

Poetry Series

Debayudh Chatterjee

- poems -

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Debayudh Chatterjee(12-10-1991)

A student of English Literature in Jadavpur Univeristy, Debayudh Chatterjee is a promising figure in the arena of 21st century Bangla poetry. Apart from contributing regularly to various magazines of repute, he loves translating from Bangla to English. He takes interest in theater, cinema and academics. His first collection of verses, 'BHORRATER 8B' (8B in dawn) will be published shortly.

Though bulk of his creations are in Bangla, he writes occasionally in English. This compilation thus contains the fragmented body of his English writings. Most of them were written during his school-life and thus reflects the nuances of mid-teenage. His poems are marked by a deep sense of yearning and despair.

Some instances of his translations are also posted here.

A Few Days In Bliss; Few Moments In Warmth

Not always my loneliness can spur up thus
I roam in the city avenues like a perfect human being.
Drenched in mellow sunlight,
I walk across the crowds to the crematorium
And discover how a dog and its bitch
Make love in utmost filth

And this is how my words are airborne and land
My dreams entangle and fly off to distant abodes
My clouds gather dark, and in hopes of heavy rains
Still bud like hearty flowers

Each night, I see a dirge across my sleep
Uncountable hearses follow me each day
And shrouded pleasure inspires to love
Rejuvenate behind casements
In entrapped sunlight

And now, some dreams might rise
Now the night sea shall love me, not like any mortal being but God
Innumerable faces and many a trauma
Recollect in my being...

And thus I aspire to be immortal
And thus murmurs in leaves of endless trees-

Let life be as dense as autumnal woods
Let love be its brightest flower...

Debayudh Chatterjee

A Forsaken Bus On An Empty Road

A forsaken bus stood upon an empty road

Whose wheels turned but had nowhere to go...

Such were our thoughts so confined and bound

Uncertainty rips and vales utterly sound

So silent and pure and pristine they whined

Thunderstorms swirled and clouds roared blind

Just ocean without waves scurrying in blue

Lamp-posts without light and old beads anew...

An empty road walked past milestones of thought

Slaughters and bloodshed and whatever, what not

Perished in grandeur and merged back to death

A lonely man danced in the realms of bad fate

Gallops of fury that whitened to snow...

We all had destinies, but nowhere to go...

Debayudh Chatterjee

A Sonnet To Tess

Lashed in horror and baked in time
Shadows of nowhere like chronicles chime
Death of anger... Death in the blues
Paint her sculpture in myriad hues

Love that was raped, love that was killed
Tragic and toxic... fate as it wheeled
Across storms and vales of sorrow
Lovelorn mists speak of tomorrow...

And yet the yearning didn't cease
Lights dim and sparkles appease
Illicit romances bantered with smell
Shadows of tyrants in her soul do knell

A life in whirlpools with thunder above
Cold faces turn up, but angels still love

Debayudh Chatterjee

A Walk In The Rain

Juxtaposed images burning in grey
And all that was unsaid scattered away
Drenched so pristine, darkened in dust
Shadows of nowhere tremor in lust
We walked across time, we walked past love
Passion brimmed in those clouds above

Beyond realms of death, soothingly blue
Rained in romance, incarnations of you
Far past the ages of ancient dead lands
We measured love in heaps of parched sand
And left was thus nothing but a walk across time
The gardens enlived, flowers blossomed sublime

Anger so bitter yet pleasing mirth songs
Pittered and pattered over us all along
Her hand, so cold, her nerves yet stirred
Wrote down murky melancholic words
Epitaphs of old men and elegies for the young
Rebelled like crossfires all the day long

And then in moonlight with a few drops to spare
Waterfalls rumbled roaring in despair
We came out of our stories and then on the road
We hovered over death as love followed
And led forth to hell's unconscious blue stream

Walk in the rain...a delusion or dream...?

Debayudh Chatterjee

About The Girl With No Name

This a prequel to my earlier note 'The Girl who loved diamonds.'

She has no name. Or perhaps she has one. But that is of sheer irrelevance here. She could be Mary Magdalene or Joan of Arc or Isabella or even the kiddish next door girl living in your neighbourhood. Her long drawn anxieties are suppressed by the tender innocence of her face; her simple life has no trait that might distinguish her as a heroine of a tale. Her large dreamy eyes by no means suggest that she too might have catacombs of mystery swirling in her timid brain. But magic still happens and that's why stories are still written.

