

Poetry Series

vidyut chakraborty
- poems -

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vidyut chakraborty(ber 1952)

Born in Bengali Brahmin family; Educational . Worked as a teacher in the provinces of West Bengal and Rajasthan and Jharkhand in India; presently working as Joint Commissioner of Sales Tax in Government of West Bengal.

Hobby- reading writing travelling and photography.

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“sambhobami Juge Juge”

Nothing is destroyed in this universe.

‘Conservation Theory’ accepts it true.

“Sambhobami Juge Juge” was the Hindu scriptures
Still ruling over the faith.

Tagore believed everything exist in the universe
As long as human race exists.

So nothing is destroyed is believed by the human race
And for other living creatures? what?

Birth, sleep, growth, sex, hunger, quarrel, love and death.

So comes back the ultimate question

After death what?

Birth, sleep, growth, sex, hunger, quarrel, love and death.

But to a new seed, new growth, to a continuity-

‘Each Time A Come Back’ through conservation of energy.

Each time each instinct comes back to each one in each generation,

Each time a circular movement around an ellipse.

This has nothing to do with either with Philosophy or with Science.

Our birth system recurs, our growth and development recurs, even sex does not
die out, hunger is everyone’s choice,

Quarrel need no special mention but love deserves it.

For death to recur?

Silence..... Silence....Silence....

Here lies the ultimate question.

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A Hallowed Dignity

She happened to be a harlot.

It was not her choice.

Poverty forced her to earn bucks

this way

to send her two kids to literacy.

She has the right to

dream

of a beautiful world for her offspring.

A mother can not stay home

when her kids starve.

She had to choose a livinghood whatsoever.

It is her fate that she

could not be in other form

a socialite lady.

Indian epics

recorded the plight of Javala and

painted the glammers of Menoka.

The misery tolls the knell of parting night,

she leased her modesty.

The customer, in course of intercourse,

became plural, charges remain

single,

kinky sex appetites of several ones

thrashed her into

brutality.

They threw her to the pavement

hitting her

pelvis to pain and bleed.

This crime happens to the street girls so often.

Religions mandate the girls

to be shameful, shy and silent.

Criminals escape due to their power

of muscle and masculinity.

And the society sleeps,

the history witnessed

the same story.

"God! Are you there?

I have heard that Jesus will make my life brand new
But what about all the pain, will He remove that too?
Will He replace all the parts of me, which were robbed
Can I be healed, if I came to you, God?
What can you do? "*

Her cry did not miss the ear of a Good Samaritan.

She was brought into light to be nursed
and not to be cursed.
Pain ripped her body,
ignominy tore her mind,
her agony was waiting in cue.
Instead of giving her
an umbrella of security,
the protectors of the society
abused
her twice again verbally.

She did not get justice from the bureaucracy.

Trust was stolen, locked within herself

a life of worthlessness and insecurity.
she had to live an isolated life;

her veil
Nay! she came out of

and spat on the debris of the democracy -
a constitution that could not safeguard her modesty,
a government
that failed to warrant her security.

The elected leaders, for reasons best
known to them,
molested her humanity, the police too forgot
their daughters
might have face such indignity.

Ultimately she uncovered the evils of the society.

Those who supported her had to
face the destiny.

Till today she worships God, obeys constitution,
believes in
good people, and tears the taboo of a rape victim.

At the end she has proved herself a
beyond a woman
she is the Mother, the hallowed Dignity.

[* STOLEN By K A Graaf]

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A Sparrow's Tears

They were budding in mama's breast,
innocent small fingers ignorantly caress mom's tits
young mom is happy always
with her magic lamp.
She was never so happy before getting such nibbles.
A far stretched dream, along hope rest discreet in breathe.

A lot of such of mothers are now at the State Hospital gate
crying, sobbing, weeping now and then
peeping in breasts, looking into lap,
finding none in senseless sight.
No their babies are no more,
no medicine, no care, promises of polity gone vain,
no authority is to take up oath of austerity
and hospitality erodes in political drain.

Their tears are singing-I LOVE MY country.
Another 26th. day of January is coming, □
our Heads of Nation will vow once again-
Ours is a great republic sovereign etc.
Baby-lost moms lament at hospital gate
our ailing kids were neglected to be killed,
population is thus naturally diminishing
whatever was happened it was a lot,
we should not forget to say,
MY country is GREAT.

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Absolute Man

Poet confided: Universe has been versed
in the concept of a Absolute Man
Within whom potential of each man is converged.
To that extent the entity of Universe is a humane truth
As much as an observer can perceive.
To that level all the scientific truth
is assumptive diagnosis.
Absolute Man -He is omnipresent,
so he is beyond boundary.
Knowledge of Universe is imbibed
in his soul, synchronized and systematized.
Poet paused: his impersonal conscious is enlightened,
The whole universe came to focus
through the human's power of knowledge.
Scientist astonishingly said-
then no beauty and no truth exist
Without subjectivity of human's existence!
Without man's look
will Belvedere's Apollo lose its beauty?
So may be! But fact is that
Absolute Truth Still remained;
Universe was there when human-world did not exist.
I, a human being, wander in the super nova
in limitless time with wonder and wonder.
The illusion appears to not a persona-grata
But to entire human race?
What mind thinks right is just an illusion!
What a sordid ending?
I glanced at the Beauty and praised her as beautiful
So Truth becomes Beauty.

[Note: Based on the theme of discussion between Tagore and Einstein on 14 July 1930 in the latter's residence in Germany]

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All In Mind

I am on the onlookers' side,
My sight was mystic onto the sky
The time is blue and filled in life,
Aye I admit, I caught your sight.

My heart starts beating like ocean tide
The thing that I don't know why
My look flashes and fleets and flies
Not far you just sit beside.

The music starts playing love song
I get notion to have conversation
I love your eyes put in my direction,
I find my heart set in motion

Words blossom but fail to talk,
The time runs fast while the bridge seems stretched
I never feel it is a daydream,
You wake me up with a dimple knock.

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Amalananda's Desire Demised

Amalananda desired to be a part of blue firmament
No he could not
He rather spreads in air
in the breath of his fellowmen.
Amalananda tried to enrich himself
with the laughter of Flowers
and he utterly failed
Amalananda flings with ambience
in his unique style and decent way
Amalananda was awake opening his humble eyes
keeping his benign dreams slept
Amal (Spotless) Ananda(Pleasure) ultimately went to slumber
leaving his serene smile deathless.

Note: Amalananda died on 29th June,2011

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An Indian Malady

He wants his arable land to be safe,
he begs for a dole card,
to him a big question is to link up a safe custodian
of his property-a wife, a sister and a daughter.
He wants his kids be educated as wished
by his forefathers once.

'Imperialism' is a queer question mark,
he is not a lettered man in theory.
He does not bother Economics, Politics or Sociology.
To show an undaunted stature before his lord
means much more than USA's Imperialism.
He will be out of job once he protests,
he will lose his land for the sake of 'Development',
uncommonly his blood may fertile a paddy field.
He is swayed by the 'long live revolution' slogan-
he follows who ever shouts it,
no matter red, green, yellow or blue their flag is.
All to be safe and sound,
to him, a Panchayat* member is the lord of grace.
To an insect a gecko is more dangerous than a crocodile.

