

Poetry Series

Binaya Kumar Mohanty
- poems -

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Binaya Kumar Mohanty()

A Burnt Silhouette

The man is
almost boiled
in the bowl of tear
on the stove
fiercely burning.

Ashes from
the last night fire
is being washed
to recover the dreams
if left unburnt.

Nights with a myriad dreams
spent unslept.

Somebody
records every beat
beneath the breastbone.

The smile on the wall
so cruel
unzips the manhood
again and again.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

A Child's Desire

You drag me left
drag me right
drag me back
drag me forth
and drag me
where you want.
Please sir
hold not my arms
Let me walk
myself
alone
Believe me
I can.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

A Flower In The Lonely Valley.

Far or near
somewhere in the
lonely valley
the nicest flower
is blooming.

I can perceive strongly
its fragrance enchanting.

I can hear its musical call
meant for me
in the humming of bees
and flutter of butterflies
nearby.

I wanna pluck the flower not.

Me, blind
can not see it
with my eyes
earthly.

But
My feet long paralyzed
has started dancing
and lips almost dead
have started singing
aesthetic.

I am in utter solitude
in the valley
no longer threatened
as before
of the roars of the beasts
in the valley.

Hunger and thirst in me
vanishing.

I am hopefully sure
some day the flower
in its fragrance
will transform me
and transform
the lonely valley.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

A Grey Hair

While combing
my head
a string of gray hair
rushed into me
as an ocean of remorse
as if sky falls down
to earth.
As if it is my fault

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

A Joke

You joke of my loneliness
Can you tell me dear
Who in the crowd you stand
Is yours?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

A Letter Of Excellence

I'll nicely craft you
in my poems
to bag glory and awards,
letters of excellence.

What is going on
in and out here?
The black cobra
is searching for food
in the bird's nest,
Of acute hunger
myriads of dreams are
crushed on the red corridor.

Of global standard
I'll paint the color of blood
with images and metaphors.

Can the poems reset the order
of the house tumbled down
rescue of disaster.
Can mere composition
of word orders and symbols
heal the wounds deeper
and invisible incision!

Why then
a poet still crafts a poem
knowing all
Is it for a letter of excellence?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

A Mother At Seventy.

A Mother at seventy
with its dreams shattered
When curtain is raised
patched everything
tricolour upheaves.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

A Nanobomb

A nano bomb
with the power of truth
and non violence
to demolish
the tyrant tomb
of violence
only for peace
only for peace.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

A Piece Of Art

You insisted me
for the painting
which I had thought of
never.

You told
You badly needed it
for your drawing room
for a complete
finishing touch.

Everything else
was well furnished
in the room
But, you wanted the
piece of art.

I could have return
you squarely
as I did not have
one
or in my gallery
I did not have one similar
either.

But I did not.

I was busy painting
a hand to feed the
Gypsy
under the Banyan tree
hungry
long before.

Will he be there!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

A Piece Of Land

A Piece of land
so fertile
to grow love and fraternity
for humanity
for eternity
immune to hatred
immune to war
I want to cultivate
sustainably
for all times to come.
Only Peace, Only peace
prevail all over.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

A Poem For My Lovely Daughter

Somewhere here
can, I smell
strongly, its presence
at a distance of
closest approach
or within.
But,
Your quest is
elsewhere MAA!

Your quest is
in the petals of
rose, red red
in your garden
or in the humming of
swarm of bees
searching for nectar.

You try feeling it
in the fragrance
of night jasmine, enchanting
or in the music of
singing birds, melodious.

Your quest in the
soothing touch of moonlight
or dazzling of florey stars.

Somewhere here
Can, I smell
strongly, its presence
But,
Your quest is elsewhere
in the height of sky heading
mountains
or in the depth of oceanic blue
or in the stretches of sky
the infinite.

Your quest
in the mother's love and
delicacy served
or father's care and concern
you longed for.

Your quest in the
bold texts of
the volumes, termite ridden
or in the verses of the
sages cannabinoids
exhaled long
ever before.

You tried finding
in the rituals
of the priest bald but hairy
in the holy temples
or in the azan of mulla
in the mosque
or else in the
messages of the popes
from the churches.

Somewhere here
can, I smell
strongly its presence
But,
your quest
in the warmth of
kissing lips
or tight embrace passionate,
You tried feeling
in the warm pinches
among your siblings
or naughty rivalry
among friends.

Your quest
in lovely murmers
at victory
or in anger outburst

at discontent
and disappointment.

your quest
elsewhere
in the commodities
priceless in the metro malls
or in the garments gorgeous
and modern.

Your quest is
In the veins rupture
in the game Blue whale
or in the
thrilling and feeling
of the poems.

Your quest in the
color of your
paint brush.

Your quest is
in the distance
of telescope
or resolution of
microscope,
your quest is elsewhere.

Somewhere here
can I, smell
strongly, its presence.

But,
SORRY MAA!
I don't have
a compass or road map
to your quest.

Neither it is
in my loving lap
nor in the velvety sleep
of your dreams.

Somewhere here
can I, smell
strongly, its presence
at a distance
of closest approach
or within.

But,
your quest is
elsewhere MAA!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

A Poem On Life

You asked me
to write a poem
on Life.
How could I?
Before I think a title
I was already born
Before I live my life complete
You blew the horn
you asked me to write
such a poem.
It is my life sir
Let me live first
you live yours
Who cares for a poem!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

A Poet's Existence.

I Write
therefore
I am.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

A Sad Suicide Of A Rape Victim

Once again
you proved your impotence
You kept mum
left the culprit go
scot free
proved his innocence
the rape victim
commits suicide.

With the minor school girl
gang raped
by the cobra commando
deployed in the valley
for restoring peace
to safeguard democracy
you asked her
not to disclose the identity
of the culprits
for it would unmask
your honesty
once again she was raped
not getting justice
doctors fabricating
report that
nothing happened to her
she was lying
to blame the democracy.

With your weapons of democracy
pressed her to silence
torturing her to die
to destroy evidence
to save your clean image.

She commits suicide
not of shame
not of pain
for the brutes looted her virginity
before she could see

the virginity of life
enjoy the world so beautiful
she was raped again and again.
You the poets, media men
columnists and photographers
political thinkers and artists
claiming human
seeking clue from her polluted body
she finds nobody standing by her hard times.
What she feels is the democracy is
raped brutally
you kept mum
fabricating
another story
to prove the innocence
of the rapist
again you proved your impotence
to save her
committing suicide
for she could not see you impotent
and tolerate no more democracy raped.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Add Life

Buried beneath snow
Shattered dreams of yesterday
Already froze
Never to melt again.

For the nightmare
O'dear, never weep
On the road travelled past
For the willow o wisp.

Yesterday was never yours
Who knows the tomorrow will be yours!

Keep open the windows
Let the wind blowing at present
May that add life to the dying petals
Of the shrivelled grasses
May that add smile on your face
For which world awaits.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Aesthetic Pleasure

Over and over again
the man
on the vast stretch of
hot sand of dried river
spreading the fishing net
derives aesthetic pleasure.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

All Fraud

Parted off the umbilical cord
All that followed are fraud
They came up with warm wishes
as the troop of cannibals
assembled at corpses.

Rather good in utter darkness
of the womb
than a world around
so deaf and dumb.

The soul is stunted
since it is born
the breathe choked
since life's morn
with the world giving him a name
the world wanted he earns spotless fame.

Like the tender shoulder
of little funny calf
to plough the barren land
on the world behalf
tied the fate with bulky yolk
with values old
his dreams reap pure gold.

With chisel of falsehood
he was savagely castrated
for he had to work so hard
to leave no stone unearthed
dreams his own shattered.

To defend the territory
of a world so fake
As a fencible
like a swift race horse
he had to pounce invincible.

With the world serving with

so delicacy
the toys and balloons
colorful with fantasy
aptly made the kid smile
but lasted only for a while.

Nothing left
for his being whole lost
as if buried in the permafrost
all he belonged he forgot.

Of intense pain within
he cries aloud
the world's deaf ear never heed
the world so brighter
though he feels is a fraud
than a truer darkness
is no good.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Am I In The List!

Time and again
running behind you
I return empty handed
with regret and remorse.

It could have been
even better,
more and more passionate
I am for you,
for your trendy love.
Am I in the list?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Antagonism

You Longed for life
They preferred death
You yearned for light
They demanded darkness
You wanted peace
They waged war
You tried to put out fire
They added fuel to fire
You dreamt of freedom
They pleaded for slavery
Nothing to worry dear
It is time to change your course
And go reverse
Sure you achieve difference.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Ara Of Falsehood

Who knows better?
How ugly, how terrible is the truth!
How much bitter
being under immense dark cloud!
Dawn to dusk
in the clear day light
our delight to shroud
with a thick blanket of lies
encircle with ara of falsehood.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Are You A Cryptic?

A poet
or a cryptic?

What you are
I am skeptic.

Half theist,
half atheist.

Half compassionate
half cruel,
half white,
half black
you are.

Born true
live fake,
live fake
die true.

You are half democrat
half a monarch
your words true
deeds fake.
What you are?
I am skeptic.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Are You Myfuture?

A while before
I was so passionately
awaiting you to come.

My home in and out
was enlightened and
fragrant.

With your possibility
what happened
not known.
I am so frightened,
You appear me
as a monster.

I anticipate
some catastrophe
spreading its tentacles
not easy to escape.
Who you are
mutate so frequent,
so fast?

Are you my FUTURE?
or my CLONE?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Art Of Being Sold

Selling rubber tyre
some one hesitates
not to sell his self
as it would bring him fortune
he turns jewel of nation.
Another big
So big his head and heart
big to buy and sell hair oil
Self goes to hell
Excuse me sir!
I'd rather not go there
I can not go their way
Myself not good to sell and buy.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

As I Fall

Down
As I fall
Roll like a ball
Of pure mud
More and more
Moulded to Me the Real
I would like
Again and again
Down
To fall and fall
To be moulded to Me
The real.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Beauty Beyond Horizon.

Do not confine me
in the room
Let me open the window
to see
How beautiful is the world
beyond the limit of horizon.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Body And Soul

Body to
Decorate
Soul to
Deteriorate!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Born To Be Sold

Of a unique breed
rare and royal
never untied free on a road
born to be sold.

Always the master beside
consumes royal but only what he feeds.

The better breed
the costlier sold
nothing to worry of personal need
none for the mind to read.

Awakes as he awakes
Awakes as he sleeps
Only He to decide
whom to meet and mate
to be born royal
a matter of pride.

Everybody his majesty's shake
born to serve
born to love
whom helikes
Who he dislikes at can only bark.

Of unique breed
rare and royal
never untied free on a road
to be born of a royal breed
a matter of pride,
A matter of pride!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Born To Die And Die To Born.

Immense darkness
of the scary night
looms the milieu interior
Milieu exterior shrouded
by dozens of monsters
singing and making merry.

Great, Great,
So great they are
wealth and wisdom they gathered
so precious made them great.

They are God among the human
their airing vanity
goes beyond horizon
far beyond horizon.

Self acclaimed genius
born
of so rare semen
of so great omen.

All others are just human
born to die, die to born.

They are just human!
They are just human!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Brief Meeting

Unaware
of this brief meeting
earlier
We are
somehow here
gazing at
each other's eye.

Trying hard
to clasp tight
each others pulse
with trembling lips
half quenched our passion
whisper at each others
deaf ear.

As a part of
our relay race
sowing seeds for future.

Who knows!
When time will
turn ice
throwing us
to a distance of
a billion light years
will leave no tide mark in the
Pages of history.

We're unaware of this brief meeting earlier.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Burn Within

The more
to erase
I try to
the brighter are You.

As I bear you
you burn me
within.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Caged Freedom

Me
miles and miles
far away from me.

Air going out
of the syrinx
vanishes in the air
wings chopped and
bleeding profusely
hurt with cruelty
with arrows of love
from the trade wind,
Me, perturbed
far away from me.

Feet tied with dancing Ghoongroo
throat choked with verses
never mine
Me,
still standing on the victory post
not mine.

Me
miles and miles
far away from Me

Tear
dropped from lacrymal lake
smiles
blooming between the banks of
hardly opened lips
not mine.

Me
lost in the marketplace
not mine.
Me,
endowed with royal feudal crown

of feathers from the singing bird
innocent but killed.
Virgin face rubbed with dyes
of the petals from the flowers
forcibly plucked.

Me,
in the warmth of my gaster
hunger in the genitals
pulses in the arteries
Not mine,
Me lost in the freedom caged for ever.

With the young sun rising
from the horizon
I try open my eyes
of head and heart
longing for ever
for a morn of a new day
but repeat the dialogue
in somnambulism
walk across the street of the cage.

Often sit on the top most bar
of the cage
giving orders
to the subjects
on the floor.

Sometimes
with the begging alms
feed the hungry birds
not mine
Me,
caged in the trade wind
buried beneath the boundary
miles and miles far away from me.

Still,
I love the cage!
I love freedom! !

Me,
miles and miles
far away from Me.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Call Him Rebel!

Call him Rebel!
Call him Poet!

Same sir, No different.
Try for the same cause,
They try to kindle the light
of eternal bliss
eternal peace
to remove darkness
on the path
of humanity
to act for fraternity.

Both are destined
to same fate
to be slain
by your unjust rule
misunderstood ever they are.

They may have their empty wallet
they care not your bullet.
the stop not the rebellion
they stop not the poetry of earth
poetry for earth.

You may kill the rebel
But not the rebellion
You may kill the poet
never the poetry.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Called Off

With hunger of the leader
satiated
called off the revolt
Go to hell the followers.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Celebrating Darkness

I have seen
You, celebrating victory of light
But on the road to your victory
Pieces of darkness lie orphan
Have you ever noticed
its drenched eyelids!
The Sun of your cause
about to touch the western horizon
Where is the way dear
to escape
Who comes to rescue!
I can not help but
cry aloud with you
Though busy in gathering
forms of darkness thrown
here and there
dull and destitute
to make poetry of it.
No Please do not
ask me to go with you.
I am comfortable here
with arrows pierced
all over the body.
Go Go to your celebration
Let me stay here
For the darkness
For the eternity.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Celebrating Defeat

Your innocence
celebrating its defeat
with garland of sandals
round the neck
body and soul
naked all through
stripped white and black.

Happiness is a forge
sorrow and sufferings
all at surge
time's guile
painted with cool smile
celebrating defeat
bent down at their feet
for their silliness
what difference it makes
You die or live!

Whom you so much love
are ridiculous of your naive.

Your innocence
celebrating its defeat
for their world
it is misfit.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Chasing A Mirage

At your wholesome beauty
as my longing eyes gaze
in and out makes
my soul blaze.
To utter reality
I prefer to chase a mirage
In a lonesome night
for making my arduous path bright.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Choice Is Yours

Limitless love
hate limitless
Nowhere to go for
the world is the source.

Countless flowers
and countless thorns
fathomless hell
and limitless heaven
what you choose
choice is yours.

Limitless frustration
and limitless hope
limitless No
and limitless Yes
what you seek
choice is yours.

Limitless dusk
and limitless dawn
limitless death
and limitless life
what you choose
choice is yours.

limitless war
and limitless peace
what you choose
choice is yours.

Limitless nothingness
and limitless being
with limitless tear
you mourn here
with limitless cheers
you can sing
What you choose
choice is yours.

Limitless darkness
limitless light
limitless friendship
limitless fight
what you choose
choice is yours.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Circus

The midget in the
center stage
the loaded gun
with triggers on
all sides
jumps carelessly
to all targets
at once.

In the next episode
the skull hanging
on the wall
Swastik symbol
marks profit
and good wishes.

A sharp knife
facing at
the pulsating heart
on the well decorated plate.

The ringmaster
blows whistle again and again.

Meanwhile
the Royal Bengal Tiger
turns into
a timid pet cat.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Closeness

We are so close
to each other
I find no space
for the bird to fly
joyfully
flower to bloom at ease
or wind to blow between.

Can my kite get free sky
to go up?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Coexistence

We feed on the husk
as you extract the grains
though we flock together
must forage different
to coexist.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Come Down

Countless death
Countless disaster
Up and up goes
the dreams and desire
all dreadful.
At the top of bare mountain
What you celebrate? O'human!
All to come down.
Come down! Come down!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Commodity

I wonder
When human
turns a commodity
Sells himself
In open market place
To prove him rich.
How can he?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Confession Of A Martyr

You,
hated Me
I,
loved you.

I was moving
in your vicinity
naked
crystal clear
like the truth.

