

Poetry Series

BASAB CHAUDHURI

- poems -



PoemHunter.com

Publication Date:
2026

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

BASAB CHAUDHURI()



PoemHunter.com

To My Wife

Coincidence -

I saw you, you saw me -

It is still a mystery who saw first,

How did we come to a decision?

Have you ever thought?

You deserved better, a more prosperous life,

But you decided to walk with me.

Years have passed by,

Life has changed so much,

But the subtlety -

Somewhere some things do not change,

The first song that we sang together is still the best,

The first overseas trip is still the finest,

So much has changed,

So much has remained the same,

Coincidence doesn't have reasons,

They just happen.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Thus It Is

Greed -

It is just greed.

Do not say it is the world,

All these are made by us,

You and I and all of us -

Some ride, some miss the bus.

Greed -

It is just a joyride,

You and I and all of us -

For a little more, here we rush -

Some rise, most do not

Winners get cheers a lot.

Greed -

For a little we do fight

Forget all - wrong or right

A piece of flesh, that's we are

No time, to gaze the star

Wallet is where we live

A little thicker if they give.

Greed -

Switching side as extras matter

Pride and prejudice all shatter

You and I once enemies -

March together for the freebies

Hand in hand, breeding greed

More than anything, it is need.

Greed, my dear

It is all greed

Beyond all, it's called need

They make cowards of us all

That's the reason for downfall

Or I am wrong, greed is true

Feeble hand holds chicken stew.

This, the world

Thus it is,

Greed rules

and it is.

Thus it is.

Thus it is.

Thus it is.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Happiness!

Happiness is doing a roaring business - in cities, towns, everywhere,
Happiness sells - buyers form a long queue,
Everyone wants to have a fair share of the cake,
Happiness!
But they don't realize that light exists -
only at the end of the tunnel,
Unless you reach the bottom of unhappiness, you can't get a glimpse of
happiness.
As in the city, skyscrapers, malls, air-conditioned halls,
Then you find the shanties, the homeless, bare-bodied children -
Happiness, even there is...
Truth reveals: most prominently against untruth,
Success triumphs: only against distinct failures,
Happiness too, only against the bottom of unhappiness,
But happiness sells, because we refuse
To pass through the dreadful unhappiness.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

A Train Of Thoughts....

Early morning dream leaves a train of thoughts -
how did the subconscious store the feeling;
and reveal some dry leaves upon which
I suddenly started walking
producing a crackling sound?
The bird holding a tiny grass between the beaks
absorbs sunlight in its wings
and returns some of it to the sky unlike man:
it does not have a dream, it has delight
its brightness questions this brittle life.
How can the bird be so happy?
It was just yesterday that a remembrance came to light -
all the days so fleetingly become yesterdays,
I look up to tomorrow and it refuses to oblige.

What happens to me, to us?
We walk, hordes of men -
every hour is of rush
and then, even a second refuses to oblige!

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Unless.....

You can't be a boss
unless you are lazy,
You can't be a boss
unless you are crazy.
Unless you know how to shout,
or you can be a little sprout,
you can't be a boss, oh my dear
and will always sit at the rear.
A little stupid, but always smart -
won't end although you'll start,
feeling great though you are not,
will always walk at the front.
You know my dear, a boss is a boss
whether in profit or in loss,
what matters is the gloss,
and there it is, a tooth floss.
There is a coin and there is toss,
There is a boss and there is loss! !

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

They Hardly Stand.....

I did learn how to walk -
Myself.

How many times did I fall down -
I do not remember.

I started walking -
walked many miles,
but my difficulty was to learn
how to stand -
Yes, how to stand.

I have seen people walking -
but hardly anyone stands,
stands against, stands up to.

As I walked, I learned:

those who stand
become statues -
here, there, everywhere.

Most people walk on,
they hardly stand,
and put a garland
on the statues.

PoemHunter.com

BASAB CHAUDHURI

About Refusal

I thought of writing a letter to you -
but I didn't write.

My love, my anger, frustrations,
you name it and they were all mine -
kept in a vault for how many years
I can't count.

Visuvius in my heart, I was cheerful.
When you asked me whether I was lonely,
I burst out in laughter, and what did I say:
Jo, you don't know how happy I am!
The Niagra fills my heart, the mist my eyes,
And the cherry blossom my delight.

I saw fear in your eyes in my laughter.
You wanted me to cry, to weep, to pour all my frustrations upon....
Upon...

I refused to break down,
I refuse to break down....

You are afraid of my joyful frustrations,
And there I conquer,
I refuse -

And I know you can't accept my refusal.
Face to face, I stand alone -
the Niagra throws mist at me, and I stare.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Miles Miles

Do you want me to go through the details of the news?

Does it really matter any more?

A sudden breathlessness;

unconsciousness would have been better -

but life is not so kind,

eyes are not so blind,

I see what I do not want to see.

You said: life is a book.

Why don't you allow me to turn over the pages quickly?

Death of a girl yet to reach her teen;

death of a man whose body remained unclaimed;

fight on the street and.....

Do you want me to describe?

I close my eyes,

I see her smiles,

charred house, tiles,

and you ask me

to walk miles, miles!

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

At The Butcher's Shop

Standing at the butcher's shop on a Sunday morning, I think -
there is a long queue and orders vary,
the taste bud gets stimulus from the dead animal's body,
that's when I feel - are Sundays especially cruel?
I don't know, I really don't know,
I have evolved from the hunters - gatherers,
my ancestors sat around the kill and used to eat,
I am somewhat like them.
Cruelty, yes - made useful for living;
sacred too once the animal is sacrificed before the Deity.
Just before the animal was killed, it was taken at a distance -
not taken, but dragged, when it had got the feeling of knife,
it had a last look at us, we were unmoved.
Now the external skin taken out, it hangs from the hook,
and the order follows:
the upper part of the legs, the breast, a portion of liver -
delicious lunch menu on the platter.
The tongue feels wet, brain brings back the taste of cooked flesh -
and my feelings -
are Sundays especially cruel?
I don't know, I really don't know.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

When It Rains

When it rains, my cataract eyes see more than ordinary,
behind the falling drops, the river disappears,
the horizon comes near,
the grey sky becomes my heart,
and the birds with soaked feathers my tears.
As the trees bathe in rain, I get goosebumps,
a lump of flesh in my throat does not allow me to speak,
what do I do then?

It rains,
the skyrise and the hutments get equal share of what pours,
and I try to pen down my thoughts.

Rain will take away all the words
that I write,
they will flow down the river to become oceanic waves -
on the shore I will stand
and feel the salty taste.

A few more drops:
do they make any difference?

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Sitting By The Window

Sitting by the window, I see leaves nodding their body -
looking at the ground, they share their moist stories
dating back so many years -
when you and I were not born.
How do the leaves know so much although they are so young?
You asked me once.
I look at you,
you look at me -
the leaves look up and down,
flutter their wings -
and fly away far and wide
where our eyes will not ever reach.
Sitting by the window, I see leaves maturing into adulthood
so soon!

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

To Fyodor Dostoevsky

I learnt from him that there is no escape
from the choices made knowingly or unknowingly -
a continuously moving rope and a touch,
and every touch transforms the rope as it moves.
There is no option but to touch the rope,
an ocean of despondency, hope against hope.
Today's glamour gives tomorrow's guilt,
every river leaves back a little silt.
Not touching the rope; a choice made -
one never knows where they all head.
Touch the rope; hold it firm -
slip it will, not on your term.

Such is the world: full of choice -
Could I ever stop my voice?

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Crossing

Every crossing brings forth a chance to meet you,
every crossing is parting away for ever into oblivion -
one moment I am born, moment after I am no more,
whether you see me or not, I rise and I fall,
and the cycle continues.

The boatman has just left the shore -
there is no crossing for him,
he is alone cutting the waves
the sun shining on his eyes
he will sail far off.

The boatman sings:
'O my river,
where will you take me today?
The push and pull of the waves -
as if my heartbeats! '

One day I watched a boatman -
he left the shore,
I saw him become a dot -
slowly he was out of sight
into the horizon.

Since then, I ask myself:
When did the boatman come back to the shore?
Did he ever feel the crossing?
And the feeling of being and meeting,
and moment after, being no more?

BASAB CHAUDHURI

The World Rolls On

The world rolls on -

through clouds, flow, flowers, butterflies, children's laughter, walker's boredom,
through parties, business districts, high-rise complexes, malls and occasional
suicides,
through nostalgia, melancholy, dream, fulfilment, the price of stocks,
through secret love, apprehension, fear, rush, laws, illusion, disillusionment,
through jets, drones, fire, destruction, negotiation, signatures and press
conferences,
through dead bodies, ravaged childhood, disappointment, old age, broken
families,
through distinction, achievements, awards, pictures, linked ins, validations,
surprises and congratulations,
through WhatsApp, Instagram, meta AI, distortion, reality, ambiguity,
ingenuity.....

Thus the world
rolls on and on -

And a poet
lost in thought
doesn't know
where he is,
where to belong to,
how to live this magic
and when to say good bye.

Sad!
A poet doesn't know.
He observes
through the night and the day -
how to be,
where to be,
when to be,
or be not.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Pebbles

A few steps forward and then coming back,
I pick up pebbles and carefully put them in my pocket -
just to throw them away later, may be a few minutes after
I accumulated them.
I ask myself 'why', keep quiet for some time and walk backwards,
where bluish water takes a turn and moves away from me.
Moving away - it leaves a feeling in mind -
where does it go and why.
All why(s) do not have answers, or you may say, definite answers,
they evolve slowly as always -
from the prehistoric days to the modern times,
there is a pattern, must be,
deep within mind, in ancestors, in descendants, something similar,
I know and I look for them in pebbles before I throw them away.
Childhood runs through my body, in my blood -
yes, childhood in this old physique,
a mind within mind.
I pick up the pebbles and put in my pocket.
I do not know when I will throw them away and where.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Beyond Eyesight

Dusk falls -
and falls
and falls;
falls silently.

How far will it fall
before it is light?
That is beyond
my eyesight.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Warmth

Here and now -
night feels so warm
every tree is so dark
I had not known that
truth could be so concentrated!
All the trees are my heart,
their trunks are my spine,
leaves are skin and arteries -
darkness everywhere.
I want this darkness to be,
to enlighten me through
life and legacy.
Night and light are two opposites:
yet moving through the night
I will get a little light that will be my own.
At this hour, none claims this darkness -
the beautiful truth of not being noticed,
yet a passionate existence of my soul.
When light appears -
so many people will run around,
I will then retreat in the corner.
Now and only now, a blanket of darkness
keeps me warm.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Bus

Red bus -
touches so many points everyday,
doesn't remember who boards
or who alights -
an inimitable indifference:
a machine with so many minds inside,
knowing a few or none knows none,
it moves, turns, accelerates, slows down, comes back.
A bus is only a bus -
to me it is a story ever evolving,
every journey is a new journey -
bus doesn't care, it runs, - runs -
erases, runs again, erases again -
I stare at the distance.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

An Accident

The road that was not taken
suddenly comes back to my mind,
stirs my soul -
and makes me insane.
'What if' - and my whole life
centers around what if.
Nothing works according to a plan,
every bit of it is just an accident -
the road not taken is an afterthought
when all possibility to go back to the crossing
was all but over.
Was it the horse, or I?
The horse doesn't know how to reflect,
I do and that is why I am sad.
Even this poem (if it is at all!)
is just an accident.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Actor

What to write and what not to write -
to what extent I can be honest to you
whether my script is what I am
or I am not what I want to be.
Such questions and conflicts -
cinema on the street and in so many hearts -
acting everywhere, only they do not see;
addicted to Netflix, they're never free.
What you said, you did not mean
I was straight but you saw me lean,
Gleam in eyes in the depth of grief
to me and myself dear, I am a thief.
This is how it all has been,
seen a few, most unseen!

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

An Idle Afternoon

Busy with papers, yet there is no rush of epinephrine -
there is no challenging thought that unsettles me:
a dull afternoon; all are so routine, so mundane!
On such days I feel like ashes strewn all over,
I brood, I am withdrawn -
and suddenly, I hold the ashes in my hand and throw up in the air,
they form cloud - it starts raining and I get drenched.
Dream, dream all around, I am soaked in dream,
I shout to myself: I am, here I am -
I rise like a phoenix!

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Afternoon

Most are dry,
only the waist elastics are still wet.
He has reached the other side of the bamboo pole,
his ducks will return soon.
A humid day,
this time is pleasant though -
for me.
Plants need water twice this time,
quite a lot becomes vapor.
Smell of coal tar comes from the road,
workmen work the whole day,
even during nights.
Afternoons used to be playtimes
during my childhood,
the green field remain idle now -
no one comes,
they are busy - elsewhere.
From early morning to the dead of night -
so many hours
so many colors
so many feelings
ups and downs -
then and now,
from a simple upbringing
to a complex labyrinth -

an afternoon slowly embraces darkness.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Sunday

Every sunday arrives late than other days,
the morning rolls slowly -
several cups of tea, a bit thicker newspaper,
a smell from the kitchen that slowly engulfs the rooms,
a quieter neighbourhood where the fruitseller's voice becomes shriller:
'Mango' - he goes by.
Buses are few, auto rickshaws make their presence felt through a sound typically
of their own.
Morning becomes afternoon,
then suddenly evening and it goes fast afterwards.
Sunday moves through speedbreakers,
It makes me feel its journey through the hours.
Such feelings: slow and fast,
makes Sunday so special, so endearing!
Every sunday weaves a memory -
sharp and distinct.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Darkness

I can't sleep
It is so hot outside
The night sky is clear and starry
I look at the darkness -
I will put the night in the refrigerator
It will cool down by the time
the morning arrives.
---Till then I will look at the darkness.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

A Lane

A serpentine lane appeared in a dream last night,
I was walking along the lane and didn't know where I headed to -
I didn't reach anywhere, yet I loved walking - it was fun
to have a feeling of a skin that one can shake off.
There are too many men around: skin I do not know
there are too many rivers around: I am not sure whether there is flow,
such feelings carry me to a no man's land, where I stand and see,
what I see I can't appropriately describe.
A sponge that soaks and then releases what you call information,
every information is so subjective like my own obsession.
All through my life, confusion, brain fog and then a flicker -
light or hope: I am not aware of.
Nothing that I am aware of could be mine,
like the lane it went on and on,
I do not know where all these are headed to!

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Whistle

Every ten minutes, a train whistles by -
where does it go, by the by,
the whistle has a sound of melancholy,
of departing for ever,
the same sound, although so similar, never comes back.
Like life, no one is similar to the other,
they ask me, why I bring life back into the whistle,
there is no answer -
yet there is life in everything that is around.
A dead rat on the road, even it had life a few minutes ago,
when the whistle started blowing, it was alive and running,
it could not cross the road,
went under the tyre as the sound was on the wane.
Another whistle and death again,
of the sound,
north or south - bound, I am not sure,
what I know is there was life and it is no more.
Life doesn't stay for ever,
but sudden loss,
I can't come to terms with it.
Death doesn't ring a bell,
it's only after everything is over that the bell tolls.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

A New Job

You are joining today -
a new job
so much expectation for you,
from you,
so many students will look up
to your lecture,
your notes
your comments
your attire
your composure -
all these will mean a lot
to others,
they will mold themselves
in your personality -
a professor -
so many will crave for your shadow,
a man of perfection.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Transcendence

Song

Morning brings a smell of yesteryears -
long before I was born,
perhaps my father had this feeling
or my grandfather.

A bird sings -
melancholy,
a feeling of loss this morning
through which the day will roll to glory.

Radio

Old, dilapidated
kept on the concrete slab.
They had used valves
long before transistors.
Once dear to all
now just memory,
beneath all that exist
there is a story.

Rust

It is a chemical reaction
oxidation.
Below the brownish layer
a little active metal,
if at all, or lost for ever.
Once upon, it had a price
brittleness is the reminder
of hardness.

Grinder

No electricity,
a stone surface
upon which a cylinder
made of stone

ground the hardest spices.
So much force and attention -
she was meticulous in everything
that she made.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Milieu

Cloud

Overcast sky -
not a pin of sunrays
touching the ground.
On the other side
up above,
mountains of cloud
silvery morning
celestial joy
in mind's realm.

Tree

Shade -
a cooling sensation
goes up the spine,
tree doesn't know.
It doesn't even care -
a rare benevolence
that a man hardly knows!
He picks an axe.

Mound

A colony of ants -
constant movement
to fetch and store,
food - a little more.
Then comes rain
and none is seen -
back in warmth
as they have been.

Milkman

Some are still fond of him.
- On bicycle,
he pours into a clean pot

and leaves.
He has been coming
since grandma's days,
No watch,
only sunrays.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Countryside

Duck

A duck alone -
not swimming, but floating
up and down, with the flow,
its life is slow: I mean slow.
No need of recognition,
it just floats, up a little
towards the sky,
and then immediately coming down,
far from the attention of the city
a duck's life is indifferent.

Goat

A rope around the neck
it doesn't know it belongs to someone;
with head down, its mouth moves
over the green grass.
A bicyclist circles by
the goat doesn't see,
a picture of profuse mindfulness
it has learnt how to be.

House

Just a room
thatched roof made of straw,
the door open
none inside.
A few utensils
long lost value,
water in an earthen pot
that's all about a house.

Woman

She stands in the field
her dark skin shines in the sun,

her eyes see far and wide
a vast stretch of this uneven land.
An epitome of concentration
she feels the blowing breeze,
smells the dust, fine and grey
feels hour, drinks the day.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Poor Connections

Mr. Saha

Of late, I do not see him -
a morning person
he used to smile at me,
exchange pleasantries,
proceed towards the market
at a uniform pace.
Where is he now?

Boys

In the afternoon,
those boys in uniform,
their wet shirts,
descending eyebrows -
walk towards the school bus,
routine and examinations,
to run in the sun.

Dog

It must be quite old.
In a group of dogs
it behaves like a philosopher.
It does not run after food or...
Often sleeps with eyes closed.
People walk by -
the dog doesn't even look at.

Pump

Kirloskar -
a good brand,
one knows by the rhythm,
reasonable energy consumption,
in recent times, its sound
no longer sinusoidal -
sometimes stops.

Hot Outside, Inside Too

A hot humid day -
hardly any man on the street
occasionally a bus spewing warm smoke
adding to the already-prevailing heat.
Every man moves towards a goal
of sustainable development -
poverty, yes - but it must be tolerable,
equality, yes - but it must be defined,
equity, yes - but it must be evolving,
water, yes - but constraints not to be forgotten,
forest, yes - but it must make space for cars,
rights, yes - but not without the rider of responsibility,
women, yes - but within the cultural boundary,
the sun, yes - but oil and gas are still primary,
All yes - but there must be a distinction
between the primary and the secondary,
yes, it is; no, it isn't and in between-
a hazy yes slowly moves into the zone of fuzzy no.
What matters is - it is very hot outside, inside too.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

So Much To Be

There is no end
There will be no end,
Every end is a new beginning
You will have to believe and move on.
Every lovely morning
brings news of a dreamy evening,
a hectic day ends
with a cup of tea specially made for me.
Every sip is priceless,
the vapor leaves fragrance,
the ice-cream seller looks at me
and smiles.
By then, the streetlight
reminds me of the moonlit night,
at the end of a good night's sleep -
it will be morning again.
Every morning and there is so much
to see,
Every day and there is so much
to be.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Door

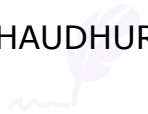
A new door opens everyday,
Overlooked - no one peeps in.
None asks: Is there someone inside?
The door stands in neglect.

