

Sonali Chanda

Comrade

Not a single disembodied soul can be the weapon of any,
Let you despair, I never despair of you!
Perfect Comrade is there in my arms,
Perfect his gesture, my gratitude to the liberty,
Holding me sternly, he vowed to parallel his steps with me,
Now, some stranger's eye, where no more satisfaction there,
Blood stimulated poisonous cells of conspiracy,
stomach aching like the burning heart,
Such a despairing result, I can feel your deep despair, through your eyes,
No brain, no thoughts, all blanked with the departure of me
Time, or the constellation of stars,
Bewitched you, for your own transformation,
You're not my Comrade, cannot match your steps with me!!

Misty Clouds

Beside the colourful flags, writing your silhouette,
Before I could utter any word, you came to me and firmly stood,
Since so many years, I wandered enough,
Not a single one could able to make any stuff,
I thought there must be something wrong,
Almost trembling, when you held my hand!
Yet I was in wonder how that happened with me,
Without any exchange of words, you straightly owned me
The clouds, for which I was searching for,
In front of my eyes, what I continued to explore!
All seemed fake, though they're also manly enough,
Though their masculinity were pale, they tried to be tough.
And restless they are, pale are their magnetism,
As you came slowly close, tossing the misty fog's prism!
I journeyed enough, and at last found you,
Magnificent charisma mingled with misty fragrances too!

In bygone days, I met no such charming soul,
 Which hypnotised me with its pristine shadows!
 I regretted badly how much time I lost in search of you,
 In my surprise I found you were searching me too...!

Realization

The seventy two words I spelled to expose my pains ,
 The pains that's a wonderful cuisine for someone to gasp, on the other side, they are the
 inhaled breaths of you.
 In the midnight, all those pains have been swallowed by an unknown grave, beneath the pine
 trees, that are covered by mist and fog .
 In my dreams, I'd blow up my each breath that straightly inhaled by you, somewhere between
 the sunset and the night, someone is burning inside.

As I write my verses, I don't even care to arrange my hair clips, they're abundant pretty
 long ago, like some abundant nests of migratory birds.
 Summer rains would wash away the nests, where again winter will rearrange them like
 human life.

Aroma of clouds repeats those seventy-two words, to reminder me I would have been some
 other's lap.

Some rafflesias teaches us to resist, how it is necessary to notice the fragrance, it spread
 slowly with time.

Each flower and each petal teaches us the moral of our life, we need to learn.

They expose beauty and fragrance but inhale sufficient amount of harshness of time.

I have a certain ache that I murmur by myself, hiding from my beloved's notice,
 how some privileged have their winter shield, and some are still suffering in sheer cold.
 I don't like to barge into the social life, all I want is to fetch a corner in my own domain, to
 have some time endless, with my beloved.

Pale Eyes

Some pale eyes are watching unconsciously,
 Some broken hearts meet with some other broken hearts
 Hurting a soul is something like
 Meet with one's own replica once again die hard!
 Too much unbearable to put up with the life,
 That was already fragile, turned it messed,
 Managing somehow with some fair means or foul,

Blank eyes, knees close to chest!
Now you may realize what is to love with whole!
Wholeness never depicts your body, you must know,
Where soul meets with your soul, the wholesome Love grow,
You will realise never, serving your body to many
There will be enough supplies but you will never find any,
With the heart full of Compassion and passion both,
The promises are vague, false are the oaths!

About the Poet

Born in Suburban Kolkata, Sonali Chanda is an eminent photographer, poet, writer and blogger (<https://bloggermoon.com/2020/0>) whose poems and articles were published in *Spillwords*, *Different Truths*, and many other websites, web magazines and in different platforms of the literary world. She completed her Post Graduation in English Literature and Language from The university of Burdwan, followed by her Post Graduate degree in Wildlife photography from Delhi.

Her debut Travelogue *LADAKH: Enroute Tibetan Taboos* was launched in January 2020 from Salt Lake, Bharatiyam which appreciated and applauded by a large number of readers and book lovers. Her Debut novella "Love's FAINT Echoes " is about to be published by Authorspress, Delhi, very soon.