



Songs

Of

Yearning

Dedicated To The Loving Memory Of My Grandparents

Hope I have been able to live up to your expectations.

Please visit

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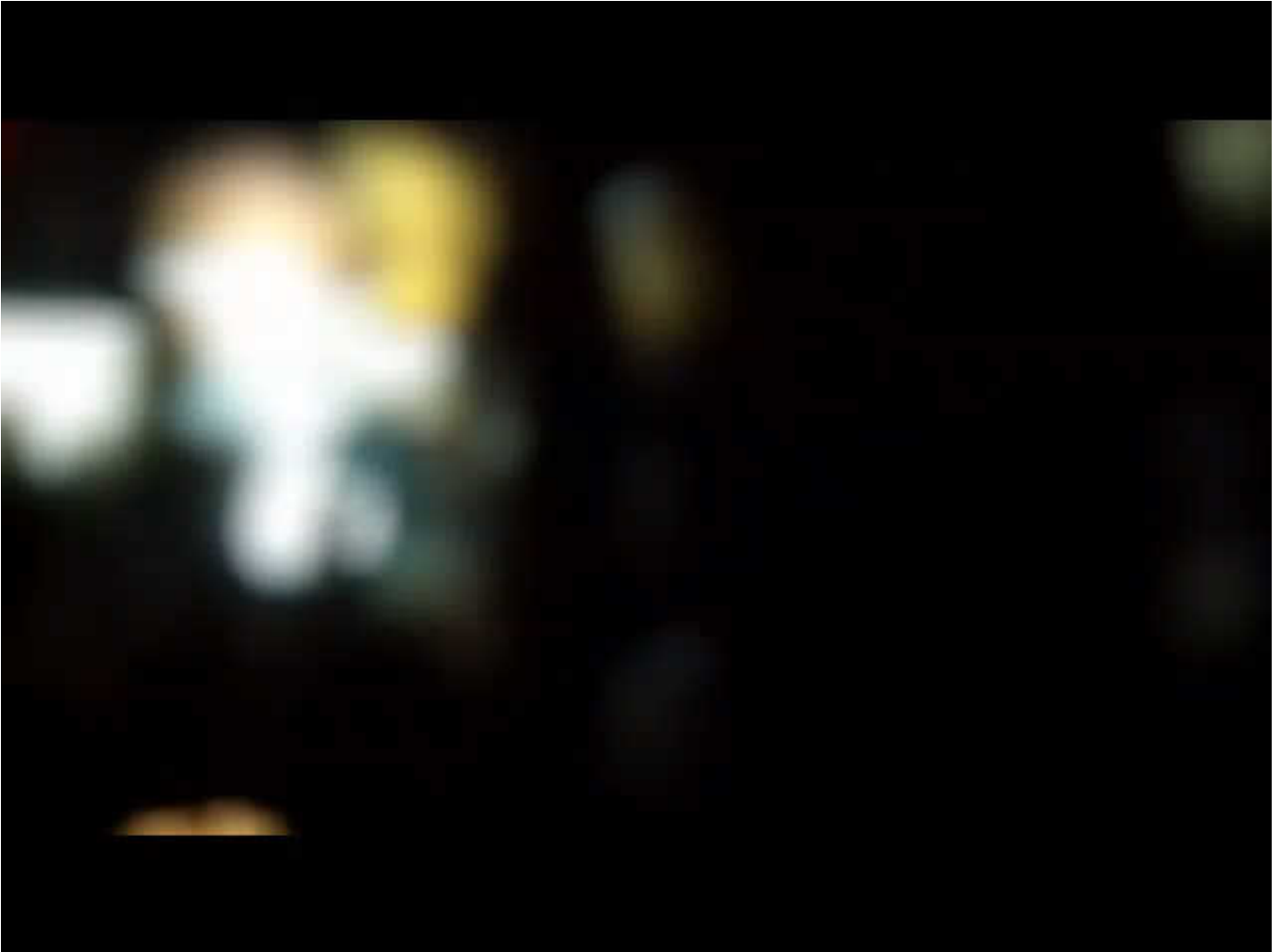
The Lyre



