

Poetry Series

sayan sil
- poems -

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sayan sil(9 th JANUARY 1985)

18 Pegs Down

I had made a dream, when asked to do so
With some abstract contours

Collecting the tiny things those mattered
& leaving the small ones.

When asked to explain my stitches got broken
Gazed at what I had made, suddenly couldn't collect a meaning of the same.
some had flowers of the garden, others had the colors of the sea
some had the shadows of the forests, some had the buzzing of the bee.

I had a bit of the lion, bit of the roadside stone
Bit I had of the fish tail I saw, bit was the wounded Dog's moan.

A touch was taken from the mountains

A touch was from the frog

A touch I'd stolen from my roommate's desk,

A bit I found on the field.

I took the breeze I had from the kite fliers,

The wind from the storm,

The ice cream man's red attire

The happy monk's song.

Some was the geography map in it,

Some was the cantilever beam,

Some had the smell of the willows,

Others the iron from the gym

What could they mean I thought.

The world has already shaken their heads

And when everyone was racing ahead

I was the one left out, I was the one fallen and trampled...

Then came a day, when I have traveled long enough.

To meet the new me,

Still scampering to know the meaning..

I finally found the truth.

Just like the stone, the lion, the fish tail

Just like the mountains, the frog and the breeze

My childhood was me & though the world said that the dream tasted bitter then,

I knew they only had enough to taste it...

I was already high n losing control.

18 pegs down..

sayan sil

A Conch Shell In A Beach..

Its when I walk out f my house,
When I hear a song
When I see something that has a dot that resembles u
Its when The light is too dark,
its when the moon is casting a spell, when the water is rippled
and when the air stirs my consciousness,
That you are with me,
I sit on the mountains and search for you below,
To see u r there just beside me.
U r There, so am I,
And alongwith us, just like that, little naughty kid u wanted
Is a truth
That no shadow can hide and no glare can overpower.
A truth that has always reminded us of the simple pple we are..
Of the undeniable natures that we have
& of the paths we have already traveled.
But
Its me who limps, its me who cries and falls everytime in his dreams,
So u move on..
I cannot say, I had lost..
What you have given are enough to get thru this life of mine and the next.
U mite get some other dream, some other beautiful rhyme that would hold your
life and treat u with justice, of who u r..
I would be happy that I had given you the pain..
And you had rhymed to beautiful..
But it's the last chapter of my book, the last leap my heart has taken
and the last madness I have experienced..
The day when I leave the body I would go to you once again...
Not to unite..
Just to see you peacefully enjoy the prize..
I would be happiest if I c u reading thios..
Happier even if you have secretly written something
That connects the sky and the earth...
& I would live there like a conch shell...
hidden in the sands that bathe your feet

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An Escape Note

I was standing on that rain drenched road as the
Trembling rickshaw inched away from me....
The last straw of that dying man
Has defied of its services...
That was the fate of someone who had to surrender
The feeling of nothingness didn't stop me from
Living, as I turned my back to it and walked to increase the gap
I realized that what I had lost is past
and cannot be magic ed to my present
Believed in time to fix things for me and resorted to diversions.
My madness finally got better
So got my planning,
Without you all my planning goes atoss, my dreams mixed up
My sight blurred, without you my smoke stops its magic,
My slumber dies in a tar road
My peace fights its way out of an overcrowded bus stop
Without u my feelings are stoned.
It was too much to take, the dread
I put a bullet inside my head
And declare them dead...

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Miracle 99

Not long after it was
When my name was called
Not long after it was
When everything has hauled
A sense of pleasure.
My feebled legs erected my frame
My humbled head, beared a name.
As I walked down the aisle
Remembered I all the while.
Of the summer, once bright and gold
Has by far become all old.
Of the spring once merry and gay
Left behind all the way.
Of the winter, once cold and snow
How did all I let of go
The eyes were but on me then
Thundering claps & the tiger's mane
Helped I was on the dias, as I rose
The applause for a second froze.
There it was the magic I built,
Trades for A lifetime's guilt
There was a miracle that got me done
Precious, precious just the one.
I hung my head for a seconds time,
Honest enough and accepted my crime.

Moments are lived to create moments
So choose them, as they pass by
Today it might be sunny and blue
Tomorrow, Who knows the color of sky?
Design some dream that u r living for
And chase them as u may
But careful as u carve the road
Don't lose things on your way.
All my age I have lived for u, driven my legs for a dream
Today as lights flash across, I die for a silly sunbeam.
All my grey hair, has withered in thought
Of creating the perfect day.
The perfect is a farfetched dream

Here is where I lay..
Perfect cannot be magiced into,
Miracled into life.
Perfect is to live your day
Happy every moment you thrive.
So think before you clap your hand,
As this old man dismounts the stage
R u so living your moments
Or paying your dreams their wage.
Coz age will conquer not 1 but all,
That remains a truth as sun
By the time ends this curtain call,
Let that word be the one.

