

Poetry Series

Bijay Kant Dubey
- poems -

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Bijay Kant Dubey()

The Communists

The communists are not the simple men to be taken simply,
I mean, they are hardcore ideologues,
I mean, thinktanks
Doing the chintan baithaka,
Thinking, meeting and thinking,
Thinking as to how to spread Marxist ideology
After distributing pamphlets,
The photos of Marx, Lenin, Stalin and Mao,
The People's Paper,
Spewing venom
In the form of the speeches delivered basing on the haves and have-nots.

You are poor as they have kept you, as they have exploited you,
Your labour they are materializing into,
The factory is yours
As the labour belongs to you
And it cannot run if you are not there,
The owner is just a capitalist,
Lock the factory out,
Ask him to compromise with your union leader
And the unionist will not work,
But he will take his salary.

The people from the Red Brigade, I mean the Red Fort,
The Reds Reddening it all,
Seeing Marx in all,
History, culture, class, society, ethics, morality,
Sociology, economics,
The same Mark and Marxist literature
In history, political science, philosophy, economics and literature,
Giving the same stereotype philosophy
As how to divide and rule
And the comrades the sepoy, judges, councillors, counsellors, reporters,
Delegates, clerks, writers, resource persons and seminarians,
Do communism and enjoy the bliss of paradise.

Go not to office, do unionism, staying away from, strengthen the organization,
The mother organization,
Do politics at the grassroots level,

Connect man to man, make a human chain,
Village to village, do a village to village padayatra,
But spread communism,
Even though have to support love marriages,
Let them love and marry,
As the young and the lovers will be better comrades if help and oblige you.

The communists are but the marked fellow, disciplined and organized,
Ready to overthrow,
Hatching a plot, planning for fall,
Heckling and harassing and ragging
To make him quit the throne
And flee away,
Hard-hearted Marxists, Leninists and Stalinists,
Making you mad,
Dividing your family.

Reading the People's Paper sleep they,
Reading the People's Paper awake they,
Sleep they in the Party Office,
Awake they in the Party Office,
A shrewd party man,
Always doing party and politics,
Doing petty politics, hatching a plot.

The Red Brigade, the Red Bastion, the Red Fort,
Their heritage,
The Reds gone berserk, went on a rampage,
Vandalising all,
The comrades and cadres,
Handing power to workers and labourers
And doing politics through the transfer of power.

The cadres are but recruited comrades,
Regimenting and registering them with badges
As for volunteers and delegates
And the Marxists lecturing,
Camp, live and picknick
And be schooled in,
The zonal and local secretaries holding in,
Levyng upon the govt employees
And through subscriptions.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Long Will The Hero Go Beating The Villain?

It appears almost ludicrous to see the hero beating the villain in public
And the poor and helpless villain getting a good beating
Into the hands of the hero,
Who is an expert of judo, karate, boxing and kung-fu,
The martial arts and fighting skills.

Just for a girl, as for love at first sight, at first glance, he can do marvels,
Can kick and fight with,
The hero fighting with so many,
From the slums turning into a capitalist,
A big man,
How can it be?

The poor villain is often presented in a bad light,
But the reality is this that the hero not a hero,
But a villain
And the villain a hero in real life,
Which but you know not,
I know it not.

They show it falsely and misguide the emotional public,
Which is men like me,
They dodge and turn away from them
And these lead to violence and spilling of blood,
Youngsters like to behave in that way.

But the truth far from,
A superstar can spoil the life of a girl for an extra-marital affair,
While the other may be found in a live-in relationship,
While the other may keep two wives,
While the other will run away with the wife of another,
The big boss word may be just a linguistic jargon,
I do not know it who is whose boss?

The villain who indulges in murder and violence do not do it really,
But the simple minds will catch it
Without feeling about the consequences,
The fire arms will lure them
And to smoke, drink and dance common,

But everything has got a limit.

The side heroine too is a beautiful girl,

But she has not got the part

And this is for which she suffers and bears the brunt.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

☐ Do Not Know What To Tell You

Modernism, the story of it, how to tell you,
Who is modern?
Who modernistic?
Who post-modern?

Bijay Kant Dubey

☐ See The Flowers

I see the flowers and feel about
What is it that to pride over,
What is it to speak in terms of
Ego and flattery
As I am not the type of person
You are looking for?

Had innocence been there a flower
And had I painted it,
It would have been my great asset,
Which but you too know it not;
Had ignorance been my poetry,
It would, would have better.

There are many like me
But the world knows them not,
There are many talented like me
But strut and walk on tiptoe they not;
I have many a thing to say
But they have not.

If I think it that I know it all,
How can it be,
You say it to me,
As I myself know not,
There is many a thing to me,
Which but I know not,
Which but you say it tome?

What it had not been, I call that my own,
Where I had not to be and say it
That deserve I
And if this can be our ethics and sense of morality
Then what to say to you?

There are many beautiful
Which bloom and fade away in the forest tract
But we know not,
Come not to feel about their fragrance

And wild beauty,
Even a child has its simple innocence to teach to
Which but you know not, I too know it not.□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Self-Image

Poetry in the age of electronic print media,
How will the poems be tomorrow,
Will the computer literates dominate the scene
With their . and blogs?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dance School Boys & Girls

When I see them coming from the drama practical,
Taking of their exam and returning back,
I mean the learners,
Dressed and made up

□

And after seeing them, forget I my poetry
And start thinking about their performing art,
Trough dancing
They saying it all

With their poses and postures in movement,
Expressions of sorrow and happiness,
Expressing through signs and symbols,
Rhythmic movement and break-up of limbs.

Just like puppets, the old puppet dances of India
And the artistes making it happen
Through a thread,
Where that art and tradition?

Just like the Ramayana and the Mahabharata artistes
They enacting
The episodes as per their strength,
The love-romances of Krishna.

I see the dance school boys and girls coming from
After taking their practical exam
And the make-up men
Have tried to add the grace.

But what have the artistes got,
All those who have kept up the tradition
By being a courtier, a bai, a nautch girl
Or a devadasi, say you?

The arts ruined into the hands of the fanatics and conservatives,
Bad name was attached to,
The company too prevailed upon
And the nautch girls turned into replicas.

Bijay Kant Dubey

□ Do Not Know Who Is What? □

I do not know it
Who modern, modernistic, post-modern,
Call yourself
Whatever you have to call.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Love? (The Red Rose And Its Petals Splashed With The Dews)

They often ask me, but what to say to them,
As love is love,
As have you,
As have I.

Love is love,
You feeling within,
I feeling within,
Love or you, love for me.

Love is no doubt pure and undefiled,
Sacred and sacrosanct,
But we let it not to be,
As weaken we the strength of it.

Love is a thing of the heart
But who loves the heart,
As we like to love the body,
Not the soul.

See the red rose,
But touch it not,
Pluck it not,
Let it be a rose, red rose.

If the roses are not,
No joys will be there in life,
No pleasures,
No smiles.

Bijay Kant Dubey

/ Ek Burkhawalli She Pyar-Mohabbat/ Ek Pyaarbhari Mulaakaat/ Chori-Chori, Chupke-Chupke, Ek Burkhawalli She Muhabbat

Chori-chori, chupke-chupke
Ek burkhawalli she mulaakaat
Aur phir hui muhabbat.

Raat ka aalam tha,
Chand jo kahi cchupa huya thaa,
Par meri chandni jo mere shamne
Khadi, kucch kahati huin
Aur mein bhi jo huya chandni ke sang,
Ek pyaarbhari mulaakaat.

Eise mein wo tera aana, wo tera milana,
Mein bhi jo kho gaya,
Tum bhi jo kho gayin,
Ek gumshuda ki talsh theen
Aur hum jo shimat gaye,
Mein tujh mein
Aur tu mujh she.

Bijay Kant Dubey

/kissa Black Money Kaa, Gabbar Singh Aur Mungerilal/ Gabbar Singh, Kahan Hai Tumhara Black Money, Nikaal Tu, I Mungerilala Speaking

Gabbar Singh,
Kahan hai
Tumhara kaladhan
Aur kala shona,
Black money,
Nikaal tu
Varna maar dunga?

Gabbar Singh,
Where is
Your smuggled goods
And gold,
Black money,
Bring you out
Otherwise shall shoot you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

"Why Does He Read So Much, Remain Lost In His Studies? "

"Why does he read so much,
Keep himself busy with,
Reading and writing and thinking,
Himself talking, himself whispering,
Does he have no time to talk with me,
To see me,
Smile and laugh with me, "
The rustic maid thought it within,
Full of youth, love and blood.

Again thought she within,
"Why has he brought me,
Married and brought me
If had to read,
Read and write
Why did he bring me from,
Went to see,
Saw and liked,
Liked and loved me,
I shall not,
Shall not leave him? "

"I keep waiting for him
And he comes to naught,
Instead of remains lost in
His studies,
No time to talk to,
Smile with,
Only the looks,
Is the book all?
Let the time come,
I shall teach him
By pushing the books and papers
Into the earthen oven
And the story will finish it itself."

Saying this, the rustic maid started weeping,

Weeping and flinging
The papers
Of the scholar,
Quarrelling with and gathering people
In the countryside home
And weeping,
Weeping and pushing into the earthen over,
Finally bringing an end to his scholarship.

The problem was,
"Why does he not smile on seeing me,
Why does he not talk with
Instead of keeping company of the books,
If had to, why did he marry
And bring me home? "

"Leave the books,
Your researches and paper-writing,
Love me.
Why does not smile
On marking me?
Are the books dear to him,
Not me? "

Bijay Kant Dubey

"Why Does He Read So Much? , " Enquired She About Curiously

"Why does he read so much? , "
The rustic beloved thought it within
As, if he goes on reading
In such a way
Without heeding her,
He will go mad
And the people are saying too
As it has been heard,
He is planning to go to
Vilayat,
I mean the overseas
And if he moves to foreign,
A deshi not, Vilayati rival wife
Will come with him,
So, why not to destroy his papers
So that he will abandon on the idea
Of going to foreign
And he will love me?

The rustic and shepherd wife
Having hurled the papers,
Flung and thrown
Started she weeping
And complaining against
And of returning back to
Her parent's home
Rather being here,
A simple and innocent wife.
Quite ignorant of,
A rustic beloved,
Asking for love,
Not for scholarly absorption.

Why does he read,
What does he want to get,
Why does not smile
On seeing me,

What has it become to him,
He himself reads and smiles,
Has some ghost haunted him,
What's the matter,
Has he become forgetful of,
Will he forget me
After going to the city
And becoming a big man,
Does he want to go to foreign,
Will he come with a second foreigner wife,
Only God knows it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Bagpiper Of The Songs Of Harmony

A bagpiper of the songs of harmony
From the East
Is he Stephen Gill
Playing melodiously
The harmonies
Breaking into musical notes,
Engulfing the area
Through its tuning
And rhythm,
The rhythm of music,
The rhythm of harmony
Breaking the melodies
Into the sweetest tunes
Of music
Felt during calm composure.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Bathing Girl's Photos Keeps He

A bathing girl's photos

Keeps he

Poet

To turn it

Scenic and landscapic.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Bearing Letter

I see you from far
And think of meeting you,
Sitting on the seashore darkly
And feeling about you.

How are you,
Wherever are you, live you happily,
Your photo I can see
But what to say to you,
How to get the message sent across?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Beautiful Girl

A beautiful girl is
A beautiful poem, a beautiful short story, a beautiful play, a beautiful sketch,
A beautiful memoir, a beautiful narrative,
Beautiful beautiful,
I beautiful, you beautiful
The world beautiful,
Why not to make it more and more beautiful?

A beautiful short story lengthened is a novel,
A beautiful poem lengthened is a book of poetry,
A beautiful treatise in the fine arts
As the same girl as a dancer is a poem in poses and postures,
Sketched, drawn and painted as for painting,
Snapped for photography,
Made and moulded through art work and craftsmanship
Sculptures and figurines
Decorating the temple entrances, outer walls and the pillars
As nautch girls, creatures semi-divine, yoga-yoginis and raginis,
Devadasis and sevadasis turned stone and fossils,
Whether put into lively or they themselves
Or is it art merely,
Romantic, not realistic,
Nothing to do with society and reality,
I do not know?

A beautiful maiden seek I to draw and paint, give colours to
So that she will speak forth
What it is in her mind and heart,
Soul and deep within,
A beautiful girl as a beautiful poem, a beautiful short story, a beautiful playlet,
A beautiful novella, a beautiful book of memoir,
A beautiful album of photos
And I capturing the moments of life,
Art and culture, art, architecture and sculpture,
Art and painting, art, culture and society
And the moments spent with
In reading them, in studying.

Your love story I shall write it in a book of poetry,

Your story of life in a novel,
Your story of life will be the subject of my drama of life
Which I am writing it now,
Your story of life will be my book of memoir, sketch and reflection
On life, times, moments shared with and lived together, imagined, unimagined,
You just take to, understand them, my biography or autobiography.

Beauty beauty, truth truth, goodness goodness,
Beauty is truth and truth goodness,
Truth beauty and beauty goodness
And what it is good is beautiful and true,
There is nothing to doubt and contradict
As it is already accepted,
Good good, bad bad,
Had been, will remain so in the near future
And hence I beautiful, you beautiful,
We all beautiful,
Why not to build a better and beautiful world,
Expelling the bad within?

O, what was I saying, as deviated and digressed I from my topic,
Causing chaos and confusion among my listeners,
As they may be thinking it,
The resource person himself knows not the topic in details
That he is guest-lecturing,
What to say more about the questionnaire hour,
In the vortex of, as fears he as for,
A volley of questions thrown upon
And he in the midst of a midstream, a storm gathering,
Trying to steer across,
The thunder man, the rain and shower man!

A singer showing through the sound-tracks, rhythms of speech and intonation,
The high and low pitches of sounds,
Said lyrically, stylistically or internally
In a sing-song voice,
Coming from the heart directly
With so much so sensitivity and emotionalism,
Sentiment and emotion of life and living,
The thinking mind in retrospection,
What this life has given,
What this life has taken!

A beautiful girl is a beautiful actor, performing and enacting
And taking part in the drama, the drama of life,
Imitated, copied and parted,
Just the roles she is doing
Through her make-up, dress-up,
Taking the help of the costume and fashion and apparel designing experts
As they tell of attire through ages, inscribed on walls or kept in locked boxes
And worn by peoples from generation to generation
As the taste goes changing from time to time.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Beautiful Girl, A Beautiful Tale

The girl is so beautiful
That fail I to forget her,
A beauty so lovely and harming
And so attractive.

As such, as such that want I to impress a kiss
On the fair and lovely cheeks of hers,
A girl so fairly white and beautiful.

Even if she went away, I couldn't, couldn't her,
A girl standing before not,
Passing through and eyeing,
So lovely and attractive to see
And glance at,
Never seen,
Never assessed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Beautiful Heart

The girl is very beautiful,
May turn into a poem,
A love lyric,
A love song, a sad song,
A sketch or a reflection,
A dream is she,
A flower in flesh and blood,
Sensuous and sensual.

A story or an image,
A painting or a photograph,
If paint you her,
Picture you,
Snap the photo of hers,
She may turn into
An album of photographs,
A dairy full of her word-pictures,
Her talks and images,
Like you, but see her with love,
Not with disdain.

An essay is she, an aesthetic paragraph,
A picture in a frame,
If not,
One from the album of the heart,
A terracotta figurine or a sculpture,
Amorous and erotic,
Passionate and artistic,
Historical and antique,
A one-act play
With the dialogues dramatizing hers.

A beautiful heart,
A loveful and passionate heart,
Lovely and affectionate,
Describe I,
Depict I,
A beauty so lovely, young and passionate,
Lovely and attractive,

Charming and good
To be my poem,
A beautiful heart
In a beautiful soul.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Beautiful Life, You Are Destroying With Warfare

A beautiful life you are destroying it
In warfare and militancy,
Arms and ammunition,
Mortar fires, rockets and shells,
A beautiful life.

Think of in the aftermath of
The loss of lives and heavy casualties,
Just think it,
Who will serve the wounded?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Beauty To See Or A Red Rose?

Who is she, she standing before,
That unknown girl,
A red rose or a girl in flesh and blood?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Beloved Just Like The Moon, A Beloved Just Like The Moon Had I, Had I Dreamt

A beloved just like, just like the moon had I,
Had I dreamt,
Dreamt I
And you are exactly so, exactly so,
Just like,
Just like the fair and fine moon,
Seen the misty and dewy wintry nights,
A white rose in essence.

A maiden milky white and beautiful,
Exquisitely beautiful,
The white sheet of the carpet spread over
The landscape
And it is drizzling,
Fairies dancing all around,
The moon orbs silvery and fine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Beloved Like A Blooming Red Lily

A beloved like a red lily,
Pink red, but deeply pink-coloured,
Blooming,
So fascinating and charming,
Attractive and beautiful,
Lovely and dreamy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Bhangedi

A bhangedi, an Indian bhangedi,
Hemp-taker,
Grinding the leaves and taking the roll
With sugar
And smiling to his full
Without rhyme or reason

And his mind delving far, flying into the skies
With the stars,
Not on earth,
The eyes abnormally red
And he talking nonsense.

Everything but dulled to the core,
The brain not working
But he calling it Shiva's buti, a herbal thing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Big Statue Of Mother Kali, Pitch-Dark

A huge and magnificent statue of the Mother
You come and go seeing,
Have you, have you seen Her, if not go and see? □

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Bihari Chor, A Bihari Goond, All Wanting To Be Ministers

A Bihari chor,
A goon with an unlicensed pistol,
A lathiman,
All wanting to be leaders not,
But ministers

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Bihari Fool Asking His Daughter

A Bihari fool,
Dressed in clumsy white dhoti and kurta,
With a tikki,
A clamp of hair
Hanging from the crown of the head,
A blunt fool indeed,
Never a classical Sanskrit scholar
Questioning and inquiring his innocent daughter,
'Why did you,
Did you smile on seeing a boy? '
And his wife too joining the tirade.

Too much of conservatism is not good
Which but a sign of backwardness and underdevelopment,
Illiteracy and superstition.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Bihari Patania Lala

A Bihari Patania Lala,
Dark-complexioned and with the specs
Over the face
Himself fathering a child,
But keeping his beautiful and young daughter
Inside under strict vigil.

One from Bihar state,
Rough and rural,
Patania, I mean of Patna
A Lala,
A clerical caste man.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Bihari Professor Of English Which Applies To Jharkhand Too/ A Rustic After Becoming A Varsity Teacher Of English In Bihar By Luck

A Bihari rustic
Who would not have thought
Of becoming a professor
Joined he a private college
Of the the rural area
Then came to a district town college
As for experience
And then joined the newly-opened
P.G. Deptt. of the new university
To call himself a big professor
And a research guide
Though was not a researcher
But became he.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Black Bird Cuckoo

A black bird cuckoo,
But sings it so sweetly,
So melodiously
Breaking the notes
From the bowers of cool shades.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Black Girl, Half-Schooled & Half-Educated, Thinks She Herself

A black girl,
Half-educated and half-schooled,
She thinks herself
No less than
A magistrate,
A second class not,
But first class magistrate.

Her father was not,
But she thinks herself
A magistrate
As she is the single one
Educated and schooled
In her family.

Cooks she not food,
Nor helps her mother,
Nor does she any household work,
But poses she as a teacher,
A film heroine,
A drama girl, a theatre artiste.

The black girl
Who after seeing light for the first time
Thinks she herself no less
Than a film heroine,
A cine star,
A beautician,
A fashion designer.

Wicked from her within,
She is not good,
But bad at heart,
That black and ugly girl,
Half-educated and half-schooled,
An officer for her foolish parents.

A Blooming Lotus

Whenever I see, you appear to be a blooming lotus,
A lotus blooming
With the pearly dew's splashed over
And with,
The morning changing into the dawn
Breaking forth
And the cranes and storks flying
Away into the landscapes
Seem to be lurking around.

A blooming lotus, I close the eyes and feel you,
How serene and sedate are you,
How lovely and dreamy!
Standing close by you,
I see, see the lotuses
White and pink,
Bluish but rarer□
Lest somebody snatch the sweet smiles
From your lips.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Bluish Lily

A bluish lily,
White-blue,
Blue-white,
Looking inkish
With the dews
Splashed on
And the petals
Soaked in.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Bobbed Girl As A Indian English Poetess Welcome, But Not An Old Poet On The Stage

They welcomed and greeted her
To the stage
As she was mod, bobbed and looking ultra-modern,
The curls were hanging over the face
And she was smiling.

But when the time came for the old and good poet,
The audience started shouting,
Even the teachers were not interested in,
They were looking the girl stealthily.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Bout And A Scuffle Between The Scholar Poet And His Foolish Son

The poet is calling himself a scholar
Keeping his son a fool,
Walking erect,
Strutting and walking on tip-toe
With a book in his hands of his
For publication
But the son a loafer
Moving in the company of rowdies and idle-seekers.

And the poet repenting in his old age,
Why did he take to poetry-writing,
Why did he not school his son,
Was he not selfish,
Was he not proud,
Standing silent to do a self-assessment?

Poetry took out everything
And gave it not anything,
Poetry for poetry's sake.

Sometimes not, frequently quarrel
They with each other,
The son dragging the poet father by collar,
Asking him to give money
For pleasure, comfort and outing,
Modern life and living
And its galla company
And facilities.

The wife too provoking to take the revenge
As for keeping illiterate,
Getting schooled
Rather than schooling others,
Himself read and kept company of the high
But taught not his own son,
But taught he others.

When the illiterate and foolish boy,
Blunt and bogus and worst
Whatever remark you about him,
A thoughtless and pleasure-seeking fellow
He never took the ideas and thoughts,
Went on living in his style,
Eat, drink and be merry,
And keep roaming,
He never, never took the words
Of his father,
Held the poet father by collar,
The poet came to the ground
Realizing the ground realities of life,
How different is bare reality from colourful imagery!

Bring money from
Wherever you can and give to him
As much as you can
And he will keep emptying the banked money,
Moving and enjoying life,
Touring and traveling
In the company of his like-minded friends,
Seeing gala dreams,
Having cold drinks,
Watching films,
Talking of fashion and apparel designing,
Romantic notions and ideas and dreams,
A dreamer he dreaming,
Rambling aon arambler motorcycle
With the necklace, bracelet, ar studs,
Goggles and rich-friendly items,
Who buys the hightest priced and latest items?

Riding the motorcycle the poet wanting to go
And the notorious, father-anti son,
As per the villainy of his mother,
Puncturing the tyre of the scholar poet father
And he must bear the consequences of reading himself
And keeping his son foolish,
What has he got after teaching others,
Of how much help will be they
In his old and dying time,

The wife asking him through the bad son?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Brahmin I Kissing A Dalit Girl, Think I, Why Did I After?

A Brahmin
Pundit I
Lamenting
After
Having kissed
A Dalit beauty,
Oh, why did I,
Did I do
After all?

Chandalika,
Tu mere mana mandir mein,
Chandalika,
You in my heart temple.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Breakheart Describe I

This has become a trend to love one girl
Before switching over to another.
Love and discard, cut off the relationship abruptly
But pause you and think of the pressures of breaking.

The drama of love of modern love, fall in love
And detach you after, breaking the heart.
If have to love, love deeply,
Go into the deeps of it rather than putting in trouble.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Burning Cigar Into The Hands Of The Tender Heart

A burning cigar
Into the hands
Can never turn one
Into a hero,
As the young men think it to be
With a burning cigar
Held into the hands
As it happens in Bombay only.

Oh, that misguided youth
Unemployed and jobless,
How will he keep taking,
Oh, that immature brain,
How will he,
it will be complete black out
Of his heart and the lungs!

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Catwalk, Are The Cats Walking Or The Designer Girls?

A catwalk,
Are the cats walking
Or the fashion and apparel designing girls,
Socialites and fashionistas,
The beauticians
Participating in a beauty pageant,
Walking the ramp,
Modern and up-o-date
And well-to-do
For whom life is a pastime?

And the media barons sitting as panelist judges
With the mediamen and the lensmen,
Ready to catch the glam girls in full glitz
In their cameras,
A star-studded event,
The cinema producers and directors too in hunt
For future heroines
And tour destinations
If be any scope for,
Marking the face-cutting and style
Of the participants closely

While the loafers, rowdies and ramblers
Helping the judges
After being the go-between,
The middle men and the brokers,
Trying to show themselves
With the ear-rings and studs
In both the ears,
Bangles on the wrist,
The mobile song wires, I mean the ear phones
Plugged into the ears

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Cigarette Smoker's World

Smokes, smokes, smokes,
Only smokes,
Smokes and ashes.

Smokes and ashes, smokes and ashes
And this is,
This is his world,
Only of smokes and ashes.

Smoking to finish it all,
Life is a smoke
And he is smoking to the butt,
The stump to be thrown off.

Smoke, smoke, smoke
And the smokes curling above,
He smoking and it trailing.

Blackening it all,
Lighting up, taking the puffs
And going
Holding in between the fingers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Cigarette, The Trail Of Smokes & Poetry

A cigarette held into he hands
And the mind lost into,
Taking a few puffs,
The cigarette glowing red,
The ashes shaken into the ash-tray
On the table,
Poems coming to.

The cigarette shortening
To a stump, a stub
To be thrown out
And after that the child's tryst
With smoking
To begin with
But the health hazards
Later to confront the poet.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Cigarette-Smoker's View Of The World

The world as
Only smokes, smokes
Swirling, swirling and going,
The cigarette lit,
Embers lighting,
Smokes circling around,
Fuming and going off.

A few puffs taken,
Inhaled and exhaled,
Smokes coming out
Of the mouth and the nose,
Sometimes the burning butt
Taken inside
To keep the embers lighting,
The lips closed
And taken out to enjoy
The momentum.

Smokes, smokes,
Smokes,
Smokes, only smokes
Filling the site,
The windscreen getting blacker,
The wind shield within,
The mica plates
Of the heart,
And he smoking oblivious of that
As for style.

A smoker he
Smoky is his world,
Life and view,
Smoke, smoke, smoke,
Only smoke
And nothing
In his life,
A cigarette-smoker he
Smoking cigars

One after another.

With a cigarette on the lips
He trying to get it lit
After making it touch
The burning cigarette
Of his friend
Who but another smoker
With a cigarette on the lips
He trying to smoke it
Without lighting with a match.

Sometimes on the lips,
Sometimes into the fingers
Held in between,
Sometimes smacking ti,
Taking the puffs,
Puffing and going,
Going and puffing out,
Puffing in.

Burning,
Burning and lighting,
Smoking and shaking,
He trailing the ashes
Into the ash-tray
He taking the delight
Oblivious of,
forgetful of
The hazards of smoking.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Cine Star Or An Artiste

His costume stitched, embroidered and sewn,
The painter's painting of your portrait
Or the photos taken from a camera
And the gardener decorating with flowers
Turn you into a cine star
Otherwise are not.

And you smiled and the portrait is over,
I admiring you and your smiles,
Sparkling and glittering,
The gold embroidered costume too
And you walking on earth
Just like a damsel.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A City-Girl As An Indian English Poetess

A city-girl as a poetess,
A modern poetess,
Modern not, but ultra-modern and contemporary
And contemporary too not,
Post-modn, modernist,
One from not a metropolitan town,
But a mega city
Of the skyscrapers and the shopping malls
With mannequins,
Multi-complexes and gyms,
Plazas and cafes
Dressed as a beautician
From a parlour,
A model doing a catwalk
Or on the ramp
Talking of foreign tours and travels,
Boyfriends and girlfriends,
Recipes and cuisines.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Coal Black Girl

A coal black girl
Thinks she herself
A heroine,
A film actress,
A cine star
Poses she in
Such a way,
Whistles and hums
The songs

As because she is for
The first time
Reading in her house,
The first one to see
The light of education.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Coal Black Girl, Black Diamond

A coal black girl, my God,
So much black
The girl is
Just like the night darker
When the fireflies take the canvas,
A diamond she appearing
The earthed coal blocks and chunks
To the miner's amazement.

A coal black beauty
She failing the collyrium-applied eyes,
She is not a shadow merely,
A spirit,
But my soul, my hidden love,
Extra-marital secret affair.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Coal Black Sweeper Girl Posing Like A Magistrate On Chair

A coal black sweeper girl
Poses she like a film heroine,
Sings she a song,
Dresses and does the make up
In style,
Comments and taunts others.

Not a second class, but a first class
Magistrate on chair
Near her hut,
She sits on it,
Teaches the poor boys and girls
Outside her home to show it to the passers-by.

Sometimes makes she them stand out in the sun,
Beats black and blue,
Punishes ruthlessly,
Makes them kneel down,
Hold the ears and stand
And the people go seeing.

A graduate she thinks herself
Which man not, God too cannot,
Mulk Raj Anand's Bakha too cannot,
If on chair,
He will be no less than an IAS officer,
Maybe he not,
But Bakha's son.

Wearing the goggles, she thinks of
Herself a heroine,
Not inferior to a film actress,
A singer
She clears her throat in the bathroom,
A dancer on occasions.

A graduate for the first time in her family,

The coal black girl thinks she herself
A poetess writing poems,
Stealing from school magazines,
Taking the lambs into her lap
Writing in her diary.

It is not her fault, but hers is the first generation
Which is seeing the light,
Getting education,
Strutting and walking on tip-toe
And tight-lipped,
The sweeper magistrate,
Not a second class, but a first class saheb,
English not, but brown saheb.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Communist Is A Comrade Or A Cadre In Disguise

A communist is but a comrade,
A cadre,
A regimented cadre,
A levy-giving hardcore fellow,
Blind to one's ideology,
Moving along the party line strictly.

Party, party, party, party and politics,
The keyword,
The hub and the periphery
Round which moves this life of his,
Party, party, party and politics
And he politicking all, the time.

To poke and provoke the poor,
To pin the rich,
To make the factories locked,
The work of a communist,
The leader a superman,
My mother-father, your mother-father, the doer of all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Conservative Guardian Can Only Do Honour Killing

None but a conservative guardian can kill his daughter
As for putting family honour at stake,
But can we forget so easily
The filial love,
Can we turn so satanic,
Cold to logic and reason
By being brutal, bloody and bestial?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Cup Of Coffee And Your Love Just Want I, Blonde!

A cup of coffee and a loveful talk
Just want I, blonde,
Your golden face glistening,
Beauty apparent,
The golden and glistening locks hanging over
the sideways
And you siding them stylistically
And your nasal pronunciation,
This much want I,
My love!
The golden brown locks and the sideway curls,
Hanging over and slipping by
And thereafter you siding them with your hand,
I just see them, see them,
Blonde, my belle!
Your love-letter, I sipping coffee
And thinking about
The one which you wrote to me,
But your wording very linguistic and stylistic,
Yea, the rhythm of speech and intonation,
I love you really.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Dance Is A Poem Gestured Through

A dance is a poem
Gestured through
The body language
And its signs and symbols,
Expressed through
The dance,
The body movement
In consonance with
The rhythm of language.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Darpiya

A darpiya, Indian daru taken
And fallen flat on the ground,
Counting the stars,
Grumbling and fumbling,
Abusing and shouting,
Singing and talking.

Indian daru and Indian darpiya, daru-drunk
And having taken country liquor,
Lies he fallen ya,
Into the bushes unable to stand,
Under the open talking to the stars
And sometimes near the drains.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Daru Man, Sells He Not, But Takes/ Empties The Bottle, See The Eyes And Say It, How The Intoxication

He is a daru man
As keep he the bottle of daru
With him

Sells not, but takes
And that too in full,
Fallen flat on ground

And you calling him
And he hearing you not,
Lifting him
And he unable to sit on feet

Clinging to you,
Hanging on
And it is you caring for him,
Bringing home

See the marvels of daru,
Indian native country liquor,
A non-branded stuff
But intoxication is granted

As a drink of it may take you,
Take you to heaven
And you never to return from
Laving your family in great distress.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Daruman (He Is A Daruman, Sells Not, Takes Too)

A daruman
Of daru, by daru and for daru
Always entertaining to have a drink,
A bottle of daru
Into the hands of his.

A daruman
Deals he not in, but takes too
When it remains
Unsold.

A daruman,
Only for daru,
Eat, drink and be merry.

Made in daru,
Made for,
Made in India.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Daruman, He Is For Daru And Daru For Him, Made For Each Other

A daruman
He is for daru
And daru for him,
Made for each other,
A romantic love story
As he cannot without daru
And daru too cannot be sold.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Darumen's Party On The Eve Of The New Year (Daru Piyo (Drink) And Celebrate It)

Daru, daru, daru,
a daruman's party
on the eve of the new year.

Daru, daru, daru,
a daruman's party is the new year
coming.

The drunkards, I mean piyakkads in rustic and jocular Hindi,
have gathered in
and the pavement people selling.

Daru, daru, daru,
no life without daru,
they not taking daru, but daru them.

Daru is all, life is not,
family too not, the house too left out
in search of pleasure through intoxicant things.

Foreign liquor they may somehow sometimes,
for the special occasion and if not possible,
the local country liquor will do it.

I mean desi daru, native wine, local wine,
food is not in the stomach,
but daru is.

When unable to get this daru too, he taking
bhang, hemlock paste,
smoking ganja, marijuana through an earthenware.

Taking toddy, palm juice, soured and stale
if unable to purchase mahua blooms and molasses brewed wine,
stale and rotten boiled rice brewed stuff.

Daru, daru, daru, only daru,

dying for it,
hunger has lessened in the poor man's stomach.

Food is not in the addict's stomach,
can't live without daru
and daru his life.

The daruman has not seen
his face in the mirror, swollen-swollen,
the liver functioning not well, already cautioned.

But still he taking, taking a risk,
making a tryst with his destiny,
writing *The Drunkards' Discovery of India* and *My Experiments With Drinking*.

One who sells too is a daruman, sells and takes, unable to rein in,
one who takes too is a daruman,
both of them daruwallahs, keeping and taking.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Daughter So Humble And Poor (Save The Girl Child And Her Tears)

A daughter so humble and neglected
In India,
The developing countries,
Poor, but serving.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Day Ago

A day ago he had been there, but the day after he was not,
His slippers near the grilled iron gate,
But he was not,
Gone and gone away.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Definition Of Communism (The Reds Reddening It All)

Communism is a government of the comrades, by the comrades, for the comrades,

Comrades and cadres, cadres and comrades,

With the red flags, banners, festoons and hoardings.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Distraught Syrian Daughter, What War Has Given, What War Has Taken From Us All?

Do not shell, do not bombard
The Syrian daughter,
My daughter,
My little afraid of,
How will she
A little heart, a little soul
Lost into the wilderness
And mess of bombardment
And shelling.

Do not bombard,
Do not,
My small Syrian daughter
How will she sustain,
Survive
A small girl,
A soul and a heart,
How will she,
How will she live?

To destroy Syria in such a way,
To devastate lives,
How to take to,
Never can imagine in such a way,
What war has given what war has taken away
From all of us,
What crusades and religious wars,
What religious madness
And fanaticism,
What have orthodoxy and bigotry?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Document Of Poetry

A document of poetry, a pamphlet of poetry, call I
As for the brochure design,
The longer-longer poems,
Docketing letters and their issuance not,
But of the poems.

Whose poems, who should have
And who is docketing them,
Releasing as a poetic testament,
How should it be poetry,
How the documents of it?

No peon there to enter into,
No clerk to give the reference number and the date
As for keeping the record
With regard to the issuance of the letter
And the caption included under which.

There is none, none to record all that,
To docket it all,
Letters not, the poems
And the statements put forward for,
No peon to post them
Or to go with the peon book
To be initialled.

No curator of the poetic archives to manage all these,
The manuscripts,
The letters and correspondences of the poet,
The mementoes and memorabilia,
The photograph albums.

A statement of poetry,
Poetry full of statements,
A document of poesy,
Full of documentation, sample poems,
Representing and docketing the contents in ledger-book,
As it a written document,
Not a booklet-like pamphlet,

Nor statements given or put in writing,
May have the elements naturally,
But not from the title point of view.



Bijay Kant Dubey

A Dramagirl, A Dreamgirl, A Rupkumari, Phoolkumari

Having married a dramagirl
For whom life is but a stage of a theatre
And man and woman artistes
And this life a play,
What have I done,
My doom I have brought in?

Having married a dreamgirl,
One living in dreams,
What ruin have I brought in,
A Phoolkumari, a flower-princess,
A Rupkumari, a face-princess,
She will not cook food.

My God, what have I done in bringing her,
A cine star in my house,
A theatre girl,
A make-up girl
As my wife
And now she is hissing
Like Nagakanya, a cobra-princess,
Vishkanya, a poison-girl of some kingly court?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Dream Girl Want I

A dream girl want I
To see the dreams of life together with,
Dream girl, dream girl,
A portrait of an artist,
The song of my life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Dreamer Of American Dreams, , Disturb Me Not Please

A dreamer of American dreams am I,
Go I dreaming into the sunny fields and fallows,
Marking the pastoral beauties and singing the lyrics,
Unknown paths leading me to,
Woodlands in bloom
And I in the lap of Nature lost in observing mystery and beauty
Murmuring by.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Drunk Santhal Girl

A drunk Santhal girl
I loved and liked her,
But feared to bring her home
As could have been opposed,
Socially boycotted.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Drunken Kiss Was It After All! I Was Drunk, She Was Drunk And In Drunkenness Kissed We

Having taken wine, I kissed the bar tender
At the ale shop,
Yea, the poor and humble bar tender
Who too had been drunk
And I too had been drunk,
Both of us drunk
And in drunkenness it happened
As thus,
But we did not mind it.

I too had been drunk,
She too had been drunk
And as thus kissed we each other
In drunkenness
As both of us under the impact of liquor,
Foreign not, country liquor,
Native wine,
Smelling foul.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Failed Lover Of A Middle Classey Bengali Girl

A failed lover of a middle class Bengali girl
Hypocritical and egoistic,
Poking the fire into a blaze,
Speaking sweetly
By mixing sugar and molasses,
But pinning and perforating from underneath
Think I blankly
About the skies crashing over,
Relationships breaking.

Had it been the shepherd girl, it would,
Would have been good
Rather than this middle classy critical Bengali wife
Setting the house on fire,
Provoking and instigating
After putting one after another.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Fanatic

A fanatic is but a fundamentalist,
Conservative and old,
Odd and outmoded,
Unable to suit and fit in,
An old-timer representative of his age and times

The father of a terrorist which but not the fault of the son,
But of the old and conservative father,
Blind to his religion and faith,
Unable to live in harmony and co-existence.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Fanatic Will Remain A Fanatic

A fanatic will remain
A fanatic,
As you can never mend his ways,
Never change his thinking-line
A fanatic a fanatic
Fanatical,
Religiously blind,
Cold to reason and logic,
Mad after religiousness madness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Fanatic Will Remain A Fanatic Whatever Do You, However Treat You

My theory says,
A fanatic will remain a fanatic
Fanatical
Whatever do you for him,
However treat you him,
A fanatic a fanatic
Fanatical,
Cannot reform his ways.

The son of
A conservative dad,
From a conservative society
He cannot reform his ways,
The thinking of his,
A fanatic's son
And a grandson of
The conservative grandpa.

The arithmetic is simple,
Mark the chemistry
The grandpa a conservative
Odd and old,
The father a fanatic
Out-dated and out-moded
And his son a terrorist
A right extremist,
Did you understand?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Fanatic's Son Will Be A Fanatic

A fanatic's son will be a fanatic
As he can never undergo changes
Whatever say you in this regard.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Fanatic's Son Will Be A Fanatic, You Cannot Change His Gene

A fanatic's son will be a fanatic,
You cannot change that,
Cannot change
His gene and genetics,
A fanatic's son
Will be a fanatic
Fanatical,
A conservative's son
A conservative,
He will never change
Nor can can you
However try you to change him
A fanatic will remain a fanatic
Fanatical
Unto the end
As he can never be a liberal,
A humanist.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Fanatic's Son You Cannot Change, Even Th Education From Oxford And Cambridge

A fanatic's son you cannot change
His thinking
As he is fanatical genetically
And fanaticism inherited from,
In his lineage and heredity.

Even Oxford and Cambridge,
The education of it cannot
But a fanatic.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Fashion Designer I, Saying, It's My Style

A fashion designer
Want I to be,
But don't worry,
I shall become
On my own
Resources.

A torn jeans,
Patched and darned is ready,
To be worn by me
With the goggles,
If not available
Then the toy glasses will do
And my boots,
Don't bother you.

No tension for this,
Take you not,
My eldest brother's
Old and hanging boots,
Abandoned so long,
I am ready to wear it,
A fashion designer,
In the shirt of my grandfather
And the pants of my brother.

A fashion designer I,
It's my style.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Few Things Of The Bjp Like Not/ Failures Of The Bjp From Its Commitment

Black money, black money,
All black, but you white,
Provoked or unprovoked firing on the borders,
Tension escalating unnecessarily,
Allegedly after a flurry of accusations and allegations
And provocative speeches
Diverting attention from socio-economic
And developmental problems,
Who Dalit, who non-Dalit,
What whose work becoming the contractor of that,
Pan-nationalism,
Too much devotion,
Betraying the public mandate
Given in utter confidence and faith.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Film Actor Is But A Drama Company Man

A film actor is but a drama company man,
A coloured playboy,
A plastic reel boy,
A dyed and painted man.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Flower Is To See, Not To Kiss Or Smell

A flower is for to see, feel the warmth of,
Not to smell or kiss it,
A thing of joy for ever,
A dream unbelievable,
An art-piece unparalleled,
Full of so much fancy, colour and imagination.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Flower, A Flower

A flower
So sweet,
So beautiful,
So tender,
So innocent,
So lovely to look at
A flower
So natural.

A flower
So soft,
So sweet,
So lovely!

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Flower-Like Girl

A girl like a flower
She is standing before me.

I do not know it
How to greet her!

Thank You, God
For your gift of her.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Foreign Flower (Haiku)

Just like a flower
Of the foreign land
Saw I the foreigner girl at the airport.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Foreigner Beauty (In Search Of A Foreigner Love)

A foreigner girl,
Golden-haired and glistening
In the sun
And the moonlight,
Herself no less than,
So much beautiful, so lovely
That averts it not the gaze
The more want I to, the more it glues to.

Speaking beautifully,
A language of her own,
Taking me to Europe and America
For a tour and travel
And on seeing her, feel I,
Oh, had I a foreigner blonde
As my beloved
I would have definitely plucked the stars
To put into the hair of hers,
Oh, had I a foreigner wife!

God, give me a foreigner wife
In my next birth,
God, forget You it not
From giving!

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Foreigner Belle Standing Before, I Want To Ask, What's Your Name?

A foreigner belle,
Blonde
Standing before
From across the overseas,
I want to enquire about,
What's your name?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Foreigner Girl

A foreigner girl
Coming and approaching,
Approaching and going,
Passing off
Before she is inquired of,
Hey, what's your name,
where do you come from,
What's your nationality,
How the manner and gesture of yours?

Hey, do you love me,
Do you love me,
Whether you like or not
But I love you most?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Fraud Indian Sadhu With Ganja, Ladki And Sevadasi (Not A Yogi, But A Bhogi)

An Indian sadhu
With ganja, ladki and prem
Rounding about the ashrama
With a chillum,
Smoking in ganja,
Talking to sevadasis
To be enlightened.

Not a yogi, but a bhogi,
Telling of,
Misleading it all,
The girl in the ashrama,
Misled and drawn to
And the people whispering about
Guru-shisya prem.

Enticing the girl
Whose hands saw he,
He eloped with
To be along with the disciple,
To smoke in ganja
And to make a living
From his hermitage.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Gallery Of Portraits (Haikus)

Walt Whitman

Whitman like Tennyson
Plucking the leaves of grass
And singing with the wind passing over.

Wordsworth

A Nature poet
Growing in the lap, midst of,
Full of amazing and baffling things.

Shelley

The rebel poet and the revolutionary
In spirit, the idealist
Revolting and rebellious from his within.

Keats

A poet of beauty
Which is truth, goodness
Giving joy forever.

Coleridge

Weird Coleridge of the three witches
Of Macbeth,
Christabel and Kubla Khan.

Mare

Walter de la Mare of Martha
Telling her stories
In the hazel glen.

Hughes

Ted Hughes of human wrath and violence,

Shoot and kill,
So hard-hearted and ruthless.

Dickens

An orphan boy telling
The story of his life
In an autobiographical vein.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Gallery Of Portraits In Poetry (Indian English Poets)

Indian English poetry

There is nothing as Indian English poetry
Though some have called it
As is there anything
Like British English,
King's or Queen's Standard,
Not even the local one
And what it pains us is this
It is nowhere spoken in India,
Nor does it have a feeder dialect
To vitalize it
And even it is, it is but written English,
Grammatical English,
Solve the grammar exercises
And try to be correct,
Speak you not,
Even if you, you will keep mugging,
Haltingly, full of hitch and obstruction?

Indian English poetry has a history of its own,
It is but a part of India Studies,
Indian culture,
Indology, Asiatic researches, Oriental studies,
Sanskrit studies,
But rather deriving from,
It has differently
In the negation of Indian art and culture,
Thought and philosophy,
Indian themes and delineation,
To Western theories and texts,
But fails to be of that order
And submission,
Standard and presentation,
Somewhere weaker no doubt.

There is nothing as Indian English language,
If it is not spoken anywhere
How to call it Indian English,

A misnomer is it,
Is there anything like
Zimbabwean English, South African variety,
There is nothing,
Nothing like this,
Indian English is nowhere,
Nowhere practiced.

Which is but Bihari English,
Bengali English,
Oriya English,
Assamese English,
Punjabi English,
Haryanvi English,
Delhite English,
Kashmiri English,
Himachali English,
Hindustani English,
Pakistani English,
Maharashtrian English,
Gujarati English,
Rajasthani English.

Which is but Naga English,
Sikkimese English,
Lepcha English, Bhutia English,
Nepali English,
Manipuri English,
Arunchali English,
Mizo English,
Santhali English,
Munda English,
Sindhi English,
Marwari English.

The speakers of English
Here in India
Come from different
Linguistic groups,
Indo-Aryan, Dravidian,
Austro-Asiatic and Tibeto-Chinese
Affiliations

And that is why
The Anglo-Indians switched
Over to local languages,
Barring the foreign elements
So strong
On the people of
Pondicherry and Goa,
Telling of Portugal and France.

Even the Bhojupurains
Speaking in English,
The rough and tough people,
Clumsy and uncouth,
The indentured labourers
And their sons and daughters
In Mauritius, Kenya and others,
The predecessors of us,
Coming to Gorakhpur,
Tracing the roots,
So are Magadhi, Angika and Maithili speakers
Of Bihar,
The Hindi dialects.

The Mad & Maniac Poet

Poetic frenzy took to
Michael Madhusudan Dutt
And he like an Englishman started thinking
And behaving,
A poet under the draughts of
English education and culture,
European way of life
As did Gandhi emulate the English,
So did he write,
The Captive Ladie,
But fame did not come to him as usual
And he turned to Bengali,
Really, a great poet
Who had talent,
But the times had not been his.

Savitri And the Age After

Rather than calling the pre-independence period
Or the post-independence period
Of Indian English poetry,
I would like to call it
The age of Savitri and the age after,
Aurobindo's Savitri,
The golden age of epics
A return to Vedism, Upanishadism and Puranism,
The ashrama trend,
Vedic literature
Whose fragrance is it
In Jayanta Mahapatra too
But in a different way.

There Were Poets Before

There were poets before Nissim and his friends
Whom we know them not
And remember we not,
As we call him
The father of modernism in Indian English poetry,
Modernism is not at all related to poetry,
It comes from all the streams,
Fashion, apparel, time, manner and etiquette,
Understanding and comprehension,
Experience, hearing and learning,
Tour and travel,
Mutual exchanges.

P. Lal Has Not Done Justice

has not done justice
To the poets of the beginning,
Those at the start of modernism
In Indian English poetry,
Just in the fifties,
Adi , ni and others.

Writers Workshop, Calcutta founded in 1958
Is but a factory of poets,
just published them

Taking the charges,
Served literature
As for talent search
As well as damaged it too.

To Khushwant Singh, it was just
Like the vanity publication
And many papers reviewed them not
Taking to be a commoners' press
And publication.

Kamala Das

A sadhvi or a yogan
In the ashrama,
Rajneeshite.
Freudian,
Lawrentine
Or one of Vatsyayana?

Who she is,
A poetess of love
Or sex and bodily lover,
One of flesh,
Confessing relationships
Erotic and sensual?

Kamala Das not a yogi, but a bhogi,
Just like a fraud and fake
Indian babji
Taking ganja
In the ashrama
With his disciple love.

Kamala Das too is the same,
One of Lawrentine guru-shisya prem,
A Rajneeshite disciple
Talking of sambhoga to samadhi,
Sex to bliss,
A modern-age yogan
In the rudraksha rosary.

She is not a Mira, but a Radha,
A Radha,
Mad after duplicate Krishna,
False and fraud Krishna,
A love woman,
A hysteric gone mad
And her works of kaam-vasana.

Purshottam Lal

Purshottam Lal is first of all
A promoter
Rather than a poet,
A romantic not,
But a faded and jaded romantic,
Even in the negation of Aurobindo
Seems to be drawn to metaphysics,
A poet of a mediocre merit,
But famous
Or has evolved in course of time
As others have,
But emboldening his stature
Just as a translator
Of the Mahabharata.

Nissim Ezekiel

Nissim Ezekiel, a poet of Bombay
Like his Bombayan friends,
He is of Bombay,
Writing about Bombay,
A Maharashtrian Jew
His mind and heart lies it in Israel,
Suffers from the quest for identity,
How far Indian is his Indian English poetry,
Devoid of Indian thought, culture and tradition,
Myth, mysticism and spirituality,
Religion, ethics, religion and philosophy,
He treads a path of his own,
A modern man
From the city spaces,
That too from metros and mega cities

Telling about city-life and living,
Townsliving, art and culture,
Manners and ethics,
Not the rural countryside
Where dwells it the soul of India
Into the nondescript, far-off villages
Of hamlets and thorps
Clustered and littered around
Over a vast stretch of land.

The Poetry of Nissim

Nissim as a poet and his poetry,
Poetic themes of his,
What to say it,
Nissim is a poet of
Pleasantries and good manners,
Doublespeak and irony,
Just cutting with his tactics,
A poet of please and thank you,
Bye and goodbye,
On saying please,
I love you, I like you,
How are you? , I am fine, how you,
So nice of you,
See you again,
An Englishman in India,
If not, a London returned,
Wanting to date,
But the heart a Jewish heart,
Papa wills cold,
Wanting to see a film in the cinema hall
With the beloved,
To write love-letters to her
Under the pretext of meeting
Or exchanging books,
Out in the a park,
Meeting with and talking to
And reading
The Elizabethan lyrics and metaphysical,
Forget me not,
Your name

I am writing on the sea-beach,
Going to see his coy mistress
And awaking he not with the rising sun.

The Drawbacks of Nissim

Though he lived in India,
But lived as a minority man
Without understanding India,
Indian culture,
The history of the land,
Its thought and philosophy,
Religion and spirituality,
Morality and ethics,
Cosmology and theology,
A Jew was he
Jewish ditto
Without smacking in the aroma
Coming from the Vedas, the Upanishads
And the Puranas,
Right or wrong,
Mythical or reasonable,
At least we could have heard
His comments.

Nissim suffers from the quest for identity,
An Indian in India
Under question,
Whether a foreigner or Indian,
Just like Dom,
But the theme of Indianness
Bails him out
And he is a poet of
The urban space,
The city-bred culture and ethics,
City-dwelling and culture,
Birthday gift, marriage party, tea party,
Outing, love-marriage,
Picnic and honeymoon,
The talks of his.

Nissim is of the Gandhian freedom fighter

A follower of satya, ahimsa and swaraj,
Going on the ways,
In the khadi cap, dhoti, kurta
And with a bamboo lathi in hand,
Drawing pension after independence,
Decorating the dais,
Of Gujarati English,
Saying hi-hello to Miss Pushpa,
Giggling and grinning with
Ad chuckling,
Doing bye-bye to Pushpa
At the airport,
A foreign returnee he
Giving tips to her in departing for
The overseas.

Nissim
Doing the drama
With a scorpion bite,
Gathering people
And showing to,
Making a fuss out of
Ad the critics after,
The whole of India
And the academics,
Just the scorpion bite
The thing of discussion,
The thing of poetic debate and deliberation,
deliberating,
The others too into the footsteps of his.

Jayanta Mahapatra

Jayanta Mahapatra is the first poet
To have received the Sahitya Akdemi award
For his book, Relationship
Which is but a fragment of
Whitman's Leaves of Grass
To show connection with
Odisha and the Odias,
The Ganga and Kalinga dynasties.

The sea and the Konark Sun Temple,
The sea beach and the Jagannath Puri Temple,
The Khandagiri caves,
Dhavalgiri,
The River Daya,
The Chilika Lake,
He remembers them in his poetry.

There are different aspects of his poetry
And for it his poetry is complex,
Flimsy, photographic,
Imagistic and picturesque,
But not descriptive at all,
Abstract and terse,
Difficult to mean them.

A poet of Odisha, its topography and demography,
Scenes and sites
He is a poet of the place,
A poet of silence,
Of the sea-beach,
Summer-noons,
Lonely countryside,
The veiled woman.

A poet feministic,
Realist,
Eco-centric,
Image-maker,
He clings to the roots of nativity
As well as his base of subject,
We mean physics,
Dealing with light and darkness,
The origin of the universe.

Nothingness, angst and bewilderment,
Skepticism and atheism,
Existentialism
Engage the poetic space
Of the poet
And he lapses in dreams,
Landscapic and vacant,

A dreamer and a visionary.

The space and its vacuum,
Endless skies
The realm of his reflection,
Light breaking at dawn
And retreating at twilight,
Strike the poetic mind
And he loses in.

A Reading of Keki alla

Keki alla the Parsi poet
From Lahore,
Displaced and dislocated,
Searching for roots,
Finding place
In the IPS
Of the U.P.,
Mostly the Uttarakhand region,
A DIG promoted
To switch over
To the RAW
To membership
Of the Minorities Commission
After retirement.

A Sahitya Akademi award winner,
A Padma Shri,
Daruwalla
Is a poet of the brave heart
Dealing with tragedy and drama talk mainly,
Painting violence, wrath, human anger,
Malice, envy,
Vengeance, jealousy;
Curfew-clamped towns with
The shoot at sight orders,
Riots and tension brewing;
The flood-hit areas
Under water,
Submerged or drowned,
Muddy waters swirling

And inundating,
Flowing above the danger level.

A poet of the night of the jackal,
The wolf howling,
Bloody, brutal and bestial,
He returning
When it is dark
With the hunter,
One of the kite, vulture and hawk,
The Towers of Silence,
He thinking of the laws of nature,
Wild and mystical,
Calm and ruffling,
He marking the tiger
With the rifle in hands.

A poet verbose and bombastic,
He is wordy and textured,
Old, archaic and obsolete,
Unsentimental
And unemotional,
Hard and tougher,
Deriving and drawing from
The RAW visits and studies
Even going to Iran,
Searching the roots of Zoroastrianism
And the stuffs of international relations
Which the RAW men have to undertake
For diplomacy and reading.

's Friends

's friends,
The birds of a feather flock together,
The same first poem writers
Or the first book authors,
The ramshackle poets not,
But poetasters, rhymers, non-poets and commoners
Are the poets of modern Indian poetry in English,
Getting prizes one by one
And the branded critics recommending them.

After finding none as the buyers and takers of their poetry,
Poetry not exactly, but the verses,
They founded Writers' workshop, Calcutta
To publish themselves
Or those who contacted them
Or got the favour with
Rather than representing the whole of India,
Represented they a coterie,
A section of acquaintances,
The Bombayans, the Calcuttans
And the Madrasis,
A factory of Indian English poets and poetesses
Leaving as the burden of the anonymous critics
Rather than historiographing them,
Biographing in who's who?

Whom Did He Not Publish?

Whom did he not publish,
published Kamala, Pritish,
Daruwalla, Jayanta,
Adil, Katrak,
Vikram,
Whose books did he not bring out,
Those of Shiv ,
Lawrence Bentleman?

Dom Moraes

A woman-lover, a wine-drinker and a chain-smoker
Dom thought of himself
An Englishman,
But was an Indian,
A Goan Christian,
Though he tried to be
A Dylan Thomas,
But could he be,
A journo he was.

Adil Jussawalla

Adil Jussawalla
After publishing Land's End and Missing Person
Went he missing
And resurfaced after
A thirty-five year break,
With his new launches
The Right Kind of Dog and Trying to Say Goodbye.

A Parsi poet, he is of
Broken statements,
What he wrote about,
The half-said words and sentences,
Broken rhythms of earlier verse
Just brought in confusion
And we failed to mean
All that in his verses.

Arvind Krishna Mehrotra

Arvind though in the white glistening beards
Long and flowing
Is not the Tagore,
But it looks to be,
One from Lahore
And the English Deptt. of Allahabad Univ.,
A poet surreal,
A writer of a few,
Inclusive of tidbits, chit-chats
And the trifle
Though he had been a contestant
For the Professor of Poetry
For Oxford,
Which he perhaps deserved it not
Though got the lobbies with
To be in the picture.

Hurriedly Called We

In a hurry, a haste,
A huff,
Called we them
Modern Indian English poets,

But they were not,
Are not even,
As India had been in search of,
Just to represent
The literary taste in India
And the feedback to be returned
To the West,
They are but 's findings,
's not,
But ,
The Editor of the Illustrated Weekly of India.

Reading bad verses
Submitted by the Indians,
The mind eroded it, corroded it
And the moderns were not so
As they are,
These are the poets of today
Evolved and developed
From there
Otherwise could not have been
The poets of India.

Modern Poetry

Modern poetry is the poetry of exile and alienation,
Angst and bewilderment,
Dislocation and displacement,
Annihilation and deconstruction,
Malaise and crisis.

Without reading Eliot, Yeats, Auden,
Spender, MacNeice,
We cannot talk of modernity and modernism
In Indian English poetry.

Modern Indian English Poets

Modern Indian English poets
Just make a mockery of
Indian hunger,
Want and scarcity of foodstuffs,

The mud-housemen,
Slum-dwellers and cottagers.

Isms In modern Poetry

There are several isms and tendencies
In modern English poetry
Which Indian English poetry cannot escape it
As they derive and draw from
The mainstream
And keep track of
Imagism, surrealism, symbolism,
Decadentism and lyricism
And poetry-movements
And the 'ies',
The thirties, the forties and the fifties,
Running as thus.

Has Poetry Died With asarathy's Anthology of Ten Indian English Poets

Has poetry died with the publication of R Parthasarathy's
Ten Indian English Poets,
Will there be no more poets after
Which is but a wrong notion
And what it hurts me is this that
asarathy writes about himself
In the same,
None but he himself
About his own poetry?

Is Indian English Poetry A One-book Ph.D.?
Indian English poetry is a one-book Ph.D.,
Where to get material from,
The books not available,
The poets unrecognized,
Whose whereabouts unknown?

Rabindrananth Tagore's Gitanjali
Is one-book Ph.D.,
asarathy's Rough Passage,
Vivekananda's In Search of God & Other Poems,
Intermixing their poetry with prose.

Anglo-Indian Poetry, Indo-English Poetry, Indian Poetry In English Or Indian English Poetry?

Is it Anglo-Indian poetry to Indo-English poetry,
Indian poetry in English or Indian English poetry,
This is how Indian English poetry has evolved
All through the ages,
It was European
Then turned it anglicized of Indianized
Now the theme of Indianness bails it out
For the translation

Contemporary Indian English Poetry today

There are different types of poets into
The realm of Indian English poetry,
One is of the Writers Workshop, Calcutta publications,
Another of the independently published authors,
Another of the media-propped and lucky draws,
Another of the book houses,
But one should keep it in mind
That Vikram Seth's first book was
Also rejected in the West
And it was by 's press.

Strange Is It That You're Talking About English Poetry From The Northeast

Strange is it to hear about
That you're talking about
English poetry from the northeast,
You say it,
Is there anything like
Indian English poetry
And if it is not
Then how to talk of
English poetry from the northeast,
Poetry not in oral dialects,
But written English,
From Nagaland, Assam, Sikkim,

Manipur, Mizoram, Meghalaya,
Tripura?

Now I can see it
That the academics from academia
Will manoeuvre and manipulate it
The level
To be poets and poetesses
If not
Then poetasters, rhymers, petty poets
Writing doggerel
To come to light
Through politics or poetry
As the so-called Indian litterati
Are editing literary journals
To be poets, critics, reviewers,
Research guides, university professors
And external examiners for the Ph.D.

The Seven Sisterly States, if You Are From The Northeast

If you are from Nagaland, sing of it,
The land of the nags,
Its tradition and modernity,
If from Manipur, tell us
About the myth and mystery of it,
If from Sikkim, tell us
About the land of Buddha and Buddhism,
The art, culture and language of it,
If from Assam, tell us about
The Karbis, the Bodos and others,
The Bihu songs and dances,
Kamrupa-Kamakhya,
If from Mizoram, about ancient tradition
And the shift to Christianity
And also the Burmese borders,
If from Arunachal the land of the rising sun,
The monastery and the passes
Leading to China,
If from Meghalaya, the clouds glistening

And the rains.

There Is Nothing As English Poetry From The Northeast

There is nothing as English poetry
From the northeast,
Actually, the academics
After marking the authority absent
And literary vacuum prevailing,
The students and teachers are trying
Their best to be poets
Of India fame
Through the branding
Northeast English poetry,
But one should mark it
Fame is not all,
Awards is not all,
Think of those who are scholars
But without recognition,
Without name and fame,
Without any awards in their bag.

Indian English Poetry—A Re-assessment & Revaluation

Indian English poetry, as the history and origin of it,
Shows it
Is but a study in
Slender anthologies and minor voices,
The first poem writers,
The first book authors
And those who are going to write.

The trend continues in,
Of contributing a few
And contributing it,
One calling oneself a poet or poetess
Of state-level not,
But India-level,
An editor introducing
The acquaintances of his.

The critic too a no-man

And the verse practitioner too a no-man
And Indian English poetry
A study in no-men,
Even those who do researches
On Indian English poetry
Start calling themselves poets and poetesses,
Is it not a repudiation of morality and ethics?

Indian English Poetry Itself

Indian English poetry itself
Is a study in
Self-styled poets and poetesses
Proclaiming writers,
Say, who is not,
Sri Aurobindo's books arrived
From his Pondicherry Ashrama,
Vivekananda's Ramkrishna Mission,
's from his Writers Workshop?

Even Arun Kolatkar, Adil Jussawalla,
Dilip Chitre and Arvind Krishna Mehrotra
Enjoined
As for clearing house, Pune,
A joint collaborative venture
Of self-styled poets,
As there had been no takers
Or buyers of their theories then.

What you see Nissim Ezekiel today
He was not,
Today we extol him,
But know it not the base
As his was of one of
The Elizabethans and the Metaphysicals,
Thomas Wyatt, Edmund Spenser and Shakespeare,
Marvell and Donne
And this is about his love poetry.

While in the latter written later on
He plays with irony and humour,
Tries to smile,

Laugh,
Gesture,
Mock at and burst into
Guffaws and laughters,
Chuckling and grinning
Insider not,
But outsider.

Do You Know That?

Do you know
That vas Iyengar, and ,
They too are writers of verse,
But we read them not,
Which but we should have.

Only Nissim Ezekiel, Kamala Das, Jayanta Mahapatra,
They cannot form the course of our studies,
We need to include the poets
Of the forties and the fifties,
A few more from the Pondicherry School
Can also be studied
Together with Aurobindo,
Which but do we not.

There Was A Time

There was a time when the researchers
Like it not to do their theses
On evolving Indian English poetry
And even by the way
Some did their works on Indian themes,
The English departmental teachers
Old and sober,
Schooled in classical and British texts
Used to frown upon
As for something Indian
And frankly speaking, the dull and bogus professors
Used to take up Indian English.

To day it is a matter of funding,
People taking money for major and minor projects

From the UGC
As it has pressurized the teachers
For the Ph.D. programmes
And publications,
Seminars and symposia
And workshops
Relevant under the Career Advancement Scheme.

English Is Here

English is here
Of the Purdahwalli, the ghumtawalli,
The burkhawalli
And if this be the picture,
How to call oneself modern,
An Englishman?

Medievalism cost heavy
Upon us
And we paid the price
For intra-conspiracies and rifts,
The invaders looted and plundered India
All that was good in India.

The woman under the veil
Like the missing person
Saying it not her name
Or the name of her husband,
Just the tattoo saying it,
Backward, uneducated and below the poverty level.

There Were No Takers Or Buyers of Indian English Verse

There were no takers or buyers
Of Indian English verse then,
O takers of them,
No buyers of their theories,
People had not been in knowledge
That there existed one
Like Nissim Ezekiel or .

But when the UGC made it essential

To introduce the Indian poets
And the Ph.D. a must for promotion,
The teachers started exploring possibilities,
For .,
Not on British literature.

But on Indian matters,
Be it the first class or third-class matter,
But the Ph.D. essential
Not for knowledge,
But for career advancement,
Do it somehow.

From the eighties the departments
Have started to read,
Before that it used to be sporadically
As we are today,
Indian English poetry,
Kamla Das, Kamala Das, Nissim Ezekiel, Nissim Ezekiel.

Decline of Poetry In The Modern Age

With the advancement of science and technology
In the modern age,
The age of information technology,
Some say it,
Poetry has declined in the modern age.

The Trend of Today

The poets of today, I mean the contemporary times
Are involved in mutual-praise and admiration,
One praising another,
One beats one's own drums,
One writes about oneself.

Any edit the journals just for to be poets,
Just to get articles published
On their poetry,
I know them,
I can name them,

You call me a poet,
I shall too call you,
Where have we gone to?

Poetry of The Hollow Men, Modern Hollow Men

Poetry of the hollow men,
Modern hollow men,
Read we,
Write we,
The poets as the hollow men,
The readers as the hollow men
All but hollow and shallow
From within,
Modern men the hollow men,
Mechanical and technical.

Science or Poetry?

Science or poetry,
Fact or fiction,
Faith or doubt,
Whom to attach to
As science too not less than?

For a man of physics,
Poetry is in physics,
One for of mathematics
It is in mathematics.

The world is not the creation
Of poetry,
But of science too
And the poet is not all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Gandhist Doing Politics (For Anna Hazare)

Gandhism is good, but to do politics
Wearing khadi kurta and dhoti
And donning a khadi cap
Not good at all
As Gandhi never said to politics
In their name.

Be a Gandhist, but do it not politics
Under the banner and platform
Of Gandhism
As it is wrong to do Gandhism
Donning the clothes
And calling a follower of his,
A political scion of the icon.

Save the nation from the corrupt politicians
But do not excessive politics,
The drama of it,
Acting and overacting it,
Assess it,
Are you not on the gain,
Getting benefited from your political agenda?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Gift From God

The girl child is a gift from God,
Rare and priceless.

My daughter□
Whom love I most.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Girl Like The Rose

A girl like the rose, so sweet and fragrant, lovely and dazzling,
Never seen before,
Just like a rose, fair, fine and fresh
Standing before,
I could not imagine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Girl Or A Dream?

Is she...?

Is she a girl or a dream?

Fancy or imagination?

A girl or a dream,

Tell you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Girl Or An Embodiment Of Satyam, Shivam, Sundaram?

A girl
Or an embodiment of
Satyam, shivam, sundaram?

A flower
Or a girl,
A celestial damsel?

Satyam is she no doubt,
Shivam too
And sundaram.

Let me,
Let me see the painting in full,
The model
Exactly like one,
Satyam, shivam, sundaram.

Truth, goodness and beauty was she really,
An embodiment of the three,
Whatis satyam is sundaram, shivam.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Golden Statue Of Radha And Krishna

A golden statue
Of Radha and Krishna
Historical and old
Into the hands of mine,
What am I,
Am I seeing, God?

Found from the rubble
And debris of
The falling temples,
The temples dilapidating and old
Dating back to an age
Gone by
Of yore.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Golden And Ancient Statue Of Radha And Krishna

A statue of Radha and Krishna,
Golden and archaeological,
Historical and museumlogical,
Unearthed from the rubble of the falling temples,
The ruins if the dilapidated terracotta temples,
What to say about them?

A statue of yore, olden and beautiful,
But blackly as for lying under the rubble
Of the fallen temples,
The dilapidated and broken temples,
How to view them,
Lying for centuries,
How to view the statue Divine?

Radha with Krishna
Seated on a lotus
With a flute
And the lotus petals spread over
How to view them,
How to behold and see the statue
a thing historical,
Archaeological and museumlogical?

But I do not know why the statue is blackly
Whether the artisans painted black
Or coated so
With the paint over
Or it grew black
As for lying under the earth?

The statue golden of yore,
Antique and age-old,
Ancient and centuries-old,
How to behold it,
How to see it,
Take into the hold of mine?

A Golden And Glistening Love

A golden and glistening love
Standing before me,
Putting me in a perplexity,
Should I write poetry
Or go after her,
A girl rarely golden and glistening,
What the heroine will look
Before her?

The girl is so beautiful
That one will stop writing
Novels, poems and short stories
To find her
As there is no love
Greater than getting a beautiful beloved.

You take away my manuscripts,
But let me see her,
A girl never seen before.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Golden Statue Of Radha And Krishna (Haiku)

A golden statue of Radha and Krishna
Which I have found from the fallen temples
Of terracotta temples, my Anandamurti.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Golden Statue Of Radha-Krishna Cast In Gold Unearthed From The Ruined Temples

From the debris of the terracotta temples,
Built ages ago and centuries old,
Made from limestone powder and small bricks,
A small of Radha and Krishna arsing out,
The spade falling upon with a clink
And a golden statue
Made from pure gold
But blackly coated appearing on
From the fallen walls of the temples.

A golden but blackly-coated, I do not know, as for what,
For lying into the earth
Or blackly coated to hide the public gaze,
O, how, how to behold,
O, how, how to keep it
The thing of the museum,
Of the temples olden and historiographical,
Dilapidated and fallen,
O, from the rubble and debris of,
Have I my Radha and Krishna!

The statue a gift from the Divine,
History, art, culture and tradition,
Looking black, but made from pure gold,
Weighing heavy,
Blackly-coated, but golden,
Lying earthed into the foundation wall,
Fallen pillars and columns of the ruined temples,
Dilapidating and falling,
Abandoned and deciphering,
Neglected and ignored,
The small-small terracotta temples made
From limestone powder and bricks.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Golden, But Blackly Statue Of Radha And Krishna Emerging From The Fallen Temples

A statue
Of Radha and Krishna
Emerging from the rubble of fallen temples.

The statue is golden,
But coated in black
Or it became so after remaining in under.

The diggers digging
The foundation stone deep into the earth
And the spade with a clink stopping.

The statue emerging from,
A beautiful, but black statue of Radha and Krishna
Seated on a lotus.

Radha flanking him
And he with a flute
Cast in gold, carved in gold.

From the mouldering heap of the debris and rubble,
Broken columns and pillars,
A statue emerging from.

A statue of Radha and Krishna,
Cast in gold
And crafted emerging from with a clink.

Lord Vishnu's incarnation,
Blackly Krishna radiating before,
Giving anandam.

From the rubble and the debris of the fallen temples,
Made from limestone powder and small bricks,
Small-small and old.

The small-small, centuries old temples,

Dateless and without the history
As a witness and testimony to history, art and culture.

And I awe-struck and aghast to see the statue into hands of mine
A priceless and valuable statue
Of Radha and Krishna.

One of the museum, blackly and antique,
Centuries old and dating back to
To an age gone by.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Good Man

A good man,
In search of a good man
Am I,
Have been searching for long,
Maybe it that this life will spend
In waiting
For him to come.

A good man,
Good and noble from within,
Search I
As the present-day world needs
Them most urgently,
Is in the dire need of them,
As have been searching desperately.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Got-Up Case With Regard To Contermporary Writing

You call me a poet,
I shall call you
And our hidden strategy and agenda
Let it be a top secret
And lest it be known,
The crows will spoil the things
After crowing around the mynah's nests
With the eggs.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Grammarian Or A Poet

Do you want to be a grammarian or a poet?
If a grammarian, dwell in grammar
And if a poet, placing the hand on the heart,
Write you your love poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Half-Read Man's Half-Read English, An Englishman's Alsatian Dog Too Can Growl In English

We the Indians, after knowing a little English, think we ourselves
The great learners of it,
I mean the masters of the language
But we have forgotten it
That the master of the masters
Lies he there
And the reality is this we the learners
Of an acquired language, an alien one,
A link language,
A dictioanry consulting one

But we like the green, but pink-ring-necked parrots
Of the fortune-tellers,
Telling sita-Ram, Sita-Ram,
Send the buti, the herbal material,
Means soaked grams and others
And the illiterate passers-by seeing
In great astonishment
The parrots of the pundit
Taking the Hari-name,
The name of the Lord.

Even the cooks of the Englishmen can speak in English,
The peons of the convent schools,
So, what to pride over?
Generally, the half-read persons keep finding faults with,
With your language and grammar
As they themselves cannot write it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Handful Of Ashes & Coals

Just a handful of ashes and coals
Am I to disintegrate finally,
After the lighting of the fire logs
The body will finish it all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Hanuman

A hanuman,
An Indian hanumn,
How he jumps on
The rooftops,
Hangs by the boughs
Of the trees
Plucking fruits
And tasting,
An indian chimpanzee,
Black-mouthed
And white brown-furred
And tailed,
Tease it not,
May slap
Or bite
Or scratch!

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Historic Win; A Clear Majority For Modi, But The Challenges Lie Ahead

India went to the polls,
Fates were sealed into the ballot boxes,
The franchise was exercised,
Voted to power,
When the results were published,
The lotus came surging,
for the first time
The man mattered,
The magic of his personality,
The rhetoric of his vocabulary,
Taking challenges, hurling verbal duals
And the public got lured by
The version of his speech
And the promises made before
As per the wishes to fulfill them
If voted to power.

A dhartiputra, lover of the mother earth
And of India,
thinking of the Ganga-seva and the aarti,
He'll do it, do it definitely,
Fulfill it what he has promised
Without hurting anyone's feelings,
A karmayogi
For whom karma is dharma.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Huge Black Statue Of Kali

A huge dark statue
Of Kali lies it
Before,
O, you
Go not
Without
Seeing Her

A huge dark black statue
Of Kali,
You come and go
After seeing
Her,
The Mother,
The Mother of the world
Into whose Hands
Is life and death.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Jadavpurian

A Jadavpurian
With a beedi in one hand
While Maxim Gorky's Mother in another,
Flanked by a belle
Going together with.

Oh, life could be a love song,
Song, dance and romance,
Under the skies,
None there to obstruct,
You keep talking late into the night

With the beloved
And smoking a beedi,
Lying flat on the ground
And the beloved by your side.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Japanese Girl, How Beautiful Is She! A Doll From Japan

A Japanese girl,
How beautiful is she!
A doll from Japan
And with her
My heart in Osaka, Tokyo.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Jasmine-Like Beloved

A jasmine-like love
Want I
And dreaming of her,
Want I to pass it by the night
In all her admiration and appreciation.

A jasmine-like love full of fragrance,
Sweetening it all with her presence.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Journey By Indian Train

My God, the night is dark,
Where am I going,
Whether o.k. or something wrong,
Am I in the right train or not,
Where will it take to,
Where is it going to,
My God?

Will all the passengers alight
From the local train
In the mid-way stations,
The daily commuters,
I in suspense,
On marking them alighting,
Getting down?

When the train left for,
There had been many passengers
And I for getting a seat,
Sat in the train
Without knowing the things,
Going for a long distance,
But as the night descending,
People are alighting?

All the passengers alighted they,
Got down from
And I left all alone
With a few ragged men sitting,
Perhaps the pick-pockets
As their activities otherwise,
Taking the name of God,
An escape, a save.

The train rushing down
Oblivious of the fears lurking in,
But the security staff not,
The bogies appearing manless
And the light too burning dimly

And I too marking all that
Trying to befriend the awkward fellows
As for safety.

The halts lonely in between the stations,
The masters closing the counters
After the ticket sell,
The lights too fainter,
The vagabonds, drunks and abnormals
Moving on
Or without them.

Even the platforms without good toilets,
Full of pick-pockets, goons and thugs,
No place to sit on
And to rest,
The crowds seem to be swapping,
Changing places
And waiting to enter in.

The without tickets on the seats
Sitting not,
But sleeping and acquiring them,
Unwilling to leave or get up
And again trying to go up
And to sit on the high bench
And apart from people jostling
And pushing in the bogey sometimes.

Many in the morning wanting to push coal bags
From the colliery region
Behind the seats,
Some wanting to place the vegetable bags
Into the toilet side,
Some knapsacks placed near the toilet gates
And the toilets stinking.

It seems that a hundred dead rats
Stinking in the toilet,
Giving out the stench,
Smelling foul,
Petrifying and rotting smell,

Making to feel vomit
With nothing to wash the hands.

Indian trains and their situations
Telling of the poor and over loads
Of the trains
Which keep chugging and whistling,
Entering and exiting,
Always overcrowded and in rush,
The loads lessening it not.

he trains packed with passengers
Increasing, lessening i not,
Telling of the crores of unmanageable people,
Overbearing and reproducing,
The overcrowded trains and hanging onto passengers
Telling of the population explosion,
No birth control,
God the Almighty is giving
And you fathering more,
The mother turning into a skeleton.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Journey By Train

The Indian railway running by the grace of Lord Rama,
Chugging and whistling,
The light is, but the bulbs are not,
A few of them burning dimly,
Sometimes dim light too is not,
Nothing seen in that feeble and frail light
And the train running in darkness
From halt to halt, platform to platform.

Those who had to sit are fallen flat on the stretchers
For the luggage,
On the seats,
Just like the Paglets or Hamlets
And if ask you for a seat,
They will abuse you
As for disturbing sleep.

Running late, making you drop late into the night
And you at a loss
Where to go and where not
At the halt or on the platform,
Passing the night somehow
In a great trouble,
Or as for a doze or napping,
Alighting at a manless halt unknowingly
Or the train is not in time.

Very often the rats stinking in the toilet,
One hundred or one thousand and one rats rotting,
As the common man will say,
Sometimes water is short of
After you have gone,
When pressing the tap,
Water is not coming,
Somehow getting out of the unpredicted situation.

Sometimes not, many a time have I
The without ticket passengers sitting on the seats
And you standing on foot,

He gossiping and sleeping
And you looking into him,
Sometimes the passengers hanging on to the rod
And going over the head to slip past
Into the packed compartment,
The attaché falling on your head

And the boots of the countryside rough and tough gentleman
Crushing the toes
And the already present incumbent taking the name
Of his mother and father,
As for the jostle and push
In the crowd,
Oh, God, save me, save me
From this Hitler,
The fellow whose toe is crushed whispering!

But the cruel fellow, the blunt boy,
A ruffian of some sort,
I mean the rugged man,
Uncouth and clumsy unmindful of all that,
He has to reach home,
Nothing to worry about others,
He can even push you
If pick a quarrel with the gang man.

Does he a tough rhetoric in a vernacular,
Is this train of your baap, I mean father,
Into English,
But the reality is this that it is
Neither of his father nor that of the poor fellow's,
But who says to whom,
Who to make the ruffian understand?

The police too coming not even if sometimes, wanting to take the men away
Got into innocently in the ladies' compartment
And getting down with something, taking that from,
Again at a station, the other policemen getting into
And on seeing them,
The innocent people jumping off
To be into another crowded compartment
And the railway officials too putting in a few

For the general passengers,
Getting into and down from station to station.

But all the bogies the reserved compartments, the sleeper bogies,
Nothing to identify them boldly,
In some of the second class sleeper bogies, sleep during the daytime
And sit up during the daytime,
How can it be,
How can it be all this?

□

The poor railway with the load of Indian population,
No birth control,
God gives, God will rear,
Man will not,
But I ask them,
Why do you go to hospitals,
Why not to look up to God in thankfulness,
He will come and treat you,
Have you forgotten pregnancy deaths?

The poor Indian railway with a mammoth of crowds,
The people in gargantuan traffic jams,
An Indian population of one crore and more,
Yet to trespass China in census and its statistics,
Chugging somehow,
Whistling and leaving the station
To unload,
But again it gets loaded in the next station.

And coming to the bogies,
A mass of uneducated, half-fed and half-clothed gathering,
Some about bread, cloth and housing,
Some about party and politics,
Some about religion,
Some about corruption and bribery,
Scams and scandals,
Very, very boring to hear them lecturing
But none about how to make it good.

Some rubbing tobacco, some smoking cigars,
Some spitting,
The pantry men supplying food

But the food costly,
Everything dear and unavailable,
Somewhere someone has vomited.

After the whole-day duty,
Sometimes the crowded evening trains become empty as the commuters
Keep alighting from one by one
And the distance runners in the hope seated well change them not,
But the midway empty bogies full of pickpockets,
Their bizarre talks and activities,
Start intimidating the passenger's self

And he gets closer to for fear of life and belongings being snatched
And the pickpocket as gentleman assures him
As for nothing to fear
And the poor passenger eats a biscuit of his
And sleeps well
To reach other station than that of his destination,
The police making getting down
And you in full sleep,
Lying fallen flat,
Intoxicated and senseless.

Coming to senses or on seeing the police thrashing the danda,
Saying, where am I,
The police wanting to bring in correspondents
As for money and news items,
But you wanting to return home,
Unable to write an application correctly
As being drugged.

Poor India's poor people imagine I on seeing them,
The masses on the platforms
Waiting to board trains,
Alighting and getting into,
So many in number,
I mean the huge crowds
While the left-overs on the tracks dirtier.

Poor India's poor pictures see I, imagine I
After seeing the beggars,
The human excreta on railway tracks,

The lavatories lying closed
Or without water on the platform,
Poorly maintained.

.
The heroines stylistic, bobbed, hi-fi, in the sunglasses,
On seeing them seated
In the first class compartments,
Write I not,
I write on seeing the poor people,
The poor picture of Humble India,
Ragpickers' India,
Picking polythene sheets and carry bags
On the tracks,
You say it,
They too are men.

Am I right,
Am I speaking right,
But pity not all,
As the humble poor few,
The naked poor many,
What did I say, say to you,
You just believe me,
Isn't it?

And the Indian railway chugging, coming on to the platform,
Departing for,
Flagged off or whistling itself,
None to show the gateways,
The entrance and the exit
And that is why people getting down
And crossing the tracks,
Risking their lives,
Unmindful of
And the trains coming.

Sometimes the chain being pulled down and the train stops
In the dark near a halt,
The rustics getting down
As their grievances for a stoppage lie it not redressed,
Sometimes the dacoits loot the passengers
And fire upon,

Dacoit Malkhan Singh banging at the gate
To open it and twirl the mustache
In a dhoti and kurta with a rifle.

Sometimes the pickpockets running with your wrist watch
Holding you stylistically out of the windows,
The branded watch, not the electronic cheaper ones
And after having snatched it,
The pickpocket showing it to you
And you getting angry, but what to do then
And in the meantime the train chugging,
Whistling and going.

Sometimes the signalman with the lantern sleeping at the halt
And the train passing through,
One halt telephoning another halt for information
And they inspecting,
Whether did the station master sleep
Or was it a sabotage
To drug him for a disaster?

Even if feel you sick and ailing on the platform,
There is none to help you,
There is none to come to attend your call,
You weeping alone,
The tears falling down
And the world in the go its own,
Unmindful of all that.

On the platform, people in the queues not for shows
But for to be in the toilets,
Lined and lined,
In rows,
Waiting for
And they coming not,
Taking time,
Even near the toilet doors,
Some standing.

The Indian train running by Rama's grace
Without any mai-baap chugging,
Whistling and going even without water and light sometimes,

The officials taking money,
But unmindful of their duties,
Public service to be rendered.

You sitting at the halt and the men at the ticket counter
Closing them,
As for the halt being away from human haunt
And security guards too not there
And you waiting in the dark,
Fearing the pickpockets and thieves,
Asking God the Almighty to help you,
Reading the lines from the Hanuman Chalisa
And the Chandipatha,
Asking Bhababati to be of your help.

You sitting at the halt and the men at the ticket counter
Closing them,
As for the halt being away from human haunt
And security guards too not there
And you waiting in the dark,
Fearing the pickpockets and thieves.

Lord Ram's country and Lord's Rama's train going
Somehow, Ram is with,
Not the people of the country,
Inactive and lazy number one
And Ramji's seated on the seats
And going.

Somewhere the coal bags are pushed under the seats
And the personnel searching for
And the poor and clever ladies traceless
Without any charges
And the saviours will rake something for savouring or for dakshina
As for taking them freely,
Otherwise will not let go.

Sometimes even in the toilet end there can found a knapsack
Full of green vegetables
Being taken to the capital and to cities
And if this be,
How t talk of health and hygiene,

Sanitation and cleanliness?

You feeling thirsty and alighting at a red-signalled halt
And in the meantime,
The whistling and chugging,
You either running to get hold of the rod
Or left behind repenting,
Why did you get down for water,
Couldn't you suppress your thirst?

Sometimes the hawker comes and offers you a glass of drink,
Curd and water mixed or lemon and sugar mixed
And drink you in hunger and thirst
And when asked about the price,
You stunned to hear about
The abnormal bill to be given to
Other wise his gang man coming to avenge it,
As he said to you something and heard you heard about lower price.

Coming to the baap's station, I mean the platform,
I mean the home,
I can only get peace,
The peace of mind,
A sound mind in a sound body
And if the body is in trouble,
No peace will be therein.□

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Landscape With Imagery

The marshy plot of land, full of green grass, mud and water,
The small-small, white-white cows grazing,
The white-white lilies abloom,
The storks and cranes alighting,
Moving near-near the white cows,
The small-small Indian breed cows.

The lilies fair and white, chiselled with the landscape
Solitary and secluded,
The small-small cows grazing deep into,
The cranes and storks alighting,
Moving nearer,
Going together with
And flapping the wings.

The white-white cows, the white-white lilies, the white-white cranes and storks,
Things looking lovelier
On a green spot, the marshy plot of land!

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Landscapic Scenery

The small-small breed Indian white cows grazing,
The white-white lilies in the marshy plot blooming
And the white-white cranes picking cereals and going together with.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Literary Evening Burquawalli Ki Yaad Mein (Arranged In Saudi Arabia)

A literary evening
In the memory of Burquawalli,
In the nakab, the hijab.

An evening descending,
Buquawalli as my mistress in love
Going, passing through
And the heart in shock and hurts
And the wounds bleeding it again.

I with the palm on the heart
To balm and console,
Reading my shayari
In the memory of her,
Burquawalli as my love,
My mistress.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Little Country Daughter, So Loving And Working, But Never Complaining Against Her Lot

Half-fed and half-clothed,
Lousy and clumsy,
But affectionate and loving,
Caring and working
The little country daughter,
Keeping the younger brother in her lap
She playing and doing the work,
Helping her mother,
Even being hungry,
Taking food late into the day,
Just the left-overs in her lot,
But still she is happy
In a poor and dirty attire of hers,
A little girl in a frock
Carrying the load of her brother.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Little Daughter, What Have I In Poor India?

A little daughter,
What have I given to her
In Poor India,
A girl child so much
Neglected and ignored,
half-clothed and half-fed,
Herself a small girl child
But taking the small brother
Into the lap of hers
She going her way,
Weeping the muddy floor
At morn and eve, .
Helping her mother
In cooking,
Washing utensils,]taking food late
At midday,
The just left-overs in her fate,
A poor girl child
In Poor India
Born with a poor lot.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Little Learning

A little learning is a dangerous thing, as goes the clichéd saying,
Those who know a little or rise from small levels
Think themselves great
And there is nothing in that greatness,
As they are the petty men and women
Who have nothing
But self-pride and ego with them.

A little learning is the thing talk I, all those schooled half
And the half yet to be learnt,
Never complete, never perfect,
But half, half in wisdom and knowledge
And their attainment,
But feeling great about them
None but they themselves,
Basking in its glory.

I have seen a man, many a woman, all those half-learnt,
Half-schooled, half-scanned calling themselves great,
The well-read, knowledgeable fellows,
All those countrified men,
The rustics as scholars
And the scholars as rustics.

Everything is but His, so way to pride over in a foolish way,
What it is him is not you, what it is in me is not you,
See the wild flowers and feel about it,
Do they ever say about the display of their rioting colours and hues
Quite unknown, quite unseen,
Hidden from the world,
Wide world and its purview,
Do we ever know?

Many fellows have just grown out from what they had been in the past
And have just improvised, availed of opportunity to grab it,
Have manipulated and manouevred to be in power and position
Otherwise would not have,
What you see them today, sitting on chair,
Calling themselves great men

And feeling great,
Something endurable and contributory.

But I know them as little learning, the men of little learning,
The little-little men,
Half-red and half-schooled
Calling themselves great,
Feeling great, something about,
Befooling and belittling you,
Talking of vainglory,
Doing the self-praise.

The petty-petty local poetasters, rhymers, non-poets and commoners
I have seen them calling great poets
And a few have turned into too
By managing the things,
I have seen the H.S. pass library staff
Turning into varsity librarians
Just by improvising,
The stenos changing over into personal assistants,
I mean a type of the magistrate,
The election department supervisors into election officers,
The block-level supervisors into officers,
My God, how can it be?

My God, what to say about them,
What more do you want to hear from me,
Is this the world of bluff-mastership, bungling and bargaining,
Is it for bargaining?
I have seen a primary schoolteacher and that too a throughout third-class
Purchasing the doctorate degree
And calling himself not Mr., but Dr.,
But which doctor is he, I don't know it?
I have seen the middle men rising high in life,
The men stooping to conquer,
Stooping and cringing,
I mean the spoons.

I have seen the somehow B.A. pass candidate that through the complimentary
exam.
From the stipend getting, a little-paid homeguard to the deputy superintendent
rank,

I have seen the honorarium getting supervisors
Turning into the child development gazetted officers,
I have seen the footpath men turning into councilors and legislators,
The sepoy of communism as communist bosses,
The insurance-company agents turning into assistant branch managers
As for business policies
And the companies giving them cars and motorcycles from my own money
He riding them with petrol free, but I walking on foot.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Little-Educated Black Girl

A little-educated
That half-read girl,
Does she no house work,
But instead thinks herself
An officer,
A magistrate
Which his father was not,
But she is
That black girl
Whom the beauty bath soap too cannot
Cleanse forth,
So ugly is she
But thinks within herself
A heroine,
A film actress.

As she is the first
To see light of education
In her home
So struts and walks on tip-toe
She the black girl,
The coal black girl,
Ugly and dark-looking,
Coal black maiden,
Half-read and half-educated
Just like a half-wit
Taunting with
Her jibes and strides.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Loafer, The Making Of An Indian Loafer

The spoilt son of a humble father
He instead of reading,
Writing and going to school,
Keeps bad company
And absenting himself from
A loafer,
An Indian loafer
He starts his tryst with
Tobacco-rubbing and chewing not,
But with cigarette taking,
loafing about and smoking
In the company of,
Smoking and parleying,
Loafing and loafing
The son of a good father,
An inactive and lazy boy
Spoilt,
Living a lavish and luxurious life,
Spending money on narcotics,
Not good food,
But on spirits and intoxicants,
Ready to take to bottles.

A loafer keeps he about loafing,
Loafing and loafing,
Roaming and rambling,
A loafer he
Smoking and driving
A biker he,
A rash and reckless driver
After style and manners
And girls,
In the goggles
Thinking of a hero,
A theatrical not,
But a cinematic one,
With the belt and the handkerchief
Eyeing the girl,
The would heroine of his life,

A loafer,
An Indian loafer
Talking of outing and tours,
The musical set, the mobile phone
And the watch.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Lonely Man In A Lonely World Walking The Ways Of Life

Lonely man,
Lonely world,
And lonely the ways of life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Lonely Self

A lonely woman,
How lonely
And alone!

Into the streets
And paths of life
And the world.

She treading alone,
Childhood, youth, but shadows
Trailing behind.

A lonely woman
Lonely in life
And the world.

Where was she,
Where did she grow up
And where has she come to?

The questions mesmerizing
Her self,
Questioning in askance.

Her self and womanhood,
Her virginity,
Character.

A lonely woman
Lonely on the paths of life
And the world.

Lonely, all lonely,
A lonely woman
On the paths of life she but alone.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Lonely Woman

A lonely woman
In a lonely world,
Where will she go
Alone?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Lonely Woman Under Lonely Nights

A lonely woman under the lonely nights,
That mad young woman.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Look At Jayanta Mahapatra's Door Of Paper

The poet knocks at the door of the mind,
Thought and idea, knowledge and wisdom
To reach the heart of the matter
And to realize.

Freedom is essential for writing a piece
And mystery is like the mantra,
Silence is the last word,
Time is but a factor.

There is a door in the heart of man
And it never opens
And even if, it leads to vastness
And realization of the self.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Love Letter

Now the love letters are scarce to be found,
But here was a time
When the lovers used to write stealthily
To be dropped and picked anonymously.

Now on the phone it all happens,
Proposed, accepted or rejected directly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Lovely Girl Standing Next To Me In The Library

A lovely girl standing next to me in the library,
Borrowing the book,
Let me see her, see her
A girl never seen,
So beautiful and lovely!

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Lover Girl Like You, Want I, Did You Listen To? A Lover Girl Just Like You, Want I, Did You Hear Me? I Love You, Love You

A lover girl,
A lover girl girl
Just like you,
Just like you
Want I,
A lover girl
Just like you,
Just like you
Want I.

A lover girl,
Lover girl,
Want I,
Want I
Just like you,
I love you,
Love you,
Did you,
Did you say
Something?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Lover Of A Muslim Girl Am I

A lover of a Muslim girl am I,
My name is,
I love her really,
Burqawalli,
My Burqawalli,
Your Burqawalli,
The beauty under
The black veil
Just like the moon
Under the sheet of black clouds,
But the moon is moon.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Lover Of Your God-Gifted Face

A lover of your God-gifted face
Am I here,
Just your God-gifted face.

Thank you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Lover Was I

A desperate and devastated lover was I,
Ruining my all in love,
Seeing my devastation
And in utter despair, dejection and despondence,
Singing the songs of broken,
Which I suffered, but could not say it,
Just went on bearing the pains of love.

The heart broke it like the glass pieces
And while collecting, pricked it
And it bled too,
The heart used to beat abnormally
And it used to ache
But there was none to dress the bleeding wounds of love.

Viewing the red roses, playing with the innocent children,
Walking into the open,
I used to console the broken self of mine,
Putting the hand over the heart
I used to disperse the pains.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Lover's Heart

A lover's heart
Only a lover can feel it,
Understand.

A lover's heart
Is it so sensitive and sentimental,
Full of emotional feelings.

The feelings of the heart
Just like the waves splashing and retreating
On the seashore.

I also want to love,
Give my heart to someone.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Lyrical Am I, The Lyrical Of Love/My Love, You Do Not Know It/ How Much Do I Love You?

Under the moon-lit nights, write I,
My love lyrics,
Dreaming I under the attic of the fair stars
Twinkling
And the fair, full moon
Shining up above.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Mad & Maniac Man (The Disturbed Psyche)

A maniac man
Locking and re-locking
The box.

A lone man
Going on the way
And babbling to himself.

Going on the way,
Doing the self-talk,
A strange tryst with destiny.

Destiny's lone child,
How disturbed and broken is he,
A man of split personality!

He himself the talker,
He himself the listener,
How emotionally disturbed is he!

A poor fellow laden under
The load of life,
Talking and going on the way all alone.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Mad Man Under The Canopy Of The Night

A mad man under the canopy of the night,
The attic of the open skies
Full of stars and the moon
Shining up above,
The stars twinkling.

But the mad man smiling
By himself in the rags
And talking to himself,
Babbling by, muttering
And murmuring.

A mad man
With the hair grown up
And bearded,
Clumsy and torn,
Muttering to himself.

Under the open skies
Full of stars and the moon,
He babbling by himself,
Muttering and pattering
And smiling.

Talking nonsense,
Calling night as day,
Oblivious of time sometimes,
Smiling and pattering out
In the rags and clumsy clothes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Mad Poet I

Shall tell you the story
Of my life someday.

How mad had I been,
How mad had I been after this poesy,
Today this much!

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Man For A Man

It was my dream to be a man
But oh, I could not not be!
Sorry to say, I could not be a man
And it's my repentance of the heart
That I could not be.

In course of time I could manage it huge wealth
Turning me into a man much moneyed and propertied
But oh, I could not be a man.

One should learn to be a man first rather than anything
And if you could not be, you are not a man.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Man For A Man (The Sense Of Humanity)

A man for a man,
What can be greater than this,
A man helping a man?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Marxist

A Marxist is a divisive man
Dividing society
Between the have and the have-nots,
Handing the power baton over
To the proletariat,
But the bourgeois lying in wait
To wrest power from.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Middle-Aged Man With The French-Cut Beards, I Could Not Ask Him

While meeting him,
A middle-aged man
With the French-cut,
A little bit
Beards
On the chin
And that too without any beards,
A clean-shaven personality,
He took me by surprise
With an attache in the hand,
Holding it,
Going,
Shortish, but wheatish and fair
Looking smart and grave
And sober
In the pants and the shirt
A middle-aged man
Nearing sixty
Or sixty,
You take it
Just with a little
On the chin
And the specs
Golden and shining,
Looking smart, grave and sober.

Meeting him at the town square
And passing by,
Meeting accidentally
As the eyes fell upon,
I wanted to say,
Ask him,
Hello, sir, how are you,
Meeting him accidentally,
By chance
Coming upon
such a personality,

Though wanted I to ask,
But could not,
How are you, sir,
A personality so attractive
And charming,
So impressive and sober,
Good-looking and grave,
Could not,
Could not,
How are you,
How are you, sir?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Minute's Silence, Observe You

Detaching you from
All worldliness,
Commotion and tumult,
job and assignment
And the workload upon,
Meditate, meditate you
Locking yourself,
Fixing the mind,
Forgetting you
All of your
Relations and connections
Just to relax you,
Relax you
From the strain and stress.

A minute's silence,
Just a minute give you
And get you more
In return
Your calm composure,
Strain-free,
Stress-free,
Give you
The brain food
And get you
In return
What it removes
Our worries and anxieties,
What it does away with
The pressure of
Modern life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Missing Person By Jayanta Mahapatra

Is about an Indian woman
Living a nameless life,
Call her Ghumtawalli, Purdahwalli,
The artiste behind the theatre curtain,
The tattoo on her hands
Telling the name of her lord
Whose name she cannot take.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Misty Winter Morning

The harsh winter with the bleak hope□
Lashing the houses with cold winds, □
Hidden in mist, fog, chill and frost, □
The sun struggling to come out□
And the gossamers wet with dew.□

The pathways still not visible, □ □
I cannot see what it lies ahead,
Dare not step outside□ □
Marking the frost and chill in the air, □□
The cold and harsh wind lashing.

The chill in the air, □ □
The wind blowing hard, □ □
People with wrappers and blankets
Yet to beat the coldest winter days, □
When the sun lies it hidden.

The ruffle is in the air, □
The leaves rustling a little,
The mist encompassing around
Everything but chilled and frosty.

I daring to open the window
And on marking it outside, the chill in the air, the misty stillness,
The wind blowing, leaves rustling by,
Close it in
As to stay indoors.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Modern Girl As An Indian English Poetess

Lo, see me,
I am an Indian English poetess,
See how dress I,
Do I look beautiful or not?

Do you know
For poetry
I left my husband
And am free now?

Now live I
In the Acharya Rajneesh's ashrama,
A post-modern
Am I.

My first love had been
My Ph.D. guide
Who was also a poet,
I did my Ph.D.
On his poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Modern Girl In The Make-Up, The Face And The Dress Saying It

A modern girl
In the make-up,
Full make-up
So attractive
And smiling,
Natural and fresh.

But the magic is not
As all that artificiality,
Nothing natural,
Even faded and wrinkled can
Appear to be fresh
In the beauty parlour.

In the mirror seeing her face,
Standing her time before,
Powdering and creaming,
Applying the lipstick
On the lips,
Red powder spots on the cheeks.

A girl powdered and creamed,
Smiling and lovely,
charming and fine,
Natural and beautiful,
Dramatic and artistic,
Have you seen her before?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Modern Indian English Poetess In The Goggles

In the goggles you are looking a great poet,
A modern city girl,
Not modern,
But post-modern, post-colonial,
Going beyond modernism and the modernist.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Modern Indian Woman Calling Herself A Poetess Of India Not England

A modern woman calling herself a poetess
Modern, colourful, painted and gay,
Bobbed, hi-fi, modn and contemporary,
Urban and of city space
Calling herself a poetess,
Not of India, but of England,
Looking like a sadhvi with a rudrakhsmala
But is not,
A Rajneeshite,
With the golden specs on the eyes,
Ay, the lens-eyed lady
After applying and attempting
Herbal and other cosmetics
A girl in a beauty contest
Doing a catwalk,
A copycat she
With a red spot on the forehead,
Iron, sea shell and gold bangles
On the wrists,
Reciting poetry
And shaking the golden brown hair
As if were a beauty queen,
Not a poetess.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Modern Man

He is a modern,
A busy man,
Keeps he busy with.

Living in a metropolitan town,
On the third or fourth floor of the mansion,
Gets he down by the lift,
Switches on to reach the top.

And as a commuter he goes to his office,
Coming and going,
The time passing in a bus.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Modern Poet, Smoking, Pausing, Thinking And Going

With a cigar held in between the fingers,
He taking the puffs pausing, thinking something,
Trails of smoke arising
And the lines of poetry too coming to
In its train of ideas and images.

How to be modern?
Smoking cigars to be modern and to be a poet,
Emptying one packet after another.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Muslim Maiden Ravishingly Beautiful Standing At My Door

A girl,
Mohammedan girl
Ravishingly beautiful,
White and beautiful
With the Turkic blood,
Afghani
Or Central Asian,
She came,
Came to ask for help
As for familial support,
A beggar girl
And I stunned, surprised
After seeing her
A girl alms-seeking
But so young and lovely
With blood
Oozing out
From her pink or appleyish cheeks,
A portrait so artistic and grand,
Sober and charming
That I could not avert my gaze
From having a look at her,
A maiden young and beautiful,
So lovely and charming
With a face-cutting so cute and exquisite,
Had you been,
You too would have approved of!

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Naughty Love-Affair (Do You Love Me? Do You Love Me?)

Do you love me? Do you love me?

'O, what is it that you keep saying,
Do you love me, love me?
What is it in your love special
That you saying, love me, love me,
Do you love me? , '
Said she the girl teasingly.

Again, again, said he,
'Do you love me, do you love me? '

'O, what is it kept in, do you love me, love me,
How long will you keep saying?
I love you, love you not, I hate you, hate you, '
Said she teasingly.

"No, no, I used to love now hate you,
I hate you,
Hearing your braying,
Do you love me, do you love me? , "
Said she with her full notoriety.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Nervous Girl Like You, I Love You, I Love And Like You

A nervous girl like you, I love you, I like you,
A nervous girl
Doubting and going,
In suspense and fear,
Sentimental and sensitive
And sensuous
And moody
And temperamental,
Believing in her own way,
Doing in her own
A nervous girl
Neurotic and sentimental,
Sensuous and sensitive.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A New-Indian English Poetess, How Beautiful Am I To Look At! Give Me A Kiss!

The modern ladies often after name and fame
Can be seen strutting and walking on tip-toe
With the vanity bag hanging and slinging,
In the best possible make-up and the dress-up,
Smiling sweetly, dreaming high,
Expressing dramatically
To be called the new poets of the new age
And if call you not them the poetesses,
They will themselves present as
The poetesses of Indian English poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Night Full Of Jasmines

A night full of jasmines,
Champa, chameli, juhi,
Kaamini, seuli, beli,
Gandharaj
And the redolence so sweetening
That want I to pass the night
Under the canopy of the open skies,
With the twinkles of the stars
Soothing to sleep.

A night full of jasmines,
White-white,
Full of strange exotic sweetness
Maddening me,
My love,
Did you call me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Night Full Of Kaaminis

A night full of kaaminis,
Icy-white, small blossoms
Blooming and scattering
With the sweet redolence
Maddening it all,
Maddening us all
A night full of white kaaaminis
Sweetly-scented and blooming
And the petals scattering
All through the night,
My love, what to say about
Life and time?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A No-Man

A no-man am I,
Where am I going,
What to do and what not,
After which am I really,
What my purpose,
Where am I,
Say you,
What my position?

My bewilderment, my angst,
My cares and anxiety,
You will not,
Will not understand,
What am I for,
What the purpose of my living?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Nondescript Indian Village

A village without the post-office, the current and electricity and the school
In the far flung countryside, what to say about it,
The hamlets and thorps lying in darkness,
The whole village to sleep by the night
Without the light,
An oil lamp too not available
In the mud house
Where the maximum used to sleep on the floor?

Such an India portray I, describe I, such an India of villages,
Thorps and hamlets,
Languishing in darkness,
There is no office to go,
Even the watch is not
Or even it is, a few have,
People asking about time.

Nothing to do, as the day begins
With the routine works,
Nothing fresh and hot to be taken,
Just the stale food
Of the night time to take to,
The cow shed to be cleared,
The farms to be visited.

Nothing to read, nothing to do
Barring the agricultural works
And daily worship to be done
In the morning and the evening
In the homely worship-room
And at midday
The waited for food available.

No shops are there, no houses,
Just the traditional houses
Thatched and mud-built
With a basil plant in the courtyard
And the mud house fixed for the homely deity,
The saviour from

All ills and evils.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Non-Matric B.A. In Reaching Out The Un-Reached (Open University)

Natwarlal, see you
What it is happening here
Once upon a time you used to issue
Fake and fraud certificates and degrees,
Just emulating them,
But now-a-days the degrees are o.k.,
Registered for and taken really
But through unfair means.

I mean they have the valid degrees
And they have after being students,
But have opened notes and have copied down,
The valid degrees
But written under the tree shade
Of the franchisee centre
Of the brokers,
The varsity got the fees,
The students got themselves enrolled and registered
But the degrees unread.

Open University, open the books, books too not,
Your modules and notes
And copy down,
Come unprepared in the venues
And lie in wait to cheat,
Asking the principal co-ordinator
For loose guard and invigilation
And if this be,
Why to maintain the paraphernalia
Of coming with the police escort
Form the local police station?

I think this is as for keeping the calm and quiet of the public,
This is as for maintaining law and order,
To give the solace
They are here,
There will not be any chaos,

The guardians hurling stones
With the slips of paper into the halls,
Some come to send the solved answers through.

Open University, open the notes and modules done
And copy down,
Steal in the examination hall,
Academic counsellors, not municipal ward councilors,
Expel them not
Like the oldies,
Or the examinees walking out of the hall,
Some blunt boys of criminal mind
Threatening the invigilators
After the exam is over.

The olden day is almost over,
Look not behind,
Write you yourself, whatever know you,
If caught red-handed,
Reported against will be written
And your result will not be published
And even then examinees used to keep
The slips of paper
Into the boots and socks,
The underwears,
The inner pockets.

Now in Open University, open your notes
And write down
And if they let you not,
Students will not be in the study centre,
It will close down,
Money will not come to counsellors
Engaged
For the term,
The employees and sitting candidates
Do the degrees from.

Many of the schoolteachers after doing their .
And primary schoolteachers .,
Copying in the examination halls
Without any sort of preparation and study

Call others not to copy,
Lecture about the fall in standard and education,
How can it be,
How dare say it?

As for M.A., they already get 18 marks out of 20 for home assignment
And for the rest 80,
They sit for
And for B.A., they get 25 out of 30 for assignment
And sit for just 80
And instead of bungling and burglary,
They call it questions had been hard,
They did not steal in the exam venue,
They are the serious fellows.

To me, they are no less than thieves and dacoits,
Goons, anti-socials and pick-pockets,
They are no less than scamsters, gangsters and fraudsters,
Even Natwarlal too had not been so fraud and false,
Many took the false degrees form him
And served
By giving less to him,
Drew salary,
Pension, gratuity and provident fund money
And got respect too
But the vigilance department catching it after death.

A non-matric B.A. I can see it now,
There was a time when Prabesika, I mean seven pass students
Used to primary school teachers,
As per British education pattern
And now a boy or a girl having attained the 18 years of age
Can sit for the BPP (Bachelor's Preparatory Programme)
And can pass easily
Two hundred marks aligned examination
To be admitted to Bachelor's Degree Programme.

It is better to reach the un-reached in the distance education programme
But the open far more flexible,
The officials calling through the phone,
Open your notes and write
But get admitted to,

If the number is o.k., the centre will run
And if not, the post will be gone
And the centre closed down.

There was a time when the village clown used to say
That he will first do his M.A. then his B.A.
Then his I.A.
And the last of all, his Matriculation
And the same thing is happening now-a-days,
First, deserve then desire not,
First, desire then deserve.

Just you call yourself a gold medalist
And they will come to respect
But you must say
Whether you are or not,
This does not matter at all,
You can at least start coaching centres.

The scholars of the olden age used to be pontifical,
Hypocritical and proud,
Putting an air to their personality,
But the modern-day ones comparatively liberal
And open-minded.

Like the chit fund company directors,
The franchisee centres
Just with a table and two chairs,
The salesman and the saleswoman
Making the students do M.A., . and .,
Just the brokers with the identity cards
Hanging from
To show them as press reporters or media managers
With the motorcycles, with the press word written over.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Pair Of Blue Eyes

A pair of blue of eyes,
I just want her,
Her blue eyes,
A pair of beautiful blue yes.

I am but lover of her blue eyes,
The dark blue eyes,
The deep blue eyes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Passage To India By Whitman

Is a Ulyssian poem
Telling of discovery and invention
In exaltation
Crossing over to,
Often digressing and deviating
To be into territories
Other than that of America
To India and Indic thought
Laced with Orientalism
And transcendental vision.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Pen-Portrait Of Narendra Modi

A Gujarati, so soft and mild-spoken,
A little white-haired and white-bearded
With the specs on the eyes,
Showing maturity
And the advancement of age
With the reflection of wisdom
On the face,
Somewhat sober-sober is our Prime Minister
Succeeding Manmohan Singh,
As for the dreams he has shown,
The hope he has reared in us
With the assurance given,
Acche din aane wale hain,
The good days are yet to come,
Dawn upon,
A nationalist, a social activist, a planner
And a progressive thinker,
A politician
With a strategy of own
Combined with the sense of morality and ethics,
Religion and spirituality,
He has the mission and vision of his own
To build India, construct
As per the dreams seen,
Visions envisaged.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Playgirl She Is

She is a playgirl and let her play as this is the age of playing,
Not to be burdened with books and copies,
Not with the heavy sacks on the back
Or the satchel on the shoulders,
A small girl,
How will she carry along?

O, tax not the brain, the mind
Of a little heart, a little soul,
Beat her not,
Try to untax and unburden her
From the load of life!

Hers is an ignorant soul,
An innocent mind and mood,
Defile it not,
Let her play with soil and sand,
With her accompaniments,
Let her joys be with her.

Why to spoil her ignorance and innocence,
Why to spoil her simple heart and soul,
Why to pressurize upon
So mindlessly, so heartlessly,
A girl so pure and undefiled,
Simple and sweet!

She is not a tear fallen from the eyes,
She not the sorrow
As for grieving,
As for to be sad and gloomy,
Morose and despondent.

A playgirl she is,
Simple and sweet, plain and guileless,
Let her play with,
Defile her not with your guile,
A playing girl as she is!



Bijay Kant Dubey

A Poet After Posting On The Internet

Even if you do not have pen and paper,
You just keep writing this and that
And posting on the Internet,
I am going, eating, drinking, sleeping,
I am sitting and talking
And this will make you turn into a poet
Without investing anything else.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Poet He Knows It Not The 21st Of March As World Poetry Day

A practising poet
He knows it not
The 21st of March
As World Poetry Day.

What date is it today,
The 21st of March,
Write you poetry
To celebrate it?

Poetry is words,
Lines and sentences
Half-said and half-expressed,
Rhyming or broken.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Poet I

I am a poet

I am not a poet

I am not a poet, but poetry sometimes comes to me, what can I do, it's the helplessness of mine?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Poet Of America And Americanness Am I

A poet of America and Americanness,
The American dream am I,
Even going across the Atlantic and the Pacific,
Singing of democracy,
Abraham Lincoln and Lincolnism,
A govt of the people, by the people, for the people,
The Statue of Liberty,
Freedom of speech and expression.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Poet Of Bleeding Heart & Broken Self

A poet of broken self and bleeding heart am I,
My heart, how many times has it broken like the glass piece,
You do not ask,
As have seen my face in so many images of mine
With a sadness,
A strange sadness of mine,
Singing the song in memory,
Going on the untrodden paths of life.

I don't think if you have the same as is mine,
Growing up young, falling in love,
Giving heart to another,
Love at first sight,
Love letters written and destroyed in hiding
In tabooed world
Where none but the world stood as a dreaded villain
And I could not hand over those love letters,
Has someone seen,
Feared I most.

Ached it my heart, broke it and repented I,
What did I,
Why did I love and like a girl,
Are there no girls like her,
Why to be after
In my one-sided love,
Forget you your strange meeting,
Said I to me,
Are there no beauties, no maidens
Like her,
Take heart, take heart, poor self?

But it took time in forgetting her, strange meeting and love at first sight,
To be after,
Giving of my heart and taking of her heart
And in the aftermath of that,
Grew I so much impatient,
My heart ached and ached
And I writhed in pain,

Broke and broke
And I went about moving
With the palm on my heart
As myself a patient of psycho-neurosis.

Do you know I evolved a strategy of my own,
I started moving into the fields and fallows,
Marking solitude to free myself,
I started moving on the untrodden paths
By being on the bank of the hilly brook
And hearing its music and murmur,
Watching the baity and mystery of the woods,
The grassy blooms and creepers
And deriving joys and pleasure.

I moving on and stopping by the connect way
Linking the countryside with the town,
Adjacent to it,
Stopping on the midway to see
The setting sun,
Glowing red and setting,
The shepherd girls returning
With their flocks of cattle,
The cattle drinking water from the pond
And going.

While passing on the ways, I marking the hills shining blue,
Shining blue and dazzling,
Strange wayfarers on the lonely ways,
I do not know them,
They too do not,
But going together with
And separating,
I marking the marshy plot of land
With-white lilies, white small-breed cows and white storks.

While passing through a stretch of the woody land,
I giving an ear to bizarre silence therein,
Hearing the voice of the god of the woods,
The warble of the birds
And passing through that loneliness,
Solitude and silence,

As a strange silence pervades in,
Where none but I myself going

Again on my way home, I trying to see the flowers,
The roses red and blushing
Into the compound and campus of the people,
I seeing the red roses, consoling myself,
Calling it my love,
Making her listen the story of bleeding heart
And blood-stained love
And returning,
As love is not love,
As love has not remained love.

I talking with my self, saying to and returning home
As the bats have started flying
Like the circus artistes at the nets
And it growing dark,
I marking the eve-time silence, returning home,
Singing of love and heart,
Has not remained love,
Consoling and suppressing the pain
To change myself completely
For a new turn over.

I trying to share with the small-small children
Whose ignorance and innocence
Making me forget my pains,
Lessening them
And in the simple joys of theirs
I too taking life simply

Coming home to find Rajanigandha the fairly white maiden
Giving me a bouquet of flowers,
Under the star-lit skies,
Blooming under the misty nights
With the dew over it
And the moon orbs falling over
And she smiling beautifully,
Telling of life, the go of it
And the world,
O, the fragrant and white rajanigandha sticks!

Love is not love, neither in first love nor in second love,
Neither in first meeting nor in the love-letter,
Nor in to be after
Or in eyeing,
Love is love
If calls someone with love,
Serves and nurses you,
Gives food to eat, water to drink,
Ready to attend to you
At your call
And there is no love greater than this love.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Poet Of Human Love

I am a poet of human heart
And go I singing the songs of human love,
Which it is in you, which it is in me,
A singer of human heart and human love am I,
A poet of my love, your love,
Your love in me and mine in you
And our hearts conversing with.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Poet Of Love, Girlish Not, Human; Memories Haunting Man

The moonlit nights, milky white nights
When the fair and full moon keeps shining up above,
Yea, they do not let me sleep
Similarly as the memories of yours,
Your and my loves talking together with and going.

I see the nights, the milky white sheets spread over,
Strolling with the sweet thoughts of yours
And your memories calling me from behind.

Your love I have not forgotten, your smiles I still remember them
When it shines the silvery white moon above
And the moon orbs dancing beneath.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Poet Of Relationship; Jayanta Mahapatra

A poet of relationship, Jayanta talking about the roots of nativity,
Where was he born,
Where did he grow up,
What the things of personal and impersonal attachment?

The lonely countryside where the wind plays with
Noonday dreams, loos and dry leaves
In utter summer
When the sun burns as a hot ball of fire,
Blazes the earth,
Dust swirls,
The sun burns and blazes,
The flakes of fire fall upon,
Sizzling heat and its fire-embers,
He sits by the peepul tree,
The banyan tree to ruminate and mark,
The mango orchards shading against
Heat and dust,
How life dull and dreary,
Slow and unpassable
When time hangs heavy
In the manless and secluded dark hamlet,
Where nothing to do,
Nothing to accomplish.

Orissa cannot be Orissa if the Oriya history, art and culture,
Thought and tradition are not understood,
Oriya life, style, philosophy,
Heritage, legacy and the folktales,
The myths of the land,
Oriya geography, cartography and demography
Are not taken into consideration,
Orissa cannot be Orissa if we understand it not
What it marauds the self of it,
What it ails the dark daughters
Be they the devadasis, sevadasis or nautch girls
Devoted and dedicated to the temples
In the name of blind faith and classicism,
But faith remains it not,

Keeps dwindling and swaying.

A poet of Oriya roots and nativity, trend and tradition,
He is a poet of Orissa, Puri, Bhubaneswar, Cuttack,
The rivers and the mountains of it,
The sea beaches and the tourist centres,
Picnic spots,
Tiger reserves, bird sanctuaries,
Wild life conservation,
He sees the vast seas in their scapes,
Fishermen as the riders to the sea
Going at the call of and daring into
As for the stomach
And the vast multitudes of people lost
In their daily humdrum of life,
Hand to mouth, wage-earning
Apart from the poor and humble daughters
Trafficked and sold,
Entered into flesh trade
Which is but the hunger of the flesh,
None trying to understand
The tears falling from the eyes of those lovely daughters,
So poor and humble and serving.

The rains continuing on and the rites too going on the sea beach
And in the temples,
Prayers are doing the rounds at noonday
While on the other the pyrs are lit,
Somewhere panda-danas going,
Somewhere the asthi-kalashas being immersed into
The holy waters,
The Puri temple stands it thereon
Adjacent to the sea beach,
The sun flashing over the Konark Sun-temple,
The wheel of time revolving,
The time hand ticking,
Cosmic and mechanical,
A world dotted and punctuated by
Sunrises, dawnbreaks, noondays, twilights,
Sunsets, evefalls, nightfalls and lonely midnights.

A Poet Of Silence

A poet of silence,
Quietude,
Solitude,
Stillness
Is Jayanta,
Jayanta Mahapatra
Muting down,
Playful
And frolicking,
Piping down the valleys,
Gliding past.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Poetry Reading Session Just For A Cup Of Coffee? / My Reader (The Writer Demanding A Cup Of Coffee For His Poetry Reading)

I read the poems before
And you did not offer me even a cup of coffee.

What to say, sir?

I am going.
And what more to say about poetry and poetry-reading?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Poetry Series

A Poetry-Series

The Saga Of The Dark Daughter

The Dark Daughter

(Dark Daughter, Dark The World, Dark You)

* *

Dark daughter, dark you,

Dark Kali,

Dark the myths of the Creation

Shrouded in mysteries

And difficult to unraveled.

Dark daughter, what it is dark,

Let it be

As dark is dark,

Can never be changed

The Scheme of Things

As it is not within you,

Nor within my reach,

As these are some questions elemental

And never to be resolved

Or answered

And if these are puzzles or riddles

Of life and the world,

Let it be

As I myself cannot,

You too cannot, so why to disturb the plan of things?

**

The daughters mythical

Mystical,

Historical,

Ethnographical,

Primitive,

Dark,

Anthropological,

Physiological,

Native,

Aesthetic,

Artistic,

Symbolical,

Museumological,

Archival

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Politburo Member

He speaks, behaves and delivers the talk in such a way
That you won't believe it
That he is a man speaking to a man,
A gift of the gab,
The pride of his,
Just the rhetoric to click.

A thinktank of applied Marxism,
An ideologue,
A negativist is he,
A criticizer and commentator of all,
Cannot see good in it all,
To turn and twist and to present
His technique.

A master planner, a mastermind of all,
He is a strategist,
A master man of conspiracies and lies,
Even if the things have happened
Or taken place,
He will say that he is not in the know of,
To grab power his hidden agenda.

To upgrade the orderlies and the blind supporters,
Dedicated and devoted comrades,
Picked as cadres and regimented
The strength of his,
What the common leaders at the grassroots say they,
The same will the politburo members say about.

When his government suppresses people's rights,
He will not say anything about,
But when a democratic government commits an error,
He will shed the crocodile's tears,
An ismic fellow
He was born in ism
And he will die in ism too.

A Politburo Member- Ii

A politburo member
Behaves he like a dictator
In making,
An autocrat,
Let him take the reins from,
Sit on chair,
The chameleon will show the colour.

To crush down democratic movements
Will be the chief priority of his,
To trample down beneath,
To rear politics from the grassroots level,
Doing it all in communistic camaraderie and bonhomie,
Tring to oblige people
Eating, drinking, sleeping and living together with,
Standing by in the times of hardship and sorrow,
A strategy to win over,
Giving cigars and beedis to the villagers
To make friends with.

Seeing colour in all,
Whether a Red or not,
Marking it,
The spies fit for it to detect and defect,
Himself a Hitler or Mussolini
Criticizing them.

.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Poor And Pathetic Picture Of Poverty

Malnutrition as a poor child miserably
Sucking the breast of Poverty the weakling mother.

Mother turning into a skeleton
And the eyes of the child sunken deep into.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Poor Drug Addict

Where has he come to
Seeking pleasure
In heroin, brown sugar?

A poor drug addict, I see him
And think,
What had he been?

What has he become?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Poor Girl, Holding The Daughter's Hand

A poor girl,
What it is in her destiny,
Who can but say it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Poor Girl, Where Is She Going?

A poor girl, where is she going,
Is she going to end up as a hysteric,
An abnormal babbling,
Returning from the bazaar
Fatigued and tired,
A poor, but humble girl?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Poor Refugee Girl

A refugee girl
Going with
Her refugee heart and soul.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Poor Village Girl In A Clumsy Frock

I saw the dark daughter
Standing with her small brother,
A poor village girl in a frock
In the nondescript countryside
Rent with the cries
Of poverty, illiteracy and underdevelopment,
Food, hunger and thirst.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Portrait Of A Girl

The portrait of an artist,
The girl standing before,
Snap the photos of hers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Portrait Of A Lady, Sarcastic And Sardonic, How Beautiful And Lovely Am I!

A portrait of a lady,
A hi-profile girl
Looking grave-grave and laden,
Proud and elegant.

A portrait of a lady,
A modern lady
Placed and positioned well
Academically and professionally.

Going to bazaar for shopping,
To office
As a socialite,
A fashionista
With a vanity bag hanging from.

See my specs,
See my sandals,
How beautiful am I,
How is my writing!

See my car,
See my bungalow,
Lo, I have become a gentleman!

How artistic am I,
A lover of art and artifacts,
How beautiful am I!

See me from far, but kiss me not,
See me from far and admire,
But kiss me not!

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Portrait Of A Punjabi Girl

A portrait of a Punjabi girl,
Fairly tall,
Bold and daring
And adventurous,
No doubt an Indian girl,
But of the Punjab,
Lovely and beautiful,
White and florid,
A little different from
The European belles and beauties,
Taking us to Sind and Balochistan
Like the mannequins
Of the showrooms
Or the saleshouses,
The wax models of Madam Tussaud's,
Shirih and Fariyad,
Mona Lisa of Leonardo da Vinci,
The last Duchess of Robert Browning.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Portrait Of A Simple Girl

A simple girl in a frock,
she came
And said to me lispingly,
With so much so affection and love,
'Papa'.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Portrait Of An Artist

A portrait
Of an artist make I,
Yea, the artist
As a young man not,
But a young woman.

A young and lovely,
Artistic and painted,
Sketched and drawn
Passing by.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Portrait Of An Artist (Salman Rushdie)

A portrait of an artist,
The artist as a young man,
Young man not, old man,
Old man not, young man,
Salman Rushdie,
Rushdie not,
Salim Sinai,
Salim Sinai not,
Salman Rushdie,
Rushdie as a young man,
Young man not,
Rushdie as an old man.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Portrait Of An Artist; The Artist As A Young Man/ The Young Girl Before Me

A portrait of an artist
Make I,
The artist as a young man,
No, no, young man not,
A young woman.

Sketching the photo of hers,
Want I to hang it on
On the wall of the house,
Decorating it so elegantly,
The portrait of an young artist,
The artist as a young man.

And the art turning it lively,
A girl as a model
Sitting before me
And I drawing her sketches, images,
One of flesh and blood before me
Which but the eyes cannot believe it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Portrait Of An English Girl, A European Girl Want I To Draw And Sketch

A portrait of an English girl,
I mean a European girl
Want I to draw, sketch I
The portrait of a White beauty,
I mean a blonde, a belle,
The lass
Who will English,
European
And White,
Maybe she an American love
And I shall say,
I love you to her.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Portrait Of Poets

Nissim

The poster boy
Of modernism.

Lal the director

Of Writers Workshop,
Calcutta.

Kamala

The confessional poetess
Malyalee and autobiographical.

Daruwalla

The Parsi poet
Searching the self.

Jussawalla

The missing man
Found again.

Arun Kolatkar

The Marathi poet
And a painter to Jejuri.

Arvind with

The white flowing
Beards going surreal.

Parthasarathy

Going to Leeds
And returning back.

Shiv K. Kumar

Struck by the frescoes
Of Khajuraho and Konark.

Dom the Goan journo

Emptying bottles
To be an English poet.

Gieve keeping a patient
Etherised upon a table operating not,
But seeing with the stethoscope.

Pritish Nandy
A lover
Quite under adolescent love.

Dilip Chitre
Travelling and travelling
With his father.

Vikram
The suitable boy not,
Most unsuitable boy.

Romen Basu
Dividing his time
Between India and the foreign.

dranath Menon
Urban and modern,
Dealing with the city-space.

Baldev
In the theatre of silence
Rehearsing.

Krishna Srinivas
A poet
Transcendental and referential.

Pronab Kumar Majumder
Reading time,
Marking the watch, the clock and the tower.

Maha Nanda Sharma
Epical and Mahabharatan,
Mitonic and Aurobindean.

Dwarakanath i
Kite-flying
With the three-liner flickers.

Narenderpal Singh
Talking with the foreigner girls
At airports and in embassies.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Portrait Of Salman Rushdie Make I Of The Greatest Postcolonial Writer Of The Twentieth Century

A portrait of Salman Rushdie make I,
The greatest postcolonial narrativist
Of the twentieth century,
Sir Salman Rushdie
Knighted in England
As for freedom of speech and expression,
The undaunted voice of liberty,
Never cowed down
Is the man in coat and pants
with the french-cut beards
On the chin
Telling of the midnight children
And the tryst with destiny
In the aftermath of freedom.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Portrait/ Portrait-Making/ Pencilled Art & Sketch/ My Temptation

Call it a portrait of mine or my portrait-making, pencilled art and sketch
Or my temptation which but I could not resist,
I saw the young girl standing before me, sitting close to me or by my side,
I glimpsed her, got a glimpse of her face,
Glanced at her passing
And thought of making a portrait of her
Though not with the camera.

Empty-handed closed I the eyes and with the pencil started to make,
Started I making her photos,
Her portraits,
Dark complexioned but with a nice cutting,
The tresses dark black and long,
Waist long,
The eyes wide-wide and oblique, slanting in looks
And impressive enough, casting over
And I getting aches in my heart.

With the wooden pencil of my heart I started making her
With dots and linings, turns and curves
Her portrait,
The lines and rounds-about giving a face and expression to her,
Pencilled art
And stood I pencilling her, the images and impressions of hers, sending
sensations
Like Joyce of Araby, Katherine Mansfield of A Cup of Tea,
Belinda's portrayal of Alexander Pope, The Beggar Maid of Tennyson,
The Last Leaf of , The Model Millionaire of Oscar Wilde.

I saw the dark-complexioned beauty, dark but beautiful and smiling
And I jotting my feelings, putting down on paper, giving words to
My feelings going within my heart,
The passions for living,
Perceiving and taking down it on paper
The image of the girl, the dream of the girl,
The love of hers
Which she might be feeling within.

And I giving a red rose,
The red rose of my heart to her,
To that lover-girl, love-girl,
The dark beauty smiling in the countryside
In aboriginal homes and courtyards,
Into the farmlands and houses
As growers, reapers and workers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Portrait-Making/ Her Portraiture, Delineate You

A portrait of an artist
And the artist as a young woman,
So undaunted in courage,
so lovely and daring,
So gorgeous and charming,
A personality so impressive,
A protagonist so containing in.

See, view and portray her,
An artist as a young man,
No, no, not man,
But a woman,
A maiden sitting before as a model,
Finely poised
And with a flair for art.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Promoted Professor From Allahabad Area Said To Me

A professor from Allahabad said,
You cannot be a Ph.D. expert,
Called for the viva voce exam.

But I say to,
I I am not,
Who will be,
A triple M.A. and a Ph.D.?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Rain Of Rites By Jayanta Mahapatra

Opening with the first poem named Dawn,
It continues on
With the poems,
As thus,
Village, Old Places, These Women,
A Missing Person, Samsara,
Five Indian Songs, A Rain of Rites,
A Rain, The Exile, Listening,
Summer, Ceremony, Main Temple Street, Puri,
The Whorehouse in a Calcutta Street,
The Sentence, A Twilight Poem,
Appearances, Myth, Four Rain Poems
A Dead Boy, Moving, Silence, Dawn at Puri

To the poems, Listening to a Prayer, Sunburst,
On the Bank of the Ganges,
Girl Shopping in a department Store,
A Tree, Indian Summer Poem,
The Ruins, Evening, Idyll,
The Bare Arms in Packing Cases, Ikons,
I Hear My Fingers Sadly Touching an Ivory Key,
Somewhere, My Men, Hunger, An Old Country,
The Desert under the Breath, Hands, Of Armour,
This Stranger, My Daughter, India, The Landscape of Return,
The Face, The Faces, The Tattooed Taste,
Now When We Think of Compromise.

It's a poem about a poem,
An attempt to circulate and tell about
Not easily available Indian English poems
And you don't have an access to the poet,
You cannot have his poems,
Find out the address, mail to him,
Post the letter and procure the books from
If in the know of
The whereabouts
Of the poet hidden from the world,
Working in absence of recognition
While the men of culture and tradition

Like not to highlight themselves,
Presenting the bio-data or the c.v.

.

A poet neither of rains nor of rituals,
He is of a guilty consciousness
Marking the malignant purpose in the nun's eye,
In the dark room, a woman searching her reflection,
This is the samsara,
A business of man, gods and priests
And the worshippers,
At land's distance, there lies a mouldy village,
Resting rawly against the hills,
The charred ruins of sun,
The long-haired priest of Kali
Putting the plucked and stolen jasmines
Of his villa,
Whose door never closed he as per his father's instructions,
As for to be put into the goddess' morning eyes.

In the poem, Myth, the poet catches the incantation
Of the drift of years and the chants, the long years as the incense,
Man as worshipper coming and going,
The same old and brassy bells laden with memories tolled
And the scene recurring again
With the same meditational sadhu in sadhna
Telling of the sanctum
Lying on the fringes of Annapurna and Dhaualgiri
Or elsewhere pointing to
But he dares not enter into the temple
As myth keeps changing the track of,
Shifting from hand to hand, eye to eye,
The offered, crushed and dried leaves and flowers
Smiling at him,
Maybe it that the bearded and saffron-man may ask
If he a Hindoo or not.

A poet so imagistic, he just keeps playing with words,
Frolicking with
Thoughts, ideas and images
Coming as converted imagery,
Pure and distilled,
But unexplainable,

Just as the scenes and sights continue to be,
Art-pieces seen on the canvas,
How to describe them,
How to penetrate into something very artistic?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Rain Of Rites By Jayanta Mahapatra- Ii

A Rain of Rites by J.M.
Brought out from
The University of Georgia Press, Athens,
USA
In 1976
Is a collection
Of Dawn, Dawn at Puri,
Hunger, The Whorehouse in a Calcutta Street,
A Missing Person,
The Exile,
Listening to a Prayer
And so on.

A Rain of Rites is not about
The rains and raining,
But the rites and traditions,
Stone cutting deep
Into the psyche,
A scenery of the sun-burnt village homes
Of the country
And the summer
Of intensive heat,
Passed under the shade
Of the mango grove
Or the peepul tree.

A Rain of Rites is of the Siva lingas,
The blackly phallic stones,
The Daya river reminding us
Of the bloodsbath,
The defeat of Kalinga,
The making of the Konark Sun-temple,
The sea beach
By the Jagannath temple,
The recitation of the Vedic hymns
Late into the day
Oblivious of heat and scorching sun
Of the day-time.

A Rajanigandha

A rajanigandha she
I am feeling the sweet scent coming to me
All through the night.

A bloom so sweetly scented and fragrant
Sparkling under the silvery moonlit night,
So fair, fresh and fine,
Redolent and perfumed.

A girl so lean and thin,
So fairly white and glistening
Under the moonshine and twinkling stars.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Rajanigandha Or A Beauty Named Chandni? (On Seeing Your Fair White Face)

A girl lean and thin
With a nice face-cutting of hers,
What should I call, call her,
Chandni, Chandni
Or Rajani-Rajanigandha,
What should I call her,
So ravishingly beautiful,
Bowling out
The on-lookers, passers-by?

A girl slim and tall
But beautiful,
Exquisitely beautiful,
Is she a rajanigandha stalk
With the bell shaped thinner icy white blooms,
In clusters,
Hanging by the weedy plant
But to see under the sparkling moonlit nights
When the moonshine spreads it all around
Or is she Chandni, Moonshine
As per her white moon-face?

How to assess you, my love,
Give me more time to think over and final
The beauty pageant
As a panelist, finalist judge,
Chandni, Chandni,
O my Chandni
And the word with the spell
Keeps me in utter infatuation,
Lures and charms she
Casting a spell and netting me closer to,
Chandni, O my Chandni!

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Reading Of Keki alla

Keki alla the Parsi poet
From Lahore,
Displaced and dislocated,
Searching for roots,
Finding place
In the IPS
Of the U.P.,
Mostly the Uttarakhand region,
A DIG promoted
To switch over
To the RAW
To membership
Of the Minorities Commission
After retirement.

A Sahitya Akademi award winner,
A Padma Shri,
Daruwalla
Is a poet of the brave heart
Dealing with tragedy and drama talk mainly,
Painting violence, wrath, human anger,
Malice, envy,
Vengeance, jealousy;
Curfew-clamped towns with
The shoot at sight orders,
Riots and tension brewing;
The flood-hit areas
Under water,
Submerged or drowned,
Muddy waters swirling
And inundating,
Flowing above the danger level.

A poet of the night of the jackal,
The wolf howling,
Bloody, brutal and bestial,
He returning
When it is dark
With the hunter,

One of the kite, vulture and hawk,
The Towers of Silence,
He thinking of the laws of nature,
Wild and mystical,
Calm and ruffling,
He marking the tiger
With the rifle in hands.

A poet verbose and bombastic,
He is wordy and textured,
Old, archaic and obsolete,
Unsentimental
And unemotional,
Hard and tougher,
Deriving and drawing from
The RAW visits and studies
Even going to Iran,
Searching the roots of Zoroastrianism
And the stuffs of international relations
Which the RAW men have to undertake
For diplomacy and reading.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Reading Of Keki alla's Poetry

Keki alla the Parsi poet
From Lahore,
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And the stuffs of international relations
Which the RAW men have to undertake
For diplomacy and reading.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Reading Of Modern Indian English Poetry

There were of course many good teachers of the English language
But they dared not use it
As for taking to be an alien language,
One can be a scholar of one's own mother tongue,
Such a damaging view-point of then times
But bilingualism changed the equation,
Tourists and travelers,
Guides, visitors and settlers.

Had it been so, there would have been many good poets
Instead of the experiments of
As many of them deserve it not,
The accolade and appraisal
Which they have already got it
And going by Gray's Elegy and Auden's The Unknown Citizen,
We cannot conform to it all.

Modern Indian English poetry cannot represent it all,
There is not at all a single work
To be prescribed for as read we In Memoriam,
Gray's Elegy, Arnold's The Scholar Gipsy
As the poems are there,
Not the standard texts to be perused,
Longer poems to engage us
Is the problem.

We read the history of Indian English poetry
But take not the pre-1947 period poets,
At least their texts can be seen and judged
What have they in totality,
Dusting the shelves of the racks
Of the library
And it is also a fact that Indian English poetry
Cannot have its lone existence
In the absence of the British and the Indian.

Secondly, when were we modern,
In the 1950's, the '60's or the '70's,
We do not know if we were,

Leave the talks of Calcutta, Delhi, Bombay and Madras,
Talk of the towns developing,
Even spoken English was nowhere
Then what to say about
The beginning of modernism in Indian English poetry?

Even Indian English poetry was not Indian English,
Wavered it in between Indo-Anglican and Indo-Anglian,
Even some called it Indo-English, some Anglo-Indian,
Substandard, copious, imitative and derivative,
Not up to the mark,
Even in college texts read we not on a mass scale
Nissim, Parthasarathy, Kamala
Definitely not in the seventies,
Just from the late eighties we started reading and prescribing.

A handful of writers do not represent the whole of India,
The India which lives in villages,
Nondescript and dark and lonely hamlets and thorps,
Its poor population,
Poverty, scarcity, hard life and loneliness,
The mapping, cartography and demography,
The physical, geographical and natural beauties of the land,
As because they are the modern men,
The modern urban hollow men.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Red Rose

A red rose like her face,
The cheeks so tender and soft,
It blushes
When speaks she.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Red Rose (Another Poem)

A red rose...

Is she a red a rose or a girl,
What is she,
Say you,
A girl so artistic and beautiful,
Beautiful not only,
But exquisitely beautiful?

Mark the hue, the fast colour,
The dream with which it has been
Made and chiselled,
The dew drops floating over
The petals,
Sweet, dreamy and lovely,
So perfumed and redolent.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Red Rose For You, My Love (Valentine Day Special)

A red rose for you,
My love
On Valentine's day.

A red rose,
Red rose for you,
My love.

A red rose
And a sweet kiss,
A sweet hug and an embrace.

I love you so much,
I love so much
And we going waving the hands.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Red Rose Or A Balsam On The Twitter Or The Facebook Profile? How Confused Am I These Days?

A sweetheart like a red rose
She is.

Her eyes extremely beautiful
And lovely.

The lips rosy
And luscious.

Roses on the cheeks,
Ay, the pink balsams, confused I in between
A rose and a balsam,
Maybe they appleish!

