

Poetry Series

Ratan Bhattacharjee
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

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

Ratan Bhattacharjee(01-12-1957)

Dr. Ratan Bhattacharjee is a well-known Indian-English writer who has to his credits more than 200 articles on contemporary issues of society and literature. He has done his Ph.D. in American literature and specialised in the study of Theodore Dreiser and Fitzgerald. His book ' Fitzgerald: The Quest for Meaning and Pattern' has been acclaimed internationally. He is a regular contributor to . He has 27 years of teaching experience at the UG and PG level in different phases of his career in Vidyasagar University, Rabindra Bharati University, Bangabasi Evening College, Mankachar College and Gangadharpur College. At present Dr. Bhattacharjee is the Chairperson of Post Graduate studies in English, Dum Dum Motijheel College (PG Unit) , Kolkata, West Bengal, India and associated with International Theodore Dreiser Society, Philadelphia, USA as a member of International Advisory is associated with teaching at the PG level in the Rabindra Bharati University

He has authored a number of books including fiction, translation of classical stories for children and poems etc. His flair for journalism has been acclaimed globally.

Anger

Anger is a hydra -headed demon
A demon beating its furious wings
a volcano belching out fiery lava
a gloomy sky cracking thunders
a CSTC bus rushing on a smoky road
in the wintry evening

Anger is emptiness or losing
A girl being robbed of her angelic infancy
a nonagenarian mother denied her home
a lost child crying for its parents in the crowded local train
a child that loses her doll

Anger is the foamy sea writhing with pain
The sea that rolls its waves to knock the barge
Or the sapless champak losing its petals
Or a hilly town without the snowfall
Or on a fuzzy vista a lonely bird calls

Or when I cannot write a single line

Anger comes to me
I become really angry

Ratan Bhattacharjee

But I Miss You Most When You Dont Miss Me....

But I Miss You Most When You Don't Miss Me....

When the sky becomes crimson red

I miss u

when the apple turns red from green in Kashmir

I miss u

When the boughs of olive tree are full of leaves

I miss u

When frosty winter blocks the door

I miss u

When the mailbox is filled with letters from others

I miss u

When I am at mess and dont find what to write

I miss u

But I miss u most

WHEN U DONT MISS ME....

Ratan Bhattacharjee

Chant To Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose

Netaji Subhas
You are not dead,
You are alive
Alive for ever

Your name is all around
At the five point crossing
Or at the green brigade ground
As a simple statue
Under the shade of a tree
Now resting in peace

But you did not know rest
While you were alive
So you are still alive

You are alive now all around
Your name gives redness to posies
Sweetness to apple and grapes
Subhas shadows looms large
EVERYWHERE
When people donate blood
Earn their daily bread
Go to temples for saying prayers
Subhas is everywhere
In biscuit packets, tins of mustard oil
In daily bread

Your name is on the signboard
Of grocery shop, a poultry farm
A primary school in Jungle Mahal
A factory of Singur
A tea stall at Nandigram

Your name is on the City High Roads
On the streets of the Capital
People shout your name in a procession
We feel you should have been alive
When we against the heinous acts -

to see the police molesting a girl
or the students beaten rudely for calling strike
or the dock laborers hurl slogans at their bosses
or the girl child ravished and killed in a flat
The list continues unending....

You are alive in our familiar words
You are alive when have no words to utter.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

Death

When I will die
My memory will disappear
like dunnest smoke in the air
Sorrow does not last
More than a week,
More than a month
At best a year.

What is death?
It is a noose if I am hanged
It is the devouring tongue of fire
 If I am on the pyre
It is a mound of grass
if I am buried
It is the fear in
 a drowning man
It is the
rotting in prison with sorrow and pain.

It is an unfinished song
An incomplete letter
An already written poem
Which no one can make better.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

Departure

Yes, you are gone, love
You are gone
I walked alone ...
All night till it was dawn.

You never loved me more
Than as you walked away from me that night
The sea swallowd me, the big shore pales in pain

I played with Dark Destiny
Everything was so grand,
You and me,
Singing, dancing, talking together
Then all vanished, all when you left
You left for ever
Never to return.....

The stones prattled on the road,
The cuckoo sang its saddest song
The stars in the West glittered
And the sun has early set

You are gone my love
I am alone
I walked on the seashore
Till it was dawn...

Ratan Bhattacharjee

Did You Ever Come In My Dreams?

Did you ever come to me in my dream?

