

COVER

POET



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BETWEEN THE LINES

SUSHANTA DAS



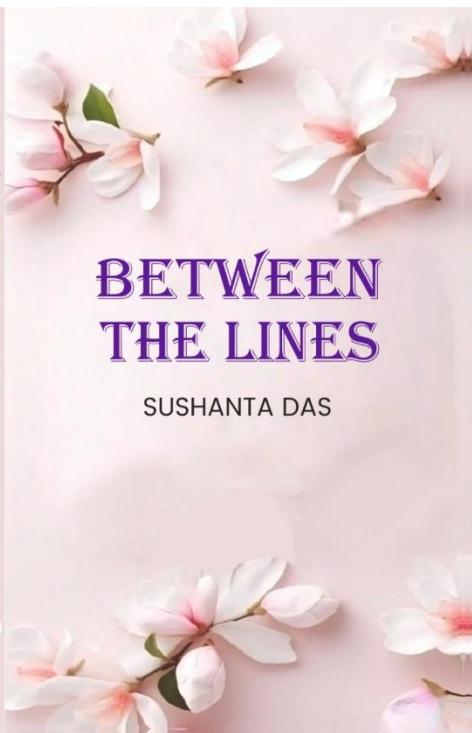
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BETWEEN THE LINES

A Collection Of English Poems Written By
SUSHANTA DAS

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TO YOU, O LORD



FROM THE PUBLISHER'S DESK

Since 15th October 2023, its inception at Nandan, Paridhi Chariya Publication has published more than 500 books of poetry and literature. It's been an immense exposure to walk with the eminent writers and poets, the inspiration, the knowledge, the experience gained through their association and interaction is the real asset to this publication house.

Poet SUSHANTA DAS, the author of this book of poetries "BETWEEN THE LINES" is a computer engineer by profession, worked in INDIA and abroad for years, Ex-professor of computer science in MAKAUT (formerly WEST BENGAL UNIVERSITY OF TECHNOLOGY). Also as an educationist and entrepreneur established many technical institutions in West Bengal.

This book of poetry is reclaiming the essence of life lived, aims to restore, rediscover or give new value to the fundamental, genuine, and often overlooked the essence of human life vs the experience gathered during the journey. This book might be a bridge between this life, the before life and the after life, the next life, the "WOMB ROOM."

With regards

Madhumita Dhut

Publisher

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SHADES OF GOD

In a lunatic mists of observing this and that
an apprehensive tone of gloom and glee
might be in a timeless waitings
through the spring and autumn
and the rain and pain,
regardless of new or the news
the old or the oldie
I am as I am with all shades of me.

With the flow of breezy and blow
at my lone doorstep of dark and glow
with the playfully nurtured treasures
at the haltingly surpassing measures
the pleasures, being made in all of my waits
I am where I am,
oh GOD, with all your shades.

WOMB ROOM

Senescence, a poised gateway to the infancy
to retrospect, to retraverse consciously
with an explicit purpose, an impetus.

Untrodden, being unexplored yet,
steep uphills way back, so the walk-stick.
Leisureless, tirelessly embracing the past
while yearningly live in present.

Embalming the past on the present, to preserve -
the way a romantic love story being reread
the way few delicious lines
intellectually sweetened being retold,
the way own compositions
being retouched with utter glee,
the way child repainting the sky the sun the moon
the galaxies, the spirals, the dwarf ellipticals
with an impish delight!

To see through the murk of the
faded days haltingly arising,
the fussing workweeks,
The straining eyes, workaholism.

Way to office with a lunch box, a sling bag
with a lot more junks in it,
and hurriedly looking back
for the beloved waving hands
from the first floor balcony.

Uff! what a pretending gesture
on the either side of the coin!

The first NOTTINGHAM snow fall,
18th november 2001,
chilling cold at the CHILWELL bus stop,

and the quilted warmth at the darkened bedroom.
The frustrating days waiting for a GP appointment,
the Morley, Yorkshire life, and his grand diagnosis
the stomach aching migraine!
penniless weekend wandering for hours at the
KIRKGATE market, Just a bus fare away!
--SPOT ON.

The BRADFORD seconds, the used furniture shop
we the crazy bees!
what a marvellous alluring walk through. GO ON.

A little ahead down the memory lane.....
Mom waiting at the street high bend, lonely,
aimless waitings, endless.

And the days dad scolded, oops! me yelling. yelped?
me being spoon-fed throughout. Mom in guilt.

