Poems

Shayan Sarkar

Blues I
By the river bed,
wild stones float,
and far ahead a lonely boat,
going down a dreamy road
enchanted!
Thou eyes of sunset,
do you know
the yearning of this heart?
For its love gone apart?
Leaving me lying like a stray stone
dying by the river bed?
Blues II

I will keep this for later.

This loneliness.

This pain.

This unending cycle of thunder and storm
that reign my heart:

I will let it remain.

Later when I am travelling on a distant train,
or on some nights of unending rain:
maybe then, maybe then
there will be time for
me and all the rhyme,
to sit and talk of my life in vain.
To Beloved

I know that you don’t think much of me.
But I in my foolish love
like a wayward dove float
in the blues of sky,
for a glimpse of your eye,
and your ignorance?
Let it be.

For I know that in the distant shores
where time crumbles to stones,
thou shall wait for me;
and I like a wave
will break upon thee.