

Poetry Series

Pulakkumar Ditti

- poems -

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Pulakkumar Ditti(17/07/1955)

28 Feb.2014: Desertion

Last night, a wild wind
Banged on my windows,
Entered and whispered
In my ears, "The Spring will
Desert you today, never to come.
Stars will stop blinking
And Moon won't shed its light.
Flowers will refuse to bloom,
To make the environ minus fragrance
With music discordant, prosaic
And with no trace of melody".
I couldn't believe my ears, 'Coz
I am conditioned not to live in
Rain, neither in Summer, nor in
Winter, but in SPRING only.

Pulakkumar Ditti

A Brief Journey?

Bright days of emotions are over.
Stops the Love Express.
Arrives the time to part.
Chink on the path.
Who knows, when
it turns into gulf?

Parting is painful?
Maybe, for one.
Maybe, not for the other.

Oh man! relish the brief journey.
Withstand the present.
And step into the
world of uncertainty.

Pulakkumar Ditti

A Rainy Night (To Be Read After 50 Years)

</>West steals the Sun,
dark descends,
and the rains.
A nightful of black
veils the earth.

Torrents roar and
clouds are at war.
The bad mad winds,
flashes of the thunder
imperil man and matter.

World's uneven,
deep low and steep high,
a mass of evil.
Fraud, fright, frustration,
hatred, cruelty and blood
force the lambs cry,
make the weak die.

Cause and effect!
Heavens burst, Earth
shudders with onrush
of floods in the deadly
night of holocaust.

With purging and
surging, the great
levelling act is on.
Though nobody knows how...
how far there's
the new dawn.

Pulakkumar Ditti

An Ode To Taslima Nasreen

Thoughts clear, mind bare,
The articulate, outspoken
Daughter of Tagore's land
Is pushed into the desert of despair.

Yet, indomitable and intrepid,
Her savage invasion on
God's spoilt brats goes on.

She sheds lights on some
Dark patches of 'ill' literacy,
And the world sees the
Swarming worms, being
Nourished amid filth and dirt,
Vitiating the wind of wisdom.

Here's the war of attrition!
Goaded and enraged,
Spring up the gangs of bigots,
And run with the swords of fatwas
After the daughter of Liberty.

Mother India,
An abode of over a billion;
A haven of all earthly faiths
And the faithless as well;
My Sovereign, Socialist, Secular,
Democratic, Republic,
You charm the liberal millions
With your majestic elevation.

But who rules you Mom?
The fearless, greedless, selfless ones?
The champions of freedom
To speak one's heart out?
(Do they) feel the pain
In the pain of the masses?
(Are they) ready to uphold
The truth to keep your image clean?

Behold Mother!
Dogged by dogmatics
And elbowed by opportunists,
The crestfallen truth-sayer disciple
Of humanism knocks at your door,
Craves for a rest on your lyric lap.
Won't you open it yet?

Mother sobs, and says,
'I can't, I can't, I can't.
My heart shrinks in agony.
Again I am in chain, this time,
Not by the foreigners,
But by my own ones.
The priests of politics
With ugly scratches on
Their souls have tied my hands.
I'm restless and eager
To embrace my daughter.
But, I can't, I can't, I can't, '
Mother rues, sobs and says.

Pulakkumar Ditti

Birthday Song On My Dream Girl

Oh! My dream-sweet girl.
Irresistible I am today,
to meet, to see, to feel you.
But the Distance! The enemy No.1
is laughing at my cravings.
I fight back! I close my eyes,
hear your laughing and giggling,
shouting and quarrelling,
see you cooking and serving,
take a snap you smiling and
hug you with lips on your forehead.
Then open my eyes and
see the mirage in smoke!
Slyly, the dream has slipped out.

Pulakkumar Ditti

Obsession With Shakuntala

Shakuntala, let me confess,
Miserably I fail to compose
A poem on you.

Oh Ganges of love!
I have sunk deep down,
And go further down
When I see you smiling,
Or giggling or staring
At the sky or playing with the deer.

Oh deer! Had I been a deer,
Could you stay away from me?
I would have sprung around,
And pulled you near,
With the edge of your attire
In my mouth.

My soulful poetry!
Tell me not to write a
poetry on this plant of love,
(Which is) more wonderful
Than this wonderful world.

