

## Poetry Series

**Amit Ray**

**- 234 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.

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**- - INTIMACY- -**

You said you were with someone out there  
You said I was lonely and that very lonesome  
And it was not me on the whole  
Eight glasses of prosecco, one bottle of champagne and three pints of beer,  
twenty six cigarettes only sustained you  
Not I Melvina- I do not know you  
Your name I believe was a lie as true was your kisses  
I learned if that was the Polish way you mush  
Thats how a Polish blonde go round and round with my arms  
But I am so sorry I cannot make it with you  
Not even if tomorrow dollars an American print the way I smile  
I am not the man of your poetry  
The sky above me is the royalty I try  
A snow white Limousine is your dream man Melvina  
A milk white swans skin is your arrogance  
You brushed your eyes with the blue as the vodkas and lemonades splashed  
I would have loved to play had you had yourself sober  
I hope the taxi reached you home safe and its just fine walk on time  
I just do not sleep with strangers  
I appreciated your obidient smile, outraged scarlet outfits  
Thats how you smoke Marlboro with attitude  
I happened to think I should apologise if lines were crossed either ways  
Thanks for making a part of my life a shower  
what I thought and maintained to be farewell not to come back

Amit Ray

**\*\*\* 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

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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

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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

**\*\*\* 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

\*\*\*\* ~ **CONCURRENCE** ~\*\*\*\*

Fate is a thirsty witch which can carry itself with aplomb  
A clenched fist of happiness, horror, heaven and hell  
Sorrows consumed in thoughts are just naive and simple  
The riot between ground and sky has had always a new rave  
When their trait is to rip-roar from generosity to unfaithfulness  
They are still inseparable with human levels of dexterity

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\* ~A CAMEL~\*\*\*\*

Across the dead end of arid desert  
Where the sultry sun in a dromedary shrills in the middle sky  
Some one way ticket to distant mart  
Scattered moringa beds where hunger groans in reply  
An epiphany of echoes imbibe the smell  
betwixt life and death  
As the feet trundles in brown desolate sheath  
An exodus to some unknown hell  
Here goes the bassoon in a caravan of sarwans beneath  
where thirst drive with me in human cadaver or frail  
Thunder sandstorming life in a piñata of length and breadth  
In calibrated whispers my back on desolate meaty thresholds hail  
A horse of litany or a sheep of destiny  
if Rebecca awaits my stones with a song in some tartar tent  
In assuage be i her judgemental zaum blackened in dusts mutiny  
With Pamphylax in me i dissolve for no vales verdant

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Amit Ray

\*\*\*\* ~A Pronoun~ \*\*\*\*

Happiness is the name of a surrogate mother  
Feelings are me in a pronoun  
Awards and prejudices change from one wall to another  
Hand to hand it is always the same  
Rememberance gives it a name but  
sweet and sweeter it gets over years like cotton candys  
Still at large a pronoun has to blame  
Craving, replaying, longing and dreaming  
And then the obvious nature in process  
they graduate in love, master girls, doctor in simple romantics  
Home boys come brave as airmen and sailors  
Until bombs droppes from air raids and torpedos speeded underwater  
add fuel to the fire dressing the beautiful noun into dropp dead gorgeous pronoun  
When they fall perhaps they realise it was not at all necessary  
To fly high for nothing near Nizhny Novgorod  
Only to be ephemeral or not even a pro of pronoun

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\* ~GONE~ \*\*\*\*

Gone, was the bird with a broken wing from heart arabesque  
I am too busy shutting windows coz` i learnt winds are like you  
They always change directions as it did in the days i lived in you But love only saw me  
seize the night long gone  
That night when i played clarinette and you danced in the arms of abyss with the  
jealousy of gold, silver, platinum, car and house  
I have it learned frailty be if in my eyes  
Gone is your smile, gone a satisfaction, gone the hand in hand merry-go-round in white  
wedding dress, gone the wearing kiss with which you declared my departure:  
All now gone and i beg to not remind and rewind  
Those hills where i echoed your name in love saw it

I disappeared in the ambience, died in me are tastes of people with the nuts and  
noises, cakes and candies, candles.....all cringes  
And a plate served pasta chicken and antipasti-my prize of consolation  
Gone its all bygones now I learned to harp on strings without any listener since then  
You knew only my heart had not had enough blood to feed my thirst  
I have fed my heart your darkness since then to transform  
I dated your greed and indifference to learn tolerance  
Gone are dreams of a fat Greek wedding  
Gone the gossip of calamaris, gone the sweetness of helva, gone the shots of Raki,  
gone the music of Saz:  
Gone are those cheese and olive days once again,  
Gone the days when my blindness learnt to live without your walking stick  
You've been gone and I've learned to be alone

I learned to withstand as walls with no ears  
to the words yours i may know you express your love with  
Gone are those days and i gave up listening to rain,  
I gave in all the tears you owe me to be paid,  
Gone are those days and I've learned to ignore you  
But still today i fail to explain myself those million hands among, papers along, diaries  
on the throng  
i signed; -  
Behind the paparazzis and photographs i guess why was one yours?  
I do not want to be living in your history  
as if hieroglyphics of hearts undone and gone be unfinished  
Alas! i am more cold than winter as i do not differentiate you  
from the waves of people coming, going  
Gone are those chansons i did write for you, gone are those dreaming horses like Arabs  
of Andalusia, gone is the aura of love, gone is even hatred:  
I love to live as my heart`s destined forever in recess  
As the day i wanted to be mine is gone

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\* ~Orangery~ \*\*\*\*

As i close my eyes in memories  
a little lost me in fighting life,  
in the world i knew, of pencil and rubber  
and themes hesitated to express in wriggles,  
the pleasure and joy of seeing my mom  
When summer just touched the harvest of Darjeeling  
Hilly ways criss-crossed in my grandmothers version of Torah  
Come morning by the orangery, i would sit with my dear pet Doodle  
and he would play around me as if he saw the sun  
jumping and playing the stray orange to start his day  
And would i not trouble the durwans find my lost way back,  
should we find each other breathing our breaths of a sweet bond  
Smashed in those oranges and come my mother from the green vales  
Kissing me on the forehead  
the same way I kiss Doodle and Doodle with his tongue  
Give us eat and shelter swaying the worries away to the distant sky  
There i learnt blue is all pain that takes the pain away  
And in my drawing book the orange sun  
but Doodle would chew many my colour pencils  
trying some different taste for colours  
and as i would cry for my lost ones,  
mom would come she and take us both in her warmth to quietness  
That orange if came again from orangery in our porch  
And i would delight again in Doodle`s rejoice  
as love perfected in her repetitions

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

\*\*\*\*\*....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

\*\*\*\*\*~ LA JALOUSIE~(FRENCH-JEALOUSY) \*\*\*\*\*

La Jalousie-FRENCH-Jealousy

La vie ne cesse de leur  
Vous oubliez un jour Puis,  
un matin vous vous réveillez à la vie  
Vous regardez à travers le monde tourne n'a pas empêché  
Vous savez jamais être le même Mais l'ensemble de câlin nouvelle force de vie vous  
oubliez, vous oubliez  
Le temps passent insensiblement  
Vous êtes prêt à se révolter profondément  
La vie ne cesse de leur  
Vous oubliez un jour

Jealousy- ENGLISH

Life never ceases to  
You forget one day  
Then one morning you wake up to life  
You look around the world did not stop turning  
You know never be the same  
But all cuddly new life force you forget, you forget and time pass insensibly  
You are ready to revolt deeply  
Life never ceases to  
You forget one day

Neidish/Die Eifersucht- DEUTSCH-JEALOUSY

Das Lebens hört nie auf  
Du vergisst ein Tag Dann,  
eines Morgens aufwachen zum Leben  
Du siehst auf der ganzen Welt nicht mehr drehen  
Du weißt nie mehr dieselbe sein  
Aber alle knuddeliges neues Leben Kraft du vergisst,  
Du vergisst Zeitvertrieb unmerklich  
Du bist bereits zum Aufstand tief  
Das Lebens hört nie auf  
Du vergisst ein Tag

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*\*~ SEX~\*\*\*\*\*

Sometimes granulated sugar tastes  
bitter than tears in drops  
when the mind minced like marzipan  
dabbed in drab of life  
chases a fugitive heart..  
Though long been a lonely traveller  
gazing stars  
having no words of wonder  
it has finally now begun a carnaval  
Herein where i savour chocolate but with wrapper  
so long i observed the silver lightning  
thinking the rhapsody would have been the same  
had i opened it  
I am now and will be more warmer as the sun  
that i could eye the day down to be night for me  
until i discover myself twinkle in feelings  
like stars in chilly nights to tell the clouds  
That now you could rain  
And i can die

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Amit Ray

**\*\*\*\*\*~AN ORANGE-~\*\*\*\*\***

English-

Lungs painted with gold  
Snowlines in moon`s delta bolts  
Succulent mouth fires

French-

Les poumons avec l`or  
Les lignes boulonné sur le delta de lune  
Feu dans ma bouche

German-

Die Lunge Gold gemalt  
Schneegrenze der Mond des Deltas gebolzt  
Das Feuer meinem Mund

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*\*~**BLUSH**~\*\*\*\*\*

In Scotland where i scape  
The Edinburgh Highlands in Inverness cape  
And see the sky above me so blue  
They are captured by the tulips to whom  
the whispers of my heart having if no clue  
I yearn for every sigh when i want to talk  
Feeling far in separation forgetting the day in walk  
Perhaps they sleeps wishing me not to touch see  
As when the eyes wake it has only tears for me  
to rejoice the seagulls flying over the shores of North Sea  
I am the man the blues do not wish  
As i want in those blues solitariness to relinquish

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*\*~Confined~\*\*\*\*\*

I never knew the rooks on trees  
Not also when the storm storms  
The bridge i try to grope for night`s hide out  
Know i not if in your eyes moonlight saw my bed  
But in here i bought the hotel`s white pillow  
which in Paris never had my head  
A tossed flip of destiny to and fro  
I cried on and crystallized every word i wrote for you  
countless miles as is muttered on lips kissed and unknissed  
they raged with aimlessness like love i knew not  
But the French still pat my back on  
Marchon, Marchon! Aux armes Citoyens! is what they said

I never knew if i lost patience in the path of traps,  
The smile of a soldier`s gun, the wit of a student`s pen  
on deserted sonnets if i searched your voices, the pain  
of a river in secrets so unlamented and unseen  
But i tread like a moor in your Swiss green eyes  
scuttling in mind your name in the wallowing crowd  
Every miracle i dream sought me out in snowflakes  
Every debacle i saw eluded in broken clouds  
I saw the birches in the wood, questioned the sea gulls of Hamburg  
They said my eyes are painted burrowing blackness in your whispers  
they seem to know the length to hover in yours rose-veiled as i want to shoot them  
As the French had me encouraged  
Marchon, Marchon! Aux armes Citoyens! is what they said

I never knew this loneliness and your togetherness are sepulchral statues  
Know i not they are allied to invade the mysteries i had with you  
The thrush of winds, the cloisters, the grey towers of Frankfurt am Main  
are all stiffened with arms thrust out creating a bullet hole in me  
Success, elegance, faith premiered as disgust, sycamore flooded with years of solitude  
The distance between sky and ground is in austere  
as they fidget in the sanity of a snare than anything scarcely spoken  
Behind every glass of my house i am little filled and little unfulfilled  
That is why i am on in my avenue of cypresses as my voice choked with ghastly cold  
yours  
broke off in little jars where the colours i confined collecting butterflies died sans hymn  
i know not  
Aureoles of an uncouth bird if wanted my warmth in bargain  
Breathlessness shocking on snowed blankets, the wings of an Alster sea gull if the one  
to cover me with leaves that i learn to die alone after living this long alone without you  
and with my blood i bid the bird farewell from Elbe until the frontiers of France  
knowing not if my blood furrowed in their fields with the French crying out  
Marchon, Marchon! Aux armes Citoyens! is what they always said

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*\*~SHAMANISM~(HAIKU)\*\*\*\*\*

Artificial  
intelligence quotient  
Soviet Union

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*\*~SMOKE~\*\*\*\*\*

The internet got hanged  
like men who toil for gold  
I know not if more than blood in palmed specks  
The fingers are forks, the teeth are knives  
and only a spoon shoveling honey from pot  
Smooches, hugs, kisses, meat, wine and moments  
trodded in dirt to write today`s fate in smoke  
A Cuban cigar in mouth  
and my clarinet down south

Memories are a starved seat  
rain whips us wearing each other  
Scent of burning woods  
The world spins round and round  
I do not care armistice or winter solstice  
Your beauty is the oil well that smiles  
Hopes are a trader`s creamcheese form of blood i will shed as American  
Let the city vanish dreaming us  
We are the two inhabitants walking down the showery dark as stars  
Let thoughts be throbbing in the loosened locks of harlem renaissance  
Flickering lights is today`s sun from a Cuban cigar in mouth  
while you play clarinet down my south

Through smoked haze i see the ripples from Christmas cuppa  
Down your cedar valley where a corkscrew heads north for grappa  
A wisp of blue from your eyes, a grasp of pink lips  
let us be smokes set on a funeral  
for i want to walk down Wall Streets like a toddler  
from your exuberant sniffs, white taste of freedom blackened  
in indolent fathoms from flesh  
smiles in dimlight gleams  
a dawdling engine smoking on and on the bridge of life  
lapped on, tightened grasps in hours captive  
for the flower gotta be thieved bare, today and now outworn  
Victory between two fingers sodden with your blood and sand  
where is smoke everywhere -walls, roofs, windows, monuments, minarets being  
wind-blowned  
Two hands for two grenades and guns and music in the realms of ruddy morning  
A Cuban cigar writhes hiding behind the door of deserts  
As you are fond of my clarinet down south

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 repel 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 out 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 most remembered 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 BENGAL NATIONALISM~\*\*\***

In Bengal specially the part of India  
Brothers and sisters have failed to love it as the tigers  
I can give a tiger idli, sada vada or marwari thali and see if it wags its tail like the  
gujratis for their Garba  
Tigers would not even smell it. Pet Bengal cats would smell and mew  
what kind of a degraded master for a man she shares life with  
Tigers in Bengal have not changed their habitations  
Black stripes, yellow skin and the teeth with the taste of blood and meat  
Symbols of flag Germany and Germans and British do also love and eat fishes  
Nobody dares to tell a British or German you stink because of fish eat  
Because they are first world economies  
So do Bengalees eat fishes than the rest of India  
They eat fish and they are despised to be supporting communism  
The rest of India thinks Bengal can only play tabla and harmonium  
The heck of tolerance as in Kolkata lives better non-Bengalees  
than Bengalees  
The ratio of Bengali women i see are more beautiful than the women from rest of India  
No i do not see much good looking women from overestimated Punjabi sects  
Women who are but from history concubines from Arab invasions  
They are neither Punjabans, nor Indians but dampened frauds of womanhood  
In women the blood should be very pure for standards

Coming back to this Bengali community once again  
People mauling Bengali culture are themselves conservative  
The Biharis and Marwaris and all other imports  
They can live in their own free state Bihar and Marwar  
and Bengalees toiling for other states pure in blood  
should come and fight for their mother and motherland  
Looked down upon being average not rich and what is intellect  
when with it you work and get used by a Gujrati or a Marwari firm  
who are otherwise franchisees of foreign companies  
doing business in India whose sole benefit seekers are only this class  
Gujratis and Marwaris are not warriors.  
They never made any nation and can never do  
Their men never fought great battles or the two World Wars.  
People who are taking their inspirations for life are middlemen.  
I believe when you are Bengali and you are the tiger  
Better you fight the standards with the German attitude and British shrewdness  
You can dance better like the Spanish, make love better than French  
Pray and be intoxicated better like Russians  
You fought bravely so many battles as Assam, Bengal, Meghalaya, Tripura, Orissa,  
Manipur, Mizoram, Nagaland and Burma  
For whose mother's milk was that?

I see and never supported no congress and communism  
In any nation to succeed it is always dependent on its constituents  
In Germany germans might well feel sad about Hitler  
That he killed so many Jews and gypsies for his national socialism  
But because of him today an ugly German woman without money can be supported for  
a facelift

The German government supports women with children left by their German men for whatsoever reasons

This kind of social help can also be in Bengal

And there can be better highways and transport systems than the Germany ones where Jews were used to dig them out

Today Germans in average live better life than any other Europeans

No foreigners ever dare to dream of being part of Berlin`s Parliament if not adopted orphans from Vietnam, North Korea or whatsoever

Those are a symbol one or two of secularism

So far I know a nation can never be secular

India is not a secular country

A secular country has always an equitable distribution of economy

Not everytime Gujaratis and Marwaris and some Punjabis as investors

The labour class exported from India by British to South Africa

The one former Kenya, Mauritius, Maldives, Madagascar, Oceania, United Kingdom and United States and so on the diasporas

Bengals must bounce back for the blood of their unity, the right fraternity and freedom

So beyond being Brahminic or Kshatriya or Baidya or Kayastha

Be a Bengali

Be a tiger. Be a nation from where Moscow can draw inspiration back

than the crux which Bengal adopted as a symbolic and never followed

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~ A Chinese Girl`s Bosom~\*\*\*(Haiku)**

When boobs were made  
Divine compass hers, centre  
Others got shaped

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~ A Divorce~\*\*\*\*

I will love you till the end of time Barbara  
when this ballad called coldness keeps us fresh  
I will continue to be honest my dear Barbara  
for this legendary wall between us as we both missed the cues  
and it will not be the fate of Berlin 1989 either you know  
for your sword called ego outwore its sheath in all our snippets  
Your love is free now to beg others pardon  
as i am only lies, a destiny in parenthesis, a heart sectioned with regret  
I apologise my dear Barbara  
You can assume i will not publish our love letters  
from its quiescent carmen  
I will not stretch my hands to hold the fetch of your wave  
and see it tumble over the time i spent with you  
I shall loose our wedding ring or pretend it to be abandoned  
You will be happy to know Barbara  
Since you left i only woke up and cried but no quarrels made me sad  
I flung the stone from your scummed drawer of anecdotes into distant troughs over  
I lived and live only for the night with no trace of tears  
as days saw me cordoned off washing my sins in your river  
Good that you are gone Barbara  
I can hold aches to be bread on my chest and drink the year out in vodka instead  
You are gone and blandishments crept ahead with my cadillac wipers shoving back  
abysses of mind you left through meadows  
Barbara now that we are free our fantasies can live in lies  
from your torrents you exhibited, life will learn new hands to share  
honey, mustard with chicken or baked beans and wine  
I wish you bethrotal in your bread and green salad  
Do wish me Barbara luck that i run my horse first  
so that the green grass of your next rise high to be saucy  
when we are no more glimpse roving at each other  
Let no self-denial be there as i am a rock and you are a nail  
hammered into the wall, my side of our wall

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Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~ A FASHION PHOTOGRAPHER ~\*\*\***

There is nothing bigger than abusing women aesthetically  
In the formless form of expressions for fashionistas  
Finance is just an orphanage sans femina  
Voyeurs are men who want to be called men  
An active click buttons and a passive do the same clicking  
following one another  
People who think women and their hidden beauties are but hard nuts to crack  
do believe in this religion of clicking and flicking  
as you do not need a nut cracker anymore  
You never know you are yourself driven nuts  
Vintages and scarlet sails where when light shows up somehow  
Everything becomes dirigible

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~ A Harlot~\*\*\*\*

I will make you captive in my blanket dancing on pyre  
My pigskin wallet is used to it  
My pit is not dry my dear driven man  
My fruits saw the ravening and beasts in drilling guilts

I am febrile to your passion and meat for your senses  
My name is nameless in poetry`s baroque profusion  
My stand is on water until you empty your harbor my darling  
My blood may forgive me in rubber but i do not forget the time as i am used to it

I will quench your holy night when joys betray light  
My joy is my serrate shadow whirling and wheeling your sorrow  
My despair is a martinet in cutting edge smile but used to it  
My quench is a misery of your entirety

I know your chagrines, saw your plagues my man and i am used to it  
My hair shall brush your memories back in quilts washed  
My envy will betray you in love`s obsidian sky  
My romance untarnished will see you burst in my labyrinthed command

I know you may leave me adjectives like scars for my hearse  
My blood shall still be ordered for the chartered streets  
My logs are laid for no one lumberjack my phantom bidder  
My wishes are for no fisherman, only a ricochet, a clear recipe  
and so i request you be used to it

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Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~ A LEBANESE SNACKBAR ~\*\*\*\*

