Poetry Series

RUDRA KINSHUK

- poems -

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A CAVE OF INSCRIPTIONS

Water bursts into bubbles
which nurture bright buds.

I take birth and bath
in the silhouette of dreams.

My palms feel contented
from the oozing of date-palms trees.

This body is a woderful box,
a save of numerous inscriptions.

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A SONG OF ETERNITY

A moment
is a seed
where eternity lurks.
Whenever you take
me in your embrace,
the magic hands of Chronometer hang loose.
I step
out of time.
Eternity is
no collective seas
but a moment that goes beyond
the territory of time,
and enters our personal space of colours,
our own Greenwich...

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A TREE IN THE MEADOW

Once burnt in the sun.
Now rain-soaked.
I'm a tree in the meadow

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APPARITION

Standing
before a mirror
I'm frightened.
A face
of an apparition.

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BLUE DOLLS

Three blue dolls
come out of human flesh.
Almost unreachable bottom
of inscription of goldden crops,
I study.

Intense exercise scripts
rise and fall of intimate letters.

Not defeated, I grow
again and again
like grass, rhizomatic wonders...

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CROW'S ZERO

What colour does God have?
What colour does God play with?

Scriptures explain and reexplain.
Those don't console the crow-mother
crying around a small child
her own, black and sickly.

Where and how far
have you gone? To the blue?

Where God smoke s from a tobacco-pipe
lying on a lotus-bed?

The empty egg-shell still
lies beneath the tree
like a zero, having no colour...

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FISH

Fish moves in shallow water

Cheerful mirrors

Birds-shasows get mallowed
in silence

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GARDENING

Weeds overgrow
chrysanthemums
in your garden.
For you're yet to explore
the art of gardening.

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IN A BAKERY

A burning hearth.
Elastic dough of flour
roasted
in the breath of fire.
A fragrant sword or a siren.

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LULLABY FOR MY CHILD

Homecoming becomes pleasant
when I discover butterflies waiting
in the eye

Two little hands catch me like
the first shower of summer rains.

Homecoming becomes meaningful
like buds on the lowered branches
homeyard-guavatrees.

No fog in my mind,
a tortoise in the sunny breeze
moves towards a steady goal.

No competitors around,
only a slow growing-up
in the music of understanding.

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METAMORPHOSIS

My palms are magic lands.
You burn coals on them
and they become flowers.

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PORTRIT OF A DOG AS BUDDHA

And you, Kastanka, are just a misunderstanding. Compared to a human being you're no more than what a carpenter is to a joiner.
-Louka Alexanderrich in Kastanka, a short-story by Anton Chekov

BIRTH
A chilly winter night,
a schizophrenic shower of rains.
And born on the pavement,
the labour-room, yiu were exposed to light and alchoholic darkness.
The bent-down branches of tall trees
looked odd iron works
of a crumbling building.
Footages of damage and destruction
rock the auditorium.
No hands to rock the cradle?

Flowers, fallen thick on earth,
the wind heavy
with the smell of wet earth, drenched flowers
and of your slippery body.
You, not a dog moving to Mahaprosthana
but Kastanka, my litttle Kastanka,
born to starve and stive
and to peep into human bioscope.

Where are the hands to rock the cradle?

GROWING UP

Your mum died from a wild beating
by the villagers.
You too were often
beatyen by the freaky village boys,
as horses by whips of whim.
A whim leads a man to kill himself,
to kill others.
Violence, a splash in a reservoir
is felt everywhere.

You had to wage a fierce battle
with other pups
in the drain near the hotel.
A crump of bread would cost you a day's battle.

And oneday you barked at the stars,
a winged invitation of the earth
to the distant blue.

ENLIGHTMENT

A WONDER

AN ESCAPE

DEATH

AN ELEGY

Like a frozen surprise
you are lying
with legs raised towards the sky
defying the amorous call of the moon.
Violence begets violence,
its periphery widens more and more.
And rivers dry up in our souls.

Now it is darkness,
you are nowhere to bark at the stars.
The slim-waist cat
is dancing merrily with the scar-faced moon
on the mossy roof if night.

Who'll save the weeping babe?
Who'll rock the cradle?

RUDRA KINSHUK

RENAMING OF FIRE

The web is labyrinthine
but I'm no insect.
Mine shall rename the fire.

