

Poetry Series

# **Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar**

## **- poems -**

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## Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar()

Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar is presently working as Assistant Professor, Super specialty department of Cardiac Anesthesiology, Institute of Postgraduate Medical Education & Research, and Kolkata, India. He has represented India in several world congress in Anesthesiology and Critical Care. He has published more than fifty research articles and reviews in high impact international journals including Anesthesiology (Journal of American Society of Anesthesiology) . He is in the Editorial board of several journals and Editor of Translational Biomedicine, Insight of Blood Pressure, Journal of Neurosurgery, and Interventional Cardiology. He has won several international and National awards like Janak Mehta National Award for best paper in Cardiac Anesthesiology, B Braun Scholar of the year (2012) , ESOP Scholarship (NWAC 2013) and presented papers and lectures in several National and International conferences. He is also a Poet and Writer of international repute with poetry published in several international Journals. He is an auditioned artist in Violin from AIR/TV/ DOORDARSHAN since 1993. Presented 3 solo recitals in violin. Composed Music for SIET orissa; plays tabla, adept in playing synthesizers since 6 yrs of age and plays Spanish guitar, Hawaiian guitar, Mandolin and mouth has passed (Bachelor of music) from Gandharva University (Mumbai) Hindustani Classical music in Violin.

# Cardiac Anaesthesiologist: The Friend Of The Heart

I stand at the head end of the patient,  
a speechless witness to the kind cruelty  
of the surgeon's scalpel.

I have seen myriads of hearts  
some of them dilated, some with physiological  
and anatomical orifices, some with rickety going valves,  
similar to my flow in the stagnant city traffic stream.

Sometimes, I try to draw analogy,  
between emotions in the heart and cardiac anatomy.

What do people really mean, when they say  
"Having a big heart! ", "Having a kind heart! "

Are emotions nurtured in the heart?

I have seen bureaucrats, politicians,  
both from emotional and anatomical view points.

They do not have a big heart morphologically and emotionally,  
in spite of bearing the people's mandate.

I brood, "Is politics a game of the heart? "

Often I have to wage a war against  
the autocracy and stubbornness of the failing heart,  
with my friendly inotropes in my armament,  
each acting as a soldier, knocking down,  
the autonomously stimulated receptors  
as soldiers at the other end.

Sometimes, I become emotional,  
when I look at the returning cars in the light bathed streets  
and the chirping birds in the azure sky,  
from the window screen, with the music of the pulse oxymeter,  
reminding me not to sway myself away,  
in the emotional stream.

I do nourish dreams of early home coming.

I have learnt to accept time dilation  
is meant for me only.

I have cultivated my patience, and driven  
the ravens of restlessness during my prolonged visits,  
and stay in the fate ministrating recovery units.

I feel proud of being adept,  
in maintaining normal hemodynamics,  
amidst the autocracy of the surgeon's scalpel.

I am more powerful and a friend of the patient's heart.

Applause and laurels are miles away from me.  
My unsung 'Swansong' is only known to me,  
never revealed to the cruel world.  
I have learnt to enjoy my work as an art.  
My power to curb the physiological ministrations,  
of the surgeon's action.  
I reap the fruits of my toil,  
when I see the smile laden faces of the patients,  
in the fate-changing recovery units.

Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

# From Where Shall I Greatness Buy?

Mom tells me to finish my homework quickly,  
When I ask why? , she tells me  
"You should become great as great as your dad".  
When I ask, where is my dad Mom?  
She tells me, "He is now god's guest."  
Again when I ask Mom,  
"Can I not become great by being the god's guest"?  
She slaps me gently and tells me,  
"Now just shut up and get your homework done".  
Little later when I ask she says,  
"Your Dad fought like a tiger,  
risking his life, he never bothered.  
His gun has brought him greatness  
and the honour of being the god's guest.  
Again when I ask,  
"Do people become great when they fight"?  
If so, I will beat in the school,  
My friend Philip, with my might."  
Now, Mom calls me stupid and gives me a push.  
Crying I go to sleep in her lap,  
Now she says, "Tomorrow I will  
give you pocket money for ice-cream".  
Wiping my eyes when I ask,  
Mom! "Can I by saving pocket money,  
try greatness buy"?  
Tell Mom, "From where shall I greatness buy"?  
She tells, "Oh god help me"  
and begins to cry.

Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

# He Is Lone, Alone Amidst Thousands

Majrooh Sultanpuri (Kabhi haan Kabhi naa)

Translated by Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

He is lone, alone among thousands.

Perpetually you have seen his profligacy,  
never seen his ingenuity.

Never have you carved out leisure,  
from your own cobwebs,  
to perceive the feelings of his heart.

Whom you consider a stone,  
Real diamond he is in essence

Perpetually you have seen his profligacy,  
never seen his ingenuity.

Always you have glitched up the flute,  
as a log of wood,

Never could you listen,  
the beauty of its tunes.

You have despaired the mud  
in the lamp,  
never beamed the glory of its flame.

Perpetually you have seen his profligacy,  
never seen his ingenuity.

Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

# In The Search Of Hope

The symphony is lost,  
so are my thoughts,  
eloping with the winds,  
swinging like a swing,  
swayed by the poetic whims.

Thou say, there is hope,  
despair is my treasure, glee where to show?  
Glory vanishing into the mist.  
Shameful events,  
celebrating in a lavish feast.

Still, there is a hope,  
the world to awake with a fresh smile,  
with the delicate kiss of the sparkling sunlight,  
on the dew laden leaves,  
and then dance  
to the tune of peace and tune of hope.  
At night, the world being exhausted,  
but in the quest of a dynamic tomorrow.

Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

# Operation Poetry

The clock struck twelve,  
the midnight started swinging.  
Volcanic developments going in the mind,  
for the erupting magma of art and creativity.  
Pages of literature and fiction,  
turning the history of hope,  
in sweat drenched hands.  
The dictionary turning and tuning  
the fate of words.  
The old owl of plagiarism,  
sitting on the nearest branch,  
visible from my window screen,  
sitting with withered wings,  
wearing the spectacles of treachery.

Rhyming synonyms put into the balance,  
greatest short stories and ideals turned,  
to whip the horse of spontaneity,  
to drive the cart of imprinted emotions.

The operation in full swing,  
The programme of "My Computer" changing.  
Aberration of a saintly figure in saffron robe,  
A voice reverberating the historic "Chicago Address",  
revealing the secret of work in these words -  
"Helping a man spiritually is the greatest possible help".

My mind gradually building  
the stalactites and stalagmites of wisdom.  
The aberration slowly vanishing,  
serving as radar,  
guiding my pirate ship of thoughts,  
to surrender in the dock of honesty.

Tears of repentance rolling down my cheeks.  
My arrow of a single glimpse of truth.  
The old owl of plagiarism flying away and away,  
flapping its wings.  
Satiated feeling my triumph,

I went to sleep,  
when the clock struck one

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Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

# Shine In The Moonshine

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## Shine in the Moonshine

Shine, Oh! Street, in the rain of white light.  
Oh! Highway man, shine in the luminescent light.  
Thieves enlightened, sinuous thoughts swayed away,  
by the wave of joy thou sway.  
Bess! Rise! End this slumber.  
Noyes to imprint a new story of the grave yard.  
The Highway man wandering on his stallion,  
this time, not a ghostly meet but a real union.  
The soldiers fast asleep,  
the highway man in his historic quest.  
This time, no gunfire,  
and never that sorrowful alarm.  
Bess! Wake up! There is a halo of hope,  
for the lovely union of hearts, there is scope.  
The frog croaking,  
the mantis in its usual praying posture,  
all praying for this legendary ever awaited union,  
swinging with you to begin days in halcyon.  
The soldiers sleeping in their graves.  
No General this time, to make them awake.  
The cricket and the frog engaged in their request.  
Soft sweet words whispered into his ears,  
and then a historic embrace.  
Latent became the whispered words,  
in the natural cry of request,  
to deafen the envious ears,  
in the union a hindrance.

