

THE  
*POETRY*  
COLLECTION

THE GOLDEN BEST  
OF

SATYAJIT BHATTACHARYA

THE  
*POETRY*  
COLLECTION

SATYAJIT BHATTACHARYA

*Dear Satyajit,*

*May you rise to the flashy  
heights of fame and be a  
renowned poet one day.*

*With blessings and best wishes,*

sd/

Manju Choudhary,  
Class Teacher: VE,  
The Mother's International School

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## A BIRTHDAY SURPRISE FOR YOU

\* \* \* \* ○ \* \* \* \*

DEAR SHOM, I NOW PREPARE,  
A BIRTHDAY SURPRISE FOR YOU.  
I HOPE YOU LIKE IT, OR THINK IT'S FAIR,  
A BIRTHDAY SURPRISE FOR YOU.

YOU'LL BE A BIG GIRL OF 23,  
SO DON'T GET MALARIA OR FLU.  
JUST BE HEALTHY WHILE I MAKE,  
A BIRTHDAY SURPRISE FOR YOU.

YOU'LL BE OLDER WHEN I'M NOT THERE,  
AND I REGRET IT, I DO.  
THE LEAST I CAN DO IS MAKE,  
THIS BIRTHDAY SURPRISE FOR YOU.

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## THE CIRCUS

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I WENT TO THE CIRCUS  
AT THE PALACE GROUNDS.  
AS OUR AUTO PULLED UP,  
I SAW TRUCKS MOVING AROUND.

I WENT TO THE CIRCUS  
WITH MY MOTHER AND SIS.  
ONCE IT BEGAN,  
IT WAS ALL BLISS!

FIRST CAME THE TRAPEZE,  
THEY EVEN DID IT IN THE DARK!  
THEN CAME THE DOGS,  
THEY DID ALL BUT BARK.

THEN CAME THE BIRDS,  
COCKATOOS AND MACAWS.  
THEIR COLOURS AND TRICKS,  
HAD ALL WATCHERS IN AWE.

THEN CAME THE ELEPHANTS,  
AND NONE DID SNORT.  
NOW CAME THE LIONS,  
BUT THEY WERE CUT SHORT.

AS THE SKIES OPENED UP,  
AND THE TENT TOP BURST.  
BUT I LOVED THE CIRCUS,  
AS IT WAS MY FIRST!

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## ICE CREAM

\* \* \* ○ \* \* \*

IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN MY LIFETIME DREAM  
TO EAT A WHOLE PAIL OF ICE CREAM.  
CHOCOLATE, MANGO, STRAWBERRY,  
LIME, ORANGE OR RASPBERRY.

BE IT DOLLOPS, BE IT WALLS,  
BE IT IN PARLOURS, BE IT IN MALLS,  
BE IT KWALITY, BE IT MILKFOOD,  
WHATEVER IT IS, ICE CREAM'S GOOD.

ICE CREAM'S LOVELY, ICE CREAM'S GREAT,  
I COULD EAT A WHOLE PAIL, I BET.  
IF ALL DAY LONG I ATE ICE CREAM,  
I'D HAVE FULFILLED A LIFETIME DREAM.

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## THE HAUNTED HOUSE

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A BIG, SPOOKY ABANDONED HOUSE,  
HAUNTED IT IS, AS QUIET AS A MOUSE.  
GHOSTS SAID TO BE MOVING AROUND,  
TO THE WALL. . . A SKELETON IS BOUND!

I WENT IN THERE ONE DARK NIGHT,  
AS I DREW CLOSE, I GOT A FRIGHT!  
I WAS DETERMINED NOT TO GIVE UP WITHOUT A FIGHT,  
SO I WENT IN HOLDING A LIGHT.

I THOUGHT I WOULD SEE A VAMPIRE,  
THE CONSEQUENCES WOULD BE REALLY DIRE,  
WHAT I SAW THEN WAS HISTORY,  
MY FRIENDS HAD PLAYED A TRICK ON ME!

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THE FACE IN THE CROWD  
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IN THE CROWDED MARKET PLACE,  
ONE PARTICULAR FACE  
CAUGHT MY EYE  
AS IT LET OUT A SIGH.

