

Poetry Series

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR
- poems -

Publication Date:
2016

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

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR()

A Child In Me

There's a child in me
Who loves to watch rain,
Loves to put a paper-boat
In the dirty drain.
Yes, my heart oft leaps
To grab the rainbow,
I love to watch the train
Chug across the meadow.
I still love paper-planes,
Gas-balloons in sky,
I love to steal a mango
Chase the butterfly.
I know what you're thinking
That I haven't yet grown,
But I better be as I am,
Because kids have over-grown:
No more fairy-tales for them,
No more a lullaby,
Their toys are guns and bullets,
Bombs are a better buy.
Where are we taking them?
And with them the world too?
Shall tomorrow be blood red,
Instead of the rainbow hue?

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

A Different Smile

Topless out of the dustbin,
She skipped into the unkind fog,
Clasping to her rickety chest:
A coveted gift from the garbage,
A limbless doll;
She spotted her bottomless brother,
Whirring a tyre towards her,
To share his wordless joy;
From their dirt encrusted face,
Were visible their un-brushed teeth,
A few missing, a few with plaque,
As they smiled at each other,
Holding their trophies;
Smiles that surpassed,
The smile of kids wrapped in
Quilts of love and care.

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

A Short-Cut To Joy: The Dog

When they spot a dog
Anywhere all alone,
To hear the dog cry,
They pelt a stone.
The pain he suffers,
Is their source of joy,
Some bring a pup,
Instead of a toy.
When they're fed-up,
They simply discard,
Who until yesterday,
Was their loyal guard.
Out on the streets,
They love to hit it and run,
Cruelty is their pleasure,
Being callous their fun.
Hungry and thirsty,
Manged, full of ticks,
Fractured here and there,
Beaten up with sticks.
Roasted in the sun,
Shelter-less in rain,
Licking its wounds,
It refuges in a drain.
Petrified day and night
By endless, hurtful flail,
The poor soul scurries
With tucked in tail.
Dashed by a vehicle,
Yelping to its end,
A bloated carcass,
Becomes a loyal friend!
Crushed under wheels,
Dishonored after death,
The symbol of gratitude
Until its last breath.
A crumb once given,
Who can never ever forget,
Do understand:

The short-cut to joy,
Is this mute pet.

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

A Sudden Whiff

When a sudden whiff,
Turns you to look around,
Feel me, just near to you,
Without a word or sound.
When the star-spangled sky,
Makes your heart leap,
Look up, find me, somewhere
In the inky blue deep.
Whenever you flip through
The pages of the album,
Just touch my snaps
I'll whisper 'talk I'm not dumb'.
Like a fluffy dandelion seed,
I'll float pass your eyes;
Do not try to catch me,
Lest I scatter across the skies.
If a tear-drop emerges,
Pick it on your finger-tip,
See me smile in its sparkle,
Let a smile be on your lip.
Your joy shall redeem me,
From the fetters of anxiety,
My content soul shall soar,
Happily in Eternity.

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Abandoned

The house you left behind you,
Is still very much there,
A bit dilapidated, a bit faded,
With cobwebs of memory,
Quite often tangling my thoughts,
A couple of nails on walls,
Where the blood that once dripped
Has left its ugly stain;
I have not allowed the dust to erase,
Your footprints on the floor,
Nor have I allowed anyone
To step on them, which is why,
In moonless nights, I can hear,
Echoes of your footfall and knocks,
That rudely rouse me;
I draw aside the window curtain,
Look here, there, as slant I can see,
I see a shadow slip into darkness,
Nothing creepy, nothing uncanny,
I convince myself: It may be,
Another phantom of missing,
A dearest one!
After all, the house is my heart:
A loving home,
You have abandoned.

