

Poetry Series

Sachidananda Panda

- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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Sachidananda Panda()

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An avid learner, a Poet & Philosopher, published many articles in National and International Journals in the field of literature and other areas of Humanities. His Poems are aimed at revealing the core contours of life with motivational and realistic undertones. He holds different prestigious positions as Editorial Board Member of several Journals both National and International in the field of literature and multi disciplinary publications. He is known for his oratory and is a most sought after public speaker on matters of social concern.



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Rags

I had never been alone
Silence and loneliness
are my twin companions
we enjoy moments stale and tall
fence sitters at large and endless trolls
Despite the presence of others at large
Watchful eyes and Sneaky moves
Often have remained as shadows around

I took pleasure being there for them
Was little straight on face
To call a spade a spade
Being a fool as always, I am
I strolled around amidst the swarm

The nuanced cluster thought as own
They are part of the show
And I am the king
Never knew When I left myself on the way
In the epilogue of the 'Mela'
When was playing loud
I discovered my hands
Full of collected rags

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Sachidananda Panda

Being Human

Detachment!

It's an ambition rude
Adversity touchstones the mettle
On patchy terrains of lolling lust
Around the wild league of wanton bees
Inhibitions drop by a gentle gush
How long! Can stand the maiden Pollen
Eager and agog to mingle and mix
Dusting traces of isolation

Bees too have excuses many
Neon lamps are afraid of closed lids
Walking on the thin layers of silky curvatures
Deep, deep, and further deep
The golden deer fascinates the desolate
The musk molten maddens the passion
Aromas fill the emptiness within
Cuddling the pleasures primitive
To be Lost and get tangled in the wilderness

There is pleasure!
Feathers being ruffled wild
Nirvana is attained by; living the life as it comes
Despite sincerity and sacrifice
Often one needs to stay content
At the mercy of untamed ennui
Limitations seldom assuage the moorings
Pangs of a bruised heart
Commandments are meant to cripple
A horse warrior, on chained heels
Too poor to sustain the onslaught of time
This is perhaps! A slice of being just a human

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He Too, Loves!

He is a man
Oh yes! He will not cry□
The society has denied so
To a daughter, he is the first love
Quite undiplomatic before his child
Often straight to mend and chastise
Behind his Tough and Stubborn Look
He carries A Soft Heart Within
Clanged with Iron Hook

When Thou Are in Trouble
His Hands Would Be First to Stretch
Against All the Odds, He Is the Rescue
The World Around May Shed Tears
To Show Little Empathy or Compassion
When thou stumble on your mission
He Will Not Cry; He Is a Man
But Shall Stand Beside You Like a Rock
As an answer to all probabilities
His bones are wielded tough

He never shows, never tells
He never rejoices with your achievements
Shall never dance in mirth
He is a man, and before him, the society
He rather shall tread silent with a smile on lips
To hide all his exultation under A blank look
When he doesn't hold your hand, he is an assurance
When he does, it's a firm commitment
He is the incarnation of selfless sacrifice
An Embodiment of love and kindness in one being

If thou are a skeptic still to ask how much he loves
Just hug him tight to listen his beats
Hold his chin with coupled palms
look straight in his eyes, if you can
Why thou count a few drops of tears
They did shed as signs of loving emotion?
Behind the pale lids of thy Father

You would notice the entire ocean
He is a Man and for his child
The unwavering protection
He has his anguish, his constraints and woes
He will not reveal to any and shall never cry!
Since, the society has denied so
Never question but remember, He too, loves!

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Parallel Lines

When time frightens you
Think of the green orchard
Look in the mirror to say
Neither the stars have lost the glitter
The cloud's wishes to chill
A heart broken by misfortune
Can't be assuaged by Only a dream

Tell the nightingale to sing again
Lullabies of yesteryear
Close your eyes to feel the pulse
The intimate Rhymes between
the sky and the earth.
Soaked deep in the torrential rain

Thorns were there then
They shall remain so
one needs bones of steel
to win a battle
a gush of fresh air to blooms
Who said the desert is happy sans a rain?
The oceans don't wish to be dry?
It's another matter perhaps
They did choose the other way
The path of never-ending suffocation
Longing for each other ...
As Two Parallel Lines...

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My Teacher! My Guide!

My Mentor! My Pride!

On 4th of April two zero twenty two
You wanted to breathe
Breathed deep and the best
As you wanted to leave the din and bustle
Of the days wrangling, hard put on you
Shrinking shoulders wearily though
Eager to lie on pillows soft
A sound sleep, a happy retreat
For the day's routine was perhaps over

Never knew; you won't wake up
To see the morning flock
The clarion call of the world around
The day's news of Ukrainian war
Cheerleaders of I P L nor the pleading peddlers
Soaked eyes of Kith and kins
Nothing could wake you up there for the day
Crimson red daubed on thy forehead
Told me, that it was perhaps the end

My hand phone won't ring every alternate day
Your voice so endearing shall stop to say
Axioms of myriad hues,
Intricacies of themes and substances
Nuances both thick and thin
You taught me, as a teacher,
In you sir! I found a friend

I look up in the sky, my eyes could reach
To see thy face, a spark of smile
That must be hiding somewhere, I think!
Amongst the clustered sparks
At the other side of the patchy clouds
I search for thy presence in the thin air
Inside the soft layers of the soothing breeze
Through the lines and letters of memoirs many
We shared, together in our prolonged ride

You had never been short of Blessings,

As a fountain head of encouragement for me
Keep on! March on! Were always on thy lips
Holding my hand through the terrains tough
You led me to hatch the herculean tasks
"Keep your chin High! " You said me once
Criticisms if stiffen your move
Try to listen your heart.
I shall miss you sir! Always and ever
Alone on the track you led me through
On which, I have just learned to walk
Wherever you are I seek thy blessings
You are, and shall always remain as
My Teacher! My Guide! My Mentor! My Pride!

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Addiction

Men have different habits
Call it a second nature
Or the aberration
They can't stay without.
Some smoke to feel happy
Many are after the drinks
A few chew tobacco
To get the jinx
Snake bites come after that
Opium or brown sugar
Myriad narcotics
Give it any name
Am' no gentleman though
But!
My only addiction
When thou smile at me
With glitters on thy floral lips

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Savior

I wanted to sink
You gave me the depth
When I was pinning for Death
Thou laid thy bosom and said
"Take rest! "
I never had a need beyond
Of Anything thereafter
Thou have become
The essence of my life
Thou are My savior

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Scratch

Things don't happen on dots of arithmetic
It's neither circular nor a straight line
We design and give it the shape
The way we choose

It's not something off and on
Switching priorities
Not even a love-hate relationship
I may not make it

Am for more power, more fire
Dispensable hours of togetherness
Certainly, not a swing between
To be and not to be

Let's not be apprehensive!
What lies at the other end of the sky?
Clouds have silver linens too
Let's give it a try!
Ventilating the emotion, buried long
Let's give wings to the muted passion
On a mission to reach the lost horizon

Don't ask me questions many
What happened to the heart?
Am scared to squander the times left
Wish not to answer that
Let's look in the eyes straight
In harbouring the emotions on planes
We deem as right
Let's begin from the scratch

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Too Big

This is unbecoming of you
Not as a man but a nation
That claims as the saviour of the world
Champion of human rights
Torch-bearer of liberties
I should not say; shame on you!
Yes! Am ashamed to say so
Hey! Your Honour, Mr. Joe

Ineptitude at its height
Incompetence is let loose
A Senile and a sacrosanct
Tall claims with chicken's heart
I had never seen before
The man in the ivory tower
So helplessly Browbeaten
Dictated by bunch of hooligans

Go hell! I don't bother
Though Hell is still honourable for you
You have let the country down
Expectations of Allies
Trust of partners
You have failed the pride of a mother
The sacrifice of the brave hearts
The toil and tears of twenty years
Hey! Your Honour Mr. Joe
Take rest! The job is too big for you

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Companion

We Draw the Tracks
We fall in the manholes
Of our own making
We keep the courage to tame
The stallions of Tomorrow
Despite the discipline
Hermits stumble too
While making amends
To the rugged ridges of yesterdays

A miser would have lent me a smile
To see the clouds pass by
Thou but turned away
When I needed them most
Am not scared though
And have taken a vow
Let me walk alone
If heaven is to fall by
Let it fall!
Instead of the floral bloom
I have chosen the thorns,
As my new companion

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Job Satisfaction

Happiness and anguish
Are derivatives of our actions
In our exploration
Of the joys and perils
Of modern workplaces,
Often evokes a sense to notice
What other people are up to
All day and night, hell-bent
To make the frenzied world around,
Function, and be on wheels

With an eye of intuition
And the characteristic combination
Of wit and wisdom, one is out
On a journey around, to harness
From the elective range of occupations,
Starting From rocket science
To chocolate manufacturing,
From Art to Accountancy
In search of the ideal one

In the tussle of maximization
Between profile, purse and personality
One dwindles between portals
From pillars to post
But, the results...!
Much to one's dismay
Instead of it being soul fulfilling
It turns out to be self-destroying
To get tangled in the web
Of attrition and arbitration
Then it was an art of survival
Probably! Now you call it as "Work";
The show goes on
In search of satisfaction
That never comes

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Care

I had never been alone
When you were there
I lived with my dreams
When you left
I live, with thy memories
Counting the steps trodden
Collecting Pebbles left along
Heeding their laughter and agonies
Making a garland out of all those
I put it on my neck, beads by beads
Sitting on the shore, I stretch my eyes
Beyond the horizon, across the streams

While recollecting the moments,
Blink, by blink
From behind the pale clouds
I often hear a call,
Some known whisper
Of southern breeze
That comes caressing to sit beside
Filling my ears...
Don't worry!
I was then and there too,
Am here as well
Always with you
because!
It's not just a relationship,
We shared
It was love, a promise,
Of an unconditional care

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The Untold

It took too long to spell
A dream, to add wings to fly
Half a smile, a glance on turn
As I looked afar the horizon
It came, came on its own,
Crawling, stumbling, still smiling
Carrying the immortal lexis on lips
After a couple of decades, plus one

Often I visited the place, then
With numerous pleas or excuses'
Just to find a space to transpire
Of course! Not on politics or world affairs

I wanted to map the quiver on thy lips
The endearing warmth of thy speech
Thou as tore the leaves of yellow boughs
Drunken eyes as were then dug deep
I wanted, for once at least
They should wake up to meet my eyes

Happy to know, for moments though
You too, felt the same call, well within
To steal a look, or to sneak a glance
Holding thy chin to ask;
Ah! This time too, missed the chance
To tell, the untold

Those moments are here now,
Enliven ashes have become aspirations
Building the edifices of Dreams
Altars of different heights
Weaving scrappers to touch the skies
Adding myriad hues, spicing up life
Creating a space for mutual delight
And, above all ... cementing the gloom
On Enemy's face,
As they end up
In scratching their own heads

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Let's Refuse The Dead

Why do we argue like this?

I am tired!

Of all your spurious talks, believe me!

I am tired of all the bald trees

Just leave them alone, on side walks

Who has the time to listen?

Come on! Look aside

Few steps ahead, let's find the green fields

Let the graveyard, stay busy with the dead.