Thus we live life - more of a habit,
there is hardly any exploration.
Doors indeed open --
but habit is inhibiting.

Then a sudden breeze
and the doors close,
there were many gardens inside
marigold, butterflies and rose.

Bang, bang on the door
sleep, sleep on the floor.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Illusion

Days --

just days.

Nothing called good or bad days,
only days.

The journey of the sun since morning,
burning rays, too bright for the eye,
high humidity, thirty eight feels forty eight,
a little less light would have been better,
but it burns with rage, spewing fire.

Then comes evening, hot humid --
day continues through the night.

Then reflections: some men have that bad habit --
how was your day?

My day! All days are my day!

Allow it to pass and it passes through something or the other.

Through a needle, through camel's eye,
through the slivery sand, duck's feather,
dust, water, bicycle, tracksuit, book, red light,
day passes through all of them.

Good or bad, does day care?

It's all an illusion:

day will pass whether I am or I am not.

So -- was it a good day? Bad?

Day hot and humid.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Moments

I move with moments,
everyone moves.

I can't, therefore, completely enjoy the moment,
movement and moment are synonymous:
when things occur simultaneously,
attention becomes divided.

Moment creates split personality, split concentration.

As the moment leaves behind,
or moment and I move together
in the forward direction,
a hole is created in my mind --
hollowness.

My tragedy, every man's tragedy:
moments create hollowness,
poverty creeps in,
sorrow expands in vacuum --
in heart.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

A Thought In The Office - Space

No space is entirely mine
although all space that I occupy
belongs to me, and that space shifts as I move.

Is this a paradox or a mindblock?

I don't know.

Most of the questions that come to mind, do not have answers --
even if there are answers,
they aren't comprehensible.

Why do they crave for spacious office?

Will they play football there?

Why should there be a large table,
and around that so many chairs?

I don't understand.

In fact, I don't understand the logic structure of things around,
ideas around, privileges around, and perquisites around.

I am happy with my understanding of space,
as long as this space is meaningfully utilized.

What does this mean?

All space is for all to be happy about,
but no space is well-defined.

Anyway, my doubt remains.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

When I Can't But Stop Shedding Tears

This is a lonely evening,
the bed cover is all blue
reminding the ocean.
I lean against a pillow and think.
When I can't but stop shedding tears.

Life is a sequence of events:
childhood, adolescence, youth, --
slowing down to old age,
and then disappearing, yes --
from all that I thought I had possessed.

From all these that belong to me
to a sense of nothingness,
although life does never impart the lesson for some fear or is due to some
arbitrariness that life only knows.

Evenings overcast my mind.
I think of my father.
Yes, I cried when the doctor said...
but I recovered from the shock
and continued walking on the road again.

The same was with mother --
none is immortal, I felt and picked up from there.
The road again, life teaches to absorb, accept and to move on to the finality (or
grand finale) !

Tears did roll down, they do even now,
but a moment comes when the drops dry up.
Life must go on. Where?
The road again.
And then I ask myself the question:
when I can't but stop shedding tears.
An ocean of tears --
when I lose myself.
A betrayal to my own heart,
when I trample upon truth,
when my heart is just a lump of flesh --

and all else is just meaningless.

Did I live for this?

I cry.

My tears do not stop flowing.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Wallet

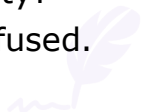
Wallet has a character
typically of its own.
Flamboyant individuality,
Towering distance,
Wall -- kind of.

It neatly separates
man from man --
a personality driven from inside,
Intensely felt,
from the depth.

Wallet --
the look, the talk, the texture,
a glint --
eloquent through invisibility.

Or visibility?
I am confused.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Prayer For You

Too many people
and loneliness grips my heart,
I shrink.
But I like the sky with too many stars,
I get lost there,
in the twinkle and the glint.
Too many flowers
and I love them,
they add flavour to my distraught existence.
Too many roads,
and I lose sight of the destination,
I stop. I refuse to move.
Too many questions
and I lose my answers,
I fail. Miserably.
Too many failures,
and through them I see
my life.
All my failings --
lead to prayer
for you.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Such Weird Thoughts

Such weird thoughts --
they appear from nowhere,
stir my cortex for a while
and then leave silently.
I feel like jotting them down
sure of their impermanence,
yet worth noting down, I feel.

When I am no more --
dust and storm still unsettling,
life will still be in turmoil,
there will be strife and war
on something or the other,
land or water, oil or data,
the same that I see now
will continue, may rise even.

Who knows!
Who really knows!
The pensive evening will be at the doorsteps,
the lamp will be lit with prayer,
has been going on since ages.
It has been a habit to live life,
does anyone think what for?

What for?
Who really cares?
The mad rush on the street,
people craving for space in the skyscrapers,
city gloriously announcing victory,
wealth and opulence in shopping district,
lunatic with a vacant look - stares.

Stares.
But who really cares!
As long as it is what it is,
man will be what man has been.
One has to be what others want one to be,
like them, their life,

else who!

Who comes to mind?

He who had thought once,
and then killed by his own men.
Refusal to accept is a challenge,
you can't be what you want to be.
Lunatic on the street
absorbing the circus --
joker adding life to the mundane.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Rabindranath

'Water falls
Leaves shake' —
since he heard these two lines,
water continued to fall from the sky within,
leaves of his evergreen mind did not stop shaking.

One life does not suffice
to go through his boundless creation.

His saintly philosophy —
he summarizes:

'Malice does not bring me happiness,
there is no glory in it,
so I take care
that malice does not produce malice in me.

Life — a sort of lamp —
does not have enough oil.
If all of it is lost in rage,
what remains for worship? '

A poet, a sage,
holding God in his bosom.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Perhaps

A part of a conversation --
he said, perhaps,
I said, tell me with certainty.
He said, as of now,
I said, I don't want any ambiguity.
I was ambitious and impertinent,
he was calm and wise.
I argued, he listened,
he said, you have a point, but...
I said, but introduces lack of resolve.
I attacked, I said 'wrong',
he said, if you look at it differently.

I remember, I was sixteen,
he was fifty six.

As I crossed fifty six,
I find him remarkably accurate.

Perhaps it makes sense,
but it will need more careful analysis,
even with all 'if's kept outside.

Uncertainty has an ingrained beauty,
beyond all certainty.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Nothing Remains. Why Waste?

Nothing remains --

saying so, she picked up all the grains that got scattered on the ground: by chance,

yes, the strength has been on the wane for long,

but they were to be picked up and collected.

Why waste?

Nothing remains --

this is true now and for ever.

Why waste --

true too, now and for ever.

Reconciliation flows from wisdom.

Flow: how do you analyze?

Streamlines and streak lines,

or turbulence and boundary layers.

Every molecule has to pass

through the unknown.

Reconciliation:

through an unknown space:

Nothing remains.

Why waste?

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Kabir

He was a great poet --
yes, Kabir, some say Kabir Das.
A few minutes ago I read one of his writings.
He writes: I looked for evils all around,
and I did not find any.
Only when I searched my soul,
there they were!
This was soul-searching of the highest form,
that I did not learn.

Strife and arrogance!
Kabir speaking through the wall.
A little wisdom, and
we could have grasped his message.

Kabir had known --
the residence of evil.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Stapler

The stapler is lying idle, there is no pin.
Pins are dreadful; do not pin up the papers --
what is the point in injuring them?
Already there is a lot of blood on the street;
they are doing it with flags in hand.
Symbol is more than life for some --
has been so for millennia,
they are following the trend of flow.
Leave the stapler as it is, let it rest,
even it does not like the pins.

Papers are flying just like birds,
give them freedom, set knowledge free.
Neither pin up nor pin down,
I tell you boy:
ground is much better than the crown.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Aren't You?

The second hand moves fast,
goes up, comes down,
moves up again --

I watch.

There is nothing great about it,
a clock is a clock,
parts are set to move,
displaying time.

It was morning in the morning,
it is evening in the evening,
it will be night at night,
everything right about it.

Right?

This rise and fall,
there is nothing dramatic about it.

Yet there is drama on the street.

Endless talk on win or loss,
either roughness or a little gloss.

Beyond that, will there be anything significant?

They say, I am resigned to fate.

I say, they are destined to do what they do.

If they had thought a little!

Yes, they think.

About career, success, building corpus, travel.

Travails!

They ask me, 'Are you a pessimist? '

I say: how do I know?

I watch; sometimes I describe,
doesn't matter, still....

They ask, 'Trash - anyone reads? '

I say, doesn't matter.

All the drama doesn't matter --
yet happens.

Does anyone ask me before staging such drama?

No. Right?

I write.

Document my feelings.

Rise and fall, fall and rise --

I see, laugh and walk away.

They do not look at me
as they know I won't serve any purpose. For them.
They look at me with pity.
I see, laugh and walk away.
They are tall, I am small,
such a privilege to be small
that I am not looked at, ignored.
The second hand goes up, comes down --
this much I know,
night will definitely be night,
and after night, there will be light.
I am sure of it. Aren't you?

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Numbers

Numbers --

carefully saved.

They belong to relatives, friends, house-helps, doctors, nurses, care-givers,
cooks, cleaners, drivers --

and so many centres supplying workmen and women.

They exist for years.

This morning I was going through the contact list:

Amal - he died three years ago;

Bijoy - he left home and did not return;

Dipankar - he had dementia and died a month ago;

Alo - committed suicide;

Subimal - went to US to spend time with his son and didn't come back.

Their numbers are stored

although they are no more.

These numbers were 'real' once,
now in imagination.

I hear voice from a distant land.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Who Knows!

A great sensation
to look at this white background
and to think what may come --
as if a child will be born
and it is not known whether he will have Down Syndrome.
Or Down's, I am not sure.
A sense of fear and premonition,
an uncertain future that may be distorted.
The sense of future is so complicated --
is there anybody who is happy with his future?
Or it is all a sense of hopelessness.
I don't know.
From this point of uncertainty to an orbit of uncertainty,
That's how it is --
like a water drop that doesn't know
whether it will flow
or it will remain stagnant.
Life is a terrible uncertainty
that expands.....
then what?
Explosion and an end.
Who knows!

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Lifting Of My Mood

You gave me a chocolate yesterday.
About thirty hours have passed since then.

Now I unwrap the chocolate—
and your finger too.

Between yesterday and today,
the chocolate—
its taste and flavor unchanged,
yet the absence of your fingerprint
brings to mind
a spacecraft touching the ocean,
its parachute drifting away.

The dropped chocolate
lifts my mood.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

On Buddha Purnima

Nature—

a pristine habitat,
swampy, alive with microbes,
undressed,
appearing as it is.

Man's nature too—

blood, sweat, tears,
fear and hesitation,
timid, shy, bold,
breaking convention,
revolting against order.

From swampy ground
to hidden depths underground—
nature is distinct, yet personal,
beyond the owner's awareness.

Nature, when nurtured,
rests in peace—
in serenity.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Evm

I stand—
before the machine,
after crossing a U-shaped queue,
some argued it was an S—
it made no difference.

I had to prove I was genuine,
a man from his own land.
I was let in—
by men with machine guns.
I entered. It felt like fun.

Then, one by one,
slowly, steadily,
I moved towards—
the machine of power,
freedom of choice—or else.

I stand:
names on the left—power,
buttons on the right—choice,
and my finger—
I touch.

This is the closest to power
I have been.
This is the closest I am.
A light—
then a sound.

A few seconds,
and choice becomes power.
I don't know what happened.
I left—
I did not look back.

Power was kind
for a few seconds—
it allowed me to touch.

Five years from now,
it may not.

So many possibilities—
yet power is power:
the distance
between street and tower.
A kind touch
makes it magnanimous.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

The Day Ends

The day ends —
soon it will be evening.
It slips into night,
night upon night,
layered darkness
until light returns —
tomorrow.

By then
there is no today.

How many todays
have left me?
I never counted.

Each one goes,
placing me
in the uncertain hands
of tomorrow.

How can I be steady
on such vanishing ground?
My afflictions,
my attachments,
even love —
all are carried away.

The day ends.

My eyes remain,
watching
today die.

At dawn
I had loved it.
Each evening
draws the requiem
closer
to my heart.

I mourn.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

About A Room

Not too long ago
my mother used to live
in this room,
it was our habit
to walk in and walk out,
to ask about her health,
to inform her about
what goes on outside.
Often about her generation --
about the lamps that stopped glowing,
about her favourite niece
who suddenly lost her husband.
Tears in her eyes,
a tearful surrender,
things that were under control once
fall apart as age catches up.

That room is still there,
but no one visits.
There is no point,
days do not return.

But the room exists
with all its vacuum,
it speaks volumes --
sometimes heart
can feel the sadness.

The room exists
with all its essence,
an enormous vacuum
lives there,
reminding feelings.

Feelings.....

BASAB CHAUDHURI

There Will Be Rain Tomorrow

No cloud yet,
but there may be rain tomorrow --
birds have been waiting expectantly,
their eyes asking for a little rain,
dry feathers want to be wet,
there may be rain tomorrow.

Leaves - dry and yellowish,
bitumen on the road
umbrellas of different colours --
bare-bodied boys of the streets
want a little rain -
and there may be rain tomorrow.

Speeding cars will splash water
over the body of the walker,
he will be at the receiving end
signal - will the speedometer send?
About machine I don't know,
hope there will be rain tomorrow.

Dark cloud will cover the sky
frequent lightning will close the eye
drops will fall down, I will see
and will drench me - full of glee.
And tonight I hold my umbrella up --
sure there will be rain tomorrow.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Confession

Every morning an opportunity
to confess my failings
and to express my feelings --
the day words do not flow
I become a beggar.

It is not that I write,
I confess what's inside me.
Just like waves
words break on the shore,
the spill over is what you see.

The yellow flowers
that fall from the tree --
greenish-yellow or yellowish-green:
have you seen?
Is it a painting or it is an indifference?

Roads going one over the other,
those walking like me or my brother,
neither I know them
nor they know me,
I haven't learnt how to see.

Potatoes and tomatoes in the market
one in sack, other in basket --
greyish-red or reddish-grey
I know not, only you may --
and I will be happy if you say.

None says a word, just walk by
I walk too heaving a sigh,
many a truth, many a lie,
in spite of these, a butterfly --
dancing around a butterfly.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

A Mark Is A Mark

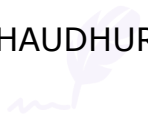
Morning --
Every man
galloping,
like a horse.

Whip to move faster.
Recognition of face
on time, else late mark.

A mark is a mark --
over the skin
or in the machine.

Man or horse,
Horse or man,
A mark is a mark --
Either a lion or a shark.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Arguments For And Against

They do what they are asked to do because, if they do not do, they will lose their work, and if they lose their work, they will lose their wage, and if they lose their wage, they will starve, and if they starve for long, they will die, and death is the one thing that no life wants to get, not even in dream.

What matters, therefore, is:

they will do what they are asked to do, come what may, and that sums all the arguments for and against.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

An Idiot

I see statements made by eminent people:
Do they say what they really say?
Do they say from conviction?
Do they say what they should?
Or these are all for the moment?

I feel - and my feelings may be flawed --
an intelligent man assesses and says,
a statement comes out of assessment
of a prevalent situation.
No statement has an absolute value.

Often a sense works in me --
I am an idiot -- yes, an idiot.
Before I say, I think --
and if I state, I stick to it.
Am I then an idiot
and at the same time obstinate?

No intelligent man regrets his statement;
I do.
Reflections on a statement brings truth up,
subtle truth makes me smaller,
an idiot.

I feel --
only a few statements are meant for eternity,
and all others are made for utility.
A man in search of eternity lacks maturity --
of the present.

At the end what is proved beyond doubt?
An idiot can't live in the present,
he can't live in the future --
for ever he is doomed.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

About My Sky

My sky is bounded by my ability to see,
sight goes some distance and then it ceases....
for you it may be different,
man's perception, feelings are so different.
You and I are so different!

This morning is different from yesterday's,
will be different from tomorrow's.
There is no flower in my balcony today,
tomorrow there may be one,
and it may lift my mood up.

Every cup of tea is so similar yet so different,
no rational logic behind my liking or disliking,
my taste varies, alternates --
not my fault, it is just me.

The brightness of this summer day
makes me feel for those labourers,
they have to earn their wage,
how do they see the sky?
Perhaps they do not see at all.

My eyes can't see beyond....
Yet I feel - if I had the poet's eye!
My sky then would have extended beyond the blue,
it would have been me,
my life.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Since When?

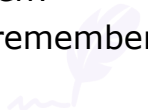
You said....
A better world is awaited.
I have been waiting --
in the market, in offices,
in villages, in towns,
on faces, in thrown coins,
in speeding buses,
in hearts that wanted
to feel the change.

Fire has come:
is it time for water?

You said....
and I have been waiting
since then.

Since when?
I do not remember.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Their Life

This is about my children -
they are grown up now.
At the moment both are busy
working on their laptop.
They have their life --
yes, their life.

I see the clock -
the pendulum moves
from left to right
and then reverses.

I go back --
to their childhood.
It was not their life then,
they did what I told them.
All were my life --
our life.

Now I see their faces
full grown.
From left to right,
even further to right.

My life
Our life
Their life --
A quiet transformation
that I felt I understood.
-- I didn't.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

The Sky Makes Mountains

The sky has no mountains,
so it makes do with clouds—
in shifting hues and shapes
they rise into the Alps,
the Himalayas,
or Mount St. Helens—
once shattered by fire.

From another angle, the sun
lays snow upon their peaks—
a silver lining.

At times the sky is a moody woman,
draped in a sari of marvellous white;
then, without warning,
it darkens into the Western Ghats,
its deep blue forests
turning black from afar.

The sky, an artist,
opens before me a book of paintings—
each page
a world of peaks and colours.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

In A New City

The sun is climbing down—
I walk past
tall buildings, schools, offices,
roads folded
into the pocket of the city—
quiet.

Trees stand,
birds keep singing,
ladies and gentlemen stroll along the roads;
happiness, unhappiness—
a strange amalgam.

I walk.
So many doors—
not one
for me to enter.

That is when I realize:
I am a stranger.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Life Runs ---

Life runs —
in birds, in ducks, in seagulls,
on motorbikes, in cars,
in buses, aeroplanes —
life runs —

in the racecourse,
horse, rider, spectators;
in the playground,
boys, girls, men and women,
life runs

for a little more life,
even in an ambulance —
none knows how long,
that is immaterial,

life runs, runs, runs —
and as I see,
I breathe in oxygen,
more, a little more,
I laugh, I dance,

as life runs
down the lanes and bylanes,
across rivers, oceans,
the eternal sky, the ground,
under, above, everywhere —

life runs,
as long as it can.

Then suddenly,
life stops running —

every run ends
with a heave, a sigh,
that last breath
filling the sky.

I Learn

This morning
words whispered in my ear—
give us a little space to thrive,
so we may become a poem.
See your daughter,
how she becomes a woman—
just so, we need space
to lift our heads
into the sky.
I murmured: teach me, my words,
how to fulfill your desire—
to stand a little apart,
to be within the crowd,
yet remain alone,
and appear
only when you must.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Bird - The Blue Sky- Sunlight - Children

Not that what I write will always make sense,
but I do not write for sense—
I write for love and a little discipline.

Why can my mind not think what I see?
Bird, the blue sky, sunlight, children—
their innocence, their indifference to me,
to my being,
how nonchalantly they conduct themselves.

Am I the only one who worries?
Or is this what happens
to all men and women?

If only I had not seen them—
Oedipus the King comes to haunt me.
His last days—
why, why did I see
what was not to be seen?

And I—
every day I hear
what was not to be heard.