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Abortion

A dream slipped out
Of the hands of the dying night,
Falling to pieces,
On the floor of dawn,
Aglisten with the first rays,
Of the budding sun;
No splinter, yet pierced,
No wound, yet hurt,
A bruised self
Bled, anemic yellow;
Following the eyes,
And heart-rending shrieks,
Of the restless sparrow,
I saw slopped on the floor:
A yolk-stained foetus,
Injured by its fractured shell;
Without the next birthday,
A stifled existence,
Dumped in the dust-bin
Of social scoff,
In tear-less bereavement,
With a gnawing guilt.

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Ache

I missed you a lot
When you left me,
Your memory took away
My adored liberty.

Your speechless portrait
Spoke to me,
Of the days gone by,
The days of felicity.

I extended my hand,
You did not hold,
Yet, at times I felt your touch,
A touch that was cold.

You called me across the meadow,
Across the rippling stream;
I saw you in and out of me,
I saw you in my dream.

Each day in sequence
Passed into the past,
And vultures of remembrance
Pecked the dead 'me'.

Only wings fluttered
In the blue nullity,
Your memory took away
My adored liberty.

(Lucknow, India Dated 27th October,2015)

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Atul

Alone, all alone,
Trying to get from
Urban sands, a drop of
Love, that's me!

(Lucknow, India Dated 27th October,2015)

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Betrayal

The pink-lipped sky stoops
To kiss the silver-bodied eucalyptus,
The pale sun slowly sinks
At the darkening sight of betrayal.
And I?
What have I to say?
What have I to regret?
Oh rose you were meant
To lend fragrance to my life,
How did you get into
Another button-hole?

(Lucknow, India Dated 27th October,2015)

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Between The Lines

That too was a day,
When you used to say:
In fair or foul weather,
We shall walk together,
What is a prick?
What is a thorn?
What is like being left in the lurch?
What is being forlorn?
Together we shall sip
From the cup of life sweet-sour,
The sky is not the limit,
We shall go more far;
Why then do I stand today
All alone between the lines,
The train has disappeared in the fog,
I cannot even see the signs.

(Lucknow, India Dated 27th October,2015)

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Betwixt Us

It's true we see each other
Face to face, but you see,
There's a glass-sheet between us
That keeps us still two.
A distance between us
That bridges can't span;
A silent between us
That words can't break;
A past between us
That Time can't return;
A relation between us
That circumstances can't restore;
There's a third between us
Who makes things now different;
Gives me a heart-burning,
Makes you cold and indifferent.

(Lucknow, India Dated 27th October,2015)

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Dad Isn't Dead

He grew old, he grew cold,
He floated out of sight,
He who enlightened my life,
Departed at the end of night.
The impartial fire took him,
I watched him turn to ashes,
Words came for consolation,
A kerchief for wet eye-lashes.
Days, nights, waxed and waned,
They all went the oblivion way,
He came in reveries and dreams,
Only to go far, far away.
He's no more in his chair,
He's no more in his bed,
I haven't seen him for years,
Yet I believe, he's not dead.

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Divine Union

Do I have to open my eyes
To see you?
Never, yes, never;
Your aura brightens my shut eyes,
I can see you out and within;
You're a tang, a fragrance,
That stirs up my senses,
You're a thought,
That awakens a beautiful world,
Where language is Silence,
And movement,
The eternal rhythm that weaves
Kaleidoscopic collages
On Nature's canvas.
You're the warmth,
That melts and mingles me in you;
A reverie, I always hanker,
A dream, without an end;
My outline loses its trace
In your dimension:
Without frontiers,
Border-less;
I search my form,
Not because I want it back
But to ensure,
That I am really, really,
Blissfully lost
In you:
A departed soul
Beyond human view!

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Don't Ever Dissect

Don't ever dissect my poems,
On Literature's callous table,
They are simply injured moments,
Of my love's unforgettable fable;
Don't expect blood to flow,
Within a set scale,
Don't set parameters,
For any one's wail;
Some tears may make,
A line longer than another,
Some may cling to the nib,
And drip on paper.
A wave is the same,
As its puddle or vast ocean,
So how can a teardrop be,
Different from its emotion?
Not all dark thoughts
Are lucky to see light,
Some are dead unsaid,
Some suffer Time's blight.
Yet there are some thoughts,
Which hanker for longevity,
They creep out of eyes and enter
Poems, in the hope of Eternity.