The smiles cute and cutting
And I with the brush
Making the leaf under that frosty night
To save that psychologically sick artist.

The face-cutting bowling out
And my bells struck down
With her fast bowling
As in comes she.

The golden locks hanging over,
Bobbed and beautiful,
So sweet and so dreamy
To win over any heart whoever looks her.

I also look her to thank God in utter thankfulness,
Calling my God,
O, my God, what a beauty,
What a beauty is it to see!

O friend, tell me, whether I had been chatting
With a sparrow on the Twitter
Or on the facebook,

I don't know, don't remember really,
Have forgotten it,
Was it a balsam that saw I
Or a rose!
Let me, let me!

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Red Rose Or A Blonde?

A red rose or a girl of flesh and blood,
A girl or a rose,
What is she,
I don't understand it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Red Rose, A Red Rose Or...?

A maid or a red rose,
What is she,
Say you,
A rose or a maiden?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Red Rose, So Fair And Fine And Fresh

A red rose
Or a beauty,
What is she?

So sweet and lovely,
A Nature-fresh maid,
I haven't, haven't.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Red Rose-Like

A red-rose like love, want I,
But i know it not,
What it in my destiny!

The girl of my dreams, the queen of my heart,
Will she come or not?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Red Rose-Like Love

A red rose,
Rose-like garden fresh
Is my love,
Fair, fresh and fine,
Smeared with dew drops,
So tender and soft,
A garden plucked rose,
Red, red rose.

It's wonderful,
Wonderful to watch,
A beauty so magical and mystical
And mythical;
It's really a beauty to watch
It colour and hue,
Gaiety and freshness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Red-Rose

Suppose you the red rose turns into a beautiful girl of mine,
so lovely and charming, so attractive and beautiful,
So fast and dazzling,
The hue admirably tempting.

I want a maiden,
A maiden just like her,
Full of fancy and imagination and so dreamy
With the dew drops splashed over
The tender and soft petals of it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Red-Rose Like Love

A red-rose like love
With the cheeks appleyish
And the lips pink,
How to bring her home,
Say you,
A girl just like a red rose,
Should I name her Rosy?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Refugee Girl Saw I In Serbia, Met I In Bulgaria, A Refugee Girl Syrian My Daughter-Like

A refugee girl
Met I,
Felt I too a foreigner
Could not do to her
Just feeling pity for her,
Viewing from the airport.

A refugee,
Refugee-girl
Just like my small daughter
Saw I,
Met I
while moving out of the airport,
Felt pity for,
But could not do to her.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Regional Party Supremo's Policies (My Illiterate Wife'LI The C.M. & I'LI Be A Central Minister In The Coalition Govt.)

If during a fractured mandate,
I tie up with either of the two major parties
Calling me to support,
I may move out from the state only then,
If I shall be able to give the rein of my state
To my wife
Before moving out to become a central minister.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Replica

The Dark Black Leg of the Mother Divine,
Ma Kali,
But ankletted.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Review Of Walt Whitman's Leaves Of Grass

These are not
Leaves of Grass,
But Leaves of Heart & Soul,
A reading in self-talk,
Self to self,
Dramatic monologues not,
Soliloquies of heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Rhymer He, An Old Poetrywallah, Tagging And Writing

A rhymer he,
Not so qualified,
Tagging and writing,
Writing and tagging
And dovetailing

A poetryman he,
An Indian poetrywallah
Writing pidgin-WEnglish,
Infectious English,
Hindustani English,
Mixing the vernacular
To call himself a poet
Of English,
A typist clerk he,
A steno.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Rose For You On Valentine's Day (Haiku)

A red rose for you
On valentine's Day,
My love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Rose Kissed I Unknowingly

A rose, garden fresh red rose
Kissed I unknowingly
And now after having kissed her
Interspersed with the dew drops,
Lament I,
Why did I a rose,
Impressing a kiss
On her soft-petalled cheeks?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Rose-Like Girl

A rose-like dream girl
I think of bringing home,
A rose-like girl
Just like a rose,
Making you re-think
If she is a rose or not?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Rustic Speaking English, An Indian As Master Saheb

A rustic knows he not English,
But shoes he
That he knows English,
A great master of English
By saying peculiarly,
What is your name,
What is your father's name
Just like a billy goat,
An Indian rustic,
A villagerly or small town man
Pronouncing strangely,
Showing himself
That he knows English,
What is your name,
what is your father's name,
Where do you live?

Chewing paan, taking tobacco
Speaks he English,
Speaks he in English,
An Indian,
An Indian rustic he,
A villagerly township man,
As dull as a billy goat,
A dolt, blockhead
Speaking in English
Strangely
Showing like an Englishman,
But is not,
An Indian
He slow and clumsy,
Half literate.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Santhal Girl That Saw I, Eyed I/ Love With A Santhal Girl

A Santhal girl,
Young and beautiful,
Not so dark,
But with a good face-cutting,
I wanting to speak,
She wanting to speak

A Santhal girl,
I looked and loved her,
Took her to my liking
Though went away,
But could not forget her.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Saw You And Fell In Love

I saw you for the first time
And fell in love,
Could not resist myself
My temptation,
The more wanted I to detach
The more got I attached to you.

I saw you and fell in love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Scene; A Picture; A Photograph

When it drizzles, you get drenched in the showers
Coming home
Wet in downpours, rain showers
Of Shravana,
The time of drizzling downpour,
I saw you silently returning home
From my door-step.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Sculpture Of Nataraja Shiva

A blackly sculpture of Nataraja Shiva
Lying in the museum
For so many years,
Olden and antique,
An art-model and a replica
Historical.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Search For Home

How old is this earth,
How old man's life,
Can you resurrect older homes?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Selfie's World-View

A selfie taking the photographs,
Selfies
From her smartphone,
Digicam,
Webcam
Just out of sheer joy,
Her sheer pleasure
And viewing the world
From the selfies taken
After posting them
On the social networking media
Rather spending too much
Before the dressing table
And the mirror
Combing and combing her hair,
Applying cosmetics
And viewing herself
After having done the make-up
To ask,
How am I,
How do I look,
Am I not beautiful?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Seminar Report/I Went To The Conference To See The Bobby, Julie, Daisy

I went to the conference not to hear
The speakers speaking,
The resource persons on the dais,
But to see Bobby
With the curls coming over the face
And she sidelining them
To see.

When the old classical scholar lectured he
On the wealth of our scriptures,
None admired it,
I mean the old scholar,
But when Miss Bobby came she,
The educated audience clapped to see her.

Frankly speaking, you take it good or bad,
I went there to see
The beautiful-beautiful girls
Participating
And I come across, chance upon
My accidental love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Shayar Of Yours

I am not a shayar,
But a glimpse of yours
Makes me turn into a shayar,
Is this pyar ka andaz?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Simple Man Am I

A simple man
I want to live life simply,
Simple in one's life and philosophy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Singer Folksy, A Song-Writer American, A Musician Guitarist (For Bob Dylan)

A singer folksy
In the hat,
Fumbling and mumbling,
Drunken and with a cigar
Appeared to be
He singing,
Half-saying, half-releasing,
Keeping the rest so stylistically
Strumming the guitar,
Strumming and singing,
Singing and striking
The wires,
The wires of life
To produce sounds,
Sounds to words
And words to lyrics.

Under the blue, blue sky,
Under the red, red sky
He dreaming,
Singing
And strumming the guitar,
Breaking the notes,
Plucking wires
In a haphazard way,
In a Beatle style,
In a gipsy mode of strumming,
Strumming the guitar.

Dylan, Dylan
Bob Dylan
The singer and the songwriter
And the musician,
Plucking the wires,
Wires
In a lost mood of own,
Singing, singing

The folk rock,
The ballad,
The song of the blonde
Going,
Going past.

Just like a bootlegger,
A peddler
Of dreams,
A bootlegger,
A navigator
Of dreams,
Your dreams,
My dreams,
Their dreams,
Bob Dylan
In the gumboots
With the guitar
Sparkling,
Taking the stage,
Bob is Bob.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Singer Of My Heart

A singer of heart am I as keep I singing the songs of heart and love,
The love of mother, the love of father,
The love of sister, the love of brother,
As my heart their heart, my love their love.

A singer of love, go I singing on the ways of life
And to go, to go my name
And the day stop I, take it for
That the singer is not,

Has gone away,
Away and away from here
Where you cannot reach,
Nor has anyone so far.

A singer of heart am I singing the songs of love
As and when filling it with emotions and feelings
And I yearning to express before, put on
The things going within,

My love, your soul,
My heart, my feelings,
The things of my heart,
My soul.

A singer of heart am I, a singer of soul am I
As sing I so heartfully, so much so soulfully,
As your love, my love
And my love, your love,

My heart, your heart,
Your heart, my heart,
As keep I singing,
As go I singing my songs

The songs of my heart,
The songs of my soul,
My soul and heart, my heart and soul,
Going and singing

The world knows it not
That he is a singer,
But sing I too
Smearing with my joys and sorrows.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Singer Of Heart

A singer of heart,
I keep singing the songs of love,
love and heart,
Heart and love.

A singer of heart am I,
Singing the songs of love
And its sadness.

The joys and sorrows of it,
The pains felt in love
which but the heartthrobs and heartbeats
Can only know them well.

A singer of heart am I,
Keep I singing
The songs of love and sadness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Singer Of Heart - Ii

A Singer of Heart

Am I,
As keep I singing
The songs of heart,
My heart, your heart.

But never betray the heart which
Believes you, trusts you,
Reposes in.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Singer Of Heart (A Small Poem)

A Singer of Heart

Am I,
As keep I singing
The songs of heart,
My heart, your heart.

But never betray the heart which
Believes you, trusts you,
Reposes in.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Singer Of Heart (Haiku)

A singer of heart
Am I,
Sing I from my heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Singer Of Heart Am I, A Singer Of Heart

A singer,
A singer of heart
Am I,
A singer of heart
Am I,
What the heart feels it,
Takes to,
What it happens on,
Passes over,
The pains and pines of it,
The hurts of it,
Sorrows inflicted upon it,
The tender heart
Breaking and finding solace in.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Singer Of Heart Am I, A Singer Of Heart Am I

A singer,
A singer of heart
Am I,
A singer of heart
Am I,
What the heart feels it,
Takes to,
What it happens on,
Passes over,
The pains and pines of it,
The hurts of it,
Sorrows inflicted upon it,
The tender heart
Breaking and finding solace in.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Singer Of The Blue Sky, The Birds Flying (For Bob Dylan)

A singer of the blue sky,
The birds flying,
The winds blowing,
Leaves fluttering.

The blueness of the skies
Scenic and landscapic
With the horizons meeting
At a place.

The musician as a singer
And the singer as a songwriter
Giving individual tunes and tones
To words.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Sinner Am I

A sinner am I,
Sinful am I
Unaware of all that activity.

You cleanse me, my Lord,
Absolve my sins.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Sinner Am I, Sinful Is My Activity, Thou Redeem Me

A sinner am I,
Sinful is my activity,
Thou redeem me,
Redeem me and absolve all my sins,
A sinner am I,
Sinful is my activity,
Thou redeem me, redeem and absolve
All my sins.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Sister Lies She Waiting With A Rakhi

A sister she lies waiting for you,
Dear brother,
A small lovely sister of yours,
You forget it not brother
Under the stress and strain of life
And its situations.

O brother, a sister keeps waiting at home,
When will you turn up,
When will you reach home,
A lovely and younger sister
Expecting for your return
With a band of rakhi to tie

And the candle light to round about,
A red paste to impress on the forehead
And the sweetmeat to put into the mouth,
My brother, you forget it not your lovely sister
And the bond of relationship,
The bond of sympathy, affection and attachment.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Small Daughter

A small daughter,
Let her play with,
Do not snatch her joys so soon.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Small Daughter (Ii)

A small daughter,
How to forget her smile?

Shade her, shade her
From heat and dust.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Small Girl Standing With A Grass Bloom To Give

Even the smallest gifts
Are no less than bouquets presented
If see you into
The tiny specs of blooms,
Violet, yellow, pink and indigo blue,
Luring indeed.

There must be the eye to search beauty,
Beauty is truth, truth beauty.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Small Girl Weeping

A small girl weeping,
Do not know
As how to make her understand.

A small girl in a frock
Weeping and going
Obstinately.

The problem is,
How to make her understand,
Calm down the anger?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Small Girl, Daughter-Like

A small girl daughter-like
What can I
Give to you?

I see you and think,
Daughter.
Just like my small daughter.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Small Girl, Do Not Snatch Her Childhood

A small girl she,
Let her play with dust,
Dreaming in her own way,
A small girl,
Lisping and stammering,
Do not snatch her dreams.

Never give tears to her eyes,
She is but a girl child,
Break not her heart,
Hurt her not please,
A lovely daughter is she,
Demanding love from papa.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Small Girl, Do Not Snatch Her Childhood (The Picture Of My Daughter Standing Before)

A small girl she,
Let her play with dust,
Dreaming in her own way,
A small girl,
Lisping and stammering,
Do not snatch her dreams.

Never give tears to her eyes,
She is but a girl child,
Break not her heart,
Hurt her not please,
A lovely daughter is she,
Demanding love from papa.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Small Indian English Poet Head's Bogus Friends Too Minor Critics

A small Indian English verse writer
Luckily turned
As the head of the department of English
of a university
In order to highlight his poetry
Makes others turn into critics,
The departmental fellows
As well as the research students
Which is very ludicrous indeed
To hear about,
Shocking as well.

The small poet as the university head,
The colleagues after,
The students after,
All wanting to be poets and critics
And reviewers,
The ragged man
With the ragged pupils
And their paper as ragpicking.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Small Indian English Poet-Head's Colleagues Too The Critics Of Indian English Poetry

They had not thought that they would turn
Into the critics and reviewers
Of Indian English poetry overnight,
But they did turn into
As the small poet as the head of the P.G. deptt.
And he helped them
In giving his papers to them
And they to obliged him
After registering the scholars
On his poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Small Poem Where The Title Too Is A Part Of The Body Of The Poem(An Experimentation In Stylistics)

The world has changed

But my communist clerk will not change.

- -The Bargain For Power, The Lust For Power, The Greed For Power
And The Transfer of Power

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Small Poet Am I

A small poet am I
Calling myself a great poet
Out of sheer ignorance.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Small Statue Of Nataraja Shiva

A small statue of Nataraja Shiva,
You give me
And I shall go away

Archaeological, excavated and sculptural,
Lying hidden under the debris and ruins,
The rubble of older temples

The beauty of the museums you give me
And beholding that,
Keeping in hand I shall go away.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Small Syrian Daughter Saw I So Lovely But In Tears

A small Syrian daughter
Saw I
In tears
A small girl
Turning into
An orphan,
A refugee shelterless
As for diplomacy and fanaticism,
Oh, the pain so heavy
Upon the heart!

A small Syrian daughter,
Take it for as my own daughter
Reared and brought up,
Think you just for the time being,
I here, but my daughter in pains,
How can it be?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Smiling Girl

A smiling small girl
Like a flower of innocence
Opening,
The petals opening
In the sunlight.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Smoker Himself Thinking A Hero

A smoker himself thinking a hero,
Smoking and smoking,
Smoking and puffing out
In style,
Smoking and dancing
As somebody has said it
That as thus becomes the Bombayan hero.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Smoker's Dream Of Going To Bombay & Puffing In Bollywood

An adolescent boy he heard them saying
You dress well,
Changing shirts and pants
With the watch, the belt and the goggles,
Spending time before the mirror
Marking the hair-cut
And keep taking cigars
If you have to be a hero.
A Bombayan hero
And following them,
Thew tips given,
He started smoking,
Sometimes stylistically,
Sometimes during the walks
Stealthily in hiding
From the parents
But after the parents saw him
Turned he into a smoker
Rather than going to Bombay,
But what it is to be appreciated in him,
His zest of becoming a hero,
the way he took to smoking,
Stealthily, in hiding,
Then reported about it by
Friends, neighbours and brothers
That he has taken to smoking
As they have seen him,
Desist him from,
What is he doing, a small boy,
In such an age?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Statue Of Nataraja

Nataraja Shiva
Dancing the dance of doom
In the museum.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Statue Of Radha & Krishna

O diggers, tell you not about the statue,
The olden statue,
O diggers, tell you not kindly
About the statue,
The olden antique statue,
The statue of Radha and Krishna
Which you have found
From the rubble, the debris
Of the fallen columns and and foundation
Of the terracotta temples,
Centuries old,
Lying forgotten,
Buried deep into history!

You give me, give me the statue,
The golden statue of Radha and Krishna,
O diggers,
O diggers, you give me, give me,
My Radha and Krishna,
My golden Radha and Krishna,
Lying deep within,
Golden and sparkling,
But blackly
As if carbon-covered
Or coated in black,
Which but I do not know it!

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Statue Of Radha And Krishna

A statue of Radha and Krishna, blackly but beautiful,
Age-old, centuries-old,
Lying under the rubble and debris
Of the terracotta temples,
The mounds of earth
Where there lay the ruins
Of the temples dilapidated and fallen,
Earthed and buried deep,
Ay, from the columns and pillars,
The foundation stone of the temples,
The statue emerging out,
A golden statue of Radha and Krishna
Standing on a lotus
And with a flute,
How to hold it into the hands,
How to behold it
The statue historical, museumlogical,
Artistic and metallic,
A specimen of craftsmanship!

How the hands which crafted the golden statue
And polished black
Or grew it blackly
Lying under the earth,
Into the debris and ruins
Of the terracotta temples
Made from limestone powder and small bricks
Centuries ago,
The small-small temples
With the thick pillars and lower roofs,
When the cement was not,
How the masons who made the temples,
Centuries ago,
Dating back to,
How the possessors of the statue,
Ay, the golden statue of Radha and Krishna,
How the priests worshipping
Or the people worshipping personally,
O, the statue of the museum,

The thing of historiography,
Archival studies,
Am I viewing,
Holding the antique statue into my hands!

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Statue Of Radha And Krishna Found From The Rubble Of Terracotta Temples

A statue of Radha and Krishna,
Found from the rubble and debris,
The ruins, mounds
Of the falling
And dilapidating temples,
Old-old, centuries-old
And made from
Limestone powder and small bricks,
You give me, give the statue,
Blackly, but cast in gold,
You give me, give me
As the eyes believe it not
That this could be,
Thus could be
And I would get,
Get a thing historical,
Of to be kept in the museum,
Priceless and rarer.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Statue Of Radha And Krishna Found From, Blackly, But Golden, Golden And Radiating

From the ruins and rubbles of the terracotta temples,
The mouldering heaps of the debris,
The statue of a blackly Radha and Krishna arising,
A statue so rare, so priceless
Which human eyes cannot take to believing,
A blackly, but radiant statue appearing from
From the mounds of earth,
The relics of the fallen pillars and columns
Of the centuries old terracotta temples
With the thick, thick pillars
And the terracotta plates,
Made from limestone and small baked bricks
Dating back to bygone times,
An age gone by,
Of the small-small, but beautiful-beautiful terracotta temples
With the deities in them,
Faiths dwelling in.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Statue Of Radha And Krishna, Found From The Ruins Of The Fallen Temples

A statue of Radha and Krishna
found from
the ruins
of the old temples,
dilapidated and fallen,
lying in debris and ruins,
the mounds of earth,
made from small-small brickwork
and cemented from
limestone powder clay
and from the same debris,
of the foundation stone,
a statue of Radha and Krishna
emerging
cast in gold,
but blackly
which the eyes cannot behold
and take to in belief,
it is my statue,
my statue only.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Story Of Some Bihari Fools

A few Bihari boys at the sales counters of Bombay
A first timers to any mega city before,
Standing by the showroom and marking with stare the mannequins
Of beautiful girls as beauties and blondes
And thining of falling love

And if the chance favours, may be it that the murkhamantri
Will rise to the rank of the mukhyamantri, the chief minister
And later may move to Harvard B-schools
To lecture the biz guys
As for development programmes taken in his state successfully,
But the matter hidden so far that
He is a blunt and bogus guy,
A Bihari bluffing.

As they have not seen girls outside so much beautiful,
Taking them as for foreigner girls,
Whispering among themselves,
May be they film artistes of Bombay!

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Stride With Time

Time and life.

Time which keeps rotating, life which keeps going.

Taking the crutches, I striding along with time.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Super Star

The world knows him as a super star,
A romantic,
But I know him as a bohemian,
A womanizer,
How did he love and divorce,
Loved and left?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Supermarket In California By Ginsberg

Is a poem of California,
Its supermarket
When in the night people keep shopping,
But the night,
Who is of whose,
The moderns, shoppers, fashionable men,
Vagabonds, gipsies
Or ramblers,
Drunkards or the people in tipsy
Oblivious of day and night.

Actually, where has insomnia taken
Wings from,
Busy platforms, hospitals,
Theatres,
Night watchmen and guards
Keeping a vigil,
They know what the night stands for
So are the young fellows,
The druggies,
Allen Ginsberg taking the night all alone
Moving on the ways
Ad essaying like Whitman,
Addressing the poem.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Tactical Small Indian English Poet As The Varsity Head

If there is one small poetry-writer as head of the English
Of some deemed or full-fledged varsity,
He will try his utmost level best to get
Some candidates registered on his poetry
Through some novice teacher of the faculty
As he cannot do it himself directly
And side by side he will try to oblige others
By recommending them,
I mean the small poet-friends
As for . theses
And the subjects of research and study.

The simple-simple teachers of the institution
Will naturally turn
Into the critics of virgin Indian English poetry,
Even those without the Ph.D. can be seen hurrying
To submit their theses
As for to be doctorates
For research guidance and supervisorship.

.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Tagman Too A Poet In English, Tagging And Writing, One From The Commonwealth

A tagman tagging and joining lines,
Stitching and dovetailing
Words to lines
And lines to stanzas,
A steno of words,
A radio man
In his station
Sending wireless messages,
Smiling and writing verse
After learning English laboriously
In the company of the military officers,
A poet is he not at all,
But a rhymer, a commoner, a non-poet
He is adding and subtracting,
A petty poet of rhymed doggerel.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Third-Grade Man Too Can Be A Leader In Bihar

This is Indian politics,
The politics of Bihar,
A third-grade man too can be a leader not,
But a minister in Bihar.

A cowboy, a buffaloman,
All leaders in Bihar,
Threatening with the lathi
Which the fools and rustics thrash from behind.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Tobacco-Rubber, A Paan-Chewer Too A Rustic Professor Of English In Bihar

A tobacco-rubber,
A paan-chewer
Too a professor of English,
A rustic professor of English
In Bihar
Talking of ego and hypocrisy,
The pistol and firing,
Shoes and sandals
On the lips always.

From a private college
He switched over to
A constituent one
And then to the varsity department
Of English,
Posted directly
Without the Ph.D.
Or transferred to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Tribute To Khushwant Singh

Where the funny man of India,
The great joke master,
A talker so great,
A conversationalist unique,
blending the old with the new,
The new with the old
And remixing to present,
So epigrammatic,
So witty and ironical,
So full of caricature,
Overtones and undertones,
Sometimes boxing below,
An old guy dyeing beautifully
To look smart and handsome
Failing even the youngsters?

A Punjabi, he could tell of the Punjab jointly,
The East and the West of the Punjab,
Heer and Ranjha,
The folktales doing the rounds,
The robust culture and diet of his,
Tandoori and tadaka;
He could the history of the Punjab and Sikhism,
A researcher researching to reveal,
One telling about the painful Partition
And the pathetic sequence of it,
History, culture, politics and philosophy;
Yoga, bhoga and health fitness,
Age and ageing
And growing with it,
Morning walkers and their jogging.

He could dwell upon whatever it came to his mind
And used to take to
As for a delving and delineation
Even the slightest things,
The trivial things of life and society,
Please and thank you to goodbye,
Why but and put are different in pronunciation

Though the spelling almost alike,
Why the South Indian names longer
To be written
To shayari, ghazal and thumri
And quawalli,
The purdahwalli to nautch girls.

A bottle of wine on the desk,
He taking it
And the mood colouring
And he taking the things in his stride
With the flight of imagination,
Colour and romance,
Writing about rum, Scotch, beer, whisky,
Brandy, vodka, champagne
And their tastes,
The new bottles with old wine,
Just the labels new,
The old and new heroines
And their affairs jokingly,
Who had been with whom?

To make the people laugh,
Burst into a laughter
Had been the credibility of his,
A writer so witty, ironical and light-hearted,
So serious and controversial,
So bold and daring,
Even the man criticized used to laugh
After hearing him,
As such had been the man,
The writer Khushwant Singh,
Sometimes wanting to translate
The Gayatri mantra,
Sometimes striving to search for
The meaning and the vibration of Om.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Trilingual Poem, In Bengali, Hindi, English

Bengali

Papa, Papa, aamake eir maane bolo,
Na-na, bolte parbo naa eikhan,
Keno-keno, Papa,
Shei meye bolalo,
Papa, Papa,
Aami tomar theke bodo hobo naa.

Ki rakamer bisshaykari ukhti, aamar meiye,
Shei bolalo,
Aamar meiyei,
Keno naa hote paro?

Hindi

Papa, Papa, mujhe kuchh batao,
Na-na, mein abhi kuchh nahin bol shakungaa,
Kyon-kyon, Papa,
Wah ladki kahin,
PApa, Papa,
Mein aapshe badi nahin hoyungi.

Kitani bismaykary ukhti, meri ladaki,
Usne kaha,
Meri beti,
Kyon nahin ho shakati ho?

English

Papa, Papa, you tell me the meaning,
No-no, can't tell it now,
Why-why, Papa,
Said that girl,
Papa, Papa,
I am not going to be greater than you.

What an astonishing statement, my daughter,
Said he,
My daughter,

Why can you be not, my daughter?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Tryst With An Indian Snake-Charmer & The Cobras Dancing

The snake charmer playing the wooden ' been' instrument
And the cobras,
Hooded and hissing
Dancing,
Dancing and swaying to the tunes,
To the tunes melodious,
Oh, captivated and charmed
By the haunting music of the East
Swaying beautifully
And dangerously,
The beastly and brute reptiles of the woods
So much so frightening,
Dreadful and deadly
And venomous
And full of fangs.

The turbaned charmer, clad in a white dhoti and kurta,
Somewhat clumsy and soiled
And with the bamboo baskets
Hanging by the bamboo,
Balanced at endways
Through a rope,
Approaching to show
The spectacle
And the folk gathering,
Singing a song so submissively
And praying to Naga-Devata,
Ma Manasha and Ma Shitala,
Telling of Bihula and Lakhinder

And when with the show to start,
He touching the basket,
Shaking and half-opening it
And the cobras coming out,
Creeping out,
Standing on,
Hooded and hissing

And he playing with the hand
And the cap of the basket
And playing the been,
Taking it the head of the cobras,
Blackly, brownish and whitish
And the cobras listening to
And swaying
Under the spell of the haunting music
Of the East,
Standing charmed and captivated by,
Under the spell of music.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Tryst With An Indian Summer

A summer of blazing hot,
Fire flames singing the face,
The earth lying parched and dry,
No rains,
With a cry for water, water, water all around.

Burnt earth, barren and sterile,
The blazing sun of summer
Burning it all,
Scorching and singing
With a rise in temperature.

People daring not step outside
And even if they
Covering the faces
With a piece of cloth
As the the loo blowing it hard,
Playing with heat, dust and temperature.

The hot summer sun blazing it hot
On the hamlets and thorps,
But the blackly still cooing
From the glistening leaves,
The jasmines blooming beautifully
And the fragrance we can during the night-time.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Tryst With Keki alla

To take the name of Keki alla is to be conjured of Ted Hughes
And his cruel love for Sylvia plath,
His animal imagery
And love of violence
Which is but in our human nature,
Savage and wild, bloody, beastly and brutal,
To see it in the Tennysonian terms, Nature red in tooth and claw

And to be remembered of Robert Browning and his dramatic monologues
Full of lyrical intensity and internal inner action,
The personae conversing with,
The protagonists in talks and sharing,
The personality split into two,
The speaker and the listener,
One half saying while the other half hearing,
Listening to.

But in case of Daruwalla, there is nothing like that of Plath's case
And he not like Hughes meting out cruelty
To a nervous
But loving girl
Of her daddy,
So sick and ailing,
So shattered and desperate in her self,
I mean the soul,
A sickling, a weakling she,
Confessional and accepting
But Hughes a hawk man,
With the heart of a falconer,
A rugged fellow,
Unmindful of a tender but pulsating heart.

But as far as Keki N. Daruwalla is concerned,
He is a Parsi man of a Parsi heart and soul,
Searching his lost tongue,
Lost home and locations,
Dealing with the Tower of Silence, Fire Hymns
And the birds of prey circling over
And ths is his own ethos,

The psyche and heritage of his
But apart from it, he is something more
As for his poetic stance
And penetration,
Psychological and sociological,
Sarcastic and sardonic glib.

First of all, he is verbose, bombastic and curtailed abruptly,
The exterior nut-kernelled
But the interior full of decoration,
Lyrical and so much so full of internal action,
The personae in dialogues,
Giving a tough time to comprehend him
And his poetic statements,
The situations, circumstances and times
Picked up from other climes and environs,
Mapping the cartography and topography of that,
Into the forests hearing the call of the wild
In the call of the hyenas.

Poetry gushing forth as one lead from the barrel of the gun
And one of the mating bird pair shot at
And it fallen with a shriek
And the bird in blood,
Poetry gushing forth
While viewing the curfew-clamped towns with
Movement come to a standstill,
Poetry landscaping the rivers in flood
Swirling around
And the villages and men in water,
Poetry in the sighting of the palanquin-carriers
Taking the cholera patients away to health centres
From distant hamlets and thorps on foot
The same carriers taking the brides away.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Tryst With Modernity

With the cycle, the wrist watch and the radio,
Called I modern
And thereafter city-dwelling and urban life,
Called I modernistic
And now after being stylistic and manneristic,
Call I myself post-modern,
Modern as well as retreating back to
Holistic healing, naturopathy and ayurveda
For to concentrate and meditate upon,
To fix the fickle mind
Full of career orientations.

Denying the breast to the newly-born babe,
The modern careerist, glamorous girl-turned-mom,
Trying to rebuild her imagery and resettle
The issues of life.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Tryst With The Tobacco-Eater Or Who Are You Seated On The Platform? May I Know Your Identity, Sir?

Who are you, sir? May I know your identity please?

Which region do you belong to?

What is that to you?

Dear sir, may I take the trouble of knowing

Your kind entity and identity?

□

Of course, of course, you know me in full,

Who hides from,

May depute some private spies,

Constitute the fact-finding mission! ,

Said the man seated on the platform benches.

Sir, it's fine that you are here,

But one thing I dare not say to you.

Say that without hesitation,

Why will that remain suppressed down,

Bring out?

May I request you for your favour?

Yes, granted,

Without saying request it not,

Say it?

Spit not please, take not tobacco.

What, what did you say?

Spit not please. What?

Is the platform yours, your father's?

It is of the Govt.,

Said he angrily.

Gentleman, mind your business,

Hold tongue in cheek before saying all this,

You do not know,

Who am I,

What can I do to you?

Instead of, the boss, I mean sir went on making,
Taking out of the tin-box,
Rubbing on the palm,
Calling his tobacco-eater friends, clapping, dusting,
Twisting and taking into the mouth

And spitting on the platform,
Talking of the delight tobacco gives,
The company it creates,
How the mood comes,
Finally departing with, take tobacco and be happy.

The complainant, on marking is friends, assembling
Hides in between the crowds,
Tries to avoid a vis-à-vis, face-to-face with him,
Averting the gaze,
Goes in hiding,
Fleeing the spot to catch the coming train.

The tobacco-eater-cum-platform-spitter moving around
With his tobacco-rubbing friends
And searching the incumbent
To teach him a lesson,
But he is absconding,
On marking the trouble brewing,
The storm gathering,
The friends hand in gloves coming

And from the whistling and chugging train,
Leaving the station,
Doing ta-ta, bye-bye to the tobacco friends
And they abusing him,
Asking to come down,
Alight from the passing train,
Whistling and moving,
Leaving the platform in motion.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Twilight Scene; The Village Girl Bride Seated On A Bullock-Cart Going

Seated on a bullock-cart,
The girl bride going to her home
And the twilight falling on the face
With the tears splashed and smeared with,
She going to her home
Across the solitary and secluded fields and fallows
And the tracts wooded a bit on the midway.

While approaching the hamlets and thorps
And trudging and trekking along,
The impoverished countryside village boys and girls,
Buttonless, in the shorts or without the shirts
Running after and following her
Somewhere on the way

And she smiling somehow to see them
Even in the midst of tears and memories,
Poorly dressed and clad simple fellows,
Toothless and buttonless a bit,
Running and following
And competing with
But the tears have not dried
From her face even now
As she herself too a girl child.

The twilight falling upon on her face,
Yea, the light of the glowing red sun,
I mean the retreating sun
And the bride going to her home
And the bullock-cart tired of covering
A distance
Crossing the river-bed to reach
The unknown destination and newly found home.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Veiled Muslim Maiden

Is but a moon
Hidden under the clouds,
Dekho magar pyar se,
See but with love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Very Small Daughter, Neglected & Ignored In India

A small daughter,
Neglected and ignored in India,
The poor girl-child of India,
See her sympathetically
With the wet eyes,
Feel you for her,
How poor and ignored is she,
How bruised the self and spirit of hers!

The girl-child of India,
Poor and neglected,
Ignored and abandoned,
Save her,
Shelter her
From the heat and dust,
She is precious,
A home-decorator.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Village Girl You Going With The Holy Bible To Sing The Christmas Carol

Christina, you a village girl
Going with
The copy
Of the holy Bible
Into the hands
Of yours
To sing a Christmas carol.

The countryside,
the wilds,
The houses with pastoral settings
With the blooms
Bedecking,
The shepherds frolicking,
The psalms and hymns
Taking the days.

Come, come Christina,
Come and sing you
The carol
In the company
To celebrate happy Christmas,
Light the candles,
The bells tolling,
the Cross sparkling.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Villain I

I am a villain,
People appreciate my roles,
That of a dreaded villain,
The Govt. of India too has honoured me
As for my villainy.
It is my specialty
That I turn other man's sons
Into villains,
But I not a villain indeed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Villain Turned He Into An Artiste, But Made He My Son Turned Into A Real Villain

A villain got he the awards for his acting,
But turned he my son into a real villain,
A villain he scaling the heights of fame,
But my son a rambler, a loafer, a goon
After seeing him, his roles.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Walk With My Bony Love (Waste Land Vision)

In the waste land
Arid, sterile and barren
I with my skeletoned beloved,
Bony, frail and feeble,
Going to make a home,
In a world
Raked by acid rain, climate change
And atomic summer.

God, save us,
God, O God!

Bijay Kant Dubey

A White Chrysanthemum Blooming Is My Love

My love is a white chrysanthemum
Blooming under the moonlit nights.

See her with love, but kiss not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A White Rose

A white rose
Garden-fresh and dew-splashed
Just like a fairly tall and slim beauty.

Will you be my love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A White Rose Under The Moonlit Night

A white rose
Under the milky white moonshine,
My love,
You sitting
Behind the church,
The moonshine flashing over
And you and I close by
Enjoying the moonshine,
Sharing the warmth.

The moon shining over,
Shining and flashing over,
The bats flying
And the night deepening
Over the churchyard
With the trees over
And sitting on the tombstone
We talking about.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Woman

A woman

On the lonely path of life

Standing so helplessly

And going.

How poor and destitute

Forsaken and abandoned,

Lonely and helpless

On the path of life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Woman A Woman, Be She A Muslim Or A Hindu

A woman is a woman,
Be she a Muslim or a Hindu,
But it is a fact
We have oppressed them so much
Whether we accept it or not
In our patriarchal society
Of villagerly elders
And moral police,
The unnecessarily conservative
And orthodox people.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Writer Of Near About 50 Collections Am I

A writer of near about fifty collections of poems am I,
But the so-called no-man poets and critics in India
Have been sidetracking me for quite a long time,
Negating and ignoring me,
So many locally brought out collections have I,
Even worked I on the history of Indian English poetry
At my own expenses,
Strenuous study took a heavy toll upon my health
But left I not writing poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Writer Of The Bottle, Daru And The Ladki (For Khushwant)

Daru, daru, daru,
Daru, ladki and sex,
The bottle and relationship,
Daru piyo and joke with,
Wine bottles and brands
The chief property of his,
Taking daru,
He listening to
Thumri, khyal and ghazal,
Classical music,
Reading Urdu shayari
And the mood colouring
In the good spirit
And joviality upkept.

.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Yoga Guru

A yoga guru
Or a yogi not,
But a bhogi.

A teacher of
Yoga not,
But lured towards

Blondes, beauties and belles
Taking lessons in yoga
In the Unites States of America

And the false Indian babas and gurus
Taking their classes
In sex to bliss.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Yoga Master Or A Sex Guru? / A Yogi Or An Indian Sex Guru? (For The Americans)

An Indian yoga teacher
Moralistic and spiritual
Instructing
At a Yoga Centre in America
Or a sex guru,
An Indian sex guru
Scandalous,
What is he?

Mind it, yoga is yoga,
Not bhoga,
Take it in the true spirit,
But we the human beings
Are prone to weaknesses.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Yogan, A Sadhvi In The Rudraksha Bracelets, Is It Your Heroine, Lawrence? Ts

Is your heroine, Lawrence,
A yogan,
A sadhvi
In the rudraksha beads
And bracelets,
A modern maiden
Tired of modernity,
Artificial life and living
Or a Rajneeshite,
A disciple of Osho?

A yogan
Or a sadhvi,
A modern maiden
As a disciple of Rajneesh,
A disciple of Osho?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Young Girl

A young girl,
Want I for the story of my life
And if she comes to not,
I shall turn into a sadhu
With the long beards
Coming from the ashrama.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Young Girl Beautiful And Charming

A young girl like you
want I,
A young girl just like you
Want I.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Young Girl Is A Source Of Inspiration, Isn'T It?

A young girl is a source of inspiration,
Isn't it
As everybody likes
To see
And view her?

A young girl,
The portrait of an artist
As a young man
Or a woman,
As stylist girl
Going with a bag
For shopping.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Young Girl Who Is Just An . In English Too Is A Poet

A young girl
Who has done her . just now
Too is turning into a poetess
Of Indian English poetry
As for the advertising job
She does for the Delhi-based publisher
And the publisher introduces her
Without having her poems,
Perhaps she is yet to write her poems,
She is making a fair copy of those
From her diary notes and jottings.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Young Girl, How To Make A Photograph Of Her?

A young girl,
Fair and lovely,
Rosy and sweet,
Golden and glistening,
White and so fresh,
Who will not love her?

Bijay Kant Dubey

A Young Maiden Standing Before, Burkawalli, A Portrait Of An Artist, A Black & White Photograph/ An Evening Full Of Ghazals

A young maiden standing before, Burquawalli,
My Burquawalli,
A veiled lass,
A Muslim girl

And I with my brush
Making an art-piece of hers,
A portrait of an artist,
The artist as a young man not, woman.

A black and white photo of hers,
She standing before
In her dark robe or gown
And I portraying, making a portrait of.

The evening is descending,
The jasmines in sweet scent and redolence,
The stars twinkling up above
And the burqua-clad beauty passing through.

I feeling like in an evening full of ghazals,
She coming to me as a ghazal
And I feeling for
The lass behind the bars.

The notes of the cuckoo breaking forth
From the trees
Where it is perched upon,
But the melody of the note taking me away.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A, K, Ramanujan Is But A Master Of Vakrokti, Hashya And Vyangya

Poet ujan is but a master
Of vakrokti,
Hashya and vyangya,
One of the oblique approach,
A master poet
Fro who poetry is vakrokti,
A hashya-vyangyakar,
A hashya kavi,
Vyangya kavi.

Never serious, always light and loose,
Chuckling and grinning
And smiling it himself,
Laughing and caricaturing,
Bursting into a laughter,
Into a guffaw,
Sometimes belittling and fooling others,
Sometimes taking to his counsel.

Bijay Kant Dubey

A. A. Anzarannii As An Indian English Poet From Himachal.

annii alias Vikram Mehta, born in 1947
Is IFS 's son,
Who taught English
At Govt. Polytechnic for Women, Kandaghat,
Solan, H.P.
In the Deptt. of Applied Sciences & Humanities.

Anzarannii who did his
Matriculation from Govt. High school Bilaspur, H.P.,
Pre-Univ. from Govt. College for Boys, Chandigarh,
Pre-Engineering from the same,
. Engg. from Delhi College of Engg.,
B.A. from S.D.B. College, Shimla
And M.A. in 1979 from Regional Centre for P.G. Studies, Shimla
Then Punjab University.

Anzarannii as a poet
Is a poet of love,
So passionate and emotional,
Mad after it,
Writing under the impact
Of the pains of love and medicines,
But original enough.

Anzarannii qualified for the IAS,
But did join,
Continued to teach,
A writer of Lillian O' Rannii,
The Lover and other collections,
A poet Keatsian and Freudian,
Writing in his own way,
only the love poems and love stories.

Bijay Kant Dubey

As A Poet

Is allegorical, full of references
To Yeats, Keats, Browning,
Tennyson
Sometimes mimicking, sometimes parodying,
But Swiftian in essence,
A poet conventional
But so different
Just like an islander
Telling of the islands
Not the colonies settled.

A poet Donnian, Popian
He is more of the 18th century
Rather than the twentieth,
Sarcastic and cutting
Across the lines,
Hope intermixes
To reproduce
With his remarks and judgements
In an Australian presentation.

Bijay Kant Dubey

ujan As A Caricature Man

Poet ujan
As a man
Is not so serious,
But very light.

If he sees the goats
Going,
He will try to give
Some names to create humour
So that the goat-woman smiles to hear it.

Your mom is calling,
You come,
O the goats,
The cows too are
Called by the villagerly woman!

Bijay Kant Dubey

ujan Is The Ashtavakra Of Indian English Poetry

ujan is but the Ashtavakra
Of Indian English poetry
Whether you accept it or not,
The master of oblique approach,
Irony, doublespeak,
Humour and satire,
Joke and jibe,
Pin and perforation,
Taunt and jaunt

And his poetry as Ashtavakra Gita
Recreating,
Recreating and remixing
With wisdom and caricature,
Experience and irony an doublespeak,
Feeling and emotion,
Humour and satire,
Wisdom and learning
And lessons of life learnt
As did Ashtavakra instead of his deformity
And bends in body.

Bijay Kant Dubey

ujan Was A Typical South Indian Brahmin

ujan was a typical
South Indian Brahmin,
A Tamil mathematician's
Poetical son
Under his father's
Astrological and astronomical beliefs
Scientific and conventional,
Horoscopic too,
Falling short of becoming
An astrologer, a palmist,
A horoscope-maker,
A Vedic astrologer,
A folklorist.

Bijay Kant Dubey

ujan, Was He?

ujan, was,
Was he
A man
Crooked
And hooked unto,
Crooked and screwed,
Bent and forked,
Not so easy,
But difficult to be handled?

As for poetry to him
Was not ukti,
But vakrokti,
Statements not,
Oblique statements,
A man always peeping into,
Peeping and perforating,
Always criticizing and backbiting.

You accept it or not
Many of us
Those who are comic and comedian
Will definitely be light and loose
As they know it no limits
And transgress into,
Cross over to another land's borders.

And apart from this,
Ramanujan is but a comic writer not,
Light verse writer that too not,
But a writer of vakrokti,
Crooked statements,
Hooking and crooking always,
Pulling it down.

Bijay Kant Dubey

ujan: A Folk Man From The Northeast Or The South? (A Conch-Blower Or A Horn-Blower?)

Was he a drummer
Or flute-player
Or a clapper
Or a whistler?

A folk dancer
Or a singer
Or a musician
Or a folk painter?

A Tamil bard
Or a rustic clownish
Or a court jester from Madurai?

Dancing at the beat
Of the Tamil country drummers
And singers
And musicians.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kalam

Kalam,
The former president of India,
How to pay tributes to you,
A scientist unparalleled,
The missile man,
The space scientist,
How to pay tributes to you,
Single and dedicated,
Inspiring and infusing spirit
Into the young men,
A personality
Always the cause of inspiration,
Always in memory!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kalam The Technocrat And His Personality

Kalam,
The man and his picture,
The images we formed
After
Of the man and his personality,
His vision and mission,
A technocrat involved
In missile development and technology
For civilian and defence applications and purposes
Drawing from physics, science and engineering
And technology,
Nuclear science and strategic defence studies.

Man goes but his passing images remain,
Man passes out but his images linger it more,
Similarly he went away,
But his images lie in, the pictures
And photographs of his,
A man in plain coat, pants and necktie
With the hair parted in the middle
Long and hanging,
A voice Tamil-Tamil
Working for progress and development,
Inspiring and instilling hope
Into the young minds.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kalam (Remembering Him On Teacher's Day)

Kalam
As a disciple
And a teacher
As lies it
The book of his life.

A student
With so much love
For his teacher
And the teacher too
So much loveful
And as a teacher
He mingling and mixing with
Without any hindrance.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kalam (The Missile Man)

Kalam

The man and the scientist,
Engineer and technologist
Fusing in nuclear science
With aeronautical engineering
And defence technology
For space research
And missile technology.

The people's president,
A single
Lived he a bachelor,
Died he a bachelor,
Kalam
Igniting the young minds,
Talking of the wings of fire.

Kalam
The man and the scientist,
The engineer and the technologist,
The missile man
Firing, shooting missiles
Into the skies,
The fire man.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kalam At The Rashtrapati Bhavan In His Thinking Hut And Talking With Flowers

Kalam at the Rashtrapati Bhavan
In his thinking hut
And marking the aroma and flavor
Of spring
In its florid beauty and sweet redolence.

The President taking a stroll,
The bachelor President,
Single,
Strolling and talking to flowers,
Flowers of multi-hues blooming
And spreading sweet redolence.

Ruminating and reminiscing seated on a sofa
And writing books,
Gathering thoughts and ideas
For the books to be written
For the younger developing minds,
Hearts and souls.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aageo Dekhecchilam

Aageo dekhecchilam,
Ekhono dekhcche je tomake,
Kato bhalo lege cchilo,
Eikhono je lagccho tumi,
Aabaro ki dekha hobe? .

Had Seen You Before

Had seen you before,
Still now see I,
How lovely did you appear to be,
Still look you so lovely,
Shall I be able to see you again?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aam Aadmi Party

Donning the white topi,
In the white pyjamas and the kurta
With the bill over,
I giving the stunt,
Staging the nukkad natak
At the town square

I sweeping with the broomstick,
Singing a song,
Ooh-la-la,
Again taking a break from,
Asking the passers-by to stand
And give their boots
To polish

I polishing the boots of the passers-on
Smilingly,
Doing politics
Under the banner,
But the professional cobbler
Whom I have silenced after
Giving some money
Too knows it my tactics

Of coming into power,
I am not there to polish the boots,
But to do politics,
I not a stage artist,
But am doing politics
Under the pretext of the street drama,
Trying to gather the public.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aap Activists, Aam Aadmi Party Workers

AAP, Aam Aadmi Party activists
Just as a foil to major parties
Enacting a street play,
holding a nukkad sabha,
Staged and enacted
By the common street people,
But with an eye on politics and power,
How to wrest power
By dusting into the eyes
Of the common public,
How to fracture the mandate
To destabilize the organization?

The jokers, loafers and comedians,
Ramblers and roamers,
All there to be politicians,
Public politicians,
The AAM Party activists
Donning the white conical caps
With the bills
Of the AAP,
But they not the common people,
The power-greedy people,
Not for the public,
But for themselves,
How to get the media coverage
Their first priority?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aap Rahatin Hain Mere Dil Ke Karib You Live Near My Heart

Aap Rahatin Hain Mere Dil Ke Karib
You Live Near My Heart

Aap rahatin hain mere dil ke karib,
Kahin aash-paas,
Mat pucchiye kahan ji?

Bas aapke paas, aapke dil ke karib,
Seriopusly nahin liziyegan,
Bas mazak kar leta hun.

You live near my heart,
Somewhere near,
Do not ask.

Just near you, near your heart,
Take it not seriously,
Just keep joking with sometimes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aapka Pyaar Meri Kavita (Your Love My Poems)

Aapka pyaar meri kavita,
Aapka pyaar
Meri kavita,
Ek baar muskura to do
Aur aapki muskurahat jo gazab ki,
Aapko dekh mein bhi muskurane jo lagata hun.

Your love my poem,
Your love
My poem,
Smile you for once
And your smile strange is it,
After seeing you, I too start smiling.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aapke Chehre Mein Kya Hain? (What Is In Your Glamour?)

Aapko dekh, dekh ke
Mein sochata hun,
Kya aapka chehra,
Kya ada, kya jo nazakat,
Kya jo hans
Aur phir uspe meri deewangi?

Aapko dekh, dekh ke
Mein sochata hun,
Kya hain chehra,
Kya jo jadu?

After seeing, seeing you
Think I,
What is it in your glamour,
How the antics, gait, viewing,
How the smile
And above all, my being after you
With the heart?

After seeing, seeing you
Think I,
How the glamour,
How the magic?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aapki Bheegi Palken/ Your Wet Eye-Lashes

Aapki bheegi palken
Mere geet na ban jayen
Aapki bheegi palken,
Pyaar ki dagar jo hain tedhi-medhi,
Kise jo batayen apne dil ki dastan?

Your wet eyelashes
It may be they may turn into my lyrics,
Your wet eyelashes,
The way of love is zigzagged,
Who to narrate the tale of my heart?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aapki Chahat Mein

Aapki Chahat Mein

Aapko chaha jo bahut
Aur chahat jo pyaar mein badal gayin
Aur mein karne laga aapse pyaar.

In Your Liking

I like you very much
And the liking turned it into my yearning
And started I loving you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aapki Dadhi Aapka Parichay/ Your Beards Your Identity

Aapki dadhi aapka parichay,
Aap kaun hain, kya kartein hain,
Aap nahin,
Aapki dadhi kah deygi,
Aapki dadhi ek criminal ki dadhi
Ya ek fanatic ki dahdi?

Your beards your introduction,
Who you are, what do you do,
You not,
But your beards will say it,
Your beards those of a criminal
Or a fanatic?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aapko Dekh (Bilingual)

Aapko Dekh

Aapko dekh mein kavita likhtaa hun,
Bas aapko dekh.
Agar jo aap chalin gayin,
Samajh lijiye meri kavita jo khatma ho gayin.

After Seeing You

Afer seeing you write I my poems,
Just after seeing you.

And if go you away from,
Take it for that my poems will come to a stop.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aapko Dekh Kavita Likhne Ki Eccha Hoti Hain (After Seeing You Want I To Write Poems)

Aapko dekh kavita likhne ki eccha hoti hain
Aapko dekh,
Phulon ki sugandha jo aatin hain
Aapko dekh,
Chahat jo es kadar bad chalin hain
Aapko dekh
Kavita jo yaad yaa gayin.

After seeing you want I to write poems
After seeing you,
The fragrance of flowers comes it
After seeing you,
The desire increases it so much
After seeing you,
Comes it the verse-lines.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aapko Meine Kahi Dekha Hain

Aapko Meine Kahi Dekha Hain
Aapko meine kahi dekha hain,
Kahan dekha hain,
Kya aap bata shakatin hain?

Have Seen You Somewhere
Have seen you somewhere,
Where have seen you,
Can you recollect and say to me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aapko Meine Kahi Dekha Hain (Hindi)

Aapko meine kahi dekha hain,
Kahan dekha hain,
Kya aap bata shakatin hain?

Have seen you somewhere,
Where have I seen you,
Can you tell?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aapko Muskurate Dekh Mein Bhee Muskurane Lagata Hun

Aapko Muskurate Dekh Mein Bhee Muskurane Lagata Hun

Aapko muskurate dekh
Mein bhee muskurane lagataa hun,
Pata nahin,
Kya raaj hain
Aapke muskuraane kaa,
Kya jaadu hain aapme?

On Seeing You Smiling I Too keep Smiling

After marking you smiling
I too keep smiling,
Don't know,
What the secret of
Your smiles,
What the magic in you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aapo Kahin Dekha Hain (Have Seen You Somewhere)

Aapko kahin dekha hain,
Kahan dekha hain,
Kya aap bata shakatin hain
Kahan rahatin hain aap?

Sunkar kucch nahin bolin,
Thik jaane ke waqt,
Kah chalin,
Premnagar mein gussha jhad ke.

Have seen you somewhere,
Have seen somewhere,
Can you tell me,
Where do you dwell in?

Hearing it, said she not anything,
Just at the time of her departure,
Went she away saying,
In Premnagar (Lovecity) angrily.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aapse Dillagi/ Hearty Links With You

Aapko dekh kuchh log chand kahate,
Par mujhe jo
Aap sitaraa lagatin hain,
Ab batayun to batayun kya,
Aapse ye meri kaisi dillagi?

On seeing you some call you the moon,
But appear you
To be a star,
Now what to say to you about,
Now hearty links, shares with you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aapse Meri Mulaakaat (My Meeting With You)

Aapse Meri Mulaakaat

Kitnaa akele thae hum,
Kitnaa akele hain hum.

Phir hongi bhenta kahi,
Aaccha to hum chalte hain.

Bas, log edhar she jaate rahten hain,
Rukte nahin, intazaar kare nahi kisi ke liye,
Fikra hi kahan?

Mein bhi tahraa ek ajnabi,
Aap bhi ek ajnabi,
accha, ton chalte raehn.

My Meeting With You

How lonely had I been,
How lonely am I now!

Again shall we meet, come that day,
Well, let us go.

Just they keep going, the people as passers-by,
Stop they not nor they wait for anybody else,
Why to bother for?

I am also a stranger,
You too a stranger,
Well, let us be going.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aazkal Log Kitane Pagal Ho Gayen Hain (Now-A-Days How Mad Have They Become!)

Aazkal Log Kitane Pagal Ho Gayen Hain

Aazkal log kitane pagal ho gayen hain
Media mein aane ke liye,
Ghar-parivaar tak cchod deten hain
Publicity ke liye, apne image ke vaste,
Aazkal log kitane pagal ho gayen hain
Publicity aur media mein aane ke liye.

Now-a-days how mad have they become
As for to come in the media light,
As leave they their family and house
For publicity, for their image,
No-a-days how mad have they become
For publicity and media limelight!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Abraham Lincoln

A President so humane and republican,
Ideal and gentle
Promoting goodness and nobility,
Democratic ideals
Through his vision.

Abraham Lincoln the man and President
Saving America during the Civil War,
Aligning the North with the South,
Abolishing slavery
For humanism sake.

Strengthening the federal structure,
He gave a new impetus
Upholding human ideals,
Human dignity
A lawyer, an orator
Was he Abraham Lincoln of America.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Abraham Lincoln The Man, The President Talk I

Abraham Lincoln the man,
The President
Talk I, sketch I
The portrait of that President
Who was more human
And republican.

A karmayogi
He delivered and worked,
Abolished slavery,
Worked for the American union
Bridging the North and the South.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Absurd Drama Of Life (Haiku)

You an absurd player,
I an absurd player
Of the absurd drama of life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Accha To Hum Deewana Ban Jaaten Hain

Accha To Hum Deewana Ban Jaaten Hain

Pyar deewana hota hain,
Tum bhi pagal ho jaogi
Aur mein bhi pagal ho jaunga.

Well Then Let's Be Mad Lovers

Love seems to be the state of being madly in love,
You too will go mad
And I too shall go mad.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Accha To, Chalte-Chalte, Pyaar Ki Baatein Ho Jaye

Accha To, Chalte-Chalte, Pyaar Ki Baatein Ho Jaye

Accha to, chalte-chalte, do baatein ho jayen,
Ho na ho phir mulaakat jo na ho,
Ye sunahare pal jo beet jayen.
Accha to, chalte hain, goodbye,
Goodbye.

Well Then, While Going, Let's Love Talks Be

Well then, while going, taking leave off, let's have the talks,
Maybe it that we shall not be able to meet again,
Maybe it these golden moments will pass by.

Well then, let's us going, goodbye,
Goodbye.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Acche Din Yaanewalle Hain (Good Days Are To Come)

Acche din yaanewalle hain.
Kab yaayengei bataayeei, sir?
Chup kyon ho gayen?
Batayeei naa, sir.

Good days are to come.
When will they come, sir?
Why did you turn silent?
Tell us please, sir.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Acche Din Yaanewalle Hain, Magar Aayenge Jo We Kab, Modi Saheb? / Good Days Are To Dawn Upon, But When Will They, Modi Saheb?

Acche Din Yaanewalle Hain, Magar Aayenge Jo We Kab, Modi Saheb?

Aapne jo kaha aur meine jo shuna,
Acche din aanewalle hain,
Shun ke jo bahut khushi huyin,
Magar aayenge jo we kab,
Modi saheb,
Sochiye jaraah,
Samajhiye-bujhiye,
Cchoti-moti baaton par
Bahas jo huyin bahut
Anap-shanap
Aur unhen jo fayada huya
Aur aapko jo nukshan?

Said you that and heard I,
Good days are about to come,
Hearing it felt I happy,
But when will they,
Modi Saheb,
Think you,
Meditate you, discuss you,
Held it too much discussion
So much
On trivial things
And it cost you dear
Rather than them?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Across The Atlantic, The Pacific, The Mediterranean

From the seashore
I hearing the music of humanity,
The sad and solemn music
Of the people
Living across
The Atlantic, the Pacific, the Antarctic,
The Arctic,
There live they,
Which but think I,
Dream I
From the land's end,
Sitting and hearing
Through the waves
Rising and falling,
Surging and roaring high,
Sometimes rough,
Sometimes calm.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Across The Mediterranean

Across the Mediterranean, lie you sitting,
In a pensive and reflective poise of your own
And here I by this shore,
Hearing the roar
Of the surging sea
And you by that shore
Of the Mediterranean
Lost in the waiting and pensive reflection of yours,
Seeing the waves rise and fall
And from this seashore,
I hearing the music man and humanity.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Adi Shankaracharya

Adi Shankaracharya
His story of Brahmacharya,
Love for his mother,
Shiva-bhakta father,
Foundation of the mathas,
Wanderings as a sole sadhu,
Realization of Shiva
As a kangal boy with the dog
Going
Still conjure upon
The mind's eyes
When in a meditative strain
Or thinking about his biography.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Adil Jussawalla

Adil Jussawalla, the missing man, I have been searching, searching him
For quite a long time,
The man and the poet,
As have only heard about him,
The man who made a beginning decades ago and vanished out
From the literary scene
And was traceless
As a poet for many years
But resurfacing again with his
Trying to Say Goodbye and The Right Kind of Dog.

But as a journalist he had been there
Doing the journalistic write-ups, tidbits,
Editing and compiling,
Compiling and contributing
Rather than feeling poetically
A poet lost and uncertain of
His literary stance.

After Land's End and Missing Person, he too vanished
Out of sight, traceless as a poet,
Nowhere to be found, searched around
A poet of broken lines and sentences
He was going by Eliot and The Waste Land,
Going by and Stephen Spender,
But was not.

A poet of Bombay, a Parsi at heart, he has
His race, heritage, lineage, ethnicity, culture and tradition
To draw from,
A poet of Parsi heritage and lineage
And genealogy,
Searching roots,
Striking the theme of nativity.

Instead of, he is a poet of the busy capital, the commercial hub,
The mega city, metropolitan town
Of malls, plazas and mutlticomplexes,
Sea beaches, bars and restaurants,

International airports, bars and restaurants,
Apartments and skyscrapers,
Ships sailing far with the cartloads and cargoes,
Floating far off.

And apart from Parsi historiography and dislocation,
Adil turns back to Indian thought and philosophy
By taking Eklavya,
As he cannot say goodbye to poetry
And returns back to it again,
A poet resurfacing again,
Back to his fluting and jarring tunes
After a break,
An interval of many years,
Collecting and re-collecting the older notebook jottings.

There is one trouble with the modern poets
That they pass on from modern to mod, modernistic and to post-modernism
And it is really tedious to understand them,
Using broken statements and terse vocabulary;
They themselves understand their poetry most.

Similar is the case with this modern poet
Who made a beginning long way
And after that turned to journalism
As for his career,
Barring sporadic literary activities.

Mainly England, the tings of English culture and living,
Foreign tours and travels, sojourns and stays
Connected with cosmopolitanism and globe-trotting
Take the canvas away from
And the second thing his being a Parsi,
Secluded from our ancient lore
And the other a cityman, a townsman not
But one from the metropolitan hub
Has nothing to delve in the countryside.

Urban life and living, values and manners, ways of expression,
City culture and dwelling,
Beaches, plazas, shopping malls, skyscrapers,
Theatres, art exhibitions, yoga therapies,

Parlours and multigyms,
These are but the things of any modern poet
That we seek to interpret for modernism sake.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Adil Jussawalla (1940-) : A Portrait Of An Artist As The Missing Man

Adil Jussawalla who wrote poetry
In the early sixties to start with Land's End (1962)
And carried to Missing Person (1974)
But missed from
And resurfaced he again
With his Trying to Say Goodbye in 2011.

A man who went to England
To read architecture
Returned back to
After a short teaching teaching
To be back to journalism
And freelancing.

Adil Jussawalla the man and poet,
A writer from Bombay,
Telling of the urban, cosmopolitan space,
City life and living,
Searching for values in broken rhythms.

A Parsi, breaking the ice
Of his psyche and space
He can with ease
About Eklavya, Karna too
Striking the roots of nativity.

Bombay, its sea breeze, Santa Cruz airport,
Partition woes, refugees
And their shelter,
He stitches the tales
For rehabilitation and rejuvenation.

A poet of the no-man
He himself the missing man,
Poetic fragmentation and broken imagery
And tidbits of thought and idea,
Gathers he the glass-pieces

To join and re-design verses.

The early years saw an upheaval
In terms of divided in between Europe and India
Trying to come to terms with,
Grappling after with
Anxiety, alienation and bewilderment
And loss.

A recipient of the Sahitya Akademi Award
For Trying To Say Goodbye in 2014,
His The Right Kind of Dog and Other Poems is another
To follow it into footsteps,
A poet journalistic
Who wasted poetry for journalism.

But journalism too gave him the utmost
As had been the Editor of Debonair for a period
And also the Poetry Editor of it
For quite a long time
Promoting new poetry and poets
In its issues.

Jussawalla who taught at
r's College, Bombay for some time
As a poet is situational, occasional,
Catching the nuance and idiosyncrasy,
A poet Audenesque, Joycean and Eliotesque.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Adil Jussawalla A Poet Of Bombay

Adil Jussawalla
A poet of Bombay,
Look stranger,
Sea fever,
Upon the bridge
Viewing the scenery.

A Parsi poet
He thinks of displaced
And dislocated people
Finding shelter with,
The influx of refugees
Seeking refuge.

The Partition was a blunder
And it as a tornado,
A cyclone, a whirlwind
Ruffled it all,
Uprooting and shaking
Many a family to doom.

A poet of the missing person
He himself went missing
And re-surfaced
After a 35-year break
The poetic tidbits
The journo as a poet.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Adil Jussawalla A Poet Of The Fragmented Time, Spirit And Imagery

Adil Jussawalla as a poet is one of poetic fragmentation,
Fragmented time, man and his spirit,
Everything but fragmented,
Patched up and darned,
Loosely tagged and conversational,
Full of the broken rhythms
Of speech and expression,
Disjointed and distorted,
Telling of the life spent
In England,
In India, especially Bombay,
But lineage and hierarchy taking him
Back to Lahore and to the heyday
Of the Zoroastrian,
Gujarati and Marathi
The tongues adopted and owned.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Adil Jussawalla The Man & The Poet

Adil Jussawalla,
Is he the same missing person
Who made a tryst with verse
Long back
With his publications,
But the voice silenced
As for engagement to
Literary journalism, editorship and so on,
A writer resurfacing again,
Returning to his first love
After a thirty-five year break
With The Right Kind of Dog and Trying to Say Goodbye
Lately with them?

Land's End had been the first,
Missing Person the second,
He pedaled poetry,
Took a break,
Turned to prose and criticism,
Picked poems for Debonair,
Wrote columns,
Acted as Editor,
Promoted new writing.

A poet of broken rhythms and nuances,
Rhyme and intonation,
Catching the pulsation and heartbeat
Of the commercial city and hub
To the terminus to the airport
To the restaurant and the club,
The sick, hurry and divided in aims,
He too keeps moving along
To catch the scenery and landscapes
From London to Geneva to new York to Bombay.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Adil Jussawalla The Poet

Adil Jussawalla is a poet of Bombay
Writing of the Bombayan inner scpaes
Depicting and describing
As per the models of the Eliotesque hollow men
And the sterile and arid waste land,
Audensesque and Spenderian.

A poet of Bombay, he is outlandish
As well as islandish,
Telling of England and Bombay often,
His life and times in England,
Spent,
His life and times passing in India.

A modern hollow man seems to be the poetic persona,
the protagonist and the mouthpiece of his,
A modern city man,
That too of the metropolitan town, the megacity
Of the bristling commercial hub
The crux of his poetry.

A poet Bombayan, he is of Bombay
And his mind can nowhere
Barring it,
A Parsi he has the tales of his own
To tell,
Drawing from Parsi ethos and heritage.

A Parsi, he writes the poetry of the no-man,
The hollow men,
The missing man,
The poet goes missing
Resurfacing after a gap a break of so long years,
The absentee poet.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Adil Jussawalla Tried To Say Goodbye To Poetry, But Couldn'T

Adil Jussawalla tried to say goodbye to poetry,
But couldn't,
Poetry conversed with his Parsi heart and soul
To bring him to the negotiable table,
As a poet can say goodbye to all,
But never to poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Adil Jussawalla Trying To Say Goodbye To Poetry, But Has Not Bidden

Adil Jussawalla trying to say goodbye,
But has not bidden it
Even went missing for
After a long break and a pause
From poetry

The poet recollecting his days
Spent in London,
Journeying Europe
With the East-West encounter
Envisaged
With his graphic pen of architecture
And broken rhythms of verse

Of the missing man
Writing from the land's end,
The sea-side beaches
And harbours
And posts
Of commercial, cosmopolitan Bombay
Full of hectic hectic activity,
Din and bustle and it all
Giving refuge to
All those who seek for shelter.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Adil Jussawalla, A Bombaywallah

As a poet of Bombay,
The history, growth and development
Of Bombay,
Bombay and its history,
The history of Bombay
From an island to a metropolitan city
To a mega one.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Adil Jussawalla, I Saw You Far, Recognized The Voice

Adil Jussawalla, I saw you from far,
Recognized the voice of yours
Among the caravans,
Searching the no-man,
Getting acquainted with
Land's End, Missing Person,
England viewed from the Dover Beach,
Bombay viewed from alighting
At Santa Cruz Airport
While landing down from
A sojourn in England
With the graphic architectural pen
Trying to make
The topography and cartography
Of it
Which gave shelter to so many
From different parts of the world
War ravished and ravaged
Telling the Partition tales
Of woe and misery,
The Tibetan refugees coming
To seek shelter.

Just as Wordsworth you viewing
From Westminster Bridge,
As viewed Blake
In London,
talking
Of the island scenery
And the sailing of ships,
Addressing, look, stranger,
You broke the lines,
Intermixed with
To tell of city-life,
The heartbeat and vibes of it,
Your global qualms and fascinations for,
Taking us to Geneva, Iowa and so on,
A poet of Eklavya and Karna,
You turning too Mahabharatan tales

With the turns and shifts
In thoughts,
Sailing in the ship
And floating on sea waters
Telling of Bombay.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Adil Jussawalla: A Poet Of Modern India

The missing man has been found again
And he is none but Adil Jussawalla
Resurfacing after a break of almost some thirty-five years
When he wrote his first collections,
A poet of the sixties,
Just beginning or trying to make a tryst
With his maiden venture
And thereafter the silence,
The lull in between after adding one more.

A hollow man, no man, Eliotesque,
A look stranger like that of Auden, Audenesque
He is a poet of Bombay as Ezekiel is,
An Oxford returned fellow,
A sojourner, a tourist and a traveller,
He is a poet of poetic chits and chats,
Tidbits and broken statements
Delving in the urban space mainly,
Following Auden's style of The Unknown Citizen
Apart from his siding with Eklavya
As Daruwalla sides with Karna and Charvak.

The poet just like Nissim Ezekiel sees the growth of Bombay
Relating to in the form of a vilagerly island,
As Wordsworth sees in Upon The Westminster Bridge,
Auden in Look, Stranger
Alluding to the slash of the sea waters
And the moving away of ships,
Eliot in The Hollow Men
The hollow and stuffed men,
Headpiece filled with straw
Similarly Adil too sees the city of his birth
While landing from foreign
As Arnold sees the cliffs in Dover Beach.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aevind Krishna Mehrotra's Beards, White Flowing Beards

Arvind Krishna Mehrotra's beards
Not of Tagore
But of in
And Acharya rajneesh's.

Just to be a poet
He has kept it
Long flowing white beards,
Looking strange.

Don't know whether real or fake,
A poet's or a poetaster's,
But a surrealist no doubt
Trying to add to and evolve?

Bijay Kant Dubey

After Being Scolded By Wife, The Gentlemen Turned Into Tulsidas

After being scolded and rebuked
And reprimanded by wife Ratna
As for crossing the river in spite
After his marriage with her
And for attachment,
The gentleman turned into Tulsidas,
The writer of Ramcharitmanas
Who suggested him
To show the devotion shown to her
To God in that intensity
So that he would Him
And the biting words
Taught him otherwise
And he took to the counsel
And turned into a Ram-bhakta devotional poet.

Bijay Kant Dubey

After Death, Where Does The Spirit Pass Away? Can One Say It?

After death, where does the spirit pass away,
Can one say it,
Where does the soul transmigrate,
Where does the spirit,
Is there nothing in this world
As nothing is static and permanent here?

Bijay Kant Dubey

After Divorcing Her, He Is Going To Marry Again And So Is Coloring His Mustachio & Beards

After having divorced,
He is going to marry it again,
Yes, for a re-marriage
And so he is colouring his mustachio
And beards,
Dyeing and painting
To look youngish, golden and stylish,
The old man as the new lover.

Bijay Kant Dubey

After Getting Married For The Second Time

After getting married for the second time, how has he changed
And his wife, both of them, husband and wife,
Changing colours like the chameleon
As they do go on.

When she had been alive, I mean the poor, humble and simple lady,
How uncaring had he been, how much unloving
As she used to care for the whole household
And he used to remain indulged in his.

But with the change in time how has he changed
Looking coloured-coloured,
Painted, dyed and goggles-wearing
That fail we to recognize him.

Who is the man ask we in curiosity,
But he is the same man whose beloved wife left the world
And by her pyre promised he
Before the public that he would never marry again.

But with the change in time how changed he that broke he the promise
Of never marrying again
And married he
The poor maiden

Who but now strutting, walking on tiptoe,
Making the children work,
Carrying the new-born,
Giving not food to the step son and daughter.

Like the new magistrate on chair sits she and chats,
The husband fans the earthen oven, the villagerly hearth
By pushing cow dung cakes, dry leaves and woods
And the step-daughter keeps she making food.

Like some Indian guru she will sit and eat first
Then her step-son and daughter,
That too the small daughter will give rice to him in hiding
And bread-loaf after stealing it.

Time too is as such that it keeps watching and waiting for,
Let her step-son grow,
Everything will come into the control of
Through the tussle of power.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

After Having Flung The Books, Notes & Papers, She Took Time To Reconcile With To Ask It Again?

After having quarrelled with, flung the books,
Pewter water pots, dishes and earthen bowls, pitchers
And broomsticks,
Weeping and crying herself
Having torn the notebooks apart,
She kept silent,
Went on crying
And compromising,
Trying to reconcile with,
To come to terms
And the scholar too looked at his books and notes
And papers in hate and anger
And anguish and repentance
As for why did he marry a foolish and illiterate lady,
That too a village girl,
Teenaged and working
But foolish,
Hoaxing and coaxing his destiny and fate?

The village came she again,
Not as a cyclonic wind,
A whirlwind taking the outlook of a tornado,
But a tornado subsided,
Took time to console and reconcile with,
Wiped out the tears
And smiled she forcibly in anger,
Went to her poor dressing room
To turn up again,
Powdered, creamed,
With the scent,
dressing up and making up herself
To ask,
"Am I not so beautiful
That read you all the times
Without sparing for me,
Am I, am I not really beautiful?
(Holding the hand)

Look, look you
Into the eyes of mine and say to me,
Am I, am I not so? "

Bijay Kant Dubey

After Kissing The Drunk Girl

After kissing the drunk girl,
Felt I the warmth and verve
Of this living,
What is this youth,
The in vain wanderings of it,
The waywardness and the lost mood of it,
But lose you not yourself,
Try to search the self in you,
Regaining your consciousness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

After Learning English

Walking with an Alsatian dog,
The dog barking
And the Englishman in the making
After doing English Hons.
And M.A. in English Literature,
The undergrad not, but the postgrad
On the way going,
Going with and thinking of becoming
An Englishman,
How to be after,
Into the footsteps of them,
Have to an Englishman,
An Englishman
With the dog barking
And the Indian brown sahib
With the belted tiger
And the barks in the bungalow
Reminding him
Of the English accent and stress
Which the British sahib used to be with,
While calling the orderlies
In a broken Hindustani.

The Indian mother and father of the son
Looking back in astonishment,
Wonder and amazement,
How he could master,
An Indian boy, Master Blackie,
Somewhat dark
And he thinking himself
Cleverly and foxy
As he has to be an officer,
A White not,
But as brown sahib
To show himself,
Hence the gravity,
Will not talk to all,
Looking sober, grave and specs-laden

After Loving And Leaving Me, Do You Think, That You Can Be Happy? , Asked She

After loving and leaving me, do you think,
That you can be happy, my love? ,
Asked she sadly and slowly,
Sobbing and sighing,
With the tears falling from
And the trickles
Dried down on the innocent cheeks.
Will you divorce me, will you divorce me?
Have you stopped liking me from now?
Am I not your own?
Do you think it so?
After loving and leaving me,
Going after another,
How long will you keep going as thus,
Love and leave, love and leave?
Do you think that you can be happy
Breaking the relationship.
Dumping me poorly?
Mind it God is there, the same Almighty
Seeing from there.
Are you planning to divorce me?
Can the hearts be not mended?

Bijay Kant Dubey

After Loving Her, You Desereted And Divorced Her

After loving her,
Having liked and loved her,
Deserted and left you,
Divorced and dumped you
Her, a poor woman
To poor destitute,
A girl weeping,
Sobbing and sighing
With tears into the eyes of hers,
Dried on the cheeks,
Half-wiped and half-dried,
Trying to wipe with her hands,
Left to her destiny
And repenting,
Broken-hearted and pained from her within,
Unable to stand,
Seeking solace
For peace and a calm resignation
To gain over
To adjust with life and its conditions.

See, the garden in full bloom,
But pluck not a flower,
Sing the song of life,
But devastate not anyone's life
as it is easy to destroy,
But difficult to create.

Bijay Kant Dubey

After Loving Me, Will You Not Leave Me? , Asked She With Tears Into The Eyes Of Hers

After loving me, will you not leave me? ,
Asked she with tears into the eyes of hers
And the teardrops falling off
And she wiping out with her hands?

Say, say you, asked she, holding the hands
Of the stranger,
Will you,
Will you not leave me and go away,
Will you not leave and go away?

Tears had been in the eyes of hers
And I could not see them,
Wetting me,
Cursing my lot
And I looking heavenwards
In utter confession,
Opening my heart and soul.

Bijay Kant Dubey

After Loving You, They Abandoned And Left You...

After having loved and liked you,
They abandoned and left you,
A poor and helpless girl you,
A soul so desperate and broken,
Forlorn and sick.

Were they so selfish that they could be
So inhuman and cruel?
God will not forgive them,
Who keep seeing from there,
I am but sure of.

Bijay Kant Dubey

After Marking Tears In Your Eyes (For Jiah Khan Who Died Young)

After marking tears in the eyes, I could see the history of passion,
The story of emotion,
How do they disturb man,
How did they you?

You too were a man, a woman, full of heart and its sensitivity,
But to end life in such a way,
I could not the malaise o f your heart.

You too had love in your heart, you too had affection within
Which but you could not resist it,
But to give your precious life, I could not.

Womankind goes on suffering, but man understands it not
The helplessness of this poor heart,
So sensible and sensitive and so sentimental.

By being lovelorn and heartbroken, you cut down the hope
Of life and living
With such an irrational action.

Couldn't you suppress the pains of yours, the heart-aches of yours,
Was there none to bandage the wounds of love,
Couldn't you find solace?

To end your budding life in such a way, I can't, can't take to,
To end yourself in such a cruel way, I couldn't believe it,
Had you been frustrated and depressed in such a way?

Had you been broken and sick in such a way that finished you yourself,
Had it been the final solution,
Had it been proper to do away with?

What to say about the heart, its senseless beating, pulsation and throbbing,
Restless waiting and yearning within,
As it understands not?

Your love they couldn't the lovely heart of yours, solitary and silent weepings,
Closing door you might have wept shipwrecked and forlorn,
But they could not the weepings of a womanly heart?

Love will remain love, indelible, indestructible and never-ending,
Womankind will go bearing
And man will go inflicting upon.□

In reading you, I could read the hapless and helpless face of devastated
humanity,
Tortured and inflicted upon,
Fatal in bearing.

I could read and mark the frustration and depression taking over, corroding your
self
And you suffered and struggled to contain in
All but silently.

But could not control you yourself your emotion and sentiment,
Your feeling and heart,
Had you, it would have been better.

Love is not love if you bear not the pangs of love, love is not love if bandage you
not
The wounds and hurts,
Love is not if take you not heart.

Love is not love if it is full of betrayal, deceit and selfishness,
Love is not love if it knows barriers,
Love is God, try to love all.

Love is a temple where there dwells in God and this heart really is a temple of
His
Where He dwells in our purity of thinking and living,
In our confession, but confess we not.

What in our hands, what in your hands, nothing mine or yours,
Everything but His, let us leave all that to Him,
What can I, what can you, as it has already taken place?



Bijay Kant Dubey

After Meeting A Foreigner Girl

After meeting her at the airport,
I could not forget her
As she lay hanging as a photograph
In my heart.

God, give me a foreigner girl
As my love in my next birth,
I shall be very much thankful to You.

Bijay Kant Dubey

After Reading Maha Nand Sharma's Autumn Strains

A poet is like a silk-worm
And his poetry a cocoon
Instead of physical infirmities
In the old age.

Maha Nand Sharma's Autumn Strains
Shows the falling poetic powers of his
And Sharma is never
In shorter pieces.

To Our President ,
To Emerson,
Lunatics In A Durgah,
The Final Test,
Are readable ones.

Published in 2004,
Autumn strains is all about
The autumn and the old age
When the grassy white kaash flowers
Bloom in a plenty.

Bijay Kant Dubey

After Reading Pronab Kumar Majumder's Poetry House

Pronab Kumar Majumder first of all is a poet of time,
Time fleeting by, slipping fast,
Gliding and sliding away,
Time mechanical,
Time worldly
And time cosmic too.

A poet, he was born in 1941
Which finally fell to East Pakistan after the Partition
And he came back to Calcutta
To read on and to continue
And joined the state level civil service
To be promoted to the rank of the special secretary.

Pronab is a translator, an editor of his journal,
A bilingual poet,
Writing in Bengali his mother tongue and English
And has authored many a book
Besides being a short story writer and a playwright,
Trying his hands to contribute to
A writer creative.

So much obsessed with time,
The poet broods and reflects over the passage of it
And the things being on the corridor of it,
Marking the sick hurry and divided aims
Of the modern pedestrian man and the commuter
Trapped in traffic jams
And the twilight glowing to vanish out.

Time's gossips does he,
The timely man keeping time,
Hearing the strike of the clock tower,
The minute hand going impressionistically
And he entering into the diary of writing
All about life and the go of the world
And of man and the passage of time. □

People sleeping on the footpaths,
Into the pavements,
Life pulsating thereon on the one hand
While on the other the heartthrob of the town
Beating it otherwise
Stuck in jams and gargantuan crowds,
A sea of crowd to pass by and disperse.

Bijay Kant Dubey

After The Asthi-Kalasha, Started It The Pinda-Dana

After the immersion of the asthi-kalasha
Into the holy waters,
Geared I myself for pinda-dana,
O, do you pinda-dana,
Offering the things
For the shantih of the bereaved soul,
For breaking the maya
Of one who had been with
For so long,
Now she a soul, a spirit
Liberated from all our bonds
That bind her!

O, take you, take you for shantih,
O, bereaved and departed soul,
O, you, foograins rolled as pindas,
The planetary bodies too pindas
Of matter and mass
As you too were,
O, take you water,
Water to quench your thirst,
The thirst of the soul,
Water to quell fire flames!

O, returned it the components
Which it was formed of, composed of,
The five elements,
Earth to earth,
Fire to fire,
Water to water,
Air to air,
Spirit to spirit!

Bijay Kant Dubey

After The Death Of His First Wife, How Does He Colour His Hair, Have You Marked, How Does He Smile On Seeing His Second Wife?

When she had been alive,
She used to work
From dawn to dusk
Just as a beast of burden,
An ass or a camel
On whose back
The goods are loaded
Just like an ox
Without taking food timely,
Keeping hair oiled,
Face cream smeared,
Taking the left-overs
In the afternoon
When all eaten.

But now after her untimely demise
Has he started dating,
A new younger girl
Tender in age is ready
To come
And he going after,
His heart all after her,
He will die if he marries her not,
A girl so lovely,
So beautiful
Never seen in his life,
He starting his daylong work
After seeing her moon face,
Smiling to feel her
Which but you can mark it
Seeing his brown hair.

Bijay Kant Dubey

After The Death Of His Wife

Wept he by the pyre that he would never marry in his life
Just like Bhishma Pitamaha
Though he was not,
A married man,
A widower
Whose wife is no more.

By the burning pyre,
The wooden logs aflame,
The trails of smoke rising
And blazing,
He wept and wept
Bitterly with tears
Into the eyes.

Under the canopy of the skies
Weeping miserably,
Under the stars twinkling
And the moon shining,
He weeping as an orphan,
Turning from a theist to an atheist,
A believer to a non-believer.

He weeping on the river-bed
By the burning pyre,
Calling God,
But He showing not His Face
As he would ask for the boon
Like Savitri,
Will debate like Nachiketa.

Said he that he would look after his
Small son and daughter,
How to live
Without seeing their sweet face,
How to let the poor children
Live like orphan,
Without mother and father!

But the same man how has he changed,
Colours he his hair and beards and moustache,
Dyes and paints,
Clean-shaven and looks his face in the mirror,
The same man, just the same,
How changed looks he now!

The beards which he had grown
For becoming a bairagya,
Cut he down at the instruction of his new wife,
I mean the memsahib
And now remembers he smilingly
Without any reason,
Perhaps found his love.

The man who used to move about
Keeping the small son and daughter,
Now he keeps to himself,
Without caring for them,
Letting them to play under heat and dust,
Driving like the dogs.

The small daughter's long hair is without coconut oil
And the frock dirty
But she carrying the small brother child
Into the arms of hers,
Oh, the motherless child,
Exclaims the neighbour,
But sees not!

Having got his new love, how has he changed,
Looking coloured-coloured,
With the moustache and hair dyed,
Looking like a younger brat,
Jogging in the park a golden boy,
Always in fear that
The new memsahib will leave and go away.

All the time the name of the new wife on the lips
And he taking like Sita-Ram, Radhey-Shyam,
The whole locality whispering about
The newly found love

Of the about to be a yogi,
But the wife changed the bairagi
And the bairagi was not, but a fake sadhu
With the duplicate beards, parting the role.

Sometimes keep they singing together with,
Eating and waiting for equally
Like the panting doves,
A pair of sterlings,
The husband marking the face of the wife,
Perhaps has seen her before.

The children are in torn clothes,
He has nothing to care,
Like the step-father behaves he with,
Beats and scolds,
Abuses and turns out of the house
Which his sister and brother bear it not.

We wonder how the same father has turned
So cruel and callous,
So inhuman and selfish,
Can a father be so,
Perhaps under pressure
From his Dulari, dearer and Ladli, affectionate wife,
Is it not?

Talk they in such an affectionate way by standing
Near the gate
Or by the staircase
That the neighbours whisper they about
The new lovers,
Thanking God for this newly found love,
God-gifted strange meeting.

Both of them made for each other,
Handshaking and greeting,
Looking up to God in thankfulness
And all smiles,
With the teeth shining white
And smiles breaking upon the lips.

After The Death Of His Wife, Said He That He Would Turn Into A Sadhu

After the death of his wife
Took he the oath
That he would never,
Wept he bitterly
While lighting the pyre
At the crematorium,
Remembering her so much
His beloved wife,
Taking the photograph
Along with him,
Seeing her stealthily
How she was,
How she has.

But with the passage of time
Slipping,
Memories sliding,
He taking new look,
Thinking afresh
Of entering into
A new alliance,
Engagement,
Nuptial relationship
Breaking his long silence
Full of memoirs and souvenirs,
Mementos and remembrances.

But how has he changed after the re-marriage
Think you,
A middle-aged man
Looking so handsome and fresh,
Youngish and stylish
In his Bermuda shorts
Jogging in the park
In the stylish golden framed specs,
Youngish-youngish and gay
And handsome

Just like a brat,
not a senior
Always after the new wife
Glued to the T.V. set and the camera
Forgetting his son and daughter.

Bijay Kant Dubey

After The Herald Of Spring

After the herald of spring,
The sun beats through the woods,
But the new and fresh leaves
As tender buds
Glisten around,
Reddish-reddish and pink,
Golden and glistening.

Bijay Kant Dubey

After Writing A Few Poems In English, One Likes Call Oneself A Poet Or Poetess

After writing a handful of poems
In English,
One likes to call oneself
A poet or a poetess
Just after a few poems
In English,
Here in India
As they know it
The critic is unavailable
As for the dispute
Whether English of England
Or of India,
Whose literature is this
Of the English saheb
Or the brown saheb?

The prizes will not come to naturally,
Nor will the awards,
But one can be sure of it
That he is going to survive
As a poet
Into the history of Indian English poetry,
If not as a major poet
Then surely as a minor poet,
Just the carbon-copies will do,
The stencilled papers,
Lithographed and typed,
Even the handwritten will do,
Just assure you that you write.

Bijay Kant Dubey

After Writing Thousands Of Poems

After writing thousands of poems,
All for self-satisfaction, self-pleasure,
Reading dawn to dusk,
Researching and publishing,
Now want I to take a break,
Maybe it that I want to forget myself as a poet.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Again Gitanjali

Gitanjali is a book of classical love poetry
And Tagore here trying to compile classically,
Seconded by the joys and sorrows of life,
Already felt, experienced and seen,
The poet trying to share with the Creator
And the same the Preserver and the Destroyer too,
The Flute-player and man the melody of it,
Breaking forth,
Man a pilgrim and life a pilgrimage,
God the Shepherd and man a lamb.

When the soul flutters in the mire of maya,
He seems to be with the concept of
Sagun Brahma, the Divine in Form
But when he readies for a departure
With tears into the eyes of his, a jiva,
With Blackly Yama standing at the cottage door to take
Life-spirit away,
He gets nervous and frustrated
With nothing as the alternative option to opt for.

When the story of maya ends abruptly and with a breakheart,
The story of bairagya starts,
I mean renunciation
Leading to nihilism and existentialism
And the drama of the absurd,
Nothingness, scepticism, agnosticism and atheism
But in a subdued tone
And that is nirguna, without characteristics
The Nirguna Brahma, the Formless Divine.

The Unknown Path of life lies it ahead to take to
And man goign an uphill jopurney,
Winding unto the last,
Craggy and stony,
With the cutting edge,
With the travel sore and fatigue,
He undertaking to reach
The Midway Inns to pass the darker nightfalls

After the eve-ends
To reach the Final Abode of God.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Again Remembered I The Same Story

Phir Wahi Kahani Yaad Yaa Gayin

Tumhe ji bhar ke dekh lene to do,
Phir jo na mil sakun,
Pyar ki baat kar leene to do.

Again Remembered I The Same Story

Let me see you in full,
May not meet again,
Let me finish the love talks.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Again, Dawn At Puri By Jayanta Mahapatra

The break of dawn
Contrasted with
Faith and doubt,
Faith as frail as dawn-light
Followed by doubt
Casting aspersion with regard to
The utility and validity
Of adhering to
In so piety and virtuosity.

The dawn will come and go,
So is faith
Shaky and full of disbelief,
The widows past their prime,
Lying in utter submission,
Queued in rows,
Looking distraught,
What to seek for
When interest itself is not?

The vast sea scape
Of the Puri temple complex
Adjacent to,
With the crows and the skulls,
Rituals continuing,
Sands shifting,
Pyres in flames,
The trails of smoky blaze
Doing the rounds
Telling of life and the world
Otherwise.

What it to get from,
What it to lose,
Where to go,
How the faith sustaining by,
What the truth,
Heaven and Earth contrasting
And contradictory

With the crows crowing
And cawing for hunger,
Want and scarcity of food,
Priests and clients
And middle men all engaged in?

The most frightening is the view
Of the tonsured men
On the ghats,
The places nearer to water bodies
By the crematorium
Of the beach,
The pyres, logs and the skulls
On the holy sands of Puri
Perhaps looking like metaphysicans,
Vedic, Upanishadic classical pundits
Also telling of what it lies it here.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Air India Mascot

An Indian maharaja
Viewing a foreigner mannequin
With the folded hands,
Saying,
Namaste India.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Akshay Tritiya, The Importance Of The Auspicious Day

Akshay Tritiya,
How to know the value of it
In the blazing month of Baisakh,
Akshay Tritiya,
The day to start with,
To do the bargain
With gold, silver nor other things,
To forward in relations,
To bring in hope,
Rekindle some expectation?

Under the blazing hot
Of the summertime of Baisakh,
In mid-April,
How to feel the importance of it,
Feel the bounty of Lakshmi
And the blessings of Vishnu
In Akshay Tritiya,
Giving food to stray animals
Or donating fruits
Or offering cold drinks
Or water?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Alcoholism

Alcoholism,
Where,
Where will this alcoholism
Will lead to

As say they
There is no life
Without alcohol,
Take alcohol to enjoy life?

After hearing them,
I too get the inspiration,
But somehow resist from
After keeping my temptation off.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aligarh Muslim University & Raja Mahendra Pratap's Donation Of Lands

What sort of men are they
The university officials and the administrators
That they like not to acknowledge
The donation of lands
Once gifted by
The local king
Raja Mahendra Pratap?

You will live in India
And will fail to
Foster the amity,
Can it be the basis of your thinking?

Bijay Kant Dubey

All Alone

Alone had I been,
Alone am I,
Alone shall I go one day.

Bijay Kant Dubey

All Are After Love, How Can It Be, Sir?

All are after girls,
Beloveds, lady-loves,
Can it be, Sir,
Say you,
All after mistresses,
Mistresses of heart,
Secretaries in love?

Even after the lovely lass
At home,
Going after extra-marital relations,
Spoiling other men's families.

My love, where are you,
Let me hold you,
My love?

My love, where are you,
Let me hold you,
Hold close,
If not, they will take you away
And sell in the market?

Bijay Kant Dubey

All Babas Are Not Fake? How Do You Say So? Are You Yourself A Good Man, Just Think You?

Try to correct your wrong statement,
All the time the negative comment is not good,
What do you know about,
Before calling all fake, fraud and false,
Say you,
Are you a good man
Similar is the case with the babas?

Bijay Kant Dubey

All But Need Black Money, ., ., M.L.C S. To Contest, So They Are Giving Deputations

If short of money, how will they
Contest elections

As ., .,
To sit in the Lok Sabha and the Rajya Sabha,
Where do they get money to contest?

Bijay Kant Dubey

All Calling Themselves Poets Here, God, Save Me From Indian English Poets And Poetesses! I Mean The Duplicate Writers!

O, gentleman what do you think yourself?
Said he in response to my question,
Wordsworth.
Hey, you Wordsworth
Then where are your friends,
I mean Shelley, Coleridge and Keats!

You, gentlewoman, what are you?
Said she, I am Emily Dickinson
And hearing it, exclaimed I,
O my God, so full of poets,
So many poets and poetesses abound in
Here in India,
World-class poets and poetesses,
God-gifted organ voices,
Golden voices,
O my God, I see!

Indian English poetry full of such personalities,
One calling oneself Wordsworth while another Keats,
One Shelley while another Coleridge,
One Tennyson while another Arnold,
One Hopkins while another Hardy,
One Browning another Rossetti,
One Sylvia Plath another Judith Wright,
One another Ezra Pound,
One while another Lawrence,
One John Masefield while another Walter de la Mare.

Again, stepping a furlong, I could trace them,
Loitering behind,
Yea, met I Robert Herrick,
English not, Indian Robert Herrick of Indian English poetry,
Thomas Wyatt, Michael Drayton, Edmund Spenser,
Elizabethan not, Indian sonneteers and song-writers,
Labouring to produce unnaturally,

Full of Indianness and Indianism,
Reciting like the texts in vernaculars,
Maybe they the incarnated ones,
Dead in the British isles,
But born again in India.

I just had been passing through to be acquainted with
The poets and poetesses waiting outside
To rejoin the seminar session
And to my astonishment, found I,
Re-traced back my Milton,
Who told about his poetry,
But not the burning of the midnightly lantern.

But I am sorry to say I could not William Blake
Sulking somewhere,
I could not Thomas Gray writing his Elegy somewhere
In a graveyard,
I could not Auden of The Unknown Citizen!

God, God, O God, save me, save me from
Indian English poets and poetesses,
The egoistic and hypocritical fellows,
Mentally ill people,
God, save me, save me, God!
If all become poets and poetesses, who will read the poems,
If all become they,
The great poets of India!

Bijay Kant Dubey

All For Her Silent Bearing

A drunkard kissed I her in inebriation
That solitary and loitering girl
All through the night
In the bivouac of life,
But but regretted she as Innocence personified
After having turned stone.

Bijay Kant Dubey

All The Time Minorityism Is Not Good At All

To say all the time that the RSS is bad
Is not at all healthy,
What is the Hindu Mahasabha doing
As theirs is not the final say,
But the missionaries too were not scot-free,
One must mind it,
What they did something is worthy of,
Something very nasty
As they preached, drew close and converted too.

Bijay Kant Dubey

All The Time Philosophy Will Not Help

When to give philosophy give
But to give it all the time
Not good
As the fools and illiterates
Understand it not,
Understand they the philosophy of the blunt,
The lathi being thrashed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

All The Time The Talk About Fanaticism & Fundamentalism Cannot Take Us Away

It is very bad to talk about being fanatical and fundamentalist
All the time
As the modern world needs it the good men,
Not the bad men,
Wicked at heart,
Barbaric and medievalistic,
Bloody, brutal and bestial.

Say, how many of us are virtuous ad righteous,
Good at heart and charitable,
So much sinful at heart
In our doings,
Say you, are we pure from our within,
Holy and faithful enough?
No, never, we are not, is the answer
Coming from within.

The fanatics will remain fanatics,
Will never change they
The medievalist people and barbaric,
They can never be cultured and educated
Even though try you,
You cannot change their thought-pattern
And living-style,
Th fanatics fanatics, the fundamentalists fundamentalists.

Bijay Kant Dubey

All Were In The Cpi(M)

The thieves, pickpockets, dacoits,
Paanwallas, beediwallas,
All were in the CPI(M) .

When the Congress was in power at the centre,
They took the help of them
As a bargain,
When the Congress went against,
They praised the BJP.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Allen Ginsberg By The Ghats Of Benares

By the ghats of Benares
Strolled he,
Slept under the open
Marking the nights
With the bodies
Burning in the crematorium
Meditating on life and death.

A pilgrim, Western pilgrim
In quest of peace and rehabilitation,
Mental peace and happiness
Came he
Escaping the psychic turmoil
Happening within.

Allen Ginsberg
In search of happiness and peace,
Mental peace and happiness,
In search of an India
Seen from far,
So sacred, held in faith
And confidence.

The India of charlatans and sadhus,
Sadhus and gurus
But difficult to say,
Who is it real and true to the self,
Walking in the midst of,
Passing by,
Feeling the heat,
Beating Indian summers of test and resonance.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Allen Ginsberg, Say You, Say You If Were A Yogi Or Not, If A Bhogi And This Too Not?

Allen Ginsberg, who, who were you,
Who, who were you,
A yogi
Or not,
A bhogi
Or this too is not,
Who, who were you
A poet or a patient,
An addict or a romantic,
Who, who were you,
A yogi or a bhogi,
A bhogi or a yogi,
Allen, Allen Ginsberg?

Is your poetry of the mental asylum,
Of a drug-addict
Recuperating in a drug rehabilitation center,
Is your poetry of the correctional home,
A mad man's babbling and howl,
The howl,
The howl of a wayward, pathless generation
Divided in aims,
Passing through angst and bewilderment, anxiety and loss,
Going through trauma and catharsis?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Allen Ginsberg: A Portrait Of An Artist

Allen Ginsberg,
Ginsberg,
The impact of the words,
Who was he,
Who, who?

Who this Allen Ginsberg,
A foreigner tourist,
A traveler tourister
Or a gipsy
Wandering?

Or a hippie,
A beat poet
Or a psychiatric patient
Recuperating
At a rehabilitation centre?

Who, who this Allen Ginsberg,
A poet or an artist
Or a traveler,
A tourist
Touring?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Am I A Poet Or Not?

I doubt
If there is something in my poetry,
Had it been, they would have,
But they have not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Am I A Poet? Who To Say?

Am I poet,
Who to say it to me,
Where to get the license,
How the magic of publication?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Am I Alone In The Universe?

Am I alone in the universe,
Alone, alone,
All alone?

With the head on the palms,
I thinking
Within.

The pose changes
And the hands
On the head.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Amartya Sen

Amartya Sen, sir, I am not interested in your developmental economics
Which you carried it forward from
And improved upon
With your understanding of
Famine, floods, poverty, development and economics

Rather than your personal life
Punctuated by the arrival of three ladies,
Nanabaneeta Dev Sen
But the marriage broke as for your departure to foreign

And thereafter married you Eva Colorni in 1973
But she passed away untimely
And finally turned you to Rothschild
And the rest I do not know

And from Nabaneeta you had two daughter,
Namely, Antara and Nandana
And from Colorni who died of cancer,
Two children, Indrani and Kabir
And from Rothschild,
I do not know it all.

The credit also goes to those
Who made him the professor and head
Of the department of economics
At a very young age
And to your teachers
Who recognized and supported you

Think it, had they not,
What would it happened,
The JNU lobby too helped you grow
And the support of Rothschild too
And in the award to him,
I find the extension of the papers
Of so many talented Bengali economists
Who could have risen, but better served Bengal.



Bijay Kant Dubey

Ambulance-Driver!

Ambulance-driver,
Where, where are you taking me
Away from?

Ambulance-driver,
Why is the light blazing,
Flashing, changing so much?

I myself do not know it,
Why has it stopped near my gate
And where is it taking me away from?

The hooting siren,
The flashing bulb light,
I fear, fear to see stopping near my gate.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ambulane-Driver, Where Are You Taking Me Away? My Time Has Come It, My Tears None To Wipe Them Out, Not Even God

O ambulance driver, where are you taking me away,
To which hospital,
Say you?

To whose hospital, God's or Yamma's,
Where are you taking me away?

I can hear the beacon light flashing,
The siren wailing.

But I know it that I shall not come again,
My body just to return back.

The time for my departure has come
And my heart is breaking.

But what can I do as have to go, have to go there
Wherefrom returns back to none?

Bijay Kant Dubey

America Is America

America is America,
Do not destroy its culture,
Free culture
Making it racial, ethnic and medieval.

Bijay Kant Dubey

America Is America, Do Not Make It Racial And Ethnic As Per Fanatical Lines

I cannot accept it in America being
On the inter-faith lines,
Only one that know I
The ismic people of Asia and Africa
Will ruin it all
What it is good in
The United States of America and its charter,
I mean the racial and ethnic masses.

Bijay Kant Dubey

America Is America, The United States Of America, Do Not Provincialize It, Do Not Asia-Ize It

America is America,
The United States of America,
Representative of American culture and tradition,
Americanness and Americanism,
Do not provincialize it,
Asia-ize it
Through ismic divisions.

Bijay Kant Dubey

America Is But A Starnges Armsdealer

American policy is strange
Sometimes benefitting,
Sometimes bringing evil,
You clash not
With your nuclear warheads,
The result will be disastrous
And the people will die
And for that India and Pakistan
Clashed they not
With the rogue weapons,
Took back the daggers drawn,
Again gave they the Patton tanks to Pakistan
To fight with,
Sometimes patting Pakistan,
Sometimes India,
Oh, very difficult to understand them!

Bijay Kant Dubey

America Is For The Americans

America is for the Americans,
Please destroy you not its culture,
Live as an American, do as an American,
America is for Americanness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

America Is Of The Americans, Not The Racial People, Dangerous Ethnic Minorities

American is of Americanness
And Americanism,
Not the ethnic minorities
And their dead habits
And customs,
Of the Americans
And Americanness
And free Americanism.

American society is a free society,
Not a conservative society,
Governed by freedom speech
And expression,
Liberties guaranteed
In the Charter.

Not by the conservatives,
Conventional patriarchs
Believing in patriarchal hegemony
Who but the blind people
Reasonably dead
Bent upon wreaking hell,
Destroying
Whatever good it is in American culture.

The minorities, the ethnic and racial minorities
Will ultimately spoil
The American culture
With their awkward faith
Always kept in question,
With their dangerous professing of faith.

Bijay Kant Dubey

America Should Ban The Entry Of Ismic Religious Minorities

America if it has to sustain
And survive
The onslaught of medievalism and conservatism
In terms of terrorism
Should ban the entry
Of religious minorities
Which are blind to their faith and belief
And are cold to logic and reason
If has to live
As per its charter.

Bijay Kant Dubey

America Should Handle With Care North Korea

If the nuclear war is fought after
Nagasaki and Hiroshima,
It will be the lapses and blunders
Of American diplomacy
Decision taken in haste
And the situation misjudged.

Bijay Kant Dubey

America Should Think Before Going To War With North Korea

There's nothing to be hot-brained,
But cool, cool, calm
Just like the North Korean counterpart.

If Trump too cannot understand it
Then how to make them understand?

Bijay Kant Dubey

America Will Not Remain America, Radicalism Will Finish It Off If Can't Check Their Entries

America will cease to remain
If it allows
The religious minorities
To settle in,
Visa and passport
Or the green card
Which but I don't know,
But I must say,
Radicalism will finish it all,
America and Americanism.

What they say, I can't believe it,
I too have the experience
Of my own to share
Which but they cannot impose upon,
The fanatics will remain fanatical
As they cannot be changed
If America has to survive,
It must check the entries
Of religious minorities.

Can one change blood
I mean the genes,
The terrorists' dads are fanatics
And fanatics' dads are conservatives,
I mean terrorists are the sons of fanatics
And fanatics the sons of conservatives.

Bijay Kant Dubey

America, England & Others Should Toughen The Immigration Laws

If America and England keep allowing
The influx of immigrants,
Asiatic and Arabian,
They will spoil it all
As are most ismic people,
Fundamental and bigoted,
The zealots,
Most superstitious and conservative.

I ask them, if you are so conservative,
Why do you move out to foreign?

Bijay Kant Dubey

American Diplomacy And Diplomatic Move In Connection With North Korea

Every diplomatic move
And unnecessary engagement in world diplomacy
We admire and appreciate it not
To meddle in others' affairs
Always
As the situation is volatile
With respect to North Korea
Which they must understand.

Bijay Kant Dubey

American Diplomacy The Root Of All Evils

Had been embroiled in the Cold War,
Thought of the Stars War Programme,
Raided and bombarded Iraq
Just for the Soviet bloc power residues,
Tries to root out religious militancy
And terrorism in Syria,
But with the motto of saving Saudi Arabia
The root of all misinformation and misconception.

Bijay Kant Dubey

American Girl, Your American Heart Want I

American girl
Golden and glistening,
Rosy and fairly-cut,
Your American heart want I,
Want I,
My love.

American girl
Tall and slangy,
Your American heart want I,
Want I,
My love.

Your tongue tinged with
An Americanness
Want I,
Want I,
Your American heart and soul.

American girl,
Foreigner and unknown,
Tell me, tell me about
Your Americana,
Your American love and style.

How do you Americanize you,
How do you use
In Americanisms,
Slant and accent?

O, you going to America,
The states,
The flight is ready,
Doing ta-ta, bye-bye,
Goodbye
And going, going far,
Waving at, waving at!

American Heart & Love, Sing I; A Singer Of Americanness & Americana

American heart, sing I,
American love, dream I,
American heart and love,
Love and heart sing I, dream I
And wherever go I, keep I dreaming of Americana,
Americanism and Americanness.

An American girl and her golden dreams,
An American love and her glistening loveliness,
Love America and the feeling of Americana,
Sing of love, democracy and liberty.

Bijay Kant Dubey

American Love/ My American Theme, But I Not An American

The American love, the American heart,
The American song,
Sing I,
The song of America,
Full of beautiful Americanism and Americanness.

Come, let us at least, come, join me at least
With me in my imagery and scenic presentation
Far from,
I on this shore, you on that
And I getting the cable messages in my heart.

American love, American beauty, American heart,
American soul,
Sing I, dream I
Which but dream you not,
Which but dream I

And what if dream I, what if view from far,
An America seen from far,
Full of its own scenic and landscapic beauties,
Just a dreamer, a visionary
Go I dreaming,
Did I disturb You, sorry sir, sorry madam?

Bijay Kant Dubey

American Poetry

American poetry all about Americanness,
Americanism,
Americanization of British English,
Settlement and independence,
The federation of states,
The Statue of Liberty,
The framing of the Charter,
Equal liberty and opportunity to all,
Democracy and republicanism,
Humanistic approach and development.

American poetry the poetry of the United States of America,
Not of the United Kingdom,
The Puritans sailing from Britain
Escaping religious wars,
Freedom from oppression,
Civil liberty and freedom,
Human rights,
Science and technology,
Of jazz, blues, rock 'n roll,
Material pleasure and search for mental peace too.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Amit Chaudhary As I Try To Understand His Poetry

Amit Chaudhary as a poet
Is a modern poet
Of the modern age
Writing in a modern style.

A poet passing his time,
Dividing in between
India and England,
Calcutta and Bombay.

Cosmopolitan and global,
Telling of city life and culture
And urban space,
The mechanism doing the rounds.

His taste one of modern man,
Modern life and thinking,
Society, art and culture,
In visits to art galleries and exhibitions.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Amit Shah's Statements Had Been Very A Loose Talk, Patakhe Futengei

Amit Shah's statements with regard to
Bihar elections
Had been very a loose talk,
Patakhe futengei
Pakistan mein,
crackers will burst
In Pakistan
If lose they the elections
In Bihar,
So silly talk.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Amitava Kumar

Amitava Kumar

The novelist and prose-writer

From Bihar's Arrah

The husband of A Muslim lady

Taking to Indo-Pak bonhomie,

Traversing and transcending the barriers,

Hurdles and hazards

That come in between

And block the paths

Of intra-exchanges.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Album

The heart is the album
Of your sweet poses and postures,
My love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An American Bibi Under The Purdah, Ghunghata, I Cannot Approve Of

An American bibi
Under the purdah,
Ghunghata
I cannot,
Cannot approve of it

A White American girl
Under the purdah,
Ghunghata
Asia-ized, Arabia-ized.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An American Full Of Americanness & Americanism Want I

An American full of Americanness and Americanism,
Americicanized,
Want I, want I,
A blonde golden brown and glistening,
Whitish and tall,
A blonde with the golden glistening hair
Or the whitish one,
Want I, want I
An American girl,
One from the United States of America,
An American girl,
Dwelling in America
Coloured in Americanness fully
Frank and bolder
Want I, want I
An American belle,
Here lie I
Just to hear her intonation,
The tongue
She owns,
The nuances and idiosyncrasies of it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An American Girl Rather Than Mrs. Ghumtawalli (Hidden, Covered)

An American girl
Doing,
Hi-hello,
How are you,
Want I,
An American belle,
Blonde,
Golden and sparkling
And glistening
Want I
Saying,
Hello,
Hello,
How are you,
Want I
Glistening and sparkling,
Speaking English beautifully,
With an intonation of hers,
A nasal sound of hers,
The stress and the thud
Of hers,
Stopping not,
Listening and answering

Rather than an Indian wife
Mrs. Ghumtawalli,
Burkhawalli Bibi,
Mrs. Purdahwalli,
Will not step out,
The whole world will see
Her,
His wife,
The beauty under the veil,
Mrs. Lajwanti, Shy,
Ready to quarrel,
Ghumtawalli Bibi,
One from a tabooed society,

Conservative and conventional.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An American Girl, Young & Beautiful, White & Golden

An American girl,
Young and beautiful,
She is herself golden brown and glistening,
She herself a gem or a jewel,
There is no need of giving her
Ornaments,
A white American beauty.

She herself a rose
Why to give her a rose?

Bijay Kant Dubey

An American, From The United States Of America With A Cigar Held In Between The Fingers

An American girl
With a cigar
Held into the hands
And the ashes falling,
The stub burning
And into the embers
And she moving ahead,
Taking too.

Smoke, but not too much
As cigarette smoking is injurious to health,
Haven't you read the statutory warning?
(Category- Style)

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Angrez Girl Want I To Be An English Poet

Ek angrez ladki chahiye
Angrezi ke kavi banane ke liye,
Nahi chalega
Deshi ladaki ke shang.

Ek gori european ladki chahiye mujhe
Pyaar karne ke liye,
Dil dene ke liye.

An English girl want I
For to be an English poet,
It won't do
The native girl.

A White European girl want I
For my love and loving,
For to give heart to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Antarctica With The Penguins

An Antarctica
With the penguins
Sliding around.

Manless
But with the penguins
Inhabiting the lands.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Architect

An architect
He makes the images
Of the buildings and houses,
Draws and sketches
And plans for construction,
Housing
Professionally and commercially
With
Or without
Gardens
And corridors and balconies.

And suppose you, I take
The images from him
And draw into
My poetry,
Can it be called,
Called mine,
So what it to boast of
By the poets,
The sculptors, architects,
Goldsmiths and handicrafts-men,
They too are the poets of some sort?

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Armless Hand

On marking his shirt over the shoulders
Shrugged off,
Just the shirt over
I just saw him of being without the hand,
Oh, without the hand

And felt sorry for the man armless,
Perhaps would have lost in the accident,
The shirt hand hanging down in show
And the hand is not within,
Prompting me to avoid and avert the face
And the gaze of his

□

Felt pity for with a very heavy heart of mine,
Feeling sorry for
Not a hand within the shirt
And the shirt hanging by handlessly
But a little later

To my astonishment saw I the one hand
Hanging within,
Under the shirt
And the shirt just propped over
And he saying, it's my style

An armless hand writing,
Putting signature on
And it's not my style!

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Artist Of Yours

Your God-gifted face
Make
And re-make I
On a small scape of paper.

Your God-gifted face
Make
And re-make I
On a small canvas of paper.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Assessment Of Indian English Poetry

After so much so nagging and bragging,
We are reading it, going to make up our minds
As for to read the poetry written in English
By the Indians
Otherwise we would not have
And they too would not have.

If to go in deep, to mark the trend and tradition,
Indian English poetry is a study
In minor voices and slender anthologies,
Poor and weak verdes,
Not up to mark at all.

Indian English poetry lacks in classical scholarship
And has fallen into mediocre hands,
God knows, who to bail out of crisis,
The mesmerization?

This is the reason for which it remained
Unintroduced,
As for substandard, derivative and imitative stuffs,
Writing copiously.

We never liked to read in the classroom
Be they Toru, Aurobindo, Tagore, Sarojini,
Nissim, Gieve, Parthasarathy or Kamala.

Aurobindo fails to fuse in two myths
And the langugae seems to be of other climes,
Too much Latinized and imitatvely Miltonic,
A hybrid presentation.

Tagore is devotional in Gitanjali
But such a thing is our household stuff,
May be new for the West
But not for us
And one book in prosaic verse not enough.

Standard and scholarship can be seen missing

In Indian English poetry
And hence the classic-read professors
Were dismissive of it.

English poetry must sound English rather than Indian,
Something of that kind, that stature
Which is even not in Ezekiel and his managing teams
Though praise we in the absence of poets.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An English Girl, An English Rose Wanted I, But God Granted It Not Of Getting Her

An English, pure English girl
Had I dreamt of
Loving,
Marrying,
Bringing home,
But as it happens generally,
Man proposes and God disposes,
I could not go to foreign
And could not bring an English girl
As I had to be complacent
With an Indian girl
Even after learning English well,
But many go t it
Even without knowing English
And moving out to foreign,
But now think I,
God is right for
Not giving me an English girl
As she would have felt uncomfortable
In India,
Under Indian climatic conditions,
Heat and humidity
And dust would have ruffled her
Badly to sustain it a living here.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An English Girl, How Will She In India? (English Language In India)

An English girl, how will she live in here,
Bearing the brunt of Indian heat and dust,
The baffling Indian summer
Full of swirling dry leaves
And ruffling heat waves,
Temperatures rising high,
The earth parching,
With cracks and fissures,
The water bodies dried up
And looking skywards?

English language as an English lady,
How will she live in here,
Bearing heat and dust,
Facing the ruffle of Indian summer,
A fair and fine girl,
A tender and lovely blonde,
Golden and glistening,
Rosy and white?

Bijay Kant Dubey

An English Girl, So Beautiful And Lovely!

An English girl, so beautiful and lovely,
Standing before,
Let me, let me see her,
A girl golden and glistening,
Bobby-cut and golden-haired
And glistening,
Golden and sweet,
The light flashing upon
And the curls playing
With the gusts of the wind,
The mild breeze taking over.

A girl so golden and glistening,
Golden-haired and brownish,
Reddish and grey,
The cheeks rosy and appleyish
And the lips pink.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An English Maid Or A Red Rose

An English maid or a red rose,
Who was she,
Whom saw I her, glanced at
And she drew me close to?

A girl so sweet, so lovely,
So beautiful and so tender,
Never seen, seen before,
As such was she.

An English girl golden and glistening,
Just like the golden sunshine
Glistening at dawn,
So was she in her appearance.

An English maiden bobbed,
Golden and glistening,
Just like a red rose
So fragrant and redolent.

The hair was bobbed and golden brown,
The cheeks roseate,
The lips pink,
So sweet her smiles and postures.

The nose long
And her voice clear-cut,
Full of logic and reasoning,
Fact and fiction.

Her language so delicate,
Full of etiquette,
So finely good manners
And courtesy.

So linguistic in expression,
So phonetically correct
And the intonation finely
Lilting musically.

On marking her, taking a stroll,
Confuse I in,
Should I call her a red rose
Or an English girl?

An English or a red rose
Unadmired, unappreciated,
How to appreciate her beautifulnes,
Loveliness astounding and stupendous?

On marking her taking a stroll,
Loitering,
Confuse I in calling her
A red rose or a girl really before,
How to look in astonishment!

A red rose so sweet and redolent,
So fragrant and sweetly scented,
So fair, fine and fresh-looking,
So beautiful and lovely.

Never seen, never seen before
A girl so wonderful and amazing,
So sweet and lovely,
Speaking nasally, in a slow and mild voice.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An English Or American Beauty Want I For My Poetic Inspiration

You say it please, how to be a poet and get poetic inspiration
In the absence of an English or American beloved?
An American wife or an English lady, want I for to be a poet
And take it for, if comes she not, my poetry will not burst forth.
If the source of your inspiration is not, then how to compose poems?

The black girl smiling elsewhere will not help me in this regard,
For to be an English poet, a White beauty is a must,
An English or American girl, my source of poetic inspiration.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An English Poet & His Villa Named Poet's Corner

An Indian English poet,
Thinking himself an Arnold or Eliot,
Taking tobacco
Or Indian paan,
With the legs spread over the stool
From the sofa,
Reading a paper
In his nawabi style
And speaking Bhojpurian English.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An English Poet I With An Indian Wife

An English poet, I had not thought it
that an Indian wife
I would get
As for writing poems in English.

I had thought that I would visit England and America
And an English or a European lady
I would bring with.

But went I not to England and America
And came she not too,
Letting me to be satisfied
With an Indian foolish wife
Who quarrels with me all the time
And understands she not my English poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An English School In India

All yes sirring,
Sirring, sir, sir,
Coming and going,
Coming sir, going sir,
Going sir and coming sir,
The classroom resounding with
Sir and ma'm, sir and ma'm
English and European not,
But Indian,
Indian,
Purely Hindustani,
Yes sir, yes sir,
No sir, no sir,
Yeas and no,
No and yes
Going

And those had not to
They too teaching,
Teaching
Without,
Without the knowledge,
Knowledge of English language,
The men in neck-tie and polished boots
And coats and shirts and pants,
The young girls dressed well,
All English,
English
Imitating and emulating strangely
Even failing Gandhi and Nehru,
The strange users of Hindustani English,
Pidgin-Indian English,
The English men in the making.

How are you,
How do you do,
Please, please,
Thank you, thank you,
Hello, hai,

Hullo, Hallo
With the phone set,
Goodbye,
Bye-bye
Confusing in between,
Good morning,
Good morning,
Good evening,
Confusing in between
Good morning and good evening
As when to say and use them?

Bijay Kant Dubey

An English-Medium School Here

An English-medium here
In a small town
Opened by those
Who do not know themselves
How to speak in English,
How to pronounce?

Coming, sir,
Going, sir,
Yes, sir,
No, sir
And this the vocabulary of theirs
And the English school.

And the guardians feeling great
In India,
Something of England here in India
With yes, sir, no, sir
Which but they too doing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Evening Full Of Ghazals

Ghazalbhari Sandhya

Dhalti shaam

Tum ghazal ban gun-guna rahi ho.

An Evening Full of Ghazals

(Descending evening

And you having been the ghazal humming somewhere.)

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Experiment With The Bengali Wife- -A Failed Relationship

Bengali love, it is difficult to adjust with,
One keeping a very poor health,
Sentimental and selfish,
Self-centred and parochial,
Narrow and hollow.

An interior designer and a beautician,
An opera girl, a theatre artiste,
A drama girl in her make-up, dress-up,
One of the fair and the stage,
She cannot live in the house.

A hosteller and a hotelier,
A boarder and a changer,
A tourist and a traveler,
She is of her mood and mentality,
Nagging and bragging.

To take non-vegetarian diet her nature,
Fish or meat,
Eggs like white fruits,
But to complain against,
Talk of health problems
Her life,
The bowels almost upset,
Piles troubling the self.

To criticize and complain her nature,
To lose temper on trifle things,
To sprinkle salt on wounds,
To hurt and wound through
Overtones and undertones,
To screw and tighten the nut,
Inflate and deflate the tyre her nature.

My language a matter of joke for her,
My culture and tradition, heritage and goodness,

Her parents own,
Mine to be sent to old man homes
And rehabilitation centres,
Speaks she sweetly,
But works for the ouster of all foreign elements.

A lady typical and critical, she cannot be of others,
A middle classey girl
She can leave her husband's home
For service and career,
Money and own fatherly love,
She will quarrel with them
But will live them.

To pooh-pooh and fie-fie all the time
Her small mentality and temperament,
A small man she can never be big,
Knows how to rag, heckle and harass
And torture mentally,
Setting the house on fire,
She will like to see smilingly.

Hers is an artificial living
And a mechanical thinking,
A relationship based on money,
Vested interests,
To pin and boycott
And hoot out her nature,
To outwit and befool.

Her son and daughter too cannot move a bit
Without her permission,
To partition the house her first priority
Through friction and fissure,
speaks she sweetly mixing sugar and molasses,
But is capsule-like bitter.

To comment and taunt, to wink at and instigate,
To provoke one man against another
Her nature,

A very critical woman
Can force one to commit suicide,
Will not work, but will get it done,
To cook food two times is a problem.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An India Of The Mud-Houses And The Solitary Country

An India of villages and the countryside,
Hamlets and thorps dotting the lands,
Scattered over,
Littered with
Over a far flung space
Without any connect way

And the houses made of mud and straw-thatched roof
Describe I,
An India obscure and rural
Of the farmlands and agricultural lands
Depict I

With the shed in the other side of the house
Or with the cowshed,
The cows, buffaloes, goats and sheep,
Dogs and cats,
Barking at night,
Marking the footsteps approaching,
Maybe of dacoits
Or somewhere the cats quarrelling over roof
Into the second storey for food grains
And jumping from
With the eyes lighting and burning in the dark.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Indian Astrologer Warned He

An Indian astrologer
Came he reading
The forehead,
Marking the house, family and conditions,
Men and manners,
Guessing about
And predicting about
Life, marriage,
Lakshmi and Saraswati,
Warning against
Misfortune, bad days,
Fire and water.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Indian Bride

In a red Benarasi silk sari
Satin-brocaded
And in blouse
And in sixteen shringaras,
Dress-ups and make-ups,
The coy and shy girl going,
A teenaged
Lean and thin girl,
In mangalsutra,
Vermillion,
Collyrium,
With the hands
Myrtle embroidered.

In hair parting-line locket
Hanging over,
Necklace,
Nose-ring,
Ear-ring,
A bindi spot
On the forehead,
Finger-rings,
Bracelets,
Kamarband,
Anklets,
She going,

The sideways
Of the toes
Coloured with
Red water colour,
The nails polished,
The lips lipstick-applied
And the long hair hanging
Unto the waist
With the jasmines stuck into
The hair
And the face powdered and creamed
And with the sandalwood paste prints

Beautifying her, decorating her
And she looking like a bride.

With the sari lowered over
Her face,
She going,
Going on a bullock-cart,
A village maid
With the tears into
The eyes of hers,
She breaking and sobbing
And wiping the tears
Going,
Going to her in-laws' home,
But intercepted and followed
By the small-small boys and girls,
Half-fed and half-clothed
Running after
On the mid-way
While crossing the dry river-bed
And they trying to get a glimpse of her face
Sad or smiling
Just to break the silence.

An Indian girl bride
Of just sixteen
Or a bit more
In sixteen shringaras
Dress-ups and make-ups
Going to her in-laws's house,
An Indian bride
Shy and coy
Going
With tears into the eyes
As for discerning
Her home
Going to another's,
The paths where to lead to,
The journey unknown,
What it in destiny,
Who knows?

An Indian Charmer And His Cobras

The tragedian will not stand before to see
When one sees the Indian charmer
Playing the wooden been
And the deadly and fatal reptiles
Dancing, dancing and swaying
To the tunes of,
Melodies haunting,
The brown, grey, whitish and blackly cobras.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Indian Cobbler

An Indian cobbler
I see sitting for ages
By the street side
Under heat and dust,
The Indian cobbler,
The Indian cobbler
Stitching and sewing
The shoes
With his tools
Mending
And polishing,
Cutting and pasting.

Indian cobbler,
An Indian cobbler
Cobbling,
Mending and repairing,
Joining the soles,
Pasting
And fixing
And stitching,
Pinning
With his hammer,
Stitching with the awl
And polishing.

The world has changed,
But the cobbler
Sitting under the tree,
By the street side,
On the platform
With the wooden box
Going and seeing the boots,
The leather sandals
In this age
Of resin and plastic models
Dusting the eyes,
A profession in harness,
Die in harness.

A boy comes,
Gets into the train bogey
Marking the boots and sandals
Keeps asking for polish
And glow shine,
As for something,
A cobbler,
An Indian cobbler
In harness,
Abject poverty and dismay,
Labouring hard
For what,
Just bread and butter
And that too not sufficient
For survival.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Indian English Ph.D. Thesis On Modern Poetry

An Indian English poetry Ph.D. thesis
On modern poets
Appears to be a loose subject,
Inflexional, derivational,
A study in borrowings,
As most of the poets and poetesses
Evolving writers,
They had not been,
But have become
As there is a dearth of voices.

Generally, the ragged men as Ph.D. scholars
Or students
Take up the trite and hackneyed stuffs,
Presenting the same poems
Of the anthologies
As the self-published books
Of the self-published minor authors
Are unavailable.

Those who are in touch of
Or are close to writers
Can only get the books
Of the poets and poetesses,
Some are writing,
With some books on the anvil,
One or two-book authors
Of India.

They are not classical,
Nor are their books classics,
The classics of world literature,
But the substandard, below the mark attempts
Of the masters of Indian poesy,
Trying to start,
Trying to perfect,
The gods of small things.

An Indian English Poet And His Tryst With An Alsatian Dog/ The Indian English Poet And The Englishman's Dog

My friend, how are you
And with this the Alsatian dog
Ogling, growling,
Barking
And howling
And the Indian English verse-practitioner,
A step forward,
A step backward,
Stuck in the middle,
Pushed to a corner,
Trying to slip out,
Draw back,
But unable to do that,
Calling,
Calling the master
Of the dog,
Taking the name of the Lord,
Praying for an escape that time,
Next time will think about another thing?

The Indian verse practitioner
Standing speechless,
Aghast and stunned
To see the Alsatian dog
Howling,
Having the first tryst with
England and Englishness,
The desire of being an English sahib
With a memsahib
Getting the best possible shocks
And in a huff he wanting to leave the place,
But unable to leave
As the dog keeps following,
Jumping upon
In the chains
Or unchained,

Smelling,
Smelling the legs
With the slippers,
Not the English boots,
The pants,
The shirt.

The big tigress-like dog on the chest
Trying to smell the mouth,
With the legs
On the chest of the poet,
The Indian poet
Wanting to be an Englishman,
A poet of English language and literature,
But the dog trying to smell,
Growl and howl
And the poet abandoning
The wisp and whiff of Englishness,
Finding himself in an awkward situation,
Full of horror and terror,
The Scotland Yard,
The detectives with the sniffer dogs
Sniffing and taking to
By surprise.

My God, God, save me,
Save me, God,
O God, save me,
It is better to be an Indian
Than to be with the earnest desire
Of being English
As if the dog can be so frightening,
How to imitate the English way of life
And manners,
Their life-style and mind-set,
I an Indian,
Let me be,
My father too had been so,
Be sure of it,
I cannot be an Englishman.

An Indian English Poet But Without A European Lady

An Indian English poet
In a lungi and a vest,
Without a European lady,
How can it be,
An Indian poet
Without a European girl?

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Indian English Poet But Without An English Wife

An Indian poet in English, but without an English wife,
How can it be,
A poet of English language and literature
But without an English wife,
White and European,
How can it be,
What sort of poet is he,
Perhaps a duplicate poet?

Without an English wife, English or American,
I do not know
If one will be able to write good poems
In English,
As because English is English
And demands it Englishness,
Not Indianness,
One dressed in dhoti and kurta
Or passing leisurely time
In a lungi.

For to be an English poet, an English wife is a must
As the tone and intonation
Has to be of England
Or the slanting from America,
The United States of America,
Not it is that English will appear
to be a vernacular of India
In pronunciation
And the other the poet must wear
A T-shirt and the tight jeans pants.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Indian English Poet With His English Dog

An Indian English poet
English not, brown sahib
With his dog
In his morning walk
Speaking in Hindi,
Not in English,
Which the dog struggling
To understand
As for the command given
To him,
But sensing it
With sneezes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Indian English Poet, His Father Was Not, But He Is Calling Himself An English, A Pucca Sahib

His father had not been an Englishman,
But he is calling himself,
Giving the pose of,
An Indian English poet not,
Writing in English
As an acquired language,
A link language, a library-consulting one.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Indian English Poetess Calling Herself A Sufi/ A Modern Lover City Girl Calling Herself A Sufi English Poetess

A modern city girl
Calling herself
A Sufiana Indian English poetess,
A Muslim Radha burning
For a Hindu Krishna
Or a Hindu Krishna
For a Muslim Radha.

You are my life and blood, Radha,
My murali breaks
When come you
Hearing the tuning;
You are my heart, Radha,
You are my soul.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Indian English Poetess, How Bobbed And Cute Am I! You Love Me, Just Love Me

How do I look,
How beautiful am I,
How my bungalow,
Am I not a poetess?
How pretty and beautiful
Am I,
How my villa, bungalow,
how cute and ravishingly beautiful am I!
You just see, see me,
Keep seeing me in the Facebook,
I am an Ind

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Indian Fool

If you have to meet him, you may in the countryside,
An Indian fool with a clamp of hair hanging
From the crown of the head
At the back of
And he oiling the bamboo stick daily
To thrash the head of.

To pull the lathi and to thrash from the behind,
Not from the front
The frontal attack,
But from the sideways
Hurting you.

An Indian fool with a clamp of hair hanging,
But on with the clamp of hair may be a great Sanskritist,
Classical,
But take for granted he is not
A scholar, but a countryside rustic.

If you say right, he will understand wrong,
So blind, so superstitious,
So poor and backward
That he can go to any extent
And can humiliate you.

He cannot say the name of his wife,
Will lie in to keep her indoors,
May ask his daughter,
Why did you smile on seeing the boys,
Always suspicious and suspectful?

If his daughter smiles, he will ask her,
Why did you,
Smile on seeing,
People will take it bad,
As you a growing child.

An Indian fool with the tikki hanging from,
Angry, mad and foolish with a thick lathi into hands,

The arm tattoed with Sita-Ram,
Going his away
Taking the name of 'Bajarangabali ki jai'.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Indian Fool Always In The Guard Of His Wife, Joking With Others

An Indian fool,
Himself illiterate and backwards,
Uncultured and illiterate
With a tikki,
A clamp of hair
Hanging from the crown
Of the back head
Of a classical scholar not,
But a fool
With a lathi in hand,
The only support of his,
Even failing Kaildasa in branch cutting,
The bench he is on
Cutting it himself
Always in the guard of his wife
With a Lakshamanrekha
Drawn around the courtyard
Asking her not to trespass
Even during offering the alms
To the sadhu in disguise
Asking her to live
As Sati, Savitri
So that she may drive away Yama,
He may take the fire ordeal
Of Sita
As did take Lord Rama
At the instigation of the washerman
As for fidelity's sake
which he should not have
Suspecting her character
As no one's character is good enough
Whether he be God or man.

Pushing his wife inside the doors,
He asking her not to come out
So that the others may see her face,
My fall in love with her

And even is she gone,
Who will give his daughter
To a man like him,
An Indian fool,
Illiterate and foolish,
Blunt, bogus and bluffing,
A lathiman,
Joking with others,
The other men wives,
But keeping his inside,
Shutting the door planks,
He himself dolt,
But his wife intelligent and good-looking,
Always under suspicion and suspect,
Did she ever smile
On seeing his friends
Or the strangers,
Why did she smile,
Why did she view wide-eyed,
Why did the veil slip from her face?

But God, what to say about this fool,
Indian fool
Guarding his wife,
Going not far from her
As she may run away with,
Leave him,
Desert him anytime,
Thinking it,
Giving time to
Such a reflection,
The fool,
Indian fool
Passes he his time,
The best man in the world,
The most content fellow
As after getting a good wife,
Fair and lovely
Which he had not expected
But fate gave it to him
As was ordained it otherwise
After the smile of the Lady Luck,

Got he the diamond,
The statue of Radha and Krishna
While excavating for the foundation work
On the debris of the fallen temples,
Its columns and pillars,
May turn into a murkhamantri, foolish minister not,
Mukhyamantri, chief minister,
A state not, central minister
In course of time,
Seeing the Gandhian and Lohiaite dreams
Of rebuilding, making India afresh,
Who will say that
I shall not step down,
Step down from my chair?

An Indian fool guarding his wife,
Saving from sunlight and dust,
Othermen's searching looks,
A little bit read and educated,
Can sign her name
And is beautiful to look at,
Where will he a wife next time
If she,
His miss beauty,
Runs away,
Will smudge the family prestige,
So asking her not
To take the name of the husband,
Even by slip of tongue,
Asking her to seek from god,
Confessing it,
Taking a dip in the Ganges
To be purged from,
Asking her to worship him
Under the banyan tree
By fanning him
As for ritual's sake
Just like Savitri
Fanning Satyavan
Under a banyan tree?

Suryamukhi, Sun-flower or Chandramukhi, Moonface,

Who is she,
You say it,
Suryamukhi poor Chandramukhi?

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Indian Girl Wanting To Look Like A Foreigner, Brownish & Glistening

An Indian girl wanting to look like a foreigner
Has cut her hair short
To be bobby-cut
And has browned the hair
To look golden and glistening.

Not a White memsaheb is she,
But a brown sahiba
Wanting to speak Hindi
Even in an alien tongue,
Anglicizing it
Stylistically.

She wants not to walk on earth,
But like an upsara, a celestial damsel
In heaven
Whose legs will not place
On this earth of mud and soil,
Taking always fanciful
And imaginative flights.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Indian Hamlet

An Indian hamlet
of a bunch of houses
Without the light,
Without the things
Essential.

The mud-built houses
With the roofs of straw,
The whole going to sleep
So early
At night.

We the Indians could
The rock-built temples,
But never could we
Houses for us,
Just for to house in
Gods and goddesses.

Under the tree, runs it
The primary school,
Under the orchard plot,
The village boys and girls
Going to school
Without breakfast.

The office-time food
And the breakfast
Are the things of modernity
Otherwise they have been stale food
For so long
And that too if possible.

The villagers, agriculturists,
High and low,
All poor comparatively,
Fatalistic and superstitious,
Going by karma-dharma
Blindly, not reasonably.

Half-fed and half-clothed,
They sleeping on the date-leaf mats
During the summertime
And during the winter
On straw beds
Or on the rope sling cots.

To have a cup of tea not easy
Which learnt we from
The British,
Actually sherbat,
Jaggery-mixed water we used to take.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Indian Professor Of English/ A Girl From England And America Is A Must For To Be Professor Of English In India

I smile on seeing the Indian professors
Teaching English
As like I not them
And their native teaching,
Speaking English like a Indian vernacular
With the stress and accent of the native speaker
And its nuances and idiosyncrasies.

The Indian professor of English keeps chewing paan,
The mouth fresher
Or tobacco put into the mouth
And speaking in English somehow
While the others trying to teach in the vernacular version,
An Indian professor in Indian English.

The Indian professor of English is himself not an Englishman,
But an Indian teaching English,
Trying to speak in English in the classroom itself,
His wife too is foolish and illiterate,
A rustic lady from the country
And both of them speaking in the vernacular at home.

It is but his shirt and pants, scooter and tie
Which but give him the look of a professor
As because there is nothing in him
As that to show of England and Englishness,
Everything is but Indian in him
And his wife.

An English girl's, a White European girl's credentials,
What to say about,
An English or American girl,
Nasal, stylistic,
Golden and glistening,
Lovely and roseate,
Blood seems to be dripping from her cheeks.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Indian Sepoy Too Writing Pidgin-Indian English Verses

An Indian sepoy of the British period
When they left
With his moustache twirled and curled
Thickly
Speaking Indian pidgin-English
Too has turned into
A writer of verse
And his English not natural,
But made-made,
Of the cantonment
Just like mixing of paani into milk,
Milk into paani
By an Indian gwala, milkman.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Indian Summer, In The Heat And Dust Of It

The parching earth lies it baked and burning
During the whole noontime
And there is no respite from
Heat and summer,
The hot wind blowing,
Playing with the dry leaves,
Ruffling and playing
At some nook and corner.

Sweltering heat, no respite from
Intense heat,
Heat and humidity
And the sun scorching,
Blazing it hot,
People sweating,
Gasping for,
Sitting under the shade
Of a tree,
Passing the summer noon,
Hand-fanning himself.

The peepul and banyan trees
Shading them all,
The mango groves,
The orchard plots
Of the village areas,
But the towns and cities bereft of,
Living miserably,
Unable to beta the perspiring summer
And its scorching sun,
Heat and dust ruffling it all.

The bare earth lies it barren
With the cracks visible
And burning,
Man unable to walk on bare-footed,
The water bodies have almost dried down,
Somewhere the skulls can be seen
Lying on the sands

While passing through the village way
To reach the hamlet home.

Small children naked and unstable
Diving into the pools,
Buffaloes wallowing into the muddy ponds,
The herds of cattle,
Small-small breed cows with goats and sheep
Are returning before noontime,
Drinking water from the dried river.

But the summer is not devoid of greenery
As the trees with the new leaves
Keep glistening,
The gulmohurs can still be seen with blossoms,
Reddish-reddish and attractive
And clustered around,
Painting the scene and the landscape
And the cuckoos cooing from sweetly
with the notes breaking from
The bushes and trees.

The wafts and wisps of summer winds
After daylong burning
Appear to be soothing during the night-time
If slept under the open
And the scent of exotic jasmines
Keep luring
With the sweet scent scent of it,
The beli, malati, champa and so on.

But one should not forget it
That it is free from all,
The vipers keep crawling out of their holes,
The most venomous and poisonous ones,
Freckled and striped,
The cobras hiss they,
The scorpions do come out.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Indian Valentine Day Poem

Title: 'They Came To See And Liked Me Too. I Shall Go Away Someday.
Oh, Titali, Tikali, You Will Go Away, My Country Love! '

O, I shall go away, I shall go away! ,
Said she, the village girl.
O, you will go away, go away, Tikali (Beauty Spot) ,
You will go away, away from me! ,
Said the boy.

Yes, I shall go away, go away,
They had come to see,
See me,
Saw and went away
And liked me too, said she in a strange mood of her own.

What, what did you, did you say,
Who, who came to see you,
What, what am I hearing,
What, what are you saying,
A bolt from the blue?

Yes, yes, came they, the men from the bridegroom's house
With the match-maker
And liked me, liked me,
Said they
While moving away.

What, what did they while going away
They would come again,
Come and take you away
And if this be, how to live without you,
Tikali, my Tiatli (Butterfly) ?

My love, you will go away,
Go away leaving me,
Breaking the bonding of affection,
Reared for so long,
Done under the pretext of visits to your house?

The country girl and the lover boy talking with,
She sweeping the muddy floor in the morning
And the boy meeting her
Under the pretext of brushing the teeth,
Re-thinking about saving the alliance in danger.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Indian Yoga Master I Forgot My Yoga On Seeing An American Blonde Practising Yoga

An Indian yoga master
I could not check in
My temptation of
Seeing an American girl
Practising yoga,
O, a White American beauty
Before me
And I seeing her
Doing yoga!

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Indian Yoga Master I Forgot My Yoga On Seeing An American Girl Practising Yoga

An Indian yoga master
I could not check in
My temptation of
Seeing the american girl
Practising yoga,
O, a White American beauty
Before me
And I seeing her
Doing yoga!

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Indian Yogi Or A Bhogi? A Yoga Instructor Or An Indian Sex Guru?

What is he,
I mean,
A yoga teacher
Or a bhogi,
A fake yogi?

A yoga instructor
In America
Or an Indian sex guru
Involved in sex scandals,
What is he,
Say you?

I want hear from you,
A yoga master or a sex guru?

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Interview With Jayanta Mahapatra

What have they to ask and to question
If they want to hear the all from Jayanta Mahapatra
Rather than saying themselves,
Basking in his sunshine.

Sir, how are you,
What are the books you have authored,
How do you get the materials from,
How could you write in English a student of physics?

Where did you do your schooling from,
Your college education,
What is your first poem,
What is your first collection?

Who has influenced you,
Have you not Wordsworth, Keats and Shelley,
Do you admire Eliot, Spender and Auden
Or Marvell and Massfield?

