

Poetry Series

**Amitava Chakraborty**  
**- poems -**

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## Amitava Chakraborty(9th August,1970)

Son of a legendary & several Govt. awarded actor cum director of folk drama(Jatra) in West Bengal, India. Amitava served as a teacher of English & cultural director at Ramkrishna Vivekananda Mission, Barracpore for long years. As a student of English literature Amitava is deeply influenced by the poetry of specially Shelly & Keats since childhood. His poetry basically involves the content of nature, love & socialism.

# A Dreamer's Dream

An ordinary man with an extra ordinary vision  
Knitting his net of dream with bright ambition.  
Like a tiny bulbul with a mere straw in beak  
Soaring high up in the sky beneath the scorching sun,  
Hope to create it's desired nest with one straw entangled others  
Making a dream come true in this long run.

I am a dream....let me dream to set up my repose,  
I am a worker....let me work until my death,  
Be the tale of my endeavor spread at each fold of nest  
Resounded by he chant of prudence and faith.

There stands my temple at nature's lap, the evergreen mate,  
Where each brick boasts of it's origin through blood and sweat.  
Behold the colourful students joyous even in rigid system,  
Feel the air here conveying Ramakrishna and Vivekananda's principles,  
Think of the followers absorbed in making future generation  
And yet to go ahead leaving the burning examples.

Can a dream lose it's way in absence of it's dreamer  
When my spouse and siblings lead the dream to eternity?  
A fortunate soul I am, observing from my ever slumber  
The matured flowers and fruits in my vicinity.

10th December,2010

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Amitava Chakraborty

# A Faded Away Dream On An Unknown Pasture

How wonderful the falling sun is down the slopping pasture  
Spreading reddish delight around this tranquil valley!  
When with brightened physique & two mesmeric eyes  
She holds my promising hands affectionately.

The tender lash of chilled breeze on her silky hair  
Burdened with wild flowers' aroma & birds' chirping  
Makes us floating like dark cloud overhead  
Assembling as divine witness of our mingling.

Blessed I by liberal nature, blessed by thee-Almighty  
When puts she her forehead on my bosom so passionately.  
Did she hear my crazy heart beats there  
Expressing ecstasy with my name only?

Soft noise of falling dry leaves in the nearby wood,  
Naughty look of the frisking fawn by untamed stream.  
O God! Let this sensational moment be germinated  
In each seeds of these tiny plants-the pioneers of our dream.

Twenty long years with twenty promising springs  
Made me explore in new lands among new faces.  
Sitting today alone I under this matured tree  
Of one score bearing my fruitless dream through new races.

Remembering now that love yearning innocent guy  
Painting on dream canvas amidst riot of colors.  
How vivid was life then webbing to immortality  
Dedicating sweetheart in my trusty arms with unutterable sheers.

Adieu! Washed out all hues from dream canvas in floating stream  
Turning a tiny water body colorful destined to be lost soon,  
Vanished away my dream like an unfortunate falling star  
Vain to put mark in love history with a rare boon.

An aimless endeavor in search of my love traces  
Left long back here on decaying cliffs & stems.  
If I could get thou now in the lap of nature  
Promised once to present me her forever the same!

Hear I today the eternal call of valley again,  
A new hope with new dream sprouting in plants on new ramp.  
"If change is the law of universe for creation  
Can love be far behind for igniting a new auspicious lamp? "

13th april 2009

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# A Momentus Journey

My eyes dazzle in a sudden flash from the trendy view mirror  
As I stand by my ever companion, aged two wheeler, served me long without error.

The weird sun peeps behind the Raddison fort so dimly  
When drenched I in twilight before convergence with my beloved  
waiting in a distant land crazily  
The starting sound of my mechanical horse and the bang of the giant iron gate,  
A rhythmic mixing that bade me farewell for an unknown fate.  
Then started my journey only witnessed by an oblivious security guard at door step,  
Hope in mind for an eternal confluence with careful shape.

Initial relief gets my companion as it descends down way  
Once relieved like the faithful horse of Prithviraj Chauhan rushing in responsible gay.  
The victorious flags tremble in summer breeze from the Ganges by winding way,  
Feel I so my heart beats with an unknown fear for winning the bay.  
Did thou heart move on verge Prithviraj in that immortal ride  
When beloved Sanjukta was counting her chivalrous lover's arrival with pride?  
Picked up my bike's pace as touches its front wheel on even surface,  
Behold I for last the glimpse of fading sun bathed fort in my joy race.

Like a falling meteor from the night sky the horse pierces unseen windy curtain,  
Unbound velocity perfectly matched with Prithviraj's determination on heroic gain.  
Adorned in bride costume waiting pretty Sanjukta in royal court with groom-garland,  
Breath chocked fortune counting by competent grooms from foreign lands, yet her Expectation for unwanted husband.  
Was mockingly personified as a mere soldier statue in vigilance at door step,  
Ethnic Rajput foe forbidden to this kingdom with prevention at each creep.  
But a heroic heart obeys no bar for wining over his beloved's hand,  
Even picking up forcibly from enemy's court storming the victory stand.

