Poetry Series

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

- 65 poems -

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CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR (14th January 1962)

HE enjoys an enviable reputation. Brimming over the geographic confines of Bengal as well as Vidarbha, his fame has now permeated throughout the Globe. We, the moulders of words who perpetuate deeper sensitivities through verbal expositions, pause for a moment whenever we find the glimpse of Maratha in the media or anywhere else and recollect, "That's where our Sukumar ……. His susceptibilities are many. Among them, his love for literature is foremost. He may rightly be called the mainstay of the life force of the 80's world of Bengali Poetry. Forsooth, the ever-reactionary transit of Bengali poetry had never known so much of virulent and dynamic probing into the abysmal threshold of vivisecting self-analysis leading to precariously revealing impacts. Never had so much of unmatched translations of elusive humane experiences found such bohemian ebullitions. To date his publications number only eleven volumes, each tracking a different trail. The diversity of style, the floridity of expressions and the varied nuances rather suits him because he writes 'to transgress art to reach the art beyond'. He loves diversity and therefore ponders over man's contrasting and contradicting role and its gamut of variations. Life reveals its little secrets before us in bits and pieces and intellectual perceptions can manage to grasp only a tiny flitting glance of them. The remaining only rest in the realms of imagination. This aspect of life is his pet theme and therefore always exists as a signature refrain in his writings. This is also the reason why a veil of romantic mysticism prevails around him.

The person, like his poetic frugality, is a spartan in speech. He is the Creative Editor of 'Khanan', the only Bengali Little Magazine of Vidarbha. A little more about Sukumar, who is averse to publicity and is leading a self-exiled life in Maharashtra. He was born on 14th January 1962 in Balarampur village in the Purulia District of Bengal. He had his childhood days in Jhalda, a small town surrounded by hills, jungle, falls and rivers. One of his poetry works in local dialect of Jhalda, has initiated a storm of controversy. The book has been awarded by 'Durer Kheya' of Kanpur as the best book of the year. His works has widely been translated in Marathi, Hindi, Kannad, Urdu, English and Telugu languages. We are amazed at the effortless ease with which he courses into the various tributaries of literature besides poetry and drawings. He has been awarded "Ekhon Kabita Puraskar' for the best poetry, 'Maya Megh Puraskar' for the best short story, 'Mahadiganta Puraskar' for the best editing, 'Munshi Premchand Award for editing BEST Creative Magazine 'Khanan'in 2005. Little Magazine Library O Gabeshana Kendra of Kolkata, All India Radio, Nagpur and many other academies invited and felicitated him on different occasions. His creativity had widely been compiled in different 'Who's Who' of prominence. Besides he has been awarded with the prestigious 'Sahitya Setu Puraskar' for his

sincere contribution to the world of Bengali literature.Recently on December 30,2005, his well edited journal 'Khanan' bagged 'Munshi Premchand Award' as the best Little Magazine of India at Jalpaiguri Little Magazine Fair. Moreover his well-researched papers presented in different occasions triggered the mankind for his different and unparallal evaluation on specific conemporary issues. As on date his published works are 'Manush Hey, 'Mangso O Manisha', 'Mayer Baper Bari', 'Aamader Parjyatan', 'Chhannamoteer Kuhu' (Eng Translation ~ 'Bohemian Songs' by B Sudipta) , 'Lal Leel Hoeelda Tin dikey Jhaeelda', 'Fanimansar Ulu', 'Libidore Haarmala', 'Padya Pratibeshi', 'Gadya Pratibeshi'. 'Rajaneer Neel'and 'Aamar Katiye Otha'. He prefers working on different tributaries at a time. Presently he is working on his forthcoming poetry collections titled 'Aamar Sonnet', 'Atmacharit', 'Kabitapath' and 'Roomar Jannye', essay books titled 'Susamachar' and 'Shilpo ebong Uttaran' and few more creative works like 'Ulanga Diary Theke', 'Unsung Days', 'Chingri Fisher Deem', 'Hriday', and couple of books yet to be named. He is bit slow in processing his creations, as he believes in spontaneity. His creation can only be compared with the virgin dew drops. Most probably he defined it as the 'silent notation' in his poems. Whatever it may be, with his non-stop creations, everybody thus experience the flow of his witty love and finest feelings towards life and literature.

Bohemian Sukumar's present thikana is Khanan Sarani, 215 VASANT VIHAR, LAVA ROAD, WADI, NAGPUR~ 23, INDIA

~ B Sudipta/Andhra University

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ROOMAR JONNYE (IN THE PIPELINE)

A rising

And some late afternoons
become loaded with memories for him.