Lenses of your eyes
opaque with
cataract of
prejudice, age old
issued against me
search warrant
though not was I
absconding
that was my guilt.
You imprisoned me
but I became free
from the trap
of falsehood.

You suffocated my breathe
I exhaled pure air
of truth
to pay last debt as a cock
I owed to someone.

You numbed my knees
got my nerves
paralyzed
I danced joyfully
victorious.

I preferred
a cup of tea

with hemlock
to live fake
with unreasonable.

You,
tried to kill Me
I portrayed
your ignorance
with bliss divine.

You,
hated Me
I loved You
You preferred
giving me
poison for my body
I preferred
a cup of tea
for humanity.

You,
hated Me
I,
loved you.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Contradiction

Under the hot blanket
the man shivers
happiness absconded
with the soul awkward.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Corporate Slave

Licking from tips to toes
You swap your superfluity
for all heinous sin
of your master.

From dawn to dusk
and dusk to dawn
you are dying and dying
every moment.

His time is so precious
Can they spare
for you the bloody idiot.
can't You think
this much?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Cost Of Life

Queered and distorted
arrhythmic and agrammatic
contorted is my pain and passion.

My longing and sensation
misfit for time line
misfit for social trend
mean nothing, costs nothing.

Can you say? dear
meaning of your life
cost of your life.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Country

Death died unnatural
my rebel father
dying to rescue
the country from distress,
not yielding
before death threat.

The opportunist dreams
of brokers
escaped safely
of stirred mud.

For seventy years
handful of ooze
from the wounds
firmly hold inside
closed fist with pride.

High above the ground
bouncing feet
cheers with delight
nation is growing!
with good day approaching!
aloud we shout
where to start?

Legislature controlled
by the dignified criminals
from jails by remote
for their favour,
the laws
executives execute
on their behalf;
Nothing goes right
in the judiciary
confess the judges
of the apex court
thus protected are
our rights we sought.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Creativity.

Dreams may shatter
But creativity
Never... ..

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Damn The Education -01

Copernicus wrong
Wrong was Galileo
For his majesty says
The sun goes round the sun
Produces offsprings
Of its own

Damn the education!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Darkness Prevails Still

With rising of The Sun
We doused the lamps
As there was darkness
No longer.

To my surprise
I am blinded.
Darkness still prevails
Where comes the darkness
So intense!
Is it the Truth's radiance
Or concealed
Inside darkness!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Dear Frog

How dare you
approach me,
Dear frog!
Me, the anatomist cruel
know no love,
no compassion.

Dear cold blooded creature
the tender heart,
the feeble mind and
sluggish feet
need warmth
need amplexus
dare not approach me
my territory
the frigid trap of death,
Me, the anatomist there
to anesthetize you
for reason not known
none to blame, none
to excuse.

Me, the anatomist paid for
to feed my gaster
and quench my thirst
How dare you approach me!

With forceps in one hand
and scissors in other
unable to feel
the spikes in your nerve

Me, the anatomist
know not me
know not you
with the sharp scalpel
waiting to split open
the skull.

How dare you
approach me!
Me, the anatomist, cruel
Know no love, no compassion.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Death Of Myriad Dreams

Like the snails
on the dodgy road
trying to cross
every moment
myriads of dreams
are crushed
under the lorry
with heavy load.

Not a single hand
though, many a thousand
wish them the best
whom they think
can trust
ever caress their failure
wipe out their tear.

Their scary cry
vanish in the distant sky
as if, they are born
to the road
they can not fly.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Death, Me Shocked At

He is no more.....
Me, shocked at his death
leaving behind
his widow young and unquenched
children minor
and orphan.

I am shocked,
lament over
his death.

The tender buds in his garden
will stop blooming
emitting fragrance, enchanting.

The streams will be dry
the hour hand will go reverse.

I lament over his death.

The sea will return its blues
to the mountain clouds
the leaves, their greenery
to the sun.

The butterfly will stop
to flutter
pistils of flower
will remain sterile.

Me, shocked at his death,

The moon light will no more
spread its soothing cold
the sun will loss its corona.

Me, shocked.
lament over his death.

But, Me, surprise
nothing like this happen
I lament over.

His widow
young and unquenched
hides her tear
from her school going kids
water the plants in the garden
stand in queue
at the mutton shop.

I lament over his death.
I am shocked
something certain to happen

He is no more.....
He will not be shocked
at my death
lament over
drop tear
on my departure.

I am shocked
at his death so
I lament over.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Defining Life

Failure and frustration

Unlimited

Unlimited hope

And desire.

Life is green

In between.

Forever

Difficult to define.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Desires

Man desires to consume
But desires consume man
Strange!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Devil's Dream

Orgasm of ecstasy
at the midnight hour
they celebrated together
with a devil's dream
heaven so closer!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Digital Humanity

Kinship is contorted
dreams distorted
tolls the death knell
like a suicide bomber

The man is in the get up
of readiness of
fastest ever creature
head is miles and miles
away from the heart
profession far away of passion.

Motion dominates emotion
digital humanity is
today's fashion.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Down To Earth

Ecstasy of
devil's dreams
of midnight hour
felt no longer.

Impotence and frigidity
smells everywhere.

Down to half burnt earth
a drop of tear
stirs husk
in the rodents burrow
for the seed of hope
beneath the mound of sorrow.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Dying Faster

Sundered head
of the dragon ant
of past legacy
of shattered dreams
is clinging to the cracked lips
hardly giving
a hemorrhagic smile
and gives prickly sensation
to embrace
our changed venture
and adventure
in the ocean of blood bath.

Hard earned smile is dying
faster than the ant head.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

E-World

A click
brings the world closer
Alas!
We are deaf to
the shriek of the
neighbour
so close to
the ears.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Existence

You do not
beat your own drum
You do not exist
they say
Is it!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

F A T E

She does not pause.

How long could
one wait
for the surge
uncertain!She exclaims

Now
She rolls like a dice
of gamblers
fate still uncertain.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

F E A R

A black shadow in dark
threatens
my existence
as if
chokes my breath
my plight
fails to reach
you
beyond horizon.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Faith

Long ago
Parted from you
for a path brighter
mid way left you alone.
Are you still there
waiting for my retrograde?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Fake Smile

Fake smile
in the true lips
full
for you, the fool.
Wah! Beautiful!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Farewell

Arithmetic of life
couldn't be followed.

On river bank of tear
halted the boat.

Our education and
experience proved futile
in the court` .

On the judgement day
so helpless we are
the inscriptions of love
too obscure to decipher,
like a hanging rope
coiled round the neck.

Just a few blinks wait
to bid farewell to all
and trace a new map
when the man
arrives here
to give a signal.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Final Fate.

I have seen the wrath of terrible sea
I have felt the fiery sting of the bee
I have imagined the volcano
bursting on the bosom of earth
You the ruler class have your eyes shut
while sucking the blood of the poor
Wait, wait
Of no more late
You will meet your final fate.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Fire Flies

Your yearning
For an eternal light
Fades before dusk.
As fire flies glow their back
Twinkling stars hide under the cloud
Polite and noble they might be.
Let a big Sun shine next morning
Who knows if the flies
Still keep glowing!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Flag Post

No one comes
no one goes
nothing happens virtually.

In a breathless run
half leaping, half flying
strive to secure
a flag post
to secure our
shattered dreams.

We keep to left keep to right
and keep to a latitude
best suits our inner wounds.

No snapshot no selfie
captures our loneliness so close
We are alone, We are alone.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Flight

Gulping
fire of flight
the little bird
is heading at
Sun paying no heed
to the obstacles
way on.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

For A Breathing Space.

From dawn to dusk
You are not you
Me is not me
We need a breathing space
For the survival of the race

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

For The Crown

Life on the sword edge
For the crown
Of which empire?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Freedom To Shed Tear.

How much to digest your lies!
How much poison to consume!
To live, To live.

In the name of Humanity
In the name of globalism
In the name of patriotism
In the name of regionalism
You play vandalism
In the name of Idealism.

It is your joint venture
In the name of religion and culture
In the name of science and literature
In the name of philosophy and education
You are fraud, You are fraud
To suck our blood.

Autocracy
In the name of democracy
Anarchy
In the name of monarchy
You loot our country
loot our property
loot equality
and liberty.
You are here to break our unity
destroy our diversity
rape our sanctity and chastity.

No justice, no justice.

Court is yours
Judges too are yours.
Police and witness
Doctors and hospital
All yours.

Money yours, Muscle Yours.

We ought to shut our eyes
We ought to shut our mouth
Till we die, Like dead
We are free, We are free
Only to shed tear
Only to shed tear
Only to digest your lies
To consume poison.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Fresh Target

No biopsy
No autopsy
No selfie
No snapshot
Nothing could hit
The target.
An outburst
Of gusty wind, left
Our age old existence
And sculpture of support
Orphan and pervert
Again a fresh start
Fresh target.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Fruit Of Ascetic

We are blinded
to the clever monkey
at the tree top
playing with the
holy fruit
of our ascetic .

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Game

No foul
no goal
like a ball
man rolls
with fate
of time's game.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Godot Found!

For the moment we longed
for the angel we yearned
who'd illuminate our murky path
savor our deodorized soul
with the divine grace
wipe our tear of dreaded disaster
we are left here.

Years passed, months passed
passed are the days
Hours passed, Minutes passed
passed are the seconds
we're stood on the mound of skeleton
with ribs and skull scattered
dreams shattered.

Love is intoxicated
propinquity is fabricated
We are alone
all alone, alone..
alone we are in the crowd
Truth under the shroud of falsehood
We are waiting for the Godot to come
but never arrives.

No body comes, no body goes
nothing happens so
Knowing not that the angel has arrived
Godot has already found
the divine spark is ignited
May be we are blinded
that, the Godot is found.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Good Day!

I'm feeling
not well within
heart and head
aching unstopped.

I expected you
in the last train
But, the schedule cancelled.

I'm feeling
not well within.

I expected
the night
with the angel
in a paradise
But,
I'd to sleep
with the monster
in the cactus garden
spiny wind blowing
all around.

I'm feeling
not well
within.

Me,
upset
at work place
upset
at a free ride
upset
at the dining
upset even
at the movie romantic.

The skilled tailor
with no blurred pupil

is failed
every time
passing through the needle
the thread of target
gets wounded.

I'm feeling
not well
within.

I expected
my son to
top the tournament
bagging the gold
But,
was out badly
in a scandal.

I expected
to be in north
But,
was doomed to south.

I expected
a spring
with singing colors
But, it was
a scorching April
the cruelest ever.

I expected
a good day
But,
It was a nightmare
threatening me all night.

I'm feeling
not well
within
the heart and head
aching unstopped.

Good Faith

You never stepped
in to my poor cottage
But I hope still
You will.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Grief

Grief grows in the heart
when we accept not
the reasons
and seasons.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

H O P E

The whole town
hit with dreadful waves
shedding tear
on the streets,
desperately lost
the sheet anchor
kids apart from
family
nothing left
to rely on
all are fled.

A pair of hands
indifferent
trying to drain the
the ocean of tear
rushed into the
boat already drowned
to recover
last ray still gliming
bright.

As if nothing is lost.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Had I Not Sing!

Had I not sing
in such a nice moment
just because
the dancing wing
of the butterfly
landed into
the cup of tea?

The spring was ready
with its picturesque
of foliages.

The champak bud
opening its nascent petals
could not control
its emotion.

The golden stream
in its long adventure
unstoppable.

The bees busy in their
nuptial flight.

Had I not sing
you say?

I violated the protocol
because
the priest yet to
read the holy hymn,
new harvest yet to come
and the crown prince
yet to move the golden broom.

Had I not sing?
you say
because
the protocol is

yet not finalized.
Today's guest is
yet to wear the turban.

Had I not sing?
because
the dancing wing
of the butterfly
landed into the cup of tea.
So what?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Happiness

A sip
be it venom or nectar
close to lips
nurtures the wings
of the dream bird
up above the horizon
towards infinity.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Happiness Killer

No fatwa
can snatch,
from within
it is to hatch.

Like a morning sun
it burns within,
for all to enlighten.

The killer confronting
goes back foot
who else is the happiness killer
if you are not?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Happy Diwali

O'er phone
you wished me
HappyDiwali
I responded with
the same to You.

But, I was lying
on the bed thinking of
the darkness
in the room
prevailed long
although no load shedding
announced earlier.

I wished the world
an eternal transition
from darkness
to light
but Me,
in utter darkness
in my sleeping room
find no outlet.

O'er phone you
wished me Happy Diwali.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Hawker Of Happiness

What happiness
do you promise
O'hawker!

Is there one
in your basket
that can bloom
love in the heart
that can feed the hunger
that can quench the thirst
that can lit a lamp
on the path of life
so dark?

If no, Go, Go
We don't need one.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

He Comes!

Every time
with an intent
he comes
with pretty notorious act
I return with
a simple smile
on the lips.

Why does he come?
Why do I smile?

To me it appears a puzzle
as he appears every time.

I want him to come
I want him to go back
Even after his departure
somebody warns me of
his arrival again and again.

Why does he come?
Why does he go back?
Why does he stop not!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Head For Salvation.

My colleagues and co travellers
Must have reached the horizon
Down and down to earth
Slip my untrained feet
Head heading towards
a star up above the heaven
for salvation!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Help! Help!

My young hungers
are grown up
older as my needs and greeds
as me grow older.

I am crippled whole so
to come out
to come out.

Help! Help!
Please help!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Hide And Seek.

The more I approach you
the more you move apart.

The more I long you
the more you hurt

You are my eternal quest
my conquest so

I revolve you equidistant

I spin on my axis though.

The game of hide and seek
between illusion and reality
between darkness and light.

But the essence of life
and essence of poetry.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

His Eternal Quest

He belongs to all
belongs to none,
neither confined to
a territory
nor to a narrow culture.

He is inside your self
and outside alike
your being and nothingness.

In the crowd and in solitude
he sings with equal note.

He is tied to no sect
but humanity is his abode.

Not caged with a religious belief
he is an atheist neither.

He loves for love
also for hate he loves in return.

For him life and death
inseparable.

Joy and sorrow
are his both wings
in both darkness and light
he can fly.

He sighs at every terminal
but his quest is eternal.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Hold Fast

The house is set fire
No body is safe near and dear
Should we shout
Or remain calm and unmoved
Where to hold fast
If not the hands of the one
With you within?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

House Is Not House.

A spec of suspicion
like fog and smoke
in the ambience
House is not a house.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Housefly.

As it walks along
lay eggs in millions
all hatch to maggots
soon metamorphose
to spread epidemics.
Whatmore expected
from a house fly!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

How Could I?

Had I knowledge
about the Big Bang
or the Big Crunch
You said
I would not wander
in utter darkness.

How could I believe?
as you are still roaming about
in the impenetrable dark
for the black cat
which may not be there.
Is it there!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Human Dimension

You remorse
Over your children
Not being human
Your journey
For being human
Still on
From the big bang to big crunch
What is your existence
What is your dimension
O'dear man!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Human Jungle (1)

I'd rather share
a niche in a jungle
where at least
some nature's laws prevail
than a maze of human jungle
where chaos and confusion
of faith and path
wage wars of social turmoil.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Human Jungle (15)

Human Jungle
creatures lay dying
the king merry making.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Human Jungle (16)

Human jungle.
Tracks laid everywhere
life's train derailed.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Human Jungle (17)

Human jungle.
Blatant blood shed
over nature's gift
of land air and water,
divided are
the creatures.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Human Jungle (2)

Human jungle
The innocent herbivores
never safe in earthly burrows
can not escape vicious attack
of predators.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Human Jungle (3)

Human jungle.

In the darkness
of blurred values
with soaring confusion
like tall conifers.

The canines of leaders
like tigers of terror
reveling the pool of blood

Life threatening roars.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Human Jungle (4)

Human Jungle.

At every blink of eye
an unanswered murder.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Human Jungle (5)

Human jungle
where the dove
is convicted for
nesting in the branches
where jumps the langur.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Human Jungle (6)

Human jungle
where love unnatural
painted with colored pretension.

Smell of death
lingers everywhere
prickly hate
like nettle sting
often makes us bare.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Human Jungle (7)

Human jungle
where every creature
appears a hunter.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Human Jungle (8)

Human jungle
lawlessness is the law
before the criminal
the judge bow.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Human Jungle (9)

Human jungle
No sign language works
as nature's chorus
language with syntax and imagery
utterly fail
to communicate,
one claims to be closer to heart
deaf and dumb.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Human Jungle(10)

Human Jungle
Teddy bear is the King
throne is the anthill
jack fruit is the crown
all others
Down Down.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Human Jungle(11)

Human Jungle
where anti drug campaign
starts from decorated tavern.

