

Poetry Series

# **Golaka behari Acharya**

## **- poems -**

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## Golaka behari Acharya(19-04-1962)

I have been a shy birth the eyes of a goat led to the slaughter house haunts arly all woes. I also look into my dermatis and life too painful. The only way to live well is to share others' worries & concern.I have one anthology of poems Agadha Adhaka Mora (The Unbuilt Half Of Mine) .I love to live in others' love and e keep in touch with phone number is-09938175100.

# A Demon Or A God

Wherever the body is  
'I' get up hidden  
run, fly or float  
somewhere other I am.

From inside the knot;  
the neck spits at a giraffe  
eyes telescope  
greed zooms in  
I suck a lot many things  
you never see; can't see at all.

Envy the neighbor  
kill the Alexanders  
rape the virgins or a Cleophile  
and philosophize  
shinning like the sun.  
Where you're; there my body is  
where you're; I am not there;  
I sit somewhere  
like a God  
away from all.  
I stand somewhere

1-04-2009 Keshadurapal

Golaka behari Acharya

# A Different Song

Somewhere the ruffled wind sings a lullaby  
who else will  
when the hiss of death audible  
from below the tree of govt.  
The sky covers him from the paws of winter.  
Barren was his wife  
who gifted loneliness and went.  
His swollen feet love the earth,  
hug it closely always.  
He calculates his age more often,  
sleeps to wake and listen to all those.  
27-11-2010 Keshadurapal

Golaka behari Acharya

# A Love Poem

I'm away  
because I should be away;  
You should think  
Should I be not away,  
you should have  
missed whom you should love.

My tear should  
be your happiness.

Golaka behari Acharya

# A New Future

Pain was my thread  
Memories were the flowers  
the devotee was me dear.

I went to yours.  
When I offered it  
a glimpse I did get  
Alas! the thread did melt  
flowers fell  
and a new garland it made.

I saw a new future.

Golaka behari Acharya

# A New Year

A new year came  
on the wedding day  
another on the day  
my son was born.  
A new year came  
at the death of my papa  
in the bald wrist of my mom  
a new year drained my blood  
another pumped something into  
alas!  
the sky it is  
I often smile  
and often cry  
as the new year pass by.

Golaka behari Acharya

# Abracadabra

Sometimes I feel where I am  
sometimes I fail.I love the leaves  
I love dark cloud touches me  
the pale smoke  
stands in front of me.  
The swollen feet of Suka Dehuri  
covers my thought.I forget all  
as fire in the loins glow.  
My 'complex' withers  
when I stand before you  
and you undress or silently allow me.  
The sun is dear but the moon no less.  
You are near but life no less.  
Death everywhere and life durapal 28-11-2010

Golaka behari Acharya



# After One Sitting

Flying and flying  
looking and looking  
searching and searching  
whirling and whirling  
the butterfly  
sat on a flower.

The breeze felt lovely  
the sky more azure  
the flower  
bright and scented  
it felt all life there.

Now he broods.  
Discerns what is good  
What is bad too.  
Where did I wrong?  
Is there pain after death.  
What should I do?  
Keshadurapal 19-11-2010

Golaka behari Acharya

# Another Pain

At the crowded health camp  
amidst the buzzing of bumblebees  
what happens?

I stand somewhere alone  
Brecht counts me in the list  
My heart aches  
for what?

Golaka behari Acharya

# Apathy

The drumstick hangs  
the calf pushes its head  
into the fence  
the bleeding scratch runs.

The torso of the policeman; naxals cut  
spits blood  
I sit apathetic like  
the Autumnal air.  
Keshadurapal; Odisha; India; 09938175100

Golaka behari Acharya

# As If She Is Coming

As if She is Coming  
She is coming; as if she is coming  
She gave her words in an earlier birth to come  
and she is coming.

The trees are ready with buds  
to bloom and have worn sarees in green  
the air has sprayed some scent in it  
the water has taken an ablution-all  
all are ready to greet her; and me  
so young at fifty  
as if I am just seventeen.

She is the flesh of my flesh  
she is the blood of my blood  
she is the life of my body  
in her absence she is more with me  
and what will happen if she comes.

