

Poetry Series

**Bishnupada Sethi**  
**- poems -**

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## Bishnupada Sethi()

Received his professional education from the National Institute of Technology, Rourkela in the branch of Mechanical Engineering and then master's degree in Industrial Engineering from the National Institute of Industrial Engineering, Mumbai, India. He joined the Indian Administrative Service and worked as District Collectors of Sonapur, Nuapada and Rayagada districts. He also worked for the United Nations Development Programme and other assignments successfully. Presently, he is the Director, Census Operations for the state of Orissa and working under the Ministry of Home Affairs, Govt. Of India.

Poetry is a passion for him.

# A Lone Traveler.

Where did my path begin  
I can't remember.  
Where am I going finally  
Not so sure.  
Few portions of my journey  
Though still vivid  
Many others have disappeared  
From my memory.

The route was not linear always  
Difficult and tough at times.  
Light and darkness  
Dreams and despair  
Played a game  
Of hide and seek  
Making the path both  
Easy and difficult.

I wonder at times-  
Why at all this journey  
And someone says-  
I have been ordained to travel  
Like planets and astral bodies  
I have started from a point  
Of space and time.  
Towards the end of journey  
As my strength wears out  
The road tapers.

No one was known before who-  
Joined me at many points of life  
And identified by names,  
Claimed some relations  
And left my company later  
While some others still remain.

The process of joining  
And leaving me  
Continues through out.

It makes me feel  
I'm a lonely being-  
I carry my own baggage,  
None was with me,  
None will accompany,  
For all the time or forever.

Bishnupada Sethi

# As I Cry!

Someone wants to talk from within  
In the language of unknown,  
About wounded and soft feelings  
And its' voice fail to reach any one.

They are all words of silence  
Caught between some said and unsaid lines.  
The speaker wants to be heard  
Trying to put up a brave self defense.

As the tears roll down the cheek  
The questions rebound without any answers.  
It is like the mad waves of the sea  
Hitting the stone layers on the beach.

Somehow there is a pleasure in weeping  
As my soul talks to itself.  
The warmth of intense feelings  
Melt the grievances of injustice.

The dialogue purifies and heals  
All that is bitter and wrong.  
Imposing a penalty on itself  
The voice from within becomes thin.

Bishnupada Sethi

# As We Met After Years!

In those familiar smiles  
And on sight of a pair of moist eyes  
My identity gets lost.  
In the silent moments,  
I want to break free  
From the bondages of past.

The warmth of tear drops  
Rolling quietly on my cheeks  
Ignites all the frozen memories;  
The wings of a butterfly  
Lying wounded in a corner of my heart  
Gets back its energy;  
But being unable to fly out  
It writhes in the pains of confinement.

Amidst unbearable pains  
And the joy of reunion,  
A storm of hopes lashes for a while,  
A high tide of dreams comes ashore,  
An ocean in turmoil tries  
To rise to touch the sky.

Bishnupada Sethi

# At Late Night Hours

I lie down in my bed,  
Deep sleep eludes me.  
The cool breeze  
Blowing from the windows  
Through the open doors  
Bring in the fragrance of jasmine  
Blooming in my garden;  
It touches every object of the room.

I am hopeful  
That you would emerge  
Out of a scene of my dream  
At the late hours of the night  
To knock at my doors  
And I will get up  
To greet you with a broad smile:  
We will hold our hands  
And be lost for few minutes  
In a deep embrace of our re-union!

I will take you over the hills,  
The waters, paths, meadows and places  
To discover each other  
In the times of our previous birth!

Bishnupada Sethi

# Being In Love

I experience a force  
Every minute, hour and day  
As real as the gravity.  
The edges of time and space  
Does not limit our growth into each other.  
I keep the promise  
In response to the call of soul.

It is a search  
For the truth and unknown,  
Beyond the region of known.  
The light of love rekindles  
The path we tread on.

Like the nectar  
At the core of a flower  
I have found love  
At the core of your nature.  
It touches every now and then  
It teaches me to surrender,  
Move from less sacred to sacred  
From known to innocence  
I love you fully  
As you are lovable completely.

I inhale the fragrance of soul  
See God in loving you  
Bargain for a place in you  
And I am in love with you.

Bishnupada Sethi



# Beyond Love!

I love you;  
She loves him;  
Everyone is in love  
with some one or other.

At times, I wonder  
if there is some one who is living  
after realizing  
that there is none, he could love,  
and still he lives.

As I seek an answer  
to the query in my imagination,  
I ponder over another question  
if there would be enough of air,  
water, food or care  
and other elements  
that sustain our lives;  
and for as long as  
the civilization exists,  
without the currents of love  
flowing between the people,  
of different places and times.

Some one prompts me an answer from within  
that there would be nothing  
that would exist  
beyond love-  
"the universe is made out of love  
and the love encompasses us all".

Bishnupada Sethi

# Bye 2016

At the end  
It's now some memory-  
Of pain and pleasure.  
You walked away  
As it was so easy for you.

In this freezing winter night  
I have put up a happy face  
And stand before all  
Pretending to be fine.  
Yonder I see few walls  
In places I thought  
To build bridges over.

What do I say about?  
How do I remember you  
For the pains  
Or pleasure I received?

Yet I claim my victory-  
You are now gone.  
I am there past mid night  
I will welcome the new Sun.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Bye, The Bird Of My Cage

I set you free!  
Sorry for what happened to you  
And wish you get the world you want.  
I did not know that you won't like my cage  
Which I made taking years of care.  
I thought it was a nest, not a cage  
Where I wished to live with you!

Oh sweet bird!  
I wish you could talk to me  
And let me know your likes.  
I was ready to pledge my freedom to buy  
All happiness for you.  
If I survive the pain of your departure  
I will live for sure to see you happy.  
Sitting beside the forgotten nest  
I'll continue to pray for you.

The inspiration to live  
By looking at your face  
Shall go as you leave.  
But the feelings will burn inside  
With the hope of meeting you.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Craving

I step into her footprints,  
Try to touch her shadow,  
Listen only to her breath,  
Notice her easy gait,  
Observe the rhythm of her steps;  
She is my world moving ahead.

She is a new moon  
Promising to grow into a full moon.  
She is a soft shoot  
Wishing to bloom to a green tree.  
A little bud she is  
Growing to be a flower lovely!

Crawling like a doll  
In between the rocks;  
Sitting like a mermaid  
Near the bubbling stream,  
She fills me with joy immense  
Giving the life its essence.

To hear her sweet voice,  
To admire the imprints of innocence,  
I like to wait for hours  
Just to feel my presence.

I do not mind to become a Mayfair  
Whose life would begin at her sight,  
Happiness will be mine if she is there  
Mundane, otherwise, shall be the whole matter.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Darkness, She And Shade

Playing throughout the day,  
We could not know when the light went away;  
People returned to rest after daylong work,  
But, we became more active,  
Perhaps! It is in the darkness  
We understood each other more,  
Closer than ever before,  
Penetrating the souls of each other.

Darkness brought us all the happiness  
We got all the joy in ourselves;  
Sometimes, thought the world would be better  
If this darkness lingers,  
We wished the time to stand still  
And the day time to move faster!

Again, in the darkness, I lost  
All the things, I valued most.  
Searched desperately, day and night  
Perhaps the good times, never come back.

From that day, I recognized my shade,  
I found her as if changed to the same.  
Following me, moving with me  
Makes me feel that we are inseparables.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Daughter's Day.

It was a music  
Soft and subtle,  
The early morning rains sang  
To the tunes of gentle breeze  
While the humming bees added rhymes.  
A celestial fragrance was wafting all around  
To the charms of drifting clouds.  
The sky was overcast.  
The Sun rays were peeping in  
From behind.  
A stage was set  
For someone to arrive.

It has been since then  
The non stop music-  
Quite an essence of my life  
Being played ceaselessly.  
I draw inspiration-  
How is someone  
So little yet so wise!  
She judges-  
What I should do  
And should not.  
In the difficult moments  
She comes in between  
Like a shield  
The trouble and me-  
So soft and yet so strong  
Like the silk threads.  
She exerts an influence-  
As one needs air  
So she is there.

How lucky  
Have I been  
To have a daughter  
Lively and pretty!  
She is a blessing  
From the heavens-

Cheering all the way  
And making a life so full.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Death

Everything passes into that  
Devouring, swallowing mouth:  
Dear, beautiful things get digested  
Not known where these go.  
For centuries and ages  
This is a process in motion.  
The bunker does not get filled up  
And still getting filled up,  
And still be filling up  
With all our flesh, mind, body and dreams.

Is it a dead end tunnel?  
Has any one crossed that  
And seen any light outside?  
Do we have any ability  
To find an answer  
Or are we supposed to live  
Without the raise of eyebrows.

Bishnupada Sethi



# Different Moment

I see dew on those green leaves,  
The moisture on the blades of grass  
And everywhere, the light is lit.  
The Sun is on its retreat,  
Way back to meet the bride  
Behind whose veil,  
It is going to hide.

The mist making things mystic,  
The canopy is studded with stars.  
The birds on the branches now  
Are sharing the onus of singing.  
An abstruse melody is flowing in  
From nowhere to everywhere to welcome her.

The dusk time is unique to me!  
Unknowingly I wait for something,  
A small wish grows to a universe.  
She is mine!  
So she shall come to me,  
The gates of my garden are open wide,  
After all, what am I living for?

Bishnupada Sethi

# Do Not Choke My Flow

On the arrival of monsoon,  
The changes in the winds brought  
Waves of sensation in me,  
The music of rain drops  
Increased the youthful beatings in my heart.

New steams of thoughts  
Pouring down from the laps of hills  
Enlarged the contents of my heart.

Unable to confine to the limits,  
I flew down the course,  
With the forces of life.  
At times, unmindful and unbounded  
Landing on old and virgin tracts,  
While attempting to feel the pulses  
Of the living beings on my way.

Each particle on my body  
Coming from sources, both known and unknown  
Mingled freely without barriers,  
Allowed all those willing to join,  
The journey towards the sea  
To be the part of the whole, the divine.

