

# THE SUBARNAREKHA

SATYA SUNDAR SAMANTA



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## **Preface**

After pandemic years the wheels of civilization have started to move. People of the world have gone outside to join own business. The wild beasts have already returned to their wild homes. Wars from Ukraine to Gaza, unemployment, poverty, deprivation, environmental pollution, natural calamities, man's violent attitudes towards man and nature, corruption, brutal incident at R. G. Kar, and loss of moral senses have weakened the world. The world has long been suffering from such crisis and longing for emancipation. The poems of the book present such global pictures. Voices of society, of nature, and of human souls are treated with the natural background of the river Subarnarekha and The Bay of Bengal. The Subarnarekha flows through the three Indian states- Odisha, West Bengal, and Jharkhand. The enriched natural backgrounds of the bay, river, hills, springs, woods, fertile, and unfertile lands have variegated influences on human beings of all religions, races, and classes.



## About the Poet

Mr. Satya Sundar Samanta is an honours in English literature studied at Ramnagar College under Vidyasagar University, W.B, India. He did M.A, & M.Phil in English literature from C.S.J.M University, U.P, India. Presently he is a Ph.D scholar in the Department of English, North Orissa University, Odisha, India. His research articles on Alfred Tennyson, J.M. Synge, Kamala Das, Aravind Adiga, and Jayanta Mahapatra have been published in various international journals. His book “Autobiographical Elements of John Keats” has been published by KY Publications, Guntur, A.P, India. His poems both in English and Bengali language have been published in different magazines and in various groups in online platform. His first poetry book “Border Poems” has been published by INSC Publishers, Bangalore, India in 2021. He has presented research papers in different seminars. Formerly, he worked at Maharaja Nandakumar College, Nandakumar, WB, India. Now he is a faculty member of the Department of English, Ramnagar college, WB, India.



## **Acknowledgement**

It is a great privilege for me to record my sincerest devotion to my father late Paresh Chandra Samanta. I also express my best regards to my mother, Bishnupriya Samanta. I am also expressing my hearty respect to my 'Gurudeva' and guide Dr. Subash Chandra Patra, Principal(retired) of Government Women's College, Baripada. This book is dedicated to him. He always inspires me with constructive suggestions. I also express my sincerest thanks to respected Mr. Arup Ratan Sahoo, Assistant Teacher at Mandar High School for proof reading. I feel my love and gratitude to my daughter, Miss Aishi Samanta.

**Satya Sundar Samanta**

*(The Poet)*



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**(1)**

## **The Morning at Woods**

Smoky vapor surrounded  
When I reached  
The windy hills and the forest  
In the first twilight,  
Then I hired a primitive man  
Who accompanied me,  
We wandered through stony ways  
In the hilly woods.  
A moment later the eye of paradise  
Began to remove vapors  
From the hills and woods  
That sheltered the primitives.  
Avoiding the ever changing spring of time  
They kept taste and rituals the same.

After the months of busyness  
In the mainland with own business,  
Thoughts of wars and the saddest R.G. Kar  
That made my tongue bitter,  
While I spent golden moment in calmness  
Suddenly blew a gust of wild wind,  
Then I moved towards the woodland  
Suddenly I was startled  
Watching the huts shattered,  
With torn attire children slept on ground,  
Women with dirty pots on hand  
Sat on the unknown road.

**(2)**

## **An Unknown Village**

Through the red road  
In a dark, lone, strange wood  
I carefully drove my car  
With intense fear,  
No man was visible  
For long mile,  
Suddenly I stopped  
Where the road was closed.  
Then I found an anonymous village  
Of some torn cottages  
By the dancing river  
Flew downward forever,  
Only there are few buildings for guests  
Those are run by the Government.

I saw a few women  
Bathing in the stream  
Amidst the bubbles  
Sitting on the stones,  
After taking 'handia'  
Others were collecting woods.

From where smokes emitted  
I curiously followed  
No child was seen with books  
Nobody was treated with medicines!

**(3)**

## **The Faces**

In a wet day  
Leaving my traditional way  
I went to the lovely streams  
That wildly flew upon the foothills,  
The innocent faces in the woods  
Within a few curious hours  
Became my friends and near ones.  
Under the wavy high lines  
They dwelt by the downward streams,  
Here and there I saw  
The scattering stony balds.  
With obedient pets they gently moved  
Towards below green land  
As if the underwater weeds tossed  
Towards which the stream proceeded.

With the stream my direction I turned,  
Saw appearing at a plain lands plotted  
The temperate stream and plain roads,  
Fair faces with dark, bent orbs!

**(4)**

## **The Stream**

Once I saw a stream  
In diverse form  
Flowing with varied behavior  
and ever changing color.  
Firstly, I watched  
It flowing over narrow land  
Slowly carrying watery mud  
Black with high sound.

In an another day  
The stream was flowing with gay  
I saw the fresh water  
Dancing with higher speed  
Over the high land  
Higher barriers it strongly defended.  
Does human soul flow like a stream?  
Is it unchanged in change of time, place?

**(5)**

## **Fruits of Waiting**

I was travelling lonely  
In a busy day  
Driving own bike on smooth way  
By the calm bay,  
But a sudden storm appeared  
And my life disorderly paused.

Towards me wild waves proceeded,  
I saw big stones, then hid behind  
But heavy rain, wild wind  
And thunder threatened,  
Lofty waves repeatedly dashed  
Upon miry stones, I stumbled.

With patience I sat,  
Made myself quiet,  
Tolerated those intolerable minutes,  
Only waited for desired moments.

At last storm had gone,  
Then I was returning,  
On the way saw her  
Searching me everywhere.  
We embraced each other  
Looking at beloved eyes filled with tear.

**(6)**

## **The Wild Ducks at Digha**

Buds are peeping through the boughs  
Of the trees and flower plants,  
New twigs are waiting to appear  
To decorate the blue deep with multi-color.

Upon their floating picture  
On the cool, still water  
Are drifting the North American flocks,  
The wandering wild ducks  
Are dipping to catch fishes,  
Again flying to sit on the boughs,  
Even in the first half of lovable month  
Perhaps, they have gotten vernal scent.

Having almost the same size,  
Common aims and hope  
For living together  
They spent life in happy association;  
Without autocratic leader  
They sing, speak and wander.  
How do they lead happy life  
Without big heads?

They are mysterious, valiant,  
And intelligent having no conflict!  
From own race no terror  
Threatens them forever.  
If I shall have another birth  
I will have desire to be a duck, no doubt.

**(7)**

## **Empty Shore**

In the vast gray fields  
Bare electric posts stood,  
From distance it seemed  
To be far better land.  
The distant river seemed gorgeous more  
But it is narrow watery line on vast shore.

The students came from distant land  
Very often, tours were planned;  
Pair by pair they did wander  
On the dry, empty shore.

When unwanted examination appeared  
They boldly protected;  
They wanted to answer  
Sitting in the shore!  
After lockdown couple of years passed,  
But, class rooms remained abandoned.  
However, they passed with highest score,  
Perhaps, to be vendors on that empty shore.

**(8)**

## **The Brave Folk**

The river becomes pale and lean,  
Foggy air darkens the dawn,  
On the dewy way  
It is too risky  
To go outside  
Either to walk or ride.

When grows the morning  
They are seen still fishing  
In the midst of icy water  
And the biting air.

Then they move to markets  
To sell the golden scales.  
Golden rays brighten the stream  
Vast, dry parts seem a land of dream.  
When heavenly eye becomes halcyon,  
Sandy riverine ribs are seen,  
Black holes are filled with teary waters  
From the dirty sheds.  
After the hungry noon  
They tiredly return  
Tolerating tormenting words-  
'Sons of lower caste!'

**(9)**

## **Bend in the Road**

While riding my car with a blessed mood  
I saw festive plants beneath the high road  
In wavy way they danced  
With the February wind.  
Just while I was crossing  
Where the road was bending,  
I saw the crying little faces  
Looking at the road's edge,  
Their daddies used to go a little far  
To toil to make own family better.

My heart ached,  
I sat under a shed.  
People said recently women fled  
With unsanctioned hands!  
Western sky over the country  
Was suddenly becoming red more,  
I rose up, started the car  
Towards strange future!