Shower of foreign liquor
famous addict is
the Brand Ambassador.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Human Jungle(12)

The crow, The kite
the jackal and the vulture
all in disguise together
the carcass is the living creature.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Human Jungle(13)

Human jungle
shrewd carnivores
rush into
party so popular
to woo the voters
the poor herbivores.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Human Jungle(14)

Human jungle
Up to the neck
sin filled,
Hymn of salvation
the priest's tongue utters
Creatures of the forest
are the blind followers.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Human Walk

Sans feathers
they can fly high
above the limit of the sky
sans vision
they can go beyond the horizon.

Sans fins
the can dive down the ocean
sans sensation
they can touch the unknown.

My resolution
ranges
neither to sky
nor to ocean
Neither can I fly so high
nor so deep can I dive
Within the limits of horizon
I can walk and run
on the earth I am born
As I am a Human
I am a Human.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Humanity Alive?

Life in long coma
bears life still.
You say it is
isolated case
humanity is alive
Still alive?
Damn your humanity!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Humanity Sold

Might not have seen
You, a market I talk about
Like pumpkin grown over cottage roof
Moringa leaves hard saved from
mandibles of catterpillar
and spinach grown in our garden
are sold in a market place
The ruler class and
Their trader friends
With their covetous eye
Shrewd enough
To buy and sell their honesty.
The rare painting of
cool moon light
Sold for billion US dollar
Patent for poetry on hunger
Is granted to a broker
Of corporate class.
Tear shed from our longing eyes
too sold to calm down their libido.
Our sensibility, our honesty
Commodity for glamour market
humanity is sold in the market place
In the clear day light.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Hunger Of Earth

You are skillful
at taking selfie with them
You can craft
millions of poems
with billions
of well painted pictures
on the canvas
You can decorate your studio
With trillions of sculpture
You can celebrate their hunger.
Alas!
None can satiate their hunger
None can wipe out tear
shed from their eyes
None can put out the fire
From the earth.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Hunger Unstoppable

Hunger
unstoppable
in the gaster
and genitals
all over
is frying raw
the flesh of
heart and brain
on the pan
ultra hot
and bloody.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

I Am Ruined.

Waters the dying roots
and lets it grow
to prune the twigs
to beautify.

My pain inside
indicates my love

I am ruined.

I am ruined.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

I Am Waiting.

I have been waiting
Here since when
Can not remember
But I believe still
You will blow the flute
That must transform
my existence
My longing persistence.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

I Do Believe

The tear
dropped from my eyes
turned a crystal
of ice
I do believe in
a day
as a seed
will sprout to
a tree to hold
a blossom
nicest ever
You believe or not.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

I Fall Asleep

My last love
lay dying
chronic death,
I fall asleep,
undone.

The naughty rodent
bit into pieces
the book I liked most
I fall asleep,
undone.

The nicest blossom
in my garden shrivel up
infested with stem borer,
I fall asleep,
undone.

The band of security men
with covetous gun
loaded
aim at
the virgin youth
of the school girl,
wild but innocent,
I fall asleep,
undone.

The pious lady,
old and sick
in the cottage nearby
plucks flower
to worship, the deity
the male dog, nasty
pees over pollute.

I fall asleep,
undone.

The black cobra,
eats away
the last egg in the nest
the mother dove
in search of food
killed by the eagle
the storm destroys
the nest,
the young birds left
orphan,
hungry for love,
I fall asleep,
undone.

The sweetest melody
fades away
from my sweetest song
leaving my dancing feet
upset,
I fall asleep,
undone.....

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

I Go Bare

Sometimes in solitude
I wish, I go bare
on your puffy cheeks
to slap, I dare
to go unruly
all norms to break
and to give a check
to your heinous religion
that departs God
miles and miles away
from man.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

I Have To Go

Count less knight errants
rove in the island
to prove their chivalry
Me too lost directions in the crowd.

Let me go my way
Fragrance so enchanting
calls me somewhere
I have to go
I have to go.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

I Keep Trying

The sparky rays
from my eyes
every time
bounce blinded and wounded
from reaching
You the unreachable.

I'll not cry
never fly
from dying
So keep trying

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

I Lag Behind You

Dandruff on the scalp
and wrinkles on the skin
reminds of
your dynamics.

Spines no longer
slender,
intense farming
turned the soil
sterile;
stiffness in the
elbow and knees
again
of error and omission.

I should have been
there before
the day break
having finished the tasks.

Your intimacy
is not forgotten
for I am ready here
But, you are
much ahead of me.

Here, I look
at the cataract of
my eyes
smell flatulence
from the stomach.

Years of intimacy
with you
drags me on
Though I lag behind you
You are much ahead of me.

I have to be there

with you
before the day break.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

I Love You

I love You
coz not I wanted
a kid from you
for my legacy
bright and beautiful.

I love you
coz not,
you promised me
to be mine
all births to come.

I love you
coz not
you are with me
even when in my stand
I am wrong.

I love you
coz not
you are nice to look at,
sweet you speak
coz not
You served me with
all delicacy
brought up my kids
supported me
when I was ill
and bankrupt,

I love you
coz not you consoled
me at hard times
wiped my eyes
when with tears.

coz not,
you cared my ailing parrents
and valued my love.

I love you
coz not,
you are committed
so much to
me alone.

I love you
coz
I love you
you love me or not.

when in my utter solitude
you are my words and deeds
in loneliest midnight
in the darkness,
I talked to me
You talked to me.
I love you
you love me or not.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

I Must Celebrate The Day

I must dance, sing
and make merry
I must celebrate the day
eagerly waited.

The day so special
to break all chains
to vain all border and boundaries
I must welcome the day.

When much awaited smile
will bloom on the tenderlips
of the children all over
For thirst and hunger
there shall be no shrill cry.

The peace of dove
freed from the cage of pretension
trap of fake agreement to the open sky.

When might will stop
to subdue right
when the shroud of falsehood
removed from the face of truth
I must celebrate.

I longed for the day
I may die for the day
But, I must celebrate.

When there is no fear
when there is no tear
in the eyes of near and dear
when the predator ends the devil force
on the prey, the innocent
I must welcome the day.

No murder, no blood shed
No war, no hatred

No poverty
But absolute liberty
I must welcome heartily
I must dance, sing and make merry
I must celebrate the day.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

I Plunge Into The Cup Of Tea.

Every sip
at the lips
reminds me
of the commitment.

I plunge into
the cup of tea
to moisten myself
unconditionally

The rose red
in the cheeks
depth of the
promising looks
in the magnetic eyes
and enchanting odor
in the tassels
turns me maniac.

I plunge into
the cup of tea
Unconditionally.

I won't complaint
when it is too cold
to my tongue sensuous
or when too hot
burns my lips
insipid.

Every sip
reminds me
of the commitment.

Not because
it assuredly
rejuvenate
the nerves lethargic
twitches the muscles

fatigued.

Not because it adds
tear to my eyes
dry and shrunken
or connect the mus
lost from my song
orphan.

I enjoy every sip.

I plunge into
the cup of tea
to moisten myself
unconditionally.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

I Prefer To Be A Sinner

If
To love and live
Is a sin
To hate and hurt
Is a virtue
Then
I prefer to be a sinner.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

I Responded To Your Call

I responded to
your call
and
stepped out
with you
leaving behind
all belongings
animate and
inanimate.

You didn't
assure me
happiness of
any heaven
or luxury of
any form.

You didn't
assure me
the old wound
incurable
to heal up.

Still, I responded
to your call.
I danced with your foot steps
sang in the tune
of your melody.

My eyelashes
got wet
as you wept
with systole
Of your ventricles
pulses
I felt in the arteries
superficial.

You never assured

me a spectrum of
colors
with the colors
of your breathe
I painted faded colors
of frustration.

I responded to
Your call
and stepped out.....

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

I Thank Thee

The sun, the moon
and the stars
The birds, the bees
and the flowers
all paved me the way
But this time, I was away.

This time I didn't go
as I knew, So.
You 're nothing new
every time you cheated and flew.

For I was not in your view
Like some last few.

How Strange!
They all return
from the fair with smiles on the face
but this time
I was not in the race.

All their little sons and daughters
had in their hands balloons of dreaming colors.

I saw you brought them cheer
for I 'll not drop tear.

They, all were with you
although I warned them not to go
because I feared
like me, to them, out
you could throw.

Last many times
why didn't they believe
the words of mine?
Why didn't they believe me?

For

You brought in their face
such precious smile
I thank thee!
I thank thee!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

I Wanna Let You Go Back, Not

I wanna let you
go back, Not
this time,
I swear.

Gone're the days
you came last time,
the tender breast
of autumn
bleeding shrunk die.

The steady flowing
spring in the rains
facing menopausal fate.

The barren mountain
harboring
the fetus of greenery
hard conceived
in the womb
is blastedly aborted
by the corporate bomb.

Bird at total eclipse
swirling reverse threatened
bump into
pole of uncertainty.

My motif was
never to
let you go back.

The butterfly
at teens
losing the wings
in a blatant blood shed
let you go back.

The lover at the

red corridor
longing for
virgin air
shot dead.

I wanna let you
go back, Not this time.

Gone are the days
you came last time.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

I Wish, I Gulp.

Somersaulting between
ocean of sorrow turbulent and tortuous
Throne of gaiety
Jovial and joyful
the man confused
almost what to choose.
The man on earth
salutes the sun on the sky.
I wish, I gulp
the ocean
the venoms of sorrow, the whole
Leaving behind
for the man on earth
the joyous throne
Only for man
Only for man.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

I Write

The planet
does not change
overnight,
But I hope so
and write.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Identity Lost

A marathon
from palaeolithic
era of sign language
towards on lineworld
poorer and poorer
we are
our identity is lost.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

If All Goes Wrong.

A pall of gloom
persists ever
no escape from
clutches of cannies of time
succumbed to injury all over.
Nothing prevents still
from spreading tentacles
to paralyze the innocent prey
Forgets the nightmare
to celebrate the day.
Nothing wrong in singing a song
What to me if all goes wrong.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

If I Still Love You.

Make the sword
Sharper
Pierce it deeper
And see
If I still love you

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

If You Are Not Wrong.

If you are not wrong
You find no difference
Between me
and my new year song.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Ignorance

You appear a monster
though you stand
at distant horizon
to greet me
to welcome me
to a possibility
of great love
and affection.

Millions of
monsters with
their friendly faces
wander beside me
with
evil intention.

One step forward
to the horizon
one back to illusion

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Impressive

For me
world is
so impressive
I received more
than I could give.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Information

On the super highway
of latest information
our ride and pride,
Nobody is informed
about your hide,
your position and
possession.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Inner Voice

Who listens to your song
who listens to the plight
of your inner voice?
if not you!

For whom do you sing dear,
who listens to you?
if not your inner voice!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Inseparable

I am dark
you are light,
I am sorrow
you are happiness
I am death
you are life
Yet inseparable.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Inside Closed Fist

Inside closed fist
nothing was there
You didn't assure
either.
Elbow and knees
to bleed wounded
after so much confidence
was my blunder.
Never was it your game plan,
to every door
a key separate
at the last door
You would be there,
Was born of my
simple arithmetic brain
no way was your concern.
Every petal was wonderful
Had I take this granted
I would not wander elsewhere
With so much pain
I would not suffer.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Is It New!

Eighteen miles away
With a speed of
Hundred four miles
Per hour
The tornado
Approaches the coastline
You are preparing
For a cocktail
In the
Hotel Sea View
Is it new!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

It Is You.

You believe me
See my drenched eyes
Knees and knot bleeding
and nerves at spike
Since time immemorial
It is being heard
Who comes to rescue
It is You dear
It is only You.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

It Pays

It pays for
expressing your views,
tax for love
to be paid
fine for foraging food.

This is how
a government runs
in a democracy.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

It's You

It's YOU
Who'll console
your child's yearn and uproar.

It's YOU
Who'll play horse for it.

Not the drunk misanthropes
in the tavern
not the hyperbolic verses
from Cambridge
can do.

You know
your child's
form and fashion
habit and emotion
it's locus standii
you know better.

Your child is
esoteric to
your fervent lullaby
not to the gallivant dreams
of the prophets
or fore tellers rhetoric.

The alliteration
or rhyming pattern
choreography or empathy
nothing 'll work.

It's YOU
Who'll console
your child's yearn and
uproar.

It's your fervent lullaby.

Just Count

One, Two, Three
Just count
I will prove
sure
your world is changed.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

King Of The Ant Hill.

Too small
is the earth
of no worth.
At the pick
of ant hill
I'm the king
too big
you ought to know
my worth.
O'little creatures
come and celebrate
Me but, you not
Your existence
of mundane sorrow
and happiness
just do forget.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Knocking At Darkness.

Knocked and knocked
Desperately
at shut doors,
Retreated with
Painted darkness
all over
and with handfull of
nothingness.
Nothing left
unspoken.
Distress game
with darkness all around,
the evil spirit
in disguise
notes the pulses.
Again knock and knock.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Landlord.

Oil makes soap
Soap removes oil stain
Farmer grows crops
Dies of starvation
Landlord of overnutrition.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Let Him Rule.

Lacking a diplomatic mind
You are a misfit for politics.

Incomplete in linguistics
you are unfit for the poetry.

With no knowledge of
trade and commerce
your life is just a farce.

Skeptic of scientific principles
your life may be paused.

You are not well versed
with all sixty four positions
ecstasy of your life is void.

Who the multi headed monster
claims, fit for all
ready to rule the universe?

Alone, let him rule,
all others he thinks
but fool.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Let Him Sleep

The room is so dark
Who is there in?

The snoring is so deep
like the curved blades
of an old table fan
lets me not sleep.

Shall I wake him up his sleep
intercept his dream so sweet
and stop snoring!

Who knows?
If he awakes to break
my peace then?

Who is there In!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Let Me Learn.

You are
More than encyclopedia
You are swifter than cheetah
You have mastered the martial art
What to me!
I am trying to learn abc of life
Let me learn.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Let's Celebrate Tonight

Tonight

You won't be there
with me

Not even a dream of yours
would mean to me
any more.

How dreadful will it be!

I have washed my hands
from the hell of heinous sin

The vulture on the twig
of house yard
reminds me your calculation
of profit and loss.

This time I won't bargain

The little boy swimming in the pond
would be waiting for me

Some one has blasted a bomb in the town

The courtiers are still busy
entertaining the crown prince

Yes,

Tonight I would spilt all the paint
on the canvas

Tonight will be
so special.

Let's celebrate!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Let's Close The Matter.

Let's close the matter,
here.

For we spoiled our youth
For we spoiled our wealth
For we are apart from each other
spoiled.

For we fought the battle
ended in vein.

Should we not
look in to
each others pupil
for the lovely face
we roamed about
at this critical
juncture?

Let's close the matter,
here.

What's the matter? ? ?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Let's See

I'm under nourished
You're over nourished
I'm the prey
You're the predator
Why to bother sir?

Let's see
On the day
Of execution
who goes up
who goes down.
Let's see again.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Life Goes On!

Up to the sky
Down to earth
Life goes on
Why lament over
Uncertain!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Life Precious

Nothing they say
I am in possession
are mine.
I wonder.
how can I say
" No " to all that
is your gracious gift,
You the precious life.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Life Slumbers

With an used water bottle
A can of dermicare powder
And a tube of healing cream
Life slumbers with hope
Nothing misery about living.
O'dear!
Only that is needed
Is extra care or extra love?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Life That We Fear

Low pressure
Far off the shore of the bay
High pressure inside heart
Whom to ask for help
Where to fray
Or whom to trust?
It is not death
That we fear
It is but chronic life
O'dear.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Life Unsafe.

The man so innocent
standing out to
gulp free air
with moon lit aside,
the bullets rifles
though he belongs not
they place beside.
They leak his blood
to stain their sword
force his pen
to write his name.
They take a tricky snap
to label
him a hard core rebel
at red corridor
life no longer
safe indoor.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Life's Journey

From cyanides and methane
the toxins
started life's journey
towards a source of nectar
seemingly uncertain.

The rest in between
can we clearly define!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Life's Symphony

Man eater's roar
We too have heard
Sensed life's terror
Not, You only.
We too bathed
in the ocean of blood
handled hyena's hypocrisy
crocodile's conspiracy
Untruth's supremacy.
We too'd to blaze
in the burning pan
convicted by the Satan
Not, only you dear
all you faced
lot more still not traced
Lot of our sweet journey
life's symphony.

Music, fragrance and color
in another folder we browse
come come to pounce
you too, you too.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Living On Earth.

