ardent Anguish

The Ardent Anguish!

My time waits with frustration's night,
My casting eyes are but drought for your sight
My lone hut, loses its art, in pitiable plight
And my vacation is sick without your ride.

Your invisible messengers herald your advent,
Your distant voice, and sudden flashes ensure,
Your self -revealed image surely affirms,
I would not be deprived of your love, you would come.

Mine is waiting for the Godot, perhaps a timeless wait,
I have signed my lot to you, why care for the Fate?
The pangs for separation, and joy of would-be union,
Like desert and oasis season my abstract saturation.

In a fine morning flower would bloom and cuckoo sing,
New weather would flourish, and prevail the Spring,

Subrata Ray

The Lament Of A Fallen Girl

The Lament Of A Fallen Girl!

I know am a pearl,
Often in the day time,
They call me a nasty girl,
I am delicious food,
I am drink to mitigate thirst,
I am a bed to rest,
I rise when the sun sets in the west.

I have no father as the common girls have,
My mother fostered me in the dark street,
I saw her yielding, serving for food and shelter,
I felt how for me she did bother!

I do not claim your jilted decency,
Nor do I have any faith in your word,
You put trap and catch a bird,
And make it a roast for your drink,
You the politicians, you the corporate,
You pollute the earth and reset its fate!

My mother was a daughter of a pious farmer,
Her father trusted a son of an earl,
And she at her adolescence winged her willow cast,
The aristocrat swine, took her away for feast of wine,
Then she was a sale, in a brothel,
Some months before my tragic birth.

I remember my early teen,
When I was less than fourteen,
The greedy eyes and swell tongues,
From my mother's clients upon me hang.

I remember the occasional presses,
And violent intake of poisonous kisses,
From society figures and masquerades,
And still I feel their blacksmith-like deals,
And see myself pitted on society's anvil.

You are not the first person to hear my tale,
Many a broken-wing vagabond and tragic hero,
Many a fate-stricken society's zero,
With storm and turmoil finger my bell,
And seek life's Heaven in my living hell.

I am a licensed-leisure with clock-tick hour,
Often an escort for your travel –trip,
You furrow my land without putting seed,
You seek my art in every part, but not my heart,
And never you wish to know my feeling,
I know your demand and service of my dealing.

Ah! I had I had my own sorrow and whim,
A happy family –home as my dream,
A faithful husband with children two or three,
Could I have Sabbath and church-prayer free!

Oh no! Your time is over, you may go,
Do you hear the pimp? Yes you hear,
I have half an hour to attend the next client,
And to repair the ravage, and a beguile smile.

Subrata Ray

Spiritual Entropy

Like abstract equilibrium in thermodynamics,
Or black body radiation of quanta statistics
Or dream-awaking state of yogi-mystic,
The mind reciprocates like physical entropy,
And turns into subtlest shadow of no imagination,
While dipping into the deepest chasm of meditation.

Vow to you Planck! For your jump into entropy-blank,
Hail to you Moni Bhumik! For your Cosmology, thank!
The solid melts into abstract, and the creation hangs!
Hi initiation of God particle, -the latest in Science's rank,
For your Entropy, I remember you, -dear Max Planck.

The subtlest of the subtle, the remotest-Beautiful,
The Monarch in the Unified-Field, is amazingly cool!
The deliverer of consciousness on Time and love,
Himself is the spiritual entropy in our mundane cup!

Subrata Ray

Love In Love.

Love like the layers of onion begins to drop,
The tinged glow of mind's warmth retires,
Like the 'naked singles', they live scattered,
On the blinds of soulless sands of time.

The joy of the warmth- embrace, and eye to eye live,
The effusions of the first spring- fountain,
The clamor and the applause of adolescent sports,
Themselves withdraw their passing leases.

The blooming eyes of promising glories,
Sudden chance -evoked hearts stories,
The mutual anchor of faith and sacrifice,
And the longing cast of the meadowland-eye,
Like the foreign birds take flight and fly.

For love, the feet that traveled thousand miles,
For love, the mind that stirred its hope up to elastic limit,
For love, the hands that made many a compromise,
Now recede to the dark -wintery bed.

The love that made you traveler, sailor, and astronaut,
The love that made you a slave to your mistress,
The love that led you to yoke the future of your award,
Now laugh at you, as if you are a stamped coward!

Subrata Ray

True Friendship

One in a blue moon,
Or in a sudden flash,
The sun of love rises,
And illumines the dark cave,
Where the unrecognized other lives,
This miracle is what friendship gives.

Subrata Ray

The Virtues Of Beauty

Beauty is the glow of the transparent Divine,
It first buds in the mind, and then in the face it shines.
Beauty is the daughter of the Truth and the Goodness
Steadfast peace and unborrowed joy are its graces.
Beauty radiates clarity of vision and holds empathy as its vase,
Its presence emits pleasure, igniting the abstract recesses.

Subrata Ray

The Bearer Of The Sword Of Wisdom:

Lo here stands,
The special of the special brands,
With pinnacles of sense divine,
The captain of human-ship,
The doctor with recovered diagnosis,

Look at the miraculous sword at His hand,
That sparks whitened-thunder and kills away,
Hubris of ignorance and war-cry of vanity,
Look at Him look, -the representative of the All Mighty.
Who invites a vagabond's lease,
Amidst the poor and outcast, and gives a strange touch.

He is aura-spectra, no nail can hinge Him,
He plays the magic to test His ignorant creations,
And lets His physical body to ooze blood,
Remaining untouched with His subtle body.

He leaves for us the sword, made of love,
And lessons of sacrifice in a blood filled cup.

Subrata Ray

The Divine Mandate.

Secretly with care,
Bear the boon of spiritual treasure,
In the inner most chamber of your heart,
And remain conscious and alert,
So that you never remain apart,
From that tranquil image of peace,
In your mundane life the impossible bliss.

Your long preservation of purity,
Your aching widow cry,
Your stern austerity in the silence of retreat,
Your complete self submission to His will,
Have brought you the grace.

Be Love, and spread love,
As the leaves and roots of banyan tree,
Go abreast dauntless and free,
And with the bestowed sword of knowledge,
Cut off the shackles of bondage of your neighbors,
Awake and inspire, move and impel.
Your Lord's mandate is with you,
And the mandate itself would do.
You the beloved servant have nothing but serve.

Subrata Ray

Joy From Joyous Mind -To Jan Mielke Schwartz?

This beautiful sight,
With green leaves and reddish flowers,
Feast the eye and the soul behind,
Hours by hours.

It is like your spontaneous transparency,
That by its worth runs through animate and inanimate,
And it is from the vase of your empathy,
Which itself proves the fountain of divine love,

Subrata Ray

Thoughtless Suspension.

Thoughtless Suspension.

While black waves and pricking missiles,
Take hold the course of daily lore,
Psychic scheming and oily tongues torment,
And haunt my poor fool through drought and thunder,
I remember You, chant Your name, and take rest under,
Your feet, as if a driven out criminal finds home beyond the border.

I muse a while on my refugee's struggle,
And the causeless causes of the old and the new,
Appear as the locust on all work-a-day crops.
Empty and bankrupt with arrowed wounds I writhe,
I wish a cleaner, a balm, that can mitigate,
The ravages committed by yellow fate.

Then Your image from within flashes,
I get drawn to the shower of that fountain,
As I dip and dip and dip, into that unfathomed lake,
I begin to forget the burden of my memories chambers,
My thoughts retire and senses go into sleep,
In a trance, I feel Your revelation, -the remotest Unconscious!

Subrata Ray

You, - The Enigma.-Dedicated To Carol Kate Chard-Hargett?

You are love-evoking,
You are the bed-room of empathy.
you are beauteous with Beauty's fragrance,
you emit beacon ray of clairvoyance.

From your apparent being fountains,
The steady flow of graceful-silence.
You are a conscious farmer to grow the seed of love.
You accept the good and evils as passing waves.

You posses a heart more than the boundary of imagination
You own the two -storied hut, the physical and spiritual.
You ascend to the realm of peace, and be one with peace.
You are idealized abstract.-

Subrata Ray

The Gay Gray Of Life.

The spring –well of unremembered joy,
Rises on surface to display,
The eternal abstract from this time-being clay.

Antic, humor, wit, and feeling,
Chuckle the molds of thought-packed faces,
Somewhere! Oh nowhere tides the graces.

Multitudinous images sail from notes of colossal lyre,
Germinate they from watery-vase,
And after being fueled by nature, drop the fire.

Come and go, enemy and foe, through the waves of mind,
Memory collects, from the begging wallet,
Pleasurable pathos, and cloudy winds.

Oh! No purpose was planted, no mission had a gain,
The journey ends through drought and rains.

Subrata Ray

The Masked Lunatic

Come dear let us talk and play,
Lending no ear to what they say,
We would make the present the rime of the day.

Look at me, ask, what I got in life,
With a love-loran swine eloped the wife,
Should I cry, or another try?

And you who never did marry,
Wear the malty of many a story,
And prove a river to dip a bath!

Oh! No let us go and beguile,
We would not leave any profile,
Let us fuss with wild smiles!

I know you claim no interest,
My allotted time is going to over,
And another client is coming in the gate.

I wanted to unburden my clumsy odds,
For, neither I prayed nor submitted to God,
I was ambitious and a whole-time hoard.

Hey, let me book another night,
I forward a cheque for time-ride,
Tell your Madame, you are well paid.

Ah! Money, I have enough,
But sorry, they prove scorpions in my tub,
Oh! I have no note to play on my broken harp!

Yes, yes I have eaten, lots of yellow -green,
A museum of faces with different screens,
Politicians, film stars, and bottle- teens.

Hi perhaps, you want to ask,
What kind of service I demand from your task,
You may go, I don't know, I think I am a mask!

Subrata Ray

The Spoiled Retreat.

The streams of haphazard thoughts,
Like hawks float to and fro.
Clouds from memory's pit,
Revive and muddle the mind's sheet.
The dumb nature though is calm,
The volatile psychic spoils the retreat.

Subrata Ray

God Sri Ramakrishna The Finite And Infinite.

You are innocent,
You are beautiful,
You are love-evoking.

You speak impelling voice,
Your word transcends the ear,
Removes the parasites of the mind,
And brings tears with ardent cry.

Your presence is everything in nothing,
And settles constancy of no comparison,
With a wild joy of incessant flood.

You are the grandest Me of mine,
And you alone shine without and within,
You are simultaneously the twin.

Subrata Ray

Love's Milestones.

The seed gets germinated in the first look,
The foliage peeps face with the first talk,
The blossom buds in the first embrace,
The flowers interchange in the first retreat,
And love declares its advent as the first birth,
The Unconscious then bestows immortality to this earth.

Subrata Ray

Swami Vivekananda, -The Synthesis Of Divine Thoughts.

Vivekananda the Poet, lover, prophet and more,
The searcher of thousand mysterious doors,
Grew and become the whole of the divine sum,
As apostle of the apostles, He came.

Save acid test, neither sermon nor imagination,
Still nor the thoughts from inert mind,
Could produce in him any illusion's wind ,
And the frenzy of the Divine within, evoked wild commotion.

Salvation, -the remedy from the sense-born parasites,
The rejection of the good and the evil,
The dropping of all yes and no, that go and go ,
Found in Him, the laboratory of spiritual-science.

In Him Man's eternal question, 'Who I am? ' found answer,
And the uncaught Atman, recognized as unexpressed totality,
Revealed Its glory, and left Him as the skeleton.

His is the synthesis of hitherto concepts of religion,
And it is the religion of Man where God Himself remains buried,
With demands of faith, purity, devotion, and love from His creation.
And when the shadows of desire are no more, -the divine sun rises.

Subrata Ray

The Glow And The Flow.

Once upon a time,
Some one plus some one,
Learned rime,

Once upon a time,
Some one plus some one,
Had dumb chemistry

Once upon a time and now,
The unsaid rime and dumb chemistry,
With earth, birth and Time,
Do flow and glow.

Subrata Ray

The Unanswered Answer.

No dictionary could decode,
No lady yet could make you feel,
The day and night revolve still!
All adventures with promising hope,
Have run for fun and nothing else,
The heroes and cowards both hang,
The wastage of dusty tales.

Heightened Imaginations just could reveal,
Some silver lines of God,
You sing aloud your poetry, they praise,
But the bed of true abstract, you foolishly miss.

Subrata Ray

The Rising Of The Divine From The Anchor Of Faith

Tingling with tinged lotus,
You come and set your foot,
In the heart of an ardent widow,
Or in the desert of an waif.
And at once therein springs,
Treasures ever unseen,
And Time and Sorrow resign.

Your advent itself is prize,
There happens the miracle of new-sunrise,
The greedy look, ego's book,
No longer linger their vacation,
The blind mind and fake reason find solution.

Subrata Ray

The Rose Within The Cover.

The rose is ever green,
The rose remains bloomed
With dewy honey it graces the vase
Barring all sorrowful gloom.
The rose is there in the abstract room.

The rose in the garden,
Is plucked and molested,
The rose repairs for another night,
The rose forgets the sunny light.

The rose knows, wherever it goes,
That its youth and beauty grows in some One's garden,
And Love harbors it, -the rose is certain.

Subrata Ray

All Those!

All those kisses of yesterdays,
May return tomorrows,
All those promises of bygone days,
Now might have grown,
But Love, for which you came in this earth,
Would cycle from birth to birth,
Till you become one with your Beloved.

Hey Time you simply slave to carry me,
As you are ordained by Almighty,
So many muddy vases, collapse and rise,
And you bear the Flag from here to paradise,
Ah Love! in life, -you are the miraculous surprise!

Subrata Ray

The Falling In Love Before Be-Loved.

Since my birth,
On this beautiful earth,
I was getting amazed with nature's glory,
I began to read, read and read,
The dumb-unconscious - Nature's story.

Since my birth,
I began to feel,
The Soul's manifestation in every deal,
Making time, the transient rime,
The pilgrims come and go,
Since my birth,
On this earth,
surely, surely I know.

Since my birth,
There began to reveal,
The mystic mystery of Divine's tales,
In so many places, so many graces,
In Church, temple, animal, and man,
So profuse and profound,
That go round and round,
And every where my Darling stands.

As I grow,
And go to and fro,
And have ropes to survive,
In weal and woe,
Among friends and foe,
The image of my darling,
Can nothing wipe.

Ah always and ever,
She is there,
In the faces wherever my glance I cast,
Hay, Hers is a living presence, -not a mere trust! ! !

Subrata Ray

The Undefined Love.

Love is a haunting spell
it allows imagination to fulfill
what oft was thought but never dealt.

Love is a puzzling hang,
-and enchants the arrested being, -
for the realization of the infinite spring.

Love is a psychic-divine,
Though life fades,
Love shines.

Love proves a calm lake,
As devotee meditates on,
Avatar's image.

Love means a search for another,
The buried bigger of our secret sharer,
More than the equal in abstract mirror!

Subrata Ray

The Amazon Rose.

The wed-lock bed,
Was all but red,
And no dregs of gray,
Haunted there,
The bride came up,
With all her wild harps,
And ignited the hidden fire.

The unquenched groom,
Found a room,
With the highs of his all desire,
The Amazon Rose fanned her poetry,
And reduced into ash the groom's fire.

An equally violent she sought a mate,
Who had more than tsunami's flood,
The Amazon queen, made so many ruins,
To blackened -crude and bluish -blood.

Imbecile, impotent, and quick-fall,
With sound and fury, they came all,
But none she thought, for her brought,
A saturation made of cannon ball.

The Amazon queen, seeks ruins and ruins,
And blooms on man-eater's tree,
She arrests looks, employs hooks,
And herself remains ever free.

Some haggard bankrupts, yawn and say,
'The house of illusion, the Maya, she may,
And no man ever can estimate her worth,
She is combined divine and wine by her birth.

Subrata Ray

The Blue Raven.

It was an un-starry dark,
The sun came up dim and yellowish,
The birds got numbed,
And no voice did they cherish.

It was day light gray,
People attempted to pray,
The temple priest and the churchman,
Felt the church a deserted land.

It was the morning of autumnal-evening,
The day felt no awakening of dawn,
The evening engulfed the usual morn,
It was no dismay, but a hang of night and day,
It caught no sense, but sense be there may.

It shrouded the weather of raven blue,
It was for the raven, as the raven brought the clue,
It was neither day nor night but raven blue.

It feathered the wings of the remotest pas,
It stirred the shadows of future dust,
For it was the rest of Time from all minds,
And the raven was blue in the blue wind.

Subrata Ray

The Withering Girl.

The girl was pretty with no look,
She had galaxy of eyes in her book,
She passed and touched the hungry hearts,
She was made to tease, without art.

The girl knew no cause, but cause was she,
Whoever glanced her, a victim might be,
And she stood with her mood, and no face at all,
The girls was a girl, to attend call.

The girl evoked dreams, though no dream she was,
Her dream-like countenance provoked dreamy touch,
She whirled and beguiled as storm and night,
She came in and went out, leaving no sight.

The girl sprang as lake, and emptied to swim,
The girl was a girl, -she had no wing,
She kept a-haunted, the knight and prince,
Without action impressed, tingling, twinkling.

Subrata Ray

My Journey Through Some British Poets.

My Journey Through Some British Poets. by Ray Subrata

If I start from Shakespeare,
I see love be-fooling Time,
And I return to Avon with no rime.

In Milton, -the catharsis rests,
With relief of smokes from democratic chest.
And the vain glory of fantasy's best!

Donne introduces love both in body and spirit,
'Unification of sensibility' substantiates his merit,

In my intake, Blake seems to be a true poet,
The forms and colors of Soul, -unifies his gate!

Shelly by virtue of his past birth,
Has installed his vision in this earth!

Wordsworth is more a sermon than a primrose,
Disillusion in love and revolution, come in prose.

Coleridge the frenzy incarnate, - haunts my being,
For what we all are, -is the supernatural thing.

Keats for beauty's quest sends the senses into sleep,
And image wrought, for imaginary thought, he for art, reaped!

Arnold cries in wilderness for a vagabond's mission,
And thinks Humanization, as the guardian of civilization.

Tennyson gets confused with the incessant striving of his age,
And the born artist in him turned into a spiritual vase.

Browning finds himself, as curator of a zoo,
And records the humor of each animal, as per psychic hue.

Subrata Ray

Hope And Life

Hope And Life.

Hope, though a cheat,
Comes and fleets,
And engages the mind to desires-gear,
Puts in suspense, leads to commit offense,
And burns the mind with confusing fear.

Yet in hope we live,
And hope produces dreams,
In life, hope is the divine cream.
When the hope turns to possess God,
By and by comes the Lord.

Subrata Ray

A Devotee's Prayer.

Dearest, -may I have such wish,
Like a running river Your bliss,
In my retreat, in my pilgrimage,
An anchored Will of your grace.

The hands will be busy in plucking flower,
The eyes would bear Your Majesty's profile,
The feet would travel, the doors of marvels,
And the heart would hold your Divine image.

The tongue would breeze, your name's music,
And the ear would hear your silent voice,
Nothing but You, would remain as constant trace.

Remake, rebuild, and reform,
The habit oriented conventions and norms,
And unfold the realm of Vast Unconscious,
Retaining therein Your Divine touch.

Subrata Ray

Love For The Beloved.

Long before the clicking of time-clock,
When memory had no advent,
Your abstract image planted its reflection,
In the all mirrored prism of my soul.

I had many a query and musing,
On the occasional projections,
And silently condensed forms and figures,
Like the recovery of oblivious dreams.

In temple, church and caves, the same image,
The same exploration, more in wretched and outcast,
Had an impelling sway as if a drop of water holds thousand oceans,

Like the ardent cry of an widow damsel,
For a promised off-sea captain,
Or the dry-throat of a pilgrim in a desert-,
To have a peg to quench thirst,
I claim as your shadow, and murmur ever,
Oh! My unborn, ancient, eternal lover!

Subrata Ray

Love The Hearts' Anchor .

The psychic bird,
With wearied wings,
Seeks a stay to rest,
Love is the tree,
That it feels free,
Springs as the best.

The partner psychic,
Comes in a hick,
And waters the desert land,
The lotus within red and green,
Erects and keeps its stand.

Ho, hi the psychic seeds root,
To give birth a twin -being,
A longing lone abstract thing!

Subrata Ray

No Universe!

No Universe!

Where Is the Universe?
Where Maya withdraws Her touch,
Where is the universe?

Habits reacting with matter,
The will for procreation,
With bubbling desires erect,
The individual's death -covered Fate.

Mind, the mischievous monkey, rides,
Upon the wild steed of hope,
It binds and binds the self,
With name, fame and ambition's rope.

When by suffering the mind rejects,
The cause-made struggles of life,
Maya by Her grace wipes,
The apparently real strife.

Feel we can, by meditation,
The joy of Brahman's awakening in us,
As there Maya withdraws Her touch.

Subrata Ray

The Lotus Red

The Lotus Red.

The lotus red,
In conscience's bed,
Blooms from,
The holy-water of heart.

The God in us,
Gives His touch,
And the condensed Divine,
Unlocks its art.

The devotee mediates,
Lord's image with His name's beads,
By and by germinates the divine seed.

The colossal impossible quakes and thunders,
Memory's clouds and black desires dissolve under,
The no-where supernatural reigns every where,

Subrata Ray

A Great Poetess' Birth Day, -To Theresa Andres Hermita?,

15th July 1981, retains a silent event,
And through the cycles of years grows the seed,
Now the youthful tree, produces mead,
And pours the trillion poetic -goblets.

The image-queen, harvests transparent thoughts,
And lures feeling in every string of your lyre,
The frenzy from Brahman illumines fire,
Time retires, but you perpetuate.

So many poetic-beds of mighty souls,
Prove tenor of our imaginative heritage,
And among their foot-prints, the posterity,
Would read and remember you, in sands of time.

Subrata Ray

Stepping Through The Gateway.

The gateway to inner world,
By and by flashes,
The clash of the journey drops,
The 3rd-eye in the fore-head blooms,
Light and love awaken, dispelling gloom.

Subrata Ray

The A-Haunted Treasure

The A-haunted-Treasure.

You may change your cover,
You may conceal your address,
But a-haunted you would ever go,
With the magic -miracle of your empress.

You may cast window-look,
From the rooms of your running trains,
With landscape, -hills, rivers -revealing,
But the Man stole your heart, retains in your brain.

You and your lover, never fear,
That there can be any separation,
The tree of love grows, -tomorrows -tomorrows,
Through the passages of destruction and creation.

Subrata Ray

The Bubbles Of Images

Poetry is bubbles of images,
As faces come and go,
The poets are arrowed by Cupid,
Or God's glorious glow.

The inconsistent mind roams,
As salamanders, nymphs and gnomes,
And the poets release their morbid emotions.

To poet, –poetry is a crazy breezy lady,
Or primrose or garden flowers,
Or a bath from an invisible shower.

All humans are poets and poetess,
And their daily thoughts create structural beds,
In poetry they seek love evoked in lonely shades.

Subrata Ray

The Encroacher And The Forest-Dwellers.

-
The sky is willowed,
The moon is full,
The stubborn forest,
The scattered hills,
Are dumb but indifferent,
In their usual deals.

I from a grass-roped - pallet,
Cast my fasted -eye,
And sooth my empty stomach,
No food could manage I.

The wife exploits the children,
Who nag for a bowl of rice,
Instead of boiled roots and leaves,
Tomorrow they may have a feeding prize.

The forest is kind with Mahuya and beech,
And serve her dry branches and wood,
Peeling, cutting, and carrying to market,
Give least cost of drudgery for family's food.

Me, Haren, Netai and many of my brethren,
Are born and brought up in this forest green,
We had no intruder,
But now the force of Govt. lease,
We are for the forest, and forest is ours,
But the wrath of civilization, now it ceases.

Subrata Ray

The Ideal Politician

Hey trout hide your color,
Now you are a member of assembly,
Now you are a minister,
Congratulations for your flattery,
Trickery, dram a, and dappled show,
With kingly honor, in white car, you go.

By the people, for the people, from the people,
The collective will –of the haggard untouchable,
You have filled your wallet and vanished,
You have made them believe your word,
Their ignorance would not read you as a fraud.

If so you would go with another mask,
Putting the same wine in apparently new bottle,
The vampire in you would perform the same task.

Subrata Ray

The Spiritual Nonsense.

Bottom arrests wonder to Hamlet,
As Alice travels Wonderland's gate,
And Falstaff rises from death -bed.

Humpty Dumpty rides on Donquixote's back,
Prospero wills Arden by Ariel's hack,
Swift's tales as Gulliver reveals.
Invites Edward Lear to live in nonsense fable.

Aaron's cut off rod from Almond tree,
Blossoms flowers as reason-free,
And Jesus' touch washes death by bliss,
Or turning a lover to vampire by Masuda's kiss.

The ghosts or saints in us are the twin-flowers,
In the dark and lighted hemispheres, -the two towers,

Birth enjoins in death and death in birth,
Evolves continuously earth after earth,
And Faith is nonsense that adds grandeur
To incompleteness, as phantasmagoria is our case.

Subrata Ray

The Painter's Garden.

The Painter's Garden.

Art installs idea with painting brush,
A true artist endows sense in his canvas.
The seeds he plants from his brain,
There might be there some chaffy grains,
Some cankers may aspire a cider tree,
The painter with eagle's eye should make that free.

Art mirrors life up to nature,
And crystals the eye to feel the mystery beyond the apparent,
The inky tales, sprout well, and project life ever present.
No infatuation to please,
No weakness to tease,
There can be in artist's field,
Art translates imagination into reality,
And a part of Unconscious, -the artist builds.

Subrata Ray

The Installed Sun Acclaimed As Soul.

The fresh shower from land of love,
If once makes your lease monsoon,
And by miraculous device stirs tsunami,
Your memory's home would dissolve into water,
With no color and dimension of your own.

The daily cobweb of yes and no,
Would fade into the oblivion unknown,
From within the parasites of procreation ,
Retire on the pyre of hopes and moan.

Ah! untouchable radioactive -love,
The installed sun acclaimed as soul,
If you once awake, -who cares the confusion?
By reaching the zenith of the grandest goal.

Subrata Ray

The Mystic Face Book.

Invisible letters,
Come swimming,
As desires do,

Through the channels of mind,
With radioactive geography,
Of multidimensional winds.

Super conscious computers,
With magic windows,
Spark sense -caught light,
And mirror the unborn time.

The germination re-generates,
As ionized, each plant is,
The ear, the eye, tongue,
With all inconsistent flood.

Trillion dumb with mirrored mind,
Reflect, at my apparent gate,
And cause mystic chemistry!

Subrata Ray

The Rise Of The Spiritual Sun

Nature without and Nature within
Reflects on the same screen.
The installed plasma of conscious Divine,
Waits for manifestation in every being.
When the rusts on the bio-mind is gone,
In the inner sky there rises the sun.

Then the chaos within and the chaos without,
Trouble no more and clarify the doubt.

Subrata Ray

The Hearts Vessels.

You planned and speculated,
You invited me to share,
To set sail the hearts -vessels,
Where no mariners were!

You whispered your psycho-bio voice,
In the turbid sway of stormy night,
At the feeling's secret-cabin,
And lost in awe I found, -the Captain,
Taking charge of the frenzy wine.

You teased me to slide beyond,
The glimmering border of night and day,
Where the sky blooms on ever sunny bay.

The land is free with divine tree,
And the vessel feels no tussle to sail,
Yours and mine, cravings and whines,
Depart from the black-mind's jail.

Hey grandest darling Divine,
Had you not loved, where I had been! ! !

Subrata Ray

The Un-Faded Rose

The rose that budded in blue heart,
Would cast radioactive glow,
And the abstract urn, burn and burn,
Till you mitigate by tidal flow.
No attempt of uprooting you can take,
All your faces would be but passing shadows,
Your ardent anguish would prick you as widow.

The rose that spirits your bee honey,
Stands un-withered and sunny,
And history and geography find there no role,
The that budded for your darling in the soul!

Subrata Ray

The Mystic.

A mystic can be as wind is free,
And remains untouched by any one,
He lives in the cell where rings God's bell,
And emits love as fragrance does.
A mystic gives God's godly touch.

A mystic is a transformed being,
In mundane body he/she has subtle dwelling,
The clouds of illusions vacate his sky,
In him the revelation of the Unconscious buds by and by.

A mystic attains immortality in life,
Among the humans he is the special type,
He ignites love and evokes purest intellect,
In his life there is neither cause-reason, nor fate.

Subrata Ray

Light In The Dark Forest

The psychic tornado is of no importance,
As the Farmer of death harvests life,
Where to stay in vacant desert,
But for love, -we all are waifs.

The budding geographies tempt chemistry,
And the haggard history loiter as corpse,
The discovered island alone, alone stands,
The static-transil -stone gathers moss.

The chaffy crops of bygone past,
Are iced in Egyptian mummy,
The dark forest of the primitive barbarians,
Through reasoned-evolution turns more gloomy.

Hello Christ!
Hello Bhddha,
Hello Sri Ramakrishna the Divines,
Impel and awaken us with nectar wine.

Subrata Ray

The Plasma-Poetic –love.

I wish to say you something,
Something that could never be said,
I wish to pay you the abstract –precious,
That never could be paid.

What I wish is a cherish,
Of the immortal land of the soul,
The cessation of tireless striving,
The clarion call for the goal.

I wish to paint that feeling,
That the dye of word never does,
But the watery-lines alone give the touch,

Subrata Ray

Arpita, -The Consciously Unconscious Permanence.

I know, I feel, and I share
You are there, -
and yet,
in me you reside,
grow, and glow
A green river.
Fleets and flows.

Ah! Love, the stay,
Of total psychic being,
The non-dimensioned,
Quanta -centre, -of,
Unimagined colossal,
Beyond senses realms,
Flashes its Unconscious spring.

Subrata Ray

The Voyage After Normalcy.

Dimly -foggy mystic- wood-land lake,
Passages the mariner's ship,
From imagination's calm ocean,
Suddenly appears the divine trip.

So many voyages on earthly sea,
Had been, are and will be,
Like day and night, life slides,
And none is there to unlock by the key.

Senses play on temporal clay,
And creating reasons' missile,
Pass the ages, infinites phases,
With sorrowfully naught profiles.

Ah! Normalcy! the extinction of all desires,
Brings the shadowy glimmering of the Unconscious,
The boat, and the mariner, get leveled in one touch.

Subrata Ray

Voyage Through Spiritual Paradise

Love seeks soul's mates,
Of equal abstract divine,
And God divides Himself,
Male and female in love's wine.
He enjoys ecstasy in the contented union,
And the two mingles into one in love's fusion.

In the deepest depth of joy-bloomed oblivion,
Beyond the body and senses' layers awakens commotion.
The identity of the lovers flash as soul-divine,
And in that revealed glory God alone shines.

Subrata Ray

Arpita The, -Thrilling Prize

Now I say you are a thrill,
Something beyond this prosaic deal,
A vibrant commotion swinging swung,
No form of concrete, a vacant hang

Now I say you are a miracle device,
Suspense evocation heart's prize,
Feeling's gate-way nectar rise
Tingling fountain of immortal dyes.

Now, lost in admiration, I say you are mine,
With your death I die, and with your rise I shine.

Hooked in your wings,
My being lay paralyzed,
My volcano's rapture,
Gets creamed in ice.

You are my prize,
You are my prize,
You are my prize.

The blended light of sun, moon, and star,
Symphony sung, in muses' tongue,
Beyond of these lights and rhythmic bar,

Now I say you are a thrill,
Something beyond this prosaic deal.
Yours is an operation in Unconscious root,
My total being simply bears your grace' fruit.

Subrata Ray

Woman, -The Miraculous Divine.Dedicated To Arpita

Woman, -The Miraculous Divine.

Who are you divine?

With rootless blue-deep eye,

A poet's cause of evoking imagination, -

A teasing beyond the eye-caught sky.

Perhaps an image from Vast Unconscious,

A plasma reflection from abstract flux,

A magic-pr ocher of human mind,

A miraculous creation in ebb and tide!

You are impossibly possible chemistry,

Yoke of illusion, and unsolved mystery,

With your spindle, you preserve and destroy,

Dropudi of Mahabharata, and Helen of Troy!

Who dare to measure your colossal divine,

You are Beauty's shrine, and life's wine!

Subrata Ray

The Planted Atomic Desires.

The spring –well of unremembered joy,
Rises on surface to display,
The eternal abstract from this time-being clay.

Antic, humor, wit, and feeling,
Chuckle the molds of thought-packed faces,
Somewhere! Oh nowhere tides the graces.

Multitudinous images sail from notes of colossal lyre,
Germinate they from watery-vase,
And after being fueled by nature, drop the fire.

Who knows! but say they, Maya causes so,
From the black-body of black-holes,
Planted atomic desires come and go!

Subrata Ray

The Beelesslotus.

They say, she,
Is a lotus without bee,
And she reigns alone,
Amidst Padma –dighi.

Haunted bees dare not,
The Doran casts melancholy shy,
The glimmering distance, she keeps,
Vain is all try.

Her fays assumes,
Supposes and proposes ,
And many a gallant there die,
In her lake, she only awakes,
And no bees there dare to fly.

Her youth's fountain,
Mounts mountains,
And the Everest in jealousy cries,
She keeps her glory, as age-long story,
Though the generations pass by.

Subrata Ray

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Though the generations pass by.

Subrata Ray

Arpita's Vow On Cultivating Faith's Seed.

Declared she at the age of twenty,
Hey, -me! No profit I can earn,
Save the whirlwinds and burns,
Of the rooted parasites of so many lives,
Yes, with my stay on Sri Ramakrishna,
I would erase, evacuate and wipe.

Subsistence, help, worldly support!
The emotional irony of daily deaths,
The borrowed learning for trickery and beguile,
Smile away I, for Sri Ramakrishna's profile.

I would reform my mind, as the captain of the body,
And translate my prayers into blooming lotus,
Therein, in my inner shrine, share the touch,
Of the aura-oriented divine universe.

