

Poetry Series

Debashree Kachari
- poems -



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Poet, designer, artist, short story writer, video artist, animal right activist
Debashree Kachari was born in a small village of Titabor, Assam in 1993. He had his early education at Mihiram Saikia Higher Secondary School and graduated from Jagannath Barooah College, Jorhat. Later he joined College of Art, Delhi University to learn art and design as his subject of interest. Currently he is pursuing M.Des in the prestigious Indian Institute of Technology Guwahati.



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The Procession

Cold silvery water flows hissing like a steam engine and meand towards Arctic's bosom as if it is the Nagapasha astra from the thundering bow of Indrajit. Ripple dances to a botman's song on the honey pebbles, and on the wet stones like a drowsy crocodile. Isn't it a bride-grooms procession?

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Delhi: The Day Of Departure

Each day? when the evening spread its wings across the yellow sky,
When the crowd gathers around
and when the air is heavy with odors of wine, CO, and sulphur.
We seat together, in a small corner?, amid the bustling street;
Of Mandi house, where wind of faces pass by.

There, we sing, dance and laugh at each other like those of comedians of
Burlesque theater.

Where, some of us paint with undefatigued passion,
phantasmagorical images out of rugged charcoal and crayon.
And some of us talk about zen, about artists, history and of myth...
From the stories of untold love to unrevealed grief...
From shayeri to sex and religion,
Together we share and continue our conversations? until
Words melt into an oblivion.

Also do we talk of fart and of setting fart-fire on wet grass.

And, thus, we cease from mundane rush.

Oftentimes, I look into their austere eyes, unnoticed...

For I have known them already, as from ancient times, and know their
translucency for a while...

That reveals their yearning for the prize of life.

We hang out, like all other in the city

Indeed, with each other, in a Van Gogh

Café at Night...

" Well, we all hate our home " they said,

For we've made a fond home out of delicate love.

I must tell o my friends

That we are the sand of time washes away by the tide of time.

And one day time will turn it's head,

And paint its own smudge on the canvas grey.

Shall we not depart?

We dare not to...

Because we said we hate our homes.

But, we have to go, to each direction

To the each end of the margin line

Where fate casts its fortunes nest.

It was nice to see you all.

To see you smile
To see the setting sun together,
If we had to go someday,
In thoughts, shall we meet
In dreams, shall we talk
Shed not a single tear,
For we have been happy throughout the years
For an Old man said it is the silent language of grief.
Dear all, though We must be going,
With a vow to meet again?
In an April evening, when the
Creepers will regrow out of the
Dilapidated city walls.

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Upon Syrian Child

In Jordan in a refugee camp,
An orphaned baby child wipes off
Tears of her widowed mother.

Where, another baby child on a broken chair, wails for his missing brother.

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Requiem

Strings are on fire...
Fingers are on pyre.
Dance to the rhythm of my burning violin,
Dance to the horror of the night.
Dance until you can catch the glow,
Dance until your heart melts and flow.
Set your soul on fire,
Set your goal on fire,
Because, sometimes it feels good;
to be burnt
And to live with the scars.
Strings are on fire,
Fingers are on pyre.

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Not Just Yet

Not yet
Not just yet;
Your memories are faded,
It still echoes, echoes somewhere
In the silent house,
Now days seem like years
since I lost you for forever
Since I lost you for forever.

Your memories are not dead
Not yet
Not just yet.

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This Spring

I didn't know how silently
The new Spring came into my old
village and left,
It's tender radiance that
still lingers in my soul.
I didn't know how
It drove the frenzied
birds to go to their nests.
I didn't know how
My senses drowned in the wild
ecstasy
Of vernal fragrance,
And left me
half alive in a bittersweet sadness...
I don't know why
My emotions flee into the horizon
Like a voyager mesmerized to catch
the glow of the sunset,
In a rainbow colored bubble of
poetry.
Strange! Strange! Like the
mysterious dream of beauty,
Withering like the last rose of
of summer,
Falling like the golden Autumn
leaves,
As a coiling melancholy churns the
Spring into an empty dream.
This Spring gave me no green
letters of love
A message written in the petals of
wildflowers,
And, I am languishing in the
cuckoo's voice.
Now, on knowing
My heart smoulders in pain,
I scream like a cattle missing in a
mountain terrain.
Spring is wafting away like music

dying...

As the fisherman hums a nostalgic
song on his lonely bamboo raft;
And I see the quiet joy of life,
Flowing like the purling waters of
the Luit.

Meaning:

Luit or Lohit: Another name for the
river Brahmaputra.

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Mid Summer Days

A far cry, a blast of cooper-like sky
Cascades golden hye that embraced green so shy,
A pall of azure soon gleams and arise;
Shadows of sadness then blink and dies.

Darkness has sacrificed to unleash the light
that awoke the peonies so bright and bright,
By lake side, lily and lotus grows pink or white;
But they have no value before first light.

Ebb of zephyr drive the dust of thy despair
Heavenly drop drips through, breaking the air,
They kiss the tree-tips and slip into the mere;
Half-conscious flowers then shouts and cheer.

Stream of water leads a river into a river
Just as the cloud flows hither and thither,
Same is the sea of hope and desire;
O Summer, promise me that you'll last for ever.

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Sailing Through A Vision

Time is melting like a piece of
cheese,
And the night is cold; a hooded
owl flies,
As the moon appears in the empty
sky.

In the darkness I sat,
With the silence of eternity
around me...

I drank a hundred jugs of golden
wine,

Sipping the antique draught of
sorrow;

Alone with my shadow I kept on
drinking,

Until all faded into a deep
oblivion...

Awhile a sigh fell in the silence,
And a still image hover'd before
my eyes,

Ah! It was my beloved!

I asked myself,

Whither way has she gone?

Didst she loved me for love's
sake...? ?

And the answer was naught, but a
surreal quietness!

Silently the gloomy night grows
with time's flow,

Now, I can hear the rustling
melody of the the wind

In a gust, on the poplars and the
elms;

And I can't sleep,

For I am emptied of all my
dreams...

I was the servant of art, carrying
the casket of beauty,

How beautiful was my beloved!

Robed in the raiment of her
delicate modesty;
She was the purest hope in my
remorse,
An inspiration in this obscure
world.
Carrying the warm lamp of life in
this journey,
Now, as the blue mist rises from
the mountain groves,
I open'd my slumbering eyes,
Soon, a tear drop fell in my chalice
of wine,
Then I smelt the odors of roses
and jasmine,
And saw their fading petals
fluttering above me;
As I slept like a carcass,
And beside me stood,
The ruined tombs of the mortal
world...

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