

Poetry Series

Pradip Chattopadhyay
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

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

Pradip Chattopadhyay(28.01.1961)

Creative Copywriter who also loves to express his thoughts in rhymes.

10 Kittens

Ten kittens in my home now
Ten little brats
Their mothers never knew how
To catch the cupboard rats!
Their mothers never knew how
To go for hunt and prey
How the kittens would learn now
Anything other than play!
Their mothers never knew how
To pounce on a mouse
The poor kittens are all now
Just idling in my house!
Their mothers never knew how
To make their own food
Why still the lazy kittens now
Making me feel so good?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

11/12/13

A funny date
getting messages that say
HAPPY DAY

It's a happy day
a wonderful date
only when seen the English way
but the wonder is gone
when it's arranged American

12/11/13

Pradip Chattopadhyay

1924: A Love Story

The day you walked in
Stood on my door
You were nineteen
I was twenty four.
A look at your face
Weakened my knees
In your sweet fairness
I experienced bliss.
Throbbled hard my heart
My body felt so light
That spelt the start
Of my love at first sight!
The day you walked in
There wasn't anymore
Happiness for nineteen
Peace for twenty four.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

1973

Can a year change a man

to what he is
from anything else

of life
his notions
emotions

Can a few garbled words
of unshapen thoughts
inked on paper
carve the way
for the rest of his days

Can a teen's painted mind
a treasure finds
that he holds on
making him alone
but rich in loneliness
never craving to possess
but embrace
what's his destined
a love a heart
but when goes past
never breaches his trust

Can a year make a man
what he would be
the rest of his life
when he inked on paper
his first poem
that to this date
shapes his fate
keeps him free.

Did all these the year

1973.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

2 Lovers

On her course merrily flows the svelte rivulet
She meanders not alone carries the sky on her breast.
In him grows a longing, love flowers in his heart
She doesn't know it, on the sea is set her heart.
The two flows embraced in unrequited passion
The sky ferries his lover to her beloved ocean.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

2 Squirrels

Two walks at the park
Leisure strolls on her ground
Watching squirrels on tree bark
Before I turn homebound.
Today while passing along
On them my eyes fell
One in a bush alone
A little away another squirrel.
I wondered in my funny caprice
If they have ever had a chance
To exchange warmth and good wish
Or they haven't met even once.
A little more daring in my whim
I thought the distance for them too far
So she roamed alone dreaming of him
And he unknowing forever seeks her.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

What's the chance?

She frowns askance

My face she wants to feel
Soon after the deal!

Lights up my face
When jacks and nines bless
Shows up the mess
When I go pointless!

Spade is strong if I finger my hair
A tap on left chest means heart
I don't mind being a little unfair
She must know my strength from the start!

The hints she knows too well
Why I touch the forehead
In my heart she dwells
Clubs with me on diamond bed!

With us are king and queen
The trump suite suits us fine
No way can't we win
This game of twenty nine!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

3 Horses

There are three horses pulling your life
Attitude, want, and of course your wife
The first pulls you through life's high and low
The second pulls you to where monies flow
But it's the third that pulls you the strongest
The other two horses must run at her behest!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

3 Mice On The Tin Roof

3 mice on the tin roof
though their minds were on food
an impulsive id drove them
they swung to different mood!

I warned myself here no poetry
no story to make out of it
let them have in privacy
a good time bitterly sweet!

3 mice on the tin roof
swayed by their id
I should have stayed aloof
and not watched them in greed!

I told me there's no poem
in the 3 mice and their id
leave them alone with their game
but my greed paid it no heed!

It's not civil not nice
to act a peeping Tom
see furtively the 3 mice
breaching all courteous norms!

3 mice on the tin roof
to me I had this to say
go your way stay aloof
and not venture on their way!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

3 Miserly Men

There was once a family of three miserly men
Miserably miserly they were, spending money was such pain
So when they had to travel for business to another state
For the three they bought only a half ticket.

The train arrived and they occupied their seats
Forgetting they ought to have at least three tickets
They sat comfortably cut jokes and laughed
Very happy that the cost was reduced two-halved.

Merrily chatting they didn't notice the man in black coat
Checking the tickets and marking off on his note
They thought there won't be ticket examiners on that line
With a half ticket they could get away without having to pay a fine.

The alarmed men planned fast they weren't short of wit
Two of them went below and one remained on the seat
The checker came and when found below the seat two huddled men
Asked the one above 'for three a half ticket, how you that explain? '

That man of clever think without a wink said 'I can easily do,
You too know it sir, it comes to half when one is placed above two'!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

3: 45

If I could fly back to that strip of life
When showed the church clock three forty five
I held her hand together walked to the green lawn
Baffled how I would ever live without her alone!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

30 Years

If I had my will
I would've clocked back thirty years
With her on the Ferris wheel!

Go girl red ribbon on the merry-go-round
Go back on the rocking boat
Thirty years whizzed past us
That time looks dreamily remote!

My belle gaily girl of yore
Go ride once more on the wheel
I would clock back thirty years
I would hold time still!

Still lurking there in your eyes' gleam
Still stirring there a dream
That goes back those thirty years
For popcorn and licking ice-cream!

Girl, go, run once more
Thirty years is never too far
It's still there with open door
The time it can't forget her!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

4 Letters

I beg just four letters of you
Of no use to me the twenty two
Give me those four letters of you
They're all without them I can't do.

Only four letters in your eyes I search
Can do without the twenty two
Is it looking for too much,
Seeking that precious gift from you?

Four letters I won't ask for more
I can walk miles to get from you
When you find me standing on your door
Know I'm craving those four from you.

Four letters isn't a tall order
You can easily spread them my way
Over all the wall all the border
Can give me those four any day.

I want little will do with your four
For them I do beggarly crave
When you see me on your door
Give them and make me your slave.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

5 Acres Of Night

Far away from the city
One bed for the four of us,
We ignored the nitty-gritty
The night was superbly precious.
5 acres of open darkness
We couldn't for more bargain,
The new moon hid her face
To envelope the 4 lonely men!
We sank and deep-breathed the smell
Of a languor that only silence can bring
Drunk timeless without any wine's spell
We flew with the nightjars on wing.
In the sky's faintest dream light
One bed with no hint of nightmare
5 acres of softly passing night
Transfixed 4 souls out there!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

5 Minutes

5.00 am

mr. run-o-mill
from a mundane slumber
wakes up.
His sleepy eyes
Scan the walled curtained
Half-lit room.
He introspects
In gloom
Tucks it into his head
It's not worthwhile
Leaving his bed
To open his window
To the same show.

5.03 am

he heard a tune
a bird's call
that soon
turned a cacophony.
He felt tickled by the buzz.
Curtains
Rebellious no more
Yielded dollops of light.
Mr. run-o-mill
In him something stirred.
He couldn't say what it was
He didn't see
He just heard.

5.05 am

two-three words
came to his mind
and to his pleasant surprise
they found a few more
and formed a line

and then more and more
poured in....
that end of night
without breaking a sweat
mr. run-o-mill
by some hidden design
turned a poet.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

5 O'Clock Dream

You came
At the 5 o'clock dream
Sat with me for sometime
Touched once with your lips
Left a wet imprint
It was still there when I woke up!
I asked, "Can't we meet once more,
Just once? "
You moved your head
A smile passed your face,
I couldn't decipher,
"I'm always there,
And you always think of me,
Always, not just once".
My eyes were wet
When the world woke me up
From the 5 o'clock dream!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

6 Highway Snippets (3x6)

When the westerly sun
on the canvas spills red dye
fly the birds to the other end of the sky!

Between the windshield and the sky
wind borne
the dreams fly!

Knowing I haven't seen a rainbow for years
sun makes one
with the rain's tears!

As I think how far is the city
the expanse above looks down on me
in pity!

Up and down the road
Nature on me
her treasures

The farther I roam
feel insanely
sick for home!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

7 Days

Monday I swam out of cavern
Tuesday I grew my wing
Wednesday entrenched in tavern
I was jolly perfectly going.
Thursday saw my graying head
My knees weren't that strong
Lights in my eyes did fade
When Friday came along.
I started missing the bygone
Took refuge in my past
Felt deserted all alone
Friday didn't long last.
Saturday came clothed in curse
My senses dimmed voice hushed
Sunday arrived on a flowered hearse
Knew not when the week passed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

7 July'14

Today is 7 7 14

Starting from 1st Jan 2002
Such perfectly summed up dates
To once annually continue
at two yearly intervals
Till 2024
Repeating only again
From Jan 2102
Beyond the lifetime
Of most of us!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Bird A Hidden Bard

If you were a bird
with a poetic brain
could draw your thoughts
needed no key or pen
poetry you could pour out
perched atop the tree
float them in the wind
on sky ink artistry!

none would know the bard
masked in bird's face
dipping hand in rainbow
scribbling on cosmic space
but they would read your poems
on the blue canvas
hear your mind's nuggets
in the wind's rush!

if you could spread your wings
a bird a hidden bard
in each flap a magic rhyme
each flutter a glorious word
they wouldn't know the poet at work
but once a while would stop
to marvel at the night's mist
early morn's dewdrop!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Blind Lane

Nothing could mitigate the woes
Of a being suffering in death throes
The ones around may feel a little pain
Going through an end never happens again!
When blood spills from the nose
The predator looms large and close
Standing there in helpless agony
You witness the messing up of all harmony!
While creating life God plays an animator
In destroying it the ultimate annihilator
Leaving us to know it time and again
The game we are in ends in a blind lane!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Blissful Age

The sparkle in her eyes
Time-trampled dies
Her visions fade.
Ceases all surprise
She needs no disguise
She is heaven made!
Devoid of youthful width
Her beauty has reached zenith
The skin though is pale.
Through her stressed breath
Breaking all myth
She is a jewel!
She has taken on her stride
The rough yet joyous ride
Bearing no malice.
She doesn't need to hide
The life's other side
She's in perfect bliss!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Bloodless War

We are living in war times
You can't see the blood though
The air is thick with it.
We are right, we are better
We stand for all that is good
We are in no mood to listen
Tolerance is the last thing in our mind.
People say there's so little war
There's so little bloodshed.
The war now is of terrifying silence
More ominous, more destroying
Cutting through love, endurance
Eliminating relationship, humanity-
Perpetrating a bloodless coup
Where blood is not seen, agonies aren't heard!

We are amidst war each against the other,
Silent, bloodless but more macabre!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Brief Rain

A short sweet rain
Washed clean the sky
In the emerging moon's lust
Glowed the splendent dust.
The earth begged for a drop
Said the soil "it was my call"
Their joy would not stop
The leaves drank them all.
The rain was without might
Feeble its spell was brief
Yet it revived a summer night
As life's succour and relief.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Civilized Onslaught

The dark wood resists the light of progress
Lives there for thousands years an introvert race
Here they are born here lie their sepulcher
A few withdrawn people with a fossil culture!
Needs they have little, a little bit of food
All that they want they get in the wood
What lies beyond they don't need to find
These folks of a tribe with plain thinking mind!

Those civilized outside thought it otherwise
The poor tribe suffers is what they surmise
'Rare as they are they are really prized
Let's groom them to become civilized'
So long happily away from a farce called mainstream
This intrusion broke them, shattered their dream
Why turn them out and not be left alone?
The question is unresolved the battle goes on!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Confession

Inspector Fox felt emotionally blackmailed
his eyes blurred the first time in his life
the man cried pitifully to have the suspicion dispelled
there was motive for him to have killed his wife.

I picked her up almost from the street
you can call it love at first sight
whose fragrance in heart I always carried
showed me the way her love's light.

If you ask if she was always faithful to me
she was and not a moment she left my side
laid herself bare and so happy were we
years passed like an endless joy ride.

Never ever, never once, I have to say
she set her eyes on any other man
happy as she was in my love all the way
as I was in my loveliest woman.

She loved not me but only my money
so would the tongues roll in mischief
how they envied that I was so lucky
our devotion to each other was beyond belief.

Behind me she slept with other men
I had to bear with many such gossip
two love doves we were crazily insane
our love was true and fathomless deep.

It hurt me Mr. Fox and I couldn't take it anymore
those bastards spreading canards about her
so I started to love her more than before
and now must have killed her some jilted lover.

The inspector noted each word in his book
thanked him and got up to go
to give the note a good look
at home in his table lamp's glow.

He read it once and then again and again
each line in isolation and with the rest
till he pieced together only the first lines
got the confession cleverly crafted!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Dark Abyss

In the dark labyrinth penetrates no light
Sight like all else is out of sight
There's no virtue no wrong or right
Nothing but evil and evil shines bright!
It's the breeding ground for the darkest of thoughts
Putrefied stinking around it darkness clots
Where is such place where can we find?
It's lying within us, it's our mind!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Day's Journey With Her

Nicely she said was spent her day
run in her own plan having her way
I traveled from the morn had a long day out
she wasn't with me was with me no doubt.

On the drizzle washed path lined with green's grace
right up beside me beamed her smiling face
the verdant yield stretching far as horizon
sang she's here won't leave you alone.

As they passed by rows of thatched hut
enamored in the shade of green coconut
gave glimpses of her filled me in her scent
said she's here with you this moment.

When the sun travel weary dropped down for a rest
left crimson trails on his track down the west
my mind colored in melancholy's hue
urged time to go back she's waiting for you.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Day's Yield

as you wake up each gifted day
you hear within a voice to you say
all that's hidden unknown untold
would lay bare gradually unfold!

a day is not just some hours' spend
have turns and twists at each bend
comes your way without a hint
smiles of joy sadness' dark tint!

you may be down or in high spirit
show your strength or lose your grit
may happen things to prod your cheers
brakes of failures to bring you to tears!

a day may break or make you peace
make pursuit of happiness a hit and miss
may turn not the way you want it to be
in colorful plumes like a bird carefree!

but then you know in whatever shade
a day is like temptation irresistibly spread
we have to walk in and inescapably yield
till they all walk out when our life is stilled!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Delayed Confession

There's no way I could justify
any of the failed loves.

They only demanded from me

a little more strength
some more endurance
walk a longer length

but when close to the peak
my knees grew weak
doubts brewed in my head
my resolves started to fade
I was seeking more precision
more commitment from the other side

and what happened was no doubt
their obvious fallout

a retreat when it would have been right
to in love scale the needed height.

Then as a cover up of my shame
tainted the other with all blame
last nail in the coffin being
hold her responsible for everything
then solaced in escape's upbeat mood
saying what happened happened for good!

Now I have to admit willy-nilly
my lapses in love come back to haunt me.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Digression

If you call it a digression, I have to agree
Not every mundane occurrence can be made into poetry.
Take for instance what happened the other day in the bus
An aged woman was struggling to cope with the office rush.
All the men occupied their seats looking the other way
Offering her a seat being too heavy a price to pay.
Of the all one kind soul vacated her his seat
I call him kind because not many like him you meet.
The episode could end here with her polite thank you
The act wasn't so great that more than it was due.
But that woman god bless her kissed him on forehead
Said, 'sweet angel, you are in heaven made.
A stranger though in you I see more than my son
Our paths may not meet again but my heart you've won'.

What's there in this account of a mundane occurrence,
To make from it a poetry and burden your patience?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Dirge For Transience

On a dead dull night
When the moon goes hiding
And the barn owl hoots for its love
The fireflies romance the darkness.
The glowing beads dance to celebrate
The nights of long past buried for good
With the treasures of lost happiness,
Wind sings a dirge for transience.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Duel

Fourteen paces apart
They stood face to face
The place was Belvedere
In death's close embrace!

It was morn at half past five
Air thick in rivalry
On stake was hung two life
They were bitter enemy!

As it lies all evil's root
False ego and vain pride
Squabble and dispute
Demons men can't hide!

That hour was eerily lull
Birds stopped to chirp in trees
As glistened the two pistols
And none could afford to miss!

Damp was the August clime
Time perched on rested wing
Zeroed in the scheduled time
Broke out the starter's ring!

Francis fired first
But preordained was fate
Though loud went the burst
He badly missed target!

Pierced his powder's stings
This time was there no miss
Found his mark Hastings
Fell to the ground Francis!

He muttered I'm a dead man
Hastings ran to the spot
Uttering as he ran
Good God I hope not!

The day turned golden bright
Mist of smoke dispersed
Revealed the glorious sight
How his enemy Hastings nursed!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Dumb Wish

Ever so silent in pain
Dour in death's anguish
Called dumb by us men
To have their strength I wish.
Dumb yes without a remedial mean
No succor for them no medicine
In my backyard under open sky
These mute little fluffs quietly die.
I feel remorse a passing penitence
To have never been able to bridge the distance
Act in time for the help of a vat
Can't count my humaneness, it's just a poor cat.
Poor yes but with a strength underneath
To brace death the way they do
Uncomplaining till their last breath
Leaving me a lesson or two!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Family In The Marsh

The mother and child
In strength with us no match
Fading remnants of the wild
Struggling on the last green patch.
Eat baby you have to grow fast
Sometime more in the marsh roam
Before you fall prey to our lust
Before fast disappears your home.
Vanishing sure and quick their green
From god each day they borrow
For fighting a battle they can't win
For a space that won't be there tomorrow.
When they take the last bow
These birds from their shy nook
Them our children would know
From the pages of history book.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Few Seasons

I strolled to the park after a long time
In between passed some seasons
Hunted there for meaningful rhymes
Give the ink's flow some reasons!

The place didn't look exactly like before
The trees seemed to grow taller dark
The buds had flowered fruits now they bore
New lovers had arrived in the park!

The faces I knew were not passing by
The poets the revelers and the crooks
A despair grew I let off a sigh
Had disappeared my frequented nooks!

Old pairs were gone surfaced new teens
Wind carried raw mango's scent
Mowers had changed known faces of greens
With only a few seasons spent!

Nests up the trees were clearly redone
Peeked out from them new pairs
Children that came to the park for fun
Had must now grown long hairs!

I searched the park from the seasons rolled
And when I reached her quiet stream
My face told me though I had grown old
still clung to all the past's dream!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Flower Of Cactus

You could not ask for,
And I dared not offer you,
the small inglorious flower of cactus.
Instead I brought you tulips and roses,
to fill our lives with transient happiness.
In the darkness we hid our face.
Thus passed years,
Times we shed silent tears,
For having not dared the most precious -
A small inglorious flower of cactus!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Forest By The River

November mist wraps a wet blanket
as I walk the falling day's labyrinth
beneath neuron trees of a waking forest
along a river dying in hyacinth!

the boatman sings a home going song
floats happy at the end of the ride
the river is narrow a few furlong
and his home is on the other side!

oil lamps flicker from the bank huts
winds carry their laughter and cries
grow darker tree barks as darkness shuts
all but the sky's heavy sighs!

I hasten to escape this melancholic gloam
an alien in this forbidding night
the boatman must have reached his home
and the river is lulled in starlight!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Frail Woman

Hovers ever so thinly in the air
a frail woman the fragile December
With the burden of building on the gone by's residue
New times beckoning in the year that is due.

A perpetual question haunts the December
What for to look back what to remember
From all the treasures scattered on her miles
Heartbreaks and sighs friendships and smiles.

Come floating in her eyes scenes of happiness
Blurred by grieving tears that knew no redress
Hearts aiming high but dying in no gain
Aspirations withered dreams cruelly slain.

December she knows times will have her shred
She has to take the call snap the last thread
And before her fall she is destined to ferry
All shades of tints to pass on to January.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Galaxy In Old Album

She looks at me with that lusty youthful smile
Happy to be hunted out in daylight
From her permanent abode in the treasure box
Fully enjoying the remorse shimmering my eyesight!

She looks unreal like an alien from a land too far
Frozen in that mocking smile in prime's full vigor
Proud to have made her place in forever love's mime
Occupying a chunk of me a part of space time!

A wave of desire passes through me bleeds anew the scar
I let her go couldn't possess her damn I still love her
Or is it that lump of fire still burns alive inside
That years cannot extinguish time's layers cannot hide!

She lives there in full moon's glory right beside me
Shining light of a dead star in old album a galaxy
That in June sky on the meridian waits for my eyes
Wakes with the grass flower blooms with the sunrise!

Young lovers I beg of you once you love never dither
Before summers pass you by come winter the leaves wither
Hold hands tight not let them go travel in love that far
Where you rue not like me in blurred eyes damn I still love her!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Gentleman's Guide To A Woman's Heart

The easiest way to the heart of a woman
is tea-sing her.

Make her a tea
Sing her a song
And yours she would be
For lifelong!

If you think I fable

See me making that
At the tea table.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Good Bargain

Each goods is hundred rupees
Screams the mobile street vendor

Doing perfect justice to his sale
Each item weighed in the same scale!

It doesn't matter if it's plastic or steel
A pot of water or a kitchen utensil
No gloom of loss or elation in gain
Each hundred rupees and no bargain!

There's no item without a use
For each one is an excuse
Would not rust with time nor would stale
Made in strong mould weighed in same scale!

The mobile street vendor goes door to door
For hundred rupees one couldn't have it more
The wisest man with his wares of justice
Brings to all hearts good bargain's peace!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Gravel On The Beach

I felt the transience
when the blue-green sea
sprayed me golden,
and there on the shallow reef
I sank in the sifting sands!
Above me towered trees
sculpted on the shore
for years not known
rooted to the copper-bronze landscape!
Awed yet knowing,
my intrusion into this art,
I dreamed to turn
a gravel on the beach!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Hollow Nothing

While the raging fire burns down the earth
I cocoon myself beside an imaginary hearth
Dreaming of rains to douse the fire
'It won't be there', my hopes aspire!
While the tides sweep lives away
I imagine I can forever stay
Hidden from the tongues in lashing motion
Beneath a placid and protective ocean!
While the storm roars and the gale hisses
I pray for God's grace and good wishes
To save me come what season
'I must live whatever the reason'!
Living thus in an imaginary land
Building castle in the drifting sand
I turn a moron selfish and mean
A hollow nothing beyond bone and skin!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A House Is Not

Just some walls
doors windows
moonless roof

mute aloof!

Close at hand
reach not found
drifting island

melting ground!

Drawn curtain
dark grey shade
hiding pain

of un-warmed bed!

Rich in style
no substance
rings no smile

sings distance!

No goodbyes
no welcome
dim-lit eyes

echo glum!

It's so easy
to be a family
but they forgot
what a house is not!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Journey

The dream hangs heavy in the air,
Heavier still is the burden on his back,
The child trudges along the dusty road
His mother in tow –
The sun rises and sets on him
A child, a boy, a man
The burden shifting between the back and the heart!
They try desperately to reach out to light,
Before the darkness wears them out.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Just God

They go around rag-clothed filthy
Born in the gutter trampled in dirt
No expectations no tomorrow
A population of the living dead!
There are more of them on this soil
Than the ones on whose mercy they live
Yet they're aliens to their own kin
Alike only in their human form!
Still you ask me to believe in god
Believe that justice reigns in his abode
Believe in an order amidst all the mess
Believe that everything happens by god's grace!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Kitten's Story

Hurrying to my work in the untimely shower
Caught my ears the mews but it was rush hour
Must be another kitten born with no luck
Abandoned in the shrub growing on sidewalk!

The day soon rubbed off the mews from my mind
Till my feet trudged home leaving the drudge behind
Once upon that sidewalk in twilight's grayish hues
I heard it from neath of grass pain's plaintive mews!

Must be an angel possessed me I did find it out
Picked up took home put warm milk into its mouth
My lady displeased said our hands are already full
Here you bring another like you isn't another fool!

But she was the first one to make it a cosy bed
She was the one worrying how it to be properly fed
Yet filled the air its agony's mews all day and night
She said your taking it here wasn't all that right!

Its ma must have left the baby in the bush safely hiding
Picking up and taking it home was quite a wrong thing
She must be now crying wild searching everywhere
The baby wouldn't stop crying till getting back mother!

So the cute kitten I placed back in the hideout on sidewalk
With the prayer it gets back ma wishing it good luck
Leaving it with heavy heart I walked away for day's work
Sighed the silent sidewalk on my way home after dark!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Lifelong Friend

If you pause awhile and look into their eyes
You would find sadness tinged with surprise
These sentinels of trust, with themselves at peace,
Need your love a little, but you hardly notice.
None really knows what goes on in their head
As they forage in the dirt for a crumb of bread
If they chance upon a scrap in a dingy by-lane
They wag gratefully in the shadow of men.
Food is so scarce though so often they waste
The men are too miserly to share with the rest
Yet they bear no malice as they flock the dustbin
These loyal creatures never know how to be mean.
Today on the street if you see one of them
Don't just pass by its emaciated frame
Ignore not and notice, it's there on the street
Waiting for your love in the dust and heat!
Stop awhile and look deep into its eyes
Step out of the shadow and reach it sunrise
See how it returns the love you warmly lend
And rewards you with truly a lifelong friend!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Little Good

I am borrowing from you everyday
I am over head and ears in debt
Is there no way I can repay
Or I leave with an empty slate!
O there is so much I can do
Cheer a heart bring a smile or two
Reach out to where I could
To do this world a little good!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Little Of Me

A little of me I left in mother's womb
A little I left in her heart
And now that's gone with her in the tomb
I feel it's no more my part!
A little of me I planted in dad
A little I left in his eyes
I wonder now if I ever had
What's gone when he closed his eyes!
A little of me I left in first love
A little I left in her mind
Flew away with time that little dove
With what I'll never again find!
A disintegrated me is what I'm now
With so many pieces lost on the way
But truly I know, I can avow
A little would survive and stay!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Little Pause

Days are busy, so are the nights
with endless struggles, clashes and fights
time ticks away, quietly flows the tide
pining for love and one joyous ride.

Days are busy, so are the nights
a little pause would have taken
happiness to great heights.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Loss To Gain

If you have to be at a loss

be it fat.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Lost Game

We never wrote here your name
Lost ourselves in the rush
Because maybe we remained the same
Love never changed us.
We never looked deep enough
Got stuck on your face
Because maybe your flirtatious laugh
We construed as happiness.
We never really got to your heart
Captivating was your lip
Because maybe we never made a start
The surface was all we could keep.
There was so much that we never did
Busy as we were in the game
Because maybe we didn't want to read
And write in our heart your name.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Love Poem

I had told you about Hengloo
I was fond of feeding him
he was fond of me.

I had told you too
Come Saturdays
returns the pain
of not seeing those waiting eyes.

Now you ask me
why I write these all over again?

For at the grocer's
came a brown cow
his dangling head
his storm-cloud eyes
signing to me
feed me
I too am hungry.

So this Wednesday evening
with my socks still worn
a love is born.

I hear a voice say
Here I send a new friend
find me in him.

My socks still worn
I dip my hand
deep into
to find more friends...

Saturday is just three days away.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Lump Of Joy

She remembers the lump of joy on her breast
Where love made a permanent nest,
What she didn't know was between smile and sigh
Years would quickly pass by.

Years would quickly pass by
Years would quickly pass by
Riding on smile and sigh,
She would never know
She could never know
The nested love would soon die.

When I held the lump of joy between my hands
I saw only love quietly making its nest,
But now in my eyes sorrows' rain lands
Knew not the years would pass in haste.

The years would pass in haste
The years would pass in haste
Riding on smile and sigh,
I would never know
I could never know
The nested love would once die.

When we brought the lump of joy between us
Love made a nest in our heart,
We never knew the years would quickly pass
Leaving love's nest a barren desert!

The years would quickly pass
The years would quickly pass
Riding on smile and sigh,
We would never know
We could never know
They would leave a gulf between us.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Magical Surprise

Waking up with the first sunrise
Dreams roll on, land on my eyes
I stay alive coz without them
I would've long given up the game.
The day surely has enough in store
More than just a daily routine chore
It's up to me to go get them
If I fail there's none else to blame.
You may ask, 'What's there in a day,
other than work and a little play? '
Surely you're joking there's a lot more to it,
Enough to give you a jolt miss your heartbeat.
Rabbit out of hat, the day's magic show
Of pearly white rains and the cutest rainbow
The puddle on the street that trapped the sky in it
The fragrance of flowers and wind's soothing treat.
Surprises galore, of beauties no dearth
All for our joy, happiness and mirth
They're the dreams that roll on my eyes
Each day of living is a magical surprise!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Maid's Affair

The child always thought mom didn't treat her fair
Never one good word for her labor not one kind gesture
She got only her rebuke and never once her care
In his mind all these were when she started having an affair.

How would a child know about a girl's love affair
Other than from the winds catching elders whisper
Mom was telling dad such are the maids you choose
Girls without trace of shame wicked morals loose.

From the day it was known grew strong mom's doubt
The maid was barred an exit wasn't permitted to go out
The brunt of mom's ire was more frequent and sharper
And the child was left wondering what's wrong with an affair.

That May was melting tar heat not yielding even at night
Days were leaving blazing trails nights brought no respite
The child wasn't getting a wink of sleep tossed on bed restless
Staring out at the window moon the vain clouds upon her face.

One such night as he got up with eyes in sleepless gloom
They fell on the empty bed spread in the kitchen room
Where was she this stilly hour and as such thoughts him flocked
Caught his sight a slit of dark through the stairs' door unlocked.

He caught a glimpse of two shadows hugging the moonlit street
Of them one seemed familiar the child's eyes had often met
For a moment the sight froze him in a wild and unknown fear
Was it the maid his mom disliked for having an affair!

He tiptoed back in furtive feet worrying on his bed
What if mom found her out drove her out unpaid
How good this affair was the child was baffled in head
Was it worth all the trouble taken on her by the maid!

You can call it the end of story having guessed her fate
Though the child never spoke a word held onto the secret
Mom told dad enough of it from now maids I'll choose
And be sure won't find a girl with morals like her loose.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Man Of Words

A man of his words
I could never be
Nor a man of deeds

Oftener time my commitments
Lay broken like shards of glass
Dead as the trampled seeds!

Good words are easier said
Good deeds are not easier done
Words not kept are loan unpaid
Good work left undone!

It's sad that oftener time I fail
Spoken words I let them rust
If I weigh myself in an honest scale
I have been too long unjust!

Good deeds undone are forever lost
Good words are wasted dearly
When I think of the ones it cost
I can't say I feel heavenly!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Moment Of Love

A moment of love
Turned me beggar and blind
I made my bed on moon dust
Everything else I left behind.
Love just once
Left me in a trance
I put my heart on stake
Living became loving without break.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Moment With The Magpie-Robin

Where are you now the magpie-robin?
The fleeting moment I saw you
Lies imprisoned with me
Though I never met you again!
Where are you now the magpie-robin?
I'm drunk with your innocent eyes,
Your songs of the sweetest melodies,
Your smell of the earthen love!
Where are you now the magpie-robin?
I hope having found a place to roost,
You've gone back to the greenest garden
Leaving me your whiff in my heart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Monk & Two Men

The monk with his disciples was traveling by car
The journey was long and arduous
When with a screech stopped it a flat tyre
Causing them a break from the rush!

The monk was upset with still a long way to go
Halted by this unforeseen obstacle
When caught his eyes the river in calming flow
Upon her an island's spectacle!

He asked his disciples to find him a boat
For he had some time in his hand
The island beckoned him alluringly remote
With its forest and the silvery sand!

With one of his disciples he took the boat ride
Soon his feet touched the green of the forest
He felt the pleasure of being on the other side
For a stroll and in the green a little rest!

Walking some way they came upon two men
So emaciated their ribcages jutted out
Sitting under a tree couldn't be said for what gain
The monk thought them mad men no doubt!

He made a coughing sound expecting them to rise
For those men seemed lost in a trance
Their spell thus broken they opened their eyes
And rose to their feet that instance!

They bowed to the monk in the most courteous grace
With folded hands and stooped head
No distress of being famished showed on their face
They stood tall and erect instead!

The monk asked what the duo was doing there
In that forest wasting out their day
Beneath a tree sitting nakedly bare
It was not meditation's right way!

A Guru they must get and follow his creed
Must chant the secret hymns taught by him
There are rituals to follow rigid paths to tread
God cannot be reached by mere whim!

To all his words they nodded humble and serene
Not an utterance once escaped from them
Remained bowed in respect their frames frail and lean
In the forest two seekers without name!

It was time for the monk to get back to the car
For remained for him still more mile
The island and its forest would soon recede far
In his lifespan some memories awhile!

While boarding the car he saw an incredible sight
And it broke the hard shell of his pride
Those two men were walking in the sun's failing light
Across the river without the aid of a boat ride!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Monkey On The Roof

There came a monkey on the roof
he had this raised in his mind
long stayed in the jungle aloof
was time he met his superior kind.

He tried to charm showing tricks
made all kinds of faces to entertain
they ran after him with sticks
causing him considerable pain.

To make friends only he had come
thinking they would mix freely
offer him a pleasant welcome
and not act as if he was an enemy.

In the ruckus he forgot the road
fleeing from the stones that were thrown
thereby for good losing abode
got no home to claim as his own.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Morsel

you're no good
A drop of tear fell on his food
earn your meal or go to hell
in his mouth froze the morsel

the swallowed burned in his pit
wished he could vomit

then pouring they came
raindrops of shame
flooding the part eaten meal
crushing his will
ever to live again
in hunger's pain.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Mundane Tale

We know each other the two of us
I was in a hurry in a time of rush
He was happy his eyes joy-lit
"Spare a little time, for one biscuit".
Just then came the red office bus
I was annoyed, I was in a rush
A moment's hesitation and I boarded it
Glanced at him and our eyes did meet.
Something I saw moistened his eyes
A surprise it was he couldn't disguise
He couldn't believe, the thing of the street,
that I would leave him without biscuit.
It found me again back on the street
Someone was needed to buy him a biscuit
Other things could wait, such as office
Not for the world could I give it a miss.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Murder

On the floor mat stains of blood are still not dry
The hole at back of head now clogged with blood clot
The body lies on its face the room is filled with her cry
The sleuth is hot on the trail to unravel the plot.

In solving such crimes the sleuth has spent a long stint
He has been through cases simple and macabre
Now as he examines on the windowsill a footprint
His lips break into a faint smile noticing the odd affair.

He moves to her saying I know how shattering your pain is
And I'll not add to it by questions that at this moment hurt
Please be composed and point out when something I miss
I'll recount the events as told by you from the start.

Last night your husband had come back unusually late
From your room you had drowsily heard his movement
He hadn't come to you and his room too was soon quiet
Found him dead next morn as I gather from your statement.

You say ma'am you remember having closed that window
After you had your dinner and retired for the night
Someone got access through it and delivered him the blow
With the flower vase on the showcase with all his might.

So an outsider must have entered in the cover of the dark
Some enemy business rival that would love to see him dead
Only thing remaining unexplained is the windowsill's footmark
Pointing the intruder had gone out through it and not entered.

It points too ma'am the culprit if entered from outside
Came not through the window but came in by the door
Even the worst of murderers their trails cannot hide
They leave some clue as visible as this body on the floor.

What happened is when last night he came home late drunk out
Poured on you his hatred's venom you couldn't stand anymore
I had enquired from your neighbor who had heard you shout
Go back and spend the night with that goddamned whore.

She breaks down and her sobbing face is now ashen white
I hate to tell you the bastard was never a loving husband
In drunken brawl when he called me a slut on last night
I banged his head with the vase with full might of my hand.

I stole out of the window to leave thereupon a foot mark
Got in through the door feeling unburdened and light
No trace of guilt touched me as I lay in the dark
Dialed the police when ended my happiest night.

You can now give me up to the law having known the fact
I am ready for it in the delight that I did grab the chance
To let myself free from that devil and his wedlock's pact
I won't mind if I die now having achieved this great riddance.

The sleuth's lip broke in smile as he gave her a knowing wink
I too ma'am am delighted to rightly track and follow the clue
But let me tell you I'm yet to discover this case's missing link

Since your hand's print is not on the vase
who was it that did it for you!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Mute Witness

Today I made love with a goddess
Before a god peering down from the wall
And I can't say his face was all happiness
God, he was the lone man that saw it all!
God was unhappy that I had him tamed
Passionately unclothed but never ashamed
But when he created he could never measure
How much it means the carnal pleasure!
My act was so unkind, on his senses a tax
To be a mute witness to the steaming climax
While we lay there worn out and spent
He found little solace in his own testament!
Or did he feel sad and woefully dismal
Passively peering down from the wall?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Name On The Tree

more rings added to it
must have grown in height
towering for skylight
the tree is there all right.

on its age worn bark
upon the darkened stem
my nails scrap and search
if is there her name.

I etched it within a heart
her name a small sweet word
times have drawn us apart
forgetting seems so hard.

knew would wither that moment
on the bark would remain my write
warm in its place permanent
reminiscing in the depth of night.

there's no trace of that word
but in the languor of pain
forgetting seems so hard
this heart can't weather her name.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A New Day

In the stillness around
I can hear the sound
Of life being born once more
A new day knocking on my door.
A day anything can happen
Some smooth some uneven
Whatever it would be
I want you to be happy!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A New Style

He moved it across but the comb slipped
Little he could do
A cruel hand had them all clipped
Leaving a strand or two!
He breathed a deep sigh
Mercilessly the times fly
Leaving him a knave
To have once boasted of his black wave!
It's always destined by fate
For the bushy to turn to arid plate
To himself he gave a painful smile
Why not take it as a new style?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Note For Me

You left me a piece of note
Many seasons ago
I moved away I forgot
It is stuck in my heart though!
When I open the window
It comes with the light
With the winds the words blow
Comes back in the dream of midnight
I have forgotten the words though!
It remains with me a musical note
The tunes of which still flow
I moved away I forgot
It is stuck in my heart though!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Note Of Gratitude

You bring me garlands everyday,
Strung with the most delicate flowers
From your virgin garden!
Each one of them is a gem
One as beautiful as the other
Laden with your myriad emotions
Exuding your innermost thoughts
Spreading the most heavenly aromas!
I thank you, poets of the heart,
Architects of hopes and dreams,
For making me aspire for life!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Perfect Mate

From the first floor window
Sadly noticed her age showing

The moon striations martian canals
Cutting her face
Scarring her youth
That day and night
Being around her like a satellite

I missed.

I was too close
As rose the marks
Expanding imprinting devouring
Shaping her
In time

To be the perfectly aged woman!
Perfectly aged
I saw myself in the mirror
And knew
I too now could lay my claim
To be her perfect mate!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Piece Of Dupleix

The museum was deserted at mid-noon
The summer sun more than his taste for history
Drove him in for a stroll among the dead faces and objects.

His eyes caught the two warnings
Photography prohibited and
Don't touch objects

He furtively cell-clicked Dupleix's Bed
Solid 18th century teakwood
Carrying stains of his passions on white linen
Imprinted with the motions of his emotions

There he saw the ruler on the bedstead
With tender touch of fingers on his head
One svelte hand on the dark wooden stand

His hand involuntarily touched the wood

A small chunk fell into his hand
And without a second thought
In a forbidden impulse
He shoved it inside his pocket

He came out from the musty smell into the sun

A chip of Dupleix in his pocket
His passion's outlet
Escapes from the ravages of war
To find solace
From the tender hands around him
Bought by force of wealth
Far far away from home.

Away from colonial past he breathed deep

The little wooden chip would be a memorable keep!

A Piece Of History

Where once breathed life
You smell rust
Years torn by strife
Turn to dust!
Where once echoed the sound
Of the pride of might
The nestling bats abound
In the dark caverns of night!
Where reigned the royal whims
Hangs the time-worn portrait
Of fallen hopes shattered dreams
Swallowed like all else by fate!
Where once danced in lust
Warm flesh on soft mattress
Lies a ghostly looking bust
With a stony unexpressive face!
The living comes to visit them,
Awe at the displayed story,
Once living is now an item
From a bygone era, a piece of history!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Poem Walks With Me

A poem walks with me
he knows me

when feeling alone
he gives me company

Like the dog at his walk
precedes his master
pulls the leash
faster...faster

keep pace with me
find peace in poetry

the two
side by side
break in sweats
the dog and his master
the two poets
forget

who runs who

merge into one

making a poem
fully done.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Poet

Nothing escapes, nothing stands a chance
He's the seeker of theme, from life's each instance
From random babbles to soliloquy
From a breaking glass to a droning bee
Nothing escapes his elephant ears
From joyous guffaw to lonely tears
Doesn't matter if he's alone or in crowd
He's looking for one and surely hounds out
His ideas from the vortex of life
From the most innocuous to the raging strife
Picking each grain like the pecking birds
Make each grain into woven words
Anytime of day wherever he is
From a cracker's burst to sound of kiss
Shaping in glory seeming mediocrity
Making idols somber to the most witty
Through sleepless nights on his dazed bed
From the dark silence picks glimmering shade
A possessed man with the destined fate
His canvas is never blank, he's a poet.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Poet And His Muse

The only poet I saw from any close
never married his muse

wrote poems for her
offered her rose
but when she asked to tie the knot
found an excuse!

love's road ends in marriage
when he told her this
with on her forehead a gentle kiss
she got a shock

the poet cleverly averted wedlock!

they had a prolonged affair
each day he gave her a new name
each day she inspired a new poem
each time she proposed marriage
umpteenth time he would repeat the adage

love's road ends in marriage.

thus nailed with wisdom and parried
on the tenth year she married

and soon the poet forgot his coined adage.

He wedded a woman half his age!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Poet I Found

In a quiet corner of the lawn
His forehead dripping sweat
Who's that man sitting alone?
Must be the lonely poet!
From a distance what I could surmise
Was this man was drowned in thought,
Not minding the fleas and flies
That around him did freely cavort!
Was it disappointment I saw on his face?
Not having any luck with the words today,
So hiding in this corner for a quiet recess
To reflect and have them in his head replay!
He was swaying a little from one side to the other
I presumed by the tides that swept his inside
But as I approached him close, Oh brother,
He was plain snoring and no poet on a hunting ride!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Relic On The Wall

The shirt hangs on the wall.
Stirred by the wind,
It sways loose and empty.
A blue envelop in its pocket
Bears his time barred thoughts
That never reached the mail.
The shirt frames an ominous void
Of a journey of no return,
Leaving behind a relic
To sway loose and empty in the wind!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Requiem For June

They smile and push each other
Glistening teeth in life's rough weather
Got nothing more to give than hearty smiles
From rustic children to the traveler of miles!

Childishly embarrassed is the unclothed kid
So small his world so little his need
He bows his face views the lens with shame
The faraway boy without a name!

In my frame is revealed her beautiful face
Where from she gets such benign happiness
In tattered skirt with uncoiled rusty curl
There never was on earth a more beautiful girl!

For a while they bask in the sudden arrived fest
With a stranger in June a waylaid stray guest
Who would move further south to be with the sea
Soon forget those children he photoed under a tree!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Ripple's Life

A mysterious crave entwined the air
in that moment all words were mess
when river breeze frolicked with her hair
sun pinked rose smeared her face!

We stood below a casuarina tree
the dust windblown scattered far
neath slumberous sky that breathed lazy
there was so much I wished to tell her!

But rested my hand upon her nape
dreaming that frame to shimmer long
with a clumsy yearn that took no shape
dropping to earth with casuarina's song!

Of passing time a momentous shot
in the autumn noon's silent cavern
a ripple's life was all it got
no rewind could be no return!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A River Of Tears

He was for long on the river sailing since sunrise
When under afternoon clouds the hamlet caught his eyes
Wearied by the sojourn to that land a faraway call
The green beckoned to rest his oars for a leisurely stroll.

He sat under a banyan to heal his limbs of pain
Darker grew the clouds the winds hinted rain
His heart too was aching the heart of a lonely man
For he had left behind his sweetheart his beloved woman.

It's not known if clouds swelled in his dreamy eyes
His mind was too obsessed for the Empire's rise
There he stood on the riverbank an alien on another's soil
That he must till to build a kingdom paying with sweat of toil.

He remembered his three children their skin's blended tan
Their rustic eyes reflecting their mother the one his woman
He reminisced under banyan shade how he fell in love with her
Only if he were a little late she would've been burned at the pyre.

The man loved that sleepy hamlet built there a factory
The trade post became a city earned place in history
The river still meanders laden with the tears of pity
That swelled in his eyes for the woman he saved from suttee.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Room Of Memory

Four years and his room is untouched.

I would love it that way

For years!

Stays spick and span
The memory of my old man.

The southern window side of the bed
Where he laid his head

The eastern window that broke his sleep
With the sun's first peep

His snapped photos on the wall of west
That ache my chest

On the northern wall the clock
That still of his time talks

His divan forlorn
Resting cold from his last morn

In each bric-a-brac
His touch his track

In ticks and creaks
His memory speaks.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Room Without A View

Suppose you are confined to four walls
Don't get to see the sky
Live in a space just too small
But aren't to question why.

The room doesn't have a window
Only a door to shut you out
Can't know when it's tomorrow
What's today is in doubt.

Imagine for it isn't that hard
There can be such a place
Where from all else debarred
You're alive in death's embrace.

You alone with a fire within
Without a thing to defend
Caged for what's passed as sin
It's too late to amend.

Let's stop here this imagined doom
For you haven't preferred to choose
The pitiless hell of a windowless room
With only a hanging noose!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Secret

Not even a crow should know
what now in you I confide
turning his voice too low
he drew him closer to his side.

The listener strained his ears hard
nodded his head in assent
he wouldn't divulge one word
of the secret shared that moment.

Soon his face started showing crease
his belly bulged like balloon
he started feeling ill at ease
the burden was no boon.

He told his wife what now I say
not be passed to another ear
mustn't see the light of day
keep to yourself only my dear.

The secret did her badly tease
made her silent morose
she couldn't breathe without release
must tell someone her close.

The secret spread like forest fire
were talking too many men
winds breathed it in the air
sun shone on it poured rain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Seed Of Romance

A whiff of smell
You left in the air
Keeps aloft my sail
In the rough weather.
A hint of smile
You left in my eye
Drives me miles,
Keeps my spirit high.
A hope for warmth
You left in my heart
Still fires my hearth,
Refuses to depart.
A seed of romance
You sowed in me
Gave love a chance
To grow as a tree.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Stranger In The City

He does an incredible feat
While the world moves meaningless
Abandoned on the street
Roams the man with the dirty face!
A cruel fast-paced heartless city
Where nobody has time for him
None tells him a word of pity
The nights fade the days dim.
Yet unmindful of all
The ragged holds his head high
He still can walk tall
Without a hint of sigh!
The odd man out in the city
An animal, a mad scavenger
He needs no words of pity
He's happy to remain a stranger.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Successful Man

He never goes to a temple
A mosque
A church,
Feels no need for prayer!
He simply loves and cares
In his own little way
Lives that need them,
Lives not for himself
But for others
And feels rewarded to impart
A little happiness to others!
Can you call him a successful man?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Summer Day At The Zoo

I don't get it into my head
She says
Why in this scorching summer
We're at the zoo gate.

There wasn't a soul at the counter
Except the heat lulled ticketman
And before him a man and a woman
Arm-in-arm companion!

What's the pleasure
Of staring at half-starved animals
Counting times in caged dooms
She fumes.

Don't mind the weather
I tell her
Get it into your head
We're here to be together.

Let's find a tree's shade
We sing in chorus
Let's go ahead
To rebuild a place
For two old lovers!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Table & Two Chairs

A seasoned lover
Clever
I praise her tea's flavor

Thank her for the gift
Of morn's spirit lift
My adoration she savors.

We sit with the brew
Talk a word or two
As each morning we do

For something more who cares
With a table and two chairs
Four hands and cups two.

A small time but enough
To make things less tough
Brave the day hereafter

A small space yet deep
Spent in blissful sip
In banter and some laughter.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Tale Of Four Lives

The two brought their parents no glory, all they brought was shame
One was convicted of murder; the other eloped with a dame
The parents were left alone with a son getting life term in jail
About the other was nothing known, of him no one could tell!
They pined away in grief, before their tears dried up
Life was all a dark alley, full was misery's cup
Thus rolled the years, then came the appointed date
If ever the forlorn souls could know their lost son's fate!
Their lives broken and their dreams shattered
They went to their graves, it little mattered
What about the sons, what happened to them?
One died in jail, the other lost his dame!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Tear Or Two

Flow enough tears
but all these years
I burn them in fire.

Still a drop or two
past fire come through
finding earth's need too dire.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Thought For Stray Dogs

Lonely eyes, they are victims
Live on scraps, die on our whims
None to care, none to look
No love for them, no warm nook
If only a little concern, a little pity
Just for the sake of life's dignity
By the lucky ones with home and hearth
Think, they need your heart's warmth.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Trophy In Your Showcase

Behind the dusty glass,
My corpse from that halcyon moment
Stands mockingly frozen,
A relic of your glory
That began and ended my story.
I lived just in that moment
Pride glowed on your face,
And died a trophy in your showcase!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Turtle In My Stomach

Wrenched from the depth of the blue
Where it flapped its wings
In the waves' symphony,
A turtle landed in my stomach.
It swims in my digestive tide
And would soon reach the red sea!
A fantastic journey
Just to feed my greedy fantasy.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Village Far Away

Come to see my village
Where time is caught in a warp
Though it's not on history's page
Nor would you find it on a map.
It lies so far from a city
Can be reached by a long walk
There's no road no electricity
Still we don't rue our luck.
It's enough we grow our own food
Toil and till under the sky
Then in the evening come home to brood
In the glow of the dancing firefly.
Here we have no clutter and din
The dazzles of thousand lights
In the dim flicker of burning kerosene
We weave our dreams for the nights.
Our children are happy to play and sing
Pick mangoes from under the tree
Frolicking angels flying on wing
They are as free they can be.
We are content with what we get
From our daily struggle and strife
We don't complain about our fate
But love our ways of life.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Vow I Can'T Keep

Today I'll not look at them
Though the sky beckons
To fire my passion's flame,
The flowers sway in wind
To stir something within
The sun paints it bright
For my thoughts to take a flight
The day in my ears hums
When the night comes
Won't your eyes turn
And in the moon burn
To set your dreams free
In the form of poetry?
Though I've taken a vow
I really don't know how
To close my eyes to them
To douse my passion's flame!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Walk In The Jungle

A walk in the jungle where penetrates no ray,
Falling and rising, losing and finding way,
The thorns are sharp, bushes darkly dense,
Amid sky touching trees, fear of unknown reigns!
Prowling shadows dart, hungry wolves bay,
The air reeks of blood, predators pounce on prey,
The dying in agony moans, killer howls in joy,
The dead finds no regret, no mourners' convoy!
No hand is without blood, no heart free of pain,
Not one flying white dove without curse's stain,
A walk in the jungle, enacting monstrous play,
Falling and rising, losing and finding way!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Wand To Poke The Clouds

If I had one long wand
That reached far up to the sky
Would have poked it in the cloudland
Can't see the earth so dry!

Can't see the earth so dry
Scarred and deeply hurt
If I had a wand to poke the sky
Would have torn the clouds apart!

The parched earth is crying for rain
The soil is a desert track
Need a long wand to break open
The clouds to heal the crack!

The peasant is waiting on his tilled ground
May not his toil go waste
It's time for the clouds to be earthbound
Save the season's harvest!

O god give me a long magic wand
To dispel this summer's looming curse
Force the stubborn clouds to melt and disband
Come down on earth as showers!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Week At This Inn

Monday only I arrived at the inn
Got a room there spick and span
I wondered at the place's awful din
And the joy in welcoming new man!

Till then I had lived in dark gloom
Half awake in a quiet warm stream
In delirious urge to leave the catacomb
Reach the light I had all along dreamt!

Cramped in that alley in somber stupor
Passed months how I didn't know
Only could sense freedom wasn't far
Wouldn't be forever in that burrow!

The kindly innkeeper fed me the best
And wouldn't take anything for the give
Spent I two days on her breast loveliest
It hurt me when came the time to leave!

On a Wednesday found my new love
Made a nest on a space on this earth
A fairy she was love's precious trove
She gave me warm home and a hearth!

Can't tell how passed the days so fast
New travelers coming on our way
Our wishes were ashes hopes were dust
Were left with only faith on Friday!

Have tided on this inn waves low and high
Seeking from the clouds the north star
Live now with memories of the days gone by
Waiting for the Sunday that's not far!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Whiff Of Love

The dimming eyes turn a muddy gray
They can't hold the blue of the sky
Though I know nothing is forever to stay
I am agonized it's going to die!
Death's face is cruel and bare
It doesn't spare even the innocent
Just a month or so it was there
The devout say its time is spent!
I can't accept a tenure so brief
Though they say god wanted so
I feel enraged blinded with grief
A fleeting while and it has to go!
Why at all did god send it then?
If it came and soon started to pack,
Leaving in me the bitterest pain
That my love couldn't hold it back!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Wish For Her Brother

Times frail bonds are strong
A ritual going for long
Low earn prices steep
Still whispers her lip.

She marks on his forehead a paste
Of sandalwood to wish him the best
Come bad time rough weather
Must sail through his dear brother.

The sight seems in heaven made
When she touches her brother's forehead
Radiant in her finger's bless
In happiness beams his face.

Hard times prices are steep
Pours good wishes from her lip
A woman she's a loving sister
Wishes the best for brother.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Woman

She came from the blue
And swept me into dreamland,
Once she held my hand,
Time rushed past
Through all hues of life...
She's a woman...
A woman I love to call my wife.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Year Older

No promises he makes no resolution
The new year is new only in notion
Each day as it comes so it should be dealt
There won't be anything new emotion unfelt!

The same faces met same stretches run
Same daily chores till the day is done
Darkened sunk eyes mirror tells it all
Worries on the rise so is hair-fall!

Nothing really changes life's hit and misses
Undying hope to build on the broken wishes
Groveling in the troughs dreaming for the crest
Praying for the miracle of next morn's harvest!

He finds new year no time to get inebriate
Indulge in revelry and foolishly celebrate
It's there to warp the skin droop the shoulder
Serve the stark reminder that he's a year older!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

A Year Older, A Year Wiser

A year older, a year wiser

A wisdom always in the making
Nourished by experience
Vitaminized by failures
Strengthened by aspirations
Built on the foundation of hope!

Year after year
Brick after brick
Wiser
Cemented by determination
Watered by dreams
Cracked by blows
Repaired by a mason
Working round the clock
Anointing healing!

Get up man.

You are a year older
But a year wiser

And the fruits of this wisdom
Often unseen
Oftener unknown
Ripen inside
And then no more just yours
Scatter in the surround
Beget nurseries of wisdom
Building, vitaminizing, strengthening
Repairing healing
Your foundation
Your hope!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Aberration

'There's nothing wrong with you' said the doctor
'I find you a perfectly healthy guy
But...
One thing I find awkward
A little aberration
In otherwise a normal man
Your way of speech
A little funny
If you pardon me
Irritating too
About which little I can do
Though speaking in rhyme
Is no crime.'

'Doc I didn't mean to offend
Would hence try to mend
And do my bit
To kick this bad habit! '

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Abigail

Abigail, Abigail, keeps haunting me
I don't remember when it started
Has to be the first seed of love
That planted Abigail in my heart
And etched it there for good....
In Martha I saw Abigail, in Ethel
In them all I chased Abigail
They were good, all of them
Flawless, spotless, free from blame
Lovable, dependable, transparent....
Yet I kept seeking Abigail
With a hallucinatory torment!
Did ever my eyes touch her once?
In a dream woven with fleeting romance
Or her face shone once in the moon
And melted as dew drops in the dazed dark!
Abigail my perpetual phantom
I neither get her nor fathom
I age, Abigail is ageless
Always there, but beyond embrace!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

About God

bother not.

he is too cocooned
in his cosy abode.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Adam(Ant)

the mind
has its own futile cravings
satisfied in succumbing!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Adieu Old Time

Our heart drops a tear, it also merrily sings
For the loss we suffered and gain of precious things
Hope in our breasts, we heave a little sigh
For the dawn of new time, for the year gone by!
The flow is timeless, we can't stem the tide
Today's wizened and old, was yesterday's young bride
Yet life goes on, the dreams never die
We welcome new year, bid the old goodbye!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Affair

A time was when
Nothing short of my deepest thrust
Once and then many times more
Would satiate me

Then quietly crept between us
The hiatus

When I learned new ways to play
Chanced on a week a golden day
Then over a month or more

I had found the key to the secret door.

Now at the most heightened end of the affair
Satiates me a strand of her hair!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Aftermath

Declared at last the choice
Disperses the mist
No more blaring noise
Hangs there the list!

Foes made so are made friends
Flow in bursts of congrats
There's no making amends
It's either bouquets or brickbats!

The winners they must rejoice
The losers there surely is none
If something went wrong with the choice
Take it as life's another fun!

It's bidding for vote could be a coin's toss
To determine who could garner more popularity
Whatever, must not suffer loss,
Poetry, for that would be such pity!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Agreement

Since when
we have agreed
to agree all the time?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Ahimsa

In unity should life be spent
Brotherly, sober, benevolent
Making live let live the testament
Remaining ever non-violent!

The lesson above is mine hard learned
Cats in my house their ahimsa be darned
Not exert once in hunting prey
Let roach and mouse grow by each day!

They have too keen a poetic sense
Don't maul the mice suffer them pains
Believe in peaceful coexistence
Keep from the prey a safe distance!

Mice no more in fear run by
For with such cats no chance to die
They look thankful with cats so good
Making our home a friendly neighborhood!

I find it a wonder it baffles me
How cats find mice cute friendly
Shun bloodshed make idle claw
Keep blissfully wrong side of law!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Album

From the deepest alley
I dust out the album.
Faces that look out
Seem distant and alien,
Selves that yearn no more,
A time that cares no more.
My wife prettily raw,
Our son of a new world,
The cat with wondrous eyes,
Gone before I could touch them.
On each frame pose shapes
Frozen ageless happy
With nothing but the present
Radiating a forever goodness
Breaking through dusty ages
To stand here now in my eyes.
I feel a pain well up in me
And before my eyes gather mist,
I put back the album
In the deepest alley of my heart.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Alien

From the honks of cars and smell of fumes
I slip into a small green patch
with birds and their wafting plumes,
moments I would die to catch!
A calm that filtered the noise
let me listen to the rustling leaves,
the birds' chirping and such joys,
in their briefness the heart grieves!
As they frolic and in air dance,
I softly trudge as an alien,
one who is there perchance,
and can't for long remain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

All Along There

I waited for the poetry to come to my life.
Meanwhile the spring came and went
Flowers blossomed and wilted
Fragrance lingered and melted in air
Autumn brought a golden azure sky
Winter came from faraway land.
They all tried to stir my soul.
Poetry was all along there in my life!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

All For Myself

Today I am doing everything for myself.
I am feeding the stray birds and animals
Giving alms to the stretched hands on my door
Watering the sun-perched plants and saplings
Helping the blind man to cross to the other side
Picking up things from ground for her
Plucking flowers for her dark scented hair
Offering the seat in the bus to the old man
Acting friendly with all at office and home
Teaching a child to learn alphabets
Pointing at the constellations in the night sky
Telling her stories at dinner and wishing sweet dreams...
So much I have done for others,
And so much more for myself!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Alone In The Rain

Today I didn't see those ever-so-close couple.
In the lonely forenoons
When you could hear the leaves fall
They were there
Like two devoted doves
Whispering in each other's ears
The wonderful nonsense
Only lovers can indulge in.
Then they laughed like rustling leaves
Drowned in their own twitting
Without caring a fig for my presence.
But today was the day
When wrapped in my own aloofness
Walking alone in the rain
I sought those two.
Like the empty bench
I missed those tweeting two
Warming up a desolate space,
Scared they're lost in life's aridness.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Alone With The Sky

For a long time I'm alone, a long time
Other than the birds in my window
Tweeting their melodious rhyme
Or the pussycats warm and sweet
Licking my hands, cuddling my feet!
I'm alone with the sky that seems so far
Alone with the stories the winds whisper
The broken pieces of sunlight
That dance on the leaves
I'm alone with the rainbow the sky for me weaves!
When the day dawns, a dark liquid
Yet to be grown, yet to be read
I'm alone with the dewy darkness
Alone with the hope that's born on my face!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Alphabets Of Life

A B C D E F G

for my own comfort I'm busy

H I J K L M N

I give a damn for others' pain

O P Q R S T U

'I' is more valuable than 'YOU'

V W X Y Z

but the world is not just for me made

A C E G I K M

if I a little differently aim

B D F H J L N

not just live for my own gain

C E G I K M O

but care for the other fellow

D F H J L N P

feel good when the other is happy

E G I K M O Q

not just mind 'I' but mind 'YOU'

F H J L N P R

know how precious also you are

G I K M O Q S

and love to see your smiling face

H J L N P R T

share this world you and me

I K M O Q S U

its wealth and beauty 'I' and 'YOU'

J L N P R T V

love all life as I love me

K M O Q S U W

give each one what is its due

L N P R T V X

thus save me from the 'I' complex

M O Q S U W Y

to take my life to a new high

N P R T V X Z

where I can hold high my head

in a world that's not just for me made.

An Accident

Do I look I could trouble anybody?
I'm just a quiet nobody,
Can't even hurt an ant.
Look close my face
See engraved lines of patience,
Trouble I keep a safe distance.
Never ever thought of war
Held storms locked within,
Walked limits than walked far.
A no danger man to the bone
Always left conflicts alone,
My place is in trouble free zone.
Can't be pushed anymore
My back is glued to the wall,
I'm peaceful to the core.

Girl, I meant you no harm,
Touching you was an accident,
Do I look anyway troublesome?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

An Apology

The struggling man
When he mugged a guy
Outside Museum of Natural History
Never thought
Nor ever thought his victim
They would be part of history
Not quite natural
Not archived within walls
By an apology
From beyond three decades
By the hunter
To the hunted
Now going to be forever preserved
In the Heart's Museum of Unnatural History
One asking for forgiveness
And the other responding

You're a bigger man today

Apology accepted

Pradip Chattopadhyay

An Apparition

Under the canopy of trees
Spots of sunlight
Figures cuddling like bees
A surrealistic sight!
An apparition like reality enacting a mime
As if they would be there and not move with time
I have been through it like forever
Holding onto it, scared to lose it ever
This winter morning I'm part of their game
Happy to be there frozen in the frame!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

An Apple A Day

I tell a lie when I say
Poems in mind always play
Streams on endless output
My mind is never vacantly mute.

To tell you the truth it oft happens
When riding to work on buses or trains
Like a lost river dry up my thoughts
Stubbornly dry much like walnuts.

Funnily it doesn't for long last
It's preordained mind mustn't rust
A fellow traveler brings out an apple
Nibble at it with it grapple.

In boredom my eyes at the scene gape
How the apple gradually changes shape
With each bite a chunk is torn
In each bite a poem is born.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

An Artist

She has not engaged a hand, cannot call that her thrift
It's a delight doing it herself, to give her home a facelift.
Armed with brush and color, seizing time from her chores
She gets engrossed in the pastime, painting windows and doors.
It's the festive season, she loves its smell in the air
I love the smell of fresh paint, her labor I don't share.
She looks a dainty artist, colors on hands and face
Her eyes lit up in creative joy, beaming in happiness.
To partake in that graceful sight, when beside her I stand
She asks 'why watch me idly and not lend a helping hand'!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

An Artless Girl

What do I write about her
a girl artless mundane
fading years don't heal her scar
can't bury her smoldering pain.

Yet can't keep her out of mind
shut her behind closed door
time and again a place she finds
her face comes to the fore.

A bird she was dreaming a nest
a home and cold night's hearth
one shoulder to perch for rest
a caring heart to berth.

How cruel is the worldly way
that denies a soul of peace
shatters a life leads hopes astray
grants not the smallest wish.

For one night the moon was hers
stars bloomed in her eyes
till dreams broke by a monstrous curse
lay dead in the first sunrise.

She still lives a lonely spinster
on the ashes of long dead fire
her empty heart begs not a care
love she never aspires.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

An Autumn Day

Here the autumn makes
prettiest place for me
a quaint placid lake
with wind's lullaby!

A cloud mirrored hush
thicket's lone butterfly
spell stricken grass
in awe of the sky!

This sight the autumn makes
seems so wispy to my feel
like flying pollen flakes
catching dreams by the jhil!

The feathered bloomy light
on this day by the lake
soon would melt from my sight
leaving trail as an ache!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

An Easy-To-Get Kill

You are interested in my face
You are keen for my surface
Your eyes lecherously tour
Seeking beneath my contour!
To you it means all
Where they rise and they fall
It sounds though a little mean
You're after my skin!
It really is a pity
You view me a commodity
Best found when undressed
Easy debauched, easy defaced!
I'm no one's person, none's pal
Just food for hungry animal
My mind doesn't matter nor my will
I am only there as an easy-to-get kill!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

An Encounter With The King: A Humble Tribute To Jim Corbett

Hush descended on the birds of the valley
a horned owl hooted on the hill above me
emerged from the mist a pale blue moon
you know in the jungle the night comes soon!

Nocturne shimmered expectant still
the king had arrived to claim his kill
his shadow moved with a low mutter growl
stopped in its hoot the lone horned owl!

Thirty feet below neath the yawning screen
on the big oak the tallest on ravine
it so seemed but only a few pace
within the reach of the king's embrace!

The two only knew who were in the war
one to be witnessed by the langur sambar
cries of caution they all would sing
not least bothered arrived the king!

On its track stopped the wind afraid
as the risen moon showed the king's head
his paws advanced eyes fixed on me
for three days the king was going hungry!

Licking his kill he took an apple bite
birds took flight night froze in fright
to shoulder must raise my rifle on knees
while the king ate his dinner in peace!

His eyes glimmered in pleasure's full glow
my fingers closed and inched up slow
but what I did over the valley rang out
cupping my hands gave a full throated shout!

It echoed in the hill such loud was the blare
the king ran for life with his tail in the air

and so long he lived couldn't recover from daze
of being driven by a weakling out of village!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

An Errand

Milk rice curd and fish
brinjal chilli and gourd
not one item I would miss
not forget one word.

Mom would say write them down
so don't you leave anything
banana butter tea bread brown
a world of goods to bring.

I run on the way muttering those stuff
curd and fish fine tea
on my head they hit me rough
jumble my memory.

The sky today is yawning blue
clouds sail like milky raft
in the wind is a drift of sweet brew
incense's misty waft!

Walk easy boy don't go so fast
aren't the birds on mystery flight
look up to see how in wind's gust
soared high in the sky the kite!

There's a crowd in charm of magic wand
a snake dancer with his wooden flute
brought bagful tricks from distant land
snakes caught from jungles remote!

On the playground is running a match
ball rolling from net to net
why not stop for some minutes' watch
keep brinjal and gourd on wait!

The field is green trees' shade alluring
dreams come in bird wings' flap
milk rice curd now a distant thing
the boy takes a nebulous nap.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

An Escape Into Hope

Under a dull gray sky
I suddenly felt happy.
It was a winter morn,
There was little to be happy about.
The trees were shedding leaves,
All around deprivations groaned,
Tears of agonies wailed,
Yet something in me swelled!
In the famished landscape,
I discovered an escape,
The drowning found a tip of rope,
Inside me glowed a beacon of hope!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

An Ever Open Door

Desire to live, love and dream
Desire to desire more
Desire is the flirtiest whim
It's an ever open door.
Desire to touch you once
Desire to break into a dance
Desire to hold your hand
Desire to build on sand!
It's an ever open door
You desire and desire more!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

An Hour In March

Each couple is stopped on the way
this March spring hour
with the city attired at its best
with gulmohar and flame of the forest
in mad bloom of yellow and red
and the hand touches each head
adorned with the season's flower

blessed be your love
blessed be your luck

and most of them yielded
to the blessings of the eunuch!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

An Old Shirt

on the back numerous hole
quite a few too on the chest
still it clings to my soul
I think it fits me best.

says my flummoxed wife
you're a miser hopeless
holding on a rag for life
bringing yourself disgrace.

I feign not to hear and shrug
clutching it more to my heart
feeling warm cosy in its hug
my friend the many years' shirt.

on it lie rivers of sweat
joy and sorrow's tear stains
time's all burden of weight
gloomy and dark hours' pains.

a mere cloth and I find it so hard
to throw it and part our ways
wonder how humans discard
relations grown over years.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

An Old Story Retold

We sit by the pool
His eyes remote
He takes a mouthful
Doesn't go down his throat!

Can you skip office
For me for a day
Give your work a miss
At home with me stay!

That's what he said
Recalls the son
Back at home stayed
His father alone!

My old man misses me
His plea I didn't heed
Needs my company
His I don't need!

His lunch now gets cold
Something isn't right
An old story retold
A lost appetite!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

And Then There Were None

And then there were none.

They came and they went..

silent joy simple fun

the starry firmament.

While for words this mind craved

the wind blew unheard

While this ink raved

flew away the singing bird!

The stars got weary of twinkling

real moon turned an imagined one

These blind eyes had no inkling
how they debarred the simple fun.

When they turned to behold

this madness was done

times hid in wrapped fold..

And then there were none.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

And We Aren'T Morons

there isn't a time in life
when our smiles and cries
are not simultaneous
unless we are morons.

my broadest stretch of lips
stalk pains

has my success made someone sad?
has it been at someone's cost?
has it eroded someone's happiness?

and when I cry
as sufferer loser

in the corner of my eyes
shimmers a smile

it's not the end

it's not the last mile.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Angelic Wisdom

The man when he fell in a manhole
To rescue him came not a kind soul
He cried himself hoarse for attention
If someone came gave him ascension
Help me help me he cried mad and wild
None came to stop no adult no child
Hours were gone the day turned a blur
Falling light told him night was not far
Despair ate him killing his hope
Wouldn't come a hand holding a rope
When he was giving up on aid or redress
Shadowing his sky there appeared a face
The silhouette told him had come an angel
To fly him on wings raise him from the well
His hopes rekindled here was a kind soul
To end his plight lift him from the hole

From up the manhole spoke a deep voice
Being in this mess was purely your choice
Your own carelessness has brought you ill luck
What was the need to take a hurried walk?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Angler

Riveted to the grass in frozen alertness
Limbs ache from hours of wait
It may be a day of their not being impressed
Fooled not once by tempting bait!

It's high time the liner shook
The trap lured the willing catch
There's a pull at end of hook
Rewarded is all the hard watch!

In darned breeze the heart grieves
The quietude isn't getting to grow
The noise from the rustling leaves
Incessant caws of the lone crow!

Are the eyes too weary from watch
Hands are not fully motionless
Or the clever prey feels not worth touch
And rather survive in hunger's distress!

Eyelids feel heavy and this's such prose
To be awake amid the wind's lullaby
Till the day closes with picking morose
The empty bucket in melancholy!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Animate Inanimate

The house yawned at him

as he trudged to the gate
a warm wind rose from his bowel
and tore his heart out

the walls reflected an emptiness
as if they too mourned with him
the one face less
the one soul pouring heart's all kindness
forever gone

paused the son
his eyes grew wet with moisture of rain

the house would never be the same again!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Annie

When the clouds web a raven moon
His thirsty eyes your eyes may meet
And unless your senses frigidly swoon
Can hear may I have tea and biscuit!

The hungry seeker is ever on roam
Carrying in winds his heavy sighs
With none to call his own and home
Except night's stray passersby!

If you stop some moments with him
Can hear war stories and his bravery
In soldier's pride his eyes still gleam
His eyes are wet when speaks of Annie!

He roams the night till the moon is veiled
His home is here this earth his heaven
Loving to chat with the souls strong willed
About Annie who he left at forty seven!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Another Day Of Loving Her

Don't need a reason why it happens so
Around me sparkle thousand stars
I beam in the happiness' radiant glow
For having another day of loving her!

Dispel dark clouds the mind is set free
Dreadful stains on its wall disappear
It feels just enough to have her with me
Having another day of loving her!

Heals all the pain the one mystic light
Agonies turn back to recede far
It shows me the way to tide over the night
For having another day of loving her!

I feel so blessed when breaks a new dawn
Though it hides the east's morning star
Reminds the bird chirps I'm not alone
With me is another day of loving her!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Another Night Was Spent

I lay on bed waiting for that moment,
The night guard passed on his last round
Mournfully whistling another night was spent,
Though the night was still lulled by weary crickets' sound.
My windowpane like a lusty lover clung darkness tight
If that would let him hold onto the night
Unwilling to let go the stars out of sight
Fearful his secret would be cracked by daylight.
I waited in bated breath that inevitable moment
Eyeing the glass to catch the transition
A bulbul called to say another night was spent
Other hopeful voices broke out in unison.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Another Year Of Life

Something so dreary about the year I'm going to lose
It made me older and my breathing tightened the noose
Something so skeptical about the year going by
It made me wizened, my skin parched little more dry
Something so sordid about the year bidding farewell
It made my days longer and nights an endless hell
Something so persistent about the year making exit
It still makes me desire to be alive healthy and fit!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Another Yearning Heart

Never mind if you feel unloved
Never mind
God meant you to be loved
You love will find.
There's a wind that whispers
A mountain that kisses the stars
They know your yearning heart
Is just waiting for love to start!
Surely you are seen, you are heard
You touch minds, you lovebird
There's a misty dawn, a pearly night
They will find you out, love glows bright.
You are never unloved, love finds you out
Crossing all barriers, reaching beyond doubt
God meant you to be loved, it's waiting to start
Pouring out in streams from another yearning heart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Antithesis

You needn't so elaborately state
You don't want to complicate.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Ants

In the undergrowth beside the railway track
ants live in a world their own
the whistling trains run past to be back
leave trails of dust wind borne.

They have a dream when nights come
past day's frenzied task
strings of hope the fireflies strum
breaking out of the cocooned husk!

In those nights when full moon bloom
the limbs of ants shun rest
shed all pains rise up from gloom
they dig in mind's harvest.

Lines of them come out of hole
forget all diurnal scar
dance tango each midnight soul
watched by the heaven's star.

In those nights if you pass by them
tread the grass where silence reigns
can feel the stir of passion's flame
in the wind joy's lilting strain.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Aquarium

On and on and on
In a repeated motion
It goes on revolution
Seeks the ocean!
The ceiling is firmament
Glass is the wall
The trap is permanent
Its life is surely dull!
The box glows bright
It's all synthetic light
The world in its sight
Has no day and night!
It hears the feeble sound
Of people moving around
Sees their awe-struck face
Enviest their happiness!
It knows not the conundrum
Why is snatched its freedom
Yearns lifelong to be free
To go home to the sea!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Are You Missing Something?

If it's ever so
That home never you miss
Life seems slow
Without office
Before that happens
Look around and see
How drops of rains
Bathe the backyard tree
Let it never be
That lost in files
You are never free
For all the loving smiles
If it's so
Pause a moment
See the rose glow
Smell the lovely scent!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Aroma Of Food

As she serves the food
the smell permeates the air
ah, food's aroma is so good
and I've of it a fair share.

I don't know what hunger is
how many on earth go unfed
I get whenever I please
I bother about the quality instead.

I talk of freedom and free will
care about health and hygiene
I have my assured meal
hunger's face I haven't seen.

I'm a man well fed
live in the fullness of good meals
I don't have to take it in my head

in this world hunger still kills.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Aroma Of Money

Just now I got my pay
Just now I got my pay
But soon it'll fly away
Money will not stay!
How nice it smells honey
Aroma of money
How crisp it kisses the hand
Cool currency!
But it won't last a day honey
It won't last a day
Soon'll be gone the money
With me it won't stay!
Got to hold it tight honey
Got to stop it part
Before I count all money
Before I can start!
It will soon melt honey
It'll be soon spent
Now in my hand the money
Will go the next moment!
What shall I buy you honey
What to get for me
Soon'll be gone the money
A while's guarantee!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Arrival Of The Newborn

Every birthday
I turn a year older
But when you wish
"Happy birthday,
Many happy returns of the day"
I feel younger than my age
And long to be here for
Eternity!
Inside me is a world
Unaffected by time
Outside the world changes
Faces grow old
Beautiful people become wizened
Every beauty comes to end of term
My eyes mirror all these.
I look for no shore
I don't stand before the mirror
The transforming reflections
I abhor!
I love to live on
With the unchanging world inside,
In wait- tranquil and forlorn
For the arrival of the newborn!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Art Of Love

On the park bench
two lovers
were perfecting the art of love!

between them shrinking spaces
their lost and drunken faces
betrayed
the process was endless!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

As A Matter Of Fact

For you I don't write verse.

With you I con-verse.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

As If It's Last

The birds chirp on in the hazed grey
"Open, open your eyes" they say
"Enough of being a dumber
Time you got up from slumber"
In my stupor where dream clutters
Seep in soft noises of flaps and flutters
Through my eye-slits hair like thin
Another day gloriously trudges in!

I realize I'm alive for another day
Hopes in breast, thoughts to say
To live this day as if it's last
To tell 'I love' and tell it fast!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

As Promised

twenty years on
and i still look for her
on the seashore

it was a promise she made
that even if given to another man
she would break up for once
come running to the sea
for me
and if i wasn't there
she would go deeper
leaving on the sands a note

i was here as i promised

she came to my life
she came to be my wife
but twenty years on
i still look for her
on the seashore
she ageless
waiting for her lover
and then going down to the sea
leaving a note
on the sand
unerasable

i was here as i promised

Pradip Chattopadhyay

As They See Me

My poems come and ask me
After you set us free
You just forget our pain
And act apathetic alien,
When thoughts in you burn
Inside in vortices churn,
It's us coming out in streams
Relieve your burden of dreams,
But you never enact your life the way
What through us you say,
Delivering us you stand aside,
Turn away to flow with the tide!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

As We Will It

To me only she leaves it
In turn I leave it to her
In our hiding holes of habit
Things don't move any far.

In this funny game
Consensus is scarce
In the fear of blame
Taking a decision scares.

She tells me it's for you to decide
Ways to cut the rising bills
How to stop our savings' slide
Still have two square meals.

I tell her in your hands is the rein
To check unneeded outflow
Find some ways to build a gain
Some savings for the future to show.

She retorts don't say you've no clue
The way I manage the pence
What you bring can hardly accrue
Any surplus post expense.

Things go on like they did before
With us never reaching a deal
Yet our lives happily soar
The way we lovingly will.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

As You Rightly Say

here's another cat poem.

When the orphaned black kitten is shrinking
and sinking
and these hands are too inadequate
to stem the slide
and writing poems seem far easier
than filling the gap its mother left
this heart going through another break
another trek
downhill
for an uphill job
and as I lift it
feel its heartbeat
slowing
to a few grams
so putting it down
return to keyboard
feeling a little guilt
a little shame

as you rightly say
to write another cat poem.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Ask

Nothing is owned
Unless earned.

Ask if you've earned love.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Asking For Too Much

When it's summer I pray for cold
In the winter sulk for warm touch
When I was a kid longed to be old
I'm always asking for too much.

When it's money want of it more
It's always for good times I search
I want the rains to stop torrent's pour
I'm always asking for too much.

I want my woman to be a sex queen
Want her always hot on my urge
Her smiles I notice can't read her pain
I'm always asking for too much.

I want smooth sailing life's steady flow
A decent job and a nest for night's perch
See on her face shine a happy glow
I'm always asking for too much.

I want all my poems earn your read
Desire it's them only you search
I do only care for my ego's need
I'm always asking for too much.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Aspirant

Rate me vote me on the given link
Beg you please see my hopes don't sink
I'm word monger poet laureate valiant
Want some fame a few bucks' aspirant!

Rate me vote me cast me not out
I too will vote for you don't be in doubt
We traders in dreams are poets every bit
No harm if we compete in the way earn profit!

Rate me vote me let my hopes soar
A little recognition I want nothing more
From the crowd find me hear me holler
Let your clicking vote bring me a dollar!

Rate me vote me I know I may not win
But I'll fight bravely this war is not mean
If I earn a victory will be a cause to celebrate
The burial of poetry win of voting rate!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Astray

Your paths shouldn't lead astray

Heard it since childhood day
Heard it along all the way
What it means don't know to this day.

It doesn't show the way nor lifts the haze
Of a delusional journey the morality's maze
Just a vague notion planted from the birth
Astray a wrong way is not a travel's worth.

And that's the dilemma all the trouble's root
Astray the wrong way should not be one's route
But each path has on offer its own unique view
Sublime obnoxious but stretched out for you.

Don't I need to break shackles and explore
The way called astray what it has in store
How bad are its tracks uncouth unclean
If they are laden with only vices and sin.

Why not one day break out of shell
See if astray leads only to hell
Take chance of a choice to get away from the pain
Of the ways thought right but ashtray like vain.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Asylum

There's too much prose in this world,
Sermons are more than service
Money is more than mind
Polemics dominate over resolution
Truth crumbles under loads of lies.
While millions go without food
Poverty is researched
Sustainability is analyzed
Cost of survival is determined
By people living in luxury!
Baffled I turn to poetry,
To seek symmetry
In this dichotomous world!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

At Her Expense

I furtively glance at the wholesome flesh

afraid in case
she catches me stealing
her precious things.

There was so much bare
it seemed unfair
to have to content with one stare

With so much bare
no reason to see elsewhere
and deny my pleasure immense
at her expense

Of me
she gets little to see

As for my crotch

it is no top-notch!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

At The Doctor's

Weary faces bored with the long wait
Sit with stony eyes as in hypnotic state
Some way they suffer in liver or gall
Hoping help would reach when comes their call.
Each time the bell rings breaks the languor
Rustled footsteps cross the corridor
Expectant eyes find way to the door
To find what remedy is there in store.
Minutes pass and is heard before long
Inviting sound of the next bell's gong
The ones coming out rewarded for patience
Make way for visages still grim and tense.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Attachments

A plastic bag without a handle
A pair of straps without a sandal
A briefcase with rusted locks
A pair of old worn out socks
A never used candelabrum
An empty jar of finished gum
A broken door iron cage
A lost book's tattered page
A piece of cloth insect holed
An old calendar neatly rolled
A fluorescent light long dead
A clay puppet's broken head
A fountain pen sans its cap
An old atlas dusty map
A bunch of cassette in tin box
Nails and screws unused locks
Cable tape wire and plug
Grandpa's broolly faded rug

Can't disown throw them out

Fond attachments without doubt!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Attitude

The right attitude
sadly
is always
the most difficult attitude!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Autumn And I

Into my debt-ridden life
The autumn comes uninvited.
The white cottons on the azure
are painted with rainbow,
the remains of the last rain
Glow in silvery temptation -
But my thoughts are elsewhere.
I couldn't welcome autumn into my life!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Awhile In The Woods

I give myself a break
to slip into the lonely woods
to rest awhile on the green cape
drown in the seasons' moods.
I seek a patch of soft grass
sheltered in the shade of a tree
smell from the air the wooded hush
and spend awhile carefree.
Just then my eyes come to rest
on the canopied acacia tree
where the birds dressed for spring fest
twitter in boundless glee.
I want this frame to freeze in my stare
sealed in my heart for good
I wouldn't last but it would be there
my time in the beauteous woods.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Back Door

Faraway on a distant shore
He labors hard to earn
Money he needs more and more
The self-exiled lonely man!
He puts aside a small amount
Rest he remits to his wife
He keeps filling her bank account
To provide her necessities of life!
Her necessities of life he couldn't fulfill
Because all them money can't buy
She couldn't for long endure the ordeal
Got herself another guy!
Our man he comes home once in a while
Greeted him the woman in joy
The time he stays he sees her smile
Knows not she got another boy!
It goes on like this dollars pour in
When home he sees her happiness
She keeps walking on a rope stretched thin
There was no way she could now regress!

Once it so happened he arrived one night
She had no prior advice
He reached home on a late night flight
To give her a pleasant surprise!

God if you had seen her whitely ashen face
After she had opened the front door
On it there wasn't a trace of happiness
She almost swooned onto the floor!
Our man never knew why she shut the door again
It never did cross his head
In his absence his wife had made a bargain
Her lover was snoring on his bed!

She woke the guy up for a fast exit
Through a door at the back of the house
Came down again the wife cute and sweet
A loving and caring spouse!

Now friends I come to the moral of the tale
For the ones away on distant shore
Wall it up do it without fail
Do away with your houses' backdoor!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Back To Yesterday

I look up and see the diurnal moon.
It's like yesterday.
Same spot, same time, same moon,
A deja vu of dream walking
Where yesterday stands still
And I'm coming back timeless,
as a part of the heavenly drawn sketch.
I look past the tall tree
to touch the diurnal moon.
It's back to yesterday!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Bad Friday

for the dog
can't save my rhyme
each day he's dying
for the umpteen time

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Bakers

In the ill-lit room singed with ovens' heat
Swift hands deftly turn wheat balls sweet
The air exudes a smell of pulpy soft taste
Blended with the odd fragrance of sweat!
Here reigns under the tin shed eternal night
As if by some design is forbidden daylight
Roll out confectionaries crisp and light
To fill the mouths with salivary delight!
Bread, cake, cookie and cherry bun
Kneading them in the heat is no fun
The bakers' faces glow warm and red
Faster they must go before they rest their head!
The delicious stuff are relished by kids and grownups
They savor the flavor with their hot morning cups
Do they ever pause or give it a thought
How those laboring bodies in the heat rot!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Bansharee

Bansharee

tends cows in the field
her hairs deep wisps in the wind
her dark skin
an unfathomed mist
her perfume
rice washed
her feet
conqueror of wild grass

Bansharee...bansharee...
she tends cows in the field
a warrior in the wild wind
an autumn of all seasons
runs self willed
floats on the field
over her clouds gather
there isn't a match for her
in her cracked glass mirror
she is two
one a wild warrior
with a face only the wind loves
and the other
weather beaten
by fate cursed
but dreaming...

in some heart somewhere
for her
love is nursed!

Bansharee...Bansharee...

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Bare Truth

I don't need your bare skin
The deep alleys lying within
When I sink my nose in your hair
All day you linger there.

I can do without your kiss
Warm crevices I don't miss
When graze my lips on your ear
All day you linger there.

I don't want you pierced and dug
Nor crave you tight in hug
Catching you once in stare
All day you linger there.

I don't thirst your panting moan
Grab you as if you I own
One touch of your loving care
All day you linger there.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Bared And Alone

In a translucent twilight zone
I find myself all alone
In the mirror only my face
Loneliness I lovingly embrace!
Madly I listen to the silence
The only thing that makes sense
Thoughts uninhibited and random
Pour out, here they find freedom!
In the world outside what's uncouth
Is unshackled here, like hidden truth
There's no prose, it's all wild verse
The mask is irrelevant, there's no farce!
My unbridled self at the twilight zone
Loves to come out, bared and alone
Bored of the rules framed by the sane
It finds itself free from the bondage of pain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Barefoot On The Grass

Today at dawn in windy rush
Before sun could melt its heat
Sinking my feet in dewy grass
I strolled merrily bare feet!

I felt on my feet a thousand kiss
Heart leapt in an unknown joy
Too long you missed this heavenly bliss
Grass whispered to a reborn boy!

Lost count of time when walked last
Retraced a stretch of green route
Forgot my root lost all trust
To walk on the grass barefoot!

The tickling grass as hugged my toes
Shed their dew like tears
They asked ugly leather smell our nose
where have you been all these years!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Barn's Smell

village girl pillage mind on the first sight
hazel eyes gazelle runs hair dark night

barn's smell holds tale fathomless deep
flutters heart falls apart resolves fast slip

she knows it my heartbeats quicken for her
in love glow paint rainbow on day sky a star

she can catch as I watch slavish eyes' plead
more than me it is she can my dreams read

but wouldn't bend have me lent one little kiss
honor hard on her guard not let me do as please

she soon fades stays in head lives carefree
ever far upon a star sweetest memory.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Be Happy By

loving the manifested
without guessing the hidden.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Be Once A Bird

It must be very hard on her

the bird she cared deeply loved
has found a new pasture.

but be my dear once a bird
grow on you a wing
know the ache hurts so hard
when stuck within iron ring!

tended well fed the best
the wings still must try
still must deem it a complete waste
times spent flightlessly dry!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Be The Knight

Don't let it deter
The tongues wagging behind
Do what's better
Speak out your mind.
Go ahead and do it
Do it the way you like
Strongly and with grit
Not a half-hearted strike.
If it needs be brute
Unyieldingly stout
Fear not tell the truth
It's what stands you out.
Bow not your towering head
Succumb to power's might
Glories of empires fade
Lives on the brave knight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Be There

Give a little love and care
Light up faces with your smile
In others' need be there
Walk an extra mile!
So often they are in disguise
You've to look in their eyes
They're waiting for your hand
Waiting for you to understand!
You have to take a break
Greater things are at stake
Out there is waiting a heart
Know its beat be its part.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Because I Am Not There

Because I am not there
You trap the bird in the tree
And never set it free
You think it smart
To tear the innocents apart
You deem it cool
To see your power rule
In bringing down the harmless
You never see their face
Love, pity, you could choose any
You preferred tyranny
Armories of weapon you build
To make this world a battlefield

Because I am not there in your heart
You are dead from the start
Imprisoned in your ruthless kingdom
Ever denying the bird its freedom!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Because I Got You Easy

I haven't ever known you, truly -
I got you easily, without a price.
It's like the closeness of the birds
To the silvery clouds,
The treetops' brush with the sky,
Too known is your face.
How could I ever know you were priceless!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Because They Bother: Scraps Of Worries

Hand

A few playful beaking from him
And I remember
Did not soap the dirt off my hand!

Here I stand
Bothered
Praying

My parrot doesn't get an infection.

Head

Because it bothers
Low I stoop
To pen about bird poop!

On my way from office
Fell the hit-never-miss.

Finding no dried leaf
I used my handkerchief
And verified from a stranger
There wasn't a stain!

Bird poop is a bane.

So they said
Is the chance my head
Would soon be bereft of hair

Quite unfair!

Here I stand
Bothered
Praying

The few remaining don't leave me.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Bed 223

She swam in her delirium in an unfamiliar semi-darkness
Around her an ocean in slow motion engulfed her dizzy senses
Voices from a faraway space echoed garbled in her straining ears
She flew past all horizons wings spanning across many light years.