After you joined me  
I thought we'd race down  
With more force  
Singing the songs of love,  
Which Krishna sang for Radha.  
Along the same course.

But preferring not to move  
Rather, you stood like a dam  
Across my chest, choking the flow  
Asking to reverse  
The direction of time and space.

The more you resist,

The more I stagnate and get choked;  
The rain drops would not play on me,  
The change in the speed of winds  
Would have no interest  
To bring new feelings;  
The streams on the hills  
Might open to new rivers;  
I'd gather slit  
And get dried up  
To be lost in course of time!

Bishnupada Sethi

# Do Not Pull The Trigger

Stop

Don't pull the trigger.

Look

At the tiny feet and hands

Hazel shaped eyes popping out

From beneath the desks.

Your boots scare

More than the cockroaches and rodents

They have ever dared.

See the school bags

Books, pencils, chinks and snack boxes

All scattered around.

They have come here to know

More about the world

Allah has created.

They know not

Who is not a friend

And if there is an enemy.

I wish

You knew a child

And ever played with him.

Remember if you saw

Hidden something

Behind his smile and feelings

His innocence.

It's something great

You call Him God.

Don't pull the trigger

Don't kill the God.

Bishnupada Sethi

## Each Time

Each time I pen down a poem for you  
I discover a new person in me.  
The old blood gets drained out  
The new ones flow rapidly,  
Like the first flow in the river during rains  
A sensation goes across  
The body and mind.

I go out to the street  
To see if I've changed,  
The green meadows in front of my house  
Smiles at me,  
The singing birds whistle,  
The flowers become shy,  
As if all know what I wrote.

The feeling of being in love  
Softens and fills me with compassion.  
Your image dances in my eyes  
And the world looks beautiful.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Eunuch

There is no bias,  
No desire for a counterpart,  
No jealousy to lose a partner,  
There is no fear to miss the love.

The earth is bearing excess burden,  
Future is becoming bleak.  
We have no stake to add to the problems  
To increase the miseries of the living beings.

We do not want to see our names  
Our preferences in the creatures of morrow,  
There is no need to prejudice the future  
With attachment or detachment, hatred or love.

We pray for the new comers,  
Rejoice at the time of unions,  
Pray for the soul departed,  
Whether being a part or not of our lives.

Neither the fort attracts us,  
Nor the forest to live as recluses,  
We do not ride any wave,  
To recede to a point low, later.

The desire for "Moksha" is also a desire,  
This even we do not aspire.  
Being formed of simple elements, we know  
We would go back to the Whole, after an end.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Everywhere

Eyes closed,  
I extend my arms.  
Unknowingly, I go back  
in time and space.

I feel you standing near  
and hear the soft words you speak,  
as if, a shower of fragrant flowers  
dropp over me mercifully,  
something shakes me up within,  
like never before!

You are whole world,  
that surrounds me.  
You are here and there-  
Like -wise, I feel being every where  
wherever you are there.

I feel,  
you and I  
and the whole world  
to be one entity.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Fairy In The Garden

In the garden on lazy grass  
A fairy was chatting with her mates.  
At her sight,  
The flowers began to bloom,  
The breeze started to blow,  
The faces began to glow.  
The drone became busy  
And buzzing around the garden  
Started telling his only story.

A flock of birds in the open sky,  
Separated into groups of twos,  
Sat on the branches nearby,  
Joining their beaks front to front.

The clouds were afoot,  
Carrying the message from a planet  
And hurrying to deliver in another,  
Stopped for a while to see the events.

Bishnupada Sethi



# Final Ordeal

Why is this ordeal  
I have to pass  
By jumping into the fire  
And come out unscathed  
And you stand out  
Quiet over there?

It's not the first time  
I was asked for a test.  
In fact I have to qualify  
How I talk  
How I walk  
How I live  
And what others think of me  
Every moment.

Living as per certain principles  
Is definitely what I do-  
Still I dislike these tests  
Time and again.  
You want me-  
I should come perfect  
In front of the whole world  
Then you could accept me

I've my agonies-  
You are yet to know me fully.  
A conflicting battle,  
A silent revolt wage within  
My body and mind wither,  
I withstand till a threshold

This is my final ordeal  
I wish to defy.  
I've decided to assert.  
Between the narrow divides of the earth  
I've negotiated a path.  
I shall be free

And settle on my own terms.

Bishnupada Sethi

## For A Bereaved Mother.

He can hide behind the darkness.  
He can merge within the light rays.  
He can take any hue of the tree leaves.  
May it be any colour of the sky  
Or the ocean  
To match with their pigments  
Is no issue with him now.

You knew him so much.  
It did matter a little  
Whether he was here and there  
And so familiar were you  
With his contours.

You are the greatest artist ever known.  
You created him,  
Sustained him all throughout  
From the time  
He was only an egg  
Till he grew up so big.

Now you can take a pen,  
Use the sky or the ocean,  
Shade of darkness  
Or the patch of light rays  
Or the tree trunk  
Or any empty space  
As a canvas  
Draw him as you wish  
A toddler  
A teenager  
An adult in prime youth  
Or anyway you remember.

Feel him  
He is here  
On the clouds  
In the sky  
On the ocean

On the tree tops  
Over the hills and meadows  
And wherever reaches your eyes and mind.

He was here and there  
Now he is everywhere.

Bishnupada Sethi

# For I Am A Child

Not that I am unaware-  
A castle of sand  
made on the sea shore  
will only last for few moments.

Yet I make them,  
each time I go near the sea,  
gathering sand on the beach,  
bringing the sea water in my palms,  
while playing with my ideas,  
as the breeze interferes with my thoughts  
and my hands give shape  
to the castle and temple there.

The creations are so temporary-  
Yet I rejoice  
making them,  
waiting for few moments to see,  
the mighty sea washing away every thing,  
as if nothing existed earlier.

Still I play-  
For I am a child.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Forces Of Life

The restless stream,  
Flowing on an untamed path,  
Tears the chest of the valley  
And is in an unknown hurry.  
Is it to comfort the boulders in its belly  
Or in a desire to be a part of the mystery,  
It wanders in the hope of a destination?

Who is the referee in the game,  
Where the clouds play with the Sun?  
Who and why is one hiding behind the snow cap  
And who has provided the lustre on this stone?

The slanted rays on the wings of the morning  
Wakes me up and gives another day.  
The evening breeze fans the heated earth  
While a wide and thin veil come down with the dawn.  
In them, I look for a harmony and rhythm  
And bow before the forces of life.

Bishnupada Sethi

# From Dream To Reality

I need to dream  
To lift my senses,  
So I dream,  
To lighten up with new experiences in mind,  
Where present, past and unknown future  
Mingle freely  
Creating magic waves.

The dance of gentle breeze  
Brings in the fragrance,  
The colour and freshness fill in everywhere,  
There are responses from the flowers,  
Unuttered voices give  
A rhythm to nature.

The hopes and desires  
Create a condition of utter anxiety,  
In the avalanches of pulsating moments.  
They open flood gates of memories,  
There are still more new realities,  
That I feel as not having seen.  
I jump out of dream to wake up  
And find all missing.

Bishnupada Sethi

# From Inside A Room Of Life.

What that is  
Connecting a real world  
Of material and senses  
To another realm  
Of unknowns?

The living energy-  
Does it ever come to a halt?  
Can that be extinguished  
Or be dissipated?

Surely it can't be destroyed.  
It has to exist somewhere  
In the same or another form  
And there should be a doorway  
Connecting this real world-  
Quite theatrical though  
And still appearing permanent  
Through certain illusion and rules,  
To another one-  
Beyond our scope.

From inside a room of life,  
Strongly enclosed  
Within the most opaque wall  
As we seek to peep out  
Nothing of our abilities  
Comes to help.

While we living beings  
Experience and extrapolate,  
A vast and limitless universe  
Of space, matter  
Time and energy,  
We fail to comprehend-  
How that only thing  
Which makes you feel exist  
Vanish once for all  
Leaving no discreet link?



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# Give Me My Bicycle

Give me back  
My bicycle-  
The one I had  
For the first time  
In my childhood.

It was in a moonlit night  
When the most precious  
Of my possessions  
I brought from the market.  
All throughout the route  
Tried to ride in phases  
Wherever I could.

The whole night-  
I was half awake  
Getting up in between  
Time and again.  
That it was right there  
Chained to the pillar.

Morning came earlier  
Than the usual time  
The next day  
And I was on the serpentine road  
Of my village.  
I could move faster  
Up and down  
Effortlessly  
Without touching the soil,  
Beat anyone who're on foot.  
In a while I'd made rounds  
Of the world that was mine.

Not that I didn't know-  
My bicycle had no life.  
Yet I took its care  
Like one does  
For one's child.

Decades have passed since-  
I search for my bicycle  
Or any other thing in life  
That gave so much  
Excitements and joy.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Heal The Wounds

It was on that day a year ago,  
In the early hours of dawn,  
The soft Sun rays were radiating  
On the wings of the morning!

While taking first few steps,  
Passing by the rows  
Of red and golden yellow roses,  
I had noticed the jewel like dew drops  
Spread over the vast carpet of the grass.  
Hearing the songs of a cuckoo  
Hidden inside the leafy branch of a Sal tree,  
I were taken aback at the sound  
Of a dropping of Kadamba flower  
On the shy cement bench of the park;  
Thinking as if some one's  
Trying to catch up with me!

A year is gone by!  
And you are on your feet.  
A unique smile that you wear now  
Wins the heart of known and unknown.  
The divine softness of an early morning  
That I see on your face.

This is my wish on this day!  
That I see the smile every day  
As I return home,  
Tired and worn out,  
From the work, back at night.  
Let any contact with your eyes  
Heal the world of its wounds  
Always as it does today!

Bishnupada Sethi

# Hearing Foot Steps From Behind

I hurry up!  
As usual, hearing the chime of the clock.  
Taking few steps on the lawn, I find  
The dew on the grass has dried very fast.

The bold beautiful faces  
Of golden yellow marigold  
Have all turned pale.  
As if some damsels were jealous  
And sprinkled mud water all over!

