

Poetry Series

RAJESH.C BOSE
- poems -

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RAJESH.C BOSE(20/05.1969)

WORKING WITH INFORMATION AND PUBLIC RELATIONS DEPARTMENT,
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A Blissful Death

Never do open your eye lids, my dear
For let me rest here forever
In bliss, devoid of self but in peace
In this watery grave of mine.

Never do try to bring me life again
And never do I want a revival, my love
In this depth of yours, I'm blissful
No more I am, though.

All my search, my enquiries
My quest, both inner and outer
Has come to a final halt
Right here, in the depth of your eyes.

I'm face to face with the existence
In those serene placid lake of yours
Oh! what a beautiful witchcraft you did
And you erased my existence
with a single wink of your magic wand

Oh! i cant resist my fate
I get drowned in those pristine waters
Oh! let your eyes remain closed
And let me rest here, forever
In this watery graveyard of mine
Forever! oh! what a blissful death I met!

RAJESH.C BOSE

A Soliloquy By The Departing Year

You know me pals...
Because you have lived with me for one year..
Now hours are left for me..
the exit is there..
And I feel so lonely.

I was greeted with much warmth and pleasure
Just one year ago
I just couldn't understand that it was so fleeting
You were gleamed with joy to welcome me
Now i see the same glitter in your eyes
To sent me away
To the invisible tomb of Time.

Now I am an uninvited guest
You are joyous to greet the next guest
Now i am an unwanted one here
You are anxious to bury me for ever.

I know my friend will meet the same fate
But I'm silenced by your mirth
Your fake mirth of welcoming my breed
How Can I tell him that you are wolves in sheep's disguise!

RAJESH.C BOSE

Adieu!

I have to bid adieu
To my neighbors first
Then to my friends old and new
Because tonight I have a visitor
To take me to
The undiscovered land
From where no traveler returns
As the Bard said.

I'm received and feted well
My neighbors say farewell
I'm basked in the sunshine of love
Noble are they but happy with my fate.

Flanked by all of them
Fanned by their winged love.
I'm shown the way out
Thrilled are they
Their eyes are beaming
Beaming with smiles unknown.

Now, I'm at my office
with my friends nice
Though an officer positioned high
My shortcomings are counted high
I see the smile devoid of tears
in their eyes
Cause' of the empty seat in future.

I'm served a sumptuous meal
At noon
With dishes I've never tasted
Perhaps my last lunch.

I'm happy to see
The gladness in the faces
Known and unknown
And all are giving me a warm send off!

But somebody is sobbing there
Oh! It sounds like my mother's
Or my better half's
Or my dearest kids!
Surely, I can't make it out, I bet!

The time has come
I have to go now
My visitor is lurking
In the dark over there
I take my luggage and
Glanced at the dearest faces of mine
For the last time.
I look at my neighbors
Stars are twinkling in their eyes.

I step into the rain
I'm lonely now
Darkness hugs me with its icy hands
Rain drops are rolling down on my face
I blink my eyes
Darkness is is being dispelled
Daylight is kissing on my forehead

My destructive visitor is no more
He is lurking no longer there
Because He was murdered
Murdered with a glass of water
By my mother....my all time savior!

RAJESH.C BOSE

Biography Of My Father

Born in a sane world
Lived sanely
But death hugged him insanely

RAJESH.C BOSE

Brief Encounter

Twice I met her in my life
On both occasions it was brief
I tried to have a touch of her
Yet she eluded me in mystic manner

When I lost all my hopes
Then i wandered in astray for her
For I believed she could save me
Though the time was undue to woo her

She said; no my dear
It's not the right year
When the spring is there
And the sky is clear
I'll come to thee
Without your permission
We can spend in endless love
And, surely, it won't be a brief encounter

RAJESH.C BOSE

Courting!

I decided to be a poet
So I courted the Muse
As a first step
But she was blind to my proposal
And tore apart my love letter.