The flight was such thrilling she wished it had never ended
But she was slowing down on an emptiness she descended
Seeing and hearing nothing she fell inside senseless gravity
Lay silent in anaesthesia the patient in Bed 223.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Before I Go With The Night

Can you bring me a little warmth?
The night is like an unending tunnel
Ahead looms a long winter month
When I go there won't be a funeral.
Can you not hold me close?
Rub the cold off my heart?
So that when the chill goes
I can blissfully depart.
I am cold as the frosty night's bird
With the smell of warmth under my wing
The sound of my fall if it's ever heard
A dirge for me can you sing?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Before The Bard Dies

It's time you turn the machine off, it's time
Before the bard in you flies away
With the last melodious rhyme
For too long your eyes are fixed on the screen
Living in a virtual world forgetting your kin
While you looked away, the rainbow came and went
The flower bloomed and withered
You never got her scent
The clouds gathered on you for your glance
Then wilted, you frittered away the chance
Every bit of nature on your door knocks
To find you lost in the rectangular box
Switch it off, turn your eyes
Before the bard in you forever dies!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Before They Aren'T There

When you narrow your focus for wayside picks
can see a couple of sparrow prancing on bricks
they are still not gone out of town
the lady whitish her male red brown!

They are fast fading leaving no trace
love human home for building nest
but where are nooks for them warm space
a cool inlet for summer's rest!

But still they seek would go last length
with all their hearts gathered strength
to find an address can call their own
these cutest birds need kindness shown!

Their chirping weaves what magic spell
the pretty lady and her brownish male
let's spare for the couple one smallest nook
not leave them be fable in storybook!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Before They Grow Up

Take the children to the seaside
To a fair for a joyride
Be with them as long as you can
Because soon they'll be man!
Cuddle them hold them tight
Drown in their eyes' joyous light
The short days though bright
In no time will be out of sight!
Spend with them in long travel
Delight in their childish marvel
See them giggle in boundless glee
Such times though divine quickly flee!
Tell them stories sleep with them
Play with them the silliest game
Without restraint let them be wild
Before cruel time banishes the child!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Before You Part

You are moving on, you are saying goodbye
I can't leave your mind, I'll be in your eye
You are parting way to go away from me
My face in your heart, you are far from free.
You are moving on, you are saying goodbye
It won't be easy, when you take off to fly
You'll feel the pull of staying back again,
To recreate the love and ignore the pain.
You are moving on, you are saying goodbye
It all sounds so unreal, your eyes aren't dry
You wish you could stop, retrace the lost way
To tell me just once, what you never did say.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Beg One From You

You are not writing a poem
June is so long ago

it's end November
not one is added to your name!

maybe after that last write
you let the ink rest in your pen
on something else was your sight
you can write anytime again!

I'm sure you're not moving away
that would be such pity
something else occupying your day
life throwing new priority!

it happens poet all the time
though they buzz in your head
you've to let go priceless rhyme
and hold other things instead!

June is so long ago
it's end November
not one I find under your name

show me you're still there
write for me one
I'm dying for your poem!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Being A Father

The son vents his suppressed anger on dad
The father should know he's no more a lad,
He's a man that needs his own space
To lead a life at his own pace.
Every time thus the son speaks out
Feels brave enough to open his mouth
The father feeling himself an intrusive mole
Shrinks in panic, seeks a hiding hole.
Every father at sometime absorbs such pangs
And buys peace with the youthful arrogance,
On his heart though weighs a load of stone,
He swallows all that he can't tell his son.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Belief & Coincidence

Deciding to carry a plastic bag
was all I needed
for a spark of belief!

It was raining hard
and I saw a gain
in carrying it
for my experience told
people in the bus don't find it funny
when drip on them
raindrops from my umbrella.

There was one window seat empty
as if in wait for me
itself drenched in the pour
upon which the plastic bag I spread
reflecting on the divine design
god's kind grace
in protecting me in warm dryness
when in that orgasmic relief
was born in the atheist's mind
a belief!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Belief & Non-Belief

I don't believe in god
But still thank him
That I'm better off
Than so many others.
I have a bed
A roof on my head
And something to
Look forward to
Tomorrow!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Belief Comes Easy

I live with my belief and I'm not weak
From it I derive a great strength
Belief is easy, it comes quick
Not needing a travel of great length!
Belief in something that runs the universe
One that determines my role
Driven by it, my life I traverse
I act with a purpose in soul!
I don't question it, I have no doubt
I believe it controls all things
I don't ask, 'what's it all about'
Such thoughts I prune their wings!
I'm in peace with a straitjacket force
I sail on the ocean without end
Belief is what I have, my only recourse
Before it I bow my head and I bend!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Believe It Or Not

When he felt horses were a passe
bought a pair of zebra from the zoo
got them hitched to his carriage
believe it or not it's true!

Soon he got a trainer on hire
to train them to pull his car
the news soon got into the press
he had put the zebras on harness!

The man given easily to caprice
never once felt the slightest remorse
for ruining those dumb animal's peace
the zebra could not be a striped horse!

One of the pair died shortly
the other was left to pull his car
he would be seen riding merrily
dressed in his royal attire!

To him a sport he was never ashamed
used to boast of his crudely callous fun
a zebra like a horse though can't be tamed
with his carriage had to make a fast run!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Beneath An Acacia

The golden tinge of sun pierced the cloud
But the mangrove held onto its dark cloak
She hid somewhere between the light and shadow
When from one irresistible daze I awoke.

Unbeknownst flamed up the rocks salt white
Dry since the waves receded beyond the sandbar
A cold loneliness crept up in the spell broken light
As if eons had passed without the sight of her.

Then one seagull's spriteful fish dream shriek
Motioned me up from the vacuous stupor
Buzzed each sand grain all years' unborn speak
Was to be seized this moment and tell her.

The wind having carried the voice of her name
Spread it across the mangrove and far
From the receding waves rose a rising flame
When in her hug beneath an acacia I found her.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Beneath Her Parasol

Beads on her forehead
Drops on her cheeks
I love when they're made
In hot summer weeks!

Some above upper lip
Trickle some down
A few on her nose tip
This hot noon in town!

Beneath flowery parasol
Flushed is her cheek
The shade is just too small
To avert sun's prick!

I care for nothing more
But the walk beside her
See on her face pour
Streams of summer!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Beneath The Bullet Wood Tree

On the wayside / she was dancing so free
The sparrow legged girl / beneath the bullet wood tree
Her face was blooming / in the night's passing light
My eyes noticed her / heart stuck at her sight!

She was the dancer / heavens blessed that I chanced
The pirouetting svelte / held me dazed and entranced
A small village girl / oozing ocean of delight
From the crowd I could see / the flower most bright!

She was all smiles / soothed smooth all the mile
Her carefree swing / her jaunty bouncy style
Ten minutes I stopped / wished it was lifetime
To sink in her grace / in her charm sublime!

Not a bit bothered / if she had an audience
She skimmed the air a fairy / dropped like rains
In her joy mattered not / if her show was a flop
If an eye discerned her / a passerby made a stop!

Such moments outlast / eons of travel's tales
Beneath the bullet wood tree / the winds she sails
In an ecstasy unbound / sparrow legged butterfly
She would never know / loved her a stranger guy!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Beside You Walks A Woman

poems flow like rivers in tide
when she's by your side
and reclines a November afternoon
on the back of the crescent moon!

you tell her stories only for her made
as the birds their weary wings spread
when her face is west borrowed red
and you grab the last flickers before they fade!

you don't talk of love but companionship
as night wears on and comes not sleep
the mangrove smells of long dead shells
with returning tide the river swells!

beside you walks a woman in your mist of tears
a face you hadn't seen over all these years
she's the woman you wonder if you ever knew
a companion a lover one dream forever new!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Best Friend Around

Your eyes say it all
Says your silent sigh
Through the day and nightfall
The sufferings under the sky!
Reflects your face
The apathy of earthmen
That tests your muteness
Tests limit of your pain!
You are loyal you abide
Break yet never bend
In life's uneven ride
Man's best friend!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Best Poems

Best poems are lost in the morn's toothbrush
wash away with rinse fade like first crush
run away with the trail of the bus you miss
fly with summer clouds melt like first kiss!

Best poems are lost with the winds' dusty blow
half seen half known through half shut window
burn away like fire on a long winter night
lure with contour eluding full sight!

Best poems are lost in the crescent moon's glow
when your mind is too weary head hits pillow
evanesce like youthful time smoothness of face
undecoded hieroglyph untraced address!

Best poems are lost like petals in the rain
in the race for vain pride rush for self gain
seen through smoked glass pages unread
crumbling with time wasted like weed!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Bethlehem Star

A blue moonbeam in the yellow sun
My dreams crimson in the violet sky
From the black oozes the silvery dew
If only I knew, if only....!
Boundless colors of madness
Rationality is starkly dull and grey
Without end, without recess
If only I knew, if only....!
End is looming in the boiling ocean
A blinding rain fogs my dreams
Heavenly is the boundary less whims
If only I knew, if only....!
Orange is the color of closed eyes
It leaves me behind, it flies
Blindfold yet green with romance
If only I knew, if only....!
A remote tunnel on the azure path
Along the rainbow clouds
All unleashed in the midnight coup
If only I knew, if only....!
If only I knew
The Bethlehem star dies every night
In the dark the fireflies find sight
Disappearance is coming back anew!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Better Not

The winner gets his way
The loser will have his day

The winner may lose tomorrow
The loser needn't break in sorrow

For the loser is no reason to fret
Time would come to celebrate

Today's winner maybe morrow's flop
For the loser with loss life doesn't stop

There will be coming always a next chance
For the winners to lose see new winners' victory's dance

Some win some lose, who to side with better not choose.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Between The Last And The Next

I rest my tired hands
The keys need a rest too
My last poem just lands
From where it quietly grew!
Once again I'm sane
Flowing with normal tide
Relieved from the labor pain
Of taking a stormy ride!
I enjoy this happy phase
Though it won't be for long
Would soon return the thoughts' race
In endless stream they would come along!
This moment now is pure bliss
The short-lived time of pause
Before once again is shattered my peace
For no known reason or cause!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Beyond Depression

Like flickers on wall of candlelight
will what remain
of the shadows of night
and its memories of pain!

When comes the dawn
bleed not your heart anymore
know you will not be alone
someone will be knocking your door.

Wipe them all tears of past
gather the broken pieces of night
walk in the rising wind's gust
holding faith with all your might.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Beyond The Last Turn

When I reach the island when I look behind
I see the expanse of sea you are not in mind
I'll have left everything our home and your heart
go beyond the last turn make there a new start

I know I can bear it forget you pretty soon
can live there all desolate holding onto the moon
I dreamed of it a longtime waited the tide's turn
when I could sail the boat without a heartburn

You wouldn't drop a tear your eyes would hold the moon
you know you can bear it forget me pretty soon
you were long drifting you were long apart
you'll have left everything our home and my heart

We wouldn't drop a tear our eyes would hold the moon
it would seem so easy forgetting each other soon
we were long drifting we were long apart
we had to leave everything our home and our heart

When we reach the island when we look behind
we see the expanse of void love is not in mind
we'll have left everything our home and our heart
go beyond the last turn build on ashes a new start

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Beyond The Nightmare

The clouds scare me
I forget to sing
life is like a dead tree
I don't see the silver lining!
Worried grows my face
at the smallest darkness
Islands of light I miss
pale and cold is your kiss!
Yet I know it's within me
to rid the phantom and be free
revive the dream and dare
to go beyond the nightmare!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Beyond War

It's a lovely sunny day
Birds touch the blue
Smile beams the face
No time for sadness.
Don't dig out from heart's depth
Dashed hopes and fallen glories
It looks so fine out here
Don't spoil it with dark stories.
Let me live in this moment
For it I have come far
The past is now spent
The days of blood and war!
The moment is so grand
Guns boomed for this one chance
Ah, peace is here in this land
Let me bask in it for just once.
The day is so real and bright
My dreams are set free
Don't remind me of the night
And the faces no more with me!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Bigford Bunny

Bigford Bunny, Bigford Bunny, can you hear me?
If you don't hear me, leave behind a penny.
Bigford Bunny, Bigford Bunny, can you see me?
If you don't see me, how can god, can he?
Bigford Bunny, Bigford Bunny, can you help me?
If you can't, or you won't, you are one of many.
Bigford Bunny, Bigford Bunny, why I call you twice?
You are no god, just a mortal, and that's no surprise.
At will you buy, you occupy, even the outer space
Pollute the pole, lust for the whole, and change the earth's face.
Bigford bunny, big and rich, the world is your empire
You have only today for fun and play, let the future burn in hellfire.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Bird's Wish

The bird asks me
What I'd do
If I am a bird.
I tell him
High and high I'd soar
So high that I'd see the earth no more
I'd be a bird on the tree
I'd be a bird that's free!
What you'd do bird
If you're a man?
To be fair
It'd be my only prayer to God
Don't be so hard
Make me once again a bird!
Saying this the bird sings
And spreads its wings to a sky
I can never fly!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Birth Of A Day

The woodpecker whistles ttt,
Coucals call cluk clu,
The drongo tweets twit tt,
The night is out but we don't rue.
The crow caws ka ka ka,
Sparrows chirp chik chik,
Waterhens sing wa wa wa,
It's time to go for the day's pick.
They all announce its glory,
As the sky is painted with light,
To script for them a new story
That was brewing in the night.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Bitter Truth

Now I know
my friend my enemy
is only me.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Black And White And In Between

(1)

English pronunciation
is immense confusion
and often I seek
clarification
from macmillan
but when I try my luck
to earn fast buck
I log on
!

(2)

Three thousand five hundred
his labor's price
his labored prize
he hands over to his father
his father
who knows better than to spend it
rewards of son's toil
bitter and sweet!

(3)

I wish I were dead
and not he
now who will look after me?
cries the woman
a heart failure
having robbed his man.

with no hint of tears in her eyes
she doesn't disguise
her plea

I part her with a hundred rupee.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Black Bureau

Four horses' trots pierce the stillness of the night
They gallop on the wind in luminous moonlight
The carriage wheels seem to float up in the air
It's past midnight and not a soul is there!

The large white mansion in the depth of night lay
With none to warm its rooms had seen better day
When breeze along its driveway the four portly horse
They stop and emerge a man his face wearing remorse!

The shadow in soldier's uniform briskly walks into a hall
Through the cobwebbed dust resting long without footfall
With a dignified bearing reflecting his royal class
Moves about the rooms possessed by intense purpose!

He sifts through all the papers in a state of frantic mind
Pursuing an obsessive search seeking his precious find
Somewhere must be lying in dark corners out of sight
The black bureau and within its drawers cure for his plight!

This night of New Year's Eve shines bright the firmament
But the shadow grows pale pining for the prized document
For that only can salvage his pride light once more his face
Protect him from impeachment become his saving grace!

He flurries through the staircase reaches the upper floor
Needing to search all nooks behind windows and the door
For time for him is running out his glories are at stake
When moon goes down west arrives the daybreak!

In soldier's dress in red and white at the back the folded tail
He walks each room the long corridor leaves on dust no trail
The night turns dead stars go out still empty is his hand
He gets back home disappointed in the faraway distant land!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Blasphemy

Shoot me through the heart
Let me pay for blasphemy
If your heart says that
And you believe you achieve by killing me!
If you believe in having it your way
Killing people to usher a new day
Bloodshed can take you to your goal
You are nearer God when bodies roll!

Shoot me through the heart
Let me pay for blasphemy
Coz even as I depart
You have made God your Enemy!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Blessing In Disguise

When they taught me I hardly paid them a heed
now I know my teachers were benefactors indeed
I regret the curses I held in my mind for them
their punishments were blessings not something to condemn!

Sadly those days they seemed to point their gun
on me for unlearned lessons homework not done
for such small lapses the teachers made a huge fuss
pulled my ears made me stand outside the class!

Some of them more zealous went a little far
caned hard on the back plucked out my hair
it appeared so barbaric at my expense their fun
they only knew it wouldn't harm me in the long run!

Such punishments I did never willingly embrace
ran around the room sending them on a chase
in fueled fury with faces in anger red
often flew their duster toward my head!

In life those torments have borne fruit
the running around standing on one foot
they have made my leg muscles quite strong
helped me hold my balance without support for long!

My ears too have still remained intensely keen
my hairs for my age haven't grown too thin
the pulling and plucking had done me no harm
but made my hair root healthy and firm!

The teachers for sure were prudent and wise
punishment they meted out was blessing in disguise
so if you ever cursed them make amends and repent
say, thank you dear teachers for all the punishment!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Bliss

The southwind kisses my face
Beckons the blue sky
And Nature's all loveliness.
On leaf-top
Golden drop
Each other they chase
The clouds race!
I delve deep into these
For undefined bliss!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Blue Mountain

Parting the smoked ness
Piercing the glass screen
Flying over the meadow
Skimming across the valley,
They reach the lake
That placidly holds
Reflections of the blue mountain!
So fast they reach
The alpine heights
And beyond...
My eyes roaming the desktop!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Bondage (10w)

She loves though my offer's delicious taste,
Pines for forest!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Bonded Beauty

The earth has its fill
When the moon melts on the hill
Pours down its side
To flow in wild tide.
Finding it silvery sweet
Our hearts ravage it.
Its beauty milked dry,
Moon can no more return to the sky.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Bone

Glistens the bones in moonlight
Ones within the one outside
Has no answer the fairy night
Why bones' glare the dog can't hide!

The one outside is the dried up bone
Marrowless yellow hard as stone
Yet for jaws a hope in sight
If chewing its dew makes warmly night!

Like bone is hard infallible trust
In breath of death till last breaths last
Can bring from brink a pale moon bone
A whiff of life hope's seed re-sown!

Skinny shadows pray to the night
To make them bone from moonlight
Just one yellowed for a dreamy ride
In crumbling bones breaking inside!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Bone Colored Moonlight

Know for sure
When the times mature,
Holding on our palm the residues of night,
Will find each other in bone colored moonlight.
In that destined night's unearthly glow
The night for us will pause and pass slow,
So we could, draped in heaven's gracious white,
Sail for eternity in bone colored moonlight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Bonhomie

Each bone of you I know

She does this charming rebuke
Such bone warming words
Making no bones about it!

This is her warm assurance
Her ways of bonhomie
That the bond, gelled, boned,
Is now bone-a-fide!

So whenever she says

I know each bone of you

I bask in the pleasure
Bathe in the sunshine
Sit back and reap fully

The bone-nanza

Of an ever rewarding bone-d-age!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Books Are

Some books I have never opened once
Within the wood can hear them sigh
If you had in mind not to give us a chance
Why at all us did you buy?

The books I read lying in the wooden case
Read once and that was enough
They too show quite a long face
Seem to say we're forgotten stuff!

There are books behind the dusty glass
That found my head too hard to penetrate
The minds that wrote though of high class
Couldn't reach me having spent all the sweat!

Some books came like love at first sight
I fell for them like a blind lover
When opened the first page found nothing right
Soon my romance with them was over!

Books are like women fast infatuate
Give the feel without them is no life
Yet they fade at too fast a rate
Only a few holding on like my wife.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Born Again

In the star spangled darkness
There is a hint of a beginning
The night's permeating silence
Testifies a temporary lull
Before the earth delivers...
Another rebirth!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Born Loser

Soaked him a shower
From the roadside balcony
For him the day's better hour
Turned bitter agony!

I told you earlier too
You need some homework to do
Else prove yourself the fool
By others' rule!

To brim to full his misery's cup
The man next to him was looking up
Just in time moved away
Never believed in the look straight say!

Adding salt to his injury
The riffraff looking carefree
Grinned just in time,
Your shirt is stained with grime!

He looked up too but too late
A born loser since the first failed date
Then stood stunned a while
On her lips played the wickedest smile!

The woman smiling without the slightest regret
With no hint of apology for causing him this fate
Not one consoling sorry for marring his day
But saying on his face you came on the way!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Borrow A Day

One day at a time is what we need to borrow
within a day is a world held sublime
why waste this day in the thought of tomorrow
when a day can be made into lifetime!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Borrowers

The poets are clever borrowers
without owning ever the owners!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Borrowing From A Dream

Pillow with tears watered
One drop to leave eyes' rim
Four lines my lips uttered
Borrowing from last dream!

Though left me all gone before me
Loves and faces and tales
Not left me the faith of certainty
They only moved to someplace else.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Bother Not

why bother failure success
that can't steal nor give happiness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Boundary Wall

They had a love for the boundary wall
Where occupied round the seasons
Their frames slender or substantial
Meditative eyes in philosophic brooding
Till in the sunset years or sooner
They disappeared beyond that wall.

Many of them have warmed those bricks
When the night's chill forbade to be outdoor
But the restless ears strained to hear
Brushing of body against body
Till their blood warmed in the moon's heat
Covered the delirious trek to the dawn!

Now have come up the fence of iron spears
Burying the joys and yesteryear's tears
And the restless ears can now only hear
The cold bricks groaning in the night's lull!

Quietly bids the time for the transit
Beyond the boundary wall!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Boys Will Be Boys

I know I invite reproach
When I speak aloud in wonder
Why boys are the first to approach
And girls are mere responders!
It's the boy that discovers the chance
In the girl next to him in school
For a courtship and steady romance
Though the girl must play it cool!
If the girl eyes him just once
That's enough to make him bolder
Just one look puts him in trance
Though the girl must give him cold shoulder!
The boy so oft reads the signals wrong
Cavorting buck with wildly beating heart
The girl cautious doesn't fall in love headlong
Makes sure the boy is good to make a start!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Breaking A Heart

Know as you depart
You are breaking a heart.
You may think it little
Love is awhile brittle
But I am coming apart
You are breaking a heart.
Maybe you don't care
Feelings you don't share
But I cry I am hurt
You are breaking my heart.
You are going your way
For you an end of play
Not again I can start
I am coming apart.
Know as you go your way
It hurts and I wanted you to stay
But things are falling apart
You are breaking a heart.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Broken

On one of city's endless wires
Above spits venom guttural swears
When the sun tinges an orange red
The lone bird cries a dirge for dead!

The dead footsteps that left the shore
Walked million miles could walk no more
Their joys and pains on earth foothold
Silenced now deep buried in cold!

The bird it knows the stories untold
Hurtful sighs of hearts of gold
Silent fall of molten pain
Left for good here won't be again!

The lone bird knows how hard it hits
The ones still here forlorn heartbeats
When death maims bonds breaks love's pairs
Moonless eyes wake through nightmares!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Broken Leg Jackdaw

The broken leg jackdaw
he lost his greed with his leg

now saintly dumb
it's enough if he gets a crumb
complains not when foodless
knowing by his creator's grace
he would be given the span
this world needs his breath for
would live to run the length
in his lone leg's strength
felled by no deadly harm
till ends his term

The broken leg jackdaw
stands on the cornice
in peace
and his jet-black eyes
are deep and wise!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Bronzed Drongo

In the evening darkness they roam
Long after others have gone home
Their plaintive calls rending the stillness
Lull my soul into a soothing happiness.
The day gatherers intrude into the night
Still energetic not losing their sight
Making one after another quick foray
As a last ditch effort for a bowl of prey.
I wonder at them and their strange deed
Their act of extra filling they so badly need
I see their funny flights as a bronzed patch
Furtively swooping for a prized catch.
Then suddenly they're gone leaving behind a trail
Of a flutter in the wind and the sunned wings' smell
I wish I could follow them to see where they go
Those passing guests of night the bronzed drongo!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Bubbles

I blew bubbles in the air.
They weren't robust
Pretty soon they burst
And were no more there.
I blew them thinking
That those pearly bubbles
Would go build a link
Betwixt me and the sky
And would fly high
To trap the clouds' rumbles!
But they never really flew
Could never reach the blue
Of them so unfair,
To be soon not there
Fast disappear
Without showing my dreams the slightest care.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Buddy

I had my day
Time now to part our way,
I step from here to a mess
Where I won't have your loveliness
Your soft hug warm caress
Your assuring presence in loneliness,
I have to seek the you now in flesh
Search for one with your likeness
Fail and grieve for the times that flew
Coming to know there can't be another you,
This body would wizen and shrink with age
This youthful frame would turn to yellow page
But you ageless will just change hands
Plant in new eyes dreams of fairylands
Remaining forever cute in hands soft and small
Childhood's buddy my playtime's doll.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Budgie

She shone in radiant glee
When I brought her a budgie
She said 'I would make it talk
Teach it words round the clock'.
Somewhere she had read
And it stuck in her head
That of all the birds
Budgie learns the most words.
Since then she didn't spare a bit
Deemed it a marvellous feat
She would achieve if that bird
Learn at least one word.
She remained strongly steadfast
Teach it words she must
But the bird so rudely stubborn
Not a word in its mouth was born.
'Say bird please good morning'
She mouthed day and evening
But other than its own tweet
The budgie didn't learn a bit.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Bumper Yield

Lured by the bait of a golden trap
Got down on the road for one quick snap
Season's harvest lay the gleaming yield
Pains of seeding sprouted fulfilled!

May I take a shot of this wondrous show
Of homing the crop in its brightest glow
Would you mind if take a photo or two
To carry with me this freshest hue!

A hint of a smile broke her lipline
She said please don't take any of mine
For the harvest can take as many you need
Of the pastures stretching far across the mead!

But as one you know bred in the city
Smart and scheming gainfully witty
I said the soil you must have perfectly tilled
To have reaped now this abundant yield!

Won't hide my wish to you won't lie
Some I would take home if you let me buy
To remind me of the glory of your toil
Spent on the farmland rewarded by the soil!

On her lips now broke a girl's rippling laugh
Why sir I would give you of what we have enough
To give you some as gift would be a pleasure nice
Can't stoop so low as to charge you a price!

She put in my bag some of her bumper yield
Her heart's gift to a stranger his wishes fulfilled
As I drove away from her leaving her on her land
Through the window I saw love's waving hand!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Buried Treasure

Daylong I grind for bread
Seek scope for a piece of loaf
Fill the bowl to feed the bowel
Keep losing the strands of thread
That amid the labor dwell!

Evening I search my coffer
For picked scraps day's offer
Find little as toil's return
A few pennies and much heartburn!

Night finds me a coveted treasure
Can't count them without measure
Were buried in the daylong grind!

Released the threads rule my head
Freed from the clutch of bread

Bowl and bowel leave my mind!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Burning Hot

Dazed mind vaporized face
The sun here is merciless
Certainly it is a lost duel
Of the weak against the burning fuel
Where any defense is just useless
Thoughts benumbed minds senseless!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Buying Peace

Because we do not say what we ought to say
It's slipping out of our hands, life is going astray
Afraid to speak our mind, the truth bitter and harsh
We have found peace that compromises with the curse.
Because we do not act the way we ought to act
We have got a peace that keeps devils intact
Afraid to raise our voice against the evil's might
We bargain for a peace that perpetuates our plight.
Because we do not dare the way we ought to dare
Light is snuffed out, we live in nightmare
Afraid to battle out the monsters that loom
We settle for a peace that leads us to doom.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

By The Broken Bridge

The sodden sky was ominous gray
Halted wheels on fruitless span
I knew I had lost my way
When from earth shot up one old man!

There he was by the broken bridge
With soiled hands face smiling
His long white beard hid a long crease
And bar him the road had no one thing!

I asked him the way to the old fort
For rolled the wheels in vain too far
He caught me up in quick rapport
As flew in the winds his monkly hair!

He told the story when the English came
And how they struggled in the hostile clime
Built the bridge got the river dammed
Now broken pillars of ravaged time!

Twenty miles he said need to go
Till you reach the fort now a rubble pile
On the left with you would be river's flow
That's half an hour with a forty mile!

I have so much to tell about this place
The English bridge and all the story
But I know he said with time you race
If only you could spend an hour with me!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Cadaver Store

In that blindest lane
I had gone in search of a door
When on the glass pane saw written
Cadaver Store!

Stood there awhile awed
Rubb'd eyes if seen it right
My sight wasn't a bit flawed
In that hour of perfect light!

Don't my mind fervently pleaded
Walk through that ominous door
My curiosity left it unheeded
Pushed me in Cadaver Store!

Luminous lights reflecting on mirrors
Caught me in my own stare
Bar my fear's pulsing tremors
There wasn't a living soul there!

Haven't for long been needing this help?
Spoke from the glasses an unseen voice
A deserted place to meet your self
See what have made it of your own choice!

Looked back at me corpses of seasons
Laughing mocking hating on my face
For always finding enough reasons
To let them die in silent distress!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Calendar

The winds couldn't blow it
The storm couldn't uproot it
Rain couldn't drench it
Sun couldn't bake it
Fire couldn't burn it
Despair couldn't strike it.
It remained on the wall
Little faded but neat
Unruffled by the rolling years-
January 1961...
The Road starts here!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Call It By Any Name

You can call it reliance
You can call it faith
When two souls span the distance
Stick as lifelong mate!

You can call it miracle
You can call it a chance
When four eyes joyous sparkle
Beginning with first glance!

You can call it fate
You can call it nuts
Only they know the secret
In love united hearts!

Call it by any name
Its reach is boundaryless
When touched by its warm flame
Springs fountain of happiness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Can Someone Tell Me

I met her just once

still in my heart she shines
in this mind bred in the city
grinded in urban complexity
she is one finger pointing the firmament
I never though made her a commitment!

With women have spent oceans of word
with her stayed ten minutes or so
what in me she stirred
lifetime in my mind would glow!

Can someone tell me the mystery of emotion
that makes what's seen in one seen in none
love's ten minutes' silent revolution
in a span of life is never undone!

I met her once only
finger counted moments awhile shared
in my thoughts she remains heavenly
her memory brighter time weathered!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Can You? (8w)

Can you recite
from memory
your own poetry?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Candy

From the moment you're born
You get a lollipop
You suck on
Till it sucks!
For sometime you lick the stick
Before turning to Him,
the ultimate candy of sweetness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Can'T Make It

It took
One frown
To undo
All my sweet gestures!
In a moment off-guard
A slipped word
Undid
All my good deed!
It's so hard
Though a lovebird
I can't always find,
The right look
And the right word
To sit firmly in your mind!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Can'T Steal Your Heart

I steal a look at you,
And I steal the blue
of your eyes.
For a moment,
Your frame is mine
Your lips shine
The moment is spent.
I steal a look at you,
For a moment
Your wheatish hue
Is all mine,
Your warm smell,
Eyes of gazelle,
Seem so divine.
Thus my eyes dart
To catch your frame
In a game
That makes you my part.
But I can't steal your heart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Captive

Run child run
beckons you the sun
the bowl of sky over the grass
are waiting with palette and brush.
Run child run
away from the popcorn fun
the deceitful idiot box
that so sadly chains you in locks.
Run child run
barefoot on the pearly dew
away from the virtual fun
to the loveliness waiting for you.
Run child run
far from the cyber fun
before the setting sun's crimson hue
forever misses you.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Captivity (10w)

It sensed
My lens,
Flew away.
Pity
It hates
Captivity!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Carpenter

Before the night paints the world dark
Daylight surrenders to the evening and fades
A carpenter digs through the dead tree's bark
Before nightfall a hole has to be made.
A hole has to be made before nightfall
There isn't any place else he could stay
Since he can't make the night stall
He must fast dig the passageway.
He must fast dig the passageway
Make for him a warm space
Till the sun gifts him another day
He once more gets back his happiness.
He once more gets back his happiness
The thought drives him in the cold night
It's enough if he can just dig a warm space
To hold on patiently for daylight.
He must hold on patiently for daylight
A rewarding time until dawns darkness
A warm space he must dig for the night
Therein lies the woodpecker's happiness.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Carrion Feeder

Rise high
Their eyes
Scan the ground,
Spend in toil
If on the soil
A cadaver is found.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Carrot & Stick

It's not what I thought
Youth wasn't all carrot.
One past its peak
I was shown its stick.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Casuarina

I awoke in the morn and walked to the shore
But the sea was faraway, could be seen no more
The abandoned beach stretched far as the eyes
None else was there, it was lonely sunrise.
There was no wave crowning the beach
The sea seemed vanished by a vengeful witch
My disappointment I could barely hide
I was supposed to be on a lovely seaside.
The wind though swept my face
As if to soothe and calmly redress
My discontent at the barren shore
Seeking a sea that was there no more!
Though crestfallen I was not homebound
Rolled my trousers, climbed the sands' mound
And then I heard the casuarinas whisper
'We're here as the waves' murmur'!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Cats & Dogs

I wish
It rained fish
Not cats and dogs.
I could fry
This gift from the sky
Burning logs!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Cats & Mouse

I have enough reason to grouse
For the cats in our house
Can't catch the mouse!
My family is quite panic-stricken
As it runs amok in our kitchen
That little brat!
Each thing it gnaws and nibbles
Quickly hides cleverly dribbles
Nowhere are the cats!
It's irksome it plays so cool
As if our cats are bunch of fools
The mouse is a real genius!
It has made the kitchen its hearth
Run and frolic in mischief's mirth
Make look our cats genuine ass!
Lapping milk gorging fish
The lazy cats never wish
To go after the mouse!
If you ask we rid it how
'Go get one mousetrap now'
Says my spouse!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Caught In The Act

My lens intruded into their privacy
Two butterflies in mating symmetry
Lured, my camera froze the ecstasy.
I never knew when they parted spent
I only have the frame of that moment
And the guilty conscience of catching
Two enamored souls in the act of mating.
Are they still there the two butterflies?
Paired even now in heavenly guise
The tree where they mated is long gone
And the like of them I haven't come along.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Caught In The Web

Gyrating in its own web
Spinning up and down
It hangs perilously
Like a circus clown!

Its swim delicate in the air
In silent graceful motion
Striving to have its way
In a rigid instinctive notion!

The slightest stir by chance
It freezes in its dance
Swoops on the prey

Lives another day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Celebrating Death

Shaving the heads the barber he belongs to the same faith
For him it's some money he celebrates each death
Celebrates each death the barber he earns from obvious fate
Shaving the dead's loved ones will earn him at any rate!

The barber isn't afraid of death for he has watched bereaved guys
Heard too many wails in life death doesn't surprise
He goes through emotionless motions knives clean their head
The more he bares the heads the more he earns his bread!

They bow their heads before him he blows their hairs away
In the aftermath of death it's always him that holds sway
His eyes glisten in death's joy before death he's not craven
His work is justly finished when each head is cleanly shaven!

They mourn the departed ones shed grief's copious tears
The barber remains unfazed perhaps chuckles in furtive cheers
A death in someone's family a great loss for years to harbor
But for him a cause to celebrate fears not death the barber!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Chance

From the knoll rolled the meadow blue brown and green
The silence of the Spring sky shielded the distant din
Winds blew in a dusty peace bought mind a soft solace
First star on the meridian chimed in the evening's grace.

Atop the knoll came the call for once to break the race
Hear the hushed whispers of dreams long suppressed
Stand there hugged by those moments' forgetfulness
No need survives for going back there exist no address.

The chance in that trance wove a blithesome spell
It's here that you belong for you is made this dale
Drink in this heavenly whim hidden nectar of the mind
Unshackle from the chains of an illusion left behind.

The sky was soon illumined by the monstrous city light
Faded the meridian's first star stillborn was mournful night
Atop the knoll dawned darkness the meadow was a distant blur
It was time to retrace downhill to forever nurse a scar.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Chaos

I pour in a little
And a lot pours out
What goes in is good stuff
Fresh colorful serene
What comes out is bile
Bitter toxic and detesting!
I was beget in violence
And could not befriend peace
Worldly order makes little sense
In chaos I find bliss!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Chariot

Come friend take my hand
Let's go where the chariot of our childhood stood
To find out there if those times still stand
The ones we think are lost for good.
Come friend let's retrace on the sand
Our imprints we think are lost for good
The times may there in wait for us stand
Where our yore's chariot stood!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Checkmate

the rooks glare at him
his pawns are all dead
on his neck roars the queen
crown trembles on his head!

smells his fall the neighing knight
hangs on thread his fate
crown would go and so his might
war over the bishops trumpet!

his army of pawns are nowhere seen
the king feels so alone
his chosen war he failed to win
about time he leaves the throne!

victory at last the pieces sing
we have the king checkmate
behind the new face the same old king
readies to wear the crown's weight!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Cheshire Cat

when anger speaks
her glowing hot rose cheeks

i turn not so mean
as to lose my grin.

as her efforts fall flat
she smiles back
at this Cheshire cat.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Childhood Lane

Forty five years it took me to get back to that lane
The street name is changed grown olden men
The girls I flirted moved out to unknown
The ones not born are now ones full grown!

I try to find one window neath a roof of tin shed
Where sat that lovely girl black curls on her head
I wondered why she needed long hours of read
And not glanced once at me cared for my need!

I look for that patch of space where we used to play
Heartbroken returned to studies at end of day
And the girl who nightly returned to haunt me in my dream
But never ever would love me take me in her team!

I search for the red bricked house with green painted door
Beyond which lay all mystery all forbidden was in store
And that cot under which the two of us used to hide
In its darkness took the two minds unfathomed pleasure's ride!

Not any of them I can find out all have sunk without a trace
Even the house where I stayed the child's first address
And the girl upstairs don't know how it crossed her head
She would say when she grows up only me she would wed!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Childhood Once More

I can't get it back, never again
The fantasyland, the windowpane rain
The azure patch, a shrub of green
I've lost them all, you know what I mean!
Taken away, my mid days alone
Living my whims, in a world of my own
The galloping horse, looming monsters
Braving it all, the witch's dark curse!
The dimple cheeked girl with little red curl
She was a fairy with a heart of pearl
By a magic wand she turned to angel
It was no dream, no fairytale!
I rode the horse, the one that rocks
Time flew by, old grew the clocks
Beckoned by the sky, I wish I could soar
Just to get the child back, and live it once more!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Chocolate

Every time I unwrap a chocolate
I think of Shil Grandpa.

The thin and tall man forever in a long coat
Towered over the sandstone roads of the sleepest town
Where only steam hoots broke the silence
And a lone tree on the ground of Ghost Bungalow
Still spewed smoke of the thunder that burned it!

His house was at the eeriest corner of the town
Too large for just one man to inhabit it
The hush on its tree lined walkway was deafening
And the garden uncared just grew like wild!

He would stop the moment he sighted a child
Dip his hand in the sweet mystery of his coat pocket
And by magic wand would appear a chocolate!

Sweet tooth child don't ask for one more, he would say
There are more to give, all the children coming my way.

In the steams whistle his words would fly like a song
In the afternoon's shadow an old man gone wild
Sweetening his void with the joy of a child
One more still many more before he was free
His day was done and pocket empty!

Whenever I unwrap a chocolate
Grandpa Shil comes back to say

Stop before you put it in mouth
There's a child coming your way.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Choice

I wage a losing battle.
if the stray pup survives

one more dog on the street
one more hungry mouth

if I let it die

one more death for my conscience
one more compromise to
only the fittest survive

I make my choice.

In the name of Darwin
I can't let the pup die
under cold night sky.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Choice (Henry's Island 2)

The ebbing sea had retreated when I reached the beach
She was afar though the sandbar lured me to reach
I had no choice but to cross the lagoon
Half-merged in water wading in the rippled moon.
What delight it was when I was on the other side
Behind me the channel before me the silvery wide
Above me wispily spread an ethereal band
I stood on the cushion of softly sparkling sand.
I could joyfully die holding them in my eyes
More I couldn't take more I couldn't surmise
The agonizing beauty was an unbearable sight
There seemed nothing more to live for beyond that night.
In turning back I knew would be no rejoice
But I had to retrace I had no other choice
Afar waited faces in the waning moon's shadow
My feet were heavy in the return tide's flow.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Christo Mandir

If ever you think religious tolerance is at its nadir
Inter-religion integration or world religion a utopia
Stand before the sunned domes of the Christo Mandir
Where the Christ's name mingles with Hare Krishna!

Call it anything a temple a church
No different is our walked road
The church's spire or the temple's arch
Cannot be God's encaged abode!

Christo Mandir the Temple of Jesus
In many veins stand out one leaf
Hollows my perceived faith and class
At its door I cast aside my belief!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

City Bred

Drive fast must get outta here
Run back to the city's lights
Daytime beauty hides the scares
Can fall prey to the swallowing nights!
Still hundred miles time running out
Rush back to the known comfort
With darkness here monsters sprout
Don't expect with them any rapport!
Day's golden innocence so alluring
Vast expanse winds' endless blow
Magpie robins from treetops sing
In praise of the drunken river's flow!
You feel tempted to fall for it
Crave for a while's silent pause
To smell in soil a fragrance sweet
Be drowned in the bliss of serene repose!
While in the breeze the cornfields sway
The sun tilts west makes the sky crimson
Your uneasy mind wanna call it a day
Move away from there forget emotion!
When darkness falls it dawns here quick
Monsters loom in shades unknown
Fear gnaws your senses go weak
Your timid mind finds fears grown!
Though stars twinkle on milky way
The crescent moon anchors in sky
You feel you should've foregone the stay
And not stayed back for daylight to die!

Drive fast must get outta here
Leave them to fade in the rustic night
The hundred miles you must steer
Reach where you belong the city of light!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

City Sky

Skyscrapers are leaving no holes
skydrapers are leaving no holes
like asphyxiated moles we would die
gasping for a piece of sky!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Class Apart

I have a recurring dream.

We two would sit in the same class
he beside me
learning physics che (mystery)
history philosophy
from common teachers
common lectures
and find
who reaped it richer
be better than the other

but when I try to sell him
my dream

doesn't approve, my son!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Classmate

In the wispy glow of dusk
he came

mazing through years of husk
memory groped his name.

Then I remembered.

Though drew us apart fate
once we were very close

inseparable classmate!

Seemed so empty
even an hour without him
more together more the happy
we bonded too in dream.

Shared we two
same liking and taste
loved to do
living without the rest.

I have come to close a deal
in his eyes was sadness spread
hope you remember still
the promise we made.

I remembered.

when we last met
he said

let's seal this with trust
must come to meet his heart's pal
the one departing first.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Cleopatra

To give their face a facelift
on the lip and around eyes
invented was lipstick
extracted from dyes.

Ah a woman's lips
have held for countless age
her mind's secret tips
love, hatred, rage!

Her lips parted pursed
speak the subtlest lines
of a relation gone accursed
or one in glowing shines!

It's not when lips do part
but when she's tightlipped
the silence breaks man's heart
the strongest one gets ripped!

But sure her puckered ones
they invite you to a bliss
sparkle like thousand suns
when land on you as kiss!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Clock

serves a lifetime well
a man's clock

without the I.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Clock Tower

Be there at the clock tower sharp at 6 in the evening
Pleaded her note adding she needed to tell something
6oclock in the evening how long seemed that hour
With a quarter still to go I was under the clock tower.

In me what she had seen to me what she would say
What would propose the girl that lived a block away
I had seen her a few times she didn't look that impressive
They had been there a few months and were about to leave.

Was she in love with me the girl with a drab freckled face
Our paths crossed a few times though me she didn't address
Maybe I didn't know it she fell for me on the first sight
The thought gave me a shiver in that uncanny evening twilight.

Seconds moved in year's speed I stood in the yellow streetlight
An emotion started to stir in me inside a light glowed bright
A cloud had gathered above me the air smelled of a shower
10 minutes had passed by then with me under the clock tower.

Why I felt upsurge of something as I reread that girlish scrawl
Beckoning to share a secret with me bearing an urgent call
Was it something to do with me or she had something else in mind
My heart beat rapid in feverish strokes I had only 5 minutes to find.

3 minutes to 6 opened up the clouds came down a heavy downpour
She must come now to tell me what she mustn't hold it anymore
The clock chimed 6 men ran for shades only me was under clock tower
She didn't turn up it was her call my heart lay bleeding in the shower.

Next day they moved out to someplace else where I didn't ever know
I caught a bad cold and but for that note I got nothing more to show
Even now in some evening when it so happens I get stuck in a shower
I wonder what secret she had for me for sharing under the clock tower.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Cloud Maker

To be fulfilling is what I always wish
Each day of mine to run smooth and right
Always happens something to diminish
Clip wings of the brightest day on sight.

When dawn quietly opens up eyelid
Reveals a world incredibly fine
I pray to god the least that I need
Is a sky tinted gold in sunshine.

Soon from speck of a cloud grows a storm
Thunders roar lashes rain blizzards blow
Hopes are torn on the path strewn with thorn
Lost is all of the dawn's pearly glow.

When the night finds me stalled on day's grave
Shedding tears for its going unfulfilled
Answers god for you fullness though I saved
Your acting a cloud maker got it killed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Cocktail Of Smell

As I rest my eyes in their shade
I smell them
my fingers
and smell
objects I've touched
from hour one.
I try to smell through
the layers of odors
the faintest from morn's playing
with her hair,
the less precious ones,
toothpaste, tea, newspaper
soap, keyboard,
the sandwich at lunch -
a cocktail of smell
I picked
as I lived another day.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Cocooned

To all music morons
Glued to their earphones
The look-alike clones
Sunk in the dune of tunes
In the crowded buses
In public places
With drooping eyes like a yogi
Cracking heads and bursting ears
Thinking it the only escape
Salvation's gateway
Balm for boredom
Pleasure's pinnacle,
Don't just fritter away
The one chance to be here
For a brief while
And leave with a blind existence
And a blasted hearing,
And before it's late
Redraw your fate
Take off the headset
Open the yogic eyes
And in the yogi's spirit
Give the world a good look
Recreate in her beauties
Make her melody your pastime
Her rhythm your heart's rhyme,
So you don't regret
When your time comes along
That you never could tell a bird from her song!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Colors Of Night

A crumpled layer on the evening tea
Says of a fate long awaited
We find ourselves alone you and me
Without knowing when the daylights fade!
The smell of seasons is still around
The mystic brushes in the sky
The glorious world its beauties abound
We never know when the years pass by!
Still a little place is there warm and bright
That throbs with the colors of night
Without the strength of senses and sights
It pulsates beyond fading daylights!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Colors Of Wait

Under the big clock at the station
From all the comings and goings
Her eyes keenly watch
For the face that would end her wait.

At the arrival terminal of the airport
From the many faces streaming out
His wait desperately needs the name
He's carrying on a board.

At the gate the lone security
Dozes in the summer heat,
Awakened hours waiting for a threat
He encounters it in his dream.

The excruciating pain tearing her within
Blurring faces and fading sounds
In joy's agony she waits
For her baby to cry!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Combat With Enemies

Bayonet and helmet, go may get killed
Waiting for your blood the baying battlefield
The day is hot the sun a smoky ball
Blazing guns boom bodies freely fall.
It's only might, all about power
You hope just once you could smell a flower
Loved ones are gone, home far away
You could do little, you didn't have a say.
Till you came here you wore a hero's smile
Ready to go on combat with an enemy so vile
Your courage is now pierced needled with fears
Your throat is lumpy dry, eyes fill with tears.
Bayonet and helmet, go ruin your dream
You may not come alive, chances are slim
The devils that have fired youthful imagination
Will call you martyr, you died for the nation.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Come Saturdays

Saturdays will never be the same.

My Saturdays

not seeing him a fortnight
is he gone with the light in his eyes
to the land of eternal light?

Come Saturdays

he doesn't follow me anymore
in his staggering walk to my door
hiding his worldly pains
for a morsel of my handful grains

Come Saturdays

he isn't waiting on my way
in another aching day
unable to stand on his feet
but not giving up giving
his silent greet

Come Saturdays

I utter his name

My Saturdays will never be the same.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Comeback

If ever you find my face
Shadowed in clouds of glooms
My lips bereft of smile's grace
In my eyes despair looms,
Rest your hands upon mine
Keep them there awhile
To see once more the sunshine
Once more a beaming smile!
There's no pain so strong
Your hands cannot heal
No chasm so long
Your touch cannot fill!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Coming Back: Post 11/9/2001

Deafening was the sound
when the spires fell to the ground
leaving innocents dead
cold hearth, empty bed!
But we endure and go ahead
relight the fire, remake the bed
never yield, never resign
back to life after 11/9!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Coming Of Rain

The prelude is a dark cloud
On the soil the drop's din
Overcoming the arid shroud
The earth is once again green.
From the soil the earthworm burrows
Will pour out heart's hidden streams
Burying the slumber of the morose
Reviving the dormant dreams!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Communion

shh! not one word
she says

these last few days
on the silent ride
we've loved more.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Companion

Eyes wide awake
Mind takes no break
Sleep afar,
Only on show
Thru a slit on window
A lone star,
In that space
It shows its face
Of loneliness,
Does it like me
Need company
In the nightly recess?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Company

The mellow winter sun falls on the newspaper

he loves it with the wisp of the steam
rising from the finest porcelein

his morn's elemental happiness

another blessed day, he thought
staring at the pot
and the two cups filled with the brew

a bitter smile passed his face

he drank from one cup

then the other...

feeling he has company!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Competition (10w)

I have never thought it fit
to in poetry compete.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Conceal (8w)

Hide my rhymes,
I am storming
Difficult times!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Confinement

Moonlight washed me in its white crane wing
And she didn't know I was far away
Quietly leaving her door!

Each glistening grain spoke her pain
Cajoling me to go back to her warmth
And not court the windswept shore!

How would they know I was not there seeking love
But dig deep the earthen night
Find something more!

Something more than love
More treasurable more eternal
Waiting to be discovered in that lunar carnival!

The sea knew the secret
But the waves wouldn't return
What's destined as a lover's fate!

As the night waned in hush
Dimmed the moonshine
Slowed the wind's rush

I stood on her door
Begged her
And she took me in her warmth

She knew

I couldn't be far!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Contrasts (10w)

Under scorching sun
On asphalt road
In knee deep water!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Convicted

Come unlock my door
Everything here they suck
Beckons me a new shore
Take me for the last walk.

Count of time is past me
How long I have been in this hole
Only way I can be free
Is when you liberate my soul.

I make now only one plea
Prolong not my agonizing pain
Please have on me the mercy
Stop me from dying time again.

When I walk freedom's last mile
Walk out the death laden cell
Fortune would upon me smile
Make me a place in hell.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Coppersmith Barbet

Hidden in the dark foliage of a mango tree
It croons a 'hammer on the metal' lullaby
The night has yielded to a youthful morn
It's a long call and the day is just born.
I look up and see its crimson head
Its plumage of blue, green, and red
It seems certain with no hint of doubt
It would ceaselessly call the whole day out.
It isn't in hurry, doesn't care being late
Knows only persistence in seeking its mate
For dipping in romance in her sun-tanned wings
And build a nest together for cute siblings.
The two together in their most joyful mood
Would peck a deep hole on some dead wood
And in no time, the babies would arrive
To make the dead tree vibrant and alive.
'Tunk-tunk' it goes on in the rising heat
That sounds like a strike on a copper sheet
I know it wouldn't stop, today is the date
For its tunes to find its lover and mate.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Coroner's Day

A torn shirt smeared in red
On the table calmly sleeps the dead
Strewn around are organs and the heart
Incredible to imagine them as the departed's part!
Useless as they are now experimental blocks
Drained of life heedless to the clocks
No love no emotion in the cold dim room
Is living natural or more so is doom?
Reeking of the dead eerie scissors sweep
One by one they cut strong and deep
Dismembering the lover cutting through the brave
But no show of courage when the abode is grave!
Drying bloods of passion drip from the dead
The once living corpse on the table goes fade
With no words or voice feelings blown away
He could at last make the coroner's day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Corpse

The corpse brings hopes of life.
Who says it's depressingly revolting?
The thoughts when you bind them in books
Become corpse that rot after sometime
But we read to overcome depression.
A corpse is just like a book
Lifeless yet its pages filled
With words spoken unspoken,
The corpse is the harbinger of life.
It says 'get up no time to lose'
'move on' before you are bound in a book,
there's still hope for the living!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Cosmic Theater

The sky winked with stars
Fragrance of moonlight wafted through air
Passionately crooned a nightjar...
It was all in vain
They couldn't penetrate my pain
Begot by a life not taking me far...
Slowly fell mute the cosmic theater.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Count

One good thing you did
and end of day
you are a man.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Crab Passions

I fall for her crab passions.

Her embracing chelae
Even when unhug
Surround me when she's away
It breathes in me poetry
It makes me feel
What I want to be
Unmaking the dull and drab
Setting a mood
That this world is good
Still worth living
And the leaving
Will just be the frame
And the reward
That one word's
most beautiful emotions!

I fall for her crab passions.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Cradled In Her Eyes

Softly coos my heart
For a quietness that shuts the door to
All the maddening buzz
And transcends me back
To that frozen time
When she gazed into my eyes
And I could tell
Without really knowing it
That it was love in the purest form
That I know now
And would die to get back -
The love that sprung from the womb
And cradled me for life!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Creator

The fingers close on the keyboard
With the urge to string alphabets
To vent the pouring from within
And to reach the final pleasure!
The sad macabre extensions of the hands
Stop in the silent gush of hollowness,
The tabs are not pressed,
No clicks rent the heart's void!
The emotions sinfully sick
Rebelliously withdraw,
The fingers reach out
For a vial of intoxication
To heal all wounds!
The fingers start tapping....

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Crime And Clime

Missed the `l` typed the `r`
Clime became crime
Don't think I strayed too far
It was in tune with the time

For man sees no harm
In Globe's getting hot
If oceans rise changes the clime
Earth becomes a melting pot

More of rain more of drought
Heat and cold in excess
Earth's heating up is not in doubt
It's happening without redress

The rich they don't feel the heat
Glowing too hot in wealth
It's the poor who'll take the hit
Scarce food will mean ill health

You may ask where's the link
Between crime and climate
The answer is there within a wink
Scarcity drives up crime rate

Crops will fail when the globe gets warm
For we couldn't forsake a motor ride
Didn't foresee belching smoke's harm
Cared not to take earth on our side

With little food to feed hungry stomachs
Not enough to sate belly's growls
Folks will forage like the wolves' packs
Will take to crime the innocent souls

As for me the seller of rhymes
Though they aren't worth a dime
When hot climate breed lot more crimes
Surely will arrive my time

The impoverished poet with his wand of poetry
Will roam the burning roads of asphalt
Singing his rhymes in tears of misery
Selling his balm amid tumult

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Crossroad

I give you my heart son
For today you gave me my bread
And I knew it was time to pass the baton
Shift the crown on your head.

Today you passed me my bread
A precious gift in love I earn
To softly place on your head
The crown as it's your turn.

I felt so great and so good
You've taken over my son
With the humblest of attitude
From my hand the long held baton.

Today as you passed me my bread
In the crossroad where we now stand
Happily I unburdened my head
Passed lovingly the baton from my hand.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Cubicle

Through the window of my cubicle
I see the day graying into night
And a world I can't reach.
I yearn to come out
If only to see the corpses of the day
That passed by me unnoticed
Turning my world old
Unlived, stale and cold!
I see the birds fossilized
The trees bare and wizened
Songs are stifled moans
People as aloof and distant as dead!
I was born in a warm cubicle
And destined for a life in it
To dream of day from the dark
And long for a world I can't reach!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Cumulonimbus

Cumulonimbus
In crimson blush
Glowing healers,
Smoothly redresses
My day's weariness
Its billowing pillars,
Pride's epitomes
In shapely domes
My worries offload,
I feel so free
Rid of agony
On a joyous road!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Cuthbert Bay

With her grandchildren on the seashore
where the sky has mingled with sea
a rumbling she hears over waves' roar

this was the beach she was supposed to be!

The boy rained kisses her eyes had poured
she was breaking so breaking within
cut her bones the splintered dreams
couldn't take it the girl of eighteen!

Though parting for now will be in your reach
when the full moon makes tides wildly rough
please be that day on the Cuthbert beach

passed thirty years to cross the gulf!

She doesn't regret wonders to this day
if really the boy caught the moon
standing alone on the crags of the bay
hearing the gulls' mournful croon!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Cycle Of Madness

On the unknowing soil is sown
The seeds of knowledge
That the grown-up farmers fertilize
With education, or is it information?
The soil feels the pressure of harvesting
That it must yield right and enough
It must yield to make the harvesters proud.
Thunder strikes it, it the rain washes
And the sun often parches it arid.
The tilling goes on
The harder the soil,
More stubborn is the tiller.
The soil cracks
It bleeds and can yield no more.
True to its roots
And what it could have been
It pines for escape.
What it sees
None else sees
What it speaks
None understands
The living corpse moves around
An alien amongst the aliens
Consigned to isolation
Abandoned in asylum
Innocent turned insane.
Then the next one and the next one.....
A harvesting cycle of madness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Darjeeling

One last time I drive past the pinewood
On the fogged road washed with rain
My eyes misted up in melancholic brood
If here I would ever come again.
The winds passing through pine chains
Bid me a whispered farewell
Sulk in silence the clouded mountains
In parting grief somber and pale.
In time afar on a forlorn night
If my dreams soar on wings
Bathed in milky moonlight
They would fly to Darjeeling.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Dark Hollow

When lengthens the night's shadow, on the street the dogs bark
The barn owl strums an eerie tune, from pipal ghosts disembark
I sink in the blanket deep, in its dark secured hollow
Can their eyes still see me, can me still they follow?
When the clouds hide the moon, stars wear shroud of black
The winds rattle the window, floats misty shadow's track
I shrink small beneath my blanket, sweats from forehead drip
Do those eyes still follow me, clawed hands itch for a grip?
When night seems a black paste, spread on around my bed
From tree trunk descends a dark shape, a torso without a head
I slip afar through the blanket, to escape the monster's reach
Can they still hunt me out, my fear's demon and witch?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Dawn Of Life

The unveiling of a grey liquid dawn
Sleepily I welcomed with a cheerful yawn
The eyes slowly opened to forms unfolding
Hopes soaring once more on fluttered wing!
I'm alive, a day older though, with all my sense
Exist at this moment and emotively dense
A day stretching out its red carpet
Saying, 'come running and don't wait'!
It may not be shaped the way I want
With pitfalls enough to draw my grunt
Yet, like all birth, the most precious gift
It has held back death, giving souls a lift!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Day For Night

You were creating the show
When moonlight poured through window
On your hands it painted tattooed designs
That danced as your fingers drew out the lines.

Your mind was singing the night's tune
Time didn't matter you were immune
You just saw ink glowing in moonlight
Strings of script surfacing on your sight.

You held onto that almost spectral image
Fast filling up diminishing the page
For you only knew this glorious whim
Could melt any moment in the day's gleam.

Thus you write cocooned in the created mists
Swimming in the eddies of turns and twists
On a night that's not there on no one's sight
Blinded as they are in the blazing daylight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Day Night (10w)

Got it right,
Day's pains find light
In creative night!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Daymares

Whole day I carry a burden of load in mind
A way out of this maze I desperately try to find
Rewinds it like a flashback in a slow moving film
Was he at fault or wasn't I unfair to him?

Then there're words that I would rather not have said
They raised some eyebrows a few enemies made
In course of the day they make me sulk and fret
Agonizing mishaps breeding gallons of regret!

Add to that my actions that might have caused a hurt
Sweet bonds loosening relationships coming apart
I'm tormented by these diurnal horrors the recurrent day-mares
Be sure they're much scarier than any of your nightmares.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Days Of Childhood

be happy
the days you are here

before they disappear.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Dead Sea

suppose you're on a sea beach
where the waves are frozen dead
you don't hear the seagull's screech
not one is flying above head!

in the wind not rise the rolling roar
the sea is a darkish gel
no silver spray bounces on the shore
clouds not on her blue face sail!

the sea is flat dumb and still
staled painting on papyrus
that weary of man's mindless deal
is lying in dying hush!

think of it as our good fortune
the sea isn't so looking as yet
but she can't be from us immune
if we dump on her our waste!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Dead Than Alive

Why of death be afraid

When living looks visibly dead!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Death

A fear in the certainty

A bliss in the forgetting!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Death On The Door

The room reeks of medicine,
Crumpled, dirty, dark, unclean
A burden is lying on the bed
Once youthful and now almost dead!
The ritual of attending on him
Is an aberration of life's rhythm
Except letting the time go by
Waiting for the man to die!
His relations he so cared for
Now find him the one to abhor
His time is out, why he still goes on?
Wonders the people he thought his own!
Still alive he's sinking in bed
Just an alien as good as dead
They're counting time, the ones his own
When death is on door, everyone is alone!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Deceit

i give you my word neela
i'll set you free
to go back to the forest
home on the greenest tree.
the blue your eyes dream for
beyond this hole of doom
from a life you perforce endure
for comforts of a prisoner's room.
i give you my word neela
i can't take it anymore
my heart is set on setting you free
should have done it long before.
i'll love to see your aching wings soar up the tallest tree
your feathers to sing in glee wind's sweetest melody
when you glow in the sun bathe in the dewy rain
you'll forget in that morrow all of today's pain.
i give you my word neela
i'll set you free
to escape from this hole of doom
from this hell of misery.

i give you my word neela
for a small favor you must do
speak before i set you free
my lessons of a word or two.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

December

I forget you
Forgot you
In the din

Years roll
Taking their toll
You sleep within!

You slip within
In the din
I forgot you

Never gave
Will never give
What's your due!

My wearied soul
As years roll
Reach December

It's then you come
Your song I hum
I remember!

I remember
The face of her
But not her mind

Deep I brood
What's lost for good
Alas no rewind!

In the din
She sleeps within
A little scar

I remember
The face of her
In December!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Decent Burial

Quietly I buried her,
It was only the last,
In life the burial was time and again.
Did she feel the banishment?
I never knew
She held it from me,
Just to keep alive the sunshine
To make it feel like a whole
Hiding the yawning hole
That makes bedmates
Strangers under one roof!
She played it to perfection,
Lovemaking was only a ploy,
She knew it was all game.
She did it for the children,
For me, for the family!
With her going to the soil
The banishment was complete.
She held life to be decent,
And got a decent burial!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Deemed Bounty

All night it throbbed in his head
Dug into his sleep with a ruthless spade
Nailed him delirious dreams' recurring theme
His words had all along failed him!

A fool he was to think he spoke only the right
Used the most appropriate in all of his write
That his words showed them brutally bared
His thoughts with other minds all the while shared!

He sank his fevered head inside the wash basin
How he wasted himself being an egoistic machine
Absorbed too long in his mindless impart
Of word's deemed bounty born dead at birth!

A shameful gratitude brought his eyes tears
They cared not to tell him all these years
Vain was their wait for the face of his dream
Was never revealed his words failed him!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Defiance

the dayend corpse of me
touched by the sunlight
is reborn a baby.

thus each morn
defying finality of death
in hopes wild
opens eyes a child.

he sees no death
in renewed faith
finds revival.

all pains aside
retakes the ride
of survival.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Definable

Love is not undefinable,

It has too many definitions.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Defy Greed

Pay no heed
To your greed
Do it once
Just to give your greatness
A chance.
Once and then once more
As never before
Defy the greed
Pay it no heed.
Here and there
A small sacrifice
Would suffice
You're learning to share.
You're learning to defy greed
Learning the worth of a good deed
You've it to take the lead
To free the world from greed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Deity

In the drizzle I rushed as usual I was late
The 9oclock bus I had to catch at any rate
If I missed this one I had to think of a ruse
Explain late attendance make a good excuse.

It's those moments that bring woes to men
Perils linger on the way waiting to happen
Throwing caution to wind as I blindly strode
My feet hit a cobble lying middle on the road.

The sudden pain halted me made me emit a groan
I cursed under my breath the god-forsaken stone
Abused the unseen fate that had thrown it my way
Caused me such suffering conspired to spoil the day.

But there wasn't much time to vent more my wrath
I kicked it out of way so none else could cross its path
Hurriedly limped along for I couldn't afford to miss
The 9oclock bus that would reach me to office.

In the bustles of life it was a small incident
Other things occupied me I forgot the event
Till one evening I saw it on a corner of the street
The stone smeared with vermillion away from unwary feet.

The cobble placed under a banyan tree had men gathered around
It lay there in austere dignity they had found it a secured ground
I asked one in the crowd 'how came here this stone? '
'You can call it a miracle it's there naturally grown'.

'Now it's going to stay here none can force it a shift,
It's God among us in disguise to give our spirit a lift'
In the face of that belief I dared not on his face say
'So this is your God who I kicked on the other day! '

One Sunday as I was busy with the off-day's pressing chore
I heard a din outside urgent knockings on the door
'It can't be like this to leave the deity without a roof on his head
Please donate as much as you can a temple is needed to be made'.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Demolition

Heavy hammers are pounding my courtyard
Have to reach thousand liters deep
Each blow is hitting my mind hard
Demolishing what I thought forever's keep!

What was built up over years of toil
Now dug out as mossy broken dumps
Lie debauched the dragged out soil
As the dark hole to the gaping depth slumps!

I look down it with a sense of hurt
And down the years I ride
Sniffing to catch smell of a lost part
The times that in this cavern hide!

How I looked as these were built
How youthful she surely was then
Fossil moments embedded in the silt
If only I had them regained!

The peephole into past is now bare
Paving the time traveler one chance
To swim with the memory and be there
Give the living remnants last glance!

Lost years are never dead I believe
They all live what we think we demolish
It's only us that are forced to leave
Leaving them breathing in buried bliss!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Departed

In the balcony where you used to stand
The sun reflects vacantly
You are in a distant land.
The flowers your hands plucked
Blossom and wilt without your touch
They miss you so much.
The winds that brought your smell
Now moan dull odorless
They can't touch your face.
From the grief-laden sky
Drops as tears the morning dew
With them all I miss you!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Depletion

Summer's additions
can no longer cope
with my winter's deductions!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Desire

Her perfume weaves a hint of tempest.

The blanket hibernating the illusive summers
lights a spark of desire.

He doesn't open his eyes.

The smoldering fire
would bring him smell of cinders.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Despair (10w)

At the bottom of despair

Lies

The seed of repair!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Destination: Planet Iv

Today that disc of life, when in the east it rose
I found it a little more ominous, its end a little too close.
You don't seem to mind it, maybe you don't at all care
The object that makes your day, won't be forever there.
Today it lends a friendly halo, shines bright on your homely turf
It won't be like this for all the time, when it turns a white dwarf.
You find it nothing worrisome, too faraway to be any omen
That it is silently wearying itself out, burning up its hydrogen.
The blinding luminous ball, at which your eyes can't gaze
Has still billions years to bow out, and halfway through its phase.
So what's there to worry, the end is too longtime yet
Generations will come and go, before reaching destiny's date.
But still the issue is something that deserves a serious plan
It involves a grave consequence, for the future of human clan.
Where will be our habitat, when dies our star of stars
When earth becomes inhabitable, will our abode be Mars?
For it will be billion years more the fireball will hold there out
Of all the planets the best bet, is our brethren Mars no doubt.
So maybe before our star burns out, we seek out another shore
Colonize the red planet in the sky, also called the planet IV.
An entire civilization will shift there, an enormous migration
Carrying with them love and hatred, all the human emotion.
They'll make Mars another Earth, in a strange way I feel
We'll not leave behind human divide, the inequity's evil
Our boundaries and walls of color of skin, stigma of racial curse
Will they be all carried with us, transported to the new home Mars?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Destiny (10w)

Red to green

Green to red

Whereto

Do I head?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Devi

For some days
placed you on the pedestal
of goddess.

Today
mere straw and clay
with the ganga

your skeleton flows away.

Woman,

hands that worship

immerse thee!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Devil Tree

Her bloom would make you delirious
sniff long and you would soon go dizzy
in veins your blood would fast rush
if you ever go near the devil tree!

Go close and she holds you in her power
mesmerized you cannot from her flee
easily falling prey to her white flower
you succumb like a beggar on his knee!

If you ever walk the night of October
beware for she waits for her chance
to lure you with her insane wild odor
trap you in her intense fragrance!

On nights when the winds become thick
breaths pound heavy on your heart
know prowls the hunter lovesick
who without you wouldn't depart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Devil's Job

When I entered his chamber
The boss was shaking with anger
Red faced burning like fire
He thundered "is it for what I hire? "
I felt inside me a creeping terror
Worried must have done a grave error
Some serious lapse or glaring mistake
That caused him a severe heartbreak.
'see here this `are` where it should be `is`'
How the hell it escapes your notice
The way you work with closed eyes
You surely don't deserve a payrise'.
Awhile I bore the brunt of his abuse
Not tried to hide behind an excuse
Then gathering composure and all my will
Blurted "not to err is the job of Devil! "

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Diary Of A Day

The morning gives me a little width
I brush my teeth
Have tea with sugar
A breakfast meager
Pat my back and say
Hey, I'm ready for the day.
On way I am delayed
The birds want to be fed
The dog waits at the street
Expects from me a biscuit
The cats purr and follow
Forcing me to be slow.
I run and I hop
Till I reach the bus stop
I look at the sky and the light
The whole day they will be out of sight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Dignity

How many are there
That can quietly put up with death
Stoically going through the pain
A stubbornness to make death envious
Of life and the living!
How many are there
That can count up to end
Breathes where others see death
Holds on when there seems nothing to hold onto
As if to tell, 'life is no pity, it's dignity'!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Dilemma

Fed by a ceaseless downpour
The river was in eruptive spate
The dam they said can't take anymore
It must be opened the lock gate.
Open the lock gate and save the dam
Before it crumbles by the mighty force
But what of them on the riverside goddamn
For them lies what recourse?
The dam can come down any moment
As the raging waters fast mount
What about the millions on it spent
The loss would be immense without count.
But then for saving it if the river is let free
The settlements on its sides would go
Unleashed waters would cause misery
Villages would be washed away with the flow.
What happens in the end you guessed it right
The lock gate was opened to save the dam
Surely more than the poor villagers' plight
The dam had to be saved goddamn.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Dining With The Devil

In the moon's shadow
I dine with the devil
His eyes a burning glow
And mine dark evil.
Everything he can find
What goes on in my mind,
Shown, acted, faked,
The devil bares me naked.
He says 'what good will come
Of the world's all goodness
When I can make reign
The ugliness beneath all face'
The devil knows the world is his
And he has me in his leash
While I speak and feign wise
I sin for the smallest compromise.
As the devil pours me wine
He taunts 'it can't be divine,
Your world, that I rule supreme,
And your God, a wishful dream! '
It gets darker as the moon sinks low
Winds rising from hell fiercely blow
Inebriated to its utmost measure
I'm ready to burn for a moment's pleasure!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Disaster

Go hold him their voices sounded silent as in dream
I stood a dumb doll making no move to close in on him
he was there so near me only away an arm's length
but I held my ground frozen sucked of all my strength!

I watched him fall in slow motion transfixed in my place
a frantic appeal in his eyes a disaster looking at his face
if only I had taken one step restored him lost balance
how could I, I was not moving, stayed rooted there in trance!

Grab him they shouted but came their voices from far
a lullaby no wake up call traveling from distant most star
how could I move one step do something to keep him upright
by design I was the most helpless closest to disaster's site!

In that year long minute just one wish haunted my stupored mind
my ears would catch sounds of footsteps of the ones standing behind
someone would catch the falling man reach the site going ahead of me
there was no way would move my feet prevent happening of the calamity!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Disconnect

When she says I'm hanging up
Stop her before she hangs up
For her click of disconnect
Might never again get you
To hear what she couldn't state
Create a disconnect
Between you and her
When you can only see from far
She's drifting a deadwood
Receding to a distance
And your cries on this shore
Is merely mouthing a silence
Of a dumb heart within a locked door
That crafted its own fate!

When she says I'm hanging up
Stop her to save a killing
Disconnect!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Disenchantment

He went from one room to the other

Unable to go any farther

He came out to unburden
At his open garden

There too stopped him
The inverted bowl of blue

That like the ground's glue
Entrap in dream!

He knew there's no escape at free will

from this freaky deal!

Wished he had the guts to hold a gun

And bleed himself under the sun!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Divide

Race

Prevents erase

A divide

Too wide!

Sad

Humans

Can't stop

Being mean

With its own kin!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Do Than Say

On the keys as my fingers tap
I hear within a rap

if you've something to say
better do it than say
be a worthier sample of human race
give a cared look on the dog's face
to your door he has strayed
stayed
made
you a kinder man
better if you can
spend some time with him
abandoning your absurd dream.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Do They?

Do they come when you are too pressed
losing on all sides utterly distressed
you are upset everything is going wrong
do they still touch you in mind comes along?

Do they keep coming hold you in their power
when is closing all doors reigning darkest hour
you are down in the gutter battered in lost war
do they still keep birthing give your soul a stir?

Do they never leave you so you can carry on
your beacon in the dark the only companion
joining your broken bones mending your heart
goadng you to get up make once more a start?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Do You Still?

Do you still strain your ears?
To catch a bird singing in rain
Does your mind feel the cheers?
When you help someone in pain.
Do your eyes look in the eyes?
To read the mind deep and true
Do you still love the sunrise?
And your heart wants some good to do.
Do you even now feel like a child?
Babble and act the way you did
Do your legs ache to run wild?
You wish you could be a child indeed.
Do you still just hold her hand?
Without words and knowing she knows
Do your hands make hills on the sand?
And dream to bring her a sweet red rose.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Does One Need To Be A Very Good Man?

for one step forward
reach one grief
say one kind word
for a moment's relief

hold one hand
walk up a bit
help the blind man
cross over the street

achieve a feat
a little try would do
offer old one a seat
reap a thank you

not look away
pat it on the back
the dog on the way
needs love that it lacks

Do them we can
in this small lifespan
and they don't demand one
to be a very good man!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Dog Sleep

I watch close
The face of a sleeping dog,
Its eyes crescent moons
In those times blissful
When sleep runs it down
In respiteful shelter
From fleas
Hot concrete
And from men!

I wonder
What comes in its dreams,
A rusted bone
Loving eyes
Caressing hands
Or the pain
Suffered in the hands of men!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Dogma

We turn blind in faith
war for religion

stick stiff
to own belief

give gods name
invoke them

and our dogma goes so far
as to turn us

executioner.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Don'T Ask Me How

over the taps of fingers' dance
she says dinner is ready
giving me the appetizing chance
insanity's remedy!

it's her way to break my spell
of words welled up in stack
this medicine she applies well
poems don't fill the stomach!

till that time all she said
were just bla bla bla
till on the table dinner is laid
wafts the food's aroma!

it finds its target the poet's nostril
shears the strings of thought
a stir in the bowel kills the will
drives me to get the dinner hot!

fingers soon dance on the dinner plough
feed my taste bud with sweet treat
she knows it well don't ask me how
to give me from poetry retreat!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Don'T Ever Go To The Zoo

Whole day their wings ache for the sky
Their eyes thirst the moribund blue
But here they are and will be till they die
Without ever knowing why.
The black striped beauty in velvet brown
Paces restless in utter distress
A majestic beast robbed of its crown
Wallows in its caged recess.
So I say friend if you need sunshine for your gloom
For your sore eyes an open blue
Imagine them all from the confine of your room
But don't ever go to the zoo.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Don'T Lose Your Smiles

Don't lose your smiles
Know you're walking smooth miles.
You are in peace
There is darker abyss.
Where every moment is a hell,
Where your misery would pale.
You are better off than what's around
You are on solid ground.
For many there's only never ending night
Be thankful for having a speck of light.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Doomed

They ravaged her body, her spirit never healed
The day she was abused was the day she was killed.
They probed the incident; it was just another case,
It really mattered little, the shame on her face.
Tongues kept rolling, gossips with spice,
She invited it; she was a woman with vice.
Her looks lured them, the way she dressed,
She was also flirty, reasons to be disgraced.
Her pity was a story, her agony in courtroom
Scattered lay her life, in the darkness of doom.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Dormant

Between us a space
Between us a wall
It's now swimming on the surface
It's now getting no call.
Years have weathered our skin
Togetherness has taken its toll
Words have dried up within
Love has ended its role.
I resigned to this slumber deep
Pondered what's gone amiss
Till this morn the cleft of your lip
Brushed on me a swift kiss!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Drawing A Line

Heed your need

curbing where it turns to greed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Dread (10w)

I saw dread loom
When the kid yawned
In classroom!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Dream Of A New Day

With the evening
You softly land on my soul.
I don't see or hear you
But know for sure you're there.
In the silence of a day end
When the stars rise in the far universe
And to their nests the birds disperse
You come down to nest in my heart.
Just then from the ocean's bowels
A luminescence rises with a sweet haze
To paint afresh all hopes the day stole.
Softly lands dream of a new day in my soul!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Dream Stealer

My dreams are stolen
Whoever has heard of dream stealer?
Even I had the snug feeling
That my night visitors were secured enough
That they would forever come back
To give me the only time I wait for!
I had nothing but them
Nothing but their holding my hands
Yielding limp unconscious hands
That with their touch would go
To where I had everything!
But they are gone now.
Gone with the 'everything'
That 'Everything' in my life
I thought was worth living for.
Now I know
The life I live is my dream stealer!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Dreaming From The Dark

Amid the drumbeats and chants of hymns,
Burned bright the gaily cruel festive light,
It pounced on her like the darkest of dreams,
The blazing illumination blinded her sight.
She knew as soon as sense dawned on her
That she belonged to an endless darkness
From where would torment like a distant star
The glittering world she could never embrace.
Yet a craving burrowed her child's heart
To dance to drumbeats and chanting hymns,
Mingle with the light and become a part
Of the illumined world and forbidden dreams!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Dreaming Home

The winter morn passes soon
Quickly it's afternoon
The day surely is spent best
When you work till the evening rest
Seated in office or an outdoor roam
The day goes by dreaming home.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Dreams Are No Escape

He spends his work squabbling, haggling over a rupee
Foul mouths, abuses and all that drains his energy
You couldn't tell if he is drunk just pretending to be sober
Battling through a rotten life, his ordeal never really over!
But when night comes and the half ball silver glows
Leaving behind the muck, he can stop being morose
He neither reflects on his misery nor feels the need to weep
On a six by six potholed floor, quickly he falls asleep!
Are you not curious to know if dreams visit him then?
With sweet angels with words of love or beautiful women
No curses no shouting men, only friends surrounding him
Hugging him, cheering him, he is a winner in his dream!
Or the same evils haunt him, the ones that storm his day
Mock him, spit on his face, kick him out of their way
He struggles to find his way out, shouting curses in his sleep
There's no light or end of the tunnel, he doesn't know to weep!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Dreams Do Not Let You Sleep

You're alive living onto a purpose to take forward your dreams
it's not incoherent vagueness or one of your sleepy whims
it's with them that arduous walks you aren't afraid to take
it's to shape them that you go on without taking a break
without caring what others think you dare rough terrain
not minding the deep and steep you fall and rise again.
You are so much alive for your heart breathes the dreams
it's no idle imagery for in its light your future gleams
it's with them that you set sail on the high and open sea
climb up the tallest mountain to set yourself free
not stopping by the obstacles that may scar your soul
not thinking of retreat you endlessly pursue your goal.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Dried Leaves And A Spark

A few dried leaves
He makes a fire.

The fire in him
All his dreams
Cinders now!

Twigs of wood
A small spark
Is all he need.

For breathes the belly
He must feed!

The past is dim
Nay the past is blank
All left is now.

When the fire burns out
Ashes will fly!

He makes daily
A meal measly
With deadwood.

When is next
He doesn't brood!

A roadside meek
Lives on pick
Yet don't die.

When the fire burns out
Ashes will fly!

None bothers his fate
High up they wait
For him to die.

When his fire burns out
Vultures will fly!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Dried Leaves And A Spark: Revisited

A cashew-nut
she pressed between my lips

slumberous awestruck
I chewed it

groping for her hands in the dark
if she really was there
or I was dream living

why should a woman
in the middle of night
press a cashew-nut
moist and warm
between my lips

was she hungry herself
hypoglycemic
picking them in despair
popping one betwixt my lips

or is it the one
I popped through hers
last evening
misdirected
without my knowing it
found the vertical lip
betwixt her swells
till she felt the prick
when loosened her robes
and it stirred in her
a long forgotten spark
so she came back
in the middle of night
for me to chew
the re-popped cashew-nut

slumberous awestruck!

Drongo

Its melody piercing the fluid dawn
when the drongo breaks the dark spell
from night's semen a day spawns
that the sun nurtures into a fairytale!

Till late evening the bird sings
preys on life burning in halogen
from catching the first light on its wings
stays back till starry shadows lengthen!

God has taught it to defy weariness
made it the usherer of day and night
hold in its fish tail a dancer's cute grace
in dark feathers the gladiator's might!

When all else at dayend anchor in nest
fathom counts of losses and gains
broken dreams well up in the drongo's breast
rend the night in melancholy's strain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Drongos & I

Drongos are not as brittle boned as me
Though my nightly poems have ceased to be
They're still up in wings' ceaseless flight
Feeding on insects buzzing in moonlight!

I love to call these birds night's lone flame
Poems after poems love to write on them
A diurnal bird with nocturnal spree
Mocks my cessation of nightly poetry!

Drongos the revelers of nightly carnival
I hold them in envy think them rival
Never miss a moon these foragers of night
Their tireless wings hold the might of a knight!

I often wonder if they ever build a nest
Ever feel the urge for a soft cushioned rest
For I hear them sing in the most wee hours
When the dawn still bathes in dewy showers!

I wish my mind had the Drongo's might
My poems flew like their wings featherlight
Poured out my words like the bird's song
Overcoming sleep poems flowed nightlong!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Drunken Dream

Rich wine served with good food
Set me just in the right mood
For a sojourn on the silvery lands
Where the pearly waves hug the sands!
I knew not where the path led me to
A moonstruck man could little do
Except knowing that he had to go
For an aimless walk with his own shadow!
I floated away in the phantom light
Holding in my eyes the fairy night
Above the sea to where the stars gleam
To a heavenly space in drunken dream!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Drunken Night

Some nights I forget my way to the home
home? where is that? which side of the road?
I keep straying away empty streets I roam!

Where is the bloody moon? I shout
the moon is gone but the stars are out
stars, please, handhold me and guide
tell me my home is on which side!

Am I awake or a pawn in a game?
why every house looks the same?
my steps fall on some window light patch
I must go back must start from scratch!

window? ah, is there one with a face?
so I can say it's my address
hey stars, be this seeker's guide
lead me to my home, take me to her side!

may be a door for me kept ajar
two eyes are staring one guiding star
one heart that knows the night is not out
two ears keenly waiting for a shout

catch me from falling put me on bed
despair seizing yet hands on my head

moon is bloody stars gone to fetch morn
I don't see her tears her nights forlorn!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Drunken River

One mile down the drunken river
I lost my mind in her midday yellow haze.
Residues of the river-wind-kiss lingered saline on my face
Wild sun on the wild river scathed my skin copper
And I glided upstream in blurred eye sweat
Losing and finding the river's mangrove shore.
My mind in delirious mess wondered
What it was that wined the river, made her a swirling detachment,
Bearing all with the endurance of a drunkard
But embracing nothing like an all foregoing monk.

I dreamed adrift one more mile and then another
Till I was windswept and wined like the drunken river.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Duality

When the west moon tilts and goes on the wane
Becomes a dying streak on your windowpane
Your frenzied sleepless mind breaks in roaring lust
To hammer the unyielding night into powdery dust!

All else but you in slumber dwell
Your rebellious thoughts burn hunger's fuel
To pry out from darkness fading treasures of night
Dig them intact and bring them to light!

You could buy peace and live within norms
Bathe in moon's kiss stay away from storms
But a bloody madness in you wreaks havoc
You nurture it, allow it to run amok!

Past the ebullience of night your furies vaporize
Can't hold back the transience, stay in poet's disguise
The dawn would devour it for transform you it must
To conventional sanity from the garb of an iconoclast!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Duchenne

Have not seen them for quite a while
Breaking like a thousand springs
Its ripples spreading across a mile
Touching heavens on butterfly wings!

It's infective in its length and span
Cackling joyous like a thousand duck
God would be charmed (not to speak of man)
Its spell makes every man awe struck!

It's quite a while life is losing fun
With faces wearing botox on stressed lip
Not getting at least one when the day is done
To give this soul a stronger fillip!

I need your muscles playing around your eyes
Your cheeks raised high for me to see
Doing so would bring me double sunrise
And live each day ever more happily!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Duck Feather

He holds the day like duck feather.

Good or bad weather
Silver dimes or rusted nails
Through them all he quietly sails.

On the way small flowers he plucks
In thrill's quiver sings joyous cluck
When rough tides break him he reveals not crack
Doesn't complain when the clouds are black.

If his wings feel weary he stops the swim
A shore he finds to rest in dream
For the duck feather each day is a gain
To swim in the pond, his piece of haven.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Dumber

Ma has eloped with her lover
soon a wife Baba will get
I'm left only dumber
don't know what's in my fate!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Dummy's Life

My dummy rules the days
The real I hide deep
So many things it says
The dummy puts it to sleep.
The dummy is scared of me
For in fantasies I persist
It knows it can't afford to be
Like me an anarchist.
For food it must earn
It must do hard work
Life's skills it must learn
It must make its mark.
The real I if had its say
Would do none of these
He would shape his own day
Act as his wishes please.
Leisurely he would take his horse
To where the green touches the sky
Run at will and take a pause
Not allowing the dreams to die!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Eagle's Height

Rise the way you want to rise
keep not ambitions in disguise
go as far go as close
with your finger touch the tiger's nose.

Do it the way you want to do
be not scared of jeer and boo
walk the path bled in thorn
with your hand grab the bull's horn.

Act the way you deem it right
you have in you the needed might
fight the enemy in its own den
in your fists clench the lion's mane.

Speak the way says your heart
say it straight never skirt
tell it all even the bitter thing
with your finger catch the hornet's sting.

Live life the way you want it
once committed no retreat
brave hindrance of the darkest night
in your wings soar the eagle's height.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Early Sunset

It could never have any say
When I threw it away
The cadaver once life throbbed,
I silently sobbed!
Scared of me
It moved in the shadows free
Could I ever catch it? I wondered
In the end it silently surrendered!
It lay there crumpled, cold and stiff
An aura of death I could sniff
The half open eyes had a tinge of regret
Life was short and too soon was sunset!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Earth Mover

Life an ocean
My emotion
A dropp in it.
But one dropp starts an ocean
One step builds the motion
1 ft. is infinite!
If you have the feel
And the will
You can set the path
You can move the earth!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Earth Post 21/12

Do I see them a little uneasy?
The earth stands defying their prophesy
Treating in disdain the doomsday calendar
She is alive and not ripped asunder.
Notwithstanding the speculative commotion
Earth didn't crumble from meteorite invasion
Continuing on her axis the periodic turn
She goes on revolving around the sun.
All my brethren and doomsayers take heart
Be grateful that you and I didn't have to depart
This paradise our earth that's so beautiful
None would like to let it go, none would be so fool.
Yet all said the truth we surely cannot hide
Though earth faces little danger from outside
It's the earthmen whose mindless exploitation
Can bring about the earth's destruction!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Eavesdropper

I strained to hear her whisper

ears impervious

heart envious

if only rewind of years

could get me beside her

reliving the ecstasy on a lover's date

listening her lips' precious secret!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Echoes Of Moments Together

She was gasping for air
And left this morn.
I had to brush my teeth,
She was in the mirror
And in my eyes.
I had to sip my tea,
She was with me
Plunging deeper with every sip.
All through the rituals
She kept clinging to me
With every motion
The grasp was tighter.
I went out to face the day
And there she was in the sun,
In the air, all over me.
She was a guest in my world,
A few moments' find,
Leaving echoes in my mind!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Ecstasy

Two dogs
On the street
Locked in mating heat.

On the street
Two dogs
Haven't cover of sheet.

Two dogs
Messy
Need no privacy.

Know to seed
The need to breed
In ecstasy.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Ego

His voice cracks in the thunder's peal
My ego failed me in life's each deal
Never did see what the other saw
Too blind to notice my own flaw!

In the candlelight his face wears a gloom
Two tremulous shadows darken the room
Forever I felt the world is for me
My viewpoints matter only!

Like a deluge pours the thunderous rain
In deafening din rattling windowpane
Focused only me only tried to get
Grope in void now when egos abate!

Flickers a grave loss in his dulled eyes
Unshackled from self its obdurate disguise
Over the ruins of ego is born in me the belief
The reward is not in the getting but lies in all our give!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Either Way

Hunger is gnawing your stomach
The time when food is must
Don't let in your faith a crack
One breach in your trust!

It's there for you to eat
Away by an inch a peck
In haste don't call it quit
Be not afraid of your neck!

Beckons you the golden cheese
Bowel's curing remedy
It waits for your final wish
To be set from hunger free!

A little pull is all you need
Just a little force
Howling hunger needs the feed
You have no other recourse!

Come mouse got nothing to lose
You're hungry or you're dead
Either way hangs the noose
your escape is that way made!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Embers Of Memories

A fire breaks out in me
before the dawn of light.
It rages in me
burns all my dreams
the heaven is a silent witness
the morning star hides its face.
The day sweeps away
the embers of memories
with the night.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Emerald Island

There's so much prose in this world
Yet poetry finds its way out of your heart
Deep inside you is an island of emerald
Where the other you refuses to depart.
There's so much prose in this world
Yet you look for light from the pit
You let your dreams be unfurled
Poetry turns the bitter to sweet.
There's so much prose in this world
Yet in you lives an undying child
That breathes in the island of emerald
Keeps you untamed and wild!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Emlan

I longed one kind look from you emlan
when you passed by me
now I wish to sit in silence
with you by the sea.

A stolen glance was all I did
when passed your fragrance
too little of you was all my need
I knew to keep distance.

If our paths meet ever again
if ever can dead love rise
I would not let you pass by
but look deep in your eyes.

There must still survive the virgin land
longing rivers dried in sands
unspoken words woefully shy
chance lost with time gone by.

If we now come across emlan in the faraway land
I would not shy away to reach and touch your hand
walk this time on the quested path not letting go the chance
of finding you in the wholeness and not as a passing fragrance.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Empty

Back from work,
Each object within
I take out from my bag,
Once again putting them in
The next day to work.

Nothing unusual about it
Except that at times
When I empty my bag,
A fleeting thought comes,
Maybe tomorrow
My bag will be as empty
As the space I vacate.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Empty Home

For long she hasn't found an empty home.

Not that she loves empty home
But craves for her some loneliness
A little time and space all to herself
Where she wouldn't have to wear a face
But bite her mind any what way she likes
Nibbling at memories chewing on dreams
That with no eyes around her
She would take out like a stolen artifact
Cherishing their display like forbidden
Crying laughing and then putting them back
To where they belong.

Not that she loves empty home.

But sometimes she needs
To have one her own.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Enamored

That's a sad story sighed the man
Sitting some stairs down the ghat
Made his life miserable the woman
She fully broke the zamindar's heart.

He loved her more than his life
She knew not love was what thing
Cursed the day he took her as his wife
Gave her a precious diamond ring.

He bought her each wish from her lip
She knew she would only have to tell
For her the man's love was so deep
He could sell him to bring her all jewels.

For each night she made her bargain
Trapped him her greed's deadly deal
Blind love drove the man such insane
He became a puppet of her will.