I get startled at the sounds  
Of someone approaching from behind!  
Looking back, I find none physically;  
Only the broad leaves of the Sal tree  
Falling on the pavement, full of dry leaves  
Signal the coming of some one!

Who and where he is, I wonder!  
The cuckoo hiding somewhere  
Tells something in its language  
Which I can't decipher!

The Poplar tree seems to have taken some leads  
After an early reincarnation  
It looks very fresh  
Adorned with light and soft baby leaves  
It radiates a different aura.  
Now, its' ready to preside over  
The ceremony to unfold later!

Someone is being born!  
The garden shares the pain.  
Witnessing all the events from the above  
The old tall Kadamba tree  
Drops few flowers of bright red colour  
On the cement bench beneath  
To welcome him on earth.



# Here Is A Message

There is certain silence in the air  
Broken by the incessant rain drops  
On the roof tops and the tree branches.  
The coolness wafted by the breeze  
Doesn't rupture the silence in the hall.

The music of rain goes on  
In perfect rhymes and volume.  
The voices here have gone mute.  
The focus of attention drifts  
From the music of nature around  
To the celebrations and events  
Of the past.

Why do untimely events take place?  
Why did the dark clouds descend  
When the Sun blazed  
The day being at the peak of brightness?

Here is a message  
Deep down from the fresh memory-  
You are in your deep slumber.  
Everything remains as it was before.  
Believe in the past being real  
As much as you trust your present.  
He was there.  
He is there.  
Don't trust so much the current turn of events  
To disbelieve in the past.  
In this realm  
The past, present and future coalesce  
And the time is not linear.  
You can move from your place to anywhere.  
You could be there  
Anywhere and everywhere.

Bishnupada Sethi

# I Enjoy

Knowing well that you won't come to me  
When I close my eyes,  
The soft breeze blows in  
The fragrance you wear  
To freshen my memory.

At this hour of today's evening,  
The shadow has covered the whole of my garden.  
The soft petal of the roses of my plants  
Have cupped the dreams, for reasons not known.

I see the doors of your heart closed for me  
And the stars burning above themselves.  
I wonder whether they enjoy doing so  
Looking within I answer, yes oh!

Bishnupada Sethi



# I Have Become Immortal

You may yet to know that-  
Your lips are a poetry.  
Telling a fine story  
It weaves a suave dream for me,  
I wanted to tell all the time.

Deep in emotion  
It stirs strong waves in me.  
Elegantly poised  
It heightens my desires  
To set all bondages free.

Calling it luscious  
Or most ravishing or matchless  
Would hardly be proper and just  
Since it lifts me higher  
From an ordinary state.  
The minds are moulded to one another  
The lips locked and  
The quiet music of two beating hearts  
Bares the souls  
From all wrappings-  
I become immortal.

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# I Have Gone To Sleep

I have gone to sleep  
Unaware of the things around,  
My face bears no expression  
The body is quiet like a stone.

I am not dreaming anymore,  
No further height I want to scale.  
The anxieties to win all the games,  
The fear of losing what I had  
Have vanished into the air  
All of a sudden!

Day or night, hot or cold  
Good or bad, pain or pleasure  
Have become one and the same  
Losing the meanings they had to me.

I will not again rise up  
To compete with you or argue  
And to smile or cry.  
As the time shall pass from now  
The ideas about me will fade,  
I will lapse to your distant memory.

What is this sleep!  
Which I fail to know?  
Even with the loudest of sounds  
Known to the senses on earth  
I can't wake up for a while  
To say thank you to all!

Bishnupada Sethi

# I Will Wait

I will wait  
For that moonlit night to return to earth  
When I will meet you again  
To play a game of hide and seek  
In the shade of leafy banyan trees  
And on the ground by the side of that lake,  
Like a pair of deer & doe  
Running away from the terror of our jungles  
We will search for new meanings  
While finding love in the air!

I dread this waiting  
As the dark sleepless nights pass by  
One after the other,  
But all that pain is not difficult to bear  
Since the hopes of our union  
Enables me to live every moment now!

I know ages might pass  
Before we meet once again  
But I wish to live that long enough  
To feel your presence by my side  
And to whisper in your ear  
That I waited for you to say  
How much I love you!

Bishnupada Sethi

# I Wish To Cry

The past has long since slipped out,  
Only remain its traces in my memory;  
The pale images and known events  
Appear before me in a slide show  
All of which I knew so close.

My attempts to interact,  
To feel and touch them fail;  
Outpour of my emotions  
Do not affect them at all,  
And the tears flow out  
Unchecked and unstoppable  
In total silence.

I see those days in my school  
At play, at home and as I grew,  
Of the failings and achievement,  
Of the times of sadness, celebrations,  
Of the times of increasing aspirations;  
The days when my loved ones  
Stood by me, lived with me.

I wish to cry in their honour  
And shed tears unnoticed  
While choosing to be all alone  
To feel that I loved them  
As I love them till now  
And their loves guide me through.

Bishnupada Sethi

# I Wish To Know

I am sure-  
I know  
I don't belong to this place.  
With the passage of time  
I will be gone  
As if I weren't there before.

How about those who know me?  
They will also be gone  
Like many others who left earlier.  
New comers will fill up the space.  
There may be someone  
Or something  
Connecting over the time and space  
Making things appear permanent.

I encounter  
The dead walls of thoughts  
And suffocate  
Being confined to my limited earthly space.  
I stretch my memory  
Backwards and forwards-  
My existence is very frail.  
Beyond my consciousness yet,  
Events go on  
Appearing disorderly though  
Over a small fraction of time  
And yet-  
Following a perfect order  
Over a longer time frame.

I wish to know  
How do I connect  
To the places and people  
After I am gone!

Bishnupada Sethi

# Inscriptions On The Tiles!

The flame of the kerosene oil lit lamp  
Flickers, which I see lying on the wooden cot,  
Kept on the verandah.  
The pages of my book turn over  
By the blow of slight breeze.  
The red Mangalore tiles in the roof of my house  
Return some light back to my face.  
I gleam with good feelings  
To read the lines on them  
That "Love is God".  
Perhaps, a happy mason  
Thought for some time  
While creating a mould for making tiles.

As the days passed by,  
I grew from my childhood  
Reading those lines again and again.  
The tiles withered  
As they protected me from heat  
Rain, cold and cyclone  
Till I left for the town.

I remember the time  
When a herd of monkeys  
Camped on the tree tops for few days  
Scaring all the dogs of the village,  
As they jumped from one tree to another  
From houses to trees to navigate a route  
Over our heads,  
They broke some of the tiles, to my pains  
Though my father replaced them later.

Years after, now those lamps are gone  
Like the red tiles on the roof  
Giving way to the concrete and electric light.  
In the village, I dream in the night  
I look up to search for the inscriptions  
A reminder of the bygone days!  
But I wonder to discover

That my body is transplanted  
With a number of tiles, made of earth  
All red and baked by intense heat  
With the inscriptions that "Love is God".

Bishnupada Sethi

# Journey

I have discovered the life's speed  
Watching the foaming waterfalls plummet,  
Through the rocky path into the valley  
Towards the sea endless.

Here is the boat I prepared for us  
To cross the river of dew;  
I carved a stone temple in air  
For you to come and occupy the altar!

I have laid my dreams  
Inside the womb of a shell,  
Protected under the sea fathomless  
Unmindful of the cruel waves  
Or the sand dunes of the shore  
And guarding your path since then!

Like the silk hiding its strength  
My love lies in its softness;  
You've entered deep in my heart;  
Inside your image is well ensconced.  
You are like a waterfall gracious  
Eroding the unforgiving nature of hills.

Without melting in your embrace  
I've experienced love at your sight  
Waited and waiting for you to join  
In this long journey of life!

Bishnupada Sethi



# Just A Walk Away

How do you feel  
When almost everyday  
You hear someone you knew,  
Lived together at some time  
Or grew up with  
Is no more?

At the beginning  
Occasional were such events  
Or the persons were not so close.  
Feeble were the impressions  
And hard feelings were very few.  
Life was to go on  
As long as the near ones  
Stayed close  
Or remained safe.

Now like the mushrooms  
Of dark clouds of a fierce monsoon  
The vultures of death  
Lift one by one  
Indiscriminately wherever you look.  
Another friend is gone  
And you ponder.  
Does it indicate  
If my time too is up?

Now I feel existing  
Like a corpse.  
A wall of mist  
Only separating two worlds  
Of living  
And the dead  
And my shifting to the other side  
Seems just a walk away.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Keep Singing

Keep singing  
My nightingale.  
For this life is a song  
And you sing so well.

When you sing  
Many listen to the lyrics and rhythm.  
I feel mesmerised.  
The voice pierce my heart's ear.

A butterfly runs amok  
Through these vibrations.  
It runs here and there.  
The soul seeks a passage  
To escape the barriers  
Of time and relationships,  
Asks for a new definition of life  
Its purposes.

The song is life.  
The life is a song.  
You are the lyrics  
A beautiful mother wrote  
And who inspired  
To live a wonderful life.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Language Of Love

Trying to reach me fast,  
Raising upwards his hand at me  
He totters as the steps falter;  
And there lies a firm belief in him,  
I will lift him to hug  
To show how I care for him.

He knows no words I speak,  
Still he communicates.  
The nimble fingers make gestures,  
His walks even convey messages,  
Movement of eyes, smiles and cries  
Form a language for him.

As a mother, I come to know  
While he is either hungry or thirsty,  
Times, when upset or hurt  
Or tired and need to go to sleep.

I wonder about the powers of my child  
To communicate his feelings with ease,  
With the known and unknowns,  
With them loving him and not.

As he played with me  
And the people around,  
He picked up this language  
Of love, through love!

Bishnupada Sethi

# Let Me Live Longer

At the stroke of midnight  
The cool breeze wakes me up.  
I feel the presence of my dear mother  
And the desire to live grows.

I keep myself awake,  
Looking at the eastern sky,  
I notice the beginning of a new day.  
The scattered golden rays  
Involves me  
In the birth of a new Sun.

Like a new born baby,  
He is welcomed,  
Amidst the festive moments of the dawn.  
The world wakes up  
So as not to miss the event so great.