Do you know I too write poetry in English,
Will you write the foreword to my first book of poems,
Will you like to comment on my poetry,
May I recite a poem of mine before you?

The last not the least, will you pose
For a photograph with me please,
I shall keep up with me,
Which I shall be highly thankful to you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Interview With Jayanta Mahapatra/ How Do They Take The Interview Of Jayanta Mahapatra?

They, I mean, the research scholar and the college teacher
Go to meet him
Under the pretext of writing the dissertation
And meeting him not,
But to take the interview,
Not to keep it private,
But to publicize it
With the joint photos
released on
Which but is a gross repudiation of hospitality.

Meet him, but take not the interview to gain from,
To post and publicize it on the internet
To show that Jayanta knows you
And you an expert on him and his poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Intimation About The Footfall/ The Arrival Of A Relative

The crow is crowing,
Perhaps some Indian guest will come.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Introduction

My name is Bijay Kant Dubey,
The son of Udai Kant Dubey and Shanti Devi,
Was born on 11 October, 1965
At Lohardih village under post Sarwan,
in a sub-division
Of the then time S.P., Dumka district
Under Bihar state.

But lived I not at the village,
My father who had been posted there
Brought us to Dumka
And there grew I up
together with them,
In the affectionate company of theirs,
Basically opting to stay and read at home.

As a child I grew up
Under the affection and care of a widowed aunt
Who had been childless
And turned into a widow
Just at the age of being nine years old
But used to be with us
And sucked I the breast of hers so long.

In the place outside the rented house,
Brick-built and tiled,
We used to keep the buffaloes and cows
And in the cottage,
Straw-thatched and bamboo-pillared
I used to study
And the cattle in the half.

And they schooled me otherwise
Asking to be affectionate and sympathetic,
Kind and pitiful,
God-fearing and submissive,
Work-loving and careful,
Laborious and dutiful,
Loveful and helping.

My Father's books, brother's books,
Mother's books
Used to be there
And I used to turn over
The pale pages of the books
And used to draw from
To be schooled.

I did my M.A. in English in 1988
And my Ph.D. on nce: His Personality & Works in 1994
And during that period also my M.A.
In History and Political Science
And later when I get could not
See any prospect for appointment,
Even as a part-timer

I came to Chandrakona Town, Midnapore, West Bengal
In 1996,
Some 300 kms. away from my place
To eke a living
And to survive and sustain,
I got money and employment,
But not love.

Under their may and moha,
I even forgot it,
There is something as death
Which will come to someday finally
And viewed I life otherwise
When the tragedy befell upon,
Struck me all of a sudden.

Now work I as the head of the department of English
Of Chandrakona Vidysagar Mahavidyalaya
As well as am at present the co-ordinator
Of the Netaji Subhas Open Univ. Calcutta study centre
Of our college
And what more to say to?

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Olden Statue Of Radha And Krishna

An olden statue of Radha and Krishna,
Dating back to
And of yore,
Centuries old,
Built ago,
If the spade clinks over
And the digger stumbles over
And gifts it to
A thing of historiography and museumlogy,
How to view it,
Hold into the hands of mine?

O, a statue of gold, pure gold,
Looking blackly
Or coated so,
But of pure gold,
Weighing to crores
In current valuation,
Suppose that find you
A statue historical, museumlogical,
How to hold it
Into the hands of mine,
A golden, but blackly statue,
But coated black?

May be it remained unearthed
Into the debris of the fallen temples,
The fallen terracotta temples,
The mouldering heap of it
And now arising it
When the foundation is dug
for new constructions,
O, the legacy of an old historical city,
That of Chandrakona Town and its temples
Built centuries ago
From clay lime and small-small bricks!

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Olden-Day, Golden Statue Of Radha And Krishna

How blessed am I
After finding the statue
Of Radha and Krishna
Blackly,
But golden,
Weighing down!

A statue made from pure gold,
But looking black,
Is it that it remained in the earth
For a long time,
Dating back to centuries
Or it got carbon covered,
What the truth, the reality,
I know it not?

A statue of Radha and Krishna
Seated on a lotus
And Krishna with a lute
With his consort Radha,
How to behold it,
A thing archaeological, antique and historical,
One of history, art and tradition!

A statue appearing from the debris,
The mound of the earth
Of the rubbles and ruins of terracotta temples
Built many years ago,
Left abandoned,
Beyond repair and renovation,
Made from small-small bricks and limes-stone powder,
Not modern-day cement and concrete made.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Ordinary Modern Girl Wearing A Rudrakshamala Calling Herself An Indian English Poetess R

If you do not believe me, you will find it
Many modern girls
As the research students of their favourite guides
On nameless and evolving Indian English poetry
Of slender and slim anthologies,
Marking the literary vacuum
Start calling themselves poets and poetesses
And as the publishers in haste have to make money from
Publish them, their theses
As for the pressure for native and new incorporation
Into the syllabus.

The same beloved Ph.D. students of their teachers
Steal the rough and raw materials of the old teachers
On Indianian and Indianization of English poetry
And call it own in course of time
And this is the beginning of the story,
Again, they re-start to push and promote themselves
After sending ahead their first poems written in English
As for to be called poets and poetesses
And side by side lie in wait for joining the varsity.

Bijay Kant Dubey

An Unknown Path Lies It Ahead

An unknown path lies it ahead,
I do not know,
Where to go?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Anamika, O Nameless You, Lass, Your Wet-Eyes...

Your wet eyes,
Wet eyes, Anamika,
The falling tears,
I could not feel it,
I could not you,
Anamika,
O, Nameless, you,
Your wet eyes,
Your wet-wet eyes
Splashing the lashes,
Anamika,
I loved you,
I liked you
Without knowing you,
But could not,
Could not know you,
What it pained you
And our heart,
Anamika, Nameless you!

Your wet-wet eye-lids,
Your wet eye-lids, Anamika,
The tears splashing out
Of the lashes,
I could not,
Could not feel it, Anamika,
Your wet eye-lids,
Splashed and dried
And you wiping them,
The falling tears
With the hands,
Trying to hide your pain,
The pain of your heart,
Sorry for
If I could not, Anamika,
The pains of love!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Anamika, You Are Weeping, Your Wet Eyelashes, I Can See, Feel (To/ For Anamika, A Nameless Unknown Maiden)

Anamika, you are weeping,
The tears splashing the lashes
And the eyelids red with,
I can see you
Trying to avert and avoid the gaze,
Trying to wipe out
But the tears flowing,
Flowing in and out,
Wetting it all,
The hands, palms
And the handkerchief.

Your wet eyelashes,
Eyelashes, Anamika,
I did not,
I did not,
Could not, could not feel and mark them,
Anamika,
Your wet eyelids,
Eyelids, Anamika,
If you could,
Pardon me,
Pardon me, Anamika,
If I...

Your wet, wet eyelids,
Eyelids,
Your wet, wet, Anamika,
As the clouds burst
And it evaporates and drizzles,
As it blooms the flower
In the wild tract
And scatters over the pathways,
I, I could not,
Could not your pains,
Anamika,

O, Unnamed Mistress!

Your wet, wet eyelashes,
Your wet,
Wet eyelashes, Anamika,
I could not,
Could not forget them,
Your wet eyelashes,
Eyelashes,
Anamika!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Anandamurti (Haiku)

Give me,
My Anandamurti,
The Statue of Delight.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Anandamurti (The Statue Of Delight) - Ii

Anandamurti,
Give me,
Give me, my Anandamurti,
The murti giving ananda,
The statue of delight,
The statue giving delight,
Internal delight,
Delight illuminating,
O, that you have found,
Found from
The heaps,
The debris of the rubble
Of a fallen temple,
Lime and sand and clay made,
O, that you have
Found,
Found from the rubble
And the debris
Of a dilapidated temple
Of yore,
An age gone-by,
O, give me,
Give me,
My, my Radha and Krishna,
Blackly
As for lying
In earth,
Under the soil,
Stuck in the foundation
Of the temple,
My,
My Radha and Krishna,
My Radha and Krishna,
O,
O, you,
Give me,
Give me, my golden statue
Looking black,
But metallurgical,

Cast in gold,
Outwardly looking black,
But golden
Found from the rubble,
Debris of the temple of
Chandrakona!

O, you, give me, give me
My Anandamurti,
My Anandamurti,
The statue,
The statue of delight,
Blackly,
Which but i do not know it
Nor can
If it was
As for the thieves and dacoits
Or for fear of the loot
Of the temple
Or in fear of invasion
Or the builder wished it
To be in the foundation
For uncertain reasons,
or did it become
After remaining in
For many centuries
Buried int the earth,
Lying under the soil,
The Anandamurti,
The statue of delight
Of Radha and Krishna
Found from the rubble,
Debris
of the temples of Chandrakona,
Historical and antique
Dating back to
An age gone by
And the builders unknown!

Anandamurti,
The statue of derlight, .
Divine Delight,

Joy and illumination
Found from the excavation
Of the old temples,
Fallen and dilapidated,
Old and out-dated,
Unworshipped and falling
And dilapidated,
Turned into the heaps,
Mounds
Or mouldering heaps of earth,
Reduced to
As for a new structure
But telling of,
Telling of
An age gone by,
Of yore,
A bygone tie
So full of grandeur
And stupendous,
Magnificent and excellent
And from those emerging
To our delight,
Extreme delight,
Strange surprise
A statue of,
A statue of Radha and Krishna,
Krishna and Radha
Which the eyes,
Eyes cannot behold it!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Anandamurti, Delightful-Statue

O, you digger, digging for the foundation stone
As for the construction work,
Return, return the golden statue,
The spade falling over
And clink the statue striking!

You give me, my anandamurti, the anandamurti of Radha and Krishna,
Blackly, but golden,
Murari with a flute fluting
And Radha the consort together with,
Seated on a lotus!

My archaeology, my historiography, you return me, return me,
Strike not hard as there lies
The ancient golden statue,
Of Murari and his companion,
The Divine Consort!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Anandamurti, The Statue Of Delight

The golden statue of Radha and Krishna

Which have I from the ruins and rubbles of the terracotta temples,
How to hold it, historical, ancient, blackly, but golden and metallic, crafted
beautifully!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Anandamurti, The Statue Of Delight, Dating Back To Yore, A Golden Statue Of Radha And Krishna

You give me, my Anandamurti,
The statue of Radha and Krishna
Found from
The rubble,
The debris,
Mouldering heaps
Of earth,
The fallen pillars, walls
Of the broken
Terracotta temples
Old-old,
Small-small,
But designed well
And artistic.

My Anadamurti
Which the eyes
Do not believe,
Words take to not,
What am I seeing,
Seeing,
A golden statue,
A golden statue of
Radha and Krishna,
Cast in gold,
But blackly
Into the hands
Of mine
And I seeing,
Seeing in
Wonder and astonishment!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ancient Earth

How many inhabitants had they
Been in the house
I am?

What, what had it
Been on the place
I am?

How many dead bodies
Have it been
Cremated here?

On a burial land,
In a crematorium
Live I.

Bijay Kant Dubey

And He Will Vacate It When Overpowered And Overthrown Forcibly (The Joker On The Chair Comical Not, Criminal)

I am not like the joker minister, the villagerly fool and rustic,
Who will not like to vacate his chair,
As this is my chair, my father's, ancestral
And I shall not,
Shall see you.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Anita Delgado Briones (For Paulo Coelho) , After Coming To Know About The Spy

Anita Delgado the Spanish flamenco dancer and singer
From Andalusia
Whom the Indian Maharaja of Kapurthala,
Jagatjit Singh Bahadur
Met in a café concert in Madrid
And proposed
With amorous advances to court her
But rejected outright
And accepted later on.

A foreigner White European girl
Originally from Malaga
But emigrated to Madrid
After a Sikh marriage in 1908
Named Maharani Prem Kaur,
But she returned to
When rumours made the Maharaja
Suspect her infidelity
Which was but a family matter.

And the Maharani went back
Living a life of own
Enjoying the pension
But after the death of the son
The story slipped into oblivion,
The stories of romance
With a king,
East-West encounter,
A girl of humble lowly origin
A Maharaja miraculously.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Anjum Hasan

I saw her from a distance
And recognized her
That it is none
But Anjum Hasan,
An Assamese
From Shillong, Meghalaya,
A convent educated guy,
A novelist and poet
And an essayist
From the northeast.

Her persona is a modern man
The protagonist
From the hilly terrains
Exotic and impregnable
Speaking the Tibeto-Chinese dialects
Of the seven sisterly states,
Sometimes traversing into
Through the passes,
Opening the gates of the borders.

Now she looks she a Bangalorean
As is in Bangalore
A girl from the northeast,
A fictionist and poet
And a criticism-writer,
A modern girl from
The northeast in Bangalore,
But not so in entity
With the roots of nativity left somewhere.

Leaving the roots,
Why not to look to
Where she grew up,
Turned into a woman
Jane Austenian not,
Hardyian too not,
But a convent-ian
From the northeast,

A writer in the making,
Going cosmopolitan.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Anna Hazare

Anna, your politics, I do not like it
As are you a Gandhian saint
Or a politician?

If have to be a leader, why not
Join you politics directly,
Stand in an election
And get you elected
Rather than doing politics in such a way?

Anna, to demoralize others is not good,
To make a mockery of democracy,
After giving a stunt,
Do they sweep the streets
Or do politics to come into power?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Anna Hazare Fasting

Anna Hazare fasting,
Common people heading towards
As for a lust to be national hero or heroine,
Donning the Aam Admi Party of Kejriwal
The MBA man Marwari not,
But a dramabaz, a nautankiman
And Anna giving a lead to,
A former army jeep-driver
Turned into a freedom-fighter-cum-Gandhist,
On the dais,
The photo journalists and the lensmen
running for cover and coverage,
Some socialites too mare there
And he posing, acting to fast
And keeping too
And the men trying to persuade him
As he is gearing up against the graft cases,
Corruption overtaking
And breaking not his fast,
His health ay deteriorate,
So the daughters from the neighbourhood
Standing in line
To make him take juice
And he taking to
Break his fast.
.
In this age, who makes one drink a glass of juice,
I too want,
But who will give it t0 you
And that too one cannot expect from
Modern-age daughter-in-law and granddaughters
As moms debar them from?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Anna Hazare Is Politicking

Anna,
I just think it,
Had Gandhi been,
How would he have assessed you,
Perhaps would have snubbed you
For your activities,
Had Gandhi been!

Do you politics,
But not too much
As it will regress
Polity and thought
And culture.

Anna,
Do you like politicking
In such a way
That think you that
You are all in all
And there is none
To take the reins?

You should have a say
Against corruption
And the corrupt people,
But had Gandhi been,
He would have corrected them
Rather than criticizing
Bluntly and bitterly!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Anna, Had Gandhi Been Alive...

Anna, your shrewd politics,
Had Gandhi been alive, would not have liked,
Would not have liked
Your drama,
Your drama
Of doing politics
Though he was also
A politician of some sort,
But not like you.

Had Gandhi been alive, would have,
Would have rebuffed and rebutted you
As your rehearsals,
Joking with the Gandhian clothes and tradition,
Khadi dhoti, kurta and a cap
On the head.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Anna, Had Gandhi Been Alive...(Your Bandars, Not Gandhiji's, But Like Jayprakash's)

Anna, what are you doing here
With your monkeys,
Not the three monkeys of gndhi,
Do not see bad,
Do not speak bad,
Do not hear bad?

Yea, in the replica,
The three sititng monkeys
With the hands on the mouth,
On the eyes
And on the ears.

But your monkeys different,
Politicizing and politicking,
All wanting to come into power,
Doing the power-politics game,
I mean
The urban fellows,
The city dwelling men and women.

Anna, had Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi been alive,
I mean your political mentor,
Whom saw you or not,
But is,
As call you,
Would have definitely snubbed you,
Scolded you for politicking
Though a politician of some sort was he too.

And lo, the pedestrians too turning into the leaders
Of the AAP Party,
The unknown citizens unfurling the flags,
A party of the common men, by the common men and for the common men!
But the common men after becoming uncommon men
Will quarrel as the stray cats and dogs do
And the enterprise will close down untimely.

Anna, your bandars I am seeing now,
Gandhiji's have already seen,
But to me
Yours too will turn like those
Of Jayprakash Narayan,
Gnashing and chattering the teeth
To come to hold by hand and bite
Wherever it is prone to and easier
To be bitten;
Just wait and watch
What it happens.

Gandhi's bandars saw I,
Jayprakash's have I
And now am I seeing those of Anna,
Team India Captain
In the whites,
But those of Jayprakash were wild, tameless and unmanageable
Which Praksh too would have felt
On marking the cowboys, buffalomen and lathimen,
Students, loafers, rowdies, ruffians en masse.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Anna, Say You, Who Is Honest?

Are you yourself,
First judge you yourself
Then others?

If to root out corruption,
How to,
Say you,
Tell us the means and ways of that
If you have to lead the movement
But turn not into a road show merely,
Holding nukkad sabhas
To make a fun of
All that is good in us.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Anna, Your Tactics & Tricks

Everybody knows it,
How act you,
Overact you
With your full team.

Sweeping the market and the roads
As for a road show,
Going with the broomsticks
In hands,
The sweepers non-commissioned
And histrionic,
Just for to come into power.

Anna, think you,
What wrong are you doing,
Take it for not
That you only a Gandhian,
Do you politic
But not donning khadi dhoti, kurta
And caps.

And if your men and women want they
So much earnestly to clean and cleanse,
They may the train bogies,
The municipal places
Rather than showing it
As for to come into power.

Anna, this is not good,
Not at all,
Think it not
That India is yours,
The rules and laws of the land
In the fists of your hands.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Annapurna Devi

Break the silence and tell the world that you were not that less than,
That your sitar has not fallen silent,
Talent s not in awards and felicitations,
As lies it hidden elsewhere,
Gems into the crags, aquatic treasures and beneath the earth
It is also there in the avoidance of the media-limelight.

One from erstwhile of the then-time Shibpur, Brahmanbaria, now under
Bangladesh,
The daughter of Alauddin Khan, you used to learn from your father
Indian classical instrumental music,
That is the bass sitar
And your father teacher, guru used to teach you,
Train in
As the musician of the Maihar gharana of Madhya Pradesh.

And he too, Ravishankar too used to be his disciple
And the disciple of your father
Asked for the hands of yours, □
Married you,
Married and forgot you,
As one does it often
On being famous, after getting fame
And basking in that glory even cornered, sidelined his own son
As for glory sake, name sake,
The passing of the son did not matter to him

He used the sitar as a performing artiste, the sitarist,
But you left it as a sacrifice,
Practised it at home,
But never for media glare and reportings
And with it the world should not take it that
You an ordinary artiste,
But greater, greater than that of Ravi Shankar
Who went changing places and positions.

In your neglect and humiliation, see I Shakuntala,
Auden's The Unknown Citizen
And comparing your son's life

Tell I about Rustum taking on Sohrab in Arnold's Sohrab and Rustum,
Indira suspectful of Sanjay, the tussle of power and the lust for chair
Can change every equations,
But as a mute spectator, a witness to silence,
You as a tragic protagonist or persona
Suffered, struggled and sacrificed no doubt.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Annapurna Devi (Ii)

Annapurna Devi,
I think of you,
Your struggle
And the silent suffering of yours,
How did you sacrifice your career
For Ravi Shankar,
Who paid for not,
Remained not loyal to,
Went over to
Flipping
Just one after another
In changing places and situations
Of life.

Now the world calls him a sitarist,
A great sitarist,
But to me he is not,
You are,
What he is
Or think they about him,
Let them call
Whatever they like to
In their acknowledgement,
Appreciation and admiration,
Nothing is what it seems to be
And what it seems to be nothing.

Annapurna Devi, your silent suffering
The world did not,
Did not understand it
The bearing upon you
And the impact of it,
How did he take to Subhendra Shankar,
How did he make you abandoned the sitar
And it fallen silent
And the notes coming it not,
How can it be,
How can it be,
Say you, say you,

Break your silence
And say it to the world,
Speak you, Annapurna Devi?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Annapurna Devi, How Fraudulent Had It Been Shankar!

Annapurna Devi, the world could not
Know it
How great sitarist
Had you been
That quit you for him
Who but deserted you in return!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Annapurna Devi: A Biography

Annapurna Devi, say you, say you
The story of your life,
How did Pt. Ravi Shankar treat you,
How did he
As for to surpass you,
Suppress your talent,
Annapurna?

O the daughter of Allauddin Khan and Madanmanjari Devi,
Indian surbahar player of Indian music
And the Maihar gharana.
Born as Roshanara Khan,
Later Annapurna Devi,
The wife of Shankar,
Ustad, Pandit Ravi Shankar,
The great artiste, classical artiste!

How did he come to seeking
For your hands,
How did he learn it from your father
And how,
How did he turn away from
You,
Annapurna Devi
Even misleading his son too?

Annapurna, after knowing you,
The story of your life,
I can say his much
That talent does not know relation,
It is a thing of envy and jealousy
Which Shankar felt it
After seeing your performance!

Let the world call him
A great artiste,
A sitar layer of world repute,
But I know it,
Where does it lie in talent,

Not in media coverage,
But in scholarship unsharable.

Talent does not have any friends
And relations,
It is almost alone and single
And even if has,
They will vie with
And will be envious of
As was Ravi Shankar jealous of you.

Your rare performance of Raag Kaushiki
Panditji could nor bear it
And turned hostile to you
As was the impression of the tuning
Which was really your soul-stirring music,
Heart-stringing one,
O the jewel of the Maihar gharana (school) ,
The genius extraordinary!

Annapurna, your surbahars
As the bouquets of pleasantries,
The morning breaking,
The sun rays glistening
At daybreak
On the lotus and the cottage,
The silvery moon orbs
Lit around
Dazzling it all and taking me away.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Annapurna Devi...

Annapurna Devi, the world may appreciate and admire
And talk of him otherwise,
But tell you, tell you,
O, legendary surbahar exponent,
Why has your sitar,
Sitar fallen silent,
Tell us, tell us,
Why you took to seclusion,
Why, why did you relinquish it for,
Was it envy,
Human envy and jealousy,
O, surbahar artist?

I have heard, heard about your surbahar music,
The sitar stringing,
Vocal music breaking,
Rhythms taking over
And splashing,
O, Annapurna Devi,
Say you, say you,
Stay not silent,
Break you the silence
And say you about
Your artistry!

You tell me about the gharana music which but I do not,
The maihar gharana
And the ancient technique
Of original dhrupadi sitar baaj,
Ustad Allaiddin Khan,
Ravi Shankar's guru
And his tradition of music,
The gharana
Patronized by
The kings royal
And the musical rendition.

hankar's son Subho too
Was not less than,

But after a skirmish with him,
He left the sitar for sometime,
Stopped speaking to his father
And thereafter he lost his confidence,
Regained and reconsolidated himself,
But depression took over
And it took a toll on
And he passed away,
Which but Ravi Shankar too could not
In his pride of fame,
Enjoying his elevated presence
In the hall of fame.

Annapurna Devi, on seeing you, have I come to understand it
Someone sacrifices it
And someone gets it,
Which but the world, knows it not,
Which the world feels it not,
Who was it who sacrificed for,
For whom did he grow up,
Definitely someone had been
Who reared him up,
Let him grow into
Into a musical persona?

O, daughter of Ustad Alauddin Khan,
Sister of Ustad Ali Akbar Khan,
Recluse of Hindustani classical music,
Tell us, tell us,
About Subho's son and daughter,
Som Shankar and Kaveri,
Your side, your feelings
And sacrifice
Even Ravishankar too could not,
Maybe he a world-renowned sitarist,
But you far more,
Greater than,
A sitarist extraordinaire!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Anna's Fasting Drama

Anna fasting publicly,
Rehearsing in the theatre of Gandhi,
The gait and antics
Under the shadow of his photo,
Doing politics,
A remix of Gandhism and comics.

A nukkad sabha, a street play,
They staging
With the commoners,
Common people donning white caps
And posters
Wanting to be politicians overnight.

A bevy of small girls coming
To request him
To break the fast
And he accepting finally
After rejections
And he posing for that.

Seeing him, feel I,
They are there to make him
Break the fast
And he taking to not,
But see me too
That there is none
To offer me even a glass.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Anti-Romantic, Olden-Time Old Indian Dad

Why are your clothes of yours with me?
Separate them.
When you come of age, you live not
In my room.
Talk you not with a young girl
And even if you,
Lowering down the eyes.
Smile you not,
Love you not the flower
As it is for the gods,
Not for you.
Take you not eggs.
If sit I on a cot, you must stand up
And sit on the floor
As for your respect to elders.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Apni Bibi Ko Cchupa Ke Dusron E Nazar Na Girao (Keeping Your Bibi Under Teh Veil, Wink At Not Others)

Apni bibi ko cchupa ke,
Dusron ki bibi pe
Nazar na lagao.

Keeping your bibi at bay,
Under the purdah, the ghunghata,
Wink at not the beauties of others.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Apni Dehati Wife Ke Sang On The Eve Of International Women's Day

Apni unpadh, dehati bibi ke sang
Mein chala
International Women's Day manane,
Unke sang jo apne husband kaa naam tak
Uccharan karna nahin chahatin hain,
Mahapap, mat lo pati-parmeshawar ka naam.

With being the illiterate and unread countryside wife
I going
To celebrate International Women's Day,
With that who does not like to take
Even the name of her husband,
A great sin, don't take the name of the Husband-god.

Bijay Kant Dubey

April Fools' Day

The fools not, but the pranksters
Gathering
To celebrate and commemorate it
With jokes and hoaxes.

They gathering and planning the eve before,
I can hear their whispers,
Let us who befools whom?

April Fools' Day,
The fools not, but the pranksters are
Celebrating to commemorate it
After having netted the fools wisely.

Bijay Kant Dubey

April Fools' Day, The Fools Gathering Not To Celebrate It

April Fools' Day,
The fools gathering not to celebrate it
But after having befooled
Others.

Bijay Kant Dubey

April Fools' Day, Who But Made It?

The 1st April as fools' day,
Who has but made it,
The fools or the the befooled ones?

The pranksters or the mischief-makers,
The fun-makers or but who?

Bijay Kant Dubey

April Fools' Day

The fools gathering and planning
As to how to celebrate
April Fools' Day
On the eve of it,
The fools gathering the night
And taking themselves in confidence,
Evolving a strategy of own
As to bust and crack the things,
Doing the rehearsal of pranks
And other measures to please and appease.

They coming with the bands and asses,
The master fools
To herald the coming tomorrow
Of jokes and funs and laughters,
Smile holding the cheek in chin
As much as you,
The busy trapped in
Hectic schedules and routine-works
Looking back in wonder
When cheated on.

The forgetful realizing it after
When the tactics used in
And repenting as for being inattentive
To the days memorable and specific,
Those who remain tied to,
Keep rounding about
Their affairs.

Bijay Kant Dubey

April Fools' Day, Western And Indian

When a child, I used to think,
What does it mean,
April Fools' Day,
Is that a fools' day
Or fools having a heyday,
Having a laugh?

Now I understand it,
It is a day of jokes and humour,
Genteel jokes and fun,
A day of enjoyment,
European and English fun.

But I feel sorry to say about
The Indian fools,
Blunt and bogus,
Blockheads and dullards.

One Indian illiterate menial boy,
When asked I about his wife's name,
Said he not,
When asked I his wife to say his name,
She maintained courtesy,
But the fool forbade from saying.

The fools are in such a number
In India
That we need not celebrate it,
The blunt rustics ready to
Be the prime ministers of India.

The cowboys, herdsmen, shepherd women
All wanting to be leaders,
Whether they are able to write their names,
Put their initials or not,
But will be leaders.

Another Indian fool asking his daughter
As for why did she smile

On seeing a boy,
Why did she talk to him,
What's the matter?

The bufflomen with the big-big lathis into their hands,
Seated on the buffaloes,
Going to the assembly houses,
Smoking a beedi as for an advertisement,
Sometimes seated on the bullock-cart,
Sometimes on a horse-back.

The milkmen who mix too much water into the milk
And sell it,
Not the tap water, but the wayward pond water
They too aspiring to be legislators not,
But ministers,
After calling themselves socialists.

An illiterate, backward and foolish woman
Calling another widow
A witch
And quarrelling,
The witch doctor treating,
A villagerly meeting called to settle
Desirous of confiscating her properties
And willing to expel her to appease it all.

The Indian fools conservative and faith blind
With the lathi
And a clamp of hair hanging from the back
Of the head crown
Going,
Maybe he a scholar.

But the fool is not
As his presence shows it to be
And he is adept in thrashing the lathi
From behind,
A Tinmudiya, three-headed one,
Trishanku, three-forked
Blockhead and dullard is he,
Reasonably brain-dead.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Are Bibis For To Be Kept Under The Purdah?

Are bibis
For to be kept
Under the purdah,
The ghunghata,
Speaking from the purdah,
The curtain,
The theatre protagonist?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Are The Girls For To Be Sold & Bought?

Are the girls for to be sold to the bars,
Hotels and restaurants,
Lodges and resorts?

Are the girls sold and bought for
Selling their bodies,
To be drawn into the sex racket?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Are You Going To Divorce Me?

With tears in the eyes
Asked she,
Asked she,
Are you,
Are you going to divorce me,
Divorce me really,
With tears in the eyes,
Asked she.

Do you not love me,
Love me,
Say, say you,
Keep you not silent,
Are you,
Are you really going to divorce,
Divorce me,
My love,
Asked she weeping?

But like a hard rock
Heard i
The cries and screams
As had made my mind,
My mind for a divorce,
Just like a hard-hearted fellow
Heard I crying her,
Looking heavenwards
For a change in my heart,
Praying the Lord for to be more human.

My love, go you,
Go you not,
Forgive me, forgive me for
What I have,
Have done
Even if digressed and deviated i
On the path of life,
But never was such an intention
Of mine,

My love, love!

Saw I her going on the path of life
Alone, all alone
And after seeing her going
Distraught and devastated,
Felt I pity for,
Pity for her,
Could not keep myself stony,
Called I, called I from behind,
My love, my love,
Come back, come back
Before you go, go away.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Are You Going To Devastate The Earth By The Third World War?

Never, never
Do you
As such,
No, no,
never, never
The green earth,
Mother earth,
Good earth.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Are You Going To Divorce, Divorce Her?

Are you,
Are you going to divorce her,
Divorce,
Divorce your first wife,
Having divorced her,
Divorced her,
What,
What will you get?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Are You The Girl I Had Been Madly After?

Are you the girl
For whom
I had been mad?

Are you,
Are you the girl
I had been madly after?

Now think I,
How mad had I been!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aren'T The Wild Flowers Glamorous?

I can call myself great
As you too are great,
Which know you not,
Know I it.

The light I have, that is actually yours
And borrowing from you,
Call I it my own
Otherwise am not so talented
As think you.

The light which is in me
Is in you too,
You just try to see.

When see I my small daughter standing before,
Think I what have i in me,
Have the innocence of hers
And if not, why to call myself great?

When see I the wild flower blooming in the woods,
Think I about its glory and glamour,
Does it say so,
That it is very, very glamorous and beautiful,
So lovely to look at?

Actually, the small men do it,
My chair, his chair,
Do not sit on his chair,
Why not to make the heart larger?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Art Never Dies

It is always alive in
Art done,
The artist may
But his art will not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Art, What Do You Mean By Art?

Art,
What is art,
How to take to?

Is it the creative urge
Of man
To express with poise and style?

Is it in the style
Of an artist,
The artist as a man and a dreamer?

Art,
Art is in the art of the artist,
Subjective and impressionistic.

Art,
The imaginative faculty,
The creative skill.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Arun Jaitley: A Portrait Of A Minister

A somewhat tall man,
Looking sober-sober
And gentle,
With the specs
On the face,
Intelligent and intellectual
And fair-spoken.

Handsome and good-looking,
He is not so
In the complexity of politics,
Dispensing with an open mind
Without keeping anything
As to conceit and screw up later on.

A legal professional like Kapil Sibal,
But not so vocal,
He is a silent reader,
Taking the intuits
So closely,
Reading and going after
To pursue elegantly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Arun Kolatkar

Arun Kolatkar

Though many have admired for,
But comprehend i not
His base
That of an artist
Or a Marathi writer.

Starts with Jejuri
A series of 32 poems
And acclaimed for the same
To add to
Kala Ghoda and Sarpa Satra.

Whatever say you,
Arun was a sceptic, an atheist,
An iconoclast,
Just humouring all the time,
Not serious at all.

Though reality is therein
In the doubts cast over
With regard to the ramshackle bus
And tarpaulin covered windows
Rattling all over the journey.

But the story has become comical
Than the journey undertaken,
Faith professed,
More in suspense and doubt
Then why to take the journey?

Kolatkar became more famous after
Writing Jejuri
Than this is,
As jokes kept him alive
Rather than thematic diversity.

An ironist he was double speaking
And critical,

Not at all easy at heart
As was Ramanujan
Toning down always.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Arun Kolatkar's Jejuri

Kolatkar as the journey man
Journeying,
The travel man
Travelling,
The pilgrim
Setting out on a pilgrimage,
Going to Khandoba
In a ramshackle bus
Old and unable to carry
And crowded
With strange pilgrims
The old and the weak
And poorer,
Widows and of all sorts

The bus somehow going
With the window panes
Shattered and tattered,
The colour and paints
Discoloured
Kept under sun and shower
And lying out of use,
But repaired for the purpose
And in the same burs
Kolatkarak going to Khandoba
With his faith and doubt
In the age-old bus
As if running on a cobbled street
Going to Khandoba,
Taking to.

Kolatkar as a man
Moustached and long-haired,
The artistic guard
Or the sculpted dwarpala, gatekeeper
Going,
Going to Khandoba
With little faith
In his heart,

So much of skepticism,
Doubt and suspicion
In his soul,
Twirling and twisting his moustache
And cracking jokes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Arunachal And The Tawang Monastery

I can just hear about the Tawang Monastery of Arunachal
And can say nothing more,
One of the Tibetan Buddhist type,
Standing at the foothill
Purviewing the hills and the mountains
And the valleys,
In the midst of greenery and hilly surroundings.

Arunachal's Tawang Monastery,
Of the land of the dawn-lit,
Tells of a faith sustained and survived by,
A relic of the Tibeto-Burman stock
As the earlier tribes were from
Which we can mark it from
To trace back
To the Mahayana school of Buddhism too.

Tawang Monastery founded by the Mera Lama Lodre Gyasto
In accordance with the wishes of the 5th Dalai Lama, Nagwang Lobsang Gyatso,
It belongs to the Gelupa sect
And the Tibetan name, ta-horse, wang-chosen,
Meaning hereby Horse-chosen too indicates
The things mystically and mythically,
Merag Lama searching for the horse
And finding it to tick on
For the probable selection.

The eight-metre Shakyamuni Buddha in Tawang Gompa
Looking golden and beautiful
Endearing to the Monpas, Takpas and the Tibetans,
Who are but the Tibetan-Buddhists
And the 6th Dalai Lama, Tsangyang Gyasto, was born
At the nearby Urgelling Monastery,
5 kms. from the town of Tawang.

The monastery known in Tibetan
As Golden Namgye Lhatse,
Which means 'celestial paradise in a clear night',
Is what we do not know it

In our tongues,
Really, an India unexplored
And far flung,
Indiscoverable too
With such geographical and physical variations,
Who can at least venture into?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Arundhati Is For Awards, Only Awards And Nothing More, I Mean Arundhati Roy

Arundhati,
Arundhati is
Only for awards,
Awards and prizes
And nothing more,
Only awards and prizes
And nothing more,
Arundhati wants,
I mean Arundhati Roy.

To do politics,
Politics as for coming
Into limelight,
The media glare
Is the job of Arundhati,
The hidden desire of hers
Doing the drama peculiarly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Arundhati Roy, Medha Patekar And Mira Nair

Arundhati Roy, Medha Patekar and Mir Nair,
Their dramatics and latent desires to come
Into the media glare and limelight
Through politics and drama,
Nukkads and demos,
I know all that,
They are not at all protesters,
But shooters to fame,
Oh, their histrionics,
Medha's, Mira's and Arundhati's!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Arvind Kejriwal The Great Dramabaz

Arvind, act you,
But overact it not
As for to be a politician
As people understand it now
The drama of yours,
The strategy for coming into power.

Clutching the jokers along,
Making a mockery of Indian democracy,
Do it not politics,
Keep the constitutional values
In mind too,
As power is not all,
The chair not all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Arvind Krishna Mehrotra

What is he, I understand it not,
A modernist, post-modernist or avant-gardeist,
A poet of Allahabad,
But one dislocated and displaced definitely
Telling of things surreal,
Talkative and conversational,
Poetical not, un-poetical
As means it not
What he says, communicates
Apart from situational, circumstantial.

A poet not, going to bazaar,
Buying things, enquiring about rates,
Meeting people on the way,
Seeing things,
Smiling not,
In a vortex of thoughts and ideas,
A poet un-poetical,
Himself confused
Confusing others.

His white and flowing beards
Not Tagorely,
But the kaash grass blooms
Similar to white beards
Long and flowing,
A saint poet not,
But earthly and mundane,
Disordered and disarranged,
Never transcendental and metaphysical,
A poet surreal,
Talking and going.

Poetry to Mehrotra is gossips,
Conversation,
Talks,
Tidbits of thought and idea,
Poetical not,
U-npoetical,

A poet confused
And misinterpreting poetry,
A poet not,
But a non-poet as a poet.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Arvind Krishna Mehrotra's White And Long Flowing Beards

Poet Arvind Krishna Mehrotra's
White and long flowing beards
Silvery white and dazzling
More beautiful than
His poems written,
The mind which marks
And captures momentarily.

What is unconventional and experimental
In him,
Poetry is poetry,
What is surreal,
What post-modernism talk we?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Arvind Krishna Mehrotra's White Flowing Beards Not The Beards Of Tagore, But Those Of A Surreal And Surrealism

Arvind Krishna Mehrotra's
Kaash bloom like
White flowing beards
Not of Tagore
Refreshing the memories of
Kadambari Devi,
But those of a surreal
And surrealism.

A lean and thin personality,
Old and ageing
With the white flowing beards
Those matching with Tagore,
But not a Tagore,
But Arvind, Arvind Krishna Mehrotra,
Going surreal,
Bearded for poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Arvind, If Your Aap Activists And Friends Are Really Interested In Sweeping...

Arvind, if your companions are really interested in
Cleaning and camping drives,
Sweeping the roads,
Helping the common man
From hazards and hurdles,
Let them be engaged in municipalities
Which want they voluntary service
As for trekking it along
And I think
Your men can help them
Crawl out of the funds' cruch.

Yea, they may go to clean and sweep
The platforms,
Train toilets and general lavatories
Which will really be a great job
To be ispersed with
But Arvind, a social worker is a social worker
Not a politician politicking
As you and your followers are doing,
What are you in reality,
O nautanki men,
Say you,
A theatre company men
Or the politicians as per your agenda?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Arvind, Your Political Agenda

Arvind, your political agenda
None but
I know you,
What your secret plans,
The upcoming strategy
Of yours
Which can guess about
From here,
Oh, your hidden agenda and plans
For coming to power!

But to say to you
If your cleaners and sweepers
Really want to do a job,
Serve the nation wholeheartedly,
Let them, let them
Be engaged by the municipalities
As for giving voluntary service
Where there is fund crunch
As well as the shortage of staff
As for the posts are vacant.

Arvind, the drainage system is creating
Health hazards
And is the thing of concern,
The sewage problem,
How to remove the mountainous vats
And city garbage heaps,
May seek your help in this regard,
As have heard
Your AAP members are interested in cleaning,
Giving the roadshow
With the broomstick
Donning white-white kurta and pyjamas?

I know it, know it, Kejriwal,
Your hidden agenda and politics,
Your strategy and plan
As for to be famous,

Into the media limelight,
Coming into power.

Kejriwal, if you have to do politics do you
Directly,
Not indirectly
Under the banner of the common man syndrome,
From the common man of Indian politics
Switch over not to an uncommon man
And if one slaps you on the way,
This is also a media stunt
Or a gimmick
Of yours
To be famous
Or in the media limelight,
People discussing sitting in shops
How the common man has slapped him,
Arvind Kejriwal,
A leader of the Aam Admi Party
And he too said it not,
Just took the slap
As for to be an aam admi,
One of their representatives!

Oh, oh, your nautanki,
Arvind Kejriwal!

Bijay Kant Dubey

As A Dreamflower

As a dream flower,
Dream flower
Are you standing before me
And staring speechlessly,
viewing wide-eyed.

As a dream flower,
Dream flower,
Keep you swaying
And the mild breeze that blows
Carrying the sweetest waft and wisp of yours.

Bijay Kant Dubey

As A Man Think I Sometimes, What My Duty, What My Responsibility?

As a man think I
What have I given to the world
And what have I got?

What have I to society,
What society to me
And what my responsibility and duty?

As a man just think I about
Sometimes
What the world to me
And what have I to the world?

Can one's sympathy and affection be returned,
Can someone's loyalty,
Can all these?

Bijay Kant Dubey

As A Man, I Hate The Fanatic The Most

As a man, I like him not,
Whom call you a fanatic
Behaving fanatically,
Showing it be religious,
Holy and chaste,
But is not from his within,
An old and out-dated fellow,
Odd and awkward.

Bijay Kant Dubey

As A Poet

As a poet, what have I got, what have I really
As mine is a painted grief, a painted life
And I have been viewing all that
Through my poetical eyes,
The coloured lens
And as for my vagaries,
Vacant mood and reflection
Call they me a poet otherwise am I
And am I really?

Just for poetry's sake
I am a poet
Otherwise would not have been,
Just for my painted grief and coloured reflection,
Seeing through the dark glasses;
A poet melancholic and fatalistic am I,
Marred by failure, frailty and loss;
A frustrated lover am I
And I loved too just for poetry's sake,
A poet of beauty and broken heart,
Bandaging through rose-loving.

In the libraries lived I, dreamed I
Without getting highest degrees in library science not,
But book-keeping and maintenance,
As looked I after my father's books,
My brother's
And personal libraries of own,
The room grew smaller
And the books many
And what more do you want to hear from me?

A poet of the gipsy heart and gipsy living,
I went on loitering into the fields and fallows,
Hills and wilds,
Graveyards and crematoriums,
Roaming and composing,
Passing through in between solitary hills
And feeling the bewitching silence

Away from human haunt and reflection;
A poet of broken heart and broken living,
Broken for poetry and philosophy
And accompanying poverty
And the resultant struggle and suffering thereafter.

Bijay Kant Dubey

As A Poet I Am But A Pessimist And Poetry My Pessimism

As a poet I am but a pessimist
And poetry my pessimism,
As optimism lures me not,
But the darker side of life,
A poet of bleak hope
And devastated human destiny
And its predicament,
A poet of frailty and failure
And fatalism,
But not at all superstitious.

Bijay Kant Dubey

As A Poet I Am But...

As a poet I am but of
The Dark Daughter, A Singer of Heart,
The Unknown Citizen,
Devadasi, Patita, Yama,
Asthi-kalasha, Pinda-Dana,
Nataraja Shiva, Hari Om,
Kalpurusha, Bamiyan Buddhas.

Bijay Kant Dubey

As A Small Man

As a small man want I to live in here,
Where to go
Becoming great?

My poems too
I want to forget them
As they have destroyed
Naturally.

Bijay Kant Dubey

As A Writer, What To Narrate It?

As a writer started I my journey long back in the eighties
And since then have been writing,
Devoting near about ten to twelve hours to studies daily
But none supported me
In my onward journey.

My father wanted to see me posted in the administrative service
But chose I differently,
Struggled, suffered and sacrificed
And life taught me
In full destitute instead of being well-to-do.

I published my first collection of poems, The Ferryman (Songs of Soul)
From which the excerpts appeared in Debonair magazine, Bombay
With the comments of Adil Jussawalla
And after that fell seriously ill
And there had been a little hope of survival.

Again, something saved me and the struggle continued in
And while moving to the university after my M.A. in English
As for my Ph.D. on nce,
The bus I was travelling turned turtle
And I came out of the window thanking God
As just it took a curve on the sideways mud
And turned over.

Again, did I my M.A. in History and .
Without being given a part-time teaching job,
Neither in a college nor in a school,
The customers used to take the milk from our dairy farm
And used to pay not properly,
The servants too had been bad.

I used to milk the buffaloes and cows from VII upto my Ph.D.
With my hand,
Forty litres a day
And used to look after
But father had not been so worldly
And at that time the salary too had been low.

We had the farmlands seventy kms. away from the service place of my father
But the production never did it come to regularly,
As we had been so humble and submissive,
From the tillers and farmers
Given on contract
And they showing reasons for the deficit always,
As for scanty rains, poor harvest and theft.

Even then doing household works and ill-paid tuitions,
I supported and promoted many a journal poet
After subscribing to little journals
But forgot they,
Moving ahead,
Left me behind
And I too cared not for name and fame.

Many of my poems saw not the light of the day
And the rats gnawed them,
The white ants ate into,
Snakes sat into,
The scorpions came out from sometimes.

If this be the thing, how to call myself a poet,
How to write poetry,
How to think of survival as a poet,
How to save the old books of father?

Many in the house ask it,
How long will you go reading,
Why no to sell the old sheets of paper to the hawkers,
Why to keep the rooms stocked with?

Bijay Kant Dubey

As An Aryan Settler Saw I The Native Taking To Hedia & Pocche By The Raw Roadside In The Santhal Parganas

As an Aryan settler saw I from a distance
The aboriginal natives
Taking Hedia and Pocche,
Sour and stale palm juice and rotten rice beer
At the local ale-shop
By the roadside or into the bushes,
The piyyakads taking to full
With soaked and fried grams
And speaking in drunken capers,
Drinking and going.

Bijay Kant Dubey

As For Black Money, Let You Not The White-Moneyed People Harrassed And Heckled

As for black money,
Harass and heckle you
Not the white-moneyed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

As If It Were Buddha In Meditation

The morning time breaking into lotus petals
With the Buddha seated in a meditation
And the sunbeam flashing upon.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Asians Will Disrupt American Culture

The Asians will disrupt
American culture,
I am sure of it,
The rogue Asians and Arabs,
The ethnic and religious minorities,
The racial people
Will bring doom
To Americanism and Americanness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Asiatic Lion

Asiatic lion,
Indian lion,
The bulky-bodied
Sturdy beast,
Robust and hurly-burly
With the hairs hanging
From the neck,
Growling
And glowing-eyed
Straightened into
Ferocious and furious,
Bloody and heinous.

How the face,
How the imagery,
How the picture,
It resting, resting beneath,
The lion,
Lion big and burly,
Sturdy and mighty
Ready to attack
And drag!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Asks , Freedom, What Is Freedom, Who A Freeman?

Asks in a radio-talk,
What is freedom,
Who a freeman
And about the types of slavery,
Natural slavery and man-made slavery?

Are we free really?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Asthi-Kalasha

Asthi-kalasha-
The asthi-kalasha hanging by
Is of my mother.

A day before had been she,
But today is she not,
Dead and gone by.

Just a handful of ashes,
Bones and body burnt to ashes,
The remains lie collected in.

A small earthen pitcher-like urn,
Containing in her earthly and bodily remains,
Of the mother gone by.

Opening the door at midnight,
Under the starry skies
And the twinkles above,
I see the kalasha hanging by.

But the mother is not,
She has already passed away, departed for,
But her bodily remains
Lie in hanging by.

The navel which kept burning
Like an earthen lamp
And burnt it not
Lies therein.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Asthi-Kalasha (Ii)

Asthi-kalasha,
With the asthi-kalasha in hands
The spirit going to do pinda-dana,
The bereaved soul on a pilgrimage
To immerse the kalasha, the urn
Containing bhashma
Into the holy waters,
Just a handful of
Bodily ashes,
Of bones and flesh
To be immersed in.

Asthi-kalasha,
I saw the asthi-kalasha of my father
Hanging by the peepul tree
Just by the banks of the river
Where stood it the hamlet
Where I was born,
Under the sparkles and twinkles
Of the stars
Burnt I one day,
Asking the gods to help,
But came they not.

Again saw I mother dying before,
Prana coming out,
Life wailing for survival,
Whom burnt I in the garden,
Saw her turning ashes and coals,
The same mother who reared me,
Made me grow affectionately
And the situation was as thus,
The asthi-kalasha hung it
By the bamboo pole,
But mother was not one night.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Asthi-Kalasha And Pinda-Dana

The body burnt to ashes and coals
And it remained not anything else to be
Said own,
Everything but went off,
Turned into

Just the asthi-kalasha lay it hanging
By the peepul tree
On the river-bank
With the navel and the ashes
To be immersed into the holy waters

And thereafter started the process of pinda-dana,
As for the shantih of the bereaved soul,
The spirit flown off,
The maya's body still breaking,
Memories and reminiscences making them break down

To feel what it remained, lay
As the remnant,
A memoir and a memento to be
Of the dead and gone away,
The traveller from the distant.

Bijay Kant Dubey

At Khajuraho

The frescoes, sculptures and figurines
In love and relationship,
I could not avert the gaze
From seeing,
Sometimes saw them voluptuously,
Sometimes felt ashamed of
In gazing at,
The terracotta work,
The art-pieces in stone
On the outer walls decorating
Or inside the temples
Designing artistically.

Though erotic
It connotated, denoted something
Of Indian philosophy,
Dharma, artha, kama, moksha,
Worldliness and spirituality to deliverance,
Something must be reined in,
Sex should be controlled
If one wants to attain
The heights of sadhna,
But many understand it not
The presentation,
Vatsyayna's Kamsuttras
In decoration.

Bijay Kant Dubey

At The Airport

At the airport
Saw I the girls
Alighting from
And going with bag and baggage
The foreigner
Girls,
Blondes and belles,
Not of here,
But outlandish,
European and White,
Occidental beauties
With extraordinary beauty and charm
Glazing and glistening
And glowing down,
Oh, those beauties,
Heroine-like,
White and European,
Golden brown and glistening,
Frank, mod and beautiful
And stylish,
All those girls,
Foreigner girls
From Romania, Bulgaria,
Serbia, Sweden, Poland, Hungary,
Germany, Italy, Denmark,
France, Argentina, Brazil,
Ukraine, Azerbaijan, Kazakhstan,
Russia, Bavaria, Armenia,
Just like the petunias, celosias,
Salvias, dahlias
From foreign.

Bijay Kant Dubey

At The Airport I Kissed Her, She Kissed Me

At the airport
I kissed her,
She kissed me.

O, my heart went away
With the foreign flower,
The girl from foreign!

Bijay Kant Dubey

At The Airport Viewing The Air Hostesses

It was a beauty,
Beauty
To see the air hostesses
From India and foreign,
Ladkis deshi and videshi
Failing heroines
And designers,
Oh, models
Superb,
Exquisitely beautiful,
From China, Japan, Korea,
Hong Kong, Singapore, Malaysia,
Thailand, Indonesia, Burma,
Mongolia, Nepal, Bhutan,
France, Germany, Italy, Denmark,
Spain, Norway,
Serbia, Croatia, Bosnia,
Argentina, Mexico, Canada,
Pakistan, Iran, Iraq,
Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan, Siberia,
Ukraine, Armenia!

Bijay Kant Dubey

At The Airport When I Saw You Forgot I Myself

At the airport
When
Saw I
You,
Forgot
I myself,
My nationality,
My self,
My visa and passport
As struggled
I
With the image
Of the foreigner girl
And together with her,
Went I
To foreign.

Bijay Kant Dubey

At The Airport, The Foreigners I Saw

At the airport, I saw the foreigners
With the bag and baggage,
The luggage,
Getting down, coming and going,
Doing hi-hello,
Waving at and smiling and going.

They came and went away,
But the beauties I saw, I could not forget them,
The foreigners getting down, waving and smiling
And going away far from.

See me but with love,
Forget me not, O foreigner girl!

Bijay Kant Dubey

At The Crossroad Of Life

At the crossroad of life
Think I where to go to,
Where the path to lead to?

Bijay Kant Dubey

At The Dashshwamedha Ghat Observing The Ganga Aarti, The nate

Modi, the Prime Minister designate
Before taking the reins from
Observing the Ganga Aarti
Amid the blowing of conches,
Obeisance to the deity
Or to the mother Ganga
And the showing of diyas
Burning,
Struggling with darkness,
Telling human habitation
And living,
The house not a haunted house.

The eve prayer is it
Which it is performed in every home
With the showing of light
And the prayer
And the blowing of conches
In every traditional village home,
But the ghats of Benares famous for,
Centuries old,
Muted in with the coming and going of man
And from the gahts of Benares,
The Ganga can seen flowing
During the serene nightly calm.

After the burning of the diyas,
Blowing of the conches
And the recital of mantras,
The minutes with the sacrosanct,
When the ritual nearing the end,
The jalabhisekh is done,
Offering of Ganga water
With other items
On the gold-plated lingam,
Modi piously making an obeisance,
Praying to and looking up to

In utter thankfulness,
Ganga Maiya and Lord Vishwanath.

Bijay Kant Dubey

At The Fair Met I

At the fair met I
The maid
But when departing
Forgot to ask her name?

Bijay Kant Dubey

At The Fair-Ground

At the fair ground I met, the drama girl, the theatre artiste,
You looking beautiful,
The face powdered and creamed,
Wearing the glazy dresses,
I saw you
With your alighting from the train bogey
And moving to the open field
On a bullock-cart,
With tents and poles and tarpaulin sheets,
Camps and bivouacs.

The barren stretch of land turned into a scenery
With your coming,
Your speeches and dialogues,
Your sweet words and sayings,
The drama girl, the drama girl,
The theatre girl,
The artiste exclaimed they,
But in the inward of yours
Beat it as a human being,
Feeling homesickness and nostalgic sometimes.

As the theatre artiste held you the stage,
Public threw the coins and notes,
You danced, sang and enacted
As the opera queen,
Reigning princess,
But the heart of hearts
People could not know it
That you were too a woman,
You were too an artiste,
A poor soul,
A poor heart which beat it for your own men.

But such a day came too when the field turned empty,
They packing the things for the journey home
Or some other place,
The fair spots
And the same bullock-cart scenery taking them away,

A caravan of the theatre men,
Going on carts or moving on foot
To board the train
Or to go by van.
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

At The Fairground Of Life

At the fair met I,
But could not ask her name.

Do the people meet and depart from
Unsaid, untold?

I met her, but where did she
Move away out of sight?

Before I could say, love you,
She parted away with.

Bijay Kant Dubey

At The First Glance Of Your Cursory Eyes

At the first,
First glimpse of your face
And cursory eyes
With which saw you,
I fell,
Fell into love,
The love of yours,
Going dragged to,
Getting pulled,
At the first,
First glance of yours.

Say, do you love me,
Love me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

At Victoria Memorial, Calcutta

I saw a loving a robot,
A robot kissing a robot
Mechanically and technically
In the crowd,
Crowd of life,
Taking time out of
Lifted out of
Their busy schedule
In the little space for,
Saw I
Life pulsating in,
Gasping for
In that congestion
Leading to the park.

Bijay Kant Dubey

At What Fold Of Life?

Where have I come to
And from here see I my life,
What was I,
How had it been my life?

Bijay Kant Dubey

At Your First Glance

At your first glance,
Have I fallen in love
At your first glance.

Ask me not,
How is it possible?

It is possible,
It is possible, madam,
Everything can happen it here
In love.

I saw you, you saw me
And love was born,
Did you understand?

Bijay Kant Dubey

At Your First Glance (Haiku)

At your first glance,
Have I fallen in love
With you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

At Your First Glance- Ii

At your first glance,
Have I fallen in love with,
You ask me not,
How much do I love you?

I love you, I love you,
you ask me not,
How much do you love me?

I love you, I love you
Since the day I have seen,
Seen you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

At Your First Sight

At the first sight of yours,
I fell in love with you.

At your first I fell in love with you
And your beauty bowled me over.

Bijay Kant Dubey

At Your First Sight (Haiku)

At our first sight
Blushed you,
A shy and coy mistress.

Bijay Kant Dubey

At Your First Sight (Ii)

At your first sight
Have I fallen
In love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

At Your First Sight (Iii)

At your first glance,
Yea, at your first glance,
Since,
Since the day i saw you,
I fell in love with you,
Is it,
Is it love at first sight
Or you as my first love,
My first love?

I saw you,
Saw you and fell in love,
A girl never seen before,
A beauty so rarer,
A lass so beautiful,
A girl never admired before.

You are the girl,
You are the girl I admire you,
You are the girl I love you so much,
You just say it to me,
Say it to me,
I love you, love you
So much.

I love you, love you,
Said she,
The mistress,
How many,
How many times to say to you,
I love you, love you,
I love you, love you so much,
But may I request you,
You leave me, leave me not please
After loving me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Atheism & Blasphemy/ There Is A Pleasure In Abusing God

There is a pleasure in abusing God
And those who have not know it not,
Can feel it not
What pleasure lies it therein
In abusing God.

Living in a godless world and feeling pains
In life, sorrows untold,
One can.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Atman

Atman the Soul,
The Soul
Dwelling within the heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Atman (Haiku)

Atman,
What is atman,
The self?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Atman And Parmatman (Haiku)

Atman and Parmatman,
What the relationship
Between the two?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Atms Cashless, Rupeeless, Moneyless, Run Dry

ATMs cashless, moneyless,
Rupeeless,
Running short, gone dry,
Notes not available,
The older notes devalued,
Scrapped off,
People returning home moneylessly
From the kiosks
And thinking going home,
When will money come to,
When will the new notes,
Will be printed and bundled
To be sent to?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Atop The Gidni Hills, Dumka

Atop the Gidni hills, Dumka,
I used to see
The unwanted guests sitting on,
Looking beneath,
Perched on the cliffs
Or chunks of rocks
And ruminating,
The vultures,
The big-big vultures,
Sometimes labouring on a carcass
Into the fields
Like a taxidermist,
But I see them no more.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Attipate Krishnaswami Ramakrishnan

Was he a Kannadiga
Born in Mysore
Or a Tamil,
Who was he,
Say,
Say you?

Who his father
A Tamilian
In Mysore
Mathematical
And astronomical
Khagilshastri
Or...?

Who his mother,
The wife of
An Iyengar Brahmin,
A Tamil or a Kannadiga
Speaking which language?

Whatever be that, he knew it well
Kannada, Tamil, Telugu,
English and Sanskrit,
A South Indian polyglot he
Settled in America.

An expatriate academic
Used to teach
In the department of
South Asian languages
Interpreting Indian thought and culture.

Having grown up
In an orthodox Brahmin family
Astrological and astronomical,
He fell short of
Turning into a magic man.

And it added to his poetry,
The so many rituals and rites
Mind-boggling and confronting
Coming in between
Convention and modernity.

Surely would have laughed at
The Brahminical excesses,
Letting them believe,
But he taking to jocularly,
If god is everywhere, where to live it,
Step on?

Attipate was a folklorist,
But we do not know it
Whether a folk dancer,
Singer, musician
Or painter?

Ramanujan was but a joke man
Poking fun at,
A laugh man
Laughing to burst the balloon,
Humoring and polishing,
Polishing and putting ironically.

Double speak had been his job,
To say it doubly
With dual meanings,
A poker and a blazer was he
In his poetic statement.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Auden

Auden the master artist

How to salute you, the master craftsman,
Experimenter in verse, the modern poet
Consummate artist and technical craftsman
Catching the rhythm of speech, the rhythm of life,
The city heartthrob and life space,
The pace and stride of movement,
Steps taken fast, hurried and swift,
A life technical and mechanical
Telling of heartbeat and pulsation
In factories and malls,
Artificial, coloured, dyed and browned!

But the age one of dismay and bewilderment,
Despair, dejection and despondence
Of darkness and bleak hope,
Human anxiety and bewilderment
And angst maligning the self
And marauding it
With the rootlessness of tradition
Darkening the space over
The waste land and the aftermath of it
And he rag picking, dovetailing images,
The shattered dreams of ruffled man in fatigues.

Images conjuring upon the mind's eye,
The images upon the mind's plane,
Leaves out of modern life and living,
Human predicament and man-made disasters,
Drawing and deriving from shattered dreams
As for to rebuild and re-construct images,
Images of life ever new,
Decoding and coding the language
In a masterly art of technical virtuosity,
Catching the rhythms of speech,
The nuances of language
Auden the master craftsman of verse.

Aurangzeb, Were You A Fanatic, Say You?

Aurangzeb, were you a fanatic,
Say you,
If a fanatic or not?

Had Dara Shikoh been the king,
It would have been better,
But you seized upon to rule and reign over.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aurangzeb, Why Did You Sow The Seed Of Animosity? Why Had You Been So Orthodox?

Aurangzeb,
Why did you sow
The seed of animosity,
Hatred and vengeance?
Couldn't you understand
The sentiment of the populace?

Was religious bigotry
Your blindness,
Had you been as such,
You lived in India
And understood you not
Its people and their culture,
Thought, philosophy and living?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aurangzeb, Why Did You Sow The Seeds Of Hatred, Misanthropy And Communal Disharmony?

Aurangzeb, may I,
Many I Aurangzeb,
Why,
Why did you
Sow the seeds
Of hatred, misanthropy and communal disharmony
After toppling many temples,
Breaking them
And throwing the debris
On the steps?

May I, may I know it, Aurangzeb,
Don't keep silent,
Answer you, answer you, Aurangzeb,
You came from other lands,
I mean your forefathers,
But they couldn't,
Couldn't take the populace
In their favour,
The people they ruled over
As kings,
I mean the foreigners taking the reins from
After looting and plundering,
Wasn't, wasn't it your medievalism,
Orthodoxy and conservatism,
Bigotry and dogmatism?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aurobindo, In Your Love For Mira Alfassa

Aurobindo, in your love for Mira Alfassa,
Forget you not
You Mrinalinidevi,
Your Mrinalinidevi.

Have you ever tried to know
The heart of your Mrinalinidevi,
If had not to live with,
Why did you marry her
To be a saint is not to not desert her,
Leave her alone?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aurobindo's Savitri

Aurobindo's Saivitri is a delving
Into Upanishadism, Vedism,
An epic of the Vedanto-Upanishadic structure
Where the discourse of Yama is,
Where Savitri is under the banyan tree,
Ding the mrityunjaya-japa,
The recitation of death-conquering mantra,
But can death be?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aurobindo's Yoga

Yoga,
Yoga means light,
Light of soul,
Self
And spirit.

Yoga,
Yoga means transcendence,
Transforming,
Metamorphosed
And changed.

Yoga,
Yoga means meditation,
Contemplation,
Thought and idea
And reflection.

Not so much of
The bahkti-yoga,
But the gnan-yoga
Taking the canvas.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Aurobind's Two Poems, Revelation Anxd Transformation

If Revelation is about sadhna,
The undergoing process of it
Transformation is all about a transformed man
Illumined and spiritual,
If Revelation is about Nature
Shelleyian as swift, tameless and proud
In the context of the wild west wind
And the frightening and shadowy figures
Testing the sadhna of the practising sadhaka
Who but carry the commands of God
As is in Milton's On His Blindness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Autobiography

I do know if one can write one's autobiography so truthfully
Without concealing facts,
It is not so easy to tell the truth,
As when it is presented, the facts are suppressed
And curtailed, □
Cut short, censured and put before,
As one presents just the good things,
Not the bad things,
The errors are omitted.

An autobiographer is a liar, who keeps lying about,
His life story,
As it is very difficult to be true to one's life,
Art and fiction,
The things may be artistically,
But not the hidden facts of life,
Can an old lover spot the past beloved,
Who has still a family to deal with?

Personal life and the story of relationship as often belied
Which an autobiographer cannot be true to,
He will not have the guts to reveal them,
The closed file of his life and relationship,
In an autobiography, something is hidden
And something is said about.

Only the autobiography of a famous man sells it,
The world loves to read it
Otherwise the things are not so
As we take them for,
Wish to get from the leaves of the book of life
Written as a subjective anecdote.

My life what will you know about,
The ups and downs of it,
The troubles and tribulations,
My toil, tears and sweating
As for to travel a long way in life,
As for to make a distinction.



Bijay Kant Dubey

Autumn

Autumn came it
With the kash grassy blooms
Dancing in the wind,
The dew drops dripping
Late into the night,
The cchatims tree blossoms
Hanging in clusters
And with them Durga Devi
Coming.

The kash blooms
Atop the tall standing grasses
By the marshy plots
Of the river banks
Just like the white beards
Of the old men
Or the beards of the old Santa Claus.

The blossoms in clusters
Of the old cchatim trees
Fragrancing the eves
Scented with
So heavily, strongly,
Enchanting the days
With the whiffs carrying us way.

And in the midst of all this,
The onset of
Devi coming
On a boat or on horse back
With the eyes cursory
And dark black
And historically mythical.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Awake, Awake & Arise You, Bhagabati!

Awake, awake and arise you,
Bhagabati,
Awake, awake and arise You,
Bhagabati,
Devi Durga,
Ten armed goddess
With the eyes radiant and shiny,
Awake, awake and arise You,
Bhagabati!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Away From Your World

Away from the world of yours
I am going,
Going away
From the world of yours,
A world distraught
And raked by.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Baba, What Sort Of Shisya Had Ravi Shankar Been? (Teacher's Day)

Baba,
Allauddun Khan
Of Maihar gharana,
What sort of,
Sort of disciple
Had it been
You Ravi Shankar
That married he your bitia,
Annapurna Devi
And left her,
Making her sacrifice her talent
In surbahar, bass sitar?

Baba,
Baba Allauddin Khan,
Say, say you, O Baba,
Of Maihar gharana,
What,
What sort of disciple
Was he
Ravi Shankar?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Babaji, Babaji, Who Is This Ladki In Your Ashrama?

Babaji, Babaji, who is this ladki in your ashrama,
Nameless, untold about,
Who the shisya,
The disciple
And you taking in ganja,
Smoking in,
Piping in
In your company?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Background, Casually By Nissim Ezekiel

Background, Casually not,
Ironically,
Lightly and humorously,
In a funny and amusing way
Telling of,
Introducing himself
As does a convent boy
Or a hosteller,
A boarding fellow.

His Jewish background, Bene Israel identity,
Oil-pressing ancestral profession,
School-life and college-education,
Sojourn in England,
Love with an English girl,
Departure for India,
Marriage
And his sense of belonging,
A poet of Bombay
Writing about Bombay.

All but indirectly,
Adopting the ironic mode of reflection,
Spicing and salting the stuffs,
Taking a fillip
All but humorously,
His settling, joining,
Striking of roots,
Nativity and connection,
Aggravating Indianness.

Before he goes, passes out,
He has commitments to accomplish
And serve
Personal, national and societal
Which but he cannot ignore them
A place where he was born,
Grew up as a man,
Got educated

So how to distance oneself
From it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bactrian Camel

The Bactrian camel
Double-humped
Taking me back to
Central Asia
And beyond,
The face strange-looking,
Horse-like,
Buffalo-like.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bade Miyan, Cchote Miyan Aur Bukhawalli

Bae miyan, Cchote miyan aur Burkhawalli
Ki kahani kahata hun,
Bade Miyan bade andaz mein,
Cchote Miyan cchote nadaz mein
Aur Burkhawalli teer-nayan she
Bag and baggage jaate huye,
Ek quawalli ki peshkash ke liye,
Bade Miyan bade andaz mein,
Cchote Miyan cchote andaz mein
Ek quawalli ke liye jaate huye.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Badru Mian Going With His Three Begums

Badru Mian going
With his two to three bibis,
I mean veiled begums
And still he is after,
Hankering after.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bahut Jajbati Ho Gaya Hun, Maaf Kareng (Have Become Too Much Emotional, Sentimental)

Mein tumhare karib
Dil ki dhadkan shun raha,
Kya kah raha jamana dekh ke,
Pyar ka afshana jo likh raha mein,
Ei ladki, pyar karegi?

I am near you
Hearing the heartbeat,
What is the world saying after seeing,
Am that writing the repentant memories of lost love,
O girl, will you love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Baisakh, Baisakh, The Blazing Heat Of Baisakh, Burning It All

Baisakh,
Baisakh, the blazing earth of it,
Burning and parching,
When there heat soars
And it singes it all,
Fire flames seem to be falling,
Scattering over
In Baisakh.

No respite from the hot month
Of the blazing sun,
Parching earth,
Dry and hot winds blowing
And the weather humid,
The scorching and sweltering heat
Baffling all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bakhtiyar Khilji That You Vikramshila University! How Uneducated And Uncivilized Had You Been!

How uneducated and illiterate,
Uncivilized and uncultured
Had you been
That
Destroyed you
A university,
How uneducated and illiterate,
Uncultured and uncivilized
That
You a university?

Uncouth and shoddy
Bakhtiyar
That
You Vikramshila,
Vikramshila University,
The ancient citadel
Of learning
Drawing students
From far
If you had not been
Educated enough
To take into?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bakhtiyar Khilji, You Devastated And Destroyed Nalanda

How satanic had you been,
How idiotic and stupid
That destroyed you Nalanda
Where your sons and daughters could have read
And seen light,
You yourself read you not
Nor let your kids read,
Get the light,
Had you nothing with you to carry along
From Turkey
As a legacy and heritage
And carried you nothing, Bakhtiyar,
As had you not,
People would, have remembered you
Had you treated otherwise, □
But the fanatical ones may take your name,
But never the educated ones,
Bakhtiyar,
How satanic had you been,
How demoniac and devilish,
A bigot had you been,
A zealot
And nothing more,
An invader, a foreigner,
A nomadic tribesman?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bakhtiyar, Your Horses Those Of A Nomadic Invader, A Barbarian

Bakhtiyar, your horses
Human not, animals,
Gallop with
To loot, plunder, invade
Just as the goons do it,
Criminals do the crime,
The convicts put behind the bars!

Bakhtiyar, were your parents
Not educated,
Cultured and civilized
That destroyed you
Vikramshila,
Devastated and demolished it,
Bakhtiyar, criminally!

Had the people been united,
They would have driven you out,
Had the people been,
An invader you,
A zealot, a bigot
Religiously blind!

Mark it, Bakhtiyar,
Religion is fanaticism,
Blindness,
To be bigoted to one's faith,
Religion is not
Loot and plunder
Of monasteries!

Destroying Vikramshila,
How have you turned
Into a criminal,
A villain
Uncouth and clumsy

And shabby,
Bakhtiyar!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bakhtiyarer Ghoda, Bakhtiyar, Your Horses

Bakhtiyar, your horses
Could have done nothing
Had the people of Hindustan
Been Hindus been united,
Had the people been,
They would have taught a lesson
To you
And your fanaticism!

How barbaric and brutal and bloody
Had you been,
Just think you
That destroyed you
An ancient monastery,
A seat of learning,
How uneducated and illiterate
Had you been, Bakhtiyar!

Bakhtiyar, it is easy to win territories
As a looter, a plunderer,
A goon and a dacoit,
An intruder, an invader,
But not as a king of hearts
Winning the heart,
Bakhtiyar,
How bloody, brutal and bloody
Had you been!

Bakhtiyar, how nomadic and wandering
Had you been,
How bigoted and cruel
And unholy,
A foreigner who could not
The spirit of India,
Bloody bastard, Bakhtiyar!

Religious fanaticism is not the all
That we expected
From you,

Religious blindness, ,
Religious bigotry
Never did we appreciate it, Bakhtiyar,
Destroying Vikramshila,
Blackly spotted you your forehead!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bakhtiyarer Ghora (Horses Of Bakhtiyar) Not, How Notorious And Orthodox Had You Been, Bakhtiyar Khilji!

Bakhtiyar Khilji, how notorious and conservative
Had you been that you destroyed
The seats of learning,
Finished them all,
Nalanda, Vikramshila, Odantapuri and so on,
Were you a criminal,
A criminal, Bakhtiyar,
Did you not get education
In Turkey
To be a Turkic horde
To finish it all
What good it was in education?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bakriwalli Bhi Bihar Mein Mantri/ The Goat-Keeping Woman Too A Minister In Bihar

The goat-keeping woman too
A minister in Bihar,
Not a minister,
But can be a chief minister
If the buffalo-grazer can be.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Baldev Mirza

Baldev Mirza, born in Malerkotla, Punjab

In 1932

Is in reality

A very talented poet

In whom the artist speaks,

Art is art's sake.

A poet who has authored

Shall I speak out? , Words on Fire,

Buddha My love, Across the falling snow,

When the stars ache, Theatre of Silence

Is really no less than.

A poet of the theatre and art galleries,

He has something of an artist

And poetry into the hands of his

Turns into an art,

Pure art as envisaged

By the artist.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ban The Burquawalli From Entering America

Ban the burquawalli,
The purdahwalli,
The ghumtawalli
Bibi,
Lajwanti
From entering America,
America,
The shy and coy mistress not,
But the conservative ward
Of ic fanatical!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bangladesh Is Now-A-Days Giving Free Hands To Fundamentalists And Fanatics

Bangladesh is now-a-days
Giving free hands
To fundamentalists and fanatics,
Religious bigots and zealots
In eliminating the bloggers
Of free mind and expression,
I do not know,
Just have read in newspapers,
Have come to know lately
What it is happening in Bangladesh.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bapu

Bapu, where you spinning the hand loom wheel
And singing with the toothless smile,
Raghupati raghav raja ram,
Patit pawan sita-ram,
Ishwar-allah tero nam,
Sabko sanmati de bhagawan?

O singer of Ram and Rahima, Ishwar and Allah,
Where you, where you,
The country searches you,
Remembers you,
the need of the hour is?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bapu, In Your Memory

Bapu, in your memory,
Stand I here,
Marking the candle burning
On your samadhi
At Rajghat,
Asking,
Be thou light to thyself.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bapu, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi

Bapu, Bapuji
Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi,
The Father of the Nation,
Indian nation
Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi,
Bapu, Bapuji.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bapu, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi (Remembering Him On The 2nd Of October)

Where Bapu, the old man
Singing the song of Rama
Toothlessly,
And in zest?

Raghupati raghav raja ram
Patit pawan sita ram
Ishwar allah tero nam
Sabko sanmati de bhagavan.

Where, where the old man,
Bapu,
Sitting on the floor
And spinning the hand-loom
And singing the song of Rama?

An old man singing, singing
The song of Rama
And spinning the wheel zestfully
And singing the song
In whispers prayerfully?

Bapu in the khadi vest and dhoti
with the round specs on the eyes
Looking feeble and frail,
But singing the song of Rama
So zestfully
With tears into the eyes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bapu, The Iconic Father Figure

Bapu,
I saw you
On the Indian currency notes
An old man going
With a lathi
And in the round specs,
In dhoti and vest.

Your bust
On the notes
With the dhoti
Around
And in the round specs,
Mahatma Gandhi!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bapu's Red-Mouthed Banars And Loknayak's Black-Mouthed Hanumans

Bapuji's red-mouthed banars, I mean small and simple monkeys,
Seeing into the eyes,
Small and lovely,
Scratching the hairs
With the bizarre and grotesque red face.

Do not see bad, do not speak bad, do not hear bad
And they are so,
With the hands over the eyes,
The hands on the lips
And over the ears.

This is all about Gandhiji, not Shastriji,
A Sahityacharya, Vyakarnacharya or Jyotishacharya
From a Hindi or Sanskrit Vidyapitha,
A linguistical vernacular university or not,
Which but I don't know.

Whether read or not, just the degree taken from,
As some just get the degree from,
Many labour it not,
Just get educated and knowledgeable
After teaching.

Oh, what was I saying,
As digressed I a bit, deviated from my point
And lo, I was saying about Gandhiji,
The bandars of his,
Do not see bad, do not see bad, do not hear bad.

But Lokmanyas banars not, but hanumans,
Lokmanys, I mean not Tilak, Bal Gangdhar Tilak, but Narayan,
Jayprakash Narayan,
Wotoo had banars, banars not, but hanumans,
Black-mouthed notorious hanumans.

And he did friendship with them, taming the untamable wild,

Biting and chattering,
Making you afraid of,
Jumping on the rooftops
And the tins and tiles rattling.

If tease you, it may slap and bite
As it keeps grinning and ogling
And even the officer on chair may in fear
May leave it
To ask the orderly to drive it away.

Gandhi, to some extent, friendship can be
With the small breed banars,
Red-mouthed Indian monkeys
As the showmen do it,
But with the black-mouthed,
One can never.

The savage will remain savage,
The wild and untamable,
Bloody, brutal and bestial,
The bests and brutes of the wild,
The call of the wild

And it's evening descending upon,
Let us be to our homesteads,
The howls and roars
Frightening us,
The small and winking red-mouthed banars
On the cycle sitting and going

But the burnt-mouthed hanumans,
Ram-bhakta hanuman not,
As that was divine,
I mean Darwin's hanumans
Primitive and untamable
And they will never be cultured
And educated even though take you the trouble of nurturing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bapuji's Three Monkeys

Bapuji's three monkeys,
They used to say peculiarly
And I used to hear
With awe and astonishment
When as boy

Bapuji's three bandars,
Monkeys,
Bura mat kaho, buro mat dekho, bura mat suno,
Do not say bad, do not see bad, do not hear bad

And if search you for the most bad man,
None but yourself
Will turn out to be the most bad man.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bar Dancer, You Dancing In Your Drunkenness, Dance Not, Leave You Dancing

Bar dancer, society extracts the all that is good in you,
Extracts and dumps you elsewhere
Taking out the all that is good in you,
First, tempting you,
Luring with the profession,
Money and fame it gives to
Then turning you in an addict
And a deviated professional.

Bar dance, see you, think you
What have you made of you
And yourself,
Is it good to dance among the drunkards,
Is this called enjoyment,
You unable to stand,
So much so drunk
And they too,
A lonely girl in the midst of drunkards?

A wine bottle, thrown off
With a bit of dregs are you,
A cigarette butt smoked and thrown off,
Drunk, intoxicated and inebriated
Talking in capers,
Staggering and talking,
Is this called style,
Is this the name of glamour?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bara Ho Jane Ke Baad

Bara Ho Jane Ke Baad

Bara ho jaane ke baad
Sabhi kahten hain,
Mein eisa thaa, waisa thaa
Jo mein hee kewal jaantaa hun
Mein kaise thaa..

After Becoming Great

After becoming great
All but say it,
I had been this-that
Which but know I
How was I?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Barack Obama And His Comprehension Of India, Needs To Do More Homework

Obama as a foreigner came and went away,
Saw India
From far
Never envisaged
With enlightenment,
Landed with a namaste
And we loved to see him,
An American
With a very namaste,
American diplomacy and his party-line allegiance,
But he should keep in mind
That at the time of liberation
All, India, Pakistan and Bangladesh
Had been secular,
But which one is now secular,
Apart from what the Hindu organizations
Say about now,
Never did they in the past
And had it been,
The foreigners would not have made
Inroads into India,
Wreaking havoc,
Looting and plundering
In their trail of attacks
And devastation?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Barack Obama Often Talks Big / Barack Obama, Instead Of Minding Your Own Business, Preached You Us

Instead of taking to your comprehension
Indian thought and culture,
Religion and philosophy,
Gave you the talk,
Debated you religious freedom
Given to people,
Taught in tolerance and harmony
Which the sages too could not.

Barack Obama,
Your walking on tip-toe,
Strutting
Did not go well
As what is it Indian culture
Indologists know it well,
American transcendentalists and Brahmin pundits
Rather than
Belittling on
What Modi does?

Obama, judge you not us
On the basis of political governance,
Going across the political lines,
Had Hinduism and the Hindus been as such
Then the Parsis, the Christians, the Jews
Would not have been here,
The people of many faiths and many paths,
Many races and ethnic affiliations.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Barack Obama, America Has To Be Cautious Against The Entry Of The Ethnic Minorities

America has to be on the guard of
If it has to survive
With its charter,
Not its dubious diplomacy,
Has to be cautious against
The ethnic and racial minorities
As they know it not liberalism,
but religious orthodoxy and bigotry
Whatever say you,
I shall hear it,
But shall not take it for granted.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Barack Obama, Thank You, For The Speech You Delivered

Thank you very much,
Barack Obama,
For the speech delivered you,
Religious freedom
Talked you about
Referring to the clause
Of our charter,
Religious tolerance
That bore we
Down the ages
Giving shelter to the people
Of different faiths,
But misread you
In delivering
As we are not
What you think about,
Maybe they,
But not so volatile
As think you
As ours is a composite culture,
So vast and varied
That you cannot judge it
At a glance.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Barack Obama, Your Lesson Could Not Go Well

Barack Obama,
Instead of cautioning others
Who are not tolerant
And conservative,
Cautioned you us
Teaching a lesson
In religious tolerance and harmony
Which you should have to
The Arab world,
Desisting from petro dollar diplomacy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Barmaid

Barmaid,
Is your life a peg of wine
To drink,
Is to pour wine into a tumbler
And to serve wine
Your life,
To keep the alcoholic beverages
Behind the bar
And handling the drunk people,
Hearing unwanted capers and babbling
And sometimes brawls taking place,
You as a witness marking them
All but silently,
People getting emotional
Or overexcited
Or quarrelling
Or vomiting?

They too are drunk
And you too are
As one dealing in wine
Cannot,
Which is but quite natural,
They coming and ordering for
And you bringing in,
Serving them
Sparkling liquor
Poured from a bottle
Into a tumbler
To their cheers,
But I know,
They will not cheer,
But will quarrel finally
As they are not peg-takers
But the bottle-emptier.

.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Barrenland Imagery, God Save The Green Earth

Will life come to a close
As they keep saying about the heat wave and the cold wave
Taking their toll by turn,
The soaring temperature
Rising abnormally?

Are these happening as for global warming
And climate change,
Will the coming summer be unbearable,
Intensive heat will fall
And from which,
There will be no respite?

Global warming, green house effect,
The ecological disbalance,
Deforestation and desertion
Keep adding to our woes
And we are anxious about our uncertain future.

What will it happen tomorrow,
Will life not exist on earth,
Will it come to a close,
Will the green earth turn into a barren land,
God knows, man cannot answer?

Acid rain,
It will rain acid as for poisonous gases
Emitted from our factories and automobiles,
Fuels are also getting exhausted,
Has the doomsday come,
The time for a cataclysmic disaster?

The atomic summer seems to keep banging at the door,
A life cursed by radiation,
Nuclear radiation
When the radio-actives will be all around
The place we dwell in,
Resulting in fatal, deadly
And life-threatening ailments.

A world bereft of trees, other species of creatures
And greenery,
How can we imagine
And think of,
A world bereft of all its scenic and natural beauty
If it turns into a waste land, a barren land to dwell in?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Barring Daru, Ladki And Goondaism, There's Nothing In The Bombayan Film Industry

A hero Bomabay only talking about girls
And barring it nothing therein,
The hero and the villain fighting for the girl,
The hero often a footpath man
And the heroine a richman's girl.

How ludicrous isn't it?
Is daru, ladki and goondaism the all of the Bomabay film industry?
Why to paint her sexy and nude all the time?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Be A Karmayogi

Be a karmayogi,
Your karma is your dharma.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Be American, Save American, Say No To The Purdah?

Be American
And save American,
Say no to the purdah
If it is excessively aggressive.

America for Americanness and Americanism,
Not for the ethnic and racial minorities,
Bigots and fundamentalists
To destroy its free culture.

The medievalists and the superstitious people
Will one day destroy American culture,
All those divisive conservative and orthodox people.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Be Not Barbarians, Try To Uphold Human Virtue, Be Compassionate

They are not men
Who cannot pardon and forgive,
They are not men
Who cannot.
They are barbarians,
Brutal and bloody
Who believe in the flashing
And the victory of the sword.
They not at all men,
But animals,
The nomadic and medieval-age people
Who cannot uphold human virtue.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Be Sure Of It Mama, I'll Send You To An Old Age Home, A Modern-Age Son Lie I Herein Celebrating The Mother's Day

Be sure of it, mama,
I'll send you to the old age home
As who look after you,
Nurse you,
As I a modern age son,
My flat too modern,
I am modern, she too is modern?

Be sure of it, mama,
I'll send you to the old home,
Shall not keep you here anymore
Giving trouble to you
And you will live better there.

Don't worry, be happy, mama,
I'm your son,
Here lie I in,
She may not be,
The other house girl,
She may not know your pains.

But I know them well
How you have made me grow up,
The troubles and sufferings of yours,
Mama,
I still love you, but what can I?

I'm alone, what can I,
As the times not in your favour,
Not in mine,
I passing life all alone in the flat of mine
As my thoughts adjust not with those of theirs?

We are not at fault,
The time is as such, the age is as such,
The life-conditions are so,

Making us learn so,
As they se, so do they.

Don't worry, be happy, mama,
I am with you,
After all, you are my mama,
Dear mom,
How can I leave you, mama?

Weep you not
At the time of going,
You'll feel well, mama,
As I do not want to see tears
Into the eyes of yours.

You give the pass-book and the pension-book
As they may take away
I'll keep it up with me,
Whenever necessary, I'll make the payment for,
Don't worry, be happy,
Whenever urgent, I'll spend on medicines.

On Sundays I'll go to see you, meet you
And you'll be able to see
Your daughter-in-law,
The grandson and the granddaughter,
I'll go to meet you together with them, mama.

Be sure of it, mama, I'll send you
To the old age home
To pass your time,
To lead a retired life
In the company of others
Of the same age group.

Don't mind it, mama,
I'm modern, my wife is modern,
I'm busy, she is busy
And here who cares for whom,
In this age of busy, fast and active life
When there is not time to attend to?

Beards, Sainly And Of The Terrorist

Beards, saintly,
I am not talking about
The fraud and fake yogis,
Yogis not,
But bhogis of India,
The addicts and abnormals,
False babas,
But not real gurus,
Sadhus and sadhakas,
But the false yoga teachers
Defaming yoga in foreign,
The sex masers,
Also about the beards
Of the terrorists,
Bombarding, shelling,
Carrying out fanatical attacks
under the shade of
Of the medievalist version
Of religion.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Beat Indian Summer With Lassie, Sherbet And Salad

Beat Indian summer
With lassie, sherbet and salad,
Cream and curd and sugar mixed lassie,
With lemon, sugar and water,
Half-burnt raw mango pulp with sugar and water,
Salad with the slices
Of onion, tomato, cucumber and coriander leaves,
Cut water melon and take
If you want to beat summer,
Indian summer
And its scorching heat and dust
When the loo blows it hard,
Try to sit you
Under the shade of the mango trees,
The banyan tree or the peepul tree
And in late summer you will
Ripe mangoes, blackberries and jack fruits.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Beating The Heat & Dust, How Would Have Ruled Over India?

Beating the heat and dust,
Would they have ruled India,
I mean the the British,
The White people of a different clime,
The Europeans?

I can understand the constraints
Of ruling over
The exotic terrains
Among the ethnic and racial people
Segregated from each other.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Beef, Beef, Beef, If You Have To Take, Take To Your Full, But Do Not Politics

Beef, beef, beef,
If you have to take beef, take you to your full,
Leaving no stone unturned,
Beating too much,
Taking to your home too,
But politicize it not,
That you have beef, beef,
You have taken beef,
It does not look good
To do politics
With red meat.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Beef, Beef, Beef, Take It Beef And Write You The History Of Medieval India

Beef, beef, beef,
Take you
And write
The history of
Medieval India,
Beef, beef, beef,
Take you beef
At dawn-break, noon and night,
There is none to debar you
From taking beef to your fill,
But do you not politics.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Beef, Beef, Beef, Who Has Forbidden You To Take, Take To Your Full? What Am I Hearing And Where Is The Discussion Going?

Beef, beef, beef,
Who has forbidden you to take beef,
Take to your full,
Cut all the cows, buffaloes, camels, horses
And take them
Annihilating the livestock completely,
The big animals,
There is no talk barring beef,
What am I hearing now,
Where is the discussion going to?

What does man not take to, all,
Sheep, goats, turtles,
Lizards, snakes, deer
And even dogs in Nagaland and China perhaps?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Been Music, Play You, O Snake-Charmer! I Want To Hear!

The been music,
Play you,
O charmer,
I want to hear,
Hear it,
Yon playing the music
And the cobras swaying
To the tune of
Music
And you playing
With deadly cobras,
Licking
And hooded,
Hissing and attacking,
Standing cobras
And you cajoling,
Cajoling them,
Play you,
Play you,
I want,
Want to hear it!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Before Board You An Indian Railway, Try To Say, See You Again! (Taking To Swargapuri)

Wherever board you
An Indian railway,
When coming out
Of the house
Try to see
Your family
For the first
Or the last time
As who knows,
This may be
The last journey
Of yours
Taking you to
Not your destination,
But to swargapuri,
The heavenly abode!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Before Calling Him A Rascal, Found I Myself The Greatest Rascal Ever Born (In Celebration Of April Fools' Day)

Before calling him a rascal,
Found I myself the greatest rascal
To have ever been born this earth,
Before calling him stupid,
Found I myself the greatest stupid
To have ever been,
Before calling him an idiot,
Now find I how silly am I
In calling others silly!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Before Calling Myself

Before calling myself great,
I want to search greatness in you,
I am no the great man you are in search of,
i am the same man as you are.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Before I Go Away, I Shall Give You An Old Statue Of Radha And Krishna

Before
I go away,
I shall give you
An antique statue
Of Radha and Krishna
Found from
The fallen columns and pillar
Of the older temples
Made from lime clay and small-small bricks.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Before My Marriage

Before my marriage
I used to dream,
Dream colourfully
With the unknown mistress of love,
Walking hand-in-hand, heart-in-heart
Flanking together with
A girl not
But a beauty
With the dreamy and magical eyes,
Glistening in the sunbeam,
A blonde golden
Catching my thought and idea,
Imagery and reflection,
That she would be a damsel
Stepping on earth
With the anklets resounding.

But came she the girl made for me,
As pre-determined and pre-destined,
Made for each other,
The girl of my dreams
Reversing the aspiration
And god feeling of mine,
A critical and screwed woman,
So shrewd and crooked
Going not at my words,
Powdered and creamed so much
At the day of her marriage,
But the reality far from,
She not so beautiful
As I think, feel it now
After marrying her,
You have heard me,
You please hear her too
Taking her experience.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Before Today, After Today

Had not been a shayar before today,
But became after seeing you
A shayar
And now you coming to me as shayari,
Just as shayari.

Aaj Se Pahle, AAj Ke Baad

Pahle to shayar na thaa,
Par aapko jo dekhne ke baad ho gaya
Mein ek shayar
Aur aap yaad aane lagin hain shayari ban kar,
Bas shayari bankar.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Before You Go Away Tell Me Your Name

Before you go away, tell me your name,
My love.

What your address, what your identity,
What your name,
Where do you live you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Behind The Blinds, Saw I The Artiste, Actress Dressing

Behind the blinds,
Saw I the actress, the artiste
Dressing,
Dressing to enact
Even though unwilling
As sometimes it happens
She has to go,
Go for
As the audience may go berserk
So drinks she to enact,
Enact her roles.

Had she not, she could not have,
Could not have all the times,
A stage artiste,
An actress drunken,
In a drunken state enacting,
Enacting her roles
Which but the audience,
The audience knows it not
That she is,
She is a drunken
As has for the sake of acting.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Beloved, Let Me See You

Beloved, let me see you,
Your eyes,
Dark and lovely,
Your face,
Fair and lovely,
Your cheeks
Appleyish and fine,
your lips
Pink,
Your hair,
Waist-long.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bengali Nagaraja's Daughter Nagakanya As My Wife

Nagaraja, I mean King Cobra's daughter
Nagaknaya, Cobra Daughter,
I mean Cobra Princess
Is my beloved.

The Bengali Nagaraja plays the wooden been there
In his house
And the Cobra Princess
Dances she at home.

I fear, fear it
That one day I may not last
As for the lethal,
Venomous and poisonous bite of the reptile.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Betray Her Not

O, betraying her,
Betrayed you your faith!
Having betrayed her,
Have you betrayed you yourself!
Betray her not!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Betraying Her, You Haven'T Her, But Your Own Good Luck, Betray Not The Heart Which Loves, Never, Never It

You wipe out the tears, my love,
God sees it all,
Believe Him,
Spoil not yourself.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Beware Of Indian Guides, O Foreigner Girls! Beware Of!

O foreigner girls,
Beware of,
Beware of Indian guides,
The guides
Who have an eye on you
Rather than
Interpreting
And showing India,
O Japanese girls,
Come to India,
Buddha's India,
But here reside
The sexual wolves
Of male-dominated,
Patriarchal society!

O Japanese girls,
English and American girls,
Come,
Do come to India,
The India of mental peace and calm,
But fall you not
Into their hands!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bhagabati

Bhagabati, how difficult is it to know Her,
The Mother Divine,
The Eternal Inspiration,
The Maternal Power,
Unknown, Unseen and Unknowable,
Birthless and Undetermined!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bhagabati As Yoganidra

Bhagabati as Yoganidra
To be invoked and aroused,
Some consciousness
Motherly and dormant,
Yogic and reflective,
Meditative and contemplative.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bhagabati, Bhagabati, What To Say About The Divine She, The Divine Mother?

What to,
What to say about
The Mother,
The Mother Divine,
Bhagabati,
The Origin and the Unknowable
Beyond the comprehension of
Human mind and brain,
She is Power,
Some Power
Creational and Smashing,
Slayer of devilish forces,
Demoniac and sinful?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bhagabati, The Goddess

Awake, awake You, Durga, awake, awake You, Durga,
Awake You Durga,
O Ten-handed Goddess, Devi Durga,
Annihilator of the asuric forces,
Demons and devils!

Awake, awake You Goddess, Goddess Durga
Seated on a lion
With the traditional arms into the Ten Hands of Yours,
O Slayer of the demoniac forces,
Awake you,
O Power-giver, Mother-divine,
The Third-eye Power!

Awake, awake You, Bhagabati, the Divine She,
O Goddess,
Chandi, Battle-valour, Shankari, Shiv-Shankara's consort
As an Incarnation,
Awake You, Goddess Durga,
Take me into the shelter of Yours!

Devi Durga seated on a lion with arms into the hands of hers
Coming
To slay Mahishashura appearing mythically
From a buffalo,
Shortish and demoniac to challenge Bhagabati, the Goddess She,
Ranachandi, Battlefield-valour

And the lance piercing into the chest of Mahishashura who with a sword
Into the hands of his
Fighting with Bhagabati,
But She with Saraswati, Lakshmi, Ganesha and Kartika
And they with their things and attendants.

I do not what the myth exactly, what You are,
Only one thing that I know is this that You are Power, Power Divine,
The Fiery Tongue and the Click of Words,
You are a Yogini in Sound, Figure, Speech, Touch and Fragrance,
You are the Rhetoric of Speech and Invocation,

You are the Intonation of Address.

Your names are many to take to, Your forms many to see,
I do not know, do not know them,
Just can feel about, feel about, Goddess Durga,
Shelter-taker,
I do not know, do not know,
Just can feel about, feel about, Mother.

You Bhagabati like the Mother all around us
And I pray to that Bhagabati,
I pray to that Chandika Devi, Valour Queen,
That Kali embodiment wearing a wreath of the heads of the sinners
But Blissful too,
I bow before, bow before that Goddess
And salute, salute that Goddess.

You are Mood and Temperament Chivalrous, full of Valour and Battle Fatigue,
You are the Befitting Temper of Chivalry,
You are Courage and Confidence,
You are Strength To Fight Against Injustice,
You are Undaunted Bravery,
When war for war, when peace for peace.

A fight with ignorance and brutality will continue, but You give me, give me
victory,
Victory over illusion,
You give me face, the knowledge of self-nature,
You give me fame, that is moha-victory and knowledge-attainment fame,
You annihilate the lust within me,
You annihilate the anger within
And my destructive pride.

You give me, give me knowledge as You in the form of Knowledge,
You give me, give me happiness as are at the root of all,
You give, give me contentment as are Contentment Divine,
You pardon me, pardon me if the fault be any unknowingly on my part,
As I myself do not know what You are, what Your Existence,
As I know not the attributes and manifestations of Yours.

I can feel the nights fragrant with Your Coming, the anklets sounding
And the approaching steps telling of Your Mythical arrival,

The Mystical Presumed Coming,
The Assumed Foothold of Yours, Mother Divine,
You are Mother, Mother Divine,
You are an Image, a Myth and a Symbol.

You give me rupa, give me victory, give me both,
You make me knowledgeable and learned, wealthy and famous,
You give me good fate, health and happiness,
Give wealth and happiness,
Think of my welfare and development,
The development of my personality,
Goddess, Your Image and Character Unthinkable,
You the Destroyer of all enemies, vices and sins.

The stage was set,
They all extended help and assistance to You and planned for
Your Coming as for to rid of,
Save from the demons and monsters
And incarnated You as Valour, Chivalry Reflecting,
Through the shining sword, the temper of the mind and speech
And the spirit rising in dedication
As for the eradication of the evils
And You came upon to dispense with,
Feminine Power!

You are the Break of Speech, the Break of Sound,
You are the World Wide,
You are Knowledge Unknowable,
You are Wisdom, Wisdom Divine,
You are Intelligence,
You are Maya,
You are Pardon and Forgiveness,
You are Shadow, Shadow Existent.

I salute, salute that Goddess who is prevalent in all as Vishnumaya,
I salute, salute that Goddess who is prevalent as Consciousness
In all the objects,
I salute, salute that Goddess who is manifest in all the objects
As Kindness and Mercy,
I salute, salute that Goddess who is manifest in all creatures
As Pardon and Forgiveness,
I salute, salute that Goddess who is manifest in all

As Profession and Occupation, Regard and Glamour.

I salute, salute that Goddess who is manifest as Memoir and Reminiscence,
Memory and Remembrance,

I salute, salute that Goddess who is prevalent as Lust and Quest After,
As Power and Peace,

I salute, salute that Goddess who is available as Coyness,
As Peace and Satisfaction,

I pray, pray to that Goddess,
You come, come, Goddess,
Come, come.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bhagabati. What Is Bhagabati?

Bhagabati,
Who is Bhagabati?

Bhagabati is Adi Shakti,
The Third Eye Power,
How to describe Her?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bhagabati's Beautiful Eyes

Bhagabati's beautiful eyes

Curving

Want I to chisel

In my poetry.

Bhagabati's cursory eyes

Divine

Trimmed well.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bhagalpur, Burhanath Ghat

I went to Bhagalpur, Burhanath Ghat
To take a dip
Into the Ganges
Wanting to be cleansed,
But my sins
Then
For the time being
As felt I,
Now feel I
Could not,
Could not be cleansed
Which but could be realized within.

i remember I went to Burhanath
Of Bhagalpur
To take a dip
Into the holy waters
Of the Ganges
With my mother, father and younger brother,
But my sins
Could not,
Could not be
As realize I now,
My sins,
Can these be
By taking a dip?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bhagatji, Chetan Bhagatji

Bhagatji, Chetan Bhagatji,
You look like a bhagat,
A bagula bhagat,
I mean a devotee disciple,
A crane suggesting the fish
Of the dried pond
To be; lifted to other ponds
Full of water,
But it happening otherwise
On the midway.

A businessman's English,
A salesman's,
A marketing executive's English
Is yours,
A business manager's,
a chartered acoountant learning
And prctising
In a Marwari's firm
Is that of yours,
A biz boy or guy
In the suit, tie and pants.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bhagjogini

Bhagjogini, a countryside girl, simple and innocent,
Innocent and ignorant,
She arises in the morning,
Sweeps the floor,
Goes to the river to fill the earthen pitcher with water.

A small girl, in a simple and ordinary frock,
See I her standing her,
Ever ready to serve the guest
With a very fine mind
And that too without any guile in her heart.

She herself a small girl,
But she carrying her only smaller brother
In her lap,
Helping her mother in every possible way
And she knows it that she is a girl.

A poor daughter of the soil, of her father,
She will go away to another house
By being a bride,
So she lingers more
Just as maya.

Bhagjogini, Glow Worm, is she by name
And in reality is she the glimmer of the house,
Carrying it forward through her smile,
Her burning of the earthen lamp at eve
And bowing before God internally.

Uncombed and a little bit clumsy,
Without the hair oil,
She a country girl goes to school
With the small mat piece and the copy-book
In her hands.

A country girl never seen before
With so much of innocence and ignorance
And simplicity of heart

That she is ever ready to follow you,
Serve and nurse you as for hospitality sake.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bhagjogini (Glow Worm) , A Countryside Girl

Bhagjogini, a countryside girl
Of India
Living poorly
Below the poverty line
Into the nondescript hamlets and thorps

Eats what she is given
Late into the day,
In the morning the stale food
Of the night-time too
Not available
In her fate

She cleans the utensils
With her mother
At daybreak
And at dusk,
Sweeps the courtyard
Before it is dark

Shows candle-light
To gods
And bows before
The basil plant platform
And the Vishnu abode
Of the home

Goes to sleep early at night
Without the bed
And the sheet,
Without the light,
Without the resources
For healthy life and living

Bhagjogini, a simple villagerly girl
Living under scarcity,
Backward conditions,
A simple farmland girl
Of some agricultural family,

A farmer's daughter of a village

Bhagjogini, she is unable to live,
Unable to sleep,
Take food,
A poor girl
Telling a poor sag of life
In the villages
Without hair oil and cosmetics

Her hair unoiled,
Her body without the body lotion,
Face without the cosmetics,
A girl so simple,
But so poor,
This the case of India,
Every Indian village,
Rich or poor

Taking her small brother
Into the lap of hers,
Moves she here and there,
A girl in dirty dress,
Torn and poorly-dressed,
The frock loose and shrunken
And the hair lousey.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bhagjogini (Glow-Worm) , My Daughter, A Countryside Poor Girl-Child Of India

Bhagjogini, my small daughter, where are you,
A countryside girl,
Born and brought in the villages
Of far flung hamlets and thorps,
Sleeping early in the evening,
Arising early in the morning
As for bringing water,
Sweeping the floor,
Taking the cattle out,
Throwing cowdung out
And cleaning the shed,
Applying the mud paste over the muddy kitchen?

Taking breakfast whatever stale food of the nighttime available,
Late into the day,
When the school starts by 10 a.m. not
After this,
A small girl had to go to school
But could not
As is a girl,
Cooking food,
Assisting her mother,
Collecting fire woods
To push into the earthen oven.

The frock running loose,
Somehow adjusted with the safety pins,
Faded and torn
But she smiling sweetly
Without any complaint
But who knows
What it is in her fate
As her parents will marry off
At a tender age of twelve or thirteen,
Threatened by child-age pregnancies.

Bhagjogini, how beautiful the face,

How simple the looks of hers
Undefined by any urbanism,
She is a poor girl,
A simple one,
Passing her days in lonely countryside,
Away from human haunt
And population,
Into the hamlets and thorps
Of thatched mud houses and huts
Even though landed her joint family is
And to grow in a big family is to know
The comforts as well as problems
Collectively so much.

A little bit lousey,
Without the hair oil and cosmetics,
She goes on doing the household works,
Sweeping the courtyard every
Morning and evening,
Showing the candle to the household deity at eve
And to finish the work
Or to help the mother
As for to cook from the evening
Without the proper light,
Just an earthen lamp burning
For a short while
And the village asleep
To pass by the night.

A girl child is she,
Will go to some other's house,
Not own,
But of the others,
She is a girl othermanly,
Will not stay here,
Has to go to
And the son a saviour of patriarchy,
Of the clan,
Such a view has kept her neglected
For so long,
Ignored and ignored down the ages
That she is a girl child,

A female baby, not a male baby,
Keep her ill-fed, ill-clothed
And what to say,
The villages too had been so much poor and undeveloped?

The tears of India, how to describe it
In terms of the foreign invasion and loot,
Misgovernance and unrule,
Poverty and conservatism,
Orthodoxy and untouchability,
Cast and class differences,
Ethnicity and racism,
The purdah system and the gender bias,
The bifurcation of society,
Poor house planning and olden methods,
Society held by faith and doubt,
Inactivism and fatalism,
Witchcraft and witch-hunting,
Hocus-pocus, voodoo?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bhai Phonta

The sister placing, putting up
A vermillion paste
On the forehead
Of the brother
And wishing him well
Invoking God
For his Godspeed.

But you my dear brother
Forget her not
Your small sister
In her harness,
Bad times,
So affectionate and lovely,
So sympathetic and emotional.

Keep you the honour of the phonta
That she has given
And you have taken,
The tears she has smeared with
Wetting the vermillion
An putting it
At the middle of the forehead.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bhai Phonta (Let Love Be Love, Sisterly Love)

On the forehead of her brother
The sister will impress
A phonta, a drop
Of paste,
Sandalwood paste,
Apply a tikka,
A red sindoor tikka,
A vermillion spot,
Will bind a red yarn
Around the wrist
After praying to,
To the Lord,
Showing the arti
To God.

And taking the tikka,
The phonta,
How have I remembered her,
Forgotten her
Over the years,
Taking the paste
Think I, think I,
What have I to her,
Giver to her,
How, how have I helped her?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bhai Phonta, Brother's Paste

on the eve of the Bhai Phonta,
O brother,
Wherever be you, your sister remembers you,
Feels sad,
You forget not to see her,
Your lone expecting sisiter,
o brother,
Lies she standing by the door
And waiting for your arrival,
With a dish
Full of sweets, lamp-light and God's things,
A red paste to be spotted on the forehead,
A sweetmeat to be put into the mouth,
O brother!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bhai-Phonta, Brother-Paste, Symbolic Of Brother-Sisterly Love

A sandalwood rubbed, water-soaked paste
On the forehead of the brother
And sweets into the mouth
Of his
And a red tape around the wrist
As a wristlet
And the cradle light
Around
As the halo around
To crisscross the hurdles and hazards,
Seeking the welfare of his,
Blessings for the brother,
Binding into a bonding
Of love and affection.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bhaiyya, Beef Khana Hain To Khao, Magar Politics Mat Karo, Yanee Nautanki, Dramebazi

Bhaiyya, Beef Khana Hain To Khao, Magar Politics Mat Karo, Yanee Nautanki, Dramebazi

Bhaiyya, yadi tuko beef khana hain to khao,
Khushi she khao,
Pahle bhi to khate thei,
Abhi bhi khao,
Bhaichara rakhkar,
Magar dhyan rakho,
Politicswalle ko poliics karne mat do.

Brother, If have To Take Beef take, But Do You Not Politics, I Mean The Street Play, Dramatics

Brother, if have to eat beef eat you,
Eat you happily,
As used to east earlier,
Now take you too in the same way
Keeping brotherhood, bonhomie, harmony,
Keep it in mind,
But allow you not politics-men to do politics with.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bhaiyya, Daru Mat Piyo, Daru Pina Buri Bat Hain, Do Not Take Daru, Said I And He Started Drinking Indian Daru More, Unmindful Of

Brother, take you not daru,
Indian daru,
Said I
And he started taking more,
Taking
Daru,
Indian daru
Unmindful of,
Taking to not my words
Which but heard he not.
Bhaiyya, daru mat piyo,
Daru pina buri bat hain.

Brother, said I,
Take you not daru,
It is bad to drink,
Which but heard he not,
Took to not the words of my counsel,
A drinker he,
A drunkard in the making.

Now keeps he staggering,
A daruman
He on the roads
Of life,
Going and going
And loitering,
Coming not back to
Under the open skies.

A daruman he
With the bottles of daru,
Indian daru,
Local liquor,
Indian daru, not videshi daru,
Indian daru, not foreign daru.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bhaiyya, Mera Pocket Check Mat Karo, Big Brother, Do Not Check My Pocket For Black Money

Bhaiyya, mera pants check mat karo,
Gudgudi yaati hain,
Mere pants haath mat do,
Kisi ke pants mein haath dena buri baat,
Yado short ho to rupayei maang lo,
Wah mein jaanataa hun.

Big Brother, do not check my pants pockets,
It tickles me,
Do not poke into my pockets,
It is bad to poke hands into someone's pockets,
If short of money then ask you some rupees
That I know.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bhaiyya, Yah Kaaun Si Train Hai? Bullet Train Hai, Bullet Train Hai/ Proposed Introduction Of Bullet Trains

Bhaiyya,
Yah kaun si train hai,
Bullet train hai,
Bullet train hai,
Chad ke to dekho magar
Phir kahana?

Big Brother,
Which train is it,
Bullet train is it,
Bullet train is it,
Have a ride first
Then say you something about it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bhang Pee Ke Mat Kahiye, Holi Hai (Having Taken Bhang, Say You Not, Holi Is)

Bhang pee ke mat kahiye, Holi hain,
Bura mat mano, Holi hain,
Kucche es taah mizaz uda ke
Ki hosh tak nahin.

Colour aur mood ke shaam ko
Badalte samay aur riti ke saath
Bhangedi ki shamm mein parinat mat hone dijiye.

Having taken hemp say you not, Holi is,
Take you for not bad, Holi is,
Having faded and coloured your mood
That you are under sense?

The evening of colour and mood
With the changing time and season
Let it not turn into the evening of the senseless hemp-takers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bhangedi Saheb

Bhangedi sahib,
Having taken bhang,
Says he that he has Shivaji's buti,
A herbal paste
And having taken the pills
Or with sugar,
Goes he silly and nonsensical,
Saying the things of
The sub-conscious and the unconscious.

His mind getting lifted and lifted above
And he sailing through,
The mind rotating
And he feeling giddy not,
But getting lost and lost
To dwell apart,
One day willing not to return home too,
Telling the tales of the ghosts,
Smiling and going helplessly on the roads
Oblivious of it all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bharat Ki Garib Bitia (India's Poor Girl Child)

India's Poor Girl Child

Bharat Ki Garib Bitia Dukhon Mein mushkurate Hui

Bharat ki garib bitia uske beech mein mushkurate hui,
Maan ki mada karti hui khana banane mein,
Farsh jhadu deti hui,
Apne bacchaa bhai ko lo bahar le jaati hui,
Apne chalane asamatha
Bhaai ka load le jaati hui.

India's Poor Girl child Smiling In The Midst of

India's poor girl child smiling amidst the pains of living,
Helping her mother to cook,
Sweeping the floor,
Taking the younger brother for an outing,
Herself unable to walk down
With the load of his baby brother.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bharat Ki Garib Bitia (The Dark Black Girl Smiling In The Hamlet Home)

The dark black girl smiling
In the sun-burnt dark hamlets
Shaded against the hills
Where the stories of hunger
Do the rounds.

But after having been ill-clothed and ill-fed,
The neglected and poor girl child of India,
I see her taking the small brother
Into the staggering lap of hers,
Taking and going, that little and neglected girl.

Sweeping the muddy floor,
Helping her mother in household works,
Sucking tears, instead of the spate of hunger to be quenched
And after feeding the younger brother,
She taking the left-overs stealthily.

God knows what it is in her fate,
Which nondescript home
Will she go finally,
Who the unknown fellow to take her away,
How will be it the hand to hold that of hers?

What is it in her poor lot and destiny,
The writ of it,
The crisscrosses of her palm-lines,
Where the palmist determining her fate-lines?
Which astrologer and the horoscope-maker to predict it?

A poor persona,
A small and little tragic girl artiste,
The wide world feels it not the pains of her life and living,
A little girl lisping so beautifully,
In such a lovely way, unmindful of all that what it to befall her.

She is none, but your daughter,

My daughter, our daughter,
The poor daughter of India,
Living in the villages
Where there dwells the soul of the mother land.

A girl not going to school, but working at home,
Helping her mother,
After having fed her brother and the parents,
She taking food
And that too the left-overs in her fate.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bharat Mata Ki Jai, Don't See It With Miangiri Or Hindugiri

Bharat mata ki jai,
You have not to say,
Don't say,
But you will realize it
When you will be on the earth of
Saudi Arabia,
The motherland too is like mother
Which but takes in realization.

The extreme Hindu groups too are mad,
Why do they ask others to sing
Vande mataram
So beautifully written song,
Why do they ask the foreigners
To say Bharat mata ki jai,
Can the Turks, Afghans, Arabs,
Mongols and Mughals?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bhasha Kya Hain, Shabda Hain, Lipi Kya Hain, Akshara Hain

Bhasha kya hain,
Shabda hain,
Lipi kya hain,
Akshara hain.

Bhasha kya hain,
Shabda hain,
Shabdon she panktiyan,
Lipi kya hain,
Akshara hain,
Aksharon she varnamala.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bihar And The Janata Dal, The Black Deeds Of It

Many of the leaders going to be ministers today
One day were convicts and criminals
Provoking the students to commit suicides
Or burn after pouring over kerosene
Including .

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bihar In Third-Class Talks, Who Dalit, Who Undalit?

Bihar in third-class talks,
Who a Dalit,
Who an un-Dalit?

They doing these
Just for to be ministers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bihar Ka Charwaha School/ Bihar's Shepherd-School

Bihar Ka Charwaha School

Bhainsacharanewalla, bhedacharanewalla,
Bakricharanewaali, gayacharanewalli,
Bhendawalli, Bailwalla,
Sabhi koi neta bihar mein.

The buffalo-grazing-man, the sheep-grazing-man,
The goat-grazing-woman, the cow-grazing-woman,
The sheep-woman, the ox-man,
All leaders in Bihar.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bihar Mein Gayacharanrewalli, Bakriwalli, Bhendawalla, Bhainsawalla Sab Neta/ In Bihar

In Bihar

The cow-woman, the goat-woman,
The sheep-man, the buffalo-man,
All leaders.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bihar Notorious For

Bihar notorious for chors
Stealing away your goods,
For the goons
Keeping unlicensed pistols,
The thugs
Doing thuggery,
Dishonest persons
Taking bribes.

If you talk to a Bihar,
He has but juta and chappal in his mouth,
Always threatening to beat you with.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bihar Of Lallu & Kallu, Two Villagers As Politicians

Bihar of Lallu and Kallu,
Lallu, brownish and round
And Kallu, ie,
Black from outside not,
But from inside too,
Both of them
Pistol-men
Unlicensed firearm keepers
And firers.

Lallu and Kallu, both of them alike
One the ruffian hero
Another a villain,
The two friends
Rough and tough,
Birds of the same feather,
Countrified and villainous
Talking of the lathi,
Thrashing from behind.

.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bihar Of Once Upon A Time, If The Foolish Man Turns Into A Chief Minister

Ek Samay Ka Bihar, Yadi Mukhyamantri Ho Murkhamantri

Ek lakh rupye de do
Aur professor ho jao,
Kahan hona hain,
Rupye do
Aur join kar lo.

Bihar of Once Upon A Time, If The Foolish Man Turns Into A Chief Minister

Give one lakh rupees
And be a professor,
Where have to be,
Give rupees
And joining the college.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bihar Of The Gayawalla, The Cchagarwalla, The Bakriwalli, All Waiting To Be Minsiters

Bihar is already of the gayawalla, the bhainsawalla, the cchagarwalla, the bakriwalli, the bhedawalla, the bhedawalli. There is nothing to say it more. All unpadhs will be ministers.

Gayawalla- cowman, bhainsawaalla- buffaloman, cchagarwalla- goatman, bakriwalli- goatwoman, bhedawalla- sheepman, bhedawalli- sheepwoman, unpadhs- uneducated fellows

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bihar Of The Thieves, Thugs And Goons

Bihar,
You accept it or not,
Is of
The thieves, thugs and goons
And the criminals as politicians,
The illiterate, uncouth and clumsy people
As politicians.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bihar Of The Third-Class People (Not All Of Them)

Bihar of the third-class people,
Though not all of them,
But in the maximum
Of the blunt and bogus people,
Bribe-taking ones,
Not neat and clean.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bihar Of Thieves And Goons

Bihar is not of the gentlemen,
But of thieves and goons
And looters and thugs
And loafer
And fools,
Most illiterate and uneducated people.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bihari Bhaiya Ladki Dekhno Ko Chala Other States/ Many Biharis Go To Other States Just To See Girls, Beautiful Girls

Many Biharis
Rustic and foolish
Go to other states
Not for manual works,
But see the girls,
Beautiful girls,
Marwari, Marathi, Punjabi,
Sindhi, Kashmiri
Just to run away,
Run away
As for money and good girls,
Those who have not seen
Girls, beautiful girls
In their society
Full of purdahs and ghunghats
And if they find not,
They may take the mannequins
As blondes, beauties.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bihari Bhaiyyas/Most Of The Chors & Ghushkhors Live In Bihar/ They Migrate To Other States & Call Themselves Bihari Bhaiyyas

I talk about not the good
Who are but a few,
But the Bihari chors and ghushkhors,
Thugs and criminals,
They migrate to other states
In search of jobs,
Diminishing their prospects
Like to make the call
Bihari Bhaiyyas,
Proud and Biharis.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bihari Bhojpurian Tenglish (Haiku)

A Bihari rural politician
Speaking in Bhojpurian English
At Harvard.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bihari Cabinet Of Foolish And Rustic Ministers

Murkhamantri driving the bullock-cart
As the cart man
Going to the Assembly House
In Bihar
And the vllagerly men as rustics
Seated on his cart
Going

They also going to take the oath as ministers
And Murkhamantri
As the chief minister
And while taking the onward journey from
Their villages

They gossiping on the midway,
Rubbing tobacco and chewing,
Some smoking beedis
And some cigars
As for to be modern with the times.

N.B. Murkhamantri: Foolish-minister

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bihari Cchoda From Bihar To Jnu, Delhi

Are the politicians
Only in Bihar and U.P.
To be the leaders of India?
Bihari cchodas, brats
Doing politics.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bihari Goondaism/ Bihar Of Laat, Jutta

Bihari goondaism is
The worst of its type
As they are very rough and tough
To be dealt with.

Bihar of beating,
Laat and jutta,
Leg kicks and shoe-throwing,
Notorious Biharis.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bihari Professor Of English

He is a Bihari professor of English,
Has not read,
But has stolen,
Has not learnt English,
Is still learning it
After chewing tobacco,
Rubbing and taking,
Rubbing on the palm
And dusting the lime powder
And taking into the mouth,
Speaking English
As a rustic,
A country boy,
A village swain,
Putting paan into the mouth
And speaking in English
And teaching in the classroom.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bijay Kant Dubey An Expert On Jayanta Mahapatra Is Sitting Idle While The Others Evaluating s On Jayanta

One who has worked on the poetry of Jayanta Mahapatra is sitting idle
While the others who do not know him
Are evaluating theses on Jayanta.

This is India.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Biography, My Biography, I May, But My Autobiography Never, Never Will I

One day I may
My biography,
May write,
But never will I
My autobiography
Full of lies.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bird-Watching

The poet as a bird-watcher and bird-watching as poetry,
This is the thing that I want to delve deep and dwell upon
As poetry will cease to remain poetry
If the birds go depleting
And greenery of the wilds
And blueness of the sunny hills.

□

Without bird-watching, one cannot be a poet
And the bird-watcher is a poet,
Try to watch at least for to be poet,
See them with a poetical heart
For to be a painter of life and the world around,
Animate or inanimate.

The scarecrow lying it falsely atop the building
As no flesh-eating birds alights upon,
As their numbers have fallen miserably
And we see them not,
Rarely come to mark and sight them,
The vulture, the hawk and the kite.

Sitting in the armchair, you cannot view it all,
The things of the landscapes,
The panorama of the wild,
The studio with the painted scenery cannot
Give the natural scenery,
Just can belie them.

The hawk targetting from up above,
The kite circling over the object of its prey to swoop down,
The vulture meditating to dwell upon,
Collecting the news for the whereabouts
Of the veterinary dead and the municipal garbage heaps,
Contacting sweepers the scavenger birds.

Into the fields, labouring on a carcass like a taxidermist,
Away from the town,
At some lonely place,
Into the deeps and downs,

The vulture feeding upon
Or sitting atop the abattoir tin roofs.

The blue birds flapping the wings with the flutter and dive,
The dark black crows crowing at dawnbreak to tell
Of the arrival of some new and strange guest,
The cranes, storks and herons at work
Like some Indian fishermen for all daylong,
The golden orioles yellow and stripes strangely.

Now-a-days the sparrows chirp they not from the rooftops,
Nor flutter and whirl from
The straw-sheds and thatches,
The cottages turned into villas,
Cemented cottages and villas
And the birds flown away,
Where, ask you not?

The moping owls see I sometimes, wheatish, whitish and blackly,
Passing the night-time,
Grotesque-looking, bizarre-bizarre and weird,
The shortish beak,
The eyes big-big and bulging,
Ogling beautifully,
How to ask,
Who are you, what to say?

The black bats see I readying for their flights
Marking radars and signals, measuring wave-lengths,
Just like the circus artistes at the nets,
The acrobats,
The Indian jugglers walking tip-toe
In between the makeshift poles
Fastening the rope.

The sterlings grizzled and striped settling down
In pairs and couples,
Fluttering and flying away,
Picking fallen grains and cereals,
Coming together, flying together with,
I can just see
Without talking to them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bismillah, Left You Playing Shehnoi In The Viswanath Temple After The Award

Bismillah, have heard,
You left playing
In the Viswanath temple
After the award
From the Govt. Of India
As for shehnoi playing,
But say you,
From whom did you learn
This very shehnoi,
Why did you,
Did you, Bismillah?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bits Of Philosophical Thoughts, The 22nd Collection Of Poems By Pronab Kumar Majumder

Bits of Philosophical Thoughts as a work
Contains in
The philosophical tidbits and contents
Of the poet
As a thinker of time,
Keeping a watch on
Just like a watchman,
A night-watchman
And a day-time durwan, gate-keeper.

Time which is all-important,
Time which is all-powerful,
Time which it is indestructible
And immortal
is the point of of his discussion
And deliberation,
A poet of time,
Brooding over the spectrum of life
Under its dimension,
A poet reflecting and ruminating over
What it has in the passage of time.

What which never returns, comes back,
Time which it flies away
Making penitent, repentant,
Time which dodges and coaxes
And hoaxes
With the hoary voice of its own,
Time is time,
Nothing to relax and rest,
To go on, go on,
Move on and on,
Never stop you the mission of its,
Time all powerful.

The ticking watch, the alarm of the round clock,
The bold strike of the wall clock with the pendulum,

The tower high above striking,
The subject of his rumination
And he thinking about deeply
Not as a khagolshastri,
But as a kavi,
Not as a astronomer, a cosmonaut,
But as a poet
Going to the ravi,
I mean the sun,
As the proverb says
Where the sun cannot
There can a poet.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Black Is Back, White Is White

Black is black, white is white,
Convert black into white, white into black,
White black, black white.

What it is white will turn black
And black white.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Black Literature, White Literature, Is There Anything Like Black And White? Literature Literature

Black literature,
White literature,
Is there anything like
Black and White literature,
Literature literature,
What has it to do with
Black and White,
Black Black,
White White,
Black White,
White Black?

Literature African
With the arrogant
Black protagonist,
Literature American
With the White settler protagonist,
Literature native and aboriginal
With the Negro persona.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Black Money In The Agarwalla Farm Of Rajasthani Businessmen, Only After Money Heartlessly

Black money, black money
If you have to get
Find it
In the Agarwalla Farm
And if not then in the firms
Of Himmatsinghka, Jhujhunwalla,
Meharia, Goenka, Biralda,
Singhani, Bajaj,
Under the cushioned bed
Of Sethji.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Black Money Is Like A Black Girl, But Beautiful, With A Good Face-Cutting

Black money is like
A black girl,
But with
A good face-cutting,
Beautiful to look at
And mark it
Without black money
One cannot do a great work,
Diamonds too lie in mines,
Coal mines.

So, please return me,
Return me my black money,
The black girl
Whom like I,
Love I so much,
Black-black blonde, belle, beauty,
Black-black money.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Black Money, Black Money, Shouting It, Try Not To Cash Cheap Popularity, Give Jobs To The Unemployed Too

Black money, black money
Shouting it
Get not the mandate in your favour,
Try you not to be popular,
may I ask you,
How many jobs
Have you so far
To the jobless and the unemployed
Rather than making speeches?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Black Money, Black Money, Who Has Not Black Money?

Black money, black money,
Who has not black money,
Say you?

You too have,
I too have.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Black Money, White Money, Kissa Black Money Ka/ Gabbar Singh, Kahan Hai Tumhara Maal, Mungerilal Asking With A Flog In Hand

Black money, white money,
White money, black money,
Who has what,
Who can but say it,
Why not to make white black
And black white
Which is but a matter of colour
As they know it not
Black and white, white and black
Just colours
And we cannot without one?

Wherever go we, there people keep
Talking about,
Black money, white money,
White money, black money,
Where is that hidden treasure,
In some old building
Or in some Sethji's cabin
Or under the bed cover,
God knows,
God knows it,
Who keeps the news of others
When we are ourselves busy with,
Oiling our own charkha?

Who has what, we like it not
To peep into,
Who has gold, silver,
Jewels or gems,
Let them be with,
It is their personal matter,
Why to poke into another's affair,
As no Khabarilal are we,
News-collectors
Who has got what?

The police are after,
The politicians are,
The detectives with the sniffer dogs
Are searching,
Searching, where that maal is,
Hidden stuff, treasure of black money
Is in bundles, wads of notes
And you counting
Making them slippery
With the fingers sliding
And gliding.

In the bus, train bogey,
At the station, platform
People talking,
Black money, white money,
White money, black money,
The loafers cracking jokes,
Bhaiyya, have you black money
Or white money,
The village swains, rustics and clowns,
The paanwallahs, chaiwallahs and beediwallahs,
All talking, taking fillips,
What about us, as we do not have,
Those who have the worry is theirs,
Their sleeps gone away from their eyes.

People in lines, rows, queues,
Long rows and queues
Queued unto the road
From the bank gates
And the banks unable to exchange
The older notes,
The demonetized, scrapped, discontinued notes
Of Rs.500 and 1000 denominations
As the new notes not available
And even if Rs.2000 notes
The bigger ones for small transactions
And the common people unable to market
And the ATMs kiosks without money,
Cashless and dry.

Mungerilal searching the hidden treasures,
Where the maal lies it hidden,
The matter, stuff,
The older palaces
And the temples
Made from clay and small bricks,
Sethji's lockers,
The pickpockets and thieves,
They too sharing the experiences with
As for detecting black money
Where does lie it?

And hearing it Gabbar Singh running away
On horse-back
Gallop in the dark,
Firing and going
With the mafia dons
And underworld gangsters,
Bosses and goons,
Scammers, fraudsters and gangsters,
Bootleggers and drug peddlers,
Taking daru in a den
To calm and comfort themselves.

Gabbar Singh, kahan hai tumhara maal,
De do warna goli maar dunga,
Surrender, surrender you,
Gabbar Singh, you Indian robber,
Dacoit, don, mafia man,
Tax-collector,
Gabbar Singh, saying politely
Otherwise shall fire upon you
And you cannot escape,
Escape from my hands,
Mungerilal saying,
Saying to Gabbar Singh,
I Mungerilala speaking,
Surrender, surrender you
With your maal, Gabbar Singh,
Gabbu!

Black Money, White Money, This The Talk Of Today

Black money, white money,
White money, black money,
Who has what,
This the talk of today?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Black Money, White Money, Who Has What, Tell You, This The Debate Of India?

Black money, white money,
Who has what,
Tell you,
This the debate of India,
Engaging it,
Engaging the people?

People in the aftermath of
The scrapping of notes,
Phased out
Lined and queued
In the heat of the sun
Waiting for their turn,
But new currency notes not available
In plenty.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Black Poetry, White Poetry, Is Poetry So?

Black poetry, white poetry,
Is poetry so?
Black is black,
But white,
Think you so
And white is not white,
But black,
Written in black and white.

What it makes black poetry
Black
Is the prejudice of
Belonging to black consciousness,
Secluded from the whites
As for being different
From the complexion point of view.

With the protagonist black,
Black poetry tumbles down to,
Telling of feeling and experience
Undergone
As a black,
Not as a white
As for complexion.

But in the works of the whites
There is nothing as that
Like black consciousness,
As they go in their own
Rather than the blacks
Who tell differently
As for discrimination
And inferiority complex.

The Little Black Boy by William Blake
Tells of sympathetically
A black mother teaching
The little boy,
In The Chimney Sweepers, Charles Lamb

Tells of the hard duty of the cleaners
And Walt Whitman is without doubt
Superb in his humanism.

The blacks as the natives
Or from Africa,
The Dark Continent,
The whites from Great Britain
As the settlers,
History, politics and culture
Of the land,
The story of colonization
And its narratives strange is it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Black Poetry, White Poetry, Leave It Doing Black And White

Black poetry, White poetry,
Leave it doing
Black-black, White-White
And write in black and white
What you have to say,
But politicize you not please.

Mind it you cannot change the age,
The course of history,
Who did not oppress whom
As life itself is full of struggle and suffering?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Black, But Heartful/ View Her With Love

The girl is black
But beautiful,
See the face-cutting.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Blackmail You Not A Girl On The Facebook

Blackmail you not a girl on the Facebook,
Think it that she is a man,
Not for use only,
But a creature.

You may be in love and relationship with her,
But blackmail her not emotionally,
Exploit her not
And her sentimentality.

Always keep in mind
That there is Someone beyond our reach,
The Unapproachable One
With the Hand Unseen in everything.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Black-Mouthed Hanumans Of Jayprakash Narayan Leaders, Politicians

Black-mouthed hanumans
Which scratch not,
But bite it
Are also leaders and politicians,
The black-mouthed hanumans of Jayprakash
Who were brought,
But never tamed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Blake's Tiger And Milton's Snake

Blake, talked you of the bright and burning eyes of the tiger
And the Maker making it,
Experimenting with ferocity, brutality and beastiality
And Milton, talking of Satan and his snake,
Oh, the duality of Creation talk you!

The tiger a bloody and beastly brute will remain ever wild, ever so
As it had been,
But their dwindling population a thin of worry for us
And the venom of the viper, what to say about the fangs,
Hair standing on the body, frightening indeed to come across!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Blasphemy Is Light Which Beacons The Path To God

Blasphemy,
The fanatics and fundamentalists,
Fail to understand it
That it beacons
The path to God
Through skepticism and agnosticism
And atheism.

Why to praise God all the times
And to be submissive and thankful to Him,
Why not to abuse Him too?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Blasphemy Is The Beauty Of Logic, Reason And Fact

Blasphemy is the beauty of thought and idea,
Superstitious people know it not
The beauty of the idea,
The dark age medieval people
As those who do blasphemy
Or have the guts of abusing God
They too are gifted with
The creative urge of questioning
Which but the conservatives and the orthodox
Know it not, realize it not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Blasphemy Is The Beauty Of Thought, Those Abuse God Are Philosophers/ The Pleasure Of Abusing God

Blasphemy is the beauty of thought
Which but know we not
As it is the gem of vision,
The jewel of thought.

Those who are blasphemous
Are not anti-God,
But existential
And theirs is also a point to make.

Where is God,
Who is God,
Why does He not come in the times of suffering,
Has God died in the modern age?

There is a pleasure of abusing God,
Those who have not
Cannot feel it
The pleasure of having abused God.

Blasphemy, agnosticism and skepticism
Lead not to atheism,
But are existentially quite significant,
The absurd questions.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Blasphemy Opens The Gates Of Faith & Belief

Blasphemy is not godlessness,
Atheism, agnosticism and skepticism,
Blasphemy shows the path to God,
The joy of abusing god,
The stupid believers cannot feel it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Blasphemy, Blasphemy Too Is An Idea, The Power Of Reasoning

The delight of abusing God,
They do not know it,
The religiously blind or mad people
As they cannot question
And the reasoning is dead in them,
As they cannot distinguish light from darkness,
As those who do blasphemy
Too are good from within.

Blasphemy opens the avenues of
Thought and reflection,
Broadens the mental horizon,
If God had been so pure,
Why did he create the lamb and the tiger both,
Why did He import the idea of Death,
Mark the Villainy of God?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bleeding Heart

Bleeding heart,
You do not show it to me
As mine too will start bleeding,
Bleeding heart,
Your bleeding heart,
Do not show it to me,
Bleeding heart,
Your bleeding heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bless Us, O Goddess With The Lyre! Saraswati!

Bless us, bless us,
The Goddess with the lyre,
Goddess Sarasawati
With the book into the hands
And by the swan,
O Goddess,
Break You the tunes,
The sweet notes
Musical and sonorous!

O Goddess of art and culture,
White-clad and with the lotus
And the lyre,
Break You the musical tunes,
The rhythmic vibration
Into ripples of songs,
Making the heart sacred
And temperament serene!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Blood Has Only One Colour, Red Colour, Why Do They Not Understand?

Blood has only one colour,
Red colour,
It is not that Muslim blood is
Different from Hindu blood
Or Christian blood,
Blood is blood,
Red blood.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Blue Whale Is Nonsense, Stupid, Do Not See It

Blue Whale
Is nonsense, stupid,
Do not,
Do not see it
On the Internet.

Do not be afraid of
Even if they frighten you
Which is but their tactics
And if you can't,
I shall kill the Blue Whale.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Blue Whale, Killing The Innocent Children, What Will You Get?

Blue Whale,
Blue Whale,
Killing the small children,
Claiming innocent lives,
What will you,
Will you get,
Blue Whale?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bluff-Masters As Contemporary Indian English Poets & Poetesses

Contemporary Indian English poetry is a bluff,
Not a new bluff,
But an old one,
When did the writers bluff it not?

Today they are editing journals to make the people
Call them poets and poetesses,
I men the poetasters, non-poets and commoners,
Rhymers and poetasters.

Many poetasters as university heads promoting their poetry
Through the faculty members and research activities,
I mean selecting the candidates
To do their . and on their poetry.

Many students of these bluff-masters after appreciating
Their masters
Have moved to universities
And have started calling themselves great poets.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bob Dylan

Bob Dylan
With the guitar
Plucking the wires unawares
And the sounds cackling.

Bob Dylan
With the guitar
An image,
A portrait of an artiste.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bob Dylan (After The Nobel) , Where Do You Lie Stringing The Guitar Silently From Hide?

Bob Dylan,
Where, where do you
Lie in
Stringing the guitar,
The guitar and singing,
Singing the songs
Silently,
Silently from public hide,
Bob Dylan,
Bob?

The world, world
I s searching you,
Searching you
And you,
You lost in the rhythms
Of poetry,
Poetry as songs
Set to music
And singing,
Singing them.

Bob,
Bob Dylan,
The world, world after you,
But you,
You still somewhere
Playing,
Playing the music,
The music of life,
Reposing in,
Reposing in.

To search meaning,
Meaning and love,
Love and value
Catching the nuances

Of speech,
The rhythms,
Rhythms of living,
The cadence,
Cadence of speech,
Going, going with
The time, time and age.

Bob, Bob Dylan,
Sing you,
Sing, sing you
The songs,
Taking your time,
Your time
To sing
To your full,
So, so lost in
And passionate about
Music, music of life,
Rhythm, rhythm of speech.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bob Dylan The Guitarist, The Icon Of Pop Culture, The Songwriter

For whom music is life,
Life music,
The rhythm of living,
The rhythm of speech,
Catching the nuances
Of public life
And copying them
In notebooks and diaries
All about
Life, times and men,
Their living and thinking,
Bob,
Bob Dylan strumming the guitar,
Strumming and singing,
Singing and strumming
The music,
The music of life,
The music,
The music of soul,
The music,
The music of heart,
Heart to soul,
Soul to heart,
The tambourine man,
The Baul,
Western Baul,
Beatle
Searching the transcendentalist
Maharshi,
Carrying the tradition
Of the American transcendentalists,
Beatles
And the folks,
A man tall and long,
Michael Jackson,
The Michael Jackson of song,
Popularity, modernity and tradition,

Fashion and liking.

Song and poetry,
Poetry and song,
Poetry closer to lyric and music,
Song and singing,
Put to music,
Poetry set to,
The rhythm mingling
With music
And it breaking,
The music of life, the music of times,
The music of pop culture,
The folks,
A culture,
A tradition
Taking back to
Woody Guthrie,
George Harrison
And his associates
And to Allen Ginsberg otherwise
Winning him the Nobel
For Literature
For the first time
To a songwriter
Which deprived they of
In the past
And finally gave away to
In presenting it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bob Dylan, In You See I A Legacy And Tradition Of Song And Music

Bob Dylan,
in you, see I
a legacy and tradition
of music and song
and dance
and poetry,
the jazz,
blues,
pop
and discotheque

the music of
the solo guitarists,
strumming the guitar
in the busy humdrum of life,
in pastoral settings,
tuning
and striking
to break the rhythms of music

the voices of the poets
turning poetry into songs,
breaking the speech,
creating sounds
for language
musical and songful
delighting unto
with its special rhythm and rhyming.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bob Dylan, The Guitarist As A Song-Writer, An Icon Of Pop American Culture

A singer of heart
Of love and joy
Setting words to music,
Giving music to words
By strumming,
Strumming and plucking
And plucking
The wires,
Wires of the guitar,
Bob,
Bob Dylan
A singer of heart,
A guitarist
Pop, jazz and blue
Remixing it all
In the tradition,
Symbolic of the great tradition
Of the American music
Folksy, remixes of the modern and the contemporary
And experimental
Bodily or soul-alluring,
Mundane nor transcendental,
Metaphysical or romantic.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bob Dylan, Where Are You Playing The Guitar?

Bob Dylan,
Dylan, Dylan,
Are you you,
Are you
Playing the guitar,
Strumming and strumming,
Strumming it soulfully,
Dylan, Dylan,
Bob Dylan
In reminiscent of
The masters acknowledged
Or unacknowledged
of the musical tradition
Carried far
Over the years?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bob Dylan, Will You Take The Nobel Or Not, They Keep You Asking And You Still Silent Over?

Bob Dylan, will you
Take the Nobel
Or not,
They keep
You asking,
But you
Still silent over
This,
Will you
Or not,
The world wants to know it,
Say you,
Bob Dylan?

What the meaning
Of your silence,
Is it to silence
Your critics
Who said it,
Song is not poetry,
You not a poet,
But a songwriter,
A musician
And a singer?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bob Dylan's Nobel Lecture

Bob Dylan kept wondering about
As to accept it or decline,
In a dilemma
With regard to the nature and scope
Of poetry
Whether the lyrics poems
Or not,
What to do
With
The songs he has
Whether into the domain of poetry
Or not,
He thought,
Thought and reflected,
Wavered in decision,
Took time to brood over
And to conclude
With regard to his acceptance
Of the Nobel Prize for poetry
For the songs to be sung
And heard
Showing allegiance to
The American song-writers
Whose songs he still hums by,
Relating to the folk, jazz, blues
And myths Hindu, Judaic, Biblical.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bob Was Bob Dylan Before, Now After The Nobel Prize Praise Him Not

Bob Dylan
Bob is Bob,
Bob Dylan whom
Confuse we
With Dylan Thomas,
The music maker,
Song-writer,
Melody-creator.

The rhythm of living,
The rhythm of speech
Caught he,
Copied he
To take down the notes,
The rhythm of song
Hummed he,
Hummed and whistled
Which came from the heart
To the lips.

What Michael,
Michael Jackson was in dance,
Dylan is
In his words
Written from the heart,
Sung to the soul,
Humming and going,
Going and humming
The song of life,
The rhythm of speech.

