

The Anthology of Love

Sumit Datta

Presented by

My poetic side 



Dedication

Dedicated to Suparna, Priyadarshini and Sourojit

About the author

Born in 1974 in the historical town of Tamralipta (now known as Tamluk) of West Bengal India. He is published author of seven poetry books and two books

in painting and aesthetics. His poetry books are featured in many reputed book stores and libraries across the world. He has experimented with all most all forms of poetry. Haiku, Limerick, Lyric Poetry, Free Verses, Sonnets and Ballads are few of them to mention. Among the erudite readers he is known for his extraordinarily crafted romantic verses.

At the same time he is also a prolific painter. He is a national award winner in water color painting. He has invented and developed his own experimental media for painting. His paintings are featured in many reputed online art galleries across the world. He is a doctor by profession.

summary

Galaxies

My Lost Love

Dreams

Wilderness

Soul

Sunrise

Unearthly

Journey

Odious

Those Lovely Days

Galaxies

Galaxies

I wonder how wonderful are they,
Grand, glorious, gorgeous ocean of light.
Under the dense canopy of darkness
They dance with glints of hope.

Galaxies

I watch them with awe and bewilderment
How vast limitless are they !
How many truths are hidden
How much wisdom is steaming inside.

Galaxies

A journey of joy and delight
Eternity's never ending game.
Flow of infinite love
Flux of immortal flame.

My Lost Love

Etched on these brown stones are
Relics of my lost love.
The pebbles the sand
I used to decorate one day
With my tender dreamy hand.
From deep amnesia I arise
And feel these vista again.
The blue vale, mountains, cliff
And the sound of waves.
I was here someday somehow
With all these music and colors.
Sound echos
Breeze blows
I can recognize my lost journey
My lost love.

Dreams

One day the tempest will cease
And tranquility will decorate our days.
Our souls will take refuge to fairy tales
Music will fill all the hills and vales.
Mother earth will caress and kiss
And fulfill our absurd and sweetest wish.
The storms will fade away, darkness will die
Horizons will be green, blue will be sky.
Life's ecstasy will defeat death's sorrow.
In our breast we must embrace the morrow.

Wilderness

My sound echos here
I stand in the vale of blue,
A frightened bird chirps,
A green frog stares at me,
Tulips dance with breeze.
In this wilderness
I feel at home, at ease.

Soul

Verses live and verses die
In the forest and under the sky.
Flowers blossom and flowers die
Leaves on soil a deep blue sigh.
Souls are deathless they never die
Live for ever, yet bid goodbye.

Sunrise

Oh! What magnificent charm
Gentle yet heart throbbing.
Sweet golden rays down pouring
And deluging the drowsy horizon.
Misty frosty hazy eastern sky
Knows that darkness is about to die.
Gull, heron, tanager and lark
They all tweet in the deathbed of dark.
Light light and light
Coming and bringing heaven's lofty delight.
Breeze blowing,
Forests dancing
Rivers rejoicing
Oceans shimmering in rapture.
Such an enthralling dazzling morn
Never might have born.

Unearthly

Bringing star light and mingling with me
Her mystic soul, in rainy day or silent night.
Tiptoeing inside
She puts her flowers and buds
In my empty vase;
I know yet I know not.
A chilling thrill or eldritch warmth
Flows through my spines.
I feel the veiled game of love
Corporeal yet unearthly.

Journey

Twilight is fading
Misty evening turning penumbras in to deep shadows.
Fragrance of anonymous flowers piercing senses.
As I walk through the forest
Phantom fairies start enticing my heart.
From some far galaxies some one watching my path.
My journey
My soul's destiny.
Thousand distractions and temptations
Trying to destroy my meditation.
Yet I can not succumb to seductions.
I must exercise my free will to discover my being
My nothingness and the purpose of my journey.

Odious

Yet the roses die
When you decorate your vase with them.
You know not their pain.
Your contrived euphoria
Spurious passions and odious celebrations
Are just objects of ridicule.
Yet I hate even to laugh at them.
You are just a poor caged bird
Heartless, soulless, mindless
Enjoying the gala of your own shameless games.
Burning in the fire of your
Hanker, crave and desire
You destroy the dreams of millions of flowers.
And yet I forgive you
Because you are just an obnoxious image
That must be erased from the memory
Finally and forever.

Those Lovely Days

So lovely were the days
The days of golden sun rays.
The days of symphony and rose
The days of poetry and prose.
The days of nascent sentiments
Songs, colors, words eloquent.
The days which sleep inside heart
Like love's immortal eternal art.