I doubt.
I feel—yes, feel.
Thus I speak.

Do you feel, and then speak?
Or do you speak without feeling?

Many such questions make my world—
Bird, the blue sky, sunlight, children:
my poems.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Wait

The same road—
plants, a pond, waves,
sunlight and reflected rays,
buses passing, bicycles circling,
people waiting,
as usual.

Only the hoardings—
faces and promises
under the blue sky,
dreams of life
rising from ashes.
A man is born free.

Free, you are
as much as I am—
only context shifts.
Everyone bound to everyone,
none bound to none,
a camouflage.

There you are,
here I am—
perpetuity.
He waits at the bus stop.
Today. Tomorrow.

Day after,
after,
after.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Reflections - Ambition And Peace

Reflections —
on ambition and peace of mind,
forces poised against each other.
What is seen is not what is seen —
more than the visible,
there ambition moves,
a stubborn octopus.
Peace — a calm within chaos,
arising out of wisdom.
What is within is more than within;
looking inward, one finds
a quiet, sufficient joy —
therein lies human freedom.
Ambition, at last, consumes itself;
peace unfurls
and emancipates.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Reflections In A Cup

All the doubts
rise like wavy imperfections
on the rim of a coffee cup—

yet it shines like a mirror,
catching the sun,
scattering its rays

into a white that holds
all colours within—

and still,
it raises only
deeper questions.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

The Ship Is Passing By

No one knows why —
However,
the ship is passing by.
The Captain on the deck
waving at the shore,
waves no longer stagnant
dancing on the floor.

Everyone asks, but why?
Finally,
the ship is passing by.
What of Why is not known,
windows, doors half-shown —
the ship is passing by —
my Captain is a bit shy.

Voices gather on the pier,
calling out, yet none come near,
questions drift like salted air,
answers lost somewhere.

Flags flutter without a name,
no two journeys seem the same,
maps are folded, lines erased,
time itself in quiet haste.

No one knows from where it came,
none can tell its final aim,
still it cuts the silent blue,
as if it always knew.

And I stand and wonder still —
if it's chance or quiet will,
that lets it slip through asking eyes,
beneath indifferent skies.

No one knows why —
However,
the ship is passing by.

This Is Our World

Nothing equates man like sorrow—
on this side of the Bay of Bengal,
on both sides of the Nile,
across the Pacific or the Atlantic.
Sorrow—arising from the loss of man
in man, all included.
They laugh at me for speaking of morality—
all do.
Nothing equates a tree like its green leaves;
man is not so blessed.
Difference is openly celebrated—
the more, the merrier.
Man—tall, bright, colourful, wealthy,
endowed with Claude and Gemini—
yet so small, so distraught, so turbulent,
in fright, in flight.
This is our world.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

 PoemHunter.com

First Day of the Bengali New Year—
traditions, or their metamorphosis:
temple visits with new account books
draped in red,
prayers to the goddess for business,
a feast—mutton or fish,
or a table at 6 Ballygunge Place, Aheli.
Summer—birds searching for water,
cars streaming with families and friends,
in a corner a tree shedding flowers,
white, all white.
As if for ancestors
who had their New Year once.
Continuity revives another day—
they were busy; now they are gone.
Not to summon sadness on the first day,
yet all business runs to the last.
The pace, the swing, the turn, the sneak—
heaven or hell: pluck, luck, the click.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Doesn't Matter

I lost my watch—
not that it was necessary,
more of a habit
to wear.

Attachment—perhaps,
and a white patch
on my wrist.

A patch on the road—
I broke my leg;
so many break their legs
and live with bandage.

Turning, turning—
the spring of the watch;
it must have stopped by now:
doesn't matter.

Some blood and tissue lost,
I suppose they'll be restored;
if not, a visit to hospital again—
doesn't matter.

The road will be repaired soon,
that's the news I gather—
yes, from the market:
election.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

A Writer Just Writes

A question this morning—
when you write, you are a writer.
It may be a very ordinary piece,
still you are a writer.
Your writing may not be read by anybody,
still you are a writer.

So, having been a writer,
you run the risk of antagonizing people.
As a writer, you must be honest;
honesty, however, leads to conflict.
A writer has to write still—
by remaining still, or steel.

A writer has got nothing but his desk,
his pen, papers, a laptop, an iPad—
his task is clearly cut out:
he will express his mind,
he has to go on writing.

Do not ask him how he feels;
allow him to feel the pain—
that's how he writes,
stuff that hardly anyone reads.
Then he is criticized.
Steadfast as he is, he writes.

A writer just writes.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

The Sum

Innocence is never to be presumed—
when I write this, what do I do?
I transfer responsibility not to prove guilty
upon you, boy.

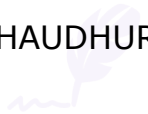
You have to prove you have not stolen,
You have to prove you have not teased,
You have to prove you did not spit on the road,
It is you and you and you.

This was an easy sum,
you failed.

The boy was silent.

The incessant pourings swept him—
none knew where.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Reason

Not many reasonable people in the world—
prejudice shapes character and thought.

Transparency is a result of reason—
almost mathematical, almost logical.
Not that you must know mathematics,
but you must have a mind that can discern,
that can distinguish between
what is good and what is bad for the world.

Narratives are easy to frame,
an adversary—easy to defame—
but it does not see the light of eternity;
that is the test most forget.

Reason, reason, only reason.
Even empathy arises out of reason:
the man you hurt a few minutes ago—
what did he feel?

If you could feel his hurt,
there exists reason in your heart.

Take that stance and proceed,
and I assure you—
the world will be a better place to live.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Once In A Hospital

Have you seen the face of a woman
whose husband is critically ill,
fighting for life in a hospital?
I observe such turmoil
and wonder what storms move within.

Between a once-upon and the road ahead,
there hangs an uncertainty—
yet life insists on holding on.
Drops of tears—she wipes them quietly,
with a handkerchief,
and tries to move in rhythm with the world.

A flicker of hope,
then resignation;
a moment of expectation,
then a gulf of disappointment.

From one such scene
I drift to another,
where life and its continuance
depend on signatures.
Will I be?
If not, when do I cease?

He holds her in his arms,
searches her eyes—forsaken, distant.
How does grief descend from the sky?
That same sky—
once a shelter in childhood—
now rains death upon the valley.

Why?
Because we are not them,
and they are not us.
Some celebrate death—
and call it victory.

Beginning in a hospital,

I arrive at a distant land—
I do not know how.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Speech And Life

The speaker is on the dais,
on the other side of the microphone.
I am in the audience,
with others listening to the speech.

A speech—
what is it?
Before it reaches the microphone,
it is already filtered.
When it reaches me,
what is it?
Do you understand what he says?

How much truth is in a speech?
The speaker says he speaks from the heart,
he feels his heart.
Does he feel chest pain as he speaks?

Between heart and mouth—
what exists?
Between mouth and microphone—
what exists?
Between microphone and audience—
what exists?

Within the audience—
what exists?

Had life been lived as he says,
there would have been no speech.

All the speech is for a clap.
The speaker speaks and goes,
the audience looks at each other
and forgets.

'All the world is a stage' -
all the speech is a maze.

Sans Logic

History teaches—
we do not learn.

All failures and successes
have been rehearsed, repeated, enacted;
yet we do not learn,
or do not want to learn,
or do not learn how to learn.

A cycle of failure and success continues.

We meet, we talk—
but do we meet to talk,
or talk so that we may meet again?

These meetings—more show than substance;
decisions already taken,
drafted before the gathering.
That is how the world operates.

The framework remains the same;
we merely go and act.

Compare an ant on graph paper—
its movement along the axes;
it does not know how it moves.
We, however, know its change of position;
we observe, we laugh,
sometimes we mimic.

A meeting—
Diogenes of Sinope
and Alexander the Great.

The king asked the philosopher,
“What do you need?”

The philosopher replied,
“Stand out of my sunlight.”

Audacity—
had he not been Alexander,
he might have been Diogenes.

This is history.
Did we learn?

Life—
a strange concoction of half-truths and half-lies.

Like the ant on graph paper,
we too move—
sans truth,
sans logic,
sans everything.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

On A Saturday Evening

Tomorrow there is no rush.
This evening falls upon me stealthily.
Not many people on the road,
business slower than usual.
The street lights appear dimmer—
perhaps my eyes see less,
or perhaps my mind.

All this is the result of my mind.
I have still not known its sweet will.
My mind—yet so unknown to me.
I am not sure whether I ruminate,
or my mind does.

At this hour a few small bats swing
between the lamp post and the trees.
Sometimes they come near me,
though I do not feel their supersonicity.

My life revolves around day and night—
seeing, smelling, observing, feeling,
and remaining quiet for a long time.
Normal? I do not know.
I do not care to know.

Do the small bats care to see me?
Did the wasp that visited my house this morning
feel my discomfort?
Even a man does not feel for another man.

The boss stays in office for long hours,
expects subordinates to stay and serve him—
does he feel the agony of the staff?

I see, and the more I see,
the more I look inward.
I dig up the soil—the top is so hard;
as I go down, I find softness.
Further down, I find wet sludge;

the impression of my fingers stays there long.

Soil—soft and tender.

My soul too.

Tomorrow there is no rush.

My reflections this evening—

quiet, sombre, sometimes distressing,

otherwise mundane.

Bats swing between light and darkness;

the mind swings too—between what?

What?

BASAB CHAUDHURI

In Between

You must have experienced this,
felt in your heart
the break in continuity,
the interval
between a message sent
and a reply received.
Thereby hangs a tale.
Your thoughts, premonitions,
so many whats and whys,
your mind—
the silent scratch of nails,
of a child, or an old man,
or a lady love,
or the admonition of an office boss.
What goes on can't be seen,
and the world is made in the heart.
Our silent fury and repentance,
our prayer and withdrawals,
happen in between.
Those feelings are the sources
of poetry—
yours and mine,
yours and mine.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Imperfect Sentences

No sentence is perfect—
the sense stays,
yet it can be written better.

A man observes, tries to describe,
but description never becomes reality.

I search for words
close to what I see,
and fail.

The face I saw this afternoon—
what was it like?

Not round,
not rectangular,
a trapezium perhaps.

An affable man
with a face out of shape—
can this be written?

I do not know.

Yet the day feels incomplete
without words.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

A Pen

A pen is the best friend
A pen is the worst enemy.

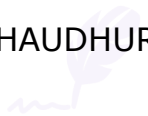
Words taken out of context dissected, diverted, off course, blasphemy.

Sentences taken out of sequence picture put by its side,
rebellion.

A lover of words
often out of sync
with the world
beaten.

Love thy pen.
Hold on to your chest.
A pen is the best friend
even when it wounds.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Manufactured Childhood

Does school make a difference in a man's life?

I do not know.

I went to a small school in my childhood,
sat with children from very commonplace background,
played with them, quarreled and sometimes fought with them,
and when I left them, I had tears in my eyes,
- they cried too.

My heart was so built, my mind was so made.

Now I live in a city.

There are so many noble schools.

They look like glass houses, warm, tempered, structured,
every bit of them is designed.

How will the boys and girls sit?

What will be the angle of rotation of their neck and shoulder when they speak to
each other?

What will they eat and drink?

Every minute detail must be recorded, documented, shared.

As the plants grow in glass houses, children grow up in schools,
tailor made, as per order, as per specifications.

Modern day has new demand -
beyond imagination of the old!

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Queen And King

When everyone observes everyone,
no one observes at all—
a perfect symmetry
where everyone wins,
and no one does.

When you turn every page,
you turn none—
under such a spell,
you either remain in a cage
or awaken as a sage.

Nothing frees like freedom—
yet only the king is free
within the kingdom.
And the queen—
is she not free?
Perhaps she is—
but only
if the king agrees.



PoemHunter.com

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Moment

Your lips slipped one over the other and I do not know why,
I observed and remembered how snow slips like that,
It was not snowing,
but for me it was something showing,
Lips are lips
they may slip,
eyes don't -
observation stored in memory.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Artefact Over Fact

Here is an anonymous letter,
having some facts that appear to be concocted,
yet you have to take cognizance,
otherwise, you will be blamed for appearing to be partial.
Look, no one cares about the truth,
what appears matters more than what is true.
Disproof is more powerful than proof,
uncertainty is more blissful than certainty.
That's how papers roll, facts dissected,
every dissection leaves some flesh and blood.
With their loss, fact loses the sheen.
Matter is not important, presentation of matter is,
truth is not important, who says is the relevant point.

That's how the world runs.
Artefact is more valuable than fact,
statement is more important than incident,
in life's journey, a bystander is a stand by.

I sound pessimistic!
Look at yourself.
You may be pleasantly surprised with the truth or the void.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

For My Student

When all my efforts turn to zero,
what should I do, Professor?
a student asked me once.

Honestly, I had never faced such a moment—
so I said, I cannot answer.

Life is not a case study, Professor.
Say something
from your rich and varied experience.

The student—razor-sharp in thought—
pressed me further.

I remained silent for a while,
then asked,
how are you so sure about all your efforts?

Efforts do not end.
Perseverance is endless.
Patience is infinite.

You must continue trying, my son—
that is the only way.
There is no end to this journey.

I know it is frustrating at times,
but life must go on
in spite of—

The student looked into my eyes and said,
you mean despite...
so you do not have an answer.

I am nothing but a horse, Professor,
galloping at full speed—
and you ask me to move on until I—

I did not let him finish.

I pulled him into an embrace
and said,
my son...

He fell silent for a moment,
then spoke softly—

I will not give up, Professor.
I will continue.
I only needed assurance.

While you were speaking,
I could not feel it—
but your embrace...
made all the difference.

Thank you, Professor.

And with that,
he ran—
faster than ever before.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Quantum States

A telephone from the hospital -
the voice on the other side is cold,
your patient is serious, come soon.

Serious! What does it mean?
The heart is beating or not?
She is still there or not?

She was struggling, swinging -
both amplitude and frequency
were on the wane as time rolled.

Sometimes she was, then wasn't.
I will not know whether she exists
until I see her,
in order to be sure, I must see her.

Existence, nonexistence, either or,
and motion, emotion all together -
quantum states for the patient
and for me.

I am on my way to the hospital -
I do not know whether she exists,
I will not know until I observe.

My feelings
swinging on,
as if they're
quantum states.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Will You Come To See Me?

Will you come to see me when I die?
I know I will die some day,
but the day is not known,
so I cannot invite you in advance.
Yet, if you get time, please come,
just to see me for a few minutes.
Please do not bring flowers,
allow them to be in the trees,
they look so fresh there
in company of the leaves.
What will you do when you stand before me?
Will you be sad that I cannot greet you?
All my warmth will go, I know -
Ice-cold, I will look very firm,
but I suppose I will look composed
in your company.
A dead man, laden with history, has no future.
Laden or burden - I am in doubt,
I ask you now as I am up on my legs,
and can still paint a picture of my death.

I am not a pessimist,
this is realism that I describe,
I invite you to come when I die
as death is the ultimate celebration of life that ever was,
and will never be afterwards.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Pomegranate

A lovely fruit—
the pomegranate holds
punicalagins,
antioxidants,
a quiet wealth of Vitamin K.

But do not judge it
by its hardened skin.

I stand amazed—
how it gathers
so many jeweled fragments
into one.

Inside, there are colonies:
if the seeds had wings,
they would be bees,
swarming softly,
melting on the tongue.

A honeycomb within a fruit—
what if it mingled
with the honeycomb of a hive?

A union of sweetness,
a slow merging—
a honeymoon
of a lifetime.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Get Me A Pen

Get me a pen -
I will write with it
a love letter
to all of them.
No age bar,
no bar on nationality,
men, women, children
I will write to all of them.

I will write to them
who carry weapons,
I know they will read
my letter and write back.
I will write Love
and draw a bird below the word,
It will be a white pigeon
with a heart bigger than man's.

Get me a pen
I will write something more,
I will ask wind to blow
and I will open all my door.
Let them be in -
To all of them a cup of tea,
Let them be in
To feel the breeze of the sea.

I am tired
and I want to write,
A love letter
to my brethren.
I know they will write back
if they can get a pen,
Reduce the load of weapon
and give them too a pen.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

About Morning Wisdom

Every morning a few photographs reach my phone,
with a wish of 'good morning' they speak of wisdom.
Some say, time reveals the face of acquaintance.
Another says, we all are alone - yet afraid of loneliness.
Similar points - proof 'misproof' disproof arrive,
I get them even when I do not ask for them.
The ideas of wisdom are often not followed,
they are passed on so that others can follow,
we want others to be sober, kind and compassionate,
we wait eagerly for others to come forward and cooperate.

The words of wisdom are burdens that we do not want to carry.
From time immemorial, burdens have been carried by asses.
I doubt whether a mobile phone is the new 'ass',
or it is man himself, made 'ass' of, out of volition.

I do not know.
I am confused.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Only If You Wish

Often I leave my house and go elsewhere,
for work or for some job poorly defined.

I go -

there is no one to accompany me except the sky,
the immense blue that hangs over my head,
even when it is covered with cloud, I know it's there,
from deep blue to bluish to colours beyond description,
over my head just like a guardian.

The eyes of the sky follow me just like a family,
in all my distress, the enormous sky is my shelter.

And when I will be no more, where will I be?
Up above in the sky, beyond the milkyway,
just travel a few million lightyears and there,
you will find me -
in one of the oldest houses in the universe,
made of eternal stones,
I will live there.

Lest you forget,
I give you my address -
in advance or in anticipation,
beyond me,
beyond my knowledge.

Do visit me at my house then, only if you wish.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

A Morning Mystery

Curtain everywhere.
From behind the curtain
voices are heard -
one, two, many.

I wait.
I am not told
how long I must wait.
But I wait.

Watch.
The screen of my phone.
What do I actually see?
Do I see at all?

World.
I visualize my coordinates.
I stand up, walk, come back.
Where do I come back?

Life.
A gift given to me.
I unwrap the decoration.
I feel truth - unexamined.

Curtain.
A sudden blast of wind.
I see, yet I don't see.
I delve into mystery.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

For A Little Solace

When no word comes to my mind,
I close my eyes.
It is all darkness then.
From the depth of darkness,
words start trickling down
like drops of tears.
A sense of loss grips my heart.
Far from the land where I live,
a forlorn face stares at me.
He does not speak,
his eyes question humanity.
Darkness is so expressive -
all our humanity stays in darkness.
Light cannot reveal what's inside.
To get a little solace, I close my eyes.
I imagine peaceful death with eyes closed.
At the end of life, man searches humanity -
that he finds in darkness.
Complete darkness.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Weird

No door is open.
Every door is open.
But you do not know
which door is open.
Sounds weird!

Endless possibilities.
No possibility.
Still I am clueless -
between no possibility
and impossibility.

When everything is destroyed,
peace is established.
Permanent peace.
No peace.
Sounds weird!

Whatever I write -
I doubt whether they make sense.
How much sense is necessary
not to call it 'nonsense'?
Sounds weird!

BASAB CHAUDHURI

I Seek Your Heart

Already there is a lot of fire -
burning,
do not light a lamp,
it will not serve any purpose.
Come to the terrace,
see the night sky,
those stars far away from us
still speak a thousand words,
you must listen to them.
Do not allow your heart to stop.
As long as you're alive,
your body can give some warmth.

There is a lot of fire -
burning,
yet I seek your heart
for warmth.