Sitting under the hot tiled roof, he perspires
The twentyone years of his past
appear to him as long night of slumber

And shaking off all this
he comes out to the street
and thinks of living in a different way

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

A Solitary Composition

Amidst the desolate ocean inhabited an afflicted oyster
I have retrieved it from an abandoned sandhill
It had adhered so long in aslumbering zone, alone, a Gem

What have I to give? A tremulous soul, salty sweat
Heart's metallic compassion. Perpetual restlessness beauteous lustre

Will I fasten it at the juncture of ne klace, in union
Will it recede lonesome grief, conkered

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

A Young Poet's Lyrics

The timid poet felt helpless as excited by his humming tune
His father did indicate. That he must recite in full.
So sang he up his freshly writ lyric perforce:
"By inner sheen of the eyes I have seen all beyond eye,
I shall look into my soul now as the light has gone by."
His wide eyes were moist with passion.
Entire creation got stilled by charming strokes of sound and tone.

Real estates were left behind, the ledgers and so many bustles.
The overwhelmed father shedded tears of joy.
He embraced his reverend son after so long. Thereafter
signing a cheque of Rs.500 in his office he
gave it to the handsome poet.
Eyes affectionate, solemn voice, begone.

'Mughal emperors in the past used to show respect to the adept
in this manner`, he said. 'The Mughal Empire is no more now. But
your essence of genius deserved such a royal prize.`

His servants were happier than the poet. They have been
his companions all-time. Raising the winner poet overhead
they filled the worshiper's corridor with uproar in celebration.

Now there is deceptive and confused noise in the verse domain.
Postmodernist poets recite poems of expansive consciousness.
In those poetical venues the great father is an outcast now.
Affection of father so sparse.

If anyone places a reward in the hands of a young poet even now
We still remember the great old father.
We remember that old-time young poet,
Of the ancestral heritage of worship corridor.

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Ash Negative

Slowly our emptiness spreads over.

Descends burdened cloud. In wrong rationale
your world is diffused. Whom
almost I embraced in affection,
considering the mood as weakness he
wanted to use me up.

Breaking good news to many well wishers
I often experienced their envy. A deep
good soul expressed doubts in whatever
news of gain. The country is fully pollutioned but why
there be so many parties, factions, Maoist agitations.

Like the emptiness slowly spreading,
stoops down over the white paper
this my ruined hand and
through it’s profuse black stains
pour out so many negative poems.

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Beatitude

I'll disintegrate. Like weightless dew.
In a facile manner. Soundlessly, a clairvoyance
Odourless, colourless, blossoming.
In the bosom of dense pastures essence of my being.

If the consciousness is washed away
If perception reawakens once again.
All this frost melting away
Silvery rays of the full moon of the dark night
If love radiates

In peace am I inundated
Towards beatitude will I proceed and
Within my trodden steps
Will ring out a profusion of creation

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Beggar’s Enclave

So prone-some in longing this community is!

Them honored erudite come dunning
a poor-self me!
Their keen tongue readily glisten
like alms on a golden cup.

I can see him too radiating charmis
Idling along ever though
In case I realized mendicancy around that infects
I inhibit that scene prompter of habit.

So many faces and so many hands without means
Has the milieu morphosed into beggar’s enclave!

I do not wish living on alms anymore

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Biograph

Know a little
Better to know a little
We are dimly lit
With darkness unlimited

On board the cloudraft
Along those cul-de-sack
Let stroll
Golden beams of sun

The end of road
Will never arrive
Never will end
Search of self

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Bohemian Songs

Even if I choose to stay at a little distance
And a great deal of path remains untrodden

Perforce the two eyes choose to be closed
Be secretive about all my discoveries
Even though I do not address you affectionately
Am I unsocialised to such an extent

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Contempt

How far does contempt lead a man to? How far?
I will descent, stark naked.
The earth below my feet will resonate in shudder,
with my hurt ego, in disbalanced steps
I shall go down the same way as
the unknown zodiacal stars glide down the sky.

And then, your world will burst out in laughter,
pelt stones at me, chant sarcastic words.

I shall surely go down the track
the way tears will down your eyes in mute sadness.

How far does contempt lead a man to.
Do you know? Do you,
whom you have animated into a tearful existence.