Heart of the city Frankfurt  
Near the river Rhein and the Jewish museum it is  
A middle-eastern and asian snacks corner of Sachsenhausen  
Eat in is paltry outside on clamped wooden benches fighting flies and waste  
mismanagement  
otherwise are all takeaway discomfiture to avert  
Now begins the episode the yoghurt-white Arab seller in,  
a rémoulade white tall German woman before me in that hours only two customers line  
I ordered a kebab with bread and she the same before me  
And the Arab seller gave her a piece of falafel for free of cost  
when in Arabia people are crippled or rather dying in war for oil  
to be in wrong hands to be lost  
And i campaigned when my turn was not given a free falafel  
as gift  
I do not have the anatomy called boobs, cleavages, hips, skin colour  
to impress my die-hard heterosexual if islamic arab seller  
But i was taller than either, than the tall german woman by genetic fortune  
and also many other possible ways  
I asked the man why not the falafel for every customer paying the same money and  
currency  
As uneducated as preferred a foreigner muslim what Germans always prefer in bus  
driver, dish washer, restaurateur or small outlet seller  
His intelligent logic was 'No she paid fifty cent for it'-an open liar  
I affirmed its nowhere written in your chart that a piece of falafel  
That one could buy separate from its combi meal when so many children and men of all  
economy are there  
Ashamed he was of his own sin, gave me a falafel in the end as he had no answer  
For reputation of good muslims and good sides of Islam he is 'haram', 'gunaah' and an  
imposter  
For humanitarian shame of dignity he as a human is a loose character  
and if not his potatoes are Turkish 'dolmas' but filled with pork  
In fine i can only say this activity of that Arab man is  
where corruption starts and people should fight ubiquitously to uncork

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Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~ A LETTER TO MARGHERITA- ON MIDDLE AGE CRISIS~\*\*\***

Margherita, i am sorry-  
I am a lead misdirected for your crushed grapes  
long gave up to produce the best wine for my winter  
I never knew i was a sluggish pity on my mirror  
This distance, but between you and me  
was always sober, ladies breaking the skies on one side  
and gentlemen burning in raindrops silent;  
Winds a shameless cannot shovel long,  
Long as a bareheaded ignorant fighter  
conjuring, constructing, construing  
like a stray cat looking for fish and milk

My luck has been a prairie dear Margherita  
tossing head and tail of many a shaped one dime coin  
a nickel debasing my chances  
Love has had been piling time on time  
amid the toil of luring, seeking, freaking,  
hesitating, planning, bragging  
In this sweet conspiracy i am still a request,  
A naive bird homeless and hungry  
I don` t do believe in your magnetic curses  
that my steps faltered and breaths so blameless  
sneered my city wants in every house door i knocked

To be honest with a request to be straight  
I do not wish to remiss the twists i see wrecking  
in lies, in hideouts, in every lights you turned for me off  
A loser predominant in winning you has made me a player  
I see that Margherita:  
saw your boobs but your temptation did not click me  
saw your hips and satisfied my sperms to be nomad of nights  
saw your eyes in pours and mists to swallow the many summers  
drumming, humming, cumming for my savage heart pitted  
against your availability  
I gave you too much and perhaps i have now left with taking myself back

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*\*~ A LYING CULTURE OF AN IRANIAN WOMAN~\*\*\*\***

The people who are mistaken to be Persians are not  
They are the scums left when the empire of Xerxes collapsed  
In hapless countenance against Greece though having outnumbered men  
And then came lies inside as a biblical approach  
Over a thousand years of bloodshedding vandalism of Islam  
Parsees who truly were fled to India, France, some England and America  
Or perhaps more after the Shahavids avidly repeated the same mistake  
of feudalism and once a strong empire is now Islamist Republic  
but India tolerated many muslim dramas which if hindu or buddhist one  
or rather a christ, Iran goes without saying will fail to be diplomatic  
To be honest their mistakes i tell not to any Iranian  
thinking they are going to get hurt for their blasphemy  
History if inquired will throw more stones on Iranian men  
than their women who are stoned to death had she had a premarital sex  
But i have nothing to with it  
I was not responsible

Since the second world war aftermath and Germanys need for taxidrivers and motor  
mechanic, a time when facebook was not there  
Iran is the one who mostly accepted friend requests  
though few doctors and engineers are also visible as exception  
I was in once not so famous a cafeteria  
In one of the German towns of Bavaria  
I wanted to know an address and inquired not free for it  
Paid more than ten euros for a big mouth called Aryan breakfast  
which qualitywise would have been better some Indian one  
and more better are coffee in Starbucks  
An Iranian woman in her mid thirties, runs the family shop  
Painted her showy face playing as if she is the best  
She said she does not, the Frederickstrasse i wanted  
But said her half Iranian daughter knows mostly areas  
I know my Korean technology do breathe satellite senses  
though i said when asked i do not have one  
That people are not friendly worldwide, this Iranian is an example  
I did not flirt with her or hers  
I was not, no way responsible

Enter the daughter in the shop, face more painted  
but not better like the mother that took in that old German beer  
for passport and residence  
She appeared with a four hundred euro bicycle for her retailing shift as if it was a  
Bentley  
But i made also no show, like every other ordinary man i went  
to find the address of once a good old Turkish friend  
I remeber the face of Miss Hartley in London  
A school of business where she used to control my dressing sense  
Saying down people looks and enjoys looking another people down  
Perhaps she was right as a teacher  
I should have dressed unofficially official though  
it felt it was not that important at all

the half German, half Iranian cold daughter then said the same  
She also searched the same address the other day but did not find  
Though she chalked out in a piece of paper towards the end of my coffee after  
her extra care for a regional suited German man  
dressed up as the shift manager of just some inter city express trains restaurant  
manager  
or may be a berater or leader of accounts in some german banks  
whatever be it is not important as i would have joined that german  
man searching the same street  
But i feel bad for my euros to move in the accounts of people  
who perhaps treat people in the ascending aristocracy of luxuries  
they can afford, hallmarks of a racist, not Oxford educated and intolerance  
A thing which i as an individual as others do not deserve  
I was not prepared to take the strides to be so  
I was and am not responsible

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*\*~ A Suicide Of A Fish~\*\*\*\***

From Nishapur to Nowshar  
where hidden eyes in black creatures drift with the silky air  
The forge of Persepolis on the shore of stormy nights  
The man slept in the graveyard of yachts hit by Zoroastrian fire  
One of whom might have gotten that fish  
In spite of Caspian waters it died like a fathom  
But the Greeks thought it less salty

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*\*~ AN EXCUSE~\*\*\*\***

When summer comes  
crawling your skin on  
The harvest of Maharashtra mangoes due date  
You can separate the fruits of mine and yours as testimony  
to better the sizes on a piece of paper  
that they write different as they are another in shape  
I will come with rain to drench the paper  
You can still take an umbrella  
And tell to winter that last summer before monsoon the rain was too ordinary  
that it never touched your eyes  
but i will live with the season 's moment  
That i came so near to you  
So near that you did not recognize  
Else if not you pretended  
your good name

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~ Avatar ~\*\*\*\*

Women the world over are all beautiful the way they carry themselves  
The mind of a woman is like the cloud  
It has the white porcelain skin and in every lace it covers the blue sky  
Rain on them on days in the same preternatural preserved bod on clods  
We the men only draw inspiration in the oodles of weight sculpted on women  
Like rom-coms and classics, their assets win them flak as well  
Not that a grommet detailing black mesh dress is a German,  
That roaring chemistry of ice and fire is a Russian  
And now this size zero voluptuous compilation is a punky vibe of an American  
A conscious attempt of a kitschy drama in melody be French  
Or the reinvention of renaissance in the style soiree be from Italy  
And its not important if a sheathed up pink panache sports an English  
To me even that Japanese damsel is no-holds bar seductive  
whose eyes are a silk route to the frills of oregamy  
I would not also undermine the demure image of the Indian  
And I have never seen a Chinese in risque vintage gown, a Korean  
in platinum blonde hairdo, that headpiece of that Turkish blonde  
the boots of that Arab, that leather-lashed Latvian, that Australian in plaid coat  
that Spanish cutaway creation up the ante  
to how even a dark chocolate skinned Nigerian  
could distract your promises with a smile  
Women thats how God created them are all human characters  
with perhaps edgy ensembles, their elements making us weak in the knees  
They are all saucy turn-ons to see in the boredom of geeky life  
An appeal and a response is as fabulous as those divine wardrobes of feminism  
Women are not only chaos to couture, their beauty stands out to stagnate us  
to be lovers, wanderers, passionists and killers, jealous and above all protagonists  
Nothing more and never before an object is tame green a woman  
than all the greenaries what survived with a promise  
to exist with an avatar to avail every change that caters  
in every conscious attempt

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~ BEHEST~\*\*\*\*

As winter robes with tangled wilderness  
A crown of your snow in pinnacles of ice  
No hands are innocuous as those eyes  
gaze in brazen mystery discovering you in speechless shapes  
like streams and breezes enamoured and entwined in our longings  
Like those fits in my dizzy eyes and your shuddering limbs  
Autumn`s dew drops now leaps and bounds hung in anguish`s vapours  
the sapphire sky drank inspiring radiance  
in streams multitudinous  
I dissolve my soul in your odour wanton droven by wild ruffled waters  
I have consciously injured my hollow sighs  
At fire`s conquest i shall sweat  
as percussion in your spell  
Stars shall dance unnecessarily  
winking, so the cradling wind  
On the shadows of your hill  
they will blow like an osprey in feud  
My wings so aslant to vindicate  
in your harmony to combine sun and sea  
the breath in your kiss to be the Persian rose  
hanging in a garden, tears wedging our plight  
in my French troubadour and thy lawrenced Arabic shaman  
proven in the enmity of sands and sandalwoods  
Applecups sustained and concealed in rotted dreams  
Pin-glare of moon and we shall be swimming  
harnessing every laps of tongue  
Flesh betwixt grazed in your moon-claw knife  
In heaven`s derelict and squatted underneath  
hanging like a leaf barely clinging to be gathered  
in beads of mist the sun so electric  
Ashes be thrown unfinished in unseen smolder  
in every guilt so desperate crossing fingers  
to the boats all shuffling this impatience to embark  
scuttling and seemingly sinking so sullen  
outside your door in dull senses eating my calm body  
A stroll on those roads to those islands where senses murmur  
And darkness alone in the house of night  
how found your square patch of sky  
Sleep yours and my death divided  
as tumult of a unison clinging hope in vernal blooms  
as dream`s tranquil wanderings slept  
serene pensiveness caught in your azure smile  
as man in you the woman

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Amit Ray

**\*\*\*\*~ Dominance ~\*\*\*\***

My dear black men

Get into a club with beats and lights rather than bursting into first world governments for money

You will find many white women the uneducated, disturbed, disowned and desperately seeking ones

Their appetites are only oral three hours of kissing in the lounge and then you black men could be paid for two shirts, a pack of Marlboro, then a couple of jeans

As you go you forget you leave your black big hippo-hipped women behind spamming us everyday that they are billionares of some Sierra Leone, Nigeria, Congo and so on

that they wanting us to send them moneygrams

I am sad many black presidents including the one now American did not find one

My dear black and chocolate bananas

You are all candidatures for leftover shady freedom-style white womanhood

They will love your penile muscles not long though as their many chiquitas hanging around in the market

They will love your drugs you have brought in your illegal ship vendings from Mombassa, Kenya and your regional voodoo weeds

Just copy the bad white dossiers and get along with street hip-hopping for twenty pissing pence

You can go to Harvard, Massachussetts and all the world`s best universities

And see how Indians fight for every inch fight of reputation and dignity

How Indians epitomised peace and harmony and how much hard-working they are

They are not like you sitting idle and playing on couch for a damn woman`s orgasm

We Indians know our white women classes and we marry them accordingly

My dear black guys with street-fighting abuses

Indians the educated ones are like grape trees which are sour for white women

They cannot climb it most occasions coz` they are tested every way

be it culture, ideology, education, money, family, values and props

You can compare yourself with as well our Indian criminal classes overseas

Our businessmen in Great Britain, States, South Africa, our mafias with Russia, the Indian Intelligent Systems, Indian Space Research and Informatik

You know you do not have a class with some footballers playing in contracts, some long distance runners and some sprinters

When you do not, take the American presidents appointment

He can explain you better what is India to America

That he is also black and you are also one with the like hairdo

When you do not understand the explanations beyond your length of shaft

try nod your head as you do very often traggng jaffa pants, headphones drenching your head with malibu and coconut shots

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*\*~ In Cannes ~\*\*\*\***

In Cannes when accusations look into your eyes  
As you catch those French faggots of foods, shops, restaurants  
You cannot share your sorrows with a foreigner  
For you are a man of different convention they know, another arbitration  
So I am armored, have no choice than grabbing their niches  
Thats how you win stocks at zero cost like walking on plain marbles  
But you could slip a decency and chaos fizzle  
And I could immortalize myself a thousand names a pun  
In every sorry state there are sub-states hidden  
A rowdy mind, a brutal relationship needing a renovation  
This is how I gave my mind, heart and body alms with my right hand  
And the gospel said it right my left hand remained confident unknowing it  
Thats how I lived elite seasoned in its sincere realisation  
as there is no confiscation of past as nobody saw it nailed to may wall  
And what more in cruise I would have thought for?  
A Russian roulette, a Russian caviar, a Russian horsemeat, vodka and a proliferous pie  
I am a different man in the autonomy of events, no fear of being unknown  
As death is a cornet or some cuirassiers regiment  
who has the stint of chasing you voluntarily  
Enabling my constituents to become life enough and they vanished how sure I was  
When i looked back

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~ **MOCHA**~\*\*\*\*

Country beans saddle up my senses  
for the horse if called for mists of avalon  
I am now long neck down in the city drive  
stacked in the smoke jammed in paisleys  
Calderones unbridled will listen to no one now  
Am now the Illyrian helmet battling for death  
to be just a waltz of life

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~ MOSCOW ~\*\*\*\*

Moscow i knew you could never forget me  
of my childhood days when i walked your streets with my size 37 shoes  
Their, in one corner where once i delighted ice-creams up with my growing up- me,  
Dmitry, Masha and Yelena  
Still there if am not a man of errands  
sells Tatiana her meat brushed with american powder  
made from bones pulverised of her father  
Moscow i know the snow i have is not enough for her tears counted in years  
But you know i am devastated, i am bespattered in sheets of steel  
My hands and my bones are two-thirds your metals  
Moscow i know you overlook me and cry in your room shutting doors  
But i never wanted to leave you...i would not without you  
You can until then play hide and seek and consider yourself a winner  
I know people wants to play only games where they can win

Moscow knew I you were my mother  
Poor mother who has now her breasts rebuilt with plastic smile  
What for? For whose acknowledgement? i loved them without the remake  
Moscow you knew i would never throw my birthday gifts  
those books, those flowers, those toys what you thought in years i have torned,  
teared, broken  
I have learnt since my childhood how to engineer them  
Your sneers saw me this big a gauge you know  
But i did not put inside  
that Tatiana for her memory...no i did not  
coz` i have learned to give people the run  
And you laughed that it took a toll on my father who i loved the most  
When and where has a father left a son in Moscow?  
My father went also with you and left me to rescue millions like me  
needing a remake to break the ice  
I never attended his funeral service therefore  
I hate him like you for i have learned to hate like you now  
that you could come and shake hands  
and let the world listen to its sounds

Moscow i know my house will remain fresh with my prerogatives  
No matter how much you try to break its wall  
Moscow i know my mother will still look for her son  
beyond barbed wires of your owned metal  
Put a thousand volt of electricity in it or try perestroika  
with your accomplices  
I promise i will come and you will clap my pioneer stakes  
Then only i will marry Tatiana no matter if she lives  
Until then you can close your eyes Moscow  
And pretend not to see me  
My energy is enough to measure your breaths  
I have collected them from the hearths and pyres  
and learned how to co-ordinate them in axes, in planes  
of earth where still species called humans walk

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Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~ ON ARROGANCE~\*\*\***

It is the drinking son of oblivion  
Temptations daughter to linger nude in wine`s judgemanship  
Time is fornicated in blasphemy`s courtyard  
And cowardice extols his own virtues  
The scimitars of shame greets neck to neck  
Falling out in bloated distress and dishonour  
It falls in your goblet in concealment  
that victory of blindness belong to the blessed visions  
and blades write on the panegyric of the deafest triumph of sodom

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*\*~1944-BURMA~\*\*\*\***

There were us the people working on the Indo-Burma projects  
Then in petroleum, there in jampacked ammunitions  
Before monsoon we rained on Japan  
Rangoon was all in the eyes of everybody  
To what extent the percentage were enemies our friends  
The Arakan and Irrawaddy drenched and dranked a lot  
In Mandalay with the Royal marines  
we served Japanese imperialism the clay pigeons of tolerance  
Merged between tank and anti-tank, racing with fascists, feudalism  
and the fake pleasure of another imperialism  
we at last won the plains  
We lost many a friends like the way Bose  
Some tell he fled while others are laid plagued with bullets and flies  
Nothing more remorseful could it be than seeing oneself dying not so eventual  
As they besieged the thirty-third brigade had to resurrect resistance  
Back in Imphal we won two battles -for Britain and for India  
We did not know if Sher Singh married Simran back in Lahore  
We do not till now know if Peipei, her mother and her Bengali babu are living in  
Singapore  
That the country we loved and took oath for would not look the same thereafter  
We lost many friends who were possible enemies  
And we lost many enemies who could have been good friends  
Back at home we went to another battlefronts  
The hostility of Siachen and many of our friends turned into enemies  
by then from yesterday into today  
They were trained to kill warmed up with the world over  
And we went to defend their aggressions  
Back in but Burma and the deepest of jungles we won  
To know the friends we lived together with thousands of years  
would turn into threats of an armageddon  
And the masters we thought and fed would become a vassal fifty-first state for another  
and much more powerful master  
I perhaps left many stories untold  
as those timbers rattled

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~3RD OF OCTOBER~\*\*\*GERMAN- DER DRITTE OKTOBER**

**ENGLISH VERSION-**

Marcus is going to a special school in the West;  
He is a symbol in every mode of commutation offering charity  
In what ways it offer, does only matter  
Hannah knows the people not better to him than East  
There are reasons for individual worries  
One does not see but the other foresees  
On the 3rd of October  
It was a today still due to be today

**GERMAN VERSION-**

Markus ging zur Sonderschule im Westen  
Er ist ein Symbol, dass der öffentliche Weg jeden,  
die Wohltätigkeit anbietet  
Die Verhaltensweise von den Menschen ist fragwürdig  
Hannah weiß, dass die Menschen sind nicht besser zu ihn als den Osten  
Es gibt Gründe für die individuellen Sorgen  
Obwohl er sieht nicht aber Sie sieht alles voraus  
Am dritten Oktober  
Heute wird erneut versucht

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~A French Woman`S Bosom~\*\*\* (Haiku)**

The moon hauling hay  
Marble tears in cherry smile  
Against gravity

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~A FUNERAL~\*\*\***

I do not know you and nor do you know me  
I never have cherished your womanhood  
No, I am not the man whom you dreamed of  
But if you have had stared my steps after i left you a cigarette  
Or some words choicest what i would have told you  
Forget me as a crumpled piece of cigarette  
Forgive me as a calm, quiet, manifestation seeking refuge in smoke  
Forbid me as a wounded flesh singing with the winds  
I am only a takeaway moment, yours you smoked out  
I will never come back as time

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~A GAY MAN~\*\*\***

Deep inside his heart his body tenses up  
He is born this way to grind on his tongue  
Womanhood does not twist him  
Women belie and bully them  
He is between man and woman  
Or his inside her between woman and man  
And the laws do not apply to him, to her  
He is just a broken man`s taste as unworthy for a woman  
A beautiful girl in the shape of a man  
His shadows are nightmare what society may hate  
A terrible secret unbelievably witnesses his smiling face  
A big white anonymous man with his eagle tattoo on neck  
is his quietness, a bullet through the hell of heart  
He will just die for it to add on manliness  
Apparent in every width and length he wants to explore  
in the disguise of a woman  
And sorrows will turn away with his back on freedom  
Only the woman in his place would have seen the man  
A man playing woman perhaps blushes more  
to be virgin`s disowned son

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

\*\*\*\*~A HAWK~\*\*\*\*

He is like the blitzkrieg  
where silence so long has reigned in slumber  
to wake up a sunshine's call  
In his blades are signs of wind's blizzards  
he defies to show himself in the worldly mirror  
Now he comes scaling the highest of mountains  
like waves unending of a remote sea  
He takes life just as it comes-a riddle  
Black mostly and a pinch of white in,  
is scattered at random telling  
every cloud to be truly having some silver lining  
on earth where he skittles out for her existence  
What it feels like to be a rat scooped out of earthly race?  
Under his living jive  
shining tetrahedral the nails -early bird is he?  
so polished the killer knife,  
Bon appetit and he whistles away  
to his family tree which perhaps touches the sky so blue  
I would have asked him in quest  
if not life so beautiful is when one can fly?  
The answer came as random  
as he is also a soldier for life  
Only i fight on ground

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~A LEMON~\*\*\*\*

After walking long sans knowledge over ages  
on the deserts of Arabia which made me feel a Moor  
burnt and charred from all desires which handed me  
acids for all my 'mitzvot' and uttered the uselessness  
of life in the more pages of knowledge`s conflict i contested on  
like people they fight over my fidelity in love not accepting me  
then a catholic