Satisfied, to share my thoughts,
give them the perfect line
came down my feeble legs
inside boots that shine.
Roared the stage with a thousand claps
As did the crowd below.
I smiled at their helplessness
The last chance that I let go.
Someone has designed their dreams,
cannot be wiped out fine.
Counting the miracles of my life,
Years were ninety nine.

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Mutiny

Colgged barrels cleared with bullets
The noose red tightened accross waist
Barren pots lay sterile o'er the earth
Beneath the soil, the bottled storms rest.

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Rebirth

It's often that I think,
This world is a short place for us to live.
With all the thinking we do,
With our ideas,
With our feelings, which choke on confinement,
& Perish in its obligation to survive.
I cannot demand a reason for being myself,
Neither a cause for loving you.

Deep in the midnight-
When I lay in my bed below a starry sky,
& Ask my heart astonished-
"Say, what gives you your never ending throbs? "
It smiles,
And my astonishment taunts me,
"Idiot you know the answer"
Probably I do.

And long long ago when history was on papyrus,
Her rigid eyes overlooked an invisible incident.
And thus deprived the world of –
Another outrageous love-story of how-
The little wild flower on the bank of Nile,
Had cried all night,
When, on the 26th day she came to know,
That she had loved,
The neighbour butterfly.

Probably it was her prayers on the 27th
That she had a rebirth.
Along with her beloved butterfly.
& Probably my astonishment did not curse me,
For not knowing that the butterfly was me,
But for not knowing who the flower was.

And now that my heart's throbbing,
I remember it with my eyes closed.

That long long ago,

On the bank of Nile, on full moon night,
In the last hour of the 27th day,
When the butterfly was breathing his last,
Ha saw a tear dropp of the flower,
Which has sharpened it's blunt end all through these years,
& Become-
A smile on you face.

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The Boy Died After The Fall

A shabby cupboard, a broken vase,
An undone bed with dirty linen allover,
A table heaped with papers.
Papers with scribblings,
Scribblings in an unearthly language.
And a clean little ear stud.
What remained unnoticed were-
A pair of inquisitive eyes.
The solitary witness of a mystic death.
The stopping of a heart,
Which had refused to beat-
A long time back.
Rather time had beaten it to stop beating.

The ear stud was clutched among-
The desperate fingers of the boy.
Which were trying to save it?
Or were finding a support for the heart to beat?
It was a simple one to put on,
But too cumbersome to put off.
the open eyes were piercing the ear stud and accusing it?
No;
They were just searching for a corner uninvaded

Which could spare him a few more moments
& with those a few more chances to live.
The tired eyes searching for the pair-
has failed now.

He did not let it touch the ground-
As it fell one day, cause the ground was hard, not than the truth though.

And many a mile away, probably among a heap of wastes,
Lay the pair, solitary.
Weeping & wailing as it was-
It did not have a heart to beat for,
and a hand to protect
that it smashed against reality

It could not survive the fall,
nor could the fingers which survived its love.

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The Call For Rain

Let rain happen
Let's drench tonight this city of mysteries,
The leaves all thirsty, the ground greedy of water,
Let's wash them,
flush them with us,
Let's see the flower bloom of the water we've bled,
All waiting,
N still,
As I return desolate in that empty yellow road,
I pray, cry my luv cry for me,
Cry till wet
Cry till my dust, guilt washes off,
Till tear comes knocking at my door,
Begging to be released.
Cry,
Till we rain this city together
And wet everything
Waiting to bloom.

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The Children Of The Dark

There was a day when we laughed...
We loved...n celebrated in each others cheers
& admired each other, as our shadows embraced...together

There was a day when....we thought that
We shall live forever...n shut our eyes tightly
In waiting of the smile....to flush our faces
Till this day, often in my deepest dreams a shadow wanders
A mirage, that had once being nurtured in my womb..
And at the end I'v felt my shut eyes bulge, my lips widen...
With a feeling I cant name...
Deep dark inside that womb..I realise
Lies an astonishingly beautiful song, that I call my child....
When I fight to materialise it...describe it....name it...I realise...
Not all children have names,
Some, are the children of nothingness...