Polish thy nails long rusted in the mud

How long to blame! How much is enough?

Snail is good, If not the pace of a horse

Crazy cats too, often scratch at each other

No drought of preachers, thin lipped

No dearth of scapegoats, wily breeds

Rags too carry stories untold

No wonder! If we can start anew

From scattered blocks and pieces, At least!

On terms choicest, Can give it a new name

Let's refuse the Dead, to find a new Heaven.

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Early 70s

Call us wanton, call us naughty
We too, ran after flirty butterflies
Watched floating clouds in the skies over our head
Stole berries from trees, in the neighbours' garden
In the stormy seclusion, on a drizzling night
Did light a lantern with an ounce of kerosene
While frogs did shout at us, to go early to bed
Dripping drops on leaves, on roofs thatched
Heard lullabies, while in mother's grab
When thunder coupled with lightening clasp

Were told about the phantom and the king
Stories of ghosts or the old witch
While drooling and waking, in grandpa's lap
Drank the nectar of tales, the telling art
God and vampire a unique mix
Rich axioms of life, explained bit by bit

Still we remember, can't be forgotten ever
Dance of canes for being caught on the spot
While stealing few coins from Papa's pocket
If we deny this fact in everyone's life
Probably, it would be one of the best told lies

Days were funny, night pleasant
Restless afternoon amongst the friends
Bold and daring to chase and run
Docile and disciplined in the evening
Because! Papa was home

We thought it probably a life infinite
Death and disease for us
Were, all regressive themes
We are the cats, we are the kites
We know the art, how to acclimatize
We are stubborn, we are tough
We know the trick to win any fight
We are the children of early seventies

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A Pulse

I do carry a heart clean
Purest to the core, A pure mind
A white sheet
My intentions, my attitude,
Give it any name, as you choose
Have always been genuine and deep
May you choose, to leave me by choice
Yet! Make no mistake!
I would have nothing to lose
By any such haste, or the mess
Rather!
You would lose a love, a pulse
And a Friend

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The Unsung Hero

A life, replete with numerous upheavals,
A journey that was rooted on resilience,
A relentless attitude to win and achieve
Newer heights, beyond the common reach
A heart that felt the pulse of the ignoble mass,
A man who sang the hymns
Of the glories of the nation's past
And of the state always on lips,
The eyes that saw the generations ahead,
A selfless Samaritan, a visionary,
A patron of modern science,
An aviator by profession, a military strategist,
A thinker, a daring smart pilot
Who could shake the British apple cart,
An eagle against all vicious storms,
The flag bearer of Jammu and Kashmir
To add it, to India's Map,
The unsung hero of the Indian freedom struggle,
A crusader against corruption,
An adored character across political circles,
A nationalist above politics,
A 'Bharat Ratna' by his own rights,
The gallant warrior who saw the thrill
And thunder of the Second World War,
As a soldier, a warrior
As chief Commander of Royal Indian Air force
A saviour of Indonesian pride,
The 'Bhoomi Putra' of the Island nation,
The incarnated Kharavela of Kalinga,
An ardent exponent of science and technology
The architect of modern Odisha, 'The Avtar'
And the list becomes endless to be attributed
To a revered personality in the hearts and minds
Of the people of Odisha, as an epic, an Icon, a legend,
The multifaceted character, the Phoenix,
And, the pride of Odisha, 'Biju patnaik
I bow in homage

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Vulgarity

It's vulgar for some
And for them as well
As it doesn't satiate
Their bellicose vein
Wishes lurch and languish
On the mattress of deep sighs
Mourn in the morning
Weeping all the day
Evening fills the nerves
With cheap intoxication
Of some country made beverage
Days pass by nights as usual
One thing that never goes
Their attitude, a foul-mouthed bang

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Rats

There is a desire for happiness
You, me or they, on different terms
No wonder! If one doesn't
To harness the possibilities
Weighing the opportunities at far ends
Often one stumbles to bite more
Than the appetite to digest

A mad rush for the crown
Hurried accomplices on shortcuts
Joisted by accolades, treading the untrodden,
Envy and avarice hoist the flag of bravery
An evil design, a hand in glove

Sprinkling of perfumes seldom shall sweeten
Dried pearls on pink cheeks
Dimorphic vegetarians too wish to mate
The sweetness of an early spring
Dictating terms under bifocal lenses

Destiny plays pivots as always; Remember!
Unheard, unseen fears though loom large
A Half eyed too walks the track
Waiting for the turn of the fate
To award the boons of perspiration
Quite on the queues, long-drawn by time

Destiny smiles behind the scene
Life moves like a field rat, on tip toes
Along the thin layers of wild Grass
Clocks trick Surreptitiously
As a spoiler to the unholy apple cart
Under the darkened eyelids
To silence all the dear desires

Life's agonies are endless
Mosquitoes too sing songs to charm
Much agile and stout I am to rise
Despite the potholes dug deep

To snatch the crown by own rights
Unhurt and wise, to surprise the rats.

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Either Way

Some say, Am' happy
I too, Exhibit
Signs of success to some,
But, I know!
Am' on the run
Chasing a transitory goal

If am able to reach there
I promise!
To tell you bare
And to all who care

If I fail to meet and stumble
Don't worry!
I would tell you too
The count of sores, Taste of tears
Stains of pain, both loss and gain
The warmth of the loo,
Unnerving fears, While on the move

It would certainly broaden thy smile,
If I succeed
If I fail,
Make no mistake!
I will still smile for you
Sans an iota of anguish,
Wading away, the crippling weeds

It's certainly wonderful,
To have a cap with feathers
No need to bother, If it doesn't
It would add pages, At least!
To the lessons learnt
Either way, am' the winner.

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Crossroads

No need of monsters to torment hard
No vampire to suck, thy marrow n' blood
Layer by layer, maybe! Slice by slice
It eats you up, a mind apprehensive

Under the guise of a benefactor own
One step forward to quickly disown
Like blunted spikes of trekkers shoes
Does more of harm as an affix to the woes

On wings in a moment across the hill
On reverse slingshot back on the drill
Bulged surfs of blues on shore tranquil
Scratching in privy on a brazen giggle

Stars and swans often craft the cloud
Cluster of crickets all nocturnal sounds
When jazzy drums mix with grey 'Ghazals'
Life stands still, at desolate crossroads

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A Compromise

I have learned it in a hard way
Some by chance, few by accident
By observation and resilience
Fighting with the self-made kings and queens
Demigods of their own makings

I was not always a winner though
Sometimes I had a hefty hey
The other, perhaps! Were not my day
I was crushed and hammered along a cruel bash
My Dreams were trampled quite young and harsh
Each time I had to start afresh
To keep my promise on to myself

I owe to a vow, a pledge
I won't change with Age
It's a matter of my own choosing
Better to die in a battle
Than to flee from the stage
The day I quit, to face them straight
The day I deceive my self- commitment

Ignorance can be overcome
Inexperience is a temporary stuff
A win or a defeat bridge the hour glass
Day follows night as law of the universe
One is not born to live for a thousand years
Things shall go on, with you or without
But! Once a compromise made with self
It's a life defeated, worse than the death

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An Ambiguity

Few more minutes probably left
Before the day retires to rest
In a doleful slumber of the night
I was in a hurry to meet
A moment long cherished
As if to satiate the rough winds
Long-lost in the woods of memory
Unsettled, yet! Unruffled by time

I stood still counting every second
On my wrist watch, the second hand
Perhaps was over drunk
To cross the distance, stepping aside
Often like my eyeballs, unsteady enough
To look around, inspecting the arrival
Of the desired hour

The lone street dog had no job; Instead!
Watch around me from a safe distance
At times, pretending to ignore
My existence, in its den
Although I was awed by its peep
I tried to collect myself well within
To ignore the mess, to declare in haste
Don't worry! You are the boss, and the king

While negotiating an agreement
With my new friend,
It was time for a brisk chase
The wintry winds, clouds overhead
Like the peels of some seasonal oranges
Littered all over the streets, I reached the lane
Amid vehicular twist and turns, the lone hub

It was a moment of accomplishment
Sweet and dear, few tussles, few tears
Couple of silences, added to the essence
A pale look on the face answered all
The woes, hidden long behind the smiles

Before I depart, my moment simply asked
Need an answer; be honest to say!
Am I the victim, or the culprit?

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2021

Pray!

F R E E D O M
From the duress of 2020
Be the first priority
Vaccine or no vaccine
May the New Year be
The harbinger of Peace

H A P P Y N E W Y E A R
2 0 2 1

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Wallet

Like an obedient child or a stooge
Depending on the master's mood
Like few dotes, scribbled rough
They Pop up and down at regular intervals
Adding riches to the beggar's bucket
On the display boards of the streets
On lipstick corners or at the green grocers

Fatter they become, thinner they grow
On the verticals of weird angles
They pop up on the giggles of the fish market
Adding comforts to moments few
They exhale their hearts out
On the moles of bare bosoms

On the 'varanda' of a profile upright
To set the brows to be on its place
For committed mistakes on check posts
They pop up every now and then
Pampering a false vanity

The ordeal never stops there too
They pop up to fill, the whims of the boss
Neighing neighbours at odds
In the beakers at a beer bar
To make the night look greener

They pop up to heal the past
Between the faces of today and tomorrow
They like to stay in limbo, dwindling
Weighing the possibilities,
Prioritizing between
How to have a double ham in one go

Things come to a stand still
No pop up or no will,
Listed long on dotted lines
On torn pages of compromises
They appear popped off

Sans a spine to sustain
The onslaught of time

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Experience

I wanted a chance to be there
A scope to grow and flair
A reason to live a life
A route, a respite
The other side of the fence
As painted greener though
Am' willing to cross the hurdles
Be it the responsibility or the burdens

I wanted this may be heard
I have the skill, the keel too
To face the west wind or the loo
The stumbling blocks on the flow
I can wade through, while on the go
I wanted to plunge into the depth
Cross the oceans or the sandy swath
I wanted to 'Die' before I depart
But! Every time a firm 'No'
Came crashing at my ears end
You Can't Die! Because;
You have no experience of Death

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Effigy

I Refuse To See Things As They Are
It's Not by Choice but by Habit
I Have Long Developed Multilayered Webs
In MY Mind, Criss-cross of Unseen Fears
Of Tangled Emotions
And of Stringent Laws
Imposed Bottlenecks
The Society Around
The Society within Society
Their Fostered Egos
All Are Claimants
Of A Fair Share
An Attention, a Respect
No One Bothers
Since When!
For Their Egos to Meet
I Lost Myself
Bit by bit



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Thorn In Throat

In absence of apt reciprocation
It hurts! And hurts the most
To be in love with someone
But!
It's probably painful
To be in love with someone
And never find the courage
To tell him or her,
How does one feel for...
And it remains for ever
As a thorn in the throat

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Gratitude

It can be no better than this
To find people who come forward
Even out of their way
To lend a helping hand
When one needed them most
As a respite, a ray of Hope

Because! You never know
Maybe, the person in trouble
Is not in a position to ask for the same

This is no charity
Rather, A show of gratitude
To have been born as human
A generous grace of the Almighty

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Mind

To control my mind
I asked it quite sternly
At least, to stop for a while
Without thinking of anything
Good or bad, happy or sad
It was a grand success indeed!
For all those blank hours
It went on thinking
"What not to think"

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MEMORIES

Life moves on...!
Time trots and gallops fast
But! Human mind is too cunning
To lead one again and again
To the same old story, left long back...

