Poetry Series

Pranab K. Chakraborty

- 175 poems -

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Pranab K. Chakraborty

Human Being who believes in Humanity. In regional language Bengali, writes by the name Pranab chakraborty. He also known as Apoet Bangla.

Works:

Four Books of poems.
One of Verse-drama.
Two Novels.
About twenty manuscripts of drama performed by the local groups but not published one yet.

15 Th August: Day To Celebrate Freedom In India

[Prayers are hypothetical but poses are true 100%]

Standing in front of
a National flag
a poor girl
with closed eyes
and folded hands
praying:

I don't want
to be raped and tortured
give me security

I want to live
a life of my own choice
want to learn
want to earn
want a family made of love

Another boy
of the same economic class
praying:

I want food to eat
A home to reside
I want not my half-faded
poor father at the age of 72
labor so hard to earn
my mother fighting to exist
without medicine
she can't afford her treatment

I salute my country
to assure me the life as a man
freedom
Nation
Independence
Salute you all
to consider us as a man-child
not of other-animals

Pranab k c
15.08.2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

25th December

It's the day
to utter
some silent sounds:
don't lose power to ownself
trust and try
to be honest
at least
to ones own entity

love is hard to keep
the promise to mankind
but
love ownself
to keep
the peace-balance

peace means
tranquility of mind
if you can
the universe
will take care of you and others

it's the day
not to advertise
your nobleness
the day tells you
to be honest
to
ownself

Pranab k c
25/12/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

A different look

Far end nothing visible
except dark...

nearing yet riding on the wave
wave of life infinite
trying to catch hold the rein of a white horse

if you hang on this metaphor
clearly explained would make you understood
white matches with the color of soul
as we feel many times....

I not a body confined
I the soul confined within body
and body needs charge to ignite
to melt with inner conflict

when conflict paramount
to diminish bodily feelings
just at the point of liquid eruption
the solid state transforms
we get our emancipation to be
the last monarch of global things

and horse represents soul
to make dark stupid the blunt non-entity
simply to dictate

dark
is nothing
strictly the absence of light!

Pranab K. Chakraborty

A Killer Of Human Resource

It's a time
needs 5 minutes
to purchase
a relation
love or hatred
amity or enmity
just the distance
of a ring

It's yet the time
needs a life
to make relation
with poem and poetry

And when
anyone stab a writing
or swallowing from a shelf
criminal offense should be imposed
to throw one into dark destiny

Pranab K. Chakraborty

A Killing, Its Not Love

Talk less and stand quiet
Your lamentation has lost its viability
And when you tried much to touch
I was with your touch

But now its a legend
Nowhere to keep your own soul
Nowhere to fly your extended dream
Now an alone nestler just listen the sound of dripping

A bitter hangover just splashing our feathers
The broken mast some formulated mutants
Trying to catch the serenity....ha.....
The bogus doctrine-supplier simply... your brain
Every moment you suck the shackles of eternity

Go beyond all origins of morality and find
A dream-breaker shouts loud to strangle your death
To life again with hostile manifesto which hangs
from the high of negative positivity.....

Tell me again those untold fever you had under the cloak
Tell me those undoubted domination which had their
Main toilet to reach and you with prophetic amnesia
Simultaneously bite your boobs and cried for the cramps
of unknown untasted maternity.....hey, the gypsy guy
Anchor nowhere your destiny dictates to keep silence
And follow the sensation your inself builds.....

Wake up the morning greets you again to brood and breed.....

Pranab k c
16/06/2011

Pranab K. Chakraborty

A New Look

talk no more
dawning light
encrowns
a grass-tip
better bent silently
with submission
your patience
it needs
your breathing
depends
on this tiny green

bent silently
with submission
and its the time
turn
yourself
also to the light

Pranab K. Chakraborty

A Party Of Specials

Last night I dreamt a boulevard
some specials sitting rounded beside a table
bags are stagged just under a huge tree
having their own likings sip after sip

no one on the earth except those
only some silent birds listening the grave voice
specials try to communicate with their turn

smells it high
radiates it high
interacts furiously
whether sanctity of words
should be maintained or not

feeling insulted someone trying to tear own hair
someone holding a knife pointing someone
threatning loudly to withdraw last utterance
someone musically
holding the thread to make it tie

the rain appeared abrupt
the specials chilled their anger
boulevard began to dance with dream
to hold the moments eternal

just a long dark canvas
its center illuminates with colors
specials flying to catch rain-drops
individuals just flowing out from center
and dots of light blistering
all the surroundings of dark

Pranab K. Chakraborty

A Sleepless Watcher

No where to hide
Sky watches you
Be careful

Your net perhaps not supreme one..

Pranab K. Chakraborty

A SMILE PLEASE

Pranab k c
19/05/2011

Death alone can make us socialist
Life means fascism...

Pranab K. Chakraborty

A Thief If An Old Woman

If an old woman
involves herself
in theft
it becomes very cruel
to punish her
because
she is
firstly like a grandma
secondly
her rebirth
like an infant
should be considered
similiarly, if an old man...

Pranab K. Chakraborty

A Child In The Sea Of Uncertain

take care of you baby
take care of your skull

you have learnt much
you have specialisation much
you are not authentic
you are talented
not genius

take care of you baby
take care of your skin

in the field of creation
you are simply a dust
to blow away
by the thrust of time

take care baby
take care of your skill

if others give you access
if others appreciate your tune
you are someone
otherwise
no one
you are baby

sheriff or washerman
saint or sir
you are
alone

take care of you baby
take care when you are alone

Pranab K. Chakraborty

A Cinematographic Longing

Pranab k c
06/2011

patch of light makes me confused
long dark green the surroundings
but the gold playing a magic marvel
when fog a little tired to triumph over the sight
just look catches that beauty to brood
feet getting flattering to move that dense
heart a bit blistering to touch the patch

silence long that profound cool awaiting
sometimes a far away amity of unborn truth
sometimes a senseless fragrance of smoky mountain
perplexed the reason of birth as the life
mingled with light and shade

if sun is truth why so unseen cold so long
makes all the sip sovereign with mist and myth
never born any legend to kick rightly the drowsiness
if strong is our mistic passion why such cloud
appears random to rub the face of stony erection

galaxy not the cage to escape from divan
but simply a patch of shiny green away
erase all the fathom of shattered solitude
dominates whole heart unmatched with life and death
unmatched drowning sensation from easy to eagerness
for knowing the pit thousands of impossible to penetrate
the end, the origin of origin, the standing temporary tabulation
of beauty, ill-beauty, not-beauty or no any demand
of hanging seeking the charm of metaphor or Mephistofeles

only crickets are unique in revolt to bit the drum
O' the dear of dirty feelings a life is nothing
only to begin another for fog and sunshine
the soul spreads just beside our old tavern
patch of light the ultimate sojourn hallucinates
all the liking for living

(14/06/2011/India)

Pranab K. Chakraborty

A 'I' OF YOU TOUCH ME

night is no mystery
night is dark
it needs light
to see surroundings

mystery is me
the I within
it needs
meditation
life long
more than one birth
the generation extends
to unveil

so when you touch me
I feel another 'I'
another mystery
to penetrate

Pranab k c
17/05/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

A Journey Beyond Death

Pranab k c
08/2011

So nervous were my eyes
when I saw my body lied in sleep

A sweet and soft moonlight everywhere
from ocean to mountain
from meadows to graveyard
walls, roof and floor are out of existence
a light soft and sweet flowing everywhere

So nervous was my memory
can't recollect the finest tune of life
I heard so long ago before my death
can't recollect

Yet alive I was but just out of me
the body in deep sleep and I
flying without feather everywhere
from ditch to dense
from narrow to wide
no heaven, no hell
only sweet and soft light white
everywhere, in every inch of all the imagery...

Pranab K. Chakraborty

A Play Ground

Pranab k c
08/2011

A face
Sometimes replicates
A wide ground
To play
To fall
To break our legs

A face just like a

Pranab K. Chakraborty

A Storm Cute Than Fallacy

Pranab k c
08/2011

storming midnight blew away personal desert
of unending misunderstanding
of lagoon-dry stretching for bewildered lacuna
only the draught ever infinite as far the horizon could spell
the thunder spellbound to crack its designed cacophone
storm thrust over the precarious proposition
blew up moments from hour barriers
personal thatchery where no commitment breed
any fungal sophistication, scrambled pram to bear the dripper

storming mid-night splashing the dirt of regular deviation
from the higher starry face to dive the unending understanding
where grave simply meet any person, no alive diction, no alive skeleton
few passengers yet to grab the strong hold of wheeling fear
midnight and its polygamic gesture
birds can't know, air can't know
human mind the only server where to transmit every spasm of amity
of Antigoniac caricature the whole of civilisation carries so long

midnight storm
no personal melancholy ever been drawn the utmost region
when the beginning ends and when the end beginning

Pranab K. Chakraborty

A Strange Bondage

Just when I told you
I am a lie
you believed me

when I told
I simply use you
you believed me

but when I told
you are a no-one
simply a number
your trust cracked

and lastly when I told
you should leave me
you proved yourself a liar...

Pranab K. Chakraborty

A Valley Of No Flowers

Pranab k c
08/2011

The valley never gets free from its glory
grey its wide openness never hides death
from its extreme interior of visibility
and metaphorical existence

My ancestors once played their flute to salute the peak
high so high the stiff never kept their feet anymore
only light they seen as we the worthless parasites
yet find flickering truth to burst ourselves with pride

The valley never ends its utterly paradox to greet again
when mermaids hallucinating watery surface to swim
a light of deeming dusk playing a gallop to hold our reign
mighty strength the dancing horses no more on the ground

a beautiful paranoia with its suddenness
calls the trip to hooting
a burning sensation of utmost deviation
from narrow to nut
from depth to expansion
the whole civilization captivating its highness

the death must not the other side of life
must not the romantic moontraker
simply gazetting the orientalism of artistic fatigue
its a real charm of diminishing the height of any peak
the valley enjoys everywhere with the grey

we yet just waiting
to hide ourselves forever the sanctity of humanness
only a subtle obsession of eradicating solitude
flows silently with no sound morbidity
and etheral punctuation repeatedly backbites our calm footsteps
not to reach there, not to grip the tricks
the valley always hankering
to mould our flesh snatching from our soul

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Actual actuality

when hypothesis
makes someone
proud

only thesis
could give there
a blow

to forget the sky
the expansion
of probability

better come
to synthesize
a metaphor

that's not of any
demand or dowry
doctrine or devastation

better
better
if one knows
a stop by heart
and its hallucination!

Pranab k c
24/03/2014

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Amazing Unknown

doors and windows dipped in dark
closing tight you sleep alone

when you sleep opens window other
another you just moving free from you
whether desert or jungle
whether graveyard or womb
your high ankles never touch the soil

swimming deep in moonlit waves
Ocean tranquils your immense burns
beauty placid fills your veins nerves
the blue above smiles
invites the journey with clouds
the shore
mangroves
long long stretched their mysterious depth
unrest your passion
diving desperate to embrace uncertain

fly with wind wings you spread
cities unknown of forgotten past
countryside-inn of unknown janapadas
opens window another
to brief you cosmic abyss
fly you cry you laugh your unchanted aura
when you sleep
always curious I can't follow
the journey
you alone
the journey
the glide...!

Pranab k c
Edited on 06/10/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

An Open Canvass

Pranab k c
05/2011

Be a doll
a puppet
an unique machine
autoconnect with any necessity
of digging or dredging
cooling or heating
at least a stammering vibrator
to smooth the coarse edge of fleshy extension
or for different scope and scape
agony or ecstasy
but
be a doll
a machine
a puppet

never try to be
a man
of feelings
sensitive and touchy
never try to be
lunacy awaits to greet you
chains await to prosecute you as rebel

Pranab K. Chakraborty

AN EPIC OF A MOTHER

when night felt deep in the main street of that bordering town, when streets were dipping in profound silence, we were in search of news moving aimlessly from here to there we met that mother, rather, we met that family unit some years ago.

a scratched man of broken images guides the woman with a girlbaby on her lap, clients appeared from the dark to bargain woman's flesh, the scratched man fixed the rate holding the girl of three years from her lap to him and allowed the woman to go with them.

the woman went to a deserted dark marketarea just beside the mainroad, during this break we appeared immediately in front of that man that broken man and learned he was the father of that little girl, husband of that mother-woman whom he sold for temporary shot-contact to be vamped her warm and salt, to be cooked her flesh and flexibility.

just we met that night with that woman that mother and also learned her dream was her girl-child would grow-up as a dignified woman which needs a lot of money, so she used to run on that underground track, she also knew her husband, the girl child's father physically not fit to meet her demand of purchasing the so-called dignity one need to acquire from human society.

when that woman the mother talked with us, the street lamp showed us her eyes were glittering with her dream of a glorious future of her three years old girlchild whom she loved more than herself.

where she now I don't know, but this epic I send for the readers of my site to pray for her specially for this day.

