

# Anthology of Dipanwita Dey

Presented by

*My poetic side* 



## Dedication

*I want to dedicate my book to the people from all over the world and to my Boyfriend Ratnadeep . I  
just hope you'll get motivation when you read my book and my poems.*

## **Acknowledgement**

This book wouldn't have been possible without the support of my family, friends and my boyfriend, their never-ending support have given me the courage to make my dream come true.

I want to thanks my reader from all over the world for your kind response and support, without you there is no me..

To all the individual i have had the opportunity to lead ,be led by, or watch their leadership from afar, i also want to thank them for being my inspiration.

## About the author

I'm Dipanwita Dey from India.. I have started writing from last 2 months and my moto is to inspire people through my writing and motivate them to see the life differently.

## summary

The Real Me

FRUSTRATION

Resurrection

Petrichor

Serendipity

## The Real Me

Look into the mirror  
And tell me who do you see,  
Is it someone you love or the way they make you see,

The Mirror will never lie, it knows only the truth,  
Unveil the cover and see what is true...  
You are in a wrong frame, with an unfeigned soul,  
Behind the long curly hair and pink dress  
You filled inside with colour blue,  
there is sadness in your eyes,  
there is a stranger in your body,  
You want to scream out loud,  
I am not too feminine to be a boy,  
Not too pinky to be coloured blue,  
I'm a teenager, who want to embrace  
"THE REAL ME",  
"THE REAL ME"

## FRUSTRATION

Life seems to fall apart,  
Hunger eating my soul,  
Fear has surrounded my body,  
I see beyond my lit up eyes,  
Deep inside it has become numb,  
Tears dried up, it hurts inside and leaves scars.  
I'm drowning in gloominess,  
I'm sinking in sorrow.

Now all I can see is frustration,  
All I can feel is cold,  
All I want to do is rip-off my own skin  
And scream my lungs out and let it bust.  
I can't take this anymore, it's hard to live up with.  
"Frustration "not yet the end,  
Frustration, on what to do,  
Frustration, on where to go,  
Frustration with the absurdity of life i know.

## Resurrection

She was born in the midnight,  
hidden behind a dream curtain,  
Unaware of all the odds,  
Surrounded by the gloominess.  
She was a girl in the land of  
Patriarchy.  
She was the brightest star in her sky,  
She was a bird , who wasn't afraid of  
Spreading her wings to fly,  
She was stronger than the steel,  
She was the voice of the voiceless.  
She was a free sprit, a free soul in the misogynistic world.  
At the dawn as the last star blinked out,  
they tormented her  
Trimmed her wings,  
Shattered her dreams,  
caged her for being the voice,  
Snatched her freedom,  
"How could you fly ,  
How could you breath ,  
How could you roam around,  
How could you be the voice" ....they laughed.  
They thought they could make her silent,  
But, they have failed,  
She was a miracle, she was a warrior,  
She was different than the rest,  
She was the bravest girl that everyone  
Knew would rise up,  
The fear, weakness, hopelessness died,  
Strength, power, compassion, bravery was born.



## Petrichor

### Petrichor

(n.)

**The pleasant earthy smell after rain**

You touch me under the cloudburst,  
And paint me with your fragrance,  
As we walk through the wet meadow,  
The pleasant scent of petrichor carries us like buoyant hummingbird chirping,  
The earthiness in the smell penetrates  
the elegance better than a moonset,  
better than the rose fragrance.

I find myself staring at your mesmeric  
gaze,

Wanting to be lost in your earthiness,  
Shower you with my compassionate love,  
As you touch me under the cloudburst,  
And whisper in my ears,

"My love, All my broken melodies, rhythms easily get dispersed whenever the petrichor appears."

## Serendipity

### Serendipity

#### An unplanned fortune discovery

You rejuvenate my life  
When I was shattered in darkness,  
When I was not seeking to be rescued,  
You stumbled upon the broken pieces of me  
And pulled me out of my misery.  
With your presence all of my sorrow vanished.  
You have turned me into a verse of poetry.  
With the touch of your warmth, you have filled my celestial spaces.  
You brighten up my ambient,  
You heal my broken melody.  
With the splash of your rhythmic soul,  
You became my serendipity.  
You have bloomed my life with the wind of spring,  
You have coloured my rainbow as if you were assigned.  
In a world full of empty promises and temporary encounters,  
You became my most beautiful fate,  
You became my serendipity.