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Egg, The Oval Charm

Egg, the oval charm,
Does more good than harm,
Whether its from your backyard,
Or a poultry farm.
Egg, the capsule,
Of minerals and protein,
A cluster of vitamins,
Which make you ever-green.
Like sun, the yellow yolk shines,
Midst a cloud white,
Which of the two is better?
Is a medical fight.
Does an egg a day,
Really keep the doctor away?
Or does its cholesterol,
Has something else to say?
I am sure everything,
Is good in moderation;
How can egg be all bad?
It's symbolic of Creation!
(Lucknow, India Dated 26th October,2015)

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Family

One whiff of rumour,
Disturbs us all;
One share of humour,
Thrills us all;
One member's tumour,
Agonises us all;
And members rush
On one distress call.
We grumble, quarrel, fight,
Complain, shout, scream;
We hug, kiss, embrace;
Eat, pray, dream.
Here's the solace
Of the warm breast;
The comfy relief
Of the lap, coziest.
The finger to hold
Confidently tight,
To cross the road
Or fight the night.
The hand to clasp
Whenever insecure,
The embracing arm:
Unselfish and pure.
The shoulder to rest
To shed our tear;
The boulder for refuge
To shred our fear.
The bond of love
Which clutches together;
The strength of unity
In fair and foul weather.
United we stand,
Divided we fall;
It's a FAMILY
A-f-t-e-r a-l-l.

(Lucknow, India Dated 27th October,2015)

First Love

I fell in love with her
When she was twenty-three,
That's when the umbilical cord
Set me free;
Can anyone ever forget
One's very first love;
So how can I Mummy?
My Angel, my dove.

(Lucknow, India Dated 27th October,2015)

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Fixation

Caught in geometrics:
Points of beauty spots,
Lines, curves, angles,
Rising and falling
In an enigmatic undulation
With graceful fluidity,
I forgot that your embrace
Would abandon me
In circles of memories,
With me at the center,
Pierced by the compass point
Of parting and caught
Disenchanted in charcoal dark,
Concentric circles of despair,
Depression, alienation,
Existential ennui,
Trudging down the road of life;
Like a hurt eventide
Gauzed with mist, smog,
Red patched, mercurochromed cirrus;
Limping beyond the horizon,
Into an uncharted woodland
Of indomitable darkness.

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Forever

I am not a year that won't look back
And slip away in the black of night,
Every moment you will remember me,
Every moment I will be in your sight.

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

From An Old Home

Wrote a mother to her child:
Why do you say, I don't understand,
I've brought you all way braving,
The scorching sun and blistering sand.
I have heard your heartbeats,
When none could see you in me,
I have felt your heartbeats,
Whenever you have felt lonely.
Oh! my darling sapling,
I've nurtured you with love and care,
It's I who fed and covered you,
Made you sweet, plump, and fair.
Now that you are out of me,
Having gained your individuality,
It pains me to know that,
Between us, there's no compatibility.
Your 'say'; your 'way'; you want,
For me you don't have any space,
Remembering your innocent kisses,
I want one kiss on my wrinkled face.
Life has become a steeple-chase,
Each steeple higher than the other,
You have a job, a family and friends,
But why have you forgotten your mother.
Far away from you, I pass my days,
Helplessly looking out of the window,
I see a happy world outside,
Of which I was a part, long, long ago.
My vision fades, my limbs trembles,
I have really become sick and old,
I miss my medicines, or skip a dinner
Just because it's stale and cold.
I want to repeat my childhood,
In my grandchildren, I wish to re-grow,
My sunset is gradually darkening,
Take me home, I want to go,
Take me home, I want to go.
Take me home, I want to go.

(Lucknow, India Dated 26th October,2015)

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Get-Up Acid Girls!

Just dip one finger,
Then you shall know,
What it is to seethe
In an acid throw.