_____
ghreena
tr: kamalesh bandopadhyay

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Cry

How long does the corpse feel burdensome
As long as the body rests on the shoulder
From home to the crematorial flames. So long
Chanting of Hari Bol. Images on empty walls
Garland, incense, peace, prayers for remission

Sorrow does not experience any vacuity. As the
Burden steadily recedes, tears reify. Spider's webs
Adorn the frame. Prior to wiping away the face
The griefless man efface one by one the dead soul's passion
Essence, reminiscenes and gems, all frozen emotions

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Day After Day

Sometimes I managed to get
some broken grains of wheat, rice, milo
from Governments draught relief grant

Standing in the long queue of charity reliefs
my little brother perspired in the hot sun
How intensely I wished
to give him some red toffees, cheap lozenges
Then, putting my hand in my empty pocket
I used to shrink within myself
My humiliated self smouldered within me

In the evening
mother served us streaming porridge
in cracked bowls
and licking the bowls, and licking the bowls
my meek siblings and I
slowly grew up
day after day, bit by bit

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Deepankar

I get late. I am late
in all my work.

The reality is, I can't do
it just don't happen.
Can everybody do everything?
Is it possible?

The faceless mob move away
when it's late.
The quiet memoir then sits on heels
awaiting emptiness...

_____
'Deepankar'
Translated by Asim Kumar Basu

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Dialektos

Since I live in a foreign place in Maratha
A primordially new dialect
Moulds to us
Even to our tongues
Flourishes Maratha Pungent
Even our blooming too
Rings out Vidarbha Veenas

Only whenever in a mass
Foreigner Ants come face to face
And sing in a whispering crescendo
Their mother-tongue, the songs

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Dibakar

A postman could be the harbinger
of a big change in my life,
but there is no such mystic postman
in my life as yet.
Whenever I find time,
I think of that unseen postman,
I draw his sketch
~ a thin built, in khaki trousers,
from his shoulder bag hangs
a myriad colourful feelings.
He comes riding his bicycle
along the bank of the suicide lake,
the bell rings mildly,
cold wind sifts through his dry hair.

While I draw such casual outlines,
right from my sketch book rises before me
the morning newspaper boy
I look at his thin built, torn trousers,
Then glancing through the headlines
I fling at him bitterly ~
Don't you, Dibakar
wish to become something different
even a postman?

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Eclogue

She called amidst a distressed season

Even so why did Pratul not rejuvenate

Why did in his dense composition

A strand of Smita's hair

Came alive like a streak of lightning

_____
Tiraschin
tr: B Sudipta

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Ecstasy

Overflooded well base
Its fenced view reflects in dream
From inside the fencing, frothing
one hand passes the key of the most
sensitive arena...

Familiar to her from far off,
that too, in the dreamland.....

Today, avialing the secret-key
crossed all limits, stripped
the foamed spider-nets one by one
to set eyes on the sensitive organs,
and plunged full length with ecstasy

The dream sketched the pictures
on the trouser and white bed-sheets.....

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Elegy

Keep silence, shut your eyes
if you can, ask God
to put off lights for a while.

Its a tragic scene
a heartrending sequence indeed
novel, pure and beautiful,
a wise man
shedding tears
in nightlong nihility

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Enlightened One

Sin dangles inaccessibly two feet away from oppression
Betwixt the two is a serpentine stream
Which carries the Constitution

By excluding sin there can be no pleasure
Without pleasure there can not be attributes of God

Oh God, speed up oppressions
Give it the magnet-zeal, enlightenment

Sin dangles inaccessibl two feet from oppression
Nothing exists in between
Any shame, any repentance

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Ethereal

In the bath-house
where birds' nests emit aroma ~ Afrique,
I shall take you today
for a display of sparrows in coitus.
No, this won't again be a show of blue-film
before saying 'Good Night'.

This is so organic a feeling,
like touch and stimulation,
pores of your skin will find
ample measures of thrill notes
that will soak your soul;

Sexpert sparrow's game is so arresting,
sexpert sparrow's play is so much lasting
                sans gossamer.

But you maintain strict silence
may be lying still in foaming bathtub.

You've seen ample
Academy, galleried art,
you've read treatises a-la-aesthetics,
you've listened to pedagogy original,
you've spent a fortune
on gossamer, brassiere brands,
today you see those birds
meditate in ethereal art.

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Excavation

Cocooned within associations are innumerable relationships
With their various messages, pervaded with smoke
The Coffee House, excavates multitudes.

Jealousy prevails, the impotent knives and friendship
A disintegrated ascetic arrives, alights a blazing
Sacrificial fire, Younder, a trail of clouds
The firmament's universal spirits gloomy gathering
Three lakh chameleon-like clouds trample all over
Inexplicable hues, Apparent in man's haggard eyes is
His reflection.