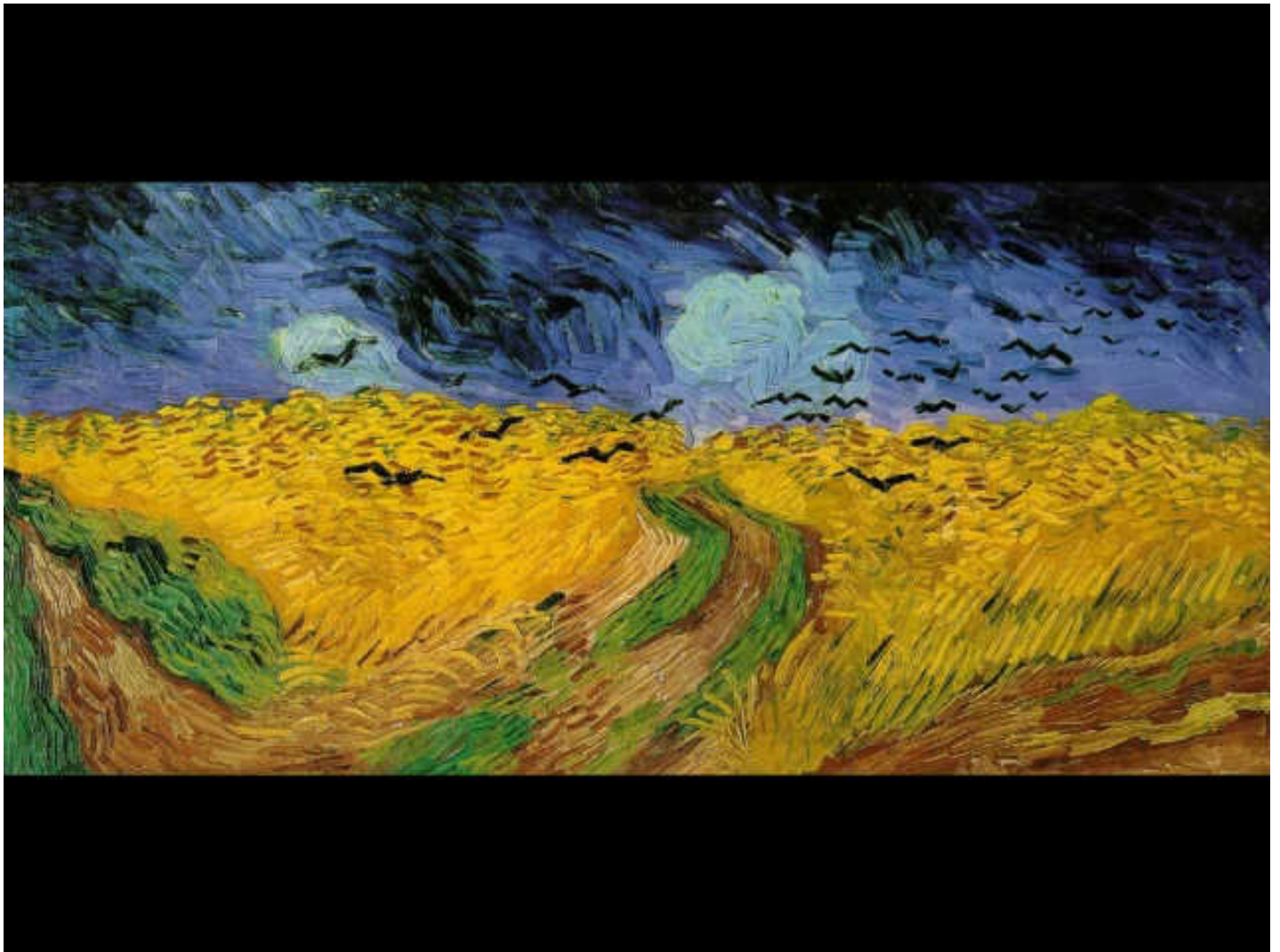
The Night



Those Bracelets of Conch and Shell



Time



The Metaphysic of Love
Is it here that I will find peace,
In the darkness of the night,
When the darkness is alight,
Into the thin air,
Of hate and despair.
Is it here that the battle lies,
Where the duel of the fates vie,
Is it here in the darkness of the soul,
Where the rivers grow old,
And the young ones are bought and sold.
In the soothing darkness,
After aeons of false light,
I find solace In the chill of the fright.
A journey through the metaphysic
Of darkness and light,
of evil and good,
But I am too young so spare me the time,
To have my share of joy.
Tear apart this paper,
Burn away these lines,
All i want is my girl,
Who's now someone else's wife.
Please come back to me
With tears on bended knees i pray.
I love you,
I always had,
Only been too scared to say.
I love you,
Please come back to me,

Set me free,
From these wounds that chain.
It is from your arms that the boat of this tale shall sail.

