

Poetry Series

sonia roy
- poems -

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Do You Know?

Do you know that your
thought follows me-
Like a shadow.
Do you know that you
still appear-
In my dreams.
Do you know that your
thought still brings
A sparkle in my eyes.
Do you know that the
thought your presence
Brings a ray of hope
in my heart.
Do you know that you
still touch my heart.
Do you know that I
weep at your very thought.
Do you know that I
still wait for you.
Do you know that my
heart bleeds
If you could have
also felt-
The way I feel!
You could have been
able to understand me.

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Feeling

The soft touch of the gentle gold
The expansiveness of the early eve.
The gradual setting of the violet
over blue.
The green grasses apparently
calming down
The violet getting engulfed by the
glistening black
Setting a deep passion into the
hearts of the grasses.
Almost in a culmination.
The blushing of the grasses at the
early dew.
The caressing touch of the morning sun
Over the last night's bruises.
The grass cherishes it and waits for
the dark.
I miss you as the grass misses the night.
I miss you at the weeping of the rains.
I miss you at the splashing of the waves.
O Feeling! I try hard to drive you out
Alas! fail everytime.

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From Innocence To Experience And Thereby.....

I was in darkness
shivering with fear.
No one was there
except a firm hand.
The hand asked me
to hold it tight.
I grasped it out of fear.
The hand took me out
of the breathless dark.
The world of light
was fantasizing to me-
Everything was new to me.
I was slowly learning
them all.
With the help of that hand.
It seemed a greater whole-
Has given birth a smaller
I started identifying with the greater whole
in all spheres;
I was growing up gradually.
Then, one day, it so happened-
I could not find any concordance
with the hand as before.
Is it because of the
Experience that I have gained!
Whose fault is it?
One world which
encompassed its offspring
Has now taken off the
encircle around the newer one.
So I find myself baffled
in this entire new world.
Still trying to once again
Find a harmony with my benefactor.
But alas! neither my new shell
gets dissolved
Nor am I able to-
Re-enter the world of protection.
It dreads me to even think

of the immediate future.
Can, someone help me
out of this dis-equilibriumed state.

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From Experience And Thereafter.....

Now that the two worlds
are separated
The smaller world
is in the eternal wait-
To receive a Call
from the bigger world.
The microcosm is eager
to once again-
Re-enter the world
of affection.
But the macrocosm is
yet to give a Call.
Is it a sin to form
a separate world of its own?
Is it a crime in
wanting to once again re-enter-
into the womb of the
ever protecting bigger world?
Will these two worlds ever meet!
The smaller world is-
grovelling in the dust,
bleeding profusely.
As it is unaware of
its self-protection.
Is the Call of the
greater world deferred
Cause of unawareness or indifference?
What will happen if the
newer world is not able to
find its home once again?
Will it be left to die
in the dust bleeding forever?

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Futility

A small lump is gradually formed
Inside the secured muscular walls.
The slow formations of the limbs, heart and lungs
With which one's feelings gradually excites.
Then comes the precious moment
The newborn becomes a member her.

Life starts on with its turbid flow
The baby learns to float itself upon it
The innocent one is totally unaware
Of the forth coming assets and liabilities.
It is taught to grow up as a civilised
And a morale person.

Discrepancies are created in its life
As it matures and grows.
Its ambience makes all the difference
It might pollute a 'lamb'
Either it might create a 'tiger'
So there should always be a permeater.

Others must try to understand
The mentality of these up-growing ones.
But no one takes the pains
Which ruins and cripples the stand
And faith-level of these 'lambs'.
Is this really required? ? ?

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Light

Light gives one might
It is the strenght to fight
It ushers in new life
In it we get a novel sight.

Light is dazzling, light is brilliant,
With it everything gains force,
Its glistening apperance - a delight for the eyes
It provides warth and new hope.

Though it's harsh sometimes.
It blinds the vision-
In scorchy afternoons.
As if spitting all its venom and fury.

Light is not at all light
When in distress-
It augments the soars
So, it is darkness, the emoluent, and never the light.

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Love

The quintessence of life,
Without which you cannot vibe,
The share of the blessed one,
Without which you are undone.

It can heal up unmended soars,
Even in the perilous seas without any oars.
It brings back a new meaning,
Of whom you might not have thought of intervening.