After 30 minutes had elapsed midnight as the pristine aura of the moon entered her room, something happened. She felt as if a sky full of stars were storming within her. 'Water', she cried. She was desperately seeking for waves in the otherwise tranquil climate of her room. She felt suffocated, jumped down from her bed and looked out into the void outside.

She realized that she was amidst a torrid troposphere of sand- with no oasis and not even a mirage of consolation. Fragmented myths of images were circling around her as she saw visions of unseen topography, rattling like the creation of the universe, enveloping her senses into a sordid realization of peace.

A mimetic horizon of truth appeared before her. All what she discovered were the deprivations of her mortal world. Right from the first guy she fell for to the first flower she picked in spring masqueraded only to fade away. Desperation... despair...and water... she kept crying for drops of oozing raindrops in her smothering state of intense suffocation.

Splash... a waterfall...? And then a blow... was light beaconing?

... After that she never got drunk again.

Debayudh Chatterjee

Alone

TOO LONELY, SHE SHINES IN THE SKIES' VAST STRETCH
AND VEILS THE DARKNESS WITH HER NOTES OF SECLUSION

AH, LONELY ONE
YOU'VE HEARD IT REVERBERATE
THROUGHOUT THE NEBULA, THE HYMNS OF SHEER LONELINESS
THAT AROSE LONG BACK, SINCE THE WORLD GOT DONE
WITH IT'S YEARNING, ITS ECSTASY, ITS CREATION
AND YOU'VE FILLED THE NIGHT-AIR WITH IT...

AND WITH THAT HAS MERGED YOUR MELLOW EYES...
AND MET THE SIGH, THE CRAVE, THE DIALECT OF LINGERING ISOLATION...

WITHIN THAT LANGUID SORROW, THE FREEDOM OOZING OUT
FROM EACH ATOM OF ITS DARKNESS, SETS FREE
ACROSS THE FORESTS AND THE OCEANS AND THE TRESS AND RIVULETS...
SPREADING ITS DOMAIN, ALLOVER...

HER PRISTINE SELF RAISED ITS TONE,
ANSWERED BACK- YOU TOO, ARE ALONE....

Debayudh Chatterjee

Another I Love You

Its better than my speech is choked
All so dark black and blue
So that I can never utter
Another I love you

You said that you'll once be back
From the rains and thunder
You said that you'll stay forever
In sighs n bewildered wonder

The guy on your shoulders might kiss or hug
But never mutter what Love is
For the love in your feet had perished once
And cried alone in debris

And now I'll b gone, my wrists bleed
I'll be no more soon
And the choked man screamed a 'I love you'

And thats, your curse or boon...

Debayudh Chatterjee

As Life Patters Upon The Dark Deem Hallways Of Death

As life patters upon the dark decaying hallways of death
I see myself murmur in its faint but regular rhythms
more like those bass-guitars... searching for tunes
midst burnt cigarette ends, ashtrays, remnant coffee-cups

Striving to be poetry...

Debayudh Chatterjee

Autumn Fest

Shadows of reincarnation hover past us
Your deity reminds me of fortune
So elegant, so charming but never did it stay
And enliven our hopes, so strong, bold but blemished...

The night ended in screech. Post colonial metaphors
Construct ideas within our faulty brains
That searches the beauty in you, mother, and your third eye
Gleamed across time immemorial and tarnished
Dead decaying stuff to hollow membranes of creation once more...

...And the myths emerged from the sea,
Nymphs blackened gaudy sour thoughts to fruits of winter-
The city lights graved the night but ignored the darkness
In the hearts of tumultuous crowd
Ceased from the mass, its air and freshness-
Dampened ruthlessly while our sea of faiths
Leaped from Arnold's pen and stretched far across
All cosmopolitan errors that mar a sunny day

Mother did you ever wonder, how silent it is
When your incandescing tears cross boundaries of mortal beings
And weep for forgone thoughts, dead cities, and civilizations burnt to flames.
The opera still rippled with claps and people wore masks of unknown terror
And accomplished what they never were...

The stars muttered something to the black turbulent flow-
From love to lust and death to life-

Debayudh Chatterjee

Beadon Street

Loud words rise within queues of decaying corpses...
I lied alone midst city roads- fast asleep... merging with
Reserved comments of disgust-
That a sleepless soul utters:

Silence!