A songwriter,
A music maker,
Loved ,
Loved the speech
Always deriving from,
Catching the nuances and idiosyncrasies,

Vibrating and tuning down
Into the notebooks of songs,
Singing with incantation,
Putting to music,
The music of words.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bob, Bob, My Dear Bob, You Singing, Singing From Your Heart

Bob,
Bob,
My dear Bob,
You singing,
Singing
From your heart,
Heart, heart,
Heart not,
Soul, soul,
Soul, soul too not
But as a singer,
Singer
Of heart,
Heart, heart,
Soul,
Soul, soul
So soulfully,
Soulfully,
Soulfully not,
So heartfully,
Heartfully,
Heartfully not
But a singer,
A singer too not,
But a guitarist,
A guitarist too not
But a musician,
A musician too not
But a composer,
A bandman,
A bandman,
Strumming,
Strumming
In company,
In company of his band,
Bob,
Bob,

Bob Dylan
And the music,
Music,
The music of life,
Life not
Soul, soul,
Heart, heart
Accompanied with the words
So musical and lucid,
Sonorous and melodies,
With the melodies breaking,
Melodies cackling,
Cackling,
Sounds breaking,
Breaking
With the accompaniment,
Accompaniment of instruments,
Musical instruments
Sung so nasally,
Slowly,
So nasally
And in a sonorous voice
Seconded by some golden voice
Of melody
Breaking forth
With the tunes fluting,
Bands going in rhythm,
Drums sounding,
Really a golden voice,
Golden voice, Bob,
Bob, you singing,
Singing in a God-gifted tune,
Tune,
A God-gifted organ voice
Of America.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bob, In You See I A Tradition, A Harmony Of Trends, An Unacknowledged Legacy Of Heritage

Bob, now I understand
Why you were late
In acknowledging the award,
Perhaps for the legacy of trend and tradition
Carried over the years,
Those of the guitarists',
Solo guitarists and their performances,
Singing in company,
Carrying the tradition
Of the musicians and singers
And song-writers.

Yours is not a tradition
To be viewed in isolation,
To be aloof from,
But a tradition
Deeper and complex
And mixed
Drawing from not,
But enriching the same tradition
Of the intra-legacy
Of the jazz, blues, country, folk,
Gospel, rock and roll.

An inter-mixer of English, Scottish and Irish
Folk songs,
His is a poetry of dialect
Deriving from all,
Going even to fashion and tradition,
Clime and norm
To nomenclature
To convention
And gospel music
Which is but Christian music.

It is difficult to imagine him
In the absence of

Woody Guthrie, Robert Johnson, Hank Williams
And Little Richard,
Voicing Beats, protest songs,
American civil rights, anti-war songs,
Enriching the area of pop music,
Making us remember
Whitman, Ginsberg, Dylan
As the poets,
The Beatles.

Apart from being a song-writer,
He has much of a singer,
A folk singer,
A musician,
That too a guitarist
As for the body language,
The mood and sentiment of
A pop singer folksy
And trendy,
Catching the rhythms of life,
The beats of music.

His style of presentation,
Manner of speech,
Dialect of tongue,
Accenting of language,
The absorb and release,
The dress and taking
In tune with,
In consonance with
Style and manner,
Fashion and design
Really adding to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bob, In You See I Allen Ginsberg, The Beatles, Hare Rama, Hare Krishna Tuning Of

Bob Dylan,
In you
See I, hear I
Allen Ginsberg,
In you, in you
The Beatles singing,
Striking the guitar,
The faded romantics
After fatigued with
Cigar, wine and marijuana
Singing Hare Rama, Hare Krishna,
bob Dylan,
Your song
The song of life,
Your music
The music of the soul,
Of the heart,
You going by the beat,
The guitar croaking,
The wires tinkling
And you fumbling and mumbling
The words
Half-said, half-spelt
As if were drunk and down,
Singing and singing,
Playing the music
You Bob,
Bob Dylan.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bob, What Are You, A Guitarist Or A Composer Or A Singer Or A Song-Writer?

I but see you strumming the guitar
And nothing else,
But your guitar,
You standing in a pose and posture
Making you an icon.

A guitarist,
Guitarist you standing in a pose and posture
Of your own,
A guitarist,
Standing with the guitar
And playing,
Playing the instrument.

A composer composing music,
A music composer
Composing,
Composing for music,
Music albums,
Musical presentations,
Doing the band work.

And after composing the songs,
Songs written,
Felt during the spur of the moments,
Catching the rhyme and rhythms,
The idiosyncrasies and nuances
Of the speech and the dialect,
You tuning, tuning the word lyrically.

Tuning, tuning
With the band,
Giving words and music,
Exposing words to lyricism,
Setting to music,
Practicing and honing
And the melodies breaking,

The rhythm of life, the rhythm of speech.

You with the guitar,
Bob Dylan
With the band,
The band on the dais,
Readying to play and start
With the musicians
And the band men
Asking the sound men to connect.

And the wires plugged in
And he with the guitar
On the platform
With the band men
Standing as an iconic figure,
A portrait,
A portrait of an artist as a musician,
A folk player.

But you not the sole guitarist,
Your guitar speaking
A different note,
Your life and tradition,
The lessons you learnt from,
The unacknowledged masters
Of jazz, blues, rock and roll
Speaking through your guitar.

Bob Dylan, say you,
Who you are,
A musician, a singer or a song-writer,
A guitarist or a music-composer,
Bob Dylan, say you,
Say you, who are you,
Folk guitarist
Of the beat tradition
In a changing world?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bob, You Are A Singer...

Bob, you are a singer
Singing the song of life,
You are a musician
Playing the music of life,
You are a songwriter
Writing the song of life.

Ye, you, Bob,
Bob Dylan, a guitarist
Plucking,
Plucking the wires,
Strumming,
Strumming the chords,
Plucking, plucking,
Plucking and strumming,
Strumming and strumming

And the music flowing,
Flowing and flowing,
The music so melodious,
The song, song
Given words, words and music
And music, music
Lacerating the words with
Song and music, music and song
Sung with the melody of life
And the notes breaking.

And in the beats,
Beats and music mixed,
Wires plucked and tuning,
Cackling,
Lighting and raking,
I see life,
I see life,
I hear, hear songs,
I take to, take to put down
Filled with inspiration and joyous mood
Taking me far.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bob, Your Song The Song Of America

Bob, your song is one
Of America, Americanness and Americanism,
American time-spirit,
Thought-process,
Some were definitely before you
And some still to go.

Your song is one of America
And Americanness and Americanism,
Bob, Bob Dylan,
With the go of the world
Keep you going,
With the time-spirit you!

A singer of America, Americanness
And Americanism,
A singer of heart
Folksy and trendy,
Yours is a pastoral convention,
A poetry of beat music,
Rhythm and rhyme.

Your vibes the vibes of America,
The country,
The town and the city,
The voice of soul,
The heartbeat of America
And Americanness,
You writing the song somewhere.

Catching the rhythm of life,
The pulse of the hand,
The beat of the heart,
The throb
We mean the heartbeat,
The heartthrob,
The beat and pulse of time.

Reading to sing,

Sing the songs,
Setting to music,
Giving lips to,
Mumbling and fumbling
And plucking the wires of the guitar,
You, Bob Dylan.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bobby Will Come, I Used To Dream, A Bobbed-Haired Girl With The Golden Lock And The Stylistic Poses

I used to think that one day Bobby would come,
The bobbed-haired girl
With the golden hair glistening
Would be my love
But came she not,
The salon girl, the parlour lady,
The bobby-cut girl,
Simply speaking,
Fearing it that she would not cook food
And came she too not.

Just the golden locks, remember I, hanging upon,
Coming over the face
And I losing in Bobby's sweet dreams, Bobby-cut glistening
And golden hair to whisper into her ears,
Bobby, I love you, I love you
But that love you,
Now a dream, a false dream,
As Bobby went away doing ta-ta, bye-bye, goodbye.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bobby, I Love You, How To Say, I Love You?

Bobby,
Bobby, I love you,
love you, love you, Bobby,
I loved you, Bobby,
Bobby, I love you?

Bobby, how to say,
How to say,
I love you,
I love you, Bobby?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bobby, What To Say To You? Had You Been, Had You... A Golden Brown Blonde

Bobby,
What to,
What to say to you?

I just see you,
See you,
Keep seeing you.

A golden brown blonde,
A belle so lovely
Standing before
With the listening hair.

The sunlight falling upon,
Glistening the tangles of hair
Golden and beautiful,
Stars stuck into
And glimmering.

Bobby, Bobby,
You my desire,
Bobby, Bobby,
You my love.

Your Bobby-cut hair,
Golden brown
And glistening hair
Tangling
The twilight and dawn-break.

During the night time
The moonbeams
Playing with
And glow worms and stars
Getting stuck into.

Bobby, Your Golden Brown Hair

Bobby, since when
I saw you,
I've not
You,
Haven't you,
Bobby,
Your golden brown
Hair,
Glistening
And coming over
The face,
Hiding the face
Sometimes.

Since when saw you,
Saw you, Bobby,
Frankly speaking,
I couldn't,
Couldn't Bobby,
You
And your face,
The golden hair
Glistening
And hanging over
The shoulders
And the curls over
The face,
Bobby.

Bobby,
Bobby, if believe you not,
I can show,
Show it to you,
How much do I,
Do I love you,
Love and like you,
If believe you not,
Can show it to you,
How much do I love you,

Bobby,
Just for a glimpse
Of your face,
Lie I in wait for?

Your bobby cut hairstyle,
Golden and glistening,
The voice so sweet,
A face-cutting so live
And lovely,
The eyes so magical,
Lustrous
With a craze
For modernity and modern living,
So romantic and passionate,
Dreamy and colourful,
So up-to-date and latest
I haven't,
Haven't,
Bobby.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bobby-Cut Indian English Poetess (Haiku)

Bobby-cut Indian English poetess,
Thinking herself
An English memsaheb from London.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bobby-Cut Indian Woman As English Poetess

You are golden-haired and bobbed,
But falling short of an English girl,
A White European blonde.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bollywood

The drama company men
With the coloured heroes and coloured heroines
Dancing
with the band music,
Loafers whistling
And drinking daru.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bollywood And The Whiff Of Romanticism

The little girl trafficked
After showing the colourful dreams
Of Bollywood.

She, after leaving the home,
Boarding a train to be a heroine
But the philanthropic director turning he not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bollywood Film Industry

Bollywood film industry,
Daru, ladki and theatrical love
And barring it,
There is nothing,
Drink,
Take the heroine
And go.

To be a hero is
To be drunkard,
A girl-lover,
A drama-doer,
Wear the goggles
And smile,
Move in the company
Of beautiful girls.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bollywood Is But A Duplicate Hollywood

There is nothing as Bollywood
As it derives from Hollywood
And from Bollywood
Only woods,
Mollywood, Tollywood.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bombay Dreams/ What Is She Doing Into The Lanes & Streets Of The Bazaar? / What Has Bombay Given To Her?

What is she doing into the lanes and streets of the bazaar,
A lonely young
And poor girl,
Chatting on the ordinary mobile handset,
Smiling and babbling by herself,
Is this that the cinema has given to her,
Is it going to be an instance of Bombayan philanthropy
Where the hero will come upon
And rescue her and give shelter to?

Oh, Bombay shows the false dreams of
And the teenagers fail to comprehend it!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bombay Prayers By Daruwalla

The poet opens his heart, lays it bare
In the poem Bombay Prayers
From Winter Poems collection,
Whatever it is in his heart
As in the form of complaint and grievance,
Injustice meted out to,
What it the Divine Jurisprudence
And what it the shortcoming of Judgement.

The poet like the Job of the Old Testament
here prays to in submissive form
Like Kabir and Nachiketa,
Like Savitri learning from Yama,
But his is a modern question,
A modern, man's existential search,
Absurd revelling,
what the purpose of creation,
Why there sin and expiation?

A Zoroastrian he thinks in terms of
Ahirman and Ahurmazda,
The Zend Avesta
And the Doonger Vari
With the birds of prey circling over,
Reflecting in his own way,
Thinking about the ways of life and the world,
The Fire Hymn
And its cleansing capacity.

Save us Lord! Save us from ourselves! ,
Daruwalla prays to
Keep away from temptation
Tough cannot be totally,
But to resist it and surrender
Is the thing of concern,
We as human beings
Like to turn our face away
From the sick and the ailing.

Bombayan Film Directors Are Chors

They see the foreigner girls
At the airport
and try to copy out
Their life-styles
In Purdahwallis' India.

The girls, beauties and blondes
Romanian, Serb, Croatian,
Albanian, Pole, Czech,
Ukrainian.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bombayan Heroes & Heroines

Bombayan heroes and heroines
Are but powdered and creamed
Theatre personalities,
Personae and protagonists
In the make-up
Powdered and creamed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bombayan Super Stars, You Believe Me Or Not, Are But Girl-Lovers?

Bombayan super stars,
You accept it or not,
Are but girl-lovers,
Heart-breakers
And very dirty men
If you peep into their personal lives
Lifting the curtain of your window,
They are the most third class men,
The most dirty fellows,
Number one drinkers,
Number one womanizers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Boss

Boss, my boss, your boss
Is coming
In the pants and shirt
And belt
And wrist watch
And an attache
In the hands.

Boss, our boss is coming,
Alighting from,
The office boss
Looking smart and handsome,
Serious and grave
In the golden glasses,
Good morning, sir.

But of late he has changed,
Undergone drastic changes
As for keeping
The French-cut beard,
Just a little bit
On the chin
To make him ridiculous.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bouquets Of Flowers For You, Bapu On Your Birth Anniversary

Bouquets of flowers for you, Bapu
On your birth anniversary,
The 2nd of October.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Break Not The Heart

Break you not the heart,
Which eats for you,
Pulsates and throbs for you,
Waits,
Waits to see you,
Aches and aches for you.

See her, see her,
Try to see her,
Betray her not
Taking her along on the path of life,
think,
Jut think about her,
A woman where she to go
And what to follow thereafter?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Break You Not Anybody's Heart, Hurt You Not Anybody's Feelings

Break you not anybody's heart,
Hurt you not anybody's feelings,
For the Loving God wants it not
That break you anybody's tender heart,
Hurt you anybody's feelings,
For the God lives in the soul within.

Break you not anybody's heart,
Hurt you not anybody's feelings,
Live, live you
And let others live,
Love, love you all,
Hate you not anybody
For the one who likes
To live a life of own.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Break You Not The Korean Heart

Break you not,
Batter and barter you not
The Korean heart
Walling in between,
Separating from near and dear ones,
The kith and kin.

Your ego is your hypocrisy,
Your arrogance your militarism,
The destructive force to end you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Breaking My Heart, Breaking My Heart

Breaking my heart, my heart,
Breaking my heart,
where had, where had been you for so long,
O, say you,
Where, where had you been?

Breaking, breaking my heart,
Where had, had been you, my love, for so long,
Where, where were away from me
Which imagined I never?

Is, is this called love, is this, this called love
That kept I searching, searching you,
Singing, singing the song of your love,
Your and my love?

Breaking my heart, my heart,
Where, where had you been away from me,
Leaving me broken-hearted and forlorn
And I seeking consolation from?

Just as a lover, a gipsy went I wandering,
Marking the bunches of flowers hanging by
And the things of Nature and the world,
Making my not understandable heart understand.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Breaking News, Break It Not

It's the time for the breaking news and the news breaking,
Break the news, but break not all rules and regulations,
O, you the media men,
Reporters, correspondents and journalists!

Give us the breaking news, surprising or shocking, but break not to present it,
Tell us what it is the truth, speak it please,
Tell not a lie as often do you,
The professional and commercial people.

Show us the breaking news, but break it not all morality and ethics
As help you in
Putting the spy camera in the bathroom,
Place you the radar as to overhear whispers.

Love in the air, diplomacy on the wings
And you guessing about love
And talking to kites, vultures and hawks
As for your across the border reports.

Give us a break, show us the breaking news as a volley of thrusts,
But break it not
As to suit your selfish ends,
Priding over the words, the press and the media.

Everybody likes it to be in the camera flashlight, in the limelight,
In the media glare
And think you dining with the ministers and officers,
So sly are you.

Just for the breaking news, break not it all, the employees of media barons,
Break not the hands and legs of the news items,
Distort it not, twist it not
To serve your ends.

From the footpath journey you just like the politicians
To make a name and fame,
To make money
And raising the collar say you, who am I, what power do I hold in?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Brindaban, Where Is It Brindaban? Golden And Divine?

Brindaban, golden and divine Brindaban,
Krishna fluting
And with Radha swinging
Under the kadamba tree,
Where is it,
Where is it
Krishna's abode,
Where Radha,
Are they to debunk
The spiritual experience,
The mythical context,
The historical reference?

Turn you not Brindaban it not into old men homes,
The old left to their
Poor destitute,
Is Brindaban golden
And historical
And mythical
And mystical
To be lost
And missing,
To leave and abandon
The old there,
The middle men
Making their lives
Hellish
And begging on roads?

Bijay Kant Dubey

British English. American English, It's My Indian English, Hindustanti English, Dehati English

It is neither British English nor American English,
But Indian English, Hindustani English
Of the Hindustanis,
Speaking whatever language be it,
Dehati, countryside English,
The cartman, I mean the bullock-cartman
Seated on and driving the oxen,
As he too can or people similar to him
Dwelling in and trying to learn,
My English Hindustani, Indian, dehati,
Not British or Indian
After going by the foreigner tourists and travellers
As no tourist guide am I,
No traveller am I.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Broken Family, Broken Relationships, Wrong Attitude, Wrong Rearing, The Bruised Domestic Frontg

I shall sleep under the open skies
And shall come to view
The twinkling skies and the moon shining up above
And I underneath
Shall talk to Chandramukhi
Under the sheuli plant tree
Collecting the tiny specks, but fragrant sheulis,
Dew-laced and fresh,
Fallen under,
Scattered around
One misty morning.

My Chandramukhi, Moon-faced will come
And talk to me
While gathering dew-laced sheulis
Forgetting the bruises of the domestic front,
Arrogant and haughty lady love
And her tendency of
Driving away my parents
And eking out a living of her own.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Brother, Just Said By The Way, Too Much Of Miangiri, Hindugiri, Like I Not

Brother, just said to you
By the way,
Just by the by,
Like I not
Too much Miangiri,
Too much of Hindugiri,
Christiangiri,
As am a very simple man
Living simply,
Thinking simply.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Brquawalli, In Your Memory, How Lost Am I!

Burquawalli, how lost am I,
in your love
As keep I dreaming about,
As keep I thinking about day and night
As for how to say,
I love you, love you.

Hello, madam, how do you do,
How are you,
How are you,
Hidingly?

Oh, the moon-like beloved,
Diana under the patches of the dark clouds,
I love you, love you, Burquawalli!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Buddha And Buddhism/ Buddha Statues

How do they make the Buddhas,
I just see them,
Making the Buddhas
Out of different art models?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Buddha In Meditation

Buddha in meditation
Under a peepul tree
Hearing the music of the middle path.

Nautch girls singing far forbidding him
Neither to be so austere nor to be too much loose
So that music comes to not.

The veena's chords strike you as such
That music comes to,
Following the middle path.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Buddha In Meditation, Maya You Tempt Him Not Through Your Moha

Buddha in meditation,
Maya, you do not disturb him
As he is for a cause,
Even learning from the nautch girls
About the middle path,
The recourse to be taken
In sadhna.

Maya, he is doing sadhna for a noble purpose,
Trying to keep off temptation,
You pass not by,
Sound not the anklets,
Lilt it not
To have any impact on him
Lest it disturbs his sadhna.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Buddha My Love By Baldev Mirza

Buddha My Love by Baldev Mirza
Brought out in 1885
From Aligarh
Has been written
In address
To Buddha,
Asking to share with,
Shape as thus,
Talk to,
Chat and converse with.

His love for Buddha
Is indefatigable,
Brimming with love,
Burning with sympathy
And affection
For him,
Buddha is Buddha,
Buddha can Buddha,
But he cannot be,
As he is Peace Cosmic,
Enlightenment flashed upon.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Buddhi

Buddhi

Is wisdom

Which comes from knowledge.

Thinking-power.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Buddhi (Haiku)

What is buddhi? ,
Buddhis is wisdom,
Wisdom.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Buffalomen Too Leaders In Bihar, Those Who Graze Bufflaoes And Milk

And milk them,
Not the humble fellows,
But the blunt and bogus people,
I mean the ruffians,
The rough and tough fellows.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bura Mat Mano Holi Hai/ Take You Not Bad It Is Holi

Bura mat mano Holi hain,
Rang-gulal ka mausam,
Rang mein bhang shama to jaane do.

Take it not bad it is Holi,
Colour-powder's time is it,
Let me drown in colour.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bura Mat Mano, Holi Hai (Take It Not Bad, This Is Holi)

Bura mat mano, Holi hai,
Lekin rang ke bhang mein
Tum pagal naa ho jao.

Badalte huye mausam mein
Tum bhi badal na jao.

Take it not bad, this is Holi,
But in the hemp of colour
Turn you not mad.

With the changing season,
You too change not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burkawali She Prem

Love With A Burqua-clad Mistress

Wet-wet is the night,
The heart wants to kiss you,
Burqua-clad mistress!

Burkawali She Prem

Bheegi-bheegi shee raat hain,
Dil chahtaa hain ki chum loon,
Burquawali!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burkhawalli Bibi

Burkhawalli bibi,
Open you your face,
Let me impress a kiss
On your cheeks.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burkhawalli Bibi, Just For A Sweet Kiss

My burkhawalli bibi,
Just for a sweet kiss
Of yours
Lie I herein
Standing
Under the clouded skies
The fair moon
Hiding under the patches of clouds.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burkhawalli Bibi, Your Tales, Modi Is Saying, When Will You Be Modern?

Burkhawalli Bibi,
Your tales
Modi
Is saying,
When
Will you be modern?

Keep you not mum,
Raise you
Your voice
And
claim you
Your rights
Burkhawalli Bibi.

Now the time is
Yours,
Grab you the opportunity,
Claim you
By being vociferous,
Assertive and bold,
Burkhawalli Bibi.

The world is with you
Knocking at your door,
Open you the door
And come out,
See the sun glowing,
The moon shining,
Burkhawalli Bibi.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burkhawalli- Ii

Burkhawalli,
Kya tera naam,
Kya parichay,
Rahatin hain jo kahan?

Burqa-clad maiden,
What your name,
What you identity,
Where dwell you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burkhawalli- Iii

Burkhawalli,
Mein tumko bahut chahane lagaa hun,
Mein tumse bahut pyaar karne lagaa hun.

burqua-clad maiden,
I have started wanting you,
I have started loving you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burkhawalli- Iv

Burkhawalli,
Tumhe mein bibi banaa ke
Apnaa ghar lanaa chahataa hun.

Burqa-clad maiden,
Making you my better half
Want I to bring home.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burkhawalli- V

Burkhawalli,
Muhabbat karnaa kucch gunah nahin,
Gunahgaar to wei hain jo nafarat paidaa kartei hain,
Magar aapki bhul apne jo diya dil,
Aapki galati jo kiya aapne pyaar.

Buurqa-clad maiden,
To love is not to be guilty,
Guilty are those preach it hatred,
But your mistake gave you your heart,
Your fault but loved you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burkhawalli, Impression In Art, My Ph.D. On Gender Studies

Burkhawalli
In the hijab or nikab,
The burqa-clad girl
Under the purdah
My Ph.D.
On Gender Studies,
A portrayal of
An introvert character,
An impression of an artist
Seen through the window,
Teer nazar, jakhmi jigar.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burkhawalli, Tumhe Kis Karke Paya Ki Tum Wahi Ho, Wahi Ho!

Burkhwalli, tumhe kis karke paaya
Ki tum wahi ho, wahi ho,
Ek ladki,
Kitni lachar aur bibas.

Pyaar to pyaar hi hain,
Chahe wo naqab mein ho
Yaa benakab mein.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burkhawalli/ Burqa-Clad Beauty

Burkhawalli, kya teer nazar hain,
Kya jakhmi jigar,
Dil karta hain ki chum lun.

Burqa-clad maiden, what an arrow-like look,
What a wounded heart,
Want I to kiss you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burn The Lamp Of Light And It Is But The Lamp Of Hope And Love

Always, always burn the lamp of life,
Never put it out,
Maybe it the light will valuble for him,
Straying far in darkness,
Searching for it desperately.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burqawali Bibi

Burqawalli Bibi, do not show your face,
The wide world will see it,
Keep you yourself in hiding.

Hide you yourself,
But forget not to unhide
All that you feel within
As a human being.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burqawalli

Burqawalli,
Wherever go you,
I shall follow you.

You are my love,
The queen of my heart,
A night queen flower.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burqawalli The Dark Rose

Burquawalli

Is but a dark rose

So sweet and lovely to look at.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burqawalli, You Are My Love, You Are My Dream

Burqawalli, you are my love,
You are my dream,
Wherever go you follow I
From behind,
Burqawalli, you are my love, love,
You are my deam, dream,
I love you, Burqawalli, I love you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burqawalli, You Too In America

Burqawalli, you too in America,
Strangely yours,
Surprisingly yours,
Wherever go you, shall I follow you,
My love.

You my shadow, my walking shadow,
The star hidden under the clouds,
The patches of it,
I love you, I love you, Burqawalli,
Frankly speaking.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli (Bilingual)

Burquawalli,
Kya teer nayan hain, kya jakhmi jigar?
Pyaar ko pyaar tahane do,
Afshana banane naa do.

Burquawalli,
how the arrow-like looks, how the wounded heart of yours,
Let love be love,
Let it not turn into pathos, pine and pang of life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli (Haiku)

Burquawalli
The fair moon
Under the patches of dark clouds.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli And Me On Valentine's Day

On Valentine's Day
Wished I to kiss
A dark rose.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli As A Professor English

Burquawalli,
Miss Ghumtawalli,
Lajawanti,
Purdahwalli
As a prof. of English,
Teaching
Spenser, Wyatt, Drayton,
Shakespeare, Milton, Marvell,
Herbert, Herrick,
Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley,
Browning, Tennyson, Arnold,
Hardy and Lawrence,
A young and beautiful Muslim girl
But under the purdah,
The burkha
Calling with gestures,
So sweetie for Mian
Who prides over her modernity
But is himself conservative.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli In London, A Veiled Belle Passing

On coming across Burquawalli,
I found love into the eyes of hers,
Attraction in her heart,
Lusciousness in her lips.

I said salam to her and she stopped by me
Smilingly
As could not hold her laughter,
Shook the hands with
And went away
As a photo negative
Which but I kept seeing her.

And that day I took the oath of
That I would bring her home
Whatever be the bone of contention,
Miss Burquawalli,
To His Coy Mistress,
The queen of my heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli Is My Love, I Love Her, Love Her

The maiden in the burqua,
I love her, love her,
Burquawalli is my love,
The coy mistress
Piercing me and my heart
Through the hijab
And the latticed window.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli Smiling, Bidding Goodbye And Saying, Give You Not Talaq!

Smiling Burquawalli,
Bidding bye, ta-ta,
Saying it,
Give me,
Give me not talaq,
Talaq,
Mei tera chand ka tukda,
I am your a piece of the moon!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli The Dark Rose On Valentine's Day

For me Burquawalli is
But a dark rose
On Valentine's Day
Fragrancing me often.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli, Couldn'T You Recognize Me?

Burquawalli, couldn't you recognize me,
I am your same lover,
Cast a cursory glance over me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli, How Lost Am I In Your Love!

Burquawalli, the night I saw you, I could not forget you,
The night I saw you passing, I could not forget you,
My love.

From the veil, you just guessed me, who could he be
And smiled you unknowingly,
Waved the hand hidingly for me,
Only for me, my love.

Just like a negative of the photo reel, saw I you,
Just like a negative of a photograph
Captured in the camera of my heart,
The film of the mind and its memory card.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli, I Saw You, But Could Not Say, I Love You

Burquawalli, people see the moon,
But see I your face,
Yea, the moonface
Not less than the moon with the twinkling stars.

People see the moon, the silvery fair white moon,
But I see you,
My moon, not less than.

Let me say, I love you,
I love you, Burquawalli
And when go I, see my bibi
But with love.

People call them, lo, see, see them the clouds,
The moon of the clouds, under the patches of,
But I call you the moon
Of my...

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli, Jabse Dekha Tujhko Mujhko Pyaar Ho Gaya/ Burqa-Clad Mistress Since When Saw I Fell In Love With You

Burqawalli, jabshe dekha
Tujhko
Mujhko pyaar ho gaya,
Burqawalli,
Pyaar ho gaya
Mujhko,
Tum pas kartin huyin
Aur mein dekhata huyaa,
Kaun,
Kaun jo who hasina?

Burqa-clad mistress, since when saw I
You
Fell I in love with,
Burqa-clad mistress,
Fell in love
I,
You passing through
And I marking you,
Who,
Who the maiden is?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli, Just For Your Love, Just For Your Love

Burqawalli, just for,
Just for your love
Am I here,
Here
Waiting,
Waiting for you.

A blonde,
Belle,
Beauty,
Maid
You passing,
Passing by
In the burqa
And I,
I marking you,
You
With love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli, May I Ask, Why Is Saudi Arabia So Conservative?

Burquawalli, may I take the liberty of asking you,
Why is Saudi Arabia so conservative,
Old and out-dated?

Why did a boy talk to a girl,
Say you, who is pure and holy indeed?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli, My Burquawalli Bibi

I love her so much
More then the moon and the stars,
Made for each other,
For me,
Not for you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli, Think You

Burquawalli, tell me,
Tell me,
What your name is,
Think you,
Think you,
What my relationship with you,
A relationship,
A relationship with the heart?

Burquawalli,
Tell me,
Tell me your name,
What your identity,
What your name,
O Nameless Girl,
Burqua-clad veiled,
Hidden from the eyes,
But humming a love song!

Burquawalli, the world knows it not,
Feels it not the pains of yours,
Your life and living
That you too a woman,
Helpless and pitiful,
Full with the milk of kindness,
Tears into the eyes of yours,
The eyelashes wet with weeping,
Only the nights say about.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli, Want To See You In Full

Burquawalli, Ji Chahta Hain Ki

Burquawalli, ji chahta hain ki ji bhar ke dekh loon,
Burquawalli, kya teer nazar hain, jakhmi jigar hain,
Ji chahta hain ki apna bana loon.
(Burquawalli, want to see you in full,
Burquawalli, what an arrow-like piercing outlook, what a wounded heart,
Want to make you own.)

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli, Want To See You In Full From My Within (It's A Heart Matter)

Burquawalli, Ji Chahta Hain Ki

Burquawalli, ji chahta hain ki ji bhar ke dekh loon,
Burquawalli, kya teer nazar hain, jakhmi jigar hain,
Ji chahta hain ki apna bana loon.
(Burquawalli, want to see you in full,
Burquawalli, what an arrow-like piercing outlook, what a wounded heart,
Want to make you own.)

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli, What A God-Gifted Face!

Have you got,
How the looks piercing,
Penetrating deep
And I getting arrow-struck,
Just say to,
I love you,
I love you!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli, When I Saw Her

Burquawalli, when I saw her,
Just got a glimpse of her,
It glittered her
The eyes,
Dark eyes,
From the veiled cover
Saw she,
A young maiden
Of flesh and blood,
Sparkling beauty,
She,
My love.

Burquawalli,
The maiden under the veil,
Saw I her passing through
Just like an image,
A symbol
Or reflection,
A shadow,
A walking shadow
Standing in the dark
Though I wanted to identify,
But could not.

A missing man was she,
A persona non grata,
Thought we,
But was deserving and elegant
And gracious,
The burqa-clad maiden,
Young maiden,
The portrait of an artist
As a young man,
But a young woman,
The heroine of my Joycean Araby.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli, Wherever Go You, I Shall Keep Following

Burquawalli, wherever go you, I shall keep
Following,
Won't let you go
Without being kissed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli, Wherever Go You...

Burquawalli, wherever go you, I shall keep following you,
You are the song of my life,
My shy and coy mistress,
In the dark you going on a bullock-cart to your country home
And I seeing you hidingly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli, You Are My Love, Love, You Are My Dream, Dream

Burquawalli, you are my dream,
You are my song,
You are love.

You are my heart,
My heart (read it slowly) ,
You are my heartache,
You are my heartbeat.

You are
My throbbing and pulsating heart,
I love you, love, Burquawalli,
I like you, like you, Burquawalli,
You are my dream, dream,
My love, my love,
I love yopu, Burquawalli.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli...

Burquawalli...

Just for a kiss of yours,
I can give my life.

(Am reading a book of love
And you my love-story,
I a dramatist
Of your drama of life,
See but with love.)

Bijay Kant Dubey

Burquawalli...

Burquawalli,
Wherever go you, I shall go, follow you
Till you vanish out of sight.
Burquawalli, I shall go wherever go you
As I cannot without you.

In the veil from top to bottom,
Just for a glimpse of her face
And a kiss.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bustless, Torsoless, Stand You

Bustless and torsoless, without the bust and the torso,
Stand you, unknown citizen,
None felt it, though it within,
None, none raised the statue,
Sculpted the bust and the torso of yours.

An unknown citizen, without the bust and the torso,
Thought I of commemorating
The services rendered by you selflessly,
The goodness you had in you,
The genius, the streak of it
Which but lay it unadmired and unassessed

And this much gives me solidarity to state it
That neither discontent nor dissatisfaction
Marauds the inner self of yours
And lived, you, passed your days simply,
Humbly as a humble citizen does it.

Unknown citizen, what is it in being known,
What is it in being unknown,
As the paths of life are almost the same,
Which but know you,
Know I,
What it had been unknown, let it be so,
Need not to be made known.

Bijay Kant Dubey

By Being Ardhanarishwara I Trying To Taste Ram Krishna Singh's Poetry

People often talk about sex and sexual dreams
As did they Vatsyayana, Freud, Lawrence, Rajneesh,
Judith Wright, Anne Sexton and Kamala Das,
But want I see 's poetry
From a different angle
Unsexing, desexing the readerly self
As the transgenders do,
Dance the eunuchs.

Shiva as Ardhanarishwara, in a half-male, half-female,
Half-masculine, half-feminine form
Blessing with the hands held aloft
As the eunuchs emulate it
After making the newly-borns dance
As per the ritual
So want I to read him.

Bijay Kant Dubey

By Being Light Unto Myself I Shall Pass Away Unsaid (Samah Ban Ke Bin-Bataye Chalaajana Hain)

Samah Ban Ke Bin-bataye Chalaajana Hain

Bas samah ban ke gujar jayunga,
Bataye-binbataye chalaajana jayunga
Tumse bahut dur,
Phir na aaungaa tumhe afsanaa dene,
Bas samah ban chalaajana jaunga
Bin bataye.

By Being Light Unto Myself I Shall Pass Away Unsaid

Just by being the lamp of light shall pass away
Said or unsaid
Away from you,
Never shall come again to give you repentance,
Just by being a lamp
I shall burn out myself.

Bijay Kant Dubey

By Chance I Am Saying Sir To You Otherwise I Had Been The Sir Of Yours

It is just merely the mockery of fate which see you
That I am saying sir to you
Otherwise you would have me
And I would have been your boss
And you under me

But see the irony of fate how reversed it
That I am saying sir to you
Even though I am superior to you
And it is called chance, good luck
As I am wishing good luck to you,
Have a nice time!

It was not in my destiny to be your sir
And instead of, I am under you
And you my yes boss, my boss
But the boss really a boss,
The office boss,
Whom fears it everyone.

Bijay Kant Dubey

By Which Seashore Are You Hearing My Call, Foreigner Girl?

By which seashore,
Which seashore
Lie you,
Lie you,
My love,
Foreigner love,
Hearing my call,
Making my heart
Beat for you,
Pulsate and throb for you,
By which,
Which seashore,
Atlantic,
Pacific
Or Caspian Sea.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Bye-Bye, Bye-Bye, Waving The Hands Peculiarly

Bye-bye, bye-bye,
Saw I them bidding,
Bye-bye not,
But half spelt it.

Bye-bye, bye-bye,
Half-spelling it,
Bye-bye.

You bye,
I bye,
We all byes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Cabaret Dancer

Cabaret dancer, you dancing
With a beer bottle
Or a tumbler
With pearly wine
Into the hands of yours.

And on seeing you, people shouting,
You thrilling the body,
Semi-nude and Western,
Smiling and dancing
Marking the sentiment of the people.

The stage is set for,
The lights colourful and flashing
And your dress too sparkling
With the embroidery,
You making the people drink.

On seeing you, I want to ask
If your life a cabaret dance,
A theatre of the opera,
Cabaret dancer,
Dancing under inebriation or not?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Calcutta, Calcutta's Buildings

Calcutta, Calcutta's buildings,
Old-modelled,
But architectural,
The pillar designs, the roofs,
The balcony,
Where's masons were those,
Indian or foreigners,
Is there anyone to say it,
How did they plan for their work?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Call Centre English

Call centre life,
Cabined love,
Mugs of beer,
Drunken nights
And its loneliness,
The life and its talk
The theme of Chetan Bhagat,
A pop writer
Writing the businessman's
Commercial English.

The personae day and night busy
Oblivious of
Their personal and private life,
Chatting and passing life,
Calling and calling,
Texting and messaging,
Dialing and re-dialing
Mechanically, artificially,
Professionally, forcibly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Call Centre's English, Disco Jockey's English, Changing Trends Of English

The call centre's English,
Life in cabins,
The disco jockey's English,
Talk I, dream I,
Lo, I've turned into a gentleman,
Lo, I've into a chat man
Chatting on a mobile handset,
A disco jockey breaking English
And advertising and announcing!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Call Her Do Any Purdah From Me As Lie I Here Her Lover, A Quawwal Of Hers/ The Love Under The Purdah

Ask her not to do purdah from me
As I am her lover,
A quawwal to do a quawwali for her,
A lover of hers am I,
A wantor of hers am I,
Wherever goes she, goes he this quawwal
Doing a quawwali,
My drama company and band after her.

O, what do you say, as love I her,
My heart in her and hers in mine
And I lking not without,
I am just a lover of ehr face,
Her moonlit face,
Burquawalli under the veil,
My quawalli artiste is she!

In her memory, how lost am I,
My heart is not here,
It's she who has taken, taken away,
In the memory of a burquawalli,
An evening full of quawwalli,
An evening of quawwals,
See my dress,
My topi, my pyjamas, my handkerchief,
The perfume sprayed over
And I readying my team for a quawwalli
In her memory,
An evening for her!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Call Me A Great Poet; Shakespeare

I am a great poet,
Call me Shakespeare,
Only then
Shall I be happy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Call Me A Modern Indian English Poetess

Call me a modern Indian English poetess,
Apart from being a poetess
I am modern,
Frank, bold, adventurous and daring,
Well-to-do,
Propertied and moneyed.

See my Bobby-cut hair,
The curls hanging over,
The powdered and creamed face,
How beautiful am I to look at,
How charming and loving,
Cute and fine!

Is is a hushed matter
That the Ph.D. supervisor
Had been my own
And I had been his mistress,
Yea, the ramshackle Ph.D. guide
Of the ramshackle Indian English Ph.D. stuff.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Call Me Not A Poet

Call me not a poet,
There were poets before me,
There will be after me.

Some have definitely got the talent,
Which I can see it,
But they write not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Call Me Not A Wordsmith, But The Wordsworth Of India

A new Indian English poet,
Self-published and self-popularized saying,
Not a long-time runner,
But just a starter asking,
Call me not a wordsmith,
But the William Wordsworth of India,
Not less than,
A Wordsworth yet to be recognized,
A Wordsworth in the making.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Came She Powdering And Creaming After That

When praised I the beauty of her, how cute and beautiful is she,
How pretty and small,
How imaginative and fanciful,
How young and lovely,
Felt she jealous of,
Envyng her

And in a fit rage, unsaid and unexpressed,
Which but felt I on marking her mood,
Left she the place
To return again,
But came she not back again
And I waited and waited for her
But turned she not up, my ladylove.

And when returned I back, talked she snot,
Came she again,
Powdered and creamed to ask,
Am I not so cute and beautiful,
Am I not looking excellent?

You man, why do you go changing so often,
This time dancing with some
While on the other dancing with another girl,
Is this called love,
Is it love,
Saying, I love you
And forgetting it the next time?

When praised I the beauty of her, the girl standing next to me,
Said she not,
Just took to the words,
Left the place under the pretext of
And returned not back
To hear it
That I like her, I love her.

But when returned I back to, saw I the theatre artiste
Dressing up, making up

To turn up and question me in disbelief
As had been nervous to ask me innocently,
If do I really love and like her, □
If I really love her,
If I shall in love with her? .
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Came They The Snake Charmers With The Cobras

Came they snake charmers
To show the spectacle
Taking the name of
The snake gods and goddesses
Submissively,
Singing the songs
In reverence and humility,
Talking of penance and piety,
Virtue and vice,
Human life and punishment
Indirectly.

The bamboo baskets bundled,
One set upon another
At two ends
And balanced upon the shoulders
By a bamboo stick
Came they the charmers
Singing the chorus
To show the spectacle,
The dance of the dangerous cobras
So deadly and fatal.

The snakes, freckled and spotted,
Cobras venomous and poisonous,
Black, grey and whitish
Started hissing
Playing to the tune of the been instrument,
The wooden been instrument
And the charmer playing tunefully
The haunting music
And the cobras swaying, dancing
To the tune of melodies haunting.

The cobras hooded and hissing
Playing,
Swaying to the tune of
The wooden been music,
So melodious, so haunting,

Searching from beneath,
All around the place
Blackly, grey brown and whitish
With the 's' over the hoods
On seeing whom the hairs stand on.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Camels

Camels

Long-necked

And humped

The ships of the deserts,
You going seated on,
Crossing the desert patch
With the sand dunes
And the sunset glowing,
glowing red to set down
With the sunset silhouette
To be pictured
Against such a backdrop.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Camels And The Desert Men

The hunch-backed camels
The ships of the desert
Taking the rugged men far,
The nomadic tribes
Living under tents.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Can I Write Only? Why To Strut And Walk On Tiptoe?

The same emotion and feeling is in her too
But she cannot express them
And the difference is in it
That I put down them on paper
And she puts them not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Can The Gwalas Of Bihar And U.P. Only Be Our Leaders?

Can the gwalas of Bihar and U.P.
Be called our leaders,
How to accept them?
And that too if the educated ones come to,
It is welcome,
But the lathi men and goondas
We cannot welcome them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Caricature, Humour And Irony In ujan

Caricature, irony and humour
The forte of Ramanujan
Regaling with,
Forming the crux of
Poetry coming
As comments passed,
Smiles, jokes,
Fun, pun, doublespeak,
Taut, satire and jibe.

The poet gamboling, frolicking,
Walking on tiptoe,
Strutting,
Giving the cock call,
ujan,
The humour man, the irony master,
The caricature man
Laughing and joking
Under the cover of undertones and overtones.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Caste, Class, Creed And Dalit Literature

Dalit literature,
This is possible in India,
In Indian context only,
Not at all applicable to English literature
Though the stories of oppression and suppression
Are spread worldwide.

Dalit as a word means trodden,
Pada-dalit, leg-trodden,
Downtrodden and proletarian,
Oppressed and suppressed,
But here in connection with caste and class in India,
Ethnically and racially vast and varied.

Dalit is but Harijan in the eyes of Mahatma Gandhi,
Hari's jans, people, God's people,
They are not untouchables, but the Harijans,
God's people,
A scheduled caste man too can be a saint
As the origin of the river and the caste of the saint
Can never be questioned.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chacha Nehru/ Uncle Nehru

Chacha Nehru

Bacche, wo rahe Chacha Nehru,
Par Chachi jo kahan,
Bacchon?

Uncle Nehru

Children, Uncle Nehru lies he there,
But where the Auntie,
Children?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chaitra & Baisakh, The Two Burning Months Of Hectic Summer

Chaitra and Baisakh,
The two burning months
Of blazing summer
Burning and baffling
And parching it all
When it heats up,
The earth parches,
Dries and cracks too,
The sunlight is strong enough
Greenery can be seen,
Redolence comes from
The whiffs and wisps
Carried by the wind,
New leaves and late blooming
Continue on,
Jasmines keep taking the centrespaces,
Beli, kamini
And the florid bunches of
Asoka and gulmohar
Hanging by the trees.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chaitra, Baisakh, The Blazing Earth Of

From mid-March to mid-April,
From mid-April to mid-May,
Chaitra and Baisakh,
The months
Blazing and burning
In the heat of the sun,
The fireball over,
Below the earth parching,
Cracking,
Roasting.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chaitra, The Blazing & Burning Earth Of Summer, Yet Encompass In Another Baisakh

Chaitra, the blazing earth of Chaitra,
Mid March to mid April
When the earth keeps burning,
Burning and burning
And parching,
How to get respite from,
How to get relief from heat,
The heat of the summer?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chaitra, The Blazing Heat Of Chaitra (Mid March To Mid April)

Chaitra,
The blazing heat of Chaitra
Ruffling it all,
The sun blazing hot,
Fire falling
Carried by the winds,
But the pastures cooling, soothing
And refreshing,
The orchards, tree shades,
While on the one hand no respite
While on the other the water bodies
And the tree shades cooling and soothing to core.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chanakya, Save You Bihar! / Chanakya, O Kautilya, You Black Brahmin, Do Come And Take You The Politics Of Bihar!

Chanakya,
O, you Kautilya,
The writer of Arthashastram,
Where you,
Come and take
The destiny of Bihar
Into the hands
Of yours,
Now your diplomacy
Needs it Bihar,
O, the premier of
Chandragupta Maurya,
Black Brahmin,
But a diplomat
Going with the games
Of the chess!

Where your diplomacy,
Where,
O, where,
Chanakya
The writer of Arthashastram,
In dhoti and kurta
With a clamp of hair
Hanging from the crown
Of the shaven head
And with three ash-lines
On the forehead,
You Chanakya,
Walking with wooden sandals,
Chanakya,
black-complexioned
Dangerous Brahmin!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chances Are Rahul Gandhi May Be The Next P.M. Of India

Whatever say you about him,
Chances are high
If luck favours
Who can but say
Rahul Gandhi may be the next
Prime Minister of India.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chand She Chandni

From The Moon, The Moonshine
Meine chand she kaha,
Dekho ho ki meri chandni,
Mere chand she kaha
Ki dekhe ho mere chandni.

I said to the moon,
Have you seen my Chandni, Moonshine,
I said to the moon,
Have you my Moonshine?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chand She Chandni (Moonlight From The Moon)

Chand she chandni,
Labon she hanshi,
Jigar she jo chahat,
Muhabbat she betaabi jo
Churana chahata hun.

Moonlight from the moon,
Smiles from the lips,
Desire from the heart,
Restlessness from love,
Want I to steal.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chandalika

Chandalika, Chandalika,
Who calls you a girl
Untouchable,
Untouchable and defiled,
You give,
Give me the water to drink,
I want to drink from your hands.

Chandalika, Chandalika,
You are not fallen and degraded,
Maybe it that something of yours
Does not suit me,
But you are not, not Ashprishya, Untouchable,
But touchable, touchable,
O my love!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chandalika's Heart A Dalit Heart Beating For Ananda

Chandalika
In love with Ananda
The Boddha Bhikku,
Waiting for
His arrival
One blazing Baisakh.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chandni

Chandni,
I used to love a girl
Just like the moon,
Fair and full moon.

A girl so sweet and lovely,
So white and nice-looking,
Chandni.

So dreamy and fanciful,
So colourful and smiling,
A girl named Chandni.

A chandni, moonlit night was it
And I was dreaming,
Chandni, Chandni.

The spell of the name was as such,
The magic of her name,
Chandni, Chandni.

Chandni, chandni,
What is it in chandni,
You will not.

The word chandni means
Moonshine, moonlit
When the orbs glisten around.

Just like that milky whiteness,
Loveliness
Appeared she, my Chandni.

A fair and lovely girl,
So white and nice
Appeared she before just like a dream.

And spelt I, spelt I,
Chandni, Chandni,

O my Chandni!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chandni Raat Hai (It's A Moonlit Night)

Chandni raat hain,
Tu kahin aur
Aur mein tere yaadon ke sang
Kahin jaataa huya,
Sapno sanjoye huye,
Chandni raat hain
Pyarbhare swapno ke sang.

It's a moonlit night,
Stand you somewhere distant
And I with your sweet memories
Going somewhere,
Adorning my dreams,
It's a moonlit night
Full of love dreams.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chandni Raat Ho Aur Tum Mere Sath Ho (If The Night Were Moonlit And Were Too With Me)

Chandni Raat Ho Aur Tum Mere Sath Ho

Chandni raaton mein
Chand she baaten hotin hain, sitaron she,
Wo teri-meri mulaakat ki,
Jeevan ke sunhare pal bicchud na jawen,
Wo teri yaad jo bahut shatati hain.

If The Night Were Moonlit And Were Too With Me

Under the moonlit nights
Talk I with the moon, with the stars,
That your and mine meeting,
Let the golden moments of life slip by not,
That sweet memory of yours wounds me still.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chandni Raaton Mein Tujhe Dekha Hain (Have Seen You In Moonlit Nights)

Chandni raaton mein tujhe dekha hain,
Kah do na pyaar hain
Jhil-mil taaron ke sang,
Kya gazab ki ada thin,
Kya khushiyon ki jhadi!

Chandni raaton mein dekha hain
Muskuraati huyin,
Chand-sitaaron ke sang,
Kah do na pyar hain.

Have seen you in moonlit nights,
Say you that you are in love,
With the dazzling stars,
What a gait was of yours,
What a gleeful mood bursting along!

Have seen you in moonlit nights
Smiling with
With the moon and the stars,
Say you that you are in love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chandni Raaton Mein/ Under The Moonlit Nights

Chandni raaton mei
Mein burka walli se
Baatei karta rahata hun
Pyarbhari baatein.

Under the moonlit nights
I with the burqa-clad maid
Keep talking
loved talks.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chandni, I Love, I Love You, Chandni

Chandni, I love you,
I love you, Chandni,
You are my love,
My love.

Chandni, Chandni, I love you,
I love you, Chandni,
They call you Silvery Moonshine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chandni, Moonlight (Haiku)

Under the moonlit night,
I see you,
Chandni.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chandni, O, My Chandni!

Chandni, O, my Chandni,
How lovely are you,
Golden brown and glistening,
How dazzling and white,
Rosy and painted,
Chandni, Chandni,
O, my Chandni!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chandrakona: A Township Of 52 Bazaars & 53 Lanes

Gobindapur, Tetultalabazar, Elambazar,
Cchoto Bansdaha, Burro Bansdaha,
Mundamala, Nischindhipur, Alampur,
Khirkibazar, Mitrasenpur, Jayantipur,
Thakurbari, Ayodhya, Ganja,
Gacchshitala, Cchotosthala, Burrossthala,
Radhaballabhpur, Begunbari, Satibazar,
Gopsai, Gosaibazar, Natunhat,
Bonai, Churipukur, Surahat,
Sitanagar, Bogsharapur, Kamarganj,
Bachka, Pathardanga, Madhabpur,
You go on taking the names
One after another,
A town of villages clustered,
Aligned together,
The remnants of an old town
Of dilapidated and falling temples,
Lying neglected and ignored.

Yadupur, Lalsagar, Himsagar,
Joharapur, Malleswarapur, Gajipur,
Cchoto Bala, Burro Bala, Pakhwabala,
Dakshinbala, Kiyagara, Dighirpar,
Khejurdanga, Ramrangi, Dhamakuda,
Garh, Nabakunjatala, Darbarishthana,
Lalbazar, Natunbazar, Chashimahar,
Nilapat, Pekala, Dalimabari,
Gobardanga,
I talk of
While making a circuit of the old town.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chandramukhi

Chandramukhi,
Chandramukhi,
Without knowing you,
Without seeing you,
Just took I the pains,
The pains,
Chandramukhi.

A maiden from far,
You going away,
Tears falling down the cheeks
And they taking you away,
Chandramukhi,
Chandramukhi,
Are you my lost love?

A maiden just like the moon,
Moon-faced and beautiful,
Slim and fairly tall
Just like a white jasmine
Or the milky white full moon
With the beauty spot on the forehead
And shy.

Chandramukhi,
Chandramukhi,
My love,
My hear still aches for,
Aches for you,
Chandramukhi,
Are you my lost love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chandramukhi, Chandramukhi, I'm Just For You, For You

Chandramukhi,
Chandramukhi,
I'm just for you,
For you,
Chandramukhi,
My love,
I'm for you, for you.

Your moon-like face,
Silvery white face,
Milky white and shining,
I have not,
Have not forgotten you,
Just for a glimpse,
Glimpse of your face,
Chandni,
Moonshine.

In love with Chandni,
Chandramukhi,
Let love be love,
See her but with love,
Let love be love,
Pass over
Just with a glimpse,
Let love be love,
Under the skyfull
Of stars and the moon,
The orbs glistening and dancing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chandramukhi, Chandramukhi, My Love, A Search Of Her In My Poetry

Chandramukhi,
A girl moon-faced,
Just like the full an fair moon,
Milky white and flashing
With the orbs glistening and glowing
Is my love,
A search for her,
A search,
A quest of her
my poetry,
My love-lyrics,
The lyrics of heart and dreams
And sweeter love.

Chandramukhi,
Chandramukhi, say you,
Where dwell you, in which dream world,
World of dreams,
Chandramukhi,
Chandramukhi, m love,
A girl white-faced,
Just like the rising moon
Silvery white, milky white
And glistening,
Chandramukhi, my love,
My dream
Whose photo keep I seeing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chandramukhi, Chandramukhi, Where Are You, Chandramukhi, Chandramukhi, My Love?

Chandramukhi, Chandramukhi,
Where are you, Chandramukhi,
My love?

Chandramukhi, Chandramukhi,
When I do not, I see you
In the star, in the moon,
Chandramukhi, Chandramukhi,
my love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chandramukhi, Chandramukhi, Where Are You, My Love?

Chandramukhi, Chandramukhi, where are you, my love,
Chandramukhi, Chandramukhi,
The heart goes on calling
But on her part,
Unresponsive stands she still?

And finding it not the answer, I think within,
Has she left for elsewhere,
Is Chandramukhi not,
Has she left the place for ever?

A beautiful girl, fairly white and nice-looking,
I used to love her so much
But society stood it in between
And it would compelled her to leave the station.

Under the moonlit nights, she used to pass by,
Making the anklets sound sweetly,
Breaking my mood of doing studies
And leaving the book,
I seeing her,
Coming as a dream and passing as a dream
But could not say to her,
I love you, Chandramukhi,
Let us be away with.

Chandramukhi, Moon-faced, full and fair
Used to be she
And I used to see her as a flower of joy,
Calling her Chandni (Moonlit) sometimes,
The face was as much
That you too may fall in love
If see you my beloved.

Let it be this much today,
Bye-bye, see you again!

Chandramukhi, I Haven'T Seen You For So Long

Chandramukhi, I haven't, haven't seen you
For so long,
A girl so artistic and beautiful,
Fair and fine and fresh
Like a star
Twinkling in the firmament,
Like a moon
Milky white
With orbs glistening around.

Chandramukhi, Chandramukhi, i love you, I love you,
Chandramukhi,
A face just like the moon,
Moon-faced and starred,
Shining and glowing,
Glimmering and glistening,
Chandramukhi, Chandramukhi, my love.

Under the moonlit, starlit skies with the firmament
Full of the stars
And the moon
I dreaming about you,
Thinking about you, my love,
Chandramukhi,
Chandramukhi, chandramukhi,
Where are you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chandramukhi, Moonfaced, How Lost Am I In Your Memory!

Chandramukhi, Chandramukhi, how lost am I here
In your sweet remembrance,
The memory of yours,
How many years have it slipped by,
But I have not,
Have not seen you
Since then,
Chandramukhi,
Chandramukhi, my love!
My lost love!

Your moon-like face, I still remember, remember it,
Your moon-face, your sweet smiles,
The milky white moonlit spread it
All around
And you passing through
Just like the moon,
Chandramukhi, Chandramukhi, I love you,
I love you, Chandramukhi.

Your moon-like face, your sweet smile,
The moon shining over
And you going somewhere.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chand-Shaa Chehera, Chandni-Shee Hansi, Kya Batayun?

Chand-shaa chehra, chandni-shee hansi,
Wo gajab ki muskurahat,
Peiron ki khanaktin payal,
Dudh-dhuli chandni
Kiranei bikheratin huyin,
Usmein wo teraa yaana, wo teraa janaa,
Pahla-pahla pyaar.

The moon-like face, moonbeam-like laughter,
That type of peculiar smiles,
The anklets of the legs sounding,
The milky white moonlight,
With the orbs spread around,
In that your coming, your going,
First-first love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chand-Shaa Chehera, Chandni-Shee Hansi, Kya Batayun? / Moon-Like Face, Moonlight-Like Smiles, What To Say?

Chand-shaa chehra, chandni-shee hansi,
Wo gajab ki muskurahat,
Peiron ki khanaktin payal,
Dudh-dhuli chandni
Kiranei bikheratin huyin,
Usmein wo teraa yaana, wo teraa janaa,
Pahla-pahla pyaar.

The moon-like face, moonbeam-like laughter,
That type of peculiar smiles,
The anklets of the legs sounding,
The milky white moonlight,
With the orbs spread around,
In that your coming, your going,
First-first love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chand-Shaa Chehra (Moon-Like Face)

Chand-shaa Chehra (Moon-like Face)

Wo chand-sha chehra,
Wo muskura gajab kaa.
Wo chand-shaa chehra,
Wo muskaranaa jo yaad hain
Mere album mein,
Aap jo na yatin,
Yaad jo hoti na tej.

O, that moon-face, exactly moon-like,
O, that smile strange,
Moon-like milky white face,
O, that strange smile that remember I,
Keep I in the album,
Had you not come,
Would have not remembered you..

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chand-Shaa Chehraa (Moon-Like Face)

Chand-shaa Chehraa

Aapka wo chand-shaa chehra,
Wo gajab ki hansi,
Wo khubsurati,
Sitaron si jhilmilaati huyin,
Kaise bhul jayun,
Kaise bhul jayun,
Kahiye naa?

Moon-like face

Yours hat moon-like face,
the smile of the roses,
That sort of beautifulnes
Dazzling like the stars,
How to forget,
How to forget,
Say you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Change Bihar, Rough & Tough Men's Bihar, Blunt People's Bihar, Loafer's Bihar

Change Bihar,
Change you,
Rough and tough people's Bihar,
Blunt people's Bihar,
Bogus and illiterate men's Bihar,
Rustics' Bihar,
Illiterate and uncultured men's Bihar.

Bijay Kant Dubey

'Change! ' They Said By

'Change! ' They Said by is a collection
Of thirty to pages in total
Including about the book
And that too published from his firm,
Writers Workshop, Calcutta.

'Change! ' They Said, The Crickets,
Always the trouble was truth,
To what far land, Sparrow,
The Lecturer, Friend,
An Old Song, The moving Moon at Mussourie,
Beside the Pipal, Cranes, Images At Dawn,
A Leaf, The Atom Tests, The Passer-By,
The Mother's Song, ,
Boat on the Hooghly,
The Refugees at Sealdah Station,
The Poet, A Poem on the Shraddha of a Lady Dying Nobly,
Jawaharlal Nehru and Promises,
The entries made into.

The book published in 1996
Is a simple collection of a simple poet
Doing the propaganda of a new movement
In Indian English poetry
Through self-publication,
vanity publication
Which I do not think it right
To do it.

Change, they said
An he tried to change,
But could not,
As the language was not own,
Not the spontaneity
Or natural flow,
But for the company
They kept with,
Gave name to the enterprise,
the poet's foundation

and through it, even the minors
Made a name into.

Lal writes decadent poetry,
Basing on images,
Begins nobly,
But fails to achieve at,
Scale the heights in poesy,
A poet of some middle order is he.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chara Chor, Murgi Chor, All Leaders In Bihar, The Buffloman

The fodder thief, the hen thief,
The buffaloman,
All leaders in Bihar,
Uneducated, illiterate and rustic people,
Dull, blunt, bogus and bluffing fellows
Which is but a mockery of Indian democracy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chariot Of Dreams By Dwarakanath H. Kabadi

Though written earlier, he could not pursue and follow it then
As for being a boy of eighteen to take up commerce,
The kernel of Chariot of Dreams was sown earlier
And he wrote it then,
But could not publish it for so long.

Again, when dusting the racks and shelves,
He found the manuscript
And he went through it,
The work written during his youth
And he accepted and acknowledged the matter finally.

Chariot of Dreams, published in 2002, from Bangalore
Is a poem of an epical format,
I mean a longer poem,
With a prologue and an epilogue,
Gliding along dreams and ideas.

Prologue, The Path of Dreams, The Depth of Dreams,
The Cycle of Dreams, Dreams, The Search,
The Journey of Life, Time and Space, The Colour of Dreams,
The Chariot Design, The Chariot Moves, The Glory of Dreams,
Safe Dreams, The Final Destination, Epilogue, the parts of the poem.

Written under the spate of inspiration, a girl's influence,
Taking to the example of Shelley, Wordsworth, Burns, Keats and Tagore, □
Just like Joyce's quest after beauty in Araby short story, sketch,
The chariot came on, took him up,
Strode along with divine glimpses.

It is a poem of thought, thinking, image and idea,
A poem of dreams,
The chariot of dreams,
Coming and taking to
And the poet driving along dreamily.

The flights of poesy, the dreams of allegory,
Image and reflection,
Youthful verve and vigour,

The wisps and whiffs of romanticism
As the dreams of love taking over his mindscape.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Charles Tomlinson

The man whom I read it not, knew it not,
But just heard about,
Charles Tomlinson the professor
And the writer of critical essays,
A translator, a polyglot,
Reminiscing
Like Thomas Hood and William Wordsworth,
In the way and style
Of I Remember, I Remember, Tintern Abbey,
An appreciator of Trotsky
Inducting it otherwise,
Taking it what good it was
In the French Revolution
And the rest dismissing it all,
Influenced by Americanism
Writing under the impact of
But not an American,
A British man.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chaste Love

Making her a drunkard,
Tearing her attire and that too in patches,
See her not always
Like a bikini babe
But giving a beautiful clothing,
You try to see her,
My chaste love
With a Cross hanging over
And she reading the Holy Bible
And confessing before.

Such an image too, you try to make it sometimes,
Chaste, undefiled and pure.
Try to love the soul too,
Try to love the heart too.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chatia Baba & Chutonath Of The Santhal Parganas, Dumka

At the bottom of the kurwa hills
Lie in the sacred spots
Of Pakpathar
Under an exotic tree of a wild tree
Vermillioned,
The storks speaking their tongues
And the place lonely
Amidst the fields and fallows
And the devotees aboriginal
And the priest aboriginal
Praying to
And offering ganja, daru, sweets
And other things
As for a puja
As for to get fulfilled
And it sounds the drum
And the flower falling
Symbolizing the fulfillment
Of the wishful prayer
And he will have to come to
To give a puja
Whatever wished.

People coming to as for the return of
The straying cattle,
The information indicated or hinted towards
As the whereabouts unknown
With regard to the missing and lost,
The Lord of The Woods,
Really a powerful god,
Which but cannot be proved,
But can be felt it
And he helps
The people in need,
Distraught and in despair,
The only source of light.

Chutonath, a little away from Dumka
Across the river, across the hills
Just at the foothill
Of the plateau region
Red-soiled and of the hilly domain,
Under the timber trees
Lies Chuto Baba,
Another sacred and sacrosanct spot
Without the shed,
But under the open
The sacred stones,
Powerful and living
And fulfilling
And punishing
If the fault be any,
The Lord of The Woods.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Cheetah, Cheetah

The cheetah with slim body,
Tear lines,
Printed spots,
Slim and fast
Saw I sitting.

The beauty of the forest,
The mystery of the wild,
The miracle of Creation
Was it the cat
Sprinting through the forest.

Cheetah, tigerly cheetah
Running, sprinting
All through the forest
And the hills
Beautiful and picturesque.

To see the tear-like streaks
Near the eyes,
The printed, spotted coat of it
Covering it
And it going.

But the claw of it bloody,
Bloody, brutal and bestial
A carnivore it
Depending on kills and preys upon
So deadly and terrible.

Cheetah, cheetah,
The beauty of the forest,
Mystery of the wild,
The miracle of Creation
Amazing us strangely.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Cheetah, Cheetah, A Marvel In Prints And Spots!

The cheetah with slim body,
Tear lines,
Printed spots,
Slim and fast
Saw I sitting.

The beauty of the forest,
The mystery of the wild,
The miracle of Creation
Was it the cat
Sprinting through the forest.

Cheetah, tigerly cheetah
Running, sprinting
All through the forest
And the hills
Beautiful and picturesque.

To see the tear-like streaks
Near the eyes,
The printed, spotted coat of it
Covering it
And it going.

But the claw of it bloody,
Bloody, brutal and bestial
A carnivore it
Depending on kills and preys upon
So deadly and terrible.

Cheetah, cheetah,
The beauty of the forest,
Mystery of the wild,
The miracle of Creation
Amazing us strangely.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chengiz Khan

Chengiz, Khan, I just see you
And think of,
Should I take to
Or not
As for making a portrait,
A portrait of yours?

As a mere glimpse
Of your face,
Mere a glance of it
Frightens me,
Terrorizes me, sir,
My lord, leave me, leave me.

Chengiz Khan,
I fear you, fear you, sir,
Seeing your photo
With the peculiar Mongoloid face,
Chinese and Mongolian
And aboriginal mixed up.

The big head with the Mongoloid face,
The goatee long beard
On the chin,
The stud into the ear lobe
With the scarfed headgear
And Bruce Lee style martial arts whites.

Chengez Khan,
Genghis Khan
The founder of the Mongol empire,
A mere sight of your face
Nomadic, tribal and hilly
And aboriginal frightens, frightens me, sire.

Chengez Khan
Born Timujin,
Genghis Khan,
Jenghiz Khan,

How to see you,
Glimpse you, sir?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chetan Bhagat's English

Chetan Bhagat's English is
A call centre-boy's English,
A sales-boy's English,
Bhagatji speaking in English
And selling the goods.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chetan Bhagat's English Is One Of A Waiter, A Restaurant Boy, A Hotel Boy, A Hostel Boy

Chetan Bhagat's English is
A joke-man's English,
A talk-man's English,
A morning walker walking
And jogging,
A water-man's English,
A tea-man's English;
A waiter's English,
The waiter boy
Waiting for the order
And attending to,
A restaurant boy
Showing the menu
Of food items,
Indian dishes
With chutney and salad,
A hotel boy standing before
For the order,
A boarder speaking
In English,
A hosteller's
English,
A hotelier's,
A traveller's,
A picnicker's,
A holidayer's,
A honeymooner's,
A learner's English.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chetan Bhagat's Indian English

Chetan Bhagat's English is not English
But Hinglish,
Hindi plus English,
An DJ's broken Khichdi English,
In the hat, coat and pants
And the gum boots,
Joking and dancing
And going.

Chetan Bhagat's English is pidgin-English,
Bhagatji's English,
A Delhite boy's English,
A convent boy's,
A hosteller's,
A boarder's,
A hotelier's,
A restauranteur's English.

Chetan Bhagat's English jocular English,
Conversational,
Take you Indian chaat
And chat you
With the headphone and the earphone
Plugged into the ears,
You going
And hearing music.

Chetan Bhagat as a waiter,
A hotel boy
Serving you food,
Fast and junk food
And you taking the things
With the spices, tamarind sauce
And chutney.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chhayavad In Hindi Poetry

Chhayavad in Hindi poetry
Tells of the intermixing of
English romanticism and Indian mind and philosophy
Seconded by a personal note
Of sadness and lyricism.

Chhayavad personal and pessimistic
Just like oil paintings and silhouettes,
But where did the spirit come from,
Surely would have
Under the impact of British education?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chhoti-Moti Baatein (Bilingual)

Chhoti-moti Baatein

Naatak karke kahiye, kahiye naa,
Suniye, suniye naa,
Accha tab hum chalte hain,
Eise nahin,
Naatak karke kahiye, kahiye naa.
Accha tab hum chalte hain,
Nahin, nahin,
Rukiye jaraa,
Yare, runkiye to jaraa,
Jaa rahen jo kahan,
Mudke to dekhiye jaraa?

Small-Small Talks

Say you, say dramatically,
Listen, listen to me,
Then am going,
Not in this way,
But histrionically, dramatically.

Well, then, am going,
No, no,
Stop, pause a bit,
Where are you going,
Turning to see me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Childhood Days & Their Recollections

Childhood days,
Their sweet memories and recollections,
Smeared with innocence and ignorance,
How to wash off
The imprints and impacts
If the heart can confess?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chinua Achebe, A Singer Of Heart From Africa

Listening to the African music
And song,
A singer of heart,
Heart from Africa,
Africa the Black Continent,
Chinua,
Chinua Achebe
The singer,
Singer
Hearing the vibes,
Vibes
And transmitting,
The heartbeat,
Heartthrob
Of Africa.

A singer of heart,
Heart from Africa,
The black Continent,
Hearing the music,
Music of life,
Song and dance
Oral and ethnic,
Breaking the ice
Of multi-culti
To record and codify
To be an African,
African singer of heart,
Heart,
Chinua,
Chinua Achebe.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chors, Thugs, Goons In The Bihar Politics

Chors, thugs, goons
In the Bihar politics,
Scamsters, fraudsters and gangsters,
Thieves and dacoits
As the politicians.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Christmas

Christmas is of Santa Claus
And Santa Claus for Christmas
And it pitching high
With joviality and merry-making,
The mood of festivity
Ranging around.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Christmas Poem

The world draped in snow,
Snowflakes falling around,
There is chill in the air,
But the flowers in full bloom,
Bedecking the country
To celebrate the coming
Of Happy Christmas
And the people taking part
In celebrations breaking
In full mirth and gaiety.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Christmas, How Do They Celebrate In Bavaria, Bolivia, Ukraine, Czechoslovakia?

How do they celebrate Christmas
In Bavaria, Bolivia,
Czech republic, Slovakia,
Poland, Hungary, Spain,

Bijay Kant Dubey

Chrstian American Will Remain A Christian State, Make It Not Ethnic And Racial

Christian America will remain
A Christian state
Free, liberal,
Make you it not
Turn into
A multi-ethnic, multi-racial country
Fraught with communal frenzy
And riots.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Cine Stars

They are
Cine stars,
Dramatic personae,
Actors and actresses,
Powdered, creamed and dressed
Looking beautiful in make-ups
And costumes
Bespangled
Otherwise are not.

Not the natural stars of the firmament,
But artificial stars,
Whose twinkles
Never, never natural.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Circus Artistes

From the gallery benches sit you and view the scenes, panorama all around,
O you, have you felt anything of
The world they inhabit and live in,
Have you at least peeped into their lives,
How the lives of those artistes?

The circus artistes, the circus animals,
You try to give the least of your thoughts to them,
To those circus artistes,
To those circus animals,
To those circus people whom you know them not.

The lions in the cage
Or brought along
And the bars put around to display the shows
And the ring-masters busy with
With the belt into the hands
And the lions growling,
Darting, licking the moustache

And the girl, most probably the ring-master's wife or daughter
In between the lions,
Doing her roles, feats of displays,
The tigers seated around
And she playing her part
With the circus animals, with the circus tigers.

The elephants black-black, big-big trumpeting and coming
And the mahout making them worship
Shiva and Ganesha,
Coming with the flower-basket,
Another with water in its trunk,
Another with the phallic and portable stone of Shiva to be placed over
And to ring bells just to say,
Om namah shivay.

But the animals animals, the beasts and brutes,
How to believe these,
Wild, bloody, brutal and bestial

As these can go berserk, on a rampage to find it all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

City-Life

City-life of
The morning walkers
And the evening walkers
And they walking and walking
For health,
Not to keep fit
As were they late-sleepers,
Late-risers,
The joggers in the park
Jogging,
Commuters coming and going,
Catching the bus,
Returning late into the night
Again departing for
Early in the morning,
Office-goers taking rice and pulse
At 10 a.m,
In the evening the shoppers doing
Shopping,
Children in the park
Gasping for breath and clean air,
The vehicles belching fire and smoke,
The pollutants in the air.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Classical Mind, Romantic Heart

The mind may be classical,
But the heart is always a romantic
Believing and behaving romantically,
But the mind may be of a classical tinge
And temperament, poise and gravity,
But the heart always romantically yours
Thinking and believing in its way.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Classical Tone And Temperament

Combined with classical spirit
Taking to a different realm and discipline
Of study,
To the nomenclature of
Restraint and rigorous discipline,
Tougher diction and seasoning
Of word and life,
Scholasticism and pedantry
Seconded by a medievalism of some sort.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Classicism

Classicism,
You do not know it,
Classicism is perfection
In elegance, practice and teaching,
Classicism is restraint, poise and presentation
Something extraordinary and elegant
In consonance to
Standard, decorum and positioning,
Classicism is standard,
The control and poise,
The thud and pause
And the start without a break
In rhyme and rhythm
Vibrating and reverberating
Appearing ditto
In dance or drama, recitation or music,
Melody breaking or resounding
Striking the passers-by
And they standing spell-bound
To let it go.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Classicism And Didacticism, The Classical Mood And Temperament, Indian Legacy And Heritage

Classical sobriety, depth and profundity,
Moral didacticism and ethics,
Restraint in manneristics,
Disciplined in the school
Of thought and tradition
Taking back
To an age gone by
Replete with
Classicism in art,
Classical mood and temperament,
But the taste is one of
Discipline and restraint,
Sobriety and ethics.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Classicism Is My Base

Classicism is my base,
The base of my poetry
As I cannot think without it
And by classicism I mean to say,
Morality, didactic and ethics,
Sobriety, depth and elevation.

Trained in classicism,
Schooled and disciplined strictly,
I can just adhere to it
As my father taught me to belong to,
Poetry classical,
Cultural, ethical, manneristic.

My poetry Vedic, Upanishadic, Puranic,
Brahminical,
Dealing with the Atman and Brahma,
But not blindly,
Contradicting superstition and irrationality,
Blind faith and beliefs.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Classics, Classics Of Poetry And Literature

Classics, classics are themselves
A class, a category
Appreciated and admired
And accepted by all
Those who read and loved,
Loved and liked
Classics romantic or classical.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Clay's Body

Clay's body
Will mingle with dust and soil,
The good earth
It will turn into.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Cleanse My Heart, Purge It, My Lord

Cleanse my heart, cleanse and purge it
If there be any vice or sin,
Cleanse and chastise it, my Lord,
Purge it, purge it,
Make it, make it pure and clean
If there be any wrong
Set it right, set it right.

Cleanse Thou my heart if there be any
Wrong in me, if there be any immorality,
Clean it, clean it, my Lord.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Cleanse Yourself

Cleanse yourself,
The dirt of your mind and heart,
Whatever be any,
Cleanse you yourself,
Chastize you
To be neat and clean,
Purging the soul out of.

Hammer you, hammer you
To express you new,
The truths may come out
And you may confess,
Seek for pardon
For a life purer ahead,
For to cleanse your heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Colonial Or Post-Colonial?

Colonial or post-colonial
Is not the thing that discuss I,
Debate I,
What it was colonial let it be,
What it is post-colonial let it be
As these are the things of time
And we cannot change the course
Of history and its tradition.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Come, Come You And Dance, Dance You, Michael, Michael Jackson! Come, Come You And Dance, Dance You, Michael, Michael Jackson!

Come, come you
And dance, dance you, Michael,
Come, come you
And dance, dance you, Michael,
Michael, Michael Jackson,
Jackson, Jackson, Michael Jackson.

Come, come and dance,
Dance you, dance you, Jackson, Jackson,
Michael Jackson,
And came he wearing the goggles,
The cap
And the handkerchief tied
Around the neck.

Smilingly, smilingly and dancingly
Breaking the body,
The body and limbs,
The bodily parts,
Came, came he, Michael Jackson
Breaking the limbs,
A boy or a girl or
An admixture of the two.

Upping the cap, juggling with,
Upping and downing the goggles,
Looking through
And smilingly, dancingly
Coming he
With the beats and rhythms of his own,
Like a transgender.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Common Man Party Commonly Not, Uncommonly

Common Man Party

Doing politics

Under the banner of the unknown citizen,

But are not common,

But uncommon,

Commonly not,

Uncommonly. □

Doing politics

In the bazaar

With the ragtag coalition,

I mean the ragged men,

Making a mockery of democracy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Communism

Communism is a govt. of the comrades, by the comrades, for the comrades.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Communism Is A Paradise For Comrades & Cadres, Not The Common Men

Communism is a paradise
For comrades and cadres,
Not the common men,
But the cadres and comrades,
Comrades gone berserk,
On a rampage
With arms and lathis
And pistols
To threat and patrol the areas
To keep in control,
All but pistolmen, riflemen, lathimen,
Conspiracies hatched in party offices
Whose house to be looted
And seized during the night time,
Whose activity to be kept under purview,
Tapping speeches and talks
To be relayed to
And to be called
To be threatened or beaten
In the offices
Or the kangaroo courts.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Communism Of Unions

Unionism is the main mantra of the communists
Living in communes,
Believing and dreaming in communes,
Friends communing together,
Conversing and chatting in the likewise manner,
All but the like-minded people,
The partymen plotting and planning together
As for the fall of democracy,
Grouping together to torture and rag,
Heckle and harass unnecessarily
To be the boss of the people.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Communism, Red Communism (Haiku)

Communism is a govt.
By the comrades,
For the comrades,
Of the comrades.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Communist Cobras

Cadres and comrades are but cobras,
Communist cobras,
Whitish, yellowish, blackly,
Freckled and speckled.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Communist Cobras, I Fear Them Most

Communist cobras,
Blackly, whitish, grey and yellowish,
I fear them most,
The dreaded ones,
Venomous and fatal
And deadly
And you will collapse
Just after a bite instantly,
Fatal and deadly bite.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Communist Goons

Communist goons,
You do not know them,
How treacherous and mean-minded are they
The rebels and revolutionaries,
The war criminals and prisoners!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Communist Manifesto, Should I Call It The Gita Or The Bible?

My communist clerk, what should I call you,
A Marxist or a Leninist,
A Stalinist or a Maoist?

I see you reading Communist Manifesto as the Bible,
Truly, the Bible of the comrades and cadres,
I mean the leftists.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Communist Prakash Karat Is Not At All A Good Man, To Criticize Is His Job

Prakash Karat too is not at all a good man,
If he is himself not,
What will he say about others?

Mind it all the tricks and techniques
Go not in one's favour,
His blind love is the CPI(M) Party.

What does he think about himself,
A super man
With a super brain?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Communists

Communists,
You do not know them,
Forming communes
To work collectively
As for the fall of democracy
And capture of power.

With Das Capitol as their Gita,
The communists
As ideologues and thinktanks
Continue to distribute leaflets
Based on the division of society
Between the haves and the have-nots,
The exploiters and the exploited.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Communists Are Conspirators

Communists are most third class people,
They throttle genius and talent
As for coming into power,
We mean the middle class people
After sup[pressing and regressing them.

They hatch mean conspiracies,
Plot and plan for the fall of the establishment
Even going for a coup,
Overthrow of power,
The most third class men.

The politicians and the lower grade people
Politicking and ismic
The comrades and cadres run amok,
Went on a rampage,
Slogan masters tactical.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Communists Are Most Dangerous People

Communists are most dangerous people
They will speak something
And will do something other
The most notorious fellows,
The most third class people
Are they the keepers
Of all types of men,
Thieves, goons, looters and dacoits
And the wicked.

In the party offices built through
Subscriptions and donations
Keep they weapons,
Traditional and new,
Hatch they conspiracies
As for eliminating, eradicating
The opponents,
We mean the democrats and republicans,
The most crooked fellows,
Screwed and twisted people.

In every area there is an office,
The Local then Zonal and then District
Party offices
And after it the State Committee
And then the Central Politburo
Where only conspirators and miscreants
Are given weightage,
Those with negative thinking,
Never positive.

As for creating tension and suspense
They can take to rumours,
They may fire upon
As for intimidating,
They can revert to anything
Which it suits them
The dedicated and devoted comrades
As regimented cadres

Are ever ready to heckle and harass
And torture to death.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Communists Are Most Dirty Men

Communists are most dirty fellows
Ever have been met with,
Forcing to take to their ideology
Of the haves and the have-nots,
The rich and the poor.
The bourgeois and the proletariat,
The exploiters and the exploited,
The capitalists and the labourers,
The most third class men,
Most heinous and most critical
Going by agenda and resolutions
And committee and sub-committee recommendations,
Most treacherous and wicked fellows.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Communists Are Most Treacherous People, They Hatch Conspiracies In Party Offices

Communists are most treacherous people
As they hatch conspiracies,
Plot and plan
In the party offices,
Local, zonal and district.

To brainwash is their job,
To recruit and regiment
The comrades as cadres
With their think-tanks and ideologues.

They plan treacherously
How to execute the strategy and eliminate,
How make the houses loot,
How to threat,
Get it sent across?

The goons, loafers and musclemen
The task force of it,
They go to size,
Suppress rebellions and revolts
Of democracy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Communists Are The Power-Hungry People

Communists are power-hungry,
Blood-thirsty people,
Goondaism, bossism and politicking,
The three things of the party,
The leader a super man,
His brain super brain,
A rebel and a revolutionary,
Relishing upon
Bottles, girls and non-veg dishes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Communists Are Very Notorious People

Communists are very notorious people,
They will say one thing and will do another,
They will call others Hitler and Mussolini,
But themselves are not less than.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Communists Know As And When To Eliminate The Non-Communists

Dreaded and daredevil communists know it
As and when to exterminate, eradicate
And eliminate
The non-communists,
Which but the skulls and skeleton bones found
From the mounds of earth
Telling of communist atrocities and crimes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Communists Turn Autocratic And Dictatorial

Communists seem to be public-friendly,
But turn autocratic and dictatorial,
As they repress and suppress
The people's movements,
Crush them with a hard heart.

The gun-toting communists, the muscle-flexing
Communists, you know them not,
How dangerous are they,
How do they plan for the kill strategically?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Communists, Very Bad Communists, Notorious People

Communists, communists,
You say not about them
The communists,
The very bad people,
I mean the notorious men

Who like to divide and rule,
The society in between the haves and the have-nots,
The bourgeois and the proletariat,
The capitalists and the weaker sections
As to do unionism and politics
And to keep the things in control
After making the factory lock
And negotiating to open it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Comrade/ Cadre/Communist

Comrade, where were you born, sir,
May I know it?
"You won't, won't,
I was born in
The land of Lenin, Stalin and Mao"

"Marx just like the father figure
Gave me birth,
Lenin and Stalin taught me,
Made me grow up."

What do you do, sir?
"I do communism, communism,
Communism my life and philosophy,
I am a communist."

"A sepy of communism,
Can die for the party,
Live fro it,
How to spread the revolution? "

What is your philosophy of life?
"Communism my philosophy,
Thought and thinking,
Das Kapitol the Bible for me."

"I seeing Marx in it all,
History, economics, polity,
Art and culture
And I myself also a Marxist."

"Society in terms of a clash
Between the haves and the have-nots,
The rich and the poor,
The proletarians and the propertied."

Sir, you are giving slogans,
Connecting with man to man link,
Readying for rallies

And working at the grassroots level.

"Yes, I am a communist,
To stand by in bad days of man,
My job,
To help the common men."

O, I understood, understood you, sir,
You stand by in birth and death
As for to oblige people,
As for to convert them into loyal comrades!

Got at, got your policies,
Your politics at the village level your grassroots politics
For giving a base to it,
Hence, you moving from one village to another.

Your detectives at large, all around, finding out
The non-communists,
Who the rightists, the foes of the leftists,
I mean those of the right-wing ideology?

At the birth-time, stand you by the common man,
By the death-time to help and oblige the family,
Even during illness,
Communists are there to help.

"Where does power come from,
Do you know it? "
From where, sir?
"Power springs from the barrel of the gun."

"Long, long live the revolution!
Down, down with capitalism! "
What are you doing, sir?
"It is just a show of power. You won't understand."

Why do you do, sir,
As they are also men?
"You will not understand power politics, power game,
Our man power, muscle power, fire power,
The fire arms can silence it all movements."

The politics at the grassroots level give organizational strength,
Man to man chain,
The rallies power rallies,
Muscle power, man power."

Where do you live?
"I live in the Party Office."
Who you are?
"I am but a Party man, a political party man."

"Did you get at,
I am a communist party man? "
What's the name of the office?
"The Comrade Villa."

What do you eat?
"I eat red boiled rice,
Rice and meat
Or fish and eggs."

What newspaper do you read?
"I read the People's Paper
Written by the comrades and cadres
For the comrades and cadres."

What is your theory, sir?
"A government of the common people, by the people and for the people,
Of the comrades, by the comrades and for the comrades,
The proletarians the heroes and heroines."

Yes, sir, yeas, sir, I mean,
Communism is a heaven for the comrades and cadres
And they suspecting the non-communists
And wreaking havoc, torturing and heckling.

I can understand, as a diehard, hardcore communist, you can make
Anyone commit suicide,
Torture mentally and intellectually,
Curtailing feathers, censoring freedom.

You are a man of your gang and group,

Always trying to establish supremacy,
Subjugating man,
Bringing under suzerainty.

I can understand it, understand it,
For your communism,
Man can go to any level,
Bringing hell over.

You see society in terms of class struggle,
Power tussle
Rather than bringing a conciliation,
Adopting the policy of divide and rule.

Your men stationed everywhere,
The areas in the charge of
Comrades and cadres
As leaders.

Without his permission, nothing can be done,
Without his prior information and knowledge,
People will boycott,
Living unattended.

Dividing brother from brother,
Husband from wife
And to twist and turn the case,
The tactics of the communist.

The leader a superman,
Speak not against him
Otherwise the tongue will be cut,
The voice snatched from.

The vehemence of a communist government
None but the people themselves know it
How difficult is it to feel the pains of life and to live,
How distraught and devastated!

The brains lie they communized,
Addicted,
Without the hearts,

Sympathies and affections.

Actually, power remains into the hands of the intellectuals,
The mother organizations,
Every small and big office with the union
With secretaries and presidents and treasurers.

The local and zonal committees in the areas
Under the district committee
And that under the state level committee
To politburo members.

To grab power through an overthrow of power,
To censure the press,
To scuttle public freedom,
Their hidden strategy and agenda.

To identify the non-communists
Their espionage department work,
To fight battles for capturing
To keep the areas in command.

To crush the democratic movements,
To mutilate history,
To misinterpret otherwise
The job of the communists.

The communists understand nothing
Marx and Marxism, Lenin and Leninism, Mao and Maoism,
As they are the blind people,
The addicted people.

Their brains can take nothing
But Marxism,
Nothing but Marxist ideology,
A study in class struggle.

They are the very shrewd people
As sly as foxes,
As ferocious as tigers,
Bloody and bestial.

They can work as disguisers,
Friends, philosophers and guides,
Doctors, judges, sepoy, robbers,
Fighters, pleaders and clerks.

They understand nothing but unions and unionism,
Secretaries, presidents and treasurers of their associations
Merging with the district and state level associations
Which finally aligning with the mother organization.

The communists are the very dangerous people,
They know nothing but power,
How to keep power desperately,
Using powers, man power, muscle power and fire power.

To do the friction, to create the fissure in society
Between the rich and the poor
The hidden job and agenda of the communists,
An unseen divide and rule policy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Conservative People Will Destroy The Culture Of America

The conservative people
Most uncouth and clumsy ones
Will destroy
The free culture of America
With their fanatical mind-set and temperament,
If they are fanatics, conservative and orthodox,
Why do they move out to America,
It is better had they stayed in their own country?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Conservatives Destroyed A Beautiful Iran

Conservatives destroyed
A beautiful Iran,
What that to others
Without thinking about its future,
Her fate?

Had they been educated,
They would not have,
But the conservatives and fanatics
Misled the country,
Disturbed the peace of Mother Iran.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Construct And De-Construct You As For Modern-Day Criticism

Construct,
De-construct you
To give your thesis,
Anti-thesis.

Modern,
Modernist,
Post-modn
Or contemporary.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Contemporary Indian English Poetry And The Poets

Most of the contemporary Indian English poets
Are the journal editors,
If are not, they will become so in near future,
The subscribers as readers and contributors,
Reviewers and critics
Will try to oblige them
By writing articles on their poetry
And as thus the editors too will write
On the reviewers' poetry someday.

Some young men approach Jayanta Mahapatra
To be photographed with him
While going to meet him
Under the pretext of doing the research work
On his poetry,
May even ask him to comment on
Their trials in creative poetry
As for to show him
For future suggestions
Whereas some may approach him
As for to be with edited volumes
As for to come into the limelight.

What it is more interesting is this that the sly youngsters
As the farce and fraud intellectuals and intelligentsias,
The bourgeois
Under the editorship of small journals
Try to highlight themselves
Without caring for morality and ethics,
Principles and philosophy,
None but they themselves
Writing about their poetry,
Publicizing and taking to the pinnacles.

Even the university teachers, who are but men,
Are the same men,
Some luckily here, some there,
Try to appease them as for articles,
The paper-publications of their Ph.D students

So that they may be promoted to the rank of professor
Like to oil and cringe the editors
After getting the students registered
On the editors' poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Contemporary Indian English Poetesses, Super Mod, Modernistic, Hi-Fi, Urban Fashionistas, Socialites And Miss Towns

Modern contemporary Indian English poetesses
Super mod, modernistic, hi-fi urban
Fashionistas and socialites,
Doing do goodies,
Exchanging pleasantries,
Looking dyed-dyed and colourful,
Artificial and mechanical,
Appearing natural
But not at all,
Very, very dangerous ladies,
Selfish and self-centred,
Wanting to ever in the media limelight
As for love-affair, park kiss
Or shedding the crocodile's tears
As for feminism
And for to be a feminist
She can make her hubby
Henpecked
After making look after
Sons and daughters
As her career
And burn the oven.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Contemporary Indian English Poetry

I cannot say who is eminent and who not,
In Indian English poetry everything is but messed up,
There is much of self-propaganda and publicity,
Self-promotion and mutual admiration,
All basking in such a sunshine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Contemporary Indian English Poetry A Promoters' Poetry

I shall promote you
And you will promote me
And this is Indian English poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Contemporary Indian English Poetry A Thing Of Mutual Admiration And Self-Praise

None but I myself calling myself a poet,
None but I,
I praising you
And you me.

The policy bond is as such, I shall praise you
And you praise me,
After getting scholars registered
As for a mutual exchange programme.

I shall write articles on you
And you too will on me
And as thus we shall be poets and poetesses.

I shall edit a journal
And you may be admitted as a subscriber-cum-reviewer
If you write on my poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Contemporary Indian English Poetry; The Verses By Dalals & Mediocres

Contemporary age Indian English poetry
Is verses by dalals and mediocre persons
Who only want name,
Just name and nothing else,
A heaven for
The poetasters, rhymes and versifiers
To make a way into
The unchartered virgin realms of poesy
With the help of the nowhere editors
Wanting to be poets of repute
And your articles will appear
If you can write on the poets of the editors.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Contemporary Indian English Poets & Poetesses

I do not know about modern taste and temperament,
But in reality
They are not poets and poetesses,
But the shallow and hollow modern urban men
Writing trifles verses,
The masters of trivia,
The bluff-masters and he con men
Of creative poetry.

Many of them are the young men,
I mean the assistant professors,
Many the oldies
The flop-masters,
The bluff-masters and flop-masters,
The duplicate men,
Never original,
But copy-masters.

What was I saying,
Forgot I,
Let us come to the point,
I was saying,
Saying that
They are not poets and poetesses,
But rhymers, commoners,
The non-poets as poets,
The trivial men of trivial things.

They are not poets and poetesses,
But the poetasters,
The rhymers,
Commoners,
The non-poets
Writing in English
And asking to call them
Poets and poetesses
Of India.

One deemed varsity head

Who is also a small poet
Asks his colleagues and scholar
To oblige otherwise
By submitting dissertations
On him and his little friends' poetry
And they are doing for profit and benefit
As for promotion ad paper-publication.

Their workshops and seminars
All smack of favouritism
And opportunity,
They leave it not the scope
Of using,
Trying their best to improvise
The situation,
Even in their papers
They about themselves.

The small-small urban men
Living in cities and towns,
Talking about the urban space,
Boyfriedship, girlfriendship, living-together,
The cafe, the park, the mall, the complex
Think themselves great modernists
Or post-modernists,
But are not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Contemporary Indian English Women Poets Writing In

She cuts and pastes,
A Ph.D. on Indian English poetry,
Steals facts from others
To call herself an Indian English poet,
A woman poetess writing in English.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Contemporary-Time Indian English Poets After Name And Fame, But Do They Ever Ask For?

They are not scholarly persons,
But are most selfish, most self-centred fellows,
Nothing to do with the world,
Whether exists or not,
But their poetry should be,
The world doomed to end
And the poet reading a paper
To make it endure for long,
Man will not stay,
But the poet will stay put to watch
The cataclysmic changes
By being a fossil.

All calling themselves poets and poetesses,
One addressing another,
Poet, poet, poet
And the lanes and streets filled with the poets,
Petty Indian English poets,
Poets not, practitioners,
Versifiers, rhymers and non-poets
And the teachers after them
For reading papers and getting score points
Or for the career advancement scheme,
The guides too after them
For paper-publication and to oblige through
Writing on them.

But I see more people more intelligent than them,
The sculptors, dancers, singers,
Architects, artists
Who carve out namelessly,
Sculpt, embroider, colour and paint,
But ask for no name and fame,
The house-keepers,
The true scholars
Who run not after fame,
The wild blossoms blooming in the forest tract

And scattering over the pathways,
Do they ask,
Ask for fame, say you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Could I Have Come Up To Your Expectation, It Would Have Been My Pleasure, My Blessedness

Many a time tried I, but it did not come
To my turn,
Neither did you give it to me
Nor could I myself,
Had it been,
Had it been, I could have,
Had it,
Had it been, I would have
As a man helping a man
And it is rarer to find
A man behaving as a man,
Extending a helping hand.

My God, had I been, had I been a man,
It would have been
My blessedness,
My God, had I, had I been
It would have been my joy,
The blessedness of my thankfulness
If I could someone,
Someone seeking for
And I coming up to his expectation,
Man can get everything,
But it is difficult to be a man,
It is very difficult to be a man.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Could I Have Come Up To Your Expectation, It Would Have Been My Pleasure, My Blessedness I Been A

Many a time tried I, but it did not come
To my turn,
Neither did you give it to me
Nor could I myself,
Had it been,
Had it been, I could have,
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Had it been, I would have
As a man helping a man
And it is rarer to find
A man behaving as a man,
Extending a helping hand.

My God, had I been, had I been a man,
It would have been
My blessedness,
My God, had I, had I been
It would have been my joy,
The blessedness of my thankfulness
If I could someone,
Someone seeking for
And I coming up to his expectation,
Man can get everything,
But it is difficult to be a man,
It is very difficult to be a man.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Countryside Names

If you tour and travel across the countryside, you will come across
Strange and typical names doing the rounds,
Dhilahi, Lousey, Bhagjogini, Glow-Worm,
Kaari, Blackie, Gouri, Fair, Kajari, Slippery and Dark Green.

A few villagerly girls named,
Titali, Butterfly, Tikli, Beauty Spot On The Forehead,
Pulki, Spirited, Lakhia, In Lakhs,
Champa, Indian Jasmine,
Nagin, She-Cobra, Jivan, Life.

Some rustics named,
Fela, Abandoned, Thela, Push-cart, Dhela, Lump of Soil,
Hurwa, Swept Off Thing, Dhurwa, Dust,
Tiki, Clamp of Hair Hanging From The Back Head,
Foksha, Swollen, Nagraja, King Cobra,
Pocha, Rotten, Lambu, Taller, Patlu, Thinner.

The countryside people keep strange names meaning or unmeaning,
They distort and present jocularly
In their own way,
Some have got meaning and some do not have.

Darpiya, Daru-Taken, Mataal, Inebriated, Piyakkad, Drinker,
These are humorous names
And can be surnames, pen-names,
To be used as alias as for taking,
Ganjeri, Ganja-Taker, Bhangeri, Bhang-Taker.

Ramdhuni, Lost In Ram's Rhythm, Ramdhani, Ram-Rich,
These are popular in villages,
Murali, Flute, Pujari, Worshipper.

Aadhkhopari, Half-Headed, Tin-Mudiya, Three-Headed,
Appear satiric and tickling when use we
For somebody else as for our comments,
But for difficult people to deal with.

Similarly, someone's wife named Naulakhia, Nine Lakhs-Bearing,

He father might have got that at her birth,
Hence, her name Naulakhia
And with her money a marble palace may be built in her memory.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Cpi(M) And Its Strategy, A Party Of Blatant & Vehement Comrades & Cadres

The CPI(M) is a party of
Ruthless and bloody
Comrades and cadres
Who know no laws,
No rules and regulations,
To disobey, break the rules,
Their strategy
Handing the power over
To the common people
And by siding the good, noble and cultured.

The comrades and cadres are like bloody wolves,
The party-men, the muscle-men
They chalk out the plans
In local and zonal party offices
As how to loot the houses
Of the rightists at night
In the villages.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Cpi(M) Comrades & Cadres, The Muscle-Men

The CPI(M) cadres and comrades,
Enrolled, subscribed and levied,
Recruited and regimented
Are the muscle men,
The sepoys of communism,
The blind supporters not,
But the own party men
Doing everything in camaraderie
And bonhomie.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Cranes, Storks And Herons

Cranes, storks and herons
Wading through,
Stalking over
The marshy plots
And deep into water bodies
Catching fish.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Cricket & Sex, The Panorma

Perverse sexism
Is the truth
Which but we cannot ignore,
Cricketers involved in perverse sexism,
Nobody for it,
But for glam girls,
Gala and glitz.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Crime And Punishment

Hate the sin, not the sinner
And see, he is standing before
As a criminal
With a rope tied around
The waist,
The hands handcuffed
And the poor criminal going,
The world calling him a criminal
But he is not,
He is not
A criminal,
He is a man,
A man,
See you.

Let the world call him a criminal
But he is not,
He is not a criminal
And even if he is a criminal,
He could not behave it so,
Could not understand it,
Feel it
The consequence of his karma
For which he is suffering,
Reaping the bhoga,
Had he been a criminal,
He would not have kept
In isolation,
The eyes would not
Have turned red
And wept.

But the police keep bating,
Punishing
As for a breakthrough,
The pleader demanding money
As for fighting his case,
The file-mover
Moving not his files,

Just the case foes deferred
For the next hearing
And justice delayed to
The convict,
The accused and sinner,
The convict and culprit
Sick and spiritless
From his within.

The criminal from the dockyard
Hanging the head in shame
Staring blankly
Without anything in mind,
Without any hope in life,
Seeing pitilessly
Having lost faith in justice
And the world debating
His bloodshed and crime,
None with him,
All for money and power,
Those who made him turn into
A criminal
Otherwise he had been not,
A simple fellow was he
Got lured by the greed of money.

None taking him up,
All have abandoned him,
The police, judge and the public,
Accusing and cursing
But in the heart of his heart
He is not a criminal,
No, no, never a criminal
But a man,
A common man
After bread and butter,
Wanting to live a common life
But they implicated him
And he got lured by
The offer of a lump sum
And committed the crime
And hence is a criminal

Btu may I ask,
Are the judges blotless,
Are the lawyers whiter,
Are the police stainless,
Say you, say you,
Why are you silent?

N.B. Who's For Justice Indeed and Where's It? / Hate The Sin, Not The Sinner/
Have Compassion In Justice/ Don't Be So Cruel in Your Judgement, Mark It That
The Judge of The Judges Is Therefrom Seeing It All/ Crime and Punishment

Bijay Kant Dubey

Criminal

Criminal, criminal, criminal,
He is a criminal,
A criminal,
Criminal,
But the criminal
Not a criminal,
Not a criminal,
But a man,
A man,
Not a criminal,
Criminal, criminal, criminal,
Not a criminal,
But a man,
A man,
Call him,
Call him
Not a criminal,
But a man,
A man.

But a criminal
He was not
From his birth,
But turned he into
For falling into bad company,
Deviating and digressing from
The path of life,
Untidy upbringing
And as for situations and circumstances
Otherwise,
Criminal, criminal, criminal,
Call him,
Call him not a criminal
As he is not,
But a man.

Riches and luxuries led him
Otherwise
And he sought for bliss,

Tempted by,
Infatuated with,
As dreamt he
Lured by
High living,
But vacant mind
And its speculation
And if it is not,
Poverty compelled him
To be
Cruel and callous.

But what it is the root of
All evil
Is wine,
Intoxication,
Addiction
And for that,
He turned into
A criminal,
For his hard nature too,
Rough and tough speaking,
Bad mood, bad temper
And bad tongue,
In search of pleasure,
Where did he reach to?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Criminal, You Too Were A Man

Criminal, you too were a man,
A father's son,
But bad company and bad habits
Brought you here
From where
As digressed and deviated you
In life
And fell you in bad company,
Eating, drinking, smoking
And making merry,
Which your father and mother had not,
Criminal,
You not a born criminal,
But as for your bad company,
Bad habits,
You a criminal.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Criticism

Criticism

The way you take it,
The way you do it.

Criticism

Do you
Constructively.

Criticism

Is an art
Of evaluation, assessment.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Criticism, Never Do The Critique Of A Contemporary Poet

A good man said it rightly,
Do not critique a contemporary poet
As the maximum chances lie in
For being brick-batted.

A good professor counselled me wisely
Which but I did not,
Take you not contemporary poets
Those who are evolving.

Instead of getting bouquets, rightly said,
I am getting brick bats
As for my opinions and critique
Which but is constructive and experimental.

What the poet says, dictates is not the all,
What the others say, how do they critique too
Have merit in, whether right or wrong,
But take it not for criticism sake.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Criticism, Poetic Criticism

Criticism is an art,
The art of evaluation and assessment,
Judging the literary worth,
Appreciating a text.

But writes criticism now-a-days
Either the journalists
Or the failed artists
As the readers and judges?

Criticism is but reading,
Enjoying of the text
And of putting forward comments
Marking in red or blue pencils.

But today those who had not to be
Are also as for profession,
If it not then for promotion
To look professorially.

But who reads today,
Sits for hours and reads and writes,
Labour on
For critiques and comments?

What did the poet,
How did he,
When did he,
There is no time to think and brood over?

Today it has turned into admiration,
Mutual admiration
As it is done in contemporary Indian English poetry
For promotion and advertisement.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Criticism; Literary Criticism

What is criticism,
How to criticize,
Who a critic?

Criticism is the art of
Making a critique
Constructive and creative.

How to criticize,
What the tools,
How the types of criticism?

Lastly, who is a critic,
One who criticizes
Literary texts and treatises?

But mere criticism is not
Our goal,
Affirmative or negative.

As people do not take it
In the right perspective
If attempt you a constructive criticism.

And if the criticism is in his favour,
He will like
And if not, he will give brick bats.

Instead of getting bouquets
You are expecting,
As many understand it not the objective.

Haven't you heard the thing,
George Bernard Shawian proverb,
Don't smoke, statutory warning?

The words on the cigarette pack
And with those words of caution,
Sold it more packets.

Actually, the critic is not a bad man,
But the judge,
But here the literary judge under our purview.

Criticism thematic, analytical, explanatory,
Thematic, text-based,
Literary or linguistic.

With the tastes different varying
From man to man
As per taste and liking.

If one of a classical temperament
While the other romantic,
While the other of a different liking.

Reading habit too is different,
Some just cast a cursory glance,
Some go through the texts.

Some like the novels,
Some poems
And some short stories.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Critics Of Modi, Criticize Him Not So Much

Critics of Modi,
Criticized him not so much,
After all, he too is a man,
Why don't you understand?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Crossing The Forest-Tract, I'Ve To

Crossing the forest-tract
This evening
Laced with the mystery of the night
To come
And the encircling mist and fog
Of the bleak and harsh winter
When the chill in the air
I can mark,
I think to enjoy
The evening descending
Near the forest range,
Going the pathways,
Full of the mystery and myth
Of the forest deep,
But rather fascinated and tempted by,
I feel it better to move
To the ways
Leading to the archetypal village
With the farmland.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Culture

What is culture?

Culture is refinement and polish,
Is inherited rather than attained
Though can be
If one tries to perfect.

Culture is society, heritage and tradition,
The family you are from,
The heritage you have got,
Tradition carried forward.

Sometimes culture destroys in absence
Of nurturing,
But instead of the things can be envisaged
In the ruins and rubble.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Cut And Paste And Call Yourself An Indian English Poetess

Cut and paste and make a cocktail of,
Subtracting and adding,
Dovetailing and stitching,
Even stealing others' properties
To call yourself a poetess.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They know you as a writer of adolescent dreams, sexual love and its culmination,

Man-woman relationship, attraction and repulsion met in love, love and hate theme,

Luscious lips quivering, psychic tremble and tremor,
Electro-magnetic sensations and impressions passing over,
The heart the centre of all

A writer of darker delvings, psychological probe, cutting the ice of the dark layers,

What it happens underneath,
He seeks, re-seeks to define human relationships,
Bodily satisfaction and the quenching of thirst

With Sons and Lovers, Women in love, The Rainbow, Lady Chatterley's Lover,
He portrays the pictures and impressions of some lovely women,

Bodily attraction,
With the hunger of the body,
Portrays and paints, sketches and presents

With the labour class hero, eloping with the middle class heroine,

He can turn even up to mother-son fixation
And for this he is incestuous and immoral, degraded and fallen,
A preacher of guru-shisya prem, teacher-disciple love.

Had he read Vatsyayana's Kamasuttra, he would have exalted,

Had he the erotic frescoes
On the walls of the Konark Sun-temple,
The caves and temple sculptures
Of Ajanta & Ellora, Elephanta and Khajuraho,
The worship of the Shiva lingam and the bull statue attendant
Would have enthralled him no doubt

A controversial writer, he is a disputed genius, the son of a coal-miner

Who knows nothing but the body of flesh and blood,
Wiser than intellect,
As the attachment of blood is more than intellectual attachment
And one gets misled, drawn towards
As such is the pull

From sex to samadhi, to say it in the Rajnisite terms, similar the case with him,
A lover of Jessie Chambers, Louie Burrows, Helen Corke, Alex Dax
And Frieda Weekley,
A writer of masculine stance and possessive,
He is a writer of sexual mysticism,
Flesh and blood wiser than intellect,
The pulls and counter-pulls of human consciousness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

nce As A Fictionist

nce as a writer is what not,
A poet, a novelist, a short story writer,
An essayist, a prose-writer, a letter-writer,
A painter, a reviewer and a critic of his right,
A romantic and a mystic?

Actually, he had to be a poet
And turned he into a novelist,
A writer of novels, novellas, short stories,
Essays, letters, reviews, prose-pieces and sketches
Controversial in his life and writings
As had been after love and sex.

A lover of the teacher's wife,
Eloped he with Frieda Weekley
Breaking from Ernest Weekley,
A lover of girls was he
Of Jessie Chambers, Louis Burrows, Alice Dex
And so.

A lover of the guru-shisya prem,
He was a disciple of Vatsyayana,
A reader of Kamsuttra,
The sex manual,
Had he would have loved
To see the sculptures
Of Ajanta-Ellora and the Konark Sun Temple.

One of the guru-shisya prem,
He is in the lineage of Vatsyayana,
Freud, Jung and Adler
And Rajneesh,
I mean Osho
Telling of sambhoga to Samadhi.

His short stories as the fictional tidbits
Without plots
Tread and toe the same and length,
Impressionistically and psychologically,

Attraction and repulsion met in love,
Love and hate theme,
Satisfaction in sex.

Mainly the abnormal and hysterics
Continue to appear as the heroines
Of his short stories
Taking the sunbath,
The hippies in love,
The drug-addicts,
The nude heroines
Dissatisfied sexually.

A writer of darker consciousness
Happening inside,
Of sexual love and dreams,
Possessive love,
Attraction and repulsion,
Love and hate theme
And man-woman relationship,
He writes openly.

His novels are the mystic poetry of love,
Love, sex and romance,
Love and its dreams,
The joys of love and loving,
The thrills of physical love,
The spray of scent
Emanating from the body.

The novelist as a poet sees beauty
In the beauty of the body,
The sweet scent of flesh,
The woman in sex and beauty
And he penetrating
Like a mystic sexually after the fair sex.

Sexual mysticism,
Sex and mysticism mixes he
Into the novels of his,
The flower of his imagination,
Sexual dreams

Of love and sex
And beauty and mystery felt through.

Bijay Kant Dubey

nce As A Novelist

Is first of all autobiographical,
So much subjective, so much impressive
Recording the the impressions and sensations
Felt in love
Physical and bodily,
A lover of the body
Not the soul
With strange meetings described
In the magical of love
With lucid words
Never so expressed, said so
Annihilating the morale
That boosts up,
Decaying the load and monotony
Of rampant intellectualization,
Industrialization.

A lover of women
He is after love, sex and dreams,
Glued to,
An admirer of
Appleyish cheeks and luscious lips
And lustrous eyes
Met with,
Felt in love,
The glow of the body,
Flesh and blood
The fictional property of his
Writing about attraction and repulsion so often.

Bijay Kant Dubey

nce As A Poet

ce as a poet, how to assess him,
Primarily a novelist,
A writer of novels, novellas,
Whose even short stories are just overflows from his pen,
But the poems fragmentary and casual
As he had not been so serious
In taking to poems?

A novelist, short story writer, letter-sender,
A prose writer of essays, sketches, reviews and opinions,
A travel-book writer, a critic and a historian,
He has also one-act plays,
Though started his literary career
With poetry-writing
A novelist poetical.

A Georgian, he is a poet of
Birds, beasts and flowers,
A poet Coleridgean,
Though loose, fragmentary and occasional,
Circumstantial, broken,
Casual and incomplete
Taking to poetry not seriously.

A poet he followed the tradition of the age,
Wrote as they wrote,
Walter de la Mare, John Masefield, s,
Edward Marsh and son on,
Preceding the war years
Or in the midst of
The start.

The thematic stuffs of Lawrence generally overlap
His writings and jot-ups
Be that fiction, verses, plays,
Essays, letters, anecdotes, reflections,

Opinions or prefaces
Or the after-thought,
A writer versatile.

He has written poetry no less than
Any writer,
But is moody,
A poet going with his own
Versification,
A poet pure.

Poetry to Lawrence is versification,
Poetic tidbits, chit-chats,
Talks and gossips,
Mood and sentimental,
Occasional and eventual,
Poetry is a personal and private.

In his poems speaks he about
Over intellectualization, over mechanization,
Away from the world tottering and fallen,
Civilizational circuit
To a remoter place of private reflection
In cognizance with Nature,
The cosmos.

A sun-lover he is primitive, psychological
And one of dark consciousness,
A novelist he is the writer of Sons and Lovers
And Lady Chatterley's Lover,
A traveller he is of
Etruscan Places, Sea and Sardinia
And Mornings in Mexico.

The son of a coal-miner emotionally
Close to his mother,
A lover of Freida,
The wife of his language teacher,
He is the gipsy, the virgin's gipsy,
The gipsy lover,
One under illicit love and relationship.

This is what constitute his personality,
This is what it composes
His poetic self,
A writer of dark relationship,
A lover of the body
Psychic and psychological,
Who has set out on a savage pilgrimage.

As a writer of verse, he is one birds, beasts and flowers,
The pansy, salvia and the hibiscus,
Of the elephant, kangaroo,
The humming-bird, bat,
The sea, fish, tortoise and snake,
He is dark and psychological
And sociological.

Many of the selves of his part speak in here,
Many shelves of his personality,
That of his novels, stories, reviews, pinions,
Letters, essays, sketches and reflections,
A poet Georgian,
Building The Ship of Death to drift
As for Crossing The Bar of Tenyson.

A labourer's son with labourly consciousness
That too of a miner,
From the mother's side one of more sophistication
And standard,
A schoolteacher he was
Under the impact of love,
But the pull of the mother stronger
And he could not resist that.

A novelist autobiographical,
His was a poetical writing in lucid prose
And magical,
Which but came from poetry
Which but later on he switched over to
A writer controversial and disturbing
Just as the dark blossom.

A Wordsworth he appeared to be
In being close to Nature and natural surroundings,
A Keats
Sensitive and sensuous to the environs around,
But Coleridge took the leaves out of
And he sang of the best prayer in the form
Of the love for the birds, beasts and flowers.

A student of Thomas Hardy and his A Pair of Blue Eyes
And The Mayor of Casterbridge,
He found the blue eyes in Freida Weekly,
Drunken resentment at home
As for father coming home drunken,
His words of love and sympathy in that state
As well as brawls.

The poet talks to the pansies, to the salvias,
To the hibiscus,
Bavarian gentians
And says the things of life,

A poet of darker love and relationship,
He can even talk of Ajanta-Ellorah,
Shiva-lingams of Benares
In his prose-work Apocalypse,
But the things of Sea and Sardinia
In his poetry,
What he wrote in The Plumed Serpent.

Love Poems and others (1913) , Amores (1916) ,
Look! We have come through! , Bay: a book of poems (1919) ,
Tortoises (1921) , Birds, Beasts and Flowers (1923) ,
Pansies (1929) , Nettles (1930) , Last Poems (1932) ,
Fire and other poems (1940) ,
The books of his verse,
A dark horse indeed,
The dark black rose of poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

nce As A Poet: A Reassessment

nce on the ship of death
And it carrying away
And he getting lost into the shadows.

Had he been alive to see the frescoes
Of Ajanta and Ellora,
He would have appreciated
Their clasps, hugs and embraces
So intimate and affectionate.

A sun worshipper, he wanted to live
With the cosmos alive,
Had he the Konark Sun-temple
Would have admired it
The wheel and the chariot pattern.

Instead of it he refers to the Shiva lingams
Of Benares,
Phallic consciousness,
The lingam-yoni motif
Drawn out.

A Naga worshipper, he likes to see
Had he seen the snake being offered milk
On the eve of Naga-panchami,
Had he heard about the Bihula-Lakhinder story,
Ma Manasha's worship.

A gipsy, a vagabond, he seemed to be striding
Along with Vatsyayana, Freud and Rajneesh
Attending a seminar,
An appreciator of guru-shisya prem,
A Rajneeshite in a rudraksha rosary.

A poet of the Bavarian gentians, lilies,
Pansies and musk roses,
He is moody and sentimental,
Circumstantial and sketchy
And incidental and occasional.

Everything depends on his mood and sentiment,
The feeling of his heart,
Everything on the way he takes to
And reacts emotionally
And sentimentally.

An Edwardian, a Decadent writer,
He is an imagist,
A Georgian
Writing verses
A poet of flowers, birds and beasts.

He is s a poet of the humming bird,
Of the elephant, the kangaroo,
The tortoise, the rabbit,
The eagle.

A poet of the salvia and the hibiscus,
The lily and the lotus,
He is a poet of the oak tree,
The bat and the mosquito
And the snake.

Miriam's love he has not,
That of his affection of Paul Morel
For his mother,
Lady Chatterley as Clara
And Frieda sucks his soul
And he feels empty still.

Bijay Kant Dubey

nce Was Not A Yogi, But A Bhogi (An Indian Sadhu Or An English Sadhu?) T

nce was not a yogi, but a bhogi,
The sadhu in the ashrama
With the ladki and the ganja
And the chillum,
Smoking in ganja
And talking of love secretly
With the disciple love,
The stolen girl.

In the temples, instead of seeing
With a pietistic view,
He looking at the murals,
Sculptures and figurines
In erotic love and passionate hugs
And sex positions,
Feeling the delight of love
And its attachment.

Vatsyayana's Kamsuttra, the sex manual
With the tips in sex
And the joys of delight,
The bliss unbounded,
Freud's interpretation of dreams
And Rajneesh's sambhoga to samadhi,
Sex to bliss
Enthralling him.

Lawrence is not a real sadhu,
But a fake and false guru,
A fraud Indian baba
With no control over sex,
Not a real guru,
But a ganja smoker,
A shisya lover,
A disciple lover.

Does Not Know What The Rss Is Though I Do Not Praise It

Communist 's casual statement

Like I not

That the RSS is a terrorist outfit.

Before eharing this,

I must ask him,

Does the Communist Party not eliminate and eradicate

The democrats and republicans?

Why does Raja not go to Muslim countries

To preach them to be secular?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daddy, Daddy, Daddy's Lovely Daughter, Sylvia Path

Daddy, daddy, daddy's lovely daughter,
Sylvia Plath
And the girl crying for,
Daddy, daddy, my daddy,
Daddy, daddy,
Where you are,
You,
I can't,
Can't live without,
Daddy,
Daddy,
My daddy!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daddy, My Daddy, I Love You, Daddy

Daddy, my daddy,
I love you, daddy,
My daddy.

My dad, not yours,
Dad,
My dad.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daddy, O, My Daddy! How To Live Without You?

Daddy's daughter
Going to her in-laws' house
And crying,
Daddy,
O, my daddy,
How to live without you
And the daddy too breaking down!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daddy's Daughter

Daddy's daughter,
You do not hurt her
Feelings,
Daddy, daddy, she calling,
Daddy, daddy,
My daddy,
Daddy,
My dear daddy,
Daddy's daughter.

There is nothing in the world
So lovely
As her daddy is,
There is nothing
So dear
As her daddy is,
Daddy,
Daddy,
My dear daddy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dadhiyal, Agar Naa Hoti Meri Dadhi/ ed, Had I Not The Beards

Dadhiyal aur uski kavita,
Agar naa hoti meri dadhi
Aur naa hota mein ek kavi,
Meri dadhi meri kavita,
Meri kavita kaa shrota.

ed and his poems,
If had I not been bearded
Would not have been a poet,
My beards my poems,
The source of my poems.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dalit Literature

Literature is literature,
What it to do with Dalit or un-Dalit?
If it is really of the Dalits, by the Dalits and for the Dalits,
Why are they critiquing it
For to be the famed non-Dalit critic
Of the Dalit things?

Just for to take the credit,
The non-Dalits advocating their case
Call themselves
The well-wishers of the Dalits,
Let them write their own history,
Influence them not,
Whatever be their feelings and experiences.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dalit Literature From A Different Point Of View, Indian And English

Dalit literature means the literature
Of the oppressed and the suppressed,
Means whose rights have been infringed upon,
politically, socially, economically not,
Humanistically,
Neglected and ignored as human beings.

Was there not the Reign of Terror in France,
Did they not eliminate Louis XVI,
Did Lenin and the Bolsheviks not eliminate
The Czar and the Czarina,
Was there not chaos during the Janata Dal in India
Trying to bifurcate India
As for political ends?

Harishchandra's workings as a chandal
on the burning ghats,
Ananda's love for Chandaliika,
Guru Nanak's prayers,
Kabir's Ram-naam learning from Ramanand,
Eklavya's cutting of the thumb as gurudakshina
Demanded by inhuman and compelled Dronacharya,
All these tell tales.

Gandhi's Harijanodhar,
Nirala's Bharat Ki Ek Vidhwa,
Jayanta Mahapatra's references to the dark daughters
In his Relationship,
Gautam Buddha's tryst with the Mundamala Dacoit,
Ratnakar Dacoit's exploits and turning into a saint
And the resultant transformation
Tell many a thing said or unsaid.

Walt Whitman's O Captain! My Captain! ,
Tennyson's The Beggar Maid,
Blake's The Little Black Boy and London,
John Bunyan's He That Is Down Needs No Fear Fall,

Hardy's The Mayor of Casterbridge
And the selling of the wife in drunkenness
And his own remarriage with a teenage girl,
Are the pother things of reckoning.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dalit Literature, How Has Love Grown For?

There had not been,
But all of a sudden how has love grown
For Dalit literature,
Is it for dissertations?

Dalit literature by the Dalits
Or the non-Dalits
Or can literature be restricted to
Any class, sect or community?

Mind it,
Literature is literature,
Has not any bearing upon.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dalit Literature, How Long Will It Remain Dalit?

Dalit Literature, I deplore it
That the non-Dalits are writing,
Putting it to word
And with it,
May I ask,
What can they do
For the Dalits
Already poor and needy,
Hand to mouth too not,
Drinking wine
To kill hunger and poverty
And for dreaming romantically,
But when intoxication gets over,
They see the things lying really,
Bare and nude?

The fire of hunger who to extinguish it,
The fire of the belly,
The hungry stomach
Takes it no the load of wine,
That too country liquor,
Third-class Indian wine
Made from molasses, mahua buds
Or rotten and stale rice,
Lying joblessly
And unemployed,
Working day and night
Without any food,
Living on stale food
And left-overs,
Oh, how to sustain,
How to survive?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dalit Literature, Is It Political Or Sociological?

Dalit literature, is it
Political or sociological,
Telling about the rights
And social justice meted out to them?

How were they victimized,
Subjected to suffering and struggle,
Injustice and tyranny,
Inhuman treatment
Though they were human beings?

Dalit, the word means downtrodden,
Crushed with legs and feet,
Fallen and trodden,
The under-dogs and the have-nots
Politically, from the Marxist point of view.

Is it of Daridranarayana and his kangal-bhojana,
Is it of Kabir and Tukaram,
Is it of Karna and Eklavya
Or of Surpanakha, Hidimba and others,
Sati, Sita, Draupadi and Shakuntala
Or of Bhishma and Eklavya?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dalit Literature, Let Them Write, Let Us Not For Our Doctorates For Promotion

Dalit literature
Like the Black literature
Let them write,
Dabble in ink and scribble,
Not us
For our doctorates
For promotion
Under the career advancement scheme.

Dalit literature
Of the Dalits, by the Dalits and for the Dalits,
Let them
As they have suffered, struggled to survive,
Let them,
Let them their own experiences
Of sufferings, struggles for survival
Down the ages.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dalit Literature, Let Them Write, You Write It Not

Dalit literature, let them write,
You write it not,
The story of their life,
The narratives and anecdotes
Of their own,
They themselves.

Their things you interpret them not
As for your Ph.D. and the scale jump
And the books to author,
The papers to read in seminars
As resource persons and seminarians,
Dalit literature, let them write,
Write you not.

Let them say the way they want to express in,
Dalit literature of the Dalits,
Not the non-Dalits
Doing the business from.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dalit Literature, Should It Come Up From The Dalits Or The Non-Dalits?

Dalit literature, should it come up from
The Dalits or the non-Dalits,
Whose prerogative is it to lodge
Or voice the protest,
That of the Dalits or the non-Dalits?

But some non-Dalits, just for their promotional benefit
In the office sector
Are promoting the Dalit literature
At the cost of making a name,
Which is not good at all for morality sake.

A Dalit's voice are we hearing
Or an interpreter's version?
If it is of the Dalits, let them say,
Let them voice and lodge their protests
Instead of the middle men shedding crocodile's tears.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dalit Literature, The Non-Dalit Writing About & Profiting From

Dalit literature,
The non-Dalit writing about
To be benefited from
The stuffs and matters of the Dalits,
Holding lectures and seminars and symposia
To be promoted from
The assistant to the associate professor
To the professor rank,
But the same Dalit oppresserd and suppressed
For years
Remaining the same Dalit,
The downtrodden have-nots, the untouchables
And the professors pocketing money
From handsome pay bands and pay packets
And the U.G.C. funding.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dalit Literature, The Non-Dalit Writing, How Can It Be?

Dalit literature,
The non-Dalit writing it
For making fame,
How can it be?

Dalit literature is
Of the Dalits,
By the Dalits,
For the Dalits.

The word Dalit
Should not be misinterpreted,
As our India was ismic,
Regressed into.

Medievalism cost it much,
The nocturnal and the unknowable
Misled it
While making a tryst with.

The ethnicity and nativity
Gave a tougher time
In coming to comprehension
The caste and society of India.

Each and every caste had
Some sub-castes
And it was difficult
To come to terms.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dalit Literature, What Is Dalit Literature?

Dalit literature. What is Dalit literature? Who is writing whose literature?

What the theme? What the matter? The crux of it? The politics behind it.

Dalit literature is of the Dalits, by the Dalits, for the Dalits. Can literature be as such?

Or, should it have been Harijan literature? The Harijans as untouchables not allowed to enter the temples. Gandhiji too pushed behind by the temple pandas in his attempt to let them be allowed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dalit Literature, What The Motto Behind, How The Agenda Of It?

Dalit literature,
Dalit literature,
Of the Dalits, by the Dalits or for the Dalits,
A Dalit writing about a Dalit
Or a non-Dalit too,
First answer you my question,
By the Dalit only or by non-Dalit too
As the emotion is same,
What the agenda,
What the motto behind,
I mean,
Who the manager, director, script writer,
The commercial dealer
Of the script of the play
And the theatre
And the poor Dalit girl playing the role
In soliloquies and monologues?

Thank you,
Thank you, ladies and gentlemen,
The audience, the readers,
Thank you, thank you!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dalit Literature, Where To Search It? Do Not Politicize It Please

Dalit literature search I in
The Little Black Boy
And London of Blake,
Dalit literature search I in
The Beggar Maid by Tennyson.

Dalit literature find I
In the kangal boy
Shown to Adi Shankaracharya,
In the concept of daridranarayana
Which mentions it Tagore in Gitanjali.

Dalit literature saw I in
The poverty of Sudama,
The services of Raja Ram Mohun Roy,
William Bentick, Vidyasagar
Prohibiting the Sati system, child marriage.

Dalit literature found I in
The chimney-sweepers of Charles Lamb,
Derozio's The Fakir of Jungheera,
In pity and pain
Rather than politics.

Dalit literature felt I in
Tagore's Chandalika,
Eklavya's stunt
Making aghast and shameful,
Gandhi's Harijanodhara.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dalit Literature, Let Them...

Dalit literature, let them
Say and write,
Those who are the Dalits,
The downtrodden,
The poor and the hungry people,
Living under impoverished circumstances,
Under inhuman discrimination,
A world dotted by and followed into the toes
Caste, creed and class,
Backwardness, poverty and misrule,
Foreign rule and plunder and loot of India.

Dalit literature,
Dalit poetry, drama, fiction, prose,
Let them, let them write,
Not you,
Let the Mushahars and the Chamars
Write,
The Mehatars and other untouchable castes,
The washermen and the barbers,
The Doms and the Mochis,
The drum-beaters and the taxidermists,
The Pasis and others.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dalit Poetry

Dalit poetry,
Found I in the fisherman's home,
The fisherman working all daylong,
From early in the morning,
Casting nets,
Catching fish
And putting into the weal.

Dalit poetry,
Found I in the cobbler's home,
Working from dawn to dusk,
Doing the leather work
At the city centre
Or the town square
By the footpath
Or on the platform,
Polishing the boots.

Dalit poetry,
Found I in viewing the gipsy girls,
Ill-clad and ill-clothed,
Asking for alms
Into the train bogies,
Holding the shoes
Or legs,
Cleaning the compartments
And asking for money.
Dalit poetry,
Found I in marking the washermen
And they going to the ghat
As for to wash clothes
And return back home late in the afternoon,
Exhausted and done with
And the ass too bearing the brunt.

Dalit poetry,
Found I in seeing them driven out of homes,
The old and the pensioners
When came they

The new members in the house,
The son turning into a bad son,
Which but the mother cannot generally.

Dalit poetry,
Found I in reservation,
The protesters and demonstrators
Doing self-immolation
And the rustic fellows,
The buffoons, clowns and scoffers
As the ministers stood they
Instigating and provoking
As for chair.

Dalit poetry,
Found I in watching the scavenger women
Going to throw off human excreta,
In the tin takers
Placed overherad or on the wheelbarrow,
They chewing paan
And going away
In toil, sweating and heat of the day
To the municipal garbage heap,
Where vats are cleared.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dalit Poetry, Dalit Drama, Dalit Prose, Dalit Fiction

Dalit poetry,
Dalit drama,
Dalit fiction,
Dalit prose,
The literature of the downtrodden,
Crushed down,
Trampled,
Rights denied.

The literature of the oppressed and suppressed,
Exploited and tortured,
The have-nots,
The unresourced,
The poor and the weak
And neglected,
But why are they,
I cannot say?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dalit, Dalit, Dalitization Of Literature

Dalit, Dalit, this Dalitization of literature
Like I not
As for unnecessary politicization,
Say you,
What Dalit, what unDalit?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dalit, Dalit, What Is This Nonsense?

Dalit, Dalit,
Downtrodden, downtrodden and trampled,
Crushed below,
Under the feet,
Untouchable, impure,
Unchaste?

Why, why,
You tell me,
Tell me,
What the reason,
Why to call it,
Why to take it for,
What the word means it literally?

I do not like the nuisance
Created,
But want to go deep into,
Deep into
To cut the layers of meaning,
What,
What does it mean clearly?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dalit's Case, Why Are They Handling?

Dalit's case, why are they handling,
Dalit's matter, why are they taking up,
Let them take up and say
Rather than them
Who just want to come to the fore
Using their names,
Utilizing their stuffs,
Narratives and anecdotes?

O, I smell a rat,
They are stooping to conquer!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dalits, Dalits, No Politics With The Dalits

Dalits, Dalits, Dalits,
The ears deafen it
With the nasty politics
They are doing,
Are they not men,
What do they mean to say?

You disturb them not,
The non-Dalits,
Be mindful to your works
Rather than theirs
And let them do
What they are doing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dam Maro Dam, Ganja Tano Hum, Don't Be A Ganjeri, Where Are They Going?

Dam maro dam, sing you
To take in ganja
From a clayware,
A clay pipe
To smoke in ganja,
Dam maro dam,
Ganja tano tum,
Hare Krishna hare Ram,
Dam maro dam,
Ganja tano tum,
Ganaja tano
Aur gana gao.

Yah kiska dam hain, bhaiyya,
Ganja ka,
Chilum she ganja leta huya.

Dam-strength, stamina, maro-take you at a stretch, ganja-marijuana

Bijay Kant Dubey

Darhiyal Saheb, Aapka Halchal Kaisa Hain? / ed, How Are You?

Darhiyal Saheb,
Aapka halchal kaisa hain,
Aap acche to hain?

Aap kaisei hain,
Meinei puccha
Aur wei hansa padei.

Phir unhonei apni dadhi cchuyin
Aur kaha,
Mein accah hun.

ed,
How is the thing going on,
Are you fine?

How are you,
I asked him
And burst into a laughter.

Again touched he his unkempt beards
To say it,
I am fine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dark Daughter

Dark Daughter, in making the statues of yours,
In sculpting you,
Drawing sculptures and figurines,
You ask the Divine Deity
To bless me
So that I may accomplish it
In the dark,
Working under the lamplight,
Sketching and drawing you,
Carving and chiseling
Out of clay, stone or wood.

Dark daughter,
What it is dark will remain,
Unto the end
And the mystery
We cannot resolve it,
Unravel it,
The mystery of Creation,
Life and death,
Your living, mine living
All under purview,
Scrutiny and annotation.

Dark daughter, you ask the presiding Goddess
To be kind enough to endow with
The bounties of Hers,
So that I may raise the statues
In Her design,
Chiselling and carving
And painting black,
Dark the Goddess Kali,
Dark you,
Dark the Creation,
Dark daughter,
Nocturnal and supernatural and artistic.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dark Daughter- - Your Toil, Tears And Sweats

Dark Daughter-

Tell you, tell you, who you are,
Tell me, tell me, who you are,
What your identity, where your home,
Who your parents
As see you
As the sculptures and figurines
Lying on the entrance
Of the terracotta temples,
Into the mist of the starlit skies,
Dark and lonely,
Stand you,
All alone,
Away from homes,
Nostalgic, homesick and reminiscent of
Your small, small brothers and sisters?

Dark daughter, tell you, tell you,
Who you are, what your identity, where your home,
Who your parents,
Are you a devadasi,
A sevadasi
Or a nautch girl turned into stone,
Who, who are you,
Say you,
Whose loving and affectionate daughter
Turned into stone,
Whose soothsaying brought you
To the temple complex
And turned you in a terracotta figurine
Embossed upon a clay-baked plate?

Did the temple priest and his oracle,
Did the soothsayer's words
Took your parents in blind faith
To devote and dedicate you
To the temple service,
The first child of theirs,
Did, did the astrologer plot and plan

For your fall
Or the horoscope-maker
Or the palmist saw it
Into the crisscrosses of destiny
Rather than foreseeing his own fate
And bringing you here
Into the nightly company of
The blindly faithful,
Brokers and half-addicts?

Dark daughter, view you not pitifully, tearfully,
Wipe out, wipe out the tears
Falling from,
Falling from the eyes,
As I cannot see the tears,
If gods and goddesses themselves cannot
Wipe out them from the eyes of a woman,
Then what to say of man,
Poor destiny and its ruling,
You a girl child,
Leaving your parents forcibly,
Away from them,
Grew you up in the temple complex
To be a devadasi, a sevadasi
Or a nautch girl,
But the things do not remain sacrosanct
Unto the last, mind it.

Dark daughter, dark you, dark the world,
The myths of darkness,
The womb of creation,
The stories wrapped in darkness,
Veiled and hidden from mortal man,
A sheet of mystery spread over,
In this world dark, dark,
Dark and wide,
Dark, dark and lonely,
Dark you, dark the world
Who to feel, feel it,
What is it that marauds the poor self of yours,
How the troubles and tribulations of yours,
The struggles and sacrifices,

What it that ails you,
Say you,
Say you, dark daughter,
The story of your poor and exploited life
Or womankind in all sorrow and pain?

Dark daughter, your troubles, tears and blood,
Your sweating and labour,
Your toil, tears and sweating,
The world could not,
Could not feel it,
Nor could take to believe in
That you too were a woman,
You too had a heart within,
Males just played with
The feminine sensibility of yours,
Permeating you to torture and exploitation
In the name of social custom
And religion,
Making you suffer, sacrifice and struggle life-long,
Taking the all out from you
And danced you in the temple complex
As a nautch girl performing classically,
Served you as a temple maid
Or in the service of a saint,
Remained you dedicated and devoted
To gods and goddess
As a devadasi,
What more to say to?

Wept you in the temple complex,
But none came to feel it
That, that the devadasi,
The sevadasi
Or the nautch girl too had a soul within,
A heart palpitating so humanly,
Wept you into the temple complex
A lonely girl,
Into the company of the blind people,
Mad after faith and ritual
And in whom, reasoning too was dead,
Dead and dried down,

A girl so feeble and frail,
So helpless and hopeless
Saw I embossed upon
As sculptures and figurines,
Telling of the construction works
And the hazards,
A woman wage-earner at work under heat and dust
Or treasons of darker man-woman relationship,
Entwined with whispers,
Full of so much psychological doubt, fear and suspense.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dark Daughter (Dark You, Dark The World, The Myths Of)

Dark Daughter,
Dark you, dark the world, the myths of darkness,
How to resolve them,
Dark you, dark the world, dark the myths of life and death?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dark Daughter, Dark You, Dark The World

Dark daughter,
Dark you,
Dark the world,
The ways of it.

Dark daughter,
Dark you not,
Darker the myths of life
And the world.

Dark daughter,
In this world dark-dark
And wide,
Where, where to go?

My daughter,
My daughter,
Dark daughter,
My daughter?

They call you dark,
But you not dark only,
Dark and beautiful
And lovely and affectionate.

You are, your are
My daughter,
Only mine,
Mine, of none but mine.

Dark daughter,
Dark daughter, in this world
Wide and vast,
What something more beautiful?

Than, than you, daughter,
My daughter,
Dark daughter,
Let them, let them as they know it not.

The pains and joys of being
The father of a daughter
And the filial love indescribable,
My daughter, dark daughter.

Daughter,
My daughter,
Dark daughter,
I and you, you and I only.

A father,
A father here lie I
With a daughter, a dark daughter
Into the hands of mine.

Dark daughter,
Dark daughter
In this world wide and vast,
Vaster the myths of life and creation.

And in the mysteries circling,
You and I, I and you,
You and I, I and you,
You and I, I and you, my daughter.

Dark daughter,
Dark daughter, my daughter
In this world vast and wide
Of mysteries and myths unknown.

Where to,
Where to go, my daughter,
Taking you,
My daughter, dark daughter?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dark Daughter, How To Paint & Sketch You?

Dark daughter, how to portray and paint you,
How to, how to sketch you,
Dark daughter,
In your heart is a heart,
In your soul is a soul
So pious and chaste,
Innocent and ignorant,
Loveful and sympathetic.

Dark daughter, the world is dark,
Dark you,
Dark the Creation,
Dark the ways,
Darker the Myths
Of Light and Darkness,
Dark daughter.

Darkness is in our heart,
Guile is in,
How have we fallen miserably,
How have we regressed into,
How deceitful and greedy,
How sinful have we grown,
My daughter, I think, think!

Your tears, your tears the world,
The world has fallen,
Fallen to understand,
Take into belief
That you too a little girl,
A daughter
On the unknown paths of life,
Your trouble,
Your trouble and tribulation!

My daughter,
What it is dark, let it be,
Let it be what it was, it is still and what it will be,
Dark was it,

Dark will it,
Dark is it,
Dark is dark,
Dark and light the two facets of the same Creation!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dark Daughter, How To Unravel!

Dark daughter, how to unravel
The myths of darkness,
What it is dark, let it be!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dark Daughter, I Shall Not Remain It Here, But You Will

My daughter,
Dark daughter,
I shall not stay it here
To see it up,
But you will, my daughter,
As the daughter of mine
which but they know it not
Whose daughter are you not,
Your pains and pines and woes,
What it troubles you
And your self,
What it hurts and wounds you, my love!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dark Daughter, In The World Dark, Dark, How To Rear You A Girl Child, A Small Daughter Of Mine?

Dark daughter,
In the world dark
And wide,
How,
How
To rear you,
My love,
My daughter?

In the world
Where nobody strives
To know
What it marauds your self,
What it hurts your sentiments
Nobody cares to,
My daughter.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dark Daughter, They Call You Dark

Dark daughter, they call you dark
But you are not,
You are beautiful.

You my loving daughter,
Affectionate and sympathetic
And loving.

But what it worries me is
The zigzagged paths of life,
The crisscrosses of fate.

A daughter how much neglected
And ignored are you
In our society.

Dark daughter, dark are you not
But those who know it not
The secrets of darkness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dark Daughter, Who Says That You Are Dark? Who Says It?

Dark daughter,
Who says it,
You are dark, dark,
You are not dark,
But my dark love,
Dark daughter.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dark Daughter, Your Love Draws Me Closer

Dark daughter,
in this world
dark and wide,
how to describe you,
how to
your pains and pines,
sorrows and sufferings,
dark daughter,
you my dark love?

My daughter,
in this world
dark and wide,
grew I you up
in this world
dark and wide,
dark daughter,
my bonding,
my love and affection?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dark Daughter, Your Myths I Could Not Bust Them

Dark daughter, your myths
The myths of darkness,
The myths of love and bonding
And sympathy,
Filial love
Which a daughter feels for his father,
Which a father feels for his daughter.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dark Daugjhter, Where To Go Clutching Along?

Dark daughter,

Where to go

Clutching you along,

A daughter so homely and lone,

Affectionate and lovely

In this world

Vast and wide

Where man loves not man?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dark Is Beatiful

Dark is beautiful,

What it was,

What it is, let it be,

Dark is beautiful,

Dark dark,

What it was,

What it is,

Let it be,

Dark will remain dark.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dark Is Beautiful

Dark is beautiful, try to feel,
Light breaking forth
From the fold of darkness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dark Is Dark

Dark is dark,
Dark and lovely;
Dark is beautiful,
Lovely and beautiful.