The coming storm he couldn't foresee
Enamored in love and its waste
Good money was sunk freely
With no reaping of scantest harvest.

His trade started suffering huge loss
Investments sunk in shipwreck
Along came to make the matter worse
Debts' tightened noose on his neck.

Soon she left with a man she had known
Taking with her the ornaments
She had never thought him as her man
Little did she care his torments.

Still echoes said the man his cry
From here he went to the river
In evenings as this his sigh
Can be heard rending the air.

I asked him how all these he knew
Saw no man but I was alone
Shivering in winter's cool dew
As moonlight on waves quietly shone.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

End Of A Search

I am coming back to you.
I have strayed for too long,
Gone too faraway from you
Looking for treasures in the swamp
For wealth of the world
In search of an ever elusive find.
I should have known
All the time I carried you in my mind!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

End Of Bondage

From the mother's breast
It landed in prison
It was a different nest
For it without reason!
It had not grown wing
Sky was a distant dream
They wanted it to sing
They and their strange whim!
Controlled by alien hands
It sought the mother's warmth
Surrendering to odd demands
Hiding sorrow in a forced mirth!
There was no way it could sing
Joy was barred by walls and ceiling
It had only a fragment of sky,
Grieving heart, mournful sigh!
Then one day opened the cage
It was free from all bondage
'Is it faking death? ' said someone
Never knowing its freedom was won!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

End Of Night

Mew mew
Pussycat cries at night
Closed doors
There isn't warmth at sight

Mew mew
Is there any kind soul
Crackling fire burning coal?

Mew mew
Under open sky
Like pussycat many more lie
For them is spread no bed
On pavement dream tomorrow's bread

Mew mew
Cold night's curse
Doors shut no kind soul
Far up blinking stars
Glow like burning coal

Noses in blissful snore
Won't ever get to feel
The misery preying outdoor
The knifing ruthless chill

Mew mew
Not awake one kind soul
Doors are all shut tight
Crackles no fire in burning coal
Pussycat cries for end of night.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Enduring Love (10w)

Knowing it hasn't a cure,
My madness
She lovingly endures.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Enough

Now determined in this conclusion

I won't take anymore sermon.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Enough If

You reflect in befuddled wonder
is it the time to be happy or morose
when is reached the last page of calendar
when the year comes to a close.

There isn't much you could do about it
there isn't much you could hold
you tried though your every bit
not all pages were written in gold.

It's enough if you remained fit and agile
it's enough if you got a few smiles
it's enough if you could travel all the miles
you stumbled but walked all the while.

It's enough if you hid some of your pain
your bleeding you kept to yourself
it's enough if once without thinking of gain
you offered a stranger your help.

Little you could do to change the events' course
but you tried and it matters no less
it's enough if you've used your little resource
to make this world a better place.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Envy Him Not

Sitting there on the lap
He claps when the audiences clap
On him painted an aura of happiness
A smile is permanently fixed on his face.
Eyes forever stretched without a frown
He plays to the gallery a perfect clown
You may envy his easygoing ways
Gathering laughter on all that he says,
His widely open unblinking eyes
That show faked emotions feigned surprise.
You may like to have his rapturous nights
Drawing applauses hogging limelight
But you would have pity for him once you know
He's a talking doll in the ventriloquist's show.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Ephemeral

It hung in the air
Hallucinated a while
And died like a smile!
Was it ever there,
This marvel
When I dreamed my lips
Touched her navel!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Epitaph For A Poet

His poems in millions sold
The poet lies here dead and cold!

Here lies the poet
Who through toil and sweat
Played word games,
Wrote many poems.
From his heart deep thoughts
Poured out in lots
Creations of his mind
Made his readers blind.
How was he as a person?
It's mostly unknown
His own comforts he did embrace
Little he cared for others' happiness
With mortal temptations he was bewitched
Never followed the values he preached.
Small lapses (or are they?) for a poet so great
Aloof in life, he lies solitary in death!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Errand

the girl lived downstairs
the boy two floors above
through me exchanged letters
of immature hearts in love.

he wrote:

can we meet love for a minute?

handed to me his secret chit
why I came down the girl only knew
his letter brought her a blushing pink hue!

quickly on that same chit
she scribbled a hand girly sweet

she wrote:

I would die to meet you just once
but today there hardly is a chance
papa hasn't gone to office
through this letter I send you my kiss.

I, love's tender messenger
went up with her love letter
as he read it heaved a deep sigh

at home, goddamned, why?

he wrote:

slip out when he sleeps at three
we meet under the mahogany tree
please love do this much for me
I beg you some minutes only.

thus rhymed two hearts' dancing beat
the boy was too young to fathom it
nothing though he could understand

yet faithfully he ran their errand!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Escape (10w)

The white canvas

Is mute

Till I draw

Escape route!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Escapes

Watch their belly
their dying eyes
know all my talks of wisdom
are my escapes in disguise!

If I had littlest shame
and a belief in the claim
I'm humane

I would not have let them stray
but killed them with the bullet's spray!

If I can't help them live
if their numbers I don't contain
if letting them be there is no gain
why not kill the stray with the bullet's spray?

I move around with a bowl of rice
small hand small bowl teeming mouth
in the blind belief
if I try

some of them may still not die!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Eternal

This world will not perish
Your love for me will not die
Yet this body with soil and ash
Will surely with the wind fly!
This touch will ever linger
Your kiss will forever remain warm
Yet this body will be eaten up by earth
For an oblivion of endless term!
The waves will come and go
Lapping the silent shore
Our wait will be eternal
Here and then no more!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Even Though

Lost first love to immaturity,

remain immature

what a pity!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Even When We Break

Love is majorly one sided seeks not a reciprocate
our love may not be returned that's far we can hope to get
though it is thus often destined love knocks the wrong address
don't lose heart for we were right we showed no miserliness.

If one way it's our way we have no other choice
love's fountain when springs listens to no other voice
our call if goes unresponded not touch the heart meant for
we deserved it for we loved never expecting a returned favor.

We may break time and again each time our love is spurned
but our act of loving never goes astray if not once returned
no way can we decide the course have no say in the matter of heart
we have to have the belief in us when we make from our side a start.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Everest

We see it
As a victory
Of the human spirit,
Tales of glory
That makes us proud.
But it's a pity
She's denuded bare,
Ravaged her virginity,
And up there
There's a crowd.
The height is made to pale,
They're dwarfing the peak,
Adventurers on glory's trail
Litter the path they scale.
We take it as a test
Of man's superior might
That would not rest
Till it scales the greatest height.
But the mountain is no more clean,
Tons of wastes scar its air,
She's turned into a dustbin
By the crowd going up there.
Should we feel proud,
And not hear the warning bell,
As the mountain is trodden like hell
By the mindlessly adventuring crowd?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Every Time You Light Up

Every time you light up
Light goes off!

Longing lungs
Hoping hearts
For you suffer.

You don't care about you
Let not your view
Derange other lives
Even your children
Your wife!

Every time you light up
I don't care about you.

Let not your exhalations
Choke longing lungs
Hoping hearts

Hurt other lives!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Everyday Of The Year

Why only today dear?
Your loving face
Each day of the year
Brings me happiness.
Today is no special dear
Like a butterfly
Each day of the year
You rest in my eye.
Not a day is there dear
That's any less
Each day of the year
I hold you in embrace.
That's why I say dear
By god's wondrous design
Everyday of the year
I celebrate valentine.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Everytime You Smile

Every time you smile
The world is a happier place
Happiness becomes a little less fragile
The pain gets a little less!
The world gets stronger by the smile
It illuminates the enveloping darkness
Existence appears a little less fragile
One smile lights up another face!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Exactly

No ifs and buts and frets on time gone astray
We were exactly where supposed to be each day.

We were exactly at the right place with right face
Not drifting around but knocking the right address.

No ifs and buts and frets deeming years as waste
We were exactly on the right track doing our best.

We were exactly picking of all the choices the choice
Not straying but staying to listen to our inner voice.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Excuse Him

Mr Deek

when needs to speak

can't hold his length.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Existence

With only a lifetime to behold

waste no time pondering.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Faces Of Monsoon

The almond pearls bounce on the leaves,
Drip to drench me with the heavenly boon,
What magical transformation the sky weaves,
Its wands of clouds creating another monsoon!
There's though a different spell on the ground
Where water flows like a river in high tide,
Silence broken only by a splashing sound
Monstrous holes yawning on all side!
You longed for it in the summer's pain
Hallucinating in agony the coming of it
You curse it now calling it a bane
As it pours from above and deluge the street!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Fairytale Rains

For long there's no rain, for long
The dying soil stretches its tongue
Towards the firmament, begging on its knees
'Rain, come rain, even if a little, please'
It's eons since the clouds squeezed out
The last drops, knowing they're all in vain
No yield would come of them, no sprout
Horrified they wilted to be never back again!

The race progressed with their grim toil
Forgetting rain is born in the soil
Dreaming of a distant thunder
Yearning the clouds to come asunder!

My grandpa told me a fairytale
That once on earth the rain fell
It washed the body and made souls clean
Lives shot up to make the earth green!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Faith

His feet washed in the breaking waves
stands the faceless recorder of memories.
As glistens clean
seawashed skins of honeymooners
he waits for one call
to preserve those moments
only if when the tides fall
later years would recall
from the prints of that time
shadows of a yore
of being together on the seashore!

Don't venture too far he whispers
none can fathom high tide's curse
before is lived one lovely day
monsters from deep carry you away.

Don't venture beyond help
he mutters as if to himself
if only you knew awaits what burn
when spend yourself the tides turn!

Don't go lovers too deep
I too drowned in faith's leap
with faith in love rode tide high
in the sands buried those dreams lie!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Faith's Prisoner

He is held captive you needn't farther search
In temple's precincts within the walls of church
God is a prisoner in religion's domain
They flock there to worship him men and women.
As I see them I get this impression
They've struck a deal forged a relation
One that is need based apparently mutual
God provides care in exchange of ritual.
At the cost of sounding atheist I must say I notice
Churches and temples are organized like office
Hierarchies are set in these god's abodes
Complete with rules regulations and codes.
In each of these god-houses is a god's messenger
He is the supreme priest faith's treasurer
He leads your prayer cleanses your soul
Becomes god's face assumes the divine's role.
The followers don't question their faith inhibited
Asking and probing questions are strictly prohibited
I feel places of worship are too stern and rigid
Where in the hands of his caretakers god goes frigid!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Fallacy

Honesty is sheer bullshit.

dishonest preach it
honest suffer it.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Falling Sunlight

I chanced upon an ethereal sight
there she glowing in falling sunlight

heart wondered
at the mirage in the forest

eyes couldn't ponder
and let go waste!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Familiar Faces

Some people I know
I meet in the marketplace,
Greet them with Hi and a little bow,
As courtesy shown to a known face,
No further the relation can go!
I never care to know them more
They're just known passersby,
To them I never open my door
Nor to build friendship I try!
Some people I know
I meet on the way,
Throw a brief smile at them,
That's so far as it can go,
I don't care to know their name!
Fellow travelers on a passing ship
I wish I could know them more
Their thoughts that lie hidden deep
Like waiting rains yearning to pour!
If we could take it a little more
To bridge the yawning distance,
Opened up to each other our hearts' door
To give friendship a chance,
I could find from them some true gem
That it would be a loss not to know,
But I never care to know their name,
The familiar faces I greet with a bow!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Fantasies

On the bend the rosy face
And I've grown so old
The ponytail the flowered lace
Once ends it's never retold.
A moment's fullness of the dewy lip
And I've grown so old
The hazelnut eyes quick n deep
Once and forever was I sold.
In the air the silken hand
And I've grown so old
A touch that dreamed to land
Would not land was foretold.
Night's end a touch on forehead
And I've grown so old
Always knew it was dream-made
Fantasies the passing years rolled.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Farewell Day

They called me a good worker
And a very good man
that they would all miss!
It was my last day at office.
I felt desolate
for the chair I warmed,
the years I lost count of,
the room that became part of me...
they at last set me free!
It all seemed so unreal,
to be cast away like this,
not wanted anymore....
But like so many before me
I was destined to come ashore.
A yawning emptiness terrified me
of the resting time that lay ahead!
Disembarked from what seemed an unending ride,
I moved away from the cheers bleary-eyed!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Farewell To The Day

Over the ebbing tide of noise
Falls the hush from the sky,
A crimson farewell to the day
Paints a melancholy in the air,
One last flutter the wings come to rest
Waiting for starlight to warm the nest...
Looking back, so hollow the bygone times ring,
Quietly sets in another evening.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Fate (9w)

Moon

Though higher up

Often her

Clouds gobble up.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Fate Of A Bard

No verbal duel
No war of words
I prefer to be a poet.
In freedom I dwell
Free as the birds
Poetry is my fate.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Fate Of Poems

All those passion fueled stroke
that go up in smoke!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Father And Son

From gone by years remembered in tears a tale more sweet than sad
Of a stealthy game that brought no shame played by a son with his dad
It's still a secret not told to this date he keeps to his breast the son
Still haunts his thought if he was caught by his dad long since gone.

The dad was old had a heart of gold used to spend money his own
Deemed it fair as long as there wouldn't be a burden on his son
He lived on pension but felt no tension in his frequent buying spree
Got whatever caught his whim's fancy gifted them to the family.

We don't need as such why spend so much the son would remonstrate
Your extravagance has spoiled all chance for any savings till date
At this age on life's last page I need to spend the last dime
Live in rapport with warmth of comfort till I exhaust my time.

When failed all logic performed one trick the son played out a farce
Many times not once whenever got chance secretly filled up dad's purse
The old man went on to buy for his son ignoring his advice of thrift
The son on his part did what said his heart boosted the old one's spirit.

It was summer was time to go home, the dad took leave of his son
For all the nine months he stayed in the hills lived a monk's life alone
A few days later over a phone call the dad spoke son when I count
I find in my purse what I carried intact in fact a little more amount.

The son feigned surprise deemed it wise the truth not be told
Lest he came apart his pride felt hurt the man with the heart of gold
He said in humor's voice it's cause for rejoice that money spent is grown
To this day the son guards the truth alone never making what happened be known.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Faye

Hope you had a good night's sleep Faye
He coos holding the cup to her lip
Nice isn't it the morn's first sip
And be ready for a lovely day!

By the way sweetie I had a good sleep
Long, dreamless, deep
If I don't count that recurring nightmare
You're sitting broken on your favorite chair!

Can't stand to see you broken that way
From me you ever being taken away
And one morn here I'm alone to weep
Not holding a cup to Faye's lip!

You know sweetie I meant it true
When I said would die without you
For you my love is so deep grown
I see it mirrored in the rusted bone!

Faye's eyes don't move a blink
His words in her quietly sink
There's a thrill in her timeworn bone
That her man would never have tea alone.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Fear Of God

God for me provokes the fear of sin
Do I incur his wrath if commit a wrong
Like telling lies or being mean
The fear troubles me all along!

Is he watching all deeds of mine
Keeping notes in his divine diary
If I'm grumpy or genuinely benign
Would move him to decide the key!

If at the pearly gate awaits me heaven
Or god decides the key for hell
He would surely get with me even
If tilts my vice's scale!

But I admit this fear has one good side
It instills some ponder and brood
If god's eyes are really opened wide
For heaven's sake should do some good!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Feathered Guests

Up my backyard tree
A family is my guest
In a happy living spree
Cozy in their nest!
I saw them build it strong
With whatever scraps they found
Laboring all along
To beak-pick them from ground!
Secure and steady
The nest was soon ready
To welcome in one morn
Cute little new born!
Rearing them is hard
Feeding the hungry brood
When mother stands on guard
The father goes for food!
Fast they grow sweet chicks
From fluffy to colored plumage
It's a matter of weeks
Before they turn a new page!
I don't want them to haste
But I know they would soon fly
Leaving a hole in my heart
For the expanse of the sky!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Fighter

A hundred bucks I gave her

She was not selling herself

She asked it for help

His man drunk too much

With life he paid

He has left me a beggar

She lamented

Starting with the cost of his last rites

My days will now be an endless fight

A hundred bucks I gave her

And closed the door

She wasn't in my thought anymore

Till last night in the dim moon's glow

I caught two moving shadows

Of her with another man, a stranger.

As her laughter rippled the night

I nodded.

She wouldn't give up without a fight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Fighting The Enemy

You could have stayed back in the sun.
But you sail in the stormy ocean
You brave the cold nights
While the fire burns out in the hearth
You dive deep and climb high
Never choosing the calm, not afraid to die!
You could have stayed back in the sun
Enjoying peace and the mundane fun
But you choose the flower's thorn
You grab the bull by the horn,
You know you have to overcome and win
The battle against the enemy within!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Final Celebration

The music plays on,
He lies motionless,
Sedated forlorn,
End looming on his face.
There isn't a trace
That he did ever embrace
Life and love that fulfils it,
But forever lying on the crumpled sheet!
The music plays in his head,
His fingers faintly move on the bed,
Now from death no more immune,
They celebrate the symphony of one last tune!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Final Tryst

The wrinkled hands
Bear not the slightest hint
They ever grabbed the golden orb.
Age mockingly hides
This body ever rose with the tides.
Now before the eyes
A swirling mist
Waits for the final tryst!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Finding God

They went inside the temple to worship
some ran in for shelter

when the clouds parted
I drenched myself in the rain.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Finding Home

As he so thinly and lightly floated up
He saw a bloody mess crowded around.

He understood and not bothering his weightlessness

Thought I must now find my way home.

Over the mesh of cables and wires
Above the teeming dots of men and machines
He skimmed the noiseless air beyond pain.

Now I know they spoke of what gain.

Once found he thought of landing on the roof
Melt through the attic door and be right beside her
But he didn't want to give her a scare.

He would rather take the front door.

He held to the belief he needed no mirror.

It proved right as she was just mildly surprised.

He wished he could hold her hand and say

I'm back early for you today.

But there was so little time for the frivolousness

And supposing he wouldn't be there the next instance

Started to speak.

I came back just to tell how much I love you.

She responded in a beaming radiant face

This is madness

To have come back for what I always knew

And then as he lifted her in a demonic strength

Giggled I love you too.

When she rose to silence the phone's ring

She didn't see him take wing

To go home in the wind's flow!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Finding Me

dishevelled hair
unkempt beard
he stood under the tree
away from his herd

he gave a weary yawn
like a frog
snapping open and shut its mouth
without the prey in

he looked a bundle of lost chance
to the point
living seemed a voidful horror

I carried him in my mind

carry him in my mirror

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Finding Nectar

The scent of pollen
Draws it nigh
The butterfly
Needn't fly high!
It needn't go far
Nor mind the briar
To draw nectar
From the yearning flower!
I learned it from butterfly
All I ought to find lie
So near me
I only have to see!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Finding Self

when we see ourselves
as being here
to comfort others.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Fire

I don't aspire
to be immune from fire,
only hope my resilience
withstands the burn's pains!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Firefly

Spins around my head
Nature's LED
A firefly,
Hits the fan
Now it can
Make the sky.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

First Lesson

Good boys sit on the first row
They do ma said as a rule
So with the call of the first crow
I was ready to leave for the school.

Just as I reached the clock struck six
From home it was quite some ride
What I found there threw me in a fix
The first bench was fully occupied!

Four sat already on the front row
With no more a space for the fifth
My jostles raised the others' eyebrows
They won't let me have it as a gift!

I pushed with all might the boy on the side
But he wasn't the one to let go
I feel a little shame when to you I confide
He gave me a hard fisted blow!

But a good boy as me must have rightful place
One on the first bench as a right
I wasn't going to settle for anything less
Even if that meant a bloody fight!

The second jab fell right on my nose
Blood spurted warm red on my shirt
That settled it brought the war to a close
The loss made a dent in my heart!

The last bench was empty with only one guy
He sat happily looking peaceful
I knew being good wasn't worth enough to die
And that was my first lesson at school!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

First Love Forever Lasts

First love forever lasts.
Cinders from the past
Gather fire from the cold
In your heart light a spark.

First love forever lasts.
In your eyes it alights
In the middle of the nights
Turns a drop of tear.

First love forever lasts.
When you get up in the morn
You see it appear
In renewal's attire.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

First Poem

See what comes of your life's toil
woke me up an eerie nasal voice
she reeked of putrid soil
her look was no rejoice.

I wondered being at that forlorn place
with two dark holes peering at me
smelling of varnished wood
and eyes watery.

The air smelled of wild moss
under a sky pallid grey
shadows rose from the silent cross
where I too dreadfully lay.

you needn't lie down anymore
her voice betrayed a mirth
now that you're thru this door
cleanse yourself with a bath.

Two holes held me in their stare
rise man there's nothing to fear
once you wash your earthly tears
can write your first poem here.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

First Rain

on my nose
a cold pin prick
I wonder what's the reason

cloud tiptoes
part and leak
falls first rain of the season!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Fishwoman

Her mind strays as she cuts into pieces
her spread of the morning's fish
fills an ache him she misses
couldn't hold him back her wish.

They crowd around bidding the price
till noon would last the bargain
she spoons fish scales cuts neat slice
in between remembers her pain.

What wasn't in her that he found elsewhere
so he left to never come back
what she lacked that he held so dear
one mystery she never could crack.

They haggle with her for hard bargain
she must have her day's profit
silently stings the long held pain
him still she misses every bit.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Five Past Three

I know what time it is
At your place five past three
Night's thinning for goodbye kiss
You are sunk in poetry!

Moon seeks recline to west
Stars are craving dawn of sun
Yet your mind hasn't found rest
Chasing words on the free run!

Go to sleep angel tarry not
Before the fire burns you whole
For the coming day spare a thought
Close eyes till the night is coal!

You need to stop before hours grow small
Birds wake up in dewy rain
Rest my angel can't catch them all
Your poems of joy and pain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Flames Of The Forest

The city is in flame.
Spring has set the streets on fire.
The walkways are glowing red.
Like the forbidden, the indifferent passersby
Stamp on them.
Under busy feet, littered on the concrete,
The raging fire paints the city wild.
They fall noiselessly on your path,
Giving you all and hoping nothing in return.
If you are not moved, trample them not, lest
They turn away not to be back again,
Flames of the forest!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Flavors Of Dream

There's a man on the ice-cream van.
Choices galore, one can't want more,
vanilla, strawberry, chocolate...
But on the hot day his fate
is to lie in stupor,
he can't have one!
The poor man is sleeping on his ice-cream van.
Though dazed with the heat
he can't retreat
with a cup or a bar,
He sells the cold
all pieces must be sold
he mustn't have one!
The guy dreams on the ice-cream van.
Flavors galore, as he opens the door,
vanilla, strawberry, chocolate...
He mustn't lust
must overcome thirst
let others have fun,
he mustn't even have one!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Flesh Hunter

He waited breathless
In the darkness
That sliced his body
Into million sparks.
The world spun
For invading touches
That could have been
Her kisses,
The stars shone
That could as well
Be the gleams in her eyes,
The wind smelled
Fragrance of flowers
That would soon wilt.
He got up to go,
A resolute man,
Blindly fearless,
For hunting out prey
That could never be his.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Flight

From his tiny place
He steps into a larger space.

Tells his face
He finds it nice
The blinding slice!

In that luminous relief
Of smoked glass and concrete
Is confirmed his belief

Freedom is sweet
Even an illusory one!
Before he's back to the night
He must bite as much of it.

Must harvest to the full that walled flight
Store every bit of it

And never let that brief dreamy light
Go out of sight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

For Life

She was my good lover

Thought she would make me
A good wife

But

She carved me the fate

Of being

A poet for life!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

For Some Time

For some time
they were very happy
at his return

his wife daughters sons
all the beloved ones
as he himself was.

Only for some time.

It made him think of
forever eternal infinite
and more
he attributed to love

all that he yearned for
now remaining no more a dream
but right there before him
to embrace
and continue living in happiness.

But now
after the some time

why they appear to him stale
this replica of a life
he had lived so well

the thought of leaving which
the fear to die
had made him cry!

Craving to be back among the stars
he mutters

if only I knew
coming back would be a curse!

For The Grace Of Your Words

Friend I stand on your door with open arms
For the grace of your words they truly charm
I love them your agrees and the little spats
Your flowers in my hand bouquets brickbats!

It's for you only that I get to see
What I am and what I could be
For that you never mind to part precious time
Gift that to me for my trifling rhyme!

My heart's reader your words always charm
Your likes light up even the humdrum
It's in your views that my writes come alive
They make a poet breathe his poems survive!

It then so happens your words become my own
Your seeds of thoughts in me get sown
My dreams meet yours mind touches mind
An awakening blooms in that priceless find!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

For The Love Of

Not a word I say
As long as the salt is okay.

It really makes little sense
Depend on salt my goodness and patience.

The sooner it goes wrong
Sparks fly from my evil tongue.

As if a little less salt is good cause
To bare myself in fangs and claws.

In fuming anger and blind of sight
Forget the times when it was alright
Once in ten when salt goes less
Monster takes the human's place.

I console myself it's an ingrained fault
In man to flare up for less grain of salt.

The beast in us can no longer hide
When deficient of sodium chloride.

In these what I read makes me darkly brood

For the love of salt I couldn't ever be good!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

For The Times You Will Need Them

If ever the sun shines like gold
air smells of unknown happiness
tightly them in a bottle hold
secure in your safest place.

When hits you the roughest wave
a patch of shore you badly need
bring them out from where you saved
take off the lid for a spoonful feed.

If ever shines a passing light
forget not to store it well
in times of living through darkest night
take off the lid in it revel.

When hits you life's toughest phase
in the raging storm can't find your way
delve within to reach that place
where the bottled sun you stored away.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

For Those Who Leave Sooner

Fellow traveler
As you leave
You leave me your love.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

For Tomorrow

Will it

Till it

Fill it

For tomorrow

If time kills you

There'll always be someone

That'll find in

What you left

The YOU!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

For Us Bred

Fluffy cute chicks
barely two weeks
huddled in one small space

for men's bowel bred
scared and afraid
their minds are a jumble of mess!

Readied for a ride
to the river's other side
ferried on a small wooden boat

where the market
will decide their fate
finding kind home is remote!

Those chicks that are dead
will sink to riverbed
the living will leave them behind

I can only mourn
pray they are never born
as victims of greed cruelly blind!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

For You

The least I can wish is

Enjoy everyday in peace.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

For Your Love

Without care it grows
Till the flower shows
Birds brought the seed
It's just another weed.
In a corner of the garden
Amid beauties a burden
One you would like to miss
It grows unloved in bliss.
You care not about its name
The uninvited without shame
That needs no water
'Damn it', you mutter.
Hardened it stands stubborn
Mocking you night and morn
Unloved yet in love with you
Baked in sun bathed in dew.
You can't take it anymore
It has to be shown the door
With gun you madly shoot
It's gone head and root.
Summer passes comes the rain
Your garden is green once again
For your love sprouts the undying greed
Once more the birds bring back the seed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Foretell

The house resounds with mirth
There isn't a nook left unlit
Death celebrated like a birth
Making separation look not un-sweet!

And this is what he had to say
In the style of a prophetic foretell
When I die I'll be mourned for the day
Next day will be a memory on the wall!

To his credit he spoke what is right
One death is just a person less
He's gone and not even fortnight
The house is back to beaming face!

It's the right way to mourn the dead
By those who held him close to heart
Realizing life has to go on instead
Of stopping for the ones death do part!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Fortunate

Thank God
there's someone
to be with
and a warm bed
when the day is done
with a roof over head!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Fragments Of Poetry

some feeble tunes the ears catch
hushed dialogues overheard
in the shadows a lighted patch
windborne caught one word

you they haunt daylong chase
nibble your thoughts and tease
not revealed from greyish haze
yet keep your mind in leash!

what are they you wonder aloud
shadows in wispy outline
all those nagers hidden in shroud
you feel but can't define

day and night they gnaw inside
a lump of mass sans sense
drag you low climb you tide
fly you unseen distance!

with them within life you roam
spelled in all you do
why your mind they make their home
you haven't the slightest clue

only a few you can hold in hands
purge with the flows of ink
most them die stillborn strands
find a depth to quietly sink!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Frankly Speaking

Every night the time I ready for a slumber deep
I think of the morrow and all my words to keep
Commitments made things delayed left undone
Not one seems to be pleasant not one seems any fun.

To accomplish what's left out I feel I should hurry
But feel as much I forget blame it on my memory
Today was once again one of unfulfilled commitment
I have a lurking fear morrow won't be any different.

Do now what can be done later bring tomorrow's work today
Love the saying but can't do much I don't know the way
What is to be done now I keep them putting in shelf
Today's work I defer hoping of tomorrow's help.

Every night when I ready for a soft plunge on my bed
I think of the morrow today's undone buzz in head
Un-kept words undone work their thoughts don't bring cheers
If truth is said I don't bother been doing so all these years.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Frazer

As he scanned the far horizon of the mangrove beach
He imagined her silhouette by the sea of Norwich
A home he had left long to be so remotely far
On this alien shore with her face a distant star!

The sea winds kissed his skin in a bid to make amend
For his walks in the blazing sun weariness of dayend
He felt a peace in his ruffled mind craving for a rest
Amid the waves' serenade dreaming a lulling nest!

What if he made his home on this virgin desolate beach
Walked the sands thought-romancing the woman of Norwich
Swam wild in the saline sea then lie in the mangrove's shade
With no statistics to worry about only love's buzz in his head!

Not going back to the asphalt path he would build here a hut
Laze dream lying in the shadows of wild and green coconut
In the starry evenings when the sea would hold her bewitched
He would walk the trails of scent left by the woman of Norwich!

This man went with the mission of building on the sea a port
But the mangrove gave him a reason to make there a love resort
No relic survives now the waves having carried beyond reach
All except the lingering scent of his love for the woman of Norwich!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Free Of Shame

Handsome girl
You charge two rupees for your service
And it's too small for all your distress
Being for sometime my mistress!

But I love those silken cheese
That charge me five rupees
Wet in oiled black curls
Handsomest dark skin girls!

Can't get me all the white
What I get from her all night
Turn me a slave her power
Aroma of her hair's flower!

Are you free of shame
O girl what's your name
Else how you give freely
Yourself for a sum measly!

Someone's wife or mother
Tell me why I bother
And not pay you in my pity
When you sell you for poverty!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Free Will

On my canvas white
The characters spill
At free will.
They roll
Without control
Way they feel.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Freedom

That night she dreamed of a freedom blue and sweet
God blessed her she got it, escaped through a slit.
She's gone, she's gone, she has gone into the blue
For what lies beyond her cage, she really has no clue.
The prowling preying perils, she has no idea about
Can chase her, erase her, monsters strong and stout.

She's gone, she's gone, she has vanished into the blue
For what lies beyond her cage, she really has no clue.
In the mad rush of wind, in her mad flap of wings
She never knows, did never know, all the coming things.
In the hunting eyes of hawk, trailing her in the sun
She'll soon learn freedom, is not an unmixed fun.

She's gone, she has flown, vanished into the blue
If only had she known, if only she had a clue.
The dream run will soon end, when comes the night
Her weary wings will rue, she took this fancy flight.
Her eyes will gather a mist, for the ones she left behind
Though she dreamed it, and longed it, the freedom in her mind.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Freedom (8w)

There's no freedom
anywhere
except in the mind!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Fret Not (10w)

I don't fret
Being no reformer
And just a poet!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Friend

Friend when you pronounce me
the word takes a tongue
licks my mind vigorously
breath takes it to the lung.

How I die for that one word
and would anything spend
just to have it from a voice heard
one breath calling me friend.

Friend once from your tongue rush
pumped out from beat of heart
break the dam rivers out-gush
make me your inseparable part.

Friend once you utter tie me with a lace
tender yet not brittle like glass
remind me in love we belong to one race
break down all barriers of class.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Frogs Are Gone

In the cloudy evenings with strong hints of rain
You heard them once and you heard them again
The air would rend with their cacophony
The torrents would send them in ecstatic glee.
Even a few years back you could find them around
The harbinger of monsoon with harsh croaking sound
On your yard and garden in quite large packs
Frolicking for insects, the great jumping Jacks.
They scoured the marshland in search for food
Calling in monotone and setting you to brood
With your mind gnawed by the incessant rains
That rattled your thoughts and the glass window panes.
But then lands were devoured by the human sharks
Soon disappeared open spaces and parks
Came up apartments and rows of house
Urban growth you accept without grouse.
Now in the lonely evenings with fair hints of rain
The rains will be back but you won't hear them again
Their habitats are gone there aren't left any bogs
And with these are gone your neighborhood frogs.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

From Beyond Waves' Roar

see her salt feet rimmed in wet sands
wade the creek of the fishermen
gay abandoned black mystic strands
hair wildly adorned in sandgrains!

don't leave me girl for that fishing hamlet
where they count for the day's catch of fish
though times will go and eyes will forget
on the sealine your dreams will never cease!

tell me o girl your all the hidden pain
your desires winds carried to the sea
that along the creek you seek wild insane
long longed but never found in me!

come back my girl from beyond waves' roar
tell me of thousands one wish
before the tides go to come back no more
let your heart be for once unleashed!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

From Her Queendom

Since then been carrying water in that 600ml bottle.

The one she lured me with in the scorching heat
When my throat was dying for a drink

You need it more than anything now sir
Said she her thatched shop in the land of nowhere

I yielded for the price was not too high
For a thirsty soul passing by

On the highway happened the fair deal
She had one less to sell
I had my fill

Like the car sir our body too needs oil
Said between smiles the woman of the soil

For once I loved her piece of wisdom
The unpretentious savior, proud owner of her queendom

Dunno why since then
I've been holding onto that bottle
As my fairest bargain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

From Last Winter

They just came back to me.

Smells of the last winter!

They brought me back
What slipped through
Before I could grab it!

The colors
More diverse than rainbow
Mocked me in their warm glow
For I'm a year older
But their color
Still holding fast
Many of them may outlast
Me
Warmth intact in mothball
While I'm dominated more and more
More harshness I feel
In the winter chill!

When at last they'll take me out
They still will be there
Ageless in the cupboard
Holding the once wearer
In their warm void!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

From Love

there is no respite from love

no need ever

really.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

From Market

A kilo of fish brinjal pumpkin
Cauliflower raisin and bean
Washing soap and eggs one crate
Need to buy bring from market!

Mustard oil some milk and rice
Cashew nut and a horde of spice
Gourd and potato spinach cabbage
The list is long fills a page!

Feel confused from where to start
How to pile and stack on a cart
Shoeshine cream to adhesive glue
All calculations and maths to do!

Ticked what's got unticked what's not
Cash dwindles with much unbought
Trudge back home in sweated daze
She checks items and fumes in rage!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

From Me To Me

Poetry starts and ends with me
it's as far as it should go
between me and me
unshackled free
tilling the mind
shoveling the dirt
all mine
each part of it
bitter sweet
poem's words
even if unlettered unstructured
lacking grace finesse
all mine
I own them
each line
to save me
my self
never writing with the worry
out there is a jury
reading analyzing
liking disliking
but me
and me
knowing that's the length it travels
between me and me
and that's enough of a journey
for my poetry.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

From The Dust Of Time

Hidden in the pages of a dusty book
I found a note- 'waiting for you'
Who wrote it? How did she look?
We never met, it's long overdue.
Beneath dust of time, my mind was a mess
I couldn't remember her or recollect the face
Is she still waiting or sailed elsewhere
She was waiting for me, why didn't I care?
Why didn't she call again, send a reminder?
She was waiting, I didn't go to her.
In life's passage, an event mundane
The note in the dusty book became heart's burden.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Frost's Woods Revisited

As I reach there my fingers itch for a click
The lens in hope zooms but soon turns sick
My disappointed mind depressingly broods
Where have gone Frost's dark deep woods!
What my eyes see can be called at best
A skeletal green a parody of forest
Where my horse would shake head in doubt
Why I pause here it can't make out!
I seriously wonder whose woods are these
For logs and timbers fell trees as they please
Not many are left in vision's long range
No wonder my horse thinks it strange!
My heart shivers in the cold evening clime
In fear the forests would vanish in no time
There won't be Frost's woods dark and deep
For when they were going wisdom found us asleep!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Frozen Frames

The riddles inside me
Are set free
Through poems.
They go on a ride
In the world outside
Turn to frozen frames!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Fullness

Full is my treasure trove,

I have but one love!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Gadgets (10w)

Gadgets you buy
Tomorrow die,
Pity
So fast
Lose novelty.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Gallantry

The soldier was receiving the gallantry award.

In his mind was not

How many enemies he had killed
How bravely he had fought the war
How greatly he defended his country
The heaping praises
The glittering medal

But...

The reassuring happiness
Of having come out of it

Alive!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Ganga

Under the amber sky she flows as far as the sea
her bank on the other side is shrunk as eye can see
I have seen joys rise like tide tears mingle in hers
she is Ganga the one river mother of all rivers.

On her ceaseless journey from high up to the bay
melts snow in her flow springs life from her clay
worshiped as holy mother yet spoiled by her sons
she is ravaged time again slayed by evil demons.

For ages she has nurtured life tilled green her shore
around her have sown hopes its timeless folklore
her soils have sculpted cornfields and images of goddess
she is now an ebbing tide end's shadows on her face.

Hear once her moaning waves her ripples' silent sigh
from the silts clogging her breast her beds going dry
dying groans of the mother poisoned in effluent
choked by her people's waste killed without relent.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Gateman

Open the door, gateman
Open the door for me
Break out of dream if you can
It's long since you slept to lullaby.
I know you're tired
Of counting each grass in the park
It's not what you aspired
The drowsy trills of the lark.
You surely have no clue
Here amid the flowers
With so little to do
Why counting the weary hours.
In the summer's burning glow
Your sweats bring dazed dreams
And knowing the winds won't blow
Your surround in despair dims.
Open the door, gateman
Open the door for me
Get out of dream if you can
From the delirious lullaby.
For once show me your eyes
Where the dreamy slumbers loom
Amid flowers grown in sunrise
Seeding flowers that won't bloom.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Gathering Her

In the dying flickers of night
I lust for her touch on my forehead

Come before robs you the daylight
And scatter you in pieces in my head!

In daylight she's real scattered pieces
Drawn in many faces missed in many kisses
A woman a wife remote in diverse role
Her fibers hidden like light in black hole
On the nights too she's mystic moonbathed
A wispy fairy out of bound lying on my bed
I can't but love her can't her ever leave
Can't put out the flame that rises to deceive

I crave her fullness in the dying flickers of night
And doomed to an eternal fate
I lie in wait

To see her core disrobed
before robs her daylight!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Geras

Wrinkle our face
Twinkle weather
Quietly we embrace
Age together.

Each annular ring
Season's turning breeze
In our ears sing
We are aging with ease.

What if she gets slow
My limbs are growing rust
Lacking youthful glow
We're aging in good trust.

Her curves have lost the edge
My gait lacks olden spright
Yet nicely do we age
We're aging without fright.

Have grown dim our eyes
Ears too often fail
There's no disguise
We are aging well.

We are past that ride
Stuck on the surface
Reached that space inside
Where we can age in grace.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Ghost Story

The thing I hate most
is when I have to switch off the light
paving way for ghosts
to rule my night!

When moonbeam peeped through window
night revealed her in the most beauteous glory
I would not fall asleep in that half-lit glow
till ma told me the eeriest ghost story!

She would tell me about imps and ghouls
the ones that roam to find if a child is sleepless
of spirits no more bound by earthly rules
moving in the hollows in faceless face!

There were ghosts good and crooks
souls that died in unfulfilled lust
their shadows crept in the dark nooks
their sighs echoed with the wind's gust!

I could feel their breath catch their whiff
the lurking bones lying for me in wait
that would not spare me even in my sleep
till they turned me their netherworld's mate!

To this day I feel a deadly gloom
pause before I put out the light
what if finding me alone in a room
visit me the fears of the night!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Ghosts In A House

In the barren landscape with little to show
The wintry day was about to bow
When with a tingling fear and a little grouse
I stood alone before the haunted house.
It loomed ominously its spires high
That seemed to pierce the evening sky
Its cobwebbed door and dusty panes
Reeked of evil and bode ill omens.
The chilly wind blew down my spine
Trying to stop me with howling whine
'Don't step on this long untrodden track,
Before they find you, better go back'.
For a moment I felt like running away
Not stopping there for the nocturnal stay
But my heavy laden feet dragged me on
There was no going back till came dawn.
Soon I was past the evening's first star
To enter the doorway that was slightly ajar
The darkness inside was so maliciously thick
It would hardly melt with just one matchstick.
As I lit the candle I cried in utter fright
I was knocked down by a dark whirling night
It was sometime before I regained my composure
It was bats on their flight as from slumber they arose.
The place closely resembled my nightmare's hell
With silence of the grave and a rotten stinking smell
It seemed to say 'the alive is debarred here,
When you turn to them, you'll have no fear'!
I tried not to be unnerved and lit up my torch
To see what lay beyond the long dusty porch
Finding the staircase I tried to gather my poise
But it was soon gone at the ghastly creaking noise.
I heard someone above speaking in muffled voice
'We had to come here, there was no choice,
But I'm sure something is down there,
A ghost must be moving, I heard sounds down stair'!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Gift

If you have in mind to give someone a gift
Love or just anything to bring a cheer's lift
Don't defer do it now before it's too late
A time may come bitter to leave you in regret!

Don't keep deferring a gift by pondering over it
Or thinking it can further wait in time's endless pit
Tomorrow it may so happen that the one in mind is gone
Without ever having your gift leaving that work undone!

If you have in mind to gift someone a thing or two
Keep it not in abeyance make the now its time to do
Next time is a long time so it may never leave your heart
You delayed the gift too long and chance was swift to depart!

Once the wish grows in mind to give someone a gift
Hurry for tides may change sands may go for a shift
Do it now get it done and treasure the receiver's smile
So you don't have to regret the rest of your walking mile!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Gifted A Day

Don't regret, never mind
The day you have left behind
A beautiful night is in wait for you
For dreaming again hoping anew!
Feel blessed that you got to stay
To live and love for another day
To rise again and see the sun
Get to do what's still undone.
Know it is from god a gift
To renew your spirit and give it a lift!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Girl Of The Soil

Her hairs bereft of oil
Unkempt with dirt
The girl of the soil
I can't reach her heart.
I can't reach her heart
The girl wears no rouge
Like arrow she darts
She can't be my muse.
Her teeth aren't pearls
She hasn't a smooth skin
On her no beauty curls
Her heart I can't win.
Whole day she toils
She wears no cute dress
The girl of the soil
I can't kiss her face.
She isn't to any school
The girl knows no tune
Her heart I can't rule
From me she's immune.
Her words pour out pure
In her way she is smart
But she makes it sure
I can never reach her heart.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Girl With The Blue Umbrella

The girl with the blue umbrella
Caught my look,
For a moment I loved her
Then she was gone far.
I drank her eyes a sparkling wine
Forbidden she couldn't be mine
In my heart she left a scar
In my eyes a remote star!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Give Me If You Have

Do you remember last cascades of laughter
Till your breath couldn't take it anymore
Your seams almost opened belly ruptured
From standing you came down to floor!

You laughed first once and then couldn't hold
Their peals kept gushing like a flood
Mouth hole bared from eyes tears rolled
Laughter invaded your blood!

People wouldn't know if you laughed or wept
As tears flowed down your cheeks
Such was the fun it did you suffocate
Seemed wouldn't stop for weeks!

If you remember please pass onto me
I'll preserve in a bottle that stuff
Only to uncork when it needs be
In the days that I find pretty tough!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

God Got On The Way

He thought he could easily glide
But on the road hit his head
The dog was on the other side
The dog wasn't fed.
In that wee hour he bled
The winter fog lay dense
The poor dog remained unfed
There wasn't an ambulance.
A little faster and he could make it
But he landed on his head
The car had him deadly hit
The dog wasn't fed.
A few steps and he could be there
But he was lying with a swollen head
God he was not fair
The dog wasn't fed.
He could have taken his time to cross to the other side
The car could have seen him and not knock his head
But ifs and buts as always leave possibilities wide
He was so keen on it but the dog couldn't be fed.
His eyes askance gazed lifeless at the sky
His blood stained the road red
Though a kind soul that made an honest try
God saw the dog wasn't fed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

God Who Kills

In a room dark
I'm killed everyday
I can't see the wound's mark
As there's no sunray.....

No religion no race
In the darkness
I'm just someone with no face
To be killed without trace.....

They could set me free
My stomach was empty
I was starved and lean
No way could I win.....

I pray for a little light
As anyone would on a dark night
To see where it hurts
When the bullet departs.....

Hunger has stilled my sense
Can't feel the death sentence
Still in the dark I pray
To a God who kills me everyday!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

God Will Be Back

Between belief and non-belief
Battle the reason and faith
When one fails, the other takes over
Down on our knees, we surrender.
Faith in reason finds no reason in faith
An escaping belief in god's presence
All the testaments don't live up to the truth
When reason reigns, god makes no sense.
But then reasons can't bring solace
Rationality is hard and ruthless
When the fire brings tormenting pain
Reason flees and god soothes like rain.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Goddess

In her eyes the starkness of might
in her outstretched arms a call
to the ones challenging her
to surrender to her power
and the ones worshipping her
to find in her might what's hidden,
an invitation to the worshipper and the challenger
to submit, to see, beyond her wrathful might
not a goddess
but a woman, a mortal lover,
infinitely lovable!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

God's Child

A God's child was born in the mud
Earth had no place; it was nipped in the bud.
There was no mourning, only the mother wailed
God quietly succumbed, he was once more impaled.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

God's Ire

Every year I'm haunted by a doubt
Will this year's Puja be a washout?
Feeling scared if her anger Ma Durga vents
By sending thunder and rain in torrents
Festivities spoiled, all joys marred
My dresses remain locked in cupboard!
With gloomy faces of people around
No pandal hopping on wet slushy ground
Confined at home, a very sad fate
Dating ma Durga merely on Net!

Now you may ask what causes her ire
The reason can be found not very far
Corruptions abound, crores of scam
How she can't be angry and give it a damn!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Golden Potato

The golden potato beamed at him in the sun
When he had almost stopped his quest for this one
The others in the pile smeared his hand with red earth
But it as if for his eyes lay hidden apart.

Make me your choice do pick me
Lift me from this dump set me free
I deserve no mash no steaming boil
No cut into pieces to be fried in oil.

Get me quick for I come from a land
Where soil grows rich in golden sand
They have a song for each seed sown
That when they sing all grief is outgrown.

And the harvest when they're spread in the sun
All hands embrace all hearts welcome
In each sapling that sprouts from the soil
Is seen the miracle of god's earthly toil.

He picked the precious up from the red dirt
Needing it dearly for his backyard desert
Where he would have it on this summer sown
Till the rain shoots it up all grief is outgrown.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Gone Are The Keys

You are out of touch
So long so much
Trapped in the box
While the outside knocks.
A hectic day late night
Steal from you dawn's light
Always busy chasing a farce
You have no time for night stars.
Maybe you regret you may curse
Missing to listen what wind whispers
Missing the spring the autumnal blue
You have no clue to the box you glue.
Meantime the colors come and go
In the pearly moon the heavens glow
You have no time outside the box
Gone are the keys to open the locks.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Gone But Still There

In the sunshine she stood
And then she was gone
Yet she's there for good
I see her off and on.
Her face is dolled goodness
Her smiles drip moonlight
She quietly leaves her trace
In my dream's fancy flight.
She salvages me from pain
From wildly raging storms
Inside me she remains
A healer in many forms.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Good Times Will Be Back

We are in the dark but have time for a song
Bad times will go, they won't stay for long
Clouds will disperse, revealing blue again
Soothing gust of wind will heal all our pain.
Know the night of sorrow will surely bow out
A blazing day it will be to blow away all doubt
Birds will be back, will come back sunshine
Happiness will be back, we will again be fine.
Know the gale of misery will not last for long
Bad times will go, will revert to joyful song
The dust will settle, cooler will be the clime
We shall be there to welcome the good time.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Goodness

On that bright day his mind was unusually calm
He stopped by the beggar to offer him some alms
Feeling at peace with himself without a trace of qualm
He took a deep breath, with life he was coming to term.

Goodness he pondered was quite an achievable feat
A small spark that made him offer the old man a seat
Each familiar face he smiled at such easy was to greet
Inside him he grew healthier being good was great benefit.

Why men suffer jealousy fight for one-upmanship
Instead of trading for goodness most precious human keep
Just not burn to earn his food comfort and restful sleep
But live in shining goodness make life a rewarding trip.

Being good with one's own kind he felt wouldn't do
Other lives around him must kindly be treated too
A crumb of bread for the street dog on its head a little pat
Pints of milk and a little care for the weak and ailing cat.

As he walked the road thoughts like these lighted up his face
He found waiting on wayside many things begging goodness
Determined he would reach them all do them a little good
He sprinted along in a sprightly gait his mind in deep brood.

Back home when she opened the door he gave her a broad smile
She glowered a little askance for he hadn't done it a while

What brings you this sheepish smile what for the elation?
Don't even think you can ever make on me a good impression!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Graduation Class

This is my graduation class
and I have bunked quite a few of them.

terrifyingly I realize it has to be a long time

for I am frantically looking for the college
the home of my graduation class

and here I am groping to get my way back
asking people the way to my college!

Must be my long absence playing tricks on my memory
but that hardly makes sense.

At last I find out the iron gate

from there a narrow passage shows flight of stairs

but my class, which floor is my class?

doesn't strike me the hush
as I run up the steps

wasn't it the fourth floor?

and when I reach it gasp for breath

my graduation class looks unfamiliar
so is the head stooping under the table lamp
his specs almost falling from nose
intently gazing at something
from the maze of electrical apparatuses spread before him.

I don't recollect having ever a teacher like him

but today I don't trust my memories

too many things I have forgotten

must be the fallout of missing classes for too long

the man there in my graduation class
has to be my teacher!

He looks up as I start speaking

I'm sorry sir, being ill I've missed some classes
but I'll manage to catch up.

Then it happens

my bag swings in the air
pulled by an invisible force!

He smiles at my awed face

don't bother, you know, it's so strong
the electromagnetic field of course
such nasty pulls they make

in a flash a floodgate opens

my graduation class doesn't have a lab inside
my bag by now flying in the air is an office bag
I have no business in the college anymore

I had left my graduation class
over three decades ago!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Grass Cutters

From morn are at work the grass cutters
Clearing the weeds to make way for men
In the wind I catch their mumbled chatters
Of lives deemed wasted in no gain.

Had my parents had enough money
I would not have been here cutting grass
But worked at some big company
Earn enough to live with full purse.

But you know I can't blame them
They had to spend last bit on food
Fended for years gave me a name
Saw that I grew up to manhood.

As soon was born some sense in me
The feel to realize my debt
I searched for way to earn some money
And here I am with my fate.

But now I know must do my best
In the hope that only matters
To see his life doesn't go waste
My son becomes never a grass cutter.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Green Coconut

Today I wouldn't tell you about me

I would tell you about the green coconut
His eyes begged me a drink

Good sir just ten rupees
Fountain of life
To quench your thirst
Feed your hunger

All these sir for so cheap
Have it one please
For just ten rupees

His shriveled face
Shrunken eyes
Stretched palms
Offering heal of pain
Life's fountain
For just ten rupees

His eyes begged me a drink

He knew my thirst
His healing remedy
Green coconut
Building between us
A bridge
For ten rupees

I'm sorry I failed
In what I said at the outset
For now standing here
I'm telling about me
An empty green coconut in my hand
In his eyes me

In this distant land!

Green Island

I'm escaping again to Green Island.
Here the landscape never changes,
The rocks never grow moss,
The mystic river is never stolen.
They are as they were eons ago.
I am the odd man there,
Worn out by time,
The bald patch on the green,
A barrenness on the fertile soil.
Yet here I'm forgiven
For seeking her face,
Youthfully there on the wallpaper.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Grey Shades Of Evening

green hungry eyes wait for me at the road corner
a forever mourner
my disappointment i can't hide
failing once again to feed a mouth on the roadside!

her every evening i meet
waits the pariah on the street
for one scrap of biscuit!

she's my sullen evening's muse
quite easily i find an excuse
sorry sweetie i was lost in thought
am sorry i again forgot!

she waits till the last of my sight
till gone in the stark length of night
her eyes pleading tomorrow when we meet
must celebrate with a piece of biscuit!

the night sky brims with the stars
in the air is grim chill's curse
what if she's carried away on wings
leaving me with desolate evenings!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Grit

Nice to see you are opening the shop.

Saying this
I search for lines of distress on her face
On her widowed eyes a painful strain
For when went her man
The way she wailed
It seemed she would never be sane again!

She smiles now I run it alone
Sale is low
And I'm weighed down
With his pile of debt!

In her smile are hopes regrown
A telltale sign of grit

The show must go on.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Groove

Beckons him the freedom's verge
Atop's blue ring
Lures him the wings' urge
To think nothing,

Lies his feet
On window ledge
He sees the writ,

His heartbeat
Says this bondage
Is bitter sweet!

He could make the world his home
The span endless

He could wherever freely roam
Stay every place,

Yet his feet on window ledge
Shun the move

Ponders mind on freedom's edge
The lovely groove!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Grow Up Not, Child

Little child stop growing old
The world is not a happy place
Full of sufferings untold
Worries to disfigure your face!
Your smiles are till now so sweet
In your eyes flows the river of innocence
But as you grow up they will retreat
To burden your heart with pains!
Little child you would rather not grow
The world is not as simple as you
In your heart streams of joy flow
You glisten like the morn's drop of dew!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Guarding Castle In The Sands

It's so hard to make, harder still to maintain
So easily it can break, may never be built again!
For heaven's sake hold onto it
The slightest crack can rip it apart.
A thing once so dear, a thing once so sweet
Can go astray and break your heart.
Just one hurting word, the smallest frown
A little loss of patience to understand,
Like a card house it comes crashing down,
With one unguarded blow of your hand!
Be careful, the castle is built in the sands,
There's dark cloud, gale and thunder
Hold onto it with your heart and your hands
Let it not for heaven's sake come asunder.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Guavo

It was a small little thing
Between us a silent game
I wished it 'good morning',
As it brushed my window frame.
It swayed happily at me
Softly holding onto its root
The chance-grown guava tree
I thought would never bear fruit.
'Good morn, Guavo, how are you?
My window frame, did it hurt? '
'Nay, I'm fine, had my cup of dew,
I really made a good start.'
I loved this cute little thing
To ask it 'how do you do? '
Loved the undernourished sapling
Why I really had no clue.
After sometime it started to fade
Keeping relations is not so easy
'Guavo' disappeared from my head
I forgot the lean sickly tree.
Then one day my wife came along
A big round guava she brought me
'Taste how it is, the plant is fine and strong,
It's from your friendly tree.'
It came back to me inside and deep
Our time-buried sweet story
Guavo hasn't forgotten our friendship
I must run to it and say sorry.
There it stood proud and high
A full-grown guava tree
Swaying in the wind, saying 'hi,
I haven't forgotten thee'.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Haat

Under the banyan few bamboo stalls
Baskets of garden's produce
Whiff of fresh fish from fishing trawls
Buyers the sellers amuse.

Brinjals and pumpkins papayas and gourds
Small catch from neighborly streams
With buy and sell exchange few words
Alike a sketch seen in dreams.

Small things small price wish don't soar high
A few coins to relieve bowel's pain
Will do enough to let the hopes fly
No need for too hard bargain.

Will be left behind not all will be sold
The fragrance of freshness will stale
They won't rue hearts of true gold
Having learned this hard fact too well.

Some hours spent when shadows grow dark
Sun decides to recline in west
Wind up they all under moon's arc
Happy souls homebound for rest.

Sighs the banyan long standing witness
Pains it the quietude of stars
Holds it through dark watches endless
Coming and going of pedlars.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Habit

When you speak my silent desires when you read my mind
I don't feel the slightest wonder seek the mystery behind
for I know it's made that way preordained and sweet
you can read the one you love when you love by habit.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Habits (10w)

Regret it honey,
None of my habits
Can fetch money!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Haggler

I haggle over the price a kilo

a city fellow
deft in bargain

The veg seller
she's a minnow
simple plain

Cuts the price
smiles so nice
her profits dip

She didn't say
if I had my way

would buy her cheap!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Hair

Hair styles
Hair colors
Hairdos
Hairfall
Blonde
Brunette
Redhead
Grey
Or just black

A few strands of which
I found in her comb
In one untravelled recess of wardrobe
An untouched memento
From past two decades
Not graying
Not growing
Undeclined
Undestroyed

black and thick

the only relic

for her son!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Half Moon

'You seemed to love her deeply'
I told my uncle.
It was raining dense
As I held him back,
The evening was not one to go out.
'Deeply enough no doubt'
His voice echoed in gloom.
'But she wasn't your type,
she was flirtatious,
she had many like you'.
'Still I loved her deep,
loved her mad,
loved her till and after
she broke my heart'.
I saw a glint in his eyes.
'Forty years and she still hurts,
batters my self respect,
taunts my defeats'.
'But you got yourself a steady partner,
not flirtatious, never leaving your side'.
'True but she did the damage,
she left me to seek her in all women'.
Outside the rain stopped
And the sky begot a half moon.
He still loves her, I pondered,
Her fossil he bears
All these forty years,
But had he got her,
Could he carry the cross of love so far?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Halloween Resolution

Don't keep anything in dark
All the secrets you park
Deep down in your mind
That others can never find.
Even your monstrous thoughts
That inside lurks and rots
Things you cover in night
It's time to bring them to light.
Words that's hard to utter
For release quietly flutter
Now is their time spent
Let them come in torrent.
You're wasted for long
In whispers and unsung song
It's time to lay yourself bare
And let the true you out of lair.

Dump the mask in the trash bin
This Halloween, come clean!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Hangman

The time is running out real fast for me
I'm on death row and there's no mercy
I was on the run they hounded me out
Found me guilty without a trace of doubt.
I've been living since in a six by eight cell
Counting my time for the journey to the hell
Confined alone a caged beast than human
Not allowed to meet and talk to loved ones.
'Let the end come early' that's what I pray
But hangmen are scarce the reason for delay
Before me a queue of men waiting for the rope
Their mercy pleas rejected and so without a hope.
They can't find a hangman, it's what they say
Nobody is willing to kill for just a little pay
But that's what I did, I killed for little gain
So I can be a hangman, if I'm ever born again.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Harbour

On that harbour town she was to wait for me
by the sea.

I would travel from the city
and at the jetty
she would be sharp at ten.

A few hours' bus ride
to be by her side
come sun or rain.

A girl from coastal sands
she had to take a ferry
from another island.

Boats came and went
I lost count
dreaming that heavenly moment.

With two hours and an empty jetty
I headed back for the city
mad with sadness
for her act of treason
never ever asking her the reason
why she couldn't be with me
by the sea.

That day I was to make a vow
she would be my wife.

That day I barred her for life.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Harvest

The winter haze hangs on the meadow,
In the veiled sun the ghostly apparitions
Mourn the ritual of yet another day,
To smell the wet exudation of the grass,
To till the field praying for the sun!
Once a while moos pierce the silence
Joined by the clangs of the tiny bells
That adorns the creatures as mournful
As the ones goading them to move on!
They bellow when unable to take anymore,
Hoping for a miracle that would unburden
And bring a freedom only yearned in dreams!
But as ordained the pale orb grows bright.
God frantically pours his passion in the disc
Colors of which spill over in the firmament!
Blazes in another day of harvesting hopes.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Harwood

Many a times I have been to Harwood Point.

When the travel bug bites my feet
My eyes pine for the marine froth
In the May's summer heat
I pack in my kitbag the barest cloth.

At Harwood Point

The river runs in turbulent progress
Maddened in the pursuit of the sea's embrace!

From Harwood Point

The river would carry me to the sea.

When the sun spills blood on the river
The vessel would leave Harwood's wooden jetty!

As that small port diminishes from my sea bound way
It sets me to brood.

Who was this Harwood?

Why this Point bears his name?

As the vessel picks up steam
I fall into a deep dream.

J.T. Harwood 1831.

Some British Surveyor
Lost in the pages of archived Register
Laid to rest in the dust of fame

But lives his name
To this day
On my sea bound way

A name without a face
Where the river runs for the sea's embrace!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Hate Game

This is one game
I always will choose
to lose.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Haunting

After the hunting tour
he rested there with his paramour
the setting sun and her face
erased the day's weariness!

As the birds nest-bound fluttered wings
his fingers and hers muttered whisperings
for soon would end the day
and time for the two to go their way!

Now the westerly sun kisses the weeded stones
the wind stops here howls dirgeful moans
the pervading melancholy knows no redress

we are lovers of now and time is merciless!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Having A Zoo

Cats galore here in our home
Crawling kittens in their tow
Puppies in our rooms roam
We don't need anywhere to go.
My wife she proudly hosts
Boasts of her budgies many
Now she has added two parrots
We are in glorious company.
The bulbuls are kind to stay outside
But they too have to be hand fed
The mynas in us lovingly confide
Our rabbits love to be on bed.
She says she needs a few hens
That in the backyard would freely roam
I know you don't see any gains
In having a zoo in our home!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Hayman

i tell them when they come under me
though my shade won't make you cool
love as much wholeheartedly
for love break all the rule.

stay together for years on
for small things part not way
if from life love is gone
it's hell each living day.

it seems they don't hear me
though i say it in high voice
tell them live life willingly
and not once waste the choice.

i tell them live life together
till death do you part
don't just let a bad weather
break your loving heart.

it so seems they don't care
though i always tell to them
let no storm break the pair
extinguish heart's flame.

i tell them it's not that hard
can do it each of you
if can do the two lovebird
you two can easily too.

i doubt it if their ears
lend time for my voice
when it says through joys and tears
stick once you make your choice.

i can't do more from my place
than tell them wisdom's words
i love them and heartily bless
while scaring away the birds.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

He Cries Like A Baby

How him I envy

at age of ninety
he cries like a baby!

It needs not much of a provocation
without a cloud his tears flow
wind's rustle a known birdsong
half moon's glow
bell's ding-dong
never ever his overgrown years
made the choice of stopping the tears!

I wanna know in what treasured gain
falls easy eye's undrying rain
leaves' wintry fall time rusted tale
chiming clock rosebud's smell
never held back tears
his ninety years!

In tears never miserly

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Headache

It may take an aspirin to rid a headache
But there's no healing when you've heartbreak
A balm may do wonder cool soothing menthol
Mending a broken heart, does it happen at all?

Once you set your heart to win another one
Thence start your stresses till the job is done
It's oft than not you ended up in a mess
Tapped the wrong door knocked wrong address.

It may sound unpleasant but a truth to endure
It's thus designed love is destined a failure
Yet we love to repeat it not mind the cost it take
Failing time again suffering heartbreak.

This write isn't intended to talk of the ache
Caused by heartbreak or a tearing headache
But to share with you a feel bitter sweet
Always worthwhile love is divine pursuit.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Healing Time

There's no haste
take rest
while the doctor
eludes you like a specter!

Minutes seem like hours
doesn't care your time the doctors
you wonder what you get in the bargain
other than boredom and a back pain!

He is taking his own sweet time
leaving for you few breaths of rhyme
then by the time they call your name
you forget all your problem!

Wouldn't remember what you came here for
why you needed to see a doctor
such a waste it all would mean
chasing a doctor his medicine!

But you've to walk in sooner or letter
a little distracted and feeling better
to thank him for his taking time
that saw you healed by a passing rhyme!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Heartbreak

Now that I have a heartbreak
Loving you could be a mistake
But then I couldn't help it
It was so quick, my heartbeat!
From the moment I saw your face
The chaos started, it was all mess
But then I could hear the sound
Of the throb and the heart's pound!
The world stopped its eternal spins
I felt immortal, a lover by all means
Everything else turned meaningless
I didn't need them, it was all your space!
As with heavenly times, it was transient
Nights burned out, days quickly spent
I loved you and suffered a heartbreak
I don't know, if it was all a mistake.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Heeramon

Heeramon, stop for me a while
For one lost word one smile
Long brewing in deep
For long caged in lip.
It's time we made a start
Rein rush and speak our heart
In moments precious holding hands
Pick pieces of that lost word's strands.
For long we have lived in thrift
Two islands remote adrift
In coldness distant aloof
In silence under mortuary's roof!
Heeramon, it's time for rewind
Walk back the times left behind
On the stretch of frittered away mile
Where we left one word one smile!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Hell's Hearth

Salty sweat gets into them
My eyeballs cry
They aren't enjoying this game
Howsoever they try.
It's so mean
I mean the heat
Outside and within
It burns like shit.
The sky bears no blue
And it has no clue
When rain will come
The cloud-pressed balm
To turn this hell's hearth
Once more a soothing earth!
With my thoughts a seething mess
My mind in clumsy distress
I've no way but to hold on
My breath in the boiling cauldron!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Hengloo

You do know
To go
Beyond the dark line
To the forever sunshine.
Today
Your playfulness
Brought my face
Awhile happiness.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Henry's Island

When the sun scorched the sand,
I went to Henry's Island.
The winter came and left the shore
Spring was for a while and then no more
The rains beat the shingled beach
The soothing autumn was within reach.
Yet I spurned these tempting seasons
Couldn't persuade myself with good reasons
To visit the island in fairer weather
And landed on it in the harshest summer!
The sands bit my feet like burning coal
The beach seemed alone without a soul
To the distant horizon my eyes could gaze
A fishermen's boat hang in the haze.
The red crabs though found it a fun
To come out of hole to bathe in the sun
When I was close they were quickly gone
The beach was alive and I wasn't alone.
The seagulls skimmed the waves for fish
The sea was all mine like in the dreamiest wish
Placing all her beauties at only my command
Gifting me a glorious summer at Henry's Island.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Her Beau

The sky
At night
Can't see her beau,
Her sigh
At dawn's light
Drops as dew!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Her Beauty

Under the sunburned clay tiles
Her face was a pond.

Sweats' dewdrops on her almond skin
Keenly waited for the kiss of soil
And in the tree lined coolness of the thatched hut
She paused for me from her rustic toil.

Why do the beauties we deform
Bury the raw under heaps of vain
Kill the eyes' wild glowworms
Plant there a mascara stain!

A girl of toil a girl of soil she's rustic bred
Never deems never dreams for beauty's parade!

Her face was a tree lined pond
Her heart's ocean
I never could delve.

Only know this much
Under the sunburned tiles
Her one fleeting smile
I would carry through the coming miles.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Her Coming Of Age

The golden tinge of the shy sun
Peeked onto her pinkness
The youthful night was full of fun
Leaving residues on her face!
Whole night the storm blew
That no cover could protect
Denser the darkness grew
Hankering for a climax perfect!
It's still there the bed sheet
Spotless without a stain on it
Gone is the storm with its rage
Pinkness stolen, she has come of age!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Her Lessons

The mother cat is teaching her kittens fast
Leave them she must
In another few days.

Her babies are
Blindly following her
She knows her art of replays.

Grow up baby till you have the caring hand
Grow fast to earn your place on this land
Not all you future can hold in embrace
Not all of you can survive find a place.

She teaches well her lessons are without flaw
She teaches you to use them well your tooth and claw
Yet not all can rise from fall make their way
Not all you can live up to the future day.

Learn fast child time runs wild don't know when
You are grown and left alone with angst of pain
Learn it smart all her art of making it through
Know baby all her teachings are wise and true.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Her Lot

Her perfume fills the air
she is not that fair
next to me devouring my thought
sits the woman a harlot.

By my side in the bus
a traveler of different class
I sit engrossed in her thought
she's a woman then harlot.

I imagine in pensive thought
when a harlot what she's not
what's her lot to force a choice
to let ravagers in her rejoice.

A harlot then she isn't good
not decent is her attitude
she smells of cheap perfume
she reeks of sleazy gloom.

I let my thoughts roam free
how otherwise she could be
what if she wasn't a harlot

yet her body not mind was bought!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Her Mint Blue Eyes And A Little Less Milk For Tea

Pleads her mint blue eyes
Thank you for the patting touch
If I crave for a saucer of milk
Would that be asking too much?

Of course you have the right to ignore
And throw my way a vacant stare
Signing me to move away from door
Pretending there's no milk in Frigidaire!

But I beg you to act humanly
Be ethical and firmly fair
If you got some milk for your tea
Surely you've some for me to spare!

Parting a few drops wouldn't make you poor
My blessings would give you manifold back
You would feel far happier and I'm sure
Sky won't fall if your brew is more black!

Well if you still ignore I would move away
With dignity I would leave your ground
But don't blame me when comes the day
You feel a void and I'm not around!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Her Night

The ripples broke the moon into pieces
But her wishes elsewhere sniffed the air.

The night was fair enough though
To bathe in her beauty she wasn't there.

Where broke the ripples the moon's face
Reflected the water the firmament
She searched in dreaminess
Commotion of the slightest movement.

One small fish would satiate her night!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Her Offer

every morn
she does me a favor

my gracious savior
offers me a steaming cup
of her love's flavor!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Here For Today

No more songs of sorrow
Lamenting things gone past us
Live today and hope for morrow
Hold tight the moments joyous.
Maybe the morrow will not find us
Our footsteps will not ring on the grass
We have only today for a fresh start
To live anew and love with all heart.
No more songs of sorrow
It's time to break from the past
Even if there comes no morrow
Live moments that fly away fast.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Here Is Where

Here is where I must anchor my boat
There isn't no place to go,
Here in this bay it can stay afloat
Sail upstream when the winds blow.
I needn't a place better than this
I needn't need a heaven to rest,
Here this bay brings me earthly bliss
There isn't no better place to nest.
When the moon paints my bay in mystic white
My boat rocks joyous in her stream,
I know this place for me is just right
This is the place of my dream.
I needn't a place any better or worse
This bay harbors me best,
So long I anchor here under the stars
I need no heaven to rest.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Hermit Crab

She picked it up from the seashore.
He encouraged her,
Flattered her with indulgence
To bring back her dying flame.
A girl once again,
She brought it home
In whimsically ebullient innocence!
On the polished floor
In a faraway city
It found it hard to walk
With the load of mollusk
And made a funny sight!
It strained its ears
But there was no sound of the sea,
No saline smell in the air,
Instead the water was sweet and insipid.
It went thirsty.
The food was alien,
It went hungry.
Soon they polished the shell
And celebrated addition of
Another showpiece in their room!
The crab had at last
Found a new home.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Hermit's Cat

Where the stardust sky kisses the black river
lies the hermit's hut.

he lives there alone.

sleeping and waking with the tides
soaked in riverine dew
bathed in southerly rain
mellowed in winter's shallow sun,

without love..

but for his cat

that unbeknown to him
sinks for his love
dying quiet death of dream

in the black river brimming with fish!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Hey Girl

(you boy too)
before the thumbs gnarl
use for sweeter things to do.

There's a sky awaiting you
a cloud paused from sail
a poem in your heart overdue
fetus of one tale.

Hey girl
(you boy too)
leave the shell to find the pearl
before times flew.

There's a grass still growing green
in wind love's whisper
a birdsong to catch from din
before years stray too far.

Hey girl
(you boy too)
the hidden is for you to unfurl
color them in your hue.

Piece together each dormant word
on scrap of leaf in ink
pour out within's flutter unheard
before runs out time in a wink.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Highway Snippets: 10x6

(1)

recedes everything
only i move forward
the unknown lies ahead.

(2)

for me
she stands under the tree
wears photogenic smile.

(3)

a home i'm going to
did i leave behind another?

(4)

hardens my belief
i'm coming from nowhere
going to nowhere.

(5)

in wind's embrace
hear it whisper
traveler seek no purpose.

(6)

won't stop
till the end of day
come what may.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Highway Snippets: Of Rainbows & Ruins

Raindrops wished them
colors seven
obliged sunflame
sliced heaven.

Far from hometown
day hangs still
last sun falls down
nimbus hill.

Reign they all day
changing quick
rain and sun play
hide and seek.

Skims she gaily
July shower
gathering merrily
wildflower.

I see the King
standing on ruin
madly searching
where is Queen.

Say her smiles
though places she roam

love end of miles

waiting home.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Highway Snippets: She Slaps Me A Kiss

Heat holds stubborn
on the dreary day
till comes rain
and drives it away.

Every cloud has a silver line
we beat the cloud to reach sunshine.

One cute hamlet far from town
catches eye
slows mind down.

Long stretch of green
water filled
here rained much
killed paddy field.

Chunks of cloud
loom overhead
color of summer
in rain will fade.

Leaps up dream in dancing beat
when touches soil
the weary feet.

You never have a sweet word for me

I tease.

she slaps me a kiss.

Ends another glorious day
on the highway.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Hills On Sands

Quite a child
she makes me one
mind windward wild
flies gazelle run!

On the shore
she's something more
than picking pearl

opens door
once more
she's a little girl!

She picks seashells
of sea she smells
she looks alien

free she sails
in her spell
i'm child again!

On the sea
wild carefree
she paints me joy

make hills on sands
small grow my hands
i'm again a boy!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

His Pace

The travel is long and arduous
Any end of way is nowhere near
A slow witness to season's fast rush
He treads the motion of another year.

Sometimes resting on nights dark and starry
He wonders why life needs to race in hurry
When like him by just slowing down the pace
Could be reached a piece of peace and happiness!

Men would mock him for his vast slowness
Absence of speed his lack of progress
How would they know he never grew the lust
To set himself a goal and try to reach it fast.

The more paths men travel the more they seem less
Like going round in circle coming back to same place
Forever dreaming an ascent aiming the peak's height
Chasing a gain to attain a light at end of night!

He moves on in the way the soil patiently waits the rain
Never unhappy to be left behind never scared he might fail
Just trekking along with no end of way no destiny's pain
In the embrace of his belief for good reason he's a snail.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

His Way

I fell badly he says in painful groan
His hand plastered for the broken bone
I didn't slip nor in walk do I sleep
Or move in worries buried deep!

But still I fell in broad daylight
In clear view and clean eyesight
Without a pothole a hidden bump
Walking without a hop or a jump!

It's painful though I don't mind
God is so great He is so kind
He led me like a true guide
Ensuring I fall on my left side.

It's His way of showing grace
minimizing harm lessening distress
with my right hand working and free
my life is as normal as could be!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

His Wisdom

The old man tells the hours almost perfectly
From the length of shadows
Having walked the length of life
Without ever needing a clock!

He can smell in the air the coming rain
Knows the clouds that bear showers
Can closely predict season's yield of grain
Needs no watch to measure the daily hours!

He can tell when his cow needs a bull
In her moos hears the urge for a mate
Though he has never gone to a school
His knowledge has stood him to this date!

He knows all the stars in firmament
Best way to till the soil for harvest
Has never needed a doctor for ailment
Knows the herbs to heal all infest!

Such is the man who has never been to school
Yet his wisdom can fill countless pages
Making instinctive sharp senses as his only tool
Has handed down his wisdom through the ages!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Hmm

The doctor probed my eyes
stethoed to feel my lung
had my mouth wide prised
got rolled out my tongue!

He gave it deep long mulls
hmm was all he said
in his grip throbbled my pulse
beating fast afraid!

Hmm he muttered once again
there's no problem specific
but for that undefined pain
that you say is making you weak!

More apparent is the darned thing
that has really blighted your face
beneath your eyes the black ring
you are counting stars I guess!

May I know what keeps you awake
why you find sleep bothersome
keep tossing on bed till daybreak
pray tell me don't remain mum!

Poor doctor how he would ever know
best time for poeming is the night
when crystal dreams in moon glow
pour out from heart with might!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Holed Up

Holed up in office
So many things we miss
The wind outside the blue of the sky
The songs of birds the sweet butterfly
Alas we have no time for life's good
We have to work and earn our food.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Home

I have no words for so many things.

when god's brush slips from his hand
his colors splatter over the sky
the joy it brings in an autumn morn
as swims gaily white rafts on blue ocean
I find no words

for then my emotions
leave me for the kingdom of mountains
of many shapes and faces
landing only when
the sweet waft of jasmine
reminds of the anchor on this shore
where my root drinks soil's nectar
when filled to the brim
rests in melancholic dream
under homing bird sky
for a home
away from this home!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Homemade

Fried brinjal rolled in flatbread
Her magic recipe of love homemade
What treasure they hold what charm unlocks
When sharp at two opens up lunchbox!

A sweet candy from the finest cheese
Made from cow milk a salivary bliss
I feel helpless and little can do
My belly when growls sharp at two!

I feel entranced in that magic hour
When smell green peas and cauliflower
She makes them fine rich butter spread
The toasted breads her love homemade!

She knows my bowel not makes it rich
Fine cut cucumber in soft sandwich
In all them I find her special brew
Of love homemade to be opened at two!

Though it's never that I made her known
How sweetly relish her love homegrown
But when I open lunchbox at two
Wonder without her what I would do!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Homing Bird

I have been to verdant hills
watch moonrise on sea at gloam
nothing compares to what it feels
when I am back to my home.

Have trekked faraway mountain pass
caravanned on rolling desert
gone to icy heights where grows no grass
coming home I found my heart.

When travel bug bites my feet
eyes beg for the unseen shore
I wander far but soon retreat
beckons me sweet home's door.

I roam the unknown in wanderlust
weary of the cramped furlong
but end of day in twilight dust
feel the home is where I belong.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Honesty

Indigestible and bitterly tasty
most lovable is the brutal honesty.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Honey Gatherer

We all dreamed to be something when we grew up
doctors, engineers, lawyers...

but none a poet

for even in youthful immaturity we knew

being a poet wouldn't do

the ones we happened to meet

looked such impoverished!

As now then too

poets were honey gatherers

seeking discerning minds

one read one lit up face

one sip of the nectar!

Most of us never achieved what we dreamed to be

it really didn't matter

the doctor could be an engineer

the engineer a lawyer

but maybe one of us

in his heart of hearts

wanted to be a poet

pursued sunshine

sank in darkness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Honey Grove

If you're freely willing
to see your dreams grow root

take the honey grove route.

It's the name of a place
without a bee or a hive
where you arrive
if only you take a wrong drive

lose your way
on a forgetful day
to reach a space
of wide eyed face
where the children have never seen a car

or may be one or two
with wanderers like you
that once in a year
strayed this far
and to give their dreams a root

took the honey grove route!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Hope We Adore

Hope has no merciful face.
It bludgeons us harder
Than despair
To which it turns
When the result spurns
Our expectations!
Yet ironically
Most adored is hope,
A sauce for the sufferer
A spice to spruce up
The leftover
From the last despair,
Never really tidying
The ashes of shattered dreams
But staying back
Till our last breath
Goads us to hold onto it!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Hopeful (10w)

Life remains ever so hopeful
For our wishes are unfulfilled.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Horses

The horses feed on bat-moon meadow
their stone age stable now cobwebbed
hooves long rested from run
gone dusty by the wheels of metal
yet they paleolithic horses
graze in night's paraffin-lit glow
smelling of stable and the wild run
and in the stillness finding
their world crumbled.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

House Of Cards

There's no escape it's ever the life's part
Breaks one storm the strongest of men
Leaves on its trail pieces of broken heart
Scattered ashes of an undying pain!

Even the toughest falls like a house of cards
With no mend on sight for the brutally scathed soul
No peace to be got from the wisest of words
Charring helpless in grief's burning coal!

Each breath exhales fumes of the despair
When we're on the path of this gloomiest travel
That faith can't heal nor bring to repair
As the mind is sunk in the darkest of hell!

There's no relief when such times ravage us
For the tides of sorrow with years hardly wane
With time though quieted and within heart hushed
Remain its scars as the forever lasting pain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

How Do You Do

'How do you do'

Stopped me the child's voice.

Four words of endless span
Heart's amulet
To me and you
Forever new.

I'm just fine
Finer now
By your sweet greet.

Oh child
Promise me now
You would never cease
Asking passersby
How do you do.

When you are a big man
Greet folks on the street
Thirsty passersby like me.

Promise me
Like that it'll always be
Like you now tell me
In your lips now and then
Ringing true
How do you do.

Promise me child
They will never seem enough said
Never seem enough spent
Like you greet me today
Tomorrow, ever
From you
As now as then
Will ring forever true
My heart's amulet

The most delightful words from you

How do you do.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

How Does It Matter

Her fur in the morning is deadening white
But how does it matter I slept the whole night
The chill stayed out I didn't need to hark
Her unpleasant stories and frantic bark!

Her eyes in the morning are watery grey
But how does it matter she makes not my day
My quilt was warm till the sun was up
My day was begot with the brewing cup!

Her look in the morning was piercingly pale
But how does it matter I slept quite well
I locked the door and shut out the curse
Peace was all mine agonies were hers!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

How It's So

after one euphoric kiss
you hardly notice
her weathered cheeks

she is a Venus
she's tenacious
her beauty sticks

it moves you to tears
when went the years
you didn't notice

she matured from teen
ripened her green
since that euphoric kiss

how it's so
her beauty's glow
breezed past you

it moves you to tears
though ripened the years
she was ever new

was it so far
you right beside her
yet gave her a miss

ripened her years
you now see through tears

the first euphoric kiss

Pradip Chattopadhyay

How Long Is Life

A stupid question
With the answers

Luminous

It's that long
What it takes
To unearth
All the love
Begot on earth
For you

It's that long
What it takes
To travel the way
To know
You got more joy in giving
Than receiving

It's that long
What it takes
To close your mouth
And wait in patience
To listen what's uttered
In the silence

It's that long
What it takes
To reach the point
Where you feel fulfilled
Without a visible gain
In your coffer

It's only not that long
That you live

In years

How To Weave A Dream

Quietly you made, your way into my heart,
Without your knowing, without making a start
It was all my doing, only I knew
How to weave a dream that could never be true!
You never knew, my heart pumped quick
How could you, it was one way traffic
Without giving anything, you took it all
You couldn't ever, it was my call!
I built the castle, it was on sand
I felt your warmth upon my hand
Only I could do it, you never knew
How to weave a dream that could never be true!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

How You Know

It's dark foggy outside
And on this dull damp day
You're lifting my waning spirit
With your season-less love poems!

Isn't it a miracle that you know
When is my mind down below
You need to rekindle the flame
Resuscitate me with your love poems!

How you know on this depressing morn
Behind doors I would shut out myself
In the bleakest thoughts scarred and torn
With only your love poems for help!

Isn't it a wonder on this day
When my sadness spills out untamed
You see it from your space far away
Revive me with your lilting love poems!

How you know when it matters most
When I feel like throwing up the game
Pull me out of the abyss back to coast
Raise me up with life breathing love poems!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Hug Land

On a shore where the waves embrace the sand
Lies the hug land.

“No words, please, we only hug and kiss”

is all you will find,

speaking there is only with mind!

They were not late

To know words only complicate,

Makes a mess

Of what the heart says.

Rotten clichéd stale

They more often fail

To make the desired sense,

More potent is silence.

Lover, sister, brother

Each hugs the other

In this faraway retreat,

They hug anyone they meet.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Humannequin

The humannequin
at the wedding hall gate
has his smiles hired
at an hourly rate!

dressed like a clown
he mustn't let down
a single guest
must smile all the while
so not one is spared his smile!

on the newly weds blessings shower
he counts the hour
how much he can make
enduring his jaws' ache
sell smiles to serve the need
of his home and the mouths to feed!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Hunger (10w)

When hunger gnaws,
Exits poetry,
Moon becomes a mere prose.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Hungry Rebels

They wanted to make a statement
And was born a movement
From the Hunger's dream
Of breaking from the past
To build anew from the rust.
Words were picked from the soil
Words that stung senses
And made one recoil.
Finesse repelled, they were called obscene
Devoid of literary value, vulgar unclean.
Only a handful, the movement didn't thrive
Deserted betrayed, it couldn't survive.
Still not known their visions hidden in the mist
A rebellion for a lost cause by the hungry realist!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Hunt

the lone heron
splits the moon
in marsh light

a blurry swish
sucks the fish
livens night

hushes ploops
the moon recoups
shimmers bright

refilled want
ends the hunt
catches flight

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Hunter

With change of season
He too changes for good reason
Time over but he still sees a chance
Young girls get his furtive glance.
To make up for what his hairs lack
They aren't too many a few at the back
Those tufts he keeps in good black shine
His mind doesn't recede with receding hairline.
What if his skin has shrunk a little bit
His eyes still roll they hanker to meet
Dark ocean eyes with a glowing skin
Rekindles his fire lying deep within.
He holds onto the spark of youthful craze
Doesn't seek woman close to his age
It's the lesser ones that get him on hook
Make him seek ways for a greener look.
His time is never over this pathetic old clown
His days may be up but he is not down
Still dreaming of a reinvented career
His mind goes hunting wild deer.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Hymen (10w)

When not ruptures in ecstasy,
But defiled in demon's fantasy!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I

I love the 'eyes' resting on my poems
But hate the too many 'I's
Making their loud presence in my write!

I hate their face though
They are now all over the place
As you find right here before your eyes
If the above six lines you read
Two 'I's already on this write feed!

Now a good man that I am...
But am I?

Had I been a good man
When the girl bled from her head
I would have seen her wounds stitched
And not think I had office to reach!

Had I possessed a kind heart
(my simplest measure for being a good man)
Seeing a child crying on his own
I would not have thought
The tears were his alone!

Had this body held a loving man
Not of ideas but of action
I would not have hidden behind the skewed logic

So many stray lives on the street roam
What's the use of caring for one
And giving it home!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Became A Poet

I never wanted to be a poet
I dreamed to be a trail of starlight
looking at which
you would lose yourself
to spin yarns of fairy words.
I yearned to fall from the sky
as the dew
surrounded by the liquid darkness
that begets for you a new day.
I loved to be that southern breeze
that while kissing you
takes you to thoughts unheard of.
A patch of sun through your window
Moonbeam on your eyelids
to find you in deep dream
and all such things.....

I didn't deserve all these glories...
I became a poet!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Beg A Poem In My Head

Past day's slog for the bread
From the sky above the deserted street
I beg a poem in my head.

A sparky thought from congealed weariness
Then rises from the pave
And in starlight as I follow its trace
A night warrior is reborn from day's slave!

Its grace saves the mind chiseled arts
Rejuvenates the dreamer for another day
Forgotten is all the pain all that hurts
From breaking point life comes back to stay!

From the hungry eyes' glow down below
From the heavens above me spread
From the unseen nocturnes of tomorrow
I beg a poem in my head.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Believe

whatever you write
i'll believe

i believe in your imagination.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Cannot Be As Happy

I find the beggar's face happier than me
At the street corner where I see him daily
In unkempt hair and stretched shriveled palm
He doesn't look as ruffled or as me bereft calm!

He isn't a bit perturbed none asks him his name
Not complains of clothes barely hiding his shame
Holds on to a lingering smile never leaving his face
Gathers besides the coins comes whatever happiness!

Scar him wrathful season's sun storm and rain
Yearlong his beggar's toil keeps him in the open
Yet never stalks his face the slightest trace of gloom
The dark shades of despair like on my face loom!

The moment you fill his palm he bows in courtesy
Reciprocates with blesses for you and family
I have seen him sharing crumbs with the dog on street
Showing there's a good heart a mind that is sweet!

I find the beggar's face far happier than me
Admire him but more than that I do him envy
Don't doubt it and I'm ready to lay a wager
I cannot be as happy as that street side beggar!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Cant Name That Pain

i cant name that pain
when i see a human foraging food
beneath a large hoarding of a restaurant

i cant express that feeling of helplessness
when i see a human feasting on leftovers
thrown by a mouth too full to gorge more

i cant put in words that paralytic numbness
when i see a human and an animal together
pouring on the roadside bin for something

i cant give all these pains a name

or tell you about them in a rhymed poem.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Couldn'T See You

I spread my wares and wait.
From morn till night
Longing that you would turn up
Love what I show and get it.
The shadows lengthen
The moon rises with the nightjar
The shadows close on me
I sulk in despair.
I am back with the first light
With renewed submission
Longing that you would turn up
Love what I show and get it.
The day spreads wings and departs
Fly away heart's dead embers
I embrace the loneliness.
Once again I cry in pain.

Thus I wait eons for you
That one day you would turn up
Love and get what I have to offer
Never knowing that you were there everyday
Holding me to the night coming back with sunray!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Didn'T See

The world I did roam
Sea bottom to mountaintop
But close to me near home
I didn't see on leaves the dewdrop!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Do

Two words

'I do',

too small words

but hold the length of life

with her hands in mine

walk in rain sunshine

her heart in my care

she left in joyous trust

in all weather always there

on her side I remain must

have her forever in my sight

each passing day and night

love standing on two pillars true,

said years ago and still 'I do'.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Do Love Saturdays

for crafting in mastery a Sunday
that's a master at breaking promises,

a S(hu) unday when she breaks her promises
I invariably break mine
and soon Sunday fades like a penciled line
leaving the Mon(strous) day to glare at you!

I do love Saturdays
with the prospect of a Sunday
with no prospect of ever keeping the commitments
and let the day speed by!

I do love Saturdays
the day I can freely lie
and realize why
I do need a Sunday!

I do love Saturdays
for we pair up well,

commit all and fail!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Don'T Have The Wind's Will

On the river's this side
the boat waits for high tide.

beckon me the far line trees
'neath looming clouds congealed mysteries
to sail yonder in long winds' way
where dipping sky touches bay!

But I don't have the wind's will
to cut the rope and sail upstream
having swallowed the bitter pill
of deep slumber in buried dream!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Don'T Need A Drink

I don't need a drink
I'm drunk with
Nature's light and sound
Drunk with the gift of
Each day of life
Drunk with the thought that
I'm here to stay
For another day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Have To Leave

I came to camp here
On the riverside
Overlooking the mountain
Where I would say ho
And it would reverberate.
I had no companion
Till every morning
The birds woke me up
And made friends
I had no lover
Till the moon's silver
Crowned the ripples
And made love
I never knew
When quietly they came
And dug into me!
Now I don't want to
Leave the camp
My dreams don't spin
Tales of other world anymore!
I came to camp here
I have to wind up and leave.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Have To Own

some poems i wish i had never written
some i treasure in my vault
with some like narcissus i'm love smitten
without a speck of fault!

some poems of mine are too badly done
some seem to me flawless
some too dark for the clouds hid the sun
bereft of sunshine's grace!

some poems i wish i could write again
a few that are dear to my mind
some are thorny bleed me in pain
leave a trail of sadness behind!

whatever they are the poems are mine
and once fired from the gun
i have to own each word each line
once shot cannot be undone!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Know *it*, So Do You

She gives it in my dream
pours it on my night
with the day's first gleam
sprinkles in sunlight!

