

Poetry Series

Saptarshi Banerjee
- poems -

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Saptarshi Banerjee()

A Dream Called Life

A dream called life,
With sparks of fire,
With energy infinite,
And experiments exquisite.

With joy unending,
And love outpouring,
Though grief is a burden-
But it surely will get the curtain.

A new show will begin
High on drama and rich with chances.
Again a lot of solace, and a lot of greivances.
Life is a dream with all these nuances.

None opts for an answer.
None should question good or bad.
Just enjoy the bloom of a flower,
Equally the pain of being sad.

The unknown unveils in its familiarity.
The known cheats in its solidarity.

Life is a dream! !

Saptarshi Banerjee

A Musical Identity Crisis

It was a fine guitar.
My dearest possession.
The tool to escape my life,
The life without any prominence or distinction;
The life, a mere proof of an existing biological function.

The only sense was from the music I understood.
The sounds created by those strings over the wood.
The notes would drown me to that world of imagination.
This was all I had for a fascination.
But it was not long that I lost my only passion.

The afternoon still survives in my memory,
The door bangs open, my uncle standing with a face
That gave away his fury,
His red eyes, the smell of his presence
Corroborated our doubts of his untimely alcoholic indulgence.
My mother screamed out Vociferous,
But the guitar did not stop.
I still don't know-
If the attempt was prosperous
Or the musical protest was a flop?

The reek came closer,
The fingers played louder and faster.
The dipsomaniac spoke-
My price was settled by the dealer.
Enough to meet the addict's expenditure.

The Music stopped for the last time.
The guitar was snatched and there ended
The play of notes, so sublime.

My mother would not let me go.
The dirty hands pushed her on the floor.
The sight made the anger in me grow
The addict had to be thrown out of the door.
He walked to my mother and kicked her to cry.
I lifted my guitar to give it a different try.

The guitar played a sound again
But this time it was for no musical gain.
The smash to his head made him fall on my feet.
The blood on the floor did not make me feel guilty any bit.

The Music had ended long back,
Now me and my guitar searched the identity rack.
It was not a weapon to kill,
But an instrument to feel.
And I was teased by everybody as Dumb Bill.
But not a boy of murderous skill.

Saptarshi Banerjee

A Train Away From Past

With no time left on my wrist,
No more seconds to spare at destiny's tryst,
Decide I against my hearts will,
Letting my desires only half fill.

Set out I, on this new journey-
Strange faces hovering all around me.
With the bumps of the track and the engine whistling-
Move I, towards a new beginning.

A new beginning from the roots of a familiar past,
Promise the hero, failure the heroine of this new dreams cast.
Visualise, only I can, this dream in mind's celluloid,
Awaiting the inner audiences clap to conclude this void.

Saptarshi Banerjee

Abstract Proposal

A masked face approached my conscious and demanded a definition of love
With raised eyebrows I juggled my soul alike in water the featherless dove
And pierced my vision the eye hole on the leather covering my sweet heart's face
love was an illusion what mattered was my desire to chase
And chased her, I with determined will till enveloped she was to me
Unveiling her, her hair on my shoulder kissed we to be 'the'.

Saptarshi Banerjee

Back Again

A ray of light suddenly intruded my life,
The pleasant intrusion concluded a long fought strife.
The ray, my sweet ray of hope;
Taught me to struggle, how to cope.

For long the fight had been on.
For long the confusion had been very strong.
For long I had misplaced the sunrise.
Sunset was all that valued my life's price.

Present feels like I am born again.
With renewed strength, and vigour to fight new pain.
Nothing, I mean nothing now can give me a sprain,
Joy and merry is no more a subject to refrain.

Goes on a dream that fills me with fire,
Now, I am not gonna say-
I want to retire.

Saptarshi Banerjee

Comrades

We gathered to speak our rights
They came and told us we have none
We resisted them with our fights
They called us names and snatched our bun.
They told everybody we were evil, enemies of the nation
Hypocrits with words and heckled our mission.

Some who did not believe their tongue
Was made to swear on god
They had to prove their innocence
With their hand on their childrens head

We kept on demanding for what was ours.
Bullets, grenades were dropped like flowers
The fat man on the chair would laugh
Meat in his plates and eyes at the flat screen plasma.

We persisted.
Some of us fell.
Some of us lived for another day so that they could tell the tale

What happened next still awaits in future,
When the fat man ran and they dropped his couture.
No one believed their vague propaganda anymore
We were asked for the rights and therefore

The last we talked some asked us our names.
We said call us your dear comrades.

Saptarshi Banerjee

Disloyal Confession

Why did you love me so much
An option you had to not love
And desperate to cry that today I am
Realise I that my loyalty was a sham.

I cribbed, I battled
With my own disloyal self
Searched for the truth I so much
Glorified was my failure as much
Victory we sought
But wasn't ours to have

An option to think beyond my evil self
In search
I plundered my own heart's shelf
Not a book, Not a chapter on your name
Yes it is a shame

But did I ever deny that?
Did I ever disagree?
That one day I would fail your love
One day, from you, I will set myself free.