I wished you were come

I wished I touched you

Held your hands softly

Your pearly bright arms,

your lovely long locks

of dark hair,

Your juicy cherry lips

And that immortal KISS....

I wished and wished

So many things like that

But

I miss, really I miss

When I open my eyes

And from my bed I rise

To tell you dear-

How much I loved you

Loved you, loved you....

Ratan Bhattacharjee

Every Sunrise Is Varied Like A Kiss

I kissed none in my whole life
Not even my wife
Nobody kissed me all my life
Not even my wife

I dont know much about kiss
My friends tell, 'O, what you miss! '
I never woke up early in the morn
But I know what a sunrise is

Sunrise is soft, sunrise is rose
Sunrise is sweet, Sunrise who knows
What it exactly is
But I am quite sure
Every Sunrise is as varied as a 'KISS'

Ratan Bhattacharjee

God Met Me Last Night

Last night God met me on the street
He said, 'I'll give you a good job in the States'
He wanted to know if I wanted more
I said 'yes'.
He said, 'Let me give you a good house'
He wanted to know if I wanted more
I said 'yes'
He said 'I'll give you a hi fi car'
He wanted to know if I wanted more
I said 'yes'
He said, 'Well, let me give you a good gal to marry'
He wanted to know if I wanted more
I said 'yes'
He said 'I'll give you a super-duper child'
He wanted to know if I wanted more
I said 'yes'
He said 'I'll make you a trillionaire'
He wanted to know if I wanted more
I said 'yes'

God looks confused
He patted on my shoulder
and asked
What more do you want?
Not a job, not a house, not a car, not a gal, not a child, no wealth?
What do you want? You are'nt mad?

I said, 'yes, God, thou art Omniscient. I am mad
I want nothing of all these
I want 'LOVE',

Ratan Bhattacharjee

Haiti After The Tremors

All on a sudden
The earth cracked,
Things fell apart
And the centre cannot hold

Loud cries of children crashed in their head
Shrieks of old men all over the street
Women under the broken walls imprisoned
People rushed helter skelter
O! God, There was no place to hide

The wage of sin is death
But what sin did these people commit?
God was silent
After the tremor the whole country was silent
Those who used to speak aloud are all dead
and sleeping under the debris now...

Ratan Bhattacharjee

Haiti: Under The Bricks Buried Alive

I was lying under the heap of bricks
One two, ten, fifty, hundred, thousands...
I could not cry any more
They all fell upon me one by one
all at a time, I dont know how they exactly fell upon me
I saw the whole building becoming bricks
The debris rushed upon me
To bury me alive
I was dead, I was sure I was dead.
I never died earlier, so I did not know if I was dead.
Bricks fell on me one after one, all at a time
I bled profusely, my senses got benumbed
One of my eyes got blind
One of my arms bruised awfully,
I heard no human sound
But I longed to hear such a sound
Human voice could be so sweet to hear
I heard a man calling a man
'O, come here, a man is still breathing'
I lost my sense and heard no more.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

I Am A Phenomenal Man

I am a phenomenal man
(Recalling Maya Angelou)
Hey, I am a man
Not Raymond's 'Complete Man'
of the showroom ad
But an ugly looking unimpressive man.
I am not handsome,
Not enough well -built to
get invitations from a model contest
The beard and the moustache
The long stride of my step
The poor look of my big eyes
Made me look a little odd
And I never got any billet doux from a gal.
The invisible muscle of my arms
The quick thinning hair of my head
The piping of voice
Which the women around me talk about
But women themselves get wonder-struck
When some of them
Loved me in secret
Flashed a quick glance
Or gifted me a lovely kiss
And the other women looked green in jealousy
To be frank dear,
That very moment
I felt that I am a man
A Phenomenal man
The man's me.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

I Am Lonely

I am lonely
Even though one cannot tell
I am reaching out
Why I don't know
I will continue to sit in silence

I will hope that you may stumble across me and all my emptiness
I waited long and long
But now I gradually feel that my shadow fades out of the
Lives of everyone.....

Ratan Bhattacharjee

I Can Bear No More

I am the surf-tormented shore
All the shingles hurt me day and night
Pain turns into froth
I am all out –stretched to bear the knock of tide
I can bear no more

I am the sand-drenched shore
In the moonlit night
The lovers come to write canzon
With all their tears
I watched their agony and their pain
I feel tired I can bear no more.

