

Poetry Series

Lekha Chakraborty

- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Lekha Chakraborty()

An Economist.

1984

Nineteen Eighty Four.
The classroom door.
A stranger.
Asking for me.

His identity.
what teacher asked for.
A lightning in me.

The stranger touched me.
He felt a rock.
A pink frock, unpacked.
What he got for me.

Still surfs.
First feel of his life.
Unwanted.

Lekha Chakraborty

A Delhi New Year Day

Sun bereft sky.
Capriconian fogs.
Thick fogs.

Me, broken wings.
Horizontal heights.

Hopes of Persistent surfs.
Nest. Wings. Sky.
Nest. Wings. Fly.

No cobwebs of desire.
Before it webs, fog melts.
Sun is up.
No quilt guilts either.

Lekha Chakraborty

Album Maker

I love making albums.

Life.

Torn between the two.

Past and the present.

Collage of life.

A few points on globe.

Each point.

A new found role.

Hit it. Quit it.

Within effects.

Between effects.

Failed roles.

My failing roles.

Still a warm cauldron within.

Lekha Chakraborty

Helsinki Calling!

Yesterday, i did a sorting.
Ancient files.
Ancient Meeting files.

My Helsinki file.
I found a thin matchbox.
Scandic, the box had a name.
Maroon colour.

A side of the box says, .
Tele codes of Sweden, Denmark,
Norway, Finland and Europe.

A retro-possession.
My travel days.

Stillness of Baltic Ocean.
White nights in Grand Marina.
Midnight sun.

Sailing of Silja ships.
Tram noise, far.
Cathedrals, near.
Bells. Music of bells.

My paper.
Presentations.
Aura. Appreciation.
Newfound friends.
New promises.

Journey to the castle.
Journey to a Finnish home too.
Soul of Jean Sibelius was music.

A step away from Lapland.
A few steps away from North Pole.

Helsinki, the daughter of Baltic.

Helsinki calling!

This time, a match box attracts?

Scandic recognises?

Lekha Chakraborty

I Know My Dad

I know my Dad.
An engineer.
who sends ships to outer space.
And satellites.

He uttered his voice.
Melted, my childhood.

A voice thrice.
Talaq Talaq Talaq.

Nothing said my Mom.
A beautiful mind.
An ugly voice.

Voice and words
are Forbidden crimes.
She inherited an ugly voice.

Bad marriage.
A dignified exit.

Abundance of desert.
Abundance of past.

Unlocking the abundance.
Found a girl.
Long hair.
And an ocean in her eyes.

Forsaken.
But not forsaken.
A three years old little girl.

Lekha Chakraborty

Nineteen Eighty Four.

Nineteen Eighty Four.
The classroom door.

A stranger.
Asking for me.

His identity.
the teacher asked for.
A lightning in me.
She asked me to go with him.

A noisy classroom.
My primary school.

The teacher who taught
The language.
Failed to control girls' shrills.

The side bench.
Near the blackboard.
Our upcoming world.

A girl sat there, fathomed
early shrills of my silence.
She said,
'I will come with you.'

Still surfs.
My right hand she took.
She made me walk.

The stranger looked at me.
Long hair.
A sad face.
That three year old little girl,
All grown up.

The stranger touched me.
He felt a rock.

A pink frock, unpacked.
He gave me.

A blue cab.
Parked, near school ground.
One little boy in red.
Or two little boys in red.?
A veiled face too.
Little do I remember.
But that was his entire world.

His voice.
Firm and kind.
' I am leaving, for Arabia'.

Still life.
Never knew where he been.
He clicked my stillness.
The blue cab left.

Gone, the reel is rolled back.
His first feel of life was me.
His daughter.

Felt forsaken, never again.

Lekha Chakraborty

Nor A Rib Be

Ribs.
So much they did.

Vaguely spoken.
Filtered layers.
Fine edges.

Be Unexplained.

Threshold breaks.
The known strangers gaze.
A last drop, spillover the world.

Quite a moment.
Volcano erupts.
Inner Fire, none did fathom.

The fall of Walls.
Ribs detached.

Lekha Chakraborty