RUDRA KINSHUK

ROCKS: CO-OPERATIVE POEMS BY KAMALIKA MITRA AND RUDRA KINSHUK

5.

Here I open...

RUDRA KINSHUK

ROCKS: CO-OPERATIVE POEMS BY RUDRA KINSHUK AND KAMALIKA MITRA

1.
We've planted guava-seedlings,
sown some pomegranate-seeds
and of berries and jackfruits.
Days move slowly and they extend
the periphery of our living.

Depth of green light lives with us
as our own rivers, leading to the seas.

A choric dance on the green galaxy.
Do our faces look like those of birds?
Are we the beads of a necklace?

That what is personal not always proves
to be sared. Rivers flow
in the chorus of co-operative aspirations.

2.
A doel's twittern comes down
from the sunwashed branches of a hibiscus.
Sleep around the old well.
A sky in the mind dizzles on the leaves
where we keep our rashness,
false promises and nonsense oaths.
Let us stand near water with some dreams.
Meaning a long race of a water-bird,
emerging out of our personal water...

3
Along this afternoon path we'll travell long
to pick up berries, stones and fallen leaves.
Then while looking at my eyes you'll say:
Lo, there's the moon among flakes of small birds
and I'll smile a full-moon.

A moon-struck male deer,
you'll board cargo to our small boat of gold.
And thus a life's dawn to another day,
another beginning...

4
To sleep anytime anywhere
like the cat of our rhyme is no glory.
So, we practise the chareography of awakening.
Let the miracle-hands add fuel
to the burning brazier of our dreams..

RUDRA KINSHUK

SLOUGH

I discover sloughs everywhere,
a season of moulting

No snakes around, still getting
frightened in sleep

The world, peopled by reptiles,
I look for two fire-stones
and a piece of cork

RUDRA KINSHUK

SONG OF EGO: A TRIBUTE TO SOURAV GANGULY

Your determined face
conceals numerous pages,
a profound well
which we put a pail into for stories,
for path to move onwards.

Agony has made it
a glorious inscription to read.
Defeat is no defeat,
no final judgement
so long your horse stands firm with dreams
in the battlefield,
so long you burn yourself
in the burning brazier of life.

Dwarfs laugh.
Your silent weeping
overwhelms the meaningless chorus around.

Silent tears are of such greatness,
I could not know unless
I i saw you
fighting against the hungry sharks,
Santiago, the eternal ego of my soul...

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THE BARBED HANDS

Flowers are in my barbed hands
and my eyes look like
cherries, mellowed in silence.

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THE CAT AND A SWORD

The sword moves
and a cat comes
out of a kaleidoscope.
I found a shadow
licking up shadows
from our daily face.

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THE CHARMED BOAT

The charned boat moves.

Water, churned out
reflects the bird
on the oar.

Homecoming becomes painful...

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THE COOK: A TRIBUTE TO BIBHU PADHI

The cook knows
that his shadow
burns in the fire.

Turmeric fragrance drives
hungry crocodiles away
from the greenroom.

While cooking himself
the cook discovers
that each fire has its own inscription.

You know how profound
the fire is, how much
it demands from life.

Cooking is self-cooking,
discovery of fire-roses
getting wiser in the soul of a bird.

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THE DOLLS IN THE SHOWCASES

The dolls of different colours and sizes
lie timidly in the self-conscious showcases
and listen to
hushed up cries and groaning.
Human beings all around
sad, terrified and crawling
hide their heads
under the earth.
The indifferent hands
throw away coins
towards their burried heads.

The dolls in the showcases
know all these tales
and grow old in their small world.

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THE MAGICIAN

The magician.
The stage treambles with laughter.
A wounded starling.

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THE SPIDER

Twinkling, waiting
at the centre of your universe.

The dew-soaked sun caught
at your eyeful web.

Urnonavo with a web under your abdomen
observes the rolling waves
and smiles to see
the dramatic furies of the fools
around the net
ever widening...

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UDDALOK

Conches blow
in the green music-hall,
ever widening crops
open secretdoors
to these rituals
of prayers and songs.

Let me lie
on the firtile soil
of anchored tales
and ballads
of rich crops.

When my body
in visinity of crops
is full of leaves,
call me Uddalok.

RUDRA KINSHUK

ZIGSAW

Spiders, sunlit
on yellow leaves.

Mirrors reflecting

a large fish eating up a shadowy body.

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