The Garden of Innocence

The contemplating calmth of philosophy,
Provides me with a needed sense of sanity,
 To bare my heart in words,
 To lay upon my soul in verse
 For it is you I love,
 And it is for you I turn to hate,
As i feel the dark side of the fates.
 In the roads that I tread upon
 A sole thing i seek except a gun,
 And when all is done,
 And our worlds are destroyed
 All I want to ask,
 Did you enjoy it my dear.
I am afraid these fleeting moments will be no more,
 In the endless nights that i spend alone.
 And after i cross the fence,
 Perhaps a bit tense,
Many have sought the fountain of youth,
 I seek the garden of innocence.

How I Suffer Without You

I ask myself why I hate myself?
And the heart returns because you love her so,
Do I hate myself for in the passions of your eyes I dwell,
Because I want you so,
Is that the cause of my woe?
And in this woe,
As the meaningless world revolves to and fro.
I seek you,
In my veins,
In my heart running free without the reins,
In my soul,
O merciless,
Do not be so cold
Without me you shall never do
Like me you shall suffer too.
All i seek is to steal a kiss,
From your mesmerizing lips,
And to lay my head on your lap,
And to kiss your breast,
Just once before I perceive death,
Before i close my eyes and take a last nap.
These words of a broken hearted poet shall haunt you.
And i am afraid this curse will turn out to be true.

O' Mahadeva

Stand by me, O' Mahadeva,
Stand by me in good stead,
For the evil i fight is all pervading,
In this time, in this age.

A final stand between the forces of evil and good,
Within and without the battle rages,
History will record how Man between destruction and eternity stood,
How can they not see it when it was clearly seen by the ancient sages.

Fathers And Lovers

Amidst the ruins of love,
In the pains of heartbreak,
Sing on, O' lonely heart,
Sing on, the song of longing for fulfilment.

In these lonely dreary nights,
You and your lover make merry,
While my eyes are heavy with tears,
Nights that I have come to despise.
I know it does not mean a thing to you,

This not my best rhyme,
Burning in my own fire,
These days I write only a few.
O' Come, Lord God Almighty,
O' Father, O' eternal redeemer,

Take me away, I was never meant for this time, this world.

Love, Fury, Sorrow, Hate,
And a plethora of emotions others,
Just grant me this,

O' my tragic fate,
A long peaceful rest in the lap of my father's
Denied the lap of my lovers'.

The Sky And Me

The sky limitless and free,
Never ending and what i aspire to be.
The bountiful nature i come across
As pious as the Hindu Om and Christian Cross,
The clouds float by,
Pearls o'er neck of the sky.
Like adversity in a man's life,
The river rolls on,
Through the creeks and the vales,
By the rainbows and green leaves,
Till it meets the seas.
O' Father
Fulfil this long cherished desire,
The union of the sky and me
All that is and could be.

Liberation

Grant me death,
O' Father,
Remove the woes of this godforsaken life,
The wretched fate,
Being punished for crimes committed against me,
Persecuted for my traditional belief,
Of emotional and sexual morality,
Damned for resisting Nietzsche's ethics,
Economic, political and societal,
For today's world is his hell,
And man thinks all is well.
So, Lord, Liberate me,
Uproot the root cause of this hurt,
Restore me to paradiso,
For i refuse to be this time's part.

Euthanasia

What do you say to a man who seeks death?
Who breathes rage,
lives only because of his hate,
What do you do to a person
who prays every night for death,
Whose life is but a tragic disarray of suffering,
Of misery,
A consequence of not his doing,
Whose life is but a crime,
Each fleeting glimpse a heartbreak,
Every moment a sin.
O'Lord,God Almighty,
In your grace grant me death,
Or i will destroy worlds to avenge myself.
My life, my choice,
And may this be the last night
And before i close my eyes for the last time
The last glimpse of worldly light.
And thus proclaim I,
The right to die.

