

Poetry Series

Sumann Dutta
- poems -

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Sumann Dutta()

A New Year

A new year has come.
But why the past sorrows accompany it?
Sometimes I curse my sharp, clear memory,
I pray for a clouded mind.

There are days-
When I am almost happy.
But like an old rheumatic pain,
the memories crowd in my head at unexpected times.

My life is too full of incidents.
Like an illegible book with cramped pages
But a beautiful exterior
Not worn by many a handling....

Sumann Dutta

A Perfect Hypocrite

The words deafen me,
The silence suffocates me,
The music deepens my scar.

The light blinds me,
The darkness scares me,
The rainbow colors my pain.

I am thirsty for a dropp of water,
The ocean drowns me in its depth,
The raindropp saoks me in primitive emotions.

The vacuum makes me grope for air,
The wind chokes my breath
The breeze reminds me of her perfume.

I play with the letters,
I enjoy the pain and the tears,
Each day I become a perfect hypocrite.

Sumann Dutta

All I Want Is You

When I wake up from my fitful sleep,
When the tears fall, though I don't weep;
When enemies are many, and friends are few,
All I want is you.

When I accept my defeat and bow,
When I give up the struggle and let go,
When all I can feel is blue
All I can think of is you.

When I stand at the crossroads of life,
When all I can do is useless struggle and endless strife,
When all the debts of my life are due;
The only one I can turn to is you.

When there is nowhere to run and nowhere to hide,
When I have seen life from both of its side
When love has come and gone even before I knew,
All that remains are memories of you.

Sumann Dutta

Cheating Heart

I've a cheating heart
Which cheats death,
And brings me one more breath.
To live one more day,
Before all falls to decay.
Death is the hunter and I, it's prey,
I've only a few more moments to stay.
I can see my end, very cold and clear,
There is nothing more to expect, and nothing to fear.
My time is fast running away,
Let me finish this up and start to pray.

Sumann Dutta

Don'T Get Me Wrong

I have felt the pleasure in the pain,
Seen the fire burning in the rain.
I have seen darkness below the rainbow,
Felt stagnation in the flow.

I have been there and seen it all,
Nothing was there to break my free fall.
I have lived the emotions and lived them through,
I have been in love and had been true.

But still I remained pretty much the same
Just a change in situation and probably your name.

Sumann Dutta

Escapist's Invitation

Lets escape, lets run away
From alarms and wake up calls,
From multiplexes and shopping malls,
From traffic jams and long queues,
From the late night soaps and breaking news.

Lets escape, lets run away
From all the false vows and promises,
From everyday quarrels and compromises,
From big dreams and unfulfilled desires,
From all the superstitions and unheard prayers.

Lets escape, lets run away
From all the responsibilities and duties,
From all the cosmetic dolls and artificial beauties,
From insomnia and sleeping pills,
From all the unnecessary luxuries and their long bills.

May be I am an escapist,
But to me that is the only way.
Lets escape, lets run away.

Sumann Dutta

Facing You

I wore your words
Around my neck.
I wore your touch
On my body.
I wore your promises
As a shield against the world.

You took back your words
Smudged your touches
broke your promises.

And I am standing here alone, naked
facing you once again.

Sumann Dutta

For My Valentine

Among all the glittering golds,
The twinkle in your eyes were the best.

Among all the dazzling diamonds
Only you could make me obsessed.

You Held me in the crowd,
And put my mind to rest.

You are a unique Valentine
And the best I ever had.

Sumann Dutta

He Stole My Barbie!

He said he would love me.
He promised icecreams and chocolate candy,
Even a pink dress for me
And my Barbie.

At night he came with my nightmare
Soothed me to ease my fear.
But when he went, he stole a part of me
And he also took my barbie away.

Sumann Dutta

I Am Living Too!

Looking out my closed windows,
Observing the world living its own life;
I see the lighted up faces,
I hear the laughter of people passing by.

I am secured behind the closed windows.
Nothing can touch me,
Nothing can break my heart.
Just sometimes I have to remind myself-

That I am living too.

Sumann Dutta

Journey To My Nadir

On my way to my Nadir,
I took the stairway to Hell.
To go to the other side of my existence
Coming out of my protected shell.