He joins the rally called by the rulers of the day.
Night gives him a shade of shame,
to hide his face within the tides of his woman.
he runs from the truth, he rushes for a lie,
both are equal to him to earn his daily bread-
it is the reality.
Mere theorization of proletariat dictatorship
hits him below the belt,
Change of situation punches him regularly.
He remembers his forefathers dreamt of a new society
The literate media people come to his village
to highlight his helplessness, his granted humility,
Their truth display a showcase of fraternity.
'Imperialism' has no meaning to him,
Local politics is his hardcore reality.

[* Panachayat is an Indian version of village borough council]

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Anger And Hunger

From the very day of coming out from mother's womb,
Anger and Hunger are my expression.

You two!

Burn my surrounding till my desire is quenched.
That celestial Fire is very pious, covetous and pure,
Yes, the flames of Hell are also serene.

A lot of thirst is squelching in the waves of dreams,
Tantalus, I am Tantalus.

Freedom means free of domain, does it?
Is not it a transition between two tyrannies?

A child of Africa or a baby in Gaza,
They are free in open horizon, bombarding air command,
Free Sun and a chill air in the open moon light
and a shelter in debris.
Anger and Hunger are two expression of freedom.

A nation gets freedom with cry pain and amputation
Either through a riot or by a revolution.
Result is death, poverty and debt.
Freedom floats in dream,
some moonstruck monsters ferry smiles in the Tears.
Be positive.

Forget the bastards born to get the freedom,
Shout for growth of hybrid liberty.
Leave behind thousand drops of blood,
Reap a new nationality.
Big Boss will doll out helping aids,
You drown in deep of debt,
Make your neighbor foe not a friend,
Bomb burn and bruise then shake hands for peace.
Anger and Hunger are my age-old expression,
call them freedom or fantasy.

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April Seconds The First

This is the Second Day of April,
Read writ and Red,
Esplanade looks at the crowded youth.
Red Flags are fluttering in air
As in Paris or in Tunisia-
A symbol of protest.

Rally Slogan side by side
Opposition conflict and contradict.
Amidst the much hyped Indian Premier League
Silver screen players stage a show
Police cordon is eyeing red,
Kolkata is in tremor, blinking red,
Passers are red in heat.

Heat is high, beat is low,
City is shivering in craze.
The young students are breaking cordon
Sweating sweet is the State.
No Barrier, no bullet,
Students gather and cry.
Death penalty hides in treason
Beat resume high.

Heat is gone, body lies there,
Students left helpless in sty.
Democracy killed a brilliant life
Mock at endurance peace and true Smile.
Comrade Sudipto is laid in morgue.
Does it matter? No!
we should say them Good Enough,
they never said a word,
behaved cool they took one and only life.
There could have been more,
God forbids!
IPL is flirted in joyous mood
No time to mourn and to be shy.

The guy did not know

He will be fooled in the second day,
which can second the Fools,
In bloody afternoon of April.
Forget the blood drying on road,
let's dance in IPL team,
That is the right choice, baby!
No tears in Civic eyes,
they spit on the grave of Marxists.
no candle lit rally,
no voice raised,
no cry from civic society.
Sudiptos come Sudiptos go
there stay the one sponsorship,
Death, Death and Death
Sudiptos forever lit up the lamp
To attribute Bengal a proletariat entity.

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Aruna Shanbaug

Sorry Aruna,
pity on your debris – this materialistic world.
They do not allow you to die, neither succeeds to survive.
They kept you in vegetative state.
Aruna the serene light of rising sun, Aroma of life,
you fail utterly in human world to be a part of mankind.
The inhumane junction of the human's legislation made you a living mummy,
Why one goes to ancient Egypt!

Come to India,
see the hunger put thousands in dismay
we are self content in food,
see thousands peasants die here
for good harvest decaying in barns:
no good price for crops.
See thousands babies die daily for want of med-help.

No Aruna, we can not permit you to die,
better you finish the line of your destiny;
we believe in astrology.
We respect law and life, death can not be dear one.
Come to India,
we are one of the nuclear science maker in G20,
Here we are, here we be, the savior of human-mummy.

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Autocracy

Head high!
perish in dust.
Head low?
remain and rust.
Eyes up!
down your head.
Eyes low?
sure to suspect
Voice up!
a communist indeed.
Voice low?
a conspiracy in deed..
Laugh a lot!
mockery in guise.
Laugh not?
ploy on rise.
Love awfully!
there is a plot.
Hate bitterly
It is an autocrat's slot.

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Bare Need

Where they started
where they ended up- a story.
When you counted
when you rounded up- a mystery.
How I wanted
how I warranted - a history.
What we read
what we wrote - a poetry.

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Beauty Bursts

When mourning dawns on you
purple smile glow
Sunshine hesitate to kiss your lip
if the petals blow.
When sun hurls the scorching heat
you turn to red
Your glamour flourish forth
your luster spread
When the sky starts to darken
your mystic eyes dim
Your beauty attracts many a sights
their love lust beam
When night fall over your body
your dimple giggles burst
Your simplicity bares beauty
your cute love last.

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Beauty Never Dies

A big bang
makes a birth of a gene
An unknown travel
writes a history,
pen starts for no ending
Thus a poet is born.
words scribbles and jots down
whatever it comes to mind
no plan and no program
with the ache in heart that sounds
all on a sudden comes the push and..
thus a poetry is born.
a tiny beauty takes shape
in each decade-an evolution
Something persists within ages
a DNA creates eel or elephant.
you just feel or just will
a compromise or a union
Nothing you can shrug
you find in your hug
a little bit of fusion.
that is great
you can not gauge
what is that illusion
you call it
Love, love love love
No Beauty dies but transforms.

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Birth Of Distance

Who bears it? Or begets?
May someone makes it or creates.
But it is built up and it grows.
A grown up thing has its life.

My childhood waned
my fantasy swayed.
My dreams on future are not seen,
It absconded to point of no return.

Well planned future passed afar
Left no chance of resurrection.
My career graphed down.
It had a middle class death.

Every phase has its limitation line,
Leaves then start shredding.
Some memory hum,
some tinkle away.

A new life compass,
horizon seems infinity
No Never None assert ahead
A half circle always exist.

A distance is not so distant.
It gradually measures
Love, Romance, Attachment-
the unquenchable proximity.

A long queue is seen passing by,
a committed link-up gasps.
Thus labor brings forth a sweet distance,
When it develops it must have life.

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Birth Of Stress

It crawls inside, once you refuse me.
I resist myself to give you a blow.
Countless protests knock my brain.
I feel helpless to stop its flow.

It groans inside, when you fail me.
I hold its rein not to burst.
It nails my dreams, my desire ruins,
I feel hopeless to stop its thrust.

It cries inside, in all my failure.
I console it - you are my pride.
It burst into tears deluging me,
I feel calmness to stop its tide.

It sleeps inside, once I stroke
I forget the past participles.
Dot by dot the Anguish is stored
I feel Stress as my vein ripples.

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Birthday Greetings

From the den of quilt, the birds chatter
The sun can rise differently.
From the cocoon came out the butterflies
To usher someone in this mid February.

Yesternight when Ante Meridiem strolled
With alto in her voice
Some dew dropped in her eyes
anointing labour without a choice.