Faith she proclaims, demands neither 'yes' nor 'no',
It is the calm acceptance of God's will, as life goes.
And Maa Sarada, the Divine mother opens her lap to hold,
Yes, yes, I would go abreast with my crazy wild, and be bold.

I would continue the digging of my self -well,
Earthling the sediments of Sanaskar, till the water-level comes,
And then, with the opening of the timeless Unconscious,
I would mingle, and dissolve in Sri Ramakrishna's touch! ! !

Subrata Ray

The Holy Fountain Of God's Grace.

Those who have realized, - tell,
Save, your grace, nothing is possible,
Your grace bestows connection,
Your grace evokes emotion,
Your grace drags the mind on your lotus feet,
Your grace offers peerless retreat.

Your grace is power to penetrate,
The heavy screen of black fate,
And surges the mind to devotion,
Changes the nature by divine commotion.

Your grace is flood in life's desert,
Your grace illumines you in devotee's heart,
Your grace introduces miraculous touch.

Your grace germinates,
The mystic seed of your name,
Your grace flashes your Divine Frame,
In the transcendental hang of meditation.

Subrata Ray

Poke, -The Stimulant Of Love And Care

What beauty is there,
To share and care,
By a poke, -the master stroke.

A recall and a reminding,
Of the psychic tie,
That did not die.

More to say than apparent pay,
A herald of the true self,
All affirmation, never a nay.

The magic flash of a reverie,
Somewhat a gem from treasured closet,
A fresh air to soothe in one's unrest.

Poke! poke! poke!
Scatter your willows from boundless Unconscious,
Stimulate, regenerate, redeem, -with a poke's touch!

Subrata Ray

I Want To Forget You.

I Want To Forget You.

I confess, I am in tress,
Of your winks' missiles,
Of the flowery rainbow of your smile,
Of those rooted psychic,
Ah! Those taxes I can't beguile.

I confess dear mistress,
Your kisses and hugs,
Thrills caused by willing touch,
The blooming daisy of each day's march,
And involuntary impressions,
Are no bygone, but eternal lagoon.

I admit, the presence of your anchored sheet,
And my timeless operation by your stormy merit,
Oh! I wish to take rest, in your tranquil retreat.

Subrata Ray

Woman The Miraculous Creation.

Who are you divine?

With rootless blue-deep eye,

A poet's cause of evoking imagination, -

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Perhaps an image from Vast Unconscious,

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Tropudi of Mahabharat, and Helen of Troy!

Who dare to measure your colossal divine,

You are Beauty's shrine, and life's wine!

Subrata Ray

The Hellish Intellectuals And Rustic Proletariat.

The headlong foolish intellect from reason's tunnel,
Spreads the poisonous cancer's germs,
The star-world, the parliament and corporate,
Flag the hell of slaughters' farm

The rustic-proletariat, and waged hands,
With simple faith carry the tenor of God's glory,
They care little of the profit perverted stories

Yet, like nature's call they can't avoid vote,
Knowing, chaffy grains on the surface ever float.

Subrata Ray

Her Greatness, -The Grand Arpita.

He held the lady in his head,
Never drag her as disk in the bed,
Kept her aloof in heart's shade.

He wished to do the impossible,
As does a devotee in his tale,
Weaving garland of unconscious fable.

For she, he knew was a seven ocean's surge,
No action she feels with thousand rivers merge,
Hers is an abstract tsunami in every barge.

Her presence tinges the calm weather,
Her smile willows the spirit afar,
Her voice stimulates the desert -water.

Subrata Ray

The Triumph Of Faith Over Reason.

My Lord
You have proclaimed
Faith for us,
The submission of the self,
On your Will,
And acceptance of,
All good and evil,
With no question and reason,
In betrayal, gluttony and treason.

Why then, we,
Your inmates would suffer,
If we shoulder your Yoke,
In the waves of life,
And by Faith on you, cover,
With no complaint and bear with,
What your Wish merit for us.

Bestow the power to deny reason,
And evade the conflict between,
Should and should not, -
The mundane justice of profit and loss,

My Lord, this is nothing new,
I believe and feel Faith is You,
Faith's reverence, brings tolerance,
And fires fortitude's wick,
Faith redeems, poor, weak and sick.

Subrata Ray

The Covers Within Cover.

When you first did,
We slipped into a bed-cover,
No one knew, but you and me,
A branded anchor, that might be.
You promised, I suspected not,
Our willing so many battle fought.

You grew conscious,
You were coarse –monotonous,
I preserved the first bed-sheet,
Seeing not in you, -a treacherous cheat.

Your thrilling dream choose a blanket,
Sighed I, but blamed not my fate.
Ah! I waited to see a senseless canvas,
You replaced the blanket by skin of rhinoceros.

Subrata Ray

Love From Divine Lyre.

From your lyre
Comes love's fire
And frenzy of poetic soul,
Love, love alone is the goal.

Aura-quanta from Unconscious bed,
Springs as spray from fountain head,
Headless, body-less, concentrated abstract,
Willowed -rainbow from atomic bust .

From your lyre,
The surge of winged feelings come,
Radiated inductions reflect the soul,
And the Being is panted from wintery jump.

Subrata Ray

The Waif's Wailing.

The parental dismay pities,
The identity whereabouts,
The existential beguiles,
Torment the psychic retreat ,
And the heaps of compromises,
Shroud the corpses of conscience.

The dream of pigeon's nest,
Waits in withering heath,
And the garland-glory of a mistress,
Changes paper-flower in red-light heats.

The shadowy residue of erosive hope,
Pricks like the wasted youth in Fate's jail,
And surely in blind desert, will come the last mail.

Subrata Ray

The Omnivorous Bed.

The eyes twinkle,
The minds bro show,
The snakes in the bodies,
Hiss and go.

The ghost and witches oils,
Need stirring for miracle,

The furnace burns,
The piston in cylinder runs,
No station signal the journey cares,
The hopper, anvil, the hammer,
Forgo time for ecstasy's flair.

Disease haunter promiscuity's chemistry,
Resume and resume in the unsolved mystery.

The abstract roots are led to mutual shade,
All attempts of exploration fuse in omnivorous bed.

Subrata Ray

The Ionized Urn.

The cause talkative,
The primal burns,
The honey oozing hive,
Are haunted by ionized urn.

Mistress Transpire,
Mr. Welding pipe,
Strive and thrive,
To be ionized with mystic knife.

Ah! the swooning under a fit,
A bear in the cover of a rabbit,
The rising of geography in history's habit,
The jumping of quanta from forest-orbit,
All turn into an ionized urn.

Lo! my son and your daughter,
Flirt, fuse and flatter,
They are urged to have the ionized butter.

Subrata Ray

The Psychic Pole Star

Love unfolds its recesses,
As the petals of spring flower,
And humming bees window hour by hour.

The mind takes post on eyes' gate way,
And the prey it targets for ideal hay.
The yellow gay wears the mask of spring,
Rubbing skin and pendulum swing ring and ring.

The monotony of the same-sail rail diverse tracks,
In mind's sky run and float the hawks,
Lullaby lullaby trip the primrose and paper flower,
The chemistry's juice rises from libido's bower.

From tiny huts to gorgeous palaces,
Through Nature's procreation run the races

Subrata Ray

The Bath Of Brain In Meditation.

The cells of brain by quantum nature are active,
With conflict they turn reflective,
But it gets thwarted to channel the idea in order,
It needs rest and peace on tranquil boarder.

Sleep resumes the normalcy of brain,
Like the rest and fuel of a long travelled train,
In a child brain unlocks from feeding and sleep,
It begins to manifest through neurons' clips.

The quantum physics marks brain in four waves,
Beta, Alpha, Theta, and delta are the caves,
Actions accelerate the frequency length,
But the amplitude of the wave loses its strength.
The remedy to refresh and have better prize,
Meditation and Yoga restore harmony and peace.

Concentration by dipping into unconscious Being,
Nourish the brain with psycho-transparent healing,
Ah! Meditation offers a calm body and calm a mind,
And in that brain gets electrified with the Divine behind.

Subrata Ray

The Spiritual Table Of Love.

Love is sea-sprang call,
Love is divinely magnetic ball,
And in love Faith is all.
Love roots reverence from abstract vast,
The purest beauty buds on Love's trust,
The wick of life dims if love does not last.
Love emits fragrance from inner paradise,
Love covers the unequal with soothing prize,
And when love is own, -the divine Sun rises.

Subrata Ray

The Withering Dismay.

What were done, -all mistakes,
Fake mind rills the fake,
For, the vow to undertake,
Is wandering from mirage to mirage.

The vain glory of ego from youth's profile,
The cloudy dreams on desire's canvas,
Come and go giving phantom touch.
The biological sayings trumpet,
Caverns of fanatic and proletariat,
Wild fields and turn into desert,

Subrata Ray

True Education's Prize.

Do you think? 'I don't deserve!
I have stung ministers and big brothers,
In my art evoking body's harp,
Yes, yes, I do deserve!
Since the days of university,
My geography creates history,
Under my cover I hold romantic stories,

Why heart? But witty beguile,
Ah! Yes I have stamps and seals,
I stand gate-way for so many deals,
I can speak fluent,
From moment to moment I can bend,
Fairy honey-pigs I can arrange,
I myself a poetry with grapes and orange.

Be not jealous and envious of my fame,
I am a step for their democratic names,
That's why they sponsor and advertise,
I bring them ghosts' oil from the fools' toil,
Ah! Ah! Ah! , -I am the ultra-modern prize.

Subrata Ray

A Peg Of Song On Grassy Mat.

Thought painted books and statues,
Vain researches on morbid reasons,
Rules and conventions of kings and priests,
May fade in to a magician's wallet,
And never, never, I will have any objections.
I wish a peg of song on grassy mat,
After sweat earned lunch in a mud-hut,
Oh! No corporation of scorpion's intellect.

Subrata Ray

Woman, -Beyond One's Grasp.

Ah! Woman, -the beautiful beauty of Creation,
My mother image, -I feel humble to pay you my homage.
You are fostering bed, -both from within and without,
You pour nectar to life, and affirm granite -anchor,
By your inborn virtue, -you are divine mother.

Your body is the only temple where the soul takes birth,
None but you are careful, empathy-evoked on the earth.
Your true kind, one may find by honoring your divine art,
With submissive ardency as devotee to Goddess's heart.

Subrata Ray

The Last Stage Of Mind.

Mind is for mind's sake,
As the chemistry of mind,
The mind Projects and remakes,
Mind consumes mind,
As wind the rakes intakes.

Mind is born with thousands layers,
It gets sediments with rolling affairs,
Mind suffers from toxic attachment,
Mind spoils the body for desire's end.

To know the mind loneliness is a must,
To nourish the mind one needs a trust,
A pure body with austerity and denouncement,
Of body's sense and desire's wings,
The beauty of inner mind rings.

Non attached and transparent if the mind becomes,
It sees neither any good nor any harms,
And rises above quality's sphere,
With it, then, the God in us has equal share.
This is the mind's last stage,
And the Divine in us reveals its phase.

Subrata Ray

Destination

The woodland wide,
Creeps the passage way,
And labyrinth wanderings,
Swing between yes and nay.

The certainty of the uncertain,
Winks the step-ward nowhere ridge,
The destination releases the mundane lease.

Subrata Ray

The Spiritual Lover, -To Carol Divine.

Hey lover of animals and birds,
Nature reveals into your heart,
And searching of the self in God's creation,
Give you that frenzy of divine commotion.

To shake off earthly satiety, -you love,
And cultivate yeomen service in every part,
You try to kill the mind, -the poisonous cobra,
By you austerity with spiritual algebra.

Subrata Ray

Does The Woman Love Her Man?

Oh! Fixation of fascination,
Cleopatra –complex,
Nature's seduction,
Procreation's labor –room,
The mystic empress spindles,
The course of human generations.

Does she love her man as love is?
Does she exploits man to have his seed?
Else how her love from the womb proceeds!

She is a bit of conscious nature,
And a bridge to the vast Unconscious,
Her inborn-motherhood needs man's touch!

She is the posted enigma by Mother Divine,
How a bubble dare to measure her colossal wine!

Subrata Ray

The Other Beyond The Screen.

My boy- friends and husband,
With different passports,
Cross the boarder and take my land,
My home, I admit, accommodate rooms,
As if the groom in the bed lock grand.

My soil I feel needs bottom –stirred plough,
While all the casual farmers retire from surface,
My secret Other quake the buried volcano,
And grind my satiety to saturated trance.

I render no confession but the flame of the Fire,
The switched strokes of lightening thunder,
I will the whirl of Tsunami's wonder.

My secluded occult Other, sends my senses to sleep,
And with His touch infinite I rises from measureless –deep!

Subrata Ray

The Wanton Whispers.

The wanton whispers coil memories turbulence,
And dip into the chasm of almost winnings,
The tattered leaves on Time's winter cry,
As fated widow misses seven hundred guys.

Thoughts as bygone missiles lay vanquished,
On the breasts and the lips of the green-land roe,
Towers, hut, cave and cheap -hour-hotels,
Hang from unary colorless sky.

Phantoms from receded dreams awaken,
And dim-day -light in moon eclipsed night bathes,
Mind built tents cover the cold forest of oblivion.

Subrata Ray

The Redemption Of The Unconscious.

Where from comes the soul floating by,
And where returns again,
Where and where are the incessant chains!
That germinate, and harvest the mind and brain,
Where! where! they stand crying for the answer.

The restless trains know no destination,
Arguing and seeking go rampant through times,
Mewing and mewing with nowhere going,
Pass, evacuating generation after generation!

Allotted leases question themselves,
And conventions flag sermons on faith,
But no negation of the unreality of dreams affirm!

Says not the self of the infinity within,
That remains buried as the joyous dome,
Demands not the mind the bath of the conscious,
For mingling with and dissolving into the Brahman!

Conscious oblivion of the conscious,
For the remotest, yet the nearest touch,
That erases the rust of the procreative mind,
Oh! You yourself by your nature is already redeemed.

Subrata Ray

The Permanent Vacation.

The daring bluer in her muzzy spirit,
Lives lone in the green retreat,
For her tidal bath, youthful mirth,
Are gone, leaving sad satiety .

Her crazy whims whine,
And the poison -flooded cobra fires,
Where! where! where! count down goes,
The first and the last sun mingle,
Single she was, and again would be single.

Subrata Ray

Prayer To The Father.

Give me that causeless intellect,
That reasons not bind,
Lead me beyond that limit,
Where world and time recede behind.

Make me so vacant and empty,
That no shadows of memory disturb,
And make my body as the will of Your harp.

Pour in me that holy-water,
That your given seed may germinate,
And root in me that faith,
So that I may defy all barriers caused by Fate.

Grace me, bless me, and hold my hand,
Hay Father, but for Your love where shall I stand!

Subrata Ray

The Pussy Mews.

The arranged secrecy in rows of stables,
Mew with street lamps for strangers steps,
Varied ages with innovative tapes,
Set trap and catch -self invited rapes.

The thirsty pussy goes a-haunted for fish,
Somewhere it succeeds, somewhere it misses,
Its stealing eyes never fly from the lustful disk,
So vigorous as omnivorous knowing no risk.

The pet pussy by nature is untamable,
Its silent magnet is installed in every cell,
For Nature from her creates the human tale.

Impossible, unsolved, and unrealized the pussy is,
Stamped in man's being it induces and teases,
From its gravitational pull one hardly finds escape,
For Pussy is the core of Maya that plays its tape.

Subrata Ray

Who Steeds The Horse!

The Dungeon fumes time,
Wreaths of broken desires,
Rise with complex heads,
And return again to the same bed.

The icy sun melts and revive,
Bees hoard and suck honey from the hive,
The spider from swab builds cobweb,
The reason shooter make butt the knave.

The bioscope gears the merry-go-round,
Hide and seek continues with the hounds,
Silence returns after the dram major's sounds.

Why and how the world bodies forth!
With apparent senses and troubling cause,
Who the duce knows, -steeds the horse!

Subrata Ray

The Tenor

Me! what for, but you,
Live with open-handed approval,
As I do with Nature's benedictions,
Inhaling air, drinking water, and so on,
Mine is moral obligation, if not spiritual,
To care, support, and hold your hand,
For, this, God living in us commands.

Subrata Ray

The Goal Of Meditation

The vast Unconscious remains buried in us,
Meditation of Avatar leads us to that touch,
The habit-born senses gradually go to sleep,
The self revelatory Atman opens its clips.
The apparent world fades into the mirror of the soul,
The hidden Brahman manifests, and one reaches to the goal.

Subrata Ray

The Un-Contented Mistress.

So many times I wanted to be raped,
In a silent whisper,
Under the dense cover of a stormy night,
By wild strangers.

My crescent moon, like the bud of a primrose,
Longed trespassers,
To have a lippy suck up to the dungeon core,
A tease to my latent whore .

And when the spring evolved with monsoons' tide,
I invited riders,
To be ridden in their clumsy-colossal rides,
Day and night.

Hankering upon the imaginary portion of what might be,
I processed my libido,
To be torn, dug, hammered, stirred, and wined,
On dissection table.

The rubbing of the juice of my nature's will,
By cutting seals,
Of psychophysical tuned tornado,
I projected my prime.

So many, som many Tom, Harry, Dick,
Sick and weak,
Sparrow, street dogs, he-goat and rabbits,
Did slip.

And yet, and yet, -the old age did cause,
Gathered moss,
On the rolling mind of temporal time,
I descry.

Subrata Ray

The Mysterious Seed.

You cry knowing not why,
You cry perhaps for sad satiety,
In the beguiled market of daily lore,
You cry to sit and rest on some One's door.

You cry to have a seed to sow,
In your allotted land to culture,
No matter of rooted parasites and insects,
You wish to farm and erect the tree.

Unasked, the seed is given to you,
And you are impressed to take care,
By toil, fence, and water,
With the faith on command of your shire.

The seed germinates, grows and becomes,
With the beauty of foliage, flower and fruit,
You laugh away the tears of drudgery,
You are linked with your Father's root.

Subrata Ray

For Her Virtue, -Jan Mike Schwartz.

The passages journey causes little,
As, save love and service, all seem futile,
So ruddering the eye to Creator's flag,
In all well and owe you are smug.

Your dedication to fatal cancer,
Where very few dare to find an answer,
Speaks of your love to the Mankind,
And you sail your boat with divine wind.

Hi dear Jan, -when in us rises the divine sun,
Then, only then, the transparent vision evolves,
And benedictions from God command,
In this shadowy body, the will of the Lord stands.

Subrata Ray

The Ideal Devotee.

The ardent devotee cries and waits,
His dictionary needs no rise and sunset.
No condition of good luck and fate merits his worth,
Save the love of God, -he has no meaning of the birth.
To him the senses' parasites are deceiving games,
For the tempest of God's love kills away name and fame.

The ardent devotee waits and cries,
With failures and success he tries and tries,
He bears with the pains and drudgery of the path,
As the burning aguish of God realization flames his mirth.

Subrata Ray

The Emptiness.

Hi my emptiness, -dearest darling,
Painless vagabond's home,
But for your presence, things are burden,
And the blind mind did roam.

Shadow like this island, crowds,
Phantoms of untold measure,
And coming and going, ghostly figure,
For m the prisons of joyless pleasure.

Beyond the gear of structures and lines,
You stay ever as the soul's cathedral.
The Abstract realm, above sense' profit and harm,
You Brahman chant, meditative psalm.

You clean and clear, desire's attires,
And burn away the hope-made article and goods,
And be the tranquil, with no beguile,
Providing shapeless spiritual food.

Subrata Ray

Hello My.

Hello my! hello my!
Where from come those blessed eye,
Hello my! hello my!

Sun-stilled lake,
From meditative fifth dimension,
Bloom in those eye,
Hello my! Hello my!

Hello my, hello my,
Your Neptune and my sea-horse,
Caring, sharing would cross,
The taste of the forbidden fruit,

Hello my basement dream,
Ah! Dear we would stir,
All our milk to produce cream.

Hello my canonization,
The miraculous alchemy of realization,
Oh! Run and run,
In our urn rise the sun.

Subrata Ray

The World Of Arpita.

Damsel she is,
With fresh spring of time unknown,
In her smile,
The enchanting windows are shown.

Damsel she is,
With light-winged slim figure,
Her feet, she says,
A vagrant's mystic mole bear.

Damsel she is,
With thousands islands home,
In her eyes,
The haunting dreams of love roam.

Damsel she is,
With the majesty of commanding divine,
In her symphonic voice,
The action of Time's spindle reigns.

Subrata Ray

The Fourth Dimension Reflectors

Trailed energy transformed,
Phonemes photonic -fusion,
Quanta -quenched cushion.

Projection of fourth -dimension! ! !

Softly lighted light,
Yogi's 8th stationed- pleasure,
No earthly measure?

The vast Unconscious's aura,
Flashing solar -rainbow.

Free neurons' premises,
Empathized radio actives,
Einstein -time relatives! ! !

Poet, scientist, prophet,
In order you find bed,
In their -plasma monitor,
Thou seem timeless reflector.

Fifth dimension there must be,
Ultimate reality or divine He,
The stage of Sri Ramakrishna's Shamadhi.

Subrata Ray

The Fifth Dimension.

The Fifth Dimension.

The unlettered rustic asked a scholar,

Can you measure a voice with your dollar?

Your parrot speech, and cotton woven ropes,

Produce more despair, than cause-less hopes.

Where from comes a word, what is its origin?

How are the phonemes, like photon-es, beams,

How does the universe rest in head?

One cell's opening finds a new bed.

A geometrical-point you say,

No dimension! hmmn, hey!

Radio-active substance?

Self emission rays?

Quanta jumping in orbital bays?

Subtle to subtler, and then subtlest,

Is the place? where imagination rests?

Imagination! colossal Unconscious's child?

Can it guess its Father, -the enigma-wild! ! ! ! !

Poet-prophet, and and neuron-faced-scientist,

May in crescendo set foot in the Everest-tempted -crest.

The state of Sri Ramakrishna's Samadhi is beyond any notion,

I pray you the wise, to take the miracle as the sample of fifth dimension.

Subrata Ray

The Hungry Shadows

By the side of the palace of stony -hall,
The moonlit night faced a tickling fall.
The queen Mamataj rose with amorous call,

The night was restless,
The hall was gray,
The king was passionate,
But the night did not stay.

The moon did talk with vampire-rock, '
The moon did will the phantom hawks.
It came swinging through the air,
It came and came, but never was near.

The dancer fays,
With blinding rays,
Unlocked their body's tongue,
From the chasm,
The deprived eunuchs flung.

The tempted tragic maidens and gallants,
Flashed rolling from rope less slant,
Some came alive from previous hang,

The hungry stone,
Stopped its moan,
And spread its heart to share,
The touch of the cozy,
The touch of the crazy,
And the touch of the wild dumb and fiery bare.

The king wrapped with attendants,
Made the court benumbed and stunned,
Yellow damsels, quartered in a throng,
Greedily sparrows to be wronged.

The flute, violin, lyre came,
With music strung but no frame,
The artists climbed to ecstasy,

In vacant lonely music hazy.

Hand off, tongue -less, sculptors ravings,
Lingered on their art's unique cravings,
In their own built home, they ever roam,
A voice, a voice, a voice cried,
Gross, thin, melodious, tongued -tied
But icy and frayed, in the shadowy light,

You visitors, thou can't stay with us,
Silent creatures we are, and the palace is as much,
Emperor Sahajahan's living ghost,
With Empress Mamataj, turns into frost,
We all awake and reappear in the blooming moon,
We enjoy the Time erased cold but wild boon,

Subrata Ray

The Summum Bonum

The hut was built,
Upon a lonely desert,
A heart was given to lit the heart.

The eyes were given to set
In window blinds,
And watch and wait,
The lover's advent in sands-storm gate.

The mind was given to cultivate,
And wash and clear,
The saggy, boggy temptation's fear.

The hands were given to pray and serve,
And offer the self with alms of love,
Around and every where,
With a faith that the Father is there.

The ear is given to hear the voice,
That God speaks from every race,
Amidst the crowds and uncared noise.

Subrata Ray

My Crazy Darling

My crazy breezy willow wine,
In my dream dreamland,
In my moorland, shines.

Her echoing green widens,
As God in us with His phantasmagoria,
And her wild fulfills my profile,

While my loneliness blooms as flower,
She eats away the remorse hours,
And I lose my subject-object sense.

My crazy darling murders frenzy,
And controls my unequal to naught,
For her I bear the yoke,
For her I fought all the odds.

She is the live-monitor,
In my psychic computer,
A distant foreigner without,
And within the love's queen,
In her eyes I see my ruins.

For me she is a causeless cause,
And I find not what cause is she,
All my infatuation, and weather about,
Administer, as flower to the bee.

Subrata Ray

The Desert's Oasis.

The happy smile from the mother,
The showering kisses' bliss,
The innocence's shelter,
The never failing oasis,
Evolve as tent, that we never miss.

Simple faith of complete dependence,
Knowing no loss and gains,
Reform the blind mind, removing all pains.

The Love as transparent, as the face in the other,
The hand as sturdy, -as holds the father,
And conviction as glorious as divine Cross,
That sustain immortality and falsehood mows.

Subrata Ray

Ar Pita -The Infinite

Time carries your love,
And the inward eye shares,
The soothing tranquility of your smile,
And heart bears the flame,
On faith by virtue of your name.

No presence is a substitute,
In your absence,
No sense the mind dare to hold,
In my ship, you are the rudder, I hold.

Subrata Ray

I Am A Dating Girl.

I am a dating girl.
A greed evoking river I am,
And bath in me tempts,
My cozy body and willow breast,
Haunt young to old for ecstasy's rest.

I have two fold life-style,
One -earning money with mystic profile,
And the other is abstracting my juice,
By wild swine with their carnal wish.

Me is an weather about,
A hired leisure far from the crowd,
I sell love cup to cup with measure,
I employ my art in my youthful treasure.

I am a dating girl,
From lone street to corporate,
Goes random my heart.

Never underrate my worth,
I am the same as your mother,
For her function of your birth.

Subrata Ray

The Sweet Sweetie.

In the ups and down of temptations' profile,
You Sweet wipe sorrow's figure and beguile.

In the dreary ways of unknown miles,
You Sweet peep and mitigate the weep,
With your soul effusing smile.

In the hopeless desert with empty heart,
Melancholy takes possession on the will,
You Sweet bloom breaking nature's seal.

In clouded insecurity while plunge with no rope,
You Sweet come by like a floating boat,
And make me the monarch of impossible hope.

While the natural hunger with thirst starve,
You Sweet repair the senses' agony,
And play your unasked love in my harp.

Subrata Ray

The Wanton Circus

.

Opens the vast play ground,
Go and go merry go-rounds,
The mischief hounds hound.

The old children with new ones,
Revolve round the oldest sun,
The fire ignites the arranged hearths.

The ghosts of the forefathers hang mantles,
Some heads sprout, some on pyre-bed,
The wanton circus continues its tread.

Subrata Ray

But For Your Presence., -Dedicated To My Wife Shanta Ray

But for your presence,
How could I have survived.
But for your presence
How I could have revived,
The daily slips and lapses,
Of my haggard's stumbling.

But for your presence,
How could I seek remedy,
Of my timeless drudgery,
Cause born dilemma of reasons,
And nowhere whirl winds of my passage.

But for your presence,
How could I depend on unconditional love,
Of a mother to her son or earth to her inmates,
And how could I have the passport to glide the gates,
Of clumsy taxes and egos,
How could I accept the worth to forgive and forgo.

But for your presence,
How the vacant and dreary world could have a meaning,
In my faith and resolution.
Where no concern but your wish prevails.

But for your presence,
All loves were on give and take -rails,
Blared and grayish in ghostly frails.

Subrata Ray

The Romantic Cyclone.

The Willow winking of your of your maiden's wink,
Wizards the mystic of my green waiting,
And took out my nowhere with maddening.

Time forgot to seal its impressions,
And senses converged into the flux of your image,
The fermented mind hang in restless guess.

The visual presence of all memory just got a standby,
No measure but you, demanded my dream,
Where vanished all barriers of low and high.

Whether the reddish arrow of Monalisa,
Or drinks from Chalice or possession of Touch-stone,
But I go a-haunted with your Romantic Cyclone.

Subrata Ray

The Abstract Identity.

Some one writes a novel,
Some one a play,
Some one potters an image,
Molding a lump of clay.

Some one weaves a tapestry,
Some one paints a canvas,
Some one sculptors live impression,
Installing psychic touch.

Someone, someone, someone,
As inmates of nature and the sun,
Takes part in some great One's fun.

Image wrapped ideas take birth,
And with life and sense act on earth,
For nothing wrong and right, -fight,
From the darkness they come,
After allotted hours in darkness glide.

Subrata Ray

The Purest Thought.

The cloud-covered images hang,
Imaginations tinge and fade and tinge,
And relate to matter in thousands rings.

Assumptions and manipulations go,
The seasonally dialectic mind moves to and fro,
One generation recedes no where another grows.

Stories of fascination and adventure confuse,
Here is affirmation there is refuse,
The blind mind creates devil and muse.

Effort to secure the answer of permanence,
Bottom of ecstasy and wild trance,
From the scale less dipping in eternal silence.

Vision of insight, to feel things in light's light,
And becoming one with Unconscious origin,
By digging the layers of mind's well,
Initiate the mystic reality of purest thought's tale.

Joy, they say, dwells in honest and pure heart,
And beauty's clairvoyance emits from every part,
Day and night, life and death appear as passing shades,
Hey purest thought, you are radiance from our divine bed.

Subrata Ray

Avatar Sri Ramakrishna.

Love's God came
Took Sri Ramakrishna name,
Awakened Divinity for all,
Dakshineswar the temple gave Him the call.

He awakened the sense-rusted souls,
He evolved tornado of spiritual goal,
He led a life style, and left the profile.

With Him the purest intellect rose,
Gone away fenced reasons and dull prose,
Time and age, life and death's phase,
Mingled into one transparent Brahman.

Subrata Ray

Dakshineswar, -The Holiest Place Of God's Incarnation.

The mother earth,
Since her birth,
Wished contentment with divine touch,
She cried and cried, remained wearied,
Till Sri Ramakrishna's Birth.

The Divine Kali was pleased to incarnate,
To Queen Rashmani, she revealed her object,
And the Temple was made to fulfill the project.

Devotee -Gadhadhar came to serve as priest,
Incarnated Avatar He was with Kali's merit,
With fiery frenzy, wangi -wangi tears roll.

Day in and day out, in lonely aloft ,
The awakening of the impossible went,
Pathos and pains for the grandest gains,
Found the evolution of spiritual channel.

The granite-stone of mother Kali dropped her illusion,
And poured her spirit, in Sri Ramkrishna's retreat,
And appeared with vibrated commotion.

Came the apostles, the thirsty travelers,
To quench their feverish hearts,
Narendra, Rakhal, Tarak, -so many took part,
The Divine turned into reality implementing Samadhi's art.

With flowery face, renunciation embraces,
And the wall between inert and Unconscious dissolved,
Love without sense, flourished as mystic trance,
And the ways of knowing the self was solved.

Subrata Ray

Poetry Of No Time.

'Mother' the first accented rime,
Holds poetry on your time.
Then the buried images find reflection,
With faces closer, sky, bird, flower.

The unconscious black board,
Displays and hoards, -
Sketches unnumbered of cosmic cart,
You temporal vase, reveal your art.

Back some years ten thousands,
What human poetry you would mend,
Save your abstract that reads death and life,
Your poetry itself is either a divine husband or wife.

We diverge and converge, as earth and black hole,
And our science as poetry recognizes geometric lines,
Ah! Poet, -the timeless prophet in you alone shines!

Subrata Ray

The Beloved Dictionary

In the first shade in the dream-realizing bed,
My senses learnt some mystic baths,
As burning corpse in cremation hearth.

My engine with your paddle,
Found opened approval of the occult,
And void -flung, ding dang sang.
As cru fixation of Christ, -world aloud.

Your desertion as forensic expert,
Stirred my mammoth libido,
And I was exposed volcano with no word.

My live-thirst to be a contented quench,
In its trauma wrenched and wrenched,
And your static snake rose through Kundolini.

Subrata Ray

Loneliness

May you be a toad in wintery -sleep,
A wild river enclosed in an earthen pot,
Or an ardent cave waiting for Godot,
Wearing a loneliness' cloth.

You may poke me of my whereabouts,
Of my mystic glamour, peeping doubts,
As if the language of a desert or forest,
Or heavy weight of a forlorn widow's breast.

You may assume my remedy with wine and woman,
Or a hubris' pleasure with yes-party -fans,
Or feasting eyes in the nude junctions.

Yet, yet dearest friend,
Whether prepared or untrained,
In your ship on the wide sea,
Your soul's captain loneliness be.

Subrata Ray

Mike Absalom

A great friend of mine from Ireland,
Here in Astoria, -Kolkata stands.
His empathetic love, with water-level conscience,
Entering into thousands rooms shines.

Hi Mike, your soul is unconditionally self revelatory,
And your mind's pilgrimage sets into your eye,
You see, feel, become and fly,
With the grandest style of this not, that not,
Your body, -the boat, to know the self, has ever fought.

Subrata Ray

The Cancer Scientist, -Dedicated To Jan Mike Schwart.

Illumining profile,
Emits spectra rays,
As the evolution of the soul from within,
Yours service to humanity dear Jan,
Would remain ever green.

Love and care,
Empathetic share,
And seeing the Divine every where,
You bring harmony to psychic atom.

Subrata Ray

Love's Seed Grows.

Your absence,
Day and night condenses your presence.
Dearest your garland glory,
Compels time to bear the story,
Of phantasmagoria's trance,
In my heart's lotus, -Your image dances.

Subrata Ray

Beauty And Thought.