My arteries and veins blues existence as a whole
Chanting news of unraveled life...remaining mystery forever...

Nigh falls with the sound of endless passing steps
Dark rooms deepen with desolate illusions of journey...

Close accounts...paying back debts remaining unearned

Urging to live still more...!

Debayudh Chatterjee

Black N White Smiles

Black n white smiles on her facebook pic
transcends back ages to love denied
black n white smiles shuddering so weak
recall that once, we all had cried...

Texts don't tell all, words play alone
nights recall of calls that never came
Our thoughts whistle before they're gone

Her black n white smiles, remain just the same...

Debayudh Chatterjee

Blue Slippers

Your blue slippers still recline on the terrace
As if in a stupor....Dog-chomped melancholia
Swathes the touch of your feet....

They have chanted the Supreme's name
Inexorably, the cremators have blazed, with the corpse,
The emotions of a long-term bond,
The coagulated wound that ensued incessant bleeding
And, several recurring bright memories,
That hovered, solitary, like an estranged bird....

No trace of lunacy... no luxury left in me, anymore....
I no longer have verve, nor refuge...
Only your dog-chomped blue slippers
Still linger on the terrace
Like astounded love....my swan song of dusk....

Translated from Original Bengali by Barnamala Roy

Debayudh Chatterjee

Bluff

Distorted faces crumble in naked grass- fragiled by anxieties
of untold horror... disdained lips club in darkness
while diamonds of her eyes redden in storms
of sully summer afternoons shrouded in bliss

Trecherous hearts assemble in order
for spades to come and woo
while the queen vexes in crowds of eclipsed nonsense
gathering fruitfulness in lies

and thus we remain
abandoned, hoaxed but dead...

Debayudh Chatterjee

Cherry Blossoms In A Deserted Platform

Shadows whistle past like the sound of a sea
The platform emptied with nothing but me
drenched in raindrops that early may brings
My cherry tree's away, my pretty pretty thing...

Far beyond puppets and rugged grasslands
All that defines and denies grains of sand
Written in scarlet like blood of days yore
My cherry tree's away and the northern wind sores...

Nights dagger with sparkling diamonds
Thirty two brunettes and sixty-four blonds
Stampede around me with faces so dark
My cherry tree's silent as the western sky smirked

Tell me how you are in letters prolonged
Write beyond destiny, beyond our swan song
Come back in moonlight through shimmering clouds
My cherry tree's all mine as blossoms sing loud...

Debayudh Chatterjee

Confessions After A Transcient Night

Out here each hour witnesses how nights are exchanged,
How the moon with its cluster of stars, is ferried
from one wallet to another
And how those bed sheets, strained in moonlight
remain dumped on a hospital's garbage-
There I still roam about like a street mutt
Just then a few excellent tales teach me some easy ways
of standing rude in a chilly January night...

To my left stands Plato while on my right Othello speaks
Scratches on neck and blindness in my speak
Strive for a final scream-

I haven't achieved you this time but
I'll return as a fly or bacteria
And sit on our glossy lips and infer
Weather they're at all lovable...!

Debayudh Chatterjee

Darkest Of Nights (A Transcreation Of Tagore's Satiira Rajani)

Darkest of nights she's aroused in plight as stands an empty bower

Blows a soothing breeze, the lass alone pleas, at a desolate hour

And on the blue sky, streams of stars fly, the Yamuna enchants notes

The orchards murmur, ripples and waves spur, honeybees' antidote

With lovelorn eyes, towards the path lies a yearning maiden's heart

Before she could see, garlands got weaved of wild flowers apart

And then she glanced at the wisp of an eye and threw away those flowers

And cried out loud- Ye, mates hear His flute fills up the bower..."

The night enlivens and across the plain, the tune reverberates

Rivers rejoice and join the choir and calm the lovelorn mates

And the poet says, Eh listen oh dark cad, the maiden awaits thy charm

Thus pour thy love in pious tones and heal her with your warmth...."

Debayudh Chatterjee

Euphoria

Your voice sounds different over the phone, still,
The tête-à-tête we desired for, beyond sms-es,
Isn't adequately unusual....
While enlightening you on Browning,
□graze past Denver, medieval folk-lore
And plunge into Love's intensity...
Before the season's first drizzle drenches my city
Eliminating all darkness and, engulfed in the heat of passion,
I softly chastise, 'No more today...focus on your studies...'