OLD AND TIRED,  
FOR JOURNEYS HIRED,  
NOW REJECTED BY THE WORLD,  
INTO TIME HURLED

NOW FORGOTTEN,  
ITS CART IS ROTTEN.  
NOW NO MORE,  
IS THE DONKEY LIKE BEFORE.

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## HARDWORKING MEN

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IN THE FIELDS OF FERTILE SOILS,  
DAWN TO DUSK THE FARMER TOILS.  
TRAFFIC POLICEMEN STAND ALL DAY,  
KEEPING CRAZY DRIVERS AT BAY.

THE FISHERMAN THROWS OUT HIS NET,  
A MEAGER MEAL HE HAS TO GET.  
NONE TOO EASY IS THE FARMER'S LIFE.  
LOOK AT HIM, HE'S THIN AS A KNIFE.

NOT SO HARD MAY YOUR LIFE BE,  
FOR THESE PEOPLE, FEEL SYMPATHY.  
IF THEY'LL BE HAPPY, IT'S ONE TO TEN,  
BUT THEY GO ON, THESE HARDWORKING MEN.

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## OUR SCHOOL

\* \* \* ○ \* \* \*

FAMOUS THOUGH IS OUR SCHOOL.  
I WISH IT HAD A SWIMMING POOL.  
ELEVATORS INSTEAD OF STAIRS,  
TWO OR THREE CUSHIONS ON THE CHAIRS.

FIVE MINUTES EACH FOR TEACHERS,  
FILMS IN WHICH AMITABH FEATURES.  
THEN WE SHOULD BE LET TO PLAY.  
OUR FAVOURITE GAMES ALL DAY.

THEN WE WOULD GO HOME IN PRIVATE BUSES,  
FOR WHICH WE WOULD BE GIVEN FREE PASSES.  
THOUGH THIS DREAM IS REALLY BLISS,  
OUR SCHOOL IS NOT LIKE THIS!

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## MY SECRET BELONGINGS

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A TURQUOISE BLUE WOODEN BOX,  
WHICH IS SECURED BY TWO SMALL LOCKS,  
CONTAINS MY SECRET POSSESSIONS,  
I HAVE COVERED IT WITH DECORATIONS.

IF YOU OPEN IT YOU WILL SEE  
SOME SHELLS WHICH I BROUGHT FROM THE SEA.  
MARBLES, ALL COLOURS, BIG AND SMALL,  
I USED TO PLAY THEM, BUT NOW I PLAY BALL.

A WOODEN FLUTE WHICH I MYSELF MADE,  
A SHINY POCKET KNIFE (IT'S SIX BLADE)  
A TENNIS BALL WITH WHICH I PLAY CRICKET,  
A BRASS RING WHICH I FOUND BY THE GATE.

STORIES AND POEMS WHICH I COMPOSED  
A PHOTO FOR WHICH MY CAT POSED.  
I REALLY LOVE MY SECRET BOX,  
WHICH IS WHY IT HAS TWO LOCKS.

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## OUR MEETING PLACE

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OUR MEETING PLACE IS MY FAVOURITE PLACE.  
NO ONE COMES OUT WITH A DULL FACE.  
GAMES TO PLAY, BOOKS TO READ,  
THROWING OUT GRAINS, BIRDS WE FEED.

IT STANDS ON A HILL,  
NEARBY STANDS AN OLD MILL.  
IT IS ACTUALLY AN ABANDONED SHACK,  
WE HAD TO MEND A LITTLE, HAMMER AND WHACK!

IT IS VERY NICE AND CLEAN,  
TO GO THERE WE ARE KEEN.  
IF SOMEONE COMES IN IN A WORRY,  
HE WON'T GO OUT IN A HURRY!

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## MY UMBRELLA

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UP GOES MY UMBRELLA,  
AS THE RAINS COME DOWN.  
MY BEAUTIFUL UMBRELLA,  
IS THE TOAST OF TOWN.

I BOUGHT IT ONE SUNDAY,  
WHEN IT WAS RAINING OUTSIDE.  
IT WAS SO COLOURFUL,  
SO PRETTY AND WIDE.

"HOW MUCH IS IT?"  
"150 RUPEES".  
"THAT'S EXPENSIVE".  
"PAY OR GO, PLEASE".