Everything shall change,
The day you're in my place,
When someone throws acid,
On your body and face.

You'll burn, you'll run,
You'll shriek and scream,
When the mirror reflects
Your shattered dream.

When your hair shall singe,
Your skull lose shape,
Your ears scrunch up,
Your blisters painfully gape.

When your sparkling sight
Shall be blind to light,
When all your days turn,
Into an unending night.

When your mouth won't open,
For a morsel or drink,
When your nose, chin, neck,
Crinkle and shrink.

When sleep shall evade,
Your eyelids won't blink,
Your mind shall cramp,
You'll not be able to think.

When it shall be tough
To take normal respiration,
When the skin shall be
Speckled by depigmentaion.

When every ogle shall
Self-consciousness increase,
When self-esteem shall lower
And confidence decrease.

When the cinematic past
Shall now and then unfold,
When a chill from top to bottom
Scurry, unbearably cold.

When the scarred soul shall
The veins and nerves harden,
When the mind shall waver
Between revenge and pardon.

When loved ones shall begin
To criticize and victimize,
When society shall distance,
Shun and ostracize.

When each passing second
Shall make your heart sink,
You'll cry, groan, ask:
Why this acid splash in a wink?

It's then, yes then, when
Pain shall call Sorrow,
The two of these shall peer
Into a prospect-less morrow.

But nay, let the inner turmoil
Buoy up the iceberg of courage,
Get-up Acid Girls
It's a war you have to wage,
You have to wage!
Yes, you have to wage!

(Lucknow, India Dated 26th October,2015)

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Go Back Home

Go back home,
Someone is waiting,
Don't let the evening pass;
Someone is waiting.
You have spent
The whole day here;
Someone is at the door;
Go back dear.
Imagine those eyes,
Those about to cry;
Just go back home;
Wipe them joyful dry.
That restless waiting,
Is love's best expression;
Go back home;
Don't give depression.
The night may have stars,
The day the brightest sun;
But none can light-up
Your home, with fun.
The world's best kerchief,
The shoulder, most strong,
Beautifully woven prose and verse:
Home is the sweetest song.
Go back home, go
Before it's very late;
Spend time together,
'Coz Time shall ne'er wait.

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Go Nude

The desire for company
Is the seed of solitude,
The zeal for the Divine
Is the rain of beatitude.

Beyond the last terminal,
Each one has to go alone;
Why not from now onward
Change our attitude.

Instead of grumbling
For things we don't have;
Let's cherish our bounties,
Thank God in gratitude.

Let's meditate and discover
Our inner world in quietude;
Let's journey within,
For spiritual magnitude.

In a journey round the world
We'll go where others have been or be;
In our inward journey there's always,
An unscaled, mystic altitude.

All that you have gathered
Was never yours, nor shall it be;
Be ready to leave, just as you came,
Stripped of all, unashamedly nude.

(Lucknow, India Dated 05th November,2015)

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Green And Yellow

Horrendous, faceless Terror,
Diabolical fiends barged into school,
Spewing violence on innocent souls,
In religious garb trying to fool.
Demonic boots scaled the wall,
Randomly triggered one and all,
Heroes of hell-fire, fired fire,
In ruthless, unstopping maul.
Doors battered, panes shattered,
Tender flesh ruptured and grilled,
Books, shoes, torn and scattered,
Guiltless blood, splashed and spilled.
Walls riddled, furniture drilled,
Floors ripped, blood dripped,
Bullets hailed, limbs flailed,
Nerves numbed, mayhem gripped.
Lay on the floor, bloodied hell,
The Future, yet to bloom,
Hearts wrenched, tears drenched,
Recalling the boom in gloom.
In their green and yellow dress,
Home they came in white body bags,
'Tomorrow' wounded and tranquil,
In heavy coffins with name tags!
But why does our heart cry?
For those whom we do not know;
Why in those children we fail,
To see our future foe?
Know you, because in humane India,
Hatred we do not sow,
Above demons and beasts,
We have learnt to grow!

