

Poetry Series

**Bichitra Anand**  
**- poems -**

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**Bichitra Anand()**

# My Address

If anytime  
You recall me,  
Run back  
To that old tavern  
Wherein  
I shall be waiting you  
Listening to your footsteps?  
Sleepless and blinkless for ever.

Bichitra Anand

# My Adolescence

My first love  
Nothing, but a first aid,  
A warm relief  
To an injury, a shock  
To me  
Called Adolescence.

Bichitra Anand

# My Archives

I thought  
To disclose some of lines  
Of your letters  
Before somebody  
But, I couldn't.

I thought  
I should float these  
In a sealed box  
In Indian ocean  
But, I couldn't.

Bichitra Anand

# My Birth

Parents have given me a birth  
A body & a soul  
Moving boozing spook around you  
To saturate my inanity,  
My ascending hopes  
With your wholeness.  
Perhaps I long a second birth  
To burn me with passion  
Of your wild love  
Churning Our wishes  
Into a single stream.

Bichitra Anand

# My Days

I feel disastrous  
Your remembrance  
And my situation  
All grind me to paste  
Of tears and fears.

Still, I dare  
To face those days  
Of sheer distress  
I shall norture everything  
You have in me  
I swear, my dear  
As much I breathe hot  
I feel you near.

Bichitra Anand

# My Diary

My diary

Vacuous fill the pages  
Pages are blank  
All tacit, unwritten fuss  
Signs of hot tears  
Sprouting therein.

They speak me  
Feel me unseen pangs  
Every now and then  
Something important  
Very important  
Till end of my life.

Bichitra Anand



# My End

I possess whatever virtues  
Offered on your feet  
Tearing my heart.  
Emptying all my proprietary  
Freeing me from all lassoes  
Waited, waited a long for you  
Till the end  
But, could I be yours?

Bichitra Anand

# My Expiry

My Expiry

I understand  
You have stamped  
My manufacturing date  
On me and everywhere.

You have solved  
Everybody's problem,  
Biggest problem  
Of the world thereby.

But, my Creator!  
Creator of all my problems  
When shall you stamp  
My expiry date in bold?

Bichitra Anand

# My Father

My mother is my home  
I grow safe and sound within  
Father....  
He is the teacher, soldier & leader  
At the border  
He is engine & I, trailer  
He is the roof  
I sleep in peace thereunder.

Bichitra Anand

# My God

This whole body, a shrine  
Devoted to you.

I love, I worship  
In heart and mind  
To you,  
I am blind of you.

Be'coz  
You are the only God  
Of my subtle youth time.

Bichitra Anand

# My Identity

I weep under the quilt  
Alone in deep night  
For you.

This is perhaps my identity.

Bichitra Anand

# My Maths

Any mathematics  
Has an end  
But unending maths  
Only is the God.

Bichitra Anand

# My Mind

My mind, a pampas  
Lying, glaring towards the open sky  
A babbling mountain stream  
An angry fireball sometimes  
Blazing in summer  
A lonely dove lamenting  
In dark silent midnight.

Sometimes I feel,  
Mind possess no existence  
I am mindless, a monk  
Traveller towards a Cypress destination  
Unable to track exact lane to go  
Move forward some furlongs  
Back again some yards in slow pace  
To change direction  
For a unrequite horizon.

Feel weary, stop, sit, nap  
My blank body panic  
Rest somewhere in a tavern  
For a while  
Under a grand Banyan tree  
With warm company of an unknown peer  
To procure strength  
Vigour and courage  
To move forward, forward  
And forward anew  
Destination not fixed  
Never settled  
I am mindless, thought less  
This is my mind.

Bichitra Anand

# My Nights

My Boudoir sigh in midnight  
In darkness, I sing a dirge for you  
Crawling on floor, on bed  
Dejected, stinged all over body.

Letters, chits and notes  
Inlands, envelopes and post cards  
Cassettes?, photos and paintings  
Obsolete recorder and camera  
Everything wag on my bed  
Under my pillow?, quilt.

I read your cramped letters  
Listen your voice in cassettes already mingled  
Clasp them in my arms  
Feel hapless, destabilized  
Expect my long cherished visitant  
To come and console anyday  
Ending my life with bliss.