It was her birth, some thirty five years back
As if ejected from earth's virginity.
A thousand light years past, as it was,
Fountain of rays smile in simplicity.

From lifeline to fate line, an undefined ending
En route flourished lakes and isle
A drop of life, I wish you,
a flow of laughter, an ocean of smile.

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Cry Of A Left Out

Never should I come back to shake your hands
I am cursed, I am belittled, I am thrashed.
When the dawn crawls in your bed
I am the wind to kiss your eyelids
You wake up and I vanish into blue
When you take shower and look at yourself
None but me laud your bathing beauty
You come to my dream, you caress me
You are the one sharing all my poetry
You can come you can go
You can flirt you can flow
But I am...
I am a deserted stream where no boat sails
A meadow where no cattle rattle
A forgotten history where all stories are dead
because
I am cursed, I am belittled, I am thrashed.
I shall not come back to pray your hands
But you are most welcome to my
Stream, meadow and history.

[Salt Lake 10-26PM 08/09/2014]

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Destiny

She comes in tip toe
in my dream
in milky transparent robe
She is the woman I need
She is my fair lady
She gives me hope
She gives me my stamina
I love her.
I love to those cupful breasts
I love to kiss her lips
I love to find the unfounded grip
and I slip and I slip.
When she smiles
thousand volt sparks
when she sees
moonlight swings
when she stands
in dividing feet divine
I can not hold my desire
my sanctity
and blown off my sanity.
she is my love of eternity
She is my never failing friend
She is always with me
in distress despair and doom
She gives me every lot
in lieu of nothing
I am ever indebted to her
I bow to her and bend
a mystic sense befriend her
If I want to touch
she just fly away.
She touches my feet not body
She calls me but don't accompany
She is my destiny
She is my destiny.

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Far

It's a long way you stalk
from the childhood days to this elder time
you jus have stared looked and observed
a stretch a horizon a limitless tranquility.
Everytime you find me near and then afar.
All that I could do I did;
a coloured ribbon of fantasy
as seen unfurled in Himalayan Monastries.
You tried to ascend every ridge
and the failure seemed I am afar,
in each success you forgot me as I was near.
So the protracted lace of aptitude
walked silently to the peak,
and the time just fledted between you and me
you become near and I remain afar.

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Friends

Lonely body secluded mind
you are within self
Temporal pleasure secluded thoughts
you are within soul
Lonely body exulted brain
you are within you
Satisfied body pleasant will
you are within the brew

There is someone
who sees you
No want no claim
no bully no screw
Share your pleasure
get back care
Open your heart
find some touch
Just cry out I love you
It is your friend who turns sky blue.

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From The Core Of Heart

Deep from the core of Heart
every one sings Peace.
Your soul sings Love.

From the vastness of Love□
any one looks for Heart.
Your eyes just sees.

I don't know who you are
but you exist in my verse.
A rhythm, a lyric, a tune.

I find you in sand dune,
a bohemian gypsy unaware
of your self soul per se.

□

May be you an unquenched thirst
in the ocean of versatility.
Every wave is always different.

In the streaming current.
You do fleet but leave plurality
in your love laud and lust.

There is no God in universe
It is an illusion, a trust, a myth
A fear a respect worship to a None.

You are a believer who clone
a primitive thought into a verse
a lifelong love and labyrinth.

A black hole or a big bang
Giving birth of particles
A creation of time mortal

Your thought is your moral
Your life is a breathing lung
Your evolution only tickles.

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Gone With The Wind

That Cuckoo is cooing in my ears,
Swinging fragrance of those white floral is touching.
Once upon a time I loved you.□

Twister blows over the barren field
Like the drought torn brunet rag
a lot of lust pass by
You erect me high.

Love drags me between the rays and rivulet.
I can see now the droplet of tears on your cheeks
Heaving inside your breasts -
an agony unquenched-
it is my love my pride.

Pitter patter rain drops drench the greens.
Crimson leaves are wetting alone
A gust surrounds your silhouette
I love to touch its curves.

Give me some space, I want to décor you.
my torn goodwill is locked in old safe.
My Love! You are still young.

With all my poverty, my wretchedness
I turn every page day and night.
Gone with the wind my pledge and pride
I read the writ in light and shade
A blank entirety- it is you,
my destiny, my eternity.

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Green Signal

An oak stick in hand, each step unbalanced, curly hairs cluster,
the blind man ask mildly - road clear?

A mercedes speeds away,
its chauffeur peeps out and say Ya.

The blind man smiles and his stick steps ahead
and the question recurs -is route clear?

A petty politician shows him way and whispers
poor man, now it is clear.

Affluent trader, on a try to spit chewed-pan, barks-
what do you mean by 'Clear'?

The poor blind man apologize to him and again put query
is the signal green?

Some one advances, perhaps a street beggar,
came from the age of century-old astonishment
and holds his hand-

surprising all, yell in pitch -

Nothing is clear, no signal post,
all roads now end in darn blind lanes,
corruption tolls, injustice jams every crossing,
mistrust light in each signal and you fool man asking all
if our way is clear?

Ha ha ha ha.....

the blind man laughs, as if the laughter slaughters.

The road signal suddenly become green

the man tells the beggar-

Yes my sir, I feel right now the road has become clear.

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Haughty May

She is too hot after Miss April.
You deserve her if not desire.
Miss April turns Mrs. May
You fail to follow her.

All your romance end,
when your need and greed do meet.
You discover a third one
A hot May indeed.

Sun the Want bothers not,
what pockets of earth bind?
Water becomes perspiration,
May remains unkind.

But never neglect her she needs you,
To reshape, redeem and reset.
At the end you get showers in eyes
Rain, deluge of late.

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I Hate To Say Good Bye

I hate to say Good Bye
One comes to meet ... to know
And then....why then....to part?
Heart breaks. Eyes swell. Emotion gets struck.
I don't like to hear 'good bye'.
Steps pause. Sight look behind. Memories chime.
If someone wants some one near to heart,
Why they do it just for some time!
People go away; some of them come back,
Yet they say 'good bye'.
When they fall apart.
Isn't the best manners to say 'see you again'
at least it says not to give up.
To leave the world, one longs for ecstasy,
is not the world one lives up.
No one can say 'good bye' to ones
Who is loved for?
Every one just move around like earth
in an elliptical path and set foot on
the same magnetic field of different time.
So please confound upon-
'It's a pleasure to see you again'
My Friend!
That's why I cannot say anybody 'Good Bye'.

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I Love You

I look at your eyes to learn what they say.
Smitten smile sees me and says- Hi I am yours.
I kiss your lips and fanatically want to hug
But you disappear instantly.
I try to touch your cheeks
knowing well it is illusion.
Your two dimensional presence cannot be you
still there lies some hidden reality.
It is the reality of love without reason,
love without knowing each other,
and love of incessant lust.
I can assure you it is love only
that can make you healthy wealthy and wise.
But you get scared like a doe
who want to eat the greenery
But be afraid of being caught.
So you run from reality,
in your mind's chest you keep me,
your god- gifted love,
untouched unseen non-fathomed.
You moan you sob you wail
but the cry does not reach me.
I feel nights pass and keep you awake
because I may come to you,
I may touch your serene body
in your dreams.
I understand you want to be forgetful
of my presence in your mind;
I can not understand
how you will burst into tears
which can comfort your dilemma
of 'be or not to be'.
How can I help you, my unforeseen love?
Should I go away or die to an end
With my blogs and poems?
I feel your secret love and your yowl and mewl.
Want to Keep distance? But we never met.
Want to keep silence? But we never talked.
Want to go out of sight?