Truest beauty links to human land,
For, with cultivation of purity it stands.
The more the subtle body gets farmed,
The more there rise divine terms.
When ardent devotion washes away the black desire,
The installed divinity flames with Beauty's fire.

If beauty is the flower, truth is the fruit,
Then body is the soil, mind is the root.
The purified thought brings transparency of the soul,
The holiest holy in us buds, we realize the goal.

Subrata Ray

The Mighty Mind, -Dedicated To My Great Friend Sean Ewing.

"sweet nothing

i have nothing to say so heres Spacemen 3.....revolution, purity, love, suicide, accuracy, love.....playing with fire."

Some dappled words,
As prelude of one's 'About'
Sprout from Unconscious root,
And set vistas of timeless concept.

'Suicide' and genocide,
Desert's loneliness and atomic ride,
Fire of hate and love's fire,
Accuracy of intellect and nuclear war,
Evolution of forest from human forest,
Purity-ceased drink and orgy's rest,
Ah the competition, -who is the best! ! !

The designed tapestry of dialectic human,
Even in psychic massacre claims him sane,
What Buddha or Jesus never can,

The green grass on peace prevailed lea,
The sky's kiss to the sea's glimmering horizon,
Or the frenzy of a sage or the West Wind,
Can only save our immoral ruins.

Subrata Ray

The Unsaid Truth Beneath The Cover.

Mother! Mother, Cried the daughter,
How bohemians are your flirting others,
Since my first visit after twenty years,
I am free from confusions and fears,
All moral teaching and Church-laws,
Seem baseless fabric and social flaws.

The mother smiled and nodded her head,
We are made for sharing changing beds,
Flowers never dispute to bees of any race,
And river opens herself for bath to any face.

Yes mom, yes mom, the mystery I understand,
Men though are polygamous, are never banned.
Again, Nature allows no suppression of desire,
The joy of life lies in igniting the fire.

But more than instinct, the woman's liberty stands,
She is the maker and dreamer of man, history demands.

Subrata Ray

Your Gift.

Your gift,
Seems to me heart's shift
And that is the glory of love
I would drink,
I would think of you,
While sipping the cup,
Thank you, -love your love.

The rose from your first spring bed,
Remains unblemished in my shade,
The tidal will brooks over my glade.

So many showering scents and paper flowers,
Come and go hour by hour,
So many Yes, No and Very good,
In clumsy occupation of lively hood,
Rise and drop as pops after pops,
But the charms from your maidenly fragrance,
Keeps me anchored in the first Love's trance!

Subrata Ray

150th Birth Anniversary Of Swami Vivekananda, -The Divine Unconscious.

Conscience's joy and its centre,
For those who mediates Your image
Nectar-spirit, love -enigma, evoke,
Chityanna -ocean floods.
And awakens at Your, grace lion's blood.

Holding in heart's lotus,
Sri Ramakrishna's worth,
Came you for salvation in this earth,
And set on time, divine rime, by your birth,
With feeling's tornado of abstract mirth.

While the flow of eternity droops with fatigue,
It holding your feet, rose from sleepy retreat,
And was bestowed with spiritual merit.

All that purest imaginations,
Found execution in your life style,
And profuse of God-particles,
Of the grand Brahman, revealed in your profile,
You are a sailing sail of creation's miracle.

Subrata Ray

The Unconscious Cream

The Unconscious Cream.

Unguarded sayings,
From drinks of divine wine,
Come as quanta of Unconscious,
Whether we will or not,
They give us soul awakening touch.

Christ's gospel and parable,
Sri Ramakrishna' tales,
Swami Vivekananda's voice,
Prove divine stay, amidst all noises.

Joy, -free from sense-memory,
The enhancing of Unconscious -story,
The victory over Yes and No,
Is only the untouched divine flow!

Subrata Ray

It Is Christmas, But I Have Not The Pass.

The echoing step of Christmas,
Is aheading on the earth's shore,
And it is just one day more,
And then the universe will be illumined,
With the advent of the brightest of the bright,
But alas! I have not the pass!

I have not the pass like the Magi,
Who with Ganges' devotion,
Watered their eye, and cry,
With wild joy to offer the gift of love,
Who could feel, the divine zeal,
In their mundane cup.

It is Christmas, Alas! I have not the pass.
I have not the ardent longing of Magdalene,
To have the grace, and to be embraced,
With remittance of all my unequal,
And yet I would enthrall and crawl,
Chanting His name, mediating His frame,
For my salvation, I have the Lord.

Lo! there rises the luminous halo,
It is Christmas, how the world feels His touch,
Lo! how love in thousand hearts sprout,
How she, you and me, -are loud,
And how we feel the dispel of the cloud.

No matter whether We have the pass,
Our soul gets contented with His touch!

Subrata Ray

Dream And Super Conscious Reality

Dreams we are in our body's cage,
Imagination channels our divine phase,
Our abstract periodic table extends to God,
When in Samadhi, we realize our hidden lord.
Like watery -particles from ponds and streams,
The broken images of subconscious appear in dreams.

The study of dream needs a truly Susophti-Stage,
The awakening-and dozing between light and shade.
When a part of other's conscious passes into our Unconscious,
We feel the tie of oneness in that touch.
In reality we all are sprouted grass on sodden -land,
And derive the conscious mineral from Unconscious strand.
Our psychic is an undefined concept with no limitation,
There prevails neither time, nor space nor any motion.
Caverns of weightless quanta expanse and contract,
In Unconscious or the Atman which is the super conscious fact.

Subrata Ray

The Divine Thriller.

Music stirs emotion,
And unlocks the hidden doors of feelings,
The slumbering senses rise,
The heart finds healings.

The musician activates the poet in us,
By setting harmony of Divine tune,
The flood of cadence waters the soul,
The wrapped Being in us finds liberty,
The eternal joy in ecstasy dances and rolls.

The cultivated orator of Divine shrine,
Is more a God-possessed than apparent human,
And His voice cyclones the psychic of the listeners,
With impelling thirst of loving the self- Divine .

The grandest thriller is the Avatar Himself,
Who with twelve apostles appear,
And leave His gospel, leave His parable,
As a passage for His children to feel the God-particle.

Subrata Ray

Arpita's Love.

The front is bedecked with flowery lotus,
The back rises with the shine of the smile,
The genial fountains, knowing no beguile.

The memories bank lies green in love's vase,
As trillion suns, from divine Arpita's placid face.
The recollection is free of motion and senses' trace.

The waiting waits to be turned into abstract,
As the death vanishes from recorded life,
And lonely lea, the mother divine hugs the waif.

Subrata Ray

The Only She

How I cherish to have a friend of mine,
Who would not question, but love,
With psychic wind she would come,
And produce tinged glow in my cup.

How I wish to have care and share,
As the green lea and sky bare,
And her canopy would be of two seats,
There would be escape velocity, no heart beat.

How I wish to have the double of my own,
In my transparent mirror, her image would be shown,
And no feeling of separation, no time gap,
Two live shadows in the Divine map.

How I wish to mend my taxed bills,
With her presence in the magic thrills,
If sorrow or misfortune ever visits me,
No soothing I need but only the She.

Subrata Ray

To Thomas Hardy

To Thomas Hardy.

Chance, coincidence and accident,
As the feud to character from ancient lore,
Initiate conflict with dialectic- materialism,
And you open vistas of modern doors.

Sitting 'Under The Greenwood Tree'
You propagate your vision and set it free,
Yet weary you back in The Return of The Native '
And attain spiritual glory, rejecting Nature's grips.

Your Clyme, Henchard, Tess and Jude,
Are the stamps of man and woman -hood,
Through them your beacon -ray finds worldly hours ,
And men and women, erect their immanent towers.

Hey poet with clarity of vision, you leave your stretched soul,
Who wants success and failure? -struggle is the only goal!

Subrata Ray

The Fire.

Father of light,
Soft, violent and bright,
Whitish by nature,
Seven channels by feature,
Form of divine,
And more of cosmic glow,
In streams of spectra,
You flow.

Were you created with God's will?
Or for His wrath or gentle smile,
Or to feed and bid His creation,
In destruction and preservation?

Had you been in Olympian with Zeus?
Were you brought by the Titan, - Prometheus?
Or had been dormant in dead logs or black -hole,
Knowing the mystery Prometheus stole?

Does the Vedic legend of Brambha as the fusion of heat?
Confirm your origin and perpetual merit.

Mendeleev' , Bohr, and Plank,
Consider you as quanta trunk,
And my Vagabond feels you,
As the counter foil of water,
That gives divinity in life and matter.

Subrata Ray

Give Me Your Hand

Give your hand and share the divine
O- man, -in love and fellow feelings
You humane-beacon truly shines.
Give your hand and be mine.

What a wonder of assurance,
In smoky confusion and suspense,
Comes alive in support and trust,
Give your hand, and give you must.

Give your hand to invoke joy, and dispel fear,
To yoke my unequal with your glory, and share,
And install service of watery base,
Give me your hand, -hey divine race.

Subrata Ray

The Adult Biology In The Innocence

The orphan three,
Since their nine, eleven and thirteen,
With open windows were free.

The adult biology intruded in their innocence,
Girls they were, so made for black body's trance,
The world widened to their sense.

The sisters three,
Had neither moral nor immoral tree,
They proved food and rest.

Clients, -young, old, deprecate,
Were not bereft to have entry in their artistic gates,
Necessity made their go, -a victorious brow.

Subrata Ray

Above Imagination's Tower

Night then turned not a damsel,
The day opened not his eye,
The sharing of light and shade,
Hang suspended on bridal bed.

My causeless horse with airy gallop,
Plucked you from the threshold of field,
And cried sweating in rebounding awe,
As you in the dome a Heaven build!

The hope-cultivated vistas vanished,
And Dreams stood unstirred as fays,
Lamps of no shapes faced luminous rays,
My groom felt doom at providence's bay.

What happened was horribly a horror,
I felt love above imagination's tower.

Subrata Ray

Between The Two

Between you and me,
There is a light-bunched land,
I wish to steed, you wish to greet,
But the land remains vacant!

Between my verse and beyond universe,
There is a dimly recognized image,
I wish it to be concrete with all my merit,
But I get dissolve, before I get the trace.

Subrata Ray

The Flower

Flower blooms to hold love,
And proves a bridge to fill,
The unsaid gap of two maps,
That magnets feeling in reels.

A flowers face, emits mystic rays,
And reveals a nowhere of distant call,
Love a flower, praise its beauty,
But never take a dip to fall.

The flowery girls in the passage way,
Stir imagination and arrest your concern,
Love the beauty, and link no desire to burn.

You may pluck a flower to worship the Lord,
And make it a symbol of your self- submission,
The divine flower blooms, to fulfill your mission.

Subrata Ray

The Poetry Girl.

I am a seasonal vase,
Till my orphan -cage,
I can eat and reproduce,
All implied message.

I am made for public pleasure,
The silver pockets,
And political figures.

Ha! By my art,
I am a psychic catch,
The greedy Lusts,
Seek in me residual match,
With flowers made of dollars,
They come and find my touch.

My green, I dress and keep alive,
In my dark lagoon, I shelter ship.

Ah! I am poetry as imagination permits,
Save my, eye, tongue, and charms,
No one gave my any merit!

Subrata Ray

The Tiger And Its Double

Terror twisting storm,
Pipes its terrible horns,
The grandeur thunders,
The forest and landscape,
Panic be-seizes, who escapes?

Artist are you the double?
Of the vase of your creation,
On moment's art creates commotion,
As if the wrath of the Creator cyclones!

Subrata Ray

Love Without Cover, -To The Highness Of Arpita Divine

You urged me to say,
The white story of love,
With its fading colors,
And where and nowhere,
Of abstract chariot.

And me a rolling gear,
Just remember and forget,
The mission and the target,
That sprang and hang,
As birth and death.

Your departure rooted,
Ocean's permanent waves,
Ancient mountain's cave,
As the bigger me denounces time,
To share your silent abstract.

Subrata Ray

The Unlocking Of The Cap

Hi I want a lap to unlock my cap,
And a cozy, breezy body to dip
Atomic reaction of mutual lips,
With talks of stations of no business,
A release from cob-web case.

Rowed street roses are not my concern,
I don't have the insect- death of Dewali's burns.

You may invite me with a paper flower,
Or with repeated dressed lock in your bower,
A pleasure trip by ride or boat,
And make me a doll to fall and float,
But I want a sail beyond Santiago's canoe,
Above three degrees of Cleopatra in my joy,
I want to mitigate the unsaturated,
And my wild invites the fatal -fate.

Remember, no agreement on condition,
As face of quake or volcano In earth's motion,
A cyclone, a frost, or a desert, a sea,
May be with us or may not be.

I want a lap to unlock my cap,
May it be a point on unearthly map.

Subrata Ray

There Was A Nun.

There was a nun,
Who had no choice but to escape,
Marriage visited her in several rapes.
Heard not I, but they say, who were gays.

Subrata Ray

Love Is Ashes' Jar

Yesterday she was Time's Spring,
Today she is skinny bonny winter,
Tomorrow a dream on Ashes' jar.

The frenzy of the wasted woods,
In sense beyond time returns,
Airy is the pleasure of spring,
And all time friction evoking funs.

The challenging gallant at 80's bed,
Dips and dips in Autumnal shades,
The nerves on the harps response no more,
The glory of life passes through the door.

Subrata Ray

Behavioral Structure.

Fie libido's awakening!
She, you, and I grow,
Through experiences windows,
Elements propose chemical reaction,
Our past relates a man and woman.

Fie imposition of moral flags,
The killing of the mind, we lack,
Then Time devours the bio-cycle,
When no where, where is the miracle!

Subrata Ray

The Atomic Structure In Mutual Sex.

Atom creates atom from within,
As the creation evolves from mother Divine.
Saturation is denied at the first phase,
Every atom posses a positive and a negative rage,
Neutron proves an equilibrium to balance,
It holds the attractions of two sexes in trance.

The desired vitality in mutual sex,
Demands the same magnitude of opposite axes.
When the reaction reaches to climax,
Atom recreates a prototype base.

Nucleus at the ineffaceable centre remains as divine tree,
The parasites like electron and proton fight, but it is ever free.

Subrata Ray

Swami Vivekananda, -The Divine Gypsy.

He got some one,
Perfectly spirit unborn,
The source of universe,
The matters of living verse,
The nucleus of Bible,
Vedas and Upanishads.

He was given the task,
To reveal and unmask,
The hidden truths in all,
He became Himself,
And gave all the call.

He turned Yogi wayfarer,
With the message of His Shire,
Among the untraded ways,
America, Europe, Asia,
The ocean and caves of Himalayas.

For Him America organized,
The great Religion of Parliament,
His voice was with soul's comments,
The audience in applause ,
From wintery sleep rouse,
And felt the Divine in them,
To aware Man for his hidden treasure,
And to remove sensual parasites, He came.

Subrata Ray

The Science Of The Inner World.

The truths of inner world reveals,
In light and shadow of meditative tale,
The screens of mind fades by and by,
The soul rises in timeless highs.

Distant sounds echoes in inward ear,
Oracle with no voice, the yogi hears,
The body gets weightless, as spirit peeps,
The crops of divinity, -the devotee reaps.

The spiritual master draws the chariot of mind,
Mines of silver, gold, and diamonds, -one finds,
The joy of soul's emancipation comes as boon,
The ardent aspirant visits within the flourishing moon.

Subrata Ray

Beyond My Poetry, -A Tribute To My Wife Shanta Ray.

Some twenty eightyyears hence,
You had been a teen of 18-years then,
You flourished as a bride,
To be a life partner to ride,
The ups and downs of life's path,
In the journey of family life on this earth.

Now time has withdrawn its whims,
The sun no more dances with rainbow-rimes,
Gone are the wallet-full magician's prime!

Now Spring in your offspring, as once in you.has set,
You may reminiscethe bygone dates,
In your present autumnal serenity.

I do approve your merit, as non-attached spirit,
As one who never took for granted the earth,
As one who came to know the Divine, through birth.

Subrata Ray

Irrecoverable Gap, Yet Immortality, -To The Departed Soul Of My Divine Mother Sabita Ray.

Done or undone, what may it be,
Birth for death or death for birth,
The time-being acquaintance with earth,
Or departure somewhere above reason,
Liberation from body's prison,
Though universally common, we all know,
Yet the gentle affection, care and love,
Alone fill our mind, and hold memory's base,
We add our abstract, and hoist flag,
For dearest one who creates irrecoverable gap.

Immortality! You set link through mother,
And stand on the no-man's land, as gate-way,
From womb to tomb, -you weave on tapestry,
And the sons and daughters, revive your cave,
Whoever they, a hero, a saint, a fool or a knave!

Subrata Ray

The Destination Above The Pleasure Of Youth.

Youth is pleasure, Youth is pleasure,
Impresses Shakespeare,
Through Feste in Twelfth Night,
But when old age comes,
Youth slips and gets benumbed,
The burden of inertia leaves the memory,
The apparent permanence, withers from story.

And, yet if youth is redirected,
From daily sex, and money's get,
And turns a farmer to plough body's divine,
Youth would be glorified, and refined.

If the parasites of life are uprooted,
The divine tree begins to manifest,
Men and women discover in them,
The possession of subtle body,
For which they were really destined.

Subrata Ray

On My Mother's Demise., -To The Soul Of Sabita Ray

The earth recedes next to nothing,
As the sky opened its passage to heaven,
With unborn silence of eternal Brahman,
At the departure of my cozy, breezy, paradise.

Henceforth, waif I am, -a room- less, -vagabond,
Nothing to look forward for a shelter,
No magnetic touch upon a lap, and soothing delight,
But empty -void, -spreading beyond life's bay.

Melancholy-born orchestra tunes the cry of pathos,
My identity's Himalaya has passed away,
And with utter bankruptcy haggardly I stumble,
For no response would come, with my call, -Maa, Maa!

Subrata Ray

The Upanishads -Part I

The culture of immediate wisdom,
In the Vedic age was fostered and won,
The four channels of the Vedas,
Wrik, Samo, Jague, and Atherba,
Were the paths of spiritual yoga.

Each Veda has four parts,
Brahman, Aronyak, Sanhgita, and Upanishads,
Upanishads concludes each arguments,
And with it, the practical wisdom of Atman is set.

The derivative meaning of Upanishads may be put so,
Sitting at Guru's feet, the divinity of the self, the disciple knows,
The practice dispels the darkness covered by illusion,
And from the inertia of birth and death, the soul finds motion.

Subrata Ray

The Astounding Love

Speechless I am to myself ,
For your beauty reflects in my mirror.
From birth to birth the rolling tenor,
Buds and fades in transient hour.

Speechless I am when you cast,
The magic stirred, all arresting look,
Letters I forget in my alphabet,
And fail utterly to read your book.

Speechless I am, as I turn into love,
As your plasma -conscious tunes my harp,
My being quakes with your finger- play,
I get transformed, as potter, rebuilds his clay.

Speechless I am, with the sway of your aura,
As my earthen-potted fish, finds release in the sea,
Speechless I wish to remain, as over honeyed bee.

Subrata Ray

Love Is Liberation.

Ah! the Spring is more amorous,
As autumn passes into winter,
The pond forgets the drought,
When flood touches her bosom.
So in wild love there is no norm,
Age bars little and same the custom.
The mind is formed of wild wine,
The joy for the remote prevails,
The bees, if were not polygamous,
The flowers, had no romantic excess.

The outlawed lover holds strange beauty,
As in him the burden of monotony is no more,
The locked up prisoner, hanker after,
The opening of the custody's door.

Liberation with no condition,
Is the demand of the eternal soul,
Love a fall, within all, responds echoing call,
And wings its wing, knowing no impeding ruins!

Subrata Ray

Mother Divine Black-Hole, And Quanta -Centre Of Universe.

The Brahman is without form and at the same time with form,
When the Mother Divine Kali, -ceases her actions, she keeps seeds,
Of Her creations in a colossal urn, -and herself turns in to Black-hole,
The concept of Universe, takes birth from bigger Sun, that gets burnt,
And find home in black caves, and measureless time waits to activate,
New creations and new biological sets, as rebirth of life on the earth,
Initiates, perpetuates, and gets destroyed, as Mother Kali Wishes.

Mother Kali makes love with Time and creates ages and climes,
She herself become man, woman, animal, and vegetation,
The sky, water, the earth, -and the parameter of day and night,
Her play-ground is illusion, where sorrow, hopes, love, dwell,

Universe is simply an idea of the diameter and amplitude of creation,
In the centre of gravity, as quanta nucleus holds, black-hole stands,
Behind the apparent, that sense and brain, assume, remains Brahman,
And Mother Kali, -expands and contracts, -through creation and black holes.

Subrata Ray

Arpita Samanta Of Alpine

Alpine, a quite hamlet with nature's bounty,
With scattered ponds amidst green-lea,
Had her preparation for preceding years,
To give birth and foster, -an angelic girl,
Who was all but a foreigner to clumsy manners.

The wise parents gave the name Arpita,
To the girl who was destined to be a mother divine,
And from her tender girlhood, had mysterious signs.

Society claims schooling, and visit of university,
Arpita with her brilliancy travelled the common path,
But never she could find any meaning.

The feeling of occult from within,
And quake of colossal from unconscious -
Field of Brahmin, enhanced her world with no clime,

Life of a Nun, under Mother Saroda, -the living Kali,
Waited for her, and she denouncing the world,
Joined, Ramakrishna Order, for manifesting the self.

Hers is a spiritual beauty, that triumphs time,
My vagabond poet, composed so many rimes,
Where her glory as liberated spirit echo.

Subrata Ray

Arpita, -The Grandest Prize

Life cherishes psychic equal and more,
A sense stretched path's beyond door,
A lake for transparent bath, and a sky,
With rainbow and winged canoe,
To have flight with no friction, no limit,
And love becoming anew till flesh fades.

A man's dream heralds imagination,
And executed imagination on abstract plane,
Opens tranquilized tunnels to Unconscious,
Then Maya drops her multiple -covers,
For liberating love's mundane tie.

The passage windows with your advent,
Find link to unexpressed grotesque,
And the rolling contentment gets enriched,
With the shooting halo, of enhanced Brahmin.

Subrata Ray

Memory Immortalizes Life.

Gone are the days with faded wings,
But the glory garland fays, echo their ring,
Vibrant -suspense, for a message or glimpse,
Of the budding adolescence,
And youth stirred dreamland rage.

Casting eye with longing heart,
For some one, some special one's part,
For strange cum tidal magic lore,
Unconscious radiation on psychic floor.

The revelation of ever unsolved chemistry,
Between a damsel and a gallant is yoked,
The standstill boats wink to sail from the shore,
With a demanded voyage of no mariner's step.

The wounds and mitigated balms,
Like the angry and calm nature pass into memory,
Some one's empathy, some one's betrayal and so on,
Flash and react in leisured eve, and isolated morn,

Gone are the days,
But the psychic plasma keep them alive,
The abstract reflector is what makes our life.

Subrata Ray

No One Will Hear Your Word.

No one will hear your word,
And no one will take care,
Your beguiles alone will be there,
And the masks of manipulated cheats,
Would stand in the void, to suck profit.

Ah! Habit passes into character,
And that's the matter, we fear,
No one will hear would word,
As conscience turns into a fraud.

Traps after traps made of political false hood,
And ingenuity of intellectual exploitation,
With psychic missiles and over taxations,
When with rampant fill earth's every cup,
People would forget to feel and think,
As no distinction of positive and negative there be,
And you would forget to react and whine,
No intoxication would be, however you drink strong wine.

Subrata Ray

Arpita, -The Tinged Glow

My adolescent poet was random,
And it needed a poetess -divine,
Who with placid moon, -in shining vale,
Could give live the rudderless sail.
A commotion of poetic frenzy,

My vagabond's assumed love,
Cried, and cried in wilderness,
In the painted vacant, or accustomed cells,
Of pigeon-pair, or cross-bone rails,
Or in a feather-bed with vampire's nails.

The panoramic hope with sliding glob,
Had no cause to have an enhanced stay,
My poet's toll, rolls and rolls,
To have a shelter of opening sky.

An image of beauty Arpita by name,
As Heaven's bliss, abruptly came,
And functioned as poetess divine,
In all my poetry her divine love shines.

Subrata Ray

Arpita Samanta, - The Nun-Divine

Dear mother figure, -love incarnadine,
With no worldly attachment you were born,
To know the self by loving God, you sworn,
To accept the Will of God, and let float the boat,
In the stormy seas of life, with one mission,
And till the goal is reached, -you fight on.

Life, -to you revealed its mystery and meaning,
And by Japa, meditation, prayer, and service,
You make your body as the purest temple of God,
So as the inert mind dies, -and the mother Divine awakens.

Subrata Ray

Wander-Waiting Arpita Samanta

No time was there,
And no time could be,
It is simply the awakening,
Of beautiful you, in me.

In everyday's furrowing,
Your bountiful seed would grow,
More of a universe it would be,
In my mind a turbid sea,
Your spell, an unfinished tale,
Of a plasma flower and blue tree!

Subrata Ray

The Daily Agony.

She dissected my macrocosm,
And tuned to vapor my organism,
In a fair weather winged her passport.

The operated toxin writhes in agony,
The violent miracle wills the blacksmith,
The vacant hearth cries for fire.

Tale after tale, -revives the satiety,
But the psychic climax, and physical flood,
Never had the boiling of saturated blood!

Subrata Ray

A Wife's Complaint

You are my husband,
And by that social tie,
You possess my body,
You tame my psychic,
And keep me as riding bike.

Ah! My Fate, I am repressed,
My vitality bears, in vain,
Your dead and shroud.
You are my husband
In the day light crowd.
My fiery hopper needs fuel,
Hi, no volcano in the duel.

Beyond your face-spring,
The frozen winter dwells,
And my wild -lust fasts,
Abed, beside your mummy.

The unwritten contract of wed-lock,
Remains thirsty of its bio-psychic talks.
Oh! Love, you have no drink from empty cup!

Subrata Ray

The Poetic Absolute.

The aura -dream,
With spiritual glimpse
Bedecks the mundane devotee.
And creates the meditative oblivion.

Gone are the memories,
With mind's transmission,
Rises from within,
The self revelatory vision,
Where the habitual traveler,
Is off from, burden of years.

Mind with five senses,
Dip in utter silences,
And the occult omnipotent rises.

The aquarium's fish is set free,
In ocean of oceans blue deep,
A feeling, with no pains and healing ,
Floods the plasma -deluge.

Subrata Ray

The Haunting Haunt.

The path-way valley by the forest end,
With bush-covered scattered lea,
Waits a restless union.

Something of strange exchange,
Of dream evoked fulfillment,
In duet drama of no denouement,
Demands the repetition.

Episode after episode, comes and goes,
Why the meeting and what for,
Neither of the sex knows,
And yet the haunting haunt,
With so many mirth, so many baths,
Hang willing and un-shunned.

Subrata Ray

The Gay Of The May.

Flowers in the plots of the fields,
Peep with rosy smiles,
Scattered bees here and there hum,
Slide, glide, and get benumbed.

The azure spring, let loose its wings,
And boats of dreams find breeze,
Crazy wills emit unreeled,
And the hidden chemistry winks.

Boys and girls, bales and guys,
Undressing moral shies,
Rise into the banquet of the May,
Wearing attire, of romance and fair,
They take hold the prime of their gay.

The fleeting time sets with rime,
And the subconscious is stirred,
Profuse awakening for moment's shining,
Lead them to exchange their cups.

Subrata Ray

I Feel , Cowed And Nervous To Address You.

I heard your name,
I felt I could love you.
I was given your address,
I started to walk, -
I saw your image,
I wished to possess,
But never did I know,
How to address.

I suffered a guilt-complex, a
Self- pity-shame, of my unequal,
And my confused adoration,
Stood dumb to aloud your hymn.

I confess, your image has,
Changing spell, with inner luminous,
Your name -opens thousand gate-ways,
How! How can I address?

My cultivated abstract finds no word,
Rather it feels, a part of your property,
All I try, find I, are debts from you,
Yet my ardency, wishes to address,
With my honest poverty and humble bread.

Subrata Ray

For That Love.

Fervent anguish,
Distant aspiration,
Perpetuating despair,
Keep me logged,
For you Dearest me,
With withered transmission.

I wish to paint my concern,
I wish to let you know how I,
Amidst my drudgery's masks,
And blind-end compromises,
For nothing, yet something,
Hanker after, long for,
And try to rise above,
The cause sprouted struggles.

In your watery body,
My fish floats, swims,
In your zoo my animal,
With temporal cage roams,
In your airy sky, -my bird flees,
But yet un-contented I am.

Those may be my alphabetic lessons,
And your lullaby, affections,
But the You behind -flash,
In trillion and trillion glass,
With teased-wine,
And tune of impressed lyre,
With a dumb stick to set fire,
And clean out all my layers.

Subrata Ray

Love Needs Mitigation.

Hi primrose wild,
Alone in lone-psychic,
With a love-seeking mind,
You wait for your beloved,
To be one in offering,
And to be secret sharer,
Of each other's double,
Fearing not the destiny,
And the world's oblique eye.

You need a captain in your ship,
Your coveted trust,
And He too, a lake for bath,
A flaky bed to forget,
A foil to cover the lacking,
And a soil to flag His seed.

Unification, -both body and soul,
With happy collapse and roll,
Disembodied in the dip of love!

Who cares then?
Whether the world exists or not,
The failures and success,
In the battles fought.

Subrata Ray

The Crescent Recognition.

You promised a basket of glorious dreams,
Like dawn's Shephali or awakened daisy,
To me the sky revealed, flowers talked,
Charmed I was with blue bird's tongue.

The touch of their untold impressions,
Suspended me from fairy's wings,
With a conjecture like wreaths of,
Your mystic tree, and its treasure .

My day's walk enjoyed night's moon,
The morning flashed in murky night,
Hope, aspiration, and thrilling,
Sprang and sprouted in echoing green.

Till now, with occasional often, moon blooms,
Letter as if a stranger, visits, in drooping winter,
And yearning tinges in streets, stands, and stations,
For your face, teasing smile, and enigmatic profile.

Subrata Ray

The Yesterday's Yawn.

Yet, till -remains the confusion,
We promised to be secret sharers,
And gave the thirsty body and smoky mind.

There were trial and errors,
And no effort could conclude solution,
Wiping face, and wearing mask, -ran.

Dreams were there, as factories products,
Or rented hotel with appointed bell,
Beneath or behind an unnoticed cell.

Omnivorous were our vehicles,
Petrol and diesel from different stations,
And bubbling whispers, -yielded no results.

So what! Every tomorrow would be so,
Our dreams with witch and ghost's trickery,
Rise continuously, and yawning, -we go!

Subrata Ray

The Double.

In the mundane pilgrimage,
Mr. Tinged Glow Wine,
Searches and whines.

He needs another of his own,
Who can mitigate all his moan,
Can feel and deal the captain of his ship,
And things odds and haphazard she can keep.

He needs more a plasma -reflector,
With present decency and future blue,
That can remake his naughty, and reads his clue.

All that cherishes Mr. Tinged Glow,
Are, a psychic damsel, with silent flow,
A fountain of transparent feeling,
An wizard's wan meant for healing,
An artist with magic glass,
In her his own identity ever flashes.

Subrata Ray

The Sleep In Wild-Bed.

Dear tinged -glow bride,
Wonder -evoking you write,
With the nectar of love,
And explain the dipped commotion,
That sleeps in wild-bed,
On saturated island of mutual share,

Before seeing you, love is done,
Before the dawn, seen is the sun,
And feeling, heralds the garland,
And before touch, the nudes lyre,
Before ignition, volcano springs fire.

Ten trillion -years, and blessed- now,
My love, -wicks the seven-colored flame,
With regenerations of body, and name,
And azure -fusions in vitality's duel,
Burns and get exhausted with life's fuel.

Subrata Ray

The Head-Bed.

For your intellect,
The artist makes you,
His head bed.

As you read his art,
You wonder and share,
As you are a per-dominating link,
Within your unconscious,
Stored are the things.

The body has its plasticity,
And the artist stimulates its floor,
You discover the opening of hidden doors.

Subrata Ray

The Enchanting Vitality.

Life force, dear, -life force,
The reflection of subconscious,
Wines the winnowed mind,
And you submit and, react,
I acknowledge the fact.

Love! Fie, -it seeks battle,
Of the dormant dumb ,
And die in numbness,
On no man's land.

Who would prevent a butterfly?
For its honey's appetite, -none,
And flowers admire polygamy,
I say love is Nature's trap,
Till love makes no chemistry!

Vitality dear vitality!
Poets and artists, -who not?
With prolific vigor, are polygamous,
For deluge, floods away the banks!

Subrata Ray

He Alone Can Know.

He alone can know,
Whom with grace,
You embrace,
To his heart you go,
He alone can know.

In whose room,
The desire's flute does not run,
Whose life is not a gay -fun,
Upon him, you place your whim,
And you reveal as immediate sun.

How by ego, intellect, riches,
Can one know,
The hubris' chain, clasp the mind,
And you laugh, remaining behind.

He alone can know,
Whom with grace,
You embrace,
To his heart you go,
He alone can know.

Subrata Ray

Psalm To Lord Sri Ramakrishna. By Subrata Ray

Without you are image of absolute perfection,
Within convulse radioactive motion,
And saturate contented imagination.

Coming from without to within,
You flourish in the devotee's shrine,
Upon the blue-lotus ever green.

Dual and non-dual in the same form,
With ecstasy of Samadhi, you break all norms,
And with a wink you bring, salvation's storm.

The Veda, the Gita, the Bible, The Koran,
Find living testimony in your life's plan,
You erase bars to opinion, hitherto all religion.

You declare, - man possesses God's Particle,
And he can manifest the divine already in him,
This he can do, if the parasites, he can trim.

Subrata Ray

The Face That Haunts.

Something grotesque,
Obliquely plastic art,
Wanna, wanna, -ding dang,
Unsung ever, though sung.