Only an idiot farmer continues to plough the leafless
Ashoka with his blood

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Extinguishment

Slowly, the consciousness gets clarified
A quiet, pervading wakefulness prevails
My creations speak of
infallible renouncement.

I ask myself
Why does a dense person
prefers rarefied isolation.

In the dim light
Peeping through bay-window
The formless shadows
cast illusion of a crowd.

And I realize
How my poems
are gettind condensed
day by day.....

Nirban
-
translated by Kamalesh Bandopadhyay

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Fantastic

Never do I think
before writing a poem
my intellectual friends will lough
and whinch their nose.
My new love will move her brows
and whisper:
What a nasty poem you wrote....

Never do I think
before writing a poem
my versatile poem will surely
disturb the noon-sleep of ministers.
The Mayor may pass order to the sweepers
to clean off the huts by spraying
medicines to destroy the viruses..

Never do I think
before writing a poem
some Bengali virgin do send golden greetings
on hot temperament
and some vagabond poets will
drink my health in country-shop
swallowing wine in sal-made plates.....

_____
'Fantasy'
Translated by his Father Late Shri Nibaran Chandra Choudhuri

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Flute

It is nothing
as if the night ponderer flute
is ready to resonate

You give it desired lips
the vital air

Touch it lightly in its somber sleep
keep in mind
its awakened song
will make many a dormant volcanoes
come alive

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

For Rooma again..

Whether I see you or not
the feeling of your proximity
keep me alive, quiet and active.

Misgivings-prone persons are always
against love.
They are always much concerned
about the legality.
When you come crossing the boundary
they stealthily check whether I am at home.

I have never cared these scandal-mongers
I have just put a seed of love
deep inside the social you.

You sprinkle water of nursing and empathy
on this seed.
You cry like a green leaf
on its striking appearance.
Frequently then you go far away
crossing the social barrier...

_____
'Roomar Jonnye'
Translated by Asim Kumar Basu

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Hello Men

Like the fireworks, you wished some sulphurous
explosions in your life
So this solitary sadness, this guilt, this formless pain

Like the imperialist cloud, you desired to occupy the
entire zenith in your youth
So this begging bowl, hatred, this ugliness

Like the God Himself, you wanted a powerful, shrewd
opponent against you
So this pervading bias, shamefulness, this bloody homage

Like the fuel, you had a blazing hunger in your heart
So this burning thirst, this nausea, this fight for food

You were more intense than fireworkcloudGodandfuel
O, upright men
So you still exist in battles, in self-esteem, in history

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Howl

I can’t bite like dogs.
Even if I gripe, the malice cankers or not
I don’t know.
May be so the doctors
use to prick needles in the umbilical cavity ……
that’s another sort of biting.
Peremptory, helpless.

I am not a dog maligner.
But then since I have no use of dogs,
may be so they hatch conspiracy,
and at chances they bite off my flesh
from here and there.
So seizing they in my flesh want taste
of my indifferent vanity.

I can not bite like dogs.
Needle injected so I time to
time think only of a civilization barring dogs.

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Hunger

With our heads down
we used to make paper bags
under the stooping, hot, tiled roof
the bags used to pile up
                into a small hillock

When we got tired, sometimes
mother would serve us tea with joggery
Sipping the tea, at times
ny eyes got obsured with vapour

I sam in front of my eyes
                a huge mountain
as big as our inconsiderate hunger
Amd I saw
the bellies of my little siblings
shrinking day by day
like those empty paper pouches

and mother would say
Finish it quickly, my child
else the shop closes down

_____
khide
tr: kamalesh banerjee

khide

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

In the empty booth

Sitting in the empty booth
men will now
start gossiping.
There will be no procession, no festune
slogan, flag or campaigning any more.
Nothing else but men will now discuss
about the result of last poll.

Somebody will say, ‘Money’ has won there
in lieu of man.
‘’Fear’ in that place.
Somebody will say ‘Power’.
That party has won there
in this way
someone will comment
while smoking his beedi.

And we will wait,
we will wait for ever.
And a man will definitely stand
among the gossipers....
He will say
‘A man has won from this place
who has no money
neither party nor power,
he has no other weapon
on his part
but the love
love for others’

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Incomplete

A restlessness is active within. How am I to explain
I ignite flames on the sky, extinguished ashes float away.

Ashes have the odour of burnt wood how many degrees of
peace can be woven in these
Nobody can conceive for in truth, those ashes embody my grief.