But we never saw each other.
Then how can you hide me who became yourself?
You can scrap the reality that you loved me.
I shall stay forever living to love you.
You will feel me
in each touch your palm renders
you will feel me
because I can never hurt you
you will feel me
because I exist within you
you will ever miss me
because I have no entity before you
My identity exists only, Sweetheart,
that I love you.

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Inverse Image

Alarm

Mouthwash

Tea

Toilet

Breakfast

Wardrobe

Mirror

Out

No time

Dinner

Past time

Bed.

Now comes the poetry

SLEEP/MIRROR/Poemhunter....

Krrringgg

Alarmed.

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Law Of Indeterminacy

Tagore absolves himself in listening
The Mozart's symphony on the violin
Transmitted from the remote room.
Einstein plays in hypnotic trance.
Poet mumbles I feel his presence here
but does he?
Scientist presents himself before me
through the melodious tune
and he is there.
Both propositions are right:
he is here and he is there,
he is neither here nor there.
Principle of Uncertainty modifies the particle physics.
How science and philosophy is incumbent to the rule of uncertainty
that entices the unknown surroundings.
The indeterminacy* keeps up the final interpretation of cause and effect
Contradiction, material or mental, ever exists.
So the tune exist represent the existence of the violinist in one room
despite the poet listening and
the scientist playing the single tune
in different quarters.

[* According to indeterminacy theory, all texts can have the 'multiplicity of possible interpretations of given textual elements, because the author's meaning or intent may be unclear, or distorted by pop culture So, indeterminacy is not always purposeful. However, while some indeterminacy in literary fiction is permanent; the gap will never be filled or closed; other areas of indeterminacy are temporary, and deliberately planted by the author with the intention of leaving a gap that the reader themselves can fill, by the 'process of realizing or concretizing the text'. (McHale 1992, p.36)]

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Looking Back

Millions years past,
It seems to be,
the Earth severed from its world-
the space.
She has no time to stand and stare,
She got busy in its own creation,
its family.
Volcano, mountains, oceans,
everyone wobbles out from her womb
with grace.
The rage of the Regina
faces ice age and cools down
very slowly.
She harboured a lot of genesis
and genre of natural fissure
and made its own immunity.
The work is complete as
she reproduced Humanity.
All time stupidity to give birth of bastards.
She is now tired, pained and pensive.
Her forests were vanishing,
her rivers are drying up,
her mountain cap is melting,
her hills are destroyed.
She never had in mind that
Her own offspring will
nail her rape her and
send her to exile.

So she got time to think over
from where she came.
As and when she looked up
Sun scorched her to look down
As there was plenty of-
What to do.
She got asleep and dreamt back in past,
Her eyes opened and saw
a blue firmament rallying there her
brethren her ever loved companion.

The stars are winking inviting her to join
And the moon is still waiting
And begging for her union.

vidyut chakraborty

Lost Love

Where has my love gone?
Do her tears get latent in a sea?
Or she withers away?
Like a Robin flies away,
like a fragrance leaves pollen,
like a memory fades off
my love stays away.
She has been lost in the rally of stars,
a hallucination exist that she twinkles,
all the feeling I cherished for her
is now perished into cloud.
My love, oh my love, my scenic beauty!
Can you give me a little peace of heart?
Our solemn oath, not to be apart, went astray.
Clouds covered the smile of the moon
Earth is drenched in misery.

vidyut chakraborty

Love

Love is a guilt once it is expressed
It is divine when suppressed
It is a hell if got tortured
Love is heaven if it is fostered.

Love is a shame if on mistrust
It is a den where faith is passed
It is a blame if got shared
Love is a lullaby if is cared.

vidyut chakraborty

Love And Languish

The fear has come back,
cocooned inside my heart
It's a tremendous insecurity.
When I get, I enjoyed, I possessed
something stirred me in side.
A fear of love labor lost,
a fear of being dispossessed
a fear of gaining intrinsic half heart -
a fear of come and go fiasco.
What I fear is your smiling face
disrobing my passionate thrill
Your winking eyes tell me
they will shut in a while.
My crazy sex will drive after you
and you will leave thereafter.
I feel afraid of meeting you
I mind share your grief
this will leave a fragile futurity.
I can't hurt you I can't tell you
That you can tease you can ease
But you can't lease your heart to me
It is yours only.
A faint memory will hurt me
that you opened your goddamn beauty
before my eyes
for the reasons best known to you
I am scared you will go away
leaving me in that old solitude
Where no one dares to come,
no one cares to stay
No one shares the solemnity.
I fear I am again alone
waiting for the next eventuality.

vidyut chakraborty

Love -Butt

Thousands of light years past
the earth remained apart from the stars.
secluded, lone, alienated,
She worked, she acted, and she performed
strenuously, sincerely, undauntedly.
Meteors attacked and dent her skin,
Volcano bursts like thousands sun burns,
Ice age squeezed her in sub-zero,
Water deluged her into soaring boils.
At last came up tranquility,
everything ended in peace.
She found out time to stare at the space.
A new mood - Motion, motion and motion.

The Sun light blocked her sight.
Scorching heat uttered the decree.
'You are far away from your family and friends,
The Earthen World!
Your place is there in mud and water and ice,
You be there for ever.'
Then what to do..... Rotation rotation and rotation.

In a moonlit night,
She looked at the blue firmament,
Only the white owls were hooting around,
the stars were twinkling with smiles,
inviting her to be dressed in white.
Her Moon conveys her
She has been bluish green,
No fiery blaze, no reddish cheek,
And no whitish glow.
Youth is waning in duty and experience.
No need to worry.....Gyration, gyration and gyration.

In due course of movement,
All stars and planets do revolving in Space,
Many a stars fell behind and lost from the orbit,
Milky ways winced,
some of them took refuge in the lap of the muddy earth.

Years after years the earth looks behind the skyline,
ages after ages the winking stars grin,
their call never bounced,
The earth heaved sigh, a reunion was her dream,
But there is always a butt...Revolution, revolution and revolution.

vidyut chakraborty

Love Eternal

When the helium bursts and ejects energy
Thousands of electrons admixed and penetrated in jet speed;
the fusion - we got the earth and Moon- our planets of love.
When the amino acids melted and the oxygen infiltrate darting;
the fusion - microbes born - our first love signs.
Then and on Mixing makes, Fusion Melts, Interaction moves
the evolution process-love love love the earth,
and the human step on to the world- we got the x-chromosome.
Another love between DNA and RNA interacts
genetic code is born and Y-chromosome appeared.
Thousand voltage arch into XX and XY and the
mankind learned to love Mother.
Mixing and Melting, Smiles and Cries, Happiness and Sorrow
again a fused: Moon looks Loving, Sun shines sheen
the conjugality imbibes,
Love becomes a shrine.
The insects to homo sepians
induced love by eyes, smell, through colour.
In confusion, gentlemen and ladies, loved each other
and a jingle is born - I Love you.

vidyut chakraborty

Love Fill

Somewhere sometime someone smiles
may be it flashes some absence of mind
The onlooker gazes and implants awhile
a feeling of look - love starts to grind
An emotion flows that someone is there
who may bychance be seen once again
The eyes start surveying passers near
Love just fills heart sweet memories remain.