Galloped once the loyal horse, gallops now my ever companion  
On the pebble scattered dusty path paves my way in jubilation

Get reddish in out going sun the reeds & elephant grass on both rows of the narrow passage,  
Sometimes the rider myself is only seen from other side by a flock of crows with ominous message.  
Boon or course, who knows but today's Sanjukta belongs to a wealthy family,  
Alas! Traditional wall of rich-poor bars my love race unfortunately.  
Rebel was she then against all social odds, why not today is of mine?  
Feel I an evil thought seems drawing my path ahead to the horizontal line.

Smear I in falling beams of the drawing sun as my bearer ascends the hillock  
And gets accelerated observing the return trip of an unknown white flock.  
Indescribable the sight is but I have promised to meet her before the sun immersing,  
Blurred will be my vision in darkness as once was with Prithviraj in piteous mourning.  
Searching valorous king for beloved Sanjukta in hellish dark custody,  
Who knew but was left only perishable body with broken melody?  
Were plucked his eyes to keep Sanjukta for ever in darkness,  
An inhuman command by emperor Ghori, the black most episode in history beyond all forgiveness

Pass back the rustic huts & plants with new pace  
As earnestly seek I to my companion for invigoration in this momentous race.  
If comes down fearful night before I reach my love crossing the bar  
Perhaps like fateless Prithviraj will lose I her in mischievous sombre.  
Alone she with heartfelt love waiting at "Lovers' point"  
Vivid gazing to obscure horizon for companion's arrival, an indomitable sentiment.  
Dream in eyes for eternal union in an inaccessible land beyond life harbor  
Where the blessed flame of love lamp remains stable for ever.

Pale sun rays oozing through the top leaves of casuarinas symbolizing success  
Simultaneously paradoxical dark shadow around the trunk bottom indicating failureness.  
Who knows the destiny of our immortal love tale?  
Written in golden letter in love history or like an unfortunate falling star at its death bell.  
Forthcoming my love consequence with leaping heart hanging on a swayed fortune-string  
Waiting there my victory or defeat after that momentous meeting.

O dear! Let me ride more, let my journey be continued for infinity  
As expectation is sweeter than execution, a universal truth to eternity.

23rd October,2008

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Amitava Chakraborty



# A Prayer Song To The Saviour Of All

Saviour of all you are in universe, O lord!  
It's our little prayer to make our mind broad.  
Never keep us off from your compassion,  
Bless us to awake from ignorance to new vision.  
Saviour of all you are in universe, O lord, O lord.

Innocent sons we are, your immature seed  
Nourishing in the garden of Vidyamandir in nature's feed.  
Give us light, give air to bloom,  
Fill with fragrance of knowledge removing all gloom.  
Saviour of all you are in universe O lord, O lord.

Show us real path in long race,  
Let's serve the poor with smile in their face.  
Give devotion to worship man-God  
Make proud to sacrifice this tiny life, O lord, O lord.  
Saviour of all you are in universe O lord, O lord.

21st January,2011

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Amitava Chakraborty

# A Tale Of Great Sacrifice

When the scaring dark cloud overcast gradually  
With sudden cessation of stormy west wind,  
Why that ominous caw behind a thorny plant  
Or the piteous barking near a dustbin shakes today my mind?

Strolling anxiously long I on solitary garret,  
The reverend queen of Chitore palace,  
Dedicated Rajput cast, we for ever  
Keep dignity upon every earthly solace.

But who observes my restless glance today  
At the messenger's way from a lone turret?  
How lucky I will be in my hero's victory  
With declaration of triumph tranquilizing my fret.

Not like this mischievous gloomy day  
It was a glimpse of momentous joy,  
Adorned in glittering armor my chivalrous king  
Embracing me, the shrunken beloved in coy.

An adorable head on thee mighty bosom  
Little fellow I heard thou love beats only,  
How irresistible call was there  
That speaking out my name so proudly.

Cherishing two crazy hearts their unfulfilled dream  
When realization itself not a dream so far,  
Blessed spring breeze burdened with aroma  
Whispers in Royal garden inciting us to be love martyr.

Sent I off my king waving ceremonial lamps  
When thousand voices sought for release from raiders' stake,  
Savior my valiant king today on liberation war  
Look! How rigid his determinations for mother land's shake.

Like dreadful passing of an evil comet  
An approaching black spot storms in somber horizon,  
Count forcibly alone today I my heart beat  
When dear king struggling in a great mission.

Behold I rapidly the black spot enlarged into animation  
When on weird horse back a leaning soldier  
Falls down by uncelebrated victory gate  
Drawing down this unfortunate queen soon there.

