

Poetry Series

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**- poems -**

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polash datta(13/02/1978)

# Binocular Of Darkness

We were fresh then. Why night comes in village yet?  
Why calls to the dark one-way tenaciously?  
Nearest houses displaced a bit away? Who gaze  
hour after hour sitting silently? But there's nothing  
that could be seen in darkness. There's nothing  
in who's beauty darkness can survive in just black. Yet

we used to love darkness in village

only in it's endurance we would comprehend the light in far verandah  
Comprehend certain star alive in a far certain distance in a certain sea-  
emptiness.

It is coming out for thousands of years towards our village  
approaching in its own light-carriage. As it was night  
we receive it in flame of darkness

Light has come at last, leaving its source-star at who's hand?  
Don't know how long that star surviving  
Our village takes up their memory in folded hands

keeps on covering surrounding with darkness, to receive it.

So village purges night quickly when we are fresh  
Calls us to its soil-field.  
Prostrate sky above, star in heart.  
Beneath, holding us, village keeps on gazing the binocular of darkness

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# Dart

I woke up even before this  
as there was no bed didn't reach

Who wake's up now?  
who is with such ditch?

All the words spoken  
all the transports touched  
all are lie

This lie-living is only for being human;  
This death puts trap for all, it's trapping

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# Falling Like Village

Then where you were there were ten more people. So in darkness  
you weren't known distinctly. If it was in our village surely  
would know you alone beside. But you don't admit. You say professional people  
becomes more clear and clearer in craze of job

And I recall our left village then

In village time is motionless waiting for people! In village you  
were seen in all green roads. There you awakened me time and time  
in all the blue suicides. I used to sit in village's dinning room.  
Waiting when dropp of blue falls on green road. When black hair  
nods me to all the unknown roads being earth-covering cloud

I used to become just words like song, sitting in dinning room. Used to become  
just tune like song. Did your green road  
feel my concealed sorrow? Did me of tune in blowing wind  
touch your breast that's fastened in blue?  
I don't know

You were alive straight in satisfaction. You knew  
Valiant always want to win  
like our village. You knew

I'm in extended hands. I also know in the hands of town  
some day our village will fall must

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# Feebly Long-Lived

All villages on the earth are short-lived like spring today. All villages on the earth are reticent like a true poet today. If the truth of grabbing and destruction is felt happens such? Here's no verandah to contemplate in leisure of utmost corn-seed even after the land is shattered by ridge-trap. With the vanity of the field only earth's rice from village to village. That zeal isn't seen in the craze of murder  
Farming is on in villages kilometers after kilometers, as the earth has to eat  
Those village-peasants haven't forgot  
The taste of first grain is rare in all countries.

All villages are evicted, as they are vile. Our village also like that has given space to advertisements on walls and towers on boughs of grain  
won't broke up at earthquake, won't be damped in rain.  
Developers have given all these delight to the villagers without any benefit  
All those towers filled with people  
swing in wind; as if flower spike of green corns. Sometimes get afraid.  
Would poison be healed by poison one day. Would there be surgery in womb of the human who hundred times clever than crops. Eating the wind will they build tower in space? Would veil the land of earth by tower higher than Everest? Or would make bridge between heart and hunger?

Grains murdered by those towers would come by wings of memory and fill hunger of earth's human? Or human will keep on spreading with wish of water-dropp from village to village. From field to field. From rice to rice. To our field that's still enduring alone in wilderness?

What so ever, if happens so?

Village that got human's footprint became short-lived like moment became obsolete red sun like in spring

Quarrel is on in the earth: villages; colorful like spring and angry but voracious like poet; have to be occupied. Watching taste of food on TV unceasingly, food is set in womb as stone. Green flower spike of grain, golden light of mustered seed in day of the new moon; all are memoirs today.  
Our village

is dead in earth's hand at four years old infancy

Yet ever-youthful like spring. Short-lived. Yet true like poet. Yet  
it's reticent in uproar scurrility from memory to memory. As all  
gratified history of existence. As all these vile people of village  
even just before the moment of death

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# Grain-Tree

For how long we haven't seen grain-tree in touch  
Were we destined  
to die  
in this way?  
by seeing brick-after-brick?

Whenever I desire  
Can't reach you  
Day to day running fast after rice

Won't be able to go to grain because of rice  
Never in life!  
Sorrow of grain should be concealed in heart  
through eating rice all the time?

My rice maker mill  
won't allow me leave as wish  
while grain turning yellow and yellow from green by wind?

Oh life  
wouldn't I ever live in village

Green?

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# Lie

I can turn around with lie

If turned,  
lie could be known in face-to-face.