**(10)**

## **They Stood**

The sea was ruffled,  
On Digha beach it roared,  
Beneath the dry trees  
Wild waves repeatedly dashed,  
In the cloudy western heaven  
Black birds were flying in volution.

Dry logs did lie  
Bare roots looked at the sky,  
In that evening of winter  
A maid with her lover  
Holding hands of each other  
Stood by the log-fire.  
In the midst of red light  
Fluttering white cloak seemed bright,  
Increasing warmth did clear  
The foggy air.

Roaring of the wind gradually waned,  
Their intimate conversation surpassed  
The sea-shore vast  
Defeating religious conflict.  
They seemed to be lost in union  
Between inter-religion;  
And made this valley  
Better than Gaza valley.

**(11)**

## **The Stream**

Oh Eternal life line!  
You flow at own intention,  
Sometimes, you healthily flow  
Again, you become narrow.

When you become lean  
Black stones, pebbles are seen,  
Hunters easily try to catch  
Various lives in yourself.  
Being calm you wait for next chance  
To regain health and full strength.

When you become full to the brim  
Swiftly flow over stones,  
Hunters move in backward motion  
You don't care for them.  
Many thin streams try to touch  
To get lively flow and strength  
Even then you flow with own intention  
Paying attention to none.  
Stream and life flow the same  
Ebb and tide go and come.

**(12)**

## **The Fair Ground**

To the mysterious island,  
The one day's fair ground  
Everybody once lonely comes  
And silently departs;  
In the midst of infantile morn  
And the gloomy even  
He or she keeps other arms  
In own needs  
Pretending to be trustworthy,  
Or proves disloyalty.

With songs, music, laughter  
They pass instant with heavenly pleasure;  
Often bargain of the customer  
Irritates the peace seller!

**(13)**

## **Patience**

Oh! You have given me ocean of agony.  
But, I don't feel any ache in body;  
You become too happy  
Knowing me in big calamity.  
At first I can't tolerate,  
My manly heart breaks into pieces;  
Later, you make double your art  
To smash my wounded eternal part.

I start to gather strength  
To control my lonely heart;  
You have tried to demolish my honor  
Which I have earned through long labour.

Donating tension and negligence,  
Keeping me in desolation for years,  
You give me advice  
To keep patience!  
You tell me to mind own career,  
Then I helplessly depend on old mother  
For cooking and washing  
While upon me she is fully depending.

I toil for myself, and for the old mother  
As you have told earlier,  
You think I can't be patient  
No longer can wait.

People say life is full of bliss in heaven,  
Earthly life is full of pain,  
If many can spend whole life with patience,  
Why then I can't spend lonely few years!  
I believe if I can keep manly patience  
I shall find you as my loyal wife.

**(14)**

## **The Old Playground**

The same gulmohar tree stood  
Spreading its crimson branches  
Over the green ground  
Where once we all together played.

In the purple ending with birdsong  
We ended pleasant playing  
We started wandering anecdote  
Sitting round at the central part.

In those moments we all ate  
Any food we could collect;  
Then we returned with akin noise  
To our own halcyon house.

Twentieth Autumn and Spring have gone,  
But buds are still blooming the same!  
The ground has been newly decorated,  
Cutting other trees seats are made.

New faces come and seat  
Too busy with android set,  
But where are the players?  
Where are the songbirds?

**(15)**

## **The Grabbed Land**

Oh fool! You grabbed  
Forcefully the Natural Land.  
You cut with sharp knives  
Your protectors!  
All should care kind parents  
Who save their children always.

All built perdurable habitat  
Of concrete and stones,  
In the furnished room  
You lived with wife and children,  
In the prospect of happiness  
You all forgot kind faces.

The angry sea became ruffled  
With wild wind,  
Wiped out all the buildings  
And roared repeatedly on the road.

At last grabbed land everywhere  
Remained under tearful water!

**(16)**

## **The Both**

At last The Court gave judgment,  
The Temple has been rebuilt.  
As if history meets the present time  
Erasing about a half millennium!

Today is January twenty second  
The Lord is royally restored,  
The revived Temple is animated  
And this moment is nationally celebrated.

Flags are hoisted by the masses,  
Sacred food is distributed in temples;  
From far and near the disciples  
Look at the regenerated temple.

Hearty donation and good wishes  
Are sent from all sectors;  
People of diverse religion  
Are blended in one slogan.

The whole day is passed religiously,  
Socially and nationally.  
The country waits to celebrate birthday  
Of another hero in the next day.  
The countrymen wait for another heritage,  
The Masque will be rebuilt the nearby.

On that glorious day  
The whole country will be gay  
With equal festive mood  
And with the same brotherhood,  
Only then Mother will be happier,  
World-powers will stoop before Her.

**(17)**

## **The Caged Creatures**

My grandparents used to say  
There were many embodied souls  
In the nearby wild bushes;  
And varied fishes in wetland and ditches.  
Watching such creatures  
And grandiose green ground  
Eating wild fruits  
He spent his childhood.

My parents told with dejection  
Earlier fruits and fishes they had eaten.  
Now I can't remember  
Names of such things and creatures!  
Only a few stories  
Flash in my wounded memory.

When my desire wings  
To see such creatures  
I make short trips  
To the far away zoos.  
I see the gloomy faces  
Gradually decreasing numbers!  
In the fearful future  
My daughter will console her  
Watching the pictures  
Of the endangered species!

**(18)**

## **The Woods at Netarhat**

Being a sufferer from both sides heat  
I appeared at Netarhat,  
Saw the hills that were too close  
To the autumnal ever changing cloud,  
And the slippery woods of deodar,  
Pine, mahua, sal and cedar.  
I enjoyed expedite blow  
Walking on the serene plateau,  
And saw the sparkling streams  
In the almost dry woods.

The bare trees in pear orchard  
Became pale and quietly stood,  
The fields were looking golden  
Few days ago with ripe corn.  
In a green wood by a new way  
I sat and surprisingly watched diversity,  
Only the military march  
Reminded the bloody past!

Weary women with dry branches  
Were returning to ruined cottages,  
Rising sun and setting sun  
Were seen ever golden,  
But, fate of ancient denomination  
Didn't change complexion!

**(19)**

## **On a Burning Noon**

What has been happening!  
Gasping passersby are gathering.  
I have stooped  
Under a banyan tree vast;  
After a long journey  
On the broad street.  
They are saying, I hear,  
Condition will be worse in future.

After a little rest  
I am bound to go out  
From the cooling shade  
To the heat wave  
With my fatigued body  
And smelling cloth.  
I feel unseen fire  
Biting my corporal figure!

**(20)**

## **The Sunset Point**

Upon the top of the blessed hill  
Waited a large number of people  
To see the rosy last moment  
In the western firmament.

The curious eyes watched windy lines  
And the flourished valleys;  
At last the waiting was no more  
Silently disappeared the rosy layer.

The sky, hills and valleys became darker  
And the contented eyes began to disappear,  
Gradually the crowded spot  
Became lonely and silent.

Only some sick shopkeepers  
And their pet dogs and dirty kiddies  
With unsold things had to wait  
For the next Sun set.

**(21)**

## **The Golden Trees**

In the beautiful green garden  
From the boughs golden  
Fruits hang  
The loaded branches bow down.

But the bare trees stand still  
And remain high,  
When light wind blows  
The boughs wave too much.

In the mellow season  
Human gaze falls upon  
And they throw miniature stones  
At the loaded trees  
That patiently tolerate  
Every blow  
Blaming none  
To enjoy mundane fun.

**(22)**

## **The Lonely Duck**

When the face of heaven was setting  
Under the sky in the late spring  
The famous Shiva temple stood,  
The disciples were performing holy deed,  
Some were pouring milk on the Idol,  
Others were ringing the bell.

There was a big pond in square  
Upon its fresh water  
Six ducks were drifting,  
Everywhere they were moving;  
At their own pleasure  
They did eat and whisper.

In a shady corner on the margin  
Only one off-color and lean  
Was sitting and staring at the skeleton  
Of the loved one!