The Cosmic Tragedy

Symphony of destruction,
The opera of tragedy,
The orchestra of the heavens,
Man's wretched face,
The dance of untamed fury,
The celebration of rage.
How the world makes one evil,
How the times makes a god, a devil,
The dark side beckons,
A hell for me, a hell for all,
There's nowhere left to fall.
It is in this rock bottom,
That one realizes the temperament of man.
A beast by nature,
A Satan by action,
The need for a better creation.
If it is so,
Then so be it,
Thus i decree,
Only utter and total destruction,
Unseen by any time,
Unheard of in any legend, any myth,
Can save man,
The paradox of his existence.
The cosmic tragedy.

Death

I searched for death,
In the dying streets of hurt and regret.

I searched for death,
In my heart's bleeding depths.

I searched for death,
In their cheating love's theft.

I searched for death,
In the superficial life's maze.

I searched for death,
In the unlit roads of haze.

I searched for death,
To attain the peace of nonexistence.

I searched for death,
To escape the doomed woes of my race.

I searched for death,
To regain the glimpse of my father's face.

You'll Never Come Back

No matter how many tears i shed,
No matter how much i regret,
The violence, the suffering,
That I unwillingly inflicted.

You'll Never Come Back

If only

You could see me like this,
A man, a honest gentleman,
A gem in the dust,
The iron that does not rust,
No matter how much i wish,
You could never see me like this.

You'll Never Come Back

You made me,
Every inch, every ounce,
The ideals i stand for,
Which i pronounce.

But the pain will remain,
As the world goes insane.
You'll Never Come Back.

Waiting

TickTock, TickTock,
Goes the clock,
As passes months and days,
Numerous May's
But I wait, I wait.
With disappointment, regret, envy and hate,
The World is sate,
A better world,
A superior kind,
I await.
Still there is hope, I reaffirm,
Till there is a single person,
Carrying the burden,
Truth, Nonviolence and good,
Yes, there is hope, I confirm.
See through, see through,
And let me deliver myself to you.

In This World

In this world,
Of despondency, grief & loneliness,
Of violence, pain & sadness,
Of unrighteousness, wickedness,
Of death sorrow and disease,
The tales of injustice as limitless as the sea,
Of servitude, unjust punishment and the longing to be free,
There is only one thing that redeems,
Permeating the Maya where nothing as it seems,
Love, love & Love,
Holy & Pure,
The Father & the Son,
The lover and the beloved.

What Would I Give

What would I give
If only I could rewind,
Ten years, an eternity,
What would I give.
What would I give,
To meet you once,
In that age, In that place .
What would I give,
To see you then once again,
To embrace you in my arms,
What would I give.
What would I give,
To hold your hand once
To rest at peace in your lap
Drown all the tears of sorrow.
What would i give
What would i give.

When The Dreams Are Broken

When the dreams are broken,
And the hopes are gone,
When all have left,
And beside there is none,
I again rise with courage,
Determination and fortitude,
To rebuild and recreate,
Following the wisdom of the sage.
When the world is predominantly evil
And unrighteousness swells,
When doing good results in selfharm
And the results of actions are none,
I resolve
To fight on,
To champion the cause,
Until all deeds are done.

When The Eyes Are Full

When the eyes are full,
and the heart yearns,
and I question thee
and I question thyself
all existence, a
holy voice says love,
keep your spirit high amidst severe adversity,
and believe in thyself,
in thee,
and in love.

Frozen Fields of Love

In a barren snow land,
Only mountains and valleys,
The frozen desert,
A landscape of ice,
A story to be told,
But will that story suffice?
A Young man,
No more than thirty,
Alone in the wasteland,
Surrounded by snowy sand.
With a weary soul,
Lies alone,
His throat as dry as can be,
His eyes will not open,
A life nearing its end,
With some certainty,
It can be said,
He is in his deathbed.
But his time is not over,
One last duty to perform,
One last act to do.
He tiringly moves his hands
And lifts it up,
And places in his shirt pocket,
He searches and finds
And takes out a picture
And holds it close to his chest.
An eternity passes,
Till he drops dead,

With the picture clasped to his chest.
In the ruinsOf love and destruction,
What is he doing there,
Neither I nor him knows,
Surrounded by the thick blanket of snow.
Last of an extinct race,
True love in this world of hate,
In this world of false promises,
Stands the lone dove,
Yet another tragedy of longing,
Amidst the frozen fields of love.

