

আমার বৃষ্টি ফেরত চাই আমার পাওনা?

প্রকৃতির কোলে যাব
বয়েছে বাকি বৃষ্টির গান

মা রুবি রায়

ছন্দ শরতের বৃষ্টি
কি লিখব আমি?
একটি মায়ের গল্প
মন না দেখা ছোট্ট মায়ের মুখ

A Tale of a Real Hero from Behala
BY- "SUSHANTA DAS"

TRANSLATED FROM
BEHALAY DADAGIRI, BY SUSHANTA DAS

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LANGUAGE- BENGALI, INDIA

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A Tale of a Real Hero from Behala

Brother what's the score?
Dada has won the toss and chose to bat
Give him some snacks, fast!
Our Dada is all set for the field.
Uncle Selim from Kakdwip ,
With high blood sugar and pressure -
“You know my legs pain so less
If Dada plays well,
I can walk faster
I can see a lot better
I live to watch him bat.”

“Brother what's the score?”
The seven years old Debalina lying on the bed
Of Alipore nursing home -
Started yelling while reading the newspaper Doctors and nurses rushed to the patient
To calm her down;
“Sister, the pressure is dropping ;
A cancer patient, she's on blood
What made her so excited?”
“Doctor, she wanted a tv inside the cabin
She said, Dada is batting.”
“She must watch it, she must live
Sister, let's arrange for it immediately
Within ten minutes
Her blood pressure is dropping
Yes, Dada is batting
Sister, please arrange a tv soon!
She must live more.
Let Debalina breathe some more days:”

“Dear, what's the score?”
“Mum, it's one-seventy for five, forty overs gone.”
-Is Saurav still there?
-Yes mother
-Give me updates
I won't be watching, it makes me anxious.
Mother is trying to walk on the terrace ,
Dragging her arthritic legs ;

She's been trying to walk for last fifteen minutes-

"If Sourav can come back, I can too."

"Mum, Dada hit a square cut six

Completed a half century!"

-Okay alright.

I think I can walk for an extra ten minutes today

-Mum, two-twenty from forty-five, Dada scored seventy.

Mum, Dada got out at seventy two.

-Oh no! Could've done some more,

Could've hit a century .

This guy wouldn't let me walk -

I'm having back pain, let me sit.

Brother, what's the score?

There's a hundred people at the road junction, watching tv.

The middle aged man is trying to watch the match,

With his snacks in hand,

"Dada is not in the field yet, it's fifty for three.

He'll be coming in the sixth down -

Today I'll bunk the office;

Otherwise, I'll miss his batting.

How hard he fought

I can shout to say that,

I would've greeted the Odissi guy,

Who slapped Greg that day.

So many old men had their sugar high

For those nine months

The pressure didn't balance,

They skipped eating and bathing,

So many people couldn't survive,

In the slums, the mangroves, hospitals

Couldn't live or even die at peace-

For those unbearable nine months."

Today it's the day to live.

"I'll watch Dada's highlights after returning in the tent at night."

Fifth battalion commander Chandra is lying on the floor of the Kargil battle sector -

He's aiming the machine gun mounted on the bipod,

Watching thousands of bullets flying off above his head.

"For one more day I want to fight for my country -

I want to shoot the enemy one more bullet,

And I want to watch one more highlights when I return in my tent -

The highlights of Dada's battle:"

"Mother see! Dada is flying his Indian jersey bare bodied! "

Dadagiri of Behala,

Dadagiri of Lords,

Or Dadagiri of Kakdwip,

Dadagiri of Siliguri or diamond harbour,

Balasore, Imphal, Itanagar, Jalgaon

Dadagiri of Sasaram, Mugalsarai, Jabalpur, Jamshedpur,

Jaipur, Hisar, Raipur, Amritsar, Nagpur,

Or the Dadagiri of Kashmir or Kanyakumari?

My Rain

You know it was raining that day-
A session of heavy downpour;
You know the glasses of my specs
Went fuzzy over then,
Maybe my eyes went fuzzy as well:
You know it was raining in my heart ?
A downpour of pain
Right on that day - you know?

Could we meet at the Hazra crossing?
Or near the angel of Victoria -
Was the gusty wind howling more
Along the side of the bypass?
Could the raindrops of Laketown
Come and shower over the junction of Selimpur?
Could I catch the rain
Along the junction of Behala?