Saptarshi Banerjee

Final Leave

Not to come back was the assurance he gave.
A promise made to self, must survive till he reaches his grave.
Every stair once at a time
Touched his boots for the last time.
Flowers on the path way
Bid him their last sway.

Saptarshi Banerjee

Happy To Think Beyond

Doubt of suspicion
Yet I try
Not all pleasant
Nervousness, rapid like fire
Desperate to cry
Doubt of fear
In my Mind
Risks aren't low
Battle
Victory
An option to think beyond
Happy so much, Glorified so much.

Saptarshi Banerjee

Him, And Our Duty

A brief story-
About a journey to glory.
Of an humble and unattended birth,
Transcends into a model for the entire earth.

A fight against poverty,
A conflict to depose tyranny,
A struggle for the common man,
Opposed by the notorious, rich and the powerful clan.

The blood demanded food and freedom.
The oppressed voiced through Trotsky, their medium.

Victory was achieved.
Only to be lost to the obscure.
The battle at the expense of blood continues,
Finishing the job is what we have to ensure.

Saptarshi Banerjee

I Am I And You Are You

When I dragged you closer to me to hug you it was because you are beautiful.
When I cried at your loss I was an emotional fool!
When you ignored my emotions and hurt me bad,
I was only exaggerating and had no reason to be so sad.
When I in my arrogance gave you pain,
It was me in impulse, all insane.
When I lend you my hand and held you tight
I was the best, for you so right.
When my support for you caused you inconvenience,
I was the same one, yet this time caused your heart fright.

I was the same, My love remained true.
So was my loyalty, my kiss, my tear dew,
So was my heart, my desire and all my dreams that were blue.
But you judged me on past issues which were few.
The romance was bid an untimely adieu.
And you defined us where-
I was I And You were only You.

Saptarshi Banerjee

I Try

Ponder in consciousness
In my mind
To think beyond
I crib, but necessary
I think
So much nervousness
Yet I try.....

Saptarshi Banerjee

Ignorant Rage

Look at me you cruel eyes, face me with your vicious sight.
Pain you bring to me no more, mortal me is ready to fight.

Struggle I will with time and you.
Picturesque memories old and new.
Into ashes will they be turned.
Boiling blood in me be churned.

Last but once left it is.
A face-off for the righteous keys.
Silent it may be but filled with rage.
Ignorance it might be on the last page.

Saptarshi Banerjee

Love Examined

A masked face approached my conscious and demanded a definition of love!
With raised eyebrows I juggled my soul alike in water the featherless dove.
And pierced my vision the eye hole on the leather covering my sweet heart's
face.

Love was an illusion what mattered was examining my desire to chase.
And chased her, I with determined will till enveloped she was to me.
Unveiling her, her hair on my shoulder kissed we to be 'the'.

Saptarshi Banerjee

Love Like Evergreen Tree

And that smile that lightens up the way
Through my heart to my own souls bay
Owned by you
But nurtured by me
Bathed in emotions
Like the evergreen tree

Saptarshi Banerjee

May I

You sing to merry in painful tune
What joy is there in sorrow?
You walk aloof of world and me
Is there none in the crowd, for you to borrow?
Why you buy your own flowers?
Where is your love hiding?
When you sad and your eye showers
May I be your confiding?

You pretty smell, you eyes of smoke.
Will you be mine to have?
The divine blessing I cannot assure.
Promise I still of comfort and care.

But don't you test me for a mere trial;
For togetherness should never conclude in denial.
If not me I still will glow-
Brighter than your own smiles flow.
Till I see you sing to merry-
In joyous company,
Abandoning all melancholy.

Saptarshi Banerjee

Me And You

There was a day when I met you
There was a day when I tresssured you
There was a day When I loved you
There was a day when i fought you and there was today

After today there is no 'we'
After today its just you and me

Saptarshi Banerjee

Pleasing For Many Unpleasant For Most

Look at the sun,
Enjoy the rain,
But do not forget
That they do bring pain.

People without a hut,
Mass in search of food,
What joy may sun or rain bring to them,
When they all suffer the loot?

Its easy for one to enjoy;
With a shed above the head,
With food on the plate,
But who asks the one, who
Regularly struggles for a bread,
And has the footpath for the bed?

We indulge in such pleasure
Not just in our leisure,
But also in our ignorance.

Saptarshi Banerjee

Poet Farmers Revolt

With pen held close to his chest he thought,
He believed and he pursued his poetry
No currency was sufficient for the lines to be bought
As his poems were his oratory
To change the old world
Where people die everyday
Commands he who has the sword
And a skillful drama at every corner and promises for a street play!

The lines cared little for a rhyme
It cared for a hymn
Which would be for the mass
To challenge their struggle at every grass

And so he wrote and filled up pages with his gibberish-
To wake up the society still feverish

He believed that the words would one day carve a new dawn-
Where it was the same between the king and the pawn

One night, late after he completed his daily poetic shit.
Prepared he was to dance to his new heart beat.
At last he had found those lines
And believed he, no one could challenge the coming times.