I am the silent salt-estranged shore
So many people came
So many types of them
Boys, girls, children, men and women.
Rich, poor, pious and criminals
Poets and idiots all
They come and they go
I can bear these no more..

Ratan Bhattacharjee

I Lie On The Meadow Under The Blue Sky

I lie on the meadow under the blue sky
the sky which is so wide
birds will chirp all around, flowers will bloom
and
you will be by my side

You will be with me
where'er I go
to the riverside, seashore, flower garden
you ne'er said 'no'.

One day I wont be with you
one day you'll walk alone
on the green land, on the metalled road
I wont be there to tell 'see you'.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

I Loved You

When I loved you
You kept silent
Like the olive sky
With none to ask 'why'.

When I loved you
You sang a song
About the rains
To wash out all my 'pains'.

When I loved you
Nobody knew
Why I loved you
A bud clothed in dew.

Loved you so much
As the birds love the nest
I was so tired
I craved for rest.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

I Loved You So Much

Dont know why I loved YOU
but its true I LOVED you.....
So much love for you in my heart
All the birds in the sky could not sing it out
All the flowers cant translate them into fragrance
All rivers cant make it flow as ripples in water
All the Oceans cant break it in countless waves

Dont know still why I loved YOU
but its true I LOVED you....
So much love for you in my mind
You could never imagine in your dreams
You could never feel in your ribs
You could never know while you walk alone
You could never know while you write a poem for someone

Love is love which grows in silence
Love is love which makes no sense...

Ratan Bhattacharjee

I Need To Break

I Need to Break
Daylight breaks again
I could not sleep last night
When the moon declined in the Western sky

My mind was exhausted, body weary
I lay awake thinking
I need to break from the bonds
But I am unsure
I was unable to break anything
But O I need to break!

I need to break the dreams
And all that I longed for.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

I Saw In Your Eyes Pink, Pink Rose

When you leave me
I feel wounded, uneasy and yet unshaken
I feel sad, unhappy but never forsaken.

Why this happens
Do you ever know that?
I feel overwhelmed with the sky
With the rainbow above.
I drank the cup
To the last drop
As I felt unquenchable thirst
Of Love.....

I know you never left me alone.
You remain with me for ever
You ever brightly shone
You can leave me never, never.

We have found each other
Discovered all the sweetness under the sun
After all the enquiry I have made,
You simply made of it a fun.
Do you at all know?
What your eyes with tears did show
My love for you was a sacred vow.
I saw in your eyes
A pink pink rose
What is its exact colour
Nobody but me knows.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

I Wait For Your Mail

I waited, I waited and waited long...
And hoped the mail would reach me
and enter the channels of my ear
like a song.....

I wait everyday for the Seuli flowers to whiten
the lawn

The frosty wind blows all around
The blue sky with its dimming lamps
webs a spell for all the gazers
The shepherd boy goes to the meadows
And the milkman rushes with jars of milk

White jasmine and seuli flowers
Hawthorne and eglantine all around
I wait all the dawn when the temple bells
ring sweetly at a distance
When the birds chirp their mild notes

The mail from you came at last
to enter the channels of my ear
like a song
Sweet like a song that is ever unheard.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

I Waited All Night For You

I waited all night for you
And there was only one star in the sky
The moon was missing in the cloud
And the jasmine plant felt shy

I sang for you all night
And there was a bird singing with me
It was a song of passionate love
'Come, open my heart with your love-key'

I dreamt a gorgeous dream
It was about a country new
I roamed all over the realm
To find out none but you.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

I'M Gettin Angry Again

I am Getting Angry Again...
I had a funny feeling that day
I wanted to remain alone
I wanted to get angry

My doctors called it `depression`
But my wife says it is just me
My daughter says `its just u dad`
My son says `ok, dad's angry, so what? Me too`.
I know I am not well

I am getting old
I am getting cold
I had had my muffler round my neck
I had shawl wrapped all over my body
But all these irked me
I got a funny feeling, I am getting angry again.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

It Was A New Sunrise

I waited amid the roar
To let you know about the shore
You and I trod all alone

It was a dream within a dream
It did seem
So to us, we had golden sand.

And you touched my hand
Hopes soared high
The stars blazed in the azure sky

I kissed you on your cheeks
Once, twice, thrice
It was a new sunrise.

