

Poetry Series

Sankha Datta
- poems -

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Sankha Datta(30 th Nov 1978)

Give Back My Yesterday

Once again I wanna run
Once again I wanna play
Give me back oh! Mighty God
Give back my yesterday

I want back that flying kite
And want back that falling rain
I want back that little glory
And want back that little pain

That foolish smile you give me back
I want back my doll of clay
Give me back oh! Mighty God
Give back my yesterday

Those school days, those little fights
I remember them very good
I do miss my dreamy nights
I do miss my childhood

Teach me how to rule the time
Tell me oh! God how to pray
Give me back oh! Mighty God
Give back my yesterday

Sankha Datta

I Cry For I Die Everyday

it's not for a life do I hope,
I hope for each passing day
it's not for a death that I cry
I cry for I die everyday

if childhood was myself in past
in past only alive I was
thus I cry today in immeasurable pain
for no more my childhood had last

if I was a student yesterday
today I have died once more
In tears, nothing could I say
As for me, closed was my classroom door

when world is my mother I thought
Happily I reshaped it at will
silently she sacrificed her slot
Now I cry as my world is nil

it's not a same ego who I am
each day I walked another way
only name kept sounding the same
thus I cry for I change everyday

when fairy tales seemed real to me
Monsters I killed like a knight
when I grew up, the life I could see
I find myself losing every fight

it's not in a life I have scope
I have scopes in each passing day
it's not for a death that I cry
I cry for I die everyday

Sankha Datta

Life Is A Game Where Life Only Wins

Life is a laughter but
no one can smile
Life is so hard that
makes us fragile
Life is a theater
of all deadly sins
Life is a game
where life only wins..

Life is happiness,
only fools say so
Life says "come dear"
just before saying GO
The moment we await death,
life starts laughing loud
We all seek sunlight
and life gives us cloud

Life makes us live it but
Never the way we wish
Life asks for that tear
What our eyes unleash
Life gives us blood to
Suck from us more
Life is a scary tale
It's indeed a gore

Sankha Datta

Me And My Cigar

When I gaze up the sky
And I search someone dear
Loneliness is what I find
And I find me in tear

Like stars in bright daylight
My emotions are under cover
They take birth and go to death
Only I feel and so feels my cigar

When I swim across the ocean
And I try to find the shore
Waves are what I only find
And I listen to their roar

Like a dead in the coffin
My hopes are allover
The witness is only me
Only me and my cigar

When I stretch my hands away
And I hope those to be hold
Ignorance is what they give
And they give it really bold

I know the world is big
With thousands of figure
But in my world it's only two
It's me and my cigar...

Sankha Datta

My Emotions

Listen.. listen to their cry
I conceive them in my soul,
In my heart and in my mind

They wanna take birth
They wanna live on
And on and on
But they never wanna die

They wanna blossom in vibrant hue
They wanna spread their fragrant a few

They wanna flow like a cascade, and
Like the sun they wanna glow

Like the mermaid they wanna swim, and
Wanna fly like a butterfly

They say me.. oh! mother,
We are your daughters and sons
You conceive us within you
We are your emotions

I can not ignore that scream
I wanna give them birth

I wanna see them born,
Born in my eyes
I wanna see them live on
And on and on, and
Fly like those butterflies

Sankha Datta

Serendipity

That dulcet dream
Is no more a hope
That scintillating eyes
Are far away from scope
The feeling of love
Am mesmerized with
But the air full of pain
Is something what I breath
What are you searching for?
Asked me a little kid
Panacea I said but I fouond
Difficulties instead

Sankha Datta

The Gift

That yellow grass
That black soil
That worthless work
And hard toil

That burning tree
That dead sparrow
That red sky
And broken arrow

That lake of acid
That smoky air
That cold heart
And dried tear

These are the gifts
We're gonna give,
The tomorrow
We have never seen

The generation
Which next to come
The gifts are
For them I mean

Sankha Datta

The Heart's Cry

I know the river will
Go towards the bay..
Me, only me
Will be lonely
Looking for you
In an empty way..

In my day
And in night
You always stay
There in my sight..

Close together
Or far apart
You will always be
My hearts sweetest part

I know the Sun will rise
And will always give us ray
Me, only me
Will be lonely
Looking for you
In an empty way..

When I think of you
And memory crops
Still I cherish
Though heart cry's
And tear drops

I feel you
when people talk
And I feel you in silence
I love you
when you are there
And I love you in your absence

I know nothing will change
No matter what I say..

Me, only me
Will be lonely
Looking for you
In an empty way..

Sankha Datta

The Shadow On The Wall

Sometimes I wonder
How can I dance
Though I don't know the art
I wonder,
How can I love all
Though I have only a single heart

Sometimes I wonder
How can I fly through a window
A window very small
No, it's not me but my shadow
It's my shadow on the wall

Sometimes I wonder
Why I am still a child
Though I have grown up a lot
I wonder,
Why I am so large in dark
And in light I am just a dot

Sometimes I wonder
How can I grow so fast
And I grow really tall
No, it's not me but my shadow
It's my shadow on the wall

Sometimes I wonder
How can I feel so free
In this disciplined universe
I wonder
How can I be so polite
Even when world become harsh

Sometimes I wonder
How I do everything
Though I can do nothing at all
No, it's not me but my shadow
It's my shadow on the wall

The Storm I Met

A storm I met and I enjoyed the destruction....
I enjoyed as I saw it's freedom and conviction

It was directional but with no symmetry...
It was raw but still created a poetry

It destroyed everything but with no real intention...
It was indeed innocent with no pretension

A storm I met and it made me run in it's own way....
As I liked the pace, but I couldn't catch it any way

Suddenly I saw it has passed away.. I tried to speed me up..
But I failed as it was already a long gap

I know except me nothing is changed
Neither will anything be..

I know the storm will keep on running even with more pace
It will again destroy somebody.. It will again make him race.....

The storm I met, is now only a memory of mine...
A memory which is not dark but much like bright sun shine...

Sankha Datta