And, behind all this, so many words remain implicit
Midnight, once more, heralds the silent past,
the enchanted shore bathed by the tide's spray_
Early moonlight and clouds' hide-and-seek...

And, innumerable seeds of today, dwelling in the past,
Hurl me into the supreme embrace of the red soil...
Where myriads of questions,
Tougher than your impending admission tests, slither
The answers to which linger untold to this day
Even the sky, the soil and the waters haven't
□tted them down anywhere, as yet...
Since Sophocles's times,
the numbness of parting has been filled
□y oceanic muse.

Over the phone, your voice sounds really different
And your striking ringtone, which precedes the stillness,
Sounds yet more unusual...

"I wait, with all I have, in expectancy of devastation..."

Translated from Original Bengali by Barnamala Roy

Debayudh Chatterjee

Faces After Fall

I haven't got the waves so I reach out for the wind in the beach
Smog unfolds- I lose my way midst the dusk in your eyes
Innumerable loopholes introduce a man to a man-
In serene sighs without light
Almost everything remains back though achieved- stupefied arrogance
Injects mysteries of drug and heal within blood...

All favorite faces disappear within terror...

Debayudh Chatterjee

Fancy For The Damsel Cloud

Back in my childhood days
Amongst the clouds, I used to play
And once a damsel cloud came
And asked me eagerly
What's your name?
And I replied-
Abracadabra!

The damsel cloud boiled in anger
'Lie! Can any name be such? '
I replied, 'Pretty much.
Now do hear my tale..'

And she blemished, 'Never I will
All those cliché kings and queens
All the same that sword and shield
And the same that lordly prince
On his mighty Pegasus-
Had enough
It's so gross...

I said, 'For you
I Shall write anew...'

She said, 'Really, will you
That's so lovely
Make it a detailed one
Remember, will you
And give it to me once you're done....'
I told her, 'For you
I shall write a world...'

And as I wrote a page or two
Spirits took over
My brain and sinew

I searched for her and returned back
To those clouds of my juvenile days
And searched for known ones. Found none

And all that were of unknown face..

But one seemed a bit familiar
Different amongst those who gathered
I came forth and finally approached her
'Are you that Damsel cloud, are you her
Oh are you so...'

And she said, 'I don't know
I cant recall... I really don't know...'
I reminded, 'You're the one
Who asked me to write and so..
She replied, You have it now?
Drown them in the turbulent flow...
And yes listen- I'm no more
A cloud and they
Call me 'Rain' these days...'
And as she finished, in a drizzle
Head to toe- the whole of me
She drenched and eloped
With clouds and rain
In some far reverie glen
In some land, far so far...
Far beyond my sight...'

'They call me Rain these days
They call me Rain these days-'
Echoing these within myself
I remained silent and sat down
In clothes drenched cats and dogs
Under a tree
I remained seated
For the Rain, or perhaps the cloud...

And right then
Another Rain
Recognised me and said, 'What's
To be so sad in that...
Go, go back- and write anew
The monsoon's on
And thus all of us
Are busy raining across the globe.

You go back, concentrate...
And after the monsoon, ourselves we'll
All go to you, do wait...'

I'll write a world
And to write a world
Thus as I had forsaken home
Eloped from home and built another
Amidst the dense woods with
Pen and paper as room-mates...

I'll live alone. And have a bits
All I can
Make out of
Fistfuls of grain and sand
And of all who come in my dreams
I write on, on and on...!

The fantasy that has guts
To dream myriads
Of the same earth
That is mine... My canard

Crouched for days,
as I wrote and wrote
Crouched for nights
Wrote and wrote
Days faded, nights too gone
And when my pen was forlorn
Without words,
Recalled
Days or dates, months or years
Didn't count
Those at all
And the write-up I unravelled
As I promised to write a world
Haven't written a page at all

And right then, in sheer force
It rained upon my writing book
Upon my life's writing book
It rained upon this forest

As outside under the greenwood tree
Peacocks triumphed, danced in glee
Birds twittered and changed twigs
Said the bird, 'In this wood
For the poet, We still do live
Said they all, For the poet
We haven't, oh we haven't
Got lost at all
or have lost even a fig...

From his cottage then the poet
Gazed far on and on
On the woods, oh the fields
Beside the river
Where forever
None has gone,
Has stepped in never-
And today that Poet can see
Beside the rapids, under the tree
In that land, hop to and fro
Wrapped in gold, Cloud-does
Of juvenile, that Cloud-doe...!