It was raining, you know?
It was only raining.

It was...raining.

Return gift to dad??

Is the pain for fathers only?

My day starts with an early morning breakfast

Freshly made sandwich or some tasty toast

My day starts with some playful moments

With my beloved daughter

Is the pain for my father only?

My air conditioned car is ready at sharp ten

I'm well dressed with a tie

Heading towards the car with my daughter

I'll drop her school and proceed to my college

I have a full on corporate schedule

Is negligence for my father only?

I want to win over the clock

All those greetings all over the day

My employees running behind me whole day long

I enjoy them a lot

It's 2 pm

I didn't notice when my father arrived

May have skipped his breakfast

But how does it matter to me?

Probably father's pressure today reached 200 by 100

But how does that matter to me?

He might have forgotten to take his medicine

Due to the work pressure

But I'm not quite bothered

I saw him having ginger slices

In the middle of the meeting

Maybe he was very hungry

But how does that matter to me?

Father finished the whole pack of cigarette

He bought in the morning

It seems he's tensed

An old man keeps working the whole day silently
At the corner of the college
To maintain the corporate status of his son
Forget it! How does it matter to me?

My day starts by dropping my beloved daughter
To her school
This is my daily routine
My very much favourite and affectionate routine
But today I'm not well
I am having chest pain and legs are also badly aching
Still I boarded the car with my daughter
My very much favourite and affectionate routine
My daughter stays very quiet inside the car
She doesn't talk to me at all
She's playing video games in her mobile
The car is almost there
I whispered,
"Dear, I'm having chest pain
I'm feeling very sick"
Without taking off her eyes from the phone,
She replied,
" Let it be father,
How does that matter to me!"

Black or white?

My world is filled with wrongs.
My imaginations crossed the balcony
With drinks in hand,
Hundreds of white plots and
Fluttering wings of a white egret,
Or the irresistible magnetism of her eyes:
The growing haze
Of the faraway flying row of golden birds,
The bunch of your black hair -
My love across the wide highway,
Sitting hunched over, just searching for you:
So many untold pains of yours,
And the relentless confessions -
My world.
Pain is all I feel deep down below
My world is full of wrongs.
If the wings of the great egret be white
On the stretch of the black sky,
Then on the vast stretch of this world
Black is the floating flocks of clouds.
If white is your pearl earring,
Black is my world.
As bright as you like it -
Is my world filled with only wrongs?

Give me Back

You can be a rebel, O City,
But I want my solitude back.
You be the witness of thousands of those rallies,
Or arouse the roaring cheers
From the cafes of gatherings :
That's fine
I need my solitude back.

You can be rough like a stone-
I need my emotions back.
If you can't soothe the sweat of your well-dressed people,
And embrace them with a cool breeze,
That's really fine
Just give me my emotions back :

O City, you can be biased to any specificity-
I need my neutrality back.
The rich may worship you
And the poor may curse -
There's no harm ;
I just need my introspection back.

You can be a princess, my City,
I just want the blue sky back:
You can dress up with the placards and banners of advertisements,
Or be an angel of beauty -
I just need the blue sky back.

O City, you may be an artist's canvas -
I'm really not bothered :
But let my child inhale fresh air
And feel the pure raw sunlight.

Miles to go

Still many miles to go-
Still couldn't reach the soil;
Still couldn't kneel down to those mothers,
Whose oven has still not been lit up for cooking.
Still couldn't reach those school kids,
Whose day starts with the hope of a midday meal.
I've heard that many still live in that village -
They walk many miles to fetch drinking water.
Probably have seen people in the train
With their puffed rice, chilli, satisfied heart,
And their discussions,
That the darkness in their mother's eyes is still not removed -
Though it's yet to twilight,
I heard that mother's cataracts
Have still not been removed :

Still many miles to go.
Those brick ovens along the rail line,
Cooked rice and two half-rotten potatoes,
I couldn't taste them yet -
Sitting on the footpath being one of them.
Haven't slept in their hut,
Spreading a mat on the floor.
Haven't still understood
The boatman's anxiety,
For the news in the broken radio at 1am.
Maybe today also he won't be going to the mid-sea -
"Maybe today also my little darling won't sleep for burning hunger
Tomorrow again it's a Sunday, there won't be any midday meal."
Still haven't seen the face of the little darling -
Haven't seen removing the napkin from the nose,
That there also resides,
A man like me.
Haven't sat beside the girl,
Who collects food from dustbin,
Haven't asked her about her pain and distress :

So I know, even after crossing forty,
Many miles are still to go -
Many miles are still left to go.