Bichitra Anand



# My Pain

Portal of my pain  
Is your deep silence  
In spite of surrendering? my heart.  
My man, so near but so far  
My disbelief on myself  
All your remembrances?  
All the things once touched by you  
All the dreams woven for you  
Pain me, kill me for time infinite.

Bichitra Anand

# My Rain

Millions of thoughts?  
As millions rain drops  
Falling down the earth  
Drops on my mind,  
Patter me heavy.

And sometimes,  
Everything vapourise  
Making me vacuous,  
Sub-conscious  
I fall on my bed.

Bichitra Anand

# My Relation

Still, I think you deep, feel heavy  
In the silent hours of post midnight  
You spark in me sudden, setting fire  
Not able to sleep, just lying, rolling,  
Searching possible reasons, questions  
For delinkage of my relation with you  
But, the nights end blinkless, unanswered  
A lifetime obscurity till date.

Bichitra Anand

# My Remains

May be for a while,  
If your shade go away from me  
I become vacant  
My whole remains  
A big zero.

Seldom I feel my existence,  
My identity  
I am your eternal epiphyte,  
You r my eternal shelter.

Behold!  
What's my stand today  
A mere collection of pretty remains  
Of pressed tooth paste tubes  
To brighten my teeth,  
Of divine leftovers of your grand kids.

My glossy tress once bewitching you  
Now thin n light silvery  
With remains of my grands' hair oil.

My youth time rains and winters  
Were totally mine  
In proximity of an uxorious  
Made me racy, crazy, my dear.  
Noisy rains slip down the sky  
Only bygone silent showers remain for me  
Whole winters surpass my room  
Remains warmth of your grand kids  
Under the quilt are totally mine.

Our home, elegant n jubilant,  
Filled with your love and passion  
Corner to corner one day  
But, what a change today?  
Each inch of it noisy, runny  
Except a small corner

Filled with a tacit solitude  
Is my sole property, my dear.

Your eyes, on return to home  
Quite erotic, whoopee move around  
Your ears attentive to hear  
A sweet &quot;Hi&quot; from me.  
Today, I feel crowded  
Grand children fire me  
With high sounding &quot; hi&quot; whole day.

Still, I aspire  
Remains of my life without you  
To say 'hi ' to Jagannathswami  
On toes behind Garuda  
Stamping my fingers  
On Sri Chaitanya's impressions  
Until my remains transform to ashes  
And I sleep on your lap at cremation  
Where u r in rest  
My dear.

Bichitra Anand

# My Road

My road lying  
Zillion miles  
Ending unknown  
Mingled at distant horizon.

May it's river Mahanadi  
Clasping the bay of Kalinga  
May it's a flower  
Twisted in garland for a God  
May it's a dew drop  
Mingled sunlit.

But, the love  
Unending, infinite  
A zephyr blowing unknown  
A beam rushing galaxies  
Life after life  
My road lying long.

Bichitra Anand

# My Secrets

All secrets of my mind  
If disclosed,  
May it happen  
You would draw an end  
To our give & take relation  
For ever,  
So, why?  
Let it be never.

Bichitra Anand

# My Temple

To eulogize I try not  
Pangs of your deep thought  
Shiver me, sprawl me  
With feeling of sins  
Of missing you  
Somewhere in the midway.

Everywhere I see you in shades  
But nowhere I palpate your body  
That billowing fire in me  
Carnality embrace me restless.

I run to that centurion banyan tree  
On the brink of river Kathjodi  
My only Cenotaph under its canopy  
I clasp it tight wrapped and teared.

I feel you younder amidst the thickets  
On the sandy bed of the river  
Re enforcing my belief you wave the hands  
Like the flag on the temple  
I regain me, a part of me, my dear  
This is my temple, the only temple.

Bichitra Anand



# My Waiting

I know  
You won't?come  
Still wait, dream  
Your steps  
Slowly coming in.

Having understood all circumstances  
I pretend, not understanding? anything  
Can't console myself  
Can't unblossom me anywhere  
Tears drip beyond control  
Heart seek, eyes look  
As far it can  
To your arrival  
But, I know,  
You won't come.

Bichitra Anand

# My Wife

My wife

I could discover  
Nothing in my wife  
Except some pure  
Weaknesses of my life.

Beloved was once what  
Merely a sharp knife  
Stabbing at lib on my heart  
Blowing her beautiful Fife.

Bichitra Anand

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