

Poetry Series

AMIT RAY

- poems -

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AMIT RAY

Once again i thank my friends-real and virtual, people who know or not yet apprised of me, my acquaintances of past and present life who adorned my works with their valuable comments.

It was pleasure meeting people from various parts of the world from various socio-economic background.

Adios. Amit Ray.

Works:

Will come surely- my research papers and books, sooner or later.

***** A CHRISTMAS- SINGING HER SOPRANO*****

I am a shepherd
Solitary; delighting sans a shepherdess's company
Void christmas, devoid carol
Pensive breaths saying had she my everything been
Though spattered but melodramatic it is
All my words are scattered as rays of light
Like my fleet of sheep
perhaps never to come back
That there indeed are some love affairs
Never saying die to be fragile
In my old medieval attic
where i wait for her
singing her soprano
A Christmas-singing her soprano

What would not i think for her? That i,
I could see my strings beating the cadenza
As if she is the damsel awaiting in her bordello
beckoning me in her fishnets
And when i go towards her
She says' I am not a butterfly
and who are you to fill colour in me? '
Says she ' I am not a fish who breathes your name
and who are you to catch me? '
Unknown-yes she is, but i..i want her for a second
Far away from the world
In the calvary where her people crucified me
And call me a mulatto
Painful though, there indeed are some love affairs
Never saying die to be fragile
flowing through the veins of a violin
Singing her soprano for a velvet welcome
A Christmas-singing her soprano

Deep inside my heart where i miss her
And for all my compassion, tears and dreams
I am a man -her man who walks on the brink of life and death
I begged for a day's massari in the deserts
where i find her but could not break the ice
but i dabbed her snow red in all my heart's blood
So that when it melts she could drink my pain
the one struck by her stiletto but to be immersed
in her river of vengeance to become better-
like wine which gets gooder over years
like that river which fell into the sea
but still is river that melts only in the sands of her sea
That there indeed are some love affairs
Never saying die to be fragile
So i sit, sit alone to sing her soprano
A Christmas-singing her soprano

AMIT RAY

***** A SUBTERFUGE*****

Today creeps into tomorrow
In black, in white
Her hopes in this red wine became obsessed with my blood
Womanising-my religion of darkness
Alas! she smiles off with a new day
the recent past in glimpses
each day everyday
and vanishes,
without saying but meaning
It is not that easy to forget someone in love
Time or my death so goes the question
as i think we perhaps shall never meet
or may be God is having my ordeal
of subterfuge

What have i asked from her
That she became my God
I chase her rainbow in the sky of my poems
See her avatar everywhere but nowhere is she
People....this bingeing pals of mine say i am drunk
That i drink my pain for her happiness
And she laughs as if she has never seen a foolish
Like me in this world where men uses women
as misogynists for money....what happened with me
i was so snobbish a man....
What a subterfuge is this?
I am married to her in this subterfuge the pathways
of which was never smooth
I love the way i have fallen in love with her
People jostle with each other, people meet in places
through acquaintances, but i met her on my way to poems
so i sail in her love....without knowing if my ship
called love will be lucky to have her roses
Or her thorns in clouds will always be bombarding me
in her subterfuge with flowers of love for her
as she emerges out of her sleepy blue ocean
in her subterfuge.....

I cry my dreams so that she comes like a mother
And i put my troubled face in her cleavage
Like every common man's life cycle which passes
from sucking sweet meats of a mummy to grow up
And then rehearse that sweet infancy on another woman
for nothing but love to be the pill for my illness
Nay, it never happened with her
So today i am sober stopping childish cries
and started blowing air bubbles muttering her name
or
for dunking biscuits in my gentleman's tea
I made that with my gentleman-like masculinity
Still my mind scuttle on to her hobbling thoughts
If ever she will come and say

'....Listen, your tea will cool off
and i am not going to make it a second time'....
Angel, my sweet angel for whom it feels
like i have lived all my life
Knowing she is going or happens to be someone else's
or she hates my stances like all those lies i invented to discover her
in love....
Toxic i am.....tantric is she
And this etiquette called writing poems of love
and more so for her
sitting alone, begging her
'give me my life, my dreams, my identity, my poems
nay not disillusioned with God
asking myself if ever her car will pick me up
and i pretending to be drunk hit it into some wall
where both our lives will enter eternity forever
to say yes, i still and could not but failed to hate her
in my subterfuge.....
in her heart forever and challenge for God to rub them in years
ages of my soul immeasurable
even if i die miserably today....now
in subterfuge

Amit Ray
20/09/2009

AMIT RAY

***** BONNIE CAT *****

Bonnie cat o!
Bonnie cat... don't go away
Bonnie cat look! you make funny bunny crying,
Bonnie cat see it is cold and will not you
come and have me sleep in your warmth
Bonnie cat will not we play the strings of a piano together
one which made the days of summer like a swallow bird
humming into the chilly wintry nights in the command of a nightingale
Bonnie cat o!

Bonnie cat o!
Bonnie cat look i have carrot soup for you
Shall not we chase and try to fly like those duffy ducks
they now bully me bonnie cat
Bunny is so scored without you
Shall not we play in the sunshine meadows
and steal milk from the chocolate hut
Shall not you tell me again to run and get you the rainbow past you
Shall not we see the fountains emerge again and quench our thirst
Bonnie cat o!

Bonnie cat o!
Bonnie cat see our life lacks subtlety
without our sinewy power of bonding
Bonnie cat o bonnie cat!
Don't leave me for a panjandrum center
in your heart...cavort back dear!
See the bunny too have fish and chips for you
Flesh for your heart and not syringes made of bones
And heart for your flesh never ever in the mesh of bandages
Bonnie cat will not you come as Latin song
in satin clothes for my prayer's christmas gift
Bonnie cat o!

Bonnie cat o!
Bonnie cat look you made funny bunny no more irascible
In your zany droplets of fear which in i grew up
Bonnie cat without you i am lost in the turbine
where noxious gases take my breath away
It now stings like an urchin and groans like a swine
Is not it you testing my patience bonnie cat
Tell me bonnie cat don't walk away
Word does make an image of fascination
but pain does not when i convey am really in
Bonnie cat...
my sweet bonnie cat
Bonnie cat o!

AMIT RAY

***** HER SLEEPY BLUE OCEAN -FREE FORM*****

Pensive souvenir of solitariness
fights passing thoughts azure
flytipping soft fluffy blushes of solace
and seduces sapphire serpentine sessions
en sangre;
As a catamaran sails with the caravan of
her sleepy blue ocean

Sheltered coast of freshness
wraps a vampire's cashmere scarf
vanished from virulence to vicissitude
or a patience vetiver in tears of violet mascara;
As a rainman unveils in the sylvan from
her sleepy blue ocean

Slumbers ruined in baige bosom flames
smells the devil darkness so indigo
in some moist lippy breath
blinds a music into narrow cobblestone
paths of whiny deafening a palette
in her vertigo;
As a viveur chases the moccasin steps in
her sleepy blue ocean

04/07/2009

AMIT RAY

***** THE FORGOTTEN *****

Wrapped in a drifting darkness
Sombrely melancholy taking on life
The winter wind creaking happiness
from love's dead branches
Still the flames have to subside
In her red glow for my pale sky
Love dimmed with discontent
I stand smothered yearning
thinking against reality she might
spin a yarn but 'no';
True love will lose its urn
Until the night when passion
will be burning to ashes
Ghastly cold cutting right through
Mourning the sun's rays to be...
-'The Forgotten'

The river still flows by
She murmurs out of the water
over the mossy pebbles
once thrown on me
A trader yes the one who lost
in the recession of love
Vanity of hope torned apart
when love knelt on her feet
Until the cool breeze
which will flutter all my pages meant for her
Threatening now to fly away
Leaving the sensual longings
huddled against my sterile virtue
on the way to be...
-'The Forgotten'

I now look like a stupid creature
She is sick of me the mad man
In his weekly growth of beard
which grew with my puerile words may be poems
Gasping for love
Three pretty words i always meant
in lies, in truths, in angers, in fears,
She never adored in her giddy airs
How i persist in this poisonous trade
Playing with her fire
Blood seems jammed in one spot
Fascinations shoved her way out
May be it's last breath to wobble
Living or dead for her
and to this world and everyone as
poetry's coincidental calico
Which i will leave
After
my martyrdom which failed in her love

Like an inglorious sesquipedalian
to be.....
-'The Forgotten'

Amit Ray
26/08/2009

AMIT RAY

***** VOLVER -SPANISH- TO RETURN*****

You must be apprehending
If i have anything to say in reconciliation,
or may be in reticence what you wanted
When a butterfly called love
Charred in the fire you kindled;
Intoxication be it or be it the beauty of yours
I live in and die in
The name pristine of yours i chant in this heart
a volver,
which has nothing to vandalise between a venerative mom
or vindicative about a dad, or, mere finicky about some brother
In you is my leaf which flutter when a star breaks from your eyes
And in dreams it is intertwined,
drinking quart from your eyes for life
It touched me in slumber,
your air angeline,
your airs a volver
where in dreams i roll and fell into your arms
when you all canny barefooted my dreams for this volver called love,
Then you spread your sky out so blue so that i may sleep
And indulgence in my silence absolute
Underneath my bare feet to walk on your hopes still high,
floating, make i this lust a volver
where i stand tall, still tall not titillating what is the flute
of love i play for you beckoning you, yet so many names,
bitter but sweet, salted but sour with a passion to soar
in rainbows, which you might say seem beautiful only
in your sky where i fly, fall free into your riverine transition
called love, you would say has had lost in your desert,
a volver,
a search so frantic for me in your heart,
an inferno to burn and melt the ice what we created
to break free our rosemary love, a volver
So do i,
So i am,
a volver rekindled to glitter our golden love
be it you recognise or you fail to be cognizant
'en amito' the volver
before and after for ever
for the rays of 'ray de amito'
to ignite the 'sagitarrian angeline' fire
once again in the lioness to find her volver
the way we met for the sway to be a volver

18/05/2009

AMIT RAY

****** A DAGGER..******

Sweet destination,
hallucinating marvel to marvel,
spattered betrayal for a staggered chondriac,
the annals of almanac daggered dilapidatedly

Awe-inspiring avenge as a smothered smoke,
smoke belching life in its retaliation-revenge;
Unknown unheard strife with an attitude,
a gratitude salvaged with largasse of pleasure;
the harsh vicissitude in the altitude of horizon- a dagger

A dagger.....is an aphrodisiac.
Voluptuous vengeance from a vandalising viper,
Measured and treasured in its winner's calliper;
An aghast crusader,
a radar,
a dagger.....is shape of a woman.

AMIT RAY

****** A PRAYER ******

Just for an answer of yours
Remains a heartfelt of rhythms
Willing ripples of my mouth find a name
for counting stars so surprising between eyes
of yours
to ask if tomorrow's morning knows life's sequences
for your eyes only
once more
perhaps it will never
until a yearn for all my wishes reaches the place
and meet.....
like the sun and the sea
measured in units of silence
one....
then two.....
and then the shadow of our love
of peace,
of happiness be touched
to fly like that bird so high in wings spread out
to soar in infinity's independence like us,
like a prayer

AMIT RAY

*****## ~LIPSTICK~*****

Always a shade of suspense
In you....the woman anonymous
In colours serving for my words
told and untold in every
beat of heart
They train me to become a devil
Devil's demolishing smile in your pout's mirror
Smell so lethal shall sting my mind
if ever your flavours of my destruction be in raisins,
cherries so wild glimmering my existence

In me you are predicted riot
kneading on your man-eater shoulder
Creamy nutty your Cleopatra jeopardy
so lustrous, so smooth as chocolate moose
so many times i miss your blushing berry to be implanted
on me to explode in sangria red craving for showers if
a kiss is your rancid raindrop

Now....i have learned perfecting my cruel addiction
I am a slashed accomplice to drink life from your Windsor rose
in your seduction i shall criticise my purpose served
Death in my sprayed wake so sinful and perfumed
with your insight's wisely observe like butterfly's metamorphosis
to penetrate me in my snogging passions
Eternity will then sing a song in violet shades of darkness
to make you alive in unique surprises dead enough
to rummage my world of temptations

I am frozen in what you painted in your lips
Deceased beyond a colourful creation be it lifeless, artificial, temporary;
in just fraction of withdrawn seconds...this life
lived longer than there have been fishes to breathe in oceans
which saw me crying for you...there
higher than any bird who ever flew for a fishy pinch to utter revolution
and....they are longer than there have been stars in your heavens
of smudge-proof truth in scarlet gloss
smearing.....stuck in taste of pageless lies of ageless lees

Rolling down and down memories
rakes of life retain your mark on my cup of coffee
your hallmarks in traces of cigarettes and scars
dipped in red wine on my cheeks
And as always i will ask your spirit
if ever your lover
have those scars in your dreams when you kiss me
or the lips which once wore the real ornament of two hearts
have wrecked my name in the whirlwind of fragrances
to discover you.....you again

AMIT RAY

*****....**GHOST**.....*****

Its not only in horror movies
And wee hours of nightfall
When you are away from home
Drunk with your friends
And destiny drives a fault in your car
Trespassing a place
and tessellating a tertiary world
You look for shelter though it is gutted floor
of a house where once.....hopes lived
They now come out as popped out eye-balls
in human form of two hands-one embarrassed
And the other-to harrass at a snail's pace
as sluggish heritage of might breaks bogeys
of your bedlam's silence in shrills
They chill your spine and again hopes live
To tell stories of once being hopes
You call them.....

AMIT RAY

*******AN OX (HAIKU)*******

Totem globetrotter
castrated from living verve
lest runs Spain throbbing

AMIT RAY

*****.....SAYS THIS HEART.....*****

Says this heart
You will come
And your words will do away my weariness lethal
like a cloud's silver lining
In an island unknown
And iron determination of ours
Shall break this irony of hearts
Rhythms intertwined in the limelight
of a spring's morning
sprinkling on all the stars.....so much known
To find my way yours of this night's emptiness

Says this heart
You will wait
As avidly a kingfisher
who knows her fish
On the shore of a sea you know
where sands play with my name
drenched in tears of your autumn
Beneath dense terrains where am lost
in your lush green eyes
They bedazzle me with the yellow sunbeams
in summer's serene conquest carrying the last syllable
of our love for a lifetime

Says this heart
You will camouflage
And convict all my colours into a disguise
As i see you dancing my dooms
like a monsoon's white-tailed peacock
for my colours in montage
And when i have your sweet dreams or knowledge
you diminish and elude my heart's joy into a pigeon white-tailed
as i chase the peacock by the big tree of banyan
Here i am sitting on the edge of this pond
It was once your river wild
Nobody comes here for a breeze by the avenue
Perhaps no one drinks its muddy water
but your lotusses still bloom here
And swans sailing an evening whisper each other seeing me
I feel shy if they too know our story- a story of flapping wings together
Our eternal wings of love where we tried to breathe our freedoms.

AMIT RAY

******....GOVERNMENT....******

People are for me.
I use them.At times abuse them.
Arrange them.....like in a rubic cube
i play fair game for myself, my own....
Make people fight each other like dogs
wherein i see my revolution
Whatever i think is right i do
however if anyone thinks it to be not right
It does not matter to me when i have prepaid people
for postpaid propagandas....
I ardently implore you all people to cast me my spell
Spell to repell my woos and curses.

I am the people.I buy my likes
I pay my dislikes for my people's perspective.
I am media's panorama with my people's drama.
I am ageless and i sleep with my daughter-in-law
sell my wife and woo my mother whenever required
I am home and food for homeless and hungry
I am automation's existentialism
and romance's socialism
in absolute nihilism capitalizing people.
Law and order define my innovation
and are to motivate people's degeneration
Thats what my republican notion stems ot from
I invite all where to explore my genre.

I am good today and better tomorrow
with a republic humming in gutter eating grass
I will swap evils with devils
and women with whores to create a new world
where emotions will be iconoclast
and syrupy music of mortality to vie for freedom
I will be innocent of innocence for my guilty pleasures
I am inundation for the bads and repudiation for the goods
in the calculus of limits where i define my world
I will operate like an owl and howl like a fox
when daylight will measure their fate's equinox
I am ecstasy for agony, fantasy for fallacy
where i dedicate my cast to recoil again with all
for a legacy and i pray prey for all your votes
to make me tomorrows history

AMIT RAY

*****...LOVE OF ALL TIMES...*****

When I look back at these times
Far from this chaotic world
Your bastion of love holds my breath
In heart's sweet epithet for a heart
And my eyes to no more see the sunset
without your hands;
But to espouse its droplets
If it is more than those rain
that never drenches to drench me

When I look myself on the sea's mirror
Memories foment on the rockferry slopes of mind
A child in me who learnt to crawl
Then my feet successive in walk and run
To find your birds of love
ending this quandary of hearts
I see them in the waves of the sea
When they fly in air with queer pleasure
Perhaps I could drink blue and blue
And see if my sea meets your sky
In enigmatic snowflakes cooked by your clouds
And those birds in merriment
Getting the grease of the wheel of my life's reticence
Before it becomes evanescent in your rosemary quest

When I look ahead into those sand dunes
Passing on in your time's celerity
Sands so scorching beleaguer
To soothe me in your arms
In coquettish stances of dusts and whirlwinds
Your anger and anguish anxious to dab my face
as if you claim to embrace me forever
But life's caravan has to reach your elysian fields
Before they verge into submerged dreams of an oasis
somewhere near but somewhat far
as tryst of those trail birds vespertine

AMIT RAY

****....SENSUALITY....****

Flagging off a parc fermé with a fantasy festoon
As senses slip-streams my mind
To rest as rock on the sands of her sea
I wish if this world would be settled into a hammock
And me lost lost side-swiping sand dunes
where an eye-her eye of a tigress pounces on me
In her lacy black fleshy contours what i see
in the skinny stripes of her hair
Does she want to eat me? Nay
she wants to cook my curry as i am a fish frozen in her love
Sticky situation where there are no buttons on her satins
Now only dreams.Dreams nibbling with tunes of saturn sneak around in the shadows.
Shadows of a rhythm people call desires' carnage.
I call it a scar of sensuality.

Shattered dreams i dreamt of her are now craters.
Once upon a time it was the molten lava of her love.
Those craters now became boulders.
People call them rock as senseless as isolated
But inside i ravish her as she quizzes my sorrows
in the grueling and serpentine flow of her glacier.
There i wait for her.Tired coz' i cannot catch her
Sans her viscous knowledge i still live on...
live on love stories in the same sands of her time
Until i metamorphose in her time to join those sands of her footsteps
where oyster-shells convict her tears as pearls.Those pearls dazzling i patrol.Whimsical
wind breezes around to strengthen me from the away thins of life.
Now only strength.Strength of those senses what people call a seasonal sensuality.
I call it a mayhem of sensuality.

Stranded i now dropp kisses on her sands
Strong enough a pummeller am now her loving doggy
I lick her tears to quench my summer
My membrane lost in her world so unseen
speeding through her slippery sands
Tracherous, i haul more and more
Forever like the sea which plays around drenching
her sands to and fro.How dare sea? What an evil pyrotechnic
conspired by God to snatch a firecracker mind?
But i too have to prove to be lasting forever
Like a Greek warrior for my part of Sparta
And maleness merged with a rock-hard-as-nails ferocious jammer
Spasms in millions like small turtles hit by large blades of a cargo ship
Until one lucky salivating bloke to hold my red rose for her eggy yoke.
Now only a vertigo of passion.Love spinning around petals of her rose.People
call it a quincy flavour of clicquot champagne.I call it a skank of sensuality.