Put I his inclined head on my lap so passionately  
When two half closed eyes searching for an eternal sleep.  
"King is gone with kingdom- Your majesty queen",  
Uttered the dying fellow with his last breath so deep.

Is it a horrible dream or crude reality?  
O Lord! Why such piteous curse to this dream searcher?  
Like a fake flower without pollen  
How an ill starred lady lives losing her lover!

Newly formed will be the kingdom with new king  
Poor fellow I have to surrender in foe's ruthless arm,  
Unable you dear then to rescue me from other world  
When alien's fleshy hunger will be satisfied in wild charm.

"Come back, come back dear for once,  
Look, praying thy beloved in hellish dejection."  
Dashed my shriek blindly in deserted palace  
When echoing helplessly the same for a tragic conclusion.

Determined so I today to meet thee crossing the bar  
As custom makes me feel proud in self sacrifice,  
Thou soul is my soul- mine chastity yours,  
Will loss we again in love in heaven with eternal bliss.

[The poem is based on the theme of 'Jawar Brath', a self sacrificial custom by earlier Rajput queens of Rajasthan, India before surrendering to the foes.]

Amitava Chakrabortty  
14th January,2009

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# Alien I Today

The scorching sun above the leaning peepal tree  
Plays hide & seek through weird leaves like me beneath it.  
Sudden ripples on tranquil pond by a kingfisher  
As it plunges on the pray consuming skill a bit.

The intoxicating serial call perhaps by a dove  
Conveying from an unidentified branch of a palm tree nearby  
An intensified influence even to those circulating gnats  
Humming round the pitcher with palm juice in their joy fly.

Sensational touch of soothing breeze in mid summer  
My drowsy eyes with decrepit physique by mundane pain.  
The hypnotic beats by a woodpecker beyond  
Beckons me to the sleep-land in my native village again.

The haggard looking kids with bare body  
Drenching in the crescent brook blowing leisurely.  
Absorbed in funny water game beside bathing cattle  
Reminding my vague childhood days from the worn out frame piteously.

Rushing like a meteor by the arid mustard field  
A refined kid of high born in his frisking race  
Chasing a butterfly towards the infinite horizon  
When all hues of that insect painted in his eyes fasten pace.

Brighten face at picking down chicks from treetop nest  
Victorious hunter taking away prey home to make them pet.  
Look! Bringing them back very next day with blessing by mother bird's rare  
smile,  
No wonder when Buddha's compassion infused in vein for a child mindset.

Reviving that hearty hospitality of innocent tribal  
With invaluable love & care in utmost poverty.  
But broken stool seemed then a throne in their hut & coarse meal 'Amrita'  
(nectar)  
Like a stable progression of hearty imagination from futility to eternity.

Thirty summers with thirty new Bengali years  
Give grayish lash to my thin hair like these dried up grasses.

Dream in eyes, corporate urban fellow I come back here today  
But alas! The difference bleeds my heart for long recess.

Why such unwanted modesty from these simple villagers  
Like shrunken leaves of the mimosa by human touch?  
Where gone that jolly kid upon a tribe's affectionate shoulder  
When myself is saluted by same fellow revering me much?  
Can't I bring back that passed by flow on nearby river?  
Affectionately used to tell the tale of my golden days.  
Alas! Had got everything if I could be of my own  
Filling heart up to brim like overflowing river through bays.

How close I am to this ever green nature here today!  
Yet alien enough to the hearts of earth-sons for bloody left phase.  
Let me forget my urbane ease, pray to thou almighty,  
Bless me with rebirth on my native land again fulfilling this only craze.

18th December,2008

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Amitava Chakraborty

# An Unheard Cry

When red eyed hanging vampires start flapping wings  
After the departure of weird sun in the western horizon,  
How horribly I silently gain my evil power  
Sharing a black owl's fly in my night expedition!

Piercing granite walls by my willful physique  
Feel I proud by surpassing a comet's pace.  
Scaring drowsy kids by affectionate mother to veteran adult  
Boastful of omnipotence, phantom creature I by my invisible trace.

Remember I those vague happy moments  
When ever green nature exposed her liberally  
To that little blessed family in joy  
With dream for adorning a secured future leisurely.

How tragic was my untimely cessation  
Leaving alone a helpless spouse with cute offspring!  
An infinite world without a trustful hand today  
Destined they are like non creative harp with broken string.

Look! How dedicated my destitute beloved now  
Rows the perilous family boat in stormy ocean.  
Unutterable pain at heart with undistinguished past memories,  
Determined she struggling to pay me a divine return.

Obliged darling tolerates humiliation for child's shake  
As duty loses words for the recreation of leaches boss  
When ill starred phantom I cry in darkness  
For inability to rescue her from dignity loss.