Then the savage in my burst out
I decided to pollute her with my pen
Raping her with my pen notorious
Thus I made a soulless creature!

RAJESH.C BOSE

Divine Tragedy

Let me have a dip
In the Sea of sorrow deep
For getting canonized for years
To write these letters in tears.

Let me rain your footprints
Each contains memories' imprints
With the deep drops of my heart
For getting my sins purged.

Let me script
Your memory dipped
In love eternal
On the pages of my purged soul
With tears saltier than
Seas of salts
As an another classic
For generations
Yet to come....

RAJESH.C BOSE

Glasses

I cast a dead gaze at the sunlight
Wearing red glasses
As they commanded.

It was all red, I was happy
But time proved I went wrong

Then I wore green glasses
I was happy with the green world
And they said I was right.

But I was again deceived.

An assortment of glasses were tried
As per their order
Each time I was happy
And they were also happy, though pretending.

Again time remained silent.

I want to stand in the real sunlight
I know the truth lies just before me
I know the hurdle lies with my glasses
But I'm a puppet, a mere robot
Removing these is not a simple exercise
For it warrants isolation or banishment.

RAJESH.C BOSE

Her Eyes

At night my daughter does gaze at sky
At that instant stars do fall into her eyes
At dawn she wakes up and looks at me in joy
At that moment stars do fall from her eyes!

At times my daughter does ask me
At where do papa stars hide at day
At that moment she does gaze at me
At that instant known is the fact in gay!

At night my daughter does gaze at sky
At that instant I do wonder in high
At that moment stars do flow from her eyes
At that instant brightened is the sky!

RAJESH.C BOSE

I Won'T Delete These Numbers.

This is the hour of expectation, my pals
This is the hour of waiting.
The night is cold and the air is still
And I'm waiting for your calls, my pals

My cell phone lies on the table
Like a corpse, it is laid to rest.
I'm pricked by this loneliness
Dumb and mute moments are passing by

Memories stand tingle with vitality, my pals
Your calls stood thrill with warmth
Our days breathed an animation, a fire
Now you've made me droop like a flower in the rain.

The distance was only a fingertip away
Now it seems unconquerable, I'm tired!
I try to get at you pals, I'm defeated!
My phone keeps weeping, weeping and weeping.

At which corner of this universe are you?
Are all playing hide and seek, my pals?
I'm left alone in this journey of ours
Don't you know pals! I'm helpless!

I received those usual calls from you, pals
Now i expect them again! Though unusual they will be
Though my sight fails to fall on you
The last sight of you are still brooding
Brooding over my eyelids, in my sorrow's drops.
The last call you made is still lurking
Lurking along the corridors of my ears.

Though absent minded is my mind
You won't be slipped out, make sure of it
So soothing were your calls, my age-mates
So scaring is your absence, my dear pals.

I won't delete these numbers, my pals

They are buried in my cellphone.
Don't say they are saved in my heart
I won't repeat a cliché like that.

We together started journey on a mission, my pals
But, now I'm at this junction of decision
Left alone! Won't you come back pals?
Should I wait here? The path before me
Is so horrifying, deserted and more silent than silence.

RAJESH.C BOSE

Individuality Vs Personality

To be virtuous is the path
To Heaven, the Promised Land
Says the Holy Scriptures, Masters
So does the society at large.

Thus a fake Harichandra was born
By cleverly hiding my genuine lies
For the path to heaven is not easy
Only honest beings will knock at the door

Thus a fake Good Samaritan was born
For heaven is only for the generous
Alms are given in plenty
By cleverly hiding my frugality

Courtesy and austerity became my hallmarks
Though I don't know the meaning of the both
I start respecting the women and the grey-haired
By genuinely hiding my vicious heart.

I start worshipping the God
Though an atheist I am
Thus I started nourishing my virtue
Drop by drop.

Now I'm burdened with too much virtue
It's a real burden indeed.
But people need this 'ME' only
Not the real 'ME' under these masks.