Serene o presto! this part of journey is so vibrant!
Colours grow with more colours in all directions
And i host events of her attitude in a season where i have this job
To die for petting her as my peacock
Swear i could be the pied piper of hamlin

And she a village belle to kill rats of a dirty mind
I am now a pirate pretty buzzed for her snazzy lunch and absinthe
And again a schoolmaster and she my pupil to be injected with some discipline
Or a butler longing for a vixen to lose her inhibitions awaited so long
with handcuffs to tie me and her taste that speaks for itself
In froth and squirms of a baked fish in her fishnets
Lolitaesque she is behemoth. Now silence and siren will race each other.
Until none wins a race of no loss no win. People call it a gauntlet bird of prey.
I call it the falconry of sensuality.

AMIT RAY

******....WOMEN....**** (FREE FORM)**

Birds.Phenomenal.

They beckon in various sounds.

Poetic definition unto infinity.

Some refine themselves where glass, silver, gold, enamel, diamond, crystals create substance of subtlety.

Chords.Polyphonic.

Saxophone in the synapse of sinews.

Envyng a conviction of beauties syndicate.

Screams shivering in sensuality's serene escapade
of a river where midnight's muskdeers gather to drink pain.

Colours. Multipixel.

Murex red cardinals dropped on mindfresh snow

Petals of rosetta sprinkled on nocturnal deserts so blue

Leaving questions where the turquoise sea meets azure sky
in lusts of violet yet teal, in lilac though purple droplets called memories.

AMIT RAY

****...~ **SOMMELIER**....~.****

Miles away from the world you know
My cruise where sails away from your sea-shore
Across snows freezing my senses, storms chasing
my nerves, occults of wild orchids to vineyards of vales
I write your name on every sea-shells
In a selfish world they might have no pearl but your name sweet name
Will always enshrine in scripts of mine, on stones who listened standstill
and will always obey me when I am no more
Pleasure of my empty nights when you become somebody else's
sleeping pills and cup of tea
Sunrise is just another day for you,
consumed by hatred and driven by rage for me
Yet it makes my day
I pour my sweats, my dreams in glasses defining you.
Your geometry.
But your revenge of love is always best served when cold.
In words as aperitifs
In heartbeats sold as a sommelier

Now morning becomes the bedlam which break loses in my cruise
Such an even democracy of a world within world
People drink, people drinking and people drunk
as your turf air whistles my ears driving me crazy
Perhaps you take deep breath getting rid of me
but for me it still has the freshness
like the sight of flowers passing my eyes,
butterflies paint them with your face
so that moonlight resides on them to console me
that you are always with me
And so many buds buddying wanted to snatch my dreams
But they don't know my dreams are decorated somewhere else
Stolen by a thief who looks like you
Where my sleep goes to hide after living
in chilled champagnes and grilled Chinese chickens
the rest of my craziness play me a sommelier

O what a thing God has created in just a four lettered word for you?
Syllables jingle, sentences bangle but all are sounds of the instrument
defining you
People say I think too much and so burns my engine called heart
With Deutsch beers dancing off a gluttony
Then its all usual chanting your stories with fellow friends unknown
Wish I the story never ends like the rays of becoming your sun
Where in some Arabian nights when you call this deserted man your Habibi
We flee together from this world of hatred but destiny does the doom
doing us apart.
Sorrows see you as a simple village Hungarian girl
When one day you meet a thief called Amito
Stealing tomatoes for your curry's salsa
in hues stealing his heart away to a Spanish alleyway
Lies wash away in hatred de la tomatina and again bids farewell to you
Killing loneliness finds him on a shore of dreams

Bonfire captured in glasses of French wine clinking your presence
And vodkas Russian dancing mind's merry-go-round, the ballet of our songs
In quest when i try to catch the wax white Japanese girl in kimono
You say 'sayonara' with ikebana in hands to see my face off
Ports change with people but people never change with ports
So goes my story and my cruise,
in hands and glasses, in dances of foes and stances of friends
across vast seas and oceans
with boats still smelling a fish but perhaps yet to find your river
A droplet of yours for this life of a sommelier

~13/05/2010~ OSAKA, JAPAN 14.00 HRS

AMIT RAY

...GONDOLA...

A banjo ridiculing life,
too close, too boisterous,

.....
And i scream on the cacophony-
Where are you? Wh.....r.....u?
Caught unawares me the night
and you the nibbling nightingale,
when am sleepless like a soldier
At day you are a dainty duck
and am hapless-hapless as a horse unbridled.....
I close my eyes -it is you
I open my eyes-you are me
And i close my eyes again, at noon
to apprise me it is not you,
you stoop in like a hunting hawk
As am shapeless in my siesta....

You are far, you are near,
You are azure sky,
You are warmth of undulating meadow,
You are the breathing fresh air,
You are like a squirrel wobbling in water,
You are the light of the moon i drink,
You are the dew drops in my tears,
You are the friction of my fears,

.....
I say you are ubiquitous.....
You are coincident with my gondola,
Gradually sailing amid the Milan hyperbola

AMIT RAY

****...KITES....****

Motley of love through the wind
As my passions so blue coerces her poisons so yellow
Mundane hearts capriced in strings so fervent
Colours implore.Colours crave.Colours brood.Colours beseech.
In echelon of moments so latent but obvious
As time behests in heaven's unfelt abode
Enter depth of an ocean versus scorching heat of the sun
in blades of strings.....hate hate each other
The way she hates my pure glass image in her mirror

Memories confiscate sweet avatars
In swinging inundation of mind's river
Magic of proximity to the memento of estrangement
Gauche.Gone now.All everything.
Now admonishes the brain as usual.
Churlish but an error in anemometric latitude.
Still hopes fly.
Hopes fly with hopes.Hers.
Yes for hers.
Hopes fly with hopes anonymous.

Stings transcient with her pain shall now become someone else's,
Someone else's pure aplomb
Simultaneously as it is somebody's moribund split.Careless.
So careless as a sunken heart which becomes a pariah.
So indulgent.
So mischievous.
And now it is so to melee with a pinch of salt
to become mawkish once again.
Or to skittle out;
To render someone else to be mawkish,
Mawkish in bites of callow reticence
Rendezvous with my rantings that rents the air
As many times i call her name to be echoed.

AMIT RAY

******~A HAREM~(HAIKU) ******

French-

La belle l`esclave
A boire et a manger
coucher du soleil

English Translation-

Beauty is enslaved
to drink and savour until
the end of the day

AMIT RAY

******~I HATE LIARS.~******

This is to inform you
From today there would be no stereotype me
This stranded feet of mine would be every step
towards a shattered mind,
A heartless clan of tramp rhythms
in my heart to be my window of your breath
And my charred face and forehead you know
Would be the door to escape away from you
And you would say after all these
- "I just hate"
I hate liars"

This is to apprise you
The darkness of night on lush green meadows
surrounding you would be my house
When you would sleep
Welcome sadness would be my kitchen
to cook emptiness for my waiting mezzanine mind
Hapless would be an arm-chair of words
oscillating on the mirror of worn-out walls
And you would slap my face and say
- "All lies....."
I hate liars"

This is to anticipate you
Since today the snakes of my passion
would be walking seldom to charm you
Anger, revenge, hatred, punishment
would be banished from my diction
In your world my death would not be alive
But you would still say
- "I don't believe....."
I hate liars"

AMIT RAY

*****~IF I AM EVER REBORN~*****

If i am ever reborn
Known in alphabets beyond my little sense and spirit
Let the first letter i write be crawling with that in your name
and the last letter be that yours on a wall where i find lone myself
Staggering with your love with so many negations
that skyrocketing jealousy within to have you forever
bolstered now with an appeal be then love
Its love and only love for you ever

If i am reborn
Again watching wonder in fond dogs wagging tails
and cats playing with my birthday ball
Elephants trunking my worries away in television
with fishy fishes blowing kisses on me sprinkling water
Goosebirds on sky beyond be chripping
our yesterday's melodrama
and now all too care for me in your hands
to be bathed before o start crying
not to leave running my favourite wooden horse

If i am ever reborn
Without knowing love or how deeply love is loved
Somebody shall make my little dreams
sleep in a moon's semicircle
as if its your lips smiling on me
Me and my yesterday be lost until
the wake blooms in my eyes
upon gongs of another morning struck by a kakatu bird
lullabies of a mother and now ready to be nourished
in motherly woes of a nocturnal owl mocking me
steal my meal away

If i am ever reborn
A prisoner parrot shall be telling me love story
of a king and queen who once lived
for love to live for each other
Sparrows and robins too shall listen speechless
and let me learn how tears come on eyes
and roll down on cheeks to be dried up in sounds
of tambourines and taste of toffees to soothe
Perhaps no pain is for ever like ours
as umbrellas don't get drenched everytime
Winds blow a xylophone in life's river to dry up
as rains are back again in rhythms of a violin
Never did i see a sky so blue without you
Yes now i have you
Yet never can i feel your zephyr

AMIT RAY

*****~O LISTEN MY TSARINA~*****

O listen my Tsarina
Let love be a game
for my loss and your gain
Painful and painless whoever
blinks first loses
for the sake of this life
not too much left
to heave sunrise in your bosom

O listen meine Tsarina
Let your truth so noble fight my ragged lies
in arena of eyes to be squared
And silence to shed blood of silence
in tears never spoken
Litter petty moonlight be on waves invisible
Two warriors in us-hands of hour and minute
hating each other back to back and requesting
the pleasure of death chasing
and chasing my breath until my flesh,
my bones serve your chastity

O listen mon Tsarina
Let my disguise be that bull running after your red scarf
in an arcade where everyone bids my meat for you
And this body be pierced with your hidden blades so sweet
I know how victory sweats in patience long waited to sing
in chorus with the flow of my bouncing head beheaded
Promise I, o your grassy lea my red carpet greet
Swear i you, it will always be green
Just do do let some red splash of mine grab your blue
for my freedom hails in your mouthful of sky

O listen moi Tsarina
Let people cheer on oaken tables with your embroidered victory
in devoured mushrooms, cakes, pies and ales of our memories
And dollars, pounds, dinars and euros be what eaten, drunk and talked
on the scales of a pan to weigh my slayed hand bandaged
But i owe you wink my palm holding the treasure of your droplet
a tear you forgot shed for me
And now o watch in my aftermath
it sparkle and glitter
to be yours forever and gather
your grand feast.

26/05/2010
Mumbai, India

AMIT RAY

****~WOO~****

When i close my eyes and see you within
Craving for darkness as if it knows the way you
More and more i drive in and in
as i want to reach your moon's corridor
having all the light for me
Strings of my violin are now broken
My Benz ist jetzt kaputt
I have only two legs and two hands to fuel
the heart's steam engine with electrifying hopes for love
Here i go heaving black fumes for my black behinds
as darkness clouded up dreams on and on
Perhaps diamonds are discovered this way
when they separate from black allotrope of darkness
now i have to burn myself with black thorns of identification
Because on tracks of life life has to pour in chunks
until it become snippets of a journey
for somewhere i want to be yours in woes unending
In woes of death wooing but life in you

AMIT RAY

******CHOCOLATE******

An intricacy
Upheld and withheld,
An ecstasy
Inexplicably vulnerable,
An imprisonment
Notwithstanding,
An alliteration
Flattery, drudgery, trickery, mongery
An escalation
Heaven to hell
An oscillation
Life and death over
An umbrella
Splash, squash, slash, slobber.....

AMIT RAY

*****CON AIR CONCURRENT*****

A frustrated me,
A strangulated you,
Two mouths making a quadrangle-
And your hectic hands handrubbing me-hectic hands!
As if icy-hot spring water sprinkle
And only con air concurrent between us

Blew up your satin but satan skirt-the satin satan skirt!
And pondered your two long legs-
Imprisoned in knickers-those black bloody knickers!
Handcuffed to your sailor camisole;
And then you discover a sniffer
Endeavouring to recognize-recognize a smell forever
Smell-your swinger smell!
Prevalent in your breathtaking decadence
In....only con air concurrent between us

Then cajoles you a likkel frolicking frog
Preying your coaxed cleavage, fraying your nerves
Shrills! Moans! Craves! Croons!
Ravage! Rampage! Carnage! Adage!
Anguish! Ambush! Curses! Boons!
A divinely preplanned sabbotage
A magnetic wave of imperceptible drops,
Opened my eyes-charred brown eyes!
Flowing with cozy exponential Danube-kissing blue Budapest skies-blemish skies!
And you vanquished like a mirage-bonker mirage!
A divinely preplanned sabbotage
But...but only con air concurrent between us.

AMIT RAY

******CYNOSURE******

When you come with your smouldering eyes,
Cut-glass cheeks, meandering curves, sweet lullabies,
I am a cynosure
For, you are always there for me you assure.

When you come with the drizzle of faith,
Oozing charisma, jasmine fragrance under the azure sky,
My drab rum of monotony, swings of agony are standby,
I am a cynosure,
For you are always there for me you assure.

When you beckon me, you whisper me, pamper me,
It's like the sounds of a swallow making a summer.
I lose myself in your shimmering shelter,
Your ephemeral fragments of osculations,
Beyond all ravages of tears,
From all savages of fears,
Emerge me a cynosure,
For you are always there for me you assure.

Some nocturnal middaq oriental allies-
Some old crippled grasshopper, bit locomotive and standby,
Discovering the pearl of your presence
Calling the breeze of lakeside;
Harrowing the memories thereby,
Cynic to the world, hackneyed hereby,
The incandescent essence;
Coz' am no more a cynosure
But you are always there for me you assure.

AMIT RAY

******DON'T PUNISH ME******

O hearken honey, don't! don't punish me
O come on dear! don't bully me
Sans you, i have no peace
I am just a man whose repentance knew no bounds

O please, my love is the lasting kind baby
I am like the bird that retrieves back to its nest
O look at my eyes!
I am not made of stone
I am not hard as curses-those bricks you hurling at me

O don't abandon me
I swear
I am gonna write your name on all those bricks,
I will write your name with my blood
Ere leaning on them forever
Gathering all of them,
as if they were the sweet days we spent together
And then you would realise how much i missed,
The heavenly hell hued,
and heralded in your hands-those hands
Caressing me as a cradle

But you know i will keep on crying,
Croon with air and cringe with pain,
Come back cutiepie!
Come back in my arms
Come back i swear i will change
Come back i am no god, am plane human
To err is human-
Come back in my arms
And have all my errors ablutioned
Before i confine myself in the arms
The arms of the unknown.

AMIT RAY

******LONDON******

Black din and brown bustle
Amid the white whistle,
Tissle-tassle, hissle-hassle,
And Germans hated with German queen on the palanquin of this aisle;
Singers beg and beggars sing,
In the illuminant Tottenham x-ing,
Elite pubs with plastic balls in receptacle,
Colosseums oracle, baskers-betters-bookers-hookers vying a miracle,
Skimpily clads springle as their bangles jingle,
Chauvinistic cheeks munching on pringle,
Wines and vodkas, beers and whiskies
Ensemble on the arena, the drudgery of friskies,
People forget when they mingle,
In the weird concrete of jungle,
To live life's shamble, socceroos gamble
And churches change Bibles to unravel a jumble,
Work, women, weather always humble,
Bamboozles to trifles everyone fumble,
You never know if you are in the braided knot of entangle,
Third eyes monitoring your innovations quadrangle,
Cheers folks! Get yourself Londonable,
Coz' its unpredictable, unrivalled, unflinching and unfathomable.

AMIT RAY

******RACISM- A GAME OF COLOUR******

I give you a set of colours
Red, blue, green, yellow, pink, brown, black and white
And you would say red and blue are complement complimentary,
and that contemporary brown and green are supplementary
And white is elementary,
and that black is voluntary
I would say its the adjective of racism
For racism is a game of colour
For racism is trauma of complexion

You argue black is obscurity,
white is dazzling and brown poverty
with yellow as footling
But i withstand your considerations
I would say they are the adjectives of racism
For racism is a game of colour
For racism is shame humanitarian

Tired! wanna defend?
Well, i give you some more parameters:
Demography, shape, education, economy, gender
You would say demography is fortune
And shape is good trait
That economy is brained brawn power
While gender supporting the theory of magnetism-'Unlike poles attract each other'
I would say they suffice for adjectives of racism
For racism is a game of colour
For racism is as despicable as a heinous odour

Hither and thither,
helter skelter,
far and near,
thereover, hereunder,
I find, you see, we have colours blaming each other
Some colours say they are souvenirs
And that rest are samaritans
Some colours say they are absolute riches
And that others are dumped ditches

Hypothetically colours have some limitations
Like the dimensions in a piece of paper
And once it is replete
There is no need for scribbling black and blue
Like in reality some job agencies tag some skilled candidates to be obsolete-
Only coz' they don't match a colour of their tape-the bureaucratic red tape,
Or, they do not have blue references for a lush green outcome as future
Here ironically, one should really ponder
The world around us would have been a sheer monotony
Bereft of all hues considered as under

Casts, creeds, race and religion,
Culture, scripture, pictorial mother nature are all the very similar

They are phonetics like alpha and a we caricature
That we are all the same red when scratched or when required:
They are all in the same plane of earth
Only dimensions and appearances differ
So that human life becomes a snapper

Do colours really speak?
I asked the whole world
And you know?
People quote as white monarchs;
People smote as brown oligarchs;
People wrote as black democrats;
People vote as yellow technocrats;
And colours all making them beautiful
Like the significant black nightfall,
white day,
yellow sunshine,
green leaves to blossom and enshrine
Same as the burlesque bounties of bespoke bespectacled nature
who is incomparably incredible with all her attributes

I sat sniggering and contemplative
As racism walks in tandem with all virtues vying them
It stings like a ratatouille
where people, gets, getting, shall be getting stewed hours forever
As racism seems like a schizoid daydream
As racism is - a pharmakone.
I am a thinking victim of such maelstrom
Searching for ancillary stores in its claustrophobic confines;
Like a fly staggering in a spider spun web
I then scooped at this child,
A child drawing on a white paper the colour of imaginations
I derived a cryogenic satisfaction
For this child is not superseded,
and it deracinated the hedonistic outlaws,
the picture of nature- a reality
with its barbling waterways, the labyrinths having rich impact of sherbert colours and,
and
having a honeymoon,
And no sign of bacchanal pride,
no symbol of banal pejorative prejudice,

I derived that colours are always distinguishing
And not meant for any pugnacious ensuing
As it is horribly prescient,
more than the floundering earth beneath melting ice-caps.

AMIT RAY

*****SKULDUGGERY*****

A megalomaniac emanating shame
Feels like piggybanking machiavellian,
in a kleptomaniacal frame
Seems like words verbatim-
Words yes words butter no parsnips
As we come empty hands and go empty hands after us,
when in world we live for each other's lies
And truths all treasured in our skulduggery,
in the belied accomplishments of your skulduggery-live on
and die for flattery, mockery rendering our paths a bit slippery.
Herein begins a story of a mathematician and a microbiologist while lies sought truths,
truths fought lies,
lies sought lies
or, truths fought truths
in its own defined juggernaut,
in words' jugglery and jogging juxtaposed to a,
to a jaunted, jinxed and jostled
in passions' algorithmic allegory.

