

Data Aur Dil

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Data Aur Dil

Introduction: Connecting the Pipelines of the Heart

Poem 1: Yeh Hai IT Meri Jaan

Poem 2: Kis liye tum itni ruthi ruthi ho

Poem 3: Tum jo itni sexy ho

Poem 4: Data aur Dil

Poem 5: Hot aur Sweet

Poem 6: Morning Messages

Poem 7: Weekend Dreams

Poem 8: Video Call

Poem 9: Sydney Invitation

Poem 10: The Data Architect's Love

Poem 11: The Parramatta Princess

Poem 12: Night Shift Dreams

Poem 13: The Midnight Draft

Poem 14: Crypto Charts and You

Poem 15: Golden Futures

Poem 16: The Weekend Wait

Poem 17: Airport Goodbyes

Poem 18: The Perfect Match

Poem 19: Kitne boyfriend ghuma rahi ho

Poem 20: Sea of Data

Poem 21: Endless Love

Conclusion: Logging Off and Living On

Introduction: Connecting the Pipelines of the Heart

Welcome to **Data Aur Dil**, a poetry collection that captures the modern heartbeat of corporate life and long-distance romance. In today's hyper-connected yet often isolating world, our days are

frequently split between the cold, logical flow of data and the warm, unpredictable desires of the heart .

This book explores that precise intersection. Within these pages, you will find verses that echo the familiar realities of the IT industry—the blue glow of monitors , the quiet hum of servers , the pressure of offshore clients , and the endless stream of SQL queries. These poems do not shy away from the exhaustion of the corporate maze, acknowledging everything from the anxiety of layoffs and incomplete hikes to the weariness of ten-hour night shifts illuminated by glaring spreadsheets.

Yet, amidst the Databricks, Azure pipelines, and Snowflake tables , a vibrant, human story blossoms. *Data Aur Dil* is a testament to how affection survives and thrives through the digital ether. It highlights the beauty of morning texts , the joy of pixelated video calls , and the gentle 'ping' of messages under pale screen lights . It is a journey of longing to break free from the digital tether , dreaming of golden evenings by the Parramatta River , and finding a connection robust enough to withstand the busy noise of the modern world.

Read on to explore a world where the technical and the emotional collide, proving that even in a life governed by code, the heart writes its own script.

Poem 1: Yeh Hai IT Meri Jaan

Yeh Hai IT Meri Jaan

Queries ke bojh tale dabi hai muskaan,

Pipelines ki bheed mein khoti pehchaan, yeh hai IT meri jaan.

*Subah nau baje se screens ki chamak hai bright,
Neeli screen ke aage jalti hai laptop ki light.
Thandi AC ki hawa, aur kachi coffee ki hai mehek,
Keyboards ki tik-tik se goonjti hai daftari chehak.
Project jo time se pehle complete kiya,
Toh bench ki kaali raat dikha ke pink slip de diya.
Client ke sapne, neeli roshni mein chamakte target,
Weekend pe sunsaan office, zindagi ho gayi preset.
Bonus ka dhokha, laal rang ka hike adhura,
Corporate ka yeh chakravyuh na samjhe koi poora.*

Poem 2: Kis liye tum itni ruthi ruthi ho

*Kis liye tum itni ruthi ruthi ho,
Andhere kamre mein chup chaap kyun baithi ho.
Gulaabi sham dhal rahi, peeli roshni hai aayi,
Hawaon mein khushbu tumhari mehekne lagi hai bhaai.
Baadal garaj rahe hain, baarish ki aawaz hai,
Tumhari chuppi ke peeche ek gehra sa raaz hai.
Sunehri roshni mein apna chehra toh dikha do,
Muskura do na, in chamakti aankhon ko mila do.
Gungunati hawaon mein apna meetha swar saja do,
Mere is bechain dil ki dhadkan ko jaga do.
Kori dhoop ki tarah khil kar ye roothna hata do,
Tum bina ye dil adhura sa lagta hai, isse mita do.*

Poem 3: Tum jo itni sexy ho

*Tum jo itni sexy ho, lal hothon ki muskaan saaja rahi ho,
Kachi chameli ki khushbu se sabko behka rahi ho.
Phone ki neeli roshni mein kitne message chamka rahi ho,*

*Bolo na sach, kitne boyfriend tum ghuma rahi ho?
Aankhon mein kajal ka jaadu, honthon pe meethi shararat,
Chupke se dilon ko chura ke, kahaan le ja rahi ho yeh aafat.
Kamar ki lachak aur payal ki chhan-chhan par nigaahen atak jaati
hain,
Teri zaalim tez perfume ki mehek se saansein bhatak jaati hain.
Har ladka deewana, goonjti hans pe marta hai,
Tum muskura do toh har koi roshni mein aahen bharta hai.
Raaton mein message ki 'beep', din mein calls ki aawaz,
Kaun sa number aaj tune ignore kiya, kisko diya naya andaaz?
Ek ko chandi sa pyar, doosre ko sunehri hope,
Teesre ko bas "Baby" keh ke andhere mein dilaati ho dope.
Yeh husn ka jaadu hai ya koi sangeen crime?
Jismein fans ke har mard pagal ho jaaye over time.*