One may lock up or get locked down
That hardly makes any difference...
With one's will or without
It keeps the wound green...
Despite reluctance

I might have tried several times
To wipe and erase from my mind
Only to fail in the end, since I know
Every cell of my body, the blood in my vein
Keeps the fire burning
Songs of the past and the strains

To forget the past is not possible
Memories are littered all around
Maybe I don't remember lot many things
Or I may question if ever they did exist
But often, I have heard them say
My grandfather still sits on my nose
The way I talk or walk tell the stories
of some remote ancestry
My face, my eyes, all carry the imprints
Of long-lost souls in the depth of skies
To make my very existence
As a gross accumulation of memories

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SWEETNESS

Sweetness of love so sweet to say
To repel all darkness afar yesterday
The air fills with a captivating fragrance
Of passion, of pleasure and of romance
Elements of anguish get little to say
Of pain, of sorrows, and of rage
A heart that beats, for a heart to meet
On the Flair of fire where glees do greet
To mix and mingle being together on dance
With mirth and joy all in abundance

Earth to ether from abyss to space
Cloud by cloud every turn and thread
Muted lips grow garrulous at length
Dreams of tomorrow gain more of strength
The world there around add varied colors
Far off distance or the indelible fears
Behind the colored glasses one meets
A timid too wishes to brave a fight
When all the difficulties under the skies
Resemble as trivial, small and sweet.

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Pleasure Of Burning

When you are engulfed in hopelessness
And the darkness frightens all around
Don't lose your heart!
Stop a while to look back
A lone candle is still burning bleak
To dispel the darkness under your feet
No expectation, wishes no favour
Yet keeps burning
simply because! It finds pleasure
in burning for you...

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Me

Love has been a force of change to reckon with
As it teaches one perhaps more about life
Giving hope and something to look forward to
Than anything else one ever could.
It shows the way one needs to adhere to
It teaches the concept of beauty
Every single substance daubed in it
Is capable of doing a miracle

It has made me understand that it's always 'we'
Whatever we wish to do and undo or weave
It has been the Cure for all our woes,
The essence of all we want to be
Above all, As a beacon of possibilities
It has unequivocally shown me the way
And has fondly introduced
Me to me.



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BOUNDARY

Boundaries are built everyday
One has to create one's own
If one door shuts to cope
Find the other way to the top
Trying is no crime anyway
Bottlenecks won't stay aloof
Criticism being the vital part of life
If bows are broken it's foolish to give-up
One has to test both tooth and nail
To have a win in the strife

Contradictions complicate the sight
After all they too are children of the mind
One who rebels is no superhuman
But carries the courage to fight
Healing is possible too through the herbs
No need to run for super hospitals
A willingness to walk the un-trodden track
One has to give up the fear of the thorns

Confidence doesn't require assistance
Dependency douses the fire
No need to have a broad breast
Of hundred inches to win a battle
A simple heart within soaked in love
Few drops of tears to wipe the gull
An ounce of empathy, a bouquet of sympathy
Knees that can bend to lift the fallen
Palms that can fold to honour and respect
The Head that bows before knowledge
A simple smile on lips as always
Are all one needs to excel in life
Be it a battle, s struggle or strife
In creating new boundaries
Of pleasure, of perfection, and of peace

Sachidananda Panda

U S A 2020

The day is here
It's 3rd November 2020
Million minds on ballot paper
Some trillion eyes worldwide
Fixed to the down slide
From the heights of manifestos
Manifestations, promises,
Accusations, and counter-accusations
Beating of drum, claps and gunshots
Muscle flexing on matters
Of domestic and on strategic corners

After all it's the Oldest Democracy
Land of freedom and individual liberty
Mudslinging and potshots at each other
Russian Trump or Chinese Biden
On debates amid the pandemic
Finally, has come to an end
For another four years

Gun sells have surged
Like never before
Amid fears and apprehensions
Of clash and the aftermath
Between two warring factions
The world is watching in silence
With a hope that things don't escalate

Economy is on ventilator,
Warrants oxygen and not slogans
Life matters! Be it black grey or white
Quite easy to fuel the fire of civil strife
For one's nefarious politics
The sound of a coin is louder now
Than the bell of the church
Rats have made deep cuts in pockets
In the elephants fight, the grass suffers

Throats are being cut for cartoons everyday

Freedom of speech is at stake
Fanaticism, authoritarianism, prowls peak
On archipelagoes and on blue waters
Unsettling the turban of weaker heads

Are in wait for things to settle early
Agog to find means of a torch-bearer
When the continents are in shambles
Brexit or fix it,
It requires one TO LIVE UP TO IT
That Demands 'Leadership'

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A Private Affair

Because. I know...

Your pleasure lies with me
And certainly not without
I do ignore all your venomous spouts.

When you are on the height of your
Usual squabbling gear
I prefer to combine silence and patience
To wade through the Hailstorm

When others feel proud of me
As a man of pure perfection
For you Dear! Am' a lazy Baboon
Or a deceptive chameleon

This has never been a matter of concern
Because, a few in this planet are fortunate
To have such a quarrelsome companion
Need I say? It's always wise to stay tuned
Or go grin at, such ravenous accusation
Since I know; It's typical of you,
To express affection

When you shout... Why am late...?
I Swear; I Understand the Entire Text,
What are next...
It's not the case only with me
All the designated Brave men
Are fortunate to foster similar destiny
It makes no difference
If they wish to admit or not
Many things still remain in life
As fair, pleasant and a dignified
Between a Whinny Volta-face
And- a hushed up, private affair.

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A Bloody Battle

It feels like things are recurrent with me
Maybe the austerities of living a life
Are fond of, a chosen victim
Some call it anxiety, or the yearning
Opinions differ, yet! Count on matters
The connotations too, on contexts

Hounded by history, hunted dear
Every minute event around
Replicate the obsolete story
To become lively again and again
Reminding the erroneous crammed lines
The fault wasn't perhaps yours or mine

The moon, the floating clouds
The early birds or the groovy tunes
Whispers in arms we shared on isles
Often mixed with the rustle of the leaves
Drenched in, for hours in the loo
Unmindful of myriad verticals
On brows of frayed countenance
Spring coloured the smiles on leaps

All those have become monuments
Carved on thin airs of memory
Yet! When it blows
It blows deep to suffocate
Maybe thou have forgotten those
Maybe you did choose it wise
How could you do it?
With such an ease!
When; those are resilient to sit on my ribs

Tell me! The secret, if you could
Why! It hunts and hurts the most
Eyes that have drained to the drop
Now struggles to find means
To ventilate the choked up smokes
Of isolation and ennui,

It bleats in silence
Instead of tears ... it bleeds
Perhaps! Am yet to be vanquished
In the bloody battle between
Remembrance and forgetfulness

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The H E L L

16th Oct like any other day
After the Morning Prayer
I was out on my bike
Amid the Covid fears
Cautious, careful, yet!
Chasing to meet the routine chores,
For the days harvest
Unaware of the design of the destiny
Waiting to snatch my smiles away
Miles apart...!
Helped by two competing cars
Too impetuous and rash on roads
To dash me from back
Despite the fact
That I was on the right track

I was thrown off my bike
Like any projectile to land on
Around twenty feet at a distance
Lying flat on the city street
Covering a patch of six feet four inches
Crashing my helmet and broken collar bones
Unconscious, to draw the attention
Of the passers-by, a few Samaritans
To pick me up from there, sprinkle water
On my head and face to get me back to sense

With all my courage in the spur of the moment
I could make few calls to my relatives
One of my student colleagues
The clustered hands there around
Somehow made me reach hospital at unit-6
The scatterbrains were not around then
Perhaps! Were too early to conclude
That am dead! To flee from the spot
Without an iota of sympathy, or empathy
To have crippled me for the rest of my life
I won't curse on you nor beseech
You don't deserve either

Sans a sense of pity in you
You are no human

Days passed by, as I struggled on hospital bed
Scissors had a free play on my body
In the theatres of doctors dictations
Tied to the strings' of cruel discipline
A free bird under siege, still alive!
Weeks have passed; am yet to get back
To anything one may call as near Normal
Unaware of the duration it would take
When, living a usual life is at stake
I still thank God, the master of all
Take my life! If you wish it so
Pray! Not to grant on me, so much of pain
Not even to those; who on me,
Caused this hell.

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A Rare Species

All other species on the planet
Are far better than humans
To predict natural calamities
Far more accurate than the Doppler
Disasters, quake or eruption
Drought, tsunami or thunder shower
Much in advance due to their sensory, or
because they live closer to nature
Animal, insects' reptiles, or amphibians
All have their typical behaviour

To observe them, adds to one's experience
To be careful about the imminent dangers
My prolonged study on such matters
Certainly have made me a bit wiser
To pull up my socks much earlier
As if, in all of these species, I notice!
A true Samaritan or a Natural fortune-teller

When lizards drop themselves from the roof
To commit suicide, or When in my kitchen
Cockroaches go berserk to sniff
The repeller spray bottle on their own
When rats go crazy to run amok
To throw themselves into the trap

I rush to the front door, before the knock
With a bouquet of flowers,
And a glass of cold water,
Stapling a forced smile, to welcome
My Great! Sweet little, Mother in Law
A rare species! Probably best known to God
Hard to bear, but difficult to ignore

D A W N

One may wish to weave a time
Salubrious and conductive prime
Smiles have myriad colours
Some are sombre some are bright
Tides seldom scale the force of wind
As Choices walk on the lands of slime

Uncertainty rules the roost
Hope is resilient though...
Despite the peccadilloes on the way
The march goes on and on...
Relentless; for the new dawn

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The Inconsolable

I Have Never Been Afraid of My Shadows
They Remind Me of Your Presence
Always And Around
Consoling My Inner self
The Inconsolable
In
Thy absence

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Prerogative

Come what may
I decided to pick up the pen
Felt sad, felt sorry
Was happy despite the worries
I did choose the pen
To reveal and rise

I am not one amongst many
Maybe one out of the mess
I did pick up the pen to undress
The pent-up emotions,
To vent out the clustered smokes
Burning long within
To give them a scope to find the sky
In this vast sprawling oblivion
Amidst immense possibilities
I thought it wise to give life
Yet another chance to fly on free wings

Reluctance was there in the beginning
A feared recluse, as Unseen vampires
Frightened with the repercussions many
Customs, traditions, anklet tags
Chains at every turn and the rituals
Cloaks of vanity, propriety or persona
Long adhered to often strangled strong
To breathe free, as I dwindled between
Right or wrong, fixing priorities.

