

The background of the cover is a photograph of a city at sunset. The sky is filled with large, billowing clouds in shades of orange, pink, and purple. In the foreground, the dark silhouette of a church spire with a cross on top is visible on the right side. The city below is a mix of modern high-rise buildings and older structures, with some lights beginning to glow as dusk falls.

The Shades of my Mind

The World Through My Eyes

SUBRAT MOHANTY

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The World Through My Eyes

By

Subrat Mohanty

Acknowledgement

I dedicate this book to the almighty and my parents, without whose blessings this book could not have been a reality. I thank all my well wishers and readers who always encouraged me to keep writing poems. Last but not least, I would take this opportunity to thank Educreation Publishing House for publishing my work.



About The Book

The book is a collection of poems written by the author based on his experiences of life. The world is a kaleidoscope of myriad shades, subtly interwoven into one another and can only be dissected by a philosophical perspective. The poems touch upon this perspective, in a subtle way.



A Journey On The Mountain Road



Treading on the path, drowned in the air of isolation
With lofty timbers touching the
heaven, compelling one to meditation.
Upon nature, the beautiful creation of god.
And how it stands so still in balance,
looked after by the lord.
Wintry breeze welcoming us.

Majestic mountains gazing at us.
Pebbles lie where the river once used to flow
Far from the city din, where the plants now grow
Beside it. On this earthly throne on which they sit.
Together they make up the portrait
of the master Hearts fill with wonder
For the creation and awe for the master.



A Boy At The Corner Of The Classroom



With the eyes fixed on the book
And hand scribbling on the pages.
Still as the rock has he been, sitting there for ages.
Children creating hullabaloo all around.

Banging desks and pushing desks
giving out that painful sound.
Yet he seems to be in the world of his own.
Where only he lives all alone.



Memories



Vague impressions made on the canvas of mind
Of events and people left behind
They can't be touched, met or faced
But only be heard, seen and felt.

Some are beautiful some are miserable
Yet so attached are we to them
From where they come I know not the answer
May be from the unknown depths of mind
Far from understanding and hard to find.



Dilemma



It is a confusion – what to say and what to not

Before the words come, many a
battle within are fought

Between the head and the heart
Pangs of emotions striking on the
back of mind like a explosive dart

The world seems a mystery.....

They laugh, they cry

They ‘try’ to be true and sometimes they lie.

They jump in joy, they bang their heads in disdain
Sometimes they appear logical and sometimes insane

Now the logic seems to be melting
down and emotions have grown strong

The path seems hazy and yet I try to move along

With a hope fed to us since ages
By the books and wise sages

“Do what is to be done, the way
it is to be done when it is to be done.

Forgetting the past gone, bettering the present now, for
what is done, can it be ever undone ?”



I Walk Alone



Abandoned by fortune, I tread
along my path in isolation.

Shivering in pain, yet I live my
life in strong resolution.

I saw flowers but now I walk on many a thorn.

Then I walked amidst in crowd
but now I am a solitary forlorn.

The passers by did laugh at me
seeing my battered state.

Wondering how cruel can sometimes be fate.

They think I am a stupid and I am dirty.

They don't do anything except for taking pity.

I say to them

“I don't need your consolation any more.

Please. No looks of pity and no
fake emotions anymore.

You desert me, I make silence my friend

Your rejection will not make my life end.

Now I walk with bare passion
Passion to live and passion to grow
I will rise but will never bow
To the whims of the whimsical world
Infidel by nature yet shamelessly so bold
I walk alone my way
Now, no sweet words have I to say.”



Formalities



Something is to be done, somehow it is to be done.

It hardly matters why it is to be done.

The world has been doing it. Let us also do it.

(If not for anything else, just for fun !)

Rules are there very much.

They speak in favour of this.

Before them, we are dumb

like cattle and helpless like caught fish

We have sold our logic and strangled our souls.

We lay trapped, in a cage of

illusion painted by the world, like moles.

What to do ? That is how people do it.

Why do you mock us ? It happens

with all. Can't you see it ?

Yes, it happens with all.

But who again causes this 'obvious' fall ?

Brick by brick, the cement crumbles

And before you realise, one

day, the building lies in rubble.

Let us look at ourselves, we now seem a bit stupid.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Born in 1993 in the city of Bhubaneswar in India, I received my early education in Bhubaneswar. I graduated from University of Petroleum and Energy Studies in Dehradun and presently working as a petroleum engineer.

Poetry has always been my passion since childhood which I have pursued along with my professional career. I have been running a poetry blog for over past one year and the book in your hands right now is a collection of the poems written by me, that were first published on my blog.



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