Poem 4: Data aur Dil

*You run SQL queries under the monitor's blue glow,
I design the whole frame, watching the green data flow.
Databricks, Azure — we speak the same technical name,
While the server's quiet hum softly whispers our fame.
Data is the future, a bright and golden land,
But hearts need the warm touch of a gentle hand.
From morning meetings filled with espresso's sweet scent,
To late-night trains where the city's neon lights are spent.
Let's build a vibrant life where both joy and peace remains,
Far away from the clicking keyboards and corporate chains.
Compatible minds, caring hearts in a rhythmic sync,
Together we can achieve anything in a colorful blink.*

Poem 5: Hot aur Sweet

*You sent your photo, the phone's white screen shining fine,
My heart skipped a beat, a loud thump saying "wow, she's mine?"
Sweet rosy smile, bright amber eyes, full of warm grace,
A hint of jasmine scent seems to float from your face.
Working hard daily at your own steady, rhythmic pace,
Moving through life's shadows to a sunlit space.
I called you hot, you replied with a shy, soft hmm,
That little buzzing sound still plays like a sweet hymn.
The golden morning light reflects on your hair's flow,
Let's keep talking softly, let this vibrant feeling grow.
From glowing digital chats to a world where true colors show,
From chat to forever, only the whispering winds will know.*

Poem 6: Morning Messages

*Good morning dear, the yellow sun rays begin to smile,
Distance between us, yet we talk and type for a while.
Work pressure is high, alarms ringing with a loud chime,
Yet your caring nature shines, making beautiful every time.
I cook chicken noodles, smelling of garlic and spice,
You grab a light sandwich, cold and fresh like ice.
The clicking of keys and the 'ping' of texts sound so right,
Small conversations under the screen's pale blue light.
One day these typed good mornings will leave the digital tether,
Hearing your real voice, walking in the breezy weather.
Waking up side by side, bathed in the morning's gold hue,
Breathing the scent of fresh coffee, just me and you.*

Poem 7: Weekend Dreams

*Weekend at PG, sunbeams dancing in the room's clear space,
The heavy clink of exercise weights at a steady pace.
Loud bass of music, bright flashes from the web series screen,
And trading charts flickering with candles of red and green.
The scent of fresh laundry floating in the quiet haze,
No big plans, just peaceful, slow, and colorful days.
Still, your ambition whispers in these quiet, breezy ways,
While I write my poems, lost in a sunlit maze.
You chase your glowing goals with a focus so refined,
Leaving the loud noise of the busy world behind.
Let's merge our vibrant worlds, our deep passions blend,
A life of warm light, sweet sounds, and a love with no end.*

Poem 8: Video Call

*Video call kab? Morning's gold or afternoon's bright room?
Let's see each other, chase away the grey and silent gloom.
You at your wooden desk, with sweet coffee brewing high,
Me miles away, beneath a clear and azure sky.
The ring light flashes, bringing your vibrant face to view,
A pixelated painting of a love that feels so true.
Still your gentle voice makes my ordinary day feel strong,
Share your radiant smile, I'll share a sweet, melodic song.
The sound of your laughter breaks through the static noise,
Turning this glowing screen time into a world of simple joys.
Step by step, slowly and surely we'll begin to know,
If this blooming, fragrant connection is meant to grow.*

Poem 9: Sydney Invitation

*Come to Sydney, where the harbour shines so cool and bright,
Leave the heavy Mumbai heat for the shimmering city light.
We'll walk together, hearing the gentle ocean sigh,
Under the vast and painted colors of the evening sky.
The scent of the sea breeze and a warm, inviting view,
A stroll by Parramatta's waters, just meant for me and you.
Your office days are long, my loud meetings echo too,
But golden evenings can belong entirely to me and you.
The clinking of glasses, the taste of sweet wine's glow,
No pressure, just gently getting to feel and know.
Breathing the crisp, fresh air where the eucalyptus grow,
Waiting to see where this beautiful, sunlit journey might go.*

Poem 10: The Data Architect's Love

*You build the pipelines in Azure Data Factory's bright space,
I query the Snowflake tables, matching your fast pace.
The hum of the servers, a quiet and steady sound,
While massive data streams are constantly spinning around.
We transitioned from SSIS, leaving the old grey screens behind,
Now cloud-based dashboards glow, a vibrant state of mind.
The scent of dark espresso fuels our morning code,
As we navigate the traffic on the heavy data road.
But past the glowing monitors and SQL's strict demand,
I want to walk beside you, gently holding your warm hand.
Let's build a strong foundation, robust and ever true,
Where the most important metric is my growing love for you.*

