

Poetry Series

# Dipankar Chakraborty

## - poems -

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# Dipankar Chakraborty()

comforts gives pleasure,  
a life<sup>ful</sup> of beauty...  
But hunger turns the beauty in  
ugliest.  
Jordan

# August Kisses

Wilted dandelions grow on your grave And velvet moss laces your headstone As I can still smell your sweet cologne Sharp winds hit me like a rolling wave My pallid hands comb the damp blades And gelid raindrops pierce my tan skin As my love for you is held from within Whilst I trek to you through two glades The garden seems lonelier without you As it resembles that of my solemn heart Like a battered delicate rose, I fell apart August 15th: the day I was to say 'I do' Antediluvian graves and tulips fill the air I linger long enough until the stars show Every year I travel that course to and fro All to let you know just how much I care

Dipankar Chakraborty

# Candlestick

I feel so cold tonight  
keeping myself alive by candlesticks.  
I pull the crumbled bed sheet over  
my head.  
Then close my eyes  
and wish i was dead.  
My bed opens and swallowed me inside....  
Finallt a place  
where i can hide  
i lay stripped to the skin  
my arms warp aroubd my body  
letting some  
warmth sleep in.  
Darkness has me its spell  
i give in knocking its going to lead  
me into hell  
through the bed sheet  
i breathe  
i'm dust  
i'm slowly turned into rust.  
All aroun cobwebs  
start to take place  
leaving behind nothing but,  
a confined place.  
Slowly I opened my blurry eyes,  
everything look same  
except the candle light,  
it has lost  
its burning flames..  
Dip

Dipankar Chakraborty

# Cemetery

Funerals touch us all in one moment or another.

A recalled memory is that of a young school friend taken by surprise.

Little understood.

A cloud of sadness hung over a town letting tears flow.

A young one with an illness that  
was beyond his control.

A rural town physician who'd helped and served a life time.

A backward view of the road leading to the cemetery  
displayed an endless line of cars.

A military salute for a veteran while hundreds paid respect. Windy land painted a  
feeling of loneliness amidst arid plains. Another young person left this world  
along with his impression on family,  
neighbors and friends.

The church ceremony brings forth numbers never before seen. Overcrowding the  
space while hymns and words sing forth. Questions asked.

Reflection focuses on life and the fragility of it all.

In retrospect senses of spirituality heightened in the moment  
only to dim with time.

Hope touches eternity.

Memories amplified.

Dipankar Chakraborty

# Dying

Dying

Tears trickle down my face,  
As I stare off into eternal space,  
The smoke of my  
joint filling up the place,  
In my heart, left by God's damn grace,  
When He took my baby brother,  
From my very own mother,  
And father and I,  
Just watched as he died,  
We cried for help,  
But nobody listened,  
Watched on as his body stiffened,  
Saw my daddy with eyes  
that glistened  
His face scarred with tearstains  
As I screamed in vain  
Numb with pain  
Never did  
I live again...

jordan

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# Hmmmm

## She Walks In Beauty

She walks in Beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
Thus mellowed to that tender light  
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impaired the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

Dipankar Chakraborty

# Hypnotic

Hypnotized by the repeated jolt and the clamouring,  
Sanctified by the repeated claim and the uttering,  
Sanitized the repeated clean and the battering,  
Modified by the repe

Dipankar Chakraborty

## Jordan's Call

Everyone's childhood should spent in the light of lamp, seen mainly in remote village. Because the mystical half shaded light creates an imaginative world to the child. Beyond this dark-lit finds an unknown world to live n creates as their heart's content....n by d own way. This I assumed when I was in village before 16 yrs the were too close of my soul. Now today I can calling up all d streets, narrow lanes between the fields now destroyed. It had a great impact on me to become a writer. Leisure makes a man poet someone said truely. A different is passing through by dient of a exhausted and tiresome journey... - - - -

A page from Dipankar Chakraborty's Diary(15: 06: 13)

Dipankar Chakraborty

# Jordans Move

It was in mid November  
Between the droplets of rain  
I passed near the cemetery on my way home  
And I saw you Kneeling over the grave of a forefather  
With the rain cleansing your tears streaming down  
As you put a rose near the epitaph And punish your lips  
for thinking heartfelt thoughts Then you stood, staring at me Your icy blue eyes  
in line with my earthy brown  
It was as if the whole world stopped breathing  
Just to give us a minute of silence I felt your pain and anger  
While you were still punishing your lips Your clothes were drenched  
I guess men don't use umbrellas As I opened my mouth to express my  
condolences  
You walked away  
And our minute of silence broke The best minute of my life  
Was also the most mind boggling

Dipankar Chakraborty

## Jordan's Vision

In the midst of a shadowed night, I tinge myself in sheer moonlight. Frost sheaths the window's glass whilst fleeting storm clouds pass and I see succinct visions of you; I weep, because they are not true. My red heart still aches with pain and the tears on pillow shall stain; leaving a mark of the times I cried since that very day when you died. I still recall every line of your face that my memory shall never efface. I feel those drafty autumn breezes upon my skin as my heart freezes; as it's reminiscence of your touch and your love that I miss so much. Even when I allure myself to sleep it's visions of you that I shall keep.