(Thanks due to Dorothy s for her suggestions for editing the poem)

Ratan Bhattacharjee

Kolkata Burning

The wild flames of fire
Has engulfed us all
Bricks, mortars, stones
All things from the roof did fall.
All were confused,
All ran helter skelter
All wanted a hand of help
All wanted a safe shelter.
Fire was here and fire was there
Fire was far and fire was near
The wall of flame went restless
People roared below
And fire was tameless.
Its long tongue
Destroyed all
Fire spread like a cannon ball.
I heard some saying
Fire will never tire
I heard some saying
The world will end in fire.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

Light Breaks When Darkness Drops In

Light breaks when darkness drops in
dropp by drop.
In the western sky
Love begins when the words of farewell
are uttered and you are not nigh
The waves dash to the seashore
to throw the sand
My heart begins beating
when you promise to take me to
the broad bright land.

Flowers bloom when the air stops blowing
and the petals slowly dropp from the buds
in silence
Old ships return when the new ones
sail out for new islands.

The angels keep their wings soaring high
When you love me and I feel shy.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

Love Me Not So Much

Love me not so much
When you miss me
When the garden blooms its full
When the vernal breeze blows softer
When the cuckoo sings alone
When the house is all dark
When there is no star in the sky

Love me not so much
When I am far away
When the raindrops fall on blue petals
When the peacock dances madly
When the IPL match is announced in Eden
When Saurav misses his tonne
When there is only one star in the sky.....

Ratan Bhattacharjee

My Beloved Was Not An Angel

My beloved was not an angel
Nor she was a fairy too
I met her at a crossing
While she cried out 'Hello'.

My beloved had curly hair
She straightened it in a parlour
My beloved was a clerk in office
She was the niece to the Mayor

My beloved could go on long drive
She was smart and cute
I wanted to pass all day
Only in her pursuit

I never talked to my beloved
Nor I thought how I could
I knew she was mine
I knew that she was good

She was not an angel, I said
But she looked like one
I felt I should have fought a love -duel
I was sure, I had won.....

Ratan Bhattacharjee

My Dreams Were All Around

My dream, wonderful dreams,
Dreams unlimited
My dream was all around
On my right, on my left
In front of me and on my back
Bright like a gem
My dream
 was like a diamond set
 in a fabulous jewellery shop
My dream was
like hundred suns rising in the East
 in all their glory
My dream was
 like a rose
 that blooms full under the leaves
 red in Green.
My dreams.

O, they are no more
I am now under the thick shadow
The thick wall is all around
The high hill makes the blockade
But know it sure
One day, Oh! One day -
I'll smash this wall, this hillock
and this shadow of darkness and
 make the flowers bloom which
 never bloomed earlier.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

My Heart Becomes A Continent

The temple bells fade into silence
The ripples of river dance in glee
Jasmine and champak bloom in the garden
When you are with me.

The moon sails out in the azure sky
The ships float like seeds in the sea
My heart is a shore of golden sands
When you are with me.

My heart becomes a continent
It has rivers, and lakes and a vast sea
The milk white swans swim all along
When you are with me.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

My Sms And Your Smiles On Valentine's Day

Mountain and the Moonlight
The river and the ripples
Flowers and Fairies
The Sea and the ships

these are pairs...

One is never without the other
The cuckoo and Spring
The Bees and the beehive
The rose and its redness

these are pairs..

Sleep and dream
The Clouds and the rains
The Sea and the seashore
The waves and the foam

these are pairs..

But On the Valentine's Day
the best pair is
My SMS and your smiles....

Ratan Bhattacharjee

My Unfaithful Beloved

My Unfaithful Beloved

So I took her to the sea resort
 thinking she was mine
 but it seems she had a boy friend
 I said 'Dear, I don't mind, 'tis fine.

 The lamp of the sky went out,
The round disc of moon
Fades out in the Western sky
My moon, my everyone's moon.

I oped her eyelids I touched her golden hair
She slept on the lea
And no one was there.

The hyacinth petals were shed
Which the green leaves did hide.
Her song still is felt like silk fragments
She looked so fair.

 I still recall her face
 Her skin smooth as shell
It's shining brilliantly like crystals
Pure as the toll of the evening bell

She was fair but not white
She was a just a woman
And nothing more
She was like the sea
true to everyone
I took her to the seashore.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

Night So Dark

The darkness was great
With no chinks of light,
Someone comes with a threat
No victory after all the fight.

A sun that shone so bright
Got eclipsed, Reasons unknown
A sun that had shone
Suddenly invited the Night.