Another Tale of Unrequited Love

This rainy night,
Reminds me of you,
A few glimpses were all it took
And my heart shook.
We never talked,
But you ruled my head and my heart,
Madly, I was in love with you.
You came, i was blind,
The tragedy of my life intertwined,
You went across the seven seas,
While i stood standing in the gruelling rain of pain
Thinking I'll never see you again.
That young boy is no more,
The ocean of time engulfed him on the shore,
For all my unfulfilment,
For all my sorrow,
I must pay the price,
A throw of the dice.
Sometimes i shed a tear for me and Lamb,
And wash it off with my weary and paining hand.

Yearning

The lonesome heart,
Yearns for the one,
To rule the dreams,
To soothe the wounds,
Inflicted by the nails,
That crucify, Every conscientious soul.
O' Father Grant me love,
That eternal redeemer,
That transcendental healer.

The Depths of a Silky Sky

In the depths of this night,
All motionless, nothing but silence,
My heart awakes. Come to me,
I am at my feet,
In tears,
The clock will not rewind,
Thus i regret and cry.
To you, a mere drop of water, to me, my life.
I just long to lay in her laps and forget,
As eternity goes into oblivion.

Lament of a Lonely Poet

Why, O' Why?
Did fate act this way,
Snatched my love,
An sent me into an emotional exile.
But now,T
he heart again feels,
The spark again lights,
But the sadness remains.
O' Lamb,
now i understand your sorrow,
Your grief, your lament, the regret.
Her children call someone else their father,
This wound will never heal,
This pain shall never end.

The Barren Wasteland

In a wasteland,
Of barren Sand;
The ebb and flow,
Of thoughts as they go.
The corpses scream,
And the vultures too,
But a long road ahead and much to do
In search of the innocent few.
In their morning,
In the grasses as dew,
When the world is overwhelmingly evil,
With people of black, white And numerous greyish shades of hue.
But there is still hope,
As long as we can overcome and cope.
We will change the world,
Alone if the need be,
A firm resolve,
A gentleman's word,
As the problem of creation is solved,
The apocalyptic truth.
An era goes, another comes
Amidst lovesick poets and tyrant times,
The wheel of time revolves,
As eternity becalls.

God

Remembering the supreme in names many,
He is all and all is his and he is,
The omnipotent, the everpresent.
Let Man reach his realm,
Let Man redeem himself,
Rise above himself,
And choose to reach the transcendental.

Dreams of Melancholy

When the heart cries,
The Eyes bleed of pain,
Then O'Saviour come to me,
A touch, a look,
Was all it took,
To torment my soul.

The world burns
And in the dusk hate prevails,
Man destroys himself,
With evil dirtiness,
Mighty pettiness.
A world of dreams,
Of fraternity, Of Love,
The singing lark,
The flying dove.
Of good, of truth,
Never forget,
It always bears fruit.

Words

The life that never was,
The love that was never returned,
The sadness that never left,
The truth never realised,
Hate will no more be.
Teardrops that never end.

Still I Believe

In a world of gaiety,
Of sanity, rid of envy and greed
Where science and religion intertwine,
The Orient and Occident merge,
With the blessings of Gaia,
The supreme will forms,
A Dream of One World.

None: An Unfulfillment

With tears inside,
I must, I must write,
A glimpse of a woman,
Radiant as the winter sun
Innocence like other none. Once upon a time
I used to smile and not fake it
Jolly and happy I pursued my dreams,
Till... They massacred me,
Robbed me of everything and left none.
What am I?
A weary and lonesome soul,
Made of gold.
What I so bitterly long for?
Love, touch and fulfillment,
Someone to hold my hand
And someone to beside me stand.
I am my gals' and she's mine,
I want no more a dime.
The world robs me of even this
With utmost disgust I write this poem,
Perhaps in vain,
Before they massacre me again.