The tender sun  
the lighted night  
the soft day and my historic life  
can they at all keep her  
can they at all keep her  
for all births to come!  
As if She is Coming

Golaka behari Acharya

# Assassin

Nowhere was a dot of blood; nowhere  
neither in the hands of the assassin,  
nor on the nail, nor even on her cloth.  
There was no spot on the tip of the knife;  
nor on the ground nor even  
around my footsteps along the path I took;  
there was no trace of blood.

How professional was the assassin  
seeing her usual work and the smiling face

Golaka behari Acharya

# Butterfly To Caterpillar

The reverse you are.

At eighty or with wife or grandchildren  
youth hides in the umbra  
a blurred image  
shakes hand with the fallen leaf  
a retired general  
stars and guns are off.  
How many times I fondled you  
kissed the flowers  
followed the flies  
caressed the heaps  
clasped the thighs  
defined love differently.  
Feminism haunts here  
independence for all I cry aloud  
reciprocation is the recipe of love-  
all but me was an animal.  
I brood like a caterpillar  
the elevation of my soul.  
Sin or sanctity covers the cabin  
I am in it.  
That's all.  
At eighty that's all.

Keshadurapal; 18/11/2010

Golaka behari Acharya

# Crematorium

I am in a crematorium  
I see the herb and thorn around;  
my rotten body and mutilated limb  
half eaten by vultures and foxes  
the empty pot, the used up broom  
my stinking dress and the slippers;  
all around.

From somewhere often audible  
the cry of kith and keen; how  
easily I tore the relationship  
ended writing diary and forgot  
your faces. I am fallen in the centre.

Should I leave the place now?

I look around to see my love  
I see the saplings, the lovely trees  
their flowers of bewitching scent  
and tear in the eyes of my  
wife and smell of my land  
the sound of my temple bell  
the smile of near and dear ones.  
I cry to be here; to be here always,  
for all time to come; to bleed  
on the thorns of life  
smell the flowers of love. 23-12-2010

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Golaka behari Acharya

# Cry For The Heavenly Abode

The pigeons in their heavenly abode  
flying from those  
fluttering in the sky  
chirping there to flock together  
and fly together  
often visiting the ground  
may be making the sunshine.  
The smoke goes there  
my mind, my aspersions  
all  
may not be touching you  
but I am dying for such a state.

You know not you are in love  
and I fail to find one or the lost one never.

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# Darkness

Darkness

asleep under the bush

to spread over the sky

was

slowly peeping like smoke.

It filled the temple; the minds of the devotees then

outsiders looked black

in the name of democracy.

Oh! darkness

was audible in the UNO.

Keshadurapal,03-12-2010

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# Everywhere

Where is life if not here!

Her silvery skin spreads  
with the morning sun  
I inhale the scent of her nubile youth  
in air  
night falls like a cascade  
of the braid of hair  
she smiles on every flower.

History says  
she is in every age;  
she is, was not, is not, was.  
No need to get and touch.  
Reality invites her to my dream  
and  
dream is an entrance to my tomb.

Oh! I am happy everywhere  
Was she or not  
Is she or not  
will she be or not.  
I found her, find her, will find her  
In the ocean of my love. Keshadurapal'29-11-2010

Golaka behari Acharya

# Flute Tune

A darkness was erupting like smoke  
under the bush  
the chorus of old agile Pravakar's  
bent back bone and disc prolapse  
the tomb; a sylvan historian  
witnesses all these and a lot more.

Amidst the pandemonium of the parliament  
and withering manifestoes  
a flower falls somewhere in Kalahandi  
dreams slip like handicaps on the way  
sleep like dried rivers  
palsaid people crawl for a meal  
finding no help; Shira commits suicide  
to live no life. A paralytic Chaitan Khuntia  
waits for the pension to get love of others.

I still listen to the flute tune  
sung in the orchard  
the creepers buzz in them  
the mango groove tilts abuzz  
the earth murmurs as a plough man ploughs  
the hymn echoes in me  
live a life worth living. 26-12-2010

Golaka behari Acharya

# How I Suffer

In the chilling cold I burn  
in the scorching sun I feel cool  
so is your memory

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# I Am In Love

I forget to water the plants I planted  
don't watch news  
don't read books  
don't try anything afresh  
but I clean my dress  
comb my hair  
try to look smart  
and move around unnecessarily.  
Oh! I am in love  
Alas at this age.