How is skulduggery served?
It is perhaps served well, microbial or be it mathematical
as your red lips devour my blues
when it appears savour all red for a red's resplendent, microcosmic
or perhaps as cold like a summer delight,
macrocosmic
those intricate browns and blacks,
and the delicate whites and yellows, appears as
if, if we are rollicking tastes with a pinch of venom,
the fetish viper me and you, until the advent
when we are mannequins in our moves,
in ours, each others' lethal kisses of vengeance.
escalating and sinusoiding our coruscating stricken minds, in ours,
in yours,
voyeur kisses of imminent death.

And a blurred appearance
To unveil of yours in my bare eyes
To pound in my heart to reveal,
in your skulduggery of served happiness
where my mind, consciously unconscious
of a happiness or it is just its smell,
or nothing like it or a curse
bellowing out in your frankincense,
your candle of love as you say burning tempestuously,
from marvel to marvel,
bit by bit,
pulse by pulse,
you melt, i burn
you burn, i melt,
until we are on the brinks of our extinguishment,
either you char, i melt,
or you melt, i char

in our own grandiloquent skulduggery,
living two lives together,
neither close nor near,
nibbling each other
until death do us asunder.

AMIT RAY

******SOMEDAY -A FRANTIC I ******

Someday I will come in your path of oozing charms,
Someday I will come into your arms,
Someday I will find your shelter,
Someday the hectic me...
Someday the frantic.....I will stop helter skelter

Someday I will ace the pace of your love,
Someday it will be restlessness everywhere,
Someday the stranger eagle will meet the treasure trove,
Someday.....camouflaging the pristine wings of the dazzling dove,
Someday your charisma will be ubiquitous catching me unaware.

Someday you will know how passionate the lion of love is,
Someday it will sway the same way you suaved in worries,
Someday you will assure solitariness does not give you solace,
Someday you will be waiting for mon ferries.

AMIT RAY

******THIS ROAD OF MINE******

This road of mine,
All filled with pebbles
And you pick some with the mob- le snob mob
And rivet up the strange manslaughter,
Haunting horror up my ribs, nerves racking uncanny knocks
-nocturnal nerves!
Nocturnal nerves-like the blizzard chasing a leopard,
And the leopard chasing the timid deer in my boulevard-
Panting and breathless,
Breathless and spasmodic,
Spasmodic and cynic with rolling stones,
Just succeeding pebbles, embezzle my enigma

This way I contaminate
Into flames of fabrication-pippeted out in yours,
Your pre-decided hue in the jeopardised eye of your elegance....
Elegance! sweet elegance in harbingering hands,
Hands smiting hard on a closed door, deserted mansion,
Mansion....to enliven a futile furore...
Furore....back into this path.....path interlaced,
Rendezvous with this road of mine.

AMIT RAY

*****TWENTY YEARS HENCE...*****

Twenty years hence,
When you will become a burdened grandmum
Twenty years thence
Your mirror will have the spookiest spectrum,
And you will be brackish blue-
Thinking of me,
Having no clue
And escalated eyes down memory lane will glue-
To our heyday's frustrum

Then you will be smeared vermilion red
Coz' you never thought of loving the man struggling for bread
And I know, he knew pristine tears will have shed-still shed,
Until your feminine fears shred from this man- a liar, a raghead, all jaded
For this man still loves you whose destiny's dreamboat never sailed with you- never!
never ever was it made;

Then you will be all yawning yellow,
As the sweltering sun will be there for your tears, your fears to swallow
Fruits of love will effervescence.... left parallel this man,
Persevering will be with senescence... as his arrows are back now to his gallow
And a sworn realisation and respect for a liar-
As a truant chanting prayer for a woman-for a lady's peccadilo

And then you will be lush green,
As the man disappeared forest to render your life crystal clear-crystal clear and
clement clean,
And a serene escapade as it had never been,
Will kiss your rosemary budding feet as if you are still eighteen-my dainty sweet
eighteen,
When this man met you in Uncle Gerrard's canteen

Twenty years hence
A curiosity of yours -your reckless then eighteen mind, will rise-surely will rise.....will
rise.....will rise....will rise.....
Why ripples of life's sea once bygone-once bygone
Can't ever come back by surprise! by surprise!

And then you will be ivory black
Carved out in a wooden box-mourned solitary wooden box! my bolstered box!
Absolute reticence and only this man waiting in the graveyard
.....Hiding in the graveyard,
To savour your soul and harbour your flesh.....
Like a cunning- a cunning old fox.

AMIT RAY

*****.....ENCHANTEUR-NEVER WILL YOU KNOW...*****

Enchanteur-Never will you know

How I stood in rain hours after hours
For an answer
I never knew those raindrops were for my eyes only
Only my eyes

Enchanteur-Never will you know
How I sailed in your eyes
Color of my dreams to hold your breath
The blink of your eye was my sailor
I never knew I was lost
Only to see your land was not mine

Enchanteur-Never will you know
How I melted so many candles
To celebrate your presence
I never knew it was to soothe my broken
strings of heart
Only to be ridden with your sweetness

05/05/2010

AMIT RAY

....SCARF...

Scarf.

Hers.

I only remember it stole my heart
As i forgot myself in my heart being stolen.
She wanders in her clouds changing colour
Gyrates in black and white leaving me a Gyrovague
Watches me....she
And rumbles into my heart to snatch it -scarf
But i am strapped;
Strapped in the rhythm of her velvet ankle bells
Quackled...i cannot run
She seems here somewhere -froonce
And i long longing for her
Glimpse.....just once
Before i say the call of the clouds
that I have lived all my life.
Forever.

Scarf.

Hers.

Covered my face.
So that none can see me
in the conspiracy of her curls so lovely
filled in braided jasmine
Caught hold of me.Hold of me suddenly.
Kissed my face.Yes, slipping from my face
dripping into the heart.
Splashing sweet memories
in my glasses.....sobbing
as she goes away breaking me
in her chariots leaving me a charlotte
Voice resonates in diamond bracelets....jingling;
rattling of heckelphone, people her known still
breaking silence in bangles as they wink
at someone throbbing a small pot of yoghurt
Glimpse....just once of her
Before griefs claim me in her notes gartrell
so that i have only one answer
in front of God's judgement-
To be hers ever.

Scarf.

Hers.

Now i know were to cover my ocean of sadness
for her keepsake slipped with spinning despair
in my heart which i tried to convict in a glass of wine
With her smell so sweet.....only swelled up
wrapping my scars innocent ingenuous
Let glass collide with glass today my stray friends
I want to see how many pieces it make when a heart breaks
Let them share her happiness as she drives through
a palanquin of stars with her happy drums

beating my doldrums....thudding and thumping,
Let cymbals pound today and tambourine
tinkle the turquoise twinkle of her eyes
Shyness be mine strutted up to ooze out
in bellowing smoke fired up to form clouds
to run with her to see a glimpse...her glimpse perhaps the last
and ashes be on ground
stomped by everyone to be sands again in her shore
And this ocean of sadness to hit again and again
Just everytime to have her glimpse as she refutes it to be
her blasphemy washed away in pearls of my tears
leaving a heart swayed in hers
as ever.
Forever.

AMIT RAY

*****...A HEART'S PATIENCE...*****

Come along hold my hands
I am a runaway life
I am a traveller flabbergasted
Drench me in your rain of love
Drain my strain of pain
Drive my string of insomnia
This land to utopia

.....
Come along hold my hands
I am a runaway life
I am a traveller flabbergasted
Drench me in your rain of love
Drain my strain of pain
Drive my string of insomnia
This land to utopia

.....
And you say you come only if it is raining
And you say you do not come until it is not twilight
But i know you have to come,
I know you have to
Coz' your penchant is just a heart's patience
Heart-rending but a heart's patience away

And you say you don't come
As i think you too are a fugitive
Think i as you are too a fiend
But i say you if really have been my foe,
if really you have been,
i won't have bothered this end you know
But i know you want me in contagion,
I know you want to,
Coz' your contagious convergence is still a heart's patience
Heart-rending but a heart's patience away

And you think my rollicking romance reels you
And you think am poignant,
But i say if it had not been really that indulgence,
had not have your presence pleasant in my poignance
But i know you steer me in repercussion,
I know you steer
Coz' your revolution is just a heart's patience
Heart-rending but a heart's patience away.

Come along hold my hands
I am a runaway life
I am a traveller flabbergasted
Drench me in your rain of love
Drain my strain of pain
Drive my string of insomnia
This land to utopia

AMIT RAY

*****...A SWORN PROMISE, A TRUE LOVE...*****

Don't love -says all the world
Says the world -don't love
But what will the world do and say-
What can one do?
If eyes fight eyes
If the dormancy of night flies away
If the mind and body catches fire all unawares
Being compelled this way
Nevertheless what the world does
To her sway
To keep all pains
In the bargain of mine, this heart
For,
a sworn promise,
a true love,
to be ubiquitous

So i went steered away by love's ocean
Drowned in the ocean but alive
Anchored to the ocean's unseen other side but dead
So i write dead letters to render a heart alive
For,
a sworn promise,
a true love,
to be ubiquitous

You are the one
Whom heart said its mine
But you said
But she said
Not this heart alone
It is the life she wants more
So, i could not but be diseased
Seeing am there
I am nowhere
And i am everywhere
As this life sans her
is just a punishment
In the allegation of love,
smiling away seemingly smiles
to go miles...yet miles as a captive
With a heart she says incorrigible in one hand
With a love she says hateful in another
For,
a sworn promise,
a true love,
to be ubiquitous..

AMIT RAY

*****...BUT WHAT CAN I DO...*****

Knows all am not a drunkard
Knows all though am yet not a teetotaller
When an idly stirring milky coffee
turns into a goblet of red wine
in your name
Just adding to my shameless blame
Only you eyed me once
Once you had your glance
But I want it once again...
if someone offers me your red love of rhapsody
in a gruelling fight between your life and my death
and now too weary....
and if now the sworn promise toggles
But what can I do?

Your caramel lips there sips the caramine
You celebrate Easter when am left to plaster
my heavens to betsy in your wish vulpine
your intoxication of love flowing in my veins
Lord! what a never heard convivium?
You are drinking me from my goblet
my bloody red love
And I,
i am drinking from your eyes, a toast
in your name
Just adding to my shameless blame
Only you eyed me once
Once you had your glance
But i want it once again...
Then,
and if now the sworn promise toggles
what can i do?

And you say am lunatic
And you said am a boondoggle
You will say it could never be such symbiotic
but.....knows nobody i held you in my hand
Lord.! what a morgamatic marriage?
in the incalcescence i feel rotating with your ravishing red
as my eyes oogles for your Easter egg, cake and bread,
And you say,
say you its strange what desire dreams
what else can i think?
and if now the sworn promise toggles
what can i do?

Hey, look what a wicked game you play
Sipping me cold and contravening as hot
Buttttt....stilll~ i managed to hold you
And your love inside the svelte glass
Your red passion convoluting in my hand
Lord! what a never felt drowsiness?

Now i slept in your spatter,
in my uncanny senses,
in my heart still mustering courage
to catch your eyes once only once
and fall apart
after i fall flat
and see it bemuses....on and on
But,
and if now the sworn promise titillates
and if now the sworn promise titillates
what can i do?

AMIT RAY

*****~DAMENDÜRFTE~** (GERMAN-SCENTS OF WOMEN)**

Ich bin ein Pilger
verwurzelt...
umherschweifend
bin ich zerstört
opferte ich dich in meinem wort ein
In dir sind jetzt meine Augen
Ohne dich endet die schönheit hier
Oder mein Weg ist gesperrt
Ich kämpfe den Weg zu dir
mit dem Himmel zum Mond
Die düsteren Wolken kämpfen mit...
Dies ist eine ermüdende Reise
Davon werde ich traurig
Der Blitz ist so schaurig, brennt mich
Jetzt bewege ich mich von deinen Augen und..
deinen Lippen beginnen
Atemgeräuschen
mein Herz ist ein Garten von deinen Rosen
Ich höre Töne von deinen Vögeln
Träumend möchte ich im Meer segeln...
Hilf mir zu überleben
für das Lebens im Mond
Ich bin inhaftiert vom Tageslicht
bis zu deinen nächtlichen Beleuchtung

English -
I`m a pilgrim
Tramp rootless...
destroyed i am
Sacrificed word of honor is futile
In you are my eyes now
Sans you ends beauty here
or my way you closed is..
I struggle with the way
through skies to your moon
The dark clouds to fight with....
This is a weary journey
Thereby will i be tired in your
scary lightning to tear me with thunder..
Now sway i the skies from your mouth and..
your lips begin
Breathing sounds
my heart is a garden of your roses
I hear the tones of your birds
Dreams want to sail out in the sea...
Help me to survive
the life in moon
I am imprisoned since daylight
until your nocturnal illuminations

AMIT RAY

~RED~

Oaths made in broken promises
Get always red as they grow old
Fluffy vanilla sky whispers to me
the red land of possibilities
That you are as always mine
Clad in clouds of red chiffon
flying moving intertwined in my dreams
And dreams of fairy telling story of a fairy
In strings of a smile's guitar
Lips blushing ballads of love in red red cherries
Sometimes red in hatred clouds hit each other
in words à plaisir
Sounds in clarinets mocking each other, rhythm
of a patch-up ukulele, trumpets singing our tempers
mood swings jingling in tambourines
Mortal and melodious

Yet my eyes are red
for i see only red in roses
they are still red with the tears you shed for me
Tears of a saxophone is all i can smell
But i do not have enough red running in my veins
let me now sail away from your dreams causing nights so sleepless
I want to bite my night with your silent nightmare
and time's turtle ship be sailing in your eyes
Now you are the only one whom for i feel
yes to be a heart
A heart full of questions where only shadows are but answers
Now crows caw my morning red
As i heave you in breath of a red tea in a red cup
croissants, fromage and crotons only sharpen
the instrument to devour
But silence of time has to write so many untold stories
in wrinkles and blurred eyes, blemishes on skin
and may be walks ambulatory
bringing a procession of dead hopes
for my red to hush in white curtail like you

Let my last words oscillate
from the time we started until the time unknown to us another
So that when i scale the drapes of your sky so blue
inside your mouth so silent so long so high
then i can only say this world is really green
After your blues are served in my red
red balloons containing the breath of my life
remaining or what remained.

AMIT RAY

*****20TH CENTURY FOX-A FICTION WITH A TASTE OF REALITY*****

One fine Freiburg morning
A wolf woke up
About to shave his moustache
and the fracas spruced up
Cunning predators of night licked vulpine
the honeypot and
hyenas laughing on sweet meats of my dear red wine-
Katherine

A wolf decided with a smile
You can go a long way like river Nile
With horses in your hands and hamburgers
to juice up the hamlet bile
And apart wherever possible eject
Godgifted gun erectile

The momentum mowed on
And people were punished everywhere
Those specially with holy beards to remind bygone
that
A wolf did not shave his moustache properly
So the cross mark became his company logo
And when it spread out the panzers and paratroopers
Hugo, farrago, virgo, i go, you go
from Pacific to Atlantic,
from Arctic to Valtica
and there goes high the succulent'Swastika'

Its all the foxes
A wolf was chasing
and not nay, not anything else
So foxes are axed,
Foxes are 'Schindler'-ed,
Foxes are 'Eichmann'-ed,
Foxes were axed,
Foxes were terribly taxed
Foxes waspish were faxed to Moses
in chambers of gases
Until one fox escaped
and eloped
grafted his skin like the fox which turned blue
In the jungle of life now he is lost and no clue

He now lives on ox tongues and tames
pigeons to be those oranges for his syringe past plagues
Plays golf to search how long can go
an wolf
Faster than the wolf or mightier than an ox
People call him a fox loner
People blame me as 20th century fox

AMIT RAY

*****A CONTRACT KILLER-LOVE STORY OF A SPY*****

I am a contract killer
Said i am a contract killer
I live in darkness' glory and die in light's fury
I count my bullets in my mirror
when people count money in their wallets
I feel at least they are better than ageing or disease
This is where i am better than God
True killer instinct rather than slow poison

I am a contract killer
Said i am the one
I am destined to be nude with women
Winning the bed never the sleep
like the smell of my gunfire....a repartee
until goes out the flavour of tea of a common man
They raise templates in tea cups again
added to some newspaper
and the quest of my masked manship
alluring everyone again and again
Brutal but not banal like God

I am a contract killer
Said this is the one
I have never seen motherhood nor a father's guide
I was born in a rubbish bag
discovered by an angler
And when eyes opened be fed by a dog and
brought up in a carbine factory
to earn living in a ferrule
At least i pay tribute to some kennels
than some charity who cheats money in the name of love

I am a contract killer
Said all am I
'Arbeit macht frei' is my motto
in a world made of steel
where i love those pigeons only
who live without money
and other sweet animals
rest all are wastes which i recycle
with God

I am a contract killer
Skills pasteurized like milk
Love of a lady is spinal weakness to me
like the scum of eggs coming out of her squirt
Splash of people's blood, blowing their body parts
going a long way swearing vengeance on my job's rivalry
with smile in the face of my gun

I am a contract killer
Not just a henchman

I know somewhere a bullet is there
My birthday bash by God
and a lucky draw to see love selling
in the house of retailed incestuousness
and a Godfather my one its customer
to recycle me with my knighthood on earth once again
so that the ill of my fate
make the good out of
damn others..

N.B. 'Arbeit Macht Frei'- A German phrase meaning 'Work will lead us to freedom'.....used date back in WW2 by Hitler's Nazi German Army.

AMIT RAY

*****A DOCTOR WHO MIGHT NEVER KNOW*****

Dedicated to someone special

A doctor who is known to save lives
A doctor who is seated demigod and worshipped so forth
A doctor, one such is the one you meant love and long for in vain
A doctor who killed my love
A bandit doctor who looted my treasure called for yours
A doctor who killed me, my presence of mind in yours;
A doctor who perhaps might never know,
That he is dissecting with pleasure the corpse for his experiment;
It is the life's love - your elixir,
That the blood he would sell was your talisman of forehead,
That the eyes he scooped out for someone else was your dreams,
That you reflect in your poems-so subtle and now so paranoid,
The doctor whom you think is your inspiration and driving force of life
A doctor who might never know he bargained my life for your love
A doctor who might never know in the subcontinental armed forces
A soldier of life sub-conscious is more welcome love for you and that,
There are more dedications born elsewhere global and not local
A soldier of love, this man in me who took so many bullets of your love
He cried in your cries,
He laughed in your laughs,
He cried hard for your laughs, is
A knight still awaiting the last crusade

I know there were misunderstandings in the beginning
That confused you all the times
But now is all crystal clear
No more trickeries
No more mimicry and harsh coming downs
No more lies to be served on the dish of truths
I have learnt consequences-it is so dire and so obvious it seems
What will you get killing me like this-slow poison and bit by bit?
Then honey, hairs don't grow on a corpse as illusions for you;
You still bite your nails and decide what to do and when,
When i have my arms open for you wide here pedestral,
And you have yours to hold me tight again
We have two gifted limbs to run to each other
Leaving all doubts behind and start what you always wanted,
So that i never play false
For the sake of the only truth we held in our reciprocations
And this doctor whom i don't know,
A doctor who might never know,
What he is doing in the face of my love?
Are doctors really this cruel like the one you have given this contract?