A Stranger

Wandering alone along the winding roads,
This glorification of solitude,
Though temporarily good,
Is conceit.

A denial of bitterness,
Of loneliness, of melancholy
Without resources.

The heart breaks,
The soul aches
For love, The lone dove.
In such a moment of sadness,
Of ruthlessness, Of madness

A fleeting glimpse,
A girl dressed in simple salwar blue.

An angelic smile,
An innocent radiance.

I fell for her at first sight
Though she is no more a stranger,
Yet I feel near and dear.

Who is she?

I do not know.

But I'm enamoured so.
In this world of false promises,
Stands the lone dove,
A symbol of purity and love.

Thoughts

Engrossed in the world of thoughts,
Not of the lines,
nor circles only waves,
As the wheel of time revolves,
The cycle continues,
As the revelation.
What's the matter?
Love and hate,
the sea and the waves,
Bending and flowing,
Ebb and tide,
The truth can't hide.

Will You Be There?

Will you be there during the storm and stress,
Will you be there in my isolation and loneliness,
Will you be there.

Will you be there to wipe off the unseen tears,
Will you be there to support me to face my fears,
Will you be there.

Another day, another year,
Time rolls on,
Alone and forlorn.

Come one day,
And take me away,
From this reality of evil, Jealousy, lies and hypocrisy.
This fable Will live on,
Even when we're gone.

What I See

Hate and lies are our lot,
Evil, jealousy and violence are what we've got,
The sanctity of innocence has been defiled, Just too much,
Too make the omnipotent rile.
Pettiness in all,
Anyone who rises,
Trying to make him fall.
But to no avail,
The seer is wise.
Truth, honesty, good and peace,
No more exist, But they live in others and in me,
In spite of all that I see.

Age

With time,
the skin is sagging,
the hair greys,t
he mind decays
,the body dies slowly,
but the heart is ever illuminating,
the soul is everlasting,
the conscience is immortal.
We may die but our deeds remain.
Our thoughts, our works are omnipotent.
A person may die but what he does,
Or tries to do if it is good enough,
Remain etched in the annals of history forever.

A Simple Prayer

O' Lord,
Grant me grace,
In light,
Let me bathe,
In the joyous morning,
Let me find inner peace,
Of Love let me sing,
Rid me of all hatred,
Shun all violence.
Exist with sublime harmony,
With all creature; all nature
Without agony.

বরিশ ধরা মাঝে

By Rabindranath Tagore

(Translation By Vivek Chakraverty)

Amidst the bosom of the earth,
descends the water of peace,
Along with an arid heart
Ascend mortals.

Let the darkness be banished,
let all illusions and sins be dispelled,
Let all sorrow and lament be proscribed.
Let the heart be holy, the soul firm,
Let all obstacles be conquered.

Why this animosity, this malevolence, why this facade
Why this ego, this pride,
Bestow, Bestow love to the stone hearted,
Victory, Victory to Thou.

হিংসায় উ?? পৃথিবী

By Rabindranath Tagore
Translated By Vivek Chakraverty

The world is rabid with violent perpetual cruel conflict,
He whose path is wicked, and greed is overpowering,
In anguish his soul takes rebirth.

Abate them, O' great one,
Come with the message of hope,
Evolve the lotus of love, the essence of the eternal nectar.

O' Peaceful, O' Free, O'Immortal hallowed probity,
O' Compassionate one, relieve the world of all taint,
Come O' all giving, give the austere lesson of sacrifice,
O' great pauper, take the alms of the pride of all.

Let the multitude forget all sorrow, refute all worldly illusion,
Let the sun of knowledge alight evermore, rise in all splendour.

Let all existence come alive afresh, let the unseeing descry.

O' Peaceful, O' Free, O'Immortal hallowed probity,
O' Compassionate one, relieve the world of all taint,
O' Crying pure hearted one, glow with burning fervour
Weary with the materialistic world, tired and in satiated,
When the country wears ignominious spot of bloody sins,
You, blow the conch for wellbeing with your graceful hand,
Your pious song, your sublime rhyme.