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Love Forgone

To dream someone you love is a hidden treasure of life-
yes it is.

Your Love vanishes into blue and how do you feel this reality?
Destiny.

The story started from the allurements of an apple.

Perhaps so!

Two hearts embraced, four lips engrossed, what happens then?

Corporal tremor!

When two looks cease, four hands out of touch, how do you paint,

Conjoint pain?

This is the history of all time Love, ever stated to world,

Love forgone?

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Love Never Breaks

They come in my dream when slumber breaks,
they come in tip toe and go away silently,
the weird watch-circuit conveys me who are they.
I remain silent, a 'hello' stay unaddressed,
I do not want them to know- they are caught.

How many are they in my own galaxy?
It will be a million dollar question,
and I let them come unflaunted.
They love my orbit, so peep in and stroll,
To see my works sleep in serenity.

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Love Thy Neighbour

They told us to forgive everyone
They told us to love all around
Get free from the inner evils:
We bow to Them as They are great
They are God.
But what Love remains in heart when
poor Iraqis are bombed by the Covetous Christians
what can They suggest when
Scientists inject animal gene in edible seeds!
These weariness forgive me, Oh my Lord,
I can not be Great with Merciful heart.
Please let me love those who suffered the wounds
Let me follow the lines of Burns and Tagore.
Love for all around is an impregnable impossibility
Forgive a warmonger may give birth
to a ruthless, merciless international community.

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Love Thy Women

Her eyes fall on the image not on the man
She is charmed and opens her breasts.
No shy no swing for that her Self likes him
and she accepts him world's 'the best'!
She takes him inside her self, opens her heart
then keeps him aside and stray.
This game is a danger for her security
she unfolds her privacy in stake.
Her nipples tighten her hips throb
thighs get drenched at his illusionary kiss.

Her Man doesn't know the aftermath:
she is sobbing, her heart is throbbing at his feet.
Where is he, her cherished prince charming?
Does he think of how her lady is in her days
(in absolute singularity) ?
When she weeps alone, cursing her stupidity,
he thinks that she withdraws and she ends in time
she may choose else and restart playing.
Is it so easy to forget things at once at will?
None in this world has power of oblivion
because mind has some role to survive to certainty.

Never things happen so heartlessly;
no one knows when love comes to hug
and binds the two minds in an austerity.
Love is not a game, love is not the lust,
love is not a shame, love runs fast
Love is the god gifted beauty
Love always deserves heart and mind,
purity and sanctity.
Love cannot be denied, rather persists.

Woman wants woe from her man
to recall him whenever she needs.
Hurt rests on pain, happiness in tranquility.
She never quits, she just hides
her passion under her hooded intransitivity.
Without love god cannot overstay in this world

what to say about mankind with posterity!
Love is beauty Love is bold
Love gives a woman her best intellectuality.
Man loves pleasure to enliven his potentiality
Man loves frustration to build his creativity
But it is the woman who makes him a man
so never fail to love woman's credentiality.

vidyut chakraborty

Love Unkind

I shall sing again
In that lonely wilderness
the happy song of two birds
Who can sing their singleness.

They are not Spouses
They are acquaintance
But they enjoy a passionate love
Even staying in distance.

There flows the wind
To inform the love's intensity
There flies the fragrance
To convey the love's serenity

Never they met and mate
In actual sense of touch
But every night they have made
Virtual love as much.

She in North, He in South
There was little probability
To kiss and cuddle and hug
And fiddle with the soft sensibility.

Once in a stormy night
Both were passing the buck
To their spouses fright
And taste the tits of luck

They were delighted discreet
Dipped in excitement and ecstasy
Destiny hacks into their feat
And chanced to uncover secrecy

He startled to become a pawn
In the hands of uncontrollability
She got raged and torn
Disenchanted with ever severity.

As all women blame
every omen comes from Men
Thus She did claim
His recklessness causes the strain.

She went mad to tell
disbelieving his worth for integrity
Love then went to hell
and broke the tune of empathy

In love and war all is fair-
May not be the only dean
Poets wants to hear
In love-life trust will act and win.

Poets can find zeal
they can find pathos too
Even they can feel
True Love can not breach two.

God only knows the mood
Destiny wants to trail
God is always good
and good shall never fail.

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Molested Moon

Fallen from heaven she realizes it is a sea shore,
her glamour is covered with grease and oil.
Her cheesy Moon light fades.
She is now a stranger to her sky.

The vessel was shipped for a wreck and his fuel spill
plundering many a pearly oyster that breaks in ebbs.
The moon is to take a cool bath and torn into pieces.
A severe molestation happens.

Blued in pain, pelvis nailed, virginity screwed,
and moon sailed.
A red stain in pubis ache,
The moon undresses, her beauty slowly blackens.

vidyut chakraborty

Mother And Daughter

The tributary desired to be a river
God asked her what best you can give the earth
She sacrificed all of her waters
and the people got a rivulate.
A fountain prayed for more water
God asked her what best you can give the earth
She affirmed to fertile the land as much as she can
and the earth got the Spate.

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My Love Returns

A whirlwind not a twister,
It is my love march past.
I cannot but wonder!
Does she come back?

One abreast hug I longed for
with a touch of lips not so hot.
Eyes soar and run amok.
Heart goes high and low and haunt.

Wind blow haste, river spate
Ocean forget to wave
Forests sigh in moaning fret
Rain-dropp smells sweet taste.

Here she comes, laugh aloud,
Does she mean me abstract?
She runs fast, gust surrounds,
My love is coming back.

She reaches my hands and pulls my face
Touch my lip with lip.
A long hot kiss a press in chest
I lift, I leap, and I strip.

My Love comes back as if not gone.
Can a past mind mend?
But my heart is free, no pain no gain,
no past, no future but to enjoy the present.

Here she comes, loves and lauds,
gone with the wind seven years.
I am pleased with, my love resurrects,
my mores, my self. my pleasure.

vidyut chakraborty

Mystic Night

Accept or not it is up to you.
when your fragrance emits
you lost your claim that is yours.
Enveloped pride peeps out of your cleaves
lukewarm, calm like moonlight from cloud.
Look that slept in your eyelashes
slowly wakes up in this mystic nightfall.
An unseen detachment annexes you
With a touchy hopeful relative sense.
Some one here is getting moonstruck
passing a sleepless night,
On the other end you just sing an endless song
streaming some perfumed memory
in this mystic night.

vidyut chakraborty

Natural Being

Scientists let the earth be covered as long as possible
The poetry will born from the virgin womb
Let not unearth all the mystery
the beauty will miss the lover's look.
You are the teachers, so you do not tell a lie,
but let fantasy of childhood utterly brood
Future will get a new Einstein.
Science is to uncover the evil's ugly face
let not play it the role of devil.
Animal gene injected in vegan's seed
is not discovery but miscarry.
Let thousands flower blossom
from the core of sanctity
Let all kids grow with natural humanity.

vidyut chakraborty

Near

After a long march they mix in
Whenever Salt smiles white
Pepper show sullen face
Never were the two detached within
Whenever the moon shine with sheen
The cloud show never its grace
Depart or Apart is the part of this part
In total the two cohere
In the central theme both are good
Both are near and dear.

vidyut chakraborty

Never Say Never

Never say 'Never'.
Take a chance to be clever.
Keep a secret in sleeve,
Be light do not go to deep.
Whenever you are in need,
Allow to kiss and to kid.
When your purpose gets served;
Leave the line, stay unnerved.
If you find something fit
Ignore until you get it.
If others like the same
You just jump on to gain.
Never do loose always win,
Let confusion roll and spin.
Never let miss handy favour,
Be in show but never say never.

vidyut chakraborty

No Labor Lost

When a famine struck woman gives birth of a child,
She cries in pain and then smiles in gain.
A pleasure is born, not an edible grain.

