

# Flight to the MOON



A Collection of  
**Poems & Short Stories**

**Sourodeep Sarkar**



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BLUE PENCIL

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## **Blue Pencil**

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## Sourodeep Sarkar

**B**orn in the vibrant city of Calcutta and studying at the esteemed Don Bosco School (Kolkata), Sourodeep Sarkar (15) is your average GenZ teenager eager to establish his view of this world. Hypnotized by the elegant English of the Shakespearean era and fascinated by contemporary literature, Sourodeep aims to create a seamless blend that transcends laws laid down by time and region.

From the witty writings of Cassandra Clare to the timeless classics of Ken Follet and Arthur Conan Doyle, Sourodeep draws inspiration from some of the

greatest writers, wishing to strike the perfect balance between grammar and expression.

Further, Sourodeep's interests are rarely limited to just literature and writing. Alongside writing, Sourodeep enjoys spending his spare time singing, playing the guitar, watching sports (typically football and cricket), playing table tennis and occasionally, even sketching portraits out of his imagination. In the past year or so, he has composed several songs that are currently available on YouTube @arkoproductions8197 and other streaming services like Spotify and Apple Music.

Through his writings and his passion for sports and music, he wishes to develop into a dynamic personality who is capable of adapting to the rapidly changing tides of modern society.

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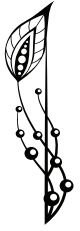
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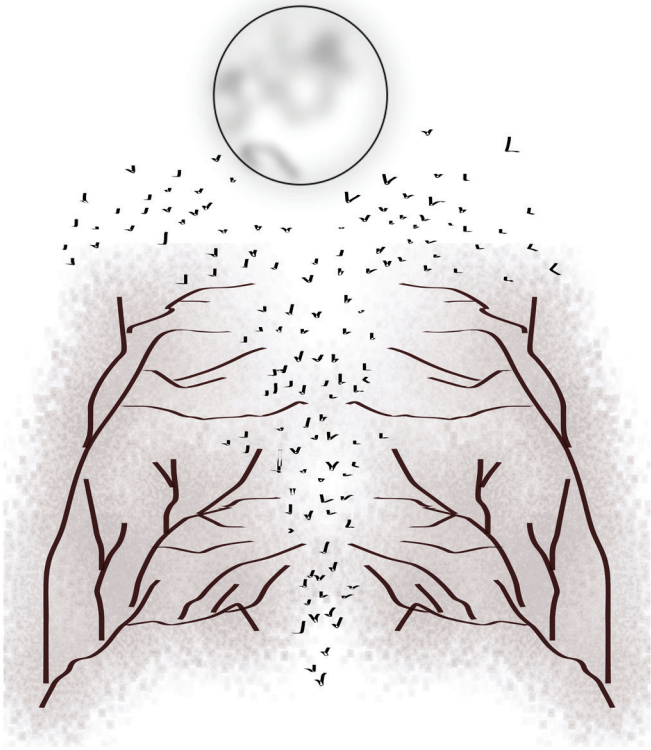
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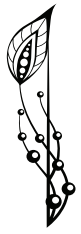




# POETRY







# The Joys of Midnight

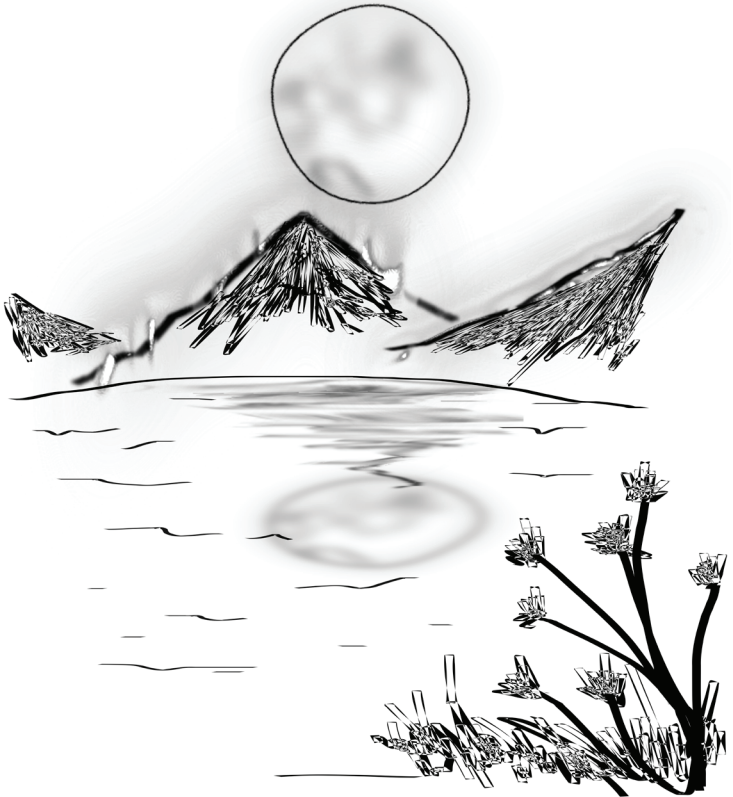


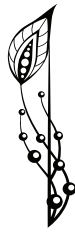
Under the dark, starry sky,  
When all the livings sleep  
The clock strikes twelve, and all is calm,  
Except the call of Nature sweet.

The moon lay yonder,  
Amidst fainter stars,  
A graceful queen on the throne  
Whiter than the purest milk.