The horizon spreads afar,  
As the events unfold.  
I lose myself in the hectic day  
And when the dusk arrives  
I take stock of my accounts.

I listen to my queries from within,  
And I try to answer them all.  
I see the sky, full of stars,  
Brighter than ever before.  
I feel shy of their eye winks,  
And the desire to live longer grows.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Let's Be Strangers

Let's be strangers once again,  
And meet each other for the first time.  
I will offer my love to you,  
When your eyes fall on me!

I know you'll reject my love,  
But I must never give up.  
In an attempt to be a part of you,  
I will spend the rest of my life.

We'll meet at different corners of life  
And come to know each other well.  
I will wait for a chance to tell  
About those sweet little desires,  
Which pester me all the while!

Bishnupada Sethi

# Life Is The Greatest Gift.

Life is the greatest gift I got-  
Unattached to any condition.  
Being in the flesh and blood  
And in senses-  
To me is a boon of heaven.

Let's all gather  
In the moment of this hour's celebration.  
The glory of living resonates here  
In the smell of our sweats  
In those care and touch.  
The hugs melts us.

I wouldn't mourn.  
I won't remember the dark moments.  
My tears didn't last long  
Like the dark clouds  
Which withered away soon.

I'm not in a hurry.  
Why should I  
When I can't stop the passage of time?  
I will make the events I live through  
Full of memories  
Of cheers and laughter  
With all shades of colours.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Little Mermaid

Walking up the long beach all alone,  
I heard a faint echoing voice  
Of a little mermaid  
From the sand dunes!

It must have been from the deep sea,  
From a fisher's net;  
The noise of cracking waves disturbed me;  
I was not sure  
If it was a call for me  
And if she needed me!

Bishnupada Sethi

# Lost World

The moon rays entering through the sky light  
Reflect on the face of my beloved,  
The music from the player has stopped  
After going unheard for some time,  
The cool air of the last winter nights  
Enter my home from all the sides,  
As she feels cold, she holds me closer  
And I feel her warmth in my arms;  
I feel lucky to have come a long way  
Over the years living together.

There is no one on the street outside  
It is all quiet and tranquil;  
Peace pervading everywhere  
Is broken by the barking of street dogs.

I get up in the mid night  
Not to find her in my arms,  
I fail to locate me in the dark  
And I bend on my knees to pray  
To tell me what all happened;  
I pinch my self not to feel any pain  
As a voice from no where tells  
I am not in my home where I thought to be.

Bishnupada Sethi



# Love

Today,  
I can paint a mirage  
On the canvas of this damp mind.  
I can fill the blank space long lost  
With the unspoiled dream dug  
From the core of my heart.  
In the yard of my house  
I sow the seeds of imagination.

The scenario of Sun rise and Sun set,  
The germination of a seed in deep ground,  
An arrow of love striking a bird,  
I can capture in our small room.

A new thirst, I've acquired  
Which I can hardly name as lust.  
It's a rose, a new moon  
An idea to climb Everest!

Let us reiterate the lines;  
Hold my hand and come to the rains,  
Look at my eyes to discover myself;  
You see it rains, it ignites  
And find your mate, which you lost  
In your previous birth!

Bishnupada Sethi

# Love Me Or Leave Me.

I wasn't very watchful  
Being busy in things  
That came on my way,  
Then I realised  
A year has gone by  
As if it was only last night  
We had welcomed a new year.  
A fun filled event  
Full of hugs and best wishes  
Reminds the new expectations  
Those came with a new Sun rise.

Since I wanted to be always better  
The struggle had begun  
Right after I gained consciousness.  
The journey was gradual  
And step by step  
So engrossing was the movement  
Through the time and space  
That I didn't realise-  
It has been few decades  
I have moved ahead  
From birth to youth  
And still exist.

Introspecting today,  
I realise the changes  
That has occurred all around-  
Who have all vanished?  
How new faces have replaced the old guards?  
My journey provides a lead  
About the writing in bold  
Which doesn't strike me often.

Being alive I can still feel  
How the time and space  
Are more infinite-  
Than we comprehend.  
Who hasn't been told

Soon it will get over.  
There may not be a warning-  
We will miss each other  
The very next moment.

I have no clue to any existence  
Beyond this living body  
It may be only for few days  
We are together-  
Like my friends and masters were here  
With or without a purpose  
And their love and words  
Bring fond memories.

Leave me or love me-  
I'm unable to reserve  
A time or space for any discord  
That I don't fit into your needs.  
I'm perfect the way I am-  
No one loves me more  
Than I love myself.  
Where do I get the time  
I'll give explanations  
To seek your grace?

Bishnupada Sethi

# Love Sick

There are so many things, which are good  
But to fall in love is I feel the best to do;  
For love is the sweetest, it means God  
Attained through a tender touch and a smile sweet  
A gentle kiss and a grace, which is so pleasant.

The magic of your eyes,  
The fragrance of your mind,  
The innocence, the purity and your radiance,  
Makes you a portrait of my dreams  
And around your eyes  
Revolves my world.

The more I think of you,  
The less and less I remain of myself  
And more and more I become of you.  
A single wish I nourish  
To be cradled on the waves of your love.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Meaningfull Living

If one is in love  
He hears its symphony and songs,  
Building the domes of castle in air  
Finds things as dew and dawn pure.

One can't tell what he wants,  
May not get what is asked.  
Being in love with sorrows  
He loses sleep, hunger and thirst.

An unseen wound is carried,  
The bouts of fever, nausea become friends,  
The pain nobody understands,  
The agony cuts across the chest.

You talk to her in dreams,  
Your silence might speak,  
Unreal and true would be the same,  
Whether or not she in sight.

Regardless she loves you or not,  
You like to dote her line,  
Cherishing her all time presence  
Feel good in what she likes.

Inspite of all my troubles  
If I were to fall in love,  
I shall do with her over and again  
Even if it hurts me so much.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Men In The Forest

The mystery of evergreen Sal forest  
Strikes wonders due to the vastness.  
The music of silence is unique  
And the untamed streams compose its theme.  
The peaks of sacred hills  
Create a delight to the eyes  
In the back ground of light pale sky.

No one is there in their homes  
To hear the lonely roar of a tiger,  
The call of a deer full of melancholy  
At this time of the night.

To the glow of fuel wood lit light  
Here is a group of men,  
Coming from the shadows of the trees  
Leap forward to a rapid roll of drums.  
A group of women, old and young,  
Their feet moving in perfect rhythms;  
The anklets too sing a tune;  
Sway back before the men  
Bending low to the ground.

Like a steady urge of wind  
Blowing over the tree tops,  
A group of female singers advance,  
Swinging to and fro  
With answers to the questions of men.

All lost in a rupture of movement!  
The events go all through out the night.  
The drama of life is enacted  
In the honour of the glory of the God.  
The drum never tires out  
Nor the beautiful feet of the women.  
For they are all here  
To decode the secrets of "Lila"  
In the most ecstatic moments of lives.



# Mercy Killing

I have seen the goats  
Well fed, nourished and washed,  
Before being led to the altar  
Near the seat of a merciful goddess  
For their sacrifice,  
In an ambience created for purity  
Amidst the chant of holy men  
The sounds of conch, cymbals setting the tune.

I know about the accused  
Being sent to the gallows  
Only after the injuries embalmed  
And allowed to heal completely.

I have also read  
About millions of hungry men being fed  
Out of the relief received from the rich  
To be pounded with bombs, later.

And the debate goes on to minimize the pain  
At the time of taking away lives!

An injured prisoner of war  
I am receiving the best care,  
After losing my grounds to you  
Or, as the simplest of animals  
I confuse with scent in the air  
And I have received your charity  
Which makes me feel better than earlier.

However, the question winks in my eyes  
If the pain would be minimum?

Bishnupada Sethi



# Morning In The Park

The young Sun in the eastern sky  
Is up with the lipstick of his mother  
Put all over the face  
And asking the Moon on the western part  
To go back as its time is up.

Storks and doves are down  
On the moist grass carpets,  
Searching for food being hungry,  
At ease with them, undisturbed  
They block my path.

Here is a wake up call  
From the cuckoo hidden in a tree  
For all its kith and kin.  
Down below, I see an empty bench  
With dark red flowers dropped from the Kadamba tree.  
The lovers of last night sat there  
And have left their warmth  
Promises, dreams and whispers.  
The tree has witnessed them all  
And feeling shy to tell.

The partisan gardener  
Has grown patches of marigold,  
Big, beautiful of many colors  
With all his care;  
As the young girls brisk past that corner,  
Their faces blush.

A group of old man,  
All members of a laughing club,  
Located in that corner,  
Are not shouting Ho! Ho! Haa! Haa!  
Today to keep fit.  
As I pass by, I overhear  
That the lead member  
Singing Radhe Radhe with the group  
Is absent today

And he will not come back to the park again.

The Sun rises further up.

There is a whistle from the watchman, not visible  
Signaling the time of the day.

The gate will be closed after a while  
As the last man moved out.

While outside world will be active,  
The park would rest;

And try to get over the shock, it got  
From the loss of one of its member,  
Who never missed to be there for so many years!

Bishnupada Sethi

# Mother's Cry

At the midnight,  
When everyone is deep asleep,  
A shrill voice is the one  
One can hear from beyond the lake.

In a place interior in the forest,  
Her sobs rise in crescendo,  
For she knows  
Her sons will fight again  
To prove who is great!

She shaped these men,  
From when they knew nothing.  
Like the buds in her garden,  
She wished them to bloom in the spring.

Yet!  
They spill their blood  
Unmindful of her pleadings.  
As if, they have grown old  
Enough to be mad!

How could she tolerate,  
For she is a mother  
As her sons are dying before her  
Which is sure to happen again tomorrow.  
Who could console her?  
For she is the mother earth  
And she knows the pain  
Of bearing and rearing her children.

Bishnupada Sethi

# My Beloved On My Shoulder.

Too weak hearted-  
You screech to see me carry  
The empty body of my beloved  
On my shoulder.