Only Bess and the highway man in the moon shine,  
a torrent swaying the dust into every envious eyes.

Together, riding the historic stallion,  
merge themselves in your shine.  
A new liberation, a new inspiration,  
in the dream of mine.

Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

# Silence

The stillness of the floral profusion,  
in the land of imagination.  
The coolness of the holy moonlight.  
The silent twinkling of the cosmic stars.  
The silence in the glen of greenery.  
The silence in the heavenly fragrance,  
filling the whole ambience,  
emanating from the happy flowers in spring.  
The silence that spreads,  
when the courageous buds shoot up  
to romance with the glen of greenery,  
from their buried rot stocks,  
destroying all slumber.  
The silence in the divinity.  
The silence of the infinity.  
The silence of the brick red horizon at dusk,  
predicts beauty being beautified by silence,  
speaking the versatility of silence,  
in the ever changing world.

Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

# Some People Will Always Say

Some People will always say  
Anand Bakshi (Movie Amar Prem)  
Translated by Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

Some people will always say. their job is to whisper,  
leave these vain words, lest  
this sweet evening may pass away.  
There is some custom of the whole world,  
Every morning is followed by an evening.  
Who are you? What is your name? ,  
Even Sita wasn't spared from blasphemy,  
Why in these worldly things your eyes are wet with tears.  
Some People will always say  
Some people will always say, their job is to whisper  
Leave these vain words, lest  
this sweet evening may pass away.  
They give me jibes I am engrossed in these worldly pleasures.  
I have seen them, sneaking into those sinuous streets in bibulous states,  
This is truth, not a lie you say just, it is truth!  
Some People will always say  
Some people will always say. their job is to whisper.  
Leave these vain words, lest,  
this sweet evening may pass away.

Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

# Sorrows

As the falling rain,  
prepares the earth, for the future crops,  
Sorrows, showering on the heart  
prepare and mellow it,  
for the sowing of the seeds of wisdom,  
perfecting the mind, and  
gladdening the heart.  
Clouds darken the earth,  
but to cool and to fructify.  
Grief like clouds,  
shadow the heart,  
to prepare it for nobler things.  
Sorrow, the hour of reverence,  
death knell blow to shallow sheer,  
the ribald yest,  
the cruel calumny.  
Sorrows soften heart with sympathy,  
enriching the mind with thoughtfulness,  
the real collection of it,  
being the fructification of mind,  
when the sorrows pass away.

Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

# Struggle

The fragrant peace is difficult to achieve,  
The gong of time clicks,  
to start a struggle,  
struggle for the glorifying survival.  
The wasp ready with its stings.  
The eagle and the felidae with their claws.  
The nectar is the victim,  
piercing eyes, looking to grip the innocent mouse.  
The bright sunlight aiding the struggle,  
marking the end of the war of survival at sunset.  
Birds returning to their respective camps,  
like a retreating army.  
The night's stillness again preparing them,  
to begin the struggle again,  
when the sun showers his sparkling rays,  
the dancing rays of creation,  
the harbinger of struggle.

Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

# The Last Few Days

With blurred hopes and blunt dreams,  
not with melancholy within,  
I am to sail in the dynamic sky,  
across any horizon I confront with,  
with the kite in my dreams,  
colouring my dreams,  
with your life giving brush.

How long this torturous transition?  
I am withering like an ice-cream,  
witnessing and experiencing the anger,  
of your calculations,  
left to the mercy of the sun.  
No one there to have pity on me.  
The withered rocks my sole companion.  
The dried leaves, the reality.  
Anchors of love, the cobweb.  
Insignificance, my treasure.  
My loose hanging skin, my beauty.  
My life, a burden.