Dark is dark, let it be
As we cannot unravel it,
What it is dark, will be
As haven't you heard it, dark is beautiful?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dark Is Dark, Let It Be

Dark is dark, let it be,
Dark is dark, let it be,
What it was dark, is still now and will
Continue to be so in future,
Dark is dark, let it be,
What it was, what it is,
Dark is dark,
Dark the myths of life,
Dark the tales of the Creation,
Darker the ways of the world
Taking to which man comes here,
Taking to that man goes out.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dark Is Dark, Let It Be, Why To Unravel It?

What it is dark will remain dark unto the last,
Dark is dark,
Let it be
As light comes dispelling it.

Have you seen a dark girl,
Not so much,
But with a fine face-cutting?

The heartfelt love, the loveful heart,
Filled with love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daru In Bottle, Bottle In Daru And I Am Drinking

Daru in bottle and bottle in daru
And I am tasting,
Tasting not, but taking,
Taking not a bit, but to my full
To fall flat on the ground.

This is, sir, but Indian daru,
No standard,
But intoxication is granted
Whether live I or die,
Ta-ta I am going,
I have fully drunk, bye-bye, sir.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daru Mat Piyo Yaar (Do Not Take Wine, Friend)

Daru mat piyo, yaar,
Daru pina buri baat hai,
Buri baat,
Daru mat piyo, yaar.

Do not drink daru, friend,
It is bad to drink daru,
It is very bad,
Do not drink daru, friend.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daru Mat Piyo, Advised I To Him And He Started Taking More

I forbade him to drink
And he started drinking more
And the ale-house men too came in between
To cast aspersions upon
And I could withstand their stare.

I advised him,
Daru mat piyo
And he started taking more,
Emptying one bottle after another
And fallen flat.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daru Mat Piyo, Bahut Adhik Daru Pike, Apne Aapko Barbad Mat Karo (I Say Do Not Take Daru, Taking Daru Spoil You Not Your Life...)

Mein kahata hun,
Daru mat piyo,
Daru pike apnee jindagi
Barbad mat karo,
Daru pina buri baat,
Bahut buri baat hain.

I say,
Do not take daru,
Having taken daru your life
Spoil you not,
To take daru is bad,
Very bad.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daru Mat Piyo, Bhaiyya (Do Not Take Country Liquor)

Daru mat piyo, bhaiyya,
Daru pina buri baat hain,
Par usne meri shuni jo nahin,
Pita hi raha,
Uspar aur hi pina shuru kar diya,
Kamaya tak nahin.

Do not take liquor, big brother,
To take liquor is bad,
But heard he not,
Went on taking,
In addition to started taking more
Rather than lessening.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daru Mat Piyo, Said I, But Heard He Not, Went On Drinking More

Daru mat piyo, said I,
But heard he not,
Started he drinking more
As daru was his life,
Daru for him and he for daru,
Made for each other,
Daru,
Indian daru,
Third cass daru,
You everything will burn and smoke out,
The liver and the heart,
But you will not stop
Taking it,
Daru,
Indian daru,
Nectar.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daru Pikar

Daru Pikar

Daru pikar, aapne kya dekha hain
Ki aapkaa kya haal hua hain,
Jaiye aur dekhiye yaaene mein,
Aapkaa kyaa haal hua hain,
Daru piker,
Wah bhi country liquor lek?

Gaal phula hua, muha fula-fula,
Bimaar rahane lagen hain jo aap,
Daru piker,
Liver bhi fail ho raha hain
Aur kya bolun janab,
Daru piker aapne
Apne aap kaa kya haal bana rakha hain?

Taking Country Liquor/ Pikar Daru

Taking daru,
I mean liquor, country liquor
At the ale house,
What have you made of you yourself,
Go and see your face in the mirror,
What have you made of yourself,
Taking daru
And too country liquor.

The cheeks have swollen, the face too swollen-swollen
And you started to remain sick and ailing
After taking daru,
The liver too is working not properly
And what to say it more,
Having taken daru,
What have you made of you yourself?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daru Pikar (Taking Indian Country Liquor Excessively)

Having taken daru, what have you done,
You first see your face and say it,
Have you,
If not, go and see
And above all, have you thought about your life,
How are you going to ruin it,
Have you at least looked back,
Thought about your family
What will it
When you will be no more,
About your wife and children,
Sons and daughters and their innocent faces,
I presume, will perhaps keep moving door-to-door?

Excessive drinking, going beyond limit,
Where has it brought to,
Your face looking pale and swollen,
Your mouth giving a foul smell ever
Wherever meet I,
The liver working it not well,
The doctor has given you the warning
But still now have not left taking wine,
Think you, Mr. Drunkard,
I salute you for your loyalty,
So much dedicated and devoted to the bottle,
Not to your duty
That you gulping it like nectar,
Have you thought about?

Sometimes lie you fallen into the bushes
Talking with the stray dogs,
The master and his pet sharing the light moments,
Licking the hands and the mouth
And you pasting the back
And handshaking with your friend in need,
The friend of the bad days
And the dog gasping a bit
Smelling the mouth to have a taste of liquor
And wagging the tail,

Sometimes lie you fallen on the footpaths
Speaking in capers,
Sometimes staggering on the road
Going left ways and right ways
To return home.

When find you not, daru, I mean country liquor,
Try you costly foreign packs
And when that too unavailable,
Try you ganja,
Smoking in with the addict and abnormal ganjeris
From a chillum, an earthenware pipe-like
And with the embers and ganja over
And when this too is not,
Take you bhang paste
To get intoxication to say,
Vyom Bhole,
Even selling the household stuffs,
Lanterns, glasses and dishes
Daru has to be bought for intoxication.

My God, see You Your drunkard
Whom none but You have created him,
Why do You let him take it,
Can't You reform him,
Rehabilitate and make him wean it,
Can't he live without the som rasa and sura,
Spirits and intoxicant things,
I do not understand the purpose of Your Creation?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daru Pikar Hero/ After Drinking Daru A Hero

After taking daru, everyone thinks
Oneself a hero,
The intoxication of daru
And the lyrical dialogues,
The golden ad coloured heroine
By the side
Can make everyone a hero,
Even if you are not,
The lights and the cameras
Will turn you into.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daru Pikar Naya Varsha Shuru Karne Ka Erada Hain

Daru pikar naya varsha shuru karne ka erada hain,
Nashe mein dhut hokar,
Haath mein bottle lekar,
Nashe mein dhut hokar
Happy new year kahane ka erada hain?

After having taken wine do you want to begin your new year,
Being intoxicated, getting tipsy,
Taking the bottle into the hands,
In full intoxication,
Do you want to say, happy new year?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daru Pikar, Say You Not, Happy New Year To You!

Daru pikar, say you not please,
Happy new year to you
After taking wine,
I mean alcohol,
Indian or foreign,
Desi daru,
Bideshi sharab,
Bu wine wine,
Gives intoxication
And one gets intoxicated,
You drunk,
I too drunk,
Saying,
Saying,
Happy, happy new year to you!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daru Piyo, Talk To The Girl And Do Naxalism In The Jadavpur Varsity Campus

Daru piyo,
Empty the bottle
On the green turf,
Smoke cigar after cigar
And sipping coffee,
Talking love,
The duo
In a live-in relationship
Turning into the gipsies of love,
Following the Bohemian style of life and living.

Love, beauty, romance and art,
Studies and pleasures,
In search of these,
They all out in search of bliss,
In the Eden's garden,
On a planet of their own,
A turf never to be left
To be claimed over,
Full of past love affairs, swearing pairs,
Addicts play the role of disco jockeys.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daru, Ladki And Bottle: Khushwant Singh A Memoir

Had he been,
He would have delighted
With his write-ups
On daru, ladki and bottle,
A lover of women,
Wine
And bottles.

Of rum, whisky, beer,
Brandy, vodka,
Champagne,
Videshi, not deshi daru,
Native not, foreign liquor.

No talk without daru,
Bring that if have to talk with,
No talk without women,
Spice you
With chutney and sauce
And salad.

A daru man was he,
A ladki man,
A fiction man
Of memoirs and autobiographies,
The dirty old man of literature.

Taking daru and writing,
Writing and taking daru,
The man of daru,
For daru,
By daru,
Taking and writing,
Writing and taking.

The daru man of literature was he,
A daru man he
Was not a seller of daru
Or a buyer,

But a taker of daru,
Emptying bottles to write.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daru, Ladki And Power, Three Things Of The Communists

Wine, girl and power,
The three things of the communists
And for them,
They can even not marry,
Enter into marriage alliance.

A party man, he will live
In the Party Office
To do the party works,
What the party thinks, that is right,
The Party is all in all.

If one opposes the party moves,
Against the party lines,
One may be slapped, threatened,
Beaten and dragged
To the party office to surrender.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daruman

He is a daruman
Sells not only,
But drinks too,
Made from
Mahua, molasses,
Rice and other
Desi stuffs.

A seller of spurious
Spirited
Wine,
Native wine.
Not videshi,
But deshi wine
Burning your lungs
And intestines.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daruman Of India, The Same Country Liquor Seller Not, But Taker Too, Daruwallah

Daruman,
He is a daruman of India.

Means, means,
What does it mean it? ,
Asked he.

Said he,
You won't, won't,
My friend.

What, what, daruman,
what does it daruman?

Daruman, this daruman of India
Is but a daruwallah,
A deshi alcohol-seller,
Sells not, but takes too in full,
Native, country liquor?

Again, my friend,
Don't you see his cheeks
Swollen,
The lips whitened and burnt,
Blood turning water?

He is a daruman, daruman,
A daruman
By daru, for daru, of daru,
A daruman, a daruman.

Daru, daru,
Only for daru
This daruman lives he, dies for,
Daru made from molasses,
Made from mahua,
Stale boiled rice.

With the bottle came he
Into this world,
With the bottle
Pass he away from this world,
Daru, daru, only daru.

Now let me explain it
This daruman,
This Hinglish word,
Half-Hindi, half-English,
A Europeanized Indian,
An Anglo-Indian
Taking hodge-podge diet.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daruman, Sells He Not, But Takes Too

Daruman, sells not daru,
But takes too
And without daru,
He cannot
As daru is his life,
A daruman he
Sells not daru,
But takes to
His full
And his life
Daru,
Only daru
And daru is it all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daruwalla's Book Of Memoirs And Reflections, Can We Expect From Him?

Had there been a book of memoirs, sketches and reflections,
Reviews and opinions,
About his rejections and acceptance of manuscripts,
Personal life, posting and placement,
Experiences drawn from and gained poetically
Or impressionistically,
It would have been good for constructive criticism sake.

Can we expect for a book of memoirs and reminiscences
As Jayanta Mahapatra's Door of Paper is,
As was Nehru's The Discovery of India, An Autobiography
And Letters From A Father To His Daughter,
But the context is different here,
But instead of it, we want an autobiographical work from him,
Illustrating his rise and development as a poet
To his being a member of National Commission For Minorities
And that too a representative from the Parsi community?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daruwalla's Under Orion

Daruwalla is a poet of disease and death,
Curfew and riot,
Wrath and anger,
Indignation and tussle,
Flood and its furies,
The houses in water,
The submerged villages
And the buffaloes floating.

Curfew in a Riot-torn City, Pestilence, The Epileptic,
Monologue in the Chambal Valley,
Shiva: At Timarsain, Shiva: At Lodheshwar, Ecce Homo,
Elegy I, Elegy II, Elegy III, Elegy IV,
Easy and Difficult Animals,
Dialogues with a Third Voice,
Collage I, Collage II, the poems.

My Poetry, A Simple Poet, The Wrong Match,
The Revolt of the Salt Slaves, Under Orion,
You Were the First,
In the Tarai,
The Ghaghra in Spate, The Parijat Tree,
The Beggar, Graft, Death by Burial,
Rumination, Railroad Reveries, the rest.

Morning shows the day is the thing
To clutch by as thus,
A poet stout and tight,
Hard-hearted,
Rough and tough,
A poet verbose and bombastic,
Archaic and unsentimental.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daruwalla's Death Of A Bird

All happening under the overhang of crags,
Fierce bird-mating
Of the monal brown grey birds,
The male shot at
And it falling blood-soaked
From the lead of the barrel
While the other female companion
Shrieked in pain
And ready to give life,
But the evening on the forest tract
Was descending
And they hastened towards
Retreating from the highland
With the pony
Which too succumbed to
A fall
Tottering down.

The jackals howling frightened
The lady together with
And they reposing in each other,
Confiding in,
Retreating to a safer place,
Firing in doubt,
Finally burning the turf
To warm up
Before reaching the road
And the next morning
At ash grey-dawn
The female bird too seemed
To be giving away
Having made the last shriek.

The author laden quite under
Bloodshed and violence,
After the spill of blood
And the shoot-out,
Gave away before the bad omen
Frightening,

Marauding the self
Making them accursed,
Sinful and guilty
Which but the female partner
Of the author felt it
And finally weighing it all,
He broke the gun in two
To cleanse with..

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daruwalla's Hawk

Hawk by Daruwalla is one of those poems written in the annals of Indian poetry in English which deal with the hawk, its nature, instinct and behaviour; a bird of prey, bringing to our memory the Tennysonian line, nature red in tooth and claw, the Blakian duality between the innocent lamb and the bloody tiger and the Wordsworthian dictum, what man has made of man? The poem one in the line of others, The Tiger, Pied Beauty and so on, tells of the contrast and contradiction. Daruwalla, a poet of tragedy and tragic vision, he cannot let it go, as the Shelleyian wild, tameless and swift is the case study of his.

What it is dark will remain it dark unto the last, is the thing to be taken into consideration. We do not if Daruwalla has studied the poems of Ted Hughes or not, but something like that of his poetry is readily available in him.

The other thing of deliberation is this that Daruwalla as a poet is a Parsi and the Parsis like to place their dead on the Towers of Silence as for the birds of prey to circle over, perch and feed upon to cleanse the flesh.

While discussing the poem, the Divine Scheme of Things, the Plan and its Execution, the eco-balance and survival of the fittest come to the fore.

There was a time when the hunters used to think of training and using it for hunting, but now the number have fallen miserably and these are rarely sighted, maybe it that one day these go extinct, but that is not the question here.

It is a poem of a wild bird, the hawk, swooping down and taking for a kill; of the glare of the eyes and a mind-set with the desire and dream of hunting and killing.

The ruthlessness and ferocity of it; the bestiality and brutality; the wrath and vengeance, is clear to us all, as it thrives on its vision and mission of life and it is natural that the child of it too will be the same, as we cannot nature. But the one used by the hunter to keep as a trap is the worst of all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daruwalla's Pestilence, The Ghagra In Spate

Keki alla's Pestilence

Telling of the pestilence-stricken patients
Being transported to
From the rural country
To the distant town hospital
Whom the blackly, hurly-burly Kahars
Taking to
On the string cot,
The same who used to
The newly wed brides
In the palanquins.

The Ghagra In Spate picturing the flood scene
Seen against the backdrop
Of the dawn break, noonday, afternoon,
Twilight, dusk, evening and night-time,
The marooned moon shining over
And the waters soiled and red,
The waters swirling, devouring and inundating
The lands and the villages
With the fishermen, gulls and kingfishers
At work,
The children greeting and cheering
The rescue workers,
Food being distributed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daruwalla's The Professor Condoles

The professor condoles it not
But the poet ruminating over
After going through tragedy
And its concept,
Aristotlean, Senecan and Shakespearean,
Mainly Aristotle's Poetics.

The policeman as a student of literature
And that too with tragedy as special paper
Is brooding over
The pros and cons of tragedy.

Why does it happen,
Who are responsible for it,
Is there any element of fate in it or not,
What is destiny?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Daughters Of Senegal, What It Marauds You, Pains The Poor Self Of Yours?

Daughters of Senegal, what it ails you,
I too become sad
In your sadness,
As none strove to know
The innocent heart of yours,
As none took to feel the pains
Of your heart,
The troubles and tribulations
Of the gender bias,
Misinterpreted and misunderstood?

I find the same heart pulsating
In you,
The same human feeling and emotion
Flowing down the veins,
The same sensitivity and sensuousness
Spraying the scent over,
But still the hounds go pouncing upon,
Still the patriarchs understand it not,
Daughters of Senegal,
Who will, who will wipe out the tears
Here lie I in wait to know so earnestly?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dawn At Puri

A dawn at Puri,
The crows cawing,
People waiting to enter
The Great Temple.

For a darshan,
Pranam
To Jagannath,
The Natha of the Jagata.

The Lord of the World,
Vishnu
The Preserver
The small-small puppet-like
Gods ogling beautifully.

It's a dawn-break,
The dawn-time,
The sun glistening, glowing,
Focusing with the frail light.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dawn At Puri By Mahapatra (Summarized Poetically)

A golden dawn break at Puri
With the cockcrow,
The crows cawing,
Endless crows
Making a noise

And with the break of it
The devotees lined
In rows and queues
To enter the Great Temple
Of Jagannath.

Mainly the widows
Past the centre of their lives
Waiting to enter
With the eyes turned stone
And inner wish within to ask.

Barring to be delivered
From the bonds of life,
To be blessed
With moksha and nirvana
And this much, nothing more to ask for.

The lepers scrambling
As a mass
Lying defaced, nameless,
Beyond recognition
Telling of what it is existent here.

While on the other the solitary pyre
Burning on the sea beach
Adjacent to the temple
Into a smoky blaze
Trailing.

The mother's wish also
To be cremated here

In the swargadwara
Swapping faith and doubt,
Just like frail light dazzling and falling.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dawnbreak

It's a golden dawnbreak,
The crow is crowing
Asking the late-keepers
To awake and arise from.

The golden rays of the sun
Glistening
And flashing upon.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dead Jackal

Dead Jackal, are you the last to be cleared forth
And cleansed completely
Out of the ancient forest,
The last to be extinct
After finding the burrows eroded
And the food lying contaminated
As because the dead flesh not eatable,
Claiming lives?

Perhaps you seem to be counting your days on earth,
Poorly fed, frail and feeble,
Going the way all alone
Without the other companions,
Living a lone existence,
Separated from the all,
Living upon the dead flesh,
Poisoned and medicated and decomposed,
Rotting unhygienic flesh,
Telling upon life so miserably.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Deepawali

Among the rows and lines of lamps
Kali comes, comes She
With the anklets sounding
Strange and bizarre
With the blood-laced tongue
Out of the lips
Held in shame
As for trampling Siva
Under feet
And anger lessened.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Deepawali, The Festival Of Lights

Deepawali, the Festival of Lights,
Lights lighting,
Lights emitted by
The earthenware pots,
Diyas burning and lighting,
The candles lit
All joining the Carnival of Lights
Going and glistening
And glimmering
And against such a backdrop,
Kali coming,
The Dark Goddess
Kali the Mother Divine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Deepawali, The Rows Of Lights

The Day of Kali
Decorated with diyas
Of lights, lamps of lights.

Amidst the rows of lighting diyas,
Goddess Kali
Coming.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Deepawalli

The rows of diyas
Lit around the houses
Decorating and adorning
With the idol of Kali
The Dark Goddess
In the temple.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Deewana Dil (Love-Mad Heart)

Deewana dil,
Kya kahun eski guptagu,
Pyaar-muhabbat jo ho jaagtein hain
Es tarah
Ki malum jo nahin
Eh bimari jo laelaz.

Love-mad, lost heart,
What to say about its talks,
Love-affection is born as such
In such a way
That know not
The disease treatmentless.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dekho Magar Pyar She, Dekh Rahi Ho To? (See But With Love, Are You Seeing?)

Dekho magar pyar she,
Eise nahin,
Muskura ke,
Dekho magar pyar she,
Lekin bhool mat jaiye
Jaane she pehle.

See but with love,
Not in this way,
But smilingly,
See but with love,
But forget it not
Before you move away.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Demonetization May Be Good, But I Am Talking About People's Problems

Demonetization may be good
For tracing
The rupees gone
In crores and lakhs,
The bundle after bundle went missing
With the bootleggers, drug peddlers and woman traffickers,
Bar restaurateurs, smugglers, goons, land sharks
And mafia men,
Going across the borders
To Swiss banks
And coming from
Printed in fake factories
And presses
As for duplication
But people's problems many
Which but I cannot see them
Standing in lines, rows and queues
Outside the bank counters
spilling even to the roads,
The long lines of the common men
I cannot see ti
Otherwise now wrong in it,
But for big deals small amounts of money
Will not work
And men will not be able to do
Needy transactions.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Deserted Picture Palaces

Picture palaces lie they
Closed down
With the stray dogs
Resting
In the courtyard.

Deserted picture palaces,
Old memories
Hanging on
And the dogs sleeping
Near the gates.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Desire To Love An Arabic Muhammedan Girl

Repudiating the social taboos, bans and restrictions,
I want to love,
Love an Arabian girl,
Rough and tough not,
But softer,
A nightingale of the deserts,
What will she do
If the falconers ruthless,
Wringing out the necks
Of the song birds
And blood oozing out
Of the eyes and beaks?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Desperately In Search Of A Critic

My poetry
In search of a critic
But the critic is not.

My poetry
In search of a critic desperately
But the critic is missing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Devadasi

Devadasi, tired of dancing in the temple complex
All through your life,
Pursued by an oracle, a soothsay
As seen by the presiding priest
Superstitiously, blindly,
Not in the clear light of day,
Persuaded by the astrologers,
Seconded by horoscope-makers and palmists,
Daydreams seen again,
Featuring again in the nightdreams,
You come out, come out
Of the ghetto of the middlemen,
The florists, guards and abnormals,
As the temple not the place of yours
And you too cannot keep company of
The duplicate fellows
And they too not the right men
To be befriended
And to be confided in?

Devadasi, who brought you here,
What were the situations compelling upon,
How the times,
The situations implied upon,
I just think, think about them,
The temple priests,
The astrologers and the palmists
Who prophesized,
Who took the promise from your parents
Holding the hands of
Before God
And making them swear in the name of god,
Who the horoscope-makers
Who made the horoscope to foretell
The goodluck not,
Who the palmists
Who saw the palm to say
And how the attendants,
The florists, door-keepers, guards

And nightlong loitering priests,
What religion and piety to them,
What chastity and virtue to be spoken of
And how long can a young woman dance
In the temple courtyard,
Keeping the company of mute gods and goddesses
As a yogan, a sadhvi,
O, how long,
Oh, where have we come to sinfully!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Devadasi (Ii)

A small daughter
Brought you as a devadasi,
Lured you
And captivated you
The Brahmin priests
Through the middlemen,
The soothsayers, astrologers,
Palmists and fortune-tellers
Which but the parents could not
The conspiracies of theirs,
The intricacies of the system.

Devadasi, return, return you
From where are you
As the temple complex not the place
Of yours,
For a small girl like you,
A little daughter,
What ill you,
What will you in the company
Of the gods and goddesses
Mute and speechless?

The temple, the classical temple,
Grand and magnificent
Not the place of yours,
Lonely and medieval,
The rock-built temple may be it
A specimen of structure,
Architecture superb stupendous
But not the place for you
To house in,
It can never be your abode.

Devadasi, Devadasi,
The way is long and tiresome
And the return journey appears it difficult,
But return, return you back to
Where from have you,

Lured you they from
To be a devadasi
Taking to be it the God's words,
But never did they the gods and goddesses
Ordained it,
Devadasi.

Devadasi, Devadsasi, you not
A temple-serving maid
In the service of gods and goddesses
Keeping company with,
You are not
What they see you as,
Have forecast about and prophesied
Seeing the zodiac circles
And hands,
You are not, are not, Devadasi,
Actually the priests have conspired, conspired.

Devadasi, I can see, i can feel it,
Your heart too beats it,
Beats for,
remembers you the home
Where in the courtyard
You used to play one day
With your smaller brothers and daughters,
With your brothers and daughters,
Devadasi,
Devadasi you, leave the temple complex
And go you unsaid.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Devadasi, You A Small Daughter

Devadasi, you too the daughter
Of some parents,
Who brought you here,
Whose whispers and plots
Did bring you here?

Gods too do not like
You to be in the temples,
What can you a girl-child do indeed?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Devastated Mankind

I hearing the story of the devastated mankind
And thinking if I could do for it.

I hearing the story of the devastated mankind
And thinking if I can, I shall surely.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Devdas

Devdas, Devdas, Devdas,
The world calls me Devdas, Devdas,
The whole world
And I a lover, lover, lover
Of Chandramukhi, Chandramukhi,
Devdas, Devdas, Devdas.

Devdas, Devdas, Devdas for Chandramukhi
And Chandramukhi, Chandramukhi for Devdas,
I lost in your love,
Dreaming about you,
You coming to me stealthily
Taking my sleeps away.

'Devdas, Devdas, Devdas, my love,
Think, think you,
What, what have you made of yourself,
What, what have you, Devdas,
I weep to see you
Lying staggering and fallen on the ways of life? '

Devdas, Devdas, came the voice luring
And in distress,
'Think, think you yourself,
I shall not,
What, what have you made of yourself,
Devdas, Devdas? '

And Devdas, Devdas lying drunk and fallen
On the ways of life
With the stray dogs accompanying him
And he coughing blood,
Bearded and lost into the dreams
Of Chandramukhi, Chandramukhi.

Chandramunkhi, Chandramukhi,
Loving you where have I come to,
Chandramukhi, Chandramukhi,
Giving my heart and soul to you,

Where have I, have I come to,
Chandramukhi, Chandramukhi?

Devdas, Devdas lying fallen on the ways
And stray dogs around him
Cajoling the master
And he with the cosmetics along with
Dragging to give to
If it happens so as the remnants with him.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Devdasi, The Temple Is Not Your Place

Devdasi,
The temple is not
Your place
Of living.

Who, who brought you
Here
Luring you with
False promises?

What, what will you
Devdasi
Living with
Mute gods and goddesses?

The temple,
The temple not for you,
For you, Devdasi.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Diana

From the bamboo bushes
Saw I
The silvery moonshine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Did Adi Shankaracharya Not See Shiva In Kangaal Rupa? (Context Is Of Dalit Literature)

Did Adi Shankaracharya not see Shiva
As a kangaal boy
In the disguise
Just a small naked black boy,
Half-fed and half-clothed,
Hungry, thirsty and beggarly
Going with a dog?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Digital India

Digital India,
Digitize it,
Just it is a matter of digits,
Go on pressing the keyboard,
Clicking with the mouse.

Everything tried it, did I,
But couldn't get the cash.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Digital India, Digital India. Bhaiyya, Yah Kya Cheez Hain? Main Batata Hun, Batata Hun

Digital India,
Digital India,
Kar lo duniya mutthi mein.

Bhaiyya, Bhaiyya, kya bola,
Kya bola tumnei? ,
Asked he after hearing him.

And said he again,
Digital India,
Digital India,
Kar lo duniya mutthi mein.

Again asked he curiously, Bhaiyya,
Bhaiya, kya bola tumne,
Digital-wigital,
Samajh nahin aayin?

Dekho, dekho,
Mein bataata hun, batata hun,
Yah to digit ka khel hain.

Bhaiyya, Bhaiyya,
Yah tumne banaya hain,
Tumne yaa technical logon nei?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dignity Of Labour

The dignity of labour,
The worth and excellence of
Human endeavour and its fruition
Materializing
In advancement,
How to appreciate it, admire it?

The sweats of labour
How have them added to human excellence,
Fruition in advancement,
How have they distilled
In progress and human welfare?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dilip Chitre (17 September 1938- 10 December 2009)

Dilip Chitre, never did I come to know him,
Never could I get an opportunity
Of reading him,
Just glimpsing him through
With a little words
In history books,
Checking him
A poet of Marathi,
But one of English too,
A writer resident for some time,
Fellow,
Traveller,
An artist,
A painter,
A documentarian,
Dilip Chitre.

His poems
Searched I,
But found I not,
His English books,
Though a man
Of English language and literature,
But Marathi drew him close to
And he gave time to
Rather than English
Contributing
Ambulance Ride,1972,
Travelling in a Cage,1980,
With his specific art of articulation
And transmutation.

His love of art and painting
Reflects it his poetry,
His art of articulation
And painting
It is in his poetry,

Picturesque and imagistic,
Penetrating and deep,
He goes on for a massive inclusion
The local and the international,
Remixing them,
Referring to
And describing
He was both
Regional and national
And international too
In his stature.

Born in Baroda,
A little magazine man,
Chitre made his way
Into the realms of Marathi poetry,
Famed to be
An art filmmaker, a documentarian,
Visited foreign
Russia, Ukraine, George, France, Germany,
As a litterateur,
Artist on official visit
Or for invited lectures,
He broadened the horizon
Of translation studies,
A bilingual writer.

As Is, Where Is: Selected English Poems (1964-2007)
Contains it all new and selected poems,
Says Tuka,1991,
Translations from the 17th century
Marathi saint,
Shesha:
Selected Marathi poems in
English Translation,2008,
The editor of
Shabda,
New Quest,
A columnist,
An occasional reviewer,
Chitre was
A multidimensional personality.

A visiting fellow of the International Writing Programme,
Of the University of Iowa,
Iowa City, Iowa in 1975,
He was also the director
Of the Indian Poetry Library, Bharat Bhavan, Bhopal,
A multi arts foundation,
A Convenor of World Poetry Festival
In Delhi,
He used to flirt with
City names,
The locale and the global too,
A tourist touring,
A traveler entering into his poetic diary
His experiences and feelings
Of visits.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dilip Chitre's Father Returning Home

Dilip Chitre's father returning home
As a daily passenger,
A commuter
Departing for in the morning
And returning by ate evening,
The same train,
The same man
And the same time-table.

Only times have, but they have not,
Life has, but they have not
Hanging onto,
Dropping down
One by one,
The daily commuters,
Office-goers
And comers coming and going.

A press man he, an editor he
Coming and going often
With the bag full of books
He journeying throughout the year
Coming and returning to
in the same train
With the yellow light
But the seats different perhaps.

Even during the humid monsoon days
His shirt and pants
Can be seen wet,
Soaked in and drenched
And the chappals sticky
And mud-stained,
But still he returning
Plodding the homeward journey.

Catching the train in the evening,
Seeing it glide through the halts and stations,
Unawares

Of the suburbs in a vortex,
He dropping down at the exact station,
The platform on
And hurrying towards homeward
Crossing over the tracks and lines to be into the lanes to.

Reaching home, refreshing himself
He retiring to his room
And space
With none to be by his side
To share his jokes and cares
In the family big
Full of so many members,
The missing man perhaps.

The old man's loneliness,
Alienation
In this modern age and times,
How to feel it,
Depict it,
The angst and bewilderment,
Ego and hypocrisy,
Which is whose?

The age gap, the mentality gap,
Behavioural, familial,
The generation gap
In terms of the old man and the young man,
How to feel it,
Describe it,
Sociological and psychological
And mental?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dilip Chitre's The Felling Of A Banyan Tree

The tenants vacated
As per the landlord father's order,
The banyan tree which stood over
Higher than the house
Was chopped off
And it took time
In hewing and axing away
The mighty tree
Of a sturdy growth
With a bigger circumference.

The banyan tree
Standing in witness
To an age gone by,
The centuries old banyan tree
Which but the grandmother would
Have objected to its cutting,
But it was before moving out
To Bombay finally
From Baroda.

When the tree was being cut,
Sawed and hewn
By woodcutters and carpenters
He watched it in horror,
A crime it seemed to be,
A butcher, a massacre
It seemed to be
In viewing the great tree being felled
With the stroke of the axe,
Chopped off and pulled down.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Disco Dancer

Was not a dancer,
But they have compelled me to be a dancer,
A disco dancer.

Dressed in the tight jeans and the shirt
With a handkerchief tied around
My neck
And the goggles on the face,
I dancing
At the beat of the highly-pitched music.

Oh, I in the necktie, shirt and pants
And the boots
With a necklace,
Breaking the body at the beat of music
And dancing.

Mind it my father had not been a disco,
But the son a disco dancer.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dispossessed Nests By Jayanta Mahapatra

Dispossessed Nests by Jayanta Mahapatra
Impresses it not
With its vision and imagery
As it a book
Based on a news item
Taking to poverty deaths
And terrorism and explosion.

Dispossessed Nests is a book
Of India through the Khalistan Movement,
The Bhopal Gas Tragedy,
dealing with unrest, death and explosion
And the resultant tragedy
And the aftermath of it.

The book is like his Temple,
Not George Herbert's Temple,
But a Mahapatrican Temple
Meaning out of hunger deaths,
The old couple committing suicide,
Mocking our machinery
And the administration.

How do the nests become dispossessed,
How pain and pity speak through,
Poverty and disaster take over,
Wreaking havoc to all,
Destroying it all
What it is good?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dividing You (On The Korean Day)

Dividing you

Korea

In between North Korea and South Korea,

You cannot the heart and soul

Of the Korean people?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Divorce

Divorce,
Think of divorce,
The wife and the husband
Separated,
One deserting another,
One abandoning
And leaving another,
Think of,
Just think of the impact
Of the breaking
Of relations.

Divorce,
The wife divorcing the husband
And the husband the wife,
Relations breaking,
Houses in ruins,
Skies falling upon
And the ways separating,
Hearts broken.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dj, The Making Of A Dj

DJ, the making of a DJ,
Talk I,
The DJ dancing before
In the fancy and awkward clothes of his,
Mixing and remixing, shaking the body,
The head, the hips and the limbs
One by one rhythmically.

The DJ, DJ in the hat, the pants and the shirt,
Sometimes in the goggles,
Sometimes without,
Sometimes with a cigar,
Sometimes without,
Speaking in English
And the native tongue.

The DJ, DJ singing, singing and dancing,
Smiling and joking,
Braking the limbs,
Clapping and thumping,
Shaking the legs and the hands,
Shaking and waving at,
Welcoming and greeting,
Breaking the head.

The DJ music with the DJ song
Beating high,
Echoing and vibrating,
The drunkards dancing,
The urban people chatting,
Talking of parties and dinners
And kisses stolen,
Business struck down.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Arabian Girls Love Or Not? Do They tine's Day?

I mean the Pakistani,
Saudi Arabian, Turkic,
Egyptian, Iranian, Iraqi,
Syrian, Yemeni girls,
Do they love or not,
Do they celebrate tine's Day or not,
Is there love in their hearts or not?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Be Such A Guru

A yoga guru
Marrying his shisya
On World Yoga Day.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Boycott Her Socially

Do not,
Do not boycott her socially
That pregnant teenaged girl,
Do not,
Do not boycott her
A girl who has committed a mistake,
Forgive and forget you,
Just help her, nourish her and caress her
Rather than scolding unnecessarily,
Reprimand and insult her not
As she is already under stress and strain of life,
Torture you not please the broken self,
You just help her, help her
During her time of acute depression.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Break Her Heart

Do not break her heart
After dating her,
Sparing your time for,
Taking to liking
And loving her.

It is easy to break,
But to join is difficult.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Break My Heart

Do not break my heart,
It's you that I love you,
Do not break my heart,
My heartthrob will not let me live,
My heartache will not let me live.

None but
You are the pain of heart
And what to say about the pains raking me badly?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Call Her A Call Girl, She Is Not Characterless And Fallen, She Is As Pure As Ganga, Yamuna, Saraswati

Do not,
Do not call her
A call girl,
Whose call girl,
Where's call girl
Is she?

She is not Patita,
Not Patita,
But Punita,
Punita,
Never fallen,
But pure from her within.

O, call you,
Call you not,
Patita, Patita,
But Punita, Puntia,
O, call,
Call you not!

A call girl,
Call girl,
How can it be,
A daughter
Whom saw I,
How can it be?

O, she is not Patita,
Characterless and fallen,
But Punita,
Miss Chaste,
Pure and virtuous,
Never Miss Fallen!

You call not

Someone's daughter
Patita,
Patita,
But call you Punita, Punita!

She is pure, pure,
Pure and chaste
And virtuous
As Ganga, Yamuna, Saraswati
Are in essence! □

She is pure, pure
From her within,
Pure, pure,
So sacred and sacrosanct,
Virtuous from!

She is never, never
A call girl
As call you,
See you her,
She is but Miss Chaste.

O, call you not,
Call you not her
A call girl,
She is not bad as see you,
She is but pure
From her within!

She is not bad,
Bad,
But you, you yourself
Are bad
From your within!

O, call you, call you not
Her a call girl,
She is not Patita,
Patita,
But Punita,
Punita!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Call Her A Prostitute, She Is Not Patita, But Punita

She is not Patita, but Punita,
Punita-Punita,
She is not Patita, Patita that call you,
I mean unchaste, fallen and degraded,
Defiled, wayward, trodden and characterless,
She is Punita-Punita,
Miss Chaste-Chaste, chaste and pure
From her within.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Call Me A Poet

I am a failed lover,
A failed poet,
A depressed man's history of frustration and failure
My poetry..

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Call Them Dalits, They Too Are Men

Do not call them Dalits,
They too are men,
human beings,
Forget it not,
Brahminism is good,
But not at all Brahminical madness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Debate And Discuss Over The Dead Cow, Are You Going To Throw?

Debate you not,
Discuss you not over the dead cow,
Are you going to throw it,
If you can't,
Politicize you not
As we need all
And we cannot without all,
Do you now it,
First know it
Then discuss and debate over
To make it a burning issue?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Destroy Beautiful Ukraine

Putin, just for the territorial dispute,
Do not disturb you
Beautiful Ukraine,
The solidarity and calm of it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Destroy You Beautiful Ukraine With Nasty Politics

Do not,
Do not destroy you
Beautiful Ukraine
With
Your nasty politics,
Nasty diplomacy,
O super powers!

Has your lust
For expansion
Increased as such,
Has your greed
For diplomacy
As such?

Do not,
Do not destroy you
Beautiful Ukraine,
Let it be,
Let it be,
A beautiful nation!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Disturb Beautiful Ukraine

Do not disturb beautiful Ukraine,
The stability and solidarity of it,
The historicity and tradition
As it has already suffered
For no fault of it.

Marking the change in government
And leadership,
Domestic hullabaloo and political pandemonium,
The hatching of plots is not good,
Turn it not into a war zone.

Let it have its solidarity,
The freedom of its own
Which it can enjoy it,
Why not to let it develop?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Do Politics Under The Banner Of Religion

Do not do politics under the banner of religion,
Confuse not religion with politics,
Mix you not politics and religion.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Do The Surgery Of Surgical Strikes

Do not do the surgery,
Surgery of surgical strikes
Carried out on the borders
As for levelling the terrorist camps
On the other side of the border
Which the border men say it,
The Border security Forces of India
And the Pakistani rangers
What did it happen really
Rather than upping the war rhetoric,
Provoking and instigating.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not End Your Life In Emotion, Try To Stuggle And Suffer A Bit More

Do not,
Do not end your life
In a fit of emotion,
Try,
You just try,
Try to struggle
And suffer,
Just try,
Try to struggle and suffer
What it comes the way,
What it comes
Rather than yielding to,
Giving up hope.

Wiping the tears,
Smile, smile you please
For once,
Once
Before I go,
Go away
As want I, want I
To see your smiling face
Before I go away
As I have not,
Have not come to see you
Sad and morose and weeping,
Just smile you,
Smile you for once before I go away.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Hurt Anybody

Do not hurt anyone with your words and sayings,
Try to love all,
Just think before saying, what are you
And say to simply
As my love your love,
Your love my love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Hype The Surgical Strikes

Do not hyperbole
The surgical strikes,
If you have done that,
Be satisfied with it,
But politicize it not
Rubbing salt over,
Provoking them
For a retaliation
Or pushing the sub-continent
Into a new war
If you can't give food
To all,
The unemployed
On the footpaths,
Think of them too.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Make England Multi-Culti, I Mean Multi-Cultural, England Is England

Great Britain is Great Britain,
The U.K.,
Ireland, Scotland, Wales,
Let them be so,
Do not destroy it,
I mean the culture it
By Asia-izing and Arabia-izing it
As never was it ethnic, racial and ismic,
Fanatical, orthodox and conservative.

I fear the immigrants, the flux of it
May destroy the culture of England,
English life and culture,
The Asiatics and the Arabian people
With their visa and passport problems.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Play With The Emotions Of Simple Girls

Do not play with the emotions and feelings
Of simple hearts;
They too are men,
Take them not as fashion stuffs.

They are simple girls,
The girls of a simple heart,
Cheat them not.

Betray them not,
Mislead them not,
They too are men.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Politicize Surgical Strikes, Defense Matter Is Not For Politics

Surgical strikes must not be politicized,
At least the defense matter
By the defense minister
Nor by the fiery speeches of the home minister
As their silence will speak it all
Nor the state of being vocal over.

I am not at all in favour of pushing our soldiers
Into war and its holocaust
Nor the Paksitani rangers
As they too are men,
We need to go slow over it
Rather than taking arms and ammunition.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Provoke Pakistan On Surgical Strikes

I can see the home minister and the defence minister
Talking about
The surgical strikes
Which is never praiseworthy
But childish and immature
Rather than calming, cooling down
Rubbing salt on the wounds.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Say It That British Literature Is Nothing, Indian English Is All

Do not say it that Indian English literature is all
And British literature is nothing
And why you are saying it, I know it well
That you want it that your poems
Should be in the text.

Just you have started to write
And just now you clamouring for to be included
In the text books,
There should be a limit of your selfishness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not See Her In That Way

To see her in a lingerie
As a bikini babe,
A beach girl,
Is this our modernity and modern culture?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not See, Do Not Blue Whale Game If It's Psychotic

Do not,
Do not see
The Blue Whale Game
If it is psychotic,
Telling upon lives,
Teenage lives.

The Blue Whale aboriginal,
Tribal, psychotic,
Life-taking
Of the Atlantic,
The Pacific.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Smile You

Do not smile you so sweetly
As they cut into my heart
And bleeds it poorly.

Think not of you yourself,
Also about me,
what will it happen to me,
Shall I survive or not?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Smoke, Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous To Health, Statutory Warning

I said,
Do not smoke,
Cigarette smoking is dangerous to health,
Statutory warning,
Haven't you read,
I said to him,
But heard he not,
Went on smoking,
Smoking one cigarette
After another,
Bringing the cigar
From the pocket in style,
Giving a match to it,
Putting on the lips
With the fingers held
And smoking
In style?

Do not smoke,
Said I,
Cigarette smoking is dangerous to health,
Statutory warning,
Heard he not,
Went smoking,
Bringing out from the pocket
In style,
Putting a match to,
Puffing in,
Shaking the ashes,
Smoking in full
Left eh the p; lace
With a puff upwards,
Smoking and going,
Going and smoking
The man
Not less than a hero
Was he.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Snatch Its Childhood

Do not snatch its childhood,
Let him play with dust,
A small child it is.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Subject The Yazidis To Inhuman And Sectarian Torture, Misery And Destitute, O Fanatics!

Do not subject,
Subject them,
The Yazidis,
The Yazidi people in Iraq,
The ancient ethno-religious Kurdish speaking group,
Surviving the onslaughts
Of the intolerant faiths and people,
Surviving so far,
Living under dire circumstances,
Driven to Sinjar mountain
As refugees
Shelterless, homeless,
Hapless and helpless
Under difficult weather conditions.

Is to profess a different faith is to be satanic,
How intolerant have they become,
Are they only chaste and holy,
Mark it
Thew victory by sword
Shall perish by sword,
The spill of innocent blood
Will not let them live peacefully,
Anything with origin in blood
Will come to an end in blood,
The victory of the bloody sword
Will not live long?

Why not to let them have their faith,
Predating our own,
An ancient faith
Believing in Yasdan
And the Peacock Angel,
Praying sun-faced
And five times,
Doing no harm to others,
Have they,

They become so much intolerant and inhuman
That they cannot let others hold to
To their beliefs and faiths?

Say you, aren't they themselves satanic
Instead of calling others
Satanic and devilish,
Uncouth and unchaste?
Say you, say you,
Are they not sinning against God and humanity,
Are they not sinful,
Have they not sinned against man and God
By slaughtering the innocent Yazidis?
Have they become religiously blind
That they cannot distinguish between light and darkness,
Are they the contractors of God?
It is nothing but religious madness
Which needs to be cured of.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Talk About The Cpi(M)

Do not talk about the CPI(M) ,
What it has done
When it had been in power,
How did it eliminate and eradicate
The non-leftists tactically
After meting them out
To a reign of terror,
Heckling, harassing, torturing,
Outwitting, befooling and belittling
The non-communists,
Making the people participate
In rallies
Which the area men used to keep in view,
Making the files suppressed and delayed
As to convert to communism?

The communists are the worst people,
Most notorious fellows,
So much blind to their ideology
And ismic too,
Prejudiced and partisan.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do Not Think It That You Are Only Talented

Do not think it that you are
Only talented
As talent is in others too.

See the wild blossoms
And feel it
You yourself.

And it is because of
The great too appear
As smaller ones.

God's talent,
Why do you say so,
Who is not endowed with?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do The Roses Bloom On Your Cheeks?

Do the roses bloom on your cheeks,
Roses, red-red, pink-pink
And the spots so lovely
Making you roseate?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do You Have Anytime To Think Of Your Sister? You Give To Her

You remain busy in your day-to-day activities of yours
Giving your utmost time to your house and family,
But forget not your sister,
Your lovely sister
Who grew up playing with you,
Who kept you calling with love
And so much so affection,
Remained hungry but fed up you first,
When asked about the new clothes,
Asked she to give to you
And it's sorry to hear that
You have forgotten, forgotten her,
Your dear sister,
You remember her sometimes,
Give time to her sometimes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do You Have No Place For Refugees In Your Heart?

Do you have no place for refugees
In your heart?
Have you thought they had not been refugees
Had you not talked of religion and politics?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do You Love Me, Love Me Really? Yea, I Love You, Love You

Do you love me, love me,
Went she on asking,
The poor simple heart
In love and tears,
Asking,
Asking so nicely,
Do you love me, love me really?

But said he not so, with so much so love
From his within,
That I love you, love you so much,
That I like you, like you so
But the poor girl
Bewildered in love
Went on saying

□

I love you, I love you,
Say you love me, love me,
Love me so much,
O, say you,
Do you love me,
Love me really
In a very touchy way

But the emotions of hers, her love and heart
That dullard could not,
That callous heart,
To love and escape
The name of modern love
And those who love
Carry it not forward.

Think of, had she been yours,
Had she been of your family
Whom saw you
From the beginning,
Think of, she a part of your family

And that you have to look after her.

Love, but betray not anyone,
Love, but break not anyone's heart,
What will you get in
Giving distress and agony to a poor soul,
What will you in giving pains to her heart?

Love her, love her,
Try to love her,
God will love you,
God will love you, my love,
Love her, love her
Looking up to in thankfulness,
Lord Jesus helps all whoever comes to seek for His Blessings.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do You Love Me, Love Me?

Do you love me,
Love me,
Just say to me,
Do you love, love me,
Just say to me?

Yes, I love you, I love you,
Yes, I love you, love you,
Came it the voice slowly,
Yes, I love you.

Again, do you love me, love me,
Sounded it
And in response to it,
Yes, I love you, love you,
I love you, darling,
I love you,
Came it the voice slowly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do You Love Me?

'Do you love me? Do you love me? , '
Said she
Slowly and simply.

Yes, I love you, love you.

Do you love, love me?
Yes, I love you, love you.

(Love, love, but betray you not anyone.)

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do You Love Me? (Haiku)

Do you love me,
Say,
Do you love me, love me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do You Love Me? , Asked I

Do you love me,
Do you love me? ,
Asked I repeatedly.

Hearing it came the answer,
Yes, I love you,
I love you.

Again asked she,
Will you,
Will you not leave me after loving me?

I kept mum,
A lull took over
To make it believe what it felt alike.

Again took I courage, gathered strength
To say back,
Yes, i love you, love you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do You Love Me? Do You Love Me? , Asked She So Slowly In A Simple Voice Of Her Own

Do you love me? Do you love, love me? ,
She said to in a humble voice
Of her own
And stood I hearing her speechlessly
Just like turning stone,
As what to say to, what not?

Do you love me? Do you love me, say do you love me? ,
I still hear the voice
And the heart feels it pain
In remembering her, Oh, this lost love!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do You Love Me? I Love You

Do you love me?
I love you,
Love you.

Do you love me?
I love you,
Love you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do You Love Me? Yes, I Love You, Love You, How Many Times Shall I? , Said She

Do you love me,
Love me?

Yes, I love you,
Love you,
How many times shall I,
I love you,
Love you,
Said she.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do You Love Me? Yes, I Love You. She Said To Me, Do You Love Me? Yes, I Love You

'Do you love me? '
I did not answer to her.
Again, said,
'Do you love me,
Do you love me? '
I looked back and just saw her
And again kept going.
Again, called she with love,
'O, do you love me, do you love me? '
I turned back, stood still
And kept seeing speechlessly,
Who the girl calling me,
What her name,
What her identity?
Is love a strange meeting
And as thus people meet on?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do You Love Your Sister?

Do you love your sister
Or has forgotten her?
Do you remember her
Or not,
The days grown with,
Lived together, passed together
Under the shade of the parental care and bonding?

Whatever do you, you do that,
But forget not her,
Do remember her sometimes,
After all, she is your sister
And the bonding of love and sympathy,
You cannot cut down.

It is love calling you, calling you,
The bond of affection and intimate relation,
The hearts indivisible,
Reared in tears and growing together with passionately.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do You Not Love Your Sister?

Do you not love your small sister
Waiting for your earnest arrival,
Thinking of you
When you become great?

If someone resists you from meeting,
Try to meet her stealthily
Giving time to hear her pains,
Lifting away from your busy schedule and routine-work?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do You Politics, But Not Moralless Politics

Barack Obama's understanding of
Indian history, art and culture,
Ancient,
Medieval
And modern India
Is not complete,
Only presidentship cannot clutch it along
All
As when he turned into president,
He had not not
Any strong idea of India
Though I take not Modi in confidence,
Has to be on guard of.

What have the missionaries done for conversion,
It is also not a hidden fact,
Their bias and prejudice,
But their zeal for nursing we admire it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do You Remember Your Sister?

In this life of busy schedule, hectic activity,
Dull and drab routine of life,
Distance separating family,
Forget not your dear sister,
Your sister keeps awaiting you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do You Take Wine? A Drunkard Will You Turn Into That (A Meeting With A Hard Drinker)

Sharab Peete Ho Jo Kyon? Sharabi Jo Ban Jaoge
(Ek Sharabi Se Mulakaat)

Sharab peete ho jo kyon,
Sharabi jo ban jaoge
Aur agar ban jo gayen,
Log pucchenge jo nahin?

Do You Take Wine? A Drunkard Will You Turn Into That
(A Meeting With A Hard Drinker)

(Why do you drink, take wine,
A drunkard will you turn into
And if become you so,
The people will mind it not?)

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do You Think I Am A Good Man?

Do you think I am a good man?
I am not the man you are looking for.

How bad am I you do not know it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do You Think The Janata Dal Is Good? They Were Committing Suicides And The Rustic, Illiterate Leaders Of Bihar Were Provoking Them

Do you think it
That the Janata Dal is good enough,
They were committing suicides
Into the streets
And the leaders were instigating,
Provoking them
To commit suicides
After pouring kerosene over
In Bihar?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Do You Think? (Are You Only Gifted & Talented? Underrate Me Not)

Do you think,
You have only talent,
I have not?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dom As A Poet

Dom as a poet is
A chain smoker,
A girl-lover
And a drinker.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dom Moraes

Think you not an English poet
Just like Dylan Thomas
Posing with a cigar lit and burning,
Smokes arising,
Ashes trailing,
The butt
Held in between the fingers,
A romantic
In the flight of imagination,
Not a poet exactly
But a journo,
One of Goan descent
And that too an alcoholic
In his alcoholism.

Was to marry and divorce
The character,
The loose character of yours,
Marrying and divorcing,
Loving and living
And separating from
One by one
Henrietta Moraes, Judith,
Leela Naidu,
Understanding it not
Their sensitivity
And it happens to
As and when men get fame
Too early in life,
Isn't it, Dom?

A drinker he imagined of life
As being a drink
And a divorce,
A misguided Goan
He got haunted by
The ghosts
And thought of
Being an English poet

Over assessing himself,
But in reality wasn't he
An English poet,
A falsifying and bloated Goan.

And the things about
His new partner
Sarayu Srivatsa
Still not clear to me,
Who she was,
Why was she after all,
An architect collaborating
With him
In new writing,
Not clear to me,
Don't mind,
A debauch and a drunkard
Were you, Dom,
Frankly speaking?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dom Moraes- Ii

Dom Moraes,
Whatever think you about you yourself,
But you not an Englishman,
But a Goan Christian.

What that to if become you
A ditto Englishman,
With the English blood
flowing in your veins.

Your pose of being a smoker
And a tippler
Would have been beautiful
Had you not divorced, left and abandoned so often?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dom Moraes, Were You...?

Were you a chain-smoker,
A woman-lover,
A hard drinker?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Don't Say It, I Love You, As Hate I Those, Who Say It, I Love You So Cheaply (Do Not Show The False Dreams Of Love)

Don't, don't say it that, I love you, love you,
If you have to, say it to others, to somebody else, but not to me
As I am not your beloved
Nor you my love

And I know it, you will love me, love me of course
And will go away someday unsaid
Dumping me elsewhere,
You will be after and after me following

For a few days, for sometime
Trying to keeping me in good spirits,
Keeping a watch on as how to take care of
Of my entertainment and pleasure

But after loving me so affectionately, you will turn away,
This I know it, know you too,
You are not the same lover promising so often
And have seen so many lovers painted and grayed like you

Promising, taking the oath, swearing in the name of God
Of being true and sincere,
But loving after will move away most kindly,
Making the innocent and simple girl weep miserably

And she weeping, breaking down in tears so much,
With the red eyes unable to control her emotions
And you moving away so cruelly crushing over tender buds
To search another beauty queen or mistress of yours

As have come to know it, have come to feel it,
Love is not love,
The dreams which it shows, fades it away
As love is not love, as say they really

Who loves the heart, who the soul of the beloved,

Everybody loves it the body of flesh and blood,
Who the lover of the beating heart
And the soul in lamentation to console the broken self?
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Don't Try To Be An Englishman, Try To Be An Indian First, Rajnath Singh

Sir, Gandhiji tried to be an Englishman
In the suit and boot,
Pants, shirt and neck-tie,
Haven't you seen him?

If the father of the nation,
Not the mother can be such
Then what that mine?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Donald Trump Under The Shadow Of Ivanka Trump

Donald Trump
under the shadow
of Ivanka Trump,
a candidate gutsy
appearing in a gusty way
and she moderating it all,
introducing him
so vocal and confessional,
emotional and passionate about.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Donald Trump, Why Do They Point The Finger At You? Couldn't You Leave Your Girlomania For To Be The President?

Donald Trump,
May I ask you,
What am I hearing about,
You were a lover
of women,
If weren't you
They wouldn't have accused you,
Just for presidentship,
You couldn't,
Couldn't love them?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Don'T Be Sad, My Little Daughter, Smile You Wiping The Tears

Do not be sad,
Try to learn to smile from the flowers;
Do not be sad, my daughter.

Even if you are sad, try to smile
As I want to see your smiling face
Rather than the eyes tearful.

I know it that the world will make you weep,
But what can I do,
Everything not into the hands of mine?

My love, you smile with the flowers,
Talk to the birds
And you will feel happy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Door Of Paper As A Masterpiece Of Jayanta

What Jayanta is not in his poetry that he is in his prose
As shown in Door of Paper,
Is it the rock-temple door and the windows to be cut out,
He is thinking out,
is he sitting in the Konark temple dreaming about
slipping through the windows
As the rock-temples do not have windows
Or is he hearing the songs of Homer
Or Biblical Ruth,
Who is it in reality?

Freedom as Poetry: The Door, An Orissa Journal: July to November,
About 'Hunger' and Myself, Mystery as Mantra,
Summerdusts and a Scent of Mangoes,
The Inaudible Resonance of English Poetry in India,
Recent Commonwealth Fiction: Writing From Three Different Cultures,
A Poet First of All, The Voice in the Ink,
The Moving Horizon,
The chapters of Door of Paper.

To see it again, we may continue with others following them, as such,
Acceptance Speech on Receiving the Sahitya Akademi Award
for Relationship in 1981,
Face to Face with the Contemporary Poem, Our Escapist Art,
An August Day in 1942, Publishing in India: An Overview,
Translating from Oriya: An Approach, A Symphony in Stone,
This Sadness in Mine Also, A Book from My Shelf.

Letter from Orissa to The Hudson Review,
Of the Lowly Potato: Indian English Poetry Today,
A Note on Ayappa Paniker's Poetry,
Cuttack: Smoke and a Sunset of Rivers,
Stranger than Brothers: Writing at the Edge of Anonymity,
Land to Land: A Moon in Our Eyes, The Door,
Hedging the Heart: to What is the Poet Responsible? ,
By the Way, Silence: Poetry's Last word,
The papers in continuation.

Again to see,

On the Mountain with Allen Ginsberg,
Containing the World that Contains Us,
The SAARC Writers: Suffering from Our Poetry,
The Absence of Absolutes,
Slow Swim in Dim Light: The Quest for Modernity in Poetry,
Mirror of a Mirror,
ujan: A Tribute,
Time in the Poem

Bijay Kant Dubey

Door Of Paper By Jayanta Mahapatra

Door of Paper, Essays & Memoirs,
By Jayanta Mahapatra
Is not a work in prose,
But in lucid prose,
Failing even his poetry
What he has written so far.

Published in 2007, Door of Paper is
Just a collection of his papers,
Essays, memoirs and random reflections,
Reviews and opinions
Which he has from time to time.

He is a poet of the door of dreams,
Visionary and gliding
With time,
The silence of time
And the landscape.

Sitting by the door,
He dwells far,
Delves deep into
Thinking of life and times,
The history and origin of the world,
Where does light come flashing upon,
Breaking forth at with the chirping sparrows?

What he is not in his poetry, he is here in
This is volume of essays,
Random jottings and explanations,
Even quoting his poems to explain
And show,
How the poems relate
To the door imagery.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Door Of Paper By Jayanta Mahapatra: A Remix Reading

Jayanta Mahapatra, after practicing poetry over the years,
Reminisces and remembers
The years spent in writing and perfecting it,
The beginning made,
The rejection slips got,
Fame doing the rounds
Across the seas.

The door of the heart needs to be knocked at,
As opens it not so often,
When it opens, the spectrum widens it,
The mental horizon
Opening new vistas and avenues of thought.

It is freedom necessary for writing,
The free mind essential
For taking the flight
And the poet a freeman
Thinking freely,
Dreaming and dwelling far.

The night coming from the hills,
Darkness returning to,
Birds chirping,
The darkness descending upon
The solitary hamlets
Of the dark daughters. □

The rock-built temples
And their spaces
With the yoga-yoginis,
The lingam-yoni motif
Telling it mythically, mystically.

The landscapes lonely
With the sea touching the surface,
Natural habitats

In wild vegetation
Showing the coastal fringe.

Door, what door is it,
Is it the rock-built temple's door,
Congested, somewhat dark
Or the door of thought
Or of his childhood?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dream, Dream, Dream You

Dream, dream,
Dream you,
But not about
Your rendezvous with girls,
I mean deja vu with.

Dream, dream,
But not all the time.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dreamgirl, Dreamgirl

I just keep viewing the photograph of hers
And she coming to often and talking to me
In the sweet dreams of mine.

Dreamgirl, dreamgirl, an artist's dream,
When will she come, when will she the queen of my dreams?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dreamgirl, Dreamgirl, My Dreamgirl, Your Dreamgirl

Dreamgirl, dreamgirl,
Dreamgirl,
My dreamgirl,
Your dreamgirl,
Dreamgirl dreamgirl,
Coming in the dream,
Coming and vanishing,
Vanishing with the dream,
Dreamgirl, dreamgirl,
My dreamgirl, your dreamgirl.

Dreamgirl, dreamgirl,
The dreamgirl of a lyric writer,
Of an artist,
Dreamgirl, dreamgirl,
The love of a lover,
The dream of his
Dreamgirl, dreamgirl,
Coming in the dream,
Going, going in the dream!

Dreamgirl, dreamgirl,
An artist's dreamgirl,
A lyric writer's
Dreamgirl,
A lover's,
Dreamgirl dreamgirl,
The girl of dreams,
Your dreamgirl,
My dreamgirl,
Dreamgirl dreamgirl.

I do not know,
Nothing sure of
What her identity,
What her name,
Where does she come from
And where does she go to,
Dreamgirl dreamgirl,

Your dreamgirl,
My dreamgirl,
Coming into the dreams of,
Vanishing into?

Dreamgirl, dreamgirl,
The heroine
Coming slowly and stealthily,
Going stealthily and silently,
The pulsation of our heart,
The heartthrob,
The heartbeat,
How to express it,
How to describe her,
The photograph of hers
Into the hearts of ours?

Dreamgirl, dreamgirl
Comes she into the dreams,
Vanishes into,
Dreamgirl dreamgirl,
Your dreamgirl,
My dreamgirl,
See her but with love,
But want you not,
Just romantically yours.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dreamgirl, Dreamgirl, Your And Mine Dreamgirl

Dreamgirl, dreamgirl,
Your and mine dreamgirl,
In whose memory
Stay we lost,
Feeling about,
Imagining so lovelfully
About her coming and going.

See me, see me with love,
But stay you not put
So helplessly,
Definitely hopefully yours.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dreamgirl, Dreamgirl...

Dreamgirl, dreamgirl,
Saw I her into the sweet dreams of mine,
A maiden so sweet and lovely
Into the dreams of mine,
Standing before me
And smiling,
Greeting me with a bouquet
Of flowers
And waving the hands at

As such was the appearance of hers,
As such the face-cutting,
A girl in a dress and the make-up,
Looking beautiful,
Charming indeed,
The cheeks appleyish,
The lips roseate,
The eyes lustrous
And she wanting to speak to me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dreamgirl, Where Do You Come From?

Dreamgirl, where do you come from
And where do you go away?
Dreamgirl, dreamgirl,
Some lyric-writer's lyric are you
Humming on the lips,
Dreamgirl, dreamgirl,
Where do you come from
And where do you go away,
Return back to,
A girl in her make-up, dress-up,
In all face cream, powder and cosmetics,
Standing before my mirror
And humming a love song,
Dremagirl, dreamgirl,
Some lyrist's love lyric,
Some lover's dream and imagination,
Dreamgirl, dreamgirl,
Some lyrist's love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Drona (A Poem For Eklavya)

Had you been
As such biased and prejudiced,
Partisan and partial
In such a way
That asked you
Eklavya
To cut
And give the thumb
As for to make him sit down
In archery
And to give full credit
And points to Prince Arjuna
As you a trainer of his,
Of the royal gharana
And he a forest boy,
A jungle boy
Seeing stealthily and marking
To be an expert?

Why fault,
Why fault had been his,
Of Eklavya,
O Drona,
Guru Drona,
Say you,
Be not silent,
Speak you,
What,
What had it been the fault
Of Eklavya,
The boy extraordinaire
And even if came you to know about,
Why,
Why did ask for
The thumb of his
As for your gurudakshina,
Why, why did you,
Drona?

Drug-Addict

Dru addict, you too are the son of somebody,
Some loving mother and father
Who never wanted to make you
An addict,
Where your friends
Who developed the habit in you
And leaving you in abject poverty
And bad state,
Fled they away

And now you selling the things for the intoxicants,
Trying every sort of addiction
And instead of it, sleep is not on the eyes,
You keep on half-awake and babbling,
Your eyes red with
Which you understand it not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Druggie Love

Drugged beloved, see you,
Where do you stand you,
At what crossroads of life
And in search of artificial happiness,
Where have you come to?

You smoking, drinking and dancing,
Partying and clubbing
Whereas I seeing you
All but silently
As for how you home, drug-taking beloved.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Drugs, Drugs Can Never Give You Happiness, I Fear To See You Drugged Eyes

Drugs, can the drugs give joys,
Drugs can never give you permanent and everlasting joys,
They will snatch your happiness,
The homes you have built they will destroy them finally?

O druggie, I fear to see your drugged eyes, see you and say,
Where are you going,
Where are you drifting?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Drugs, Drugs, Heroin, Brown Sugar, Cocaine!

Drugs, drugs,
Heroin, brown sugar, cocaine,
Where are they going,
Say you,
The young guys of today
In this age of
Unemployment and joblessness
For pleasure sake?

My God, who to come to their relief,
Who to relieve and save them
And for the drugs
They selling it all
In the company
Of the gang
And the gangsters as drug mafia?

The young-young immature minds and brains,
Young-young souls and spirits,
Where are they,
Where are they going
In search of pleasure
Which but temporary,
Not permanent
And lasting?

And on seeing them distraught and devastated,
How can it be,
How can it be that I shall sit cosily
And they will keep writhing in pain
Asking for drugs,
Drugs and stimulants,
Alcohol and spirit
To get the relief from,
O, how, how can it be
That I shall, shall sleep in my homes?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Drunkard Dance (Mataal Dance)

After having taken wine,
I mean country liquor,
The drunkards dance
In their go as you like style
To capture our attention,
To steal the moments.
Some in the lungi
And with a burning beedi,
Lit on and smoking
Dancing
Which but the rustic spectators
Appreciating in full,
I mean the pastoral and rustic girls and boys.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Drunkard Saheb

Drunkard sahib, you not less than an officer
As the red face of yours shows
It to be,
That you a son of a good father
But instead of that, lie you
Fallen on the pathways,
Who made you addicted to wine and wine taking?

May I ask, ask you,
Why do you keep yourself drunk all the time,
Is the bottle all,
Not your family,
That in addiction,
You do not remain within yourself
As one day it may result in
Domestic tragedy
Or in some serious accident,
As staggering, imbalance, scuffle to break,
The altercation, brawl and bruise,
Go not in your favour?

Drunkard sahib, may I ask,
When will leave drinking,
When will you the bad company of yours,
Drug-peddlers, ale-houseman,
Drunkard friends,
Drunk to full and falling,
indulging into a drunken brawl,
Altercation and a scuffle,
Himself smiling, himself weeping,
Taking time to pass out of the scene?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Drunkard Sir, I Salute You, Where Dwell You?

Drunkard Sir,
May I ask you,
May i,
will you not take it bad,
Say you, say you,
Will you not get angry,
Will you not mind it?

'Speak, speak you'.
Today your mood and temperament is fine,
Tha's why I am daring to ask
Otherwise would not have.
'Ask, ask you, waste not my valuable time.'

Sir, may I ask, ask you?
'Ask, ask it, how many times shall I permit you? , '
Said he angrily.
Sir, Sir, why do you take wine
If can't youreself in control,
Why do you in such a way
That, that quarrel you,
Drink and quarrel with your bottle-friends?

'It's, it's no business of yours,
An interference into my own.'
No sir, I have, I have begun
Just taking the permission from you
To speak on your behalf,
Sorry, sorry Sir,
If I have hurt you,
I am going.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Drunkard, Drink You, But Sell You Not Your Humble And Poor Beloved Wife

Drunkard, drink you to full,
Empty the bottle and fall flat
As hear you not anyone,
But sell you not your wife,
Swear you not in her name falsely
As Thomas Hardy proposed to sell
In The Mayor of Casterbridge
And chose for a teenaged younger second wife
When he himself was seventy plus.

Do you all, you may sell the things of the house
As for taking liquor,
But never, never your beloved wife,
The friend of poorer days,
Bearing you,
Bearing it all silently.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Drunkard, Is To Beat Your Wife Daily Your Routine Affair?

Drunkard, is to beat your poor and humble wife
Without rhyme or reason
Your routine affair,
You coming late into
And beating her daily,
Is this your routine affair,
To abuse and beat her
Holding the hair?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Drunkard, Many A Day Promised You...

Drunkard, many a day promised you that never would you touch wine,
promising before your family and friends,
giving words to them
that you would never, never
alcohol or spirit-like thing,
liquor or wine.

But what do I see, to my astonishment, that you taking wine
at the countryside ale house,
taking not a little, but to your full,
emptying the bottle in the company
of your old drunkard friends,
speaking in capers,
chatting, weeping, smiling and scuffling
and quarrelling
and coming staggeringly,
unable to keep in hold,
the foothold uncertain of.
Drunkard, have you, have you seen the face of your wife,
always hopeful of and expecting,
seeking your welfare and betterment,
have you thought about your little daughter,
what you need to spend on them,
spend you on wine and ale houses
and irrespective of family tradition,
lie you fallen as an addict,
lost in the things of yours
and your company?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Drunkard, Take You Daru, But Sell You It Beloved Wife!

Drunkard,
Drunkard Sir,
Take you daru,
Indian daru,
Mahua, hadinya,
Mahua-bud or rice brewed,
Indian daru,
Cheaper, but dangerous,
But going not beyond limit,
ard.

Take you daru no doubt,
Get you intoxicant,
But over drink you not please,
Try to see, see them,
Your poor and son
And daughter
Living poorly
And you spending over
Daru, intoxicant things
And spirits,
See, see you
When the intoxication gets broken,
Try to feel, feel it.

Whatever do you, do you,
But sell you not your beloved wife,
ard,
Having drunk wine,
Taken it to full,
Emptied the bottle,
Sell you not your poor wife
Loving you so much
That lie you fallen sometimes
But hearing it,
Comes she to lift you,
Abandoning her prestige,

Without bothering it that
The drunkard's wife is lifting you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Drunkard, Take You Daru, But Sell You Not The Beloved Wife!

Drunkard,
Drunkard Sir,
Take you daru,
Indian daru,
Mahua, hadinya,
Mahua-bud or rice brewed,
Indian daru,
Cheaper, but dangerous,
But going not beyond limit,
ard.

Take you daru no doubt,
Get you intoxicant,
But over drink you not please,
Try to see, see them,
Your poor and son
And daughter
Living poorly
And you spending over
Daru, intoxicant things
And spirits,
See, see you
When the intoxication gets broken,
Try to feel, feel it.

Whatever do you, do you,
But sell you not your beloved wife,
ard,
Having drunk wine,
Taken it to full,
Emptied the bottle,
Sell you not your poor wife
Loving you so much
That lie you fallen sometimes
But hearing it,
Comes she to lift you,
Abandoning her prestige,

Without bothering it that
The drunkard's wife is lifting you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Drunkard...

Drunkard, see you your face in the mirror,
What have you made of yourself
Taking daru,
Indian daru?

The liver is at stake,
The face has swollen
And still now you've not,
Haven't daru?

Drunkard, may I dare ask you,
Is daru your life?
Is the bottle all
And you gulping it,
Emptying it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Drunkard... Think You

Drunkard...

What have you made of you yourself
Taking wine?

Go and see your face you yourself
In the mirror and say you
What have you?

Taking liquor,
Foreign and native
At the bar and the ale-shop?

It's not a question of one bottle,
How many bottles
Have you emptied, say you?

You cannot see it you yourself,
That your face has swollen,
The liver showing the trouble.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dubey, Your English? My English, Sir, Bihari English, I Mean Hindustani English

What are you speaking, ,
English is English,
Have heard about British English,
Spoken in the Oxcambridge areas
And American English,
Spoken in New York, California, Kentucky and Massachussets?

Sorry sir, I can pronounce it all, but not Iowa and Massachussets
As I cannot the French names,
Somerset Maugham and Maupassant
And Samuel Beckett's Waiting for Godot.

My English is sir, bluff-master's English,
I mean the foolish rustic minister's Bhojpurian English,
The blunt cowboy's English,
The lathimen speaking English boldly and bluntly,
It is but Hindustani English.

Where will you find the English of the United Kingdom,
Going by the King's or Queen's Standard,
Oxford and Cambridge caressing them,
Harvard, Boston, New York and Chicago
Nurturing Americanness and Americanism?

My English a Bihari ruffian's English,
A tobacco-eater and a paan-taker's English,
Taking tobacco into the mouth or paan
And speaking in English,
Sorry sir, those who had not to go foreign,
Went they to on fellowship programmes
And remained I here
To take my company.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dudhwalla Bhi Minister, Milkman Too A Minister

Dudhwalla bhi mantri,
Yah bhi sach hain,
Gaywalla, bakriwalli, bhainsawalla to
Hain heen.

The milkman too a minister,
This too is true,
The cowman, the goat-woman, the buffalo-man are
Already therein.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dullards & Blockheads, Rustics & Criminals Too Can Be Found As University Professors

Many of the blockheads and dullards
Are as promotee professors,
Rustics and criminals too,
I mean the ruffians and hotheads,
A few fraud and fake modern women too
University profesors,
May loafers and roamers,
Many brokers,
Many politicians.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Duplicate Indian Egnlish Poets

Duplicate Indian English poets,
Duplicate,
Not original,
What to talk about them
Who keep bluffing,
The modern men living by fraud?

Many duplicate men are calling themselves
Poets, poetesses,
But are not,
The duplicate Indian English poets.

Bijay Kant Dubey

During The Cpi(M) Regime/ The Strategy Of The Cpi(M) Seen

Today it talks about human rights violations,
The politburo members lodging complaints,
Meeting the Governor and the President
As for prevailing anarchy,
But can it re-think,
What has it done,
A reign of terror was writ large

People unable to speak, unable to write,
The freedom of speech, freedom of expression
Lay it censured,
Everything cut and censured,
And did they say, the communist bosses,
The party bosses as super men and super minds
That was correct
And all else false
Party cadres going berserk,
Went on the rampage,
Vandalizing,
The things don and carried out
In camaraderie,
Communistic bonhomie,
The cadres regimented
And levy-giving
As dedication and devotion

Living together, dreaming together,
Sleeping together, eating together,
Form communes,
Issuing a communiqué
And going
With the just carry bags
Just like ideologues and think-tanks

The Leninists, Stalinists and Maoists,
Marxists
On a lecture our,

Holding conferences and meetings,
Making the delegates attend,
Listen to
As for a brainwash

Exciting and provoking through
Fiery tongues and speeches,
Using inflammable petroleum,
Making the factories lock,
Promoting unionism,
Doing the ckhakka jam,
Closures and shut-downs

Colouring it all, reddening it all,
Seeing colour in all,
Canning through,
Giving areas to are commanders,
The sepoys of communism,
Lathi-wielding and moustache-twirling,
The gym fellows

The Local committee, the Zonal committee
And the District Committee secys. And members
Taking purview and reading of the areas
Under control,
The detectives writ large,
Taking out and collecting
To supply and pass on the data
To them
As for to be forwarded higher

As they follow a tactic of their own,
Try their utmost best to oblige the people
After confiscating the lands of others
And distributing among the poor,
Seeking forced subscription and donations
And they can manage o be present
During one's birth and death
To extend a hand just to keep obliged

And their foes none but the rightists,
Democrats and republicans,

Neutral and impartial fellows
The butt of their targets,
Ready to slap, abuse and threat
If say against them,
Such is Red terror
Emanating from the Red bastion

And if you have come, through the union
And the secretary,
Below the quality fellows as your leaders and bosses
As to be kept as rubber stamps,
But the higher-ups may question,
May not sign up blindly
Whatever say they,
I mean, the leadership

And they try to communize it all,
Mind, heart and soul,
With divide and rule policy,
Dividing one brother from another,
The wife from the husband,
Making the capitalist's daughter fall in love
With the poor comrade's son

Putting Marx, Lenin, Stalin and Mao in it all,
In history, political science, language and literature,
Thought and philosophy,
Dividing society in between
The haves and the have-nots,
The rich and the poor,
Handing power to the proletariat

Fire power, muscle power and man power,
The talk of the CPI(M) ,
Lead to Delhi,
Form a man-to-man chain,
Capture the areas,
Censure the press,
People's rights,
Freedom of speech and expression

With the clerks as the harbingers of communism,

Keeping power under,
Snatching and seizing,
Wresting from,
Teachers too in politics,
Holding political posts of power,
The peons too becoming knowledgeable.

Bijay Kant Dubey

During The Cpi(M) Time, A Man Was Not Called Man

During the CPI(M) time,
A man was man,
Only the reign was
Of comrades and cadres
And the middle class bourgeois leaders
As the super men.

Bijay Kant Dubey

During The Medieval Age When They Raided, Invaded, Looted, Plundered India

During the medieval age, they
Looted, raided, invaded and plundered India,
Destroyed the ancient citadels of learning.
Libraries and other establishments,
Demolished the temples of worship,
The Lodis, the Tughluqs, the Mughals,
Can we negate it, Irfan Habib?

Were they not bigots, zealots,
The fanatics religiously blind,
Intolerant and prejudiced
The Muslim sultans and badshahs of India,
Say you,
O, Muslim historians of Aligarh?

Bijay Kant Dubey

During The Night Time

I see them whispering
And talking in drunken capers,
Two fellows quite solitary
Under the canopy of conspiring skies.

Man-woman relationship
And its intricacies.

Bijay Kant Dubey

During The Recess Hours

During the recess hours
Think I,
What has life given to me,
What has taken it from?

Bijay Kant Dubey

During The Solar Eclipse

During the solar eclipse, I used to find the people talking
About the sun getting eclipsed,
The people consulting the Brahmins,
As they used to indicate it beforehand
By consulting the scrolls of astrology and astronomy,
Without a basic difference.

The common folks used to stop cooking food
Till the eclipsing was over,
And when it was over, hey used to go to for a bath,
Be it the evening time or morning time,
The riverside villages used to hum
With Brahminism and punditism.

It was but a matter of Rahu and Ketu devouring the sun
Or the moon,
People marking the eclipses,
Eclipsing, getting eclipsed,
The dark spots on it,
How much has it been eaten!
And discussing it in their own way!

After the solar eclipse, it was a scene to see the people
Dwelling in the villages,
Talking of the eclipse,
The bath to be taken
And the food to be made
If it is the time to make.

If the lunar eclipse happens during the midnight time,
People wash the used in clothes and bed sheets
As for to be absolved of,
Such a madness I used to mark in our Brahmin households,
Villagerly homes of the nondescript hamlets and thorps,
Full of Brahminism, astrology, palmistry, witchcraft and fatalism,
Doing the mrituanjaya-japa as for conquering invincible death.

Metaphysical base is no doubt a good thing
But to accept it blindly is not good,

It is our inquisitive to question it
But the things cannot be blindly,
Though the conventions may be followed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

During The Spring, They Used To Come, But Now Vultureless

During the spring, they used to come
And I used to find them
Sitting over
The hills and the crags,
The leafless cotton trees
But in bloom,
Perched on the boughs and twigs,
The big-big birds,
A few unable to fly,
perhaps it was the symptom
Which grew in more
And took a heavy toll.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dushyanta (Gender Studies)

Dushyanta,
Couldn't you recognize
Your Shakuntala
Whom espoused you,
But forgot you too,
Definitely would have many
Like her?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dwarakanath i As A Poet

Dwarakanath i(1936) , an auditor by profession,
But a bi-lingual author from Bangalore,
Writing in Kannada and English,
Honnina Madilalli his novel in Kannada written in 1960,
Followed by Lamps of Hope, a small booklet of poems in 1976.

Amidst The Cosmic Wilderness,1980,
Rye On The Ravines,1985,
Symphony of Skeletons,1985,
Tender Wings,1988,
Melting Moments,1990,
Kabadi's Glimmericks,1994,
A Tear On A Pancake,1995, ,
Golden Glimmers,1997,
Shimmering Waves,2000,
Snail-Pace Street,2000,
Chariot of Dreams,2002,
The books of poems tendered by i.

Strangely philosophical and socially conscious,
He has a style of his own,
Twitching humanism for an expression,
Asking to be compassionate,
Sympathetic, liberal and humanistic
Apart from being nihilistic and existential,
Spiritual questioning of the self.

Lighting the lamps of light under the starry skies
But dark here, lonely and desolate,
He sings of life under the cosmic wilderness,
Rye on the ravines,
The philharmonic music of the orchestra of life,
Symphony of skeletons,
A poet undefiled by the cutting edge of intelligence and wit conceited.

The poems uncorrupted and undefiled by fact and fiction
Delve into a world of innocence and ignorance
And tell of a world unfurrowed and untrodden
Where there lies but the music of life,

The innocence and purity of a man,
Feeling the pleasure and joy
And looking back in wonder.

Tender wings is a book of verse for the children,
Melting Moments with smiles, sighs and sobs,
Rye On The Ravines where the haikus abound in,
A Tear On A Pancake social and humanistic,
His flickers three-liner poems,
Distilled and brewed out of his experience
With society, life and the world
As he has seen, he has felt
Sociologically and philosophically.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Dwarakanath i's Symphony Of Skeletons

Dwarakanath i is but a pure poet
So dreamy and imaginative,
Imaginative and fanciful
Dwelling far
A social thinker
For whom poems are
But dreams,
Dreams unfolding
And unfolding.

Let us start with Symphony Of Skeletons
Published in 1985,
A small book of verse
But interesting enough
To go through his poetic imagination
And dreams
Beginning with Landscape
Full of fragrant flowers
On those streams
Kissed by the winds.

With a Foreword by Brathwaite
The symphony starts it,
The poetic musical
Of Dwarakanath
A poet social,
Existential and flirting,
Nonsensical,
Serious and non-serious too
At the same time.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Earth Day, Felt I The Pulse Of The Sick & Ailing Earth

On Earth Day,
Felt I
The pulse
Of the sick and ailing earth
with the thermometer
I measuring
The rising and falling temperatures
Of hers,
The heart too weak
Pulsating abnormally.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Echoes, A Collection Of Poems By

Echoes published by Gnosis

In 1912

Is in the same line

Where faded romanticism not

But societal thing

Is so much strong

Beginning with

Human Touch, An Echo,

Untraced into Dust,

On The Borders of Night

And so on.

Human touch is the only thing

Though we have travelled far,

The substance remains the same,

An echo of the self

Is the reality

Vibrating around,

The dusty mansion

Historic and falling,

Blurred by ravages and invasions

Bloody and brutal,

Nature's play

Full of lotus-like opening

And childish smiles,

He takes to.

Fond memories with

The onslaughts of time

Tarnished or bristled,

Life on wheels going

With the motor activity,

The clouded mind struggling

In the hurricane-blasted ship of life

With the march of time,

The revolutionary writers yelling

With the carbonated lungs

Fuming with

Naxalism and communist divides

Along the haves and the have-nots
And bourgeois revolutions
Causing damage to common people
And the cops.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Eco-Criticism

Today they are talking about eco-criticism,
But I know it not what it is in it,
A romantic poet has often talked about
The beauty and mystery of nature,
Which is no new talk of theirs.

□

Environmental friendly literature, they mean to indicate it,
But the modern men confronted
By so many hazards,
Which keep threatening our existence,
Environmental pollution, ecological disaster,
Many a species on the brink of extinction,
The trees being cut down.

Abnormal cold waves and heat waves
Torturing the self,
Low pressure and high pressure,
Tornados, whirlwinds and storms,
Typhoons and tempests
Keep taking a toll.

Acid rain, atomic summer, climate change
Are the things marauding our self,
The abnormal rise in temperature,
Seasons coming late,
Going unwarranted.

Man will have to think about their unmindful activities,
The harm done to environment,
Natural habitats of animals and birds,
Reservoirs and marshy plots of lands.

Now the animals live in artificial habitats,
The newly found homes,
Cell-like and fenced,
Difficult to cope with and adjust.



Bijay Kant Dubey

Edward Said Is Like Noam Chomsky

I see no difference in between
Edward Said and Noam Chomsky
As both of them appear to be political activists
And pamphleteers
Rather than literary men,
Bringing literature
Closer to political science
Rather than literature.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Edward Said's Orientalism Political Orientalism, Full Of Propaganda And Controversial Statements

Edward Said's Orientalism

Political Orientalism

With the monotony of Western discourses,

Critical theories,

Nay colorful and painted,

But a Leftist discussion

Taking it otherwise

Interpreting in terms

Of colonial hegemony,

Western interests,

Not understanding.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ek Baar Mushkuraa Do (Smile You For Once)

Ek baar muskura do,
Tumhe dekha ki nahi,
Ek chehra karib she
Ki pracchai ban picche-picche aati huyin,
Nahi, nahi, chali jati huyi,
Kabhi julfon mein,
Kabhi gamkhin, kabhi khushi mein,
Jise samajha nahin, bujha nahin,
Jo bhi ho,
Dekha nahi, dekha nahi,
Ek baar muskuraa do,
Ek baar muskura do.

Smile you for once,
Saw I her or not,
A face from a close range
That a shadow kept following,
No, no, going away,
Sometime under the curls hanging over,
Sometime sad, sometime joyful,
One whom understood I not, took to not,
Whatever be that,
Saw I not, Saw I not,
Smile you fro once,
Smile you for once.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ek Baar Muskura Do/ Smile For Once

Ek baar muskura do,
Pahle bhi dekha tha tujhe,
Saamne jo nkhadi tum
Ek baar muskura do.

Pahle bhi dekha tha,
Tabhi to anjaanji shi thi tum,
Ek baar muskura do.

Ek baar muskura do
Meri chahat ban.

Smile you for once,
Had seen you before,
You are that standing before
Smile you for once.

Had also seen before,
At that time had been you a stranger
Smile you for once.

Smile you for once
Becoming my yearning.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ek Baar Muskuraa Do (Smile For Once)

Ek baar muskuraa do,
Ek baar,
Ek baar muskuraa do
Jaane she pahle,
Ek baar,
Ek baar muskuraa do,
Ek baar.

Pyaarbhari nigahon she dekha hain,
Tujhe,
Wo kya tera jadu,
Aankhon mein sapna sajayee huyi,
Ek baar muskuraa do,
Muskura do
Jaane she pahle,
Pyarbhari nazron she dekha hain
Tujhe jo,
Ek baar muskuraa do
Jaane she pahle.

Smile for once,
Once,
Smile you for once
Before you go away,
Once,
For once smile you,
Once.

Have seen you with loveful looks,
You,
What that magical face,
Dreams decorated into the eyes,
Smile you for once,
Smile you
Before you go away,
Have seen with loveful looks
You so much,
Smile you for once
Before you go away.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ek Baar To Muskuraa Dijiye (Smile You Please For Once)

Ek baar to muskuraa dijiye,
Pyaarbhari nigahon she to dekh lijiye,
Chehrra jo cchupa lijiye naa,
Ek baar to muskuraa dijiye,
Pyaarbhari nigahon she to dekh lijiye.

Smile you please for once,
See with at least your loveful looks,
Hide you not the face from me,
Smile you please for once,
See at least with your loveful looks.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ek Dhalati Shaam Aur Ek Sanwal Gori (A Descending Eve & A Dark Beauty)

Ek Dhalati Shaam Aur Ek Sanwal Gori

Kahin sham dhal rahin hain
To kahi sawal gori
Muskuraatin huyi nahin
Bas udas aur chuchaap baithee huyi
Dulhan ban
Bailgadi mein baith
Sasuraal jaatin huyi
Nadi paar kar ke.

Palken bheegi shee,
Anshu cchalak rahen hain,
Par jaa rahin hain magar
Ek anzan kshitij ki aur,
Ek ladki ek nav dulhan ke rup mein.

A Descending Eve & A Dark Beauty

Somewhere the evening is descending
And somewhere the dark beauty
Smiling not,
But sitting sad and silent
Going as a bride
To her in-laws' house
On a bullock-cart
Crossing the dry river-bed.

The eyelashes are wet,
Teardrops are falling,
But she is stepping
Towards a new horizon,
A daughter as a newly-wed bride.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ek Fanatic Ki Beti She Mubaat Hain Tujhko-Mujhko (In Love With A Fanatic's Daughter, You And I)

Ek Fanatic Ki Beti She Mubaat Hain Tujhko-Mujhko

Ek fanatic,
Yani mulla-maulvi, conservative pandit ki
Beti she karta hun pyaar,
Pyaar nahin,
Pyaar ka izhar,
Dakiyanushi, kattar aur puranepanthi ki
Beti she pyaar.

In Love With A Fanatic's Daughter, You And I

A fanatic,
Means a mullah-maulavi, a conservative pundit's
Daughter love I,
Love not,
Propose I before,
Conservative, orthodox and out-moded one's
Daughter love I.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ek Goggleswalli She Pyaar/ O Goggleswali, Jaane She Pahle Naam To Bata Ke Ja! / Love With A Maiden In The Goggles

Ek Goggleswalli She Pyaar/ O Goggleswali, Jaane She Pahle Naam To Bata Ke Ja!

O goggleswalli, jaane she pahle
Naam to bata ke ja!

Ladki nahi, heroine hain,
Ek modern girl!

Kaala chashma mein ladki
Heroine she kam nahi.

Ek theatre actress ya circus aritiste,
Nischit kar jo nahi shakta.

Love With A Maiden In The Goggles/ O The Maiden In The Goggles, Before You
Go Away Tell Me Your Name!

O the maid in the goggles, before you go
Tell me your name!

Not a maiden, but a heroine,
A modern girl!

He girl in the dark sunglasses
Not less than a film heroine, an actress.

Whether a theatre artist or a circus artiste
Can't say it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ek Hasheena Theen (Videshi Tourist And Traveller Ladki Ke Liye)

Sagar-tat
Wah kon shee
Videshi ladki
Shanta aur akelee baithee huyi?

Use lei aayen,
Edhar shaam dhal rahin hain
Aur udhar gahraa rahi hain.

On the seashore
Who is it
Foreigner girl
Peaceful and alone sitting there?

Bring her,
This side the evening descending
And that side it's deepening.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ek Kaali Ladki Muskurati Huin

Ek Kaali Ladki Muskurati Huin

Ek kali ladki muskurati huin
Dhup-jale gaon ki bastiyon ki cchaon she.

A Black Girl Smiling

A black girl smiling
From the shadows of sun-burnt villages
Of thorps and hamlets.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ek Ladaki Or Ek Laal Gulab? / A Girl Or A Red Rose?

Ek ladaki samane khadin
Ya laal gulab,
Kahiye naaa?

Galatfahami ho jaatin hain.

A girl standing before
Or a red rose,
Say you?

Confuse I.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ek Ladki Bahut Khubsurat, Kahani Ka Plot Jo Mil Gaya

Ek Ladki Bahut Khubsurat, Kahani Ka Plot Jo Mil Gaya

Ek ladki bahut khubsurat,
Nazren ho hatatin nahi,
Use dekhe bina jaun to jaun kaise?

A Girl Exquisitely Beautiful, Got I The Plot of My Story

A girl exquisitely beautiful,
Looks avert it not,
Without seeing her, how to live?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ek Ladki Ko Dekh Mujhe Kucch Eisa Lagaa/After Marking A Girl Smiling Seemed It As Such

Ek Ladki Ko Dekh Mujhe Kucch Eisa Lagaa/ Teri Muskuraahat Jo Meri Hansi Ban Gayin/ Pyaar Deewana Hota Hain/ Muhabbat Mein Kucch Eisa Hotaa Hain/ Tujhe Chanda Kahun Yaa Sitaaraa?

Tujhe muskuraate dekh

Mein bhi muskuraane jo lagan hun

Tujhe dekh ke

Mein jo bahut pyaar karne lagan hun apne aap she,

Ab tu hi meri jindagee jo,

Tu meri khyayish.

Tujhe dekh ke muskurane lagan hun jo mein.

After Marking A Girl Smiling Seemed It As Such/ Your Smile Turned It Into My Laughter/ Love Is Mad? In Love Happens It As Such/Should I Call You The Moon Or The Star?

After marking you smiling

I have started to smile

After marking you

Have I started loving you,

Now you are my life,

You my desire and dream.

After marking you, have I started smiling.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ek Nazar Mein Pyaar

Ek Nazar Mein Pyaar

Nazron she nazren milin
Aur pyaar huya.

Jigar ke aas-paas.
Oh, mein nigah hat jo nahin shaka!

Ek nazar dekha ki nahin
Pyaar ho gaya.

Love At First Sight

Looks met with looks
And love was born in between.

Just near the heart, on and around it.
Oh, I could not avert the gaze!

Saw I not for once
That fell I in love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ek Painter Hun, Burkhawalli Kaa/ A Portrait Of A Bukhawalli

I am a painter,
A painter of the burkhawalli,
The beauty clad in a burqua,
Under the purdah,
going a as shadow,
A walking shadow,
Following,
Saying ta-ta, bye-bye secretly
And smiling
And calling back
To say, I love you,
Didn't you mind it,
Actually I could not
Say
In the crowds?

The heroine,
I mean the actress,
The stage artiste,
The opera girl
Is coming out of the art studio,
Now you may interview her,
My portrait,
The portrait of the artist
As a young man
Not,
But as a young careerist
And professional girl
Is almost complete,
You may see her,
Open for viewing,
Coming out of the studio,
You just wait for, wait for
Taking to heart,
Not so impatiently.

Ek Piyakkad She Mulaakat/ Meeting With A Drunkard

Ek piyakkad she mulakat,
Jiske liye bottle ko cchod aur kucch nahin,
Daru hee sab kucch.

A meeting with a drunkard,
For whom the bottle was it all,
Liquor is but all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ek Sanwal Gori (Dehati Duniyan Se)

Ek Sanwal Gori (Dehati Duniyan Se)

Ek sanwal gori
Deep jalatin huyin
Ek sandhya
Apne ghar ke aangan mein.

A Somewhat Black, But Beautiful Girl (From The World of The Rustic Country)

A somewhat dark-complexioned beauty
Burning a candle
One evening
In the courtyard of her country home.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ek Sanwal Gori Muskuraate Huin (A Dark-Complexioned But Blonde Smiling From The Hide Of A Hamlet)

Bas cchip ke dekha,
Ek sanwal gori
Muskura rahi thin
Dhup-jali basti she.

Just saw her stealthily,
A dark-complexioned blonde
Smiling from the hide of
The sun-burnt hamlet.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ek Sanwal Gori Muskuraati Huin

Ek Sanwal Gori Muskuraati Huin

Kitne dino k eke baad dekha
Apne ghar-gaon ke dehaat mein
Ek sanwal gori ko muskuraate huin,
Dhup she cchupaati chehre ko.

.

A Somewhat Dark-complexioned Beauty Smiling
After a long break of so many days
Into the countryside of own hamlets and thorps
Saw I a dark-complexioned beauty smiling,
Hiding from the scorching sun.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ek Yogan She Pyaar; Ek Prem-Pujaran She Dillagi/ Love With A Yogan; A Hearty Tie With A Love- Worshipper

Ek Yogan She Pyaar; Ek Prem-Pujaran She Dillagi

Prayon she dil laga ke,
Muhabbat mein dokha kha,
Dil mein dard le,
Rudrakshamala pahan, kamandal le,
Sadhvi ho gayin,
Yogi-fakiron ke sang,
Ghar-duniyaa cchod.

Yah wakt nahi jo bhajan-kirtan
Karne ka,
Nagar pyar and prem-karne ka,
Mujhe pyar kar,
Pyar kane do, meri preyashi.

Love With A Yogan; A Hearty Tie With A Love-Worshipper

Giving heart to others and taking to be own,
Getting setbacks and hurts,
Taking the pains in heart,
Wearing the rudraksha rosary and the brassy water jug,
Have turned into a saint,
Matted and spiritual,
In the company of wandering mendicants,
Leaving the house and the world.

This is not the age of doing
Hare-Rama, Hare Krishna, singing of psalms and prayers,
But of love ad loving,
Love me
And let me love, my mistress.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ekalavya, On Teachers' Day, What Will You Give To Your Indirect Teacher Drona? A Gift Of Of Your Thumb Or...? Forbid, Forbid You Ekalavya From Doing It, You A Kol, Bheel Boy

Ekalavya,
On the Teachers' Day,
Coming,
What will you
To your indirect teacher,
Drona,
Pontifical Dronacharya,
The teacher of the king's sons,
Not your teacher,
But that of Arjuna?

Thumb,
Your thumb,
Do not,
Do not do that.
What,
What are you, Ekalavya,
You a Kol,
A Bheel boy,
I know it that
You respect your teacher,
But your teacher
Biased and prejudiced,
Old and conservative.

He will not,
Will not like you,
Ekalavya,
And Dronacharya
Asking you to cut the finger
Did he a greater sin
Which history of education
Will not,
Will not forgive him,

Forgive him
A teacher so inhuman
In the company of the Kshatriyas,
A Brahmin so biased.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Eklavya, Your Gurudakshina (Teacher's Day Celebration)

Eklavya,
Say you,
How to celebrate
Teacher's Day,
Eklavya,
How,
How to
Celebrate it?

Tears were in your eyes,
In your
Eyes,
Falling,
Falling out of ananda,
Ananda, delight
As well as from sorrow
Of neglect?

Eklavya,
Eklavya,
Say you,
Say you about
Your pain,
Pain,
Sorrow,
Sorrow
Which but struck you?

Drona
Stood before,
Saw you excelling Arjuna,
Stood and asked,
Asked for your thumb
As gurudakshina,
As his gurudakshina
And you cut it,
Cut it the thumb to

Give to,
Give to him?

O Eklavya,
Eklavya,
Say,
Say you,
Why, why did you,
Did you cut off
The thumb,
O innocent Kol, Bheel boy
Poor and submissive?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Eklavya, Your Gurudakshina...(Teacher's Day)

Man will come,
Man will go,
But the story of your sacrifice,
Your sacrifice
Will go down,
Go down the realms of history,
Your dakshina,
Gurudakshina
Which could nobody,
Nobody,
Nor should have anybody
Neither asked for
Or demanded,
Called for
Nor should have anyone,
Anyone
Succumbed to
Or given!

Eklavya,
Eklavya,
As long as this earth is,
Human existence is,
It will go,
Go resonating,
Resonating and resounding

That,
That Drona was selfish,
A selfish guru
Greedy and arrogant,
That,
That Drona was a greedy Brahmin,
An arrogant bad teacher
Biased and prejudiced,
Prejudiced,
Prejudiced!

Eklavya,

Eklavya,
A disciple like Eklavya,
Eklavya,
Where to find,
Find,
O Drona,
Drona,
Which but you could not
Realize it then!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Eklavya, Your Thumb-Cutting....(Teacher's Day)

Eklavya, your thumb,
Thumb-cutting
As gurudakshina!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Eliot, Your Modern Hollow Men

Modern hollow man's talks,
Eliot,
I am here listening to,
Which keep boring.

Their trifle talks,
Tidbits,
Trivial trivia.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Emerson's Brahma

There is something which but he transcends,
Going after Brahma, Brahman and Brahmin,
Which is whose domain
Is the thing of perusal.

Brahman is in you, in me too,
A part of the same within us
Which but realize we it not
That the same flame in us.

The Greater Brahma, the smaller Brahma,
Man a part of the latter,
But Brahma is Brahma
And Brahma the Creator, one among the Trinity.

The valiant Rajputa too cannot conquer
The unconquerable
Which the sword cannot subdue
The soul within.

The Brahmin who prays to may not attain
The same height
Which but one may approaching
With utter humility and devotion.

Brahma is Brahma, Brahma's creation
Adding to the Trinity
With Brahma, Vishnu, Maheshvara.

But if Brahma is Creational,
Indra and Varuna too have a role to play in
From the archetypal point of view.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Emus, I Saw Them Standing Tall And Flocking, The Gifts From Australia

Emus,
So many emus,
countless in numbers
Standing at a distance,
Flocked together
I saw them,
Saw them with love
As gifts from Australia.

Bijay Kant Dubey

End To End,2008 By I.a

End to End is
A small book of verse
Which Sharma brought out,
But is inclusive of poems
As such
Mother's Lap, School Interval,
Crossing the Bar, Just Like That,
Swami Dayanand Saraswati: A Tribute,
To the Clouds of the New Millennium,
Termites, The Brawl,
Sir, at 84, Wild Love,
No Kidding, The Singer Who Lost His Voice,
When One Stops to Kiss My Face,
Drum Drum Drum, Highway Pangs,
An Encounter, so on.

The vagaries of thought take him
To here and there,
The tidbits of emotion and feeling
And Sharma apart from a seasoned ironist,
One practising polished humour
Thinking of taking it otherwise,
Sometimes close to romanticism
And thought-lines,
Yet far from
As is his genre different from
One of satire and humour.

Bijay Kant Dubey

England Should Not Allow The Mians And The Hindus To Make It Multi-Ethnic

England is England,
England should not allow
The Mians and the Hindus
To make it racial and ethnic,
Asiatic and Arabic
As England can never be
An ismic country
If freedom and progressive thought
Are to be upheld,
Human dignity and fellow-feeling
To be kept alive.

Bijay Kant Dubey

English Culture Cannot Be Multi-Culti

English culture is English,
Typically British, American,
European and Christian,
Let it be British,
Let it be American,
Let the spirit not die,
Leaving no room,
Making no scope for multi-culti
As it cannot be multi-cultural,
Asiatic and aboriginal,
Exotic and diverse,
Ismic and conflicting.

England is England,
America America,
Let them be
With their cultures,
O Asians, destroy it not!

Bijay Kant Dubey

English Medium School And A Trial And Tryst With Englishness, The Wisps And Whiffs Of It In India

English Medium School And A Trial And Tryst With Englishness, The Wisps And Whiffs of It In India/ Coming Sir, Going, Sir

Coming sir,
Small-small boys and girls saying,
Coming into,
Seeking permission from,
May I come in? ,
Saying the matter
And going with the word,
Going sir.

Thank you,
Thank you,
I saying thank you,
You too thank you to me,
Who is whom,
God knows,
But thank you, thank you,
Come you with thank you
And exit you with thank you.

My friend, I thinking you,
You thanking me,
I welcoming you,
You welcoming me,
I greeting you,
You greeting me,
If Johnny is my name,
What of yours,
Bundleboy, call me?

But O, my God,
The older students
Smoking a cigar,
I mean the plucked students,
Dropped and failed,
Somehow continued in,

Looking older for spending more in after
Nursery One, Nursery class Two then One?

They rehearsing an English drama
As a playboy and a playgirl,
Speaking in English,
The function going on
And we the foolish and backward Indians,
From a small town
Having trouble with
The Englishmen,
Not they,
But parents of the English boys and girls?

The clerk who had been bogus and blunt,
A dolt,
A dullard and a blockhead,
A third division matric
Or a simple B.A.
Too thinking himself
A promoted sectional officer,
A steno sahib
As has learnt English
And can be no less than,
Ever ready to accept the additional work
Of a reporter or a correspondent.

The Indian clerk with the joker's moustache,
A little bit
On the lizardy face
Thinks himself a great man
Which but his grandfather too would not have
That his grandson would be
An Englishman,
An Englishman in India,
Using please, thank you, so nice of as mimic man.
Good morning, goodbye as a joker.

Come here, sit down,
O, my God, sometimes slipping to spell,
O my Goat,
Again holding back,

The click of the tongue,
Thank you,
Tank you, tankqu,
Sorry, sorry,
Sorry sir,
Oh, today, what has it happened to me,
I am making one mistake after another!

Good morning sir,
Having said it, he thinking,
Should the first meeting be greeted
With good morning
When it is night,
When to say good day,
When good afternoon,
From 12.00 noon
Or 12.01 onwards,
Good evening from when
And good night?

The clerk running after the principal,
Into the toes of his
Like a joker, a comedian,
A circus clown
After the actress,
The artiste,
Yes sirring the principal,
Going after,
Asking to wait,
Debarring from meeting.

The principal too posing like a father,
But is not a missionary father,
A pastor or a clergy,
But is not
From his heart within,
Pontifical and pragmatic
And Machiavellian,
A college principal not,
But a private school teacher,
Bent upon giving the touch of England,
A different clime and situation in India.

A driver's son, he was a simple .,
Later did his M.A. in English somehow,
Started teaching English privately,
Opened a school at home
Where his father
After his retirement used to ferry
The schoolchildren,
But his younger bogus brother took over
As the principal
Just with his B.A.
To improve upon later
With purchased . and M.A.

And the elder brother moved to
Assam and Delhi to return back
As the principal of a different affiliated school
Of the nearby area
As the residential principal
Of a private school,
Affiliated to
CBSE or ICSE,
Presuming great
For the incumbent,
The mayor of Casterbridge not,
But the return of the native
As a gentleman in hat,
Not in tribal bamboo hat.

The principal sahib going
With the ear phones plugged into
The holes
And the music going on,
Coming sir,
Going sir,
Please, please,
Kindly,
Thank you,
Bye-bye,
See you,
See you again,
Goodbye.

The scenes dancing upon the mind's eye,
The small-small children coming to school
With the parents dropping them,
Wanting to make them English,
Dress, live and design as,
Wanting to hear mama and dad, daddy,
Love you, mummy,
Mum, mom,
Dad, daddy, papa,
During the tiffin hours,
They opening the tiffin-boxes
And taking English not, Indian food,
The school breaking at four.

The children returning back
Hiring rickshaws, taxis and buses,
Some on scooters and motorcycles,
A fair-like situation,
Some hawkers there,
But the children not encouraged
To take the fly-hovered junk foods,
The clerk smiling to see them going,
Again yes sirring the principal,
Complaining him about the teachers
He is not on terms with,
The joker's son,
A dalal of some Dalal Market,
Indian stock Exchange

Bijay Kant Dubey

English Poetic Voices From The Northeast

Is there anything like English poetic voices
From the south,
The north or the west of India
Or voices from the northeast?

Even if there are poets,
They cannot be called born,
But made,
Just poetic voices in the making,
Had there been, we would have heard definitely.

Just after reading K.R.S.Iyengar's history book,
The poetical people are trying their best
To come through this politics
Of the subaltern,
Which is just a platform to highlight them.

The unknown, common voices are trying their utmost best
To avail of the opportunity
To call themselves poets and poetesses,
Had there been, we would have,
Would have heard about definitely.

Before calling yourselves new voices,
Tell you about the Naga sadhus,
The cultural ambassadors of the northeast to the rest of India,
The angst and bewilderment of the northern area mother
Standing aghast and awe-struck to know about
The sudden leaving of his son
As for Kamrupa-Kamakhya
As for to excel in tantra-sadhna.

And she suspicious of the long and tedious journey,
Crossing through the difficult terrains and territories,
Full of aboriginal tribes and wild beasts
Unto the temple
Of the weird tantrikas
And bizarre rituals
And doubting,

Will he come back again,
Come back again?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Europe Is Europe, The West Will Remain The West, Do Not Make It Multi-Cultit

Europe is Europe,
Free and uninhibited,
Without any outside pressure from,
Make it not Asia or Arabia,
You Asia-ize it not,
Nor Arabia-ize it,
Let it be Europe
Doubting our superstitious beliefs
For fact-finding
With the cause-effect theory;
Do not make it exotic and indigenous,
Ethnic, racial and multi-cultural
To destroy the culture of Europe.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Even A Child Can Teach If Want You To Learn From

Even a child can teach you if you want to learn from him
as the purity of heart is something different from
And it is not in the books,
One's innocence and ignorance
Combined with a great simplicity of own.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Even After India's Freedom, Why Are They Poor?

Even after India's freedom,
Why are they still poor and hungry,
Why are women, widows and children
In a neglected state
Even after the tryst with destiny
Liberated from the shackles of slavery?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Even At Hot Summer Noonday You Keep Smiling

Even during the summertime
When the sun blazes it hot
And the fire flames seem to be falling,
The hot winds sucking the blood,
The earth parching
Under the intensive heat,
I see you smiling
With the bouquets of red-red flowers,
The clusters of gulmohar blossoms,
Reddish-reddish, clustered-clustered
Decorating the tree,
Standing by the way
To welcome and greet the wayfarers,
i mean the passers-by.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Even During The Hot Summer Gulmohars Can Be Seen Hanging

Even during the summer
Beautiful gulhomars can be seen
Hanging
In the months of Chaitra and Baisakh
When the hot wind seems to be ruffling it all,
Even in sizzling hot, burning sensation,
Gulmohars keep decorating
Good Earth.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Even If You'Re Not A Poet, Call You That You Write Poetry

Even if you're not a poet,
Yet to write the first poem of your life,
Call you
That you are a poet.

You calling me great,
I calling you great
And both of us the great men
Of India not,
England.

We the first poem writers,
The small journal editors
Yet to start it
For promotion.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Even If You'Re Not An Indian English Poet, Call You & Will Become

Even if you're not, call you that you write
And are a poet
And you will in due course of time
As there is a dearth of poets and poetesses
After the English left India,
In the aftermath of departure.

Dosawalla, Paanewalla, Beediwalla,
Doodhwalla,
All poets,
Bijuli, Chameli, Champa, Tara,
All poets.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Even In The Blazing Heat Of The Summer Sun, I Can See

Even in the blazing heat
Of the summer
When the sun seems to be scorching
And ruffling it all
With the winds blowing hot,
Blood sucked dry,
The earth parching dry
With the cracks,
I can see the gulmohars hanging by,
The red-red gulmohar blossoms
Hanging by in clusters,
The cuckoos cooing from the bamboo thickets
Or the mango orchards,
The amaltas scattering over
Yellowish blossoms,
The jaruls with the remnants
Bluish or violet-hued,
The oleanders red, pink and white
Blooming in clusters,
The beli creepers bedecked with
White blooms
Smelling during the night-time
And the raat-raanis smelling,
Making the summer nights fragrant
And the begum bahra with the corona
And the glaze extraordinary
Bluish-bluish and embroidered.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Even The Education From Harvard And California, Oxford And Cambridge Cannot Change The Genes Of The Terrorist

Whether he is educated from
Oxford or Cambridge,
Harvard or California,
But a terrorist will remain a terrorist,
The son of a fanatic
And the grandson of the conservative
As you cannot their genes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Even Though You Are Not Call You Yourself An Indian Poet Writing In English/ The Present Scenario Of Indians Writing Verses In English

Even though you are not a poet,
You call yourself an Indian writing in English,
An Indian English poet,
None,
But you yourself
If you have to be famous.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Everyone Is After One's Own Job

Everyone is after his or her job,
Let me at least serve you selflessly
For the time being to see
What it happens.

There is also something in service which but we know it not.
Let us serve
Instead of thinking about ourselves.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Existential Questions

Who am I,
What my name,
Where my home?

Where was I
When I had not been?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ezra Pound

Was he a broadcaster,
A radical,
A rebel
Or an idealist,
A theoretician,
A leader
On the forefront
Of a literary movement
With his manifesto?

Who was,
Who was he
Ezra Pound,
The rebel broadcaster
Doing the anti-American propaganda
As for the fascist forces
Or of talking of
Wrong American policies
Selfish and imperialistic
Dealing with power lobbies,
Caucuses and diplomacy?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mirchi, Hello, Hello, Good Morning. Morning To Everybody!

This is F.M.,
F.M. Radio Mirchi,
A am Mr.
And and with me,
Take you for,
Who she is,
May be,
Miss, Miss...,
We are announcers,
Announcers not,
But what to say,
Jockeys,
Jockeys.

This is Radio Mirchi,
F.M. Radio Mirchi,
So, hello,
Hello, good morning,
Good morning to everybody,
Everybody hearing us,
On Michi, Mirchi,
Radio Mirchi.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Fair And Lovely Girls As Paper-Readers And Resource Persons

Fair and lovely girls
As paper-readers and resource persons,
Many like to watch them
Rather hearing their papers,
The subject matters and thematic contents
Just like butterflies.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Fake Gurus And Sadhus

Fake and pseudo
Indian gurus with the disciples
In premlila.

Girlwallah gurus and ganjeri sadhus,
Believe them not,
The pseudo-saints and fake yogis.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Fakru Mian, How Are You, Sir? Thank You, Thank You, Said He, Good Boy

Fakru too smiled to hear
To say,
Thank you, thank you,
Fakru, how are you,
In response to it said it,
Thank you, thank you jokingly,
Touching the goatee beards.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Fanatic, In Which Medieval World Live You?

Fanatic, in which,
Which world
Live you,
Whose,
Whose son are you?

Are you,
Are the son
Of rivate
And the brother
Of mentalist?

Don't,
Don't you know it
If remain you blind
To your faith
And rigid on your lines,
Your son will turn
Into a terrorist,
A man-hater?

Fanatic, in which,
Which medieval world
Live you,
In which,
Which medieval world
Of medieval thoughts,
Conjuring up
With likely images and ideas?

Is fanaticism your mania,
Your religious blindness,
Rigidity of thought and expression,
Debarred from logic
And clear reasoning
And blindfolded
In your thoughts,
Is fanaticism your frenzy?

Fanatic, Whose Creation Are You, Whose Creation, Fanatic!

Fanatic, whose creation,
Whose creation are you,
Who, who is it,
Whop has made you,
Fanatic,
Who, who is it,
Who has made you, Fanatic,
Cruel and callous
And hard of heart
Looking with the stony eyes,
Rocky heart
Waterless
And tearless,
So much bloody and brutal
And bestial,
Destructive and devastating,
Inhuman and blind to one's own faith,
Bombarding and exploding,
Potting to kill and panic
And overthrow
And to spread
The reign of terror
And the kingdom
Of anarchy,
Fanatic,
Blind to faith
And logic and reason,
So much superstitious,
Backward and underdeveloped,
Fundamental and conservative
And orthodox,
You Mr. Fanatic,
The son of Mr. Conservative?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Fanatic, Why Are You So Fanatical?

Fanatic,
ic,
May I ask you,
Why are you,
Are you so fanatical?

When God made you,
You had not been as such,
But what did it happen
Betwixt, Fanatic?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Fanaticism Is A Great Threat To The Modern World

The world has greatest fears from the fanatics,
The religiously blind people,
The sons and daughter of conservatives and the orthodox,
It does not matter whether they are educated or not,
But their conservatism is a thing of serious concern.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Fanaticism Is But Madness And The Fanatics The Mentally Deranged Fellows

Fanaticism is but a type of madness,
Some sort of abnormality is it,
The state of being blind
To other faiths
And to uphold one's faith aloft,
Mentally retarded and diverted people,
Logically cold and dead,
Reasonably not transparent.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Fanatics & Terrorists Must Be Given Dancing Lessons

Fanatics and terrorists,
The wards of conservatives and the orthodox people
Must be given training
In dancing lessons
So that dancing with,
Do the break dance,
They may thwart
The genii of fanaticism,
Ay, Michael Jackson's cassettes
Mus be shown to them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Fanatics Are Religiously Blind People & Reasonably Dead

The fanatics are but the religiously blind
And reasonably dead people,
Emotionally dead
And mentally deranged people
And above all the misanthropists,
The man-haters.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Fanatics Are The Mad-Dog Bitten People

Fanatics are the mad-dog bitten
Clumsy and uncouth people,
Driven by misanthropy,
Naysayer to the development of
Human thought and thinking,
Scientific thought and progressive idea,
Mentally brain-dead,
Medievalistically barbaric and bloody
They are outdated and outmoded people,
The most conservative and orthodox ones,
Mentally deranged and abnormal,
The holy not,
Most unholy and unchaste men,
Uncouth and clumsy in their behaviour,
The bloody and bastard barbarians,
Brutal, bloody and bestial
Believing in the victory of the sword.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Fanatic's Daughter, Wherever Go You Shall You, For A Burquawali, See Me But With Love

Fanatic's daughter, wherever go you shall follow you,
Shall follow you, my love,
As I cannot without you
My lady love,
Without seeing you,
You my moon, my star,
Fanatic's daughter,
Let me,
Let me kiss you,
Implant a kiss straight
On the parting line of the hair.

It is for a burquawali that burn I,
Wait I for,
My mistress in love,
My lady love waiting to come.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Fanatic's Daughter Miss Burquawalli Met I On The Roadways, But Couldn'T I Love You

Fanantic's daughter
Miss Burquawalli
Met I
On the roadways,
But could not,
I love you
To her
Though saw I her
With a cursory glance,
Glancing through
The sideways
And she winking at me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Fanatic's Daughter, Want I To Marry, Her Dad May Be Fanatical, But She Is Not

The fanatic's daughter,
Want I to marry,
Take to as my own
The fanatic's daughter.

Her father may be conservative,
But she is not,
The fanatic's good daughter
And even she is,
She is under pressure
Mistaught philosophies.

The fanatic's daughter
Want I to take along,
The fanatic's lovely daughter
As my sweet beloved.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Fanatic's Father Is Mr. Conservative

Fanatic father is rvative
And Fanatic himself the father of Terrorist,
I mean the grand son of rvative
Is rist,
Gentlemen, hierarchy also matters,
The family tree,
Whatever say you scientifically,
I mean genealogy,
Your genealogy,
My genealogy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Fanatics, The Fanatics, How Fanatical Are You, Think I?

Fanatics,
I know they will not let us sleep,
Will take away the sleeps from the eyes,
Fanatics,
The fanatics,
The number one haters of mankind,
Not the lovers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Far From Not, But In The Mist Of The Madding Crowds, Searching Life, Searching Humanity And Humanism, The Last Hope Still Not Lost

In the midst of traffic signals glowing red, yellow and green,
The jams coming to a standstill,
People stopped on,
Vehicles standing bumper to bumper.

I see the ambulance screeching,
Wailing and flashing,
Seeking for a way out
For the soul in distress,
Gasping for life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Farewell

The twilight is glowing red
And glistening to set down
And you with the eyeful tears,
The lashes wet with
And a few teardrops splashing the eye-lids
Falling out
To trickle down the cheeks
Which but I could not know,
Just saw you breaking down,
Weeping inconsolably,
I too tried my best to avert you
And went down breaking,
is this called love,
Love for not only the beloved,
But for all,
Whom love you?

Is this called love,
Call it attachment or the bond of sympathy?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Fashion Girls

Fashion girls
Full of fashion and designing,
Stylistic and attractive,
Urban and smart
Celebrating the fashion week.

Talking about fashions
So fashionably,
Cosmetics, stylistics, designing and beautification
And my heart too with the fashion girls,
Seeing them,
Looking so lovely and cute,
Dreamy and kissable.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Fate Too Supports Not All In The Selection Of A Fair And Fine Wife

Fate too supports not all,
I had dreamt of a beautiful wife,
But got I not so
And see it, how lucky is he
That black-complexioned friend,
Desired he not, nor imagined he in a dream
But got he a very beautiful wife.

Now think I what should I do?
The dreamgirl has come, but adjusting with not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Father's Day Just Like Enjoying Of Paternity Leave Whereas The Mother Bears The Brunt

On Father's Day
Thought I not maternity leave,
But paternity leave too
And many happy to be relaxed
Under the pretext of it,
Doing nothing for their family
In reality,
Actually the mother
Bears the brunt of
Serving and rearing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Feeling Cashless, You Give Me Tomatoes, I Shall Potatoes, Give Me Sweets, I Shall Milk

The barter system of the olden day
Has started it,
You give me cauliflower, cabbage and tomatoes,
I shall potatoes,
Give me sweets and others,
I shall milk,
My goats for you
And your ducks and hens for me.

Believe me,
My pocket is empty,
Cashless,
Moneyless,
Leave the talk of black money,
Even white is not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Feeling Lonely

Ekla aami,
Ekla tumi,
Aamra du jon ekla,
Nihsang,
Ekla-ekla.

Lonely am I,
Lonely are you,
We the two lonely,
Companionless,
Alone-alone.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Female Genital Mutilation, O Cut You, Cut You Not!

Hair stands on,
Awe-struck and horrified stand I
When hear I about
Female genital mutilation,
A barbaric act practised,
Bloody and brutal
Circumcision,
Dastardly medieval
Is this circumcision
Of the girl
Who is but a mother,
A sister,
A daughter.

O, cut you, cut you not,
Circumcize her not,
She is but a mother,
A sister,
A daughter,
The one who gave birth to
The male baby,
The womb,
The Womb of Creation,
Just think you,
Just feel you,
Be merciful to her,
Kind to her!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ferry Across, Ferry Across Kindly

Ferry across, ferry across kindly;
The fugacious vessel of my life:
O Thou Ferryman! my Lord Shiva!
Thou art the Ferryman
Of my fugacious vessel,
Which is in the surging sea.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Fettered Birds By Bijay Kant Dubey

Human heart full of feeling and emotion
Is the source of his inspiration,
Beauty is truth, truth beauty
And the poet as a lover of beauty,
Searching truth
And truth goodness.

Fettered Birds which appeared from
Prakash Book Depot, Bareilly
In 2002
Is one such from Rizvi,
A poet
Romantic and colourful and dreamy.

The poet means to say,
Keep you not the birds fettered,
Let them sing,
Fly and hop freely,
Catch and chain them not,
Let them.

Fettered Birds, Transmission, Hecatombs,
Unheard messages, Solace, The Emerald Lake,
Responsibility, Peace, Love Me As A Woman,
Voice, At Howrah Railway Station,
Women Pray For Rain, Last Nail,
Life Still Hangs On, etc. the poems.

A free and uninhibited romantic,
He floats and flows on
Into the currents of time,
Even frolicking by,
Loitering around,
A lover of man, birds and beasts,
Hills, trees, valleys and rivers,
Nature in full flowing.

A romantic poet, he is dreamy and thoughtful,
So much imaginative and fanciful,

Free and floating
And ruminating,
Thoughtful and free
And simply expressive enough.

Bijay Kant Dubey

First Poem Writers Of Indian English Verse (Inclusive Of The Northeast)

Those who have just begun to write
Are also calling themselves poets and poetesses
And this embarrasses us most,
Baffles us most.

Just after writing their first poems in English,
People call themselves poets,
How can it be as such?

The first poems have just been written
And they calling themselves poets and poetesses
And the first book on the anvil,
I mean the ghost shaking the embers and the sparks
And the haunted corpse trembling
Like a scarecrow
Atop the building under construction.

First poem writers, writers of English verse
And that too English not, but the Indians
Posing as sahibs in their bungalows with memsahibs
Or pastoral romantics with shepherd mistresses
Calling themselves poets,
Poets not, but great poets.

But in reality are the maniacs,
The poetry-mads,
Nothing to do,
But poetry, poetry, poetry,
What are you doing,
I am writing, writing, will say it.

The rhymers, poetasters too not,
But the commoners and the non-poets,
Marking the authority absent,
Calling themselves poets in absentia,
The self-proclaimed poets
And the similar with those claiming poets

From the northeast.

Bijay Kant Dubey

First-Time Love

First-time love,
First-first time love,
I am eyeing the girl
Standing next to me,
She trying to avert and avoid the gaze,
But I unflinching
In my love,
First-time love,
First-first time I am eyeing her,
A girl standing next to me
And that too she is extraordinarily beautiful
Just to make me exclaim,
I love you, I love you!

Bijay Kant Dubey

First-Time Love- Ii

It is first time that I am loving,
That have I fallen in love with a girl,
I saw her, she saw me,
I smiled, she smiled,
I saw her, she saw me again
And again started we waiting
So much earnestly, impatiently.

I saw her, she saw me,
Again saw I her, blushed it the cheeks,
Felt she shy and coy,
Blushed it the cheeks
And after that started I rounding about
Her locality to give letters to her,
To meet her stealthily.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Five Villain Bosses Of The Communist Party

Five villain bosses of the Communist Party,
The Local Committee Secretary,
The Zonal Committee Secretary,
The District Committee Secretary,
The State-level Committee
And the Politburo members
Of the Central Committee

All in connivance and cognizance
Walking hand-in-hand and glove
With the cheroots on the lips
And smoking
And going,
Eating, drinking and partying together with,
Taking meat, rice and vodka
And reading the People's Paper
And going to the Party Office
To read and start life afresh
With a reading of their Bible,
Communist Manifesto.

And their men not, but the super men,
Super minds
Who themselves bourgeois,
Calling others bourgeois
As for keeping power with,
Dangling in power, politics and position,
friends with all,
Goons, loafers, drunkards and pickpockets
Because all helpful
In letting things happen.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Flowering Of A Lotus By Maha Nand Sharma

Flowering Of A Lotus brought out in 1998
From Meerut by the poet himself
Is a book of verse
Written in the Miltonic,
Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained,
Aurobindonian Savitri style,
But falling short of
In cantos
And length
Recreates the same Bhartrihari-Pingla story
Very much like Samson-Delilah
But in a different way.

From the mire of worldliness,
Lust and temptation,
Fascination,
Illusion and hallucination for
When betrayed or hurt inwardly
After getting blows,
The heart breaks and writhes in pain,
Pines and yearns for in vain,
Finally taking to one's counsel,
Conscience and good words
Of wisdom reconciles to oneself
And seeks for deliverance
Leaving it all
To purge out.

Breaking the chains of maya,
Maya-moha,
Its illusion and hallucination,
Infatuation with,
Fascination for beauty and lust
And temptation,
One may get out of the rut of wordliness,
Feeling free and unbounded,
The flower blooming,
Growing up from the muck and mire,
The genius sprouting,

The soul burnt pure into
The furnace of penance.

The poem is all about Bhartrihari,
Bhartrihari and his love
For Pingla,
Madly in love after,
But she after another
And this tears him apart
After fact-finding,
Coming to know of it not,
But realizing it,
How he was cheated,
How infidelity troubling the self,
The mire of worldliness
Indulged in mud-slinging
And people committing sins
In the World of Papa (Sin) ,
Not punya (piety) !

Bijay Kant Dubey

Flowers And Buds By Maha Nand Sharma

Flowers And Buds, which appeared in 1984 from Meerut,
With a foreword by Prof. Cox of Manchester Univ.,
Is indeed a noble and pious attempt
On behalf of Maha Nand Sharma
As poetizing the myth of Shiva,
One from the Shiva cycle of stories,
Shiva and Sati,
Sati going to her father's home uninvited
As for her husband
Being a sadhu and a fakira,
A dweller on mount Kailash,
An aghora sahdaka.

As for the insult she could not bear with,
Sati jumps into the sacred fires
And ends her life,
A scene so pathetic and disturbing,
So pitiful and poignant,
So painful and unbearable to view it
With the naked eyes,
Which the heart takes to not,
Sati marking the prestige of her husband
Being at stake finishes her life.

Actually Flowers contains the long poem
While the second Buds is inclusive of stray poems
Included in it,
Prologue, Fire and Light (Summary) , Fire and Light (Poem) ,
Shock and Peace (Summary) , Shock and Peace (Poem) ,
Dawn (Summary) , Dawn (Poem) ,
Night and Morning (Summary) , Night and Morning (Poem) ,
The Test Divine (Summary) , The Test Divine (Poem) ,
Each part preceded by a short summary.

The poem seems to have been drawn from
Hindu mythology and folklore interpretation
And the texts Sanskritic
Is a handiwork of addition and alteration,
Personal feeling and emotional

Tagged with and adding to
Permeate and dispense with
The topic in hand, the mythical text under deliberation.

King Daksha, the father of Sati, does not want
To call and invite his daughter
As if he invites, Shiva will naturally be extended to
And so as a result of that, the event reaches the climax
And the Lord in remorse destroys the Yajna
And unable to uphold in agony,
Moves about taking the body of the Mother Divine.

Again, when Parvati, the daughter of Himalaya, proposes to marry,
Her father dissuades from her,
But finally succumbs to her will and request
And gives the nod for,
But when the Saintly and Simple Lord comes in,
His attendants and attributes too come in to attend the party
And all aghast to see the strange bridegroom party
For whom the gems and diamonds mean they not at all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Flowers Are Natural Poems For Me

Flowers are natural poems for me
Rather than the poems
You talk of,
So fast and hued well,
Golden and glistening,
Full of dream and fancy,
Catching the imagination
Of the lookers-on,
Flowers single or in bunches
And clusters,
Crowning and florid
And scented sweet.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Flowers In Stone

Who made the flowers in stone,
Chiselled and hewn out of the larger chunks
Or blocks of stone?
Poetry in stone,
Flowers carved out in stone?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Flowers Of Love, Dream-Flowers

Flowers of love,
Dream flowers of love,
You see them with
Sympathy and affection.

Flowers,
Flowers of love
Wanting sympathy and affection,
You view them with love and kindness.

Flowers,
Flowers of love
Catching fancy and imagination,
Full of colour and attraction.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For A New Bibi, I'm Divorcing Her, Oh, My God, Counsel Him!

For a new bibi,
A new bibi,
I'm divorcing her,
Said he
Indicating the incumbent,
A shy and coy maiden
Saw I her
From a distance.

Without any repentance
Said he,
I'm, I'm going to marry it again,
Oh, my God,
Exclaimed I
After marking the old guy
Sitting speechless and silent!

Bijay Kant Dubey

For A Warm Handshake

For a handshake, lie I waiting
For you
for a handshake,
A warm handshake,
You turn your face away not,
Averting the gazer,
I want you,
I still love you
Instead of the cracks
Figuring in
Our relationships.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For An Indian English Poet, A White Beloved (Haiku)

For to be an Indian English poet,
A White beloved is a must
Whether you accept it or not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For Author Khushwant Singh

Just like the mariner of Coleridge's
The Rime of The Ancient Mariner,
Holding the hand of the wedding guest,
The writer kept telling the tales of life,
Art and philosophy
And the listener
Like the silent listeners
Of Walter de la Mare
Hearing,
Saying it not.

Just like the Martha of Walter de la Mare,
The protagonist kept saying the stories
And the children hearing
In the hazel glen,
Such the spell and incantation
Of his write-ups and columns,
Even the presidents and prime ministers
Could not turn over
His good words
Regaling and recreating,
Making a self-criticism of.

His laughing stock was unfathomable,
His ready wit and humour,
Hearty laughs and lively jokes,
Funny ideas and remarks
Even used to entertain
The man under criticism
And the taker,
Always making a self-criticism of his
To understand himself best.

Satiric, ironic, humorous, witty and sarcastic,
Trendy, controversial, epigrammatic and ironical,
He used to caricature and joke with,
Used to take,
I mean ~~think~~ think,
Not cold drinks,

But something hot-hot
To warm up
And used to write too
To regale and entertain it all.

An epitome of eat, drink and be merry,
Deriving from Charvak,
Take the loan, but take clarified butter,
He used to hold a healthy view for a healthy living,
One from Lahore, he came to India,
Read in Delhi and London,
Practiced as a lawyer in Lahore,
Settled permanently in Delhi,
Worked in All India Radio,
Edited the Illustrated Weekly of India
And the Yojana
And worked as a journalist,
Had been a Rajya Sabha member
And a recipient of awards from the Govt. of India.

During the Operation Blue Star, he showed his
Undaunted courage to speak,
To turn down the offers of coveted prizes
And in the aftermath of Indira's assassination,
He resisted and protested against
The atrocities on the Sikhs,
The ire vented out foolishly,
Fought a case with Menaka
As for his book,
A writer so controversial and daring,
Representing the Punjab and its robust culture,
Hale and hearty viewpoint and outlook,
Upholding that in its true spirit.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For Black Money, Why Are Searching My Pockets, Friend?

For black money,
Why are you searching my pockets,
My friend,
As no black-money pocketeer am I,
A white money-pocketeer am I
Walking with pocketful money
After giving income taxes.

But friend, search you not my pocket
As it is my personal pocket
Maybe the handkerchief is therein,
Have I to show you all
Which it is personal,
Shall I be not able to keep
The white money even?

If you keep searching as thus,
Making others search me
On the midway,
How can, can it be, friend,
It is bad, very bad,
Fall within not good manners,
Courtesy to search another man's pockets?

Bijay Kant Dubey

For Chandramukhi, Moon-Faced Beauty

Chandramukhi, say, say you,
Who you are,
A beauty moon faced
Or the sun flower like
And the dawn flashing over?

The crescent beauty spot on the forehead
Mesmerizing it all,
You coming as a dream
And going as a dream.

A beauty princess,
A dream girl
Figuring in and vanishing away,
just like a dream coming and passing out.

You coming as the flight of fancy
And going away,
A girl so imaginative,
Dreamy and fanciful.

Cool, calm, serene and sedate
Just like the moon-lit nights,
You shining over,
The moon orbs drizzling all around.

Under the nightly skies you walking over,
The stars dressing and decorating the sari,
Blackly but bordered with the twinkles
Of the stars
And the moon-face just like.

And crossing over, you going,
Passing through
The towns and the hamlets
And on the midway
The beli, champa, chameli sweetening you.

Say, say you, Chandramukhi, who you are,

chandramukhi or Suryamukhi,
Moon-faced or sun-faced,
A rajanigandha fair white bloom
Hanging by in or clustered around
Or a sun-facing yellow sun flower?

A lily pink
Or a lotus blooming,
Bluish, pink or white,
A yellow champa, fragrant and redolent,
A whiter beli bloom or kaaminis?

A nautch girl of the kingly courts
Or a nagakanya, cobra-girl,
A temptress
Or Vishkanya, Poison-girl,
Who who are you, Chandramukhi?

Bijay Kant Dubey

For Chandramukhi, My Dream Girl

Chandramukhi, Chandramukhi,
See, see it, what have I brought for you?

For you I can even pluck the stars to give to you,
Just say you.

And shall dress you as a sparkling queen
Under the star-lit skies.

Chandramukhi, Chandramukhi, my Chandramukhi,
Only Chandramukhi.

The moon-white-face I have not, have not forgotten it,
Chandramukhi, I love you.

I just search you and say it to myself
After your departure.

Chandramukhi, say you, who, who are you,
Are you a sweet dream or my imagination?

Chandramukhi, I love you, say I under the starlit skies
And the moon orbs falling on the sparkling lilies in the ponds.

And I hearing music, the music of life,
My dream girl passing through with the tinkling of the anklets.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For Communism, Power Springs From The Barrel Of The Gun (The Gun-Toting Communists, Comrades And Cadres Gone Berserk, Went On The Rampage)

For the communists, power springs
From the barrel of the gun,
Who said it,
When said he,
I cannot,
Whether a double-barrelled gun
Or not,
But said he,
A comrade turned into
A regimented cadre,
Levy-giving,
Preaching and practising,
Wresting power from,
Hatching plot,
Seizing power,
Conspiring against,
Doing a bloody revolution
For an arranged coup,
An overthrow of power.

There is nothing in mind
Barring violent demonstrations,
Bloody revolutions,
Bloody coups;
Factory lock-outs,
Seizures and closures
And massive shut-downs,
Adding to a chakka-jam,
Transport coming to a halt,
Meaning the wheel-jam,
Coming to a standstill.

The arms drop one by one
Adding to the stockpile,
Lenin giving,
Stalin giving,

Mao giving
Guns and pistols
To the rebels and revolutionaries
To fire on
And the movementeers and demonstrators
Gathering to give a shape.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For Gandhigiri, Asked They To Take Goat Milk Which But I Could Not/ No To Goat's Milk, Gandhi

For Gandhigiri,
To be a disciple and follower
Of Gandhi
And his Gandhism,
They prescribed goat's milk
And asked me to take
Which but I could not
And failed I in my first attempt,
Rejected outright
In making a tryst with destiny,
Goat's milk
I could not,
The bearded goat's little milk,
The key to his success,
His success mantra
And here failed and flopped I
Packing the things to be back home
From his hut.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For Her Survival

Faith, you keep praying for,
Kneeling before
As for the survival of love
And Innocence, you feel it sad not,
View not so tearfully.

Your innocence will finally pay in the end
Which the world knows it not
The power of simplicity and being pure,
Clear and clean from within,
The value of the clean and pure heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For India And China In Order To Keep The Cool And Calm (Sikkim Matter)

All can make atoms and tanks
And missiles,
But how many can keep themselves
Cool and calm?

Bijay Kant Dubey

For Keeping Power, The Cpi (M) Can Do It All

For power, the CPI(M) can wreak havoc
As for keeping it,
Ever ready to bargain,
Make an overthrow,
Demonstrate and intimidate
And threat
Through its hooligans,
Showing muscle power, gun power and man power
Handing power to the proletariat
And the labour class people,
Those who are below you
In intelligence
As because they want to use them
As rubber stamps,
Not as those superseding them,
I mean the leaders
And the party offices
As for plotting and planning.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For Khushwant Singh

Without the Sardarji,
How to do the jokes,
How to do the entertaining talks,
Sprinkling a pinch of salt and the spices
To make it dainty?

Turbaned and dyed,
Looking young even in his old age,
Failing his son,
Khushwant is the man to be reckoned with,
A master gossip,er,
A master talker,
A politico, a journo and a literateur.

From Lahore to London to Delhi,
He can say about,
The trend and tenor prevalent
In life-styles and fashions,
Changes taken place
With the change in time and scenario,
History, art and tradition
While moving together with and talking
Just by the way.

Be it fashion, art and designing,
Languages and cultures,
Museums and archives,
Love-letters
Or cosmetics
Or vanity bags
Hanging from,
Men mad after
Or Cupid-struck.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For Khushwant Singh- Ii

Where the dirty old man's dirty jokes,
Taking daru and writing on
Daru, ladki and sex,
Kaamini, kanchan and sura?

N.B. daru-liquor, ladki-girl, kaamini-scented flower or beauty, kanchan-gold,
sura-som-sura rasa-Vedic age nectar-like intoxicant juice (falls under the wine
category)

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Bijay Kant Dubey

For Learning English

For learning English, I do not want that my personal life should be as such
That I like to keep it
With my wife speaking Angika dialect
Or Bhojpuri or Magadhi or Maithili
With their own tonal effects

And if live I in India, shall I fail in becoming an Englishman
And if not a native speaker,
Why can I not be a man
With impeccable English,
Pronouncing as a native speaker,
King's English.

So, have I decided to leave India, the rural India
Of villages and the countryside,
The blunt bullock-cartmen and cowboys,
Wrestlers, thugs, dacoits,
Fatalists, astrologers and palmists,
Tikkiwallas and tikkawallas,
Those with the clamp of hair hanging from
And those with the red paste on the forehead.

Taking off the clothes as for crossing the waist deep waters
Of the villagerly river
As for to crossing it for the town,
I want to ask my attendant to take them away,
My dhoti, kurta, thin towel
As for to get my clothes stitched,
Englishman dresses.

I shall get new clothes made
With pants, shirt, goggles, wrist watch, handkerchief and belt
As for going to England
And becoming an Englishman,
Trying to get at what they speak in, how do they pronounce,
Their stress and accent,
Rhythm and intonation.

Even if I get a little bit of, I shall surely call myself

A great professor of linguistics and phonetics
Here in India
On my return from foreign,
At that time you will see me
With the French-cut beards, a little bit on the chin.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For Loving A Girl, You Flog Not, O Saudi Arabian Moral Police!

For loving a girl
Or a relationship
Or the crime committed,
You flog not in the public,
Dragging and dangling the sword over,
As this does not fall under justice
And if you have to dispense with law and justice,
Jail them
Rather than subjecting to
Inhuman torture and pain,
O Saudi Arabian moral police,
Try to show compassion!

Bijay Kant Dubey

For i

Who is at the hand loom wheel,
Wheeling and weaving
And singing of
Ram-Rahima,
Ishwar-Allah
As His Name
Of the Same Almighty
Called by various names,
Worshipped in different forms
Like Kabira and dohas?

Where the saint of Sabarmati,
Frail in appearance,
But austere in automation,
Resolute in resolutions,
Moving
And activating,
Materializing dreams
Into reality,
Where,
Where the saint?

Bijay Kant Dubey

For My Biography

For my biography,
I am searching a biographer,
Will you be my biographer?

Bijay Kant Dubey

For My English Poetry, A European Love Is A Must

Now you yourself say you,
How to write poetry in English
If the mistress is not a European lady at least,
That too from Ukraine, Poland, Hungary or Czechoslovakia,
Not to say of England, Canada, Zimbabwe and America,
A White girl from here,
A milky white, fair and fine girl want I
To be with me
As for my poems in English,
The Indian wife, I know it well, will not be of those taste
And the poems I write in English,
She will not be able to understand and appreciate them.

A fair and milky white European girl, want I, want I
To be a poet,
If want you more and more poems from me in English,
An English girl, beautiful enough
Failing a red rose
And the cheeks appleyish-appleyish,
An American beauty
And if give you not, I am ready to work as a porter
At the airport
As for to see the foreigner girls
For my poetry sake.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For Poetry Writing, What Did I Not Bear?