SO I BOUGHT IT,  
AND CARRIED IT HOME.  
ALL EYES WERE ON ME,  
NAY, THAT SPECTACULAR DOME.

IT PROTECTS ME FROM THE RAIN,  
AS MY SISTER GIVES AN ENVIOUS FROWN.  
UP GOES MY UMBRELLA,  
AS THE RAINS COME DOWN.

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W.W.F  
\* \* \* ○ \* \* \*

IT'S THE LATEST CHILDHOOD CRAZE,  
AT THE T.V. WE ALL GAZE.  
STRONG, MUSCULAR WRESTLERS GALORE,  
ALL OF WHOM CHILDREN ADORE.

UNDERTAKER AND BRET "HITMAN" HART,  
YOKOZUNA AS FAT AS A CART.  
GIANT GONZALES, 8 FEET 4,  
(THAT'S THE HEIGHT OF OUR FRONT DOOR).

TAGTEAMS AND 20 MAN MATCHES,  
KAMALA COMES IN, COVERED WITH PATCHES.  
THEY SHOUT IN MIKES, MAKING YOU DEAF,  
WE ALL LOVE IT, THIS W.W.F.

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INDIA  
\* \* \* ○ \* \* \*

THE TRICOLOUR FLIES ON PARLIAMENT HOUSE,  
WILDLIFE RANGES FROM LIONS TO A MOUSE.  
THE SUN RISES OVER THE BAY OF BENGAL.  
AND SETS ON THE ARABIAN SEA, IN FRONT OF ALL.

AWAY FROM THE OCEAN WE CAN SEE  
MIGHTY MOUNTAINS MAKING THE SEARS TOWER LOOK WEE.  
FAMOUS MONUMENTS, OLD AND NEW.  
GRASS SO GREEN AND SKIES SO BLUE.

THE SOIL VARIES FROM BLACK TO RED,  
NOWHERE ARE THE CROPS DEAD.  
THIS IS NOT A DOCUMENTARY FROM THE MEDIA,  
THIS IS THE MAGICAL LAND OF INDIA.

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POEMS  
\* \* \* ○ \* \* \*

WELL, POEMS, ARE NOT UNUSUAL TO ME,  
I WRITE THEM DOWN FOR YOU TO SEE.  
THIS IS MY 20TH ONE,  
WHILE WRITING THEM I HAVE FUN.

I STEP INTO ANOTHER WORLD,  
BEFORE ME IDEAS ARE UNFURLED.  
I STARTED WRITING LAST YEAR,  
ON ANYTHING, FROM PUPS TO A PEAR.

ISN'T IT FUNNY HOW,  
I'M WRITING A POEM NOW.  
SURPRISINGLY, IT IS ON  
POEMS, OF WHICH I AM DON!

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## SUMMER HOLIDAYS

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IT'S MY FAVORITE TIME OF THE YEAR,  
SUMMER HOLIDAYS I HOLD DEAR.  
ALL DAY LONG I CAN DO AS I WISH,  
PLAY OR EAT MY FAVORITE DISH.

I CAN GO TO PLACES GALORE,  
I NEED WORRY ABOUT ATTENDANCE NO MORE.  
I CAN BRING OUT THE REAL POET IN ME,  
AND CONCENTRATE MORE ON PHILATELY.

JUST TO LET YOU KNOW,  
MY FAVORITE MONTH IS JUNE  
WHEN PLAYING ALL DAY IS,  
NO LONGER ASKING FOR THE MOON!

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NOISE  
\* \* \* \* \*

A FILTHY THING CALLED NOISE  
CAME AND DESTROYED THE PEACE.  
FROM FAR AWAY IT CAME LIKE BAD GIRLS AND BOYS,  
SHOUTING AND SCREAMING AND BUZZING LIKE BEES.

THIS VERY NOISE POLLUTED THE AIR  
WITH THOUSANDS OF VEHICLES EVERYWHERE.  
CARS, TRUCKS, BUSES AND SCOOTERS,  
AUTORICKSHAWS LOUDLY HONKING THEIR HOOTERS.

WHY CAN'T THERE BE PEACE ON THE EARTH?  
WHY DID NOISE EVEN TAKE BIRTH?  
NOISE CAN REDUCE THE WORLD TO RUBBLE,  
CHANCES OF THIS HAPPENING ARE DOUBLE.