I am alone with my dreams frightening me,  
nobody there to inspire and enlighten me.  
My old stick, the companion in my miseries,  
tired of my dependence,  
tumbles and breaks,  
projecting me into my orbit of my marathon.  
I myself the very embodiment of my soul.

My soul is being swayed by the dry winds,  
accompanied by the soul of the withered leaves.  
Together we set out to find,  
the new horizon of enlightenment.  
To sail across it my ultimate goal,  
where there is the nightingale,  
who sings the reality in her songs.



# The Cynosure

Pebbles scattered on the ground  
amidst the greenery around,  
rolling and skidding  
withstanding years of erosion within,  
till it becomes round and smooth,  
when your hands touch it,  
after your eyes have searched it.  
A selection, anew elimination around.  
Then it finds its place,  
inside your lot,  
when you collect it after  
assessing its beauty  
leaving other boulders there  
to search for many more like you,  
erosion and ravages of time  
elevating their beauties and expression  
waiting and waiting to fall and stick in the vision  
of their favorite person  
to make a place in your collection.

Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

# The Longest Conveyer

Envy reigns supreme in my mind,  
when I see those birds relishing on fruits,  
and those flying in the azure sky,  
gradually merging into the blue vastness.

I am bound to the longest conveyer.  
Life, the nonstop conveyer,  
unaffected by power cut and mechanical failures.  
Oh! , your journey is discrete, you black charge,  
as your furnace is visible in front of you,  
though many similar to you,  
are behind you in the queue.

But, I am alone and lonely here,  
I look at the vastness of the infinity,  
with no images sticking permanently,  
to my mental firmament.  
There are none behind me.  
Surely one day,  
I will reach the mouth of the divine furnace,  
where my soul will be reduced,  
at its lowest chamber.

The more I traverse on the divine conveyer,  
the more far the furnace appears.  
There is no one to lead me,  
though I am not prone to diversions.  
Still there is something divine,  
which makes my determination firm,  
to look for a holy soul,  
who knows the path to the divine furnace.

Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

# The Loss

Every step upwards means,  
the leaving of something behind.  
The high is reached only  
at the sacrifice of the low.  
The good is secured only by  
abandoning the evil.  
Knowledge is acquired only by  
the destruction of ignorance.  
Every acquisition has its price,  
which must be paid to the uttermost pie.

Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

# The Masked Reality

The sky is covered with dark clouds,  
amidst them sparkles the ray of hope.  
Stagnation in the sky,  
precursor to the enchanting peacock dance,  
The scented earth and the floral profusion.  
The scorching sun is away  
peeping through the rain drops,  
playing hide and seek  
ornamenting the horizon like a crown  
with the seven coloured rainbow.  
Then a torrent of wind  
sways the clouds away,  
ending the captivating peacock dance,  
revealing the reality,  
Struggle for the glorious survival,  
when the sparkling rays of the sun,  
kiss the wet marshy earth,  
a new look,  
a new beauty and a new creation.

Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

# The Messiah

The silence in the graveyard,  
disturbed by sporadic howling.

The insane wind blows,  
forcing the dry leaves  
to be swayed with it.

The continuity of the moonlight  
is obstructed by the clouds,  
playing hide and seek.

The lightning flashes arouse fear.  
Some footsteps are heard.  
Soon there is an unshunned glaze,  
which fades the evil pathways,  
rejuvenating the dying hope,  
in the form of messiah,  
the messenger of God.

Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

# The Scorpion

Slowly, I creep into your thoughts,  
bringing about a transformation,  
Then, I reign over your senses,  
controlling your actions.

Slowly I spread my poison,  
you develop my induced stings,  
by developing sanguivorous instincts.  
you throw your nation to the winds,  
by extending hands to the fiends,  
drawing all national virtues and treasures  
into your own treasury,  
camouflaging yourself with a mask,  
which you call it as politics.  
It is me creeping into your nation  
In a national scale,  
bringing about your destruction.

