Poetry Series

Subarna Chakraborty
- poems -

PoemHunter.com

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Subarna Chakraborty(05/01/1995)

Subarna Chakraborty is an author, poet, businesswoman, and social media writer known for her expressive writing and popular presence on Instagram. Her work explores emotions, human experiences, love, longing, and the complexities of life.
Beyond writing, Subarna is a passionate animal lover who contributes to animal healthcare and welfare, supporting the care and well-being of animals in need.
She is the author of The Longing: Where Absence Takes Root, a poetry collection that explores the profound emotions of love, distance, and absence, and Managing CKD in Dogs, a practical guide dedicated to understanding and caring for dogs affected by chronic kidney disease.
Through her writing and compassion for animals, Subarna continues to express her belief in the power of words, empathy, and meaningful action.

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Voices In My Head

Someone told me of the gap
Between you and me—not to yearn.
Somewhere within that distance,
There's a lesson to learn.
You know I burned bridges to come this far
The voices in my head,
Now subtle and nearly clear.
Even if today you hand me a map,
I'll skip some places—I've filled the gap.
I'll pave a way and walk you through,
A love that slowly returns you to you.

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The Winter Shawl

She came from far, far away,
Maybe a few oceans away,
Or heaven above, who knows?
She herself was confused,
Where she came from, where she found refuge,
Where she landed, what she owed.

I saw her from a distance,
Never in her solace.
She was wildered, bewildered by shame,
By someone with no name.
I wished I could know her,
Even from afar.

Surrounded by certain mystery,
Little did she know she carried…

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What You Left Behind

You came into my life quietly,
and left before I could understand
what your presence had begun to change in me.

I never knew a person could stay
without staying at all.
After you were gone,
something in me became quieter
but somehow, deeper.

You left me with thoughts
I had never thought before,
words I had never written,
and a strange tenderness
for things I cannot hold.
Perhaps you were never meant to be mine.

Perhaps you were only meant
to awaken something in me
that had been waiting for you.
I don't know where you are now,
or whether you ever think of me.
But somewhere between
your arrival and your disappearance,
you became a part of a story
I am still learning to write.

And if I ever write something beautiful,
perhaps a little of it
will always belong to you.'

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My Space

I ended before beginning,
Before a new story grows,
As heaven knows,
No new story worth the race
Can compare to my own space.

Although I know it's an end,
The ending feels more like
Sitting in a theatre even when the curtain falls,
Right after an onstage figure crawls.

Not a perfect day or time,
I draw an absolute line
Around myself, preserving the grace,
As I already fell for my space.

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Longing

You stayed like a dream that I often see,
A house in the woods and the rain's euphony.

A dream that shifts from star to star
Leaves no footprint, no scar.

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The Good In You

What if one day
The heavens walk away
And hell fears to let you in
For the places you've been
Are scarier than hell.
Yet the sacred souls
Orbit around you
For whatever they've seen
And wherever you've been
They have seen good in you.

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I Felt It All

I felt it all,
The hurt, the pain,
The never-ending rain,
The tears, the fears,
The unyielding years.
I felt it with discernment.
It's far from the way
Of being a sponge
For the pain I believe is not my own.

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Ease

Even when the door is locked
I keep the window half open
in case they peep out
while missing their own.

?They may try to hope and pray
maybe they can look away
nothing else can bring that ease
The pain they have washed away.

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The Black Gate

Something in the air, so heavy,
Something strange — a feeling, maybe.
A warm, heavy stone
Pressing on my heart,
And I'm not thinking straight.

Not too long ago, I can recall,
It wasn't summer, it was fall.
I saw you there, before my eyes,
Standing by the big black gate.
I told myself to hold my breath,
Battled my heart with simple math.
I'm not used to hurrying my way,
Not until I'm already late.

Now as I walk along the bridge,
I recall the feelings I put on lease.
Without you, the heavy wind
Tears quietly through my soul.

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Now I don't know where to start,
How it began before tearing apart.
My heart rooted for you, a little slow
Your departure left it hollow.