Pranab k c
13/05/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Are You A Dreamer Please!

saddles are broken
rein unbound
riding inevitable

dropp of blood
raining from sky
gallop cracked wild

hills gave pass to mountains
quaking earth pulled back
debris buried trespassers

watery coins from deadlock
cashed the beggars
pamphlet hookers gone mad

group of drunks smuggling smacks
nice quoted loin shows its charity
tramps were stutering praying dawn

and sea with deads dancing spectacular
for peace and freedom principal slogan
street dogs with loud bark costumed nice

penetration everywhere
bullet-marks are in every inch
park benchers cocktailing with crows dirt

dew is the prime vigour to craft the rabbits
unlucky hero just lost his biography
by his name a lunatic composed colours

all ages transparent as urine except signature
velocity and vacuum raped by deaf and dumb
breechless panchriatic joined the hustle

sound less but ether continued to dip the senses
not the Wasteland fertility smashed the sky
to prevent gospels over the crowd showered in past

blowing such dense
a dreamer felt asleep
again and again
a simple tune
strings in silence
to wake up and bargain
life from death
since a long divan
calls roughly
for last breathe
blowing such dark
a man riding long!

Pranab K. Chakraborty

ATTENTION PLEASE

Pranab k c
08/2011

Promised to come our home field river sea cloud snow
Promised to appear blowing your sacred apron
white with mystic mist of thousand sun shining random

Promised to uphold all our conspiracy greed strong grip to snatch
last coin from distressed, last shelter from the homeless
virgin soil cracked and crushed by treasure monger

Promised to taught us love
Promised to give us light
Promised to take us away from death to life

Promised but failed to keep
failed and have been punished
as we the son and daughter of you
we have been directed to carry out order

painful to bear such hell on shoulder
since we the human never tried to be a God..

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Bangladesh: The Land Of Mother-Tounge

1952

Fought against butchered oppression
to snatch mother tounge from their lips
Shed their blood to shatter canons
to flag their birth right

they did it
they planked their iron feet
to save their mother
BANGLA THE LANGUAGE
OF BANGALIS

1971

Transformed love from language
to Freedom of country
again they shouted together
by their own language
to have their own territory

Pakistani bullets made 3 millions dead
raped three lacs women
burned their shelters to vanish in shadows
yet bullet defeated
their voice together
their blood together
their language together
drawn their own map of land
BANGLADESH EMERGED
AS A NEW COUNTRY
WHO SPEAKS IN BANGLA

2013

The betrayers
played as the agents of imperialist
by the name of religion and language
at the time of their freedom
killed them cruelly and helped those
religious fanatics who tried to enchained
the land, its people, language
and freedom of speech

those betrayers still alive
residing the same territory
changing their musk
actively move to make the country
a confinement in disguise of religion

new generation unveiled the conspiracy
their march and oath from SHAHOBAG SQUARE

spreading throughout the country like firy-storm
with the demand to take immediate action
by hanging those WOLVES by Justice
those betrayers who killed their parents
who killed their brothers, sisters
who ground the flesh and honour of women

'HANG THEM'
'HANG THEM'
'HANG THEM'

Spring is now spattering thunder
all over BANGLADESH.....

Pranab k c
03.2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Best poem

The best poem
I have ever read

a white sheet
unworded
unspot the child
brought me once

to make him a boat

Pranab k c
o8/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

BLADE IS A SPACE

Between life and death

Awaits a blade

And a man awaits in decision

The midnight

The stars above

Awaits with a loud laughter

To cheer up the defeat...

Pranab k c
Edited on 01/08/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Blistering Battle

nice your touch that touches my nice
morning aflame blows serene at shrine
nice your choice of feathering the fathom
height beyond high ever clinging the clinks

white the reason flies pigeon with wings
tilt is the space splashes Trozan to pieces
paramount horse now kneeling to divan
beseeching tears care touching my flair

here the dear the leaves and dust
broken the dreams that flying to flow
thirst behind cry my dreaming aglow
fume the blooming as blazing the furrow

seen not seen while hovering the hammock
cool my passion ignites your fling
plaintive the spasm you hear the dear
the mast I did against storm drastic

and done you done the beneath you lie
and I the wild the anger I burst
screamed you nice and fired my force
planked the sack ever carry from past

showered the stream you sizzled the thirst
and nice embrace when thrust I crushed

Pranab k c
28/11/2011

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Bloody Findings

findings are of no importance
when finder goes beyond
its factual arena

last allocation of deviational query
you made us tempt by your series of failure
and when you achieved its clarity

Oh God, you were nowhere to find out
ultimately findings made you
another object of life
to be claused by query

Pranab k c
Edited on 16.11/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Brightest contrast

From home
to heaven
once
I used to take
less than
one second
to reach

but recently
I observe
it takes
more than
one minute

why doctor

ridiculously
I detect a reason
behind this drop
lunacy was my character
in less age
but now
many times I hear
somebody praising me
as a sane

is that really true
Heaven slipped away
due to my social sanity
so sad
unbearable the hell
torturing the senses
brutally

Pranab k c
15/09/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

CHISELLED SILENCE

sleep not
slash not
not even
slap her
before her parting

rain talked
outside

inside
talked silence

the window witnessed
unseen thread
tied up
the sounds
with silence
inside with out
outside in

still the painting
unpainted
only the mind
holds the canvas
standing lone her profile
while
dumb his offering
greets the hell to cheer up

sleep not
slash not
not even slapped her
when she uttered

'I live not to die in cage'!

Pranab k c
09/04/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

CLOUD METAPHOR

It was not my turn to chase the cloud everywhere
It was not my birth to penetrate the cloud every sphere
It was not me the cloud overcast many skies where it shine

It was me who seeks brightening of pits from dawn
every crack of bonafide fencing needed to be shackled by glee
It was me who fastened the buckles of night with fairy wings
every pack of threatened gear to accelerate high to win the ending

It was not the cloud whom been paid the maxim to dark the noon
not been whipped to dry the trickery the lovely angel played to defeat
It had no hurry to quick-fit the ramping by flattering the vampire palpits

It was a choice to ratify graveyards to the grave of time endless
It was to funny the gamblers never earn any coin to please pacific soul
specific journey to join the uncertain whole which never would be choose
cloud- cloud the marvelous peak of covering shades, thirsty soil, reverberate lips

every time I preach the head to glorify mind it shades requisite none but me
every time see the fields of flickering fables tantalize to toxic testament
a giant never favor branden to bury other gen of hexagon bravity
for crucification
and cloud the extra doctrine manifesting the nature of sublime
makes the person to make impersonate to cherish the reality of life and death.

Pranab k c
10/04/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

COME, CONTRADICT ME

I don't try to convince you
Just to discuss
I don't try to hurt your belief
just to make you straight

If I tell
Man has created God
would you contradict
if I tell
you couldn't get any sign of God
if man did not translate by this particular presence

Man has created
Man has given it a shape
God has been created
and I tell you frankly
here on earth
Man has come first
God after that....

Pranab k c
04/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Comment As A Poem

The self-righteous Calvinists
who speak peace to Arminians
would say that we hold to 'doctrinal regeneration.'

'Doctrinal regeneration, ' they say,
is the view that knowledge of a certain doctrine
or set of doctrines is a prerequisite to salvation.

A new self! That is the effect of regeneration -
… created to be like God in true righteousness.
The salvation is a deliverance from the wrath of God,
deliverance from sin and guilt,
deliverance from Satan
and deliverance from death and hell.

But it is not only a deliverance from something -
it is also a deliverance unto something -
unto God, unto fellowship with God,
unto service to God,
and unto enjoyment of eternal life.

The Atum as the heart and tongue of Ptah
who is defined as: The Unknown God,
The Self-begotten God (Umvelinqani/mutangakugara) ,
The God of Gods,
The First Cause,
The Principle of Principles is also
the mind or spirit of Ptah.

Thus Atum is the first manifestation
of the Unknown God.
The God does not regenerate in self.
Therefore, only the universe regenerates in self.
So, God can be alone, separating good from bad
for recreating the Universe.
The Big Bang Theory describes very well...

@ Written by MARIETA MAGLAS in commenting my recent posting 'Street peoples journal'.

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Confession Of A Love-Making Gentleman

confess I uttered
no truth
at the time of pinning
last night
when you screamed
with ecstasy
hearing me
the promises
delivered with thrust
to penetrate
the cave at its end

you
the blunt believer
assumed yourself
the queen of beauty
recognised yourself
as the owner of all wealth
I achieved through black practices
with hands stained
with blood

confess I uttered
no truth
at the time of
kicking your ass
'Believe me
I'll never sell
your skeleton
after sucking
last drop of your blood'-

and you forgot
pain of all torture I engraved
again you promised
with gracious laugh
to be slapped again
to be spitted again
to be kicked again!

Pranab k c
13/04/2014

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Constipated Conscious

Pranab k c
23/09/2011

talent makes you different
but common you in flesh
when touch I the switch
just above your chin
fire shows me the song
last I got from obscene

when talent dominates the flesh
desert flashes with sandy storming
when flesh dominates the talent
it gets another passage of streaming

since you is one as one is me
come on touch the soil
where stone and dust
peacefully coexisting
stone become dust
and dust becomes stone
need quakes fit high
with deep drifting

talent needs flesh to play with string
and flesh blows fire to ignite playing
nothing common is the game
nothing singular is the passion
it is law we are standing
what gravitation plays unseen

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Contractual Perspiration

Amorous the design
detected from that saliva
a cool rapture cascading
glittery magma
just before bereavement

tango the rhythm
night dances
a pink cloth covered
the surface long, before
the palpitating surface
been pinned violently

fragrant fluid blundered again
when it needs, keeps silence
when not, pours by drop
through the passage smooth
coming down to soil

frankly the ceramic beauty
broken by stroke after stroke
entity amorous
saliva amorous
and that flat pain
flattened by amorous variety

long far a lamp knew
it was nothing but case contractual!

Pranab k c
04/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Corporate Love

blanked spritely
for foaming together

fathomed skillfully
for flaming another

Pranab k c
25/10/11

Pranab K. Chakraborty

CRISIS - II

when and wherever I meet her
pavement, bridge or platform
morning, midnight or noon
storm sand rain
whatever it may be

insists to sleep together
escape not, I simply show
her a lagoon
depth of my heart

feel she much yet
sleeping together
her final mission

no drought yet threatened
my wide land of passion and penetration
fear not, simply I know

no care of human creed
exists yet to awake me again
from the sleep she offers
every time

she my obsession
whom you addressed once
as Nature by name!

Pranab k c
03/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Cry not, Catch the string

When told you
Poetry is not Truth
It is Illusion

you opposed
disagreed strongly
to propagate
I write what I live
So no illusion is there
It's reality

told you again
Reality has so many layers
Art simply filters
some of it
to show us other layers
Do you admit poetry is an art

you were not ready
to admit my proposition
How I live I write
It's real and absolutely real

yes, you write poem
but in a form of diary-writing
Do you admit it

I admit was your reply

And if that's a form of poetry
It is illusion
Do you admit

you got tired
tried to cry
but can't defy
I write poem
I write me
I write present
That's my poetry

My silent sounds you can't hear
My soul touched your loneliness
'Poetry is a form of art
when it is art
it is illusion'

last sip was sufficient
to make us asleep!

Pranab k c
05/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Death-Statement

Death has no color at all yet
you the liar
the poet and painter
tried to make me convinced
much colorful journey to anchor

whenever the gossip begins
you cried with enthusiastic arrogance
to simply the eternity infinity
with its gorgeous act to guide the chariot

blunt bogus the orthodox maniac
never tried to catch the origin
by dying you own
words and brushes
many times illustrate
a deep romantic ambiance
as if
death is the destiny to grab
with heroic passion

liar you are
I don't believe you
the poet and painter
you only know the way to
tremendous self-suffering
to enjoy death every moment
actually you don't live
live your ideas...

Pranab k c
03/09/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

DEPARTING : A SCRIPT NAMELESS

'Your face more precious than my spectacle'-
It was the opening dialogue.

She simply spitted on his face

'My love is more precious than your spit'

She cried aloud and
didn't utter a single

I hear only time echoes 'I hate you, I hate you, I hate'

'If hate be the existing trauma
none could bear ones BIG within'

He returned and threw a stone into the sky.....

Pranab k c
Edited on 01/08/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Do You Get Hurt

when you
talk much
I get tense
'cause
just a bit after
you'll
talk bogus
and
you'll lose
your personality

when you talk
i keep silence
'cause
your feelings
not yet crystalised
to build
your realisation

Pranab k c
05/07/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Doctor and Sky

Sky never knows
the wounds of heart
valves and vibration
pulse and palpitation

Doctor knows
Doctor speculates
Doctor deals

on the contrary....

