

Poetry Series

Amit Ray
- poems -

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Amit Ray()

It was pleasure meeting people from various parts of the world from various socio-economic background.

Adios. Amit Ray.

****~a Madrigal`s Motley~****

A madrigal`s motley through the winds
Only with her wings they did play the strings, did their words succumb to her rantings?
Colours capriced in mundane hearts, kisses robbed in binds

The time behests in unfelt abode, a spring`s demise, snows in blood grinds
Whisps of unknown livelong night and pangs, did they gainsay in their gatherings?
A madrigal`s motley through the winds

Her hopes flew with hopes anonymous, an estrangement in merry-go-round surrounds
Skittled out for someone else`s pure aplomb, what were their cravings?
Colours capriced in mundane hearts, kisses robbed in binds

Amidst her tender breasts was my bed, every her avatar confiscating jealousy as friends
In echelon of moments so cruel, an annoying thorn of roses, an indulgence in harrowings,
A madrigal`s motley through the winds

Over and over frailties danced with rage, soddened, her last wave reminds
Sunken heart, moribund split, absolute reticence in aftermath, attractions all in abstainings,
Colours capriced in mundane hearts, kisses robbed in binds

Her flesh pounded apart for pleasure, a memento for eternal furlough as all behinds
in agony, in ecstasy a heart`s beschrew as blandishments crept on shovings
A madrigal`s motley through the winds
Colours capriced in mundane hearts, kisses robbed in binds

Amit Ray

****~arranged Marriage~****

And they came all blueberry cranberry blackberry cherry
and I remained dumbfounded whom to pop and whom to marry
worry and merry like tom and jerry
in a flurry to life`s golden galarie
and I went on choosing a perfect french for my calvary
Britanny my red carpet strawberry

Left mrs discreet and right miss discrete in ferry
my rubber is perplexed where to serry
Then an old pal Sherry called on from Banbury
telling she knows a single mom gooseberry to take my Cadbury
But women made always my life ghetto like
the syllables of sonnetina rispetto telling tales of Canterbury

I forgot the smell of the last woman apart her perfume that was Burberry
In Moscow in a disco where life gave me lemons for my vodka
She was part Skerryvore, daughter of an equerry
I told her sorry back in my lanes of memory
and I went on choosing a perfect french for my calvary
my whirry loneliness in Britanny my red carpet strawberry

Midway in life when am showman no more I need not whirry
No more darling Harry for Perry, Kerry, furry and slurry
I know I will count diamonds again in the sky and I will lie to myself if agony
comes relying on my boy self, my butterfly selfie and my hand cooked curry
But I will always have my carmen
Walk the streets of my boy Lyon alone, run the way with my girl Marseilles
Backpack from Paris again to Britanny my red carpet strawberry

Amit Ray

****~consanguinity~****

CONSANGUINITY

The augury of him in Crimea was so
That Ekaterina said she was tired of sandwiches
But I did have black tea, black Latvian bread with her black Ikra near Black Sea
Hundreds of kilometres from Kiev and from Moscow in Odessa where heresy
breaches

I beated her wings in no confinement, in no vituperation
She flew flower to flower to no destination
She knew I was a drinking son of pride straightaway
And I apprised me that she was a drunk daughter of arrogance having me in
sway

At night on table when Putin came with my rassolnik
And said that he had seen many earthquakes being not born a Japanese geek
I felt in my bedroom her shenanigan moves
A carefully preserved time capsule in grooves

Rubbers burnt got her season
and wheels vulcanized got his prison
Dudley Castle and Kremlin cannot be friends
With Timoshenkos pillaging appetites in trusses and bends

Keep your red gown for the right time Ekaterina
For I have eaten all meats-that of a pig, of a cow, horse and bear
And eschew my emotions like a ballerina
A square, a quadrilateral, a rhombus and a parallelogram are not the same when
each buccaneer

Vladimirs have always condescended bloody Mirs of Dagestan
In the duel between Russian charlottes and Turkish harems
The fishing villages of acrimony and Satan
I will not count Ekaterina`s eggs for my child`s Ukrainian mother in tandems

Amit Ray

******~in Sunderbans~******

Your Name: Amit Ray

Title of Poem: In Sunderbans

The Body of the Poem:

In Sunderbans where tigers roar
Mangroves dense vast surroundings explore
Black stripes sniffed on orange flesh
for succour where to- ever his grouses justified refresh
Danger lurks cautiously guarding his lair, mother Nature in furore!

A timid deer`s gossamer dreams in his patient mouth
That`s how the law defined-somebody`s sunrise and somebody else`s sunset so
couth
A second day fuel with a succulent buffalo, a third day duel with a crocodile in
nesh
In Sunderbans

There lies in silence a bigger score
A honey farmer in the death row he tore
He picked up a quarrel with the busy bees in their mesh
A new day musing with new enemies afresh
And now a village trail along the Matla river, a new taste flick with albacore
In Sunderbans

N.B. Poetry form is English Rondeau.

Amit Ray

****~melancholy Memory~****

Kissed off loneliness
in your togetherness
-a sepulchral statue,
bullet hole

Broken clouds debacle
ghastly cold, in confined
years of solitude,
sycamore

Scuttling in mirrors,
a filled, unfulfilled
fidgeting in sanity
of a snare

Butterflies dead
in avenue of the
cypresses, uncouth bird`s
aureoles

Amit Ray