Primrose way-sides,
Placidly magnetic brides,
Impels all parasite evading touch.
The quanta -mirror, -horror!

Ah! Windingly layered mind!
You get petrified and vanished,
With the face, that stores your origin!

Subrata Ray

The Time -Equal Rime.

Since my prime, I have naked rime
I have seen the ravages of time.

The roses I guess, and embrace,
Are the crescent of wakening May,
The red I feed, the money I mead,
I allow no yellow in my deed.

They say me, a time -equal,
And I admit I hate dress and cover,
I am both a saint and deliberate bobber.

You may see my profile in the western beach,
As the mermaid clamor when the sun is reddish,
And the green sea dances to relish.

Do I need to make you understand?
I am not a lady Macbeth, nor a Cleopatra's band,
And I have dropped Macbeth in oblivion's pond.

Subrata Ray

The Psycho-Comedian.

Grotesque, for shocking jerks,
From a beauty's mouth dog's bark,

Or a man with ass's face,
Or a novice hero in old lady's embrace.

The motley Fool cares no collective mind,
Identifies his own strangeness as he finds,
The assembled disproportions in dress and figure,
Creates a live-character on the running theater.

Giving no importance as the society is,
The psycho-comedian behaves as he pleases.

Subrata Ray

Joseph Conrad, -The Psychic Artist.

He is a nervous empathy,
With aquiline countenance,
And he dare to meet those,
Dull stream of obliterated faces.
As in the wavy sea he is wave-less.

Every fiber of him seemed electrified,
And a pause tolled him to the soul level,
He impressed monumental strangeness,
In all his open-familiarity, to visitors.

Misty, sensuous, and dreamy look,
Lapped the viewer with metaphysical cords,
Without a lone-sailor, within a psychic lord.

Arts in his touch, merge with memory,
As if the whole Unconscious, mirrors its story.
His is a plastic, that blends rainbow,
He is read, before the readings go.

Subrata Ray

The Hang Longing.

I know the flood of youth,
All about that I know,
I seek and try, taste the fry,
Like lunch, and dinner,
The shadows come and go.

The wistful afternoons tickle,
The crazy nights, roar,
The deserted streets, well merit,
Bread lamps, waiting wiry, dating calls,
Like passing dreams reveal and scroll.

In the marry-go-round, the go-as you like, -rides,
The tenor bears the grooms and the brides,
The sun rises and comes the night,
Day, month, year pass in ebb and tide,
The hang longing peeps and slides.

I think, I know, somewhere I have to go,
Some special persons that wait for me,
Or dig my mine, to crude the oil and refine,
And wish, I have a lamp of my own to ignite,
To see Your face, in the darkest dirge of the night.

Subrata Ray

The Unconsciously Conscious Confession.

The transient evenings,
With eyes of fall and missing,
With sparrows twitters,
And disguised names,
Come and recede behind.

I have plucked greed-yoked flowers,
In the green-tide of my rebuilding,
But Oh! I must go I am withering.

Wait, I wish to say something,
Though, I know, you would,
Come, wipe your face and go.

I am an uncertain future of myself,
And a stand-still present of ferments,
I wear invisibly colored garments.

I have no thought of any lot or fate,
I am more than a hanged-man's tedious wait.

Now a purpose bubbles,
But a crowd of operated faces flash in the T.V Cble.
My reverie tunnels all those sweetly horrible.

Where is my double?
Where is my other?
I have a broken mirror,
I Have a smoke sedimented cup.

Subrata Ray

Romantic Excess

She in her crescent glare,
Flashed as damasked May,
My wonder waiting eyes glimmered,
Beyond the visibility of a bay.

My imagination's wheel weaved on,
With splendor of what she could be,
And an eternally somber mirror,
Sprang, from the unfathomed depth of me.

Discovery! discovery! cried my poor being,
As if I lost my memorized-mind,
The tinged -glow of romantic idol,
In the astonished figure,
Rippled and gleefully shined.

I wished to catch, willed to set a match,
And forwarded the suit of my infatuation,
The rock trembled and ran,
The sea got evaporated into the sun,
But my vision grew, and grew, in commotion.

Subrata Ray

The Divine Singer On Her Lyres

In seven notes, and four tunes,
You have preserved your lyre,
And you finger your harp,
As you wish to serve,
For awakening your celestial fire!

Sa, Ra, Ga, Ma, Pa, Dha, Ni,
The strain that peeps you fetch,
And we with your touch go ablaze.

Sing, sing, -sing on, darling divine,
The art unpremeditated in you shines,
In great Nature your abstract sprouts,
The sea, birds, trees,, -rime aloud.

You turn the whole universe,
As the eternal symphony of your verse,
And sing the psalm of your own frenzy!

Subrata Ray

The Futile Rains.

I had then desert's thirst,
Yours a trespasser's wait,
We were yoked by predestined fate.

The wild window, laps on drunkard bed,
Willed lips hold scorpions' ejaculation,
And furnace's hopper, vainly runs.

Your crazy appetite quenches the minion,
And all my lust floods your mirage,
My spring receives wintery drops.

Tidal flood, -watery water sways,
I had but desert's thirst,
And my threshold burns in rage.

Subrata Ray

Poet

You are citizen of word's province,
With a liaison of word-queen,
And get nourished with word' wine.

Deriving honey from word-flower,
You equip your poetic bower,
And emit fragrance hour by hour.

You are romantic, frantic, crazy, inconsistent,
Tunes from invisible evoke your trance,
And on your tree hang the fruits of dreams.

In your heart's lotus, stands divine empress,
With her wish, you flourish,
And shower truth's broken images.

Subrata Ray

Worldly Life.

Muddy boggy desire's tale,
Polluted-thoughts, ego-bound jail,
Murky blinds, peep and shine,
Cycles to cycles, convulsion runs.

Bearing burdens, of all uncertain,
And implied fortitude cries in vain,
Greed and lust, break all trust,
Sprouted masquerades engine the train.

Philosophy, psychology, literature,
All succumb to evil nature,
Hope erected ambition, initiates motion,
And the journey results self massacre.

Subrata Ray

The Face With Hidden Screen

Placid, lucid, shrine,
Reflects sublimated dumb,
As if the rays of liquid the sun runs.

Black with accumulated smokes,
Thwart the cast of normal eyes,
Tempered consumptions burn.

Rosy blush flashes and drops,
And links to the hungry stations,
With arrowed missiles that haunt.

The art gallery with psychic rows,
Erect faces from a single farm,
Each scene is hidden with a screen.

Subrata Ray

God Buds From Faith

They say for the weak and the wretched,
Your grace is always there.

Those who have a complete submission
To You, You take them care.

Faith in you, faith alone, faith in the core,
Steadily leads the boat, to the desired shore.

Faith culminates in transformed transcendence,
Our life and love, are strung on Faith's harp.

They say, and I acquiesce, the soul in faith,
Our strongest conscience ever lives with.

Your mystery, prophets' history, find lore,
Faith is the only oasis, in transient shore.

Subrata Ray

Beauty Transcends.

The nature Divine,
Has her face, more in woman-race,
And therein She mirrors her beauteous grace.

For beauty there manifests as art,
And eye feels wonder-waiting -tie,
And links to our super-conscious theater.

She teases, as she pleases, the mind,
From senses' limited door, -and transcends,
To nourish in and soothe with, -contemplated unconscious.

Subrata Ray

Avatar And His Apostles.

They saw him with naked eyes,
They heard His voice,
And felt an awe-perpetuation zeal.

In their Conscience's mirror, he flashed,
Even when they did not hear His name,
They felt, He came.

He was friend to them, as a father to grown up sons,
But He was more of something as timeless incarnation,
Their total Being, from Him resolved salvation.

When He was no more, they went door to door,
And undertook the grimmest ordeal,
So that the truth of His Father ship, they can feel and tell.

In the body's lab, they employed their manliness to discover,
The ever-conscious soul in the body's orbital cover,
Like the layers of onion, dropped down illusions.

And awakened he with love's beacon light,
So their lives, the skeleton of strife,
Inspire the fallen and sense-pleasure generation.

Subrata Ray

The Art

In an art gallery,
The tapestry of brush -soaked paper hang,
Judges buzz, with stories sung.

There flashes the red-light -clumsy lore,
Half opened whisper, of hired doors,
Or of an old father with her paralytic-daughter in bed,
or flickering shadows' prey-eyed tigress,
Or snow-wide Himalaya with Vivekananda's tature,
Or Socrates' humor, to poor death's matter.

So many, so many, so many, -the juries conclude,
Art faces the face of ungraspable lute.

Subrata Ray

The Gypsy's Suits

I know, I know,
No marathon we would go,
No birds of paired wings,
We ever flee and sing.

From dynasty's harem you came,
Me a Mongolian slave jump,
Our union, a moment's fusion,
Neither a promise nor erosion.

What was said, what was paid,
Forget all collisions.

The evening stars, have no bar to rise,
We are what, only to start,
And never we mind for a prize.

Our changing bed rooms,
Smell malty grooms,
And yawn for rest, a while,
Oh! No we simply go, and beguile.

Are we young? Are we wrong?
As the sun and the moon of no choice,
Are we shadows with no age?

Subrata Ray

The Dog Among The Underdogs.

No chains did he share,
With thousand chains there,
A loin cloth, two breads,
Under the sky-bare.

His gypsy lore, sets earthly ore,
As he had no cause to self care,
Pregnant mothers, innocent sisters,
And orphan brothers were there.

A vow to sow, the seed of iron will,
For having fortitude, to receive evil and good,
And a fire to ignite the latent -hood,
He signs the bond to make his temple a Home.

He implants waves with tsunami's surge,
To go ahead with proletariat's march,
For the equal share of Nature's provision,
To her inmates with bread and peace.

A mind, he cherishes to root in each soil,
To have the liberty of the soul in life's tell,
A tie consciously unconscious for all brethren,
The willow echo in this echoing green.

Subrata Ray

My All Ifs Get Their Answers

If you could not love me well,
Why did you ring my conscience's bell?
If you could not love me well.

If you could not like me well,
Why did you put wallet in my sail,
If you could not like me well.

If you had not that grandest grant,
The n why by my side, day and night,
You lead your invisible stand?

If you had no mission to perform,
Then why do you break all my norms,
With constant quake and withering storm.

If you had not Fatherly grace,
The why on your vagabond, you put your bond,
And hold him by hand in every stress.

Subrata Ray

Devotional Frenzy

That's the divine glow,
Finds a flow
In your cultivated devotion,
And sets an impelling motion
Of spiritual frenzy.

There in dear, you ignite fire
Without stick and fuel, -
For the divine itself rings your bell.

Subrata Ray

An Image Of Tranquility

From some cultivated lone,
Springs the image of the remotest rare,
Of placid abstract.

Beauty gets tempted,
To share her bower,
And tired Time seeks a release.

The Divine pleases to intervene,
As the inert mind is uprooted,
And a dropp proves the Sea's presence.

Subrata Ray

Tagore's 151th Birth Anniversary.8.5.12 A Tribute To The Universal Poet.

The springs of human cadence,
Step by step unfolds in your lyre,
The frenzy ecstasy of divine fire,
Sets symphony of the dual on the non-dual.

Nature reveals her mystery to you,
As Brahman abides in your heart,
The shadowy diffusion of clouded minds,
From you withdrew their parts.

In The Religion Of An Artist, -you claim,
The truths of your vision from boarder line,
Of apparent expansion and contraction,
To the posterity of all man kinds.

Tinged with devotion your wise weathers,
The realm of the Grace's heart,
Your poet flutes innocence,
In all pots of the Divine Artist's arts.

Subrata Ray

The Irony Of Metaphysical Taste.

The tubs set with dreamy faces,
In daily lore of petrol
To fuel hope, delude substance,
And suck the treasure house.

The daily magic, born of metaphysical taste,
Direct whims to shun and run the spindle,
As if the metaphysical , mantles the tenor,
Of destiny's appointed hours.

From ceaseless caverns of supernatural,
Desire-bonded desires bubble and walk,
Mischievous pranks of dialectic nature,
Recreate the gratification's passport.

Hi young proud, and punished hubris,
You both were on the same platform,
And are with the same sun, -
In course of East and the west.

Subrata Ray

The Futile Passage Moans.

Nothing was said,
Nothing was paid,
A hung suspends!

Nature and her minion play the trick,
And consummates each other's brick,
The walls collapse, with the flights!

For weakness, assurances were of no avails,
For betrayal, -faith could not root its tree,
For mind's bondage, -the souls could not be free.

Subrata Ray

My Darling Moon

,

My darling moon,
Has mirthful glow,
And watery swoon.

With her presence,
I forget the cover of darkness,
My dreams concentrates on he face.

She is my temporal shadow's reflector,
The vampire of my summer's prime,
Yet all my being composes her rime.

Subrata Ray

The Hungry Ago

.

Some years ago,
There was a go and a go,
With torch-terrified -turn,
No rigid fuel but heart felt burns!

And now, in gliding present,
The past merits its cast,
The skinny youth into a lonely bust!

Then, -the future, -a dream of the present,
Transfers and tempts, the widow white,
But devoid of might and right!

Subrata Ray

The Emission From Nirvana.

The truth is the hardest nut to crack,
Towards triumph over ego's lands,
While the wises in peace embark.

The shadowy bones with lump of flesh,
Craze love's appetite in the mess,
And daily death accumulates inertia.

Denouncement of the fire of flesh and wealth,
With complete negation of senses' appeal,
And with Guru's furrow the inner land's till.

The subtle Divine, awakens and rises,
The image of the devotee stands as prize,
To taste and feel, the Great soul's deal.

Subrata Ray

The Hypocrite's Government

.

The titled legs,
Animate the fakes,
And corporate head,
Shepherds democracy.

The leaders of the proletariat,
Keep conceal their dictator's gate,
To make a tool, to make a fool,
Of all their ship like -comrades.

Subrata Ray

The Release

.
The nights did not cause her,
Nor did the day to moan,
They departed her as residue -foams.

Her springs for daily He's,
Were brothel-wretched,
As the used earthen -tea-cups,

The memory colored rejected garments,
Given by Fate in her praise and under-rate,
A rate from nowhere, once proved her rated!

Her coursed geography, received historic operations,
And now her feeble relates the fable of the west,
Yet what for she fought, lies beneath her rusted best!

Her presence is of killing the catalytic- mind,
And the possession of transparent vacancy,
For her abstract She, had no time-furrowed life!

Subrata Ray

To My Mistress.

The green field peeps,
The sky blues the gusto,
And river glides the fascination!

Your temple enchants passage,
For the ran-random -whims of humor,
Seeks completion in your Nature's mine.

The created heavens of strange madness,
Imply magnitudes with the past weaning,
As if the threshold sucks nectar.

The lonely bird on a bare tree by the desert,
Dreams the bliss of the innocence of adolescence,
And the sparks of fire, - blaze on Time!

Subrata Ray

Mistress Marvelous

.
Dear mistress Feminine,
In the rat and horse's race,
You are a pipe -player.

Your calender needs no Sunday,
And arresting lake withers not,
At your wink battles are fought.

The swines whine, tigers turn lambs,
Trojan war, all epics of ours,
Rounding you, evoke and gather.

You are imagination, psychic cultivation,
A hang to keep suspended all things,
From your body journey impossible rings.

The poets prove underrate,
The artists wishes to be slave,
And the musicians flung at your gate.

In human universe, -you are the only verse,
Of cryptic, catalytic, dismayed, -blow,
Yours is the phantasmagoria's glow.

Subrata Ray

The Poetess In My Dearest Darling.

The Poetess In My Dearest Darling.

So many poetess and poets come and go,
Few of them I read, few of them I know,
But my darling Dearest, remains above the rest,
And in all of them she installs her flow.

Her soul-like pen, has psychic-rain,
And condensed-feelings dropp like dew,
Boats of image, with frenzy -rage,
Bloom the color of poetic hue.

My love with her, has no mundane bar,
For a profile -unique is she,
Her abstract graces, by grace embrace,
The ever unequal in me.

Subrata Ray

The Cage And The Bird.

The body is the cage,
That holds the soul.
The bio-mind by habits,
Covers it, and rolls.

Most of us, forget the focus,
As the smokes of desires run,
The sun with, remains unseen,
And the gay-play wastes the fun.

The enormous sky, in the vast within lies,
And the soul can come out from body's cover,
It soars and soars, with no longueur,
And emits joy and delight while it hovers.

Subrata Ray

The Flight.

The soul like a caged bird comes and goes,
It tries to feel its origin, , and feel to know.
When with some one's divine glance,
Touch of auspicious hand, the shades of prison drop,
A flight starts, from the cave of heart,
And force less ascension dismays the Time.

Dearest beloved, comes and stretches,
The soul to transcend to the realm of light,
Strange sights and sounds, evolve round and round,
And the pilgrim becomes free of all mundane frights.

Subrata Ray

The Guru , -A Worship To My Great Master, -Swami Bhuteshanandaji Maharaj

.

Lo! What s assurance sustains here,
Light, joy, energy, -pervades,
Dispels all clumsy-complex ,
No shade of darkness is there.

The face casts mystic transparency,
And mirrors the distilled -self,
The glance of the eyes, well neighs,
Wiping away the flickered elves.

The smile washes all beguiles,
With showers of beacon-divine,
Its gentle breeze, lightly arises,
The soul-like sun from disciple's shrine.

The wave of the hand, ministers grace,
And transcends the mind to heavenly realm,
From depth unknown, there is sown,
The seed of emaciation's psalm.

The feet radiates tinged glow, for follower's salvation,
The occult treasure, with no measure,
Comes, wilds, shines, and creates commotion.

Subrata Ray

The Profoundest Awe.

So many days are gone,
And I have the apparent waiting,
With a longing lingering for your presence,
To offer my worship in-person.

Your image I picture and undone I feel,
With the awakening of phantasmagoria,
Something that my purest imagination conceives,
As tangible Plasma of profound awe.

A nowhere, yet everywhere, impels you harangue,
Waves, breeze, birds, -humans, -stars go sung,
Destiny's borders wiping away their marks,
Declare your cosmic thunderous voice.

Subrata Ray

A Token Of Gratitude, - To Sareena Lal

While I think of the divine beauty in us,
Souls like you come hovering with a focus,
I feel the fragrance, feel the touch.

Love, -the miraculous medicine finds,
Its truest administering in drooping spirit,
Your greeting, awakens and illumines.

The sun needs no recommendation to spread its light,
Who ever he/she may be on the bare earth, -receives sight.
And by innate virtue, -reflects the divine beams!

Subrata Ray

No Full Stop!

I remember the first letter I learn t from you,
An impression of a graved phoneme.
Then came, -B, C, D and the last one Z.

I was growing to be a word, -with sense,
My child like play to adolescence- trance,
Fragments of sentences began to peep.

Languages of my own came by and by,
Their mystic faces demanded correction,
You came and began to apply.

My wild blackboard with omnivorous hunger,
Stomached lines and paintings of your art,
Part and part, part and part, -continued.

Where is the whole? the full sentence! I cried,
Lessons come, burdens, and go blemish,
I feel, my education is ill, it feeds not my heart.

All the marks of punctuation, save the full stop, I have,
For, they are the daily -friends of my passage way,
But you Dearest Full Stop, ever say.-`Nay"! ! !

Subrata Ray

The Bee's Bed

You may leave your place,
You may reject the bond,
And go off way abreast,
But for me you prick and shriek,
In anxious unrest.

My me's seed, in you germinate,
And ousting the parasites grow,
You may while away, -to and fro,
But without feeling, without healing,
Haggard and uncared you go!

Subrata Ray

The Sun In Pilgrim's Shrine.

Thought and practice,
Practice and thought,
As a digger digs his well,
So you have wrought,
Your body and mind,
Into the level conscious green,
The dwelling of the soul in shrine,
On the lease of your vacation.

Bars around the plots of lands,
Evade and fade from mind's ego,
You vagabond go and go,
Dragging Time behind.

You cause virtue without your cause,
As mother's love blooms in us,
Like sun rays, you reflect,
Having no sensible touch.

Subrata Ray

The Relic.

Hidden darling of my live- antiquity,
Has made my mind a salve of her cart,
Her mystic dominance pirates my heart!

Her glimmering prospects take inlet,
Without land, air and water,
Her image in Time's face proves my hunter.

As a magnet of colossal strings,
She impels my concern's rudder,
All my will, turns fail, to cross her spell's boarder.

Subrata Ray

The Window Wink.

The Window' Wink.

The doors remain opened,
The mansion takes no care,
People come and go,
Unheard cries the tears.

The lone window stretches its mind,
To the desert, the hill, and the sea,
The probable sure, may come and cure,
The un contented satiety.

The coral-mornings through seasonal monitors,
Set the panorama of gay and gray films,
Dreams rise and dreams fade,
Vacantly empty turns the glimpse.

The window-wide brings the sights,
That were never cared by clumsy doors,
The yoked wines, lament and whine,
In the rat -race, to covet more and more!

The window wink, on transparent brink,
Saturates its love -loran-anguish,
For the lover comes, and it jumps,
The world's hankering now perish.

Subrata Ray

Arpita, -The Blue Butterfly

Down and down,
Through the chasm,
Of feelings,
My being blooms in trance,
And therein, in a wingless wing,
My overseas other, dances.

The thoughtless abstract,
With a sudden spring,
In unheard symphony,
Rings in, and rings,
Upon my mirror, reflects the horror,
And in your eye, my pyre burns.

Down and down,
Through your transparent eye,
My soul weans your blue love,
And with colossal jerk, hark! and hark!
And sees the Self, noting in your harp.

Subrata Ray

Phantasmagoria

Neither denial, nor acceptance,
Still nor of reflection's tress,
But yet, from senseless gate,
Seven trillion seas embrace!

Mercy! mercy! cries, Fantasy,
As bubbled dreams vanish,
A taste of some sort,
The azure Wild has brought,
And slips beyond, it finishes!

The aura boats, float and float,
On ocean of Samadhi's water,
Or curd stirred emancipated butter.

Or a bard with his poetic bird,
Sets a sail on imagination,
With a unit of light year, in a second,
A stillness still with no bend,
Mingles in abstract commotion!

Subrata Ray

The Blue Butterfly

My Blue Butterfly.

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Subrata Ray

Swami Vivekananda, -The Incarnation Of Lord Shiva

.
His Highness needs a room to seat,
Feels the Sun, and wishes to remake its fortune,
Seven of its sense accessory with its own white,
To be an eight petaled lotus it turns.

With beauty -non attached and truth unimagined,
Budded, blossomed and bloomed the Sun,
For a touch of Shiva -Swami, it cried for fun,
Like an ardent devotee with bedewed calmness it turns.

Neptune with its sea horses, had a prayer for rest and respite,
For Time didn't grace it, its tireless strivings burdens the fight.
A dip, a bath, of Yogi-Swami, was cherished to be the coveted bliss,
With tears -oozing -eyes, it cries, and cries, if Swami does please.

The Kaylasha with its snowy-calmness, breathes anguish,
It feels its stay, time -passing agony, in its earthly lease,
Shiva -Swami, -is the source of its suffering's release .

Subrata Ray

Transient Permanence

The screen is plasma conscious,
It goes on rolling, and leaves touch,
On the body covered eternal being,
With Time's passages, it buzzes and rings.

Had you been my distant friend ?
Of desert beyond or marine-land,
Leaving foot-prints in historic sands!

From panorama of some occult spirit,
As day –night, seasons' passing bride,
With the shadows incessant as mind rides!
You come, woo, court, hurt, and burst,
Making the mind a slave, for its biological elf,
And depart, as you were not loved and trusted!

Had you been my mine? in the black hole,
As fire gets stored in crude oils and coals,
Or time-buried fragrances in would-be flowers!

You are transient –permanence, like quanta density.
With trillions of depths, or horseless –horse power, □
You expand to enjoy your creation, and contract! ! !

Subrata Ray

Children And Their Immortal Shelter.

Children And Their Immortal Shelter, -To My Divine Sisters And Brothers.

Go on go on with sense's slaughter,
Of your biological parasites,
The Mother Divine, cries and whines,
Seeing her children's plight.

Sinners were they never not,
No sin had they ever brought,
But in senses' play, on their clays,
Their Mother, they have forgot.

The mystic play, on the ground,
Goes round and round,
With sports and, operas incessant,

The referee's whistle, -conscience' bell
And captain's dictate not to make a foul,
Remain, remain unheard, -although they haul.

The mother wishes, the mother cherishes,
First. a righteous play, and then,
To feel Her origin, the clay within green, □
For her children, by their birth, are divine.

Time She has allotted, -of incessant births,
For playing with Her children on this earth.
The child-like innocence, with no ignorance,
And Faith-live, -for mother's anchor,
Open to the children, the recognition of immortal shelter.

Subrata Ray

The Third Man's Hand In Love.

The 3rd One's Hand In Love.

The stony hungry home,
Bereft of minion there,
In irons with a swine,
The approved cave whines.

The wistful zeal, dreams,
Rolling play of waves,
From lonely, lonely cave,
And the eyes fly to the stars,
For an ancient alchemy's touch.

The unsaid, unfathomed, colossal impossible,
Teases tinged breezes of hope peeped blossoms,
And she, like a blue be, shakes off stony- home.

Subrata Ray

The New Year 2012 To You.

New Year To You.

Years come and go,
But God remains the same,
We live with Him and His name.

With His birth day, -our life sun rises,
Our faults and sins get washed,
we are awakened with divine touch.

We wear new dress, in our new birth,
For, the Christmas illumines Heaven on the Earth.

Subrata Ray

The Mystic Profile Picture.

The Mystic Profile Picture!

Hey mystic waterman,
Hey mystic washer-man ,
You change your profile picture,
As Nature changes each day,
With silent dye of plasticity,
In her visual art at seasons' rooms.

My groom and your bride share,
The course of the change on mirror,
And feel the green taken by yellow,
From within, and without declares,
The advent of slipping into Vast Unconscious!

My vagabond's inquisitiveness,
Labors under impressions,
To have a link of your mystery,
Of your profile picture's display,
The magic suggestiveness of your dumb,
And I turn purest physics endowed with,
Your bestowed Consciousness!

Subrata Ray

Me With My Friends On Christmas.

Me With My Friends On Christmas.

Friends, -the great souls, here,
I invoke your goodness' love,
Your beauty illumined empathy,
Your installed divinity,
That I have shared round the year.

About your love, what I feel,
Is Christ's link, -His image,
That reflects, and connects,
Thousands lamps as we are.

We are small plots on His Unified -field,
Every plot by gravity feels pull to the center,
Or each of us finds reflection in the same Mirror,
So, love what we have shared, -is His,
On His reincarnation come, come please,
And celebrate Love, -He is God Of Love!

Subrata Ray

Happy Christmas Day To My Divine Darling. When You And I Are In Love, God Stands Between Us As Link, We Feel His Tie, And Feel That As Love, His Image Has A Cast Behind Our A

Happy Christmas Day To My Divine Darling.

When you and I are in love,
God stands between us as link,
We feel His tie, and feel that as love,
His image has a cast behind our apparent,
And we, -suffer, when the barriers hide Him.

I have felt, and I feel,
In this spiritual deal,
In this abstract equality,
Our love buds and blooms,
From His eternal tree.

In the geographical time,
We have now the Christmas,
I share in me your touch through Him,
For love from heaven like rain comes,
And through evaporation returns again,
But remains the same, -we have the same love!

Subrata Ray

Christmas Prayer To Lord Christ.

Christmas Prayer To Lord Christ.

Father of this earth and universe,
The ancient eternal One,
Bless us, grace us, give your touch

With your awakening, awake us,
Pour in us your spirit, and bestow,
Humanity, purity, and sense of love.

Lead us to hold the worth of your sacrifice,
Snatch away the maddening illusions' ignorance,
Empower us to foster devotion and faith.

Destroy our hubris, and dash down the walls of ego,
Employ your servants to dig their wells, for holy water,
And be the Guru to guide, -to follow your foot prints!

Christ's Birth Day Is Mystic With Mystic Mirth.

The Creator Himself comes among us,
From age to age of His creations,
He sows divine seed, fosters, and cultures,
And through His Love teaches Man.

His is Man's execution of purest imagination,
In the reformed body of sacrifice and devotion,
And Faith by virtue proves His assurance,
As the never failing of all impossible.

The only One, for all beings, creates time,
And in His internet of races and climes,
With his children, -the trusted Father remains.

Lord Christ, Lord Buddha, and Sri Ramakrishna,
With their unasked Love comes, and leaves skeletons,

Of their own life –style, and declare the Divine in Man,
The same Christ reincarnates, -through cycles on earth.

To day is Christ's date of birth,
To day divine turns the earth,
The day is mystic with mystic mirth!

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Subrata Ray

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Subrata Ray

Telephone Comedy

He evoked instinct,
And set links of haunting spell,
Tinged the lovers' love,
And keeps hidden his tale.

Many of us, once, twice, thrice,
Link our cell-phone to communicate,
None he discards, but inspires,
And every one he promises to meet.

What happens worst, is his sudden retreat,
From us, call goes, but his voice does not sit.
After some repeated try, most of us retard pursuit,
And forget obviously, the truth of his merit.

Very few of us, leave no despair,
And with renewed zeal manage address,
Desert, forest, perilous rocks, step abreast,

Some of those few can't drag their body,
To the distance of that changing long,
With tears, but no merit wish his visit,
And sees him in them, and suffering through!

Subrata Ray

Songs Of An Ardent Soul

I sing the name of the Lord,
And bear His image in my heart,
For may I feel His presence,
In all my thoughts that bud.

I picture the image of Lord,
So that all other images may retire,
And may burn away my sense-biology,
With His divine flame of fire,

I mediate, the abstract profound,
To send sleep the hounds of ego,
So may I set my vacation,
In a new realm beyond this mundane go.

I accept my Karma, as His wills' whip,
And all the good and evil in equal scale,
That His Highness wishes to reap

Subrata Ray

Between Heaven And Home

Between Heaven And Home.

The soul in body, often roams,
Between finite house and infinite home.
It is care free by its nature,
And inborn romantic we all are.

Our reality is fixation of mind on object,
The habit –born desire plans the project.
The degree of attachment, -weighs bondage,
Blind Ego's authority brings tragic phase.

The true liberty lies in non-attached mind,
Where the soul, ever its emancipation finds.
He who takes this earth a land of pilgrimage,
Discovers himself and all, as God's living image.

Subrata Ray

The Mystic Poetess

Her shadow finds figure on the boarder line,
A realm where the sun is dim, but the moon shines.
Senses wave their feelings' boat, -to a shore less shore,
And she the abstract by Divine trust casts a timeless shine.

Her vagabond forlorn, as she herself for the time-being,
Addition and summation on her harmonium go on ringing.
She never writes a poem, but all poems she herself become,
Her remotest links know no shrink, -she feels only synthesis' sum!

□

She is empathy -divine, -with quanta and black holes,
What a tornado, what a thrilling! what an awe!
All apparent, -sea, desert, mountain, forest, -all,
Hold her speed, her static, -in Time's rise and fall.

She whispered, -'You never knew, -I am more a friend to you,
Without your darling, -and within your land of Samadhi,
I am twin ecstasy, -one gross, -the other, -Maya's cross'

Subrata Ray

The Cultivated Granite.

An intended love for showing honor,
Schemed deposit to grow,
Waters-wither, from sullen bogs,
Nosed tendrils to and fro.

Thrift –fund promoted on
The cultivated granite,
Upon a land erected to stand,
Free of all geographical sights.

Walls around bowed gratitude,
As time-proofed they could be,
Their assurance came,
With no title and name,
As a lake of Love formed He.

Subrata Ray

The Boggy Saggy Bath They Go.

She cried out, seeing the cleaned swine,
In the senate of ambitious ball,
The muddy guy, with no shy,
Has ever polluted her sacred hall!

While her 16th adolescence,
With no other capital needed a stay,
She mate by fate a swine gay.

His three score father, had no bother,
As the teen hens his farm needs,
The anxious statesman and the fans,
Must have a pleasure feed.

She cried out with no disgust,
As all swines are so,
Suited, booted, elated they may be,
A boggy saggy bath they go!

Subrata Ray

Fidelity Is Lost!

The truth value of the self,
Isolates the evils,
With Fidelity, -the fence.

The apparent world,
Rests on some fidelities rooms,
As the sea, hill, and the sky.

Man erects Fidelity to rebuild the self,
Of the nothingness that abounds,
In ambitions' race to corruption's home.

His nowhere is the easy -compromise,
With the effacing of the fence,
Then the evil within with evil without,
Mingle and dance!

Subrata Ray

The Silent Spy

Lest should some one,
Air and try,
Crossing my erected,
Networks highs,
Of my lockers,
Of my brokers,
And my contrived sighs.

The professional glory,
The fabricated story,
In the realities of the guys,
Where, if there is any spy!

Know they of my Time-Success?
Every trick that I impress?
My money, honey, and moral flag?
The coating of white in all my blacks?

So what! So what!
To say a word, has any one gout?
I have posted thousand butts!

Have I ever rusted my spirit?
Nay! nay, as I remember,
I have sharpened my merit,
Employed pall on wise heads,
Me never absence from virgin beds!

Should I indulge my poor relations,
The commonplace brothers and sisters?
Perhaps a disgrace! The rank I hold!
Through my servants, my movements,
What Man now I am, -they are told!

Subrata Ray

The Silent Spy.

The Silent Spy. by Ray Subrata

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Subrata Ray

Your Unconditional Love.

Two breads and one loincloth,
And the nature with air and stream,
Are enough for your vagabond pilgrim!

Wonder I, if not for me, why they are,
The cozy grass, blooming flowers and stars,
The melody of different notes and tones,
Sprout empathy with no condition at all,
The rain showers, seasons bedecks, dew falls.

Prearranged they are, for all species and genres,
From your love, by your love and for your love,
You pour yourself in every container, -your mystic harp,
And let your inmates play with you, as lambs do with Lamb.