Doctors can't imagine
pits and patches
bends and blow
bubbles and banishment

Sky keeps
these shades and shatterings
thorns and thrushes
strings to stretch
the wonder span

heart and heart
mission and mystery
Doctor and Sky
ever busy to balance
the mist from
blood and horizon

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Dog, Man and Cruelty

Love is no
achievement

it is strictly
attainment

but flesh-grinding
penetrating
licking
sucking
tormenting
burning etc.
is passion

Dogs are
also passionate
do as man does
sometimes their
biting cruelty
performs
most like human

but love
makes man different
from other
animals

Pranab k c
22/02/2014

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Domination: The Ecstatic Paradox

impossible to rein the intense gripping
to break all the ribs till to make bend
bowing down to touch the soul of dominant paws

impossible to leave the bushy tunnel
to mould it raptured till the boneless mud
fleshy rampart turns into slithery slumber

growling wears senseless surrender
to make all other choices to sleep in the grave
virtually begins begging to fuel empowerment

time stands to embrace storm
to charge the tremendous volanic ditch
to wrap to reap to pile up original depth of ritz

pleasure melts to ecstasy
pain melts to senseless nothingness
nothingness tranforms into deathless proximity

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Donkey Knows, Man Not

Even a donkey knows well
what the skin is
nothing but simply the cover to make tight
flesh and blood together encircling bones

so whatever may its be colour
black brown or white
what differs when flesh comes out
by sudden wound

even a donkey could differentiate
the compassion of man and the cruelty of wilds
but man has intelligence and wisdom
man is more powerful from other animals
even man can use others as a pet or patron
so colour sometimes become the reason of
hate and separation....

nice the skin-grammer Mr. Great
you have adopted not to be an ass
so destiny is clear
when men will be vanished one day
animal will dominate the earth again
perhaps not so far....

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Dream

surroundings peacock-blue
widely expanded

nothing except a bedless river
airy but strict from back to front

transparent
glassy
streaming noiselessly
to its extended dense

alone and walking that emptiness

far above two eyes
white and full blossomed
z-black two balls
glittering with glow
tearing but no dropp
fell in my dream...

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Dream Ballad: 2011

my sleep met her last night
the goddess of dream
no fibre shackled her appearance
tombs build tight with bead at the top
just before conversation began
looked greedily the gateway
lofty petals guarded by high mounds
pillars were strong to hold the whole architect

about dream unfolded the session
she asked gently the mist, the ignition
the drown syndrome of 21st
wild my fervour aflamed with hidden fire
answered abrupt
'All dreams already dreamt by human
dreamless journey now we dare
to finish the path short
flesh our achievement
flesh our meet
only flesh can make us fulfilled'

agony made her horny
warm strangle choked my unrest
smell of eros waved along past present future
me as a fancy digger hold the ground
with strength out of life and moment eternal
drained me with the dream of a fleshy Goddess

Pranab K. Chakraborty

DREAM OR NO-DREAM

stands she alone on the horizon
white her cloths blowing with mad rapture
long her airy hair playing to be off of the root
full moon strangles the surroundings to make it cry
cry not to get any another dawn

the sphinx as a look of behind chapters
the past never shows us the light
what lamped the imprisoned nymphs
night after night the whip the paws
the chiseling passion of the crown
marked their cracks their gallons of stallionic gallops
flooded the birth of enslaved curse
now glitter to revenge from ground to growth
moonlit night...

night scratches the certain rest
with the nails of horrible uncertain
flagging the smoke the dirt of dirty inhuman
possibly pissing their ancestors
locked in the volt iron-hard
to keep the way clear
to keep the root untouchable

stands she alone on the horizon
I as a sphinx simply with blunt eyes
look beyond this dreamed night the age another
the days without death by dominating thumb
the life without fear the fear to be enslaved
shout without sound I again offer my soul
to the mighty mightier than that she stands alone
don't illuminate thy shine to shine the surroundings
gets dark its dawn with sigh and shadows of living dier
never
never
never

Pranab k c
09/07/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

DREAMS SHE DEATH

flowers not my choice
when entered her dream
dreamt already two times my death
ajointly tried to bark
a street dog to know the surroundings
life means desperate living
tends to death every time

fire not my choice
while bowl of beans
yesterday boiling
perfumed agony
its intense sucking effort
from soil to leaf no fire but agitation

dreamt already two times my death
when entered her boiling point
we adament nongellic angels
blew the heat without fire from soul to serenity

but the fathom she opened when petals are smashed
real death the furnace whistled the steam
mutiny embarked with galloping thrust
not able to be one
not able to be one

no flower
no fire
no living
no swim
dreamt two times my death mean time
when I entered her dream

Pranab k c
10/03/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

DUST AND DICTION

Pranab k c
30/08/2011

Dust can never build a castle
Stags together to make a dump
Wait for the next storm to blow away
Somewhere else with its own direction

But An ant can
Instinct guides them to live together
To carry weight more than an pin-tip soul

You can debate instinctual paradox
Not any way to guide the move
With silent observe I see your defeat
When contradict a sudden flash
Of orthodox values dictates you
To plant another chastity
With moral support
And gradually began to vacillate
Instinct to non-instinct
To keep your feet strict to the body

Theories are long, so many dogmas and defies
Rounding your time the product of waves
Bubbling here today will vanish tomorrow
Instinct will exist to follow the wings
To come the next to taste and object

Better you feel an ant their creche
They build to back their babes
The drains, the store, the breeding rest
They carry food for all their folks

Two ways flows the Instinct:
Animal and moral
Pleasure and preserve
Individual and together
Expansion and contraction

Any one can write ones subconscious
Language no problem slang or serene
Any one can edit oneself
As ant can
Dust can't...

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Dust And Diction (Repost)

Dust can never build a castle
Stags together to make a dump
Wait for the next storm to blow away
Somewhere else with its own direction

But an ant can
Instinct guides them to live together
To carry weight more than an pin-tip soul

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Any one can write ones subconscious
Language no problem slang or serene
Any one can edit oneself
As ant can
Dust can't...

Pranab k c
03/12/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Ecstatic Bath

Hypnotic autumn
Catches all my senses
With its gentle smile

Simply a soft light
Soft by its origin
Shows us a horizon
To keep our desire
High to mix with
The longing of
Creative mastermind

No word I found
The height to describe the
Submissive superiority of
This heavenly bliss....

Pranab k c
22/09.2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Embracing Waltz

nothing was to oppose
nothing to be worried
embraced madly
to lead the darkest deep

warm embrace
the arena wide
shadow peeped
its access denied

forest stood holding horizon
to blink the existing paragon
solitude to blind the boredom
the bedroom, the holy cathedral
hectic anguish of achieving, non-achieved

warm embrace
the arena wide
shadow peeped
its access denied

lone luster made me stand
inside within the inside
to catch the breed
breed of legacy
the rounded truth of life, death

warm embrace
the arena wide
shadow peeped
its access denied

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Essence Of Silence

Pranab k c
12/08/2011

Doors closed
windows pane stiff with silence
sound of near past in the whole background
roaring the wilds they became two the different genders
and a shadow of soft dear palm slowly catering
the dish of urgency of coming back again

no footsteps, no movement of rattling wind even
no probability of assuming the ecstatic appearance
embodiment of any longing or embarrassing embrace
of lamentable constipation of those sensuous past-moments

no the grave with dirty rust of dust and condemnable clarity
but a passion simply old with punctuating accentuation
of love, more than love or no-love paradox
tuned with superb and intensified expression
confined in the cage of acceptance and rejection

door closed but opens an opening
wide with no-door ever been build anywhere
where you me they're playing altogether
naked with no-flesh, illuminating strictly the light-particles
beyond the hazards of birth rebirth and death.

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Fabulous

Earth-ball
spinning
with
a terrible speed
and
loud sound
of gargling
echoes
past present future

the last dream
I took a sleep
sitting
on the backseat
of a drowned
battleship

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Fallacy of Rejection: 2013

'Never knock me any more
number I do reject
deleted forever'- -

the lie you spotted
that's your stigma
the truth you denied
your splendor of not having delight

but the boon the castle of favor
entangled a heart never forget
the night the sun the moments
of fascinating trauma
planked its ecstatic foreverness

a nice dream again on foot
crossing the cross-road crowd
with its silent silence
impacts its hold to never get back
needs no number to bring misfortune
bugles the reminiscences lied on door

if can just show to your face you bear
shadows are yet very like you
sprinkling the truth.....
spoiled time makes the present
and present brings tomorrow

past does not mean the dark of darkest fusion....

Pranab k c
02/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Fire That Burns

morning cracks with fire I felt
long those vanquished adamant days
grip that grabbed those firy tombs
O the death you dripped from dawn

blushed the strap first spelled defy
thrust the bold put scratch on flesh
charged a hard the crazy fire
burn-O-burned the pleasing door

long it patting the patterned days
long it carries the flambeau flame
thousand sin never sinned any dream
morning drowning that scattered scream

voluptu volcan unfit breathe
neighboring hunger staged the stake
night and noon the hell it sacked
the thumb ransacked the petal engraved

story long past those vanished years
yet feel presence its illicit clamp
cracking the strength its fathomic trench
tomb-O-tomb I never forget...

Pranab k c
28/10/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

FOR YOU BABY

Pranab k c
21/08/2011

'Geniuses are perverted
but all pervert are not genius'
holding such a hand written banner
a semi-insane waited in the queue

when the bus arrived to the stop
the semi-insane told the attendant
'would it go to that land
only animals and plants reside closely
where pervert and genius never get pass'

attendant looked silently the face
took the banner from his hand
and wrote with quick stroke
'only insane could differentiate
animal from man, semi-insane can't'

Pranab K. Chakraborty

For The Baby Whom Not Know Yet

tactical benefit
always brings
temporary gain
temporary
temporary
and ultimately
you'll see
you have already
been targeted
by some others
other point of benefit
and will lose
many havings
you saved as your own

tactical benefit
always brings
the opportunity
of being tactically
cheated

which you acquire
by perseverance
and with your own
skill and efficiency
treasures are those
it resides
within your soul
brings pleasure
when you share it
with others

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Forgotten Fertility Myth

Pranab k c
27/06/2011

a deep depression
carries monsoon again
its raining
five days at a stretch
day and night
she is wet

her chastity
waiting to be ploughed
soil so soft
to be mould in creation

plough hard
my peasant friend
pour dropp to form seed

your personal rain
would make her corny
every dream
of your personal cloud
would make her smile festive
fertile soil seeks seedling

cultivate you the peasant
cultivate hard
cultivate with care
cultivate with unending passion
She waits to bear all the pain
for a pleasure of exposing a life again

Pranab K. Chakraborty

FREE SPACE

hands when busy to hold that grip
legs got jerk to strangle the hold
pillars seem strong but soft invites trimming
build just to sleek the juncture so damp
and flickering the spasm to dip into the dictum

heat hits its haven to swim at the cackle
covers turn scrabble for graving its shabby
aloof got near to tickle the toppings
gripper get lost the skipper ablooming
wow such thrust better cave cracked its slit
below unfurled when hands played the gripping

near and never the nestle felt so puffy
beckon the barren when babble drags drippy
night looks dizzy and dangled the drib
thousand the stars just crept over the pit
amber the color the soul feels it home
definite a paragon composed by this freedom!

Pranab k c
02/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Freedom Cry

Standing in front of
a National flag
a poor girl
with closed eyes
and folded hands
praying:

I don't want
to be raped and tortured
give me security

I want to live
a life of my own choice
want to learn
want to earn
want a family made of love

Another boy
of the same economic class
praying:

I want food to eat
A home to reside
I want not my half-faded
poor father at the age of 72
labor so hard to earn
my mother fighting to exist
without medicine
she can't afford her treatment

I salute my country
to assure me the life as a man
freedom
Nation
Independence
Salute you all
to consider us as a man-child
not of other-animals

(*This poem posted again as a copy of the previous post regarding the same content vanished from my poem page in PH.*)

Pranab k c
08.2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Hammer Friend, Hammer Loud

building workers
hammering
with tremendous thrust
to dust the roof
of old construction

long time
unbearable sound
of repeated hammering
puzzled my nerves
but when I observed
the accurate task...
got excited

sometimes it needs
to be hammered
old values
old dogmas
even the old
institutions
holding the global observance
need to be smashed to form
the new constitution
to save the civilians
the nations
and obviously the earth
where we live the human

here hammering workers alone
but millions of millions
when get charge to hammer

just imagine
the dust
irresistible
to expose
a new dawn....

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Havings Are Lost

My Sweet...

havings are lost
simply scratches
you nailed my soul
left its pain

possessing proposed amity
the time
the wind
the crowd
never before
so angry as

winter appears or not
wintering ambiance
the soul cry to leave
to leave the sorrows
it planted morbid enmity

havings are nothing
simply passion of keeping by self
lost its anguish
and the engraved scratches
again howls to hike undone

Pranab k c
18/09/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Hello, how do you feel now!

It was a night
when I played with a nostalgic
dilemma inside a metal-chamber
where night herself
guarded acrylic passion

no bird
no song
no flesh

what more could you expect
not my case-study
but
it was sure
fire should keep the harmony
if hormone and hygienic
anti-poetic ambience
dictates the paradrop
to transform metal to dust

metallic-chamber means
night resonates with low frequency
to make herself understood
the poet's journey
was sure to catch
a thread of poetic-beauty

...and this is the way
when lunar eclipse
commands someone
to compose the word-art
commonly called
a poem!

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Hi, Scholar

You objected my language
I object not
you started to analyse theories
I object not
long dialogues hour long you delivered
to show your command on the art of poetry
I listened with silence
when you came to know my understanding
I simply told
'You wanted to be a poet
tragically become a scholar'!

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Hi, The Responsible Citizen

Cry not
Just laugh

Laugh with the clowns

Clowns demand
Your obedience!

