

Poetry Series

Nachiketa Deb
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Nachiketa Deb()

An Uneasy Morning

The sun rises, here where east is different,
The breeze and mist caressing the face,
Leaving bumps where they touch with cold hands,
A quiet calm surrounds me, wraps me in a cocoon
It is a calm town, the chaos asleep
A smile upon its ravaged face, dreaming.
As birds run amok in search of that elusive worm,
The white hot cup of amber touches cigarette charred lips
The fiend which threatens to engulf leaves grudgingly
From the eyes of the waking dreamer.
It is time, decides his repaired heart to contemplate,
To reflect and retrospect.
Yet the clarity which the heart expects at this serene hour
Is impossible to achieve.
The calmness is claustrophobic, the boundless
Universe seems to close in upon his throat
Like a cold heartless killer.
Why? asks he, can i not be at peace,
Even the crazy, violent town that sleeps now
Sees beautiful dreams, why not i?
A whispered sigh, and the first BMW zooms past,
Then a rickshaw, with six kids stuffed at the back,
The monster rises from its slumber,
As i lose that moment, that beautiful gift
That could make me whole again.

Nachiketa Deb

As The World Sang Carols

Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way.
As the child, he sits outside,
Cold, shivering away.

Pungent smells from bakeries,
The bitter wind, it brings
Mocking you, o' hungry Tim,
The Christmas songs they sing.

Eyes travel, to the grimy shirt,
Torn, tattered upon your breast,
Not long ago, you loved it so
It was your Sunday best.

The hoarse voice, was shrill before,
Hair combed n parted, neat.
No cold could ever touch me then,
No hunger ever did.

You helped me, pinning socks upon
The wooden mantle-piece
And just beside the chimney, put,
Milk and a few cookies.

"You have been naughty, Tim,
No presents will he bring."
You scared me with a mock retort,
And left me, counting sins.

And as the stars, went high above,
You tucked me in my bed.
Lying down beside me, your
Gentle whisper, said..

"Sleep now, drift now, o' dear child,
For morrow would be long,
Singing joyous songs and gifts
That Santa brings along."

Morning light, brought Christmas day,
As I awoke with chill;
Why cold the touch, that mother gives?
Why eyes unblinking, still?

“Speak mother, to your loving child,
Wake up and dress me now,
The carols today, we shall sing
Would ring across the town.”

I begged of you, but yet you lay
Upon that bed of mine;
No words of love, you spoke again,
No warm embrace of thine.

And so today, the child he lay,
Cold, shivering away...
As the world, it celebrates
His saddest, coldest day.

Nachiketa Deb

Better Days

I sit beside the fire and think,
A whiskey out of bottle, tears on my skin,
I see my life as i slowly pass away,
Holding back a dream of the better days.

Many summers have come and gone,
Many leers mistaken as songs'
I see the light, the crashing tides,
sure wait for none.

Crimson light of daybreak sealed,
In a corner of my heart unhealed,
Seething demons infest and tear,
Inflicting pain injectin fear.

I would yield i would cry,
I would yet fight and try
A golden light protects my soul,
Of memories and love i hold.

I awake from hate and detest,
A voice of calm my soul protests,
As I steal a glance at photographs
Of good times, of joy and laughs.

Why should i close my eyes,
For fears not valued, why sacrifice,
The darkness driven far far away,
As I relive the dream of better days.

Nachiketa Deb

Blasphemy

The crowd thickens around me, yet i stand alone
For they speak of god, images resembling man,
God shaped more like them, the audacity
I see no reason to behold with my ears
Nor will to hear with my eyes, to the ramblings of mad men
You should'nt see that which cannot be seen, should'nt be seen
No feet to touch and no body to bow down to
You cannot build houses for the infinite,
He does not reside there, open your eyes,
He does not choose frail old men to speak for him
He cares not about law and code of conduct
Those are your rules, rules which he doesn't attest
Now close your eyes for a moment to remember,
That serene voice inside your head and heart
Voice telling you, this or that is wrong
Voice to express love, to do good
Voice telling you to bow down in prayer for it knows
That it is important to you
When did you last listen to that voice?
When did you last stifle it with your judgement?
Strangle it, forced it to shut up...
Yesterday? today? now?
That voice, that calm voice which guides me,
Tries to guide you, is my god,
And i live a free man while they desert me

Nachiketa Deb

Listen

I ask you as i close my eyes, 'why? '
You say, 'i know not, it seemed right at that moment'...
I rub my hair in exasperation, 'how silly,
Why do that for someone not kin? ' i ask...
'What am i to you, why risk it all for a mere
Band in your wrist? '
You say, 'that band defines me, makes me more than i am'
A tear sprouts from neath' my lids...
You notice and smile that loveable impish smile...
'I am here aren't i? else who do you talk to?
Your fears, your sorrows, i shall be part of,
From now until you join me'...
'Walk slow', i say, 'rest often, wait for me,
Do not go too far ahead, for i fear i shall not hear you'
'Let not that fear you feel overpower you', he says
'I swear, i shall be there...
Friendship forged by love of brothers,
Will not be forgotten'...
A grin spreads across my lips,
Getting lectured by that work of art,
Being stupid to actually listen and agree...
The grin lasts another moment then fades..
I realize my desperation...
Talking to he who has left me...
'Have i gone insane? is this not merely a monologue? '
'No! ' he says.. i am here',
And i open my eyes and feel comforted

Nachiketa Deb

Paint The World

Born in a world where
The colors have faded.
Shades of black white and gray
All around as far as sight.
Eyes tire at this distate..
Man mechanised, no time nor
Will to look.
Nature lurkes hidden from
Beholding screened eyes.
While black suits in boardrooms
Speak of naught but more.
Ideas trampled under
Wreached feet of intolerance
The heart is burdened it bleeds
midnight black not red.

it is time for a pilgrimage..
Shed the frail mask of cynicism
And look within you.
deep inside, there lies
A magnificiant paradise, lost.
Where the sun sets as
Lovers hold hands;
where fragrant flowers
Feed the distressed soul.
white canvas and
Multitudes of hues n brush await.