It's too much now, to raise a voice
Rise above the suffocation and haste
The web of priorities is over now
I picked up the pen and have taken a vow
To be, become, or behave apt and straight
The way life presents itself on my way
No mirroring, no matching, not to tread
The trodden track, rather!
Live it fullest to the brim and brink
Either I choose to float or sink

All together comprise
My sole Prerogative

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Speechless Speech

While negotiating my steps alone on the slippery pavement
Amid the nauseating evening air after a mild drizzle
My eyes could rest on a pallid geometry at a distance
Neighbouring few stray dogs and orphaned animals
The dingy odour of drenched animals mixed with
The serpentine drainage that flowed nearby
To clear my query, I closed in to inspect

To my utter dismay and surprise I could discover
A pair of sparkling eyes staring with unease
Unkempt strands of loose locks covering the face
under the tattered garments, too less to hide
Sketches of ribs being wet and shivering wild

It was enough to ignite a convulsion, some rare spasm
Unnerving my entire limbs to move further, even a step
Those wistful eyes caught me captive and shackled my legs
Testing the strings of inhibitions and my upbringing
To feel the immediate needs sans any ambiguity
The Cold silence wrought on her face
Perhaps! Was desperate for some help

I looked around perturbed to find ways and means
If I could do something to bring some respite
As I could notice an approaching vendor on a trolley
Dispensing tea, without much delay I had to rush in
To get two cups of tea and had to scurry to reach at
Before words are exchanged two trembling hands
Crept out of the confinement to receive
One, after another, slurped by every drop
Two drops of tears came rolling from those blank eyes
Signalling a sense of relief

I can poorly recollect when, during those few moments of stay
How it squeezed out tears in me with awe and empathy
As The orange street lamps were sickening under the fog
Amid the curious mixture of vehicular horns and wailing dogs
I was witness to the ordeal under the broken rest -shed
Finding distinction between life's different forms

The finest creation of God and of the stray dogs
On A Tate-a-Tate with poverty,
By means of speechless speech

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Tamed Horse

I do loiter on the brinks
Of some unseen pleasant theme
A soulful horizon of assumed fraternity
For some obvious reasons
like you and they, as all in the fray
I, too, seek a blanket of security
To be forgiven or be ruled out of a divine whip
The fair or foul plays around, all morbid things
On this planet of habitual chores

I must feel safe, Am human! Beyond doubt
I don't advocate the same for other species though
As they live a life of their own, and certainly!
With the blissful ignorance of their mortality
No 'Yamraj' to boil them in the cauldron
No whip of time, no Test of serenity
No curse, no duty, no vice, but raw instincts
That plays the ultimate and absolute
To dictate the essence of their life

I am afraid of all those from infancy
As fed and inculcated, planned and designed
Perhaps for reasons obvious
I should mend my ways different
From those of the other species
Not to become an animal
But certainly an animal with conscience
And am human on discovery
The projected fears have probably added to it
A sense of good, great, and noble things
Sans all that raw instincts
Am a tamed horse stuck to the saddle
And bridled to a sense of Eternity

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S I M P L I C I T Y

To greet the Day I was out there
With The Morning sun as it smiled
On every bud and blooms
Flanked by the humming of the bees
Simple as it is, it was as before

Ants were agile to scurry for day's harvest
Along their kith and kin, no fight, no unrest
Like a disciplined army on a mission, the quietest
No trumpeting of valour, No fanfare
Simple as it is, it was as before

The fishes underneath the blue bodies
At times displaying novel acrobatic
To welcome a new dawn
The golden rays as reflect on the surface
To elicit all the fun, as a matter of habit
Simple as it is, it was as before

The roar of the tiger, hoots of an owl
Grunt of sheep, howls and growls
Bleat or chirp, rustle of leaves
Bark of a shark or Dolphin's click
All have remained same in tone and tenor
Simple as it is, it was as before

I met an old friend on my way by chance
Richer by few pounds in geometric match
His attire, look and gesture
Voice and tone, had all signs of power
Quite modest on measured speech
Politically correct, but lacked the warmth
That we shared long before
Now with a clear distinction
Simple as it is, it was as never before

With a heavy heart I returned wise
Searching for reasons, and Time and again
Asking to find; what was wrong with it?

Despite all the affluence, power and riches
Can't we live with a bit of Simplicity?
Simple as it is, it was as before

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Dark S U N

I Was One amongst Many
Multiples of Ten Perhaps!
Would be a Good Number
Aspirations had Wings of Skylarks
There was surge in hidden hydrosis
Encouraged by the claps of the thunder
The dark clouds overhead
None could deny of more showers
But too much of courtesy somehow
Could predict the fact that
The face of the sun was darkened by
A fish in the Drawer

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Toes

Pain has no language
some bury it within
some allow it to flow
along the streams of tears
Some hide behind pretentious smiles
But some choose to walk extra miles
Because...! Despite myriad woes
life has to go on, be it on toes

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F I R E

Now am Burning
In the flames of thy poisonous smile
And You Know, You are The antidote
To put out that fire in Me

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V E N O M

I wanted to Sink In your love
Never knew...
There was venom on your lips

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P A T H

If my absence doesn't
make any difference
My presence won't ever
It's better we learn to walk
on the paths chosen

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Impression

Don't expect! They may fall apart
Never Demand! They might reject
Don't push oneself to the corner
It's possible, they would react
Never allow to be taken for granted
Too soon they may treat you as unwanted
The law of attraction is quite simple here
Be the way you are, sans any makeover
And, it can be no better than this
As the best way to weigh over the other
To make an impression

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A Fall

Your smile!
So simple and unblemished
That makes me
Time and again
Feel... and Fall in love with you

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Tete-A- Tete

Some may agree
Some would certainly disagree
A few would bunk off and scurry
Some may try to wink and bury
Yet! None can ever deny the fact
That, Every phrase or maybe half of it
That flows out of a poet's pen or an artist
Is no less than a hushed up tete-a-tete
With their own self

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Resilience

This has never been my motto
To wait for the storm to pass by
with the wings of an eagle
A heart and feet of the Peacock
I know how to dance in the rain

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'She' Could Be 'cobra'

While narrating an incident
My friend said, He saw a cobra on the way
She was nice to look at, with a decent hood mark
Down the neck, quite adult, with sharp features,
Prominent two circular ocellipatterns
Connected by a curved line
Making the mistake of a delicate curvature
Of any beauty queen

Her tongue as usual was forked
Always agile and out to frighten or bite
It was nothing unusual but a matter of habit
As he tried to be a charmer to win her soul
Minutes passed, and he discovered himself
As a patient of memory loss
Blinded by sedation out of a deep sting,

I was angry then to grill him with all admonitions
To ask, what was the need of such foolish action?
Trying to charm or the weird efforts to tame
Why do you call it as 'she' and a 'Beauty Queen' ?
The answer he made was quite surprising
He said; don't read too much into it!
You won't find much difference between

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I Too Cry

If you wish so I would do
All that you would never be able to
Speak, whisper, shout or bleat
Am your silent mate, I can write!

Your sorrows, sufferings, anguish or pain
Emotions, both fair or foul profit or loss
All six seasons on land or abyss
I can write and record, won't take it amiss
I can work for, sans any wish of gain
Am your trusted warrior, though lanky and lean

I smile with you, I revolt alongside
I am the rebel against the impending vice
I prefer not to skip the promises made
I keep the guts to call a spade a spade

Am resilient against all odds too hard to bear
But, I too cry! When blunted on court orders

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S E C R E T

The secret to success is secret itself
Keep it close to your breast
Unseen, Unsung, Unheard...
Till you are surprised
by a tap on your shoulder
And It would be none but
by success at your door

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TRUST

I looked for a smile
In return, I was hurt hard
As I look back on the horrible past
I smile! And smile again
sans any remorse or pain
Because!
Being hurt, I was well taught
To know how foolish was I
To blindly trust

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O P I N I O N

They say! As they are made for
Reluctant to mince any word
They say as they are paid for
Some maybe different in tone
Some could be weird or wane
Yet! Are determined to have opinion

Few know something
Majority of them know nothing
Ill-informed lots, Are obsessive bunches
Brazenly Struggle to perform,
With frivolous arguments

After all it's for their survival
When something happens or nothing
They are agog to speak on both
Are often rootless armchair experts
On matters that ranges from abyss to Mars

The best tactics is to stir up the faeces
To find grains of poor consumption
Neither they understand nor do they wish to
Hell-bent to sing the lullabies of mosquitoes
Till they are proved as worthless and biased

Still, it's wise not to go after them
As they are the rear wheels of the plane
The first foot to land on ground
However high one may fly
It's another matter if you care for or not
They may not do any good to you in the run
But can destroy your apple cart with their opinion

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Simple Tricks

Instead of beating the bush
life can be lived with two simple tricks
One should learn to get what he/she loves
And next! One ought to
Learn to love what he/she gets

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Rain- (Ii)need Or Greed

You did choose to come early
With the sizzling drops of drizzle
Along the occasional splash of droplets
Dousing the fire on frown faces
Densely shaking the pensive deep state
Of course! To keep thy promise
To date...; A long wait.

With thy arrival, life returned
To the Burnt threads on desolate isles
Mirage danced as waves of music
For The frolicking frogs to unite
To go goo-goo, as locked lyres
Intensely enamoured in thin waters

Crickets sang louder
In tune with the rustle of leaves
Lullabies died early sans the moon
In the depth of night, snakes twisted out
To sneak in to the den of rats
A cloudy clatter mixed with broken bangles
'Ghoongroos' lost the knots of inhibitions
On the floor of inebriated philanders

None bothered the wallets
For squalor, fun, or fest
Unaware of the life, under the amputated spokes
Shrunken skeletons overhead, giving leeway
For sun and rain, to have their free play
As thou dance wild, along the green fields
To wipe the dreams of the year on flooded lids
Hope gets inundated with swelling streams of despair

Fate attains fortitude to remain stale
On patchy geographies of burnt breads
Dark and deep as your face
The sizzling drops of drizzle
Flooding the lids of helplessness
A wait was there for your arrival

A wait is here too, for you early departure
Dear Rain! Choose the way to tread
Stay for the greed, or help the need

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An Affray

If you could!
Then Kill me! With thy wistful eyes
With thy look lascivious
Poison my entire being
Burden my breast, with bubbles of lies
Be naughtier to trickle with thy prickly smiles

I know!
You wish to see me down before my death
I do submit my life and too eagerly await
No need to take the strain of raising a dagger
If you could! Then do me a favour
Just smile Once again! To kill me forever

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A Lie

Give me a space! Lead me there
In this entire life, spent on and off
For heaven's sake! Just once be fair

Give me a space, where I can cry
To have heard you say myriad times
Am yours and you are mine
Only to reveal in the end
That, It was just a beautiful lie

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T H E B L U E

Often I sit in the corridors of emptiness
with my eyes fixed, on the fleeting moments
On the anvil of life's complex calculus
Untangling the knots of subdued emotions
Things that once was so dear to me,
Perhaps are far left, at some distant shrine
Along the frozen faces and littered skeletons

The lone Banyan Tree still stands aloft
Few boughs broken though, to harbour
Poults or pups in their slumbered infancy
From the predators to have an easy prey
In absence of the older members; they too
Are left to the mercy of wanton eyes

Like a well wound device and of ivy winds
Am' often dragged to sit under that tree,
Counting the beads of both grim and glee
Stretching my eyes to reach the far off horizon
To count the fallen feathers of flown flocks
Yet! All my efforts to regain the past
Assiduously appear grim and look murkier

While negotiating through the narrow lanes
Of Memory, and its desolate terrains
To trace fragments at some distant latitude
A threnodic silence threatens, in the aisles bleak
A rancid look, and a tone of melancholy resonates
To make me feel disheartened by its cruel criticism

In these hours of introspection, I notice!
A cold countenance and a candid voice
Often comes calling, well within and around
To remind me, of the unspoken tenets of time
That, it never stops, never waits, never ends too
To revisit the past, or to rectify the path
Ends up, simply looking at the Blue...

