

Poetry Series

Swarnendu Biswas
- poems -

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Swarnendu Biswas(8/4/1991)

Since my birth, i always try to find myself and want to judge this process as self-discovery or tualism deeply philosophizes my creative ce is followed by words i long to possess in self-restrained manner.

An Elegy

Will you take my blood?
yes! look, i`m here.
say what you need?
i`v left my words to the east reddish sky,
being puffed up with anger.
i`v to bring it back and back,
to make for you a wreath of love.

Would you like that?
ok, ok, look the rainbow in sky.
i`l take all seven colours,
and paint my love.
and i`l request the wind to blow soft,
so soft to dry my painting,
and nourish my love.

Certainly, i`l plant new seed for you,
water it daily as my deepest care,
and wait for its sprouting
and wait till it`s grown up tree.

Still is it not enogh for you?
have you found another rainbow,
or wind or any other tree?
will you take my blood?
oh dear! it`s dried up.
why don`t you believe?
ok, look, i`m driving a blade,
a blade on my veins.
oh! god, therefrom out comes an elegy,
an elegy that`s only created for you.

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Banalata Sen (An Inspiring Woman Character)

From the blue, widest sea to
the deep dense woods wrapping
the dark shadows, travelled i
and travelled for an uncounted years.
In the mid of Ashoka forest,
an idle soul grasped my heart,
getting me lifeless, but from there
walked i a long distance
and reached the darkest city,
where the devil sucked the vapour of life.
But, i kept searching for you,
and that survived me, Banalata.

Thou hast the hair as a
dark shadow sleeping over the eternal night.
Thine face as like a sculpture,
carefully painted by the greatest artist of earth.
As a navigator in the mid-sea,
losing his path becomes aimless,
then thou, Banalata, directs him
the the right way to enlightened sand-bank,
like i also viewed thou in the darkness,
and thou asked me (where were you these long days?)
with the head held up as like a bird,
through the nest, peeping the outer-world.

After the day gets tired,
comes the night to rule over with crickety.
skylark removes the sunny-smell from its wings,
where the all lights of earth gets dim and dead, then
the creator-manuscript brightened with
the evening stars and get shining like
a thrilling story being dictated.
After the birds return to their nest,
after rivers close their mirrors,
over the half-world,
spreads and lives
spreads and lives
the darkness and thou, banalata, to inspire the dead-soul.

by Jeebanananda Das, translated by me.

Swarnendu Biswas

Let`s Wait

Raised a voice
I looked
A bird at the top of tree.
Twilight still to come
A river crystalline runs,
Moans and falls on shore
It aches, sleeps the bubble quiet.
Some trees leafless, some full of crimson.

A sound
Oh! from the distance
Oh! a dead,
A funeral procession
Chasing grave slowly,
With a chanting,
Low, gentle, melodious with cry.
It was a Hindu chanting
Fleeing like a soul-soaring.
Wood collected and heaped.
Hearth prepared to burn,
Dead placed on the woods,
Seven turns around the dead made
With a waiting for fire-stick to touch,
It was dead`s elder son who
Held the stick to hearth
It flashed, started to burn
Flame rising above
High and higher.
Again a chanting!
Oh! each getting louder than the previous.
A Hindu chanting,
Ah! gently loosing my soul to sky,
To tress, to river and to myself.
From hearth,
A smoke went up to sky,
Semi-circular, weakly proceeding,
Moves up, up and high.

A vision that eye cant observe

A smell that nose cant hold
A feeling that organs must fail to grasp
A divinity,
Far distance from the sky,
And more closer than the body,
Only spirit can perceive.

Raised a voice
Once again
No, it was not a bird.
A cry, a baby-cry, a baby
newly released from mother`s womb,
Somewhere in household nearer,
In village.
A cry in joy
A cry to thrill the ear.

Twilight passed
A river black runs,
Moans and falls on shore.
Night still to come
And the next morning.

Still to come another dead and another baby.
one departs while other enters.
Let`s wait for them
Wait for us
And wait for The death.

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