


In Mind

A COLLECTION OF POETRY

DIYA DAS

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About the Collection

I first began writing poetry when I was in elementary school – for English class. I did not write regularly for another year, after which I began to date all my poems.

From as early as my third year of writing poetry, I have considered compiling all of my poetry into one anthology at some distant time in the future. My method of writing poetry has never been completely organized; I have written in several note books at once, on post-it notes and at the computer. I realized that I should compile all of my poetry shortly after moving in the summer of 2004.

Although I initially considered a journal format for this book, I have chosen to group this collection into nine sections, selected according to the topic. Still retaining a part of my original plan, I have arranged the poems within each section in chronological order. Thus, this collection of poetry is essentially a poem journal of the past six years of my life.

Diya Das
September 2007

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First Drafts

October 3, 2002

Autumn

An abundant harvest is gathered
 Unvarying beauty all around me
 Trees of color surround me
 Under me is a pile of leaves
 My birthday in September
 New school year starts

October 10, 2002

The Frog

The frog
 Hopped over a log
 In the bog.

His mate
 Was late
 For their date.

The angry frog
 Hopped over a log
 As he left the bog.

His mate
 Came hopping late
 For their date.

She, the female frog,
 Hopped over every log
 In the bog.

She left to get a new mate
 Who would not be late
 For their date.

As of late,
 She has a new mate.
 He is late.

November 5, 2002

A thank you note to fall

Thank you fall, for all the gifts you give me,
Especially the chance for me
To see
Pretty leaves falling off a tree.

There's red and yellow everywhere
On the trees, and in the air.
Of all the leaves that dance without a care,
There isn't one that I could spare.

And for me, there's even more
Presents galore,
Spread all over the floor
And a birthday party with much more than four.

A fresh new school year,
With many friends willing to lend an ear:
Without a smear,
Clear of mistakes and full of cheer.

There's many more gifts, I know,
That you can't give out before this year's snow.
I'm sorry that you have to go,
But I'll wait for you to come again, even though you're slow.

November 27, 2002

Fall Is Gone

The tree is bare.
 Its branches do not move in the cold air.
 The birds have left, too.
 But the sky is still blue.

The tree was alive,
 And the birds would dive.
 The tree would sway,
 And the birds would play.

It was always fun
 To play in the sun.
 We made much noise,
 With all our joys.

That was fall,
 Without a single snowball.
 But now, fall has withdrawn.
 fall is gone.

December 2, 2002

The Mice and Lice of Christmas

Deck the halls with a giant snowflake;
 Christmas is the time to give and take.
 May there be snow and ice,
 Free of dust, and free of mice,
 And a trip to the frozen lake.

December 22, 2002

The Birdies and Me

One day, a birdie flew to me,
“Can I build a nest in this oak tree?”

I said no,
But the birdie wouldn't go.
He said, “I'm using this tree.”
“You will see.”

On the first day
Of May,
The birdie built his nest,
While calling me a little pest.
And at the end of the day,
The birdie flew away.

The next day, the birdie brought his bride
And she cried.
When I offered them a branch of the tree,
The two little birdies smiled back at me.
She said, “Thank you.”
Then he added, “Me, too!”

On the first of June,
Five little birdies were born under a full moon.
I fed them a worm,
And they began to squirm.
I knew their babyhood wouldn't last,
And the five little birdies grew up really fast.

Now as I write,
It is not yet night.
And even though it is still light,
Thirty-five little birdies chirp, “Good night!”
And happily they sleep,
With an occasional peep.

December 24, 2002

Wind

Blowing softly on a summer day,
A light breeze in the month of May.

A little stronger down the road:
August is another load.

Tugging and playing like a child,
In the spring and summer the wind is very mild.

Fall is a little stronger now,
Strong enough to make a tree bow.

Winter is another story,
The wind is howling in all his glory.

At the start of a new year,
The wind does not appear.

Then quietly he works his path,
Until he lets out all his wrath.

The wind is very nice,
But sometimes he blows pellets of ice.

In the spring, the wind is timid and weak,
But as the year goes on, he becomes slippery, sly, and sleek.

Be careful, there is a slight breeze.
The wind is howling in the trees.

January 2, 2003

School

Last year

The school year was nowhere near

The second bend.

But now it's almost at an end.

Difficult and yet full of ease,

The year went like a breeze.

The first few days were hard

And far away was the dreaded report card.

Going from the start of a new friendship

And on past the first field trip,

The Retreat,

The year does not seem near complete.

But the year is almost over -

And at summer the car will pull over.

It is hard to believe it could end so soon -

The classes, the friends - all before June.

February 12, 2003

The Fun on Valentine's Day

Red and pink hearts decorate the halls,
Gifts appear on display in the malls.
Bows appear everywhere -
The spirit of Valentine's Day is in the air.

A silence settles in the room -
It is as silent as a forgotten tomb.
The moment is abrupt:
Suddenly, all the rooms erupt.

The party starts.
Soon, balloons are besieged by little red darts.
Eat and play -
That is the schedule for the rest of the day.

As stragglers leave,
The teachers grieve.
The mess is complete -
It is not a job they happily greet.

And yet, the teachers smile
As they begin a garbage pile.
The party was good for everyone -
The kids had lots of fun.

As the teachers go,
They are relieved to know
There are no more Valentine's Day parties anywhere near,
The next clean-up job can wait for a year.

March 9, 2003

Winter Into Spring

Through the winter we have come,
Through the cold, and through the glum.
Winter is not quite over yet -
But there is some resistance that winter has not met.

Strong wills winter will meet,
The next time he tries to make us go back for a treat.
Spring will not let us go,
That is something that winter really does know.

But winter does not like it you see -
He is the greediest of the other three.
Month after month, year after year,
Winter does not like to see spring come near.

Spring is reminder of all things that are nice,
But no one spring will ever come twice.
That is the sad part you see,
At least, it seems so to me.

For those who believe winter is not bad,
I agree with you, although the thought makes me mad.
Not a thousand words would say it all, but one single phrase could -
Everything on Earth is both bad and good.

May 15, 2003

I, the Butterfly

I flutter
 Through the trees
 In the cool breeze.
 My name is butter-
 Fly
 On land and in the sky.
 I hop
 Onto a tiny perch,
 And as the tree blows forward, I lurch.
 No time to stop!
 Quiet as a tiny mouse,
 I may be hiding in the tree just outside your house!

September 22, 2003

Too Sleepy

I am too tired to go to school today,
 I was too tired yesterday.
 I'm not getting out of bed for another hour or two,
 Why don't you go back to sleep too?

I tell you, go away!
 Bother someone else today.
 There isn't anyone else you say?
 Then come back another day.

Mercy! Don't pull my hair!
 It isn't fair!
 I'm too sleepy to hear.
 No, please don't shout in my ear!

I don't want to hear another word.
 I don't want to listen to any mockingbird.
 I don't want to talk,
 I don't care if it's ten o' clock.

What did you say?
 The stars are shining pink today?
 Why does it matter what day it is today?
 You said it's Saturday?