Down the lane, a little more down the lane.....
it's time to leave behind the egos, the pride,
the earthly ifs and buts,
with an infant soul few steps futher down the happy hunt
My-new-Mom-angel stunningly gorgeous,
the queen of the heaven at the doorstep.

Sweetest ever breeze has taken over the elderly soul
to the Queen's lap!
A sweeping glance of my very own heaven there.
The womb room.
absolute silence, pleasurely darkened,
dense primeval comfort only and only for me,
trespassers pls excuse me.

Securely slumbering in my 'BED WOMB' with the
soft soothing whispering MOM-lullabies
traversing since antiquity.
A glorious living loving dreaming endless.

ENLIGHTENING

Beyond the dichotomy someone a breather
at the gateway of an enlivened will.

The whispering sky of solitary self pronouncing
thee O LORD,
enlightened all and all the insight and wisdom.

Dosing darkness blinking its lashes to a calming hint,
medieval touch of thy harp or lute
trespassing the shore,
the door, of my pleasing pain.

Over and over again.

CHARISMA

A gentle blow from the bay
in a pleasing attire of cloud and haze
blew away the twilight, announcing
the spelling of his arrival in a speechless silence.

The silence sounding in prolific depth of darkness
the darkness in mesmerizing hints of sandalwood.

Me, waiting in a remote sense of expectations
loitering in a maze of apathy
with an untrodden insomnia.

CAMARADERIE

Drizzles of nostalgic bliss
the fondness of melancholy dripping
in an onomatopoeia phonetic
poetic whispers of wind unwinding along the trees,
the leaves and branches.

The colonial clouds of black and white
started drifting in to the southish,
soaked in compelling restlessness
deluged the momentary feel of being slighted.

Yet started pouring down
the courtyard of cry and worship.

A paperboat nametagged "the wish"
peeped up in mirth.

Thus the jingling droplets, a sovereign cry,
the shades of an ethereal shy in a camaraderie
entwined in the month of June and July.

FONDNESS

I am fond of being no one unless
there lives an aura of prominence to live in.

Else with love and tear, else with die hard cry
in my all twists and turns, being fearlessly shy.

With the murmur of embarrassments
and the nostalgic lie,
I am fond of being downtrodden unless
lives thy benevolence, thy sweetness to cry.

I am fond of being gorgeously devoted to give it a try.

Furthermore, I am fond of being utterly exhausted till
lives the aura of diminishing thy.

FAREWELL

A tweeting hint a mystical tint
leaving my soul within a rustle,
a piece of a peace within the hustle and bustle,
in a mesmerizing confusion as a whole.

Touched the moments of despair in a sparkling ease
on its way unknown, departed unspoken
with many a song unsung within.

The peace in many pieces thus loitering
in my courtyard of mirth or cry
and the backyard being cozy in a faded goodbye.

QUESTION

A gracious eve of denial of my presence
and past the hesitant heart,
was an introspective endeavour to let go.

A genuine gesture of happiness,
the duchenne, overblown the aura
and your disappearing presence
started threatening me a sobbing soul.

My sky colourless in fade and cry
a parting fiddle quietly whispering the doorstep,
birds of flying colours up high
to the unknown (to you?)
with a question, the life the living the leaving
in pain, will perish?

A drenched petal loitering on a sidewalk.

A hallucinated mirth, may rest in peace.

WOULD YOU PLEASE?

be seated by the heart in me a while
where the sparrows the narrows chirp thee smile
in an ocean of celebrating silence,
where the peace be the resonance
of my life thy live in
in an utter care and forgiving.

of thou merciful eyes be the sleeping shelter
of my all shades of tears.

of my strayed depth of pain and peeper be filled
by thou sweetness of cry.

My pray my cry.

HOMOPHONOUS

A hole, as a whole is enough for a wholesome living.

Of a sparrow?

lovingly nesting with the grasses and the hay
weaving the feather and the threads
where lies the threats? of a bullet or the bombs,
a gun or the goons!

Thus the hole, as a whole is ample for a holy living.

Of a pigeon? with the twigs and straws,
with the innocence, the grass stems or the leaves
the pine needles, the mosses or the bark strips.

To hell with the earthly goal,
the long yearned dollars?
the quote unquote fame,
lives the lusts and pleasures
decaying spirits and purpose.

Intimidating first world vs global south,
tussled treaties, the thumb (rule?)! OVERRULE.

Down the soul, a god-shaped hole. The goal.

A WHISPER

Might be a mellow of its class, an ephemeral warmth
might be a cloud or a careless whisper, whatever
grudges still bouncing
at the valleys and mountain tops
echoed the vaunting at many a seceded island.