Then why ignite them? Better the simpler experience
Amidst the green meadows devoid of flames, come
let's harness the horse.

A restlessness is active within. How am I to explain
Why is that I ignite fires, why is there unhappiness, why ashes

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Island

I have remained an isolated island
  and I wish to remain so

At times the doorbell rings
    from some distant-world comes a telegram
So I move
     mutely join thier merry celebrations
                and gossip sessions
                      where masks roam around me
                                and converse with each other

I feel disconcerned and sad
  sitting in the midst of the gathering
I yearn for my solitude
          my lonely existence.....

_____
bwadeep
tr: kamalesh bandoadhyay

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Kamin Didi

Kamin Didi is often late to come
for her daily chores in our house.
Under her fleeting feet
she suffered watery woonds
Having walked down a long way
her queer face sweats in weariness
Sitting on the veranda
she leisurely lights a bidi
brand name 'Sudha'

Any my mother gumbles, throws curses
She gets late
in cooking the ten o'clock rice.

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Kinship

We will discuss kinship another day.
Then every lonely person of the household
can be talked about
Today you just observe the hollowness
of the unconcerned household
observe the selfishness and repentance
observe the brittle society..

We will discuss kinship another day...

_____
'Atmiyota'
Translated by Asim Kumar Basu

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Man bovine

Looking at his own back
someday all ofa sudden
he discovers
he has excreted dung not humab shit.

Ahead lies a muddy pool
a slice of the sky reflects there

And all around
there are reice fields no more
.....grass.....only grass

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Mundane Moments

When vacuousness approaches, the rosy apples
Continue to linger on sleepless saucer. The crunchy teeth
Where passions glittered, rest a concrete silence
Lustless hands hung loosely across the heart

When does nihility approach. Why does it come
ruminating manay a loner eve rolls by
The beard lengthens, nails, hair and unsociability
Disrupting doorbell I lie down in vacuum
Devoid of enlightement

And once again I became aware of the friction of teeth
And observe hands and cruel teeth
Engrossed once again in munching apples

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

My Petty Greed

People with petty greed ~ how much do they get
Not all people have big-sized greeds
We very ordinary
bunch of people with petty greed
Don't even have courage to feel big-sized greed

My petty greed has often been met
by petty donors
Twice or so I was saved
by the God on my shelf
After safe escape I gave a smirk

Indulged a bit in intellectual conceit Ah
Escaped narrowly honour is saved
Yet my petty greed was not quenched
Even now I make rounds to petty donors
Ah they too are small-time people
They too live within limits
How can they give their all
Even if they give do I have the guts
to pull all up to the roots.

Can people with petty greed geta full amount
Very ordinary person I
pulled by petty greed
Ever go round and round
Come back home take bath daily
Light the lamp on my shelf
God keep saving me
Very ordinary person, me
haven't even got the courage
to feel big-sized greed.

_____
amar chinchke lov
tr: rajlukshmee debee

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Narcissus

At the University gate Koyel confessed one day
'You know, I had a horrible dream last night'!

Short and curled hair, blue-eyed Koyel dislikes
colouring lips
Bra..No...Never, speaks polished English
a Goanese
And with a packet in her hand in the very second dating,
asked:
'Will you help me Swucoomer to manage this saree'
Such innocent

'Dream! Funny! ' I said,
'Shall tell you a very sad tale one day'
Koyel smiled and while observing her icy teeth,
I wondered whether colour of sorrow is such white, cool
And to my utter surprise Koyel asked:
'Have you seen any N a r c i s s u s?

'Yeah, a lot on the heart of that Suicide Lake'
And Koyel surrendored: Hopeless!
Let's go to Ramdaspeth to see Ganapati Bappas....

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Night-table

Whom do I bestow this chill, this full moon haunt
Many images sparkle on night-table
Mounting water course
Within ugres are turning vivid
Suspending my own
Hanging
Upside down

Fragments of self
Revel in isolation now
Every iota alone

Who wins this moony detour
This bankrupt eve
Who knows

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Noctuary

She disappeared in this route, drawn off chill-mate, the seducer
Expecting her with ablazed eyes
The rustling eventide burnt away in an effort to make a fire
As if a spark touched upon the mass matches
Fear and wisdom of distressed celibrates are aflame
They immersed me in ashy nothingness

Idiot me, the sexpert
I surface again like a toy
And in the scented path of Kamini
I continue to sit humped, a solitary noctis

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Nordic Sadness

Rain is unknown sadness
it sighs
and weeps
and lashes the scrubbing women
to sweep the felicitous sweat
along with numerous aches.