Our Lord too-  
Having gone wild  
At the sight of His consort  
Immersing in the sacrificial pyre  
Moved about the universe  
Carrying the mortal remains-  
All for twelve years  
Looking for someone  
Who could revive Her  
As none dared stop His Tandav  
And He searched for  
An immortal love  
Till he dropped Her body parts  
At all twelve places turned holy.

A rare privilege this is-  
An intimate tribute  
To someone I love  
I'm carrying  
Weighing a few pounds  
Worn out due to earthly processes  
On my hardened shoulder-  
A bliss too difficult to describe.

Look at my face.  
Am I complaining?  
Though I'm sad  
For losing my love,  
I'm not in a hurry  
To dispose of  
What little remains of now.  
Yet I search for her presence  
Wherever I go.

The whispers of gentle breeze  
The shadow of a tree,  
The sound of a bird in the branches,  
The wild flowers by the side of lanes,  
The sight of knowns and unknowns  
Remind that I am not alone.

Bishnupada Sethi

# My Favourite Thief

The streets were yawning,  
Smothered by the cold breeze.  
In total silence,  
The moon was slipping down  
From behind the tall palm trees.

I had gone to the sleep  
Leaving behind my door wide open  
And at midnight entered a thief  
In easy gait,  
To steal all my things  
Precious and preserved so long!

I pleaded with the thief  
As I smiled getting awake,  
To take everything away,  
As sleepless nights I had  
To guard them all for so many days.

I signed a blank cheque and gave to the thief.  
Carrying the booty, I followed the steps,  
For I knew I needed some peace  
And I saw the promise in thief's grace.

Bishnupada Sethi

# My Garland

After the days of careful search  
In the garden of my mind  
With my toils round the seasons  
I have picked up few bright flowers  
Pink, blue, violet and red  
Those of many smell and colour!

As I desired to make a garland  
By piecing the flowers together  
With a running thread of love,  
I sustained pain several times  
By the pricks of the needle  
Being unmindful and careless  
Due to your thoughts engrossing me!

And the process gave much pleasure  
As I thought of you all along!

Soon I will be able  
To finish making my garland  
And I will wait for a suitable date  
To come to you with it  
For placing around your beautiful neck!

Bishnupada Sethi

# My Photographs

The avalanches in my memory  
Appear in flashes;  
The events from past to the present  
Roll down in slides  
As they get mixed up.

I am the photographer  
Connecting through out,  
Over the time series  
Across places and people.

Countless frames  
Stacked one above the other:  
I can access them randomly  
In no time!

I wonder!  
What materials these frames consist of?  
Where are they stored?  
Whether any one possesses their copies  
And if they would be preserved  
By any one,  
Beyond me!

Bishnupada Sethi



# My Sweet Dream

You call me your friend which I feel,  
Your smile is the only thing which pleases me,  
I don't know if you bother to see  
A burning desire always keeps me in agony.

I long to touch you,  
To listen to your pulse,  
To know how are you different from others and me.  
Always, I wish to come near your side  
To be with you, on the same tide.

I brought nothing, nor shall I take thing any  
Whatever I got, shall lose on the way  
The beginning was unknown, so'll be the end  
Nevertheless, can I have a journey which is pleasant!

Neither, I know what sin is,  
Nor, I want to hurt self for more time,  
But how can I tell that I want you  
As a sweet dream in this tired life.

Bishnupada Sethi

# My World Of Spirits

My world is a world of spirits  
The way to salvation being my tribe;  
I dare not defile it,  
For my tribe is the temple of God.  
I bow before my tribe  
Everything of which, I never can see.

We obey the dictates of the spirits  
Coming to us as unwritten laws,  
The old generations passed on the traditions  
Setting standards of truth for all.

The hilltop is our idol  
And the Sun, miles away;  
In sacred village grove  
Lay the holy spirits;  
I have enshrined my ancestors  
Who departed us times ago,  
In the sanctuary of my house  
And live with them.

The spirits of my forefathers  
Though free!  
They need not roam around now  
After I brought them home;  
They intercede with the supreme God  
To bring happiness to us all.

The forest is the centre of my pilgrimage,  
The stream sings praise in the name of God,  
The scared village grove discloses my identity  
And protects us from evils.

Bishnupada Sethi

# New Life

All my desires and my songs  
Get mixed today in the waves of the breeze.  
Like a sea in turmoil  
It rises to touch the sky at horizon  
In a unique exchange of feelings.

The weariness of walking alone  
In the lonely hours of dark nights  
Are not there today.  
I can walk now many miles  
Even in those dense forests  
Because you've become my mate.

The dews are on the grass,  
The scent of flower wafting in,  
The scare that night becomes day,  
The eager moments of the dusk;  
All bring golden rays of life  
Through the gateway of love.

Let us care for the shell  
Which lie scattered on the shore.  
You'll touch them with your tender hand  
And it would move to the sea  
With a new life for hibernation.

Bishnupada Sethi

# New Season

At the arrival of this season,  
I've found in the mind's river  
An endless flood of love.  
The garden has bloomed  
In the mind with the coolness of moon.  
You could call me mad  
Judging from the flow of such words.

I've wrapped you in the carpet of my soul,  
Contained in the house of new relations.  
The innocent words run here and there  
To penetrate the door of the past.

Look,  
I get drenched in the rains of emotions.  
I may be smiling at times  
But unable to speak;  
Be it a luck or misfortune,  
You don't see all such feelings,  
Hidden behind all the acts,  
All speeches, be spoken or not.

I dress as a dream merchant,  
Wait for the flower to bloom in my body.  
I try to create a magic of my words;  
My gesture is to create a mystic dew;  
All I do for you to see  
To feel happy and be mine.

Bishnupada Sethi

# New World

Even though you have not sung a love song for me,  
Nor beguiled me with a deceptive beauty,  
Yet, like an invisible moon in the sky  
You raised thousands storms in me.

The patches of darkness appearing like ghosts  
Hang from the branches of the tress.  
I wonder why they laugh at me!  
The long hands of the sculptors of the Sun temple,  
Who built the beautiful statues,  
Signal at me while telling  
"Get burnt, it is the meaning of life."

At times, like a mad whirl wind  
Some times, like a snake having lost its memory,  
Unmindful of the solace  
Or reproach from the people,  
I search in the deep darkness,  
As I have been doing since ages,  
For the cherished pair of beautiful eyes.

Emptying the entire universe for you,  
Traveling a long route in life's journey,  
Sloughing off a tail like a lizard  
Made of sorrow and joy,  
I have seen a new world  
Quite unique to me.

Bishnupada Sethi

# No To The Spring

Dry winter had come with biting cold  
To take away the leaves from my trees  
And the plants from my garden.  
The Sun visited for shorter hours  
Forcing all to rush back home.

But when the spring came for a while  
The cuckoo sang from the top of my tree,  
Soft, green shoots appeared in its branches,  
The southern wind entered my house,  
With soft petals, appeared many roses.

I know, spring would go away soon  
Leaving sweet memories behind!

The summer is around setting in  
With the rage of an angry sage  
And rude has become the sunrays  
Making the earth dry and pale.

Fishes in my pond would've no water,  
The crabs would look for new shelter,  
The Streets would be without travelers,  
The market would've few buyers.  
A gloom would descend during daytime  
As if it is to mourn the death of a king.

While the winter was long  
The summer would even be longer  
Within two bad memories is sandwiched  
The spring, sweet but shorter.

Likewise, I remember those smiles  
So sweet, giving new meanings to my life.  
Soon after those short, swift days,  
I am back in my old ways.

Now, with the tenderness gone by  
I'm finding it harsh everywhere again.

If the days were to be bad again  
I wish the spring left me alone;  
The fear to see the crow on the trees  
In place of the singing cuckoo  
Would not haunt me this time  
If summer were to come just after the winter.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Nostalgia

The sage urged to march forward  
Like the flying bird,  
Which leaves no trace behind,  
Along the path it travels.  
It's difficult to believe the soul leaving the body  
In the manner one changes his shirt.

In each moment of departure  
My heart becomes heavy,  
To get up I feel uneasy,  
I try in vain to hold back the time,  
When I know I shall not be back,  
Won't be able to meet when I want;  
The moment of togetherness just pass by  
Like the fast trains in my memory.

I look back as I move,  
Think of the gossips over the teacups,  
Endless and meaningless banter and debates;  
I feel stuck to the buildings and roads,  
The people, trees, manners and festivities;  
The steps falter and feet slip.

I mightn't leave any trace behind,  
But the imprints of paths shall remain in my mind,  
They are my earnings, my assets  
Shall continue to guide wherever I go!

I interpolate to find meanings  
To know the happiest moments in life;  
It'll be at the time of death I feel  
When all the events in memory play recoil!

Bishnupada Sethi



# Nothing Unusual

Nothing unusual I see-  
Though unexpected things happen.  
The events have similarities to the past.  
There are rules.  
There is an order.  
Beyond our consciousness  
Things perpetuate.

Not yet known-  
How many species  
Observe the matter and lives  
Beyond their limited senses?  
We are bound  
By the limits of a phenomenon  
Called death.  
The living ones miss  
Some friends they once  
Nudged together.  
No one knows what's lying ahead  
Beyond one's time.

The Sun will rise and set,  
So also the moon without fail  
There will be cycles of seasons.  
The oceans and seas,  
The streams and rivers,  
The hills and forests-  
Surely will exist beyond our times.  
Unanswered will remain  
Certain queries.  
We will become numb  
In the struggle for survival.  
We will not seek meanings  
The very next moment.

Bishnupada Sethi

# On Hatred

The dew has enveloped my house  
Like a sheet of ice,  
There is pin drop silence inside  
All my dear ones are asleep.

My little daughter'd get up  
And start talking to her parrot,  
I'd ask her to talk quietly  
Since a sensor may pick up the voice.

Outside, away from my home  
The buildings have been blasted;  
Scores of people, old and young  
Are being carried away;  
Some to the hospitals  
And others to the river ghat.

No one had slept  
Even with the slightest idea  
That they'd not see a sun rise again.

The hatred is being washed  
In pools of blood.

I feel still safe  
As light has gone out  
And a veil of dew covering us,  
My parrot has not got up  
To wish good morning to my daughter.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Once For The Last Time!