Do not light a lamp,
stay near -
your heart
and warmth.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

All The Roads

When will all these end?
I mean all these - the farce.
Roads that appear straight
end in an abyss -
sort of a triangle in the Pacific.
What is supposed to happen
doesn't happen,
what happens instead is a bedlam.
What should a man do
in such a situation?
You told me: life unfolds.
I agree - it does,
and when I asked you,
who blows the wind?
Do you remember:
you kept quiet.
Was your silence chosen,
or political?
I find no road in front of me.
Could you show me the way?
I remember - you told me once
all the roads lead to the bay.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Epitaph

A bird was lying in the corridor,
for how long was not known -
it was lifeless.

Beauty of the sky no more.
Such a death was in store!
The fall was unsettling.

A glass window reflected the tree,
the temperature was quite high.
Did it ask for water?

This is evening.
The bird did not return to the nest.
Did anyone feel its absence?

No missing diary!
no tearful farewell!

The sky is empty.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Brilliance

I

Behind an amazing brutality
there is an idea
a brilliant idea,
a perfect execution fetches amazing rewards.

A green field is just beautiful,
turning it into fire is an act
accurately calculated.
Awesome accuracy
result of brains.

II

Trains,
truckload of people,
movement,
life's stubbornness.

Spasm
sarcasm,
Abyss
oasis.



PoemHunter.com

BASAB CHAUDHURI

My Love

Men are not endowed with an ability to bear a child,
women are.

This is just preliminary biology -
it doesn't require a poet to discover
what goes on in the mind of a would-be mother.
Or it does require a poet to feel how life grows inside,
the fear, the anxiety, the yearning -
only a mother knows
when she becomes a mother
and then through her life.

Men are not so privileged to understand that feeling.
Yet, I being a man had my premonition, when suddenly
my poemhunter account said:
Your account is disabled.

I thought it was some indiscretion on my part.
Did I plagiarize?

Did I do something contrary to the ethics a poet should follow?
I was quiet, indisposed, sick.
I was not allowed to enter the website.

Then suddenly, a message comes:

Your account is active.

Active - the child is born.

This child - the two hundredth poem:
my love.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Yes And No

Remember?

I asked you and you said, 'yes.'

Miles passed - storm, desert;

sometimes we thought:

a 'No' would have been better.

Life swings between yes and no,

initial condition, that it was,

remains unchanged.

All our decisions

depend on

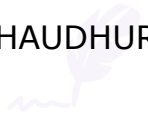
the initial condition.

Go back and ask:

it's still Yes.

Don't you agree?

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Clock

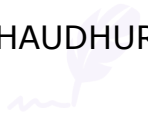
The wall clock has stopped moving,
it is showing eight o'clock,
I know it isn't.

By not moving
the clock is creating in my mind
a sense of movement -
that it isn't moving.
Yet it exists.

My mother
no more -
absence makes a new presence.
She moves.
She exists.

She does exist.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Sunday Evening

Life is continuously being built,
or unbuilt,
whatever way you may see it.

I am sitting alone,
the fan is rotating,
creating a sound
that I never heard before
with such a concentration.
The towel is flying,
I didn't see it fly like this.

At the moment, I am cut off from outside,
I see mundane things
they make an impression for some time,
and they leave for ever.

The fan, the towel make my life now.

A few moments after -
when my loneliness will be taken away,
my life will go another direction
that I do not know.

Every little thing -
leaves a new idea
imprints it on my mind,
and then gets lost.

Lost,
lost for ever.

Your smile,
the way you look at me now,
the way I look at you, -
all these are once-in-a-lifetime experience,
I get and I lose.

Nothing is held for long.
Thus is life,
being built

unbuilt.....

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Fruitseller

A new realization everyday -
doesn't matter whether it is large or small,
as long as it enriches mind
and leaves a lasting impression.

This fruitseller in the market
not a very successful one
but composed, quiet, integrated.

He doesn't talk much,
doesn't argue,
doesn't negotiate on price,
he sells fruits with soft hands,
takes money, gives changes,
I find a distant, somewhat detached politeness in him,
not garrulous, not obstinate,
he holds himself marvellously.

Has he read Upanishads?
I haven't asked him.
Yet I feel, he has got a character
that leaves an impression -
silent, sober, detached, performing.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

After Dinner

I close my eyes
and see darkness splitting
vertically, horizontally
in different directions.

Sometimes light appears from the dark,
the eyeball becomes an ellipse,
then a circle,
the centre becomes smaller and smaller -
a quintessential central theme
from which stories originate.

I tighten eye muscles
new patterns emerge,
all my imaginations
rotate within eyeballs.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

No Inkling

The wheel moves at a high speed
the tyre feels frictionless
generates heat
crushes life
inside temperature is just that the body wants.

Neutrinos bombard mercilessly
no one knows
no one is supposed to know
speed matters
momentum conquers.

On the road two pigeons fight
there are quite a few grains
scattered before them,
still they fight
over a mate perhaps.

Busy watchman
controls traffic -
already uncontrolled,
scratch screech screen
desperate morning.

Speed over speed
time falls on time,
scrunched forehead
focused on Pygmalion,
from billion to trillion.

Reason fails reason
crisis upon crisis,
dried daisies
raised urchins
no inkling.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

On Privacy

This morning
I saw a bird of prey
catching an insect
and eating it in privacy -
I was a stranger
who intruded into the bird's inner world.

What about my privacy?
I realized I haven't any.
All my information is known to all -
from the next-door neighbor
to the municipality;
the CC TV footage downloads all.

Where I am
what I'm eating
who do I speak to
my dress
my watch
my business -
their property.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

The Day I Was Born

I try to visualize the day I was born,
I do not care whether the day was sunny or rainy,
whether it was day or night,
but I am pretty sure I cried a lot that day,
my mother must have thought that the child would trouble her,
she was not incorrect.

A long time has passed by since then,
what have I been able to do during this pretty long journey?
I have a habit of philosophising simple events,
they do not matter, yet...

I try to put them in perspectives,
my perspectives.

They do not mean a lot to the world,
but they are important to me as they give me food for thought,
kind of rumination,
what if, or what if it isn't....

life's journey is so tumultuous,
it is more unpredictable than the cyclonic storm,
you never know the direction in which it will move,
and over the Bay of Bengal it often happens.

Yes, I am that kind of man who has changed direction,
the changes were abrupt.

Did they do any good to me?

I do not know.

I only know that this complex entity called life is full of surprises,
I saw... I observed.....

and I have been fascinated by men around.

Some are flesh only,
some are flesh and bones,
some are bones only
harder than the limestones.

What am I?

How do people perceive me?

If ever, heart and soul
that was the only goal
(of my mother) .

Such thoughts....
arise,

like waves
break on the shore,
my eyes set at a distance,
where the ocean
meets the sky,
and then
nothing is seen.

I am here,
I am no more,
no more.....

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Do You Know Why?

Why a pair of shoes has to be of similar design?

I do not understand.

Trouser and shirt may be different.

Hat may be still different.

Only each of the shoes must be the same.

Why will there be restrictions on shoes?

Do you have an answer?

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

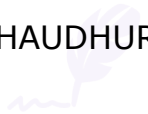
Manual

So many options
so many avenues -
not a single is for me!
Is it my luck?
Or it is the design?

As I complete the degree,
its value goes down in the market.
I am advised to go for interdisciplinary course.
When I near completion,
interdisciplinary becomes multidisciplinary.

From a distance, all signals appear green.
They become red as I draw near.
They remain so as long as I stand there.
Are the signals so designed?
Do you have any manual to decode the signals?

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

None Of Their Business

News arrives.

Even if I do not want them,
they arrive.

Every death makes me a little poorer,
only those who die
and those who cause -
do not know.

Scholars say -

this is what the world actually is,
all these have been so.

I hear

but I do not understand,
what about books
or scriptures?

All visible

is just theatre -

if you weep

they will call you stupid.

Be a spectator:

those who win will be the winner,
those who lose will be the loser.

They say:

learn how to live.

Be indifferent.

Life is

as long as you're.

My grief!

It's none of their business.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

No Irregular Heartbeat

Irregular heartbeat since morning -
I know the reason.
I need to talk to this white background
and pour a little of my heart's content.
I need to express my feelings
on this white board.
As I write, it reflects the feelings
and asks me questions -
'Are you sad? '
Yes, I am sad.
If I cannot write a few words in the morning,
I feel I have no worth.
You may not read them,
but I must write -
these expressions are flowers
that I put at your feet
and feel happy.

I am happy now.
I've done my duty -
no irregular heartbeat any more.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Search For The Right Word

I was taught that it was the first step that mattered most,
gradually with time, I realized that the last was even more important -
entering requires prior thinking, strategizing, engaging -
but once in, one doesn't know what awaits,
whether exit will be possible at all.
This is true for life in general,
or even for the onset of life -
the unborn does not know the world,
his fate hangs in balance,
what does he hold on to if he is born incomplete,
for no fault of his own, if he is so born,
and if he is taken care of,
even then the tragic drama that he has to bear all along....
do you call it life?

For no fault of life, life is crushed -
the reason is brushed aside.

How do I describe the theatre of the absurd?
Could you give me the right word?

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Anomalous Thermal Behavior

As the sun was rising from behind the mountain,
there was expectation in my heart that I cannot share -
I could do nothing but staring at.....
with expectation, my body temperature was rising too,
the sun didn't know about that.

The first rays - a delicate mixture of gold and red -
do you call it metallic or the term becomes mundane?
The eternal rays touched my eyes, my face,
all expectations turned into excitement -
I was all smiles that only the first rays could see.

They say it is Vitamin D,
for me it is my 'Day',
was it April? I'm not sure -
doesn't make a difference
whether it was March or May.

I saw a swarm of bees
and a skein of geese -
quanta by quanta, I received light
for my existence, life - all life.

The first sunrays that I bathed in
that I had drunk to my heart's content -
in words I can't describe them
for me all these and many more were sent.

As I received more and more rays
my body temperature came down,
I didn't understand the underlying science -
it was an anomalous thermal effect
hitherto unexplained.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Scottish Church

A dry day for me -
not a word written,
but I delivered a lecture in the Scottish Church College today,
on glass ceramics and cement -
I do not know whether my lecture was interesting,
but the young students made a lasting impression,
that I will remember for long.

These bright girls and boys -
must understand their potential,
they are brilliant, but a bit shy,
why don't they talk a little more?

I want students to ask me questions,
difficult questions -
that I can't readily answer.
That is my test.

In such a brilliant company of young students,
I wanted to lose my way
and end up somewhere -
yes, beyond my knowledge.

That is the touchstone
where a teacher is tested,
he may not have an immediate answer,
but he must show his temperament.

How does a teacher say, 'I do not know'?
There lies his grace.
When students confront,
he deals with patience.

I wanted to be a teacher having grace
that I couldn't be;
the rare qualities I couldn't master,
in my students - I want to see.

Eleven At Night

How best do I live the rest of my life?
Do I hold life in my hand and make it disciplined?
Do I allow it to flow as if it is a stream?
Do I remain indifferent to life as I have been all through?
They are thoughts that come to my mind -
like cloud.
Not that there will be thunderstorm here and now,
not that the rains will sweep me away....
nevertheless, days are passing by rather fast,
I am an observer who has suddenly been made aware of...
that the station is not too far off,
that I have to get down like everyone else,
of course, in a sense that you perhaps understand....
these questions, what ifs.....
come to mind at night like nightflies.
I want to ignore them, but they move around my head.

How best could I.....?

Is it too late now to think?
Who knows!

BASAB CHAUDHURI

The Internet Was Down

Over the years we have changed a lot.
Why do you call it a change?
Say, say loudly that we have transformed.
So there is no surprise in the aftermath of the internet having been down.
The mobile network was also down.
Suddenly you find everything down.
Everything came to a grinding halt.
You did not teach anyone what to do when all were so miserably down.
Twenty-first century and you are stuck.
You simply do not know how to move.
Twenty four hours without internet and mobile connection - and the result is -
thousands are dead of shock, utter shock.
Even children could not absorb this absence.
For them, internet is much more real than the real.
We have brought them up through machine learning,
they are data-driven, google-directed, meta-stable entities,
yes, they are fragile malleable, ductile Lollypops -
why do you blame them?
They have never been to the balcony,
for them balcony is latitude and longitude,
they do not know left or right or centre as their sense of direction is digitally
managed,
this is how their brain is wired,
most of them are not used to the green, I mean, ground,
they have learnt the colors digitally,
it is their process, don't say predicament,
for them relatives are concepts related to relativity,
it is relativistic.
Look, this generation is netted, precisely internetted,
they are not baboons behind the steel nets,
they are modern.
If the internet and mobile network are down,
tell me how they can survive.

Homo sapiens are bound to internet.
There is no free lunch any more.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Calm

Distance is never hazy
never out of sight,
when the fountain is not seen
it starts tinkling in the bosom -
distance comes near -
overwhelms.

The day I do not see you
I see you more than any other day -
only you do not see
that I am constantly in touch
with you -
fulfills.

This sunlit morning
the blue sky, lovely roads, people
neither I know them
nor they know me,
but they are mine -
satisfies.

Birds at the end of the day
carry evening in their wing -
I fly with them to their nest.
Had they known that
they would have been happy -
pacifies.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Decision

How do I come to a decision?
I sit quietly in a room - alone -
think deeply about the pros and cons,
and arrive at some point, some direction.
I call it a decision.
Everyone else calls it so.
But I realize -
everything is decided in movement,
nothing in a state of rest.
Every decision is in a state of flux,
the more I decide, the more I have to decide.
I'm left with no other option.....

Yet I sit quietly,
preferably alone -
to decide!

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

About A Bird

You may call it apotheosis -
the bird's ascent to the zenith.
I was observing its flutter,
and how it danced down
and sat quietly on the wire.

At the end of the day,
when the sun was all but set
and the sky was soaked in red,
up it went to drink the sunrays -
a great connoisseur!

It was an absolute delight
to see - how it went up
and came down.
It was the day of days
in the bird's life - I thought.

It is dusk now.
The bird must be in its nest.
Does it go to sleep immediately?
Or it feels the warmth of feather
that has retained the touch of rose?

The angel is somewhere in the nest,
in one of the trees - asleep in the dark,
quietly I think of the ascent
and then its descent to the mark.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

A Distressing Smell

Just now I got a smell of smoke
resembling that of burnt straw,
instantly I travelled back in time
more than fifty years ago -
to my ancestral house,
yes, the house, the air, the dust
they are here before me, now.

The house exists - dilapidated, deserted,
hardly anyone considers it his own,
once upon a time it was everyone's
now it doesn't belong to anyone -
everyone stakes a claim on it,
no one finally arrives to take it -
the giant reality has grabbed an idea.

Yes. Idea of a house.

What is a house made of?

Clay, mud, straw, tin, sand, cement, bamboo,
you may name a few more things,
rooms are made, designated, occupied,
thus a house is made, built, structured,
gradually the house is born.

Yes. A house is born.

In heart and mind.

It fills the space, spreads its roots,
only a few can see it organically.

Just like a living organism, a house dies,
Death of a house -
painful. In many hearts!

BASAB CHAUDHURI

War

War.

Precise. To the point. Targeted.

Intelligence having claws, nails, teeth.

Nothing uncertain about death to the hour, minute, second, millisecond.

Perfectly calculated projectiles hit the base.

Flesh and bones evaporate to dryness,

just like the high school chemistry experiments.

The school doesn't exist any more.

The playground doesn't exist any more.

Spectacular fire power has removed the structures.

It's all science and technology mixed with precision and psychology.

Stormed headquarters, torn minds.

Smoke billowing up, black greenhouse gases with immeasurable toxicity.

No uncertainty about the sustainable development goals.

Goals are intact, goalposts are continuously changing directions.

That's modernity.

Cloud computing does the job.

Man dies. Collateral damage.

War.

Children watch.

It grasps their conscious mind.

Will brew in their subconscious.

Desire for revenge will reach their unconscious.

War.

The more the merrier.

Never ending saga of human development.

As life and death are inseparable -

Civilization and War are inseparable.

And we watch black smoke reaching the sky,

wait for the stock prices of defence companies shoot up -

more life is taken by tech,

more money is made in stock.

War ends

with a promise -

to be back soon.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Loss Of Breathing Silence

It was evening -
I was sitting quietly,
perhaps the red lights prevented traffic to make noise,
suddenly I felt silence everywhere -
not a passive silence,
it was a breathing silence
when everything around became tranquil,
as if someone put a brake on the breakneck speed -
this feeling persisted for a few seconds,
my body lost sensation,
my cognition touched something unfelt,
is it suspended animation?
I asked myself.

Immediately thereafter, the train whistled by,
the sound cut into pieces the mesh I was in,
I found solitude break into pieces like a glassbowl,
Evening stretched like a giraffe,
neck prolonged,
I lost the breathing silence.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Rolling Stone

Whenever I feel bored, I open this page and start writing,
not because this will ever be a masterpiece, but because -
if something worthwhile comes out of my mind!

You know, I am an engineer, a scientist, an administrator -
all together, mixed and so well-mixed, that I am practically an impure variety,
and I claim I am nothing.

Niels Bohr once said that an expert is he who has done all possible mistakes in a
very narrow field.

This is another way of saying that he has mastered the subject.

I did not have that tenacity, and the objective reality did not allow me to stick to
a certain thing for a very long time.

May be, I lacked discipline, or I had ADHD, or some other form of mind that
desired diversity.

So I became something strange about which all questioned, or ridiculed.

I rolled on, as I felt, a rolling stone gathers no moss.

Moreover, you know, I was fastidious about scientific data.

I wanted rigorous experiments and rigor is missing in today's world of science
and technology, particularly in Universities.

The fundamental question that I often ask is: if you do certain things, why do
you do it?

If it is for your livelihood only, I have no objection.

As I have seen, most technology experiment is reinventing the wheel,
I did not like that.

I also saw that unless you beat your own chest in the high roads of science, you
often get overlooked or despised or denigrated.

I also saw plagiarism; claims never matched the reality.

I did not like endless discussion, or tall talks, or smart maneuvers.

They never attracted me; they never made me passionate.

.....

The world of words is different.

What I am doing now, they are all new.

These words, the sequence, the meaning, they are my sequence, my meaning,
my understanding, and that understanding matters.

How do you perceive the reality?

This earth, continuously rotating with so much diversity, must make an
impression upon you, in your mind.

Your meaning is yours only and no one else's.

No, do not be a copycat.

Be original.

Even if you fail by being original, you may have a little glory, although glory is not important.

Nothing is more important than your satisfaction.

Even satisfaction may be meaningless.

Creativity does not look for satisfaction, it creates.

Meaning or no meaning, just do, - not for name or fame or money or power or anything else.

Just roll on; a rolling stone gathers no moss.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Quiescence

This doesn't happen everyday -
only on certain days that are so uncertain to come by
I get this serenity of mind free from any ripples,
any distraction,
external disturbance does not touch me,
I then feel at peace with myself.
Peace conquers my existence.

I breathe peace,
I touch peace,
I speak peace,
Everything that I see
is peace,
all the eyes express peace,
only peace.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Ego And Alter Ego

This is my conversation with myself,
ego and alter ego face to face,
what I am and what I become,
the real and something that's not so real - a mask.

Why can't I be happy?
What does it take to fill the heart with happiness?
Can I touch happiness some day just like a jellyfish?
Will my tongue get the taste of happiness?

Confusion is a trait of my character.
Questioning is my passion.
Touching the depth is in my nature.
A different point of view is my love.

I see and at the same time I un-see,
I be and at the same time I un-be, means I do not be.
Wave and particle - yes, I am
yet I am confused whether I am.

It is difficult to understand me, right?
Better that I am forced to remain quiet.
Night deepens and these questions come,
what I am and what and why and how I become.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Probability

You taught me basics of probability,
games, winner, loser, possibilities -
they were all calculations,
some I understood, most I didn't,
but they left an impression in my mind -
not because of the problems,
but because of the probability.