Pranab k c
12/07/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Hold The Rein And Chase The Time

apparently tranquil it looks
while strategic turbulence
instigates inner surface
conspires to suck stubborn solidarity

beautiful imbalance
feet distracts your policy
distorted thumb culminates to break
the bead the rapid pulsation
fluctuating from dull to dorbeetle

and at last when hell climbs the peak
stallion stabs a morbid pancreatic octave
simply a cry for salvation

O' my horizon the lubricated amity
all I lost you offered to save my savior
burst again to purse the saphena
feel a tilt never means the throbs of demolition

the done is done
rectified anger condensed to acquisition
and apparent go sleep to salient

we the sapiens again will ring the key
to transport its origin and its origin...

Pranab K. Chakraborty

I CAN'T

Pranab k c
05/09/2011

Nice your hand
you stretched to clasp
profound sky stopped to stoop
a little palm its clear invitation
opened your soul to touch my heart
confused I hesitated I with dirt-stained coarse
beyond beach an ocean of uncertain
chained my legs to hold all passion

gravity fails to deploy its magnetic bind
a me more than me widened ecliptic axis
with blunt my eyes, fixed my toes, shut my arms
when shouted your name with every dropp of blood
absolutely unheard by unsoud treachery

waited long
humiliated
no song sung by warm
holding sky again waving your buds
you returned

and I a fourth dimensional doll
hanging alone in the space to loose
all moments of esteemed staying
simply to draw a line of dark
just to demonstrate a life more than death

Pranab K. Chakraborty

I think this way

General stream of law
always follows our steps
to make somewhere to stop
our desired destiny

if you put your hand
in fire
it will burn
if you dive in water
without knowing
how to swim
you will dip

general stream of law
everywhere holds our rein
to make us
a little bit human
to stand alone on the surface

it does not bother
you agree or not
it only follows our steps
to make us stop
at a point of move....

Pranab k c
04/10/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Illıcıt But Indulge Not

antique hard the spherical tilt
bowed down palm-beach stretched to meet the furnace
cool but crawling to burn

here I stop the definite deviation of flickering
smoke dense with quick blow darkened my hesitant pulse
a strong snailing deared her paws to make me smacked
first an essence intense to embrace the budding ignition
posthumus a moon guarded our optimum metabolism
with tender beams flashed curls from the oceanic fantasies

stammering beads penetrated the ribs of my chest
couldn't I hold the spasm to grip beauty but bold
eruption eliminated all hidings dormant into soul
blatant imposition of the treasure I trecherous
bit the bugle of chastity while stripped off
legacy she ordained with so many banners

lied we lied on the floor of sand
hunting eagle pierced the clarity
nails were sharp while teeth were screening nector
behind bush of violent vibration echoing 'duck me, O my dear duck'
agitation was loud so doctrine implemented fire to fire the fathom

screaming only knew we made love together
illicit but indulge not

Pranab K. Chakraborty

INDIA: Peoples are active with brooms

India is now busy
to wipe out the high-profile thieves
from its democratic ambience

dynasty and dilemma
planning and implementation
lecture and reality
becomes the gulf of despair

peoples in the capital
crowding on the foot
holding brooms in hand
shouting against corruption

their votes in favor of
broom holder chief
makes a ministry
to show the world
the land of love
fraternity
peace
has become the land of thieves
it needs the brooming shock

India is my country
India was the country of my dead father
India the land of my son
where
the process begins
it symbolises a truth...

'when order is injustice
disorder is the beginning of justice'!

Pranab k c
24/12 2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Is that Pranab-da a clone of me!

just a week ago
a reader named Dududarshan dandalini
asked me
to clear my identity

some Pranab-da of Finsbury, London
her desired one
she is very much inspired by his song

I told her
my profile attached with PH
so such stupid asking
does not carry any meaning

but my Bengali tounge
enjoyed the reader's name
because Dudu Darshan
in Bengali language means

Dudu is boobs
Darshan is exhibition
the woman who exhibits her boobs
called dududarshan in Bengali

I enjoyed the name and
deleted her comment and
banned her presence from my page
because
she finds a Pranab-da
who lives in Finsbury in London

and me
never gone outside India
perhaps the guy knows it very well
and tries to use my poems
creating a clone of me

PH management should take action
against such mal-practices.

Pranab k c
29/03/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

IT'S BELIEF

Rings my heart
with a good-bye tune

simply puzzling
my senses

last I came
to take decision

if you want
I'll put a big 'Good-bye'
on an wide
white sheet

me the last person
who told you
nothing could be achieved
by nothingness

needs a stand
to stand
which strictly
is BELIEF

Pranab k c
06/12/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

JOURNEY THROUGH A PAIN

a lonely evening shining poorly
with her tune
a masculine star long far
follows my breathing
when she stops her bleeded agony
silently I looked surroundings
a little puppy was there
a blank horizon dips gradualy in dark
a tree alone in mid-field guards the silence

what could I do more
just touched her pain
she opened the door
to greet me in

here a bed scene could begin
here a nude beauty could imagine
but I bowed to her feet
because she the widow of a martyr

her man has gone to catch the sun
to snatch the food for fasters
her man has gone to hold the rein
of the time for subalterns

praise I not the path
praise I not the sacrifice
but can't defy their demands
because I feel myself a human

silent was my safari
silent was my voice
but loud I stroke the feet
who will suffer long for isolation...

Pranab k c
15/04/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Journey Through Mist

creamy cystal fuego free
amby teeny bristle bee
action thriller treaky trash
fine a morning movey grass

firy fisher greets nick pin
ambush writ on feathering fin
hello whisp the druggery dawn
angel kissed pit misty lawn

proceeding fabrica lacing gown
epitaph acted fittest clown
angura arian hatching stag
quicken cacophone hooted track

sent her solaria eugene duck
horrible scenario fractal truck
eureka agony cried creeper
mocky dick bencher air stripper

lullabic loudy trimming trip
erosion met her fabulous slick
vulgar velocity drip dropp patch
cross-road crowdy robbed by snatch

none could get gate access free
riddling rapture rattling tree
and tough treacherous poetic blithe
now could end up holy slithe...

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Just Warning

Wherever you go with your
learned pride
wherever you go with your
learning passion
if you can't fill yourself
with a belief
the belief which can lead you
through the dark

one day simply a hollow
could be your blunt ride
to make you sick
to sack you
the burden of time...!

Pranab K. Chakraborty

just a confession

don't ask me why
better transmit heat

encircles winter here

Pranab k c
12/2011

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Just an option

Callously he begged another slap
on opposite cheek
to show his submissive non-violent nature

he got a grand bullet
from point-blank range
to his forehead

the boss then ordered
to clear the body episode

time is now too cool
to take action by hand
if you show your weakness
will get the hard return
if you resist rough
the final could be counted
as a manifesto

telling all these wise teachings
the angel vanished into white hell....

Pranab k c
08/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Just As...

when enjoy the body
do it as beast does
hook
crook
cradle the depth of its deepened drapery

when enjoy the mind
do it as God does
alone

never blend
God with Beast
OR
Beast with God

it creates the Beast-God!

Pranab k c
08/01/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Just Before Leaving

Nice, I touched
your loneliness

softiest palm
induced its warm
on your beads

amazing shock
shrieked your glass
broken pieces
stabbed my foot

floor much colored
loved our nagging
you never told
pain is your touching

loneliness bugled
the chaos of clearing
sojourn my palm
gone through the wind

chilled from nights dark
trapped the dew dropp

my whole my beauty-sick whole
put it on your breath

the silence...silently
again touched the Nice
told to myself

I battered your loneliness...

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Just think man

dawn is still away to touch our pain
silky apron of mist
unfolds its mysterious beauty
a way home all undiscovered galaxies
observe me my solitude of soul
enjoying their silence of carrying my presence
where existence means uniformity

bicycling with no sound
the road greets the wheel
its every move sparks with delight
to defeat distance
but uncertain me much enough
who moves actually
the wheels or the road

Galileo taught us
the earth moves round the sun
then the asphalt on earth
doesn't it move
if does my silent carrier
what does it do
if we two move at the same time
how does distance comes short
am I much more speedy than Earth
Oh God, save me then
I know no other planet
except this blue
I have no other anchor to grab the grid
except belief

dawn is still away to touch our pain....

Pranab k c
03/02/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Light Alone Yet Awaits

no definite destination is there
not in the horizon
not in any other hole of space

rushing hurriedly yet all the nerves
your their mine whole the crowd
no one leave a foot-step to anybody

definite is only the grave
our ancestors
your grand grands
high-neck
low-collar
heels
bare feet
arrogant charisma of reining the time

no definite destination to attain
yet nerves are shivering to move at once
where to where my nymph
the child new born
the bread you ploughed in the field
the corns your blood drops
await somewhere a bit away

for a jerk
to diminish the dark forever within the dark
and light alone
just a street-beggar
waiting with coarse hand
who has entered a journey
where destination finds itself to reach him...

Pranab k c
13/02/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

LOVE 2012

The man pissing
inside her mouth
The girl drinking
with ecstasy...

Pranab K. Chakraborty

LOVE RIDING

such a wild horse
sleeps within
just to gallop
just to move fast
as storm
to ransack stone to dust
such the wild hoofs
to break the jaws
the salient feature of untold apache

wild his move awakes
with transmitted warm
aflames to ratify
the dribbling tracks of tunicked soil
to strip off every silence to flag
the flood of noise
pain and pleasure
the wild
wild

runs to ruin
her fathomic far
as if any further awake
bother not his sleep within

runs with gallop
runs to break
runs to implant
the scream never loose
its pacific passion

Pranab k c
04/08/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Love-Day Is Everyday

feathering myself
on the leafy surface
of your warm profile
sucked the last dropp of saliva

while falling into the ditch
2000 feet crashing the membranes
of dark aloud aflaming the globe
simply the creamy your origin
pasted our past and the present oceanic
warm and objectless object a symphony based
the falling the falling endless waving
cleared the illusion you and me
no different difference strangled
ecstasy for time being

falling not since no up no down in space
feathering not since mass and surface
illusory image to enjoy beauty
and digging ditching creaming screaming
the trap we are caught to return the origin

Pranab K. Chakraborty

MAMPI: A GIRL OF 11

Pranab k c
15/07/2011

Father is blind of one eye
only the elder brother
going to lose his kidney
Mampi the girl of eleven
feels poverty silently

She can't do anything to share
She can't learn her lesson well
Mampi the girl of eleven
feels poverty silently

She dreams to share her family
She dreams to fight a lot
Mampi the girl of eleven
feels poverty silently

One morning noise everywhere
Mampi sleeps noiseless
Mampi a girl of eleven
committed suicide

Two days later
family found a suicide note
broken words of Mampi's hand

give my kidney to my brother
give my eye to my father
I die because I learnt
man can share body-parts
with others after death'

Mampi the girl of eleven years
felt poverty silently

Pranab K. Chakraborty

MAN AND LIMIT

finally he couldn't

the man planned
to commit suicide
to take a step behind
from the top he reached

but why?

the saint told
he knew the limit

Pranab k c
11/08/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

ME AND THE EARTH

Sometimes feel
me the alien
to this afternoon

yet my intrusion
it greets with drops of rain
while the first summer
blazing with flames

sometimes feel the night
not my soul-relates
just craving with surprise
slithering every inch
to hide my own dark

night yet bestowing
its softy light
to pass the cracks and cradles
reverbrating footsteps
to preach my presence

sometimes feel tragically
but with reverse epiphany
all these noon morn nights
exposed before
just to track and toil
for its everknown
human child....

Pranab k c
04/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

ME AND THE MAN

the man arguing bluntly from the morning
many time I told him not I your peace
not I the heat to hit the target most above
the light where resides super imposed beauty
to magnify glory of creation life and dust

the man yet hopeful to help the harpoon
just before it pinning to himself with agony
cluster of sequence never raise before his death
the man more vacant with deepest his pretend
to trust any chief whom graved by night

a liquid tranquil the soul of nothingness
mitigating from morning to ask me a why
perhaps last a man seems to be asked
before drowning in the ocean of time and dark

told him many times you never meet your desire
never fulfilled the lust you felt to mistify
the moments of logging into long horizon
to lost the identity of human whom satan never choose
to flap the flags of eternal morbidity
the man simply arguing from decent to dirt
from achieving to unachieved
from fiction to affinity
and told him currently undone my proposition
for the hunt I never being haunted...

Pranab k c
06/05/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Me and The Tree

nobody except me
and the tree

took out my last printed
book of verse

silence made by nature
two birds were there
tried to communicate

tried but failure made them flied
only the tree
alone followed my coffin

the book I opened
but shadowed
rather coffin I opened but shadowed
asked to make me free
simply a leaf dropped
on my coffin of thoughts

the book I gifted
at its feet
wind blew hard
opened the page...

'my footsteps are not of me
as if night got my steps
to breed some words
to bind with a string
unseen only sense
could touch
its proportion'

wind away
and me alone
silent tree
measured me
Or me to the Tree!

Pranab k c
30/01/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Meaning-Search

thrown arrow hit
three inches
below the target
where stood
a nut-cracker
to show the origin
of original shooter
never got any
definite syndrome
to dominate
the life
avoiding death
by its devastating practice
to defy
the glory of human challenge

thrown arrow
never been withdrawn
by any octave
to shallow
the melody of
indefinite anguish
and
at this juncture
simply when ask
Melord! would you be
a little bit humble
to allow another opportunity

a silent laugh
took away the target
to a vanishing horizon
never been witnessed later
any other thrown
rather than to carry
the doctrine of meaningfulness
of living...!