(Lucknow, India Dated 26th October,2015)

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Honor Killing: No Honour

They dragged Love out,
From the darkest hide,
They abused and scorned,
Molesting with deride;
With sticks and stones,
They lynched the two,
Strangers and relatives,
Hounded them too;
They trampled dreams,
They crushed emotion,
They bruised and hurt,
They exulted commotion;
"Blacken their faces";,
Some proposed with delight;
Some said, "stone them";,
Some said, "ignite";
Some relished the idea,
Of tying them to a tree,
Then lashing them until,
From life they were free;
Wounded and fractured,
Wet with blood and sweat,
They panted for mercy,
They gasped for breath;
Blurred with tears they looked,
At them who were their very own,
So ruthless, so unforgiving,
Gashing souls, breaking bone;
Two helpless, hopeless, weaklings,
Unlocked from their embrace,
Faced a mob that extolled Love,
But set an example of bloody disgrace;
Butchered and in tatters they lie,
Without waves in cardiac line,
Their souls soar high up somewhere there,
Their tale becomes a forgotten headline.

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Idiomatic Heart

Heart to heart,
Oh! sweet heart,
Let me tell you straight,
From the bottom of my heart,
How restless I am,
To pour out my heart,
With all my heart;
O heartthrob,
Every time I see you,
My heart of gold,
Skips heart-beats,
But my heartstrings,
Remain unbundled,
I take it to heart,
My disheartened heart,
Becomes heartsick, heavy,
It's broken, it bleeds;
I suffer heartburn,
When I see others,
Emptying their hearts,
In cozy cuddles;
The thought of remaining
Lonely, in a heartless world,
Is heartrending, it makes,
My heart cry out;
I know, I am pained at heart,
For a stone heart, yet,
Your absence makes
My heart grow fonder,
For you on whom I have set,
My heart on, yes, you,
Who is after my own heart;
My heart sinks,
My heart is in my mouth,
Have a change of heart,
Let your heart go out to me,
Come close to my heart,
Warm the cockles of my heart;
I cross my heart,

I'll be yours forever,
Let me reach the heart
Of your love, lest unrequited,
My heartache ends up,
In a fatal heart attack.

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Kitty, Catty

Kitty, catty,
Cute and pretty,
I love your green eyes;
Either you sleep,
Or you play,
The game of eye-spies.
Kitty, catty,
Cute and pretty,
I love your soft fur;
I love your mew,
I love you meow,
I love your gentle purr.
Kitty, catty,
Cute and pretty,
You're soft as silk,
For your lunch,
I have a fish,
And a bowl of milk.
Kitty, catty,
Cute and pretty,
Jump onto my lap;
For your dinner
I have a mouse,
Caught in a trap!

(Lucknow, India Dated 27th October,2015)

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Knots

The newborn cries and screams,
Unknotted from the mother,
It subconsciously realizes that:
It can never get another.

The diaper, gentle and soft,
Knots the freedom of shame,
Shaped, stringed cloth pieces,
For which grandmas have a name.

The trials of learning on and on,
How to knot the pyjama string,
The art of unknotting it again,
A penultimate to body-awakening.

The skill of knotting shoestrings,
Ensuring it doesn't unknot,
To avoid a sudden slip or fall,
When lost in knotted thought.

The nuptial knot ties two together,
But unknots in isolation,
One complements the other,
To evolve a new creation.

The ball of life's yarn rolls on,
With more and more tangle,
Some knots need to be tugged
Harder to dissolve a wrangle.

Some knots become adorable,
Some endearing in the run,
Some become disgusting,
Which one wants to shun.

Some knots are truly fragile,
Some snap and give pain,
The cat of Time keeps pawing,
Soon life begins to wane.

Never ever be knotted,
Learn the art to untangle,
Have faith in the Divine, lest
Knots become a strangle.

Just as in death they undo
All the knots you wear,
Unknot your mind, your heart,
Your soul, to move out there.