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# Mythology

Come down again come down let me live  
nothing shines now, uncertainly burns in silence  
come down come down, let them know them smell out again  
let they know the name of from the face come down

Now the dead floats in wireless, no one get drunk  
all are well-protected all are dead-tied let know being in doubt  
know the easy and simple, what to do with air more light

Let be complicated in puzzle, let know meaningless in hurry-scurry  
let be easy with people, let uproot own origin  
Through sign to the bodies let he awake now  
Who is unnatural? Restraining in water at time of dead  
Mutual before it's too late last phase let connect at the end

Come down, come down death does it come yet? ?

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# Name

We meet without knowing name;

There's name's shadow in relation

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# Oblivion

If spoken, it's to wear the mask  
if spoken, the mask is to be out.

I don't speak in fear

Yet someone is merciful to human?  
Words spoken unmindfully to self incessantly  
and masks are gathered; on face?

Standing man speaks mask  
speaks the sitting one  
☐ fear to lose?

Time seduces that startled overwhelmed name  
no more in memory and hearing also seems to be wrong;  
decisive in speaking, complain- fraud?

Opening the memory-mortal, I show the name  
Lively suicide in nightly midnight

☐llar of Words in eyes. Who's name it is? Who's name it is? ?

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# Returning

Everyday I contemplate to go to village in that way. Concealing our feet, forwards water. Each and every time need money to go to village. who to provide?

And where to stay in village? The village I mean to go none is familiar there. Who will feed me?

At best two or three days. Subsequently mint also calls on the other hand says come back come back. Otherwise your rice-factory is to be closed

But shouldn't I eat rice? I'm not a bird so that

I can flee to village if town is chasing like winter.

People of town won't make me free by killing in trap. I'm not a bird so that someone will get money killing me, and I'll die beautiful.

No one is to be hurt in my death

No one is to put hands in hand to make me live.

I'm a human. I don't have right to fight for death

As I understand our own language

once again in every morning

I have to bear the stack of living. At who's certain weak moment

I took birth, and I became human just after; not like animal

I need money if to live. I need money if to eat

My food couldn't be found in forest

I would just think of village, sitting in town, that's left. Would think rainy season&#61485; leaving me, everyone is forwarded leg-swallowed water Then would fly this end to that of town in drudgery of money.

As if the wind blowing this flower spike to that of grain;

Siren reaching to the ear of tea-garden; as if telling laborers

the life rule&#61485; need money if to live, also to eat

But green flower spike of grain don't know I don't cultivate her today

Wind doesn't know I live far away from village. It mistakes.

The wind that touched me saunters in every village everyday

But I ought to become slave of town to live

Yet I deceit. Loitering in drudgery to live everyday:

Once in that way

sometime or other  
contemplate to go to village.

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# The Boy Is To Go To Village

Where did you want to live? In village.

Village?

Now you ought to live where had grown up from infancy

What do you know that will keep you alive in village?

To live, in simple words, you have to eat something. To eat its food

Need money for that food. You recall the agri-society

once upon a time? When nobody was in town then,

the era there were no town on the earth; you come to remember that era?

Seems in a way also in village

could survive still today? But what you have learnt,

that lesson can't

give you shelter nowhere but only in town

Your livelihood born nowhere but in town

Why should you leave town?

Isn't fresh air is there?

Doesn't sun rise everyday there?

Rise. Night purging there

aren't stars in sky visible in your eye-sight?

Visible. Yet you

to go to village? You move how fast there

how fast you easily treated if boundless in death

What's your problem in town? Have to do office regularly?

Everyday to the office rising of sleep?

Again have to back to home after office?

What's the problem at these.

Do you think there's no regular practice in village?

Aren't all the people there living alive

doing tasks relentless?

Aren't they also to the field in morning to market in morning

to other working places in morning?

Have to. Have to,

have to do jobs

if to live eating and wearing. On this earth

you can get money only in exchange of job

and only money can assure you food

Then?

to live in village  
you also ought to work regularly  
as to do  
in that town.

Yet why do you want to go to village?

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# Truth Of Silence

Here mixes up your silent response, yet  
the lies I speak are all those lies mine alone?

I break lies in curiosity, nothing seems known

How do they live then? Not the solitude is freedom?  
Separation is the bathing!

In anger, I speak true pairing truths  
this mature humility is of true

All the truths, heads to lie in silence? ?

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# Weight

1.

Not in this way. If I had lived another way,  
could have said.

In closed eyes. in blindness.

Have lost the dead in pair death.

All.

2.

Who comes to me?

I know the time to return,  
yet who comes?

Peoples afraid at people's death. In custom.

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# When Tree

Tree comes up. How?  
Need eye facing mirror; powerful? powerful

Eye in the face of power-cloud  
cloud in front of eye  
Hand to the flesh of cloud, tree under hand

How far?  
It's just to bring everything in sight

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