Hate unlimited
Limitless love
Loyalty limitless
Unlimited betrayal
Friendship and enmity
Luminosity and darkness
Life and death
go together
Share same bed
What a fine
Living on earth!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Living With A Heart

At every pulse
Prone to a stroke
So tender, so delicate
It is not any one's business
to live with a heart.

Living with a brain is a skill
Living with both is humane
but living with a heart alone
is artistic.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Living With Dreams

Living with dream
is joyous
But,
Living with hunger
Makes man
Sanguivorous.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Lonely In The Crowd.

Stand on a big platform
With hands up above the head
With closed fist
Never to open
Never to disclose nothingness
The world will celebrate you
victorious
Lap from toes to tip
Clap with your palm.
You are tiered after
An arduous journey
along immense dark road
Your soul is fatigued
hands open and empty
With bitterness of life.
You will find yourself
Lonely in the crowd
No body is there even
To cover you with a shroud.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Longing For You

Longing for you
in the dark of the night
with weeping eyes
nobody noticing
in utter silence
shedding tear
that washes our love
to pure and eternal.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Lost Handkerchief

Beneath the canopy
Of immense darkness
shrouded with
fog of falsehood
our search
for light and truth.
From dawn to dusk
mound of pretension
is our strength.
Who knows!
If the angel meets us
on the platform
we are waiting
for the last train!
Do we have answer
to her question?
Can we back to ferry ghat
for the lost handkerchief? ? ?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Lost in Crowd

Me
born alone
Lost amidst
crowd of chorus
in search of an identity.
Is there one?
Who Knows!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Love

No name, no form
No color, no commitment
it burns itself
and keeps you burning.

No limit no limitations
it enlightens You
and enlightens itself.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Love And War

Man wages war
to win love!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Love Never To Fade

The stray dog barks
at singing sky lark
The rodent gnaws
in the post harvest paddy field
The vulture flies high up
targets the carrion below
On the wrecked landscape
the warrior stained with blood
signs peace accord
Aloof of the episode
Your love's like red red rose
Never to fade, never to fade.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Love, Unseen In A Distant Land

My love's in
a distant land
for my lips fleshy
unreachable
to kiss sensually
I know.

I know
I can't
suckle the lotus buds
there passionately
my proboscis too small
to suck the nectar
from the bowl deep so.

My love's in a distant land.

Nothing can
stop me
flying kite
with you, unstoppable
and free to the height
of the sky
limitless
take selfie with you
at the edge of
risky valley
Joyfully.

Nothing can
stop me
to wander with you
in the valley
with no boarder orthodox.

No barrier
can prevent me love you
it be time or space
changing

not even your
mood or period can
do so.

Not your ugly nude skin
or pungent smell they say
not your rude words, venomous fang
and bulky butt
not even.

Nothing can stop me
sharing the bed
with you in the dark of night
no one can hear you moan
at every bump
as I clasp you tight
with love.

I can fly kite
with you
to the height
of the sky
the limitless.

You are my love
in a distant land
for my lips fleshy
unreachable
to kiss sensually,
I know.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Luluby

Loveliest saplings
In your garden
Are dying
Of dry disaster
You dance for
Queen's desire.

Your cottage
Is set fire
You stand for
Saving king's empire.

Your love is
Lay dying its
Deadliest death
You sing luluby
For whose favour?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Mahatma The Great Soul

Never before
never will be
in future
one who can measure
your height and weight
your depth and dimension
even for your killer
you are the flagship
to make him the winner.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Mahenjodaro

Jubilant dreams of the past glory
in the pages of history
you reiterate
nicely choreographed.

The faded smile
never rejuvenates
only a tag
on the mound of the dead
dazzles

T

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Man Seeks Salvation

Tear in the eyes freezed
With no outlet
Tender petals of the red rose
In the grip of sand ant
Austerity of our fiery venegeance
dissolves leaving no reminiscent.
Dreaded stroke of time
Still awaits approval
Man in the lotus stance
seeks salvation.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Martyrdom

I am ready to die
For my self
For I want to live.
Please don't kill me
Please! please! i

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

May It Be Hell

May it be hell
To heal I want
I want to love and live
I want not to die and decay
Heaven, be it may.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Me, In The Hell

(Dedicated to BHIMA BHOI the great poet and saint of Mahima cult under Hinduism in h poor, blind and belonged to socially deprived and oppressed he prayed for rescuing the humanity from earthly sin and suffering)

You are much ahead
of me
your dream heaven
not afar
Go, Go!
Run, Run!
My dear,
haven't pity on me
for, in the hell
I am here
for I know
Your plight and pain
much more
to bear.

For I know
You'll come back
must
one day or other.

Then, who'll
wipe your tear
O'dear
If, in the hell
I am not here.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Merry Christmas

Happiness knocks at door
All your doors and windows are shut
Come lovers come out in open
Spread love and gather happiness
It is Christmas

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Midnight Wishes

For all haters and lovers
poets and readers
assembled here
I wish a happy new year
let's come closer and closer
to feel and thrill life more.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Misfit Of Manners

Behaves unexpected
Knowing not what will be
the consequence
With extravagant veracity
Maintains no protocol, no sequence
Queching thist
And satiating hunger
Is the priority
Misfit of manners
Person, place and time
May it be what ever.
It explains nothing
It demands no explanation either.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Moon Light

Truth be
a handful of
cool full moon light
for nature's delight.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Mountaineering.

As we fall
feel ecstasy
we rise with fantasy
we try up to
go high up.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

My Delight

With spindle in the hand
my delight to see the
Kite with flying colors
high up in the sky
never longed for
being on the wings.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

My Own Tear

Think not
It's my haut monde
It's my own tear
Dropped in the dark of the night
In utter solitude.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

My Poems

When my soul is bereft
of your presence so sweet
I am like an orphan sloth.

Lingering in scorching heat
along the arduous path
on bare feet.

When I am burnt within
with no outlet
around me good or evil felt,
when in a mood graceful
or bitterly awkward
When endowed with all goods
or deadly threatened
with a stained sword.

When I am funny or serious
glorious or rebellious
when present and past torture
the pious and virgin future.

There is so limitless a blue sky
No wings I have with a desire to fly.

When my thirst and hunger
not defined
as if plutonic lava
beneath the clogged vent confined.

Don't know I, who sings in me
A little while, for I am enlightened
I thank thee.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

My Shadow

While in misery of thoughts
bleeding within
I slumber all night,
With eyes restless
you are with me sleepless.

When I am left all alone
and undone midway
beside me, You lay.

when I am wrong
You are still in my song
When I am right
You are more at my sight.

When I am live
you are the jerks in my veins
You are never away
may it be in pleasure or in pain.

You are not my body,
Are you the shadow of my soul,
my buddy?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

My Song, My Eyes.

For them
my songs are
but an enterprise
as if I am in disguise.

For me,
to see you
or to see me
in the darkness of
loneliest night
they are my eyes.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Nation Is Yours.

"You are sovereign
By your name we rule the nation"
Over our sad fate
you express concern
everything happens, nothing done
We are the voters
Nation is ours.
Some say to sent us
to registhan
If not elect you
Others threat to make
the land'll be Kabarsthan
Everything happens
nothing done
Still It is our nation
Voters are Sovereign.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Nation's Fate

The angel of peace
hurt and wounded
like a singing bird
shedding it's blood feathers
on the antennae of breast bone
of nation's fate.
We are celebrating
success and progress.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

New Year Promise

The new government
for new year
promises blankets
of wool pure
for all the sheep
this winter.

The ship are delighted
than ever before
knowing not where
wool comes for the blankets
of such a large number.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

New Year Resolution.

Worshiping false Gods
Brought up in the wrong hands
Years passed.
Sharing wrong bed
Bore progenies of serpents.
Tilled the soil, In the garden
Grew venomous fruits.
Under the unjust rule
All unjust
Unjust your love and lust.
Past're the years dear
Gone're the days must.
Trust! trust!
For you, 've brought
Nothing abrupt nothing unjust.
New hope, new promisses
New resolution
Of a new morn
And new sun.
Resolution?
Is it new? ?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

No Wonder.

You are always defiant.

I choose to smile
You drag me to tear.

Heading to mountain
You drag me to a river.

Longing for a flower
Drag me to the fire.

Life and poetry
defiant so
No wonder.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Nonsense

For you a poet
Can not be bad
Can not be rude
They will not be good
They Will not do good
For you
For me
For themselves
Your simplicity
Your innocence
Means nothing
For them
For they are idiots
They are so nonsense.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Nostalgia

Knowing not
what you lacked
what you belonged
far away from you
I am.
Longing for luxury
and happiness
I am struck in a
dreadful crematorium.

My courage is shaken
my dear
Shall i go back?
Won't you be annoyed with
my own corpse on my back?
Who Knows!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Not At Gun Point

You wanna
whole me
take away
all I have
ara and aroma
all around
with a little love.

But,
at the gun point
Me, dead
hands and heart
of yours
bleed
with no traces
of me.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Not Mine!

I may speak
your language,
I may share
Your sausage.

I may bald my head
with you I can be glad,
with you cry
I may cry,
with your wings flutter
I may fly.

With your pupil
I may see,
For you, all I have
I may free.

Everything may be false
But,
how can be my own pulse!

All mine are thine
only the beating of
the heart
can't be mine!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Nothing Right.

Judges of the apex court
confess
nothing right
goes here.

The judiciary
of the greatest democracy
safe guards
our fundamentalright.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Number Game

Is it the number
that counts?

Is it the canopy
of a big tree
or countless carrot grass
with allergic pollen grains
can save from
scorching sun
in a hot summer day!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Obligation

With the sun and the moon
and with the stars in the sky
you acquainted me
where birds fly.

With myriads of music
and soulful of magic
with colors of seasons
and poetry of reasons
you painted me.

With ghats of rivers
to bath
to wander and wonder
on the wonderful earth
jewels like gold and diamond
fruits like apple and almond
you made the provision
with your good vision.
you made me a stalwart
in the war
you started,
How fool I am
how ill mannered,
Who you are to know
I never wanted.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Obligation Of Hunger

Hunger

is never bent down

obliged not

to your constitution

Who had written it?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

On The Way

On the way
I was slipped from your
loving hands
long long back.

Are you still there!
waiting me hopefully!
Must I return?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Only You.

Your magnetic touch
can sprout buds of hope
in the dying arbor
and can concieve life
in the menopausal womb.
You can create ecstasy
in the paralysed nerves.
For you nothing impossible
Beneath the shroud of sorrow
You can unravel crown of happiness
Yes amidst dreaded disaster
You are the source of smile.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Opening Eyes

As I shut
my eyes, I feel
my own carcass
in a vulturous flight
high above
in the sky
dark and frightening.

Strokes of times axes
penetrating deeper
and deeper
in to my wounds
very personal and private.

I open my eyes
see the little flower
blooming bright and beautiful
peeping out
of the shrub
bent in the storm
cut variously
with
cruelty of fate,
emitting fragrance
in the ether unlimited
let me forget
times stroke painful.

Me, come out of the cocoon
of darkness
try to keep open
the eyelids to fix the pupil
in a yogic posture.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Option

Fire flies glow
Sun hides in the west horizon
Safe is wisdom.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Others, To Please

From womb to tomb
I have one disease,
others to please
but not at ease
sometimes my breath
might cease.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Parliament

Stealing our hides
you the butchers
hide in the parliament
consume flesh and bones
of our soul
drink blood of
our ambition.

We the beasts
shiver in cold winter
starve to death.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Pleasant Untruth

Untruth is pleasant
and palatable
but bitter is the truth,
unbearable.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Poetic Humour(1)

Come come
O'dear
To see here
They can bloom lotus
In the dried river.

Come come
To see
In the menopausal womb
They can induce labour.

Believe me
Come come
They can
Sure in poem hunter.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Poetic Humour(2)

Come, come
O'dear
To see here
Sans the bow and arrow
Famous hunters
They are
To kill the lion and the tiger

Come come
To see here
Sans clouds in the sky
They can create thunder.

Come come
Sure
They can
Here in poem hunter

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Poetic Humour(3)

Come come
O'dear
To see here
They can sprout
Seeds of love
In the barren land
sans air and water.

Come come
To see
The perennial breeders
No summer, No winter
They can breed
Whole year.

Come, come
Sure they can
Here in poem hunter.

Sans food
They can alleviate hunger.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Poetic Humour(4)

Come, come
O'dear
To see here
Sans wings and feather
They can fly an elephant
In the air.
Come, come
Sure
With words and images
They can
Set the miracle
Here
In the poem hunter
Only here
Come, O'come

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Poetic Humour(5)

Come, come
O'dear
To see the men and women
Autogamous here
Come come
See see!

Come dear
To feel orgasm
Sans impetus
Sans coitus
Sure sure
Here in the poem hunter.
Come dear
Come!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Poetic Humour(6)

Beheaded
Says 'He
A multi headed Monster
Noticed "I"
Come, come
O' dear
To see here
Sure sure
He may devour
The poem hunter
My dear.

Beware!
Beware!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Poetic Service

Crazy and busy
for poetry.

No time
to stand and stare
our plight, our misery
to share.

Too much hardship
also to browse
to craft our hunger.

Thanks sir!
you think so much
poetically
our thirst to quench.

You are great sir!
You are great.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Poster Poem

Voice is mute
Viscera removed
With my need and greed
Painful history whole
Formatted,
Body stuffed to a handsome look
Fit for a poster.

Like a poster boy
I can disrespect
My father
But never my foster father.

I am a poster poem
His true inner voice
For those who are great
Have no time
To read between the lines
For those too busy
To stand and stare
I appear on the poster
Only for a glance
I can attract with my dance
For me title is enough
No matter what is spoken
Who speaks or on whose behalf
It really matters.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Poster Poem: Eco Club

Felling down dreams of greenery
concrete wall is raised
for Eco club poster
OUR ECOSYSTEM IN DANGER.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Poster Poem: Work Speaks

Work speaks
speaks your poster
O'shrewd ruler!

What speaks your poster
so gorgeous?

Dare remove the posters
that hide your heinous work
you try to cover
they'll speak more and more
no longer you're the ruler.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Poverty Of Vision

You are ridiculous of
our soil
bare and barren
we, going on bare foot
with no suit and boot
Unlike you do.

You know not
that your fathers
and fathers' fathers
and their fathers
stolen our sandals and napkins
Stood by our thrones and crowns
wearing torn gowns.

We have seen them
looting our houses
for their need and greed
to feed.

with their covetous eyes
on our longings and belongings
they destroyed greenery in
our paradise like land.

Now you show fake sympathy
on its xeric fate
that we hate.

You google poverty
in morphography
but blind to see
our angiography
our great heart and
richness in our telescopic vision.

Our photographic paint brush
aptly sketch your nudity
your hostility.

Your birth may be an accident
But of love we are born
with love we live and learn
we die for love
What you know of love
that you flatter.

Pity on you!
Google your ugly face
and come to the race.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Prelithic Hunger.

No change
in the reflex arc
of prelithic hunger
for food, shelter and mating.
More complex, more violent
more conditioned
it is with span of time.
Dimension of hunger
expands more and more
towards a new horizon.
Who stands there!
A prey or predator?
Who knows? ? ?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Pseudofertility.

A postmenopausal woman
Unable to support her own
Can conceive millions
She claims.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Question.

Word,
as sharp as
the edge of the sword
Pen
as swift as the bullet from the gun
What to us dear?
Can you wipe our tear?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Rag Pickers Dream

Having no time
you are
shaping the dreams
you dare, you care
says your wall poster.

You cannot see
our children
with untidy uniform.

The rag picker boy
peeps in to the
the bright face of the
topper on the school wall.

The tender spine bent
with bagful of rugged dreams
on his back
is not your concern.

You are concerned
much more
about your poster.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Rape

In a democracy
the rape victim
is forced
to commit suicide,
the rapist goes scot- free
the democracy is raped
in clear day light?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Ready To Die

I am ready
To die billion times
To feel you to fullest
O'dear life.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Real Me

Before the mirror
I was
dying my grey hair
moisturizing
skin dry and wrinkled
applying
baby pink
over the lips
almost cracked.

Adding Ginseng
to my tea too cold.

And about to
pass my wallet
and key
You arrived
and smiled at me
saying
When did I say
I wanna marry you?

Oops!
At the moment
I broke into pieces
trying to discover
real Me
from among
the broken pieces.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Refugee

Browsing for
words
wounds deeper and deeper
in my ankle and knees
curved are my spines
paining my longing soul
so intensely
bleeding from within.

I am just to
take refuge
of the earthly deeds sir.