The Song of Rain

The sky broke into rush and roar rainfall-
I taste the reckless joy of the fresh rain with all my sight,
The morning is unfolding in my misty half-closed eyes:
A constant endless tune of raindrops plays on my tin-shade.
How many times I try to listen to the surroundings,
The drenched neem tree logs of my neighbourhood house have leaned
On the side of my window,
Fuzzy darkness smeared all over my body and became
A natural fuzzy background.
The mystic rain is in front of me like a royal dancer.
Such a mysterious green is calling me from all directions!
Seems like it will wipe off all the pains of loss and gain today.
The fragrance of night jasmine and wet soil has mixed into each other.
A gust of rain from the garden of spanish cherry through my mosquito net,
Drenches my whole body in a matter of moment -
Is it just a careless gesture of the Earth, or trying to meet
A very old desire of a lover, just for a moment!
I see the summon of rain repeatedly with my eyes which tend to close
Again and again.

The Face of my unseen little Mother

Maybe today also, on the other side of the window,
In an impeccable darkness,
You are waiting for me.

The arrival of Durga Maa on one side of the earth;
The festive beats of the drums, the sparks of light;
On the other side, what is this sigh and howl !
I still couldn't understand how far should I go to feel you;
On the edge of how many waiting hours, you're standing alone:
I know today also you didn't comb your hair,
And today also you didn't wear new clothes and shoes.
Amidst this commotion and insanity,
How gloomy is the face of my unseen little mother!
Soothing, somber you are-
Disheartened, dimmed I am on this side.
I know on the other side of this darkness,
Is waiting a dash of silver sunlight:
I know one day, holding hands of that sunlight,
I will reach by your window;
Where you are waiting alone - soothing, sombre;
And assured, safe I am.

I know, today also, on the other side of the window,
In an impeccable darkness,
You are waiting for me.

THE POEM “WHAT WILL I WRITE?”

WHAT WILL I WRITE?

(Poet Mr. Sushanta Das)

What will I write of
I think
Through the day and all through the night
About nature, love, life....
What will I write about?

Or about the daily lives of ordinary people
The hustle of the nearby market
The struggling farmers journey
From the fields to the market
To eke out a livelihood
What will I write about?

Or about the old man
Standing next to the road near the market
Asking for money to get back home
Living through the taunts of the passerbys
Helpless with his lies
Trying to make a living
What will I write about?

Or should I write about the tea peddler
Who used to tell stories –
Struggling to make ends meet
And care for his wife and daughter
Finally giving up
At the end of a rope
Today his family stands next to the tea stall
Uncared, desolate, hungry.....
With an empty stare
What will I write about?

Love, hate, light, darkness.....
Or revolution?
Or about a dark corner of our lives
Searching for a ray of light

Should I write a poem about poems?
Day and night.....
I think.....
What will I write about?

Living together

Maybe it's 4 o'clock in the afternoon;
My hanging balcony is alongside my bed;
Across the railing of the box window at the extreme right,
Resides the whole neem tree stretching all its stalks, branches and logs.
Through its every branch and leaf I see my world,
I see my sky.

The setting sun plays hide and seek along the side of the branch-
A long, glossy slice of sun keeps dazzling my eyes:
Sometimes the sunlight from the branches and leaves are quiet, un-toxic.
Somewhere the neem leaves have decked up in the combination of green and light green;
And in somewhere it's the black beggar of the sun;
Somewhere the leaves seem to be the bride of the sun.
Far across, on the other side of the neem, is the row of coconut and guava trees.
Drinking a dash of rainwater from the high branch,
The leaves are satisfied, gorgeous.

The lower branches seem to be worn out with the insect of thirst.
The god sun suddenly touching my body,
Dived in there behind the four storied house far away.
In this whole festive nature, plays a dimmed tune of flute
Some unknown violet bird sitting on the guava branch,
Whistles continuously;
Magpie-robin, sparrows, nightingale, so many birds' chirp constantly;
The sound of falling leaves of the night jasmine;
Sitting carelessly on the electric wire,
The chatter of the small sparrow, and,
Non-stop pecking sound of the woodpecker-
Hanging on the branch of the wax apple tree,
With utmost care, takes my lazy afternoon
To the door of the evening.