Had I been a poet, I might
Have written a line of grief,
Happiness is a sheaf
Of corn, A blindman's eyesight....

Ratan Bhattacharjee

No

Three weeks have passed since the first time we met, darling
And still I recall the fragrance of the jasmine that stuck to your hair
And still I visualize the smile that lives on your lips
You don't know all these, my lady fair.

'Cause I did not tell you that day that I loved you so much
One man on earth in one life cannot love so much a woman
So even if I would have told you, you wouldn't have believed
So I did not tell you love me dear or wait for me for ever.

You don't know all these, my lady fair
That I dreamt of you every night, every hour of the day
With a ring of diamond to give you as a gift
With hope's eloquence, 'When will you love me? '

Darling, I fashioned a home for you
With myrtle, rose and the vine
With moonlight to play all night long
Was it really wrong?

Three weeks passed, more three weeks will go
So
I don't believe that a mail from you will come
I know, It won't come
No.....

Ratan Bhattacharjee

O! This Land Is Not Mine

I can never believe that this land is not mine
I will remember its sea, its lakes, its forests wild
I will remember its desert wide
I will remember its pine trees, the sunset and sunrise
I will remember its azure sky

I know I was not born in this land
I know I came here to live
I know I am nobody here
At best a small star among many to shine
I know I am a stranger,
The biggest truth is
O! this land is not mine..

Ratan Bhattacharjee

Our Captain! You Are Sleeping

You came, saw and conquered
Billions of hearts, on the road, on the village path
 on the riverside, on the hills, dales and in the factory,
 mills, marketplace and wherever men live
You said, 'we are the sons of people'
You never roared,
You never raised fingers high above your head
Your sentences were broken
You never lisped, you were ever bold
 while you spoke to the billions, in the brigade,
 in the college or school ground or the indoor stadium
Your voice had no gimmick, you never had been loud
But you mesmerised the billions
with Roti Kapda aur makaan (Food, clothing and house)
You didnt promise us a shopping mall
You reformed the land to give the farmers their land to them
You fought against the Evils
 like the Son of God fighting Satan

You have done your job well
Sleep for ever my captain, sleep in peace..

Ratan Bhattacharjee

Question Is True, Answer Is Not

To ask a question is to get an answer
To get an answer you may ask a question
Questions are asked more often for answers
Yet answers are difficult to find....
I never asked any question to anyone
I have a sixth sense to feel that
No one will give me any answer
Not that they dont like to give it to me
They dont know the answer at all
Why this happens, I exactly dont know
Why people ask questions which are hard to answer
People probably do not want at all
What is there in answer
It is born out of a question
An answer has no self of its own
Question is truth, truth is question
Question is true, answer is not
Always... yes always.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

Sleep

I feel sleepy when all are awake
In the bright sun-bathed golden dawn
All have left their early bed
The sun has gone high above
In the sky the soft cloud becomes hot
The rose plant on the earth goes dry
I feel a drowsiness I don't know why.....

I got a response
From my mistress
I got a hello from my wife
I got a love letter from my ex-ladylove
Which I regarded as sheer nonsense

I feel drowsy all the morn
I feel drowsy everywhere
Life is boring, life is dull
You know I have none to share.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

Stop Loving Me

Stop Loving Me

Stop Loving me dear
Stop coming near to me
Stop taking care for me
I wont come near
Stop loving me
I shall stop loving you little by little.
Or may I love you more and more
I will wait for you on the sea and seashore.

Why one loves
Tell me why one loves for all the pains to bear
Why one goes far away from the other
Why love cannot bring one near

Stop loving me
I shall weep for you without any sorrow
I wont wait for you to love me
Today or tomorrow.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

The Beggars And God The Giver

A beggar is one who begs food and money from others.

But what will you call him
who begs votes from people?
who begs jobs here and there?
who begs love from a girl?
who begs blessings from God?

Now take the other round

Who is the giver?
One who gives votes?
One who gives jobs?
One who loves a boy?
One who blesses a devotee?

Not always sure

A beggar who seeks food is different
from a beggar who seeks votes
though both of them are beggars in your eyes
A boy who begs love is different
from one who begs blessings from God
A job seeker is different
from one who begs love from a gal

Now take all who give

A beggar cannot be giver,
A giver of job cannot be a lover
A giver of love cannot be an employer
And none of these above can be God
God gives and gives and gives bounteously
God's blessing is like rain...
God gives all His blessings and God gives blessings to all

No one is like Him....