When in drought a lone cloud is seen,
People exult and flatter.
Hopes flash on, not the pouring rain.

When you need a god and do not find one,
Your frustration overcomes its limit.
A friend comes up, not a true leader.

When your SOVEREIGNTY submits to MARKET FORCE
Your countrymen choose a wrong steed.
The Blinder is set, not a path finder.

vidyut chakraborty

Occupy Wall Street

On the wall of Facebook of uncertainty
your blog is written-
A Street that swirls to Capitalism.
What to occupy?
Anarchy, Crash, War, or a History?
JP Morgan, Daniel Drew, Jay Gould or the WTO?

Prairie farmers, urban workers middle sizes traders
denounced 'Money Trust';
ultimately trusted money.
Progressive Reformers charged the 'Devil Fish'
degrading democracy;
finally joined to loot the other people's money.
Working -class socialists welcomed the money street
as a transit route toward collective ownership;
now distrusted.

It is not a Chinese wall-street
that encircled the capital
It is an American firewall that
engulfed the world in Seattle.
War came war went Wall Street is high
Capital comes Capital goes
No one can still occupy.
Because Money is Honey, Money is moral
Money can not die
Protest comes and protest goes
Wall Street erects high.

vidyut chakraborty

Own

People never own people
Yet they boasts for 'MINE'
Throughout the life people get screwed
Happiness and Peace ever shine.
Rules are made just to be broken
Still people abide by
Discipline is a man made chain
Love is the Lullaby.
Be with spouse or with kids
Or be with kith and kin
Selfish Giant lives in 'THEIRS'
Innocence die and ruin
In one evening sun get set
Togetherness remains unknown.
People never own people
What ever binds in 'OWN'

vidyut chakraborty

Pink Tide

Once upon a time there was a Czar and a czarina.
After a long road of history,
Pavel asks Pavlova who were they?
'Forget the crap' was the answer:
the kids do not bother what they mean to? Nowadays-
Cinderellas do not like to be a Czarina,
Olivers hate to be a Czar or Napoleon.
For seventy five years
They knew the Soviet Soviet and Soviet.
But the Eric (Orwell) , Sakharov and Gorbachev
told the world a different story, because-
they were not born in ages,
they were created.
The Dream-Soviet collapsed
leaving behind an installation of space.
The Unipolar Force coerced,
cold war came to an end.
Lost Love do not come back.
but there was no balance of power too.
Hammer was shot on the stone head of
This could not kill Lenin.
Cuba Venezuela, North Korea, China,
Bolivia, Ecuador, Nicaragua,
Lenin stood so high.
Even in the corners of India or Vietnam,
Red Flag does fly.
A small red fist, workers learnt to hold,
Red Flag is the last resort.
Twenty five years is not enough,
England France Tunisia shivers
Australia has also tried.
Stalin's Centenary is coming ahead
to décor St. Petersburg
to his loving Leningrad.
Lost Love ever comes back.
'A stitch in time saves nine' -
Always stay renewed.
When dethroned the king is forgotten
History can't roll back.

Now is the time for pink tide
the waltz gently tunes high;
the escobillao and zapatiao
Marx, Lenin never die.

vidyut chakraborty

Plough A Cry

In ancient India, Kanad the scientist, invented edible seeds
he was punished by the King
to collect his daily rations from the bran of rice
and he did it at night so he was named Owl look.

Vedas and Upanishads worshiped Food so created the goddess Luxmi.
It was an Indian contradiction.

Nowadays edible seeds are corporative,
system compels uses of chemical fertilizer, pesticides, and seed,
No one dares to turn his back to organics.
Multi-crop lands can not be sold to Industrialist,
It is a sin.

Farmers were overwhelmed with a good crop
and a saviour of cropped lands.
Land is there, crops are there, none is there to buy.
Once again the Kanads in the harvested lands searches
cotton rice or tobacco, are committing suicides;
the King is here unseen.
India is self content in food, its export deal is high
India is ahead in science,
its peasants can not buy.
Vedas and Upanishads worshiped Food so created the goddess Luxmi.
It was an Indian contradiction.

vidyut chakraborty

Rains In Greens

On the other part of the greens,
rainbow unlatches the talc of clouds,
a colorful landscape I shoot,
her bodice came out transparent.
It was my youth around my girlfriends
used to snap moments alike, eyeing on the butterfly,
kidnapping all such rain drenched curves.

The clouds turns to rains flooded the memory
streaming over the unforgettable memoirs
that was once ever-clever rafting,
the downpour flooded me.
I do not want to etch neither to sketch
my painting my tears, my dream.
Down the ages, the rains were giggling
I was graphing the greens.

vidyut chakraborty

Running On Empty Dreams

A seven years' dream turned into a story
in seventh heaven.
Two hearts' desire fell apart
with lust in need.
It took seven years, all by chance,
to meet the end in deed.
Kisses were engrossed,
pubis were touched, not nailed,
two chests tried to be pressed in fidelity.
Promises and oaths were chanted,
as if the two minds are one,
as if the two bodies are made for each other.
A lot of streams flow,
series of volcanoes burst,
to create a new world in the next birth,
as if the two were made in the primitive.
After less than seven months,
the woman split away
to den within her own story.
The man woos much more
to touch the eternal love they swear.
Running on Empty Dreams
The love story gets lost in history.

vidyut chakraborty

She Is Alone

A little girl with her suppressed tears sobbing alone
in her sleep in her daily cores and
in her every pro and con.
May be there was a longing unfulfilled.

No she is not at her teens
A dashing and daring feminine person
who made herself without a mentor.
he tormented her life,
each time she thought she was right.

She is a wrong route in her right track
She won a shield of sanctity
But her luck flushing away
her desire her simplicity and her motherhood.
She fights back but feels alone.

She wrapped her life with ritualism
and retorted to come out of it
No guidance no torch bearer no pilot
escorted her to maturity.
She is alone she has to learn survival
of her own, where is her destination
how to reach there in independent mood.
She is weeping some counsel need to come
to turn her loneliness in to magnanimity.

vidyut chakraborty

Silver Lines Of Life

It's not that -you can do
It's only count what you do
It is not that you can earn
It's the zing thing you pursue.

It's not that where you were
It's that only what you are
It's not that where you be
It's only meant what you want to be.