So was i engrossed from the dew of morning and the mists emitted thoughts that  
tramped on an 'etrog' by chance yellow in colour  
pinkish orange its rinds separated by white flesh-a fruit`s death  
before being appreciated to kill taste or add a haze of meaning to it  
i believe nothing more has tolerance and ecclesiastical  
as this piece of citrus fraîcheur - what called the French limon  
A citadel that has since civilisations protected life`s juice  
tamed by sinners over ages as Italian limone, Arabic laymun  
Persian limun, Indian nimbu or remon in Japanese and so on  
Words fighting each other over its colour, shape, geography  
and when its not enough marinade each other with the lemony drones  
I wish i could so recall my ages of many Socrates being succumbed in me drinking this  
hemlock and defy the gravity of taste craving for life  
to be mushroomed everywhere what could be gulped in tandem with what glugged

Upon the vermont then of thorns which touched the sky so long  
to steal the theme of white flakes to resist frost a lemon grows up  
like a tiny toddler girl in the dark ages who saw her budding breasts  
and learned to cover the secrets up with the mother leaves  
A lemon tree anxiously felt me therefore why the sun was so hot a man always?  
Some ladies as on earth are so horny that they need be perpetuated  
through the green swath of light`s cultivar to be lemon for us prisoners  
to make peace between our fights and add lime to our vodka  
making us feel the hardness of life in its hazardous chain reactions  
as shows the starry geometry of lobes divided with the same juice  
in unchangeable sacs to be squeezed what the summers so long pondered  
on our dry parched tongue-an explosion of the sun`s sperms  
collected and preserved like topazes what was more ejected  
but came down like earrings from the green leaves-a punishment  
for the holy crime it voyeured with its ears  
And then like periodicals the time of harvest with nature`s commitment to sellers  
awaiting on the hiciary barks,  
an open market for juice container balls -offering buyers can squeeze a boob and a  
nipple with their lackadaisical hands for a small bid  
And life with the tango move will spill out from the cup to wipe smile  
making faces like that of a moon chased by Satan  
Surge of illusion are to be soaked in colours, in bites, shocks, ness of tongue for this  
strange liquid in every snicks, in all snacks  
of teeth and senses being surrendered to this sultry bitch  
where greed dies in the deception with time and unkindness of an ester  
And i could thank God to make my life acidulated in the bed of thorns  
i somehow did not get rid of the freshness of life`s mystic jamboree offer  
ironically communist and arbitrarily capitalistic

I was no less like Columbus as i brought my land though not Grenada  
zitronen fluid to soothe my evenings with sherbet when i am tired  
And pickles with peeled oils to add to the bad veil from my wife as lunch sometimes no  
sooner than i am having a tiff  
And the pulp as rememberances on my bread`s rush-hour suit-and-tie morning  
marmelade  
Hereover a lemon will slowly comprehend to garnish also my zest  
the poetic homage i pay to it for the aroma to enhance me in mine,  
the deodorant role they play in bleach stains, polisher of my old wooden  
ancestral furnishings or more to be the myrtle of my evening cheesecake  
A lemon so intrinsic satisfies me and i feel i am reborn spraying it  
on Svetlana`s womanly assets and the lemony licking in darkness  
acerbic, assiduous and winter`s frost-proof tongues squeaking on tarts  
i decide hell offered no such candy escape in a lemon`s hedonism  
from this penance when i feel its waxy skin,  
when i dive into its ocean to unite veins for those crevasses  
to grapple in memories-fragments of fascinating frozen lips  
willing now to tear the torrid night with tarnished shouts  
to ask Jerusalem how could some plums be so strange?

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~A LESBIAN~\*\*\*\*

Her boobs are like meringue and hips buckets to a fullness dip  
Her eyes are like cherries a tryst between tongue`s slip  
Her skin the halo of falling snow  
Her fat free belly akimbo and the platinum button  
caught my Carrere`s late night glow  
She needed someone to dropp her back to seasons  
in Toscana where the winds of her voice romanized her chansons  
Across the village so Italian will i be lucky to mask my face like Zorro  
for her love on me scratched?  
in corroded colours to be hatched  
On paper a stray I drew her nude drunk sketches  
her versatality of beauty so upright Roman her eyes azure  
I did never understand before that night was night  
when daylight slept like that so pristine, so pure  
Upskirt it taunted hidden mysteries  
as anemones shudder in secret as bees  
The smell of her hair in parnassus of roses  
I was ready to give her a garland with my name, rob her delicate spirit  
and to remain christ intact before infidel  
her spell like cantuccini for a cup of tea for me unearthed so long quiescent in her  
shovel  
But how moments cartoonify themselves as feelings and intrude like Huon pine  
As she said to me she was not the olive to be dabbed on me, she is not the grape nor  
wine  
For my manhoods grapevine

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Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~A Priceless Persepolis~\*\*\***

Flitting down the runway where dandelions cling to the wall of smile  
Lives a bird of Persepolis- a threadwork of black and brown her hair  
teamed with purple blue eyes  
I like her vibe an unique ensemble of the woman so long i adored and never found  
Shall i propose her tomorrow telling I am some Xerxes, Darius, Cyrus?  
Something bold and somewhat hilarious that i am not Greek nor some freak, not a liar  
and neither a player and that a great God indeed is Ahuramazda  
When she speaks her voice strikes a pose like in layers of frills  
I am a served acquaintance of the delicacies-baklava and tea  
She knew not i rhymed her along all sides of the Caspian  
A fisherman`s reared up treasure is she, her French has the polished smoothness of  
cheddar  
In every altitude i travel i turn back for her raisins, some nights back when she  
haunted as a faux fur princess and dreams felt like ruffling the right rungs  
I was only a sentry gun in mind telling my heart to stop chasing the scales of her white  
pureness and just pump blood to brain the job it should  
But it would not stop  
No it would not even if it get to die for the spiked tail of the brethren  
the clay plates i search now to write her in cuneiform  
She is a priceless Persepolis  
that i sing honest breezes to distances

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*\*~A Sabbotage~\*\*\*\***

Present day India.

Democratic challenge -hindus muslims and media

One of the major problem as an issue is kine killing followed by prostitution

In London itself one can see in the city it is flanked with nude shows for gentleman clubs, escort services hither thither and unlicensed rackets of european as well as regional sex station

When it comes to cows and pigs in the animal world

I do not see they blame each other over their meat which in the rivers divided, hatred swirled

But men are peculiar responding to a British blunder

Recruitment of only muslims or muhammedans and only them as butchers

to hurt the hindu sentiment plunging 1894 tensions into riots

That was the first breakthrough of Pakistan from Indian bloods asunder

Actual belligerent being the then Queen Victoria herself instigating this hatred in her letter to then then Marquis Viceroy Lord Lansdowne

who helped the racism only perpetrating

The aftermath became Jinnah issue galloping

though in India and also Pakistan lives muslims who run cow farms

small and big to sell milk, cheese, butter and ghees in the making

Coming back to the pretext of prostitution

Neither Sonagachhi in Kolkata, nor Heera Mandi in Lahore

existed to be the one people see or know to be houses for breeding whore

that of Madras, that of Bombay, that of Lucknow and Meerut

None was formed until british soldiers mainly whites far from their

native land were free of cost customers as spoiled brat

Wherever is a military cantonment, prostitution existed in the vicinity

Before Britain in India, no men from nowhere had this affinity

So muslims may well be slaying cows, women may still join prostitution

In India, in Pakistan the slaughter houses had no regional origin

until was formed to feed the british, english, scotts or whatever

what is otherwise thought to be a source of one`s moral disintegration

and another`s vanity

One of the worlds grave concern is christianity

which in the form of liberalisation, globalisation and free trade are only terrorism in variations of intensity

Upon the wheels of time which changed with India and Pakistan

Claiming and blaming each other

That Kashmir is demographically muslim or Sindh is for hind

The sad end of four battles where foolish men killed one another

Pakistan in offence and India in defence

Cow-eaters blaming the other to be cows and pig-eaters retaliating

claiming the opponent to be pigs hence and thence

The fight is only hand and mouth for India, for Pakistan

and war materials-pigs side government is bankrupt with loans from England and America

and cows side as well though materials came from Europe, Russia, Israel

if not the snows of Siachen not to break the ice from Antarctica

The reality made christ people rich to spend on a religion

which is nothing but slow poison version of satanic propaganda

Over years whose non-governmental existence in another states are terroristic agenda

Puppet governments and putting secretly paid corrupt men of regional descent are their ways of manipulation  
Alas today only Afghanistan alone is vying to be men of honour,  
martyrs with a dwindling population

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Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~A SHOT OF VODKA~\*\*\***

You took the shot of absolute cold  
And i did spin  
spun the spinning  
to get rid of it  
Life and death  
Unknown but acquainted

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~A Tamil Woman`s Hedonism~\*\*\***

When brahmins they say they are i would say we brahminized them  
If work makes them chauvinists i would argue we nationalized them  
A section of conservative women who would perhaps never indianize  
Representing the indian communion state speaking for shame no national language to  
vandalize  
The highest rate of infidelity is their clan  
No matter if marriage was their own choice or a family`s money saving plan  
And their men if not extraordinary they would sell their women to bosses for a  
promotion glide  
And argue in the bargain their not so enticing charm not enough for  
the social joyride

And then the language what they argue to be aramaic  
Its like when your motions get loosened by something called digestion toxic  
Their men have privatized engineering with not much enthusiastic success  
Most men are from other sides while they enjoyed a corrupt recess  
The richest indian state is not theirs  
And they could never fight any battle to be worthy motherlands heirs  
Rice they are made up of what the east make them learn  
And curd they mix in what they variated to earn  
Coconuts and tamarinds are their veins and arteries  
when the nation needs atomic and renewable energies bargaining worries  
Very often many gets spams from this women  
They say they have rich backgrounds, education to spin evil omen  
They manage water of a river harvesting their usury of urine  
And then passes buck claming others to be swine

Their clan of women are a nations liability  
Their ugliness adds to only their mens mental complex instability  
They have given the nation only curry leaves and curry boys  
And terrorism to immigrate for jealousy and asylum convoys  
Their best would never marry another indian culture and heritage  
And asked reasons they brag their nasty adage  
For money they would like become tempted slave a yours  
So tainted they are that they would not bother to be corporate whores  
To tame other rich community men they would hang jasmines in hair  
Ask them if they have had build any technology any management productive to the  
world-  
go they mute and no answer  
This clan of women only uses men for petty success  
Even if rupees have to exchange ringgits for official progress  
This brand of women are a record most parasites  
Like sulphates in cola and its combo in pesticides  
Given a choice to be man i would never ride such black dirty hairy bushes  
I would rather save my cowboy and ride a black Spanish Arab horse  
even if a fountain of misfortune gushes

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~A TATTOO~\*\*\***

The muscles could display an egg-citing Easter  
Every inches of hotness added to the humidity  
They propel the victory of colours elaborated  
A precious dash of a brigade rooting so bare and bold  
No matter if you are out of contention and old  
You are everytime substantiated the way you want  
The fonts are your mind, the reflections your aura  
A tattoo sizzles every observations in cryptography  
Even if you sit and sulk, lying on the berth of reverent expositions  
In imaginations so desperate and daunting

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~A TOMATO~\*\*\*\*

I was lonely a bottled mayonnaise  
condemned to fog and rain, a respite from  
sunlights resolution on every earthen membranes  
thats how the leaves kept falling and then one day  
a miracle happened from the earthly corset in swings and stances  
wrapped in red silk a tomato resembled a redhead i dreamed of  
Drop dead gorgeous it danced salsa with the wind  
Springing with the smiling reggaeton air she showed her latin class  
sprucing in those boxes blazing with tomato fever  
Wild and ragged in every enumerations who gathered the grove to trample, to send  
them to the hands of assassins and then burial and funeral that follows there are many  
grooms to wed her unpacked for indefatigable hunger  
In the alleyways of Madrid starched white shirts line up foreshadowing blonde and  
brunette seducing and forcing the squat in her red holy saucy piss  
A virgin is having orgasms through series of masturbations  
They all gather scrubbed clean to be drenched with the rolling meatballs of orgy  
Back to Italy where i could see the old Catholic priestmans shack  
And her woman who seduced me with her bush in the red wine fields  
To love and to display its vividness was a pure latin definition  
An evening trying my hands in the dough kissing and bathing with tomatoes and how it  
bled a vanity wedding with the toned up red onions  
It still hurts how sweet corns joined the bloodshed in the furrow  
And then green pepper and green chili with their bulls  
And how ordure was for me to see champignons, anchovies and black olives to laugh  
like hyena joining the party killing my dear lady  
The dough plate is the arena where an obsession dies  
And like others you shoot yours as well on the punnet to bath her  
in quiche, fromage, gouda in strings like sperms sprayed on  
the breasts and mouth and hairs of a woman after a gangbang  
To make the experience a bit sweeter perfume so many bananas dipped in vanilla and  
cocoa have gathered in puffs of air under the peacock blue sky for the barbeque where  
every inch of a tomato was sniffed  
It is not surrealism or sarcasm or a seasonal murder where everyone  
joins the pizza ferry with mouthwaters so lethal  
Its a murder of my redhead fascination in juiced mess and boogie-woogie  
And yes i am guilty as I too joined the savage island

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~A WINNING IS IMPORTANT~\*\*\***

I want to come to the still water  
And ask what is wrong with my face  
You know you have countless enemies  
whom you feel more than you see  
Time to scale them down  
Better feed them mushroom with chocolates  
When the die they die with my pain  
I would not see them all  
I must not bother

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~AN ABRAHAMIC CONFUSION~\*\*\***

Abraham was an Indian Brahmin  
The mythological Brahma or the universe  
Sara was his wife the mythological Saraswati  
or the goddess of education, knowledge, music in all forms  
They both left India owing to tremendous floods from North to North-West  
Israel is where they started all new preaching the wellness of prayers  
Judaism evolved from polychromatic Hinduism and Buddhism and postulates  
of Jainism as a consequence from nutshell as somewhat hard nut to crack  
for brainless fellows  
If I am fat I symbolise an elephant to a slim man  
Nevertheless the debate to what extent I am fat or thin  
If I am thin I appear as if a housefly to a big fat man or rather a comparison  
with a giraffe when tall  
This does not establish the theory and exercises  
Jesus, a born Jew who vanished for early confusing fourteen years of life  
Learning Buddhism the the then practice in the East  
From Afghanistan to Pakistan to India to Central Asia and China and the South and  
East  
His disciples or followers were not Jews or of his tolerance or ilk  
which bestowed him the power to bear atrocities conducted by uneducated Romans  
Christianity evolved out of this Roman Caligula-type foolishness  
fighting to convert the world into dull copied traditions  
For an Easter you could put a thousand colours on a boiled egg  
The outside world if fools will always be attracted to the shell drawings and designs  
But the truth is to come outside as the boiled egg holding the water inside  
And even if you carefully throw the shell off the egg the colours have a bad impact  
Just as Christianity had with its lying traditions and then Islam a degree higher  
A Mohammad who copied or understood a degenerative version of Shavaism  
The lingam of Shiva, the highest Hindu God and that of his wife the moon God-Durga  
To establish world order through making more more children and rampant killing  
of all others the peaceful ones-the cows, the lambs, the hens and humans  
Shaving the pubic hair but covering feminism in hijabs and naqabs  
as also cutting the skin so that the fendula of a muslim kid does not get dirty  
But Arabs have not bigger than black men and black men not longer than horses  
And horses not bigger and stronger than bulls  
People specially Christ and Muslim have to come out of their superstitious practices  
And accept Indian the India way, Chinese of China and Russian that of Russia  
Otherwise they are gonna be victims vandalised in their own conspired dire  
consequences  
They have to accept the Sun rising in the East as usual at his own will

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*\*~An American Soldier~\*\*\*\***

He is white in some 18 to 20  
From some boom shaka laka county  
He has searched all his heydays IEDs with f words  
He sees night his black president trying hard to corrupt government eastwards  
Where he drinks all night and goes morning with lollies to children  
If that is the way to seek information of hiding in the behind terrain  
Why would you need support when you are American?  
All the golds that defines the dollar of America are not enough for one corrupt Afghan  
Whites are themselves not American in origin  
Alas! they are illegal invaders and accomplices of war crime in the country of aborigine  
Time is bearing testimony that from first world he is a lost drone  
He is not a family of MIT researcher and he will never be one  
He not only lost his leg but also his Catholic wife  
Who now drinks Malibu and sleeps with an Afro after the strife

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~An Arab Woman`s Bosom~\*\*\*(Haiku)**

The sun was thirsty  
Satiated with the oil  
day delivered

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~An English Woman`s Bosom~\*\*\* (Haiku)**

The bare vagaries  
catalogue of cold hearts  
in antipathy

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*\*~AN IMPOSTER~\*\*\*\***

When one believes in the psychology of today's psychics  
that lies repeated again and again could be truth as what the last man assumes  
in a country which does not legalise dual and dubious nationality  
though people could sometimes become so downtrodden in ability  
or tolerant to adjudge a wink  
to accept a misuse of name a march once barefoot with a stick marketing a freedom of  
nation or for publicity  
and once again another but name a code of a man down lanes of history, a hand full of  
oil in poplar for whom evergreen Mona Lisa if ever had smiled in reality  
could well be challenged for pseudonyms disappointing quality  
How far would a nation inspect a suspicion divided in languages, illusion in customs  
and parboiled practice breathing for over several thousands of years a name what  
sustained in the face of sustainability?  
How wide is its national permeability?  
Societies where plummeted in sodium benzoate cluster to breathe better than the water  
protecting it as a mother  
Broken she is, sodden with acidulations but still she breathes  
something what to bother  
An ant's fortune is red only when it is with red hands on hands together forming the  
star  
Standing defiant of a person who is an imposter

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Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~AN INDIAN BENGALI ~\*\*\*(HAIKU)**

Fishes dream sweet curds  
When tabla tries ambitions  
At bay of Bengal

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~An Indian Woman`s Bosom~\*\*\*(Haiku)**

Frozen summer of  
sandalwood and turmeric  
smoked in monsoon

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~An Italian Woman`s Bosom~\*\*\* (Haiku)**

Chewing gum of crime  
Grapes pouring in wrong glasses  
Asking pay the right

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~BLACK RED AND YELLOW~\*\*\***

On the periphery of life  
Let blue jeans wear me to marry with death  
Fire will be my gown, ashes shall be my girdle,  
Smokes so discerned sprawling  
Some will say it was a poetic corpse  
wrapped in unknown funerary fetes  
My blood will be poured in cask of mimicks  
A yawn concealing me in semicolon  
All the ravens of Chancery lurking the corner in full stops  
Boots and kilt emphasizing my lost treasure  
At last the casket to embrace me from the provocateur  
No persuasive argument will be my candy  
for a keepsake solidarity  
A marked plot spewed by shrewd men  
An aftermath velvet i would squint over the people  
Only to see if the lady in red silk i loved has red roses  
My dear Soviet plezhvadya  
for the wide-brimmed black hat, red bloody eyes  
and yellow mouthful of words oozing out of teeth  
Hatred of her carped in end and unend  
On nights wall will she write in eloquence  
that i worked hard on every part of her test  
A success of her prophetship to gallopade  
For Germany buccaneered before her epithet  
for me in black, red and yellow  
And yes-black red and yellow

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~CAPITALISM~\*\*\*\*

I married an American woman  
I know i did like many  
I go still with her British cousin sister to bed  
I know my son is the child of a Jap  
I do not know my daughter is half black sleeping with half white  
I was challenged by my wife but i won the plea  
I go and buy women as well  
I did buy the last one i know a Kangaroo  
I know only she did not hop on me  
I travel to forget, too far to far East the roof of the world  
I did not vomit on red silver hills  
I never felt short of oxygen too  
I bought jewellery for my Uyghur sister who sold me it  
I chartered many birds from Kashgarh to Sost  
I changed like the weather drinking water from the oasis  
I dealt in milk for silk, sold nuts for nuts  
I swam on tea with my morning dear Chinese girl  
I have dried apricots for my nights dark-eyed Tajik twirl  
I drank the yaks piss from my snowboot to fly in abyss  
I whispered on my horse`s ears whose Kyrgyz hanging i envied  
I have destroyed my tears with the thirst of being iconoclast  
I herded Gods down the pastures as nomads  
I know them all like a craftsmen of cotton  
I have gotta walk from Almaty to Arsalan to get rid of obesity today  
I eat everyday almonds telling hello to my heart  
I long for a Bedouina drinking her frankinscence of spruce raisins  
I long for a sauna in her rose petal perfume  
I love to see the most fishy fishes swim in my aquarium  
I know people from their temperature  
I know i have to excel beyond camel, caravan and mushroom clouds  
I have broken the ceramics putting oil in my hammer  
I am the shape of tiles in never before told tales of Kashgarh  
I am the footstep satellites can never diagnose from silk to opium  
I am the Lawrence of some different taste of Arabia  
I hate Hindus being Hindukush, mock Muslims with backbrush  
I envy the Buddhist bolster of many forms  
I call the Gulf of Persia Arabic and the Caspian Sea Germanic  
I put a Czech to clean my toilets but pay better a Pole,  
I have made Greece my balcony and a Turk to trim my hair  
I made Russians die for my piss in their metal  
I bought wolfs for my Afghans and bulls for my dear Pakis  
I love to say black olives are Indian and a mango more Italian  
I will pay a Serb to perturb a Croat  
I will buy France and sell it for the last glass of wine  
I have to nuke Christs in the name of the oldest whore to Israel  
I know it has gotta disturb  
I know more than others how it works  
I knew not that others know less like an underestimated me  
I know what i am i am