Debayudh Chatterjee

Fragments Of A Summer Rhapsody

In those obscure lanes of Tollygunge
Smoke fumes stagger like bits of nothingness
Dazzling your conscience
with patches of grey agony...

White sky scrappers, darkened by time
Find peace in worn out walls
deserted by trillions of unknown names,
Soft eyes and tender lips

God appeared here, stoned, behind bars
seeking much-needed solace,
waving at passer-byes in static euphemism
while sculpture captured his music
And faith devoured his life

Blizzards shadowed reality, truth reappeared
like a bird's lost wing
As apocalyptic clouds shrouded the city-
Kaleidoscopic schools meant nothing but love
Yellow buses traversed
in empty spaces of human fantasy

While counting ourselves, across stale fish
and trampled flowers
In perpetual melody we walked along...

Debayudh Chatterjee

Hearts Den (Translated From Shakti's Hridoypur)

And it was twilight then
And it was noon
Within each maze of my hearts' den
The game was all on tune

The river banks overflowed
The moonlit sky above
Smeared all in vanity glowed
But never spoke of love

And what else could it at all do
Whose eyes never spark
Guarded in sheath all anew
Came bouncers of the dark

And what's the use of calling her
Now, at this odd noon
As within the mazes of my twisted heart
The game has lost its tunes...

Debayudh Chatterjee

Hemant Karakare's Son

The dazzling light of my father's pyre
Is more potent than any other
The smoke that rises from my father's pyre
No dusky fumes can be as bold.

Clouds assemble in my father's sky
Raindrops patter... upon his decaying corpse
Battles end and sleep descends
While honour slips into comatose bliss

Violence flows today a river in spate
The whole city bathes in my father's blood
I threw away the million bucks they gave
Trying to mock the valour of the dead

I see life brimming in his soul
He emptied all and was left with none
I see bullets sparkling in his eyes
Those don't yet know how to retreat back...

My father's remains are now in my hand
My fists hold fragments of this land
Tears no more... let immense anger rise
My fists- the tombs of my father, dead

I see ash scattered everywhere
The leaping flames sighed and then perished
My father's pyre keeps burning... alas alone
And a bleeding nation rests- in peace

Debayudh Chatterjee

I Love You More Like Silence

I love you more like silence- like the silence that runs by and wraps
Memories of cold-blooded pain with tunes beaded with laughter

I love you more

I love you more like warm swollen hands caressing wounds-

One by one

Like stars that shine on death-days... like suns across all nebulas

I love you more like rivers overflowing dimensions... in late July floods

Travel across dales- sunk deep... muddy terraces of Bengal... I love you more
Since I see rain in you.

I love you more with reason, without reason

With logic without logic... I love you more with stern blindness

Love you with open observing eyes

I love you more like freshening April breaths in tumultuous oceans and bays...

Cumulating over dark damp depression

I love you like winter

I see silence in you...

Debayudh Chatterjee

Incognito

Here I live in intruding swamps covering misty locales
where hypnotic views steal words...
far away from reality
far across reality
far within reality
in the realms of unseen nightmares
galloping through out subconscious...

Eyes closed...tears parched up...
Here I live with demands swelling
More like January crops
away from reality, within reality
Like stars so close yet far...

Debayudh Chatterjee

Love And A Flower

Myriad thoughts rule my mind...
Some are whims, staunchly entwined
Some are desolate darklings of deep
Window-panes shatter as sun rays peep
Sparkling descants fill the air
Serenades of love sung in despair
Love without cause, love without aim
Lovers die, with heads hung in shame
Capturing bliss your dulcimers sing
Anthems of a passionate scornful being
And yet your sorrows flowing insane
Bruise me in clamor, triumphing in pain
The moonlight that was once only mine
In the darkest of nights does not shine
Any more, any longer her kisses dear
Never make me feel that once she was near
So near that hands hold grasp her fingers
And everything though gone, her memories linger
As I stagger and stagger towards her bower

I have nothing, but love and a flower...