She brews it in the morn
puts it in my tea
her day's smiles adorn
the path I walk daily!

She mixes it in my drink
with it makes my meal
flows it in my ink
ensures it I feel!

She puts it in my case
blends it with my lunch
ties me with its grace
so I never suffer its crunch!

She rubs it on her talks
when rings me at office
it plentifully unlocks
in the hours her I miss!

For her it's never more
her flight on its wings
with it she opens the door
cools my weary evenings!

When she lays the bed
she knows I crave for it
weaves in crimson shade
its fruit ripened sweet!

She speaks all hues of it
signs it in silence
sings in each heartbeat
its words in sun and rains!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Know Better

I know she says what you aspire,
if I go earlier
not long will you wait
To find a new mate.

Surely not dear I reply
I too will die
and if not,
in that unbearable pain
will go insane.

I know better.

This morn only
saw my male budgie
cosying easily
to his new companion.

Can't bear to be long

Forlorn!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Know You Are There

In my darkest hour you show the light
Your love keeps me going day and night
When thunder comes, hailstorms rage
You tell me it's time to turn a new page
I know you're there, always beside
A beacon of hope in life's rough ride
Your balm is the wind, fairies butterfly
Your face is the sun, the blue of the sky
From the ruins I build the edifice of new
The silent inspiration, I know it's you
When all else leave, with me you remain
My only companion through sun and rain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Live For Thee

Woman I live for thee
You blow me away completely.

Woman I live for thee
You complete me wholesomely.

Woman I live for thee
You complement me perfectly.

Woman I live for thee
You enslave me lovingly.

Woman I live for thee

I live for thee

with you in me.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Lost A Poem

There was a poem
awaiting me
from the morn

announced her name
showed faintly
shy to be born!

She walked all night
along my dreams
fell as dew

robbed daylight
its howling screams
she hardly grew!

She tore my sleep
her garbled rhymes
thumped heartbeat

I couldn't keep
her broken lines
on crumpled sheet!

There was a poem
awaiting me
from the morn

her incoherence
made no sense
she was stillborn!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Lost My Way

I lost my way
The day I was taught to grab and not share
I was filled with knowledge
That brought no wisdom
But only pride devoid humility
I was given a religion by birth
I had a God Almighty and was told
It was the only true God!
I lost my way
The day I was sent to an institution
To cram a structured knowledge
Endless information was heaped on me
To make me clever and ready for life
A knowledge that taught me to mind my worth
Only in terms of material success
Drove me in pursuit of an elusive happiness!
I lost my way
The day I learnt alphabets
And poured on volumes of books
That shaped a mind of rigid dogmas
But no tolerance for others' thoughts
I was given an education
That taught me to be patriotic
And wall the world with boundaries!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Love The Way She Loves Me

Boom boom boom
I'm in the firing range
But how I love this doom!
She's saying I'm blind
I'm deaf and mute
Her tantrums I don't mind
I know her heart is cute!
Her words I don't take
Pretty sure on my part
Her anger is a fake
She loves me from her heart.
She curse me day and night
Says can't stand my sight
But I can vouch it true
Without me she can't do.
Whatever she says
She isn't parting ways
I know it she can't disguise
Love for me in her eyes.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Milked The Moon

The moon that night
kissed your face with its silvery gem.
I was awe-struck.
I milked the moon
To quench my thirst!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Need Her In My Eyes

She's just awhile away and I lose my patience
I need her in my eyes grows my dependence!

I need me in her eyes fill me in her sense
how I love on her my growing dependence!

My urge to be with her is growing by the day
miss her for too long when a moment she's away!

I need me in her eyes need her in my sense
a moment seems too long in her absence!

My need to fill with her gets me happiness
how I love on her my growing madness!

I need her in my eyes fill her in my sense
don't care if it shows love's trait of impatience!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Read The Old Man A Book

In the falling light of day
I read the old man a book.

Stories of love, enmity, deceit
Jealousy, betrayal, sacrifice
All from one author's mind
One penning hand
Some very short some too long
But nowhere do I find
He has taken a stand
On virtue and vice
Right and wrong
Belief faith
Destiny fates
Nowhere asserts
If he is theist atheist agnostic
Nor invokes god
Praise or curse him.

I read and the old man nods

in the falling light of his day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Shouldn'T Be Eying Her

I shouldn't be looking
Eyes pull me to her
She's a distant thing
Mind craves to reach the star!

I shouldn't be eying her
She is too distant
But right now she seems not far
She rules me this instant!

My eyes give a furtive lick
Rolls on her pretty skin
My mind gives a joyous squeak
If her I could win!

She knows I'm eyeing her
A star that too knows
She knows in her beauty's spur
My love's dying throes!

I shouldn't be looking
My eyes know it too well
But mind on forbidden wings
To the distant star sails!

My longing glance slips on her
Eyes dream to glue on her face
Soon she would be a distant star
Swallowed in emptiness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Visit That Place Often

I visit that place often
where the road takes a blind turn
walk along all the lost men
in them wildfires burn.

I visit that place often
where the road is a fossil
of past years' left behind pain
that rancours inside still.

I visit that place often
where still stands the ruin
of all the grown men
who once there had been.

I visit that place often
where lie the ashes' urn
sigh the souls of dead men
killed by lovers' spurn.

I visit that place often
for it's where I made a start
to gather first grain of corn
heart's first stardust.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Want A Vacation

I want a vacation
For saying a word or two to you
See the moon just when
It lands in your eyes.
I want a vacation
To hold your hands for a while
And walk a few steps to anywhere,
To feel you even if for a moment.
I want a vacation
Just to do anything
To let you know I still care
And see a smile cross your face.
I need a vacation
For coming out from within
To be with you just once
And hold onto it forever!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Was Not That Lucky

I was not that lucky

Not that lucky

Always.

Till came you

Came you

Filled heart's space.

I was not that lucky

Not that lucky

Ever before.

Till you walked in

Walked in

Through my door.

I was not that lucky

Not that lucky

In the past.

Till you stepped in

Stepped in

Placed me trust.

I was not that lucky

Not that lucky

Had times arid.

Till you brought rain

Brought rain

Sowed love's seed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Would Live For Another Day

Gone waste the hour
under the clock tower
faded face forgotten name
promises made never came
the one showered abiding smiles
kept me walking empty miles
with no retrieval no salvaging wreck
but failed promises destined heartbreak
vows made yet not delivered
cast aside in time withered

upon their ruins where now I stand
holding death's icy hand
with no return to the trodden track
ahead the flight of no comeback

but I would have them not come on my way
would kiss your face live another day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Wouldn'T Ask More

Do I see flicker of a shine
being left without a choice
when I sing to her the first line
and she has to lend her voice.

Girl I needed to see your face
but you hid it for too long
denied me that one happiness
till I broke into a song.

From you I needed just one line
see once your parted lip
to make you girl all of mine
sink into your eyes deep.

Sing a line girl sing me one
promise I wouldn't ask more
I would treasure it when you're gone
hold one line in heart's core.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I Yearn For A Longer Night

Just when I yearn for a longer night
The day breaks into my simulated land
The sun steps in, the grayness goes out of sight
Dreams are blown out by a cruel hand!
If I had my say, I would have lived with the dark
Without the oppressive overbearing light
That on my existence burns a telltale mark
Displaying me around, mocking my plight!
I yearn for a longer night stopping all comebacks
Where cobwebs are woven with fairytale links
With no dogma, no isms to hide the cracks
The soul is intent on drifting and blissfully sinks!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Identity

She doesn't know
what i'm on the other side
friend or foe!

i don't know
the other side hides her
she doesn't show!

consciously we don't peep
it's how we keep
the mystery jealously!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

If A Mail Could Do It

You might as well say
if a mail could ever
you needn't have come her way
you needn't have come this far,
to knock on her door
dying to tell her
how much you adore
how without her
even the stars don't blink
happiness goes afar
rose is no more pink
all beauties macabre,
if a text could ever do it
you needn't have traveled far
to drown in her your heartbeat
and feel yourself richer.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

If Again

Your silent teardrops
Came back to me
Long after they dried up.
After many a year
My heart could hear
Your suppressed pain.
Now you are gone far,
With the yawning time
As faint as a star.
When the lights dawn,
Only regrets remain
I couldn't fathom it then.
If I could rebuild the bridge,
I would reach you and say,
I am here and here to stay!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

If He Can Do It

Today I was depressive, was really in bad mood
Downcast and demeaned, I was feeling no good
Darkness surrounded me, I hadn't a place to hide
Just then something happened, and made me laugh so wide.

Here was one disheveled man sitting on the sidewalk
His palm was stretched barren, to show he was out of luck
As I dropped a generous coin, in doing so paused a while
I saw the guy's twinkling eyes, his face beaming with smile.

He keeps his face always that way, a smile chiseled on it
Never minds the bad weather, sitting in the rain and heat
His smile worn broad on the face, he does it with wondrous ease
A man with a home and a decent life, why can't I do it please!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

If I Could Be Invisible

If I could be invisible
So when I ruffled your hair
And they fell on your eyes
You would know it's the blowing wind.
If I could be invisible
So when I strobed in the dark
And it showed you the way
You would know it's the firefly.
If I could be invisible
So when I planted a feathery kiss
And you felt the moistness
You would know it's the morn dew.
If I could be invisible
So when I sat on your heart
And it felt heavy
You would know it is love.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

If I Could Get Back The Lost Years

If I could get back the lost years
I would kiss and wipe all the tears
That fell when I hurt you
That I never noticed, never knew.
If I could get back the lost years
I would bring you back all the cheers
That I never really could bring you
I cared so little, I never knew.
If I could get back the lost years
I would give anything to be together
Just loving and never hurting you
That so sadly I missed, I never knew.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

If I May Live Like A Bird

A bird has no reason to pray
It flies and sings all day
It doesn't need to brood
Just life and a little food!
I think its times are all fun
Rising and setting with the sun
Leisurely floating in the air
Building a nest for a warm pair!
Is it really absurd?
If I may live like a bird
With no jealousy, no hatred
Just love and a piece of bread!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

If I Share Them

You give me your all
Make me look into your mind
Bountifully you bare yourself
Want the real you I find.

You lay it open before me
There's nothing you conceal
On white paper you write
Read me, feel me, if you will.

It's plain as birds your heart
Love's river flows there clean
No jargon, no designs covert
Words carry the thoughts they mean.

Your eyes are clear streams
On their ripples sparkles sunshine
Reveal they all your dreams
If I share them will be mine.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

If It's So Asked

The poet lies peaceful in death
Tranquil like a river sublime
This frame in rhyme he cannot etch
It arrived as fate of lifetime.

Oblivious of eyes that weep
He looks peaceful in sleep
Not a twitch from the finally locked eyes
To break open from serenity and rise!

He lies in bliss on flower bed
Soaked in the silence in his head
Of thin hair on skin no more warm
In emptied brain at end of term.

He till last (w) rite couldn't tell
If his heart and head did coincide
The source of the ever ringing bell
Came from which mysterious side!

One more thing haunted his mind
Tormented till his delirious end
No answer to the dilemma he did find
Nothing for his soul to defend!

His creations did they hurt more than they healed
How many faces he lit up with a line
His verses flowing free willed
Did they bring clouds than sunshine?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

If Just For Once

if just for once a smile i bring you
if just for once a little fun
bring you just once joy's faintest hue
would deem it as one work well done.

if just for once from me one line
if just for once one word
bring you just once a moment's sunshine
would give me all labor's reward.

if just for once lights up your face
pass just for once a flickered gleam
bring you just once a little happiness
would feel it like one fulfilled dream.

if just for once past dark of night
take you along a joyous ride
bring you just once a peephole of light
would know all my try is justified.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

If The Worst Comes To The Worst

What's shining can come to rust
Love is fragile and so is trust
Joy's bubbles can quickly burst
Be ready if the worst comes to the worst.
The dearest pal can turn enemy
The inconspicuous can turn deadly
From dead wood can new flame burst
Be ready if the worst comes to the worst.
What seems close may not be near
It may not mean what you seem to hear
They all ain't good for which you lust
Be ready if the worst comes to the worst.
Words may sound sweet and sugary
It can sting the little honey bee
Money is slowest when you need it fast
Be ready if the worst comes to the worst.
Happiness is elusive and so is peace
Won't ever come the chances you miss
In the no air zone the wind can gust
Be ready if the worst comes to the worst.
The sharpest arms may turn out blunt
It's not always the way you want
The biggest empire may turn to dust
Be ready if the worst comes to the worst.
Often so fallible what looks the best
Crumbles like ruins in life's acid test
But you shouldn't despair, hope you must,
Be ready if the worst comes to the worst.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

If You Are With Me

Baby I'm cool enough in this world of chaos
Absorb all the fists and blows without being morose
Can hide baby the groan of loss the searing painful sigh
Can rise from a breaking fall and stand up with head high.

Baby I still love to believe life is a joyous ride
Where sorrow is inevitable like the coin's other side
It's worth trying building a castle even in desert sand
Adorn it with a moment's dream touch of a loving hand.

Baby I still cry when pass through a darker shade
But know the light is steps away if I go ahead
There's hope after despair a mend of broken heart
A beginning after every end chance for a new start.

Baby I'm still unscathed through badly scarring burns
Making my way in the face of storms road's ugly turns
Can surmount my feet the hurdles run the course sprightly
If you baby just lend your heart in the travel stay by me.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

If You Ask Me

what it takes
to be happy in love,

what's the key to a bond for long,

i still don't know
i'll never know

how it's held for years strong.

if you ask me
what it takes
for a lasting relation,

what's the key to take it along,

i still don't know
i'll never know

how to make love survive that long.

if you ask me
what it takes
for the love to survive,

what's the mystery for two hearts to gel,

i still don't know
i'll never know

how to make love long dwell.

if you ask me
what it takes
to win in love success,

what's the way to love that far,

i still don't know

i'll never know

how i got love-struck by her.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

If You Have To

If you have to make your way
make your way.

the lesson learned one summer noon
on a deserted village road
will not be forgotten soon.

The tyres came to a screeching halt
were lying boulders of asphalt
blocking the way.

Long hours of drive still waiting
needed to do the only sensible thing

Accept the choice
lent by sanity's voice

THE SITUATION DEMANDS
MAKE BEST USE OF THOSE HANDS

When left the stumbling blocks behind
hands were aching wiser was mind.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

If You Have To Go To The Beach

If you have to go to the beach
Where the blue bends down to the sea
The eyes far the waves outreach
Salt sprays gurgle in glee,

Find the time to take a ride
Miles down the city's edge
Over the greens of countryside
Past huts with thicket's hedge!

When you pass the winding stream
See winds on the bloated sail
Hear boatman's tune of forlorn dream
Catch a village belle with her pail,

Find the time to stop a while
Watch the sun shine her grace
Forget travails of the bumpy miles
Smell the dew on her labored face!

If the white clouds sail the sky
Bewitch you the rustic way
Break your path make a valiant try
Seize that moment of the passing day,

See in her eyes the river's tale
In her hair the flower's bloom
Feel in her breath love's rapturous gale
Her desire's rainbow plume!

Rue not the time lost on the way
For you paused for the boatman's song
Viewed her frame molded in clay
As the river brought her along,

Regret not if you are late for the beach
Where the blue bends down to the sea
Think of the chance that brought to your reach
A glimpse of eternity!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

If You Know

Love if you know to endure pain
Love if you fall to rise again
Love if you don't mind the price
Love if you are ready for surprise.
Love if you know how to stick
Love if you believe in its magic
Love if you are ready for rough ride
Love if you can go against the tide.
Love if you wipe your tears dry
Love if you know to silently cry
Love if you know and you truly mean
In the end for sure love will win!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

If You Miss The Bus

Don't be disheartened if you miss the bus
There'll be misses, life is not all plus
Let not your heart despair in one bad weather
Know for sure for each missed bus there'll be another.
Don't be crestfallen if one chance goes past you
There'll be lost chances but you will get your due
Let not your resolves die in one chance gone
Know for sure many more for you will come along.
Don't be heart broken if you fail once and again
Life is not all tenderness without the thorn's pain
Let not your determination evaporate and die
Know for sure beyond failure chance of success is high.
Don't be fed up with life even if your days are dark
There'll be darkness but through it you make your mark
Let not your soul be stopped from seeking out the light
Know for sure the sun is waiting beyond the dark night.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Ifs And Buts

Shreds us the life
With bruises and cuts
Our days run rife
In the ifs and buts!

If the day was bright
If hadn't fallen rain
If quickly passed the night
If living was no pain!

But the day was a mess
But the winds blew harsh
But time was hard pressed
But cloud hid the stars!

If happened how we need
If they all smoothly clicked
If luck came with speed
If clock slowly ticked!

But things ran amok
But nothing went right
But faced a roadblock
But fortune took flight!

Tear us apart the ifs and buts
Do steal away all happiness
Wound our life with bruises and cuts
Alas for them we have no redress!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I'M Now Going To Hear You

I'm now going to hear you
not babble myself anymore
I'm now going to hear you
not shut on you my door.

Do tell me now the unfinished
do tell me now what knocks
tell me all I badly missed
while I kept my ears in locks.

I'm now going to hear you
like I listen to a singing bird
I'm now going to hear you
not miss from you a word.

Do tell me all that's unsaid
do tell me what I missed
give me all words you made
for me rain drenched sun kissed.

I'm now going to hear you
not shut you out anymore
unheard but long overdue
you kept for me in store.

Do tell me all you wanted to
sweet funny bitter sublime
all that in your mind grew
I heard not a long time.

I'm now going to hear you
all that for long I missed
your words unseen like morn's dew
rain drenched and sun kissed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

I'M Still In Love With You

I'm still in love with you
still in love with you
in love with you
love with you
with you
you.
You
with you
love with you
in love with you
still in love with you
I'm still in love with you.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Immortal

Every moment I am born
From the warm womb
Of marvelous curiosity,
By endless regeneration
As distant from death
As this world is forever new!
With each breath
I am born unto new wonders,
To discover love, trust, friendship,
The eternal renewal,
The perpetual shifting from shore to shore,
Immortal even when this body is no more!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Impact (10w)

No life can be ordinary
impact of each being extraordinary!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Imperfection

I hover over your words
not for perfections.

don't paint me an azure sky
cotton clouds
a field of sunflower
gold crests of afternoon waves
dark labyrinths
inner demons
or even angel faeries

for my life of half drawn images
half digested joys
faintly lit phantoms
rough edge
rugged walkway

write me out
a flawed poem
imperfected to the hilt
no structure
no style
wild jots of your thoughts
just like you and me

flawed but heavenly!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Impermanence

There is no hint of end in the air
Nothing to suggest the impermanence
The alluring sky azure and brightly fair
Only a few dropped leaves making little sense!
The smooth silence in the yellowish dark morn
Lends the temptation to be here for good
What was nascent is now quietly born
A resigned desire to stand still in the wood!
In a reality more inviting than the dream
The eyes caress the sky and then the treetop
Seeing yet not seeing in a trance made of whim
They roll down to the ground where they stop!
The trees have shed the withered leaves
Remaining dispassionate and mindless
The grand design Nature ceaselessly weaves
To renew hope and welcome new face!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

In Adversity

Making best use of the adverse weather
Road kittens and puppies grow together

The ma dog suckles the kittens orphaned
And the ma cat though wary of suckling the pups

Keeps a watch on the pups so they don't stray too far
Besides keeping them together in the warmth of her fur

Before my eyes happen this caring effortless

Why men find it hard to care thus for happiness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

In Between

the day's weight and sweat
waits within
to come out the poet.

Through the daily chore
a life of commoner
remains at core
the poet a loner.

The poet a loner
one commoner
of the silent tears
a willing owner.

In between
the night's resting state
works within
to come out the poet.

On the night's bed
they quietly dawn
on the burdened head
make the poet more alone.

The poet all alone
the one too common
but all the silent tears
just cannot disown.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

In Dream Or Out Of It

One layer after another follows
Silent colorless dark hollows
Can't extricate from the scenes dimly lit
Am I in dream or out of it?
Miles traversed the road never ends
Deceivingly straight full of bends
Faces known but I love unknown
Am I in a crowd or just alone?
Skimming floating in an ethereal hue
It's always grey not a shade of blue
Bleary eyed I wipe with my hands
Am I here or in distant lands?
Stupor ridden I walk in a daze
Though million suns on my head blaze
In my eyes the fires gleam
Am I awake or still in my dream?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

In Flight

In this city of a billion feet
striking the concrete
if may found one face
in one recess
one man standing on the asphalt
when halts to see
the arch of heaven's vault
finds within a treasure
beyond gain's measure
and at day end
when his feet turn home bound
his heart contented with all not found
lays peacefully his head
on the resting bed
forgetting all ache on the asphalt
turn eyes on the heaven's vault
till his dreams fetch him a meaning
of his flight with the earth's spin!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

In Her Garden Of Temptation

I tiptoed to her garden alone
In the sun her radiance shone
Plumply hanging in golden tone
With curvy tips slight upward grown!

I was tempted by the only wish
To kiss them then milk the juice
A monstrous thirst engulfed me
To suck them dry like honeybee!

As I plucked the more luscious one
Tongue rolled in glee seen by none
Spoke the maiden as soon you taste
My life turns vain beauty goes waste!

You nail me mad to bare my flesh
Squirt my fluids make a mangy mess
Leave me then in sucked dry bust
Find one more in renewed lust!

You waste me when you taste me
Said the maiden ruefully
But my thirst had gone too far
My teeth left her a lasting scar!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

In Her Image

Clay pot in hand face smudged with clay
She holds the brush makes image all day
Mound of river clay gets shape and grows
To bosoms, belly, navel and eyebrows!

She builds with the method her mind conjures
Seen through broken mirrors imagined contours
Lending every limb with a part of her own
The image will never be she when fully grown!

She has to make the goddess youthful ageless
With ridges and valleys of resplendent flesh
Remake treasures from ashes of her withered assets
That bore raging storms yore's lusty tempests!

Her hand sweeps the clay over her troughs and crests
Heaping a lavish greed on her thighs and breasts
Once finished when the model her eyes would scan
Won't find the goddess but in her image a woman!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

In I Read You

Your difference I find hard to bear
though I'm right in whatever I say
want you to talk what I love to hear
want you to go my way!

I want your world to go my way
I'm okay and you are not
words I love you don't ever say
you don't just toe my thought!

Why you don't just toe my thought
me you don't understand
why you seem to me remote
a distant far off land!

Why you remain a far off land
farther from me you stray
why don't come to the place I stand
and not just walk away!

I wonder why you walk away
say not what I love to hear
don't listen to what I have to say
though living together the years!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

In Love

The warm air from your nostrils
Tingled my cheek,
Your lips faintly brushed my lobe
Your eyelashes groped my eyes
And I was led thru the funeral door of love.
The waves rolled back
The winter frost set in
And thru the smoked glass
You became an apparition.
I love it
More than the long gone one,
The electric blue tragedy not meant to last.
I love it
More than the fleeting fervor of lust
Made only to be burnt in a while.
I love it
Coz it's gonna stay with me till end!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

In Many Faces

The only prayer on his lip
When awake and in sleep
'God, I always praise your grace,
Just for once show me your face'.
Years passed his prayers didn't change
Tenaciously pleading if god could arrange
To just for once appear before him
It's what he prayed when awake and in dream.
At last one night he heard a heavenly voice
'You've prayed hard I'm left with no choice,
I can't endure anymore your sorrow,
Going to visit you anytime tomorrow'.
Next day found him up early in the morn
His hope revived belief reborn
God at last had succumbed to his call
To appear before him once and for all.
He waited for him the whole day long
Came other men but god not came along
Tears welled in his eyes at god's deceit
He didn't show up for the promised visit.
That night god visited him in his restive dream
His face was not seen but he knew it was him
God said 'I honored my commitment to thee,
Appeared in many faces but you didn't recognize me'.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

In Praise Of Hell

Tonight I've an invitation to be in hell
I know it would be a perfect setting
A zombies' party in a stinking dale
With guests carried on vampire wing!
Bloated corpses would be carried around
To feast on with blood in clinking goblet
The dead would rip open the ground
To welcome me their only living mate!
The party would begin as the night's chill
Slowly freezes d hearts of the lost souls
Their hunger goading them to go for a kill
Their hollow eyes glowing like burning coals!
They would dance the length of night
Singing couplets in praise of hell
Under pale moon and ghostly starlight
The living would appear infinitely stale!
Tonight I am invited to hell
There I'd find my new nest
To live forever in the night's spell
And be there as an eternal guest!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

In That April Shadow

She lives alone in a rented pigeonhole
with a lone window forbidden from sky
her skins now a parched scroll
in her eyes no more sparks' fly!

In that april shadow as she stood at the stair
she looked an absurd ghost from faraway time
the world moved on but little did she care
rested her beauty cocooned sublime!

From across years looked her ethereal face
as if she knew the question haunting me
enough to shatter her fragile happiness

why you never did marry!

Perhaps I had my fill in that first moon crush
when my caged heart was dreaming to be free
pierced her words the evening hush

one love was enough for me.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

In That Corner

You made that corner about it only you know
Where in the light and shadow strange things grow
That though with you in placental bond breaks in the faintest touch
You own them you breed them about them you don't know much.
When storms rage fires burn and the world outside turns grim
You find in that corner hope's beacon healing rains of glorious dream
There you retreat from the day's cauldron to rest in peace and muse
Find in that corner a moonlit shade from the night's dark abuse.
You made that corner it's only yours for anchoring the weary ship
From rolling waves and breaking froths in a voyage in marine deep
Your ravaged heart finds a berth when the ship runs aground
In that corner awaits a sunset place when it's time to turn homebound.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

In The Classroom

In the glass hours of morning
I am back in the lecture hall
With my uniform, bag and everything
Amid the class teacher's frenzied roll call.
Roll no.9 she shouts out
I'm here ma'am no doubt
Me she gives a grim look
I hide my face in a book.
She rises with duster and chalk
I force on myself a silence
Pretending to hear her talk
Holding onto my brittle patience.
She goes on and on and on
Her babbles pouring like rain
Soon my defenses are all gone
Staying awake becomes a burden.
I get away into my dreamland
Far from the stiffness of rules
Where I dance holding the fairy's hand
And there are no syllabus and schools.
My dream is so cute and cool
A freedom of endless peace
Till my ears feel the stinging pull
You're sleeping? Shouts the Miss!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

In The Far Meadowland

I'll walk up to her
seek her hand
one September
in the far meadowland!

Where the grass grows tall
the sky is low
dreams are small
hearts aglow!

I'll walk up to her
taste her lip
one September
love her deep!

Where the winds don't cease
in their song
just one kiss
grows love long!

I'll walk up to her
to read her eyes'
shining star
she can't disguise!

Where the needs are small
in reach is sky
giving easy is all
in love to die!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

In The Forest With My Father

End of the night
We were to go the forest
When it thundered
And rain holed the soil.
You were all ready
You cursed the downpour
It was almost first light
And the forest beckoned.
Skimming the wisp of mist
The two of us floated
And landed and rose
From the soft cold grass
To the magical air
Inhaling the fragrance
Of a world you so loved
The jungle of loneliness.
You told me to be silent
Lest the birds were stirred
Untimely in their nests
And the deer were scared.
You told me to be silent
Lest remained unheard
A lone bull tusker
Smelling our trails
Or a spotted yellow streak
Scenting us the intruders.
You told me to be silent
Lest we missed the music
Of the residual drums
Raindrops played on each leaf
And the rising fogs
That made a milky bridge
Between two heavens.
The moments are now dreams
And the encounters fairytales.
You are ready
When comes down the rain
It is end of night
And the two of us

Skim the mist
To float in the forest of memories!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

In The Garden Of Eden

Just after that pretty shower
Frivolously drenched the sunlit path,
I thought of taking a walk in the no-man's park
To smell there the dampness rising from earth.
I tiptoed on the deserted walkway
Smelling of bleaching to prevent a fall,
Not a soul there even the leaves were quiet
But didn't read much as they do bereft of wind.
The sentry at the gate sedated by lack of footfall
Possibly had locked himself in his small rest room,
These drizzles he thought coming off and on
Might deter the lovers who usually spoil his day.
I imagined in that eerie silence without a cricket's buzz
Time had taken me to that time when God was all alone
Grappling to find solutions to his absolute solitude
And tearing hairs to find for himself something to care for.
And here I am Adam his first make in his own image
With God still working out a fairer version of himself
To give me company in this mythical garden of Eden.
I expected to see my Eve anytime round the mossy corners
Thought if she would be dressed like me or she would disrobe me
And then hand in hand we together would walk
To find the apple tree, eat the fruit and be banished....
Two lovers emerged from behind a bush still unhinged,
I had to leave as Adam had found her Eve.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

In The Hall Of Doom

The venue looked like a haunted mansion
at the sight of it crept my fear's ascension
I remember having dimly asked

it starts at what hour
in this house of horror
I write what paper

There was no answer got
to my silent questioning thought
once I entered the hall of doom
swallowed me a pall of gloom

I wondered for me what was in store
regretted not having prepared more
the papers were given darkly random
the king's story territory kingdom

One look at the paper dealt me a blow
a blankness glared dried ink's flow
wrong I shouted it shouldn't be
not one answer is known to me

She pulled the blanket from over my face
alarmed by my agony's stress
they still haunt me give ugly chase

exam fears and failure's disgrace!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

In The Land Of The Blind

It's a pity
Without a true leader's quality
He has people in his praise sing
Without applying their mind,
For in the land of the blind,
The one-eyed man is the king!
Wherever he goes his men follow him
He's a master in crafting them dream
Promises he can never fulfill, sheer lies
He thrives on the truth hope never dies
He weaves tales of change, a certain rise
Knowing among his folks only a few are wise
To see through his strategy of deceit
And he can flourish in power so sweet!
He establishes through his propaganda
A never-to-be utopia
Continuing as a conjurer of dream
For the people who in his glory sing
And meekly follow him
Without ever applying their mind,
As in the land of the blind
The one-eyed man is the king!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

In The Land Of The Dead (A Dream)

I have been in the land of the dead,
Green valley of infertility, with no end in sight
Where end the flights of steps, reigns eternal night.

But a night it is unlike any on the earth
For a suffused light pervades the horizon for hopes to birth
That on this land though echoes, the wailings of the dead,
Yet can herald a new beginning from life's leftover thread!
I stood on a high wall and as far as my eyes could see
Walls stretched beyond farthest limits of vision's boundary
Between them lay bottomless wells glowing with red hot coals
In those abyss moved burning flesh cindering tortured souls!
As I flew over those pits of doom saw many a flaming hand
Waving up in one last bid to be carried away from this land
I couldn't help them nor save them from their tormentor
I had come here in my dream, just as a passing visitor!
Scared by the hellish sights, I thought it wouldn't be wise
To foray afar, see more of it, but from dream I must rise
As I turned to leave, in those pits I saw, blue ocean and the sky
Where flesh burns every moment, desires rot and die!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

In The Lone Night's Shadow

Have you ever heard
how in the lone night's shadow
sings the wind in the bamboo groves
a dirge for the times long ago!

If roams the dark your eye
pause on the dancing strings
you would hear the fireflies' sigh
in flutter of pain's quiet wings!

Think it not a mere windy trick
in its blowing making eerie howls
gathered there the dead souls speak
of the times as old as the owls!

If ever in the dark you are home bound
can hear the groves mourn the long dead
their moans rising up in whistling sound
till all griefs at end of night fade!

If you happen to pass the groves by
when dewy tears sheds the moon
stop awhile to hear the souls sigh
mourning times that went too soon!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

In The Midst Of Life

Many have come before us
many to come after we leave
don't wake us from the hush
traveler here silently grieve.

Time washed we came on the shore
to our place `neath the moss laden stone
when our dreams soared no more
down here we lay cold alone.

Hold here traveler your breath
forget for once all the strife
hear the peace of the world beneath
death in the midst of life.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

In The Night's Shadow

In the night's shadow
As my frame seeks slumber
Burning eyes of wolves glow
Ready to shred me asunder!
Thoughts lying dormant in the day
Blow up dark and ugly
Inside they warm up hell-bent to slay
My diurnal angel of decency!
Evil visions of wanton desire they breed
Apparitions of depravity grimed and mean
Awakening in me the vermin of greed
Goading me to lust for the forbidden!
A good part of night I grapple with them
The enemies within me in disguise
Knowing in my heart if I lose this game
The demons would have a good feast at sunrise!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

In Times Good And Bad

In our dark moments
We drift to God -
The peacemaker, reconciler, pacifier,
The believer's ultimate remedy!
The belief in the shaken soul
That nothing he can miss,
He's ever there with his wand of justice.
In our luminescent moments
We thank god -
The harbinger of all that's fair,
The soul's ultimate soother!
God up there all alone
Has his reward -
He's always needed in good times and bad!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

In Your Prayers

When I'm beside myself with grief
Around me looms a dark mass
You though pray for my ache's relief
My bones are pieces of broken glass!

When you see my torrents of grief
Around me the world makes no sense
You though pray for my pain's relief
My eyes pour in unstoppable rains!

When you find me in benumbed grief
Around me stops the worldly rush
You though pray for my agony's relief
My heart finds in living no purpose!

My bones are now broken pieces of glass
My frame one wind blown leaf
My eyes a torrent of deluged river's gush
In your prayers though you seek my relief!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Incomplete

In between the drudgery for hard prose called bread
pick up the hum of a pulsating thread
string them in mind give them a name
frame it in print outline of a poem!

It can be raw ripe cored and sweet
it can be anything but never complete
bitter nut cracked a songbird's tweet
the only opening heart's only conduit!

It can be anything untimely summer's rain
a pain unknown raindrops on windowpane
a sigh muted happy memory's fountain
tears for losing what would never come again!

Hold it for life for all they are worth
to breathe out the prose breathe in rebirth
in colors and shades tastes bitter sweet
a poem that is anything but ever complete!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Independence Day

The zoo closed down
This Independence Day,
Instead of setting the animals in them free,
They set free all the animals.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Indeterminable

Stares at him a blank page
Stares at him a blind rage
Stares at him a maddening pause
Stares at him an indeterminable cause

It seems so unfair
Before him is only laid bare
A taunting silence
Tearing into his patience
Dragging him down to bottom
Raising him up the cliff
Tossing him in the storm
Showing him no relief!

And it's precisely then
Over the shattering pain
Emerges a newly born light...

He feels a palpable might.

He rejoices in its voice.

Past the night's turbulence
Would be revealed at the dawn
The hidden shapes in the silence
The picture fully drawn!

A picture sans all flaws
For you drawn on the canvas
Making redundant a cause
For effects that far surpass!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Inescapable

On the palm
time doth give

and takes away too.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Inevitable

waves of sadness
they recede with time
but come back!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Inheritance

Defying stony indifference
Braving elements against her
Making no heroic pretense
She has taken it this far.

She's the woman found on the way
Cuddling the baby begging her day
Not worth a look on the pave defiled
Delighted to bring this world a child.

Her skin's paramour there's no dearth
Wasted daily disrobed on earth
Then in a fulfillment absurdly wild
She gets this world a beautiful child.

The child is alive and solely hers
It must live none else she cares
She looks in its eyes in wistful trance
Sees in them her only inheritance.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Injustice To Women

It doesn't need
Nth number of words
Just to say
Umpteen men
Stoop low
To violate
Invade
Coerce
Enslave
Trample
Oppress
Women
Over and over again
Mindlessly
Estranging
Nature's fairer sex

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Ink

Ink on her nose
Ink on her thumb
Her face a pretty rose
She stared pretty dumb.

Blue dots on her pink
Ink on her teeth
When gave her a wink
Stopped her breath.

She was a girl shy
Never smiled her teeth
I didn't know why
She took away my breath.

The girls are now smart
Bubbly wobbly cute
Speak swift and curt
I loved that girl mute.

Her eyes were deep ocean
Had no hint of flirt
I still have no notion
How she stole my heart.

Her rosy cheeks blue pink
She won't be back again
Gone with the ink
She's dead like fountain pen.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Inscrutable

Blurred and fast they race
the intangible senses on my walkway
dragging me through a maze of madness
my perceived traverse of each day!

As I try to feel them in their fullness
save each as a precious find
they melt away in their secluded recess
leaving me to grope in my mind!

I search bewitched in their spell
if can find a trace of their tint
but only see upon the trail
their inscrutable footprint!

Thus I traverse each day
seeking to unravel the maze
of my indecipherable walkway
obscured in yet ungrasped haze!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Inside

burning fire's longing glow
awakes the night dies so slow!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Insomnia (10w)

Your eyes
Roaming the ceiling
Past midnight
In a fright!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Intruder

On a y-shaped twig hanging on the stream
The kingfisher was absorbed in fishy dream
Move close I told myself move as close
To make sure you shoot its meditative pose.

Instinctively manifold alert and smart
It didn't oblige me as an object of art
But flew away with the thought in its mind

No luck now with the rascal creeping behind!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Inward

Write not hoping a receptive audience.

Write what's not nonsense.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Iron Lady

By the wayside
iron in hand
presses salts of her oceanic eyes
as passes life's flowing tide.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Irony (10w)

The elephant is poacher's target.

Ivory

The irony of fate!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Is There Anybody There?

Total parrot care
Cried the signboard
In the narrow sleepy by-lane
I gave it a dreamy stare.

I have been too rare on this road
Coming this way was no need
But when I chanced upon that signboard
My search ended for parrot feed.

Is there anybody there?
I echoed de la mare
Found none at the counter
Not even the shopkeeper!

Dismayed I looked around
If some human semblance could be found
But fell nothing in my gaze
Other than a parrot in a cage!

Turning to leave I was stopped by a voice
Find here sir a variety of choice
Not just parrot feed
Under one roof all that they need.

Who is speaking I asked in awe
There wasn't a human face I saw
But could tell it with certainty
There were eyes watching me.

Don't leave sir without the delicious pellet
Once you take it you've to come back
Serves well a parrot's palate
The bird loves this crunchy snack.

It now emerged who was playing the trick
I was hearing parrot speak
None other there not one human folk
The shop was run by parrot talk!

I scampered out with one long hop
Disappeared the lane the parrot shop
I was tossing on my sweated bed
By this funny dream that rocked my head!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Issues (6w)

Our budgies
Make love
Without issues!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

It Comes Without A Cause

The most fulfilling happiness
is the one that brings
without a reason
rapture to your heart
not needing you to pause
to find a cause!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

It Pays To Be Hurt

Sometimes it pays to be hurt,
To suffer a broken heart
To be shut out of light
To cry through a long night.
Sometimes it pays to fail,
To suffer the ignominy of defeat
To be left with a broken sail
To make a glorious retreat.
Sometimes it pays to know,
From the endless race you ran,
Though suffering many a blow,
You emerged a stronger man.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

It Starts When

Give the greed a heed
and manifold grows the need!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

It's Like That Always: A True Story

Seeing the man for nearly twenty years
In his eternal Spring of joblessness

Man, wife, a son
A one storied house
Market and home
The only places I have seen him tread
And on the roof
Any time of day
He's there
Staring around
Sky gazing

I envy him
His length and space
Stealing my Saturday dusk
Sunday dawn
Weekday moon

I envy him
For so much time
If I had
Would have spun endless rhyme

But then ceasing remorse
That like him
Much time isn't mine

I think

Stuffed with so much seen
Heard
Observed
The bard in me
In free time's delirious wine
Wouldn't have budged a line!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

It's Only Today

It's only today
and yesterday seems never was
believed its promise to stay
never thought was so treacherous!

It's only today
and yesterday seems like a tale
that was blown way
in today's howling gale!

It's only today
and yesterday had never been
just an imagined way
never walked ever unseen!

It's only today
and yesterday was never born
somehow lost its way
in the womb of today's morn!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

It's So Made

Lust moves easy mind roams crazy
What you like you want to own
Past turns of years when limbs lazy
Only then find love full grown.

Unripened age when turns new page
Lovelorn young minds be must
It's only when the seasons age
You find in love true trust.

It's made that way we have no say
Though love is summer born
It strongly holds still winter stays
Breaks not when trouble torn.

Can't define how made like this
It takes years to own
The richest wine and the perfect bliss
Of love with time full grown!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

It's Such A Burden To Be Good

it's such a burden to be good
manifold grows your shoulder's load
conscience driving you to what you should
you're a constant walker on a tortuous road!

it's such a burden to be good
you feel a lot of breath on your nape
you can be everything but ever a rude
with people watching your every step!

it's such a burden to be good
you can't relax to ever be mean
can't talk rough or have a bad mood
you have to live up to how good you've been!

it's such a burden to be good
and once you are there there's no way to halt
acting bad is the last thing you ever could
and goodness brings you the worst downfall!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

It's You

In the dark
A spark
It's you
After the night's thorn
A sweet morn
It's you
Amidst all rust
A little moondust
It's you
Me a haggard
Turned a songbird
It's you
No fence no defense
It's you!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Jackdaws & A Raven (10w)

Tempts jackdaws
A raven, because,
Ravenous jackdaws
Crave its gloss.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Journey Forward

In the unending darkness
I rode onto the over bridge
And caught the rainbow!
Through the hole on the sky
I touched the spectrum of light,
Hope was once again in sight!
My heart rubbed it on
To bring my face a smile.
I knew I was not alone,
Lying forward was another mile.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Jungle Babbler

Brownish grey yellow billed
Babbling beaks joyous filled
With them around silence is gone
Have never seen them coming alone.

To pep up the world sent by heaven
They forage in flock of six seven
Never they break the brotherly band
Hence seven brothers called in my land.

In my surround they sprinkle joys
Prance and dance make cheery noise
When spring comes these feathered guests
In mango tree build chaotic nests.

I love to see their mock war game
Two males fighting for winning dame
I welcome them so long they stay
Give me good times a brighter day.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Jurassic Park

Be on the side of truth, speak boldly what's true
Said the father to his son, truth you must value.
One day said the father, son let's go to a movie
Jurassic Park at the Globe would be fun and groovy.
A little recreation is overdue son, what do you say
No harm will be done, if you are off from school a day.
The lad a little trepid said after a reflecting pause
What dad should I tell the teacher as absence's cause!
Don't worry son tell him the truth for from the daily grind
A day's break of a little boy he wouldn't surely mind.
So they merrily enjoyed the day, the movie was damned good
Away from lessons and classroom, found the kid in fabulous mood.
But you know about the good times, it's in them to always rush
The merry day passed quickly, and the boy was back in class.
What happened yesterday, the teacher's jaws hardened
The boy had to admit it, with truth he was burdened.
I had gone with my father to watch the Jurassic Park
Was enough for the teacher to show his anger's spark.
You boy bunked class and now tell it on my face
Get out right now and remain standing till recess.
In the class was another boy without truth placed better
He too like our lad had gone to the Globe theatre
When the teacher turned to him asked him what's his cause
He said he was down with fever without a moment's pause.
The truthful boy felt pangs of remorse for saying what was true
From that day he learned the lesson that truth would never do.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Just A Kid

On my first day as a tutor (a sad tale for tutors)
Said the boy, sir, your face looks like a horse
Shocked beyond words by the slapping commentary
I said how it matters boy show your book of history!

History, oh no, that's a subject I abhor
It hasn't anything that needs a tutor
The kings and queens and years of wars
Got no charm for me all the unending curse!

My hands itched hard to pull out his hair
Just a kid I said and it won't be fair
I must put up with all the nonsense
Mend him and get my reward for patience!

Don't talk like that boy bring your English book
How far you've progressed let me have a look
English, it's so easy I can learn by myself
It's one subject I need no tutor's help!

It's time I thought to use my last card of trump
Bring boy your copy of subtractions and sums
Surely you need there someone to guide you
He kept quiet and my hopes soared anew!

Maths, that's truly something from you I need to learn
If you offer to teach me there's no way I can spurn
But before we proceed his chuckles he could hardly hide
Do crawl on all fours to be the horse I love to ride!

A thousand bees stung me a million sparks flew
I knew my time was up wasn't anything more to do
I wished to give his head the hardest hammer's hit
Just a kid I had to swallow made a hasty retreat!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Just When

I think not to write
any more love poem
her strands of silver hair
face's blossoming striations
and sunset pinks on her earlobes
rekindles a flame
that begets
one more love poem!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Justice

Daylong I bemoan justice denied to me
Till breaking through my nightly peace
They gather around me seeking justice.

In someone's eyes I sculpted a rain
In someone's life a desert
In someone's loss I found my gain
Broke someone's delicate heart!

On someone's face etched a dark shadow
A scar in someone's mind
From someone's face stole moon's glow
In the dark left someone behind!

They surround me breaking night's peace
Each someone I hurt on the way
My wrongs' phantoms come for justice
From the ruins of the gone by day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Kali

Her monstrous tongue
spits fire

before her ire
the demon cowers

his limbs sloth
before her fiery wrath

by her annihilating eyes
no more can he rise.

Returns lull

when she wears his skull!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Keep Some Space

Work but worry less
Keep in your heart some space
For things like a different day
To see the pranks clouds play
Film of haze the mist weaves
Trail of light the dusk leaves!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Keeping A Promise

When I left home
I left there a piece of my mind
What it keeps saying to me
Robs my peace of mind

Your attention not paid
For her cat clawed cut
Asking her if it still hurts
Should have got her a band-aid

Defocused out of sight
Forgot so much from last night

Never asked once
If by any chance
Her feet's ache still remains

If she in her morn's walk
Felt the pain
And she was home before the rains

I think of asking her all these
The questions I left behind
Some more some more

Then in the evening
As she opens the door
I remember some
Forget more

Maybe not even one
I can remember
The pains of her
Inside outside

At night by her side
Promise her
I'll not be forgetful

See her clawed thumb-head
Plastered with band-aid
Her feet swollen

And she promises
She will not go out in the rain again.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Keeping A Promise On A March Afternoon

Each clay model was fast asleep
Frozen in slumber deep

But I had a promise to keep.

My doll I promised would have her say
And on this summer day
Her I mustn't fail.

She had to have a clay model.

There wasn't a thing wasn't there
Men, women, birds and even a curd seller

Bald Brahmin, English pair
Village belle in flowing hair

Men flirtatious, women loose
At small price pick and choose.

Lost in the potter's terrain
She was back a child again
The afternoon was almost spent
When ended her playful moments.

I picked the fortune teller
She chose the curd seller.

On the way what I had to say
Hope she remembers till last day

At the potter's having seen them all
Found none crafted like my lovely doll.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Kepler

A pain gnaws him as he looks out to the falling day.

On this land of dimmer glow and vaster stretch

stings him the thought

separation could be such unimaginably painful!

From the beginning he had dreamed a resemblance
had hoped for it

between this world and his

but his wildly scanning senses
keep bouncing on a dead wall!

He remembers how he missed home
from a few scores of miles

and when younger

even five hundred yards from mom
was enough for tears...

Here he's away five hundred light years!

The night dawns with the blue moon sphere.

He has to live from now on

his worst nightmare!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Kid Man

In his heart brimming river's flow
When he sees it passing below
He on the bridge cries 'train, train'
Goes back to be a child again!

A child that's what he loves to stay
Refuses to go the grownups' way
Being a kid is pleasure immense
Smallest things tickle the sense!

He shuns adults their company
Their faces somber as somber could be
Their lack of laugh frowned eyebrows
Creased countenance stern morose!

He nicely fits in his childlike poise
Claps when glad dances in rejoice
Catches a grasshopper in palm holds rain
Lovingly goes back to be a child again!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Killers

coming up another high rise
on the gate they're planting trees
the maker surely is wealthy and wise
to have stolen the lowly one's breeze.

one more tower to eat up the sky
on the gate they're planting trees
soon the goliath will raise its head high
to make rooms for the busy bees.

coming up a high rise gobbling open space
on the gate they're planting trees
will blow a deadly kiss on the sky's face
our breaths will be hell of a whiz.

how many trees can plant these men
to compensate for the air they decimate
robbing the blue for a handful's gain
killing the open space with no regret.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Killing Is No Answer

Let the bud blossom into a flower.
See it, love it, and destroy it not
Even if you think
Your own childhood was ruined
And when you were a bud
You were trampled on.
Today's child didn't shape your past
They didn't have a hand in your ruin.
The ones that took away it
Are long gone into retreat
And the ones before you,
The flowering innocence,
Give them a chance
Love them even if you were denied it.
Your gun can't rebuild your life
It has no answer to your problem
So instead of its nozzle blazing
Give the child a chance
Give yourself a chance
To blossom and build from the ruin.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Kingfisher

Breaking the hush of the summer day
Chee-keeee trills the bird as it waits for prey
Catches one swallows skyward easy
Then for the next gets ready.
You love its intent solemn eyes
The brown neck and the blue shine
Its impassive posture that's only a disguise
To pounce on the prey and merrily dine.
It perches on the lightest twig
A dreamer and a hunter in one rolled
Scanning the water for a large swig
Big enough for its beak to hold.
Sometimes the wait may be long
You imagine his eyes in sleep droop
Then in a flash proving you wrong
The blue streak would on the catch swoop.
Rain brings it an ecstatic thrill
It loves to be drenched in the showers
To reap the harvest of a daylong meal
Never tired of long hunting hours.
If it ever god forbid so happens
You don't see anymore this creature
Know streams have dried up there're no rains
And with them has vanished Kingfisher!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Kisses In The Air

Dust laden and bare,
The wall is growing high,
I'm throwing my kisses in the air,
Where unresponded they lie.
I'm touching my hand on my lip,
The void is growing cold,
They only come in the sleep
As dreams of the worn and old.
I'm dying to get close,
The boat is getting away from the shore,
My breaths are stopping under my nose,
They can't blend with hers anymore.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Kissing Your Shadow

I kiss your shadow in the sun
My blood spills, the dust drinks it.
Yellowed pages drift away in the blue
Merciless time closes the manuscript.
I chase a shadow that vandalizes my day
And brews a fiery night of dark phantoms.
My being disintegrates into dead fragments
To be blown away as scattered ashes of hope!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Kite Flyer

I wonder why I withheld it the story was overdue
Summers back I wrote for her from heart 'I love you'

I see those days of careless time her face still girlish bright
A boy's heart she took away left him some wakeful nights

Petals blew away with the wind that must have stolen her sight
The girl I knew once playmate she knew how to fly a kite

She frolicked around in a polka dot skirt a prancing butterfly
Babbled in joy clapped in glee as her string spread to the sky

I watched in awe her graceful hands way she pulled the string
Wrote her name many a time about love I knew nothing

A girl so cute so full of life so loving and carefree
I dipped my mind deep in her nothing else it could be

The daring girl I held in stare trapped my eyes like a star
Those afternoons would be cruelly void lifeless without her

Once alone on the wall of attic I inscribed it with my nail
No other way to relieve my mind couldn't write her a mail

Those three words on the mossy wall for times there they stood
My heart's outpour carved in bold if only they remained for good

Next afternoon at the rooftop to me she looked anew
My knees went weak I knew alone the mystery of 'I love you'

None broke the lull as she pointed the wall her face red with rage
Her probing eyes rolled on the faces till they held me in their gaze

'It cannot be you I'm sure I exclude you from suspicion'
If only she knew the little boy's mind secrets of his emotion

A few years thence I went back to that house to see if it still was there
Those candid three words from a timid boy laying his child's heart bare

The house was gone so was the roof in its place stood an apartment new
None would ever know the girl never knew I wrote her from heart 'I love you'

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Knife Cutter

Cuts the midday heat's eerie lull
the knife cutter's call...

from his pedaled wheels
rise dust haze

his own life a walk on ledge

gives your knife the razor edge!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Knowing Your Heart

I could come up from the ocean bottom
Climb down from mountainous height
Though I delved yet could never fathom
Your heart's depth I never got it right.
I could come out of the darkest alley
Win the night to reach sunshine
Though I tried yet could never really
Understand your heart's design.
Of myriads mysteries you are made
I seek to find though can't unravel
I must not give up but go ahead
Knowing it's an endless travel.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Labor

They cheered it in to the inn
It didn't understand it was dazed
For nine months it was unused to din
Their celebrations left it amazed.
It was afloat in the coziest darkness
Fed on the fluid of its host
The light now brought tears to its face
And they welcomed it with a toast.
Thoroughly washed the cute little swan
Couldn't fathom the new begotten space
Yet it sought the warmth of just one
Looked from many for one face!
Its face made her forget the tearing pain
In making way for the blob of her blood
Gushed out from her a joyous fountain
She was carried away in a torrential flood.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Lament

Had I not
thought it right
when I left her.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Laminated

In this room
I find a sad peace..

in company of memories.

There as I sit awhile
can catch mom's sweet smile
feel her hands in my hair
her tender kiss of unmatched care!

From his place he peers at me
the bohemian man ever carefree
now forever free and left alone
missing my mom missing his son!

With them went large chunks of me
in a void I sunk helplessly
no tears of mine touched the ground
as this heart broke in silent sound!

Blank stretch on wall looks at me
biding time for another memory
in six by four space of laminate
hangs unseen me for son in wait!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Lapis Lazuli

When at roadside stands
I see a little mag of poetry
can't help mutter two words

lapis lazuli

Must have brought it a poet like him
lover of letters dealer of dreams
drunk in the elixir of emotion
added a drop more to the spilling ocean!

In the vastness grew in one nook
bearded youth with poetic look
his words tattered on the canvas a rag
bringing this world one little mag!

There wasn't a reader an eye to see
the poet's journal sold for free
he carried them bagful if could find
ears willing a discerning mind!

Then they shrunk the hopes high soared
wings broken the bard was floored
in the desert sands lay dried poetry
dying unprized lapis lazuli!

No question asked nor rose a frown
a wasted poet was the known verdict
he put his pen forever down
till breathed his last a drug addict!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Last But Not The Least

Why we delay in saying what matters the most
place it at the bottom of the list
scared it might let loose a fearsome ghost
of what's last but definitely not the least!

We speak this and that leaving it aside
keep the most necessary in the mist
beat about the bush in that bush we hide
not saying what's last but not the least!

Why we speak the most needed at the last
treat it as a monstrous beast
when we have to say it and say it we must
not say first the last but not the least!

What's the point of the deferment to last stage
and not say it at the very outset
keep delaying it and blunt its edge
turn the last but not the least into waste!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Last Journey

The hearse waits at the door
the dead is ready for the funeral's chore

dressed in this last hour
in wreaths of white flower

can't hold back the widow's moan
a journey that's now his own

can't see his son look grown in years
as he follows his father's hearse.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Last Laugh

Came the first one
A spell of brief rain
In the summer heat
But wasn't seen again!

The one that followed
Veiled in mystery
Seemed an elusive
Piece of artistry!

There was another
Would rather do without
Like a rough weather
Soon blew out!

Thought it end of story
And I had enough
Came one in reigning glory

She had the last laugh!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Laugh Maker

I'm nothing more
Than a bore
As all my stuff
Are shitfully sad
Can't make you laugh.

I'm just a plain bore
For almost always
I knock your door
With a mourning face
Not finding laughter's address.

I wish I could write stuff
To make you rollingly laugh
Belly ripping laughs
Choked in coughs
Yet never enough.

I'm a bore
A failure
Time and again
Only sketching sadness
Pity
Deformity
Never giving you a laughing recess.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Law Of Proximity

He wore himself out in her dream.

Saw her from a distance
That made her alluring
Hid what were not,

He crooned to draw her closer.
She remained no more aloof.

Proximity revealed the intricacies
When they started living under same roof.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Lazy Bones

Two brothers lazy bones were known far and wide
Devoted devils they stuck together on each other's side
As you can guess on those idle souls life wasn't kind
Without work they didn't earn though they didn't mind.

Still they managed to survive God played here his hand
The duo had a roof over head and some ancestral land
They were happy to just laze out with barely minimal meal
Spend their times at fireside with two staunch idlers' zeal.

In fact even such rituals as bathing and nature's call
Found them badly wanting they detested moving at all
They disliked going out of house hardly ever took a ride
Enamored of their laziness in it they preferred to hide.

The two brothers were often coaxed to go for a movie show
Couldn't dress up never made it their limbs moved so slow
Yet they weren't bothered for life's joys remaining undone
Thoroughly enjoyed their laziness it held for them all the fun.

Not one good deed they ever did not once a noble act
Enslaved as they were in idleness tied to its devilish pact
None ever came to the aid of them none they ever did help
In notorious no work they stuck together keeping only to themselves.

Till one day came an ugly turn a fire broke out in their house
When all else left except them even the cellar's mouse
In their sleep as they sensed the heat the one asked the other

My back is burning what to do please tell me kindly brother.

Though surrounded them the fire the two brothers didn't budge a bit
Undeterred by the looming peril they kept lying in the searing heat
How do I know the other answered with eyes still not opened wide

Go back to your sleep if it's too hot move your back to the other side.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Leaf

Leave a life
that one can take
a leaf out of it.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Leaves Atop The Trees

They bear the brunt of the heat,
Yet in the scorching sun
Without the respite of a shed,
They don't complain
But protect what lie below them,
The leaves far down,
The creatures on the ground,
Quietly waiting for the rain!
And when it pours,
They dance in joy
As they get the first drops,
Forgetting all sadness of life!
Can't we be like them?
I mean the leaves atop the trees
With nothing on their head
Mutely bearing the sun's wrath
Dancing through all pain
Protecting whatever is down below
Cheerily waiting for rain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Left Out

The rain
All on a sudden
Poured in glee,
It kissed the windowpane
Drenched the lonely lane
But lo not a drop touched me!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Left To Die

Burning coal glows in the no-food zone
Are they too cold and dead and alone?
It's said they're loyal but they can't boast
Are they too hungry and shadows of ghost?
Ignore them people drunk in their fest
Are they so useless as vermin and pest?
Night's peace shatters as they whine and roar
Are they without sleep and closed is your door?
It all seems so cruel our heart is stained steel
Are they too trifle and don't deserve a feel?
The night is so unsparing so long and cold
Are they still hopeful of the emerging gold?
The sun gives reason to celebrate the morn
They're still asleep they were rather not born.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Left To Find The Right Lane

Turn left and then take the first right
Go straight till find on left a lane
Walk a few paces till comes to your sight
A left turn and one more again!

Take the second one till the eyes meet
The path being broken into two
One goes right and the other to left
Which one to take you got no clue!

Take the left one the right one is blind
Walk for a few minutes more
Count the lampposts six you would find
On the way you cross many a door!

Walk till you reach a broken windowpane
Peeping from there a knowing face
He is the one who can tell the right lane
To be taken to find your address!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Leftover

In the silence of the night
My ears buzz, my heart throbs
A billion bulbs blaze my head
The day comes rushing back.
My thoughts, they madly hound
The waves crash with thunderous sound
I am chased, tormented, hammered
It's hell of a deafening silence.
My bed swings in a traumatic toss
The fallen hopes, the shattering loss
My pillow gnashes me with a thousand thorns
The darkness fangs open my soul.
While the world sleeps oblivious
My fragments are carried into a new day
Stitched together for another fight...
Till the next silence of the night!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Lemon Pickle

My mouth waters taste buds tickle
When I see a jar of lemon pickle!

On the sunny roof the lemon pickle
It starts a child's saliva's trickle!

It still gives his conscience a prick
He played on the old man a trick!

For the old one was sunned on the roof
Jar of lemon pickle what a goof!

The glass jar stayed there all day
But the child just couldn't stay away!

At midday when they all were asleep
Little feet climbed the stairs steep!

Made sure not an eye was watching
What joy did the sight of pickle bring!

The child such small was his need
He only had to open the jar's lid!

Pick up one for nothing he could miss
One juicy sweet sour lemon piece!

In his mischief he did go that far
Each sucked piece he put back in the jar!

So that they would never find a trace
Not one piece of lemon would be less!

The poor old man he never knew
The child's blended saliva in the brew!

The child sucked pickle had his fill
What the old man relished with his meal!

I know this story isn't worth a nickel
Still I find irresistible the lemon pickle!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Less Than More

countless love poems devoured
why am I hungry for more!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Lessons From The Miser

Who else but only the miser knows
Preciousness of attachment!

He would not easily give up, not easily part
Loss of what he values easily breaks his heart!

He demeans not one object, knows to love not discard
Treasures each possession, each zealously guards!

Nothing for him grows old, with each he's intimate
His ownership is blind, associations passionate!

Never demean the miser, rather adore his commitment
None else but only he knows true meanings of attachment!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Lest We Forget Them

Their sacrifice a passing story
Their braveries are fables untold
In lives they hankered not for glory
In their graves they won't be old.
Lines of them lying under stone
No medal they won no star
In end they've found a silence zone
Where their memories the soils blur.
Someone was too young to die
Still dreaming a life of bloom
Yearning to reach the blue sky
Now sleeping in the casket room.
Youth so cruelly deceived them
Little was written on the white page
Blown away with the war game
Years cannot make them age.
Out of focus, out of lens
On unknown memorial just a name
Let's bow our head in silence
Lest we forget them.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Let It Not Die

On a bed of flowers love is born.
Let it not die
on a bed of thorns!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Let Me Feel Your Love

Words are so weak
They leave me behind
When you don't speak
I can better read your mind.
They don't mean much
Words last so brief
Your faintest touch
Fills me with love's whiff.
Words so little convey
But it's our ill fate
So many words we say
Not knowing love is quiet.
Don't let the words pour
Your silence goes deep
In it is something more
To give my heart a joyous leap!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Let My Heart Pour Like Rain

Let me pen my thoughts fast
Before I dip the nib in the muck
Raw emotions, they so little last
Hold them before the day gets me stuck.
Let me pour my thoughts out
Before the day kills my mind
The clouds cast shadow of doubt
They are lost to be never again found.
Let my heart pour like rain
Before the heat drives me insane
I lose them all in the agony of pain
And left with only a smoked windowpane!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Let There Be Light

Even where there is no darkness
we will create one.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Life

would have been unbearable
but for
our beliefs and assumptions!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Life Cycle

pause a little don't kill in haste
curb the killer in yourself
trample them not as garden's pest
they need your kindness' help.

stop your feet see how they beg
lying on your garden's leaf
call out to you all the tiny egg
don't turn your ears deaf.

when they hatch may not look sweet
still they need you to be fair
not kill them but wait little bit
not be repulsed by stinging hair.

now they must eat more and more food
to grow in pace and quick
if you are patient and act like good
their life can get more week.

once you allow them to grow in strength
give their life the needed lease
they reach their goal of the needed length
turn themselves into chrysalis.

thanks to you it reaches the stage
on flowers as butterfly dance
become airborne beauty on human gaze
for you gave them a little chance!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Life Is A Wonder

Life is so wonderful
Wonders never cease
Waking hours they rule
Sleeps the dreams tease.
Falling in love is a wonder
Breaking away is too
Finding a life partner
A relation deep and true.
Bonding for years together
Walking in sunshine and rain
Being one in all weather
Sharing joy and pain.
When it ends this journey
Leaving a void one is gone
The wondrous treasure of memory
Moves the other along.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Life's Plan

A poet so nicely says
in life's few years' span
she would love if someone may
give her one life's plan.

Strangely poet there's no one plan
that can give us guidance
so diverse is the human clan
traveling the same distance.

Sadly no guide from where we learn
know our acts lead us which way
how to sail through twist and turn
find us a brighter next day.

The morrow lying hidden darkly there
may be rosy or with thorny spike
it can be green or aridly bare
a morrow we may like dislike.

Life would have been so horribly dull
if what lies at next bend was known
Time had not made a blocking wall
let all our futures be shown!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Life's Pleasure

The sun is soft and mellow
The noon a tinge of yellow
The winter reminds the short measure
Of life and all its pleasure!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Life's Precious Things

My hopes burn out, desires rot
I'm never happy with what I got
A grumbling heart, undying pain
"It's unfair, it's wrong", I always complain!
What I've got has no value for me
Easy gotten, they're gotten free
What I haven't is what matters most
Run as I do chasing its ghost!
When I stop the run, where the journey ends
I lament my follies but can't make amends
They were always there, waiting in the wings
I never cared to find, life's precious things!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Like Father, Like Son

back from work when he rings the bell
his face tells me not all is well.

there's a dog out there,
seriously wounded, can't even get up
saying this he picks up a plastic bowl
pours some water in it
and to show him he isn't alone
I follow him with a bowl of milk
with breads soaked in it,

must be some insolent car tyre
crushed his hind legs
a black emaciated one
with a patch of white

and upon that grass
beneath the sinking night
we two mourn.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Lion

frozen a lion stands
tamed by the modeller's hands
eyes unblinking
he has no inkling
why he can't move an ounce
roar and pounce
can't jump from his place
to bite a chunk of flesh
but bugged by the creator's flaws
can't move a bit his paws
stand there in dazed surprise
in helpless awe before thousand eyes
mouth agape in a tragic roar

the truth dawning on him
he's a king no more

just a clayed clone
of a lion

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Listen (10w)

Make choice

To listen

From the din of all noise!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Litmus

the red girl turning blue
means she's falling for you
displays her love's basic
your charm has done the trick.

the blue girl turning red
means your chance is bleak
displays no love is bred
your sight makes her acidic.

the red girl remaining red
the blue girl remaining blue
in this worst case I'm afraid
she's neutrally looking at you.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Little Mighty Things

A matchstick can melt darkness
A breathe can break silence
Just a word can greatly impress
Saying nothing can make sense.
A tear can move a mountain
A touch can heal pain
A fleeting glimpse can for long remain
A little love can be a big gain.
A ray of light can show the way
A bubble can hold a rainbow
A whiff of fragrance can forever stay
A smile can make a face aglow.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Little You Can Do

By now you know
Things don't go
As you like them to,
The plans you make
Do easily break
Little you can do.
Your morn's hopes
With the day elopes
Aspirations sink,
Your rosiest thought
Turns to naught
Loses the pink.
The patch of blue
Without a clue
Is painted gray,
The spot of sunlight
Goes out of sight
Before you make hay.
Sudden are the slips
Words from your lips
You don't mean to,
You pick up a row
Turn a friend foe
Little you can do.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Live The Precious Now

Hug the now and soak in it
It won't last long.
Worth immeasurable,
Yet span cruelly finite,
Live the now fast
Before it leaves you!
Burn in the fires of now
Embrace the golden flame
Let your hands hold the sparks
It would die down real fast!
Ah, the warmth of now
Let it not melt between your fingers
Or finds you napping
While it comes!
Grab it you must
Between an irrelevant past
And an uncertain future
That precious you call "just now"
Make most of it,
It dies down fast!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Livelihood

The passing feet
That stops before him
He greets.

Come sir stand here in peace
Get them shining at five rupees
Five minutes' please
For just five rupees
Then, sir, go on your way
Have a nice day.

While they stand
Deftly moves his hand
Dabbing white cream
On pairs of five rupee dream
An intent drive
Rusted leather must come alive.

Then he let go free
Grabs the five rupee
Gets back his eyes on the street

He needs many more feet to greet.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Living For

One of these days
I'll keep aside a day for mourning
Nay remembering.

I'll journey through memory
To dig up buried faces
My priceless treasures
Passing guests of life
Touching me for minutes
A few hours
But carving in my heart
Impressions imperishable
And who I outlive
With a sense of guilt
Pangs of conscience
That in those minutes
By those hours
They did miraculously more
Than I have ever thought of doing
Across far longer time
Living for what they gave me
But not living for what they taught me
In those small hours
Miniscule minutes
When their eyes only gave
Their hearts only parted
The noblest thing for me
That I failed then
To understand

Reciprocate!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Living God

Hare Krishna he greets all passing familiar face
the two invigorating words his strength and happiness
his own life in doggy mess he never misses to greet
Hare Krishna to each one his dimming visions meet!

Hare Krishna I greeted him as I passed him on my way
Hare Krishna could you stop a while I had a horrible day
the mother she came to me with her appeal in distress
save my children from death be on you god's grace.

When I reached there I found one child was already dead
an inevitable fate they suffer the children in winter bred
I heard the groan of the other one but it I couldn't reach
if only you heard the howl the doleful wail of the bitch.

Hare Krishna I tried my best so badly I now feel
Hare Krishna trying is yours the rest is God's will
you tried what's not done and I salute the Man in you
who unwaveringly takes the call minds not the pain to rescue.

As he left me the ageing man passed into the evening's shadow
I saw there not just a man but a living god with glorious halo
It's men like him walk the earth that keeps it a place to dream
Hare Krishna I whispered if only I could be like Him.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Living Is All About

Living is all about a lovely day
And nights dreamy and romantic
Being able to say what you need to say
Ever seeking the crescent happiness peak!
Living is trying to carve out a lovely day
Being able to listen to what others have to say
Standing beneath the sky with stretched hands
Doing joyfully life's little errands!
Living is finding out there's still enough hope
Odds are there but you too are there to cope
That for every dark spot is a thousand lights
The world is a better place when love unites!
Living is travelling on ever widening shore
Be it in sunshine or when the rains pour
Leaving behind bouquets of smiles
For the ones coming up for the long weary miles!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Living Up To Love

Oh I find love such an easy thing to do
Easier still to say that I love you
But living up to it I find manifold tough
Tiding over hurdles riding oceans rough!

Love comes such easy wear it like my name
It's there just for taking a mere child's game
But living up to it I find quite a hard deal
With voids to fill up and wounds to heal!

On the face it seems love is an easy game
Knocking on her door laying your claim
But living up to it demands lot of commitment
Whose tip is only touched with I love you statement!

But I do find love an easy thing to do
That took me half the life to make it ring true
For living up to it I have tried my best
I avow my efforts are not all gone in waste!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Logic

He throws me an angry glance
his countenance says he is cross
I've given you enough chance
no more I should growls the boss!

Everyday you come to work late
and you haven't dearth of excuse
traffic no buses long wait
always you think up some ruse!

The last one to report for works
the first one to leave the office floor
if you can't come on time he barks
for you is wide open my door!

Make good the time that's lost
beyond office hours late stay
must recover your pay's full cost
and not feel I am cheated each day!

I play on him the last trick
can't do it sir at any rate
being guided by one logic

shouldn't ever be twice late!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Lonely Hearts

Think of the lonely hearts at the zoo
Kept captive for reasons they haven't a clue
Souls kept unpaired on the ground
Not a mate for them could be found!

Should have thought of it when trapped from the forest
Or acquired them from another zoo
Showcased them those unwilling guests
Forgetting they need mates too!

Mightiest animal decides these creatures' fate
Dictates how they should live and be grown
The right time to love and have a mate
Or spend life in their enclosures alone!

In the name of care you make their lives messy
Consign them to the doom of loneliness
You ruin their home invade their privacy
No wonder the zoo doesn't have a happy face!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Lonely Mouse

A lonely mouse
in a lonely house
with a lonely piece of bread.
A lonely philosopher
on his lonely bed
with the lonely thoughts in his head.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Long & Short

I seek a meaning long
When her glances are short.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Long And Short (6w)

With length
a poem
loses strength?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Long Nights Of Rain

In the long nights of rain
You come to haunt me.
I've never set my eyes on you,
Yet your fragrance permeates
My whole being.
You the woman of my making
Born in my imagination
Chiseled in my dream
A figment of my yearning soul.
I never knew when my heart you stole!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Longer Than Eternity

I just want the light a little longer
I want to hold your face in my hands
So I could allow my desires to grow stronger
And be ready when the moon in your eyes lands!
'A little longer' I always wish it to be
To see through before I read it all
From that point I would never ever be free
From the steepest plunge to the endless fall!
But it's never greed that consumes me
Rather a craving to slow the pace
To remain frozen longer than eternity
Holding in my hands your face!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Losing Address

When the morn I embrace
Don't I hear
Some more birds less?

Isn't more hushed their din
A fear I feel within
They're fast losing address.

Suppose one day they fully stall
I can't hear a single wake up call
Only stirs my eyelids the light
To announce end of night.

Each day of progress
Of one invading race
Is some birds less

And more lives losing address.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Lost At Dawn

Creaseless warm bed
Soft pillow under head
Sleep tightening noose
Just then hell broke loose.
Breaking through that spell
A remote warning bell
Prised open the eyes
In streaming rhymes' disguise!
Day's stress though immense
Mind strained in patience
To find from maze a clue
For images one or two!
In that poetic trance
Sleep lost all its chance
In an agonizing dingdong
Clock said night was long.
The bed became one of thorn
Sleep died poems were born
Some trapped some were gone
Like night lost at dawn.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Lost Child

Child be whatever you want to be
don't become a lost child like me.

find yourself a fresh new stream
a different sky to draw your dream

walk not the way I strode
set out on a new road

one that's still green
not stained with my sin

retrace not my history
be enslaved not in ancestry

bonded not of our war and greed
our stonewalls of caste and creed

walk not the way we trailed
we missed goals we failed

then lost our way in selfish needs
our hopes buried in overgrown weeds.

Child be whatever you want to be
don't become a lost child like me.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Lost In The Din

The city at its busiest mode,
when the rush zoomed past him,
what was this man doing on the road,
was he lost in daydream?
He was looking up a tall tree
oblivious of the surrounding
pacing sideways agitatedly
he seemed to be searching something!
What was it he looked for amid the foliage,
a bird he had heard in the din,
that he must find out to add to his knowledge,
or was he just awed by the green?
I moved on as I had so little time
to stand and stop with him
taking with me a moment sublime
leaving him to merrily daydream!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Lost In Translation

Love's language maybe lost in translation
Love's flavor is never.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Lost Thread

2o'clock and still no sleep
Mind on fire agonies creep
I go out in night, stand on the street
My mates are surprised, I feed them biscuit.

Refreshed and healed, come back to bed
Mind's fire doused, I find the lost thread.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Lotus

on pond water
clear as glass

blooms lotus
three quarter!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Love (14w)

The boy loves the girl at the door,
The girl loves too
His pizza!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Love Amidst Squalor

He opened his eyes
And saw the squalor around,
Glistened his eyelids,
He shed it without a sound.
For months he was afloat
In the dark warm bay,
Waiting to arrive here
To live love and play!
She smiled as he cried,
Happy to see him land,
Life squirted from her bosom,
She could die just for his hand.
Yet as he opened his eyes
He saw only squalor around,
Her love couldn't hold him back,
His eyes closed without a sound!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Love Beyond End

I'll love you
Till the sky is down on my head
And my blood is no more red!
Till the sun sets in the east
And Jesus is back for one last Feast!
Till no grass is green
And no way can love win!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Love Died Unknown

If I could go back
32 summers
to the hallowed soil
love was to be grown,
I would write there
An epitaph
"love died here
unknown"

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Love In Disguise

If in an unborn morning
You hear the birds sing
Know it's my love for you
Ready to take wing
If in the dead of night
You dream of sunrise
Know it's my love for you
Knocking in disguise!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Love In The Famished Land

The blazing sun sucks dry all tenderness
The famished landscape bares its ugly face
When others in conventional comforts rest
Here love faces its hardest test.
Love in this barren land seems insignificant
A morsel matters more where food is scant
The moribund clouds dried up in the firmament
Love is redundant here and suffers banishment...

I turn away from this land
Little knowing love fails no test
It spares not even the aridest sand
When the baby digs into mother's breast!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Love Is A Faith Too

Faith my friend he sighs
and pours me more wine
blind faith I should say
that blurs the dividing line.

Even god doesn't reciprocate
he so often tramples your faith
still your mind belief doesn't vacate
believing is a cursed human trait!

Have faith friend at a great cost
of bondage and never being free
yet you hold onto it till all is lost
he swigs to make his glass empty!

I believed and see where I am
torn and shattered to pieces
no wonder if I'm damned
for in faith I bowed to her wishes!

Love is a faith too only more blind
he looks at me with bloodshot eyes
makes you devoted with all your mind

till one fine morn she takes you by surprise!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Love Is Made That Way

I carry you in my heart
But you are far away
Sometimes though love lasts
It's so you don't stay.
Never erased for you my thirsts
Though you are far away
Why it's so that love lasts
Though you don't stay.
I wish it happens one day
I wake up and you aren't in my head
But your thought doesn't go away
For that's how love is made.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Love Is Our Weapon

A long road ahead, that's no scare
We can surely make it, the will is there.
The way is tough, terrain treacherous
But cover we shall, we can all of us.
If amongst us, someone falls behind
We don't leave him, out of our mind.
We stand beside him, hold his hand
Till he can once more rise and stand.
Storms can whip us, fires can burn
Resistance can hinder us at each turn.
Sail on we must, through low and high tide
Dangers on the way, we take in our stride.
We battle it out, we need no weapon
Love is invincible, wars will be won.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Love Is Such A Strange Affair

It doesn't anymore take
a red petaled rose
I need just a headache
to draw my love close!

Love is such a strange affair
when pain throbs in my head
takes me her hands under care
she flies me quietly to her bed!

Her fingers do passionate caress
play in my hair hide-n-seek
many watts powerful than embrace
unheard words of love do they speak!

My ache her fingers understand
love potion they spread in my hair
when kisses her hand each strand
I wonder if ever a pain was there!

I don't need anymore a red rose
now something else does it take
it entices her to come really close
when I suffer a bout of headache!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Love Lane

As the bus turned at the bend
he saw the lane diverging from the road,
empty, silent, inviting.

He felt a pang
for at the end of that long winding path
was a house
in it a woman
waiting her fate
of the day's loneliness
in simmering dream
of the night's union!

He sighed at the fleeting thought

went his way

of enduring another day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Love Letter

Dear.....

When you wake up
I would be long gone
Far from you
You won't find me again.
Because where I go
You can't reach.
I make you free
To be you and be happy
To forget the past's pain
And build once again.
Think of me as a story
Bury me like a memory
Try to forget I was there
We spent some time together.
Remove whatever I leave behind
That may cause you to remind
Of the times we held hands and stood
We thought they would last for good.
My feet are heavy as I open the door
I feel tempted to reason once more
My heart wrenches my eyes blur
I've to go I've to be far.....

Yours never

.....

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Love Me Half Ounce

I don't wanna fight
I don't wana race
Just want a little light
And in your heart a Nano space!
I don't wanna grab
I don't wanna pounce
Just wanna have you
Love me half ounce!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Love Station

Welcome to love station.
Please dock your heart here
Slowly, softly, carefully!
Hope your journey thus far
Through the moon-bathed tunnel
Aglow with the choicest stars
Was pleasant and dreamful!
It would be sometime
Before you come out of the hangover
All earthlings have when they arrive
And be blissful in your time here
Holding onto your heart knowing in peace
That it would never stop beating
And instead be caged in another diaphragm
To live, love and go into transit again!
It's such a tragedy across millennia
That heart after heart was lost in death
Till mankind could find way to change it
Discover the key to immortality
Of transiting heart from one to other
And not let it be buried with the corpse!

You're now entering the heart lab.
Your replica is too eagerly waiting here.
See how it's already dancing in joy
Celebrating your immortality
And also its own!

Welcome to love station.
We assure you when you wake up
You'll know what it means
To be undead in love forever
And the key that was love!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Love Stories

aren't real.

Love is only an ideal
a belief we live
and never achieve.

But love stories we need.

Only its conjured spirit
makes some sense

of our existence!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Love To Be Vulnerable

I am vulnerable
To the tempting depth of the sky
and the stars beyond my eye.
I am vulnerable
To the damp green moss
The soil soaks in
To the smell of dreams
an evening of birdsongs exude.
I love to be vulnerable
To the belief that this world
Despite the stinks of hatred
Will survive by love!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Love: A Brief

Longing for just one look
Pining for a touch
For love no text book
About love can't know much.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Lover's Park

No park is ever named Lover's Park
But in every city there's one,
Where shadows coalesce to shadows dark
Fingers delve buttons undone.

There ain't no lover not grazed its grass
Bunked classes to warm its bench
Whispered sweet nothings in adolescent crush
Suffered failed love's heart wrench!

They only know how precious the gain
To walk the patch of green turf
Holding the hands leaving the pain
Finding for love a safe wharf!

Bloom there the petals of budding romance
Ripened and raw and all class
Souls spellbound eyes in trance
Leave tears and joys on the grass!

I too had walked on the lover's park
Drowned in a teen's happiness
Found within love's first spark
Carry to this day her face!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Love's Alphabets

Without ruing all the lost chance
should I tell her once
or now it's really too late
to say what's unsaid from the first date.

Stopping long at the tongue's tip
they're gone into me hiding deep
breathing in heart as one quiet peace
speaking their voice in the bud of a kiss.

But hasn't died their wish to be told
love's alphabets carved in gold
uttered in silence at the sight of her
till today unsaid till now deferred.

Do they need to be told anymore
what's embedded within fondly secured
or is it so from her first date
she's dying to hear those alphabets!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Love's Fantasies

Not hear my words but read my eyes
For words can fail eyes can't disguise
That in my heart in silence speaks
Love's fantasies and magic tricks!

Not hear my words but read my eyes
For words are stale holds no surprise
Can't show the streams of love that flow
Sparkly diamonds in secret glow!

Not hear my words but read my eyes
Words are vain and crudely wise
Can't paint the sun that shines for you
Rolls down as tears with the morning dew!

Not hear my words but read my eyes
Words can't ever make it truly nice
Just waste the years leaving it overdue
To let you know how much I love you!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Love's First Line

Dusted off a yellow scrap
From the depth of time,
A line scribbled,
Each letter dipped in raw blood,
That's when I was mad.
Infatuation, they call it,
Feelings that pass of
When maturity beheads emotions,
Foolishness of youth
Flies away on wings of calculations!
After caressing the parchment,
I put it back to its own time,
Because it doesn't belong to now,
The first flutter of heart,
A flimsy fragile impractical thing,
A wound I still carry,
Falling and failing in first love!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Love's Sweet Disguise

In the process of ridding my mustache of white
To pluck as many and bring black to sight
I had dug too many holes on that stretch
To present the mirror with a perfect wretch!
My missus smiled under her frown
Said, 'you look the funniest man in town,
You could have dyed the hairs brown
And not made yourself an awful clown!
Fretting more by her pinching poke
Told her 'it's no time for a joke,
Help me clean up the mess a bit,
So I don't become a laughing stock on the street'
She quickly came up with a plan
A clever woman, she did it with élan
She dabbed her eyeliner on the mess
To restore me a presentable face!
But the story here didn't come to a close
It yielded love's another sweet disguise
Whole day I smelled her eyes in my nose
A strand of my mustache she bore in her eyes!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Love's Uncertainty Principle

Uncertainty is the name of the game
Putting things in jeopardy God in shame
A particle's position is immeasurable so its momentum
An imprecise arbitrariness for the Seeker a conundrum!

Drunk in the wine of Creation God had no inkling
Uncertainty would be inherent in his nature of things
Little slips He would make would be a stumbling block one day
One would affect the other's behavior without a remedial way!

It appears such a twisted thing making so little sense
The objects you measure with will themselves influence
The particle to be measured its velocity and speed
Discarding precise determination not yielding a perfect read!

Lovers take heart from this though her heart you may win
There's no way with precision her love you can determine
She remains as yet unknown in her love's position and quantum
You the Seeker can do little than to live with the conundrum!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Lumps

(1)

They depend on one another
The daughter
Walking her blind father.

(2)

Skin full of prickly heat
He pulls the cycle van
Loaded with pedestal fan.

(3)

He stops before the first bite
Can't forget
His pariah mate.

(4)

He wants dark clouds' gloom
For when they break to rain
His hopes will bloom.

(5)

She has no time for the mirror
Works for hours
As the water carrier.

(6)

She hides her pain
Spending herself up
Seems such precious gain.

(7)

Knowledge's weight on the back

The kid goes to school
Like a yielding mule.

(8)

On her bed the newly wed
May not find the one
For her made.

(9)

The male calf suckles his mother
He doesn't want to grow up
And be slaughtered.

(10)

The mother fights the trappers' might
Not knowing their net
Has sealed her chick's fate.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Lumps Of Blood

The lumps of blood go down the drain
Without the chance to love
To feel the pain
Snuffed out before bloom
The world doesn't have enough room!
For the conceived never brought to light
None to shed a tear at the unborn's plight
Begotten unintended from sudden emotion
Their departure is silent without commotion
As silent as the cries that swell in the heart
Of the women bleeding inside
And breaking apart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Lunchbox

I was surprised it felt heavier
Uneasiness too pinched me
Haven't carried a weightier ever
What could fill a family!

Did I see a red heart there
Did I see a silver line
Did I carry the weight of care
Sealed with the hands of valentine!

It was heavier but I felt so light
And free as my dreams set free
Scaled the hillocks reached mountain height
When remembered what she heard from me!

There's no time I must haste
A load of work at office knocks
Would come home late it would be best
If you forget for today the lunchbox!

Now I'm smiling as I eat the meal
More than daily quota manifold
The lunchbox lends me the much needed fill
Sealed with a heart of gold!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Lust

In the damp dark night
the dead lusts for light,
he could but never did strive
at the time that found him alive,
for doing a little good work,
some good to leave his mark
leave a little happiness behind
but these never came to his mind.
He always thought it best
not to bother about the rest....
rest he has now found
some depth beneath the ground
lusting for a little light
but time is merciless, so is the night.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Lying In Wait

Come brother let's sit under memory's canopy
Walk down olden times chatter childishly
Forgetting the ravaged mind the years' tempest
Retrieve the tender moments in heart's youthful jest!

Come brother let's hold hands like the days of yore
Walk down to find that house knock on its door
It must still be standing in the sun whitewashed clean
Waiting for us to go back dig out treasures within!

Come brother let's go back to that half-lit classroom
Where the walls bear our scribbles the blackboard our gloom
The air still must breathe there our voice and hidden sigh
Unmended is the windowpane through which we stole the sky!

Come brother let's go back to our childhood's playground
Where small feet kicked dust at day end turned homebound
It craves our splashing touch contemplates the placid stream
The two that no more come remembered only in dream!

Come brother let's once more take that precious ride
Tug each other's heartstrings bring out the child inside
Forgetting the weathered skin the worry beaten face
Go hunting for the lost treasure of unshackled happiness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Ma

She comes back but not like this
In dreamscape most part I miss
Without contour ethereal

But last night she was so real!

I miss you ma where have you been
With you son always within
Showed up too in all these years
In your smiles in all your tears!

We walked together hands clung tight
Cheek on cheek in rain washed light
It was only joy that beamed her face
Being with son in reunion's happiness!

She smiles to me I wasn't ever gone
A mother leaves not stays back in her son
I live through you one blood one part
As all the love you feel at heart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Magic Tune

When at my lowest
I hum a tune
It sends my spirit to crest
I'm once again immune.
Music
Does the trick
Like magic!
It never pales
Never fails.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Magnetic Theory Of Love

the boy was seeking a cute rosy girl
chubby chirpy with a head full of curl
her skin glowing silk cherry red her lip
and yes she should love him real deep.

the girl was seeking a boy with a soul
one with a mind aligned to her pole
he needn't be handsome but nice within
a boy that wouldn't love her just for her skin.

you know god's way of meeting men's prayer
opposites though they were brought together
the boy loved the girl who was shy and lean
and the girl the boy who wouldn't look within.

you can easily guess what happened later on
they felt for each other a natural attraction
she gave him her all he loved her from heart
the two poles stayed close to be never apart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Magpie Robin: What She's Hungry For

magpie robin on her black and white wings
all day seems to frolic twitters sweetest nothings
is she singing her songs to lay a lover's trap
or love she isn't searching but her hunger's scrap!

she's the cutest damsel hopping the ledges for insect
with no rainbow on her plumes yet dazzlingly perfect
is she whistling to catch a heart find for her one good mate
or it's only her hunger's call still can wait her first date!

in the sleepy noons rends the air her plaintive cries
drunk in the desire that comes renewed each sunrise
is she pursuing tireless for her love nest a golden straw
or her pursuit is not of passion but fending hunger's gnaw!

when the evening comes she finds herself a perch
tranced in night's lullaby under the starry arch
is she still in her sleep singing for love to born
or she's is just dreaming her hunger's golden corn!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Make Believe

As I see on the TV the little children dance
I realize in my heart the world has no chance
victims they are of the adult mind's greed
whipped to grow up forced out of seed!

As I see on the TV the little children dance
robbed of innocence in make-believe trance
I realize in my heart once childhood is obsolete
the world will go down its doom will be complete!

As I see on the TV the children in vulgar jig
their parents dreaming they'll make it big
I realize in my heart in this game is no win
the child will soon stand on dead dream's ruin!

As I see on the TV little children's face
skewed and twisted in rouged distress
I realize in my heart too high is the cost
when growing up is catalyzed childhood is lost!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Make Time To Be Alone

Make time of your own
To be alone!
Away from the rush around
Away from the droning sound
Leaving the drudgery behind
Wallowing in your mind!
No mask, no farce
With you, you converse.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Make Your Mark

In my office was a guy
This's how he made his mark
He would raise a hue and cry
When he did the smallest work!

Though there were quite a few
That performed more than him
Only this man knew
How to raise the steam!

Not a chance was missed
To harp on smallest feat
To come to fore noticed
And reap the reward sweet!

There're guys that brag and bark
Their own drums loudly beat
And men that make their mark
In noiseless quiet retreat!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Make-Believe Mood

In the worst of days
I make for me
A make-believe mood!

When within a storm rages
The heart is laden with charcoal tar
One by one I fill up the pages
That twinkle in make-believe's borrowed star!

What magic can do a changed hair style
When I walk the darkest mile
It shows in the mirror a new look me
Contented to be make-believe happy!

A make-believe man not let the world know
All the pains inside morale low
Even once show not entrails crude
But spread in air make-believe mood!

In make-believe cheers when I hum a tune
It blunts the agony makes me feel immune
Miraculously comes back a feel real good
Saves the worst of days the make-believe mood!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Manyface

For the dear wife is worn one face
it's another that's seen by the son
try all the faces to strongly impress
as have been doing all along!

It's all in the face rightly they say
keep changing like unending task
roll they transforming throughout the day
not hold onto only one mask!

Changed with the hour, day and season
shown as do fit the occasion
worn the way deemed right reason
to display the needed emotion!

Each one sees us in different face
like six blind men of Indostan
mistake they all to rightly assess
the unmasked within lying man!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Marigold

God willing, she said,
Looking at the dwindling garden flowers
This winter we'll have blooms of marigold.

Her clayed hands some smudged on her face
They speak of her hard stolen recess
From the grinding chores of running a family
And still when the wind turns cold
Dream for beds of marigold!

