

# Anthology of Winter vale

Rodip Chettri

Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## Dedication

*dedicated to self;*

## Acknowledgement

It gives me immense pleasure to acknowledge the individuals who have been instrumental in making my dream of publishing this poetry book a reality.

First and foremost, I express my gratitude to my family, who have always been my pillars of strength and support, encouraging me to pursue my passion for writing. Their unwavering belief in me has been a constant source of motivation and inspiration.

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Finally, I thank my readers for their time and interest in my works. Your support and encouragement have given me the confidence to continue pursuing my passion for writing.

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## About the author

I'm Rodip Chettri, born on 26 January 2002, and I hail from the beautiful mountain town of Darjeeling. Writing has always been my passion, and I started penning my thoughts from a very young age. My English teacher played a crucial role in my writing journey, and I continued honing my skills through my academic years.

After completing my graduation in Computer Application from St. Joseph's College, I moved to Delhi to join a multinational corporation as a UI developer. It was here that I started delving deeper into poetry and began writing profound and meaningful pieces. I live alone in a flat in Delhi, and I find solace in my solitude, which provides me with inspiration to write whenever I'm in a reflective state.

My writing reflects my keen understanding of human emotions and the complexities of life. Through my works, I hope to touch the hearts of my readers and leave a lasting impact on their minds.

## summary

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## "Phantom of the Past"

Deep within the annals of the unknown tales,  
Resides the chronicle of a boy who has failed.  
Unaware of his demise in this mortal plane,  
His spirit now roams, his destiny inhumane.

Unbeknownst to him, his life has been cut short,  
His essence now lingers in an eerie cavort.  
As the night descends, he feels the frigid air,  
Realizing his mortal coil is no longer there.

The world he once knew, now seems obscure,  
His destiny, a fate that he cannot endure.  
He yearns to return to his corporeal form,  
But alas, his soul is shackled in an ethereal storm.

The boy, once alive, now a specter of the past,  
A memory that will forever last.  
For in his desire for posthumous obscurity, he left a trace,  
And in the unknown tales, his spirit shall forever embrace.

» - Winter vale

## Let You Down

Amidst the chaos and the doubt,  
Hear the voices scream and shout,  
Regretting all that I've become,  
And letting down as chosen one.

Disappointment, so it seems,  
Haunted by my shattered dreams,  
And all the ways I fell apart,  
Betraying someone's trusting heart.

Wish that I could make it right,  
And find a way to wind-up this fight,  
But all my efforts seem in vain,  
Acidity and hurt remain.

The hurtful words and actions too,  
Have left a scar that won't renew,  
And now I'm standing on the edge,  
Afraid to take another pledge.

But still, I must apologize for the pain,  
And all the times I went insane,  
I hope that someday you'll forgive,  
And find a way for us to live.

For though I stumbled on this road,  
Fondness for you will never erode,  
And if you need a friend to lean,  
I'll be there, however unseen.

## "Epistolary Love?"

Two hearts, two souls, yet never met,  
Bound by letters that they send and get.  
An age of internet, love is cheap,  
But these two lovers' bond runs deep.

By the river they sit, writing their words,  
Sending their love, like the flight of birds.  
Not a touch or kiss, but still they feel,  
A connection so pure, so raw and real.

In this world of deceit and lies,  
Their love remains pure, beyond all guise.  
They're each other's anchor, in this tumultuous sea,  
Their love so strong, like a symphony.

Their passion burns through each word they write,  
Two hearts so pure, love so bright.  
They share their lives, their hopes, and dreams,  
A love like this, so rare, it seems.

In this digital age, their love stands true,  
A love that's real, that's pure, that's rare and new.  
For though they've never met, nor touched or seen,  
Their love will live on, forever pristine.



## It bothers me

I am a witness to humanity's flaws,

The poverty, the sorrow, the unjust cause,

And yet, I cannot seem to empathize,

With those who struggle and agonize.

I view them as unworthy, unclean,

Blaming them for their own misfortune seen,

I find their weakness uncomfortable,

Their dependency is repulsive and unable.

A young girl exploited a victim of her own,

I hold her responsible, her innocence gone,

Blaming her parents for their lack of care,

Unable to see the injustice, she did bear.

And those with disabilities, a burden to me,

I see their dependence as a sign of weakness, you see,

Their struggles are merely a spectacle to behold,

Their helplessness, a pleasure, a story to be told.

But I am not alone in my disdain,

For a world that seems counterfeit, full of pain,

A society where selflessness is rare,

And those who try to help often met with a glare.

As a species, we are worse than the dogs we deride,

Establishing classes, some in squalor, others in pride,

Reluctant to break free from societal chains,

Seeing ourselves as servants, powerless to make gains.

But what if we acted with decisiveness and might?

What if we made an example, and stood for what's right?

Perhaps the rage and anger of those in pain,

Could dissipate, and a brighter future we could gain.

And yet, it bothers me that I am also a part,  
Of this flawed humanity, with a broken heart,  
A victim in some cases, and a culprit in others,  
Struggling to find the answers to life's wonders.

## The Abyss Within

In the depths of my mind,  
A darkness does dwell,  
A place where the light,  
Has long been expelled.

In this world of shadow,  
There is no hope or joy,  
Just pain and sorrow,  
That one cannot avoid.

The ghosts of my past,  
Haunt me day and night,  
Reminding me of my sins,  
And filling me with fright.

The darkness consumes me,  
Like a fire burning bright,  
And I cannot escape it,  
Try as I might.

My soul is lost,  
In this eternal night,  
And I fear that I'll never,  
See the morning light.

So I embrace the darkness,  
And let it take me whole,  
For it's the only thing,  
That's left in my soul.

## Codified laws

Injustice reigns and kindness falls,  
Avaricious statute deceive us all,  
Flaws and faults too sizable to hide,  
Butchering our humanity inside.

No color amalgam, no wealth divide,  
As the rich and powerful decide,  
Who shall face the brunt of their might,  
And who shall be left in the blackness of night?

Innocent children, women, and men  
Left vulnerable, victims again and again,  
As codified laws justify the wrongs,  
Of those who oppress and cause such harms.

Trauma and pain they leave in their wake,  
As they seek to control and dominate,  
Corrupted forces at the helm,  
Judges and solicitors who just overwhelm.

It's time to abolish this unjust regime,  
And replace it with righteous themes,  
For only then can we hope to erase,  
The inequality today we face.

So let us mourn the loss of what could be,  
And fight for a future that's truly free,  
Where codified laws no longer reign,  
And justice and mercy once again remain.

**3 minutes 53 seconds**

A melody that sings of her countenance fair,  
Elicits memories that time can't impair,  
Yet her mistrust of my love and devotion,  
Deems it mere, transient emotion.

Her perplexity, a poignant twinge,  
Imbues my heart with love's recurring hinge,  
For though she may lack clear sight,  
My love for her shall remain aright.