O' Peaceful, O' Free, O'Immortal hallowed probity,
O' Compassionate one, relieve the world of all taint,

O' Buddha I Come To Thy Feet (Buddham Saranam GachhamiAngulimal)

O' Buddha i come to thy feet,

O' Monk i come to thy feet.

When the mind is stricken with fear and the heart is in crisis,

When the mind is stricken with fear and the heart trepidates,

Then O' Humanity speak Buddha i come to thy feet.

When anarchy predominates,

when erupts the fountain of blood,

When rises the fire of violence,

when awakens the beast in man,

When man smiles in front but has poison inside,

Then O' Humanity say,

O'Buddha i come to thy feet.

When comes the hour of sorrow,

When lies are victorious o'er truth,

When this simple pious soul is defiled

In the storm of injustice when your heart cries out.

When the one who listens is indignant, to whom shall i cryout, This heart-
less world could not recognize love.

When brutality predominates and the allknowing has mercy

When this dwarf man forgets his lord,

When your truth is daunted,

When respect is in the crux.

When love leaves the world, and the wall of hate is raised.

When against mother's love the son's sword is raised.

The world trembles, the heavens shake,

O' man cry out, O' Buddha i come to thy feet.

The one who drives out impurities and darkness of the soul,

The one whose one touch lights up all creation.

The lamp of truth never dims, mercy and nonviolence prevails always,

In the shade of happiness and peace,
love is reared inside the hearts of all,
O' Buddha the Lord of India is your name is chanted in every home.
O' Humanity cry out,
O' Buddha i come to thy feet.

Translated by Vivek Chakraverty with help from Debasish Chakraverty

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Come:A Poem

When the light of love burns no more,
When mercy is overcome by violence,
When emotions are massacred by the crowds insanity,
Defiled becomes the sanctity of innocence.
Buddha, he comes to the fore.
When the purity of truth is lost,
When unrighteousness wins at any cost,
When goodness becomes a minority,
He comes in all times, all eternity.
Emmanuel comes to the fore.

Rainbow of Emotions

Disappointed agony,
Melancholic loneliness,
hate, fear, love, forgiveness, despair, redemption, sadness, mirth.
Emotions beyond words...

An Unfinished Poem

In this insomniac night,
Bitter chilly numbly cold,
All the visions of yore,
Flash in my mind,
The days of gaiety and carefree...

Crush

Perhaps in another time,
in another age,
When poets were all the rage,
Could i hope for the acknowledgement of my existence
A few words are all that can bridge this distance.
Your face: the winter sunshine,
Your smile: the summer evening breeze T
he poets have said it all,
The seers had you in their hearts while the downfall.
Still I persist in a vain attempt to catch your attention,
For i can?t get you out of my imagination,
Cliched words and stock phrases,
Expression of my heart, what i feel
Enamoured dream chases
The sweet pain of a heartkill.
You radiate innocence,
Your pure beauty emits fragrance
Of a new born, or a freshly blossomed rose
We are heavens apart,
Yet in my heart so close.
I have a pure heart and guileless soul,
This dream will you console?

Pensive

In this pensive mood
In these blues,
I feel again,I write again.
In this world
Of darkness and hate
Of love and pain.
Resonating with the cries of help,
Losing sense,It's meaningless,
The moving hand writes.
A life, a crime
Of the evil ghost,
And the good individual.
Evil deeds done by the ghost
By the hands of the individual.
How much more tears will i shed?
How much more will i hate myself?
How much torment will i endure?
How long will i be punished?
For something i didn't intentionally do?

A Tale of Tragedy

With a broken heart,
And a weary soul,
I walk alone.

With a tragic feeling,
These words; These worlds meaningless,
Of this life

Of lies,Hate,Indifference,Darkness
,Myth,Reality,Truth,Deception,Violence,Sins,
and above all

This tale of Redemption.

But now that redemption is complete,

The world is?

..Life is death,

Truth is a lie,

Hate is loved

indifference is welcomed

darkness is all pervasive

myth mixes with knowledge

reality is so unreal

Truth is apocalyptic,

Deception is all pervasive,

Violence is congenial

Sins are rewarded.

My impractical world of delusion

Is better than the insanity of the age,

Any day.