God willing
Before her dream's warmth fades
The garden will be blooming with marigold beds.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Marionette And The Bees

Marionette spread
On her bread
Some cheese,
The evening sun was red
When flew above her head
A few wild geese!
As she looked up the sky
To see them prettily fly
Buzzed around her head,
Black honeybees!
She held her ground
Moved her hands around
But they do as they please,
These stubborn honeybees!
The smell struck their head
Fine cheese on bread
So luscious was the sight -
It whetted their appetite!
Marionette felt uneasy
The bees kept her busy
And obstructed her sight -
She was not allowed a bite!
It was getting late
The sun was about to set
It was coming to twilight,
But our poor Marionette
In her agitated state
Couldn't enjoy the sight!
Cute little Marionette
She went down on her knees
But her evening was spoiled
By the uninvited bees!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Mates By Chance

Two little birds
One green one blue
I really don't know
With them what to do!
In the markets yesterday
There were birds galore
But I cannot say
How they landed on my door.
From the many colorful ones
The hands that picked these two
Sold them off and flew
Not telling me what to do.
The blue one is too small
Its tail not grown enough
The green is a perfect doll
A prancing chirping stuff!
Amid the birds umpteen
Maybe they were apart
But fate has put them in
To become my household's part!
My words they don't heed
I really have no clue
For food what they need
For their upkeep what to do!
In a day they've carved a space
Stolen my mind strangers though
Bringing me a gust of happiness
On my face a joyous glow!
I'm worrying when they're quiet
Feel blessed when they dance
My wonder doesn't abate
At these mates thrown by chance!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Matla River

Under misted august sky
where the fishnet boats dot the Matla River
I stand drunken on the wild mangrove.

This abandoned out of world noon
when the river breeze whispers
you are deathless
my blood paints in my eyes her face.

Only the estuarine heron
wings smelling of sun and fish
is my timeless witness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Maya

Slowly in a haze
I rise from me
Float a little up
And there below
I lie cold and white
In the thick of silence
Broken by wails
Of the ones who till now
I held so dear
Loved, hurt, cajoled
Living through a dream
That this bond would not end
But now a different me
Not seen not heard
But still lingering around
Not able to tear off
The umbilical cord of Maya
Hoping it another nightmare
Of the end!
When they set the corpse on fire
And the ashes fly away in the wind
I let go
All that's below
To climb the rainbow!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Mechanical Dolls

Ear holes closed to the world
Hands thumping to the beat
All made in the same mould
How they enjoy this moronic feat!
You would feel they are not from womb
But batches generated by machines
Clones consigned to doom
Mechanical dolls in their teens!
It's no yielding to passion
For music that touches the heart
Just an unquestioning submission to fashion
That once acquired defies to depart!
Their earpiece shuts out the world
And with it goes the fine art of hearing
Cursed and made in the same mould
They never know how sweetly the birds sing!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Mellowed Sun

The painted sun on the guava leaves
Augurs another winter,
Mellowed only till next summer
The sun quietly rests in the shade of each leaf
Contemplating in melancholy
Next winter they won't be there
And the eyes catching his breathless softness
May be gone too,
But he through seemingly endless time
Has to return each winter
To rest in the shade of guava leaves
And be planted on the coming eyes
Mellowing in the on-setting winter!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Merciful

Long ago a lightning had burnt her dry
But her resolve its might couldn't foil
Her gnarled hands spread on the merciless sky
She stands on her root in the soil.

You may think she's there without a purpose
For no foliage now adorns her frame
Not one leaf rustles in south wind's rush
You can't even tell what's her name.

Petals don't bloom she's sucked long dry
Her shade lures no traveler to rest
You may wonder she stands there why
Bereft of seasons' colored fest.

Her trunks sunburned naked and bare
I ask why this purposeless waste
Till I find out one cute raven pair
Has made her their dreamful love nest!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Merciless Reflections

O mirror, bring back what I was yesterday
Or how I looked long ago,
My past reflections can't you show?
You don't store my past inside
My smallest wrinkles you don't hide
You create and relish my depressions
And mock me with your merciless reflections!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Metamorphosis

When you first met her
seemed she was for you made
your wait was now over
time had come to go ahead!

Most beautiful girl was she
for holding hand and walk
she was heavenly
was yours by good luck!

How those times flew
with her on windy sail
before you knew her well
she had grown too stale!

She wasn't all that nice
you didn't understand
what made you pay the price
to love her ask her hand!

It started with a tiff
then frequent quarrel
soon you reached the cliff
time with her was hell!

From her you grew aloof
she wasn't for you made
being under the same roof
burned fire in your head!

Soon you parted way
for you had strayed far
rued that goddamn day
when you fell in love with her!

Can you tell me why
love dies we part our way
once more we don't try
to love her like first day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Meter Reader

Is his work sweet or bitter
Door to door goes meter reader
Is he dull or clever witty
The measurer of used electricity.

With a torch and thick bound book
Below staircase down dark nook
Scans through the dust on mesh
With a face that's expressionless.

Speaks so little somber face
Smiles no little courtesy's grace
Notes down with just one look
Prosaic digits on notebook.

Is he a man with a home family
Or a mad measurer lone carefree
A wild pursuer of endless digit
Never known love never had it.

Still he has to knock many door
Stay a minute not anymore
Time is his arch enemy
Till comes night sleep's lullaby.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Michelson Morley

That hour made me busy
questions were easy
not yielding a moment

he was sitting glum
peeping at my diagram
of Michelson Morley experiment!

I could hear his sigh
from the corner of my eye
could gauge he felt bitter

all he had read
had quickly fled
clouding him in ether!

It was all in mist
what those darned physicist
had theorized in vain

no lover's tryst
but a paper of physics
an agonizing pain!

My worst fear
was remembering the year
when the experiment was done

for once did it Michelson
then with Morley redone
was it '87 or '81!

That boy behind me
was thinking bitterly
worrying in fright

soon the time would be spent
without his writing the experiment
on the wavy behavior of light!

Tense was the air
when I heard him whisper
push your paper to the right

in his voice was despair
bothered little to be unfair
quite visible was his plight!

With all my toil
burning the midnight oil
how this I lost sight

covered all nitty-gritty
of magnetism electricity
missed the chapter on light!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Migrants

Thousands of miles' flight
leaving behind inhospitable terrain
for life and warm sunlight
the migrants are back again!

None can to this day
with any certainty say
how they don't ever stray
navigate perfectly the long way!

Never in their path they are lost
as they fly from the land of frost
in rhythmic unison like a rhyme
intent to reach the warmer clime!

My place is where they come
they find here warmth and welcome
winter guests for some time's restful peace
come summer them we will sorely miss!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Mind Of A Poet

On the white screen dance the stringed dots
Mind spilled codes of hieroglyphic thoughts
Slowly they emerge handholding lines
Not always yielding intended designs.
Something was brewing inside the head
Coaxing to weave and take it ahead
The drunken horses so wildly gallop
There is no leash to make them stop.
Nerves are taut and they won't relax
Till all is vented they reach the climax
It was thus fated the moment it was sown
What's to be grown could never be known.
As the fever wanes arrives the new child
It may be adored or it may be defiled
The canvas is washed clean as in the rain
Something is brewing to be vented again.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Mind Water

Check faucets and pipes for leaks
Don't leave them leaking for weeks.

If you smoke to evade constipation-al day
Don't flush cig-butt and use toilet as an ashtray.

Ditch the habit of taking long showers
To remain clean is not to bathe for hours.

Don't let running water flow in gush
While you're busy with the toothbrush.

Your mouth though you must cleanse
Keep a glassful of water for the rinse.

When you clean vegetable or dish
Don't let the faucet run as you please.

Be not under the slightest doubt
If you waste water it will run out.

The way we waste water future isn't bright
For supply of water is only too finite.

Conserving water it makes a prudent sense
For on it depend we our earthly existence.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Mind Water 2

Have you minded the water?
Not the one for drinking
But in the eyes
Your words do bring!

Where they go and hit
You never paused to see
Never thought a bit
How painful they could be!

Once said they do hurt
Do bring pained surprise
Words you thought smart
Brought tears in the eyes!

But you had things to tell
Mouthful words to blurt
What if they crafted hell
Left a bruised heart!

In ten times if at least once
Had seen the shadowed face
You would've ached for penance
Searched ways for redress!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Mind's Fossil

Catch the thoughts knocking your mind
Once they go you won't ever find
Catch the dreams floating in moonlight
They will be gone with the coming of daylight.
Your thoughts and dreams are momentary
Engrave their imprints in your poetry
For in a faraway time when the soil they till
They will find the poetry as your mind's fossil.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Miracle

On the low tide marshland I run
to catch the miracle from close
deft splash of colors godly done
river bridging twin gorgeous rainbows!

Now I can leave in peace
without a regret to die
having seen fulfilled my wish
of a double rainbow on the sky!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Miracles

Perches on my window
My mustached friend bulbul,
Finds me shaving,
A stray bird and I call it a miracle,
It pecks from my hand tidbits of food
Not scared at all
Looks deep into my eyes
And plants there a sunrise,
Asks the bird, 'why do you shave,
And not save your beard
For the time it would fit your sunken face
When it would tell
There aren't any of us around,
No miracle of waking up each morn
With our sounds'!

It knows miracles are drying up.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Mirage

moonlight's shadows on bats' wings
in the sky the stars abound
but keep me busy so many things
my eyes are stuck in ground.

my mind is stuck in arithmetic
the end of day accounts
so little time to be romantic
unfelt has lost all count.

croons unheard the unseen nightjar
lusty owls' eyes glow
my mind still finds too little to stir
to pause a while go slow.

mystic night is lilting unheard
the moon still hopeful round
I'm busy picking the shards
of a mirage strewn around.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Misfortune

The day a lightning struck my home in September 2010
I read in it signs of bad time grave misfortune's ill omen
Early morn it fell the night though didn't hint of a bad weather
Jolting us further a bereaved family my father had died that year.

Spitting fire it chipped a chunk of attic struck dead an arecanut tree
Blew the TV dead lights and fans fled it vented such awesome energy
What had we done to deserve such a deal why befell us the curse
Redoing the roof replacing dead wares it was taxing on our purse.

They say it's too bad when god goes as mad as to strike your home with
lightning
You must have sinned to incur his wrath more misfortune it probably would bring
So we brought a priest for peace and worship we had to appease the deity
In our quest to strike a deal with god's will was forgotten the arecanut tree.

The house was mended things returned to shape we brokered a peace with god
It all looked fine the mishap forgotten no calamity struck our abode
As a relic of that time stands the arecanut tree without a leaf on its head
Mutely it bears the brunt of god's fury so is the way it is made.

One autumn morn there was a tapping sound on that tree's hollowed dead bark
As I peeped through the window I saw a woodpecker its beak was busy at work
So many times I had thought to cut off the tree for it could never grow its root
The bird has got a nest for little ones' rest god's will has borne a sweet fruit.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Misnomer

The most uncommonly heroic
goes by the name

common man.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Missing Your Love

Don't I miss you?
On my way home
On a dimly lit evening
Or an empty afternoon
Without you coming up to me
Rubbing and licking my hands
Your eyes overflowing with love!
Don't I miss you?
When the rain lashes
And you don't come up to me
Seeking a little warmth
With your bones chilled to the marrow
And I take you in under the shade
When your eyes are filled up with love
And mine with unexplained tears!
Don't I miss you?
In my moments of extreme happiness
When you no more jump up to me
To give me a long and joyous hug
Your eyes filled with unspoken love
And I know without your ever telling me
The agony of living without your love!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Mission (10w)

Marines land in Somalia
To feed starved stomachs
Serve humanity.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Mist

Nobody can understand me
can understand my malady
nor is there a foolproof therapy
a curing remedy!

You talk about helping me
try to be friendly
it seems so silly
I'm an alien to my own family!

Can lift my surround mist
no psychiatrist
they really don't get
what's wrong and medicate!

Where I stand
won't reach your helping hand

I don't understand myself.

How can you be of any help?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Mistakes

Mistakes we make are
lamenting over
past mistakes!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Misty Island

You left my shore long ago
For the misty island
Come sunshine come rain
Time and again I visit the pain
In my foggy midnight dream
I grope to touch you
Feel your silvery reflections in the stream
In the night weary and frail
I look for your boat's trail
And pine for the warmth of the hand
That sailed long ago
To the misty island!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Mogli

Today I know
How much I love Mogli
As tears smoke my eyes
And god wants him free!
His eyes tell it all
The dying knows the end's call
God wants him free
And I know it helplessly!
Today I know
How much I love Mogli
Seeing his mute surrender
His silent crawl to death!
Maybe forever I knew
Though little I could do
As we were world apart
Mogli today breaks my heart!
He was a silent lover
Loved just one call from me
Today he cannot rise
Cannot open his eyes
God wants him free!
Today I know
How much I love Mogli
As he slides into sunset
Not stopping for a call from me
He is going to be free!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Mom's Birthday

Every year I make a resolution
To observe mom's birthday
Offer her a garland,

But here I stand
This year too,
The day passed, mom,
I didn't remember you!

It would not have been so
Had I been gone even this long
For you mom
I would never have been out of sight
But on this day
With tears and one candle light
You would have remembered
Her son long gone
Offering him with your trembling hand

Your love's garland!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Monsoon Delight

Potholed road full busload, rumble cloud rain,
Hole in sky angers fly, groan they all in pain,
Flooded way joy at bay, no relief respite,
Begged it rain summer's pain, scorching day and night,
You prayed it god brought it, the monsoon's delight,
Don't grumble slip tumble, curse it as a plight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Monsters & Angels

Each of our days has monsters and angels
Always against one the other rebels
Who we hear is surely our choice
Listening in the din that standalone Voice!
Life is a canvas we hold the brush
It's our choice we create or crush
Colors are in the palette ideas in our mind
What the world will see is the painting we leave behind!
Short is the life big is endeavor
To build in the present to secure future
What we do is what our children will get
We design destiny we build our fate!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Moon Stalker

Now for years I haven't seen him
nor know if he is alive or dead
the shadowy man who floated like dream
each moonlight on the roof surfaced!

When from my window his silhouette I caught
saw him on his voyage embark
the moon stalker day's small-time clerk
wove a magic spell on my thought!

As the moon came over the eastern edge
silver orbed in her glorious rebirth
he would be there lost in his gaze
like a moonman stuck on the earth!

Madly his eyes riveted on the sky
in pursuit of gain unknown
as if once unmoored to her he would fly
leaving this world disowned!

Hours passed by his wonder not ebbed
eased not the moon stalker's trance
it seemed to me moon's waning he grieved
mourned dimming of her silvery dance!

Each full moon saw this unfailing zeal
on the roof two lovers' meet
his eyes sky bound till he had his fill
the moonman on earthly transit!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Moonbeam

The owl winged night is hanging low
in marshy fragrance moon's powdery glow
winds whisper day's sun tanned pain
what happened once can happen again!

The moon lights up the hidden hulls
some in view some within walls
there's no class in her beaming reach
by magic wand sleep the poor and rich!

On their thorny beds the aching souls
in feathery dew by glowing coals
their eyes moving in silvery gleam
fly on wings catch a passing dream!

It's time for the cloud to play mischief
darken the night usher in relief
to veil the moon when her job is done
so she no more hinders sleep's healing run!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Moondust

A kid I was when on way to school I caught her pretty face
Fell for her can't call it love the sweet girl in school dress
She stood on her door a beauty of yore waiting for the bus
My limbs went limp grew butterfly wings she was my childhood crush.

I thought she knew felt it was my due flew me a bewitching smile
Waved her hands and knowing my mind she looked at me awhile
Each day on that way as I passed by her I caught in her eyes a gleam
Read in her waves a bridging of hearts in her smile an unfathomable dream.

No ordinary path it was a dream walk for nothing I could miss out the chance
To have a glimpse of her catch those moments forever get lost in strange
romance
The girl on the door she made my spirit soar she was close yet a distant star
Took me on fancy flight her smiles glowing bright the child could never touch her.

I set myself a rule not to take break from school but to pass everyday by her
It's no wonder some things last forever some memories with time never blur
She my whim's fair red ribbon in her hair stood there in her white skirt
A petite white dove radiating precious love she enamored the little boy's heart.

In the lost years' light burns a patch bright where shines her unearthly face
A girl in her teen not aging always green occupying a permanent space
I don't have of her anything more to remember what remains is so divine
The girl in her teen could be thirteen or fourteen and I was a boy of nine.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Moonlight Sonata

The cat mews at the moon
It got the hint that soon
The moon would slide down west
Hide beneath horizon to rest.

The moon it can afford a rest
After romancing earth in jest
For the cat no rest is in sight
It has to hunt through the night.

But the cat has lunar allergy
Moonshine gives it lethargy
With eyes drooping and dreamy
It mews Beethoven symphony.

The mice they aren't easy cheese
Don't fall prey with any ease
They run and find the hole quick
Alerted by the mewing music!

The moon thus plays on cat a trick
Diverts the predator to music
To give its preys some respite
As the cat mews Beethoven in moonlight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Moon's Wrath

Running in the moon's shadow
I catch your glimpse,
Your eyes wear a burning glow
A cruel smile is on your lips.
I know what's in your mind,
Revenge for all the wrong,
The slavery, the perpetual grind,
The suppression borne so long!
You walked the fire with patience
Stretching limits of your endurance,
But my might, my blinded sense
Felt no remorse, no penitence!
I'm fleeing from the moon's shadow,
From the wrath your heart drips,
Your eyes wear a deadly glow,
A monstrous smile is on your lips!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

More Is Less

I touch you for a moment
It's a whole lifetime spent
I embrace you hard
It's make-believe and absurd.
I look at you just once
It puts me in a trance
I gorge you with my eyes
It never grows, it dies!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Morning Dew

The earth pours
All her woes
To the stars,
How her eons of toil
The earthmen spoil
She can't as fast renew.

The stars burn
In her tragic yarn
Till the night pales,
Leave on her leaf
Their tears of grief
As the morning dew.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Mother Eternal

I came into you when you were a child
You dreamed me, shaped me, loved me
And conceived me from thence....
There was no looking back
Whole of me pervaded your sense!
Outside you, you had to find someone
To have that climactic one moment
Just to create me, in you latent
And moving away when you had me
Womanhood attained, joyous, free....
You knew I would be the one outside
Recreate the moment, continue the ride
To bring back me in you again
Never tiring, forever yearning for the pain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Mourning

I can't make out what the din is all about
They thump their breasts in grief no doubt
But the tears that roll down their cheeks?
Are they rains that fall for weeks?
Or just a day there they will be
And then as dry as dryness can be!
I can't make out the wails rent the air
Surely heartbroken when breaks the pair
But the pain that stings and pierces the heart
Are they pains that would never depart?
Or just a passing phase, a fleeting while
Just a brief pause before getting back to smile!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Mourning The Void

In the shadow of shrubs on the marigold dew
You will not be there but I'll smell of you.
In the stilly evening on the moon kissed tree
I will think of you in melancholy.
When the day end shows the evening star
I'll look up and wonder how far you are.
As the sky paints the water with bluish hue
I'll know life won't be same without you.
On nights forlorn bereft you so grim
I'll pine to see you once in my dream.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Ms Lovepeace

Seeks no fame nor pelf
She feels bliss
When left to herself.
She craves not company
Loves not to party
For her the best moment
Is one with herself spent.
For this queer nature of Ms Lovepeace
She wasn't ever anybody's heartthrob
Nor was ever her cheek pecked a kiss
All she ever heard was o such a snob.
She likes it that way, she doesn't demur
The unflattering things said behind her
She wants it and it makes her happy
Times she spends in her own company.
You may think it too mean
This dislike of her own kin
But Ms Lovepeace doesn't mind the cost
Of enjoying the peace in her permafrost.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Muddy Creek

I dipped my toe
in the inviting shallowness of the creek.

her muddy water
gurgled in joy

she stoked the fire of my desire

wove me dreams
with moonbeams

and I waded far on her

till the water rose
above my nose

death seemed close and nigh.

I didn't die

drifted away on her

going stronger
growing weaker.

(so they say once you dip your toe
soon lose your way
in the muddy creek's flow)

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Multitasking

On my shoulder a heap of garment
In two hands two birded cage
In my mind time management
That I love to do with craze!

List of my works to do
Keep growing in a hellish way
Clipping nails polishing shoe
Time is too short for one day!

When to do them you may ask
If all loose ends I've to tie
So I take up multitask
There's not even time to die!

At 8.30 her medicine
9 I must run the pump
I must keep my cheek trim clean
Traitor time not run but jump!

With one hand I push toothbrush
With one eye I keep check on milk
Alertness aids in the morning rush
Time's too alert for you to bilk!

Stairs to climb windows to open
Pluck some flowers from back garden
Time autocrat hears no bargain
Slow down a bit get a big burden!

I've to make time to blow her a kiss
Will be away whole day she'll miss
While I peck I hold a biscuit
For the dog at the door badly needs it!

I don't ever think time kind to me
Give me respite a little time free
But chase it hard without relent
A multitasker bent on time management!

In this thankless pursuit I can't tell thee
If I manage time or time manages me
But one thing sure I make time on the bed
For not just love but what cooks in head!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Music

Music

In it you find

Tonic for mind

When you feel like

Having been left behind!

Music

It's what you seek

When someone you love

Hurts

One close to your heart

Departs!

It's what you choose

When you lose

Someone gives you a miss

In it you find peace!

Music

It's what you look for

In her eyes

And your heart flies

You are in a trance

You want to dance!

Music

It never fails

Never pales!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Must Write Now

This one poem must write now
Can't foretell but see it how
The trolley bearing a sunken frame
Someone whispers some known name.

The lips quiver for all left out
Knows this journey is last no doubt
The game is off time in checkmate
The words hit head on iron gate.

Some whispers breathes too slow
Doctors tell gods only know
Fingers twitch for one last paint
Before goes in smoke to firmament.

What's not seen veiled in dark hue
Are frosted drops that fall like dew
Orphaned born begs for no name
Inked in tears this one last poem.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Mustard Field

Maybe so I willed
In half sleep's ethereal stream
In January's mustard field
She hugged me in liplocked dream!

What now she said eye on eye
I'm come past all fear
So our lips never go dry
Nothing stops us from here!

I put my tongue on hers
Rolled in her saliva filled
Her eyes blinked million stars
Traveling time in the mustard field!

Bloomed yellows thunderous bright
Rained sky a sweet redress
Dream came at end of night
Wept wet in her embrace!

I tiptoed on her bedside
Her lips quivered moist filled

Maybe so she willed

Same dream in the mustard field!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

My

I hold onto
like they're precious

my ego
my anger
my vanity
my dignity
my belief
my faith

miles of them
they would need reams of paper
to be written
and when stacked high
could be seen only
MY.

MY

the self ruthless

wiping out your face!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

My Abode

I'm happy to have lived here in this my abode
Without bothering to think if it was made by god
Nor needed to know why here only the bell rang
For the earth to take birth from one great big bang.

Know this much I'm bound in circle of cause and effect
With god playing a truant he himself isn't perfect
Often when and where needed he keeps a distance
Not just feeds the good the evil too he gives a chance.

I'm happy to be here the abode of god or not
What's his designs and purpose I spare not a thought
Happy to be here till I drop down like a leaf
That lived without a question a faith or belief.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

My Child

I love you
Because in you
I see a child
Innocent, unspent, unviled!
Pure as fountain
Tall as mountain
Clean but wild,
Whom I love to say
'my child'.
My child
You are born
Every morn
In me!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

My Crude Attempt To Assess Her Happiness

Today I looked at her face
Her way of looking at me
My attempt to crudely assess
If she only fakes to be happy!

I noticed how parted her lip
When she spoke if twinkled her eyes
If her words fell gently or steep
Is she happy or hiding her cries!

I tried to read her face's lines
Looked to find on it a trace
If were laid there some signs
Crying loudly of hidden distress!

Can't say it was much of a success
For my eyes were biased lovingly
To read only one thing from her face
That she is quite happy with me!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

My Dad And Mom

Life is a raging storm with never a moment of lull
One day he spoke to me, the day after broke his skull
It was my dad, sprightly and strong
Full of life with a youthful mind
But death shadowed him and before long
He was gone whereto I'll never find!
My mom was a beauty my life's brightest star
Hard it was to spend a moment without her
It was my mom, a soft and loving mind
Her fragrance spread wide and far
But nothing deters it, death is never kind
She was gone before I got enough of her!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

My Daisy

She stops as I stop runs when I run
Having her beside is such cool great fun
Having her beside is a big plum peace
Just she not there, my world goes amiss.

She stops as I stop looks when I look
Each fuzzy corner dark hole and nook
Having her beside is a joy in its own
Just she not there, I stand all alone.

She talks when I talk listens when I do
Always by my side a friend she is true
Being with her is most precious time spent
Just she not there, means for me a torment.

When worry beaten, she wears my weary face
How she knows my mind its all redress
She is a true mate, my one and only Daisy
Just she not there, my world goes crazy.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

My Dreams Now

Things I craved for many summers ago
are reaching me now
when I don't need them.
Dreams that got tired
After a long wait
I am not dreaming anymore.
They were stalled when I needed them
and now they are time staled.
Now my dreams are different,
They come silently from the firmament.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

My Fear Of

She teases me would you dare
climb few steps and go upstairs
sleep the night alone.

She knows well my fear of ghost
knows too well I fear them most
a fear I don't disown.

Phantoms I do conjure
a malady without any cure
a fear I've not outgrown.

Dragging footsteps shadows around
hearing sounds where there's no sound
whispers eerie moans.

Creaking doors yawning darkness
present they all fear's ugly face
shivers chill in bone.

In my mind lies on topmost
swirling mist of bothering ghost
a fear I can't dethrone.

So I don't love lone upstairs
gobbling ghosts and chilly scares
all the threats in store.

Tell her dear tease no more
give my word not to snore
make my bed on floor.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

My Grand Old Dame

They still follow the lizard's motion
Her eyes a sky mirrored in ocean
My oldest mate at the kitchen door
She wants love and nothing more!

At age of six a grand old dame
Understands when called by name
Her furs are white grey fleck on head
She's a ravishing beauty heaven made!

I still don't know her fondness how
Sings the notes of melody's meow
Her profound eyes they forever plead
I want your love more I don't need!

In the morn's hour when making tea
Her loving look births the first poetry
Tell her lips her heart's tender purr
Love me a little don't keep me far!

When I pour her morning's due
Croon her name to give her the cue
Blue ocean's eyes in gratitude say
Love me a little I'll make your day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

My Heaven Is Here

Here I am
It's me
No other place
I'd be!
If I have to be born
I'd die to be
One more life
On this earth,
To see a day
To smell the grass
To listen to the music
Made by dew the whole night
As they kiss the ground.
It's that place
Where one life
Would fly in a day
And when times knock
I take stock
To find I've not got
Even one day!
I fear
My heaven is here!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

My Home Is Not Forest

Man oh man be kind, don't be so mean
Leave for me a scrap, don't lick it clean
Men of toiled hands, creasy worry face
My home is not forest, but this urban space
I love yer food so tasty, spicy, fried in oil
Peck at everything, even your bowel's spoil

Man oh man be kind, don't be so harsh
Leave a little space, my space is sparse
Men of busy walks, bushy knitted brow
My home is not forest, here only I grow
I love yer food so tasty, but it ain't a shame
Pick up everything, even your spit and phlegm

Man oh man be kind, kindly look at me
Leave a little love, I love your company
Men fair and dark, having or lacking grace
My home is not forest, I live at your address
I love yer food so tasty, crunchy salty sweet
Pounce at everything, your waste becomes my treat

Man oh man be kind, I ensure your place don't rot
Pay me your sight a little, spare me a kind thought
Men of all shades, all religion cast and creed
My home is not forest, your space is what I need
I love yer food so tasty, the smell when you unwrap
I'll gleefully pick up, my friend's throwaway scrap

Man oh man be kind, don't feign you don't care
I'm your all season mate, comrade of all weather
Men of generous souls, broad and golden heart
My home is not forest, I love to be your part
I love yer food so tasty, baked or fried in oil
Throw for me a crumb, a scrap for all my toil

Pradip Chattopadhyay

My Mind Reader

A sedative of love
Round the clock care
An aura of tender warmth
You give it all,
My mind reader!
I'm scared,
By the delirium
That overpowers me
Enslaves all my senses
And makes me blindly yield
To you, my mind reader!
I doubt
If I deserve
This God's bounty,
Your hawkish eyes
That shadow me
Shade me
From getting burnt.
But what if
You're gone mind reader,
The only one to make me smile,
Wipe my tears,
Reach beyond skin to my mind
And able to read every page!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

My Mystery Woman

I couldn't read you
After these many years
Words I thought would bring you cheers
Brought your eyes a drop of dew.
I couldn't be your perfect guy
What I tried all the while
Couldn't bring your eyes a smile
There still lumps of sadness cry.
My woman after these many years
I couldn't get through your tapestry
You still remain Christie's Mystery
Couldn't explore your hidden layers.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

My Name Is Bond

My eyes are roving, clever and playful
In the tensest moments I don't lose my cool
From my fingers the bullets fly
I dive deep and jump from the sky.
I do hide behind occasional beard
I want my martinis shaken not stirred
My mantra is only one word 'win'
The only car I ride is Aston martin.
My name turns my enemies morose
They're pinned down by my gizmos.
Women just madly fall for me
Clad skimpily in alluring bikini
Chiseled figures slim and tall
I choose the good but go for all.
I am pressed for time so much
I can't do without my omega watch
Though I'm not stuck in a brand or two
Rolex and Seikos will also do.
I feel instead of lengthening the list
It's time for me to clear up the mist
A suave smart and fearless guy
I also happen to be a timeless spy.
I play with the villains dangerous games
Love to be called Bond without James
With me the baddies can never get even
You know the world knows me by 007.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

My Shadow

On the rooftop
I meet my shadow
On the hyacinth pond!
He leads a carefree life,
Happy at just being
My shadow!
Like me too
He sips the moon
But pens no poem,
Swoons not
In the ethereal night,
Only drops dead
When the moonlights fade!
He has my life
Without my worries
With my passions
Without my strife!
He doesn't yield
When I say
'hey, shadow, get my face,
take my place'
he says 'no,
I'm happy a shadow
on the hyacinth pond
reflected but not reflecting
on a moonlit night!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

My Sketchbook

Happiness I would let the world know
the griefs would be buried in my mind
when I take the last bow
would love to leave a joyous trail behind.

Smiles I would let the world see
the tears would lie hidden in my eyes
when the earthly bond sets me free
would love to leave a memory of sunrise.

Dark nights they are all mine
rivers of sorrow in my veins
I would tell you only of sunshine
would love to leave no trace of my pains.

Little happiness is all I would expose
my sketchbook of each silver line
when the days for me come to close
the graved sadness would be all mine.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

My Tears Softly Land

On the white canvas
My tears softly land
I know color is precious
And it is in my hand.
No color could wash them
The tears black and white
Through times ever the same
They dropp to blur my sight.
It comes in the shape of a face
A look forlorn and sad
Pleading for only a little space
From a race obsessed and mad.
I know color is precious
And it is in my hand
Yet white remains the canvas
By tears that softly land!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

My Woman

my woman I possess you in what way
what way I have owned you up to this day
are you just my need's flesh my hunger's food
are you only a play doll that must suit my mood!

my woman I own you in what way
what way I have dealt you up to this day
are you just my resting perch my end of day nest
are you only the banyan's shed beneath what I rest!

my woman I claim you in what perceptible way
what way I have famed you living up to this day
are you just my showcased pride on my finger a ring
are you only the need to be back home at evening!

my woman I say you are mine but how you do I own
what way I have nurtured you on you affection shown
are you just my desire's skin anchorage of my lust
what I have done to possess you your love and your trust!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Mysteries Of The Wild

At the tiffin break they surrounded him all wanted to have a look
He held it tight in the dim class light in his hand the hidden book
The boy was proud for the gathered crowd each wanted to win his trust
Went on to plead made frantic bid reading the book was a must.

With no option he started auction the boy saw in the deal a chance
For the mystery book seemed worth more than a mere cursory glance
I stole a look at the tempting book leapt my heart of a curious child
On the cover glowed bright in dripping blood the title 'Mysteries of the Wild'.

In childish imbalance I lost all sense was gripped with one mad desire
Come what may at whatever cost from the boy the book I must hire
The boy having got a whiff of my plan and gauged the urge on my face
Said 'ten full rupees is what you must part I would settle for nothing less'.

Ten full rupees was real big money no way could be arranged by a child
Knowing it was absurd still I pondered at stake was 'Mysteries of the Wild'
That day I ran home with just one thought haunting the mind of a child
Ten full rupees is no big deal for an access to the mysteries of the wild.

On that evening of ceaseless haunting I gave all my lessons a miss
For there was with me a note of ten rupee given by dad as school fees
It needed a tough will to strike devil's deal put the money to misuse
But possessed as I was to know the mystery I needed no reason's excuse.

Next day in the class without a fuss I paid him the sum of school fees,
'Give me the book as you promised for I've brought your ten rupees'.
'I'm so sorry' said the cunning lad 'the book is taken by someone,
so stand by for the time be in the queue like the other boys in the run'.

Hell on me broke loose tightened the noose I could hardly stand on my feet
Heard my dad shout when the truth was found out the result couldn't be sweet
The thrashings I got scolding and what not the bitter memories of a child
Sank all passions drowned the obsession to unravel the 'Mysteries of the Wild'.

Years rolling by buried the child's sigh lay hidden in the lost mind's nook
The momentary thrill that remained unfulfilled forgotten was that prized book
Then one afternoon as I was passing by an almost antique bookstore
It peeped through a timeworn glass that book of mystery from the yore.

I felt an inexplicable yearning to own for once that book
To retrieve from its breast my childhood dream it took
'What price' I asked the man 'I want to have it please'
'Never mind it's unsold long not worth ten rupees'.

I got the book with a heavy heart came sat in a corner of the park
Caressed soft held its bound cover that at last got my finger mark
In that twilight hour under evening star I wept like an inconsolable child
Knowing no more I had need of it I would never open the 'Mysteries of the wild'.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Mystery Of The Missing Mobile

They all said they had seen none
The owner vouched he had it on bed
But in the morning the mobile phone was gone
Who could steal it troubled the four heads.

The four mates in the house had their alibis
They slept sound after late night chore
One can't expect them to be up by sunrise
The question is who opened the door.

Only one boy said he was out for a walk
But he locked from outside before exit
He affirmed he found untampered the lock
Everything was as it was when he left it.

Another boy's story gave a vague impression
Earl morn he sensed someone was there
But before soon he vanished in thin air
He wasn't sure if it was an apparition.

The remaining one he needed no alibi at all
They knew he would sleep without cessation
In his state of slumber would be nothing to recall
One could safely keep him out of suspicion.

The last one left was the owner of the phone
Of course he wouldn't steal from himself
But fact was in his room he lay alone
Could remove it without any help!

He didn't appear much let down by the theft
Said somebody might have sneaked in
After the first boy for a walk had left
The apparition the other had seen.

To this day the case has not been solved
Among the suspects can count all the three
Each one had alibi but none could be absolved
The missing mobile remained a mystery.

The three still talk about the fourth guy
The owner of the missing mobile
For that same afternoon he went to buy
A new phone to close the case file.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Mystic Monks

On the mangrove bank of the tidal river
lie embedded the mollusks,
they appear mournfully motionless,
deceiving you to believe
they're too passive to be alive,
are just displays of dead shells
in their muddy graveyard,
though the truth is
they are mystic monks
silently enduring their estuarine transience,
bidding in meditation the time
the return tides carry them to their marine abode.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Myth

Each morn
awakening's first breath
recreates the myth
today would be born
a new kind of poem

Mind in the heavens sail
seeking kind of a tale
never unearthed

travels the whole length
the spade's renewed strength
digging deeper
evermore
foraging space time
for one rhyme
that in its first breath
would reinforce the myth

on this earth
a new poem can still take birth!

When the day is out
we know it's one myth
we can't live without.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Nameless

not of blood
not of gene
not of love
not of kin
not of need
not of trust
not of creed
not of lust
not of skin
not of class
yet so much mean
its purpose

some relations...!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Nectarous

Lychee blackberry of sweetest variety
Shouts the vendor
They look juicily nice
But when I ask the price
Find it too high.

Why them forgone
Summer's yields live short
I lay my hand on one
They are money's worth.

And I think of my place
In next year's summer days
What if I vacate this space

Nothing forever stays.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Need & Urge

Relationship is pretty weird
follows no logic no rule
link of blood is not required
nor matching of genetic pool!

The ones you have never set eyes on
living on distant lands
come to be kin of your own
you feel their touching hands!

A magic how in spatial apartness
the bond grows up intense
hearts find place in heart's recess
share each other's joys and pains!

There's no need in these relations
no deal no give and take
only the urge to vent emotions
with no collateral of heartbreak!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Never Lost

I thought I had lost you
But I found you in my dreams
In rain and in the morning dew
In a land where starlight gleams!
I thought I had lost you
When you came and knocked my door
I cried to get you back anew
And said please leave no more!
I thought I had lost you
But found you still my part
The reason for sure I always knew
That you never left my heart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

New Year Sunshine & Shadows

The wind whispers the birds sing
It's not ending, it's beginning
Let the hopes soar high in the sky
Without regret for the year gone by

Our heart drops a tear, it also merrily sings
for the loss we suffered and gain of precious things
Hope in our breasts, we heave a little sigh
for the dawn of new time, for the year gone by

We cherish forever in our heart
The year that's about to depart
Amid a little pain we heartily cheer
For the glorious birth of another year

A year comes and soon departs
Leaving smiles and sadness in our hearts
Yet in the sunshine of a New Year morn
Dreams are revived, hopes are reborn

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Night Heron

When bog water steals her wings' day-smell
Comes the night heron to roost on the marshy night.
I have often caught her lost in the dim orb of moon
Got a whiff in the wind of her fishy smell
That says the night is not yet old
Her feathery dreams still unripe,
But like a philosopher in thought shy
The winged wonder would at my slightest hint fly
Leaving on my homebound way a trail
Till the moon reclines the night turns pale.

I wonder what thinks the night heron
In the stillness of the boggy night,
Is it her day's catch and contentment
Or some way to carve a place in the starry firmament!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Night Traveler

Light is out why you toss on the bed
is there a poem storming your head?
is it some ache gnawing at your heart
bubbles of thoughts are breaking for a start?

How the night passes hours you don't keep
eyes forget closing shut tight in sleep
with tears and joys you bring the newborn
hold them close so they live to see the morn.

At the nightly hunt eyes glow like hawk
preying on words defying the restive clock
your mind runs roaring maneuvers your hand
turbulent oceans, the sky and the land.

You move beyond boundaries, cities and towns
reaching up the mountains digging deep down
sailing with the drift when an oasis you find
you let the night go, blank goes your mind.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Night Trek

Wearily reclines the midnight moon
Stars dreamily wait to fade
The nightjars somewhere sleepily croon
My eyes slumber doesn't invade.
I hear my bloodstream in the canals of vein
The lubdub of my doughnut from deep
Echoes of footsteps, long forgotten pain,
My eyes can't trace a wink of sleep.
The night ages the moon seeks west
Stars yearn an end to their trek
Inside my head they still abhor rest
Run random my thoughts without break.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Night Witch

Enslaved in her dark waves
I ride the night.
In this journey in starlight
I pass by the witch flying on her broom,
Her eyes not vengeful but wear weary gloom,
For though she's forever going away from earth
Pines for a home and hearth,
While I disintegrate into comets
Dreaming one day to find my way back to the sun.
Absurdly wondrous my night trek
In piercing moonlight towards stars.

As in the endless firmament I rush,
Sleeplessness seems no more a curse.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Night's Magic Wand

I wish the night drops softly on your eyes
Remove from your mind all sorrow
Make happy dreams for you till next sunrise
And a brighter day tomorrow!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Nirvana

Nirvana was half awake
When broke into his stupor
A dove's plaintive coo,
Still a little rattled from a dream
Where an elephant chased him,
He kept his eyes closed
To send his languor back to sleep,
But then the dove didn't sound as plaintive
And his baggage of worries from the day gone
Tugged his eyelids against gravity,
He was so bothered that
Bestowed with one more choice
He couldn't rejoice
In the chance to live
The simple way he could.
He got up to make himself a cup of tea
And start once more
The arduous task of finding himself!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

No Death Though Is Timely

in the trust on sports a breach
a void on the pitch
passes away a flower in full bloom

on the gentle game hangs a gloom.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

No Escape From Your Memories

Your memories linger in twilight,
keeping you alive, keeping you in sight,
Carrying me to a landscape bare and dim
where the fossils of dreams gleam...
Your memories with time offer no escape!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

No Lessons Learned

Death for causing death
You can't be lenient
A cold blooded slayer
Deserves capital punishment.
He snuffed out a life
With no hint of remorse
Extinguishing his life
Remains the only course.
He killed one
Still in its bud
Justice must be done
It bays for his blood.
The law takes its course
To the gallows he's sent
There's is no remorse
He deserved capital punishment.
Did it happen again?
Killing of an innocent?
It was no lesson
The capital punishment!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

No Second Start

Life is a short run
Some pain some fun
Curved path zagged line
Little rain little sunshine
Live the time with love in heart
There's no scope for a second start.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

No Small Price

At half past ten when alone with my slice
for you had early dinner on doctor's advice
I miss you darling at the dining table
your listening of my recaps of the day's fables!

Now I have my dinner in an empty space
with none to be teased none to address
just eating in silence on my lonely chair
missing you darling wishing you were there.

If you aren't there who do I tease
who do I sell poems who do I please
my avidest listener most ardent fan
I miss you badly my dining companion.

Comes half past ten I don't feel nice
sitting by myself with the lonely slice
now I know dear it's no small price
to not have you at dinner on doctor's advice.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Nonsense (10w)

They deserve admiration immense
who sometimes talk and write nonsense.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Not A Big Deal

In death's dulled aftermath
weeps the house

none sees its tears
for the one it held within
for many years

who it nurtured in walled comfort
inducing a sense of permanence

till last night under the stars
came to fetch him the hearse

and he left without caring a fig
in haste for the final benediction
and the burning logs

feigning a peace

as if he wouldn't miss
and not be missed
under the sun
by anyone.

One man less
the house too would heal.

Death is not a big deal.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Not A Love Poem: A Confession

I confess to you
I hardly confess to her.

Why I say this is
I often deliberately miss
To say the sorry-s I owe her
For having found fault with her
Only discovering after some hours
It was me who was wrong all along
What she did was amply right
What she did was with farsight
Her acts take care of only my needs
My wants she always perfectly reads.

A piece of the dairy white sweet in my lunchbox
Soft silken milky treat
When melts in my mouth
I remember this morn I told her
Why you bring these damned plain sweets
And not those juicy colored scented treats
Don't put any of those in my lunchbox
Not caring her face's strains of shocks!

I have forgotten though she has remembered
My utterings of emotion its every word
How I miss dear those plain white sweets
Pure unencumbered most delightful treat.

I have forgotten she remembers
My companion of all weathers
She picks my choice she knows my mind
Yet for her a sorry I hardly find.

Don't you think tonight in her ears
I should coo a sorry in unuttered whispers?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Not A Word

There are so many things to feel,
Love, joy, pain, heartbreak,
Billion words to tell them
But not a word to express them
The way they truly feel!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Not All Is Lost

there are still some left
not all beautiful things are lost
a grass flower in windy waft
windowpane's wintry frost.

not all good things are gone with time
like wet leaves in the summer rain
tides and ebbs the seasons' rhymes
the house on the corner lane!

not all sweet things are gone dead sour
like her touch in the cold of night
birds' trills in the morn's first hour
thrill of love at first sight!

there are still left the honey dew
some redress for all our sorrow
not all is lost for you and I
to give up dreaming tomorrow!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Not All Men Are Poets

some come home to play cards
banter with wife
ask what's for dinner made
head for bed.

they don't bother to think deep
don't string emotions into written words
are ever joyful with a game of cards
nights lend them quite good sleep.

they don't dabble in poetry
going beyond is not their cup of tea.

Not all men are poets
they need not be
without it they have enough to keep

gift of a day night's peaceful sleep!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Not Everything

I say
She understands
Not everything I do
She approves
Not all acts of mine
She finds good

She just knows

My mind's every line.

Not everything I speak
She finds sweet
Not everything I love
She loves
Not all ways of mine
She finds good

She just finds me

For her just fine.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Not Everything I Can Make Into A Poem

Not everything I can make into a poem
like the sky just after rain
her embroidered smile its minutest hem
in her shade of cornea a grain of pain!

Not everything I can make into a poem
like wind eddies from wings of bird
her amorous veil that stokes my flame
in her lips' quiver the unuttered word!

Not everything I can make into a poem
like the heron's swoosh on the moon of marsh
her endless aroma without a name
in her eyes the million stars!

Not everything I can make into a poem
like when perches the bird on nest
her flushed cheeks in love game
in her kiss the sea salt's taste!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Not Seeing You For Long

Just a thought of it and I lose my cheer
I missed you a lot in the preceding year
I can't blame you; it's not your fault
Our not seeing each other happened by default!
It so happened we missed each other's face
Encounters were replaced by texts of sms
Words were few, though sometimes we called
Technologies conspired; our meetings got stalled!
Years rolling by, times so fast fly
Relations are stuck at 'hello' n 'hi'
Wiser we are growing, a smarter human race
We have little time to see each other's face!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Not The Same Guy

I don't know what set the mood
Today I'm feeling good
Happiness all over me
I feel nice and free
My heart is so light
The sunshine more bright
Fairer looks my so so girl
Fuller lips eyes are pearl
Somewhere inside is a swell
That makes me wish everyone well
Clicked open a treasure trove
Pouring out floods of love
This morn I feel not the same guy,
I'm ready to fly and touch the sky!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Notebook

He was given a notebook
to write whatever on its page
quite some years it took
before it came of age.

All these years he kept writing
he thought it was his everything
to him mattered what really
was no page should be left empty.

When he exhausted the last page
he found he had missed a lot to say
there remained unsaid at each stage
that he put off for another day.

He needed one more page in the notebook
to fill it up with what was till then unsaid
but the rule did not permit a re-look
no provision for a revision was made.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Notes Of The Night

It was bothering him the noise that came at night from outhouse
He didn't give it much notice in the barn was a lot of mouse
Just wondered why in the day he would hear none of the sound
But it all started with him on the bed and the lunar path westbound.

As the grandfather clock chimed past twelve he kept counting the gong
It was about time to prick up his ears the music would soon play along
The glass windowpane brought him the sky with stars all over firmament
Shaken out of wits he would tell himself it couldn't be done by rodent.

Night after night it went on happening he couldn't wish away with a laugh
It reached him one night to his patience's end he said enough is enough
With his gun and torch he left the bed the truth for once he must learn
Who played the music regular midnight was somebody there in the barn?

He made his way through the shrub laden path under a half-lit moon
To find what it was that robbed his peace the source of the pestering croon
The outhouse loomed eerily in semidarkness a magic of night's artistry
The man wondered what was hidden within what piece of baffling mystery.

Just as his shadow fell on the door floating in the crescent moon
The wind hushed off descended a lull stopped abruptly the tune
Nerves frayed in the nightly trudge his brows furrowed in doubt
He shrugged it off unlocked the door the fact must be found out.

A yawning black swallowed him with the smell of years' dust
It took a while to see past it for his strained eyes to adjust
Then he remembered the torch in his hand his only aid for light
He pressed it on in the beamed circle caught the piano's sight.

Lying un-strummed for ages the piano had stood the time's test
Playing host to its squeaking mates turning itself to their nest
They gaily treaded on the undead keys the notes were sheer fun
Their plot was uncovered on that night without the use of a gun.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Now That I'M Growing Young

Now that I'm growing young / into my second childhood
I've decided to forsake / brooding brows and swinging mood
All things that I tell now / and all stuff that I read
All thoughts I jot on paper / must be understood by a kid.

Now that I'm growing young / turning green once more
I have decided to think simple / leave behind the abstract's door
All things that I do now / all thoughts that I seed
All words I shoot from mouth / must be understood by a kid.

Now that I'm growing young / I must not find it hard
To not beat about the bush / speak straight not mincing word
All words that I speak or write / all words the others read
All my penning on the paper / must be understood by a kid.

Now that I'm growing young / I must break each old rule
Make clarity my hallmark / lucid expressions my tool
Whatever price I have to pay / would not pay the abstruse a heed
All my outpouring on the canvas / must be understood by a kid.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Nowhere Man

I float without a root
without home
without someone my own.
I love this nowhere-ness
and would rather be
a nowhere-man
drifting at his pace
without a pull
to be part of a tribe
and live a life
not his own.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Occupation

A prolonged war with virus has worn her quite a bit
Back home though from hosp she is still far from fit
I don't know how to cook can't make a simple meal
She drained of strength has to gather all her will.
For she knows for all my rhymes I'm practically no good
Won't budge from my ignorance to make for us some food
In the kitchen I tell her 'show me how to make
A few basic dishes I'm tired of cornflake'.
She says 'too late dear, know what I feel?
You lost thirty years to grow some culinary skill'
Then she busies herself while I get lost in rhyme
Her occupation is life saving, mine not worth a dime.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Odd Bird Out

He's the odd bird out I tell my wife
His time is up full spent his life
Bereft of feathers peeps out his skin
He doesn't deserve anymore caged in.

He could now the others infect
For the ones healthy him must reject
Once he is gone we would have the good four
Let us be practical and show him the door.

My wife a kind lady looks at me askance
Is this the same man or someone else by chance
Then bringing herself together says with a stern face
How could you be so cruel and horribly pitiless!

I reason with her time is closing for him to die
We would do it better if we let him taste the sky
His life is already wasted enslaved in your cage
Why not give it the wind to fly turn over a new page!

She isn't convinced an iota from what I clearly spell
Get in her eyes the clouds impending rains well
It's too late now she says not to let him end his life
In the world he knows his own with a family of the five!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Of All The Days Countless

I made a man of me this morning

A small will made it possible

To have one day away from me
Setting my self free from me
Still be a man under the sun
Easier said easier done.

For me a giant leap
At a price too cheap
Of all the days countless
For self grown
For self owned
Taking just a day off from me
And doing that easy.

I was tired of seeing only self in the mirror

A little will made me shelve it this morn

And in the mirror came a man's vision.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Of Our Free Will

If lies in us the mind of God
within us is God's abode
then why most of the time
of our free will

We act a devil!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Of Shame She Dies

In her eyes
on her frail frame
four monsters feast

Of shame she dies
vanishes her name
devoured by the beasts!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Oh Boatman

Oh boatman, for a while, pause
Before you ferry me across
I need to be on this side
Hold your oars for next tide.
Time isn't ripe for the final sail
I'm yet to bid her last farewell
Get last drop of love from her heart
See her smile before I depart.
Oh boatman, pause before we sail,
To my beloved I want to tell
Not to forget in her lonely tears
The happiness of our sunshine years.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Old Books

Look back
The old rack
May have in its nooks
Dusty books
That was for you made
But you never read
Like you never noticed eyes
With loving look
Never heard sighs
Things you mistook
And lost for good
Like the unread book!
There maybe something
For long waiting
Unknown to you
Silent but precious
Like dropping dew
Life's must
Withering away in dust!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Old Wine

In the rush of new, old ones go dead
Ink dried up, their colors fade,
Poet, pause a while from the race of rhymes
To dig out the ones buried in olden times.
They're precious pearls, each some moments' capsule
Fires of bygone era that cindered cool
Your tears, joys, broken pieces of your mind
Made with alphabets, with your spirit refined!
Though pined for life your poem's each word
Once delivered, you consigned to graveyard
A day's applause that staled into night
No sooner than born, shoved out of sight.
Poet, the old ones, beneath dust they moan,
Dig them out, they are your own,
Take a break, from the gushing ones' race,
Dip your heart, in the old wine's grace.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Old Woman

It gave me a jerk and an emotional stir
surely I hadn't seen it earlier
in a fleeting moment in my eyes' mirror
saw the glimpse of an old woman in her!

Alarmed I was and didn't savor
surely I hadn't seen it ever
always said god do me this favor
make not an old woman of her!

Old she would grow I thought never
hoped age would give her waiver
dreamed her skin would glow forever
till I saw an old woman in her!

I thought my river would ever meander
her tides would reach the yonder
but all my wishes were torn asunder
when emerged an old woman from her!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Oldhood

Sit a while and hear
I have so much to tell
Loneliness is hard to bear
More so when age is pale.
Lend me your ears
My solitude is morose
It's now some years
Anyone came close.
My voice cracks when I speak
But I have so much to say
See me not as sick and weak
Lend a part of your day.
I have seen life for years
Some I want you to know
Listen a while as evening nears
Before I wind up and go.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

On A December Night

One night for a whole hour
I stayed awake for meteor shower
A good night's sleep tho' I badly need
Beckoned me the fireworks of Geminid.

I imagined sky in dazzling light
Shooting stars in lunatic flight
And me this splendor viewing alone
With moon at west close to dawn.

On my hairs dripped dews noiseless
Eyes caught Jupiter's shining face
I stood the hour in awesome stupor
Seeking in Gemini the bright Castor.

Lo not flowed the faintest streak
Winter's chill dug and pricked
Smell of morn when was airborne
I left for bed displeased and worn.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

On A Lifeless World

From his glassed verandah
he stared in wonder at the motionless sky
with not a star twinkling,
he felt sadly amused,
the little stars don't twinkle here
and he was so far away from the land
he had known all along as his home.
suddenly it dawned on him
that it wasn't for no reason
that he felt rootless and homeless
in what was so long his abode
the same way he's feeling now
in this glassed verandah
one fifty million miles away
from the place he calls home.
he shivered in this thought
looking at the vast frigid sky
where hurtled the ghost of phobos
whose pale orb he found too dimmed
to spin webs of dreams
he did with the silvery disc
in his once familiar sky.
at the sight of that desert terrain
exposed yet bereft of the wind's ravage
where time stood timelessly frozen,
he felt lost in a massive alienness
listlessly searching for a way out
to come back to a tranquil equilibrium.

then his eyes fell on the ocean water blue
and he couldn't hold back his tears.
like a man possessed
he started tapping the keys....

The first flower blossomed on that lifeless world.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

On A Rainy Evening

The ones thought lost never go away
find in you a place anchor and stay
on a rainy evening such as this
they come to your mind plant there a wish.

The girl you loved but never got to tie
you thought you lost when the years went by
comes back to you with the dust laden ring
her finger still unwarmed on this rainy evening.

As the rain pours in the streetlight's glow
you regret if only you hadn't let her go
wish her to come back by a magic happening
redraft torn pages on this rainy evening.

Your side of the window can't rub off the cold
of the void in you left for her face never old
you madly ask could give anything to find
if on this rainy evening you come once in her mind.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

On An Afternoon In October

'neath spotless grey sky
the doel croons
winter's coming
its mournful tunes

does she feel my ache
hear heart's break
or it's all in my head
to sing she's made!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

On An Autumn Day

Around her green rows of trees
Breezy breaths and buzzing bees
Her crystal face mirrors serenity
A strip of pond far from city!
From autumn clouds sky pours its mirth
On this small village a mound of earth
Here men of soil hands smudged with clay
Merrily live in huts of hay!
When they smile it's smile sure
Tooth bared from feelings pure
Truth they know learned no deceit
With open arms they warmly greet!
What they speak is unrehearsed
Flow from heart no grudge nursed
They don't mince words haven't the skill
Speak only that they truly feel!
This autumn day I'm their guest
By the almond pond in their thatched nest
To submerge deep in placidity
And forget awhile rush of city!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

On An Evening As This

They come to haunt on an evening as this
when thunders roar fall endless rains
windowpanes moan in frosted kiss
awaken within long lost pains!

They don't bear me a name or a face
the massless aches prick like thorn
oozing out from what hidden place
on an evening as this they're born!

In the blowing gust rain's beelike drones
shatter my heart's all gathered peace
mess the mind feed upon bones
leave me broken on an evening as this!

The pains don't bear me a name or a face
don't tell what hurts for what I miss
but snuff out all gathered happiness
rain my eyes on an evening as this!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

On Her

Had I devoted my lifetime writing on her
I wouldn't have gone far.

The loveliest woman she's calm and quiet
Endures the tantrums of a none-too-good poet
She speaks so little her eyes are oceans
Silent demonstrator of the deepest emotions!

She is hardly heard on her demands are hard
Her secret dreams get no fanciful word
Isn't a wife a mother she is beyond and more
A balm of burned heart a smile at the door!

She is the evening in the deep summer noon
Quench of soul's thirst mind's melodious tune
The rain on parched earth scent of the soil
The priceless fruit best reward of God's toil!

She is the harbinger of all aspirations' seeds
The carer the giver the nourisher of needs
She stands where seems the end of the road
Makes a life full a home love's abode!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

On My Shoulder

She's in deep sleep
rests her head on my shoulder

I hold it light as treasured keep
years rewind to grow less older!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

On The Divan Divine

Every night on the divan divine
Beside her when I recline
In the comfort of that precious chance
My mind in the sit finds a hidden romance!

It may seem her eyes are glued to TV
But I know they aren't but riveted on me
In her sensuous silence I don't fail to notice
The charm of her cheek how they still entice!

I utter not a word love those times' silence
Like an old lover never out of patience
Stealing from air her old wine fragrance
Just happy to be there clutching the romance!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

On The First Day Of Monsoon

O drifting clouds
please awhile wait
carry seeds of my love
shower on my beloved!

She is now too far away
pining without me
wash her tears this rainy day
pour her my heart's poetry!

Tell her o clouds as you pass over
bereft her my days are arid
wilted long her last flower
now my garden is only of weed!

Carry o clouds my tears for her
soothe her with my kisses' touch
tell her though she's gone from me far
I love her as ever very much!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

On The Last Day

Feel a scare
Every time I change the calendar
When on the last day of each month
I turn the page
Take it to the next day
Though today is still there.

I feel a little flutter
Seeing before me the next day
Only number content unknown
And mutter

What if I ain't there, hey?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

On The Life's Way

A little cloud doesn't mean there won't be sunshine
There are hurdles on the life's way,
But things will turn around, everything will be fine
After rain will appear a sunny day.
Sometimes life becomes too insane
Sometimes too unbearable is the pain
Through them our hopes keep us sane
We fall yet we rise and try again.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

On The Other Side

You quietly look down now,
Ashamed you were too careless
When you crossed the road,
Too keen to go the other side
When you had a weak sight
A falling vision
And an unflinching zeal
Never to look left and right!
You're sorry it can't be mended,
You were too careless
On that small stretch
That kept you off eternally,
Denying you the last few steps
To the other side of the road,
And you landed on the other side
Lamenting your prudence
Or the lack of it!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

On The Pond's Ghat, Alone

I sit alone on the pond's ghat in this rainwashed noon.

Her ripples dead
She ruminates once more
In the deafening silence of the crickets' buzz.

Came the men to splash upon me
The women within me bared shame
Frolicked the boys in me carefree
Made me alive in their joyous game!

Swam on me hope's stretched hands
Sunk in me the broken heart
Left over me the girl her hair strands
At the end they all did depart!

Now I must wait for the sun to set
To drown my memories of the noon
Dreaming the stars to open heaven's gate
Wrap me in night's ripened moon!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

On The Prayer's Path

Just as I was folding it,
Facing temple his lips did pray.
I made a hasty retreat
So that my umbrella
Didn't come in the way!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

On The Precipice

You thought
She was fathoming the depth,
The distance of the fall,
The final impact,
And the pain during the end.
You thought
She was having a rethink,
Weighing in her mind
If the end
Just a fall away
Was worth going thru.
You thought
It suddenly tasted sweet,
What's past her,
And it didn't deserve
What she was contemplating.
They weren't, any of them,
She hung her head in shame
That overpowered any fear
of what was coming,
as it couldn't be any worse,
than what she passed thru
in a life never hers,
that in all her years
she couldn't make her own.
To erase it
Once and for all
She could easily make the chasm
Pull her in.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

On The River

slosh of oars
ripples the night
of tremulous moons

the nightjar soars
on silver light
a sad tune croons!

tides up swell
lap the wood
in ceaseless kiss

moon grows pale
in deep brood
of broken wish

the misty haze
spells the core
spins a dream

mind in daze
forgets shore
drifts upstream!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

On The Road

On that windless day
Sultriness sat heavily on him,
A convecting hollowness
Grooved in his chest
Spread to the throat
He was gasping.

Words echoed inside
But couldn't make their way
As he sank into darkness.

Around him
Crowd of oblivious men
was without a clue.

Remained unheard a garble
Speed...dial...2.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

On The Roof

My father walked on the roof
at night alone.

He used to come to his son's home
seeking summer's relief
from his nine month's home alone
at the Himalayas foothill.

But he couldn't leave the chill out.

His seven decades of mind
defied his frail frame
as he hugged the plain's winter
without a woolen
painting summer on my roof.

Rarely I would be with him
but when he came down
he would speak animatedly
the constellations he had seen
the milky way
about the quarreling owls.

Wish I were there with him
all his nights on the roof
making four wandering eyes
looking at constellations
marveling at the milky way.

Now on some winter nights
I go to the roof alone
without my son
remember father
my heart aching in the thought

One day my son too would come

Alone

On The Way

Rows of heads droop in meditation
The journey is slow and arduous
Along same path to same termination
Boring and depressingly monotonous!

An unbroken dullness hangs in the air
Emits a feel the travail is endless
And the heads drooping are in silent prayer
To reach at last their destined address!

For some the travel is not that far
They disembark earlier than many
For the ones left to ride further
Is prolonged the meditative agony!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

On The Wood Apple Tree

The ghostess was his hostess
in that wood apple tree
she flirted and she caressed
he was tickled merrily!

In the moonlight fought a mock fight
her nails she dug on him
he hugged her with all might
her bony frame quite slim!

He was bolder as he told her
where had you been all life
wooded her in whisper
would have made you my wife!

Her eyes then smoked in pain
trembled her voice
there wasn't a you among the men
I had little choice!

Two hollow face loved breathless
kisses floated in thin air
lone night owl stood witness
to the two souls laid bare!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

On This Day

My sweetest times were spent with them
They brought me here gave me a name
The only ones to be called my own
Now shadowy reflections in my moments alone!

His voice blurs faint as the years go by
Her face is a haze in the distant sky
I found from them an unmatched love
Living to this day in my treasure trove!

They gave me here a place to claim
Brought me here gave me a name
On this day of blessing and wish
I feel them within find a soothing peace.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

On This Rainy Day

Throw away girl the parasol
rain wanna kiss your skin
then seep slowly into your soul
settle in love therein.

You don't need girl the parasol
rain longs to touch your face
then take in your heart a quiet stroll
etch there for love a warm place.

Don't walk girl with the parasol
rain is begging for a chance
for your embrace he's blazing coal
burning to wipe out the distance.

Drop girl the parasol on the way
and see the rain's yearning stare
he is falling for your love today
with his heart for you bared.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

On Your Poems I Linger

On your poems I linger.

Long after they're gone

Leave their mark
On my work

Residues of their thread
Buzz in my head

Deep they sink
To color my ink

Your thought
In me wrought

The way you bleed
The way you seed
The way you need

They get into me
Beget more poetry

Your pursuit of joy
Of pain
Of sorrow

I borrow

Fated to be forever indebted

I steal your tune
Like a roadside singer.

On your poems I linger.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Once

Once you have touched a rose petal
it's the smell that's eternal
Once you have seen sunrise
it's hope forever in disguise
Once you have bathed in moonlight
it's dreamy eyes and blurred sight
Once love is born
it's forgetting the thorn!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Once A Mother

The blooded lump brings a joyous sight
She smiles to deliver it from womb to light
Not understanding it emits a guttural cry
From that moment her eyes are never dry.
She pours fountains into its dried lips
Each drop is nectar that her heart drips
She clutches it close with every bone
Extends in it and she knows it alone.
Flesh of her flesh apple of her eyes
Mystifying thing that on her breast lies
Ceaselessly she delves love suffocates her
It defines her being her sky's only star.
It matters nothing what it would bring
She's into the heaven flying in its wing
For it she now lives for it she can die
Her eyes from this moment will never be dry.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Once And A Lifetime

Take eyes off cybersphere
give your notebook a rest
the night sky today is so clear
the moon shines at her best!

Outside the night sparkles bright
the sky holds no dark scars
booze on the dreamy moonlight
dance to the tune of the stars!

Rain your skin in the dew
feel her kiss on fingertip
let not the night go past you
with your eyes rested on sleep!

The moon if returns would be sad
pined all the while for your glance
you were sinking in notebook ipad
losing a once lifetime chance!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Once And Once More

I silently bear the agony of waiting
Like the parched soil
That waits for the clouds to weep
The seed that craves in pain
For the first touch of rain!
I endure it flesh and soul
Watching in slow motion
The transformation of time
Stoically without a heartbreak
I survive the agony of a wait.
I know my dreams will arrive
The clouds will pour on the soil
Raindrops will pierce the seed
New life will burst forth
My wait will begin...once more!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Once In A Paradise

There may be snakes in the bush
I cautioned her.

This place she said you chose,
it's you brought me this far.

The lone grazing horse
cast us its saddest glance

filled with dark remorse
for the tethered neck and all the lost chance.

The weeded palace was palled in gloom
till lit a spark lovers' entwined arm
the king must have loved in this room
white satin on cold night bed warmed.

Roofless we moved not when came the rain
not let go what for long was kept walled
the horse knowingly neighed for what was to happen
in that paradise of an undying make believe world!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

One Audience

Soon after birth
It asks

What worth?

All the thoughts
The words to shape me
Are they necessary?

What reward?

Can't hold onto this moment
The delusion you paint
Goaded by a mad chase
To lift the haze
Fill up the dearth
Give all wildness a berth
And then
Just when
Relieve the pain
Start all over again

What gain?

Brick upon brick
Rhyming rhythmic
Verbose prose
Random rambling
Under the sky anything

What sense?

Knows one who writes

For one audience.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

One Chance To Be Brave

From the dusklight emerged two shadows
Part with the money or you are dead
Then on him rained powerful blows
Danced thousand sparks in his head.

Stop I yelled loud in impulse
In rushed blood soared up pulse
Ran to the ruffians with raised fist
Crying stop you ugly beast.

The goons were caught in wild surprise
This sudden resistance they didn't surmise
Never thought someone would be so fool
To not be deterred by their muscles' rule.

The chance to be brave didn't give it a miss
I yelled once more I'll call the police
Stood before them like one tall wall
The worse happened after a moment's lull.

In the pale streetlight glistened the knife
Swooped down in a flash to snuff out life
I rolled down the road in a fall too steep
As he lunged at me and plunged it deep.

I woke up slumberous in the nursing room
Broke through my pain her words' perfume
You'll be alright my heart's brave knight
Her face beaming in my eyes' blurred light.

My moving lips brought close her ear
She strained it hard caught me whisper
Till that day I never knew
Could stake my life to be brave to you.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

One Day You Would Know

One day you would know,
As you hold back the sea in your eyes
And the thunder steals the blue from your heart,
That you never could reach the sunshine spot
Where I waited to catch you in my arms
And fly into dreams that never die!

One day you would know,
When the sands shift to expose the barrenness
And the yellowed pages crumble in your hands,
That you never could reach the sunshine spot
Where I waited to carry you in my arms
And fly to a rainbow that never fades!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

One For You To Guess My Belief

If I say
I don't believe in God
I would be incurring enemies.

God wouldn't be one of them.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

One Good Work

In the silence are many voices
Not heard in the din of noises
I can hear them groan,
When I'm with myself alone.
They tell me 'with all your wit,
You're nothing but a hypocrite,
An idle monger of word,
Who just wants to be heard.
Instead of your loud bark
If you had done one good work
Wiped a tear or bring a smile
Walked for others an extra mile
Fed the hungry paused for the blind
Waited a little for the ones behind
Stopped to comfort a mournful sob
You would have done a better job'.

The voices in my silence moan
When with myself I'm alone
'Listen', they say, to the monger of rhyme
'Do good work till there's time'.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

One Great Discovery

Your heart is not at the right place
Where your heart is
Lies a source of disease
Said the doctor with a long face.

You say of late you're losing energy
Cold, cough, sneeze is on the rise
As to the cause of this persisting allergy
I'm left with no surprise.

For good reasons is said
Man shapes his own destiny
Go forward and have it made
Set those poor ones free.

If I had my way
I would have pulled his hair
But just managed to say
This is so unfair.

What damage those poor things can do
Other than giving good company
And I don't believe it to be true
They are the cause of my agony.

Just because they can't protest
Winged but still left lame
The doctor finds it best
To shift on them the blame.

Behind specs his eyes shone
His lips quivered in glee
As if he had chanced upon
One great discovery.

If only you earnestly wish
The prospect you truly fathom
Can find yourself a cure for disease

In exchange of their freedom.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

One Hop And A Grain

Water bowl in one hop
two hops for a grain
life here is a full stop
in one ceaseless pain!

Inches flight is one leap
up and down sideways
eyes when droop in nights' sleep
forgotten are passing days!

All they have is two by one
space that's locked in grill
blessed are they when life is gone
death brings fulfilled will!

Their world is a 2 by 1 space
on this side am I fine?
in theirs I see my own face
their home is almost mine!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

One Hour

She was standing at the temple gate
Beside where hung the big padlock
Sorry sir you are by an hour late
The temple will reopen at four o'clock.

I had gone at the abode of the goddess
To be blessed by touching her feet
Forgetting she too needed a recess
After standing hours for the devout's meet.

My watch told me an hour was not too soon
And time would run out without seeing more
But the banyan's shade of the early summer noon
In its sunlight and shadows held something in store.

The girl at the gate gave an all knowing smile
An hour's wait sir would not go in vain
The goddess' face at the end of the weary mile
Would make you forget all your travel's pain.

Her smiles broke through the dark tan of her skin
The barefoot girl watching over that godforsaken hamlet
And as from the river the southern wind blew in
I decided to wait with her at the temple gate.

Then we walked to the river following the wind's smell
She showed me on the bank the zamindar's broken palace
Took me to the cornfields boastful in their golden swell
Before the hour flew us back to the temple's terrace.

When I asked her about her school and standard
In her eyes I found rising the rustic river's mist

Doing it all by himself is for my father too hard
In the chores of worship he needs me to assist.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

One Last Tide

Like the sandgrains on the stretched palm
with the wind have flown the years
the tides rolled back the sea is now calm
It's biding time on this heavenly sphere!

Yet I've started loving this life more
more than all that spent up before
with a growing desire to have it fullest
sowing hope's seeds to reap its harvest!

Inevitable frailness though makes it hard
more than the yore I dream step forward
still seek the way to get through the dark
explore the mist on unknown embark!

I stretch my hands for the farthest shore
roam mind's cavern for still unlocked door
churn up the residues of time on this side
ride on the comeback of sea's one last tide!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

One Last Time

I told her
But she wouldn't believe
She would for life not believe.

I can't stay back dear
I don't belong here anymore
They know it
And they're waiting
They too had a day like this.

And then I started to cry
Burying my head in her breast
Holding her tight

But I don't want to go there
I can't for your love
Leave this place
This house
This garden
These birds
These cats
The dogs...

I clung to her

Please do something
Tell me I'm dreaming
There aren't none waiting
Your touch is true
My hugs are real
We stand here
Together
Bound in a fate
Nothing can separate

Time up they said
The more you stay
The more you suffer

She was weeping
I too

Only she didn't see!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

One Little Footstep

One little footstep and you reach beyond the fence
And see the unknown world touching your sense
There on the virgin soil softly land your feet
In a world unexplored you were so keen to meet.

One little footstep and you fly above the fence
In one magic leap to a remote distance
There on the untrodden path lie great secrets
Unseen spectacles and unheard sonnets.

One little footstep and you reach beyond the fence
To reach the mountain top and the ocean's silence
Rise high and delve deep for the most precious find
That lies hidden down there inside your mind.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

One Minute

Between my awes at the centuries old sculptures
She was lost from my sight.

Maybe a minute only I thought
But why she should roam alone?
Against my wish I fought
To call her on the cellphone.

Should I go to track her out
Peeping through windows' iron bars
But spoke in me a voice of doubt
Unnecessary she couldn't be gone far.

108 dark holy spires
She could be under any of them
Caught in the winter's desire
For a round of hide-n-seek game.

Sometimes a minute could be eerily long
For the shadows of fear to haunt you
What if the wait's end never comes along
And she forever remains out of view.

Didn't know when she quietly stood behind
Her nudge gave me a start

I know what now occupies your mind
Those displays of the erotic art!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

One Poem

I need one poem to take with to bed
I need one poem to stay in my head
I need one poem to read in dream light
One poem to survive when bows out the night.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

One Sleepy Sunday Afternoon

He had to get it anyhow
But the sleepy Sunday afternoon
Found all the shutters down

He had to get it anyhow
But a sad figure on the empty street
His sighs in himself drowned

He needed to get it anyhow
But it seemed fortune didn't care
It couldn't be ever found

He needed to get it anyhow
But his tries ended in despair
A life could bow out

If only he could get it anyhow
That small thing now priceless
He would forever treasure

If only he could get it anyhow
It would prolong a heartbeat
Reviving drops he could measure

On the sleepy Sunday afternoon
In search of a one penny dropper
A man a poet a philosopher
Was thwarted came a cropper!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

One Stop Shop

Traveler for awhile stop
Before on your way you go
Peep into my shop
See what's on show.

For you prettily done
Of the finest stardust
Smile laughter fun
Faith care and trust.

The items let your fingers scroll
Choose what you really need
Under rainbow a leisurely stroll
Or only the devil's speed.

There's a brush too and the dye
For when you find clouds above
To make your own blue sky
Fill it with hope and love.

For you too a candle light
If your way is strewn in dark
A heart's poem for vigil of night
When sleepless you embark.

Traveler for awhile stop
Before on your way you go
Peep into my shop
See what's on show.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

One To Ten

Mad Sital we used to call him
Sital in my language means cool
Though never found in him anger's steam
He never followed any rule.

If someone asked tell Sital
What is your name
My mother knows it all
Pat his reply came.

What class do you read in Sital
What school you are at
His only reply was mother knows all
He would not prolong the chat.

He would be found any time of day
Never minding the sun and rain
Bare bodied standing on sideway
Counting one to ten.

If someone asked him to count ten to one
He fell into silence for a while
Not taught at school still left undone
He would answer with a smile.

We knew he would lead a bachelor's life
Counting his days up to ten
For no sane girl would ever be his wife
With him on the bed be lain.

But Providence you know defies hows and whys
Discriminates not between sane and insane
If it hadn't been so and happened otherwise
Would remain unmarried all mad men.

So there came the woman the beautiful bride
Her face glowing like full moon
In rapturous joy that he never tried to hide
He forgot his numeric count soon.

Mad Sital would talk to her all day long
Her beauty had him so bewitched
They lived happily ever there wasn't a thing wrong
Never mattered she was deprived of speech.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

One Way

My love never loses
for my heart it leaves
with the belief
it's meant only to give
and any receipt
is a bonus!

So on you is the onus
to choose
accept or refuse

I cannot but win!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Only A Little

Bread and water and in your heart a space
Is all I want for a little happiness
A little warm corner, window to the sky
Is all I want to live and to die.
I yearn to see a smile light up your face
Yearn for your touch, a little embrace
A little sunshine, a few drops of rain
A little love from you to heal all my pain.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Only She Can

The child is smiling, sunshine surrounds her
Let sorrow never touch her, she has to go afar
The child is innocent, simple is her life
She will be a woman, someday someone's wife.
The child is smiling, her face a beaming moon
It doesn't stop here, a woman she'll be soon
Now she doesn't care, she is free and wild
But she has to grow up, can't remain a child.
The child is running, abandoned and gay
Let it be like this, like this let her stay
But it's in her nature, to become a woman
To make the world beautiful, in a way only she can.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Only The Cloud Was Knowing

how was life all these years?

I stumbled on her under drifting cloud.

they passed well,
a steady family
and all that comes with

and yours...

as good as it could
stable, solid...

if she was digging my face
I wouldn't let her
for she seemed quite unlamenting,
I wouldn't have her see
the void!

I looked up
she too

and only the cloud was knowing

the clouds they parted
in rains
rolling down...

there was now no hiding the pain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Only Yours

Forty years ago
She wrote me a note
Insubstantial
But ending preciously...

'only yours'

In fountain ink
On a scrap paper
Written surreptitiously
But passionately
On a break period
Delivered through a common friend
And there wasn't enough privacy
So it seemed
To read it alone
And not enough strength
To unfold that first call
Till the eyes
In youth's first thirst
Spread it
In the stolen reflection
Of streetlight
In trembling hands
Barest words
Yet infinitely precious...

'only yours'

She couldn't be
For she was
Destined to be someone else's
And leave me nothing
But her everything
In those two words
Time couldn't stale...

'only yours'

She
Possibly now a grandma
With everything
For she left me nothing
But two innocuous words
Barest infinite
Her everything
Mine too...

'only yours'.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Open Your Door

The trees are dancing in red
And yellow and violet and pink,
Rebellious colors of all hue and shade
Though here will be gone in a wink.
Grab them these specters of dreams
Dip your heart deep and true
Surrender to the mad spectrum of whims
Before they fade and leave you to rue.
Let some of them smudge your face
Get inside and touch your mind
Bathe you in flamboyant happiness,
Once gone you may never again find.
Colors of Spring in all hue and shed
From the heavens on you they pour,
Dash of colors, that's for you made,
Are calling you to open your door!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Orphaned

Don't leave me here mom, don't
Though you may find me fed and clothed
I'm not happy, I pine for your love.
Didn't you do it mom to see I don't starve?
But believe me mom
Beneath all my food and all my clothes
I can't hide the shame of feeling orphaned.
Don't just go away mom,
Scold me, abuse me
But let me be with you
Coz for me starvation is no shame
And even though I go unfed and unclothed
At home I have a name.
Here I am fed and clothed
But not fed with love
I pine for it mom,
A place in your heart,
Don't leave me here and depart.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Other Side Of Moon

Below the earlobe
near the edge of the cheekbone
is a hollow
my eyes follow.

There hides her treasure trove
unexplored
waiting to be unraveled
by probing lips!

This zone
on the wrong side
is the right side
to find

untrampled love!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Our Deal With The Devil

Inside us lurks the vice
Seeking new ways
Finding new device,
To justify its need
And fallacy of virtue
It spreads like weed
Sounds like true!
We make a deal
With the invasive vice
Of our free will
We heed its advice.
Vice has a say
For whatever we strive
We need its easy way
We need it to survive.
Vice supple and smooth
Builds with us rapport
Virtue looks uncouth
Scary enough to abhor!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Our Image

Has a mind that's hurt when abused
Has a frame that's shamed when forced
Has emotions that are only too human
Only the name is different, woman.
Has a heart that seeks happiness
Has a smile that lights up the face
Have sorrow that's similarly human
Only the name is different, woman.
A simple realization is what it takes
To accept the only difference in sex
They are our image, and as human,
It's just that they're named, woman.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Our World Of Prose

Buoys up she from the sea I sail
What poetry can't address
She serves me well.

The sailor's misery she knows
His journey's perilous waves
A rope for me she throws
Dragging to shore she saves.

Watches over her caring face
Suffers the navigator what distress
Resuscitating with her sweet breath
The mariner dying from illusive myth!

This way she rebirths me
Down on earth from the high sea
And till is regrown the sailor's wings

We talk animated of life's small things.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Out In The Cold

Instead of penning a poem
if I had a heart of gold
would have taken the puppy home
dying out there in the cold.

Useless all my rhyme
creativity a veiled gloom
doesn't matter the sublime
if I can't make some room.

Instead of penning a poem
if my hands could lift up
give it warmth of breast
make there some room.

I confess in full shame
I don't have a heart of gold
don't have the gut to pick
the poor puppy dying in the cold.

My hands smeared with inks
metaphors timeworn old
of plain and shameful lies
while the puppy in the cold dies.

If I had a heart of gold
I would have put the pen down
throwing my writes as trash
give the puppy a home.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Out In The Rain

Out in the rain
Is no pain!
Drop on your cheek
On head
Is it a leak?
No, it's Heaven made!
You brood
What's so good
About rain?
When you soak your heart in it
Joy infinite!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Out Of Town

Crispy leaves winter brown
crackle neath her feet
she looks good out of town
her eyes are playing sweet!

A little haze morn at ten
the place is real peace
on my lips desires rain
wishing stealing kiss!

She knows it quickens feet
maybe she wants too
her eyes when my eyes meet
read the twinkling cue!

Just we two froths a brew
none to find and look
blushing lips' crimson hue
knows only that nook!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Outcome

When I aim high

hope's ashes with the winds fly!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Outgrowing Childhood

Child you will grow tall
You will grow big
Instead of being a doll
You'll be in grownup's league!
Child you will grow smart
You will grow sly
Losing innocence of heart
You'll no more be a butterfly!
Child you will grow high
You will grow tough
A hardened guy
You'll be a different stuff!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Outing Into Darkness

Sinking low in fathomless misery
The poet seeks an escape vent.
Takes this as an outing into darkness
A free fall in a gliding motion
Into the depth of the ocean
Away from the surface storm
Knowing he can't be down beneath bottom,
And even there would be swimming
With all the life that make it their abode
Wrapped in blackness yet luminescent
In the filtered glow up from above
Dreaming one day to find their way back
To the warm hug of sunlight.
This affords him a survival, belief-driven,
Alike the last breath that hopes a heaven!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Oval Nuggets

The kingfisher knocks to call me
friend of you I do beg
make some time from poetry
find me a place to lay an egg.

My nuggets of small oval white
where to put them kind soul
where to find one good site
on some wall a small hole.

This summer the ponds are dry
my eyes are weary with watch
futile my desperate try
to pull out my hunger's catch.

Now I hardly ever sing
hold a mouthful in the beak
dying is the blue on my wing
I'm growing lean and weak.

Friend make a try to save me
our habitats are on the shrink
make some time from poetry
save us from falling over the brink.

The kingfisher knocks on my door
of you friend I do beg
if you want to see us anymore
find me a place to lay an egg.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Owl-Moon Night & The Rickshaw-Puller

In owl-moon night
when doors are closed
in shut out light
lanes breathe morose

He carries the weight
dead in drunk sleep
in chilled night's sweat
of tightened grip

On side of street
men burning logs
seize some heat
as need too dogs

But he must run
errand of hell
till job is done
moon's face goes pale

Jangle hand's bell
veins swell up taut
marks frame frail
battle hard fought

From lane to lane
his stone feet roam
till rests his pain
on pavement home!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Paddyfield

To where the red soil road loses itself to the sky
she walks in dusted heels

One after other rising and falling the harvests die
can't wilt her wills.

To where the red soil road loses itself to the sky
she plucks corn in the forlorn noon

Sickle in hand her wishes fly
her dreams won't die soon.

To where the red soil road loses itself to the sky
she rues not her fate

She pauses to look up to the heaven high
hopeful in her emerald wait!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Pages Left

Seasons have weathered
left footprints passing age
yet something is spared
to draw her in my gaze!

It's not as pink as first crush
nor red as primal yore
but white residue of dried brush
that makes me want not more!

I wonder if she knows it
when hold her in my gaze
not slowed a bit this heartbeat
my eyes don't see her age!

She wonders if I know it
when steals on me her look
the pages left are still sweet
love stays an unclosed book!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Painless (10w)

Often I ask myself,
If being penniless
Is being painless!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Pair (10w)

A lifelong pair
till one flies away
and makes another!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Palm Reader

Come to me I'll decode the meandering streams on your palm
I'll take you on a time travel to know what are yet to come
Though heavens have determined what path your life will take
The ups and downs all upheavals happiness and heartbreak!

Lend your palm if you trust it for the planets there have etched
If you sign off your life in sunshine or end up feeling wretched
For all your grinding endeavors may close on you all doors
Your strivings may go in vain leaving you with no recourse!

Sit with me a session see what future holds in store
Love marriage family friendship finance and much more
For each hurdle is a remedy each hindrance an overcome
For misfortune a ward off for bad time a curing balm!

Come have your dreams come true your fortune take right turn
I'll get you blessings of Jupiter keep out conspiring Saturn
Protect you from all evils offer you the right stone

I wish I knew my fortune too if only could read my own!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Palmist

Come for a little sum
I'll read you your palm
Lend me your hand
I'll read the rivers of fate
Tell you where you stand
What's the future's state!
Know from me life's each twist and bend
Like your chance of going farther with her
How things will turn out in the end
They're all designed by your star.
Grab this one, this golden chance
I'll tell you what you're dying to know
Marriage, children, fortune, finance
Know them all from me blow by blow.
The engraved strands on your palm
Hold hidden the troubles of your life
To which I offer remedial balm
For children gone astray, unfaithful wife!
I can read your lifespan and Saturn's effect
Jupiter's blessings and planets' impact
Misfortunes on your way I can deflect
To make your future absolutely intact!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Papyrus

Leaving the papyrus for me
she leaves for the river.

Don't follow me
she says
instead
pick up my pages
unread

and with that

she goes with the river wind.

the papyrus
scattered on her trail
before I could pick them all
fly with her

to the river!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Paradox (10w)

Can't say

If dreams

Help me find or lose way.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Paradox (7w)

Hands
that fold in prayer
turn slayer

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Parents And Children

Grown up child,
you don't love your dad and mom
anymore,
at least not in the way
they would have liked you to
as you are to them
their entire world
but to you they are now
just a man and a woman
who begot and brought you up
because they had to
which in no way was exceptional
as you deserved to be brought up
in the best way they could
and shaped for a life
as the nicest dream they could dream
for you to grow up
and blossom into a flower
whose fragrance would see them thru
the rest of their life
and would complete the circle
that god designs for mankind.
But they find,
the grown up child doesn't love them
the way they had dreamed
when they held its hands
for its first steps of life
and they died to hear
its first papa and mamma
and stood beside their child
at each step thence
embracing it
as their best company
and finding in it
their heaven on earth
ever ready to do
whatever it would take
to see their child happy.
Grown up child,

your dad and mom
though feel debarred from your world
still hold onto their world
that's made just of you!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Pariahs

Pariah dogs pain me.

I feel for those mute sufferers
But can't fill their life.

Many a times I have dreamed of
A doggerly in my backyard
For those giver only friends.

Do for them something tangible

Send appeals to kind souls for charity
Creating a kind of NGO for these bravehearts
Giving them something from the more
They deserve.

I haven't done anything of these.

Under twinkling stars
I feed them scraps
And mourn

When one is less.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Parrot Care

It's something that try we should
To provide the parrot its basic food
Apple minus seeds mango banana
Grape orange guava papaya
As for vegetables cooked dried bean
With beet broccoli its heart you can win
Cucumber carrot and cauliflower
They surely love like they love a shower
Corn on the cob is fun for parrot
They aren't fussy as them you thought
Hot peppers peapod lettuce
For them delicacies you can choose
Sweet and baked potato well cooked yam
They devour in delight add to their glam
Parrots are cute friendly and nice
Give them oatmeal millet brown rice
They're not greedy from you they won't beg
Though these birds love scrambled boiled egg
The parrot is innocent gorgeous and sweet
Can't call them carnivore yes they like meat
Must talk to them and not keep your mouth shut
Your loving pet the parrot loves occasional nut.

Now words of caution what don't do them good
Candy and chocolate and all junk food
I know you are smart and not at all mean
To offer this wonder bird mushrooms caffeine
Believe my words they aren't my opinion
Use them in your food don't give them onion
Dairy products for them are a big 'no' 'no'
You surely want them to healthily glow
Give the parrot shower keep its cage clean
Give them just fresh foods no sugar no caffeine
Say 'no' to pesticides choose only organic
See in their bowel nothing goes toxic
Follow what I've said the task is not hard
Spend your time well with this beautiful bird.

Parrot In A City

O lonely parrot
It's such a pity
You're perched on a wire
High above the city!
The forest was so green parrot
The forest was so neat
Why did you have to leave it
For the urban dust and heat!
O lonely parrot
It's such a pity
You abandoned the forest
To dwell in the city!
So warm was your nest
With choicest foods galore
A wonderful hole for rest
And singing heart's outpour!
O lonely parrot
It's such a pity
Leaving the peace of forest
You prefer to be in the city!
The songs were so soulful there
The melodies so sweet
Your heart you could fully bare
To your throb you could tweet!
O lonely parrot
It's such a pity
You can be caught and caged
In this heartless city!
So parrot make haste
To recover all you miss
Go back to the forest
Your own abode of peace!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Part Eaten

At one corner of the subconscious
she waits to land on my dream

this morn too she came

offering my hungry mouth
a piece of guava
part eaten it was laced with her saliva

stoked my lust from the first bite
she never ages a bit
wished she came to me on each night
bringing youth endlessly sweet!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Passage (10w)

Key them with forearms,
Submit mind's creations to poetry forums.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Passerby

On the grills the rust
Stands in stark contrast
To your serene eyes

They see it all
Ocean black eyeball
Still hold surprise

Brimming passion
What love in that ocean
Your pleading eyes

It makes me pause
There's no greater cause
For a passerby

Your gestures bold
Said words untold
Your droopy ear

Ever so keen
To lovingly listen
Holds a stranger dear

You looked at me
With a loving plea
Oh passerby

Greet me awhile
Lend me a smile
For that I die

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Passing By Mother's Love

Her shame barely concealed
She lay on the pavement
Amidst arrogant feet.
Soiled, uncared, shabby,
With her loincloth
The mother covered the baby!
A moment heavenly
And in passing
Etched in me
Mother's love!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Passing Shadows

on the ripples our shadows
the river flows on
this moment they are here
next tide they're gone!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Passing Show

Steal the moments now
Before they're slain by time,
Feel the glowing warmth
Before your ignorance
Blows the bliss away!
Take even the littlest of it
Live them frame by frame
Before the passion dies
And you are an ornate in the wall!
Own the moments now
Before bereft of your response
Love bows its head in shame
And the night's thunder
Scorches your blood into ashes!
Steal the moments now
Let not miserliness steal them away
Feel the life's radiant glow
To the end of the passing show!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Passing Sigh

a run to the end in scorched wing
flames licking the bloods dry
do i hear the bell's ring
the shadows coming nigh!

when my heart is bleeding
my eyes are river dry
i don't break in a mournful wail
hide in a passing sigh!

pause awhile in the life's dance
hide in the passing sigh
death is too remote to break the trance
see shadows passing by!

do i see faces ashen pale
hearts bludgeoned by doom
breaths broken by a dreary tale
leaving hopes no room!

life is too cosy too precious a trance
and death too starkly nigh
i take a break from the life's dance
to see the shadows passing by!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Password (10w)

Keys

Find it hard

If often not

You change password.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Past Bricks And Weeds

The daughter married off went to a distant land
Leaving them to rue absence of her tender hand
He would till the garden she would tend to him
In that house the couple passed days in dream.