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## THE DREEM TREE

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THE TREES OF MY DREAMS,  
IN MY HEART GLEAMS.  
ALL FRUIT IT WOULD BEAR,  
IN ALL THE YEAR.

APPLES AND CHERRIES,  
ALL KINDS OF BERRIES.  
FLOWERS PERFUMING THE AIR,  
BIRDS EVERYWHERE.

IT WOULD GIVE OUT A LIGHT,  
CLEAR AND BRIGHT,  
A SOFT WARM GLOW,  
EVERYONE WOULD KNOW.

THAT THERE STANDS THE DREAM TREE,  
FOR BOTH YOU AND ME.  
WE ALL LOVE IT VERY MUCH,  
THERE'S NOTHING BETTER AS SUCH!

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## THE MOUSE

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ONE FINE MORNING OUTSIDE MY HOUSE,  
TO MY SURPRISE, I FOUND A MOUSE!  
HE HAD A HAZY GREY HIDE,  
I PICKED HIM UP AND TOOK HIM INSIDE.

HE HAD SMALL, BRIGHT BEADY EYES,  
HIS BODY WAS NOT MUCH IN SIZE.  
WITH MY SWEATER HE BEGAN TO TAMPER,  
I THOUGHT WELL BEFORE NAMING HIM SCAMPER.

HE CLIMBS ON WALLS WITH GREAT EASE,  
HE COMES DOWN IF HE SEES CHEESE.  
I AND SCAMPER ALL DAY.  
SKIP AND DANCE AND HOP AND PLAY!

\*\*\*\*\* ○ \*\*\*\*\*

MY ROOM  
\* \* \* ○ \* \* \*

MY ROOM LIES ALL UPSIDE DOWN,  
NOBODY COMES IN WITHOUT A FROWN.  
COME AND SEE MY FILTHY ROOM,  
HERE A WHACK, THERE A BOOM!!

I'D CLEAN IT UP, I REALLY MIGHT,  
AND IF I DO, IT'D BE A SIGHT.  
SO NOW I'M SWEATING ALL OVER MY FACE,  
AND PUTTING EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE.

I'VE GOT A BOX,  
FOR MY PENCILS.  
I'VE GOT A HOLDER,  
FOR MY STENCILS.

NOW I'VE TIDIED UP MY ROOM,  
NEITHER A WHACK, NOR A BOOM.

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**CRICKET**  
\* \* \* ○ \* \* \*

CRICKET IS MY FAVOURITE GAME,  
IT HAS GATHERED WORLDWIDE FAME.  
KAPIL, IMRAN, BOTHAM AND WAQAR,  
ALL ARE FAMOUS WIDE AND FAR.

THE GREAT WEST INDIAN VIV,  
CAME IN TO BAT WITH A MOTIVE.  
TO CART BOWLERS, SPIN OR PACE,  
TO BAT WITH BOTH AGGRESSION AND GRACE.

GENTLEMEN FIGHT A WAR OUT THERE,  
SOMETIMES A CENTURY, SOMETIMES PAIR.  
IT MAY NOT ALWAYS BE YOUR DAY,  
BUT BE HAPPY, COME WHAT MAY!

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## THE LIBRARY

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"SILENCE!" "QUIET PLEASE",  
THESE SIGNS NEVER SEEM TO CEASE!  
BUT THEY ARE FOR A GOOD CAUSE,  
NO ONE MAKES A NOISE, BECAUSE,

THIS IS THE LIBRARY WHERE BOOKS ARE READ,  
EVERYONE'S QUIET, NOT A WORD IS SAID.  
ALL ENGROSSED IN THE TAKEN BOOK,  
THERE ARE LOTS, INTO WHICH YOU CAN LOOK.

ANOTHER WORLD FORMS BEFORE YOUR EYES,  
OF USEFUL ANIMALS AND DANGEROUS FLIES.  
OF KINGS OF THE PAST,  
AND ROCKETS SO FAST.

GRIPPING MYSTERIES AND HORROR TALES,  
TO LIKE A BOOK ONE RARELY FAILS.  
AS FOR THE LIBRARY AT M.I.S,  
THE NEAT LITTLE ROOM IS NEVER IN A MESS!