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Abode Of Bliss

The doors are never closed
With the odes of denial
Under the wrap of coveted words
Since I know! And therefore tell you so
I would come! Just to defeat the distance
To listen, all little whispers, within thy arms
And be drunk deep, there in silence
Not to count the minutes, tenure or length
But, as a hermit to worship thy feral warmth

I know your heart beats for me
I hear that resonance from distant hills
As you scream my name on quivering lips
Choked heart of yours, and pleasant dreams
With Words of denial and all dreading theme
That numbs my limbs, my heart does bleed

Make no mistake! Still, I would come
With drops of rain, mud and stain
However slippery, may be the snowy mountain
To sink in the depth of your wistful eyes
Crossing the stretch of distant skies

Thou are my dream, Oh! My pink petal
Thou are the queen, of my lone castle
Of my life thou are the theme
Thou are the rhythm of my lost string

I don't wish from you a Mars or a Moon
Just hold me dear, from the unloved puddle
Run your figures on my forehead fine
To assure for once, as you are mine
Soothe the sores with thy balms of love
Lend me thy lap, for a long pleasant doze
Shut my eyes with a sweet little kiss
As I retreat from journey, for the abode of Bliss

Sachidananda Panda

ENLIGHTENMENT

I wish not to find it under the trees
No! Never behind the walls
of decorated Monasteries
Church, Gurudwara, or Temple Mount
Preaching of Gospel or in Azzan loud
Kirtan, Pravachan, Prophecies' mess
Am wise enough not to look for it
At some Himalayan caves

A loaf of bread for the rumbling bellies
To douse the flair of anguish in dolorous eyes
A piece of cotton to cover the bare
A pair of shoes against the blistering fire
An ounce of love to care and comfort
For the destitute, diseased and desperate lot
If ever I can do this for the needful race
That would perhaps be my true enlightenment

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I D E A L...

One needn't look for the ideal one
Let it come! If it has to; on its own terms
Times spent in wait are futile though
Tomorrows Sun shall always remain
brighter than today s glow

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CHOICE

I don't subscribe to whatever you are
Good or Great, strong or straight...
I live in a world, where 'choice' is
A simple noun, and a privileged servant

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T W I N S

Life and time are tacit twins
And they think in reciprocal form
To take care of each other

Life says,
Time is precious
Utilize Must!
&
Time complements!
life is important
squander not!

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Diligence

Don't run away and never trip
High-fliers could be vultures too
Try not to scuttle or to skip

Enemies too worship the God you do
Shun not to be benign,
while being brave too

The storm may change its course at shore
Hark your heart! And Conscience clear
when adhered right, with sharp insight
You can win a battle struggle or fight

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W A L L S

When am with you
Am sure! You can't
keep thy walls intact,
From falling like pack of cards
And after that...!
There is hardly any Difference
Between you and Me

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H O P E

I know you are not around
Never will be, Yet..!
I keep the windows open

Who knows..! may be sometime
From far off horizon
A gush of cool breeze might carry
Thy loving savour at my door
To spread once again, a pleasant flavour

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Vibes

When I smile!
It's not me, but the Tears within
As they look for respite under a guise

When I don't, and stay silent
They become glaring souvenirs
Of unsung ennui, to stand stale
On my pale lids

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I Prefer The Cage

Once upon a time! It was all mine
As I roamed in the open sky
The sprawling oblivion and the cliffy edge
Now are records of some lost page;
To meet thy stale vanity; I prefer the cage

Am' the stuff for quizzical eyes
Fed to flutter on master's wish
Strains of flying long hours
To find a drop of fresh water
Sprinkling with mirth, on and around
Are met by my master's tiny bowels
Kept in my confine on time's scales

I have shunned my choice of food
It depends very much on my master's mood
Berries in the grooves the fragrant woods
The swing of little nest on the boughs dense
Amongst the tender bills a loving race
To claim the first slice from the glottal deck
Are all dreams behind the barbed fence
No wonder! My master controls when to mate
And I prefer the cage!

Am happy; as you are made to know
I can't cry, my master has denied so
I keep my woes dear and deep
In the depth of the night when all asleep
My eyes remain open sans a blink
My jungle, my nest, my family and my mate
Come crawling to bruise my breast
It's alright! If still you say! I prefer the cage

My master gave me all I needed the best
A barbed fence in lieu of the nest
Berries of the bush warmth of the woods
In a tiny bowl of mineral water, were thought
To satiate my thirst, and all my dreams
My wishes, my sky, My! My! My! Tender bills

My mate and my date, with Rivulets of springs

I smile as am made to show

None has ever tried or asked to know

The unspoken anguish of the clipped feathers

When Freedom is held hostage by imposed Choices

Propriety becomes a mute spectator to stay content

That, I prefer the cage

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Living

Life has been kind enough to give
Myriad reasons to cry
And be aggrieved
Yet! It could convince,
At least with one reason
That, life is worth living
As I live for Myself,
And for no other shoddy things

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Brave Hearts Of Galwan

The night of Monday 15'Jun
Was horrific though
On the icy cliffs at Galwan
That turned red by treacherous plot
Doleful dripping of Innocent blood
A smile was still there on lips
As dogs from hack did bite
An act cowardice!

The dogs never knew, that Monday's past
A Tuesday perhaps will run fast
Balwans of Galwan
Would render a brutal blow
To avenge on count, every drop of blood
Shed silent, at Galwan or at Pangong tso

Babu Santosh led from the front
Sons of the soil and the valiant lot
Every inch of land, to uphold the pride
With the roar of tigers, "jai Bajrangbali"
Claws of vengeance, and the fiery wrath
Dance of death was wild on swathe
Torn into pieces all cowards breast
Trampled with scourge, broke spine and neck

Fifty dogs were fodders for tigers twenty
Roars did resonate the terrains and cliffs
Raw valor weighed against the barbed stick
Batons of enemies, iron nails and rods
Premeditated design, the nefarious plot
All fell pat, before bare hands and the gut

Lessons were taught quite squire and fair
To ponder thousand times, before they dare
To venture the territory and the tigers den
Where an ostrich is treated as a stingy hen
The nation salutes the hearts brave
With prayers in heart at your grave
Today when Tricolours "paint the skies

It fills a sense of pride, with tears in all eyes
In adoration for the supreme sacrifice

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Disappointment

Being disappointed with life
I wanted to commit suicide
And I shared it to all
Every one cried, but two
Who wanted to celebrate the act
One was my former wife
The other, my present sweetheart

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An Old Banyan Tree

If Things don't go well as planned or desired
Some blame the tools, some to fate
Few cry foul, either grumble or growl
Some pound their heads on blank walls
Much to one's dismay; if you lag behind
Others are quick to be in the fray

The delicate boundary of happiness
Stands hostage, between success and failure
Vilified by criticism, despite the Volta-face
In the face of an ostensible unease.
At any lone corner; a mother wipes her tears
Faraway from common eyes

Relations fulfill their formalities, only to move ahead
With a bag of assurances or crammed counseling
Learnt long ago, from unrealistic old scriptures
Friends come and go, only to explain their woes.
Toothpicks help much to sneeze aloud
Inflicting deep cuts with their grinning Intimidation
By foes, both old and new

To add more salt to the wound
Queens or concubines settle down
At some new harbour with ships of even keels
For their unfinished dreams to sail smooth
Sensing the rocky terrain and stormy weather
No dearth of excuses, all around to assuage
Rather to aggravate the penury, one is in

In these wandering hours one tends to count
The fallen leaves and boughs that nestled
Chicks of different feathers, too young to fly
Resilient through the seasonal winds for years
Despite the broken boughs that sprawled once
With shades of assurance; Unperturbed...

With Emotions wrapped under the shrunken ribs
Threatening the thunder, with the husky voice

Collecting the residual spent force of hung muscles
Comes calling; as if like a heavenly assurance
Don't worry...! Am still alive...'. At your backyard;
It's your Father; an old Banyan Tree.
To defeat the odds or the storms
That comes on thee

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Poetic Skeletons

A poet is, a mythical 'Tiresias'
To stand between poles,
Like a seasonal bird singing,
Tunes of changing winds,
A visionary, finding reason to smile,
From the gross piles
Of grinding unease,
Cautioning the hidden risks
Of spurious smiles
While disseminating the dictums
Of realism and dream

A unique character between
The top and tail-ends
Roaming amidst
The oblivion and the abyss
Collecting the grains of sustenance
On common lexis
Inspiring, promoting and imbibing
Life's ostensible elements
Or unheard intricacies
Through the letters of myriad woes
And axioms, of different hues
All carefully nurtured
As an immortal blend
Of both grim and glees
To become Skeletons Of his poetries.

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Horny

It's not that hot, you can't handle
Neither had horns to pierce as well
The reasons are still unknown...
Yet..! Before I draw any conclusion;
It was wise to examine, Why they call...!
"She is Horny, and too hot to handle"
And the scrutiny was stormy though
At times it was like a docile rabbit
And in the end, a dead Frog...

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Fill The Rest

I was almost stunned to see her
After a long time, at a place reclusive
A beau beauty, tall and slim
A seductive Bonnie geometry,
Pair of voluptuous bosom,
A necklace hung straight
On the thin layer of 'Saree'
Exposing the cleavage,
And the curvaceous fine art

All those perhaps were enough
To find flutters, in my underbellies.
Deep cherry lips were substituting red wine
A sharp straight nose, pink cheeks
With a white glittering nose prick.
Loosely combed locks, cajoling the west wind
Was slowly moving towards me...

I stood like a rock, with all the wild thoughts
My mind could ever have...
To reclaim every authority over me
She came closer, too closer, and closer
So as to smell her body savour
A mixture of musk and Jasmine
No words were exchanged, eyes did

A moment, too hot to resist the rest
With an equivocal dilemma, still in mind
I decided to take the lead
Assuming the silence as a wild consent
I hugged her tight, to a crazy moan
Eroding the narrow boundaries
We fell flat on floor, I was down
To wake up with pain, injuring the groin
Don't read too much! What happened next...
It was just an unfinished dream
It's better! You fill the Rest...for the best

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Slice Of Seclusion

Strip me off, strip me cruel
Sans a thread on thee
And on me, sans any jewels
Let's strip together, both bare as bubble
To shun in silence, all smoky trebles
Stare me deep, to dive in depth
Hold me hard, sans any fear or fret
Roll me up, roll down in the dance
Be up in there, for a sweaty dalliance
Don't be afraid, to run riot on me
Scuttle no more, to settle and flee
Lick or lock, be wild as per wish
Yet! Go slow and steady, slice by slice

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Big Question

One life is lost...!
No dispute, to admit the injustice
And the nefarious plot
But! It can't be an excuse
To hold the entire country into ransom,
This is too much!
Let's behave as sane citizen
Not as stooges, to some political game
Let's together breathe again!