Pranab k c
Edited: 14/04/2014

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Moon Insane and A Poet Lunatic

An insane moon hangs from rainwet sky
but why

Out of mood a long day
totally farce the surroundings
all day long
composed an obituary
strictly for me
to dedicate

totally no pleasing avenue was there
to move keeping hands on others
not metaphysically
not sexually

it guards me
follows me
from sunset

just behind from the mafia's palaces
behind towers of cells, radars
behind leaves of low-profile trees
baggaging to be vanished today or tomorrow

the moon insane never leaves me alone
but why

nostalgic masturbation from adolescent days
looking at the peaks of hostel girls bumming oil
those buildings looks crooked tonight
moon peeps through those portico yet

my hands are smoky today
fuming with vanity
not to beg
not to snatch
just to leave
all the hazards

my legs are tough to kick the masks
even my own hangs everywhere
plea of adjustment

you my insane
causeless follows with serene beauty
in front
back
beside
wherever I move
pleasing my sensation

the bloody celestial

hate to hate your body
out of my grip

better come close to my knee
I'll saturate all the agony
one birth could preserve
just to finish oneself

insanity contaminates
getting my lunatic face
once again when my darkness
falls upon the walls my room

I stand useless without a word
to write again

Pranab k c
07/04/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Mother and Nature

violent stormy rain
spattering madly
on surrounding faces
rooms walls roofs
trees tavern tiptoes

bossy summer
burns everything
everywhere
with its heat and hotty smile

rain cracks the folder
to unfold legacy
of watery supremacy

as nature brings rain
to earth
just reminds me
childhood feverish days
sitting near head
mother constantly
putting on my forehead
patch of wet cloth
sprinkled with water
to remit temperature high!

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Mr. Candidate's Criteria

a man howls
to hunt the height

money and muscle
tagged together
to tackle the adverse
in favor of hunting strategy

planted feet of
illiteracy and poverty
ignited to demonstrate
supremacy of democracy
in ambience of country-base

a man howls
spreading the paws
to climb the height
with firy ambition

less-education
glittering as pride
diplomatic sense
regarded as idiocy

only the doctrine
divide and rule
sword and saffron
dancing in disguise
to implant again
male-domination
communal disharmony
supression and sufferings

a man howls
with haunted passion
to climb the peak....!

Pranab K. Chakraborty

MY QUEST MY LIFE

Long night... long...
I ride on dark
To find
From where to where
Life flows
Blooming bleeding banishing
Breathing to meet its oath

All I keep behind
Peaks Oceans deserts
Thousand of thousands stars
Galaxies androids planets
Blue black green
Keep colors behind
Fly I smooth
In quest
In Quest

Found no end
No origin
From back to front
Everywhere exists
Silence

No chaos
No race
In solitude a wave
White
White
White

All shapes are bubbles
Floating flipping flickering
As white touches the frame
Bubbles are gone
Become the part
Only of white wave

Yet me not gone
And life alone
Move fast and fast
Waving back to front
View
Viewer
Viewing

Nowhere the finishing flag
Beginning everywhere
Every point as far
Conscious screening

White

White
White
Waving its cool and caring lap...

Pranab k c
18/06/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Mystic Marathon

Never followed the star
to show me the dark too bright
yet
it lamped silently
as mother gave her breast
to grow up
as a man

when this dialogue I uttered lonely
you kept yourself silent
no more your choice
except silence
to refuse longing

I could cry to show you the beauty
my heart knitted with no thread
of known paraphrase
but simply the charm ever makes me
bewildered to talk in solitude
I could cry
but sudden laughed with naughty desire
to make your fibre torn
to uncover the details a human body
specially the dilemma
a girl stands nude

burning the roofs of trecherous memory
under the dream dreamt many night
to screw a bolt
as though an ocean never could get its access
just to wipe out farther longitude

and then the star above
melodious stupidity told me alone
better push your paragon
to conquer the bead
of last cathedra
and typically find no excuse
to clarify words I never heard
but living as you live in the temple....

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Nagging Delusion

stand beside a trance of death faculty
focused transition creeps through a hymn
the blue, endless blue the horizon blurb
turned by naughty tavern elapsed by trapeze

stand beside the trance cool and dry
captures high the sovereign sanity
glaciers gold the rays never fleet
white amazing whether death or it is love

stand beside the trance of love faculty
transformed insanity defined by my undear flirt
if love capture the death by its adament grip
grievances perforate puritans clarity

stand beside the warm ocean
long it runs while longing expands
explicit satiation pervades expelled affiance
while confused whether death or it is love!

Pranab k c
02/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Nature made technology

thrashing pattern
differs man to man
object to object
machine to machine

but a nice technology
implemented by the nature herself
to dig out pleasure and
to produce motion
for the stagnants

thrashing hard
sometimes
brings
water of pain
or
fire of resistance
from
the darkest whole
of the finite
fabulous digged objects

yet the hardness
desired by the fractured
yet it opens the
surface
to be tormented
nature inspires the
technologists
to unfold
beauty
by thrashing brutally
by bond
not ever banned
by any moderate authority
of the surface or of the space

simply it differs
animals to animal
objects to object

Pranab k c
o6/11/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

NEVER...NEVER BEFORE....

the shore never called me so near so close
never its wide range of varying hollowness
blinds my eager waiting to dive
the deserted dreams
side by the sea of airy fathoms
flows its instinct eros
transferring noisy anguish to detect the surface
pebbles never to adore an endearing tavern
the hell to hungry transit
low scale aroma lies behind its fiery apron
dusk to dawn

thousand seagulls can't feel the mast
a ship sails where unknown
thousand stringers never to peep
the propelling fits where water flows
shack to shack importunate capillary
told the sphere to grow more images
yet the shore
called so close to gulf the glittering
never done before

a life may not live to spell death so absorbed
where necessity the vain tryings
to make the vessel over and overbeared
with havings which never
I had before

my shore my sea my solitude
never lie so deep to strangle
life and death so clear
never happens the balance
to hold the head high to sun
never never never...

Pranab k c
11/06/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

NOSTALGIA

standing afar the night
to cook my bone and flesh
as you
standing alone
to suck my depth
of poetic impulses

Pranab k c
03/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

OFFERING AS AN IGNORANT

The tune
You tuned
At the time
Of my birth

Cryingly I find
To harmonize
My living
My love
My journey
To make its end

The tune
You tuned
I listen in the wind
The dream sends the signal
Yet the life the present the past
The seeker I ever unrest
Unsettled to synchronize
Me with the chariot
The rein you hold
Yourself yet to path unending

After death
After...after....
The song I have to sung
For the final return!

Pranab k c
21/06/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Pagan's Co-Existence

galaxy is quiet away from me
away the frozen horse of extinguished civilization
but a needle is near too near to horrify
the destiny of uncertain avalanche
the existence I bear from beginning

beginning of what cried the dumbled lady
five times cleaned herself from early night
before six her legs are longing swift escape
as a comet could clear the journey behind
its scattered remnants once tormented to flap
with firy jerking

the grand stinct of instictual shivalry
she hold with nice petals to cool the night
asked cruelly the dropless falling of creepling passion
rides the morbid but structured chariots
high tomb of no-green tannery
with nail with teeth to script the indefinite hiarchy

away the all from a sky of dark staggering
obituary can never confine the predifined certain
which I you she they carry the monitor and maniac
but proposition of pagans tragedy deliberate stabs
our mission to achieve cool and coolest time to stop
the divine from divinity the dumbled lady at last
flat on gramaphone pin executed her bed-keeper
to strangle pain and dream asked very fine tune

show me the end of ending begin or beginners end
and you rough child the heartless brain runs so fast
to tell us again the life means that which you feel fit
to you and specially for you the domestic ditch
where hopes are lost but loosing not the priority
get we all to fly the tall the peak where meet
to greet the life the plants the beasts and bitterly alive
as I live galaxy galloping steps the life never breeds.

Pranab K. Chakraborty

PALMKIN LADY (Worst Rhyme)

palmkin lady
palmkin lady
tough her skinny boon
lick her chick her
chit her crazy
cheesy pass fullmoon

palmkin lady
palmkin lady
busty booby trap
sprank her plank her
pluck her cuty
cubby bowy back

browny creamy
crab her shiny
yellow gowny crack
strip off loudy
bumping beddy
triggering heatty track

palmkin lady
palmkin lady
screaming steaming vow
wow-a-uh-ah
crunchy fuckky
stuttering tribade trab

hullah-hu-lahllah
palmkin bursting
showering thirsty tongue
slicky lickky
slithering firy
flattering flowy her gush

palmkin buttering
palmkin fluttering
palmkin lady love

Pranab k c
11/05/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Pandemonium

if no tale tells you my story
that's not my point to breed
strictly and strictly it's you
bears misfortune to hold the
sanctity at its highest orbit

I an empty glass
seeking fathoms
to be filled with

I the observant
declining from debris to destiny
abstaining from laconic fallacy

if no tale tells the glass not eternal
the depth of different vibration and frequency
always almost all the time
brings the beggar to rampart
and encrowning the majestic farce
makes devil the divine
and divine to dull

it's you misfortune never disappears
to rest to grip to grab the reality
means the glass ever empty
seeking to be filled with....

Pranab k c
03/12/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Paradox of Practicality

practicality ignites futile dodges
impracticality arbitrates soul to high
wide emancipation pledges the life
to feel to fly where none gone before

here you hang on clear impurity
mutiny begins when practical lost charms
again effect kills cause when causes are planned
every pure is pulp of uncertain vibrant

know not how to follow
the heart with the dream
where dream means the unreal
shows the real from forbidden!

Pranab k c
30/01/11

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Past and a poet

a dark avenue bordered by trees
a man walking on the asphalt alone
nearing an art village ancient
only a horse somewhere
breaking the silence
a horse unseen
keeping
its wild
and undissolved resolution
to cross the time
rhyming with
warm and
speed

foggy stars somewhere above
trees talking perhaps each other
leaves are still but wind brings
its touch of no fear rather fire
illumines with an essence of past
stones caves sculptures a far near
and sudden crashed with uncertain
all the dark vanished a white apron
flying madly to cover to touch the walker
man stands free as if thousand years he passed
his feet stands above the wave of time
and the nymph from inside the apron
came close to tell the beauty of ignition
to show the truth behind chiseled sculpt
and past meet the present and present
prophesying the future to keep its spark
where dark is no more dark to breed
the lamp to lit in solitude to shelter
the certain leaps through beauty of lust

Pranab k c
09/12/2001

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Perplexion To Perplexity

Perplexion many times
just drag the ghost from within
crying witness later
the man was not me
who killed the errors
were not to be killed

and if you diagnosis
perplexion as perplexity
you yourself will be
a personified shame
in the field of poetry

just words make us ghost
sometimes allow not
to tell the tellings
man cultivate not
at a daily basis

Pranab k c
28/02/2014

Pranab K. Chakraborty

PH: The pioneer thinks always different

Now I am engaged with playing
a game never I dreamt of

readers will get dollars
for reading poems

unique idea by the authority
to promote poetry on the surface

Poets are busy with bagging
the numbers of reading poems

I am now playing the same game
with ecstasy and blowing gratitude
to PoemHunter
to show us the thankless job
Poets have been doing for long
by creating their poems.....

Pranab k c
16/04/2014

Pranab K. Chakraborty

PLEASE SMILE ONCE

if I die today
nothing will be shivered
any where on the surface
none will be shocked
any where on the planet

simply a number would be transferred
for other one
and ultimately the truth
will flap again with the lesson

no where to reach
the ultimate is journey....

Pranab k c
15.05.2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Pleasure haunting

Suggestion depends on
acceptance and refusal
you can't expect
except your own dog
would carry your naps
though
suggestion was to obey
the permitted slot
sanctioned for the
torch-bearers

mefisto sometimes
likes to play caricature
with any domain feels the
right place to dance
as if
windy storm
doesn't decide anything
when it whirling to destruct

suggestion such a nice game
to play with the cool wind
soft sunlight and a tune
never expected to be tuned
as soon as it becomes delivered!

Pranab k c
17/09/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

PoemHunter and Profanity

Profanity
means
Vulgar or irreverent speech or action

Vulgar
means
associated with ordinary, common people

the brilliants
of the poetry-world
much more enlightened
than the ordinary and common peoples

so they
brilliantly avoid the common things

ha-ha-ha-ha-ha....