Break; break the inaccessible wall of this dark world  
Where light of hope is blurred forever.  
Why this mockery to a helpless cursed ghost  
To whom all feelings of mundane sensation will come never?

20.01.09

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# Autobiography Of A Dependant Brook

Little brook I flow down leisurely  
Passing through dales & villages gradually.  
Feel I happy listening lovers' songs in harmony  
Again share I widows' tears on funeral ceremony.

Little brook I flow down leisurely  
Called in different names by poets so passionately.  
Become I ecstatic with an untamed drenching kid  
At the same time blessed I by farmers for crops feed.

□

Little brook I flow down leisurely  
In my zigzag course as a witness eternally.  
Observed once in nature's bosom the jovial child  
Alas! Wash out today at four-score his crematorium field.

Little brook I flow down leisurely  
Nourished by my mighty mother affectionately.  
How liberal she is to me during monsoon!  
But enraged in summer when I gasp at scorching noon.

Little brook I flow down leisurely  
Feel proud myself pondering a man's plight sorrowfully.  
How piteously bound with money an employee is to his authority  
Counting unfulfilled dreams in silence with futility!

Little brook I flow down leisurely  
Dependant we both to feeding parents loyally.  
Nevertheless, satisfied this tiny creature with nature's care  
When that poor obedient is crushed under mundane torture.

Amitava Chakraborty  
13th February, 2009

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# Call Of Wilderness

Slowly & silently hid she behind the veil of dark cloud,  
Weird moon fading silvery hue, once proud.  
Soft symphony of drizzling on each leaves of wild plants  
Trembling in rainy breeze through old Ayodhya hills piteously pants.  
Forgotten beginning, as I hear the mingling melody of cricket with dhamsa & madol  
Transporting rhythm by untamed wind from a village beyond  
An unseen wavelength-bridging the dark destitute village with this luxury resort  
Feel I this union at the roof top, feel I my love to nature, an eternal bond.

Barred usual vision in darkness, only splashing of perplexing balmness  
Infusion of magic mahua or rhythm of dhamsa-madol? Pondering I the intoxicating base?  
At once, blowing poisonous wind to cripple the pace of my imagination,  
Surrounding vague shadowy innumerable faces by Maoists' agitation.  
Reviving an innocent face dried up in hunger  
Infused with enticement by greedy ambitious to her new dream  
Yet every new monsoon with new hope beckons me to visit thee again  
Alas! Graceful purulia, pervading unfaithfulness today with a distorted theme.

Adolescent then drenching myself in Turga fall on a perilous rock  
Enjoying both the emerald green watery splash & companions' mock.  
An indomitable instinct to surrender myself to the heart of ever fostering nature  
And drink wilderness unto brink promising back in future  
A ridiculous attempt to resemble my amateur steps  
With those skilled performers in Chou dance  
A decaying art today, malnourished culture with lack of kingly patronage,  
Nevertheless thou call eternal, searching that pretty Purulia in darken trance.

Ah! A soothing flow of magic mahua through each nerve, paralyzing each joint  
Yet insufficient intoxication, my poetic imagination dominates my originating point  
Like an virgin's first impatient & vivid meeting with speechless waiting,  
Sitting alone in a meadow with crazy blink on her shepherd lover's coming,  
For the wild fragrance of those unknown flowers among the step hills,  
Sprouting up healthily by nature's winding lawn.

For the amicable souls of those innocent tribals  
Waiting I, here in darkness to bring back my beloved purulia in the next  
promising dawn.

15.08.08

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# Darkness

'I am the prominent symbol of all mischieves  
I scare by my dark complexion  
Receiving a funny stock in return.  
I feel proud eclipsing the mighty sun  
And be glad chatting with the lonely stars,  
My din & degrading sons in the night sky.

Black my other name disliked by all  
But liked by the romantic poets for emotional call  
My enemy is worshiped everywhere  
But unlucky light views only the dark side  
while lucky I feel better the bright part of life.'

25-06-07

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# Detection For The Lost Nobel

Soaking his wet beard filled in tears,  
Blowing his running nose sounding fears  
With a Sriniketan made napkin  
Panted Tagore in deep sorrow  
For the shock of the lost Nobel  
Stolen from Viswabharati ringing the devil's bell.

Tied a knot in his silky beard  
Promised Tagore to find out his rare reward,  
Cried he "Call Kushadhaj from Taaldhaj  
For capturing the thief & finding out the asset,  
Need that mini detective  
The disciple of Sharloke Homes is now active."