Please don't ask me to be
back again.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Regret

I never regret
for the pages left blank
for my paint brush
failed for every stroke
to sketch you perfect.

I regret
only when it stops.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Republic Day

Red flag
on the temple top,
the angel of peace
is shot dead
on the red corridor;
the kids are ready
for republic day parade.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Republic Day Promise

Urticating hairs
bristles toxin filled
are long forgotten
stung you many times
in the past
brutally though.

The caterpillar
moults
growing colored wings
to you again befool
a task for him never tough.

Million eggs
it promises
this republic day
to your surprise
all hatch soon
just wait and be cool.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Right Selection.

For our right
we always fight
but time chooses
What is right.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Road To Success

The roads of the city
all connecting to
a place somewhere
not you,
not me
nobody knows.

Neither an astrologer
nor the traffic police
on duty
is aware of.

Despite,
you are never
allowed to cross
the zebra crossing,
always you should
keep to left
and never entitled to
take over fellow travelers.

You can not travel
without helmet or seat belt
You should follow the signals
at every traffic post
for your safety.

Though smarter, they say
the city
heaps of garbage
garbage of frustration
and failure
all over the road
riskier goes the city.

You should follow
the foot prints
of failure
to achieve success!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Rumour

Skillfully
Spread rumour
of the pet dog
You can kill it
easily like
a mad stray dog.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

SYNTAX

Moaning at despair
and plight deep so
could apeal your
sympathetic heart,
had it been followed
syntax rules
deemed proper.

Thanks sir
for your sympathy
Long lived
it may be.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Sad Death Of A Butterfly

Rugged wings of the butterfly
frail and fatigued.
bounced by scorching heat of the sun
bumps on to my garments
but cheats my senses.

Who blew the siren?
unstoppable, untamed
unbearable, unchecked!

Whose thunderous voice,
Whose clarion call
nurtured in the tender wings
of earthly butterfly
a fervent desire
for a fiery flight
towards the radiant?

I sense the sad landing
of the baffled creature
but to utter surprise
find nowhere, nowhere!

Is it the sluggish caterpillar
of the days gone
within the protective cocoon
or very close to me somewhere?

Who exhorted for a heliotropic flight?
tempted for a limitless height!

For a new world order
was it a conspiracy
for a cold blooded murder?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Salesman.

You are
a good salesman
To a lover
can sell
poison
and dreaded weapon.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Search

Slept 're
the streets and sky
slept 're
the villages and trees
and slept 're
the dreams billions
having shed
tear and blood
all day long.

I wanna disturb them not.

A smell
something too noxious
perhaps burnt
let me not sleep.

Me, awaken
in dark searching for
some belongings
I should have safe
for next morning.

Next morning
I find me burnt
in my crop field at harvest
burnt entirely!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Selfish

Sucked and sucked
to vaccum
celebrated your victory
left her dry and barren.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Seynru On Human Greed

The captive never wants escape
from the death trap
of Human greed.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Shame

You sway
your nude hips
of prosperity
at the cost of
blood shed of
their generosity.

I am ashamed of
you sir!

Are you not?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

She Is Unique

She is unique.

Can you quench
her thirst
even if you
pour whole
ocean of love
in to her?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

She Whispers

She whispers
with all
household chores
may it be annoyed
or in a romantic mood.
What she says!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

She's Pregnant

She's pregnant
with her past
having slept with
the ghost
all night in the bed.

Dark so was the the night
drunk was the room
closed're the doors and windows
sleeping with her dear ghost
she's pregnant.

For her
the ghost smelt
like Arabic perfume
for her
she felt everything
of the ghost
but rhyming delight.

Everything rest
was rust and unjust
but never was the ghost
She got pregnant
with her past
sleeping with the ghost.

Night no longer lasted
no longer did the darkness
no longer appears the ghost
to share her agony and anger
With lust she' is lost
She is lost
She loves the ghost no longer
no longer wants to
remember the past
with the past
She's pregnant
Soon she goes to bear

another ghost, must
As she is pregnant
sleeping with the ghost.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Shoe

Afloat in the
hypnotic waves of
your chants
I am stuck
at an isle
where I find
no shoe fit proper
to my feet.

What a treachery sir!
All are of your size!
What to do?
Where to go?
Shall I try one
meant for You?
Or find my own way!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Should I Start Again?

Nothing yours could be mine,
nothing could I learn
from your yearn
your passion and pain.

Nothing I possess
of your possession.

From the nascent fragrance
of floral buds
and from bees' nuptial dance
could I learn anything!

Nothing could I
from the hurried spring
in the shriveled meadow behind.

In the tiresome dusk
while I swipe
essence of life
my yell and eerie
at my distressful flight
bounces at reality.

It drags me naked
to remember you
to remember your signal
that I failed to perceive
at the traffic post.

It leaves me severely wounded
The scratches in the hooves
of fierce race horse
in the hot sunny mid day
had blinded me once
never forgotten
never to be.

Somewhere in the

old house I lived
in the long past
the key was lost.

I wish
I'd be there to kiss
your innocent hunger
yet immature.

Can I be able to
open the door!

Should I start to learn afresh?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Shrine Of Democracy.

Shrine of democracy
Slayer is the priest
Voter is slain.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Silence Bangs!

Silence bangs
Violence spreads tentacles
Truth yields.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Sin And Salvation

The sinner
In lotus pose
Transgresses
To offer salvation
From all sins.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Slave Of Darkness.

Endowed with get up of darkness
having thrown on the path of a ruined day
what is your quest for?

The butterfly with its frail wings
is laid somewhere distorted
you can not see!

The swarm of bees flying to sun
are back on the hives.

Who are you to fight with
Of gun and knives?

Your eyes are painted with
earthly clouds
the sky seemingly dark of thunder storm
with the jewels you decorate your shroud.

O'slave of darkness
killing the sons of light
in your own hand
trying for the path to illuminate
who else left to fight?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Small Head

Too small
Are the heads
Of the goats
Grass from deodar
To discriminate.

Who is Kalidas?
Shakespear who?
My foot.

Everything is OK
As long as
For our sensuous tongue
And teeth.

Too small are the heads
Of the goat
To resolve falsehood
From truth.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Smile Please

The man
is fugitive from
yesterdays nightmares
that has saddened him
too much
that has been his
causes of repentance
he wants to bury the dead.

Fear of unborn tomorrow
appears him as
constant source of threat
of devastation.

Today's dreams
O' friend
let it not shatter
in between.

Harvest what ever
left over
may be enough
for both ends to join.

Smile please,
My friend!
and look at me.

Don't cry,
Do I?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Society

we're born locally
together to stab each other
globally we think.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Something To Happen.

It is not like
any other day, that
I'll regret and remorse.

The morning greeted
with a nice aesthetic bouquet
and cup of tea strong.

The young lady at home
has finished household chorus
before I get up.

Something charismatic
is to happen, Sure.

The weather is
too gracious with
elegant sunshine
The gusty wind overnight
has calmed down
paving the way to memories
poignant and unpleasant.

The kids are to
their maternal home
for holidays
elderly parents
are on pilgrimage
today I want oblivion
from deadly trap
of yesterday that
hurts me and hunts my
today.

What happened yesterday
was fear, loss and defeat
insult and infliction.
What was our fault in it!

Our fault was not to
accept defeat and deception.

Nothing charismatic
to happen.

Today's promising sun
after some hours of regret and remorse
will set in the west
for another
still waiting in the east.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Sorrow

Me, not me
odor I breathe
not mine.

Me, aim at the sky
ocean is hurt
Me, keep burning within.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Spectrum Of Life

Every road has its curves unique
Every cloth of its fabric
Every point on the globe
Has its co-ordinate and topography
Every flower has its
own fragrance colour and morphology.

Every character in the play
Is endowed with its attribute unique
Every situation is also unique.
At every juncture we meet
a different web of life
At every up and down our life has to ripe
No colour is bad or good wholesome
All that make up a unique spectrum.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Stabbing Within

Darker the night
deeper the incision
of your embrace
and sharper the knife
stabbing me within.

Thousands of lies
I may throw at them
in a single spell
not a single for you.

My prayer is still
unable to find a word
for priming
a garland.

The swan falling down the sky
struck by your arrow
time and again.
I'll tag no reason for.
The feather of golden peacock
I have seen is not afar.

Can I lie You?
Are you not my clone?

Your game plan
was known before.

Every time you come with
a plot of new birth
when I go to sketch the
crematorium
you add A blue feather
on the head of sorrow.

Winning is to
defeat the self.

Let the night be
darker and darker
Knife be sharper
stabbing within
deeper and deeper.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Stain

The winter morn
basks in sun
Stains of last night's nightmare
Forgotten and forgiven.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Strength

For you
May be,
Strength lies
in putting
savage beasts
in to the cage.

But for me
to set them
free, realize
their real strength
what you being human
don't.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Submission

I feel
You reciprocate,
don't care
if not really

I do feel
in the breeze
in winter morning
leaves parting
from the trees
You reciprocate.

In the hiccough
in your glottis
in the blinking
of your eyes
involuntary
I feel you reciprocate.

I do feel
you reciprocate.

I feel you in every pulse
and impulse
I split into halves
one almost a machine
with no human touch
living, pretend to be.

Deliver lectures
on life
in the theater
bargain at
green grocers'
for a coin
feel ecstasy
of sensuality wholesome.

Sitting in the terrace

in the evening
count the stars in the sky
futile.

The other half
Me not mine
can not lie
can not die
lives burning
burns living
die loving love dying.

I feel you reciprocate
Don't care if not
really.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Suicide

To force the innocent followers
to beat your drum
is genocide
to beat your own drum
is suicide.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

T E A R

Tear is not
the water dropped
from the corner of eye,
but the warm fluid
that oozes out of
the sensible heart;
No matter
whosoever is suffering.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Affidavit

By your gracious name
My Lord, I swear that
I will complaint never
before any court of law
or authority any other
for your injustice
against me and
for failing to fulfill
your manifesto.

You have given me
much more than I
needed or pleaded for.

Who You are?

My God Or Government!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Alphabet

Had I not forgotten
the phonemes
of the alphabet long before,
I would swim across
the fathomless river
full of risk and obstacles
Life is never easy without.

For the orphan eyes
a handkerchief
too stained with blood
a never healing wound within
a perennial stream of tear
a pulsating heart
above the meniscus
unable to jump over.

Don't you remember dear
with a ghastly roar of fear
when we ran about awkward
stood the tall plum tree
in front.

should I go with you
this time!

You mean to say
the shriek heard
from the closed room
was not ours?

Are we not standing
you say where we are?

Haven't you seen
the cutie pie
playing still
with the broken toy?

Can I remember the phonemes
again?

Let the girl to
come out with the cage
May be one or two
herons escaped from
the fiery face of despair
and devastation
may fall into the trap.

Who cares for the alphabet!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Assassin

You are
the bloody assassin
stand on my way
at every juncture
with a sharp knife
separating
dream from reality.

Who knows your intent!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Ball

Off the wall
they stand gossiping
since long
in the strip between
settlements.

I wonder
what they mean!

I am sure
their talk
though commanding
never sum up
in the crisis and catastrophe
to come.

Never can it be
the gospel of truth
they talk about.

What they talk about?

Is it about demonetization
Or about Montreal protocol?
Or it is about
Black hole or big bang? they talk about.

They never stop talking
some times they whisper
sometimes their voice is raised.

In the mean time
the kite is parted off
the string
the sun is hiding
behind the light post
the spider has spun its web
in the open window.

The weeds have started
growing beneath their feet
the could not see.

They are talking still
never stop.

Are they talking about
the weeds
along side of the road
or about the pebbles from the shore
they gathered in their bags?

They never stop.

I wonder,
Are they talk about
heaven and hell?

But the earth!
It is in their clutch
or beneath their feet.

Shall I ask them
about the ball
the boy left somewhere here?
Do they know!
Off the wall they are still gossiping.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Bitter Truth

We the faces unknown
bodies heterologous
bump into each other
in dark.

We love, make merry
sing and dance
do something and
die close to each other.

But the light
the eternal bliss
discloses our identity.

We are thrown into
loneliness, the bitter truth.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Bizarre Act

The body whole naked
mind enslaved
the soul brutally tortured
misery exploited
most heinous game
played with her
all night by the
savage monster.

In the morn
freshened with
young day light color
with crossed arms
polite and elite
he appears
on the posters
to her delight
dreams of heaven he assures
to woo the voters.

Her's is so weak a memory
to remember the nightmare.

Her fate is so bizarre.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Black Sheep

Ba Ba Black sheep
where goes your wool?

You say you are a Bull
Am I a fool?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Blackship

I dreamt of my future
my world
sitting in the class
You taught so many lessons
showing us myriads of dreams
which I thought
can not be mine.

Never can they
as I thought
I am the lord of
my dreams and
God of my future world.

You rusticated me
for I was the black ship
in your eyes.

The days are gone sir
I have come up
with a small offering for you.
With utmost care.

I have grown my wool new
long and strong
to warm you up
two bags at least
You may fill up.

One for you sir
and one for the lady at home
You love so much
can also warm her up
this cold winter.

The third
I will spare never
as it is for the
little boy in the lane

living long as a black ship,
as an insane.

I think as before sir
I am the lord of my dreams
and God of my world so.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Bomb Blast

The bomb is
blasted
somewhere inside
you are injured.
You are searching
for the reason
out side.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Bonfire.

Who sings a serenade in dark!
Like a sudden spark
Of radiance
In vast stretches of
My inner world
Tilts my existence
Is it my fiance!
Where!
Where from it comes
Where it goes to!
To my surprise
The little spring in me
Turns an innundate
The spark of the fire
Slowly turns a bonfire
It burns itself
Keeps burning my 'Self'

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Bullet

The bullet
fired from your eyes
struck to my heart
straight.

Me live shot dead
life long bleed
the bullet still I need.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Calender

In the arid and desolate
grave yard of my heart
Who you are
sprout the hope of
greenery!

Are you the calendar
of the new year?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Capital

The network of
bridges and roads
everywhere laid
to connect the people
with you.
You are still unreachable.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Celebrity

Who's the celebrity
if not You?

Whom, for the day
is celebrated
If you are not
among the dignitaries.

You are on the emblem
But, not in the event.

If you are not
invited
or remembered
Who else is there!

If you die of starvation
out side
who else is
at the dining
meant for you?

If you are
brutally killed
out side
Who else is
worshiped there?

If you are the past
who the hell
are the present
and future? ? ?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Child's Dream.

Unfinished dreams of the elders
born just earlier
stood on his way
celebrating.

the track too maze like
laid down on the play ground,
intriguing values
distorted passion
and goal full of suspicion
shadowed on him
as he was born.

His dreams are handicapped
under their dominion.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Conqueror

With most expensive
Italian shoes for the feet
Royal fringe of diamond and gold
for the head
and an armor of steel
to protect the chest
from times bullet
aloud you shout.

With a herd of sheep
from all sides
hired for airing your name
all around
Hundreds of pet dogs
are your army, as they sound.
With a vast reserve of riches
with the gun point
you gathered from all niches
you show your valour.

Most powerful time beneath your feet
with a claim of eternal youth
as if all that comes you can hit.

For you it is unseen
times Eagle high above flies
spares none
as the pots are filled with sin.

With all your possessions
dear don't you fear no longer
Are you sure
past present and future
you can conquer!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Crocodile Tears.

The ocean of
crocodile tears
couldn't bring in you cheers.

They could drown you
deeper and deeper
down the submerged valley
of death.

A little smile
with love crystal clear
could melt
mountain of
stratified sorrows
with great faith.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Culprit

Beneath the eyelid
tear turns ice
smile on the lips
still on the
wall painting.

The new morn
much awaited
suckles the breast
dry and shrunken
long before.

The naughty rat
gnawing
rushes into
the ventricles
of heart and brain.

Times target
misfired again
hurt and wounded
are the innocent hunger
and stars falling down
from the lap of sky
helpless.

We the hunters
start our fresh battle
again
to catch the culprit
most wanted.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Curved Walkystick

Sharper the target
redder the bleeding
of the wounds
within
deeper and deeper.

The embrace is warmer
bodies no separate
lips close enough to.

where comes the
curved walkystick amidst
pushes apart the lips!
billion light years
from the horizon
we are thrown out.

Off the clouds
the rays of moon peeping
vanish with vanishing sky.

The book with verses
you needed at distress
helps no longer.

The walky stick follows.

The dwarf longing
for the moon
dwarfer and dwarfer.

Our austerity
age old
a dew drop in the palm
dissolves
with stir of walky stick
leaves no outlet for breathe.