A common man can love you
You can love a common man
But when promises are to be made,
It feels like degrading to you
It feels like you don't know me
So you don't owe me your love then,

You go to church and temples
When you don't know who the hell God is
Why do you go there then?
You never know what it feels like for a man loving someone
He cannot cry on the streets for the sake of manhood, for you
You can cry- in this world
You did that in vain for this doctor
A doctor who might never know
That he owes his part of love for someone else,
he might never know
A doctor who might never know
how to reverberate and respect love,
how to nourish love,
how to flourish in love in spite of stances
like Cambridge, Copenhagen, Mercedes and Microsoft
Are these tokens of love? nay, never
Foolish me nay, lost to a doctor
A doctor who might never know
What you owe is not available to him
A doctor who might never know, never know.

AMIT RAY

*****A PAGE TORNED APART *****

Some London street got a shabby blue-uniform boy-sobbing! ,
Some Calcutta suburb saw a hypertensed maternity-crooning! ,
Some New York motel reported an avariced sonoral-screwing! ,
Some Moscow corner sought an arrogant fraternity-shoplifting! ,
Some Berlin court heard of an old witty paternity-bullying! ,
Somehow someway somewhere they are all interesting! ,
Someday they all were a family-worthmentioning!
Something called values beseeched them, bethrottled....bespattered
them-disheartening!

AMIT RAY

*****A PARTING SONG*****

A parting song song is one where i found her sodden falafel
called pure love, an indulgence longed for found only
under her skin called a beautiful mind to rinse from dirt
When i have bairman with a rent-size pocket for this shoddy shore
called life, and nothing but at least a dirty linen of mine to wash
in all her glimpses, when a man in me, still alive but dead
Was all up for her beefy escorts,
Her straggly hair still unfazed,
Her gringy chics with thighs unsplattered
Thinking what seemed frankly impractically
is possible, but now infuriatingly effortless when she
turned up here,
in her angeline trend-setting best, where i wish,
i could manage her fetching stone glaze with a touch of Midas
with this bull of mine called love, still.....
still awaiting its corral and she would be
watching my shameless display of bravado to win her,
Her siesta ere trampled by the crowd, with shoulders
still gored up against her wall of love.

A parting song bit fuzzy would have been a pagan,
frolic of her celebration with love,
Her swirls of light-an enlightenment for me ahead,
Her memory of connectedness
And yet her seeing me with blemishes still weak-kneed for
her, yes for her sunken heart,
one last felucca cruise with my camel of words,
in the deserts to break the heartbroken ice between us,
With me waspish,
With her wobbling in the icicle of my heart,
in this parting song sniggering me in her arfname
called love..
in this parting song
This parting song of mine

AMIT RAY

*****ALONE-A TALE OF TWO CITIES*****

Walking alone.....
Alone this path of a sinner
I ask myself as you sway me in your air.....
Had only they be taking me to you
from this sands of time sweeping my stakes

Treading alone.....
Alone the dark allies of a dreamer
I think of this darkness
As how fortunate he is to have his moon in arms held tight
Remains me where destiny became the distance
between us in your scale of time

Delving alone.....
Alone the clouds of a crooner
I have my dreams hiding themselves in your daylight
And you smile the fugitive dazzling from it
Awaits me as if it will rain on me
free from this dilations of your time

Turning alone.....
Alone the pages of life like a pagan
I question myself like i did never before
As why flowers don't bloom on stones,
like the fragrance of your stings.....
which defines our sands of time

16/07/2009

AMIT RAY

*****AN EGG*****

We live and die in a egg
We create and destroy egg
We egg ourselves on with the eggless
tides of our egggy lows
and we blame each other to be eggheads
This is egg parody of human life

We discriminate each other in terms of an egg
We discover religions to be eggetarian
We blame the hens for their eggs
when we are ourselves henpecked
Fresh eggs though but still they variate the finance laws
And infer that what a bird's eye see from above
to be straight is not at all the one from front
This is the egggy rhapsody of mathematics

We hate and love the hen
Not the chicken or the egg first
Hate the hen for being breaching social laws
creating free range eggs where her she is not caged
and there is where religion starts its practices
And on the contrary the diseases contracted
What a strange world of econometrics we live
when we love to eat the same hen's meaty chunks
in sandwiches
And blame the bloody egg to be rotten
This is the egg syndrome of today's daily mimics

And not an exception though i too long for an egg
I butter up my fresh cream for some awaited egg
An egg that will continue my legacy of ill will
That i see as will entangled in my genetic wisdom
I satisfy my trading discretion with the difference
of a free range and a caged egg
And dance in the yellow yolk of my daily cake
and life treads on like a tortoise who once started
collecting wisdom and see how powerful could be an egg

I put an egg in water
and history starts with Waterloo
I make my childish craftwork of an egg
thinking them to be my small Igloo
And in the bargain i get my zero once again
in the ovoid egggy outstanding curves of outrage
that we do, you do, in ou beautiful egg -this earth
we its people no matter they are free range or caged
they are mine and i am theirs in terms of love
what i could not find an explanation even with my 143 quotient
of egghead intelliegence same encrypted in love's equation
Coz' i could not understand simply
Love itself creates the egg
-the egg of life of which we are just temporary eggsters

winning the boiled, fried and likewise stride of an egg
and hurling the abuses with an egg at each other
when we see ourselves 'egg'-lomatic.

23/11/2009
Amit Ray

AMIT RAY

*****AND THE STAKES DON'T GET HIGH ANYMORE*****

/***DEDICATED TO A ' LADYLOVE SOMEWHERE IN THE DESERTS***/

Ripples of her love gripping me,
Her pure and pristine devour,
Of my rabbit love;
hah! stupid rabbit!
Fancy and frenzy rib-tickling,
A passion stripped to the bone,
And she now eludes me from my identity
And the stakes don't get high anymore

Her thinking of an adage- 'Time is the best healer'
Her carnage of my love with time as the best killer
As she covers herself out in dark clouds
In my own obscurity destined by her
I just added 'immortality' to it with a pinch of salt
Immaculating me diurnal but,
Anoint with her stakes only
And the stakes don't get high any more.

My doctor said 'Have a change in weather'
So i treaded on the streets of Paris from London
And the results-it just changed changed the condition
with her ambience on and on.
I had written on a wall near the Eiffel Tower
with some stray chinks for my stray traveller
That my love for her is still towering
Does not matter if it is still there for her life's hiring
But love cannot be hired
Nay, it cannot be fired
nor even acquired sneaked in
for me to reach her atonement of love.
Nay, i can only run whirlwind of love when,
And the stakes don't get high anymore.

I wrote there:

'Sans toi now a snail would overtake me'
'Sans toi i clamber with my clapped ankles of love'
'Sans toi this back of mine all wrecked collecting chestnuts of our merriment'
'Sans toi slugging voices call me from cars anonymous'
'Sans toi my drivers vascular stare out at every..of your gale'
And the stakes don't get high any more.

An archway which i dream to pass with her
Our doorstep into our new mansion
As dew soaks my back with her irresponsible 'yes'
And a verbatim 'eyi' so stubborn
In every eye-lid's flutter reverberating the 'rabbit-love'
Dreams just cannot withdraw from her
From a heart sunken in her heart's garden
Salty yet sweet like a hummingbird
And clubbed voices of her passions galore like seals

And the stakes don't get high any more.

Now life shuffles her decks
Now love flocks like a swarm of her leaves
For a distant sandwoman not to be glimpsed yet
I implored her with two hands of mine
In this darkness where i linger
For her birds nesting in sycamore maples
As i failed my restraints on oaks, ashes and beeches
And the stakes don't get high anymore

She is sceptic about some stuttering misfit,
As i fretted her willow-the-wisp
Gazing down and trapped in my own shame,
Sitting solitary on shoddy window basements
As airs of London are hired for Paris
To soak up my eyes after she put rain- so heavy
So heavy- unaware how far or how close,
The imminent death is honed to 'hop-me' off
Just another hymn to go,
In today's nocturnal Paris
Like an eau de toilette in her love's fragrance
Recognised when i only exist with her love
And forgotten when the fragrance is over
Recognised when i only exist in darkness crooning her cunning love
And no more cronje when this darkness is over
And, and the stakes don't get high anymore.

So...so i walk on her fire,
A heart ablaze with her illuminations
It pains don't know why can't just express everytime
And so i cry:
'O heavenly Muse, that not with fading bays
Deckest thy brow by my Ang(j) eline spring,
But sittest crowned with stars' immortal 'Ray'
In Heaven, where legions led by my ang(j) el sing;
Inspire her life in my wit, my thoughts upraise,
My verse enoble, and forgive the the lies,
If fictions light I mix with truth divine,
And fill these lines with other praise than thine. '

Courtesy for last verses- LA GERUSALEMME LIBERATA(English-From Jerusalem undelivered -1575 AD) and my idol Torquato Tasso (1544 AD -1595 AD)

AMIT RAY

*****APRONEER-LIFE OF A TRADER*****

You must be thinking am very rich
No not a monarch
Not an oligarch either
Neither plutocrat nor a bureaucrat
I am,
I am just an aproneer
I buy and sell myself everyday
I am always hated
I am born to be betrayed
Coz' am demolition man
Fraternity is fragile and fateless to me
Something sonoral is selfish to me
And a ladylove!
I am an aproneer
I am just an aproneer
Love of a woman is just unknown to me
So is shapeless like my emotions
I have sold all my emotions
To the market called love
I exported them to some deserts of Australia
I competed with technocrats and traders
Be it Sydney or Stuttgart
And now i find my commodities sell for peanuts
To her who likes but doughnuts
The doughnuts not of Brazil but this Mumbai
Coz' they are organic, medicated and therefore trustworthy

I am just.....just an aproneer
Now all my shares, my tradesmanship are at dearth
Coz' people now think i am myself nuts
But deep inside my heart i know, i knew
My nutty love, selfless love,
Sells everyday
It sells and retails everyday
And i do the same wasting pages and inks
Though it failed to seek a berth
In the heart of my ladylove,
my life's cherished love
a liar's true love,
a prankster's real love
for this lady,
for her, yes for her sitting and laughing away my love,
my nutty love,
my nitty-gritty rabbit-love,
there, there in the West of Australia,
across the ocean in Perth.

10/04/2009

AMIT RAY

*****ASSASSIN*****

You are my thirst unquenched;
You are quest of my brain when you come in such shape;
You are fragrance of words in my mind called Eden;
You are paradise in my frozen glass dreams;
You are my assassin-
Are you?

You are my mixture of crazy notions;
You are my mysterious paradox in my wild provocation;
You are perceptive yet infuriating, in my love called hyperreality;
You are the only remaining primitive stake
for a primate called passion;
You are my assassin-
Ain't you?

You are my phantasy of cassanovan crooning;
You make me a criminal in your scandalous beauty;
You are my rejoice in the consecration of your indifference;
You are the seductress of my enthusiasm called poetry;
You are my assassin-
Who are you?

You are the euphoria of my artificial paradise;
You are cinematic tranquility of my illusionism;
You are the footslogger pedalling blood in my heart;
You are hysterisis hampered in my own strength;
You are my assassin-
Say if it is not you?

AMIT RAY

*****BREATH*****

My heart does not claim any window
My body no more seeks a door
The wall of my house is spattered in stones
And the fences all shared my blood
to speak to wary travellers this is a stone henge of that man
No lapse in length, no brick in breadth,
nor even heaving a height
Not any sunshine, neither amid darkness
No more is fight between truth and lies galore
I am only a breath.....only a breath
Breath
who lived between her heart
And pamphlets thrown away with devastated pieces of my body
in the hearth of her room i thought was mine

What i am i was
so was why i am
What is she was she
so why is she
Her air was freedom for me
I forgot it was only meant to be breathed, captive
like the smoky edge of a burning cigar which vanishes;
And not the one to soothe the fire i had beneath.
Sleep will not enter my bloody eyes anymore
I am now a soldier breathing on the border between life and death
Hands will no more hold me up to the pedastal
I am blown up in her breath
Blewn are my mansions of love
no stench it's still the smell of her perfume
which in i am only a breath
Breath.....the.breath
that lived between her heart;
The birds of my love are killed by blades of turbine
And coloured feathers titillating fill the air with rantings
charred in the hearth of her room i thought was mine

Thought i would drink the sea in her eyes
When i have no more water to be dried up in her scorching sun
And fell my blood into her sea to be pure as mother's milk
Memories like the beaten railway tracks are ever restless
Like this breath....which moved like a train and a single passenger
With tracks so rocky like the lines of my fate.....move on..this breath
.....the breath moved on
this breath of mine like spaghetti in lines on palms
In determinants and matrices,
As truth of induction what she left by and lies of probability what she felt,
Like wants and worries in trains up and down
which saw each other's relative breath and never saw each other
In a breath....this breath of mine
Though it is no more.....a breath to be hers
in the hearth of her room i thought was mine

AMIT RAY

*****DON'T CRY MY LOVE-DEDICATED TO MY LADYLOVE DESERT-ROSE*****

DEDICATED TO MY LADYLOVE DESERT-ROSE

Don't cry my love
Don't cry
Stop crying and everything will be smiling fine
This is all what happens in love;
This is what all pains in love;
That is all this happened with us

This roadie of ours has too many turns;
This fate has but too many sweepstakes
This life of ours has to have jannocks
No matter if it sees me a jampher
No worry if it waits you a isabelle
Don't cry
Don't cry my love
Stop crying and everything will be yours and mine

This ocean of life has too many ripples
This world of humans has many savage gardens too
We will plant our love in some other gardens galore
Swashbuckling should it be ours but the love salvatore
Don't cry my love
Don't cry
Stop crying and everything will be pristine

For....
This beat of my heart could be the 'key of the street'
This dust of my knevel could entangle the knotty heat;
This run in my feet could knutter and knoup;
This cudgel in my hand could mebbly-scale our love's majuscule
As,
impeccable are my annals for you
And,
invincible will be my love other than you

Don't cry don't cry
Don't cry me a pappalardo
Don't cry me coz' I,
coz',
i am the one-horse cabalado
Don't cry my dainty darling
Don't cry
Coz',
it is our era of feeling the quivers of love
Coz',
in this quiver lies the quafftide cup of happiness
And, and,
in this happiness quigger the quidnunc in you
And the quidnunc in you exude the exuberance of our love's elixir
And this exuberance unleashes us
As unflinching a faith as it harbours our rabbit love's rabbit's kiss

And unfolds unto you my love that, that is no rabble-fish

Don't cry my love
Don't cry
Stop crying and all our sorrow's elephantine hisses will be,
Will be lost in our kisses serpentine
Look my love up into my eyes
See this shamocking yesterday of mine
See that i have tuned it into its shazzying today
Through tambarine genesis;
Through our ukelele's synthesis;
Through our oboe's oxymoron catharsis;
Look it is the same me
Look if am the same one as before;
Look am if the nobody's no-one;
See and feel
I am the same ombudsman of your diaphanous love
Now turned sithcudman of your love
See that i have churned your talisman into our serene serendipity

Don't cry
Don't dare cry
Don't blare that wicked cry
Coz' you are,
Yes,
you are you are
my destiny
You are my soliloquy
You are are my mutiny
You are are are my suaviloquy

Don't cry my love
Don't cry coz' the clouds of trouble will always be this swallocky
Stop crying and our love will be divine
All the same butterine
Yes i bubulcitate it will,
it will shine,
it will enshrine
No matter how many squeaks,
no matter how many sharp spines has our love's porcupine
Stop crying and i am there
Yes, i swear am there,
am there swear i,
there to swaff the puff
Until i swarble the jumble
Till i swazz the jazz of our love,
our love back all to its raspberry rollicky,
our desires back to its all frappuccino frolicky

Don't cry my love
Don'y cry
Coz' our road to heaven shall not be unsoulclogged

Does not matter if it seems to be unsnod
Unfazed as it should be from all uncertainties

Don't cry my love
Don't cry as today's vaniloquence
Shall be tomorrow's vicissitude

Don't cry my love
Don't cry coz' what is 'wallaby-track' uphill
Shall be the ostentatious 'lullaby-rack' downhill

Don't cry my love
Don't cry a flabbergasted flepper
I vow
I swear
I am
I was
I will be always
the fleshment of your every incriminating cropper
My honey my love be all fears crastine
In our love clandestine
In all your crobacking crizzles
Feels a man yet to become
Across the Thames crewdling but still hope drizzles
A man yet to become waits for you with arms wide open
In London, the Queen's London,
A knight yet to become walking all the tall
No more misunderstandings love
No more bamboozles
I am the same bomullock you wanted to mother
I am the same romeo of your julliet's bother
I am the same love who blutterbunged from all curses smother
In London, yonder
Am here and we have still,
we are yet a long way to ponder.....
i am here, come along hold this hands,
hold him, behold him,
he is, he is your chantipleur
he is your mouth-watering chocolate....
Cabobbled but still awaiting the carroon.....
The carroon escorting us into eternity,
into the sun,
onto the stars,
unto the moon,
to embark soon.....
to embark soon
soon very soon
soon
so no cringe i croon
croon i,
it will be,
will be it,

soon..

AMIT RAY

*****DOWN AND DOWNER - THE QUESTION OF ALMIGHTY'S EXISTENCE*****

Candle of my life melts away
Down and downer
Laughs Jesus from the Christ saying me you are a fool
As you blame me saying am a Jew seeing the 'INRI'
Its your path of choice to condemn me not catholic
but orthodox and protestant
Which gains nothing
Not even salvation to the best of your innovation
Who has stopped thy rising sun?
For what hath saileth thou brow of clouds
When you love the way thy represent them to thee

Waves of the ocean suaves
Down and downer
Cometh and goeth like day and night
As it sways my mind
So querulous, so surfeited i stand in front
Or stoic silence stinking in the foams of hatred
burning like sands of a desert
I run after them like great plough-horses of Mohammed
When two guys called Isaac and Ismail are at a dagger's drawn
Same as Solomon and Salman
Now Michael, Mitchell and Mikhael
So God says you say likewise you are not mine
But thou run after thy quest called the thrust of knowledge

Fleets of cloud now obsessed clad in blue merino dress
The feeling so colossal...geese cackling merrily underneath
Down and downer
they mark my end
as they flap beyond the boundaries of my vision
To stone henges,
to shapes, to caves, to temples
or pagodas where they bury themselves
Are they or is me the dead?
Nay its me the hussy drenched in love's mighty surge
Its Almighty the same only in different fancy needlework
A different tune for us all the shepherds
Engulfed in Almighty's container
Jostling with each other in the hatred of Brownian motion
Telling each other
We need each other's peace for satisfaction

01/08/2009
Amit Ray

AMIT RAY

*****FLOWERS OF LOVE-FREESTYLE*****

Flowers of love in my mind
tumbling chestnut mane, flirtatious
but for a lifetime choses a spotted leopard
with the freshness of fressia in mouth,
and eyes red-rimmed to kiss her lush lips
pains to kiss away.....kiss away....kiss away
lynching the stigma of passion,
synching the woes in her paradigms of eternity.

