

Poetry Series

**Barnali Saha**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2009

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

## Barnali Saha()

Barnali Saha (Banerjee) , originally from Kolkata, is a creative writer currently living in Nashville, Tennessee. She enjoys writing short stories and poems, along with occasional articles on social issues and also film reviews, travelogues etc. Her works have been featured multiple times in the renowned newspapers/magazines in India like The Statesman, The Indian Express, DNA-Me etc. along with several other magazines (e.g., Pens on Fire, Many Midnights etc.) and e-magazines (e.g., Palki, Sristi etc.) in the USA. She is also a regular blogger. Barnali has recently published her first book 'Figments of Imagination' available from Wordclay. Apart from creative writing, her hobbies include painting, photography and recitation.

# A Pallet Of Thoughts

A Pallet of Thoughts

by

Barnali Saha

A pallet of thoughts  
A garland of emotions  
A thousand imagery of faded dreams  
gloat like dried leaves of winter  
I have a world to care about  
Thousand feeling to heed to  
But often in the middle of the tale  
I forget about myself  
My own identity, specter thin  
sick and ill with ignorance  
As I care about what is around I forget about myself  
Soon I will breathe the last breath  
Soon to rest I will go  
Caring about the universe  
While forgetting my own place.

People will come people will go  
But the earth will never stop the eternal flow  
My cells will turn to dust in time  
My identity lost and gone  
In the cold bed I will think of forgotten pleasures and my broken dreams  
My xanthous features bedaubed with painful pleasure  
I may repent, I may whine  
While cold death run down my spine  
About how I cared for the world while she thwarted me like that broken toy  
A toy is what I have been, a playmate to this world  
To its desire I gave in, to its pleasure I yielded  
I thought about it day in and out  
But in the end when my heart pound  
The world will move on relentlessly  
I am but a passing fancy.

Barnali Saha

# Broken Dreams

Broken Dreams

by

Barnali Saha

(Nashville, TN)

What broken dreams fill my mind?

Like darkness in a drab room.

The pillowy softness of the shattered vagaries,

The reveries, the whimsical fancies of my clodpated mind.

My doltish, sottish, little mind.

I stand beside the window and see the street lights,

Sheaf's of broken dreams, lambent cute and bright.

I am not Cassandra, I cannot prophesies,

My clairvoyance, my sagacity fail me.

A brilliant-black, nebulous sheet of distinction

between pride and conceit lies.

I fail to understand that, I fail to recognize.

As I look out, I see gray clouds nibbling the sky,

The black mix with the gray and make it duller, brighter.

I now hear the roaring winds,

The lightening flashed,

The sky rained on me in torrents.

Sweeping away my old dark dreams, my broken chimerical fancies.

By

Barnali Saha

Nashville, TN

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Barnali Saha

# Friendship Rains

Friendship Rains

Barnali Saha

(published in The Statesman, India)

The morning firmament turns dark  
Sheaves of cotton cloud billow and lurk  
The scrumptious little pie sits on my table  
I look outside and see the rainy rebel  
The wind chime tinkles a mirthful tune  
And I remember the days cold and prune.  
The lonely trees in the neighborhood  
Dance and sway like loyal myrmidon.  
Dollops of happy thoughts fill my heart  
As little drops patter and call me spoiled brat  
The unadulterated, succulent rain  
Bring home happy thoughts and plaintive refrain  
The somnolent air lulls me to sleep  
The soporific lids thy thoughts lip  
The juvenile splendor of the idyllic day  
When you and I with glee might lay  
On the drenched grass and enjoy  
The cavalcade of the pouring rain  
The umbrella with a broken rod  
Covered with soot the little frock  
The smiles of innocence oozing with glee  
We promised together we would be  
The susurrations of the blowing wind  
Two little hearts, two puerile minds  
The dusty bicycle we often would ride  
I would always be by thy side  
As you paddled the meandering lanes  
The drops of friendship the sky rained  
The red brick wall along the road  
Still imbibe the stories untold  
The smell of strawberry from the last candy  
Our cheery life sweet and dandy  
I still hear the merry laugh  
When nobody would talk about our tactless gaffe

Merry go round the childhood days  
I often miss them- my sensitivity says  
The bicycle paddle still now move  
The eternal rain is still extant  
That old umbrella rest in peace  
With disuse our childhood now cease  
The pattering rain on the tile above  
The billowing clouds our childhood absorb  
You and I are forever friends  
Partners in mischief and soul mates  
The mature earth now plays again  
Let's go and drench in the rain  
With swiftness let our steps move  
With lack of gravitas let us prove  
That childhood stays forever in the heart  
Time, the fleeting bird might flow  
With time the body might grow  
But in the heart may childhood dwell  
In the drops of merry rain it again swells.

