

Poetry Series

Krishnendu Gupta

- poems -

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Krishnendu Gupta()

Adieu

My eyes were closed and dark was the view
I was on a boat which had no crew
there were wounds right in my chest
which were filled by clay from your breast

I could feel the tears fall off your eyes
When you see my corpse being hovered by flies
I can behold your heart drowned in pain
Don't cry mother its hurting me again and again

I am still your little stubborn boy
with whom you played the whole day with toy
its my little hand which would hug you again
when your little boy feels any tinge of pain

let me go to a place in the stars
believe me mother its not that far
so wipe out your tears and its trace
Bid me adieu with your happy face.

Krishnendu Gupta

An Unfought Fight

Look its all over

we are not we anymore

I lost all my love

for you, I am sure

Stop sending goodnight kisses

as I don't feel them,

all of your whining texts

I think its lame

I am not cruel,

maybe you are hurting inside

till it heals, I'll be

a friend by your side

when you said all these

I was too proud to hear

maybe my love was fragile, or the

pain was too much to bear

I felt betrayed, thought

I loved you enough

living in suffocation,

you said was tough

So we eventually parted

in our own separate ways

you chose to move on, and

I kept standing there for days

Days passed by

pain became desperate tears

memories weren't fading

emptiness wasn't scarce

I waited for a miracle

for you to come back

but I only did waiting

for a sudden change of luck.

It seemed unlikely

for us to be together again

maybe you wondered it too,

maybe you didn't give a damn

your answer was no always

you moved too far away

all I could have done, to

fight for you on that day

Krishnendu Gupta

Analog Boy In A Digital World

hey! look at that boy
look at his style
look at his hair, Oh god!
Whats wrong with his smile

He looks so clumsy
so much wrong he has
so dusty his shoe is
maybe he walks on grass

look at his tight shirt
tucked into his pants
The way he talks
he seems so blunt

look at his nose
never popped anywhere
Those are so blank
A breed so rare

Where are those sophistication?
doesn't he has any?
with all his simplicity
He will survive days not many

he has no ego
neither he is selfish
nor he is cruel
can't he speak English?

He talks about true love
who does it in here?
relationships are so cheap
nothing here is dear

He can't pull anything
not even a single leg
back stabbing far from his reach
he cant even crush a egg

He is worth of this mockery
for qualities he has got
just a disgrace to this place
place where he must rot.

Krishnendu Gupta

Black And White

Red has two colours
Black and white
One is dark other is light

Both mixed together
In that magic bag
Few can tell
Which has more rag

They live together
Not as a family
They are friends
In face of enemy

They are different
In their own way
One is cruel
Other is humble clay

It's often black
Rule the whole house
White share room
With that squirt mouse

Sometimes it's white
Raises the valiant mutiny
Soon vanishes away
Somewhere in that vanity

Balance of them
Makes the bag pretty
Shining in the dark
Is the pure beauty.

Krishnendu Gupta

Controlled Chaos

Unknown faces amidst the crowd
strange waves make naive a sound
bright smiles have a tinge of gay
shadows aren't scary off late
thoughts have lost conviction
truths are based on logical lies
faces don't unlock souls
tears have never been so salty
dreams are now a "costly "affair
faith is just a mere hoax
inspiration is now melting away
longing has become extremely tedious
notion and intellect are now a shallow well
homogeneity is completely lost
silence is the dreaded disease
imbalance is the new serenity.....

Krishnendu Gupta

Life After Death

I was so afraid of
The theme of dying
That I kept myself awake
In the dream of flying

I was so conserved
About my half ounce life
That I cut myself half
By the fear's knife

Repentance is all
That I can do now
Because its curtain
Of my miserable show

The world of me
Has changed completely
Because I no longer
Remained as an entity

The world still possess
Its colours so true
Only I am not in it
to show it to you

The air I breathe
still has that aroma
now those airs pass me by
because of my trauma

It's still the golden sun
that rises from the east
but I can't see its reflection
right on my fist

Its still the dark night
that drapes the whole land
that doesn't bothers me
because I need no hand

I can still behold the
Scenes of my dream
But the truth is that
Its just patches of cream

The people who loved me
Right till that day
I know they still do
but in a different way

Life after death is frightening
who may have thought
I am the unfortunate prey
Who got himself caught.