Spreading a feast of white puffed rice on the terrace of my neighbour,
My lazy afternoon sits so cozy.
Suddenly I see,
Green, yellow colored neem tree,
Faraway row of coconut, guava and wax apple trees,
The sweet chirping of cuckoos, sparrows and robins,

In the magnetism of the dark black night,
It wants to leave me unsatisfied.
Hazy becomes the electric wires,
Hazy becomes the whole neem tree,
Hazy goes my sky, my nature.

I guess I too get ready in the meantime
For my night
The song of azan brings the arrival of night
The whole night is left with the night to remain awake
So much is left to talk about, with my night
The whole night is left with the night to remain awake
The remaining whole night I live with my black night
Living together the whole night
With the black night

Girlhood

You have made a mistake Tamalika.
Don't you know, yo can't say 'girlhood'?
Nobody taught you ever?
Has anybody else except you ever said 'girlhood' till date?
Don't you know girls grow up in boyhood only?
Need to play dolls in boyhood.
You all are shredded since that girlhood,
Oh sorry, since boyhood!
Since when did you guys learn to think,
Forever beside your father on behalf of him,
You'll be by your mother under her care?
Do you know you need to read the traffic rule book
Before driving a car?
Then haven't you read the rule book of life, society ?
You need to accept it Tamalika:
You need to accept it if you want to survive.
Shredded is the whole half of the society from the father's property-
Since a long time;
Those who grow up in your girlhood.
Then to be shredded from the apartment of Dhaka,
From the house of Mymensingh,
Or from the house of Rawdon street,
Why are you afraid so much Tamalika?

My Happiness

The happiness which is dewy,
The happiness in the green grass,
The happiness which begins the day,
The happiness in the farm field,
The happiness in which that farmer,
Humming a tune sweet,
The happiness in which even in sun and rain,
The happiness in which he sowed the paddy seed:
The happiness of the morning,
The happiness of soaked rice;
The happiness in which little baby
Crawls on the earthy floor,
The happiness in which beside the pond
The village woman cleans the clothes:
The happiness in which the little boy,
The happiness with which in a boy without cloth,
The happiness with which he keeps whistling nonstop,
The happiness with which in the earthy street,
The herd of cows the flies the dust in the air,
The happiness in which the red braid in the red ribbon,
The happiness in which has worn the ornament;
The happiness in which the village girl
Runs to the school at one go,
The happiness in which the cormorant
Dives in and floats up again,
The happiness in which the kingfisher
Carries the fish in the edge of its beak,
The happiness in which a pair of ducks
Swims underwater,
The happiness in which the pearly drop of water
The happiness in the lotus leaf,
The happiness under the spanish cherry tree-
The happiness in the Night Jasmine-
The happiness in which blooms the water lily-

The happiness at the tip of the grass,
The happiness in which the gum tree,
The happiness in the bird's chirp,
The happiness in which the pollen of the mango
The happiness in the hope of the fruit,
The happiness in which on the earthen floor
The happiness in smearing the mud,
The happiness in the rice farm
The happiness in the haystack,
The happiness with which for the whole day
The happiness with which I throw the fishing rod:
The happiness of a sad afternoon
The fragrance of night jasmine
The happiness of a caged bird,
The happiness towards the sky
The happiness of unfolding the wings,
The happiness in which by the evening
The happiness in which I stretch lazily;
The happiness in lying alone on the earthen floor,
The happiness in which the unknown lanes of unknown places
The happiness in which evening sets in,
The happiness in which glitters the evening stars;
The happiness in which near the tulsi tree
The happiness in which glows the lamp,
The happiness in which chirps the cricket
The happiness in which in bunch
The happiness in which glows the fireflies,
That happiness won't be shared-
That happiness is solely mine.
That happiness makes both laugh and cry,
That happiness is the gloomy afternoon,
That happiness is the lonely evening,
That happiness is in mother's summon,
That happiness is all alone where
Hiding under the cloth of her,
In that happiness soothes the life-
In that happiness ends the life-
In that happiness saves a life-

That happiness soothes a life,
In that happiness, lives a man.