Do not leave me behind  
Oh my darling!  
Alone at this moment  
For I would suffer in silence  
Unmindful of the age of night  
Till another day dawns.

If you look around  
At the vast expanse of water  
Of the lake overlooking this place,  
You see the silence lying all over,  
As the water breathes respite  
From the day time movement  
Of fishers, their boats, oars and nets.

Gentle breeze blowing from the south  
Tries to heal its wounds now!

Yonder are the tall coconut trees,  
Though trying to remain stiff  
But doze off at times.  
Their shadowy images in cool waters  
Disturb the peace of those living under.

Before you really have to go  
You may please come nearer me  
As I wish to hold you tight  
Once for the last time in a long kiss.

I want your face to glow in my mind  
With another glimpse of yours.  
Thus only can I relieve myself  
From the pain of missing you!

Bishnupada Sethi

# Over The Time And Space

I'm here  
Around you.  
I'm there  
Away from thee.  
I'm above the ground  
And on the floor by your side.

I'm here now  
Like I'm there in the past.  
Travelling from the past to future  
And to the present  
At random is so easy for me now.

I feel no pain.  
I experience  
No hunger no thirst  
No anger no jealousy  
No lust no greed  
No remorse no sorrows  
Having acquired different new senses.

I see you all sad  
Though I know why.  
I assure you  
I'm too happy  
Like I was never before.

I'm feeling elevation.  
A sense of tremendous joy  
Something which you never felt so far.  
It is a force,  
Bountiful and ever merciful.

Look who I'm with-  
Our grand father, our school teacher  
All others who'd left us earlier!  
There are more  
Lot many our own people  
Who came here before my birth.

Don't lament over  
That mass I left behind.  
Don't call it by my name-  
For I can't be there within it  
As for now-  
I'm everywhere  
Over the time and space.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Quite Unusual

It was quite unusual  
Since he would never request  
For he had no great love for me-  
Yet I did not think it important  
When he wanted to see me  
Being bedridden.

I heard about his general complaints though-  
Of neglect and lack of care from near ones  
Of ill health and uncertain future  
And the stress of ageing.

I'm sure,  
He didn't know either-  
Future is never an extrapolation  
Of the present state.

I left the place  
Without meeting him  
Even though I had wanted it.  
Next time would be  
More appropriate to see him  
I thought-  
When he would have recovered.

Now I feel  
He didn't know  
Beyond his consciousness  
His body was sending some signals  
We all failed to decode.

Only after a few hours  
Someone broke me the news  
That he became silent for ever  
Never to use any of the elements of the earth  
That sustains life.

Now I realize-  
Something was to leave soon

To be part of something else  
There is a connection  
Between where my imagination goes  
And beyond  
Above my ordinary comprehension.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Rains

There is a sigh of relief,  
From the hot days of the past  
As it's raining so heavy today.  
The coolness has returned to the earth,  
It's turning to be greener  
As if peace is returning.  
But the music of water drops  
Pierce the silence so created.

Everyone within homes  
Feel safe with kith and kin,  
A climate of warmth and love  
Is there in the togetherness one sees.

But it's hotter for me  
Without you today here.  
The rain doesn't allow getting out  
And your thought preoccupies me.  
Without any scope to meet you,  
The heart is choked,  
It chafes the mind,  
I can't discipline the self  
And the storm rises from within.

I look within my home  
Its' empty today.

Bishnupada Sethi



# Restless Sea

It is in perpetual turmoil  
Though the restlessness varies from time to time.  
Behind every rise and fall of the waves  
A mind is there at work,  
As if, some mad desires are hidden deep inside.  
The vast expanse of water,  
Incomprehensible to the naked eyes  
Makes one to feel  
That something is still missing.

The sea beach is motionless  
Appears to me as speechless  
Like a Yogi in trance.  
As if nothing is happening  
Nor likely that an event would take place.  
Under the sands of time  
Hides there an eternal peace.

But, there is non-fulfillment everywhere  
With bounties around!  
The child looks for childhood,  
The youth craves for life,  
And the old aspires for hope.  
A feeling of nothingness  
Pervades the world of plenty.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Royal Wish

As I go down along my dream lane  
Behind the rocks, trees and mountains,  
Can't see beyond the nice veil of mist,  
Close my eyes awaiting something sweet.

Though a stranger you consider me  
You exist in my mental eye.  
Each time you appear before  
A glittering lamp always glows inside.  
Like a pond which catches the sun  
Your portrait I preserve within.

Tis royal for me to have a wish  
But not to build a kingdom or a palace,  
Not being able to grant me the favour  
Of your presence round the hour,  
Let it be a glance of yours  
Whether with a happy or an angry face,  
Once a day at even moon's distance,  
Shall enable me to make me rejoice.

Bishnupada Sethi

# See Me, I Am Around You

I see you crying alone  
And the tears roll down like torrents,  
At the mid night, in total darkness,  
As thunderbolt pierces the sky outside  
You wish to hold me tight.

There are no sobs,  
None is there to console you!

You are not complaining  
That life has changed after initial days,  
As you used to say while combing your hair,  
In front of the mirror!  
But looking around to know  
If my eyes were on you!

The mirror has gathered dust  
Without any cleaning for many days!

The house is in order  
Without you having to clean  
Several times a day!  
Imagine, how you were driven mad  
To find me making a mess of things  
Each time, I came back home.

Though I am around you  
But you can never see me there!

Bishnupada Sethi

# She Would Not Be A Girl Again

She would not be a girl again  
As this night passes to the dawn!  
Without the shyness she was known for,  
She, would answer with smiles and gestures,  
All the innocent queries from her friends,  
A person turned mature overnight.

It was a longed for experience  
Of love, pain and pleasure!  
In the exploring moments of a sleepless night,  
Like a hot wax, she melted,  
Guided in the moulds of a pair of hands  
Ignited by the sparks of passion!

Unaware of the existence of the world around  
To the witness of a single lamp,  
Flickering light in an unknown mirth,  
She plays the role of a heroine  
In the silent drama being enacted,  
Whose theme had come to the earth,  
In the times of its origin!

Bishnupada Sethi

# Single Wish!

Here is someone you know  
Who lives in memories and dreams  
And makes a garland by picking the best ones  
To welcome you next time.

Even if I can see everything  
Which only takes a wink.  
Still I can't feel you  
As you are beyond my reach.

But the dreams and memories,  
Give enough taste to life  
An impetus is there  
As is to live for you  
Is only the single wish!

Bishnupada Sethi

# Some Day

If I were to meet you one day  
And allow my heart to open,  
Would ask how did you feel  
Or feel at all when I thought of you.

I would open my wounds  
To show the ones long unhealed  
Caused by your manner demure,  
A perceived coldness to my feelings.

Or I would like to inquire  
Are you as rude as a stone!  
Can you ever weep  
Like the way you laugh?

What would've harmed you  
Had you smiled looking at me,  
I'd not ask for more  
Since I admire you so much.

Thinking like a beggar,  
Wanting my wishes to be horses,  
Looking for a way to come,  
And bare the feeling in your front.

The feelings inside my heart  
Are eager to belch out  
Like the lava from magma chamber  
To form a fertile land.  
It'd give a new set of words  
Enabling to say what I want.

Bishnupada Sethi

## Some Of The Relationships.

Some of the relationships  
Develop bonds.  
Those weave dreams  
Around a floating iceberg  
In high seas  
Unaware of an inevitable summer.  
A house of mirth and laughter is built.  
A senseless feeling of continuity  
Overshadows what lies ahead.

Yet some others-  
Designed to instil hopes  
In even the parched lands of a desert  
Turn otherwise.  
Those cut the fine strings  
One by one  
Noticeably  
And unnoticed.  
The movement from everything to nothing  
Gets a passage  
Though no without friction and pain.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Sorry For What Happened Last Night

Sorry for what happened last night!  
For sure, it was not an act of love.  
I never thought it would happen  
Nor did I do anything to prevent it.

I feel sad that it did happen  
Without any feeling of love! ☐

The blood gushed into my veins,  
We forgot about things bitter about us.  
It took time for me to think  
And by then the wrong was done.

Should I go to the temple,  
To tell the God to forgive;  
Or take thousands ablutions  
In the holy waters of the sea?

I am not sure if it would take away  
The bitterness between us, we have  
And restore back the lost love  
Without any of sense of guilt!

The guilt kills me every moment  
As I think to have defiled my body.  
Cries it seems, my soul inside,  
As it was so stupid to be carnal  
And senseless not to think over before  
And I do not know who to blame for.

But I wonder for a while,  
Closing my eyes gone dry these days!  
It was not the same before,  
Until we lost love for each other.

Bishnupada Sethi



# Standing By The River Daya

Standing by the river Daya  
and looking beyond our times  
into the very old bygone era,  
I search in my naked eyes  
and through human senses.  
Where possibly must have taken place  
the great war!  
bringing an end to a mighty kingdom  
and giving birth to a new time,  
when another king declared-  
A victory is true  
If made through the win of hearts.

There obviously remain-  
no traces of blood,  
flesh or bone of that time.  
I am not sure of my forefathers  
if they were with the winners or losers.

The promises to protect  
own people and the king  
must all be lying stewn  
in debris here and there.  
If at all one could locate-  
It would be the iron, clay of that time  
in the soil beyond identification.

There remain-  
A hair rousing tale of war  
and all pervading nature.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Surge Of Memories

Like a storm surge on the quiet beach,  
Like a glacial avalanche  
Engulfing a sleepy hilly hamlet,  
Like an eruption from a dead volcano  
To the witness of a close visitor,  
Like an earthquake of enormous intensity  
During the most busy hour of the day  
At times,  
A gush of your memories and thoughts  
Flood me  
Making me stupefied:  
I'm caught in a status  
Of belief and disbelief,  
In a moment of present and pleasant past,  
In between pride and despair.

I come to senses  
To find  
The Tsunami of waves  
Having left a trail devastation  
Where I rush  
To collect the debris.

I gaze around for-  
The so familiar voice and image  
Till they escape my search  
To appear again like a storm surge,  
An avalanche,  
An eruption  
Or an earthquake later.