And with the greetings of the wooden cuckoo-
At early morning two,
Knocked his doors a never heard before hand.
Strange voice calling his name informed he and his writings were- banned.

Tears had no choice but to wait while angry Jose opened the door-
Faced the black hat pair, show caused them he with his sickle, his only weapon,
a revolting poor.
They smiled and told him they were the agents of the sovereign.
And for this unruly act he must go to the prisoners inn.

Defiant Jose, ran the sickle in the air
Six chambers filled came out a revolver
Two distinct gunshots piercing the calm

Saved four, and Jose lay in his own bloods arm.
Not a single one ran to his rescue
The smoke from his hut came down as dark dew

Died Jose not alone but with his dear lines
His poetry received their funeral
But cold Jose was not buried
For him there were no spines.

Saptarshi Banerjee

Questions Unanswered

Why did I beg, why did I try?
When I failed why did I cry?
When did you depart my soul?
Where are you my dignity, my shy?

How did I fail, How could I cry?
Questions plenty-
Yet seldom a reply.

Why did you try? Why did you lose?
What was your fear? Why resort to booze?
Why strengthen your mind when your heart is still so weak?
Why burden ourselves when emotion still at its peak?

Why look back or dare the coming morn?
Why let people tell us we were a petty corn?

Why let people pity?
Why let people show?
Why did we fail?
We are yet to know.

Saptarshi Banerjee

The Story Ends

Finally the day has come.
Love lost to obstination,
Care lost to dogma,
And selflessness lost to impulsive language.

It was almost a new morning that night,
Certain emotions had been reincarnated in my heart after a long time
Though it started with a stupid fight
Still the atmosphere exuberated silent emotions sublime.
We planned to meet next day at the earliest.
Planned to celebrate this new togetherness with a fest.
The story starts with a shy moment of meeting
Of the old pals with an estranged heart in it's beating
The eyes seldom met, only to get the glimpse of the other one,
Without the dare to explain this uncanny fun.

Since then the meetings had been innumerable-
On the wayside of several city junctions, so memorable.
The memory bolstered the poet in me to grow.
Write lines that rhyme naturally in its flow.
Late night fights and tearful eyes,
Sorrow and pain of every 'good byes'.
Helped the two come close.
Devoid of this world, their friends or even their foes.

Memory narrates the union in so many pictures,
In arms, in alms, under the shed of the city palms
In pain, disdain, only to their strength's gain
In phuchkas, in rolls
In surprises, in tolls.

Distance comes disguised,
Kills the truth and
Takes birth hatred immortalised.
When wine precedes one's care,
And arrogance in its pride declare
War of minds take place.
Heart lost her face.

They still love each other.
But they will never be together.
Every thing has an end.
We broke away from being chained.

Saptarshi Banerjee

Victory?

Why did you love me so much
An option you had to not love
And desperate to cry that today I am
Realise I that my loyalty was a sham.

I cribbed, I battled
With my own disloyal self
Searched for the truth I so much
Glorified was my failure as much
Victory we sought
But wasn't ours to have

An option to think beyond my evil self
In search
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Yes it is a shame

But did I ever deny that?
Did I ever disagree?
That one day I would fail your love
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Volition

The walk was a lonely one
The forest to the west, the river seeking a fresh dawn
Beasts awaited my flesh to soothe their hunger
Swirls awaited to gulp my last breath
The moon guiding me the stranger
A stranger estranged of his own faith

Beauty of nature is the mother of adventure
When at its worse
It is the best of danger
On my left the river still meanders
On my right the forest with its hunger

The road though slim
Enough for me to walk
All by myself with me, myself alone to talk
In the probable last seconds of my life's clock
The woods, still inviting me to gather my last there
The cold water, cold to me testing my mortal behaviour

I decide otherwise
First a look at the mud and then up towards the sky

The ripples gaze at me and so do the green
Both sides trying to breach me in my soul's inn
While I grow wings and jump off the mud and chase the North Star
The blue laughs at me, the green similar
I did not look back and yet I know
Death eitherway should have been familiar

Options are scarce but none the less there
Good ones messed up with negatives yet equal in share
Hope shows us how and hope shows us where
Positives made plenty and darkness made rare
And leaves us alone with a chance only fair
While the rivers and the forests test us with their dare.

Saptarshi Banerjee

Wait For You

Wait I still on my knees-
Aches not my limbs but my heart,
Not the cold floor on my skin,
But the chilling thought of never finding you in my inn.

Ladies with beauty and women of passion.
Have come by and left my desolate station.
Their company had been so sweet-
Today I distrust my own dear feet.
The pair of feet that promise to take me on a walk.
A walk in search of love and you.
A walk for solace and love that is true.

Will you help me today in this need?
Dear oh come and give me your lead.
Search I will, but help I seek.
Give me a sign, my fingers await your cheek.

Saptarshi Banerjee

While You Go To Bed

While your eye lids are closed
and you set out on your journey with me through hills amongst clouds, and the
sea with its golden beach
I stay up holding the phone to my earlobe
Listening to every breath you take

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