Darkness

In the daylight

I saw

Poison behind the dew

I saw

Black spots on green leaves

Miscreants behind nobility

While drinking coconut water

I saw

The image of thirsty workers

While eating pancake

Made by my mother

I discovered

Poor children with swollen stomachs

While drinking cold drinks

I saw

The dry face of the farmers

And in the showcases of museum

I can see

The call of death

Autumn's Rain

Since the morning, hazy rainfall started throughout the whole sky-
Overflowed the ponds and roadsides,
Overflowed my copy pages as well;
The whole sky is imprisoned in the tip of my pen.

A dark black crow, tired in the nonstop rainfall,
Is sitting constant on the swing of the telephone wire beside the mainroad.

On the other side is standing the worn out or leaned at one side

The top of the wooden ceiling of one of my neighbors:

The sparrow that took shelter in the guava tree

Has drenched wet and shaken its body,

And repeatedly hiding its beak inside its chest

Beside three or four two storied houses.

As if together the thousands of coconut trees,

Soothing the body with numerous hand-fans

In the plot of the nature:

The untimely heavy rain by the end of the autumn,

And the day ending twilight of the Sunday has merged into each other-

Wide horizon smeared in light and shadow

Sometimes blackish, sometimes pale, sometimes blood red.

The birds in the branches of the coconut,

Repeatedly are jumping, dancing:

Somewhere it's a nonstop drizzling sound,
Somewhere it's pitter patter,
Somewhere a dash of rain on the umbrella of that traveler.

Rainfall in the journey from twilight to evening-
Still the whole sky is with its youth -
Just playing hide-and-seek with the rain,
And scribbling rain on the pages of the copy.
Throughout the whole sky and,
In the pages of my copy
Hazy rainfall started since the morning.

Her Story

She's growing up in her husband's house.
With her two sons and a daughter,
The sixteen year old woman is growing up -
In her husband's house.

She wakes up at 4 with the rooster's crow:
She's fresh and ready for work at once;
The sixteen year old woman!
The Canning local of 4:40 comes to Taaldi at 4:52
The station is a 2 miles walk :
It's still a midnight to her husband and children ;
It's her daily routine to board the train,
And sit by the door.
Ratan da will get up at Betberia,
With puffed rice and cooked chickpeas ;
She quickly takes out one rupee and fifty paisa,
She is on the puffed rice and cooked chickpeas,
And raw chilli between the fingers -
While the train crosses Betberia;
Champahati-Kalikapur-Bidyadharpur-Sonarpur-Narendrapur...
It's still seven stations to Jadavpur.
The Jadavpur train of 6:10 is running twenty minutes late today ,
Then run run run...the first house is at Bijoygarh -
Jharna madam will be very angry today :
Every house work is delayed if the first one is late.
Sir will leave for office at eight after having the breakfast,
Madam needs the bed tea sharp at 7.
It takes from 8:30 to 11 to finish cooking,
Doing the dishes, cleaning the floor, dusting,
At the Golfgreen's mess of Debu da.
But the mess boys are really good -
The lunch is done here while returning;
If it can be managed to reach Bikramgarh by 12,
The job of washing the clothes at Bikramgarh pond is really nice -
Five rupees for one bucket of clothes,
Five to seven buckets are done in a couple of hours.

This daily washing is just to collect the money
For her husband's addictives-
Otherwise awaits her a round of physical abuse.
It takes 3pm to return
After eating rice, lentils and veggies at Debu Da's house,
Washing the dishes and utensils,
Washing the same for Jharna ma'am,
And then work at Kolkata ends with cleaning her floor;
Again run run run,
Canning local is at 5:20.
Jharna ma'am gives 700 rupees a month,
Debu da gives 800,
And 25-30 rupees a day for washing clothes.
The sixteen year old woman gets to relax
After reaching home and preparing the oven for cooking.
"The children have slept off without having the meal?
Maybe it has already crossed 9pm.
There, I can hear the bell of Fatik Da's cycle ringing -
He comes by train at 8:40pm.
He is again abusing being drunk -
What if he pukes today as well!
It took till 12 last night to clean his puke.
I'll go and sleep off-
It's a new day tomorrow."