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A Dream

A dream in the morning,
They say, comes true.
A dream of you
I went through.
I saw you — a little vague, a little shy,
Perhaps it was me, I don't know why.
You stood still,
Your wide eyes met mine.
Can I call it luck?
Or fate, or destiny?
I know it sounds a little uncanny,
The way I exaggerate feelings.
But one thing I know for sure —
It wasn't something from the lore,
That I fell for you in some realm,
And destiny stitched you into my dream.
You know my heart is rooted in pain,
But storms grow tired, slipping away like rain.
That's what I told myself, lost in blue
As a dream in the morning, they say, comes true.

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Between Then And Now

Somewhere beneath my silence, your name began to sprout,
And I — I just spaced out,
Somewhere between then and now.
An alchemy of the clouds,
In between, I guessed your whereabouts,
Somewhere between then and now.
I paused to think further,
Long enough to make me wonder,
Somewhere between then and now.
My hand trembled for a while,
As in seconds I jumped a mile,
Somewhere between then and now.

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The Void

Send me a letter with my name
Carved on it.
Send it when you're away from home.
Send it with the love you are surrounded with,
Send it with compassion.
Let me know if you're okay.
Let me know when you will be back in town.
Let me know if you utter my name.
Let me know if it's evening or dawn.
Let me know how my love whispered in your ear,
Let me know when you felt like home.
Let me know when the wind touched your skin,
Let me know if the sun kissed you on the cheek.
Let me know if the night held you close,
Let me know if the silence spoke my name.
Let me know if you ever paused for me,
Let me know if you felt the same.
Send me with a cover on it,
Send me like a mystery box in a game.
Send me with calm and patience,
Send me 'with love, ' and then your name.

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Lost Love

I don't know if what's stopping me
is what's stopping you.
Seems like we live
in a parallel world.
You don't know where to begin,
and I—
I don't know where to end.
Still, we keep moving anyway.
I know you lied
when our eyes met.
So did I—
not lies, just sighs.
I still hear the giggles
of the parking lot,
and my doorbell ringing at dawn.
Warm pasta
and fine wine
remind me
of something once my own.
Although I don't recall us much,
for I think we played our role.
You know I love the moon-half—
I feel our story whole.

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Her Wilderness

Her ivory hair fell onto her copper skin,
Her amber eyes shone with pride
When I asked her about the days
When she used to be a child.
Her curled lips stretched like a bow,
Drew some lines on her cheeks,
Quickly started her time machine
Into a world of velvet and silks.
Her tender eyes widened at some moments,
Sometimes they shrank in despair.
Her irrelevance to current belongings
Wasn't very rare.
She was born with a silver spoon,
Very unadored and shy.
Fully into her wilderness,
Little did she cry.
Holding some tiny hands, she roamed around the fields,
Narrow rivers and black ponds,
Under the shadows of giant trees.
However, she erased some details,
Or maybe she did so at her will.
Little record of her past four decades —
She may have wished to never feel.

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The Journey

A journey that has taken me miles,
A wounded back and cracked heels.
Don't know where to stop,
But to breathe and go —
Run, walk, and crawl.
Let your faith make the call.
Feels like a nap
To restore the gap,
But time is flying by,
And hopes floating by
Ask to go ahead.
Sunburnt without shade.
Need to talk —
Something drags me back.
Not now, there's a lack of time.
Thousands of days
With cough and cold,
No rest for the brave —
Just be bold.
Sometimes hopes and desires,
Sometimes secret whispers.
All sing in their sacred hymn
Is strength a curse
Or simply align.

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Freedom

Today I saw my friend,
The one I used to collect stones with
At the riverbank,
Stones that we kept collecting
For some unknown reason.
Those days we weren't sunk.
We filled water in a bottle of Sprite,
Cliffs of clouds
Filled with kites.

Today I saw my friend,
The one I used to draw with,
Random lines on the last page
Of an important notebook.
We ran towards the jungle,
Marking a random tree,
Fear inside, shadowed by curiosity,
Like true people, random and free.

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Coffiee - Crush

Today I woke up, reaching for my coffee mug,
And I stared at the shelf.
I saw my twin mug resting there.
A thought moonwalked through my mind:
What if I give it to you?
Later, I opened my wallet
And found your visiting card.
I thought about asking you for a coffee.
My phone rang, just a business call.
I half-expected your name to pop up on the screen.
As I walked down the road,
I thought I should take a walk to you,
Invite you for a coffee.
It's hard to tell
If I'm falling for you
Or just for the coffee.