**(23)**

## **The Shameless Creatures**

The flood of development occupies  
Their living places,  
Now they take shelter  
They find wherever.

In the strange nights  
They fear at lights line by lines,  
To move in the broad day  
They search for darkness.

When thirst and hunger  
Make them desperate  
From secret holes or bushes  
They are bound to go out.

Looking here and there  
They drank dark water  
In almost dry ditch,  
Pond or river.

To get any food  
The naked creatures move  
Near the buildings  
Of far developed, wise race!

**(24)**

## **The Solitary Maid**

In a lonely corn field  
In the midst of shady valley  
Under the Autumnal cloud  
And the lean moon in the day  
A solitary tribal maid  
Sprightly danced.

My thirsty eyes drank  
From a little distance  
The wild ecstasy of the maid  
And of the thousands of flowers.

Years have passed  
Her beams are still scattered  
In my incautious mind  
As I am bled with life's wound!

**(25)**

## **Dark System**

The doctor has been raped!  
Slogan of the whole world-  
“We want justice for R. G. Kar”  
Has been echoed everywhere.  
Men, women of rising hair or gold  
Walk with this slogan on the open road.

The country is kind for all,  
Advocates are bought by criminals;  
Sometimes, their fees  
Are paid by soft Governments!

When beasts are raped by beasts  
And killed in the wild woods  
All consider it as natural-  
As the law of jungle.

What can be said  
When a government civilized  
Stand by the wild rapists  
Befooling the ignorant mass?

**(26)**

## **Boatmen at Bhograi Ghat**

The Subarnarekha does run  
Like a long, golden line  
From the open estuary  
To the hilly narrow region.  
The both banks remain always bright  
under the golden east or purple west.  
People of each side have to cross the river  
To go to the other;  
Only a few boatmen  
Try to manage any situation  
With hard toil and honesty  
And a sense of moral duty.  
They carry passengers  
and small vehicles,  
between the two ever breaking banks  
with the help of a few boats.

The ever changing color,  
Shape and temperature  
Due to season and time  
Can't prevent them.  
But, they are always cool in challenges  
Only for some kind tips!

**(27)**

## **The Thirsty Bird**

I used to visit  
To pass time, to sit  
Near the wet lands  
Plotted in large numbers;  
The flocks drifted  
Their clear clamors caught my mind.  
Eyes and ears  
Were so busy with the birds  
That I couldn't reminisce  
Everything of life.

Two winters had gone  
I see the land again;  
Every portion has become dry  
Neither water nor bird is seen.  
In the scorching rays  
Under the gray trees  
I have a sleep and dream;  
Getting smell and burning smell  
I see a thirsty bird  
Is gasping on the ground.

**(28)**

## **The Natural A.C.**

When the gray planet was burning  
In a summer noon  
I was returning  
Upon the fiery lane.  
Water was almost boiling  
In the quarterly river,  
Winged creatures were gasping  
With ruffled feathers.

Deadly heat wave  
Wrought too, unnatural silence  
That was broken  
Only for gasping sounds,  
I stopped in a cooling shade  
Under a lone, old banyan tree  
To escape myself  
From scorching, unseen wave,  
It seemed to be another world  
Where scorching rays were prevented,  
However, it made me pleased  
As if, it was air conditioned,  
My inner being  
Took an oath  
To plant more A.C. plants  
With religious touch.

**(29)**

## **Lost Moment**

While I was rambling near  
Beautiful hills and river,  
On a winter day glorious  
I watched unnumbered wild birds.  
I soon stopped bike and stood  
A heavenly hour passed,  
yet, I couldn't leave the joyous spot  
As something pulled my curious heart.  
I saw, listened to the murmuring birds,  
Mysterious beings of unknown lands,  
Catching fishes in the gentle river  
Floated, dipped and could wander.  
Sometimes, sat on red and white lilies,  
Again, flew towards the calm hills;  
Pictures of hills, sky and birds flying  
Being reflected on river slowly flowing.

How swiftly winters five  
Have been stolen from life!  
Again, I have returned to see  
Wavy hills, river, lilies and birds glee.  
I stand under some bare, thorny trees,  
See the wane river without lilies,  
I see, the still river's sandy ribs,  
And find no singing birds!  
Perhaps, I shall not feel the same  
In the rest of the time,  
I shall return with a bitter thought  
That never returns the lost moment!

**(30)**

## **The Pilgrims**

Decorated in saffron attire  
Carrying holy water,  
The pilgrims intend to please  
The lord of the holy place,  
In Chandaneswar Temple  
On the Bay of Bengal.  
They walking miles after miles  
With religious strength in minds,  
From different feared lands  
With a few common goals.  
But, finding the closed shrine  
They move towards sea-shore open;  
Making sandy image of the lord  
They pour water on the head.  
The enthusiastic crowd  
Bath, near waves meet the land,  
Their ecstasy knows no bounds,  
As if, they bid send off to fearful days!  
But, the Sun, the gloomy firmament  
And the gray sea remain silent!

**(31)**

## **The Sick Daughter**

Once was the Sun's daughter  
encircled with thick ozone layer,  
but, now it is encircled  
with smokes of multi-color!

Once there were many woods  
And green lands,  
But, now a few thorny plants survive  
And naked trees in heat-wave!

Once every creature  
Drank her fresh water,  
But, now blood-sucking sects  
Dwell in her streams!

She has been suffering  
from ever increasing fever,  
her water and air  
spread various diseases like cancer!

But, the developed race  
Escapes from heat living in A.C.  
They use medicines against diseases,  
Musk and other tools for smokes.

But, how long can they?  
Smoky canopy will not be their cenotaph?

**(32)**

## **The Burning Field**

In those early golden days  
When I was learning to love forests,  
Flowing fresh stream, autumnal field,  
Small cottages and cool woodland;  
Oftentimes, I went to take breath  
The carrier of scent of sylvan flowers fresh,  
Sitting by the river on some grassy plot  
Eye lids spread, I slept.

But, today while I am passing  
Being tired, the rest I am taking,  
breathing carrier of burning smell  
feeling the heat of hell.  
I sit on the gray, open shore  
Find no standing or flying friend more.  
With headache I decide  
To leave the burning field.

**(33)**

## **The Train**

From the first flowery station  
The mysterious train  
Starts its journey uncertain  
Towards the final destination.  
On the running way  
It takes many pauses,  
It becomes slow during every pause,  
For a little time it halts,  
Then slowly it again starts  
Gathering speed moves towards the next.

It watches the inquisitiveness  
Of the wandering travelers  
Who get in  
And get down.  
Sometimes it becomes empty  
Sometimes noisy,  
However it doesn't care,  
It always bends forward.

It remains so engaged  
That it can't understand  
That the time is over  
And leaves for ever.

**(34)**

## **Few Moments at Bhusaneswar Temple**

The largest Shiva Lingam in Asia  
Is laid near the estuary of the Subarnarekha,  
The Lingam was carried by Rabana  
As described in the story of Purana.  
From the Treta Kaal  
Dwellers of Kailash hill –  
Brahma, Bishnu and Bholanath  
Have been worshipped by a priest.

Disciples come to pray with candles,  
Fruits and sweets,  
They bind parts of cloth  
To fulfill their hope.  
Shopkeepers wait for the tourists  
As bird catchers wait for birds,  
Children's soft hair  
Are cut by the pious barber.

In the front a pond  
Is protected;  
In the shadowy corner  
The gasping fishes gather  
Struggling to be alive  
From the scattered plastic.

**(35)**

## **Strange Habits**

My grandfather told  
Many people died  
For lack of food, care and medicines  
In the hungry, poor, old days.

But, now I see  
Rich and smart everybody  
Only for rich taste likes spicy food  
Made in outside.

Various food are seen  
With multi-colors and designs  
Made with artificial condiment  
And are sold in the uncovered market.

Modern people in this rich period  
Eat medicines and huge food;  
Losing immunity they die earlier  
For strange habits, not for hunger!

**(36)**

## **The Girl**

I was enjoying the blessed moment  
Just by the dense forest  
And the whimsical sea  
At the glorious ending of a day.

During nocturnal drive  
The road seemed to be exquisite,  
In this golden season  
The sight seemed to be a part of heaven.