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~CHICKEN NUGGETS~\*\*\***

Bees are important when you don` t get birds  
Sauces are always your own self  
Life has to get along with butterflies

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*\*~CHRISTIANITY PART-2~\*\*\*\***

Fake religion and fascist nationalism  
Uneducated jobless are Christians a many  
and sometimes when Jews are better, Muslims and Hindus and others getting awards  
and recognitions and money  
their christian repentance knows no bounds  
They try to make laws to repel every other religion  
No Christ can become a friend when there is no underlying money exchange concept  
behind  
There are ways Christianity is trying to make money  
Its like services where they play Hinduism in Krishna consciousness they collect money  
when normal people sees not the hidden motives  
and then terrorism is rampant in a country  
And there comes advertisements like some African children  
who can become the next richest tycoon if we donate today for his house building in  
some poorest of poor deadly war African zone  
And this money never reaches Africa  
It reaches the institution of conversion policies of a religion  
which does not belong to Christians if they are claiming so on  
The world belongs to the Jews and all prophets born belonged to Asia where the sun  
rises, rose but mankind faced more corruptions  
It never belonged to any West beyond  
There is not much Christianity contributed to the world  
Than they more copyrighted when ninety percent of their inventions and discoveries  
were invented and discovered much before them like zinc, mathematical foundations  
and plastic surgery in India  
Also time and relativity and atom bombs as regards atomic warfare and Oppenheimer  
was not a Christ man  
The sooner the world gets rid of this racist, pervert and discriminating religion and false  
propaganda, the better  
If Christianity exists, there will be injustice to more and more Africans as from history  
it is so  
African resources will be misused by Europe and European immigrants of North  
America  
There will be as it is blacks killing blacks, Asians killing Asians and Jews killing Arabs  
from time to time benefitting the war machines of Christianity  
The people need to grow up and have to take a toll of Christianity and abolish  
falsehood in churches constructed worldwide  
I request hereby this mission to all lickers of the hips and willies of Christianity  
denigrating themselves as B-grades  
To all China girls running after white government dole or some three five thousand  
euro or dollar job boyfriends or old men  
People please wake up Asia, Africa and the Middle East war zones  
The time for atomic warfare has come  
The enemy stands in front of you  
Either to wipe them out or you and your governments will get swiped out by America  
playing games with the world in support of Europe  
Asia and Africa must resort to a million nuclear warheads to survive against the odds of  
Christianity  
Otherwise there will be more and more Michael Jacksons dying bankrupt tainted as  
nymphomaniac by white media when in reality he could be a child minder  
And questions could be asked why he changed his skin colour to white if America is so  
liberal on race?

Why not pink, yellow, blue and so on?

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~CHRISTIANITY~\*\*\*\*

People following it ubiquitously i found mostly conservative, selfish, jealous, crime motivated and ostentatious of government benefits and uneducated  
Their educated cults use them as otherwise low paid subordinates to cipher ideas bifurcated  
and the whites beg with pet dogs on pavements-unwashed clothes and singing racist chants whenever encounter an African or an Asian man well dressed, highly educated kissing a white woman with merriment  
In Europe nobody has observed an educated white high class woman ever marrying a black African or brown Indian unless some women living as savages left over as condemned sex by their past so called hey men

Jesus a Jew if not Hindu was never from Europe  
Jesus by law had no European nationality, his blood is non-European  
Jesus spoke Aramaic and earlier version of Indian Tamil  
and he studied Buddhism nearly one and half decades in the East  
And he never propounded Christianity  
Jesus was by blood, by birth a Jew  
Christianity postulates most of which seems to be racist and satanic to cope  
And could well a degenerative version of Indian God Krishnas doctrines and policies taught in Dwarka or 'Krishna-niti'  
All sorts of christianity are sandwiches and burgers modern versions of cupidity and cruelty of defying existence with repeated lies to be divinity

Islam is more helping hand one another unlike Christianity  
which will give Nobel prize to their white or contemplated dummies  
of other religions with Swiss bank balance with an entendre fraternity  
The basic objective of this religious propaganda is to acquire by frailty the oil of Arabia to what was called Golden Bird India  
And now in stolen land of an americanized version of war to render China gullible and make worldwide charity missions from war crimes  
attacking another countries cultural setup by arms selling -intolerable  
Miffed with hidden and pervert consciousness, whites raising funds for more fallacies striking 'hare krishna' chimes  
Christianity is a divided idea often meant to be a way to win world with war machines  
Not all christs are Newton to be borne in mind  
And Newton never made inventions or discoveries for christ sect, he made for mankind  
Christianity added only one thing in his life-paternal hatred

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~Cleavage~\*\*\*\*

They the ploys are sprinting around  
cheering in a duo upping glam quotients  
They just eked out to smelt in summer  
O Woman! O Woman!  
The sun's steely resolve where smile concedes  
a square off  
miffed with attitude men are like kangaroos and elephants in tandem  
To surf on a sand safari and to face the sea  
A cold war of hearts for many  
They are birds breaking free from social straitjackets  
They are heavenly merriments smelling like chili con carne  
On the cusp of perceptions they are more challenging than the cartels  
They are weapons spiced in our every epithets  
Strawberries, cranberries, blueberries and cherries with melon  
smudged in dark bitter chocolate, sprinkled with pistaccio and splashed  
with jugs of milk  
Fruity sensations were not so interesting a knowledge before them  
They are the flowers embossed in the wildness of nature  
A walk in the woods where fingers are always crossed  
for a cup of rhythms to mess around

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~COCAINE~\*\*\*\*

New York

Bevy of ladies down balcony and stars sprinkled on breathed nights  
as time treads on to finishing line getting younger on a pony

New years eve

Fair deal for nights out Christmas off in chyme to heave

Purple popcorns wasted in wanking bottles from cork

Vex and vexed in yankee rhyme like a sieve

Tropic peaches are not sands enough to savour and shout

A golden bite to be happy Hanukkah brimming with desire in acme

Marigolds are not for my sunshine

Forgot t` was the name of an envy bidden farewell lost living in me

The pigeon whose colour was molten butter on bread with Bordeaux wine

Bathed in snow and moon was it tails up ready from Quebec

Now the rappers interrupted black and white, honeybell and jollywell

Lights danced on glass and mosaic the dead hours so aramaic

Drench the trench they sung they singing when life is on a backbench

Sailed the silent vacant Times Square the hell

Hip to hip, sip to sip, jack and jill, thrill climbed bill

Drench and drench every inch of hench the stench in the French

Rings of life saw each other in empty packets each spell

as emptied the void of vodka with Russian egg before darkness, before black forest  
ended up to white snowed hill

And they echoed the beats on in change of shifts-Melissa and Mahmoud

Bulbul with Istanbul hob and throb, shake and shrill, ting and tong

Dawn! Don! Din! Down with steering they faded

Boogied, dragged, bagged, shagged, jaded

This is how a rhyme underestimates a song

A mischievous mode in the city of misunderstood hearts

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~DEMOTION~\*\*\*\*

American companies late 80s to 90s in India came  
Claiming they could help Indians and joblessness to blame  
But since then has had been rupee devaluation  
Because when you are dependent on western clients for projects  
you denigrate your individual perception  
Only some one-fifth of the profit gets India shameless  
And the rest billions of bucks are drained flawless  
Without any business intention no country perhaps comes in another country Europe or  
America  
Information technology is not the perestroika  
Like union carbide and its chemical methyl isocyanate experiment  
A chemical weapon Americas merriment when several thousands of Indians suffered  
their compensations so paltry  
Unlike China the next superpower India is a tattering one  
Hinduism disorganised and divided in so many cultures and languages the trump card  
to contest China for America using the country as a drone  
When really help of technology was wanted  
A crisis time in 80s in cryogenic technology engines, satellite, indigenous  
supercomputers or digital electronics  
An American ally failed a friendship to make mimics and critics  
Like false white celebrations of hindu God Krishna by feline consciousness  
whose main objective is to collect money in the name of dummy attack  
living and using resources without stress  
Its not always what the eyes see to be formal truth  
Its the inner eye of all from olds to the youth

Who does not know over America in Germany?  
When after first world war the tonnes of pork sent as aid had salmonella a pandemic  
killing many  
Or blacklisting Russians when they wanted to help that indian hegemony  
And over nine thousand nuclear warheads they made  
When the peace in Asia carries on with wheel, axle and spade  
But America is a country who benefitted from wars big and small  
Be it killing its people making a media flash against muslims  
But truth could well be something else what a commoners eyes do not see at all  
Its the eye of the technic and physics which failed all the laws of motion  
where politics to break joineries of Jewish wood making it a propaganda using illusion  
Jews and muslims fight each other  
For a land which is or was supposed to be Palestinian  
The Gulf kill each other sans this knowledge American  
that chemical weapons are one used by the one prohibitors  
tested in Indian soil to bombs implanted in a Jewish mans buildings joinery in the evil  
plan  
Only in the former subhumans because of poorness and skin colour and countrys  
inflicted laws died of a zero technology  
And nobody died the latter in, only the man was paid to shut the mouth who hides  
from truth like an apogee

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~EASTER~\*\*\*\*

On Easter`s eve I would love French with a German chick  
And tell bunnies to compete with India and China  
On Easter eggs I would write every stories to relive  
like newborn lullabies in Jesus`s disguise  
On a Easter day out I would dance like a flamingo bird with my new Russian beau  
and steal that cloth of Jesus from Turin for the newborn reddened after her virginity  
On a Easter night I would love to be unsparingly truthful equinox for those farmers  
who had not since many a winter seen a perestroika of greenaries  
On an Easter afternoon I would open the mouth of every peninsula  
bumming free food for the last child`s hunger on earth  
On an Easter moment I would be symbolics of every folklore  
Seal corruption with gold, nepotism with silver and red-tapism with bronze  
slaying them off like a sly Tsuba sword  
On the set of an Easter hour I would tender candys for the old and teethless  
against the toys of terrorists  
On an Easter season I would call every woman Ishtar  
and serve every motif hung from the rafters to end evil lurkings with paganism  
On an Easter ceremony I would roam around all the highest peaks as a gypsy  
and tell the world that days gotta take on nights in large litters  
On an Easter tradition I would fast with a Muslim woman as Catholic  
until the last of dried dates and ripened olives  
On a Easter concert I would invite all hopes as my buddies  
and resurrect the most honest rabbit`s life for the most shrewd Rabbi  
In Israel a passover with buns and chocolates

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*\*~ERSCHOEPFT~\*\*\*\***

Du warst meine letzte Rettung  
Du warst schon einmal  
Verlobt war ich auch mit dir  
suchte womit ich deiner strahlendes Laecheln  
Zwei Geheimnisse eine der zuversichtliche Hoffnung wurde  
Fertig bin ich jetzt  
die Zeiten zu stoebem

Ich bin ausgefüllt und bin ich leer  
Die Welt hat mir Einsamkeit angeboten  
aber ich versuchte zu fliegen in deinem Himmel  
wie die Möwen am Ostsee  
Meine Haende aussieht deine Gebete  
ich funkelte in deiner Augen den Stern meiner Weihnacht zu finden  
Jetzt bin ich in deinem Buch versunken

Habe ich dich immer gefunden  
Wo ich mich nicht sah  
In der Einsamkeit, in der Wuesten habe ich mich immer deine Name erinnert  
in dem Nacht habe ich dich am Wand dekoriert  
in ganz Ruehe bekam ich die Stimme des Wegs  
Zu wenig ist der Entfernung vom Himmel bis Erde  
Morgen ist zu spaet als einem neuen Sonnenschein  
Damit Dunkelheit hat uns langsam ueberholt

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~Euthanize~\*\*\*\*

A baby died  
No media a western hyped it as she was a symbolic star  
A small german shepherd puppy taken  
Germany will not be human until its last remaining blood exempted from Nuremberg its  
euthanized  
The blood that lives still at the cost of Jewish charity  
is the same sample that had no culture and education  
Education when in the name of democracy if free for german blood  
They have not and they will never be ahead of Einstein  
or beyond Oppenheimer no matter how much fine or ransom is paid  
European activities are on the verge of ushering their own  
Hiroshima and Nagasaki by thinking themselves the best  
through chicanery, backbiting, looking down upon others using the media  
Sooner or later if not they become obsolete like the language latin  
Or its people live like self claimed vagaries of Spain and Greece  
The East will not care  
The sun did rise and will in the east but only  
it is not enough to melt its snow

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~FLIRT~\*\*\*\*

Much long shall i not wait in one name  
My wants have all to overtake the speed of than the distant Norwesters  
Relationships and marriages are always madrigal  
I know nights are not enough tired to say sorry  
Come on, get out of it and look crazy like seasons  
Let blindness from this world look into your eyes and kiss your lips honeydew smooth  
I want to capture you before i am perished  
Let me try the flaws in you  
You never tell anyone as it is an experience  
I am beaten by my heart to do that with you  
And the tongue curses me that i lick the end of honeypot yours and call every hair of  
time that grow there with an adjective  
Keep yourself nimble and sigh on me in fire  
That is all what i can and this is all from you i learn  
For we have only today to live in  
tomorrow i know will find us in satire  
we never know

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~GENOCIDE~\*\*\***

They are the tolerant Indians murdered in masses by Immigrant Europeans in America  
They are the Indians sabbotaged by the British in corruption inflicted India  
They are the Ottomans turkifying Armenia and Syria  
They are Germans who followed Turkish steps with an Austrian psychotic Immigrant  
They are the Pakistanis who copied it beyond muslim-dominating a Bengali language  
They are the desperate bids of Serbia in Yugoslavic dissociation  
They could have been Chinese in Tibetan Democracy, could have been Russia  
in Afghanistan  
They tried to be a vassal Kuwait between Iraq and Iran  
They are all lawrences of Arabia passing the buck to each other  
Their lies laugh on their grin and their cries mow for the deceased  
It is now the last sequence of genocide  
Countries with strategies of nuclear bombs  
China and India Russia and Iran and North Korea and Pakistan and Israel  
America and Great Britain and France  
Notwithstanding a volatile Voodoo Africa  
Developed and almost developed nations are at strites  
And the statistic with the best population and demography in the face of austerity  
shall win the bid  
To combat ten thousand nuclear American warheads  
Asia -South and East are not lagging behind  
And if not the biggest genocide happens by someone so long adjudged  
the biggest world of Technology sales  
Democracy with the assumptions of so-long tolerance

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~GENTLEMANSHIP~\*\*\***

Gentlemanship that's how the crawfish boil  
Hands on groin a Saturday sword  
Outdoorsy on with poncho cycling in a sudden rain  
An exemplary faith in hip flask and etiquette dinners  
Some obnoxious dance moves soaring the mind as a kite  
flying with all symbols of excellences  
Led by the path it stumbles for tomorrow's patch  
An endorsement in shy hums of bruised heart  
Gentlemanship has to rearrange the nature of classics  
Being mint sauce emissary to frantic reprimands  
jives and jigs like the sky, bold and brazen like the sun  
the lips have got to roll on

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*\*~HARRY I REMEMBER~\*\*\*\***

Harry I remember my English best friend  
He was a shy London University Business Student in Tanaka  
He was my room-mate and had no apartheid Feelings  
He loved and danced with that African woman from Tonga  
He had dreams to convert it into a marriage  
I remember the clubbing days with him  
He would dnce nearly an hour and would take her to the Cocktails  
for a drink of her choice  
And she would choose an expensive one  
Harry did buy for her in spite of knowing he was White  
coming from a rich bakcground  
He would have got a thousand english swans  
Girls could have been running after him  
followed by other white backgrounds because of his father`s big  
shipping and logistics Business  
That woman would go downstairs  
She brought with her a Spanish guy with black hair I saw  
And would be dancing a raunchy number kissing him the French way  
towards the laounge after some quarter of an hour  
Harry was shocked and dumbfounded  
He had no answer but he tolerated  
borrowing a cigarette from me  
I know he cried between four walls  
I did see it in his face  
She bullied the wrong person over an issue  
for what whites are said to be puerile and and  
Age-old culprits  
Harry married a Scot woman last month  
I happened to see his posted photos in the internet  
This woman to be honest married Harry because of his money  
I have seen this woman accidentally with many big black guys  
She would go with them as she believed if size like that of a horse  
would make her scream the bare nights  
I did not tell Harry  
This is the one who left me then in the riots  
When England plunged into recession  
I do not want to see him suffer with it  
Coz` I know he is bound to suffer today or tomorrow  
We still remember our studies and shared rapports in the positive  
Exams and solutions, shoppings and holidays  
His face is the one more friendlier than my Indian British counterparts  
Glad that he remembered me the same way round  
We fought and sought for the positive together  
An Indian and an English  
I wish him today his many happy returns of the day  
The bottle of rare Italian vintage he would give me after completion  
I kept it Long as a souvenir and i couriered him back  
He needs today more such Souvenirs to remember for life  
Harry i remember my English best friend

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~HOLI~\*\*\*\*

I do not know if colours are rechristened to be so oxymoron, so pure, so holy  
As I am always an odd one out dressed clean white as monk watching others quenched  
in colours  
Unlike Lord Krishna, his ladylove and a thousand feminine admirers I am a free bird  
flying past incidents  
I learned and will need to learn the way they smiled  
Bits of laughs and loads of banter so automatic and spontaneous  
As if its a conspiracy for peace by the rivers as Volga, Ganga, Rhein, Thames, Le Seine,  
Danube, Nile, Hwang-ho, Amazon and many anonymous contributions  
Past, present or future all be it and as it were, happiness in its true form could not  
categorised and positioned  
Powdered bonfire in the treasure trove for the colour blinds  
Not just men are outnumbered than tomatoes of Spain or mere romanized masks,  
garments papercuts of Germany in drums and possessions  
Today the sky has got to feel ashamed of its own blue  
Love has to scale beyond the barriers and tricks of infinity  
Would not stains be washing away the saga, the love, the pleasure for them who I  
watched with cheers?  
Had not the melancholy clouds smiled once which never rained so long chased with  
illusions?  
Men and women gathered exchanging floral garlands of hearts in colours  
There goes a red bridal salwar complete mustard yellow, a white clean shaved face  
bright pink  
All of a sudden a man got caught unawares and got mockumented painted in black  
Women will not hesitate to show their perfect drenched cleavages off  
As men have gathered like fireflies to illuminate them today, to perfectly anoint them  
Today many salted love stories will add pepper to make up the breakaway  
And many new will be born and take their oaths in the trosseau  
and lines of control will be crossed by masquerading colours to turn the remorsefulness  
away  
I can understand now those crows so black and so isolated as never before  
There is nothing wrong in the imagination of being a peacock pretending monsoon at  
the advent of spring when the pleasure is no less compared  
Tiny rubber balloons filled with colours are an attack ingredient in the war of happiness  
They are flying with colours thrown and overthrown spreading the joy of togetherness  
I have never ever observed the combo of blue jeans with 'Kolhapuri' slippers  
Brown boots with green sarees  
May be this is how orientalism and occidentalism claim one another  
Not for her ears today if i had to choose breaking the ice of silence  
I would have yelled beyond my knowledge just like those syndicates unknown  
A whisper into her eyes from my eyes to utter  
How speechless was I to even express it the way she would have wanted?  
Holi Hey! Holi Hain! they shouted and walked through the allies who saw me  
metamorphosed into a butterfly through and through the mirror mind  
A groom who drove away to deserts and mountains they would never recognise  
in the humdrum of desserts and fountains hued and glued

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~HOLOCAUST~\*\*\***

Come March they counted numbers  
People are to be transported away from life  
Bus driver blonde, helping hand blonde and not old  
But the person who wanted it was himself not blonde  
Partially handicapped and a foreigner for leader  
while Germany engrossed time and energy in slumbers

Came March again and long they marched off  
though their offsprings without proof still exists  
as conservatives and extremists in the name of christ  
A Jew born and a Jew died  
but no matter eggs how much coloured are they to recycle life  
of a crucified jew misusing malappropriate conceptions thereof

Comes March with deceptions to vent off crimes sans proofs  
Muslims even today support it for a cake`s cream worth of land  
Land for the landless what worked upon Germany then and now  
I sit sometimes alone nights with candles rekindled  
Not success to speak with grandfather as of now my father  
Perhaps they would say the candle the answer, their fate so charred  
and they melted away treated as spoofs

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 EYES COULD KILL~\*\*\***

This way I killed her the way she killed me  
Swapping doughnuts for a glass of warm milk in eye for an eye  
That way i saved summer in her crotchless rhythms the way her linger smothered  
I was just an agent in her estate like sugar in sugarcane felt and not observed  
This way I lived dying on her face when she sat with her rest on me  
That is why a land must meet a sea  
I loved to hate her as she hated to love me  
And it was declared that the world is hermaphrodite  
Coz ´ with half its beauty she killed me and with half its vengeance  
I killed her

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

**\*\*\*~In Yesterday`s Album~\*\*\***

In yesterday`s album there is a small change  
for your today and tomorrow  
there will be choud chocolat in modesty with cacao paroles shyness  
The gaze of intrusions fixed in your lips and eyes  
I will not trespass flowers to kill senses for memories  
It is when they danced on marble and travertine floors dabbing you turmeric  
and the water of the holy Ganges, my dreams ran like red sparrows in Russian circles  
to mount the horse of death and grope for a word of yours in snowstorm  
I will never ask and seldom did i cry my love come and take me  
I know a word of heartflusters bewitches  
They brim with passion like chilled beers full of rage when glasses go mush with mirror  
When colours cocktailed and made your day i was still blue to exude the forgetfulness  
I forayed in an act with the sky to fall on you  
Concussed was I, clothes in tatters and a reason slandered  
There are were so many names as good as yours  
Not wise was I to peruse yours as a saboteur  
They were drop-dead gorgeous, there are freckled honey-haired  
and there is one scruffily dressed in sequinned splendour,  
There are rejuvenated botox and velour jacket serum,  
that pixie hairdo and then one exotic dusky  
Why did not I appear in graced covers to hide?  
My feelings in smart tee and my heart in jacket combo  
I zoomed through the distances within  
yonder the anonymous bridge leading to sycamores  
Come every morning when crows call on a day  
The mysteries so deep and the hurdles so subtle I live on  
The haymaker hays and the woodpecker pecks and I understand  
I have one day less to live from destiny and you

Amit Ray

\*\*\*~INTOLERANCE~\*\*\*

Second Afghanistan war.