It is never pure white and sane
Admixt with-
Grief, anguish and a chilling pain.
It has enough powers to drive you insane.

Love, thine inner conscience
Makes one aware of thine existence.

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Stars

The chandeliers of the nocturnal hour
Its distended sparks send
A sweet temptation-
In one's bosom.

The chamberlains of the black heaven
Keep a surreptitious watch
Over every mortal being
On earth.

These tiny inanimate elements
Are of prime importance-
To the beloveds,
Who spend sleepless nights.

The stars adorn the beauty
Of the black sky
The night is be-jewelled
Like a newly-wedded bride.

Whose charms are unavoidable.
It draws the eyes of the beholder
Casting a magnetic spell.
Stars, stars, stars, whose territory is unbridled.

Where one can enter-
And, is sure to get mazed.

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The Black Road

It started its sojourn
in the search
of its soulmate-
In a hesitant manner.
Its glistening nocturnal hue
was a hindrance.
It traversed the entire
far North to the distant South.
In the thought of
the spiritual consummation.
But, the celestial blue
still awaits the spiritual reciprocity.
Wishing to fulfill
their metaphysical union.

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The Moments Of Togetherness 2

When you were there with me,
The crowd was obliterating.
The aroma of your presence
was so engrossing.
It did not give me a chance
to view the crowd.
It seemed you were the
world enough for me.
It created a mesmerizing spell
all around me.
But now, the crowd mocks
at me.
You are not here now,
still I try to feel
The faint essence of your's.
Though it has become faint-
it still perpetuates my soul.
Your haunting presence-
happens to encircle me.
The crowd that was once
negligible,
Is now, neglecting me.

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The Moments Of Togetherness 3

Like the streams flow
towards the rivers,
The rivers flow
towards the ocean,
The water flows
towards the earth;
I am drawn towards you,
like a nail to a magnet.
Its almost impossible
for me
To reap apart from
the magnetic force
As the bond between
the nail and the magnet
Is so composed
that it would cause-
The ceasing of the
flow of blood to the ventricles.
As i barely have an
identity myself.
Without you I am almost
Like a drowned person;
Searching for a straw amidst
the huge ocean.

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The Root

The exuberating green
Standing erect on the milky white
-Frozen
The precious milky drops
sliding down the sheen,
The intensifying coldness
dampens the entire ambience
The dampening travels deep
down the core
The embraces from the cord
are loosened from it
The dampness infiltrates
the warm embraces
The limp knots are forced
to dissociate themselves
The white gradually climbing
the dull, scaly brown
The glossy green turns
to ageing pale
in the impending death-
The dislocation from The 'Root'.

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Trust

A small bird lived in
a big palatial house.
There lived a small boy
with his parents.
This small bird lived high up
at the attic's hole.
The bird always admired
The small boy's skilled ways.
The bird fantasized
to become a live human
So it could help the boy.
One morning the bird
Found, it had become a boy.
The amount of its joy-
was immeasurable.
It became the best friend of the boy.
It saved the small boy
from several complexities.
One hermit arrived one day
Looking out for a little bird
transformed into a human shape.
The secret was only known to the small boy,
The small boy revealed the secret-
To the hermit without any delay;
So he could earn few blessings.
The poor and foolish,
bird-boy had to pay the price-
Of trusting the small boy.

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Who Knows?

Who knew, you might have known;
The rippling rivers, the brackish stones-
The rising sun, the running fawn,
The drizzling rains and the chirping birds.

Who knew, you might have known;
The slipping of the waters beneath our feet
The glistening of the grass in the radiant sunshine
The elevated rock where we did sit.

Who knows, where are you then?
Who have cherrished my days of profusion
The days of light and gloom
Enlivened by the sense of plenty.

Who knows, where are you now?
Can anyone help me to find you out! !

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You.....

My lonely ways still
awaiting your arrival
The desolate moments make me
remember of the golden days
The sustaining pain of the
growing ailment
The metamorphosis that has
undergone, have left me
Unstable, pale and out of the senses.
The moments spent in togetherness
Reminds me of the happy desires.
The colossal ways which
also awaited your arrival
Rejoiced the wait.
The entire journey from
colossalness to loneliness;
has caused me to loose
your presence.
But still the silly emotions
await your presence
once more in my life
Knowing-it is a myth.

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