The nocturnal sceneries  
Under the silver beams  
flashing with street lights  
attracted thirsty souls.

No curious eye  
Did ever see  
The blackest face  
In the nearby cottage!

A fisherman's daughter  
Sitting on the lap of grandmother  
Heard the actual realities  
Of The Amphan that ravaged cottages!  
The girl asked, "Why do we live here?"  
The old voice said, "We have no option more."

**(37)**

## **The Dark Road**

In the light and shade  
The road moves forward  
Sometimes near the sea  
Again, near the river side.  
The distant light sparkles  
From the fearful woods,  
The sea's roaring  
Threatens inner being.  
Only the boys, young men  
And men growing old  
Move near half dark rooms on the road  
Openly tell forbidden word.

Only in the night  
Women move in the street open  
And peep through the window pane  
To see what is being done by men.  
No modern man says them  
Any harsh blame  
If they are in closed doors  
Of other's chambers!

**(38)**

## **The Cadence of Salt Water**

I frequently come to the shore  
To get pleasure  
Form the South wind  
And vast salt water.  
One day I came  
Close to the ever changing line  
Where the shadowy land  
Mixed with salty water,  
Suddenly I saw gust of wind  
Carrying swift sands,  
Touched me  
My wounded eyes couldn't see.

Next time I paid another visit  
Water was close to the edge  
Evening wind was sweet,  
Dazzling light brightened the sight.

Today I have arrived lonely  
To listen to watery cadency  
To be relieved from agitations  
For that everyman has to suffer sometimes.

**(39)**

## **The Only Path**

The windy ranges  
Up, down, again ups  
In the ever changing line after line,  
The big eye throws rays down,  
Everything is beautifully glowing  
Just before lone evening,  
After a few moments  
The setting Sun disappears.  
Darkness scattering its arms  
Perishes gap between ups and downs.

Light from buildings and cottages  
Falls on the only path  
That forwardly moves  
Towards the tranquil graves!

**(40)**

## **The Spring**

Through the wonderful windy ways  
Over the hilly ranges  
The wavy warm wind blows  
Over the lofty downy manners,  
The blood of all beauteous forms-  
The windy spring dancingly flows.  
Something is pulling  
My inner being;  
I can't but willingly come in any season  
After busy hours of tension  
To embrace eternal inspiration  
with my manly hands again and again.

The Summer makes her still and silent  
And the rain swells her breast;  
She whispers to smile  
In good times or hostile.  
When appetite to see her  
increases more;  
I am bound to leave her  
To attend earthly business.

**(41)**

## **The Mother's Tear**

In a day I wandered  
In the midst of vast land,  
Some parts were properly used,  
Some were unused,  
Thorny plants and wild grasses  
Grew on the unused plots,  
Constructions were being founded  
On the road side,  
Torn cottages faced each other  
Near the heavy undergrowth.

I saw a man in a building died  
In his own land he was cremated,  
On the tombstone tasty nobility  
Was written to hide his iniquity.  
By day and night the river flew  
With the drops of rain and dew.

In the chill dun I saw  
The quivering community low,  
At the dead night I heard  
Lamentation for a dead child.

Strange animals resemble to human appeared  
“Go away with the body”- They ordered.  
The father threw the body to the river  
On the bank the mother poured tears.

**(42)**

## **The Journey**

The sea-side small port  
Is now becoming bright  
With rising red rays  
which embroider entire elements.  
The tidal white waves more  
Again and again dash upon the shore.  
The new soul does suspect  
Watching the ruffled boat.  
However, strong desire  
Removes all fear,  
The moving boat tolerates all wounds  
from rolling waves and stones;  
Till the obstacles are over  
It moves forward.

When the first period passed  
Everything is adjusted,  
Then smooth voyaging begins  
And runs for long hours.

Time is swiftly passed  
The boat reaches opposite side  
Struggling with ruffled  
And foamy waves.  
Only one light  
Is about to ascent  
The hopeful heart  
Searches to meet.

**(43)**

## **New Trend**

December is no more,  
January is half over;  
Rain keeps weather cold  
Ravaging corn field,  
Wintery flowers are blooming  
More soft plants are growing  
New buds more are waiting  
Only at night and in morning.

But, at noon  
Flowers, buds and plants are hanging down,  
One feels at night cold winter,  
Again at noon searing summer!  
Who knows when in the next year  
Winter or Rainy season will come!

**(44)**

## **Trend of Birds**

The parent birds  
Keep their eggs  
On the hopeful nest,  
Always observe and protect  
Being ready to fight against snakes  
And other enemies,  
When the children grow  
They bring food and divide.

Sometimes, strange storm comes,  
Fire and deforestation ravage dreams;  
They again try to rise,  
Teach young ones how to live.  
Time passes at own way  
They teach young ones  
how to fly,  
and to live own way.

Then in the ever changing situation  
who keeps other's information?  
Are human beings  
Following the birds?

**(45)**

## **After the Storm**

Nine nights have passed  
Since the storm agitated  
Every part of the country  
Giving pressure on its economy,  
Fluttering flags and proposals  
Are now playing with dusts.  
Now in this scented evening  
The crowds are watching  
The tiredless sea waves  
Rolling beneath slippery stones  
Looking brighter  
Under the Silver sphere.  
Though the pleasurable breeze  
Relieves temporarily from gasping heat,  
But, the slippery stones and holes  
May be repaired after waiting of five Summers!

**(46)**

## **Thirst for Travelling**

The world is a tourist spot  
In various colors and forms,  
Sometimes, it looks like black hills  
That encircle the green valleys.  
Again, it looks like a white mountain  
That gives shelter to the foamy fountain  
That charmingly attracts  
The thirsty tourists.  
Sometimes, it like an oasis  
Comforts thirsty travelers,  
Again, it like jumping waves  
Rolls upon the bathing tourists.

Like an orchard the world  
Timely provides fruity food,  
Again, as a hued garden of flowers  
It serves food to inner beings.  
Sometimes like an ocean of snow  
Or as a garden of morning dew  
It absorbs the hearts  
Of the wandering travelers.

You all may live with red thought  
Of religious, national, caste, class conflict.  
But, definitely I can't.  
Because after all-devouring death

I will be turned into mist,  
Hence, I desire to travel the whole planet  
Without any poisonous conflict,  
But, with love and thirst in heart.

**(47)**

## **The Lone Life**

The lonely ship  
Wanders on the blue deep  
That is too mysterious  
Once beautiful, again perilous.  
During voyage it gets gifts of the Sun  
And the blessings of the lonely Moon,  
Again, the swift flow and black smoke  
Serve temporary menace.  
However, when it arrives at a port  
Gets some noise and a rest.

Life is a lonely travel,  
And man is a lonely vessel,  
Journey of life starts from a strange port  
Till it faces death at last,  
In the midst all have to give performance  
In the drama of togetherness.

**(48)**

## **The Hill Moynas**

Once the freed hill moynas  
Wandered through the woods,  
Sang ever enchanting songs  
To please the ancient listeners  
Who being lovers of traditions  
Enjoyed pure happiness  
As a baby lived with perfect health  
Sucking own mother's breast.  
However, their vegetable taste  
Made the country as paradise.

Alas! Now the caged moynas  
Are kept in dark abandoned rooms,  
The helpless birds stare with pale faces  
At the freed foreign dogs.  
Everywhere are heard only foreign songs  
That seem to be the barking of the dogs!

**(49)**

## **The Ghosts**

In our early childhood  
Stories of ghosts we heard,  
We feared to lonely tread  
Near the woods!  
We thought in the woods  
Phantoms and witches lived.  
Sometimes, we startled  
At strange shape and sound.  
Yet we played under the cooling trees  
And ate tasty fruits in broad daylight.  
But, in the ghostly night  
We never lonely went outside!

Now our hairs are ripen  
Smooth balds are brightly seen,  
Woods are not seen  
Fear to ghost is gone.  
Perhaps, many died early,  
Few ghosts now move openly,  
They will be disappeared in near future  
Then our time will be appear!  
Aren't the ghostly world better  
Than abandoned world?