On such days
of incessant rain
menfolk think of harvest
and with rain washed eyes
vision a bumper crop
or family welfare and self interest.

Who taken special note of rain
and its sadness unbound

days roll in our own cries
and sorrows
till it ends up once
when grey hair stalks
along the pattern of life.

Infact no man can do
only the plants weep for rain
as soil sobs in sympathy
and wind carries its wailing
the indepth melancholy..

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

On this day of Gudi Padwa

I could not reollect
whether it was Gudi Padwa,
the very auspicious day
when Lord Rama of Ramayanas
returned back to Ayodhya
with flying colours
Chasing great Ravana,
the king of Lanka.
And me reluctant of conflict & competitions
preferred to land in lonesome Maratha.

I heard the newly weds are being
invited on this day to dine with
Marathi delicacies.
No body invited single me
to taste even Phulanpuris
but I could very well recall
I liked the floating lights of
Telenkhedi Lake on this day.

I could not recollect
Whether it was Gudi Padwa
But it is almost 25 years or more
I had been cherishing Gudi Padwa
At Maratha since then…

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Our Papa

Papa used to tell us how
Time runs against time

Our stomach aching with hunger
Could hardly listen to the novelties
While eating hard bread of the doles
We used to stare at him
And papa used to carry on
Memoirs of his dinner with Nehru

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Overcome in slowness

Slowly I overcome your exploits.
Shun you
befitting yourself. Your apathy
and codes I come back countering.
#
And slowly you reduce to an importunist.
Walk along music, feigning I unsee all that.
By glow of fireflies unfolding on the face book
I bite her lips. To her dark hair I
Leave behind your éclat.
#
You flare up. I gain and regain my confidence
it seems. I realize my alphabets
in easy fillips can make you a queen
and a beggar at the same time ……
#
I overcome in slowness. This way the overcoming
Is poetry may be. A decade and four months
go in gestation. Your chin no more look
sharp, empty in glance, leering ……

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Paddy

Someday, all of a sudden
used to arrive, Sujoy
the son of a small landlord
- plain and simple, a bit dull.

Was a good friend of mine and
to keep
this friendship of unequals
my mother used to borrow
some biscuits and spicy grams
from Giridhari's shop.

My elder sister used to cover up
the huge pile of paper bags
with torn sarees or whatever came handy.

And chewing the biscuits
in front of the greedy eyes
of my poor little siblings
he would suddenly speak out ~
'What is in that heap? Paddy? ?

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Pathetic

Do not make sounds. Please shut your eyes
If you can. Ask God to put off
Illuminations for a while.
It is a very distressing scene indeed.
Supernatural, sacred and beautiful

In nightlong nihility
A wise man all alone
Weeping silently

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Relational

We can talk about the relations on another day.
Then we will talk about each of the souls in here.
For today, simply check out the void of the free home.

Let the selfishness and the grief remain with you.
Check out the collapsing world.
We can talk about the relations on another day.

_____
Atmiyata
Tr: Susmita Paul

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Remembrance

At times I remember that hotel room
broken earthen pitcher, rattling fan
alert lizards on the naked wall
obstinate bed bugs,
frivolous noise from the tap, adorous air
gothic candlelight in darkness

At times I recollect
the hill station's silent main road

At midnight, the tipsy car
touched and fled past the rickshaw
The policing vigil

At times I reminisce that room, that darkness
light memories of going astray for one night
my liquor bottle, silent roads, uncertain fear
.....I remmember at times

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Revolt

Some afternoons turn nostalgic to him

Sweating under his tiled-roof hut

The last twenty one years of his life appears

A long nightmare and a deep slumber

He rushes out of his hut

andthinksw of living differently.

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Rice Boiler

We sit around the simmering rice boiler
Mother's worn out face knows no smile
My little brother falls asleep
mark of dried-up tears down his eyes
On the small, portable hearth
noisily simmers a handful of rice.

With hungry stare ofa tiger
we gaze with unwinking eyes
The fragrance of boiling rice
keeps us wide awake

Waiting and sitting around the rice boiler
thus passes off my childhood

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Rooma

And after long many days,
I met with Rooma, the girl ~
maroon saree, deep blue cardigan, scarlet slippers.

In the late afternoon sun
her face looked a pomegranate blossom,
lingering crimson of evening sky
reflected from her dense pool of wispy hair.
I wished to touch the light dot mark
at the junction of her eyebrow horizons
~ after long many days.

I've travelled a thousand light years
gazing at her face
and wandered among many dream islands
till the end of my blind cruise.

