

Anthology of Bhumika Chowdhury_1437

Presented by

My poetic side 



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Tangible

Love isn't a tangible thing they say,
Yet when I think of you, the feeling won't sway.
It's like an ethereal presence, hard to define,
But I sense its magic in every word of yours and mine.

I can see love in the sparkle of your eyes,
A mirror reflecting all that my heart implies.
With each glance, a connection is set ablaze,
Igniting a passion that forever stays.

I feel love in the warmth of your gentle touch,
A tender caress that means so much.
From your fingertips, it seeps into my soul,
Filling every inch, making me whole.

I hear love in the melody of your voice,
A symphony that makes my heart rejoice.
Every word you speak, a song so sweet,
Bringing melodies of love that'll never deplete.

Love isn't something we can hold or contain,
But in your presence, it feels far from vain.
It's in the intangible that our love thrives,
A bond so strong, forever it survives.

So though love may not have a tangible state,
In you, its essence I can always translate.
For when I think of you, touch you, talk to you too,
I can see love, feel love, and hear love through and through.

Seasons

In nature's artistry, a flower's story told,
A lesson whispered, simple but bold.
For not always does the bloom reside,
Within its petals, secrets do confide.

It's okay to not always be fine,
To let tears flow like the sweet summer wine.
Just like a flower, we too have our seasons,
With joys and sorrows that intertwine for reasons.

The rose may wither as autumn draws near,
Its vibrant hues fading, blemished by a tear.
Yet, through the cycle of nature's grand scheme,
It knows that life's impermanence is no mean.

So, embrace the moments of shadows and rain,
For they shall water the soul's fertile terrain.
Let not the facade of smile bind you tight,
In vulnerability, true strength shines bright.

In the barren winter, the flower may sleep,
In solitude, its secrets deep within it keep.
But when the first rays of springtime appear,
With renewed vigor, it will rise without fear.

It's okay to not always be fine,
To embrace the darkness, let your worries align.
Just like the flower, we need rest and reprieve,
To heal our wounds and in ourselves believe.

For no flower in nature blooms all year,
No human escapes life's trials, I swear.
But remember, in your heart's darkest hours,

That even a bud will turn to brilliant flowers.

So, celebrate the seasons life does unfold,
The stories written, the promises it holds.
It's okay to not always be fine, my dear,
For growth comes from embracing both joy and tear.

Risk

To be in love, a risk we take,
With hearts exposed, we willingly ache,
Knowing we may stumble, trip, and fall,
But the beauty of it all, we heed the call.

For in love's embrace, joy lies ablaze,
Though vulnerability may set us ablaze,
We brave the storms, the tempest's plight,
Guided by love's unwavering light.

Just as the warmth of spring will gleam,
It's intertwined with winter's ice-cold dream,
For without the frost's bitter grasp,
The blooming flowers would not clasp.

Love's journey, like the seasons' dance,
Requires both the warmth and the chance,
To face the darkness, endure the pain,
To experience love's sweet, radiant reign.

So let us fear not the love we choose,
For it's in risking, we stand to lose,
But the reward outweighs the fear we dread,
The warmth of love, forever widespread.

Imperfections

The heart and the mind as one,
It's not about the looks, nor the sun.
"They say love is blind," they claim,
But oh, my dear, it's not the same.

Love sees the imperfections, it's true,
And yet, it knows just what to do.
It doesn't turn a blind eye, you see,
Instead, it nurtures and sets free.

Love is a light that guides the way,
Mending all the flaws, come what may.
It sees the cracks, the broken parts,
And weaves them into beautiful arts.

Love doesn't ignore the deepest fears,
It embraces them, wipes away the tears.
For it knows in vulnerability and pain,
A stronger bond shall forever remain.

It accepts the insecurities we hold,
Offers comfort, like a story never told.
Love wraps around, like a warm embrace,
Filling every void, leaving no trace.