Let's inhale! Fresh air of mutual trust
Friendship and brotherhood
Be loving and just
For national pride let's take a vow
To mitigate the slurs for ever from now
To honour the stripe, see stars brighten
Justice for all, and assure every Gen'
Loopholes if any, let's fasten and mend

Let's together ask a big question
Should we succeed or should we fail?
As a nation on a greater plane
Can't we match our eyes, wipe hatred n' greed
Mustn't we breathe again for a greater dream?
Let there be a surge of a bigger claim
With a smile on lips and arms on arms
Let's make the Nation great again.

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I Can't Breathe!

Hey! I can't breathe officer!
That's not the weight of thy knees;
The weight of pride and arrogance
The load of white on coloured skin
Hey! Officer... I can't breathe!

Leave me free officer, I can't bear!
Behind The cloak of Color, I wear
My heart is clean ...
Hey! Officer...am' unable to breathe!

I was painted dark
As per the supreme will
To which, you know officer...!
Neither had I a choice to opt for
Nor did I ever subscribe
It's too much officer... I can't breathe

Don't you see your Jesus, under thy knees?
The One you pray, in a silent edifice.
Hear His call, from my screaming voice
That writhes on ground, under your belt
Feel my pulse Officer! And in it thy Jesus
Moments from here, perhaps!
I would stop to plead or yell
Look at my face that's turning pale

Loosen the belt of primacy white
Fasten the knots of sane humanity
Tell me please! What's wrong with me?
Hey officer...! Don't you hear?
I can't breathe...!

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Another Number

Moments crawl like hours
Days stretch to miles
Call it a confine or quarantine
Inactivity suffocates more than the swine
To remain glued to the screen
For news, information, time to time
All the excuses are exhausted now
With sporadic distractions of friends
At far off places with their concerned query
Are You Fine...?

As if an unseen fear lolls around
No one knows the way to the tunnels end
Five blind people busy in drawing the graph
The shape and size of the monstrous elephant
Boasting their individual knowledge and might
When life of innocents are on ceaseless plight
Remedial hopes when stretches too far
Few million body bags, strangely though;
Have become, a new normal

If tomorrow's sun shines
To wake you up carrying a new chart
To call you by name...IT's your Time!
Before you pause to breathe a while
It flashes on the screen...
As an addition to the national register
Don't be surprised! If fall prey to it
Or become victim of the Covid. Vampire
It's now or could be the day after
One should remain prepared
To stay content with the fact
That...it's just another Number.

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Touch Me Not

Touch me not
I am scared... I would melt
With the witty tricks of thy finger tips
I know! You can't do without
Nor do I wish to fall apart or out
No kiss, no hug, no smooch
Touch me not, or the naughty tools

Don't think I don't love you anymore
Or have turned dry to thy muted needs
But..! Alas..! The devil could be lurking
Somewhere at the door on agile wings
Curse me not for the troubles out of haste
Curse 'Corona' that has done all the mess.

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Explanation

One ought to forget to explain
The reasons, to the ears of apathy
Some listen a little
Some a half
A few don't
Most of them turn deaf
To the perils and problems
You are in
Because...! An unseen fear lolls around
To be discredited, for not being
Of any help they could ever provide.

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Lesson

The redundant occurrence of certain
things or events in one's life
could be an obduracy of time
to tell you that.

You still haven't learned anything
From the past.

Sachidananda Panda



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P A S T

The redundant occurrence of certain
things or events in one's life
Could be an obduracy of time
To tell you that...
you still haven't learned anything
from the past.

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S M O K E

There was pleasure
In waiting
In meeting
In meaningless gossip
Before we are together

It too became pleasant
As a memory
As a longing
When you left
And thereafter! ...The substance
That remained in between
Was...All smoke and dirty things

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Own Blood

At times shadows of self frightens
A thought of some unimaginable incident
An unforgiving consequence looms large
It's when you get assured of
Being bitten hard by your own blood

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Relationship***

Once bitten twice wise
Better not to dive deep in a relationship
So that the presence becomes a burden
And should take care to be independent
So that the absence hardly makes
Any Difference

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Inseparable

It's still unknown why...?
At times...when am alone
Hour by hour as moments crawl
like ghosts with gregarious claws
Of ennui to tear me into pieces
To ruin every element of courage
To live a life of solitude so desolate!

Despite the scourge and woven anathema
Thou have built around, know not I why?
A desperate search for saviour
Amidst the crowd, for an ounce of solace
A gleam ray of hope matures
To find none other than you

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CRIME

To understand people I spent my prime
Their complex colours varying moods
Mixed emotions often left me roaming in the woods
Masked civility or illusory countenance
Unsung mediocrity can steal your chance
In the face of such duplicitous and spurious mind
To be honest and simple could be
The synonym of Crime

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Relationship

One needn't strive to keep
A relationship alive
If it is love, it shall stay atop
Despite the storm
Or a cliffy climb

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N U M B E R S

Age is just a number
An insane arithmetic
To calculate and fix restrictions
When there is resolve
Resolutions become simple puzzles
In finding shorter paths and solutions
To reach heights despite criticism
By naysayers on exit path or fence sitters
Waiting for opportunities to claim both
If victorious it's their He-man ship
When vanquished..
It's because of that idiot numbers.

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Eternity

On the vast canvas of Eulogy
Amid riot of complex colours
Million claps and noxious traps
Equivocal gestures of appreciation
Coupled with lust and Cannibal desires

The howling lolls of wolfs around
Salacious twists and turns
Canines long drawn to taste the
Dripping raw bloods
Seldom shall glorify
Thy benign beauty

Long lost in the woods of hope
Confined to remote possibilities
It Still stands aloof
far from the competing crowd
with no special gifts at its disposal
yet! With a simple smile on lips
to dispel the treasured dunes
of materials and the madness
that has held thy love, captive

A heart so precious and beautiful
I long for., sans the glitter on thy lips
As a cool... unblemished serenity
To be lost and Locked there in silence
Could be no less than an endless
Eternity

Sachidananda Panda

The Dotted Lines

Emotions are Birds in the open sky
Seldom prefer to move on dotted lines
Wings, if tied to the toes
Tone of crackle if clipped to a fixed note
Under the vexed vigilance of parsimony
The symphonic melody is lost
In the woods of dwindling Metaphors

Like a lame duck chasing the squint frog
Or a winged predator, limping amok
Like a tiger without tails, confined to the caves
Fantasizing the Agility of an open pasture
On Like the hoots of an owl on the broken boughs
Dreaming to draw semblance with the cuckoo
Amongst the sprawling gardens or grooves
Collecting and recollecting; yet, struck between
A bunch of far-fetched similes

Sachidananda Panda



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Peace: A Pleasant Metaphor

With a pleasant smile on lips
I asked the early dawn
How to reach the peace hub?
It turned its back with weird answer
Better look for it, at some night club

On my way in the mid day sun
I asked the same to noon
An arraign gesture with smirky snigger
Flashed fervent, along the scorching loo
Sullenly asked; are you really a fool..?

In the afternoon I asked,
The vapid setting sun
How to reach the peace hamlet;
To relish the desired fun...?
Before it sets, hide its face, down the horizon
It answered wise with an astute advice
Of its multifaceted, varied criterion

Peace per certain eludes often, if you hanker after it
Some find in rich affluence, some in generosity
Peace perhaps lies bare, on a toty toddler lips
Some find at beloved's bosom,
Some in, caves or hilly cliffs
Out of craze or a stumbling daze,
To trounce a personal mess
Some Search it, at boozing corner
Or at, down the harlot's breast

A loaf of bread to quench the hunger
A drop to satiate thirst
When the world struggles to get
For the sprawling common mass
In the vicious den you search
Peace and moral space
When; Rape and torture cruel murder
Fill the silent grave!

Unless you wipe every tear
That dampens the squeaky cheeks
Make them build their own habitat
Not on hired bricks
Till you wipe the grinding hunger
Or feel the suffering race
Peace shall remain, as a pleasant metaphor
You shall never find the trace.

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The Bee

Don't worry!
Despite thousand owes
Myriad obstacles
Millions of obligations
Unsung moments of silence
If autumn replaces the early spring
If Mellow music of feral shuffle
Fail to reflect your Dream
Or
If saplings don't spread roots
If sunken boughs fail to bear fruit
If flowers are littered under the tree
Before the sun, shines to countless grin
You can choose to be indifferent, to find;
Hives to harbour thy gusty wings
Or at best, can ignore the presiding Bee

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Sound Sleep

Unruly children are parental headaches,
The job is bit simple if a child
It can be convinced or beaten by brow
If required, and as per wish

At latter stage the task is difficult
To tame an unruly son; if an adult
It can be no better than this
To get him married at the earliest
Prior to going astray;
or sinks in all the mess

If the daughter in law you get is good
By chance or by choice, as it happens
your son's life will be Happy, as dreamt
And If not by misfortune at least
He can aptly contribute to rich philosophy;
To write better prose or poetry

Either way! Parents shall have
A sound sleep..

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The Dark...

Why do you hate?
The dark density of 'Amavasya'!
Don't you know...? Dear!
A thin strip of the same Darkness
Makes your Eyes look so... Beautiful!

You wanted perhaps a fat Wallet
A swan to tread along the lake
Petals of pink and red roses
To adorn the bill
In search of everything fare and fine
You forgot to note
That swans seldom sing

To adore and admire
Thy pristine beauty
To chase with craze
Trumpet thy eulogy
If anyone would have
Sung a song with all honesty
All your glory or a tributary harp
It is only the cuckoo, yet..
That is perhaps equally dark...

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Sachidananda Panda

One Basket

Things appear equally,
Nice or handsome
It's a matter of
Look and perception
Pastures are always greener
On the other side of the plane
It's beautiful to see
from a long distance
A stale mountain

Burnt breads at home
Are still sweeter
Perhaps! More so than
Your favourite other
The rhythm of the throb
Here are still louder
If you fail to hear it,
Then it's another matter

I do feel equally for you
Like no other
Drops of ennui dampen
The barren shore
Winds of suffocation
Are brutal though
Still I tread the terrain
With bruised yore
perhaps! The only thing
We lacked between;
To live a dream as one
And for each other Could be!
While you kept Your cards
close to your breast
I did put all the apples
In one basket..

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CONNOTATIONS

Words have limitations
To define depths
When it's a matter of heart
A Colon a coma
Or an exclamation mark
Often linger and lie,
Or can complicate the task
A full stop seldom signals
An end of the talk
A pause or an abrupt stop
Can mean a lot
A silence, a look,
A gesture or a gaze
Seldom get explained by
An idiom or a phrase

Not to speak of a sullied face
Or of a bruised heart
No alphabet has ever satiated
A soppy secluded thirst
It has never quenched the hunger;
With wordy apple cart
Certain feelings remain alien
To, all the vocab's reach
Be it simile or a metaphor
Or any figure of speech
A deafening silence
Can connote the essence
Sans the structural sense
That all the learned lexis often
Lag, behind despite pretence

All forms of art are meant
To do the same job
A prose or Poetry,
A fiction or a play
Or any kind of -logue.
If words could have, aptly expressed
Varied emotions

Only a poem or any prose
Or any form of art
Could have long before perhaps,
Wisely addressed
All emotive list charts,
Ages before; much earlier
Would have explained
Life's worthy connotations.