**(50)**

## **The Round Park**

From a sunny morn  
Holding hands we walked  
Till the gate and counter  
Of the round park appeared,  
Entering inside you ignored  
And in opposite direction you walked.  
As your lap was filled  
So, you never looked backward,  
In forward motion with smiling lips  
You went beyond my eyesight.  
I walked alone a little far  
Just by the flowers of multi-color,  
I took a flourished seat  
But, your thought filled my heart.  
I kept myself always busy  
Later in the same way  
We met when our little  
Had become tall.

**(51)**

## **Few Herons**

Flock after flocks  
Of white, white herons  
With fixed eyes looked  
At fishlike food  
Hoping more and more  
Standing on the dry shore.

Only few were seen  
Had strong determination,  
With risk in swift flows  
Waiting for various victims.  
After long patience  
They got grand success.

Rest of the birds sat on the dry  
Again flew towards the lower sky,  
When the day developed  
They went away with tired mind!

**(52)**

## **The Gloomy Faces**

Tiny and big stones in gray  
Are scattered in disorder way  
When wild waves return  
More black stony heads are seen.  
Above them only a few headless trees  
Stand with bare boughs;  
Upon them few nestles, freed birds  
Watch dark clouds.  
On the other side  
Along the sea beach  
Unnumbered dead bodies  
Of vibrant trees disorderly lie.  
Few crows seeming to be herons  
Catch scattering fishes!  
The pale faces of casuarina trees  
And of the apprehended villages  
And of the hopeless birds  
Give premonition of coming dangers.

The leaders come to give solace  
To secure account in bank for vote,  
They tell how their contribution  
Wild nature has blown!  
But the scattering black stony heads

Seem to be saying hidden words-  
'At first the speaker  
Has stolen half expenditure  
Served by the Government  
To save coastal environment.'

**(53)**

## **Addiction**

Religious principles make people  
Hopeful and peaceful,  
Devoted, sympathetic, moral,  
Tolerant and lovable.  
Pious philosophical principles  
Fill our hearts with pure joys  
Making forgetful to the matter  
Of all's greatest fear.

In the stalls of the books street  
Books of almost same authors are kept,  
Each stall keeper demands-  
His book is the best,  
But, any author anywhere  
Writes own superiority never!  
With same view they treat same sense  
Behind different cover pages.

But, now wild mirths  
are common during religious festivals-  
Addiction to drugs, deadly dance,  
With wild sounds.  
Religious riot breaks  
Brotherhood and bonds of friends!  
What is more dangerous  
Addiction to religion or drugs?

**(54)**

## **The Wild Land**

I heard frequently from my father  
In the wild land near the border  
Were some cottages  
And clay built shelters,  
People carried loads on heads  
Treading on the thin paths,  
In the cruel season of flood  
Houses were separated or abandoned,  
Helpless black snakes  
And the simple villagers  
However, could manage shelter  
In the higher place together.  
The pregnant mothers  
And the patients  
Dwelling between life and death  
Only prayed to God!

Now I pay occasional visits  
To that land of weed and bushes  
Through the newly built roads  
By new houses, schools and health centres.  
The road sides are becoming higher  
Villagers dream for far future.

But, the fluttering flags  
Of different colors  
Increase somebody's desire  
And other's fear!

**(55)**

## **The Disappeared Waves**

We, the intimate friends,  
Couple by couple  
Are visiting the beach  
Of the modern earth  
While the strangers  
Are peeping through windows  
Holding loose hands  
Of unsanctioned faces.  
However, we are pair by pair  
Walking on the naked shore  
Watching the bay,  
Under the red sky  
The strong touches of unseen force  
Shake our confused hearts,  
When dancing waves suddenly disappear  
Heart of the sky is filled with reddish color.

**(56)**

## **Game of Sea**

The sandy, stony shore  
Is various more!  
When there is wide tide  
Something to hide  
Little dazzling waves appear  
Embrace the shore  
With a sprightly dance  
They seem to be near ones.  
But, when they draw back  
Take away precious stones.

Then ebb comes  
Naked pebbles, ribs,  
Dry roots and thorny plants  
On the lonely shore  
When waves no more  
Threaten the weary travelers.

**(57)**

## **Sea of Life**

The sea of life  
Is vast and strange,  
Sometimes, ebbs take  
Away all the smile,  
Again tide comes  
Scatters wavy smiles.  
In broad day light  
Sandy waves look bright  
The spray, foam and sparkles  
Attract enthusiastic eyes  
Then we forget  
Tears of the past.  
Again, darkness appears  
We can't see more,  
Only few lights  
Keen and distant  
Are twinkling with strangeness  
Amidst keen darkness.  
With patience and steadiness  
Have to proceed forwards  
To reach at an island  
Or on the ship of God.

**(58)**

## **Future of phantoms**

Only before a few decades  
There were dense woods  
Where phantoms danced  
With screaming sharp sound  
Of strange crying or smile  
Making dark-lighted places fearful.  
Many tales and stories were based  
On the ministers of woodland,  
People went with fear  
Getting experience of adventure.  
In nights ministers came outside  
To wander and to collect food,  
However, every creature  
Then lived with healthy fear.

In the developing decades  
Phantoms have no place  
So they, perhaps, have gone  
To some unearthly region!  
Everybody seems to be pleased  
With the changing world,  
But, really neither happy nor pleased  
Outside or in household!  
Only few are profoundly concerned  
Of the phantoms newly appeared,  
They fear that by the new ghost

All will be banished from this planet!

If we save natural properties,  
If we plant more trees  
Only then we can save our houses  
And live with natural phantoms.

**(59)**

## **The KING and Queen**

When the day grows  
Kingly rays decorate my organs,  
I seem more beautiful  
With earthly smile,  
I glorify the golden sphere  
Worship with flowers  
With devotional thought  
My bright face flashes.  
The silver Queen is not reflected  
In my bloomed mind,  
When, by chance, it is seen  
As an abandoned bread laid in dustbin.

When night spreads its shade  
My organs and face become pale  
The Queen of night soars,  
Scatters silver arrows,  
My organs are brightened  
Spirit is charmed  
And rises to worship the Queen  
When the King remains unseen.

In a ruffled evening  
Thunder plays its drum  
My lonely soul remembers  
And cries for them!

**(60)**

## **Seasons of Life**

In the hot and hard days  
People put on soft and slender dress,  
like soft and cold food and drinks,  
get pleasure under shady trees.  
When wintery weather appears  
They wear warm garments  
Hot and spicy food and drinks  
Enjoy the touch of golden rays.  
As summer and winter  
Sorrow and bliss follow each other.  
In the midst of happiness  
I become emotional for distress,  
Again, when sorrow comes  
I bath in happy spell of showers.

**(61)**

## **The Powerful Hand**

The boats are sleeping  
Line by line  
On the dry shore  
Of the pale lagoon.  
Beneath the man made plots  
Of various sizes  
The plots of fishes  
Are now dry and lifeless.  
The wheelless carriage  
Standing in the garage  
Needs touch of the kind hand  
To be recovered.  
The pain of wingless birds  
Reminds agony of joblessness!  
The powerful hand  
That once received  
Thousand dollars  
But, now stands mysterious!  
Is there any punishment  
For making wingless birds?  
History writes-  
Their wrecks!

**(62)**

## **The Foggy Road**

I was rambling in a dusky day  
Through the lonely way  
That magnificently separated  
The silver stream and wood,  
I saw distant hill tops  
I gazed with greedy eyes  
Proceeding few hours  
Faced the lovely woods.

Returning to the lone road  
Under a bare tree I paused,  
In the deep dark night  
seeing a distant light  
I proceeded towards it  
Saw the downy candle of night  
Hiding somewhere  
I stood on the shore.  
On the sand I sat  
With pure thought I slept,  
When sleep was broken  
I saw broad light golden.

**(63)**

## **The World of Life**

In the smiling twilight  
Whole world feels warmth of light  
Upon creatures and trees  
South wind gently blows,  
Wild creatures play upon sands  
Near the dancing waves  
That are as white and aglow  
As the polar snow.  
Soft strains of small singers  
Fill valley and woods,  
Cattles start journey for long day  
Fishing birds appear from far away,  
Everything is looking brilliant  
In the soft golden light.  
All lively shapes enjoy the moment  
As tourists spend days of entertainment.