Golaka behari Acharya

# I Don'T Know: Is It Love

How can I say?  
You came in loneliness  
I had fire in the loins  
I hugged, clasped &  
requested to have you.

You understood  
I was wrong  
Parted & ran away.

Since then  
I have been crying  
I am in love.

Golaka behari Acharya

# In The Darkness

In the darkness a mango falls  
an owl hoots  
wind blows and you smile.

In the darkness news comes  
a naxal fires  
a flower withers, he chooses words.

In the darkness silence churns  
a God transforms  
a heaven makes and my hair falls.  
Keshadurapal 20/11/2010

Golaka behari Acharya

# Insuperable

Sincere photo tropism  
of love and wishes  
my kaolin body holds.  
Etiquette inscribed in kindergarten  
still there  
I grow two selves in me.

The finery of married life  
and hidden weakness  
for you—all there.  
How can the creeper  
overcome  
the shade under it and  
the light on the leaves!  
Keshadurapal; 29-11-2010

Golaka behari Acharya



# Konark

Built myself  
in the bricks of Robert Frost  
so much sculpture  
so much finery  
but the artisan in me failed.

Did the Artisan failed in me.

The old lady  
widowed at ninety  
loves her husband  
loves her life  
loves her bangles too.  
None can say her insane.

I  
wanted to be a blade of grass  
couldn't be a dropp of dew  
a Konark is in me  
I am in the unbuilt part too.

Monks and myths chant  
that Artisan's name  
who makes not  
what I love  
but  
what He thinks  
and what He is not.

Golaka behari Acharya

# Laconic

In the smiles of deities and leaders  
socialism spreads  
something blocks my s  
turn grey.

Golaka behari Acharya

# Lost

A pen in my childhood.  
A girl in my sand house.  
A win in the past.  
A fearsome night.  
And YOU.  
But I cannot loss my diary.

Golaka behari Acharya

# Mad

Fly in the sky  
I would in hale your beauty  
come to my cabin  
I must drink your love  
wherever you are  
I listen to you.

My senses are open  
but they don't work  
properly  
I see the sky  
I in hell the darkness  
drink beauty  
Oh! I am mad for love.

Golaka behari Acharya

# Me

I am fifty  
My eyes are a bull  
My nose a cat  
My ears are a rabbit  
My body is a hearth  
I don't know  
why  
I run after women  
in the name of love  
or affection.

Golaka behari Acharya

# Memory

Time flows through the knuckle  
leaving memory  
in the fist  
I unfold and see history.

My corpse fallen alone  
you're -no killer-  
in a palace  
but blood stints on your body; I see.

How amazing  
the killer is blood-bathed.  
The man killed  
frowns at God; you  
fail to leave me alone.  
My memory is with me.  
Keshadurapal,29-11-2010

Golaka behari Acharya

# Not In The Town

The hanging drumstick  
sways from the branch  
my broken hand in the sling  
feels warm;  
a quill flutters and flies  
I measure my body weight;  
you measure yours.

A thatched house  
catches fire, wind gushes  
people run in  
still some are careless  
at the other end  
enjoy cockfight  
and the temple bell rings.

Evening-silence breaks  
some gossip and some cry  
when some others  
carry the bier

Golaka behari Acharya

# Placid

Silence for sometime.

A placid sky

still water of the pond

coma in the body

Then a delivery.

Me!

Knows well

can't be yours

you can't be mine

predict an unbearable death,

fallen on the road

half of the body cut and

wet in blood

accident. Bleeding

waiting for total

drain out

DEAD.

Then absolute SILENCE. Because  
some day you won't be mine.

Golaka behari Acharya



# She

Even when she is  
even when she is not;  
wind blows softly  
leaves look greener  
sky calm  
earth placid  
flowers strewn everywhere  
when  
I think of hers.

Golaka behari Acharya

# She Asked

She was in love  
intense love  
for five years.

Spoke me freely.

The boy will marry  
not me but someone other.  
How can I live!  
We will miss each other.  
He often cries.

Close you me.  
Is it a sin  
if I enjoy him once.  
Is not it the fulfillment of love?

What was there if I said 'No'.

Golaka behari Acharya

# Silence

Silence after a murder

no kith and keen nearby

buzz of the flies around

heart throbs, mouth agape

I cry, bleat, hoot.

They take the shape of an amoeba

and

shape or no shape

the amoeba is all but a poem.