It is almost twenty-five years complete
When I started writing poetry in English,
Withoput knowing the Indian writers of verse,
Just after Eliot, Keats and Wordsworth
But there was none to support.

Once on the eve of the 26th of January,
A local literary meet
Of a limited audience,
I recited my poetry
And the presiding deputy commissioner
Together with the superintendent of police
And other district town booses.

But the reporters and correspondents sitting there
Reported not about in papers even briefly,
I distributed the copies of my The Ferryman,
Barring the publication in Debonair
And what more to say to you?

Even then with a great difficulty, doing the unavailable private tuition,
I used to support myself and the journals,
Many a time I thought of leaving poetry,
Many a time I was reprimanded for poetry,
Without even purchasing medicines
During my illness.

From dawn to dusk study used to tell upon the health
But there had not been any scope,
By midninght I used to read sometimes
Making the passers-by stop
To hear it
As the area too had been dark, lonely and bushy.

Books, only books had been the love of mine
And I used to prefer for books
Rather than clothes and assets
And the parents used to inspire it
Making us ignore the landes properties in the village,

70 kms. away from the palce of the father's posting.

The small poets for whom did I so much too forgot me in course of time,
Using and throwing me,
If open you the pages of litrary journals, you will find that,
Ram writing about Shyam's poetry in his journal
And Shyam about Ram,
Taking it to the level of friendly writing and friendly criticism.

Many who have just started recently call themselves great poets or poetesses,
National or international,
God knows,
But even if I exist as a small poet,
I shall try to thank Thankless God.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For Religion, Power And Politics, They Finished Syria

Just for fanaticism, power and politics,
They finished Syria
Just for chair,
Keeping power with,
Doing politics,
They destroyed the country
And its society,
The dictators, fanatics, crusaders,
Medievalists and militarists,
None took to humanism, liberalism and peace
As for saving the country.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For Salman Rushdie

Salman Rushdie,
Say you, sir,
Turn you not silent, say you something,
Who is it following you
On the Twitter
Or the face, you are
On the Face Book,
Say you, sir,
Turn not silent.

Say you about the arrival and the footfall
And the coming of the incumbent,
Who is that intruder
Approaching your doorsteps,
Who, who in the next
After the exit of Padma Lakshmi,
Who, who the stage artiste
Of the theatre of your life,
The drama of your life?

The orchestra men in their full melodies
Giving the music
And you sitting on the gallery of life,
Hearing the music,
The music of life
Whereas the circus artistes playing their roles,
At the nets,
Into the cages with the motorcycles,
Risking their lives,
With the wild brutes, bloody animals
And you sitting on the gallery,
Seeing it all.

In the French-cut beards,
Just a little bit, well-cut
On the chin
And a golden frame glass,
Seeing the world,
Life and its times,

Sitting on the gallery benches
Of the circus,
The circus of your life
And the artistes playing with,
Playing tragic and comic roles,
The ring masters with the tigers,
The mahouts with the elephants
Showing it all
In the circus,
The circus of life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For Spoken English, I Trying To Speak With My Dog And Domestic Maid

For spoken English, in order to perfect it,
I exploring all the possibilities,
Trying to speak with
My domestic maid,
She speaking in Hindi
And I in English,
With my parents
And on finding none to share with,
I trying to speak
With my dog,
Who looks like an Alsatian breed,
But is not,
A mixed one,
The howls and barks of it
Making me feel proud of
That I have,
I have become an Englishman,
But am not at all
As feel I now,
Marking the rough and tough villagers
Of India,
The blunt and bogus fellows,
Ill-behaved and ill-mannered fellows,
The heat and dust baffling
As the climate not suitable
For being European and English.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For Stephen Gill

Stephen Gill, Tell Me

Stephen Gill, tell me, tell me about
The place you were born,
Where you got your education,
Your parents,
Your marriage and relationship,
How did you move out to Canada,
What the compulsions were
If any,
Does the things of nativity pain
The heart of yours or not
Or you are complacent,
If there is hidden inside,
You tell us, just tell us?

On The Roadway of Peace

On the roadway of peace,
World peace
Keeps he marching,
Cycling
A votary of world peace,
International amity and co-existence,
Harmony and relationship,
A goodwill ambassador
Of peace,
Trans-Atlantic, Asia-Pacific, Indo-Canadian
Poet Stephen Gill.

Peace, world peace is his slogan,
Demonstration,
The rally with the placard,
Peace, peace,
No talk without peace,
Pacts and treaties,
Handshakes
Holding the hands warmly
With the agenda and resolutions of peace

Struck down.

Just As A Pundit

Just as a pundit sprinkles he water
With the green mango leaf
And the chanting of mantras,
Om shantih, shantih, shantih,
Just like a pundit
With the Upanishadic vision,
A peacenik, a pacifist,
A peace-maker, a peace-keeper
Drawing from Buddha and Buddhism,
His transcendental meditation,
The gospels in tranquil silence,
The lotus blooming,
Gandhi's satya, ahimsa and prem.

Stephen Gill, Your Smile

Your smile cuts deep into my heart,
Say, say, who you are,
A votary of peace
Or an angel of peace,
A man
Or a lover of humanity.

Your smile, Stephen, is the smile of peace,
Peace, world peace,
Peace the music
Of your song
And singing all around the world,
Reverberating it.

Stephen's Poems

Stephen's poems are the poems
Of peace and co-existence,
The songs of harmony and love,
Rainbow dreams
And strings,

The rainbow of peace,
The ooh la la of it
And her singing with zest.

The doves of peace fly in his poetry
And he a birdwatcher of his,
Seeing in contrast
The house pigeons, wooden pigeons and doves
To tell of
Their warbling,
A birdwatcher different.

The Flame of Love

The flame of love is fire,
The fire and fever
And frenzy of his poetry,
An adorer of
In the shrine of love,
Love which inspires,
Love which motivates,
Love which stitches the broken hearts,
You at least try to dress
And nurse it,
O man!

Stephen

Stephen went to Canada,
The foreign terraces and corridors
Attracted him
And he loved them to be his own,
But the images and pictures
He could not leave them behind,
Struck by
Lord Mahavira, Lord Buddha,
Held by
Kabira, Gandhi
Whose gospels and preachings
Resounded in his soul
And he could not slip out
From the firm hold.

You Go On Singing, Singing The Song

You go on,
Go on in this way
Singing,
Singing the songs of love,
Love and harmony,
Peace
And peaceful co-existence,
O singer of love,
Human love and living!

You go on,
Go on
Singing
The songs,
The songs of love and sympathy,
Attraction and affection
Without any affectation,
O singer of heart,
In a full-throated ease!

Your song the songs of
The azure,
The blue skies, crystal clear,
Your song
The songs of hills, vales, dales and woods,
Your song
The songs of the brooks,
A world free from
Wherever the mind can go.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For Suryakanta Mishra, O (Cpim) Opposition Leader... (Of Bengal In The Assembly House)

Your red terror the people
Have not forgotten it,
How good were you
And was your party,
To oppose or express one's thought
Was to be beaten badly,
Now you talking big-big.

The pride of an illiterate cadre and comrade
And the thrash of his lathi,
I have not forgotten it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For The Indian American Yoga Master (Is He A Yoga Master Or A Fraud Guru?) / A Sex Guru Or A Spiritual Yoga Master?

An Indian guru in America
Teaching yoga
As a spiritual instructor,
Really a yogi or a bhogi,
A teacher or a sex guru?

An Indian yoga guru
In Americana,
Fake, false and fraud
Or real,
A yoga guru,
Spiritual and moralistic
Or a dubious sex guru?

Bijay Kant Dubey

For The Nigerian Schoolgirls (Release Them, Release Them Please, O Nigerian Militants!)

Release, release them, the Nigerian schoolgirls,
Just for them,
For destiny's sake,
All those who want to read,
All those who want to see the light,
Militants,
The girls abducted,
Have, have mercy on them!

Release them, release them kindly, O Nigerian militants,
The little-little schoolchildren,
The schoolgirls
At your mercy and kindness,
Wanting to read, wanting to get light,
Release them, release them please,
o militants!

Bijay Kant Dubey

For The Rohingya Muslims/ Rohinga Minorities From The Western State Of Rakhine Cannot Change They Themselves Instead Of Disturbing The Burmese

The Rohingya minorities
Should think of adjusting with
Rather than following divisive paths,
Sectarian and theocratic,
Hypocritical and Bangladeshi,
If they had to live in Bangladesh
And think like them,
They should have stayed in
Rather than moving to Burma
And disturbing the peaceful Buddhist culture
Of Burma.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For To Be A Bollywood Actor

For to be
A Bollywood actor,
You need three things,
The goggles,
The bottle
And the glam girl
By your side.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For To Be A Poet, You Have To Be Sensitive

For to be a poet, you have to be sensitive,
Sensuous and sentimental
And without being sensitive,
You cannot be a poet.

For to be a poet, you have to be a reader,
An observer
Of life around you
And of the world you dwell in.

For to be a poet, a lover's heart is a must
And without loving anyone,
You cannot be a poet.

I do not ask you to love and girl
Or fall in love at first sight
And pine for her.

You may love a flower too,
See and feel the beauties
Of the wayward flowers too.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For To Be A Poetess, I Left My Husband, Divorced And Laid Him Back

For to be an Indian English poetess, I left my husband,
Divorced and laid him back
For to be a poetess,
Modern and post-colonial,
Ultra-modern not, post-modern,
An Indian English post-modern.

Taking the hint from my Ph.D. guide
Who was also a poet of his right,
I learnt about the loves
Of Lawrence and Hardy,
Vatsyayana, Rajneesh and Freud
And also who introduced me to his circle
And I copied from his notes
To produce my Ph.D. so easily.

After shelving my hubby, I can now tour
And travel all alone
Whoever calls me for a seminar
As a resource person
or as a paper-reader,
I a modern-day Radha, Mira
Lost in the love of my own Krishna
And my books releasing across the borders
With the honey drips of my sweet smiles.

You just love me, love me,
Call me
And I shall come,
Call me with love,
Mind it I am desperate for poetry,
For coming into the limelight
Of the media glare.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For To Be A Romantic, You Love And Desert Her Not

For to be a romantic,
You love her not,
Love and take her to your liking not,
As love is not love
If it is a change over
From flower to flower
As the bees keep hopping.

Think you about the falling tears
Which will not spare you
In the long run,
The tears,
Falling tears,
Innocent tears,
Break you not anyone's heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For To Be An English Poet, The Goggles And The Stylistic Glasses Are A Must

For to be an English poet,
Not a poet of India, but of England,
I mean Vilayat,
With Vilayati gait,
You need to keep something.

First, you need to dress in pants and a shirt
With the golden-framed stylistic glasses
Or maybe they the dark sunglasses
Over the face
And your face hidden from,
I mean you unrecognizable,
The audience calling you to take off the specs
And you smiling sweetly.

If you have to be a poet, it is better you smoke a cheroot
And it will look better to see you with the cheroot
On the lips
And the French-cut beards,
You driving the bike and going soemwhere,
Not less than a linguistician.

If you have to be a poet, you come suited and booted,
In a tie
And a handkerchief into the hands
And wearing a golden wrist watch
To go your way,
Only then we shall call you a poet.

You try to visit some foreign country
And tell the tales thereof,
Just say it that you have taught in foreign countries,
Just say it that
You had been abroad
Like a bluff-master
To get the votes in your favour.

For To Be An Indian English Poet, An English Girl Is A Must

For to be an Indian English poet, an English girl
Is a must,
You accept it or not,
But I accept it
As have seen
Many bluff-masters turning into
Not masters, but profs
Of English,
But unable to speak in English
Even though haltingly, hesitantly,
Full of ifs and buts
And mugging
Just like a coy mistress
Under the burkha, the ghunghata,
Taking into the mouth,
Chewing paan,
They speaking
So that students may note
Understand his lectures,
Right or wrong
And with them
Does not remain English,
But turn into Bihari English,
Bengali English,
Tamil English,
Telegu English,
Malyali English,
Kannada English,
Gujarati English,
Punjabi English
And with the tribal,
Santhali English,
A Bihari Bhojpurian
Speaking rough and tough Bhojpurian English.

So, I have come to the conclusion
For to be an English poet,

An English girl is a must
And those who do not have
Should not be allowed to teach English,
As these bloody bastards
Will destroy the standard of the language,
King's English, Queen's English,
I mean my wife an Elizabeth,
Beloved Miss Ivy,
Julie or Daisy,
I going with my rose,
Red rose,
A rose-like English, European beauty,
A foreign memsahiba
of my bungalow
And the Hindustanis in the bazaar
Marking my wife
And having returned to our bungalow,
We playing the cards,
Saheb, bibi and gulam.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For To Be An Indian English Poet, You Start Editing A Literary Journal

For to be an Indian English poet,
You start editing a journal
And taking money from,
Publishing papers,
A few of those on your poetry
As have to be a poet or poetess.

You ask the research guides to get
A few candidates registered on you,
Of course publish you other articles
But keep placing you side by side,
This is the strategy of a new-coming Indian poet
In English,
I mean the modern man of modern taste and liking.

How mean have we grown,
Have you at least thought about it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

For To Go In This World

For to go in this world,
This world,
All that need you,
Need you
Is knowledge,
Knowledge
Without which you can't,
Wisdom, wisdom,
Without which you can't grow in,
Wisdom wisdom,
Knowledge knowledge,
Knowledge and wisdom,
Wisdom and knowledge jointly
In collaboration with
As you can't without
In their absence.

Bijay Kant Dubey

For Your Family Pride, Are You Going To Kill Her? / Kill Not Your Daughter For Honour, Will Weep You

Kill not your daughter for honour,
will weep you
After having killed
The innocent daughter.

O, kill you not your honour
Just for your family prestige,
Kill her not
For a mistake!

After all, she is your daughter,
Whatever be her guilt,
Shall you not able to forgive her
Even though commit she?

O, how cruel and inhuman are you
That you will take a life
Just for your false family pride!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Foreigner Girl (Haiku)

Foreigner Girl,
Want I now not to live in
Here in India, my heart with you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Foreigner Girl On Seeing You (Valentine Day Special)

Foreigner girl
On seeing you
Want I
To make
My home
Near the airport.

Foreigner girl,
Without seeing you,
How to celebrate it
Valentine's Day,
Foreigner girl?

Beauty is truth,
Truth beauty,
Whatever say it they.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Foreigner Girl!

Foreigner girl,
Which shore dwell you,
Across the Pacific or the Atlantic?

(Holding the hand)
I shall not let you go
If answer you not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Foreigner Girl, How To Say, I Love You To You At The Airport On The New Year's Eve?

Foreigner girl,
How to say,
I love you
To you
At the airport,
A blonde so golden,
So appleyish,
A belle glistening
And rosy,
Fairly white
As a jasmine
Or a balsam?

I seeing the planes
With the blondes
Bulgarian, Czech,
Slovak, Siberian,
Romanian, Argentinian,
Mexican, Swedish,
Ukrainian
And thinking of
Bringing one of them home
On new year's eve.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Foreigner Girl, I Just See You At The Airport Going With The Bag And Baggage

Foreigner girl,
You do not,
Do not know it,
How much,
How much do I love you,
Love you,
Love and like you,
Foreigner girl!

From which,
Which country,
Are you, foreigner girl,
From which,
Which country,
Land and domain,
Foreigner girl?

From Romania, Bulgaria,
Slovakia, Poland,
France
Or Hungary,
Austria
Or Serbia, foreigner girl?

Foreigner girl,
What our name,
What your identity,
How the food habit,
Dress stuff,
What the manner of yours?

Foreigner girl,
I do not know you,
Just see you,
See you going,
Coming and going,
Foreigner girl.

Just at the airport,
At the airport,
Foreigner girl,
You coming with the luggage,
Coming and going
Bag and baggage.

A flower not of India,
Indian,
But of other domains,
Exotic and wild,
Different in attire and colour
See you.

Just like petunias, celosias, salvias,
Dahlias, malvas,
See I you,
The different-different flowers
Whose names not known to me,
I still learning to know them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Foreigner Girl, I Shall Not Let You (Holding Her Back From Getting Ticket Booked To Board The Airbus) C

Foreigner girl, I shall not let
You go,
Foreigner girl,
I shall not let you go,
This time I am seeing you,
Maybe I shall meet you again.

Hold the hand,
I shall not let you go,
I shall not,
Foreigner girl,
You my guest,
I your host,
How to let you go
Without showing hospitality?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Foreigner Girl, I Want To Go Foreign With You

Foreigner girl, I want to go
Foreign
Wit
You.

Will you
Take to me
There,
foreigner girl?

I do not know it,
But say it they
Your are from
Spain,
Portugal,
Finland,
Germany.

Say you,
Keep you not mum,
From where
Are you,
Are you, foreigner girl?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Foreigner Girl, Where Do You Live You?

Foreigner girl, where do you live you,
In which world,
How the life of yours,
Your country and clime,
Which but I know them not,
Wherefrom you,
What the manner and etiquette,
Food-habit and behaviour of yours,
Foreign girl?

A flower from across the overseas,
The mountains and rivers
Which divide the territories,
Landscapes and scenarios
With a beauty of own,
So beautiful, so fast-coloured.

The language may different, the manner may be,
But the heart is the same,
The same throbbing and pulsating heart
Which see I in all,
Yea, the heart is loveful,
The eyes so deep and dreamy,
Love, only love is therein.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Foreigner Girl, Without Seeing You, I Cannot

Foreigner girl,
Without having a glimpse
Of your sweet face,
I cannot,
Cannot keep myself
Without,
Without having an eye-view
Of yours,
Your sweet face,
Your strange,
Strange behaviour, manner and courtesy,
Your,
Your outlandish look and behaviour!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Foreigner Girls Are Like Foreign Flowers

Foreigner girls are like foreign flowers
Strangely beautiful,
So colourful and dreamy,
Fanciful and tender
The winter flowers,
Beauties gone wild,
Gipsies and hippies
On the sea beach.

On marking them, feel I,
Why did I marry,
Why did I
Instead of them?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Foreigner Love, Which Seashore Are You By Sitting And Enjoying?

Foreigner love, I haven't seen,
Just have heard about you,
Now reveal you,
Who you are, what your identity,
What your name, where do you live you?

You keep not sending love letters from far,
Across the wide, wide unfathomable seas,
Trans-Atlantic, Pacific and the Mediterranean.

Foreigner love, I know not your language,
But understand I the language of love,
gestured through,
the language of pulsation and heartbeat
And the heart-ache.

Holding the hand, let me ask you,
Do you love me, do you love me,
Foreigner girl?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Foreigners Stunned To See One Smearing Another's Cheeks With Colours And Sprinkling Coloured Water, Lo, It's Holi!

It's Holi,
The festival of colours and festivity,
The change in season
And they aghast to see
one smearing another's cheeks with
Coloured water and coloured powder.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Forget Me Not

Forget me not, forget me not,
Always remember me, remember me and love me,
Forget me not, my love.

It is the habit of the commonly people that
You love and forget thereafter
But you keep me, keep in your heart,
Always for ever as ever.

I am but your shy mistress, made for you just,
Taking me heart away, giving your heart,
Turn me not away please,
Never say goodbye for ever,
As your love am I, yours, only yours, my love.

In your love have I turned into a yogan,
A sadhu, a nun I
but my heart not in God,
As this not teh taime of taking rudrakshas as for mediattion
And the roary count
But for love, all for love
And say who is not for,
Even the sadhu too,
The father too in love with a nun?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Forget Me Not, Forget Me Not, My Love

I still love you, love you so much,
Forget me not,
Remember me, remember me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Forget Me Not, My Love

Forget me not,
Go wherever you to go,
But carry with along,
The image in your heart,
Let me be with my own,
You forget me not please,
Forget me not,
Do remember me,
My love,
Forget me not
As have given my heart to you
And I love none but you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Forget Me Not/ Roses For tine

Forget me not, forget me not the roses you and I exchanged,
The promises we have made,
Celebrating the tines,
Asking to be Valentine

I remember, I remember you far from imagining about you,
Thinking about and reminiscing
Which but the heart knows it,
My love I know it not,
I have forgotten that, forgotten that.

But today you are not, far and far away from here
And wherever you be, you try to be happy
As love is not love, if it is full of selfishness
And so why not to cleanse it?

My love I have turned to the love of Valentine
And my love now a red rose
On the tomb of the Saint of Love,
tine
Which we all smacking of.

And if the red rose too not into the hands of yours,
You approach, approach him
With the innocence and ignorance of your heart
And it itself will do.

Red roses for tine
Placed over the tomb
But you pick it not up,
Let it have its sweet redolence.

My memories as red roses and their petals lie they scattered over,
Splashed with the dew drops,
My Lord, You purge my heart from my lust
And fill it with the love for all.

Now the emotions weaken me not and grow I not so emotional,
Leaving everything the hands of His,

Everything lifted clear and purged out,
Repentance too is not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Forget Not Your Lovely Sister

A little sister,
Do you remember your small sister
Coming at the call of yours,
Ready to give her life?

Forget not your lovely sister,
The small sister who used to call you
With so much so affection and love,
Your sister, your lovely sister
With the growing years and age.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Forget You Not, Forget You Not

Forget me not, forget me not
Wherever go you
Remember me, just remember me
And I will be there
Moving around you,
Coming into the dreams of yours,
You feel not lonely,
I am with you,
My images and pictures with you,
My love as the song of life
Humming on the; lips of yours.

My love, though far from, but not away,
Away from you,
just, just by you
Live I,
You in my dreams and images
And I in your dreams,
Just love me, love me as thus,
Forget me not, forget me not, my love,
You promise, promise, just promise you,
I love you, love you,
Like you, like you,
Wherever go I, I shall not,
Shall not forget you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Frankly Speaking, I Am Very Silly As I Don't How To Bid Good Morning, Good Afternoon, Good Evening, Good Night And When To Say?

Frankly speaking, I have learnt English by rote,
A rustic boy am I,
A township student of English Honours,
Had not been an Englishman,
But now think I
After teaching and learning from,
Wearing the jeans, T-shirt, goggles,
Belt, tie, boots
And with the peculiarly-looking
My super French-cut beards
Just on the chin,
A ditto Englishman,
You won't doubt it
Calling himself first class first
Throughout his career,
Hiding his third divisions.

I do not know how to bid,
As feel I shame in bidding,
As have I not,
Good morning
In a girlish voice,
Just like a cat,
Good afternoon,
Good evening,
Good night
When,
When to say,
Bid them
On first meetings
Or departures,
If meeting during the night-time
Will it be morning or evening?

Just say I without bothering,
Good morning

When it is morning,
Good afternoon
When it is noon,
Good evening
When it evening,
Good night
When it is night,
Marking the time,
But people say it,
Dubey you are mistaken,
Say you good morning
In between 5 a.m. to 12 p.m,
Good afternoon from 12 noon to 6 p.m.,
Good evening from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m.,
Good night from 10 p. m. onwards,
So read I the watch and bid I.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Freedom, What Is Freedom, Who A Freeman? (Celebrating Indian Independence)

Freedom,
What is it freedom,
Who a freeman?

We made a tryst
With destiny
By liberating it,
But are we free today?

What have we
For the widows,
The children,
For the women,
Say you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Friend, Are You Left Alone In The Forests? O, Fox, Running Away!

O, fox, small and sly,
Running away this eve,
On seeing me,
Stop, stop you
And say,
How are you
In this world of man,
The woods cut down and cleared
And you living on the carcass
Thrown off
And feeding on
The municipality garbage heaps
Which do contain in
contaminated foods
Telling upon your lives badly
And during the cold waves,
You giving away,
Dying poor deaths!

My dear friend,
Lonely fox,
How feeble have you grown,
How frail and weakling,
smelling from the burrows,
Targeting the things
At dark,
Lying in hunt
To attack the strayed and masterless
Cattle,
The sheep and the goats,
The fowls
Or sometimes frightening
The small boys and girls
On the way
As the stray dogs do,
But an animal wild and tameless are you
That I know it well!

Once upon a time
Lived you in the forests
With the tigers
And the lions
And the cheetahs,
The vultures
And the kites
And the hawks,
The hanumans
And the monkeys,
The black bears
And the porcupines
And the pigs
And the deer
And the hedgehogs
And the pythons,
But now
How,
How lonely are you,
Poor fox,
How,
How lonely are you
Poor fox!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Friend, Let Me Search Your Pocket, Do You Have Black Money Or White Money?

Friend, let me
Your pocket,
Do you
Have
Black money
Or white money?

Friend, let me,
Take you not
It,
maybe it a violation
Of all hospitality,
Going out of reach?

Friend, friend,
Don't mind, don't
You,
Let me, let me
Search
Your pocket if with black money.

You pocketing it going,
Friend, my friend,
Let me, let me
Search
It
If with full of black money.

You have not deposited,
Have kept with you
The excess money
Without having paid the taxes,
But these laws need to be liberal.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Friends From Bombay/ Smokers On The Way To Bombay To Be Heroes

Two smokers going, hand in hand, glove in glove,
Taking the cigarettes,
Opening the lighter,
Lighting
The cigar held in between fingers
And taking into the mouth
And moving.

Another too with teh cigar into the mouth,
I mean in between the lips
And getting lit from the friend's smoking cigar
on the lips

And the friends going, friends from Bombay,
O, sing you a song, friends from Bomaby have come,
Salute them!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Friends, Ladies & Gentlemen...

Friends, ladies and gentlemen,
What am I,
Modern, modernist
Or post-modern?
You say it,
What am I?
My modernity,
Where is it leading to
And where am I going,
From to colonial to contemporary?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Friendship With A Friend, Love With Love (Say You Love Me)

Dost She Dosti, Pyaar She Pyaar (Kah Do Naa Pyaar Hain)

Ek baar dekha ki nahin
Pyaar ho gaya,
Ek baar dekha ki nahin.

Ab aap hi batayen
Mein karun to karun kya,
Ek baar dekha ki nahin pyaar ho gayaa?

Friendship With A Friend, Love With Love (Say You Love Me)
Once I saw or not,
But fell in love,
Once saw I or not.

Now you should tell me
What am I to do,
Once saw I or not, but fell in love with?

Bijay Kant Dubey

From Darkness To Light

Lead us, lead us kindly
From darkness to light,
Ignorance to knowledge.

Lead us, lead us
From darkness to light,
From knowledge to eternal bliss.

Bijay Kant Dubey

From Gandhi Came It Gandhigiri And From Modi Will It Modigiri

From Gandhi
Came it Gandhigiri
In the post-Gandhi
Modern age
Of modern guys
Who know it not the legacy
Of Gandhi
Seem to be forgetting
The Gandhian ideals and doctrines

And now in the post-Gandhian phase
It is the turn of Modi and Modigiri,
The time of Modi bhaktas,
Modi, Modi,
Narendra Modi ki jai.

Bijay Kant Dubey

From Modernism To Modernistic-Ness To Post-Modernism To Where?

As a modern, I mean modn
Hated I the village life and scenery,
Liked I the town life and living,
Sung I the love songs on the ways

But felt I disgusted with,
My hair turned it white and started falling down,
Nay brown-brown and grey, coloured-coloured,
Natural colour vanished it
And I fell short of becoming an English man,
A European or a White
With the golden brown hair.

□

Again from there, changed I myself,
Turned into a post-modn,
Wearing the faded jeans and a T-shirt simply,
Taking to naturally, trying to be back, looking blankly,
With the sophisticated electrical to electronic to digital use and throw things,
Dealing with pollution, global warming, climate change
And so many things connected with our existence,
Aggravating the anxiety of the age and the human psyche.

Bijay Kant Dubey

From Modernism To Where, So-Called Modernity To Whither

The journey, the onward journey from modernism to modernistic-ness
To post-modernism,
Had not been modern or mod,
From the villages to the towns and cities,
On the road of progress, development, education and civilization,
But nature is nature,
Wild, brutal, beastly, stormy, quiet and leveling it all in time,
Full of vegetation, creation and destruction.

In the beginning, man liked it to go with the speed of development,
Trying to fill with roads and comforts,
Trying to lessen time and distance
Through science and technology,
Lengthening the expectancy of life
As for diminishing measles and small pox,
Malaria, diarrhea, cholera, typhoid, tuberculosis, filarial,
Dengue, plague, pregnancy deaths and so on,
Experimenting with and exploring the possibilities,
All that can be done through the application of human brain and mind,
Bridging the rivers,
Flying over the seas and connecting.

With the radio danced he, sang he the modern man
With the wrist watch to see and mark,
The cycle to joy-ride
And as thus time went away
And in search of more, the modern urban men started thinking of
Becoming ultra-modern,
Dyeing the hair brown,
Taking heroin and brown sugar,
Holidaying, picnicking,
Hostellers and hoteliers, holidayers and picnickers,
The ramblers and gamblers,
The motorcycle and the car and the television.

And thereafter the towns and cities got filthier, dirty and nasty,
Whitened it the hair of the fashion designer at an younger age

As for pollution, the eco-imbalance,
Busy, fast and active life,
No time to talk to, no time to think about,
Noting to care for,
Job and employment and career, the race for it destroyed
What it was good in common manly life,
The bottle-fed boy felt it sick,
But it is too late to repair, it is too late to do the job.
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

From The Album Of My Life

I could not forget her
A photograph so dear to my heart,
Looking in closet,
Confiding in fully.

Bijay Kant Dubey

From The Desk Of Rimi

Rimi is poet's persona and the protagonist,
Aesthetic sense
Of love and beauty combined.

There lies the philosophy of love,
Love without philosophy
Is no love,
Love of the heart
Is required,
Not love otherwise.

Rimi living a life,
Racing down,
Maintaining and managing herself,
Struggling and serving,
What can be better than this?

Dialogue With Rimi appears in 2013
And Adieu: Dear Rimi in 2014,
The two collections,
Rimi the brainchild of Pronab,
Married or unmarried girl,
Personified.

Bijay Kant Dubey

From The Ferryman (Songs Of Soul)

I
I love Thee, I love Thee,
O Thou my Maker!
It is Thou who hast made me.
This blissful life of mine blossoms
Due to Thy loving kindness.
Without Thy mercy and pity,
This lovely garden like my life
Will be barren, barren completely.
(Published in 1987-88)

Bijay Kant Dubey

From The Global Market Not, But Indian Market Am I Returning

From the global market not,
But the Indian market
Of the bhendawallah, the bakriwallah
Am I returning
from the market of the sheepman, the goatman,
English and global market not,
But native and deshi market
Of the animal fair
And the vegetable fair,
My God, where to sell the products?

Bijay Kant Dubey

From The Land Of The Moon And The Stars

Is she from the land of the moon and the stars
Or from this earth of ours,
A maiden never seen before
From the land of the moon and stars,
A maiden from?

Bijay Kant Dubey

From The Land Of The Stars

Is she a girl or a fairy
From the land of the stars?
I just see her and think about.

So sparkling and so twinkling,
The glitter taking on!

Bijay Kant Dubey

From Your Goatee Beards

From our goatee beards,
I can jut presume
How fanatical
Are you!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Fundamentalists And Fanatics Are But Criminals

Just for the fanatics and fundamentalists,
Bigots and zealots,
People are dying,
For the sins of satanic people,
Innocent blood is getting spilled
As for the bad blood
Of the clumsy and uncouth men
With devilish plans
Barbaric and medieval,
Blood and brutal.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Gabbar Singh, Gabbar Singh! O, Kaliya! I Shall Fire, Fire Upon, Save You!

Ganbbar Singh,
Gabbar Singh,
The world knows me,
Knows me
As Gabbar Singh,
Gabbar Singh,
Gabbar,
Ha, ha, ha,
ha, ha, ha!
(Gabbar Singh on the horse-back
With a rifle
Firing and going,
Driving fast,
Going on the dark
And vanishing
With the gallop)

O Kaliya, Kaliya,
Where,
Where do you lie you?
I am here, i am here, sir,
Sir,
I am here, here, sir
At your service.
O Kaliya, Kaliya,
Where do you lie you!
I am here, I am here, sir
At your service,
At your service.

Fire you, fire you not upon me,
Upon me, sir,
I shall die,
Die from your shot,
Gunshot!
O Kaliya, Kaliya, fear you,
Fear not,

I shall not,
Not kill you so easily,
But say, say you,
Why did you, did you leak
The matter to police,
The policemen?

Hide you, hide you not, Kaliya,
Kaliya,
Fear you, fear you not,
Lo, the pistol I am throwing,
Throwing,
You come upon
And fight with me
As Gabbar fights, fights with,
Not with the weapon,
Not the firearms
If the enemy is without,
Empty-handed,
Empty-handed and helpless!

This time, this time I am excusing,
Excusing you,
Leaving you, leaving you,
Next time,
Next time I will not,
I will not, Kaliya,
You will have to give with,
Give with your life,
Kaliya,
I am warning,
Warning and going,
Ha, ha, ha,
Warning, warning and going,
Going Kaliya!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Gajan, Shiva Gajan

I can see the bhoktas,
Shiva bhaktas on an outing
During the night time,
Bare-bodied and in dhoti
And with a thin linen towel
Over the shoulders,
The bhoktas,
Shiva bhaktas
With the thin bamboo sticks
On an outing
With the band,
The petromax lights,
Going to the crematorium
To collect the logs,
Maintaining austerity,
Celibacy,
Abstaining from
Living like Shiva,
Leading unto Him,
Don't mind, don't care
Like Him,
Taking the gymnastic exercises,
The bhaktas swinging,
Rolling over the prickly leaves
And twigs in the temple complex,
Crossing over fire,
Praying to Shiva in utter submission,
Offering
And pouring water,
Milk, ghee and others
Over the lingam.

The word gajan may be it garjan, roar,
The roar of the sanyasins,
The village folk as the hermits
Maintaining celibacy
During the time of festivity
Of the last of Chaitra
Leading to the herald of Baisakh,

The Bengali new year,
Poila Baisakh,
Maybe it the sanyasins are the men
Of the bridegroom party
Of Shiva going to marry Harakali,
Whatever be that
The gala and gaiety is remarkable,
The bhoktas going,
Shiva bhaktas
And with the drums
And the band,
I mean the sanyasins
And the festivity ending
With the Charak Puja,
Also known as the Nil Puja
To satisfy Shiva,
Devadhidev, the Lord of the Lords.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Gajan, Shiva Gajan, Charak Puja

The festivity and joviality
Of Gajan
I can see all around
As Chaitra is coming to a close
And Baisakh to start
With the the bhoktas, sanyasins
In full spirits
Passing through the ways
Of the night
With the band.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Gandhigiri, Mahatma Gandhi Ki Jai, Jai, Mahatma Gandhi, Amar Rahe, Amar Rahe

What is that gives Gandhi
Gandhigiri,
What is that makes Gandhigiri
A resolution and an application?
Gandhi had been Gandhi,
But what is that
Made him famous for?
Certainly it was not his education,
But Gandhigiri.

Gandhi in the vest and loincloth
Or in dhoti and the shawl,
That is chadar,
Proposing not and disposing,
Opposing silently
With the resistance
To oppose at any cost.

Demanding swarajya,
Going through savinay avageya,
Freedom from the British
Through sit-ins,
Peaceful resolutions
And gheraos,
Dandi march, neel vidroha.

Gandhi's Gandhigiri
A strategy,
One with action plan
And routing work,
A nukkad sabha,
A nautanki,
A soliloquy.

Gandhi famous for Gandhigiri,
Satya, that is truth,
Ahimsa, non-violence,

Shantih, peace,
A politician,
A philanthropist,
A good Samaritan.

A veggie,
A peacenik,
Always for peace,
Doing propaganda for,
Pleading for too
And appealing with.

Gandhi's Gandhigiri
His Gandhigiri not,
But pagletgiri,
Gandhi Gandhi not,
A paglet,
Hamlet's brother Paglet,
Gandhi Gandhi,
Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi.

Gandhi Gandhi,
Had not been,
Became he for Gandhigiri,
Honesty
Which was bout pagletgiri,
As we know it
Without being a paglet
One cannot be honest.

Resisting human greed and lust,
Hunger and the stomach,
But Gandhi did it,
As for ideal's sake
Or for principle of life,
Be it for his Gandhigiri
Or honesty or pagletgiri,
But did he.

For to be Gandhi
And Gandhigiri took he a massive plan,
Abandoned he his pants and shirt

Which he used in becoming an Englishman,
Trying to emulate them,
Exactly in the attire and style
Of an Englishman,
Wore he dhoti and shawl.

In the vest and loincloth,
That is dhoti and shawl
And a lathi
And with the typical
Oldish and odd round specs
Gandhi started wheeling the handloom
As for the kahdi yarn,
But could he make the Indians wear with his production?

But it was a must for Khadi gramodyogas,
The stint,
The photo with the handloom wheel
And the khadi yarn balls,
Gandhi at the wheels,
Gandhi awaking early
Doing pranayams,
Gandhi walking, at prayer.

Adjusting the specs Gandhi smiling,
Smiling innocently,
Just like a child
Toothlessly,
Gandhi Gandhi,
Famous for Gandhigiri,
His advertisement and stunt,
Rare pictures.

Gandhi,
Gandhi, if to enact the drama of Gandhi,
We shall need to connect with,
Going back to old photos of his,
Gandhi dressing up,
Gandhi on the currency notes,
Gandhi, Gandhi the Father of the Nation.

The tailors, costume directors contacted,

Architects and sculptors
As for his busts and torsos.
Gandhi's olden tin boxes searched
At his ashrama
Just for to recreate
The scenes and sights,
Dancing before the eyes.

The last not the least,
Gandhi in the vest and the loincloth,
Dhoti and shawl,
Wore, wore he,
That of his nor of that mine,
It was the business of Gandhi,
Not of me.

And if want you to be a Gandhi,
Take you the resolutions
For to be truthful,
Non-violent,
Dry honest,
So simple
And innocent,
Turning yourself guileless and confessing.

Eat less, talk less,
Read and write you,
Meditate and contemplate you
In your hut,
Season the body,
Let it be burning and purging out
With plain living, high thinking.

Speak the truth,
Never tell a lie,
Believe in non-violence,
Hurt you not anybody,
Break you not anybody's heart,
Try to stitch the broken hearts,
Bandage them.

Believe in non-violence,

No bloodshed,
No thinking of wars,
Pray for shantih,
Shanti of the self
And the world,
Let peace be
In the world, all around.

Help you and help others too,
Those who come seeking
And those who are need of,
Help you,
Help them
As far as possible,
But do,
Do you something for them.

Be a light,
Light unto you,
Light you, make others lit,
Feel the light,
Light their homes
Dispelling darkness
As darkness is ignorance
As light is knowledge,
So light you.

Try to be simple,
Simple and bearing,
Good and noble,
Confessing you
What you did,
What you do
With God overhead,
You a God-fearing fellow.

Be a good soul,
A good heart,
A noble man unto yourself,
To others,
Purging the heart out of evils
If any,

Free from human anger, lust and greed,
Enmity, hatred, malice and vengeance.

Praying, walking, reading and writing
With meditations and contemplations,
Healthy eating and healthy living
And thinking,
Doing of work
As for motor activity,
Will automatically invigorate
Gandhigiri.

Why had he been so austere in asceticism,
So resolute and firm
In oath-taking,
Truthful and honest,
Good and noble,
Pure and undefiled,
Prayerful and divine,
God-fearing And confessional?

The secrets of Gandhigiri,
What to tell you,
That the scions will
All about the icon, the Iconic Father of the Nation,
Gandhi on the currency notes,
Gandhi for Gandhigiri,
What to ascribe, attribute to,
The secrets of his success?

As some say it, the secrets of his success
As a man of resolution
And its execution
But goat milk,
Gandhiji, Gandhiji kept it,
Milked them and drank too
Goat milk, the goat milk.

I know it,
I know
Neither will you take
Nor will you get at Gandhigiri

If have to be, have to be, take you
Goat milk
For to attain it Gandhigiri?

Some jokers just for the comic sake
In order to recreate it
The idea of goat milk
Peeped into his ashrama
And saw the goats
Lying pegged
And ruminating,
The key to Gandhi's success mantra,
Advertisement.

But frightened to be caught,
Flee away
After seeing the freedom fighters,
Robust, hurly-burly
And stout
Coming with the lathis
Like the showmen in whites
White khadi kurta, dhoti, towel and topi,
Voicing, Gandhiji, amar rahe, amar rahe!

Bapuji ke teen Bandar,
Bura mat dekho, bura matkaho, bura mat suno,
I with the replica going home,
Used to see it in my childhood
With so much love and affection,
As a small child whispering the words
To myself and going,
Bapuji ke teen Bandar,
Bura mat dekho, bura matkaho, bura mat suno.

Mahatama Gandhi ki jai,
Mahatma Gandhi ki jai,
The tri-colour is hoisted
And the national anthem sung,
Jana gana mana...
With a salute to it and the motherland,
Bharat mata ki jai, jai,
Jai Hind,

Play the band,
Thank you, thank you,
Ladies and gentlemen for having been here,
Giving your valuable time.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Gandhiji, Your Pagletgiri...

Gandhiji, your pagletgiri like I, admire and appreciate I,
But not the all,
The excesses of yours,
You too had been a man
And you too had the limitations
Of your own.

Had the English been against, you would not have been
A leader of the world stature
And turned you into a paglet
As for them, the British,
Who recognized in you,
The talent of being the leader of the masses.

I like your pagletgiri, but not the overcolouring of it,
That you had been so much truthful,
That you experimented with truth,
The teacher asked you to copy down
And you copied it not,
This too not, Gandhiji.

You too had been a politician of some sort this way or that way,
Had you not politicked,
You would not have been a politician,
Honest, sincere, truthful, peaceful and non-violent,
So many adjectives to be given to,
But I am sure you were a politician.

Sometimes showed you honesty in excess spinning yarn,
But how much can one weave,
Can you arrange for the clothes of the Indians,
The whole population,
Am I right or in the wrong,
You say it please, Gandhiji?

Suppose you are doing a fast as for your demands
And the authority is unmindful of that,
Heeds not towards,
How will you continue with,

Fast unto death,
There should be somebody to talk of your pagletgiri,
To announce about, isn't it?

Your pagletgiri, not Hamletgiri, though alike, talk I, discuss I,
To be or not to be, between the two horns of a dilemma,
A split personality,
Feeling the crisis or torn in between,
Should he or not,
How to take the political stunt,
Doing the padyatra with the like-minded men?

And your men too not the simple men, not merely Gandhians,
Some of them blunt lathimen and rustics
To adorn later on
When their numbers will fall
The stage of the national days,
Looking robust and stubborn.

Gandhiji, if you believe, and let me criticize you,
As you too were a man,
And you too had the limitations of your own,
You married at a small age and had been complacent,
But in this world of today,
Late marriage, maladjustment, joblessness and unemployment
Are tearing the youths apart.

Gandhi, was your honesty, so much talked of
A plan, a hidden agenda or strategy of yours
To come into the light,
To protest and demonstrate with the masses
And to get a few dandas as for to be famous,
To be in light and the cameras falling on you?

Instead of your house, you built an ashrama to live in,
But in this world of today,
People make their cemented houses
And call them cottages, villas,
Which but I know it not
In your context.

Wherever you went, people managed the goats for you

And you milked and took goat milk,
Can it be in general life,
This is only possible for the politicians,
Not for me,
And if they die, wreaths will be many
And if I, people will like to wash their clothes after visiting my house, say you?

Part Two

Gandhiji, you turned into an icon of Indian freedom movement,
The Father of the Nation,
But how would it have been,
Had you been in shirt and pants,
Would you have,
As the dress too makes and unmakes?

The round specs, the lathi, the kurta and dhoti indigo blue-washed white-white,
These too aggravated your stature
In looking reverent and honourable,
Apart from your political stance and stature,
Your philosophy of life.

Gandhi, I see you on the currency notes and try to identify you,
What it was in you,
Did you look down so,
Were you a man or not,
Had you been divine,
What was it the truth?

But in your resistance and resolution, firm belief and activation,
Lay it the philosophy of karmayoga,
Your pagletgiri
And you had been a paglet no doubt,
Getting the works done somehow,
Whatever be the resolve.

You fought for independence, fought for freedom and liberation
And in this regard,
Your pagletgiri helped you,
In attaining that,
Fighting for

With undaunted valour and determination.

Gandhi, had you been not stout and stubborn, firm and resolute,
You would not have,
What it led to,
Was your pagletgiri,
The key to success
And had you been not a paglet, would not have.

Gandhi, had you not been a paglet,
You would not have achieved
And your pagletgiri the corner-stone of your foundation,
To do or not do, to accept or not,
Always thinking of self-prestige.

I do not know it whether you a senior paglet or junior paglet,
Whether you a Hamlet or not
Or his small brother,
But both of you were paglets of some sort.

Gandhi, your Gadhigiri, the world praised,
Your simplicity, your foolishness
As you tried to be truthful,
Tried to keep your lust and greed under control
And tried to win the hearts of others.

I envy you, envy you, gentleman, envy you, envy you, oldman,
Your story and philosophy had been yours,
Only yours, particular and typical indeed,
With a base in pragmatic knowledge and wisdom
And worldliness,
Non-violence, peace, truth.

Moving along some principles, keeping some philosophies,
I mean principled and philosophical,
It attached to your pagletgiri
And you using in politics,
Turned you into a politician.

And it is also true that had you been not a politician, a leader,
The world would not have come to know you,
Your pagletgiri,

Your rigidity and obsession with,
Firm resolution to resolve.

A nationalist, a freedom fighter, a republican, a democrat, a socialist,
You learnt your theories from the West
And applied them with a pagletgiri
To give an Indian outlook,
Gandhi, I know that you were a paglet
And your pagletgiri raised the guts of yours.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Gandhi's Birth Anniversary

On the 2nd of October,
I not,
The nation remembering Gandhi,
Paying floral tributes to
By lighting a lamp
On his samadhi
And lo, Bapu smiling toothlessly,
Ay, the Father of the Nation.

On the 2nd of October, the birth anniversary of his,
People remembering
Gandhi,
Bapu,
The Father of the Nation.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ganga Sagar, Sagar Mela

Ganga Sagar,
Sagar Mela,
I cannot think of going
Seeing the endless crowds,
The sea of pilgrims
Going from U.P., Bihar, Haryana,
Nepal,
The old and the infirm,
Women and children
By ramshackle buses
Tripping to Sagar Islands
To go missing, get lost
In the sea of crowds.

But the question is,
Where is the Kapil Muni Ashrama,
Where the place of Bhagirath,
Will they be able to see
In that crowd and discomfort?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Gangasagar And The Kapil Muni's Ashrama

When it encloses it most
The mist and fog
And the winter winds chilly,
Shivering with cold,
Blanketing the body,
How to reach the Gangasagar Island
To rid off sins
In the harsh winter
Of some bleak hope
To far way islands?
The ramshackle buses carrying
The olds
From distant parts of the country
For a dip,
Risking the old age,
Bearing neglect
From the people own,
They come to Gangasagar
To be absolved of,
But where to go
Escaping the realities of life?
The risks of travelling a long distance
In mist and fog
And shivering cold,
Chilled winter,
The visits to a water body,
The island
In search of Sagar and the Kapil Muni,
The sins to be washed,
A dip to be taken,
What to say,
What to say about them?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ganja Tano, Khub Ganja Tano, Puff In Ganja, Puff In Ganja To Your Fill

Ganjeri Saheb has no work to do,
But ganja tano,
Khub ganja tano,
Ganja pina man aur mizaz ke liye accha hain,
Bu puff in ganja,
Puff in much ganja
As ganja is good for health and mood
And saying this,
ri keeps puffing,
Smoking
After having put the ganja
Atop the clay ware pipe
And that too on embers
And he taking a puff,
A puff to be a romantic,
A romantic.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ganja, Ganja, All For Ganja, Where Is The Present Generation Going To?

Ganja, ganja,
Ganja piyo aur mast raho,
Ganja, ganja,
Dam maro dam,
Ganja, ganja tano.

Whither the present generation?
Lost in ganja,
Spirits and stimulants
And intoxicants,
Where is it going to,
Lost in?

Ganja, all after ganja,
Intoxication cheaply,
Romantic heroism,
More specially the current generation
After fads,
Modern spirit and temperament
Unable to wait for
And full of lust and temptation.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ganjaraja And His Associates/Ganjaraja With The Ganjeris Moving Aroud Him/ Gangeris And Their Vyom Bhole

The ganjaraja is with ganja
Selling ganja stealthily
And the ganjeris loitering around
The king, the star attraction,
The contraband-good seller,
Fearing duties and a backlash
And raid from the police.

The ganjaraja at his den,
Selling ganja
And the ganjeris with the chillums,
Taking,
Readying the earthen pipe
With the embers,
Smoking ganja
To say vyom bhole.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ganjaraja, Ganja Piyo Aur Masti Mein Raho

Ganajraja, ganja piyo aur masti mein raho,
Ganja taano aur ghumo,
Ganjaraja ganja taanta huya
Aur vyom-bhole kahata huya.

Ganja-king, take you ganja and enjoy yourself,
Pipe in and roam about,
Ganja-king piping in from a clay earthenware
And saying vyom-bhole.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ganjaraja, Ganja-King, The King Of Ganja, Where Do You Lie In Smoking? Vyom-Bhole, Vyom-Bhole, Shankar

Ganjaraja, taking ganja, where do you lie in
Smoking,
Smoking
And puffing out,
Inhaling
And exhaling,
Smoking,
Smoking
And piping in
And piping in
And puffing out,
Puffing out
With Vyom-Bhole, Vyom-Bhole,
Bhole Shankar, Bhole Shankar,
Ganjaraja,
Ganjaraja,
Ganja-king, the King of Ganja,
Where do you lie in
Smoking,
Smoking
And piping,
Piping
And puffing,
Puffing out
From a clay ware,
Pipe-like
Earthen clay ware?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ganjaraja, Where Do You Keep Puffing Ganja?

Ganjaraja, the King of Ganja,
Where do you keep
Puffing,
Puffing and puffing ganja,
Piping from a clayware
With the embers fuming
The marijuana leaves
And you smoking,
Smoking and smoking
Till your eyes get red,
Ganjaraja?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ganjeri (A Marijuana Smoker)

Ganjeri, I often see you smoking ganja,
Going after, searching for
Your odd friends
In the haunted house
Or at a lonely place,
Into the bushes,
You taking ganja
And relaxing.

The ganjaman comes he with ganja
Into his pocket
Or a small carrier
And you purchasing a bit,
Smoking with your odd friends,
Taking the name of Vyom Bhole strangely
And smoking in,
The ganja on the embers
And you smoking from the earthenware pipe
To be an addict, a half-abnormal,
Oblivious of it,
His family and home.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ganjeris As Heroes/ I Can See The Ganjeris Gathering And Holding Parleys

I can see
The ganjeris
Gathering,
Gathering to smoke,
Smoke ganja
With the earthen pipe
and the little cloth piece
They trying to light,
Puff to ignite
And on the embers
The ganja substance
And it burning
and they smoking
One by one,
Smoking in ganja.

The adolescent boys
From high class families
Keeping company with
The people of a low profile
And taking ganja
In their company
Just to do intoxication,
To be a romantic,
A hero,
Making a tryst with
Cheaper ganja,
The well-to-do ones
Keeping company with
To spoil themselves.

Where are they going
In search of pleasure,
Where are they
Getting all luxury
And liberty,
The high class boys

As loafers and roamers
And bikers,
Where are they,
Where are they
Going to
End up as ganjeris
And addicts,
The boys with
The mobile phone set
And the latest model bike?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ganjeris, Bhageris And Darpiyas Kissing And Celebrating The Kiss Of Love

The ganjeris, the bhangeris
And the darpiyas,
I mean the ganja-smokers,
The bhang-takers
And the Indian daru-takers
Celebrating the kiss of love,
arranging for roadshows
Under the banner of the Leftism,
The unmarried fathers
Of the Leftist campuses of India,
I mean the Left-leaning university campuses and love turfs.

Consume alcohol and love,
Read not, but love freely
Away from homes
On the university campuses
And if anyone tries to impose discipline,
Hoot him out with kissing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Gathering Broken Glasses By I.

Rizvi will gather pick the glass pieces
Lest she crosses over unknowingly,
Lest they prick and bleeds it her finger,
So careful of her,
So emotional and sentimental.

Gathering Broken Glasses, In Vain,
Tender Glory On Wings, Most Delicate Things,
The Might of The Wind, The Wind,
Keep On Dreaming, O Man! ,
Smoke Is Still Rising,
The poems in their trail.

Rizvi is a poet of inspired moments,
The valleys in blossoms,
Wild and exotic fragrance coming from,
Bleeding roses,
Tender love and sensitive heart.

The best poem of his he is yet to write,
But there is a condition,
She has to be before
As for the inspiration
And he drawing a portrait of an artist
As a young woman.

The blacksmith, the coppersmith,
The carpenter,
Their art of making,
Turning the handiwork
Into a piece of art
Has ever lured him, taught him.

There is something of Kabir in him
Which but we have failed to mark it
As and when he describes
The weavers
Making the cotton balls
Or thrashing the bale.

But he is a romantic poet,
A pure romantic
So sensible and sensitive,
So sensuous and delicate,
Reflective and thoughtful.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Gayawalla, Bailwalla, Bakriwalla, Bhedawalla, Sabhi Mantri Bihar Mein/ The Cow-Man, Ox-Man, Goat-Man, Sheep-Man, All Leaders In Bihar

The cow-man, the ox-man, the goat-man, the sheep-man,
All leaders in Bihar,
The cattle-grazers and keepers in cowboy hats
Made from bamboo or palm leaves
Under the umbrella of that type,
The going to be ministers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Gems Of English Poetry By Simanchal Patnaik

Gems of English Poetry by Simanchal Patnaik

Which appears in 2003

Another feather in his cap,

An addition to his rhyming and versification

Which he attempts so dexterously.

Pilgrimage To Jagannath-Dhaam, O God! Why No Promotion? ,

AUM, O God of Gods! Why Are You silent,

Lord Vishnu of Badrinath In Himalayas,

Hanuman, Habit (To my grand daughter Krutika) ,

Origin Of Man As Per Hinduism,

Jashipal Similipal National Park In Mayurbhanj District, etc.

The poems from.

Godman, Tug of War Between God And Man,

A Poet Need Not Go To A Church,

Life's Acme of success (Villanelle) ,

Marriage of A Famous Novelist (To my youngest daughter Bapu) ,

Spring In India,

Tell of his thought and idea.

Like a stone-dealer, he goes on collecting gems

For using in his poetry,

Picking thoughts and ideas,

Images and reflections

To be put into a unified whole.

Devadasis (Courtesans of God) ,

Ekalavya- The Great Archer,

Orangutan,

Beatle George Harrison Died To Hare Krishna Chants! ,

Siridi Sai Baba,

Can be easily singled out.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Gender Studies

Gender Studies,
He is a male child,
She is a female child.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Gender Studies, Character Portrayal

Mian

With his three bibis

All in the veil

Blackly

Going.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Gender Studies, The Pagadiwallah, The Burkhawalli, The Purdahwalli The Oldie Profs Of It

The conservatives and the orthodox,
The pagadiwallahs and the burkhawallis,
Purdahwallis,
The oldie profs of
Gender studies,
Now the bobbies taking over
From them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Generally

□

Generally, the third-classers get well-placed and established
Rather than the real and original ones,
The deserving ones
Walking the footpath edgeways,
The footpaths of life,
Living in hardships,
Earning hand to mouth.

To work as clerks and peons difficult,
But the third-classers try every sort of Lady Luck
To be established,
They will come through the peon post
And will turn into an officer of some rank.

I have seen
A throughout third-classer turning into a judge,
I have seen one marketing inspector taking bribes
But the same as a judge as for the night-classes' B.L. degree
Changing into an honest judge.

I have seen a loafer
Threatening the fellow sitting next to him
And he copied
And turned into a junior engineer through the competitive exam.

I have seen a Sahityacharya from some Vidyapeeth
Asking the qualified M.A.-degree holder
As for not taking headmastership of the town area high school
And he will be as for his equivalent vernacular B.A. degree.

I have seen many specs-laden, olden professors
Not telling about their percentage of marks,
Whoever they might be now,
Just gravity puffs the balloon.

I have seen simple students turning into magistrates
And then promoted as .,
Many collectorate clerks as crooked and screwed proud . to ,

I have seen many clerks
Turning into big bankers.

I have seen many peons after their
H.S., I.A. and B.A. turning into college librarians,
Many demonstrators into professors and guides.

III

I have seen a criminal turning into a professor of English
After showing the knife to the invigilator,
Yea, the gangman,
The rustic rising to be
A professor of English,
And he will learn English of course
After being insulted into the classrooms by good students

And by the colleagues and the staff
And his subject will turn into naturally
But now I want to let it go as he is now a professor
And so I should not say about him, the man on chair and in the posting.

The chair and the company too teach a man,
Culture too refines it,
I mean the practice,
He too has some sense of prestige to smell or guess from
And keeping it in view, he will change into a professor
And the bad boy who changes a bit has the prospect of rising.

I have seen many simpletons moving out
To the north-east as for to be professors easily,
They will earn money there
And will come back to their native states
After offering Puja bonanzas.

I have seen many professors
Moving out to other university professors' houses
As for asking them
To give high marks to their sons and daughters
And blessed disciples.

The world we live in is a world of
Scions and icons,
Heirs and followers,

Spoons and sycophants in every walk of life,
Of brokers and agents,
From the footpath men to managers,
The insurance company's motorcycle and car presented to him
But running at my white money-bought, hard-earned petrol and diesel
And I on foot, a foot soldier sweating so much for all day labour
And he a wireless-set-keeping-radar-man flying high into the skies.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Genius, Talent, Merit

Where is genius, how will it flower, nothing can be said, in the woodland many a beautiful blooms it, scatters it, but take we not to the scent, come to feel it not? As such is the unrecognized talent of many, which understand we not, take to not. Had we, how beautiful it would have been. Only took to myself egoistically on a larger format. There is none like me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Gentleman, Who Are Peeping Through? Say You, Give Me Your Identity (A Frog Or A Lizard Or A Snake)

Gentleman, who are you,
Peeping through the cracks of my bathroom,
Made by the bad mason
Just to take money from hastily,
say, ay you,
Who you are, what your identity?

O, I see you ogling, gazing at,
Seeing from the cemented cracks of the wall!
Tell me, tell me your identity please,
Are you a froglet,
A lizard,
A scorpion
Or a viper?

If a lizard, its o.k,
But if a snake feckled and speckled,
Hairs stand on
And shall shake in fear
As many a time have I seen you
As a variety of vipers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Gentleman, You Do Not Say, God Gives, God Gives, God Hasn'T Asked You To Father So Many

Gentleman,
You do not say it,
God gives, God gives,
God hasn't asked,
Asked you
To father
So many
To increase
The load of the earth,
Gentleman,
Blame you not
God the Almighty
For your poor additions
Without caring for the health
Of the weak mother.

Gentleman,
May I ask you,
Question,
You try to give
A straightforward answer,
Whose,
Whose children are these,
Your or of God,
Do not pretend to be
So much faithful,
Virtuous and chaste,
Try to take the blame
On yourself
Rather than putting the blame
On God directly,
As for,
God gives, God gives?

Bijay Kant Dubey

George Orwell

They discuss it colonialism and post-colonialism
And call it a modern critical canon
Which after hearing it,
Laugh I
As the White man's burden
Wanted you yourself to disown and dislodge it
While shooting an elephant,
Trying to appease the exotic crowd,
A sahib you under the hat,
With a rifle or a revolver
And in marking the other officers
Lamenting it not
As for the death of some Indian coolies
Trampled by the elephant.

The other matter of apathy is this, they understand it not even now
The legacy of the fact,
The present state govt. and the people of the town
That you were born in India's,
Bihar, Motihari,
A tiny town,
Lived for a year in a white man's bungalow
Before departing for England
With your mother and sister
As your father used to work as an agent
Under the opium department.

Orwell, I can still see you, feel you
Going through your Animal Farm, 1984, Burmese Days,
A writer born here,
Before departing for England.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ghazal

Ghazal is just khayyal, thumri,
Slowly-slowly moving
And wetting with feeling
Where memory comes upon
As a reminiscence
Where love is barred,
Society is in taboos,
Bindings and bounds
Not allowed to mix with
Strictly prohibited
The moral police guarding
Keeping a watch upon.

The image or feeling comes
As a sweet remembrance of
Love or lost love,
Shadowy or in shades,
Viewed through the tearful eyes
Or held in love,
The poetry moving slowly,
The feelings wetting,
Drenching sadly
Making emotional about
With the sighs or pines
Or yearnings of love.

The couplets written in the sweet memory of
Or remembrance
Reminiscing about
The loss of beauty or youth,
Portraits in the dark,
Addressed to the veiled beauties
Their restricted love and guptgu
Held in top secret
With the mullahs and maulvis guarding,
The moral police keeping a watch upon,
The conservatives and the orthodox
The local guardians of society.

Ghumtawalli, Burkhawalli

I fear the two most backward women
Of our society,
Ghumtawalli and Burkhawalli.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Gieve Patel

Is he a poet of the body,
A patient etherized upon the table,
The post-mortem,
The public hospital?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Girish Karnad, Folks' Icchadhari Naga-Naga Story Exploited You

Girish Karnad,
The superstitious and mythical belief
Of the commoners and the folks,
The simple village rustics
Exploited you
the belief of
Icchadhari Naga-Nagin,
Self-Willed King Cobra and Cobra Queen,
A she cobra haunting a man
Or the things of the snake charmers
Making the snake smell the herb root,
Playing the wooden been instrument
And the been being played
And the deadly reptiles
Dancing and swaying
To the break of notes,
Haunting and melodious music
Of the East,
Of Asia,
Of the snake-charmers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Girish Karnad, Your Nagamandala, Not Yours, But Archetypal, Racial And Ethnic

Girish Karnad, the play Nagamandala
Which you wrote
Is not yours,
The theme of it,
As the story is of the folks
With the narratives,
Archetypal, racial and ethnic,
Pre-Aryan
And of belief and rituals
And improvised you
The things of Nagapanchami
On which
Milk and others is offered to
The naga,
Improvised you
The wooden been music
Of the snake-charmers
And the things of
Ma Manasa and Shitala,
The things of
Icchadhari Naga, Nagin.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Gitanjali & Our Classical Tradition

Gitanjali as Song Offerings,
Flower offerings,
Flowers garlanded to offered
To the Deity.

Songs drenched in devotion,
Wet with
Feeling and emotion
And a sense of self-surrender,
Total surrender to the Divine.

The Soul pattering to the Supreme Soul
In dark despair and desolation,
Utter dejection and despondence
To be bailed out of the crisis.
It is classical love poetry
Used and applied in,
The poetry dating back
To Rashkhan, Jayasi, Kabir,
Sur, Tulsi, Mira and Vidyapati.

Man is a traveller
Moving on the path of life,
As a pilgrim
Going on the journey of life.

Man the song
And God the Flutist,
Man the reed
And god the musician
Playing the notes
And the notes, the melodies of music
Breaking forth.

The village maid waiting for,
Passing the long hours of solitude
As for the coming of her love,
Similar the images drawn from.

Gitanjali And The Bhakti-Marga

There lie in three paths enumerated in the Gita,
The Path of Knowledge, the Path of Action and the Path of Devotion
But in Gitanjali,
Tagore sides with the Path of Devotion.

The heart full of prayers and the songs offerings
Just like the flowers embedded in a wreath,
The petals tender and beautiful.

The heart is similarly full of emotion and feeling
And the poet approaching the Unknown Divine
With a feeling of total surrender.

Negating the terror of death, the fear of dying,
Contemplating God as Compassion,
Opting for the bright side of hope though tone of dismay is there.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Give Me, My Olden & Antique Golden Statue Of Radha & Krishna

Give me, give me, my golden statue of Radha and Krishna
Found from the pillars, columns and foundation walls
Of the fallen temples,
Small-small, centuries-old, lime and brick-built broken temples
Of Chandrakona,
Excavated and dug out
While carrying out the foundation work
From the rubbles and debris,
The mouldering heaps and mounds
Of the fallen, dilapidated temples,
Dating back to
An age gone by,
Lived and re-lived,
Priceless and rarer,
Weighing heavily.

You give me, give me, my statue, my golden statue,
Looking black,
Painted black or has it become
Living in earth,
Fallen and crushed upon
Or hidden underneath for fear of
The dacoits, looters and thugs
By the then occupants of it
Or by the priests
Worshipful of in deep
Submission and supplication,
You give me, give me my statue,
The golden stature
Of Radha and Krishna,
Rarer and priceless
Which I may never behold it.

A golden but blackly statue of Radha and Krishna,
Cast in gold,
Rarer and priceless,
Historical and of the museums,

Looking black
Lies it in my hands,
An antique statue of
Radha and Krishna,
Painted black
Or has it become
After remaining into the earth
For so long,
Let me see, let me see,
Let me hold onto, let me hold onto
For to be never parted with,
A statue of Radha and Krishna

Bijay Kant Dubey

Giving My Heart To You, I Have Started Loving You

Giving my heart
To you,
Have
I started loving
You
Giving my heart,
My heart to you
As had not thought it about
But happened it so.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Giving My Heart To You, Think I, What Did I Do?

Giving my heart,
My heart to you,
Think I,
Think I
What did I,
Did I do
Giving my heart,
My heart to you,
What did I,
Did I do it?

Just saw you,
Saw you,
Saw you and fell in love,
In love with you
A young girl
So dreamy and imaginative,
So beautiful and lovely
Giving my heart,
My heart to you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Giving Tension To Us, Letting Us Moneyless, Short Of, You Roaming Free In Japan, Taking The Delight Of Journey By Train? (Demonetization)

Giving tension to us
Letting us pass sleepless nights,
Making the pockets moneyless,
With no money int eh pocket,
The money bags empty
But with useless pieces of currency notes
Demonetized, devalued and discontinued,
you roaming free in Japan
With the Japanese counterpart
Taking the delight of
Journey by train
Whereas people in queues and rows
Waiting restlessly,
Getting suffocated as for to cash
Or bank the deposits,
They will take,
But new currency notes not available.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Gliding On Silent Waters By Romen Basu

Romen Basu's Gliding on Silent Waters
Brought out by Abhinav Publications, New Delhi
In 1996
Is a book of verse
As it should be
And the books by the author are.

Dotted by foreign tours and travels
And sojourns,
He speaks a different tongue
And tenor,
Telling of his overseas visits
And the images and scenes ruminated and reminisced.

Gliding on the silent waters of image and imagery,
He strikes a different chord,
Taking a different tone and tenor,
Clutching along
His images and ideas,
The scenes seen and viewed.

Magical Moment, Zero, Home,
Remembered, Postman,
Against Time, Serenade,
Walk, Conversation With Space,
In The Sun, Not Another Word,
Still Life, Uncurtained Window,
The poems telling of his ruminations.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Glimpses From Life

I thinking about my mother
A poetic sketch,
Seeing the older albums,
The old house where I used to live,
The river ghat
Where I had burnt my father,
The lonely backyard of my house
Where I burnt my mother.

□

The older things bring out
Reminiscences and memories,
Refreshing them
With a mere sighting of these,
Older faces and acquaintances,
Older houses and places of meetings.

Older books and Ph.D. theses older
Can also bring about
Memories and reminiscences,
Of readers, writers with autographs,
Printing styles,
Pages old and yellow, pale and smudged.

Once upon a time
The readers used to pencil the lines
With blue and red wooden pencils,
But now pencil they not.

Once my father got pants and the shirt stitched and sewn
As for going to England,
But could not go to due to the Chinese aggression
And those are still there,
But he is not;
My mother is not,
But her saris are there in the tin trunk.

While living in a cottage, the moonlight to fall from,
Stars shining in the skies,
Twinkling far,

I used to see sleeping,
Under the cold nights
In mist and fog
I experiencing life
Under the straw-thatched, bamboo-pillared
From the sides, at four points to support the thatch
And I used to red there in the animal farm.

During the cold winter, while sleeping in the cottage poorly,
I used to some straw on the wooden cot
Behind the bed sheet to warm up;
Sometimes with the earthen bowl with ashes and fire coal embers
Beneath our jute-rope strung, woven cot
And I sleeping on the verandah, open,
Just shaded over.

During the spring, the mahua blooms used to fall from
And the black, black pigs used to take on, pick up
And used to quarrel for food,
The foxes too used to be there
But these trees rarer now-a-days.

The dance of the cobras have I seen,
Dancing and dancing all alone
Like some villain, monster,
Demon or devil,
Blackly, yellowish and whitish, □
Their hiss and hood,
What to say about?

In the straw thatches, the white cobras generally live in
Or in the ant-hills
Or beds older and places abandoned,
The deadly blackly kraits of the hilly areas,
Bushes and forests,
Shiny ad striped,
Darting the red tongue out.

When the simul trees used to be in bloom, the vultures used to sit on,
Come down and play in the bushes
And after that, they used to vanish away,
Where, I could not know this?

The vultures big-big and bulgy
Sitting on the branches of the naked simul trees
But with red-red big scentless blossoms.

The naked-naked palash trees,
Standing leafless and small,
Without the leaves
But full of,
With the clusters of reddish blossoms,
Just like the red gulmohurs,
But wild and leafless and beautiful
Even atop the hills, but none to appreciate wild ravishingly beauty.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Global Village

Now we are the residents
Of a global village,
The villagers of that.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Global Village (Ii)

The world,
Has shrunken
Into
A global village.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Global Village (Iii)

The whole world is a global village
And the countries
The hamlets and thorps of it.

There lies it Pakistan,
Here India,
There China, Myanmar,
Cambodia, Thailand.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Globalization And Its Impact On Indian English Poetry

Globalization and its impact on Indian English poetry,
How to negate it,
India going colonial, post-colonial,
Modern and modernistic
And post-modern,
Urban and city-dwelling
With the metropolitan towns and mega cities
Shopping malls and multi-complexes,
Plazas and pizzas,
Restaurants and cafeterias,
Cyber cafes and parks.

Those who used to write in the past
Too were under the British impact
Of Western education,
Convent schools and English education,
Western logic and reasoning
Otherwise they would not have
Taken the pains to write in English,
Was Tagore not,
Did Vivekananda not visit,
Was Sarojini not under,
Did Aurobindo not Savitri?

The echoes of the British masters,
The modern poets and the post-war exponents
Can be heard
In the works of the evolving poets
Of Indian modernism
Otherwise the India of villages
Would not have reverted to
Westernization
In dress, food habit, dress and manners
And it can be seen in the love of the language.

Globalization, privatization and liberalization,
All these three
Are often talked-of terms,
We have not global

Or India has not
In a day,
It has taken time
In to be global,
Intra-provincial,
Trudging into another man's domains.

We left the older modes
And opted for new,
I mean replaced them
With new appliances and instruments
Afresh, anew,
The radio for the T.V.,
The telephone for the mobile phone handset,
The type-writer for the computer.

Kar lo duniya mutthi mein,
With this
The ad girl stuns us
With her stylistic featuring
And presentation
And we clutching it along
Her idea and message
Telephoning and talking
With one
From the other part of the globe.

Today the bobbed and mod,
Hi-fi and frank girls
Can be seen
Calling themselves poetesses
For to come in the media limelight,
Glare,
Whether they write or not,
I mean the fashionistas and socialites,
Modern, up-to-date and heroine-like.

It is the impact of globalization
That we are talking about
The diaspora dais,
Feminists,
Confessionals,

Exchange programmes,
Overseas destinations,
Tours and travels.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Globalization And Poetry

In this Age of Internet,
I meeting global poets
On Facebook, Twitter,
People uploading poems,
Posting on websites,
Making blogs.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Gnana

Gnana is knowledge,
The knowledge of the self,
Light.

Gnana is light,
The light of the self.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Goan Christian Dom Moraes

Goan Christian Dom Moraes thinking himself
An English poet
Forgetting the Indian connections,
Indo-English, Indo-Portuguese
with a cigarette burning into the hands
And the alcohol of the alcoholic into the other.

Bijay Kant Dubey

God Even Takes To Not, The White-Clad Widows

I see the widows and feel about
The widows
With nothing to show interest,
The food habit, manners and dress material
All restrained
As she cannot go in her own way.

She cannot eat fish and meat,
Cannot garlic and onion,
Cannot wear coloured saris,
Cannot dress red.

Bijay Kant Dubey

God Gives Children And You Not/The Almighty Gives, God Gives, It Is Not Me That I Have, Said He

The Almighty gives,
God-father has,
It's not me,
Said he.

Hearing him, asked I,
Gentleman, it's your or God
Who is fathering more and more
And the wife turning into a skeleton?

It's true God gives,
But not always,
For your all works,
God is not solely responsible.

A father of so many,
What is your plan, say you,
Say you, O, gentleman
Or may I call you a villain?

Bijay Kant Dubey

God Has Given

God has given you talent and I know it not,
My God, let me be a singer of that flower
Blooming in the wilds and fading it unknown,
My God, if the Mercy be Your with me!
Let me be a singer of that flower, that wild bloom
Blooming and fading away unseen, unknown;
Let me be a singer of that!

That beloved whom one lures and loves and abandons her
On the unknown path of life;
Let, let me stand up and wipe out the tears falling
From the eyes of that innocent maiden
And trickling down the cheeks;
My Lord! And if be it not,
What is it in my songs that I write,
The lyrics I pride over?

My tears, what will you,
Her sorrows who to take to,
As this life itself devoid of all that
To be adorned with;
My love, what will they
As value it not;
And her heart forlorn and bereaving
Who to console it?

God has given you talent
And it scattering like a wild flower
Whose beauty I know it not;
Whose glory and magnificence
I know it not;
As I myself go on priding over
My own stuffs,
My laurels and plaques.



Bijay Kant Dubey

God Has Given You Such A Face! (A God-Gifted Face Never Seen Before Really)

That I do not want to say,
I love you,
But it gets said to,
The tongue slips and it gets out,
I love you, I love you
And who will not, say you, like to say,
I love you,
On seeing you.

God, my God, it is neither my fault
Nor that of hers,
But the making of yours,
You have made her as such,
As such that one is bound to fall in love
With her
And it slips out of,
I love you, love you
So much
That even God too does not know it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

God Is Great, I Too Know It, You Need Not Show

God is great, God is great, isn't it?

But friend, is it a new thing that you are saying
And I am hearing it for the first time,
Say you,
When was He not great,
When will He be not?

Do not put the useless things before me
And call you God during your trouble,
God too is clever,
He will not turn up.

Had the comforts and constructions been not,
How would you have?
Modern discoveries and inventions are not of God,
But by man,
Think you.

You appear to be God-fearing, religious and godly,
But religious blindness will not benefit mankind.

Bijay Kant Dubey

God Knows Who Is What; What One Becomes?

They did not call me a poet
And I myself calling a poet myself.

Bijay Kant Dubey

God Knows, Who Is Renowned & Who Unrenowned In Indian English Poetry?

God knows who renowned and who unrenowned
Into the realm, domain of
Indian English verse,
Those who are not, they are also calling themselves
The minor poets not, but major poets
As the authority is almost absent here
And the virgin field is unchartered,
One of an evolving genre of literature,
One which has not evolved,
Is yet to come of age and to grow.

Bijay Kant Dubey

God Seems To Be A Classmate Of Tagore

God seems to be a nursery schoolmate of Tagore
In Gitanjali,
A classmate of his,
Going to the pathshala,
The guru's school
With a slate and a lime stick pencil
And a jute knapsack to sit on
Under the shade of a hamlet-area tree.

Two boys, ill-fed and ill-clothed,
A little bit toothless,
Clumsy and uncouth,
But simple and pure,
Innocent and ignorant of;
The shirt buttonless,
Loose and hanging over
And the shorts too similar,
With one hand upping the loose shorts
And while the other holding the things
And going.

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, Am I Here To See The Syrian Refugees, The Refugee Girls?

With a pain hidden in my heart,
What am I awaking to see,
The refugees,
Syrian refugees,
The refugee daughters
Moving homelessly
On the paths
Leading to an uncertain future?

With a pain hidden in my heart,
What am I seeing,
What am I viewing,
The refugees,
Refugee girls
Going,
Going on the paths,
Syrian refugee girls,
Having snatched life,
What are they destined for?

Where are they going,
Where are they,
The poor refugee girls,
On the uncertain paths of life,
Leading to nowhere,
Fraught with devastation,
Spoilsport,
The refugee girls,
The poor refugee girls!

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, Cure You My Poetic Madness

My God, the blunder of being a poet,
You make me not a poet again, if this be,
Putting aside everything, see me, how mad am I
After becoming a poet,
Leaving it all!

Sometimes forget I to take food,
Sometimes take I my bath in the evening,
Sometimes visit I not the doctor even in my illness,
Leaving all,
I after becoming a great man.

Those who had not to be have become,
Something depends on fate,
My destiny not in favour of
But I struggling to be a poet,
Fate the Chancellor will not make me
And instead of keep I writing,
Hoping against hope.

God, how mad am I that run I madly after Kavita, Miss Poem,
Trying to make her hear my poems
Which but she will not,
As has many a poet,
So, You please plot it otherwise
In making someone throw the shoe
On my dais
When keep I reciting a poem,
Really a very boring and monotonous experience.

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, Even If They Are Not, I Shall Have To Say Them Milton, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Keats, Arnold, Tennyson, Eliot

God, my God,
May I confide in You to say,
Even if,
Even if they are not...

"Say, say you, my son,
Fear you not, I am,
I am with you,
Say, say without hesitation, "
Said the Almighty God.

My God, my God,
I fear,
Fear it they may hear,
Overhear us talking!
"Who, who will,
Say you fearlessly,
There's nothing to worry, "
Added again.

My God, save me, save me
The petty men writing petty-petty things,
The petty-petty men of petty-petty ideas and thoughts,
The poetasters, non-poets, commoners, versifiers and rhymers
All of those calling themselves
Poet not, great poets.

Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, Wyatt, Drayton,
Herrick, Herbert, Vaughan, Marvell,
Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley,
Arnold, Eliot, Auden,
Save me, save me from these pseudo-intellectuals.

One calling oneself a Wordsworth even though is not,
One oneself a Keats even if one is not,
One oneself a Shelley

And hearing them contradict I,
They will come lashing me
Heavily upon

And I shall have to bear the consequences
Of releasing statements
Open-mindedly
Asking me to withdraw
All those pseudo-intellectuals gone mad,
I mean the people of some emotional disorder,
Mentally deranged,
From the mad people's house,
The mad-mad men. .

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, First Make Me A Man And Nothing Want I From You

God, first make me a man than anything else that like You to make me,
Make me a man first, God,
If want You to make me anything
And even if become I a man,
Let me not walk on tiptoe.

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, God Save You, Beautiful Ukraine

God, God save You,
Beautiful Ukraine
From the rebels,
Save You
Form mindless destruction!

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, He Did Not Ask For And Gave You A Lovely Wife Unasked And Asked I For And Gave You Miss Quarrelsome As My Wife

God,
My God,
He did not ask You
To give him
A lovely wife,
But gave You
Unasked for
And see,
Asked I to give
Many a time
And gave You
An ugly wife
And in addition to that
A quarrelsome one,
Had she been good,
It too would have sufficed,
But the hell breaking upon!

Bijay Kant Dubey

**God, Help The Poor Heart, O Jesu, Benevolent Jesu! ,
Jesus Christ! Help The Broken-Hearted Girl! , Take
Care, Care Of Her, As She Is Poor And Ailing, God,
Help Her, Help Her**

Save her, save her, my Lord,
Lord Jesus, my love,
A poor and simple girl like her,
Save the humble girl, my Lord.

Betrayed and cheated stands she on the way,
At the crossroad of life,
Knowing not where to go,
Which way to follow?

God, save You, save You her
And if save You not, who to save her
As You the Last Hope,
Lord-god, You save here, save her kindly!

A breakheart, she is emotionally weak
And has deviated and digressed from,
You just extend a helping hand to her, my Lord in her distress,
Just extend a helping hand in her agony.

As Your Love is in us
And we oblivious of it mark it not,
Help not those who have fallen
As for our deeds.

Love is love, stain it not,
Let it be chaste and holy,
Pure and clean,
Undefined and guileless.

Let us cheer up the forlorn heart,
Console the heartaches and bandage the bleeding wounds
At least to nurse back
Poor, ailing and weak humanity.

My love, poor soul the centre of heart,
You be not disturbed,
Take heart, take heart and let it go,
Forget all that which happened to you.

You love you yourself, love God
Your mother and father
Who have given birth to you,
Thank you God the Creator

If they can't create, who are they to destroy
Your life and career,
My love, don't be sad, weep not
As God is always with you.

God, help the poor heart,
O Jesu, Benevolent Jesu! ,
Jesus Christ! help the broken-hearted girl! ,
Take care, care of her,

As she is poor and ailing,
God, help her, help her, God,
A poor and simple heart,
Weak and ailing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, I Had Asked For A Red Rose

God, I had asked You for a red rose
As my sweetheart
But gave You not.

A beauty like a red rose
To be nicknamed Red Rose.

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, If Find You Time, Make Me Not A Poet In My Next Birth

God, if find You any time to carve and chisel me out
Of clay,
Make me not a poet
Again
If make You in Your leisure time
As to make a poet
Is to waste time,
The poet as an idle-seeking fellow
Will keep writing poems
Oblivious of the wife in tattered clothes,
The son and daughter
Living clumsily,
Playing in dust,
What he had to spend on them,
He would on his poetry
As for to be a poet,
Which he may or may not,
As fame does not come to all at all.

So, God, please keep my words in mind,
When make you me again,
Do not make me a poet,
A mad poet
Writing poetry madly,
A mad, mad man
Maddening it all,
A mortal man
Trying to immortalize himself,
A Kubla or Chengiz Khan whimsical
Or giving the cruellest orders,
Though wanted I not to be
A Kubla or Chengiz Khan,
As a poet cannot be as such cruel.

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, If I Can Be Anyone's Help, This Much Is Enough

God, if I can be of anyone's help,
It will be enough
Rather than power and glory,
You take my snobbery and hypocrisy
And make me human
As much as possible,
This is what I want from you
And it will not go anything
Besides that.

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, Let It Never Happen That I Shall (I Still Believe You, I Still Love Her)

God, let it never happen that I cheat her,
I take her to my liking to
Desert and dump her one day
And if this happens,
how to,
How to believe myself, God,
I going far away from myself
And You,
My God,
My God, You be my help
And support me
In times of crisis and distress,
Letting it never happen,
Letting not disintegrate?

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, Make Me A Man First Then Give Me Anything

God, it is my prayer to You,
You please make me a man,
A man
And then anything else
You want to give to me
And if You can't, give You not
What you want to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, Man And Nature As They Are In Gitanjali

God, Man and Nature holding dialogues
In Tagore's Gitanjali,
Man the traveller
On the way of life
Resting under a tree,
Going it all alone,
Sometimes in the sun,
Sometimes in the shade of.

Man the passenger,
God the Ferryman
Ferrying across the boat
To the other side of the river,
Man a pilgrim
Setting out on the pilgrimage of life
And the way long and wearisome,
Tiresome and exhausting,
Going round the up-hill,
Zigzagged, stony, craggy and curving.

God the Singer Divine
Singing the song
And the reeds breaking forth,
Tunes swaying it all,
Rhythms charming,
God the Flutist
Fluting the flute of man
And his life,
Taking far away momentarily
From the pains of human life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, Return Me My Purity Of Heart, That Chastity Which Lost I

God, return me my purity of heart,
That chastity
Which I had in the beginning,
God, return me, return me,
My purity,
The piety with which
Held you I,
My God.

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, Save From Indian English Poets

My God, wherever are You,
Are You listening to me,
As here lie I on the hotline,
Reporting You, Your staff reporter perhaps,
May take me for,
Save me, save me from Indian English poets and poetesses,
English not, Indian poets,
Calling themselves
Wyatt, Spenser, Drayton, Shakespeare,
Milton, Herrick, Herbert, Donne, Marvell,
Pope, Dryden, Johnson,
Blake, Gray,
Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Coleridge,
Tennyson, Arnold, Browning,
Hopkins, Eliot, Auden, Pound, Yeats.

God, save me, save me from Indian English poets,
If one calls oneself a Wyatt another a Spenser,
If one thinks of oneself as Shakespeare another Milton,
If one Herrick another Herbert,
If the one Donne another Andrew Marvell,
If one is a Wordsworth another a Keats
And lo, you take him not for the English John Keats
Nor the English Wordsworth,
But an Indian Wordsworth is he,
A carbon copy, a ditto,
Trying to follow him,
But mind it gentleman, Wordsworth Wordsworth,
Keats Keats.

My God, in this conference of the Indian English poets and poetesses,
Full of Indian Wordsworths, Keatses, Shakespeares,
Donnes, Arnolds, Eliots,
How lonely and sidetracked feel I
And they letting me not present my paper
'On Indian English duplicate poets,
A study in humour and satire',
Hearing about the topic on the anvil,
They coming collectively to thrash me,

Push me out of the conference hall
To bolt the doors to be out
And I kept waiting,
Overhearing them!

I heard them say in whispers,
Which but smiled I to hear it,
One was addressing another comrade
As Pushkin, Mayakovsky,
One participant another as Wordsworth
While the other complimenting him
By calling Keats,
Though was not,
One was calling another Eliot
Who was but not,
Just interpreting Eliot's references
To classical Sanskrit
While one was calling another Matthew Arnold
But he too was not,
Missing with the text like,
The Scholar Gipsy.

Lucky enough to notice a few poetesses,
Out of which a few looking traditional
And a few modern,
Ultra modern, up-to-date and fashionable
Using hi-fi, good-bye, bye-bye,
Please and thank you instantly,
But to my notice saw I greeting them one another
As Sylvia Plath, Judith Wright, Anne Sexton,
Demanding women's rights,
Talking of liberation, torture and exploitation,
Proposing as for the husband to obey
As an orderly and to cook food,
Keeping them as henpecked hubbies,
Making the troublesome and quarrelsome in-laws out
And reading their papers and poems on latest topics,
As such, the confessional, lesbianism, suppression of womanly rights.

God, God, save me, save me,
Save me from Indian English poets,
English not,

A slip of tongue is it, my Lord,
Fail me not in the interview board,
As Indian English is but mine,
An exercise in written English, not spoken English,
As it is not even in a village or town of India,
A link language is it,
Linking the South with the north,
A library-consulting language,
Looking up words in the dictionary,
Using pidgin-English,
Milk in water, water in milk
Like an Indian milkman mixing water
With the water from the wayward pond,
Who may turn into a musclemán politician someday
So complaining I not against,
I twisting and turning the tongue to speak in English,
Like an Englishman
On the B.B.C, London, the Voice of America, Washington,
I marking and emulating them
Like Gandhiji in London
Into the shoes in to be an Englishman,
In the shirt, coat, pants and boots
In the initial stage of his life,
Which but every guy likes it to be in his youth,
A blunder of age is it.

To my astonishment and amazement, which but I could not believe,
What am I seeing,
Proclaimed I, on seeing them,
A mass, a motley of people,
Speaking in dialects,
Aryan, Dravidian, Austro-Asiatic and Tibeto-Chinese,
Into the attires of their own
The multi-ethnic, racial and linguistic people,
Not of one mind, one culture, one behaviour,
But varied and diverse
In their talk, speaking and pronunciation,
Using vernaculars
And meeting at the fair ground,
Even pronouncing in English
With the accent and stress of the native mother tongue,
Speaking English like Hindi, Bengali, Oriya,

Punjabi, Assamese, Urdu, Gujarati, Marathi,
Tamil, Telugu, Malyalam,
Santali, Munda and other tribal languages.

My God, You try to understand me, said I to myself,
If You understand not, who will me,
My feeling is this that let them be,
What they want to be
They will not listen to me,
So many people, so many ways, is the thing lastly,
I know it well that they are translating,
Their mind, thought and idea,
As a translator we may welcome them,
God, say to them not, as they may in the negative,
But to me, they cannot be English poets and poetesses
Which they are after so madly,
Surely are poets, but of a type,
Not like that exactly,
Maybe it that they have to enter into a marriage alliance
With an English girl or boy,
Emigrating to, taking the diaspora dais to call themselves
English poets.

God, save me, save me from the Indian English poets,
If they hear it, they will not leave me
As mad they are after poesy,
Never willing to accept themselves
As Indian poets,
But the English poets,
The intoxication of Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley and Browning,
Shakespeare, Milton, Donne,
Eliot, Tennyson,
They cannot dispel it so easily
Their maya,
I mean the English, English poets,
The Indian boys and girls in the jeans and the T-shirts
With the goggles upon the eyes,
Failing the English in their sense of linguistics and phonetics,
So much stylistic and fashionable,
City-bred and modern,
Up-to-date, slangy and catchy,
Just like the interpreters, fashion designers and models

And frankly speaking, theirs is an English,
Read and reared in convent schools,
But mine is an Indian English.

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, Save Me From Duplicate India English Poets

God, save me, save me from Indian English poets,
The Indian poets telling themselves English,
The English poets born in India,
Their parents spoke it not English
But they are speaking.

My God, I can see them coming,
Wordworths, Keatses, Shelleys,
Miltons, Shakeaspeares,
Arnolds and Tennysons,
English and European not,
The White sahibs not,
But the brown sahibs.

Just after writing a few poems,
They are calling themselves poets and poetesses here,
That too not small,
But great poets,
Not the poets of India
Bu of England and America,
The shallow and hollow modern people,
Oh, the bluff-masters
And the greedy fellows,
Never to be called scholars!

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, Save Me From Indian English Poets

God, save me, save me from the Indian English poets,
Save me, save me, God from
The Indian poets calling themselves great poets,
Poets and poetesses
Not of India, but of England, America and Canada.

God, lo, they are coming,
Coming to attend a seminar
With papers into their hands
To read,
Let me,
Let me hide in
Or you save me God.

God, save me, save me from Indian English poets,
If one calling oneself a Wordsworth another Keats,
If one Byron another Shelley,
If one Coleridge another Southey,
I do not know
Whom to call what,
I do not know it, God.

If one is Spenser another Wyatt,
If one Milton another Donne,
If one Herrick another Herbert,
If one Marvell another Blake,
My God, so many poets are born
In India itself,
My God!

If one calls oneself Blake another Gray,
If one Hardy another Lawrence,
If one calls oneself Tennyson another Browning,
If one Bridges another Mare,
If one Masfield another Hopkins.

My God, to them, I am but a trifle man,
They are scholars, scholars,
They men of scholarly pursuits

And what am I before them,
The divinely inspired fellows,
God-gifted organ voices of India?

But if I call them that they have copied and parodied
The English masters
They may beat me too
After tearing my shirt and pants
And after being beaten I may have
To take to my recourse
Slowly and sadly
If oppose I.

God, save me, save me from the Indian English poets,
Poets and poetesses,
The poets of England and America not,
But of India
Calling themselves,
The Hindi, Odia, Tamil, Telegu,
Himachali, Punjabi, Gujarati, Marathi,
Bengali men and women
Calling themselves poets and poetesses.

If a poetess calls oneself a Sylvia Plath another Judith Wright,
If one Emily Dickinson another Christina Georgina Rossetti,
My God, you say it to me,
Who is what
As I cannot them,
How to live in the country of the scholar poetesses
And if be this, who will cook food in the house
If they come to the poetic conferences
And seminars
Reading their papers?

After writing their first poems,
The practitioners force us to call them poets and poetesses,
What to say about the authors
Whose books are on the anvil
Or those who have written one books at least,
My God, it is neither You fault nor mine,
It is but the blunder the White Man,
The English,

Why did they teach English,
Uncle Sam and Prospero
To Gangu Teli?

And lo, those from the northeast of India,
The treacherous mountainous ranges
They too have started calling themselves
Poets and critics
Citing the subaltern and Said's Orientalism,
The marginalized voices
And Dalit literature,
Those from Assam, Nagaland, Manipur, Mizoram,
Arunachal, Tripura, Meghalaya.

But the problem is non-Dalits
Are also getting the benefit,
Those from outside the northeast
Are also calling themselves the critics of
Literature from the northeast
And the other thing is this that the men and women
Just attempting English poetry
Are novices,
The beginners of poetry,
I mean
The varsity-read, media-savvy people.

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, Save Me From Indian English Poets (Ii)

God, save me, save me from Indian English poets,
Indian Milton, Shakespeare, Spenser, Wyatt,
Indian Donne, Herbert, Marvell,
Indian Pope, Dryden, Johnson,
Indian Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, Byron,
Indian Tennyson, Arnold, Browning,
Indian Eliot, Pound, Yeats,
Indian Masefield, Mare.

Indian, Indian, not English, all Indian,
Nothing English,
But an Indian as a Tamil, a Kannada, a Telugu,
An Indian as a Malyali,
Speaking in English,
A Hindustani, a Haryanvi, a Delhite,
A Punjabi in English,
An Indian in dhoti and kurta.

God, save me, save me from Indian English poets,
One calling oneself a Wordsworth,
One a Keats,
While the other himself a Shelley,
The other a Byron,
While the other a Coleridge,
But where the English masters and their classics,
Where their parallels?

God, save me, save me from Indian English poets,
If one calling oneself a Milton
Another a Shakespeare,
If one a Wyatt another a Spenser,
If one a George Herbert another a Robert Herrick,
If one a John Donne another a Andrew Marvell,
If one a John Dryden another Alexander Pope,
If one a romantic another a classicist.

What poets and poetesses are they, my God,
They the village folks
Speaking in Angika, Maithili, Bhojpuri and Magadhi,

Certainly from Bihar,
But are hey good
Or blunt people,
The English poets and poetesses
Or duplicate ones,
Rustics and ruffians?

A Bihari, an Odia, a Bengali, an Assamese,
A Bodo, a Mizo, a Santhali,
A Sikkimese, a Tripurian,
A Lepcha, a Bhutia, a Nepali, a Sherpa,
All poets,
Poets of English,
Indian English poets,
A Marwari, a Rajasthani,
A Gujarati, a Marathi,
All poets, poets of India?

God, save me, save me from Indian English poets,
One calling oneself a Tennyson another an Arnold,
One Browning another Rossetti,
One Sylvia Plath another nce,
One Eliot another Auden,
One Pound another Yeats,
If one a modernist another a post-modernist,
If one colonial another post-colonial
Without going to England.

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, Save Me From Indian English Poets, God, Save Me

God, save me, save me from
The Indian English poets and poetesses
Calling themselves
Edmund Spenser, Thomas Wyatt,
Robert Herrick, George Herbert,
Walter de la Mare, John Masefield.

God, save me, save me from
The Indian men and women calling themselves
Poets and poetesses
Not India,
But grown up in England.

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, Save Me From My Bengali Wife! / The Blunder Of My Life

God, save me, save from my Bengali wife,
So self-centred, so selfish,
So narrow and parochial,
So anti-Hindi and linguistical,
A plotter and a planner
With a hidden agenda and scheme of hers.

In gesture, manner and food habit,
She but all different
As hers is a life of
Eggs, fish and meat food habit
Which she needs daily
And she cannot without these,
So hooked and crooked
And so screwed,
She can mislead anytime.

Her parents her own, teacher gods,
Knowledge-givers, light-givers
And she getting them otherwise,
The tips to get out my parents,
To be sent to oldman homes,
My brothers and sisters not her own
And she treats them as paying guests,
As dogs to be given food.

A small family girl, a small world fellow
She can never be of a large heart,
To taunt and to tone down
Her racial nature
To put the ironical statements,
To criticize and complain,
To pin and perforate your nature,
Always keeping a poor health,
Always suffering from the stomach problem
And to cook food two times
Is to see the mountain fallen before,

Live on fast and junk foods,
Appoint a cook for her,
A weakling baby of seven months.

Speaks she sweetly no doubt mixing sugar and molasses
But from her inward within
Very, very critical and hooked,
A self-centred and selfish Bengali girl is she,
Looking histrionic,
Doing the role in an opera
But serpentine,
I mean Nagakanya,
The daughter of Nagaraja and Nagin,
Spitting venom in my house,
Ready for the crack, fissure and friction,
Ready as for to separate and partition,
The dreamer of a nuclear family system
And the breaker of the joint family system.

To hurt your feelings and wound you her job,
To sprinkle salt on your wounds,
Looks she innocent but is not,
Just appears to be,
She has grown up
But poses as Khoki, Toothless One
Even now,
Trying to take out the things from your stomach
Speaking eye to eye with you
Just like a detective
But can blackmail you.

God, save, save me from my Bengali wife this time,
Never shall I make the blunder again
Of selecting a Bengali wife
So linguistically chauvinistic, so anti-Hindi,
So self-centred and critical,
O Radha-Govind, Krishna with your consort,
Please give the judgement!

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, Save Me From Poets, Indian English Poets

God, save me, save me from the poets,
Indian English poets and poetesses,
Calling themselves Wyatt, Spenser, Chaucer,
Shakespeare, Milton, Donne, Marvell,
Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Keats,
Tennyson, Arnold,
Longfellow, Frost,
Eliot, Yeats, Pound,
Rossetti, Plath,
Wright, Sexton.

God, God save me, save from
Indian Milton,
Save me from
Indian Shakespeare,
Indian Pope, Indian Dryden,
Indian Wordsworth,
Indian Keats,
O, God,
The poets are coming,
I mean the mad house people,
Where to hide in!

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, Save Me, Save Me From Indian English Poets Calling Themselves Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Arnold, Eliot

God, save me, save me from
Indian English poets and poetesses
Calling themselves
Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser,
Wyatt, Drayton,
John Dryden, Alexander Pope,
Thomas Gray, William Blake,
Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley,
Tennyson, Arnold, Browning,
Eliot, Pound, Yeats,
Eliot, Auden, Spender,
Masefield, Bridges, Mare,
God, my God,
Save me, save me from
These mad and maniac men,
Save me, save me
From these duplicate poets,
My God,
Save me, save me
From the people
Let loose from
A mental asylum,
The abnormals and addicts,
The druggies and the drugged
Living and dying poetry,
Half-awake and half-sleeping
And smiling
And babbling by themselves.

God, God, save me, save me,
Save me, save me from,
Let, let me hide,
Hide in,
Hide from them,
They are coming,

Coming,
I can, can hear the footsteps approaching,
Some thinking themselves
Great zamindars, some nawabs,
Some business tycoons, not typhoons,
Some with the French-cut beards
Just a little bit on the chin
As for to be modern not, post-modn,
Not like ul and Salman Rushdie,
But copying them,
Trying to copy as far as possible,
As far as, can be,
Some walking on tip-toe,
Some thinking themselves
As Gandhi and Nehru used to think of
In their early life,
Some in the goggles emulating Sir Vidya.

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, Save Me, Save Me From Indian Wordsworth, Indian Keats, Indian Shelley

God, save me, save me
From Indian Wordsworth,
Indian Keats,
Indian Shelley,
All calling poets and poetesses,
Indian not,
But English,
Not of India,
But of England.

My God, where are You,
Save me, save me
From Indian Milton,
Indian Shakespeare,
Indian Wyatt,
Indian Spenser,
Indian Drayton,
My God!

Save me, save me
From Indian Tennyson,
Indian Browning,
Indian Arnold,
Indian Indian,
Not English,
But Indian Yeats,
Indian Eliot.

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, Save Me, Save Me From The Mad Poets

God, God, save me, save me
From the mad people,
Pseudo-scholars and critics
Maddening it all,
Thinking great,
But are not.

God, save me, save from the poets,
Poets and scholars,
The real scholars say it not
That they are,
God, save me, save me
From all those calling
And thinking high about themselves.

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, What A Creation Is It The Fanatic!

God, what a creation
Is it of Yours,
Blind and bigoted,
Orthodox and conservative,
Is the fanatic
Who will compromise with
His opinion,
Faith and feeling?

The fanatic,
What a mad and maniac
Creation
Of Yours, God!
Make You all,
But why did you a fanatic,
Why did You, God,
Hadh't You thought about at least
Before making him,
The fanatic,
Blind to his faith and belief?

Bijay Kant Dubey

God, What Is It?

God, what is it in their tears, which but I know it not,
What the miseries and agonies of them
And if I cannot be of any use to them,
What is it that I shall accomplish it?

Instead of my limitations and shortcomings,
Weaknesses and fascinations,
I want to do my job
Before I go away

As mine is a short span
And I have many a work to do,
Many a thing to accomplish
And get it finished.

God, if I can be of any use to anyone,
I shall feel myself blessed
If I can any good to any man
As the things are Yours, not mine.

The history of the world
And the life of man on this earth,
Beyond my comprehension,
The comprehension of my mind.

Whatever I have, I owe that to You
As You Yourself the Origin of that,
You Yourself the keeper, upholder of that
Value or ideal.

If the situation be, You give me the chances
To serve, serve them,
My God, I do not know the Mystery of Power,
Only one thing that I can feel is Your existence

And nothing more, nothing more is known to me,
My God,
Whatever be You, Your Glory,
Your Providence Unknown.



Bijay Kant Dubey

God, Your Scheme Of Things

God, if You had to make the world,
Why did You the tiger?

God, Your Plan of Things,
Scheme of Things, what to say about?

The leopard, the hyena, the tusker,
The hooded and hissing cobra and the deadly and fatal viper,
Why did You, why did You, God?

Bijay Kant Dubey

God's Creation

God's Creation varied and variegated,
Full of contraries and contradictions,
Conflicting sweet and sour things.

Bijay Kant Dubey

God's Garden Of Flowers/ All For Love, But Who Loves From The Heart Within? / Love The Body Not, Love The Soul

To seek for the fragrant flower, smell and pluck
And to throw away not good at all.

Let the flower be in full fragrance
And you see her as a on-looker passing-by.

But the dews on the face saddening me
As I myself could not the cause of her sorrow.

A man is not a man if comes he in the help of a man seeking for,
Love is not love if it si full of betrayal.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Goggleswalli

Goggleswalli, teraa naam to bataa,
Rahati ho jo kahan,
Jigr ke kis paar,
Dekha jo na karo
Es tarah,
Dil ke ar-par?

Goggleswalli, tell your name,
Where dwell you,
Across which side of the heart,
Look you not
In this way,
Across the heart?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Goggleswalli, Bahut Jani-Pahchani Lagatin Hain, Apnaa Naam To Bataa? / Goggleswalli, Look You Known So Known, Tell Me Your Name?

Goggleswalli, bahut jani-pahchani lagatin hain,
Apnaa naa to bataa,
kahan hain aapka ghar,
Kya hain aapka naam
Jane she pahle?

O goggles-wearing maiden, look you so much known to me,
Tell me your name,
Where you house,
What your name
Before you go away?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Goggleswalli, I Love You

Goggleswalli, I love you,
I love you,
I love you and like you.

It does not matter
Whether I like you or not,
But I like your goggles very much.

When wear you the goggles,
Look you fantastic
In the dark sunglasses.

Goggleswalli, you are not less
Than a heroine,
My love.

I am just a looker of yours,
Your life-style and manners,
I mean your sunglasses.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Goggleswalli, You Are My Inspiration

You are my inspiration,
Inspiration, the inspiration of my art,
An art-piece,
A model,
A replica of the modern girl,
Heroine-like in the sunglasses,
The goggles,
The dark sunglasses,
The goggles
Looking stylistic and fashionable.

I want, I want a girl like you,
Will you be my own,
Goggleswalli,
A heroine-like girl
In the sunglasses,
Stylistic and modern
And fashionable?

You are joy, sheer joy
Of living,
You are my love, my love,
The love of fashion and art
And life-style,
Modernity and artistic temperament.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Going Against Ethics And Morality, Want I Not To Interview Jaynata Mahapatra

Going against ethics and morality,
Want I not to interview
Jayanta Mahapatra,
I cannot say it
That I have the potential
Of interviewing him
And he is related to me
As people are doing now-a-days.

A poet silence,
Marked during the summer days and siestas
Hot waves rising and swirling,
Marked on the sea beach
With the waves coming and receding,
Glistening in the hilly tract
Where there is a hamlet
With the lonely waiting for
The arrival of her husband
And the hand lies it tattooed
With the the name of his
Which he cannot take.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Going For A Muslim Girl

Sometimes think I of
Choosing,
Picking a Muslim girl
Blackly-veiled,
Burkhawalli,
But fearing the backlash
Return I back
Pending the monsoon wedding.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Going Into The Depth

My love, the world knows it not,
How deep is it my love for you?

The men of heart are not so many
Which the world requires it most urgently.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Golden Morning-Time

The sun flashing over,
The lotus petals opening over
Early in the morning, at dawnbreak.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Golden Veil, A Collection Of Poems By

Golden Veil

Which appeared in 2016

From Authorspress

Is inclusive of

The poems

Like, In the Shell of Solitude,

Old Napkins, Unsolved Mystery,

Need of the Hour, Smile, the Saviour,

Lines on Smiles, Choose the Right Path,

Beyond Neon Lights, Soon the Sun does set,

A Bird in the Cage,

So on.

An excellent poem,

In the Shell of Solitude,

He needs the kind rays of

The Higher Grace

To live the life of his own

Destined or made

Or self-chosen,

In, Unsolved Mystery,

He talks of his global village

And global positioning of it,

Sitting in the closed room,

The whole world watches he

Of the people of the other hemisphere.

In the poem, Smile, the Saviour,

He says,

How the smile

Dispels the clouds of heart,

Beyond Neon Lights

Is Wordsworthian, Donnian,

Trahernian,

Seeing of the light of the heart,

Feeling of the Light Divine,

The night full of stars

He viewing them

From the terrace,

The balcony of his building.

The village home, the fields,
The muddy pathways
The destinations of Reddy,
The riverside,
The old schoolmaster and the old bicycle,
The things of his attraction
And he relishing upon,
Seeing the reaper, the harvester,
The farmer.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Good Boy, Good Boy, How Are You? , Said He And In Response To It The Other Fellow Too Said It, Good Boy, Good Boy, I'm Good, Say You, How Are You?

Good boy, good boy,
How are you,
Said he
And in response to it,
The listener too said it,
Good boy, good boy,
I'm good,
How are you?

While speaking it
Or greeting,
Sometimes the joke turned it
To good buoy,
Good buoy and goodbye,
One greeting another as good boy,
Good buoy
And joking,
But I'm sure
None of them was a good boy,
But a buoy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Good Buoy, Good Buoy, Pronounced He The Loafer Boy And The Small Sweets-Vendor With Goods Replied He, Good Buoy, What Do You Want?

Good buoy,
Good buoy,
How do you do,
Came one, said it and went away,
As the good buoy, the shopkeeper was not
For a while,
Again came another fellow saying,
Good buoy,
Good buoy,
Where had you been,
Said he, I was here, good buoy
And he went away
With a cigar
Smoking,
After that made an entry,
The drunkard
Saying good buoy.

The small shopkeeper somewhat sweets
And assorted articles,
Stationery and food grains
A little bit,
Entertaining with good buoy,
Sowing Englishness
And the young customers,
Smokers and drinkers
They too responding with
Good boy not,
But good buoy
And sometimes it turning good byes,
Oh, it was a big entertainment
To see the rowdies and loafers
And drunkards
And college students,
Boarders and hostellers
And senior secondary students!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Good Evening, How Do You Do?

Good evening, how do you do?

I am fine.

How are you?

I am too am fine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Good Friday

It is a great day of feeling,
Feeling and thinking
And looking up to
In utter reverence and repentance
And expiation,
Pardon and forgiveness,
Looking up to,
Praying to,
Confessing before
To be forgiven and condoned.

The Lord on the Cross with the stretched
Hands Divine
And the nails piercing into the Body Divine
And the Spirit in pains,
How to absolve, absolve,
How to seek for redemption and deliverance,
But the lesson which mankind learnt from
The Soul Divine
Will never go in vain
As that was just a play of the Divine
To teach mankind otherwise?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Good Morning

Good morning.
Morning, morning.
The morning is good
And we too good, good.
The morning walkers and the joggers
Meeting and bidding,
Good morning,
Morning, morning.
And the morning turning good, good,
I good, you good,
Good, good, all good.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Good Morning, Said He

Good morning, said he,
Bade he good morning,
I too basked in the good morning
In all its serenity and solitude
And hearing it I too replied
Morning, morning,
Good morning,
Bade him.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Good Morning, Said I And With It Saw I The Flowers Smiling

The roses
Red, white,
Yellow,
Violet,
Printed,
Pink.

Good morning,
Good said he again
And with it
Found I salvias,
Celosias smiling.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Good Morning, Sir; Morning, Morning; How Are You? ; I'm Fine

Good morning, sir,
Said he,
Bidding it.

And after hearing it,
Replied he,
Morning, morning.

Again asked he,
How are you? ,
How is everything?

I am fine, fine,
Said he.

And lo, I am fine, fine,
He fine, you fine
And I fine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Good Morning. Good Morning To You

Good morning. Good morning to you.
The morning breaking, breaking
Like some classical musical composition
And the serene atmosphere in ripples
Of bird-songs
Breaking
With the echoes
Of good morning, good morning.

□

How are you, sir?
I am fine, said he.
Have you had tea and biscuit, sir?
Is it my time to talk to you, again?
Yes, yes, why not,
Talk to, talk to, please.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Good Morning. Good Morning To You (Ii)

Good morning.
Good morning, good morning to you.
The mist dispelling it,
The morning serenade into the ripples
Of bird notes and calls,
The sun flashing over,
The dew-blached lotus petals
Opening up in the sunlight,
The temples bells
In the pagoda of Shiva
Sounding,
Om namah shivay, shivay, shivay, shivay,
Reminding of Buddha in meditation,
Radiating gold.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Good Morning. Morning, Morning. Good Morning. Morning, Morning

Good morning,
I too said with the accent on the first,
God morning,
Again said he, good morning,
I too responded,
Morning, morning
And lo, we two morning-morning,
Good morning.

Many people know the etiquette,
The manner of greeting,
Many maintain it not,
Feel awkward in exchanging pleasantries
Or feel goodies,
Keep silent
And greet not
While meeting.

Many Indians rustic Indians know it not
How to sit, how to talk,
How to mix with others,
If not, say you, namaskaram,
Which the modern British girl too can say
Namaste India as the mascot
Of British Airways.

Not the Indian Maharaja
Turbaned and moustached
And dhoti and kurta wearing mascot
Of Air India
Or travel Britain and India
Advertisements
Or those of air hostesses or airport ads.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Good Morning. Said He, Morning, Morning, I Good-Good, You Good-Good, We All Good-Good

Good morning,
Good morning, friend.

Morning, morning,
My dear friend,
Good-good,
I good, you good
And we all good-good.

Again said he,
How are you,
How?

Fine-fine,
I am fine, you are are fine,
We all are fine-fine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Goondas Too Leaders In Bihar, Jokers Too Are Leaders

Bihar is of chors and dishonest persons,
Goons, pistol-men as a leaders,
Fools not, great fools too leaders in people's Bihar.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Gopiji Buti Bhejo, Gopiji Buti Bhejo, The Green, But Red-Ringed Parrot Squabbling And Squeaking In The Morning, Cackling And Calling, Gopiji, Gopiji, Buti Bhejo, Buti Bhejo

Gopiji, Gopiji, ubti, buti bhejo, bhejo, Gopiji buti-buti bhejo, the parrot saying, saying from the cage kept outside, chirping and cackling sometimes, Gopiji-Gopiji, buti, buti, bhejo, Gopiji, Gopiji- -the passers-by standing and seeing, seeing the parrot chirping and cackling.

The parrot, parrot outside the house of the Brahmin or the fortune-teller or that of other one, the green parrot, but ring-necked squabbling and squeaking itself, Gopiji, Gopiji, buti bhejo, bhejo, Gopiji buti bhejo, bhejo, the housewives passing and hearing it going.

But the parrot, green parrot marking them with the eyes and the beak, waiting for, waiting and calling, Gopiji, Gopiji, buti do, buti do, Gopiji, Gopiji and the housewives busy with the morning duty saying, saying, Gopiji, Gopiji, coming, am giving.

But we do not, do not, who this Gopi is, what buti is, is Gopi the owner, the buti, herb, Gopiji will give or the parrot Gopiji will bring from the woods, eatable, exotic and delicious, is Gopiji a merchant from whose stock will it get the buti strange?

Gopiji buti do, buti do, Gopiji, buti do, the owner saying to the parrot and the green red-necked parrot whistling, buti do, buti do, Gopi, Gopiji, buti do, buti do, asking for matters, cereals, soaked grams and fodder, fruits and so on.

The parrot of the Brahmin's house taught to recite in the morning part from, Sita-Ram, Sita-Ram, Gopiji saying, Sita-Ram, Sita-Ram, cajoling and cackling, hearing and saying back, returning the words, Sita-Ram, Sita-Ram just like an English man saying, trying to capture the rhythm of words.

The fortune-teller's parrots picking up the Tarot or carrot cards with the zodiac signs and literature, foretelling at the town square near the court campus under the peepul or banyan tree leading to ways with the crossroad bifurcating just like an's An Astrologer's Day, a saffronite in dhoti and kurta with the red tikka, three ash-lines on the forehead and with a rosary and a red linen clothing on the

shoulders to wipe out heat and humidity, face and sweating.

The housewife giving the buti, coming to, coming to give and the parrot marking the direction, direction of, she approaching, approaching and it siding, siding and seeing and coming, coming nearer, the wife opening the cage gate, giving into the small plate made for it specially and the parrot cackling, cackling in delight, Gopiji, Gopiji, buti do, buti do, eating and whistling, cackling, Gopiji, Gopiji...

The children, children passing by the way, seeing, seeing Gopiji, Gopiji, Gopiji taking morning bhojanam, breakfast and also calling, calling it with, Gopiji, Gopiji, smiling and moving away with the words, Gopiji, Gopiji, but who is Gopiji. God knows, knows?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Governorship, Is It A Retirement Job?

Governors, governors resign
When the govt. at the centre falls,
Many change loyalties,
Many fail to adjust
With the trend.

Many IAS and IPS officers
Looking rough and tough,
Dry honest
Lobby for the post indirectly.

But may I question,
Who is actually honest,
If the food is not in the stomach?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Great Man's Ingratitude

You made me great
And I forgot you
After becoming great.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Guru Drona, Say You If Arjuna Was Your Disciple, Not Eklavya?

Guru Drona,
Say you
If Arjuna was
Your disciple,
Not Eklavya?

Was Eklavya
Not your disciple,
Say you,
Keep not mum?

Were you
So hard of heart
That asked you
For his thumb?

How could it,
How could it be,
Guru Drona,
Weren't you biased
And prejudiced, say you?

Making him gift the finger,
As your guru-dakshina,
Stained you guruhood,
As a black spot
On the forehead.

Drona,
O, Drona, making him gift
The poor forester
Tribal boy,
Sinned you
With your dastard act!

Now the world hates you,
Hates you, Drona,

Calls you, calls you,
Selfish, selfish
And partisan!

On seeing you, feel I,
Weren't, weren't you
A Brahmin pontifical
And hypocritical,
Seeking royal privilege?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Gurus Are Many, But The Babas Many

Gurus are many,
I mean the real gurus
Who ask for nothing
And have a great control over
As they decline to meet,
But the babas many,
Fake and fraud babas,
Smoking ganja
And running away with girls,
Yea, the disciple girls.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Guru-Shisya Prem: An American Yoga Disciple & A Fake Indian Yoga Teacher

An American girl
In her practice session of yoga
And the fake Indian babaji eying her.

The American girl
With her hands stretched upwards
And she in a squatting yoga posture.

But the yoga teacher,
Fake Indian babaji,
I mean the yoga teacher eying her.

Bijay Kant Dubey

a As A Poet

a, born in 1936 and a lecturer in English
At ge, Khanna, Punjab
Is a poet of his type,
Trying his hands
At socio-realistic, romantico-earthly poems,
Sometimes witty, sometimes humorous,
Sometimes earthly, sometimes spiritual.

A writer of The Burning Petals, The Necklace Wild
And The Music Comes,
He is a student of Eliot,
Deriving music from
His The Waste Land,
But failing to fuse in and remix really
To produce the music.

As a poet, he dabbles in pseudo-spirituality,
Giving earthly touches to his poems,
Sometimes wit and conceit,
Sometimes wit and humour,
Sometimes fact and fiction
Take the canvas of his poetry.

Though he appears to be a metaphysician,
But is not,
A poet of ground realities
And social values
Is a,
The man and the poet.

Bijay Kant Dubey

a As A Poet: Social Realism In His Poetry

a as a poet

Is of the beggar-woman, the bangle-seller,
The house-maid, the rickshaw-puller,
The ancient juggler, the showman,
The poor daughter of India,
A poet of society,
What it ails it,
What it is in vogue.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Had Amitabh's Brother Joined Bollywood

Had Amitabh Bacchan's brother
Ajitabh joined the film industry,
What would it have happened,
Say you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Had I A White Wife, I Mean An English Or American

Had I an English or American wife, I would have felt myself blest, God,
How thankful had I been to you, my Lord, I cannot say it,
At least for her, for my love,
I would have been to England and America
With her during the visits.

Without having an English wife, I think, one cannot English,
So fluently and smoothly,
As she will,
The more I try, the more it will get Indianized
And if flavour gets lost, then what will it remain?

English is English, British English, American English,
English full of Englishness,
But my English Indian English,
Nowhere to be found and spoken,
It is just written words.

Had I been to England or America, I would have at least
Returned with an English beauty,
I mean a white girl,
But my father could not afford to send me foreign
And hence she did not.

My fate too betrayed me in taking me there
And bringing an English wife
Speaking English fluently and impeccably
And had it been otherwise
I would have been a big professor in India.

Maybe it that in my next birth I may have a chance
Of visiting foreign
And bringing an English beloved,
A rose plucked from England or America,
The pride of my English.

Love is love, English or American,
Had I been to, I would have brought an English girl
From distant shores,

Crossing over the seven seas,
Bringing my innocent love.

I had a desire that I would go to England or America
And bring an English girl,
A White beauty as my darling wife,
But I did not go to
And she too did not come to.

A red rose, she is in essence, whether you accept my views or not,
But she is a red, red rose
Blooming in the courtyard,
The lovely daughter of the English parents.

A gem she herself, there is nothing as that to give to her
As jewellery and ornaments,
She herself is a gem,
An ornament, a jewel herself.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Had I An English Sweetheart, White And Beautiful! / An English White Beloved For To Be An Indian English Poet

Had I an English wife,
A white jasmine as my better half,
I would have been surely a famous poet,
But I am helpless now
As because the other incumbent
Speaks she in a vernacular,
But threatens to finish my manuscripts
By putting into the earthen oven,
That countryside, foolish rustic lady,
I mean my just literate country wife
Asking me to take to the fairs and the cinema halls,
Asking me to bring the cosmetics for her,
Which forget I to bring
But promise I to be with,
As for the wafts and whiffs of poesy.

And after being grounded so often, I think it now
That I shall not be able to fly so high
As the weather conditions not favourable to me
So it is better to relinquish the dream of
Becoming a poet,
A son of the soil,
You return back to and leave writing poetry,
As you can never be a poet.

Had I an English wife,
I would have been a poet,
But the problem lies it with the Indian wife
Who quarrels with so much,
Sometimes in a fit anger hurls my papers,
Insults me for poetry-writing
As for being busy with writing and writing.

Sometimes asks me curiously,
'What does poetry give to you,
Why not to sell old books and pale sheets of papers,

Why do you spend so much
Instead of purchasing the jeans pants, shirt and goggles
And dressing up well,
Why are you so old, outdated and outmoded? '

Bijay Kant Dubey

Had I Been ...

Had I been a painter, I would have painted and sketched
Only wild blossoms,
Their hues and beauties,
Which bloom in the forest tract and scatter away
In wilderness,
Unknown and unnoticed,
Before we could know these!

Had I been a painter,
Had I been a painter, I would have sketched and drawn
All those flowering and deflowering wild blooms,
Their beauties and colours!

God, what talent have you given to me,
Give me, give me something more,
So that I may penetrate deep,
Sketch and draw the things
As for general liking,
God, my God!

God, why have You chosen me as for delineating Your Providence
As know I not
The fairer things of Your Creation;
As those not within compass
And I a simple looker of these,
Trying to have a glimpse of Divinity
In them!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Had I Been A Man

Had I been a man, it would have been great,
But sorry to say,
I am not,
I am not a man,
Had I been a man, it would have been great
Rather than anything else,
Oh, I could not be a man
And it is my repentance,
Oh, I could not be a man!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Had I Been A Man, I Would Have Thanked God And Felt Myself Blest

I had a desire of becoming a man since long,
But sorry to say,
I could not be
What I had wanted,
The desire of becoming a man at least
Could not be fulfilled.

What became I, mattered it not,
What I have become-
This pains me often to feel,
How inhuman have I grown
Over the passing years,
This cruel passage of time.

I too had wanted to be a man,
A man in need of another man,
But sorry to see,
I could not be
What I had dreamt of
As for becoming a man
And it is really to find a good man
Though there may be many to be called so.

Had I been, I would have felt myself blest,
Had I been manly,
A man behaving as a man,
At the giving and receiving end of his,
So human and humane,
I would have thanked God
As for making it,
But the company corrupted me
And turned I so much of being inhuman.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Had Not Been

Had not been,
Had not been, but the day I saw you,
Since that turned I into a song-writer
Of yours
And you the song of mine
Humming on the lips of mine,
The day I saw you,
Since then.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Had Not Been A Romantic, But The Day I Saw The Foreign Girls Since Then Turned I Into

Had not been a hero, but since then
Saw I the foreigner girls,
Belles and blondes
And beauties
Ravishingly beautiful
Turned I,
Turned I into a hero,
A lover,
A lover of foreign.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Had Not Been A Shayar, But The Day Saw I You Since Then Have You As My Shayari

Not a shayar,
But the day since saw you,
Turned you into my shayari
And now they call
Aashique, Aawara, Paagal, Premi,
Ye to dil ki baat hain.

Not a shayar,
But the day I saw,
Saw you since
Have come to
As shayari
And hey, I 'm taking your name
In that mood of shayari,
In my shayarana andaz.

Thank you,
Thank you very much,
Just a burquawalli had been passing through
My way,
So interrupted I
On seeing her.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Had There Been Indian English Poetry, Indian English Poetry Criticism From The Northeast, We Would Have

Had there been Indian English poetry
Or Indian English criticism,
We would have,
Would have heard about
Had there been it.

Even though Indian English is not Indian English
In the absence of some native speakers
Or a feeder dialect
Or as for not being spoken
In nonedescript and dark Indian villages
Of the thorps and hamlets
Of the far flung countryside
Then how to speak of northeast Indian English poetry,
A sub-clause, an under section
Of Indian English poetry?

If Indian English language is not Indian English language,
Indian English poetry is not Indian English poetry
Then what to say it more,
How to say it English,
English English,
Indian Indian,
Read in translation,
Am I right?

Even now Indian English poetry is not Indian English poetry
To the English,
Indian English poetry is poetry
Practised and attempted by the non-English speakers,
The foreign learners of it
Who use it as a second language,
Learnt laboriously,
Trying to be proficient in, conversant with,
Using as a link language,
A library-consulting one.

If this be the case with Indian English poetry
Then what to say in this regard
Ad for the northeast Indian English poetry
Of the novice practitioners,
Just the beginners of it
And lo, they have started teaching them in classes,
Prescribing for the college courses!

If Indian English language itself is not Indian English language
As there is nothing like
Chinese English, Korean English, Japanese English,
So how to brand it
Northeastern Indian English poetry,
Even now English poetry from the northeast,
Let the practicing poets
Who have just started to write
Struggle, suffer and hone in
To be poets and poetesses,
But please use it not as a banner
Or a graffiti or a bill
Or a festoon
To self-promote it.

Northeast, northeast Indian English poetry,
Northeast, northeast Indian English criticism,
If Indian English poetry itself is not Indian English poetry
Then, then what to say it more,
If Indian English poetry criticism itself is not
Then, then what to say it more
Rather than Indian literatures in English?
And this is what none said to so far,
The criticism of Indian literatures in English,
A stock-taking of Indian dialects
None has taken that..

Bijay Kant Dubey

Had Turkey And Egypt Been Developmental And Progressive, They Could Have Been At Par With European Nations

Had Turkey and Egypt been
Developmental and progressive,
They could have been at par with
The developed European nations,
But they could not be
As for the fundamentalists and fanatics
And their fanatical lines
Which they adhered to strictly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Had We Been Not Modern, Could We Have Modern English Poetry?

We are modern
So we are able to write
Modern poetry,
Had we been not,
Could we have?

Say,
We are modern
As for our
Suit and boots,
The shirt, pants and neck tie,
The mirror and cosmetics,
The watch, the radio and the camera,
The pen and paper,
Modern facilities and conveyances,
Had the newspaper, the television, the phone
Been not,
Could we have been,
Had the world been not linked with
Roads and bridges,
Roads cut over hilly terrains,
Bridges into the rivers?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hae Rama, Hare Krishna, Krishna-Krishna, Hare-Hare,

Hare Ramma, Hare Krishna, Krishna-Krishna, Hare-Hare,
Hare-Rama, Hare-Krishna, Krishna-Krishna, Hare-Hare,
The kirtanias, musical reciters singing
In the courtyard of the house
And the prahars as the time-units passing.

In many a mood, in many a recitation mode,
Sound-swaying,
The singers reciting, smoking bidis,
Playing the ramshackle harmonium
And singing

What the feeling within the professional reciters
That I cannot,
But they reciting
And the musical cadence sometimes making us dance
And lo, you dancing with a rustic pose stealthily

Under the peepul tree of the hamlet homes
Where the sun falls hot
Burning it all,
But the word-notes breaking forth
And encompassing in a vast tract!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Haiku (In The Mirror)

In the mirror of ageing
See I
How much wrinkled have I become?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Haiku (On The Platform)

On the platform of life
Waiting for the train
To come.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Haiku (The Navel Of My Mother)

The navel of my mother
Was burning like a diya
And it emitting bluish light.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Haiku Pieces

Dawn-break

The glistening sun rays falling upon
With the crows cawing
At dawn break.

The Eve

Seated on a bullock-cart
The teenage bride
Going in tears.

A Painter of Tear-drops

The tear drop falling
From the wet eyelashes
Of a nameless lass.

Blue Eyes

A pair of blue eyes,
I could not know,
Why are they?

Global Village

The world as a bazaar
And I going
To do my marketing.

Tornado

Where dwell you
That come you from across
Ruffling and tossing it all?

Haikus

Haikus

The dark daughter
In a dark world
Darkly.

No rains, but acid rains,
Atomic summer and climate change
Ruffling it all.

The hollow man
Hollow from his within
And without.

The modern-day world
Devoid of,
Spiritually barren.

A daughter is
Like a flower,
You rear her tenderly.

Buddha, Buddha
Under a peepul tree
Meditating with a halo around.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Haikus Collected

My House In Ruins (Haiku)

There lies in
My house of time
In ruins.

Indian English Poetry Ph.D. (Haiku)

The Indian English poetry Ph.D. guide a ragged man
And the Ph.D. student a ragged man,
Both of them rag-pickers.

Indian English Poetry & Criticism (Haiku)

Indian English poet a no-man,
Indian English critic too a no-man
And Indian English poetry a study in no-men.

Pinda-Dana (Haiku)

O, I am pinda-dana
For the solace
Of my dead mother!

Asthi-Kalasha (Haiku)

It is the asthi of my father
Hanging by
The ancestral peepul tree.

The Dark Daughter (Haiku)

The dark daughter
Mythical and mystical
I saw it on the terracotta plates.

The Dark Daughter (Haiku)

The dark daughter
Mythical and mystical
I saw it on the terracotta plates.

Wild Blooms (Haiku)

See the wild blooms
And the innocent children
And compare your genius with.

Where Is Art? (Haiku)
Rather than calling yourself
Talented with the steaks of genius,
Try to see it in others.

What Is More Important? (Haiku)
Rather than my poetry
Think I of the good earth
For posterity.

Alone, All Alone (Haiku)
In this universe
Vast and wide, think I
How alone am I!

Poetic Madness (Haiku)
I am mad, you are mad,
All but for poetry,
Which but cannot give.

How Mad I Am! (Haiku)
Poetry, poetry,
Is poetry your madness
Undiagnosed?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Haikus- Ii

Haikus

Dark You, Dark The World

What it is dark,
Let it be
What it was.

The Dark Daughter

The dark daughter,
Smile you for once,
I want to see in smiles.

The Poor Daughter of India

The poor daughter of India
Sketch I, draw I
Living poorly, but kind and affectionate.

My Daughter

My daughter,
Let me touch your cheeks,
I may not again.

What It Is

What it is dark,
Let them be
As light keeps beaming from it.

Light And Darkness

Light and darkness,
The two realms
Ever breaking, ever retreating.

The Womb of Creation

The Womb of Creation,
From which everything comes out,
Life pulsating in the dark.

Dark Daughter, Dark You

Dark daughter, dark you,
Dark is Kali,
The Mother Goddess.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Half Girlfriend Or Full Girlfriend, Chetan?

A friend a friend, Chetan,
But why to do with friendship
In such a way
That you talking about
Half girlfriend and full girlfriend,
A boyfriend or a girlfriend
Which but a loafer does, Chetan,
Is love for the purchase to be made,
Is love a thing of hotels and lodges
Where love is but a prisoner,
A cage-bird,
Do you want to make it so,
A persona of the night party
Or one in a live-in-relationship
Or a bar dancer,
Chetan, re-think you about your heroine
of the novel,
Don't talk like a management boy,
Life is not hotel management?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hamen Yuddha Nahi, Shanti Chahiye (We Want War Not, But Peace)

Hamen yuddha nahin,
Shanti chahiye
Sainik mar rahen hain,
Kya dekhne mein accha lagega,
Bharat ka ho ya pakistan ka?

We want not war, but peace,
Need peace,
Soldiers are dying,
Will it be good to see,
Be they of India or Pakistan?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hamlet, You Too Are Writing Poems

Hamlet, you too are writing poems,
Have turned into a poet
From being a dramatist,
A dramatic persona and protagonist,
I mean the neurotic mouthpiece.

Hamlet, you too are writing poems,
Have turned into a poet
Of emotional disorder and conflicting emotions
And on seeing you writing poems in English,
Indian Paglet too have started writing poems,
I mean your half-brother.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Happy Birthday To You Not, Happy New Year To You!

Happy birthday to you not, happy new year,
Happy new year to you,
The best wishes of the year,
May the year bring happiness and good news to you,
Joys and prosperity!

Happy, happy new year to you,
Many returns of the days to come,
Happy new year,
Happy new year to you!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Happy Earth Day!

Where to go leaving
This Earth,
To Mars
Never will I,
Leaving the Good Earth
Like the circus joker
The last one to jump from the top
From the acrobatic rope-way?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Happy Kiss Day

On Happy Kiss Day,
Kiss you,
Do not let her go
If you are a couple
Otherwise I shall not advise you to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Happy New Year To You, Happy 2017! (Now Play You The Band Of It)

Happy, happy new year,
New year to you,
Happy, happy 2017,
Go you wishing, greeting,
Shaking the hands,
Wishing and meeting,
Greeting and going!

Get you ready now
To play your band,
The band of yours,
The band music of 2017
With the beats and vibes of yours,
The newest of the newest
And the latest of the latest
Beating the drums,
Tuning in your guitar of life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Happy New Year To You! Happy New Near!

Happy new year,
Happy new year to you,
Say you,
Wish you,
Bid you with the benediction,
But revel you not
In new year revelries
Just as revellers do
After being rowdy,
Taking to full,
Emptying wine bottles,
Consuming more and more wine,
Just as drunkards do
Dancing and enjoying
To end themselves.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Happy New Year, With A Bottle Of Daru Into The Hands, One Drunkard To Another

With a bottle of daru
Into the hands,
one drunkard saying
To another,
Happy,
Drinking and saying,
Happy,
Happy new year,
Again taking a draught
And saying,
Happy new year to you
While the other from
Another bush
Replying,
Unable to stand,
Happy,
Happy new,
New year to you,
My friend.

Both of them somehow standing,
Handshaking,
Hugging and embracing
Each other
And saluting
Each other
And talking of
Long-live companionship,
Waving at,
Bidding bye-bye
With the bottle
Into the hands
And the dogs
Following the master,
Daru and meat giving master,
I mean the left-overs of it,
They holidaying, picnicking

And feasting,
Keeping awake
To pass the night,
To say hello and welcome
The new year's eve
With a break dance.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Happy, Happy New Year, The D.J. Announcer Announcing, Dancing, Jockeying And Rollicking, The Body Shaking, The Hat Falling

The D.J. announcer
Announcing,
Announcing the onset,
The awaited arrival
Of the auspicious new year,
New year
Full of best wishes and dreams
Dancing, rollicking
And singing,
Shaking the body
And thrilling
With thrillers
And good-feelers.

D.J.,
D.J.,
It's D.j.,
D.J. music,
The D.J. announcer
Announcing,
Announcing and swinging,
turning and turning
And revolving
And dancing, dancing,
Taking by surprise.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hard Life

It is indeed a had life, a tougher one to dispense with,
Dispose off and to deal out,
To clean the latrine tanks,
Holed in and deep,
Soak pits and sanitary chambers.

How to clean the mud and dirt,
The latrine manually,
Yellow latrine floating on
Into blackly, dirty mud waters.

Opening the slab,
What does one locate in,
The latest deliveries floating on,
Waters dirty and blackly,
Giving out a bad smell?

But think of those,
Working half-deep into the pit,
So much with difficulty,
Emptying with the bucket
The dirt.

Think of it
That they are getting ready to work,
As have to drink for it
And have to sprinkle kerosene and phenyl oil
In order to diminish the smell.

They too are men
Working under intoxication, under their drunkenness,
Trying to bear with
And as thus goes it the ugly tale of human life.

For this stomach, the hunger of the belly,
Just for a livelihood,
They handling the things,
Sewerage waters, dirt and night soil.

Drains and pits,
To get into and to clean their routine work,
Life-style
And what more to say?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hardy (1840-1928) , Say You, Why Did You Marry Again A Younger Girl?

Hardy, say you,
Why did you marry a young girl
At the fag end of your career,
A teenaged girl as or your age
Less than half the age of yours,
The secretary and admirer of yours
In the old age of yours?

Is this your interpretation of
Your The Mayor of Casterbridge
And that wife-seller is none,
But you, Hardy,
You yourself that Mayor of Casterbridge,
I understand, understand it now,
How you made her sacrifice her life?

An architect, you went making,
Renovating the church,
Renovating and restoring
To flail in love with Emma Lavinia Gifford
With whom struggled you
To come to terms,
Estranged and met again.

Again after her death in 1912,
Married you Florence Dugdale (1879-1937) in 1914,
A girl forty years junior to you
And that too at the age of seventy plus,
How can it be, Hardy,
Is the girl a doll
Into the hands of the males
Or the destiny's poor children,
Snatch it not her happiness
By calling happiness a bubble
In man's life,
Hardy, after espousing her,
Denied you love to her?

Hardy, you too were of the same tribe of man,
A mason's son you were like
nce,
The minor's son,
Talking about love, sex, romance, drink, affair
And divorce,
Try you sometimes to keep up the ties,
Break it not always,
And een if beak you too the relationship,
But sell you not her in your drunkenness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hare Rama, Hare, Hare; Hare Krishna, Hare, Hare

Hare Rama, Rama-Rama, hare-hare,
Hare Krishna, Krishna-Krishna, hare-hare.
O sing you, sing us all,
The name of Rama and Krishna,
Krishna and Rama!

Hare Krishna, hare-hare,
Hare Krishna
Krishna Krishna, hare-hare,
Hare Rama, hare-hare,
Hare Rama, hare-hare.

O the melody breaking forth,
Hare Rama, Rama-Rama, hare-hare,
Hare Krishna, hare-hare,
Hare Rama, hare-hare!

Hare Krishna, hare, hare, hare Rama, hare hare,
Barring it,
What, what more to sing of?

O Krishna, Krishna-Krishna,
Rama-Rama, hare-hare
And with it the musical melodies too
Breaking forth,
The song notes!

The harmonium is being played on,
The cymbals striking,
The drums being beaten
And the claps adjoining to them
And the melodies breaking forth.

Hare Rama, Hare Krishna,
Hare Rama, Rama-Rama, Krishna-Krishna, hare-hare,
Hare Rama, Rama-Rama, Krishna-Krishna, hare-hare.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hari Om

Hari Om, Hari, Hari,
Hari Om, Hari, Hari,
Om, Om, Hari, Hari,
Hari, Hari, Om, Om,
Hari Om, Hari Om, Hari, Hari,
Hari Om, Hari Om, Hari, Hari,
Hari, Hari, Hari, Hari,
O, sing you,
Sing you,
Hari Om, Hari Om, Hari, Hari,
Hari, Hari,
O, take you the name of Hari,
Hari, Hari,
Hari Om, Hari Om,
Om, Om, Hari, Hari!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hari Om, Hari Om, Hari, Hari, Hari

Hari Om, Hari Om, Hari, Hari, Hari,
O, sing you,
Om, Om, Hari, Hari,
Hari, Hari, Om, Om,
Hari Om, Hari, Hari
Just sparing some time
For your mental peace
And composition of mind!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hari Om, Hari Om, Hari-Hari

Hari Om, Hari Om,
Hari-Hari, Om-Om,
Everything but the Wish of Hari,
What He commands,
Do I that.

Hari-Hari.

Hari Om, Hari Om, Hari, Hari.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hari Om, Hari-Hari, Hari-Om, Hari-Hari

Hari Om, Hari-Hari, Hari Om, Hari-Hari,
Hari Om, Hari Om,
Hari-Hari,
Om-Om,
Hari-Hari,
The only thing with me
To go.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Haribans Rai Baachchan

Bottle ki adat lagaa ke,
Mujhe sharabi mat banaa dena,
Bas apni priya ke afsaane ko bhulane
Ke baste madhushala na pahuncha denaa mujhe
Sharab ke nashe mein.

Betting me intoxicated to the bottle,
Make me not a drunkard,
Just to forget the past dreams of the loved and lost one,
Take me not to the sweet honey-smelling house
In my intoxication.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Haribans Rai Bachchan

Haribans Rai bachchan,
You praise not daru
After the death of your beloved wife
That I too shall start taking wine,
Moving in the company of drunkard friends
And emptying the bottles
Of native and foreign liquor bottles.

Your Madhushala is not a sweet honey house,
But an ale house,
A bar shop
And after taking wine
I lie in here
With the mouth fresher in my mouth,
Unable to stand on feet,
So much drunk lie I here.

Everybody praises it eh drunkards,
But supports them
And their families,
Say you,
You too did not, Haribans,
Haribans Rai Bachchan,
To coax to take wine,
Everybody can do it,
But who to see them really?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Has China Made Tanks And Missiles To Invade? Has India Too?

Has China made tanks and missiles
To demolish and flatten and test fire
Upon others?
Has India too after them?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Has Modernism In Indian Poetry In English Ended With Lal And Parthasarathy's Anthologies

I point out
And respond you,
Has modernism
In Indian English poetry ended
With the so-called poets
Brought out by Writers Workshop privately
And Parthasarathy stamping
The twelve Indian poets?

My question is,
Are they only poets
Whom Lal and Parthasarathy acknowledge
And say about,
Has poetry declined with them,
Are there no poets after them,
What they say is it the only words
About poetry and genius?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Has Poetry Declined?

They say it,
Poetry declined with the faith on the wane,
Raked by doubts and inner conflicts,
The tension between faith and doubt,
Art and science
And we doubted poetry
As our life and blood
Teaching us otherwise,
Making us believe differently.

