

Poetry Series

Shayam Chakraborty
- poems -

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Shayam Chakraborty()

A Downhearted Heart

The bench is empty
Though promises made
were plenty.
the words not kept
a downhearted heart
swindled, whimpering
under a solitary tree...

and the northern gust
hard-hearted
pierced the skin...

ruthlessly.

Shayam Chakraborty

A Lost Descendant

Last time when grandfather was in Sylhet
He was in typical Bengali attire
and while walking on the grubby roads
he caressed the reminiscences, the adorable
past affairs...

He seemed to be an outlander
in the land where he once rooted
but never uprooted his soul-stirring ties,
but rediscovered it despite inwardly
being wounded...

That bloodshed past still blood-stained
when the heart got divided with barbed-wires

Kean bridge was still there being still
with burden of past...
but time could not snatch its beauty
not a trace of corroding and downcast!

The house in which his childhood sprinted,
The past's black-spots freckled the walls
The gladsome reminiscences of bygone days
Afflicted by time's upheaval and now in thrall.

As the tears rolled down his cheeks,
The sky manifested unlighted...
The winds and rain flooded the Surma Valley
But his heart still undivided...

And it was Kalboishaki,
That flooded the plains of
My ancestral land...

Shayam Chakraborty

A Morning Surreal

A morning surreal
not of words flawed
or ideal...
But faintly discern I could
in dayspring's atypical ambiance.
The breeze kept its pace
benumbing my winter ravaged face,
but new that can be seen by few
in a transient world of
transient countenances!
burden not of this world
but in psyche's mischief
snared in thoughts
haphazardly knotted!

Shayam Chakraborty

Agartala

Once those 90s narrow lanes
now in memories they sustain...

the broad streets and unfamiliar dissonance,

the tea-stalls removed and cafe evolved
where monsoon lovers in each other
gets dissolved...

The constructions atypical defying the sky
the close-packed markets and its hue and cry...
the crimson spits in every corner
the brain hijacked politics and unversed reporter.

Underneath the flyover the suburban stroll
the scrumptious pork bharta and celebrated egg-roll
the city small with a big heart,
modest and nothing 'smart.'

Something to offer it has for everyone
plight caustic and unremitting downturn...
downpour incessant deluge the plains
putrid politics and dead philosophical campaigns.

The drape of night falls in the evening,
after eight the sleepy city starts dreaming,
the loudest insects reign their domain
while in its farthest corner a home boy returns
in a passenger train,

'Ma, I am home! .'

Shayam Chakraborty

Autumn Semester

Autumn semester
raincoat and sweater
the changing weather
nature's queer gesture.

Autumn semester
I still remember
the same road to be crossed
for one more year.

Autumn semester
cherishing nature's captivating
treasure and a subtle relationship
with her...
sharing love letters.

Shayam Chakraborty

If You Come To Me

If you come to me
I will take you to that evening park
where I sit amidst the silent trees.

If you come to me
I will recite the poems that
I wrote about you in lonely hours
in my diary...

If you come to me
I will show you my skill
Being Mama's boy
how I learnt culinary artistry.

If you come to me
I will listen your lips
beyond those conversations
of intellectual degree.

If you come to me
my Soul will be naked
without those pretensions
but as it is and free.

If you come to me
I will show you the night sky
as I see through my eyes
and those stars will rhyme
manifesting as poetry,
the love's eternal sanctity.

Shayam Chakraborty

In Mom's Treasury

Can't say 'down memory lane',
As the seasons passed
Childhood memories waned...

The album of 90s in Mom's closet
The days of beauty and simplicity
Extraordinarily ordinary and modest...

Those faces faced phases
Geographically we scattered in
Different places...

But that moment still being still
Now a memory
The treasures of childhood
breathing in Mom's treasury.

Shayam Chakraborty

In Monsoon Rain

In monsoon rain
the love of lovers reign
the fulfillment they attain
In each other seeing the Self
the faces humane
in blistering world utterly insane

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Introspection

Sometimes I'm alone in a crowded room,
Sometimes accompanied by many
in room unfilled,
The world may sound dissonant
in disarray,
in my room's silence I'm healed.

Shayam Chakraborty

Maya's Painting

The Canvas existing as Existence
The painter paints it with colours
Colouring the names and forms
and their abstract appearance...

Her artistry itself is excellence...

The brush in its swift pace
Covers it with hues of
exuberance and sufferance...

but the coloured Canvas still
remain a Canvas

with an unchanging essence.

Shayam Chakraborty

Practical

It's a matter of being 'practical'
Not an idea of being cynical
Though the accumulation
is theoretical,
The action seems quizzical.
The person I met is having mettle
Though my mind inquired
but could not be settled.
But variances are undeniable
Though my exploration is immeasurable.

Shayam Chakraborty

Singular And Plural

I am a perpetual student,
with a book of jurisprudence

a few days back you
made yourself full with your better half
and as almost most of them
smeared vermilion on
forehead and voluntarily took
conch shell handcuff.

O, you are society's paradigm of ideal
householder?
but hold on for a while
since Thursday you transformed
into a belly enhanced avatar...

O, that's a start, only a start of
pampering,
Cupid's bombshell I am aware
in long run, let it be a warm-hearted darting.

O, thank you for your invitation,
you may calculate,
but my vagabond diary is less burdened
but still I will show my importance by
some calculation,
For now my mother's only desire
is to see Onkita,
She prayed that wedding night
for your happy married-life
and was happy seeing the picture
on Facebook of your wife,
and blessed, blessed and blessed...

while that night I was 'busy'
with National Geographic's
documentary on wildlife....
and having no qualms to say
still I'm stuck in Disney,

far away from nuptial bondage's tyranny.

Wish you a happy married life.

Shayam Chakraborty

Symposium

It was a symposium
a rich highbrowed colloquium!
a scrap of it was
verbose pandemonium.
I nodded as if intoxicated
by opium.
Now as I'm home
Mom soothed me with
her harmonium
And I felt...
joy to the world
ad infinitum....!

Shayam Chakraborty

Yours Subjectively

The Self in me
is the Self in you

opposites
in name and form
the 'old' and 'new'
let those float
in superficial plane
burning the profane
with what is humane
where the illusion
dispel...
unchaining the creature
to know 'That You Are'
the deathless Creator...
Yours subjectively...
Always and forever.

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