The walky stick follows me

where goes my feet
blocks me
blocks my path
target changes again
I change my guise.

YOU?
Following me?
Curved walky stick again? ? ? ?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Cutlet

In the cutlet
of human flesh
you search for
milk of human kindness!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Dancer.

With dancing ghoongroo
In a thousand feet
The poetry, like a virgin girl
Dances on my chest yard.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Death Trap

I cling to
Your death trap,
As I love you
so.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Deciduous Trees

The deciduous trees
in winter
shed the leaves
to bloom the greenery
afresh.

We shed each others blood
to keep intact
the moth eaten values
of the races.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Deep Depression

In the Bay of Bengal
deep depression
threatens
not the animals
not the plants.

We the humans
try hard to
mitigate the disaster
saving plants
saving animals
for ourselves
not for their life.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Democracy

A loophole
in the name of majority
never for majority
a refuge for opportunistic
minority.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Dense Forest

A troop of horse artillery
passed by the post
we are standing here
for a way out and shout.
Yes I have seen valour
in the arms of the warriors
fire in their eyes
the swift feet of the horses
untamed
rushed straight in to
the dense forest.
The forest around
blocks our way across
long since eternity.
With the fog and clouds
we are blinded.
Everytime our futule trial
bounced and bounced
and we are fixed here undone.
Where went the warriors!
Will not they come back
with a way out!
Or turn yet another forest
all around! ! !

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Destination.

The pug mark,
the wallet
and the cell phone
of the warriors
on the way to the forest
warns again and again.

The forest is deep and dark
road impassable
and treacherous,
weather unsettled
threatens the
adventurers.

Had I the locket
in the pocket
I would not pause here.

I forgot to wear
gumboot and rain coat even.

I am midway
to the destination
not far away.

Should I tress pass
or warn the fellow travelers?

Again the pug mark,
the wallet
and the cell phone.

Where is my cell phone? ? ?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Destiny

Had I been died
billion times for you
Could I save You
going astray you say?

Instructions, prayer
or exhortation
Could they save you
from sin greed and folly?

Could my learned ego
of knowledge
save you from
soiling yourself
with evils of life?

Could all the wealth
and luxury
of the universe
wipe out
a drop of tear
from your weeping eyes?

Then,
Who the hell
is to blame to?
Is it me?
Or my destiny?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Disaster

The disaster
never before
is warned of.

Times greasy feet
is ready with
dancing ghoongroo
tied around.

The crow and the vulture
are ready
in their posts
to tear out
the viscera
of the carcass

The molten core
on the verge of
bursting out
of the shell
the sky is
falling down
as if.

The disaster
never before
is warned of.

The glossy lips
of the future
is painting
lipstick, pink
all over
in another episode.

The king old and worn out
orders viagra
for births next
claims immortal.

The innocent household
is making room
for the coconut tender
in the garden
of the neighbor abroad.

The kids delighted
tearing the texts
busy making paper boat
for the morning next.

We, the learned ones
are searching for
the verse
to set wings in the worm
to fly escape the disaster.

The man in the rear hut
dark and dirty
unseen
is sewing the torn
in the umbrella
for the disaster.

The disaster
never before
But, certain
is warned of.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Dog

Tied in the chains and collar
is my dear dog,
though I love so much
for my sensual pleasure.

It is my dear pet dog
It wags its tail in empathy
It licks tips to toe
of my manhood whole
so passionately
when I back home with
regret and remorse
with insult and infliction
with heart broken
body and mind tiresome
from daily chorus.

It is tied in chains
though I love it so much
it is never trustworthy
for my ego, helpless.

It never complaints
never rolls tear
But looks at my eyes
in compassion
for my innocence.

Like the dog
the garden I inherit
is much more needed
to fill and thrill my hunger
to shape my future
is inimical to the dog.

The dog,
though I love so much
is never allowed
to the garden

to the altar
for it is
sensuous and unholy.

In the dark of the night
when eyes of all senses are shut
The dog is untied free.
But not to my surprise
it gallops savagely
in the garden
damages
the twigs and leaves
flowers and fruits
spoils the sanctity of the garden
and pees over nicest flower.

It is never trustworthy
still I love the dog for my
sensuous pleasure
and I love the garden
for it fills and thrills
my hunger.

The dog is
tied in chains and collar.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Door Closed

I can hear
a cry, so loud
perhaps of a child
in close proximity.

Sure,
somewhere here
in the room
so deep and dark.

At some door
a sound
of knocking hard
again and again
I can hear
You may not!

Nothing clear
when asked
he insists
indicating a door, shut
hardly could I see
but, he was told about
so strong
can not be wrong.

The address he says
still puzzles me
as he cries louder
he says
a lip luxuriant
and arrogant
at the door mentioned
shakes her head at him
ridiculously
the door opens not.

The more I try console him
the more he cries louder

the address
can not be wrong
he claims
the door
can not be closed.

He left top job
in the bank promisingly
precious,
refused ticket
for election
from the party so popular
didn't go for
hunting with friends
so charming.

His love, so passionate
assured him
togetherness for ever
he had to leave
on the way
The love,
who'd dance
in tune of his song
He repents.

I can hear
a cry, so loud
perhaps, of a child
becomes louder and louder.

The door never opens.
I'd show him
the door, another
in dark to try
But,
where.....?
Do I know?
Who Knows? ? ?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Drama Is Over

The drama is over.

All that is left
is but
faded make up
on the face
and drowsy dialogues
on the tiered lips
no longer mean any thing.

Let's go back
The farmers with your
ploughs to your cropland
the teachers to the
classroom
the housewives
to the daily chorus.

We are too late
to add life in the
pupil of the Idol.

Never wait.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Eagle

Shall I sing?
said the bird
"Shall I sing? "
said the flower
"Shall I sing? "
said the sun
Or" shall I? "
said the shower.

Neither could I sing
in their tunes
nor could I
say any thing.

I was busy gazing at
the eagle flying high up
shadow clouding over
my soul
threatening its existence.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Eagle Eye

You move right,
I move to left.

At a point
must we meet
where the predator eyes
of the eagle has
a sharp watch
us, must catch.

Can we change
our guise
to escape
or hide!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Eagle's Target

The closed fist
Of your ego
Drags the cosmos
Towards your clutch
The eagle flying high
Targets you to snatch.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Egret And The Man

The egret forages
Where a cow grazes
and flushes out insects
From the hedges.
But under the shade
Of prosperity if
One helpless and needy
stands
The man is raged.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Escapist

You run so swift
can you escape
from reality
from death trap
of life o'escapist?

Never can You,
So stop here dear
Live your life
full fledged.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Fake

The orthodox weeds
of stone age
evade into my
bed room.

I trusted on you
so much
but on the day of trial
you stood on their side.

Much have we suffered
in the hide and seek
between You and me.

Your burgeoning smile
killing my proletarian soul.

My proletarian cry
threatening your burgeoning crown.

All are of the act same
but episode different.

One day must, I
will assemble all
your kith and kin
near and dear
friends and foes
neighbor and relatives
tell them must
the crown you hold
the territory you acquire
are all fake.

The language you speak
the costume you wear
are not yours.

You are also fake

like me.

Will they believe?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Fire

The fire bids me
a sweat good bye
revolves round
my soul
as the light
emitted from a dead star.

Shall I ask it to
wait for me.

On the ashes so cold
nice flowers must have
been blossomed, then.

Why should I blame the fire?

Is it not the flower itself?
Or different!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Fisherman

The fisherman takes pain
to drag fishing reel
but consumes marsh crab
It is your kindness.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Fishing Bait.

The cunning fisherman
Spreads the fishing bait
Every time
An innocent hunger
Is caught.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Followers

The blind paves the way
to a world brighter
we the deaf and dumb
are the followers.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Food Chain

From the crow's beaks
escapes the froglet
preys upon
the half dying meal worm
in hunger yet.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Gentleman

The cunning stork
like a gentleman in white
slowly and steadily
moving through
the haycinth
weeding over the dying pond
for if any fish
is still alive
of the disaster.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Golden Axe.

The wood cutter boy
is with utter dismay
something precious
it must be
he has lost as if,
he is in agony
pale turned his face
so gracious.

Neither the axe of steel
nor even of gold he claims
at his will.

Unlike the first, honest wood cutter,
he is no careless so
he is not
like the second one
with the intent evil too

The god of the forest
on him pleased though
his mood looked still low.

Nothing he wants
with no pain to gain
the golden axe he'll never claim
he goes not to pollute his
fathers name.

Some thing precious must
he has lost, so worried
plunging in to darkness
goes he buried.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Google Man

The man with
barren scalp over his head
claims to have google inside.

Not a single nearby
to hear his distress cry
Stays connected on net with billions
for inner queries to solve in trillions.

Captured in the time's death trap
covers the baldness with a painted cap.

Amidst the senses in a brutal mutiny
lays to decide times destiny.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Government

Life of the carcass
is assured
with intensive care
by vultures And jackals!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Hand, Unidentified.

Many many years ago
a hand so soft, so loving
patted on my back
I do remember
as if
blood in my veins
started flowing
at the speed of
billion light years.

The same hand no different
but I see the nails grown
odd and uncut in the fingers.

The radiant ring in the inornate
can not I recall back
for which
I have set fire
in the room
dark and unidentified
all the belongings
are no more precious
than pebbles on the deserted shore.

Amidst chaos confusion
somebody gathers
the fodder left over
by the cattle.

Was it that hand?
Let me see it again.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Honey Bee.

O' lover!
Your love is honey
made of nectar.

You help pollinate
the flowers
To make love help the lovers.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The House

Off the rented house
they have already
shifted to a new
they claim
their own.

Alas!
I could not find
any reason
for celebration
as I have not found one.
Had I own a house
I wish to shift must.

Is there one?
Do I know?
Or they do!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The House Is Collapsing.

So aloud say never
Never openly so
The house is collapsing
It is real though.

Shout never
weakened is the
prime pillar
threatened is
the existence
of all inmates
kids to old.

Keep quiet
never to disclose it
against collegium
against constitution
it is against all norms.

In confidence
what is going on
never make it open.

Let them know not
let the children cry not
where to fly
how to stray
They may come on the road
Must they'll see us naked
they'll see us naked.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Hyena

Come out, come out!
Howls the Hyena
Says he is the saviour
Of the flock of sheep.

Can the sheep think of
The the conspiracy so deep!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Identity

From the very beginning
I had suspected the guy

His body language
his I card and costume
His wallet and mail id
all appeared so to me.

When he wanted
to put on the ring
into her finger
it was confirmed.

I could not tolerate
his intimacy
I could not accept fantasy
he talked.

What I knew
what was the view
in reality
had I disclose earlier
would you believe them?

could I ask him
to prove his testimony
on such a nice occasion
of cheating
each other's identity?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Illusion

Within the maze
of meanings
and
collection of words
You are but illusion
of myriad colors.

At times it appears
too nauseatic
on introspection,
heart calm
and mind free
of tides of chaos and confusion
you appear
somehow real.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The King

The king sips blood
the subjects delight.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Kings Carriage

The wild weeds
grow over the kings carriage.
The crown prince rejoices.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Ladder

Me too
with a passion to fly
above the sun
with an emotion
to dive deep down
the ocean
somewhere needed
a ladder.

Every step for a resilience
from agony of helplessness.

Who would come to help
who would spread her lap!

Had I shout
for a fall from the steps
who would help me?
if not the ladder.

Today when I unveil
the mystery of
mounting the height of dignity
at the summit of the ladder,
there they are ready to
throw me to nadir.

Me too
not ready
not ready at all.

who would take me to faith?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Lamb

The lamb is
fed by the shepherd
soon its throat is cut.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Last Piece Of Art.

All went wrong.

The moon is stained with raw blood
the silhouette is no longer visible
the palm tree in distant hill
is sliding off
the dream flower has lost its pigments.

What was wrong with!
With the cutis shriveled
cataract eyes shrunken
the arms trembling
the artist is busy
bringing goose bump
in the effigy of his failure.

What makes difference?
If the sculpture
is not complete
before the last breathe.

What if he sings or not
the last song.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Last Train

The destination
Could I change?
For you turned up not!

For the desert thirst throttled
Turns my heart
For petrifies my browsing feet!

For pupil in the starring eyes
Shrinks and shrivels
For ice turns
The blood in my frigid veins.

The last beggar is snoring high
Far off the plat form
Swirling smog at light post
Marks the last train.

Hands of the wrist watch
Still move in time.

The willow o wisp in the palm beach
Recedes to replace
The polestar
Off the horizon
Shut are the doors
Of near and dear
Come have the results on.

What is the destination?
What is the destiny either.
Who wrote it?
Did you?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Lie.

Had I not lied
like naked truth
our love so fragile
would not last
so long.

Under the day light umbrella
the passionate lips
kissing each other
so tight
would split apart
several billion
light years.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Light

All your eyes are
fixed on me.

You are fighting
among yourselves
embracing each other
with comments and counter comments
with rejoice and ridicules
being a part.

Let them go on
I put on the
tea spoon of light
into my mouth,
So that I can feel
the thin stream of blood
from my soul
flowing towards
all of you
who wonder.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Love Bird

With shedding of contour feathers
new shades of hopes appearing in its wings
houses all the celebrations
and frustrations.

Its stretch it never
wants to know.

In the lovers moan
blowing from
nearest Casuarina clad
in the roar of distant sea
it appears camouflaging as if.

Its flight is limitless
limitations is to question never.

Its form and function
not predictable
to suit one yours.

Neither the height of
the blue sky
nor the depth of
deepest trench in the ocean
is its abode.

At every passenger halt
it sings aberrated
like one in lunatic asylum.

It knows only to love
only to fly nonstop
knowing not the destination.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Midnight Flicker

Of regret and remorse
was spent the whole year
darkness prevailed everywhere
they blame December
for fall and frustration
for dismay and disaster
for the year was but a nightmare.

All are in a hurry
to welcome new year.

One thirty first December
sets fire to burn itself
as a midnight flicker
so that they can
cut through the pack of
darkness of
another year.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Monarch Butterfly.

Like the
caterpillar
of Monarch Butterfly
feeding on poisonous weed
highly distasteful, I am
for the predator of time
for the predator in time.
Who knows?
If the predator
is found immune so!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Monster Comes

I smell the monster
Heading at the crown
Something stupendous
Must happen.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Naughty Planet

It never moves reverse
even you hang me till death.
Why sir so
I am ready to lie
billion times
for I want to live
for me it is so important
only important I know so far.

The earth moves nevertheless
I lie or not who cares for!
You take away all the blood
I have in my veins
stop the spike in my brain
You fool, the naughty truth
sees none, listens none.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Network

Closer to the
mobile tower
though, you are
the network
does not work.
Like a watch dog
You bark
in the dark
like the roar
of a tiger in the den
all goes in vain.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Night

The night of devastation
Wipes the stains of darkness
On the body mind and spirit
To face the sun
Every morning.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Offer

Like the golden necklace
to the old priest
offers the man eater
The leaders launch
the schemes to lure the voters.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Opportunist.

The Sun hides in the horizon
The opportunist firefly
at your proximity
try to replace the distant stars
before the immense darkness dies
before daylight dazzles.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Pebbles.

The pebbles I have collected
from your sandy shore
are your forms.
All I have earned
are your variants.
How can I throw them away? You say
How can I?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Pics Of Sorrow.

Your worst suffering
had I been trying to
capture live
with my camera lifeless
I would be world's
best photographer ever.

Had I been trying
with the oil pellet
to flow on the canvas
most sorrowful tear
dropped from your eyes
you say, I would be
the best ever artist.

Please, stop this nonsense
Dear Sir.
Better take out my
lifeless camera
to make up a loaf of bread
for sleep less hunger
of the man giving pose
beside me.
Damn the painting.
Make a hanky, if you can
spare the canvas stretched
to wipe out tear from the eyes
dropping all night
to bring out smile
in your lips.
Is it not the poetry
best ever?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Pigments

The pigments
my leaves endowed with
are the most precious gift.

I won't let them
fade away by any means.

Let it be enough
for the injustice
to shape
against you or me.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Poet

No point is
untouchable
No point is a G Spot.
You the poet
can create orgasm
in most frigid one
for you lap everywhere
your tongue can reach.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Poetry

Reward and punishment
likes and dislike
equally nourish your soul.

Comments and counter comments
are for you
like oxygen.

Light and darkness
truth and falsehood
pain and pleasure
Rupert and Prativa
rise and fall
keep you alive
both in heaven and hell.

You are the poetry
of eternal Muse.

Never born to
defeat any body
or yield to...