Poetry declined it of course
As superstitious and mythical faith eclipsed
And doubt prevailed upon,
Giving way to logic and clear reasoning,
Dry facts and bare realities,
Lengthening the expectancy of human life,
Evolving new strategies of survival.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hashya, Vyangya And Vakrokti: A Study In ujan

If to work for your Ph.D.
On ujan,
Work on,
Hashya, vyangya and vakrokti
In his poetry,
On the element
Of laughter, taunt and oblique approach.

How satiric is he,
How taunting,
How oblique,
A Gopal Bhar, Birbal
Or Khana
Or an Ashtabvakra?

Implying and applying within
Wit, conceit.
Irony, humour,
Satire, doublespeak,
Taunt and jibe
And above all, the oblique approach,

But not like Ashtavakra in
Deformity
Neither one-eyed,
Nor lame-footed
Nor with a cleft palate,
Neither hunch-backed
Nor stammering
With the speech defect.

But an expatriate academician,
One of the diaspora dais
Teacher South Asian Dravidian languages
In America's Chicago,
A poet Tamilian
In an English garb
With deshi or videshi wife.

Have I Heard So Much About Miangiri, Hindugiri And Christiangiri, Now Leave You The, Let Me Be In Peace

I shall ask you later on
What are you
If a Mian
Or a Hindu,
A christian
Or a Buddhist
Or a Jain,
If find I time,
I shall surely,
Forget not to ask you
What you are,
Are you a Mian
Or a Hindu,
A Christian
Or A Buddhist
Or A Jain
Or Sikh?

My friend, have you discussed
So much,
Now discuss you
Not please,
What you are,
How much Mian,
Hindu or Christian
Are you,
How much orthodox
And conservative,
How much Mian,
Christian
And Hindu,
But not a man?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Have We Ever Tried To Know The Northeast?

Have we ever tried to comprehend
The impregnable and treacherous northeast,
Full of hills, vales, mountans, dense forests,
Wild and unfurrowed,
Steep and unthinkable?

Have we,
Have we ever the society, art, culture and living
Of the northeast people,
Perhaps never, bever did wee try to
Comprehend the spirit of it,
The soul of the far flung terrain,
Never strove to learn
How did they live?

Only the Naga sadhus told they,
Interacted with,
Broke the news from,
Just as cultural ambassadors,
The lamas travelled they
Travering the impassable,
The boddha-bhikhus from China.

How risky and dangerous
Would it have been the passage
And they came from
From east
With a view to understanding
Buddha and his Buddhism
Taking an entourage!

India forgot it Buddha and Buddhism,
But remembered they,
The ancient people from Ceylon, China, Japan,
Thailand, Burma, Indonesia, Mongolia,
Tibet, Sikkim, Hongkong,
Cambodia, Singapore.

Have We Gandhi-Ized History?

Gandhi, Gandhi, Gandhi,
Mahatma Gandhi on everything,
Seeing it,
Sometimes think I,
Have we Gandhi-ized history,
Gandhi in economics, history, art and culture,
Gandhi's life in miniature and frescoed,
Gandhi on currency notes,
Where is Gandhi not?

Gandhi standing at the town square,
Gandhi striding,
Gandhi in statues and torsos,
On seeing it,
Think I,
Was there none before him,
A world without Gandhi,
A world with Gandhi,
The difference?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Have You Abused God? Abuse And Say

Have you abused God?
If not, abuse and say,
There is unbounded joy in abusing Him
Which but you know it not
And it is not at all blasphemy
But some sort of existential questioning,
The special power of reasoning,
Not at all blasphemy.

I have seen the people abusing God
In frustration,
I have seen the drunkard abusing
In drunkenness,
An asthma patient
Abusing Him as for the rains and breathing trouble.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Have You Beaten Your Wife? The Tale Of A Poor And Underdeveloped Nation

Have you beaten your wife
On suspicion
Or for something other,
Have you,
Say you?

The domestic violence
Indicating it,
Thank God,
She could not go to the police station
To lodge a complaint
Against the same husband.

The bruises on her face
Saying it,
How has she been beaten
Black and blue
As for growing tension
Right or wrong,
Whose fault is it,
I cannot judge it,
I can just put the blame
On poverty and underdevelopment?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Have You Ever Loved A Girl?

Have you, loved a girl,
If not,
Love and say,
But betray her not,
Fearing God,
Who sees it all from there.

O, my love is whistling,
Humming a song with the wind,
Calling me from a great distance
And I have to, have to go
Hearing the call!

Love, love but cheat not anyone,
Love but divorce not,
If problems are not,
How to call it life?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Have You Ever Loved?

Have you ever loved,
Love and say it,
What it is love,
How the feelings of,
The emotions and passions of it
Which only the panting doves can!

Love is love,
Love is a feeling of heart,
Love a bonding between soul to soul,
Love is emotional attachment,
Infatuation for
And they after a mirage.

If not, love and then say to me,
What is it love,
How is it borne,
Which but only a love tell into the ears
Of a lover,
Love is love,
Have you ever loved, if not, love and then?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Have You Heard?

Have you heard man's weeping, desperate voices
And their melting,
Have you thought at least
Felt desperate man's heart,
Silent weeping
Which forget we so easily
Man is for man,
Have you heard the silent wail and weeping
Of man,
Desperate man's weeping?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Have You Heard? (Bilingual)

Suneccho Ki?

Sueccho ki kanana, hatash manusher kanana,
Kakhono ki bhebeccho,
Hatash manusher bhavana,
Eita sudhuu bhule jaye,
Manush manusher jonyo,
Suneccho ki kanana, manusher kanana,
Hatash manusher kanana?

Have You Heard?

Have you heard man's weeping, desperate voices
And their melting,
Have you thought at least
Felt desperate man's heart,
Silent weeping
Which forget we so easily
Man is for man,
Have you heard the silent wail and weeping
Of man,
Desperate man's weeping?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Have You Heard? (Human Weeping & The Cries Of Desperation/ Man Is For Man)

Have you heard,
Heard about human weeping
And its cries out of desperation,
Have you,
Have you
Heard about human weeping in desperation?

The cries of anger and anguish, weeping and wail,
You have not,
Have not,
O, you have not
About human cries and its weeping,
The cries of desperation,
Despondence, dejection and despair!

Man weeps, wails and cries,
Breaks and sobs and sighs,
Sighs and pants,
Tears drops trickle down the faces,
The sky sees,
Wind sees
The tears falling down to earth.

Man is for man, one man for another,
A human being for a human being
And this much,
What is here,
This much love and affection,
Want we,
Need we
And nothing more.

Just a little bit of love, a little bit of affection
Need we,
Want we
And nothing more,
Nothing more,

A little bit of sympathy,
A little bit of affection
And nothing more,
Nothing more.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Have You Loved A Girl?

Have you ever loved a girl?
Love and then say,
Love but betray not the heart
That believes you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Have You Seen Her?

Under the moonlit nights
The whitely, but fragrant bunches
Of the raganigandha clooms clustered around the stalks
Letting me not sleep

And I opening the widow time and again,
Raising the curtain
To view.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Have You Seen The Bizarre And Grotesque Mouth Of The Cobra?

Have you,
Have you seen
The face of the cobra,
Bizarre and grotesque,
Hissing and hooded,
The technique of standing,
Hissing and hooded
In its full wrath and anger,
The whitish cobras
Found in the rooftops
Of the thatched houses,
The brownish-hued,
The blackly but shortish,
The yellowish
And the U or the S sign
On the hood?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Have You Seen The Mother? How Is She?

Have you seen the Mother?

How is She?

Can you tell about?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Have You Seen?

Have you seen the tears
Falling from the eyes of a drug-addict?

Who sold all his pleasure for the drugs?
Have you read and marked it?
Go, mark and say it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Have You Thought?

When I was not
Where was I,
When I had not been, God,
Where was I?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Having Signed

Having signed, putting the signature upon,
My specimen signature not,
I confused in,
Whether I was the signing man,
I mean the signing authority
Who signed in that way,
In such a fine legible way,
Instead of being illegible?

Yea, having signed, I thinking within
If I the same man
Who put the signature here
And lo, my signature has turned into an artistic piece,
A thing of calligraphy and musemology,
The archival studies,
I put the signature in a different mood of mine
And turned it otherwise,
Instead of

And that is why people say it today that
Signature has turned into an art
And that is why keep I experimenting with
In many a mood and style of mine,
But my art will my art
Lest it be questioned by the bakers
For proof and put to verification
As they will not give money
If the signature differs from that
Which is in their ledger book or record

I, on marking my signature
Which I did without any sponsorship of a company
For any brand or product,
They trying to duplicate it,
But they won't, I feel,
They won't be able to copy out
My artistic signature,
Elevating me to the rank of an artist
But the differing signature the cause of anxiety

And the trouble of my fixity and concentration
And being centred.□

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Having Taken Drugs

Having taken drugs, what have you made of you,
You yourself, my love,
Having taken drugs?

Wine, hemlock, opium,
What have you made of you,
You yourself,
Lying poor and destitute?

Is this the love, is this the love
I expected, expected from you,
From you, my love,
You falling and falling
And I making you stand?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Having Taken Ganja, Where Are You Spending The Nights Away?

Having taken ganja,
Where,
Where lie you
Spending the nights away,
Away
Lost
In your hallucinations?

Having,
Having smoked in
Ganja,
Ganja from a chilum,
A clay ware pipe,
Saying Vyom Bhole,
Smokes twirling from?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Having Taken Wine, What Have You Done? When Will You Leave Daru?

Have you thought, if not, go
And see your face in the mirror,
What have you
After taking wine
And that too without taking food,
Day and night,
Cheaper country liquor,
Not one time,
But all times,
Even in the empty stomach?

The lips appear they burnt and white,
The reaction of the spirits that I can see,
The liver functioning it not well
And the doctor too has given you the warning
And it is going to be the last chance
If leave you not,
Taking wine,
Control you not yourself,
Keep you drunk all the times,
Always,
Putting no limit to the habit.

The face appears it to be pale and bloodless,
Blood turned into water
As for drinking hard,
Drinking all the times,
All the times drunk,
Under the intoxication of,
No question of leaving it,
Promises he, but leaves it not God-sent nectar,
Sometimes rebuffs he as
For being given knowledge and wisdom
As the good thoughts likes he not to hear,
A thief hearing God's name.

Having Taken Wine, Where Are They Going? The Young Men Of A Very Tender Age?

After having taken wine,
liquor to full
as drunkards,
half-drunk or full,
where are they,
are they going,
the tender boys?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hazara Singh (1922-) As A Poet

Hazara Singh who made his humble beginning long ago
Has traversed a long trajectory
With his publication in 1980
Just with Aspirations
And since then has been attempting to write verses in English.

A poet Francis Baconian and Bertrand Russellian,
He goes into the toes of theirs,
Inducting in knowledge and wisdom,
Fact and fiction,
Logic and reason.

A poet humanistic, he is nationalistic and patriotic too
As for his connection with the freedom struggle
And being a freedom fighter,
He participated in, was jailed and his certificates confiscated,
With leaves of freedom-struggle turning into poetry-lines.

But the problem is in it
He repeats the poems in his new collections even,
A poet re-publishing them and adding to
And as thus bringing out collections,
But instead of something distils it and drips out.

A self-published poet, he has appeared in journals
And in poetic creativity,
His movement is at snail's pace,
Going with, slow and steady wins the race,
A poet who has come of age.

A formerly head of the Deptt of Languages, Journalism and Culture
Of Punjab Agriculture Univ., Ludhiana,
Singh's poetry is of the head
Rather than the heart,
Carving his niche himself.

The influence of Bacon's The Essays
And of Russell's The Impact of Science on Society,
He learns through age and ageing,

Age and experience,
Fact and fiction of life.

Russellian knowledge and wisdom,
Nehruvian thought and action,
Quintessential in understanding his poetic space,
A writer of the works,
Yearnings (1987) , Expectations (1999) , Destination (2007) .

An old and aged man, Hazara Singh writes
Keeping in view, art or art's sake not,
But art for didacticism,
A writer with a didactic purpose,
Writing experience-based verses for posterity sake.

His recreation lies it in healthy living and healthy thinking,
The zest of living,
A lover of Rupert Brooke,
He is an admirer of the war poets and war poetry,
But not devoid of humanistic ideals and values.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hazara Singh' Aspirations

Hazara Singh' Aspirations,
The maiden venture of his,
Which saw the light of the day
Long back in 1980
Is a small book of poems
With a beautiful foreword by sh Chander
Launches him on a career,
A practising poet on the anvil,
Making a tryst with,
Toiling for poesy's sake.

Thus Rose Indira is the first poem
Followed by The Wail of a Bangla Girl,
The Unbroken Will, To Our Pakistani Brethren,
China and India, Kartar Singh Sarabha,
At The Tomb of Bhagat Singh, Udham Singh,
Subhas Chandra Bose: The Liberator of the East,
I Am Man, The Glory of a Woman, I Am Child,
To a Child: A Father's Pledge, New Year Greeting & Wishes,
The Tireless Tiller of the Punjab, Raymond Griffith,
The Art of Life, The Person I Am Looking For.

An anti-romantic, his is a poetry of the head,
Knowledge and wisdom, fact and fiction,
Laboured and improvised,
Liberative and instructive,
Telling of democrats, freedom fighters and patriots,
But on a trial here,
To hone his skill
Through addition and alteration
In the years to come.

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Asked Me To Call Him A Great Poet

He asked me to call him a great poet,
Homer, Virgil and Horace
As he used to edit a literary journal,
Again asked he to call him
A glittering star of the poetic firmament
And called I
Though was not.

His words seemed to be bombastic
Falling short of exploding,
Verbose and ornamental,
Artificial and jewelled,
A poetaster he was,
A rhymer,
A non-poet and a commoner
Making a tryst with Indian English verse writing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Did Not Want, But Got A Beautiful Wife And Aspired I For, But Got I Not And He Without Reading And Posting Got He A Beautiful Wife And See, This Is Called Fate

This is called fate, what it is in my fate that in not yours,
This is called good luck,
He never desired for a good-looking wife
Nor had he dreamt of
And got he so easily,
Without making an effort
And lo, see the case of mine,
I laboured hard day and night,
Spending my time in studies
But came she not,
As she too had not to come,
So came she not.

I had thought that I would have a beautiful wife
But working,
Not like a flower,
Who would not like to work
As the work will blacken her hands
And her beauty will fade away,
But came she not,
Neither Phoolkumari, Miss Flower nor Rupkumari, Miss Facial,
So tender as a flower or make-up-after beauty
And now blame I my fate
As for my selection
As the dark-complexioned wife,
She too works not at my home
And instead of that quarrels with me so much.

My God, where to go,
Will You give me a good wife
In the next birth,
Promise, promise it, my Lord,
That You will, You will

A good-looking wife to me,
Not now as she will quarrel with me
And so desperate is she
That she may go to any extent
As for banishing and blemishing us,
Why to be in police custody,
Let it be the next time
If it is possible on Your Part,
But forget it not my tryst with a bad wife?

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Fathers, But Says He, God Gives, The Almighty Has (No Birth Control)

He fathers, but says he, God gives, the Almighty has,
I shall not check,
I shall go fathering more and more
As He gives,
God gives,
The Almighty,
Not I should be blamed,
God has all but.

No birth control, more and more shall I go
Fathering and fathering
Even though
Am unable to feed them,
The half-fed, half-clothe ones,
The children of
Poverty, underdevelopment and un-education,
Illiteracy and superstition
And medievalism,
Malnutrition and backwardness,
I myself shall check and control
As the Almighty gives,
Not I, me,
But He the Giver of all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Has Four Bibis, But I've None/ Four Burkhawalli Bibis

He has four bibis,
Burkhawalli bibis,
But I have none,
What to say to?

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Has Got A Computer, The Old Retired Man Too Calling Himself A Poet

Kipling's Indian sepoy too has turned into
a writer of verses,
Whatever it is coming in his mind idly
He putting down on the webs
Without writing the manuscript.

A radio man, a wireless man, a stenographer,
All poets, verse-writers,
The new poets from India,
Kipling's old Indian sepoy,
The old matriculate too calling himself a poet
After dabbling in his pastime.

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Has Time To Read, But No Time As For To Love

He has got time to read and read,
But no time for love,
Love for me and myself,
To say, I love you,
I love you,
So emotionally and passionately.

No work to do,
Just go on reading and rading
And writing papers,
A man mad after books,
Not for his lady love
In waiting,
No time to attend to her.

If it continues for so long,
Maybe it that one day
He will go mad,
If the things be as such
Continuing for so long
Then who will see me,
Look after me?

Thinking it
After discussing with other village ladies,
She came like a whirlwind,
Took the books and notes by storm
And hurled them,
Flung open, thrown
And smashed and torn

And the scholar with the head on the hands
On getting a foolish wife
And his labours gone waste,
Turned water,
Thinking over his life,
As it lay as a blank sheet of paper.

The dream of becoming a scholar

Could not materialize it
As some make to it easily
And some even not after
Working hard for it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Is A Daruman, Sells Not, But Takes Daru

He is a daruman,
Sells not, but takes,
Takes not, but sells too,
A man by the bottle, for the bottle, of the bottle,
Telling of daru life,
Life in daru,
Daru in life,
No life without daru,
Daru piyo aur naach karo.

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Is A Daruman. Means, Means, Sir? Ask Me Not, You Will Not Understand

He is a daruman, daruman.

I could not make out your English, sir.

And you will not, you will not, my friend.

What, what, are you saying?

Yes, a daruman, yes, a daruman.

Means, means, I do not understand?

It means, means he comes with the daru bottles,

Comes and sells at the ale house,

Foreign daru not, Indian daru,

Native country liquor.

The seller too a daruman as deals he in daru,

I mean Indian daru

And takes he the customer

To fall flat and stagger on the roads,

I mean the other daruman,

But a daruman,

As takes he,

One he sells and another he but takes it,

The seller too takes

And the buyer too takes

As for to be a romantic

To advertise for,

One who becomes addicted to daru, a victim of,

His world and family are going to destroy soon.

Instead of being an adman, marking the statutory warning,

Do not drink, do not destroy family,

He wants to be a disco jockey,

Lies he fallen into the bushes,

The mother, wife, son and daughter

Calling him to stand

And he lost in his world,

Oblivious of all.

Both the darumen after the bottles,

One keeps another buys,
One the host another the guest,
But quarell they
As the film heroes,
The reeled scenes,
They in the films there falsely
But they here really.

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Is A Party Man

He sleeps in the party office,
Eats and drinks,
Awakes and arises
With a newspaper and a cup of tea.

What party member is he, which but I don't know,
Maybe it he is a communist,
A comrade regimented,
A blind supporter,
Do or die for the party.

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Is A Poet Of Twilight, Dawn-Break

He is a poet
Of twilight,
Dawn-break,
Jayanta Mahapatra,
Sunrise
And sundown.

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Is A Poetrywallah

He is a poetrywalah,
Sells not,
Writes he
Tagging and joining together with,
Hammering like a blacksmith,
Stitching like a tailor.

A paanwallah, beediwallah,
Chaiwallah not,
A poetrywallah,
Sitting idle, wasting time
And writing poetry,
A poetry not, potryman.

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Is A Suitman, A Bootman, Means Keeps Tip-Top

He is a suitman,
A bootman
Suited and booted
And in the neck-tie,
A modern gentleman,
Tip-top, fit-fat.

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Is A Talk-Man, He Is A Chat-Man, He Is A Gossip-Man

A talk-man giving a talk,
A chat-man chatting,
A gossip-master gossiping,
Talking and talking,
Chatting and chatting,
Gossiping and gossiping
And on seeing them, it seems
The world is a talk ending it not,
A chat and chatting
A gossip, just give you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Is A Terrorist As For His Beards Blackly And Long

Had he been not bearded,
Would not,
Would not have been a terrorist,
They say it,
Say it,
The beards,
The long and unkempt beards
The cause of world attacks,
World explosions, bombings,
Shellings, firings,
Burnings and crashes over
Had his beards been not
Long and flowing
And unkempt,
But had been clean-shaven
The world would have saved
From terror attacks.

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Is A Terrorist As For His Parents Too

Had his parents been not
Conservative and orthodox,
Would not have been a terrorist,
But for them he is,
The world calls him
A terrorist, terrorist
Ever ready to blast the bomb,
Fire mindlessly,
Explode and hurl.

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Is A University Professor, A Big Boss, You Salute Him

He is a university professor,
A big boss,
You just salute him,
But his reality
I know it,
He had been in a private college
And that too without a Ph.D.
And had been a third-class student
But after being transferred to the P.G. unit
As per backing,
He did it his Ph.D.
And now a guide
Walking with the scholars
And they yes-sirring him
Like a boss,
Your boss, my boss,
His boss, their boss,
Boss boss,
Accept you or not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Is Editing A Journal In India To Be A Varsity Professor

He is editing a literary journal,
I mean a small magazine
To be a poet,
A critic,
A short story writer,
A playwright
Whether he writes them or not.

He is editing a literary journal
For to be a Ph.D. guide,
An assistant professor for to be a professor
Of the varsity department,
The guest of honour,
The seminarian,
The paper-reader not,
Btu the resource person.

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Is Fathering And Says He God Is Giving, Allah, God, Khuda, Bhagavan, L

He is fathering
One after another
And is saying
God is giving,
Allah is,
Khuda is,
Bhagavan is giving.

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Is Going To Re-Marry

See him,
When his first wife died she,
Said he that would not
Never again in his life,
But the same man now colouring,
Dyeing
His moustache and beards
And hair,
Blackening or golden browning
To re-marry again,
Leaving his son and daughter
In dust and heat to play like some orphans.

Say you,
How did he forget her so easily,
Didn't he take time to forget
That chapter of life?

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Is Not A Simple Man, But Thinks Himself A Politburo Member

He is not a simple man to be taken simply
But is a politburo member
In his attitude and approach to life,
A common man,
An unknown citizen
So much energized,
The headpiece filled with the cliché of the class struggle
And plotting to come to power,
Marx, Lenin, Stalin and Mao,
The heart with a hatred and vengeance of his own,
A man so hard of heart,
Adopting suppressive and repressive measures
To silence it all, the seal the mouth,
To put down the voice of revolt,
To crush forcibly,
A tougher man doing the tougher talks,
Looks though simple but is not
A common man speaking to a common man
But a leftist diplomat
And his life a study in mean diplomacy,
A man planning and plotting against
Virtues and good things
All for his lust for power,
Which remains it not unto the last
As the superman too meets with his end.

The conspiracy of a communist is known world-wide
Always conspiring and conspiring,
Thinking himself to be a politburo member,
Not a man, but a superman.

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Is Not An Indian English Poet, But A Ragman, A Tagman

He is not an Indian English poet,
But a ragman, a tagman
Ragpicking and tagging
And dovetailing
The stuffs of his poesy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Is Not There, But His Jacket Is On The Office Chair Hanging

The office staff is not,
But his jacket is hanging
Over the chair he sits on.

Can't say, where has he gone,
Is he within the campus or outside,
Works or passes time?

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Is Producing One Child After Another And Saying, God Is Giving

He is producing one child after another
And saying,
God is giving,
The Giver of it,
The Maker of all.

His wife is turning into a skeleton
And he is saying,
God is giving,
Mark his old mentality,
Conservatism.

The children like a battalion move aimlessly
On the footpaths
Like ragpickers
And he is saying,
God the Master knows it all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Is Reading A Paper On Dalit Literature

He is reading a paper on Dalit literature,
Do you know why,
Just for to get the promotion
From the assistant professor to the associate scale
Not, but now the pay band
Top the disco jockey professor rank,
After that you move about
In a hat?

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Just Called Me Michael Jackson, O, Michael Jackson, Come Here!

Though no dancer I am, but he just called me Michael Jackson,
O, Michael Jackson, come here
And hearing his name,
Started I dancing
At my home, in the office,
At the shopping mall,
Into the lanes!

Whether sitting or standing, smiling or talking, in lungi or pants
Started I dancing, dancing
And breaking the limbs
And rolling down
Taking together,
Whoever be nearer to me.

As such had been the spell of his,
The magic of his name
That started I dancing,
Shaking the waist,
The limbs,
Twisting and turning myself.

Rounding a handkerchief around the neck
Just as a tie,
Upping the goggles overhead,
Started I dancing,
Desirous of making the audience dance.

Though no Michael Jackson am I, he just called me
Out of joke,
O, Michael Jackson, come here
And started I dancing
Merely with his saying,
Though no Jackson am I!

Jackson is Jackson, Michael Jackson,
Only one

And people dancing merely at the sight of his
And he making them dance anytime anywhere,
Even fanatics, zealots and moral police shaking
And the earth tuning beneath their legs,
I may go emulating, but cannot be Michael Jackson.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

He Takes To Not Wine, But Wine Keeps Him Drinking

Drinks he not wine,
But wine keeps him drinking,
Engaging and enticing him all the ways
As he cannot without,
Has turned into a wine-taker,
A simple one but, but a hard drinker
As nothing gives so much joys
As this wine
As lies he fallen now fallen on the roads
After emptying bottles.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Headless Daughter (Written After The Gyaneswari Express Accident Near Jhargram, A Naxal Hothead Activity)

Headless daughter,
O, you awake, awake,
Awake, awake and arise,
O, you headless daughter
Of someone
Lying by the tracks,
The railway tracks
Disrupted by
The hotheads,
The leftists gone desperate!

Headless daughter,
Was it,
Was it that wanted you,
Was it,
Was it that saw you
With your gruesome experience,
My daughter,
Daughter,
I see you,
See you lying by the tracks
In blood!

Headless,
Headless daughter,
How, How to describe the pains of survival
In this age of disturbed times
And turbulence,
But what,
What did you,
O, innocent daughter
That bore you the consequences
And for what ideology,
What is this nasty politics
Calling for innocent bloodshed!

Heard Not, Just Talked On The Last Benches, But Got The Certificates

He heard not, just talked and gossiped
Sitting on the last benches,
Searching old friends,
Meeting them by chance,
Taking their phone numbers,
Arriving late,
Leaving the station so early
To catch the the bus,
But forgot not to take the certificates
Of seminar participation
And on the basis of so many,
Calls he himself a seminarian,
Sometimes called as a resource person.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Heartbeat

My heartbeat,
Heartache,
My heartbreak are you, my love!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hello! Hello! , Came It The Voice On The Phone

Hello!

Hello, hello! , came it the voice.

On hearing the sweet, but unknown voice,
Asked I,
Who, who?

I am a modern girl,
A city girl,
One from the towns and cities.

No doubt excellent was the voice
With tonal intonation
And a nasal sound,
She speaking in a sweet voice of her own,
A language so modern and polished.

Modern, up-to-date and cute,
Frank and bold and daring
Appeared she to be,
Mod, stylish and linguistic.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Her Cheeks Are Appleyish, The Lips Pink, The Eyes Lustrous

Shakespeare, your mistress'eyes may not be,
But those of mine are lustrous,
The looks so beautiful and penetrating,
The cheeks appleyish,
The lips roseate and pink,
The smiles so cute and flowery,
The hair golden brown
And glistening,
Playing with the sunshine,
The curls with the wind
And the sun flashing over
The sweet face of yours.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Her English Is Stormy, British And Accented Well, My English Not So Good, Frankly Speaking, I Cannot Like Copycat Convent School Educated, Even Failing Original Speakers

My English is very poor,
Frankly speaking, I am weak in
Speaking
and even though speak I, pronounce I
As an Indian,
A Hindiman,
A Hindustani,
Not Pakistani
Which came to later on,
My English
Whether you believe it or not
Is no good English,
Slowly and slowly
My train passes by
Like the coal engine,
Particles flying
And it chugging,
The guard whistling
Running without
Sufficient light and water
And other facilities,
An Indian train
Just like that
Wherein the passengers jostling,
Puling and pushing
And shoving,
The fools of Indian democracy
And the jokers of population explosion
Keep packing
And with the truckloads
The trains keep pulling.

But some speak like tornadoes,
Storms coming

And ruffling it all,
Bowling fast,
Very fast spell
And I a batsman
Trailing before,
Shaking to see the deliveries,
Fearing to hear in-comes
The fast bowler from the pavilion end
And I murmuring,
My God, save You,
Where are You,
Save me,
Save me this spell,
This over
Of the stormy bowler,
In-comes the fast bowler
And before he in-comes
I falling down,
My bat in her air,
I trying to save my chin,
My wickets fallen,
Sorry to say
As it slipped by,
Fell not, broken,
The bails gone off
And I returning somehow
After thanking God
Which but saved me
With the fall of the stumps.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Her Eyes Had Been Wet With

Her eyes had been wet with tears
And she had weeping,
Sobbing and sighing,
Oh, the heart turned stone,
How could it be!
Why he did he love,
If had not to caress it?
Betrayals are many,
But the good souls rarer and rarer,
It is good heart which but never betrays,
Try to understand love
And its tender feelings of heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Here People Love, Here People Abandon They

Peculiar is this world,
Here people, here people betray,
So walk you cautiously.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Heroine From Bombay (Haiku)

A girl in the goggles,
Heroine from Bombay
Starring.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Heroine Mom, Stylist Mom, European Mom

O newborn babe, your mom is a careerist, a stylist,
A heroine mom,
A European mom, not an Asiatic one,
Ask for not milk!

The heroine mom, stylistic mom, modern mom
In the sunglasses smiling,
Caring not for the babe,
Newly born to her,
That she is a mother.

A fashion designer, a beautician, a parlour visitor,
A shopping mall-visitor,
She likes to be a saleswoman, a media manager,
A florist or an interior decorator,
Not a mom.

The heroine mom, stylist mom, fashionable mom,
A hosteller and a hotelier,
A picnicker and a changer,
A tourist and a traveler,
An achorman and an adman.

She is a careerist mom, has career before her,
Not the child,
Keeping it crying at home
Into the hands of the bay-sitter and the nurse,
The madam going.

I mean ma'm,
Ask me not, Indian or European,
Rural or urban,
As she is urban no doubt,
Modern mom, urban mom.

Modern mom, European mom, stylistic mom, heroine mom,
The mom in the dark goggles smiling and going
And the baby shrieking into the hands
Of the baby-sitter and the nurse-maid,

The mom doing ta-ta, bye-bye to the newly born babe
Unable to recognize if she is really its mother.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hers Is An American Dream, But Mine Is Indian

Hers is an American dream,
But mine is an Indian dream
As live I with an Indian wife,
Had I an American wife,
I would have differently.

I shall live in India
With an Indian wife,
How can it be that I shall be writing
American poems?

Had I an American wife, I would have heard
So often, yea,
My fairly tall maiden
Responding nasally
In the golden tone of her own.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hey Ram, With These Words, Slept You, Slept You Forever

Hey Ram,
With these words
Spelt from,
Slept you for ever,
Before the world could know,
You slept for ever,
Gandhi!

Hey Ram!
O Rama!
Lies it inscribed on his samadhi
At Rajghat,
The light burning,
Flower-petals scattered over

And the lips whispered it
And slept he for ever,
The old saint,
Closed he the eyes forever.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hey! You Are Taking Ganja, A Teenager Boy Like You!

Hey! you are taking ganja,
Ganja,
Smoking and puffing
A small boy like you,
What are you doing,
Where are you going?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hey, Dark Is Beautiful

Dark is beautiful
As light comes breaking
And beaming from darkness,
Light and darkness are the two sides
Of the same.

What it is dark,
Let it be
As you cannot the course
Of Creation,
Dark it was, dark it will be.

What it is dark, let it be,
Dark was dark,
Dark will it remain,
As dark is dark,
Dark is beautiful.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hey, Michael!

Hey, Michael,
Michael Jackson,
Jackson, Jackson,
King of Pop,
A songwriter, singer, dancer
And above all, a thriller,
A thriller thrilling,
Shaking,
Shaking the body
And dancing,
Dancing in full,
Marking the beat,
Going by the rhythm
Of pop, jazz,
Rock `n roll,
Hey,
Hey, Jackson,
Michael Jackson,
Jackson, Jackson,
Michael, Michael,
Michael Jackson!

Hey, Michael,
Michael,
Michael Jackson,
Jackson, Jackson,
King of Pop,
King of dance,
Pop, jazz and rock `n roll,
Rocking,
Rocking and thrilling,
Taking the stage,
Into the streets,
Alighting from the bus
Or the train,
Making the audience dance,
Jackson, Jackson,
Michael Jackson,
The beat of life,

The rhythm of life,
Sliding and gliding
And rocking to roll by,
Jackson,
Jackson, Michael Jackson!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hey, My Name Is... (Oh, The Style Of Introducing Herself)

Hey, hey, my name is,
O, Mr., did you hear,
Did you hear me,
O man going ahead of me,
My name is,
My name is Nisha...

Just by the way,
Going with you,
May I ask you,
If you don't mind,
Do you like me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hi-Hello, Bye-Bye! See You, See You Again, But Saw She Not, My Love!

Hi-hello,
Bye-bye,
Said she, smiled she,
Waving the hands at.

The American beauty, tall, slim and good-looking,
Doing hi-hello to somebody,
Expressing in many a musical cadence and sonorous voice
I just heard her marking the etiquette,
Her delicacy, courtesy and good manners!

As she was quite unknown to me, strange enough,
I did not say anything else to her
But coming to my residence,
I too kept to myself saying imitatively,
Hi-hello in many a sonorous, sweet and beautiful voice of my own.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hillary Clinton, The Presidential Candidate

Hillary Clinton
The lady,
The politician,
The senator,
The leader,
The lawyer,
We talk about
The democrat.

Who definitely
Underwent
The period of crisis and upheaval,
Repercussion
In personal relationship
But stood by
Without going public
Or against.

What Clinton
Could not
Hillary did it,
Checking and balancing
And she would have been
Earlier,
But time ordained it
Otherwise
For the next time.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hindu Madness Is Something Foreign To Us

Hinduism is good,
but to act along the minority line
in a hateful way,
indulging in bloodshed,
violence and atrocity,
we cannot accept it.
Never can we support
the hardliner stand
as because
Hinduism had not been as such.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hindustani English/ A Daruman He Is A Daruman, Sells Not, Country Liquor But Takes To Not Less But In Full. A Man For The Bottle, Of The Bottle, By The Bottle, Living For Bottle

He is a daruman,
Sells not,
Country liquor
But takes to
Not less
But in full.

A man
For the bottle,
Of the bottle,
By the bottle,
Living for bottles
A bottle-taker he.

He is a daruman,
Sells not,
Country liquor
But takes to
Not less
But in full.

A man
For the bottle,
Of the bottle,
By the bottle,
Living for bottles
A bottle-taker he.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hindutava

Hindutava is a different thing,
it is like Panchttava,
Not a matter of petty discussion.

It is never in conversion,
Without knowing Hinduism,
One should not say.

Hindutava is another thing
And politics is another,
It is not at all fanatical.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hindutva

Hindutva,
What is its agenda,
I do not understand it,
It does not impress me at all?
We have never thought across
The Hindutava line,
Those who are,
Let them do politics,
Even the minorities are doing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

His Beloved Is So Beautiful That I Keep Thinking

His beloved is so beautiful that sometimes see I her
And feel and keep thinking,
What have I got,
What have I not in this life,
What have I erred
And what not?

To get a beautiful wife is also a matter of fate,
If a good is not in your destiny, you will not,
If she is, you will get her,
But here lie I an ill-fated fellow
Whose wife keeps scolding
Without rhyme or reason?

Here lie in a fellow
Whose wife is not only ugly,
But hooked and crooked and screwed by nature.

Bijay Kant Dubey

His English Is British English, American English, But Mine Is Indian English

His English is British English, American English,
But mine is Indian English,
His is King's Standard, Queen's Standard,
Impeccable English,
But mine is a halting speech,
An Indian rustic learning to speak in English
After being appointed as a professor of English.

My English is mine, only mine, Indian English,
Indian speech and accent,
Stressing like an Indian language,
I an Indian,
But his English American Standard
And he speaking English like an American.

Lo, he turned into an American,
of Massachusetts, Iowa,
New Jersey, Virginia,
After emulating them
And what to talk of myself,
I remained an Indian,
Villagerly and countrified!

Bijay Kant Dubey

His Father Had Not Been An English Man, But The Son Speaks He Tongue-Twister's English, A Walking Dictionary Not, But A Phonetician

His father had not been an Englishman,
Born in India,
One from Asia,
But he,
What to say about him
And his alien tongue,
Going with a click?

His father had not been an Englishman,
But he thinks of out and out an Englishman
Speaking British English,
American English,
Canadian English,
Caribbean English
Just like a stormy bowling session or commentary.

And even if is not, will become so
After learning English,
Reading in Eng. Hons. and M.A. in Eng. Lit. not,
Phonetics and linguistics, a village boy
Working in a call centre,
Living in a cab,
Announcing and advertizing.

Like a DJ, disco jockey of an FM Radio Station
Speaking Benglish, Bengali plus English,
Hinglish, Hindi plus English
Stylistically
In a foreign tone of his own,
Spicing and salting the things.

Like a humorist or a satirist in mocking,
An Englishman born in India
To English parents
On sojourn not,
But an Indian

Not from London,
But from India, Dilli

Is he the speaker, an earnest learner of it,
Wanting to be an interpreter,
A guide to
The foreigners on their visit to India,
The tourists from across the sea,
Seas not only,
But from India too

Which like a sub-continent of different
Native tongues and speakers,
The speakers of Hindi
Failing to converse with the Bengalis
And even a Hindi-speaker a little bit of Bengali,
The southern ones almost unintelligible
And what more to say about the tribal languages?

A tongue-twister's English, he will
Walking on tip-toe,
Strutting and walking
And showing,
Going after the English,
Trying to imitate like
Gandhi in suit and boots, tie and coat.

A teacher of phonetics and linguistics
He is going to be appointed
To teach the students in foreign,
Like Yemen or Jordan
To make a tryst with it,
An Indian
Even speaking Hindi in an English tone.

Thank you, sir, I am going,
What trouble is it in thinking oneself
A foreigner
Speaking impeccable English
If I can't go to England or America
As many of the bogus too
Have availed of the fellowship programs?

How did you like the poem?

Bijay Kant Dubey

His Father Had Not Been An Officer, But Calls He Himself

His father had not been an officer,
But he is sitting as an officer on chair,
Refusing to sit on ground,
But he is the same man
Who used to sit and read on a mat
In the countryside homes
And used to sleep on a rope-and-bamboo-cot.

Now calls he himself an officer,
His father had not been,
But he is an officer,
But his officials fail to recognize
The father of the officer,
To whom goes it the credit of making him
An officer.

Had he not educated, could he have been an officer,
He now thinks it not,
Had he not educated him, you say it,
Could he have been an officer,
Which he prides by
And his orderlies too would not have
Called him sir
As an address to him.

The main officer is the father
Who has made him,
But his wife knows it not
And struts and walks on tiptoe
By calling herself
The officer's officer
And this is not the all,
The officer's orderlies too know it not
Who is it,
Who has made him?

Many like to sit on chair,

Many ignore it
By calling it
Prone to human weakness and lust for power,
The dirt of the mind,
Many do mean politics as for to acquire it somehow
To show power
And pride over.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Histories

History of earth,
History of man,
History of life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

History Is Not What Man Writes

History is not history
What man writes,
History is hidden under earth,
Excavate you, dig you the things
Which know you not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

History Of Delhi Not The History Of India

The history of Delhi is not the history of India
As presume we, assume we
As what more do we know
About Bengal and Orissa?

A few mausoleums and graves and tombstones
Cannot enlighten upon it all,
The history lying earthed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

History Of Earth

History of earth,
History of life,
History of man,
History of time,
Tell you,
I know them not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

History Of Man, History Of The World

History of man,
History of the world
Know I not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

History Of Sound

The history of sound want I to relate to, refer to
As I know it not,
How did the sound break in for the first time,
Echoing in the cosmos,
With madrigals and word-notes
Or squeaks and chatters of animals?

When there had been any life on earth,
It would have been in a frozen state;
Had there been not the sun,
Then it would have substantiated it
By letting it chilled.

The history of creation began it with the sound,
The sound-break, the break of the sound
And it sounded, Om, AUM,
The world a circle,
The point of meditation.

The sound breaking, creaking and the vibration
Echoing around,
Life pulsating in the mother divinely womb,
Bearing the pangs of creation,
So mythical and so mystical.

But we feel it not,
Meditate it not over,
What it the truth we need have
Brooded over, meditated,
The sounds breaking forth
With the sprays and foams swirling from the sea waters
And the shores washed over.

The birds squeaking,
Babies shrieking,
The sunlight falling upon through the shady trees
And glistening
And life taking its wings,
Sounds paving the way for speeches

And speeches into signs, symbols and letters
To language and literature.



Bijay Kant Dubey

History, Art, Thought & Tradition

I see the golden statue of Radha and Krishna
Found from the ruins, debris and rubble
Of the terracotta temples,
The broken pillars and columns
Turned into a mound of earth
And trying to relate it back to,
Ascertaining its date of making,
The goldsmiths who worked on,
Whose hands turned them into a shape.

The artistry and craftsmanship is no doubt admirable,
But the statue lay it in the earth
Of the dilapidated temples,
The small-small terracotta temples
Made from limestone powder and bricks,
But the statue golden,
Cast in gold
And the craftsmanship admirable and appreciable,
A thing of history, art and culture,
Thought and tradition.

A thing of the museums and archival studies,
Archaeology, historiography, metallurgy and sculpture,
A statue golden, but blackly,
Has it grown blackly
After lying in earth
Or the statue was painted
As to avert common manly gaze,
What the reason behind,
Which but I don't know,
But it's a thing of history,
None can contradict it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

History, How Old Is History?

History,
History of the earth,
History of time,
History of life,
How old is it,
Can you say?

Bijay Kant Dubey

History-Makers Get It Not

The history makers get it not
The credit
For art and artifacts,
Sculptures and figurines,
But the historians
claim it otherwise.

Can you tell about the sculptors
Of the past
Making the statues of golden Buddha,
Can you about the construction
Of the rock-built temples?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hitler, Why Was He Hitler, Nobody Understood It?

Hitler,
Why was he Hitler,
Nobody understood,
Ever tried to,
We just the other side,
Not his words?

Just went on calling him a Hitler,
A dictator,
A tyrant, an autocrat,
But why,
Why was he,
None came to understand it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hoisting The National Flag On Independence Day, Saw I The Imprints

While hoisting the flag on the eve of the independence day,
While unfurling the flag, Saw I
while pulling the rope to position it top,
Read I the imprints,
The imprints of struggle, sacrifice and suffering,
The freedom fighters at struggle,
Martyrs' blood and sacrifice,
The soldier's death
And read into closely
India's tryst with destiny
While pulling the rope, letting it glide to the top,
Saw I the visions,
The visions of the past
And the living present.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hold The Hand Warmly & Wish You, Happy New Year To You!

Hold the hand warmly
And say you,
Happy new year to you,
Happy, happy new year to you,
Holding the hand in grip,
Shaking it warmly
As the people shake they not
As they used to once
As the warmth which once used to be
Missing it now
As they shake not so warmly,
Hold it not aloft in warmth,
Where that hospitality,
Where that joviality?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Holding By The Collar, She Asked Me If I Would Divorce Her, Divorce Her

Holding by collar
And with tears,
Asked she,
Asked she,
The pastoral girl wife,
One from the rural area,
So playful and innocent,
Enquired she,
Enquired she of
Will you,
Will you divorce me,
Divorce me,
What did you,
What
Holding by collar
And with tears,
Reddening the eyes,
Will you,
Will you
Divorce me,
Divorce me
Filling the eyes
With tears,
Reddening them
After rubbing
With the hands?

No, no,
I shall not, shall not
Divorce you,
Divorce you,
You are mine,
Mine, only mine,
I love you, love you
So much.

Holding My Unkempt Beards, Burquawalli Asked Me, 'How Do You Do? '

Holding my blackly unkempt beards,
She said to me,
'How do you do? '

Holding my my blackly unkempt beards,
She said to me,
'How are you? '

The girl from the black veil
Smiled she so sweetly,
My love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Holi Hai, Holi Hai, Burra Mat Mano Holi Hain

Holi hai,
Holi hai,
Burra mat mano
Holi hai,
Bhang pee ke
Bhangeri hoke mat kahiye,
Holi hai.

Rang ke mahol ko
Nashta na karen
Badaltee ritu ke saath.

It's Holi,
Holi,
Take it not bad
It's holi,
Taking bhang,
Becoming a bhangedi say you not,
Holi is.

Do not spoil the mood
Of colour and joy
With the changing season.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Holi Hain, The Maiden's Cheeks Coloured With Paints

Holi hain,
The maiden's cheeks
Coloured in paints and prints
And colours,
Holi hain.

Bura mat maano, Holi hain,
Take it not bad, it's Holi,
So, I smearing your face with colours.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Holi Is Of Loafers, Revellers & Ramblers (A Joke)

Holi is of loafers, revellers and ramblers.
All giving a break dance.

Holi hai,
Shouting out of joy and delight
And smiles bursting out on the lips.

But with daru and bhang, spoil you not the mood
Of joy and free mixing
Without any inhibition.

Play you not with the dirt of the drains,
Over drinking you lie you not fallen on the roads,
Spoil you not the mood of colour and joy.

Friends, smile you, smile I, Holi hai,
Burra mat mano Holi hai,
Hee, hee, laugh you, laugh I.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hollywood Know I, Not Other Woods Talk You Imitatively

Hollywood is o.k., that know I,
But where did it come from Bollywood,
Which hate I most,
Again came it the broken word,
Imitative and derivative,
Tollywood and Pollywood?

Friend, make not so many woods
As the forests already destroyed and deserted,
What shall we with the photos,
As everyone a hero in the goggles
And everyone a heroine,
In the dark sunglasses, golden wrist watch and smiles,
Just call in a photographer to take the snaps?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Home Thoughts

There is no place like the home on this earth
Which can give pleasure as much the home can
And wherewith lie in connected
The memories of childhood.

Your home is paradise and the bliss which none
But the dweller can feel it,
But do not be mad after the return journey,
Think of reaching it safely.

Maybe it that you had an ancestral house at village,
But lived you not, grew you up in a town
And the days spent they in a rented house
Where parents had been employed.

And after that, you built a house of your own for them
But they lived not for long,
The new house turned into a haunted house
As for non-living,
None to light a candle at eve.

And you too left the place for a distant place,
Leaving them
As for employment and job,
Livelihood and food of the stomach,
Making a new one at your own service place.

Now say you judiciously, which is whose own,
The village house where one was born,
Where there lie in landed properties and the mud house
Or the rented house of the father
Where he had been employed
Or the new one which was built later on after getting service
To house them, but they lived not
Just to sustain the memories of childhood and the parents.

Or the last one he constructed after moving to
As for employment and engagement,
The service place of the son

Where is with his wife and the children
As for his job,
You say it me
And after his retirement, if he wants to be back to,
Where will he?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hon'Ble Sir, You Lincoln, See It, How They Have Changed The Definition Of Democarcy

Indian democracy is a govt. of the fools, by the fools, for the fools.
You, Sire, take it not for,
A govt. of the people, by the people, for the people.

The ballot boxes are rigged and changed,
Proxy votes are cast for
And Murkhamantri comes out victorious.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Honour Killing (Arabic & Conservative)

Just for her love and innocence
And the acceptance of it,
You are killing her,
Punishing her so hard,
Haven't you
That she is daughter,
For whom will you weep someday
When she will be no more here?

Kill not your daughter just for your madness,
Punish her not so hard,
Don't be so hard of heart
Though she is the lovely daughter of yours,
Why can you not pardon her,
Forgive her,
After all she is your daughter,
Can't you think in this way
Rather than brutal, bloody and bestial?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Honour Killing (For The Arabic People)

What will you get
killing your daughter,
O conservative dad!

After all, she is your daughter,
Loving daughter,
See the tears into the eyes of hers!

Can't you forgive her?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Honour Killing, What Will You Get Killing Your Daughter?

Honour killing, what will you get killing your daughter
So sweet and lovely,
A son of a woman
You killing a woman,
What crime are you committing,
Think you,
O man,
Your sword one day will kill you,
Kill not your lovely daughter,
The daughter of your heart and soul!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Honour Killing, Whose Honour, Where's Honour?

Honour killing,
Whose honour is it getting stained,
A fanatic's or a conservative's
Or that of a fundamentalist's,
You talk it not please,
A talk about sin
Will make you turn into a sinner.

Honour killing is a sinful act,
Before killing others,
They should be punished,
I mean the moral police and guardians
Who take the law of the land into their hands.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Honour-Killing Is A Sin/ Just For Family Honour, Do Not Kill A Girl!

Just for your family honour, do not,
Do not kill your daughter,
O father!

I do not know if a father can be
So callous and hard of heart,
Can he not forgive her?

The daughter is yours,
You have given birth to her
And you are killing,
Killing her
At their provocation,
Can you not forgive her?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Horses, Do We Not Need Them?

Horses,
Race horses
Gallopings,
Racing,
Trained and tamed
And domesticated
And professional,
Do we not need them,
Not need them,
Have they been left
To die in harness,
Are they obsolete now,
Of no use,
Man does not need them at all?

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Are You, My Love? It's The Dead Beloved Speaking

Who, who are you,
Who, who are you speaking?
Who, who,
Whose is the voice that heard I?

I am the dead wife, dead wife speaking, me lord,
This is just to ask, how are you,
To say to you, how are you, my love?
Are you happy, are you fine?
Are you happy, my lord?

Who, who are you speaking
Couldn't. couldn't you recognize my voice,
Couldn't you, my love?
I am your dead wife, dead wife speaking
Whom killed you, murdered you
As for your extra-marital affair?

I murdered, murdered, murdered you,
What are you speaking,
What, what are you?
Why, why shall I murder you?

Yes, yes, you murdered me, my lord,
Murdered, murdered to eliminate me,
A prick lying on your way,
But let it go.
I am here just to ask, how are you,
How are you, me lord?

Are you happy, are you fine?
Are you happy with your new partner?
This is just to ask you, this is just to know
From your end, my love,
I go wailing with the wind
For my small son and daughter.

How Bad Am I! (Mein Kitana Bura Hun!)

How bad am I
That you know it not
How bad,
How bad am I!

Behind the curtain peep
You into to see
How,
How bad am I!

I am not a good man
You looking for.
Kitna bura hun mein
Ki tum janatei tak nahin
Kitana bura,
Kitana bura hun mein!

Purdah ke picche cchank ke
To dekhiye mujhe,
Kitana,
Kitana bura hun mein!

Mein ek acccha aadmi nahin
Jise aap khoj rahein hain.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Barabarc And Medieval Are Those Who Bombard And Shell Mindlessly!

How barbaric and medieval are those
Who bombard and shell mindlessly,
Who spread the language of terror
And terrorize people,
Bring ruin to civilization and culture!

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Beautiful Are You!

How beautiful are you,
How beautiful look you!
And on viewing you,
Starts it humming the heart of mine,
Humming and whistling a song.

It's none but you the love lyric of my life,
Your sweet face and lovely looks,
So God-gifted fair and fresh face.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Beautiful Look You!

How lovely are you,
How beautiful look you!
A dream flower before me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Bluntly Speak They, The Cpi(M) Even Changed The Rhetoric And The Speech Of The Common People

Now how bluntly speak they,
The common and the half-educated people,
Whom call they proletariat and the intelligentsia,
The humble folk and the intellectuals
And the bourgeois,
Using the coarse speech and diction
Without caring for humility,
Etiquette and good manners

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Can It Be It That You Are Separating?

They proposed, but turned away from after it,
Even not keeping their words of faith,
The promise which they made in the beginning,
Exchanging they.

They saw and saw, met and met, loved and liked each other,
Went after following, in pursuance
And now when the work is done, they want to separate from,
Can it be, can it be so?

Is it love, can it be called love?
Love is not love if it is full of selfishness,
If had not to love, why did you,
Did you love her as for to abandon her to be depressed?

Love, love, but leave not,
Love the heart which loves it,
Leave it not,
Love but leave not.

On marking her so young and beautiful,
You proposed before
And now when the work is done,
You are separating yourself from her.

Can it be called love,
If had not to love, why did you,
Love is not love if it is full of betrayal,
Love is not love if it of full of selfishness and deceit.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Can It Be? (For The Syrian Daughter)

How can it be
That I shall you
In tears?

How can,
How can it be,
Syrian, Syrian daughter?

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Crazy Has He Modern Hollow Man!

How crazy is modern man
After name and fame!
How crazy has he!

Oh, blind after name and fame!

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Did I Come To Be A Poet? Creative Poetry And Its Field Work

As a poet I used to do the field work hidingly
And the struggle, suffering and sacrifice of life too taught me,
While in the absence of the servant,
The buffaloes used to low
And it seemed to break the pegs,
So, taking that,
I used to take to the fields and fallows
As for grazing,
Sometimes sitting on the back of
And the buffalo grazing.

I writing poetry and reading under the shades
Of the trees of the bowers,
The highlands of the forested area,
Marking heat and dust,
Strong sun and shade,
Sometimes feeling hunger and thirst,
Feeling tired and exhausted,
Sometimes passing through the hills,
Away and away into the solitary domains
Where man was not,
But the landscapes seem to be lurking around,
Hamlets and thorps lying far flung and scattered.

Sometimes under compulsion or just in a fit of frenzy,
I used to move about as for seeing the summer,
Its heat and dust,
The intensity of rising temperature,
The hot wind blowing hard
And I passing through
The raw connectway
To pause under the florid gulmohur tree
And the blossoms hanging by
And from there marking
Solitude, quietude and loneliness,
Man and their scattered hamlets.

One day I climbed up the hill, but was unable to come down the slope,
Somehow slid I and got stuck into
Otherwise would have rolled down,
Yes, climbing the hill,
Wrote I my poems,
Sitting on the rocks
But everything appeared dizzy
And after that, I never tried to climb and enjoy
And write my poetry
Sitting thereon.

While had been to my village, yea, the solitary hamlet
By the banks of the highland river
But waterless,
Just in spite for a few days during the rains,
I used to write poetry
Sitting on the river-bed
Descending evening
And under the moonlit nights,
My brother talking with
And I sometimes sparing time
Indulged in writing.

In the manless, away from human haunt,
Thinly populated villages,
I used to see life,
Its pace and sequence of events,
The slow pace of life,
Nothing to do,
Nothing to read in mud houses,
Mud-built and straw-thatched,
With earthen wares and sling-cots,
Of the farmhouses and farmlands,
Agricultural and rural.

Sitting in the graveyard, I used to see the tombstones
Of the British,
Marblestone and limestone built,
A few muddy and cemented,
With the Cross sculpted over
And the inscriptions on the white marble
Of the British time

And I used to write poetry in the evening,
Hiding from the world,
Sometimes marking the owl sitting,
Sometimes a scorpion crawling over,
Sometimes the returning herd lowing
And the bells tied around tinkling,
Sometimes the vulture sitting atop the leafless cotton tree
But in bloom in spring.

Sometimes while alone in the train bogey during the cold wave time
Fearing the pickpockets and their gang,
I writing poetry in my bogey,
Sometimes on the platform,
Sometimes in the staff-room,
Sometimes in the waiting room,
While working as a presiding officer
Mocking the futile election process and useless paper works,
Marking the infirm and the old coming to vote
And our duties to them.

Sometimes stopping near the forest of the pathway
Marking the wild blooms
And writing poetry,
Turning off the switch of the car,
Resting under,
Marking the beauty and mystery of the woods,
Feeling the infatuation for,
Sometimes passing through the solitary ways
Of the countryside,
Passing through the hills
And marking the depleting porcupines.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Did The Poets Of India Did Try Their Best To Sidetrack Me?

My poetry is the result of
My struggle with it
And the silence suffering
Which I have borne,
Undergone,
As there is none
Who has supported me
In India,
Everybody has just tried
To suppress me,
Sidetrack me.

Be they the academicians
Or editors
Or politicians,
But the embers,
The fires and flames of it
Can never be,
Never be
Whatever do they
Or is it in their within
To keep it extinguished.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Did They Ignore Me? They Plotted And Planned For My Fall As A Poet

I do not expect high from the Indians
As they never gave me a chance
To publish my poems
Instead of going through and knowing me.

They tried their utmost best
To crush me and my poetry
Which I shall tell you someday,
What did I bear for poetry-writing?

The big poets and the small journal men,
They all ignored and neglected me,
The professor critics,
They all utilized my matters.

But if God's grace is there,
None will be able to crush you down,
There are definitely some good people
For whom the world goes well.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Did They Plot To Crush My Talent, The Indian Bourgeois, Intelligentsia And Literati?

They did too much politics
In suppressing my poetry,
I mean the poets, critics and professors
Of India,
What has India government too given to me,
I went on publishing and promoting
At my own cost?

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Did They?

How, how did they come to feel it, view it then,
How the villagerly rustics and the uncouth people,
The countrified folks speaking vernaculars,
Provoking them, instigating with inflammatory statements
And they committing suicides, self-immolations,
Did it suit them morally!

O, talk you not about the sense of morality,
They are not at all the literate people,
They are the blunt men,
The rough and tough fellows,
Living in villages,
Backward, underdeveloped and impoverished!

Had they the sense of morality, and ethics,
They would not have troubled somebody's feelings
In such a way,
Had they, they would not have hurt in such a way,
The blunt and bogus men of Indian politics!

A democracy of the fools, by the fools and for the fools,
The stuntmen as politicians,
Rural and uncouth,
Foolish and illiterate,
Just not with the tikki and the tikka now,
Without the pagadi and the linen towel!

They are the same persons,
The same people,
But not with the clamp of hair hanging from the crown of the head,
The turban around the head,
The thin towel on the shoulders
And a lathi in the hands.

Actually, the clamp of hair was for some other scholarly purpose
And Brahminical thinking,
The turban as for protection from sunlight and covering and prestige too,
The towel as for to bring in or wipe out the face and mouth,
The lathi to save from the wild animals,

But they grew up otherwise,
The pistolmen, lathimen and the blunt men,
All going to be leaders, the makers of Indian democracy.

The backwards of politics did they politics as for bargaining power,
Coming into power,
As for sitting on the chair,
Trying to divide between Backward India and Forward India,
Marking self-immolations,
The young and unemployed boys and girls in fire,
Setting themselves on fire by pouring over kerosene.

The small-small countryside men
With the olden, age-old clothes,
Century-old, somehow given or collected coats
And wearing those abandoned, outmoded clothes clothes,
Planning to go to the assembly house and the Parliament house.

The bullock cart stationed near the halt to take him back
And the cartman waiting to take him away
To the native village
Wherefrom is he, a son of the soil,
A rustic, a native
As a politician,
Whom the townsmen saluting
And he saying it,
It's my style.

And if this could be, how could they be as such inhuman,
Immoral and unethical and unsocial
That they would see the youths,
Simple and jobless,
Committing suicides in public places,
If this can be as such!

And how can it be that the topiwallah
Sitting on chair
And calling himself a Buddha,
But ridiculous it is to compare
As the Buddha had not been as such,
He was Peace, Peace Divine, Peace Befitting!

Oh, the illiterate and foolish folks from the countryside,
Marching towards, getting their luggages and bundles packed
As for going to the house,
Oh, the Indian fools and blockheads,
Dullards and rustics as leaders
Of the People's Government,
Seeing the self-immolation of the jobless and unemployed youths
As the idiots, but how can man be cruel as such, viewing tearlessly!

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Distraught & Desperate Am I In A Godless World!

How much distraught and devastated
Am I in a godless world,
Disbelief in belief holding the hands
Taking me away!

How desperate and lonely have I turned to be,
How distraught and shattered!

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Do I Write? How Do I Feel I, Think I?

How do I write? How do feel I, think I?

My poetry and I,
Both of us strange,
Rarely to be found.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Do They Become University Profs. In India?

How do they become university profs. in India,
This too has a story of its own,
How they used to be,
How do they today,
Which but they know it,
Reveal it not?

Where there are established new universities,
College teachers lying in wait
Are transferred,
Many like not to join
As for settlements
And many run after
For to be P.G. Deptt. professors.

Generally, the Ph.D. scholars
Or the lecturer students
Teaching in addition to,
Engaging classes as part-time faculty
Or the guest faculty
Get inducted into.

What it startles us is this that
Many demonstrators
Too have turned into professors
And Ph.D. guides,
Which but is a mockery
Of it indeed
And what to say it more?

Today the new teachers lengthen it
The c.v, the bio-profile or the bio-data
With purported publications,
Generally, the university lecturers
Lie in wait for to be professors
one day.

Whether they know or not,
But will not let others come and join

As far as possible,
Those who can cringe the higher-ups,
The political fellows or the academic bosses
Can really be professors.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Do They Become University Profs? Do You Know It?

How do they become university profs?
Do you know it,
The bluffs of a being a professor?
The local college teachers
After taking extra classes
In addition to their college works,
Sometimes are transferred directly
From the colleges to the university
If there is a shortage of staff,
Sometimes the Ph.D. brokers or fellows
Make out from,
oh, strange is the story of being
A professor!

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Do They Catch Cobras?

How do they catch cobras?
Gathering courage and strength
And stamina,
They catch the cobras,
After testing the soil,
Smelling it,
Taking the bamboo basket
And making it smell the herb
To lessen the wrath,
They go for the catch.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Do They Do Their Ph.D., It Startles Me

To do Ph.D. has turned into a mockery,
The guide helps in writing,
The candidate writes it not,
Just collects and gathers
The facts into a whole.

The guide too writes it not,
Just gives his thesis to copy,
Mix and re-mix,
If possible cut and paste
And get the degree.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Do They Play The Wooden 'Been' Instrument To Charm The Cobras?

They too are men,
Ethnic and aboriginal,
The worshippers of Goddess Manasa
And the Naga-Devata,
They too have a life
Human and earthly
As we are.

But they dare to catch the cobras,
Deadly cobras,
Blackly, whitish, brownish
And they playing the been
And the cobras swaying
And dancing to the tune
Of the snake-charmers.

They playing the been
And the cobras saying to the melodious tune
Of the haunting music,
Hooded and hissing,
Magical and mythical and mystical,
Swaying and dancing
To the tune of the snake-charmers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Do They Speak Now? Have You? Dad

How do they speak now,
The modern-age sons,
Have you heard them?

Dad, my dad, your dad,
Dad, Dad is coming.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Do You View? I View Poetry As The Artisans Making The Buddhas/ In Search Of The Light Of Asia

How do you take poetry, asked he
And hearing him, said I not,
Poetry poetry, poetry is poetry for me
And I coming out of the house
In my search for
Buddhas,
The Buddhas,
Made by the artisans
Across the borders,
Crossing over Ladakh, Arunachal and Sikkim
To be in Tibet, China, Myanmar, Japan,
Mongolia, Hongkong, Cambodia,
Indonesia, Sri Lankan

And the golden Buddhas, cast in gold
And other metals,
In clay, pottery and other models,
Striking and flashing upon,
The monasteries so
Holy and pious,
Just like the inns,
Restive and peaceful
And the golden statue glistening,
Radiating and flashing upon,
Beaming with joy
And blessing
The Golden Buddha,
The Serene Buddha.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Does He Love His Second Wife? You Mark Him

How does he love and like his second wife
Going after her,
Trying to please all the times,
You mark it,
See him doing all that?

A beloved he did not see ever,
A lover she has found it new
And both of them thinking new,
Ever new, ever fresh.

The husband keeps seeing the face
Of her newly-found love
All the times
As if it were the full and fair moon!

The lovely wife too knows it
That she is precious
A gem rarely to be found,
Honey is therein.

Where she goes, he goes,
Where she stands, he stands,
See his drama,
The drama of his love and life.

A ring-diamond is she,
The temple overhead ring
Made from different metals,
Is she diamond queen, face queen.

But when she had been alive,
I mean his first wife,
Cared he not at all for her,
Loved not to view in full-view.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Far Indian Are Those Who Live Aroad?

How far Indian
Are those
Who live abroad,
I think,
How far
Indian are those
Who dwell far from
Indian clime?

When they come to India,
Do they remain
Indian
Or turn they into
Non-resident Indians
Domiciled abroad?

Which culture is where
How to say it,
What do they take,
How do they live in,
Under which conditions?

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Far Indian Is The Indian English Poetry Of Nissim Ezekiel?

The quest for identity with which
Suffers it Nissim Ezekiel
With regard to the theme of Indianness,
How far Indian is Indian English poetry,
The poetry of Nissim Ezekiel?

Nissim as a poet, frankly speaking, is not
A poet of the country,
The villages where dwells in
The soul of India,
Nay of the rock-built temples.

Neither of karma or dharma,
Indian thought and tradition,
Religion and philosophy,
Spirituality and metaphysics,
Cosmology and theology.

Neither Vedism is therein nor Upanishadism
Nor Puranism nor references from
The Ramayana and the Mahabharata,
Nissim is but a poster boy of modernism,
A modern city-dwelling urban poet.

He is a poet of love marriage, happy birthday
To you, to you,
A lover boy of romanticism,
A fashionable romantic
Not so dreamy and colourful.

A poet modern etiquette and conventy good manners
Always using please and thank you,
See you, bye-bye,
Good morning, good night
And good evening.

He is a poet of parks and picnic spots,

Cafes, malls and restaurants
And bars with dances,
Air ports and air hostesses,
Discos and theatres.

A poet of love letters and parties
He loves picnicking and holidaying,
Loving in the cinema hall,
Seeing the films together with the beloved,
A poet modern.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Feeble And Frail Have You Grown Lonely And Companionless Fox!

How feeble and frail,
Have you grown,
Lonely and companionless,
O poor fox,
You too going to be extinct
And when all of you will be gone,
Man will reign well!
Man will be the king of man,
Man will be the slave of man
And in man's kingdom,
Only man will dwell in!

The forests will be cleared forth completely,
The hills chipped
And littered as concrete chips
On the roads
And stone quarrying,
The foundation pillars and plinth levels
Will be strengthened,
As human population is not going to spare
Whatever see you as Nature's bounty or mystery.

Lonely fox, I pity you, pity you
Moving all alone,
Without other companions,
Bears, monkeys, hanumans,
Deer, peacocks and porcupines,
Even the asses, ponies, donkeys and mares
See I them not,
Fox, with whom to share the feelings of the heart
As want I not to live with man killing man.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Had It Been Delhi Before The Arrival Of The Foreigners?

None has said it so far,
How had it been Delhi
Before the arrival of the foreign invasion
And what to say more about history?

Who built the rock-built temples,
How and when,
Who can ever say it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Has The Cpi(M) Beaten The Public? How Has It Scuttled The Freedom Of Speech?

How has the CPI(M) beaten the public,
How has it scuttled the free expression,
How has it induced the reign of terror,
How has it done favouritism with its people,
How has it reinstated and awarded them,
None but the people of West Bengal knows it,
None but the people of Bengal has borne it
The atrocities of the CPI(M) Party so much
As the people of West Bengal?

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Helpless Is Life In Traffic Jams!

How helpless appears it to be life
In jams,
Traffic jams,
Gasping for air,
Breadth
In that suffocation,
In that congestion!

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Lonely Am I In This Unniverse!

How lonely am I in this universe,
The vast universe
Of planetary bodies and twinkling stars,
How much lonely and forlorn,
Abandoned and discarded,
Desperate and dejected!

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Lonely Had I Been, How Lonely Am I!

How lonely had I been,
How lonely am I!

Is this life?

N.B. A trilingual poem, the same poem in three versions

(In Bengali Language

Kato Ekla Cchilam Aami, Kato Ekla Acchi AAmi!

Kato ekla chhilam,
Kato ekla acchi je aami!

Ki etao jivan?

In Hindi Language

Kitna akela tha mein,
Kitna akela hun mein!

Kya yahi jivan hain?)

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Long Will She Remain A Side-Heroine?

How long will she remain a side heroine, will go parting as,
Let her be a heroine,
How long will she go giving her life,
Let her be a heroine,
As she all the virtues in her
Which the hero too does not have,
Which the heroine too possesses it not, say you?

The side heroine too is not less than, but her part too small,
Her role so short
That we cannot,
What it is in her,
How the goodness of her self!

To die for the heroine is not good as because it is but the side heroine
Who but consoles the broken self,
But after being consoled, the hero forgets it,
Consolation in rejection
And starts running after the heroine,
Which is not good at all.

To show the hero in such a way is not good as because he
Cannot be bigger than life-size,
The silver screen cannot picturize life really
And what we see is not true.

The side heroine too is a beautiful girl,
Quite innocent and ignorant,
Very-very simple from her within,
Break not the heart of hers,
She too will weep inconsolably.

She is a good girl indeed, but the directors present her,
Take the things away from her
And leave her on the path of life,
At the cross-road of life
To go away to her homestead,
Oh, the poor girl, I pity you!

The side heroine too has a heart, a soul and a soft corner within her,
You please break it not,
Break it not please,
The lovely and lonely heart of hers!

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Long, O, How Long?

O how long, long, will you go killing her on suspicion,
The charge of adultery brought in
That she is characterless, that she is loose,
That she is immoral and deceitful,
O how long, how long,
Will you go charging her, framing her?

There was a time when burnt you alive
After the death of her husband,
Asking her to be a Sati,
A small girl
Unable to rise up to the pyre
And they readying the rituals to give
Courage to.

You weeping, holding the legs
And they,
They treating you callously,
Turning the heart into stone,
Treading blindly
With the superstitious steps of their own,
Believing hearsays,
With reasoning dead in them.

When you were born, they talked of the family burden and debt,
The bending and bowing of the head
As you will go to another family,
Not own
To keep the clan up,
Family honour
And your activities lay they under
Their allegedly scrutiny.

Sometimes killed they you
By giving a taste of salt at birth time,
Sometimes managed to get you thrown off
And you wept and wept
As the misunderstood curse
Which but Mute Divinity saw it

Without saying anything.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Mad Am I After Her!

How mad am I after her,
How mad,
Is there someone to say it,
Is there,
Had,
Had someone to say it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Mad Am I After Poetry!

This but none
But I myself know it,
How mad have I after poetry
That like Midas running after gold touch,
I too cannot see and feel the goodness
Of my small daughter,
Calling me papa with so much so love and affection,
Oh, a Midas I after poetry
Have I turned into!

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Mad Am I In Your Love?

How mad am I in your love,
None, none but God knows it,
How mad am I in your love?

The world seems to be a photograph of yours
And you standing before me,
I portraying you
And you sitting as an art-model before me
To sketch, paint and portray.

How mad am I in your love,
How mad am I after you
That keep I thinking about you all the time,
Fail I to forget you?

Only my heart, only my heart knows it,
How much do I love you, love you,
Darling?

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Mad Am I In Your Love? (Ii)

How mad am I in your love,
How mad had I been after you,
I think it?

Let love be love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Mad I Am! (Haiku)

Poetry, poetry,
Is poetry your madness
Undiagnosed?

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Many Times To Say, I Love You, Love?

How many times to say,
I love you, love you
To you, my love,
How many times to promise,
Promise,
I love you, love you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Much Changed-Changed Look You! (Bilingual)

How Much Changed-Changed Look You!

You had not been as such,
How did you change into,
You had not been as such before!

Kitna Badale-badale Shaa!

AAp to pahle eise nahin thei,
Kaise badal gayen,
Aap to pahle eise nahin thei!

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Much Differences, How Much Distances? Increasing Closeness (Bilingual)

Fasle Kitne, Duriyan Kitni? Badhti Nazdikiyan

Fasle kam karo,
Duriyan kucch kam ho
Aur bas eise hi tabdil ho jay
Teri-meri pyarbhari mulaakat.

How Much Differences, How Much Distances? Increasing Closeness

(Lessen the differences,
Let the distances be somewhat shortened
And as thus will change it
Your and mine loveful meeting.)

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Much Do I Love You? You Do Not Know It, The Fanatic's Daughter.

How much do I love you?
You do not know,
You do not know it,
The fanatic's daughter.

I think about you day and night,
Keep dreaming about you,
I love you so much, so much,
The fanatic's daughter.

Mind it you may be conservative,
Your fanatic father may be,
But love is not,
Love is same romantic.

You passing by,
Let me see you, see you stealthily
And your looks me and my heart
Through the blackly veil.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Much Do You Love Me? (Written On Valentine's Day)

How much do you love me? ,
I asked her
On Valentine's Day.

How much,
How much, say you,
Say you, asked I?

How much, how much,
Said she,
How much do you love me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Much Lonely! / Under The Open Skies Full Of Stars

Under the starlit skies,
How lonely am I!

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Old Is?

How old is
This earth
That we live in?

The history of Earth
Tell you,
The history of it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Old?

How old is this earth,
How old man's life,
How old the creation
And the universe?

Bijay Kant Dubey

How They Have Kept Me Sidetracked And Have Negated My Poetry

How have they debarred me negating my poetry?
You will startle to know how my friends have tried to debar me
From to be a poet,
How they have upped the ante?
Instead of that, I am struggling
And shall continue to.
You say it frankly who has supported me
Neither the Padshri nor the Padma Vibhusan awardee poets,
Nor the Sahiya Akademi awardees,
Nor the bluff masters of contemporary Indian English poetry,
I mean the bogus students after having got the theses from the guides,
After giving money,
Publishing them as the books of criticism
And the small editors asking the readers indirectly
To highlight their own poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How To Be A Man? You Say It To Me

You say it to me,
How to be a man?
You take it away all from me
But say you finally before you depart,
How to be a man?

Bijay Kant Dubey

How To Beat Indian Summer?

How to beat summer,
Indian summer
With scorching sun
Full of burning sensation,
The loo bowing,
Sucking in blood,
Ruffling it all,
The sunlight falling straight,

The heat intense,
Burning heat,
Blazing hot sun
Spewing fire flames,

The earth parching,
Parching and cracking,
Drying and baking in the sun,
The fire flames scorching it all?

Don't,
Don't be disheartened,
Stay you indoors
Or take to outings boldly
Keeping an onion
To beat it off,
Take you drinks,
Cold water,
Salad,
Cucumber, water melon
Enjoying it
And resting under the shady trees,
Taking lassi, sherbet,
Curd, lemon water.

And the summer,
Summer,
Indian summer will be no problem,
If have no cooler or air conditioner,
Shade you the place,

Wipe the floor off with water
And place the mat to sleep on
With water sprinkled.

Go to the riverside,
Sit in the orchard
Under the mango trees
Or the peepul or banyan trees,
Tuck you in an ice-cream candy
Or take you mango or tamarind sauce
Or if have not a fridge, take you
Earthen-water kept on over some sand heaped upon.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How To Begin Dalit Literature?

How to begin Dalit literature,
Drona, you made him cut the finger,
The finger of the poor forest boy
As for the royal food and shelter(anna) ,
You made him sacrifice,
Suffer as his expertise
Which he gained marking you
Giving tips to the royal boys?

Drona, you made him cut the thumb
So that he may practise,
Use his expertise,
Isn't it,
Isn't it your partisan outlook,
Isn't, isn't it your biased outlook,
Drona?

Say you, say you, for what did you
Do that,
Trespassing the line
Of the teacher-student morality and ethics,
Say you, say you, Drona,
Haven't, haven't you
Turned into a guilty Brahmin teacher,
Confess you, confess you, Drona?

Bijay Kant Dubey

How To Celebrate New Year's Eve?

-By drinking sparkling wine,
Offering flowers to the beloved
And handshaking warmly
Or giving a break dance?
Perhaps drinking wine and giving a break dance
Is the thing that suits us today,
Isn't it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

How To Console The Broken Self Of Mine?

How to console the broken self of mine,
How to console it?
How to nurse the wounds of love,
Nurse and bandage them?
A lover or a poet am I,
What am I?

I wandering to and fro,
Trying to forget what it has happened to,
Trying to make understand,
Trying to see the pathway flowers,
Playing with the children,
Marking their innocence and simplicity,
I passing my time
To deviate and divert myself,
To digress from,
Trying to close the eyes,
Inhaling and exhaling to sleep.

A poet of broken heart, bleeding wound
Am I seeking consolation
In Nature, Man and the Wilds,
Flowers, birds, beasts and trees.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How To Keep My Heart Clean? (Try To Worship Her With The Purity Of Heart)

How to keep the heart
Clean and pure,
Chaste and holy,
How to fill with reverence and regard,
Purity of faith,
Thought and idea,
How to make it pietistic
So that God may dwell in?

I want to worship you,
Worship you,
My love
With the lowers of reverence,
My pure feelings,
You not for lust merely,
Infatuation and attachment.

Try to worship her sometimes,
Let your heart be with reference,
Purity of feeling,
The touch of simplicity,
My love, you are my worship,
You my reverence.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How To Make Her Understand, A Lonely Girl Walking On The Lonely Ways Of Life? Where Will You Go With Tears Into The Eyes?

With tears into the eyes of yours,
Where will you go, my love,
You a lonely girl?

With depression, despondence and dejection,
Where will you, my love?

Those who have betrayed you, haven't they you,
They have themselves.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How To Pinda-Dana?

Dinda-dana,
Pinda-dana,
The danas of the pinda
For the soul
departed, bereaves
In remembrance.

O the earth has to earth,
The water to water,
The wind to wind,
The fire to fire,
The sky has returned to sky!

My mother is no more,
The five elements of which she was made of
She returned, returned back
And now remains it not anything.

Matter, mass to it she has returned to
And it remains it not,
Earth to earth,
Water to water,
wind to wind,
Fire to fire
And sky to sky!

The world a pinda,
Celestial bodies too,
Hence, the moist food stuff
Rounded
Offered to the spirit
In funeral rituals.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How To Restore Back Lost Vedism, Upanishadism & Puranism?

How to restore back that classicism
Seen in the forms
Of Vedism, Upanishadism and Puranism,
The Rig Veda, the Sam Veda, the Yajur Veda, the Atharva Veda
Doing the rounds
In the Vedic hermitage,
Where, where that Upanishadism,
Where the discourses of the Kathopnishada
Taking place,
Where, where the Puranas engaging our space
Irrespective of superstition and religious blindness?

Where, where that classical scholarship,
How to restore back
That golden period of classicism and classical scholarship,
Its scholasticism and pedantry,
But not bigoted medievalism,
Maybe it medievlistic mysticism
Adding something new to classicism and its taste,
Opening new avenues of thought and reflection.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How To Save From The Slaps Of Hot Summer Winds? The Loo Vampires?

Hot and burning summer,
Indian summer
With the heat wave slapping the face,
Scorching it all,
Hot and humid conditions prevailing around,
People feeling beaten,
Thinking of as to how to beat it,
How to save it from sun and its scorch?

Take you sherbet,
Water, lemon and sugar,
Mixing in a glass,
Take you salad
While taking food,
Earthen-pitcher water,
A raw onion can save
During a sunstroke
Or raw mango chutney.

Oh, vampires!

Bijay Kant Dubey

How To Save The Green Earth?

How to save the green earth
From this devastation and desertion,
Environmental ruin and plunder,
Spill and destruction?

How to save the earth,
The green earth
From rampant militarisation
And nuclear stockpiling?

How to save it from mindless wars,
Dirtiest cities and towns
Polluted and doomed,
Wreaking havoc?

Bijay Kant Dubey

How To Stitch The Broken Hearts? War-Ravaged, Conflict-Raked?

How to stitch the broken hearts,
War-ravaged, conflict-torn,
Humanity struck with
Bombardment, shelling and bullet,
Innocent lives claimed
And innocent blood spilling over?

Bijay Kant Dubey

How To Take Modernism? □

What do the people know about it?

Who are modern?

How the concept of it?

Is to be modern to be frank, bold and up-to-date?

Is to be modern to look handsome or beautiful?

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

How To View The Northeast Literature?

Instead of searching for new poets in English,
Who are beginning to write
And who not,
It will be better
If translate we the native literature available into English
To have an idea
Of the history, art and culture of the lands,
Unfurrowed and unknown
Rather than delving into the things in the making,
There will be poets in English
And we shall read them.

From the Santhal Parganas of the Jharkhand pleateau
To Darjeeling and Kalimpong
To Assam, Tripura, Arunachal, Meghalaya, Manipur,
Nagaland, Mizoram,
What to say about,
A vast tract of land,
Full of dense forests and hills,
The mountainous ranges,
The treacherous Himlayan ranges
Bewildering and baffling indeed,
Where the ways get lost,
What to say it more?

Multi-racial, multi-ethnic and multi-lingual,
Tribal and aboriginal northeast is different
From the rest of India
And the theme of Indo-Aryan culture
As the phraseology, syntax, vocabulary
And the pronunciation
Unintelligible, not understandable at all
Barring a few of
Assam, Tripura
And the rest we don't know.

Buddha and Buddhism seem to engage the space
And take to Burma, Tibet, Bhutan,
China, Japan and Mangolia,

Slipping through the passé
Into the borders leading to know
More about them,
Their life and culture,
Thought and tradition.

Bijay Kant Dubey

How Would They, The Europeans Have Felt After Taking Bitter Green Chilly Here In India?

I think,
Think of
Sometimes
Taking
the bitter green chilly
A bit more
Unknowingly,
How would,
Would they have,
I mean the Europeans
For the first time
As I taking the most bitter one
Jumping,
Feeling restless,
Taking water,
Sucking in,
Asking for sugar?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Howl By Allen Ginsberg

Howl,
Whose owl is it,
What howl?
The howl of a soul,
Bewildered and at a loss
In angst and depression.
A generation pathless
And bewildered,
Lost in search of pleasure
Getting misled
And finding no ways
To be back home,
So forgetful of
And bewildered.
Trying to know
What happiness is,
But can it be possible?
Drugged and dodged
Penitent of,
Feeling sinful
And as well as voluptuous,
Misled on the path of life,
Going nowhere
From where the return journey
Is not possible
To be back to.

The howl, howl,
Oh, the howl
Of a generation,
Generation
Lost in material pleasures
Physical and material,
But not abstract and metaphysical,
Going,
Going where,
Leading to nowhere
From where
No return journey is possible,

The howl,
Howl
Of a generation
Lost in pleasures,
Material pleasures
Physical and worldly
Getting tempted to,
Feeling drawn to
In attachment!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hudhud

Hudhud, are you coming,
Have heard about,
You coming to
With a greater velocity and wind force,
Yet to make a landfall,
Uprooting the trees,
Smashing it all
With the roar and surging seas,
Bad inclement weather,
Rains lashing
To follow
In its trail of devastation
And destruction,
But think you at lest
Our human predicament and destiny,
Hudhud, toss up not
The things so mercilessly
Like the ruthless hordes
Of tyrannical invaders and plunderers
From central Asia
Or the pirates from the Arabian sea?

Hudhud, where dwell you,
Why so cruel and callous,
Ruthless and pitiless,
I can see your Chengezi beards,
The Tartary spirit,
Hudhud?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hugging The Girl, Post Not The Photo, O Indian Loafer Boy! (Heart Hacker Not)

Hugging the girl
And embracing her
In delight,
Post you not the photo of hers,
People will call you a loafer,
O Indian boy!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Human Hunger

Human hunger,
What to say about it?
Ask the people working
For it day and night.
Food problem is a great problem
And without it,
Burns the belly miserably.

In many a home the hearth burns it not,
They work for,
But get not the food.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Human Rights

The rights of a man
By a man
To a man,
Give them,
Take it away solely.

A man think you
For a man,
A human being
He too his rights
To live and think.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Human Rights Day, On This Day Think I Of The Women, Widows And Children

With politics to do,
Think I of
The women, widows and children
On Human Rights Day,
Refugees, daughters and those in flesh trade.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Human Thought

Human thought
And its range of delving
Of a wider dimension and spectrum.

The horizon of it vast
Flapping unto the end.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Humanism Is The Greatest Of All Religions

Humanism is the greatest of all religions
And no other religion is greater than
This humanism
Mindless of what others say about
Their faiths and religions.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Humanity Is Long Dead In Us

Humanity, where will you find
Humanity,
In whom,
Where is it,
Those who had been
Never did they bother for
Getting name and fame,
Went they on working
Selflessly?

Once great people used to be humane,
Kind and noble,
Now it is on the wane
In this world
War-ravaged and torn by conflicts,
Now in this age of power-politics,
They see not tearfully
The problems of man.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Humanity Lies It Bloodied, First Saw I In Beirut Then In New York Then In Paris

Humanity lies it bloodied
When saw I it for the first time
In Beirut,
Shelled and bullet-hit badly
Then during the World Trade Center attack
Then in Paris,
Gasping for life,
Escaping narrowly,
Bloodied and seeking
Immediate medical teams
To attend to
And the ambulances screeching,
Wailing and flashing,
The sirens doing the rounds.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Humanity, Humanity, Go You Talking, But Say You, How Many Of Us Human From Our Heart?

Humanity,
Humanity, go we talking,
But say you,
Say you,
how many of us are
Good, noble, kind and charitable,
How many of us righteous
And virtuous,
How many of us godly
And holy?

Can we confess before,
Can we ever?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Humanity, Where Is It And In Whom Do You Find It?

Humanity, where is it,
Who are humane and kind,
Say you
If you go tearing apart,
It can be found at the crossroads
Of distraught thought,
Idea and reflection,
Humanity,
Where is it,
Say you,
Humanity lies it
At the crossroads
Just as a rag-picker
Picking the rags
And striving for life
Looking with the heart
Turned rocky,
The eyes dried after weeping,
Humanity a dead and old idea,
Long dead,
But still searching life
In the rags, garbage heaps,
Trying to struggle and survive
Whatever may be the outcome of
Clinging to expectation
And the return?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hurt Virginity

Pressing the breasts,
I call myself a good man,
Noble and gentle,
Pressing the breasts,
Making them ache
In our spurt of sexuality,
Repudiating her modesty,
Chastity and virginity,
O, how can it be?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Hurting You, I Know It, I Cannot Be Great

Hurting your heart,
Your feelings,
I know it,
I cannot,
Cannot be great
In my life,
Hurting your heart,
Your feelings.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Advise You To Keep The French-Cut Beards/ Just With Your French-Cut Beards

I advise you just to keep a little bit of beards on the chin,
I mean the French-cut beards
As for to be a professor of linguistics and phonetics
And you will.

You need not worry, as you will surely,
With the French-cut beards of yours,
As it's a sign of being a linguist,
A phonetician speaking
With the tongue in cheek.

And I know it, without the French-cut beards,
One cannot be,
A language expert, speaking impeccable English,
Pronouncing

I advise you to keep the French-cut beards,
A little bit of,
Just on the chin,
The French-cut beards,
If you want to be a professor
Of linguistics and phonetics.

I advise you just to keep in the French-cut beards,
Only a bit on the chin
For to be a professor of linguistics and phonetics
And even if you are not,
The sobriety of the beards will make you so.

Just give the pose and posture of being a foreign returned fellow,
Schooled in the overseas universities
And this will too,
As I have seen many doing miracles over their fake degrees
Brought from the institute of Natwarlal
And he signing as the Vice-chancellor.

Many students made qualified through unfair means

But at the hint of Murkhamantri
Are professors,
Unable to teach
But will learn the art of teaching
As the chair teaches too
And the company one keeps.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Painter Of Your Smiles, Sweet Smiles

I am a painter of your smile, so sweet and cute,
The smiles breaking open the lips,
Beaming with joy,
Bursting into a laughter,
But not a guffaw.

Your smile captured in my camera lenses,
The album of life,
Your smile photographed,
Sketched and delineated
To be kept in the art gallery.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Big Professor; A Varsity Head

I am a professor from Jawaharlal Nehru University,
I am a professor from Calcutta University,
I am a professor from Visva-Bharati University,
i am a professor from Allahabad University,
I am a professor from Patna University,
I am a professor from Burdwan University,
I shall not talk to,
Talk to you
And now seeing them, even the smaller private college teachers
Changed over as the by chance heads of
Newly opened universities have started saying it,
But merit or talent is not restricted to any P.G. deptts.

Even the by luck turned smaller college teachers to P.G. heads
Of newly opened or smaller universities
Have said to me,
Dubey, you a college teacher
And I a varsity head,
Have not time,
Am busy with my jobs.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Classicist And My Poetry A Study In Classicism

I am a classicist by temperament
And my poetry a study in classicism
The golden ears and sheaves of the wheat glistening
Under the sun rays
Into the fields
And the scent coming to
In terms of vegetation, harvest and economic prosperity
Seconded by pastoral romanticism,
Nay blind to it
Though morality and didacticism take me away from
Into a world of their own,
Full of scholasticism, pedantry, sobriety and weight.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Common Man

I am a common man,
So, how to call myself a great man
As no great man am I?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Disco Dancer Even Though I Know It Not, Just Say It By The Way

I am a disco dancer, just say it, even though I know it not,
The music will be on the track
And I in suite and boot
shall keep dancing
At the beat of music,
Just shake the boots,
Make it dance,
Shake the body and legs,
The hips, the waist,
Round about
And rollick,
I am a disco dancer,
The music will make you dance automatically,
The bold and direct music,
You round the cap,
Come to the stage with the goggles,
Shaking the shoulders.

There must be also someone with him
As he comes not alone,
The modern lady dancer has to be with him
As he keeps eyeing only mod girls.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Don, I Am A Don. Yes, Boss, You Are My Mother And Father

I am a don, I am a don,
Said He,
Putting the hands in his pocket
And saying in a heavy voice,
Somewhat carrying weight and laden

And after hearing him, said I in fear,
Yes, boss, yes, boss,
You are my mother-father,
You leave me,
I beg life from you

As had a pistol with him,
An unlicensed firearm
Which but frightened me so much,
The don with the pistol.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Heap Of Dust And Clay, A Mound Of Ashes And Coal

I am a heap of ashes and coal,
Dust and clay,
A mouldering heap,
A mound of earth.

Fire to fire,
Wind to wind,
Water to water,
Spirit to spirit,
Earth to earth,
This the story of my journey.

The hamlet by the river
Is a witness
How the bodies have rolled
Out of the homes,
The old peepul tree
With the asthi-kalasha hanging by.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Librarian, I Am Not Less Than (Saw At Midnapore, Vidyasagar University)

I am a librarian, a university librarian,
I am not less than a professor,
My scale is such and such,
I hear them say
To smile away the truths,
What a subject is it,
How much intelligent we they
That they calling themselves
Information officers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Lover Of Your Blue Eyes

I am a lover of your blue eyes,
Yea, the blue eyes
Just like the sea,
Telling me something

And sitting on the seashore,
I hearing the music of humanity,
The waves surging and falling over
And retreating.

What happened to your love?
Love is love, what had to happen happened it,
Don't worry, be happy,
Let us go home,
It is getting dark.

Let it go, be friends.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Man Of Heart

I am a man of heart and my heart it is that you know it not
How is it, how the things of it,
Never have you tried to know that,
To feel it,
How the pains raking it!

My pain the pain of my heart,
My own,
Which but you know not,
How does it rake the poor heart!

Many a day have I thought that I shall not,
But my nostalgia, homesickness
Whom to tell, whom to share with
As my days spent they there

And I think about all those days slid away,
Fleeting times of life
Which never do come again,
Which can never bring back

What it has gone away, flown away,
Leaving here
And in their memory I light a candle
But the strong wind lets it not burn.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Man, My Days Are Short-Lived And You Busy Calling Me Great

I am a man whose days are limited on this earth
And you are busy calling me a great man,
I am a man whose days are limited on this earth
Of short stays and brief livings
And you are busy calling great.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Minor Indian Writer Of Verse

I am a minor writer of verse
And I myself cannot say
Whether the things that I write
Deserve to be called verses.

Keeping the burning within,
Want I not to write,
Had it been better
If I had stopped from writing,
if I had ceased to be an amateur writer.

Poetry had damaged me for thirty years
And still it is damaging me,
When will my craze for getting name and fame,
Will come to a stop it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Muhammedan, I Am A Christian, I Am A Hindu, Say You Not, I Do Not Want To Hear

I am a Muhammedan, I am a Christian, I am a Hindu,
Say you not,
I am an orthodox and conservative Muhammedan,
I am an orthodox and conservative christian,
I am an orthodox and conservative Hindu,
As I do not like to hear from you,
What you are,
Whether a Muslim or a christian or a Hindu? .

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Painter Of Her Lips

I am a painter of her lips,
Red-red, pink-pink,
Looking lovely.

Her red and lovely lips,
Pink-coloured and beautiful.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Poet

I am a poet,
Of the small house and my attachment,
Peopled by,
I think about life and the world,
Today here,
Tomorrow where?

When I had been a child,
I had no idea about life and death,
I used to think of being close to God,
But with the growing years, feel I,
How far am I from,
How distanced am I from!

Where the heaven, I used to imagine of,
Where the Kingdom of God,
Wherefrom God seeing and helping me
In distress,
Trouble and tribulation?

My world had been one of
My childish vision, dream and reflection,
My innocent imagination,
My failure to understand, comprehend
The Dark Side of Creation,
His Mission and Vision Dark,
Dark Within and Dark Outside,
I could not, could His Providence,
His Benevolence,
My blind faith took me aside to counsel me
And my fault is this
That believed I Him
In my utter ignorance.

Logic and Reason came to extend their helping hands to me
But I blind to them,
In my faith,
Which but betraying me
Shook me violently

To turn into an iconoclast.□

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Poet, A Poet, You Are Not

I am a poet, I am a poet, you are not
Even though say you
That I write
And want to be a poet
And he too saying it
That he is a poet.

My God, in a poet's corner, lie I pushed in,
One poet praising another,
One saying about oneself a poet,
One praising another
In mutual admiration.

Their faces and moods fear I,
What they take into,
What they think,
What they feel in,
My God, let me slip and walk away from here
As from the mental asylum I can sense revolution.

The poetasters, non-poets, local editors, commoners,
All calling themselves poets,
Pseudo-pandits
Knowing Bramha,
The petty-petty men
Of petty-petty things.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Poet, I Am A Poet. The Poet Saheb Walking On Tip-Toe

I am a poet,
I am a poet,
The poet saheb walking on tip-toe,
Puffed with pride,
Filled with
Hypocrisy and ego,
I am a poet,
I am a poet,
Call me a saheb.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Poet...

I am a poet of this coming and going of man.
Are you too friend?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Professor, A Univeristy Professor, I Am What You Cannot Be, You Are You

I am a professor,
A university,
Ha, ha, ha,
Hi, hi, hi,
A man from London,
Not India
Have I become.

Give a brolly
To rotate and round,
A man from London
Under the shade of a small umbrella,
Shading from the strong sun.

See my shirt, pants and boots,
The neck-tie and the wrist watch
And that too on the right side,
I going, going and going,
Coming not, a man from London, a London man.

I am what you cannot be,
You are what I cannot be,
I am I am,
A professor,
A university professor,
A man from London, not India
With a brolly rotating and rounding,
A handkerchief on the mouth
To show how modern have I become!

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Robot, You Are A Robot And We Two In Love

I am a robot, you are a robot
And both of us in love,
Professional love.

You a commuter returning late from the office,
Returning and going
And I too am a commuter coming and going.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Sculptor Of The Unknown Citizen

Am a sculptor of the unknown citizen,
Making the bust and the torso
Of the scholar gipsy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Shayar And You My Shayri

I am a shayar
And you my shayari,
A writer of yours,
Your love lyrics,
Khuda's gift are you
are, my love,
I am mad,
Mad in your love.

None but it is you
who have made me
Turn into
Aaasshique, aawara, pagal and diwana,
It is you for whom dream i,
It is you for live I,
I and my love often talk together with.

My mohabbat, attachment
And bonding,
None but
My heart knows it,
How much do I love you,
Love and like you?

Is love the name of my pain,
The tinge of pain
And I going out
With your pain in my heart?

Loved, loved and liked you
And took the pains too,
Is this called love,
Loving to die for,
No, no,
Made for each other,
A romantic love story.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Simple Man And I Want To Pass Away So Simply

I am a simple man
of a very simple life and philosophy
And I want to pass away simply
Hidden from the wide world
And its looks.

I have got what I had to,
Now I do not want them anymore,
If you have to take, take them,
But keep them not for me to give.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Simpul Man, I Like The Middle Path

I am a simpul man,
I do not like too much of Miagiri, too much of Hindugiri
Nor too much of Christiangulari,
I am a simpul man,
Very, very simpul man,
My philosophy is,
Live as a simple man,
Behave as a simple man.

Say, do you like me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am A Singer Of Ukraine And Its Beautiful Earth

I am a singer of beautiful Ukraine and its good earth,
You do not destroy it please,
Bringing it to the brink of ruin,
Do not disturb it
Playing with its solidarity.

I am a singer of Ukraine and its good earth,
Let it have its own existence.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am An Artist

I am an artist of yours
As make I the images of yours,
Keep making and re-making;
An artist I of yours,
Your poses and postures
Artistic,
Turning into the art of mine.

An artist of the moods and poses of yours,
Colourful and faded,
Sad and gloomy,
Smiling and beautiful;
As an artist want I to see you
Always smiling, always happy,
Don't be sad, don't dejected.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am An Earthen Pitcher

V

I am an earthen pitcher
And Thou my Potter.
It is Thou who givest a new shape to some clay.
Methinks the pitcher feels
That it will not remain for ever.
It will get a stumble
And will break into pieces in courses of time,
Oh! life is fugacious.
(From The Ferryman)

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am An Indian English Poetess, You Call Me

I am an Indian English poetess,
Apart from that write,
I am a shisya of Acharya Rajneesh,
A votary of guru-shisya prem,
My first lesson in love
I got it from my Ph.D. guide,
My hubby cooks he food for me,
Henpecked and timid.

Where go I to recite my poems,
First I do the make-up,
Dressing to look beautiful
When smile I
At the poetic conference
After the parlour visit,
Smile I,
A modern woman as a poetess.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am At The Door

I am at the door
Thinking about life and its times,
Sitting by the door
And thinking about
The fleeting times of life,
Sometimes it is the house full with,
Sometimes lies it empty and vacant
Making me lapse into vacant thinkings and random reflections.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am At The Door Thinking About You/ The Song Of Life

I am at the door thinking about you,
When will,
Will you come, my love,
I am waiting for you,
It is getting late,
When,
When will you come, my love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am Bijay Kant Dubey

Head, English, Chandrakona vidyasagar Mahavidyalaya,
Chandrakona Town, Paschim Medinipur, W.B., India
Also with the additional charge of
Netaji Subhas Open Univ. study centre of my college currently.

I did my . Hons. in 1986 from Dumka,
M.A. in Eng. from Bhagalpur University,
Again, M.A. in Pol. Sc. from Bhagalpur Univ.,
Again, M.A. in Hist. from rsity, Dumka,
Did my Ph.D. on nce from Bhagalpur Univ. in 1994.

I submitted my . on How Far Indian Is Indian English Poetry?
To rsity, Dumka in 1997
But I was leg-pulled from behind
As I was doing it independently,
Without a guide
And the reports varied
And I was declared unsuccessful.
I was born in Bihar, again turned into one of Jharkhand
And again came to Chandrakona Town
Through the West Benbgal College Service Commission, Calcutta in 1996

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am Bijay Kant Dubey A Struggling Poet Still

I am a struggling poet still
Nor would I like to say myself an established one
As I do not have any award in my bag,
No prizes and honours

And I do keep a very low profile,
Doing something as a ragged man of literature,
What can I myself,
Except promoting and popularizing it

As I have been writing poems since 1986 and that too seriously,
Doing the researches, writing poems and papers,
Reviewing the new arrivals,
Even the smallest ones

But the small poets got promoted and popularized,
Went ahead, looked not back
Even in courtesy
To thank and remember

And I too cared not, used to spend money myself
And get brochures published on
The growth and development of Indian English poetry
And used to send to them free of cost

But I never liked to say about myself
As they do it now,
Writing about their poetry
Even in their books of criticism

As such had been the self-study,
Many a time I was about to lose hope of living
But something saved me
From extinction

But as my heart is filled with emotions today,
I want to say about my books of poems,
Metaphysical, religious, humorous, light and nonsensical,
Realistic and mythical

My Father, My Love Poems, My Bengali Wife,
Chandramukhi, A Collage of Verses,
Devadasi, Yama, Patita,
The Dark Daughter

And a number of collections, such as the Tower of Silence,
Hari Om And Other Poems, The Sad And Solemn Music of Humanity,
Indian Birds, Beasts and Flowers, Haikus, Ambulance, Unknown Citizen,
A Singer of Heart, The Dreams of Love, Death, My Death, Talk To Me, etc.

Barring the poems lying scattered and destroyed
As the pale sheets of paper
Which I do not know
How to save them

As these are the poems of the recent years
And I have been since 1986
With so many collections of poems
Still lying unpublished

The politics of the poets, you will not understand,
They keep the things suppressed
Out of enmity and rivalry,
But I know it God is there

It will come to light someday
And they will not be able to hold in check,
What it is with me humbly to show to you,
I shall put before you as for the kind judgement of a judicious soul.

.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am Busy, I Am Busy Now/ Sir, If You Are Busy, I Too Am Busy Now/ I Am Going

Said he, I am busy, I am busy now
Though was he not busy,
Looked it so
And on hearing him, I too said to,
I am also busy
And as thus he was busy, I was busy,
Both of us were busy
But in reality none of us were

Just by the way, but he not just by the way,
Seriously said he,
I am busy, busy now,
Even though was not,
Just tried to avoid and avert me,
That idiot

Whom I had gone to see him, meet him
But said he,
I am busy,
But friend, you tell me (addressing the third person) ,
Who is not busy in this world,
Who has but time
To meet, see
But saw he not, met not with
As got the promotion recently
To be in rank,
Which I have heard it

Is he a man or an animal,
Had he been a man, would have talked
And met with,
Seen me off,
Definitely not from a good family,
Has just become in course of time
And through time-bound promotion
Or may be it through oiling

If he is busy then I too am busy, as have no time to meet,
Have come to see this time,
Will not come again,
I am not a dog
And he trying to see me through the curtain,
Getting the message sent across
But saw I raising the curtain and peeping through

But his daughter saying,
Papa is not at home
And as for marking him, said he, oh, I am here,
Had been to the bathroom
And so the little daughter could not mark it
But said I no, no, no need to worry about,
I am going
And he too said, I am busy,
I am busy now

No sooner had I not entered his house and sat down on chair
Than said he, I am busy, I am busy,
Then I too said o.k., I too am busy,
I am going
And in this world of today, who is not busy,
From the rickshaw-puller to the milkman,
Who does not have the sense of time,
Thank you, I am going, this wanted you,
Say it friend
Falling short of something to be said
But while going on the road)

(And muttering to himself,
I am busy, you are busy, they are busy,
Say, who is not busy,
I curse you
One day God too will make you get out
Though we say it not even to a stray dog all of a sudden,
Oh, he may be a class one or grade C fellow or a crooked clerk,
Even a peon too turns into an officer,
If an officer of his father, what that too me,
But his behaviour doggish)

(A small family boy

He could not ask to sit even for a cup of tea too out of courtesy
As tea is so costly,
You come to my house someday,
I shall make you drink one drum of tea) .

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am Coming, You Are Going And This Too Is Poetry, As Write We

I am coming, you are going,
You are going and I am coming,
How can it be,
How can it be, gentleman,
You not Gentleman,
But Lantleman?

And as thus we shall keep going
And as thus we shall keep coming,
Coming and going,
Going and coming
To get our poetic ideas,
Ideas not, views too.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am For A Few Days. Let Me See You In Full, My Love

I am for a few days,
Let me see you in full,
Maybe it I shall not be able to see you again.

Let me see you, see you in full,
Your wide-wide eyes,
Cinematographic and kaleidoscopic,
Just like the clear skies
But the hills lurking in blue and sunny.

Let me, let me in full,
Your hair star-studded, jasmine-stuck,
Let me, let me your moonface
And the silvery whiteness spread everywhere.

Did anyone call me that heard I so,
Did, did anylove leave a love-letter?
My love, I love you,
Ta-ta, bye-bye, am going,
Hi, see you again!

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am Going To Buying My Ph.D., The Ph.D. Market

Sir, where are you going?
I am going to buy my Ph.D.

I am going to buy my Ph.D.,
Can you say,
Where the market is?

For a long time I have not been,
Now I want to be a doctorate
And from there shall I bring my doctorate.

I am going to Ph.D. market to purchase
My degree to be a doctorate,
Just wait for, shall turn up again.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am Here To Kiss The Beauty With The Headscarf Be She Purdahwalli Or Ghumtawalli

I am here to kiss the beauty
With the headscarf,
Be she Purdahwalli or Ghumtawalli,
Miss Undercover or Miss Curtained,
I am here to kiss,
She is my love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am Interested In The Girl Standing Next To Me

Rather than a poem, I would be interested in the girl
Standing next to me,
What it is in fragrance that not in poetry,
What in the flower
Not in poetry,
What in the glow worm
And the jasmine sweetly wild
Not in poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am Not A Contemporary Indian English Poet

I am not a poet
Which but think I,
Nor have they called me
Rather forbade me to write,
But I went on writing
Without caring about them.

In the little poetry magazines
They themselves write about
Praising mutually
To call it contemporary poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am Not A Modn, Modnist Or Post-Modn

I am not a modrn, a modernist and a post-modernist,
I am the same man,
The same man
Whom you had seen me,
Who had been before you,
Is still before you.

You just try to see me and you will come to recognize me
As I am the same person,
Changed in time, changed in circumstances,
Under it
Otherwise am not so
As am the same man
You are failing to recognize me.

You take off your specs, I mean the stylistic goggles
And try to see me,
Into the face of mine and its wrinkles
Which the age has given
As a memento or a relic,
Yea, a souvenir of time,
Then you will, you will me
Who am I.

I am not a modn, a modnist or a post-modn,
I am I am, what I was,
I am not what see you, take me for,
What look I in my apparel and designing
And that the plan of a beautician,
Not mine,
To keep me look modern,
Whatever call you,

But internally am I not so, I am the same man
You are on the look out,
The same man of heart,
The same man of principle and philosophy,
Plain living and high thinking,
You just erred, sir, in taking me for

A modern, a modernist or a post-modern,
Which am I not,
Never was I anytime, anywhere.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am Not A Poet

I am not a poet
As have no awards and prizes
In my bag
Is a fact,
If call I myself,
How to prove it,
Where the certificate of
Recognition
As many question me,
How to call you a poet
And i say to them,
Don't call me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am Not A Shayar, But Shayaris Come To Me When See I Burkhawallis

I am not a shayar,
But shayaris ccome to me
When see I the burkhawallis,
The blackly-veiled girls
Coming upon as the curls
Hanging over
And going with a cursory glance,
Just like the black clouds
Going to burst,
Just like the moon
Under the patches of dark clouds.

I am not a shayar,
But shayaris came
Since when
I saw you,
Saw you not,
Loved I to see,
See you, burkhawalli
calling for,
Dekho magar pyar she,
See but with love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am Not Sure If My Poems Will Last In A Hostile House

I am not sure of if my poems will last
In a hostile house
Where they go on capturing rooms
And neglecting my books
And I seeing blankly
The manuscripts being destroyed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am Not, History Is Imporatnt

History of Earth,
History of Time,
History of Man.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am Old Matric, A Retired Military Man Of The British Period, Call Me A Poet

I am old matric,
Haven't you heard,
Old is gold,
Gold is old,
An old man am I,
A gold man am I?

I had been in the military
Sending and receiving
Messages,
A radio man,
A wire man,
Talked I with the British,
Lived I with,
Spoke I with.

See, see, I can speak in English
Which the graduates of today
Cannot,
I an old man,
A retired military man,
An ex-army man
I recollecting
And remembering my days
During the Raj,
The colonial period.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am So Sorry, So Sorry To Feel It That He Too Had Been Talented Like Me

I am so sorry, so sorry to feel it that
He too had the same talent,
The same genius
Which it is in me,
But sorry, sorry to say it that
I could not, could not feel it then,
Then that he too had been talented like me,
He too had been,
Oh, I could not,
Oh, I could not know it,
Had I known, had I known!

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am Something, Human Ego

I am something,
To feel it
Is human ego
And I have seen many
Feeling themselves so,
The educated and the foolish alike.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am Sure Of It India Would Not Have Been Partitioned

I am sure
India would not have been
Partitioned,
It was just for Jinnah,
It was for Nehru,
Be sure of it,
Jinnah was not good,
A minority boy
With a Parsi wife,
Nehru too was not
A Kashmiri pundit
Compelling Gandhi.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am The Dead Wife Speaking, Where Are You, My Love? / The Dead Beloved's Voice

"How are you, my love?
I am your dead wife speaking.
How are you, my love?
How are you? , "
Said she slowly.

On hearing the sad and lost voice
Of the dead wife,
The husband, in tears, weeping
And wiping it himself.

He going on the way and thinking,
Why did he finish her,
As for an extra-marital affair,
Why did, did he finally?

Now the second wife likes it not to work,
The motherless boy and the girl
Do it all household works,
Lying clumsy and dirty.

"Just for your second love,
You killed, killed me, my husband,
Just for your human greed and hunger for this body of flesh,
Couldn't you guess it
That I too a man, a poor soul lodged in the body, my love? "

Lo, I have turned, turned into a sinner,
Have turned into a sinner, my God,
My God, what shall I do now,
A murderer have I become
After eliminating my wife for my extra lust.

O God, punish me, punish me,
Punish me,
O God, give me Your wisdom,
Now what to do with,

How to cleanse the blood from my hands!

How to cleanse, how to cleanse the blood,
The blood of my hands,
A sinner, a sinner have I turned into
By eliminating my lovely wife
At the provocation of others!

Who, who, the dead beloved,
The dead beloved speaking,
Forgive me, forgive, my lassie,
Forgive me, my love,
I could not understand it, got swayed in emotions.

Part II

Weep not, weep not, my love,
I still love you,
I shall always be with you
Wherever remember you,
I shall always be with you.

You just call, call me
And I shall come,
Hearing your call,
Whenever call you,
My love.

But before doing anything,
Take to your heart,
What it says,
What it advises, counsels it,
Go by not others.

My love, I loved you so much
More than my life,
But you could not me,
Could believe me,
Take me in your confidence.

Now after my death,
You are calling,
But how to come to,

Had I been here, I would have
But am not.

You love me, love me, my soul,
I too will, as go about
Wailing with the wind
As for love and my children
Orphaned as for your foolishness.

Leave it, leave it, weep not,
Weep not, my love,
Repent, repent not for
What it has already taken place,
Happened.

Things not in your hand,
Nor in mine,
What it has
Happened,
Only pray for letting not happen it again.

Only pray for,
Letting not happen it again, my love,
Love is love,
Betray not anyone,
Cheat it not.

Had you beaten me,
Had you pushed or driven me out of doors
To be on the footpaths of life,
It would have been good,
But eliminate not anyone.

If can't create, destroy not life,
If you can't the beautiful things of the world,
Destroy them not,
Destroy them not at least,
Who are you to destroy them if you cannot, my love?

My love is mine, only mine,
It cannot be for others,

It had been, is still now,
Will be for ever,
Will not change it at all.

You may, but I shall not change,
I shall not change at all,
AI shall remain what I had been,
What I was in the past,
Will remain yours, only yours.

But my counsel to you,
Go not by others' words,
Believe them not
As they keep breaking others
Rather than decorating.

My love, weep you not,
Love you yourself,
Love me if you can
And I shall be happy
If look you after my son and daughter.

Forget me not,
Forget not my poor kids,
Do remember me sometimes,
Do remember me
When in trouble and mental agony.

My love, I am your dead wife speaking,
How are, how are you,
How are you,
Have you forgotten me
On finding your new wife?

Have you, have you forgotten me, my love,
As people often do it
And this is the nature of man,
Are you too so,
Do you not have time to remember me?

Have I become so other manly,
Do you have not even time to see my photo

Garlanded in your room
But kept in hiding,
Do you not time to remember me?

I still love you, love, my love,
You may not, but I love you,
I love you still
And it's the duty of every faithful wife,
You may be faithless and bent low wards
But why should I not hold it aloft?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am Time, Time

I am Time, Time,
I do not wait for anyone,
I keep going.

I am Time, Time
Which does not wait for,
Which keeps it going.

I am Time, Time,
Samay, Samay,
I am Kaal, Kaal,
Ghadi, Ghadi.

Mein Samay hun, Samay,
Kaal hun,
Ghadi hun.

N.B.
Mein- I hun- am Samay-Time
Samay- Time, Kaal-Age, Time-end, Doom
Ghadi-Watch, Clock

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am Time, Time, Indelible, Indestructible (Bilingual)

I Am Time, Time, Indelible, Indestructible
I am Time,
Time Indelible, Indestructible,
Time, Time,
Timeless Time
With the Kaalchakra, the Disc of Age
Rotating and rounding,
The Wheel of Time keeps moving
And with it Human Destiny,
The fate and time of it.

I am Time Stronger and In Strength.

Mein Samay, Samay, Akshay, Ajar-amar
Mein samay hun,
Akshay samay, ajar-amar,
Samay, samay,
Samayvihin samay
Kaalchakra ke saath
Ghumta hua, chakkar deta,
Samay ka pahiya ghumta
Aur uske saath manviya bhagya,
Uska pralabhdh aur samay.

Mein samay balawan hun.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am Time, Time, Indestructible & Immortal Time

I am Time,
Time Indestructible & Immortal,
Time, Time which never destroys,
Time, Time which never ends.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am Time, Time, Time Immortal, Time Indestructible

Time immortal, Time indestructible,
I am Time, Time
Which never bears out,
Which never dies.

I am Time, Time beginningless,
I am Time, time endless,
Time which never bears,
Time which never dies.

Time indestructible, time immortal
And deathless,
Time ever running, ever ticking,
Striking the gong.

The Wheel of Time keeps it rotating,
Figures always in a flux
And changing,
Maintaining the rhythm and pace.

The Wheel of Time covering duration,
Rotating and rounding
In degrees, turns and changes
All from its axis and hub.

Life in a flux, the world in a flux,
Everything but in,
Mass and matter is the same,
But the shape of the things continues to change.

Time is Time, Time Cosmic, Time Mechanical,
Time Material, Time Extraterrestrial,
Time worldly and earthly,
Time godly, creational.

Time, Iron Man, Time Doom Time,
Time Cataclysmic, Time Personified,
Time as Lohapurusha, Kalpurusha,
Time imperishable, deathless.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am Trying To Understand The Soul, Spirit Of India

India multi-racial, multi-ethnic,
Multi-lingual, multi-cultural,
Full of exotic flora and fauna,
Segregated and enjoined,
A mass
Corroborative of
A linkage.

India Aryan, India Dravidic,
India Austro-Asiatic, India Tibeto-Chinese,
India full of plateaus, hills and mountains,
Rivers, brooks, valleys and the wild,
Coastal areas, seashores, river-banks,
Deserts, forests and climatic variations.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Am Waiting For Foreigner Girls To Select The Stuff Of My Poetry

I am waiting for foreigner girls
To select the newer themes of my poetry,
Yea, the foreigner blondes and belles,
Lasses to write my poetry,
To select and pick
The stuffs of my poetry,
Foreigner girls
With the slinging bags
And the luggage
Being dragged or pulled.

The girls from distant Europe
And Latin America will come
And shall see
With my flying kisses
And they waving at,
Saying ta-ta, bye-bye, goodbye
At the airport,
The beauties and blondes from
England, America, Zimbabwe,
Argentina, Brazil,
Ukraine, Russia.

Without seeing the foreigner girls,
How can you,
How can you write poetry,
The verse-lines,
Without seeing them,
The blondes and beauties
From foreign,
Across the seas,
The white-white girls,
Brown-eyed, blue-eyed
And I fearing to look into
The eyes dangerous and fatal?

I Am Waiting For My Son Who Will Turn Me Out Of My House

My son
Who cannot be called good
Will one day
Turn me out
Of my house
Which but
I am waiting for it
To happen.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I An Englishman, A Londonman In India, A Hindoostani In English Shirt, Pants And Neck-Tie

Accept you it or not,
I am but an Indiaman,
Not a Londonman,
But a Hindoostani
In shirt, pants, neck-tie and boots,
Not an Englishman,
But an Indiaman.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I And My Burkhawalli Bibi

I and my burkhawalli bibi
Keep going together with
Wherever go I, move I
She keeps following me,
I following her,
I and my bibi.

She in the black gown,
I in my own,
She coming behind,
Sometimes together with me,
I and my burkhhawalli bibi,
I seeing her eyes visible,
She eyeing me with love.

She is but a negative,
A negative,
My burkhawalli bibi,
In the clouded skies
She appears to be a moon
Under the patches of
Playing hide and seek.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I And My Burkhawalli Bibi (Haiku)

I and my burkhawalli bibi going with,
Dancing and going,
She behind me and I doing quawwallis ahead of.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I And My Love Both Of Us Often Keep Talking With

Mein Aur Mera Pyar Dono Akshar Baatein Karta Rahta Hun

Mein aapse pyar karta hun,
Par kah na jo saka mein
Ki mein aapse pyar karta hun.

I And My Love Both of Us Often Keep Talking With
(I love you,
But could not say it
That I love you.)

Bijay Kant Dubey

I And My Love Both Of Us Often Keep Talking With, Sharing Together With

Mein Aur Mera Pyar Dono Akshar Baatein Karta Rahta Hun

Mein aapse pyar karta hun,
Par kah na jo saka mein
Ki mein aapse pyar karta hun.

I And My Love Both of Us Often Keep Talking With
(I love you,
But could not say it
That I love you.)

Bijay Kant Dubey

I And My Shadow Sometimes Talk To

I and my shadow
Sometimes
Talk to
To confide in
That
When I.ll not be,
You will,
I and my shadow.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Asked The Indian Hanuman, How Are You?

One daybreak
When it had been racing towards
On the lonely road,
Coming hurriedly
With the tail hanging by,
Looking hunch-backed in its gait
As its gait is generally,
Brown-haired
But with the black mouth
And the showy teeth
So temperamental to lose its temper.

On seeing him rushing towards,
Coming hurriedly
Or in a huff to go somewhere,
I asked him,
How are you,
Where are you going, my friend,
But instead of doing the handshake,
It lost the temper
And grinned it,
Gnashed the teeth
In such a way,
As ever ready to growl and ogle
As if to frighten hospitality.

It gnashed the teeth,
Grinned and growled in such a way
As if I were thrown off
In a world of fear and threat
Looming large over,
I taking my space,
Standing aghast and speechless,
Without the smile
Or the laughter
On my face,
Looking pushed
And leaning out to back
And the time be,

To escape the onslaught.

A monkey a monkey,
It could not be man
Even though we tried to educate it,
Wore it not the pants and the shirt,
A beast it remained a beast,
A brute a brute
Of the forest,
Ogling and grinning
And gnashing the teeth
And frightening as always,
Ready to bite and snatch,
It will not be manly
And educated
Even though we try our best
To educate through literacy programmes
And adult education.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Became Very Pleased When You Presented A Statue Of Lord Ganesha

I became very happy,
Really very happy
When
You presented
A statue of
Lord Ganesha,
Siddhidayaka Vinayaka.

It was very auspicious,
Very beautiful
And I liked it,
Liked it frankly,
An art-piece,
A model was it.

When you presented me
A statue of Ganesha,
Lord Ganesha,
Siddhidayaka Vinayaka,
Very auspicious was it,
Very pleasant was it to give to me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Become Sad When I Hear About The Turkish Women

I become sad
When
I hear
About
Turkish women
And society,
The gender bias,
Social inequality,
Polygamy,
Child marriage,
Suppression and repression
Of womanly rights,
Her prosecution
And execution
For no fault of hers
As because
She is a woman,
A woman,
The mother of mankind.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Become Sad When I Think Of My Longer Works But Still Unpublished

I become sad when I think of my poetry-works lying unpublished,
Pinda-Dana, Asthi-Kalasha, Kalpurusha,
Yama,
Devadasi, Patita,
Ambulance, The Tower of Silence

When I think of Brindabana,
Mother Kali, The Mother Divine,
The Bride, The Widow

When I think of Lost Love, The Bleeding Heart,
The Poet's Progress,
Unknown Citizen,
The classical scholar

When I think of all these poetry texts, single title poems
Running into several pages
Of a moderate length,
I do not know, do not know
As how to keep them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Become Very Sad

I become very sad when I see
The asses, ponies and mares
And donkeys lying unemployed
And jobless
In this age of
Inflation and joblessness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Call Myself A Good Man, But I Am Not

I like to call myself a good man, but I am not,
I am but a very good man
Which you would have thought
If write I my autobiography
Going by the unconscious level too
Side by side the sub-conscious and the conscious.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Called Her Wonderful And She Too Called Me Wonderful; , But Who Was Actually Wonderful? Tell, You.

I called her wonderful
And she too called me wonderful,
And I could not,
Who actually was?

Oh, this happens in love, this happens in love!
You wonderful, I wonderful
And as thus both of us wonderful.

Thank you for the good idea, said she and went away.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Can Never Approve Of The Indo-Pak War

Whatever say you about
The tension escalating, brewing,
War pitch ready for,
People driven by frenzy or fever,
But I shall never,
Never approve of
A fresh bloodbath and genocide.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Cannot Be A Ph.D. Guide, But A Simple University Teacher Can Be, This Is India, You See

Instead of my researches, paper publications,
I am not a Ph.D. guide
As lie I in a college,
But the inferior candidates at the varsity
Are guides
And many are still doing Ph.D.,
But are not,
This is India,
You see.

Even after twenty years' of intensive research
And poetry-writing,
I am not a Ph.D. guide
Nor a poet
As my c.v. tells it not,
Bluffs it not,
My bio-profile I myself do not
As have not tidied up my chits and bits
To enter into.

But what I have, this much I can assure you,
That you will not even
In the varsity professors
Of Allahabad, Patna, Hyderabad, Delhi,
Lucknow, Ahmedabad, Chennai, Vishakhapatnam,
Shillong, Gauhati, Itanagar,
This much I can assure you,
This much I can say to you
And the rest into the hands of your
To judge it right.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Cannot Call Her A Bad Woman

You may call her, but I cannot call her a bad woman
As whom want I to call bad
May be good for you
As who knows
When will one come to one's help
When all turn their faces away from you,
Think of that time, situation and circumstance.

I cannot call her a bad woman as she is not what you think about
As whom call we bad are not,
Whom think we good are not
But the adverse of
What we think about
As who helps in which way,
Who can ever say it?

The bad are not bad, but it is the good who have made them changed into
Otherwise would not have been,
Would not have been so,
Good and bad the two sides of the coin
As good cannot be judged in the absence of bad,
Good and bad both are necessary
And it will but make you prejudiced.

As a man, I want the same the bad woman whom want I to correct her,
Why has she chosen such a path,
But the middle men or women the worst fellows
Just for taking out
And putting the blame on
As for to extract something from.

And contradict I it that the bad cannot be good as she is after all a woman,
Full of the milk of kindness
And can never turn away from
As to serve an inborn quality of hers
Which but she cannot deprive of,
Which but she cannot deny.

A woman a woman he cannot be bad and even if she is, it is none

But the people who have made her so
Otherwise would not have been bad
As we call her
Without taking into our consideration
Her time, situation and circumstance.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Cannot Hold Israel Guilty Merely, The Palestinian Fundamentalists Too Are

I cannot hold Israel merely guilty
Of war crimes,
But the Palestinian fanatics and fundamentalists too are guilty
Of inviting unwanted destruction and casualty
And loss of lives.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Cannot Think Of The Border Tense With Pakistan

I cannot think of the border
Tense with Pakistan,
Why not to ease tensions
Rather hostility shown?

Those who provoke the soldiers
Are not good men at all
As they must think about
Than the families of soldiers.

But the ministers forget it that
They should not provoke
By releasing casual statements
Highly inflammable.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Catching Teh Rhythms Of The Bagpiper Music And The Been Music Of The Snake Charmer

I trying to catch
The rhythms
Of the bagpiper's music
And the been music
Of the snake charmer
In my poetry.

The tunes of the shehnoi
Breaking,
The melodies of the been
Haunting
And I standing awe-struck
With the music.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Consulting Cheiro And Nostradamus As For How Will It Be 2017! Happy New Year To You!

I consulting Cheiro and Nostradamus

As for 2017,

My 2017

And yours 2017,

How will it be be,

Let them,

Let them

Take time to predict

And in the meantime, let me,

Let me greet you with

Happy,

Happy new year to you!

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Could Not As I Could Not Call Myself A Minor Indian English Poet

I could not be a poet,
Even a minor poet
As courtesy, delicacy and morality
Held me back
To call it myself
Which they are doing now-a-days.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Could Not Resist My Temptation Of Looking Her, I Mean The Foreigner Girl!

Frankly speaking, I could not resist my temptation
of looking the foreigner girl,
as the blonde was was beautiful, so beautiful
that the words fail to describe
her beauty
distilling and dripping
as honey drops
from foreign flowers!

The girl was so beautiful, so beautiful
that fail I to describe her beauty
in words,
exquisitely beautiful,
ravishingly beautiful.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Did Not Ask Him, But Said He, I Am A Muhammedan

I did not ask him, but said he,
I am a Muhammedan,
I am a Muhammedan,
But sorry, brother,
It's not my business to know,
Whether you a Hindu, a Christian or a Muslim,
How human, good and liberal are you,
It's my concern
Rather than who a Christian, a Hindu or A Muslim?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Did Not Ask Him, But Said He, I Am A Muhammedan (Mentality)

I did not ask him
Nor had the intention
Nor did enquire about,
But said he,
Said he himself unasked, ,
Introduced he himself,
I am a Muhammedan,
A Muhammedan,
Which but heard I not,
Liked I not the idea.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Did Not Ask Him, Said He, I Am A Muhammedan

I did not ask him,
But said he,
I am a Muhammedan.

Sorry sir, never did I ask so
Whether you a Hindu
Or a Muhammedan or a Christian.

Nor had the intention of knowing it
Whether you or not,
It is not my business to know you so.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Did Not Ask Him. But Said He Instead, I Am A Muhammedan, I Am A Muhammedan

I did not ask him, but instead of
Said he,
I am a Muhammedan, a Muhammedan
And hearing it
Said I,
Never did I ask you
To know
Whether you
A Christian, a Hindu or a Muhammedan,
A Buddhist or a Jain,
Never did I ask ou,
Enquire about it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Did Not Read, Just Sat And Got The Certificate

I did not read the paper
Nor had I gone to
Or was prepared for any presentation,
Just went over to,
Sat down on the last benches
As for to get the certificate
Of participation
For my promotion.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Do Not Expect From The Govt. Of India, What Have I Got Even After Writing For 25 Yrs. Seriously?

I do not expect anything else from the govt. of India,
Nor do I have any faith in its systems,
As what have they given to me
For serving literature selflessly and anonymously
Spending from my own pocket,
Without getting a grant or assignement
As they who do not deserve are given awards
And those which of mine turning into dust
Do not matter to them,
Let the time come,
I am waiting for that
As it is definite
I shall return the awards given by it
To me someday.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Do Not Fear Even My Baap (Father) , But Them

I do not fear even my baap,
Indian rustic father,
But them
So much
The most dreaded ones,
The Marxist, Leninist and Maoist,
The daredevil Reds,
Rebels and revolutionaries,
Movementeers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Do Not Find A Flower To Compare My Love With/ My Love, O, It Is Calling

I do not find a flower to compare with,
Should I call her a rose,
A balsam
Or a poppy
Or a marigold
Or a chrysanthemum
Or a calendula,
What should I call her?

You please go and see the flowers
Before comparing my love,
But fear I,
If you call her yours,
Your own,
Then what shall I,
My God?

My love, let it be mine,
My love only mine,
O, see you not her for so long!

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Do Not Know

I do not know who it is honest and who dishonest,
Whom to call it honest, whom dishonest,
If you have money in your pocket, you are honest
And if you do not have, you are not.

If my stomach is full, I am honest
And if it is not, I am dishonest
And if this be as such, why to call someone honest or dishonest,
You say it please?

But some people try to show themselves strangely honest,
Testing for it,
Many try to behave in a Hamletian way
That they are honest, honest
With the locket of it hanging around the neck.

I too am honest or dishonest in my own way
Without implicating anyone,
Bringing not the embezzlement charges against anyone,
As I cannot show you taking money on the camera to be a reporter.

That person too is honest in my eyes who takes a little bit liberally
Just for something to get the things done
But those who take the bribe
But do not the job are the most dishonest persons.

If you are honest and your son is poor
Then you are not honest
As you have not schooled them properly
And as a father
You too had the duties of yours.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Do Not Know It What Have I Written?

I do not know it what have I written so far
And the things that I have written,
Can these be called poetry?
I do not know if there is anything readable in them,
Anything worthy of being read time and again.
It will be my good luck if i can register my presence
Even as a minor poet.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Do Not Know It Who Is A Judge And Who A Thief?

I do not know who is a judge and who a thief,
Who a pleader, who a policeman,
Very confused am I,
Especially in this context
As because the thief seems to be not
A thief, but a poor fellow,
A needy person
In need to support himself
And the pleader who is to plead for him
Is but a broker, a middleman,
A commission-taker,
Not at all for justice,
Rules and regulations
And the judge, one from the same category
Just in a make-believe robe of his
To dispense with Divine Justice
Not under his prowess.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Do Not Know What Am I Saying

A singer of the unsung talent am I,
Contradicting you
That you are only talented
And there is none like you in the world.

The wild flowers which flower and scatter away
Into the wilds and the unknown forest tract
Before I could know
Their sweet fragrance, dazzling hue and lovelier loveliness.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Do Not Know What Have I Written As They Are All Against Me?

I do not know what have i written as they are all against me,
I know it well,
My fate and my destiny as a writer,
They will not let me?

Apart from my works on Daruwalla, Jayanta and Indian English poetry
And nce,
They will examine the theses,
But I shall not.

The small college teachers, boys too shifted to the univ. deptt. will
Examine the Ph.D. theses,
Will take the viva voce exam as experts
Moving out to different universities.

But I shall not be able to take, nor shall I be called for
Instead of my studies and expertise,
This is India, the Indian intelligentsia and the literati
And what more to say to?

The small editors of literary journals too use the tools
To promote and popularize themselves,
To make it out, to do the bargain
And to oblige.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Do Not Know, How Does He Keep Informed? (For Khushwant Singh)

I do not know, how does he keep himself informed,
An author so knowledgeable and factual,
So informed and read,
What can he not say about,
Just liking a fillip,
Regaling and entertaining you?

His memoir and remembrance, reminiscence and memory
A diary of the whole century,
What can not say,
Power, politics, chair, post and displacement,
Love-letter, love-affair and love-marriage,
Height, nature, surname and temperament,
There is nothing hidden from?

A writer from the undivided Punjab, he is a funny man
Of Indian literature,
A journo, a politico,
An autobiographer, a historian and a feature writer,
Turning gossips into the tidbits of literature,
An interesting talker, gossip is he,
Khushwant Singh, the dirty man not,
But the bold and daring man of literature.

He can tell about catwalks and fashion designers,
The heights of politicians,
The longer South Indian names and surnames,
Classical Indian music and poetry
And their gharanas, household traditions,
Carried forward by kingly courts
And the kings and queens of Britain.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Do Not Like It That They Will Leave Their Families To Be The Foreigner Disciples Of The Indian Gurus In Search Of Happiness

I do not like it that they will make them
Leave their homes and families,
Away from their lands,
To be shisyas here,
The foreigner shisyas of Indian gurus,
I mean the ashramites,
I just want to ask them,
Does their guruhood permit it
To make their homes and families
Break and disintegrate?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Do Not Like This Teachers' Day

Who remembers whom,
None has still turned to gift me
A rose
Or to say happy teachers' day,
This is an age of business,
You make the business,
I make the business?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Do Not See The Convicts & Culprits As Criminals/ Say, Who Is A Criminal?

I do not see the convicts and culprits
As criminals,
If they are,
They are just for some mistakes,
Mistakes not,
Blunders of life.

Had they been counselled, they would not
Have been here
Behind the bars,
The advocates would not
Have charged against
And taken the fees from them.

Had they been advised with and treated,
They would not
Have been here
As jail-birds,
As prisoners
At the mercy of
The jailors.

They too erred, erred not, blundered,
Took to their advice not,
The advice of their parents,
That is why repenting,
Relenting under
The remorseless laws,
Rules and regulations.

Ruefully view they their life from the prison bars
As the jail birds
with letting off,
Live as prisoners,
Die as prisoners,
Handcuffed and roped around
The waist,

Oh, the poor prisoners!

It is easy to dispense with the judgement
Related to the other man's
Sons and daughters
And it is difficult
To judge one's own faults,
How much guilty am I,
Who to confess it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Do Not Think That Poets Are Only Great

I do not think it right
To call the poets are only
The great men
Of the world.

Every man has something
Great in him or her
Which but
We do not know it.

A small girl
Or say your daughter
Too may be
Exceptionally talented.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Do Not Understand

I do not understand it, nor can I say about it,
Will they forget to write with pen and paper some day,
Come that some day,
When I shall tell you,
What I had before?

Now the time is come
And they like not to write letters,
Write and post them and drop down into the mail-boxes
Meant for these,
Nor do the post-men take care of to deliver most urgently.

What a day has come,
You say it to me;
You say it to me,
Will they forget to write,
Will letter-writing turn into a dead art?

Now they write not on paper
With the pen,
Fold not the inland letter cards nor the envelopes
To close and seal it with the gum,
Write the name and address of the recipient
With the sender's name and address
As these will take their time
And they have no time to think and recollect.

And with a change in time and temperament,
I find then all silently
Clicking the computer mouse, not the rat mouse
To type it digitally and to post it magically
To the sender in no time
And the message comes,
It's delivered
And these are reaching of course.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Do Not Want Gold Or Silver, Diamond Or Pearl, Just You, Only You

I do not gold or silver,
Diamond or pearl,
But you,
Only you,
My love,
Oh, understands it not
The foolish heart!

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Do Not Want Gold Or Silver, Just You

I do not gold or silver,
Diamond or pearl,
But you,
Only you,
My love,
Oh, understands it not
The foolish heart!

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Do Not Want To Do My Ph.D., I Just Want You, You

I do not want not do my Ph.D.,
I just want a young girl for me
Who will be the love of my life,
The queen of my heart.

My Ph.D. thesis let it thereon,
I am going, taking leave of you,
The girl I had been searching
I have found her.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Do Not Want To Hear About Northeast Indian English Verse Practitioners

Do not tell me falsely about the poetry practitioners
From the northeast of India,
The rhymers, non-poets, poetasters and commoners
Made poets,
Not the poets born.

May I ask you,
Where was there like northeastern Indian English poetry,
You accept it ther had not been,
Had there been any,
We would have from Dr.K.R.Iyengar and ,
But be sure of,
There had not been,
Had there been, would have heard of definitely,
So make you not now
To call it northeastern Indian English poetry?

If there we poets, let them be from their local dialects,
I ant to hear about the natural
Assamese, Karbi, Mizo, Kokborok,
Bishnupriya Manipuri, Manipuri, Nagamese poets
Rather then the poets made
By the novice critics
Politicizing it all
As for to come into the limelight,
To the forefront of literature.

Oh, the little-little English-knowing poets doing politics,
The small-small critics doing politics,
None of them is established,
All just the no-men
Staking a claim over authorship,
Wanting to come to light!

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Do Not Want To See The Foreigner Girls; It Beats My Heart Badly

I do not want to see the foreigner girls,
It beats and beats the heart of mine
On seeing her,
So cute and lovely
And stylistic
And fashionable,
Herself a gem, a jewel,
Why to give ornaments to her?

My heart beats, beats it for her,
Aches and throbs
On seeing the foreigner girls,
Beauties and belles
And blondes,
A beauty like,
Want I my friend.

My love from far,
An overseas girl want I.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Do Not Want To Write Verses

I do not want to write verses,
I want to give red roses to my ladylove,
To my Burquawalli, to my Purdahwalli,
Doing not purdah from me,
I kissing my Burquawalli.

I do not want to verses anymore,
I want to write love-letters
To the daughter of ic.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Don't Know, Why Did, International Mother Language Day, Reminded Of My Mother?

I don't know it,
Why did
International Mother Language Day
Remind me
Of my mother,
Conjuring
The images
Of hers
In mind?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Doubt (For Salman Rushdie)

I doubt
If there will be a writer
of the stature of Salman Rushdie
So bold, so courageous
And so daring,
Undaunted,
If there will be,
There will be again
A writer like Salman Rushdie
Speaking the truths,
Hidden facts and secrets
Of our society, art and culture.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Fear None, But The Maoist

I fear none, but the Maoist,
None but him,
Even his shadow,
In the villages say I
To the crying children,
Hush! hush! ,
Don't you hear the horses passing,
Mao Zedong not,
But his men,
The Maoists crossing.

My boss, your boss,
Mao Zedong,
The boss of all,
I saluting Mao,
In fear.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Fear To Look Into The Dangerous Eyes Of Yours, I Love You, But Fear Them

I love you, but fear to look into the eyes of yours,
I love you, but fear them most,
The beautiful eyes of yours,
Lustrous and dreamy,
Loveful and lovely
Drawing me close
And I getting drawn to,
As if someone were netting and I falling into the trap.

I love you, but fear you, your dark and lovely eyes,
The looks of it
Piercing into the heart
And the tribal archer shooting at,
Oh, i shall not survive!

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Fear To Look Into The Eyes

I fear to look into the eyes of yours,
A girl so young and lovely,
so sweet and imaginative,
Dreamy and fanciful,
I love her, love her.

The eyes dark black and lustrous,
The lips pink,
The cheeks rosy,
How to let her go?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Fear To Meet A Young Girl

I fear to meet a young girl,
to look into the eyes,
Dark and deep,
Dark and lovely
Taking me somewhere
On the unknown paths of life,
Yeah, the untrodden ways of life,
But where to go,
I do not know,
How to avoid and avert my gaze?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Fear You Not, Damn Care, But Them The Most, The Marxists, Leninists, Stalinists

I fear them not,
Damn care,
Care a fig for them,
But them most,
Marxists,
Leninists,
Stalinists.

I do not fear even my father,
I mean my dad,
But them most,
The Marxists, Leninists, Stalinists
And on seeing them, I feel nonplussed.

The Marxists, Leninists, Stalinists
My bosses,
The great bosses,
Me Lord.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Fearing To Board An Indian Train With A Telegram In My Hand

I fear to board an Indian train,
As God knows
Whether I shall reach my destination
Or some train accident will overtake me
En route,
My family telephoning me
And I lying dead somewhere.

I fearing to board the train
Lightless, guardless,
Without the ticket checkers,
The pickpockets sitting on the seats
As the rogues
Doing some dirty talks
With suspense
Creating fear in passengers.

The train chugging,
Without ticket loafers seated on the seats,
But those with tickets
Standing on foot,
Going a long distance,
The toilets stinking,
Smelling foul.

The train ticket examiners
If on a surprise checking,
Without ticket loafers and rogues,
Illiterates and uncultured fellows
Hiding in toilets
To avoid the check-up
And to cough up the hushed money.

Sometimes the security staff too
Instead of helping,
Take the money

And alight on the midway stations
To be checked by other colleagues
And to be charged again
And as thus cheating the genuine too in trouble.

Some ticket examiners wanting to be famous
Go on fining mindlessly
As for to be dry honest not,
But to show himself,
His power
And to be promoted
Through the departmental promotion.

I fear to board an Indian train
With a telegram in hand
Going somewhere,
Maybe it I shall get
Or it will give,
An Indian train to be chain-pulled
At midway halt.

Sitting in the bogey,
I keep praying to God
As for avoid any untoward incident,
Event or happening,
As the bogies may derail
As for the tracks blown up by extremists
Or Naxalites.