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The Goblet Had Toppled

The sadness was all over
The goblet of red wine
filled to the brink
had toppled and tumbled
The wine bulged out
& the glass rolled

The fingers were numb
Eyes shut
Lips open
The head hung behind

Once i was happy because I cud cry
One day I cud cry because I was happy
I dont know if I wud cry ever

It had rained hard, rained all day
Downpouring

May be somewhere
some fingers got numb
some eyes shut
some lips open
& some head hung

May be the goblet tumbled & rolled
& it rained, rained hard.....

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The Permanent Truth

It was with that falling autumn leaf...
Gently landing dead body.....of
The once green with vibrance....
That I realized permanence was one mirage...
Every one was aware of, yet, planning to elude it...

Then I see the flower, hiding behind all the lush green....
Behind all....that is so temporary.....so crumpled with death
I see the beauty, who lived and inspired all others to do so..
The queen....who has inspired thousand others to die after..
& thus to live..
the sun sets
the horizon smiled with its vermillion clad middlepart
it was going to be dark...
that I realized that however beautiful, however dew delicate it might be...
however adorned and loved it might be
perish it will too
however best I try to save it, n think that I may succeed
sink it will too
n live just like that little paper boat
you playfully set out...
on that day when it rained
Rained till it couldnot be seen,
In that evanescent horizon of living and dying...

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The Rain Fed Stream

It was not the wind,
That dried my sweating face,
Long that I had done nothing,
Long that I had traveled in a path
In search of what I don't know.
I didnt have the courage to face my past,
The future seemed rosy, but filled with the same moisture heavy cloud.
I had washed the ocean
& said it was not clean enough to froth your feet,
I had blown over the desert, like a sand storm,
Yet found it too meager to find u a place
I had asked for a bit of red from the sun, a bit of Green from the forest
& shine from diamond, yet could not figure out what paint has colored your soul,
What grain has made your body and what water,
Had gone in the making of your eyes.
My muddy mind..
Lay beneath the stream, that once caught your naked body,
You mashed me with your feet on your way up to the rocks.
A lot of it has washed away
And has carried your scent, I don't know where..
The thought of an impossible miracle..
Fuels my possibility of life,
The touch of the rising sunrays, slowly trickles down my cheeks,
Caressing them as if they were their loved.
Devoid of all the air that mixes in my veins..
I run everyday, every clock tick..
Every moment..
Not to miss the scent, that the rain carries now..
Not to miss the droplet that would fall on me.
N create ripples,
And deep down inside, where even the twilight falls short to touch,
I would carefully wrap another drop, in the little pebbles I find there..
In the dream of making you alive again,
And we would dive in the whirlpool of your laughter,
To be born again, again & again..

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The Second Feeling

And the night dawned,
The stars blinked opened their eyes.
I would be wrong if I said-
I could sleep that night.
I would be lying if I said-
I recognized the feeling to be a flower.

My foot was well placed on the muddy soil.
Still it seemed like a blanket of seething air enveloping, gushing by me.
An ancient spell broken,
An age old rose reached,
Its full bloom.
It was not fatal, neither immortal.

Believe me it was not the wind,
That had drawn me.
It was not the beauty,
That had enchanted me.
It was not the giggle,
That had said, it was attraction.
But yes it wasn't the first time-
That I had let myself go,
It wasn't the first time that-
I dived blind.
Yes I've tasted love before,
And the fear of a taste similar,
Gripped my heart.
Don't curse me, if I am a sinner
Don't bless me, if I've played God
Don't love me, for I've already loved
Let distance determine our closeness.
Let mystery be the first word,
And love be the last.

sayan sil

The Vermillion Sky

Written on the feelings of the beareaved wife of a freedom fighter

A pregnant sky
A piece of peacelessness
A setting sun
& a tiny dose of sweet poison
All had agreed to walk with me
The tears like all of them has refused
So had done myself
Dragging the carcass
The only life saving drug
is death
I was afraid of its effect before
Until I met a stranger
Life.
Now that I have lost all
Nothingness seems to be more meaningful.
The ever-generous almighty
had provided me
With an outstanding match
But had not revealed its price
The price of being cradled
by destiny amongst a heap of thorns
& waiting to get hurled in it.
The nations call has rewarded its answerer
With only distress
Promises lay shattered today
Of a relationship
He did not betray his nation, his duty
His nation did.
Nameless as I am
I had paid the price of being a being
& of everything I got
But only the setting sun owes its colour to me
& I know that I would get repaid
Cause long after my traces vanish
when time will run to save its blushes of a dreaded work.
You would remember me, everyone of you
When the sun will pay me back

As it had promised to me
That every single time it retires
It would repay me my colour
It would paint the sky
vermillion.

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