Poem 11: The Parramatta Princess

*The Parramatta River glows beneath the amber light,
The scent of blooming jacarandas fills the breezy night.
I wrote a poetry collection with you inside my mind,
A royal, radiant princess, so elegant and kind.
The ferry's horn echoes, a deep and rumbling sound,
While autumn leaves in shades of gold are falling to the ground.
We'll walk along the riverside, the water shimmering blue,
And every rhyming verse I speak will be dedicated to you.
The city lights reflect like diamonds on the gentle stream,
Turning this Australian evening into a vibrant dream.
Leave the noisy traffic, let the peaceful twilight stay,
And let the fragrant Sydney wind carry our cares away.*

Poem 12: Night Shift Dreams

*The glaring white of spreadsheets cuts through the silent dark,
A dog's lonely howl echoes like a distant, hollow bark.
The headset presses heavy, the mic has a static hum,
Waiting for the offshore client's final sign-off to come.
The smell of burnt toast lingers in the small kitchen space,
While I stare at the pixelated colors of my colleague's face.
Green checkmarks on the messenger, yellow away signs blink,
Pouring another black coffee, giving me time to think.
Ten hours on the shift, the fluorescent tubes hum loud,
I wish I was outside beneath a pink and purple cloud.
But soon the shift will end, the morning sun will rise,
And I will close my weary, screen-tired, heavy eyes.*

Poem 13: The Midnight Draft

*Twelve chapters, twelve characters, the story is nearly set,
My keyboard clicks like raindrops, a sound I can't forget.
The yellow desk lamp casts a warm and quiet golden hue,
But between the lines of fiction, my thoughts just drift to you.
The scent of old paper and ink fills my lonely room,
Chasing away the shadows and the silent midnight gloom.
I craft the perfect dialogue, a sharp and witty line,
Wishing that in real life, your sweet voice answered mine.
The plot twists and it turns, a mystery to unfold,
But our real-life romance is the greatest story told.
I'll close the open document, the bright screen fades to black,
Hoping that tomorrow, you will text me warmly back.*

Poem 14: Crypto Charts and You

*The charts flash vivid green, a sudden upward spike,
Trading those small penny coins, hoping for a strike.
The sudden 'ping' of alerts, a sharp and ringing tone,
Watching the daily volume while sitting here alone.
I analyze the altcoins, dreaming of a ten-x leap,
While the scent of mint tea wakes me from my shallow sleep.
The red candles flicker, the market goes up and down,
Just like the busy neon lights across the evening town.
But true wealth isn't measured in a digital wallet's glow,
It's in the sweet and tender words that make our feelings grow.
Forget the high liquidity, the numbers on the screen,
You are the most precious treasure that my eyes have ever seen.*

Poem 15: Golden Futures

*The heavy vault doors close with a deep and solid clank,
Securing shiny gold bullion in the fortified bank.
The yellow metal gleams beneath the bright security light,
A promise of a future that is stable, warm, and bright.
I researched all the storage, the allocated space,
To build a life of comfort for your smiling, radiant face.
The scent of polished steel and the coldness of the floor,
Make me long for your sweet hug and the warmth of your front door.
Investments take some patience, a steady, measured pace,
Just like the slow and beautiful unfolding of our grace.
We'll build a solid fortress against the world's harsh wind,
A golden life together where our hearts are deeply twinned.*

Poem 16: The Weekend Wait

*The Friday evening shadows paint the bedroom walls in grey,
The loud honking of the cabs slowly starts to fade away.
The smell of spicy takeout fills the lonely, quiet hall,
As I sit upon the sofa waiting for your weekend call.
The screen glows softly blue, a beacon in the night,
Waiting for your name to flash and bring a sudden light.
The ticking of the wall clock is a steady, rhythmic beat,
I pace around the carpet with my restless, eager feet.
At last the phone begins to ring, a sweet, melodic chime,
And hearing your soft laughter freezes all the passing time.
We talk of daily struggles, of the colorful things we've seen,
Bridging all the miles through a brightly glowing screen.*

Poem 17: Airport Goodbyes

*The terminal is buzzing, a loud and chaotic roar,
As passengers line up beside the frosted glass boarding door.
The scent of jet fuel drifts across the heavy tarmac breeze,
While I wait for my group to board, feeling a slight unease.
The cabin lights are dimming to a soft and soothing blue,
Sitting in these narrow seats, my mind flies back to you.
The engines start to rumble with a deep and shaking sound,
Lifting this heavy metal bird up from the solid ground.
The clouds outside the window turn a fiery sunset red,
While memories of your sweet perfume swirl inside my head.
A random boarding process, a ticket far away,
But my compass always points to you at the end of every day.*