Let knots be nought for good,
Cast off each enslaving chain,
The knots of attachment are
Sources of the worst of pain.

Forgive, forget, move ahead,
Be light, be pure, be free,
Loosen knots, one and all,
Regain Immortality.

(Lucknow, India Dated 25th October,2015)

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Leap Year

Ask me not why I love
The leap year,
It gives me an extra day,
To spend with you!

(Lucknow, India Dated 27th October,2015)

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Life Is A Rope

Life is a rope tied
To birth and death;
On which we tread
Till our last breath.

We must walk alone,
With nothing to hold,
We must walk alone,
Through hot and cold.

Walk we must,
Whether thick or thin,
Walk we must,
Whether we lose or win.

With chances to fall
Between slips and grips,
With props of hope,
Wisdom of safety tips.

In thunder or storm,
In chill or burn,
As we move ahead
We walk and learn.

With arms spread out
We tread, we fend,
As we stride in caution
Across life's end.

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Mummy

On the wall of my heart
Is a nail, on which hangs
A frame, the photo
Of which shall wane,
Only when I am no more,
It's your great pic:
MUMMY!

Let people say
Whatever they believe,
But for me, I am sure:
That you can never leave.

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Nirvana

The wise made quest,
What is this called Nirvana?
Quoth one of the wisest,
It is the only Eternal Calm¹!
Nirvana is not spoused,
Nirvana is not suppressed,
Nirvana is not produced,
Nirvana is the Serene Rest.
No leaves, no breeze,
No breath, no motion,
Nirvana is permanently quitting,
The path of transmigration.
No stir, no sound,
No form, no dust,
Nirvana, a flame snuffed,
A cessation of gust.
From the stench of karmas,
A state altogether free,
Free from the three flares,
Of lust, malice and folly.
From the attributes of things,
Origin, decay and death,
From the sylvan² of skandhas,
Length, depth and breadth.
As cool water it assuages,
The fever of every vice,
Allays craving after matter,
And a life of spice.
As food, it is strength,
The support of life,
The pearly sheen of holiness,
Conquest of hunger's strife.
As limitless azure unborn,
Nor grows old nor dies,
Invincible, unobstructed,
As wishing gem satisfies.
As red sandal wood³
It is hard to attain,
Empty of evil dispositions,

As of corpses a main4.
As a mountain peak, immovable,
Exalted in altitude,
Devoid of evil saplings,
Pregnant with beatitude.
Realize inexplicable Nirvana,
It is not this, not this,
Epithets, metaphors, language fails,
Nirvana Tranquil, Nirvana Bliss!

Metaphors at 1,2,3 and 4 are borrowed from 'Questions of Milinda' in which Bodhisattva Nagasena tries to explain the nature of Nirvana to King Milinda.

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

No, Please

Do not hang my portrait on a wall,
Making it a refuge for webs and dust,
For frightening dark geckos to slip in,
Withered garlands bedecking the bust;
Where spiders weave silken snares,
To trap pitiable insects unaware,
For humidity to discolor and deface,
With not a-one-dear-one, to really care;
Save when guests are invited,
Some glorious occasion to grace,
Or festivals are around the corner,
Dust shall be brushed off my face;
An unperceived, lonesome sentinel,
Who knows how long, I shall have to be,
Watching many a spectacle, I wouldn't
In my lifetime, ever wish to see;
Let not the new members ask in surprise:
Why is this portrait still on the wall?
I cannot see myself abruptly pulled down,
For me it shall be the bitterest gall;
Frame me in your heart, if you
Really love me and love me true,
No dust, no web, no crawlies,
Fresh as ever, I'll smile within you!

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

On Valentine's Day

I don't want the whole chocolate,
Just a piece would do,
To make me realize that you,
Wish to say: I love you.

I don't want a bunch of it,
Just a rose would do,
Its fragrance shall tell me,
That I should love you too.

I don't want a dress or so,
Just a hanky would do.
To wipe off my tear of joy,
Every time I see you.