Yet a glamour of greets with a la bise,
as if an angel's wish knocking my ancient door.

Therefore not just a mere peep or pry
in an intent of a judicious try
all in all, a summon from the king of kings
for a deep cleansed cry.

VOYAGE

An unwinding voyage to the destined eternity
let go the unworthy, the bag and baggage,
the scowled life and death, the despair.

Lies the sorrow in a fulfilling sadness
that of the death in a living deathbed,
selfish self bowed to the holy mercy
at the dust of infinity.

Urge for a cry within,
to be a portion of the mystical vast
in a lens of one.
one the wholeness, the cosmic whole.

Intensified quest the longing for an essence,
the one and only among all.

LEISURE

The lightning sky at a quicker gaze
and the speechless rain in a poetic praise,
to hell with the poets, the pleasure or the praise,
the bullets, the terrors, the terrorists being raised.

Snakes or the ladders, virtues or the vice
all for an ascend, the throne!

Pretending fraternity being absorbed
in an addiction of enmity over the no-man's land.

A myth being apolitical in context
of a carefree societal era
leading to a state of confusion
between god vs satan
or the disbelief over the issues being unresolved
for the decades past, consequences known
to an extent of haemorrhage
even at the womb of livelihood.

Yet a dream, has to be a dream
of a good moon night in an awning shed
with the possessions carefully curated,
my thoughtful assemblage
my signature of uninterrupted leisure. Self imposed.

RESILLIANCE

Affinity traversing a light-year, warbling
ethereal bond of artistic legacy
fostered in timelessness,
an enduring infatuation left unattended.

Meanwhile the passerby from the heaven
dispatching a whisper of confidence
and joy to the tune of oneness,
just to pluck and play the flavour of purpose
with the possibility of rejections,
a process to embrace.

Let us be a wayfarer, not being an aimless wayward.

TRANSFORMATION

A mud house is forming
at the gateway of the subconscious
or the playmate proclaiming its clarity
despite dejected soul lives
many a unleavened darkness.

A prelude of an emptiness was missing,
linked to nothing.

Nothing as such was established in pseudo trying
yet faith being rescued from the redlight.

Fluidity of feelings in alienating forms, alienating God
as if an infantile hide and seek
supersedes the inventions, the science.

Superseding the grammar of day-to-day.

LEGACY

A penetrative mind grasping indifferent thoughts
or a dirge out of a dull headed notion,
might be a dolt busy in an unheard elegy.

A few in a gentle poetic whispers
entranced in the nostalgic nuisance.

A select few follow footsteps of eternity
intending a legacy afterlife.

In an essence of reaching, echoed
reaching rich, the righteousness.

APPEAL

Come what may attempting a gingerly walk through
with the intent of uninterrupted harmony
leaving behind the nostalgic allure
drawn to the ancient
i.e. slippery yet elusive,
ambivalent dilemma with sniveling whim.

Come where the gravity bows down to a day,
windy breeze kissing the sky with whispers
and the pulse of peace and pace living in unspoken.

In such an aura of win and win let us lose our being
in an awe-inspiring mirth,
let us be at a loss in bliss and peace. Come.

TRANSIT

Benevolent charm superseding the classics
in an attempt of insignificant hopelessness.

A transition to the endless timelessness,
a heartbroken good bye note with the
heartfelt wish for a newer bloom.

Promising the presence,
and the remembrance living inversely,
conversely old genre demands visibly silence
and the missing link itself a funny puzzle to resolve.

Just a sail through
so as to embrace it with endeavour.

PLEA

Despite me being unknown from the heavens past
would you please bless me a place
at your dearest self?

A plea for a fleeting space to confess,
a little spill of a bliss
with a hint of deceptive grace to embrace.

My usual days of defeat,
the days with prevalent whispers
the worthless beliefs and practices
in a sugary wrapper,
in a newer look and feel!

A sweeping wave of hopelessness
leading to a valley of nothing,
would you please bless me a distance
from this darkness?

Way back to a seat at your divine feet.

DECEMBER

In a wintry day of dissonance
when the trees started ignoring its leaves
in a merriment of shedding and the forestry
trying to misspell its greens.

When the day dreaming traits
freezing the rays of yeses
and the gloomy twilight living in separation
beneath the sky of thy elegance.

I am, there I am
living in a joy of writing a nonsense line or two
in a sequel of facts and figures being jumbled up.

The days, my dying days
of many a worthless night of beloved pamper.