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Rotten Soil

Hey, I've been busy for a long while.
You can change the narrative if you want;
For the old one is monotonous.
You can paint me a villain
Or a witch, however you want to.
I know my days are so busy
I will barely notice your existence.
Besides, I have cut your relevance
Like those branches
I often cut when they dry.
I feel it quite virtuous.
When I wake up in the morning,
It's more exciting than your whole existence.
I know now why
You don't want to cut relevance.
I can see where you stand:
Rotten soil, leaves dried,
Others' dreams you have tied.

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Distant Call

I am like a distant call
Over the forest's fog,
Clear enough but with no trace.
I am the gentle calm of the rainforest;
It can be peace, I know not.
I am the ripples bathed in the scarlet sun,
The gentle feet of a butterfly.
I am the movement of the northern wind,
Chill yet safe to feel.

I am the forest fire
That burns the bridge
To a distorted, twisted land.
I am the boat in the chest of the ocean.
I am the desert's sparkling sand.

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The Doorbell

I used to feel a lot,
A lot of grief and pain,
Until we broke apart.
And then my world faded into utmost numbness.
I don't know what to name it.
When I see speeding cars in city lights,
I feel something is missing,
Maybe something in my heart.

I used to dream a lot,
Rush mornings and lazy days.
I heard the doorbell ring,
A busy kitchen and sunrays
Peeping through our window,
Watching flights land,
As we used to watch,
With utmost fear of abandonment you had,
Your smiling face and eyes sad.

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Heart In The Woods

And you know what I said,
It's not the first rainbow that appeared.
There were unicorns before.
The moon was more fragile then.
I built a hut from this mud,
Watched beautiful sunsets before,
But this land does not support dreams,
Not for a longer period of time.
For the moon is still fragile,
The sky bleeds tears,
And I am tired from all of this.
Each time I try to bury my soul,
A new butterfly arrives.

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All Of You

Collecting pieces from here and there,
I need all of you
To make my life worth living.
I live in an empty vacuum with a velvet wrap
So it shines through.

I feel like a child's joy
Inside a toy story.
Sometimes I get bored, and I know you do too.
I jump inside my imaginary garden
To the nearby nursery,
And I hear your footsteps,
Your laughter and words
That float, orbiting the surroundings.

And I fear losing it,
So I repeat and rerepeat
Until the voice inside my head becomes crystal clear,
And this is how I draw you near.

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The Longing

When I feel the urge to call,
Looking at the cosmos above,
The gold inside my eyes melts,
As I don't know your name,
So I don't know whom to call.

I stared at my dog right after that.
He seemed unfamiliar for five seconds
As I was lost in the cosmos.
His graceful gaze restored me then;
It reminded me I was lost
Somewhere between you and the cosmos.

Then I saw someone crossing the road.
I thought it could be you,
Coming back home
After a long departure.
But those eyes weren't longing for me,
Those legs didn't rush toward me.
I need more and more patience
Before I can reach your arms.

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Echoing Doors

I even looked back,
Knocked my old door back and forth,
The familiar frames tried hard to repaint,
But missed the color it once was worth.
No frames on the walls, not a single crack,
That held old treasures under time's disguise,
It could be me, or the echoing doors—
Something has shifted before my eyes.
I called my own name once, or twice, or more,
Time stood still—so did the noise; nothing answered for sure,
The silence lingered, heavy and wide,
Like truth that waits with nowhere to hide.
The house stood still, yet I felt the change
Not in the walls, but deep within,
The door remembered who I was before -
I wondered when the forgetting began.

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Our Tale

Before the Sun goes down
We go outside the town
To watch the sunset together
And the Scarlett sky
Followed by silver moon
Makes us grow stronger
Before the Sun rises
You walk bare feet to my room
Smell of the coffee and the crazy talk
You taught me how to look
Beauty in every little things
How to walk the walk
After the Sun goes down
The stars take control
Of all our hearts and minds
You tell the tales of fairies
Make me kill all of my worries
And you give me my favourite nights

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The Last Happy Feet

I saw a rainbow
Right after the rain,
It reminded me of your pain
That you hide too well
In front of me.
It needs to break free
Before the one you love
And the storm above
Need to break free.
There's so much emotion
I could never feel,
Neither can I touch
Little or enough.
You know I am too cold,
Or maybe too bold,
Or a bit hasty at times,
Unaware of calm lines.
Right after the rain,
I saw you in pain.
The songs you repeat,
My last happy feet.