I don't want a wristwatch,
Only your precious time, dear,
Then whether we say or not,
We'll crave to be intimately near.

I don't want a tight embrace,
A warm hug shall do,
Better than a hundred words,
Is a comforting, cozy woo.

I don't want diamonds,
Neither teddy, ring nor memento,
I only want your love my darling,
An assurance that you'll never go.

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

'Pehle Aap' (First You)

Nor could I
Call her near;
Nor could I
Call her dear;
What if I
Lost her for good?
I'd lose my way
In the worldly wood.
We went together
Where ever we went,
Days together
We happily spent.
Face to face,
Side by side,
In parks together
Or by the lakeside;
Our silences
We abruptly broke,
And in silences
We often spoke.
We thought we knew
Each other very well,
Yet our love for the other
We could not tell.
Strange are the ways
Of love O dear,
It hides within
Just out of fear.
And on the top of it
My city's courtesy:
'First you, first you',
Shrivels the rose,
Evaporates the dew.
For the joy of the other,
Everything we do,
But shy away in saying:
"I love you".

Sunset Years

Sunsets and sunset years,
Have one thing in common:
The hand of God:
Sculpting successive forms,
Shapes of things to be,
Or not to be?
Smooth transition of colors,
Shades and hues,
Aromas, tangs, whiffs,
Emetic stench,
Meetings and partings,
Petals and pricks,
Pleasures and pains,
Joys and sorrows,
Tears and smiles,
Who shall see:
Shadows of petals,
Who shall see:
Petals of shadows;
Who shall see:
Sun-set in the sun-rise,
Who shall see;
Sun-rise in the sun-set;
Stages that shall come,
A pause,
A stop,
A halt,
A junction,
A crossroad,
A destination,
The end of a beginning,
The beginning of an end!

(Lucknow, India Dated 12th November,2015)

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

The Glow-Worm

I did dare, I did dare,
Over here, over there,
Almost everywhere;
Over land, water, marsh,
Through nights,
Dark and harsh,
In search of you;
Thru leaves and dew,
I walked, I flew.

I took to darkness
Only for you,
I flashed my lantern
In yellow-green hue,
Not like a headlight
To show myself the way,
I glint my backlight
Lest you went astray.

Without your love
Life has become bitter,
The cool night scalds,
And sad the patter-pitter
Of the reluctant drizzle
On the moist leaves litter;
Come, burning as I am
In the heat of my glitter.
Come dear soon, lest the moon
My light does adulterate,
Come before the human race,
Our lives stifle and suffocate;
Come before any naughty kid,
Puts me in a glass jar
And overnight my tormented soul
Quits for stars afar.

(Lucknow, India Dated 05th November,2015)

The World To Me

The world to me
Is a tender blade of grass,
Whose greenness enamours
And sharpness bruises,
Where smiles sport on lips
And the inner wound
No matter how painful
Slowly, silently oozes;
Whose music is the blend
Of groans from cracked lips
And the laughter of those
Whom fickle fortune chooses;
Where slowly, steadily death
Germinates in the field of life
And everything ultimately ends
In a silly set of loses.

(Lucknow, India Dated 05th November,2015)

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

The Year That Was.....

Look eye-ful at me for the last time,
Look at me from head to heel,
Look at me and say 'Goodbye',
Let tumblers kiss with romantic feel;
I don't have any baggage to pack,
I'll go untied, unknotted and, free,
It's time for the last leaf to fall from,
The twelve branched seasoned tree;
Time holds up the hacksaw,
Time holds both scythe and axe,
I appeared very strong to all,
But Time melts everything like wax;
I shall move out of sight tonight,
None of you shall see me again,
Criticize me as much as you want,
But don't abuse me to utter pain;
Don't look back pensively and say,
That I never gave you one good day,
Remember joys appear short-lived,
So with Time, tears too dry away;
I tried my best to divide each share,
May be a little more to someone,
Or to others, a little lesser than you,
Yet of everything, you too got 'some';
Don't ignore those sleepless lots,
Who survived on wastes, remnants,
Stinky, stale, half bitten spit outs,
Unaware of old and new year events;
Those who didn't get a thing,
Nor lost what they already possessed,
Should be content to have traveled,
Daily smoothly, from east to west;
If due to loss, someone was forlorn,
If due to agony someone was torn,
They too had their rejoices, maybe,
Parties, gifts or a cute newborn;
Each day I gave you a glorious day,
I added a year to your age,
Some fell in love, some dated,