Love is a force, so powerful and pure,
It strengthens us, that is for sure.
It lifts us up when we're feeling weak,
Whispering soft words that we eagerly seek.

So, my friend, let go of the notion,
That love is blind, blind in its devotion.
For in its sight, we find the key,

To a love that's boundless, wild, and free.

Seen

In a world so vast and wide, where hearts do dream and feelings hide,
There's a longing deep within, to be seen and acknowledged, to begin.
For in our hearts, there beats a need, to find a place where love takes lead,
To have our spirits understood, to know we're valued, cherished and good.

But let not the grand things distract, for love is found in the small, in fact,
It's not the brightness that defines, but knowing who they are, their sacred lines.
In gentle whispers and tender touch, we find the essence, and oh, how much,
The little gestures that truly show, the love we hold, the care we sow.

In the morning sunshine's golden hue, a smile exchanged, a love so true,
A helping hand in times of plight, a soothing word in darkest night.
A gentle gaze that holds the soul, a comforting presence that makes us whole,
These small acts of love, they do tell, that we're seen, acknowledged, and valued as well.

Just a picture?

I look at all the pictures in a glimmering frame,
Reminiscing the moments now gone, a joyful flame.
Kept as memories in the heart, forever treasured,
Never to be recreated again, how I wish they could be measured.

It's not the person you lose, but a part of your soul,
Only they sought, making you feel whole.
Their laughter and love engraved deep within,
Etching a mark, a bond that time can't thin.

Each photograph a window to the past,
A reminder of moments that flew by so fast.
Through smiles and tears, they bring solace and pain,
A bittersweet dance within my heart's terrain.

My fingers trace the contours of each face,
Etching their essence, love cannot erase.
The laughter, the adventures, shared in a glance,
A treasure trove of memories, our eternal dance.

Gone are those days of unabridged bliss,
Yet their essence continues, like a lingering kiss.
Though they may be gone, their spirit lives on,
In every beat, every rhythm, from nightfall to dawn.

So I hold onto these pictures, they're my salvation,
A testament of love and jubilation.
For even though they've left this earthly plane,
In my heart, their love will forever remain.

Each photograph tells a story untold,
A mosaic of memories, more precious than gold.
In reminiscing, I find solace, my heart touched,

For in those moments, their love was never clutched.

So as time marches on, and lives rearrange,
Their memories forever in my heart will range.
I look at all the pictures, their warmth never fades,
Embracing the past, while new memories are made.

Songs

People hear songs with words they're afraid to say,
Melodies that touch hearts in a profound way.
In lyrics unsung, emotions take flight,
Expressing truths hidden, tucked away from sight.

Whispered confessions in comforting tunes,
A solace provided as the darkness looms.
Fear hides within, a silent prison wall,
But in chords and rhythms, we find it all.

Some songs reveal secrets of a broken heart,
Words woven delicately, a healing art.
They shed light on scars masked by smiling faces,
And offer a refuge in vulnerable spaces.

Songs tackle taboos, the unspeakable themes,
Confronting prejudices, shattering the seams.
They challenge conventions and norms of the day,
Opening minds, teaching empathy's way.

With passion and power, they break through the fear,
Transforming emotions that seem too severe.
For music holds secrets, it breaks down the walls,
And through haunting melodies, freedom enthrals.

These songs give a voice to the voiceless souls,
Empowering those whose stories remain untold.
They offer release, a weight lifted off the chest,
Transforming silence into raw, heartfelt zest.

So cherish the lyrics that others lay bare,
The whispered confessions that float in the air.
For in songs unsung, the truth still remains,

A gentle reminder that we're more than just names.

Help

A pretence we all wear to be good,
To be holy, nothing but the light.
Accepted here, hide away the darkness,
The broken parts till they suffocate you.

From the inside, cause in this world,
There's a need to hide all parts of you,
That do not abide with their claims.
What better way to drown in misery?

Than stop asking for help
In this masquerade, we all play our roles,
But deep within, we feel the weight,
Of truth submerged, suffocating our souls.