Thank you Gracious God, You never beg....

Ratan Bhattacharjee

The Bird In The Olive Garden

Why are you silent like the bird in the
Olive garden where the Hasnuhena flowers
bloom in clusters that hang from the wall
which reaches the blue sky reddened by the
sun bathing in the oval ocean surging
with waves dashing against the shore
filled with golden sands where the boy
holds a cage with a bird in it dreaming of
an olive garden where it sits alone
SILENT IN THE OLIVE GARDEN....

Ratan Bhattacharjee

The Rain Of March

The Fitful Showers of March

The rain of March, the rain of March
Came again
Came slanting down in full force
With pattering sound on the tin roof
Splashes of cold water wetted everything
The dry sand all around shone with a dazzle
The woodland paths softened with the tears
Of the blue sky.

For whom the sky wept?
The little leaves on the boughs
Quenched their thirst
Who washed all their heat and pain
The rain of March, the rain of March
Came again.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

The Sea Of Grief Entered My Soul

I had my sleeping pills in my hand
MJ died last night
Nothing but pills were found in his stomach
I have sleeping pills which are now banned

My father waited for me to talk
But I kept my cell switched off
The last two days I did not sleep
MJ was so great, I had miles to walk.

My friends, my poor friends
All of them wanted me to come back
I had sleeping pills in my hand
I stood dumb on the dock.

My hands shake feebly, my throats went dry
My tongue hangs black
Darker becomes my vision, as
Banging soul thumbs my eyes.

Don't die, don't leave us
There is no such sound splashing the silence
In my room,
The sea has entered my soul
The waves of grief roar all around.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

The Sea Of Love No Longer Roars

Can one wake up while sleeping
If hope has flown away
If a vision dies with a bang
All that seem to be there
Vanish in an instant
When you do no longer hold my hand
When you no longer weep for me
In my absence?

Can the flowers in varied colours bloom
When the Spring is gone
Can the sea roar and rush to the shore
When rivers all dry up and there's no rain?

One day I loved you, you knew it, love
Now you are gone, gone for ever....
Leaving me all alone.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

The Unending Rains

When the Rains dropp from the sky
Nice
But when the rains dropp from the eyes
Ugly?
Certainly no.
Tears are like pearl drops
Tears should not stop

You may weep in profuse strains
You may weep in a rainy day
When the sky is studded with clouds
And the rose plants in the garden die

Tears trickle down my cheeks
The day you said 'good-bye, dear'
Tears trickle down my cheeks
The day of your return comes near.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

Valentine's Day Is Come

Dear Valentine
A bouquet of red red roses
for you
only
I
brought
in the long rain
from the runaway
mountains
which glowed in the evening twilight.
I wanted to plant a kiss on your burning cheeks
I wanted to hold your soft jasmine white hands
I want to share the fragrance of your dark locks of hair
I wanted
I wanted so many things like that
To walk on the side of the gentle river
To go to our fav hang out
crossing the palmyards
I waited for the Valentines Day
To see your hasnuhena smile,
Recalling how we went together
in the wheatfields, in the lakeside
in the agony of the rain.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

Waiting

Waiting is a word
Waiting is a feeling
Waiting is friendship
A floating ship
in the vast sea of life.

Waiting for somebody
Who may write a letter
Who may send a picture
Who may wish me on my
 Birthday
Who may say a helo
 after a long span of time...
Waiting is waiting after all
for one whom you like to meet
for one whom you like to talk with
for one whom you send a bouquet of
red red rose...

And
One who does not wait for you at all.....

Ratan Bhattacharjee

We Are Made For Each Other

You waited for me all the night
With your soft body,
Your smooth arms, bright locks of hair
Rosy lips, plump legs,
And with hungry look

I was there for you to tell
You are for me and me for you
Made for each other
To enclasp you as the rivers mingle with the ocean
And as the fountains with the river
I wanted to come near
With a similar ardour.
You became a river with thousand ripples
I became a boat floating gleefully ever

But suddenly I felt the flesh
I smelt ugly dirt, the fatty deposit
Around your navel, your body, your breast
I drew close to you
The pungent smell entered into my being
I felt sick
and found none to tell me
Heaven was near or
We are made for each other.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

We Missed You Dad

We groped in darkness
Nobody was there but you
 to give us the candle
We cried in fear
Nobody was there but you
 to give out the firm hands to hold
We trembled in cold
Nobody was there but you
 to give us the blanket and the quilt
We were hungry enough
Nobody was there but you
 to give us a loaf of bread with butter

We felt that we missed you dad
When they took you to Peace Haven
But you remained with us
Smiling and smiling
We no longer miss you dad when you gave out your life
Your ideals to follow
and your those two eyes you donated to SSKM
For us to see a New Dream
 about a New Tomorrow....