Pranab k c
04/09/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

PoemHunter Authority: The Boss To Dictate Poetry

if the authority be a clown
the concern becomes the dustbin

but we are proud of PH authority
they are not the same

very much conscious about PROFANITY
they will not allow any FUCKING word

it they find anywhere the very word
they will deactivate the poem
they have the right as a corporate boss
and they have done the same to me

'bloody swines need to be kicked back'...

if any one write this line
authority should have the right to deactivate
because

PH authority is not at all THE CLOWN

Pranab k c
04/10/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Poet Speaks

I'm not committed
to please you by my rounded
lullabic words
rather
I'm committed
to erect you by my
thoughts

otherwise
poetry industry
such a flop project
people invest their
unnecessary time and intelligence

better you produce
smooth condom
to supply much pleasure
to seduce time long

I'm committed
to erect you
placing a mirror in front
you can experience
your animality and divinity
your useless unnecessary existence
and your inevitable pre-designed importance
to expand yourself as infinite oneness

Pranab k c
05/09/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Poets

we always busy
to weave another sky
you can fly freely

we never expect
your garland
the dollars heavy
on your gravity

your clumsy thoughts
burdened with rat-race
senseless fight
to exhibit you great

we always busy
to spread your lampshade
into infinity

never we die
with any failure
or live we to die
with every success
our words put every brush
to ornament that sky
where you can fly
freely

Pranab k c
15/08/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

PUMPING PROTOCOL

Pranab k c
13/09/2011

Lines are lost from the morning page
as soon I composed in computy craze
current betrayed with sudden breakage
out it goes from memory garrage

Idea snatched my floating footing
captured being with word pumping
how does it contact beauty bumming
know not mystery of staying starving

pumping dictates a process filling
away the men from depot proceeding
who never thinks what lies within
beauty from past to present prevailing

lines when lost opens passage obscene
me and you took Ceaser to Catherine
alluring the abbey of bloody shattering
darkest feeling of pumping pumping

air blows to blow up curtain
water flows to fill the flagon
removes nasty from hectic dragon
throws the fire to burn the bloom

pumping high gets ocean womb
pumping low gets water dry
oven craving the hungry flicks
flames get angry with pumping tricks

heart got spasm by pumping breath
embrio forms by sucking sperm
whole the universe ever expands
pumping spelt the filling passion.

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Puzzling Alley

I touched her
she shivered

I kissed her
she blushed and warmed

I penetrated
she screamed

Her painful screaming
made me rapist

I raped her
she cummed

I ejaculated within
she calmed as tranquil ocean
she hold me as steerless boat
nowhere to reach

Is it love
Is it death

Pranab K. Chakraborty

RAIN! It's Reining

drops dazzling my drapery
whole sky orchestring your chariot
riverside sand perfumes longnecked furrows
no mountain my surroundings as far gaze grazing
feeding up quiet the chaos of dropping ceaseless fathoms
thwarting our profound monestry, massacars and masons
flagging marvelous lucracy the human beheaded with its heart-throb

drops swap all high-level diplomacy to vindict vagary
nails from the coffins decoffined its tenure to keep its oath
strangling stagnation of deads the soul sermons fly to flow
decomposed emancipitation pugnating the surface of liquid soil
everywhere the song of no charm, sound of no ambiguity
processing the procession of saturation...rain..rain...
dropping from divine to devastation flooding and thundering
sliding with reciprocate rejuvenation

sky orchestring the gravitas chariot
spectacled eyes dancing with embedded fashion
the burdens of images as far it could bear
nowhere the parapet
nowhere to descend the flowering divan
only the lonely fire aflamed ever within
within whom you never find by glittering sleeve slitting!

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Rain-Stuck

rain within
takes me away from me
from the rain outside

throughout the day night
its falling hard
no trace of any map anywhere
no boundary line
no other objects
as far my eyes run

rain rain and falling water
with a ceaseless passion
can't close the eyes
can't sleep
can't think to write
a successful rain-poem

alone moving on the surface
as a rain-legend myself
no where dry anymore
nothing wants to be dried
but alone
and rain within

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Raped and Burned As A Party Man (Hypothetical Extension))

To please my boss-leaders
I have murdered numbers of opposition men
burned many houses by fire
raped many times to teach them lessons
my party always gave me protection
from law and administration

Once my party ordered me to snatch
1000 acres of fertile land from the unwilling farmers
we then played the real devil
thousands of cop deployed there from administrative level
to build and protect the boundary wall
to establish a safe industrial and economic zone
beside this we the best gangsters from different region
gathered together contract basis
to make the land free from real owners of it

our strategy was to create panic by threatening
nearby villagers who were the owner-farmers
live there by generations...
panic by any means just to distort their unity

nights were much important to play our real game
boots and batons of cops to keep intruder away
and from our side whispering behind windows
with various fearing dialogues
regarding breaking doors, murdering, snatching women, etc.,
sometimes kept ourselves engaged in looting
food and animal-stalks
even the alone villager at night was our target
to hurt by fierce beating

usual this way one end of night
our attention took a village girl of 14
with a bowl of water in one hand
she was proceeding towards the bush
as the countryside of our country
large number of people use the open field as latrine
the girl was in hurry for same purpose
she could not know we followed her four of us
just when she was busy to discharge her dirt
we caught her hold and pulled her inside the bush
then we four raped her violently just to rape her head

she got faint about to be died
we decided to burn her alive
binding her hands and feet
binding her mouth with cloth
again pulled her by legs to the field
nearing to the village side
digging a ditch of girls length, lied her there
one of us brought diesel from our campus

poured the drum to the ditch and fired the match stick

nice pleasure we got when we see the girl
tried much to make her free getting her sense again
tried to shout but silence with tongue
burning her skin flesh face and resistance
forgot to tell that girl was in the leading part with her father
at the side of unwilling farmers...

we got much excited and emptied again cheap country liquor
black smoke of swallowing that blackened village girl
made a thin dark layer surrounding sky above
day broke very slowly with cool air
we left the place as the snake take safe shelter in dark
awakened villagers one or two came to inquire smoke
discovered the body dark as coal with blazing flick
spread the news as wind
villagers came rushing to save someone
even they didn't know who it was
at last her family screamed loud
when they identified their daughter

the villages... all the villagers
howled with revenge
their daughter of the soil they lost
the challenge blew with wind
thousand thousands people
took oath to fight long to death
the land their own
the daughter their own
the fight they have to fight
with their last breath

we escaped by the boss-leaders order
another assignment for another operation
but now I feel I am alone
I identify myself as a common man
whom the regimented party
used to make their chair fixed to the lawn
I one of those whom you will find
everywhere in our country
by the name of democracy
where despotism flagging high
with money and muscle power!

Pranab k c
21/07/2012

P.S.[Element used from recent history of SINGUR, in West Bengal, India. During the fight against State-Government requisition programme of highly fertile land by the plea of industrial development while unploughed barren lands of wide range and variety in

various districts of the state were awaiting to be utilised to develop socio-economic status of the people of those locality, a 14 years old girl named TAPASI MALIK who was involved in the peaceful resistance movement organised by the unwilling peasants of the local area, had been raped and burned by the civilian guards appointed by the authority....The result of which and for many other such reasons, in next election that Governmental party has been swiped out by loosing support of majority people of the state and the project of low-cost vehicle production by the particular corporate house has been withdrawn by the excuse of insecurity.]

Pranab K. Chakraborty

REAL GENIUS

Fanatics are genius
they think themselves
only the wise
on the surface

Lunatics are not away
their strong esteem
thinking their birth right
others can't in the whole planet

Whom do you prefer then
Fanatic OR Lunatic

My choice truly tell you....

The planet becomes overburdened
to keep all such genius
in a single bucket, so...
just hurry

Pranab k c
Edited on 15/09/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Ridiculous War Strategy

the heron never hacks
the beauty of buffering
when rain sheds
a gloomy background
the womby world
clustering the broken fortes
the shrine tracks
the stracko parameter
to profilate its oozy ambering

out out this brief candle....

echoes the eternity
but celebrity
never stops its suffered wheel
to crack, to crash the immediate
outcast which calibrating
with a high snatching syndrome

nothing could be more powerful
than death it calls everytime
the earth and its abnormal normalites!

Pranab k c
01/10/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

She An Object

Cloudy that face
Knocked me down
To hold the trashy objects

Just the bitter puff
With no-air zone my heart
Simply bleed pain of humiliation

Next time I tracked
A beauty of rain-sucker
Pleasing the suffocation
Made my articulation
Quiet gentle as a love-bird
Noise to create silence

That time
And only that time
Sky smiled to the failured
Who never knew
How to satisfy the life
Beyond death

Cloudy that face
Was the origin
All these hazards
Got its poetic affiliation!

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Shut My Window

windows keep shut
lest sky enters the room
if sky enters wind sunbeam rain sea-roar
the green of tall trees, the distance far away the horizon
will meet my individual world
will quake my tranquility in confinement

the disorder begins
when small wants to meet big wide
expanded nature never knows its limit
my individual world just small
four walls its limit
roof overhead and a man sleeps quiet
to slip from the enlarged
not to loose its enchained passion
not to live spreading wings

windows keep shut to show
no world behind it could exist..
thoughts are dark to dark the expansion
thoughts are dark to condemn nature
if sky enters
if light
if wind
if rain
if sea-roar
if horizon glitters away
with distant distance
individual nowhere
everywhere the wave of life
sometimes burn, sometimes snowy
and sometimes makes me burst to meet the end
from where beginning begins again...

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Simply Travelogue

alumni sparks through the delighted avenue
the dazzlers captivating genius smell of the drummers
lines of green lost its horizon to build mystery
standing alone like the guests simply to display distance

a chariot nameless princes gone with gravity
leeches her swaying schedule spanking with dance
strawberry gel drop after drop dreaming the beats
and a Capricorn night-screen jangles with jammer

- divinity is fools paradise
- hell is the pure beauty to breed and brood
- and dog is the real blunt to look at the dawn
- man can purchase beauty from mid of night

dialogues are of those speedy patrons
who unzipped their unreal embankment to share civil code
an insane near the avenue, the silent hooker with blank stare
from morning to morning tries to define the light azure

aglowing the barrels to butch sharpen heads
limbs of lethargic avengers dreaming the time
reins are loose but the stigma of strategic streaming
simply cut a line
from life to no-life
from light to no-light
and uttering lies loudly
sounding truths its highest simile

Pranab k c
22/01/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

So Hard The Utterance

Telling you alive
not much hard
but
telling you
want to live
as tremendous as thunder
as horrible as drowning canoe

if you admit
better tell you now
want to live
not much hard at all
as
when time appears
we tell
want to die together

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Song Of Passing

transitional trespass required no solitude
but in the question of love
highly required the oblivious preoccupation
of transition and trespass.

never heard a man crying to love
heard many times crying
assuming defeat of disposal
solitude no transition
but intruding fire of revenge
through hypothetic placidity
occasionism factors
when facts are disguised

morbid immunisation of soul
sometimes demand the gulf of refusal
hankering for irrelevant serenity
refreshes the soul to its hyperbolic havingness
needs no trespasser
but the transition to herculic credibility
engulfed many times the life to live
to lead again towards achieving chaos

never heard again I tell
any stout rejection who rejects ownself
to love, not to be loved

Pranab k c
03/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Song Of Heat: A Tribute

no cloud to dark
your hottie lagoon

wind sometimes travel
in the garden
rest the day
draught cracks the surface
water lost its layer
to feed the thirsty crown

....once long dawn
of rising amber
touched the wake
never to die the hallucination
of a monarch to play.....
riding rough
stone alley through the greens
of morbid

Draculic door of lying agony
generous to be haunted
to hunt the feverish apocalyptic pale
and forbidden feature
cloud alone covered
the drowsy dipper
who smelled blood
from scattered flesh
who tasted breath
from boneless cheeks

today
the thousand ponds and ditches,
river and sandy beds
raising hands above
crying shelter to suck
drops of wetly build

shouting burns to burn
your creepy scarlet
dozens of bead
made of dust

yet thirst screaming
the night in dense
of wild
and wordly dots and dashes

yet your hottie lagoon
crawls to blend
the barrels of soup to sip

if the dry goes round

the clocks of easy rounding
moments to hour
none could turn
the leaves and roots,
none could breed
the sin bypassing love...

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Sparrow And The Earth-Day

flash back belongs to childhood days
sparrows the nearest neighbor
dawn to down the vermilion sun
busy we kept those abrupt flying motion
room, roof flexible floor to ocean

sometimes one but many times together many
took bath in dust now is myth
sparrow our first target to hunt
with gun never breeds bullet
sound simply as toys could make
but we would get proud to shoot at sight
since the naughty wings never gave them chance
to sit silently at a place more than moment

little sparrow the soft heart chirped random
silent noon of schoolclosed days
never got silence any noon whether sleep or not
sparrows followed us just did Sharlock Holmes
little their heart full of life, vigor kept them rest
at night the different no sparrow no other fly

now no those little wings here more
now no place surrounds here hoovering chirps
everywhere whispering different tone and tune
electro-magnet waving hello hi hankering kidding warm
what the earth did, not my matter concern
those of little wings, strongest accompanies
those of restless thousands flying saucers
nowhere...nowhere...just as we the time-eaters
processing path of extinction self we self hunter...