Flowers of love as she teeters in....
on my body yet not in vertiginous suede bondage,
reveal her to be my only dearth of life, her tears of
ocean which in am a sailor sailing away.....
sail away.....sail away.....sail away
like a cactus in her thoughts to transpire a punishment
as fears scale mountains in her ridges of truths or lies...
the great ropes of her black beads or magic dangling
around her neck, voodoo rocking my subconscious mind
yet to be submissive so silly yet lethal the lilly that lolls
in her locks

Flowers of love walk tall, encased skintight,
scarlet pink-rose lippy her tread on my red carpet
called love bright in her sun as her sunflower swoons on me.....
her every breath like jasmine to sooth my mind's appetite
sequinned in her dazzling smile.....
smile away....smile away....smile away
shambling a teetotallers way silently round the sirocco of
soirees, breaking ice with her chrysanthemum splendour
making again the marigold in love's merry-go-round doubts
as a mind feline cavorts with her every move
through glimpses of mulberry bushes,
in oblique conversations through her ravishing compliment
buzzing heaven's fizzing quickfire flowing like hyacinths
to catch unaware the lotus be her coup de foudre,
helexine in her petite judgements
to pioneer a virtue of crystalline love.....

29/05/2009

AMIT RAY

*****FRENCH FRIES -CONTEXT-2ND WORLD WAR-1940-FALL OF FRANCE*****

An owl hoots, hoots, hoots, hoots
A dog barks, barks, barks, barks
Then some boots, boots, boots, boots
Uproots, uproots, uproots, uproots
The night lurks, lurks, lurks, lurks
Red wines bespatter,
French fries berserk, berserk, berserk, berserk
As the tall neighbours jerk, jerk, jerk, jerk

There rents the air some surrealists
The face of renaissance recaptured nationalists
No ikebana for my darling in Paris
As scenaries take on cemeteries
And greenaries take on apothecaries
Some invitations digging hecatomb
Our menu-guns, missiles, mortar and a bomb.

Some toddler girls hanging for apricots
Uproar the gargantuan mascots
Come bigots,
Come faggots,
All yield in to the zealots

Ablaze relaxes a man
In some shabby agonized catamaran
His cries laughed away;
His worries withered away;
Is he the last to give in?
For Paris to Berlin.

04/03/2009

AMIT RAY

*****GALLOW*****

Seconds of expectations pierce through painful minutes
Petty minutes pinches on hours of arena
Hours alas! ... freezes into days of identities lost
Days melts at the strenous strikes of a week's wizard
We ought to catch them lest they become months
And when we actually do get our month's pay
Losses are bidden farewell into savoury
of pinacolada-jellies of remorse
, jams of pistachios and baked doughs
criss-crossed with strawberries wishing all of
us a smiling face again
To gear up for a new start
a new day, a new year
Perhaps a happy new year
wish i everyone with one arrow
of love and happiness from my gallow

My hours cold in winter crave for a hot summer
To trade years of passion for a month's compassion
And when summer is reached my heart
is set on fire so scorching
that i start to hate and need a break
And countenance of confession combats for me
For Norwegian Spring to New York's Autumn
And saying oneself in vain that somehow her
summer was better
My green destiny and dreams going out
green coconut milk with her
in some remote beach
sleeping bare for hours
answering each others questions in silence
and then her lovely smile same as every humane
so pure and sweet
that God bereaved me from arrows of mine
for somebody else's destiny at the cost
of my gallow

Years decipher with unbridled wishes
As gay i look praying for solace
in her unseen Whitechapel mosque
Greetings and meetings and then perpetual eatings
as i step back from Whitechapel to the chapel of Bow Church
Church bells ring, a candle burns with my destiny
And once again meetings and greetings
As a church pal takes me to his Synagogue
Here all embraces one another
same as those small red ants
i see them on the sands of Roding valley
which leads to a temple as abandoned as me
No snakes live there spiralling round a God's neck
nor bats, nor rats no pigeons or owls to
complete the ecosystem

But a small child in a black rubbish bag years back
Left over as waste to cry and wish everyone a new year
Or ask God if there why was he missed
what had happened to God's gallow?

AMIT RAY

*****HAASTE ZAKHM- URDU-THE LAUGHED WOUNDS*****

****Haaste Zakhm****

Language-URDU-

Speciality-Spoken in Lucknow, Uttar Pradesh, Allahabad, Delhi, Calcutta, Bihar and Madhya Pradesh, nationally accepted language in Pakistan and the language of gharana music, mujras, ghazals and sufis in allusion to Punjabi. It is a special gift to my grandfather, an immortal lover of this language added to Hindi and Punjabi counting his last days in Lucknow, North India. I hope you will enjoy and whole-heartedly accept any discretions of yours.

N.B. The poem is dedicated to all people including my late grandfather Mr. Kamallesh Ray (1899-1976) loving the shairana andaaz of Urdu and it is a realistic rhetoric of my present life.

POEM-

Aur kya aye bewafa diye tune haaste zakhm
Aye kya manzar diya hai yeh mere ishq ka ruthba
Hum to zamane se marham dhundte aye
Tera aashiqane me afzal hua mera aashiana
Aur kya bewafa diye tune haaste zakhm
Aye kya manzar diya hai yeh mere ishq ka ruthba

Tere gham me sishe ansu bani aye bewafa
Bewafa... un ansuyo ko maine dil ke paimane me qaid kiye
Yeh dil
Aye dil-e-dastan....
Aye zakhme-mohabbat,
Aye naadan-e-dil,
jo kabhi thakti nahin teri nazakat se
Kabhi yahan jaale
Kabhi woha bujhe mere mohtab-e-dil
Woh kya kafila daman teri
Woh kya qatilana nazarein teri
Aye mere saqi rehnuma kar is zakhme-tanhayi pe
Jo zaleem yeh zamana mehmane ikrar kiye...
aur jo paimane toote to dard-e-dil sharabi karar diye

Bas itna sa mashvaara hai
Bas woh tere hi aftar me raakh ho lena hai
Bas ek pal mehsoos kar aye mere tasavvur
Ailan kar woh viraan andheri raho me kashmakash
Aye mere humraaz
Aye bewafa mujhko panaah de
Apni tabassum me ek baar mushakkat kar le
Har anjuman, har haasratein meri
Har mehfil
Har tabsiron ka zubaani
Har deedar aye deedar-e-yaar darde-dil
Ya to fanaa kar de mujhe
Tere pyaar me mere pyaar ka gunaah
Aur kya aye bewafa diye tune haaste zakhm
Aye kya manzar diya hai yeh mere ishq ka ruthba

*****English Translation*****
coming in a short while

AMIT RAY

*****ICH WAR BEREIT*****

Ich bin bereit, die Welt für Sie zu verlassen,
Ich war bereit, alles dafür zu verlassen sie,
Sie waren nie bereit nach zu kommen
Hören Sie nur zu
Verursachen sie meine Mitterlung an Ihren freunde
Ich glaubte, dass ich ihnen sagen sollte
Ich.... Ich fühle sehr einsam
Ich fühle mich hier allien
Ich weiß, dass Ihr Fenster geschlossen ist
Das Fenster ist geschlossen
Der Tisch ist zu klein, die Gezeiten zu drehen.....
Aber die Tür ist offen

Wir lieben uns,
gedenken wir Liebe,
Dann....wer ist das?
Wen heiratest du?
Mit wem hast du gesprochen?
Wessen schuld ist das?
Ist das dein Buch?
Kenne ich sie?
Warum sie me sagen all dieses?
Wer ist daran schuld?

Ich suche niemanden
Man versteht das schon
Und die Geschichte soll einem jemand glauben
Es hat geregnet,
geschneit
und gdonnert
Es hat lange gedauert
Es ist vorkommen
Es hat geklappt
Ich geflogen
Sie gefahren
Ich verstehe Ihre Frage nicht
Wir würden gewinnen
Die zeit vergeht schnell
Aber Liebe,
Öl schwimmt auf Wasser,
verwechseln sie nie wie uns in Rissentropfen
Sie macht mich warte
Ich lasse mich sehen
Der zug ist abgefahren
Dass karun dei Antwort
Eh fing Feuer
Sie haben mich missverstanden
Ich habe das als unfair empfunden
Er hat sich sofort in sie verliebt
Es log an mui,
Dass er nicht durfte gekommen ist..
Dass durfte die Antwort

Dass durfte mich Antwort.....
Dass durfte der Antwort.....

*****English translation*****

I am ready to leave the world for you
I was ready to leave the world for you.....and
You could never be feeling the pain to respond
Now just listen...
We love each other
We commemorate love
Convey my message to all your friends and my fiends
That i just came your place
Coz' it felt me lonely
Yes, i am, i am very lonely without you...

Then, who's that?
Who are you marrying?
Who did you speak to?
Who are you?
Why did you tell me all this?
Is that your book?
Whose fault is that?

I am not looking for anyone
People understand that
And somebody is supposed to believe this story in you....
That....that it rained,
it snowed,
and it thundered,
It remained very warm
It happened
I flew
You drove
We are going to win
We are just going to win.....
And love, oil will float in water always
And never mix up like us in tear drops...

I just do not understand your question,
But love,
the train has departed
It caught fire
I fell in love with you straightaway
It was because of this fault of mine...
It was because of this fault that he did not come to you so long
That could well be the answer
That could well be one answer
That could well be my answer.....

(c) AMIT RAY 31/03/2009
London, England

AMIT RAY

*****IF I WERE HER TEARS*****

If i were her tears,
Coming unto her heart my sins heavy laden
Her arms casteth in strength of my refuge
Sensitivity burneth in desire;
Cringing darkness hath wished to be silver drops
To glance her eyes
From a mind in her bondage
And pangs addicted to her search,
Day and night

If i were her tears,
Falleth one heart in breath of another
from two separate worlds,
Her shyness remaineth my fiery indignation
In escape resteth a promise as a quincy flavour of wine
Never tasted so intoxicating ' c'est magnifique'
In her veils of candour and tenderness
Or an invitation for a thirst with his empty goblet
for a heart hurt in criticism,
Every now and then

If i were her tears,
Lifting my gaze to empty skies above
And in azure flames of her shape captured by her trembling drops
With my dreams tied to a stallion in darkness to chase her
Or be her prince on the pegasus
Frenzied! following her smile in her transparent ocean
As she overflows in radiant eyes
for my precious melody,
Marvel to marvel

If i were her tears,
Knowing a child in me who waited her come so much
In her magic touch called sunshine
Or a ring of flowers blossomed by her rains
In my life...of hands rinsed in her pearls
Of a transient season with unknown end
To be captured by her kiss;
In golden wings flapping,
Tired still untiring.

AMIT RAY

*****IN MOMENTS*****

In moments....
where an empty soul searched
an enduring something
in the nights of your smile,
over the place where i met you
beyond the eternal sin of sweetness
two strangers in the bridge hanging
between your past and my future

In moments.....
when beyond my words you hated
a bitter madness
in the steps of your traveller in quest of a ghost,
over the solitudes when i fell in love with you
and the rose of my desert dipped in my blood,
still in hand to say something....
for now until forever

In moments.....
how i wished i would never wake up
by the clouds of your dreams
like a flying kite and my hope
in a candle lit on it,
the strings tied to this finger so childish.....
As if i could breathe the air
blowing your disguise and my exile
from this life onto all others

In moments....
where you exclaimed this stupid self with a logic
and i still argued it to be cupid spontaneous....
As if the stars listened to what i forgot to say
Happiness so relative for the rest of my sky
where birds will fly drenched in your tears
and wings softened in your palm...
over here....over there, everywhere.....

In moments.....
why i wished i cradled with
your dreams made of glass
And write your name on the sands of the sea
where you say my river fell.....
And now your name...your pristine name
to turn out to be pearls
in shells shaded so beautiful by your waves.....
your smile,
your anger,
your humour,
your blushes.....your everything
or my mind in the foams of your waves
which you always hit on the stones
As if we are not ours.....so hollow

on the shores of this fugitive love to recur.

07/07/2009

AMIT RAY

*****INFERNO*****

Don't just sail away
Don't...when i see you cry
See nothing is forbidden now
I won't let this feeling go sans you
May be you still don't wish
That i reach your stars
But i have to set myself ablaze now
That's my only choice left out
To be yours forever,
Or an inferno in a forest called love

Don't let this moment go by
Don't when am still alive in your dew drops
See i have still have hopes instilled
I leave my name in your fragrance now
May be you don't feel the rhythm in your mind stone cold
But i have to set myself ablaze now
That's my only choice left out
To be yours forever,
Or an inferno in a forest called love

Don't just run away
Don't when i have many things to say
See i am still crawling like the baby after a ball
I leave my heart in your palms now
May be you have it still freezed for me
But i have to set myself ablaze now
That's my only choice left out
To be yours forever,
Or an inferno in a forest called love

Don't just say it compassion
Don't when we still have the passion to wear each other down
See i can't hide something what you meant never gave
i have this feeling gripping me everytime
May be you don't wish the world know i am your lover
But i have to set myself ablaze now
That's my only choice left out
To be yours forever,
Or an inferno in a forest called love

AMIT RAY

*****INSOMNIAC*****

I am not the boy who cried wolf in your love, nay
In your love i just wanted space to turn to
your mind,
And now when you toss between tragic truth and lies logic
I am insomniac,
Tossing a heart that
You love me
You love me not

I am the kind who is criminally opportunistic, at bay
In your love i just advocated my love to turn
every other's table,
Thinking i could be mending your loss irreparable,
And now when you toss between tragic truth and lies logic
I am insomniac,
Tossing a heart that
You love me
You love me not

I am but the kid for your love matinal, hey
In your love i am the one you meant to love diaphanous,
Am otherwise the amity of paternal respect,
one maternity, one fraternity, one breath, one love,
And now when you toss between tragic truth and lies logic
I am insomniac,
Tossing a heart that
You love me
You love me not

AMIT RAY

*****INTEZAAR*** (HINDI -THE AWAITMENT)**

Jaan! Jaan! dekho naa....
Utho na jaan!main hoon main
Yeh meri tanhayi ki pukaar hai...
Jiski aahat tum tak nahin pahuchti
Yeh meri aankhhon ki sagar hai...
Jiska kinara sirf ho.....tum ho na jaan?

Ey jaan! utho na dekho....
Main hoon main
Roothe ho mujhse?
Baat nahin karogi na?
Kitne duur ho na tum?
Phir bhi....phir bhi mujhe lagta hai tum yehi ho....yehi kahi..
Mere pas....mujhe pukaar rahi ho...

Aur main tumhe dhund raha hoon,
khud apne hi dhund me
Shayad yeh mera pagalpan hai
Shayad yehi deewangi hai....yehi pyaar hai
Kab aaogi mere pas?
Mujhse nahin milogi jaan?
Sunogi nahin na mujhe?

Janta hoon main...jhoothha hoon na main
Jo khuli aankhon se dikhai nahin deta
Woh hamesha jhooth hi lagta hai na jaan?
Maana maine jhooth kaha hai jaan
Sirf meri tanhayi ko pyaar ka zubaan dene..
tumhe paane ke liye hi na jaan!

Par jaanta hoon main....sab jaanta hoon...
Tum use pyaar karti ho na jaan?
Kyon ki use dekh sakti ho...khhuli aankhhon se
Aur main itni duur hoon isliye na.....aankhen baandh karo na jaan?
Yehi kahogi na tum mujhe jaanti nahin?
Yehi bologi na tum mujhe sochti nahin?

Ey jaan! suno na, dekho na jaan....
Main hoon main
Woh dekho jaan..meri aankhhon se dekho
Woh raha mera bachpan
Us chhote se maidan me
Woh raha woh papite ki per
Jisse me aksar baatein karta hoon
Poochhta tha use kab tum aaogi...aaogi na jaan?
Haans rahi ho jaan?
Mera koi dost nahin bana na jaan...!
Main amir nahin is liye na jaan..!
Woh dekho jaan! woh chhota sa ghar....
Usi me main rehta hoon
Usi me meri maa khon bahati hai
Usi me meri babuji paseena bahate hai

Aur main aur meri tanhayi aansoo bahata hai
Raat ko wohi aansoo dhhua ban jate hai
Aur mujhe neend me sula dete hai
Woh dhhua tum ho na jaan..tum ho na jaan? ho na?

Jaanta hoon main mere shaher ke raaste nahin milte
Nahin milte tumhare shaher ke raasto se.....
Jaise mera yeh dil hai jo hamesha rota hai
Aur woh dimag jo hamesha haasta hai
Par hai to ek hi naa jaan..mujhme samaye huye...
Tum hamesha roti ho na mujhe sun kar, mujhe soch kar
Dekho main bhi bahut rota hoon us bachche ki tarah
Jiska keemti khhilona tum ne chhin liye
Mera keemti khhilona tum hi ho na jaan?
Ey jaan! ho na?
Dekho idhhar jaan.....dekho na
Dekho mere gham usse bhi kitna gehra hai...
Utna hi jitna mera pyaar hai.....
Haan....maine pyaar kiya hai jaan
Pyaar kiya hai sirf tum se...sirf tum se...ey jaan!
Sun rahi ho na tum?

Barish ho rahi hai jaan....
bheego gi nahin na mere saath?
Jaanta hoon main tum abhi nahin aaogi..
Main yehi behta tumhara intezaar karunga jaan
Dhhup tak,
Qayamat tak jaan,
Intezaar! Intezaar karunga....
Intezaar karunga.....
Intezaar karunga.....
Intezaar karunga....
Intezaar....
Intezaa
Inteza.
Intez
Inte.
Int...
In..

English Translation(US and Indik English)

Love! Love! see here na...
Wake up love!see its me its me
This is my lonely call
The stake of which does not reach you
This is the ocean of my eyes
And only you are the shore for my ripples..
You are there na love?

Ey love! Wake up na see...
Its me its me

Angry with me na love?
Won't you ever speak with me?
So far you are na love...so far
Still it appears you are here...somewhere near me
In front of me somewhere....and beckoning me

And me.....me trying to search you out
With myself searching myself
Probably this is my madness for you
Possibly this is the loveliness of love
When will you come love?
Will you never meet me love?
Won't you ever listen to me?

I know love....that i am a liar
Liar coz' you cannot see me bare eyes
Lie coz' it seems to be so when you cannot see it beyond
I agree i have lied to you
Only to give a voice to my loneliness
The voice of your love...
to have your sweet presence na love

But i know love...i know everything
You love him very much na love?
Coz' you can see him bare eyes
And me so far thats why...close your eyes na love?
Would you now say you don't know me?
Would you now say you don't think me?

Ey love! listen na...see na love..
Its me its me
See yonder in my eyes love..through my eyes
there goes my childhood on that ground
there goes the ground where i play..
and there is that papaya tree
whom i speak
I used to ask the tree when you will come...
Ey love! you are laughing na?
Coz' am poor thats why na love?
See there love....that small house...
In it i reside
In it my mom sheds her blood...
In it my dad sheds his sweat....
In it i shed my tears with my loneliness
At night they bellow into smoke
And gets me into my sleep....
the smoke is you na love? you are na? are na?

I know love..i know the roads of my city
The roads of my city don't meet yours
Like my heart which always yells
And that brain always mocking at me

But they are all here na love....
here everything in me....
you always cry na love....hearkening me, thinking of me
Look am also crying, crying like a child
Crying coz' you are my precious toy
Or may be you have stolen this precious toy...
Ey love! you are there na?
See, my wounds are more dense than his's....
As dense is as my love for you...
Yes i love you...i have loved you...only you..ey love!
Listening na!