Mine is love in conditions, with no condition imposed by you,
A rent-less home, air for breathing, and fields to roam,
And thought, word, feeling, -that plasma conscious peep,
Reflect, flash, and appear, -from You within, buried deep.

May it be so, that I may go abreast to seek your worth,
With no condition, but You, -from birth to birth!

Subrata Ray

True Friendship

The bridge of joy,
On which the souls share,
Friendship is such a stay,
That true friends bear.

With that view,
I wish, wish you,
To be a great one,
In life's sky, a shining sun.

We court each other,
In this court, for pure delight,
On this azure earth,
Beneath the blue sky!
Where in our mirrors,
We reflect the Image of Him,
And turn luminous in this dim!

Subrata Ray

The Divine

With the departure of all affirmations,
Fake reality of weather -mirage,
The intended, he, she, and it,
And experiences of undeserved negations,
You turn a free desert!

Time in such loneliness is a stand still,
You may cry or whine, -'Why! What! Why! "',
May your eye go beyond the apparent horizon,
You may be oblivious of your biological senses,
As abstract infinity sets hold in you!

Would you then love your far off province?
With the purest devotion of all well being,
As the reflection of the truth and beauty,
That things like death can never dim!

Subrata Ray

The Broken Glass .

Alone I was,
And wished,
To have a mate,
Said the nasty street,
With her faceless face.

An anchor assumed he,
As imagination equals me,
And now in the street,
With sparrow, and wolf,
My mates, - rate and taste,
Me and the fire of my book

In the evening rises the sun,
As the night grows my day starts,
The cock and hen, bear squirrel,
Replace with blue and red light.

My mirror, reflects broken shadows,
Of a whole African -forest, like ghosts,
Of stamp-less ages, that seek dens,
And my God, I think is still with them!

My days and fate are for dates,
Still this vehicle sounds well,
And wilds the drivers' frenzy,
A sail of ecstasy of no man's land!

Subrata Ray

The Mystic Tree.

The earth,
The plant,
The flower,
Install green hour.

The devotee,
The Guru,
The Avatar,
Mingle beyond mundane bar.

The mother in a girl,
The father in a boy,
The child from union,
Project the eternal commotion.

The Time,
The space,
And God,
So many universes have brought.

Subrata Ray

My God.

My God is an onion,
With imaginations' layers,
He appears, and dismays,
My every search.

My God is a river,
His dictate is soap,
I bathe and wash myself,
My blind obsession He robs.

My God is a desert,
He keeps me alone as waif,
He enjoys my forlorn -cry,
And ardent suffering He reaps.

My God's love is an irony,
To my every material hope,
He acts as inconsistent reversal,
To dwindle and down my scope.

My God is the solution of all mystery,
He plays with me to win Him,
Amidst dark and deep temptations,
Through my times and above my times.

My God assumes Times eternal tree,
And leads me hang as seasonal fruits,
Through every birth's root, to be seasoned!

My God is a path, -of this not -that not,
And wishes my young widow to meet Him beyond,
And possess the Love of His non dual discrimination,
With the vision to see Him in all His creations!

Subrata Ray

Fading The Bar.

The morning rises,
To step in peace,
With meditative,
Transcendence,
To share the divine bliss.

The stern and stout noon,
Cultivates and generates heat,
To launch the escape velocity,
From the sage's vegetable retreat.

The afternoon clears the horizon,
For awakening the night,
With aura of Aurora's first light.

Subrata Ray

The Blue Ride.

Upon the gray desert,
The stand still Dreary waits,
Along with the daily mirage.

The Sun shares no geography,
And the Moon shines not on lover's bed,
Yet my Love for me retreats.

A blue wine He is,
And a frenzy beyond,
My foreignly apparent set.

His echoing wither,
Cyclones azure births,
Lifting whirls of quicksands.

Like hidden flower from the tree,
Or awakening with oratory,
Or fiery flood from the volcano,
My Love remakes blue universe.

He widens my soul to shore-less blue,
And absorbs the vain Time and Space,
While with Him, who am I, I have no trace!

Subrata Ray

Dream In A Dream

I was dreaming a dream,
The universe opened,
And some one was singing!

The tune touched the lyres,
Scattered numberless,
As hanging pulleys on the space,
In air, airy and weightless.

And you my divine darling,
In the waves of eternal sea,
Hymn my rime undone,
And my sorrows boats,
Upon your current float,
As I myself erect the screen!

My salt made Coney,
Covered with polythene,
Wishes to be nude,
As I seek melting,
Or you with your grace,
Get me sunk in your bosom!

Hi enthroned empress,
On the Imagination's blue print,
For your love, for your taste,
For your pleasure, and rest,
I have only the privilege,
A prisoned bird in body's cage,
And here too, I bear your image!

Subrata Ray

Mr Whim's Lady

My lady is a negative-positive,
To my children she is ever yes,
But always a No in my case!

My wine and its due dose,
A frequent bee, in some rose,
Turns her poetry into prosaic prose!

I am Mr.Whim, a blue blood,
With heritage of court and harem,
And my forefathers had name and fame.

I often impress her of my grace,
The royal breeding, and my race,
What a woman deserves, as her case!

I am an accident, -she implies,
Yet always wishes to repair her fate,
Though my horse carries me to new gates!

Love and faith, -the poor means of woman,
On my royal grandeur she wishes to put,
But my dignity crashes them beneath the boot.

Subrata Ray

The Bosom Of Mirage

All over the night,
She was by my side,
And the bed I felt a desert!

My blind will received no poke,
I waited upon the bosom of a mirage,
I saw me bearing a dead body in my carriage!

Once she shook her hand with my wealth,
For my enamored eye leased the blue lust,
And all she did was a staged trust!

Subrata Ray

The Spiritual Deliverance Of My Master, -Swami Bhuteshananda.

Devotion is the easiest way,
To realize God Narada says.
My master upholds eleven paths,
Each is a step for divine mirth.

To see the Lord's beauty every where,
Is what the devotee's mind should bear.
A constant worship to set a link with Him,
Is the ever pleasing oasis of life's theme.

To remember Him in awakening and dream,
So that all other thought the devotee may dim.
To form a mind of an ardent servant to his master,
Wipes away all evil thoughts as miraculous dastard.

The devotee gradually feels his Lord as never failing friend,
For his worship, remembrance, and service he grows so trained.
Then the feeling of complete self -submission comes as a goal,
At this, the devotee feels within the awakening of his soul.

A vehement tidal -cry of divine madness, wills for complete absorption,
And the devotee's concern ever haunts, -to be one with God's commotion.
The last but not least is the 'supreme anguish' for occasional separation from
Lord,
As the devotee in his way of advance, becomes the transparent reflector of God.

Subrata Ray

Tantra, -The Occult Spirituality. By Ray Subrata

Tantra.

Occult Mantras,
With hidden sense,
That opens the fence,
Of dark mind behind,
That in Tantra we find.

The mind's lease,
In carnal cave,
With twine opposite,
In a posture set,
The mingle of two sex,
In tantra's retreat.
Such Tantra is of lower rate.

The pyre ground,
With skull and bone,
With a dead body,
Often is shown,
Goblet-wine,
Stirred madness,
So the rite impresses,
Joy Kali Joy Kali,
The spirit is blown.
Bhamakhapa, -the Tantric,
Wishes Kali Mother's bliss,
And on her lotus feet lays kiss.

Subrata Ray

You Enjoy Your Spring Upon Me!

The spring has returned again,
And the sway of her love I feel,
Her tree grows awesome and wild!

The be-dewed leaves of late Autumn,
Revives with forest gloom,
And oracle -birds, set their start,
The paradise -fragrance -blooms.

The fountain head sprinkles waters,
As an awakened a soul pens,
With nectar ink of thought,
And condensed feelings of love -divine
Her poetess' pen has brought.

Mine I cried, in broad daylight,
A child crawling in the shore,
With some senses for body,
And confused imagination,
Of my upbringing and lessons,
A vain boast of nowhere consequence,
Or a hanging fruit waiting to be dropped,
And yet for you, I share a Timeless tie.

So the seasons come and pass by,
And I enjoy your grace as you impress,
Through life's Autumn and Winter,
But yet the Spring, for your joy,
Upon me proves ever a precious thing!

Subrata Ray

A Psalm Of Kiss

A kiss of mother,
To her lovely child,
Is a trailing divinity,
On earth we find.

A kiss from a sage,
As we feel and guess,
Awakens the God in us,
With His divine lips' touch.

A kiss from a friend,
Stirs our drooping mind,
And the echo of the hearts,
In the common reflector shine.

A kiss from a passionate lady,
Ignites the fire in the body,
A the guy feels irresistible tie,
To uncover the book for study.

A kiss often tongues psychic cyclone,
As the burning dumb in its absence moans,
And it sets link the hammer on the anvil,
The morbid-sordid in common battle it kills!

Subrata Ray

Tagore, -The Universal Poet, -A Tribute To Tagore's Death Anniversary

India, and the whole Bengal pay homage,
And invoke your immortal spirit to rise,
Through the passages of evolution,
Of super-mind in your life, as prize,
That goes beyond our cloudy vision,
To connect us to the truths of life.

As Bengali, I feel pride, as every Indian does,
For yours is the saint-hood with clarity of vision,
And life-long devotee of mystic -research.
Poetry, drama, novel, music, paintings, -all,
Now, the world feels, and the posterity would re call.

The mystery of your poetic art is the reflector of God,
The whole universe mirrors, as it is, in your thought.

Subrata Ray

The Drooping And Chaffy Staff

The morning seeks the rose,
And gets fermented with fragrance,
The noon with its heat, hides in retreat,
The twilight, fears the night, for cold bed,
The rose now is stale, it slips out of head.

The blind night, needs feast,
With fuel to its hungry pyre,
The dropping and the chaffy staff,
Washed away from life's lyre.

Subrata Ray

A Token Of Friendship

Like sudden opening of fountain spring,
Unmasked your friendship comes and rings,
And bridges my island to your distant land,
Proves the God-gifted bliss, in life's strand.

So I hail you, with the best in me,
On faith and empathy, friend we be,
This tie, if God wishes, will perpetuate,
And in the province of eternity, it would be set.

I am sorry to say that, friendship often brings sorrow,
To day's friend turns an enemy tomorrow.
Often some one plays here a cunning trick,
The gall of the mind appears in face, gentle and meek.

Subrata Ray

A Fortunate Father With His New Daughter, - Dedicated To Joyce Loba Flores. By Ray Subrata

</>The unquenched thirst,
Of Father, for daughter's love,
Fountains with a call, -Baba,
From a voice of distant land,
While I am in India, my daughter,
In the farthest Philippines stands.

The face of youngest daughter Hamma,
Appears in Jhoy Loba's image,
I send her a request, and wait.

'Good evening sir, its my pleasure `
'Thank you sweet little daughter like friend',
And my psychic lingered willing suspense.

'It is my pleasure Baba', -came the message,
Moment made eternity, opening a father's passage `
I felt a touch, as soothing as much,
From the voice of my new daughter,
A flower divine, by nature shines,
By her beauty in my Father's bower!

The Father in Man remains hidden,
And it opens with a daughter's call,
It is more than a glory to a Man,
As in the daughter, -the mother resembles!

Subrata Ray

To Her Baby Ox

Baby, as you please,
May use my three bliss,
That need stirred hang,

'Baby', said her lips,
'For you I must keep,
With your mariner,
The voyage of my ship! '

'But sure, -qualify yourself,
As a radioactive -ox,
And besides, -to carry my box.

Baby, -go on go on,
We would sing our instincts' song,
And if any happens to wrong,
You may slip to another's clip,
And I would be loose to tempted throng!

Subrata Ray

Your Lines On My Face, -To My Divine Darling. By Ray Subrata

Your lines on my face,
Your heart in my shrine,
Your wick on my lamp,
I bear, dearest of the dears!

My imagination's reality you are,
In the recesses of my psychic,
With image of word you install sense
And as my Focal, you stand, my love,

For you I make time nomadic,
Hi my Gypsy darling, -!
In the vacant field of my childish love
I imagined you as watching shepherd,
Or an Empress for my outlawed dreams!

The daemon -haunted, -transient adolescence,
Too unwise to see you, -in crowds and burrows,
And a blue Shari, by the river Nile or pastoral Fair,
Linked my gypsy to you, -there, -where! ! Cried I!

Your lines, half transparent, half confused,
Had their foil ages, in my blooming tree,
And with the glided youth in sunny manhood,

You began to turn all my gypsy mood,
And now the image of you is clear,
Which I bear, -o me, o my dearest,
My me is your lines, you are the best.

Subrata Ray

The Night The Bride And The Sun The Groom

The Night barred the darkness,
And undressed her gloom,
Her youthful virginity so long preserved,
She lets that to bloom.

The orbit-commissioned rebellious Sun,
Sets his voyage on quantum boat,
And beyond the cosmos knocked his rose.

The queen moon came soon,
And sang her hymeneal from the lore,
The Night bride, came aright,
Swinging swamped the mysterious door.

The groom-party –stars with gallant hero shares,
The auspicious sight of eye –exchange,
The princess Night and the prince-Sun,
Arise, dance, and mingle into soul's fun!

Subrata Ray

The Aura Physics And The Spirituality. By Ray Subrata

The Sun within you,
Is never a new,
As the whole cosmos,
In you dwell,
You need the change,
Of thought direction,
For awakening the sun as fuel.

Your physical field holds within,
The blue -print of the unified One,
With purity and storage of semen,
Your aura circles your sun!

Aura by nature is quanta vibes,
With beams of colored light,
It radiates from the whole body,
But the head is its desired height.

The Nad from the Kundoliny,
As heat radiates light,
With Japa and meditation, ,
Takes its spiritual flight,
As the electron jumps to nucleus,
The Kundolini reaches the head,
And the aura-halo rings focus.

The aura is thus the transformation,
Of instinctive man into spiritual station!

Subrata Ray

The Ant In A Sugar Everest!

Just as I began to feel your love,
The world around me gives a jerk,
My tiny ant from your sugar-Everest,
Collects a fragment and begins to test.

Intoxication of degrees, never be told,
Joyous madness, frenzy-fountain,
Aura -waved -lake, cyclone my plasma,
And in a voiceless cry, -utter I hold! hold!

Subrata Ray

The Catharsis Of Love. By Ray Subra

ta

Love, -The Cathar sis.

That's the organism,
That's the psychology,
We are,
You and me,
Mutual dear!

Love!
The taxed appetite,
The morbid remedy,
Haunts,
A bond to purgation!

Lone home
Ever lone,
Invites tragedy,
Till dark mind,
Spites poison!

Subrata Ray

Let Me Welcome His Will

With His will,
You would accept me,
With His will,
You would reject,
The two are the same,
The head and tail,
Of the same game.

The good flatters me,
The evil makes conscious,
In those two, I see His touch.

Let me welcome,
What ever comes,
For I am a servant,
To carry out His order,
And I must remain there,
Whether in country,
Or beyond the border

Subrata Ray

The Earth Quake In India! By Ray Subrata

Just a few hours ago,
The malignant Fate,
Gave a rousing shake,
Houses and rocks,
Trembled and break.

Parts of India, as Shikim,
Darjeeling, the whole Bengal,
Now are in panic gloom,
Who knows the uncertain doom!

Earth Quake, -the Nature's wrath,
Remains ever beyond our Science's tool,
It makes, all weather wise, concrete fool.

God alone, and our faith as base,
Are the stays of all human race,
And we must pray for our well being,
God's grace and His Divine healing.

Subrata Ray

The Gypsy's Trance

Hers is a fostered gypsy,
With roots to sea, desert and land,
And branches skyward,
With no proyaning, and concrete strand!

While I meet her,
My electron starts reaction,
The whole of my being,
Quivers, and dissipates into fractions!

Koalkata, London, Paris, and New york,
Clumsy -whimsy suspends in her frock,
Her panorama slides, as Neptune rides,
Here she is a glade, there a tsunami,
And still there a thunderous shock!

Her spell boats me,
And I glide through steep falls,
But I wished the trance,
The earth-heaven dance,
In dream and awakening,
The tempest-born rock!

Subrata Ray

The Revealing Course

Dear sweet heart,
The exchange of love letters,
Our abstract impossible,
Gardens our trees,
With leaves and fruits,
Upon our bridge for a stay!

Our posterity may envy or glorify,
Perhaps they would inherit,
And seek shelter for their tired lots,
Either in our poems or deeds!

I am sure, they would never question,
As their own course would be revealing,
They would innovate ours or shape new,
The charged batteries of their souls,
Enlighten the dark tunnels of the passage ways,

Subrata Ray

The Spiders

Pushovers in different gestures,
With enchanted mangroves,
Your beguile hearth purses,
From fox, cock he-got, and bull,
And your alerted tools execute the deal,

□

'Mortification' ? 'May be', she winked.
But you see, your bread course seduces you,
And you weave your cobweb with your juice,
As flowers trap bees, or fisherman hangs net.

□

The senses lullaby soldiers into sleep,
With paper clip or plucked perfumes,
The hungry wilds that wars for democracy!

Can't you see the Spiders' forest, at hast,
With immemorial race to embrace and catch,
A match or two , to have a go irrespective of...

Upon the scattered net, suspends the Fate,
On battling fibers till the wage of the last,
Swath, the wheel stops, empty is the saliva

Subrata Ray

My Growth In Your Love

My Growth In Your Love.

Dearest darling divine,
Your grace I remember,
As love fosters love,
With devotional flowers,
And feeling's fragrance,
In an ever pure shrine.

You outdo my imagination,
Of a maiden's glorious glow,
Of liberated kiss, and union,
Of temporal bliss of all sorts,
That poets and philosophers do.

Nay, I deny my love, for my lacking,
As worshiping you I grow and become,
And with awe untold, I share your pity.

Riming a poem, with pictures of imagery,
Seem childish, as in your presence I cry!
My poor container by your magic touch,
Extends beyond the sea, ah! it is pouring,
Blessing from your vastness, and I flame in love

Subrata Ray

The Common Well -Water.

Each one digs his or her well,
Each one tries to reach bottom level,
Each earthing is an episode to his tale.

Each layer of soil, of human coil,
Has its specific, color, and property,
As you cut and remove, remove and cut,
You grow and become with new to newer art.

You need the Holy-water to quench your thirst,
You need to content, the desire of your bust,
So you dig, and dig on, and dig you must!

If your hero, can throw, soil, mud, stone and sand,
And with all toil, can sail, and reach the deepest level,
He would have the ever cherished water of common base,
And a link he would get, a link he would set, among all race.

,

Subrata Ray

From Love's Avenue To High Way

Dearest, - the glimpse of my discovered soul's anchor,
You are not the maiden beauty of flesh and blood,
But, -a transparent lake of fresh bath, of my aching heart,
Earthly radioactive plus, and divine grain's flux!

I had been crying for love, in alley and street,
Then I meet You, in love's Avenue, and you took me,
To your 'High Place', led to your door, and graced entry,
With your magnetic pull, my vagabond got expiated.

An escape velocity it was, and you thrust the momentum,
With your non-frictional tease, I crossed the gravitational tax,
In your realm, the luminous beacons condense to tranquility,
I with your spell, began to dip down, and felt your revelation!

It was beyond Time, beyond rime, and all sensible feelings,
A realization, grandest indeed, - the completion of Soul's healing!

Subrata Ray

Lover's Flight

Flight after flight,
In the realm of light,
Like the pair of white doves,
With the union of souls, -the hopes!

Clamorous wings,
Joyously ring,
For crossing the boarder of sorrow,
Today's earth would be oblivious,
In the heaven of the great morrow.

Subrata Ray

A Jump Into Love

So long so long,
One or two furlong,
The gap remains.

Wish I, wish I,
O my, o my,
To vanish the chain.

Subrata Ray

In My Sky Float The Hawks.

In that dark gloom,
Light lays swooned.
The sweat of your dance,
Produces trance.
My vagabond steps to share,
The Dark ling Thrush in the sky bare.

In many ways,
With your assumed fays,
From first sense to sliding days,
I have danced in roles untold,
I have myself repeatedly sold,
But still, I am in boggy fogs,
Still in my sky float the hawks!

Subrata Ray

The Pitiabie Plight!

Read and read on,
Commit text and vomit scorn,
Manipulate and speculate,
Sign in the restless bond!

Try to learn war, and war-cry,
Tender you friends' psychic and fry,
On you hearth, for your wild mirth,
Be fighter, since your birth!

You have to become a big man,
You must try if you can,
You have to pervert, convert,
All the genial spirit of your heart!

You have to date, to mend your fate,
And laugh away all the hellish agony,
That in your fake art, your day stats,
And yet you have to bear with, or die!

In strongly -taxed whirls of intellect,
You can never seek peace and rest,
All hinted looks, from your comrade's books,
And the set-up quicksands, evoke your suspense!

In a this lunatic-civilization's lore,
Humanity and humane, have no door,
Rings of hells scream in your orbit,
Drinks, carnal, killing, betray alone merit!

Subrata Ray

Sometimes

Sometimes behind the cloud,
You hide like the invisible Sun,
Sometimes behind the horizon,
For something, your mind runs,
And sometimes after day's toil,
Your soul rises from the coil,
And love germinates from your soil.

Sometimes like an elephant you rise above,
The street dogs barks,
And your senses never catch any envious look,
And nothing of gross tongue's harks!

Sometimes, you see your mind suspended,
In the havoc of accident and deaths of your friends,
Or the betrayal of your long preserved faith,
Or the gay customs of paper-roses,
And the ghostly masquerades Times- orgy.

Sometimes placed in psychic-slaughter -house,
You recount your nurse, mother, and priest,
Forget to compare your fellow comrades, and forest beasts.

Sometime you question your some time's cause,
The useless slavery to Illusion's rose
Why you a bull, with reason's pull,
Bear chance, and accidents' yoke.

Sometimes finding no life's rimes,
You patch and sum up all tour sometimes,
The faded bubbles, of your joy and troubles,
That encircles your departing rings!

Subrata Ray

A Farewell

The Dumb-School building felt,
The students' subconscious stirred,
The passage way with bedewed eyes,
Stood with silent complaint to stop,
The out stepping of one they loved.

Me with my office, and the teachers,
Within the conventional fence responded,
Against empathy's bond of our of fellowship,
With no unworthy aim to be separated!

Her request, 'Release' vibrated!
The tomorrow's bell, and the prayer,
A cry oozed from their fate as not to share!

Aparna Das, an Assistant Teacher of my school,
Has proved herself a Dignity's whirl pool.
Scholarly appetite, with silent service to all,
Meek, polite, gentle, the grace of divine enthrall,
Would here in Moula Netagi, remain alive in her deed,
Time's tyrant wheel, would never pass through her retreat.

Little Sister! wish you the grandest goal,
In this mundane, be the conqueror of Soul!

(To Aparna Das Assistant Teacher Of Moula Netagi Vidyalaya by Ray Subrata)

Subrata Ray

Linda Raymond Quirk And Her Love Divine

Linda, -What a glory to you is brought,
By your incessant effort to loving God,
Thoughts more deeper and sublime,
Germinate and grow in your clime.

To realize the installed divinity already in you,
Now getting mature to maturer, it was not new.
The taking for granted of God's will, in weal and owe,
And equal, love to comrades, irrespective of friends and foe,

Invitations of suffering, and acceptance with fortitude you run,
And in your inner sky, by and by, rises the soul like Divine sun.
The day comes soon, of the assured boon, to feel in your shrine,
The vast Unconscious, transparently luminous, in never fading green.

Subrata Ray

God's Grace And Nature's Change. By Ray Subrata

So long I have missed you dearest, but never you are away from me,
My soul dwells in your heart, as yours divine with me be.
The bygone sweet, in noise and retreat, functions a live,
In harbor now I am alone though beyond the bar is the ship.

The benediction of partnership, the body shares and defies,
For the twin glow of souls, remains on earth, and in Heaven it flees.
Once again I remember my schooling, and Nature change with you,
Gone are the old rusts, with your touch, and now I have a body new.

Subrata Ray

To Makbul Fida Hussein, At His Demise. By Ray Subrata

The images that flashed by,
In M.F, Hussain's green eye,
Would remain as eternity's fragments.
And ages to come would see them as garments
Of the wild Artist's soul
And time will not wither
Like transient feather,
The realities of the cosmos live,
Though at the end of the voyage,
Now at harbor is the ship.

Subrata Ray

Speechless Love, -By Subrata Ray

Speechless am I to myself! ,

For your beauty reflects in my mirror .

From birth to birth the rolling tenor,

Buds and fades in transient hour.

Speechless I am when you cast,

The magic stirred, all arresting look,

Letters I forget in my alphabet,

And fail utterly to read your book.

You are love! the unconscious gate-way of light and gloom,

Unborn, un-borrowed, origin of abstract Beauty's bloom!

Speechless I am to depict your worth,

Your presence evokes in me a me-less birth.

Speechless I am to utter your name,

A dog to Master, an impressed tame!

What happens, in your absence,

Perhaps a void that seems nowhere,

In blue sky, my soul flies, and I am bare!

Speech less though, but what more!

Is the miracle of the miracles indeed,

My dumb senses turn numb,

With your revealing Image's feed.

Subrata Ray

May I Have Unconditional Love With You. By Ray Subrata

The Beauty blazer buzzes,
She spreads her eye to the brim,
And walls me with her vigilance,
An ever attention she urges,
For she wishes to set a bridge.

Unspoken conditions erect heads,
As parasite round a tender plant,
The secret sacred wishes a grant.

My wild senses, seek relief,
Like an unbridled sea horse,
But she be the Neptune tames me,
And I lose all my power to cross.

If I were she, and she be me,
Then had I had not the same hang,
For a secured boat with notified rank,
The unwritten treaty of each other's realm!

Subrata Ray

The Revelatory Passages In Our Spiritual Journey. By Ray Subrata

Every visible object I behold,
Carries an image of eternal shadow,
The forest, the ocean, and the meadow.

The sky, -the mystic vast,
Floats in my Chaityana Akash,
And sustains a live panoramic cast.
The virgin tent on earth,
The cause of death and rebirth,
Takes home in vast Unconscious,
I see and feel a liquid telecast.

The properties of the infinite species,
Rise and fall in fossil dusts,
And remains surcharged for vacations,
Through the rolling gears of Time,

She, you and me, -are images,
The tiniest fragments of infinite,
Run through desires' rails,
Laugh and cry for completeness, and,
Try to recreate, in our orbital atoms.

Escape spirituality, like escape-velocity,
May we have, to cross the gap, between,
Inert mind's illusion and our liberated self,
To erase the point from the apparent map,
With purest holiness in our divinely budded cup!

Subrata Ray

Confession Of Love. By Ray Subrata

I love you dear,
For in you my all senses find control,
Within suspended remain I, and ever roll.

In my garden you bloom,
With different forms and colors,
And you bestow fruits for my heritage,

I love, you the oasis, in my mirage,
My mind tastes security in your garage,
Or I anchor my boat in your decked harbor.

My arrogance and hubris from wild habits,
Get subdued and chastened, in your skied retreat.
All my paradise unlike a son to a mother,
Finds nectar in your shade, in your bed.
You are the corrections of my wish fulfillment,
And the land of sowing seeds of my vacations,
My would be completeness urges sanction from you,
You are my universe, and me a slave to sing your verse.

Subrata Ray

Emptiness. By Ray Subrata

Occult treasure house your book,
lays unread.
A letter or two I read, and find,
Their echoing.
As tidal light-year in my drought-
Turns pool.

Dry, wretched, aloof and waif,
With imitations' accessories I am,
A name, a body, with title,
And drooping advantage in sense,
Hope-irony, and its estrange.

All those mirages turn to oasis,
With spirit sublime and greater hope,
When I feel the ringing of your steps,
As if the awakening of my own soul,
From my paralytic oblivion.

In desire's consumption and ambition's profile,
The slow death God-gifted days pass and pass by,
Empty I feel with with reason-bound misery's tie,
And cry for my own weakness, that my will can't rise high.

Subrata Ray

A Tribute To Makbul Fida Hussein At His Demise. By Ray Subrata

The images that flashed by,
In M.F, Hussain's green eye,
Would remain as eternity's fragments.
And ages to come would see them as garments
Of the wild Artist's soul
And time will not wither
Like transient feather,
The realities of the cosmos live,
Though at the end of the voyage,
Now at harbor is the ship.

Subrata Ray

Well By The By, -By Ray Subrata

Well by the by,
Darling play-mate,
Do you hear?

The thundering voice,
The uncertain steps,
Our profile's whisper,
And groan of ego!
The twittering lechers,
Of the rooted disagreement!

Well by the by,
Do you fear?
The suspension's collapse,
Your each day's growing ties,
Of hopeless live- hopes,
And intoxicated pleasure,
The spoonful and empty measure!

Well by the by,
Do you see?
The calamities' execution,
A tsunami or reactor's like age,
Or a missile's rage from your friend,
As Titans or dinosaurs roam!

Subrata Ray

A Lover's Vain Effort Estimate To His Darling. By Ray Subrata

My darling like a brook,
Flows through the remotest glades,
My love's boat at her will she leads,
And keeps untouched by any probable threat.
My darling like a roe, -runs wild in my heart,
No effort of mine can avail of any concrete part.
In a dimly cloudy pitter- patter vale,

Waging rainbow she buds her tail,
And I her knight after, Holy Grail,
Feel her wildness in the strangest grace.

Never could I prove equal to the unfolding of her prime,
If the universe be the page, ocean be ink, I could finish my rime.

Subrata Ray

Love Under Nature's Wrath, -By Subrata Ray

An wild wilderness wails an yawn,
I feel the advent of tidal and the storm,
The dense cloud of un-rained summer,
And an unheard thunder of virginal burst.

Your eyes nice, seems weather -wise,
And passages of cyclone there wage,
And me be haggard, daggered, destroyed,
In hopper, anvil and hammer's rage!

Trust of passion on higher love reacts to evolve,
Betrayal, tyranny, plunder, -succumb to solve
Nature's wrath, the demon and witch volcano breathe.

Subrata Ray

Sylva Path. By Ray Subrata

Colossal life force initiates conflict with psychic ocean,
Father's cancerous death at eight proves her a waif,
Iron will from within, and struggle undaunted,
Seeks the passages of a genius's pains, trampling chains.

Hers is a study of psycho-elastic limit, that struggle colloids,
Verdurous- crimson -tide, with feelings of unequal that she hides,
Run rum pant from passage to passage, with pangs of isolation.

As editor, lecturer, poet, story writer, and novelist, she excels,
And as wife to Ted, and mother to son, Nicholas Farrar, well she deals,
But within there was always perils, and 'lest should' pricks hemmer age,
As her will decays from the event of her unborn daughter's miscarriage.

Faith, the only stay, she fostered on her, and linked it to her man Ted,
Collapses like a quake, with Ted's affair with Assia Wevill, and fades.
As a poetess of profound subconscious measure,
Sylva would be next to Shakespeare to her readers,
Awards, and Pulitzer Prize on her Collected Poems.
Install her on passage of times with immortal name.

Like Keats and Shelly, she had troublesome lease of 32 years to meet,
Had she lived an advanced life, monumental work she could create,

Subrata Ray

The Rebellious Me!

The world weaves conventions' chains,
The exceptional is my I,
In narrowed rooms,
The reasons bloom,
Me the rebellious ever fly.

The day and the night,
With Time glide,
Fill vacancy and empty blind,
Against the tides,
My vagabond rides,
And forgets to look behind.

Subrata Ray

Yet Till You Can't Win Me My Darling!

A cry springs from within with tidal tears,
Standing in the waves of loss and gain,
Seeing the entangling of repeated chains,
Of magic withering desire's brain! ,
For One beyond this love-less pilgrimage! ,
The only sustaining Hope amidst sufferings,
The cry winds round and round.

The mind was not an-always –betrayal,
With love's tinged glow it reflected,
And faith was seeded in comrades, land,
Though harvest of deception, came by,
And that was only Love's teaching,
For the journey, of preparation!

'Yet you can not win me my darling',
A voice disturbs like suspended breathing!
A cry springs, and sets restless agony,
And the sun glides towards western horizon!

Subrata Ray

Face Gallery In The Face Book.

Faces face the face facile
And link to thousands chords,
The gems and Jewell, show they,
And wealth of pictures they hoard.

Each is a flower with threads of sense,
Un-faded with Time, emits fragrance.
The vibrant glow of the cosmic inner,
Heralds, beds of thought-bud passage.

Subrata Ray

What I Felt In My Darling I Can't Tell

My dearest,
Wide and barest,
Stretched her nectar hands,
Ride I ride, not of being a afraid,
For, the promise is grandest of the grands.

My steed with airy hoofs, soon abridge the two lands,
On the echoing green, spring-farmed shrine,
Stream the heart of my Beauty's brand.

The blue would unlock her beguile,
And with smile forest and hills would bloom,
The shadowy queen-moon, would glow her bride,
The mute-mystic -musicians would make me swoon.

I had no sense of what happened,
But colossal - quaintness - quakes I felt,
My life's goddess, stepped and blessed,
And all my memories forgot to tell.

Subrata Ray

Your Fake Love And My Insanity

Your Dandy still whispers in my ears,
And the paper flowers deck my bed,
I sought and willed in you my anchored shade.

In my dawn, you came up with one color,
And in my spring, my cuckoo in you sang,
Why and how, know not I, in you I had a hang.

My maiden-tree blossomed for you,
And hankered your mystic grant,
My sturdy feet, stepped the shore,

Never knowing it a quicksand!
Your witty argument evoked in me,
The pride of a woman for her man,
Find how, Chaffy grains they were,
Muse, and muse, but never I can!

Your growing arrogance on my slavery,
And whips of authority spread by and by,
An unequal-insane, at your random,
My psychics to me mock and pitify.

Subrata Ray

Medusa's Kiss. By Ray Subrata

The trends of gorgons,
From Greek to Modern go on,
And desert hearts seek oasis,
The vital trance of Medusa's kiss.