British convoy against Afghan rebels having mostly Indian sikhs, buddhists, jains, hindus, parsees zoroastrians

to remaining muslims and white christs as commanding officer.

Hindus as cannon fodders fought bravely and died bearing testimony to in precentage shares of dampened insecure loyalty.

So goes buddhists, jains, sikhs, some handful good muslims while some other muslims who fled from war in the name of islamic brotherhood-standing against the price of royalty

The christ commanding officers returned only after casualties

Afghans fell short of ammunitions and geared back in horses

before whites face any penalties

Only if a white man had died out of control falling down from hill

His gun only fired in air seldom killing an afghan in tunnel holes uphill

Now goes the white mans body covered with union jack blue

Symbol of martyrdom in clapping and singing nationalist public of combined england, scotland, wales with farewell sirens before any actual clue

He gets for sure victoria cross and i do not know if more bestowed titles of knighthood, earl or duke

Had he been indian now and alive return back to garrison

he would have lost his job remanded to custody with rebuke

But the reality could well be the white man drunk alcoholic

he had sex the other night with a tribal so called outcast girl in spite of being catholic.

It was a lost war though with british expansion motives failed

But what today England in house shouts as equal opportunities to non-white communities is an apartheid steam engine long derailed.

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~Iran-1980~\*\*\*\*

A handful of sky was your smile  
A sweltering sun was your cry  
The sky was alone  
A transitory path of light was there  
and they rested in abiding by darkness  
Our ship boasted a tea party of unison  
Still today i think you were yesterday my nearest neighbour  
A tree full of dates saw us doting  
A dry river was between you and me  
Only it did not cross the darkness

BENGALI-Unnishyoashi Iran

Ek mutho megher hashi  
Ek chilte roddurer kanno  
Ekanto akash  
Ektu alo chhilo shedin ar bakita badanno andhokaar  
Eikantikatar kheyaye ekakar chhilam amra  
Eyi to mone hoi kalkeyo porshi chhile tumi  
Ekta khejur gachh shedin pare chhilo  
Ekta shukhno nadi chhilo tomar r amar majhe  
Ek dhile ja andhokar perote pareni

Amit Ray

\*\*\*~Istanbul~\*\*\*

The skies feed themselves with cheesy clouds  
for a glimpse of dancing with pigeons  
Enticement take their possessions in stolen spell of eyes  
Çay starve glasses like the consent of a Turkish baroness  
Should you hurt me with a lying truth of unfulfilled seductions  
in unconsciously conscious snared by an entanglement  
The misty winds chilled in blood and the golden moon lost in waters  
croon like those oils flowing in olives as I keep an eye on needy nocturnal stars  
Slowly I am in the arms of ways leading to a destination  
where light splatters from the turrets of the Sultan  
Every single moment is a surprise  
An evening with Ayse, a day with with Esra and then there is no trace  
of night anywhere coz` the morning summer is lost in dreams with the rains on  
soft sands

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~KASHMIR~\*\*\*\*

A once valley of paradise and a haven of unison  
There then lived peacefully  
Hindus and Muslims who are as found dead against as so goes the conflict  
And who else could be benefitted from this Indo-Pak liaison  
than the arms selling for free from the dollared profits of information  
technology derived from India by United States to curb its growth  
for a reason  
And their pantwetting all time supporters the divide India into Pakistan rule policy  
British-United Kingdom  
who when given the duell of standing a country worth its size and ammo would fail to  
cater  
An act of independence given as paper signed but its something  
meaningful when you win beyond Scottish papers  
While Hindus and Muslims fight each other, count on hatred years after years  
Its so crazy to learn that hatred also for them is not pure  
For one the arms come from Russia, some France and Israel  
and the other gets its supplies from United States, United Kingdom, Belgium, Germany  
at something less than even the cheapest mackerel  
West do not bother because people a non-Christ non-white kill each other  
And arms more so keep on plunging a green fields of crescent and star  
into darkness of debt, a failed state  
and for the other rival, a failed economy together

West wants a poor Asia that they beg for more and more loan money  
West craves to sell zero technology potato chips in India, pure acidulated colas hurting  
the countrys sentiments  
and sell beauty creams claiming can make black South India people overnight white  
And then the infotech, insurance, toothpaste from bones of chopped pork  
but a patent on neem leaves and turmeric which are indian assets not available in  
States-a stolen country of Indians  
United States and its otherwise ku kus klan whites  
who has no culture, no money and no production their own  
rather than using one country against one another in flying blue banner kites  
And they do not really from heart is an Indian ally  
Coz India is now the next Pakistan and China the next India  
to be contested and affected, ideologies divided  
sowing seeds of racism, sexism, nazism, separatism  
and other acidulated theories for a public rally  
So Kashmir cashmeres the foul plans of West once for whatsoever reasons trusted

Both India and Pakistan, China and Iran  
And the non-European mostly not christ majority countries must learn  
Its Christianitys foul objective to render all other countries fighting  
when the biggest human massacre of jewish people started in Germany was none  
other than christ mission  
They want tomorrow hindus and muslims, buddhist and zoroastrians,  
alevits and spirituals, jains and non-white academics to be figurative less like the one  
left in Israel  
So that only christianity with its white mongers remain on earth driving the racks of of  
all growths rail

In a museum of all other derailed trains at times in frail  
Asia has to decide if they continue to be used by States and Europe  
when not much Europeans die in war compared to their suicide missions killing  
innocents  
The lessons to be learned from Russia, a chopped meat on religious grounds by the  
States which was before when Soviets was not a  
Christ Muslim problem  
And so must go the problems in North Korea, that the one in Vietnam  
and then the two atom bombs of century in Japan  
The question arises when you pay for even a toilet for some minutes use  
A country like United States using shadow democracy and racism over non-whites with  
recent attack on Wisconsin Sikhs killing half a dozen innocents  
And the media so prominent never flashed the killer as he was white  
Is bound to pay sooner or later the price for their own blasphemy  
with their residents  
for the West wants everywhere Kashmir to muse

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*\*~La Mort d´un Moineau~\*\*\*\*(A Sparrow´s Death)**

French Version Francais sans stress symbolics

La Mort d`un Moineau

Un bateau chavire  
eclipse de la vie  
J`ai appris la verite  
Il y avait de la neige  
dans sa gorge blanche  
Quand c`east fini  
Ils doivent  
Je ne comprenais pas  
Elle a ete un protagoniste

Queen`s/British English Version-A Sparrow`s Death

A boat capsized  
Eclipse of life  
I learned it so true  
Her white throat  
had snow in it  
When it had ended  
They have to  
I did not understand  
She was a protagonist too

German/Deutsch Version- Der Tod eines Spatzen

Ein Boot kippte um  
Eclipse vom Leben  
Ich habe die Wahrheit erfahren  
Sie hat Schnee im Schnabel  
Wenn es getan werden muss  
Ich habe noch nicht verstanden, dass  
Sie auch ein Protagonist war

Bengali Version(Romanized Alphabets) - -Ekti Charuyier Jibonabashan

Ekta noukadubi  
Jibonsahanyo  
Satya ami ebar anubhov korlam  
Or thhote borof chhilo  
Jokhon sesh howar holo  
Sesh hoteyi hoi  
Kintu eta aaj o bujhte parini  
je oyi chhilo prodhan adhibokta

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

\*\*\*~MATRICES~\*\*\*

To my beloved German frauleins  
You could have a Scottish Name sleeping sometimes with a Scott  
because Scotts bombed Hiroshima of Hamburg taking a toll  
of forty thousand your Germans  
The Scott man knows it that you are, were his shopping spree  
Thats the reason he left you as Miss Gibson and thankfully not also pregnant  
Your son cannot be a Scott or you have not enough eggs for a Scott  
But you cannot be Scottish, nor British when you have my Namesake  
and you can never be an American, not also Indian even if your meat is fresh after  
eight years of cold storage in documentation  
Average human since have always looked for two cross two matrices in women  
Four entities in a woman be they coming or be they going  
Two big cup sizes and two big hip circles and the women knows the break-even point  
Buy them presents, drive with them cars and ooze your charm on them for nothing  
Something called flesh which is natural what no woman has ever achieved in the best  
of perseverances  
I can change my taste beeing women to women but i cannot change a woman  
The matrices of a heart bleeding and a lip rolling with the mind do not multiply  
the one pulps and plums  
Thats the reason Einstein had to run away  
He ran and until now there had been no one else who ran like him the other way  
But when he boarded the ship to America permanently  
There was not a german woman crooning and pining for his love  
They are more cold than the winters of Germany  
The pigs they slay for sausages in the sty do not also make them hot  
though only one time the tonnage had Salmonella from America  
God created so many women in the world  
But I do not know why those brands are neutral  
Their emotions only amount to a miserable four to five percent  
the content of breweries and their breads suck it all up dry  
presenting something hard inedible that I and you are gonna throw in the bin

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~Merhaba~\*\*\*\*

If time is broken in years of your footsteps  
I shall light up my soul in your night be it separateness  
In months i will count the number of times i sing your name  
in the notes of Ushshak Taksimî, your summer of Anatalya in Hicaz, the winter snow of  
Konya in Huzzam, the spring of Izmir in Rast and in Ankara an autumn of Peshrevî  
And come weeks i shall take the avatar of Ali Baba, sell kebab and döner, baklava and  
kunefe to see your taste, to meet your haste, to see you how tall you walk and to rob  
you off your patience`s threshold stealing the ego of the two faces you have: liberal  
and conservative  
Your hijab will be my pillow i breathe in the lemon freshness  
even if you rebuke me and call me an infidel crying screams  
Days along i shall sail in your tears and tell the people of Egypt  
That i am the Pharaoh and its your tears what makes the river Nile so blessed, so  
fertile  
In the hours left after drinking life i shall draw your portraits  
your fears and worries, your truthfulness, your falsehoods, your beauty and prejudice  
in mud and wood-red and white  
Minutes left after i finish when Turkmen have me butchered for your sovereignty-i shall  
make you cry  
For your love only my last second will die like a talking turkey  
and you will know my every word misunderstood for religion  
is meant to win your honour in your painful bosom  
this blood will splash out to tell i was but a warrior mistaken for jealousy;  
not a gypsy wandering  
I shall say in silence-  
You are as beautiful as the moon in my night  
Be that i have no black olive and white cheese to greet you;  
I will have splashed all my blood for your red carpet welcome  
and then will be i the brightest star in your blue eyes  
You will not believe if i have stopped by teasing you  
But i just wanted to hold you tight in my arms once and forever  
and tell you softly in your ears looking those skies  
-Merhaba  
You will not forget to smile and ask  
if afterall thats the word i learnt and learnt

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

\*\*\*\*~ONIONS~\*\*\*\*

After you I always turned back to find myself  
time out in Saturday`s market buying onions white and red  
Sharp edges of knife cutting my finger lines in blood  
Scaling the scalps of onions with a mind like a Russian road rage  
I tried to restraint myself, abstain from words of dangerous liaisons  
Sometimes I feel they always fail to have you  
the way I want as they probably presumably miserably had  
Feelings of harshness are uneaten hard breads between you and me  
After you my heart begun the tricks of time  
The omelette in a bid to fry for your French taste  
Prohibitions shook your welcome hands  
The anger and disgust I nurtured and nourished  
for my tears had more than those  
sulphurs and flavinoids to remember  
On vegetable oil heated to a maximum  
had only your black bra as fire-power  
black leggings in black shoe as smoke belching  
and the black panty in black trouser which I played was lost somehow  
I will never give you even in forgetfulness  
That that day the battery of fire-alarm was intentionally put out  
for tears and orgasms do not meet everyday as man and woman  
As those years are gone and they still come to haunt me as you  
Under the full-knob shower and foams of tub doors as they open  
Screams and shrills everywhere yours like a fish thrashing helplessly  
in fishnets, those voluptuous curves as cuisines  
None but you and I and this Paris de Gaulle ninth floor apartment knows it and now  
who the hell are those onions?  
It still feels the thirst of every bit of spiced fellatio  
Those tubes with onions as if your fallopian in bits of ecstasy  
The philanderer onions sin in my head  
locking my eyes in tears stealing those moments long resting in peace  
Those onions have your flame, yes they have your veil  
and now clouds have gathered for my coffee  
they will rain bursting forth my jolts steering in your love  
If i could promisingly restore them  
Would so before my waker and chauffeur

Amit Ray

\*\*\*~PERFORATION~\*\*\*

1671.Social system Khulna, Bengal

A Brahmin girl peeped through the window.

Her father head priest and the assistants all brahmin.

The task is to purify an unwilling Shudra girl who is otherwise

outcaste and most important not Brahmin-not even kayastha nor Kshatriya-curse in the life of any girl

The Kayastha Zamindar will keep her for fun

Coz` his then wife was too old for pleasures in swapping genitals, his funds for re-marriage an outrun

The group of Brahmins all became naked, five of them all

one from her front, one under buttock, one in her mouth and two more to go in her two grip of hands for the shag recital

The woodcutter Shudra father saw and shouted the horde

'One by one please'-her health is so vital

All cries fallen on deaf ears, all protests shut down in windows closed forever.

She dies then making a suicide, her body thrown in the river Rupsha.

The father to shut the episode hit by paid sticks to death

Perhaps it was blasphemy or a crime unaccorded from Raja to Pasha

Still the sounds of utter human sufferings penetrated.

1971.Three hundred years later.Same Khulna, now not Bengal

Like those morons it changed her name like German Italian Nazis bailed without proofs after Second World War in Nuremberg trials or perhaps it was predecided to be normal

from Bengal to Pakistan, from Pakistan to Bangladesh

Those Shudras converted into muslims in generations, those Vaishyas

learned a word called harem from Arabs whose prime importance in spreading Islam were trade with women` flesh

Another Shudra girl, could well be the one reborn but a different identity-a muslim though mistaken as one of hindu clan

Her father some madrasah master, practices islam, makes five times a day prayer in plan

The daughter is raped again somewhat bearing the torture, this time killed with stones and thrown again to the river Rupsha

One by one also he cried but history did not repeat

The father managed however to escape the criminal extravaganza

2011 came a tourist to this old guide master

Stories untold remain always short of cement to plaster

I listened long and long as i counted the rivers

And concluded that Bengal would not have divided had people not those conjugations biased from walls of houses to walls of minds

Stories what those time harbours

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Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~**PROLIFERATION**~\*\*\*\*

An overseas Indian man to me narrates  
Lived several years in the United States.  
He came to Kolkata, the main eastern indian airport on the way to its checking gates.  
Customs cleared and his passport valid but looks old as it has one more year to be  
declared  
Give me twenty dollars otherwise the passport is forged said the Kolkata bengali man  
on other side of the desk  
Kolkata man thinks people who lives overseas have all pockets arabesque  
The overseas Indian man gave twenty dollar without bill knowing not if it was legally  
justified as he was not from India and never perhaps tried  
This will never come in Calcutta`s hand to mouth arguing newspapers  
Shameless community has nothing to do with it problems are more living in gutters  
Twenty dollars suffice eleven hundred plus indian rupee  
Coming to the another side of the airport man on how he did spend  
and if it had been his wife`s shopping spree?  
He gave hundred rupees to the sweeper who informed him of the overseas traveller  
Later three hundred for a prostitute and a couple of hundreds for drinks and victuals in  
Calcuttas conglomerate whorehouse Sonagacchi  
some five hundred more to spare his saver  
Investigation tells it was spend for shopping a gift for his wife  
Now as argued the corrupt man was in that particular occasion apple in his wife`s eye  
the homemaker  
May be he had sex honestly in house as well as outside for dishonest money  
It sadly proves in India corruption is in house of officials like alloyed milk and honey  
When you boil them water comes out and flows  
and the criss-cross meandering will not only end up in kicks and blows  
but also the institutions who otherwise are in only percentage share of owes  
When justice opens too much mouth to yawn  
Bullets will enter from anonymous sans pawn  
When you are a man you die like dogs  
and when woman your holes are filled up with stuffs from wogs  
to no avail in the city of joy  
what Lapierre meant otherwise as sorrows standstill for convoy.