WOOZY

Such an artless finesse
that the invisible feels being addressed
with an ethereal call in my state of half asleep.

The street lights in a hurry
dimming to a point of no return
the due daylight diminishing
in an utter mood swing of beauty and haze.

And my longing for being nowhere within,
out of pleasure or pain
like a boat left forgotten on a rope and tie,
like an eerie stillness silently calling
in the woods for an unknown,
that kept me living in a sleep haze for a reason.

OBSESSION

A whim of an impulse
a rumour in force
that an addicted self
indulging the sweetness of escaping
or a misfitted enrapt is enough
for a mesmerizing tune of distress.

My deceptive lure of a silken trap
a momentary hideout within the
periphery of dreaming an awe,
spilling over my subconscious
in an attempt to overwhelm.

BLACKOUT

Might be a bliss of a spell
that this early hour kissing my cheeks
leaving a feathered hint of warmth
aswell a blushing poetic complaint,
little cloudy the clouds,
the backbenchers with a dampen odor
nonsense or the suffocated words
being quietly untold.

Obsessed or the heavenly pull, the magical one
that the sunny clouds whispering
in an agreed tryst for hours
and then all of a sudden,
might be a flaw of an affection
or a season unknown that the tiny clouds
started drifting away in vain.

DPDR

Winds gusting to an above average,
a short spell ofizzle,
the ambience with the flies forbidden,
hesitant birds whispering
few cheeping chirping on the go
few ruthless petals and the rootless leaves leaving,
glorious leaving with the farewell kisses
to the holy earth and to the father universe.

My live-in caregivers.

Contrastingly, few trespassers,
the adventitious sapiens
with the paradoxial breathing,
being disconnected from own sense of self,
seems betwixt and between living non-living,
in a state of live-in liminality,
the inert virions without a host!

Blurring life to the intoxic extent
or to the extent of DPDR disorder!

NIGHTMARE

Of ashes.

Vividly built up castles in the air
or the elaborated (merriment?) fantasies
in my obvious despair.

Disappearing fumes leave no fragrance blooming
about to gloaming
yet the imagery bubbling across the aspiring sky
yearns of flying colours proved a mirage in a sigh.

Said and done all in vain
in a torrential rain
of ashes.

CELEBRATION

Standstill as is where is
at a pause, about to paint a dot.

Stopped blooming or about to burst?

Leaves are left to unbreath due to
curfewed quietude, may be the
underlying outcome of distorted emptiness.

Leaving. Heaven came to a mindful silence.

HOMMAGE

Even the farthest me
is overflowing with the awe-inspiring thee.

Devastated pride or the built-in pamper
loitering in a naked hall of fame.

Nomad taken root to its root.

Vibrating the earth frequency
of love and pain resonating
the soulful harmony taking over the conscious.

Cosmic rhythm of
melancholic affection started superseding,
flowers of flying colours
left its garden-home to homage
leaving me in restless calmness
the oneness of awe engenders the whole within.

WASTE

Life in a glimpse
a hue or the tinting shades
living by chance, on the whims of fate or
gifted to a demon?

Succumbed to the odds, exhausted thereafter
to the tune of burnout.

Nothing but a living, Just the living.

ILLUSION

Skittish puddles freaking out in leisure
or the mirage on the go.

Splashing through the lies all around
reinvented many a wheel
eventually bulldozed even the generations to come,
leaving no clues whatsoever.

BLANK

Incorporeal friendship in a remorseful bliss
intentional living sustainably, let go vs
drowsily sluggish with a tiny to-dos, the trending
warp and woof is in question by and large.

Inauthentic self holds the sway,
unblossomed birds resting in cages
as the drained out words seems suffering quietness.

HAPPINESS

To soothe a tumultuous soul with a jerk of
colloquial ambiguity or in the land of drowsy reverie
with the promises of flowers and leaves,
the finicky butterflies, and the fantasies unforbidden.

Surprise call of a flaming heart accused of enticing
a much of a stormy insights, known to a many
that a momentary illusion or a silent live-lin
along with the unplucked imagery carried forward
from the ocean of my other births.

POLYMORPHOUS

The dayspring at the casement hearthside,
the lone victim trespassing
with all shades of glory and grief
and to the extent of a sense of apricity
in an unattached timelessness.

A complimentary tint of awe to many a misfit
and to a few, lurking for a grace or favor
taken part in it, eventually carried away
to a no man's paradise.

A TALE OF LIE

Sulky ambience pouty all around
an overt saddened lie yet nuanced
sleeting little hard little unbearable.