It's not that you be just someone
It's that you want to be That One
It's not that you like certainty
It's the goal you post your entity.

It's not that you just find out
It's only that you just look for
It's not all that you have won
It's the cause what you win for.

It's not that whom do you care
It's only that whom you share
It's not that who cared you
It's really that who shared you.

It's not much how far you travel
It's in deed what for you walk
It's not how much you fuss
It's only how much you pass.

It's the costliest you learn in strife
It's the precious thing you store in life
It's the expensive the time you spent
It's the treasure the experience you gained.

It's the obvious that you conceived
It's not so what you felt
It's the passage of time you have crossed
It's the value you had to paint.

It's an opportunity you alone have faced
It's the stress you have left
It's a privilege that you chance
It's that loveliness you ever romance.

It's the fraternity you do share
It's the maternity you do care
It's the paternity bequeathed you
It's an eternity that done-did-do.

vidyut chakraborty

Sleep

All that mystics land here
All that senses dumb
All that Black Whole theorises
All that conscience numb.
To the core of brain
Too much silence
Two things just uproar
One is heart that always beat
and the nostrils fast snore.
Hi the slumber
you cast on me
I am grateful to you
Forgetfulness is blessing
You taught me
All that peace you brew.

vidyut chakraborty

Sleepless Night

A murderous fatigue drafts my night.
Hundred suns explodes in my medulla.
Shredded cottons are restive in the blue
Shoveling at random night digs the molehill.
Celestial Fire flashes in the cremation gound
Curfew knells the silent graveyard.
Peace is pissing off.
No! I do not like battle,
Never do I hate to part with tranquility.
My retina radiates through the eyelid
To reach out infinity.
In light and shade a nudity surfs over the sea;
Waves waves ups and downs
In my past my present and my posterity.

vidyut chakraborty

Spell Bound

When you pass by
I just stare at
my heart pounds
my speech stalls
what a cruel beauty
my Lord you made
my eyelash just flies
to touch you
ooooops God is cruel
to curve your muscle
and trash me to be spellbound.
Some times you wink
I loose my sense
sometimes your chin smiles
and I burst into YES
you again flow outward
I groan oh NO
my destiny what a cruel thing
you wrote I can't read
and stand dumb and spellbound
May be one day is ahead
my star will shine
your pleasnt eyes will blink
my star will show you the way
your passing by your winking eyelash
your curvature on waves
may surfs into my shore
Oh! what a cruel thing will be the moment
I will crush and look at you spellbound.

vidyut chakraborty

Spring Time Fiesta

Many a lot I got, many a things I don't.
May be it was not for me!
But I still want to steal a very sweet dream in this hot spring night.
Why not I start with the end of this spring
May be no one be on my side.
I would feel that none to be with me after I put out the lamp.
We two will meet after a long time, two hearts will quiver in joy.
Is not it great!
The summer end will tell the tale unspoken so far we not embraced.
May be my desire bears some brunt not so normal in any way?
My want means not my claim.
Let us row a boat in midnight spring swearing a sweet dream.
I know you are busy but please do come in this spring time fiesta
Never stay away saying nay,
Time will kiss and make love with the season that piss away so quick.

vidyut chakraborty

Stupid Scholars

A big circular path you try to cross
In its every nook and corner, you got a blow.
But you pretentious scholars,
do you know at what point you have lost the touchstone!
For along back past, you tried to uphold the truth
and your entity starts eroding with your values.

vidyut chakraborty

Sunny Life

Each day brings a new sun. Foolish!
The same old sun we see as earth gets a round spree.
Time fleets and fleets in never ending line
A minuscule entity we you and they find.
Thus travel our age from childhood to old
And we get mesmerized in the mid way of youth-fold.
Young day brings a new sun. Bullish!
That areola leaves a space of centering on an eternity.
No, the time says No, it is directed to be the whole
It was forecast when you are born, your death is your goal.
So live as long you get a chance, think read and write,
Be open in mind, try to unchain that binds, fight, fight and fight.
Old age brings a damn old sun, yes it is foolish.
Old is gold, if you are bold to fill your life with glee
Bring goodness, Grind fineness all will be left behind you,
Child will be young and young will be old, this is the life's hue.
So be gorgeous in self and in soul, face the life's reality
Sun grinds on, Life binds on, Time will lead to infinity.

vidyut chakraborty

Superannuation

I search the network,
Find 'retirements' in a stereo type pattern.
My daughter exclaimed "Retirement "
She sent a photo of a wrinkle-faced woman
wearing a serene smile,
God knows her age, climbing hill shouldering
a lot of firewood.
She shoot the granny at Darjeeling Hills.
Each of the ladies taught me a lesson.
I remembered Paulo Coelho -
'In magic and in life - there is only the present moment, the now '
Why should I waste time to fathom Time?
Why do I think of not doing the deeds still undone?
People moves fast, grows and develops,
leaving behind a spectacular kaleidoscope
and say- Time passes by.
No retirement, no stop, it is only a superannuation.
I shall grow further, develop to its peer,
Work is the Mantra of Life.
In reality -
the journey begins from mother's womb
and finishes to the dust.

vidyut chakraborty

The Traveler

You trot goalless, sleepless,
when everyone sleeps and you awake
before the burning firewood.

In summer in winter in autumn in spring
you go and go and go
where the destiny goes

No memory of past, no put in present
dream in eyes to make what
other cannot dream of.

You are the horse of ancient time
bound to gallop through boundary-less
worshiped to be as long you run

No memory of past no stop in present
you run and run and run
days and night pass by, you just stare.

Globe Trotter give some sun from your speed
a little moon I want
I shall write an epitaph for you.

vidyut chakraborty

The Chocolate

It is the breeze that bridges hearts
It is the flavor that soothes minds
It is the color that charms all
It is you that always grinds.

It is the taste that remix the sights
It is the quest that always finds
It is the defeat that always fights
It is you who always reminds.

You are sweet You are straight
You are cool You are great
You are naughty you are the best
you are pretty my darling chocolate.

vidyut chakraborty

The Losers

Nothing ultimate embraces a winner,
all that a victor gets - a massive popularity.
that crowd pulling factor fakes a big hallow,
and nothing leaves for posterity.
The winner is THE PATRIOT,
Browning paints his miserable story.
Victors turn to be the ultimate losers,
Crest fallen from a hateful glory.
This is the way the society unfolds
covered with roses of thousands polity.
The exit route is the thorny one
bleeding footsteps lead to severity.
The bastard popularity down its head
in agony, mind- break, in less sanctity.
Brunt burn all, resurrect the self and
enlighten the lamp of true fidelity.

vidyut chakraborty

They Come They Go

The Sojourners pass by forget the past,
the aroma they left behind effuses their memory
to the people they smiled at, chat with, shred dust.
Forgetfulness is blessing- they say,
Yet some hearts bleed for those
who forget their given up past.
Flowers blossom and wither in time,
from a birth to the death,
All living things leave a history.
But there are Sun and Moon
never tired by their continuity,
Above all we all have to be confined in a mystery.