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Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~Reconciliation~\*\*\***

A black woman migrates to Europe  
War devastated Germany in she finds a tolerant white widower to cope  
Years some later a mulatto is born with arrear  
Unluckily the newborn not so towards white but usual spirally knotted hair  
She grows up and gets because of her white father 's repute a government job  
Ego came out spontaneous in black aggression as corn on the cob  
Her work by job agency comes mostly foreigners for demonstrations  
Majority a jobless black immigrant who has not the lucky touch of Midas parentage in  
confrontations  
She looks of blacks down and she herself is black  
When asked to justify says she is more white hidden traits back  
She repeats her satisfaction from day to day  
Until she went to a white german barber for hair trim and foam some day  
Your hair is another says the white old barber woman  
I have no experience and i cut not those hairs as talisman  
Go to a black barber she added  
They understand more your hair as they the same headed

Amit Ray

\*\*\*~**SALTARELLO**~-(**HAIKU**) \*\*\*

On grass hops my sky  
Sayeth thou shalt win one day  
betwixt sweat and sun

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~Sororal Defloration~\*\*\***

A middle-class Pakistani girl of some sixteen  
Sunni muslim in faith between  
Went to Saudi Arabia Medina from green to be greener  
As if prophet Mohammad would be her prayers listener  
Her virgin solemnity became the bad eye of a curmudgeon Sharia cop  
who swayed her from public and raped her bottom until top  
Complained she then in vain to other cops, people anti-clockwise mad in anti-pagan  
prayers  
Went then she to the head from priest to positions  
A file a report whetted her to be changing course as liars  
Nobody listened as the girl is not rich,  
her father not Pakistani feudal lord, her mother has no wisdom of a bitch  
She got deported back to Pakistan, a nation voicing Islamic brotherhood  
Saudi Arabia are fathers and Pakistan as sons the brother of her  
When a father rapes a daughter it is perhaps feudally allowed  
though Islam failed in its religious mainstation making womanhood an abhor  
Coming back to muslims who would not accept the rapist to be muslim  
But nobody has observed the truth to be formal so goes the film  
For the man the Saudi who is luckily scot-free  
He must have been very proud to have enjoyed one, another seventy-one free girl to  
go for his spree  
This is how Islam is likely to be eerie

Amit Ray

\*\*\*~SOUVENIR~\*\*\*

Barbara i know you do not love me  
My numismatics for this life was your pardon ame  
Your motherly milk is therefore too dear for my sons cheer  
My daughter whose eyes i wanted to see in you is an unwanted bug for your  
ostentatious hug  
My manly woos was not enough for the machine you wanted to drive  
But i learned many truths of this world in years-one, two, three to four and so on in  
five  
When sickness comes between either and the love is tested  
All the bees so long collecting honey in the mind get silently sickled  
never knowing that they are actually for someone else invested  
I know you have the pleasure to think the way of queen  
there were and will be men seeing you nude in desires to be keen  
We live together when not this close in two different worlds in this world  
Only you have chosen to use and muse mankind after your refusal  
And mankind has chosen me to retrieve them better in rehearsal  
For me life is a challenge of papers to benefit people  
And for you its a shower, a suicide in rubber, tissue papers, gels to clean your nipple  
You are a devout dumb saving an idea of richness  
I respect my crumb craving a hands tenderness  
And you know i am and will not be jealous of you yours  
I have learned to respect moonlight when i have to walk alone in night  
as you think for sophomores  
But i would like to request your pleasure as always before  
To declare of late that sunlight has chosen me from success`s furore  
And now there are many wogs to sit by my side in your highlighted car  
everytime reminding you in me  
But baby summer does not come with women who leaves in a foggy life`s acme  
My mother was the first to share my pride  
Though i saw tears in her eyes for the gone man whom for she was bride  
I drove her to the willows, the sals and teaks where my past saw writing your name as  
others do on the bark  
In the woods nobody did cut that one to be sold  
Perhaps for timber its also sick and old  
Or the forestmans hound barked off all in stronghold  
I went there to strike your name out with my key  
The sky was too high for my passions to be set free  
As there will always be many more things to say  
I leave my souvenir this poem on your tray  
I know words are futile like a car without oil  
You have well disembarked but i repaired everything  
you did spoil

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~The Number Three~\*\*\***

Mamacita ho! Your body is written in Gods free verses  
I am a sea of hope who saw never a magnolia, a coastal treasure  
So goes my eyes in measure, so goes the three  
The stars on your navel, the sun on your breasts and the moon in your eyeballs  
And as they ying yang yong  
I am no less a dirge of a nomad dancing in stars  
while the blue sky roams at your command with me to be only caught wrong  
But when I want to explore you like cult men in films  
Like big nigga with pocket full of pouches and cartels of ciga  
Unknowing before an angry mob rehearse with full bass  
You repudiate me telling its not always turquoise where a sky meets a sea  
That i am just dirty as tricks of a talking turkey,  
a smidgen of appreciation, a poetrys severe paradox, a man three class`

Senorita o! Scorned, fainted, shrunked i am to forget you  
Coz i never sprinkled spine to spine on clothes of revolution  
I am a marked man now grade three you tagged, anointed rabiosa  
Three is only my brand equity, three is the border from me to you,  
Your hatred three cheers so pure latin, a cantata for lifes peek a boo  
Beyond all the excuses of love so silly what never worked as a substance of monument  
As for many lies one truth if be those dreams visceral what wanted to be my drummed  
heart, bells of my brain, cymbals in every cantonment  
Just once for compassion to be plenty of dough dusts around  
even if i aint quote the price of your gun powder before it coughs it up so sliver, this  
hunger pret a manger  
Let tranquil be the bill to kiss your lips, my badge worth dying over  
Confessions as are prodded lest they seem to be onerous, so unconscious, so  
voluptuous

Linda o! I became so conservative because of your denies  
The number three is greedy now drawn on walls in loquisimo diagonals  
Tilted right it is ripple of wind playing the conquest of your bouncy bimbos for my oogle  
eyes again  
Eyes are bad, ears are tears, mouth a sleuth youth, mind not in bind save i put my veil  
of fingers on to be straight, to be on mode embargo,  
And they became to my wonder your hips loosened a hook and then bait  
Now to escape i not only needed a taqwa but followed priests to nod hundred eighty  
degree my head  
Energy on a high low but not the three, my dry spell of poontachat  
Three of quid pro quo three in i live la vida loca three more to go  
Merriment it is so inexorable, inevitable, indigenous is how the three-shaped bow to  
arrow  
As if i live in a world of past, present and future  
where is no yesterday, today and tomorrow  
Love of licking your three is like the smokeless yellow zarda of Persia my only milk of  
magnesia  
My count on breaths for your water so long meticulous is my cardamom tea, your  
silhouette dropp dead gorgeous

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~To Tomoko~\*\*\*\*

Hey Tomoko! My tongue has always had been Hong Kong  
A French chain of opium  
I wanted to die thinking to be reborn  
but still life maintained its stale,  
to be your parallel and be infinite  
Your smile is bright like the morning  
as you gather the sun in your cheek  
And i am an owl of the desert expounded  
by your air, earth, fire and sea in allegory  
Give me a chance for one last time,  
before the day of dawn i saw in you comes to  
a forgotten shore of memory

You know well Tomoko,  
That your breasts are not small like your red dragon neighbour  
Your skin is like the pelican with an overshadowing wing;  
Your eyes are audible as the mystic Gengagawa river  
and not like those tangents behind that complascent Chinese Wall  
My senses always sever me to see you in a kimono  
To win the corner of silence where sorrow reigned so long  
I want to see your blushes coiling like a spring  
that poverty of love redeems itself being a lithium corpse  
so come to me, lets rock the Okinawa dance floor  
that i take you to the basement flat,  
clenching flame to flame  
before the ally of paradoxes in a garrison soar

Tomoko! - i know life has uncertainties  
dividing us with a wall of wants,  
That we succumb to thoughts where pleasure affrightens;  
But your lips are still red with its vapid debacle  
Come to me and plant them in crimson streams  
let every words of mine this night marry yours  
O come on! shake this draught of mouth with your goblet  
let me dismount the knots of your hair  
where every black rose in whirlwind waits a chanson  
let every sequel of our frenzy submit to the rivulet we play in  
I will be imploring for love drinking 'Sake' from your hands  
Let me be the Mafia that night stands head down to be my slave and you be my 'Saqi'  
before we declare this hunger unassuaged to be exile in queens, to be salted in grands

Tomoko! - i am not lying  
as in you i have me perfectly composed  
Hold my hands before i pass the glass to someone you dislike  
As i deserve nothing less than glory in all your feminine verses  
before the moments frail with our possessed riches  
I am ambitious yes in you to behold  
and its you to impart joy before my fishes leave you sympathesizing  
beyond the loftiest of hills, saving every wants;  
What has ceased me in your arms to weep?  
Your bliss is the one what can afford me  
Dispel my glooms from hope's delusive field

This drooping heart, what has slept in oblivion's shade  
Make me the man your new warrior Ninja  
as i am tired of being Vedic, being arrogant in Arabic, to be a spartan of glory a  
Hellenic, then a nasty Norman and all  
decaying on the vicissitudes of life  
before this chance of a golden carpet becomes just cigarette stubs  
of some usual formalities in sputter and fade

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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

\*\*\*\*~ZERO~\*\*\*\*

I never knew where and when for you i started  
Empty nights i know used to be my friend  
My ways led to nothing but nothingness  
And then you came in my dreams of desert  
As whispers moving sand off a stone  
One step closer and a hand shuffling the dice of fate  
You came and decided my axes and then axed yourself  
nowhere i looked upon you down  
And then wounds set on time to heal if to be living left behind  
You came and taught me wounds that rains  
if falling from eyes are called tears  
And that the person bearing it is a zero  
longing for love to be a fruit to find in sanity  
worrying not the colour or character of water in seasons  
And I am what i was unscathed as this truth by your puddles  
You are a liar guessing only my place of fall

Living a consumed life, my heart you took away within some circle  
seeing not beyond i waited and await you  
But i looked all over, yonder, allowed every paths  
and thoughts to ponder  
And yes hatred came as your substitute  
And you know came anger to throw stones on water  
seeing the harder it throws bigger the sphere becomes my circle  
You are a concentric liar  
summing up my pain in all possible geometries  
You saw it elliptical flying the avatar of a bird  
while i saw a circle and we fought our selfish views  
never wishing myself to deviate away from a straight path  
It simulated only infinity though i always feel  
insatiably soused and cindered perfumes  
had you been mine this life only this abyss have not been bigger  
You are a liar drowning my will to fly

I am a wheel with ashes laid in the pills of time  
Towards the open door where sorrows sleep  
And cossacks guard a tree where cranberries never grew  
I am your shrouded, winnowed downfall seeping unfaithfulness  
Sunlight if fallen is my mischievous smile after your soul filled with scent  
I am a shrinkage clutching every moment flinged off the casket lid  
This breath has stopped for assistance`s accompany  
Love thine has always been a seed of enmity locking me up inside  
a bone for the bad dog, a cymbal of grown coldness what i thought to be prayers  
I am tired of being here yet to be frozen sans your love  
But i will leave suppressed before they tell you  
that i cried and you did not come to soothe me  
and my screams never saw you bothered  
You are a liar you never loved me  
You only defined me haunted bringing never me back to life

Amit Ray

\*\*\*\*~бессмертна ~(Russian-Immortal) \*\*\*\*

I was a ride over excess fluff  
I do not know it back then  
My blood remained novice for roaches to fly  
And when the winds commanded elbows to bent them down  
I was and there a smoked puff  
to dig it up my discharge to rely  
A dead man without rest waking up ugly like sinners  
Sins were a bunch of bourgousie meat to see how a skirt flies  
how snow melts, how the sea defies a siren in casted smell  
Then she was open door and time stopped  
for nothing kills as ignorance in kisses and hugs  
her aroma poured another drop, one joint for a gypsy  
reared up in her bookmarked pansy  
The letters of lust demanding wipe in my eyes  
and burden`s smock got off bubbling a spring  
Her memory is a sanctuary, a holiday of hearts and minds  
broken though, strings in pieces joined together is a cliché  
of subtlety i breathed on her lapel, i resorted into drinking  
Sleeping on her razored bush in where earthly sins are washed away  
i drank and drank, drank to a bit more starving  
In carpentered woods that make a lay off  
a mormons bed got strangulated my way  
how engines a loaded batter the rakes so deserving  
I was born sprayed in death`s flare  
I do know not it back then

Darmstadt 14.00 HRS -In memory of those sweet moments spent with Miss  
Chekharova, a lost face of a friend in the world full of faces.Hope she is doing well.

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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 incalescence 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

**\*\*\*~A Bullet And A Willy~\*\*\***

People enjoy both  
Death to cul-de-sac and pounding bloody life  
But size does not matter dude  
Yet anger scuffles mankind so obsessive, so is behemoth  
Threats so helical and straight from double-helical  
deoxy-ribo-nucleic acids-sublime orientations  
Perhaps this world has stemmed from gangland feud  
So obsessive with a goblet full of a moment`s cognac, the life lethal  
Aggression in calvados and controlled merriment with amigos  
Obsessions are string of violences instigated so unsurprisingly  
Outlandish or whatever conspiracy theories be the blue sapphire  
through which the sea appears more turquoise  
Sex predators are as despicable as horrendous attackers, sixth senses  
culminating do nots and dos  
Panties on filthy floors, bras replacing wooden caps of empty scotch whisky  
but overflowing bath tub with propositioned beauty larking about  
lulled into a false sense of security, hate motives  
Point blank ranges laughing sarcastically, appealed witnesses  
for peace and goodwill for a blood-soaked body whichever accosted  
is too much risky

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~DAMENDÜFTE~\*\* (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

**\*\*\*~Flummoxed~\*\*\***

Blue is your name my love  
ruffled in the right rungs of wave  
This is how you enter a raffle with rose  
as i see me flaming in those blue eyes` mirror  
flitting down the so scruffily skirt and me  
beckoned on the runway of the sky and cloud  
to be a man in playful vile clad white shirt  
and draped in blue jeans  
spiked in scaly inspirations  
to know how sassy your attitude the way beyond natty knickers  
snazzed sheer and wispy in feathers so vivacious  
Are u the bird who bleeds blue?  
Fly me high in those layers of frills for i am human too  
plaintive blood corroborating womanhood`s unique ensemble  
Words bewitches sweet poison o yours  
let this blood be frozen to sycamore lest glory be one fathom  
dropped dead forayed, rejuvenated,  
concussed in your velour  
shunned, sequinned and scrambled  
the mind slandered in lights so electrifying  
under your skin bare  
to render the rose in tatters

Borodino, Moscow City, Russia, SFSR

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~INSTITUTIONAL RACISM-BRITAIN~\*\*\***

Three arbitrary men born in England. Paul in Norwich from both English parents.  
Richard in Nottingham from Caribbean immigrants.  
Vinod in Newcastle from Indian immigrants.  
Now the records and passport numbers has a class secretly maintained.  
An English street cleaner somewhat is more welcome than an Indian highly educated doctor.

Coming to white, not tall Paul now who has no good 'A' Level.  
He is a manager in one of the English Premier League banks trained to do only that specific job. The mother secretly paid his intern and for the job she offered her bed with an old man working in that bank then who would otherwise never get a woman

Mother Mary has a partnership brewery and bar from maternal parents and father locksmith.  
Originally milk vendor hubby left the family without divorce for a big bombshell Dutch woman in Holland.  
Laws never controlled this absconding because of complicated nationality concern perhaps or never really contested.  
And there had also been recurring threats scoring her and vengeance.  
The mother lived single, reared her son Paul up and is now sick and English social and health care workers reportedly beats her owing to lack of a degree of tolerance.  
She faces humiliation paying the service rendering her mobility on wheelchair to sanitation concerns.  
The son does not care, the woman from son also does not and the church she went to and paid so long monthly memberships not interested.  
All is too much for them and their balance sheets profiting out of people in the deceit of Christianity.  
No solutions offered, oldness, sickness which has no significance in Christianity leads her everyday to hollow feelings, to futile land

Black big Richard has a bachelors in mechanical from a university placed well in London and the parents long back who washed airports and checked tickets in London Heathrow to London Stansted accepting Anglican church and Christianity are in no avail in the crazy mob.  
Dreams lost in hanging shirts in a shop for five or six pounds because of a skin colour which when grafted white like Michael Jackson would have been a bishop. His English with Cockney accents is but a problem as it is better than many native speakers.  
Jackie the white Irish girlfriend who so long swapped her genitals and spoke in public high over him left seeing no future with a man who failed the same bachelors unfinished, white Scottish and is a retail brand manager without any prior significant experience.  
Two years since the end of relationship with Richard she speaks over black people anti-semitic and the bed with Scott some Mister Wallis taught her only apartheid and hate motives like brainless jockers.

Brown polished Vinod has seventeen As with A stars and went one of the colleges in Oxford. Denigrated because of skin colour and having no big contacts. No his English skills is not a problem.  
The parents are immigrants-Sikh and Hindu-grocery shopkeeper and boutique owner. For three years Vinod with a first class is off field from computers and mathematics and selling burgers in a chicken and chips shop. He never got a starting job. English companies deselected him as his education was more sound and better

than many English counterparts and the qualifications he had could demand with time the head positions which otherwise in-house only whites would not prefer. Perhaps he will never hop. The sister Anita married a Welsh van driver of a logistics firm who she met long back when they supplied conveniences to her grocer father. Four years after marriage, two daughters and one son there is no sign of this driver. Suddenly he wants a divorce and filed complaints for a bed with half his age Romanian gypsy girl. It's now uphill task for her to raise three children up as the man she loved and trusted has no money to pay apart from his new sex venture. He complained that he was compelled to accept Hinduism through Indian foods he enjoyed which originally then he boasted of to win the bed with then a virgin girl, the sister who was nineteen but this man was sixteen. Vinod adds to fun and humiliation from teenagers English in his father's grocery shop where people call him-Paki retard. He or it has nothing to do with Pakistan. Shahid his school friend from Imperial London who now wants to marry his sister because he lost his English wife due recession feels sad, never insisted of converting his sister. Across British politics to divide Hindus and Muslims in the name of beef and pork and all racist Acts of fallacies in independence, they work hard from failures for the lost humanity, for the rivers which once held India and Pakistan together, remain after so many years still the same. That's the reason Shahid's cousin sister loves Vinod. A Cambridge doctor who never expressed her love before. Her name is Parveen.

N.B. All characters and concepts delineated here are fictional and any resemblance to any person or institution is just a coincidence. However the scenario portrayed here is an effort to depict the true social and economic problems faced by immigrants with or without British passport in Britain. And also an attempt to bring justice to aged, crippled from war, disabled British and allied citizens who are losing respect due to degradation of social and moral values and laws meant to be only for the richer section of society in the name of particular race, apartheid politics, perversion of ideologies, hate motives and perversion of the course of justice and order.

Amit Ray

**\*\*\*~MYRRH~\*\*\* (HAIKU)**

A royal Gorkha  
Loyal death no pal recluse  
White women laughing

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

**\*\*\*~SHOBDOJOBDO~\*\*\* -Bengali Sprachspiel**

Kaajete jana-ajana ek rash bhool,  
bhashane praner sukhe gool,  
raastaye pourosobhar dhoa tobuyo vramyoman moshar hool,  
kaaj neyi, shobai dekhe obarir boudir gachher bhitor bosonter topa kul,  
mathaye tak kothaye jeno paliye gechhe chool,  
bosta bojha tal pakiye jawa jhool,  
chhuri haate badrool r boma haate monirool,  
ke debe kare shool, kare debe chokhe dhool  
trishnarto kakeder chokheyo jeno shorshephool

Khhaler pare khhali gaye dariye oyi kolir aynay kollolini dorshonarthishi khalu -gaye  
chulkochhe jorool,  
dewale maa kalir chhobi tobuyo tar shamne nirotto kamrool,  
agmarka moher gondhhe urchhe phool na pawa pipasatto bhimrool,  
tobuyo prem korchhe suman batool r amina parool r tai dekhe chan kore ghamchhe  
dulhai bhai er shala nurool,  
bhora kagoze khhali kobita likchhe nazrool,  
kaath kete mora putool porachhe ashrafool  
engreji saltamami sesh tai poila april-e tamam bazari botshol

Manoosh apekkharoto aaj grishye shoroter kashfool  
raasta bondhho, goli andhho, corporate aaj golpe moshgool  
tie pora dui motor sowari ki jeno bolchhe -software tool  
panch tarar swimming pool, abgahone mohini motshokool  
dust-bine jhogra korchhe laloo-kaloo, moila korachhe aparichito bhuloo  
jhhola haathe bhor pet na khhawa bilkool  
ar eyi je footpather dhhare chomri dadu, bikri korchhe kar ki jeno mool

Hoolsthoool kinchhe gontontro, bhagyo hobe guru cool, bar belaye barikool  
dekchhe abak bishmoye boshtir  
chhele aminool, haathe tar fokoter kamrano jamrool  
futo chhata haathe shakibool, rickshaw te showari mobile kaane  
daat-fokla hashite snato hasnat boolbool  
Na! Nah! sheyi je pakhi ure gechhe,  
gayeni she gaan, khayeni she dhaan, payeni she praan, korechhe  
she moron ke kabool

Shapnachone vepoo bajone byasto noongi theke asha loongi-porihito tobol,  
tar bibhvranto shapo klanto shapmochone, marchhe na chhobol,  
ruji-rutir horibol, game je kichhu nai  
gachh r pala, goru r chhagol,  
manush aajo asto pagol, itihaas shohoje bodlaye na jodiyo bodlaye bhugol, sheyi bosta  
pocha note boi, sheyi purano chhotromul

Na, ke bolchhe aaj bodlate hobe haram haran theke halal habibool  
allah-r haate trishool, jishu-r haate bhooler mashool,  
Shib cholechhe arab sagore narayon mallar saathe mecca te

puđina pataye medina bachate, chaite medini korte usool  
bajchhe brishtir madol, jhoro hawa mridool, lal mati, lal jol  
lal shaada posha beraler kane dool, naam tar sohidool  
keu dariwala dadu ke bhalobashe, keu bashe tulte phool

Chhorano bhar Cha khhe poisha na dewa bhirer bhondo bhar  
bhanga bharer laal rong diye ki jeno zaheer korchhe zahidool  
tar bhaier rokte ranga koto je muhit haralo, holo dharalo katarir gghaye  
moyen-mohidool  
cholonto local-e aajo badam beche delwar, dil khhola dilip-er  
dariya kothaye jeno dilkhush salaam hoye dariye thake ish-stationer pare  
radio te baaje bajna, ek howo he, ek howo shob torun turki  
bhajo khhoi, khhao murki diye shurki, koro yaarki, roktavo maxim gorki  
ghhorayo gandhigirir gondogole chorki, cholo brigade aaj notun istanbool

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 ans 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....  
Cabobbed 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 chooses 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 throbbed 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 cholesterol  
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.