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Poster

The credit goes
to the editor
heinous history
is erased
the brute appears
charming in the poster
nation's fate it tethers.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Prayer

Million times
with billion stances
I am praying you
with trillions of songs
of tunes different.

This song is also
no different.

I would be flying
kite targeting the infinity
the sky
But my feet earth bound
never moving an inch even.

Neither can I fly
nor can I guess Your
nomadic existence.

Shall I stop praying?
Can I?

Is it not a song so sweet
Never ending!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Prism

The silence
splits into
noise of different frequencies.

The truth colorless
splits into
spectrum of
falsehood.

Me doomed to split
through the prism
into fragments.

Can I assemble again!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Problem Defined

Defining the problem
the student undone
no other way out
in the exam hall
can not be explained either.
It is ill defined
It is undefined
wholesome.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Rainbow

Between
you and Me
the spectrum
of dreams
like an arched rainbow
of colors
never straight.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Road

I have
No go, no goal.

Without me
You have
No go, no goal.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Road Map

No,
Never have we
seen the road map
to the red color fish
like,
We have not seen
the God in disguise
rescuing the doe
in the trap of the hunter,
the dog and the fire.

We move on a narrow lane
where a single click
everything hails at our feet
our pride and vanity
goes high
we are sorry only for
our drowsy eyelids blinking.

Tear accumulates
in the gutter of the history
one day will burst out a fountain
we all will stand and stare at.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Roar

The roar of
the distant sea
bumps into
ear drum.

I am in a hurry
to punch for
attendance.

A handful of
your golden assurance
in my closed fist
burning my palm.

The roar is
too close to me.

A fly dead in my tea cup
has made off my dreams.

Last night's
horror with stain and pain
still in the body and mind
Incision of brutal sin
in the lips
of the goddess
peeps out bright still.

Should we stop the chariot here?
Or run away panic? ?

The sea is about to
engulf the shore
engulf me.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Role Model.

No my child
Not me
But only you
have the key to
open the inner lock.
I have seen the ocean
touching the sky,
the sky touching the earths greenery
Also seen
the vultures targeting the carrion
up above the sky
Whom to say to be your role model!
It is you
Only you dear
You are different.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Ruler

The dominion is free
the ruler in the clutch of The famous grouse
voters deaf and dumb.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Ruthless Killer.

Ruthlessly killing the trees
Longing for fresh air.

Ruthlessly killing faith
Longing for love pure!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Sailor

The darkness
murky and impalpable
behind the beer bar
like angel or ghost
few countable spirits.

A dim light from the
counter straights narrow
among them.

Strongly believe, I
at least one of them
must have the jeal
to walk bare foot
and vanish in the
next umbilicus
stabbed by the sharp knife.

No clear voice could be audible
behind the bar.

The retired old sailor
for me waiting must
His story has no flesh and blood
but I know
it will pave my way
for where I had to go
and I have to go must.

No Gandhi
No Trump
none can help
if any body puts out
the light midway.

Will the sailor
be there?
to wipe out my tear.

The Shelter

The old owl hides
in the crevices
of age old sculpture.

The brute butcher
washes his blood stained hands
with fluid of democracy.

The rapist of humanity
pretends to sketch
the portrait of the goddess.

The washer man forgets
the odor of the betrayal
in dirty clothes.

The soft bodied snail
withdraws in to its shell
for safety
but crushed under the wheels
of racial fight.

Everybody search for a shelter
for uncertain catastrophe.

Is there one?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Smile Killer

So smart and handsome
so gorgeous
you are in your costume.

So royal is
your stance,
your posture can
attract anybody at a glance.

So sweet you speak
is able to kill others squeak.

The perfume you spray
is ready to
enter the fray.

But,
your thoughts are so rotten
so barbaric is your action
smell so pungent
for the humanity
harmfully stringent.

Don't ask me to stand
beside you even for a while
for you The brute,
Killer of smile.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Substitute

The broken toy
replaced by one new
the child's cry stops.
Can't there be one
for mine too!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Suicide Bomber.

I'm hired
For destroying
Humanity
With abomb.
Human values in me
Destroyed long before
I am a suicide bomber
Politics and religion
Are my partner.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Suitcase

After a day long work
you are pretty successful
Your suitcase is
full of wealth and
costly jewellery.

My little pocket
is full of nothingness.
When we rich the river bank
please never ask me
to carry yours
as I can swim across
the river
with one too heavy.
Can you?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Summer

Last drop of rain
is sucked by
the hot summer sun.

The last seed of hope
is stolen by the rodent.

The trees have fallen
the last greenery.

The perches and mud skippers
have gone to
aestivating cocoons.

The most evasive haycynth
with its blue color smiles
hides underneath
the mud withering
and withering.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Teacher.

You relied on me
but not on my credibility
for bringing your kid
up.

You asked me to teach
your kid to earn from learning
but I wanted him to learn
from earning instead.

You asked me to teach
to beat the world
I wanted him to explore
one not traced out.

You asked me to teach him
to be great
I thought " Is he not Great? "

You asked me to inform You
if Your kid loves anybody
But I found him loving
all the animate and the inanimate.

You wanted me to teach your kid
land on the moon
What could I do?
As I knew He is no less than a star.

You asked me to help
your kid
to the greatest height
I wanted him to do it with nobody's help.

You asked me to write
something important on the pages blank
But I tried to remove the dust
settled on the nicest written pages.

You rely on me or not
I know
the cloud can not
hide the the burning sun
for ever.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Toilet

I would prefer
a toilet to a temple
for I need not bent down
before any thing
for any desire
through a middle man.

It helps me must
getting rid of
what I should not
have within me.

Every time
I come out of it
clean, pure
and holy.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Valentine Song

Night raises its curtain
to sprinkle darkness
with equal treat
for good and evil
bidding goodbye once again
to the myriads of
fake colors of the day.
I won't sing this time in joy
neither lament over
in despair for something
so precious lost on the way.

O' lovers
stop, stop!
to see the countless fates uncertain
like versatile stamens
sway in the air.

I won't see their contours
neither shall I caress the back
of my failures.
The bouquet of roses red
are being faded
the fragrance of the day
no more to hypnotize
my orphan existence.

Tonight
I would feel my valentine
better and better
pulses in the arteries
impulse in the nerves
all are raged
with night raising her curtain.

Nobody to envy
nobody to share
my sorrow and happiness
nobody to come in between.

The warmth on the bosom of time
all I have as gift
Let the night linger
more and more
for the mundane thirst and hunger
to help stop the light
celebrating falsehood
that slumbers on the bed of love
all along in dreams of delight.

Let me feel
my drenched eyes alone
for I have waited long long for ages
for this sweat moment
to hug my valentine
I live and ready to die
But the horizon
feels so darker, so lonely
Where is my Valentine?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Voice

The voice
though not audible clearly
I know
must be a long call
meant for me
by my name
from YOUR MAJESTY.
Can I refuse!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Warfare

The son of peace
is fried live
in the fire pan
of time's warfare.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Web Of Words

Where comes the words from!
Where from comes the images!
Wrap me in the spider web
I look for a way out
With a prolonged pain
and pleasure blended together
comes the ejection reflex
and you are born.
You are born
Then where comes the web then
I am wrapped still
With ecstatic feel and thrill!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Window

The window
reopens
the curtain
thin and transparent
hardly can separate
inside from outside.

The shadow of darkness
intensifies
the more and more
You are beautified.

The man out side
waiting centuries long
petrifies in the
cold breeze
from inside.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Wonder Bird

A little wonder bird
tress passes
into my dreams.
Funny
with wings variegated
feathers,
of colors promising
disturbs my sleep
Me, perturbed.

It promises me
to a world, miraculous
where flowers in the colors
of the wind
spark in the music
of avian songs
odor of the nectar
in the sun shine.

Me, perturbed.

I have a list of tasks
long pending, important
the wonder bird
disturbs my sleep.

kisses for the cheeks
of Champak bud,
goose-bomb for
the petals of the rose
delicate
long pending.

Me, to examine the exam papers
for the future of my pupils
my heart and soul
to embrace the tomorrow
yet to come.

Me, to open the mails
so important
for my career
attend the lawyer
for the legal matter
long pending
Me, perturbed.

A little wonder bird
tress passes
into my dreams
disturbs my sleep.
Me, to attend
my ailing mother
Purchase books
for my lovely daughter
time and mood romantic
for my love,
Me, perturbed.

A little wonder bird

tress passes
into my dreams
disturbs my sleep
Me perturbed.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

The Wooden Boat

You can
cross the river
flooded with
obstacles unlimited
to meet your love.

You can
visit the Isle
to embrace your cousin
of memories past,
Me, the wooden boat help.

You can
sell the balloons
of colors of rainbow
magnificent
to add colors
in the eyes shrunken
and disheartened.

Me the wooden boat help.

You can
feed your hunger
and quench your thirst eternal
Me, the wooden boat help.

You can
wipe out the tears
in the eyes
unreachable.

You can warm you up
set me blaze with fire.
Me, the wooden boat
born of a life dethroned
greenery lost long
leaves wilted.

Where comes the sap
Live, within me
where it goes!

Me the woodenboat
float
in the flow eternal

Me, the wooden boat
anchored in solitude
among the sand and rock pebbles
hot on the shore.

You can cross the river
flooded with obstacles unlimited
Me, the wooden boat help.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

They Love Each Other

One at the big bang
of creation
The other at big crunch
of destruction.
One on the apex of the pole
The other at the nadir of the hole
Is it a wonder!
that they love each other.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

They'll Kill You

You found them
consuming flesh
of humanity,
sipping its blood
with dignity.

You saw them nude
your pen is so rude
destroyed their
camps and citadel all
All their politics fail.

They'll kill You must,
for them
you are another meal.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Throne And Happiness

Encrusted with
War and conspiracy
blood shed and jealousy
engraved with death
and terror
is your throne.
How far
from house of happiness
Full of colour
Of life and love
Of enchanting odour.
How far!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Throne Of Arrows

Ours hectic march
on the highway
of burning pan.

Impregnated our bodies
with arrows of
innumerable frustration.

Venomous warmth of blood
in our veins closed
blazing in our costumes of nobility.

Our nerves spiking with intense
intolerance and dreams shattered.

Once we aimed at the sun rising
with a promising morn
with immense possibilities.

.....but
ended in a blood bath
and faded colors of hope and
a dark new moon of destruction.

Now We were condemned to decide
for a throne of arrows fixed
with our eyes dazzling,
our heart beating still
though not for a sun
but for a horizon
full of love and hope.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Time

Sometimes
You kill
Sometimes
You heal
But
You have
cure for
all ailments.

You are
such a wonder
therapist.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Time Is The Triumphant

You shot bullet at him
Found hurt and wounded yourself
Time is the triumphant.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Time Smiles

Out side tavern
The warrior's horse neighs
Sword out of the scabbard
The warrior jumps
Time smiles.
Time smiles.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Time's Eagle

On the back of elephant
Rides the panther
Little goat the latter
The dog rides the speed bike
The swing enjoys the cutie bear.
The game of Snake and ladder
Plays the hunter
Unnoticed of the
Times Eagle
Flying over.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

To Kill Revolution.

How hard you try
To kill
Revolution
It never dies.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

To The Gardner

Long past left You
on the way
your dream garden
O'rustic gardener!

Stop! Stop!
Don't sprinkle water
on the dying
sprouts and buds
as it's not you
who they want.

You are the relics
of the past
born to dust
no longer needed for
the trees they plant
plastic as they are.

Need no water
need no air
petals glued together
are perennial
break apart as you
sprinkle them on.

What You know
of books and looks
of policies and innovation
they are none of your business

O'the uncivilized,
uneducated
as they speak of you.

You are the slave
who need love
need peace
need coexistence

not they
as they are unlike you
civilized and educated
they claim.

How dare you
expect kids and old
weak and bold
rich and poor
be together!

They have weeded out
live shrubs and trees
and flung all the
dreaming buds
as they don't want them
to nourish and flourish
in their schools of thought.

You want to dream dare and love
you can't break their school
You fool.

This planet is not yours
they say
You go to hell
for another
with dagger and spade
with your plough you
bow before them
lest, they will
throw you out if
you try to grow
buds to bloom
and fragrance to loom.

Stop, stop
O' gardener!
Stop growing
stop dreaming
It is not your world!

Togetherness

Together
for a blink of warmth
of each other
the night whole
was spent.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Tragic End

On the Zenith of the sky
flies one
at the nadir of the ocean
dives the other.

Going ahead
they compete for
to see beheaded the other.

Let them come to the ground
with no sound
fight with each other
on head
others see the tragic end.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Un To The Last

Who'll wait
till last rose fades its petals
if not the poet.

Who'll linger
till last foliage shrivels.

The last spring is yet to dry up
last drop of tear is
yet to drop.
The poet is still
busy in taking the selfie
of suffering.
He is yet to breathe his last.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Unblinked

Unblinked
man is blind.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Unfulfilled.

Sleepless nights
drowsy daylight
unfulfilled desires
leading to
nothing perfect.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Unspoken Words.

Silence

Is but burning within

Of unspoken words

When mountain of agony falls down

River of tear Unstoppable

Someone somewhere must

Waiting for

I must speak out

What to speak.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Unstoppable

Life
like truth
unstoppable
needs no ritual
in the darkness
or in the light.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Valmiki(1) ,

O'poet
why so rigorous
a penance
for so little a sin
bubbling at the finger tip!

Why so hot
the tears of repentance?
For you stained the sword
for a handful of food
for your hungry stomach
For so long you caged
the bird longing for
free air.

You're the fire
kept burning
with innate desire
for the children
came through you
not from you!

For you strived
for paying dues
you owed to your
parents!

For you didn't care
for the sword concealed
in the pinion
of your love!

Dear poet
who dares for
the fire test
who puts the sinful body
in to the blind ant hill!

Only a poet can

O'poet you're the great
Why regret
for the wrongdoer of the past?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Valmiki(2)

O'Poet

why so rigorous a penance
so hot the tears of repentance!

Is it You

or Who else is the hell
to blame who turned you
the blatant wrongdoer?

Is it not the early greed
of humanity
selfishness and cruelty
rendered your youth
a bandit, a killer
and a destroyer!

For you

Life was just a bubble in water
crushed them all
like a butcher.

Being the son of peace
born of the sage Pracheta
You became a monster of terror.
You obtained the food by muscles
as humanity did not heed
you took the lead
in the name of evil
became a devil.

You could not beg alms
like any other
as you're a fire
You did not kneel down
before the crown
for a job for hunger
as you knew he could not be
your saviour
your father was not influential so
on the king either.

Young and strong
You're, though
still empty your hands and stomach
parched was your tongue
brought you hunger and humiliation.

You took to
path on woods
dark and deep
to loot and kill the travelers
who try to skip
for fellow mates
you knew no love, no compassion
for life around you seemed inhuman.

Only to quench the thirst
satiated the hunger
and feel the passion.

Was it your dark side dear poet?

Why regret so for the wrongdoer
of the life past.

Destiny of life
with raising hands
waiting you with its bands
and bouquet of flowers of future.

O'dear poet
Why penance, Why repentance!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Valmiki(3)

O' Poet!
Agni, the fire
was you
the uncontrolled one.

Grown up well
in the sun shine
in the river bank
body and soul
both ablaze always.

Ablution and sacrifices
browned your shoulder and arms.

From your father, the great sage
you learnt
contemplation and meditation, though
dreams and thoughts
restless
kept burning inside you.

your fathers admirable speech and action
path for salvation
seemed a detour, an error
to you
like smoke
emerging from
moist fuel wood.

Your thirst was your sorrow.

Flesh and bone
appeared more real
than mind and soul.

Was it your fault?
O' dear poet
Why so repentance!
why a penance!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Valmiki(4)

O' Poet!
Why so repentance?
why a penance?

For all path
appeared same
virtue and vice
ugly and nice
you could not resolve
darkness from light
at all your sight.

No book, No look around
brought you the inner peace.

You were burning within.

Lovers making love
mothers soothing their children
farmers sowing seeds
removing from crops
the wild growing weeds
mourners weeping over the dead
tailors inserting the thread
into the needle hole
appeared before you
the stank of lies.

The animal, the carcass
the stone, the wood
and water
all appeared same.

You were fragmented
and fragmented within
finding no outlet
of darkness all around.

O'poet!

whose was the fault?

Why regret!

Why so repentance?

whya penance?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Valmiki(5)

O' Poet

Curse not
on your earlier being
for it was a journey
towards the achievement,
attainment and enlightenment.

Curse not
on your ignorance
for it was a bliss
on the path of your progress.