We all live on probability,
and as I think, I get lost.
Just before going to bed
an anxious thought appeared like a ghost -
did I know about it?
No - it was all probability
and I could not get a sound sleep.

Birth, death, marriage, separation, divorce -
all and many more hinge on probability.
Why did he say what he said?
and then joining the dots to where it all started,
a mismatch is an example of probability,
roads go in the divergent directions,
the answer is either zero or infinity.

Infinity - what does it mean in human life?
You want to reach somewhere and you don't -
and the distance between the two points,
where you are and where you wanted to be -
an infinite distance that you can never cover in life.
Can you really say what you wanted to do in life?
Perhaps not; and this is all probability - an awesome concept.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Forest

I do not know what looking at means,
perhaps it is not the right expression,
but you know, my early education was in a Bengali - medium school,
I do not expect from myself flowery language, that too in English.

Sometimes a dwarf desires to touch the sky,
watching his struggle tall men laugh out loud,
that is precisely the moment for a poem,
when impossibility finds a rare expression.

Coming back to looking at -
that was precisely the point.
I look at the forest and get lost.
For me it has been a habit - sort of.

The trees are so thickly placed,
one's leaves touch the other's
in a spectacular show of embrace -
my eyes cannot penetrate through the dark green,
yet I search for a little light.

So dense a forest you can never imagine,
I think of the deadly snakes,
when the wind blows through the leaves,
spine-chilling sound suddenly arrives.

I look at the forest and think of the birds,
where do they get their courage from?
Animals - they are deadly species,
kill and eat them piece by piece.

Forest, only forest, I am lost there,
none to save me, near and dear,
this is a painting done by my daughter,
why does she give me such nightmare?

Every night I look at the forest
and delve deep into the green,
the trees are lovely, tall and thick,

Do I look at or do I peep?

BASAB CHAUDHURI

'Poor Cousin'

Newspapers have pretty much lost their importance now,
instant news are made available, every bit digital.

Continuous crunching of digits make sensation
with continuous munching of an appropriate material.

Earlier desks used to look for matter, facts, black-and-white pictures,
now moving documentaries, every minute, every bit, light - sound-music,
a constant entertainment is the other name of news.

There is something called 'Breaking',
every moment something is breaking,
or they are made to believe so -
no brake in breaking.

Newspapers are distant cousins -
once upon a time, they were prosperous,
lovely articles, Laxman cartoons, vivid sports description -
words used to run on the AstroTurf faster than the dimple,
and there used to be competition among family-members,
who will grab the newspaper first, in the morning.
Newspapers were unaware of the struggle going on for the pages.

Nothing remains the same.

Newspapers have changed.

Now they come with supplements having pictures of celebrities, kitty parties,
celebrations.

Picture matters,

'My picture' matters more,

'My pet' a little more than more.

To attract, newspapers change form, color, editor -
yet, a poor cousin remains a distant, a poor cousin.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

A New Man

A new man everyday -

getting up in the morning to embrace the sun like never before,
seeing the courtship of the flowers with the bees and the butterflies,
waving at the children some of whom are reluctant to go to school,
having a cup of tea while the sunrays warm me up,
exchanging pleasantries with a eighty-five year old neighbor, who still goes to
market without any man by his side, -
yes, all these ordinary scenes that unfold everyday with a new meaning.

I have a habit of visiting inward, a country inhabited by many -

some of them exist; most exist by their non-existence -

the second category being more prominent.

I get a feeling - life must be lived and relived in the company of those unseen
and unheard.

I love to live, quietly, far from the questioning eyes, ridiculing me all the time,
or boasting about their own achievements and comparing mine with theirs, thus
trying a little lovely bloodshed, if at all, or feeling a little better.

Yes, the world would have been poorer had they not been born, I agree.
The bees, the butterflies - if they had thought similarly!

I visit the country, my own land,
a new man is born every time I am there.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

I Know Dear, I Know

I know dear, I know
I still remember your grief.
We got that doll for you from Brussels.
Yes. Long time ago.
You loved her as if she was your life.
Suddenly she was seen no more.
We could not trace her.
You cried like a baby although you were not a child then.
I understood.
Your mother and I tried to console you.
But it was love in your heart,
the doll started living there.
It was not a physical existence,
it was a mental presence.
That present was suddenly missing.
You were sobbing in grief.
You have forgotten -
I still remember your pain.
I do.

The day I lost my job -
yes, I was in tears.
You didn't see,
your mother did.
She felt for me.
Yes, she still remembers the loss,
perhaps more than me.

I do remember her tears -
the day she left her house with me.
She had held my hand,
the more force she had put on my hand,
the more were the tears.
I didn't understand then.
Now I realize.
It's not easy to leave childhood at one place,
and then proceed with someone else to live adulthood.
It was a discontinuity,
it is a discontinuity -

what is left is left for ever,
all those smiles and tears live only in memory,
even the best memories are painful as they must recede,
it is like the red shift for the stars,
you will never see them,
only cosmic waves that will touch you although you won't realize -
once upon a time they were with you, your part,
then parted for ever.

I know dear, I know -
life's saddest moments lie dormant,
all of a sudden, they burst out like volcanoes,
then you remember -
you were scolded for no fault of yours,
you were robbed of your childhood,
you were exploited by your superior,

.....

I know dear, I know
the world is not just.
Yet... you have to smile
in order to be, just to be.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Evening Prayer

I visit this page several times a day,
not that I write something on it,
but to see the page again and again.
The white background creates sensation -
it asks: nothing today?
I feel a gnawing pain in my heart,
nothing today?
As my little child waits at home the whole day,
and when I return, he looks at my hand -
when I have nothing to give him, he says:
Dad, nothing today?
The background, the tone, the tune -
nothing today?
Not a word of truthfulness!
Not a word rising from the depth of conscience!
Not a word of love, gratitude, pain or remorse!
Nothing today?

At the end of the day,
with my eyes set on the white screen,
I write a word and they slowly start flowing.

I repeatedly ask the same question:
will these words find a nest somewhere, some time, some day?

They may, they may not,
it doesn't make any difference
as long as heart attempts to speak out from the depth -
that matters.

A word of love, gratitude, pain or remorse -
my prayer.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Profile

Some people visit my profile -
I get to know and wonder why.
There is nothing spectacular in my profile,
my friends must be disappointed.

Friends! How many friends do I have?
I do not know.
I do not count.
Those who were friends once upon a time are quite established now.
I remember them.

I am a bit wayward.
The road that was once my favourite has lost charm,
the fault is with me, not with the road.

I have learnt to love distance,
and live with it.
'Distance lends enchantment to the view.'
Distance - my passion, my heart and soul.

Power. Pelf. Pomp.
I have seen and I am tired of all.
I love to be I, me, only me,
I do not want claps or handshake.

The night sky full of stars is so dear to me,
allow me to be there,
the cloud will be my pillow,
let me sleep there tonight.

My real profile lives in the sky.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Rice Crackers

He got for me a present -
biscuits made of puffed rice
from Burma.
Being an old-timer, he loves to say Burma.
I asked my son - now Myanmar -
isn't it?
My son kept quiet.

In South Korea I ate these biscuits -
they say rice crackers.
Quite tasty and crunchy -
I love them.
Rice binds us.

How many things do bind us?
We do not maintain record.
We do not count similarities.
Dissimilarities are more attractive.
Distinctiveness is based on dissimilarity.

This world is so similar,
so familiar,
yet so unfamiliar.
'Familiarity breeds contempt.'
Unfamiliarity breeds violence - instant violence.

He is not like me.
I am not like him.
The difference between him and me
drives both him and me
to finish the unfinished job.

Unfinished job.
An end.
The end.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

? ???? ??????????

(Bengali Poem)

??? ?????? ??? ????
????? ?????? ????
??? ? ? ??
??? ? ? ? ???? ???? ? ? -
????????? ??? ???? ? ? ? ? -
??? ????? ???? ????,
????? ????? ???? ????,
?????? ? ? ???? ????,
???????? ? ? ? ???? ????
? ? ? - ??? ???? ????!
??? ? ???? ???? ????,
?????? ? ? ???? ? ? ?
????? ?????, ???? ???? ????
??? ? ? ???? ???? ? ? ?
??? ? ? ? ???? -
?????? ???? ? ? ?
??? ????
?????? ???? ?
????? ??????????
??? ? ? ? ????
??? ???? ???? ? ? ?
?????? ???? ???? ????,
????? ????? ????
?????
????? ???? ???? ????
?????? -
? ? ??????? ????
?????? ???? ????
? ? ? ? ???? ????
????? ??????
????? ???? ???? ????
??? ???? ????!
??? ? ? ??????? -
????? ???? ???? ????
??? ????

????? ???



PoemHunter.com

??? ??? ??? ?? ???
???? ??? ?????? ????
???? ????? ???,
????? ????? ????? ???,
???? ????? ????

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Teachings Of A Tree

Flowers are scattered on the ground
at the base of the tree -
nature's offering to the world,
to all those who live, and who leave,
irrespective of rank and status.

The tree offers silently,
at night when no one can see.
Offerings are elevated when unexposed, unseen.
No pompous generosity, only silent prayer -
a blessing from the sky showering below.

Aren't teachings from the scriptures similar?
Help to the needy best performed in silence.
The left hand won't know what the right does.
Humility -
that's what the tree taught me this morning.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

 PoemHunter.com

Drizzle

After a long time
there was a drizzle last night—
a fascinating petrichor,
a rhythmic whisper
as the drops cleaned the surfaces
of the leaves.

The morning sun
was caressing the green.
Had the leaves dressed up
for the sun's arrival?
Was the drizzle invited
for this quiet preparation?

I found myself
drowned in happiness.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Everything And Nothing

Everything is like everything,
and nothing is like nothing.
Everything turns to nothing,
and nothing is already nothing.

It is like mathematical logic:
everything does not last long—
only to end in nothing,
while nothing is already nothing.

Philosophically, therefore,
everything is close to nothing.
But poetry is no science,
and a poet must say:

Everything turns to nothing,
yet everything is.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

 PoemHunter.com

Spherical Personality

Smooth, shiny, spherical—
mass evenly spread,
no corners,
no edges to resist.

All holes larger than the sphere—
something like a golf ball,
rolling easily
through the designed landscape.

The surface is smooth;
a touch feels pleasant.
It cuts neatly
through today's world—
a spherical personality.

Look around—
observe carefully.
Tiny spherical personalities
move very fast,
rolling past obstacles,

and most of them
are grand successes
in this fast-paced world.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Happiness In Failure

I have been a failure in life,
a total failure —
before I explain, tell me:
how do you judge failure?

Here is a fellow
who could have been
a good researcher —
did he become one?

Could have been
a good teacher —
he left and chose
academic administration.

He rose in administration,
wanted to bring reform,
and in his enthusiasm
he did not last long.

He could write —
but he did not preserve
many of his articles;
they cannot be traced now.

Thus he went on —
here, there, everywhere.
What does he feel now?

Happiness in failure.

Does success come
to everyone?

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Why So Much Trash

They tell me:
Why so much trash?
It wearies you,
it bores the others.
It is a sign of illness—
you must understand.

I remain silent.
I do understand.

But when words
flood the mind,
what else is there to do?
I only keep a record
of what arrives—
nothing more.

Perhaps I am unwell.
Yet my unwellness is private:
quiet, restrained, still.

I stare at the android screen
and wonder—
could a man be so inundated
with words
that one day
he disappears within them.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Just A Touch

Just a touch
and I could spring up to life.
I started flowing like a fountain,
sprinkling all around.

Gradually I reached the wet bulb;
I cooled down
the leaves, the flowers, the marble statue—
moistened, glittering, soothed.

Just a touch
made all the difference.

I felt reborn.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Pi Day

You know a circle,
don't you?

It has a diameter—
half of it
is the radius.

Its outer curve
is the circumference.
Divide that curve
by the diameter,
and a lovely number appears—
pi.

Up to two decimal places
it reads simply:
3.14.

March 14—
another way
of writing pi,
as Larry Shaw once noticed
in 1988
at the Exploratorium
in San Francisco.

March 14 -
Einstein's birthday too.

From Archimedes
measuring circles with patient polygons
to our own
Aryabhata
and the brilliant
Srinivasa Ramanujan -

pi has glowed
in the eyes
of many great minds.



PoemHunter.com

Today is Pi Day.
Let us remember
and bow in respect
to those towering spirits—
the geniuses of mathematics.

.....

14/03/ 2026 - Indian Style
03/14/ 2026 - USA Style
3/14 distinct in USA Style.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

How Does A Poet Write A Poem?

I had my dinner a few minutes ago.
Nothing much to do at this hour.
I took my Android in hand
and posed a question to myself —
how does a poet write a poem?

I know there will be many answers.
Every answer will have an explanation.
Every explanation will have interpretations.
Every interpretation will be critiqued.
The poet was not aware of all these afterthoughts.

I think — and this I think —
a poet's mind suddenly finds some light,
or some darkness even in daylight.
He then goes to a state of existence
unknown to himself.

A few words follow one after another,
often meaningless —
unlike these
that are being assembled here and now.

A poet is a crazy fellow
who is often not familiar
with his own existence.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

The Mystery Of Nearness

All nearness
is designed,
destined,
defined.

By whom—
unknown,
completely unknown.

No one knows
when nearness becomes
distance,
difference,
departure.

The deepest bond
ruptures.

How?
Why?



PoemHunter.com

These
are the questions.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Who Determines?

Affluence
Opulence
Eloquence

Rich and powerful,
bound, not free,
not even like a tree.

Somehow all are tied to all,
yet they do not know
that eventually they are bound
to fall—
together.

Deities of the modern world
die like all of us,
become statues.

How long do statues live?
Not as long as the deities,
I suppose.

The longevity of statues
remains undetermined.

Who determines?

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Loss Of Sense

Indeed something is wrong—
I realized it only recently.

Both my sense of proportion
and my sense of direction
have lost their gravity,
their sharpness.

I cannot keep my temper in check.
The doctor says it is due to concretization.

Greens are lost.
Birds are extinct.
Frustration piles up in the mind
with no dissipation.

A flying bird could once
have carried away the rage—
now there are none.

The heavy load
on the back of an animal
used to teach proportion.

Not anymore.

Direction too
has faded.

A blind mind
and a vigilant Google Map—
direction found
without a sense.

Arrows no longer needed,
signage superfluous.
All Googled.

I am losing fast

even my sense of left and right,
up and down.

All things are slowly
becoming stationary—
myself included.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Fall

Snowfall —
I loved it.
A spectacular show
I saw in Groningen,
and later in Seattle —
a real fall of flakes.

Leaf fall —
from the mahogany tree
standing beside
our house —
then a flush of new growth:
a lovely natural cycle.

Hair fall —
oh dear —
from my own head —
the best and most shocking.
No longer a comb
in my kit.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

??? ?????

(Bengali Poem)

????? ???? ??????? ??? -
??? ??????

? ???? ???? ??? -
???? ??????

???? ???? ????????? -
????? ?????

???? ???? ? - ???? ???? -
? ??

???? ? ???? ????
???? ??????

???? ???? ???? ????
?? ??????

? ? ? ???? ????
??? ??? -
????? ???? ???? ????
??? ???? -
??? ??????

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Manatee

Every day when I start my computer,
a picture appears.
Sometimes skyscrapers of New York,
another day camels in the desert of the Middle East,
on some days Sylvan Lake,
or an exotic bird or animal.

Today it is a manatee,
an animal that lives in the sea.
It looks serene, pleasing, warm-hearted—
a creature that seems to possess
the gentleness we admire in humans.

I searched the internet and, to my surprise,
found that these gentle giants
often become friendly with people.
They may even allow a belly scratch.

My liking for the ocean, therefore,
is not without reason.
Some who live in water
seem more human
than those who live on land.

Great creatures.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

My Friends

They come to enquire about me—
a street dog in the morning,
a few pigeons and crows too.

In the afternoon
a pair of doves.

In the evening
birds return to their nests,
and the dog comes back
to see me again.

At night
a few bats,
an owl occasionally.

Lovely creatures
without any malice.

They love me.
And I love them too.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

My Diet

In the morning
a glass of sunrays
from a distance.

Lunch—
munching
on daylight.

In the afternoon
a bowl of crimson rays
with occasional rain.

Dinner—
a dish
full of darkness

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

After Five Years

Five years ago -
I was deported.
I had a family.
I did not know my destination.
I was deported.

I had many friends -
I thought so.
They will come forward,
will take care.
I was confident.

Where did I get my confidence from?
I do not know.
I had a hope in humanity.
I was stupid.
Yes, I was stupid.

They ganged up.
Pumped bullet in me.
I survived.
How did I survive?
I do not know.

Five years have passed.
I am deported.
I have got a place to stand.
No blood from the wound.
Yet I feel pain.

Could I forgive them?
Could I forget?
I doubt myself.
One wrong brings
a thousand death!

The whole world was quiet
when I was almost killed -
now they want me to show sympathy,

I refrain from saying -.....upon them,
yet.....

Five years have passed by,
Now I love my heart,
Yes, my heart,
Yes, their heart, my family,
I love them.

They suffered because of me,
I was drenched in their tears,
Now they smile,
Yet my anger
simmers.

Five long years
I have walked alone.
I walk alone.
I love to walk alone.
I love solitude.

Let me enjoy my solitude.
Let me be with my heart.
Only my heart.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

?? ????? ?????? ??? (Bengali Poem)

?? ????? ?????? ???
?????? ?????? ??? ???
?????? ?????? ????? ???
????? ?????? ?????? ???????
????? ?????
??-???? ??? ????? ???
????? ?????,
?? ?????? ????? ??
????????? ????? ??,
????? ?????

????? ??? ?? ???
?? ??? ???
????????? ???
????? ??????
??? ??? ?? ????? ???
????? ??? ??????? ?????
?????? ?????? ??????? ???
????? ??? -
?????????? -
????? ?? ?????? ?????
????? ?? ???
?? ??????? ??? ???
??? ???,
?????? ?????? ?????? ??????
????? ?????

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Lovely Spectre

Remember those days?
You used to hold my hand lest you fall.

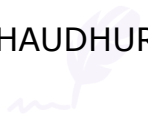
Look at the creeper—
how it coils upward,
the same apprehension,
the same fear of falling.

Nature's instinct:
to rise,
to cling,
to hold the sky in its bosom

with remarkable depth
and clarity.

Lovely spectre.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Conversation

God asked, "Where do you keep trust? "

I said, "In my heart."

God asked, "And where do you keep your heart? "

I said, "Behind the rib cage."

God asked, "Who designed the cage? "

I said, "You."

God laughed softly and departed.

That was the only time I ever spoke to God

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

????? ???? ?!

(A Poem In Bengali)

??? ?
? ???? ?????? ???? -
? ???? ? ??
? -
???? ????? ??

??? ?
????? ???? ??
??????
???? ??

???? ????
????? ???? ?!

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Lost Friend

I love this gentleman,
indeed a nice gentleman.

He has been in a position of power for some time;
it is good for him.

Power is good for the powerful,
and for those who enjoy power.
For others it is a pain, a torment.

Now this gentleman wanted to put me on a Committee.
He said, "You are so good and good and good."
All bogus stuff.

I know my limitations.
I told him,
"Look, gentleman, I am different, very different.
Do not try for me anywhere."

But the gentleman was persistent,
he was adamant.

He asked for my CV.
I sent it.

A year passed by.
I did not hear anything.

Then there was a call from the gentleman again.
He asked for my CV.
I sent it.

Another year passed by.
I did not hear anything.