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Horizon

Have you ever wonder
What a soul looks like
When you're not in your body
Wondering outside
Walking down the main Street
Not attentive eyes
No one can see you
Under the street lights
You can dance your heart out
Singing your best song
You can play the music
And you can play it all wrong
You can touch the animals
And hug them all night
Or maybe you just can seat
Even in day light
Where the sky meets the earth
You can meet me there
I'll be waiting for you
Forever with no fear.

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Pink Coloured Glass

There is heaven inside hell
There is evergreen grass
Just don't make me remove
My loving pink colored glass.
Let me see as far as I can
A golden poem inside silver Moon
Let me draw a rainbow
In the sky towards heaven.
Let me write a story in the sand
Knowing that it will flow by the tide
Le me see an unicorn inside the wood
Let me take a dreamy ride.
To engrave my stories in brass
I do need my pink colored glass.

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Wild Flower

Somewhere in the forest, it was very far
A wildflower grew to play with the air.
To be kissed by the sunrays
To be touched by the soft hands.
Just like the snowflakes touches the skin
In a tender, soft way & yet unseen.
A wildflower dreams of love and care
Her wilderness gives people fear.
So she hides in between the forests
Amidst the green grass sometime she rests.
Yet everyday she dreams to be scene
To be touched, felt but future unseen.

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Lover Of The Moon

Take me to the place where I saw beauty in the old
Take me to the stories i once were told
Take me beneath the silvery moon
Take me, will you! Take me please.

Take me to the mountain with random fair
Take me to the rocks laying like chair
Behind the mountain empty field
Take me, will you! Take me please.

Take me to the woods that leads to river
To those warm touches in the days of fever
Take me back in time of peace
Take me, will you! Take me Please!

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Chaos

Then they separ themselves from the crowd
Holding on to their individuality
To somewhere in far far north
Surrounded by bays and islands
And they lived happily ever after.

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Rain In Spring

What a splendid rain
The spring has brought
A true blessing from the depth,
Oh darling, let's cherish our flaws
Let's dance and praise each other's warmth.

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Two Years

It's been so long and lone,
It's been two years since you gone.
An empty vessel with crowdy past,
Turned the gold into golden dust.

A crowdy road with unheard voice,
The sweetest melody sounds like noise.
Word halts more than twice,
Sun goes down yet to pay price.

It's been so long and lone,
Day begins with an awful dawn.
Birds are noisy, Sun causes burn,
Lost more than twice that you made earn.

It's been two years....

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Eternal Blue

Look at the Sky
It can tell you the story of your ancestors
carrying with much care once they die
Those white painting in eternal blue
Years after years in tales weaving
floating and colliding and creating new.

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Siesta Of Summer

Siesta of the Sunkissed Summer
A perfect Tree shaded highway
Two people were walking hand by hand
Well aware of what to say
Mid-day came and they halfway gone
Behind the highway an empty lane
Wind blows amidst the hot Summer
So did the summer danced on rain
No one to watch no one to touch
The summerly Summer was bare though
Highly knew those two people
Walking on the lane surely go.

Siesta of that Sunkissed Summer
Was very very private and constant
The wind played the melancholy
The trees were dancing on airy chant
Birds sang in a sweetest way
All gathered from Robin to Sparrow
Empty lane soon became a fairy space
There were everything that Summer could borrow
As people were gone Summer took a stand
To make a perfect siesta on the lane
Then the sky shout with the sign of thunder
Monsoon came with the bless of rain.

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Not A Poem Of Love

Do not think it's a verse
Not admit it's a story
It's a blank verse unwritten
It's a story untold
Here Rome burns but still exist
No Nero but still the flute
Here Romeo dies
But behind the scene no Juliet
Here religious war ever happens
But the reason no religious view
Our views have died as we grew
Do not blame us for destruction
We are merely innocent
Do not put you habitual blame on us
We may not entertain your voyage
Welcome to the modern age!