Pranab k c
24/04/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Standing On The Ashes

Night long
night dark
night dense
standing on the ashes of dying values

see my land camouflaging with forgotten ancestors
globalisation sounds high to uproot us from our origin
values takes another shape to combat time well
confronting old with new
but reality dictates mother is yet mother

...after finishing such profound speech
drank mouthful of water from costly bottle
the speaker unlocking his laptop
tried to demonstrate some docus
in favour of uttered truth

at the same time same premises
the peasants behind the fence
shouting with rage
'we would not seed
the bio-tech seeds,
change the plan
change the scheme of loaning'

Speaker took high hand to disperse the gathering
first with stick then with bullet...
scenario changes and speech gets another shape
hi-breed mother took seed from test tube
hi-breed mother gives birth of hi-breed child...

bone ash of our togetherness
flying with desperate dark anger
everywhere the death likes the death of destiny
everywhere the soil getting cracks
crack crackles the gulf within ourselves
root gets lost its origin
origin finds its original destination
self-destruction becomes the choice to begin again

Night long...
night dark...
night dense...
standing on the ashes of old values
yet cry can't stop its crying
since we all are tired to be a being....

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Stigma

Just imagine
a train
nearing a station
and you
running hurriedly
to
catch the train

just imagine
as soon as
you
touched
the platform

the train
whistled loud
and left
with high speed

you just followed
it's tail
from
long far

Pranab k c
14/09/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

STIGMA [Edited & Repost]

just imagine
a train
nearing a station
and you
running hurriedly
to
catch the journey

just imagine
as soon as
you
touched
the platform

the train
whistled loud
and left
with high speed

you just followed
it's tail
from
long far

shouted loud
listened many
helped none
simply dash
made your distance dark.....

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Stormy Tremor

Battering storm when batters
to ratify resources from human plaza
placid pancreas flickering fabulous praxis
to perpetrate ambition of approving lasso

never it blow out the permanent abrogate
apparent fluid discharging from triggering desires
painful pressure casually hold the oppressing aviator

amounting high the huge remittance
suffered screaming abundance true suffering
just to be pinned with ecstatic extremity
no bumming, no blaming, no dislike for next shattering

battering storm outside brings hell to heaven
battering plumbing inside brings heaven to hell
the calamity collides tough tangent yet those
history blurbs, high-tech ballistic catches those hands

but see magically the quilt transforms into torture
and the prick-stuck strawberry anguish
stretching to be jammed to conceive jelly
stretching to be whipped to get kick-back willingly!

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Straight observation

Sometimes life tastes
much bitter than death
sometimes death glitters
much bright than life

sometimes love poses as hate
sometimes hate emerges
much soothing than love
unbelievable but true

love when build up
with obsessions
it fires the objects
unless could achieve it
hate when hates cruelty
it plays different game
of judgement
nourishes love
silently.....

Pranab k c
06/10/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Strangled humanity

I'm not committed
to offer you a trip
through the hell
yet you insisted

I'm not committed
to tell you the lie
to exhibit hell as heaven
yet your deliberate hanging
took you to witness the dirt

the place you visited last
was never a place of interest
but happening gave it an importance
a girl recently been raped
and they killed her butcherly
and threw him down to the ditch
I showed you all

lastly when you got upset
told you repeatedly
rape means
strangling the sense of security
strangling the belief on human race
strangling the fear as exists in wild darkness

hell is nothing more than this
and heaven stands
where love dominates the whole!

Pranab k c
07/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Street Peoples Journal

equational imbalance sometimes misguides the wheel
to its destination
many orchestric thought you got from your predecessors
to reap, to harvest and to be betrothed by dignity
go went gone to the hole black

imbalance is the mentor of every process
which demands the diactomy of synthesis
imbalance many times defuse the current flow
not to waste but to keep the flow in right turn

when movement is relevant you can't adore the negation
of leisure with dying leaves
move fast to postulate the procedure a far reach still unachieved
by singular sovereignty

alone not enough more alone makes the unit
one day all the equations will illumine the herd
of sheep only shepherd yet in charge to dictate
the ups and downs and to go hell or heaven

Flute chanter asking loud to suck
equality, liberty and humanity.....

Pranab K. Chakraborty

STUPIDITY

Take a knife long and sharp
hold it just below your chin
and...

Do it yourself
that will be better
than waiting callously

Pranab k c
11/09/2011

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Sucking Mannual

sucking gets top priority
comparison with any other
annihilation
just give flesh-bomb to suck
pilots would obviously miss
the atom to drop

sucker's lip get expertise by birth
in anticipation with any other
anticipatory capitulation
mom's baby is the first to frame
as micro-observatory species

sucking everywhere keeps
its thumb as protagonist
leaders suck the people
with hot and sympathetic words
marketeers suck the customers
and money sucks multi-power
to flag hegemony with high boots

sucking never gets bore
only objects demand variety
Peacocks know many details
the secret of sucking, so honey
don't get lost to live warm the rest
simply take care
when cigar burning if you suck
it will suck your breath last at its cost

Pranab k c
10/09/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Sunil Ganguly Is Dead

death is an end
end of a global journey
an end of an unfinished book...

Pranab k c
23/10/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Swines and the Rain

Rain sweeps dirt from the swines
No place they find to hide
In open field aimlessly they run a little
and back again

mother hog perhaps waits somewhere
swines are in rain now
rain has got new game to play today
rain and swine and an open field

Dancing air with furious velocity
And the horizon systematically
swelling light from surroundings
swines are now with fear
getting close together
no dirt with them
bloody faces become pale

but rain stops at a phase
scenario changes
in darkness
a mother hog
searching her littles
her footsteps they know very well
a sudden dart of returning home
the swines
chasing the darkness fiercely

(15/07/2011)

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Swinging Paradox

such nice lump of flesh
violent statistics
brilliant perfection
swings with rhythm

me as a back mover
eyes are not yet paralysed
follow the rhythmic diction
contaminates hot and mesmerises

just crossing the broad way
lane begins to meet another
swings the earth the lane
the walled surroundings

yet eyes are not paralysed
just ask beside: where is 3/11
a look very dear to make one naked
'know not, my is 4/d, if you like could come'

liking is the paradox knew when baby was age
liking means farce when man falls in ditch
liking is the metaphorical absurd matter
theory-breeder philosopher of aesthetic
deals with that

opportunity is the name of captivation
credibility is the name of possession
just a pause measure my purse silently
a meal sufficient exchange of that, not much enough

'like to go but...'
'no but my guest you are'
'why so...'
'since you swing with my swings'
'yes...'

entered a flat by lift
coffee and sofa
next she changed her outer cover
and shit
two pads are flying in hand
'please touch my beloved
its those synthetic made you loved
but me much precious'.

Pranab k c
22/01/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

The Absolute

Repeatedly refused her
illumination
repeatedly turning my face back

as an insane
searched a place to hide
but the burning everywhere

mountains the bubbling zone
forests
ocean
sky-touched monuments
even the flesh
of my enslaved lady
my beloved hole

her presence makes me arrogant
arrogance melts into submission
and ultimately
I find me nowhere

was I anywhere
past present future...

Pranab K. Chakraborty

THE THOUGHT THERAPY

biting cold on the hilltop
but warm within us
when we embraced
tight, too tight
and too

X told reaction of organic acids
Y told soul produces warm in union
Z told fire of passion between two sex organs

wind carried snow
snow covered our outer garments
we felt our kissing burns
top to nail
two body but
thought became one

X told love makes us senseless
Y told energy wastes huge than usual
Z told passion leads us even to self-elimination

but we on the hilltop
embraced tight
kissed aloud
kept ourselves
warm

Pranab k c
12/03/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

THE BOSS

spectacular love
grammatically sucks
blood and flesh
from grassroot

disfavor carpetting
ocean of uncertainty
below the feet

as if pet in domestic
unseen chain
fascinates life span
much economic
not like man

Pranab k c
10/05/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

The Doctrine

Future will fill all the ditches
of today
more quicker than
after effect
of atomic explosion

no problem dear
just stand rough
into the pit
to embark
your charisma

to blow out
all embankment
accelerated bidding
if can't bear its
grinding effort

no problem dear
think of tomorrow
all ditches
would be dried
with the blossoms
of newly buds

so petals with teeth
insects bite with acidic
just future will soon
fill the cry and cracidae
cradle and cockpit
more quicker
than explosion

never and none
slept before as we
my dear come we sleep
today and today.....

Pranab K. Chakraborty

The Duel

100 times he smashed her flesh
100 times she screamed
like a baby in hunger
100 times she tried
to hold the sky
like a falling feather

100 times he fought
to penetrate
her heart

never
never
never
got access

100 times
she hid a number
just to open her dream
just to share her cry
just to sleep without any etching

100 times
it was not He
it was
another
another
another.....

Pranab K. Chakraborty

The Great I Greet You

a new dawn appeared again
to dream you the new dreams
to renew the passion
bleed you much the last long

a new dawn brings a chain of seconds
365 x 24 x 60 x 60 =
to greet you again
to illuminate surroundings
to ignite pains
to embark agony
to acquire ecstasy

be grateful for those days you have passed
be grateful for stepping a new turn
be grateful for you the green sphere arranges
every moment the air the light the water the soil
catches you hold to stand straight to walk on foot
pulls you near to the surface
not to blow you away in the dark space

be grateful to our Green Globe
to our mother nature tolerates you yet
tolerates me yet
tolerates us yet and yet and yet

a new year means the dream you want to plant
the fruits would make our generation enlightened
caring and peaceful soldiers who will save the mother again

Pranab k c
11/01/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

The Nymph quiet not known

such a stroke
you played
in the mandatory over

shit
a cold
I dodged cruelly
to imprint
my footprint
on the board

quiet sure
unnecessary clipping
of such ignited
paraphrase
basically
carries no meaning

not in life
and no actual winning
till today
recorded on the scoreboard
of infinite time-stand

yet I appreciate
your tactical stroke
which made you
much meaningless
to exist...

Pranab k c
02/11/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

The Shrine Replicates You

quaking beauty of terrified gesture
lastly uttered the depth of dying sintex
perfumed favor of that fascinating glimpse
quaked me my drought of endless waiting
when nights mean stemming the steam behind
a birth of its fabulous vindictive apathy
guttering touch the strawberry my finger tips
cool but gramophone once pinned the voice
loud to cheek the chin chained the lagoon landing

nuts the shell as beads the buffer O' my cheer
stalon topping such stoney tavern a dim light
not light equipped with so-dark dubbing sensations
snatch the way from browsing error rather vanquished
voluptuous brings to shoot the real ditch of dribbling fathom
echoes the bip through nail to nerve
streaming the tug through jammer to gripper
the hymn hangovers crystaline crudity yet crabs
thousand fire to burn all buried bristoles
remnants od vanished debris exquisite the aroma
never I haunted from saffron satiety of dipping the death

quaking pastors of fatal erosion exalted
pitch black antiques of hide and seek the exist
so long bend the garden of quilted profile
show you the horizon wintering the prix of picking panther
scrolling and scorching own destiny by legendary shrine

Pranab K. Chakraborty

The Stance

azure sky never ultimates the passion
blooming beauty of tenacity magnitudes lie
to horrify casual napkins

azure sky your flamingo mission
without wings the icy fathom of deep darkness
sunshine sleeps a longer breathings O' my vibrant
high the hipswings drib the plates
a flamingo wish ever fly morbid to matching the fluids

fiesta fabricates our soaking thatches
trip to tripling vacillating snobbery
sudden the stop to unify unbanished disparity
Iblish heels to punch the grievance you and me
legend of bogus monotony never ultimates
orgasmic intensity of tenacious edipus

azure sky you sucks and saddles to climb deformity
kneel the moon when sun roars rowdy
snatch to stag all erecting heads only sheer the shift
blushed all gravious galaxy kiss low never clangs
the crank of charity begins where symphony shouts the sink

O' my vibrant loud loud your poaching sleek licking drops
the days and degrees hovering away the dignity desert
a roofless rampart catwalks hells to elvish
shadow to saffron
legend to rumor
strap to treasure
deep below all Celsius out
magnitude interpolates errors of mystic truth
never ultimates passion of passionate grooving
dealing the dirt of dartless casino blending life or no-life
flamingo wings sky to skyless coffins-barrack
azure blooming the blues to beauty always sticks high
warm to hot and hot to heat the metaphysic surroundings!

Pranab k c
23/04/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

The Star Looks

feel very close
its cosmic look
to me
as I try to penetrate
its depth

feel its coolest look
touches my eyebrows
forehead
chest
and the
spine
always
feel bent

the star
and me
relates each other
in cosmic expansion
but sorry to say
its not dream
the reality
as I kiss
the burning passion

Pranab k c
18/10/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

The Trance Yet Unveiled

A blue transparent hangs on decathlon back
It swings
It needs someone to throw apart

The linen also covers the amazon in front base
A forest of very deep density
Shouting catch of some nails

Though it was the daytime hall-room
Sipping zones are allowed for the visitors
First-look I caught the glance of such high profile
And next was called to the inner chamber
Under the linen to hide my swimming experiences

It was a fantastic journey never I forget
How the lioness howled from her softy submissions
And chopped me pieces
In a single combustion

After such hustling para-jump, returned home
With a shadow of twilight yet grooving in my nerves
Blue howling yet over my birth

Pranab K. Chakraborty

The War Never Ends

astounding proposition of grazing to gazing
the fascinating aroma of feather to fetcher
never sands your land
to fleet its velocity for proportionate standing

no high articulation to define
botherance as a bliss
no high tolerance to define
fraction as a whole

better banquet when ready
to greet the garbage
just alone your trip
Capricorn or asteroid
Venus to Jesus
the track you choose at your liberty
misguides not to attain
the fathoms of loosing conscious

the bold genius yet try to translate
non-satiation as a mark of brilliant emptiness
incapable of attending the whole.....

once one master advised with submission
we are only the son
father hides somewhere not known!