Sometimes he gets sick,
Sometimes the children or the sixteen years old woman gets sick.
They get sick, she takes a day off.
Sometimes there's no cooking due to lack of money,
No money for his addictives, she gets beaten up,
Jharna ma'am threatens her to terminate.
The sixteen year old woman in her husband's house
Still lights a candle on her off day,
And scratches A-B-C-D on the black slate.
That sixteen year old woman is growing up -
Along with her children.

Rubi Ray

Rubi Ray,

Do you remember, it was such a strange attraction
By which I would surely reach by your window pane,

While it was evening?

With so many boys and girls of the locality,

4 in the evening, while playing hide-and-peek,

And my attraction and hide-and-peek was all centered around you-

As if I lived every moment just for the sake of that evening!

And diving into you while in front of me.

Do you remember?

You and me in that rainy evening,

Standing for a long time leaning by the wall of Barun da:

Nobody has come to play on that day for the rain

Only you and me in the whole evening.

Evening sets in with us standing face to face in such attraction!

Today also you are in front of me only as emotions.

Returning home in the evening,

Scribbling on the maths copy,

Rubi Ray wearing a skirt-top.

Hustling with time every night
In the wish of another evening.
If there was a power cut while studying,
Coming out and wandering around your house,
If I get to see you once:

Rubi Ray,
How many nights I've stayed awake for you!
In the wish of writing one poem.
How many miles I walked extra while returning from school!
Only in the hope of seeing you.

Rubi Ray,
So many days, so many springs have passed,
So many dreams drowned deep in the heart,
All emotions of the adolescence
Still are present with me as pain.
Can you hear?
Rubi Ray?

THE PAPERMAN

Hey paperman brother will you take me along today?
Please keep down the burden of your shoulder
Let me walk with you some of the way
Hawk and walk the lanes all over
On the side of the faraway earthen path
Where peeps the pitched road
By the side of the main gate of the Sens
The Sen sister is standing still under the scorching sun
Four quires of newspapers are lying maybe
In the turn of ten minutes walk
By the side of the four roads' junction
The zamindars of the Palbazar reside
On the courtyard is the big tulsi tree
The exhaustion of the burnt afternoon
I keep hawking here and there still
It's a four hours' paperman game
Arriving at the junction of Jadavpur
I take some rest by the side of the Kali temple
The goddess has arrived in the temple today
It's a festive vibe all around
Evening sets in on the lap of the orange-red flowers
Paperman will you leave me here
If you get the 7 o'clock canning local ?
Whistles away the light of the local train
Hey paperman, will you take me along ?

Let me spend another night with you again

Let me sit with you for one more night

Let me live like you one more night

Hey paperman brother, will you take me along with you ?

Mother

Here I am-
Standing alone since ages.
My heart is still, without hesitation.
If the Himalayas be the throat,
My two arms are
Lush green forest of Assam and Thar:
My immense beauty is stretched
Till that Kanyakumari, my feet.
I am standing still, unwearied:
The field of Plassey, or the horror of Kashmir,
The howl of Godhara, or the insanity of Ayodhya,
All has gone to the decay of history-
I keep standing with silent tears.
Mother's motherhood, shame, pain, is only mine-
Be it Darjeeling or Kashmir,
Be it Gujarat or Bangalore,
My blood flows in the same way along the seas and mountains-
Same is its color, smell, taste.
Bihar's Iqbal and Maratha's Shivaji,
Sanatan of Utkal and Salman or Drabir,
The same white milk of mine flows in all of their blood-
That's why I forget.
I want to forget
All the hesitation, shame, rage, violence.
Come on once everyone,
What is spread from the doors of Delhi,
Sindhu through Haryana,
Let's freely stare once
At my hundred crore children-
I want to be a proud mother
Amidst this world.
I am here standing alone,
Since ages,
With heartfelt love and affection.

Funny adaptations

The black wants to become white

At Africa

White goons curse them all day long

Their skin turning white

Applying skin ointment

Not to cure the disease but

To increase it so that

They become white

With a dream- No more slavery

finotype changes but

From inside they are not beast

They become white to live

Funny adaptations.