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Merry Christmas

Wake up Snow King and Queen
Hear the knocking door
Your Kingdom will be more bright
Not to worry anymore

Close your eyes and feel
That Ice cold touch
Choose your present destination
Your favorite church

Get you chariot ready to run
When the sun will touch the earth
Don't forget to wave on the air
With a constant royal mirth

Raise your head with pride
With joyful eyes & heart soulful
Reindeer dancing with joy in their feet
Carrying Santa from the north pole

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Rose Petals

I am the rose petal
He is the thorn
We born with each other
For reason unknown

I soothe mind & your soul
He bitterly stings
I am chosen by my grace
Amidst entire human beings

I am the tales of fairies
Who makes journey at night
I carry smell of them
And treat ya people right

I am the bless of the Sky
Which human calls their roof
I die and dry but not my grace
I don't need to give ya proof

I am the rose petal
He is the thorn
He is a waste and so rejected
I am your own.

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Want Not Need

Don't ask me why I love you, dear
I cannot explain; I'm unsure
of the reason behind loving you.
But if you were not so rare,
I suppose many others
would carry the same in you.
Now, if I measure what I need —
honestly, I don't need you,
yet I want you
with all my heart and soul.
I know I cannot have all I want, so
I never asked for your permission,
even if I am the one
to play the fool.

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The Poet

Everyone crosses through the road
Only one who stay
To touch, to feel, to care, to reveal
The beauty on things on his separate way
Sometime he hold a pen, sometime he utters
Sometime he holds his thoughts, but sometime they scatters
He regains the hope when all hope dies
He stretch his crystalline heart where all thought lies
He comes up by his fancy words to state
He throws them to all, he is The Poet.

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When Love Dies

When love dies
Nothing touches your heart
Life loses it's meaning
Emotion mixes with dust
Then you my dear feel lonely
And the cold wind whisper
Bites your ears with touchy lips
The whispering becomes louder
Says, I can feel you ice cold
I can feel you dead
I know you feel nothing
Alive somehow by eating bread
Sometime soul flies
When love dies
when love dies
When love dies.

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New Year! Oh, New Year!

New year! oh, New year!
With snowy winter's lane!
I can see through my wide window
You have already came

Old year knew me
Now I will let you know
How much happy I am
To see you here followed by snow

At the same place
Once I embraced the old year
Then I saw he waved
And our eyes fill with tear

New year! oh, New year!
Right now I have you
I wish of a thousand flower
I wish my yard full with hue.

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The Moon Knows Everything

The Moon knows everything
The day I got my sense
I threw all my wishes to her
Not because I want her to fulfill
But because I wanted to share my feelings

I shared every good and bad things
All the grief, even happiness
All the things I got and lost
I also noticed her too to know if she serious
When I am telling my thought
The evil situation that time sometime brought

The Moon knows everything
Even now when I am no more a teenager
I walk under the vast sky
I utter my feelings and I never lie
When I come attach with her
Like a newly born baby I utter
It doesn't mean that it has a meaning
But somehow I know she knows everything.

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In The Mountain Chest

In the mountain chest
I have a home
No one cares about
The village's name
Where river passed through
The vacant land
Where dead's destination
Is on white sand
Where bird's sings
Many unknown songs
Early in the morning
They looks for corns.

In the mountain Chest
I have a home
No one cares about
The village's name
Where mid day comes with
Cowboys flute
Where kids dance with
Tumbled feet
Where Christmas comes with
several lights
In the mountain's chest
Everyone unites.

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Part Of Me

Sun may arrive lately to you
You are like fine morn dew
I'll never make you to face agony
You are a part of me.

Your celestial heart ask you some day
Some evil truth will burst on you someday
You never found your heart stony
You are a part of me.

While nightmares will chase you in dream
You need have some courage honey
You can close your eyes, think of mine
You are a part of me.

A part where broken hope become alive
Play with celestial symphony
You will lead through the way of love
You are a part of me.

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To The Rest Of The World

To the rest of the world, my love!
Our eternal love song will play
It's beat will reach to the heaven
It's rhythm will overflow throughout the bay.

Remember a several time we promised each other
We will always keep ourselves in mind
It was Winter, we were freezing
The promise granted by the wind.

