

Poetry Series

Anirbit Mukherjee
- poems -

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Anirbit Mukherjee()

A Date With Nothingness

A night with a drunk ghost,
A journey into the dark forests of hope.

A wait for the one who shall descend from the thin air
Into the flimsy images of an airy existence.

The dreary night unfolds; into the lap of nothingness,
The exotic aroma of time; enwraps the numb senses,

It is the love for the one beyond existence,
It is the love for what is beyond senses.

Drunk am i in the wine of its apparition,
Drunk shall i want to be in its esoteric mirages...

Intoxication of it not being there....
Submerges the anticipation of it being here.

But when?

Here shall i wait, never wanting it to come;
Here shall i stand, for it to find me waiting.

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Sculpted Out Of Thoughts.

It is here since i thought it is here,
It will be here till i think it is here,
Captured in the web of my thought,
Captures the course of my mind.

In the confines of the infinite,
In the bounds of the boundless,
Lies its freedom to span my life.

Under the shelter of the unfathomable,
Beneath the infinite azure of hopes,
There lies the pearl of my infinite,
Confined in my finite mortality.

I shall wait for the oyster to wake up,
In the depths of the bottomless ocean,

I shall wait for it to see the pearl
Woven out of my thoughts,
Crafted and nurtured,
By the golden shimmers of reality.

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The Dinner.

The rice is cooling down, (then it wont taste good) .
The soup is getting cold, (I know you don't like soups) ,
The fish is very good to taste, (I know you don't eat fish) ,
The chocolate ice-cream is great! (Oh! ..sorry..I forgot that you like vanilla)
The almonds in the chocolate bar are also great, (Oh! ..No! .you like only plain chocolates) .

See..its already late, I am hungry, the food is getting cold, Won't you come?
I am waiting for you,

Yesterday I waited at lunch, you didn't come,
The day before that at breakfast, you didn't come,
That day I was waiting in my room, you didn't come,
The day before at the bus, and many times before....

I know I am empty handed, I have nothing to give...
But neither do you ask for anything!

The sun has set long ago, vermillion scarred the evening sky,
The sky bled with joy, the sun reveled in its colour,
The river rolled smoothly by, I was waiting....

See..now its very late..where are you? The dinner is getting cold..
Won't you come?

What? What did you say? Oh...you have already had your dinner?
...that day too you didnt tell me...
That you had already had your lunch.

I know the food wont taste better,
 whether one eats alone or not.

I know the information will be told,
 whether on sms or in person.

I know you will understand,
 whether I teach or I dont.

I know I will survive,
 whether you are there or not.

I know the road will be walked,
 whether I walk alone or not.

The chocolate ice-cream is melting, the soup will go stale...
The lights are going hazy, its vapours all around,
A waterfall in the dining hall?

I shall wait again for you,
Tomorrow again at lunch, in my room, at dinner,
Whenever I am free...

Will you come tomorrow?
Never mind, if you cant,
I will wait again the day after tomorrow...

I know there are millions waiting for you,
But I am also waiting,

But can you wait for me?

Oh! ..Sorry! ..you are busy..

I wont ask again.

I think I had a heavy lunch,
I wont have my dinner today.

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The Lunch

A table for two. An empty chair.
A white cloaked man. A plate of edibles.
The scorching heat. The summer afternoon.
A run of time. A chase of dreams. A mist of thoughts.
A blinding stroke of existence between universes of nothingness.

A sms on her cell.

{ Isn't it that number from those pastel brown memoirs? }
{ Was it a reply? }

A pair of windows. The frilled curtains.
A pair of dark torchlights.
Beautiful!
To stare. To look. To gaze.

{ To notice? }

Was she the eternal audience..
Was she a melancholic onlooker....
At the stream of colourful matchboxes?
That carry carbon based bipeds.
To factories of existence and of monochrome thoughts.

{Is he too such a traveller? }

Will she return to the cubicles and the plastic walls?
Or will she return to the nihility of faceless identities?

Was the sms not an invitation too,
To yet another nullity?

{A nest? Or just a pile of brick and mortar? }

{Didn't they both steal something? To sms. To reply}

Even if it is a grand enactment. A lustrous stage.
If they both stole that vanishing time,
Shouldn't they choose the nest,

Against the colourful boxes and plastic partitions?

A choice?

Between her name and her identity?

Between anonymity in silent possibilities and

a fade away amidst the psychedelic matchboxes?

Between a possible shadow of nobody

and being a no one in the cubicles?

It is still an oblivion for which the search is all about.

It is for that iridescent thin line between the earth and the azure.

It is for those stolen moments between the lunch time and the cubicles.

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The Voice

I was walking away from the mirror,
I was walking away from my shadow,
I wanted to fade away in terror,
I listened to my sky and its bellow..

It was an epiphany from within,
Born beyond my mortal self,
It was from a crescendo of hopes,
Which untill now had lead me nowhere.

I heard a voice,
As if from the mirror but floating from far away,
A quaint music from far way lands settled into my flute,
A clear dictum set in sincere tune,
A verdict in the winds of the lonely afternoon
Floating down the rolling hill and valleys,

A voice that tore,
 through the quagmires of insecurities,
A voice that rebuilt,
 the forlorn mansion of reason.
A voice that supported,
 the despondent recluse.

I walked back to the mirror,
The echoes of that voice still resonate,
As I walk on this dreary path,
The voice sings on its own accord,
And I walk along, And I walk on.
The voice sings on.

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Uncertainty.

Every time i think that this is the destination,
Everytime i think that this is the end....of my search,
Everytime i think that this is here to stay,
Life reminds me that its all a mirage that i see.

This time around i again thought,
That this is here to stay,
But only to realize in a short while,
That life is far from such assurances.

That this might all be transient,
That this might again be a visitor in the inn of life,
By the side of this long road on way to nowhere.
That a candle lit in my darkness to burn for a few moments,
And then vaporize as if it was never there.

The quaint tune that floated down the hills,
Might just stop to play oneday,
Leaving the vaccuum of existence silent as before.

This stage is set for the ballad,
That might never be played at all,
But the echoes of the rehearsals and the forlorn decorations,
Shall tell of the earnest efforts of the playwright.

Can the playwright try to get it staged again?

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