See its raining love....
Won't you be drenching with me?
I know you will not come now....
I will sit here and wait for you my love....
Until sunshine.....
Until eternity.....
I will wait for you here love....
I will wait..
I will wai..
I will wa
I will w...
I will..
I wil
I wi
I w...
I....

.....
N.B. The word na is used in a positive and affirmative sense here.

AMIT RAY

*****KOISHII- (JAPANESE FOR BELOVED) -NO WINTER LASTS FOREVER*****

I have to try in English coz' no body understands the Japanese scripts well here except some Americans and some Germans.

Koishii-
Men will come, men will go
Nights of wonder in hands of seemingly passion
is not love -a quiver or a thrill of this winter
But i came and will be there forever yours
In gloves, in pullovers, in hats, scarfs and mittens
Baselayers on, merino beneath and wellington boots-
To stop the gushing wind of fever enter
you, your ears and your body, your mind,
And to stop them telling you my name
everytime and.....like a mirror
where you see only yourself-
Who's she?
Warmth of my life-
Like all of them they have in you
Like all these words i say for you
No winter lasts forever
Koishii-my own Koishii

Koishii-
Colour of money, word of mouth
Will charm like the snake changing skin
Like this turtle of hope in hibernation,
from the croc sweepes and stakes of life
Time will come, time will go
But i will remain so for you as i was ever
Drinking wine for your warmth of blood
To say i hate you
and heating blood of yours for compassion
Beating doldrums again to say i love you
They all are same human characters
of serendipity, this sensation and spirit
Like the taste buds-bitter, sweet, salty and sour
Of the same tongue that pronounced your name
in all versions of pragmatics
Who is she?
No winter lasts forever
Koishii-my immortal Koishii

Koishii-
Place and pride will change
Like people change with flora and fauna
Like life changes with trauma and drama
But i will be there like the water
Summer will bubble me, winter will freeze me
Spring will flow with my ripples of sweet words
Monsoon will dance with me to woo you
And autumn will have my fruits of love for you
Water of a river unknown

Though worshipped never in quenching
Dried up but fell into an ocean where
i am still the same form called water
Called life, this life of mine unto yours
Never became terminated
Though anger, fear and fragility
divided into tributaries and distributaries
They are the same water which meets somewhere
to get lost somewhere
So that summer of yours never dry them up at one place
So that the sun too becomes tired chasing my restraint
but they all play their part of win somewhere
And lose somewhere,
Of the same nature as you and me
This heart of mine that runs for you in one part
of the world;
That heart of yours which is freezed for me
in some other part to say-
No winter lasts forever
Koishii-forever my Koishii

AMIT RAY

*****MONSOON***- VENDETTA OF LOVE**

Mish-mash of flaccidity
Your pesky cherry lips
Your smouldering butt of love
under the eaves of my dry twigs,
Rollover muffin in marinated pongy olive
love in your riccotto smooches,
Bite by bite,
Of fettuccine fetishism,
Drop by drop,
Of a red caramelised passion,
In your ecstasy in coruscating chocolaty,
My fantasy and felishism in your serpentine
bondage,
For an unprecedented night
A night to remember
A night with you in the boulevard of sins
Sorrows of bruschetta effervescent in your bleary eyes
Relish me your creamy cheesy love
Relish you mine pizzette pomodorro,
Tangy escalating, penetrating your body to;
permeating your mind fro
As we roll the rollover again
Making the baked camembert with ours,
Hours of cicatrices in caramine coalesces,
Over to that deserted cottage of dessert sensations,
With leaking roofs from your hair,
Boilers broken in with your legs crossed synthesising
the song of victory in our sinful wiring each other,
Our zest of wearing each other
As, blew fresh air sunken through the cottage's cracked
windows, venting us freedom at last
Dampened,
Swampy, appalled
our exhilarating enigma,
me and you come monsoon.

AMIT RAY

*****ONE CUP OF COFFEE*****

Stakes of your eyes so beautiful,
Your finding mistakes in my eyes sinful,
Your fingers with fangs folded like the legs
of an approaching spider,
And me hesitating in the aroma spun in your web
waiting....patiently impatient for your devour;
Like a bumble-bee sucking nectar from a flower called passion,
You created with your kisses and blossomed in your tears-
Tears of a god i worship or is it just you will blame it as obsession;
Still I, ashamed myself but stand enough tall to salvage yours-
With fingers of mine compelled by an animal anonymous
running in my veins,
To grip your evil called fears tight
lest we play caterpillar caterpillar; -
Ere one cup of coffee,
To cool off between you and me

Rakes of your empty soul where cries
my spirit in soliloquy,
A whistle-stop splendour with our hands in courage,
searching an enduring friendship in the world of fakes
Queue of your questions to find answers in my quay-
And i recall through success and failure
Through dawn from the dusk,
From a cropper to a hopper,
Budding our love sinusoidal in ups and downs
like a squirrel,
to... like a rabbit,
then.... like a kangaroo,
and.... now like a deer,
heading to be a leopard sans fear;
As they entail the boon of your love and curse of your loss,
Like how so serene hoodwinked my bright sunshine
by your dark cloud of the game,
where you test me,
which in you taste me,
this hate and love bluemarine,
Ere one cup of coffee
nowhere to cool off between you and me
It was for you and you meant it to be mine
Or as of now it is ours, me and you so far and close
And now so near and like a stranger.

Then it is all your tears fighting fountains of my eyes
Like a sailor of the sea who has only seen water maritime
For the fears we had and now immersed in each other
Ingénues wide-eyed for shapes of your love sublime,
To paint my life now you reprieve me from your darkness;
And our long faded splendour,
Heart-warming and heart-rending tenderness
Here catapults something approaching -your mystic dizziness,
The burgeoning romance as self-realisation,

These complexities of a suppressed passion,
It came as disappointment then so gut-wrenching
where my life passes by your time ticking on
And now I all laid bare with your love infallible and incriminating
But this cup of coffee, rusk in my hand toasting your name upon,
And...which took writing your name to my heart since hieroglyphics,
or may be ages of papyrus
Still....warm the coffee telling
nothing can cool off between you and me

'Ahora' as i swear my 'Anam' on your feet, all alone
That you destroy me or do let me dissolve,
or let me remain always with you as one,
Like sugar in water
or cocoa in this coffee stirred in my mind to involve;
A vortex changing colours or your magic flower in a liquid cone
Lost in the woods of love from the deserts of hatred
beyond you, beyond me, beyond this barrier
Dancing off the trauma of a virgin,
or voyeur in the tribunal of our campfire
In opulence floats our love kayaking in an ocean like a dolphin-
with heat enough to unravel the fathom of love,
As smells this love in your flavour
Still bellowing not to cool off between you and me.

AMIT RAY

*****ONE MATCH LIGHT*****

Dedicated to someone special

Light one match stick again
One match light of love between you and me
How long does it last?
For you-the length of the stick
For me- a lifetime.
One match light again to play with me.

You will say now
Should i light another one for you?
To fan the flames of fire in my heart
When you meant to char my head with a dreaded destiny
A heart which only throbbled for you
And you shattered
telling me twas only to warm up in the freezing winter
To lighten up the darkness of life
Twas only meant to be summer in my midwinter night's dreams
One match light to play with me.

But i melted in your summer
The dreams of winter blossomed in your spring
And now when it is going to be monsoon with me there
To drench in your love
To make the sworn promises of life
All you say is you feel sorry and sad for me
Sorry for the seeds of love you have sown in my barren land
I must say they they are not seasonal compromises
They are a yeoman's fruits of labour
One match light to play with me.

Strike another match stick and set be on fire
Reduce me into ashes of your matinal and diaphanous love
Reduce me now coz' if i,
If i beg before paths again it would only beget songs of your love
If i beg before lands again it would only beget fruits of your love
Only to last a season
An aproneered contract
I don't want this anymore, am all done up now
And you have,
one match light to play with me.

AMIT RAY

*****PROCRASTINATION*****

Procrastination-
became age-old thief of time
when it is that dream
of each other's follies,
Not quite out of reach
but it is getting that way
As heart's desire takes a back seat
when brain chases on searching mode
A spot so blind where we miss each other
In a human relation called love

Procrastination-
said you scratch my back
And i will scratch yours
Time feeling precious when we don't have anymore
And yet it drags us on and on
Nothing when we have to do
and certainly not at the same time;
When we try to become 'piper' in each other's
lands to please deafened ears
And ignore unsavoury influence of life
Taking a part of our time alone
seeing ourselves who we are in mirror
And find out if the world laughs when we laugh
or if only us weep and weep alone
In a human relation called love

Procrastination-
preferred the roll in a salad
when we prefer always something cholester
Split with tacky revenge in our poetic sirens
Potential slanging so livid
but yet on spilling glasses on each other
feeling the pinch of the hatchet
Facial expressions run like aggressive horses
as we even don't know with vision ours
Eyes someone else's
or perhaps never gleam our water to be still
for something to be kicked, jumped and scooped out
in equations
In a human relation called love.

AMIT RAY

*****RESILIENCE*** (RAY-THE AUTHORITARIAN BRITISH)**

More mobility as you might say
In the furore when i am way ahead of your fatigue
In sparked off controversies between you and me
All private now in public beacuse of your broken promise
In resilience we worship the thing for each other
In silence i see you the one magnanimous
In your leadership people burnt my mannequins and abused
my name vehemently which is going to live universally forever
Does not matter where you run for shelter,
to doctor, to lawyer, to minister, to ambassador, to whoever,
my love will cost you money then for a hatred to be sealed
Like what you tried using people cheaper than cheapest outsources
Here you are mine
Hereover you showed in you too can use people like me
Herein i see the woman i wanted and not by anyone's priceless blessings
when am already divinely blessed with things
People live and toil for
People die and lust for
And i reluctantly waste them in their despair had they belonged to them
I stand to take you as a knight rider perhaps the only one
Like someone you had never seen in life but dreamt
With plenty of birds each day calling and chanting my name the world over
and i ignore them you know they are there for the vanity of your womanhood
For a thing called heart,
Do you have that in original?
Are you frigid?
Or you have a price like female prankstars of your country who
would sleep for even my smell.
In resilience i declare,
In pertinence i say don't think the forest vicinal to your place
Is calm because of kangaroos only
Or spliffs and criminals could not survive there
There could be a tiger hibernating now wounded
And therefore get ready to be headhunted.

AMIT RAY

*****ROOPKATHA*****

Roopkatha tomake ami likhte chai
abar slate r chalk pencil niye
Roopkatha tomake ami harate chai
abar khuje niye shomoy katabo bole
Roopkatha tomake ami arekbar dekhte chai
...tomar hashite amar jibon furiye debo bole.....

AMIT RAY

*****SHE'S CALLED LATONYA IN OXFORD CIRCUS*****

Cut-glass cheeks, nazel brown eyes
Ample pouts, shivering shouts
Frivolous fish-nets bidding goodbyes

Some blonde cop hugs
As if all of us are but thugs
Some munches nibbling chicken fries
Awaiting coffee mugs

Some planets.....never love
Some players.....never match
Some spectators at watch
That some credit never crunches
With the debit in clutch

Some trying to wash the linen
As if have never seen a raven

Here.....nobody knows her abacus
Come Spartacus or Selukas
Here.....no-one knows her parapharnelias
Come Cornelius to Copernicus
But she appeared.....
And disappeared
A well with her apparatus
An American said
She is called Latonya in Oxford Circus.

AMIT RAY

*****SHIBBOLETH*****

There is perhaps no bidding goodbyes
sans shedding tears
what people sheds as rituals so phenomenal
Like when their Goddess gets immersed in holy water
to get back to her husband from her father's transition
of a responsibility-some of us call it a myth
For me it was all spontaneous Gangetic
Somehow i dabbed the same sand as her or
as them but was not acknowledged for my dane of shame
or may be am from a cursed community on every earthly possessions;
Some people have to live for the cause of shame
So that shame on people being charred with fire of love's hatred
and choked with gases of fumes so obnoxious-
They serve my shibboleth-cries, smokes, abuses, threats,
shames, assassinations, tears, fears and flames
and agony when only my crime was loving someone
Madly though for her madness' pride.

There is perhaps no pain without tears
when i bend down to collect sands under my barefeet
They only appear smelly coz' they have my perspirations
So truthful as the one under Holy Moses' feet dividing Red Sea.
Memories season me everyday right from ground pomegranate
which i forgot contained my own blood so red in her love
But Jacob always said of dedication being diverted
when you trust a person so wrong like a laughing mannequin
Like pulverised asafoetida which i tried to find out as love's spell
but had only her smell which i liked- liked
And people pointed out my nostrils to be vindicative-
Saga spruced up as speechless as a syrupy succulence;
But they all had my blood- and my spices of love
which people misconstrued to be my shibboleth-
Drunk without knowledge of days or nights
Sunk in her titanic
Sadly though but for her sadness' ride

Skulduggery of a mouth full of chilli powders by people
Her known and unknown-my enemies
to rub on my eyes so that i become blind never to see her
And call her again my maska chaska
Dreams of marrying her and getting her legally nude for me
to show yes mine was only to rub turmeric on only all her body
In groans of garlic and garnishing of ginger for her backrubs
And heavy golds for her giselle
Her beefy chunks and her hidden fishy smells to seal her mouth,
with freshness of cinnamon and cloves
Not only cayenne and cardamom but cumin and coriander
in fisting of fennels and fenugreeks, salt and pepper-yes black and white and bathing
her boobs in honey and mustard
dipping her nips in spanish tabasco and portuguese peri-peri sauces
Stolen though coz' i am no less than a latin pirate-
With piracy serving the legacy of my love's shibboleth

Pirate though but for her love's privacy

And why? And why?
I have to say this again and again
That every 'Heer' is heer coz' of a 'Ranjha'
Yet every 'Juliet' is due to a 'Romeo'
And all 'Sohni' is for a 'Mahiwal'
That makes me a Majnu of her-
my Laila-with a love story containing blood
Or it is just a mistake or lie like monosodium glutamate
That only enhances flavour but not taste
I would not mind to be extradited for the sin of loving her
From Sindh to Rajputana to chant her name as a piper
So i sing my blemish tunes from St.Pauls in Kingdom to St.Louis in States;
And this heart of mine she has stolen from me without a price of heart
To just add to my danes of shame in lanes and alleyways
to drink, shout, sob, cry, fry my heartless body for free
so that one day it becomes somebody else's shibboleth-
Perhaps not to serve mine but to serve her compassion
And revenge cold as raisins serving her taste of grapes
Of cocoyam, of linseeds, of bay leaves and black peppercorns
and cassia in soya charmagaz of heated corn oil in a pan
which makes me still find which grape from the land of criminals
has my blood-apart from words which makes her shibboleth
And me a man complete but still alone in a hamlet-, diligent
daring, dipped, drilled, doped in dose of her delicious days-
Infamous me though but for her love's intimacy.

AMIT RAY

*****SONALI BANGLA*****

ami sudhu sonali bangla dekhte chai
laal je ami chokhe dekhi na
laal mane shoto shoto bhai-boneder artonad
nijer shonman nijer astitver apoman
neel mane sheyi nirob raater hahakar
je raat bhor hoye banglar azaan-er kanna shune heshechhilo naa....
ami raatk...ana je...neelo chokhe dekhi na
sabuj mane sheyi khan sena der hushiyaari
sabuj banglar shoto mormantik lojjahin shojja
sabuj boro abujh sushechhe shoto ram rahim-er rokto naahh..khareez...
ami aajo nirbodh....abodh ek sishu na she dekheni kono sonali bangla bonduker chhuri
taro chhokh korechhilo aandho
ami tai aaj sudhu sonali rode snan korte chai sudhu...sudhu sonali bangla dekhte chai