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 foul the 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 BLACK WOMAN \*\*\*~

Beyond oceans if the breath has your mother  
Looking into a world what has only eclipses  
You felt yet the crumbs in and ideas swam ashore  
in sips of sweats for unknown to be an album you opened  
and cried in hairs whitened what you longed for in skin  
But then you laughed then there where strong twitch of muscles  
rendered you to be tall and take a toll sailing darkneses  
for some silver lining serving machines as appetite for men midway  
Lost in the brushes and acids fighting the sourness of steps  
Colours perhaps if there on lips to lock are not seen  
To nights atrocities respond days austerities  
A mornings baby who make cry a nature  
Milk where meat from has always the same thing to offer  
Destiny may not always be burnt dessicated in chunks of coal  
knowing not a pearl of mind and a heart of diamonds has more to share  
than a Saharan lioness glistening be mocked no matter but we animal are all to suffer  
in fabricated beliefs if a mulatto could well be a pagan  
Mortal are men to make mistakes that repeated another way  
Coming out somehow in the hierarchy of hairdos  
in binds and knots intertwined to identify or those cuts in hips  
struggling on from busy streets to shops and on  
A life to owe a row of pigeons in hunger  
To survive for some time as species before flying away  
for those claiming as sun to be up, done  
avenging then a moon amid silence  
Fingers toss a black woman not only in her voodoo way

Buffalo, NY, United States Of America

Amit Ray

~\*\*\*\* A Revenge Of Rose \*\*\*\*~

You are a rose  
In someone else`s garden  
I cannot make you my love  
I am not your gardener  
I am every taste which marinated the world with words  
no matter haters hate or lovers love

I know my reflection is a cracked hands mirror behind the glass  
You footboarded and flew away  
You were blinded my love, blinded in the sickest skills of sunshine  
Your bloom never saw my heart long being a perished ship  
in the sea of your love  
Valour of my every note, a tremble of soul in sway

In the box where people saw me dead  
Beyond the boundary of space and time  
I will fulfill your wish where no one comes with a gift  
Darling i will sketch daylight in you, i will kiss you with rain  
until your absolution that you recall our hyperbole  
the chansons i wrote for you sung in every oceans chime

I will wait until you dress heavenly in your corset  
To say true man does not cry though they do  
I will not miss the chance of exploding hearts as i never escaped  
That oasis and seas do meet also at places at night  
when you swam ashore with your fragrance leaving me this serendipity,  
a monsoon in a raft of sarcasm playing panpipes in ears as only asset

Amit Ray

~\*\*\*\* **KNUT** \*\*\*\*~

Knut i loved very much  
He was but not a Jew  
The mother left him alone to starve like blonde white women  
But Knut was a bear, cuddly budding white polar bear  
The children liked him very much  
Made business for the zoo he was kept the people  
escorting children  
Knut grew up with human love from a man  
who was probably not national socialist  
This man died and Knut learned the truth of life  
To lead the life alone while Germans tried to categorise  
blonde for blonde and white bear for white bear  
Ice for ice makes the whole world without sun and frozen  
Cold hearted like Germans who believe in eye for an eye  
Knut found it hard to accept this intolerance and then  
he was no more so small and sweet  
Knut became bigger and bigger and accounted more money  
for the zoo for maintenance, more space, more care but less  
visitors  
One day all of a sudden he died and the death got published  
Nobody knows how and what the exact reasons behind dying  
Sad reality could be politics called fascism what germans has only mastered  
over years in action or silence  
But Knut i loved very much

Amit Ray

~\*\*\*\*+ **MAKTUB (ARABIC-WRITTEN)** +\*\*\*\*\*~

Look at Bologna`s luck  
She has everything she does not deserve  
She is not the best and is not the best from Italy  
She invented nothing being from a first world country  
She has only white italian skin though not the good look  
compared to many of her own land  
But she is important because of her marriage to Indian congressman  
And when i search the length and breadth of Italy  
I see not any Indian and or an Italian woman with niveau  
telling me you are my husbandman  
that her father is the owner of big estates  
that they have rich business contacts the world over  
I have no Italian wife as Ferrero in mouth and Ferrari drive in  
Because everything is 'maktub' whatever you are in your brains  
Only they never become dreams come true for men even if you look good and have a  
big size, that thing like a horse that rocks the dreamwoman`s rich bed of roses  
I have not the luck of Bologna

Look at Bologna`s family background  
Her son is an imposter for the facilities he derive being  
only born to the indian congressmans sprayed sperms  
He is no Da Vinci nor even Galileo  
Either of them died not famous  
Bologna`s daughter is no Madame Curie  
The criminal father of a Bologna is a fascist who participated with Mussolini  
in the of late Jews killing machines  
Still she has more luck no matter if she speaks the language or not in the country she  
lives in  
Ask a woman in her village where she comes from in Italy  
They do not know a dumb woman has so good life and misuses  
power and position which her indian family never ever deserved  
I see not any Italian woman who would love me and gift me a Lamborghini or if i am  
destined in a Limousine to marry her  
Gelato ice to delight before the pleasure of our being together  
Everything is 'maktub' and destined  
And i do not want to accept this as a divine statement  
With several hundred times better qualifications and achievements  
and potentials if not misadjudged in the world with skin colour  
As i am not lucky like Bologna

Over the other side of the hills is Bologna`s sister  
Auction shop on stolen antics from India in the darkness of corruption  
and agents of a terrorist neighbour due south  
All third class people from an accepted first world has good lives  
I have no dictatorship on luck  
Nobody had this except Germans, Greeks and Italians  
Thats the reason their countries are national socialistic  
I still do not understand a country in debt to be claiming first world status this Italy  
And their world class cumbersome calculation methods of Roman numerals  
following a religion misusing concepts of a man who was himself

not Roman but killed by Romans  
And Jews are victimised as liars overall  
What is Christianity's contribution to the world apart from waging war and post war  
missionaries?  
This kinda propaganda like Christianity should be abolished and banned outside Europe  
This certainly will bring no luck to Asia, America, Australia or Africa  
They will bring people like Bologna from Italy or Albanian ugly betties who will Nobel  
prize giving biscuits and tea to already dying people  
And tell them in the name of Christianity you die  
No overseas Christ missionary children goes Cambridge or Harvard Massachussetts  
Or they have not the skin colour like Bologna  
or the money like Jackson to graft it into likeable one  
And i am not lucky like Bologna

Amit Ray

~\*\*\*A NOBEL PRIZE\*\*\*~(HAIKU)

Politically  
christ, rests are atheists backed up  
for the business

Amit Ray

~\*\*\***ECONOMIC RACISM**\*\*\*~

A white man english.  
Proud to be a cleaner of london streets  
The woman scott marched off his bed since decade or two  
For a truck drivers christ sake  
Since then nobody accepted the ageing man with time  
Complained buddhists being devoid of balls and hindus have caste system  
But i doubted why then no renowned solicitor from chancery lane or a member  
of british parliament do not open white arms of snow that he brings in summer  
I did put him in thought until one day his fingers fell on a fish  
A girl who resembles a children from philippines  
poor she is reared up, more poor her innocence  
to be victim of coming to england thinking the roads of britain  
to be laid on stones which when touched become gold with english residence  
Something to never happen for her trust of being just eighteen in disdain and chastity  
dishonoured  
by this man before the foxy shackles of legal bills  
But he claims still he is not a paedophile  
what the other day he said as racist slurs on a silent rally of muslims to play agile  
Now he dies.Owing to burdened health.  
For his ritual his claimed son from an unknown mother has no time from countng  
chickens and eggs

His hatred what he learned as Paki from school is a gun not to be reloaded in mouth  
He brought the poor filipino for some pervert heroism over race  
a narrow path of white patch which when when disbanded shocks come in counts of  
colours  
what the world overlooks, the victims feel and britain`s save white laws make them  
reel  
a practised national socialism of laws by white for whites for others on the verge of  
efface  
in proportion of tax paid to a woman who never studied finance  
Coming back to philippina she has no eat now  
No dog to sit with a plastic cup before central london  
lined with madness, weariness of men-perhaps they could not just clean their way out  
born in first world capitalism with so much insurance of a big mouth  
This woman has none -not even permanent residence and justice undone  
The dirt of london cleaned over years as pension does not even make her  
stay ensured to be permanent, she will be thrown out unknowingly  
as life is perhaps more hard in finding another cleaner  
who voicing to be christ everytime never understood what  
christ originally who was never but a jew meant and directed it to be  
a prophecy which if not sold on streets as a jehovahs propaganda  
and waging wars worldwide would have done better

Amit Ray

~\*\*\*EY HABIBI\*\*\*~

Ey Habibi

In your arms did not I write  
words as a sun which never got warm to recite  
a whiff of a yellow turmeric to dab on your face to be memories of my microcosm  
Was not I a destinys delinquent to steam your love with chillies so green, then then  
mustard to fuel in my blood in your oily sensations and seasoned spasm?  
And then all of a sudden discovered you have had been not the spelling of my wish  
That this world sprayed me with leads instead not to be a deserving dervish  
Then i had but learned your flying shrapnels and that life scattered to the four winds  
Pious of a journey in blood i became then sands of deserts, denies in clue  
My crying churlish in the vowels of your name to be Allah chiselled out my ornate heart  
in the unpronounceable mouth a mosque walls drawn in tulip blue  
Ey Habibi! Look i am only a consensus of your love`s black graffiti  
People love to read in consumed verses played by a beggars bouzouki  
Ey Habibi do you listen?  
Without you i am a pervasive air of resentment, a prisoner of all appetite`s billboards  
No milk is in my dollops beyond worshipping in your conical tenets  
No butter butters me up, no dash of seeds nigella, no quiche, no langoustines in no air  
redolent  
I am a smoked death ignominously filleted  
Anguish having begotten passion`s delicacy so devoted

Ey Habibi

Around you somewhere i am untattooed from being bold in oozing sexuality  
No another visuals tease my eyes if a living entity  
Attitude so infectious to devour if never sold any flavour  
See now my city is sealed up, my dreams not any more soaked up  
The wheels left in me for life sees me only looting sands  
and pilaging whirlwinds  
I am many a known unknown avatar loving making faces on myself now  
I quench my thirst from the sweats piled up under your bare blue sky  
Hills prettier save i enforce the mountains to fall on my head  
A sarwan of a weary dromdary caravan are ignorant of savages to brace  
as those words i wrote are frozen in sentences rallying a dilly-dally  
Ey Habibi!  
See if not your love`s high prices has me this balkanised  
and only an embroil begets the aroma of sinking with grace  
See it to be sure that i am your love`s intriguing ruins in gurgling waterfalls  
No mango groves see me here, no coconut trees to stand me tall, no villages to pass  
efficacious  
Sludges from the mud of my blood edifying the goblets for ghosts, goblins, gnomes  
and witches pugnacious  
Ey Habibi  
Sans you my bones were long tweezed out  
The blood spilling from my body then became ignominously the glugs for machines  
I satisfied my consequences in all unfulfilled, in every deceased circumstances  
Beyond you all visions of interfaith harmony of ease and disease conceded defeat  
A pilgrimage`s ransom became my meat

Ey Habibi

In spite of your heartlessness every heart reneged on a promise to be my expiry date  
Promises were so promiscuous that they seldom heeded my plight  
Ey Habibi!  
After you my life became a pedestrian plaza of bystanders  
An evening`s methane emission without your soft hands found only a pocket full of  
marijuana from hordes  
of an all too incriminating hyena  
No lust of world liked the pleasure in vichyssoise  
No migratory bird to polish spread canard brass of my sinking ship, no purpose saved a  
love`s fragile stasis  
I did get yes blankets of anonymity for my winter in the web of your aftermaths  
conflagration  
where tumultuous elements strategised all escape junctions  
All be it if not yours a trust`s sentiment got the dual entendre to be damages  
intangible, to be in images inflammatory  
Deadlocks thronged to instigate my exodus without worry  
If ever i lived in questions unprecedented  
No melodrama became a repertoire so eclectic  
Fears and hesitations flowing in a river to see where the buck stops  
in subsequent reverberations only an unease to be galactic  
Ey Habibi  
Far away from your weekends all Saturdays squelched a catastrophe  
And then mourned Sundays dented only the anastrophe

Ey Habibi  
Over your sweetness no prettiness a feminine grooved to the beats of love`s luring  
floor  
No adrenaline left in me scanned any sky for your elusive rain  
No soundscapes so hypnotic played in my minds ambience  
Nothing so green in strapless gowns lived up my feast of evenings or knocked my door  
Ey Habibi  
Apart from you no diamonds ever glittered good my Lochinvars atelier  
As my luck became besotted hobbling out on a walking stick in its sanctuary with  
repentance having no makeover  
Estranged from you quirked me no where, averting you only merchandised me a code  
of anomaly in this nowheres everywhere  
Reverberations away from you gave me a murderers souvenir  
in this everywheres all somewhere  
And desires running from you had me in frigging lens spalling in this somewhere`s  
anywhere  
Ey Habibi  
Knowing without you had horror plunged in thrill rush of adjourned embarrassments  
Attacks, blames, generosity in violence became the snag this heart`s heartless  
predicaments  
Desisting your points saw evils pulsating snake-wrangling down me as vomits of  
pappasian petal juice  
From every a veritable collapse no lottery as cabbie drove me out of this gaffe for life  
in predictions to introduce  
Ey Habibi...Ey Habibi  
Do you still do not love me?  
Will you not celebrate?

Bajram Serif mubarek olsun Habibi  
..Ey Habibi...

Doha, Qatar,14.00 HRS,27.12.2012

Amit Ray

~\*\*\***IRONY**\*\*\*~

When languid grief grips life  
And as we learn to stand up against the strife  
Do not we seek the psychology of a clairvoyant?  
more welcome and dear than the doctor prescribing  
anxiety pills to be cool and silent  
And we see the shuffles of a trained hand tarot  
Or the man sitting under banyan tree on a mat with wild cards  
and a trained picking parrot  
And more so the little higher with the class dilemma  
to those astrologists in variant chambers, to the palmists  
who claim to be experts in sparking controversy-stars and planets  
beyond all religious tenets  
And then comes the middleman or perhaps richer to fiddle  
You need coloured stones to woo bad planets or to skittle  
To please Moon God you need white dressing, for Jupiter the yellow sapphire, for the  
Sun God in treason with a pinkish red ruby,  
coral for the Mars, emerald for the Mercury to render all the good weapons of a  
magician to spin a yarn in our so hollow gallow  
And last so on not the least the most dangerous of them-Saturn  
You need a blue sapphire to get his You-turn  
In myth or perhaps reality he is described to be an old,  
impotent man mounting on a vulture  
to make all the good things in life`s running tyre a puncture  
He rules the signs and sphere of Aquarius and Capricorn  
But people are somewhat crazy  
They do not think or analyse or dedicate as its too complicated and therefore a topic of  
paralyse  
But they do go clubs come a Saturday night  
they try their bits to rock the bed with women blowing the erotic horn  
This way they try to reproduce or rather make business  
for rubbers and toys and gels and drug companies-a do away the inside plight  
Society could not have been thronging to this a socialism better  
In the apartment where i stay still alone but people having a common wall to share  
On side of Saturday is a monotony -its me with all so complicated theories and  
apparatus and scientific research  
On the other side of the Saturday is a mutiny-in are Gloria and Anthony-they make  
sounds repetitive i do apprehend for what reasons bare  
And to play conservative thinking others might not like it  
They try kill the sound they make playing loud a Russian music  
-You hear 'Kalinka Kalinka Kalinka moya'!  
The red Russian green peace lyric eggs them on in all conservative or cosmopolitan  
sperm and ovum  
I find in them irony`s ultimatum

Amit Ray

~\*\*\*Concomitant\*\*\*~

I know an anger so angry with me  
who wanted to run away and vanish in gaping surrounds  
Lost i am, lost i have had running on to dead deserts for oasis  
My day will be without your cloud in weariness  
Nights on this has to wash me away for rain, drenched before Jerusalems acme  
grieving eyes of Varanasi where from they dried as dates  
in Mecca anguished over miles and miles of faded youth, then the bounce and swirls  
, the stakes to be honoured before it stands steady like a mountain  
over the slopes of a soul`s veteran starvation in Vatican  
A new morning breeze has still your stubborn wind from nowhere  
to a sea of gold, an ocean harbouring pearls  
To sway sail me away dreary, flying and seeing like a pagan  
, like a pen dipped in your blood but blue  
I see the evening crimson on my cup of black tea`s mirror  
Gaze be so bewitching, brimming with passion, seduction plays with the black swollen  
clouds, have i yet no way, no clue  
I write and write sins and sins with time`s caravan on awakened skies  
flummoxed i am..still my mind gropes a word  
the road so long if leading you  
from human, for human to be again sylvan

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 Bank (Haiku)**

Is a crocodile  
Mouth always crying silent  
Closes when i want

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 Farting Episode

Time could well change but people does not perhaps  
Way back some four to five decades of a nations crisis and gaps  
Second Indo-Pakistani war the one after China and US pernicious aid  
Foods as a prime paradox wheat is branded to such a low trend  
That animals an American would not love to consume to be consumed  
Like those salmonellas in tonnes of porks sent to Germany after the  
first world war it assumed  
So it were a race in win against a race`s loss  
while human morale got stranded  
To what extent could the people be down  
As sometimes a crown is less mature than a clown

Forty years later were a couple through generations  
Married together beyond all religious percussions  
The husband a white enjoys as usual the wife indian a southern descent  
while those days saw a neighbour unravelling mysteries of laws in pages senescent  
Suddenly the fire of mouth and law suit  
The lady nude farted while offering her creams on the mouth, the nose and the noisy  
sensations of her man  
The man filed her womans bloody gut to be intensional and abused her culture to be  
sylvan  
Unfortunately farting was a law of conservation of energy  
It is as spontaneous as hiccups and vomit  
For which people who challenged paid the price of omit

The man pays several hundreds of thousands, the house, the car  
the other perks  
Reverts back to a white gypsy Romanian with whom he jerks  
As the money he earns now not enough to enjoy a class woman American  
With another creep runs away the Romanian  
Now he is on streets his egos tired with bottles of showdowns  
His job bade him a farewell long but he is not deprived of pension  
Perhaps it is because of his skins jealous intension  
But his life on earth the way wanted over  
The old wife drives now in Limo overlooking with a new rich partner  
Perhaps in Limo the man does not know a farting episode can gear a person to a street  
sleeping arrear

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 vain  
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 Jehovan Falsehood**

Its likely to be all cult lies hushed up in apocryphal senses  
Its like Greek mythology which when one accepts to be truth and defies the Indian one  
much older presuming it has no evidence in all forms of tenses  
Its a christian high street propoganda to win non-christian minds  
and a race against Islam and all others which could well be observed to be far more  
scientific in its verbal binds  
To even the Vedas and its principles it highly refutes  
Like hairs what grow on a women pubis and manly sensations disputes  
All propogandas funded to use up another countrys resources  
be that of China, that of India, the rest of the world or Islam  
when christianity made black people fight from sham  
All educated minds a feminine are in tandem with to trim it erroneous  
And warning goes to all mankind to refrain from no gain mind pugnacious

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 SWAN

I looked by autumn`s face  
in the mirror of a river whose waters i know  
are troubled like me in life`s mathematical moonache  
But still they are silent like me  
Nobody will understand, nobody perhaps has ever  
the language of pressure up until emanated a fairy, a snow-white swan  
gnawing her beak inside the water telling to forget  
as those sands time has left behind and beneath  
like troubadours who once spittled on blank pages as scratches  
to delegate  
And then when winter came to return balance of the water drunk by  
its sweltering past in fragments of snowy implorations  
her laments gashed the same how it gave me languishes  
which got me plummered, somehow hitched, clenched to my blood  
deja vu

I looked now beyond if i have to linger  
a thought in if life needs a purgatory beyond  
its mountains and edges which knocked me down  
as always since i was a child  
But learned I to stand me up somehow  
to the hymns of life she played with her dulcimer voice  
gliding with a hoard splashing some light on my myriad darkness  
With her feet webbed and geometry like the russian kratkae she traverses  
Beak pinioned red as if the number two of arithmetic is sailing on  
telling that life has always another way to carry on  
With the body assuming the symbolic tilde and the number nine slender neck resting  
on it, so swank she is teaching peace to the sordid world  
That feathers on their own called memoirs defy gravity and time  
to be peace in separation so desperate as they contain blood to flow as well

She is no less than those fishing gannets  
Divine messenger coming from the reeds  
where the swannery she must have written in Edwardian handwritings as she writes for  
me on the river swirling around rhythms with her wings and beak  
The snow that was so long frozen said she she could melt with  
her elegance flapping wings and waltz on water where she played  
My life might have been barefoot i realised under thorn bearing trees  
but I could ever wish that i plop again like circles whipping my airs back  
to dry them up in the sun`s harmony  
Fames so dear are exalted where in flames of time i understood  
as no stones on the river edge are left untouched by the water flagellated by her wave  
Its creators` natural original sin in her palled pleasure  
promising me to take life beyond calculating its equinox  
as i never can know when is my turn in the choir of her swansong` muse to rehearse  
the inevitable leaving behind a boat and a radar  
i learned to build in ages watching her ballet

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

## Alpha

Gold fish in a glass pitcher  
Vessel wants water for sanity and  
fish breathes a parody making droll waves  
as if it is sea virtual  
waves of life flagellating with the advent of Greeks  
Ancient I was born since then like my this evolution  
in the form of a man from her body with time  
When i was awakened being haunted by a dream of being  
hanged by a small piece of string tying my neck  
to resurrect my head  
And my crime is that i am human  
I evolved as letter 'a' from my need for which i cut the tail of  
my fish to see if i could fill her blood in my pellucid goblet  
as unworthy apple of my father`s eye strangely enough  
but therein i found what fumbled me so long-an alpha