Dipankar Chakraborty

# Let Me

You looked at me  
from the passenger seat  
with so much love in your eyes you started to speak  
but my tears of sorrow  
washed away your words  
I knew you wanted to tell me then...  
how much you loved me and  
give your formal goodbye  
until we meet again  
in another space and  
time but no words  
needed to be spoken I just knew,  
I just knew...  
remember when  
I called you up and then couldn't talk the only sound between us  
the fatal ticking of the clock  
I wanted to tell you then...  
how sorry I was for all  
I had done how badly  
I wanted a do over but the words didn't come I'll never forget  
the night that changed our lives forever darkness descended  
the well ran dry no more tears  
no more tears left to cry  
I wanted to tell you then...  
I know you are hurting I'm hurting too please don't do this we'll make it through  
but  
no words came and I lost you  
when I'm dead  
and gone will these words  
be all that are left of me  
a written legacy my final ministry I will tell you then I will tell you then...

Dipankar Chakraborty

# Limerick

Every where is black  
but its shining.  
There is a saddy dump rain  
still has the good happy flavour.  
I always used to ask my mom  
why the world is so complex  
and contrasted  
she just smiled....

Dipankar Chakraborty

# Perhaps

For when my heart speaks of loneliness

There will be confused like stars outlining the Orion in the sky and travelling in patterned space,

My life is fixed.

But who could tell.

The universe is empty.

Its existence remains a one claims they are right, There are conflicting life is vacuumed,

the light is steady.

There is a space always to fill verdant meadows are empty too Inviting, extravagant, yet ps, emptiness is a a when my heart speaks of loneliness There will be confused like the sun that creates a light in the sky and travels in the patterned space, My life is an no, there would always be survivors that would seek refuge in the one has to share the with emptiness partners with loneliness Like the morning dew that rivers itself on the silent cheek of the butterfly flits alone Colorful, beautiful, yet ps, loneliness is a trend.

Dipankar Chakraborty

## Picks

I stand in front of the mirror  
I can talk to you about anything You always understand Allowing me to laugh,  
cry, sing  
I stand in front of the mirror  
I ask you for help or advice You never judge  
You stand up for me at any price  
I stand in front of the mirror  
We play games,  
you let me win You give me confidence Feelings you can't get from a friend  
I stand in front of the mirror  
My spirit combined with you  
You are much more than an image  
You are my sister so true

Dipankar Chakraborty

# Roaming

In some valient winter day's  
leaving sun rays.

Who will uproot and throw off my frog-blooded heart by their dry lips into your heart's closed window.

These are messenger of  
maenad willings,  
bearer of your mean selfishness  
to all of those pale strange eagle.

My companionless  
pondering n roaming heart's worm will be  
the signature of mile stone  
of far off pass  
as today's manuscripts

Dipankar Chakraborty

# The Suicide Note Of Jordan

White knuckles,  
clenching fists Night demons, slitting wrists Jagged pills,  
muffled cries Fading will,  
no goodbyes Distant hopes,  
dying dreams Endless tears,  
soul redeems Broken life,  
falling fear Wasted days,  
death is near Bad memories, feelings torn Hopeless love, heartache born One  
more slice, two more pills Praying for the one that kills Nowhere to run,  
no place to hide Reeling thoughts of suicide For those I hurt,  
I apologize But truly,  
my life, I despise I want to thank you for all you gave But,  
I am the one that could not be saved Goodbye....

Dipankar Chakraborty

# Unspoken Words

That look that you gave me  
had us looked on eye to eye  
mesmerized.

'What' I asked curiously  
you shook your head  
averted your eyes  
and quietly walked away.

'tell me you are ok' I whispered  
the taking it away and mixed up  
dispersing pain  
filled unheard words  
wasted words.

Words I shoul've never spoken louder  
Words I shoul've screamed  
so you could'nt heard me.

Words that shoul've pulled me  
Words that shoul've whispered into your lips  
words wasted,  
unheard.

I turned slowly  
and quietly went my way.

Dip

Dipankar Chakraborty

# When & Then

When everything seems to stop when silence is the order of time when moon  
smiles in a bunch of stars  
when you are far away and I am alone  
when distance keeps us apart when I try to sleep but cannot when memories of  
you take control of me  
when tears drop from my eyes when pain in my heart is unbearable  
when sadness cripples me....

then I wish to escape that pain then I remember that you are in my heart  
then I close my eyes to meet you again  
then I imagine you are sitting with me  
then I talk with you about my pain  
then you smile with affection and love  
then you tell me that I am not alone  
then I feel good and hold your hands  
then happiness slowly fills my soul  
then I smile and drown in your dreams....

Dipankar Chakraborty

# Winter Kiss

I miss you in the moments  
my brain tries to make my heart forget,  
and I wonder if you remember the curves of my body  
the same way  
I remember every colored speck in your beautiful eyes.  
Accurately enough to cause insanity.  
Do you remember the nights we stayed up late,  
discussing anything and everything like we actually  
had the world figured out?  
Because those memories seem to ricochet  
off the inside of my protective wall  
until I'm holding my breath  
just to avoid the pain  
of breathing without you.  
It's a slow pain that crawls through my veins and gnaws at my organs and nerves,  
desperately following streams of weeping blood  
in hopes of destroying my aching heart.  
Sometimes I wonder  
if seeing you again would make it stop,  
if only for just one moment,  
so I can catch the breath I've been chasing for so long now.  
You were always the breath I could never seem to catch, and even when I think  
I've moved on you're there in the back of my mind,  
reminding me that I haven't really inhaled fresh oxygen in years.  
For just one night, could you breathe some life back into these mummified lungs  
so I can remember how it feels to truly be alive?

Dipankar Chakraborty