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Disobedient-Tears

As they sit together
Hours crawl like years
with occasional deep sighs
lips remain muted
eyes wander around
In a frantic search for excuses
To shield the ethereal egos

Along an ostensible unease
With Inadvertent collision of eyeballs
Hearts become Heavier
Voice chokes, Reluctance melts
Before words find it's space
Perimeters of persona crumbles
Boundaries are eroded
With a bear hug
Efficacy of a pair of fine geometry
Is put to test, to hold onto itself;
The flooding drops of
Disobedient Tears.

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M I S T R U S T

Bruised and battered
I stood along the shore
Stretching my eyes
Beyond the horizon
As far as it could reach
Traces of the dry clouds
As they retreat as lost warriors.

Either the punishing Notus,
Or of seasonal prudence
The floating patches of white
Look lifeless, sans the courage
To face the summer scourge
As it dictates with defiance
In the month of May

All alone I moved...
With measured foot steps
Collecting, and recollecting with
Enliven Mummies of memory
With a hope; if I could ever
Inject life into the sunken souls

Droplets of ennui appeared scattered
Like pebbles on a deserted floor
As facsimiles of defeat
With every stroke, both hard and harsh
They get flung and smitten to move up
Only to be dragged down with the flow

Despite the punishing tide
The saline roar and the cruel jerk
Miens of masculinity though turn pale
Yet! Brazenly resilient to hold on
As usual, a dignified defeat in private
Could be all they want; A secret surrender
A death; in some unknown lone corner

The vegetative kingdom craves

For respite, like deserted soul mates
Dried fountains of passion wait
To inundate Bosoms of isolation
Along the equations of defeat or profit
We come closure to the heaving kinship;
That...Life is too short to accommodate
Mistrust in any relationship.

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Y E S T E R D A Y

Be what you want to become
Go and fetch the ends far or near
I wouldn't be surprised if you
Stagger or sail to ascend the apogee
Since, I know you deserve a lot more
Than Just to scale a few miles

Never look back on the steps trodden
Bruised threads of Grass or the floral Garden
Don't worry about their future or fate
Let their tears enrich your success and sweats
The rivulets of fruition may surge to flood
May your success be written in their warm blood!

Don't scratch the wounds thou did by exit
Let the life in course of time learn to exist
The scars are fresh and greenish though
Let them rot in your memory or so
Don't look at them with your eyes cruel
It's too much..! To prune the blunted hedge
Break not the fence that is broken, and bare
In your absence perhaps there is none to care.

Porous ribs are now poorer to collapse
Battered hard by the gruesome past
Shrunken shoulders once lent to climb
Being on top thou never shied to chide
Being bewildered by your treacherous Tact
It turned bristle with many a renegade stance
Now it waits in penance in its leaning posture
The crucial hour of final departure

Be that what you want to become
Delve or dive or map oblivion
Smiles may decorate your fantasy tomorrow
Would you ever ask a question to answer?
The Bragged altars are built on
Whose bone and marrow?

Neither have I desired to yield the pickings
Nor do I wish to have any salami slice
Laurels of today may opt to crawl at thee
Riches profane may have temporal glee
Despite your desire to shelve the past
Make no mistake...! Your Yesterdays;
Shall always remain beholden to 'Me'

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Sachidananda Panda

T I M E

It requires myriad careful movements
To build a relationship
A fraction of careless action
Sinks the entire ship
Egos fly high with wings of pride
Beating the breast for its foolish stride
Waxed lies that couples the wings
Melts and grounded by vigilant Time

Sachidananda Panda



PoemHunter.com

BLISSFULNESS

The sultry summer bid adieu,
At the advent of dark clouds
Sweats sullied inside the pores
Eager and agog to come out; yet
Awfully Squeezed and averse to pout

Registered by a weak attendance
Courtyards were emptied prior to dusk
Howls of street dogs blew beguile
Helped by some willful convenience;
Swapping cards were played
Under the blurred street lights

The night Plunged deep
Fuelled by drizzle and early dinner
Hissing sound of the night became louder
Hushed conversations added fire
To the civilized cannibal desire,
For a consensual sweaty hour.

Fishy flavors added with musk,
Salivated perspiration tasted sweet
Numbness crawled like cockroaches
From head to toe and entire limbs
Sweats dried up again to Drool in silence
Em-bosomed by a Relishing Blissfulness...

Sachidananda Panda

White...L I E S

Lies are sweeter from a toddler's lips
This too is part of competing skies
It fathers politics, Nurtures error
A potent tool for touts misdemeanor
Its bread and butter for a few
Is a kin of sin and vice's crew.

Its colour is black because of its deed
It turns white and all law defines
As it saves life at a times of need
It breaks all relationships, It builds too
To hear a little bit of decent lie
We often tend to woo.

The vicious wrath of beloved face
A pack of pleasant lies can certainly
Turn it to a mousy floral grace
To test the elixir of loving paradise
Its a must for All married husbands
To learn the art of polished lies.

Life is not built on Yes, No, plane
Its not even a zero sum game
In-between clarity and ambiguity
Ignominy stays along with fame
When Virtues are neighbours of vice
Lets not be abhorrent to spice up life..
At times... And If need arise...
With little bit of 'White' lies.

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A Little C U R B

When your words
remain unfinished
If unuttered words
stop between quivering lips

If cups remain half empty
on my coffee table
If expected Berceuse
turn to a squabble

When you take pleas
not to match eyes
My pinning for attention
are termed as lies

If my wishes lie unanswered
till the dusk
When you skip my page
to see today's new post.

I get disturbed to see
your frowning face
The days are squandered
to find solace

Know not I, if ever...!
You would make
A promise to keep
Since you know...
Sans a curb on your leaps
I fail to sleep

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SLUMBER

Tell them to stop the crackle, its wee hour
Stop the milkman, Not to knock at the door
Well...! The morning glow can wait
No matter if Azzan is delayed or the Prayer
As the drizzle is still there

If school time differs who cares...?
Tell the Boss to have patience
As, am sunk in a drunken depth
And Relishing a warmer essence
If war breaks out I don't bother
Am' safely kanoodled by
My love's feral perimeter

I don't mind, days deferred schedule
let me live with my own module
where is the logic of pro-rata separation
Of days and night with equal hours
Let the day be shorter and
Night carry much longer
Am yet to be done with, adding
More fire to the morning slumber

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RAIN

With The Shabby Songs of the Cricket
Along The Trumpets of the Cloud
The Night Prepares To Plunge Deep
Drawing Sketches of the Rainbow

A Pink Fragrance Spills Over
From Head to Toe
Breaths Become Heavier
Sighs Emit Smokes of Ember

Nocturnal Hunger Lolls All Around
Drenched In Drips of Seasonal Deluge
Frogs Sing the 'Ragas' Of 'Meghamallahar'
Squirrels Sniff down the Navel Strips
In A Search for Hidden Treasures

Sachidananda Panda



PoemHunter.com

'Bhabitabyam'

[the Inevitable]

Make no mistake...! It comes,
It comes calling; loud n clear
search for a saviour eludes out of fear.
Perfidious Silence suffocates around
Time's Treachery or a treasonous smile
Bellicose Brutus did Caesar fell
Jaychandra perhaps had a little to yell.

It comes! often in cold blood
Pertinax, Priyadarshini or Henry three,
French heir or Roman green;
Clements form the crux we tread
Pretoria Guard or a 'Beant' breed
'Bali' and 'Bali' though sound alike;
Met the morbid in spurious guise.

It hovers, it hounds, with ghoulish noose
A monk, a king or a callous stooge
It comes for sure; the form defies
Sans the scheme or schedule devise
Not at will, or on courtesy call
A gallop a grid or a canter small;
At your den or at some distant glide
'Chitragupta' perhaps knows your hide.

Why then not to embrace bright,
Give up madness be upright
Hug a life of austere move;
Of serene Of sane or a surreal groove.
Confine and create an ambience new;
Life's agents or Satan's crew.
All unite for pleasure profound,
Lit a candle to lead afresh;
Of love, of peace, of moral Grace;
Love to live and live to love
A land of life and a tranquil trove.

This May sound simple to say
Before the evening make your hay
'Bhabitabym' has no substitutes though
Unprepared stupidity often adds to woe
Let it come early or late
No need to lose the best and the rest..

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Sweet Little Things

Don't think I don't know..!
Little things do matter...
Yes..! Sweet little things...
As you steal a glance at me
Paint the apparatus in Deep Blue or Green
Giggle wild for no sound reasons to smile
How Unseen fear often clouded thou pink profile
I understood the second look as you pass by me
Wilful dropping of wallet to draw an attention to thee

I too enjoyed your restless foolish countenance.
All your squabble scuffs at me being impatient
I loved the sharp edge of your oral daggers.
All you did for, as were mad for my loving favours
No curtain was raised ever nor you had any bar.
Was agile enough to guard your dreams without any scar
Left no scope for any...to claim however stout or mighty
Have always treated me as your solemn property

Unsure still..How to make you feel ...
These stupid little things you do mean a lot to me
Yet..! For your benign solace can I meekly swear?
Make no mistake... Dear..!
Though I know I can't quantify the space
I can only say... The more I think of you
The more I love your Madness...

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Journey

There comes a time...!
When nothing Disturbs one any more
Seasonal changes or social upheavals
Hypocrite ruler or helpless populace
IF one prays in Temple, church or Mosque
If evening 'kirtan' loses its usual musk
If 'Azzan' isn't heard from a cliffy terrace
A hall of Cross if fails to Enlighten a dippy mess
If lotus doesn't bloom early in the morning
Or if Bees do give up their sweet humming
When pleasure and pain look as well equal
you may say...!
One is on the path of self withdrawal.

This cannot be a callous act
It's no juxtaposition of fiction and fact
Not a Lazy cumbersome indolent attitude
May not be an explicit attempt for solitude
A time when you search for a personal space
To keep oneself off from all material haze
Food or favor, pump or grandeur all the spicy craze
Nothing attracts Nothing interests..
Besides...A search for an ounce of sublime grace.

Life's essence lies in the salinity of Tears
Its ostensibly different Till it is tested
it's quiddities are measured through umpteen colour glasses
Till it's challenged by hard realities
When we feel the presence of absence
Ignored or ignorant we tend to weigh between frosty faces
Niggardly consoling about it's inevitabilities
And.. Silence rules the roost on folded foreheads.

A space where we scrutinize times spent
Fouls or follies or some earlier act
Revisit the grooves once were greener though
Untangling the frills of deeper owes
Count the beads of lost opportunities
At times cautiously hide the whisking sighs

Unmindful of when a doleful smile gets smeared on dry lips
While pair of blank eyes stay glued at the sprawling oblivion.