English Translation

~~~~GOLDEN BENGAL~~~~

I like to see only a golden Bengal  
I can not see it so red  
Red implies hundreds and hundreds of cries  
Fraternal, sonoral  
the defamation and degradation of our existence  
Blue signifies once a silent nocturnal massacre  
The night which became morning only a winking smile at Bengal`s Azaan  
No i am so nightblind that i do not even see also the blue  
Green connotes those marches of an army of Khans  
Green Bengal`s shameless slumber in hundreds  
Green is bereft of feelings as it sucked the blood of hundreds  
in Rams and Rahims..no i reject it  
I still cannot apprehend  
A child sans feelings who never saw a golden Bengal  
as his eyes were also blinded by the bayonets  
Therefore i want to drench bath myself in the golden sunlight only  
I want to see only the golden Bengal

AMIT RAY

**\*\*\*STILETTO\*\*\* -(TANKA)**

Snowfall.  
Ghetto darkness serpentine.  
Golden leaves murmur.  
Black silvery -her shadow diminishes.  
Serenades a sinew  
Evanescence set tobogganing as mind affrays  
Her harrod splash sparkles and then;  
Twinkles away in stars..  
Wired up in astroids, in diamonds and perhaps many more  
Enshrined somewhere forever though it blurs.

N.B. My first ever TANKA written. Pretty much like haiku but as the term goes it has something to suggest or mark of 'suggestiveness' here as per the ancient japanese art.

I hope people who appreciates and apprehends a TANKA will be loving this piece.

Dictions used- 1) Stiletto-A stiletto heel (AmE: spike heel) is a long, thin heel found on some boots and shoes, usually for women

2) Harrod- Hebrew for english 'heroic'-implied majestic in this case

AMIT RAY

**\*\*\*STRANGER STRANGER\*\*\***

Stranger, Stranger look around everywhere  
Stranger, Stranger will anchor nowhere  
Stranger, Stranger no peace in eyes  
Stranger, Stranger cocktail virtues and vies.  
Revamp, rejuvenate, regard, retail all trues or lies.

Stranger Stranger, ambush the danger  
Stranger Stranger, no one to harbinger,  
Stranger Stranger- a tantaliser;  
Stranger Stranger- a Spartan demeanour,  
Surmount, surpass, subjugate, survive the uphill barrier.

Stranger Stranger, no looking back  
Stranger Stranger, eyed blue dressed black  
Stranger Stranger-dragon or duck  
Stranger Stranger-safety ranger or slack  
Progress, penetrate, perpetuate, percolate in the red of rack

Stranger Stranger, fall or fight  
Stranger Stranger enshrining bright,  
Stranger Stranger, the up and down  
Stranger Stranger, better than clown  
Emerge, engulf, engross, emancipate dusk or dawn-no frown!

AMIT RAY

**\*\*\*THE BETRAYING BUTTER THIEF\*\*\***

There he goes- big preaching beard,  
Munching the juicy succulent beef-  
Then where have you gone to dab-O big butter thief?

Look! some 'Gaurav' became 'Khalid'-  
Coz' of your gifted life squalid;  
Some rural claiming urban,  
Masquerading in turban;  
And hah! blue-skinned devil-  
You are no more valid;

O omnipotent! you are runover,  
With two centenary crosses mauling you all over  
For five centenary arid deserts chopped you;  
And still circumcising you, the world thereafter

Some Javed took your beloved  
And her flesh auctioned in harems-  
And her flesh tasted in hammams-  
Alas! your eternal pride is hackneyed,  
Every blink in dwindling of totems,

Some Jacob your cutiepie's bludgeoned cut-flesh  
And retailed her blood in aerated colas-  
And all these draconic she have had to bear,  
As you are no more amongst the draculas;

Where are you now man?  
In which particular peninsula?  
Did you break your patella?  
Or joined all the dirty fella!  
Are you a sarwan now?  
Or some piper of hamlin?

Ohhh! come now please!  
We are reeling for your witty wit  
This time come like a bandit,  
To retrieve our robbed riches-  
Killing all scums with your toolkit.

I still kept your word,  
Since three thousand years you left,  
And now am in some remote jail,  
Accused of your theft.

AMIT RAY

**\*\*\*THOSE MESMERISE ME\*\*\***

Those precious moments  
Those evergreen imaginations  
Those sweet nothings of yours  
Those hearty seasons of chanting a prayer  
Those impressive expressions of yours  
Those mesmerise me  
Mesmerizes me and those beckons me  
Your love  
Yon love

Those days of sipping love  
Those nights of reverberating love  
Those whispers, soundlessness, speechlessness  
Those of your pretty extravaganzas  
Those diverse innuendos of petty world envying us  
Those dawns of our trenching under azure lullabies  
Those dusks of our drenching and your those saying bye-byes  
Those caressing my worries in your blossom's bosom  
Those harnessing my troubles in your hallucinating hands  
Those soothing slumbers in your cloudy black hairs ransom  
Those occasions galas and grands  
Those mesmerise me  
Mesmerizes me and those invites me  
Your love  
Yon love

Those fightings over debates as trifles  
Those templates in tea-cups, banofie pies and chocolate waffles  
Those pipetting into reciprocal sufferings  
Those riveting back again and my saying 'sorry' to you  
Those aggressions of yours  
Those regressions of mine  
Those aggressions of mine  
Those regressions of yours  
Those mesmerise me  
Mesmerizes me and those trails me  
Your love  
Yon love

Those of my looking up into your those eyes  
Those of your looking down into those my eyes  
Those connotations conveyed without conversations  
Those few words though spoken seeming unspoken  
Those timeless evening strolls of ours  
Those of your leaning on my shoulders  
Those of my holding you tight  
Those mesmerize me  
Mesmerizes me and those haunts me  
Your love  
Yon love

08/04/2009

AMIT RAY

**\*\*\*TO YELENA IN ST.PETERSBURGH\*\*\***

Look at the turf air  
Can you see it?  
No! .....Then can you feel it?  
Can you send it please to St.Petersburgh?  
To warm my love Yelena awaiting me in iceberg.

Hey! Hey you red Royal guys,  
Can you please send it to St.Petersburgh?  
The Red Empire is no more recondite;  
In her lows, in her highs.

O obscurity of life!  
Can you shower some effulgence?  
Can you bespatter with essence?  
Only once for the sake of my Yelena  
Only once for the white rake of her strife

O eagle of the Arctic!  
Can you peep through her window?  
And end this straddle of uncanny sarcasm  
And perestroika back from her spasm

Tell her my million of kisses,  
Tell her am hit after flurry of misses,  
Tell her she is just unforgettable,  
Tell her she is as unfathomable,  
Tell her she is like a sebastian,  
Tell her she is not only fantastic.

O Krishna! O Mohammed! O Jesus! O Moses!  
Lotus and sunflower, marigold and roses  
Can you take me there like a Utopia?  
Ere her heart freezes  
No! .....Then can you send this to her please?  
In the envelope of the volver onomatopoeia.

O big men of farewell!  
Can you show me her face?  
Does she sleep well?  
Or, does she eat well enough to efface?  
Tell her that am retrieving  
Retrieving to retrace.

AMIT RAY

**\*\*\*TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO-A TRIADVENTURE\*\*\***

A monging mango rotating on the table  
A flapping flamingo rocketing on to the fish-eatable  
A honking horse ready-to-go returning on to the stable  
A loitering Latin farrago retrieving on to the tabernacle  
An advancing archipelago rendering on to the aisle  
A jackass John junctioned;  
A rhapsody Ray renditioned;  
A crooning Carlisle conditioned;  
Jumble, rumble, crumble  
Relocating on to the pinnacle  
Awaiting unto some miracle  
An ostentatious oracle.

AMIT RAY

**\*\*\*TWENTY SEVEN YEARS\*\*\***

Then he passed by the woods,  
Across the rivers,  
Accrued her tears of agony-  
Ran faster than the onomatopoeia:  
Days deciphered,  
months garnered,  
years fired,

.....  
.....

He was no where in signs  
Nor even in shapes-  
Neither hiding in the corn fields,  
Topsy-turvy yellow corn-fields of Punjab, the then Punjab  
Beneath the drapes of the Indian blue firmanent,

Perhaps some greens are destined to be white  
Perhaps some ices are never broken  
He is not hers  
And they are not yours  
So that you squander numbers,

Twenty seven years  
When he is at bay,  
Twenty seven years  
When he is still playing hide-and-seek with you,  
In the corn fields carved out in some other clay

End this twenty-seven years of quasi-paralysis  
And this twenty seven years of languishment  
And realise men still live in deeds not in years  
For another twenty seven years asunder.

AMIT RAY

**\*\*\*WHEN I THINK ABOUT YOU\*\*\***

When i think about you  
Drop by dropp until this curacao  
I look into your face or mine  
through the clinking of glasses  
The name of of your air hurl stones  
on my mind;  
Heart throbs inside head  
saying if i could be strong as a wall  
where stones once thrown broke into pieces  
Neither i speak nor my glass where i see you  
when i pamper and coddle those pieces of stones,  
thinking they contain blood of my heart  
or if ever they will melt in tears of your love  
Thanks to Almighty for this burden of solitude,  
That i carry as consolation from people  
What a vague world i see,  
Scratches of misfortune hide themselves under whiskers  
of fortune

When it makes me fancy you  
Flies crawl over my dirty glasses  
Almighty's assiduous zest to bring my heart  
back to the bites of reality;  
But they buzz as if they are too drowned in my dregs  
I smile sitting between the window and the hearth,  
Daylight shone on your apricot trees in blossom  
And there that big oak tree like me,  
leaves have fallen everywhere  
I gather them to make a crown for you  
lest ragpickers come and broom them  
to some unknown cemetery for love to be buried  
How i felt winter ran into summer  
or spring into this autumn  
And thanks to Almighty for this ghastr world  
Where clods of earth i throw on your love pigeons  
thinking they too are made of clay like you bereft of blood

AMIT RAY

**\*\*\*WHEN TRUE LOVE HURTS-LOVE STORY OF A RABBIT PART-2\*\*\***

Sequel to my poem \*\*\*\*A rabbit's love \*\*\*\*part-2

Here goes the rabbit,  
he who liked the kangaroo,  
and the kangaroo said she too liked him,  
but still the rabbit went on lonely,  
so lonely and agonized  
that a solitary reaper in some Scottish highlands would laugh,  
as if at least the reaper salvaged her melancholy strain  
But cute and cuddly rabbit,  
yet, clever rabbit  
but Alas!  
he did not know reality  
His path went on and on,  
as time ticked on and on  
until this mosquito who came along  
No! the rabbit did not like the fly  
Neither the fly ever liked the rabbit  
Coz' it always loved to bite away  
the blood of his happiness  
And now the mosquito is astonished,  
How come the rabbit is not running?  
Shy rabbit!  
Poor rabbit!  
Stray rabbit!  
Shabby rabbit!  
Opened up his mouthpiece  
And you know the mosquito would be so happy.  
What happened?  
Well, the rabbit befriended the mosquito  
The mosquito allied with the rabbit  
So did the string of other mosquito friends  
They, all the mosquito colony laughed  
And the rabbit also laughed  
Though i know he did not want to  
As they all sucked his blood hitherto  
Then it was all darkness  
Even i did not know from the dolphin my storyteller,  
what really happened then

Time ticked on and on  
Then it was some sunny morning  
All of a sudden the rabbit would be seen  
Alas! he is no more rabbit  
He is now flying in the air  
And all his air pals call him kiddo flabbit  
Flies, he flies he flies and flies  
As if this is all what he wanted  
And then i realized the mosquitoes whom i asked all lied,  
lied that the rabbit is in sleep  
as they don't have the eyes as me  
who can see all above the sky

Now i started storytelling  
Coz' the dolphin in sea too was interested  
I told that the rabbit is in feast,  
big feast of life for poor rabbit of the east  
And that the kangaroo remained all west  
The kangaroo befriended another kangaroo of the west  
And waited in breaths that only bated the rabbit  
And i said east is east  
Said i east is east  
And west is west  
Again west is west  
And perhaps never the two can share their best  
The dolphin disagreed and went away  
Far away to never swing and swirl around in his familiar motion.

But up goes the rabbit sorry flabbit  
He sits on his pegasus  
For star gazings never knowing  
perhaps that the stars,  
the stars are also  
gazing him.  
His pegasus is never tired,  
nor do the flabbit himself  
But the sun laughs at him in the east  
And miraculously the sun gets tired,  
and then its the night shift for the moon,  
the moon to carry on the banter  
Then came the god of the wind,  
to give the flabbit air to breathe and fly  
Next came the god of the sky,  
to give the flabbit his shower to bath  
Last came the god of the universe,  
to show the flabbit that he was rabbit  
Then the flabbit saw a rabbit  
A rabbit saw a flabbit in the mirror  
In the mirror the rabbit cries  
Out the mirror the flabbit laughs  
And says the flabbit its not he the rabbit  
And the god of the universe says  
so why the rabbit and the flabbit?  
so how the flabbit and the rabbit has the same eye?  
same eye,  
red kiddo eye  
Actually the god of the universe was also astonished,  
as astonished as the mosquito and its colonial friends  
In a bit of this wonder He, the god of the universe  
enquired of the rabbit, sorry flabbit  
'What made you fly? '-  
Laughed the rabbit as his laughs echoed through the vale,  
to heaven,  
to hell,

to yonder,  
to yale.....  
pants the rabbit, sorry flabbit and says,  
he says ' I loved'.....

N.B. Parts of some stanzas involve poetic influences of Sir William Wordsworth's  
'Solitary Reaper' and Sir Rudyard Kipling's 'East Is East'  
.Amit Ray

AMIT RAY

**\*\*\*WHY I WEAR THOSE BLACK SUNGLASSES? \*\*\***

Why I wear those black sunglasses?  
You remember what you always say?  
Why I wear these black sunglasses?  
So that the wicked waning wobble world appears black-  
To my dove white eye and all fould throws of life slack, sarcasm smack-

You remember what you always think?  
What so frenzy wearing those black sunglasses?  
So that as I open my bare eye,  
I have all the colours for your deep sigh....  
In all lows leading to the high.....the helmet high

AMIT RAY

**\*\*\*YOU SAID YOU WOULD TOUCH ME\*\*\***

FROM A FIRST CLASS LIAR'S DIARY

You said you would touch me but you did not  
When flowers sweetly scent the air,  
You said you would entangle me but you did not  
When the seasons of fragrance came once more,  
to feel what he,  
whom you think yours but he did not;  
You said you would touch me but you did not  
When my tears as dew drops still flaps on the branches  
of that banyan tree,  
You said am a liar but did not mean  
When birds of love still build nests on me,  
You said you would touch me but you did not  
When i still wait, wait for you in these bylanes of heaven,  
You said you would touch me but you did not  
When i have learnt to respect what your love is,  
You said you would hold me tight but you did not  
When it knew no bounds to wipe out hatred and sing along,  
embracing the whole world in you as melody  
You said you would soothe me but you did not  
When i turned your dying autumns into lively spring,  
You said you would pamper me and follow like mary's little lamb  
You did not  
When no wall in this world can hold back my love,  
You said you would breathe me but you did not  
When i vied to mend broken hearts with broken arrows,  
You said you would die with me but you did not  
When i am still walking strong to turn away your storms  
You said you would touch me in all my nights  
You did not  
You stayed alone all these nights like me  
And he never came along your path  
And everytime you speak with him  
It is only the days turning into nights again  
I just bother if he is all the combinations in a man you need

You said you would touch me you did not  
And now that you need somebody  
For your lonely cries of nights  
And i came to hold you tight  
You simply cheated me  
You call me a liar  
When you are one such classic case  
Listen now one thing:  
Life is not and ain't not the thing it goes  
as my love for you which will be always there when you need,  
I am a human who has a heart which bleeds  
And who has a heart which freezes  
And it is only you it craves for  
And it is only you it cringes  
And it is only you it croons here

Does not matter if i suffer now  
Alas! you will suffer the same way, the same,  
all the same trauma i am in- this love of ours needing  
your sworn promise,  
am afraid you did not  
All you said you would touch me  
And you did not.

AMIT RAY

**\*\*~PERFECT RELATIONSHIP-DOES IT REALLY EXIST? ~.\*\***

Is there such a thing as a perfect relationship?  
To be honest, I don't have one  
Do anyone of us think it exists?  
But many of us think it does-  
then are not we just fooling ourselves?  
Me, you, else everyone?

Now coming back to the cherry on the cake  
I will have you walk down my cold memory rake  
Where the bird in me is on the prowl  
Trailing to have his flake-  
A warbling me and a nagging her,  
Singing on flirts and thronging off shirts  
Scallopy-gallop as it treads on on,  
Sinister on.....

.....  
.....  
I threw a fringe for me  
I fell head over heels on her hair  
Ironic which is considering  
have never been i a hair person  
I am still baffled by the knowhow  
to do up my own hair  
So.....how will and important thing like perfect relationship apple up?  
How will it be going to jettison?  
Jettison-the unworthy cargo called 'communication'.

I believe every relationship is a world unto itself  
And thats why he often expected her to read his minds-  
engross thyself for myself;  
So that he stops himself wandering  
and compare her around with the wandering winds;

.....  
.....  
But to no avail as she winnowed,  
she willowed,  
she weathered,  
she withered,  
And there was no you know what? -communication.

.....  
.....  
But, but she was everywhere  
No sooner than he realised,  
realised to better watch out for her,  
had she become a barrier  
As i enter a different phase of life -  
to encounter and simultaneously love a dodgy dossier,  
a slow poison swindler.....

Then we will have dinner every Saturday,  
dance our dooms off,  
And linger in darkness with a braided candle lit between us....

Foods will have been just taste;  
Drinks: only bingeing to make haste,  
drowning out our saucy chat,  
reminding us we are male and female to squat,  
rewinding back to the Garden to Eden.

Well.....what happened there?  
The game ended in a goal less draw,  
with the camel in me laft with a hump for a lasting straw....  
Then we will sleep at night until day happens,  
Dawn of the day when we will have dinner once a month;  
Then life happens, days change  
We will have dinner once a year,  
Then days happen, times change

Now we have dinner only if the moon says ' i am blue'  
Then she is gonna happen,  
And i left derided to dampen.....  
tempestuously reveal:  
I am no poster  
I, I do not feel like life is a pastor field  
where only she the pastor...  
and that love should be pasteurized  
for me forsaken as a boy turned coy  
and a man's mind in alloy.

.....  
.....  
.....  
.....

This is a feministic game theory  
and it really got be biased-an ambiguous condition  
But, recently i found its statistical solution  
It is to remain in the highest probability  
For the rest of my life with her debarred and disillusioned.

AMIT RAY

**\*\*ECCENTRICITY\*\*--From a realistic bent of mind**

A bird perched and a branch fell  
Now if the bird thinks 'he did'  
What is the problem with the falling branch?  
The bird could be a big sea hawk or a white eagle relishing jubilation.  
It is her eccentricity and nothing else  
Who knows if the branch is commensurate enough?

A hen cackled and a sun rose  
Now if this bird thinks 'he did'  
And he is not saying the 'cock-a-doodle-do' until sunset long  
What is the problem in cackling the rising sun?  
It is a solar eccentricity of her thinkability  
Who knows if it is not a coincidence when crows caw the same?  
And caged cocks in front of experimental lights do the same

A frog croaked and cloud rained  
Now if the frog thinks 'he did it'  
As it is the season for a much cherished froggydating  
Then don't i feel the same as this poor frog?  
Then don't you feel the like as me?  
Why allegate this poor creature when it is his fatherly impulse?  
He just wants to father his tadpoles and the rain to add life to them.  
It is nothing but an elliptical eccentricity of her thinkability  
Which is mathematically proved to be never one or unity  
And only vanity like the way I long for a monsoon wedding.

A firefly flashed, bushfire bellowed smokes  
Now if the firefly thinks 'he did it',  
As it is the season of scorching summer  
The sweltering heat and stones of your love pelted on me  
Who knows if they are all the stones which rubbed each other?  
And charred my forehead  
Why chase a firefly when it can be a biochemical process of luminescence  
In the firefly's own chemistry like me  
Subject to a assassin- the heat of your passion  
In the light of my love  
It is her luminescent eccentricity  
When fireflies are the source of light for some species of birds(babui bird) who are not  
sparrows bragging lliving in big houses which are not their own

A lion roared now-king of the jungle  
And the movie started with him thinking 'he did'  
Well why not kill his boredom when other species ou have made so soaring  
Who knows if Metro-Goldwyn-Maeyer hired this lion for how much?  
Who knows if they are the men behind animating this lion into a computer program?  
Why a lionstarter when a cheetah could have been much faster?  
It is her lionel eccentricity of honour and nothing else

At last she attempted and success followed  
Now she thinks 'she did it'  
Who knows if the success are a business transaction like universities  
of europe, england and australia who speaks of quality promotion

Giving offers only meant for rich family robinsons  
And not for someone with quality better than the quantity of quality they transact  
every year  
Several thousands in dollars and pounds and euros being spent  
And they show scholarships for Arabie Saudite  
The licking dogs of America  
With oil and petrol in their salivas  
Scholarships are for guys to squeeze apples in harems  
Scholarships are for guys who likes elite room service escort fellatio  
Scholarships are for guys who never learnt ro respect humanity  