You are around for sure-  
Or else how do I encounter you  
Infrequently though.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Telepathy

Whenever a cloud of darkness  
Hovers over my horizon  
Or a strong breeze  
Attempts to uproot me,  
A slightest feeling of uneasiness  
Or confounding thoughts  
That leave me high and dry  
Or at times while I am lost in the crowd  
And despair to get out of it,  
Then you ask-  
If I'm not well  
And what's gone wrong.

I would wonder-  
How does one know  
Not being around  
When those others  
Staying so near fail to know  
When something goes wrong.

Someone said-  
'Telepathy ' is it  
And the basis of such feelings is  
Nothing but love  
Only love.

Bishnupada Sethi

# That Day And Today

That day:

The street in deep slumber has woken up,  
In this late hours of the night,  
To the beats of drums.  
The loud noises of the crackers pierce the silence,  
And the dancing and singing troupe lead,  
As I proceed to your house.

I am bedecked with flowers,  
The fragrance of them wafts in air.  
My friend, my kith and kin accompany me  
And I am the king of the show.

Your father welcomes me,  
The waiting crowd at your place  
Rushes to have my glimpses.  
With the greetings from smiling faces  
I am led to an altar.  
The priest lights a fire,  
He makes us to promise  
And we walk around it,  
To the recital of holy verses  
And we tie our knot.

We make promises before all  
To lead from there  
A new course of life,  
With our eyes, full of hopes and love.

Today:

A procession comes out of your house,  
The friends and relatives accompany me,  
I am being carried,  
Fully bedecked with flowers.  
The priest chants holy hymns,  
And the fire is being lit.

But the sounds of the crackers,  
The dance and songs of my friends  
The noises and the rushes,  
Are not there around.

You are in tears,  
Many are there to console you,  
And your wailings pierce the silence.  
You are probing to know  
About the hopes and dreams  
You had grown with, years back.

Bishnupada Sethi

# The Convoluted Road

The road leads  
Till the point it has been lighted  
And much beyond.  
She is in command.  
My mind is a vehicle.

Silence is there  
Though the souls are in dialogue.  
There is no discomfort-  
Only certain desires are heightened.

We have no destination.  
We move through the circuitous road.  
The thoughts and expressions run hither and thither  
And convolute.

Soon we'll part our ways.  
The chill of the night time will smother  
The fire of the queries-  
Not answered.  
The night will be drenched in cold dews.  
The mortal bodies will fall into sleep.

Bishnupada Sethi

# The Girl By The Window

Wearing a light green dress,  
She was sitting in my front.  
Looking out through the window,  
At the vast green stretches,  
She was getting restless,  
As the train galloped ahead,  
Opened the hair knot at the back of her head  
In a bid to fly out!

The flock of swimming birds,  
In the distant sky  
Their sight made her happy.  
She turned her head inside  
To look at the silent passengers  
And her face turned wry.

When the rains poured in,  
Through the windows she was sitting by,  
Others forced her to pull the shutters down,  
She started humming to give consolation  
To her objections to the elderly orders,  
Rising from within her.

The black big eyes were restless,  
Like her flying dupatta;  
The ground nut she was eating,  
Danced out,  
Asking her to follow it!

There was nothing inside the cabin,  
Which could help her to fix the eyes on.  
She was musing at the objects of the nature,  
Running past the windows.

I wish she had wings,  
As she is bored of the static things.  
Nevertheless, I am not worried,  
For I know she has got,  
A mind, so free and fast,

Which helps her to fly out,  
As and when she needs it!

Bishnupada Sethi



# The Old Banyan Tree

The mighty banyan tree on the road side  
Sitting like a solitary chronicler  
Has risen above the ground by a hundred feet,  
Since decades ago  
A seed was dropped by a bird  
As it flew over.  
More of the roots have come down  
From its strong branches  
Developing firmly into trunks  
All deep inside the ground.

The children have swung  
Holding the roots hanging above.  
The lovers from the nearby village  
Have hid inside its trunk in the nights.  
The tree has heard the long breaths  
Of many tired travelers lying underneath.  
Shocked villagers have rested there  
After returning from the funeral site nearby.

The family is now stretched  
Over a large patch of land  
Kinships of birds, bees and monkeys  
Have grown there for generations.

Living long for few centuries  
The old tree has withered;  
White ants and other insects  
Have made the big body hollow.  
The birds, bees and monkeys  
Have shifted to the younger trees,  
Having more shades and softer leaves,  
And with stronger branches.

May be, a slight strong wind  
Would uproot the old trunk!  
Yet no one would miss it  
Since it would be still there  
In the living memory of young trees.

Bishnupada Sethi

# The Silence I Love

Sitting on a rock nearby the stream  
In silence listening to its rhythm,  
Watching the pebbles blue, red and white  
I discover peace in cool waters of it.

The silence prevailing in my garden  
Interspersed with the humming of drones,  
The fluttering of birds in the early dawn  
Draws me there again and again.

The music of burning wood in fire  
In the early morning of winter;  
The sounds of fan, fridge and birds at night  
Make me feel that I exist.

Walking alone to the riverside  
I enjoy the sounds of the spreading nets;  
The songs of the oarsman from mid river  
Make me sit there for hours together.

The waves crashing on the sand dunes,  
The sounds of the bell from temple side,  
The splashing of water by a child on street,  
The dropping of dew on leaves at night,  
A heavy downpour in the month of August,  
The flowing melody of cowboy's flute,  
The slipping of dry leaves while walking at night,  
The bending of trees under gentle breeze,  
The squeaking sounds of the beaks of two birds on it,  
Make the silence very pleasant.

It is in the very nature of silence  
That I find the chords of life,  
Connect myself to the nature around,  
Find the life stream to be very pleasant.

Bishnupada Sethi

# The Winter Night

The winter night  
Covered with the thick blanket of dews,  
Waits outside my window  
Hoping to get the first glimpse of the Sun!

Last night, I had smelt  
Blooming of a thousand lotus,  
I was mesmerized to hear  
My beloved playing a Veena,  
With her nimble fingers  
While creating a Raga for life.

The memory of the night lingers  
And I find, opening the window,  
The Sun extending His hand  
Using the medium of soft rays;  
Receiving the new dreams  
I feel recharged with hopes for the day.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Till Infinity

How long will I be there?  
Better you learn to grow up  
And attend to the daily chores  
Without my support.

To this poser  
My little child  
Who in an early phase of his life  
Having seen blooming of life  
And also the saddest moments  
For certain losses,  
With a glitter in his eyes-  
As if he was the one  
Who had seen the past and future  
Replied 'infinity ' without any pause.

The answer left me  
Non-plussed-  
I will be there  
Like I am here.

And the prompts came from within-  
There is a lot of me in him.  
Both would exist together  
Like I'm an aggregate  
Of all my forefathers  
Who dropped their forms  
And now constitute my subconscious.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Union Of Souls

Like a creeper,  
I wrap around  
Touching her every where.  
I close my eyes  
Trying to search for the unseen.

The waves of strange feelings  
Shake me up from within.  
I become restless  
As the pulses of fresh energy  
Agitate in me.

And the search ends  
As my soul embeds in hers,  
I discover the age old Mantra  
That was taught by Lord Krishna  
To the ladies of Dwapara!

Bishnupada Sethi

# Unknown Fear

At this hour  
Past midnight  
No one is awake  
To communicate with-  
The silence engulfs my neighborhood.  
From a portion of my living space  
Darkness is dispelled by the glowing lamps.  
At times faint whispering sounds outside  
Of wavering bamboo bushes rise  
In a definite crescendo.  
The infrequent falling of leaves  
The occasional chirps of night birds  
Make one feel certain difference.

Lo and behold  
I think I can see  
Being in clear senses-  
You are here  
Just in my front.  
You don't speak.  
You look angry  
And bear no other expression  
And you advance towards me  
With a fury.  
Almost tied to my bed  
I'm helpless  
As in no time  
I will be finished  
By the daggers you are holding  
And I shout at my top  
Seeking help to escape-  
A certain death.

Later I realize-  
In the company of family members  
You couldn't have been there  
For I'd seen your last journey  
From all the living spaces  
To the kingdom of void.

What then is the encounter that I had  
In the night?  
Was it created out of the fear  
That I had from you  
Which still hovers  
Somewhere in my living space?

Bishnupada Sethi



## Unsolved Queries!

The river has swollen,  
Still making attempts to spread all over;  
It appears more grave day by day,  
As the rain lashes out upstream.

The fisherman is back  
The boatmen with their rain songs around  
The ghat is crowded with men & women,  
With the urchins jumping into the water;  
Scores of birds compete with each other  
While picking up preys from the above.

I see the priest sailing in a small boat  
To lit evening lamp before the deity.  
The approach to the temple on the rocks,  
Is cut off for few months during the rains.

The ambience is vibrant  
With a spurt of activities,  
Taking place after the dry summer days,  
While the river had turned pale.

The Sun is setting behind the hills,  
The bridge connecting the village, a little away  
To the cremation ground on the other side,  
Becomes less and less visible,  
As I return home  
With unsolved queries in my mind.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Vulture On The Cloud Of Death

The sea water rose by meters,  
The wind made all flat,  
The earth wore a look,  
Of an end to the signs of living.

From behind the black clouds  
Sensing the smell of caracas  
Fleets of dark vultures  
With their strong, dark wings  
Singing the songs of the death  
Descend down in rows  
To devour the bodies.

Fearless they roam around  
Shooting their sharp eyes  
From village to village, town to town  
Over house tops, fields and forests  
With the speed of death.

Multiplying day by day,  
Invading places both old and new,  
They take the clouds of death along with  
And perform rituals at the ends of events.

They promise to rebuild all!

Bishnupada Sethi

# Watching The Change Of Seasons

Few days back  
Sitting in my verandah  
In the same chair,  
I had noticed  
Empty streets, leafless trees  
A breezeless hot day time;  
Absence of sound of any creature  
Had made the noon time speechless.

Today, I am watching  
From the same place of my house,  
Listening to the drops of rains  
Falling on the plants kept outside.

