

Poetry Series

Subhasish Barua
- poems -

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Subhasish Barua()

Hairy Woman

Walking through the street disgusted with it
I met a woman begging by the road
Told me to tell the 'why'
'I want to die', said I
She grabs me suddenly till the end of her speech
I listened none
Only of one

Her hair speaks
Of Eternity

Subhasish Barua

Suspicion

Centuries past when I last walked, calmed by grief;
Those trees did not want to be bereft of fruits,
I silently jumped over a mountain that witnessed a hegemonic killing-
passed a river which was bathed with only human blood,
gradually I forgot to move.

Owls and crows are hovering over my head;
I am impotent to move-
But suddenly the forest moves, the sky shakes, the river roars,
I become mesmerised, you come with a golden lotus,
I am definitely hypnotised,
you move,
I follow you.
With a heart next to my chest...

Subhasish Barua

That Seems To Be

Sustained through the fact on a by cycle
Uncapped manuscripts in his bag;
Swipes his sweat disgustingly for the news still unheard
Meeting the unseen yet for his stuff;
Irritating though it seems to be to us
Taking those as the source for the new;

Awating unlike us for the new born patiently

Subhasish Barua

The White Car

'What's to be done with it? ', asked the irascible driver,
it's tyres got corrupted, seat got scratched, steering got unhooked,
it only went, but how? It did not know, neither it's ruler....

A child was crying for a drop of milk to his shattered mother,
gazed at the white car and shook his hand,
the mother went, put her breast in to his mouth,
gently patted his head, stopped his anger....

Standing afar at the corner of the street,
the white car, paled by dust and mud,
silently dropped his tears, and wished to have a mother....

Subhasish Barua

Undone

Afternoon mist speaks thorough the woods

With perpetual tranquillity;

Trodden but remaining footfalls echo

Through eternity.

The pillars of incense make a blank space

In the garden

I jump through it -

The fog inevitably answers to me sadly with printed calender in her mind.

Inherent but not internally present

The still point speaks amidst the crowd.

With Galileo above I spoke forth

Pain perhaps to him done

Equal to that of Lear

Justice remained undone.

Last Negro smiles with confidence; I, no more

You took the smile from me when evening comes

Leaves grow unusually with dexterous audacity

You looked askance at me; I, alone on the shore

Subhasish Barua