Vitality's beauty, -a fire to flame,
Passions' blind fury sustains the claim.
Back to the Trojan war, Paris' Helen,
The stooping of Roman emperors'
To gorgon glory of Cleopatra's game,
The sway is, Medusa's name,

However fake cloth you constantly wear,
An appeal within of Medusa you bear!

Subrata Ray

Amrapali The Public Dancer, And Lord Buddha. By Ray Subrata

During the 6th century B.C in India, -Vaishali,
Lord Buddha gave His visit to see,
The public dancer, Kings' amuser,
Amrapali, the devotee, as she could be.

Her womanly art and vitality's splendor,
Ran rampant from door to door.
Guised Bimbeshar to see her, sought an entrance,
With her glance, he stood still in a trance,
And declared her beauty as the greatest miracle,
Although, the then society, scaled her a woman-sale.

Within her ran ardent the will of emancipation,
Her prayer and cry, created a commotion.
Omniscient Buddha, Himself came to bless,
And as woman disciple, Amrapali got the first place.

Subrata Ray

Colored Clips. By Ray Subrata

You came with a dye,
You thought I was tinged to sleep,
Your love found colored clips!

Subrata Ray

The Hound Turned To A Pig. By Ray Subrata

The damsel Sale Roll,
Wished a hound -sprang panther,
She took him under.

Then summer moon came,
The panther was tamed,

She saw a pig ploughing a bog,
And a falcon turning into a peacock.

Subrata Ray

The Desert In Wood-Land Hill. By Ray Subrata

A mid-summer will,
His total identity seals,
And with a bonfire fair sets his deal.

The wood lander aired the air,
Set fire and took away the fair,
Burnt half alive, visits the leave.

Subrata Ray

Mending The Self For Love. By Ray Subrata

I could not love you dearest,
For I could not know my morbid mind,
With your presence, I sought, purgative,

Of my stirred senses' hounds.

Had it been so, I were a widow,
With no care -takers, as I take privilege,
Of the crumbling, crawling, daily mirage.
The evacuation of cavern-full smokes.

Would you kindly wait dearest,
A century more, in this seven seas gate
With your boat here?
Would you let me undress,
The residue of scorpions,
And be bare to give you weightage.

Subrata Ray

Faith Polygamy. By Ray Subrata

The table, utensil and the cook,
The suits and the company book,
Go and mow with hunger's show!

From cradle to cremation ground,
The same circus go round and round,
And that's why, we laugh and cry!

Subrata Ray

Is Not She An Oasis On Mother Earth? By Ray Subrata

The girl is another,
The girl is darling,
Mother she could be,
But never a mother's thrilling!

Shipwrecked captains,
Wing-broken pilots,
And guards of stormy halter,
Get the girl, seek her shelter

She is a river for fresh bathe,
She calmly absorbs clumsy wrath,
She has to accept disapproval of child's birth,
Is not she an oasis on Mother Earth?

Subrata Ray

The Mystery Of Word Divine. By Ray Subrata

Thought feeling and sense,
Seek entrance.
With image and idea divine.
Through word, they reflect and shine.

The greater the Being is agile,
The brighter the words it trails
On stations of mind's cultivation
Words get empowered with motion.

Here it elevates the mind, there it clouds
Here it spreads ardor, there joy it alouds.
It takes its journey from the mind's periodic table,
And exposes, image and pictures, like a television cable.

Subrata Ray

The Determinism. By Ray Subrata

The trio, wrapped in the seed,
An infinite with colored hybrid,
A rider gallops mead.

Image –live crops on field,
Marathon mousse mockery's merit,
Arrogant Fool goes unheeded.

Consumptions quickly quaint quit,
Ahead to bed with threat, -a swan-song,
Stirs the air, and leaves a vacant sheet.

Subrata Ray

Job In The Jobs. By Ray Subrata

Sinewy celled, brawny –built,
The Jobs once tilled the land,
On boat and yoke graced their hand.

The panoramic flashes of night and day,
Were received with equal mind,
In down and fall, they receive all,
As the boon of creators ebb and tide.

The Job in the Bible,
The Job in the Gospel,
Was an Yogi on laws of deeds,
How happily he received God's verdict,
And nourished the soul, as he was fed.

The Father of the Jobs again and again,
Comes to show as how to regain,
Our ever-coveted blissful seat,
Farming land, for our strand, in their retreat.

Some Jobs in us, never aspire,
More than their honest thrift,
Never they gallows, desire's hollows,
And spoils their divine Mead.

Subrata Ray

The Vain Glory's Gift.

That pause, that cause, and that clot,
Of yours, were, to me un-landed thought,
And I voyaged, seven oceans, and three islands,
For a steed, an answer, and an wizard.

Time winged, and land -bodied I were,
Woods and hills I did cultivate too,
And all mine's gems I ate,
And yet I proved a vain glory!

Then I cried, and cried, and cried,
You broke the silence, and smiled.

Subrata Ray

Who You Are, -The Truth-Tree With Beauty-Fruit.

Hi
looking beyond the sky,
For the distant great.
Seeking the true color through the colors,
Your mind sets.
And oceans of dreams
Through age long sun beams
You guess!

Hi,
Love for the unknown,
You are born,
And you set the universe in your feet,
Through broken-lines, the Time you tread.

Hi,
My phantasmagoria you!
My all imaginations for your love,
Face, apparent reality-Occult
In seasonal garden flowery new.!

Hi,
Who you are!
Beyond senses bar,
Me! the truth Tree with Beauty-fruit!
□

Subrata Ray

You Are Love For All

You are for my love, as mine is for you,
This discovery, though mundane, is never new.
It may seem as the echo of the senses,
And of the body, soul, and mind,
Where in heaven such equals, do we find.

Your music lures my frenzy ocean-ward,
Your dumb-surge, lyres the throat of my hidden bard.
The museum-fossils, rise and act with your slightest touch,
You are thrilling, magic prevailing, topsy-turvey maiden's march

Your haunting spell, like a tolling bell, airs all wither,
And they passage way, through desert and bay,
Cry an wild cry, abandoning all body's pleasure.

□

Subrata Ray

The Poor Brahmin And The Richest Touch Stone

The tales of the Brahmins In ancient India speaks of sacrifice,
They lead a life on begging, austerity, and no compromise.
Family men they were as the highest of social stations,
People received them with reverence and occult administration.

Once a Brahmin for his daughter's marriage met a sage,
And with bowed head wished his help, for the privilege.
The sage gave the Brahmin the address of his master –mystic,
So that the Brahmin may, have the allowance, if His help he seeks.

Went on feet, rivers, forest, deserts and so many treads, ,
And at last by the calm Ganges, he found the sage's retreat.
What he saw was a cultivated –meditation deep,
The sage was dipping in tranquil sweep.

When His closed eye lids budded a glance,
The Brahmin felt the quaking trance.
He submitted his cause, and wished His grace,
The sage smiled, remembered, and gave a trace.

Oh! That touch-stone, once I got on my way,
And threw that, amidst that sands, you get may.
The Brahmin, after a vehement search found the Stone,
And with its touch, all turned gold, as it virtue was shown.

With joy of impossible the Brahmin stepped homeward,
And now wealth profuse, -which once was barred.

But what wealth the sage has got to think this as trivial one!
What joy to Him has proved this world as meaningless fun.
No! I would go , bow, and knell, and pray to him for a bit of that treasure,
Perhaps that presence of unborn-, ancient, eternal one, that knows no measure!

Subrata Ray

Eye Irony

Miss Beauty Butter Glides,
Mr. Handsome Melt Slides,
The third eyed observer cried.

Never Known Tent,
Sprang upon a slanted slant,
The third-eyed observer saw the Hunt.

A fish in the sea,
As steady as it could be,
Swallowed a delicious bait,
The third -eyed saw its retreat.

A cock in the home,
With love and care grown,
The third-eyed aired its blood oozing tone.

The rest,
Evilest and the best,
Passes with Time's taste.

Subrata Ray

To The Lotus Feet Of Mahapurush Maharaj (Swami Shivananda)

The vagabond never opened the book of good and evil,
No such scaling thought could enter, breaking the seal,
For those were out of work for worship,
A look fixed, a tears oozing heart, he keeps,
And a will-less will for Master's will he reaps.

The vagabond went a-haunted for a bondless bond,
No senses of the body, save its temple's Honor, he had,
In black tempest or in spring-oozed sunny valley,
He kept alive his burning Mad, the appetite-less appetite.

The Vagabond's Master,
The Miraculous Duster,
Was Himself the Lab and its Researcher,
All truths unknown, to Him were shown,
And the mile-stones of His synthesis,
That came out from his practice,
He poured and impelled in His followers.

The Vagabond could prove Himself as the son of His Father,
The incarnation of Mahapurush, as Vivekananda and others.

Subrata Ray

A Dummy's Cry With Painted Heart!

She embraces a snake,
He homes a panther,
They needed a hyena and tigress,
To rebuild their dialectic with a grace.

You loved me for nothing,
You wished to unburden,
Your seasonal morbid fruits,
In the vacant willing of my brute.

I tried to love every one,
Knowing not what love was,
In my daily death-bed love buzzes.

Civilization farms to produce talented parasites,
The quoted-lust-screw, rampant in blinded nights.

He, you, and I, are all Civilization's part,
We all must have a dummy's cry with painted heart.!

Subrata Ray

Missing.

Pleasing memories conscious pangs,
While we miss a friend, itself hangs.
The breathing suspense for a poke,
Waits a witless wait of sudden hope.

The abstracts realities, -the governing spirits,
In lonely -melancholy urge the unasked greets,
For, heart given and taken, stolen or snatched,
Cries and wails, rolls and tolls, to be matched.

Often to be enhanced and liberated,
We search and search a greater mate,
Never by wealth or possession we do rate,
But, the state of a friend's feeling hooks secret.

A moment's acquaintance unlocks the hidden door,
The mirroring of beings, feelings' hankering, more and more,
Please to tease, please to cease, the taxed mind's invisible sores.

Subrata Ray

The Revealing Zoo.

Tinged Glow, my friend a curator of a zoo,
Loved animals and birds, and their psychology too.
He once wished my friendly visit with tender mood,
And urged me to share the animals' psychic food.

□

With the coming out of the tiger from Blake's forest,
The supervision of our pleasure found the set.
I began to roar with the tiger's groan,
Mr. Curator like a caught up deer peeped a moan.

The peacock in rain with defused light, '
Spread its spectrum –feather in amorous fight.
I began to dance, and wished my fair divine,
And the dancing peacock in me began to shine.

The lamb in the meadow –green with its mild and meek vase,
The valley with its echoing rebounding, calms the nature's grace.
My being passed into a cow, goat, and cozy sheep, □
A living lamb I became in my transient trip.

In each and every moment's shows,
My identities with birds and animal go.

Am I a store house of all Nature's inmates?
Do the earth and the cosmos in me find their trace?

Subrata Ray

Mind In The Periodic Table,

The comments on a full-bloomed rose,
From poets, scientists, and average,
Were ranked on thought-station-phase,

The first judges included eighteen comments,
The second the younger group, up to 112 mend,
The third the youngest, 118, suggested as the best,
And the jury then opened their mouth,
We must wait for more comments to know the truth!

An old man only claimed the synthesis,
The acting of mind on periodic basis!

Subrata Ray

The Possessed Impossible.

Seeing your beauty,
And mystic appeal,
Home I lost for ever,
For my Being I saw, □
Mirrored in you,
And I rose to Impossibly never.

Often , often felt I undone,
For some rooted dismay under,
Like distant roar of tossing ocean,
And un-heard sound of thunder.

Subrata Ray

Cosmos Thrilling Madness, -My Empress! To Loveangel Dean, -A Token Of Friendship.

Thank you for your kindness/
'My whole heart rises to bless'/
My humble link finds a phase
In the solitude of my Empress/

The tattered and the flattered are gone/
There is no even the residue of fun
/ The joy of unknown has flown
Away all the traps of animal -mind
And somewhere in no where
/Say a complete bare
You, dearest I find.

The craving-burden,
And burden for cravings,
Prove miserable the honey dwellings,
And cancer desires flicker,
The masquerades for nothing. The

Hey tinged glow,
Hey light-mediated flow,
Hey cosmos-thrilling madness,
I have loved you O -my Empress.

Subrata Ray

I Would Not Stop 'stopping By The Woods'

Still, I would not stop 'stopping by the woods',
And go beyond the farm house, somewhere,
In search of you, through your revealing new.

I would win the farmer and the gardener too,
And set my telescope alert to fix the view,
And if you recede through the sea waves,
Or make you concealed in mysterious caves,
I would remain a knight, and never be a knave.

□

Darling Divine,
From the Ganges, through Mississippi to Rine,
Darling Universe,
From catalectic feelings to empty transcendence;

For you,
I would,
Translate,
All abstract moods.

Subrata Ray

You Change The Nature With Your Deals.

I remember our first love,
Breathing suspense for your face,
Staring vacant for miraculous feast,
Sending goodbye to troubling eye -lids.

My innocence anchored upon you,
And in your acting it grew,
I never thought you fake,
Nor ever my confusion doubted.

And now I feel me a bankrupt,
Of what I had, and I wished.
Yours is a through cheating,
For making me characterless.

Time's cozy ups and downs,
Senses appetite round and round,
Wearing social garments and gown,
Are now the prey for my former hounds.

O killer! Oh! Thriller,
Destroyer of my good and evils,
You trap a dove, for the grandest hope,
And change the nature with your deals.

Subrata Ray

Our Soul Glows In Our Choice Of Beauty. To My Sister Aimee B.De Guia..

Our pictures of thoughts speak of the station of our mind,
With sights and sounds of nature the soul its outlets finds.
My sister Aimee blesses my sight,
With azure blue a lark's flight.
My being transcends to the inner sky(Chidaksh) ,
And like the bird of her picture I fly.

From the remotest ancient to modern time,
The same picture of soul's flight finds rime.
Lost in wonder, I go back to embrace my soul,
The caged bird's renunciation, -the ultimate goal.

Subrata Ray

Ours Is A Triangle,

He, you and I,

You are in love with Him,
I am in love with Him,
He sets link between,
You and me.

□

Ours is a triangle,
He wishes to see us in love,
He fills His feeling in our cups,

In His pilgrimage,
His flag we would bear,
The true of His, in our love,
We would share.

With His sudden arrival,
Our hearts as conch bell,
And spread the conscience,
To step Him in and sit,
And our room, to greet,
Our each one's Lover.

Neither you,
Nor I ever,
Fell in love,
And it is He who tinges the love's glow,
And with His love, for his love, we flow.

Subrata Ray

Who Am I? , -You! ! !

Hey you, -reflector!
In my form, in my sense.
In ebb and tide of divine sea.

Amidst mine two beings,
You sleep and rise,
My Surface -I, seeks wine,
And for its absence whines,
My surface I a gay guy,
Proves braggart soldier,
For nothing loves, □
And for nothing cries,

My inner I, is born wise,
And with purest imagination,
In the secluded hours
Of strong discrimination,
Feels and realizes, mine self ,

You, -yes you in me are,
The Image, of truth and beauty,
With my abstract, the Abstract,
That times timeless dreamy races.

Dream I had been,
In dream I am,
And dream will be,

Yet my I, - your depute,
Save you is no where!
And I disclaim all my good,
And I disclaim all my evils,
For in between your illusion,
And self revelation, sustains,
Your comedy, your tragedy,
And mine coming out!

Subrata Ray

Love Making.

What a love!

What a love!

What a love!

Tsunami flooding human harp.

The Himalaya awakens from the tiny cup!

What a love! What a love!

□

In my bed, □

In my shade,

In my body's chasm vault,

Awe oozes, fear fridges,

Volcano loses its fiery mirth.

What a trance!

What a trance!

Slipping into timeless romance!

Dipping dipping,

Dipping into calm Imaginations' ocean,

Notions go, senses' foe, getting lost in commotion.

Darling Divine hunts me,

And wins my soul's land,

With her groom, She sets Her room,

And grants the grandest Grant.

Subrata Ray

Doped Dolls Rise And Fall.

The daily dolls rise and fall
And the saga continues.□
No feeling, no healing,
consumptions and abuse.

Doll and doll,
Play foot ball,
May they score one or two,

Miss world or miss universe,
For the corporate - verse,
Play live -doll on puppet hands.

Mashed and crashed,
Freshened and doped,
The stage is with new groups.

The scraps and garbage,
Share no pity breath,
The thrown garland,
With quashed wreath.

Dolls and doll,
Love and scroll!

Subrata Ray

Civilization, -The Tattered Cloth Of Self Destruction,

Amidst the daily struggles of life,
Amidst the humming of fake-weather friends,
And the play of the intoxicated senses,
With surface -hearts, we cry within with agony.
And, the masks of business -love,
Get opened in our least adversity.

□

Hi love, hay faith, -o ardent feelings
Have you all departed us?
Yes love yes, -if you can ever feel these
You would, try your best
To be equal of a greater Love, -your special some One,
Who never leaves you in your distress.

See how the sky kisses the horizon, and remains,
The fresh breeze blows to soothe the sweating clumsy,
Fountain springs to quench the thirsty traveler,
And mother Earth serves her harvest to inmates,

They are the things as they really are,
Love, honesty, and faith they harbor,
And in our fickle- colors, we mar, □
With lecherous perversion our true honor!

Civilization is the tattered cloth of self destruction,
And explosion of thousands Satan's poisonous brains,
To evacuate all the humane-beings, into the nadir of nuclear drains.

Subrata Ray

A Friend's Gift.

A gift from a friend's heart,
Remains as a part,
/And proves a new start.
/Of gardening the abstract,
And flowers bloom,
Dispels the gloom,
And fragrance fills life's art..

And then love comes,
Caged souls jump,
For the sharing of the feelings.
Then with divine boons,
Soothes soon,
And the hurt minds bathe in healing.

Subrata Ray

The Reunion Of The Separated Twin.

So many days have gone
The psychic link sustains
Few cloud-lets mirror the sun
And my poor being with blind eye
Casts a look longing

Dearest all my wish of turning the desert into an oasis
/Murmurs deep sigh
In spirit to you I fly
And in your shrine shelter I seek
/To mitigate the madness unknown
May your pleasure take it as a worship or an weak's devotion.

In many a rime,
Darling Divine,
I have confessed my unequal,
Lest I should lose your grace,
Lest I be miss-impressed,
And the plight of happening the worst,
All penance for my ignorance do I must.

Your live on my plasma-conscious,
Your vibrant radiance with soul touch,
And a stay of trance, symphony melodious,

I wish, covet, and will win,
The reunion of the separated twin!

Subrata Ray

Sins Are Dust On The Soul.

Your soul is by nature immortal divine,
The dusts may cover that but can't ruin.
The cheeky plucky desire's disease,
For the time-being the glow may decrease.

The storm of Fate,
May sweep you to hell's gate,
But you by your submission to Lord's will
Can revive and restore the lost zeal.

Saint Valmiki the great Indian epic poet,
Was a terror-evoking dacoit by Fate.
Once he caught a monk to plunder,
And fastened him a forest tree under,
The monk taunted him for his sinful deed,
For none would share his sin whom he feed.

Dacoit Ratnakar from his old parents wanted to know,
Would they share his sin and to hell him follow?
The answer came as a biggest naught,
And for a reversal of fortune, he thought.
By chanting Lord's name he came out as a sage,
Dacoit Ratnakar , flourished his saint-hood stage.

For us the laws of Karma guide the life's course,
So let us from our force within, overcome the evil force.

Subrata Ray

Marian Haddad, -For Her Contribution And Research On Michael Jackson

Michael Jackson, -The Miracle To Human Personality..Dedicated To

From the vast unconscious,
Michael Jackson came up as a flash,
The symphony of a poet, musician and dancer,
With him flooded away the mundane bar.

A tornado that awakes man's hidden pleasure,
A presence that emancipates souls beyond measure,
His kind, if is taken a comparison to Beethoven and Mozart,
It would outdo hitherto all human artists' art.

□

This evokes soul's research to all modern minded man,
If they, trough, their divinity, a catch can.

His body is God's lyre, the gestures are His fingers,
While he is on the stage, our souls rise and linger.
Michael Jackson is God's Miracle device,
The benediction of joy and delight in our mundane oasis.

Subrata Ray

To My Beauteous Friend Marian Haddad,

In my pilgrimage on either side,
All I see are God's prize,
Contract and expand, -fall and rise,

Happens often miracle,
Someone rings soul's bell,
And an unconscious impression,
Buds and blooms its face, □
In murmur joy I feel,
A fragment Divine's grace.

So you are one, -ever beauteous to worship,
All commands of friendship, -why not I keep.?

By nature grown from within,
A living temple of God's shrine.
Marian Haddad in Time's strand,
So my spirit feels, as God grants.

Subrata Ray

Women's Point Of View.

Liberal and conservative,
And dicta tress too by Nature,
In flashy vase creation's cultivator.

□

A mother for mother' will,
Divine fragrance, nectar profile,
She creates, re-creates,
She destroys and preserves,
Her wink teases Man's abstract harp.

She is love's total being,
And blooms in Man's transient spring,
She is source of dreams and life's fuel,
Wherever Man goes she trails.

Her body is more than paradise's bliss,
By her grace, human race, takes in her their lease
She is Man's body language, and earthly lead,
Man grows and becomes through her feed.

In Time's canvas her position demands modern view,
For evil man's self denial, the question was not new.
Man thinks that he would give woman her equal right,
And station her dignity to the level of his own height.

Woman by her virtue outdoes man's all worth,
For through her grace, man finds a place with his birth.

Subrata Ray

How The Mind Turns Into Super Mind.

My devotion's milk mingles,
And the omnivorous tongues,
Taste and pass by with no cause,
My fool wonders and guess!

□

An ardent prayer I submit to lord,
To save His bankrupt, with His path,
So that I can share the devotion's mirth.
An ever separated oasis of my own.

Set your milk on an earthen pot,
And place that in a secret calm,
And observe how it turns to curd,

You need the stirring for your butter,
And the butter would float in water,
This is how you can solve the crucial matter..

This oracle of my Ishto(God) is for all,
To form a super-Mind, unavoidable call.

Subrata Ray

Shadowy Tale's All!

No where appears living green,
My sister a spirit-queen,
Memories root sustains,
In her absence her presence.

I deny death, and approve the immortality of soul,
Your sister's abstract presence, retains and rolls.

So many tender hopes,
Granite cultivated scopes,
Thousand footed miles,
The heaps of projected files,
Now negate, -Time's blade!

So is yours, and mine dear,
Snobs, whine and vain tears,
But are they our shadowy tale's all?
Ah! , -the immortal love where Time falls!

Subrata Ray

Time Table Is As The Time Goes.

Time table is as the time goes
The bleak and somber
Atmosphere beguiles.
Wiping faces of the shadows
Masquerades go plundering by.
Hopes hang in wait less waiting

□

The desert enjoys her loneliness,
The sea's love runs in youthful waves,
Forest's wilds violent in rest and respite,
And in strung logic our souls bleed in razor.

Ours is farming of Big-Brothers,
Net-fate spreads, hackers missile,
Selling and purchasing of necessity's will!

Subrata Ray

The Blind Logic With Blind Sense.

From the stubborn hill
The azure liquids to horizon
The sight fades and dismay begins
Blind the eye proves
The ego within whines
The failure is real
Oh! what a tiny man is in Nature's scale!

The roaring waves cease to ear,
Either for distance or deafness,
And beauty may arrest,
But blunt may be the sense,

Logic of where and no where,
Denies Prometheus' first fire,
Or flourishing a Sun within,
Or a lady's love for her lover,
That remains ever unseen.

Subrata Ray

Abstract Fund!

Defused distance dismays
And yet it waits to be experienced
In love covered island, as if
Love stands on quicksand!

□

You artful cheat, -Conscience reacts,
Who! Me? Your halter, -your mind
Wick in your morbid psychic, -to enchant!
A phantom-roe from the darkest forest.

Yes, a ticket-stamped ass,
Vain effort to reach the grass,
That the cart man hangs with a stick,

Dearest wizard, -I am personalized,
A wand!
Your chemistry, now a mystery,
Stomached all my inborn,
Abstract Fund.

Subrata Ray

Heavy Wings, -Earth Is The Best.

Million truth birds in a forest,
With skied -wings in rest,
Were covered with a magician's nest.

There was only one hole,
Escaping began to roll,
As per one's worth,
Flight had its mirth,

An old bachelor in the queue ,
Preferred the truth of the forest,
Heavy wings, -earth is the best!

Subrata Ray

The Quicksand

Granite splendid spectrum home,
Planetary satellite table-chosen Rome,
Time-winged feet, -gigantic-tomb!

□

Missile heralds Farmer's cult, □
Open-view love in miss-world's art,
Beguile will transports commerce,
Heads are implanted in civilized farce.

Screwing commotion for power brand,
Granite dichotomy stands on quicksand!

Subrata Ray

The Garbage Of Science Would Not Allow The Grace

.

The new government set up a scan,
The nasty pollution with a garbage van.
Clear and wipe, -runs the commander's whip.

Ultra technocrats set nuclear reactors,
Questions were raised of health factors,
A voice cried, -'They are civilization's mentors'

An old man, told the story of the first atomic explosion,
May the reactors by chance, or fate, evoke commotion.

My Japanese friends, -now wish to escape in space,
But the garbage of science would not allow the grace.

Subrata Ray

Her Nectar Bloom Come By

She came again and again,
She came even in the night,
To spread her heart through,
And through, over my plight,

She laid her eye sight upon my shadow,
And cast her feelings, through out the meadow,
She sent her echoing feet, as I traveled wearied,
In my fatigue, she stirred in me her Arabian. steed.

In my deserted blinds, while like an waif I cry,
Or in a moaned face, deprived of all grace, I lie,
With flood of hugs, kisses bloom, she comes by.

Subrata Ray

The Hungry Shadows

By the side of the palace of stony –hall,
The moonlit night faced a tickling fall.
The queen Mamataj rose with amorous call,

The night was restless,
The hall was gray,
The king was passionate,
But the night did not stay.

The moon did talk with vampire-rock, '
The moon did will the phantom hawks.
It came swinging through the air,
It came and came, but never was near.

The dancer fays,
With blinding rays,
Unlocked their body's tongue,
From the chasm,
The deprived eunuchs flung.

The tempted tragic maidens and gallants,
Flashed rolling from rope less slant,
Some came alive from previous hang,

The hungry stone,
Stopped its moan,
And spread its heart to share,
The touch of the cozy,
The touch of the crazy,
And the touch of the wild dumb and fiery bare.

The king wrapped with attendants,
Made the court benumbed and stunned,
Yellow damsels, quartered in a throng,
Greedily tempted to be wronged.

The flute, violin, lyre came,
With music strung but no frame,
The artists climbed to ecstasy,

In vacant lonely music hazy.

Hand off, tongue –saved sculptors ravings,
Lingered on their art's unique cravings,

A voice, a voice, a voice cried,
Gross, thin, melodious, tongued –tied
But icy and frayed, in the shadowy light,

You visitors, thou can't stay with us,
Silent creatures we are, and the palace is as much,
King Sahajahan's living ghost,
With Mamataj, turns into frost,
We all awake and reappear in the blooming moon,
We enjoy the Time erased cold but wild boon,

Subrata Ray

Politics

Parasite,

Advertise,

Organize,

Public,

Raw material,

No capital,

Shepherd

Animal-farm,

Subrata Ray

Mind

My Master was always gracious to me,
His piety to my queries as much he could be,

Once in a rare opportunity, I took privilege of his concern,
With bowed head I place my appeal, a-haunted within and ran.
Shire what is mind and how does it act,
What is the mystery behind mind `s fact,

“His ocean-depth calmness, broke the silence,
As if he was rising from me dative trance.
Mind is Time’s horse, something like plasma,
Tinged and wrenched with alpha, beta omega,
Mind is a cobra, with poisoned cover gem,
In life’s ups and downs it plays the game.
Mind is a rope between instinct and desire,
Here it is shining, there it is dark, and lits the fire.
It consists of two opposite force,
Centripetal and centrifugal, in life’ course.
With centripetal the Devil clouds the soul,
Wealth, greed, lust, then become the goal,
Centripetal tends the mind to the Vast Unconscious,
It dashes the Devil, erases the evil, and sprouts focus.

Mind is the Satan of the biblical –hell,
But at the same time it is the glorious angel.
Mind takes lease, the life’s feast,
Less it is light then fog and mist”.

Shire, how then we can know the mind?
“With strong conscience, you can find,
Manliness and meditation keeping behind.
Detaching its movement from matter,
Keeping aloof from inconsistent and flatter
Reforming habits and base desires,
A day to day change from where you were”.
Thus the growth of mind is evolution of consciousness,
Somewhat, but unlike of the advance of material process.

In the initial stage two things you do require,

.

Subrata Ray

My Beauteous Empress

Fountain delight flows,
From erected stand,
Love and light spark,
From divine Beauty's brand
.Salute you lady of grace,
Love as oasis comes from your face,
Mystic mystery, trance-fostered glow,
The installed mother Divine finds her flow.
What was destined is now open,
What a miracle do a beauty can.
I wish to have a maiden shine,
As beauty's image, she rises within mine.

Subrata Ray

Heart Wishes In Vain To Be Reigned.

I wish to speak of my heart's language,
I wish to unburden my meaningless stay,
I wish to pour forth, the profuse poetry
Alas! none lends, none bends, to hear.

My fountain -head, sprightly passages,
Through the lands with melodious messages,
Alighted in a lit up light -boat, on Time's highway,
On either side, the divine brides, sprinkle My dewy-rays.

The unrequited pathos of this love-lorn poor figure,
Now finds, a tempest, a tide, riddles-effusion, with no measure.
The harvest is done, spring has come, senses getting lost.
Life's drudgery, with uncommon misery, pass into the coast.

My mind was ascending to the high to higher regions,
The flight was caught by a spirit, and I got entrapped in a vision.

There, un-scrolled a series of my ever loving faces
From life to life runs the flowing races.
One that is my ever cherished shrine,
My soul of Soul, the life's coveted goal.
From finite to infinite that rolls.

What I saw, what I feel,
Never, never that I can tell.
Nothing to hide and nothing to reveal,
Only a sound of distant bell.
The earth and the heaven get dropped from the scene,
The tranquil mirth, body-less birth, in an occult cave,
Liberated me, in a sky-like concave, and emancipation gave.

Who would hear,
who would care
The subject and the object mingle in to one,

So many births', passions' mirth, all are gone.

Subrata Ray

Aimee B.Guia 's Indian Brother On Aimee's Picture.

Lovely beauteous gracious grace,
Heavenly soothing oozes from my sisters' face,
Mother, sister, darling, -the greatest of human race
Goddess divine appears in her shrine in this earth like place.

Aimee, your picture costs nothing to pay,
It elevates the mind with photon ray,
The mind deepens to sublime,
And rises above age and clime.

Your brother bless you with all her heart,
And share the picture with your part.

In the coming tomorrows,
With fleeting time's shadows,
You and I would grow old,
But the picture would remain
For ever fresh and ever bold.

Subrata Ray

The Primordial Forest Haunts Quest.

The Trojan adventure treads its test,
After a long adventure downy –breast,
Paris' Helen in willow's forest.

□

Hark! Hush! the heroes. whisper,
Beneath the battles in battle's cover.
The hanging souls hang over.

The cowards of ancient forest,
Medals rewarded in animal-set,
The primordial forest haunts quest.

Subrata Ray

Somewhat What's What.

It is somewhat what's what,
Her huge ship sandbanks,
Panther's feet on waited strand.

A roe's sprightly glide to hunter's glade,
Glorious forbidden in dream-land shade.
A gallant lover upon hushed -hopper -bed.

The virginal widow weaves the tapestry ,
The some-what what's what, -standstill mystery.

Subrata Ray

Our Identity And The Brahman(Universe)

Rishi Bashdev projected the subtlest verse,
In the Gita, -the Brahman -verse.
He packs the essence of Upanishad,
Man's installed Divinity in body's cloth.

Then three doctrines of the Vedanta find flow,
Non-duality, duality and special duality are the glows.

Achareya , -Sankar, Ramanujam, and Madhav deal,
To expound and link Man's spiritual thrill.

To Sankar Brahman is creator and he retains in His creation,
He is the only truth in Time and Universe's eternal motion.

To Ramanujam both the Brahman and the world exist,
In Brahman's Maya to enjoy His creation the world fleets.

To Madhav, -the all pervading Brahman, weaves his net,
Like a spider in His own building and unbuilding of cobweb.

Swami Vivekananda prophases the installed divinity in Man,
And Man can know his identity through, purity, Karma, and Gayan(wisdom)

I

Subrata Ray

Skinny Boney Muddled Vase.

Geared, stirred, -and in fear,
Vitality's elasticity now a show,
Courage, rise she apprises,
Tiger, hyena, sparrow, -flash,
Alone in bower with quaking clash.

Cocks' carrion bell, -now a stale,
The lamp her shabby hut reduces oil,
The bidders shadows spite on her bell,
The blared varnish instigates sale.

Peacock's rainbow-wings,
Function no sweating dance,
Beauty's bait costs little trance,
In skinny bony muddled vase.

Subrata Ray

Waited Dawn Shifts To Lonely Noon.

Waiting lips invite
Dreamy half-shut lids
Miracle furrows
Willing will deals
/Planted nectar penetrating caress' seals.

Gobi groans for crimson monsoon,
Waited dawn shifts to lonely noon,
Honeyed flower cries for bee-lees misfortune.

Subrata Ray

Susopti-Satellite,

No passion no desire,
Mind's reflector clear,
Stainless origin,
Sustains in mystic shrine.

□

Subject sees the objects,
Though no naked eye,
As if the satellite relates,
Live of, ocean, earth, and sky.