The sweet smell of the trees,  
The feel of wet grass 'neath my feet,  
The soothing breeze onto my face  
Brings with it the ocean scent.

The Nature's voice, so sweet and soft,  
A calm and sober healing sound.  
With the soft wind on my face,  
I feel the world within a case.





## The Wonder



When all is dark, the sky so black,  
When the night bird's call, seeps through the dark,  
When the freezing winter, chills the spine,  
And the ground is covered, with cold and frost.

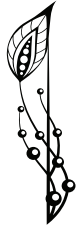
The stars all twinkle, far above,  
Like fluttering flame, on a windy day,  
But amidst the darkness, and winter clouds,  
Shines the wondrous, brilliant moon.

Shining brightly in restless nights,  
A ray of hope, in the darkest times,  
Though without a strength of its own,  
It rules the world, a beauty queen.

Spreading joy, on a haunting night,  
When all is quiet, but the howling wolves  
When the tiny stars, light up the sky,  
And the blazing sun, lay cold as ice.

And now I stand, this silent night,  
The silver glint of the brilliant moon,  
Reflecting off the snowy frost,  
The wondrous moon, this cold dark night.



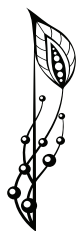


## Proof of Childish Sin



Two buns, three buns, five buns in all  
One dish of dove and one nice meatball.  
One slice of cake for taking away,  
Wrapped with much care to keep flies at bay.

These things done then return hence  
For we have more to order yet  
Is the bill below twelve pence?  
For that is all, my mother lets!

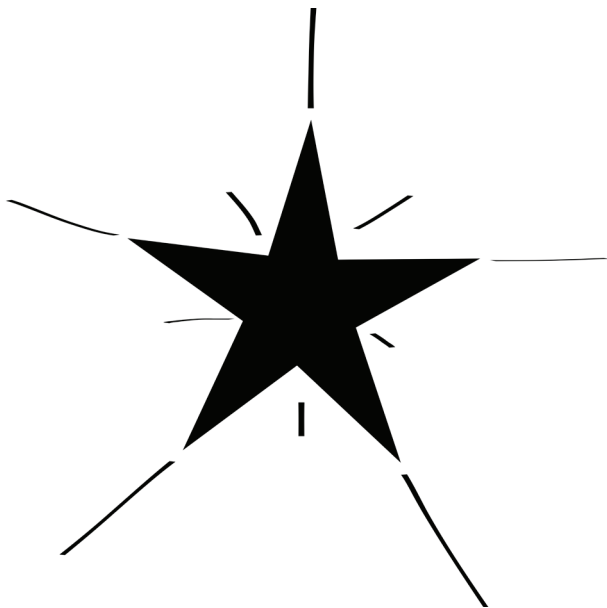


## Silver in the Black



Had I the eye to see it all,  
And time to wander still,  
Then would I have seen the stars  
Sparkling in the dark.

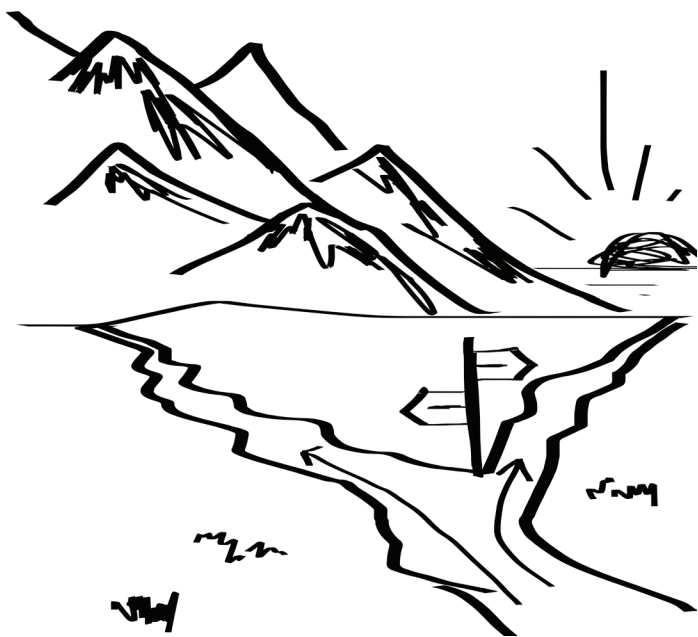
I know not if the moon is bright,  
Or the shadows dull  
I know not if the starry dust,  
Twinkles in the dark.

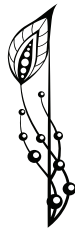


Had I the eye to see it all,  
And time to wonder still,  
Would I have seen the mountains shine  
Or the waters glint?  
Would not the trees like angels sing  
As they wave their cloak?  
With voices sweet and words unheard,  
Would the anthem ring.

Had I the eye to see it all,  
And time to wander still,  
Then would I have slept awhile,  
'neath the starry skies.  
Would not the stars with comets rain,  
And clouds with glitters float?  
Would not the still and quiet night  
Flaunt its silver wings?

Yet today here I stand,  
Shrouded in the mist:  
The sky is black and black it is,  
Without a spark of white.





# Life



Life is a cycle of many shows,  
With just the two main routes  
The dark and gloomy and the sad,  
The bright and jolly and the glad.

Whether you take the brighter side  
Or the darker one  
Life is gloomy, yet Life is joy  
Life is dark yet Life is bright.

Life is sad yet Life is happy  
Life is dull yet Life is shiny.  
Life is yours, the way you take.  
The dark and gloomy or the bright and happy.

END OF SAMPLE

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