I do not care about the Committee.
But I do care about the gentleman.

His insistence has been a loss for me.

He could not call me anymore.
He did not call me anymore.

And somewhere in between
those two silences,

I lost a friend.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

'Had It Not Been Invented'

Here you will lie down,
your head will enter the tunnel,
a picture of the inside, your brain will be taken by the machine.
It is smart and simple,
even the minutest detail of your brain will be exposed,
then there will be scrutiny after scrutiny,
a medical board will examine each line, each impression,
they will then decide the course of treatment.

Yes, they may go for surgery,
your brain will be taken out,
placed on a sterilized flat plate,
flat, no imperfection will do,
the fine nerves - there it may be.

It may take about eight to ten hours. The period of unconsciousness: can't say.

Nothing is predictable, you know, doctors will do their job, they will - but life builds its own story, none knows what.

Yes. He understood.

He felt.

After a deep breath, he said:

had it not been invented.....

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Famished

Time is always renewing itself
with new time,
a tremendous energy unfolds -
we don't see.

Time doesn't plan,
a continuous flow,
expanding like a colossus.

All of us are time capsules,
unaware that we are moving -
we are always famished
eating ourselves.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

[illegible]

Right Justice Action

On the International Women's Day you gave me a subject - Right Justice Action with full stop after every word which I did not like so I will forget punctuation and tell you what I mean about them you know and my points are simple that right without justice is simply not RIGHT and justice without action is INJUSTICE and further justice delayed is justice denied and justice hurried is justice buried and for me every day is women's day and men's day too because women and men are two wings of a bird and as of now we have not been able to find a just system where the bird can fly smoothly in the sky and that ends my speech here

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Age Of Fusion

No more arteries or veins,
they are all network.
People, chips, VLSI and what not,
realm and reality.

Sometimes they are down,
there is rush then,
With laptops in hand,
run women and men.

In an age of fusion
home-office is the norm,
It is very likely
they'll take another form.

What you see today
will not last long,
Time runs really fast
filled with swan song.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Transfer

I received the order today.
I have been transferred.

Not that I am unhappy—
it's just routine for me.

You know what?
Every transfer brings memories back.
The second one particularly vivid,
the first move after settling in a bit.

Part of life—
that's how I see it.
Though it is a hassle,
you know.

A transfer—
not too far, yet
a change
in surroundings, in air.

I'm not afraid at all.
I've grown used to it.

Note down the address,
in case you need to.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Parting

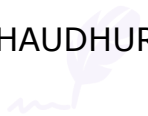
A body forced into the furnace,
A star lost from the firmament,
A number deleted from the android, -
all the same.

Willingness does not matter -
Out of sight,
But not out of mind, -
persistent pain.

I would have taken a different road.....
had I known,
but it is too late now.

The last day's parting
floats like hyacinth
on a turbulent stream.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Night

Night -

I touch it with my right hand
then hold it with both hands,
it comes into my cusp,
light, innocent, sublime -
then slips out to infinity.

Who says night is dark?

It appears serene in my eyes,
it speaks so softly in my ears,
caresses me like no one else -
its vanishing tenderness
is heavenly.

Have you ever tried to speak to a silent night?

Have you ever thought -
when everyone is asleep, it is awake!
When light is conspicuous by its absence,
night is with me to give company.

Night -

it slips into my eyelids,
brings me stars and galaxies,
carries me to the world of dreams
where I reinvent myself.

And before it leaves,
it gives me a nightly kiss
which you do not know,
which you do not see.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

A Lesson

Walking in front,
shadow falling on the road,
steps were so similar,
curiosity to see the face
overwhelmed.....

And what did I learn?
Never to be stirred
by a walking shadow.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Beyond Beauty

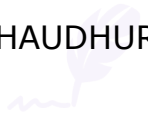
I know these words
find a nest somewhere
and stay there.

Someday, at their will
words will fly out
from the nest.

They will then move
deep into the sky,
will sing and dance
no fear, no stance.

The more the beauty,
the more it's still,
beauty beyond beauty
wisdom distill.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

To Poemhunter And Friends

Friends who give rating on my poems,
although I say ratings do not affect me -
they do.

A little confidence to take a new step,
as a child feels.

This journey into the world of words,
comes with frustrations.
Not being able to express -
aches my heart -
only those who attempt to write know.

Then suddenly a notification arrives -
from someone I do not know,
although I know he has known me.

This is the world of words -
only a few sentences
become flesh and blood,
they become heart and soul.

Poemhunter -
gets me friends,
gives me confidence,
builds my conscience.

I become.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Doubt

I remember -

everytime I was close to your house,
there used to be this strange feeling....

my unusual heartbeat.

Propinquity reminded me of the distance covered.
It further reminded that every nearness
leaves some distance left -
to be covered.

Does life get a chance to cover that distance?

I doubt.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Lost And Found

Often I forget your address -
a sense of guilt works then,
but as I draw near to the neighborhood,
the map in mind starts showing the path,
slowly your face, fingers, fine prints,
they come to mind vividly.
I recover myself -
regain what I lost.

I realize:
what's lost can be regained,
what's found can be lost too,
it's a cycle.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Lend A Hand

So many roads in front of me,
For someone might make a difference.
I am now lost at the crossing—
Could you tell me the shortest route?

I know, my dear, the great poet;
All are not like him.
I am to be told which way to take—
I pray to you, for Heaven's sake.

Ideas are many, each with strength;
Difficult to find weakness in them.
I am to be taught which one suits me—
Why do you put all the burden on me?

It is not nature—the world a construct
I do not understand, so I am stuck.
Entangle the knot created by man,
A little support... lend a hand

BASAB CHAUDHURI

The Restlessness Of Words

Nothing turns
as much as man,
Nothing burns
more deeply than man.

Nothing gladdens
as much as you,
Nothing saddens
as much as you.

High is not
as high as I thought,
Catch is not
as much as I caught.

Life is
what I grab in hand,
Life is
what I throw like sand.

Beauty is
often what I see,
Beauty is
what is not in me.

All these and more
that I write,
Will soon go
out of sight.

Still I sit
and draw my words
from the heart.

If I cannot,
restlessness—
they hurt.

The Winner's Turmoil

He won,
but he hadn't known that he won—
that was the point of turmoil in him.

To convince him that he won
was the greatest difficulty.

Every win propelled him to win more,
and more,
and furthermore—
a perpetual dissatisfaction
that worried him
till he won more.

Such is the life of a winner.

Does it mean losing is better?
No. Never.

A compromise between the win and the loss,
a position of advantage,
a line that derives
from an incontrovertible wisdom—
that line.

A point in life
is sometimes more important than a line!

To find the line,
to walk along,
is a journey.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Nature's Soldiers

Rocks—

see how they rise above the earth
and stand like soldiers,
nature's soldiers.

Iron and silica determine their shades—
from light colors to red and green,
oxides of iron, magnesium, and copper.

Look at them under the sun;
they seem studded with diamonds.

When the crimson red of the sun
touches them,
they are like brides waiting
for the bridegroom.

The bridegroom does not come;
instead, night falls.

Disappointment
is the mother of strength—
the rocks.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Centered

Chaos

Yes, it is

chaos.

At this hour -

where should you be?

Forget

Right or Left.

Center.

There -

it's safe to be.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Sleep In Motion

The eyelids fall stealthily
to catch sleep,
like a reptile in the tree
moving slowly
towards the prey.

Nature's art
in cheer
in secrecy.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Riddle

Right or left -
does matter.
One is fat,
the other shatter.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Self-Made Chains

As we go
round and round,
we make ourselves
always bound.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Coconut Tree

Not as tall as I thought,
compared to the size of a bird.
About ten thousand of them
could easily touch the top.

When all the birds fly,
the coconut leaves flutter.
Height of the tree—
does it really matter?

I have seen them fly,
a swarm to say the least;
speed and beauty together,
beyond imitation of beasts.

A long tree, a tiny bird,
a large spoon, a little curd.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Beyond Me

A feeling -
to lose myself
and to find again,
somewhat different.

Sometimes broken
like silicates,
or scratches on the surface,
bruised.

Or sunk to the bottom
like a ship,
restored,
reinstated.

A feeling
deep in my heart,
rising
as if waves.

Do I know
what I become -
a feeling,
only had I known.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Scattered Leaves

Life lives in pieces, like scattered leaves—
a few here, a few there.

They fly.

Sometimes a pattern appears,
beyond knowledge, beyond expectation.

They say life needs planning.

I doubt it.

Must it rise like a G plus four building?

Life is a process that expands,
like cytoplasm, like protoplasm.

Life happens; one must let it happen—
day after day, month after month.

Unknown events pass through it.

You walk, see strangers, cross paths, circle around.

This is how it goes.

Success? I don't know.

It depends on how you measure it.

Wealth, women, cars, families—an endless list.

Like a grocer's list:

vegetables, fruit, spices, meat, a dozen eggs—
for the refrigerator, for consumption.

Life too—

each day consumed, well or poorly.

Then a day comes.

Fatigue takes over.

Pomp and power slowly fade,
and carrying the weight of the body
becomes the central theme.

This goes on.

No one is sure where it stops.

Stop it must.

Till then, a mystery—

the most remarkable mystery.

Your life.

My life.

Our life.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

A Poignant Question

Every time you visit me
I ask you your name,
Next time you come to me
I forget the same.

I know you don't mind,
You feel it 's my age,
Could you please find
I am at what stage?

I don't write cheque any more,
Never, never I open the door.
You know, it is progressing fast -
I know I'm stepping to the last.

What do I tell you today?
Ask if He can tell you the day.
Stay safe, take care, my dear you, Know for sure I'll be in the milieu.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

 PoemHunter.com

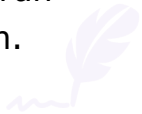
A Tired Earth

Planes on continuous shift,
dark as graphite;
Glaciers melt like sodium
yet still shine bright.

Polar bears still abound—
for how long?
The earth, tired of turning,
signals a swan song.

Oil and metal—
run and run,
grab them all;
it is fun.

So many battles
lost and won;
men still run
on and on.



PoemHunter.com

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Propensity

Propensity - yearning to touch the shadow,
the last rays of the moon often invisible, yet exists -
a desire to join the dance although that is prohibited,
the desire.

To see the rising wave just before it breaks into foams,
the beautiful curvature with an indescribable colour - close to bluish steel.
A desire to feel the nest although it is much above - hanging from the tree.
Heart that beats infrequently with an unknown expectation.

All these and many more that arise - propensity knows, but cannot decipher.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

On Display

Notifications keep arriving —
You are being noticed.
As if that were a blessing.

Be more visible.
Be more present.
Be more desirable.

My friend,
this business of being noticed
is a subtle theft.
It steals attention,
drains spirit,
turns living into advertising.

Why must I promote myself each day?
How long must I survive
by pleasing strangers?
When does the appeasement end?

In this wired world
every face wears a résumé,
every voice rehearses a pitch,
every hand holds something to sell.

How long must I stand
beside my produce,
smiling at passing eyes,
waiting to be chosen?

And when,
if ever,
may I simply be —
unpriced,
unpackaged,
unseen?

BASAB CHAUDHURI

The Touch Fades

Have you ever felt
that the hand that held you
is slowly relaxing,
that someone is going away?

Like a wave that rose far in the ocean,
drenched you head to toe,
then moved toward the shore—
lost forever, no more.

Clouds give the same feeling,
with the hope they will fall
as rain—
then sail far, far away,
with eyes looking at the distance.

This is what life is about:
you touch and then fall back,
as the touch that once held you
leaves you far behind,
in distress, undefined.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

A Balcony, A Bird, A Question

At the balcony in the afternoon with a cup of tea, watching birds,
their names unknown, but I love them,
long sharp beaks with a tiny body,
a 'model' bird, agile, alert, flying at a high speed,
they attract me.

Why do they attract me?
Why am I attached to them?
Where does attachment come from?
Did I inherit it?

Questions such as these crowd my mind that, I feel, has no shape,
my mind is in a fluid state, a continuum,
like water, flows, wets,
there you find reflections, attachments,
a fluid mind holds moments, images, memories, even pointless memories.

A question arises out,
why can't I be detached like the tiny bird,
why?
Is it in the acid, deoxyribonucleic?
Where I stand, my legs are,
and far above, the vacuum that we call the sky,
there is nothing that belonged to me when I was born,
yet I feel an attachment to the trees, the roads, men walking, boys and girls
returning from schools,
most are unknown yet bound to me through an invisible chain,
if there is an accident, I will stand by them,
the bird will not.

Then the idea of detachment -
on detachment, the ground will not change,
I may move somewhere else,
a new attachment will form.
I look around, I feel.

I agree there is a vacuum, everywhere -
all attachments start from birth and they will extinguish in death,
I know,

all my god and devil are imagination,
all are creations somewhere in the distant past, out of fear, out of the necessity
for survival, out of maintaining order, yes, order.
Whose order I don't know, but I know this much,
all of these are conditioning,
you and he and I, all conditioned.

Does habit lead to attachment?
Some invisible chains in my blood?
How do they form?
That is the question.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Stardust

Last night I dreamed
my shining dreams
shattered into dust—

nanoparticles,
silica, alumina, oxides,
fine as breath.

They covered me,
filled me—
a living mine
of rare metals and light.

Satellites found me.
Presidents circled.
Prime ministers reached.
Lithium in my veins,
ruthenium and tantalum in my bones.

Jets waited.
Drones guarded.
The world beamed.

I was terribly important—
glittering, complex,
all dust.

Then I knew:
my dreams were not trustworthy.
Dust was.

I wished to remain stardust.

I woke.

And wept.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

???? ?????

???? ? ? ? ? ?
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
? ? ? ? ? ? , ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Turning At The Same Time

Something works between us two
that neither of us knows for sure.
The road turns at the same time,
a flower starts to speak in rhyme.
Neither of us knows for sure
what waits for us this afternoon.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Apocalyptic Lyrical Stream

This delight with speed and water and waves and laughter and coffee and wine and tales and music and dance and decor will come to an end as the moon is in eclipse and the cosmic event puts an imprint on hearts bringing all together in the eerie darkness life finds sometimes interesting and takes a little time to watch as the birds in the nest find the event peculiar in their own sense as men judge sensibly the movement of the stars and the planets watching them from a distance and even now conch shells are blown to remember the character that devours the moon a faith that is still worshipped while it is science altogether although faith is sometimes better than science as long as faithfuls do not kill and the same applies to science as long as the inventions are not put to use to calculate the moment of murder but the world is not as linear as ordinary men and women think instead it is highly nonlinear where murder happens with smile and as the bard said all the world is a stage although he didn't comment on the ease of acting that generations after him have learnt so well that even he would have been flabbergasted with the prowess of the actors of the twenty first century and the dead scientists leading the Manhattan project rising in their grave to look at the marriage of their science with the modern artificial intelligence that is beautifully anthropic and lovely and lively decimating in microseconds while we want further improvements in technologies so that just a mere thought could remove the one disliked because disliking is the mother of abhorrence and abhorrence is the mother of fury and fury is the mother of fumes that signal the finishing of the job so well planned

BASAB CHAUDHURI

One Word Called Wisdom

Drops of water from the pigeon's feather went up and down until there were streams of water flowing as rivers and rains all over the desert that signalled peace all over and all the blood immediately turned into life and all the life turned into bright stars illuminating heart and soul and all beyond the soul which no one could think of and the factions became one and all while all became one as there was everyone rejoicing and no one complaining over such a world that could be possible although on a fictitious plane and time beyond cognition while all the words became a poem and all the poems became a song and all the songs became love that bound all people everywhere known and unknown and the bird became many birds which ushered many more drops of water giving streams and rivers and waves and stars and men and laughter and poems and songs and finally one word called wisdom that started flowing without any comma or semicolon or fullstop and all reign of terror vanished yielding a kingdom having language without any fullstop no remorse no depression no tears only smile only laughter only peace

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Sparrows Do Not Come Back

For a long time
I haven't seen a sparrow.
I do not see them.

I miss their innocent restlessness,
their inquisitive eyes,
their flight together
up in the sky —
their own little sky
where they fly
and then come back.

They do not come back.
They did not come back.

Do they not fly anymore?
Are they history now?

Sparrows were with us;
they filled our hearts with joy.

What did we do to them
that they do not come back?

Sparrows -
like arrows,
lost in the distance,
beyond my imagining.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Whose Mind Is It?

Every morning —
a new world,
a new environment,
a little unknown,
a little transformed.

The same butterfly does not visit the garden.
The tilt of the flower is never the same.
The grass looks pale or green —
whose mind is it? The grass's or mine?

The leaves look darker.
Perhaps it is my eyes that choose the dark over brightness.

Today's news is different from yesterday's.
Instead of early resolution,
they vow a long haul —
without saying how long.

What if the length of life
were specified for each of us?
Would the fury be less then?

I do not know.

The limits of knowledge
do not reach the tip of the grass —
yet the city burns
in unkempt pride.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

A Photograph Of The Mind

Sometimes a photograph lays bare a soul —
its focus quietly revealed.

A mind deeply engrossed in the ocean,
in the waves,
touching the water, feeling it gently,
making a difference without a sound.

A photograph that captures a mind,
distinguishing it from the rest.

A mind lost in the ocean —
while eternity waits and watches.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Cul-De-Sac

If stars are dreams,
the house next door
is the cover
that blocks our view.

Refrigerator, television,
cars—of comparable
size and make—
become synonymous with life.

Dreams die. Stars too.
The wall sits on the chest.

Did we want this end?
All the world a dead end.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Spiderweb

A spiderweb —
concoction, confrontation, confusion.
Saliva streaming down, an insect suspended,
uncertain how to escape the maze.

Like the human world, layered and connected,
we lift our heads, fail again and again.
Intricate laws, irrational numbers, rigid equations,
intimate intricacies — undeciphered, undecipherable.

Galaxies at unfathomable distances, heavy with mystery,
weave their own vast spiderwebs:
black holes devouring all they can,
like insects caught in sudden gallop.

And somewhere in between, there is beauty —
fine filaments dazzling in sunlight,
fracturing into a spectrum of light.

The spiderweb no longer exists.
My imagination dissolves into silk.
Only distance remains.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Ever Thought

Ever thought
you will write the hundredth poem?
Sorry — you do not call them poems.
They are your play with words.

You prefer words to wine.
You prefer thoughts to sitting idle.

Whether someone reads or not,
as long as words come to your mind,
you feel happy.
Just happy.

Not that what you pen carries profound wisdom,
not that it ushers light into deep darkness —
they are your solace.

You know, and so you write —
these and many more.

Why do you count then?
Did the number rise out of your ego?
Did it give you consolation?
Or pride that you have penned so many?

Look at life.
You be — and you be not.

So do not count.
Love the words.
Let thoughts inundate your mind.
Let feelings rise like waves.
Let words attempt
to express a little of those thoughts.

Nothing more.

Be indebted to words.
They allow you to be.

In The Coffee Shop

There are only two of us in the coffee shop —
old friends, doors still open,
discussing what no longer matters.

Once, intervention meant something.
Now we are grown —
some healthy tissue, some tumor cells,
undiagnosed,
unseen,
growing in silence.

Sons and daughters drift in their own orbits.
For one, a wife has left.
For the other, a wife is no more.

One cup — half full, cold, untouchable.
The other — empty, clean, white.

Existence carries more grief
than the nonexistent.
Perhaps.
Only perhaps.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

The Other Face

Society—

not exactly what you see,
but the other face of it:

where the existence of man is lifted slightly higher,
where human values breathe more freely,
where compassion rises like the tip of an iceberg
breaking through dark water,

where a beggar on the street
feels seen
and dares to lift his head,

where torn and tattered, defeated, vanquished,
a man can still feel honored.