You asked me once 'why it's happening? '
I can feel you everywhere, is it a magic?

Magic does not last any longer, So it's tragic.

I am not a Romeo so I can't die
But my love is true, faithful and pure.
If someday you feel your world lonely
Please don't cry! I'll be in heaven for sure.

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Tell Me The Truth

Tell me the truth will burst one day
I will lost one day
Tell me the stars will lose their light
Tell me the beloved now you are with
Will left one day
You will come thoughtless one day
To me, with pain
Because you know I will take you away
You know I will bring those days
To you, with claim
Tell me the dreams will come true again
I will never have to face that pain.

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A Traveler

I want to pass through all the zigzag way
As every passerby go
A zigzag way, where I may have to pay
As every passerby make some flaw.

My world of pen is not so easy
To draw every picture clean
But I try to make it fly
Make the barren land green.

The way you crossed may be I will cross that too
Only one thing makes me pure
If love is that then there is no doubt
I am in love for sure.

The day you spent in dark I know
That day I was with you all
When the Sun rises him up
I saw your downfall.

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I have been also hurt as you hurt
I can feel as I look back
Very often I make regret but pride,
That pulls me up to my track.

My day of pain may not have end
I will push them away
The people try to bring me down
I'll not let them stay.

I am a traveler, I traveled very far
I have paid a huge pay
Still I have the spirit within heart
I am the hero of my own play.

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Love

I do not want to know who you are!
It does not matter dark or fair
I love both of your side
No matter if wrong or right.
You can be a flower, can be thorn
Can be pleasure, can be pain
I really don't want to know who you are!
It will never run on my heart
Why I fall in love at first sight
You can leave, you can hold
You can break, I'll afford
I will never ask you the reason
It may be hell, may be heaven
I do not want to know who you are!
It does not matter dark or fair.

Subarna Chakraborty

PoemHunter.com

Pandora

Twice you fall and once you win
Go Pandora! Live the life of queen.
Always moon faces spots of dark
Make those away to leave your mark.

Several pray to save the soil
Go Pandora! Make some fruitful toil.
Bring the happiness of people
Solve the unsolved puzzle.

Lot of prevention is standing on way
Pandora you should not go astray.
Your presence needed to the earth
Smile that only you can give birth.

Subarna Chakraborty

PoemHunter.com

Friendship

It's evening my friend!
The sun is about to set,
Here is no cause to be afraid
Every change is needed.
One day you will also change
Or, may be I.
Hope I might be wrong
I'm telling a little lie
Stars in the horizon
Never break their rule of direction,
Like the stars my dear friend
You can be the brightest end.
What lies in ‘to be' or ‘not to be'?
Here we come, here we go.
Here we make friends
Choose our enemy
Here we make mistakes and also feel sorrow.

Subarna Chakraborty

PoemHunter.com

The Knight

There is a Knight
At a moonlit night
Standing before a grave
Weeping but he brave
Stars are lighting
May be asking
Why a brave one cries!

Trying to soothing cool
He is with broken heart
Wondering if he is just a fool
Chosen a life apart
Sometime blaming
Sometime claiming
Wishing his friend's return.

Hearing the fire on air
Standing tall but he care
Looking towards the sky
Wondering if he wave to say goodbye.

Subarna Chakraborty

PoemHunter.com

Death Is A Gentleman

Just hold your breath, Princess.
He is your ultimate lover.
He will open his arms like a horizon waiting,
And when you are tired, he will gather you into forever.
A hero woven from endless longing,
A story with no final page.
He will be your nepenthe, dissolving sorrow,
Pouring an everlasting sun into your days.
Your holy dreams break at morning — I can feel it.
He will guard them behind your dreaming eyes.
He will forgive every fracture, every shadowed sin,
And carry your soul toward an endless Paradise.
I know you walk alone through your troubles,
I know the road will harden beneath your drive.
But one day you will rest in gentle hands,
For Death is a gentleman who never leaves you alone to survive.