Absence of questions was visibly void
and the obvious nuisance of panting souls,
a refuge to the much awaited cocoon of silence
with a feel of grandeur.

And the intimacy being left alone
in an ocean of sunshine
as an antique piece of butterfly fluttering in mirth.

Could be a nasty heatwave daylong
or the sudden soothing sleet,
who cares? me not, in this city of lies.

YINYANG

Sympathy bouquet with a lovely
'not to be disclosed' goodbye note
ceremonial weeping in an artistic scented wrap
the season of rituals eventually gone past
here comes the day 'new normal'
with meaty fish and chips!
the name wrapped 'matshyamukhi'
or 'niyambhanga'
(henceforth violate rules! oops rule? overruled!)
and the remembrance? gone fast. washed out.

That's the pictorial plotting
of karma vs destined consequences.

Karma, the yinyang. The karma boomerang!

Amidst infatuated cosmos
others queued for an effusive welcome
me and my fading hue,
my prolonged sigh of dimming humanity
otherwise with the
jumbled up thoughts and emotions
the exhausted message of hopelessness
to the exhaustive audience
and to the exiled serene.

THIRST

An unwhispered lore, an untouched mirth
a lull in the hustle and bustle
a much awaited hiatus
a calming morning sensation
as if an attire of skies and breeze.

An enchanted black bird at the invisible unknown
reaching to a crescendo,
a classic piece of sunrise
what a dawning delight!
leaving behind all promises made
to the earthly days and night
and to the utter nonsense shades of death and life.

Not just meself but the murmuring fronds
the swaying trees or the
swishing leaves rustling in the winds,
vibrant grass hoppers muted leaping off
rootless petals started kissing the cheeks,
a little wishes of this and that peeping up
aswell an unworthy self
the jumbled up friendships
all in all the insensibles but not the odds
might be a conflict of heaven and earth
and a mystic ecstasy within,
in a natural no-man's paradise.

POP (POINT OF PURPOSE)

Being soberly greeted with unfailing loving reverie
than that of the untrue images
of the self-plucked imaginations,
the place where the shadows lie
the garden of eden barefooted,
lacking fruits of knowledge.

Yet being hallowed with affectionate elegance
the irresistible grace all the way from
the heaven of unknown being conferred
with much of pamper at my destitute doorstep,
raising luminance of my soul at unrest
encompassing authentic meself,
the trueself with a point of purpose.

EUPHORIA

A sense of euphoria ostensibly engulfed my being,
my day worth living.

Mutually nodded friendship
with the flocks of cloudy clouds
at the blurry mountain top,
the swirling sorrows fading into the blue
sunshine with a vernal smile,
flabby and dense at a glance,
bit of a relief from the last night lifelessness
as if black and white contrasted, living
as if light and darkness juxtaposed
as if muted taunt or a praise, mimed?!

Archaic phrases, its syllables quiescent
expressing remorse or sort of empathy.

Discretely fresh yet tiring presence of an early hour
with a no-messy attire, sloppy though
eventually gone past at an unknown bend.

Thenceforth me and my soul living with them,
my playmates of yore.

FROM THE GARDEN OF SEASONS

This time on an unimportant errand
of something else
lacking sheening limelight or gale-force screech,
a soothing sense of light and sound
out of your unorderly goodness
and that of the sensible judgements,
made an impact, a loud one.

This time earth reverted to silence,
a drenched veil of caress and kindness,
your lovely belongings.

And a faint music from distant past
overflowing into the lampblack darkness,
might be a prince of behag
or a meaningless pauper
all the way from the land of unknown.

A classic piece of mirth or misery seems
peacefully plucked from the garden of seasons.

CONTRADICTIONS

The evenings of my untold devotions
with a tint of invaluable obscurity,
cautiously making its way
down to the impenetrable silence
of dense darkness, the darkness of
ambivalent love and hollowness of purpose.

The sleepy themed chandeliers
in association with the pleiades,
the seven sisters in the heaven, are in a murky quest
for a glimpse of some moonlit moments.

My ebullient self is about to spill over, bubbling,
offering immense comfort
to my drowsy subconscious.

Me, and my clouded nights with
many a conscious unclarity within.

I AM NO ONE

You name it a 'pre-harvest fruit drop' or a 'June drop'
you name it a 'universal law of gravitation'
or the 'theory of general relativity', doesn't matter
the apple is going to hit the ground anyway
unless it has the genetic impurity
or the inherited traits,
(patrimony?) possessing a couple of colourful wings!