Yet as I hold that ultimate art form
delicately in my plms.
I feel a crying beggar within mek,
blinded as it I
haven't yet seen the slightest of her
limitless beauty, inconceivable artistry
so unfathomable.....as it
the ocean of her blue eyes
has flooded my intellect away.

_____
ruma
tr: kamalesh bandopadhyay

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Someone

Someone waits with blooming soul
Some beautiful girl
Wet hairs, leaf-green saree, a tiny black spot on lip
Some graceful girl waits to tender love
She has never seen me.
Still she waits since long.....

A vagabond am I
To search love
Love like a hard-earned dry bread
I travelled many unforeseen woods...

I met many women there
Sitting on the soil with my dedicated arms
I pray for love
Love like a hard-earned dry bread

They are perverts from far Universe
sexperts and heartless
Igniting fire they leave me once...

Again I throw myself on the rough jungle routes
Keep on walking day after day
Month after month, year after year

On the other side, day after day
Month after month, year after year
Someone waits with blooming soul
Some beautiful girl
Wet hairs, leaf-green saree, a tiny black spot on lip

We do not know the whereabouts of each other.....

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Songs

Like a microcosm of a sapling
May these songs sprout

Silent and low born yet
A becokoning green.....green

Like a microcosm of sapling

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Startle

So long as the tongue
Was in place
No holocaust was evident
Tourism was a synonym
of progress
and not of unsung show

Who knows the ultimate
Comprehends the startle --
Once the fingers of the palm
Spreads like the tongue
Dawn comes
Along your forefinger
H a t r e d.

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Sunburst

Seducing the wet grasses of the garden
and caressing the very darkness
the sun is preading slowly

Through the silent chin of marble statue
sundrops are sweating

Running through the lawn of tiny rocks the desperate sun is ringing
the door-bells of upstairs
Get Up O dear Get up and see
saying this throwing multicolored perfumed
letters of cocktails over
the smashed nighty and gloomy night dresses

Sun got no leisure
the busy sun is jumping from the
voracious sunset

Crossing the overbridge
like a yellow reptile
it is zigzagging on the village roads

Napping a bit on the clean floor
proceeding over the cowdunged walls
in the seduction of togetherness

Crossing the informal gate easilyh
the sun is entering into the huts
on the humid floor and damaged walls
waiving its brave hands
presenting sunny toffee and biscuits
in the hands of naked kids

Thus sun is spreading
the revolter sun is thus scattering
even in the deepest hidden place

See sun is thus blooming and
in the bright sunlight
the teeth of that farmer's wife are shining

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Terra-Cotta

So much
I can feel.

Become aware that
they are not doing well.
#
I can sense
somebody spying.
#
I can smell
hypocrisy of a friend.
#
So long simulations,
lust, amour.
#
Fear and vanity
I can sense.
#
So much
I can feel.
#
I only know art's face.
Love to see it establish …….
#
So much so I feel
But nobody feels like it ……..

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

The escape

I quit the trial.
For that matter I'm none special;
have no magic wand
and the dying souls march towards the end.

Not that I'm shameless so much,
but it's then short-lived often;
so many things to feel sorry for,
crowd and chaos,
glooms and glitches.

I keep on quitting.
But nothing extraordinary of that;
have no touch stone
and just then the news spreads,
"Kanu Sannyal hanged himself; "
it pricks my heart pierces my head,
it's so pain enormous.

It's so strange I feel.
But I really don't know
if culminations are all tragic…..
and then the escaping withdrawal that stays back.

I escape away…..
from such feelings, belief and and ultimatums....

_____
'niskromon'
Translation by Bikash Roy.

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

The Grasp

This is all that is. Whatever is
Acquired,
Moments multiplied are needed.
How does it matter, what is needed?
There’s plenty of game.

I think and the grasp
Grows smaller, as small
As is needed in hypnosis.

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

THE MIDNIGHT MINUTES

48 degrees was it the day, and momentless is midnight this standstill!
Struck and emptied, yet a boxful of desires keeps me awake.

A streetlong of silence, only to be broken into pieces…..
somewhere a stray dog keeps on barking throughout….crying as if.

Desires so many….unfulfilled and unfurled, enslaves me;
I am dragged into this midnight.
Anger creeps in, crawls up….steep on the table….deep within.

In the cyclic redundancy of yearly living,
this easy uneasiness is ever on a comeback.
A flower raised its fist of fury!

Whispering darkness, busy press, it's midnight.
Saddled and exhausted, yet a bagful of dreams keeps me awake.