To serve the country

Peeping through the fence
Eager to see the world,

Love to free the bird by
Opening the cage,
Liberty to fly high
Liberty from starvation

Buildings fitted with glass
Incompatible with the refugees

I leave my home with a
Big side bag, with a messy hair
That I will serve the country

Freedom

Sometimes the hunger inside
Wants to get out.
I ask, is there any bread to eat?
The only answer is, cultivate yourself.
For thirst
If I go and ask for water-
They laugh,
Makes fun of me
Three fourth of the world is filled with water.
I scream in shame in this modern world-
I want clothes, give me
The society strictly says-
Produce silk and make it yourself.
I say in unbearable pain-
Release me, I want liberation
Society provides solutions without delay..
Hard Branches of a tree
And bunch of ropes

What is the science saying?

Lack of calcium in the blood
Science says he has Tetani disease
True
Muscles are tightened
Through the veins
Black blood is flowing
Body color is black like coal
Biology says
Excess of melanin
Genetics is proudly saying
His parents are black
His eyes tell the story of exploitation
The white color became copper
And now it is black
The color has changed like a lizard
There is no science
Explanation ?
You can only find it
Behind the fake musk and
Under the boots of so-called gentleman.

Cry

Old Railway track
Getting eroded day by day
Morning train comes at five
Slowly sun comes at the top of the sky
Market starts there
Children fall asleep on the track
Stones bleeding at their back
They don't bother
Next train at 10 PM
The track waits for the train
As if waiting for its lover
After 10
Filling of separation between them
The kids crying
But reasons remain different than the track.
Track do not cry because of hunger

Why?

Today what reminds me about the local train?
Why do I see dead grass today? Everywhere
Why I find things arrhythmic here and there?
Why I always look for silence?
World without love and affection
Just seems lifeless cage
Why the flames seem devastating?
Why do I feel myself naked today?
From the core of my heart.

Torsha the river

Your cool touch
Overwhelmed me,
Your flow
In my dreams
Deep in my heart

The jaw
Trembling like the grasshopper
The wound inside me
Woke up
If the flow stops
I get lost in deep
In you
Torsha
Where you and me
One body, one soul

Beyond my reach

The burden of blessings
Increasing the burden in my head
It's boring to walk alone for a long time
Lift the cloth up a little
To walk a little better
I don't want to remember my gods
So I push the holy book gita away
The smell of the grass comes to me
Through the breeze
After Eighteen Spring
The world now looks older
I come near to the window
Trying to see
The world of my feelings
Trying to feel
The world outside

Feelings

Before writing a poem
Yellow flowers
Brings happiness
In my monotonous life..

I love to sit
Before the crashing waves in the beach
Drawing your face in the sands..

I opened my eyes and
Love to see the Foggy morning
The smell of yellow flowers
Very familiar to me
It overwhelms my feelings..

I stay wrapped with my feelings
So that my black and white love is not get wet
By the sea water

The Heart

When this heart
Flies off through the window with the gusty wind,
And escapes away,
Mixes with those crowd of lads;
In the knee length mudwater
And searches for the small fishes,

When this heart
Wears on the waist
A checkered towel blue and red,
Sets a trap in the paddy firm
And waits,
Gets inside the chest length water
Wrapping up the cloth
As a village girl -
Removes the water hyacinth with bamboo log,

When this heart
Watches the train boggies with awe,
Closely along the side of the paddy field,
Runs real fast,
And crosses the fields, ponds and forests
And
Runs behind the torn kites-
When this heart
Craves for a can of soaked rice and onions
In the leisure of busy afternoons,
Then,
This heart
Draws a hut, its doors and windows
In the sketch book -
Then
This heart

Runs out of the window,
And takes a pause behind the gusty wind,
And gets mad
In the pages of the sketch book.

On the Lap of the Nature

Sometimes the wish to get on the lap of the nature gets alive-
So I suddenly get out in some winter morning-
Not a vagabond journey, just need some break from the human cacophony:

Red soil street along the side of the Raghunathbari station,
Hides its face by the turn of the village.
Stretch of lush greenery along the two sides of the rail line-
Competing with the pace of the train,
As if the nature is changing its plot:
Somewhere the fields are like reservoirs of water,
Head held high like an island.
Rows of coconut, betel nut, and peepal tree.
On one side of the railyard, on the part of an instrument left from many days,
In the bush of a recklessly growing weed,
Varied forms of white, yellow braided flowers.
Floating lotus leaf-
Somewhere green, somewhere yellowish,
Somewhere the whole water has gone rotten red.
Rows of water hyacinth in the ponds.
Somewhere like a twisted bulb in the hyacinth,
The whole pond is purple due to the purple flower.
Again some steps ahead,
Like a grass carpet, smears the hyacinth over the whole river.
Somewhere like thin motor grains,
The whole water has been covered with tiny white flowers.
Fair of waterlily glittering like stars on this side-
On the other side, the waterlily is vermilion red or blackish.