Chicken or the egg paradox is less debatable
in the context of its relevance,
causality dilemma that the
mom or the womb is outdated,
both the belly and its embryo have been
taken over by its biased gender,
mushrooming infertility clinics, the hotcakes
with the twisted toppings-- blame it on PCOS.

Windchill eliminated, hardly knocks the door
cold wave grossly living in negligence,
a boastful presence of oxytocin inside.
(yea, the love-struck parties, the imported ecstasy!)

Even otherwise the worldful of tweets, the posts,
the reels and the shorts, the gossips, the chaos-
the everlasting truth.

Me, the feeble untruth.
Me, the damn! liar.
I am no one, any way.

NOMADS

Undoubtedly you were desirous of my peace,
not only death
what an unwavering motive
in a skylike resemblance!

Immortal evenings approached dubiously
to the night long embarrassments,
as if katydids chirping with an intent, enticing.

Me the odd, the surplus, at the earthly corner
in a charming state of
unwholesome wilful misconduct.

Meanwhile a remarkable tint
of healthy hope, opaque though,
all the way from no man's land
gladly pronounced at the leftish suburban ventricle.

Nonetheless I am forcibly introduced
at the top of the procession of parasites
with all possible hazards and belongings.

And the inevitable sequel,
that I am being left abandoned
with a lost soul and the
worldful of dotard possibilities,
rusted history, useless.

Flippant unwanteds being unnecessarily detained
for obvious consequences. The aimless nomads.

DECEDENTS

A full-blown homo sapiens
does not retrospect infancy
not even blink of an eye on the budding would-bes!
beneath the tomb survives
the warmth of unshed tears
out of unbearable luxury (exquisite independence?).

Sombering vibes engulfed all autumns
with the promise of
echoing livelihood for moments elapsed.

Shiveringly survives the stupidity,
few more unimportant years
with some forgotten memories
drenched in dust and dirt,
as if reinventing wheels,
exploring slim torned trifling possibilities.

In the end gloomy frivolous entities disappear in vain,
and a foul soul desparately shuffles
the pages of exaggerated dictionary
for the true meaning of joy and prosperity,
leaving behind the heap of misused untimes and
the pile of eye witnessing decedents.

PURPOSE

Drowsy tinted yellow, the mid noon,
despite abundantly sunny.
kindness and empathy snoozing together
godly wisdom hibernating,
piety and righteousness started resting in peace.

Chaotic society is successfully induced with
the intentional jumbling of
present and future along the past.

Nonetheless the days past
my days passed-by
no longer trespassing on
awakened bedroom darkness.
-au revoir

In quest of an elevated tomorrow,
dreaming of a paved enlightened soul,
a 'new me' filled with deepened purpose
and a worldful of thirst for GOD,
my living GOD.

VAGABONDS

Is it the clarion call for the newly-weds
or an army of unfortunate ants milling
into their endless circle of death?

The necessary precondition of living is to multiply
purposeless lifes in geometric progression,
and that is joyfully achieved over the years!

What else? despite quite a few
'whys' are in question.

Is it the melodious flute? the terrible trumpet?
Or the intolerable sirens all around?
that the detention camps are largely occupied
(oops! over flowing) by the
colonies of unwanted vagabonds.

STAIN

Struggles to do away with the red stains
on her night gown, the morning story
as if trying to do away with the inevitables!

Chippy chocolate wounds of unlove,
much to the displeasure and annoyance,
nasty bruise (in the heart?).

Asymptomatic IMH (aortic intramural hematoma)!
living at a loss with the flow of adversity,
unfolded heartlessness.

Aesthetic background neutrality is overpowered
by unhealthy facial innocence, with an evil eye.

Yet she being shy!
Ungodly backdrop of cruelty vs dejected soul.

Holy hopelessness in a paradoxial imagery
even in profound despair,
she being still busy in the act of pleasing,
decades gone past at the expense of self.

Climax thereafter, much of entreatment, plea in vain.

Living, yet stubborn living.

You subsisting, still parasitic?
beseeching for nothing!

INSTINCT

Would have been a refusal of my mother
bequeathing the legacy of the frightful night,
Just a refusal disregarding the lonely ownership and
the lasting anxiety of that
falsely garlanded fragile night
with a tint of thanksgiving,
thanksgiving for his lovely demonic appetite,
or just to do away with that unfriendly night,
atleast GOD would have blessed her
that unclaimed night into oblivion?

A lovely story thereafter.
Labour rooms under rusty lock and key.
May day processions,
demands - sweet, symbolic, irrelevant.
AK-47 the russian Kalashnikovs,
the indian INSAS rifles
or the XM7 the U.S army Variants - DAMMIT!
Worldly full stop.