I want to be what I was
But a return seems not possible
The path seems impassable
It is already destroyed by my virtues.

I want to be dishonest, greedy and jealous
Only then I will be honest to myself
That's the way to my enlightenment
That's the first step to my virtuous life.

But, where is that old child? Who
Boldly said the King was naked.

RAJESH.C BOSE

Is Poetry A Great Lie?

Poetry is something sublime
Said by my friends supreme
Cause' I wanted to be a poet
As poets are something next
Higher than rulers framing laws.

Go and read the classics
Said the wise in highs
I was hungry like a lion
Ancient urns were devoured in
Modern poets were swallowed in
But poetry remained a distant dream.

Go and learn the language well
Said my father in despair
Tutored by masters well
But the mastery remained a distant dream.

What I wrote was neither poetry
Nor fancy it was
My quill failed to compose
My heart failed to pour out
Though it was filled with gems
Gems chiseled by masters noted.

So suicidal was the thought
To bury my dream in the desert
My quill was helpless
As if my mind was hopeless
Fluttered away was my accumulated knowledge.

What a bliss I go through now
In the silence of this wilderness
I'm emptied off my knowledge
And all the burden of the past
Flying away from me.

Oh! What is flickering inside me!
From the silence of my heart

It is throbbing in my senses
With silent sounds so mellifluous
But devoid of any sensible meanings.

How to paint these shapeless creatures
Cause'I'm empty now
But I have to dot it out
Or my senses will fail me.

Oh! what is raining around me!
The sky is showering leaves for me
I took a tender leaf in dream.
Thus, my first poem was born
Not by intelligence but in silence!

RAJESH.C BOSE

Jane... It's For You!

JANE...IT'S FOR YOU! (in memory of Jane Austin)

From this window of mine
Mystified with mist and vine
I gaze at you
The distance is shortened
But my vision is blurred.

Mist is there
Wet is your face
In the Moore
Walking lonely amidst the woods
Singing silence in angst.

Never did you cross your dwelling place
Nor were you possessed by
Yet so vivacious were your dream children
Nourished and grown up by you
By drinking the ink that made them well-known

You were in love with loneliness
Your soul mate for a lifetime
But you painted your world
In ink that made you immortal

Your life was devoid of incidents
Yet it was not accidental
You looked though your narrow window
But wide was your perception.

Oh!
What a painter were you
With your pride and prejudice
You painted the sense and sensibilities
Around you
Without any persuasion.

Forty one years
You lived as a recluse

Falling in love with loneliness
Stripping off others' loneliness.

RAJESH.C BOSE

Maturity

Can one be mature
If he gets Old?
That's my first question.

Can one be a real Guru?
If he instills ambition among students?
That's my second question.

Because merely getting old
Or merely the grey hair
Is surely not a symbol of maturity.

When I sat in the class for the first time
I was asked to tell my ambition
And it robbed all my delight and innocence
And I became a neurotic and anti social.

Now you tell me
Can these people be respected
Because of their old age and grey hair?

RAJESH.C BOSE

My Mother And An Unpublished Poem

I walk into the silence
The silence of my mother's heart
The silence is old and smelly
She lived in this silence
That lasted more than five decades.

I want to search
Though I claim that I'mn't a peeping Tom
My mother always complained about me
That I was an unnecessary intruder to everhitng

Now I want to search
With all my heart
Every nook and corner of her heart
To know her by my heart.

So...
Like a thief in dark
I tread along the corridors of her heart

One by one
Each and every
Memory is thrown out
From the old boxes
And the Shelves that are almost broken

Memories are to me
To keep in the shelves of my mind
Though poignant are they
Those are the only treasures to me

Shelves are being emptied
Boxes are thrown out
Everywhere I am searching for
The hidden treasure left by my mother.

My mother....
She neither lived nor died when she was alive
She failed to be a Sylvia Plath

Though she was a poet unknown.