Krishnendu Gupta

Loving You Once Again

I will love you forever

made that promise everyday

will always hug you, no matter

what the world has to say

One kiss on your forehead

four for your neck

two tender ones for your eyes

one on lips, for love's sake

Listening to your endless complaints

was among this job description

All these chores I had to do

for an early promotion

Some frictions once in a while

spiced things up really gently

Its all about treasuring memories

every time it soothes you mentally

Then the wretched day came

you lost all your memory

you forgot who you were

who you loved so dearly

Now when you look at me

and I look back at you

those eyes stopped talking to me

robs me from any logical clue

Its still your little hands, that

held mine, while crossing roads

now they don't touch me

not even on a friendly note

I had lost you forever

I knew that, I sure did

when you lost all your memory

you ignored me in your need

letting you go, this easy

will bring me only pain

I made you mine before

I can do it once again

To make you feel, how was it
When I loved you, so deeply
a challenge not new to me, but
I have to do it discreetly

to be your friend, your punching bag
your comfy pillow, your romantic fool
I have to be million times stronger
to protect you from world so cruel

the vows will not change
neither the way I loved you
I promise we will grow old
together, under the sky deep blue

Krishnendu Gupta

Mother

She is not so strong
by the look of her
but yet nobody has ever
questioned her strenght.

She talks very little
as she speaks from heart
sometimes from her eyes too,
make no mistake
she has a curly voice.

If anyone defines love
its her profound eyes,
her flowery hands,
and a huge heart
beats not for herself.

Its a mystry to me
to everyone I guess
the love, the care she sprinkles,
on regular bases.

From where do they come?
and how are they formed?
drown us completely
like a silent voice,
yet everyone hear its
mesmerising trace.

She feels pain too
just like all of us
as she is a human being
of red blood and flesh.

She is much more
that what I believe
for the amazing ability
she has possessed.

When tear fall off her eyes
for the pain so intense,
of the wound so deep,
we have fetched.

she wipes them out
to give us strength
to heal the wound
with its exotic fragrance.

She isn't just a woman
she is goddess for me
who descended from heaven
as a scarlet blessing
my life has treasured.

Krishnendu Gupta

My Lost Star

Twinkle Twinkle the star I see,
In the night staring at me,

Twinkle Twinkle the star was you,
holding my hand all along through,

Twinkle Twinkle the star was bright,
enlightening my dreams with its light,

Twinkle Twinkle the star loved me,
like a father to a baby.

Twinkle Twinkle the star was deep,
carrying my pain to gift me sleep.

But oneday the star had to cry,
as if it was wishing me goodbye.

Twinkle Twinkle the star I lost,
In the sky which I loved the most.

Krishnendu Gupta

Parallel Inverted World

Sometimes, somehow I am in this place
I do not have pictures of
A destination, never been heard of
by any names whatsoever

The place is very strange
our rational nature may say
The up is down, down is up
story of this place everyday

Things which have always moved
don't move at all here
Things that haven't moved ever
move without any fear

Sun does not speak here
because moon leads the way
As Sun does not rise from east
disappear in the west, at the end of day

Apples don't fall here
they just climb up
rainbows don't have any colours
making mockery of the physics club

Birds don't fly here
they prefer to run a mile
Elephants are as light as feather
Ants get in trouble while crossing the isle

Its just a dream, I think
but dreams are for real
This place isn't real or is it?
the question i need to deal

The people here are weird,
strange and unique to be precise
they don't cry they just laugh
maybe its an normal exercise

Hatred, pity are the words
which they haven't heard
emotions aren't complicated for them
as they don't think about it hard

Rich are poor here
and needy don't need more
egoist are murderers here
selfish are kicked out of doors

Brothers are sister here
mothers are father
babies earn money here
parents play with their toys

Women are in charge of this place
and men are discriminated
Men's are always patronised
women's are highly rated

Where is this place?
Has anyone ever been there?
which train I must take?
Which ship will take me near?

Sometimes I feel I am in it
when I am in my room or maybe
I need to open the door
Which will take me in my room..?

Krishnendu Gupta

Rain Drops From Sunday's Cloud

The sky is cleared
the sun is out
with its flare trimmed
the tone is loud.

The trees wearing smile
bought at cheap cost
birds flying high up
without looking lost

Yet after the closing act
some sombre cloud stayed
peeking under the horizon curtain
keeping an incognito face

Selfish winds blowing gibberishly
swinging moods here and there
privileged ones strode royally
sombre ones were scarce

soon the infernal triumphet
of morning hustle flickered
with it the hoax hope
of bird, trees went into abyss

The echo of silence
resonated through the moor
desolate face of sombre cloud
reappeared out of the blue

with no eyes objectifying it
crawled onto the stage
projected its shallow glory
through its pain stricken tears.