How love hides itself for years stubbornly mute
Till loneliness gives it a face grows it a firmer root
In the tears of sunset years brings it one restart
Once more finds the door to the old couple's heart.

Two doves of love they looked standing at the gate
In the evening hours together two perfect soulmate
When one day told her wail she lost her living spark
Dropped down dead her man in the garden at his work.

Months passed and she would be seen alone at the gate
With a vacant look in her eyes in white mournful wait
Pleaded though her daughter she should live at her place
The widow clung to her wish of staying at his address.

She lived few more years then went to look for him
The house was left empty like an abandoned dream
A notice was hung on the gate it was put up for sale
The couple was forgotten their memory soon grew pale.

On my walk by the house if I happened to look at it
Would think of the days they spent in love so sweet
The iron grill was rusted and cobwebbed was its door
As if never would come there two loving souls anymore.

This morn as I was passing by saw a woman's face
Standing at the weeded lawn of that lost address
In my eyes danced a thrill into the heart it spread
Must have made their love's abode a couple newlywed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Past Valentines

Today raise a toast
To the past valentines' ghosts
In your heart still they thrive
Now somebody's mother, somebody's wives
Can you recollect all their names?
The ones with whom you played love games
Do you in life's race pause a while
Remember a face or a fleeting smile
Or you consider your actions were silly
Now that you have your own family
Maybe they have carved a place in your heart
Times fly away but memories don't depart.
Today in honour of them raise a toast or two
Don't feign surprise and say, 'Margarita, who? '

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Pause

Our pause is momentary.
What for we pause is eternal.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Pavlov's Reflex

like poetry she's giving me bad habits

whenever she eats
her fingers would scoop a morsel or two
and pierce my hungry lips

it makes me wait keen like sex
when the night is nine o'clock
it makes me slave of Pavlov's reflex
for her hands in my liplock

i crave not much for one morsel
yearn more for her hand
it makes me feel lovingly well
to see her closely stand

one morsel or at most two
when she pushes in my mouth
that says to me her love is true
she loves me out and out.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Paying A Friend

I have you in rein
Coz with superior brain
I tamed the wild in you,
Wolves transformed to pet
No more from me you get
What's your due!
Now a canine on the street
With no way to retreat
No hope for you in sight,
You caused me plight
By barking with might
Throughout the night!
So it will be your fate
It's what you'll get
You they'll hound,
For you it looms
Cramped stinking rooms
Of a mortuary called dog pound!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Peace

None can
Help
Bring you peace
Other than yourself.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Pearl From A Dream

Amidst files papers and works
You touch down on my thoughts
A pain sweeps through
Of memories of long lost years.
When I await the sleep
To land on my eyes
Your arrival transmutes into dream
A pearl from which drops down
to rest on my pillow...

Your face bathes in full moon,
Ma, you were gone too soon!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Pelican: A Nonsense Rhyme

Pelican
Slurps on
What its
Belly can
Put stay
Whole day
In the sun
On the run
Just wish
Big fish
One stuff
Big enough
It can pick
With its beak
That can hold
Manifold
Bigger than
Its belly can
Wonderful Pelican

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Perdition

The road bends in a serpentine whim
It's evening and I must scurry home,
Before the chill freezes my bone
And my last words echo in the trunk hollows.
She must be wrapping herself for warmth
She must be stoking the fire a little more
She must be closing the windows
But she mustn't for god's sake shut the door.
The road is throwing up endless bends
It's night and I'm frozen to the bone
The trunk hollows are eager to be filled
No way now I can reach home.
She is now warm beneath her blanket
She now hears the fire's crackling roar
She has closed the window
But she mustn't for god's sake shut the door.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Perfection

Perfection is perfectly boring.
Trying to be perfect is interesting.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Permissive (10w)

Starved in daylight,
survive on ready meat of permissive night.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Phantom Bus

I have it in my dreams
The shadowy bus stop
On a nowhere zone
Where nobody waits ever for a bus,
To get off there and wait
For the shadows to gather
And take strange shapes
To turn into a phantom bus
That would vanish with me on board!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Phantom Of Youth

You are sixteen and sweet
Though too young for me
I really can't help it
My heart itches for your company.
You may find me a little uncouth
A little too old for you
But it's the phantom of my youth
That keeps getting haunted by you.
My life is now a yellow page
An end in sight situation
Yet I fail to live my age
You give me infatuation.
I keep dreaming of sunrise
Engage with you in flirt
My imaginations fantasize
Desire is too stubborn to depart.
Don't blame it all on me
It's my misplaced ecstasy
I crave for your company
And survive by fantasy!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Phantom's Opera

It all started after two deaths struck the family
The house was devastated it happened so quickly
They were still in mourning coping with the shock
When was heard their presence the eerie nightly knocks!

The sadness was soon replaced by a sense of horror
Footsteps were heard with none on the corridor
The lights went off their own stones pelted from nowhere
Doors banged without a gale lost things weren't anywhere!

Ashes dumped on food filled jug was soon empty
Wastes lay littered in rooms locked and debarred entry
Nights were spent sleepless each stayed on bed awake
Praying for the knockings to stop arrival of daybreak!

The terrorized house lay numb without a key to the mists
Till they had them enough the pranks of the evil spirits
Too long was going this at their cost the ghostly ruckus
Not deterred by one's boastful claim we got a gun with us!

When the unwanted visitors showed no signs of retreat
Priests were summoned to drive out the evil spirits
They said not one but the house is playing host
To not one evildoer but a bunch of malevolent ghosts!

They performed for three days got bagful royal treat
Then they were gone but the visitors didn't retreat
It was by now known they would go on till
Their mission accomplished they could close the deal!

One day it all stopped as suddenly as did start
Quietly they left sprightly souls did depart
But also found were gone with the phantoms' revelry
Grandpa's saved gold coins all Grandma's jewelry!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Physics Of Love

when a boy finds a girl pretty
his mass of love gains velocity
and in that moment(um) of trance
he sees a chance for romance!

when a girl finds a boy attractive
though she first plays a little evasive
can't hide for long her cheeks' blush
in the growing velocity of her love's mass!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Playful

Fluffy kitten love smitten fighting over milk
Itching finger on them linger cuddly glossy silk
Ocean blue eyes love undisguised seven heaven's glow
Oh God be broad see they do not quickly enough grow.

On the cushion mischief mission ripping pillow part
Though it demand can't raise hand cruel is not heart
Indulgent look mildly rebuke faked in anger's voice
Watching them mad in game is heavenly rejoice.

One on other sister brother dizzying somersault
If the vase is broken surely not for their fault
Sing lullaby show the TV sleep is far away
Make the pretense all nonsense but a playful day.

Again a boy lovingly toy tender tiny paw
They're too smart never do hurt haven't grown a claw
Frolic funny keep time runny feel the silence deep
Comes when night robs the delight weary bodies sleep.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Playing In The Rain

Raindrops pelted the earth in fiery spill
Clouds drove away the submissive daylight
Warmth tamely surrendered to chill
It was then those eyes came into my sight!

A bare bodied riffraff hardly into his teen
He looked an absurd picture in a silent film
Standing there exposed in streaming skin
One shivering model playing rain's victim!

But this wasn't the way I thought like then
Myself a kid returning from school
Rain-coated and knowing no pain
Living secured under parental rule!

I just felt then something was not right
He shouldn't have been left in such a state
A cold or a rain fever catch he might
The kid who could have been my mate!

Your mom and dad, I asked, where're they
Leaving you in the rain to roam
Should have been indoors on such a day
And not stray off from home!

The boy it seemed couldn't surmise
For long deprived of kindness
Filled up his eyes in sheer surprise
But soon grew saddened his face!

No dad no mom I've never known them
Known only to play in the rain
Live in the street without a name
Orphaned too long for any pain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Plea

Impale me with truth

Break me not with false promises.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Poems And The Doctor

A poem a day
Keeps the doctor away
Two he may need to be called

Three poems a day
The doctor's on his way
No way could his coming be stalled!

Four poems a day
The doctor has to stay
Five and tough is his work

If the number are six
The doctor's in a fix
How could he stop the flying spark!

Poems by the hour
Is beyond the doctor's power
Poems by the minute is his bane

It's where he loses self
Badly needs a help
To be declared utterly insane!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Poems On The Lonely Walkway

Some poems are better not birthed
be locked with the key never found
their scripts be seen by no eyes on earth
like the sigh's dewy tears on the ground!

Some poems are better not carved on papyrus
be hidden in the deepest nook
unworded pains nurtured in hush
flowing within like a brook!

Some poems are better not shown daylight
be buried neath sorrow's growing pile
unvoiced aches lost in the night
dawning in the morn as a smile!

Some poems are better not ever revealed
be breathed on the lonely walkway
living in heart feeling fulfilled
dying when the days die away!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Poetry In Motion

Does the poet live his own words
Measures up to what his verses promise
Strives for the heights his thoughts reach
Plays the part his writings reflect
Goes to any length to be good
Rids himself of all meanness
Is generous kind faithful trustworthy in his personal life
A lover a friend an aide a benefactor,
Or at the end of the day
Just a preacher
Who never is as tall as his sermons
But remains a run-o-mill guy
Who endowed with poetic skill
Spins in self-deceit webs of lies!

Does a poet ever endeavor
To become a poetry in motion?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Poets

Only the future may know

a poet

without a future!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Poisoned

Moves no more the glass bead eye
lies in a frozen stare
arms thrown up to the sky
it lies in silent prayer.

It's too late for its blood in rot
can't reach the god's smallest thought
the putrid flesh on the road red hot
will soon bring the feasting maggot.

Yet it prays if reaches firmament
moves the god to think of its pain
next time he spares it the bitter time spent
doesn't make it a rodent again.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Popcorn

Always had that feel that a poem could be born
When you're doing nothing lazily munching popcorn
Because doing nothing is everything, it's not a void
But a streaming popcorn welling inside you can't avoid!
In sunlight and shadows in pricking pinching weather
The nothing that knows no rest doesn't give you a breather
Doing nothing is the busiest time it's everything to savour
Like your spicy popcorn that lends living a flavour!
Doing nothing is the most fertile time for a perfect brew
Munching your popcorn thinking wildest things to do
When bored of doing nothing that in His head earth was born
God surely conceived it when He was lazily munching popcorn!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Precious Little

I couldn't spend a long time with you
Just your face and a fleeting touch
That evaporated quickly like morning dew
A little more would have been too much!
It was so small a passing moment
Gone before I could grab it
But I don't really have any regret
Brief it was but so sweet.
Before I knew the winds blew the sands
That filled my eyes with tears
Blinded I couldn't hold your hands
Hold you in my dreams for years!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Precipice

When everything falls apart

time

age

health

wealth

glory

faith

belief

We hang barely
by a thread of love.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Predators

The birds visiting me
Now I don't feed.

Blame it on my cats' greed!

Doel, bulbul, myna
All having fallen prey to
These snoopy lurky hyena!

These petty filthy abductors
Prowling pouncing predators
Have everything that takes
To break my feathered friends' necks!

Now I know it does them no good
Birds coming in lure of my food
And be bitten and eaten!

I no more feed
The cats' greed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Pretty Woman

Pretty Woman

rest your head on my shoulder

you are richer wine

as you grow older!

On my shoulder is a space

that craves much

the spark of happiness

from your loving touch.

Now my shoulders

been imprinted these years

with your joys your tears

there you have not grown older!

Pretty Woman

my shoulders lust your rest

and for as long they can

reap the divine harvest.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Pride Of Place

On a dewy evening
As the day takes a silent bow,
Gazing at the distant pearls
Appearing on the ethereal wisp,
You feel an elemental oneness
To have your place in this design
Intrinsically woven in the cosmic fabric,
When gathers in your eyes a mist
That rolls down in grateful glory
To blend into the night!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Primates

This morn lazing in the winter sun
He said for us living is no fun
On the weather beaten roof
His voice was ominously aloof!

Here I'm your unwelcome guest
A nuisance to you your garden's pest
But one if not for the irony of fate
Would be today your equal primate!

He spoke uneasy on the rough concrete
My home is gone I have no retreat
God there played out to a devilish plan
Lifting one up from the other of his clan!

He paused mournful in contemplative lull
If only I could have been your equal
Would not have come begging on your door
Held captive in cage suffer agonies galore!

He curled his lips showing yellowed tooth
If I'm frank and tell you a bare truth
Right now I feel like slapping your face
To remind it's for you I made no progress!

Past his bushy brows I saw mirrored in his eyes
A reflection of me clothed in human guise
The one looking at other both ruing their fate
For being down the rung being the superior primate!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Prisoned In The August Rain

From the window the August rain
stirs a crave to be once with her
stings the heart with an abstract pain
she is home and home isn't far!

August rain brings me her face
makes me alone in the crowd
I forget all work my mind is a mess
want to reach her riding the cloud!

She would be lonely if it pours all day
her tears would be streams of rain
crying in the thought I have drifted away
she may not ever see me again!

August rain brings me her face
her address though isn't too far
I'm imprisoned in the workplace
dreaming a cloud ride to her!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Prisoner Of The Dark

There is always a call, from outside a call
Yet I stay rooted in a dark theater hall
There is an outside where the sky gets paint
The birds busily tweet for my ears to be lent
The sunrays stretch their hands for me to come along
The winds want me listen to a long forgotten song
I want to run out there, to see and smell it full
As the rain comes from heaven for the parched earth to be cool
Once I soak in them, feel them inside me
The moon coming out of clouds sets my spirit free
The call is loud and clear, it is all over me
In a dark theater hall, I only dream to be free!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Promise (10w)

Promised her,
I would never lose smile,
but she left.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Purpose

In his own class
His ninety summers' lens focus
On the fine print
To uncover the hidden tint!

All his peers long gone
He cheerfully carries on
In a way he isn't mortal anymore
And death would never knock his door!

But for occasional drifts into past's ember
He needs not much to remember
Except to pour over the thick bound book
Befitting his timeless wizened look!

In his nook on his lonely perch
He still isn't tired of the search
For chancing upon that ultimate tint
Still baffling him in its blurring print!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Qualms

I gave the surround a cautious look
To see if any eyes were on me
One quick swoop then I took
Broke my oath of honesty!

How it came on none else's sight
A while though I wondered
The crisp note winking in sunlight
Gave not much scope to ponder!

In my secret joy I lost no time
To flee fast from the scene
Though I didn't think it a crime
Felt forbidden pleasure of sin!

Then in me spoke the inner voice
You could have merely walked by
And not made such an evil choice
As bad as deceit and lie!

Soon overcome by pangs of conscience
I wasn't anymore feeling nice
On my forehead grew guilt's greasy lines
As on a man in the grip of vice!

Came back the words mom used to say
Relieved my tormenting qualms

If you ever pick up a note on the way
Give it away as alms!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Quest

My quietest walk
I have taken with you,
Spent with you
My quietest moments,
But the stillness is deep,
The tranquil depth of sea,
All the words are burnt,
Nothing remains but "we",
To be together
That needs no word to bridge,
Through moments
No thoughts can devour,
With you my quietest walks,
Quietest moments
Of questing for a bliss,
A frame glued in just one kiss!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Quick Heal (10w)

There is no quick heal
for any of life's ordeals!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Quicksand

Thoughts don't keep tormenting my head
I have a job to do to earn my bread
I have hours of dipping my hands in the muck
juggle with the assigns that simply suck!

Poems don't come streaming in my head
let me not lose bread in your mesmeric thread
I have hours of pouring over dead files
wade in the mire in painted smiles!

Dreams don't perch on my stooped eyelids
let me take care of my earthly needs
I have hours of works to pay for the meals
stuck in a rut that slowly kills!

Wishes don't freely on my heart land
let it not be lost in your quicksand
I have hours to cope with the burning
walk the fire on your singed wings!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Quill

Pen the archaic writer, once mightier than the sword
Suffers ignominy of disuse, since man succumbed to keyboard
Pen on paper is now derelict, broken is the pair's link
With penning of thoughts long gone, dried up the once flowing ink.
I still crave for a smooth pen to take me on an inky write
Form words on paper neatly lined, dancing on crispy white
Jot in blue random rumblings, what mind wants to craft
A piece of thought the heart designs, a poem or love's first draft,
To dip the nib in the pot of ink and feel the throb of quill,
Go once more on a rolling ride, get back yesteryears' thrill.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Rain After Summer

Hidden for long lost years
He can't suppress anymore
The burden of forced out cheers
Made sadness a distant folklore!
He's desperately seeking a place
Silent enough for his heartthrob
Where none can see his face
Unhindered he can sob!
He needed it for long he felt
Unfrozen his heart would melt
Before his tears dry up unspent
They must gush out in torrent!
He must leave behind the arid mile
The aching jaw of a false smile
And shed in abandon all his pain
So that he could be himself once again!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Rain Brought Us Together

To shield ourselves from rain
That gustily needled the skin
We were together once again
Me and my canine kin.
Don't think it's one I call pet
It's just that I couldn't be aloof
Drawn together in one ill fate
I was with the creature under one roof.
Thoroughly drenched its bones shook
Its flesh the fleas feasted free
Its eyes were moist with a pleading look
Apologetic for forcing me its company.
Has ever love showered on it or a little caress
Does it pine for the heart's glowing fire?
There was no trace of them carved on its face
The street pariah was forbidden to aspire.
Suddenly I wished the rain would go on
In a frenzied kindness I would hold it tight
Whisper in its ear 'you aren't alone,
we together can tide over the night'.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Rain Men

They never knew each other
Will never meet in life again
For two hours were brought together
Four men stuck in a rain.

Same shelter they chanced to come to
Strangers all they were
Each with other had nothing to do
No relations of love and care.

They started to talk about weather
How they were halted by the rain
Soon chatted like friends forever
Who had met after a long time again.

The strangers caught in the downpour got so many things to say
Unfamiliar men trapped in common distress
Who would soon disperse on their own way
Never carrying the memory of their face.

But here as the rain fell in ceaseless torrents
The four souls worked up a tenuous bond
Not minding fragility of those absurd moments
A rewarding camaraderie they found.

When the rain stopped for them to depart
They went their way with cheerful smile
There was no sadness nor any aching heart
They were happy to be together awhile.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Rain Seeds

On the parched land fall drops of rain
Sky mourns the loss soil drinks the gain
When in soil pores summer fires burn
They live the agony dream rain's return.

You may wonder why cries the sky
Her rain is needed for soil gone dry
It's because is nurtured a love in her breast
For the tender drops awhile her guest.

Soil doesn't mind opens up in smile
In the profound knowledge that it's a while
Before the fruits are reaped to be left again dry
Till new seeds of hopes come down from sky.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Rainbow Bridge

Lovely boy
Please understand me
And be as patient as to
Let me understand you.
I may sound gibberish
But what I say
Is to make a bridge
And reach your heart.
Lovely boy
Let's together
Build the rainbow bridge
Where I find you colors
Missing from your life
And you find me
What I missed on my way.
Lovely boy
Shut not your door on me
For my years
May show you the way
And your youthfulness
May recreate my lost dreams!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Rainbow Land

She bobs like a gull on the breaking waves
to go far out in the sea is what she craves
on her hair froths the spray of saline sand
she's the woman on the edge of rainbow land.

On the sea she isn't the woman I know too well
she rises to touch the sky with the waves swell
a stronger stranger girl keen to break the chain
fly away unshackled in her freedom's gain.

She isn't the same woman in the tidal brace
sheds the veil rides her will to be sea's empress
when the waves lave her face in its magic roar
in her dream touches rim of a distant shore.

I don't know why I love her high on the sea
where her eyes are far unfamiliar alien to me
she rides the waves within craves the rainbow land
dreams to go with the flow from clutching hand.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Raw And Rude

When the prospect of food is slim
Hunger is no more a dream
No more the philosopher's pastime
Or a poet's subject for rhyme.
And they only know hunger
That starves for lack of food
With empty bowels suffer
A hunger raw and rude.
We must've seen them
Emaciated half-dead from famine
We must have seen them
The stray dogs of our city
Chance alive by scraps of pity,
But we, assured of the next meal,
Can't ever feel
The pangs of hunger
With no food to heal.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Reach

I watch her picking shells
Drifting to faraway beach
It's bad that I only remember
When she's out of reach!

I could tell her when she was close
Could whisper in her ears
Could tell her with a bud of rose
Anytime all these years!

But why it seems the only time
When she's out of reach
I shout it in sea's din a mime
She's busy picking shells on the beach!

I could tell her when she was beside me
I could tell her in the car
But why now when she seems busy
Straying on the beach afar!

Why it seems the best moment
A time most opportune
Though went years together spent
Holding hands in the moon!

I raise my voice today is the day
Her my thought must reach
But she's gone far in the bay
She's out of reach!

She has drifted up the bay
Where I pine to reach
Tell her what I die to say
She's busy picking shells on the beach!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Reach The Stars

Leaving the ground
Past the light post
Above the tallest tree
Beyond the night's mist,
My eyes reach the stars.
My feet are in the muck
My hands smeared with dirt
My eyes poor without lens
Yet from the morass
I do reach the stars.
The city lights block
Life's turbulence hinders
Atmospheric dusts barricade
My eyes they couldn't pull down
I still could escape to the stars.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Reaching Her

It took me only a moment to like her face
just some while to marvel at her skin
some more time to be charmed by her grace
but a lifetime and haven't reached her heart within!

Some days only it took to ride her cave
explore all her gorges mount her hill
when were reached all the places there to crave
found myself was searching her heart still!

Never thought would it need all my strength
for came easy harvesting her crust
and after having walked the years' length
can't say I have fully reached her heart!

I keep wondering to this day
if I had gone somewhere wrong from the start
as all that seemed precious didn't stay
and I am still madly trying to reach her heart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Real Dangers

Keep your eyes on the road she says at the door
But he knows better it nibbles at his core
There isn't no real dangers lurking beneath
They're looming high up to snuff out his breath!

He nods his head and bows out of the house
It isn't worth a heed the caution of his spouse
For he knows the real dangers lie above his head
Waiting the pull of gravity hanging in thinnest thread!

With each step he stops to take a look at the sky
Down here is quite safe high up the perils lie
It's a wonder human minds are still stuck to the myth
That eye must look down when walking upon the street!

As he looks at the high rises inside he shivers tense
They are too eerily tall to hold for long balance
Can come down any moment by itself or if hit
Throw down chunks of debris crush lives on the street!

What if of all those signboards grown weary of bearing load
One crashes down on someone whose eyes are on the road
Down here is no real dangers up there are fearsome ghosts
In the form of cell phone towers sky hugging light posts!

Once more the thought shivers him how in an instant one can die
By a blow coming from high up hitting unseen from the sky
He thanks god that he doesn't heed what his spouse has to say
But keep his eye riveted to the sky so he survives another day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Real Story

A porter dies in accident
Reported a reporter
Little knowing
The porter
A poet
Unmindful
Of traffic rule
In spite of his load
Hadn't his eyes on road.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Reality Is Aloof

Through the stillness around
Fragments of sound
Say the alien stars
Existence is farce
Mocks the Jupiter
Life is a dying theater!
Days follow
Into endless hollow
Only nights are real
Her dreams eternal!
On dark roof
Reality is aloof!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Realm Of Possibility

'Nothing is impossible under the sun'
impressed the father on his son,
'can go haywire all stability,
everything is in the realm of possibility'.

The son grew up and duly had his chance
To go on a date of youthful romance,
That soon matured to a relation of heart
There was no looking back once he made the start.

But fate so often bares its cruelty
The girl left him for another,
Leaving him a note scribbled on paper
'everything is in the realm of possibility'.

The son was so shattered by his lover's deceit
Living seemed not worth anymore,
He was found hanging tied to a bed sheet
Behind his room's closed door.

A note he left bearing his last words
From a son to his father a cruel levity,
In endorsement of what his father had once said,
It read 'everything is in the realm of possibility'!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Recipes

Doctor, tell me, what's good or bad for me
give me guiding tips, health's recipe
what I should eat, and foods to be shunned
I find my years wasted, with most things unlearned!

Doctor, please tell me, do I eat more or less
show me the way, to a healthy happiness
chart for me, the most balanced diet
I find my years wasted, and little learned yet!

Doctor, tell me the secret, of staying healthy in strife
to remain in glowing health, for a rewarding marital life
prescribe me one potent pill, to make my groin burn
I find my potence wasted, with still many things to learn!

Doctor, now I seek your advice, in the matter of heart
tell me, how I keep it broad, before I depart
tell me if it's a broader heart, that's more easily burned
I find my years all wasted, with so many things unlearned!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Reconstruction

I gathered the finest things for it,
Put them together, polished them neat,
I shaped it the best way I could
Wanting it to be there for good!
Just when it was in perfect form,
Winds rose, blew thunderstorm,
I clung onto it with all my heart,
It broke into pieces, lay tattered in dust.
After a while's despair, a momentary pain,
I gathered back the fragments for making it again!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Reflection

In the mirror I see his reflection.

Father reminds me of my mortality.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Refuge

While I question existence
seek purpose and a god
the dog sniffs the trash bin
in howling hunger

and me bowel driven
trudge home from work
find hope in the neon
where the drongo harvests insects
its black wings cast an irrational night
of drunken refuge...

a home a poem and her.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Regret

I'm sorry if my poems don't bring you happiness
thrills of joys and cheers
to liven up your day.

when that happens
give me my failure's blame
for my mind couldn't tame
the sad-istic urge
to clothe them and dress
the figures in distress
on the bylanes and streets
trodden inglorious
for a poet to regret
he couldn't make his poems the way
they made your day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Relationship

Only after you lose

you realize

you hadn't done enough.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Relic Of A Twinkle

They are not just creases on skin
They are rivers crisscrossing her face
That once carried her youth
Where into flowed
Tributaries of joys and sorrows
All the time cutting deep onto her face
Till the high tides of yore
Got choked by silts and were no more.
Look close to find a story on each wrinkle
And to find in her eyes relic of a twinkle!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Reliving A Time

On a drizzly morning
Many rains ago
I held an umbrella for you.
The sky opened up,
Brought us close,
Though not close enough
To live under one umbrella-
The painting is there
Seasoned by passing years,
Do you live to see it?
I would die for one more go.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Remedy

In one swift sweep
the head fell to the ground
even before died down
the last gargling sound!

When from the warm plate
I chewed the leg
I felt a little bothered
how the pleading eyes begged
before closing for a painless sleep!

then consoled once more an emotion
by telling me

death was the only salvation

They say
we must learn to live with the pain

I wish
there was a remedy
starting with me!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Remember Me Sweet Bird

It's five minutes
and you are already at home
soar bird in high spirits
the sky is for you to roam!

In me though a sadness rage
rain tears in silent sound
I'm happy bird you're out of cage
your wings are free blue bound!

Catch sweet bird in your wings' span
the freedom you dreamed evermore
forget me soon one lonely man
who locked you in love indoor!

The cage will be there to remind me
my heart's pal Neeloo
who left me sad but yet happy
when he broke the bond for the blue!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Remembering The Poet

They mourn the dead
Though with time the memories fade
He was nice they say
Good responsible kind
In life a fruitful stay
He would live in their mind.
He was a loving dad
To her a good husband
They all feel sad
His exit from this land
Thus they praise his glory
Each with a different story
But such is his fate
None remembers the poet!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Remnant

The eyes meet and then
It rains kisses from the heaven.
I turn your soil into mine
And give you a moondropp divine.
Storms our loves weather
Tides bring our souls together
Hearts woven one, we ride into fires
Timelessness is what our bond aspires.
But youth is as ruthless as a mirror
Like a cold creeping terror,
It catches us to leave us behind.
You and I carry its embers in our mind.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Renewal

With you every day's beginning
Is seeing old things anew.

You aren't coy anymore
I haven't to prove anything
Yet as the day unfurls
I act a boy you a girl
That pretends to guess
Something new in each other
Playact a fun chase
Pick pearls together!

Your lips aren't that red
Mine parched almost dry
You aren't anymore shy
I don't have a flowing head.

It happens yet everyday
While we re-walk on the trodden path
We find each other a renewal

I act a boy you a girl!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Replica Of A Dream

She was nowhere to be seen.

But I had stepped awhile aside
For a moment to myself
From the crowd jostling the railway station
And here she is gone
With the platform empty!

In that briefest time
I remember arguing with two guys
That we need to remember not everything
And they were dissenting.

Where could she have gone
My mind yelled
what if the train had arrived and left!

We were supposed to board it.

As I looked frantically around
There wasn't a ticket counter
There was no train
There was no trace of her

When a shiver told me
The station couldn't be this empty!

Then my fingers fell on my cell.

Oh I forgot
She was just a speed dial away.

Enveloped me a cold sweating

The platform was bare
She wasn't there
And her cell returned no ring!

It was then two women I saw

Pulling a cart
Of trash and the station's dirt.

Where's the ticket room?

They smiled

I froze in fear

Ten miles from here...

my cries traveled far
woke her

why I keep losing her!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Resemblance

The only good thing about devil is

he resembles me.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Rest In Heaven

Stubble mushrooming his chin
he showed up on the door
without his trademark grin
he looked clearly sore.

He motioned me to sit on a chair
in the room with low watt light
his sullen stare and disheveled hair
said things weren't alright.

I sat in the embarrassing silence
thinking what might be the cause
what lay behind the simmering suspense
why my friend looked so morose.

There wasn't a sound in the whole house
the creepy stillness was deafening
with only the clock ticking sleepy hours
carried the night on its wing.

Sensing something was definitely wrong
gauged from his eyes swollen red
his father I knew was ailing for long
surely he was mourning the dead.

Where's uncle I set words in pace
long time I haven't him heard
making a dispassionate face
he pointed his finger upward.

So proved true my worst fear
the son was mourning the demise
everything was now clear
my shock I couldn't disguise.

For you what a terrible blow
so early for him to have gone
my words poured sad and slow
may his soul rest in heaven.

My friend now spoke in awed face
I couldn't miss his perturbed glare

My father is fine God bless
he is only resting upstairs!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Resting Noon Dream

Beyond the line of high tide
the boat rests on tilted side

her rolled in sails hear dreamily
songs of winds from the high sea!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Retreat From Poetry

He gave it up one day.
Closed his pen
Pushed away the keyboard
With a tired smile said
Enough is enough.
He almost wept in his lament
For the time clicked away
In a mad pursuit
Pouring out words upon words
But never getting anywhere near it,
The lost time spent inside his head
When he could instead
Go there out
Bathe in the moonlight
Get filled and drunk
Not wasting words on papers,
Nor let moon pass
Without casting her shadow in his eyes,
Be there watching sunrise
And not spinning words
Paint them in strange colors
Of his imagination,
Stare at the endless blue
Instead of shrinking it
To the smallness of his words!
He regretted the lost time,
When bottled in his rhyme
He got sunk in his words
Letting the earthly beauties
Pass away unseen!
From that day
He retreated from poetry
And was set free
From words in his head
That only mess
The real loveliness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Return Of Rain

The cloud drops on my lip
On the tip of my nose
I get hugged by the drip
Ah, rain is so close!
The heat is now a story
The balm seems so near
Regaining its lost glory
Surely the monsoon is here!
Tip-tap on my windowpane
Dark floaters are busy
Pouring on men and women
Life is once more easy!
I'm glad the rain is back
To awaken the soil's green
Wipe out the summer's crack
Dance on my parched roof tin!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Reunion

In the stillness of the night,
The lake was drinking the moon.
Though shattered, he was not crying,
His eyes just glistened with a mist.
She was his world and bereft her,
It meant nothing to live.
Slowly he got up,
And with a sweep of charcoal,
Wrote in bold on the shabby hoarding,
'I MISS YOU'.
Then he went into the water.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Revival

You moved away your eyes
I didn't see your tears
I thought your life was sweet
Why did you hide it?
You hid the sad tales inside
And faked smiles on your face
I thought your life was smooth ride
Why did you hide?
I couldn't read you for years
Your muffled cries growing inside
Never shared your darkest fears
In me you never did confide.
I could never guess it was so deep
The betrayal and broken relationship
Unrequited love and its pain
That made you never the same again.
It's time you let loose the tears' floodgate
To make a new path and reshape your fate
Break away from and bury the past
Sail once more with winds on the mast.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Revolution: An Impotent Rage

I could blow to smithereens
the wealth of the rich
could play a rob-in-hood
kill and steal
to give the poor a fair deal
could hang all the glib talkers
from the highest post
feet up head down
publicly displayed in the town
break the iron walls
bulldoze the palaces
pull them down from the throne
where I sent them
put an end to their dastardly game

but this mind's wrath
this hand's gun
can't pop even one bullet
can only ink
a dawn pink emotion

of Revolution.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Rewind

Years wear down
This body a rusty town
The cells fast shrink,
Yet somewhere deep within
A faintly throbbing green
Keeps us from the brink.
When it all seem to recur
Getting closer to departure
Past stories' repeat,
Some things don't grow stale
Their pleasures immeasurable
Memories bitter sweet.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Rhymes (10w)

At the worst of times
See me through
Rhythmic rhymes.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Rhymes Of Football

Net to net rolls the ball
with the feet fast they scroll
the kicks find the bar too small
too hard to score a goal!

Sweats it out the forward
saves it tough the one at back
like a fort he must guard
not allow a crack!

On the grass no guide or map
rely on footwork skill
pierce the defense find the gap
go for the lethal kill!

The ball if once finds the net
stop breath a million soul
mourns the side in sealed fate
the air is rend with GOAL! ! !

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Rickety Chair

On a chair ricketier than himself
He is awake in his slumber
Slumber that comes when days are long
Yet numbered.....

In the relished stupor
The lost years show up as dreams
The remnants announcing
That he's still alive!
He's though never sure
He was ever part of them
They must be his imagination,
A myth or a tale he loves to believe.
The wrinkles mock the idea
That there was once a smoothness
The dimming world around his chair
Taunts to say the sparkle was a deceit
Did youth really ever embrace him?

It came to fleet away in a moment
Leaving him on the rickety chair to lament!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Riddle (10w)

A riddle,
How his golden beard
Parts in the middle?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Right Under Your Nose

It may seem so dull extraordinarily mundane
Like a movie seen yesterday to be seen again
Frame by frame alike dialogues repetitive
Seen before you go to bed heard before you leave!

But if you stop skimming the surface see it little close
There are magic happening right under your nose
She isn't playing the same script speaking the same lines
Her colors change each hour so do her smile's designs!

If you live the bare surface are content to stick there
You miss the subtle changes for you her redone hair
For you a coat of powder on what's a familiar face
To move though you don't notice in your pink favorite dress!

If you feel too weary see in changing hours no gain
Your life seems too ordinary and hopelessly mundane
You miss how she reinvents herself with you in her mind
Hoping you would see and not turn your eyes blind!

It may seem so dull extraordinarily mundane
Like a life lived yesterday to be lived today again
It's only your turned off mind that makes it look all same
Missing out the new movies she's building frame by frame!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Ripened Love

She didn't speak,
Just went on with her work
Of giving her home a facelift.
An ethereal urge filled me
To be near her, touch her a little
And add my hands to the touch up.
The air was rich with the aroma
Of the coming of the season of joy.
I knew something never grows old,
Never requires a word or even a look.
In silence we rained love on each other!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Ripeness

love is one fruit
that with ripeness
does not fall.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Ritual

Every morning he goes to the church
though not religious, not really much
tidily dressed, looking so neat
the routine is a way, for him a habit
he prays for nothing, nothing he wants
it's all ritual, the prayers he chants
Years roll by, he grows frail and old
till he is laid in a coffin, dark and cold
the hearse carries him to the church he went
there is no prayer, he remains silent.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Rivals

When our cup of misery is full
God takes out a spoonful.

But alas too soon
Devil adds one spoon!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

River Poet

Had I been a poet river born
Flowed at ebbs to the sea
Fed on her shores fields of corn
On her face etched the sky gaily!

Had I been a poet river bred
Rode her waves of lunar tide
Kissed her bank in cool summer shade
And never ever left her side!

I would have grown a love riverine
For all lives feeding on her breast
Fishes shrimps the dolly dolphin
Crabs turtles and the rest!

One moonlit night when she rose high
Drowned me in her beauteous wine
In a feathery drop on her bed I would lie
Breathing river poet's one last line!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

River Poet: A Wish

Where the river meanders for the sky's embrace
Her lovelorn bank pines in the banyan's shade
Blue ripples sing to soothe her travel's stress
Lay me when all poems are dead in my head.

Write me an epitaph here rests the river poet
Who loved the cotton clouds mirrored on her breast
As her tides rose high laden with desire's weight
He broke away from chains to madly sail her crest.

Where shines the moon makes the lover's pathway
Flows quiet the river in her waves shadows sway
Night heron's feet kiss her soft feathered bed
Lay me in silence when all poems are dead.

Lay me soft down make for me a space
On her alluvial soil in her riverine grace
In her diurnal shine and night's saline kiss
The river poet would find his eternal peace.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Riverbank

Bit by bit the monster river
swallows her flesh
her chunks a little quiver
then break in lumpy mess!

She loves him in high tide moon
bears him children in insane fertility
falls for his sweet lapping croon
loses her in his enormity.

Since he mouthed her his first kiss
she had given him her ego
shrunk with his each bitten piece
washed away with his flow.

In love she never wavers
to offer her to the river
yielding to the monstrous slayer
knowing him her destined lover!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Road Doggy

Brown skinny road doggy
sorry you aren't my priority
often though your furs brush
when by you I rush past
like I don't look at an empty carton
don't notice your feeling alone
your eyes all the time cast on me
not understanding what keeps me busy
to don't look back to show I care
and acknowledge you're there
thinking this man if only he knew
how aches a heart that loves like you!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Road To Atonement

There was a time I was wild,
Forceful agile and ruthless,
I was trendy upbeat smart,
Never cared a fig never afraid to hurt!
Words shot freely from my mouth
Piercing breaking all tenderness,
I left them wounded and moved away,
Not pausing to have a look and mend,
Not bothering for once to reach and touch.
Now I'm at the end of the road.
I turn back for a walk of penitence,
But I'm greeted by the howling sorrows
Of the souls waiting over my grave
For me to return and atone for sins!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Robbers (10w)

Not all masked men are robbers

All robbers aren't masked

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Robot

Past utility
It's time to disassemble.
One last large blink
And he would collapse dead,
His fragmented pieces
Moved for recycle
To beget a new one
No one welcomes,
Like death was un-mourned.
He could sense the lethal blow.
It was sometime coming,
The premonition of end
The lump in the throat,
But not equipped with tears,
The emotions couldn't outpour.
'I was a fool', he thought
'to have thought them my own'
'live them in dreams'
'toil so they can be happy'.
Now one among many,
He waits for execution
By the ones he thought his own
Though he couldn't otherwise,
It was built into him.
The anguished cries from his heart
Reverberate in the corridor
And the cries of the others
Melt and merge with his.
He wished he was not born a robot!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Rocky Woman

chiseled out of rock
the sculpted woman was an instant hit!

her large unblinking eyes held a mystical hint
her full lips stirred an untrodden passion
her stone-carved breasts were forbiddingly alluring
her smoothed rock skin was strangely inviting!

they gaped awestruck the rocky woman
full blossomed radiant in all her curvature
a beauty divinely distant beyond the periphery of touch!

they fell in love with each part of her

for sometime

and when her wholeness eluded

immersed her!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Romance

To him she's an eyesore.

Early morn she comes to his door
Dog walking!

Not that he hates dog
A bachelor though
He holds no dislike for women
Secretly watches through the window
The leasher and the leashed
Very displeased

For in the evening's dim-lit road
His shoes often meet soft messy things
Hidden in the undergrowth
and he being a gentleman
is left to curse under his breath
venting in the air his flak
and again next morn
they're back!

He imagines the woman is alone and free
with only the dog as company
and given a chance
could bud romance
around her neck his arm would loop
and he would live happily ever after

with her and dog poop!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Rooftop

What I like best
Is when the sun dips west
To come with a hop
To the Rooftop!
I see how red with blue blends
As another day ends
After a tiring day looking for rest
The birds are in hurry to find their nest!
As the light grows dim
Colors spill on the sky at whim
I feel a peace rise in me
That breaks all shackles
And sets me free!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Ross Island

You can smell blood in the air
See billowing smokes of gunfire
Feel the fettered men that died there
From hunger disease and hard labor!

Still reek the tennis court and the bakery
Of the sweats of penal toils in that island
Till they fell and died in slavery
To the lashes of the whips of ruler's hand!

The water plant stands like a cruel mockery
Its ironed frame now ruined in century's rust
Reminding those souls killed for bravery
Never got a drop of water to quench thirst!

Over the wails of the prisoners were made a paradise
Where the monsters retired to seek love at night
But the crumbling ruins of that island cannot disguise
the stains of blood and denial of prisoners' right!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Rubber Band

Summers ago when he was ten
his first blush was born from her glance
on his yard fell the first rain
he had but met her only once.

Most precious gift gave her tiny hand
one that he kept in a matchbox
no ring it was a red rubber band
long lost still at his heart knocks.

How can stop time by a girl's whim
stales never a moment of closeness
when love was an unripened dream
lust was an unknown address.

The boy soon grew to become a man
the girl went to some faraway land
they come but once in one lifespan
his first blush her hand's rubber band.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Rulers And Their Rules

The majority are for the law
But laws are for the fools
The mighty breaks it with guffaw
Fools blindly abide by the rules.
Laws are made for the mass
To force them to follow some rules
By a few known as the ruling class
That frames them as disciplinary tools.
Laid down to prevent anarchy
Laws turn weapons for the powerful
Legalize the might and hierarchy
Of the forces that control and rule.
Laws apply differently for colors of skin
Some are treated more equal than others
Depend on appearances dirty or clean
They don't treat all mankind as brothers.
The strangest thing about the legal rules
Is most often for the poor they turn deaf
But then you know rules are for fools
The rulers can get away with mischief.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Rules Of Thumb

In my most perilous times
I go by the devil's book.

Burying conscience its tender rhymes
I find myself the safest nook.

In my times of hardest deals
I act as the devil wills.

Shedding my fragile conscientious guise
I find haven in compromise.

In my hours of moral crises
I decide what the devil please.

Stripping my garb of holy goodness
I find refuge in the devil's face.

In my times when rages tempest
I qualify in the devil's test.

His writs make me override
My morals and move onto devil's side.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Run Boy Run!

Before the east glows in the sun
Run boy run
Only they who run
Know the fun
Of leaving the bed
And going ahead
5 chimes the bell
And off you sail
Sniffing the smell of grass
Past you the winds rush
Run along as if on wing
To reach where the larks sing
Up down down up the feet
Lub-dub goes up heartbeat
Like invincible one you run
To feel the morn so sweet!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Rush Hour

Each to do in the morn
he stays focused on
still suffers the nagging doubt
something he's leaving out.

Morn is the rush hour.

giving the parrots a shower
feeding budgies making tea
making things for office ready.

Morn is the time for hurried food.

foul temper sullen mood
in the monstrous urgency
forgetting all decency.

The volatile morn fast departs.

it's enough if on time he starts
for a place he must be for hours' grind
leaving nothing behind but his mind!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Sacrilege

You are giving me a trying time
You are testing my patience.
But know when I can't take it anymore
When I reach the darkest abyss
I'll rise to challenge your tyranny
I'll perform the ugliest sacrilege.
Turning around from a thousand death
I'll rise to live and die just once.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Salvation

Oh what salvation lies
In rain's musical note
That gathers the dreams for eyes
Makes reality remote.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Salvation (8w)

No salvation
From salivation
When hunger
Sees food

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Sandbar

Come here beckoned the sea
though I have receded beyond sandbar
come awhile to be with me
low tide has taken me far.

my eyes pierced the haze saw beyond her crown
glinted in the tidal greed narrowed in longing frown
the heart pumped and the feet itched it is not that far
her kiss and the saline hug veiled behind sandbar.

what if it's just a dream and much more is at stake
going there for her embrace gathering wispy flakes
may seem unworthy on waves the wishes' ride
she would reveal none or little she would only hide.

what if it's a trap her feigned bait alluring
the hovering mirage before touch would fly away on wings
the shining buzz of the haloed night drowsily winking stars
they all know I mustn't yield to travel beyond sandbar.

I could hear the deafening voices coming from shore behind
they chorused be alert of pitfalls of a tempted drunken mind
too long cocooned in comfort zone can no more go that far
come back pick up the broken pieces this side of sandbar.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Saplings (10w)

Ever heard
The faint flap of wings,
When planted
Saplings?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Savage

Before I take one last bow
Plunge it hard deep it go
I beg

When history writes its page
Mark me not a savage
But one who loved his girl well
Till to the trap he fell
Of being too fussy
In love's jealousy
A trait that breed
Possessive greed
Pay reasons no heed
In love blind and mean
Doubt the virgin
And end up
Spilling misery's cup
Cursing fate
Realizing too late
An act badly done
Killing the beloved one
Losing patience
To see her innocence
And then beg
The history's page

Not to mark him a savage

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Saving Grace

Night though deep
Still elusive
A drooping eye,
Toss on bed
The thoughts in head
Moon passes by.
Needs a break
But wide awake
The racing mind,
Thinks it best
To forego rest
Search and find.
The night no bliss
Peace goes amiss
A trying time,
Though sleepless
The saving grace
Is a streaming rhyme.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Savior

I'm so happy,
This morn god used me
Save a life
At least for the time being.

A water-hen chick
My cats' fav pick
Its groan woke me.

Chased with a stick
The predator so to speak
It dropped the bird free.

The early sun hour
Blessed me savior's power
The chick escaped with a broken wing.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Scalpel Art

a few strokes of scalpel art
reveal the man's heart

awhile ago it was throbbing

wanting
loving
smiling
weeping
committing
fearing
fail-ing
feeling
filling
falling
rising
daring
dreaming

end of a fable

lying in peace

on the mortuary table.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Scar

Soon his car was full of scars.

Was a time
He kept it clear of grime
Dusted off even a speck of soil
Put in his labors all his toil
To see
His car scratch free.

But in this running game
One after the other came
Streaks upon streaks of rough embrace
Leaving behind the ugly trace
Of unerasable scars
On his new car

Now he sings in philosophic mode
Scratch is inevitable as you run on the road
You can travel only that far
Beyond which waits the first scar.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Search

I have pursued you
For long years
Finding and losing you anew
Through joy and tears.
Sometimes like a fragrance
That's lost in a moment
Or a face at a distance
Vague and crescent.
Though constant companion
You never stay on
Before I know you, you are gone
Leaving me alone.
Still for years I walk miles
Chasing the shadow of your smiles
Finding and losing you
Only to seek you anew.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Sea's Torment

In the depth of the ocean
Swells a cruel motion
Submarine rocks rattle
Furious is earth's mantle.
The sand and blue seashore
Doesn't tell what brews in core
The silent revolt deep within
Can cause havoc and ruin.
Innocently I sip my tea
Before me the peaceful sea
So cool and beautiful
But elements, they still rule.
They build it up slow
Pounce on you before you know
Unshackled, wildly they break free
As calm sea's torment called tsunami!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Seashells

Getting out from the waves
She walked away to the rice bran haze
As the summer heat drove the sands mad
I knew what she had gone for.

She would hunt it like a child any day
A few seashells if came her way
My skin burning and eyes dust borne
Moments all to herself she desired alone.

On the distant shoreline when she was a speck
Stirred me a tremor then a rumbling quake
What if so happens she is gone too far
Turned a sea nymph to return never!

The tides were falling weaving a lull
The sun slanted on the wings of gull
I rose up to find sand prints of her trail
She bloomed like a hope in her handful of shell!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Second Coming

Every evening I find him at the bus stop
Under the semi-dark shed
In posture meditative
As if he isn't waiting for bus
But something more serious
Like god's second coming!

When I greet him
He bows in ponderous nod
But not a word passes between us
Breaking his impenetrable aloofness!

I find his serenity alike the evening
Softly descending to lull the day's noise
That he in perfect meditative poise
Let envelope his whole being
And it looks he isn't waiting for bus

But god's second coming!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Seconds Hand

Tick tock tick tock
The seconds hand of the clock
Ceaselessly goes round,
It doesn't know to stop
As the moments gallop
Stretches time without bound.
Tick tock tick tock
The seconds hand of the clock
Sweeps time without rest,
It doesn't know to pause
Cannot break the laws
It can't slow down or haste.
Tick tock tick tock
The seconds hand of the clock
Counts the time in motion,
It moves on ruthless
In a cruel orderliness
With no touch of emotion!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Secret Joy

Looked around to make sure he wasn't seen
Then with a self-mocking grin
He put on the funniest pair.

His face glowed in an unimaginable happiness
Born of his fanciful whim
And the secret was only known to him.

He felt he had stumbled on a precious find
To hide in his mind all day.

His feet too felt tickled
By those strange disparate mates
How everyday sameness they hate.

As for his shoes
They hadn't a clue.

(he chuckled)

Like is not heard the nocturnal bird's wing
They would never have inkling
No one
About this grotesque fun.

It harmed nobody
Not to know the secret of his feet
All day he would be carrying with
His selfish change-seeking self.

When he sat and the trousers went up
The sight of his own feet
Almost gave him a hiccup.

(he chuckled)

Come boy if this is not boundless joy
what is?

Back home
He threw them in the wash-tub
Only to catch next morn her surprised stare.

You've worn again
Socks from two different pairs!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Secret Of My Pride

I am just a name
No money, no claim to fame
Just an ordinary guy
Who holds his head high!
You can count me as any
One among the countless many
Just another face in the crowd
Who has not stopped being proud!
You may ask why the vanity
You can pity the humble's dignity
Not knowing the true measure
Of the possessions in my treasure!
I have a richly simple life
An undemanding girl as a wife
My heart she really does win
She's a woman no boasting queen!
We have a son (a daughter it could be)
A bubbly one that babbles in glee
I don't mind missing the sunrise
We see it every moment in his eyes!
I have a house with little to show
But a patch of blue from window
And a backyard so cutely thin
To barely hold a streak of green!
But it's not the house so much
The wonder is my wife's magic touch
That tides whatever the weather
And keeps our home together!
So you know dear reader my mate
The key of my pride the secret
With all the world's wealth on my side
Shouldn't I bear myself with pride?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

See Off

As the sun rose,
vermillion on her nose,
weary from the night's consummation,
she was by the seaside.
She smelled of a fragrance
cheap but astonishingly sweet,
her eyes incredibly melancholic
gazed as far as the sea.
The worry shadowing her face
made it look outlandishly beautiful.
He is sailing to faraway sea
whence many have not returned,
and here she is to see off
her fisherman on a perilous voyage.
Soon the boat crowned the waves
and merged with the horizon.
She turned back for her hamlet,
determined not to cast her eyes on a widow.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Seed Of Beauty

Wilts beauty of flower.
Take heart from her seed's power!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Selling Razor On The Street

Hey, sir, take home this razor
The sharpest one in silver chrome
While you would have the shaving pleasure
I could cut bread at home.
Cuts so fine your face would treasure
Get it and have the smoothest cheek
While you would have the shaving pleasure
I could feed my kid for a week.
It's so cheap sir, just a shilling
Your fortune's armor in silver chrome
May bring you good luck, god willing,
I could light a fire at home.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Sentiment

Just when the dog dug its nose
In frantic search for food
Deep into the garbage,
I saw a luring cleavage.
But it didn't mend my wounds.
Just when I saw the caged bird
Giving the sky a moist look,
I saw her hazel hair
Flying in the air,
But it didn't soothe my heart.
They don't heal anymore
Me and my damned sentiment!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Sentinel

The old woman not rues loss of yesteryears
Crumbled though her wrinkles still break in cheers
Her lips parched long dried up her eyes
But if you look close they hold residues of sunrise.
In festive times her folks light her peeling skin
Burn on her candles ornate her within
Revived she feels in the glow of a cobwebbed blush
She turns a petite feminine splendid gorgeous.
But like her past glory they soon in time fade
She grows still older more in years decayed
Staunchly holds ground with the memory of bygone
Knowing when the end comes nobody would mourn.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Sentinel Of The Dark

The furtive husher of noise
Stealthily graceful in poise
The silent sentinel in the din
Call them cute or mean!
They flourish they thrive
Networking like beehive
A stubborn snatching cult
Life for them is difficult!
They're surely a game
Stones are pelted at them
People say they're no good
Always hungry for food!
Out in the rain and heat
There's no love in the street
Day for them is rough ride
Cowering in corners to hide!
When the town sleeps at night
In the dark their eyes glow bright
Presence they freely announce
These hunters are ready to pounce!
But I feel so love-smitten
By the blue eyes of a kitten
And the way it looks at my eyes
When on my lap it peacefully lies!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Separation

Her wings not willing to fly
Her heart heavy
She gave it another try
It was her baby.
She looked at the frosty surround
Herself covered with snow flake
As in groups they flew homebound
To leave a deadly silence on the lake.
She was praying for one flutter
To bring alive the wings of her baby
So it could soar far away from winter
And with its mother could be.
She held it close to her breast
Uttered a shrill soulful cry
Then from the graveyard of nest
She launched herself into the sky.
The chick gave a painful wail
Its eyes brimming with dark cloud
Downy flakes from up ceaselessly fell
Weaving on the baby a shroud.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Serves Right

Two blue duck eggs
Had got me smitten
Halted my legs

Picked them to be eaten!

Had enough of the hen's
They tasted so stale
Said my clever sense

Duck eggs would serve well!

Brought home the oval two
Two pearls whitish blue
Thought it precious gotten

Lo both of them were rotten!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Seven Seas

I haven't seen your face
Across the seven seas
Yet you have made in my heart a place
I'm drunk in your poetry.

Truth said doesn't matter your face
If your eyes are black or brown
In your poetry's grace
I so blissfully drown.

Don't know if your name is real or pen
Your skin is fair or dark
Knowing your poetry is enough gain
You have made in my heart your mark.

I know this and only this much
You from across the seven seas
Have always let me feel your touch
Made my living days worthy!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Seven Trees

Seven trees she cried
Clutching each other
Seven trees all heading for the sky!

Past the distance I saw her smile
As the drizzle passed us by!

Not all them can grow as tall
Though each would love to go high
But the seven trees tied in one dream
Would one day soar to the sky!

One bore alluring fruits
Another stuck out thorns
One grew maze of entwined roots
Another was bitter born!

One grew without even one care
Yet shades men in all weather
One was dark bark another fair
But all happy to be just there!

I took her hand in mine
Her eyes turned after rain shy
Then drunk in the smell of earthen wine
We took one flight to the sky!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Shades Of Pain

She sobbed ceaseless, her pretty face, was such pitiful a sight
It moved the stars, to think what curse, had befallen the night.
On her empty cot, left with her thought, pillow wetted in tears' stain
Moon felt morose, stopped on its course, at her pain's sad refrain.
In that moment, in agony spent, she hadn't a comforting arm
To smooth her hairs, soothe her tears, ask what had caused her harm.
Was it her love that deserted her, some cruel blow of fate?
Loss of dear one, untimely gone or treated ill by her mate.
None knew what it was, why her eyes were awash, with steadily flowing stream
Did her man abandon her, moved away afar, shattering her heart's all dream?
Her lips didn't tell, what her befell, not a soul was there to know
Unbridled rain, spoke of her pain, she couldn't rein the flow.

At that instance, as if by chance, a man stood on her door
Said 'quickly take, the pill for toothache, don't you cry anymore'.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Shadows

My silent tears
my depressions
my implosive dreams

I'm leaving behind with you.

My love is all drained
to start anew!

My trust
my faith
relics of love

I'm leaving behind on your door.

My love is too dug out
to start any more!

love is too dug out
love is too drained
heart is too empty
to start once again!

My caring eyes
pairing hopes
lost sunrise

I'm leaving behind with you.

My love is all spent
to start anew!

love is too spent
stuck in moments
sunk in lament
to start once again!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Shadows Of Sunset

Why it seems so far now?
The distance I have traversed,
Easily, casually, routinely,
Year in and year out,
Now appears like a chasm
That's so difficult to cross,
An end so hard to wander off
And impossible to reach!
Why it seems so far now?
Your heart from that of mine,
The voyage that was so frequent
Reaching, touching and feeling you,
Now appears like an abstraction
That's so difficult to imagine,
A gulf such terribly vast
That even my dreams can't span!
Why it seems so far now?
The path that I have traversed
Appears frustratingly incomprehensible,
Things so familiar not making sense,
Replaced by a void from deep inside
That puzzles at every known thing,
Love becomes a dark alley
Where I'm doomed never to find my way!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Shadows Of Survival

Shadows move in the foggy streetlight
The lone dog's shadow, there's no food in sight.
All skin and bone, it shivers in the cold
O God be kind put the cold on hold.
The dog begs warmth, frozen is his nose
In pursuit of warmth two shadows get close.
Seeking the heat two shadows clasp tight
The dog is stiff cold, there's no warmth in sight.
The night will be long, hunger will bite
O God let the dog see another daylight.
Two shadows merge warm close and tight
The dog will not give up without a fight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Shadows Of The Future

As it sank in the daughter,
She dug up a thing from deep inside.
"if I may ask you dear mother,
something you've always tried to hide.
why father moved away from you
why couldn't you two together stay
did he make it too difficult for you
or was it just the other way? "
she wetted her throat once more
wryly looked her daughter in the eye
"would you please fill another pour,
to make sure I don't lie?
I thought I loved him, my summer's first rain,
My burning heart's balm, among all other men
Madly I went for him, good at love that he was,
You can call it infatuation, a woman's first crush,
As long as the storm raged, the fire had me ablaze,
I rode like a horseman in that blinding rain's daze,
But once it passed and I woke up to real life
We were no more lovers but just husband and wife.
You would know it daughter, it's only an instance
Before the passions dry up, evaporates the romance,
Under their layers I found him just another guy,
I couldn't live for him nor for him could I die".
The daughter fell silent not knowing what to say
She hasn't seen her father who she dreams to this day
The mother poured herself another in the dimming light
The daughter saw herself receding into a darkly strange night.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Shaping Destiny

The here the now
You don't know how
Where they sink
Before a wink!
It's too fast
Too brief they last
A moment's incense
Denied permanence!
But have no remorse
Now is on its course
Creating what will be
Shaping destiny!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Sharing The Earth

There's enough on this earth
Not enough for man's greed
Nature's resources have no dearth
But for us the ravaging breed!
Think we own we dominate
For the others we decide fate
We care little for their distress
The world is ours only our place!
Invading forests filling wastelands
God's design we spoil with our hands
Blissfully forgetting that for us to survive
The others sharing the planet must also thrive!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Shaving Glass

A look at the shaving mirror
And I remember
The face of the one that went before me
The hand that held the razor
Warm breath that fogged the glass
Same spot where he stood
Seems a moment yet gone for good!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

She Comes To My Mind

On its sleepy stairs
The pond weaves me a dream

She comes to my mind
Like twin moon on still water
A pallid reflection
Broken to fragments
In wind's touch
Sinking into muddy depth
Till a fish breath bubble
Catches a miniature moon

The night whispers
Too soon too soon
She's gone to the stars!

On its sleepy stairs
The pond weaves me a dream
When moonlight bares
In my eyes
Night dew's gleam!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

She Found Me Out

not handsome though
luck came my way
she found me out
loved me one day

loved me one day
then one day more
she gave me a place
took me indoor

took me indoor
let me be within
loved me the way
I had never been

I had never been
handsome though
she saw me through
in one go

Pradip Chattopadhyay

She Leaves A Scent For Me

She leaves a scent for me when away.

On those lonely nights I take her to bed
Taste the nectars of her womanhood
Till I'm all over her vermillioned head!

Hear her heartbeat in sleepless night's crumpled sheet
Re-spinning fantasies of wild dances long forgotten
And I gasp in that ecstatic rise and fall in unbearable pain
Melting me into her onto her inescapably besotten!

She leaves a scent for me when away.

She takes me to the bed with her
On her forehead a moonbeamed star
Burning me like newly wed!

A woman never fades even on the empty bed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

She Needs You To Buy

Sweet voice faceless
Nice words she tells
But she means business
She needs to raise her sells!

Her sweetness may be fake
But little is her choice
Sales she needs to make
With her sugary voice!

A voice on the line
Begging you a minute
She has target to meet
You can tick her off anytime!

.
She's keen you lend her ear
At end of deal say yes
Wants you for a minute to bear
So she can do the sales!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

She Will Never Know

She shrinks running on the beach
winds reach her hairs dancing free
smaller she grows far out of reach
around her prance the waves wildly.

Her limbs all gone, gone is her ache
she's now again a pristine child
with sandy footprints skin sunbaked
she catches me in her love beguiled.

In the saline wind her coppered face
stoops for treasure of wave washed pearl
in enslaving thrall of love's wellness
years wind her back a little girl.

Soon she will be back with worn out shells
boast of her finds from the seashore
never knowing in those moments' windy sails
she unlocked in me a long locked door.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

She Won'T Bear With My Silence

The moment her lips open
I start talking nonsense
I know how the women
Can't bear men's silence.
Her face in anger white
Mind benumbed of sense
She would sorely miss the fight
If I stubbornly hold patience.
I know what she craves for
Her eyes so clearly foretell
Something I deeply abhor
Pairing up with her in quarrel.
But she won't bear with silence
Wants the heat to be on
If I keep quiet as defense
She can't fight it alone.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Shelved

Taking Devil's help
I lock my self
in the shelf

Pradip Chattopadhyay

She's Mine

she flirts with all,
knowing her beauty's alluring wine
none can decline.

each one feels she's on his side.
her love is too wide
to be confined to one mind
so they all find in her
their lover!

and when above the highway
she shines
each one thinks

she's mine!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

She's The Girl

Where sways in the wind the eucalyptus
with chiming bells rolls the bullock cart
lies the hut of my dream sown in wild grass
lives the girl I have loved and given my heart!

She is the girl not been ever to a city
she isn't the girl can call clever and witty
a girl without a mirror she's the most pretty
and I have loved her and given all my heart!

Her skin is dark cloud her lips river's flow
her eyes are sky deep tinged with rainbow
she isn't the girl skilled in love's fine art
she is the girl I have loved and given my heart!

Her hair rusty black makes the winds insane
her smiles streaming brook no artist can paint
a girl without polish yet a beauty on the earth
and I have loved her and given all of my heart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Shoes & Morals

Why I walk the street in a cobbler's shoe?
What's new, you may ask, that we all do!
But nay, this one, I had to borrow from him
Still one furlong my shoes ran out of steam!

The cobbler was visibly aghast
Doubtful looks on me he cast
Then he said in a garbled groan
I sell shoes not give on loan!

I cursed myself and the shoes I wore
Brought months back from a big shoe store
Price was high for the branded trust
A mere few months and the pair went bust!

So here I'm at the cobbler's door
Walk I must a furlong more
Begging for an old worn shoe
My humble feet with that can do!

The guy though felt ill at ease
Seeing the misery bowed to my wish
Brought out for me a dirt stained one
Going barefoot could not be fun!

I tell you friends a story that's true
The cobbler loaned me a pair of shoe
I could only give him good wish
Before I hurried on my way to office!

If you ever beg love of her
This small story you must remember
She hasn't a way but make you her own
Can either sale love or give it on loan!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Shoeshiner

His eyes meet
The passing feet,
They watch.
If from gallops
One stops,
A prized catch!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Shopkeeper

The wares the shop sells are all worn and fade
Cashbox is empty business is in the red
The man behind the counter couldn't care less
Happy to be there at the forgotten address!
Cobwebs gaily growing no footsteps on its floor
A wonder the shop keeps open its door
For long no buyer not one item is sold
The shop stands there timelessly old!
Not any knows it, not one comes to buy
The shopkeeper waits, not asks himself why
His wares spread amid the gathering dust
No money in cashbox, in his heart undying trust,
Someday someone would walk in from some corner of earth
Value his wares on display, pay the price they're worth!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Shortcut

Hurry dear it's fast darkening
We must be home before evening
So saying she looked at her
The walk was long home was far.

She glanced at her daughter's face
Then held her tight in sweet embrace
Knowing the child's little feet
Couldn't do much to achieve the feat.

When she started she thought it best
To take the shortcut through the forest
But shadows here quickly descend
Daylight fades with each bend.

She quickened pace strained her ears
The silence spoke in many whispers
She heard something that scared her wit
Sound behind her of some dragging feet.

Someone was following her in that wild
She heard its footsteps didn't tell her child
Paused awhile and picked up her daughter
Kissed her soft cheek put her on shoulder.

Mummy there's someone coming behind
When I look for it none I find
Don't be scared dear just the birds' wings
I can see it clear behind us is nothing.

She kept walking as fast she could
To escape the something lurking in the wood
The footsteps behind seemed to keep them in watch
Quickened its pace any moment could catch.

The forest thinned out their home came to sight
The small white cottage shone in moonlight
At the gate was her husband waiting in worried face
She told him we're safely back by kind God's grace.

The little child was still scared she too had heard the sound
Of someone coming behind footsteps on the ground
Though wearied out by the travel it kept haunting her head
After end of dinner when mummy put her on bed.

When the house fell quiet she heard her mother say
Darling I'm terribly scared I had a horrible day
In the forest was someone behind us it did follow

I saw a figure with no head but a hollow!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Showpiece

Deep in the forest
Fed by the soil
Nourished by the sun and rain
It etched itself onto the sky.
As it receded from the ground
Its wings mourning the upward drift
Retained the earthbound bond
Passed the sky's nectar into the soil,
Showering gratitude by casting its shadow
For all down below to soothe their weary frames,
Sheltering the potent ones from ravages up
So they like it one day grow into a behemoth.
Once clothed mankind's nudeness
Now remorselessly denuded by the axe of progress
Twisted gnarled deformed at man's pleasure,
Wizened mummy, in our room a showpiece furniture!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Shut And Open

Quietly opens the door
The room devours me empty
Just here and then no more
I have nowhere to flee.
She is scattered in the room
Even in the cobwebbed nook
The air reeks of a bewitched gloom
She speaks silence wherever I look.
Quietly shuts the door
Just here and then no more
After the pain is long gone
I'll be in the room all alone.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Sight

you say put on your specs papa
you don't see the screen
you don't see the page
don't seem to see anything these days

come boy when you are my age
you don't need to see the screen
you don't need to see the page
for they're by now all
tilled
filled
spilled
and you say to yourself
son I don't need no spec
for them now I can make remake
after countless read countless write
this mind tell me
I need no sight
for outside it's all empty
and inside
they deeply hide!

son when you tell me
I don't mind
for surely the times
would make you find
with all planted within
you wouldn't need to see the screen
see the page
when a father of my age!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Signs

Around him surrounds noise of motion
He suffers silence of the depth of ocean
Drowned in himself far removed from din
He lives closeted in his world within.

Words reach him in wind's disguise
Mean nothing he must read the eyes
For ripples emitting when lips do part
Can't travel the distance to touch his heart.

The storms that rage he cannot convey
Absorbs all not a thing can say
Mocks him his vision in the blasted light
He wished he could cry out with all his might.

His thoughts unsaid debar tales of rejoice
Fate was too blind to leave him a choice
Other than to imprint his mind on his face
If you care to read there his woes and happiness.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Silence

there's beauty in silence
except when
it echoes a void.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Silence Is Nuisance

Silence is nuisance
Silence when you can't make sense
Why people shout
What it's all about.
It pains
To bear silence
Words are faint
World distant!
Rid it
See ENT specialist!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Silence Of Shame

Without your knowing,
Beyond your eyes,
Past all care,
Bereft of your understanding,
I cry.
I wipe the tears but they still flow
In the silence of my shame!
The hands I trusted decapitated me
And I have no fires to burn them down.
My bludgeoned body, blackened face,
Now abandoned in the darkest recess,
Shed tears and wipe them,
To hide from the world
An agony none can share.
My scarred soul cries alone
In the silence of shame!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Silence Of Your Heart

I want to listen to the silence of your heart
That tells of sorrows no word could shape
Of fallen dreams, the endless rape
Of forever giving without any hope of return
Of scars of eternal burn!
The words are vain
They only hide your pain
Now before death do us part,
I must listen to the silence of your heart.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Silent Fountain

He doesn't ever speak
He finds nothing to say
He doesn't take sides
He has no belief to decide.
Quietly he listens to one and all
Without taking any of their call
The only hint on his inexpressive face
Is the melancholy of detached happiness.
It means nothing cause and chance
God for him is an aloof distance
When the clouds skim the sky's blue
He finds them pleasant without a clue.
He isn't bothered of goal and fate
Of probing deep for cause and effect
When the stars beget a tranquil evening
The birds go back with suns in their wing
He needn't run wild to hunt and find
The silent fountain that immerses his mind.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Silken Moment

Winter sun mellowing on him
Drowned in his newspaper
I caught him on film.
He never knew
I did never show him
The silken moment
That now shows like a dream.
Will I ever be caught,
Same way by my son
Frozen for him to see alone
With a happiness his own and no regret,
His father's portrait from a silken moment!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Silver Lining

When I find a seat in the bus
thoughts throng me words rush
when I stand in the jostle I regret
how rhymes are frittered go a-waste!

But in standing there's a silver lining
I care to see the visages around me
darkly grim or happily shining
the many faces of moving poetry!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Simple

Life becomes more enduring when simple.

Simple needs
Simple wants
Simple ways
Simple pleasures
Simple measures...

Attaining this though not simple
Is worth trying
Amid the challenging realization
It's simply impossible!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Simple Words

Tell me words simple
that on my heart
when softly land
I understand,
and when they depart
leave me a smile's dimple.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Sin

He dipped in holy water
As a penance
For all the sin done.

His sins swam ashore
To the dry comfort of land

For they hadn't a doubt

Once he got out

He would hold their hands.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Sinner

Serpentine corpuscles trickle to his chin
as they batter him in incensed anger's blow
but couldn't they break the broken man within
the sinner long used to seeing own blood's flow!

Kill him the frenzied crowd storms over him
ceaseless punches fall like moribund rain
insane monsters' boiling wrath's steam
would stop only when is numbed all his pain!

His meek hands vainly struggle to defend
cracked bones clang like splintered glass
head bows then curves in crumbled bend
till his frame yields to the merciless mass!

Be scared not he has died thus in the past
repaired revived and released from cell
every time coming back in renewed lust
to walk once again through the fire of hell!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Sirpent

You know my maths teacher
He was my greatest torment
Though I had to address him sir
Would rather have called him sirpent!

Easier sums he solved for us
The hardest he left for me
While I was made a fool in the class
He would watch and smile in glee!

I found him always scheming
To prove I was one big jackass
Who couldn't solve the easiest thing
And deserved on the back a bash!

I still shudder at the thought of him
My time with him was worst spent
He comes back to haunt me in dream
Not for nothing I call him sirpent!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Sitting Duck

Price rises in spate
So is not earned buck
Hits me hard market
I fall like sitting duck.

Home's need for grocery
Rises so too price
My call for austerity
She finds not at all nice.

Goes up quickly tariff
Not my meager earn
Life is pretty stiff
With bump and ugly turn.

Still I breathe carefree
Though my poems don't pay
In her sweet company
Look to another day.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Sixteen

Don't know where she is on this day
the world though small she's too far
years have traveled a long way
and she was sixteen when I last saw her!

Can't imagine her a grown woman
with shades of grey wrinkled skin
my time with her so fast ran
and I had seen her last at sixteen!

Does she sing a line of the love song
in a forlorn night remember
a boy lost to her for too long
and she was sixteen when I last saw her!

Can't imagine any older she could be
the girl a lover could have been
but the winds blew her too quickly
and I had seen her last at sixteen!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Small & Big

a small man dies somewhere
he doesn't make news
they are no news
herds of small men dying everyday.

big men only capture the headlines
big politicians big deceivers
no petty thieves or pickpockets
but swindlers of nations

you are awed by the headlines
the big bold letters
big disasters mishaps
genocide mass extinction

and may miss in one corner
a news of a man of no imprint
a small man's death in small print

an ill-paid half starved courier
his head crushed by a brick somewhere
not a thief nor a beggar
but looking forever
an address to deliver
going from door to door
with his back breaking loads
on alien bylanes and roads
where someone suspecting him a thief
broke his head with a brick

the small man in his death
made it to the news
only if you noticed it
from under big prints.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Smell Of Last Rain

Smell of last rain still not dried on their bark
They stand skyward taller somber and dark
I part the sodden grass to see if there's a mark
Of the autumn's trail when I last walked the park!

Does it still survive there the hushed canopied shade
Where sweet nothings were whispered commitments made
Dreams grew like wild grass and then in despair bled
As time ripped the woven words made them a barren glade!

Do they still come there in two lover's timeless face
Sit on the wooden bench embraced in sculpted grace
For in those summer noons they hadn't an address
Except in the labyrinth of heart a misty priceless place!

Can I still find them the two heads drawing close
Looking bonded for eternity breathing from one nose
Never making it but never timeworn forever new
In the pursuit of autumn's trail the duo of me and you!

Smell of last rain still not dried on their bark
They bough over the couples in foliage green dark
For years will breeze past but they'll make their mark
When they choose to hold hand and walk into the park!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Smell Of Love

You left your smell in me
It won't go with the ashes
I would not let wind carry it away
'you are in me', it would say!
When I stop being there
I would hold on to the smell
I would not let time take it away
'love can't die anyway'!
Moving around with your smell
Wherever I am heaven or hell
The spring of love would never dry
I would never let it die!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Smell Of Pollen

I keep losing the butterfly,
I chase the smell of pollen
On its sunned wings
And the nights of dews
When it flutters no more.
In my dreams it lands
With its soft brush of touch,
So close to me, yet so far,
Melting in the dark.
I chase it, lose it and wail for it.
The butterfly is there always
Coming back to haunt
The dreams of my dust,
With the smell of pollen
On its sunned wings
That flutters no more
In the earthly night.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Smell Of Romance

When I am away from you
Or you are away
I sniff the air for your smell
I weave your image in my eyes
Let it roam into my mind.
I feel forlorn when I miss you.
The distance creates an aura of romance -
Moments without you, yet filled with you.
Coming back reinstates the staleness,
Of being too close for too long!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Smile's Labor

the bride and the groom
everyone's eyes they catch.

what a match
they gush!

you are on which side
the beautiful bride
or the groom
all elegance and class!

if you stray a little from their grace
to look at the painted face
standing at the gate
receiving each guest with a smile
seemingly having fun
bowing to everyone
his smile's labor
paid in hour,

you feel a gloom
shadowing over the bride and the groom!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Snake Park

Now he was standing on the border.

He heard his own voice say

this deadly option reconsider

also heard it say

your hunch can betray

so can your sense

pause man before you travel the distance.

No, he wouldn't listen to that voice

having made the choice

not anymore to defer

what deserved the woman that wronged her.

She was giggling and saw no harms
when he picked her up in his arms.

The rock python smelled flesh falling from the sky.

You have to die he whispered you have to die.

The gateman was dozing and no eyes had watched him.

He must now run away from this bad dream!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Sneeze Poem

Two buds of garlic
Ginger in tea
Can't do the trick
Can't produce poetry.

Can spare you a sneeze
I'm done with too many
When blows the breeze
When it's rainy.

Where springs the fountain
Flowing ceaseless thru nose
Once sneeze sneeze again
Don't feel so morose.

It's the day to be dumb
Better if you resign
When nose is red numb
Can't pen a one line.

Through sun and the rain
It's time tested old
Once sneeze sneeze again
Lo no remedy for cold.

Gingered tea cup
Can't kill the enemy
It's time to wrap up
Close the shop for poetry.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

So Be It

Chirping beauties in rainbow plume, pick them as you please
But what drew her was the one pair on sale for forty rupees.
Surely an offer not to drain her coffer, she quickly grabbed the two
Proudly flaunted her prized catch, with them she could do.
On reaching home as she watched close, she couldn't hold her rage
One was lame the other blind, a duo crippled with age.
Then she cooled and uttered after a contemplative pause
'it's god's will and be sure his will, is never without cause.
'They were not cared for nor loved, nursed and properly fed
Had I not made them my own, they would soon have been dead.
So it is god wanted me to go and hunt them out
On his wish I brought them home, his wills are served no doubt.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

So Little Bared Yet

She wore below a knee length skirt
reaching neck above cleavage
love at those times was quite an art
for romance was the golden age!

Little was revealed of her tender skin
closed knees she sat pulling frock
what mystery was it that lay within
that tempted teen heart to unlock!

Most revealed was her dark bare feet
her ribboned hair oiled crow black
when she walked stopped heartbeat
knees grew weak and slack!

She was the girl the most beautiful
the girl that bared not much
a girl to be sought breaking all the rule
I could die for her just one touch!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

So Said Voltaire

In an experimental fix
A dog was turned a man
In a few weeks!
Soon it made his mark
Instead of woof and bark
Freed from dog's leash
It turned selfish.
Gone was its doggy sense
Its loyalty and innocence
Once out of reins
It bared the human impatience.
It trusted nobody nor had friend
Just talked, its ears it didn't lend
Always seeking profit and bargain
At others' misery it felt no pain.
It was seen with pity
How losing its dogged dignity
It stooped for the smallest compromise
Man's hallmark and it was no surprise.
So for all to see it's there
The wisdom of Voltaire
In saying straight and plain
That he liked dogs more than men.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Solace (6w)

Prosaic

Finds solace

In poetry's grace.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Sole Mate

When I run on the road of potholes
Beat the signal to go to other side
I feel the worth of my tattered soles
Thank good luck for being on my side.

You needn't shed a tear
You needn't mind it dear
Though came the new year
Didn't buy a new pair.

I tell you through my tears
I'm not a miser
But through all my years
Have grown wiser!

It has run all concrete length
Sun's heat and soaking rain
But still is left with strength
To sprint on all terrain!

You needn't tell me dear
It brings me lump of tear
That its death is overdue
It's time to get a new!

I tell you a fact of truth
My holed mate looks uncouth
Looks wretched in broken sole
But it's a living faithful soul.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Someone Else's

My bed is still warm,
Still lingers the heat
Of her on the bed sheet,
Still warmly wet
With the drops of her sweat
From the toil she made
On this bed.
Strands of her hair
Are still there
Where her head
Touched the bed,
Trails she signed,
Her fingers designed,
While she was spent
For the divinest moment.
I know I can't hold onto it
Her residues on the bed sheet,
I have to know in my head,
She's warming someone else's bed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Someone You

What magic is there in the spotless pin bird sky
Dreams sun in soft glow pause in whispered cry
Amid the cooing white doves bathing the aural calm
Lament the lengthening shadows of winters yet to come!

The silent wind stirs deep in to find the mind a wretch
Mourning of the moribund time of unseen wasted stretch
If only it could still pick up the threads of each instance
Retrieve what's gone with them by a miracle one last chance!

The songs come back the past is heard in its sweetest voice
The years you lived you lived in full by your destined choice
Each of them the winters gone exists in sun kissed piece
So you live them this afternoon and you too they don't miss!

You too they don't miss is when the winter speaks its heart
For times will ever roll in amid the illusion that they depart
Amid the cooing white doves bathing in the aural calm
Someone you would be there in the shadows of winter to come!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Sometimes An Hour

I was bleary eyed
when she left this morning

my sleepy sighs
couldn't emit even a bye
just the sound of the lock's click
made me sick
as did the lonely bed
that would make sleep such shit
make feel each breath
of heavier weight..

I fed the birds
to forget

the hour

she would be gone for a walk.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Songs Of The Old Gardener

He scared the shit out of me
as he stretched his hands in invitation
and I would cry like hell
no no no.....

The old gardener in between his toils
would come to our house for a glass of water
his thirst quenched would sing to me

baby I mean no harm no harm
come to me with love baby come to my arm
will take you on my shoulder
fetch you god's boon
will steal the stars for you
on your forehead paint the moon!

come baby just for once I really mean no harm
this heart longs for your silken touch
your caress tender warm

will fly you to the land of moon
lift you on feathered wings
fetch for you the god's boon
treasures of the seven kings!

my heart aches for you baby
my love rides high tide
in my arms be ever with me
don't from me go hide

will bring you the season's first shower
on your palm the morning dew
pluck for you the most fragrant flower
the arch of rainbow hue!

When I close my eyes can still hear
a child's no no no
and regret was lost in his fear
from a broken heart love's flow.

It was not till I had grown in years
and the gardener was long gone
mother told me he showered me cares
for I reminded him of his son.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Sounds Of The Sea

The wind hissed in a queer pitch,
Waves broke with a thunderous roar,
The rapturously melancholic strains
Howled the entire length of land.
You might think I was on seashore
Caught in the swirl of saline winds.
Nay I was dreaming of the sea,
Pausing beneath a sky-etched casuarina!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Spaceman

the blue marble below him
looks a distant dream

wrapped in silence
frighteningly dark
he drifts away from it.

how he now lusts
for that curvaceous sphere
where he left his human part
to be adrift in the dark matter
rimless endless infinite!

once a patriotic earthman
he now travels a space
without nations borders
sinking into deeper ink of silence...

he never loved his planet more
than from this distance!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Spill

The barrel filled with ink spill on the sheet
Pulsate in joy dance to heartbeat
They dry up quick but not before
Sealing on paper all heart's outpour.
Some are dark some pretty faced
Some orderly some badly messed
They fiercely battle none would be less
To touch your mind and find there a place.
Knowing too well impress they must
The fractional time for which they last
Freeze it chill or warm it hot
Smiles, tears, emotions, what not,
Doing it all the best way they can
Before fading out in their brief lifespan.

The barrel is full spilling on the sheet
Day in and out in ceaseless beat
Knocking time again on your door
Pleading you to listen to the heart's outpour.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Spread The Colors

Just as I had penned the day's last thought
I heard a pleading very faint
'Would you leave us here in the dark to rot
Your palette's leftover color and paint?
We ran the day out stealing for your sight
Whatever stokes your passion
Colored your dreams painted them bright
Molded each of them to perfection.
But you close the door on us once your job is done
Discard us in your mind with disdain
Instead of taking us out to spread on everyone
For us to be alive in your palette once again'.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Spring Fires

This forlorn noon when the southerly breeze
scatters on earth the forest's flame
the Spring fires engulf the trees
my heart chants your name!

O wind carry my abeer to her
show not on them my tear's stain
whisper to her though she's far
mine she would forever remain!

Petal o wind her dark cloud hair
kiss deep her crescent forehead
hold me captive upon her stare
tell my love would never fade!

O Spring wind be my messenger
carry to her my passion's flame
tell her though she's now gone far
my heart only chants her name!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Spring Will Come

Under a grey winter sky
I pause while passing by
Dryness bares its fangs
On a bare thread hangs
Leaves desperate to hang on
Down below the grounds beckon.
For a moment a little doubt
Would new leaves sprout?
From surround serene and calm
I hear the winds hum
No doubt the spring will come.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Spring Wind

The petals are flying away in the spring wind
So are my thoughts and words
I cannot hold them back
Stunned as I am in an ethereal idleness!
I see before my eyes
The spring wind flying away
With my desires of life
Little I can do
To hold them back
Dazed as I am in a resigned stupor!
I see the drift but can't prevent it
I do not want to
The flying away of the petals and the fragrance
With the spring wind with a mind of its own!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Stealer

thief, burglar, you're stealing again?
I told you not to touch my biscuit

never been a stealer dear never been
me a stealer? you surely don't mean

a lie at the start of the day?
and you aren't a liar you say?

I ain't no liar you know that sweet mate
I'm a liar when one is waiting at the gate
should I keep the biscuit back at its place?

I'm no liar dear I'm no stealer
come to be just a kind dealer
when one is waiting at the gate
but would go back without regret

enough stealer go start your day

yay.....

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Stepping Out Of Me

Stepping out of me
ME encounters me
He doesn't have my grace
Tells me on the face
It's ME
Inside of you
That lends you voice
Otherwise you dumb doll
Is just a meatball
A zombie without ME
Eyes that don't see
Ears that don't hear
Live blind without a mind
Beneath skin bones 206
Always in a fix
Till breathes this ME
In you
Poetry

When he steps in
I see his reflection
On the screen!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Still The Stranger

Yesterday you were a smoke,
The wisps of clouds on your face
Barred my view of you.
I was fool enough to think
I could penetrate your layers.
Yesterday you were an unread book,
The cover on the hidden words
Barred my view of you.
I was knave enough to think
I could read you out to the end.
Today you are still the stranger
With a stranger that's me!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Still You Love

you know what it takes
you know what's the price
there isn't a love without a heartbreak
without unpleasant surprise!

you know how it breaks
you know about its curse
there isn't a love without a heartache
without bruises and scars!

you know the stakes are high
you know it takes your all
there isn't a love without a sigh
without the pain of fall!

you know its tearing claws
you know it leaves you hurt
still you love because
you believe it in your heart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Still, Merry Christmas!

Merry Christmas, the voice greets me
humbug I mutter under breath
greed hatred jealousy
only things you live with.

Keep to yourself your mirth
I sullenly brood
such lies are too heavy for this earth
done this place no good.

Relations under cloud of doubt
each soul bears a grievous injury
merriment had long gone out
the greet is just empty.

It's a pity you still find it merry
with all the injustice inequity
man classified quartered
children for food bartered.

Merry doesn't the word stink
while some choose what to drink
fuss about the flavor to savor
many reach it by thirsty miles' labor.

Merry can't hide away the glum
of human habitats in dingy slums
strewn on pavements under open sky
breathing refuses left to rot and die.

Still, Merry Christmas to you, says the voice
the time is to give and rejoice
the world though is truly what you say
You, I, We, have made it that way.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Streak Of A Kiss

One red streak
if were smudged lipstick
that landed on his cheek
when came his way a kiss!

If only did this kiss
stumble on his way
left remnant of a bliss
a memorable day!

He wouldn't erase them
but wish away a wash
preserve as a gem
the loud speaking hush!

He would keep this unspent
not let the mark grow thin
to remind him the moment
the kiss came flying in!

But the streak on his cheek
brightly glowing red
would heal in a week
was made with a blade!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Strength Of Hope

It's dark cloud, storms and rain
For long there's no sun
I can't take it anymore the pain
Being alive is no fun.
It's maddening the lightning pace
The endless burning in fire
I can't take it anymore the stress
From life I've nothing to aspire.
It's a grim bloodied and lost war
I would rather not fight
I'm left alone in the darkest corner
Where reigns an endless night.
But if I stop a minute, look up to the sky
Where the clouds are clearing, the sun is out,
Surely would my spirit soar to a high
There's so much to live for without a doubt.
A little pause I must from the mad race
And make the journey at my own pace
Then I would find all the strength to cope
And win over despair with the strength of hope.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Striding Into Childhood

Clip clip clip...
The barbaric barber
As if venting his grudge
Swung his scissors –
The pleasure was his!
Battle ravaged, I walked out in the sun,
Leaving him with his fun, and then...
A floodgate in me opened
Transforming my mood –
Lightly I strode into childhood!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

String Theory Of Love

when love takes wings
dances your heart strings
you feel stretched
miserable wretched
reborn as Cupid's avatar
tense like strings of guitar
find the world way too small
where she is the one and all
all of time and space
occupies only her face
you become too excited
to be farsighted
every word of hers
is music to your ears
blind in love with her
you're everything but clever
losing life's fun
jealous of everyone
till she says goodbye
and leave for another guy!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Success (10w)

The higher you go
The fall delivers a harder blow!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Sugar Man

Suddenly his shadow creeps on me
The tiptoeing man a new recruit
Walks with the tray of glasses of tea
There couldn't be a man more mute!

The most conspicuously inconspicuous
He walks the office hall as in a trance
On a mission of filling and refilling glass
Seeing therein his salvation's chance!

He moves around in a rigid detachment
Never hurrying and looking never eager
Except when he asks if you need sugar
All the day he repeats this one statement!

About him my envy I would now confide
Ill paid though he has taken life into stride
Lies unlocked in his breast the one mystery
One wealth to which he has found the key!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Summer Noon

I held her in my gaze on the iron rail of summer noon.
This moment of humid silence wetting her heat burn cheeks
I knew would melt pretty soon.
Like moisture droplets on her lips and her palm's sweat
This heavenly moment would retreat
With its phantoms of fancy it's never too late!
Then sobered and in saner head
We would find our place under the banyan's cool shade.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Summer's Brew

'The coffee is getting cold'.

The sweet retold
From her
Waiting with the winter's brew!

No ambition I harbor
For here my woman
The best way she can
Makes steaming brew
Worth my savor!

She knows too
In the wintry nights
With her I crave to be
Sipping her hot coffee
With it drowning the winter's pain
My only reward, best bargain
A sweet story retold!

'The coffee is getting cold'
From her
Creating for me summer's brew!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Summon

Ms Dolittle was giving her cuppa a sip
Her beady eyes drowned in deep brood
Last night she didn't get enough sleep
The morning found her in a grumpy mood.

She had never seen them in all her years
Though read or heard about sightings
Dismissed them as mere conjectures
The believers' flight on fantasy wings!

It might be the moonlight playing mischief with her
The moon can fool with such eerie nightly designs
Or maybe had a peg too many she couldn't remember
She wasn't unaccustomed to swigs of grapevines.

Whatever, she saw it clear not imagined in her head
The silhouette of her husband on the curtained window
Something she wouldn't wish away as merely moon-made
He stood there upright waving to her in the moon's glow.

Ms Dolittle brave as she is didn't swoon or pass out
Just lay there motionless without rising to the summon
It was her husband about that she had no doubt
For in a troubled voice it said, 'Come on'.