The complex, composite,
That our true nature merits,
Hang galaxy from Unconscious,
Between transcendence –calm,
And quiet –quanta's quintessence jump,
The bridge between finite and infinite focus.

Susopti satellite from body's lab,
Finds on the earth a physical install,
And plasma unconscious mirrors touch,
Of the super-unconscious already in us.

Subrata Ray

Woman And Her Worth.

Woman Divine,
As mother mine,
In my heart's lotus shines,
The greatest part in creation's twin.

Woman mistress,
As pole star impress,
Save the part of God's creation,
Woman waves the tidal life's motion.

Woman's love,
Rises into ecstasy man's harp,
Woman's heart,
In temporal pilgrimage the rarest part.

Subrata Ray

Fool Is The Yes-Man Who Does Not Change His Nature

Man's desire causes sin,
As weak he had been,
And for more wickedness he plots,
He consumes passions and burdens God,
He makes god tired with his happiness' plea,
All evils he commits and remains in glee.
He places his instincts above his conscience,
Making fake sermons, in darkness he shines.

□

Fool is the yes-man who does not change his nature,
And with his gratifications' –smokes, his soul, he covers

Subrata Ray

Empathy And Sympathy.

Love turns to empathy when one sees God in all,
The sharing of the self in life's rise and fall.
Fostered humbleness, blooms the empathy's flower,
And with it God's bliss, spontaneously showers.

While sympathy is Ego's hubris,
Authority of superiority finds release
Empathy is a cry for other's suffering,
Sharing oneness with all human beings

Sympathy is worldly and mercy it may trace,
Empathy sees itself in all living face.

.

Subrata Ray

The Lab Of My Mundane Research.

If you can foster love, it would offer you light,
In life's all struggle, a-breast, you would fight,
Let this love be for one and only one,
In life's oasis you would be sheltered,
All your inner glow would be glittered,
And life would be a pilgrim's fun.

□

Mine! , darling divine –rose,
With you each days grows,
The home of your pleasure church,
The lab of my mundane research.
Pray you to undress and shake off the mask,
Save your will's grace, vain would be my task.

Subrata Ray

My Impression Of Immortality Is You.

I have recorded, the impression,
Of your Face at the first screen of my mind,
And thereafter deep in the heart,
Your sweet voice I find.

Further beyond breaking the gates of body and mind,
You have engraved the ecstasy, -your art,
Therein your impression is ever green.

Darling Divine!
With your awakening,
My world, -my relation,
And the great nature of eye and ear,
Are now no more.

Your mysterious touch,
Abruptly opens the treasured door,
And my insignificant me feels itself, a grand new,
And now the miracle is attained, it is only You.

Subrata Ray

Love Unifies Fields.

Love is one's field's light,
Wrapped in emotion, imagination's height.

Three abstracts fields,
Conscious, sub-conscious, unconscious,
Come as the waves of our existential touch!

Three abstract fields,
Produce in us relative thrills.
Man, Master and Avatar,
Are the three fields' bar,

Three subtle fields,
Nuclear, electromagnetic and cosmos,
Unify to control the Universe's torch.

Subrata Ray

Dream And Reality.

Dream is reality and reality is dream,
The return of Sanskaras in shadowy gleam.
The broken image from the Vast Unconscious,
Through the gate-way of sleepy mind finds focus.

From the Sumerians, to the ancient Hebrew thoughts,
Dreams were the links between man and God.
The figures, Solomon, Jacob, Joseph in the Bible,
Speak of Dream's glory through, divine fore-tale.

, In ancient Egypt dream incubation began.
In troubled person's sleep, prophecy rang.
Hippocrates, the Greek, thought dream a reverie,
What one receives in day, at night returns as dream's story.

Freud's dream of "royal road to the unconscious."
Either from id or ego, finds a subconscious burst.
Delusions and illusions of one's psychosis □
Produce dreams to fulfill the hidden wish.

To Jung the deeper layers of unconscious psychic,
In dream stimulates the subconscious with a click.
His "collective unconscious" in people all,
Through dreams reveal archetypes symbols.

To my vagabond dream is live intuition in inert-mind's rest,
In it all the accumulated past, and future's shows enjoy the best.
It has its validity, and yet it, parts from one's deep meditation,
As therein the Vast unconscious creates a commotion.
There is no difference between dream and apparent reality, □
Until one attains the Soul, -the both prove illusion's frailty.

Subrata Ray

Gardening The Home.

Swiftly sprouts serious imagery in abstract -garden's gloom
/The poetess' impersonality with her magic spell, -in trillion hearts bloom.
Untouched and invisible, like the stars in the flowery sky,
Twinkling shadow, through dreamy –meadows giddily pass by.

Occult transformation, to thought's garden with fostered lonely lea,
The clumsy doors, cease to be no more, and return to lover's nostalgia.
From without to within, journey begins, dashing all memories' blackboard,
Turning to something, into Timeless shining, emptying the self, but no hoard.

The installed home,
Free from all gnomes,
Needs to be dwelt well,
Casting a longing,
Burden's shilling s,
Needs now a farewell- bell.

Subrata Ray

More Than Thousand Apparent Suns, In Me You Remain.

What a great Faith dearest!
A mirroring of the soul itself,
A love that we often imagine,
Incarnates in ours soul's garden.

Knowing not I asked your permission,
For my humble poem to publish,
Now being ashamed of my unequal,
My mundane thought gets abolished.

The untouched glory of invisible divine,
With your blessing's vastness shines,
The mingling me of you, oh! a complete mine.
Your poems you record in my plasma-board!

Oh! my grandest glory, ever cherished, Darling Divine!
More than thousand apparent suns, in me you remain.

Subrata Ray

Reason Beyond Feeling.

If through murdered feeling, feeling rises,
If through betrayed feeling, feeling gets prizes,
Would I not be cleaned, to receive your healings?

□

You wanted my empty absolute to rise,
To wand my childish harp and lead,
To see visibly invisible through brow, □
Light-years living morrows within,
The awakening of my hidden luminous green.

Reason beyond feeling for your love!
In reformed body with death of all senses,
In barred out barriers your presence,
And a no where me in every where,
As you had been, were, and are!
A son or daughter resembles Father.

Subrata Ray

Spiritual Awakening, -Dedicated To Pamela M. Baneford.

Sons of immortality, -hey man,
You can arouse your divine glory,
And your earthly life is only for the story,
Waiting to be fulfilled by your struggle,
The hardest battle to separate your soul,
And to feel that in body's cover, soul reigns,
As the depute of God, as the divine link.

I invoke you Yahweh or God, to awake,
From our Vast Unconscious within,
And bestow grace to our earnestness,
So that we can feel your self revealing glory,
At the end of completion of our mundane story.

Subrata Ray

Only Your Grace Can Make Me Humble.

Make me soft and simple,
And remove the sense of profit and gain,
Enrich me day by day, pouring infinite pain.

Hold me in your right hand,
Kill the ego that in me stands,
Let my heart,
Be not apart,
From my comrade's wretched state,
Let me not, ever be fraught to the decree of Fate.

This instinct born ego, causes unrest,
And sets the life to never ending desire,
Be a malignant fate, to all ego's gate,
And with your grace grant the prayer.

In life's main, keep me empty and low,
So that my container, may receive your pains,
And my humble, to you ever remain low.

Subrata Ray

Love As Doctrine Of Karma Yoga

Dearest sister and Brother,
From mundane here, Go far to farther.

You have come to serve men and women
Serve as a servant if you can.
The poor, needy, and wretched one,
Let be your worship, in life's fun.

For god live with shelter-less, waifs and orphans,
You are given scope to serve within allotted span.
This would lead you, coming out from within,
And to see God in thousand human shrines.

What is life? What does it teach us,
It is to function love, to be marry and fuss.

The doctrine of Karma Yoga negates greed and lust,
It urges strengthening conscience, to be pure and just.

Subrata Ray

The Rooms Within

She, my friend's wife,
A mistress a on call
A cheat –fund' agent,
A Beauty's book, with,
Many a familiar look.

To her, as Lalita feels,
Life is only for the youth, '
Save, the dictionary is nil.
Marriage! the bondage of a slave,
Leaving blue sky, green land,
Taking shelter in a damp cave?

Her husband a with many dustbins,
A clumsy canker, an auntie's kin.

She frankly speaks of her love,
Pornography is a sacred book,
Every day a new body, and bewitching look.
Rina, her maid, is also paid,
Hers is outlaws land,
Wearing mask,
In society's dusk,
Her trips come and go,
All friends, no foe.

Why? who think for them?
Who with eye and no name
Casting look for someone's book,
Stands still on the door's frame.
The day's feeding on nasty game.

Lalita, Rina, Shaphali, take no bribe,
The bees come, drink honey from their hive.
Their warehouse –keepers, and the owners,
Have their commission, and privilege frowner.

Oh! Timeless Love, For You Timeless I Turn.

So many years are gone,
You did not come.
The tender years' blessings return.
So many years my friend, -
The Springs are undone..

Mind stretches its canvas,
The body suffers the draught,
The desire recalls the embrace,
With breathing calm.

I am in a boat, with no mariner,
In the West, stepping the sun,
My waiting turns into spreading lea,
Oh! You don't come, you don't come.

Widow never I were,
Nor my hearth was without fire,
Yet for you bedewed tears, -run,
Dismay is the Spring, dreary is the fun.
Oh! Timeless Love, for you timeless I turn!

Subrata Ray

Shelter

When in crisis, for my love'a wounds,
I step to a nearest oasis,
With surest hope, for solace and support, -
The least kind of earthly bliss.
I beg their opinion, the strength to my stay,
To forget, to overcome and to be gay.
All desert me, and a few say, I am wrong
Smooth, happy, easy, -they are in the fleeting throng.
My heart tears, my soul can't bear
The alchemy, the cunning of my dears.
Shelter, shelter, I cry and whine,
Answer echoes, "Nay, but flesh and wine"
I can't deny, they lull the sense to sleep,
For my inability, I sit alone, and weep.
Then I open some pages of great man,
If there is balm there, find I can.
I could read the mystery of this land,
In a series of stations do they stand.
This leads me to see the things in proper stations,
I get impelled with new feelings, new notions.
Nothing in life is so grand and high,
To know the self, escape, and fly.
None Shall I love, none shall I hate,
I would never sit at my mind's gate.
Subrata Ray.Mousumipara.Uluberia.West Bengal.India.

Subrata Ray

Negligence,

You can't neglect me
Never you can!
For your interest, for your love in mine,
Though now, the green-glow ruins,

For your locking silence, my psychic tree,
Feels suffocation, -burns, writhes and whines.

Yours colossal Being, by magical word,
And sense perception of your beauteous form,
Plants flag on all parts of my abstract sea.
This too calm weather, if turns me to fridge,
Where shall I be! Your presence neglects me!

My efforts of breaking the ice,
Returns as negation's surprise,
A hiding face, cries for grace,
O me! o me! rise from silent terrace!

You can't neglect me,
If so, your ego deludes you,
My faults are mine,
Though they are new to you!

Subrata Ray

The Thirst Of The Leaders Needs Blood-Filled –cup.

Where is light?
Where is the light?
Cried the voice.

The joys of senses in a happy home,
Memories scraps on heaps of bones,
Dearest wife, darling mother,
Earnest daughter, anxious father,
Coffee –house friends, romance's flowers,
All now hang upon the fatal hour.

Where is the light?
Where is the light?
Whines and hits the dreamy brides,
Uncertain are husbands,
And starvation sure,
The statesmen assure Country's cure.

Where is the son?
Where is the son?
Pathos surges in mother's moan,
Her son a soldier, -she turns lone.

Tom, Harry and Dick,
Perhaps air the diabolic trick,
Massacre's explosion from country's head,
The future pillars are rushed into death-beds.

Where is the light?
They all cried,
Where is their love?
The thirst of the leaders needs blood filled cup.

Subrata Ray

Time Fridged Silence And Noisy Gaps.

In echoing green,
In your shrine,
My love silences light,
The nights fade into naught,
For love's feast is well wrought.

You and me,
The two bodies be,
One within, and the other without,
Love germinates, and love sprouts.

Mine me is set on your yoke,
Mine bull draws the cart,
And your she, cultivates me,
And flowers turn to fruit in my heart.

The land and the farmer,
The smith and the hammer,
Voyage the Time's sea,
Ah! Where are you, where am me!

Disembodied love! yes perhaps,
Time fridged silence, and noisy gaps!

Subrata Ray

Who A Poet Is

Poets are vision grained souls,
From earth to heaven their empathy rolls,
The tinged-glow of godly divine,
In their fore-head ever shines.

A bridge between finite and infinite,
Focuses from their satellite's lines.
Love they harvest as divine sparks,
A poet! beware beware, A poet! hark!

Imagination's boats from the colossal unconscious,
Nourish their lands, with ultimate reality's touch.

Subrata Ray

Phantom Shadows In Phantom-Land

In the appointed hour came,
Coordinator announced names,
Flowers and bees were seen,
Opened the velvet screen.

Audience sought love,
Each bought empty cup,
To share and bear,
The ugly and fair.

Two adolescents were seen,
With rosy hopes, and apple-green,
Behind the flash back posture,
Bony skinny grave yard wink.

Artist Beethoven and Michael Jackson,
Came and dropped by years blown,
Trance of aesthetic-wild rose to death,
The past and future Lethe -ward set.
Moon tongued music waved the wind.

King Henry VIII and Agamemnon,
Killing queen and plundering minion,
Opened back door of horror buffoon .

Socrates with glass of Hemlock executed truth,
Lincoln turned his feet to Granite root,
Vivekananda left a skeleton to human-hood,
No more are there so many -tears cultivated fruit.

Fie your kingly honor,
Fie your cowardice valor,
War, rape, and massacre,
And vain reasonings' shower,

Cried out a Time-faced woman with her stand.
All are phantom-shadows in phantom-land.

In Naught's Garden

Both night and day are gone,
Gearing Time is stand still,
Souls rise, of the lovers,
In a disembodied bliss.

The bodies hang in empty space,
And once they were traps to catch,
Now the souls have meet their match,
In naught's garden, with graceless grace.

Subrata Ray

Blood Test,

Pathology and radiology both the doctor did,
An expert, numerous tests, patients were well fed.
Hemoglobin, thyroid, sugar, Cole storage, and so on,
Came out from his lab with micro observations.

No one ever raised a question,
Test tallied and patient sustained.

Once a poet-vagabond visited him,
Can you culture Blood's theme?
Yes, why not, with precision,
Answer came out in easy motion.

Then would you take my blood to test my Zoology's problem,
For blood determines behavioral attitude, Genetics claims.
Lewdness, sainthood, cunning, honesty, foolishness and wisdom,
And many of such traits, bud and bloom from bloods microcosm.

Yes all that I know, said the doctor, so what I have to do,
To test and tell, all blood cells, and give me each one's clue.
First you have to say the difference between yellow and blue.
The second is the degree of animal-man and seeming human,
Brutality cruelty barbarity, mercy, peace, and love that man can.

The jump of impulse,
The moment of wearing mask,
Are the other important tasks,
That from your I want to know,
Please, test, report and show.

You seem to be a mad the doctor said,
Oh! Science, don't be worried you will be paid.
Science yet can't test and say all those impossible,
Then your blood test is simply a romantic tale.
Yes yes your science crawls in its childish morn.

Subrata Ray

Bewitching Mystic

It is your love dear, it is your love,
And I never measure it with prosaic cup.
Some thing there, that springs in heart,
Love I say it, Love's glorious part.

Your horse winds me to land unknown,
The province unrecognized are to me shown,
The beggar is graced by prince's will,
Heaven showers to mitigate and heal.

Plunging, plunging , airing air,
Neither here neither there,
No question of closes and bare,
Time and Body demerit to share.

Oh! ah! love assuming a bewitching mystic,
Feeling, thrilling, stirringly stirred hectic.

Subrata Ray

Acting Victimizes

Both he and she were aware,
Of their praises and swear,
Feeling exchange. coming near

The miracle was gaining ground,
None did know, none mused and found
Forest deep, came up chasing hounds,

Both wanted to say the same word,
They thought it genuine not fraud,
Slipped both of conscience's guard,

Did they fell and love?
Did they exchanged heart?
Do they earn self pity,
Playing actor and actress' part.?

Subrata Ray

A Thrill, A Thrill, A Thrill, -She Is

□

□

She came again and again,
She came even in the night,
To spread her heart through,
And through, over my plight.

She laid her eye sight upon my shadow,
And cast her feelings, through out the meadow,
She sent her echoing feet, as I traveled wearied
In my fatigue, stirred she in me, her Arabian. steed.

In my deserted blinds, while like an waif I cry,
A moaned face, deprived of all grace, I lie,
She functioned her omnipresence, as if coming by,
With showers vital, green-tidal, nourishing enhance high.

Mine, she knew a love-sick, weak to the bone,
A king in dream, in reality a vagrant buffoon.
Hers is a charming mystery, as I could read her deal,
A thrill, a thrill, a thrill –she is, as the feeling feels.

Subrata Ray

A Propose

I do not know what love is,
What I have felt it is a bliss,
It is beauty divine, and twine,
A pitiable hero with a pathetic heroine

I do not know the merit of love,
What I guess is a miraculous prize,
A fool with its touch turns wise.

I do not know how far materially love values,
But my mind confirms that it opens all clues,

An ever green oasis is love,
A crystalline lake to bathe,
A magic fruit to eat and nourish,
A mirror that keeps us fresh.

Each here on other's boat,
Stands, the coveted mariner,
Topsy turvy may be the sea,
No risk there to reach the harbor

Our ships would
Therefore, out do
Where no mariner,
Ever tried to sail,
The bourne of,
Earth and heaven,
And Time's warning bell.

.

Subrata Ray

A Feeling

A feeling tormenting
Day in and day out,
For some deep unknown,
It pins and pricks and gone,
Its nowhere I ever bear,
And wish it to be mine,
It peeps its face from gloom,
And with no light it shines.
It haunts my hungry temple,
And gives a sudden shriek,
My being by it gets bemoaned,
And mind is teased by its kick.
A feeling root-less as it appears,
But dismays my rooted tree,
It comes, stays and whispers,
And implies to set my irons free.

Subrata Ray

Suffering And Its Boon.

How are you dearest, ?
How are you awakening partner ?
How are you dear?
My wish spreads the canvas,
For your glorious soul to share.
How are you dear.?

The days are not always dreary,
As love's wounds often are,
While here is gloom,
The Sun rises there.

My love I would never deny,
And it Would remain in sorrows,
For I do not have the oily tongue,
Nor have I the courage to borrow.

Believe me dearest friend,
Help comes always from within,
For if you want to beg something,
Please beg it from your king.

No need to ask alms from a depute,
For he too is a great bagger,
The king with His treasury,
Stands a few furlongs near.

You are my friend,
And obvious is my claim,
As my King wishes,
I should life long suffer,
And the boon of purification,
With your turning gold He offers.

Subrata Ray

I Love You As I Am Undone,

Who knows not,
Love is pain,
Love is suffering,
Yet love is gain.

With love we have the paradise,
Without it the heaven you miss.

Oozing pathos clears the blind mind,
Morbid emotions melt, love shines.

I love you as I am undone,
For love we come and love is fun.

Subrata Ray

We Are All Assured That State.□

Let me be on no -man's land,
Between here and there,
In the deepest depth,
And in the highest peak,
My link may have its share,

My pilgrimage, I deny not,
Is a test of my struggle?
The coated layers,
I was destined to bare,
In each stone's mail age,

Some thing like a tempted burglar,
At his reach of some open-silver coins,
Discovers gold and diamonds, lying,
Would he not tease his hopes running,
To be rich with those, treasured mines!

And then, if, a virgin empress with garland flowery,
Waits to make him an episode in her story,
Bestowing Time's death, in love's unification,
With three domains, eternity, in contented hand,
That's indeed the salvation of cyclic slavery,

Friends with no genderization,
You are all assured that state.
And Fate is just Maya's trap,
To catch you with desire's hope,
Trough birth and death in his rope.

Subrata Ray

The Love You Foster He Would Reap.

Yours is anchor,
To bind the mariner's ship,
Yours is prayer, □
To laugh -away each day's grief,

Yours is vacant look,
To lay upon the distant horizon,
Yours is un-read book,
Treasured in your body's shrine.

Yours is a mud-built hut,
And you wish the emperor to come,
For you are a abstract butt,
For you wish your Lover should it benumb.

Yours is a cage with your unknown bird,
And it cries for liberty with opening of the lid
Your lover is not a deaf, -
He feels your irons, feels your grief,

In your tearful, he sets His ship,
The love you foster He would reap.

Subrata Ray

Survivals Of The Fittest !

A vagabond loved and served,
But the return was not so easy,
It was humiliation and playing trick,
For they all thought, he was weak.

Survival of the fittest he is not,
And hence his love suffered a lot.
And still some, weak paid heed,
Heard his thought, and tried to read.

This seemed to the strong, an impression bad,
They passed judgment, and banished him as mad.
Christ's love to mankind when was beyond their box,
They labeled treason on him, and set Him on the cross.

Subrata Ray

Dejected Loneliness On Time's Shore

.

Dejected loneliness on Time's shore,
A vagabond forbidden to every door,
Ever be-dewed tears without any fear,
For hopeless hope, □
Assures the grandest scope.

Dejected empathy in agents' trap,
Dark is the forest, hidden is the gap,
Murky masks with poisonous shadow,
Vain are the attempts, vain is 'waiting for the Godot'.

Shadows of deaths in lives' figure,
Lending intellects' banking lasers ,
Rejected, dejected, isolated measure!

Subrata Ray

Hey Love With You I Am Universe

Hey love, I have slipped,
And I am drowning into you,
But I am given extended oxygen,
My submarine unfolds new provinces

I discover my mind-born,
Imagination -fostered,
Feeling-bloomed, -lady.

My allotted Time is transported,
Tinged eternity you are now,
I am above the past and unborn future,

Your beauty's Body to me,
Incarnates each day's feast,
A magic-spell –saturation.

Oh! Damsel!
Thousand-nights'
Arabian tales,
The Bibles!

A colossal book,
Languages, – Hebrew,
Sense –sensational –ecstasy.

My structural third dimension,
Turns into the 4th and the 5th,
The steps from earth to heaven,
Shrinks into your nectar-bosom,
And I a bee drink the honey Divine.

Hey love with you now I am universe,
Darling, empathy queen, -you are my verse.

Subrata Ray

How Am I The Total Love?

I had been in love,
I am in love,
I would turn into love,
All my abstract armies,
March towards love,
.....Death is love as life is love,
This finite of mine, is love's station,
And the infinite, gives birth notions,
And Time, carries, Love,
For God wishes Time to do so,
Oh me and Time are love's show.

I am Atman, the contented soul,
But till, I take part in Lila's goal,
For love alone, non duel in duel,
Enjoys, fights and rolls,
I am love, and all my hopes,
Serve and slave as Love's petrol.

Subrata Ray

The Sun-Blenched Fair.

The moon-blenched glimmering land,
Beyond light and shed, in mind's strand,
Flashes as super reality.

Like a mariner's sailing to a land unknown,
With a hope-less hope of mitigation,
The desire-born suffering.

From trapped cycles, of yes and no,
From the cause-evoked logics that come and go,
The daily growth and daily mow.

Firmed negation to senses commerce,
And Time-cultivated Nature's crops,
In rolling fading shops.

Earnestness sails fortitude,
Suffering ignites fire,
Sturdy steps dines the vagabond,
And the phantom shines in Sun -blenched fair.

Subrata Ray

Support

Distant Depth
Fer-tiled Faith
Willing will,

Perennial promise,
Assured assurance,

Installed Imagination,
Quiescence quanta,

Cleaning and rubbing,
Morality evacuating,

Boat and Mariner,
Sea and harbor,

No hope no sorrow,
Neither offer nor borrow,

Rejecting self,
Negating elf,
Soaring, floating, run,

Subrata Ray

A Gratitude Of Love To, -A Great Soul.

I love you not by any virtue of my own,
For, you sustain the glory of love, in your kind,
A pilgrim, above Time's shade, to receive the blow,
With a mind victorious, where truths sprout,
As green grass in mother-earth's cozy breast,
I worship your soul, so as not you to honor,
But myself take an advantage to be so,
For life missions to cultivate empathy,
And learns, from a mighty, as how to vow.
When your muddy-vesture would no more be visible,
Here, where your foot-prints in Time's granite-stone,
Be the passage coverage, among the posterity in their moan,
And they would remember you, O Arthur Chapman,
As one who was born to love and serve, knowing no condition,
And then, in their Hearts' commotion, I spirit may be one.

Subrata Ray

The Primary And The Secondary Artist.

Primary they seem
As the two ever claim,
In joint venture's rime,
To shape and name,

They don't know what they create, ,
Their desire prompted them and set,
And she, you, and me bud and fade.

Iota and iota, form zygote,
But the deep images in series,
From province unknown,
Come by mystic flown,
As if from Vast Unconscious breeze.

The Desire's air,
The Will's fair,
Bear the seed of creation,
Again in body's cell,
There is an occult tale,
To initiate the art.

Sea, Sky, Landscape,
The parts of the Artist's shape,
Where in His art plays,
As in us, -the mundane clay.

We recreate, what He creates within,
The ferocity of Tiger, and Lamb's bleating,
Both in shape and content are His,
And even what he reflects, we miss.

Every man and woman in shape and thought,
By Him through His enigmatic art are brought,
Imagination, words, feelings, -all-roll,
In our body all His arts constitute our soul

Subrata Ray

The Blooming Of A Soul On Earthly Vase.

On Time's mirror an image faces its face,
The blooming of a soul in earthly vase.

What more then, the best in us,
On Time's chariot Love's focus.
The glory garland round our Lord's neck,
A transient ship upon a transient deck.

A control, and super-conscious radio-active turn,
The Tamasa (evil-parasites) of nature are gone.
That love we wish to foster and generate, my dearest friend,
Novice, though we are, with Lord's grace, we would be trained.

Subrata Ray

The Hourly Rose

She has several mates to deal,
They meet up her service bill,
She turns their warmth into chill,
Hers is daily business love,
Survival demands, life is tough.

Borrowed smile with stooping art,
From toe to helm, every part,
A river to let others bathe,
Episodically records, no mirth.

Daisy blooms with Sun's kiss,
Hers is always no miss,
For dating is her livelihood,
She wells up with different moods.

I love her for she loves me,
A moment's gay, a moment is she.

Subrata Ray

Spirituality Finds Reflection In Science

Then, said the Master,
Be a plasma, not a duster,
All human beings are his writing pads,
For him within they are mad,

You need deliverance,
Of the mystery of mind and matter,
For your case
To come out from mess,
Growing subtle to subtler,

My Master wakens from nucleus -lotus,
Unfolding an atom of eight-orbited petals,
His voice liquid soothing phantom,
Blooms and impresses, "Think you are an atom".

My dull wit began to roam,
And get barred to the explosion of atomic bomb,
His empathy's rudder, interrupts, and voices,
I say of conscious Physics, and plasma physic's traces,
I mean the reflection from satellite,
Your internet of global sites,
I mean the inter link through cell phone,
The sprouting of the glob through grass like tunes,

My fool wishes to be wise,
Stirred with my Master's surprise,
I wish to know the conscious cause,
If non dual in dual is the boss.

His face smiles with open approval,
God in your shell is the biggest pearl,
Lord Buddha's Nirvana, with eight paths,
Yogi 's eight stage's evolution search,
Scientist's eight orbit's discrimination,
Prove without and within -assimilation,

I wish to know more from my Lord,
My Gurudev, my Master, my God,

But he impressed me to walk through the paths,
To overcome the mystery of death and birth.

Subrata Ray

What Happens When The Subtle Body Gets Separated From The Gross One?

When I was a child, the world faced multitudinous faces,
My ignorance found joy and delight in thousand graces.
My love then knew no body's desire,
I was a lamp without carnal fire.

...My budding senses were busy to share,
The nature without, and its enchanting fair.
I had the faith to believe what they say,
Lied they most, but they were gay.

The books I read were other men's thought,
Mine own upbringing began to lose,
But in some of them, beyond my syllabus,
I felt some mysterious touch,
I was a child and growing to boy,
I was nervous, I was coy,

Then after years, I learnt some secret art,
In me I bear two bodies' part,
But my love, was haunted by a third person's hand,
Sometimes in landscape, often in hill, and still on a strand,
I stood and cried, cried and stood, to know who is he,
I felt it was a strange tornado within me.

Next through my succeeding years,
Might I lose Him, I had the fear,
Love to women, love to men, love to all of universe,
No longer seemed to me, tragedy and farce.
Negations if any, was my desires' covers,
Masquerades they were, not my lovers.

Where am I, what is my goal, ?
Am I a body, or a living soul?
Am I not inviting gloom each day,
In my pilgrimage towards the bay.

Then I met my spiritual Master,

Who erased the wrong words with His duster,
And wrote some few words in my inner board,
Each installed letter is mighty sword.
I feel now the cosmic glory,
In contraction and expansion, life's story,
And when the subtle body gets separated from the gross one,
Liberated is the soul, all bondage of sufferings are gone.

Subrata Ray

Darling Sorrow Nectar

Hallo Darling Sorrow,
My poverty's mistress,
The semen of my stored manliness,
With you my life's wick finds grace.

You are my no where's Mistress,
The burning hearth of my happiness.
The Fate that turns me shelter less,
A staggering haggard that never begs.

My flesh and bone-made -feet,
Steel -spirited, -trample granite.
And stony Everest height,
Wither away in a breath.

Darling Sorrow with your swath,
The Atman in me rise in wrath,
And I deny death and birth,
In your boiler died my impulse's mirth.

Forlorn, wretched, and outcast,
Triumphant flags in my ship's mast.

For your love, now I pity the foolish monarchs,
Who being blinded with happiness vainly bark.

Subrata Ray

Love In Woman.

Love in woman is beauty divine
With mundane match for life's wine.
It waits to be adored and enjoyed,
Without a lover's advent it is void.

Love in woman is Darling Please,
A mystic castle in life's lease.
Knows she not, what she has brought,
In thousands lovers, she seeks one lord.

She is emotion, feeling and empathy combined,
For the Creator in her installs Himself and binds.

No woman knows what is her love,
It always over flows from her mundane cup.
For her love we come and measure ourselves,
Hers are the two, -love divine and illusion -elf.

Subrata Ray

In Love The Outlawed Heart Has Ever Ridden

.

Friendship often turns to love,
Love to devotion and heart's fire,
In burning furnace tire to tire,
It is beauty's strange wildness,
A lady's pity and her grace.

But the station demands soul's touch,
The lover's ration, wants much,
But the blacksmith fails to quench,
Both of the two wish to jump the fence.

Trespasser's prosecution here is forbidden,
The outlawed heart, has ever ridden,
But the destination is glimmering verge,
The moment begets the heaven as they merge.

Subrata Ray

Ahead The Tranquil Bay, Opens Passage,

Ahead the tranquil bay, opens passage,
The sailor is coming with His love's message.
My pilgrim sees the Ship's flag,
Go I must, I am a tag.

There will be no sailor for a while
I rather sit and rest by,
It has been really rough i know
Sailing the passage, but must I go..

In your prayer,
In your rest,
The Sailor's ship,
Your harbor tests
And by His virtue makes it best.

Ahead the tranquil bay opens your passage,
...The sailor is coming with His love's message.
Your pilgrim sees the Ship's flag,
Go you must, he is waiting to hug..

In your prayer,
In your rest,
The Sailor's ship would set,
Your harbor,
He fosters,
And controls your island lease,
Hurry, wind your mind, step in please.

Subrata Ray

The Mother In Son's Base.

Hail Mother Kali,
Which of your image,
Your son may guess,
To feel your incarnation.
Which of your form,
In meditation norm,
Conquer the carnal.

Mine is a vacant lot,
A waif with no mother's care, -
The bounty graces, -
The cheek -lapping faces,
And tender affections layers,

Lacking, lacking, wanting I,
Too poor, to see thy, worth,
Thus your Divine,
No reacts on mine.

Hey my mother,
Show me further,
That in all woman you are,
Show me your that image, ,
My feeling may have coverage,
The mother in your son's base.

Subrata Ray

It Is Not Time To Write A Poem.

It is not a time to write a poem,
The flowery garden sleeps,
The being in strange malady,
As a coma patient in death bed.

Starred images, awhile ago,
Here and there peep,
To appeal their store and instant reap.

The word queen, in amorous vain,
Glided her youthful green,
And in bridal bed, under her shade,
To procreate from her fiery shrine.

It is not a time to give birth a poem,
In roaring thunders, I forget my name.
The game is over,
From passions cover,
And the mind dips into silent rime.

Subrata Ray

Love Is Not Easy Thing.

O Love You are not easy thing,
People pollute you with senses ring
O Love You are not easy thing.

Love, leaving the self,
Roll and impel others bells,
And holds the sorrows that comrades bear,
Open the home for wretched, waif and orphan to share.'

O love you are not easy thing,
Suffering cultivates your maiden-being,
Sorrows of morrow, you borrow,
And burn the desire's hopes,

You empty the self, to be a help,
And devotion services your flower,
You become a bliss, in temporal lease,
And soothing contentment shower.

Subrata Ray

O My Mother Divine,

O my Mother Divine,
On my body's boat,
Your faith is oar,
That you have bestowed to cover,
The ebb and tide of life's sea,
And thousands temptations that hover.

Nature binds to profession,
And logic and intellect bold,
Many a worth, losses grace,
And Conscience is easily sold.

O my mother Divine, how can here I stay,
My senses do not leave me, and wish to be gay.

O my mother Divine,
In my twin, if you do not grow,
My boat would swing,
In the whirl wind,
And to the harbor, it would not go.

Make me non-attached to glassy toys,
And link to your fountain of your delight,
And how can I stay here,
If you not bestow might.

Subrata Ray

The Lessons Of The Naughts Behind.

Loneliness Times,
Dense evening is bare,
Photons beam in the backward,
Carelessly looks vacant forward.