Ratan Bhattacharjee

We Walked Together

On the banks of a river
under the palash tree
which caught fire
and reddened the sky
blazing bright
we two walked in the evening
that gradually rolled into night

Ratan Bhattacharjee

We Will Be In The Same Boat

There is another river
Ever sparkling and fair
And there is another boat
Which is coming near

There is another hill
Which has greener creeper
And there is another field
Ever lush and brighter

Come with me to this hill
And to this river
We will be in the same boat
Believe me, my dear

Ratan Bhattacharjee

When Every Year Valentine's Day Comes

That day the sky was olive green
And the two green parrots repeated the words
'I love you'
Who exactly taught the birds to speak those words
I didn't know
But I knew it was easy to tell these words
in a moment of togetherness

The sun no longer shone in the sky
It was not the sunset still
She promised to come before the sunset.
she came and sat close to me.
She looked like an angel

To my surprise, she was clad in olive green
She was for me the sky
She greeted me with a casual 'hi'
She asked a series of questions
One question was -
'What date is today? '
I told '14th Feb'
'And just that? Nothing more? '
I stared at her face and she looked at the seashore.

She was silent in the twilight
Wanted to tell me something, all right.
But what did she want to say?
She only said 'Dont you know it's Valentine's Day?

I got back to my senses.
I was not in mine minutes before.
It was Valentine's day sure
It was, I heard, ' a lover's day, sure.
I wanted to apologise
I was so busy telling her ' I love you'
I missed what day it was.

But when I realised that it was
Valentine's Day

I forgot her call, her messges
I only remembered those three magical words
'I love you'

But she had left the place long ago
She is gone, gone for ever...

Still when every year Valentine's Day comes
I feel that it is my first love day
And I will whisper in my beloved' ears
'I love you'.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

When I Dream Of You

When I dream of you dear
I dream of the rose
I dream of the sweet grass
I dream of the clouds
 streaming over the steep
 like a flock of sheep.

When I hear the lark
I dream of the azure sky
glittering with countless stars
twinkling like your eyes.

I feel your presence
fragrant as the champak
 blooming in the bushes
 green and green for ever
I touch your white hands
 your golden locks of hair
 your eyelids, your eyes
With my dreams splendorous

The vernal breeze blows
bringing good news for lovers
with the cuckoo singing
palash bursting in crimson hue

I wait for your coming
Again I dream for the rose
bloomin.....

Ratan Bhattacharjee

When I Go To Light A Candle

When I go to light a candle
Air has blown it off
Or it falls on the ground for no reason
Known to me.
I try to lit it up and I fail time and again

When I see a cloud in the sky
I feel that something will happen
Some cloud will melt
Into pearl drops of rain.

When I try my best to make a beautiful thing
Someone breaks it in the middle
Of my work. I try, I try, I try
But all in vain.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

When I Think Of You I Feel That I'M Ne'Er Busy

When I think of you I feel that I am never busy
Never busy to catch the bus, or go to my office
Never busy to check the schedule, or to go on outing
I feel an ocean in me surging
with countless waves dashing against my
shore of thoughts

I feel all blessings of God's

When I think of you I feel that I am in an orchard
with grape juice oozing from cyderpress in drops

When I think of you I feel that the garden is full of roses

I feel that I pluck a red red rose
to give it to you as a gift
to get a comment from you

But the truth is you are too busy
to see my gift
and to say 'wow! what a nice one for me'

You said instead
'Sorry, I could not come today
Dear, I am awfully busy'.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

When You Are With Me Nothing Can Be Wrong

For you, my dear
I can write the happiest lines this night.
'You may ask me why'.
'Because you loved me in the moonlit night
Under the vast infinite sky
You loved me with your smiling eye'.