Later as the days passed on like morning to noon  
And my body got swindled from its cold oblivion  
to peep through my window into my Rhonda`s black teenage bras  
where i started making my mind up that i could also  
challenge my father to be father but the inspiration was another  
Sadly though i saw alpha in her bra she pumped up with her meat  
which she exported overseas from my hands so perplexed to squeeze them  
for my next of kins milk  
I felt alpha must be the mother of all innovations and the rest just followed...and the  
rest were just peddled by the fatherly dusts  
that added season to characters like salt we need in our body  
to be conscious like cats who i saw are world`s best analysts  
They too imbibed in me alpha syndrome to fondle

Then opened the shutter of twenty something in Mr Hartley`s house  
where came a random character called Bridgette with clips starlike to hold the shine of  
our heydays pastime in locks riverine  
Here the alpha together in group theory danced and made shapes  
I felt geometry must have started from here to how long an antelope laid as a log since  
it fidgeted as a frog with respect to time frames  
That was a deception of reality so acute an my memory washed albion  
which saw me a pervert away from her luscious lips, from her thighs  
what for many dreams were at dismay with each other in precision  
But i was not a mugger of fragrance  
I enveloped my bonafides for something i see everywhere  
From stained glass of an evangelist church and on its hard benches  
when old monks feel disgusted with my hymns  
I janitored all of them with my alpha  
am now a bellowing smoke what changes everyday  
an abbey for the nemesis to the cocktail of riddles  
Nature has promised to undress for me

Amit Ray

## **An Airplane / Haiku**

Skies scaled in axes  
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**

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

## **An Imbecile**

Moron bleeding mouth  
Dog walking with butterflies  
Kettle dreams dogma

Amit Ray

## Anti-Semitism

It was the other compartment of the Northern Line  
London Underground and an old couple  
Probably from Indian background from the english accents  
Elephant and Castle and came a white boy mid-20s  
Blue T-shirt of Chelsea and jaffa pants gum in mouth  
I remember the face white with lot of attitudes  
He stamped the old man and kicked the woman twice  
and said racist slurs  
In it were enough white people to protest  
Nobody did it for a dane of shame  
Perhaps from inside they wanted the same but had restrictions  
Anti-semitism active and passive in its unsudden game  
But in Britain they speak of human rights blatantly  
And equal opportunities which i did not see in the banks  
Coz` people put money hard earned there and they want  
to live on them

Oldness and sickness was a reason for the old couple  
The white boy did not seek the equal opportunity  
with someone who is capable to take on a duel  
but an area where he knew he would gain satisfaction  
for his inspiration and energy and a superior ego  
Symbolics of anti-semitism and nobody protested  
human for human divided in colours  
Now people may ask why i did not  
I did it with a camcord of mine hypersensitive  
recorded all in the shirt button focus  
News need headlines, tabloids need sell  
and i made business no matter who goes heaven or hell  
I did it for myself and not for the old couple  
like America did for Britain against Germany  
I was not nobody`s friend here  
So whoever cultivates anti-semitism  
invites no gain in the end as monkeys and foxes  
are still there somehow to balance the cake share

Amit Ray

## Bangladesh

There was a time when it was green  
And the rivers were its mother  
Until pirates came in to promote piracy theories  
To rape then women and cover their shames up in black scarfs  
lest they are beheaded much before they were recurred in recent past  
And then there were Aryan theologies of a group of morons  
believing in purity of blood beyond human race for bread  
It got fungus and therefore weeded out, overthrown and disowned  
People changed practices though not the language what they failed to  
which still bears testimony to the origin of species  
A dropp of blood was shed from each and every one who dranked  
the water of its rivers  
Now is all dramas-some play eunuchs, some radicals,  
some other verticals, someone else periodicals  
All wrongs hushed up to be people`s republic  
though undercover piracy is on in faith with its maximum dampening  
Prophecy`s strong followers wanted to champion the origin  
coating chocolate some decades back on a ripened apple  
Apple remained to be identified, chocolates melted away  
Chocolates are to go from the thinking of people  
As not only teeth or taste  
Time takes something more with it in years of simulation  
Tears i regret if with its waters can ever retrieve

Amit Ray

## **BOUDOIR**

In the caravan of dusts and sands i carouse  
And life and death and time and fate frozen in orthodox epiphany  
I will ask my night`s servants to bring candle lights for a slumber  
For i do not want to see my breaths in the glimmer of your sunshine  
Days are vintage in the silence of buried delights  
Seeds of wisdom are an impotency for an infidel running to confiscate it from  
yesterday` tavern door to reckon  
Tomorrow i will be wind if today i am just water in calypso hopes of the veil of Arabia  
to the Venetian blue mask d`Italia  
I have vainly sought to live sans your lips when skies fell on me  
Like an inverted bowl it echoed only the same helplessness me  
In quest i have always kissed roses of unknown gardens  
An embodiment of my consecration in joyous errand  
stars where burn with the wax and waning of the moon  
Yield to me with those narcissmo eyes and let me yield in  
even to your ungrateful wine in the goblet  
and put tears on Sas and fears on a flute  
and sorrows be its drummer and regrets humming  
shrink in absolute grape as you quaff your lips  
and wash the words out of every scar and scathe

Amit Ray

## Contagion

When you smiled on him he realised  
there was life in the sands he trudged  
in the deserts of Jaisalmeer wherefrom he started  
where people called some arid heart a Rajput-  
he died in vain to be yours  
There lives now he- a ghost in conquest of your paradise-alone  
A little rain never comes here, no little cloud,  
no river to find your ocean  
Raja what so called are living in crooked myths  
as no kingly zest the world over have had clean hands  
Camels scream here sometimes two eyes and one old story  
Somehow the water they retain in their hump has some weight  
Another night comes as another goes away like bats and pigeons  
More than your pain has become his pain to think over you  
Will you not smile on him once for your Christ`s sake?  
I am still the child who drinks quarts thinking milk if the moon be yours  
pouring a little kindness on me what echoes in worries  
And i know now it was my darkness, my mind which never came out  
of those sodden palaces, their debris in several hundreds of years that took my life  
from you-fortified life which made you the crescent  
what i thought to be...smile but you laughed at  
You were right somehow i was a ghost who lived like lone slain spirits  
beyond happiness which was cursed like diamonds to taste in place  
of lozenges  
I breathe only in the air i consumed hatred on you  
All my secret letters are those times on which i know you will come  
one day for quest...  
Still i will be unfaithful a dream  
The pillows which listened to my cries were not you  
Your knife never left me-in hunger, in thirst  
But sweet is your name o heart and sweeter was knowing you  
I have no more pain that you are not mine for i learnt now  
i am no less yours and yes i still live in darkness wherein it  
never will allow anyone else for light so transitory in a day  
i wished to be permanent when you called me your sun

Amit Ray

## DUPATTA

~\*\*\*\*DUPATTA\*\*\*\*~(Upon the recent New Delhi, India rape protests) -URDU language

Dupatta nadan ek zeest hain  
Jaane phir bhi kya musarrat hoti hain mehfil ki veeraniyon me?  
Yeh na jane kaunsa woh ek paigaam hain!  
Jis pe koi raaz pawandh nahin, jis pe aaj na jane kyon koi mehek izazat ke mautaz nahin  
Phir bhi yeh humraaz nigahen, yeh musafir dastaan, yeh tanhaayi me ek muhazir hain basar  
Kabhi kore kagaz ke tabassum banke chamakte hain to kahi dil-e-nadan darmiyon pe hukumat karte hain,  
Dupatta aaj woh raat hain jo zanzeeron me subeh ki aftar dhoondti hain  
Chandni me bheege huye darr liye na jaane kya karti hain bayaan?  
Kaha kab se muntazeer hain huyi? Kya khidmat karte hain yeh?  
Kiska intekhab hain yeh? Kisse zehmat hain yeh?  
Kiska daman chumkarte hain?  
Kinke nateeze thoothkarte hain?  
Dupatta woh aashiana hain jiske pas aaj koi zameen nahi  
Pal me khoyi huyi mashooqa hain wo-  
jo raakh aaj na jaane kyon shaaq ke nazraane hain rehghuzar

Basel, Switzerland, EEA and Kiev, Ukraine  
17.00 -2.00 Uhr

Amit Ray

## **Her Sleepy Blue Ocean**

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

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

## Le Croissant Au Beurre

Je flied-delà des frontières de la France comme les cormorans pour les poissons  
Pourtant, lorsque je me baissais et vers le bas pour rencontrer des gens comme ces  
fourmis sur les sables sérendipité et des sillons snakewayed comme je l'ai trempée  
dans  
je n'avais jamais senti en moi une si longue juive a perdu  
Lancés à un concours si pure, si une chose pour la main  
ans afin d'embellir  
J'ai appris à voir le clair de lune de savoir-elles pas toujours la nuit rend les loups  
insomianac à vivre sur la viande que le charbon à la vie du moteur `s  
Que le pétrole est si cher pour se procurer un air respirable pour l'homme d'être vif  
A mi-chemin de Marseille pour le boulanger rustre  
Jusque-là, quand mes mains est tombé sur une auge pleine de pâte blanche  
et un couteau qui coupe des rectangles en triangles à vaciller  
Donc, artisanale, tellement français et ainsi de beurre, de sorte drole et iconique  
Je peux voir la lune si vivant d'espoir dans la terre d'un conflit  
où les gens un Etat islamique dit 'mashallah' à une chose de la beauté de se réjouir  
dans un glapit la voix vibrante  
Je rainurés à fromage séquences palpitantes dans la lune  
Peut-être un croissant est de la simulation du Croissant-Rouge dans les âges  
Comme Mahesh Shiva écrasé dans Mohammad Allah  
d'être l'esprit subconscient `s paria  
Et les goûts que de nous ne se sont battus à quelle fréquence si tôt  
Je tiens à voir le monde dans mon croissant  
où tous les cardiaques danses avec tous les `esprit s positions en cluster  
si méfiant, si lié à être si élégant et si nonchalent

## ENGLISH TRANSLATION-' A BUTTER CROISSANT '

I flied across the borders of France like cormorants for fish  
Yet when i stooped down and down to meet people like those ants on sands serendipity  
and furrows snakewayed as i dipt into  
never had i in felt me so long a lost Jewish  
Flung to a concurrence so pure, so a thing for hand  
ans so to embellish  
I learned to see the moonlight to know they not always at night makes the insomianac  
wolves to live on meat as coal to life`s engine  
That oil is so dear to procure a breathing air for human to be keen  
Halfway down Marseille for the boorish boulanger  
Until then when my hands fell on a trough full of white dough  
and a knife which cuts rectangles into triangles to waver  
So artisanal, so French and so buttery, so drole and iconic  
I can see the moon so hopeful living in than a conflicting earth  
where people an islamic says 'mashallah' to a thing of beauty to rejoice  
in a shrilled rousing voice  
I grooved out cheesy thrilling sequences into moon  
Perhaps a croissant is from the crescent simulated in ages  
Like Mahesh the Shiva mashed into Mohammad the Allah  
to be the subconciuous mind`s pariah  
And tastes that of us only fought how often so soon  
I wish to see the world in my croissant  
where all heart`s dances with all mind`s clustered stances

so defiant, so bonded to be so elegant and so nonchalant

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

## My Father Had Died

There was a time when i used to haunt his sleeps  
in my cries which found no words of expression  
But a climax of earthly woos packed up with childly emotions  
And a brush of hand at my little back to get me back into slumber  
from the hymns of communism over decades a three  
Worked hard a man for peanuts  
Ate i so in vain making me escape something what he could not  
It was late and then when one day i was also sleeping  
for a better future of his blood somehow stuck  
he haunted me back, an old man in mid sixtys  
He did not cry  
Somebody else screamed and it were like cacophony in creche  
They said my old man flew away  
Where did he fly without me who he loved so much?

Now is the time for clock to go anticlock  
down the memory lanes of a child and his father  
over to the city of joy what was once the British colonial capital  
where he fought all his life`s battle  
My last birthday at eleven was the breakdown of Soviets  
but the aftermath in he continued for my future pralinens and vodka  
Hard and hard went the strides as i close my eyes today this night  
The many nights i get down with so many events  
My childhood song with my friends hand in hand the merry-go-round  
And Val went  
'Shik shok beenie bunny kitty witty lollie  
Khhapuchi wapuchi yaka waka betty follie'  
then Sandra sung  
'Lovely jubbly wobbly yawnie bonny ponny  
Milano bueno johnie sunny huggy honey'  
Dolls, balls and bubble gums to blow up the biggy  
And sometimes the ardent child falling down on ground  
A hurt and cry and then the healing touch and worries of a man  
Is he my father?

A growing kid was i dreaming to be his height and more  
trying my little feet in his sizes, wearing his glasses  
playing him with my evening pals of locale  
And the flying kites he would catch for me in the regional kite carnaval  
Those were times for french ice-creams and culture delights  
A lot to learn and a lot for the shopping spree of my little mind  
The number games, the crosswords, the essays, his swaying my tensions for the high  
school exams and the gifts  
The indian carrom boards i won and still remained a memento  
my teenage cricket bat which hit its first maximum in one friendly  
All were his presence in, a doting father so dedicated like the potato  
croquettes he still shared with me and the cups of tea and debates  
And now alone he set out for what people said heavenly abode  
never he bothered to inform me and neither his soul came to say  
how i can bid him a farewell more better like him in all these years  
But his pictures are now months old with myrrh and candles  
to remain him alive-why is he dead then?

My man to my mom was an architect  
gothic, islamic, modern, parks, hospitals, hotels were his complex figures  
when i could hardly draw a duck to my appreciation  
Set squares, french curves, tees, pens pointed, pencils and ideas  
His diagrams and layouts constructed my childhood bread  
in papers what he scripted his name out so many styles  
Enigmatic though he used to say men did not live in papers  
not in years, not more in deeds than in hearts and i pondered  
And as i looked up on the sky how far it stretched to be blue  
It got me separated from him, my job, my luck, my studies were not him  
But he flew and flew past me as i make a break on earth  
all letters from him are now dead letters on his birthday he missed  
People commemorated him, they who were his well wishers and alive  
White flowers for a funeral miles away from my salvation across the ocean he slept  
And i cannot wake him up, he had no ailments-outside i did not see  
inside i cannot and he has a different destination now  
Where did he go?

Amit Ray

## Race

When i see the hawks from my fourteenth floor window  
Big birds alone and no less difficult is life for them than those crows  
-they are in sizes and masses smaller, their different physiology,  
chemistry and structure-vary with environments, with lands and resources  
they make sounds another-within and out community,  
colours are different, associations and numbers more than those  
mountain prey birds  
but when the high flyers come down on earth due to recession of food  
or may be just joyous pride of flying ego to look down upon crows  
who could not due to air sacs fly so high with means limited-  
they they do not appreciate, this is breach of security, a challenge,  
a crime so well defined in verses like masquerade, like terrorism,  
red-tapism, nepotism, hypnotism, to add so many threats to our already  
happened lively spasms  
to what it created in us humans-Race

But sadly though we cannot be each others  
We are divided with words, verbs as economy,  
adjectives as looks, adverbs as our tasks, some  
claims to be nouns while others are secretaries-pronouns  
in the parameters of life-accusative, dative, genitive  
as subjects and objects, then in scripts, then in dialects  
of varying cultures and ideologies called religions  
With it we play the chessboards, strain our feets and mouths,  
our hands with a rubber bladder and a synthetic ball  
But in vain-we forget we are nothing but time variants  
Of life until death with no assurance we will be recurring  
our same self-our individuality-Race

Time is nothing that ever has stopped  
for histories and geographies, for chemistry and mathematics  
We do not see time but we manifest it just like the sun  
The sun never said with my advent on east you must wake up  
never claimed a moon with my shine your baby smile  
There is no Satan called Saturn to strike diseases as it is what human system prone to  
The wings of birds never said you develop airplanes  
like the astrologers for moon which never unfolds the astronomy with stars  
But astronauts said that reached there only to create more riddles  
to add to this time to tick on without the feeling  
But something for humanity what is in our hands we can help-Race

An apple never said how to recreate humans  
I eat apples what has never spoken to me for a while  
Trees and shrubs do not fight each other  
neither are tentacles swirling around big trees  
And animals to live on them creating architecture...  
We divided them too-those are with mother Nature  
and the ones who live on other animals are God`s message  
to protect flesh....  
Sadly though He who showed something now has to rethink  
how to show for the apprehension of peace, of equality in diversity,  
of a balance sheet of all ideologies, the tools He has taken to preserve

us what we call as Christianity, some Islam, some Hinduism,  
some Judaism, some Zoroastrianism, some Jainism, some Buddhism,  
and so on and on.....with time to consolidate something  
our existence on every others as Race..

Amit Ray

## Racism In German Blood

Six millions over they killed unarmed Jews  
Still Germans think themselves heroes not being ashamed  
that they lost with the war machines they boasted ever  
coasting the ships the cliché of appalling racism on not once, twice  
and still more to come  
Age was not any reason, not physical fitness, nor language or spirit  
she studied in German schools, universities on invested in the culture,  
have German Catholic husband and participated in all social dos  
Is Christ evangelist but still upset with the manners of bloody Germans  
As she applied for a job over one and a half months long back  
a job compatible to her skills, abilities and experiences but the  
answer came in her birthday as a negation as too many  
applicants to be the sole reason avoiding therefore the spirit of Hitler  
which silently still rules the blood of Germans or the followers of people who then killed  
and left the blood in their children to carry on  
I know why the rejection came as the first name of the woman is Turkish-disregarded  
as muslims they who came to survive Germany  
from the shortage of labour in the early 1950s in generations  
But the politics shall never help for those Germans overlooked by  
a party promoting christianity only as a democracy knowing not if they  
are nipping their own beliefs in the bud  
This is very inhuman and primitive  
Christ never wanted it to put people in calvary like him  
that white men born white without paying any homage to be white  
hurt the feelings of people and here the woman who is also white  
but somehow not the white Christ german name which is important  
for company databases apart from speaking the German language  
And the old men of Idis from Germany goes another country making  
institutes so that people invest in their language and come to their  
country to get the job ideologies dilapidated being foreigner or being reminded you  
were once a foreigner as regards the blood

Amit Ray

## Rendezvous With Miss Smirnisky

Its minus 61 grad the screen shows of Verkhoyansk  
skylines outside and inside this silence  
Why do not people express always what they feel when it is you?  
Its sleep time but sleep flew past me  
I flew another place though i knew where was me flying  
And the time between me and you collected fragments  
the grace of your colours  
The dreams i saw through your eyes  
Did they touch the sky or the sands had too much of my feet?  
You had an eye on me and i had also on you  
We never spoke perhaps your uniform did not allow you  
to be my Miss Smirnisky i read from your badge  
It has the warmth of your breast is not it?  
only when i watch it eagerly i am vulgar not because  
I appreciated that in my eyes so dearly to be perfect

I know i will be careful  
not be voyeur to smell the sweat of those cleavages  
impromptu when you blushed  
But you know the man in me is fragile  
that he needs the sound of your heart  
for life to be vibrant, the rhythms to catch with  
But you know there will be same old borders  
of thoughts, of languages, of your encumbrances  
of questions and of my answers  
Then what if you chide a man who wants your radiance?  
Fortune brought us this close that i could me burn myself  
on your face  
So was i to not drink vodka and lime  
I wanted not that official Frau Smirnisky  
I longed to pour on your libido to check the war  
between alcoholism and womanization

I was in the moon of mind to get my wishes stuck  
And you..you such a liar...you only wrote your cell number  
on the tissues while serving the late night dinner  
What i do with the colours of your lipstick?  
Why do i make my love a business for mobile technologies?  
You women just want a relationship with men like us  
wanting to be in no strings  
I have done so many and donned so many donnas  
Lets go to the washroom....the basins feel you  
the walls see you...the tissues touch you, the water  
cools off the screams and heats you conduct  
Why cannot species like me see your contours?  
only because i live and will be committing virgin crime  
when did i ask me and you if we are one?  
The screen shows Anatolya  
if life has to sustain me and you in kebabs and döners  
come on hold my hands beyond all fears  
Lets then jump from the back door together Miss Smirnisky  
another fly for life may be forever

For wanted I to know how deep was your love when death is immiment

I knew i would be lucky as our flight welcomed hell  
Bad weather, wrong signals and it was a bad landing in Turkmens Ashkhabad  
I was listened above as i was a slave of your Slavic beauty  
so badly was i imprisoned  
For you only had i had the hand on a Kalashnikov  
would not i kill all for you? Sounds so esoteric inside me...  
But i was destined to be killed somehow another way  
The lounge then to the hotel room where we exchanged vanillas and chocolates  
locked in terms of some promises.we never meant  
to make.. until tears rolled down my cheeks  
when i saw your blood...was i reborn Miss Smirnisky?  
from land until the airplane inside whose closed corners we continued  
then i forgot everything as i slept in your blonde assets  
But you won..you gave me the run after you  
It has been three years since then  
we became man and woman  
A welcome Berlin from Soviet Kremlin  
And how am i so sure that you know you will be received  
And i will be honoured to see you again  
my three year old story to continue with you my güzelim Miss Smirnisky

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