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Perfectly Imperfect

There is a breakneck competition
To be decorated as good or great
With some self maneuvered projected traits
Synchronous moves are made asynchronous
Could be a pestering proclivity to look different
Illusory cold reasoning is artfully interwoven
To show moles as hills, helped by some hired skills
Little achievements turn insanely intoxicating
In a run-up to peripheral heights
They dwindle between symmetry and asymmetry
Unwittingly confused by amplified magnanimity
In quest for perfection they lose their mental sanity

To sooth the ruffled feathers otherwise
They paint plants as trees to suit their desired needs
Find Gangasiuli in summer or winter shown as spring
The vexed persona stifles in quest for perfection
They nourish eulogy as an inert obsession
Prefer to Remain inebriated with fancied flattery
Thin skins are hypersensitive to sound criticism.
To contrast or compare is an everyday affair
Find pleasure in volitional intimidation
Agog to flaunt their blagged accumulation
Let's say..! They are the monuments of perfection

If you don't meet their egos right
Poisonous canines are ready to bark and bite
Perhaps vengeance is the only language they know
Unsecured to the core and are cold aggressors though
It's wise to take divergent rout from jettisoned pest
Else you are axed early if found good and straight
These superior gens dislike judicious suggestion
To chastise you they need no sound reason
Premises could be often an imaginary one
A whim, a fancy, or for some feverish plan
This may sound a little aberrant vexation
I must say..! They are epitomes of perfection

It makes no sense to be in the competition

Since every imperfection is unique on its own
If you wish call me a mad or a crazy maverick
I am comfortable with the carping adjective
It makes no difference to count the fallen leaves
Or the buds to blossom at some distant trees
Let the leaves sulkily sway in the southern blow
Let it regain its natural flavor and pleasant glow
When I know as human and a sojourner mortal
Inflicted wounds that are grey, green or fatal
Seldom makes any erroneous impression
It's all right..! To be a felicitous imperfection

All the aberrations do carry a Divine kinship
Am honoured to celebrate the providential gift
Favonian Winds too have its own slice of woes
Staring eyes do have some lurid compulsions
Despite the wounds it keeps on a scurry move
Looks for the hive and to thrive in a leafy groove
Despite the preying eyes or the primitive grin
Can a desire to breathe free be an inexorable crime?
Prefer not to paint a treacherous smile for a win
Never felt the need to bury the Whips of time
Each stretch mark do tell a recurrent story
Every scar wrought on it is an open library
It makes no difference if fingers are burnt or broken
Am not crazy to run after such maddening competition
As I know all that happen, happen by the grace reverent
My imperfections too are 'His' apt arrangements
Nothing to worry and never to detest the benison
Am happy and proud to celebrate all my Imperfection

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Visible Invisibility

This could be a lovely surprise
A Lusty lagoon, or of layered lies
If sunken deep, in lascivious look
Plotted promise by a grueling crook
Blink the sun shine, hence time can't lead
Daggers drawn long before; not to hear the plead

Deceit dictates the course silent
Sneaky strides are painted white
Mischief meddles with swanky clown
Turn coats tread the path forlorn
The dawn is delayed, if not blintered wise
Kith and kin shall all despise
What you did, well done by any
To bury yours woes by a forced grin
Scuttle and scurry be brazen and bold
Flooded geometry can hardly hold
Hot and hasty shall slip and slide
More of love leaves you more to bleed

Jesus per certain loved mankind sans a reason
Was rigged and ruffled and tried for treason
Power or greed and the foolish creed
Did jailed and nailed the sublime breed
What a madness! 'Ratnakara' as lesions learnt
Though got it late when fingers burnt
'Gautama' could realize at grown up stage
'Prahallad' mastered at an early age
Committed friends cite varied reasons
Too quick to quit with Tartarus' lies.

Love of family a cold poison
It seldom spells a life's vision
You drink and dine a toxic wine
Gathered riches claimed all are 'mine'
Sons and daughters eye your juicy hive
Queen vampire shall suck you live
Your Battered soul shall be brutally bruised
Time and again shall be hurt and sliced

Apply Your Wit

People have tendencies to ask questions
When answers are well within self
That could be their madness
It's better to hide behind questions
A fine tactic to wink and escape
It becomes worst if the subject is Contentious
People prefer to build walls around
Paint with different colours red, green or sapphire
Make the glass walls look dark or obscure
Prefer to stay in the lone confinement
Like a bird in Porridge, wings clipped
Wilfully deaf and blind or of a kind
Live like caged animal sans a will

To tweet, or tell they need a magic spell
Stony silence often blunted by Self talk
World is limited to their fostered cells
Mused by Gregorian music to suit the mood
Like Emotionless predators with spiky look
Lame and paralysed Empathy with spiny soul
Blinded by amour propre or propriety
Still are very cunning in cross-examination
Eager to circumvent with dubious question
Plasticized faces spew venom in smile
Calculated moves carry a devilish design
Make their moves never on an even plan
Perhaps they stay content in asking question

The sky is Blue, the river flows
The ocean is deep and the wind blows
These things too never escape their doubt
They, too, ask why from a seed there is a sprout?
The questions are fine if from a child
At a later stage it sounds peculiar and wild
Articulate clear sans such wilderness
Funny or fair limpid or translucent
Explore the inner self ignite a bit
To get the answer just apply your wit
No answer can satiate ever

If you don't do yourself a favour
To find the answer ask your prudence
Shall get the answer by your noble sense
Follow the dictum follow the ukase suit
Before you ask questions any...
Time and again first apply your wit

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Sachidananda Panda

The Unwritten Epitaph

This could be like any other day
The desolate drawing room waits;
Your gracious presence,
With an abortive reluctance
In between 'May' and 'May not'
'Could' sprawls a gleam of hope.
Every article or artifact around
Moan the Melody of melancholy
As the delay lingers or stretches beyond.

As usual like the day before
You came, calling with conviction
To instill freshness to the somber air
As The Name plate spelt it right
At the entrance, Dr. Panda is 'IN'
The dingy and dull got renewed ardour
Inscriptions became lullabies to my ears.
Sculptures statuettes lost their stony silence
Resurrected busts blushed, with your presence
Despite the fact; you are not mine,
And, am none of yours...!

The other day at my entrance
It spelt otherwise -Dr. Panda is 'OUT'
You didn't step in, for reasons unknown
Despite the fact, you need no permission
The Drawing, the evening air
The sculpture and the statuettes
Might have had an endless wait
Yet, you turned away without a Tate-a-Tate
Flashy smile glimmered under the dried lips
Inscriptions returned to their icy sepultures
The Greasy face might have turned pale
Muffled and muted voice per certain
Might have quivered but gagged to yell
Yet..! One thing for sure; and you know it well
That you are not mine, And, am none of yours...!

This could be tomorrow or a day after

You may find it sooner or later,
The day; when at the gate, it will be written
Dr. Panda is 'NO MORE'..!
Sculpture and the statuettes in my drawing
Might wait to multiply, memoirs may add pages
Inscriptions could get the wings of elegies,
Hands of time shall be numbed to trot
Artifacts around shall be left to rot
The wistful eyes that waited, sans a blink
Perhaps forever shall cease to wink
A soulful freshness would never stand and stair
A threnodic requiem might fill the Evening air

What shall you do then..?
For heaven's sake..! Put your hand on your breast
Tell me once; and be honest, what shall you do then..?
Would you come in..? Or turn away..?
When you know; you are not mine,
And, am none of yours...!
The question so simple and unsavory though
Until you get an answer to show
Allow the eyes buried or burnt
Wait to hear with habits old
Till that moment, I may meekly submit
Let it remain as an 'Unwritten Epitaph';

Sachidananda Panda

Trials Of Time

Who cares...!

If you wish you can boast at your peril
Hoodwink reason with logic puerile
As, smartest and bravest or from wisest crew
May you claim to be amongst the mightiest few
Beat your Drum as louder you can
Flaunt your breast or riches profane
Tread like a tusker or like a modest beau
Sleazy moves may have buyers new
Painted profile shall weathered and fade
An unseen hand shall squelch and wade.

Stop a while...!

If you wish, just pay a heed;
Was it so? That 'Duryodhan' did?
Akbar's affluence, or Brute Babur,
Charlemagne, Chengiz or imperial Caesar
Fate as price of pride shall trample and tear
Hitler perhaps dreamt to rue for thousand years
'Srimad Bhagabatam' or the Testament new
The message unambiguous, spells it loud and clear

Hold your Breath...!

Your fate unseen sulks and smiles behind
The laughter so loud at your foolish stride
If few crows could decide Cicero fate
Bonaparte brandished a British hate
Died of cancer or a poison mix
Time has reasons and myriad means
To bruise your valor or bellicose move
Fate per certain shall silence and Fix

It's not too late...!

Pristine pleasures sans greed and pride
Care or cuddle you could juggle or ride
Greener pastures still are fresh and new
Hog a while or for a moments few
Feel the warmth of the fountain fall
Innocent smiles can purge the gal

Roll and rinse with pious thought
Unwind the tangled Gordian knot

If you could...!

Mix and mingle with souls old and new
Count your beads before the vicious crew
Feel the pulse on pavement wild
Wipe with comfort before the slide
Assuage a little the bruised soul
Make your hey before the evening call
Lend your hand if so mighty and rich
As you sow so shall you reap
Trials of time shall never wink or skip
Trials of time shall never wink or skip

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Lost Grace

For Heaven's sake...!
Let me not answer weird questions
How do you do..? What about this and that?
Let you call, am worn out or a wily brat
For am torn, running from pillar to post
Chasing the dreams or a fancied ghost
Of a cause, a craze, with a bovine look
A mannered machine or a phlegmatic brook
For a while; let me breath free
Stoic though, let me count the fallen tree.

Let the Bereaved wings smoothen fast
Visit the backyard, map the trodden track
Let me resurrect the cornered sketch
Framed smiles long chaplet wrap
Fondly ask; how they colored, times spent
A pink, a red or the seven shed
Do they revere or repent now
Shall surely seek; an answer somehow.

Let me look at the tiny tots
A babe, a toddler, a stripling adult
Wanton shrills may assuage a while
Icy moments and pleasure juvenile
Remind me of the evening flock
A shout, a scream, or run amok
A frog, a freak or a queer move
Let me hide, at the orchard groove.

Shall tell'em lifes's lessons learnt
Of friends, of foes, and fingers burnt
A trial, a taste, when tumbled hard
Of clustered deceit, a crafty niggard
Swanky Swarm of modish beau
Perfidious smiles carry poison new

Let me return to the lane forlorn
Have a sit under the tree banyan
Grey hounds with tripod wise

Shall soak under the moonlit night
Find the friends old but new
Open my heart for moments few
Shall share the story untold yet
Life's misery and the endless wait

Let me find fun in the boughs broken
Fishing net or in cork wooden
Stumps made of bamboo sticks
Slider spin or sandy sleek
All I can shall do again
Roll and rise and fall and feign
The sacred soil's clarion call
Let me fill the weathered hall
Evening 'kirtan' the 'Mandi' space
Let me re-collect the lost grace
That's the place of sublime solace
let me find the Lost Grace.

Sachidananda Panda