Barnali Saha

# Have You Ever?

Have you ever?

It's late, dark outside

The stars are up there in their nocturnal ride

You are soaked in your world of peaceful slumber

Yet, I sit here wide awake

Wondering what my life is morphing into?

A mundane tale, a lost war a forlorn island you have never been to

The insalubrious, crumbling, invalidating trepidation of losing this whole world

being blind, immobile, like immured in a dungeon,

Inebriated by a bountiful dump of nothingness

Have you ever felt like this?

You look at me and see a benign smile, twinkling eyes, lots of delight

The camouflaged heart of broken dreams, failed thoughts and weary streams

The atrophy of my frail soul, do they ever reach you?

People are born daily, the world impregnated everyday'

The billowy montage of trillions moving, rustling

Yet having nothing to say

The sheer dumbness of thought, that's what I fear a lot



No fatalist I am not-may be an agnostic.

Have you ever wondered why am I so lost?

You must have missed it baby, I will carry on this

Impostures act yet you will never realize

I will dance and sway to the lingering tunes of life that you might play.

But in the end, when in sleep you rest, I will dropp that

Swindling dress and dump myself again in that intimidating mess.

by

Barnali Saha

Nashville, TN.

Barnali Saha

# I Come To You Life

I come to you life

What you are oh! Life sometimes I know not,  
At times you look vivacious, at times thou art a barren land,  
Echoing through the gallows of death, life  
You are but a blissful tale of strife.  
You are the starry night sky,  
I look at you with a solemn sigh.  
The surrounding solitary island,  
is a land newly found; by me,  
Who is but a sailor in quest of life's grail,  
So holy a journey it is, yet, so frail.  
I walk down your unknown path,  
with the polestar above me.  
Bewitched in your magical maze,  
lost in the labyrinth I carry on my chase.  
The infidels world stares at me,  
bedazzles me with its flashy ostentations.  
Yet, I turn to thee oh! Life,  
To know what thou art?  
To begin my story from end to the start.  
The sky above me now grows pale,  
the sun now sets and the wind is stale.  
Thou benign gray monster-what art thou a tornado or a twister?  
A joyful day or a jewel of great price?  
What thou art I must know.  
So I stead on with not a friend nor a foe beside me.  
Oh! Life you look at me with a smile,  
Wait up oh! My life here I come.

By

Barnali Saha

16th Sept 2008, Nashville, TN

Barnali Saha

# I Hope

I hope

I hope to see a happy world,  
A world of enchantment, a blissful planet  
I wish to see the sky stained blue,  
A magical sky with a heavenly hue  
I dream to catch the stars and rise  
I think of what god might apprise  
I hope to touch the grass lush green  
And imbibe the smell, the beauty and sheen.  
I dream to feel that dropp of dew,  
The virgin dew in my morning view  
With legerdemain I will dance my steps  
And enjoy the mirth while I don her wreath.  
But alas all I see is blood and vengeance  
The angel's raiment stained with blood stains  
Happiness you say is superseded now  
For to death and hell we all now bow  
An iota of hope is all I have  
But the changing world also threatens that!  
A patina of redundant hope  
Might not have a full scope  
To bloom  
As raid of evil bud in the world  
And affront to the world are hurled  
My hopes die an ill-timed death  
And mingle with the drops of blood that evil stain.

by

Barnali Saha

Barnali Saha

# Ode To My Sister

Ode to my sister

by

Barnali Saha

I walk into the busy streets  
Eying those holding hands  
Smiling, giggling or having lunch  
A hush, a whisper, a fleeting thought  
A pile of memories fresh are sought  
I fail to construe my own feelings  
Dejected at common sightings!  
The dried, maple leaf is floundering like me  
Probably rambling on the sideways for someone to see  
One unforgotten tear like a jewel tinkles  
In one forgotten chamber still it dwells  
Not remembered everyday yet remembered with each breadth  
Die Schwester, as that dancing moon light in the fathomless firmament  
My boundless falcon soars for you every passing moment  
The murky night and its hermana susurrate and laugh  
Raindrops spatter on the leaves and scoff  
At my Sisyphean task of searching you everywhere  
When I know from my heart that you are far  
My unwanted sorrows rest in your laughter  
I ratiocinate enough but fail to deduce  
What is it that binds so blindly me with you  
We are similar in similarities so few  
Devoid of ostentation our love so fresh, so new  
We spent such happy moments that it's hard to decipher  
The code of passion that links me to you  
A part of you I feel in me that will transcend our earthly doubts and deeds  
An organ that for pounding your soft touch needs  
Some where half way across the visage of this earth  
The terra firma oozes my pleasures, my mirth  
With you I live every moment, every day, and every passing second.  
My invisible hands clap your fingers  
My frail tune in your thoughts still lingers  
I rub my cheeks and begin to walk

Bidding adieu to those thoughts, those fears of losing you.