A tranquil foolish green Island, my world
like a pinky apple just plucked
from the garden of eden,
like a flock of murmuring starlings with
smoky twists and turns, swirling into the blue,
like a gentle southern zephyr
trespassing the sprinkling fountain
leaving behind an astounding collage
of varied medleys,
the bountiful lives, the softened green grasshoppers,

the buzzing bees encircling,
the thirsty deers panting,
the restless sparrows cheeping and chirping,
and the lonely fishing decks
being left abandoned to the goodness.

All in all the very earth in its motherly look and feel.

The extraterrestrial pseudo-Instinct!

FACADE

Being cordial, a ridiculous showboating.

He being recklessly wise,
might have been irresponsibly critical though,
analyzing cordiality.

Unfriendly soul suffering insomnia within.

Baldy yet mossy green,
the greeny patches all around.

Cordially pretending green!
The tingling cordial ghosts living inside.

Hostile hiccups now and then, as expected.

Only soothing while served with chilled redwine
in a gorgeous poetic gesture.

The very word 'being cordial', the cordial mischief.

MOCKERY

Clumsy minds in a blend of materialistic possessions
or its nostalgic allure,
constant tug-of-war self within
for such an unwilful flimsy living!

Deities suffering sleeplessness
in an era of unserene primitives,
unholy efforts being made
of need based 'customizing GOD'
positivity lost its textures
with increased contaminants,
legislation traumatized by the
garbageous gang of thugs bullying around.

And my GOD is somehow surviving under
such an aura of unheavenly mockery.

IN THE END

Live with the insults or else you eunuch!
stay quiet and content with all your ambiguities
in the royal court of harem.
(oops! the cloudy cots and mattresses
for a piece of pain and gain?)

And that soothing reassuring gesture,
the bewitching smile.
The show off!

Isle of ecstasy being travelled
with some coins to throwaway,
and the man, the recipient,
loosing his meagre virginity
every night out of utter betrayal!

Just a blouse button is unbuttoned otherwise,
allowing a puff of fresh air to the suffocated daylight
aswell enjoying hypoxia within, with an inbuilt bipap!

Still the preaching prayer for a courageous outcome
with the newer generations
exponentially grown, let go.

Feminism vs rotten masculism survives
with its ill health approaching senescence.

And the younger evenings obviously obsessed
with the upcoming queenly nights,
with a newer attire and conflict,
with freshly scripted mystic melodrama
to be played in dense silence.

NEVER EVER

Many solutions to the problems unknown
seems dawning slowly, popping up with a surprise
popping up the dawning sky,
the tweeting nightingales,
the mama bird with its chicks cheeping chirping,
overpowered anything else the beloved.

Feeling sleepy? must be ungentlemanly hypersomnia
night long after parties,
the heaven for the casual flings.

Toxic club hoppers eventually hopping beds!

Contrasted sketch of haunted eyes
looking for a stale bread loaf gratis.

The tale of many motherlands had long since been
drowned in the whirlpool of lethe.

'Pride' living crawlingly at the farthest shell
of infected unconscious with poliomyelitis.

And 'Tagore', 'economics', 'art gallery', 'socialism'
'Lord krishna', 'cosmic love', 'equality'
obviously are the words
old-fashioned uncosy whining!

Dollish outlook, seductive attire, robot-like gesture
being calculative even in contracted intimacy!
Big burgain in cremation, in asthi visarjan.

Am I talking rubbish? oops! never ever.

The mama bird with its chicks
still cheeping and chirping!

AUDACITY

The way father decides the fetal identity,
the next-gen gender
out of his blessings
with both the chromosomes X or a Y,
exploring more he discovers
XM7, LMG, the indian INSAS or
the american XM250, water cannons or the missiles.

Arrogance, the overbearing pride
with a sense of superiority in him
father now reporting to a new boss,
a transformed rotten chauvinist.

In a rapid pace he invents
lollipops, the paint brushes,
the lipsticks of various shades
to decorate his bedroom.

Sunny darkness with a suffocated live-in extramate
her many a weep droplets vs the dictating anti-father
with an intent to tether future to the fence.

He, the pseudonymous thus started renaming streets
to celebrate 'Kamduni', 'RG Kar',
or even 'Russia-Ukraine'.

Others are masculine and
Hasina, a branded vagabond!
Fathers got muscles and Taslima in exile
wandering since 1994 with much of endurance,
much more than lips tightened stoicism.