With my mission accomplished,  
I leave you poisoned,  
both in your spirits and actions,  
by my poisonous stings,  
bearing on your thoughts my imprint.  
Then I creep into other nations,  
for my mission is  
utter destruction and complete elimination,  
of human population and virtues,  
as I am the scorpion.

Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

# The Transitions

The state of darkness  
accelerates our delight in the sunlight.  
The state of stagnation,  
glorifies the state of motion.  
The taste of nectar is achieved,  
after the bee has thoroughly wandered.  
The brightness of the sunlight  
and their triumph in outshining,  
The twinkling stars,  
activates my taste  
for the cosmic starlight.  
The boredom at noon,  
increases my delight,  
for the games at twilight  
The hurly burly of life,  
increases my appetite,  
towards the divine.  
The state of isolation,  
increases my inclination for  
the poetic expressions.  
All these phenomena hum a common rhyme.  
The transition glorifies the succession.

Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

# The Village Road

Boarding the train,  
when i move toward the city,  
the shrine of my missions,  
looking through the window of the train.

I see the village road flee from me,  
desperately in a zig-zag serpentine way  
as if escaping from me like a prey.

I pray oh Road! why do you flee?  
Why thou can; t recognise me.  
Tell me the cause of your fear, my road! .  
Do you afraid of my costume of a city Baboo  
away from me flee?

Try to recognise this train,  
to see which i used to come  
riding on your back,  
away from the routine of my school.  
One of my hand holding my slipping shorts

from my waist,

the other engaged with the alignment of the school bag.

My aspiration to be in the train,  
to bathe in the glamour of the city rain.  
Now when I am in the train,  
why don't you welcome me to the same? .

My promise to give you a new costume,  
after I return from the city,  
after the completion of my mission.  
No dust on your face,  
after you get a concrete wrap.  
Now, come on my road! , don't be so rude.

Do you think, I am boarding  
the train of competition,  
treachery, and synthetic emotions,  
where aspirations conglomerate to sweat drops,  
leaving tense foreheads,  
rejecting your sweet invitation  
of a cool, simple and tension free rural life.?

Come on oh road! , try to understand me.  
I am no longer in slipping shorts.  
I have left my school bag years ago.  
I have nourished lofty dreams.  
If you don't understand me this time,  
go away, I will never look at you,  
when I pass riding the city bound train.

Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

# This Is What Has Happened Oh! Rama

Never did I think that,  
fate will bring me to the point  
where life is ebbed,  
on reaching the destination.  
Even Alexander didn't surmise  
That glee will depart,  
even before it clocks in.  
What did we deem,  
and all that happened,  
we take our exit, revealing the world today.  
This is what has happened oh Rama!  
This is what has happened oh Lord!  
Neither was it your solecism  
nor it was my fault.  
Neither was it your repletion,  
Nor was it my repletion.  
Oh god! I would never been such a sinister,  
If you were not a betrayer.  
Tell me just what did you gain,  
laying the thistles of sorrows in my track?  
This is what has happened oh Rama!  
This is what has happened oh! Lord!

Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

# Three Old Companions

Three pairs of old legs  
and three strong sticks,  
everyday have a stroll,  
in every dynamic evening,  
when the sun is brick red,  
and the chirping birds returning home.

They don't know what gifts the morning sun,  
has for them, on the next day,  
for it is known,  
nothing less than death  
and nothing more than  
another day's wait,  
for the ever awaiting death.

"My daughter in law today  
gave me a single piece of fish  
but herself had two instead"  
said the oldest folk with the weakest legs,  
but with the strongest stick.

The other old man said,  
"I had none,  
but I suspect they had some".

The thinnest old man said,  
"My son didn't get promotion,  
So my daughter in law,  
gave me a day's starvation."

A gush of wind interrupted their talk.  
All the twelve old eyes saw the dry leaves,  
being swayed away by the young and fresh wind.

"See the message of the time,  
The old being eliminated,  
at the onset of the young".