AS IN MY OWN CASE,  
IN SCHOOL, LIBRARY IS THE BEST PLACE.  
IN A CIRCLE ON CHAIRS WE SIT,  
AT THE LIBRARY, I LIKE EVERY BIT!

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**BAREFOOT**  
\* \* \* ○ \* \* \*

DOWN THE BEACH WE WALK BAREFOOT,  
NEITHER A SHOE, NOR A BOOT.  
CLIMB ON LADDERS, JUMP ON YOUR SEAT,  
COULD YOU DO THIS WITHOUT YOUR FEET?

WALKING ON THE CHILLY SNOW,  
SOME SAYS YES, SOME SAYS NO.  
ON A RAINY DAY GO SHOPPING,  
IN THE PUDDLES GO HOPPING.

COME, LET'S WALK ALONG THE MARSH,  
LISTEN TO THE BIRDS, WITH VOICES SO HARSH.  
COME, LET'S STAND ON THE WALL,  
BUT BE CAREFUL YOU DON'T FALL!

IT'S REALLY FUN TO WALK BAREFOOT,  
NEITHER A SHOE, NOR A BOOT.

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**MY PUP**  
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SWEET AND CUDDLY IS MY PUP,  
HE LOVES TO DINE, HE LOVES TO SUP.  
OF COURSE HE'S GOT NO TIME FOR CURRY,  
HE IS CUTE AND SWEET, HIS NAME IS FURRY.

FURRY THE PRINCE, FURRY THE KING,  
FURRY RUNS TO ME WHEN HE HEARS ME SING.  
HE HAD A KENNEL OF HIS OWN,  
HE LOVES TO SLEEP IN IT ALONE.

HIS COLOUR IS BROWN,  
BUT HE DOES NOT FROWN.  
HE'S A LOVELY PET,  
YOU'D LIKE HIM I BET!

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**PARTIES**  
\* \* \* ○ \* \* \*

SOME PEOPLE AVOID PARTIES,  
PARTIES THEY CANNOT BEAR.  
I AM NOT ONE OF THEM,  
I LIKE PARTIES, I FEAR.

BIRTHDAYS ARE REALLY THE BEST,  
BUT I ALSO LIKE THE REST.  
GOODIES WE CAN EAT,  
THEY ARE REALLY A TREAT!

I HAVE FUN AT PARTIES,  
PARTIES I HOLD DEAR.  
I REALLY LOVE PARTIES,  
WHICH SOME PEOPLE CANNOT BEAR.

\*\*\*\*\* ○ \*\*\*\*\*

\* \* \* **ME** \* \* \*

I AM A BOY, 10 YEARS OLD,  
SOMETIMES TIMID, SOMETIMES BOLD.  
I AM ACTIVE, EVERYONE SAYS,  
I'VE BEEN HEARING THIS FOR MANY DAYS.

SATYAJIT BHATTACHARYA IS MY NAME,  
CRICKET IS MY FAVOURITE GAME.  
HOBBIES I HAVE, TWO OR THREE,  
BUT MY FAVOURITE IS PHILATELY.

I HAVE KEPT MANY PETS, MOSTLY CATS,  
ALL EXPERTS AT CATCHING RATS.  
I KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SPORTS AND A TOY,  
I MYSELF THINK I AM A GOOD BOY!

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**BID FOR GLORY**

\*\*\*○\*\*\*

WORKING OUT, STAYING FIT,  
HE MATURES BIT BY BIT.  
VICTORY MAY NOT ALWAYS BE HIS,  
BUT A SPORTSMAN KNOWS WHAT GLORY IS.

DAY OR NIGHT, RAIN OR SHINE,  
HE LONGS TO SAY "GLORY'S MINE!"  
TOILING HARD, SWEATING BUCKETS,  
STRIVING TO WIN ALL HIS MATCHES.

HE NEVER QUILTS, HE NEVER GIVES UP,  
SO LEARN A LESSON FROM HIM,  
COUNT FAILURES AS STEPPING STONES TO SUCCESS,  
AND DON'T LET YOUR CONFIDENCE DIM.

AND GLORY WILL BE YOURS.

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