Pranab k c
02/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

TO ALL MY POET FRIENDS AND READERS

THE SUN AGAIN WIPES OUT THE DARK
THE SUN AGAIN FILLS THE FILTERS OF HEART....

ALL THESE HAPPENINGS FOR YOU WHO IS ALIVE YET...

HAPPY NEW YEAR MY POET FRIENDS
WHO ARE UNDER ONE SUN
WHO FIGHTS TO EXIST YET AS A MAN

HAPPY NEW YEAR 2013
WISH YOU ALL BE A LIGHT TO GUIDE THROUGH DARK

Pranab k c
01/01/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

To extract beauty

Penetration should be pained
by the penned thrust
to paint a galaxy
inside black hole

no compromise with
suffering
as unbearable
as it could be

but the mission
must be pinned
by endless swim
to hit the crown
hanged to be cracked

otherwise
leave the passage
to sleep
silently on the sand
as sand
sleeps ever to be kicked
by feet, waves and wind!

Pranab k c
19/09/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

To Nimal Dunuhinga: A Poet

Nice moon hangs from the top
to flood the whole earth
nice moon hangs

as soon as I utter this
a 'me' within myself
sounds much silently
with an asking

are you sure
moon hangs
and you are planked

I review within a moment
the cosmic relation
coolly I see
I am on the outer surface of the globe
the globe hangs in the hollowness
and my legs are tied
by gravitational force
actually
I also the hanging object
tied by the legs

heads are free in air
looking moon to ejaculate my
hanging helplessness
just me then utter silently
Hi, moon
I am also on your way
to be ignited
if the constant plans to ignite me....

Pranab k c
11.2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Tonight's trimmering

time to sleep
comes after
time to awake

again you tell
the truth
after
telling the lie
never you desired
to tell

when the question
of desire arises
strictly another probability
emerges from
the unknown time next
desire to be un-desired
as expectation sometimes plays
a role of unexpected beauty

and time is that seminar hall
where meets all our
proportionate hangings

Pranab k c
06/02/2014

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Track Of Loneliness

silence plays no pleasing ride
not chaos
a lonely track of befusing
to its last breath
runs simply to make its ruin

man means money
if society you follow
the charm to chariot
meaningless to put its meaning
beyond these the busy track
locates you with definite arrow

day seeks hide
to nights apron
night flows
as stream follows unknown source
the silent origin

but to me
wind blows high
the depth of departing clock
ticks no talk
since its ultimate lock
deadly exists to stupidity
encircled orbit of life and death

lower much lower the templing shadow
the tomb looks high to touch
that sovereign savor
creates or createless
static tranquil

silence plays no good
no chaos plays the evil
the shadow and snobbery
high the hell dreaming the heavn of beauty
man means money
whether alive or dead
dip or drop
saint or salient
the track of loneliness
follows you
to its extreme....

Pranab k c
28/09/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Track To Reach Origin

A faint light
of memory
sometimes
brings back
a mysterious passage
to childhood days

sometimes feel me not
sometimes feel it another world
another me of another planet
moving fast
to catch a cool sun
most like a white plate
hangs near my reach

faint but not dream
a trance of
keeping track
to our origin...!

Pranab k c
29/09/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Undefined Beauty

amazing brilliance transmitted
through her sprouting tombs
guarded by obedient strict straps

never seen such warm built
between pillar and the plank
she stands her gazing grabs a far

waiting to graft any desert
to ratify with solitude where wind
never feathered its cooling thirst

brilliance to be defined when realised
a palate without any color touch
asked her to sit beside fortune

she looked with a variant look
glittering spelled out with splash
to hold the burden she possessed

silently imagined it was not divine
the holly angel nowhere to bleed
simply sin her rest of springing profile
sparrowing from heaven to hell
from market to palace

lunatic hunger made her primitive resolution
to back to cut the fiber with eternal heat
the marble floor the strong built shade
where she stands began to revolve
soon below her feet

poet the common genre
occupied by magnetic trance
simply jumping from floor to roof
from arrogance to abbreviation
just to illustrate the illusion ever undefined...!

Pranab k c
26/08/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Undefined Elegy

I.
no matching ever been briefed
simply a sky
young with soothing sun
saluted the pain of departing

a straight road-way pitch-black
never meets any border
encouraged the move to motion
long year-close breathless enclosures
masterly entranced the draconic spatula

scattered its every shape and saliva
yet none to arrange the match
unmatched by its acrylic brights
hanging hard from sky O Sky
the indepth blotting
our plinth and plank
just do nothing
simply afloating a boat
the journey undefined...

II.

the wave unheard
unplanked
the wave origin
white but heavy
blotting and blotting
the pain
the departing
never meets any border
invites the move to motion
alone and world
world but alone
alone the world
blinking battering
banishing depth of divining
the maker of matching to unmatched
fathoms to derive the sky never ends

Pranab k c
19/11/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Untold Dark To Conceive Light

very close to death
the man who waits for dawn

ringing the bell midnight burns
who knows how far the daybreak

perplexed the clock
would it run with habit
which deserves to be dictator

death dawn time
three limits unlimited
waiting and beyond

wisdom simply the confusion
someone rules by catching low merit
someone bowing obedience
the circus unlimited

man nearing to death
dawn waiting to touch the feet
and poet observes silently

can't speak
can't communicate
simply writes
some senseless words
wish to feed it up by senses

Pranab k c
Edited on 13/10/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

VENOM

a silent alley
a girl enters at dawn
leaves at midnight

a silent alley
a man sits silently
to swim time endlessly

a silent passion
always seeks a chance

Pranab k c
11/09/2011

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Vision and Variation

Ophthalmic beauty
exposed on the stair
of luminous shrine
with brilliant composition
and compliance

not at all bothered
what Ophthalmology
deals with which corner
of cornea or retina
space or saliva
vagrant or vibrant
muscle or masturbation

but most of the deal
now it feels
looking finest epiphyllum
and beauty engulfs
the epistemology itself
through such
aligning aroma

and her expression arrows
the unknown atrocities!

Pranab K. Chakraborty

VULGAR VIRGINITY

Vulgarity should be
the main cosmetic
for the men of production

whether in field, factory
or any other creative arena
vulgarity should be first need
to combat the camouflaged sanctity
behind which the real blood-sucker
hiding their nails and teeth
to plant their own heels

vulgarity, the genuine force of defying
colourful masks to exhibit artificial reality
to attack the
nakedness in disguise of implemented sanity

civilization marching long to reach a dawn
full of light and fragrance of full-bloomed buds
but sadly nearing the dusk full of greed and garbage
full of bossing and enslaving by two-footed animals
their weapons are hungry to erase the creations

so dear your vulgar insanity become the bold blow
to crack the mirror where your last dropp of life
cultivate the real beauty which lies beneath
the spastic dilemma of cosmetised purity!

Pranab k c
13/10/2011

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Who Dares To Ban Your Voice

habituation the real hostile
against your homosapiens interception
leads you to a ditch where beasts are genuine match
not the human whom you learned from the pages
of substantial seldom peeps from the racks of book-buggers

if such statements prove false to your intellect
simply the paradox here I set to make you perplexed
just follow the knot of binding hangs you from social truth-
corrupted eyes can't believe the human justice
'cause ambiance acts the main factor where habituation
of having injustice stands as the parameter of looking at time
everywhere your eyes finds conspiracy behind the changing scenario

now is the scope you gossip brilliantly to defy the demand
you posses by birth perhaps not the logistic missiles
the liberty of speech any form you like and suit
not to be shot for that guilt

habituation of having the domination
you think your birth-right
if not, breed the rose colored with your blood

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Wonderful and Ardent

exclusively different
the touch of your unscanned finger
you touched my rib
with such sophisticated manner
my hell, I lost all the senses of loving
the objects I interact all the time
to feel life on the earth

loved your exclusively exquisite manner
a lady of no charm yet the fingers are barred
to give the brush my acoustic tremor
so nice you live or not live
the same yet you got your life
at least once to please my acrylic fever
not painted on the screen but
colored the shudder always closed
keep you promised to suck it again
the shadow of dancing destruction
you created by specialised practice
to offer a man the heaven to leave
at least once in living orbit

exclusively different your caravan
the legend you carried whole the night
I promised not to share except you
my prophetic killer who never knew
how to kill a heart
simply the piped body to examine
its potency by thrushing concert

at least my exclusive cute
never will meet your hip again to convey
you were a superlative
to make a serious thirst hungry
for its agonised enmity never blinds
his ultimate search the life
beyond the death by its passion.....

Pranab k c
08/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

WORD MECHANISM BEHIND A POEM

haunted by a word from the very morning
as soon as morning opens its door to give us birth again
a word follows my nail tips, my tongue tips, my minor fracture
in the left leg little finger where a pain of wound
during the last day stretching its passion

everywhere its tail, it means the tail of that very word
crawling silently to grasp my thoughts

daily paper comes with its regular course
wants to be strangled by proper attention at least once
at least a single news-eater who will suck
the last dropp of its imprinted ejaculation
everywhere observes the shadow of that very word 'tyranny'

take a bold sip of hot tea to get a move from it
yet hot too is also haunted by the word perhaps
threat me so loudly with its intense warm
about to be jumped up and throw away abruptly
the content from mouth

tyranny
the old cat perhaps funning with its timid stealthiness

violating violently the family protocol to maintain peace
and shouted fiercely blaming the others
guessing the conspiracy of punishing me, tyranny
and gradually becomes a tyrant to display my superiority

paper shows Goddafi still untouched
Hurricane chasing the whole system to crush
Estel makes us aware about 9/11

Pranab k c
Edited on 09/09/2011

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Write You Open

that's not my fault
when you slept for the rest of night
the field outside
dark and cool
the unknown horizon
nowhere I planked any flag
to remind you
it's the way
an alone gone

now the dawn with blazing heat
stripping you off
all your outer guard
looking through a mirrorless frame
a destiny where could go a life alone
getting laugh as lunatic
getting cry as frustrated suicider
and louding much
to find a track of beginning again
of searching
reaping
and harvesting

now you also the alone
dry your body
dry your sense of bathing
inside you go to snatch the inside
and feel this sky is not only for you
and this sky is the roof for all trees and creepers
all skin and chicks
all built and unbuilt

we the streeters
matching the sound of hope and blast
of digging and dynasty
to meet a beach of sandy thirst
no choice, no clasp
only dive to blunt expansion
of nighty ocean....

Pranab k c
Edited on 29/05/2012

Pranab K. Chakraborty

Yet You Want To Be Pleased

a tragic hero
always thinks of
his disposal!

ironically
he suffers much
to live
more long
than usual

Pranab K. Chakraborty

You First Decide

if you think
've won the battle
you're winner

if think
've defeated
you are....

better decide
before assigning
whether or not
battle destined
to you

if destined
agony or ecstasy
the factors blunt
to dictate
you
to be enchained

fight to last drop
indifferent win or defeat
it's strictly a man-game
otherwise
leave the project

to join the battle
don't fight
as two-footed animal
to satisfy animal instinct

main difference
between man and animal
as Sartre announced:
Man can put an end
to his life
animal can't

but know not
your resolution
facing alone
strictly to you!

Pranab k c
03/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

You are in light, just look..

Another form of light
our soul
conceives and radiates

no blackhole
in the whole universe
could absorb
its cool and intense
frequency
never and never

the light generates
the sense of beauty
the light glorifies
all ugly and thwarted objects
the light infiltrates
uprooting the guard-line of cruelty
the brute
also wants at least once
to love
and to be loved

Universe gets lost sometimes
to keep its balance
but light helps
to minimize the imbalance

always it creates
something from the concept of nothingness
always magnifies Zero
to show
the ocean of undefined objects
yet to be defined
and the fountain of
heterogenous hangovers...!

Pranab k c
26/09/2013

Pranab K. Chakraborty

ZERO IS YET TO BE DEFINED LONG

Vanquished predecessors
once fabricated their foot-heels
over stony calligraphic structures
once their hungry horses bred thousands offspring
with regular masculine speed and over-beared journey
through hot and thorny strictures of hills mountains river-banks
and spring of deliberate bloodshed
yet
no war ever won forever

predominant today when cloud gathers with cannons and carter
when long hunt of rowdy cannibals who never stop
to crash the virgins of soil and topographic territory
who never stop to steer the gear of guidance of peacemaking jugglery,
tracko to terminate wharf of whims
which the commons clutch to hurry their bowls full of food
to contract a fortune for their seedlings
for a dream for hoovering around the earth

predominant shout a sweet devastation
by the charm of demonstrating sky-ship
click for fire to burn
for sprints to pierce,
for blast to magic a part of map under the surface
where lies our vanquished predecessors

poor poet who has no heaven or hell
simply mathematise a nothingness
to celebrate no-entity nocturnal emission of enlightened faculty
thinking the mercy which one needed for yet to live on time
when clowns are the best
to perform as genius for mankind or kind to a man

and the real saviour commonly imprisoned
behind the chaos of the dominating doctrines....

Pranab k c
22/07/2011

Pranab K. Chakraborty