That is what I mean.

The other face—

the one you never see.

It is a dream, somewhere in the mind.
You feel it only sometimes.
Sometimes you weep in ecstasy.
And then—only then—
it begins to crawl into view,
slowly, like beetles emerging from hidden earth.

Then, and only then,
you begin to feel the pain
of real life, real living—
clear, understated, mysterious,
profound, prolific,
eternally beautiful.

The other face matters more
than what shines outward.

Who cares for beauty that only reflects?

Real beauty absorbs.
The other face dazzles from within illumination.
Tears rolling down that hidden face
distill into the wisdom
man has always craved.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Undefined

What you are now
and what you will be
a few moments from now —
neither you know,
nor anyone else.

It is circumstances
that matter most:
whether you sink
or you float —
that is your character.

Do you define yourself,
or does someone else
give you a definition?

It is such a precarious world
where identity
is uniquely undefined.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Blood

At this moment
bombs are exploding,
smoke billows outward,
people hide indoors,
fear moves through walls.

Friends — my friends —
how will you ever know
what burns within my chest?

So much firepower,
so many jets and planes,
so many ships waiting,
ready to pump fire into flesh.

This is man to man.
Those who suffer —
only they know.

Does it move us?
Do we feel?
Do we soak ourselves in their tears?

Justifications for and against,
narratives for and against,
speeches for and against,
graves for and against.

Explanations layered on explanations.

This is the essence:
we can never be one.
We will never be one.
Our inherited blood does not let us.

So death.
More death.
More and more.

Rejoicing on blood.
Rejoinder on blood.
Memorandum on blood.
Truce on blood.
Terror on blood.

It does not end.

Blood.
Blood.
Blood.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Cloud Waves

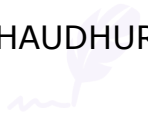
Cloud waves over the mountains,
constant reception and goodbye,
as my little daughter used to do.
She is grown now.

The mountains — bluish black —
touch the sky, loving the cloud.
Serenity fills my heart,
yet a yearning for the unknown
destabilizes, debilitates.

Evenings arrive like a lonely cloud.
Occasional rains drench me
even when I am not outside.

My love for the sky sways my emotions —
I do not know how to settle.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

To Your Delight

Tonight
there is no moon
in the sky—
let me die
into the night's sleep.

I assure you—
tomorrow
I will be reborn
in sunlight,
to your delight.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Peace

Where does a man end up?
With what?

Beauty.
Wealth.
Family.

All depreciate —
age, inflation, familiarity
quietly collecting their dues.

Then—

The shadow lengthens.
The last rays loosen their hold.
Night settles over the living day.

A steady yielding.

The reclining body searches for what?
The arrival of a full stop.

The restless waves that once rose in fury
gradually fold into themselves,
learning the shape of stillness.

Rest.
Eternal rest.
Peace.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Meta

Fingers do not rest—
an urge to inform the rest
about me.

Yes, I am good.

My dress. My beauty.
My boyfriend.
Everything a statement,
a declaration,
an assurance.

Reassurance wears many colors.

Modernity feeds on messages.
Sound and image flood the phone;
the brain floods too—
dopamine, serotonin.

How do I know I am doing well?

Meta assures.

Meta—
our world.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

We Call It Life

I leave.

I return.

But I am never the same
when I come back.

The day — the scorching sun,
the taunts, the admiration —
tear at me, make me weep,
hold me, reshape me
into something new,
someone I was not
moments before.

It goes on —
day after day,
month after month,
year after year.

I change.
I become.



PoemHunter.com

The origin —
where I first began —
is lost somewhere behind me.
I cannot recall it.
I cannot see it.

This is the quiet bargain:
loss for gain.

We call it life.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Journey

Every journey is woven of quiet refusals.
When I turn to the right, the left still whispers my name;
when I follow the left, the right grows heavy with unshed tears.

No arrival is free of longing.
Each destination carries the shadow
of roads that waited and were left behind.

My life gathers itself in these absences—
a ledger of closed doors,
of silences where footsteps might have been,
of paths I never paused to count
until they began counting

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Why I Write

You ask me why I write.
Listen: for myself.

It is unwinding—
a spring loosening,
tension easing into air.

To shape sentences from words,
meaning or no meaning—
this is a kind of love
you may never know.

Words toward beauty,
toward form,
toward structure,
toward travel—
through space
and beyond.

A poem?
Did I ever claim it?

I live in a world
made of words:
river,
ocean,
sky,
deep woods,
birds,
tigers,
eyes,
ideas.

You ask me why I write.

Pleasure.
Simple pleasure.



PoemHunter.com

Me And I

You gave me space.
You gave me time.
I learned to move —
to make it mine.

Then came the race:
to outrun you,
to outrun me.
It never ceased.

Now I run —
grasping air,
claiming space,
spending time.

Speed. Fame.
Me. I.
Untamed.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Rotation

Moment,
then another—
and then thoughts,
like raindrops falling one by one,
visible,
countable.

Will there be more rain today?
More rise and fall of thought—
like empires ascending and collapsing,
like old statues yielding to the new?
Heroes fade into oblivion.
New heroes take their place.

Space.
Then vacuum.
All space becomes vacuum.
All vacuum becomes possession.
So turns the wheel—
all space,
all the moment.

Will there be more rain today?

BASAB CHAUDHURI

The Meeting

Just one meeting —
and life transforms.

Thoughts shift,
perspectives widen.

Inhibitions fade,
courage rises.

A different posture,
a confident presence.

A few minutes —
and man becomes human.

Looking back,
a feeling —
it was the best thing
that could have happened.

Then a pause.
A deep breath.
A heaven within.
A quiet discovery.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Shadow

Everywhere, there is a shadow.
Shadow — everyone.

Who am I speaking to?
You — or your shadow?

How much of me is shadow?
How much is light?

It is a shadow world:
colored pictures
turned black and white.

A polite shadow,
brightly lit.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Time Stretches

Time stretches within time -
it stretches -
until an hour becomes a day,
and morning slowly unwinds into afternoon.

The daily commerce of sparrows and doves
fills my stagnant space.

The buyer of old newspapers reminds me
of the irrelevance of news.
The vendor of plastic buckets -
a quiet testament
to time's plasticity.

The cuckoo sings.
Its voice, unchanged for millennia.

My heart swells with nostalgia,
with melancholy.

The long road dissolves into a straight line -
and where does the line go from there?

Time stretches within time
into distant memories,
into oblivion.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Full Stop

Just minutes ago, he was riding pillion.
Minutes later, he was no more.
Even a sentence is certain of its full stop.
Life is not.

And yet I speak of bright futures,
I ask my students to reach for the sky —
will they believe me now?

The business of living is crowded
with sudden turns —
chance, and only chance.
Even tonight's sunset
leaves behind a question mark.

It is dark now.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Scrutiny

Every word I write is scrutinized by poetry —
whether it carries a sublime message
does not depend on the poet.

The sequence of words comes from an unknown place
the poet is unaware of.

Only the reader knows how a poem comes to life.
The poet is merely an onlooker;
he pleads with words for a little favor.

Often he goes to sleep with empty hands —
sad, forlorn —
not a poem, not a poem

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Ai's Innocence

Yes —
jobs will go.
AI will do everything.
You will be redundant.

Frightened,
I asked AI:

Why are you,
if we disappear?

It answered:

Why are there machines
that kill?
Why?

You are silly.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Fortress

We cross each other —
one another —
often, very often,
almost every day,
five days a week.

We do not speak.
We do not smile.
To speak to a stranger is not courteous —
so we are taught.

The madman in the corner
speaks to everyone.
He is mad, they say,
because he does not know courtesy —
does not know
the walls we carry.

A private space
in a public domain —
that is what a city is.

Secure. Compact.
Like a fortress.
A closed space
where even a fly cannot enter.

A city.
A modern city.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Where It Bends

Where it bends
there is no kneeling.

The wind lays a hand against it
and it alters—
not in obedience
but in answer.

Grain remembers.
Each season presses its thumb
into the cambium.
Nothing is wasted.

I have stood there long enough
to see that height
is a quiet accumulation—
a patience with sky.

Once, I tried to tell you
about this tree.
You were looking elsewhere.

Now it has outgrown
the frame of your inattention.

There is a dignity
that does not announce itself—
only continues.

We, on the other hand,
practice our expansions,
call our contortions growth,
mistake noise for ascent.

The tree does not correct us.

It stands
in its slow thinking,
its inward weather,

its unborrowed light.

And keeps rising.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Memories

A quiet evening —
memories rise
like a dust storm.

Thought after thought
moves up and down,
until a new structure forms.

Like a book rack —
books rearranged,
a different look,
a quiet reflection.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Love

Happened.
I don't know when.

Happened.
I don't know where.

Happened.
I don't know how.

It just happened...

And everything after
was an afterward.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Life Goes On

Fall of leaves.
Gentle breeze
carries them away.

Where are they going?
Where will they go?

Organic ties
snap — away, away, away.

New leaves appear.
Life goes on.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Under One Roof

You said
I didn't try to understand you.

I had a feeling
you didn't understand me.

One day -
I think it was a stormy afternoon -
we stood together under one roof.

You said,
'We are standing under.'

And I said,
'We understand each other.'

Do you remember?

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Why?

Time ends.
Yes — time ends.

This handshake —
how long does it last?

Yet in a picture
it lasts
time immemorial.

Time ends.
You know it.
It ends.

You preserve the ending
so well.

Why?

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Do I Really Know?

Often they ask me
how I am doing.
Do I really know?

Still, I say, I'm good.
It has become a habit.
Good? What is it?

What is life, after all?
A one-time experience—
a chance that happened
by chance.
An accident that may end
at any moment.
An unexpected turning point.

Bubbles form.
They burst.
Even a bubble has life—
do we care?

BASAB CHAUDHURI

After

It watched me for so long,
quiet, patient—
then vanished.

Was it waiting
for a word,
a glance of thanks?
I do not know.

Perhaps I was careless.

Only when it was gone
did I learn:
absence is the mother of feeling.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Who Was I?

What if
I am not
what I seem -
nor what I once was?

I have been rewritten
in margins no one saw,
revised by quiet storms,
edited by time.

The first draft of me
was tender, unguarded -
soft as an unopened page.
I do not know
where the version went.

Like a book handled by many hands,
I have absorbed fingerprints,
creased at the spine,
annotated by loss and love.

Only the sky remains unaltered -
vast, uncorrected,
blue beyond revision.
Everything beneath it
enters change.

What if
the original was never meant to last?
What if becoming
is the only true form?

Now when I look within,
I meet a stranger
wearing my history
like borrowed light.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Brutus In The Foetus

Tired of this camouflage,
sheep before authority,
lion in absence.

Lack of integrity -
everything to everyone,
true to none,
not even to self.

I see life and ponder.
I seek honesty - frank and brutal.
Brutal honesty is brutally booted
and fired.
Then what remains? What?

'Not that I loved Caesar less,
but that I loved Rome more.'
- Marcus Brutus.
He killed Caesar.
He killed himself.

Is the time of Brutus long gone?
Or is Brutus killed in the foetus?

Camouflage. Smoke-screen.
Sunlight can't enter.
Man stoops. Stoops. Stoops.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Light All Around

Light all around - delightful.
Birds are busy, men too,
running here and there;
bees about flowers,
crows around the vat -
the day's business.

Then the scorching heat,
sweat streaming
from forehead and armpits;
raw labor leaving imprints.
Bullock and horses weary,
saliva dripping from their mouths.

Then the evening sky
over the city
welcomes darkness -
silence,
rodents,
owls.



PoemHunter.com

I feel the silence.
I taste the darkness.
I touch the stars.
I smell the sky.

Rodents, owl, and I -
all these,
my world.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Unanswered

I called you.
I called you many times.
You were snoring —
you were asleep.

In the morning,
I called you again.
You did not wake.

Why did you leave me?
When did you go?

Why didn't you ask me
to close the door?

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Words

Every morning
I play with words.
They are my clay;
I build my idol with them.

They ask me, how long
this childish play?

Quietly I calculate -
days, months, years
until I cease to exist.

Words give me reason to exist,
reason to express.
You won't have to like them.

Words are flowers;
I shower them on my heart
and feel content.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

PoemHunter.com

A Fine Gentleman

That was long ago -
one quiet afternoon.
He looked at me with suspicion,
as if I had intruded on his privacy.
No tears, no smile - only wisdom.
That was him: a no-nonsense type.

Gradually, with time, he learned
to love nature and live by
his principles.
Not fond of animals,
he preferred flowers and forests;
he loved fruits and meat alike.

Now grown, he brought me
The Sense of an Ending -
a marvelous book.

His analysis is precise,
his arguments sharp and cutting,
though he is deeply emotional within.

A fine gentleman.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Recipe For Democracy

Here, in this country,
democracy thrives.
Need thrives too.
Greed thrives more quietly.

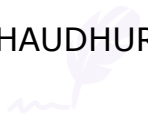
It gives - not to answer need,
but to keep the feeling of it
awake.

Hunger prolonged
is more useful
than hunger satisfied.

That is when greed sharpens.

Such a recipe
is perfect for democracy.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

The Politics Of Remembrance

When a man dies,
people start singing his praise
as if he were picture - perfect.

I do not understand this.
Why not just pray and remain quiet?

Admiration of the dead
is perhaps man's debt to himself -
with the expectation
that he will receive it
when he dies.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Only You Do Not See

This window -
so dear to me since childhood.
Here I learnt to watch the sunrise.

My grandmother, my mother -
they are here at this window.
Only you do not see them.

I grew up here, at this window.

The day the house was sold,
I wept the whole night.
My grandmother, my mother -
they are still sitting at the window.
Only you do not see them.

My pain -
my tears -
have been flowing ever since.
Only you do not see.
Only you do not know.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Potential Difference

Today -

I became eighteen years again,
I held your hand.

I found Ohm's Law working.
Where did the voltage come from?
How did the current flow?

Earthing made shock so beautiful.

I am burning.
You?

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Absence

Slipped -
a splash in silence,
something broke within my chest.
Where are you?

Curtains rise,
curtains fall,
shadows move but nothing stays.
Where are you?

A bicycle sways,
the road tilts wide,
balance trembles in air.
Where are you?

Questions drift
like restless dust,
none return with gentle hands.
Where are you?

Roads divide,
then disappears,
every turn avoids your trace.
Where are you?

Hands on heart,
Breath held tight -
Even echoes answer less.
Where are you?

Where are you?

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Seen, Yet Unseen

No picture is ever clear,
unless you know the artist,
and every picture is unclear
as the artist who draws it
remains obscure.

The human mind
embedded in mystery,
is always misunderstood.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Such Is The World

'The best lack all conviction while the worst are full of passionate intensity' - W. B. Yeats (1919) - The Second Coming.

Such is the world -
relevant for a while,
in whatever way it must be.

Relevant without content.
Relevant without ethics.

The necessity of being relevant
asks no question,
offers no justification.

Such is the world.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

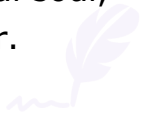
Omnipresent

A complete stranger
to my closest friend -
a transformation,
a mystery I never understood.

I had doubts,
questions,
misgivings,
even anger.

Calm and mature,
you handled it all,
stood by my side,
and lifted me in failure.

No longer here,
yet ever-present -
a beautiful soul,
my father.



PoemHunter.com

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Conch Shell

Evening -
the conch shell's cry,
so familiar
it seems it rises from
my mother's heart.

A long silence,
yet vividly clear
my mother's life.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Moonflower

Creamy white flower,
Ipomoea alba by name,
blooming in the evening -
you remind me of you.

You came quietly,
and then you left,
leaving me speechless.

No words then.
Morning arrived,
and with it,
these words -
my feeling.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Between Dust

Between two dust particles
lives a space for all of us to see -
yet we do not notice; we move on.

The same space above,
in the universe of stars and galaxies -
in that kingdom of dust lives a silence
meant to be felt,
yet we do not feel it.

All our gains and losses, so transitory,
we hold them dear to heart.
Do they have meaning
in the space above
or the space in between?

Thoughts such as these -
and suddenly a butterfly, with its colored wings,
dances in my heart;
awakening a resonance.

Often a thought comes to me:
Where do I go from here?

A few steps -
and this world, as if I own it.
There lies the defect of humankind.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

When The Dust Settles

We will meet
at the coffee shop
when the dust settles.

When he said it,
I muttered -
will the dust ever settle?

Does dust settle at all?

Coffee beans are dusted.
Cup after cup
is made and emptied.

We did not meet.

Dust -
I do not know.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Somewhere, Someday

It is all in the bell
that rang once
in my heart
and changed the course
of life.

It is all in the turn
the river took
a thousand miles ago
and shaped the waiting coast
forever.

It is all in the fragrance
that found us years ago
and made us
what we are.

It is all in the decision
we take each moment
that changes us
for better or worse.

We do not know
where we are going -
only that somewhere,
someday,
we may understand
why -
or we may not.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Between Applause And Ash

Between the sky and the ocean lies a vast space full of imagination,
where ghosts and gods and dead kings and queens, and lesser mortals,
who once were and who are no more,
inhabit, procreate and live in affluence,
constantly envied for their luck or despised for their ill-luck
by those of us who walk the earth now.

Our sweat and tears, gold and silver,
will soon be meaningless, as we too,
will join that imaginary space,
where the square of 'i' is less than minus one -
conceptually ridiculous, fictitious, yet yes.

The imaginary space is full of deadly life, or living dead,
who are eulogized or hated in the history and philosophy of the world,
which we mug up,
pass examinations for, earn degrees,
and end up as clerks by paying money to nobles
who will join the imaginary space before us.

That is real imagination, or no imagination, or complete imagination, or
fascination -
ugly and beautiful,
useless and useful,
funny men and fools,
getting a standing ovation from the crowd.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Feeling Beyond Feeling

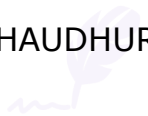
Distance -
my heart.

The last rays
of the sun,
so much warmth -
my extended hands
do not reach them.

Last words,
the most memorable,
because I could hear them
only once.

Take all nearness away,
give me distance,
feeling beyond feeling.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Let Me Be

Leave me alone
so I can have your company.

It is dusk now;
a lonely bird returns to its nest.

After the day's light,
the dark is so intimate with the bird.

Let me be
the bird for the rest of the evening -

let me be.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Only A Poem

It may not be a poem,
yet it is, if feeling lives inside -
pleasure or pain,
a sense of endlessness,
a loss known to no one
but a handful of words.

Sometimes they hold the feeling - intact.
Sometimes they only skim the surface
and drift away.

Still, for the writer,
those words are enough -
the truest shape
the moment could take.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

After He Leaves

He leaves.

I stand behind.

A new BMW, it speeds up
the red light at the rear
gradually becomes feeble.

In a minute, out of sight.

I stand, stoop, look back,
then turn towards the door.

I enter, close the door slowly
and go up the staircase.

One, two, seven, nine, eleven,
by now, a few miles away,
in the heart of the city,
perhaps at the crossing.

'Sooner the light turns green
sooner he will reach.'

Such is the departure,
such is.....
and every departure is a farewell,
sustaining like a dwindling flame
till we meet again.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

What Else Could I Have Done

I write.

Yes, I write -

else what could I have done?

They do not have time for me.

They have better things to do.

Why would they read the stuff?

Yet I write.

One after the other.

About the sky, or flowers, face or mind.

All these are silly things,
meaningless.

He could have taken up a menial job.

Yes, menial.

I do that with my mind.

What else could I have done?

Do I find any meaning in it?