Barnali Saha

# The Child Laborer

The Child Laborer

by

Barnali Saha

He wakes up in one early morn  
And wipes his dry eyes of fatigue  
The stinky bin stands beside him  
Scrapes of paper and unadulterated dreams mingle  
A mystic odor lulls a honeyed charm  
He looks at the vast sky above  
Thousand lights dancing in delight  
And thinks of the day he had passed  
One grimy hand, one heart full of rust  
His hungry stomach aches in pain  
Poverty runs down his deep gray vein  
The stale bread in one street corner he ate  
While uncouth smiles mocked at his fate  
He is cold in his thread bare shirt  
His limbs curl up in the in the dust and dirt  
The heavy load of bricks awaits his arrival

One prized reward of a biscuit looks for him  
The world rotates eternally in glee  
Never pauses a second to see  
That unfortunate kid on that one corner laying  
His thirst for unquenchable love crying  
Yet he is happy in his hapless sphere  
He adorns his dusty smile in that moment of fear  
Undaunted courage rises in his bosom  
As new aspirations in his little heart blossom  
Flocculent phantasms of that bright new morrow  
When there will be no bricks and no cumbersome sorrow  
The furrows of his baby face glisten with perspiration  
The heavy load often bends his body but he is brave  
For he knows one life lies ahead  
A thousand miles to walk before he rests in his grave

Barnali Saha

# The Maiden

The Maiden

by

Barnali Saha

I was walking alone in the woods  
Far away from the mortal land, the shore of earthly goods  
Decked in canopy green fell the moon light soft  
Though the world moved I felt that time had stopped  
I stood at the pinnacle, on a mountain high  
And there I saw a castle located in the mighty sky  
A dark monument of splendorous shape  
I gazed at it open mouthed, I looked at it agape  
The broken trees around darkness bore  
As I gloated in the murkiness to the days of yore  
I tripped down the thorny steps and crushed the broken leaves  
I looked around in the darkness to the house in the cloudy sheaves  
A cold susurrating hollow wind blew past me  
In the shadows my open lids botched to see  
I smelled an air redolent of dried wreath  
An aroma of fear reeked in my breath  
Around me I heard the animals howl  
On a sinister tree sat an owl  
With heavy steps I swiftly moved  
From earthly domain to a world removed  
Soon I reached the foot of the knoll  
While on the acme the castle stood in tranquil  
The bereaving wind welcomed me  
And grabbed my hand and dragged my knee  
Lightning cracked and pour fat rain  
The mysterious world danced in the terrain  
From one window I saw a light  
A glimpse of hope, dim or bright  
I climbed up the mighty hill  
And at the gate my heart stood still  
The arched entrance boldly stood  
I reached up the latch and knocked the hood  
With a deafening sound oped the door  
The strange winds ushered me in door  
A baroque structure of broken bricks



A dreamy structure, an unknown trick  
In the shade I entered the hall way dark  
I shouted aloud but heard my echo bark  
A patina of dust and grime filled the room  
A broken chandelier swayed in the earthly gloom  
Stacks of furniture like corses rest  
With trepidation in my heart I clasped the nest  
I threw away my cold raiment and draped a dusty sheet  
And walked about in the room with my trembling feet  
Outside a tumultuous storm raged  
And cracked incessantly lightning  
A stairway stood at the end of the hall  
Lined were paintings in the wall  
Dust scattered and smeared each corner  
Bedaubing the room with her powdery cover  
The bats on the ceiling looked at me  
Suspicion in my heart unleashed free  
In the evanescent hue of lighting I saw  
A pretty face in a canvas drawn  
In darkness her white face glowed  
To her beauty my heart promptly bowed  
I looked at the wall with hope  
And looked at her in every scope  
Suddenly I heard a clock strike hard  
And a loud tocsin tolled the alarm  
With pounding heart I looked around  
But ticking clock my eyes never found  
I looked again at the maiden  
In the murk thought I was in Eden  
The lightning revealed her deep brows high  
Her ruby lips and earthly sigh  
Her bright brown eyes gazed at me  
Talk to me maiden, my heart would plea  
Soon another lightning cracked  
And thousand lights lit the dark  
Amazed I screamed to myself  
But my entrance lids on the painting dwelled  
In the glow I saw her face  
A painted rainbow, a bright, rose-red  
All my fears were allayed  
As spellbound at the visage I gazed  
The veil of time having moved