Started his investigation from Uttarayan  
Met Kushadhaj a herd of cows at Udayan.  
At once stuck his eyes at the swollen belly of a calf  
How could it be a mistake of this veteran detective?  
Passed his hand into the mouth of the calf in hope of Nobel  
Soon got a blow of horn by its mother impressing a black label

At last got the tiny detective a fax.  
The Nobel is hidden inside a bee-hive made of wax.  
Sharply he climbed up the trees with a stick.  
Pierced Kushadhaj into the hive.  
Ah! What a fierce sting of thousand bees.  
Swollen body like a pumpkin fell down from the trees

Searching continued for the lost Nobel everywhere  
But the poor detective found it nowhere.  
Came C.B.I, gone C.I.D but all in vain,  
Sat down the disciple of Sharloke Homes in despair,  
At last got an ear pulling by Tagore in the yard  
Smiled he "You fool spy; I hid it so long in my thick beard".

02.07.08

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# Dream Awaken

A severe blow on my vulnerable chest  
Got I by an odorous elbow at the overcrowded foot board.  
Snarled he with his might beyond all apology,  
A sweating physique piteously mob-locked in freezing mode.

Gazed I at this harsh irritated face,  
Two half closed eyes sparkling after day's drudgery over.  
An aged fellow grudging in suburban local train,  
Known daily drama by such a typical daily passenger.

Felt I guilty myself beholding his facial expression  
When ironically knocked he & sufferer mine.  
Unusual we both attacking others in real life  
Yet continuous inhuman competitions for our own shine.

Cruelly pushing an innocent child  
Or barbarically knocking down an unable patient.  
Our only goal is of occupying a mere yet rare seat,  
We are daily passengers struggling long for our own betterment.

Suddenly felt I an unutterable pain at heart  
Observing those two half closed eyes with some unexpressed dream.  
Faded away desire for everlasting peace nestling at an unknown land  
Where sorrows are barred by divine eternal theme.

See another dream with a difference,  
To attain a fortunate space for installing own statue  
Beside one's ideal hero reverend in golden history,  
Remembered by all for deeds & virtue.

Or think over that dream could be dedicated for others,  
Selfless service for destitute or nation  
Where the hymn of sacrifice is only chanted  
For a vision of almighty in smile at the face of an orphan.

Different individuals with indifferent dreams  
All knitting ambitious webs even in crude reality.  
Yet ordinary life style with extraordinary vision  
To achieve that day of his own conquering adversity.

Lets thou unexpressed desire not cry in dark silence  
When right to be in dream unrestricted in all social tyranny.  
Can't a lotus be sprouted in ugly mud?  
As dream is not emotional artists' asset but everybody's coherent symphony.

28.11.08

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# Dreamland

How my tiny heart dreams of a more tiny desire!  
Rising up on the wings of an eagle to touch the sky  
Or step on the land of moon one day sharing  
Indomitable pace of the carrier in my imaginative fly.

How thrilling my search will be there!  
For that humane old lady with a spinning wheel  
Beckons me affectionately to sit by her side  
And tell her folk tale to my ecstatic zeal.

How sensational touch was that with a lullaby!  
As she puts her bony yet tender hand on my forehead.  
Weird body with drowsy eyes when I  
Seek slumber in her lap under motherly shade.

How my unstable strolling on uneven stony moon ground is!  
Drenching myself in full moon at her own surface  
Or aspiring to kick off the world beneath my feet  
With no red eyes there to rebuke me for study race.

How amazing my stay in this unknown land is!  
Exempt I today from attending the boring convent  
Or drinking tasteless milk under grandmother's supervision  
To consume unto bottom for stupid health development.

How sharply illusion changes in dream too!  
Leaving an eternal impression at heart in life course.  
Black sky overhead with airless empty land  
Scares me at once to send off the deceitful repose.

How passionately I'm fostered in own bed room!  
When find I everlasting ease at my mother's lap.  
Can't I build up dream castle in reality?  
When dreamland itself in dream is nothing but a useless nap.

29th April,2009

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# Expectation

A pair of common eyes with uncommon vision,  
Hope in mind to touch the untouchable sky.  
Known its infinity, yet the conquering ecstasy beckons often,  
Who knows the fulfillment? By motive force or an imaginative fly?

Like floating white clouds in the unending blue sky,  
My aimless sketching plays on the canvas of mesmeric emotion.  
An unutterable joy or sensational pain at heart to meet her first,  
Cherished in mind for long with unleashed jubilation.

Days counting with craziness for long waiting Durga puja  
By an innocent child drawing serial lines with inscriptions  
Sometimes passing days seem to be unending years,  
Again vivid expectation for its arrival always ignites aspiration.

Arousing similar desire in two minds irrespective of ages,  
An indomitable desire, the desire for absorbing oneself in confluence.  
'Expectation is sweeter than execution'-known to all,  
So love we get in counting for the expected moment forgetting consequence.

01.11.08

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# Go Back To Nature

An indomitable soul in an infinite venture  
Infuses intoxication in vein for untouched newness.  
When evergreen nature beckons with abundant beauty & mystery  
How strong the attraction becomes to leave from all mundane stress!