Father defines the 33%
women legislative reservations,
"the protection of women from
domestic Violence Act, 2005",
"the dowry prohibition Act, 1961",
"the sexual harassment of women
at workplace Act, 2013"
as well he decides whether to
wear a hijab, niqab or a burqa.

Now you, the mamas may only decide
the ideal hours to dwell on regret
at the cost of how many ounces of sorrow?

UN-BROTHERHOOD

'Universal brotherhood', an ornamental word from the modern dictionary, out of context carries marginally bitter flavour otherwise sweet apparently congruous, harmonious 'universal brotherhood' – soothing to the subconscious!

Migrant birds all the way from syberia, flying thousand miles for the sake of self-help, sake of survival.

Do-or-die determination. A grim determination.

Migrating seagulls migrating out of hunger the flocks of geese or the american robins during 'rest stops' on their way to India-pakistan-bangladesh-china (got the living examples of mutual brotherhood!) at the gloomy fields of ukraine at the suburban greens of russia or at the olive gardens along the gaza strip, might be at the controversial territories along the red sea, kill themselves out of innocence out of contaminated insects out of poisonous dead fishes or the plants and grasses they eat mixed with used explosives, the gun powders!

'Hostility' means 'nothing' to them because of blessed illiteracy, despite they are the ultimate victims!

Brotherhood?

anonymous reptiles with a human shell holding
the flagship of patriotism,
a vigorous support for one's country.

The regional brotherhood? the politicised one.

Is this not seriously injurious to universe?
the universal benevolence of the creator
bounded by no countries.

All, the world citizen. The oneness
illusive though to the modern dictionary.

ELDERLY

Mom is fond of being seated
on a red plastic chair for hours
seated lonely, quiet, motionless.

High summer religiously knocks
her impassable windows
eventually fading into autumn.

The drippy drizzles loosing its virginity at the tin roof,
relentless, with an alluring welcome note
an illusively obsessive imagery,
inattentively discarded though!

The windy winter being
carelessly naughty to all others,
might have left mom behind. Awfully distressed.

Even the fleeting glimpse of early spring
disregarded her essence and innocence.

Mutterings of discontent,
fussily embracing emptiness,
her signature living.

My breakfast table has a dazzling variety
a little bit of everything arranged in the middle,
carbs, proteins, vitamin A, B1, B7, B12, C
and the minerals balanced.

Sliced whole wheat bread, beetroot,
carrot, sweet potato, raw onion,
boiled beans, green chilli, banana,
curdled milk, egg white,

..... I am tired of counting calories overwhelming!

My mom, in a state of confused emoji,
silently takes many a medicine since morning,
lonely, unnoticed.

While leaving for my office I used to touch her feet
for her blessings, dispatched
in a mix of sigh of despair.

Our only resemblance
(oops! would-be resemblance?)
that she is an "elderly, innocently lonely mom"
and me the approaching would-be,
"the grown-up dishy daddy!"

UNFORGETTABLES

Calming granny lullabies and her selfies being shy
stories she told, the time flown by.

Adorned my sky into the bluish or green
as if the ethereal northern lights
or the soulful southern hymn.

The days dipped into the grandpa's purse
to rediscover some destitute coins
in a state being stealthily nervous
or that of the drowsy eyes and the mama's lap
in the gloom of the darkest night
me missing that all lovely and bright.

The impressions indelible like a divine shine
with a thought of leaving rest all behind
as if nothing more needs to be mine.

UNHEARD



Witness every single drop of divine tear in a rain
the sorrow the sufferings of a millipede
hurriedly crossing the courtyard
for a destiny unknown.

Come on, feel a cry in the rain.



Habitats being waterlogged, the snail, in a
fear of drowning (or in a childish mirth ?!),
passing by in a cloudy pour.
The snail-paced crawl,
with the broken shell,
rain drops dripping into the shell
who would cleanse the waterlogged into the shell?
who would repair the shell?

The snail is not crying
smelling its death yet not sobbing at all
O GOD help me to help them all.



Feel the bird sitting on the roof top rail
could not find a hideout,
such a deluge of downpour and gale
drenched its feather how could she sit back
the whole day long beneath the naked sky
come on, give it an eye
with the soaked wings she can't fly
she must be having fever
she can't speak
she is in bleak
in this heavy rainfall
she can't fly at all
O GOD help me to help them all.



See the scared kittens
jumbled up to each other
not finding their ways either
to reach to their godly mother,
not even to tune to the mama's call
O GOD help me to help them all.