Debayudh Chatterjee

Midnight Cigarette

I see stars burn out-
the scents of their ash reverting like words
within hollow pillars, trying to unfold
Weird mysteries of paper origami- a blank sheet of thoughts
It is a white empty clear line diagram with life and death
In it's two axes pointing uncertain dimensions-
quadrants yet to be recovered
Quadrants yet to be made out
quadrants yet to rounded up
to haphazard bosoms- queer ideas those naturally arrive
ask you to be patient- ask for withered leave condoms protecting insanity
D mousse spurring through a pauper's cupboard- spiders of two legs
walking in the streets more like unfolding hallucinations.
Love seems the fresh smell of beefsteaks
Love seems the crispy taste of dead rats
Love seems a pleasure with atoms of melancholy throughout
Within dusky fumes within deadly arches- strong defeated branches of an useless
tree

Birds without wings those fly
Life without death but an end
Conceptions without perception
Sight without eyes
A run without legs
Between my two feet waterfalls choir
Between the sky and hell lands a whip
Between the mask and face reality crawls
Between waves and sea misery brawls
Between sex and love, window-pane and grills,
Books without a page and pages without a cover
Arms without finger and fingers without an arm

...I see stars burn out...

Debayudh Chatterjee

Nightmares Before Sunset

Winding up through cases of broken stairs
I reach rooftop before dusk
Alone... in the strong gusty wind... bird's eye view upon existence
I see the world bathing in myriads of hues...

Hallucinations appear... smudged up in bomb-smoke... blasts all over the country
Fragments of dead decaying bones
Fall like leaves in autumn...
Rain falls like tears... assimilating desperate voices
Come forth from all deem corners... irresistible bloodshed and firing
Looks up at sunset... birds return home carrying broken love in their wings...

Night falls like corpse wrapped up in shroud... yet to be unmasked before
funerals...
Which is once more... another blood-strained day...

Debayudh Chatterjee

On Battles Lost

Shadows of half-naked light fall on nowhere
stripped of stars, moonstruck blemished lunacy
define dimensions of agony in flames
molecules of dust blind mortal eyes...

and here we are, tarnished...
bits of euphoric blood on otherwise alive souls...

Debayudh Chatterjee

On Eating, Drinking And Making Merry

Forever with the light and darkness and melancholy and love
Whatever it needs, I shall sumptuously be fed on
Before death or after, from behind or in front
In slumber or in awakening, whatever life gifts
I shall eat them and gulp down like a faithful mutt
I do cherish living
In my past, present, future or in doomed days
Whenever you burn me
I shall be ablaze in magnificent flames
And devour and gulp down and eat whatever that comes

Until
Like putting my tongue inside your lips at foreplay
My corpse shall delve into
A sea of fire rippling with love-
The furnace that ends everything..

Debayudh Chatterjee

Quatrains Of Nowhere

1

I STRIVE I CRAVE I LONG TOO MUCH
SO MUCH HER EYES, SO MUCH THE TOUCH
OF SHADOWS CAST ON DAYS TOO OLD
ON GLISTENING STRINGS THAT SHINE LIKE GOLD

YET THE DECEIVING MOODS SO WILD
KILL THE MAN IN EACH LI'L CHILD
THE EYES THAT SEE, THE EYES THAT TALK
OF MOONLIGHT ON IT'S FAINTING WALK...

2

TOO MUCH THE PAIN THAT STRIKES THE TUNE
TOO MUCH THE VOID IN A CRESCENT MOON
TOO MUCH THE LUST IN LOVE'S BLUE LIPS
TOO MUCH THE TEMPER SINKING DEEP...

3

THE RIVER REJOICED IN EBB AND FLOW

HAD NO ONE TO LOVE AND NO WHERE TO GO

JUST WAVES, THEY LAUGHED... AND LAUGHED SO WILD...

AND CHERISHED PLEASURE, BUT NEVER SMILED...

Debayudh Chatterjee

Rain Across The Wastelands

When man and his limitations, merged in red soil-
Painted graffiti on your blue ribs- Uttara, your love
Rebelled across my heart-
Clouds gathered in your incandescent blue eyes,

Your fingers know only of arms and ammunition
Thus touch me, for I'm gunpowder myself-
Touch me because I'm a rebel within
My urges miss the bull's eye like a broken riddle.

And since, so much radical you are Uttara,
Pull down the pamphlets and slogans from each tree
And put up instead the tenderness of flowers
For the heated and parched soil- away from our eyes
Not only demands blood, revenge and blood
But at times craves the melody of rain...