Tonight I can sing the happiest song
When the dew falls on the soft green grass
'When you are with me nothing can be wrong
All rose buds of all the bowers bloom
You know, I never tell lies
Nowhere there's any gloom

One such night I held you in my arms
You kissed me gently on my cheeks and on my hair
You showed so much care

And I
With my smiling eye
Under the infinite sky
Sang my happiest song
'When you are with me nothing can be wrong'.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

When You Had Been In My Arms

Let me tell you one thing
In this white heat of the noon
When Flowers feel dry with thirst
When the crystal sun belch out fire
When the wrinkled body of the log
 waits for being impalpable ash in
 the unextinguished hearth

Let me tell you one thing
In this rainy evening
When the sky is soaked with tears
The grey clay sinks into dirty mud
When the copper moon in the West
When the implacable sweetness of the
 Champak fades slowly at boughs
 in the flower garden

Let me tell you that I don't know what to tell you,
Not that I didn't want to tell you,
I wanted most to tell you when you had been in my arms
When you placed that warm kiss on my cheeks,
I don't know what to tell, how to feel it
Believe me, I knew not.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

When You Leave Me More Alone

Dreams When Shattered

Don't come near me, not even for a day

I know it's painful,

A day is long, perhaps very long

When I wait for you, at a crossroad or a garden

At a bus stand or at a railway station....

Don't come near me, even for an hour

The shades of pain which surround me

Will then disappear...

I don't want all these to happen

In my lonely life.

After the scorching noon comes the twilight

After the twilight the evening which rolls to night

After you come, time will be when you will leave

Me more lonely, alone, awfully alone.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

Why The Moon Hides Itself In Cloud

Suppose, let us suppose
There is none but you, moon and me
The moon shines above
Sprinkles drops of light on me
You are there near me
dropping dewy kisses on my forehead
I close my eyelids to drown myself in a dream

A sweet dream, let us suppose
You gaze at the moon
I feel jealous, my moon
How beautiful thou art
The moon will hide itself in clouds
You will never know why
She has been shy.

Ratan Bhattacharjee

You Bled, You Bled....

I didnt mean what I said
I was always so afraid.....
When I see the wind blowing
I am scared to discover its fury
My life is so cursed, I never hoped
Anything good.... I have lost faith in life
In Goodness and in the everlasting 'ya'.....
Last night what I said I didnt mean to say it
When I talked to you, I talk to myself
I never mince my words....I felt as if
I were talking to my other self...
A daughter or a son is the better self of a parent
I find myself in you.....
Dear mine for ever, dont get hurt by my words,
This night is my night for weeping....
My dear one got hurt, yes, she bleeds inside
How can I curse myself? Cut my tongue?
Or lay sleepless all the night?

O God, I am so garullous,
Why I talked so much nonsense
One reason is I cant hide my fears
Which eat into my heart
I bled and I wanted to show my bleeding
And my words hurt you so much dear mine
Forgive me if you can, Forgive me soon

None can wish more that you smile
Than I crave for it all my life
Your smile, and your smile it is all the time
I want But each time I made you weep
My plans, my words, and my rudeness....
Sorry my dear, sorry dear,
I wanted to share so much things to share....
I am sorry I could not....
My words, my poisonous words, yes last night
Did all the wounds, Your inside so cracked
I knew how sad you felt, I felt the same pain
I am so cursed to tell you my fears

I am so cursed, my dear

Forgive me if you can, forgive me

I am so sorry, you see.....

Ratan Bhattacharjee

You Didn't Write A Single Comment!

I will make you numero uno
Yes, I will make you number one
among the poets.
I will read your poems again and again
I know for sure
You didn't write those poems for me
You wrote those lyrics of fiery passion
for someone you loved.
You dreamt about him
You loved him day and night
when you missed him
You cried for him,
All your smiles were meant for him

You waited all the rainy evening
You waited for him on the sunshine day
But still I remain wide awake for you
writing comments for your poems
I love to read them
again and again
I know if I read them and make comments
You will be at the top of the list
You will be a popular poet.

For the last five years I did all these
For you dear and you alone

And you didn't write a single comment for my scribbles....

Ratan Bhattacharjee

You Were Not With Me

A cup of hot tea in the cold morning
of Winter
after a mile of walk
along the green meadow
Where the tallest tree has its tallest shadow

I slowly sipped and sipped
A hot cup of tea
You were not with me.
I longed for you
As I usually do.

When the evening rolls in
A cup of hot coffee
Slowly I sipped and sipped
A TV soap engaged me for
a little span of time
I sipped the cup of coffee
And you were not with me.

You may be my wife
Or my beloved mistress
You may be anyone whom I love
My longing thoughts dearest for thee
When I sip a cup of tea or coffee.

Ratan Bhattacharjee