Counting waves aimlessly lying on deserted beach  
Or an attempt of formatting dream in building sand castles.  
Glittering laugh of white foam on splitting surges  
As beloved moonlight embraces sea with rhythmic rustle.

When the call of luminous snow clad mountain peak  
Makes me spellbound with healing touch my devastated body & mind  
Who dares in joy like me meditating thou serene sage  
Presented through winkles vision in unbearable wintry wind?

Immeasurable thou contribution nature- receptacle of beauty  
That beckons me often to thy boundless kingdom with divine satisfaction.  
An unending luscious touch for this restless soul  
Assures with an eternal repose during last song at funeral procession.

Look those insane fellows rushing behind earthly pleasure!  
Where neglected love-dejected affection cries in unspoken expression.  
How unaware they are consumed in this evil rat race!  
When all achievements are predestined to be ashes or soil at conclusion.

Forsake thou fragile vanity as wealth sounds void at end,  
Let all windows of mind be opened to behold the mere dew dropp on nearby  
grass,  
Respond to wilderness, back to nature with open heart  
As thou ever peace land always awaits-devoid of any urban fuss.

23.12.08

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# Hunger

Gazing at the pale face hung up in hunger  
She stretched her bony hand,  
Need a soothing motherly touch or much  
To thy only decaying lad.

Two living fossils counting their death bell,  
Oh! Thou left alone after thy companion's untimely cessation.  
Which angel comes forth to save her only hope  
In this feminine stricken Amlasole? - The land of degeneration.

Stood up in a moment she drew a cracked mirror,  
Behold her inseparable beauty still exists in physique.  
Does she ponder of surrendering to her landlord's primitive hunger?  
Instant money to save thy son! The chance is unique.

Will she really commit a sin or be sent to hell?  
At a glance she watched the shrunken lips of her son,  
Determined at heart she left the room quietly.  
Is she truly to blame for losing the title of an ideal mother  
When a fleshly hunger is extinguished for a hunger of fiery belly?

04-08-05

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## If I Am At This Age

He stretches his feeble hand  
With a decaying stick like own physique,  
Leaning weird body on his active companion  
Like a frisking deer- young, coy and sleek  
Eighty springs passed off, new hope each with  
Today, fostering new path of dream beneath.

He falls on the thorns of life, he bleeds,  
Destined that middle aged fellow himself only to be locked  
The jaw of omnivorous family grinds all dreams  
Yet in search of EL-DORADO, the imaginative town undocked.  
Unfulfilled dream obeys no bound  
If his dream girl herself composes the melody of unheard sound.

He arranges her untidy hair with active fingers  
Trembling in joy to touch her virgin lips.  
Two young dream searchers in unending passion  
Webbing their dreamland at immortal trips.  
Alas! Burden of social torments crushes young dreams  
As none to count the unfortunate falling stars with faded theme.

Away! Away from the rigid clutch of mundane pain  
On the wings of mighty 'Gorur' thy love floating  
An indomitable desire to meet her in the other world  
Fearless mind for union of two minds with God's caring  
Who dares to cease thy immortal bond  
When broken dream comes to be true in holy land?

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Amitava Chakraborty

# In Search Of Enlightenment

Ignited once thee the undistinguished lamp  
To disperse ominous darkness from our narrow mind  
When immersing civilization gasping with its earth sons,  
How invigorated they were with thou divine kind!  
When looming superstition at each pore in society,  
Decrepit medieval India bemoaned in the custody of exploitation,  
Thou immortal doctrine showed us the path of enlightenment,  
Remember thee so we today Lord Buddha-the pioneer of liberation.

When the voice of untouchables sounded an empty vaunt  
And rights to equality evaluated a farce,  
Thou nectar dogma supplied us new verse  
Demolishing the wall of evil division, a long-years curse.  
When the trembling poor sheep would await  
In the butcher's row for inhuman slaughter  
Thou auspicious chant of non-violence & compassion  
Arouse our conscience washing out bloody hands thereafter.

Searching so for thy sacred foot prints anarchists we,  
The ungrateful siblings of modern century.  
Entangled unfortunates in the chain of salvation  
Lose words of protest against exploitation & devils' furry.  
Look at thou offspring today jubilant in bathing barbaric bloodshed  
Where war among humane brothers exposing with distorted fraternity.  
Tormented fellows suffocating again in poisonous vapor,  
Pray so for thy resurrection Buddha for the rebirth of humanity.

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# My Eternal Repose

Sixty winters with sixty New Year each  
These bare snow clad pines shake off leaves as usual.  
The colourful flags tremble in chilled northern wind on a Buddhist pagoda  
And throwing snow balls from flakes of Tsangu Lake by all ages, so jovial.  
How familiar I with serene gaze of that monk & crazy blink of an adolescent!  
Come I by these fellows every time but with changing faces  
Promising a new life by an invigorating couple under the new sun,  
Can I find myself two score back in these teenagers' races?