But, when day develops  
World becomes a fireplace!  
All the tourists return  
To their shady home.

**(64)**

## **A Sign to Change**

After long burning summer  
Thirsty earth drinks constant shower  
For several blustery days  
And dream killer-nights;  
The actual caring river  
Like a pregnant step-mother  
Gradually swells  
Above danger level flows  
Breaking both banks  
Engulfs rest of the woods.

Uncertain rain and hot days in winter  
Highten pressure  
Upon scholars and scientists  
Who give us deadly premonitions.  
But, the sleeping folk  
Must have to wake  
Now and today  
Unless we shall soon see Doomsday!

**(65)**

## **The Mossed Bricks**

The keen arrows of street lights  
Are now dancing with sparkling waves  
By the re-built, new-built lodges,  
The coastal road separates.  
A gentle breeze is carrying  
The cold drizzling,  
Its soft touch  
Lets to forget torrid ache.  
From the concrete roof  
One can see the distant light  
From the wandering boats  
Catching fishes in play ground of winds.

Can anyone imagine  
Brutal acts of Amphan?  
Wild wind wasted whole area,  
Spate oppressed three miles from shore.  
Fourth may has gone  
All have been forgotten  
Only the moss'd, broken bricks  
Remind the dreadful scenes.

**(66)**

## **The waves**

The diverse sea is colossal  
Ever changing shore is too little,  
Rapture for reaching at goal is obvious  
In the dance of the blessed waves  
That proceed first in slow movement  
Line by line for a little moment.

Suddenly they become higher  
Gather speed and become stronger,  
Then on the shore  
They become slender;  
With sands more  
They roll on the shore.  
At last they end in foamy line  
After a while become unseen!

**(67)**

## **Kind Touch**

In river tide may be seen  
If sea has a connection  
And if Moon has attraction  
Ebb and tide keep its distinction.  
The Moon can scatter benediction  
If She gets from the Sphere golden.  
The day is glorious  
If it is touched with golden rays,  
Night bears silver charms  
If it is tinged with beams.  
The spring swiftly dances  
If cloud gives rains,  
The flute serves food of heart  
Life gains success even in shade  
With the touch of kind hand.

**(68)**

## **Dedication**

On the sandy shore of earth  
Once I took lonely birth,  
I grew up with others  
But, I didn't search otherness  
In anything of life,  
I found our family, our nation,  
Our race, our party, our religion.  
But, after half of duration  
Of life, I have felt I have none!  
So, I desire to be dedicated to Nature  
To get peace and pleasure.

**(69)**

## **Celebration**

Dance of wavy white flowers  
And the wandering wavy clouds  
still mirrored in October  
On the still water,  
From the sandy shore of river  
To the vast field near temple and pyre  
Gathered millions and millions  
Wild, glaring 'kash' flowers,  
The white birds over sparkling water  
Moved from one side to other.  
From both sides  
They all stared at the skies  
That contained cloudy mountain  
And stream of heaven.  
Curious countrymen wait for the soft season  
To celebrate the grand occasion  
Of the victory of flower  
Over thorny caterpillar.

**(70)**

## **The Crying Deer**

I was wandering through a wood  
Wintry, bare and faded,  
In the both sides of the dry road  
Like bare skeletons the tall frames stood  
Upon gray layer of unseen ground,  
Surprisingly and feebly I stood.  
Suddenly, I heard  
A desperate sound,  
Saw a running doe  
And numberless bow and arrow.  
I helplessly heard cry and cry more  
My lonely heart became sore,  
I soon ran to the guard and reported  
Being angry with me they banished!

**(71)**

## **Wet Land and Ducks**

The estuary was uninteresting  
Steamers were sleeping  
Black stones were scattered  
On the slushy sand  
Ever spreading foul smells  
Forced me to leave,  
Then I came to wetlands  
That seemed mysterious,  
No water was anywhere!  
Only stood many silent observer  
Without any singer  
In this gloomy winter.

In the last few decades  
During cold days  
Mysterious ducks unnumbered,  
Coming from far away land  
Took shelter on the shore of wet lands  
And on nearby trees that touched the skies.  
Their movements and spirited songs  
Animated the surroundings.  
Perhaps, in the future  
Wet lands will be no more!  
Nothing will be heard,  
Only smoke will moved around.

**(72)**

## **Life on Water**

The lagoon willingly flows  
As if flows stream of happiness  
From sea towards dense woods  
That situate at dim distance,  
Colorful boats and steamer retreat  
Again with hope other boats start  
By day or nocturnal adventure  
Avoiding any seasonal barrier,  
Various roaring and smell  
Can't stop fishermen's toil.  
They are expert to identify quicksand  
Fight against sudden attack of wind  
Or of big man-eater animal  
Like whale and crocodile.

New eyes may taste  
Watching moving boats  
But, who knows and feels  
The fisher folk's sufferings?

**(73)**

## **The Youths**

The ponds have been dying  
Only a few tiny fishes are moving,  
The tall pied walls  
Encircle entire space,  
Only some hunting birds  
Sitting on withered boughs  
See their food  
Moving in mud.  
Outside the wall on a chair  
Sits a round bellied master  
Before him youths are standing  
Any job they have been searching.  
The master rudely orders  
The university degree holders  
To catch fishes  
And pour water on trees,  
The selected youths abide and find  
The trees are almost dead!

**(74)**

## **The Fighting Trees**

Being tired the wandering creatures  
Enjoy rest under the shades  
With sweet tastes of golden fruits  
Of the sea-side trees,  
Songs from hanging nests  
Consoles their ruffled souls,  
Charming flowery fragrance  
Are carried away by various winds.

One day I closely observe  
The waves dash upon  
The shady, sandy shore by the deep  
The warm wind lets me asleep.

In a dream I see a land  
Governed by half leaders  
Who divide the countryman  
On color, money and religion,  
They play fiery games  
During occasions.

Rushing sounds of dashing waves  
Break my dreamy sleep,  
I see the fighting trees under pale Sun  
Saving the land from mouth of erosion.

**(75)**

## **Women on the Foothills**

Under high, high hills  
Of white surface  
The green dress  
Beautifully seems,  
Blossom in red and white  
Bloom on the foot,  
The slow cold breeze  
Passes through gorge  
While windy way proceeds  
To the wealthy campus.

On some narrow foothill  
Near wild, wavy chaparral  
Seem the faded cottages  
Of the tawny tribes,  
Drunken men sleep on the field  
When women carry all load!

**(76)**

## **Wind and Rain**

In the scorching, gasping weather  
When wild winds with rain appear  
The dry gray gleam  
Becomes lovely green,  
The satiated trees now unfold leaves  
Under new born flowers of multi hues,  
Atmosphere is filled with cool odor  
Of soil that is wet with first shower.

Before election religious turmoil  
Becomes as hot as the Loo  
The arrows of that heat  
Pierce everybody's heart.  
Oh! Mighty wind and rain  
Come and wet our heaven.

**(77)**

## **The Known Way**

The cars slowly pass  
Towards the known towns  
Carrying young passengers  
With despair and hopes,  
Then the face of heaven  
Slowly becomes dun,  
Rainbow cloud breaks down  
Wet cards enter into halls  
With prospect and suspect  
Towards the fearful act.  
After a few confused months  
Of waiting, result discloses-  
Mr. Bribe has surprised  
Mr. Head is eliminated!

**(78)**

## **The Worms**

Small twigs and miniature buds  
Appear on the tall trees  
Chirping messengers unfold wings  
Farmers break clods in ploughed plots,  
Officers visit sunny sylvan villages  
Through the newly made roads  
On which wild beasts  
Move under street lights,  
Modern man-maker institution  
Rejects power of incantation.

But, the healthy worms  
Cut twigs and buds  
To fulfill self need  
Remove petiole from bud,  
Be serious to save our buds  
We must have to destroy worms.

**(79)**

## **The Wavy Flocks**

Wide region after region  
Of wavy, white, calm catkin  
Under the golden illumination  
Proceed, recede, proceed again  
As if on the swing  
They sprightly swing,  
From the riverain plots  
To the autumnal paintings  
Even below the river banks  
I see quiet, white dancing lines.  
Only from the wavy movements  
Of the flocks of white messengers  
Smoldering invocations arise  
For the killers of evil forces.

