

Poetry Series

Akshaya Samanta
- poems -

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Akshaya Samanta()

I'm a student of (ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING) interested in creative writing. I want to be not only an engineer or a poet rather want to be a man of poetry will be successful when people'll find themselves reading my poems.

Welcome to everyone to visit my site & expect valueable comments about my poetry.

Attack

Ready all eyes
Time today-
Go ahead.
We, the face of
Peace.

Terrorism
Is
Dark night..

Akshaya Samanta

Dearest Hope

Few silent bodies are lying
Under sleep
Intensity of moon decreases...

If we do put out everybody's death with tears
Never blasts took place anywhere.

Akshaya Samanta

I Always Think An Woman

I always think an woman
Who showed her inner field
Planted various seeds of my dreams,
Then the moon was like a silent piano.

I couldn't trust anyone, she knew.

My dreams grew like trees
Aspirations like flowers
The fruits full of love scattered everywhere
And once a time came
When I sang with the moon silently.

But a night came
She went far far away from me
Not for a day but for days...
When I started to trust her

And

Still I trust her...

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The Morning Is On Us

Build up dream under familiar sound.
The wind is dangerous today-
Blown up sleep with blood.
How beautifully the threats offer us
Tears day after day - wanton deadline.
They vest all powers to destroy
Green - keen future - moon.
My river flows away far far away
From me - only I stand with burnt hearts.

If we only wait and see -
Peace interference will be inescapable.

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To My Indians

State divided-

We are going far away from ours! ..

I don't obey divider rule.

Do you know the colour of revolution, blind brothers? ..

The dream of loving India: co-existence.

Akshaya Samanta

To See My Love

Green kisses
On my lips
Everyone have seen my smile
Never my eyes.

Absolute dark everywhere
But only my tears learn me
How to move around hearts!

I drink yellow sorrows
And burn candle
To see my love...

Akshaya Samanta

Ultimate Aspiration

I am the sun does not mean
I am responsible
For global-warming.
But as a bird, I have to bear
The agony of storm.
Never
I neglect the sky.

I am the ice does not mean
I am responsible
For the agony of flood.
But as a lover
Always
I want to blast emotions
To heart of my ladylove.
Impossible
To refuse that moonlit night.

Where is the space?
Where affection lies on eyes
Instead of
Returning tears! ...

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