Climbing we both on the icy step hill emerging from the frozen lake,  
Frisking I like a deer surpassing easily my liver's pace,  
Sometime he, I sometime hold on each others hand  
To reach the desired base like our life's ambition without recess.  
Write we countless love quotes on snowy boulders & plants,  
Hang on sacred string for Buddha's grace in life ahead.  
"Listen open sky, listen unbound wind, listen you all to our love story,  
Eternal witnesses are you there if our immortal inscriptions once turn fade.

Dreams are true at this two score, fulfilled all desires in life  
Once wringed out myself for others, so getting back I today God's benediction.  
Present my hubby holding one hand, future my child pulling the other,  
Strolling we three on known Tsangu with overflowed satisfaction.  
Blessed my woman life with an ever existing peace family,  
Adorned I one temple there, so here we today offering tribute to another.  
Restrained Himalaya like this couple beholds the union of a matured love  
When looking I forward through my 'Immature future's vision' further.

Come back again! Secluded I today at this three score age  
Ever new Tsangu yet much white like my unraveled hair.  
As an uncompensated avalanche of the mighty Himalaya sent off my companion  
for ever  
Burden I so rejected by only son, my hope & future's care.  
A misfit old woman I, perhaps ill matched to modernity  
Address my today so is Sikkim old age home.  
But remember I nature never did betray the heart that loved her  
So come I often to respond nature's call in this aimless roam.

16th August,2008

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# Ode To An Arabian Bird

The glowing sun boasts with its full might  
At the mid-path of day's journey  
As I stretches myself in the quiet bower of an oasis,  
I know not the end of this unending exploration  
In search of thee, the unseen personification.

Breaking my trance with an unheard note,  
A sweet melody reasoning from a bush beyond  
So sweet, so touchy, seems to be conveyed since bygone  
When the Arabian knights would halt on fierce desert  
To invigorate their mental hunger  
Listening this enchanting note lingered for ever.

A little papia frisking in rapture on wavy branches  
With her hypnotic note penetrating into my heart.  
Ah! An indomitable desire to accompany thee,  
Share thou joy & soothing apply on my mundane injury.  
It seems to beckon me with her mesmeric tone  
To be thy new companion in the world unknown.

Transporting we into an illuminating island  
Where the rhythmic breaking noise of sea waves  
Attempts to frighten you with water droplets on your tiny wings,  
Fearful or naughtiness who knows? You plunge on my bosom.  
Thou immortal bird! Sings intoxicating note for ever  
Mortal fellow I, pray the Almighty to listen even in permanent somber.

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# Rain On Two Crazy Hearts

I'm unaware. The trumpeting noise of the stormy wind  
From a fierce love-lost elephant or pitch dark cloud?  
Gazed I, yet furious slashing on my eyelids  
Indomitable endeavor to divert my vision, so proud.  
A flock of stork dotting on the awful canvas of cloudiness.  
Perplexing me all mundane sense with mystic balmness.

Pair not one, 'tis two, both our eyes stuck to infinity  
As darken the cloud more your unruly hair  
Uncanny yet unspoken language in mesmeric black eyes  
Beckon me to mingle in the melody of divine lyre.  
'Come rain, come rain, couple go back to safe den'  
Cried the banyan tree, sheltered us with its branches chain.

Forget it, feather or umbrella weighs naught now  
As madding shower rushes two love-mads in joy  
Let be drenched dress, let be quenched fiery hearts,  
Sent off! Floating now the umbrella in spinning wind so coy.  
Hand in hand, two paces resemble in this rainy land  
Destination joy land, a dream resort for lovers' kingdom.

Igniting fire place! Perhaps igniting more their love fire  
The two crazy hearts yearn for eternal union  
If unwanted cessation ceases this moment for ever  
Who knows but a new sun of immortal love rises in horizon?  
Fruitless the weary world, valueless the life's rat race  
When they create their self world with heavenly grace.

24.06.08

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# Remembering Native Land

How an auspicious soul sheds tears in ominous somber  
Counting death bell when all lights of hope turn out in despair.  
Forsaken desire in long past for the vision of refreshing sunrays  
As bang of prison cell gate sounds the only difference with gay.

Forgotten beginning, a prisoner's dark phase with piteous shriek.  
Alas! Faded memory of bright days mock to this unfortunate freak.  
Counting uncountable days for nectar taste of release,  
Will go back to nature's lap breaking all earthly seize.

What differs for this poor urban fellow with degraded morality?  
Consuming fondness to wilderness in the cage of suffocating modernity.  
Yearning for that rustic charm left long back in vagueness  
Where primitive nature with innocent aboriginals surges in ever jolliness.