Scholarships are for guys who must have slept with mothers as well  
And not for someone who would be like this 'bird'  
Alas! i cannot have her for 'thirty pieces of silver'

He lives without money as birds do  
He hopes to thrive without money as poor animals do  
He never thinks of destroying the world and its resources  
He only thought of love  
One love and nothing more  
Which is but bridled by riches of some Godfather,  
some doctor mother and Big brother,  
now another doctor to chop my meat of love  
If i say now it is true love and not eccentricity  
Why the world has to say it is eccentricity only and nothing else?

AMIT RAY

**\*\*ESPIONAGE\*\***

Abstract principles,  
privately assembled  
Of mine,  
Of yours,  
Attrcative and sugary unfold  
Sometimes left out,  
Thrown out to straggle and bury,  
Our ganders,  
into foolish dangers  
Still we vow the extent,  
Still we are eaten up in the tangle of alleyways,  
our own labyrinth of mind  
From Dublin by dart  
To Hamlin by heart  
through our stained-glass windows,  
And stucco cornices  
To toss between scurrilous rubbish,  
And damn elixir every moment of breath.

AMIT RAY

**\*\*THE PHENEMENON OF A STEREOTYPE CONJUGAL LIFE\*\***

Invigorating amalgamation;  
Love and compassion;  
Thorough examination;  
Inseminating incrimination;  
Verbal assassination  
Physical contamination  
Jurisdiction;  
Facts missing figures,  
Fantasy hissing fanfare,  
Fanaticism kissing fascination,  
A crooning coronation.

AMIT RAY

**\*\*TO BE OR NOT TO BE \*\***

As i sleep in your palms,  
Stopping the wheel called dreams  
And you hung me in my blues  
Tinged after your rainbow called love  
Or radiant after you woke me in dew drops  
Is you....I am,  
Inside of it, your game called truth  
To be your compulsive liar  
When you left me to go with desires so reckless to decide  
To be or not to be like that

As my fall rise in you,  
Glittering the despair of memories  
And you make yourself hidden for no clues  
Hinged but you wrapped in my soul  
Or waved your rosemary fragrance raining my tears  
Is you....I am,  
Inside of it, your game of the mind,  
To be a poor slave of your soul  
When you left me sell illusions at a door called thoughts  
To be or not to be like that

As i see my fish breathing life in your sea,  
Wishing the ship to bring all the stars for the golden sand on your shore  
And your rocky deserts wither away the hues  
Trembled in my mouth chased away your air  
Is you....I am,  
Inside of it, your game of the heart  
To be a shadow of your soul bending me on your knees  
When a prisoner called heart in your rebellion called love  
To be or not to be like that

As my contumely childish finds serenity in your name angeline,  
Welding the slit with all my parts in your crystal tray of forgiveness  
And your phenomenon fired surreptitious echoes  
Impinged my tricks tormented as your clouds splashed my blood  
Is you....I am,  
Inside of it, your game of the soul  
To be the strip of unknown face in prickly kiss of your thorns or petals  
When the sun in my hope is swallowed by the storm from your ocean  
To be or not to be like that

AMIT RAY

**A Baklava / Haiku**

Saliva`s sermon  
trapezoid alluring am  
nutty squirrel type

AMIT RAY

**A Banana / Haiku**

Black man`s pet pleasure  
Whites teaching the yellow tricks  
potassium brown

AMIT RAY

## **A Crow (Haiku)**

Saturn is sleeping  
morning cries in the bedlam  
time to go mourning

AMIT RAY

### **A Demise... (Senryu)**

A sexagenarian man is off,  
Communism in stupor,  
distance widened in light years,  
only me and you

AMIT RAY

## **A German Racist Washwoman**

I forgot her name.  
Tina, Catherina, Ursula or from which peninsula  
She is not that important in my busy life  
that i remember for a reason to shame.  
But she is probably around mid 50s from her age.  
Loquacious.Wrinkled same rough german face with rough  
hair tactics  
Is proud of her German catholic heritage.  
Welcome to my new German washwoman.Touchwood.  
Still a thinkable spin-a-yarn snob virgin,  
Clad yellow transparent T-shirt, red bra and black jeans in montage  
Slack boobs wrecked wrenched by her swastik nationalist aftermath telling  
'Let me fall down please, please to the feet'  
like Germans fell to Russian fleet, British clean sheet  
American treat and French spirit  
From Lokstedt, Hamburg, Norddeutschland.  
A German racist washwoman.

I put a werbung for a person who can.  
A person not specified man or woman.  
And this came the frying pan.  
Beer mixed with marzipan.  
Brown, black or white in the arena of humanitarian multimedia.  
I am not interested in wasting time painting them  
like what  
England or be it Germany governments  
in their proud age-old achievements  
like what England do with India  
and Germany way ahead from Istanbul to Jerusalem  
England be it Germany have too much free time,  
Energy and insurance to look down upon a divided India,  
struggling Turkey and landless Israel in pantomime  
Their tree of religions and how old competitive it is  
compared be it a hackneyed Hinduism, cooked up Christianity,  
jeopardising Judaism, bogus Buddhism or an infiltrating Islams chime.  
This juncture in comes this racist to a brown Indian for work  
From Lokstedt, Hamburg, Norddeutschland.  
A German racist washwoman.

I need someone who can wash two of my small rooms  
size my garden  
and  
my small kitchen and a toilet of a one-bedroom apartment flat.  
More so ground floor.  
Not a cardiographic burden.  
Then you have free insurance from your countrys exorcised wealth  
Drained from third countries for your pleasures and safeties  
No problems with the steps or you need a elevator if you have  
heart problems at your 50s!  
Welcome to this racist pulsating sensation from Hamburg  
My racist German vibrant washwoman vibrant with her speeches.  
From Lokstedt, Hamburg, Norddeutschland.

A racist German washwoman.

She thinks she is the best.

Well it could be someone`s confidence to ostentatiously assume all others have a broken not bone enough Indian chest

Germans have had always thought that they the best and all Indians are but toothpaste.

She drives a black Benz to my house for a putzfrau

Something new for Asia-Pacific aufbau.

I do have no obligations in paying her the petrol.

Petrol and 3 hours with 14 euro per hour for her washing patrol.

That was decided, was bidden and agreed both sides.

Then it all began with her racist, with her aggressive strides

The racist theories of my racist German washwoman

From Lokstedt, Hamburg, Norddeutschland.

A racist German washwoman.

It was her first day, a normal holiday of mine a Saturday.

Morning shows the laughing face of Hamburg sunflowers

and the good old sounds from container ships

from the river Elbe towers...

She came the Satan for her anfang as if she the daughter of Saturn

And start the morning drinking coffee with alcohol

my reinigung expert in serial pattern

And advices my breakfast bereft of potato salads be

With biber powder Turkish as it appeared to be.

Old German theory of post war 50s with racist ballads

She wants to inform

that I must not drink the Turkish tea slinging the muds

she is not only a washwoman.

Superior of all nomads she thinks herself not but a washwoman

No ordinary woman who is divorced from her half another

with a lump sum of 50000 euro to shower.

Her x is a TV manager and y almost a count

And i do not know if she has z for tiffs not to surmount

Came summer this racist hammer

My racist German washwoman

From Lokstedt, Hamburg, Norddeutschland.

A racist German washwoman.

She took five hours for her scheduled three

To use me for her shopping spree

And said that cleaning never ends

And that Germans since have more to clean as it depends

For the entire time she only did my clothes in almirah,

change my bedsheet and Hoover my toilet

And enquired me if I could join washing washing her plate

Her house or my house so goes the question

Her job or my job juxtaposition

But prescribed she me what kind of cleaning stuffs I buy

To shake my wallet what thinks she apply

She has the audacity to show me how i clean my window panes

And the unwanted twigs of my garden  
zu abschneiden she tried in vein  
Looking at my face told she  
the husbands from her also made the same  
Managers, Chancellors and also Counts  
to I am just an Engineer less in bounts  
I paid her off all the bad day of me  
And when she called for her next termin I said  
now I can, pardon a me  
From Lokstedt, Hamburg, Norddeutschland.  
A racist German washwoman

AMIT RAY

## **A Hamam (Haiku)**

Silence is tea bag  
laughter so derisory  
importunate drink

AMIT RAY

**A Leopard / Haiku; ku**

Wheels set on ardor  
Desires must win the pursuit  
spot greenaries spatter

AMIT RAY

**A M#305; rror / Ha#305; ku**

Imaginations  
nude paint the sands of mind 's brush  
canny time behests

AMIT RAY

## **A Rabbit's Love**

Here recaps a dolphin:

Two vowels,  
two consonants,  
hinged to each other;  
No one knows how  
No one knows how many ways,  
beyond the known mathematicality  
And, the one who tries,  
becomes infinite as it is  
Like me spellbound and speechless,  
hopeful and hopeless for your love, my love  
my love, your love  
But I am in love,  
with love's exemption my rabbit friend  
I am love's seasonal sorrow  
I am sorrow's oxymoron tomorrow  
So i creep in petty poems  
To the last syllables of recorded arrows,  
having your success's dreams

A rabbit's responsive resonance:

No! broken arrows with my love,  
your love  
traversing today to tomorrow  
And me, same old white rabbit in a burrow  
Then, do rabbits hop and beat kangaroos?  
Never seen, never heard  
I expressed my griefs to a sparrow  
And then came the robins  
And they say they have thin air to fly me a kangaroo  
And then came the tiger, wounded and weary  
So the horse came, and hoofs from a haberdashery;  
But the rabbit is clever!  
Rabbit is clever,  
Clever rabbit is,  
to befriend a dolphin  
to criss-cross the ocean,  
pacific and indian,  
pathetic but brave like a sebastian,  
pacific and indian,  
to ace the pace of a hopping kangaroo  
bidding a goodbye to his pilot dolphin

The reality riveting behind:

The rabbit found the kangaroo  
The kangaroo found the rabbit  
No one knows whether,  
they hopped together or,  
they hopped each other either,

they bopped at each other,  
and that love's sorrow,  
and this sorrow's love,  
cropped together,  
or mopped each other,  
says the dolphin,  
the dolphin of a rabbit's love,  
the catalyst of rabbit's love,  
the breath of rabbit love,  
hopping and dripping,  
up and down, like a prerogative parabola, in the vast ocean,  
like a reindeer sledding a rainbow in the sky's scuola,  
and on ground the kangaroo still sleeping  
to see the rabbit,  
once or forever.

AMIT RAY

## **A Sieve (Haiku)**

Examination  
smiting on brain door bells ring  
Wit scratches question

AMIT RAY

**A Spoof / Haiku; ku**

Dreams ejaculate  
This is my egg forever  
Fatherly but not

AMIT RAY

## **A Success / Senryu**

Shores of silence unawares abated by pins,  
suspense trail in free falling hair,  
senescence robs away summer

AMIT RAY

## **A Throw**

In life we are just a throw away from each other  
thrown as jumbled blocks thriving for who has the fabulous answer  
to the puzzling life  
We are relatively thrown together lest we throw up with life  
In difficulties where subtlety throws its weight around  
in diseases and demises  
Still we throw to do not throw tantrums

Very difficult! Very challenging it is to cover the face  
with a towel when life has to throw cold water on its boiled egg  
Practised easy, makes it easy or perhaps it tends to be easy  
thinking long cherished and now be thrown  
Like the baby out with the bath water

Cries do not listen to cries in surprise  
Cries escapes into worries throwing open in death`s mercy  
and continues to be thrown on for survival strategies  
evolving the throws to be thrown into  
And we smile standing the sides of our temporary throws  
to throw away with life

For more, once more throw offs to have everything worthy  
even if it means throwing a monkey wrench into somebody  
else`s throws and we end as voyeurs, criticising  
to be criticised at a critical stage of life to throw back  
in countenance.

AMIT RAY

## **Acknowledgement**

Willie comes to me  
A neighbour`s fluffy white Persian cat  
with enough insurance and first world eat  
I still give him meat and milk  
And one day he came with a mouse in the mouth  
and dropped in front of me with a miao!

I write for my jobs  
Letters, emails and references with no gift from gabs  
And i do not know why i miss Willie  
in the concrete of social animals  
Here the Willies say hello with a halo  
Hollow corrupt minds with a ciao!

AMIT RAY

## **An Airplane / Haiku**

Skies scaled in axis  
cloudlines intercepted straight  
memories live in

AMIT RAY

## An Apple

I surrendered my soul clad in satan so red  
Surreality seduced me, with the wind that danced flamenco  
that if sins be committed for this life, shone where  
golden beams of sunlight spinning on wheels,  
which i look doubt i have had i lost at once my heart  
Between heaven and hell in appletons  
or my face is lost in the mcintosh mirror  
until the mountains of Chinar  
for seeds to be sown in turrets of verdant hills with a wreath of mist  
which kisses the sky today so blue and then needy tonight  
As thirsty clouds will kiss the hapless ocean of love  
and perhaps the fire so ignited by the sun will find a way  
like another Newtonian mechanism falling on my head or wriggle  
like two worms into the body of red passion like Adam, like Eve  
to be man and woman once again in life`s willow wand to be witness

I am now the knife who will cut geometry through fine orbed love  
as i want to drink blood in the screams of orchard like dracula,  
Here when moonlight at dances, in prances, on stances  
which the darkness so pre-emptive has chosen for me  
more than words unto tears in suga-shrill barrels  
An apple blossomed eaten in scars and bites  
until they resemble two lips locked like lollies together  
dying for mellow winesap sprinkled over the  
draught of mouth in floods of juice absorbed, flowing serpentine  
through the redneck nerves  
in the chamber of love one frost morning  
Nothing changes as much anecdotes for this confession,  
be it the pensive summer in acquaintance so green and glossy  
be ready to fulfil this beautiful ail

The ladder close to the harvesting autumns lyre  
if the fragrance could have stayed falling eagerly  
from its branches to fulfil the milking -pail inside  
like the snow which has seemingly frozen and muted the winters  
play in red spheres eavesdropping to my ears, alluring me like  
balloons grown as a perpetuation of sands as surprise bash  
I have got my angel the possession of whom i do not  
want to loose in cupid`s vial as red applesauce  
to dab on her navel, the boobs with rose buds, the buttocks  
and the crotch and enjoy her as a pie, scooping jellies, squeezing  
jams from her milkiness dipped in tarts  
I am now her adamant destiny to catch the apple of my eye  
upon my scythe resonating her crimson chastity to be applets of memories;  
In flicks of russets to be squashed as ciders so cherishing,  
sweet`s surmise as agar with its penchant  
like vanilla beans of Madagascar

This tempestuousness is glinting gold with her apple-bee saffron fire  
Blinded now with the scent of sands smelted in shimmer  
The treasure of sinnery glimmers, and sways her the rival wind unassailed-  
My poor boyhood will seize it with sprinkling dews on codlins

knell of a puerile play of hopes, hearts and dreams as dappling pinions  
Chequered unheeded in this delight not to flee from years of breezes  
that bear it in bondage sashing streams of colour,  
to poke like the whizzes of a hummingbird  
and flutter now the diamond whiteness in hoops of buzzes,  
And truth like pillar rosicor be strewn in circles  
once forbidden to jingle once again like sparkling stars  
fallen amidst the shields of desire as forlorn queen with a bloated belly  
to recreate my life lived in rhythms of a darbouka  
before they become arid deserts of my mind`s door in ajar,  
in an elixir of appley ambience, in vapid sweetness` recourse  
Greenaries of green apple leaves and grasses anoint with ants  
dancing the zibekiko of this earthly and divine possession

AMIT RAY

## **An Arab Belly Dancer (Haiku)**

A rubber band round  
dipped in mobile oil gyrates  
serpentine passion

AMIT RAY

## **An English And A German (Haiku)**

Smooth ales in glib cheers  
rough beers smirked in similes  
jeers to heckle fears

AMIT RAY

## JUDAISM

One fine morning  
when sunshine struck a chord in my car  
I went to a gay church full of old dying people  
Some silent music sleeps some dying snores  
with tenets of the naked man blown by air  
as if a when a person die hatred could dissect  
him with the free body diagram of a cross  
of a two thousand years physicality  
Have i asked this epithet  
whose son are you?  
I have an answer of historical anecdotes  
Of a cross with which flew once one eagle  
golden or silver does not matter  
the eagle had had its physicality  
People beckoned it with a hailed hand  
that created a box of Israel  
never founded it

AMIT RAY

## Love

Do you know what love is?  
Destination of heartbeats  
A lonely call  
A merriless obsession  
Fragrance of feats  
Arousing cravings  
Regrets and complaints in wavings  
Trusts trust,  
Betrayal betrays,  
In the ambience of lovely words,  
Feelings that portrays  
There is sorrow and pleasure  
There is bondage and unifies exposure  
A meandering river  
Nowhere to hover

AMIT RAY

## Mumbai

Timely serenity is back in tit-bits  
in snapshots of Gateway of India  
I could not cross it  
Perhaps it was too crowded or it was too late  
Here somewhere once lived and bloomed my heart  
and then deserted like the people here who never know  
each other living from smoked alleys to high-rise so many years  
People take so many glimpses of life here  
Both inlander and outlandish  
Hindus and Muslims, Buddhists, Parsees, Jews and Christs  
All fight for some life they want to assume  
Finance capital under all financial circumstances.  
World`s biggest democracy live with money as the only religion  
Money claims no religion, skin color or background

Marine drive. Along the C-shaped Arabian Sea  
People come here to get some fresh air  
Hearts sit together under old but working umbrellas  
Lips sip here green coconut to breathe and munch  
bhel and batata puris towards the Chowpatty  
My Maratha guide has a stall here. Could have tried  
some from his shop but i packed and it was raining.  
Rain is very important for Bollywood.  
Rain is their drinking water. Rain pirouettes.  
Rain gyrates and percolates as memories.

Nariman point. Here is all offices.  
My stay is in a hotel here. I can differentiate Mumbai  
Old and new like once the Portuguese did with the British  
but am here not to analyse. I am here for my silence.  
I am here to write the name of a person i loved from here  
on the sands of Arabian Sea in the languages i learnt until now  
India and abroad. I tried one morning sunshine  
The sea claims it everytime i write her name in different languages  
The sea is a liar or i was so. But i confessed my truth to the sea.  
That in my heart she lives as a sweetheart.  
Sweetheart whom i wanted to adore before no more of she and me  
I know my mirror tells so of my grim face. So i want to run away.  
Run away far and wide to tell her before i become a tombstone  
of cremated woods hushed up. The sea will still claim it. Like me  
everytime. Some desires are never quenched in quinces or quintals.  
They remain no matter people lives or leaves Mumbai

AMIT RAY

## **Sleep**

Death of the conscious mind  
Subconsciousness wakes up only  
to check if it was really enough good

AMIT RAY

## Spanking Sweet 'Svenska' Sixteen

Spanking sweet 'svenska' sixteen  
Pidgin english eyes blue-green  
Scarlet red scarf,  
Caramine red lips,  
Redhead locks fountain umpteen;  
Coffee! ....No! - a walk! ....No! , , , , , orange juice!  
Ohhh! I am keen

Said you spanking sweet 'svenska' sixteen  
And you sparkling angel where have you been?  
Decent demeanour honoured to be seen  
Guessing what could be your name-  
Cathprine! Jacqueline! Irine! Maureen!

Said hey spanking sweet 'svenska' sixteen  
I could make out from your phone call  
Going Stockholm to Dublin  
Scandinavian sledded scripts tied on a safety pin,  
Carrying your persona where you stand.....'afreen'.

Said O spanking sweet 'svenska' sixteen  
Don't elude my eyes- we have another eighteen  
Eternal beauty beating quarantine  
Gem of god's creation wish you could be mine.

AMIT RAY

## When A Heart Breaks

When do a heart breaks?  
Is it when a pin drops?  
Or is it you cannot differentiate,  
between tears and dew drops,  
in all walks of life  
where we are eavesdropper of each others vies

One such snollygoster would be this friend of mine...  
He loved a woman more than he loved himself  
He lied when his own hopes seemed belied  
And the approbriums at the end as liars, apocryphal, dubious felishism  
He is into counting days  
Counting for a crucial examination called life  
with bated breath.....  
the game of love which will see  
One winner,  
One loser,  
One sworn promise and....  
One dagger breaking through all promises

The dagger is his heart ' blood  
A scimitar-his lifeline battle  
Never thought of heart treasured,  
never ought to be brain measured,  
in difference of some duffart six inches...

My knight friend advances on and off  
As a droll-booth laughs his face off  
Some pinches it erotomania,  
some others-errorist,  
when his eassin heads on dress-lodging for peanuts as eattocks,  
davering the knight into his dreaded cynanthropy.....

He has three more months to go,  
Another three months of life  
Another three months towards death  
Another three months of playing snakes and ladders  
With an eternity called love so ethereal  
To win someone and her presence surreal  
To go another three calendar months for a long  
cherished sleep under her tresses of darkness  
Or it is,  
the eternal darkness as decided by destiny  
A darkness which perhaps never be going to meet  
light of the sun-her diaphanous love,  
Or the dreams will last just in this ambience  
With two hearts separated forever.

AMIT RAY