My mother.....

She never made us happy
She created a pool of depression
And her off springs were destined drown in it

My father was not at all a Ted Hughes
He was a misfit for being a hubby to my mom
Despised by his better half all through his life
But was not despised by death.

There were no boxes to be emptied of
When he bade farewell
There were no shelves
As none were left behind by him

Now the search for the treasure comes to an end
The searcher is in despair
An old torn out note book is being thrown to my face
And it smelled the smell of my mother's life.

In it was a long poem
Written in blood and tears
The hidden treasure was in it
It was the life of my mother
Now, I know the reason of her depression.

RAJESH.C BOSE

Noah's Arc

Despised for being unable to weep.
My friend...you have gone wrong
Can you regain the Noah's Arc
If I shed tears!

RAJESH.C BOSE

Optical Illusions

1. Illusion of Poets

Poets see the world
Not as world
but in words
Like that of the ordinary people
Who see the serpent
In the long spun yarn.

2. Illusion of Alexander the Great.

Alexander
Who was neither great
Nor a hero at all
Saw the world belonged to him
But fate decided on the contrary.

3. Illusion of the modern Disciple

The Great Master
Decided to test the shooting skill of
His disciple par excellence.
He asked
What do you see my dear disciple?
Do you see the prey?
No, said the disciple
I see only part by part
I see its lips
Its slender neck
Its voluptuous body parts
Moreover the prey is soulless.
The great master got afraid
He hurried back to home
Thinking of the safety of his daughter.

RAJESH.C BOSE

Paradise Lost

She was my Eve
I was her Adam
Every night we used to sit
In our Garden in the Eden
And look upon the moonlit sky.
A lone star
Grew envious of our love
Not like the serpent
Who grew angry
And it decided to kill our love
By killing itself.
So, it fell between us
And died at once!
Thus we were separated
By light years forever.

RAJESH.C BOSE

Re-Crucifixion

Cancerous is the growth
Said the doctors both
They wish it to be removed
As if they were really moved.

My kith and kin are alarmed
But to me, it is least concerned.
For I know the growth was growing
Though invisible, it got going.

Not all growths are cancerous
But this one is really rebellious
Said my neighbors in limbo
But least scared is my tempo.

For I have waited patiently
For this perfection silently
Explanations fall flat
To the society that is gnat.

Everyone wants it to be cut
For it is infectious, they said
Every growth is malign, inner or outer
However benign to the benefactor.

Barely do I understand
Sympathy turns threats stand
Sounds of digging fall across
Digging out the womb of history
For the Cross! For me!
For this deadly sin gross.

I have two choices left! confused!
Either i have to get this removed
Or lie on the cross improved.

At last I have decided to get along

Or I will be isolated among them
Because
History is the history of such removals!

RAJESH.C BOSE

Remembering J.K

The moment
I TRY to be a poet
I cease to be that

RAJESH.C BOSE

Remembering J.K.2

I'm going to taste
The nectar of success
By stepping into the pool
The pool of tears created
By those who have failed.

RAJESH.C BOSE

Scenes From The Rain! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Scene souls in the bus shelter

It was pouring down
Like the London Bridge was falling down
Every soul in the shelter was wet
Their bodies were soaked in dirt.
Then with utmost pride
I wore my coat of self regard
I stepped into the rain of thud
Thus I cut the umbilical cord with the rest
And became the most selfish guest in the shelter.

Scene 2. A handkerchief

In Every rain in summer
I stand still in vain
Cause I expect
It brings me
A handkerchief I need most.
Thus it can wipe out my tears
And calm down my senses.
But still I stand still out here
Not losing my faith in the rain.

RAJESH.C BOSE

The Architect Vs The Poet

I started placing word by word
Like making a building brick by brick
The finest, costly words are imported
So the finest Mansion was built, soulless though.

This is neither poetry
Nor are you a poet, said
My soul in silence blissful
Then what is it, asked my eagerness.