Some got married, some got engage;
If streets witnessed last journeys,
That made their well-wishers cry,
The streets saw wild dances too,
As gaudy, bridal processions went by,
Write about me as you will:
A pain in the neck, a joy, or a grief,
I have to go; I am going, forgive me
For wrongs, turn over to a new leaf.

(Lucknow, India Dated 28th December,2015)

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Touch Me Not

I may not be a mimosa,
Sensitive to touch,
Still, no wild touches please,
Which cool overnight,
Just a simple smile,
A warm, tender touch,
Which awakens passion,
Arouses love,
Strikes a chord,
Becomes a hum,
A piece of art,
A memento,
Prized forever,
Which I shall tenderly,
Take out from the shelf
Of the heart, blow off
The dust of days,
From its face, relive it,
Then, keep it back again,
As I wipe a tear,
From the eyes of pain,
With a smile, before
A fogged mirror.

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

U-Turn

Squeeze the rose of my heart,
Each red drop,
Reflects you;
Split the oyster of my heart,
See the pearls,
Of our lovely moments;
The Great Bear in the sky
Of my heart are our,
Seven days spent together;
The scattered dandelions
Of my heart's garden relate,
My million wishes for you;
The meteors hitch to shoot,
From the heaven of my heart,
Lest I again wish for you;
My grave cannot hold me back,
I'll wander out in search of you,
If my ashes are immersed,
I shall take a u-turn,
To return back to you!

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

X'mas (Haiku)

Happy times return,
The winter with its chill,
Snow, mist, fog and rain.

The trees dress snow-white,
Spruce, fir, pine don bells and lights,
Baubles, tinsels, star.

Cantatas, and hymns,
Carols, noels, and melody,
Wake up silent night.

Gift bringer, Santa,
Puts on white-red, cap and cloak,
Shoulders a gift sack.

He peeks through windows,
For socks of dreaming children,
To give them surprise.

The church bells resound,
Dulcet choirs kill drowsiness,
Lights dispel darkness.

Cakes, chocos, candies,
Truffles, tarts, cookies, dumplings,
Desserts, nuts, and fruits.

Turkey, chicken, duck,
Sausages, ham, bacon, pie,
Sizzle on salvers.

Wine, drinks, decoctions,
Soups, stews, broths, mousse, and puddings,
Sweet, sour all for you.

Invite friends and foes,
Be a visitor yourself,
Spread love and be loved.

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR

Yes! It's Me

A scarlet line emerges
From my hurt index finger,
Doodling an enigmatic outline;
A 'someone' glistens
On the aerial canvas;
My arid world traps me,
In my self-made
Circumference;
I see a lost path unroll,
A rugged way,
Yet a red carpet for us,
Which meanders deep into
A silver-leaved wood,
Assuring a no-autumn season;
I see two of us together,
Move ahead in the glory
Of argent rays
Rushing through
The trellis of foliage
Wet with last night's dew;
I can see you smile,
I can hear you laugh,
The breeze helps me
In ruffling your curls,
We promise to be
Together forever;
Your voice fades
In the train whistle,
We disappear,
In the curling smoke
Of the engine screaming
Through meadows and cities,
The spiraling smoke escalates
Me, higher and higher,
It's then when I hear
A sudden thud?
Someone has slipped,
I guess:
Someone has been hurt,

But who?
I find myself staring
At the autumn struck wood,
Where are you?

(Lucknow, India Dated 25th October,2015)

ATUL CHANDRA SARKAR