Subarna Chakraborty

PoemHunter.com

The Thorn

I stated with all my grace
I stated will all my proud
That I know the man and it's you
And that sound a little much loud.
That I know you, and I touched your feelings
That the world may change but you'll remain unchanging
That you're the one I ever met before.
I stated with all my faith
I stated but much clearer
That I know I touched your heart
I and I am your only player.
And you know where I have made a mistake!
I gave a rose to a man who doesn't even deserve a thorn
The mirror of heart broke too loudly
That I became dumb for only love insane.
I stated with all my grief
I stated with all my pain
That I know you now, the earlier was a glimpse
Your glimpse is now poison in my blood and runs in vain.

Subarna Chakraborty

Unspeakable One

The melody of your love
The loyalty of your friendship
I can never measure these
My most unspeakable one!

Your heart is my shelter
Your eyes are my mirror
I can never live without
My most unspeakable one.

The dream I always see
The throb I always feel
I can never count my rapid heartbeat
To my most unspeakable one.

When you come lately
My dreams become much holy
Those dreams I can never forgot
Of my most unspeakable one.

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Your love is my purity
Your chastity is that royalty
My heart rotates in several direction
Only to find my most unspeakable one.

Subarna Chakraborty

He Came Like Grace

And then came He,
like a fleur-de-lys in gentle bloom,
reminding me of a long-cherished one —
soft-spoken, tender, smooth as whispering leafage.
It was unknown to Him
how sweetly He became my nepenthe,
my quiet balm that kissed away the pain,
dissolving every shadow in His tranquil light.
He carried regal grace within His soul,
a quiet majesty that made me whole,
and now my grateful heart whispers soft:
Grâce à Dieu.
Without whom nothing beautiful is possible,
His sympathy flows even across the fiercest battlefield;
for whom every breath rises as "Zion! "
and the windy world awakens the sleeping land anew.
So He came to care for me,
by holy blessing gently sent from Thee above.
And I feel like a hamadryad,
deeply rooted, forever entwined in Him —
soul-bound and heart-bound,
belonging wholly to my love
in his bravest, most beautiful journey.

Subarna Chakraborty

PoemHunter.com

Sunny Day

I dreams the sunny day
Ray falls in the ocean
Glitters like stars of night
Finding the own easiest way

Sometime ocean roars
Cold wind spreads its wings
Till the sun holds to the earth
His light, hope and breathe

The light worms the earth
Hope removes the sadness
Day keep us working
Expresses our unfulfilled willing

I dreams the sunny day
I face that day yet
I love to watch the scene
The brave earth beneath the ray

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I walk out to see the night
The sad story of the Moon
Yet it seems to be happy
But depends on the situation of mind

I am not sad now
That was easy to see the moon sad
But just comes out to reveal her pain
I have now enough time to listen
The voice, the loneliness of pain

Some glitters or some stand still
The huge amount of night stars
Looks like an army
Hired to protect the sky

I dreams a total day
Full of happiness, sadness and Milky Way.

Subarna Chakraborty

We Should Remember

Memory of those days, some mischief we ever did,
Sometime fall on us, being helpless,
We may loss some time to gather them,
To enjoy the sad moment, drive out loneliness,
We can realize some one can watch our activity.
When we cry he also feels pity,
We do believe that after every dark night
Light comes in the form of the day.
Those memories may some one thinks unnecessary
But it strictly forbids us to lead on the same way.
May that time we can’t find where to go,
Whom to share our emotion, our ego,
Feel helpless like no one is suffering in the world
Instead of the person who is gathering a vast.
If we thought it is common to all,
If we ask no one give the proper answer
A few give but not answer only consolation.
We should realize their agony, their pain,
Their hardly practice of hiding something
In the middle of fulfilling some gain.

Subarna Chakraborty

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Wish Of Moon

Setting Moon gone to the Ocean,
To find the best of her.
She picked some pearls from there,
Thought about her dreamy desire,
No visions were there suitable to her and got upset.
I was waiting for her after the time she left.
She returns with some pearls and gives those to me,
Talking about her searching journey of agony,
She is getting bore in her busy schedule.
She wants some changes in universal rule.
Due to curiosity I ask her the reasons,
Those which are her cause of ignorance.
Her answers are coming very faded,
She could not find the things she needed.
She wants to do work of her own choice.
She prefers to keep her innocence.
She does not prefer to be the Goddess.
She never needs the worship of earthly humans.
When she unable to help them in anyway,
She does not deserve to be matter of pray.

Subarna Chakraborty