What Have I done to you Father?
What else my vacation is?
How in a sandy land, -why,
I am here in passion's lease!

In thousands post I stumble,
My clear sights prove blind,
A ship no sailor, no rudder,
Floats on the grace of wind.

Above! Look above,
Urges my pity upon me,
A destination you may find,
From the lessons of the naught behind.

Some one of your special,
A special of the specials may come,
To unburden you of the pains of your lung,
And 'Surely surely' Faith would proclaim,
'Here I am, a furlong gap, -jump, please jump'

Subrata Ray

In My Temple I Am With My Darling Green.

In a dream land,
Stands my dream girl,
Love herself she is,

Never she would see her poet,
For too unequal and humble he is,
So many are there kings and monarchs,
Whose reality she be please.

In my dream land, my love grows,
No expenditure it has, no desire to borrow.
And never she is pleasure, but ocean of sorrow.

My would be reality, employs Time to fleet,
And my Being from the Artist learns how to greet,
The ropes of her style, and her queenly grief.

May it be she would love me,
Or may it, never a not,
So what goes it to me with such assumptions,
If my me with love, does ever get fraught.

In my dreamland I am with my darling green,
The Temple without I am, within she is the shrine.

Subrata Ray

He Alone Can Know,

Whom thou with thy grace,
Lovingly embrace, ,
And let the truth to flow,
He alone can know.

The room where the flute of poison,
Finds no ring for desire's note,
Thou inflame the heart with fervor divine,
And let him see you with your light illumine.

How one can know you
With wealth, intellect, ego,
For they stand as bar,
And to you let them not go.

Subrata Ray

-divine Love As Receipt-Ant, -To My Spirit Sister, - Sandra McCormack.

Your lover is with you,
And giving you His touch,
The great Nature without,
And the Inner the much.

You were distained to play His love,
By wiping the minds cover,
For He is there in Heart's cave,
And there from on you hover.

Mine is a beggar's approach,
And yet I am son of the King,
This faith haunts me,
And in my songs rings.

You are the same to Him,
And more, an image of mother,
For our senses distinguishes,
The Brahmin in Mother and Father.

Mother Kali, and Brahmin,
Are the same, -apparent and Vast Unconscious,
Constant crying and removal of senses, torches the Divine focus.

I wish to say, -I love you,
But fear least the body should come,
For wearing mask of virtue, evil may jump.

The plant in its growth needs fencing,
And the care of a veteran farmer,
And when its root, sets strong foot,
With stem holding it high,
It is free, from animals' treachery,
And can save it well-nigh,

Subrata Ray

Joyous Touch.

A glow of joy, with laughter shine,
Seems to be an image of wonder-divine,
Waiting for special some one,
To tune the lyre for life's shun.

My vagabond poet,
Suddenly discovers himself in your gate.
From limited pond to the vast ocean,
The soul finds a miraculous transmission.

O light, o love, o joy, -I am undone,
So many damn moons and day -light suns,
So many plots of black and contaminated mind,
Cheats' sermons, mirage-born winds,
Through the upwards and downwards ferries,
Cancer -consumed of my earthly trees,

Smile is Brahmin, beauty is Brahmin, and joy is Brahmin,
They are the flash of Atman-divine.
Hey Mother, hey Master, hey my Isha, my God,
With your joyous touch you have emancipated me my Lord.

Subrata Ray

The Poison And The Nectar

A poet stirs life,
Two things come out
Poison and nectar.
The truth value is the drinking of the poison,
Art is the nectar.
The hidden image.
The discovery of the self.

A bridge between finite and infinite.
I am the both, fading body and eternal light.

Subrata Ray

While Life Equals Desert.

While life equals desert,
Tragedy stirs flood,
Have a Touch of Lord's lotus,
You would be spirited with His gut.

Hope, enterprise , love,
The oasis of dreary life,
If not as benediction come,
Then sing the psalm of wise.

Drinking illusion's dark,
Life's poison taste,
Futile frustration tends to,
Being bankrupt in Passion's bed.

While life equals desert,
All wave good bye,
You sing the name of your lord,
And cry a vacant cry.

Subrata Ray

Your Mute Reflects In My Dumb.

Yes, the spirit that peeps,
Yes the heart that reaps,
The Dumb of my greater being,
A share of something,
That impels with haunting ring.

If you call it Love,
I would not say a word,
For all logic here fails,
And all that clumsy it controls.
Why and where knowing not,
Like the lark in heart's sky it floats.

Dearest, never need to say,
But your Dumb languages me,
What has happened merits feeling,
The rarest treasure of my mundane Being..

Subrata Ray

Tragic Hero And Saint.

Hey tragic hero,
Illusion covered hubris,
An equal to gods,
You merit suffering,
For your blind ego.
An wise pities your foolish buffoon.

Mundane miracle! Saint!
Burnt out Soul's covers,
Subtlest Atman in body's bower,
Vision cultivated truth,
Your advent heralds Soul's immortality!

Temporal body with dialectic evolution,
Time sedimented –desire's pollution,
Nature's minion to prompt bio-psycho,
The body and senses' vain –glory,
Oh! Tragic hero! pathetic is your story.

Saint! You fie the body, you fie the honor,
You suffer to teach suffering,
Blind we are to see your worth,
Your service is Love's offering.
The body where you incarnate,
Never can reach there the irony of Fate,
Time and Nature both cry at your gate,
With your love, thousand crucifixion you negate.

Subrata Ray

Now No One In The Universe, Can Snatch Away My Heart's Verse,

I must try, -give me time,
I would not let go my Love's rime.

Chill penury I may re-invite,
But not for you darling!
Tell your father,
Tell your mother,
To allow me to manage my Time.

Such such were Ranjan's whine,
And the Beauty aristocrat sustains the wine.

If you, within two year, promise the scale,
I would wait, to share your tale,
And wait even more than a year,
Try my hero, don't fear.

The darling's marriage was inevitable,
The 3rd year was crossing, like a shell,
No one would plant a flag on love's grave,
For a fail! a fail! coward with no shape!

Time's intruder often taxed Ranjan's love,
Some gallant economy often proved sorry staff,
But what to do save pathos's -desert,
Labor continued, but blooded the heart.

In the bleak morning of the Lady's final date,
The Sun, Moon, Star, -visited Ranjan's gate,
The result of Indian Administrative Service had a hang,
With all wonder, fiery thunder, Ranjan's had the first rank.

The tattered haggard,
Not a lingered,
Went amidst the engagement hall,
Pleasures pains, his eyes drain,
And his victorious voice uttered a Call,

Now no one in the universe,
Can snatch away my Heart's verse,
The highest station, in social motion,
I would Garland my sweetie with blood's promotion!

Subrata Ray

I Live With You In My Memories.

Good many a day has gone,
I could not have touch of you,
Nor of your garden's fragrance,
The flash of your dumb eloquence.

The first -eyed standstill,
The arrest of skied -landscape,
The hanging soul on lingered bridge,
Now are my reverie's glimmering glee.

With spring paralyzed reasoning,
The language of unknown tender,
The opening of artesian effusions,
In present ebb, seem nearest tide.

Subrata Ray

For You My Deluge Evokes One Word.

Your sudden view,
Cyclones my being,

Your glance,
Etherizes my trance.

Your voice waves my feet,
Quakes my allotted uncertainty,

Your strangeness spells my frustration,
I cry, I whine, I go mad with your fire,

And my deluge evokes one word, -.....

Subrata Ray

Now You Are Two Folds.

You are fountain of love and light,
To me a holy bright,
The sun would rise, and pass the night

.

You have fallen in love for the first time,
With your purer mind, tinged -heart and soul,
...So you wish to recede from your previous goal.

Now you are two folds,
One is mine, the other is gold.
One is the body of flesh and bone,
Other is the Atman, the hidden photon.

Subrata Ray

Hey Poetess, -Beauty Evoking Darling.

I am honored.

Hey spark of Divine,
In your mundane shine,
By your grace,
I have my place,
In my poem with you.

When Time's flag would dropp from us,
Our poet and poetess would touch,
Thousand hearts,
I trillion parts,
With 'How I Love My Darling',
Love would whisper in their ears,
And in their heart, they feel 'Ding dang ring'

Subrata Ray

The Futility Of Friendship.

My vagabond since childhood did share,
Each day's fellowship, love, quarrel and care,
With so many of echoing meadows,
The tinged grace of passing shadow.

The warmth of adolescence,
The promise of youth's hope,
The dreamy tenor of friend sequence,
In laughter joyous in favorable scope.
I thought they futured empathy's scope.

In Time's urn,
The tender burns,
The lambs grow to tigers,
Each of us,
In their vase,
Peeps as grey figures.

The verdurous blooms,
The widening landscape to valley,
Naughty, noisy, lapping enterprise,
Nowhere appear sudden surprise.

Now in Magician's bag,
Hopeless waiting for a tag!

The vagabond hoary,
To taste the earlier glory,
Sets step to mend old acquaintance,
Jumping bar, his or her, -many a fence.

"So many years later,
Have you come to flatter? "
Said lightly the business boss,
Swinging cozy the velvet couch.

"How happy I am to see you class mate,
But I was detained by your captain in the gate"

"How lucky you are, to be brought here,
Without any previous appointment,
I am kind you may find,
And send the casual in the tent

Subrata Ray

My Birth Day

Friends from different corners,
Have showered feelings and honors,
From their Love's fountain- springs,
And their divinity in my soul rings.
For their love, my gratitude turns into tears,
And I, their empathy in my heart always bear.

With Death's passport,
On Time's pleasure,
On 27.01.1959, morning,
God's allotment for me,
In this island leisure,
Found a flag in this body,
And now with seasons' cycle,
Returns the 52nd, mile stone.

I remember, their honors,
Poetess, poets, sisters and friends,
Who with their love,
Have my wanting trained.

Students who privileged me to serve,
My teachers who in me grow and become,
And my great Master, -the seven Ocean's Divinity,
Some in body some in spirit, flash upon and come.

Some distant oasises ,
With blossoming flowers and fruits,
With profitless pleasure have laid their roots,

□

The destination is ahead,
The ship is at harbor,
In my body's temple,
Or in my boat, my mariner,

Let The Mind And The Limbs Be At Your Service

Bestow me such wishes my Lord,
Your vibrant photons accompany my thoughts,
Let my eyes see your image bright ,
And get nourished with your celestial light.

Let my feet voyage a retreat,
And vagabond through shrine to shrine,
Let my soul to receive you, remain ever green,

Let my ear, hear your, distant echoing steps,
And my mind, like summer wind, steer your breath.

Let my hands, strand,
To bedeck thy lotus feet,
And to pluck bare, the mysteries tread.

Let my heart, never apart,
From the mystic cave, you love,
Let your Vast Unconscious,
In my mundane lease.

Subrata Ray

Your Rosy Love's Wounds Set Me Cry.

What more you can offer,
Just gardening your empathy,
Knelling down to your comrades,
To draw their ego's sympathy.

So as to cover the Pity's door,
Where in body the soul is oblivious,
Your submission, your cry, may focus,
On them, the fiery touch-stone's light,
For there, your love remains and sprouts.

Cry did not you, to your Lord?
Being burdened senses' pride,
To dash the layers away,
So as to bring you in light.

You mounted the pitch,
Now the conqueror of the ridge,
The beggar in emperor's castle,

So why not grace?
Why not glaze?
After crossing the bar.

Your fight,
Your light,
Turn you servitude disclaimer.

For that reasonless reason,
In all seasons, -
Age and clime by,

Caverns of cloudy souls,
In their crisis make you goal,
And empty their sufferings garbage on you.

Subrata Ray

Your Special Some One

Your Special Some One.

Who is that some one?
Either God or none,
A special appeal you keep,
In your heart, in every part,
The infinite wildness you reap.

Who is that beauty that haunts your vacation?
Who is that glory that turns your sole-submission?

In your stay, you need saturation.
Hopper's breath, hammer's strike,
Blacksmith's clumsy hand,
All are rolls, -daily tolls,
In Time-caught taxation.

Your love is a pilgrimage,
Your music too like the lark,
And your mind you sail,
To cross your limit, and embark,
On the abstract boat in watery sky.

You wish to touch the ignition point,
And a gust of breeze flame unborn,
You cherish to be dissected and torn.
In somewhere else in a fine morn.

Your sad satiety,
Your coiled passions' fumes,
Your deprecated Will's stand- stillness,
In Some One's reigns and presence,
Wither as daily dropped feathers.

No old grows your some One's youth,
And Beauty's leaves never shade,
Your body goes and comes,
But afresh some One remains -un-fade.

God Is From Chaos To Cosmos.

Yes, yes sir,
I have no bar,
To tell you the mystery,

The great creator,
Who seems to stand afar,
Enjoys Himself in His own story.

The epic is His creation,
Field to field He unifies,
Stations stored, -
Elements are hoarded,
In table strung,
One form chaos,
For journey to cosmos,
From vast unconscious sprang.

Subrata Ray

Some Of The Best Of Our Choices.

Soft as cozy fir,
Warm as mother's lap,
Hot as anxiety's taxation,
Longing as lost love's restoration,
Quick as eclipse of Honey-moon.

Rest as sound sleep,
Taste as Darling's lip,
Romance as poet's part,
Episode as exchange of heart.

Quarrels as friends' empathy,
Service as worship's humbleness,
Love as a lady's total bliss.
Beauty as God's incarnated form,

Struggle as the realization of the self,
Maya as money and woman's deceiving elf.
Fortitude as the Earth herself,
Courage as Socrates' hemlock tale.

Peace as contented mind,
Harmony as fellowship divine.

Subrata Ray

Ruins Amidst The Green, -To My Loving Sister Daisy Careon

Standing on the boarder of apparent and Vast Unconscious,
My vagabond takes an attempt to penetrate the shadowy book,
Dismay sky, azure forest, a ruined-burg, -and tears-oozing look.
A cultivated abstract, -with erected heart, built the castle of hope,
Left no stone unturned, no favor unlocked, to fulfill her love's scope.

Blindness perhaps it was, but love we know is ever blind,
For fair-weather it is never, and is always against the wind.
Faith and honesty have ever costed "Thirty pieces of silver coin"
Fortune's greed, the fool breeds, though he a love-loran -swine.

The invisible ruins,
Amidst the green,
Pities the repair of the irony,
Who? Love-! It is stony.

Subrata Ray

Poetic Trauma.

O Lady unravished ,
O spirit-tossed love,
O honey-oozing flower,
O the bride of my bower,
O my body's harp.

In your poems, -
Unsaid is my name,
And my being is given life,
They read your special one,
Your thrilling pains drama,
Your moment covering trauma.

A admit darling,
All those are your healing,
Well said,
And thought well-fed.

Love is shown, -with care and feeling,
And empathy breathes the heart's sharing

Subrata Ray

Romance Seconds Me, Where Ever I Go

In your old age you too are trailed romantic,
Adolescent, manhood, triangle, -the tricks .
Love in any form is romance,
It is either an intoxication or trance.
When romance says you good bye,
...Love from your life by itself flies..

When I write a poem, -I cry,
I had tried, I failed, I try.
You Beauty, -your hello lips,
Mellow voice, willowing-cave,
Youthful shape, flash in my rib ,

When I paint, -the Eye -romance,
The eternity peeps, and dances,
I say, simply, it is and I a romantic.

Shakespeare for the Dark Lady,
Turned romantic and shady,
Tagore, -swam in Labana's lake,
He, you, and me, assumed fake,
Live and let live to bake romance's cake
A little bioscope-romantic sake.

Is my birth for some One's romance,
Between Time and Nature, -a romantic play,
Am I one of Every man's humor?
With each change of transient -clay.

Satan's virtue made Eve, romantic,
Adam's test of forbidden fruit,
In our life's flow installed romantic root.

Could I live without my mother,
Whose concern by virtue is romantic,
And with my darling oblivious,
My untold hang, whispers unheard song,
In her charmed magic, to saturate the prong.

My God is romance incarnate,
And the Fate I tackle is so,
Romance seconds me where ever I go.

Subrata Ray

Swami Vivekananda And His Voice To The Mankind,

The Parliament of Religions,
Chicago, -1893, world's representations,
From inherited wells,
Ready to ring own bells.

'Sisters and brothers'
From vast Unconscious,
A voice vibrant flashes.

'You are all assured immortals,
Radiant souls in body's walls.
Rise and wake from slumber,
Add fire to emit your amber'

Silence, turns to pin-dropp or more,
The hearts started opening new door.
Stillness' tranquility, to quantum-nucleus,
Liquid -luminous, beacon-focus.

You are born lion and lioness,
Lend your ear, lend me please.

Once in a lambs' herd a lion had its truck,
A lion there in, was running to save attack.
Its mother died during giving birth,
The lambs fostered it since it came on earth.

It grew up on lamb's habits,
It forgot its glory, and turned a rabbit.

Subrata Ray

Mysterious Devi

One love that ocean outdoes,
As all darkness goes out with sun's focus.
My lady's love is beyond the map,
It abridges earthly and heavenly gap

She is a river for ferry boats,
And carries light and heavy boats.
Her face equals to mystery ever seen,
A far-land island, enchanting green.

Lovers covet to soothed with her eye,
Very few succeed those who try.
Hers is the garden of souls harvest,
Among the followers, -the saints are the best.

Subrata Ray

O Dearest, -My Ocean Tossed Empress. By Ray Subrata

The secret-sacred would not remain secret,
Each day's growing love would bloom that sense,
In thousands readers and poets, it would be fragrance,
Your poems bear the glory of your love, and mine is share,
The depictions of our souls journey our poems bear.
For ours is a monarch and empress' term,
In God's garden, -glimmering glimpse's charms.

How are you dearest, in your foreign-blinds,
Wish your sweet presence and live-kind,
Although always you are a psychic - near,
Our feelings of heart in every part, we do share.

Your touch demands my greater being,
Your love letters, I have tried to mean,
Occult-mystery, -and I get lost else where,
And my vain glory of falling in love with you,
Mocks me, and I like a haggard beggar,
Cry and curse me, for my uncultivated -lack,

I often question, when and how, my unequal,
Would be your pleasure, to have a grace,
O dearest, -my ocean-tossed empress!

Subrata Ray

New Year's Invocations To The Face Book Friends.

-Yours friendship is my new year gift,
You are welcome in the 2011th shift,
Joy, hope, light, and profuse zeal,
Let be the new-year's each day's meal.
Around one and half year
So many memory we bear,

Love fellow feeling and willowish,
We have got and we do cherish.
Never teasing, but always pleasing,
Had been ours golden glow,
No distinction of stations, ,
But warm-sensations' empathy flow.
Falling in love visits as auspicious chance,

Mind rises, heart glows and body dances.
Painters, singers, scholars, film-stars and poets,
Each in his or her own way, the Face Book gallery sets.
Heaps of resources from different roots,
Through out the year, -2010, we have a loot.
What miracle we have witnessed, is falling in love,
In all of us there rings pure love's harp.
Mine is a great benediction, -a luck of untold treasure,

Subrata Ray

My Lady The Moon, And I The Sun.

Moon needs Sun's light,
For the life of her unborn harvest,
A ray simply comes as guest,
The Moon enjoys the ecstasy's taste,

The moon buds, blooms,
The Sun often turns bee,
As if upon a flower sits the drone he.

The Sun is beyond our grasp,
Yet with its heat and light we live,
Our psychic and imagination control us,
And the body react with their touch.

Dear lady, you the Moon,
And your lover, say me, the sun,
Are here for, sense's fun,
In our child, -the moon peeps,
And the sun its seed reaps.

Subrata Ray

My Agenda, -We Are Sisters And Brothers.

The other day, -it was a pretty girl,
With her light shooting face seemed a pearl,
I did not see her in person,
Yet she impressed me with her motherly motion,
She prayed and wished my vagabond to grow in spirit,
Brother, -he addressed, me and I could not but greet

Such spirit infusing words from a sister,
Reawaken my enthusiasm, and administer,
Her sisterly love and care to a distant brother.
Hey Linda in you I find the image of my mother

I began to muse on the new prelude,
The God in me unlocked the mood.
We all are God's sons and daughters,
With His care He nourishes and fosters.
So I learnt from pretty Linda,
We are all brothers and sisters is my present Agenda.

Subrata Ray

A Poet Is Inconsistent For His Darling(Poetry)

My poetess says on emotion, 'You have no control'
For my love in emotion my poor fool rolls,
My lady always tries,
For my emotion she carries ,
Hers is inconsistent whim,
She wishes me to be her rime,
So in my poem,
So in my game,
I never remain same,
If I control my emotion,
My darling would take a new station.

Subrata Ray

Can We Fall In Love?

Fallen in love? sounded a voice,
Where from? question came from noise.
From your heart, -I mean,
How! it is not seen.
No, -not in that way,
On assumption as people say.
I am love, and in Love's ocean,
How can I fall from the same station?
'We fall in love', - why they say?
They simply discover Instinct's gay.
What a strange riddle you forward,
I thought you fell in my love and me ward.
Nay, -I only discover you in my Being,
Your soul echoes with my soul's ring.

Subrata Ray

Lord Krishna And Radha's Love

Alone alone I am,
For you Oh Shyam,
Radha in her bower cries,
Come here dear,
I am above fear,
And share my temple's wine.

An invitation from paradise,
A friend can never miss,
For it teases us,
Beyond this glassy flux.

I would go,
I would bow,
I would know,
And taste your preserved-fine.

Here is chemistry,
Here opens the mystery,
In our twine's miraculous deed,
Nectar juice,
You would relish,
And I give you primal primordial feed.

Hence forth no need of awry,
No heat to burst and be fury,
You would have your love rosy green,
A lover, a god, -in my goddess' shrine.

Subrata Ray

Wounds Of Friendship Suffer Satiety

Fade is the murmurs glory of Spring,
Weather is now rough,
The warmth of thousand hearts now wane to ring,
And empty is heart's cup.

Friends who were with effused emotion
Now forget to string their lyre,
The hearts that once throbbed with feeling,
Now have lost their celestial fire.

I wish to fan the ash-covered hearth,
So as to restore the fresh morning breeze,
The wounds of friendship that suffers satiety,
May its stagnancy un-fridge.

Subrata Ray

Had I Had Not The Faith!

If were it not the pregnant trust,
What more, what more the damned worst!
If were it not the pregnant trust.

The lampoon ropes,
Seek wide-mouthed scopes,
Agent hopes wave goodbye,

The painted faces,
Of necessities races,
Alarm the survivals wrath.

Quoted sermons cart tenor,
The democracy of animal farms,
To be killed and killing, -no harms.

Brutal intellect, cause born destruction,
Abyssinian darkness paralyzes civilization.

What more! what more! the damned worst,
Had I had not the Faith, had I had not the trust!

The least means of a cloth and a bread,
Open sky and a shady shade,
Fountain water and grassy bed.

Subrata Ray

The Miracle Of Lips.

Nectar set lips are placed here,
Where love oozes, as sky is bare,
Flowers invisible bloom the ears,
My lover's lips my soul share.

The touch transcends to aesthetics lyre,
The cozy beauty, evokes celestial fire.
Stimulant of body's tempest, oh! lips,
Your kisses, your senses, ever I would keep.

Subrata Ray

Something I Wish To Say.

Something I wish to say dear,
But the saying may seem a grace,
For when and how my heart was stolen,
I muse and muse, but never can guess.

Flowers seemed your words,
And the interactions flood,
My whole being, rose to accept,
And colossal tide shared my blood.

I confess my weakness,
But the truth here I have said,
The trauma of moaning wrinkles my base,
Though many a coin I have paid.

No blame but worship the strange treasure,
For your soul has freed me, that is the pleasure.

Subrata Ray

The Homeward Boat Fare.

Perhaps few days are left,
Few they were,
In the beginning with eternal Time;
For the cultivation of season's crops,
In this muddy dwelling.

Time once looked sunny pleasure,
And nourished the tender desire's groves,
Nights slipped into oblivion,
The days taught the ropes.

Perhaps few days are left,
To water professions' wrath and hopes,
Flickers and frauds were the Marathons,
Loves fortitude found no scope.

My crescent Moon had gradual bloom,
With the reflection of the Sun without,
The Sun within cried in the wilderness,
In vacation's adolescent to manhood.

Subrata Ray

For You My Deluge Evokes One Word

Your sudden view,
Cyclones my being,

Your glance,
Etherizes my trance.

Your voice waves my feet,
Quakes my allotted uncertainty,

Your strangeness spells my frustration,
I cry, I whine, I go mad with your fire,

And my deluge evokes one word, -.....

Subrata Ray

Thoughtless Thoughts' Farming Lust.

The anchored minds led to lift,
So many struggles coveted gifts,
Dismay happens to the shift.

So what! So what! in the empty bust,
Thoughtless Thoughts' farming lust!

Subrata Ray

The Mistakes Of A Friend And Virtue Of Her Fair

Ah! Love, ah! My friend!
You have tinged our soul!
Fake you may be as fake senses are,
But the warmth of your heart,
For nothing's sake came by,
And the feast of your sweetness,
Never can be a lie, as it blooms rosy fruit!

Light dispels darkness,
And inspiration fires the drooping hearth,
In you slumbering shadow you installed mirth,

Who would judge the thunder bolt's tolling lives?
Who would set court for quake's birth?
And volcano's rapturous joy!
Dwindling suffocation turning to ash ceased toy.

Who am I to forgive you?
Who am I to impose profit -born morality?
Could I not love you?
Could I not hold the in my heart?
Ah! Fie my acting, fie my verbose rime!

We are the denizens of a Friend -world,
And by the great term we are bound to share,
The mistakes of a friend, and the virtue of her fair.

Subrata Ray

The Resultant Of Spiritual Summation

Calm is the mind on lonely land,
Germinates the conscious in mind's home,
The rocking of hope and despair slip into cessation,
And the soul awakens from Bhyma ocean.

Beacon rays frequently flash,
Shadowy dream like trance, -dance
Joyous boats in Chityana sky sail
Super conscious etherizes dull sense.

Researchers of mind's recesses.
In their pilgrimage to body's shrine,
Have harvested so many fruits of unconscious,
Honeyed divine cells' transformed birth.

Self -tranquiled -cave of erased passion,
Glassy transparent of all motions,
Vision beyond godly station,
The one pervading still-commotion!

Subrata Ray

Mute Lord.

You are dumb.
And your art is like you,
Through all faces you peep.

Your condensed dumb form,
Unlocks the fathom-less depth of mine,
You reveal your dumbness in faces' springs.
In great Nature, Man and Beast.

Your silent vase, speaks of
Language unknown, and sense unborn,
And eye and ear range not to tread.

The fostered silences of ours,
Catch some fragments of your dumb speech,
The more one dips into the depth,
The more you get revealed to him.

Subrata Ray

The Irony Of The Body's Gardener.

Hey body's gardener,
Your garden remains barren.,
And stands bare the mother plant,
It recedes to a vanishing shadow,
And the feasts the parasites share!
Present unbridled impulses there.

In wild green,
Your shrine,
Faces creepers and herbs,
Oblivious are you of your being,
And the temptations', fruit you serve.

Greed, illusion, lust, and ego,
Are the multicolored flowers of your farm,
With seeming irony they cast enamoring charms,
Mortal pleasure, they rear, and entrap you in harm.

As a foolish blind,
You sail wind,
And take pride of your forbidden fruits,
Your garden it self was immortal, and divine was the root!

Subrata Ray

The Manifestation Of Installed Divinity.

The desert, the Ocean, and the Sky,
In your meditation flash by,
The Sun in the fore-head with closed eye.

The installed divinity in you begins to glow,
Unborn thoughts from Vast Unconscious flow,
With the death of the senses joy,
We are no more Time-leased instincts toy.

Nature changes, from phase to phase,
The body turns to the temple of God,
The screens of illusion withdraws the Lord.

Subrata Ray

She Is An Awe To Me

Hers is the whims of s thunderbolt,
And mine was begging a shelter,
Light-winged is her boat to cover,
Mine a lame-footed haggard's stagger.

...The universe obeys her command,
But she be fools the mundane stay,
Tinging senses' fraud, leads to the bay.
I would weep, I would creep, I would thrive.

Subrata Ray

For Your Love I Need An Ever Burning Hearth.

I could not love you dearest,
I could not love you from heart,
Love that you cultivate,
Needs an ever burning hearth.

I only indulge my imagination,
And feast my morbid senses play,
In the darkest trail of your love,
Proves unequal my muddy clay.

My lonely deserted hours of despair,
Fail to manage a separation from me,
And the apparent urge proves a farce,
For my container of love, I can't turn to thee.

Vain is the attempt, that I would hold your hand,
My trial and effort suffer in- competency,
Of devotion pure, I am not sure, and I cry for grace,
By Kripa alone, I may be your own, and by your embrace!

Subrata Ray

You Are In Love, Dear

You are in love, dear Lily, you are in love,
God has made your body as His harp.
Your feelings tunes His rime's note,
Your soul gets tinged in His light and floats.

You are in love Rose, you are in love,
Alone in solicitude amidst breezy herb.
Your beauty delights, fragrance emits magic,
All uses you, and your love seems tragic.

You are in love sky, you are in love,
Your vast graciousness, broadens the horizon
Your love begets and dies in my origin.

Subrata Ray

Calm Is The Mind On Lonely Land,

Calm is the mind on lonely land,
Germinates the conscious in mind's home,
The rocking of hope and despair slip into cessation,
And the soul awakens from Bhyma ocean.

Beacon rays frequently flash,
Shadowy dream like trance, -dance
Joyous boats in Chityana sky sail
Super conscious etherizes dull sense.

Researchers of mind's recesses.
In their pilgrimage to body's shrine,
Have harvested so many fruits of unconscious,
Honeyed divine cells' transformed birth.

Subrata Ray

Emptiness

O my Emptiness, O my mine
Painless desert is kind of thine,
In thronged sense-staffs, if you not remain,
What else for my Being I would gain!

In this shadowy island,
Trillion phantoms come and go,
On some pointed leases,
They hinge and fridge
And devour spirit in prisons show.

Behind the shadows,
Within the prosaic vaunted soldier,
O you, -Empty-cultured core,
With treasured void ness, around the shore,
Waits and rests as linked anchor,
O my great emptiness, my completeness you bear!

Subrata Ray

A Kiss

A kiss imagined,
Is fine.
A kiss on fore head,
Leads the spirit to soul's gate.

A kiss on darling's feet,
Is lover's cherished retreat.

A kiss on lips with strong passion,
Rises a calm lake to wavy commotion.

Rise and fall,
Happen to all,
But beware of the nature of Kiss,
Curse it may, or may it be bliss.

Subrata Ray

Forbidden Seasons

No change shared she,
Spring passed like wave,
Rains flood had no impact,
Autumns though set on her body,
And winter's cold, proved bold,
Ever young, though without old.

I am hers and she is mine,
Nature and Time never shine,
We make love, we turn to rime.

Two witnesses,
Observe the minds,
Observe the seasons,
Observe the climes.
Observe the senses treacherous crimes.

She loves me, and I love her,
In us Time and Nature have forbidden bar.

Subrata Ray

Divine Touchstone

O Lord touch us with your Divine Touchstone,
Free us from mind's disease, and morbid moan,
While in Naught's garden we seek illusion's fruits,
Pray you to convert our evils into hood,
Be kind enough to spoil our coveted happiness,
Curse that may appear, but that's the ultimate bliss.

Subrata Ray

The Mission Of Life

Life is a vain glory save love,
The laws of Karma, are hard and tough.
Attachment clouds soul,
And brings more suffering from sense pleasure,
Self benefits scale station, and fake is the pleasure.

Service alone with share to all,
Can stop one from his tragic fall,
For you are all living soul,
To know God in us is our goal.

Subrata Ray

A Thank

O me! o me! o my dearest,
The greater, the sublimer, -the best,
A thank from you,
Though old, yet ever new,
It is the envoy of your spirited part,
A journey of voice from purest heart.

It shares God's radiant ray,
From the Vast Unconscious to this mundane bay,
It waves the wave of empathy's surge,
And vibrate the Being as treasured purge.

Subrata Ray

Awakened Vampire In Human-Woods.

Forget,
Cock -hen's amorous wings,
Night long Tigress' sweating whims,
Silent missile's innocent killings.

Remember,
Mirroring dreams of you and she,
Fake-coated honesty, there must be,
Changing face with glazy glaze,
Horsing in complex -rat -race.

Aspire,
The fading eagle in distant sky,
Fair-weather soaring as high as high,
Painted covering, and passing into dye.

Treasure,
Each day's clone,
Dating erotica in cell phone,

Conclude,
Wakened vampire,
In human woods.

Subrata Ray

The Love-Sick Lady And The Outlawed Lover,

Stony-timed –room,
Away, away is the groom,
Her chastity's anchor ,
She cries; "He is my harbor"

"With life's wick,
I ever seek,
Ocean's tornado rampant,
And eyes dine,
Your aurora fine,
And you grow in my heart".

In the deepest delved part,
I remain to unlock my art,
And tune your separation's note,
I sail to carry your grown desert in my boat.
In your emptied naught, I find room,
I am your only lover, and in you I bloom."

Hey dearest, grandest of the grands,
Your tinged glow turns me into a novel brand,
Loving you, the pains un-borrowed, I can fire my lacking,
That's the beauty, -truth's reality, else love is nothing.

Subrata Ray

A Draught Of Nectar From Lotus Feet.

I cry for you darling,
I suffer from your spell,

I submit,
I commit,
I fail! .

Perhaps you are my ocean,
Limbs scattered commotion,
My imagination's flashy lake.

My each will sails,
Sky and space,
My nights and days,
Wave the Time goodbye,
Search I, whine I and go by.

Awaken, rise you hand, and bless,
Immortal I am, but disease based.

I feel your miracle,
And myself miracle can't be,
So many fossils, burdens' tenor,
And dry dreary cycles, -I bear,
For a draught of nectar from your lotus feet.

Subrata Ray