Seen are some meagre souls here and there….their filthy fairy tales;
And the rattling rat race they are in, goes on….but nowhere.

_____
Modhyorater Loo
Translation by Bikash Roy

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

The Moment Of Setting

The soul clears,
An awakening, a calm and a fullness,
A sense of letting-go spreads through the vitality
I ponder
Why the intense beings are mellowing down to silence?

The poor light
Streaming through the spaces in between
Bring to life the intangible shadows
It seems like a crowd

And I feel
Strangely enough, my poems
Are becoming shorter every day.

_____
Nirban
Tr: Susmita Paul

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

The Morning

At one time
the morning rays spill on the veranda
of our small, sweet home.
Little sparrows and vilage mynahs
beat in exhileration.
Just bathed
my mother in her soaked saree
plucks flowers for puja.
Kamin Didi
holding the sweeping broom
moves towards the Kolkay tree.

At one time
the sound of local womenfolk's
rhythmic beating of rice-thresher stops.

Lying on my bed
I see and sense all these
just to fall asleep again....

After all, my entire life is
nothing but a long dark night

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

The Puppet

Had all been over in a moment
I would have said 'Damn it'.
Had these abstractions been strewn
Like poor verses around
Still I would say 'Damn it'..

How can I, a suppliant you reduced me to.
I offered my heart like an opened book,
Wherein you pricked into words and notations
And have cunningly read through
My loose connotations..

My high head of a tiger is slowly stooping,
My howls in humiliation turning out to be
Soft prayer for alms.
Breaking down in loneliness now, I, a bit graying

Inferno towering in my sould, sweating
But you are growing prettier everyday
While I am choking in sentiments
You are jingling like pop songs on other side
Everybody eyes me with pity these days
But you could invent a bewitched lizard
In the lonely room.

Day by day I am getting coward
My own shadow seemed an assailant the other day
But pretty you touching your prettier self in the mirror
With laughter you are fixing my lovely face
By your insane bridle.

I get up, sit or sleep as and when
You wished, But waking up I felt
Had the matter been over in a moment
May be still I would say 'Let it be'....

_____
kridonok
translated by Barin Ghoshal

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

THE SOLITARY SOLDIER

All alone, I've to fight my struggle all alone,
I've come to terms with this bare truth at this long last.
I'm now hard and sturdy enough, rather desperate some times;
These days tirelessly I move on, towards the goal constant so much.
Now a days I'm always alert, belligerent and on war foot.

Now I need no friend and no foe,
Neither fan nor fiancée, no tear dropp hence,
I only go on…alone…all alone….

Those who gallop media coverage of war and its end,
or wait for results safely away….
are infact waiting for a ticket to Heaven some fine day.
I am not a bothering for them, I know.
After all why should I be?
Surpassing an ordeal this long, I'm sure….
I was born a solitary soldier all along.
Sheer experience has taught me
that those awaiting the victory clap,
or a staircase upwards are none to me,
neither friend nor foe….nobody of mine.

I can feel very well…
I'm not touched by the boon or bane they have for me.
On the contrary, overwhelming their
chaotic cacophony and endless idiotism,
My preparedness remains on war footing as always.
And this way I have to fight my battle…alone…all alone
I've realized this real hard truth after these many long days.

_____
kumbhoswambhu
Translation by Bikash Roy

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Thermisdom

Who burns whom
Fire doesn't realize
Only the dedicated flame
Roasts every life

Who drives whom
Fire doesn't care do how
Only the voracity
Eats up entire poker pole

_____
aagun manisha
tr: b sudipta

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Triumph

Will go nowhere anymore

Beneath any shadow, music or clouds

In this harsh wintry night

Scorching self in degrees

Provide warmth to my consciousness and fingers

Ancient slaves,
I 'ii deliver you from the flames

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Victim

As if rolling down
like a ball of w o o l.

From the ocean
Emerging aggressive rhythms.

The sky has tilted full
to spread nothingness.

The roughened stoneage is
sliding down the slope, diverse mounts.

And me
reckless
as if rolling down
like a ball of w o o l

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR

Warm Wrapper

I used to wake up
At the mell of rain-soaked earth
Through our cracked roof
rainwater sprinkled down
making us take refuge
to a corner of the damp floor
huddling closely to our mother's lap

Sometimes it rained torrentially
and icy winds hugged our rib cages

Then my mother would start telling us
stories of our bygone golden days
Mesmerised, we would look
at her radiant face
And, we knew not when
imperceptibly
those stories would turn
into our warn wrappers

CHOUDHURI SUKUMAR