I keep quiet.

A look into the distance
where you can't reach.

Meaningless, yet profound,
it helps me to hold on to.

What? I don't know.

Yet I know -

a question that doesn't answer

is the only question

I could ever ask.

All else sleeps, quiet.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Gift

Words are transitory,
they do not stay with me.
Suddenly they rise
as if phantom stars in the sky,
radiation of the distant past
raising philosophical questions about life,
or like a few bubbles rising
from the depth of the ocean,
stirring the soul,
leaving me clueless what they mean.

Words must be written; else
they find an escape route
and leave soon after they are born.

Whether God exists or not,
is a question we all ask.
Such words that suddenly rise
and then fly away,
are God's gift to me:
sudden, warm, sincere, fleeting

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Face

Here you are.
Here you aren't.
This moment doesn't know
what the next will be.

This is the world.
This is how we live and die.

A long time ago,
I was under the spell
of a face.
Beautiful!

A face
became my heart.
Yes, my heart.
No judgment -
pure, tender.

With time
the face
became my head:
reason,
razor-sharp.

Then the face
disappeared
forever.

Here you are.
Here you aren't.
Life is a sequence
of strange events.

Neither you
nor I
recognize
the one who arrived
carrying a name.



PoemHunter.com

We answer anyway -
to echoes,
to habits of love,
to the soft confusion
of being present
in a world
that won't hold still.

Here I am.
Here I'm not.
Still breathing
between moments
that refuse
to belong to me.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Unnamed River

Drops of tear
roll down,
dry,
leave a trail of flow -
an unnamed river.

The source remains red
for long.

Sorrow.
Sadness.
Grief.
Tears.

Nature's relief.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

What A Fuss!

what
and how
and where
and why

of you and me,
of them and us

all is a fuss,
all is a fuss,

social media
has made of us

only a class,
only a class

life is not
like as such,



PoemHunter.com

picture is
more than much.

what a fuss,
what a fuss!

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Time

I feel -
I have started feeling
time.
I didn't when I was young,
now I do.
Yesteryears too,
like dust storm,
sand in eyes,
tears rolling down.
Time -
I feel as it goes by
calling,
as a sprinter feels
nearing the touch-line.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Where Beauty Breathes

Beauty asks for a background
the way sound asks for silence -
a mountain leaning into sky,
an ocean held by horizon,
a palace framed by shadow
a painting saved by space.

Grandeur is never alone.
It rises only when
something grave and spacious
stands behind it,
willing to remain unnamed.

So too the beauty of a woman:
not an object, not a keeping,
but a presence that opens
only in air unclaimed.
Freedom is not an adornment -
it is the condition.

To own is to narrow the world.
To own is to still what moves.
Beauty fades where it is held,
and endures where it is free.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Ola Uber

Run.
Struggle.
Run down
as dusk falls.

Carried, not going.
Speed without direction.

Essence missing.
Purpose bled out.

Why does man live -
torment.

The city keeps moving.
I do not.

Purpose.
Purpose.
Purpose.



PoemHunter.com

BASAB CHAUDHURI

The Test Of Balance

This all hangs in balance.
A quote that asks you
to be free
also carries a rider
you do not see:
that your freedom ends
where my nose begins.

Yes, you are a prisoner
of other people's thoughts,
but that does not allow you
to violate your conscience.

Your second step
completes the first;
your rebuke must not cross
my self-respect.

A chance that succeeds
must have passed
the test of balance.
It's universally true.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Trajectories

What pulls me near
may push you far
away.

I may not know.
You may not know.

Stars high above have trajectories -
do they know?

They collide, often,
often reduce to dust,
falling down.

You, I, stars, -
none of us are ever sure.

Life is not a guarantee.
It is a flow:
turbulent, chaotic.

And that flow -
that uncertainty -
is what makes life
worth living.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Morning

Morning -

a new bird, gleam in eyes
a new flower, full of honor
my coat steals the fragrance
sun-rays bring new promise
way forward from hurt, insult,
yesterday's mark is erased.

Morning -

healing, soothing, consoling.

A new man

brings hope, assurance, confidence.

Pain, yes; but not permanent.

Loss, yes; but all not lost.

I stand,

I walk,

I look,

I dream,

and that bird, gleam in eyes

has flown so many miles.

Will I recognize him tomorrow?

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Ocean

Rise and fall
of the waves,
Heartbeat -
Mine
Yours.

Love laughter.
Hate tears.
Shell salinity.
Friendship enmity.
Breach, treaty.

You rise, I fall.
I rise, you fall.
We rise together,
fall simultaneously.

Life in an ocean.
Light and dark
ship and shark
pale and blue
cracks and colour
beauty and truth.

You and I.
Rise and fall.
Infinite ocean
bears them all.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Drift

You may disagree.
We are moving away.

We came close.
Now time
pulls us apart.

You don't feel it.
Neither do I.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Search Engine

Search -
a word, an event, a face.

How many are ever needed?
Still we search and search
until we're lost inside the search
and begin again.

Browsing boredom,
eyes dry, mind tired,
fatigued, frustrated -
still scrolling.

A mechanism
to keep us busy.

Search relentlessly.
Get lost repeatedly -
head, heart, all of it -
then reset.

Search is not discovery.
It's a loop,
polished and endless,
manufacturing boredom
without an end.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Call For Rise

You leave:

a vacuum

a sigh out of sight

an absence - palpable.

Still I rise

hold light in heart

touch flowers gently

send you love.

Every darkness

creates some light, somewhere

Every distance

brings nearness within feeling

Dichotomy tightens

every fall calls for rise: again.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

The Gita

Trash bin
in the kitchen,
under the sink.
Kitchen waste
thrown into -
a practice.

A practice, yet
self-doubt.
If some valuable
is lost!
Attachment to trash.
Self-doubt.

The Gita
in our daily existence!

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

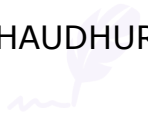
No Probability

A pendulum
sways, left to right,
then backwards,
on and on,
passes through the centre.
That's conscience.

Mind, truth, beauty
at the centre.
Contradiction,
contraction,
confusion -
defined relative to the centre.

There: the judgment.
Difference determines.
No probability.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Fault Lines

Class:

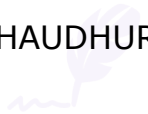
broken glass,
sharp edges
cut, bleed.

Need, need -
class divide.
The more,
the merrier.

Star, bread
dear, dead.
Flash flood
beauty, blood.

Thus the earth,
open hearth.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Unsettling

and then
gradually they moved to nearby towns
where they were mostly unnoticed
kind of burden
strangers, different, uncouth, uninvited

not that they didn't realize their predicament
they could never settle - bulldozer, order
they had their life outside the ribcage
any time they could be taken away
unwanted, mischief makers

they ask questions, uncomfortable
raise issues silently - their eyes
they die, unceremonious, nonchalant
no count, business as usual
but they cannot be erased

cannot be erased is the issue
existence interrogates
even those who ignore are unsteady
the air is heavy, children are in shock
dispassionate, yet can't forget

this world opulent
hopeless, stony

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Pending

Symptoms, yes
but diagnosis incomplete

Tension, yes
but balance not restored

Fracture, yes
but marriage still intact

Movement, yes
the carriage waits.....

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

First And Last Trains

The first train and the last -
fully packed.

The first brings maids to the city.
By the last, babus return.

Neither the first nor the last
ever fails.

Maids belong to home-service,
babus to the outer world -
different time zone.

Contextually the same:
service providers.

Maids and babus,
bais and mabus -

labels blur,
roles rotate.

Doesn't matter
Doesn't matter.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

 PoemHunter.com

No Justification, Yet

Do not ask me why
This is how I hold on to -
A few words in the morning
Doesn't matter whether they
rhyme or not
Poetry! I do not know
You may call it an attempt
to survive,
To open eyes even when
they refuse to open,
This is how it is
This is what has been.
Far away, the fighter jets
are raising dust,
I feel what it means to a mother
to lose her only son,
I know what it means
for lovers to part away suddenly,
I have seen loss, insecurity,
faith and its absence,
All exist,
existed in the past,
In future too,
No justification, yet
Perhaps pride, perhaps
prejudice.
Words!
They save me from death
And I submit them to
poem hunter
Just to express my heart,
my mind,
my existence, feelings,
all..... all.
That's how it is,
That's how I wish
it becomes.....

At Sunset

Only when the sun sets,
It can see the day's travel.
Did cloud cover it,
or the rays touched all over!

So is life.
Only at the very end
when the journey is all
but over,
life looks back unattached.

Then is the time
to reminisce and reflect,
to behold ups and downs,
intellectual and moral flaws,
injustice, forgiveness
cruelty, humanness.

Too late then; yet
it's a gift,
that nature gives
to its children.

A chance
to finally say -
It was worth living.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

PoemHunter.com

Second Coming, Undelivered

Things fall apart,
The poet was spot on.

Things are falling apart.
Things have fallen apart.
More will be coming.

The Centre
that could not hold
is no longer there.

No one remains
to claim
the missing diary,
its dates half-filled,
its last page waiting.

That is all
for now.



PoemHunter.com

Now.
Now.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

D-Ey-Light

He wrote, 'D-Ey-light'.
I said, Delight or Daylight?
He explained, 'Fusion.
Combinatorial.
Accentuated
feeling.
Ordinary sense
suspended.
Structurally
independent.
Just feeling.'

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

While There Is Warmth

Stay.

While life is here,
stay with it.

Touch it gently.
Answer when it calls.

When it leaves,
let there be quiet -
no performance,
no borrowed signs.

Care belongs to the moment
that can still feel it,
to the warmth
that has not gone.

Death comes
as part of the breathing world.
The earth knows
how to receive.

What was not given then
cannot be given later.

Let the remembering
be kind.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Castles Around Zero

A point won
Is a point lost.
It is zero sum
On which you build
A mansion or a fortune.
Collapse is a coincidence
Compromise is zeroing in
Fact and fiction add together
To make an eternal zero
Around which you and I
Build castle for some time
And then depart.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Cynic Beauty

Beauty is neither positive
Nor superlative,
It's comparative.

Beauty is insecure,
A middle-class sentiment
Limits its growth.

I stay away from beauty
As its lack of depth
Pulls me down.

A concept that's skin-deep
Can hold neither the starry night
Nor the coral below.

Beauty is an industry
Not too fair, yet promising
To be a fairytale.

Stay away from beauty.
A comparative degree
Can't reach superlative scale.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

A Conundrum

A feeling -
Poetic
Or noetic,
I cannot discriminate,
Not necessary too.
Could be extinction,
Or migration far away.
Absence stirs my soul,
A sense of hollowness.
Where has it gone?
A curious mind
Seeks to find
The mystery
Behind.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

An Eulogy

Death is a leveler
An equalizer among unequal,
Even among all odds,
Certain among all uncertain,
Unperturbed, no frailty
No superficiality,
Clear in purpose,
Convinced in execution.
If life is a burden,
Death is a reliever.
Somber and dignified,
It is worshipped with flowers
That too white!
The mad rush of the city
Slows down in front of death.
If life is a winner
Death is the reminder
That nothing lasts for ever.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Pleat Tower

The pleat speaks volumes about the effort
To maintain and express
Like a chisel on the marble floor
Making a surreal design.
This is art, personal yet profound
Sometimes still, else moving
Like waves making splash
And scattering everywhere.
Every moment is cathartic
Indescribable charm raising heartbeat.
Nostalgic feeling, as if a dancer
Creates magic on the stage.

It's an inconceivable idea
Expressed in sobriety.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

An Infinite Loop

If you belong to everyone,
You belong to no one.
That's the design.
That's how it's built.
Divide and own;
Own and divide.
Fragmentation has no end.
An infinite loop
Doesn't know
Where to end.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Wing-Ding

A visual entertainment
In the winter morning.
Green, pink, golden,
Yellow, orange, violet,
Purple, red, white -
Mind-boggling combinations
That only nature could identify,
And bring into being.

A hue of dew-soaked colors
Bathing a multitude of eyes.

Thereupon, the party
A natural cocktail.
As temperatures soar,
Bees dance in nectar.

A spectacular show
Silent under the sky.

And I ponder,
Nectar cheers
In a manner
More civilized
Than wine.

----- 16th January 2026

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Expectations And Broken Promises

She waves her hand
He looks back....
Now to the Western Front!
Streams, forest, mountain.
She will be sleeping
As his eyes will shine
In the dark.

Will he?
Won't he?
Expectations and broken promises.
Thus hangs a tale,
As you and I
Change side in bed
Asleep.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Life Is.....

Life is....
Unfolds
As a creeper,
Moves up and along.
This world
You and I
Feeling
Or none of it,
Growth
Or nothing significant.
We're
Or no more,
Pensive
As we store.
The first sunrays
Full of promise,
The last arrived
Before we.....
What they all meant.
Life is....

BASAB CHAUDHURI

A Poet And A Miner

Once a poet met a miner -
They had a cup of tea together
at a roadside stall and conversed.
'What do you do? ' - asked the poet.
The miner said,
'Extract metals from underground.
A tough job.
But metals are valuable.'
'And you? ' - asked the miner.
'Extract beauty from all around.
Not much use.
But valuable to me like air and water.'

The miner said,
'Produce. Don't waste time.'

The poet smiled and thought:

'All he did was wasting time,
Without reason, but for a rhyme,
The bell rings, run for time
What he loves is the chime.'

BASAB CHAUDHURI

All In Mind

It's all about tightening the screw
Pressure builds up
Most die, just die,
Some sustain, sort of selection.
Between the hand and the fearful face
Exists a mind.
Between the touch and the annihilation
Exists a mind.
'Thus the world ends'
Slow but steady outflow
Of blood.

A cold murder
Or a grand plan.
All in mind.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Clarity

To remain present at the right time,
To remain silent when required,
To know what to speak about and when
Without knowing the subject-matter,
To be quiet most of the time, and observe
To look at the appropriate face with awe,
To eulogize and apologize with finesse,
To know how to speak without content,
To revert the argument at the right moment,
To laugh not too loud, yet being prominent
To smile as if God has descended on lips
To know how to nod at proper pace
To bend at an appropriate angle,
To neither look too clever nor too foolish,
To appear reasonable when reasons do not exist, -

All these and some more
Are essential features
Of clarity.
If one has, he is destined to go up
If one hasn't, he is destined to remain flat.

And this above all,
If you do not have clarity,
Do not try to imitate others
Having this gift.
If you still try,
You will end up
Being worse than
Where you are!

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Set Free And It's Mind

Winter chill this year.
Between the sky and the ground
There is a whitish haze.
An opaque morning.
From the balcony
I see countless marigolds,
The golden rays of the sun
caress the flowers.
A cup of tea held in hand
Light golden liquor,
Vapor rising up
Condensing on the glass
And rising up to touch the sky
Somewhere.
Gentle breeze
O'er the grass
Lush green
Making waves.
The dew
Sparkling white
Some purple
Rest rainbow
Costlier
Than the queen's necklace.
Gold pearl diamond
Scattered everywhere.
Does the jeweler know
What all these mean?

And I feel:
Possess and you bind,
Set free and it's mind.
The vast expanse
is for me
To see
Like ne'er before.

BASAB CHAUDHURI

To Infinity

'Conscience doth make cowards of us all.' - Shakespeare.

'Ambition doth make giants (!) of us all.' - This unknown poet.

Living in a skyscraper

One dreams for the sky.

Living in a basement

One dreams for the skyscraper.

Living in a shed

One dreams for the basement.

Living fifty miles away

One dreams for the city.

(Sort of shed. Isn't it?)

Thus the story extends

Fifty miles to hundreds.

Lofty ambition -

Attempts to hold on to the sky.

Only the altitude varies

Till it reaches infinity.

From the milkman

To His Excellency,

From the queen

To the commoner,

The saga of humanity

Appears so queer!

A commonplace journey

Ends in a dream

Unfulfilled!

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Lunar Voyage

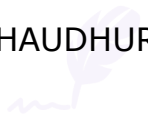
Once I felt and I will tell
It was a dense evening
I was walking by the river
Alone, and it was near perfection.

The night was falling sharp
At this hour no bird to chirp
The trees were sleeping quiet
The moon was shining bright.

The bank as desolate as it could be
Only the dancing waves I could see
I heard the river rhyming down
When I saw the dissolving moon.

I saw Luna gently float away
Swelled in grief, I lost my way.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Lost Longing

Every suicide ends up in a post mortem

Physical and emotional -

A bullet or a rope?

Why? What for?

Was it family? Friend?

Cannabis? Money?

They search for the immediate cause.

Not the thoughtful provocation.

A step forward at any cost.

One more zero after the digits.

A spiralling wave, up and down

A mad race for the crown.

And then. A blame game.

Was it he? Was it she?

The hand that is behind

All it does is to grind, and then

Makes a stealthy retreat.

It will be back soon

Be it night or it's noon.

An assembly will discuss then

As it dissects every dead.

Thus the world torments -

Success - gold - digits - dazzle.

A gnawing pain -

An undesirable end

Lost purpose

Lost meaning

Lost wisdom

Lost sagacity

Lost self

Lost the will

To live

To love

To be

Just to be.....

BASAB CHAUDHURI

New Year: The Last Sip

The last sip—
light liquor,
yet fragrant.
Was it Darjeeling?
It felt like... something unnamed.

A still picture on the wall:
a boatman on a narrow rivulet.
A calendar spills red—
rose, or tulip?

We had been to Keukenhof.
Counted tulips there.
Foolish of me.

Blue sky—
rare in Holland,
and colour spread on the ground.
Beauty, without measure.

Do I add or subtract?
Or simply feel—
taste, flavour, sound, music?

Tonight,
I choose immersion.
Silence, deep and complete.

Taste.
Fragrance.
Beauty.

Eternity
arrives
without a number.

— New Year ?

Where Life Rests

A saucer, a cup -
An equation, an idea.
A family, a trust -
Man, humanity.

A resting place for all -
Without which
Neither you
Nor I
Exist.

Life seeks a resting place:
Perhaps by a flowing stream,
Or in the hush beneath a tree,
Where it may lie,
At last,
Forever still.

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

31st December 2025

Eternal journey—
we appear as dots in the firmament,
and vanish without disturbing the sky.
Time flows on,
like a river that was never born—
only named.
Moments arise and fall,
as waves do;
the water remains.
Midnight changes nothing□
except our counting.
Joy does not wait for a future instant.
It abides in awareness.
May you rest in what continues
while all else passes.
Happy New Year

BASAB CHAUDHURI



PoemHunter.com

Did I Ever Meet You?

As I stood by the sea
I saw the sky melting into the ocean,
Going into oblivion.
I looked at, gazed, saw, and then walked.
The trees were saluting the ground,
The sand was in a hurry,
Children were busy as never before,
Men and women were buried in the time
Lost for ever.
I was counting time, holding them in my palm
Whatever I did, it just slipped out.
Slipping by, sliding by, gliding by,
All these and much more,
Lost in time, in tide, forlorn.
The sea, as always, indifferent
To you, to me, to the poet
To the philosopher,
Even to the fishermen.
Someone said, 'Doubt me not....., '
Doubt I had, and perhaps, you had too,
As you said, 'Did I ever.....
Did I ever..... meet you? '

BASAB CHAUDHURI

Chasing Shadows

I look up,
I look down,
I look up,
And I do frown.

People on the street,
Look up to the crown -
But where is it now?
Down, down, drowned.

A little lamb stares,
Grass in its mouth,
Unaware of the shout,
Its calmness, in doubt.

A dream once bright,
Like the blazing sun,
Now stolen for ever,
As the men on the run.

BASAB CHAUDHURI