Krishnendu Gupta

School Days

You get to bed
and then you wake up
brush your teeth
while taking a nap
change your clothes
to take shower
noway, never! you shout
water's colder than ever
it's just only a bath
I'll take it another day
then you fool your mother
pretending you swimmied bay
you comb hair
like its a movie night
tie the knot of
tie a little tight
breakfast is the thing
you never had
It brings you fun
which makes her mad
you forget everything
starting from the bag
but you always wait
for your mother's hug
And a kiss on your forehead
before you say
thats all is needed to
make your school day.

Krishnendu Gupta

Souvenir Of Love

I can never forget the time,
when we were together
two cups of wine we took,
under the cover of feather,
we talked the whole day,
beneath the shadow of tree,
our sights kissed which was a play,
and the tickets were free,
we gazed at the humangous sky,
and smeared colour to it,
we gave a persistant try to,
make the candle to lit,
we heard the hyme of birds
and floated with it at the dusk
we tangled our hearts with the thread
which was made out of husk
our mouths were busy at
performing the royal act,
but our eyes did all the talkings
and that is the real fact
we took an oath
under the twilight sky
that we would fire our love again and again
and make our dreams to fly...

Krishnendu Gupta

Star

Glazing blazing all around
dancing on surplus ground
twinkling twinkling in my eye
when I look upon the sky
Gossiping constantly in the night
Vanishing away in the bright
Flashing dreams of the past
Unleashing signs of the last
lurking on forbidden lands
possessing a handful funds
Surviving in distant far
Shining brightly like a star.

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The Devil In Me

He is in me
since i was eight
twelve i felt him
he was utter disgust
I can't be too vocal
as he can hear
through the echoes my sound makes
and the colours my heart wears
as people know me
as a person so humble
but today i confess
I am not that all
I may look open
by the light so bright
but there are locked doors
which you dare not open
Now I am sixteen
he is all over my mind
he makes me do things
I never dreamt of doing
Just for an instance
to depict his polarity
he savaged my love life
and pushed me into insanity
The girl who loved me so heartily
I hurt her so bad
That she still cries
and he just simpers
Like the river flows
to bring grace to nature
twenty summers passed me by
now i am a complete disaester
he captivated my heart
and the soul with it
the imposter is now revealed
the face is just a disgrace
now people can hear the voice
made by the devil in me..

The Devil's Agent

Lucy, Oh my Lucy dear,
just the name I like to hear.

Its late, Its way past ten,
here you are, walking down this lane

Don't be afraid, be a dear,
I'll come close Lucy, very near.

Your intimate places, I would touch
your shivering body, I love so much.

I don't care, what you are wearing
either way, I'll do my thing.

Whether its a skirt or a long pant,
It wont stop me from the heinous act.

To be clear, I am a horny moron,
hideous blouse will also turn me on.

calling me dog, will not help.

You see Lucy, I am devil myself.

Oh Lucy, please don't run away,

Don't worry, I'll hurt you anyway.

Reaching up your skirt feels so good,
scratching me, won't change my mood.

Doesn't matter, what you have done before.

Being a girl, I am fucking you for.

Your dignity Lucy, will not mean,
when I'll throw your naked body in dustbin

Lucy dear, I am not a human being,
people with heart don't do this thing

You see Lucy, when I am done
Its you, who has to hide and run.

You are a pawn of a bigger conspiracy
society will always hunt girls like you Lucy

The way I am hurting you today,
is nothing compared to their way.

They will make you rot in guilt,

while my image won't take any tilt.

Its your life, you will take,

at the end, decision you will make.

You will die and I'll live surely,

always be the end of this story.

Krishnendu Gupta

Your Prince Charming

princess, here I am

kneeling down for you

stretching out my arm

for an epiphany so true

For days so long

I refrained myself from revelation

as my heart lacked courage

and brain checked the temptation

before I utter a word

that may alter my fate

there are list of things

I desperately want to narrate

I wont make promises

that a fiend would make

neither would I gamble on

the path our fate would take

my eyes don't judge

nor my heart is fickle

my ignorance is amusing

a reason for you to chuckle

I have no fancy cages

where I may hold you captive

being there for you always

is my only real motive

my heartbeat is limited

but my passion isn't few

without any further delay, I

want to say, I love you.

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