Leave your pen and empty your mind
Close your eyes and look at YOU, said my soul

The mansion started collapsing
Reduced into bricks were the walls
What I learnt started flowing out
The ornamented rotten words met their fate.

No words, nothing
Nothing but the Light was seen
I looked at it without fear
Thus the finest piece of poetry
Was born, without a pen, Without a word.

RAJESH.C BOSE

The Art Of Losing

I started winning over her
She started winning over me
Thus the battle did start
But defeated were we both.

Then I started losing to her
she also started losing to me
Thus the game was played
And won we both and were in glee

RAJESH.C BOSE

The Crumbled Empire

'This was the site'
Said the guide in fright
Only this much could he say
And I stood awestruck

A shattered pool and a crumbled garden
Shadows of paths
Where once princesses trod
Were covered with dead leaves
Ghostly fragrance of royal love
Lay in silence in perfect imbalance.

Like a specter I moved along
Through the shattered silence
Without guidance
All alone in that zone.

For what? I can't say
For this empire belonged to me
These ruins..
These smell- less flowers
All belonged to me
Or....
It might have been my life.

RAJESH.C BOSE

The Day I Lost My Soul

I remember
I remember the day...
I remember the day I lost my soul

Lost..
Lost without my consent
In the deep waters of tears
caused by inevitable loss

Like...
Like a precious pendant
it went down
in the unfathomable depths of sorrow

Many...
many things valuable
lost again and again
And still losing

But..
they are drowning to death in mere oblivion

But...
I remember
I remember my soul only
I had lost years back..

I can..
I can still see it
shimmering deep below
Deep below the pool of tears

RAJESH.C BOSE

The Narrow Strip Of Land

The narrow strip of land
Stretched before me in sand
Like a voluptuous mermaid
Lying on the lap of time.
Her loosened hair vanishing into
Territories unknown
And I stand still in the midst.
Oh! What blissfulness I feel
In midst of this solitude unreal
I hear nothing
Except the sound of silence.
All my journeys come to and end here
What I seek is lying right and left to me.
Time stands still and I move in dream
Like a feather I'm lifted
By the wings of time
And softly fall into the pool of eternity.

RAJESH.C BOSE

The Orphans

The sights seen in sync by four eyes
Are denied the rights to be seen
By four; two shrewd, two innocent
Now they are denied the rights
To be seen by the divine innocent eyes
To be blessed by those divinity
Your gaze took the chunk of the sights
Your gaze was a guest of honor to the sights
Alas! The shrewd has stolen the innocence
Oh! The sights are lifeless
The far-flung sights are sighing
For it is far-fetched to believe
To be stripped off those divine gaze
Without your vivacious gaze my dear
Their heads are drooped in gloom
Come, come and bless your kids my dear
For they can't bear my scathing look.

RAJESH.C BOSE

The Outcast

Looking back from this space and time
I know I'm an outcast forever
In different ways
In outlook
And in love too...

I can see vaguely
Through the mist of the past
A playground
Some crayons scattered on the floor...
A Schoolbag torn apart...

Some children are playing in the ground
I look at them keenly..
But they look at me strangely
For I can't play with them any longer
Because I have become an outcast from there group forever.

who is that?
That smiling face..
He brings chocolate for me
He smiles at me from infinity
With fatherly affection
No I cant enter there
As I'm an outcast

How can I break this wall..
I want to go there desperately
That time, that space calling me
But i cant hear its voice

Though the wall is soft
I cant tear it apart
It says No entry For You
Because Now u have been an outcast forever.

RAJESH.C BOSE

The Promised Land

Tempting is the urge
But the steps are hidden
Hidden behind the snow flakes of time
Misty yet mysterious
Like a riddle it is
Tightly wrapped in time

Tempting is the sight
In the valley over there
No one ever stepped into
That valley of glorious beauty
So tempting is my passion
Stepping into that unvisited paradise

Tempting is my longing
To be there and dancing
Dancing to the tune of the lines
Lines yet to be penned in bliss

Tempting is to see my old pals
Old pals but they look fairly young now
All are looking at me and smiling
Smiles brimming with innocence.