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They Were There

I write poetry
am I a poet?
some words are bunched
no feelings outburst
Days gone by
what do I set!
If feelings come out
there is 'Me'
that can't touch whosoever
and can't be said poetry.
Still I write
but don't read
what they wrote
for me
Time couldn't ditch
the invaluable 'They'-
so they are there in history.

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Time Is Fleeting

The nubile winter shivers to embrace warmth
Its virginity obstructs
The bud wants to blossom into a hotter spring.
Maple reddens Gulmohar bursts into laughter
Nature gives birth of happiness.

And thus scrolls the life
jotting you me and the third person.
Every one likes to be coupled
still there lies an unseen oddity
to pass through a hottest summer.
Roar, red-eye, tears and absurdity.

Finally the rain comes with its tits and bits,
drops on the lap, giggling, squirting, impregnating
the virginity to maternity.
and there takes birth the real third person
turning the couple into plurality.

The icicle passes through evolution
vapour, cloud, rain, rivulet, river
and flood and flow and fleet timelessly.
With a dream to meet sea and then to ocean
and flood and foam and wave...
finally universality.
You me and plurality.

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Transition

When the leaves shred, it is fifty plus winter.
Icicles cover the grasses,
the dogmatic beast goes to hibernation.
Gradually snow covers the temporal world,
to give it a birth of another spring.
I too slept alone in wilderness,
To resurrect in another serenity-
Blue, Green and the Red.
Lust adorns my desire, Love is reborn.
Blue makes my canopy to cover my green shy,
from pink do I break, first pale then reach to rich red.
Silver gives its hope, white its clarity,
The trees grow up with greens,
I felt in my soft silk red a life of eternity.

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Union

UNION □

An untoward one is that becomes conspicuous in day light
but the taboo halts to unmask it.

This can be easily opened in night language,
with humming whispers.

Heart has its declaration of difference

Else it can not say one word in million fortitude.

Word and world, conscious and unconscious,

Million miles of part a man and a woman

converge to unite in oneness -Union.

No shame being not same

Differentials tend to an infinite integrity

Love it is love.

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Vacancy

I was wandering in the wilderness of unemployment
in search of a job,
I mean to serve in lieu of money.
In all languages of the world
the terminology depicts Slavery-act of servant.
In all means it epitomize the established person.
It was painful to be away from home.
it was my feeling - I was only Twenty-five.
Mind that in the Seventies,
India was not in fast track communication.
I never minded how more pain my Mom endured
severing me to live in Rajasthan.
There was a typical Bengali homesickness,
however, I came back to Kolkata to join the Brass.
Twenty-five years after
my only daughter left for London and
took five years to settle there
I was not shaken as the trend of the days is that.
Now her mom left me to fill up the vaccuum
my daughter felt.
I am alone doing the household
performing my duties
as The Sacred Gita quoted.
I am realizing the aching pain of my deceased Mom
Now I understand the chilling sense of the trend of the days
I drew lone and vacant;
It is my feeling - I am only Fifty-eight.

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Warm Seas

A secret aquarium exists deep in the sea
ogling with phosphorus eyes-
informed me the fleeting lobster, squid, octopus.
They were in a torrent to reach the seven seas-
Bitter, Salt, Sugar, Wine, Milk, yogurt, and Water.

That bronze-moon floats over the seas kisses the lips of algae
in the night of Halloween -
this tale I heard in a secluded secret mardigrass night.
Floating moon streams for embracing seven continents.

Down to the end of navel, full moon light shy to touch
afraid of the hot molten silver-
whispered by the sea weeds and flesh eating plants.
They are hot babes on hot beds
the stars will gaze, their moon stolen,
they can not make them cool-said me the wind.

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We Two

In the wood among the crowd of thousands trees
no two leaves are identical.
So be you and me.
In the same way thousands walked in hundred years
no two journeys can equate either.
So you loose track from me.
Someone comes someone goes in the woody alley
No two felt the same of you.
So you escape away.
My heart is wounded, your breasts get stained
No one is left hurt-less.
So too we both sway.
When Love wind blows and the leaves get flirted
A storm whirls up in waltz.
And you embrace in zapatio.
All roads delink and all leaves flutter Joie de vivre
so clean and so neat.
We too sure join this scenario.

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When Love Has Gone

At the zero point we met as strangers
To catch the limelight as stage performers
You went ahead of mine
I was left to trailing behind.

Was there animosity or anguish
Was there envy or ambush
I could have crossed you within a mile
Better I let the fate shoot me or just smile.

There, behold, my love runs fast
I can't touch her bust
There, behold, a lightning sparks
putting my desire free and farce.

Gone with the wind her love and lust
Forbade me walk fast
She is the winner I am the loser
Time is the judge on bar.

Destiny laughs at why do you trend
All starts have its end
When you end up I am still slow
But steady to loose you and your no.

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Woman's Woe

There remain within you,
a you- the second person plural number.
At your adolescence one is a kid another is a lass.
Your hidden you incite Lass you are different
with a lot of inherent mystery, you believe it.
In your youth time your hidden you whispers
your parents' house is a nest
you have to build a separate home
and you confide on it.
In your conjugal life you learn from your hidden you
you need an extra marital one reserved
to give only love and divine sex of course one sided
and you achieve it.
Now your hidden you revolt.
It gave you all your secret dreams in reality.
You then tear it apart and
fight with your hidden you and win over.
Your hidden you disappear.
The day ends, evening journeys with primrose.
By this time your husband lost interest,
children are all grown up and self esteemed.
What you achieved in life is yours only.
You have gathered the treasure selfishly.
One by one all go away.
You find no one on your side to understand your self.
You call your hidden you and sit face to face
Say her what did you do with me
A selfish self made woman
An island from where all ships sailed away.
Defeated hidden you compromise,
take you on ride once again
to the past in your childhood
where you were not a girl but a kid only.
Innocence, naked bubbly girls played with boys.
Gender difference did not bother
Quarrels frights tears all were temporary
Life was full of exuberance and enthusiasm.
You realize you are now a woman without two houses
Your Nest is now the house of your sister-in-law

You are with many men, the extra one exited,
no mystery surrounds your body and mind,
all men take you as Persona Non Grata
not as Un Amour De Femme.
Your hidden you exit at last.
You remain a first person singular number.

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Womb Of Earth

Maa.....

A chilled cry come out
from the womb of earth,
Thousand laughters burst around
at last she is flashed.

This tiny bud thrives to survive
in the protracted sunshine,
The two leaves protect her
from the storm, rain and mankind.

Then youth blossom and giggle
from neck to toe with fragrance,
Someday come some 'Lochinver '
to win her own
love laughter and romance.

Time takes its own wings
glamour of love fades
'Lochinver' turns to be 'Shylock'
and claims the 'pound of flesh'.

The nails of butcher itches
the pink petals of the damsel,
her world falls down to ocean:
dowry dagger and diesel.

Maa...

A chilled cry come out
from Greens to Grave all spread,
not a single hand helps her
and she is dead.

Hate those hungry leeches
from the core of your heart,
Let thousand flowers blossom
from the womb of mother earth.

vidyut chakraborty

Yell

When your heart gets stuck
with pains and hopeless duck
When friends seem to be foe
in blood a thousand volt blow
Just yell my babe.

The stone will burst
the rivulet spate in flood
The dirty thoughts flee
the estoppel gets waived
One yell you just crave.

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