So there he was troubled for not having her company
And it was precisely what was worrying her
She had no idea with him how she could be

She wasn't yet booked for traveling that far!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Sunflower

star eyed yellow bloom
washed in sunlight's shower
the radiant healer of all your gloom
field full of sunflower!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Sunshine Again

Sometimes cloud takes sky out of sight
Despair and uncertainty envelops like night
But don't lose hope at the end of rain
It will be time for sunshine again.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Sunshine Waiting

Often in my mind it comes along
A lost poetry or a forgotten song
Old yet forever new
I never could tell you.
It keeps lingering in my heart
Trying to come out and make a start
But locks itself inside
Feelings that from lips hide!
Outside waits a sunshine place
Longing that I for once express
What I could never tell you
Old yet forever new!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Survival

In the dark shaded border
World turns upside down
Though everything's in order
And black is never brown!
Supposedly in order
But really in mess
The dark shaded border
Never shows its true face!
Mischief is a fun, lies sacred
Throats are slit for a small chunk of bread
It's a savage race, the stakes are too close
Friends this moment turn into foes!

In the dark shaded border
Disorderliness is order
Money and muscle thrive
In a blind zeal to survive!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Surviving Separation

Returning from the final violation
I was swallowed by the empty house.
The meal last cooked was there
in the weeping Frigidaire,
The room breathed emptiness.
Before it turns into a hell
I must leave things as they are,
the smell, the last used perfume,
the last reflection in the mirror,
I must freeze them all into a mummy.
All along I've been used to the presence
And now it was all disintegrating,
Crumbling with or without my touch
For unbearable days, months, years...
I yielded then to the rolling tears.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Sweet Fragrance

The quirky signboard said it in bold
Welcome to the house of Sweet Fragrance
Here your hair will be shaped in the finest mould
While you relax in blissful trance!

I stopped by this name cute and smart
A hair losing shop called Sweet Fragrance
Tempted to go in though I needed no cut
Too impressed to keep a distance!

I stepped into a house with the finest smell
With the pretext to unburden my head of some hair
It was a Garden of Eden away from hell
A dreamy languor pervaded its air!

There wasn't in the glasses a face to look
The place seemed a haven for the peacefully mute
I was offered a chair in the dimmest lit nook
To surrender myself to the forbidden fruit!

Time stopped blurred away my sight
I felt such bliss had no second chance
Knew why Adam embraced his plight

Succumbed to Eve's Sweet Fragrance!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Sweet Seller

Skins will wither times will gallop
But dear sweet seller never close your shop
So long throbs within my last heartbeat
Keep the shutter up feed me your sweet.

Words will frail looks will rust
But dear sweet seller run the shop you must
So long flows there love's last stream
Keep the shutter up feed me your dream.

Breathes will frost the sun will pale
But dear sweet seller don't stop the sale
So long my eyes aren't dead blind
Keep the shutter up feed me your mind.

The moon will be gone stars will retreat
But dear sweet seller don't stop the treat
So long the last lights in my eyes gleam
Keep the shutter up fill me to the brim.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Symbiosis

worry not I tell her
finding her morose
better time is not far
things can't get worse.

she pulls a smile on her face
basks in my wish
in my hope refreshed
her lips glow pinkish.

what we do are tries
to the rest have no recourse
life's turns and surprise
we can watch not force.

does she believe me really
when I say leave not happiness
or seeing through the cries within me
pulls out a smile on her face?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Sympathy

In the darkly lit room
Hangs the smell of doom
As he babbles about his eyes

He seems bent on a mission
To paint a bleak vision
His elation isn't disguised!

I've them aplenty
My eyes bloodied
In surgeon's needles

Retinal detachment
Cataract
Glaucoma

There isn't a trauma
My eyes haven't suffered

His eyeballs roll
On the sclera
In perverse pleasure

I don't mind
If I go blind,
The misery around
Doesn't make eyesight a treasure

I haven't met a man
To himself this inhuman
Treating the most valued lens
With such immense disdains

More than my suffering eyes
He says in glee undisguised
I suffer your cruelty,

That's when you say
It's my way

To garner sympathy!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Tagore

Exquisite, universal, sublime,
Your poems never grow old with time.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Taking A Walk

As you walk
The world passes by
Faces sound scent
Walking is always
Time well spent!
Winds embrace
They kiss on your face
Around you fleeting smile
You walk
Mile after mile!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Tale Of A Hanging

Time is running out and what a heck
A few moments from now, they'll break my neck.
A shiver down my spine, I'll be no more
The noose is ready, and so is trapdoor.
Here they come, for my last statement
Going through rituals, it's my predicament.
Someone asked if I would make a will
What I would like to have for last meal.
I'm so scared, dimmer gets the light
There's no way I can have an appetite.
My head is jumbled, my thoughts in a mess
The hangman is ready, they give me my dress.
My feet are so heavy, it's hard to stand
Not wasting time, they drag me by hand.
The gallows looks ominous, I'm dead pale
Just a few steps and I'll be in hell.
The world is so alive, I'm in no mood
They pinion me tight, put on the hood.
The lever goes bang, tightens the noose
Down I go, hang limp and loose.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Target

There's this girl who left a boy a scar
Times have flown years gone far
One small cut how it didn't heal
In a corner of mind the story lives still.

Mid sixties noon a war was on
School was closed days forlorn
Mind gone dead as summer wind blew
Longed for what it really had no clue.

There was this girl a breezy butterfly
Pretty and petite was quietly passing by
The sight of her skin just below the skirt
It drove the boy to throw a stone to hurt.

As his idle mind came under devil's grip
Took a quick aim threw her a basalt chip
But as was destined written was his fate
It flew past her widely missing the target.

She paused on her track her eyes burning ire
Glanced once at him lips curled spitting fire
Sparks flew in his eyes his match he had met
Below eyebrow the scar he carries to this date.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Taste Of Love

The king it's well known found it no pleasure
When the princess cited salt as her love's measure
How much princess you love me what's the quantum
Her reply left him dejected he looked intensely glum.

You know what happened thereafter she was driven out of land
She lived with pains of ignominy for taking a truthful stand.

Love is too glorious a thing to be measured in spoonful salt
The princess could find a better measure from her heart's golden vault
But she dug her heart deep for something unblemished without fault
Found none better and precious than a grain of salt.

The princess could say she loved like moon or any such pretense
But to her father she didn't lie her love for him was immense.

Just think how life without salt would turn dull spice-less
Palate would pine tongues rebel for salt's sweet embrace
She knew it well in her heart dwelled love's gracious taste
So she said I love you like salt a truth nurtured in her breast.

Take lessons lovers you can pass love's most rigorous test
So long you hold in your mouth the salt's timeless taste.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Tea Time

I itch for the tea time
I burn to have with her
a steaming cup of tea
and soak with her on the table
the heavenly moments!

I itch for the tea time
my morning's essence
the time she talks
I talk
nonsense
laugh
bluff
cough
as the tea
refuses to go down the throat
for it too loves these moments
with two voices
in one voice
rejoice
being together
with the morning tea
dreaming
it would last
eternity!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Teatime Story

It happens with old men
Have seen it times umpteen
I'm a boy again
You too sweet sixteen!

You sit with folded knees
Pulling down your skirt
Lest in naughty breeze
Thereto my eyes dart!

As long as it's your face
Things are hunky dory
Tales of such retrace
Tell you as teatime story!

But often it happens
As the dreams unfurl
I can't make its sense
Appears another girl!

She may be the one I know
Or a face I have never seen
Crafted in moon's glow
Carved from days of teen!

Such dreams they quickly abort
When her I embrace
Make with her a rapport
On her neck comes back your face!

Next morn I feel glum
Hide behind newspaper
Teatime I sit mum
Without a story for her!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Tell Me How It Happens

the good continually crushed
the evil prosperous!

the evil tends to stick
being good is being weak!

the good is a dropout
the world the evil surmounts!

the good's voice goes unheard
rule the evil's words!

the good's fate is sealed
gets the devil what it willed!

rules the evil's writ
the good takes backseat!

with the devil infernal
god is partial!

god is good but so happens
the world the evil reigns!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Tell Me What Is That: A Non-Sane's Rhyme

Clammy creepy freaky fright
virulent vermin scary sight
tell me what is that.

Crawling craving webbing prey
frightens her when eats her whey
saved when pounces cat.

Ominous is its wicked lull
saintly sitting on the wall
mischief within skull.

Meditate in a stupored trance
quickly clinches preying chance
victory's joyous dance.

Brutish brownish bitter brat
worse than hornet bees and gnat
tell me what is that.

Kill if you can in one slap
break its sticky sucking trap
hear hands' roaring clap.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Tell You The Truth

If one may wonder what kind of guy is me
What's my real face from my faces of poetry
Am I what I write generous and ideal bound
As in real life as in my poems I am found.

Now to tell you the truth put speculations to rest
Am not exactly as I make out not that much honest
My writes bear my yearning for what I aspire to be
But I could not and that regret finds vent in poetry.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Ten Birds & Another

Ten birds on the beach
One in shallow sea
Food is within reach
Air reeks melancholy!

On this misty morn
Veiled in mystic shroud
The one away forlorn
Not foraging with the crowd!

It waits for return tide
For the waves to come in rush
So it can on them ride
Hunt in joyous gush!

Ten birds on the beach
Picture of contentment
Within their reach
Last tide's remnant!

The one in shallow sea
New tidings its heart craves
To break through melancholy
Lift her on crested waves!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Tenant

'See we aren't leaving anything out,
check once more to be sure'
she said with a nagging doubt,
'we're going to come back no more
once behind us we close the door'.

The hassles had made her tense
Moving out was trouble immense
I said to soothe her nerve 'be assured dear,
We would leave nothing here'.

Still for her peace I went in
To make sure nothing lay within
And what I got was a jolting shock
On the wall still hung our bedroom clock!

She fumed and blurted on my face
'I always knew you're too careless,
thank god I goaded you for another look
precious things might be lying in some nook'.

I went in not to seek anymore things
But for the spent moments still fluttering wings
Smell our joys and sorrows hanging in the air
Of the times living as a tenant here!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Term (10w)

Estd.1961,
To wind up
After end of assigned business.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Terracotta

His lower arm hugged her upper hip
the humid air was too much to decline
beckoning of her quivering lip
her sweaty smell pouring like wine.

Her subtlest press lighted million spark
his reciprocating started fire
her lobes tinged with blush mark
nothing more the two could aspire.

Centuries old embedded in stone
posteriors arching for thrust
cracked alive in pleasure's moan
sunk in the deep gorge of lust.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Thank God

Don't fear the cold wind from the north
You have woollens enough to hold it forth
Think of them spending nights under sky
Thank god for keeping you warm and dry!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

That Afternoon

Little ones we were playmates that leisurely afternoon
The daughter of our poor maid she danced to my tune
Shyly quiet emaciated slim her eyes were bluish deep
One loud word a raised eyebrow was enough to make her weep.

She wouldn't hum a single tune nor would ever dance
Loved to be there all by herself kept from me a distance
The lonely hour of that afternoon my mum was sound asleep
The girl was there I sniffed my chance for playing on her mischief.

I invited her for a time together to play with me hide and seek
With downed eyes she moved her head her 'no' was feebly meek
On that day I had to have my way to play some prank on her
My insistence benumbed her sense courage she failed to muster.

I showed her the room where she would remain till I found a place to hide
Should be there with eyes closed till I cooed my instructions she must abide
The windows of that room I shut them fast so no sound could come out
Explained to her it was to ensure from her place she couldn't look out.

The poor girl followed what I told her she was a soul sans all wickedness
As she went into the room a cloud's shadow passed on her innocent face
That afternoon in childish whim what I did I don't find easy to condone
I played the game mean locked the girl in left her in the dark room alone.

I left her there in her nightmare happy to have caused her the pain
A playful prank a darned mischief in which the child saw a big gain
When they brought her out she was all weeping the captivity was hard
Time and again they questioned her but couldn't get her to speak a word.

From that day I never came her way just caught a few times her eyes
There was in them against me no complaint only a sorrowful surprise
Years have passed that afternoon is still to rust she still knocks on the door
Beckoning me to play the game of hide seek pleading not to lock her anymore.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

That Summer Night In A Dungeon

They gasped for breath in that dark dungeon cell
A hundred and forty six men huddled in black hell
In that hole of Fort William eighteen by fourteen
The screaming souls realized next morn wouldn't be seen.

Two tiny windows were all there was high up on the wall
Slowly passed that night of June hung in deadly lull
Water water they wailed their throats were desert dry
The summer heat poured in sweats as the tears of their cry.

Two women were among them they were the first to go
Suffocated by lack of air their breathing began to slow
Was dying Tom's fiancée and he wrung his sweated shirt
If could revive his moisture's drop save life of sweetheart.

One by one they collapsed amid the buzz of death's din
Begging for a drop of water in despair drinking urine
The dead stood on their feet there wasn't a space to fall
Survived only forty three men among them Holwell!

In the history it's known as the tragedy of black hole
With many riddles still misty the Bengal Nawab's role
Account of that summer night the ghastly horror's tale
It's now known was exaggerated by Commander Holwell.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

That's All I Know

For the girl I love mountain surmount
glide through the roughest ride
what others say is of little count
I stand firm by her side.

So what if eyes in dissent frown
roll tongues in derision
tries the world to tear me down
I have taken my decision.

Don't bother me her caste or creed
her wealth or social class
know this much her love I need
without it I would be poorer worse.

She is the girl that's all I know
worth walking the longest length
stay by her in high and low
protect with all my strength.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

That's The Child

Pure innocent wild,
That's the child.
I wish I could be one again
To forget the grown-up's pain
And rebuild life
The way it should have been -
Simple, straight, green!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

That's When He Gave Up His Pen

its reach didn't save the dog
dying on the melting pitch

didn't reach vent of his pen
deep enough
to save the vanishing water hen

they all were going
easy game
in the minutes
he was busy writing a poem
in the seconds
he spent naming them
in the hours
his thoughts' idle wings
mourned their goings

he was never fair
he was never there
as they went one by one
and all his works came undone
with their blood stain!

That's when he gave up his pen.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Abhorred

At the busiest hour/ when rings the bell
An abhorred guest/ peeps through the grill
I mutter go sell/ your wares at the hell
I want/ none of your deals.

Wish I could/ really be that harsh
Give him my piece/ of bitter mouth
Vent on him/ the choicest curse
Impale him with/ outta here shout.

The minute hurries/ but can't disguise
His despair's plead/ broken eyes
Just a minute sir/ I won't take more
But on my face/ don't close the door.

Have got no time/ for the seller's trap
Not wanna buy/ all those cheap crap
No tears would swell/ no pin-pricked heart
Would love to see him/ quickly depart.

Too soon he knows/ here is no gain
Hopes would lie minced/ brutally slain
Stoops his head low/ bows out in grace
Must find himself/ another address.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Answer Is Nay...And Yea

I see her everyday
Am seeing her for years
But sure the answer is nay
If I know all her fears!

I see her everyday
Living at one address
But sure the answer is nay
If I know all her happiness!

I see her everyday
For long sharing the bed
But sure the answer is nay
If I know what goes on in her head!

I see her everyday
Have never been apart
But sure the answer is nay
If I know each beat of her heart!

I see her everyday
For long she's my mate
But sure the answer is nay
If I know her fully till date!

I see her everyday
Have felt her in every breath
And sure the answer is yea
If I'll love her till death!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Best Place For Truth

"Wake up Jane, got something to tell you,
I have ceased to love you".

"Oh, I knew it all along", she said,
"but didn't let you know I knew! "

"I knew you were soon done with me,
but made it up by a pretense of love,
and it must have been so painful for you".

"Why, Jane? Why didn't you tell me? "

"cause sometimes the best place for truth
is in the heart, that's why! "

"what's the truth you guarded in your heart? "

"it matters little to you, my selfishness"

"what selfishness? ", I cried,

"loving you knowing it would not come back! "

I woke up from the dream and knew....

I couldn't let it out of my heart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Bird And I

I once asked a bird
'Would you swap place with me? '
"Oh no', it said, 'I'm free'
"See my feet are firmly on ground"
"I fly high happy to be sky bound"
"I have an intelligent mind"
"Simple happiness I easily find"
"I too can fly in an airplane"
"Lightly I glide in sun and rain"
"My food is served on tray"
"I chase and catch my prey"
"I live in a big house"
"A small nest I build for my spouse"
"I work till late night"
"I catch the morning light"
"I have knowledge and wisdom"
"I would rather have my freedom"

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Blank Page

The blank page on the screen
Waits for the words to be born
Not knowing what they mean
It bears them night and morn.

On it come to life many tales
Happy, sad, and in between
Here now and in a moment it stales
Words take a thought to ruin.

It sure bears them all
With no rolling tears nor smiles
The rush for the maddening scrawl
That runs for endless miles.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Blood Is All Over Me

Every day and every night is a story of bloodshed
Humans, animals, whatever- blood is red
Last night it was smeared all over me
Pouring like rain and flowing free!
Another instance of the violence of strength
Securing its way by going to any length
In the one sided battle of a macabre way
The weak falls and the slaughterer holds sway!
The butchered clings to a life so thin
Dreaming forever of a time they can win
Unable to rise before death makes them free
There's no drying, the blood is all over me!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Boat And The River

On the deserted riverbank
lay the painted boat
his youth glistening in the half baked noon,
the river wide beckoned him to taste her depth,
skim her stretch and see her other side.
The boat was raring to go
riding the wide river's tide
masts high up full steam
to wherever she would carry him.
At each call of the river
his oars rended a soulful cry,
the river echoed him back
holding into her his futile longing
her waves wreathing in agony on the shore
if that could fetch him to her embrace.

The half baked noon
dull empty unchanging
knew
there wasn't a way he could ever launch into her....
the painted boat on the painted river!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Cellar

Today the cellar will be closed
Will lie buried within
Ocean of tears

Dusty toils will turn to dust
Cold nights' sweats
Will be forgotten years

Dreams made of hard rock
Passions of concrete block
Will sleep under lock

Today the cellar will be closed
Will lie buried within
Secret wishes' sand

All tools of labor will rust
Dusty toils will turn to dust
Will gust no winds on its land

Underneath the dreamlaid ground
The cellar will be promise bound
By its own fate

To hold the tears all alone
Not letting it be ever known
Two hearts' secret!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Chain

In the dark their eyes glow
Shadows emerge from shadow
Cruel fangs they bare
You freeze where you are.
Now in the lonely zone
Phantoms from dungeon
Evils you slaved and fed
Would be glad to see you dead!
You can do little but stare
Praying an end of nightmare
Knowing it's too late to choose
They're already on you let loose.
From the shadows you emerge as shadow
The night darkens howling winds blow
Seeking prey with endless greed
Upon fresh corpses you madly feed!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Charmer

He has the acumen to charm
His words don't reveal his mind
With your emotions he plays with skill
He is a charmer deft in his art!

He preaches what he doesn't practice
His craft hides from you his real face
In his life he has never given peace
Never brought one soul happiness!

His art keeps the audience enthralled
His songs make the listeners sway wild
But in him is a devil installed
He is farthest from innocence of a child!

What he shows to you is the husk
You never get to see the real face
A charmer his art is a mask
In life he damn cares goodness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Child In Us

It never lost its smiles
Though the years rolled
Walking weary miles
It refused to be old!
I still love that child
The child in you and me
It somehow keeps us wild
It somehow keeps us free!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Child Is Sinking

Under the gnarled mesh
The shrinking crust
Down the mantle
Collapsing on the core
The child is sinking.
Under the sinful loads
The shrinking space
The burden of knowing
Transforming into despair
The child is sinking.
Under the wise care
The vanishing imagination
The pressure of achievement
Lightening speed to grow up
The child is sinking.
Give it space to timely age
Give it time to leisurely laze
Let it be heard.
Let not the child be a caged bird.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Clock

In the stillness of night
The chiming clock sings the hours.
Eyes in deep sleep don't hear them anymore
Care not in the clock's rhymes what's in store,
But it knows its chimes are songs of dirge
For life's harvest and then the down surge,
And it's a mere witness in this open-n-shut game,
Its chimes a reminder of time it can't tame.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Croc

Carved in rock lies the croc
with sun burning its scale
though ticked for long the cruel clock
came no freedom from the well!

Life is boring days are dull
dragging is every moment
locked within an unscalable wall
eyes seek faraway firmament!

Where's the river its mind cries
swarms of the river fish
the river only flows in its sleepy eyes
for a home that's now dead wish!

Lying in the well dreams on the croc
for a river it cannot ever roam
times fly away with the ticking clock
to get it in the sky a home!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Cross

High atop the spire beneath a cloudless sky
the Cross stands forlorn Christmas is nigh
since long in the past time beyond recall
no bells chime here sung no Christmas carol!

But still its heart flutters as it hears the Lord's voice
I carried your burden and set for you the choice
to do this world much good and love your fellow men
be happy in others' happiness take share of their pain!

Kind Lord mutters the Cross men still live for gain
act the way it seems your blood was shed in vain
they war and breed hatred between them raise wall
hanker for pelf and power in their loss they squall!

The church lies abandoned starkly white and bare
only the Cross bows to the Lord in silent prayer
still hoping it's not far away when the bells would ring
the Lord would carry the Cross again on his second coming!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Cycle

"Good evening", said the cyclist,
It echoed in the evening mist,
I was baffled I never knew him,
The dark stranger tall and slim!
Before I could acknowledge
He was gone in the haze,
The unknown messenger of good wills
A roaming angel on two wheels!
"Good evening", I said on my way,
The passerby was baffled had no word to say
In the silent evening of misty haze
I was happy to turn a new page!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Dancing Peacock

In the crowded platform
he sure was the dancing peacock
in his heart was blowing a storm
he feigned though looking at the station clock.

Not the clock he was eying that one lovely girl
her face storm gatherer like her hair's black curl
he blushed every time she would catch his eyes
stealing her a look in indifference's disguise.

He was within enjoying this farcical foreplay
didn't know her train his was an hour away
imagined she too was singling him out
from the flock of men his contenders no doubt.

Did a wispy smile float on her cherry lip
few moments' encounter could it be that deep
still in his wondrous thought the girl he did own
on that absurd stage for her his love was grown.

One could not tell what was going within her
her eyes were they touched shone there a star
was she too mindful of him held him once in gaze
or her mind was too far away on a different page.

The hour passed quick in the young man's trance
between changing trains with the peacock's dance
when chugged in her train flew away the butterfly
the whistles of his train drowned his rending sigh.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Dark Side Of Moon

When I stand before the mirror
to my horror
I find I have lost me

stares back at me
Sherlock

though I hate him
he warms up to me
takes me in his reins
morose eyes twinkly
gait sprightly

I become him
waken and in dream
memorizing his line
making his habits mine

like him I sprint
trails of footprint
and in all his fantasy

I'm no more me.

He scares
haunting in nightmares
one part
one heart
one role

He steals my soul.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Day Is Mine

Yesterday's pain can't break your heart
Today is another day, make a new start
Waiting behind cloud is another sunshine
Get up and say 'the day is mine'.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Dead Hosting Life

The barren tree begs no more from the sky,
In its bones dead long is nothing to aspire,
Still in its branches painted gnarled and dry
Are secretly growing life and all its desire!
The winged guests have made it their nest
To procreate and lengthen existence's page,
Playing host to the glorious life's fest
Is becoming alive the barks without foliage!
No leaf will ever again sprout,
The thunder has sucked its blood,
Yet it stands its ground for no doubt
To hold in its breast life in its bud!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Dead Warrior

Beyond dolphin lips
Surmounting wavy ridges
Breaking defending walls
Invading gorges
Above ruins of treasures
Passing one and eighty summers,
There lies a warrior,
Dead in the search of love!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Decreed

She walks in her ordained cage
Where reigns an eternal night
Her only window to the day
Is a peephole for a pencil of light!

Can't say when her lips part in jollity
Or clouds gather in her eyes
Her face only the privileged can see
The world must see her in disguise!

You may wonder if she ever has the will
To break from the decree and be free
Remove from her face the veil
Run wild for all to see!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Departing Wish

The dying body wanted to say something
Too frail, it spoke only with eyes
One can do little around the time it dies!
The wife, the son, the ones close to him
Pressed the ears on the faintly parting lips
Death is surely winning, yea, its scale tips!
The body lay dying with just enough to cover shame
Audience was the living witness, of this silent mayhem
Eager to know the last word, or some last name!
The dying's eyes dilated before they narrowed to slit
It couldn't say, they didn't know, what was it?
"Naked I was born, and make me that as I perish,
Remove my clothes", was its last departing wish!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Dimwit

Still with me his memory stays
A boy I knew in childhood days
On street corner he bore the sun
From rain emptied road didn't run!

They called him screwed up bit insane
His skin was numb sense felt no pain
Else why he would just aimless roam
Most of time outside of home!

If asked his name in whispered hum
Would say I don't know knows my mum
What's two plus two if asked some fool
His answer was not taught in school!

To a school he was though never sent
His class was road book firmament
All he knew was that syllabus
His own riddles and plus minus!

He was known as good for none
Except for pranks and some fun
Ill clad uncared like an urchin
There wasn't a home with a boy like him!

Woke me one night footsteps and shouts
In a neighborhood house fire had broken out
Amid billowing smoke and leaping flame
The crowd was crying out the boy's name!

He had gone in there without a thought
The fire's fury he was afraid not
It seemed so silly this heroic feat
But the boy you know was too dimwit!

To this day it haunts me to know
Why he did that what to show
I heard the buzz rumors were rife
He had gone in there to save a cat's life!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Dog Lifts My Spirit

As soon as I start feeling low
My spirit dips down in the pit
The dog reminds me take it slow
Ease down will soon melt the heat.

Your life is so blessedly made
Gifted with so much of gain
Yet you are always afraid
Of even a minuscule pain!

You grumble at everything sore
Sulk in your mires of sorrow
While I wag happy at your door
Without having much of tomorrow!

The dog he knows it too well
Ever eludes a man happiness
He looks for it too much outside
When within him it dwells!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Dog Wonders

Kick the dog, they kick the dog
Living a life worse than a dog
Shabby smoky hopeless hogs
Used to the lives in the bogs!
The dog is innocent, it's so good
It scours the streets for food
These guys are dingy, dark and morose
They kick the dog when it's too close!
The dog wonders what it has done
Why the hell do they kick him?
Is it hatred or a moronic fun?
The dog is baffled by their whim!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Dogged Sunrise

I walked on the famished land
Without the touch of a warm hand
Despised by everything of life
Bruised in the perennial strife.
I knew nothing could now heal
I had to bow and depart
Closing a fallen deal
That only broke my heart.
As I stopped one last time
To see what I was leaving behind
I saw its soulful caring eyes,
The dog brought me another sunrise.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Enduring

She has made endurance a habit
The blaze of passion is long gone
Her fallen hair on the cold bed sheet
Says she's with me but all alone.
Long nights we have to travel
She and me with love burnt out
The way ahead is hard to sail
Strewn with alienation and doubt.
She knows the only thing she has to do
Anything else will break her heart
Is to relive the memories to sail it through
Till death does her apart.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Evening I Ceased To Be Angry

I hummed a song, uprooted my sting
I have given up anger from last evening
Only yesterday morning in hours of rush
I lost my temper and rebuked missus
She had lost my wallet, misplaced my suit
Cause of all my problems, all my troubles' root
My shaving kit was lost, important papers gone
Who could be responsible other than my son?
Everything was in disarray, chaotic and messy
Surely to fuel my anger, a grand conspiracy!
On my way to office, things were no good
The nudges and the pushes worsened my mood
I banged my head on the shutter, tripped on carpet
And just like any other day, I was once again late
The boss was bad, my colleagues a pack of fools
Nothing was in order, no regard for rules
The day staggered along, so longer it did seem
Till the evening softened it with cool luminous gleam
The south wind composed me, let me sink it in
Triggers are not outside, my anger swells within
With just a little try, a contemplating pause
I would know for my anger, I'm the lone cause
I must make amends, repair myself
Anger only harms, it never really helps
If I for once think it properly
I can see my tantrums can make others angry
But surely my missus and son have better sense
To put up with it and not be angry in defence!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Evening Stillness

A lonely evening on a lakeside
I stole a chunk of stillness.
Carried it through a clinking city
Stored it in the heart's corner
Where no noise could touch it!
The stillness has grown a goliath -
Endures night's coolness and day's warmth
Camouflages the thunder inside....
No more the evening stillness on a lakeside!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Extraordinary

He lives life in his whim
No light flashes on him
Unhassled and free
He in his own way is happy.
He doesn't mind his way
Doesn't worry what he's to say
His mind is aimless as is his thought
He's not troubled for what he is not.
It isn't that the sun doesn't please him
The moon doesn't bring him the dream
He drinks them without getting dizzy
They pour in smooth and easy.
Beyond avarice and greed
He walks life unnoticed
A familiar face you pass by
He is just an ordinary guy.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Fallen

When dark clouds descend on her eyes
Her pale skin exudes a cindery sadness
Pints of bloods flow out her vein
The stubborn poet breaks down.

All his creative resolves deliriums
Adorned garlands of his mind
His visions beyond the present
Mock him draws him in her pain.

What remains of him is not a poet
Not one looking down from a pedestal
But a mere mortal brutally battered
Brought down to earth crushed.

For the swells in her heart
Her futilely seeking oasis
Wind drift to no anchor
His poetry is a lavish indulgence.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Ferry

Upon sleepy creek she rests
calm water dull august noon
memory are now all the crests
riding the waves in the moon!

Sailed the lunar breeze pearly sea
swam wispy phosphorescent gleam
when the night sang a lullaby
stars wove a blanket of dream!

Held her heart all the lovers' trance
stolen kiss blown in the wind
on her breast joyous feet's dance
tears of romance fallen ruined!

August noon resting weary
spins a sea for her to retrace
must find her way the ferry
to be lost in the waves' embrace!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Fifth Man

There's always a fifth man in the cab.

The fifth man
Pathetic pitiable
Ignored
Smoked out

And the one to go out
Before the ride begins

The fifth man never finds a place in the cab.

Find on his face
The smoke's trail

Find in his look

Written bold

FAIL.

He's the one without a place

He's the one leaving no trace

He's the one without a room in the cab.

Find on his face
(though you wouldn't care to look)

the smoke's trail

of time and again failing
to find a room

find in his look

written bold

DOOM.

For the fifth man there's no space in the cab.

While others win
(or so they think)

ends his journey

before it begins.

The fifth man is forever out of the race.

Never makes one of four

When closes the cab's door.

Find on his face

Written bold

LOST DEAL.

The fifth man ever out of the cab

Still

Isn't a fifth man

By his own free will!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Fire

I thrust my hand into fire,
It reaches my heart.
Thunders roar, rains conspire,
Through them I keep alive the fire.
It keeps burning inside
Unmasking me, destroying my pride
Raising from the cinders a new me,
The fire unshackles and sets me free.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The First Dot

On the paper the first dot
It doesn't know, cannot,
It really has no inkling,
What would become of your thought
The shape of theme and plot
Sentiments the pouring words would bring!
It has no chance to know
The course the stream would flow
There's no way it can foretell,
The route your thoughts would take
The many make and remake
How the words would finally gel!
It finds it deep mystery
The complex tapestry
Of the strings the words form,
It can never really guess
What brews in inner recess
Sunshine or roaring thunderstorm!
On the paper the first dot
It doesn't know, cannot,
Your mind's secret treasure,
It has no way to know
From here where you would go
The journey's anguish and pleasure!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Gardener

As the sun pierces the winter haze
She finds blooming marigold all around her
Her eyes though on the newspaper's page
Her mind drifts elsewhere.

Last February the gardener was here
Tilling the soil's fertile reach
Chiseling each flower to joyfully share
The garden this Feb is so bountifully rich.

The silken sun gives her shiver of loneliness
Each marigold showers shadow upon her
The flowers bloom without the gardener's embrace
Last February never seemed so distantly far.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Ghost Of The Jilted Lover

Every night he knocks at her door
Calls I'm hollow without it
Give me back want nothing more
The love I left at your feet.

Beside her is heard the snore
From her man in slumber's bliss
The lover's plea to settle the score
Doesn't break his dreamful peace!

Give me my love the lover howls
Bereft it I'm dead
Echo him the barnyard's owls
Heart dies when not love fed.

I'll not come back once
Am ready for an honest pact
Open the door give me a chance
Return my love intact.

She alone hears her lover past
Sinks in her bed in fright
The jilted lover in lost love's lust
Comes back on her door each night!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Gift

Buried in time-holed yellow papyrus
of an unread book of poems
lay hidden a card

the token of a gift

inked in skeletal scribbles
indecipherable

but for five words

indelible in dusty piles' ravage

speaking the gifter's voice

time has come
right now
ripened
to read the book of poems
honor my words.

read when you forget me.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Going Back

The shell hides the churning within,
Composed till breaks forth
A new bunch of feelings
With no shell
No holds barred
All ready to take on the world.
A transitory battle is waged
Till the soil envelops.
The shell is back underground!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Graveyard In The Woods

I stopped to give silence a chance
Where the fogs rise and the fireflies dance
I felt the quietude had been in wait all along
Never turning to despair though it was long!
The diggers gone with their shadowy hoods
The darkness slowly enveloped the woods
Light was irrelevant, so was turning round
I belonged here, this ancient burial ground!
There was no apparition no ghostly sight
The graves glistened in the dreamy starlight
Once death seems glorious, life pales soon
I celebrated the freedom watched by the moon!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Great Escape

Living in the same stretch of forest
He was suffering from acute boredom
What came to his mind he knew best
The animal decided to leave his kingdom.
Perhaps he was tired of the same old story
And decided to explore new territory
Or ran partner-less and sought a new mate
So tried a new path thought it the best bet.
After walking for miles throughout the day
He found a tall fence obstructing his way
He halted on his track gave a growling sound
Looked for some opening some way around.
Before him lay temptingly sprawling greens
He thought he must go there by any means
Then like a flash an idea crossed his head
There was no looking back he must go ahead.
Going back some length he gave a mighty spring
Flew over the barricade like a bird on its wing
It was a miracle he could land on his feet
Stranger still the fact the animal made it.
It was dreamlike he felt supreme pleasure
Roared in joy at the newly found treasure
But soon he felt himself an intruding stranger
Others of his tribe considered him outsider.
They looked upon him in utter disdain
Here he was no king nor could he reign
After a month or so he yearned for his home
Longed for the land he could freely roam.
He thought only of taking a quick flight
Once more overcome the fence's tall height
You know what one can do with freedom in sight
The tiger escaped the park leapt the 18 feet height!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Gun In My Hand

I have the gun in my hand
If I shoot you on the head
You're a dead duck.

If I miss
It's your good luck.

I have the gun in my hand
If I shoot you on your leg
You're a lame duck.

If I miss
It's your good luck.

I have the gun in my hand
If I shoot you in the eyes
You're a blind duck.

If I miss
It's your good luck.

I have the gun in my hand
But in this game
It's your heart I aim.

And if I miss
I'll run out of luck.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Happiness Within

You have gone thru the roughest race
Reached farthest lands and seas
To find the pot of happiness
And fulfill your dreamiest wish!
You have taken the wildest ride
Down there and up so high
Swum against the highest tide
To seek where happiness lies!
In love you have sought happiness
You haven't found it in success
It isn't there in fame or greatness
Nor in the most wonderful place!
Having traveled for it many a mile
You think where does happiness hide?
While it's there for getting all the while
Waiting to be reaped from inside.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Haunting Smell

Not a thought that me haunts,
A smell,
That in fiery times me lends
Respite from hell.
It's no fragrance wafted in air
No sweet scent,
It I feel right there
As healer of torment.
I smelled it first
From my time in her cavern
It was to begin my thirst
For the love of a woman.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Hidden I

I hide my eyes behind dark glass
Paint weird colors on my hair
Day and night with a painter's brush
I try if I can catch a stare!
I want to be noticed, I want to be seen
I want to rise high
I want to be admired, I'm so keen
To be a star among stars of the sky!
All those layers of colored grease
Give me a space to hide
The hidden 'I' say, 'Love me please,
Take me for a trail blazing ride'
I want to be noticed, I want to be heard
But who the hell is that 'I'?
I'm still on the lookout and I've grave doubt
If ever I shall know it, if ever afore I die!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Hooded Horseman

When behind closed doors, in slumbers' shackle bound
Weary eyes dream in bliss, the world makes no sound
He's out on round to reach each door in hunt of his man
His face unseen but he sees them all, the hooded horseman!
One night he stopped at a door on hearing a painful moan
The agony in it was so intense, melted his heart of stone
He went in to find a man, in pain's utter anguish
Mumbling 'o god have pity on me take me away please'
The hooded man greatly moved asked him what's the cause
The streaming sobs of his painful cry was in what remorse
All the while as he said these words, never took off his hood
For he couldn't, knowing it well, it would do the man no good!
The man replied 'in my ripe old age I'm left alone
With ailments, without a care, as all my own are gone,
So I asked god to take me off, I can't bear it anymore
Staying alive with crumbling bones and festering bedsores!
The hooded man said 'wait a while, let me see to it,
If it's there, your name, features in tonight's list,
He scanned it hard then shook his head 'nothing I can do,
There're names galore for outbound trip, not one of them is you'
Saying thus he mounted his horse, here he was needed no more
The hooded horseman on his ceaseless errand, galloped to another door!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Indomitable

Hoot me out
Boot me out
Shoot me out
Root me out,
But have no doubt,
You can't wipe me out.
Throw me out
Blow me out
Turn me out
Burn me out,
But have no doubt,
I'll once again sprout.
Through fire and rain,
Surviving all the pain,
I'll be here again.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Innocence In Your Eyes

Amid the dense foliage
You're caught in my lens
Your eyes that me amaze
In them the innocence!
My lens seek not the plumage
Nor their colors in the light
Your eyes that me amaze
Their goodness burning bright!
As they quietly close in
My hungrily probing lens
To shoot you spotless clean
With a laborious patience,
Amid the dense foliage
My senses taut and tense
It's your eyes that me amaze
Holding a sparkling innocence!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Invitation

One day the smoothness would turn to wrinkles
When it can be seen wherefrom the invitation comes
The eyes would not stumble on the bare skin
Nor would the mind be deceived by flesh
The truth would reveal itself gloriously
The ears would know the music from the din!
It's a freedom from the blind groping in the dark
That so long was thought to be living in the light
The slavery the warm blood shackles us with
The youth blindfolding and turning us away
From the mellow truth that comes only with age!
In that prime time our bodies would be irrelevant
Conversing without words in the language of soul
Every little wants meaningless and no more pleasant
Before the angelic celebration of having reached the goal!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Islander

A chance acquaintance on that island bus
said he was eighty of age
have fled for some years the city's rush
on the island have rented a cottage.

I live in peace here the place is nice
live life the way I please
four hundred a month is no high price
to pay for the freedom from leash.

No fan in my room I don't need one
make do with a sixty watt light
when my leisured day is fully done
there's a bed for resting out the night.

But one regret my mind still bears
no way now for it to recompense
it took me so long my life's most years
to know having little is big gains.

He got down from the bus one stop before me
waved with his age shriveled hand
he would never know how him I envy
the loner in one remote island!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Killer

He held the gun pressed on her forehead

say what ya want to say before you're dead

but he left her with really no choice
she couldn't speak gagged was her voice

this is one death I'll never mourn
her response was a muffled groan

I have endured you long enough
time for riddance, killing you won't be tough

say last words, your last prayer
then let my bullet speak, end of nightmare
never thought taking life would be such fun
my freedom from you would flow from the gun

then he held before her a mirror

see yer eyes see there the horror
the pathetic pleading the cowering appeal

sorry woman it's my time for the kill

the trigger clicked the man closed his eyes

no killer he was a good man in disguise

game up, he said, we made a perfect score

I'm happy it's over, will play this game no more

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Known Happiness

I welcome the known happiness
Felt in the past somewhere in time
When again they show up their face
I know them from their trodden roads' grime!

I welcome the known happiness
That once visited my address
When they are back on my door
After years' recess!

Welcome old happiness I tell them
Hug them and dust off their travels' grime
It's not dead yet is burning the flame
Of my hope you would be back one more time!

They stay with me like good old mates
Tell me they regret they were off for so long
Hail me for having not closed mind's gates
Then leave me leaving the trail of their song!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Lady By The Window

What she's doing there the whole day
Sitting in the same posture on a chair
By the window that brings in no wind
Nor any floral perfume
Though the window opens into a garden
That's there without a reason
For endless time without a season
And keep you guessing if out there
It's eternal summer or spring
And if it's so the lady eternal
Why she isn't in the garden
Instead of sitting the day out
In the same posture on the same chair
Static and timeless
In her expressionless face
That holds neither joy nor sadness.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Last Hut

At the last hut of the village
Lives the girl of tender age
Her eyes though love filled
Meet only the long paddy field!

Forlorn on a lonely summer noon
She hugs her image on the stream
Wishes on her way would come soon
The boy she had found in her dream!

The last hut is ever too far
But for the winds blown away
None knows if ever a traveler
Would stray to her door one day!

She hugs her image on the stream
Washes her cute rice bran face
If ever comes the boy of her dream
Finds out her last hut address!

Her heart weaves a wish upon a star
On moonlit nights in silvers' gleam
Next morn if the boy comes to her
She would ever cage him in her dream!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Last Journey Home

In a midnight dream with a pale moon overhead
I make in the air for her a white linen bed
Where her beauty can lie unspoiled and green
Like years ago when I loved her innocent teen!
Her face pales, my eyes dim in the moonlight
My longing can't hold back the withering night
The owls cry, the graveyard white hints her end
She's gone and there's no beauty to defend!

When it's over, the last journey to be away
The cold empty hearth leaves nothing to say
We come back to us to ponder and rest
The fire has gone out, there's no need for haste!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Last Post Before The Sea

There she would come every night
at the last post before the sea
her shadow stealing the starlight
she crooned her lover a lullaby!

the waves breaking the craggy shore
they would be coming nightlong
keen to know what's in store
if he would be drawn by her song!

atop the post he waited alone
if ever a ship came that way
faithfully flashing his earthly beacon
streaking the sea's pathway!

she sang in the hope her notes would rise
with the winds up there to reach him
though he wouldn't see her he would surmise
all her heart's yearning all her dream!

but his eyes only caught the waves' roll
fathomed the distant horizon
a ship must pass to soothe his soul
to fulfill his waiting long alone!

he never knew the girl on the shore
she sang him a loving lullaby
up there alone behind closed door
his love he lent out to the sea!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Last Train

When the last train chugs out of the station
the doppler sound mingles
with his unseen tears' flow

I got nowhere to go.

The lone small window will close
chrome sun won't come soon
night would echo in silent flow

I got nowhere to go.

They all went their home

a place on earth
where a heart
where a hearth
sews a peace
brews a love

only his eyes burn
in fireflies' glow

I got nowhere to go.

In the crickets' hum
sleep doesn't come
and it's long since the last train rolled
from this barren cold.

He can't make sense
can't follow

Why he got nowhere to go!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Loft

A dark cavern
Yawns wide
Cobwebbed
With corpses of storage
Of prehistoric age,
Went in long time
Put stay
Without again
Seeing light of day,
Untouched by squall
on the wall
In hibernation
An archive
Beyond retrieval,
A black square hole
Without a role
In my living room,
I'll never take a ladder
to hold me aloft
and peep inside the loft
but let continue
its slumberous mystery
date prehistory

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Loser

She must now be fifty four.
Her first love letter fifteen years younger!

The lover had long moved away
She too went her way
And the cramped years gave them little chance
Except rare remembrances of their first romance!

The letter with the broken edges and clumsy write
Must long be languishing far from daylight.

The girl it cannot be said if is content with her man
The man has settled after surfing many a woman.

They remained just first lovers so willed the fate
They would be a rosy memory each other's first date.

They gained not nor lost except their age and look
The real loser is the love letter lying in unknown nook.

Still lives in the blind hope it would see her once more
In the belief she is still fifteen and not fifty four!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Lost Carnival

The little one sees only life
Grows up turns away
Tentacles all over, even on the mind
A suffocating pain for the time left behind!
Words come in torrents
Innocence distilled mirror
Reflects only the cloudless sky
But it arrives, bids fountain goodbye!
On its path, one after one killed
Hated but strangely self-willed
Helpless in the face of destruction
It stands, not one, not little
Amidst the ruins of the mirror
With the fragmented reflections
Gone forever beyond retrieval
Time to bemoan the lost carnival!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Luna(R) Tic (Top Hill 2)

When the night for the passing fairies stood breathless still
The full moon in molten sorrow broke down the hill
His eyes would fill with tears, his lips in anguish twitched
In drunken murmurs of a lost soul in moon's spell bewitched.
He would be up there on Top Hill silhouetted in moonlight
Sinking in her spilling milk in ecstatic delight
Watching the moon scale upon the meridian's peak
In the inexplicable awe of a frenzied lunatic.
There wasn't no full moon without him on Top Hill
Perched on its crest dreaming to have his fill
Sailing in the silvery waves not knowing to anchor
Pledging his eyes to the moon till they couldn't take anymore.

One night as he climbed up to bathe in the blinding white
The glowing disc was too much to behold, his heart stopped in fright
They found him atop Top Hill, his eyes in wide gaze
In them lay captured, his last moon's passage.

The coroner opined that his heart failed him
To the taxing trek uphill he fell a victim
But the real cause, they would never get it right
That night having his fill, he died of moonlight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Man Sitting Next In The Bus

around are men moving faceless
a blurred streak in the rush
a nonentity with no address
like the man sitting next in the bus!

who looks up and who sees
the lump of one moving mass
like a line of disparate trees
we're men sitting next in the bus!

boarders on traveling wheel
chained in creed and class
who does bother to feel
the man sitting next in the bus!

the world would have been so nice
had mine weighed lesser than us
but who would pay the small price
for the man sitting next in the bus!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Man Who Was Tuco

Precariously perched on crossed log
Around his neck tightening noose
Did once repent the most lovable thug
Why only wealth did he choose?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Masked Man

The masked man would come to my window
but never crossed the grill to be inside
he seemed to fly while talking of tomorrow
what he spoke took me on a dark ride!

I see you child progressing to be a man
moving places running races knowing need
reaching farthest far and beyond till the span
feels too long and you're weary of the speed!

I see you child going on a long trek
falling down getting up roaming wild
find a heart make a home and then break
in that wilderness sob like a child!

I see you child wide awake in the night
burning for pride hollow vain
while flickers out the last candlelight
darkness drowns the gathered gain!

As my fever weighs heavy on eyes sleepless
the dawn seems mercilessly slow
I know what he meant by a child's progress
the masked man that came to my window!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Master Innovator

Last night too came the demon
My sleeping face he held on stare
Pierced eyelids and had me thrown
To the darkest abyss of nightmare!

He enjoys the way I shrink
As he cruelly muddles my dream
Makes a quicksand for me to sink
Claps in glee at my woeful scream!

He turns turbulent the serenest beach
Rides me up the scariest cliff
His stretched hands always out of reach
The master that he is at mischief!

The demon frequents my nights of late
Himself going sleepless for the fun
Innovating new terrors 'neath blanket
Conjuring fears where there's none!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Matchstick

When the path is dark
The great sayings I forget.
The words of wisdom,
Years of sermons,
They appear so void and useless,
So hollow and lightless!
Amid the menacing clouds
That tries to run me down
And makes the way out of sight,
A simple thing does the magic -
A lean wooden matchstick!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Mead Was Green

My heart doesn't bleed
My eyes do not wet
For too long I'm in the parched mead
For too long and it's late!
When I came the mead was green
I could sow in the fertile land
The river was flowing joyfully clean
Not losing its way in the sand!
But I sowed only venom and fire
They drove away the waiting rain
Lo there was no green that dreams aspire
Dark nights howled in pain!
I let it go on for too long
The river dried up like my tears
Blood took away the last bird's song
Leaving mead of wasted years!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Mind Of Now

For the time gone we pine
To once there be back again
Drink that plane's nectarous wine
Under the sky of powdered rain!

Still isn't ripe under blackberry tree
The child's innocence its dreams starry
Lies there dormant the unserved need
In morning dew buried in weed!

Where has gone that lived in space
Shining bright in summers' recess
The doleful noons in imagined voyage
On painted seas sans anchorage!

Why it's so we live in past
With it obsessed in longing lust
The mind of now feels painful numb
Present seems void yawning vacuum!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Mist Will Clear

The mist will clear, have no doubt
Surely the sun is going to come out
If you are intent and eager to hear
Its rays in your ears will softly whisper
"It won't remain ashen, the sky will be blue
A new day is brewed just for you! "
Warm tea on table, papers unfurled
You get going for news of the world
Refreshed once more, with hope your eyes gleam
Yesterday is nothing but a forgotten dream
You are revived, ready to spread wing
Geared for the new, different something!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Moon At Midnight

Veiled in the night's mistiness
Her rivers flow wispy white
The earth shines in her grace
When the moon comes at midnight.
Our years have drifted out of sight
I have gone out of your mind
If we ever meet in the moonlight
If we ever once again find
Each other as strangers on the way
Unfamiliar souls burning with desires
To each other we would say
Let's rebuild the lost years
Once more in our hearts aspire
A love of youthful spright
Turn back cinders into fire
Burn with the moon at midnight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Moon On The River

Alone on the riverbank,
In the sunset breeze,
I felt unloved.
Just then the evening dawned.
Emerged the tranquil moon
And the silvery ripples said,
'It can't be'.
I dipped into the silence
The river poured in me.
The moon emerged full.
It said, 'you are not unloved'
'There's always someone for you'.
At peace with the river,
I took the last boat home.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Moon Outside

Over it you pour
Home isn't home anymore
Outside is it light or dark?
You are busy at work!
It's pretty
The synthetic luminosity
You get used to it
The moon outside
Is all shit!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Morning After

The morning after knocked my door
To say, 'your father is no more'
It's just like any other day
Except he won't say, 'Son, hey'!
I know he can't be gone far
To become a speck, a faraway star
I don't need a voyage on land and sea
But he's there, very much within me!
Now with him no external ride
I won't see him standing beside
No sounds, no words I can hear from him
From now on I would have him only in my dream!
Deathless he would come back and so he would remain
Ensuring my soul doesn't succumb to pain
The cycle goes on, go on it must
From me to the next, when I become dust!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Morning Messenger

The most awaited,
fresh baked
is what he brings
on my table
each morn.
I sip with tea
the crispy fare
that's soon forgotten
in the mad rush.
He's the bearer
of my daily habit
slipping thru my door
what's soon to find way
into trash-bin.
He's a faceless guy,
the harbinger of good and bad
that when himself dies
makes no news!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Night Flyer

Carrying silence on its wings
Over the night's city
The bat moans unheard by men.
Softly it flies in hunt for food
The noise down below seems distant,
An alienating sound he never was a part of,
His flight engraved on the pale moon.
There's so little time, morning will come soon.
But the city spews up only soot
His search is despairing for a tree bearing fruit.
Oblivious life noisily flows below
Consigning the bat to a death of doom,
There's no food and morn will come soon.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Night Of Judgment

Quietly they came stood around my head
It was last night, my date with the dead.
Their faces were veiled, their presence a wispy flow
The room was thickly filled with an ethereal glow.
I didn't know why I was struck with guilt
Scared as if for me a gallows was being built,
These aliens of faraway were not there for peace
But had come to be repaid with the final justice,
My love they sought, a little of my care
That I never gave them, never did share.
Their hearts pined for it, I never felt their pain
And now it's too late, they're back with disdain.
I lay benumbed while I was carried to the noose
The verdict was foregone, death's what they chose.
So friends love and care, it's for what you are sent
So that you feel no guilt on the night of judgment!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Night Says

Why bother the loss of daylight
When it brings the luring night
With her beauty of moon and star
That says another day is not very far!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Older You Got

Banters here and there
Sweeping pollens off your hair
By now you must know dear
All those pretexts to draw you near!
Long years together couldn't wipe out
My happiness at just hanging around you
There never was a shade of doubt
The older you got you got to be more new!
Playing clowns and childish pranks
Hiding away your much loved piggy banks
Deliberate acts to bring a blush on your face
You must know dear constitutes my happiness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Omnipotent

It's said He sees all,
Your acts and even your thoughts,
And scores how you perform
Not for self but for others,
Things you do
To make this place more habitable,
Words you speak
That bring more solace than pain,
Hands you touch
That feel thrilled than shrunk,
Eyes your eyes fall on
Light up with hope.
It's also said,
He sees all but is unmoved
Because He can't help it.
The Good and the Bad
Are both his making
And he is part of both,
So he can't reward or punish,
How can he,
The One who has created
A compartmentalized world?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Ones Left

The news has just come

He's dead.

In his garden the flowers bloom

Oblivious

He's no more.

His house breathes sorrow

He would have boarded the train today
and come back tomorrow!

Come back he will now

Whitened in frozen breath

Silently receiving
Untimely wreath!

She and their son
Brutally torn
Will enter not a house but hell
Without him but with his smell
Each object still warm
With his touch of care

And their wails
will rend the night air!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Ones You Love

Keep them close hold them tight
with them be as long you can
love them whole day and night
life is too brief a span!

Bonds are fragile time merciless
frail is the bridging link
fleeting are moments of small happiness
go would they all in a wink!

Keep them to you as long you can
give them the all you own
fill as much this short span
love them not leave them alone!

Days wear out past comes fast
forever is a figment of solace
love them hard so long they last
treasure them in warm embrace!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Only Truth

As so truly they say
God's gift is each day
For us to play our part
To live and love with all our heart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Other Half

My only weakness is a woman
A woman is my strength
Without her I'm a half man
Longing to be full length!

A woman fills the half of me
Without her I just can't do
Sans her I'm half empty
And know she needs me too!

Her only weakness is a man
A man is her strength
Without him she's a half woman
Longing to be full length!

A man fills the half of her
Without me she just can't do
Sans me she's half empty
And knows I need her too!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Other Man

When you seek a dark spot
when you prefer night's shadow
when you pray no eyes can find you
see the other man.

The other man,
he walks in the fire
with an erased past,
a slipping-fast present,
and a stale-bread future!
The other man,
who knows he has to smile
on his horrendous walk
through grueling moments,
drag himself on
along the summer asphalt
and not burn out his zeal for life.

When you seek a place to hide,
seek an asylum to escape,
find out the other man
inside you.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Other Side Of Moon

You are there so close
Yet the desire in me grows
Outbound I search outside
Not knowing where the shadows hide!
I could easily touch your hand
Make with you castles in the sand
It never comes or it is too soon
I wait for the other side of moon!
Shadows vibrate with throbs of pain
It's over and will never be again
Your face sinks in the morbid ocean of night
The other side of moon goes eternally out of sight!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Other Side Of Truth

Truth is evil
when it crushes
our will to live!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Passage

In the storm
The boat left without me.
I came all the way
Through rugged terrain
In blinding rain
Piercing impenetrable darkness
To reach the shore
And sail away.
In the blazing sun
The bus left without me.
I came all the way
In the blistering heat
Over the melting asphalt
In blinding haze
To reach the stop
And move away.
But I know
They'll come back for me
At the high noon,
And it's then,
They'll not leave without me.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Philosopher And The Mouse

A lonely mouse
In a lonely house
With a lonely piece of bread
A lonely philosopher
On a lonely bed
With the lonely thoughts in his head!
It was a queer coincidence
Though both of them aloof
They were in true essence
Were living under one roof!
The philosopher gave a laugh
Shaking his disheveled head
'Mere thoughts are not enough,
I can't live without bread'
The mouse whined in regret
'It's really no good
Such is my fate
I only think of food'
The philosopher without bread
Not a word he could carve
With no thoughts in its head
The mouse didn't starve!
The philosopher thought the mouse
He really couldn't befriend
Though they shared the same house
They couldn't unite in the end!
If only they could share
With each other thoughts and bread
It could be a great affair
In the way fairytales are made!
But they never made a start
The philosopher and the mouse
And lived poles apart
In the lonely decrepit house!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Photographer

A lens crazy guy he clicks at fast pace
At all leisurely moment, available recess,
Faces, landscapes, each fragment of life
Untiringly imaging his children and wife.
At home, when away, his eyes are on the look
For hunting out objects from the darkest nook
He freezes everything nothing escapes his lens
Sunlight and shadows and season's first rains.
Years roll by his bag of catch brims full
He clicks away in passion with one simple rule
That none of his shots should ever include him
Only preserve in its frame each passing dream.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Poet's Reward

The urge to knock one door
find access to one heart
get one eye to seek more
heal one soul from hurt

that gives all toil's reward
serves all labor's cause
when by touch of one word
is born one ponderous pause

one halt gives a priceless gain
one like a pure pleasure
one word blunts all edge of pain
makes rich of royal treasure

the poet craves for one audience
is not above the greed
lusts one mind's caring presence
one eye's fleeting read

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Pyre

He smiles as the pyre is lit for him
He had seen it all often in his dream
Its coming shadowed him day and night
As the fire engulfs him, he feels no fright
Calm in his thought of leaving behind the living
He listens to the hymns they mournfully sing!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Rebel Lives On

Bygone days were rebellious
He thought dead under dust of time
Youth though a little atrocious
Its fieriness was superbly sublime.
In the mellowed wintry weather
When to the shore the tired boats sail
It's back once again, knows the father,
In his son comes alive the rebel.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Rickshaw Puller

Somehow he pulls along
He breathes
In his little width of life,
He gasps
In making that width
When moves flesh
That far outweighs
What he gets at the ride's end,
Sweats it out in the sun
Splashes in the rain
A pedaling run
Joyless but gritty
That if can be made
Would fetch him his bread
From the rider in comfort
To the puller who transports
Mountains of loads
Knowing not to pause
Till drawn by fate
For a rest in sunset!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The River And The Sea

I sat in the silence of the riverbank
Watching the river going to the sea
Riding on her waves
To her oceanic lover
Who must embrace her
And become one in union!
I imagined myself on the bride's side
Sending her off
To her majestic groom!
The sun lit the river's path,
Dressed her in orange-red
Before its own flame
Sank in her water!
As the last heron left the river
Carrying on her wings
The fading daylight,
It was my time to go home,
Sadly knowing though,
Tomorrow,
When the river would be on her way
To yield once more to her lover,
I would not be on her bank.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Roadside Tap

The beggar quenches his thirst
The clerk fill his bottle must
From its spout pouring water's gush

Don't ask one belongs to which class!

In the conglomerate of disparity
It stands a symbol of equity
At everyone's beck and call

Flowing for one and all!

It's like for all one stop
Pause here a thief and a cop
Throats parched in summer heat

Get cooled in its reviving treat!

An oasis on any sun-burnt day
Its sparkling drops seem to jovially say
Come friend get cooled in my gush

I'll never ask you your class!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Salesman Returns

The day was a mishap.
Dry and arid
No wind blew
And in the oppressive heat
Nothing seemed to click.
The doors I knocked
Didn't yield,
The men I tried to reach,
Replied staunch refusals,
The deals so badly needed
Questioned my survival.
Bruised and battered for no gain,
I took refuge in the night.
My sleep returned them all,
The daytime monsters I chased,
Goblins, dybbuks, ghouls,
Specters of my torments –
Taking turns to chase me!
When the soft balm of sun
Opened my eyes,
I was back on the road
With dreams of
Open doors
Smiling faces
And deals with friendly monsters!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Scribe

From behind smoke
scribes the words' kitbag
his mind reveals.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Sea And She

Her feet dancing on the white sands
Her hairs toyed with by the breeze
Waving in joy her sea-drenched hands
Her olive skin forgot their crease.
How ageless she became under mid-noon sky
Turning feverishly playful and wild
Matching the seagull in its hunting cry
Turning once again into a child!
Not someone's mother somebody's wife
A pretty little girl she was once again
Unshackled from a mundane life
Gushing out like a revived fountain!
I didn't want these magical moments to rush
Became a part of her romantic whims
Found once more a long forgotten crush
Dreamt lost yet timeless dreams!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Shadow On The Window

Her dark silhouette moved beyond the grilled window
Was she a living woman, an apparition, or a shadow?

In the evening sitting there her head bowed low
I loved to think of her a ghost on the window.

That house from ours was within a stone's throw
At that time looked remote now only I know.

Her hands they always moved what she was up to
Was she knitting corpses' shroud I had little clue.

Don't look at her, mom would say, stay away from her
Her words ran me down the window didn't seem far.

Quickly I shut my eyes there was no way I could dare
To ignore mom's caution and had her in my stare.

I went back to my homework not that I much willed
But lessons had to be learnt pages had to be filled.

I heard ghosts could pass through wall anyplace they could be
What if she had stopped her work and come looking for me?

I sat frozen in benumbed fear my courage they all fled
For courage would be of no use when dealing with the dead.

I wasn't safe alone cried out 'mom' to find her I frightfully ran
Passed by the house the grilled window but there wasn't a woman.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Shining Lamp

An angel that goes around
With his shining lamp,
A poet earth bound
Leaves his stamp
On fresh drops of dew
Old thoughts ringing anew,
He showers the budding minds
Praising words he surely finds,
Always encouraging a born mate,
Seeds hopes for a blooming poet.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Silent Zone

Past the firework
Is reached the silent zone,
Deadly barren and dark
There you are all alone.
It's the land of winter night
Where lies the grave of summer tale,
You cry over them in the fading light,
Dusting memories that stubbornly pale!
The frame you carried with such pride
Is soon turned to a wrinkled heap,
Leaving for you no nook to hide
Except your cold heart to silently weep!
A fearful calm stalks you like your shadow,
Leads you into the abyss of silent zone,
Despairs inside you mercilessly burrow,
You know you were all along alone!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Soil's Tears

The soil knows the burden of tears
The earth's sadness that it bears
Through endless battles for territory -
Only the soil knows it has no boundary!
Blood spills on it, falls toil's sweat,
Muscle's ravage decides the weak's fate
Cries of desperation and victory's cheers
All these the soil tearfully bears!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Spell

A low monotone 'snip snip snip'
Drooping heads as in slumber deep
The mirrors reflect telling it all
The shed strands quietly fall.
Goes on the buzz 'snip snip snip'
Are they awake or in deep sleep?
Getting off-loaded here's no hike
Lines of souls sit vampire-like.
No one speaks it's nobody's call
Heads mildly roll, tissues fall
Shrouded white from world disguised
The snipper's spells have them hypnotized.
The stupor breaks once ends the ride
A cruel world is waiting outside
The spell was so short, it's a pity
Time again for back to reality!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Stranglers

The path winded through the jungle their tread was cautious slow
Walk they must still a long way till the sun goes down below
They carried with them precious merchandise monies earned from trade
What dangers lay on their way what would befall them they were afraid.

They walked ceaseless in worried face their words broke the silence
The shadows lengthened it bothered them still long was the distance
As luck would have it there came along a retinue of tradesmen
They too were heading the same way carrying with them trade's gain.

Thank god we have met you for we carry with us good treasure
The way is not safe we have heard dangers lurk in immense measure
We would be secure if we travelled together in large number's strength
For our wealth we must safe keep till we reach the journey's length.

As was proposed so was done they befriended and resumed their way
Warmly chatting sharing anecdotes not knowing when passed the day
When came evening they halted at a place set up camps there for the night
Unburdened themselves for rest and gossip enveloped in glow of moonlight.

They discussed business profits bargains the many losses and gains in deals
Smoking hookahs chewing betel leaves passing time till served their meals
When dinner was over they sat together shrouded in smoke and night's song
Basking in friendship not once doubting tomorrow would never come along.

Behind each man sat another one a silent sign game was on play
Eyes roamed on eyes death in disguise waited to fall on its prey
Then came one call ominous and small a voice said let's take break
In one clean swift sweep fastened handkerchiefs strangled the unaware necks.

In less than a minute stopped each heartbeat with such precision was it made
Bodies lay still the hunters got their kill without much struggle and bloodshed.
They buried each corpse leaving no trace the two groups became one
In the name of Kali they had used the noose got the booty for a job well done.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Street Hawker

From the day his mother died
He had no time to mourn
Coz the very next morn
The same robe he had to adorn
Same food he served door to door
Forgetting mother is no more!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Stubborn Lover

Up the tree high up from ground
the stubborn lover makes a metallic sound
if from the foliage can reach his voice
a mate finds out makes him her choice.

The summer noon is deep lonesome
hot winds blow in somber hum
'neath gray sky he strums in wait
a soulful beat in search of mate.

She seems so close yet never too nigh
his breast breathes out sigh on sigh
Spring is gone soon will come rain
yet finds no soul to dispel his pain.

He doesn't give up calling from morn
if comes his way a heart lovelorn
I too want he gets his mate
the stubborn lover coppersmith barbet.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Sunshine Spot

A dim shadow of memories of a time that flew away
In the sunshine spot of heart, the child is still at play
The child is still there, his face glowing in smile
Though what came of him traveled many a mile
He wanted to be a man; it's what he really willed
He didn't know the vagaries of life's battlefield
Man he did become steering the rough ride
But the child survived somewhere deep inside
It's what makes us go, keeps our heart clean
Always lying there, in the sunshine spot within!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Tap

The leaking tap dripped all night
Tip tip tip
Sleep took a flight
Dream couldn't reap!

First thing next morn
A plumber I must call
How I scorn
The goddamned tap its nightlong fall!

Poor tap has a mind of its own
Screwed at men's free will
Left in dripping groan
Its pain who can feel!

Yet it doesn't bend
Will fill the bucket
When the plumber will mend
Valve and socket!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Taunting Silence

The curtain quietly rustles in the taunting silence
Bearing no mocking shadows to bridge the distance
For death is certainly the ultimate solemn toast
There's no getting back of even a faintest ghost!
Nothing but a fading smell that's not really much
Other than the living one's yearning for a touch
For words left unsaid and relations that never grew
Alas no rewinding, a once more living through!

The leaves on the grave rustle in the taunting silence
The gnawing pain inside, no phantom lessens!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Teaseller

From pieces of woodsticks
the tea seller makes a fire
in the night of summer,
people sip tea
as they merrily
talk politics.

When rises the first star of night
day flickers out in the earthen lamp
shadows dance in the oil's light
finds toil's pause a resting camp.

Wispy smokes fly from the kettle spout
outside the long night awaits day
sip the lips elixir of thirsty mouth
claypot's brew finds anew demons to slay.

Fires fly as fireflies dance around
stars find the earth below glowing hot
words dry empty minds dims sound
eyes crave for escape to dream's cot.

The last cup winds up the day's cash
marks the night skylight in cricket clocks
weary hands beneath a tree throw the ash
time to count gathered amount in the tinbox.

Night then devours light's last post
his feet walk the soil of his years' trail
this lonesome hour he loves the most
when his wishes with the winds to the heavens sail.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Timeless Twig

Time stands still on the twig.
The sky keeps changing colors,
Blue, dark, ivory, violet -
She grows old, I turn feeble
Ego, enmity, jealousy fade
Our stories dry up to the end!
The twig remains there,
Braving rain, bad weather,
It doesn't break, doesn't complain,
Endures mutely the passing of pain,
Standing robust under the changing sky,
Reshaped landscape, agony's cry,
With no wars to fight, no belief to defend,
It is there to see us reach the dead end!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Traveller

Amid the rustles of leaves,
he strains his ears
to hear the footsteps
gone before him.
Through the web of mist
that rises from under his feet,
his eyes probe intensely
for the trail of the traveller
he walked with yesterday.
The jungle stiffly silent
hides the secret deep within
veiling it in dark shrubs.
The man feels a smoke
rise in his eyes,
'where is the traveller,
who just the day before,
walked with me? '
His questions
more like wailings
rend the unresponding wind.
Before him as far as the eyes go
stretches the unending path.
He begins the search once again
not knowing
the next traveller is on his trail.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Tribe Of Poets

Blessed are the poets
who read more and write less!

burn up nights in passion's flame
breathe in breathe out every poem
hours rewarded in busy ingest
no repenting on forsaken rest
a drift a wind a stormy rush
din of mirth a grievous hush
won't forgo once embark
heart's vent in light or dark
like a mission promise to keep
wake they up in a world asleep
read and read till the seeds are sown
in heart sprouts up own poem full grown!

Blessed be their tribe
for them the poemdom thrives!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Ugly Line

I want to erase that ugly line.
It's not seen but it's there
Between you and me
Day and night
Deep down
Eating
Thru
Us!
You
And I
Created
And allowed
That line to grow
And build between us
A rift that makes us enemies
Drifting away as two islands!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Ugly, The Bad And The Good

The ugly is no face no color no skin
It you won't find on surface
The ugly also known as bad's worse twin
May hide beneath a pretty face.
None is born ugly but later convert
Lured by power and greed
Ugly is ugly from meanness of heart
A shameless and self centred creed.
Bad for this world that it usually rules
Dominates politics and governance
Both bad and good are to ugly easy fools
Victims of ugly's pretense.
The clan of ugly raises its head
To shed blood and wage wars
When ugly reigns the good falls dead
Struck by its satanic curse.
The bad is one that lives on threshold
Can go with either on ride
Deviant of good its soul isn't sold
If wants can switch to good's side.
Bad isn't as bad as ugly can be
It has quite a few streaks of good
It still has the choice to make itself free
And be as good as it could.
The good is surely of the three the only wise
That serves without craving for glory
Makes for us this earth a paradise
Hardly finds a place in history.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Unhappy King

The king says with a long grim face
My wealth brings me no happiness
With all the courtesans around my throne
There's no fulfillment and I feel all alone.
My courtiers have only good words for me
I know they're not genuine but mere flattery
They smile at my smiles and frown if I frown
They wouldn't have cared a fig but for my crown.
You may not know but my crown feels so heavy
With the curses of my people for the taxes I levy
They suffer to see me in wealth and affluence
The king's might make them bear it in silence.
You may envy me for all my treasure trove
Not knowing how much I pine for little love
Crave for freedom and life's little pleasures
That cannot be bought with all my treasures.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Unsolved Case Of Mr. Steve

The air smelt of doom
Mystery hung in the room
No one was allowed to leave
Right on the job was Mr. Steve.
One by one they were called
He had them mauled
With questions often uncouth
But he had to get to the truth.
The smart as well as the shy
Had something for alibi
The tall and lean Mr. Brown
Said he was out of town
Ms. Percival said she wasn't there
Had gone out to see a theater
Mr. Hubbard was stubbornly quiet
His face pale and ashen white
Ms. Christie who leant on a crutch
Was talking irrelevant too much.
Each one of them denied having heard
Any sound that could take them off guard
Tim the butler slept through the night
Janice heard nothing after putting out the light.
Mr. Steve fumed as his vexation grew
Knowing for sure not all said was true
The murder has been committed by one of them
Who could it be in this hide-and-seek game?
Was the offence committed for material gain?
Who could benefit from these men and women?
Or could it be, more ghastly and strange,
The murder was done as an act of revenge?
He couldn't find flaws with any of alibi
There was no evidence to nail down the lie
He found it unsolvable, and that irked Mr. Steve
His reputation was at stake as a great detective.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Unsure Man

It was tough job going home from the evening shift
he would keep coming back before taking the lift
stand gazing intently at the office noticeboard
umpteenth time reading the roster word by word!

Not sure he had seen it right would find someone out
tell him please see my morrow's shift to dispel his own doubt
I want to be doubly sure haven't missed out something, mate,
please do me this favor I'll give you one cigarette.

Knowing him well that man would say for you can find it out
but one fag is not enough to clear all your doubt
will tell you the morrow's shift surely dear mate
only if at the canteen give me the treat of one omelette.

After the deal was fully done would end this funny affair
convinced of next day's schedule he would come downstairs
the night already was quietly deep with not a soul on the road
it had taken him quite some time to decipher the noticeboard!

When came the tram splitting the night below a crescent moon
he would raise his hand but strangely wouldn't board it soon
till someone would drag him in much against his will
knowing he would be stranded if he missed the last vehicle.

The dogs' bark welcomed him home as he reached its door
the neighborhood was in slumber known by buzzing snore
but then told him his riddled mind he certainly couldn't tell
if at all this was his home and he should ring the bell!

As he stood quite confused with the minutes growing more
light footsteps were heard inside a woman opened the door
he asked her if a man of his name was residing in that house
it's no time for such madness would pull him in his spouse!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Way You Want Me

I could be anything the way I wish
A bowlful of food an empty dish
A blade of grass or a redwood tree
But I want to be the way you want me.

I could be anyone the way I wish
Furrowed forehead or smiles that please
A heart rigid or a mind that's free
But I want to be the way you want me.

I could be a face covered with veil
A man of dogma or with free will
Kissing wind or a stinging bee
But I want to be the way you want me.

I could be the man I thought I must
Winner in suspicion loser in trust
A narrow stream or the boundless sea
But I want to be the way you want me.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Wayfarer

When the city gallops
Uncomprehendingly fast in his slowness
Wearying his blood wrinkling his face

He watches it go by at the bus stop.

No bus stops here anymore
Get in get out then closed door
But the shade homes wayfarer's wait
If one sits broods on fate.

Contemplates mind how they're redundant
Left and right all movers' want
Sunset mellows in the time brewed find
The redeeming way is the one left behind.

The city races in a maddening buzz
The wayfarer only needs to trudge
Back to the road now sunk in dust
Retracing footsteps of love and trust!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Wife Of Seven Husbands

There's no love sated
In one man, one woman
It flows unabated
For endless span!

In life she had seven husbands
But love with her is buried where her tomb stands
Many more might have come to her life
The lady she's known as the seven husband's wife.

Empty would seem her heart's treasure trove
If she had stuck to merely one love
So when tired she banished one for good
Found herself another as her soul's food.

She searched love towards that end made attempt
But after a while grew familiarity's contempt
Love is no water that can be held in one jerrycan
When one man was exhausted was time for another man.

Often she fell for them drawn by their exterior
Only to find afterwards their inferiority to her
All their sweet talks were hollow in every bit
Impossible was to endure their annoying habit.

Yet she didn't cease her search for love true sublime
To bond in a relationship that would stand the test of time
But that she never found remained empty her treasure trove
She passed from one man to the other not found real love.

The seven men that failed her in love she ended their term
For they unbeknownst to them had caused her fatal harm
By not fulfilling her cherished goal not being loving husband
Leaving her with no choice but with their blood to smear her hand!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Wilderness Within

The mirror above the washbasin
Reflects a lonely face
Eyes sad cheeks shaved clean
They tell of an inner wilderness.
A space that you alone traverse
There's none but yourself to converse
Outside the teeming world roars
You are shut within closed doors.
Soon you compromise for a sleep
No dreams to soothe no relationship
No lullaby to douse the heart's fire
You embrace the dark, slip into its mire.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Witch

The house seemed to live on its own
In the silence of a monster waiting prey
Skin peeled off mossed abandoned
In a gloom quite untouched by the day!

It was the house standing last in the lane
Hidden in its dark ominous nook
Locked in closed door windowpane
Holding secret of a never opened book!

Not one sign of some life did it show
Bar a glassed shadow in the candlelight
Flickering for a while and then go
Like a passing phantom of the night!

Never go anywhere near that door
Cautioned us the elders in childhood
It was said weren't seen anymore
Those ventured had disappeared for good!

We found in that lane a peaceful space
For a winter afternoon's cricket match
Bowling and batting in low pace
When the ball was in air shouting catch!

It happened one day jumped the fence
A bounce took the ball past the wall
The children were worried and tense
Who would go to fetch it make a call!

None was ready to give the door a knock
Having heard about the house its weirdness
What would reveal once the knob was unlocked
Peeped from it the most macabre face!

They left as I stood there alone
With terror creeping to my core
When the wood creaked with a groan
Stood a woman on the opened door!

On her face shone a smile's beaming star
As she held out the ball for my reach
While I wondered what made them call her
A bitch and child slaying witch!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Woman I Romanticize

The woman I romanticize.
Her abode is not in my mind
She has no place in my heart
Her face is not in my eyes
Her frame is not in my dream.
Who is she then?
Where I found her?
When I met her?
Where is she?
You know it as do I.
She isn't someplace
She isn't someone
She isn't part
She isn't full
She isn't love
She isn't passion
She isn't dead
She isn't alive
She's one I made
In my bid to survive!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Wonder That Is Love

If love's wonder can't do it
Nothing can
If hearts can't meet
We don't stand a chance, man.
If love's wonder can't do it
Nothing can
If our paths never meet
We aren't anywhere, man.
If love's wonder can't do it
Nothing can
Coz hurdles only love can beat
Nothing is more powerful, man.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The World For Yourself

Will you help?
Or you need the world only for yourself.
Then you needn't heed the warning bells,
Sparrows are vanishing, so are squirrels
Water hens and coucals are almost gone
But you don't need them you wannabe alone.
It's such a small thing disappearance of a bird
Tiger is vanishing, not far is leopard
It doesn't matter let your tribe grow
Let them perish the thylacine and dodo.
You can live alone so what for the howl
You need no drongo no nightjar no owl
Rhinos are butchered, gorillas only a few
Not the wild asses must survive is you.
You must alone rule with tooth and claw
Let them all go the eagles and macaw
The otter, the cheetah and the polar bear
You needn't think till they're there.
Then when they go it'll be too late
To know on their survival depends your fate
Even the smallest one lends you their help
But you needed the world only for yourself.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The World Is Not In Ruins

They went to see the King.

The King's resplendent robe
they all glorified

but in hushed whispers were heard

There's no robe
The King is naked

but nagged them doubts
surely their eyes were lying
or the royal attire was too fine
for naked eyes

what they saw
shouldn't be seen.

It's then a child
before the King boldly stood
and upon his face said

You are nude.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The World Will Move On

The lashing rain beat down on them
The three puppies huddled and moaned
There was no warmth worth its name
The clouds thundered as they lay disowned!
Death stared stark and cold on their face
Insignificant little ones in the life's race
The world will move on without these three
Only with them will die a part of me!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

The Young Man From Spain

A young man from Spain
Fell in a cold dark drain
When asked, "Are you Mad? "
Said, "No, I'm insane."
This young man from Spain
From the fall in considerable pain
Attracted a large queue
But him none did rescue.
In his fall he saw no gain
This injured guy from Spain
He exclaimed "Oh, what surprise,
I'm showered with only advice! "
Many suspected his brain
Asked if he was or wasn't in pain
It really was suspect which side was sane
The ones gathered or the man from Spain!
"How funny" said the men and women
"Surely your eyes were not open"
Some said, "It's simple and plain,
The fellow is plain insane."
They said, "You should have been more alert
More cautious and certainly more smart
They all agreed the men and women
He should not have been in the drain.
The unfortunate man from Spain
Wondered what's the bargain?
Though pain made him blue
Why was nobody coming to his rescue?
They left the poor man to his fate
Expressing anguish and regret
We never knew which side was insane
The crowd that gathered or the man from Spain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Then And Now

Your hair was then
an ocean

Your feet
nimble emotion

Your skin
rice bran gold!

Now you're as old

as undiminished sunrise

in my eyes.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

There Won'T Be Another Like Me

When you get me off your mind
Untie yourself to get free
When you really leave me behind
There won't be another like me.
When you decide to part way
I am no more the honey bee
With whom you can anymore stay
There won't be another like me.
At nights when southern winds blow
You lie under a canopy of tree
Staring at the stars you will know
There won't be another like me.
Counting waves on a lonely shore
When your face is kissed by the sea
You will know from the tears that pour
There won't be another like me.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

There's A Box

There's a box I bolted my sorrow
But hear it knocking kicking to be out
I keep it telling I'll free you tomorrow
His prison he will break one day no doubt!

For the box gets old and the lock grows rust
And sans my feeding sorrow isn't any frail
Bides time in prison knowing one day must
It's going to be free have me in its spell!

I write happy poems breed smiles as mate
Use all my ink to drown sorrow's voice
But sorrow in silence goes spinning its net
I hear its cries rend sounds of joys!

There's a box I bolted my sorrow
And would rather not worry when it breaks free
I'm more than happy it's locked till tomorrow
written on the box to be cheered by daily!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

There's A Visitor In Our House

There's a new visitor in our house
Ghostly noises it's making in the night
Not a bit bothered by our grumble and grouse
It preys on our nerves keeping out of sight.

At wee hours is heard all the weird sound
But it's silent when the light's switched on
This invisible guest is not seen around
Before the bulb's flicker it's gone.

Now this creature is giving us nightmare
Making its presence felt at odd hours
Wreaking our sleep and vanishing in thin air
Holding us helpless victims in its powers!

A queer thing has happened since it began
By no stretch of logic could we explain that
Not one of them in the vicinity remain
Gone from our house is all the cat.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

There's Nothing We Really Need

when my computer crashed
I thought it took my everything

places, faces and moments photographed
heart's words crystallized
the years of making and preserving them

when they vanished without a trace
consumed me an emptiness
that remained no relic to remind me of the past
to relive the times frozen on the frame
and it seemed life was only half lived!

When lifted the clouds of sigh
I gave my mind a peaceful heed
I heard spoken within

there's nothing that we really need
except a little space

to love and be loved!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

They Feed On My Fears

When I say I'm scared, know I'm speaking of ghost
Freaky flimsy phantoms my fears love to host
In the lonely nights, as I lie in the dark
These spooky souls, on me disembark
Move in my room in the weirdest possible forms
Stoke my fear's fire raise eerie whisper's storms
Gather around my bed with ghastly glowing eyes
They aren't eyes of ghosts but burning fireflies
They stink of rotten flesh, I smell in them my doom
Of all places on earth, why they love my room?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

They Leave At Dawn

Two innocent eyes look up at me
Blue pleading watery eyes
I catch that moment on my cellphone
Before long they would be gone!

Come back cute fluff
I croon in each dark corner
Come back milk bright fur
Come back silk smooth caress
You can't have gone too far!

Crescent moon hides you in shadow
Covers you the pale ashen star
Come back not wrench my heart
You can't have gone too far!

Why the ones I love don't stay long
Like you I carry on my cellphone
A few tunes and part composed song
Hushed into dusty yellow tone!

Why I can't hold them back
The ones I love disappear at dawn
Go hide in the moon's shadow
Leaving me bruised forlorn!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Thirty Minutes

The fire crackles as it feasts on his flesh
burning all layers of skin
soon it will crunch the bones ablaze
gobble up the soul within!

When alive his mind was a mess
dreams only fulfilled his wish
now in the searing hot furnace
finds peace in disintegrated piece!

Thirty minutes in this solitary chamber
and he will come out to lie in an urn
from dust to dust each part dismembered
to be beyond all care and concern!

Soon his ashes will kiss the riverbed
for him is marked no other fate
will live the words vented his head
the man the thinker the poet?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Thirty Minutes Together

When destiny threw them together
for thirty minutes

they heard each other's heartbeats

thirty minutes together
they were pair

he preened her feather
she spread her bare

don't love me
I'll soon go away
he said broken voice

this thirty minutes together
I'll cherish forever
in her voice rejoice

and end of time
they went their way

you love don't mean

you would forever stay.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

This Christmas Night

They don't see it in any different way
it's for the like of them another day
another day to sun in the chill
another day without a square meal.

Then when comes the unfriendly night
the cold bares fangs hounds for a bite
a roofed mirage underneath warmth born
to live it out till comes another morn.

If you break your run in reflective pause
and feel inside a stir to act a Santa Claus
weigh yourself high in the scale of spirit
enlarge your hands so they hold enough gift.

Enough may not seem for the kind of your ilk
but enough for them a crumb a saucer of milk
look into their eyes the night is no more cool
you have warmed it made their hearts thankful.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

This Clown Needs A Breather

give me a break
from the seas rough
I greed a bellyache
badly need to laugh!

for too long weathered
a stormy bumpy ride
I need a breather
bare a guffaw wide!

give me a break
give me a break
life is burdened enough

give me a break
not give a heartache
I badly need to laugh!

been too long bowed down
with the pangs of grief
needs himself this clown
a laugh's relief!

long buzzed this head
with the groans of pain
this heart has bled
time and again!

give me a break
give me a break
life is burdened enough

give me a break
not give a heartache
I badly need to laugh!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

This Day Next Year

Remember this day next year,
My date with you.
Then I'll not see your face,
But that won't stop me
From thinking about you.
This day next year
I'll carry the note in my mind
I'll bear the pain of
Not seeing you again
For another long year
Or beyond, maybe forever.
But that won't stop me
From dreaming your face
As my own days rush into night...
This day next year,
Be sure I'll be there
With you in your memories!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

This September Day

On this first day of September
as I look up at the rainwashed sky
with cheerily flying grey white storks
I grow fonder of belonging.

This is the place I call mine
where in the autumnal shine
open all doors
and the wind whispers

All is yours
yours

this is your place
forever and no less

all of today
and tomorrow

for you made
yours in essence.

This September day
insignificant becomes transience!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

This Side Of The River

There's no happiness this side
The river is without a tide
The soil unfertile for seed
Here grows nothing but weed.
Behold the river's other side
Soil is rich so is tide
Spreads out mile after mile
Lands rich and fertile.
I wish I were on that side
This is not the place to reside
There I could get good harvest
There I could build a happy nest.
The man on the river's other side
Finds his river without tide
Finds everything there vile
The land barren unfertile!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Though

I long

for a belief

that would keep me

strong.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Though I'M Not As Bright

You give me hard tasks to do miss
You make me stand on one leg
I wish I could know all the things
But how do I know, I beg?
You ask me a thousand questions
I must answer them right
I wish my little brain knew everything
But not everybody can be as bright!
You ask me to do the hardest sums
I must get the steps all right
You think I am one of those bums
But not everybody can be as bright!
You write in my diary I'm doing bad
You make me show it to dad
Though you know I'm not as bright
You cause me my bitterest plight!
You think my excuses utterly lame
Finding fault with whatever I say
But though I'm not as bright as them
I'll surely grow up one day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Though We Parted

I keep tonight for you
On my porch will light a strobe
For you to find my way
Tiptoe in silken robe.
I keep tonight for you
Smell wind of olden breath
When your shadow is on my door
I'll kindle fires of yore.
I keep tonight for you
On a bed that was never made
Hunt where those years flew
Find them in drunken head.
I keep tonight for you
In my eyes the stars gleam
For you to find my way
And walk into my dream.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Thoughts

Lying for long but always new
Hunt out the poet lying in you
Never anchoring he always sails
Quietly weaving fairy tales
Traveling forever to faraway lands
Picking pebbles from distant sands
Shaping your thoughts
Spinning your dreams
Calling the shots
Living the whims!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Three Coins For Her Love

Close your eyes and stretch your palm
I tell her.

She doubts my intention.

don't worry dear
have no fear
I mean no harm

And as she spreads her palm
I place three coins.

She looks askance.

one for your love
one for your trust
one for ever being by my side
I tell her.

I can go any far to tease her!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Three Hard Weeks

After first week runs out the thin pay
With price soaring high needs growing by day
The hard three weeks hardly pass by
Bad times stay longer don't ask the reason why!

If only the month were cutely weekly sleek
Thin as the monthly pay spread for one week
Men would have worn happily beaming face
And not waste hours on a frantic goose chase!

A month is not richer with more days pushed in
Three weeks of workload less peace more din
One week is quite fine a month of seven day
So it stay long enough make do with thinnest pay!

The purse makes a clamor drained of all strength
A month be made a week reduce the long length
Prune three hard weeks leaving a week to stay
To make men stay happy make do with thinnest pay!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Through Nights Of Thunder

A few moments and then snap
None is there in the gallery to clap
Yet be on the road, the job is not done
You are still left with a long way to run.
Through nights of thunder and days of fire
You may slow down, the body may tire
But get up and go soon, the job is not done
Something is always left, you must run.
The merciless time is so fast ticking away
The path often elusive, your mind may sway
You can't afford to pause, with so much undone
You have to get going, cannot end the run.
You are the master, you fired the shot
You and your dream, they're all you got
So little is covered, still much to be done
You must go on, there's a long way to run.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Till I'M Free

I have sailed on the sea
Now come what may
Afloat I'll stay
Till I'm free.
Rough maybe the sea
With storm and gale
But I must sail
Till I'm free.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Time & She

When the evening glimmers day slowly turns dead
I peek at my watch sweet six in my head
Walk in windy sprint in cheerful childly gait
To reach home in time meet you sweet mate!

When the few hours seeming like weeks
Roll out prolonged till they reach six
I pick up my bag leave the tedium behind
To reach home in time my sweet mate in mind!

When the day unfolds bland time slowly ticks
The clock acts too lazy to reach the magic six
I hold on the belief the evening won't be late
To ferry me in time to my waiting sweet mate!

When nothing seems to tick except my weary watch
As it trundles into six I say thank you very much
For though you ran so lazy reached six at any rate
To tell the time is ripe to rush home for sweet mate!

When each hour passes mundanely alike
Work drags slowly painting the day prosaic
Past its burned hours beyond the toil's sweat
Chimes the magical six it's time for sweet mate!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Time Management (10w)

Can't be a theme for a poem,
poets are jobless.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Timeless

In the bud lies hidden the fragrance
Of a blossom not far away
A secret mystery an untold romance
Though it won't for long stay!
In the dawn lies hidden a story
Of a day not far away
A dark despair a shining glory
Though it won't for long stay!
In the journey lies hidden an end
That is never too far away
Together in love the time we spend
Will be forever there to stay!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Timely Untimely

Never short of love for him
the son lends his father his shorts.

The poor man was making do with one
washing it and drying in the sun
till his son gifted him when
ran out his luck by untimely rain.

It rains untimely too when love ascends
the son to his father a timely gift lends
be it a shorts or a piece of cloth
a small declaration of love's sweet oath.

This timely lend brings his untimely tears
he hides it from the giver as done all these years
enjoys the bliss of the hug on his skin
wearing his shorts wearing love within.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Times In Her Wings

She has her secret magic
to keep men's hopes alive
she's truly fantastic
the girl the woman the wife

On earth the heavenly flower
in color's riot blooming wild
south wind and summer's shower
god's face is she girl child

The morning though passes to noon
times in her wings fly
she's a woman too soon
the woman of my eye

The woman of all weather
without her man is woe-man
she's wife sister mother
the way only a woman can

She fathoms what men don't tire
see her heart burned and holed
till she walks the whole length of fire
and be the woman in their eye old

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Times Once Lived

Whenever I go to the roof to spend some time my own
find the chunk of the past I left memories rusty grown
see there shadows of father hear his walking feet
if I strain my senses hard even hear his heart beat!

I hear there the lost footsteps in the wind faintly sighs
in the dark nooks imprints of years that quickly passed by
find there the ghost of dreams she and I had spun
their ashes now scattered from our memories long gone!

I see there the old me in the corner standing aloof
unaged ungrown my fossil on the roof
by the light of the fireflies he still searches me
rewrites in the moonglow long discarded poetry!