Tempting is the invitation
And I do tread down
The steps are slithery yet promising
Promise of a paradise regained.

My feet are lifeless now
Yet I step down into the valley
Into the valley of my lost paradise
Oh! Who is running down there!
My soul is running down
While my flesh is slithering over the flakes.

Each step blesses me with fragrance
Fragrance that has been denied to mortals so far.
I saw faces that were dear to me

But their misty eyes fail them to catch me.
Though close they are to me.

No, none is here
Though I'm here at last
Everything I saw is unreal
And, again I'm betrayed!

No young faces
Hardly can I see the fresh smiles I expected
All are puppet like
No, they really are!

No fragrance, nothing
Nothing tempting
Is it a hallucination or an illusion?

I want to flee away from this eerie silence
Silence that tempted me a short while ago
The whole valley is a theatre
A theatre on which puppet show is going on

I'm frightened.
My soul already ran away from me
It betrayed me
Was it a conspiracy with time?
To make me another puppet
To act in the ever going show over here....

RAJESH.C BOSE

The Realtor

I met him first
At my door step
It was a sultry summer
And he was at my door step.

Unknown to me he was
But he did know something serious
I was paling
He was smiling
Though the meeting was unexpected
He said it was expected
I said 'No'.

His face was stranger to me
Asking silently for the ways,
The untrodden paths, and
The unknown troves of the hearts
Of my dear and near ones.

Then he came in a summer shower
When I was alone
This time his face was rather shrewder.
Like that of pure business.

Nowadays, my neighborhood is deserted
A vast ocean of desert
I was in the middle of eerie loneliness.

I heard that he bought their houses.
Their childhood, their love
Their memories poignant and happy
He is a realtor
And he knows the business.

He owns everything surrounds me
Except me
My childhood friends, my dear neighbors
He sent them to an unknown place.

Now he is asking
The ways to my heart
I said 'No'
But he knows the ways
And he knows the business
He is the shrewdest realtor
I have ever met.

RAJESH.C BOSE

The Truth

Adept were his fingers
In examining and selecting
Flowers exuding ethereal fragrance
And bathed in eternal beauty.

I, the old buffer, cast an eye
On this passing fancy
With my frozen prejudices
That conditioned my mind
And stagnated it.

The young chap sported a smile
He selected an assortment of flowers
I decided, sure! He was a lover.

I was glued to the spot
To watch his further movements

But the game took an unexpected twist
He went to the nearest temple
And offered the flowers to his deity.

Moral: Truth always eludes me

RAJESH.C BOSE

The Will

When you make your Will
The Will of your mind
Keep my memories..
Hope I won't slip out
From your memory..
Even my shadow is getting drowned
In this sea of blazing loneliness
Spare me some space in your mind
For letting my heart hide
Some space..
Some space of the untrodden paths of your mind
And
Never do deny my right for that.

RAJESH.C BOSE

To Da Vinci With Disappointment

A single fault of yours
Though deliberate or unfortunate
Made me a mystery
For eternity.

You deflowered my innocence
With your hues par excellence
Made yourself more prominent
Disregarding my smile less significant

What happened to your adept fingers?
You know not But I do
It was not with your fingers
But with your mind...

Limiting my smile to an extent
To the extent of your mind's frame
Made me a mystery in eternity
Made you a master in adoration

Yours Mona Lisa

RAJESH.C BOSE

Trapped!

Oh! What a trap it is!
Now i have been destined to be a prisoner forever
Oh! The walls of prison is so hard
It's impossible for me to break it

I have been accidentally thrown into this prison
For crimes not mine
Now its for me to accept the fact
Too live on in this prison of clay

RAJESH.C BOSE