**(80)**

## **Voice of a Man**

I am a man  
Have to earn  
I have to be established  
To get married,  
So lengthy, I bitterly struggle,  
I am forced to be professional  
For every needs  
I have to expense,  
I am an ass to every load  
Of inner or outer household,  
I have to be sincere to profession,  
Friends, wife and children;  
I have no time left  
To care myself,  
When my manliness is humiliated  
It should be silently tolerated  
As law blindly stands by her  
So, compromisingly I love and fear.  
But, I always incubate  
My indomitable spirit  
I am always responsible to parents  
Whether she is willing or not.

**(81)**

## **The White Persons**

Black gulls catch white fishes  
In the plotted watery lands  
In front of white temple  
And odors open market  
Under the keen surveillance  
Of the active police.  
Prohibited drugs  
Are sold behind white buildings  
Black merchants loiter on open road  
After giving bribe to the lord.  
The lovers walk with fear  
On new breeze together  
The white persons knowing everything  
Become quiet after taking something  
Only the Sun sends illumination  
Without taking any donation.

**(82)**

## **Charak Festival**

Thousands of moving people  
Round the decorated temple  
Followed the dancing mass  
Who made funs in different forms  
Before and after loaded cars  
Full of horns and boxes,  
On the other side  
Near the holy pond  
Crackers were blasted  
Producing pleasing sound,  
Sparklings of multi colours  
And the black smokes.  
Rows of stalls exhibited  
New kinds of productions,  
To attract the young visitors  
Unsanctioned stalls sold bottles.  
On the last night the holy priest  
Inside the temple performed rites  
To bid farewell to the past  
And to welcome the recent.

**(83)**

## **Motion**

On the almost dry canal  
Faded hyacinths float still  
Cattle feed the leaves  
Heat inactivates the rhizomes,  
The canal begins after heavy rain  
To proceed towards advanced region  
New leaves and buds appear  
And flutter in the gentle air;  
Sitting on flowers the moving bees  
Sing the songs of motion in life.

**(84)**

## **A Summer Noon**

A noon of fresh summer  
Feels like a burning pyre,  
In dry furrow unseen fire  
Arises from grassy layer  
Of hectic grayness  
With smell of burning flesh,  
The long gray line seems  
To be sleeping bloodless  
Under a few unmoved wan trees  
That look at heaven as a skylark stares,  
Unseen human folk perhaps close noses  
From ever spreading smell of frying creatures!

**(85)**

## **The Withered Leaves**

During wintry bitter ache  
The woods becomes desolate  
Withered leaves fall down  
As if dance in whirling motion,  
A large young crowd  
Appearing on road  
Strangely dance with wild,  
Empty and aching sound  
Moving towards holy shrines  
To invoke Lord of hosts.

In another bitter-salty day  
On the biggest feast day  
Democratic crowd  
Knowingly proceed  
To perform unknowing duty  
For unseen joint conspiracy.  
After the holy occasion  
Withered leaves are trodden  
Remaining always opponent  
To boughs who control Government!

**(86)**

## **The Fishermen**

The vast salt water ever and anon  
Becomes tempestuous in agitation,  
The brave men bitterly battle  
Always to catch golden scale  
At any whimsical temperature,  
With ever active sense and humor  
They agreeably accept challenges  
To all odds and obstacles.  
From far away from habitation  
They bring gifts for the nation,  
Businessmen exchange at some price  
And sell at open market at double rate,  
Sitting under shed businessmen get profit  
But what price do the fishermen get!

**(87)**

## **Inner Light**

I have seen mountainous plots  
Clear in the golden Boss's light  
Again they appear different  
In silvery Madam's light,  
But under the dark space  
They seem to be horrendous.  
From where can I get illumination  
To discover their complexion?  
When I lonely wander  
My inner being is wounded  
At last, I get another light  
My face becomes bright.  
I believe in own self  
When dark hour comes  
Lonely with own inner light  
We should discover own plight.

**(88)**

## **The Lost Bushes**

Nice to look at the decorated  
Fisheries newly appeared  
Near the vast glorious river  
Of glittering, whispered water,  
Thousands of plots are separated  
With riparian little dams and nets,  
The gloomy fishy heads  
Float near the banks,  
Where are the trees and bushes?  
Who will protect the lean banks?  
Perhaps, the river will devour  
In the coming year  
Fishes will be freed  
And enter the salty world!

**(89)**

## **From Ranchi to Jaleswar**

In a shadowy Sunday morning  
I started my usual wandering  
About both sides of the golden river  
That flows in windy manner  
From the Jharkhandi village Nagri  
To the bay of Bengal's estuary,  
I read written on the walls  
Bengali, Odia and Hindi scriptures,  
Peasants work in the field  
Ups and down, ever plotted  
Of different nature  
And different color,  
Men drive little boats  
Watching wide web of nets,  
On shadowy shores in summer  
Primitives with 'handia' sleep in disorder,  
People can speak in many  
Can write or read in one or two  
But, all think in one  
With feelings of Nation.

**(90)**

## **The Day Ends**

The day's eye has become wane  
Tourists are returning to the inns  
Walking rows by rows  
Upon coastal sands,  
Smokes are emitted in circles  
From the dark pits  
Holding nose the sweepers  
Watch till the fire ends,  
On dusky road tired pilgrims  
With holy water return to shrines,  
Human beings are mortal  
Trends are immortal  
Though the scenes are altered  
And the shore is developed.

**(91)**

## **The Wandering Souls**

The world is a mysterious holm  
Floating in creation's stream;  
The best known tourist spot  
That attracts the wandering souls.  
Oh dear addicted souls!  
Mysterious lovers of travels,  
Always thirsty to wander  
Challenging every fear  
Known or natural  
Unknown or unnatural,  
Always move onwards  
To use corporal times,  
When garbage will pervade  
The souls will emigrate.  
Oh dear brave souls!  
Never forget the friends  
Of eternal bonds  
Of the creative space.

**(92)**

## **The Dream**

Once the green lines stood  
On both sides of the lone road  
Passersby heard touching chants  
And watched fresh fair of colors,  
Breathing with flowery fragrance  
Filled their hearts with satiety,  
They forgetting pains of night  
Under heavenly eyes spoke of humanity.

But, now thousands of construction  
With indescribable decoration  
Decorate the glorious street  
Defeating the green lines of past,  
Living close to the black firmament  
Travelers fear to walk with bare feet,  
With wheezing nasal noise  
They struggle to respirate  
As if in the cage lament  
The winged creatures.  
Even now all wish to be modern  
But, I console myself with plantation,  
I move from road to road  
Selling the dream of green land.

**(93)**

## **The Crying Creatures**

When I was cautiously driving  
The lonely two wheeler  
Moving images were seen  
On the clear mirror,  
The wavy gray hills  
Seemed very nice,  
After the wintry blow  
Wood lands were looking glow.

New hopes were peeping through  
A very few green arrow heads  
Those seem to be fresh in the morn  
But, droop as dead heads in the noon,  
Under them wild animals were gasping  
Perhaps, they were lamenting!

**(94)**

## **The Lonely Bird**

The rosy western firmament  
Gives autumnal blessing over forest  
And is reflected on running river  
Making a flood of rosy color,  
Then the flood retreats  
Leaving desolate fields,  
Within a few swift minutes  
Dark fog upwardly spreads.  
A lonely bird laments  
From somewhere in the woods;  
The quivering voice spreads  
Over the unemployed houses.

**(95)**

## **The Chimneys**

Near high and low hills  
The tall palm trees  
Stand as silent spectators  
Of wavy barren lands  
Where woods are being cleared,  
Only a few green heads are covered  
With dark smoke emitted  
From ever increasing chimneys  
Of industries that supply bricks.

Primitives are bound to migrate  
Others work under corporate  
And dwell in the huts  
Under palm trees.

But, the Government and temples  
Never break the perpetual silence!