Poem 18: The Perfect Match

*Your voice is like a melody, a sweet and chiming bell,
Weaving through my quiet days a bright and happy spell.
The rich aroma of the spices that you love to slowly cook,
Reminds me of the comfort in a well-loved storybook.
The city lights of Sydney sparkle like a diamond sea,
A beautiful reminder of what we could someday be.
The crashing of the ocean waves against the sandy shore,
Makes me want to hold you close and love you even more.
With every passing season, the colors change and fade,
But the deep and vibrant promise that we have gently made,
Will stand against the test of time, a glowing, burning flame,
In this beautiful adventure that finally has a name.*

Poem 19: Kitne boyfriend ghuma rahi ho

Tum jo itni sexy ho

Kitne boyfriend ghuma rahi ho

Tum jo itni sexy ho

Kitne boyfriend ghuma rahi ho

Aankhon mein ishaara, honthon pe shararat

Dilon ko chura ke kahaan le ja rahi ho

Kamar ki lachak par nigaahen atak jaati hain

Teri zaalim adaon se saansein bhatak jaati hain

Har ladka deewana, har koi tarasta hai

Tum muskura ke sabko barbaad kar rahi ho

Raaton mein message, din mein calls ki bauchaar

Kaun sa number aaj tune ignore kiya yaar

Ek ko pyar, doosre ko hope

Teesre ko bas "Baby" keh ke uljha rahi ho

Yeh husn ka jaadu hai ya koi sangeen crime?

Jismein fans ke har mard pagal ho jaaye

Bolo sacchi, kitne dil tode hain

Ya abhi bhi naya shikaar dhoondh rahi ho

Tum jo itni sexy ho

Kitne boyfriend ghuma rahi ho

Poem 20: Sea of Data

*डेटा का सागर तू, बिहार का गौरव रूप,
करुणा का सिंधु तू, वही जानता है मन से,
दीन का, दीन का बंधु! – उज्वल जगत में
हेमाद्रि की हेम-कांति अम्लान किरणों से।
दान में नदी-रूप विमल किंकरी सा,
अमृत फल चाय-समोसा-जूस परम आदर से,
लिवरपूल अस्पताल से ड्राइव में १.५ घंटे,
बिना पलक झपकाए, नये परिचित के लिए भी।
पुराने मित्र चुप, तू आया हँसी से भर दिए,
ड्राइव में बातों से उत्साह भरा, बार-बार पूछा –
"चलो रुकें, चाय पिएँ, समोसा खाएँ, या जूस ही सही।"
नम्रता की छाया तू, विनम्र हृदय का फूल,*

दिन में शीतल छाया, तनाव हर लेता सब,

रात में शांत समर्थन, थकान मिटा दे।

Poem 21: Endless Love

*I searched you across the glowing screens, through numberless
profiles,
Four and a half hours ahead, across the aching miles.
My spellbound mind had built a frame where both our worlds could
start,
A silent text upon a bus that pierced my waiting heart.*

*I hear the old chronicles of love and deep regret,
The signing of the distant papers we could not forget.
Yet from the shadows of the past, your gentle light broke through,
A sudden, true compatibility I only found in you.*

*From bustling evening city streets to quiet shores of mine,
I wished to merge our stories into one.
The market's rise, the day's long work, the pain we both have
shared,
The ultimate architecture built, if only fate had cared.*

*But time and distance stood too wide, our moments out of sync,
We lingered on the edge of love, then shattered at the brink.
In echoes of deleted words, the screens grow cold and grey,
I log out of this fragile dream, and weep for yesterday.*

Conclusion: Logging Off and Living On

As we close the screens on the world of **Data Aur Dil**, we are left with a gentle reminder: while data may be a bright and golden land of the future, our hearts will always require the warm touch of a gentle hand .

The poems in this collection have taken us through the rollercoaster of contemporary ambition and affection. We have navigated the anxiety of flickering red and green crypto charts , the isolation of waiting for a weekend call in a quiet apartment , and the heavy

traffic of the data road. We have transitioned from the old grey screens of our past into the vibrant, cloud-based dashboards of our present .

But beyond the corporate chains and the digital wallets, this collection ultimately points toward the things that truly matter. Whether it is a friend bringing tea, samosas, and juice on a long drive from Liverpool hospital , or the hope of walking beside a loved one under the vast, painted colors of the Sydney sky , human connection is the ultimate anchor.

Data Aur Dil leaves us with a beautiful, vibrant promise. It challenges us to look past the glowing monitors and SQL's strict demands to merge our vibrant worlds and blend our deep passions. Because at the end of the day, when the laptops are closed and the servers quiet down, the most important metric we can ever measure is the growth of our love.