Shakuntala, I confess,
I am paralysed, intoxicated
And obsessed,
In the vast stretch of green,
With orchards behind,
the Sun rising, breeze kissing
In the Gardens of Eden.

Now, I have slipped into
A state of coma ecstatic,
Shut the door. None is allowed
To disturb my obsession
With Shakuntala, My
Poetry, the ultimate and eternal.

Pain Killers

Pain runs riot all over my body.
Thousands of poisonous leaches
Swarm in the head.
Blazing hot air flowing out of nostrils.
Invisible smoke burn the eyes.
Tortuous missiles rip through the bones,
killing all my innocent sensitive organs.

I clamp a curfew by stopping breath,
And pressing my gums against each other.
But riot flares up again when relaxed.

Shut up the windows! Ban the entry
Of your scenic splendour.
Stop music!
That sonorous melody pokes
My wounds, inflames the veins
And tones up the torments.

Bring the pain killers.
Catch hold of my head!
Thrash it against the rock
And shake it.
Lift a boulder and crush the out-coming
Wretched trouble-maker insects.
Or call in a killing dark in dead silence,
And a slashing background.

Then thundery blows,
And a hammer to harp its fiery strings,
A gun to yield rhythm through shots,
And chorus screams to voice the orchestra,
and see my eternal relief.
World are you ailing too?
Then try this remedy.

Pulakkumar Ditti

Please Wake Me Not

Please! Wake me not.
I am in dream.
My head rests on someone's lap.
Feeling deep affinity in eternity.
Here is no sorrow, no guilt,
even no trace of fear.
Only the flowing
river of love
you can find there.
Please! Wake me not.
Otherwise she will disappear.

Pulakkumar Ditti

Poetry That Is Exclusively Mine

My poetry is lost somewhere in
the din of selfish shouting;
bitten by greedy and spiteful
teeth of earthly craving.
I fumble hither and thither only
to get an immaculate skeleton.

The poetry, before it is made
of sensitive fibres of my inner self,
gets distorted and
dies of fright and attrition.

Now my poetry, the discordant
tunes of my soul, will
never stir the connoisseurs.
But it is mine, exclusively mine.
Will enshrine it for ever.

Pulakkumar Ditti

Remorse

Stream of wisdom flew with time,
Calm and quiet, pure, unstinted,
With sweetness infinite,
Which I never cared for,
Nor I drank a cup of it even.

In me, there was a brute,
During the prime time,
When energy was brimming,
And spirit undying.
Saplings of venom plants
Grew in my field,
That troubled and panicked
The people of my world.
They cried, I laughed at;
They groaned and I clapped.
The savagery, the brutality
What I only loved for.

The wise said,
'You are a hell personified.
I argued,
'I am the gale epitomised'.

In solitude, still I see
The stream of wisdom
Is flowing with time,
Calm and quiet,
with sweetness infinite,
In the form of the moon-lit night,
The radiance of the dawn,
The stillness of the woods,
The rose fragrant breeze;
Like the majestic Himalayas
With ego-less elegance and
The fathomless ocean of magnificence.

Hungering and thirsting,
I am eager to have a little of them,

But the energy is dipping
And the spirit dying.

Now, with a long sigh of remorse,
Often I say,
'This life has gone astray'.

Pulakkumar Ditti

Romance, Envy And Agony

The inculpable, lotus-eyed dainty damsel,
An invaluable creation for agog aesthete.
Stripped from the flowery region of the universe,
And placed in the mel-harmonic gamut,
Dazzles the connoisseurs with mysterious rhythm.

I envy the morning sun that wraps her body,
Gentle breeze that brushes her face,
Crazy wind that plays her hair,
Spongy grass where she rolls over,
Ripples of the lake that rock her lips
And the water that explores all over.

But when I see flaunt and flattery elude her faith,
Din and dust tarnish her charm,
Fraud and fury infect her courage
And bluff and bluster come on her way
My heart shrinks in agony.

Pulakkumar Ditti

Shakuntala - Iii: Let The Pain Be With Me

Why so disturbed I am?
Why does my garden of
joy turn so pale.

Why do I live with so much pain?
Why lifeless and morbid
is my serene dale?

Why my ocean blue
is now black?
Prevails an uneasy calm,
With no tidal waves of grace.
Where has lost my fairy tale?