**(96)**

## **The Moon**

The Earth is a dazzling place  
Always attracts wandering souls  
Who enjoy from rosy rising  
Till the colorful setting,  
Glittering moonlit water overcomes  
All sorts of hand-made lights,  
In some tents at half-dark night  
Round the tables the lovers sit,  
With colorful water and hot music  
The lovers become sick,  
As if on Goa beach they watch  
Foams dragged from far west.  
But the Moon fears  
To come to the shades  
Because if She is gang raped  
Mr. Justice will be kidnapped!  
Criminals will come to the power  
Mother Earth will lament forever.

**(97)**

## **The Falls at Devkund**

The mysterious flow of the fountain  
As if the Earth's blood circulation!  
After taking immortal origin  
From some unknown region  
It, with rapturous tone, falls  
With unidirectional glows.

Oh! It is the twentieth  
Since I made my first visit  
Then I saw almost same spirit  
Of the flow, and of wild animals,  
Near the springy flowery forest  
And temple I took a quiet rest.

Now I see florid gate, road, stairs and temple  
Yet the falls, animals and trees remain as usual,  
After crossing cleaned but less stairs  
I am bound to rest to tired organs!  
I feel ever increasing temperature  
And inner voice of the green I hear.

**(98)**

## **Bend in the River**

The Subarnarekha river  
Flows with golden water  
With beams of the golden sphere  
Except in September and October  
When few fertile areas are run over  
By muddy and putrid water,  
Near a town and a temple of the Lord  
It takes a sportive, half-round bend.  
But recently it becomes shallow and lean  
During ebb its ribs are seen.

Once society made headway  
As the river did flow,  
But now extreme selfishness  
Engulfs almost all souls,  
Profundity of relationship is covered  
With the sense of sandy profits,  
Like the uprooted trees  
Relations are broken into pieces!  
Love, devotion and care bring lasting gain  
And give strength to every relation.

**(99)**

## **The Brook**

Oh brook! You flow with whimsicality,  
Once make the arrow dwellers happy,  
Again giving golden scales you swell,  
When swell more, they are bound to wail,  
Again in the fiery season  
You become pale and lean  
Being a narrow line you lie down  
On the red soil of hope and chagrin,  
Outsiders come for own business  
Crossing over the new breeze:  
Through the wood roads are made  
Buildings are newly appeared,  
But, the life of the primitive  
Remains beyond the change!

**(100)**

## **The Misty Morning**

Morning has started long ahead  
But mist covers the whole world,  
Beyond a few nebulous meter  
Everything seems to be obscure,  
Within too limited view  
Many preying birds, I see  
Searching for moveless fishes  
By dim dews on half bloomed lilies.  
I think, I can't wait more  
To see sparkling full flower.  
So, I start journey towards destination  
With a faith to face fair condition.

**(101)**

**If**

If you love own-self-  
Please plant more trees,  
Care for them with affection  
As a devoted nun,  
Later, they will donate  
What are basic needs,  
Hence, you have to embrace  
Our real friends of all times.

If you love near ones-  
Dear son and daughters  
Please save woods  
Plant more trees  
Pour a little water  
During thirsty summer.

If you love this planet  
Burning with stifling heat  
Everybody is apprehended  
At approaching claws of fiery wind,  
Please inspire the planter  
Don't waste ground water.

If you love variegated birds  
And their enchanting songs  
Please plant more fruit plants

Care till they become full grown trees.  
If you love life, and fear to desolate lands  
Please love the saplings.

Wood cutter may cut,  
Land grabber may uproot,  
Shepherds may allow cattle  
To eat up from the root,  
So, to save the plants  
Give religious touch.  
Everyone should raise a voice-  
If there is no tree, there is no life!

**(102)**

## **The Way**

The way always proceeds  
Under the day's torch  
And under lean light  
Of the gloomy night  
Through the dense woods  
Again through smiling field  
It is accompanied by cold  
Again, by the fiery wind,  
It makes the rich to be poor  
And the poor to be rich.  
Over the buffaloes the rain  
Dances like a lion,  
Again, rays like buffaloes  
Wipe out the leonine drops!  
But, who knows  
What does the way plays?

**(103)**

## **The Silent Drops**

Either on the fourteenth February  
Or on the worship of Saraswati  
When the kind occasion comes  
They decorate themselves,  
They with hungry haste and toil  
Make own self as nymph or angel.  
The young priest is startled,  
He can't understand,  
He often mistakes  
To find the goddess!  
They come more Pair by pair  
Holding hands in behind or before.  
Schools, colleges and clubs  
Watch changing scenes,  
Tears drop from the eyes  
Falls on the head of the priest:  
His black hairs  
Are becoming white.

**(104)**

## **A Night in a City**

From the dazzling twilight  
I had been walking on a city street  
That was moving like veins  
Straight and crosswise.  
My curious, young legs  
Proceeded by glaring buildings,  
My hungry eyes watched  
At the lighted faces, well-dressed,  
They sang in many languages  
Something I understand, something not.  
In an illuminated park with fast songs  
Beaus and ladies danced  
Outside people discussed latest topics  
With the taste of hot drinks.  
Noise filled every holy space  
In shrines of different religions,  
And in dazzling party offices  
It was not clear who worshipped what!  
Then I proceeded towards the places  
From the black river to the ash-pits  
Where fireless smoke emerged  
And bad smells aggravated  
From the dustbin of the city;  
And from the dark cottages  
Aroused gasping sound  
I was deeply haunted!

**(105)**

## **The Village People**

The hardly decreasing path  
Proceeds towards the remote  
Where a few small cottages  
Are encircled by tawny hills,  
With simple language  
And ordinary dress  
The simple people dwell  
Away from the town of missile,  
Before evening the village  
Is flourished with purple hue,  
Then the holy hour comes  
Shrines are brightened with hues,  
Disciples come and pray to God  
To live with perfect brotherhood.

**(106)**

## **Our University**

In the heart of Mayurbhanj district  
The king Sriram Chandra was strict  
Who ruled the heaven of the simple,  
Honest, hardworking undeveloped people.  
Once it was the king's garden  
Wild trees and beasts were seen,  
Current of time has blown over the plots  
Stream of history has taken many changes,  
Our University was started in Bhubaneswar  
In the next year it was shifted here.

From the first, twenty sixth summer  
Has gone, and also twenty sixth winter,  
New academic buildings have been made  
And unique departments have been added,  
At present the centre also attracts  
The desirous scholars from other states,  
They expand its wild flower's fragrance  
To the beloved country's different parts.  
For the development of communication  
And the employees' efforts and devotion  
The scent of ripe mangoes of this institution  
Will achieve soon the highest attraction.

Remarks:- All the poems are mind-blowing and applaudable as well as shining and impressive along with melodious and harmonious. There is a great poet within Mr Satya Sundar Samanta. I pray to Goddess Mother Saraswati and the Muses,

'Let your poetic hand compose more and more beautiful poems. Let your name and fame be familiar in every family of the globe.' (Gobinda Biswas Hatishala, Dignagar, Nadia, WestBengal, India March, 12,2025)

'In this book you will certainly find emotions, feelings and experiences of a poet who allows himself to be revealed through his poems. From his childhood memories permeated by difficulties to the present day, embodied by the achievement of numerous academic titles, there is an invitation to delve into his experiences of fear and uncertainty in the face of the Covid pandemic, to walk through his remarkable observation in relation to global chaos, hunger, global warming and its extremely serious consequences and finally the victory of someone who persevered, transforming his story into impressive poems. (By Gelda Castro, Poet, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil)

About Satya's poems - Witty, solemn pieces of poetry, crafted with a measured simplicity of talent, that touches on the human need to sustain lives; especially, wild natural life, for nature to reciprocate that care to humanity for future all natures' gain, and well-being... beautifully engaging sweet poems. (Nicholas Kawinga, Poet, Zambia)

Unemployment, poverty, deprivation, environmental pollution, natural calamities, Man's violent attitudes towards nature, corruption, loss of moral senses are the prominent crisis of the recent times. The world has long been suffering from such crisis and longing for

emancipation. The poems of the book present such recent pictures of the world. Voices of nature and of human souls are also emulated. (Deena Padyachee, Poet, Durban, South Africa)