Why regret!
for you 're no way
held for
for there not being
a demarcation
between light and dark
white and black
ever drawn
by any body
in the history.

Why so repentance?
why a penance?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Valmiki(6)

O' Poet

Time was the twilight
approaching the night
of your career as a bandit.

Does I know the reason behind?

Though not an excuse
for the path sinful you chose.

Was it that the door
was about to close!

No dear poet
no way you are held
responsible for.

Had you been fled
from the reality
could you have been able for
achieving the great!

Why regret for
the wrong doer of the past?
Why so repentance?
Why a penance?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Valmiki(7)

Like an aloof ascetics
in the shade of the tree
fathers cottage beside,
while you slumbered
long like a dog in summer
chanting of seers
echoed near ear
trumpet of kings procession
coming closer and closer.

How could you rest in peace
O' son of peace.
For you had opinion budded in mind
the worst enemy
was being the son of a sage
from this deeper ground
you could not raise.

With the loin cloth
and unstitched cloak
You had to forage
was too much.

Sometimes
you had to
go bare
with no possession
for begging alms such.

Your mind and soul
did revolt
O'poet
the royal passion
and well dressed procession
passing by
not paying
heed of you,
though at the dog running after
cooked meat they threw.

Who're You
You thought then
among these women and men.

Why regret
for the boy of the past
all these have gone rust.

Why so repentance?
Why a penance?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Valmiki(8)

(Valmiki the great Indian sage who narrated epic Ramayan once lived sinful life of well known bandit Ratnakar.

Here in this poem the plot, contents and characters are completely fictional bearing no resemblance with anything mythological.)

O'great sage!
O'dear poet!
No repentance, No penance
For you're
grown up to age
but still had no means
to forage
no livelihood proper
even though have one
for an ant and a grasshopper.

For You couldn't coexist
with sages and seers
couldn't share
resources with
farmers and warriors.

As you're not one
among the book swallows
but a thought seer
You had a novel face
you're removed
from the race.

For You're condemned
by the mother who
once loved you so
for you're penny less
Your father, though a sage
loved you less
was reluctant to acclaim
no longer as before for him
you're a gem.

The friends did reproach
lovers in the cottage groove
started avoiding much.

Was it your fault?
O' poet!

Why so repentance?
Why a penance
for so little a sin?
It was the dusk
on your Voyage,
O'great sage!
To an Island of eerie
where you couldn't find a ferry.

No regret
O' great poet.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Valmiki(9)

(Valmiki the great Indian sage who narrated epic Ramayan once lived sinful life of a well known bandit Ratnakar.

Here in this poem the plot, contents and characters are completely fictional and bears no resemblance with any thing mythological)

O' poet!
why regret!

For your Bhil playmates
didn't invite You
to their den
as you belonged to
a different clan.

For they valued
your ascetic way
aphrodisiac diet
not for you, pollute you
it may.

For they had
to go on a rhino hunt
they wanted you not
kill your sagely trust.

Between your clan and theirs
You could see no gap
So you were hurriedly
from your nap.

For you valued friendship more
than your austerity culture.

Knowing not what might happen then
with non veg party of the Bhil friends
You did join.

Was it the dusk of
your darker venture?

You put there
your first signature.

Why so repentance?
why a penance?
Is it so big a menace?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Villain Is The Time.

The sun
adds dreams
fuel and food
to life.
Sometimes
it blazes leaves
and closes life.
Who?
Villain is the time!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Volcano Of Love.

They shot at the crater
The volcano erupted pure love
To save humanity.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Vote For A Change

Never ask me
to vote for a change.

Time has taught me
that the system
should change.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Wait For New Morn

We should adore your crown
Your bejewelled throne
Earned at the cost of blood of billions
Sure, sure
Wait for a new morn and new sun
Setting its weapon.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Wander Thirst

I'd wander
rather, among the perilous
isles
than to sink to bottom
like a rudderless ship.

As I have not seen
a bottom
but can enjoy joyous beauty
of the isles
while struggling with
the waves
on and on.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

War Ever

Beyond perception
Of my head
So little and mundane
Sane or insane
The war waged you men!

With uneven degree
They hurt your pedigree
Most dreaded weapon
Of words
You throw at them.

Nice to enjoy sir
War ever
Anywhere
Be it literature
Or Poem Hunter

Me not in the race
Before the mirror
I've seen
My ugly face.

You are Kalidas
He is Shakespeare
Someone worth
Wordsworth
You deserve the crown
Always you fight
The target to hit.

You wage a war
Any time anywhere
What to me dear!

I'm a peace lover
I'm a peace lover.

War Started Already.

Though not a clairvoyant
earlier I smelt
the monster in your territory
that you noticed not.
In the name of humanity
In the name of fraternity

In the name of generosity
You barely needed a platform
to beat your drum.
What if anybody is hurt with a bullet

No matter who triggers the gun.!

Come, come dear
to see lifelongs for free air
to fly open in the sky unlimited.
Don't enslave life's sons in a cage
of your narrow horizon.

Go, go war is started already

I am here to see the result

Though not a clairvoyant.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Warrior

Peace, peace
You yell o'warrior!
With arrows in the quiver
Sword in the scabald
Gun with loaded catridge
Whose thirst to quench,
What glory to fetch?
You are here
Beneath your restless feet
Crushed are the
Innocent seeds to sprout
With the sword edge
You can cut throats of truth
The bare realty
Arrows can pierce the shoot
O'warrior
Who wages a war?
For whose desire
You wark in dark?
Stand, stand errect
O'warrior
Never goes in vain
Your sacrifice
O'dear
Son of truth
To shoot the untruth
And unreal
Never quaver
For you long for peace
You live for peace
You love peace
Wage a war for peace.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Way In Between

Half the planet is dying
Future is almost doomed
The raven squakes of alarm
The other half sprouts greenery
Making merry with good hope
Don't break down dear
Still some way out
In between?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Way To Happiness

Keep to left
Thence to right
Go up above
And come down.
In and out
To and Fro
Clockwise and anticlockwise
You go
Step to light
And thence to dark.
Nowhere else
This is here you find
Happines rests in peace
Of eternal bliss.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

We Are Drowned

So much words and images
Myths and metaphors
Leaves life helpless still.

More and more
we are naked
We are drowned deeper and deeper
in the ocean of misery.

Where is its height and depth
its dimension
Where is the solution!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

We Are In A Fix

Closer the hidden treasure
although you'd
diverted was our attention
by the luxuriant lips
at the counter.

The smile was so soothing
could sent us easily
to the tea shop nearing.

Neither the treasure
nor the smile behind the counter
was our concern
any longer.

We're
almost in a fix
didn't want to take a risk
Why bother of hunger
Are we not peace monger?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

We Educate

Our system
is so strict
to bring your kids
up.

You can not
blame us
you can not blame
yourself either
for the teenager
takes revenge on
the school principal
shoots her dead
with the feudal gun
of his arrogant father.

We never care
every body
deaf and dumb.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

We The People.

Like the dust
Beneath your lotus feet

We the people of your state
Which is not ours
We form a Government
That makes law for us
But the Government is not ours.

Judiciary to safeguard fundamental right
But we can not claim justice
As We are not elite and polite.

We the people of the state
Not ours
So precious are our votes
We should pay respect
Your Emblem
Your flag
Your constitution.

We the people of the state
Ruled by the polite and elite
But the state is not ours

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

We Too

Of the storm and tides
in the violent sea
trapped and tortured
fought for resilience.

Time's covetous eye
threatened in its way
touched us
inappropriately.

Who to blame?

If it is not WE
We too will have scars
on our soul.
We too sure to yield
before times turmoil.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

What If

What if
they Kill you
and evict you
from the planet
for you stand up
for truth and humanity.
No matter, you have made
one planet unique
different from
one they have hired.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

What If You Shook Your Head.

What if anybody
Followed me
With band and bouquet
Carried the corpse
With royal cortege
Or shook his head!

What to me
Who dropped
Tear of melancholy
And lamented over
My sad demise.

I am no longer Me
Neither the cadaver you see
I don't remember
Once I lived to love you
Or loved to live mundane.

What to me
Who assembled at
The funeral
Or if subsisted on
My infusion left behind

What to me
You loved me once
Or I loved you.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

What Is Truth?

Nude and true
like truth You are
in the dark of the night.

Painted with lies
like spectrum of
colors in the clear day light.
What is truth!
Day?
Or Night? ?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

What Makes Poetry?

O' Keats O' Eliot
O' Wordsworth O ' Shakespeare
What is your poetry's worth
my dear!
Do you all sing
in their voice
when they ring?

What made you all
the poets of earth?
They say it is but poetry
only what they breathe.

Did you pass on
to them the baton
to claim it to be their own?
They want to pass to none.

What makes poetry?
Where is a template?
They strongly say
it is not
what others contemplate.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

What Next!

The half burnt skull
on the sandy shore
awaits to
salvation
or
crush to dust further?

What next?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

What To Choose?

Death must
on liberation
on death lies your salvation.
What to choose?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

When I Am Naked

When I am naked
of words and world
of images and metaphors
I feel like
wearing garments and ornaments
divine.

I am stuck to
the strings, all
of the web you spun
you hold me tight
close to your peaks
soft and tender
as if,
feel the warmth
of the private zones
of your soul.

I listen to your
whisper
feel the symphony
of your music.

Let the battle of
hide and seek
not end here.

let it sprinkle life
on to the sprout
shriveled long past
and swirl around
the timber of
life and death
eternal.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

When World's Apart.

When world's apart
Me closer to me
be a part of my passion
to live my life
closer to truth
closer to ground reality.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Where It Goes

Earlier to the sun
and later to the moon
where goes the rally
I pause and ponder.

Tied to the desires
of passion and possession
their feet stop not ever
the line moves never.

I wonder.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Who Dragged Me Down.

Up in the clouds
of uncertain destiny
rather happy was I
Who dragged me down
for a crown
Where everything
is twisted and torn!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Who Knows!

Tonight's dreadful story

Some day may bring you glory.

Who knows!

(Dedicated to the brave Nobel girl and human right activist Nadia Murad)

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Who Listens!

Standing on
aphotic platform
the typhlotic midget
claims of
radiant dreams spreading all over.

Like a multi headed monster
goes high
his pride and vanity.

Videographic is his vision
photographic his mind
intellect of latest
digital version
inside his closed fist
past, present and future.

You know nothing,
you know nothing.

For if you want any good
follow him, You should
follow him with folded arms
and closed eyes
try to catch his foot steps
No question
Just listen what he says.

Who listens!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Who You Are!

Often
I'm ecstatic,
transcend of
earthly Me
longing for You
in a magical euphoria.

Never tried
knowing
when started
never asked why
But,
feel your breath
in every deeper pain
I have.

Your color
like magnificent rainbow
in the fluid oozing out
of every wound.

I become archaic.

In birds flutter
in the frogs croak
and in the
horror of the storm
I feel your presence.

In the blooming of rose
in my garden
I feel your fragrance
in the humming of bees
as if you are singing.

In every peak of
orgasm of life
I feel You.

Who you are.....!

i

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Willow O Wisp

Bounced
And bounced
On the fence in
Utter darkness
Following willow o wisp
With drenched eyes
And bleeding wounds
All over
I feel ecstatic
In your love for me
My love for you.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Within Me.

Immersed yesterday's memory
and tomorrows dreams
about you
in to the ocean
of nothingness.

Your fragrance
still felt.

Are you blooming
somewhere
within Me?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Without You

You have given me

Pleasure

You have given me

Leisure

You have given me pain

You have given me stain

Can I imagine my today

And tomorrow

Without you!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

World Without War And Terror.

From cradle to coffin
for births billions
You'd be my companion.

Not my profession
but a passionate passion
no desire for a position
and power, that would poison
pious vision.

Every night as I slumber
I 'd dream of a world
with no horizon
a nation with border
men and women have no religion.
That would end all terror
nobody wages a war against another.
Alas!
Nothing so happens
Every morning comes
with a pale Sun
with regret and remorse
everywhere.

Is it only my poetic dream
In real that sheds tear.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

You Are So Great

I begged for a drop of dew
You made a river to flow
I sued for a bit of colour
You crafted a rain bow
I longed for a little light
With your ara
you enlightened my existence.
What more can I pray for?

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

You Can Not Escape.

Much said, You
Much, We listened to.

Our eyes can not be
false sir,
our breathe can never be
simple air in and out.

You have flooded your reserve
with down pour from heaven
but not a single
we have filled
to quench our thirst
eternal.

Every word of yours
is a fatal weapon
we have not collected a stone
yet.

We can not leave you
escape sir
we listen you no more.

Ploughed fields
with failed crops
sill not lost
its fertility.

We plant arrows
to shoot you must.

Wait! Wait!

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

You Must Come.

Succumbed to injury
Wholesome
Twisted is the spirit
Still I stand on the platform
with my bare feet
almost freezed.
I am standing here
For you come sure
and caress my failure
and wipe my tear.
Sure you come
And call me by name
I am still standing here
You never come.
I never loss heart
I would rather petrified here.
As I trust
You come must
You come must.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

You, The Brute.

The village lady
with dirty and rugged wear
returns from wood,
for long been
without food
carries on the head
heavy bundle of fuel wood
with the support of arm at right
the child in cloth swing
tied to the waist on the left
gives her a curved gait.

Her wrinkled bra
with multiple turn
fails to hold tight
lotus bud like breast
near the chest
swayed in front
visibly emerging areola and nipple
what is her fault
that your eyes goes covetous and cripple.

Her eyes shrunken
as if senses forgotten
naughty winds flying
away of her wear remaining.

Your sensuous arrow
hit the sparrow
killed down
Sees not her sorrow and pain within
You the mean
You the brute.

I want to shoot
I want to shoot.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

You'll Be There

By then
You will be there
to caress the back
of my failure.

So I do not retreat
from my venture
and adventure.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Your Death Trap

I cling to
Your death trap,
As I love you
so.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Your Exclusion

You couldn't coexist
with sages and seer
could not share
resource with
farmers and warriors
as you were not
a book swallower
but a thought seer
as you had a novel face
you were removed from
the race.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Your Kindness O'poet

Never my kindness
O'poet
to read and comment
on your poems.

You are great
so great
The lord Brahma in your creative world.

I am a common man
with errors and ommission
I am with limitations
But limitless is your horizon.

I am a little creature
in the mundane world
But you are the creator
of great poetic sculpture.

It is your greatness
to explore the inexorable
Your dream is to realize improbable
You are the foreseener
But I am a sinner.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Your Memory

You are interesting.
No body is nearer
You are neither
I feel you
Within me
Outside me
Sometimes you thrill
Sometimes you kill.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Your Obscure Face

In my memory
outline of your face
is obscure.

When we met
and so seriously
what we talked about
what was the reason of
so long our silence
I can not remember either.

Every time we ended
in a sigh of nothingness
after a cumbersome exercise
of body mind and spirit,
again followed
a suffocation long
of separation
of eternal longing
for each other.

Nowhere can your memory
sail me
Neither can I sell it
in the world market
for a profit
the pretty album of your memory
values a lot for me, despite.

The pages of every moment
spending with you
is unique.

At every attempt
I feel to you closer and closer
newer, brighter and sweeter
though in my memory
out line of your face obscure.

Your Silence

Sometimes
your silence
speaks lot more
than your words
your disappearance
more beautiful
than your appearance
your hate means a lot more
than your love.

Sometimes
death matters more than life
So I keep dying
every moment.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

Your Smile

How can I assure
You of
a virgin ambience
and ask you
to open your eyes
for I want to resume
your smile so precious.

For you have been
with me
all day long
stuck at the hedge
with stinging nettle.
Could I help you?

Could I help you
to heal the wound
so minor!
Could I carry Your suitcase
to the river bank?
Or blow the balloon
for You?

You could wait
till the evening
as pretty learned spirits
come with bags of poetry
well versed
with HD resolution.

Should I ask you to....?

But how can I
suggest you
as I could learn nothing
from the moon light
nothing from the golden stream
and also nothing
from fierce wave of the sea.

Is there anything
to help you stare at their
alcoholic look?

As I know
You must be frightened to
see their white spiny beard
and Cambridge style over coat.

How can I assure You?

Should I ask you
to open your eyes
and resume your smile
so precious.

Binaya Kumar Mohanty

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Binaya Kumar Mohanty

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Binaya Kumar Mohanty

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Binaya Kumar Mohanty

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Binaya Kumar Mohanty

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Binaya Kumar Mohanty

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Binaya Kumar Mohanty

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Binaya Kumar Mohanty

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Binaya Kumar Mohanty