

Ode To Dandelion

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Cool wind, the desert's offspring,
A Dandelion dances following
The rhythm of the inmates of the land.
Upto my vision's end, only sand
Shows its appearance, which the sky
Touches and enjoys the beauty.
Though dry and hard stem,
Yet yellow flower taking a name
Sprouts, as it were, a soldier stands;
The flag of victory is in his hands
Depicting all not annihilated,
Makes us understand our duty.
Oh, Dandelion, if the human beings
Under the sun, after fights in rings
Are like thee and beautify nature
Even amidst sorrow to prove the feature
Of boundlessness, one's heart will be in tranquility

And sing the song of extreme peace,
Which is why, the passers-by
Having your faces gloomy, please try
To stop a little while to be tuned in Dandelion's lute.
Definitely, its negligible charming will make you mute!
Perhaps, other phenomena may get you drenched
But my pal, 'tis different and special as well! Don't miss.....

The Sob Of Heart

Upon the honeyed-middle of the night
When the city is wrapped up tight
In the valour of feel,
A gasping agony's sound
Followed by the bark of a bloodhound
Snatches sleeping of the hill.
My pen just halts to ruminate the cud of my past springs
And numbness covens me which brings
Unheeded but true story!
The last sigh of the knowledgeable heart,
Sweet journey of life which it fails to start
Pushes the nation back and faints glory.