Golaka behari Acharya

# Sunflower

I look yellow  
you are the cause.  
Your love took away  
all other colour from me.

I turn my face and body  
from east to west  
because you are there  
may be far away.

Be there all along  
I want to be like this.<sup>27</sup>

Golaka behari Acharya

# The Bird

A tree stands there.

What's its name?  
A bald tree stands there  
birds come, sit, twitter  
and go.  
Some birds come everyday.  
Are they the same?  
Sometimes they are.

Years ago  
a bird came; lovely one  
sat, sang, swam and swung  
touched me too.  
The bird was my life.

Azure sky silhouette  
looks grey nowadays  
flowers loss their colour  
air has no scent  
when someone hunts a bird  
I cry  
Oh! they say  
I am crying for the other.

Keshadurapal; 18/11/2010

Golaka behari Acharya

# The Bravity Of A Nubile Girl

In the confessions of Sasmita;  
another stroke;  
making her love deep and visible;  
I see my frailty.  
My youth stands in front of me;  
an effigy burnt down;  
Oh! only the stunt laughs.  
The hidden letters of hers  
wait for nights like foxes  
to come out from the holes  
see the world  
expose their bare feminine body.  
The moment I brave to face them  
or be a Sasmita  
the whole life shatters. 22-12-2010

Golaka behari Acharya

# The Bumblebee

The odour persists  
tiredness numbs  
eyelids bow, I feel poor.

The other day  
a flower touched me  
I touched her too.

The bumble—bee  
has a silly history.  
He lives in the society;  
in the garb of  
you and I.

KESHADURAPAL; Odisha; india.13/01/2010 Ph-09938175100

Golaka behari Acharya

# The Earth

I am the earth  
moving around the axis of problems  
still  
moving around you; my sun.

I have thorns on the way  
hill-like problems;  
and  
ocean of tears in me.

I've an invisible path  
dark portico-sky  
milky way-thought and  
star like friends making me look  
look at you always.

Golaka behari Acharya



# The Jungle

Through the jungle  
light and shade  
thorns and cozy leaves  
the track runs.  
Pebbles, you stumble  
swampy you feel  
cool breeze comes  
wolves howl;  
lions roar  
owls hoot  
tigers growl; I walk  
amidst  
pain and pleasure.  
Night is fiery  
days are lovely.  
Seasons change  
situations too.  
Winter shivers  
rain threatens  
wind intolerable  
still I walk.  
A death echoes  
'Life' audible;  
I think to leave 'the world'  
but never.  
The track in the jungle  
laughs at me  
I fail to leave it  
I live here  
I live here and will live here.24-01-2011

Golaka behari Acharya

# The Killer

I have a lot many dreams  
but no reality  
I have a lot many wants  
but no fulfillment: the gap;  
a sharp invisible knife  
that kills me, kills me and kills me.

Golaka behari Acharya

# The Map

I drew a map of my childhood  
another of my adolescence, then  
my youth and the next. One day,  
sitting alone I tried to compare all.  
Found one picture constant in them  
like the plateau or rain fed area  
or the contours:

The LOVE, LOVE, LOVE.

I tore those to pieces then  
threw them to the ocean of death  
but  
found myself  
totally drenched.  
Oh! yes I am.

Golaka behari Acharya

# The Road

An old bull strolls across  
a childless old man  
walks slowly  
amidst the mango leaves  
a mongrel peeps at them  
leaves flutter as sunshine touches  
but the road bears all pain.

The dust throbs with  
the echo of the vesper call  
the temple bell  
contaminates a narrow religion  
folding hands staple us together  
but a shadow breaks us apart.

Golaka behari Acharya

# The Same Kalahandi

The same scene  
the same rain  
the same night.

Hills watch  
the wild panorama of humans  
how bullet crushes  
and knife spills blood  
how  
'death' is the only news.

So cool and scented air  
from the greenery hums:  
where a child was sold  
where a pulsar fades  
then it dries the tear in "their eyes".