The eyes tend to close after crossing the Rajgoda station.
As if just to be trapped in my pen,
Nature decks up like a beautiful bride!
White, black, blue colored butterflies
Fly here and there,
Sit on the yellow flowers,
Carelessly growing on the green bush:
One after the other crosses by Tamluk, Satmail, Kanthi...

So many more stations;
I, peacefully with my closed eyes,
See the white, black, blue colored butterflies-
They sit on the yellow flowers
Growing on the riverside bushes, bamboo forest.
And I see the colorful butterflies with my closed eyes peacefully.

Rhythm

The morning sky has shut its mouth.
I've woken up in the early morning-
The nature has woken up early in the morning,
The morning sky is still silent.

Hand drawn boat till the horizon-
Small boats and sailing boats,
The small boats near the banks,
Sometimes drowning, again floating up.
Ten twelve black people together
Are fighting intensely in the boat maybe.
The life of sailors is miserable!
The whole night amidst the sea, with the sea,
They fight for life-
To keep their wife and children alive,
They fight every night, die, float away.
They get lost, finished:

The sky above is very calm and
The reflection of its face is on the whole sea.
Now the sky is with a clear happy face
And the game of colors on the body of the sea.
Somewhere the sea is white, somewhere it's blue ,
And somewhere it's silver.
Somebody is jumping from the bank of the sea, diving in the water,
Picking up shells from the sand, making sand castle,
The kids are playing with the ball.
Gangs of red small crabs
Escaping with the sound of footsteps.
Snails, oysters, conches, sea cucumbers,
And many more vibrations of life.
Numerous animals are sticking by the bodies of the rocks-
Before the tide reaches the legs,
They take their position rightly behind the rocks.
Where the waves are made, the black waves,
As they are reaching the shore,

Designs of froth on the head of the waves-
Milky white waves before crushing on the shore-
Thousands of milky whites breaking the waves,
Such beauty of the tiny waves,
As if they sing a lovely tune
Before stopping by the rocks.
Miles deep down, the sea is totally quiet and calm.
Far above the sea, the pipistrelles fly around-
Their shadows are even trapped on the sea water.

At 10 in the morning, the gorgeous sun hides behind the clouds.
That's why the sky is sad.
Right at that moment the silver sea becomes faded,
The water is pale, faded
The sea moans and growls inside the heart:

When the sky is vermillion red,
The whole face and body of the sea shows anger.
High waves crush along the boulders-
The new couple is tripping due to the push of the waves on the shore.
Crushing my childhood, adolescence,
My incoherent youth,
Crushing on the rocks, the waves, water-
Coconut shells with the waves, thick jellyfish,
Everything is crushing over my poems.

When Shall the Hunger End?

They still come to me
With their empty stomach,
And dejected gaze filled with
Unseen tears :
My sisters are still forced to unpleasant business ;
Forced by the burning hunger.
And I still live in the dreams of a full meal day.
So those gatherings make me ask,
When shall the hunger end?
All I get are fake promises,
Heavy words-
They shower over my restless heart.
And those empty, distraught eyes
Keep me asking,
"How long shall we starve?"

Just for you

I've had in pain before
But the healing gel is just for you,
I've written poems before, my friend
This time it is just for you,
Breath I've taken my friend before
This heartbeat is just for you,
I've had cigarettes before, my friend
Today's white smoke is just for you,
I cried long ago my friend
This one drop is just for you,
I've seen the sky before, my friend
At the end of that hill, the sun is only for you.
I've seen a lot of watches
5 p.m. @ babumosai cafe only for you,
I've heard a lot about my mom
Your mother's love and pain are just for you,
Love - I've seen a lot my friend
But only you attract me,
I've had drunk before, my friend
Let me be drunk today just for you
Just for you....