One of them said.

Then they returned  
to their respective homes,  
looking at the returning birds,  
returning back into the horizon.  
Together the old men said,

"Hope we shall meet tomorrow  
at the same time, at the same place".  
The next day,  
the morning sun shined brick red.  
The chirping returning birds  
brought in its wake, the fateful evening.

From the road along the east,  
came the strongest old man,  
from the Western avenue,  
came the other old man.  
While along the south on the road,  
nobody except a torrent of wind came,  
which swayed the dry leaves into the sky,  
and the dust into their old eyes.  
One of them said,  
"Look our eldest brother deceived us  
and went away together,  
with the soul of the withered leaves,  
terminating his wait.  
But, we still have to wait.  
Hope to see you next evening,  
at the same time, at the same place.'

Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

# Time

Time moves at an unceasing pace.  
The passage of time, brings in its wake,  
all manner of changes.  
The child grows into a youth,  
and the youth into an old man.  
One generation yields place to another,  
but time has no time to bother.  
Social, political, economic systems  
and ideologies change.

There is the world to witness,  
the tyranny of Idi Amin  
and the diplomacy of Churchill.  
Empires rise and fall,  
empires thrive and dwindle,  
the stars may stop their twinkle,  
but time is never wrinkled.

Time moves on unabated,  
bringing forth ceaseless changes.  
Time is like a consuming fire,  
which can destroy all monuments of glare,  
burning all cobwebs,  
it prepares the ground,  
for the renovation of ideas.  
It is the mightiest of the mighty.  
Isn't it foolish to compare the pace of time,  
with the pace of human mind?

Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

# We Poets Are Farmers Still

We poets are farmers still,  
ploughing our mind in the invisible field,  
whenever the mind makes the pen wield.  
Sowing the seeds of emotion,  
in the field of melancholy,  
we reap the expression of joy  
with our hearts happy and merry.  
Gardeners we are to our core,  
as we are happy to see our words bloom  
amidst the reverberation of "Encores".  
Idioms, our fertilizers,  
simile and metaphors, the growth enhancers.  
The monsoon, the joy of spring,  
when in the winds of expression,  
our joy swings.  
Words bearing a new look,  
publicity reaping the best  
out of our joyous moods.  
Our alert mind, the scare crow,  
driving the birds of plagiarism away,  
helps the expression to bloom and grow.  
Again we wait for the next showers,  
hoping this time, the day will be ours.  
We then sow the time awaited seeds of expression,  
with the waves of time, the blooming showers.  
Their timed sprout is now,  
when you lovers of art,  
read it aloud and feel it in your heart.

Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

# Will I Be Uprooted First?

An old man and a tired stick,  
are preparing themselves,  
to play their ultimate role,  
in this worldly theatre.

The old man sleeping on his old string cot,  
cries Oh! God! Oh! God! .  
His physique reveals,  
he is an instantaneous living skeleton,  
ready for a real transformation, at any moment,  
with his immortal soul,  
panting and thriving hard,  
to taste the divine champagne,  
making its way for the heavenly campaign.

When he gets up from his cot,  
and walks panting,  
like a Banyan tree,  
with its hanging supporting roots,  
swinging in a storm.  
Both of them have the common fear,  
of being uprooted,  
from this worldly pleasure ground.  
The thing that hunts,  
will I be uprooted first! ?

Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar

# With Depressed Eyes

The birds I see in the azure sky,  
appear as a victim in the hand of pride.  
They even see us with depressed eyes!  
Who is there to bribe and seduce,  
The hunter's pride, that is always upright.

Still they fly in the vast blue sky,  
seeing the world with depressed eyes.  
They respect the red angry sun,  
which helps them in their nutrition,  
and at sunset, they vanish from my vision,  
with helpless worms in their proud beaks,  
passing in between the mighty sun's teeth,  
merging into the horizon as red as the brick.

Dr. Sandeep Kumar Kar