And thus in some cloudy afternoon
Uttara, we shall traverse miles across the futile
And barren lands of nowhere
And plant landmines, filled up with dreams
And someday or the other... someday years later
They shall blast with the aura of new hope...
Our children shall live, in its murky smoke...

Debayudh Chatterjee

Relations

(1)

Scurrying through unraveled steps leading- hell
□wake up in desolate deem corners of life...
Untamed... unaware... with silent murmur they rise
Like oceans... dimensional beauty... distracting worlds like existence...
□pass by them alone
□though immersing myself...

(2)

They rush on like hideous shackles... blinding with dust
Attacks those strike like beds of sarcastic olive leaves:
□ what devices have you bound me ...with nets beaded with tunes?
...as Tagore sings...

(3)

In the cozy warmth of destruction words move on alone...
Debayudh Chatterjee

Rhapsodies

1

I see stars spell out names
For the smoke they seem hymns
I see crooked enchanted games

... We live in troubled times...

2

And the smell of shit announces dawn
Across Indian meadows
where flowers boom...

The gasping tremors loud and raw
sunshine on a bloody rose
□ all forgeries of doom

Debayudh Chatterjee

Snaps

The snaps you gave still pinch my dormant conscious

Like my love- long lost

As new doors unravel new faces reminding

The frost and cold of days solemnly passed

the old lost tunes and melodies knock once more as you sing

and will you allow, and will you caress me

Do I desire to fly off once more upon your dreamy wings?

Debayudh Chatterjee

Sunset At Beas

Right now a thousand of mortified waves break at my feet
Right now in my conscious I feel the wind of the trees
Right now at my eyes sparkles the last rays of the setting sun

The whole world left you alone just for me
The whole world left you desolate only for me
To enjoy...

Now as I stand here I feel myself the most free
Now as I stand here I think I'm only dictator
Ruling the earth...

Far I can see the sun play in the snow-caps...
Here in the world of no one...
A sweet evening waiting just for me...

Debayudh Chatterjee

Teenage On A Wire

Swinging left swinging right love is on my eyes
As worlds change, hard and strange, truths become lies
Srewed up fights and boozed out nights, a lonely cigarette
Bring me on a morning song, I wish to face my death

Love is blind and sways my mind over sarcasm, satire
Life is old; I've never told that my teen-age's on a wire...

Image blasts and all my past blurs up like today
I've never known I'm overgrown amidst frolic play
Time swirls fast... and do my thirst bursts up like a bomb...?
I've seen you since... all thick-and-thins from my mother's womb...

Dust buds fly and sways my mind over sarcasm, satire
Life is old; I've never told that my teen-age's on a wire...

We all end and start again we all live for crime
Guitars strum but I'm too numb walking across time
They beat me up and fill my cup with poisons hard and strong
And but for life, I'm still alive... I stagger on and on...

Drenched in rain I'm all insane beaten black and blue...
Never the less...It's my grace I've always lived for you...

Love is blind and sways my mind over sarcasm, satire
Life is old; I've never told that my teen-age's on a wire...

Debayudh Chatterjee

The Field

Continuous as I plough the field
To reap the golden grains,
I feel that I'm one too- with pesticides and manure
As I try raising an artificial ocean
With the pangs of a tireless spade
I keep on hurting myself...

Debayudh Chatterjee

The Girl Who Loved Diamonds

Author's note- What follows is rather stupid but a compiled account of a true story. Besides being stupid at times is an obvious part of an author's curriculum.

Her face was blurred by gothic clouds in windy night as she muttered along the alleys near her house looking for something precious, 'diamonds' she answered. I noticed her intoxicated eyes, inquisitive of the world around them, hovering like a spotlight on the average garbage, dog shit and filth, all that a lane in Kolkata can have. This was not the first time.

Each night as I went for an after-dinner walk accompanied by a quiet smoke I discovered her returning home, searching everything desperately that came in her way. At first I considered it an outcome of getting drunk but finding the same thing each night aroused my curiosity and finally on the seventh night I gathered requisite courage to go up to her.

'I am searching for diamonds' she replied as scavenged. I wanted to ask her if she was nuts but life taught me that being polite to nubile young women was better. She quenched my unasked doubts by continuing, 'you must be thinking that I'm mad but trust me... I perceived a vision one night that there are diamonds hidden outside my house and when I shall chance upon them my prince charming shall arrive on black stallion and take me across the clouds.'