Wrap this world around you
bring out the long forgotten paintbrush,
the colors lie in front
pick the canvas of your world and create!

Nachiketa Deb

Return Me Then

It's twenty years today,
I reflect on the silver days,
When we were young, our voices strong.
And the world followed our ways.

Memories of the patient hand
That stroked my back so i understand
That life is good,
As i stood, outside the door.

Learning ways of standing tall
Being there being strong for all
Helping friends,
At beck and call, pray need say more?

The scarlet light of the morning sun
Falling on tired eyes at 4am
The game of cards,
The queen of hearts, the melancholy song

Womanizing, inspite of leers
The lingering taste of my favourite beer
Pack of fags,
Always up for grabs, late nights, never long

Friends for ever, friends will be
In my heart eternally,
Joy and fame,
Remind of them, theirs is it all.

Twenty years, it has passed
The i of youth has been masked,
It is dusk,
But still i ask, Oh God return me then.

Nachiketa Deb

The Child

O how I long to see the world, through the child's eye,
Where colors bring wonder, they still mistyfy.
The mind wanders freely, unchained by the real,
Where songs sings, uncaring heart, not whispers but peal.
He giveth us eyes, the world for us to see,
How different the world seems, to he and to me.
He smells the sweet grass, while I, shiver in rain,
The winter gives him snowmen, my body bitterly pains.
Sleep, she eludes me while singing lullabies,
For the child she gives comfort, dreams for his eyes.
How fury it grips me when I think of my soul,
Battered and bruised as the years they have rolled...
He looks upon me quite uncaring amused,
As I burn with anguish for the journey I rue.
Suddenly it dawns, light pouring through my heart,
As I look upon the face that peers from the card;
The hair that was black then, peppered now with grey,
As youth it escapes me, these photographes they stay.

Nachiketa Deb

The Darkness He Gave

The mention of name, sends shivers up spine,
The golden sun fades, as your armour it shines.
The flowing mane clouding, a face full of wrath..
A battle-cry sounds, as you walk through the path.
Death-wish passes through, the foes, who stand,
The aura of might, sends a chill through the land.

Thousand flaming hearts they were, the army of foe,
Flashing sword struck death, to thousands, no more.
Blow upon blow, as you struck at the helm
The whole kingdom crumbled, new lord of the realm.
Blood streamed like river, engulfing you whole,
But sightless eyes did more than stirring the soul.

Slayed at yor hands, oh! mighty one we,
Have rid of the pain you shall evermore see.
The stain that you bear upon sinewed hands,
Shall stand between hero and hallowed land.
So wake up now from, the nightmare you live,
No light can you get, if tis darkness you give.

The scarlet sun shines, as your hands are washed clean,
By tears of the eyes, which gloated at sin.
Land and air and men and throne,
All won with hatered, as I stand here, alone.
No fear shall pass as they look upon me,
As darkness is caged now, my heart is set free.

Nachiketa Deb

The Hurtful Part

As I walk down these lonely roads,
I think of times gone past;
When you walked alongside me,
Gifting me your priceless trust.

Your loving eyes upon me, still,
Lips puckered in mock frown,
Those dulcet tones rang in my head,
As we walked through the town.

Now it seems, the rain-clouds stream
Straight into soul and heart,
The lovely roads seem empty, bare,
Ever since that hurtful part.

So wiser now I stand before
The dreaded open door,
Stepping out into the light,
Seems wonderful no more.

Nachiketa Deb

The Madman

An old tweed coat and pantaloons,
Patched, frayed as you ran.
Ever wandering, with gleaming eyes
And a silent grin, madman.

Life turned its back, friends, they stabbed
Upon pure ailing heart,
Yet as senses escaped you whole,
You befriended the arts.

White chalk in hand, your plight began,
To decorate walls and lane.
On a different path you strode,
Well beyond the human plane.

As you drew, curiosity grew
Upon a mind so new,
The steady strokes of hands, inspired
Life from a different view.

Now as i walk along the way
Where your trailing chalk dust lay,
I try to seek the old tweed coat,
Millions walk but madman, nay!

Nachiketa Deb

The Salty Trail Of A Tear

I open my eyes and gaze upon your face
Etched in wrinkles the cravasse between thoughts and actions
Atrocities inflicted on the ravaged soul
The material immaterializing heartfelt emotions

My rapturous glee at being kissed, obscured
By charred lips and stench of pot
Behold the loins stewn on the floor, stained
Red with services to the devil incarnate.

Oh mother sit up from your heroin induced stupor
Eyes wide gaze upon your fatherless child
No contempt will you find, no fear for the monster within you
Love veils the decay caused by the inhuman world

The salty trail of a tear at the corner of your eye
Your unrelenting resolve never to cry
Broken rarely, when past ghosts return to haunt
Glorious days more than troubled times.

How fresh was the mistletoe that christmas eve
The twinkle in your eyes when you were kissed
There he was tall confident full of promises
The image of him still carved deep in your mind

Where is that twinkle now? hidden or buried
Or with the bones of the man you loved?
Or robbed by the goons, those feinds who
Stole our lives, our pride, our smiles

Blackned and broken, driven out like a mangy dog
Yet unbent, unscathed, Untouched you survived
Cared not about name but for me
Chose a tryst with deamons a life of harlotry.

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