Cries today the blue sky, cries gentle breeze in foggy morning,  
Cries so the singing birds in forest for thou mourning.  
Look, how that neglected road dog seeks for thou affection often  
When living mother sitting alone at doorstep looks to your path much trodden.

Lets thou memory not be shaded off like dead leaves from trees  
When call of nature assures thee liberty from urban mechanical mischief.  
Lets thousand flowers be bloomed today on thy way,  
Ever grateful she awaits as you loved her much one day.

23.12.08

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# The Demise Of An Unfortunate Star

Everyday I ask that unknown evening star,  
'Were you there at same galaxy  
Long years ago when I was blessed by God  
With first love and hope  
To set off for eternity? '

A known journey to an unknown destination!  
Yet two souls tied together  
With ecstasy in expedition  
For an evergreen world of hues and joy.

Everyday I ask that unknown evening star,  
'Were you there at the same galaxy  
Long years ago when I was cursed by God  
With a mysterious isolation  
From my beloved with heart full of pain? '

A tragic end of an understanding  
Left this innocent lover alone in vast world  
Like silent demise of you, the evening star,  
Being unnoticed by new aspirants in true love.

9th March,2011

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# The Fog

The grey fog pulls its veil in shyness  
As a dejected widow wraps in white dress.  
The light winged droplets claims their permanency  
Challenging chivalry & truth of the sun's supremacy.

Till you remember your mighty companion  
Ever fresh & glowing as the rising sun,  
Once met & wooed your tender hand  
Was an uncanny fog there at that dreamland.

Unwanted was king's treasure in your hut, wee;  
Who didn't desire but everlasting peace in the family of three?  
But alas! God loved your sweet heart young  
Fatal accident in dense fog ceased the love song.

Why such unspoken fear grows in mind today?  
When dressed in school uniform standing your little lad in gay?  
Peeped hope with the pale sun through obscure vision  
Soon will disappear fog for a new expedition.

09-01-07

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# The Last Front

How glittering the snow clad mountain is  
When the last beam of the run out sun  
Reflects like a parting lover impressing  
On a helpless beloved's mind with futile yarn!  
Weird too we all the struggling battalion  
Marching forward like the sun's daily course  
Invigorated with rigid determination at each step  
Pouncing on enemies' bunker by this offensive force.  
The sensational breeze in falling winter  
Paralyzes much our fatigue limbs gradually  
Like the fresh kiss from a virgin lips  
Makes an adolescent's nerves balm so perpetually.  
Sent we off the falling sun eventually for that day  
With an unknown fortune to see him rise again.  
Loosened belt with outgripped guns,  
Fatigued bodies stretched for night halt in this dark den.  
Remembering we the vague past sweet memories  
Resemble with this dim ambience in cave by igniting torch  
Ominously trembling flames by sudden rush of wind  
Scare often us with own ghostly shadows in death search.  
Look those expressionless eyes bearing memories of aged parents  
Or those crazy visions counting days for love confluence.  
Away, away from the faded away happy memories  
Loyal soldiers we to nation fighting here for holy defense.  
Mighty enemies with refilled troops waiting at hill top  
How ironically challenged by this tiny force in fresh dawn!  
Grinding will be perishable physique with all unfulfilled dreams  
For the sake of motherland so silently that none to bemoan.  
Fruitless pondering over expectation to fulfillment  
As fall we not alone in words & deeds,  
Happy soldiers we to sacrifice lives on the sacred altar  
For all men strives in earth & who really succeeds?

03.03.2009

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# The Lost Reverie

The rising sun spreads its immature beam  
Portraying a reddish delight in the eastern horizon.  
Reflection on the watery surface of the Ganga  
Resembles with a burning cylinder emerges since bygone.

A flock of 'Gung -cheel' quickens their wings' pace  
With the refueling energy after night's recess.  
Does anything change in this world with my yearning  
For an eternal journey into that rising splendid fire?

Adieu! The shrill bell of the morning ferry  
Reminds my inseparable daily drudgery breaking the reverie.

10.08.05

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# Twin Destiny

Gently pushed she the glossy door with soft fingers  
As the indifferent pilot stares at her usual departures  
Wore she the arrogant dear skirt  
Dares too putting on a vulgar para-shirt  
Unable to conceal her rare body wealth  
Who saves when she herself loses her moral health?  
Embraced in boyfriend's arm, her destination is disco floor  
Where suffocating pleasure beckons with spendthrift of  
money unto crore.

Affectionately draws she her only lad with bonny hand,  
Lack of shelter, dearth of food in this poor and void land.  
Alas! Drenched in incessant rain,  
Roaming in the scorching sun through streets and lane  
Passes she serial nightmares gazing at stars,  
Occasionally haunted by a few torn dreams with  
unavoidable blurs.  
Whom to blame when the creator seems to be partial?  
Is the right to survival a farce in her unending trial?

10-01-2008

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