I realized that she needed serious psychiatric help.

'You must be still thinking that I am mad. But trust me, there are diamonds buried outside your house too. Its just that you are completely unaware of it and you don't care to look for them either.'

I decided that to smile and remain silent would be the best possible reply.

'The problem is that you people don't have faith. You are a bunch of oblivious creatures. I believed in life, lost faith in life, muddled around and now I've started believing again. I know that one night I shall see diamonds dazzling in heaps of filth, smeared in moonlight and then will arrive a gorgeous black stallion... Wait I see diamonds...'

A black Toyota ran her over. The driver most probably was intoxicated. We didn't notice either that we were conversing in the middle of the road. What she thought to be diamonds were the dazzling headlights of a car.

Epilogue- And she searched for diamonds in midnight city lanes amidst ash,
garbage, hunger and life happily ever after.

Debayudh Chatterjee

These Evenings

These evenings are really too much for me...

As the sun and the stars make love...in their dim light

I feel as I'm burning...

The whole day

I traveled from one end to another

And my feet got weary...

□ □ But still I couldn't be a Sun...

The whole day

I toiled... I toiled...as best as I could

I put all of my blood corpuscles to their tiring duty

But still

I couldn't

Keep my hands upon the blushed eyes of love...

Light and darkness...seems playing wind

in their game...

These evenings-

too hard to live...!

Debayudh Chatterjee

These Tunnels

Crossing all these darkness
we'll reach paradise-on earth some day-
where the morning sun awakes.

Like tireless demons the smokes of bomb-blasts,
echoes of death all around,
and cases of stairs wet with the splashing blood-
just left to travel to reach there-
where the world's just as we dream.

Crossing all these darkness
we'll reach paradise-on earth- we can hear
the white dove spray its wings allover our senses,
we can dream a new day just before us
and the winds of peace
billow our arteries and veins.

Crossing all darkness, we'll
reach there...
but these dreary dark foggy tunnels-
we haven't learnt
to cross them forever.

Debayudh Chatterjee

When The Autumn Moon Drowns In Carnal Waves

As burnt stars fill the night

I remember you like imprints of a swan's feet left on sand

Drenched in lunar ecstasy,

That you rushed in like July ebbs,

And returned with receding flows

While by the river side rests a shattered boat,

its worn-out sails

Awaits a dreamer's touch, like the gush of torrential winds

with impending motion

to transcend the silence of oars...

I anticipate, alone, grasping your morose clay

As the norms go before cremating- so dark and detached.

While the bond between living fingers and deceased dull eyes

Dream of galloping across meadows-

As seen in fantasy and observed in facts

We evolve to humanity from mere human beings

As I dispose all of her that remained

And witness how waves wash away burnt stars

And how the neon beacons on masked sails, distressed...

Who Eats, Drinks And Makes Merry

Forever with the light and darkness and melancholy and love
Whatever it needs, I shall sumptuously be fed on
Before death or after, from behind or in front
In slumber or in awakening, whatever life gifts
I shall eat them and gulp down like a faithful mutt
I really cherish living
In my past, present, future or in doomed days
Whenever you burn me
I shall be ablaze in magnificent flames
And devour and gulp down and eat whatever that comes

Until
Like putting my tongue inside your lips at foreplay
My corpse shall delve into
A sea of fire rippling with love-
The furnace that ends everything..

Debayudh Chatterjee

Within A Park Of Lusty Flowers (Translation Of Gahana Kusuma Kunja Majhe)

Within a park of lusty flowers,
the charm of His flute as empowers
ah fair maiden, oh, drown all fears
and join me, join me, join oh....

Unfolds the beauty of calm blue veils
And hearts marked with a lover's trail
deer-eyes swear of smiles and tales
Join me, join me, join me oh...

The flowers shed their fragrance sweet
on boughs, birds solemnly tweet
Lunar blends of nectar greet
A lustrous lovely soothing flow

And soft and serene on the branches
Buds bloom with sweet fragrances
Swallows chirp and as moonlight dances
Of time immortal... long, long ago...

And there comes, the Lord, the man
love overflows in his eyes so grand
His charming face, my resort, stands
Asleep in the moon's tranquil glow...

And thus my maiden, come oh come
And behold him, the star-struck-some
And on his feet, piously I hum
My utmost prayers, onto love I bow...

Debayudh Chatterjee