There I saw the face of my fate
As ugly as disappointment itself.
I was amazed by its eyes only
Which was like- looking at myself.

I asked her the direction-
For where I don't remember.
But she remained silent,
Only her eyes, shining like smoldering ember.

I woke up with a start
Realising it to be a delusion,
But I had enough of sanity left
To know that it was the truth, not an illusion.

Sumann Dutta

Just Sometimes...

Sometimes the minutes feels like days,
And the weeks passes in an hour.
Sometimes the chilled wind gives comfort,
And the breeze sweeps like a twister.

When water feels like liquid fire,
The spirit can only quench the thirst.
The known faces resemble the devil;
And in the enemy I put my trust.

Sumann Dutta

Living My Life

I've been spotlessly guilty;
I've swam in the sea of sin.
Heartless has been my second name;
But I've never hung my head in shame.

I've crossed the hells of fire;
I've drank the poison of death.
I've never craved for obscurity or fame.
To me somehow they are the same.

I do everything I want to do,
Without any remorse or pain.
Passion to me is a drug whereas love is so lame,
Living now has just become a blame game.

So, I fear no evil and heed no good
I just live my life like I think I should.

Sumann Dutta

My Grandma's Words

Silently the old age has caught up with me,
I remember only my past clearly.
Who are they surrounding me?
A herd, a cluster, my family?

Only my childhood memories are my own.
And the bits and pieces of my imagination.
Except for them I feel bitterly alone,
Though these people tell me they are my relation.

Now I am waiting for me to leave
Don't bind me with these bonds anymore.
I have to go on my own now,
So, just let me live in your memories evermore.

Sumann Dutta

My Pen And Me

Crossing the border of unknown
Me and my pen two lone being
In each others company but alone.

Figuring out what to write and let others know-
Is something as scary as it can get
But anyway I lay myself bare for the show.

The words are thrown away;
The letters are cut and burnt.
Making a mockery out of the display.

I cry out to save my pen
But they hurl it away.
They are merciless noble men.

The criticism that flow free
Make wounds that time won't heal.
They ostracise my pen and me.

Sumann Dutta

Return Of A Son

They took the boy right out of a my bosom
to fight a war at the far end of the world.
Whose, where, for who were the questions not to be asked;
They said it was warranted by higher authorities.
But when did God want children to fight battles?
May be I am just an ignorant mother,
who prays for her son's safety.
Where do I look for the signs of cessation,
when the whole world is bleeding to death,
for one reason or another?
How long do I need to wait for the war to stop,
which had started without a cause?
And one day the wait ended.
They said they were sending him back to me
I was elated by my fate and his.
I waited by the end of the road for his return.
They did return, but I knew not whom
They took him as a boy
and returned pieces of a man in a casket.

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Silence Of The Words

Why do you want to capture me?

Strangle and squeeze me into expressions?

Let me run amok-

In the pastures of your thoughts.

Don't tether me with punctuation.

I don't have a story to tell,

Or a poem to rhyme.

I take a vow of silence for the rest of my life.

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The Image That Is Mine

When I had stopped writing, I don't know.
There is a pregnant silence all around.
I look at the water sunshine outside my window through my dry eyes.

Meaningless thoughts and jumbled sentences,
A few scraps of thoughts, a broken pencil,
And a large empty canvas to fill.

The unkempt hair and disheveled clothes,
A blank stare from the hollow eyes that look back at me-
From the only mirror on the wall.

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Trying Hard

I was trying hard to fall in love
To fly to the clouds and the heaven above.
Take a dip in the ocean of emotions
Sort out my feelings and underlying tensions.

You are beyond my reach
You shout, you swear, you preach.
You try to make miracles happen
You never could, you never can.

Anger, wrath, frustration
My body, mind and soul in an age-old starvation.
I wanted to express myself in a few rhyming words
I know I failed, but at least I tried hard.

Sumann Dutta

What It Takes To Be In Love?

A month out of your years,
A summer out of my seasons.

Sometimes we stay very close and near,
Sometimes we laugh without any reason.

You overlook the faults in me.
I am indifferent to your lies

We don't have any bindings, so we are free.
But sometimes we just have to compromise.

And suddenly the time comes to say goodbye.
And we plunge back to our own lives.

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