On the roof times are not dead they merely abscond
hide under the hyacinth of the night's silent pond
I find them lurking there sounds and sights of yore
for times once lived never go from us anymore!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Tin Box Man

I called him the tin box man.

His smile was sweeter than all his cakes and pastries.

A man left poor after a hard day's work
Never saw on his face smiles unmarked

Tin box man may I have one
But I have no money

They're all for you honey

Then in the box would dip his hand
On my palm a cake would land

But I have no money tin box man

Pay it back when you can

Then he would deliver his trademark speech

When you grow up and become rich
I would come with an empty can
Fill that up for the tin box man.

Never saw one passing cloud on his face
Ill clothed unshaved never bereft of grace
In his box holding what deep mysteries
Spreading the sweetness of cakes pastries!

He is long gone but lingers his trace
When I encounter depression's face
He stands beside me my smiles unlocks
Locks away all sadness in his tin box!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

To All Poets Writing Hourly Poem

To all poets writing hourly poem
I offer my unqualified admiration
Place them with honor in my hall of fame
For truly glorifying our poetic nation.

They keep the windows open never shut the mind's door
Can't suppress them schedules of work hectic daily chore
For who knows when the sky passes by stops dead the falling rain
Uncared a feeling rolls by goes unaddressed angst of pain!

Isn't a rainbow painted out there on doorstep waiting the season
A bird is chirping the song of hope giving life a compelling reason
Isn't a face waiting to be seen love pining to be released from a heart
Who knows when dies a river midstream each moment's scenes depart!

The farther these poets go they dream for a farther reach
To hunt out the dark demons blind alley's fearsome witch
Who knows when the light goes out burns out the fiery sun
This body turns to trails in dust with so much little yet done!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

To Be With You

I have waited through the day
To go home in the evening
And tell you what I've to say
For the bliss they would bring.
So many things I forgot
In the morning's rush
Each pearl of a thought
Will from my lips gush.
For the joy to knock your door
I must hasten and go fast
All my thoughts in store
Must reach you till they last.
I know you'll be there
Staring through the window
Your face glowing fair
In your eyes the ocean's flow.
I must bow a little low
When you will take me in
You'll know what I mean
And kiss me on my chin.
I would die to bare my heart
Drawing you close to me
But not knowing where to start
I'll just babble in glee.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

To My Image

not behind everything is my hand
not everything even I understand
I try to craft from chaos some order
leave some unfinished some on the border.

my home though cosmos I reside within
without being choosy about skin and sin
the good and the bad I have to take along
like I take in my stride all right and wrong.

if you have faith I make some sense
to the faithless I'm just nonsense
so made I'm no grudge can harbor
satan and angel find my favor.

I feel burdened when see the mankind
finding in everything my hidden hand
not realizing if only I had a magic wand
would have made this world an unblemished land.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

To Tell You A Secret

to tell you a secret
where my eyes roamed
while in the forest
where my eyes homed

if I can tell you without fear
and the secret you don't take far
it was not the wild deer
my eyes were seeing her

to tell you a secret
what my lens caught
while in the forest
what pictures it got

if I can tell you without shame
and you rightly guess the answer
it was not following any game
but kept on catching her!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Today Is The Time

I'll see what's birthed from your mind
I'll read as much as poetry
Today I'll make time from grind
Who knows what tomorrow will be!

I'll look for the face of your write
I'll walk your traveled distance
Today I'll search in your light
Your thoughts' all hidden nuance!

I'll peep into each poem you paint
I'll delve for the pearls within them
Today some time I'll rent
To catch your passion's revealed flame!

Today is the time must grab it
Explore your mind's tapestry
Of love heartbreak and wit
Who knows what tomorrow will be!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Today's Diary

She is too ill today
Not a day to feel poetic
Virus laid fever's prey
Pray work the antibiotic.

Her eyes today in weakness closed
Her head sunk in pillow
Verses are dry in a mind morose
Pains her face in fever's glow.

At six o'clock I whispered to her
Time for the antibiotic
She saw me in a hazed blur
Not a word she could speak.

Teatime came she didn't get up
I still made it for two
In trembling hand she held the cup
She couldn't refuse my brew.

Gnaws me despair when she's ill
Still a novice at basic kitchen work
Never learned the skill to make the day's meal
Where are things I grope in the dark.

She says feels no good to lie down like this
My fever is gone with the sweat
I know for anything she would ever miss
Seeing me off at the gate!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Tomorrow

Do I get the job sir?
Tomorrow we can confirm.
He needed an employment so badly

A boy of nineteen
An would be graduate
Thrown into the vortex of life
To shoulder responsibilities
A boy of his age would not normally be required to do.

He touched his right hand on his head
And said

I promise to come back tomorrow.

He went out on the road
With the dream of tomorrow
Little sunlit little brighter than today

His mind drifted someplace else...

His head crushed under the wheels of a bus!

I see him standing before me
His hand on his head
His lips parting in the vow

I promise to come back tomorrow.

Have you ever wept for someone
You don't know have never seen
For you just a piece of news
Another accident
Another death on the road?

Then you would understand
Why my tears were inconsolable

Come back boy

Come back somehow
tomorrow

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Tomorrow Is A Day Away

Baby, you were born just today
Seen not the bumpy thorny life
The pitfalls many on the way
Tomorrow's struggle and strife!

Baby, you were born just today
Yet to take the rough ride
Morrow is only a day away
We'll not be on your side!

Baby, you were born just today
Days will go in windy rush
Seem just a fleeting moment's stay
Before times mercilessly pass!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Tomorrow Is A Mystery

While bidding farewell to a departing day
We dream of morrow a new life we pray
Who knows for morrow what's in store
End of all hope or opening new door?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Too Good Too Long

I wish I could be like the street urchin
Unpampered uncared but not sad
Wear daylong a cloudless grin
Be in manners and etiquette bad!

I want to be bad
I need to be bad
Am too shackled by the good

I want to be like him
The street urchin
Carelessly capriciously crude!

Too long I have been by the good enslaved
Hold captive in its pretentious cask
Too long for good I have naggingly craved
Let it cut out for me all my task!

I want to be bad
I need to be bad
Am dying for the untasted brew

I want to be like him
The street urchin
Treating good too good to be true!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Too Long, Too Short

On bed they stirred
when went out light

the couple whispered
past midnight

so fast it passed
the seasons rushed

of time together
for thirty years!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Top Hill

Here in a sleepy hamlet
in the shadow of Top Hill
amid barren aridity
I am hiding.
A runaway
from my family, friends,
familiar faces,
and also
from myself!
Why I call them friends?
My family
who cares coz I earn,
friends
all fair weather,
familiar faces
that breed only contempt,
and the most deadly myself,
the untiring aspirer
in home, office, deals,
the macabre face on the mirror,
sartorially correct
refined manners
polished etiquette
but inside a greedy moron
ever ready to sell his soul
at the sight of a penny!
Here no one can find me
and I've to work hard
to turn my inside out
carry it atop Top Hill
for the sun to bake
the rains to wash
and the moon to bathe
my reincarnate!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Topsy Turvy

On a mid summer's day if the north wind blows
The sun goes hiding rain nests on eyebrows
You are madly joyous at this topsy-turvy
Your mind goes cartwheeling you feel carefree!
The weather turns cool blessed by the rain
Freeing your limbs from the summer's pain
The sky loses fierceness wearing the cloud's tone
You are tempted to run wild in gay abandon!
By some mystic touch the day turns angel
Don't touch it too hard don't remove her veil
Drink the day softly go and have your fill
A god-gifted summer's day with unexpected chill!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Traffic Island Cop

Just one wave of his hands
The long lines of vehicles stop
Sun burnt rain drenched
Emotionless he stands
The traffic island cop!
You curse him if the wait is long
He's just a faceless object
Like a post stands erect
In a fast lane his whistle blows
The traffic slows....

He has home, a wife
Away from traffic a life
A face without uniform
A corner to keep him warm
A vastly different island
Where he hates to command
And hopes no whistle brings to stop
The happiness of a traffic island cop!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Trail

Left there as they were
As orderly he liked them to be
With her heart's burning fire
She dusts them to keep alive memory.

His shoes make her pine for his feet
She finds him in his hanging shirt
She wouldn't surrender the years' treat
Won't let those times fall apart.

She holds the waves from washing his trail
Does it with a dour commitment
Holding on till she would herself set sail
To be with him in the firmament!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Trait

what from my own kind I hide,

in strangers confide!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Transition

She is almost done
with one full turn
on her axis,
venus reclines
as the east designs
a farewell kiss!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Trap The Mouse

Put the bait, lure the mouse
Trap it in the wooden cage-house
It has gnawed enough, nibbled much
The trapdoor shuts at the softest touch.
Have no pity, show no kindness
Be merciless on this gutter's race
Hunt it out from the darkest nook
Don't be swayed by its humble look.
If your heart makes a noise
Listen to your head, you've no choice
Once it's in, drown it deep
Without remorse, for a good sleep!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Trapdoor

Buried in the quagmire of questions

the lonely traveler gasps.

Faith suffocates, belief stifles

and he seeks answers no more.

He regrets he walked into a one way trapdoor.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Trauma

In what hidden pain
says he

I'll never love again.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Traveler's Malady

The more I travel

why it seems still less traveled?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Trinkets & Toys

They're almost gone now a vanishing tribe
Peddlers of fresh sweets honeys from hive
Sellers of fish heads such sundries on head
Toys and bangles and blankets for bed.

Don't see them around those struggling men
Making the choice of voice trudging the lane
Hoping to sell one piece in dream of gain
Faceless wind ringer in sun's bite and rain.

Gone are those plaintive cries on summer noon
Raising road's dust on trail singing the tune
Traders of trinkets girls' ribbon hairpin
Yoyo and plastic top with endless spin.

Why the times ruined them made them a flop
Sellers travelers with head-full of shop
Sending their song of hope past locked in door
None could now fill that space nothing anymore.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

True Wit (5w)

Witty

Finds humor

In self-pity.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Trust (10w)

Deceived often in my trust,
Still trust you I must.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Trust (8w)

Guard it must,
For can't mend
Broken trust!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Tsunami

Behold the Sea...
magnificent, vast, yet placid
on the surface...
Till from its deeper recess
rises the fury
of suppressed submarine wrath
And the Goliath
comes lashing down
with endless tongues
wiping out the world
in a few flashes.

.....

With all his resource
Man can't stop Nature on its course!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Twenty In Twenty

when i see the youthful faces
i feel a bitter regret
curse how time crazily races
rue things for which i'm late.

my youth now seems wasn't there
or was just a fleeting span
fate dealt me a blow unfair
made me too fast old man.

if only the years did roll back
if time travel wasn't a fancy
if only was laid back the past track
i would've loved to be twenty.

why it's such i didn't care
let twenty fly too fast past me
why that year if was very much there
i didn't lock it to be forever twenty.

twenty at twenty seemed absurd an age
a fabulous but unreal mirage
it was the year i passed out college
twenty did i ever have that age.

twenty when came too fast it went
survives in the now twenty's face
for me no year an imagined moment
i curse how years quickly race.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Twilight

trudging hooves throw up dust
crumbles day's hardened crust
crimson hues fade from sky
painful weighs mournful sigh!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Twilight Day

The morn casts a shadow on my mind
this twilight day of dark clouds
I mourn everything lying dead behind.

Seems nothing was done right
what was for me missed my sight
built blindly castles of sand
dreamed harvest on fallow land.

When it came to paying a price
chose way out with compromise
not asking the purpose was made this soul
the intended task of its earthly role.

As I lament all the wasted years
clouds disperse the sky clears
whispers a voice from my inhaled breath
being alive is enough rest is myth.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Two Little Hearts

The teddy pair lies in the sun,
They scooped the dirt out
And abandoned them here.
Once hugged in the sweetest bosom
Fondled by the cutest little hands
Taken to bed for happy dreams,
They seemed inseparables
And not just stuffed toys.
Made as inanimate,
By the magic touch of love,
They turned humans,
Yearning for love, company,
growing hearts in them.
Then as happens to all,
Their fluffs wore out
Colors faded
They were no more attractive.
Stale outdated outcast
To be thrown away out of sight.
As I passed by the garbage vat
For a moment it seemed
Their eyes were moist
With the pain of betrayal.
I prayed,
'before they turn to cinder,
let them be picked up
by shabby little hands
of some child of lesser god
and given back the love they lost'.
I hope it will be answered.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Two Lovers & A City

Let's be lovers again on the Belvedere
Hand in hand we would climb the stairs
Then fly to the past in our memories' wings
To that timeless space where duelled Hastings!

Let's be lovers again in that time spectral
On Victoria's lawn her memorial
In the autumn's white blue horizon
Under the bronzed face of Curzon!

Let's be lovers again in our revived heart
In wind kissed skin on the Prinsep Ghat
See the sun go down on the west bank low
Coloring our eyes in the river's glow!

Let's be lovers again in the garden of Kyd
Where under the banyan love poems we read
Take a boat sail to the south upstream
Where the Hugli flows in the Bay's dream!

Why can't we be lovers like the olden time
Where landed Charnock in the humid clime
That grew to a city with three villages to start
And etched forever in two lovers' hearts!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Two Penny

With them in his pocket he broke in swinging dance
But now nonentity two penny gets no chance

Two penny is so poor got no clue what to do
No fetcher it can't bring him a slice of the blue

He wanders on the way on him was fifty buck
Spent them on tangibles soon ran out of luck

Two penny is so poor can't bring his eyes a gleam
Can't make him a winner can't weave for him a dream

He sniffs the evening air smells palate tickling food
But what with that two penny that isn't any good

Two penny in his pocket with a little try
Fetch him a little blue a piece of his sky
Where he can paint his wish find fulfilment
Fly in the happiness of two penny well spent.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Two Sides

A stray cloud pours
in the sun.

Baked in the heat
on my window seat

I crave for more
of the fun.

The ones outdoor
for shelter run.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Two Sweet Words

two sweet words and you take me to the sky
your two sweet words are for what I die
they tell me you mind me and me you care
I'm never without someone when you're there.

two sweet words and my heart you win
you truly mean them they're crystal genuine
they tell me you see me I'm stuck in your sight
when I travel the dark you'll hold me a candlelight.

two sweet words and on me you lay a claim
sweep aside my doubts turn cinders into flame
they tell me you're there whatever the cost
catch me when I'm sinking find me if I'm lost.

two sweet words with that you have me bought
set me think what I'm and forget what I'm not
they tell me there's you to brush away my pain
hold me in the sun lead me through the rain.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Umbrella

On the black canvas
Carve the thunders
Streaks of neon glow,
The drums the heaven beats
On their way to the earth
Rend the air apart,
The ground in orgasmic anticipation
Vibrates in a rediscovered titillation,
The soil waits holding its breath
In the last climactic lull
Before it's released from the pain,
Unmindful, I open my umbrella
In the season's first rain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Unburdened Rain

For long he has not cried
Pains so far suppressed
Burst forth in torrents from his breast
Hazing his eyes, melting his heart
He has endured it for too long.
The lumps he drove them in
Stopping just short of crying
At his own suffering..
The rains unburdened poured in
Flooding his sorrows, washing them
He let tears flow, each of it that came along
Bidding time to come back from the mournful song!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Uncle Benu's Ghost

Uncle Benu preferred his evenings alone
When sun touched the western horizon
He would make himself a cup of tepid milk
And without showing a sign of worldly care
Would retire to his easy chair.

Then he was the most difficult man to approach
Occasionally swiping at the flying cockroach
And microbat intruding into the room
Accompanying him in that night-lamp gloom.

What he brooded was never known to me
To me he was a ghost and as scary
Quietly waiting in that darkened zone
If ever a living soul stepped in alone!

The only time I called him I would ever recall
As he moved his head towards me
And it still haunts me on lonely-bed nights
The eyes were all white!

Nobody believed me
None in my family
Not even mum

She only said

Do you too like him take opium?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Uncle Peter

Don't come to the cemetery at night Peter Xalxo would say
If you are so inclined make your visits in the day
For often in the evening when exam worries were gone
I would go to the cemetery and sit on some tombstone.

I think boy the ones from the other world make visits at nights
And they would not love to find living souls upon their sights
Why intrude their peaceful home and not leave them there alone
When the time after the sunset they think to exclusively own!

Having said this with a grave face he would lower his voice still low
While on nightly posts at the graves I've seen in the dark some glow
And at moonlit nights on duty's round heard footsteps around me
I would advise boy not to step into at night at the cemetery.

He used to tell more such tales to instill in the boy some fear
But come the next evening and at the cemetery I would reappear
For I loved the moon bathed solitude the trees' darkened shed
The tranquility of the place in quiet company of the dead!

All said I wouldn't leave out in this account one truthful fact
Uncle Peter's stories had effects on the boy some impact
They colored my times at the cemetery spent at nights alone
I seemed to feel they were moving the graves' marbled stone.

Then one night as I was coming out around nine o'clock
To my horror found the gate closed hanging an iron lock
Bewildered I stood there knowing no other ways to go
When there appeared a shadow heard the voice of Peter Xalxo.

I told you boy not to loiter here not disturb their peace of night
This ground here the dead walks now though beyond your sight
Run home and never come back his voice in whisper talked
Some more words he mumbled when got the gate unlocked.

Next day at the dinner table my father told mom this
He was such a good man and a great friend to miss
But God only decides in his garden which flower to pluck
Peter Xalxo died last evening suffered a heart attack.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Unfinished

She isn't writing poetry anymore.

may, maybe she's writing
but hiding
them from the world
pouring inks all over them
when she finishes
in her agonized realization
there's no finish
and only beginning
each time starting all over again

her unfinished story

with each poetry!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Unforgiving

Where shall I hide?
There's no darkness
To hide me from myself.
I have trampled the petals
Burnt innocent tears
Raped the mutest of mutes
I have driven a stake into truth's heart
Crucified God's children
Plundered his wealth.
No darkness can be so forgiving
As to hide me!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Ungrateful

In her love smitten
my home's youngest kitten
I stroke her silky fur
to hear her mew and purr!

As soon as I'm home
this beauty's epitome
raises fluffy tail
holds me in her spell!

Of gracious royal class
this gorgeous little lass
cuddles on my lap
for a warm blissful nap!

I pamper her too much
hanker for her touch
she in my heart dwells
in pride her heart swells!

Though my love she rules
she ain't an inch grateful
this tiny cute empress
leaves poops on floor mattress!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Unlike Her Man

After playing lover to her
He left her for another woman
She was left with the wasted years
Couldn't try another man.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Unmindful

She lives a petaled hope of summer's bloom.

drinking droplets of dew
catching the wind in each breath
sunning by the window
holding in her eyes the sky
where clouds bring no rain
its blue no dream
yet she unaware of times passing by
exists in lifelong amnesia
without a why
where and when
but live and die
in her unmindful giving

and unfathomed pain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Unnamed

In the village haat
our hands collide
my left with her right

a moment's flirt
she by my side
in the paraffin light!

Comes to close
she quickly goes
blushing shamed

how she knows
bloomed a rose
to be never named!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Unposted

Dear, it breaks me as much to write this
as I know would do you when you read
but time has come to reveal the secret
to tell you, I love you still,
have loved you all this time
and I doubt if I can love her more
the woman I'm leaving you for
who right now seems to possess something
worth more than all you have given to me
and who the urges inside me tell
would make me happier more than you could
would find me another home different
better, brighter..
and my dream for the time to come is such strong
that I'm ready to commit anything for that
even parting from you seems not high a price
except that I can't imagine how you would look
when you read this and break down
with my hands not beside to hold in comfort
wipe away the torrents
when surrounds you a loneliness
you never knew existed all these years.

The home is as yet unbroken.
He now loves her more than ever.

The letter was never posted.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Unrelenting

She thought she had slept all along the night
When on her eyes fell the moonlight
She shivered to see the door was ajar
Sea wind blew in ruffled her hair.

The vacant bed yawned she was alone
At this hour where he could be gone
The night outside wore a thin starry gleam
She inhaled the air still smelling of him.

Then she smiled as she heard the distant roar
Of waves breaking upon the unrelenting shore
She turned aside in the fullness of a deep residing peace
Certain his retracing footsteps in her sleep she wouldn't miss.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Unseasonal

Unseasonal harvest priced too high
Just the right time to tell her a lie
Not one in the market not even a seed
What she wanted I thought for her own need!

But plump and large they were on show
Their vigor luring me calling me their glow
Fresh from the soil glistening green and cute
Jeered me mockingly the unseasonal fruit!

What anguish breeds the unseasonal fruit
Its pompous arrogance uncivilly brute
You dream of its savor yearn for a slice
Wish could bargain its unreachable price!

It argues with you it's only the poor's reason
They don't taste as good as they do in the season
The excuse for not having them when the price is high
Reason enough to move away in failure's depressed sigh!

It's not the right time of year in the market is not even a seed
Come season you would have them plentier than your need
I told her to see the radiance come back onto her face
As she found not in my carry bag her requisitioned fruit's trace!

It's not for me I want them the birds they love the seed
Oh dear after so many years my need you couldn't read
Sorry dear I hold her and as the clouds leave her face

See there the fruit and seed of her love seasonless!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Untaxed

Didn't I hear you say the lawn I would mow?
Sundays come and Sundays go.

Grasses are taller so are the weed
Season is going where's the flower seed?

Words aren't taxed you use them free
Said this Sunday you would clean the chimney.

Wash the toilet scrub clean the commode
Sundays come piles up workload.

Lot of things to mend lots to replace
Why Sundays trudge in leisurely pace?

Why the bed conspires the morn breathes chill
Why must I lie back to get the Sunday feel?

Why Sunday is one day and not a whole week
Comes up the Monday devilish and bleak!

Sundays will come and Sundays will go
As for my work only a poem or two to show!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Until She Told

In painted moonlight of neon
her dart
pierced his heart

you are my good friend
but can't love you in that sense

and as the ground parted in his pain
he fell to where

he couldn't rise again.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Untouched

I haven't ever looked into the eyes of an animal or a bird

And seen sin there!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Unwritten

Knocks on wall
Tugs to a veiled zone
Allures with unseen face
Invites to uncover
Drives a groper...

And then goes

Leaving the reek
Of lost way!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Up For Sale

I put me up for sale

Counting on your help

Praying I don't fail

To advertise myself!

Up for sale, advertising myself?

Yea, exactly what I do

Not for the gain of power or pelf

For reaching the heart of you!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Upstairs

Why does it come to your head
To make your bed
One night alone

Upstairs!

Once behind the closed door
You aren't with anyone anymore
Your fears mount
Till they surmount
All your courage
And in awakened daze
You only regret
That at the outset
Knowing the night is theirs
Shouldn't have come

Upstairs!

To lie alone
But not be left alone
By the ones not your own
Faceless men women
Frighteningly alien
That at your intrusion rage
Mock your courage
And you find it too late
Beyond repair regret
That showing your fears no cares
You dared to come

Upstairs!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Utility

A cruel reminder of the passage of time
Is the old utility bill.

This day last year
It arrived fresh
With an amount more than the previous year
But this year it looks cheaper.

Cost of my living rising
My utility diminishing
Except to her

She needs me by the hour.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Vain

'How much more can one bear? '

Her words almost emerged from the rain
And echoed in the droplets' din on the soil,

'How much and how much more? '

Her voice rose above the thunder.

She was looking weird in the lightning's flash.

'The first man in my life left before I was a woman,
Let woe befall him I don't remember his face.

He left me for the feasting vultures and wolves
And the devourers spared nothing but my bones.

God, I've no faith in him, played a greater devil,
From that lust of rain, a drop planted in me a seed
That birthed in this debauched heart a seed of greed
Of hope, of life, of a love of my flesh and blood,
One that I could bring and nurture with pride.

But my womb infested with the rivers of poison
Couldn't ripen it enough to drop on earth
And there I was alone on the rough wild sea
With no land on sight, no shore to anchor,
Floating aimlessly where no light would ever shine'.

'You write so much about loneliness and suffering,
Make it up having seen so little of the real face of it.
But I've lived them, each day sinking evermore
Into pits from where my agony's cry couldn't be heard.
How much more can one bear, how much more I still have to? '
Her words fell like thunder as the rain lashed the earth.

I knew the vainness of all the pictures I painted!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Valentine

The line
you are my valentine
has lost shine
but well
word is just label
i mean
deep within
like undying old wine
each of us has a valentine
dunno why.....
it refuses to die!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Vanquished

Seated between the two boys
her ring of laughter rends the air.

She has heard all they had to say
and now left with no way to choose either!

The boys too engrossed in their trance
see them victors in this game
missing out the signs of lost chance
and her heart having shut for them.

In the gathering tears of her laughter
she wished they had soon
left her alone.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Virtue Of Insanity

The world for him is a chaos
No love no bond of dear ones
He seeks for actions no cause
It's only living this instance.
Dimly he sees things around
Can't make out what they're for
In the ocean's depth is no sound
He loves to live in stupor!
His eyes sometimes grow wet
Without his knowing why it's so
At times his smiles don't abate
From his lips they joyously flow.
His heart is free from torment
He's the one with least pain
For no sins he needs to repent
Most virtuous is he an insane!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Visitors Of The Dark

Where are the ghosts, where do they hide?
Why don't I find them on my bedside?
The nights are long, worried sleepless
Still they don't come, don't show their face.
But there were nights, now a faded book
When spooks reigned at every dark nook
With their creepy touch, whispers in my ears
How I was scared, yet how I loved those fears.
Now in the night's depth, as I toss on bed
No visitors of dark caress my forehead
I wait for them, with love and no fright
But they aren't there, vanished out of sight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Vow

He vowed before the fire
To take lifelong care of her
Give her all happiness

Fire was the mute witness.

The vow was soon to break
He burnt her at the stake
And only the flames engulfing her

were in tears!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Voyage Through The Night

He says he has not slept for five years.
Every night through the window hole
He has escaped to the night sky
To mingle with the teeming stars!
He says he has not slept for five years.
Every night he has ridden a comet
To reach the farthest sky and beyond
And cartwheel on shooting stars!
He says he has not slept for five years.
So that not one night goes amiss
In his cell of suffocating walls
With an iron crown and chained feet
On a spiked bed shedding endless tears!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Wait N Watch

Our green budgerie
Feels not weary
Sitting on her legs

Inside her clay pot
With the only thought
Of warming her eggs!

Any curious peek
She meets with her beak
Leave her alone

Shows her face
A divine happiness
Strictly her own!

She's in no mood
To forgo her brood
Not relaxing till hatch

Steeped in motherhood
Eats little food
Her patience has no match!

We cannot do much
Except only watch
So long she incubates

Till one fine morn
Cute chicks are born
She has her new playmates!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Waiter

Says the owner of the roadside eatery
For each day of work you'll be paid fifty
But more could be your take home keep
If you serve them well earn their tips.

Your polite bow a courteous smile
Showing you care all the while
Helping them to feel quite at home
Could get your pocket extra income.

Treat them well if you treat them must
Wear a face that breeds their trust
Will do you good if you are sweet
Help them pick the best to eat.

Fifty rupees will be your day's salary
But dimes in dozens would pour freely
When you don't just serve them food and water
But present yourself as a caring waiter.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Waiting

Waiting at road side
Waiting at bus stop
Waiting for bus ride
Waiting at coffee shop.
Waiting for one sight
Waiting in blazing sun
Waiting for what's right
Waiting with hand-on-gun.
Waiting for brotherhood
Waiting for justice
Waiting for all that's good
Waiting for pure bliss.
Waiting for one call
Waiting for heart throb
Waiting for cute doll
Waiting for good job.
Waiting for surprise
Waiting for high tide
Waiting for right price
Waiting for joy ride.
Waiting for gold dime
Waiting for one flick
Waiting for good time
Waiting for right click.
Waiting for good luck
Waiting for letter
Waiting for golden duck
Waiting for better.
Waiting to have it all
Waiting for opportunity
Waiting for final call
Waiting for almighty.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Walking The Night

the beat cop stopped it on the street
you aren't supposed to walk the night

it's my only time it muttered under breath
I don't exist in the daylight.

a home I must find now and a fire
and someone to call my own
surely it isn't too much to aspire
when the chill is freezing my bone.

in its eyes only was the fire's glow
all doors were bolted dead tight
the shadow melting in night's flow
got no warmth from stars burning bright.

a home was made in its dream
a hearth to keep out the night
one heart showed up in starlight's gleam
one door not bolted dead tight.

the beat cop let the shadow pass by
for it must walk the end of night
to find a fire and someone its own
before dawns the earthly daylight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Walls

World's most attentive listeners they are
Never ever speak out only vacantly stare
What you confide in them they quietly accept
Hide in their chambers all your secrets.

When got none to listen your pains and anguishes
Your heart breaks in silence shatter into pieces
Tears of your woes fall like pearl drops unseen
They're the ones that see but hold them all within.

Sometimes you leave on them streaming river's stain
They bear it for some time till passes by the rain
Refrains of your soloist heart all your soliloquy
They hear but never divulge friends are they truly.

They are made only to listen never to speak out
Safely share with them your worries your doubts
Within them would ever be hidden all your mystery
Till their ruins are found as relics of history!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

War

My shadow casts a shadow of war
So I can't go so far as to say
It's a warring world
For war from me I don't debar!

I never pay heed
When breeds war my greed
But go on to feed
Competition, jealousy...

They too are wars indeed!

The warring world
Starts from me...
My war dance
Don't give peace a chance.

My righteousness, reasons, religion
Stoke an all encompassing me
That leaves the world with no recourse...

From me begets the war of course!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Warm Bed Blanket

Best poems are lost in the warmth of blanket.

Lured away by sleep
they could be precious keep
if I could hold them through night.

Best poems surrender to warm bed's comfort.

Lulled into stupor quietly abort
before I could take them on a sleepless ride,
they seek a dark corner find it and hide.

Best poems brew though in the stillness of night.

I cannot birth them show them daylight
but let them die in abject disgrace
on warm bed beneath blanket

sunk without a trace!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Wartime

Smoke clogs my nose
The sky blazes red
My pen a wilted rose
No poetry in my head.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Washerman

I wished I were a washerman
of the conscience.

Then I could wash out
jealousy hatred conflict
each first seed of sin
cleanse hearts
spread them in the sun
so once dried
there wouldn't be anymore tears
to dry
than those of joy!

I have ended up
quite close.

She calls me
washerman's donkey!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Washerwoman

Soap froth sprays in the air
Up down up down it goes
Rhythmic swings don't care
If the detergent smells of rose!

She has to cleanse all dirt
Rub off the dourest stain
In it she puts her heart
Thereby forgets own pain!

Rises the lever up far
Swoops down fast with a thud
Rainbow bubbles scatter around her
She knew not when staled a rosebud!

In the tub water her ocean
She squeezes the wetness dry
She knows only this motion
Got no time to look at the sky!

Now in the sun she must spread
Fabric of brightness on sight
Her own life's long lost thread
Is buried in the hush of night!

Does she remember the broken oaths
Her life never nurtured in sun
Worn out as all her washed clothes
Faded like all the years gone!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Wasp's Wings

The wasp lands on my chest.

I know love comes not a whirlwind
but a quiet whir of the wasp's wings

not knocks the door but melts through it
pierce the skin and reach heartbeat.

I love love's noiseless waspy wing
sweet and bitter sting
its agonizing harvest.

I would never brush it in haste

when lands the wasp on my chest.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Waste

Something in me always tells me
While you are looking down
The clouds tired of waiting
Fly away with all that's precious
While you are typing away
Reams upon reams of wastes
The sun tired of waiting
Goes down in the west
Not a day not a month
You know not
It's been so for so many years
That they are decaying in wait
All the time expecting you to look up
Agonizingly and in vain

.....

you never looked up
you never had time
till came the day end
when like the tired wings of a butterfly
you came to rest...
with your dreams dead!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Waves Of Love

can sense her from a distance
when she moves towards me
till it reaches a crescendo
when she is closest as close could be!

but those times her I badly need
when she moves away
her sounds faint as she recedes
can't all the time with me stay!

how she gives my spirits a lift
her closeness makes my day
do feel pang when she shifts
when she has to go away!

the nearer she is she delights
she must be my perfect mate
I can feel it days and nights
what you call Doppler Effect!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Way To Go

What do I make of my poetry?

quill the sorrows within

or

the joys around me!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Ways You Do It

Your paintbrush all powerful your canvas mighty
On your palette countless colors of endless variety
You make them whole or cut into slice
Add salt or sugar, sea or mountain spice
Can cook it delicious or brew darkly bitter pill
Make or break hearts at your sweet will
Can weave a journey spinning hidden tales
Reach dream's oasis fly on wind's sails
Go on turbulent ride or sing a lullaby
Show where it hurts find too a remedy
Can cause eyes to rain give flesh a goosebump
Part the lips wide or bring the throat a lump!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

We

It's heavenly
when YOU and I merge to be WE!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

We Are Free

As long as
we hold freedom
captive in our mind.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

We Need To Die Once

Every moment you needn't die
Death is too glorious for that
When you have made your home in the sky
You don't heed mortality's diktat.
You know your life is brief
But you don't pause to lament over it
You travel on toward the cliff
Knowing it's too precious for retreat!
When you have set your spirit free
Death finds no place in your mind
You rise to finish the journey
Leaving all your fears behind!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

We Rode The Tempest

You knew it
And so did I
Years would fleet
Our kisses would dry.
But we did what was best
So long the flesh was smooth
We rode the tempest
Drunk in our youth!
You knew it
And so did I
Our lips wouldn't be wet
Our kisses would dry.
But we carried on with the dreams
So long the nights were young
Yielding to youthful whims
Getting lost all along!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Wealth Behind His Back

He drives with flair..
millionaire billionaire
and such people
on money's stack
all the time behind his back

he drives those racers and pursuers..

the chauffeur.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Wealth You Don'T Treasure

Wealth you don't treasure
As you have the key
To the endless pleasure
Of waking up from your dreams
In the middle of night
And tiptoeing to where
The grass is getting its first dew
Preparing the dark liquid
To break into a grey dawn!
Wealth you don't treasure
As you feel happy in a golden morn
Not knowing why
You get up to go and stand
Quietly beneath a tree
And let your senses brim
With all the sight and sound
Feel the leaves dropp on your hair
In a silent symphony
Before they touch the ground!
Wealth you don't treasure
As you have in good measure
Everything the wealth can't buy
A priceless space all your own
For the most treasured dreams to be grown!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Weed Flower

The little flower and her greed
She raises her head before the sun
Sun's might she pays no heed!

The little flower and her greed
She stands up bold against the wind
From her home in the weed!

She has her home in the weed
But her color bright catches sight
Longing eyes she does feed!

She has her home in the weed
She sets minds in color afire
It's her purpose it's her need!

She does it for her need
Sending all her hearty greet
Never minding caste or creed!

She minds not caste or creed
Her glory is not demeaned
Though her birth is in the weed!

She is born a weed's flower
Endless is her might
She holds sun in her power!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

We'Re Stuck In That Place

I visited her at the hospital ward
smiled my ladybird
baby delivered!

Her two ponytails in red ribbon
not a woman she was
but a girl overgrown!

In her arms lay a little fairy
wasn't just a baby
but a piece of me!

Beamed its face looking at me
recognized joyously
here was daddy!

She, me, and our baby
we're stuck in that place
ever happily!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

What Folly Drives Me To

shut out the world

to be shut in a screen!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

What I Want To Be

I could be what I want to be.
I could be a mole
In a secret hole
Scared of light
Coming out at night!
Or in habit
As shy as rabbit
Sniffing in doubt
Seeking hideout!
Growing bigger
I could be a tiger
Burning bright
In glorious might!
Or more majestic
Towering over the weak
A graceful giant
I could be an elephant!
If it may please
I could be any of these
But what I want to be
Is a sky hugging tree.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

What Is It

Often I wonder when I closely look
See her eyes a little too small
How love grows in my heart's nook
What is it makes me for her fall!

Her nose is too short broad and low
Her lips are pale and thin
She has a skin dull without glow
How my heart she continues to win!

She isn't curvy lithe and tall
Nothing to write home of her face
She doesn't possess what you may call
Hallmarks of great beauty's grace!

She is no svelte of proportioned girth
Her frame can't be model for an art
How still she seems most precious on earth
The one and the only for my heart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

What Is It?

Is there something in the air?
In the gray fatigued sky
That holds no hope of blue,
In the dreary sunshine
That smells of everyday mundaneness,
In the enslaved moon
Tired of bathing the earth?
What is it that lets us survive
the weariness of existence
and make us come back time and again
From the brink of despair?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

What Makes It?

What makes it?

brick concrete
paints tiles
happy faces
joyous smiles

sadness mirth
decor art
death and birth
broken heart

an off road nest
for flyer's rest
living hour
sweet and sour

a gifted cause
for lodging pause

what makes it?

a home?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

What Not To Want

What not to want

in deep breath
a thousand times
one secret door unlocked in my heart
a thousand times in deep breath
in each inhale heaven's aroma
you stoked my want of wants
the need of all my needs
to know what not to want
four words and one line
to remind me what's not mine
mine never could be
learned after fake encounters
deep cuts and lasting scars
diminished for what's not mine
never could be
yet passed through fire
scathed burnt metamorphosed
till learned the truth
in just four words
one line
what not to want
that once known
a knowledge worthwhile
makes easier
the remaining miles.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

What Was Once Boasted

Some a flowing field of corn
some a barren plate
they die if they are ever born
falls quietly to their fate!

There's little in your hand to choose
not much that you can do
surely isn't a fun to lose
knowing so fast they grew!

What was once the face's grace
boastful glory of crown
vanish without leaving a trace
black or white or brown!

Know the truth bare and harsh
whatever color we dye
from sapling to the tallest grass
is destined to wane and die!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

What We Have Done

We have done enough

to be devils to our children!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Whatever Happens

Happens for the good.

With every loss
I turn a better man,

Seeing clearer
Learning
That wouldn't have come in any other way

Then shedding as I move on

A piece of rotten me
Blinded by ego
Seeing what was not there
Hearing what was unsaid
Evaluating only by my yardstick
Stuck in the muck of my own making!

Whatever happens
Even when that makes heart bleed
Burn and break me

Make me

A better man.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

What's The Time

"What's the time? "

Does it matter?

If we could for a moment

Forget it!

The helpless child

All of them

Have never seen the time

Never seen the speck of dust

Stamped, trodden and lost!

They have lived to dream

Dreamed to live

A life away from time

As if it was never there

It really is never there!

"What's the time? "

Gone for a dime

Gone before any child could know

If it ever really was there!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Wheelchair

when does the sun seem too far
when a few steps and you could be there
yet you see it from the shadow of nightmare.

a few steps and you could be there,
but the sun is moving west
on you the shadows rest
gone is the hand of love and tender care.

your eyes why they gather dewy mist
you were left to be sunned in the east
but when shadows closed in, wind brought a chill,
couldn't shift you to west all your will.

you are stilled now in the sun's shadow zone
a burden to the ones you thought your own
moving at their will, living on alms of care
watching the sun's motion from wheelchair.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Wheels Of Progress

It's man and man all the way
Cut down jungles
To make a rail way!

Why in protest cry
When the wheels crush
A few elephant would die!

Men would then embark
On their old game
Railway or forest
Which department to blame!

When comes the night
Man's greed would speed
Elephants aren't on sight!

The drivers would not see
There was no forewarn
Death would come easy
No hearts shattering mourn!

Railway would remain dour
There isn't enough watch towers
Forest dept. would blame the wheels
The pilot didn't whistle!

Men would again go back
Cut through the forest
Not leaving elephants' track!

Evolved men heart of steel
Without a remorse a feel
Laying rail is big deal
Must move our progress's wheel!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When A Poem Is Done

I come out no stronger
when a poem is all over.

come down to earth on broken wing
words gone dry heart bleeding
with me not even making a beginning!

When a poem is done
it tells me
you've not yet begun
not done your part
and still stuck at the start!

I come out no stronger
when a poem is over.

the mind for sometimes hover
falls down with broken wing
words gone dry heart bleeding
with me not even making a beginning!

When a poem is done
it tells me
I'm left undone
mere ink on paper without a soul,
when one more dream of mine you stole.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When A Stranger

You search askance the face
Gaze my brows awhile
Think why isn't a trace
Where's gone from lip my smile!

There are times galore
Can't help the way you need
Can't bring to you that more
The warmth of me you greed!

You seek my eyes' that shine
The glint of love deemed true
Need read on face the line
The way you are used to!

Not always can show my face
The way I should to you
Not always can bring happiness
And trust built strong and true!

Don't like when that happens
A stranger in me you find
Your eyes show signs of rains
Pains flood your breaking mind!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When At The Shower

These are the times I hate.

When I remember
I need to tell her
Something very urgent
If not told this moment
Might never be said
But at that hour
I'm at the shower
And my holler can't breach
To be in her ear's reach!

It's still less fun
When they come
Not just one
But three four five
Ready to be told ripe
But in that goddamned hour
I'm right at the shower
Needing immediately to tell her
What I might not again remember!

Not one from the to be said I can save
See them washed out to watery grave
No mind hammering could ever retrieve
Their loss that I'm left to bereave!

There's no second chance for all of them
Terribly important but dying unnamed
With the toweled wetness they too evaporate
My thoughts at the shower at that hour I hate!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When Awake And In Sleep

When awake
Without break
Thoughts pour,
Each hammer
Each clamor
Open door.
Hue and shade
Play in head
Craft design,
Words galore
More and more
Grow the line.
Sigh cheers
Joy tears
All the kind,
Sweet sour
Sun shower
Way they find.
Hands ache
Force a break
Eyes tire,
Seek rest
In sleep's nest
In dream's attire.
There too come
In ears strum
Strange refrain,
Without recess
The thoughts chase
Joy and pain.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When Broken

Be firm i tell him
bear with the sorrow
knowing i would be broken
if it happens to me tomorrow

for i can only sympathize
can offer two sweet words
can act so long wise
till a loss firmly hurts

i would be telling a lie
if i say i fully feel
your grieving cry
can provide you a heal

for i know when it happens
like you afflicts me sorrow
no solace could heal the pains
i would be broken tomorrow

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When Came The Mailman

Faster smoother communication
Texts flying freely in the air
But somewhere eerily dying the relation
Bred when you could just silently stare!
Gone are the years of shy look and snail mail
A distance of time-space that fanned it intense
The words though now are buzzing like gale
With the wind comes not the romance's incense!
Flew away the time them now would never know
Of waiting in hushed noon for the mailman's bell
Running the fingers in the warmth of a blue glow
With the lovelorn heart in pursuit of a fairytale!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When Can We?

When can we joke about our anger
And together lovingly remember
The time you left home in a huff
And were forced to return home with a laugh
Limping and with a long walk's sore leg too
Because in anger you wore my oversized shoe!
When can we joke about our bitterness
And together lovingly remember
The day I told you on your face
And you left midway in your dinner
Saying on the street you would rather roam
Than ever having a meal at home!
When can we joke about our past tiffs
And together lovingly remember
The times our anger scaled the cliffs
And on our home hang a heavy weather
Where you and I drifted apart like islands
With tear laden hearts and desolate hands!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When Find A Part Of You

Form, style, structure are all in vain
If you when read a poem
Don't see there a bit of your pain
In the lines a speck of redress
Return on read a grain of happiness
A part of you speaking in that poem
A recognized tale your traveled realm
Where your mind roams with your eyes
Dark labyrinths valleys of sunrise
And at end of ride through trough and crest
Moments invested leave you no regret.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When I Ask Myself

See what's not seen
Hear what's not heard
Find precious gem
From the seeming muck
Lift one soul
Bring one smile
Stop one while
To look away from you
Love one way
As if hearts live
To only receive
What you must give!

Then ask yourself
Judge yourself
In all the years done
You a poet a man
In what gain
Have dragged your pen!

You stop there
Afraid you know the answer

I'm vain

As a poet as a man

The unseen not in my sight
The unheard not in my word

I'm vain
Echoes your sightless sight

I'm vain
Returns the depth of night!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When I Borrow

I borrow some blue from the sky,
Pour them on my sadness
And living becomes joy!
I borrow some laughter from the spring,
Rub them over my face
And returns my happiness!
I borrow a little of the tree's selflessness
Plant them in my heart
And living becomes caring for others!
I borrow some radiance of the sun,
Store them in my eyes
And all darkness is illumined!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When I Can See Night's Bones

Only when there is a power cut
down here are city lights dead
Can I see up there the stars' glut
Unseen moon over head!

I need sometimes a power cut
It's when they yell curse
I open all the windows shut
To stare upon the stars!

I need sometimes a power cut
Like the horse needs the hoof
Feel a thrill in my gut
Run up to the roof!

It's when is heard the groans
Of people blind to night
It's then I see the night's bones
Get the stars on my sight!

I need sometimes the power to go
When sky bathes in moonlight
Her beauty's fullness night can show
Starry heaven comes to sight!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When I Come Back

Keep my bed warm.
Though I'm out in the storm
And don't know when the sea will be calm.
Keep the fire from dying.
Though I'm out in the cold night
And don't know when the day will dawn.
Keep dreaming of me.
Though I'm awake in the faraway land
And don't know if I can ever reach you.
Keep my memory alive.
Though I'm waiting alone on the shore
And don't know when I can cross over.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When I Reside In My Poem

The only redress to all my pain
comes when I reside in my poem.

no matter what I write
buxom thin trivial trite
common rhyme mundane style

in poems I find the escape awhile!

Ask myself where I would be
if the ink never flowed for poetry
this mind never vented even one poem
born for me bear my name!

When my worries burst at the rim
agonies seem an endless stream
I board this carriage for a heavenly ride
reach the dreamland on the other side!

There so long I roam the corridor
tasting the treasured and the abhorred
I forget the measures all earthly yardstick

in the rainbow bubble taste the escape I seek!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When I Shooed The Cat

When I shooed the cat
It spoke out kinda human voice
So all your knowledge has come to that
Acting only on selfish choice!

Answered him without losing my grit
Pretentious cat a sly mean thief
Wise words in your mouth don't befit
Most misplaced would be in you a belief!

Ha I laugh when you say I steal
A crumb of fish few drops of milk
Tribe of men when have belly's fill
Gorge some more your hungry ilk!

Had been you a little kind and fair
And not just mindful of own wellness
Learned to live with caring share
The world would have been a lovely place!

In such a world never a cat would steal
Needn't have to when kept well fed
Would discard all its furtive skill
Live cutely cuddled on human bed!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When I'll Be Ninety

If at all I reach that age

would I retain my faculty
my vision to read a book's page!

If and when I reach that time
would my mind be still that keen
could this hand pen a few more rhyme
this ink could some tales spin!

Would you still surround me
light my path like north star
or leaving me with my poetry
you would be then gone far!

How would I feel at ninety
contented fully fulfilled?
or sitting alone and empty
only death each breath would will!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When Is Halloween

When is Halloween what's so special about that night
All nights past twelve I lie frozen in utter fright
Prearranged so by design I'm isolated in one room
On my bed alone in all nooks shadows loom!

My hands mustn't stick out there're hands to pull
Drag me to a dark well the hands clammy and cool
My feet too mustn't be stretched beyond bed's edge
Umpteen things can happen by lurking evils' rage!

My eyes I keep them shut so as to make me unfound
But my ears are too keen to let go the slightest sound
Of dragging footsteps and whispering voices closing in on me
I lie alone not a soul in the room so ghosts they've to be!

But the scariest thing happens and it frightens me the most
When silence is deafening not a trace of any ghost
I ready for a peaceful sleep of which I don't get much
Just then the bed moves welcomes me a faint touch!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When It Dawned

As the dawn broke into the night
A call pierced my eyelids shut tight
It was a weary and painful cry
Of a sadness bleeding under the sky!
The night was thinly hanging still
My eyes slowly opened against their will
Within echoed someone 'it wasn't right,
To keep her at bay through the night'
In the attic little throats were parched
Hungry mouths frantically searched
Blind eyes pined for softness
Yearned for her licking embrace!
The night had not gone down well
In her eyes dewdrops did dwell
Time seemed to move cruelly slow
'When would open the window'
Her eyes asked as I let her in
How I could be so awfully mean
As to not know in the mother's breast the pain
When forced to be away from children!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When It Happens

The crow looks like black hanging rag
The trees blurred blotch of green
Trunks furcating like horns of stag
The sky is shorn of sheen!

The road in haze is dazed in dust
Crossing seems out of bound
Eyes from birth hold distrust
Under feet is slipping ground!

Cars loud honk speeding by
How far is the other side
Though it looked close and nigh
Now seems hands need a guide!

Faces of men look only half done
The letters on the board gone pale
Walking it seems is no longer fun
All sights are without head or tail!

In strangeness appears familiarity
Might fall and break my neck
Ghost like looms a known city
Left behind at home my specs!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When It's Not Your Day

Sometimes it's just fine to look away
Without pain's twitch a word to say
Pretend it's nothing that's all too harsh
Look up from ground to the far up stars.

Sometimes it's just fine to look away
Hiding the dent the anguish's sway
Burn the tears with the fire in heart
Look up from the ruins to the sky for a start.

Sometimes it's just fine to look away
Feel within it's not your day
Stop listening to the sadness' tune
Move with the wind a shifting dune.

Know some days are never your day
Though they'll try to blow you away
Just live them down not drown in them
For on the morrow is written your name.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When Lose A Job

Not lose your mind
nor heart
when a job you lose

there's another to find
make a new start
another to choose.

With the job you lose goes the earn
don't think there you would be stuck
soon for you the tides would turn
come knocking your door good luck.

You never really loved the job you lost
money was the only call
but it made you pay a high cost
and the return was meagerly small.

Ruined your hours numbed your soul
the job robbed all your smile
surely on you took a heavy toll
caged your mind all the while.

Money is the need to pay the bill
for even breathing needs buck
but the job you lost stole your free will
made you to be a lame sitting duck.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When Memories Were Not Born

Today this sun-filled morn
I'll not mourn for you,
Though my heart is a desert
Your memories barren sands
And my eyes dried up eons ago!
Today this sun-filled morn
I'll not mourn for you
Though my heart still smells you
Your face lies in my eyes
And my cries I stifled eons ago!
Today this sun-filled morn
Your hands in mine
We'll walk back to when
Memories were not born!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When Money Grows Sparse

My finance is getting no better
Fast is thinning my purse
My pocket is now a deep crater
Where money is growing sparse!

Spending what came was my craze
Bucks pouring in didn't stay
Blissfully forgot the adage
Keep aside for rainy day!

I spent my earn on what not
Bought everything catching eye
Possessed by the only thought
Should spend last penny fore I die!

It had gone like this for years
I went on a spending spree
Till one fine morn in tears
Bade me goodbye the last penny!

Now in old age and low spirit
With money dimming too faint
I can no more be a spendthrift
With my purse's meager remnant!

Laments soul my unheard muse
If only you had paid me heed
Put all those money to better use
And not just cared for own need!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When Morning Goes Sour

Good morning her sweet voice rings in my ear
But in my eyes his sweat dripping labor
Makes me feel a sinner.

It happens someday my mind goes messy
And her neon lit smile floating in the aycee
Can't wipe out outside's burning summer.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When My Belief Is Deluged

Why don't I stop believing Him
When mother's eyes bathe in the river of tears
Grief breaks the heart as the beloved depart
And He provides no solace
Offers no escape invoking His grace
And I for once more start believing
He is just a figment of my imagination
A dumb conjuring of my helpless mind
And the only belief I should hold onto
Is never having a belief in Him.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When Poems Were Lived

Tell you the truth the ones in teen
There was a time I was your age
When I didn't yield to the words' din
Spent not the days pouring on page!

But passed hours in the nooks of noon
Smelling old books sniffing at dreams
Rode my wings to the diurnal moon
Never on page poured ink's streams!

Fought many battles with enemy unseen
soared high up to the depth of sky
With ease painted the needed scene
Jotting them down I never did try!

I loved to love the girl next door
Though hadn't ever seen clearly her face
Imagined myself the princely amour
And she my heart's pretty princess!

I spent much time in a world my own
On trails of mystery and missing link
Might have yearned inside a poet to be grown
I didn't waste time staining paper with ink!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When She Could Ask For Sky

In pouring rain
We entered the fair

For no gain
One odd pair

Beneath a sodden tent!

One small thing
Caught her eyes

And her wing
She couldn't disguise

In that sweet moment!

Asked her why
When she could ask for sky

And I was ready!

Said her tears
For many years

I craved a teddy!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When She's Not There

How do I go on when she's not there
how do I live the emptiness
how do I breathe one of the broken pair
how do I pass those lonely days!

How do I save all the fragrance of her
how do I preserve all her touch
how do I keep her all the while near
tell her I love her how much!

How do I find her when she goes away
how do I call out her name
how do I have one word of love to say
how do I write any more poem!

How do I nurture her handmade garden
how do I sow there new seeds
how do I carry her memory's burden
how do I stop the growing weeds!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When The Pain Of Life Overrides The Joy

Ever wondered if god was thinking
To make a move or deemed no need
When closed in the vulture's wing
Smelling a cadaverous human feed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When The Rain Stops

When the rain stops and the sun comes out
I have a feeling, a nagging little doubt
That the clouds and the just departing rain
Have stolen from me something
Never to be got back again!
Those moments of tender touching on cheeks
Chasing droplets running down window sill
The swaying shower that from the sky leaks
To give the yearning soil a vigorous thrill!
The symphony the rain clatters on the tin
The sounds the leaves make while they drink
I want to hold onto but lose in the din
As the landscapes around me dim and shrink!

The raining moments leave with something of me
Hidden inside and longing to be free
What one rain takes the other never returns
The times, the hopes and the fire that burns!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When You Are A Poet

You're a poet flying on wing
Your world a great heart only rules
You're no fighter in a boxing ring
You're no charger like bulls.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When You Are No More

In the broken orange fire
I felt an empty loneliness
A stretch beyond known land
In my thought your warm hand
Your odor drifting away
'I love you' was all I could say!
My love was never in doubt
Time could not wear it out
Not even the darkness
Conspired by night
Could erase your face
Take it beyond sight!
Now on the empty shore
The waves break and moan
On the shifting sands
I am alone
With you when you are no more!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When You Have Me

I had no meaning
till you picked me up

your tongue rolled
turned me gold

Me a mere word
till you first noticed me

and since that dawn
held to me tightly

You made me your part
saw I was spread

with me in your heart
you grew unafraid

As in you I was grown
healed your inner scar

you ceased to feel alone
when found me within her

On my wings you fly high
hardest wall you can break

reach the far end of sky
go on mountainous trek

Yet it hurts me real bad
when I see world battle torn

then I ask myself why
can't you use me as weapon

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When You Hold Captive

When you don't leave it a choice
It hasn't nowhere to go
Make for it a false rejoice
Paint for it a window.
Keep there a patch of sky
A space for a fancy flight
For its wings to soar dreamily high
And bathe in the golden light.
You have stolen its endless space
It hasn't nowhere to go
Make for it a fake happiness
Paint for it a window.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When You Lose A Part Of You

silent is the mourning
when crying seems inadequate
for the hurt.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When You Lose Faith, Remember

out there are men
who haven't lost faith
in you.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When You Need It Most

You may not need it when sun shines bright
Not goes wrong one rhythm or rhyme
You need it most with no hope on sight
Love you need in the hardest of times.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

When You Write

how do you go about it
when you write a poem
scribble on a piece of sheet
then think about a name?

or do you just tap the keys
seek a clue to start
your way to save the trees
yet find a vent to heart.

do you sit tightly stiff
intent on the screen
or shuffle in the strong belief
they would pour the way you mean.

how do you find the time
or do you have enough
to betwixt work catch a rhyme
grab the thoughts by scruff.

do you write all alone
without a soul around
in a place quiet to bone
but for your clicking sound.

or you have but little choice
to be by yourself in a room
yet bud a poem from the noise
grow it to full bloom.

my mind ponders the questions above
but the least I can do is to brood
how you pen a poem of love
that makes me feel so good.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Where Is The Enemy?

To hell with it, enough I say
It's time to rise and be ready
With the sword to sweep and slay
The dark forces of my enemy!
Madly I go out for the drive
Beware foes you've no retreat
I'll hunt you out wherever you thrive
And will not come back before I do it!
All around I find an echoing hollow
Pitying laughter in mocking glee
I move and my own shadows follow
Despairingly crying where is the enemy!
Where is the enemy, taunts my vengeance
Where is the enemy that my wrath seeks
Where is the enemy asks my impatience,
My enemy inside me reigns in bliss!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Where Love Her Eyes Still Speak

Half of my sky is sun
and I'm on the run
always
in the dream
of catching him!

Why follow me o cloud
blow the storm rough
before breaks your dark shroud
I have to reach the other half.

I can see on the mountain peak
hope's flame is still not ember
love her eyes still speak
loving my blood remembers.

O cloud my purpose here is undone
am yet to reach the mountain peak
hold your veil and let me run
to where love her eyes still speak.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Where Love Shelters

Let me not pen the pain of sadness
Not say what made me stay away
I would rather be in cheerful face
Forget tears of the bygone day.

Last few days I was like shelter less
A shelter isn't a mere roof on your head
Home beyond brick is a heartfelt address
Not in concrete but of love made.
Once more I knew it really had no redress
Even the best of all else isn't any best
Home becomes a mere void without her grace
A lifeless hollow, an abandoned nest!

This morn I found in a bowl of my ceiling lamp
On gathered twigs sat a mother dove
She has made there a blissful camp
To see the fruition of her love!

Sunshine I felt deep in my mind
She must have her shelter all the way
With this the dark clouds I left behind
Retrieved my nest on a revealing day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Where Love Shelters 2

It's seven days and the dove sits there pretty tight
On the mess of my chandelier never used for light
Trivially bothersome but her I bear no grudge
Never thought of shooing away or giving her a nudge!

The bird in enviable meditation sits in elegant poise
Looks more like play-dove I brought home by choice
Stirs not in my presence bats not her eyelids
Embodiment of patience and patience is all she needs!

How many days to be there, she knows but I don't know
Sits there the ravishing beauty in love's radiant glow
But I know something of it, in her eyes have seen the gleam
Of a longing to be in time there, by holding onto the dream!

What comes of her what's in store I thought I little care
Never knew when of her dream I had a part to share
How she became a partner in life seeking a shelter of love
I have no answer but only know I must shelter the dove!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Where Nightmares Reign

Life is living the sunset rays
Or remaining awake on a starless night
Dreaming of blue gold days
Keeping nightmares out of sight!
Nightmares, they keep coming back
To steal the stillness in your heart
That waits for the opaque to crack
For the spirit to rise and depart!
You start believing in them
In a world the dark dreams make
Slowly you love playing the game
Not knowing the real from the fake!
Blue gold day is now folklore
You live where nightmares reign
In your eyes the hot tears pour
It's over you can't live again!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Where The Hearts Only Know To Give

Come here to mend a broken heart
Come here to make a new start
Come here to set passions ablaze
Come here to turn a new page.
Here the hills wild and verdant
Purge out all meanness within
Here the streams gaily abundant
Wash the mind's dirt to make it clean.
Here the hearts only know to give
Lust not to get in return
Here the tears when the eyes they leave
Not in the revenge's wrath burn.
Take home these pix hang it on your wall
See it when despairs torment
Wear its beacon on the night of squall
To find way under starless firmament.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Where Winds The River

My heart I give to the cloud
my eyes where the grasses quiver
my time is come to leave the high ground
be lost in the mist of the river!

From so far I have wandered
to be lost in you o river
my tears mourn the times squandered
to find you where you meander!

Now is come the time this August noon
to pierce your mystery's veil
to kiss your ripples and die in your moon
go down deep you to feel!

I give my heart to where winds the river
as I stand on your green bank's mound
where the clouds hug you grasses quiver
and soul end of journey is home bound!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Where You Belong

Seagulls cry waves take a break
Sprouting foams on you lips break
Unleashed joy that's hard to hide
An unshackled day on the seaside!
Eyes reach where the sky bends low
Roll on silver crowns in endless flow
It stretches blue with streaks of green
You are lost in the ocean's din!
The vastness makes you feel so small
The wide expanse and the rise and fall
Yet within you says each heartbeat
Like the sand grain you're part of it!
On the seaside the child in you sails
Making sand hills picking a few shells
Running free and wild humming an old song
Knowing it's where you've dreamed to belong!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Whiskey

From my pal whiskey a peg I borrow
To drown therein my load of sorrow
It takes no time for the peg to be gone
But my darned sorrow not leaves me alone!

I plead with whiskey to lend one more
As my empty glass is quite an eyesore
A damned liberal he pours me more
Still not gone sorrow when pegs are four!

My cheeks are flushed red and hot
One on one he pours me shot
Can't stop me though a bitch's son
My sorrow still flows in plenty gallon!

The more he pours more get me dumbed
My brain takes leave thinking is numbed
From the empty glass sorrow winks a smile
I hear it say won't leave you a while!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

White Clouds

today eyes found white clouds reading a little hard
monitor screen slightly remote prints a little blurred
gathered a few teardrops vision felt the pang of strain
it was then the mind drifted white clouds brought a rain!

from now on sunshine would not all be that bright
patch of crooked darkness would cry out for light
a curtain would come on way block the color's shade
things would no more look the way they are made!

the lens would not capture what's finer for eyes
beauties in smallness textures in disguise
blueness of sky the raw greenness of grass
would stale when looked through a pair of glass!

today white clouds brought the first layer of film
turned the nooks darker made daylight look dim
gathered a few teardrops vision felt the pang of strain
mind knew from now on life would not be same again!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

White Dots

Reappearing the white dots on my fingernail
I'm growing a child again I yell
She smiles having by now known it well
It's where I dwell.

Her mocking smile is an annoyance
Still louder I yell
White dots come on a child's finger and toenail.

My lady ever practical says how do I gain
If ever you really become a child again
It would be a tall demand and I'm afraid
The first thing you would ask for is to be breastfed!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

White House

Knowing couldn't resist the autumn light
playing on walls the shorter days
painted my house with only white
to forget coming winter's gloomy gray!

Now the cotton clouds cannot stay aloof
when burnt at heart by the summer's pain
break the flight to pause on the white roof
pour a tear two as the falling rain!

Now the sky a little more dazzles blue
lavishly spreads her wares colors glut
moon spins the night in her magic brew
when rises pompous behind areca-nut!

So you know given them good reasons
the winds to weave dreams for weary night
play on walls between rests all seasons
loving that I painted house only white!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Who Is The Pauper?

The pauper's bread is his philosophy
The affluent's philosophy is bread
Though the pauper hasn't a bread too many
His dog is always well fed!

The joy of sharing he knows best
His bread he cuts into two
The pauper the vermin the nagging pest
At heart is the most well-to-do!

He knows the joy of togetherness
To divide from his scrap of bread
The pauper a slur on the human race
Sees his dog doesn't remain unfed!

He knows he can't do without this help
He is too alone on this ride
The pauper knows better than to live with self
Loves his dog on his side!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Who Murdered Mathilda?

Mathilda is brutally murdered
Udolph is the obvious suspect
remembers everyone how she jilted him
David her last lover is inconsolable
Evan's appearance raises suspicion
right before the murder he met her
Ergot the butler had seen him going out
Rocky was with him could be an accomplice
Inspector Brown finds it a tough case
so many suspects but all with good alibi
Dr. Thomas isn't sure about the cause of death
autopsy is necessary for the confirmation
visible though are the abrasions on her neck
Inspector Brown interrogates all the suspects
dogs are brought to find smells of trails.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Why

His sweats a salty syrup
He muttered time is up
And crashed with a mighty splash!

For the fraction airborne
Did he once mourn
His life passing in a flash?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Why (10w)

Why couldn't we
ever
agree to disagree
and not war?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Why A Dream

slosh slumber river noon
dumber life behind
skim fishing gull's croon
poetry far from mind!

flirty wave tosses boat
why a dream no clue
script for day someone wrote
only for us two!

winds too know cavort blow
land as dusted kiss
dizzy lips drink it slow
doze in lover's bliss!

stakes are high hours short
must grab hold it tight
'fore it melts on the port
dims the river light!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Why Bother (10w)

Why bother weather forecast,
If it rains, rain it must!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Why Dark Poems I Don'T Write

Though I too pass through darkness
Have my share of thunderous night
Fighting depression's embrace!

I think of ways to swallow them down
Shove them out of my sight
Blow it away my grimmest frown
Light the dark in candlelight!

It's not smooth job wishing them away
The shadows too powerful to yield
That always love to have their way
Thrive in dreams unfulfilled!

They tempt me to give them a chance
Succumb to their alluring might
I know if I submit to them for once
They would be all over my write!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Why Fillers?

when time constrains

thoughts unshackle
in small bursts.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Why I Love You

I love you
not because
you're good looking

I love you
not because
you're caring

I love you
not because
you dote on me

I love you
not because
your smiles are sweet

I love you
not in lust
of your crevice
or orifice
or skin

I love you
because
without you
I feel

incomplete within.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Why Still

Seeing the surge of love poems
finding love as the most trending tag
though my spirit swells

I wonder why still
in this haven of love
all is not well!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Why The Tears I Shed?

Why the tears I shed?
Hunger is around,
I'm well fed.

Why the tears I shed?
The fire has gone out,
Warm is my bed.

Why the tears I shed?
Love is without sense,
On me lies her head.

Why the tears I shed?
The living is on alms,
Aplenty is my bread.

Why the tears I shed?
Life seeks mercy,
More blessed is the dead.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Wide Eyed

He lies wide eyed.

The opaque stream reflects no sky
betrays no emotions
nothing is impressed on the canvas anymore.

'Wide eyed'
that's how he was described by all
as he gave everything a riveting look
stopped on the way of his routine chores
lost in his own wandering thoughts
stealing and storing on those orifice
the wonders that often pass as mundane
letting not the smallest bit to escape
like a crazy collector on a wild run of filling his scrapbook.

He lies wide eyed.

His unblinking eyes still in awe of the stored marvels
and silently pleading the approaching fingers
not to shut them!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Wild Hunt

Till dies down the music in our ears
Come let's go back to the yesteryears
To those beaches of youth's wild hunt
Run again with the wind and play truant.
Come let's go get one more hold
On those duckback years that couldn't make us old
Fly with them to where we dreamed to reach
The realm of youth's sweated whiff adrift in saline beach.
Come let's go back and ride the breaking waves
Dig out love's fossil that our heart still craves
Retrace our imprints etched on the sandy shore
Till the music dies down and in our ears plays no more.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Wild Run

Runs the street urchin
In his eyes the rippling sky
From his strings soars high
A butterfly atop the green!

Not much of a past
There isn't a road ahead
He runs in his abiding trust
On his hands' winging thread!

Soar high and still higher
Bring me the sky's hue
Shower my dreams in the air
Make me one with you!

Sees not the boy's dancing eyes
The path that winds before him
He loves the butterflies' swim
When with the winds they rise!

He prays the breeze forever blow
Of strings his hands are never empty
Till it kisses the heavenly glow
Sailing past the highest tree!

Fly high and still higher
Plant my dreams as you roam
At dusk when my eyes tire
Build me in the sky a home!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Wild Waste

On the desert stretch looking a perfect wretch trudges along the guy
In heavy boots ravaged on route where eagles dare not fly
His hairs braided his face shaded under dark olive hat
The man alone to all unknown most perilous terrains chart!
His face wears many months' stubble weathered brown like rock
Scars many on his hands bony his lips are rusted lock
He staggers on his eyes stubborn in predestined vision
His cheeks are hard men take all guard he's out on a mission!
Wearied frame but ain't no game he reaches a place at last
Where a tavern stands amid dusty lands, a little rest is must
As the gate opens, he puts two pence on the old man at the bar
He needs a drink few sleepy winks for he's coming from afar!
He little cared bad guys stared strumpets around they laughed
He breathed deep drank first sip in parched throat softly coughed
In his dirty gown, his face bowed down they thought to have some fun
They little knew there were only few who could match his skill in gun!
The one eyed Jack leaving cards pack called him by ugliest names
They let off steam damned jeered him joined by the fallen dames
Not a hair's rustle he didn't bustle swallowed unfazed his drink
They tried so hard each one bastard to drive his patience to brink!
He held his leash in no flourish though his hawkish eyes burned alert
Watching keen amid all the din for the mischievous to make a start
One filthy gall let woe befall taking him for weak and mute
Grabbed one girl with skin of pearl threatened to have her shoot!
Our man in hat though he hated a spat had soft corner for women
On the table his gun was not the one to make such thing happen
His anger chilled bone it was well known in all corners of the west
In a moment was done by his blazing gun it sent the scum to rest!
His mission done he wasn't the one to wait there anymore
He rose up to go with the end of show summoned the pearl-skin whore
As they left the bar to go afar to a land beyond mountain
The lights were on audience gone, came down the curtain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Windfall

Their faces dewy fresh, just out of school
The pair of girl and boy is dazzlingly beautiful
Frolicking in the wind the two butterflies
Laugh in life's fullness, joys can't disguise.
If years I could shed by a miracle's windfall
Could go back to their times when dreams rule tall
I would pick her as my girl, her hair in red lace
Giggling wild in glee, her chubby freckled face.
I would be her boy she would love to be with
She would be my girl I would love in every breath
In that lovers' trance we would never grow wise
But live in ignorant bliss of two butterflies.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Wings Are Waiting

Not life, death dragged him on
The desert sun scorched his eyes
The heat seared his skin
His mind evaporated to nothingness
The fluttering wings circled in wait
For the lunge, sure of his fate!

The man never minded the arduous trek
Never stopped, never ever took a break
The road ahead drove him on
Losing all on the way, he was alone
Pouring sweats licked his eyes
No sound ever came of his cries
Without a luminescent dream
In life death shadowed him!

When the deadly sun turned brown
The hungry beaks swooped down
Ended the journey long yet mean
Devoured he lay, his bones picked clean!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Wise And Other-Wise

a piece of cheese in the caged house
smells so fine walks in the mouse
when in hunger in the need of food
it stops not to ponder if it should.

a billion mouse and most think straight
not breaking head on cause and effect
live by the meals and between the breath
not balding in the fantasy if god is a myth.

happy they aren't like a few other-wise
brooding contemplating what's lying in disguise
but just being mouse salivating on the food
without morals or scruples of should not and should.

when hungry craves food some sleep and rest
never bothering if their life is a complete waste
if you think detachedly of the wise and the mouse
it would seem both cohabiting the same caged house.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

With Fires In Heaven

under cloud's mountain
I speak her
words of love.

this moonlit night
is no time
to break the spell

with fires in heaven
and stars tempting
false oaths

she dies

in my million sparks of lies.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

With The Bell

while in classroom they were with the bell
his mind some place else dwelled
where rafts of white on blue set sail
nimbus grew in mountain swell.

let them all be in that room
pursue wisdom in blackboard gloom
he won't go in that pursuit
when world outside called his feet.

he would breathe the endless sky
chase rainbow and butterfly
in shade of tree find sweetest dream
more than it was not for him.

he would sit by that placid lake
in its ripples' lullaby half awake
hug the wind run wild sunburned
leave classroom lessons remain unlearned.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

With The Child Always

In the lonely moments of yellow gold noon
On the roof alone under the crescent moon
You breeze down on my mind soft and silent
An aroma of old time from faraway firmament!
The magic wand of dream cleanses the rust
The present disappears comes back the past
Your lips part, in a hum of lullaby,
Cuddles in your arms the sweetest baby!
In the liquid dawn when the air spews dew
Its fragrance melts time to find you anew
You land in my yard with ageless grace
To bear the child in your warm embrace!
When dark clouds gather on the horizon
In the rising storm I feel all alone
You quietly come and lay your hands on me
To let me know you aren't gone, you can never be!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

With The Coming Of Night

Your beauty waits in sunshine
Flies swarm, butterflies flock
They come, bathe, drink and sink.
Comes the night,
The beauty vanishes in a wink.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

With You Always

If I die just this moment
Mount me not on your wall
Remember the time together spent
Hide me in your heart as a pearl!
If I die just this moment
Don't mourn or shed a tear
Feel how much I meant
To you in the years together!
If I die just this moment
Hold me tight in your mind
Think as if I'm present
Always there for you to find!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

With Your Ex-Lover: Chance 2

Go join the long and winding queue
At the space station WYXLC2
Where they take you to time left behind
To dig out the lost love from your mind!
You are transported to a recreated space
To regain moments of forsaken happiness
Of holding her close, sing, and dance
A night out with her, for a second chance!
A precious chance to show your passion
Under the sky of heavenly constellation
Unspoken gestures of love that never fail
Feelings that words can't explicitly tell!
Words you uttered you never wanted to
Vain, hollow and rang so untrue
That poured only from the lip's surface
To snuff out love and kill its progress!
This night with your ex-lover for chance 2
To make amends, it's what you must do
Utter not, for love words can disguise
Hold her in embrace, look deep into her eyes!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Within

When cloud of darkness gathers around me
It's always your light that sets me free.
When despair piles up in my grieving heart
Your magic broom cleans up the dirt.
You smile when I cry, cry when I smile
No grief is forever, beyond a sorrowful mile.
By all the acts you do and all the tales you spin
You let me discover the happiness within.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Without A Note

It's time to move away she thought
and without a parting note
quietly took her breath away.

None knew what made her cease her breath
there were gossip and lore and lot of myth
she looked quite a happy girl some said
said others it was her exam grade,
jilted in love, with her lover had a tiff
none was certain she left in what belief!

Was it the anguish of a deeply hidden pain
that made her escape find in quitting a gain
living seemed too miserable breath too taxing
to transcend all these she had to spread her wing!

The hearts she broke groped ever in darkness
for in them only would live her footprint's trace
no answer was there in their wails of the night
why she chose to take off for a flight in starlight!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Without Ever Telling

There's something I couldn't tell you
remained in the heart all along
something that is though long overdue
never made it to the tongue!

Yet I am sure by now you know
have read its mark on my eyes
the ripened feel seasons mellowed
revealed through all the disguise!

Don't know why could never tell it
like the way in ease lovers speak
though it's what says my heartbeat
ever failing to reach the tongue's tip!

Unspoken though hidden in the breast
what in stories two lovers easily say
without ever telling its show manifest
I couldn't have it told to this day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Without Her Knowing It

Sometimes she visits
leaves mind no traces
sometimes she lingers
for long

Sometimes her spirit
quickly vanishes
sometimes she stays
like a song!

Sometimes she dresses
real too fast
sometimes her clothes
she not finds

Sometimes she presses
for her fill of lust
sometimes she messes
my mind!

Sometimes her eyes
upon mine stay
sometimes her cries
look away

Sometimes her smile
showers like rain
sometimes they rile
cause me pain!

Sometimes her hands
cling to me tight
sometimes like sands
drift away

Sometimes her lands
are hazy and grey
she seems remote
far away!

Yet she ever makes me feel
she loves me upon her sight
me her heart always wills
all of the day and night!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Without Waiting

In a desolate corner of the graveyard
I found a memorial stone.
Inscribed "Lawrence, 4 hours,
Opened his eyes to the squalor around,
Shed a dropp of tears at the misery,
And closed his eyes"
Without waiting for the love to blossom,
Without a care for the bud
Blooming in his mother's eyes!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Wolf Pup

As I pour you stories from my memory's cup
Comes out another childish tale of a wolf pup!

One wolf pup dad was telling me for weeks
He would bring home I was five or six
Would you bring it Dad from the forest?
No dear I'll get for you from the market.

Ah a wolf pup not just having a dog or a cat
Only in our home how wonderful would be that
When it grew up what a sight that would be
It would cuddle me and growl at my enemy
Unleashed it would roam our home all night
As neighbor's envy and the burglar's plight
Our neighborhood accustomed to the night owl
Would now reverberate with a wolf's howl!

I basked for days in warm glow of pride
Imagining a large wolf walking by my side
Each night after dad left for his night shift
I spent sleepless dreaming his morning's gift
Each morning as soon as I heard him call
I ran to him to see if had arrived the furry ball.

Days came and went and dad could sense
His child was nearing the end of patience
One night leaving as he kissed my forehead
Told me dear son the pup is fully made
Don't worry you'll have it on the next day
A child trusts his dad that's what they say.

I stayed awake the whole night with the night owl
Cuddling a big wolf in my ears its booming howl!

By now you know what happened I never got the gift
Someone else had taken it my memories only drift!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Woman's Story

You bring to this world all happiness
But just a look at your face
Tells of the silently borne sorrow
Of agony today and no hope for morrow!
You are deemed stoical painless
But just a look at your face
Tells of the many death of dreams
Of a life lived by men's whims!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Women

Silently they bear
Rarely resent
When they are near
You feel the attachment.
At home or outside
They are in control
Makes life a joyous ride
Companion of your soul.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Wooden Smiles

We try to be happy all the time
But not dare the untrodden miles
Forget the heart's rapturous rhymes
End up in wooden smiles!

Someone please give me smile broad and wide
So can be seen all my teeth
Tell me a belly rip where laughter can't hide
Give me spacious humor's width!

Tell me a joke wild nonsense and trash
Make all my muscles ache in pain
When the waves of laughter upon me crash
I'll in happiness go insane!

I haven't laughed friend it's quite a while
Want a laugh long left in the past
Bring this weary soul a plateful of smile
Make my lips break away from the rust!

Tell me a story that I roll on the ground
In laughter sparkling clean
For jaws long in wooden smiles bound
That would be the best medicine!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Work (10w)

We come home from work
To go back to work!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Worshipping Goodness

I bow down before you God
Not because I'm servile
Or seek your favour,
It's not an unquestioning surrender.
I bow down before you God
Not because I sense
That before your omnipotence
I must succumb as a dumb.
I bow down before you God
Not to seek your blessing
Nor to please or appease you,
It's no fear of an unseen power.
I bow down before you God
Not seeking heaven or other abode
But knowing all the world's goodness
I can see in my heart as your face.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Worthless

They call me a workless guy
What they mean is worthless
Envious they're and that's why
Don't like my leisurely pace!

I ain't the one to run the race
Make do with my small needs
I hate to wear a worried face
Bear a mind where darkness breeds!

I don't wanna run a race
Where the end ever recedes
Hate to be for the time pressed
Yet finding needs increased!

I give a damn taking it too hard
Love to run my time as own
Penning a poem feeding a bird
Watering dreams homegrown!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Write

Write

because everything needs to be written

like bud's bloom.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Write Me One

Show not their thinnest trace
let the words wear a happy face
how harsh may be the day's living
hide the tears and broken wing!

Write me one sunshine poem
for my day dwindling in burning flame
needs your ink to see me through
by words beaming with lights of you!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Writer's Block?

when in each breath waits a story to be unlocked?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Writing

Isn't a habit as such,

write when fancies
burden much.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Wrong Address

My house seemed unusually quiet
As I rang the hoarse calling bell
Quickly it passed my thought
Did I come to the wrong address?

The bell's hoarseness shattered the peace
Something my house never did grace
The trademark noise one can never miss
So had I come at the wrong address?

She slowly came and opened the gate
The house was dark but for one room
I wondered if she slept till late
So there still hung a pall of gloom.

I sniffed the air to find what was amiss
Shook my head a little to shrug off the fears
Reigned everywhere a distraught-ing peace
In the house I've been returning for years.

I tiptoed on the floor lest it broke the silence
The hush appeared so incredible and fragile
The thought that peace even could make one tense
I couldn't repress the inward flowing smile.

'Why the house is so quiet dear what's the mystery? '
I saw a flirting smile prancing on her face
'For a change I have switched off the TV

So you think you've come to the wrong address'!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Xx

Xx will never write poetry
His senses are too occupied
With his surround's passing scenery
Holding them in gaze wide eyed!

Xx has no time to think and write
Letting so much meanwhile pass him
Not counting the sleeping hours of night
Eyes' plenty to fill him to brim!

Xx can't spend whiles typing away
While the sky turns her blue into red
Can't afford to waste an already short day
Counting words creating riddles in his head!

Xx is too busy to set his mind
On begetting inky wordy lusty poem
With nature calling him to see and find
The beauty of the morn in sun flame!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Yet We Breathe

yet we breathe

carrying like medals
tokens of being alive
food clothes
needs more and more
coming in and out of door
sleeping awake
through midlife blues
lost jobs
broken hearts
unkept vows
groping in the dark
dim-lit days
cathartic nights
masked social
torn in the upheaval
tearing within
making poems our ailment's remedy
our ink's flow
a placebo
the poet's might
a myth.

yet we breathe.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Yogi

Many a company
makes each employee
practice yoga
during recess
to de-stress
cope with distress
endure strain
and be back again
to workplace
with no stress!

a good therapy
for if ever the company
lays off an employee,

he she could absorb the distress
of the resultant long-term recess
its pains many

like a yogi!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

You And I Together

Relations are hard to maintain often with the best you do
still do spare even a stranger sweet words one or two
there is no levy on sweet dealings no price heavy to pay
when you greet the unfamiliar you only make your day.

There's no meekness in being good
all strangers we are at this place
blessed are those who wish they could
make each face manifest happiness.

You may have seen rise of many a wall
gaping void in seeming closeness
you would do well not to turn cynical
but try to make the world a better place.

Even your best efforts would not ensure
no blood leaves a stain on your hand
but if you can bring even one ache a cure
you justify your place on this land.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

You Are Immortal

You will be there,
Winds will shift the sands
Away will drift the lands
Your footprints will be hidden
Under debris of time....

In search of a honey drop
They will stop
to find you at the beehive
or in a dusty archive
where tales eons old
will be valued in gold....

Death comes not to spurn,
But to begin a new yarn,
It's definite
You will remain a part of it.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

You Are Needed

Find and fill the less
Always.

It's not little
So much more
Knock your door.

Do.

Walk by side
Wipe a tear

Grow your wings
For the good things.

Bother not you can't be great
Being good is far better.

I have heard people say
Only if I had money
Could have done so much good.

The world is in no mood
To be good
with money.

Remember
Without spending a dime
Many a time
You've lit up a face
And rewarded
With an inner happiness.

And for this task
You only need to ask
And that's the essence

Aren't there enough in this world
That hurt me

That need me
My will
To fill.

Then you would find the answer

More than your need
Is someone waiting out there

Needing you.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

You Aren'T Sure

There on the rock wall
The sun kisses the last time
Then it bows and bids farewell
For the evening to spin her rhyme.
But you hope there'll be a morrow
The transient night will end
The darkness will be a passing sorrow
With the new dawn you will amend.
There on the mountain peaks
The sun clings one last time
Then another world it seeks
Here the evening spins her rhyme.
But you aren't sure there'll be a morrow
And the night that arrives will end
The darkness will be a passing sorrow
Gifting you a day to amend!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

You Breathe Me Life Poet

What beauty lies within your poem
how they me enlighten
in me burns their undying flame
make me forget own pain!

The moments my eyes on your thoughts pause
my mind rests on your speak
are the ones giving me my life's purpose
your words poet do the magic!

Your poems light a beacon on the way I walk
feed me rains and glorious sunshine
upon my sky when clouds are dark
cheer me your ink's lovely lines!

Don't ever stop writing my heart
don't ever close mind's door
go on poet once you make a start
vent all that's hidden in your core.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

You Didn'T Foresee

Like a magician's deft trick
She placed her two in a nook of attic
Winked two eyes from the dusty pile
Cheered not the mind brought not a smile.

One scrap of food one occasional call
You are their friend you are their all
Without your knowing builds up a rapport
They make your home theirs beg your support.

Hidden in her fur you see them asleep
You never made a promise you had to keep
See in her happiness your looming plight
Her calls at the window at odd hours of night!

Two more added and more than you need
Aspiring heartbeats hungry mouth to feed
You didn't foresee that your unguarded call
Would make your home a nursery and troubles not small!

Quickly they grow up steal your time's large slice
When eyes open in three weeks demands grow thrice
Then as they crawl around you fluffs of silken ball
You see in the fruiting gains of pleasures no small.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

You Don'T Read My Mail

The day I knew you don't read my mail
I stopped sending them
The wind ceased blowing on my sail,
There was no fun playing the game!
I wrote it all for you
With you and only you in view
I filled them with all I had,
But I failed, it was too bad!
I thought all you would treasure
With understanding and a little pleasure
And indulgently you would wait
If ever my mails were late!
See how I lost the one-sided game
My mails, you never opened them
It made me sad, a little pained,
the world seemed dry, my eyes rained!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

You Don'T Remind Me

bloodstains on my hands say
countless times have wounded her
yet she loves me to this day
weeps on my shoulder!

You don't remind me woman
each time I stroke your hair
of the times I act a hurting man
of all the times I've been unfair.

Rather you hide all past scars
cover up my stinging bite
pretend things could be worse
thank god it turned all right.

You don't remind me woman
when I hug you tight
of the times I act a hurting man
bare to you unmanly might.

Rather you hide the flicker of pain
smile away my sins of past
pretend things would be same again
thank god in me you trust.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

'You' In The Rain

Clouds' ominous hinting ready set to go
'You' the rains drench, most beautifully show!

Your skin a lotus petal, in the drops it glows
'You' are a sparkling beauty, in the rains' flow!

Wet they deep your flesh, brings out the earthen smell
'You' look the most gorgeous, a beauty most telltale!

Clothes hug you tight, they reveal the lows and highs
'You' look dreamily alluring, I see you betwixt my sighs!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

You Know What I Mean

Don't put on sale outpour of your soul
Don't move around with a begging bowl
Just add to this ocean your drops in silence
Without seeking opinions on their excellence.
Be sure they would on the surface rise
Pearls of your thoughts won't be hidden from eyes
Wait with patience for heart's joyous sound
When from the ocean your drops are found.
Leave in your mind no trace of doubt
The hunters of poems will surely find you out.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

You Lost It Long Ago

When the clouds gathered
The first rain dropped on your nose
Craving to hug you wet...
Your umbrella came in the way.
You lost it long ago...
When you ached your neck
Dipped your eyes in crowd
While the sky bathed in rain
Longing that you would look up!
You lost it long ago...
When the loving eyes around you
Dreamed that you would notice
But you drifted far far away...
They died and you got only tears!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

You Needn'T Tell

When two hearts meet
Love shines like morning dew
You don't need to tell it
The known words 'I love you'.
When two hearts sing
Love takes wing
You needn't tell anew
'I love you'.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

You Too

thousands of miles traveled
longing to reach that place
where I would see you
your face
know you
your mind
touch you
your heart

but thought I hadn't found you
had yet to travel many more miles
search you once more from the start...

I found you too had traveled

with me

in my heart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

You Trusted (10w)

Today had you for breakfast
So much for your trust!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Your City

What a pity
That you love your city
And feel it none can beat
Only when you are away from it!
Only then you know by heart
That it's just your part.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Your Eyes Are The Last Place

I never noticed
turned away my face
in your eyes
has survived a place.
The rain has dried up
they are now arid
flowers have gone leaving no seed
love's warmth is lost in weed.

Your eyes are the last place
holding the relics of the world's lost loveliness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Your Face In The Moon

I hold up your face in the moon
And see the price you have paid
For loving me!
Bathed in pain
Of years of holding me in your heart,
Your eyes are desires burned out in vain!
I hold up your face in the moon
And see the dried up rivers
Of years of holding me in your heart
Yet never being able to get a start!
I hold up your face in the moon
And see relics of a love
Wasted in a desert of despair!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Your Finest Poetry

There are some sufferings
When you witness
You feel like laying down your pen
Throw out as garbage all shits of paper
Where you penned sufferings
That comes nowhere near
What you witness
The real sufferings
When you wish
You had the might
To open the doors
Set free the caged birds
See them soar in the blue
Then come back once
Write your last poem
Saying you achieved it
The incredible feat
Of doing a little something
Tangibly good
And way better
Than what floods your paper
And there wasn't anything
Greater to get
From poem
From life
Not anything more
For you delivered
The ultimate poetry
When you bought two birds
Caged cramped suffering
Opened the door
See them soar free
Gave this world
Your finest poetry!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Your Old Poems

On the sides of the road
they're sleeping shutter down
on this cold dead's abode
alphabets rusty brown!

Some moment time of year
bright minute dark hour
you cannot remember
all the wind blown flower!

You were crying at the time
yet wove a joyous drape
bleeding heart spun a rhyme
found a vent some escape!

Through the ache wrote a yarn
while breaking all the while
played a fiddle on the burn
wore a woeful neon smile!

Walk once more the dead's abode
show a light dust the page
read the lines on the road
your poems that would never age!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Your Teacher

Among strangers faces unknown
Tears rolling on your cheeks
You cried "mom, mom"
And my heart bled!
I kissed and cuddled you
"Don't cry little baby"
I played your mom
I played your dad
Like you I became a child!
As you grew up
Often I scolded you
But believe me
It was not real
I wanted to make a man out of you!
Did you respect me, loved me
Or hated me?
I have no answer.
I am now blind with age
But can see you my child
I can't hear anymore
But still listen to your voice
I don't know where you are
But feel you in my heart!

Do you remember?
I am your teacher!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Your Vote Has Been Cast

Hurrah for the General
He has won your vote
For the loser a funeral
Over the victor you gloat!
Celebrations will not be long
The music will not last
Soon will stop the victory's song
Your vote has been cast!
The changes you voted to bring
Will look like never there
No blunting of recession's sting
No ending of daily nightmare!
Life will go on as it had gone
Promises will just be a memory
Then there will be another one
To win your vote and repeat the story!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

You'Re Right And Wrong

So you say poems don't sell
ain't no buyer for your works
arduous hours of a job done well
go down the drain fetch no perks!

You're right poems do don't sell
though you fill them with heart's spice
by the hour growing weary and frail
you surely can't feel any nice!

A dollar a poem how fine it would be
add a dollar a read to it
but poems are meant to be sold just free
you aren't to be paid for the feat!

But you're wrong poems do sell
them the readers do buy
when to their heart your thoughts travel
and their spirit soars up sky high!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

Zeus

Zeus has a normal life
Two children and a loving wife
Yet he feels his days crappy
He never is really happy!
Zeus likes his wife on his side
And when the children on his shoulder ride
Yet he feels he's missing something
In nothing of these he's getting the zing!
Zeus' head wants to remain rational
But down there pricks the monster carnal
Goading him to break free
Telling him 'you are not happy'!
Zeus after a prolonged strife
Breaks the shackle blows the fife
Other women with madness he hounds
Crazed with the blindness this world abounds!
Zeus wakes up to the riddle at last
That happiness cannot come out of lust
It's always there in a normal life
Two children and a loving wife!

Pradip Chattopadhyay