Innocence stares:  
how isms make wars  
plans create contours  
life halts  
if a rain  
could wash our sorrows.  
Kehadurapal, 18/11/2010

Golaka behari Acharya

# The Unbuilt Half Of Mine

Can you peel off my loneliness  
leaving the flame; the heat  
you cannot.  
If you could  
I would not have been Goloka;  
something else I would be.  
My tear drops would be pearls  
I would have kept some  
at your doorstep and  
some in the pocket  
telling to walk on it  
often in pleasure  
and often in sorrow.  
Throw the other for Chemi, Miti, Balia;  
the characters of my .  
No, no, it is impossible.  
I am a half built temple  
the other half is lovelier than this;  
death is the tip  
but the other half  
still not built  
is the cause my sorrow and worries.  
KESHADURAPAL,21-12-2010

Golaka behari Acharya

# There, Where I Was

Everything went  
the rosy cheeks, kiss-crazy lips  
the loins; ready to welcome you  
yet I remain there, where I was  
when all of these withered.

The whiteness of my bone  
deepened, the weakness too  
the backbone bent, rattle often  
wrinkles grow  
hair whitened, half of the ridge  
of teeth went  
the other half still help smiling  
as I see the ; I smile  
as I remain there,  
where I was.

I fail to forget  
those events happened to me  
I remained inside to  
remember you; not to allow  
death peep into  
either to touch you or me  
as I remain there  
where I was.

Keshadurapal; 30-11-2010

Golaka behari Acharya

# Torso Of A Puppet

Light shakes  
as a branch tilts  
in the wind  
life runs  
flimsy and quick  
forwarded and it is  
still  
your face is visible  
neatly  
darkness fails to hide  
as past lurks  
I feel my need-past and present  
future haunts me never  
let it as it comes.  
Once jumping into the river  
to die  
death dipped in it  
I got injured.

A door opens  
a conch blows  
a puppet looks  
a season fades  
and  
a death waits for me in living  
still  
how lovely it is to live.

A hailstone strikes  
its icy touch  
sucks my pain  
gives something other.

Oh! How sad I am  
how happy I am  
a torso of a puppet  
the rest  
still a puppet it is;  
a child plays.



How sad and happy I am!  
Keshadurapal; 18/11/2010

Golaka behari Acharya

# Umbrella

Surrounding is  
sharper a knife than diseases  
society; more fierce a bullet  
than my deserted love;  
Oh! 'they' are a nuclear bomb.

I want an umbrella  
to save me from  
    derelict disc, dim eyes  
broken back and bleak future.

It should check  
the hunger next door  
the unnatural death nearby  
and the beast in man.

Oh! can it save  
robbery in naxalism  
jingoism in patriotism  
war among countries  
and innocent killings around.

I want an umbrella  
to save me and all  
from the cruel pain of 'the sun'  
the wild dance of 'rain'.

I want an umbrella  
to save me and the world too.

Golaka behari Acharya

# Verandah

A strange verandah  
old and vanquished eyes  
toothless sunken cheeks  
looking at the road  
years of hunger dancing in front  
and  
thirst for all unachieved  
dazzling like bubbles in the teary eyes  
they assemble and sit.  
'Afternoons' carry afternoons.  
Always a night waits.

Looking at the distant milestones  
they listen  
this is not the road, the other was.  
How could they return with the same flesh  
to ten or twelve.

I see a lump of MY flesh  
there;  
on the same verandah  
my childhood, my youth  
all I see;

1-04-2009 Keshadurapal

Golaka behari Acharya

# When You Are Away

A leaf falls  
a flower withers  
the wind is silent  
silence; a terrorist  
crawls into my cabin  
I see the knife  
tightens the noose  
I feel pain  
blood comes out  
I bleat and die every moment.

Golaka behari Acharya

# Where All In Me Ends

Where all my sorrows end  
all my years  
where all my dreams end  
all my light  
where all in me end  
my end is there.  
How can I say  
life is not there  
somewhere other.  
I feel like a plane  
falling suddenly  
on engine-fail in the sky.  
Don't leave me dear  
I am a Neruda  
in my song of despair.

Golaka behari Acharya

# Wishes

As I start the semi brave  
wishes get wings  
the cello, the flute—all brighten;  
I think so I am.

Once I planted a mango sapling  
manured it, watered it  
already a mango was in my mind.

My birth, like a dropp of a stone  
on water  
churn into and  
death circles like waves around.

As waves mitigate  
new ones arise  
the note ends  
the mango falls  
the light sparkles  
and I feel; I live.  
I live in my wishes.  
KESHDURAPAL; Odisha; India 11/01/2010

Golaka behari Acharya