Why does the smile vanish from the lips?
And the dimples hide in the
cheeks of my sweetest belle?

Yet, let my heart bleed
And remain in pain.
For good and forever.
An ultimate gain of
A true lover,
Who is hit by a hate-sharpnail.

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Shakuntala-II: Brag Not, Dear Moon!

Blows the wind,
Windows open.
The clear sky
The Moon adorns,
(And) pours its beam,
Calm and serene,
Beams the Earth,
Makes it a drunk.

I stare and stare
At the Queen above the Earth.
Eyes are stuck,
(But) get a nudge
(When) white clouds pass.

Bursts into laughter,
The diamond in the sky.
Her sarcastic whisper:
"Are you in love (with me)
As I am so high"?

(A wry smile plays on my lips)

"O' revered Queen", I reply,
"Glitz, glamour, glitter
All you possess.
A scenic wonder, that you are.
Millions go crazy, soon after
You appear.
Libs are replete with
Adulation of yours,
'Coz so reckless a
Temptation you are.

"Yet, I must say,
Far behind you are
When my Shakuntala descends
(What you can do never) .

A blooming rose, indeed,
Dew pearls on petals,
With a beautiful heart
(What you never own)
Pulls me from far,
And endears...aah...!

Gross you are,
Subtle is she.
You light up the world,
She, my heart.
Indulgence you are,
Inspiration is she.
When you brag,
Sublime she remains
And sparks only love.

Suddenly, it's dark.
Dark clouds pass...
Pass...and pass...
Endless it seems.

Enters Shakuntala,
With a smile on the face,
An earthen lamp in hand.
Glow my hut,
And the heart.

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The Great And Graceful

The flower withstands the heat
and dust of the day;
wrath and blows of the storm.
Tired and exhausted in the evening.
But unblemished, untarnished,
It looks calm, serene and cool,
The great and graceful.
I see a sea in the eye. Take a dip.
I go deeper and deeper.
Fathomless it is!
I am scared, I am afraid, I am coward.
I withdrew, I resign in fear.

The smile immaculate!
It wakes up my nerves.
They shake with tinkling all over.
Gives a feel like morning sun in the winter.
But chill goes down the spine.
I am lost and so is the universe.

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The Loftiest Temple Crumbles

(The poem was written after Mother Teresa left for her heavenly abode. Hearing the news of her demise the poet got emotional. He sobbed, then cried in a solitary room. A few days later, he translated his impulse into words) .

The loftiest temple of solace supreme,
The loveliest centre of pilgrimage
On the earth, crumbles in silence.
Oh cruel God! Why have you
Snatched away my mother,
The all merciful universal soul,
The infinite ocean of love,
Where the homeless, retarded
And the discarded millions took
Their bath, relished the ripples
With Mother's touch?
They revived with springing joy,
But are orphaned again!
Pall of gloom is on the earth;
Will it recuperate ever?

Awards galore..... and galore,
Glamorous and glittering fell
Much short before her divine
Wrinkles and drooping stature.

Glory unto Mother!
The ascetic of the ascetics,
Saint of the saints, vibrant and
Whirling, with her heart to God
And hands to work.

The Goddess Incarnate lived
The life of bliss eternal.
Blessed is the place
Where she was born;
Blessed are the parents
To whom she was born;
Blessed are the paths
Where she strode;

Blessed are the cities
Where she worked;
Blessed are the people
Who came in her touch;
And even blessed is the God
Whom she worshiped.

O' kind Lord, behold!
The world is in tears.
Take care of my Mother.
She is tired.

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Three Magic Words And Love Go Haywire

I build an edifice of hope,
furnished with details
of art and love;
ready to open the
door for the comer,
I desire most.

It drizzles from the morn.
Non-stop. Monotonous.
I'm awaiting the coveted
comer, I desire most.

In the eve, she comes
in the form of a voice.
And puffs a storm.
And crumbles the edifice
of hope, labour and love.
Drizzle turns into downpour.
That's the end of the wait
for the elusive comer,
I desire most.

It drizzles from the morn;
Non-stop. Monotonous.
I am not awaiting the mystery
comer, I desire most.
But at noon, she comes
in the form of a voice,
utters three magic words.
And my swampy, tattered
world begins to revive.

Again I wait for the coveted
comer, I desire most.

Today you look simple and sweet.
For me, simply irresistible.