The Ashoka tree is full  
With red flowers outnumbering  
Soft green leaves on its branches.  
The sky is covered,  
The sound and light appearing at times,  
Remind the re-arrival of rainy days.

The street is being washed,  
Two little birds are there getting wet  
Feeling the coolness in the air.

Swinging its' branches  
The Neem tree expresses happiness.  
My little daughter asks as to why  
It does not rain for all the days.

From near the post mortem center  
Located by the hospital,  
I hear a shrill cry.  
Two young men rushing to the spot  
Leave a message about an old man  
Taken there being crushed under a car.

While trying to answer  
To the query of my little daughter

That rain shall come every year  
For the lives to carry on,  
I falter.  
Forgetting things for a while  
I ask the little one,  
Whether she would love me  
If I would be reborn  
As a child to her!

Bishnupada Sethi

# We Exist

The entire loneliness haunts me,  
The chime of the clock reminds me of your coming,  
The evening star mocks at my desperate feelings,  
The beauties and bounties around disinterest me.

The foot prints we left  
On the seashore of ocean of time,  
Shall be washed away  
By the cruel waves of the past.  
Everything shall be lost,  
Which you had said  
Still rings in my ear from very close.

But everything exists in my mind today fresh!  
We still walk together  
Holding hands close to us.  
I can feel the warmth of your breath,  
Your heartbeats and the closeness of your lips.

Not bothered whether physically here you are,  
Nor about the footprints we left on the shore,  
As long as I live for I know  
You shall be there in my heart,  
My mind and my soul.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Wecome To My Garden

There is a little garden  
In front of my house.  
There are patches of green grass  
And various kinds of roses.

I have seen the bees,  
Butterflies and drones playing,  
Humming and moving carelessly  
From the morning to evening.

After the sunset  
The moon appears in the sky,  
Pours kind rays and smiles over the garden.  
The dews fall on the grass and petals  
And softens them all  
Before making the garden to sleep.

Now, my little daughter  
Shall come to join the players in the garden.  
The activities will increase  
And the garden `d remain awake  
Till late in the night.

Bishnupada Sethi

## What Is It?

Miles away from your world  
I imagine the usual sunrise and sunset  
And your rise at dawn,  
Before the world rises you are on the road.  
An idle man I waited  
To see you return back  
At dusk in calm easy gait.

I think of you and things around,  
The anxieties, expectations and the waiting,  
I crave for you,  
Wishing your all time presence!  
Though today, we are miles apart.

I pinch my body  
To know if I am in dreams.  
Now I realize,  
It is because of your love,  
I am drowned deeper in a world of essence  
Away for the events around.

Loftier than the Everest,  
Deeper than the ocean,  
Larger than the sky,  
Holier than the God,  
Sweeter than the nectar,  
Mightier than the typhoon  
Is the strength of your love,  
Which drifts me  
In the direction of truth  
From untruth, death and darkness.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Where Is Her Brother?

Quietly I lined up  
Behind her  
As she started selecting  
A rakhi,  
Which she has been doing  
Once in a year for years  
To send to her brother living abroad  
Which she did till last year.

She would pick up her choicest piece  
Do some offerings to the God  
Pray for the well being of her brother  
Who in turn held promises  
To give her all protection  
Till the last breath.  
She would expect a call  
On the auspicious day  
That her parcel was well received  
And a photo with a Rakhi put on his wrist  
Would complete the expectations of the day.

It has been a quiet ritual  
Since they were brought up small  
Which built a relation  
Of trust and love  
Between a brother and a sister  
As they grew up  
Went to the school together  
And got physically separated  
Obeying the social norms.

After she bought few pieces  
As she paid for those  
She couldn't hold her tears  
Since she didn't know  
What to do this year  
In which address to mail the Rakhi now.  
As all addresses she knew  
Had been erased



By the cruel hand of destiny.

It was not easy to see her sobbing  
For she was in search  
Of her still young brother  
While she knew for sure  
He is not anywhere around  
She could send her parcel  
And confirm about its receipt  
Like any other sister of India.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Where Is My King?

On this cold afternoon  
By the seashore  
The waves are crashing incessantly-  
No sure if they forgot their rhythm.  
Farther away  
Another Sun was drowning-  
Dousing of fire won't be easy.

All the shadows  
Get bigger  
To be merged ultimately  
Within the veil of darkness.  
The solitary bird has flapped away-  
Much to my dismay  
Inside the castle,  
Gone silent.

There are stars.  
There is moon in the sky.  
The music of the night goes on.  
Here I lie sleepless  
Holding my unshed tears  
And allowing to dry within-  
Songs of my soul choke.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Where Is My World!

Her face half-lit by moon, lurking through a skylight,  
and half-hid in darkness, permeating my room,  
haunts, though mute, like a raaga left midway by a singer  
ages back.

And then seasons cascade, alternating moment to moment,  
spring and winter, rain and autumn:  
turning my home into a primal tryst  
the evening almost lingering into eternity  
within four arms:  
in the entwined bodies of ours  
an enchanting earth-odour.

Am I that blessed one, who has come back  
once again into the womb  
of a divine mother?  
May be, but wherefrom?  
Where had I been so long?  
And which city is this?  
There is no one on the street outside  
It is all quiet and tranquil;  
Silence pervades everywhere,  
all signposts are blank.  
And a mist erases the identity  
of one and all.

I get up in the midnight.  
No one in my arms.  
But where are my arms-  
my body, my mind?  
I fail to locate me in the dark.  
And a voice from nowhere tells  
I am not in my home where I thought to be.  
'There never was a home for me' -  
that was the refrain of the raaga  
left midway by the nameless singer:  
'There never was a home for thee.'



# Where Shall I Go!

Where shall I go!  
Leaving this land,  
For which I am only a trustee.  
As a tribal, I am duty bound  
To pass it on to the generation next!

Who would shift the banyan tree!  
And the village spirits lying underneath.  
What would happen to the streams?  
Singing praises in the names of God,  
And the rocks lying there,  
Our monuments for ages.

I will set my ancestors free,  
Whose spirits I had installed in the home;  
I am not sure,  
If they won't be angry,  
As I failed to preserve things, given to me.  
They were lucky,  
They knew no state,  
No king ever ruled them before.

After I leave the land,  
They would build the modern temple  
For making gold out of earth.  
A new era would dawn  
With promises of more happiness;  
And I know not for sure  
If it means anything  
To me or people like me.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Wish Of A Traveler!

A tired afternoon  
Gives way for the veiled evening  
To cover up what is visible.  
The perfect painter draws objects  
Using darkness as the only colour.  
The stars and moon come out in the sky  
To prepare a background for the images.

Crossing miles and miles on feet  
The traveler in me has become weak.  
Restless, beats my heart,  
If there would be enough time  
Before I met some one,  
Who would be kind to me  
To keep my fatigued head over her lap,  
Covering my face with long dark hair  
She would gaze into my eyes,  
Assuring that I am at home,  
The place, where one is safe;  
No need to wake up to any noise.  
There are promises in her eyes  
That she would fly carrying me on her lap,  
As I draw my last breath  
To the place,  
Where from smile the stars and moon.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Wishes On Your Birth Day

Oh kid!

Outside there is a tempest,  
Wind is blowing at speed, it's fullest,  
Bowing down are the trees, the strongest,  
All around, only prevails darkness.

The sea is in deep turmoil,  
The fiery fisherman on his recoil,  
The people in the coastal lanes,  
Are retreating to the hinter lines.

Thunderous knives and sparkling swords  
Are moving in glittering dazzles,  
Drenched in hatred are the people in masks,  
Chop the heads to loot last breads.

You are safe for not knowing them all,  
Freed from the fear and agonizing trails,  
Perhaps, it would have been better for us,  
If we had not grown up to assess,  
The situation around to be so tense  
And we would not have been half dead  
Before the real threat comes to the ground.

I envy the life you enjoy,  
Still I pray for you on this day.  
You enjoy like this for years to come  
Carrying with you this innocence so pure,  
Braving a smile in moment the hardest,  
You make yourself and others feel safe  
And I know you'll bring a day  
When, people shall not fear any pain.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Worship

Today, the scorching sun rays  
Pierces through my soul,  
When I am down with boughs of sadness.  
These people laugh at me  
And I hate the roses,  
Which had borrowed fragrance from you.

I am washed away  
By the river of dewy tears.  
I feel the heart's ripple  
In an effort to care for the forlorn love,  
And the happiness deserts me,  
The sleep evades when thoughts ramble:  
I ask a question, to you my dear!  
Why did you break my heart  
And take away the all the peace I had?

I had liked to see you talk,  
Smile the way you always did,  
As my world revolved around you  
Making you the centre of my thoughts.  
But why did you inflict this wound  
Which can never be cured?

Will the old days come back to me?  
When you'll occupy the altar in my heart,  
I will cover you with the flower of my garden  
And worship you to attain peace.

Bishnupada Sethi



# Yearning Of Two Embodied Souls

The lamp in the corner of the room  
Left there by the priest  
After the ceremonial performance  
Is glowing with a vigour.  
As the night matures,  
All the objects inside  
Look to be radiating with joy.

The friends and members of the family  
After the untiring hard work of past few days  
Have all gone silent,  
As the events ended well.

Two embodied souls  
Are up there together!  
After being separated for ages.  
They are discovering in each other  
All the unknown facts of the bygone years  
With unsuspected yearnings.

Two minds are singing  
The songs of love and indulgence  
In the same old language of the time,  
When life came on to earth.  
The unfulfilled and old desire  
Has surfaced today  
To the witness of this holy lamp.

Bishnupada Sethi

# Yours Company

Looking at your eyes  
Made me to see the light,  
As I held your soft hand  
My dreams felt quite secure within.

Becoming your partner  
Could never be a decision that I made,  
For there was present a force very strong  
As our hearts inched towards each other.

Looking back in nostalgia  
I try to map the traversed path,  
I discover certain pleasure now  
Which remained unnoticed then,  
Under the cover of thick emotions,  
As I travel miles and miles  
From birth to death  
And to the place unknown;  
Relaxed, I feel in yours company.

Bishnupada Sethi