I saw eternity in my grasp  
My maiden seemed to smile to me  
And asked me curiously, "Who art thou? "  
I oped my hat while she raised her brow  
A stranger to your land I am  
A weary traveler who from the other world came  
Now she stood up from her seat  
As my spellbound spirit began to beat  
Her heavenly beauty filled the room  
The filthy corners lighted in the gloom  
With gentle steps she move to me  
And grabbed my hand and pulled a key  
She ushered me to a chamber high  
Her hands were white, cold and dry  
Mesmerized I moved to her  
She opened a stony door with her key  
I knew I was trapped and couldn't flee  
The room was cold and had a chair  
The walls were high and the corners bare  
The maiden asked me to rest in peace  
While she danced her tender steps with ease  
With every swirl her facade changed  
Once she was pretty damsel, once a fetale-femme  
Her rosy lips changed its hue  
With every move like the morning dew  
I saw around me forest deep  
A mountains high, snowy heap  
A murky world then materialized and  
Grasped my lady with a thunderous sigh  
I rose up and screamed No!  
Alone I saw nothing but a stony gallow  
I rushed to the door and smashed it hard  
But I heard nothing not a word  
In darkness I cried for a little help  
But nobody was there to come and save  
Then I felt a cold hand on me  
I turned around to see the smiling bee  
My damsel now decked in dark  
Stood behind me as cold death lurk  
"Come to me, to my world" she said  
Her welling eyes implored and begged  
I could feel my heart melting in pain

As I sat in the dark and rain  
"Come to me, to my world" she said  
Her welling eyes implored and begged  
I could feel my heart melting in pain  
As I sat in the dark and rain  
To my surprise I uttered "Nay"  
And freed my hands from her cold, cold clasp  
As if resuscitating after my apparent death  
I woke up from where spirits rest  
One by one the stony walls broke  
Soon I reached the gate again  
And bade goodbye to the cold maiden  
With screeching sound the manacles freed  
While the painted damsel laughed in greed  
I didn't turn back and see  
The painted maiden behind me  
Ran I ran from the ghastly prospect  
Down the hills, through the thicket  
The rain still poured in fat drop  
But I could not- dared not stay  
With bleeding feet I ran again  
An eternity passed by me  
Then my eyes lights could see  
I oped my eyes the next day morn  
And told my folks of the maiden adorn  
They rubbed my hands and blessed me  
For being alive after the death land spree  
The maiden had been dead for long  
But the painting awakes on every dawn  
To catch new preys her beauty slips  
To femme-fetale with ruby lips  
I closed my eyes in fearful mien  
And never went to that castle again.  
Yet every night I dream of her  
Her painted lips her golden hair.

Barnali Saha

# The World I See

The world I see

by  
Barnali Saha

I stand at the pinnacle, on a mountain high  
I look down and see the worldly debacle  
The veil of time having moved, I see eternity in the sand  
I open my hands and grasp the rain  
Virgin dew drops pouring from heaven  
With complete sang-froid I view my world  
A riddle of moving emotions, a passing fancy  
The pine trees around repine in grief  
The ersatz angel made from devil  
The passing world, the rotating evil  
From the acme I see each grain  
Each scintilla of hope dies in the brain  
The creative imagery flaunts its faded hue  
As I look down with a sojourn view  
Broken rocks lie underneath my feet  
And chilly wind whiz past me  
I smell an air redolent of broken wreaths  
And mull over the sanctity of modern life  
In a factory we live in peace  
While the green grass decked in morning dew tell  
No body comes to me and sees my spell  
Fair daffodils nod in breeze  
But is there anybody to see the green trees  
Accustomed to idiot box we seldom gaze  
At the great wide world for us made  
The rivulet of life flowing in me  
Meanders in the nature around me I see  
Every cell smell of life, every bush, every herb, ooze with life  
But so wrought are we in earthly strife  
That seldom we open our eyes and see  
The green fields and the little bee  
The bleating cattle in the meadow  
Also sing in vibrant shadow