The station masters may be they
Sleeping
In their awkward halts
Or the signal men
Giving not the signal rightly
So the trains may enter
Marking the other stationery trains.

With the name of the Lord
Sit I in the bogey,
With the name of the Lord
Alight from the bogey,
Thanking God many a time

For the safe journey
So many times.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Feel Shame When I Hear About The Nigerian Female Genital Mutilation

I feel shame
When they talk about
The Nigerian female genital mutilation,
I feel shame
When I hear about
The plight and misery,
The tyranny of the Nigerian womenfolk.

Has there not anyone come up to protest against
Such a malpractice,
Inhuman torture and orthodoxy,
Has there not anyone come up to defend it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Feel Sorry

I indeed feel sorry for as and when I see them loitering,
Lying useless and abandoned on the roads,
Unemployed and jobless,
Oh, those horses, mares, ponies and asses
Out of jobs and jobless
In the modern age of machines,
Globalisation, privatization, commercialization and digitalization,
As the people shake the hands not so easily,
Ever ready for a golden handshake
With a lump sum of money and offers
As for to make you retire voluntarily.

And on finding them picking grass somehow, feel I sad indeed
As once those used to draw carriages
And the washer men used to go to the river or pond ghat
With the bundles of clothes as for to wash these
But now they are counting the days of anonymity,
Without name and fame,
Left to their poor destitute and destiny,
Oh, those abandoned horses and asses!

There was a time when I used to see them in their heyday
And there came a time when saw I them abandoned and jobless
Loitering on the roads and footpaths without any master to claim for
And as thus the number dwindled
And now-a-days find I not
And what more to say to you
About the modern master who cares for none
But himself,
The proud master of the universe,
Clutch the globe into your hands,
As the mobile man says it, the man with the handset.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Feel Sorry To See Their State (Abandoned & Left Asses And Horses)

It pains me, pains me to see them
Loitering aimlessly, lying unemployed
And oh, jobless and unclaimed over
In this age of privatization, globalization and liberalization
In the aftermath of Mikhail Gorbachev's glasnost and perestroika,
Handsome pay packets, packages and bands,
Golden handshaking and voluntary retirement scheme
To do money-lending and enter the corporate sector
As a business manager
Or magnet,
Falling short of a tycoon,
Confuse not with the typhoon

While on the other hand, find I the asses left and abandoned,
In a miserable state of their own,
With the flies buzzing around,
Passing their days in anonymity,
The washer men dumping them elsewhere,
Have switched over to laundries
With machine-propelled washing apparatuses
And the dry wash system,
No need to go the Ganga ghats
And come late in the afternoon
Tired and exhausted enough
With noting to give the dialogue
And say about,
'Dhobi ka kutta no ghar ka, na ghat ka'.

So if this be the state of unemployment and joblessness
In this age of computerization,
What to say it more,
The ownerless, masterless asses, keep they loitering
Moving and straying far aimlessly
Without the job,
Without the master,
Dying on the pathways,
At the crossroads of life,

Into the bazaars
Passing their time to die,
Lying neglected, ignored and dumped,
Sick and ailing
Dying on the roads,
Even the town-area pavement and the shanty,
The sideway hutment too not for them
Already captured by the poor fellows.
Similar the condition with the horses drawing the chariot
Of the Sun God,
The kingly and ordinary carriages,
The race horses and mares,
Gallop and covering a distance
In this age of mechanization,
Mechanical and technical tools and appliances,
Application, use and utility,
The carriages lie they abandoned,
The wheels thrown apart,
The horses moving aimlessly,
Neither master nor the animal recognizes each other,
The stables lie they empty
And the grooms sitting with the hand
On the heads,
What to be done with?

Lastly, I would request the school and college teachers
Not to say ass to the dull and bogus or naughty students of their own
As because the number has fallen quite miserably
And the asses are scarce,
May turn into a rare species one day
Similarly the institution too will not run
If the students are not in a plenty
And mind it not, if they read too much or not,
Let them buy the degrees from the bazaar first
And then they will definitely turn into established persons
After sitting on chair and preparing class notes,
If the mukhamantri can be a central minister,
Why not they?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Forbade Him To Be A Fanatic, But Did Not Take To My Words

I forbade him to be a fanatic
But took he to not
The counsels of mine
And turned out to be a fanatic
As he could not desist from
The images and ideas fanatical
And his rearing in.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Gave Her The Name (Sweetness Of Melody)

Bilingual

I Gave Her The Name (Sweetness of Melody)

A girl not, a magician,
How beautiful to look at,
Simple and sweet,
With a face like that of the moon,
The smile of the roses,
How beautifully wonderful,
Lovely look you!

Meine Naam Jo Rakha Madhuri (Sweetness of Melody)

Ladki nahin jadugarni,
Dekhne mein kitni sundar,
Bholi-bhali,
Chand-shaa chehra,
Gulaabon ki hanshi,
Kya khub lagti ho,
Sundar dikhti ho.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Going To Celebrate International Women's Day With My Burqawalli Bibi

I going to celebrate
International Women's Day
With my Burqawalli Bibi.

I and my Bibi together with,
I walking ahead of
And she all clad in black after me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Going To Global Market To Sell Seasonal Fruits

In this age of globalization.
Privatization
And commercialization
When the world has shrunk
Into a globe merely,
Wish I to go to global market
To sell seasonal fruits
So that they may get a taste of that.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Had A Desire That A Beautiful Bride I Would Get

But Fate betrayed me as thus
That got I not
And hence keep I complaining against
The Writ of Destiny,
Repenting it that I did not,
But I say it not to my ladylove,
As she would take it otherwise,
I just keep within myself
That I did not a beautiful girl,
A very beautiful girl not in my fate.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Had A Talk With You

I had a talk with you,
I had a talk with you,
Shall I speak to you now
Or later on,
If you say later on,
I shall later,
But will have to,
Will have to hear you,
I just want to,
Want to know,
Do you,
Do you love me or not?

You are the girl, you are the girl
Whom I have asked from God,
I have asked from God.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Had Not Been A Song-Writer, But When Saw I You

I had not been a song-writer, but when saw I
For the first time,
At the first glance of yours,
Turned I into a song-writer
And you the love-song of my life.

I had not been a song-writer, but when saw I
For the first time,
At the first glimpse of yours,
Turned I into a song-writer
Writing about you, picturing you in my songs.

A song-writer had I not been, but turned I into
After seeing you,
A song-writer had I been not, but turned I into
After falling in love with you,
Love at first sight.

Strange meeting, strange love,
Unexpected romance expecting it
To say,
I am the girl you had been searching for,
I am the art-model you had in mind.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Handshaking With My Khatun On The Eve Of The Happy New Year

Miss Khatun in the burqa
and she looking me
And I looking her,
She extending the hands,
I extending the hands,
Holding in,
Holding in
To wish,
Happy,
Happy new year!

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Hate You, Dom, Your False Englishness & Pseudo-Gentlemanliness

People talk of Dom Moraes,
But never did I like,
A smoker and a drinker,
A womanizer,
A lover of girls
And an abandoner,
s
Was moralless and characterless
And his character did not match
His poetic character.

First he courted Henrietta Moraes
And married her in 1961,
Again left her
To choose Judith
To turn to Leela Naidu
And again to divorce her
To be separated from
To take shelter in a new one.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Have A Lot To Do Before I Pass Out Of Sight

I have many a promise to meet with
Before I go away,
Before I pass out of sight
I have many a promise to meet with.

As a man think I, what have I for them,
What have I to society, family and nation
As a man think I?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Have Been Writing Since 1986, But Dare Not Call Myself A Poet, But They Are Calling

I have been writing since 1986,
But dare not call myself a poet,
But they are easily,
Even asking others
To call them poets and poetesses of today,
Not only poets and poetesses,
But great poets and poetesses of today,
The contemporary times.

See, where has morality gone,
Where has ethics,
Where has courtesy
And who sponsors it too?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Have Loved You

The flowers will bloom,
The stars will burst forth,
You will smile to see them
In your strange amazement and astonishment
But I shall not be there to see.
Bye-bye.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Have Made Up My Mind For Bringing An Air Hostess As My Love

I have made up my mind
For bringing
A cute air hostess
As my love,
An alien girl
From the skies,
From Mars,
The Red Planet
You may take for
Looking so in appearance
Nay native, but of foreign.

An alien beauty, golden blonde,
Belle, smart and bold,
Modern and up-to-date
She will come
From Bolivia, Somalia,
Bavaria, Sicily,
My love,
Foreigner and alien,
A foreigner beauty
In my native surroundings,
But a beauty ravishingly beautiful,
Nothing to doubt in it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Have Not Heard Wooden Been Music Of The Charmers For So Long

I have not,
Have not heard
The wooden been instrument music
Of the snake charmers
For so long,
The snake charmers will come,
Sit by,
Open the wooden capped baskets
With the cobras
And will play the music
So melodious and haunting,
The haunting music
Of the East,
The Orient,
Of Asia,
Of India.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Have One, But He Has Three Bibis/ My Bibi

I have one,
Good or bad,
But he has three bibis,
Marrying and divorcing.

Had I
My bibis like him,
One not, but more than,
Looking ravishingly beautiful,
Joy would have been mine.

Lo, I going
Not with one, but three,
Three patnia, bibiya,
I mean three wives!

People asking,
Who are they,
I saying,
My sisters-in-law
And the youngest one
As my beloved wife.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Have Sucked The Breast Of A Widow Whom You May Call Yasoda

I have sucked the breast of a widow
Who lost her husband at the age of nine
And was unable to remember her husband
Who died of typhoid
In the wake of not, a little before
The independence of India.

As my mother used to keep away, I used to live with her
And she used to give her poor and beaten breast to me,
A child-widow, widow of India rearing me
And I grew up under the shade of the sari anchal, border
Of hers,
Reminding me of Yasoda's love for the son of Deviki,
Born to Deviki, but fostered by Yasoda.

Upto class ten, she kept me with and I could not part with,
Call her my mother or my aunt,
But she was a white sari-wearing widow,
A Yasoda, Beena Devi.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Have Wanted You

I have wanted you,
I have loved you,
How to live without you,
I have wanted you,
I have loved you?

I really love you,
I really want you,
You are my life,
My life, O my love!

Bijay Kant Dubey

I In Search Of Shiva, Shiva In Search Of Me

I in search of Shiva, Shiva in search of me,
Shiva Shiva,
I I,
Shiva I,
I Shiva,
Shivoaham, shivoaham, shivoaham,
i am Shiva, I sam Shiva, I am shiva,
Shiva am I, Shiva am I, Shiva am I,
I in search of Shiva, Shiva in search of me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Is Not Important, Important Is Ecology, Environment, Human Co-Existence

I is not important,
What it is, is the earth,
Green earth
Full of greenery
And vegetation,
Rocks, rivers, mountains and hills,
Valleys and marshes,
What it is important is ecology,
Environment, human co-existence
With birds, beats and flowers,
Exotic flora and fauna.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Just Keep Seeing Your Face

I just keep seeing you
Whenever get I time to see,
I just keep seeing
Which but you do not,
But what can I do
As I cannot help without it.

My love-talk do not say it to others
As they will laugh at me
Hearing it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Just Saw You & Fell In Love At Your First Sweet Glimpse

Now tell you,
What's your name,
I won't let you go
Holding the hand.

I just saw you
And fell in love,
There was magic in your eyes,
Love in your heart,
Say, do you love me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Just See The Statistics Of Female Genital Mutilation On The World Map□

I just see the statistics
Of female genital mutilation
On world map
And think about
The atrocity inflicted upon
The innocent girl child,
The simple daughters
Of the world
And think of their brutality
Those who do,
Carry out and execute
In blind faith,
Traditionally
Without thinking about
Humanity and mankind
As are logically cold and dead,
Blind and dead,
Cannot feel the pains
Of humanity writhing in pain,
Cannot think of serving ailing mankind,
Weak and sick,
Those medievalist people,
Emotionally cold and dead,
Religiously mad and conservative,
Inhuman and brutal,
Bloody and callous,
Cruel and cold!

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Just See Them And Think, Just Who Had Not To Be They Too Have Become Ph.D. Examiners

I just see them and think
Those who had not to be
Have also turned into
The examiners of The s
Those who had not to be
Have also
And having examined they,
They saying to me,
What have you done in life?
See how qualified are we.
Ph.D. external examiners
Apart from internal guides,
Experience lies with us.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Just The Eyes

I just the eyes dark and deep and lovely
Adn the young beauty so sweet
That instaed of trying to avert the gaze,
I could not,
I saw her, but took the pains too,
is this called love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Just Think About The Lives Pulsating In The Flats Wearing Painted Smiles

I just think of the lives pulsating in the flats,
Sky-kissing, tall and square,
Living in skyscrapers
With the lifts to go up and come down,
Lives mechanical, artificial and technical,
Dependent on appliances and apparatuses,
Water and power supply.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Know It

The night is heavy upon you
And I know it
They will kill you
Just for the dowry.

The story of a poor nation,
A destiny so obscure,
How to ascertain them?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Know It Breaking Your Heart, I Can Never Be Happy

I know it breaking your heart,
I can never be happy,
You tears will not spare me
Wherever go I,
Whatever position hold I.

Just your love,
Your love is my confidence.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Know It I Shall Go Far Away

I know it I shall go far away
From here,
Shall not come back again.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Know It My Destiny, My Lot

I know it my destiny,
My poor lot,
What it is in my fate,
The same dusty way awaits me
And my things.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Know It They Will Not Call Me A Poet

I know them well,
They will never call me a small poet even,
As they like to publicize and promote
Their own group
As for self-praise and mutual admiration.

I now them well,
The poets, professors and critics,
Great and small.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Know It, You Are In Love

I know, I know it that you are in love,
Yes, in love,
The bees telling of the flower,
Fragrance smacking of
And the ways taking me to
Holding the hands.

O, say you that you are,
You are in love,
The drizzling sunlight focussing upon,
Sunnyness spread all round,
The hills, dales, vales and rivers,
They all, all have started calling,
You are, yes, you are in love
And you admit that!

Flowers smiling on the pathways and greeting you,
Strong winds calling,
Accept you, admit you
That you have given your heart to,
You have fallen in love,
Yes, love you, love you a girl!

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Know Thee

I know Thee, know Thee,
Thy ways to man,
Think I,
Sometimes pride I over,
But when asked to prove
Fail I in describing,
As know I not,
Just presume to be,
Assume to be so.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Left You Turning Into A Refugee, A Poor Small Girl, A Refugee Girl/ The World Calls You A Refugee, But You Not..., My Daughter, Daughter, Small Daughter

I left you
Turning into
A refugee girl,
Nona but I,
I myself
Am responsible for,
Me and my faith,
Not you,
But me,
Me,
It is me
For turning you
Into a refugee,
A poor refugee girl.

Could not give you
Food,
Could not
Water,
Shelter
And refuge,
But distraught you,
Snatched
Your smiles,
Your laughter,
Your happiness,
My daughter,
Daughter.

A refugee,
Refugee,
Refugee girl
Have you changed into,
A small girl
In a frock
Torn and patched

With the hair
Lying disheveled,
Oilless and untidy,
My daughter,
Daughter,
A refugee,
Refugee girl you.

Now under sun and shower
Stand you
Under the tree shade,
Into the camp,
A refugee,
Refugee girl you,
A refugee,
Refugee girl you
With the tears dried
Into the eyes,
Looking you tearlessly,
Begging for life,
Seeking mercies
To be shown.

In a torn frock,
Oilless and uncombed
Lie you playing,
Seeking food and shelter,
Water and clothes,
A refugee,
Refugee girl you,
Seeking mercies,
Telling of pity and pathos,
With sorrow deep within
Her heart,
A refugee,
Refugee girl she
Under sun and shower.

Leave you the talks of faith,
What it to do with,
There is no religion
Greater than

This humanism,
If I could not be
A lover
Of man,
What it in my faith
And religion,
Humanity first
Then religion,
You my daughter,
Daughter,
O refugee girl,
I cannot let you weep,
Smile you please!

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Like You, I Love You

I like you, I love you and want to take you far,
There where they cannot go,
There where the lovers go about dreaming,
Crossing the fields and fallows,
The highs and lows,
Beneath the hills
By the side of the rivulet
Which goes trickling down,
Meandering through and traversing,
Waters falling and gliding,
Where the shepherd boys and girls go about
Grazing the cattle.

□

The marshland full of lilies, lying dotted with,
The cattle grazing,
Cranes and storks alighting,
Settling down and flying away into flocks,
The fishermen at work,
I can see
Hurling around the net,
Locked in a different domain
See I,
The scenery,
A world of nature
Undisturbed by man and his laws.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Look Forward To Viewing You

Yes, view me,
View me, said she stylistically,
Who has debarred you from viewing?
But let me give you a cup of tea,
Then you view me in full
If they permit you.

Good morning, have a good day!
The madam is ready to give her interview,
Is waiting to come in,
May I lift in
The curtain hanging over?
Sir, I am the same girl waiting to meet you,
May enter your office,
Whom called you to give the interview,
May I ask you, sir,
Do you like me,
Am I really of your liking?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Looked Into Your Face, You Looked Into My Face

I looked into your face, you looked into my face
And as thus we got drawn towards,
Attracted to
And love was born in between?

Say, do you love me?
I love you so much, I love you so much.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Love A Girl Named Kavita

A girl
I love her much,
Her name is Kavita,
I mean Poem.

Do you also love her?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Love A Girl Who Is Very, Very Sentimental

I love a girl who is very sentimental,
Do you know her,
Her name is Kavita, Poem?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Love A Saudi Arabian Girl, Have You Anything To Say?

I love a Saudi Arabian girl,
Have you anything to say?
Your laws are sectarian,
But Allah's are not
And to love a girl from other community
Is not a crime
And one must keep it in mind
That blasphemy too contains in
The elements of faith and divinity,
Do not impose your views on all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Love A Saudi Girl And Shall Continue To Love

I love a Saudi girl
And shall continue to love her,
Even though hate you,
I shall continue to love you,
As religion does not teach
Hatred and vengeance.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Love You

I love you,

I

Love

You,

ILY.

I love you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Love You (Haiku)

I love you,
Do you love me,
Say you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Love You (Is This Called Love?)

I love you,
How many times shall I say to you,
I love you,
Love you?

I love you, love you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Love You- -Ii

I love you,
I love you, darling,
Say, do you love me?

You are the girl
Whom I am saying,
I love you, love you,
Do you love me?

Many a day I saw you,
Saw you,
But could not say,
I love you, I love you.

Today I am saying to you,
What it is in my heart,
I love you, I love you,
My pains i myself know it.

How do I go bearing
The pains for you,
The heartache, the heartburn
And the heartthrob?

My heart aches and aches
And I feel restless for you,
Get impatient,
God knows it how much do I love you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Love You So Much, I Love You So Much

I love you so much, so much
That you won't,
Only God knows it,
How much,
How much do I love you!

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Love You, But I Fear You The Most

I love you but fear you the most, you and your eyes,
Lovely and dark,
Fearing to look into
As may fall in love with you.

I fear to look into the eyes, I fear to look into your eyes,
Dark and lovely.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Love You, But Say It Not

I love you,
But say it not to anyone
That I love you,
Which keep I within,
But I love you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Love You, Do You Love Me?

I love you,
Do you love me,
Say you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Love You, How To Say, Get It Sent Across That I Love Her?

I love you, love you,
how to say to her
That I love her,
Love her,
How to get it sent across
That I love her,
Love her,
I am in love with her?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Love You, I Like You

I love you, I like you
And you are the one
Whom I want to say,
I love you, I like you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Love You, I Love You

I love you,
Yes, I love you,
I love you.

I hesitate to say
When you are before,
But say I often,
I love you, love you
When you are not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Love You, I Love You, Do You Love Me?

'I love you, I love you,
Do you love me?
I love you, I love you,
Do you love me? , '
She asked she silently and slowly,
But I turned stone,
Said to not anything else
After loving her and leaving her
On the crossroad of life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Love You, I Love You, How Many Times Have You To How Many Girls?

I love you, I love you,
May I know it,
How many times have you to
How many girls?

Is to love and leave on the footpath of life
Your philosophy of life, gentleman?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Love You, I Love You, I Love You, Darling, I Love You, Love You, Darling

I love you,
I love you, darling,
I love you,
Love you, darling,
I love you,
Love you,
Are you hearing,
Hearing,
My love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Love You, Love You, Do You Love Me?

I love you, love you,
Say, do you love me?
She too said it feebly,
I love you, love you
Holding me and in tears
Asking it again,
Will you not forget me,
Say do you love me, love me,
Wiping out the tears
Falling
From the eyes
And she trying, struggling to wipe out?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Love You, Love You, I Love You, Love You So Much

I love you, love you,
I love you so much, so much,
My love
That this night
I cannot, cannot let you go
Unkissed,
Unkissed, my love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Love You, Love You, Say Do You Love Me, Love Me?

I love you, love you, love you,
I love you, love you,
Say, do you love me?
I love you, love you,
Say, say do you love me, love me?

I love you, love you, say do you love me,
Love me?
O, I love you so much, I love you so much,
Ay, you love me,
How much do you love me?

O, I love you, love you,
Say do you love me!
Ay, you love me, love me,
Are you right?

Ay, you love me, love me
So much so,
But say you, say you, love,
Won't you forget, forget me,
Say that you won't leave me?

On the first time say you, say they
So much so passionately,
I love you, love you,
But I know it, know it,
You love me not.

Your false heart, your false love,
I love you, love you
And when the loving is over,
I hate you, hate you
That I know

To be after new love, new dream,
New girl
With new heart and new proposition,
I love you, love you,

Never, never have I a girl like you.

The same, the same will you say to her again
And thus will win the heart of hers
Betraying me,
Letting to seek consolation in,
As for I love you, I love you already said to.

Showing the dream of false love and false lover,
I love you, love you,
Loving and going,
May I ask you,
Is to love and deceive called modern love?

Just before go you away, hear it
As for not to say so simply,
I love you, love you,
I love you, love you

Which but I know it, know it,
Who loves whom,
Just to say I love you, love,
That's not enough
To win the heart of anyone.

Love me, love not my body,
Love my heart, my soul,
If want you to love me,
Love me,
Say you taking the Bible in your hands?

How much do you love me, how much do you love me,
Say you, say you
Taking the Bible into the hands,
You enter into the church and say it before
Holding the hand of mine

That you love, love me,
You love so much,
Never before,
Never again,
Thank you, bye-bye, my love.



Bijay Kant Dubey

I Love You, My Heart-Beat Says It, I Love You

I love you,
I love you,
My heart-beat says it,
I love you,
I love you,
My heart-ache says it,
I love you,
I love you.

The pains of love
Without loving you,
Waiting for earnestly,
You cannot,
Cannot feel it
What it is in love,
How the restless waiting of it,
How the beating of the heart!

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Love You. Do You Love Me?

I love you. Do you love me?

Say you.

I love you. Do you love me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Loved You No Doubt, But Could Not Say, I Love You

I loved you, but could not express it, I love you,
I love you so much.

Thought I, had you refused, what would it have,
Would you accepted it not,
Thinking it, I did not say, I love you.

I loved you, but could not say, I love you
As say they shamelessly,
Without feeling in.

But my love is Indian love,
I do not how do they the Americans and the British express it,
How do other Europeans?

If to give a flower to a young girl is taken badly
And the giver may be question,
Why did you in conservative societies?

I am not talking about changing Indians,
The metropolitan cities and town culture.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Loved You, But Could Not, I Love You

I loved you, but could not say, I love you to you
Even though I loved you.

I loved you, but I could not say, I love you.
I said to you not, just looked up to time in thankfulness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Make Buddhas In My Poetry

I make Buddhas,
Buddhas in my poetry,
The Buddhas
Of peace, peace,
Mental peace,
Psychic and cosmic.

I make Buddhas,
Buddhas in my poetry,
The Buddhas of peace,
Even going to the far east,
Learning from

And chiseling and carving out
Buddhas,
The Buddhas
Cast in gold and metals,
Handcrafted and chiselled.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Miss You So Much, One Day I Shall Not Stay Here

One day I shall not stay here,
The flowers will hang by,
The sun will shine as usual,
The moon will glisten,
But I shall not be here
To see you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Myself Do Not Know, How To Define Poetry?

What is it poetry? ,
I myself do not
Know it,
What is it poetry? ,
They said it
And I just heard it,
Poetry is the criticism of life,
Poetry is best words in the best order,
Spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings,
Emotions recollected in tranquility,
Poetry is lyrical thoughts,
Poetry as songs,
The lyrics of the heart,
But you say it,
What is it poetry?

Is it lyrical thoughts,
Words arranged and re-arranged,
Is it musicality,
Is it pictorial quality
Or the photographic beauty,
Imagistic presentation
Or scenery natural,
What is it,
Is it poetry,
Poetry as sadhna,
The poet as a sadhaka
And poetry born out
Of the sadhna of life,
An invocation of the Mystical Flame?

Is it of the time-spirit, zeitgeist,
Voicing the anger and disillusionment,
Angst and despair
Of the modern age and modern man,
Telling of the pace and momentum,
Gathering of speed,
How busy, fast and active,

Dull and routine,
Arranged artificially, managed mechanically
And technically,
The vibes of city life and living,
The cityscape, the city space
Of the modern, modernist and the post-modern,
The jazz and blues,
Going urban, industrial, faded and discoloured,
Rag-pickers picking life in a garbage dump,
The trash heap
To refurbish life and its memoirs?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Myself Shall Not Stay, What To Say About My Poetry?

I myself shall not stay here,
What to say about my poetry,
You take it for granted
That it exists not anything else here.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Never Liked The Politicians

I never liked the politicians
As was not a politician.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Praise Your Honesty, But Not Your Mad Interpretation

Some people just like to show their honesty
By showing it off,
Keeping their family members poor
And this is but madness,
Deal with honestly,
But show it not your honesty
As for to be talked in public
And put on display,
This will boost up you merely,
Not your family.

None is dry honest,
All else are after the stomach,
If food is there in the stomach, you are honest
And if not, you are dishonest.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Raise The Curtain Of The Window To Find

Where was I,
Who had been with me,
I raise the curtain of the window and peep into my life
To find,
Where are they,
Where have they gone away?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Read In A Hut

I read in a hut,
The straw-thatched cottage
Open from all sides.
But bamboo-poled
Under the two bel trees
With cows and buffaloes
Into the half
Had been my study room
Where lived I, grew up,
During the cold winter,
I used to shiver with cold,
But had no option,
During the rainy days
If the older thatch used to be,
It used to leak badly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Read In A Hut, Lived As A Cottager

I read in a hut,
The straw-thatched cottage
Open from all sides.
But bamboo-poled
Under the two bel trees
With cows and buffaloes
Into the half
Had been my study room
Where lived I, grew up,
During the cold winter,
I used to shiver with cold,
But had no option,
During the rainy days
If the older thatch used to be,
It used to leak badly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Regret, I Could Not Be A Man!

I regret, what it was important to be
Was to be a man,
When I came to understand it
After reading and earning,
Grappling with the things of the world,
I ceased to be,
I ceased to be a man,
Oh, I, I could not be,
Could not be a man!

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Remember

I had a house
And in that house I used to live
With my father, mother, brother and sister.

Where have they gone away,
I see them not?
Can you tell me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Remember The Night Of The Krait Snake

I remember the night
When after the death of my father,
My mother awoke she all of a sudden,
Perhaps awoken by the dead father's memory
Or something else
As for the disturbed sleep
When she had been sleeping on the floor of the room
With my younger brother,
She awoke and flashed the torch light
To see a deadly black venomous snake,
Black from within and without,
Coal tar black and shining
Of the hilly regions
And the bushy areas of the plateau,
The krait snake
With the red darting tongue
And the beneath shining white.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Said It, Poetry Is Perhaps A Dying Art, But They Accepted It Not Then What Should I Do?

I said it poetry is a dying art,
But they accepted it not,
Then what should I do?
How to make poetry more charming,
You now tell it
If poetry is not going to die?

What do you want from me,
A break dance or a folk dance
As no specialist am I
Of Kathak or Odissi,
Just can manage
The folk dance too not,
But the break dance,
Breaking and dancing.

Just you give me your goggles,
An Indian beedi,
Lit and burning
And in lungi
I shall give the dance,
You just keep clapping
In order to boost up the local artiste.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Saw A Ravishingly Beautiful Girl And Wanted To Capture The Photo Before

I saw
A girl
Ravishingly beautiful
To capture the photo
Of her
To paste and imprint it
On the paper
Of my heart.

What can a poem have
Is she is herself
So ravishingly beautiful
And wonderfully attractive
And charming,
So lovely to look at?

See me but with love,
Said she
While moving away.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Saw An American Girl Exquisitely Beautiful

I saw an American girl
Exquisitely beautiful
To catch my dreams afire
And to take it to America
To be with her.

I fell in love with her,
A girl so ravishingly beautiful,
My heart beat for her
And I could not do without her,
An American fairly tall and white.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Saw Glaze Into The Eyes Of Bhagabati

I saw a glaze
Into the eyes of Bhagabati
The Eyes Divine chiselled
An in curve
And Bhagabati seeming to speak.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Saw Her & Fell In Love

I saw and fell in love at first sight
And thereafter started following her,
Wherever went she, went I,
Kept dreaming about her
And came she too,
Expressed my love
And beat it the heart of mine,
Ached and pulsated,
Writhed in pain
And the pains raking me badly
When the love letter came it not,
Gave the heart and took the pains too.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Saw Her And Fell In Love With Her

The girl was as such
That I saw her,
Saw her and fell in love,
Never seen before,
Never felt so closely
A girl with the lustrous eyes,
Luscious lips.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Saw Her And Fell In Love, See Me But With Love

I saw and fell in love with her,
At the first glance,
The first sight of hers,
Love was born between her and me,
See me but with love
And saw I for once
And fell in love with her.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Saw Humanity Writhing In Pain

If you misunderstand me not, if you misread me not,
I saw, saw humanity
Writhing in pain
So much distraught and fatigued
Fighting irrationally,
If you misunderstand me not, if you misread me not,
I saw, saw humanity
Writhing in pain
So much distraught and fatigued
If you misunderstand me not, if you misread me not,
Let love be love
Humane love and charitable,
Let pity be pity
Humane and sympathetic,
Don't be so cruel and callous,
Fill the heart with love and affection at least.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Saw Mian Saheb With Miangiri, The Hindu Saheb With Hindugiri, The Christian Saheb With Christiangulari

I saw Mian Saheb in full Miangiri,
The Hindu Saheb in full Hindugiri,
The Christian Saheb in full Christiangulari
And on seeing them think I,
Will the time pass as thus,
When will they come to realize,
Humanity too is something?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Saw The Burquawalli On International Women's Day

They asked me,
What did you see
On international Women's Day,
About my experience of it?

But what did I see,
Feel within,
None but I know it myself,
I and my heart?

I saw, saw the burquawalli,
The burhawalli,
A maiden clad in a burqua,
The balckly veil
And smiling from behind.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Saw The Cobras Dancing

Behind the window of my house,
I saw the cobras in love and relationship,
Mating and dating,
Two big and long cobras
Overlapped and standing
And playing
And fiddling in love.

Two whitish cobras wrapped over,
Tall and standing
Fiddling with,
O, what a sight it was,
The dreaded reptiles
Saw I them enjoined,
Fiddling with!

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Saw The Girl And Fell In Love

I saw the girl and fell in love
As such had been she
My love.

I saw the girl and fell in love
As such had been she
My love,
Coming to me as a dream,
Going she as a dream,
Some dream girl indeed
Which my eyes couldn't believe it.

O my God, return me, my love,
O my God, how beautiful is she,
My sweetheart,
My heartthrob,
The throb of my heart,
You steal it not!

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Saw The Girl And Fell In Love With Her

I saw the girl and fell in love
As such had been she
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I saw the girl and fell in love
As such had been she
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My sweetheart,
My heartthrob,
The throb of my heart,
You steal it not!

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Saw Them (On The Eve Of The New Year)

I saw them placing
hand over hand,
shoulder over shoulder
flanking and going,
shaking the hands,
greeting and dancing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Saw Them (The Bamiyan Buddhas)

I saw them silently, all but silently, gathering,
Gathering on,
To fire,
Yes to fire, fire on the Buddhas,
The Bamiyan Buddhas
In Afghanistan.

The men in the loose pyjamas and the shirt
With a turban around the head,
Bearded and stout and hurly-burly
With the mortars over their shoulders
Firing on,
Firing on the Buddhas

And the Buddhas Buddhas, the statues of peace
Calm and quiet,
In their own composure,
Cliff-hewn, stone-chiselled, tall and heavy,
Sculptured and cut through,
Standing aloft to view all that.

They coming in hordes, the Talibans,
With mortars, shells, axes and hammers
To demolish the Buddhas, wipe them out,
The age-old relics and mementoes
By firing, shelling, bombarding and hammering,
Shelling and bombarding heavily to wipe out.

Buddhas Buddhas, peace radiating, calm taking over,
Seated on the lotus of meditation,
Lost in his sadhna under a peepul tree,
Losing and losing himself,
Blessing with his hand,
Let us be into the shelter of his.

Lo, Buddhas calling, it's enough, cool yourself, calm down,
Lose not your temper,
Take refuge into me,
Have the peace of mind, the peace of soul

And he counselling, blessing
And asking to be in his shelter!

The Buddhas, Buddhas of peace,
Peace Cosmic, Peace Divine,
Calling them, calling them,
Asking to halt the firing,
But they firing with the stuttering rifles,
Shelling and bombarding the Buddhas.

I mean the Talibans, the people turbaned
And rugged,
Firing with the stuttering guns thundering,
Bombarding, shelling heavily
To wipe out the historical relics,
Pre-dating the advent.

But the Buddhas silent, all silent,
The cliff-hewn and chiselled Buddhas,
Sculpted out of tall rocks,
Archeological, architectural and archival,
But they in their aggressive mood of their own
To gun down the statues.

O Taliban, what are you doing,
Demolish not the statues, the statues of peace,
Shell them not,
They are Peace, Peace Divine,
Play not with,
Now it's enough, silence your guns!

If disturb you, lest you be disturbed,
If disturb you peace,
You will sleep no more, no more,
You will sleep no more,
Losing all your sleep and rest,
You will no more!

And I hearing, Mundamal, I stood by, paused on hearing your call,
Who is it, who is it,
But when will you halt,
When will you come to a stop from all this,

When will you, Mundamal,
From all your bad deeds and misgivings?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Saw Winter Making A Ruffle

I saw winter making a ruffle in the countryside,
The chilly winds from the forest area
and the landscapes secluded and solitary
Freezing the night,
Making the people shiver with cold,
The rivers dampening it all
With mist and vapour,
The hamlets, all wrapped in
Awaking at cockcrow.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Saw You And Fell In Love At Your First Glance

I saw you and fell in love
At your first glance,
The first glimpse of your sweet face,
The way you behaved with, mannered,
Smiled and laughed
And shared a joke,
Said you so many unsaid things,
Hinted and gestured,
Falling short of,
I love you,
I love you so much.

I went away from you
But could not forget you
And your cursory glances
Bowling me out,
So exquisitely beautiful
The painting was,
Beautiful and artistic
And in every love story
There remain an actor and an actress.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Saw You- I

I saw you
And you touched my mind and heart
And as thus love was born.

A bolt from the blue
And awe-struck stood I
After seeing my love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Saw You Many A Time & It Turned Into The Liking Of Mine

I saw you
So many times
without even being desirous of
Meeting you
And it turned into
The liking of mine,
I saw you
And saw you again
And fell in love with you.

Now you say it to me,
Do you love me or not?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Saw You, But Could Not Say I Love You To You

I saw you, but could not say I love you to you,
I saw you,
But could not,
Could not say, I love you to you.

I saw you, but could not,
Could not say to you, I love you,
I just saw you.

Coming home, I think it, I should have,
Why did I not,
Why did I not say to her?

I could have just asked her casually,
Do you love me or not,
if not directly, indirectly?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Saw You, Just You, Could Not Feel It That I Would Fall In Love With You

I saw you, saw you,
Just saw you unawares
and never could I think it,
Feel it,
Take to myself
That I would,
I would fall in love
With you,
You
And after falling in,
Falling in love
With you,
Started I loving you,
Loving you so deeply,
Deeply and madly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Saw You-Ii

I saw you
And just fell in love with you,
A girl whom took I for my love and life,
Is love a meeting
Of strangers merely?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Sculpt The Bust & Torso Of The Unknown Citizen

I sculpt the bust and torso
Of the unknown citizen,
Who lived as unknown citizen
And passed away as an unknown
Before we could know.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Search The Classical Scholar In My Poetry

I search, search the classical scholar in my poetry,
The classical scholar
And his classic temperament,
The sobriety and the depth of his
Rarely to be found anywhere.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Search The Lost Child In Me

I search the lost child
In me,
The lost child
And its innocence, ignorance.

With the growing age and changing times
How have I changed
Think I,
The child in me is lost now.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Search You In My Songs

I search you
in my songs,
I search you
in my albums,
a voice missing,
a face so known,
but forgotten now.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Search You In The Flowers Blooming

Should I call you the rose
Or the hibiscus,
Should I you the dahlia
Or the chrysanthemum,
The poppy or the calendula?
What should I call you,
Daisy?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I See Cold And Chilly Winter

I see winter wrapping the wrapper of
mist, cold, chill, frost and fog
moving away
under colder nights of gloom.

A lady wrapped under
a thick woolen blanket
going somewhere,
marking the frost and chill of the air.

The harsh and chilly wind blowing it hard,
the bones chilling,
the cold waves raking up,
but the lady of the winter in the gait of hers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I See Dalai Lama

I see the Dalai Lama and think of
The Tibetan form of Buddhism,
Buddhistic rituals and practices,
Monasteries and places of visit,
Tibetan life, art and culture,
Thought and tradition,
Text and treatise,
The history of the land and culture.

How did the teachings of Buddha and Buddhism
Reach far off even then
When it had been impregnable
To journey and transgress into the domains
Exotic and alien?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I See Many Of Smaller Writers Taking The Centrestage As The Awards Have Gone To Them

Those who have written a bit they are moving to foreign
As for overseas teaching assignments,
Guiding researches in India,
Getting awards and prizes from the Govt.,
The media covering them
And after having countless papers and poems,
I am still in the bracket of
And they do not know me,
How can it be, sir,
You say it please,
Is it as I am in countryside?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I See That A Lamp

VII

I see that a lamp
Burns in the tower,
But in vain is this burning
Of the sacred soul
At the cost of something mortal.
Oh! why does the soul suffer death?
What is its maya for the dusty body?
(From The Ferryman)

Bijay Kant Dubey

I See The Konark Sun-Temple And Think Of Its Wheels

I see the Konark Sun-temple
And see the wheels of it,
The temple in the form of a chariot wheel
Drawn by white horses,
Surya-devata Himself as the charioteer
Steering it away
With the halo and aura around
Flashing and glistening.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I See The Modern Girl Saying Bye-Bye So Stylistically And Smilingly

I see the modern girl doing hi-hello, bye-bye, goodbye
So stylistically and so smilingly

Mod, bobbed, hi-fi, frank and bold enough,
Western, up-to-date and fair and fine

Saying hi-hello, bye-bye very warmly,
Stylistically and smilingly

With a delicacy of her own, a courtesy understandable
And highly appreciable

So sweet to hear and so cute to see,
Shaking the hands warmly, waving at nicely like an artist

And going, giving a flying kiss,
Kissing her own hand at a distance and departing

The modern girl, frank and bold enough, lovely to look at,
Fair, fine and remarkably good

With nothing in the heart concealed,
It's so open, so clear

Shaking the hands welcoming, shaking the hands and going
Smilingly

Saying the bye-bye, goodbye with a nasal intonation of hers,
Hers only, changing the tuning so often

The modern girl doing hi-hello, bye-bye, goodye
So sweet, so modn and up-to-date.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I See The Modern Girl Saying, Hello, Hullo, Hallo Changing The Tone Of Hers

I see the modern girl
Doing, hi-hello,
Changing the voice,
Hello, hullo, hallow,
The same word in so many derivations of speech
And tone.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I See The Photos Of The Girls From Bulgaria, Romania, Russia, Ukraine

I see the photos of the girls
From Bulgaria, Romania, Ukraine, Belgium,
Denmark, Germany, Serbia,
But ail to pick anyone
As the choice wavers it
And digress and divert I
From one flower to another
In the flower-garden of love,
Should I a blue petunia
Or red salvia
Or a dahlia?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I See The Red Rose And Keep Dreaming

I see the red rose and keep dreaming about my love,
The dew's sprinkled and splashed over,
The petals wet with
And redolent smelling sweetly.

So dazzling in hue, so fascinating in loveliness,
Catching fancy and imagination, dream and vision,
So charming and full of flair,
So dreamy and lovely.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I See The Same Love

I see the same love
beaming through
the eyes
of a Brazilian,
Argentinian
or Venezuelan beauty.

I see the same love
beaming through
the eyes
of a Spanish,
Portuguese
or Ukrainian beauty.

I see the same love
beaming through
the eyes
of an Italian,
Danish
or Norwegian beauty.

You just love
with all your heart and soul,
betray not the heart
that loves you,
takes to you in strong belief,
you betray not that belief.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I See Them And Think

I see the women at work,
Picking up bricks,
With the brick-load on the head
Going up,
Coming down the scaffold
Or the staircase,
Working under heat and dust,
Day and night,
Doing the construction work,
Passing the nights in a tent,
Under the skies
With labourers
Strange and unknown
And losing identities.

You see them and tell me,
How they look like,
How their faces and structures,
What had they been
And what have they become!

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Shall Myself Go Away

I shall myself go away
Singing the song of love.

My pains they know it well,
Only they can feel it.

The things of my heart,
My joys and sorrows.

Will you be a part of?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Shall Not Myself Stay Here, What To Say About My Poetry?

My poetry, will you read
Or leave it to be taken?
I shall not myself stay here,
What to say about my poetry?

The talent which I have
That is in you too,
If this be as such,
What to say it more?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Shall Not Remain, You Will Not, Only The Values Will

One day
I shall not
Stay it here
Nor will you,
Only the values,
Values will stay
It here,
Values,
Values,
Human values,
Neither you
Nor I will,
but values,
Values,
Human values.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Shall Not Stay Nor Will My Poetry

I shall not stay
Nor will my verses,
Both of us will go away
Someday
Together with,
I too not,
My poetry too not,
All but earth, earth,
Age-old earth
Whose origin know I not
Nor the end.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Shall Not, Nor Will My Poetry

I shall not remain here
Nor will my poetry
And this is the world,
Accept you it or not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Shall Not, Nor Will My Poetry- Ii

I shall not remain here
Nor will my poetry
And this is the world,
Accept you it or not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Shall See The Statue Of Kali & Shall Go Away

I shall see the statue of Kali
And shall go away,
A strange image
Of the Creation,
Dark and bizarre.

A Kali magnificent,
Dark, dark, pitch dark.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Sing Your Song

I sing,
I sing
Your song,
Your song, my love,
I sing,
Sing,
Your song, my love,
You before me standing
And I singing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Smile, Smile To Hear It

When the people remark it that he is dry honest,
Cannot even spare his wife, sons and daughters,
But God knows who is honest and who not,
If the father remains honest
And the son and daughter ill-schooled,
What use will it be of his honesty,
Which will not remain in as honesty
But will turn into the pagletgiri of his?

There is none as dry honest,
Everyone but after his own ends,
None beyond that periphery,
When one retires, what will honesty give to,
Medals,
Will he wash and eat the washed water
As see I him
Asking his son and daughter not to see him in the office,
Not to call him father there,
Letting them not touch the cheaper office stuffs
Which is but some sort of madness.

Too much of pagletgirti in the name of dry honesty
Not good at all,
If you have a salary and money in your pocket,
You are honest
And if you don't have,
You are dishonest,
If the matter gets hushed up,
You are practical
And if it gets highlighted,
You will be behind the bars
As for fraudulent drawing,
Try to manage it, friend.

But if a man takes money and does your official work,
It is but honesty,
But if an official gives time, makes you come
To the office again and again
And is honest,

There is no benefit of such an honesty,
Take money and do the work
And it is your honesty
But if one takes and does not the work
Only then it is dishonesty.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Smoking A Cigar As For To Be Eliot, Auden Or Spender

Friend, you call me a great poet,
I shall also call you a great poet
And if to go deep into,
We are not less than anyone else.

Like the feudal lord, let me lie in
With my legs on the table,
I lying on the sofa,
You sitting before and I in my reclining state.

In the meantime, tea comes in
And the poet stands up as for the tea-break,
Keeps sipping
And chatting about poetry.

Let me smoke a cigar and think of,
I want to be Eliot, Auden, Spender,
You just arrange the table for the conference
To be held.

I smoking a cigar and thinking,
Ashes shaken into the ash-tray,
The burnign cigar held in between the fingers
And I thinking of becoming Eliot, Auden, Spender.

.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Stood Still To Watch And See

I stood still to watch and see they were gathering to fire and shell
On the Bamiyan Buddhas
With mortars, shells, guns, axes and hammers

I mean Judas, Don Quixote, nailing and crucifying on the Cross,
Quixotes fighting with the windmill,
What a silly ideas was it!

They trying to wipe out pre-dating them, history, art, culture and tradition
In the swings of fanaticism, conservatism and theocracy,
The religiously blind people.

What wrong the Buddhas can do to them, why fighting with the rock-cut
Buddhas,
Why are they bent upon wiping them out,
Cliff-hewn and rock-chiselled Buddhas?

O Talibans, stop, stop, you do not know what you are doing ignorantly,
Gun, gun them not,
They are shantih and I fear lest you be disturbed.

Your ruin, none but you calling it, joke not with the ordaining deity of peace
As the Buddha the peace of mind and of soul,
The meditating mind is it!

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Taking A Selfie, You Taking A Selfie, How Selfie Have We Taking Selfies And All Our Relationships Selfie Special!

I taking a selfie,
You taking a selfie,
How selfie have we grown
And all our relations
Selfie, selfie.

I taking a selfie,
You taking a selfie,
How selfie have we grown
And all our relations
Selfie, selfie,
Selfie special.

I taking a selfie,
You taking a selfie
And both of us
Selfies
Taking the snaps,
Shoots
Selfishly.

I taking a selfie,
You taking a selfie,
How selfie have we
And our relationships
Selfie special,
How selfie,
Say you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Talk To The Flowers, Dream With Them

I talk to the flowers, dream with them,
Think and go
Talking and dreaming,
Living in a world of fairies,
A paradise unimagined,
A world made of light and joy.

I talk to the flowers, live and dream with them,
Thinking and going,
Living and dreaming,
Talking and smiling
With the things made of light and joy.

It is but pure innocence, pure joy which but value I,
Living and dreaming with,
Keeping company with
The things purer,
Tender, innocent and beautiful.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Think Of Life

I think of life,
What it has given,
What it has taken from me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Think Salman Rushdie Is The Greatest Writer Of The Century

I think Salman Rushdie is the greatest writer
Of the last century,
Never will there be like him,
An author fearless and undaunted,
Indefatigable in his mission.

It is perhaps in the personality which but matters,
In his guts of presentation,
In his pose and posture,
Mark him,
His beards and the glasses,
A charming personality indeed.

Sir Salman Rushdie knighted, a spokesman of the age
With the guts and vigour of own,
Fearing none,
A symbol of the freedom of speech and expression,
A writer exceptional.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Thought That I Would Not Take Her To Loving

I thought that I would not,
Would not love her,
Take her to my liking,
But it happened,
Happened so
That liked I, loved I,
Took her to my liking
And now,
Now call her
My life and soul,
I love you so much. so much.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Too Am A Dancer

I too am a dancer
Which but you know not
This talent of mine,
On finding none around me,
Dance I,
The dance of mine,
Which but practise and perfect I
Before the small children,
Shaking the body and the hips,
Breaking the body,
shaking it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Too Shall Search The Terracotta Temples Of Chandrakona For The Treasures (After Reading Coelho's The Alchemist)

The terracotta temples
Of Chandrakona
I too shall search
For searching the treasures
Hidden in,
The debris of the fallen
And dilapidated temples,
The rubbles of their columns
And pillars,
The foundation walls,
The plinth levels
To search,
Search the golden statues
Hidden beneath.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Too Used To Love A Girl

I too used to love a girl
For whom my heart used to beat fast,
I too used to love a girl
For whom I used to wait so much earnestly,
I too used to love and like a girl.

She was the dream girl of my life,
She was the unsung lyric
Which I still hum over the untrodden ways
Of life and the world,
My love, my song.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Took You To My Liking, Loved And Abandoned You To Be Called A Call Girl

I took you to my liking,
Loved and dumped you
To be called a call girl,
Is this called love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Travelled Turkey

I travelled Turkey
Under the shadow
Of the burkhawalli mistress
Miss Khatun,
Dekho magar pyaar shei,
See me but with love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Used To Hear The Village Clown Saying

I used to hear the village clown saying
Long, long ago,
The same uncouth, clumsy, old and odd-clothes-wearing clown
Joking and saying,
First, I would M.A. then B.A. then I.A. then Matric
And the people used to smile at,
Smile and laugh,
The half-read people,
Taking to and smiling,
How could it be?

But the same, I think, is happening today,
Students going to bazaar and buying degrees from
Without having read
From multi-national educational establishments
And liberalized desi varsity off the campus franchisee centres,
Go, bargain and pay the price
And take the degree
And this is the package and the programme.

There was a time when the exam. was exam-like
With the pin drop silence,
The invigilators used to expel
And also fine and jail
While some used to approach the examiners
For raising marks and scores illegally,
Going against etiquette and morality.

Thereafter came an age of Natwarlal, the conman issuing certificates,
Giving degrees and diplomas falsely,
The certificate is o.k,
But the signature is duplicate
And the registration number missing,
Though the seal and the monogram are there rightly
And many worked as teachers, clerks and professors

And some shone too as incumbents
At their workplaces,
Gained popularity

For their competence and dexterity,
But went missing when the news broke out
That their degrees were false,
The police after, searching them
And they went in hiding,
Their whereabouts unknown.

But today they are writing at home and submitting,
The open varsity, adult-education students,
Not satisfied with their A Grade degrees,
Wanting more and more,
Open the answer-script and take down your notes,
And say it outside that
You had been a topper
Like a cock giving the shrill call.

This is just the one side of the picture
While on the other some go about taking the help of micro-photocopied chits
As for to cheat in the examination hall
And to take the use of unfair means,
Dodging the invigilators,
As some simpletons go about labouring seriously.

What to say about them,
Many thieves and dacoits are . and .,
If call I not, what shall I,
As have they manoeuvred and managed them
To be in lubricated postings,
As they write it not,
Got written, copied and pasted
Even took the grants and stipends and scholarships
For doing them,
What more to say to?

When had there been not the conmen, in every age, in every time,
People managing the things,
Trying to get them managed and done with,
The media-managers and the manage-masters,
You see them everywhere,
The pocket full of,
But whom to rely upon and give money to?

When the bluff-master or manage-master's testimonials
Are duly signed, checked and verified, sealed and stamped,
Those are valid, certified and approved,
It does not matter whether he has purchased or not,
But his degrees valid
And if the deserving ones are without,
What to say it,
How to explain them and these?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I 'Ve Fallen In Love With You, Do Not Say It

I have fallen in love with,
Do not say it to others
As they will laugh at
If know it they
That I am a Romeo
Of my Juliette.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Waited For, Waited For You, But You Didn'T

I waited, waited for,
But you didn't,
Didn't come,
Turn up, my, love,
I waited and waited,
But you didn't, didn't, my love.

I waited for, but you didn't
Turn up, my love,
My love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Waited, Waited For, But Turned You Not

I waited, I waited for you,
for you to turn up,
but,
but never did you
frustrating my expectation,
I saw, saw the path
leading whereto
which could not follow I,
could not the path leading nowhere
from where came I, turned I up I myself.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Want A Foreigner Girl For Me

I want a foreigner girl for me,
An Indian blonde or belle not,
But a foreigner,
A foreigner rose,
Red rose or pink rose,
Why not,
Maybe she from
Germany, Spain, Denmark, Switzerland,
Austria, the Czech Republic,
Argentina, Brazil?

Not an Indian, but a foreigner,
My liking is for a European
Or a Latin American,
If she is not
From England or America,
I am ever ready to choose from
Ukraine.

An Indian flower not, but a foreign flower
From across the seas,
I shall bring home,
A girl extraordinarily beautiful,
Lovely and charming
And fascinating,
Beautifully hued and attractive,
No gems needed for
If she herself a gem.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Want To Be A Human Being

I wanted to be a human being
And this much too I could not not be.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Want To Burn For You

If I could burn for you, I would take my life
As for being blest.

If I could burn for you, I would think blest.
Everything is but not selfishness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Want To Dance

I want to dance,
Dance,
Dance,
Ladies and gentlemen,
I want to dance,
Dance,
Dance,
You come and dance,
Dance with me,
With me,
Come and dance,
Dance with me,
Come and let us dance
Even though know I no dancing,
No dancing
As no dancer am I,
But dance, dance I,
Hearing your requests,
Turning it not down,
Lo, for you,
Ladies and gentlemen,
have I become a dancer,
A dancer.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Want To Give My Heart And My Soul To You

I want to give,
I want to give my heart to you,
I want to give my soul to you,
Not only my heart, but also my soul,
My love, you are my heart and soul
And I love you very much
Giving my heart and soul to you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Want To Kiss You, Hey, What Are You Saying? Are You Drunk Or Not Normal? Hey, What Are You Saying?

I want to,
Want to kiss you,
Hey, what are you saying,
Replied she,
Hey, what a nonsense is it,
What a silly idea,
Why,
Why will you kiss me,
Said she
In a protest!

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Want To Kiss You, Kiss You, You Are So Beautiful, I Want To Love You, Love You

I want to kiss, kiss you
You are so beautiful
And lovely,
Your cheeks appleyish,
Your cheeks roseate,
Your cheeks marbled,
You tell me,
Where to impress
A sweet kiss
On your marble cheeks?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Want To Pencil An Image Of Yours

You stand before,
I want to make a portrait of yours,
A lively and lovely portrait of yours.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Want To Steal Moonshine (Haiku)

I want to steal
Moonshine
From the fair, full moon.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Want To Talk To Aliens In My Poetry

I want to talk to aliens
In my poetry
Tracing the UFOs
In the space.

From the Red Planet
They will come to
Flying,
The aliens.

The strange guests
From Mars
I shall meet in
The upper orbit of the earth.

I and the aliens viz-a-viz
Holding talks
In a strange language
Murmuring to through interpretation.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Want You

I want you, want you, my love,
But cannot say it to you
That want you.

Is love the name of burning
And burning in love, have I come to feel it,
What it si love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Want You, I Like You, Like & Love You

I want you,
I like you,
If you are not,
The singer in me will pass away,
There should be somebody to love.

I want you, I love you,
I love you and like you,
You re the song of my life.

If you are not, how will it the song
Break forth?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Want You, I Want You So Much

I want you, want you so much,
I love you, I love you so much,
I want you,
Want you so much,
I love you,
I love you so much,
Say do you love,
Love me?

You are the girl whom i love you so much,
You are the girl,
you are the girl
Have I chosen for myself,
You are the dream girl
Have I selected for myself,
Say you love me, love me
So deeply, so closely
Into the ears of mine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Want You, I Want You, A Girl Just Like You (Christmas-Time Love)

I want you, I want you,
A girl just like you,
A girl
Just like you,
Now say,
Say you,
Do you, do you love me,
Do you, you...love me?

I want a girl, I want a girl
Just like you,
Now,
Now you say to me,
Do you,
Do you love me,
O, say you,
Do you, do you love me?

O, say you, you love me,
Just say, say you, you, love me!

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Wanted A Girl Like You

I wanted,
Wanted a girl
Like you,
Just like you
As my love,
Lady love,
The girl of my dream
Following me,
Leaving me not behind,
I wanted,
Wanted a girl
like you,
Just like you,
My love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Wanted You, But You Had Not Been In My Lot

I wanted you
from the core of my heart,
but my dream remained a dream
and you could not be mine,
you could not be.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Warn Against The Rhetoric Between India And China

The rhetoric against the standoff
Pertaining to Sikkim
I warn against
As the consequences will be disastrous
For both
India and China.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Weep For You, My Love (I Your Dead Wife) / The Voice Of The Dead Beloved

Just, just for her, for your extra-marital love,
You eliminated me, eliminated me, my love,
Just, just for her, my love

When met you for the first time, said you,
I shall not, shall not forget you,
But forgot you,
Said you at your first meeting, I love you, love you,
But loved you not

Loved and cheated me,
Loved and betrayed me,
But say you,
What wrong did I do to you

And had I been, I would have at least seen
Your children,
I mean, my own,
Who now into the hands of the rival wife,
I mean, the step mother

You just say it, say it, my love,
How to support myself,
How to console the wailing part,
How to do it myself

How broken and morose stand I,
How lonely and disconsolate,
How dejected and despaired,
How tearful

Just for her, you left and deserted me,
Just for her,
Leaving with my poor and hopeless destiny,
Leaving me to my destitute

My tears, you could not wipe out

Though had promised,
Now everything into the hands of God,
What in mine?



Bijay Kant Dubey

I Went To Oxford To Cambridge To Harvard, But Could Not Be An Englishman

I went to Oxford,
From Oxford to Cambridge
To Harvard,
But could not be
An Englishman,
My hat, pants and shirt,
Boots and tie
All went false,
I could not be
An Englishman
Though wanted I.

An Indiaman,
Indiaman remained I
Even though changed I
My dress,
My visits to Oxford,
Cambridge,
Harvard and California
Could not make me
An English gentleman,
An Indian,
An Indiaman remained I.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Will Not Be Here

I will not be here,
You will remember me
When I shall not be.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Will Not, But Green Earth Will, Nor Will My Poetry

I will not remain,
But Green Earth will remain
Nor will my poetry
As things last it not here
And this want I
Thinking posterity,
The younger generations,
For what fault will they have to suffer,
For my ego, hypocrisy, self-pride?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I Write Poetry For Self-Pleasure

I write poetry for self-pleasure
And the awards cannot bind me
As write I for getting pleasure,
For aesthetic pleasure,
Nor do I access and approach
The recommendation committee,
Nor do I participate in poetry contests
And competitions.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I.

A romantic
Rizvi played with romanticism,
The whiffs and wisps of it,
Gliding into the valleys
As the clouds over,
Marking the moonshine,
The hills shining blue
In the sunlight,
The flowers blooming
And the scent spread around
With an aroma and flavour,
The redolence coming through
The scent.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I. As A Romantic Indian English Poet

Rizvi who used to teach English
And had been the Principal of
Tilak College, Bareilly, U.P.
Is not an academic,
But an editor and a critic.

An Indian romantic poet,
He has to his credit,
Falling Petals, Unfading Blooms,
Thirsty Pebbles, Wandering Fragrance,
Wounded Roses Sing, Snowflakes of Dreams,
As his collections of poems.

Gathering Broken Glasses, Clouds in Cages,
Fettered Birds, Dripping Wounds,
Love Never Dies, Haiku & Other Poems,
The Valley Still Blossoms
As his works to add to his corpus.

A poet of love, colour and its romance,
Emotion and feeling
And passion,
Poetic frenzy,
The flight of imagination,
He is ever fresh, ever songful.

A romantic poet, he draws from
Keats, Wordsworth and Shelley,
He is a poet of beauty, truth and goodness,
Dreamy and fanciful,
Dwelling far,
Into the realms.

To talk of Rizvi is to talk of the making
Of a romantic,
The poet as an artist
And art as his vision,
The vision and mission of life,
Penetrating deep into.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I. As A Romantic Poet

Iftikhar Hussain Rizvi is one of those Indian English poets
Of the seventies
Who seek to adhere to and perfect
The romantic traits rather than taking
Any other contemporary realms.

The kernel of romanticism he has definitely got
From the English and European masters and their theories of poetry which they
used in
While practising their verse
And Rizvi can be o exception to it
As because he has taught and read English as a teacher.

Somewhere he seems to be leaning to Urdu lyrics and lyricism
Seen in the composition of shayaris
And he a shayar of these, a lyric writer,
Writing the lyrics of love, soulfully, heartfully.

To read Rizvi is come to feel that roses too appear
To be wounded and bleeding
If the heart is sad and broken and the ache of the heart,
None but Keats felt it.

Laila's pains are therein; those of Majnu's, burning for
Each other, pining for,
But the heartless, medievalist people cannot let them meet.
A lover's heart is the space of his writing and he inducts in dream, Colour, fancy
and imagination to paint his ideas and images.

He is a lover; a dreamer who keeps loving and dreaming about
Man and the world,
Falling Petals, Unfading Blooms, Thirsty Pebbles,
Wandering Fragrance, Wounded Roses Sing.

Snowflakes of Dreams, Gathering Broken Glasses, Clouds in Cages, Fettered
Birds, Dripping Wounds, Love Never Dies,
Haiku & Other Poems, The Valley Still Blossoms and others
The poetry-books to add to his corpus.

I.a As A Poet

I.a as a poet
writing in English definitely is
from the land of Rajasthan,
but had not been so as he is today.

He developed in course of time
at snail's pace;
took time to evolve
as Indian English poetry took time to come of age.

Similar was the case with I.a,
one whose name we take with
, agar and .

Later on, he joined hands with
, ial, and so on
to stake a claim.

In the beginning, he authored slick volumes of poesy,
but today his poems have been collected
and we reckon him to be compared with.

Wit, irony, humour and satire are the things
of his poetry
which he keeps refining and polishing them.

Dharamsala And Other Poems appeared in 1993
from Skylark Publications, Aligarh,
The Shifting Sand-Dunes from Jaipur Publishing House in 1976.

Bijay Kant Dubey

If A Countryside Villager, I Mean A Rustic Turns Into A Minister For The First Time, What Will He Do It, Do You Know It?

If a countryside village rustic turns into a minister,
What will he do,
Do you know it?
He will try to keep power
After reining it all,
The fool's lathi and the goon's unlicensed pistol
Will be the chief tools of his
Firepower, man power and muscle power,
Handing power to chieftains,
Street roamers and loafers,
Fools and illiterates,
Not at all to the educated
Who may in their turn wrest power
From him
Which he can never again.
A fools' son, he can but think in this way,
This his political algebra, equation and chemistry,
Power point presentation.

He will try to show, how could it be that a villager turned into a minister,
Surpassing the cultured one and the best educated townsman,
The administrative officers saluting him,
A posse of guards all around him
And he trying to visit the village home
On foot,
Waving the hands at the cameramen and photographers
From the nearby road to village,
Sometimes resting under the cools shade of
The banyan tree or the peepul tree,
remembering his childhood days,
More specially, how did he graze
The buffaloes by sitting
Under the shade,
But now a legislator not,
But the chief minister,
That shepherd boy, the rural boy,

The uncouth man,
On the midway talking with the old friends,
Asking about them,
Smoking a beedi,
A leafy, but with tobacco placed under,
Thinking and going
In the goggles
And in the pyjamas and the kurta.

Reaching the mud house, he entering into the cow shed,
Caressing the goats and the sheep,
The buffaloes and the cows
Which he used to graze,
The cameramen marking it,
The love of animals,
The socialists praising his love of labour,
His earthly contact,
The golden smell of the soil,
Taking off the sandals,
Washing the legs and hands
To bow before the household deity,
Sitting in the courtyard
On a date-leaf mat,
Someone comes he in the meantime
And offers him tobacco,
Rubbed and given
And he taking into
As wisdom-increasing mixture.

The time for the return journey has come and the minister returning
On a bullock-cart to reach the orchard plot,
And with it the people hearing the drone
Of a helicopter approaching
And it landing there, settling
To take the chief minister to the capital,
The tamasha of the countryside,
The one who has cut the nose of all
The educated and the learned,
Even by being a cow boy, a village boy,
A buffalo man,
Not a legislator,
But the chief minister of a province

And he peopling it all
With the people of type,
Making a farce of it all,
The world but a study in buffoonery and mockery
And he mocking at, befooling others.

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Bijay Kant Dubey

If Black Money Is Banned, How Will One Contest Elections?

If black money is banned,
How will one contest elections,
Say you?
Where are the income tax files
Of . and .,
Say you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

If America Allows It To Be Multi-Ethnic, Multi-Racial, Asiatic, Arabic And Turkic Then Americanness Will Finish It All

If the United States of America turns into a diaspora dais
Of the multi-racial, multi-ethnic and multi-cultural forums
Then Americanness will finish it all,
America will turn into a nation of ghettos,
Asiatic, Arabic and Turkic,
The freedom of speech and expression will get banned.

Bijay Kant Dubey

If Bihar Could Not Locate The House Of George Orwell In Time, What To Say About Its Love Of English Language And Literature?

Where is George Orwell's house,
I mean Eric Arthur Blair
The writer of Animal Farm,1984,
The Biharis maintained silence
And could not say it about
That Orwell was in Bihar's Motihari, Champaran
And now they saying a lot about
Foreign teaching and language development.

Bijay Kant Dubey

If Bihar Is Fine, Why Do The Biharis Go To Other States? / Bihar, Bihariness And Bihari-Ism

If Bihar is good enough
From all sense,
Why do the Biharis go
To other states?

Do not speak about
The goodness of Bihari and U.P.-ian politicians,
I know them well,
What they are.

Bijay Kant Dubey

If Egypt Can Talk Of Female Genital Mutilation, What The World Will Learn From The Land Of Pharaohs And Pyramids?

If the rule-makers of Egypt can opine
As thus
Then what to say and expect from
That country
Where pharaohs built magnificent pyramids?

The head hangs in shame when we hear about
The law-makers making bad laws,
Very bad laws indeed,
Of discrimination, bias and prejudice
Against weaker womankind.

Bijay Kant Dubey

If Find You Any Time, Please Love Me, Love Me

If find you any time, please love me, love me
If find you any time,
Love me, love me,
Just try to love me
If find you any time.

Love me, love me, try to love me,
Me not, him too, her too,
Them too
As it will give you happiness,
The inner happiness
Which lies it within.

If find you time, love me,
Please love me,
If find you any time,
Love me, love me
Without anything
Keeping in your heart.

Open your heart and say it clearly,
But conceal it not,
Suppress it not
What you have in you,
Letting to have a repercussion later on,
Just try to compromise, compromise.

Whatever be possible on your part,
On my part,
Just love me, love me selflessly,
I too shall,
Love you, love you differently,
With a reverence from my within.

Bijay Kant Dubey

If French Culture Has To Persist In, It Must Ban The Entry Of The Ethnic And Racial People

If the French culture has to persist in,
It must ban the entry of
The multi-cultural people,
The linguistico-ethnic groups and minorities,
I mean the non-Christians
Medieval and barbaric
Otherwise France will not exist.

Why don't you understand the fanatics' son
Will but be a fanatic,
Not a liberal and a humanist,
But a fanatic
Wanting to be a terrorist
As such is their education?

Bijay Kant Dubey

If I Am Black, Are You White? (The Black Money Debate)

If I am black,
Are you white,
Say you?

(Carrying forward the black money debate)

God knows, who white
And who black,
Only the Almighty?

Bijay Kant Dubey

If I Die As A Minor Poet, It Will Be My Good Luck

If I pass out as a minor writer of Indian English verse,
It will be good luck,
If die I as a small writer of verse.

I think it that I have written something valuable,
But do not know
If they are worthy of being read or not?

A small writer of verse, I am not sure of my obscure fate,
If there are some to red my verses
Or not?

Bijay Kant Dubey

If I Die, They Will Not, But If A Leader...

If I die, they will not come to place the wreaths of flowers on me
But if a politician dies he, there will many to mourn and place,
There will be many to sing paeans to,
The body will go from place to place for a view
And the people in numbers will throng to see
The dead body of the great departed leader

But if die I, there will not be many to see and mourn my death,
There will not to be any to place the wreaths
On my dead body
And through my pension money they will buy the common cheaper wood,
Flower, incense sticks and others to burn me someday,
Which has to come, I shall not, but you will see.

I am not sure if the people of my neighbourhood will come or not
And even if they come, while returning from
Will take off the clothes and change them for a wash,
May take a bath as for a visit
Even during the evening time,
May talk about the soul becoming a spirit to children.

Only the cremators-cum-drunkards, the poor men will come
And take me away to the ghat,
The place of burning to do away with the body
And there will not remain anything,
Everything will be dead and gone away.

And at some place, some nook and corner I shall lie burning by the river-side,
The moon and the stars twinkling up above,
God seeing my dead body burning from there
And I burning slowly and sadly,
The trail of fire and smoke will blaze unto the last of my journey.

If a leader dies, there will be many to mourn his death,
Declaring a few days of national mourning, letting the flag flown at half-mast,
The radio broadcasting the demise,
But if die I, a condolence meet too may not materialize
And that day too will be utilized as a holiday for returning home,
A day of rest and free-from duties.

Had I been a footpath politician, it would have been great rather than being,
I might have a chance of flying in a helicopter
At the government cost,
People would have at least called, Mantriji amar rahe, Let the minister be
immortal.

Bijay Kant Dubey

If Modern Man Keeps Looting Nature' Treasury Then Things Will End Soon

If modern man keeps exploiting Nature's resources,
Storehouse and treasure trove
Then the things will finish off soon,
How will it be a world
Without the hills, rivers and trees,
Birds and beasts,
Have you thought about?

Bijay Kant Dubey

If Modi Is Bad, Who Is Good, Say You?

If Modi is bad, who is good,
Say you
Though am not a supporter of his,
Who is not after his or her interest?

In bringing back black money,
He should have given an extension
Even after the deadline.

Bijay Kant Dubey

If My Name Is Gentleman, What Your Name, Say You?

If my name is Gentleman,
You but Bentleman
And he Lantleman.

No, no, you not Gentleman,
Think you I Gentleman
And you Bentleman and he Lantleman.

Bijay Kant Dubey

If Smile You

If smile you, sometimes it may lead to quarrels,
An Indian fool may ask,
Why did you on seeing my wife,
What's the matter,
Asking you in the countryside homes,
Why did you on seeing my young daughter?

cious may suspect you
As for an affair with his wife
Or his daughter,
Whom commands he to stay indoors

To smile is good, to be so by nature
And it said too,
Keep smiling,
Not laden and speced, serious and moody,
But to smile,
Many may not take in the good sense.

If smile you, the fool may come with a danda
To break your head,
As he may take it
To have smiled on seeing his daughter
Passing by
Or another may charge against looking his wife.

Many may scold you as for smiling
And may not like your light nature
If you keep smiling,
Smile but not always
As you will lose your weight,
They say it so.

If smile you yourself, one may take you
For an abnormal
Or a half-mad fellow,
Another may for an addict.



Bijay Kant Dubey

If Somebody Could Say I Am Also A Writer Which But I Know It Not If I Am Really

If somebody could say,
You are also a writer,
You too write
Which but I am not sure of
Whether I a poetry-writer of some sort
Or not,
Had I been, I would have definitely,
But I do not have anything to show to you
To call myself a poet
Which but I am not sure of
Whether I a minor poet too.

Bijay Kant Dubey

If The Son Beats You, How Will It Be Your Feeling?

Having got a beating
At the hands of the son,
Feel I,
How villainous is
My critical wife
And her bad father,
Having got a beating
Feel I,
Where to go,
Will the loafer,
The trump, the goon,
The rowdy
Not go to take money
From the house
Which take I on rent separately?

Bijay Kant Dubey

If The Usa Entertains The The Ethnic & Racial People, The Country Will Not Last

The USA if it continues to go soft
With the ethnic and racial minorities,
they will wreak havoc
To America and Americana,
We mean the ismic people,
The fanatics and conservatives.
What one or two minority people have done
That does not matter,
They are definitely good souls
But most of the ethnic and racial people
Are blood-thirsty,
Die hard fads.

No question of holding an inter-faith meet
If their doctrines can be so hard
And ismic,
The Muslims will remain Muslims,
Hindus Hindus,
Sikhs Sikhs,
You cannot change them
And if change they in your set-up
then accept you
Otherwise expel you outright,
Just for a handful of liberal Hindus and Sikhs
You destroy not the liberty and freedom
Of the charter-making.

Bijay Kant Dubey

If You Are A Mian, Do Not Move Out To America With Your Miangiri, Hindugiri

If are a Mian
Do not move out to America
With your Miangiri
Thinking of Muslim Brotherhood
Rather than living in your country.

If you are a Hindu
Do not move out to America
With your Hindugiri
Thinking of Hindu Brotherhood
Rather than living in your country

As America is neither a Muslim nation
Nor a Hindu sate,
But a free country.

Bijay Kant Dubey

If You Ask A Comedian, What Is Poetry?

Poetry is comics,
Poetry is comicality,
He will say, say
If you ask a comedian,
Life is a comedy
And poetry a study in comedies.

Poetry is light verses,
Rhymes rhyming,
Ordinary and meaningful
And meaningless too,
Light, light verses,
He will,
Poetry is light verses.

Poetry is wit and humour,
Humour it
The way of life and the world,
Live happily, think happily,
A happy, happy,
Happy-go-lucky man.

Poetry is jokes
The joke man saying it,
Saying,
Poetry is jokes,
In the joke of life,
The jokes of the world.

And the joker dancing,
Dancing,
Taking a cigar on the lips,
Burning,
Burning and smoking
Writing My Experiments With Cigar-smoking.

The tobacco man coming
Rubbing tobacco on the palm,
Rubbing and rubbing

And talking of musical taals,
Eighty fillips and ninety taals
In softening it
To be taken into the mouth.

Poetry is fun, pun, humour,
Poetry is wit and irony,
Poetry is satire,
Poetry is vyangyukti, vakrokti,
The ironic mode,
The oblique approach,
Poetry as taunts, satires and comments.

But comment you not with scathing attacks
With malice and vengeance,
Enmity and jealousy,
Bitterness and criticism,
Directing the energies at,
Channelizing them,
Your furies to make it detestable.

Bijay Kant Dubey

If You Ask A Sadhaka, What Is Poetry?

If ask you a sadhaka, what is poetry, he will perhaps say it,
Poetry is sadhna and the poet a sadhaka
Doing sadhna in the cottage of his
And to be a sadhaka is to be after
Anything that do you
And without devoting and dedicating, you cannot achieve
What you seek to attain and get from
As to be called knowledgeable
And it is in perfection
And it comes to not
If not heated in the furnace.

Bijay Kant Dubey

If You Ask Me, What It Is Poetry, I Shall Say...

Poetry for me is the Light Divine,
An experimentation with it,
Doing sadhna
As for to infuse into
The powers divine.

Poetry if you ask me, then is love poetry,
The poems of love
Interspersed with
Deeper feelings and emotions
Of the heart, human heart.

The stanzas and paragraphs of love,
Loveful feelings
And loverly expressions
Is poetry,
Written in verse.

I feeling for you, you feeling for me,
The attachment between the two,
The bonding in-between,
My love for you, your love for me
And it can love for all, whom love we.

My love poetry is the songs of heart and love,
The love experienced
In a tabooed society,
Where the restrictions are,
Not of free-mixing society and culture.

To change it, if ask you, what is poetry,
I shall,
Poetry is modernistics, linguistics,
Urban, contemporary, industrial,
Of the malls, plazas and metros,
Traffic jams and terminuses.

In the parks, cyber cafes, bars, beaches,
Canteens and restaurants,

Taking pizzas and snacks
And the paparazzi sitting,
All taking a break and for an outing,
The colonial and post-colonial people.

The modern, the modernistic and the post-modern,
Jogging in the park early in the morning,
Going to the gym
As for body fitness,
Doing yoga to keep fit,
To hide in age and ageing
And in the bermuda pants.

Dyeing the hair golden and the moustache black,
With the golden glasses on the eyes
Supported by a golden frame
And the black lace hanging on,
Doesn't present him young and smart,
Stylish and boyish?

Poetry if you ask is irony and satire,
Satire direct while irony indirect,
Satire sarcastic and sardonic
Full of mocks,
But irony twisting and turning
With doublespeak and volte face.

Poetry is myth and mysticism,
Shrouding in mystery,
Poetry myth-application,
Incorporation of myths
With the folk stuffs,
Poetry carrying it forward
The mystery of Creation.

If you ask, I shall say, to change it,
Poetry is innocence and ignorance
Combined together with,
A heart so innocent, so ignorant
To constitute poetry,
The composition of it

In the clean heart of man.

Poetry is if ask you then I shall
Metaphysics, theology and religiosity,
Man and his sense of religion,
Man and his morality,
Man and his ethics.

Poetry is as much as religious faith but as much as doubt,
Lurking within,
Poetry is anti-thesis,
Poetry is blasphemy, atheism,
Scepticism and agnosticism
Giving birth to existentialism.

Poetry is iconography as well as iconoclasm,
Form and see
And if not, break the established things
If God hears not you;
Poetry is nihilism
And the world a big zero.

Poetry is lyricism,
A wreath of lyrics embedded into,
Flowers strung together,
Which sing you,
Poetry as the love-lyrics,
Not only love-lyrics,
But the lyrics of life.

Poetry as the penetration of serenade and silence,
The mind composing,
Picturesque imagery
With the storks, herons and swans flying
And making the scene landscapic.

Poetry poetry,
The poet's poetry,
The property of the poet,
The proprietor of his poetry,

Maybe it he will hand over to someone
And if the manuscripts see not the light of the day,
The pale sheets of paper will destroy in course of time.

The poet a painter,
Painting scenery and landscape,
The poet a singer,
A singer of heart,
The poet a writer
Of words
And the words as pictures and images
Expressing a vision of life,
Giving signs.

And poetry symbolical,
Full of signs, symbols and motifs,
Poetry laden with, relaying to,
Poetry coded, decode them.

Poetry pessimism, reflecting sorrows,
The sorrows of life,
Despair, dejection and despondence,
Grief and sadness,
Dark despair and bleak hope.

Poetry optimistic, of karmayoga
And the doer as a karmayogi,
Active and dutiful,
Facing the odds and doing the job
To perfection.

Poetry poetry,
The poetry of the poet
And the poet the sole proprietor of his works,
But he handing them over to Time and its dustbin,
Time the Curator of the archival studies,
The museum of life and the world
And its care-taker.

I do not know what did I say to by the way,
Just by the way,
Coming a long way,

Now I want to take a rest
As have walked a long distance
Without claiming for and introducing myself,
Writing almost like an unknown citizen.

Bijay Kant Dubey

If You Cannot Create, Destroy It Not

If you can't create, destroy not someone's life
If you can't create it,
Who are you to destroy the Divine Scheme of His Things,
Who are you to ruin it?

Spoil it not, if you can't, bedeck and decorate it
To look back in pride and glory
As the number of the decorators is getting less and less
Rather than the spoilers of the game.

Try to save someone, give a new lease of life,
A new span given to
Rather than deceiving and cheating,
Leaving her alone and sobbing
In a great depression to be tackled with risk.

You be a rudder instead of drowning, capsizing
And for the people in the shipwreck
As there is a special joy
In saving rather than ruining it all.
Don't be so much so selfish, friend.

Bijay Kant Dubey

If You Cannot Love, Desert Her Not

If you cannot love, why do you desert her,
A girl so sad, lonely and broken
And forlorn,
Going somewhere aimlessly?
O, give you a helping hand
To come of her distress and agony!

Bijay Kant Dubey

If You Disrupt Cultural Unity, The Peace Of Mind Will Get Disturbed

Do not, do not disrupt
The peace of the nation
After talking of divisive politics,
Bringing in hotheads unnecessarily,
Bridling them not.

India's federal structure they know
It not, those who interpret
It otherwise in their own way,
India is not India,
A sub-continent of so many.

Live and let live,
Let others live,
Said he Lord Mahavira,
Let calamities be unruffled in peace,
Said he Lord Buddha.

Bijay Kant Dubey

If You Go Failing In The Same Class

If you go failing in the same class and pass not out,
Stay you one after another,
What will people say about,
What will your friends?

I value not the people and their notes,
Nor the students
As they give not food to you,
Just you.

If you fail for four to five times,
One day the school will turn you out
As per their rule and regulation,
If stay you on as an old guy.

Among the small, small boys,
You will look aged
Just like the older, senior fellow
Going to be mustached and bearded.

The classmates will hesitate in
Calling you by name,
Rather than 'Yes, Sire',
'Yes, Boss'.

So, read you, try to stand on feet
As the world is theirs
Who conquer it
And victory lies with them only.

Rather than being an old and senior guy,
You try to pass the exam.,
Postpone not the things for each slipping tomorrow
Otherwise be prepared for being called 'Big Brother'.

On marking the moustache lining on,
Beards growing,
The smaller friends will smile and crack jokes
On seeing you sitting on the last benches.

□

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

If You Have

If you have money in your pocket, the world is yours
And if you do not have, the world is not,
As money is honey and there is no honey without money,
Your family, relatives, wife and children
They are not if you do not have,
As this the key through which you may open the house,
May keep someone as a caretaker if you are not in the house.

If you have money, the world is yours otherwise is not
As money is honey and there is no life without money,
The house you live in is not
If pay not the taxes, keep not someone to clean it,
To show light at eve,
The wife is not wife,
The children not children,
All will move away from.

The house is not your house if you do not have money
To repair it,
The house will you sell it someone to get the lump sum amount
To fix in some bank
As for getting the monthly interest as for to carry it on
And you will yourself
Move out to some rented house,
Away from the town, on the outskirts of it.

Human hunger, necessity of life, is such
That your son and daughter will not be your own,
As it is difficult to carry it on,
The problems of life as such,
The problems of bread and butter, shelter and clothings,
Money has to be as for purchasing life-saving drugs,
For medical services and nursing care
And who cares without these?

There was a time when I used to mark the retired fellows
Lined, queued up near the government treasury in broad daylight,
Under the strong sun
As for getting their pension papers checked

And drawing money,
The officials used to play hide and seek
And the foolish chief minister used to keep it suppressed
As for getting interest on the accumulated money

Bijay Kant Dubey

If You Keep Reading, When Will You Love Me, Asked She The Countryside Girl, When Will You, The Teenaged Rustic Girl? / Pastoral Love & Her Wisp Of Romanticism/ Love Me, I Shall Love

If you keep reading,
Reading
Even in your old age,
When, when
Will you smile with me,
Talk with me,
My love?

As say they really
If he keeps reading,
Reading all the time,
He may go mad,
Fully mad
As for being lost in studies
And researches.

If leave you,
Leave you not your studies,
I shall,
Shall leave you
For my parents' home
And shall never,
Never return.

My love,
What has it happened
To you
That smile you not,
Talk you not,
What has it to you?

Have you,
Have you not time
For talking with me,

Gossiping,
No time to see me,
See me?

Who will,
Who will bring
The ribbon, lipstick,
Nail polish, hair oil,
Red water colour,
Vermillion, bangles,
If remain you lost in books?

If leave you not your studies,
If leave you not,
I shall have the last option
Left with me
That to burn your papers
If leave you not our studies.

I shall fling
All of your books and papers,
Shall burn them down
By pushing into
The hearth,
The earthen oven
For the cooking purpose.

Having said it,
Marked it for sometime more,
The rustic love started weeping
None but herself,
Flinging the cups and dishes,
Rolling on the muddy floor
Of the country home.

A pastoral girl
Who used to love and live
With the goats, sheep and cows
Dwelling in the country,
Never could she take it
In a light way,
A village girl she,

A pastoral shepherd girl.

And what twitched it more
That somebody had communicated to her
That he would move overseas
If he went on reading as thus
Being lost in books and rapt in studies
Surely would to Vilayat
And so she before the happening of all this
Wanted to desist him from.

O, I see,
He would got to foreign,
Foreign
And would bring a rival,
An English,
A European memsahib
And would smile in her company
Which but how shall I tolerate it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

If Your Son Turns Into A Bad Boy, How Will You Take It?

If your son turns into a bad boy, how will you take it
If if your son turns into a bad boy,
A spoilt child,
How will you take to it
If though you are in high position?

It will pain your heart not doubt
And you will think of your karma-dharma,
Your previous sin and its expiation,
Past sins and its bhoga
Which you will have to expiate.

Your sense of position and honour turn into dust,
The things you have earned will vanish away soon
If the son is bad,
A bad boy
It will finish it all.

All the time you did the works for others
And for you yourself,
A man in power and position,
But you never did you see you your son,
So do you keep repenting.

Bijay Kant Dubey

If Your Son Turns Into A Bad Boy, Judge You Rightly

If your son turns into a bad boy,
What to be done with,
Which but the judge cannot feel it
The pains of some other father
Rather than his own
And he is a judge for others,
Not for himself?

My son has, not of the judge's
And my pain, not his,
But the pain of creation,
The mistakes and blunders
I committed, made and done,
I am now bearing the fruits of that.

The differences were of views and opinions,
If one takes to not your words
Of good sense and advice,
Instructs not to take to your counsel,
suppose that your wife is against
Then what will you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

I'm Busy, Say You Not, If You're I Too Am

I'm busy, I'm busy,
Say you not please,
If you're then I too am,
I too am busy,
You can go
If say I
Then I can also
You may go,
I'm going,
But you too will not be able
To enter my house.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Imran Khan Has No Work To Do, But To Marry And Divorce

Imran Khan has no work to do,
But to marry and divorce,
Abandon and dump
The girls
From foreign,
Marrying them with lust
After finding ravishingly beautiful,
But dumping thereafter
When the honeymoon is over
On the ground of
Being a foreigner
In theocratic and conservative Pakistan.

No work to do but to flirt with
The girls with foreign backgrounds and etiquette,
Love and leave to their destitute,
Is this called celebrity love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Bras, Panties And Nightwears, She Doing A Catwalk, A Bikini Babe, How To Paint Her And Portray Her? Is It Her Portrait?

Is it modernity,
Contemporaneity
To see the beauty
In bras, panties and nightwears?

Is it modernity
To see the beloved
As a denuded beauty,
As a bikini babe
Calling her a babe, a doll,
A chick, a beach girl?

Making her do the cabaret dance,
The theatre artiste,
Rock and roll,
Sing at the party
As a bar singer or dancer,
Where are we going after all?

A girl of the urban space,
Global and cosmic,
Hosteller and hotelier,
Picnicker and holidayer,
Travelling and touring,
We should not as thus.

A desperate and frustrated girl,
Exploited and denuded,
Drunk and inebriated,
She has become hippie-like, a gipsy
One of a don't care, don't mind.

But view her with love,
So much sympathy and affection,
Leave her not
At the crossroad of life,

Love her, love her,
Try to give the warmth.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In 1996 The Posts Of College Professors Got Sold And Bought In Bihar

In 1996
People sold it and bought
The college professor posts
In Bihar,
Even the criminals got
Appointed
As lecturers
To change over
To professor ranks
But without professor salary.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In A Cottage Lived I, Studied And Read I

In a cottage, bamboo-pillared and open, like a square
With half the portion for the cattle,
I mean the cows and the buffaloes
And half the portion for me
Or less than that
With a wooden cot and a tin box
For me to rest and to keep the books in
Placed on a muddy surface
Had been the life-style of my own.

One day a dog was about to day die
As the bitten portion had become wormy
And it came to me during the midnight time
And I placed my legs unknowingly
On it taking it to be a pillow
But the foul overhauled me that night.

Sometimes the calves tied nearer used to
Sling the cow dung
On the sleeping cot and my beddings
But what to do,
As had no option,
We read honestly but never asked for,
Just went on suffering for others.

We had a tough time with the servants
Who wished to be managers
And the customers always trying to
Keep the money with them,
Paying half the price for
Pure milk taken.

Sometimes when we used to fail to replace the straw and the thatch,
One day it grew heavy as for the old unchanged thatch
And the bamboo pillars grown old and decaying,
The cottage took a turn
And tumbled down in the evening
And had it during the night time,
It would have crushed me.

Sometimes in the absence of repair as for shortage of money,
When it used to drizzle at midnight,
The raindrops used to fall over the cot from different points
And I holding my beddings
Used to stand near the middle bamboo pole
At midnight to save from being wet.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In A Godless Universe

In a godless universe,
How do you
Feel you,
My friend,
In a godless universe?

Bijay Kant Dubey

In A Sufi Mode

Sufiana Andaz Mein

Tum to ek jaalti hui diya
Aur mein baati,
Ek jalti hui diya.

In A Sufi Imagery, Way And Style of Saying/ In A Sufi Mode

You are a burning earthen lamp
And I a wick,
A burning earthen lamp.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In A Thatched Cottage

In a straw-thatched, bamboo-pillared cottage,
Open from all sides,
I used to live poorly
And used to pass my days
Reading the great works

And they used to ask to arise and awake
During the midnight or darker early morning
And I used to read loudly,
Reciting the deepest thoughts and reflections.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In A Titled & Rented House I Used To Live At Dumka

In a tiled house I used to live at Grant Estate Para, Dumka,
Broken and dilapidated,
By the bel trees
The house used to be
In the midst of green bushes
And woody remains

And adjacent to that, in the cottage,
Bamboo-pillared and open from all sides,
In the cow shed I use to read and live
When I grew up,
Half the portion for the cows and buffaloes
And the half for us.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In A World Ravaged And Ravished By Infatuation For Lust And Beguile

In a world ravaged and ravished by
The infatuation for lust
And guile in the heart,
How to grow reverence
Within
If lie we morally bankrupt and fallen,
Corrupt and degraded?

In that time of annihilation,
Spiritual crisis and malaise,
Nothing consoles me
Except innocence and ignorance,
Simplicity of heart and purity of soul,
The streak of genius lying unrecognized.

Nothing lures me, nothing pleases me
When lie I thinking about
A life shattered,
A world gone bankrupt
Lying in utter annihilation,
You come, come to, my little daughter
And console me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Adil Jussawalla See I The Elements Of Auden And Masefield

As portrayal and delineation of
Bombay and its scapes,
I see the elements
Of Auden's Look, Stranger and Masefield's Sea Fever
In Adil Jussawalla,
A poet of the missing person,
Of Bombay the port city
Of harbours and beaches
And islands,
Of refugees and job-seekers
And settlers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Between The Hills Flows The Small River

Yea, the hilly river,
Flowing smoothly just with a little water
With the stone boulders
As the chunks lying on the bank
Or somewhere on the river course
And the water crossing over
To fall beneath
With a murmur and a flow
And floating by.

When it glistens and hills look blue and sunny,
I mean the sunny light,
Reflecting blue and smoky
And the area away from human haunt,
The tribals into the huts and mud-houses
Lying far flung and scattered
Over the solitary plateau region domain,
Ay, the highland mass.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Bihar I Was Not Allowed To Teach As A Part-Timer In A College Even After My Ph.D.

In Bihar
I was not allowed
To teach in a college
As a p[art-timer
Even being commissioned
By the West Bengal College Service Commission
For my appointment
In a college permanently
Rather than they
Rejecting my application at Dumka
Just fifteen days before
Just fro the conveyance allowance
To be paid to me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Bihar Paanwalla, Bidiwalla, Cigaretwalla, All Can Be Politicians

I mean chor, luccha, lafganga, aawara,
Thieves, frauds, rowdies and loafers
All can be leaders in Bihar,
The politicians,
I mean the illiterates.

Paanwall, Bidiwalla, Cigaretwalla,
Gayawalla, Bhainsawalla, Bakriwalli,
All leaders,
Leaders in Bihar.

All leaders, socialists,
The socialists of Bihar not,
India.

The gawalas, the moustached
Sturdy and rough and rough gawalas,
I mean the milkmen,
Buffalo men, cow boys all.

The palm-juice sellers they too
Are the leaders
of backward, illiterate Bihar.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Bihar The Bullock Cart-Man Also A Chief Minister

In Bihar,
Gadiwan,
I mean
The bullock cart-man too
Can be the chief minister
And his wife,
Bakriwalli,
The goat-keeping woman,
I mean the deputy chief minister
Waiting to be the chief minister
In absentia
Among the fools,
The illiterates
And the uneducated fellows.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Choosing You, What Have I Done?

In choosing you, what have I done,
You say it to me,
How distraught is my destiny
Into whose hands am I a puppet?
I can see the things falling off,
The things going beyond compromise
And there is nothing as that interests me,
Your absence speaking it all,
Your disinterestedness.

I can see the nest falling in the wind
And the birds flying with a shriek,
The tree shaking it violently,
The relationships breaking,
I do not know,
Where am I going to?

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Comparative Literature Compare I The Faces

In comparative literature
Compare I the faces
Of American and Belgian,
Rumanian and Hungarian
Belles and blondes,
Bavarian and Albanian,
Dutch and Swiss,
Czech and Slovak beauties,
Mexican and Brazilian,
Ukrainian and Siberian.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Edward Said's Orientalism, There Is Nothing Of The Orient

In Edward Said's Orientalism,
There is nothing
Of the Orient,
But of the Occident.

Even Palestine cannot compromise
With Israel,
What to say it more?

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Final Cut, How Does Peeradina Cut Us? Let Us See That

Final Cut

Published in 2016

Is about his

Quest for beauty,

Beauty is truth, truth beauty,

Beauty all around us,

Surrounding

The objects of Nature,

Life and the world.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Imitation Of Michael Jackson

Just saw I him
In the photograph
And statrted I dancing,
Hearing his name,
Michael Jackson,
Seeing his image
Hanging on the wall,
Such had been the magic of his name
And his rhythm of dance and music.

With the cap overhead
And the goggles on the eyes
And a handkerchief tied around the neck,
I going,
Going and going,
Coming not,
A dancer in motion
And emotion.

Dancing on the ways
And going,
Waving at and kissing from far,
Making the people dance
And going,
Breaking the body
Like a gymnast,
My bust, my torso
Cut off, hanging onto
And adding to again naturally,
Appearing to be so.

The earth behind the legs slipping,
Michael Jackson dancing,
The boots swerving and slipping
And getting balanced,
The dance is as such,
Making the dead stand on feet,
Jackson is Jackson,
Michael Jackson,

Hats off to him,
Salute you, Michael Jackson.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In India The Search Is Continuing, Who Has What, Black Money Or White Money?

In jobless, unemployed man's India
The foolish man's joke
Is doing the rounds,
Who has but what,
Black money
Or white money,
White money
Or black money,
Black and white,
White and black?

Bijay Kant Dubey

In India There Is None To Call Me Even A Minor Poet, My Pains, You Don't Me

In India there is none to
Call me
Even
A minor poet,
My pains,
You know it not.

I too cannot say it
If I am a minor poet or not
Which but I don't know it,
If there is something readable
In my poetry or not?

There is a question mark
After me
Whether I am even a minor poet or not
Which but I don't
If I shall live up as a minor poet or not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In India, It's Impossible, Impossible To Be An Indian English Poet, It's Impossible, Quite Impossible

Hey, in India,
The India of the mass
Diverse and varied,
Where the sun blazes hot
Like a fireball
And the scorching summer
Bats with heat and dust,
It's impossible,
Impossible,
Quite impossible
To be a writer of verse.

The men in the dhoti and kurta,
Khadi clothes and a topi,
The pyjamas, kurta and beards,
The women in saris
With th ghunghata
And the burquawallis
Under the burkha,
The burkhawalli mems,
It's impossible,
Quite impossible to be a writer
Of English verse,
To be an Indian English poet.

Hey, what to say,
Those who cannot write poetry
In their native tongues
Are trying to be poets
Here
In the absence of the English
Who left India for ever
Without settling in here,
But see you,
Those who do not know English
Are also calling themselves
Poets,

Poets not,
But Milton, Shakespeare, Wordsworth,
Shelley, Keats, Browning.

Hearing their English, think we
Whether they speaking in
Hindi,
Haryanvi Hindi, Punjabi Hindi, filmy Hindi
Or Bhojpurian rough and tough Bihari loafer's Hindi,
Indian train Hindi
Connecting the south with the north
Or in Urdu
An English girl going with
The quawwals, shayars and ghazal-singers not,
But with the conservatives.

He raring their English, think we
If they in English
Or in Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam, Kannada
Doing the kathaka
Before a rock-built temple,
But keep you not the devadasi,
Punishing her life-long
as she not a statue of stone,
But of flesh and bones
And man not pure,
The priests and guards,
All sinful.

On hearing them, seeing them,
Feel I differently
As for to be in a diverse ethnicity,
Some speaking in Santhali,
Some in Mundari, some in Ho
Tribal languages,
Some in Tibeto-Chinese,
Some in Sikkimese,
Some in Naga languages
And some in Assamiya group of languages,
Some in Manipuri and Mizo languages
And their dress, attire too peculiar
One of the woods and the museum

And the Mongolian, Neapali, Bhutanese, Tibetan borders.

While crossing over to,
Seeing the site for the poetry conference or meet
In English
And that passing through Bihar
And its stretches of lands,
Gangetic and paluteaus,
Saw I people speaking in regional dialects
Bhojpuri, Magadhi, Angika and Maithili,
The Bhojpurians rough and tough
With the danda
Feared I, dreaded I most
The milkmen
Mixing pond water in milk
And those milkmen's sons and daughters
I could not select them as verse-practitioners.

The blunt, bogus and bluffing milkmen's appointees
Saw I as the professors of English,
Most of them ruffians
Spoke they English bluntly,
Not as the good boys,
But the bad boys,
Those who had not to be professors
Were made
Through recommendations,
Taking money,
Those who had not to be
Also turned into professors,
Unable to pronounce
And none but hose after learning English
Calling themselves poets,
Not of their tongues,
But of English.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Jiva Is Prana (Haiku)

Prana,
Prana which is
But spanadana.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Kissing Her

In kissing her,
My Burquawalli,
kissed I the dream of my live,
As my love was she,
My light was she.

She was my dream and aspiration,
She was my yearning for
And I got that, got that
After finding her.
Thank God!

The flame of fire touched I,
The frenzy of living lengthened I
In choosing a burquawalli for me,
My love and my dream was she,
None but she my dreamgirl,
The girl I saw in my dreams.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Love With A Foreigner/ They Call You A Foreigner Girl, But My Heart Takes You For An Insider/ O Foreigner Girl, On Which Seashore, Where Dwell You? (The Poetry Of The Heart)

O foreigner girl, where dwell you,
On which seashore keep you strolling!
They call you a foreigner
As you understand not our nativity
Of culture, thought, tradition, idea, image,
Language, culture of ours,
But the heart of mine calls you not,
You are the same womankind
Full with the milk of kindness,
You are the same serving us
In our households
As mother, sister and beloved.

They call you, call you a foreigner
As they understand not your society and culture,
Language and tradition,
Nor have they visited,
Nor have known and felt them
And when unable to understand your words, speeches and manners,
They calling you a foreigner
But it is love which draws close to
The strangers and foreigners
And as thus love is born.

I know not any of your tongues,
Just can feel you,
Understand you
The mental set-up of yours,
What you mean to communicate,
Say to
And reveal
All through your gestures,
So mildly, so humbly,
Struggling to make me understand,

You taking time,
I taking time to understand
Our exchange of feelings and emotions.

Foreigner girl, where dwell you,
On which seaside or riverside,
On which seashore or the riverbank,
Live you,
How the manner, language, culture and society,
Tradition, living and life-style
Of yours and your lands,
You tell me, tell me and make it understand
As I know them not.

I just feel you, feel you,
Feel and imagine you,
Try to read your emotions and feelings,
Gestures, signs and symbols,
Your mental set-up and make-up,
Your social background,
The compulsions of geographical boundaries and barriers
And their climatic impacts,
Your history, art and culture,
Your faith and doubt and suspense,
Your frank and bold stance
And the nobility of yours,
Your daring enterprise and the flair for travels and tours.

I may not understand your face, colour, complexion,
Attire and apparel,
Your language and words,
But the eyes and the heart hint it all,
Your language the language of the heart,
The language of love,
What my heart feels, your heart feels,
What it says, the same it too says it,
The poetry of the heart,
The poetry of love,
The language of the heart and the soul.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Love, Forget Not Them

Your mother, father, brother and sister,
While following her.

Something you need to remember
Which the wife too cannot,
What they have given to you,
But keep it in a balance.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In My Poetry

In my poery I want to capture
The innocence and ignorance of heart,
Rarely felt, valued and portrayed;
The wild blossoms shaking in the breeze
Smiling on the pathways.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In My Poetry Paint I The The Eyes Of Bhagabati

In my poetry, paint I the eyes of Bhagabati,
Have you,
Have marked the glitter
In the eyes of Bhagabati,
The wide-wide, dark-dark eyes
Of Bhagabati?

I just sketch and paint the Eyes,
The Eyes Divine
Of Bhagabati.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In My Poetry The Aliens Talk To Me

In my poetry
The aliens
Talk to me,
The wayfarers
From far-off lands,
The aliens
With the UFOs
Coming to
And when intercepted
Mutter they
The aliens
The travellers
From far,
Far off lands.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In My Refugee Heart There Is A Place For You, O Refugee Girl!

In my refugee heart
There is a place for you,
O refugee girl,
You have taken a refuge
But in my heart!

My refugee heart searches it
The refugee girl.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Mypoetry

Unknown Citizen, your statue,
Make and re-make I,
The bust and the torso of yours.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Paulo Coelho I Find The Streaks Of Classicism Converted To Romanticism

In Paulo Coelho
Who is utmost allegorical,
Virtuous and righteous
I find it
Classicism converted to romanticism,
Classico-romanticism,
A writer attracted to classicism
But retreating too
After being disgusted with,
A writer George Herbertian,
Jonathan Swiftian,
A gipsy like nce,
A vagabond like Walt Whitman
Always on a pilgrimage, a pilgrimage
Like tti, John Bunyan
Learning from life,
A Catholic but wholly a Catholic
But a Protestant,
A Protestant that too not
But a neo-classicist
And that too not
But a neo-romanticist.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Politics

Rotten tomatoes and eggs are thrown,
Politics has become so much dirty
As they sling mud on one another.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Praise Of Salman Rushdie

If you ever ask me who is the greatest writer of the last century,
I would say Salman Rushdie,
Sir Salman Rushdie is perhaps the greatest writer.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Remembrance Of Mahatma Gandhi, The Father Of The Nation On The Eve Of Gandhi Jayanti

Mahatma Gandhi, the Father of the Nation,
The Saint of Sabarmati,
Singing with zest
Raghupati raghav raja ram patit pawan sita-ram,
Ishwar allah tero naam sabko sanmati de bhagaban,
Where you,
Where you,
O the Saint of Sabarmati,
,
What have I brought for,
See, see,
What have I brought for?
A bouquet of flowers for you, Gandhi,
A handful of flower petals for you, Gandhi,
This my tributes, my unpaid regards,
My homage to you, Gandhi.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Rum, Beer, Brandy, Whiskey, See I My Love In The Tumblerb

In a glass of wine,
Yea, a tumbler on a tray,
See I my love,
She making me drink
And I drinking
From her hands
And my inebriation one of love,
Her love only,
For whom live I, die I,
Forget me not.

In whiskey, rum, beer or brandy being poured,
I see into the wine of the tumbler,
Yea, the glass tumbler,
She making me drink
And I drinking from her hands,
Sparkling wine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Seach Of Shiva Where Have I Come To?

In search of,
In search of Shiva,
Shivoaham shivoaham shivoaham,
Shivoaham shivoaham shivoaham,
Where have I,
Have I
In search of,
In search of Shiva,
Shiva, Shiva,
Shiva, Shiva,
Shiva I, Shiva I,
I Shiva, Shiva,
Satyam shivam sundaram,
Satyam shivam sundaram,
Satyam shivam, shivam sundaram,
Sundaram satyam, satyam shivam,
But the world real, down to crude realities,
Crude realities of life?

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Search Of A Simple Heart, Pure Mind

In search of a simple heart, pure mind
Where will you find it?

Guileless mind and guileless heart
Where will you find that?

Sahaj hriday, pavitra mon ki khoj mein,
Kahan paayenge aap?

(Niscchal mon aur niscchal hriday
Paaoge jo kahan?)

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Search Of An American Heart And Soul

An American heart
Want I
To sing
The American song
Of love,
The rhythm of living,
The nuance of the speech,
The pulsation of the heart
Want I to catch.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Search Of An English Memsaheb For Me/ Suppose You, Just Suppose You, My Poetry Turns Into An English Girl

Suppose, just suppose you, my love of poetry
Turns it into an English girl,
She standing before
And wanting to come to India,
The India of saris and ghunghata,
Purdahwalli bibis
Who will not like to take the names
Of the husbands,
Just their tattoos will say.

You tell me, how will she live here
In India,
The India varied and vast,
Full of diversities,
Ethnic, racial,
How will she here
Ruffled by the heat and dust,
An English Christian girl,
Bobbed and beautiful,
Rosy and glistening?

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Search Of An Innocent, Pure Heart

Nirmal Hridayer Aasha Te

Ek cchoti-si ladki
Kitni bholi-bhali,
Sidhi-sadhi.

Aar dekho,
Aami kato papi!

A small girl,
How simple and good,
Innocent and guileless!

And see,
How sinful am I,
Guileful and conceited!

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Search Of Black Money There May Be A Financial Blackout

In search of black money,
The possibility is
There may be a financial load-shedding,
A monetary blackout,
The pockets short of money,
We going to market
To purchase
And returning back
From which the outstation men,
The old and the diseased
And the people to purchase
Big things
Or the girls to be married
Will suffer for the time being.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Search Of Buddha And Buddhism

In search of Buddha and Buddhism,
Went I to
China, Japan, Mongolia, Tibet,
Sikkim, Indonesia, Cambodia
To Singapore, Hongkong,
Taiwan to Malaysia
To Bhutan
In search of Buddha and Buddhism,
Buddha on his way to,
Preaching across internationally.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Search Of Buddha And Buddhism- Ii

In search of Buddha and Buddhism,
Went I to
China, Japan, Mongolia, Tibet,
Sikkim, Indonesia, Cambodia
To Singapore, Hongkong,
Taiwan to Malaysia
To Bhutan
In search of Buddha and Buddhism,
Buddha on his way to,
Preaching across internationally.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Search Of Classical Scholarship

For quite a long time, since the days of my childhood
Which spent it
In searching,
Searching and searching so earnestly
But found I not,
The wisps and whiffs of romanticism not,
But the glow and glisten of the classical scholarship
Radiating just like the golden wheat ears.

Where that unknown scholar, where that classical scholar
Living his life simply,
Making the people aware of,
Where his vast scholarship and reading,
Where his experience,
Knowledge and wisdom,
Gravity and perseverance, sobriety and ethics,
Sense of morality and duty-bound nature?

Where the poor and humble scholar introducing not himself
In the public,
Averting the public gaze and notice,
Where his vast reading and accumulation of knowledge,
His love and admiration of metaphysics,
Where his morality and spirituality,
Where his sobriety and ethics,
Where that classical scholar,
Where his classicism?

When he crosses over the river, the shepherd boys and girls
Talk of his going, crossing over the dry river bed,
Interrupt and intercept they
To give him a bouquet of wild flowers,
The scholar gipsy in the gait of his,
Into the smiles and living of his own,
With nothing to put an air,
Just going simply, just living simply
Without caring for
What the wide world takes him for.

In Search Of Genius Unrecognized

I do not see the streak of genius in me only,
The Spark is in you too,
Yea, the Divine Spark
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Search Of God And Other Poems By Swami Vivekananda

Ramkrishna Paramhansa's disciple never wanted to be a poet,
But as a saint-singer
He would have sung
As the saints as wandering fellows
Go on taking pilgrimages,
Travelling and touring
All those cultural ambassadors of India,
Telling about unknown climes and lands.

In Search of God, the Song of The Free, Misunderstood,
My Play Is Done, No One To Blame,
The Cup, To an Early Violet, Kali The Mother,
Angels Unawares, Peace, To My Soul,
A Benediction, Thou Blessed Dream, Light,
Many Happy Returns! ,
A handful of poems.

The dance of Shiva, the lila of the Mother Divine,
The Dark Goddess and Her Ways,
The Light Divine, the sadhna of a sadhaka,
The tedious pathways of it,
The things of Swami Vivekananda.

In the poem, In Search of God, the poet says that
He has searched Him, has searched Him
In the temple, the church and the mosque,
In the Vedas, the Bible and the Koran,
In the forest and the distant far and wide
But in vain,
But He in the Soul of souls
Which needs to be realized within.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Search Of Greener Pastures & Newer Loves

Today
People can be seen
Always
As ever
In search of greener pastures
And newer loves,
Forcing to fall in love,
Loving
And abandoning
And dumping elsewhere
To destroy
And desert
Someone's life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Search Of Life And Its Meaning

In search of life and its meaning,
Where have I come to,
Is poetry the criticism of life,
Poetry for poetry's sake
Or with a didactic purpose,
For art or morality,
Aesthetic sense taking me close
To beauty which is also truth and goodness
And didacticism
To morality and ethics?

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Search Of Life, Where Have I Come To?

In search of life and its meaning,
Where have I come to,
Is poetry the criticism of life,
Poetry for poetry's sake
Or with a didactic purpose,
For art or morality,
Aesthetic sense taking me close
To beauty which is also truth and goodness
And didacticism
To morality and ethics?

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Search Of Love Where Have I Come To?

In search of love,
Where have I come to,
In search of loving and living?

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Search Of My Jasmine (Bilingual)

In Search of My Jasmine

Kya kahun aapko,

Beli,

Chameli,

Champa

Yaa kanchnaar?

Phoolon ki khushboo,

Aapke galon mein,

Ji kartaa hain ki bita dun

Raat ko

Kamini gacch ke niche,

Shiuli gacch ke niche.

In Search of My Jasmine

What to call you,

Beli,

Chameli,

Champa

Or Kanchnar?

The sweetness of the flowers

Is in your cheeks,

Want I to spend

The noight

Under the Kamini plant tree,

The Shiuli flower plant tree?

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Search Of Radha

In search of Radha,
Where have I
Come to?

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Search Of Shiva

In search of Shiva, in search of Shiva,
Shiva, Shiva, Shiva,
Where did I not go to,
Searching Him?

I search of Shiva, Shiva, Shiva,
Whose name so auspicious and blissful
That forgot I the things of my own
And lost myself in

Shiva, Shiva, Shiva,
Meditating, om namah shivay, om namah shivay, om namah shivay,
Shiva, Shiva, Shiva.

Shiva not here,
Shiva meditating on Kailash, in the Mansarovar region,
Lost in completely
With the blinking third eye

The power of foreseeing the past, present and the future,
A yogi, fakir and a sadhu
In the joys of His own
With a kamandala, a rudraksha roasy

And the snakes rounded around the neck
And a sacred thread over the bare body
And in the lion leather
Going as a brahmachari.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Search Of Shiva (Where Have I Reached?)

Where have I come to
In search of Shiva,
Shiva,
Shiva?

Where have I to
Searching,
Searching Him
In Mansarovar,
Mount Kailash?

Shiva,
Shiva,
Shiva,
Shiva.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Search Of Shiva, Where Have I?

In search of Shiva,
Have I come to,
Shivoaham Shivoaham Shivoaham,
Shiva I, Shiva I, I shiva, I Shiva,
Where have I come to
In search of Shiva
Unto Kailash,
Mansarovar?

Shiva, Shiva, Shiva,
In search of Shiva,
Shivoaham Shivoaham Shivoaham.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Search Of You, Where Have I Come To, My Love?

In search of you, where have I come to,
Where has this life brought me to
In search of you?

At what crossroad of life, am I standing and looking back
From there,
But where to go,
I have come a long way that
Want I not to return
And if I, what will they say?

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Stephen Gill's Poetry

In Stephen Gill's poetry,
Three things can be heard and marked
To one's own realization,
The pain of Partition,
The pang of displacement
And the new face of the diaspora dais.

The bargain for power,
The resultant caravans of refugees
Left to their destitute,
Poverty, thirst and human hunger,
Natural calamity and climatic change,
He observes them
Which but change him in a cultural ambassador.

These are the ingredients which have an impact
Of their own on the poetry of Stephen,
Turning him to be an ambassador
of peace and the refugees,
Freeing the slaves in a Lincolnian spirit,
Talking of religious freedom
As did talk Martin Luther King,
Really, an ambassador of peace from the United Nations.

Where there is a talk of peace and amity,
Truce and pact, treaty and warm handshake,
Gill is there, with his Panchsheela,
Where there is a talk of probable talks,
He can be seen camping there
With his peace-keeping forces stationed
And put under observation,
Chanting the shantih mantras
Like T.S. Eliot in The Waste Land,
Om shantih shantih shantih.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Such An Age, You Turned Into An Addict, My God! In Such A Tender Age!

The bootleggers and peddlers
What have they made into,
A small boy like you,
Coming of age not even
And so adolescent,
Where,
Where have you come to
In search of pleasure,
In search of happiness,
A small boy like you
So simple and innocent?

I become sad when I see you
And think about you,
My dear boy,
My dear,
I think, think about
You, a small boy
Misled by friends,
Showing the dreams
And turning you into an addict,
An addict,
A drug addict?

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Absence Of An English Wife, How To Say, I Speak Correct English?

In the absence of an English wife,
How to say,
I know correct English?

Be sure of it, English is of the English,
The English girl speaking English beautifully,
How correct in her intonation,
Stress and accent,
Speaking English with the tonal beauty!

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Agarwalla Farm, Black Money In The Marwari Farms Under The Pillows Of Sethji

Black money, black money,
Black-black money
In the Agarwalla Farm,
In the Marwari Farm
Under the pillows and cushion beds
Of Sethji.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Age Of Globalisation (Haiku)

In this age pf globalisation
Think I of Romania, Bulgaria, Bavaria,
England, America as global villages.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Album Of Heart

I see you, my love.

The heart an album of yours,
Your smiling face making me beam with.

The different poses and postures of yours
Lie they captured in.

Your still and lively photos
Keeping me on tenterhooks.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Backyard, Lies It My Dead Mother

In the backyard of my house, lies she
My mother
Burnt to coals and ashes,
Clay and dust.

I can still the remains
Of hers,
But the mother is not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Beginning I Used To Ask, 'what It Is Love? '

In the beginning I used to ask,
What it is love? ,
But now after loving her,
Have I come to feel in,
What it is love!

A lover's heart only a lover knows it,
The joys and sorrows
Encountered
In love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Bluish Eyes Of Yours

In the bluish eyes of yours,
See I film
In the deep blue eyes of yours,
The skies bluish-bluish,
The hills shining blue

And I reading a novel, pretending to
But marking you,
Reading you in reality

Say, do you love me,
Love me,
Love me, love me, love me? (Slowly but repeatedly)

In the deep blue eyes of yours,
Photochromatic and picturing,
The iris, the pupil and the retina,
The eye-lashes,
Let me, let me come
To paint with the brush.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Circus Of Life

Life is a circus
Where the two artistes meet they
While enacting the drama of life,
Playing very dangerous roles
At the nets overhead,
Showing gymnastic skills,
With the tigers and lions,
Standing in between,
on the elephants,
Seated on a motorcycle
Being driven at a terrific speed
In the iron cage.

At the fair, in the town,
The circus shows continuing in
Moving from place to place,
the tents and poles being put up
With the tarpaulin sheets,
The high bivouacs
With the lights flashing far and wide,
oh, this life is a circus,
A circus
Where the two artistes meet they
To make a new beginning.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Company Of The Englishmen Speak I English Otherwise Would Not Have

I know it
No Englishman am I,
I am an India man
Speaking in broken English,
Take you my hat,
My tie, my belt,
My pants and shirt
I have borrowed from,
Give me my dhoti and kurta,
I am but a dhotiman,
A kurtaman,
Turbaned and toweled.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Company Of The Flowers

Talk I with the flowers,
Smile I with them
The things made of light and pure joy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Context Of The Hindu Mahasabha And The Rss

The Hindu Mahasabha may carry out
It activities,
But to attack
The peaceful minorities
Will not be good.

The RSS is an old wing
Of ours,
But it has to see
Blood is not spilled
In the name of religion.

The Marwaris and the Sindhis,
Especially the business class people,
Should think
Before going to the extremes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Court, The Judge, The Pleader And I

In the court
I am a criminal
And they the only good men.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Earphone And The Headphone, The Panelist Judge

With the earphone wired into
The ear drums
And plugged on,
The headphone over,
The music director,
The director is going,
I mean the panelist judge
Of the jury
As for judging a musical champ,
Hearing the music and the song,
Taking off
And putting on
To mark the beat and the music.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Global Market

In the global market,
Said the countryside joker,
I am going to sell my ram,
Not computer RAM.

The seasonal fruits
Of the country
You will taste it,
Said he.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Global Village (Haiku)

In the global village
Live I, dream I
The world a big bazaar.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Goggles

In the goggles everyone looks like
A hero or a heroine
Even if you are not a cine star or artiste,
A drama school boy or girl,
But will become,
Just go and see your face
In the mirror
Wearing the dark sunglasses.

A fantastic hero,
People handshaking with you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Goggles Looking A Great Poetess

In the goggles you are looking a great poet,
A modern city girl,
Not modern,
But post-modern, post-colonial,
Going beyond modernism and the modernist.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Goggles She Appeared To Be A Heroine, But...

In the goggles she appeared to be a heroine,
But when she took off the glasses
She appeared to be most ordinary.

Actually, who look like the heroines
Exquisitely beautiful
Get not a chance.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Goggles She Looks Like A Heroine

In the goggles
She looks a heroine,
A pucca heroine.

In the goggles,
Smiles she like a heroine,
I mean a cine actress.

A cine star
In the dark sunglasses,
A heroine she
Standing before me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Good Heart

In the good heart
I see you,
I feel you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Haunted Houses Of Time

In the Haunted Houses of Time,
The Phantom Listeners can be seen
Holding parleys
In the Haunted houses of Time,
Falling and tottering
Lying abandoned and neglected.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Image Of Rimi (For Pronab Kumar Majumder)

In the image of Rimi, the poet sees
The images of the mother, the sister, the wife and the daughter,
Affectionate and loving,
Approaching and gliding away
Before she is interrogated.

A girl busy, fast and active
At the every turn of life,
she keeps serving, suffering and struggling
Without caring to ask for herself,
A modern and busy girl,
A countryside toiling lady too.

Wherever depute and post you,
She will keep doing,
Arranging and managing the affairs
Unmidfully,
Bearing all that
Which comes the ways of hers
And she facing it all alone,
Bearing the brunt of.

Rimi is Rimi,
Seen a little while ago,
Vanished out of sight,
When she is before,
When she is not,
Oh, the difference to me!

A world without Rimi,
How to dream,
Imagine of,
A world without,
Without her!

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Memory Of A Burquawalli

An evening descending in the memory of a burquawalli
And she coming to me as a shayari
Or a ghazal.

Only you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Memory Of My Daughter

They forgot it that she too is a daughter of someone,
Now away from her home,
Taking to the route of life,
Reaching where finally?

Her tears none understood it,
The wet eyelids and eyelashes,
A voice drenched in tears, soaked in pain.

My daughter, where are you,
Let me touch your cheeks?

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Midst Of Candles, The Church Decorates On The Eve Of Christmas

In the midst of candles,
The light sparkling
The church decorates it well
On the eve of Christmas,
The carols beautiful,
The bells resounding.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Midst Of Urban Dwellings, I Often Gasp For Life Breath And Seem To Be Straying

In the crowds of traffic signals
And jams
Standing bumper to bumper,
Bearing the brunt of,
Heat and dust,
Feel I disgusting
To tell about
the urban life and culture,
Space
Gasping for life breath
And open space
And fresh air
In the midst,
Midst of
Crowded,
Overcrowded space
Gasping for life breath.

In the crowded space
Of cities and towns,
Urban towns and cities
And that too
Of metropolitan towns and mega cities,
Cramming for space,
Open space,
Fresh air,
I often fail
To keep track of
In the city space of
V-shaped buildings,
Horizontal and vertical complexes,
L-patterned endless buildings.

No respite from,
No relief from modernity
And urbanity,
The urban space

Of the crowded complexes
And city centres,
All seem to be clamouring for,
Saddled to,
The space cramming and cramping.
To bear the load of
The sea of men
Walking in search of job and employment.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Mud House Lie I With The Candle

In the mud house lie I with
The small burning candle,
The candle is getting smaller and smaller
And I have not an alternative to that,
Not even an additional one
And with it i have to pass the whole night,
My God.

Just Thou art, Thou art with me,
Nothing, but Thy blessings,
Nothing, but Thy blessings,
Thou my candle, the ray of hope,
The flicker of light.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Name Of Fanaticism, Many A War Has Been Fought, But How Many...?

In the name of fanaticism, many a war
Has been fought,
But
How many
In the name of
Humanism?

How many, keeping in view bloodshed,
Slaughter,
Mass killing,
Bloodbath,
Genocide,
Loss of lives
And casualties?

You mark it, the victory of the sword
Cannot give you last for long,
Cannot give you
Victory for ever,
The victory of
The bloody sword
Will end
In blood.

One who rises by blood, spilling blood
Will end in blood
As it spares not
The bloody and the brutal,
Their end too will
Be in blood
As it excuses not
The sinners.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Speech Of Barack I Can Read American Diplomacy And His Unsound Understanding Of India

In the speech of Obama given at Red Fort,
I can mark the workings of
American diplomacy
How do they take into their stride,
How do they sideline
From coming into power
And so many things
Connected with his personal experience.

The pledge of the Indian constitution
Is the pledge of India
To be a sovereign socialist secular republic,
The natural tending of the Indian people
Down the ages,
The govt may be of Modi
But the philosophy is not on pawn
To anyone,
The heritage and history of India.

The gender bias, selective sex abortions
And equity he talk of
Are but rooted in poverty and ignorance,
Are but societal evils,
The secularism he talks,
He should mark it,
Were all the Christian missionaries
Not involved in conversions,
Can he assure us?

Such a thing can be said in India,
From the Indian dais and platform,
But not from Saudi Arabia,
Can it ever be secular,
Perhaps the answer is no,
Whatever be his perception about India
As I do not uphold the present govt too,
Nor is my opinion?

Modi invited him and he came to
As a guest of honour
And this is our pride,
What Modi says it all
That too I do not ask to abide by,
But my perception is this
Whatever drama
The Hindu Mahasabha and the RSS stage,
India is not so intolerant and cruel.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Temple Of Heart

In the temple of heart

I saw you

Approaching with the footsteps of yours,

A girl so innocent, so ignorant,

So pure of heart.

A girl so pure,

So simple and guileless,

Just like a worshipper

Stood she

So worshipful of.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Temple Of Heart (Just Feel You)

In the temple of heart
If someone loves you,
Loves and likes you,
Comes to adore you,
Refuse you,
Refuse you her not
If,
If comes,
Comes she
With the things of worship,
Approaches she
With so much reverence
Into the temple,
Temple of heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Temple Of Heart, I Want To Keep

In the temple of heart,
I want to keep,
Keep her
In the temple of my heart,
Making my love purer.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Temple Of My Heart

In the temple of heart,
Of my heart,
Who is it worshipping
And singing a prayerful song
Full of so much devotion and dedication,
Love and affection?

Who is that worshipper,
Who that devotee
And the adorer
Worshipping with reverence and piety,
I have not seen,
I have not seen a worshipper like her?

Early in the morning
Having taken a bath,
Who is she,
Who is she
Tinkling the bells and praying,
Breaking the morning serenade?

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Theatre Of Life

In the theatre of life,
I see two artistes
Whispering on the stage,
Man and woman.

What is the matter,
The audience is not,
The gallery bereft of,
But the drunk actors talking with,
One man and one woman?

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Theatre Of Life (Haiku)

In the theatre of life
An actor meeting an actress
Perfumed and dreamy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Theatre Of Life; In The Theatre Of Silence

In the theatre of life
Hear I the music of silence,
Life's stage not,
But the theatre of silence,
Silence speaking through,
Breaking into bird-notes,
Ripples of music,
Calm composure tranquil,
Poised elegantly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Theatre Of Silence

In the Theatre of Silence,
Heard I the music of silence
Resonating and resounding,
In The Theatre of Silence
The music of silence,
The hills shining blue
In the sunshine,
The rivulet flowing down
In between the hills,
The landscapes spread over
And solitary
And a silence prevailing upon
Strangely,
Away from human haunt
And habitation.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Theatre Of The Absurd

In the theatre of the absurd,
Felt I,
Life is absurd,
We are here for nothing,
Living uselessly,
Just passing time.

We do not know why are we here,
Who are we,
What the purpose of ours,
Who are we waiting for,
Without emotion and feeling,
With the exhausted and exasperated stamina?

In the theatre of the absurd,
Felt I,
Life is absurd,
Man an absurd player
Enacting on the stage the play
Of the absurd.

Life is nothing, the stage set for absurd players,
All, the dramatic personae
And protagonists,
Mouthpieces and spokesmen,
The absurd characters,
Dull, dreary and motionless,
Sadistic and pessimistic,
Looking forlorn.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In The Theatre Of The World

I am a dramatic persona
Walking in the theatre of the world.

A persona in the theatre of life
To enact the roles.

The world is a theatre of life
And I enacting.

And you are my audience, audience,
Just watch the scenes and roles.

Life is a drama, man a dramatist
And the whole world the stage of the theatre of life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In This Age Of Globalism (Haiku)

In this age of globalism,
I too going
Global.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In This Age Of Information Technology, The Mobile Men, The Computer Men

How lagging, lagging behind
Feel I
In this age of information technology,
The computer men, the mobile men
Going with the laptops
In the schoolbags over the backs,
The wires plugged into the ears
And he going with the jerks and tunes of music
The mobile phone set men telephoning and going,
Going and talking,
The two dramatis personae, mouthpieces, protagonists
Of the modern age
Hearing the music of modernity
Clutching the modern industrial space
Into their pace, rhythm of living
Going with the vibes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In This Age Of Science And Technology, Should Poetry Be Entertained?

In this age of science and technology
Should poetry
Be entertained? ,
Is the question.

Some say it
Perhaps it should be,
Some say it
Poetry should not be.

Poetry should be
As because we are men
Full of human feelings and emotions
We know it all.

It should not be as
It cannot give anything
Barring loose sentimentality,
Making us unnecessarily sentimental.

But science is science,
Very practical,
What it says, it does it
With supporting facts.

But poetry is poetry,
Doubt and suspense
And suspicion
Growing within.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In This Digital World

In this digital world
I trying to go digital,
Trying to catch the digital rhyme and pace of life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In This World Of Medieval Crusaders And Fanatics, Where To Find A Liberal Human Being?

In this world of medieval crusaders
And fanatics,
Where to find a liberal human being,
So attentive,
Coming at the call of distress?

Bijay Kant Dubey

In This World, Who Is My Own?

In this world
Wide and vast,
Who is my own,
Who is my own
To take the refuge,
Where to shelter from,
Thou hast to say it, my Lord,
Who is my own,
Where to go
To get consolation from
Pain and sorrow
And to be relieved?

Bijay Kant Dubey

In To The Train To Pakistan

Reading Khushwant Singh's Train To Pakistan,
I going to Pakistan in a train
And a young Pakistani girl sitting by me
Talking to her heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Today's World

In today's world
There is no talk
Barring that of
Miangiri,
Hindugiri
And Christiangulari.

But ask I,
When to be a man?

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Touching You

Touched you my heart
And now say you,
How can I live without you,
Now you say it to me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

In Traffic Jams, See I Life Screeching For Room & Breath?

In traffic jams,
The lights turned red,
The vehicles standing bumper to bumper,
Pedestrians with nowhere to go,
Make a lead into,
Ambulance wailing,
Flashing and making inroads,
I can see, I can feel,
What life has become,
How much busy and fast,
Artificial and mechanical
And commercial in our relations!

Bijay Kant Dubey

In You (For The Syrian Daughter)

See I,
I my daughter,
Syrian, Syrian daughter!

Bijay Kant Dubey

In You Dark Daughter

In you dark daughter,
See I Kali, Bahgabati, Chandika, Shankari,
In you,
See I Bihula
Lying with the snake-bitten body
Of her husband, Lakhinder
And praying.

Goddess Kali is dark,
Dark you,
Dark the world,
The night of Creation,
How to relate to darkness
Encircling, dark daughter?

Kali, Dark Goddess,
With the tongue out of
In shame or anger
As for slaying
The demons and devils
Or trampling Siva
Under feet.

Her Divine Lila,
I do not, I do not,
Understand it,
Siva with the dead body of Sati
Unable to calm down and compose Himself,
Ruffled by pain and distress
Walking madly,
How to see, how to see it,
You say it,
Dark daughter?

Bijay Kant Dubey

India And Pakistan Must Start The Dialogue/ Sharif And Modi Should Shake Hands Warmly In The Interest Of The Developing Nation

India and Pakistan must start the peace process,
The stalemate in dialogue
Must be broken
And should shake hands
Warmly
As did Musharraf and Vajpayee
After nagging and bragging,
Similarly should Modi and Sharif
Putting aside hostilities.

Bijay Kant Dubey

India And Pakistan Must Take A Lesson From The Partition Trauma And Eviction

In bad blood
One may be bent upon,
But will one get
Barring
Mistrust and devastation?
Revenge,
Enmity,
Hatred,
Vengeance,
Wrath
will destroy it all
What it was good
In our society.

Bombardment, shelling
Will claim lives,
There will be casualties
And loss of lives,
Tensions will grip
The minds
And there will be no respite
From the devastation,
The woes of the Partition people
Still fresh
In our memory
And we are not able to wipe out
The scars.

Bijay Kant Dubey

India Cannot Be India If The Soul Of It Is Not Taken Into Confidence

India cannot be India if the soul of it is not understood,
The villages far and wide,
Scattered across, littered over
A vast tract of land,
The muddy houses, straw-thatched,
Hatched with bamboo briars,
The hearths burning,
I mean the earthen ovens,
The nights solitary and secluded
Without the lamps.

Many going half-fed, half-clothed,
Sleeping on the muddy floor
On a date-leaf woven mat
Or if available, on the bamboo rope-cot,
Passing the days
In faith and belief,
In utter submission to God,
Praying to the Snake-God,
Offering worships,
Believing strongly,
God, be helpful,
But Destiny is not all.

The household oral stories from the Bhagavadgita,
The Ramayana and the Mahabharata,
The source of learning
And life very slow in the villages,
Just festive occasions gearing them up,
Saying their pains and troubles to Goddess Kali,
Going by dreams and worships,
Just in the follow-up of soothsaying and oracles,
Feeling themselves
Or asking the priest to guide,
Showing the hands to the sadhu
As for karma and dharma,
The stars, the sunrise, the sunset and the moonrise

Telling about time.

Take stale food in the late morning,
Tea had not been,
One time food and that too at twelve past,
Nearing three p.m. was possible,
The joint family the bone of contention
As well as helpful too,
With nothing to do,
Nothing to read,
Go and pass your time
Under the shady peepul tree or the banyan tree
In the hot and humid sweating summer
Or bask in the sun
In cold and chilly winter
When the wind blows,
Chilling the bones.

Bijay Kant Dubey

India Cannot Be India Without The Hindus, The Muslims, The Christians, The Buddhists, The Jains, The Parsism

India cannot,
India cannot be India,
Without the Hindus,
The Buddhists,
The Jains,
The Parsis,
The Muslims,
The Christians,
India cannot,
Cannot be India
Without
The Buddhists,
The Jains,
The Parsis,
The Muslims,
India,
India cannot be India.

India cannot be India
Without the Sikhs,
The Sindhis,
The Muslims,
The Christians,
The Jains,
The Buddhists,
India is India
Whether you loot or plunder it,
never did it turn away
The refugees
Those came to seeking shelter,
It does not matter
Whether the invaders and foreign looters
Understood it or not
Breaking temples,
Burning libraries.

India Going To Vote

India going to vote
With crores of voters
As for a mandate
With the promises made
And assured
As for a mandate
Fractured or in full,
The election commission
With the long-long charters of it,
Walking on tiptoe
The chief election Commissioner,
But the polling people at a loss
To see so many useless papers
With clauses
To be filled up at the booth
And to move to a nondescript village
With the ramshackle boxes.

If the mandate or verdict is clear,
The there is no question of bargaining
Otherwise the ragtag coalition
Will put up conditions
For joining and supporting
With the claim for the prime minister
Or other major portfolios,
A bargaining will
Hit the stands,
A give and take policy
And they will do politics
Under the banner of regionalism, factionalism,
The turncoats will making appearances
After changing loyalties
And the horses will be traded
As to form a govt.
Falling short of a majority,
And lo, he is emerging from the train,
People running with garlands and bouquets of flowers
To say it loudly,
Mantriji amar rahe,

Amar rahe, zindabad, zindabad
And the minister with the folds hands
Hinting towards a namaskar.

Bijay Kant Dubey

India In The Eyes Of The Non-Resident Indians; Just A Mirage

Have you ever thought of the non-resident,
Dwelling in foreign countries,
Foreign, not in India,
Outside India,
Homer hearing the music of humanity
Sitting ashore,
The lore of the shipwrecked brothers?

When even far from one's own house,
Here in India people will, none but the tenants
And kith and kin will capture it,
What to say about foreign?
When outside of home for so many years,
Relatives may forget you
And when return you back to after retirement,
You will appear to be an outsider
Even in your land.

There was a time when the people moving to foreign,
Crossing the seven seas,
In their return people used to boycott
After getting the heads shaven in life,
But now-a-days it is a matter of prestige
If one's degrees are from foreign
And it does not whether he knows or not,
But foreign is not so.

Oh, I deviated and digressed from,
What was I saying to?
Now it is on mind,
O, I was about the non-resident Indians!
When the non-resident Indians away for so many years,
Return back to as for a bonhomie,
They fail to strike the chord,
Establish the rapport,
India seen from far and closely are different from.

The bar, the cafe, the resort and the restaurant culture
They may not find in middle class conservative homes,
Kiss, hug and embrace,
Partying and picnicking and free mixing
They may not,
The other thing is this that the theatre and the discotheque
They may not in small towns,
The gap between Indian culture and foreign culture
And the last of all, the drinking culture is there
But in the lower segregated classes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

India Is In Reality Of The Thieves And Looters, Thugs And Dacoits

India is in reality not of the good men,
But of the bad men,
I mean the third class men
Who rise to coveted chairs
Whereas the first classers move about,
India is of access and approach,
Backing and pushing
In it all.

The honest people do not have the prestige
Whereas the dishonest hold the keys to success,
The black-marketeers are prospering
And the white-moneyed men
Coaxing their fate.

Bijay Kant Dubey

India Is Not Intolerant, Perhaps You Are

India is not intolerant, perhaps you are yourself,
India was, is and will continue to.

India was secular, is, will remain in future,
But see you,
Are you yourself secular?

Bijay Kant Dubey

India Is Secular, But Are They? Saudi Arabia, Iran, Iraq, Afghanistan, Syria, Pakistan, Bangladesh? ,

If say you,
India is secular,
take ti for the time being,
But are they,
I mean Pakistan and Bangladesh
Which were in India itself,
Why are they not,
I mean Saudi Arabia,
Iran and Iraq
And even Turkey?

You can make India secular
And we too accept it,
But may I ask,
Why are they not,
Are there no good men
To propagate for?

Bijay Kant Dubey

India Is Secular, Will Remain, But Did Pakistan And Small Bangladesh Did They Remain?

India was, will remain so,
Is still now,
Who can change the character of it,
Perhaps none,
No son ever born,
But the point is,
India is secular,
Are Pakistan and small Bangladesh,
Are they secular,
Do they guarantee the rights
Of others,
My question is that
And if they try to convert it
Into a Hindu state,
I shall oppose it,
As like I plurality very much,
Can't live without?

Bijay Kant Dubey

India Of Politicians, All Politicians

India of politicians,
All politicians,
The old and the new.

All the bluff-masters,
One bluffing another.

Bijay Kant Dubey

India Of The Chaiwallah, The Paanwallah, The Beediwallah

India of the wallahs,
The chaiwallh,
The paanwallah,
The beediwallah,
All gathering,
Chatting in the morning,
Chai-chai,
Garam chai,
Paan, pan, benarasi paan,
Kha, kha lo, babu,
Beedi-beedi, pi lo, po lo,
Ek taan le lo babu,
deshi-deshi beedi.

Chai-chai, garam chai
Hey babu, chai pi lo,
Chai, garam chai,
Paan-paan, paan kha lo, babu,
Paan-paan,
Beedi-beedi pi lo, babu.

Chai-tea, paan- mouth freshener sweet and tasty, beedi- a type of Indian leafy cheaper cigarrette

Bijay Kant Dubey

India Of The Indians, Neither Of The Mias Nor The Hindus, Leaving No Scope For Extra Hindugiri Or Miangiri

India not of the Mias, the Hindus,
But of the Indians
Who live in India,
Think of India,
Die for it,
Live as an Indian,
Think as an India,
India of the Indians
Be he a Hindu, A Muslim or a Christian,
A Parsi or a Sikh or a Jain
Or a Buddhist.

Bijay Kant Dubey

India Of Thugs And Dacoits Remember I, Recollect I

The India of great thugs and bloody dacoits
Recollect I
Hearing through,
Feeling it
After being in the country
Of hunger and poverty,
Farmlands and jewellery.

In the British India they getting the messages
Sent across
That they are coming
After tending off post-cards
Without the senders' address,
Just with that they are coming,
Get ready.

The hugs, the great thugs too used to
Dodge and cheat on the ways
Lonely and long,
Winding through,
Passing through
The manless country
And the thugs lying in wait
To get hold of and run away.

The rich and the wealthy in the villages
Used to pass sleepless nights
As the dacoits used to warn,
Threaten and caution frequently,
Twirling the mustache,
Coming in disguise,
Masking the face with a piece of cloth.

During the British period they used to come
With the rifles
Mounting the horses
Or with the gang treading
A long way
As per the report collected

By the daytime watchers.

Knocking at the door at midnight,
Calling the men,
Bolting the door,
Tying the people,
Asking for the keys,
For gold, silver, pewter
And jewellery.

Sometimes the servants and neighbours,
The day-time workers
Used to work as spies and detectives,
I mean informers for them
And they used to carry out
The robbery
At sword point.

Bijay Kant Dubey

India Of Wallahs, Paanwallahs, Beediwallahs, Cigaretwallahs

India is of wallahs,
Someone has said it rightly,
India of wallahs,
Delhiwallahs, UPwallahs,
Chaiwallahs, dabbawallahs,
Dibbawallahs,
Shaharwallahs, jhopriwallahs,
Paanwallahs, beediwallahs, cigarette wallahs,
Smoke you a cigarette,
But pronounce you not cikaret,
Smoke you a leafy beedi,
But not in a crowded bus,
Chew you tobacco, Bihari brother,
But spit you not on the paranormal,
Take you paan, but spit you not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

India The Land Of Rama And Krishna

Hare Rama, hare Krishna,
Rama-Rama, Krishna-Krishna,
Hare Rama, hare Krishna,
Rama and Krishna,
The lore of.

Bijay Kant Dubey

India The Land Of Sadhus And Sadhakas

India the land of sadhus and sadhakas
Lost in the sadhana of their own,
Foxes marking them and running away,
The tigers and lions growling
But the sadhus unmindful of,
Bhagabati helping them
In their penance
Into the caves.

Bijay Kant Dubey

India Violates Human Rights In Militarised Kashmir, It's O.K., But What Are They Doing?

India violates human rights
in Kashmir,
It's o.k.,
But what are they
doing,
Have they
At least
Thought about
The minorities?

Had they,
it would have been great,
Surpassing India!
Only Miangiri and Hindugiri
Cannot take us far.
You try to come out
Of your coteries of thinking.

Bijay Kant Dubey

India You Do Not Know, I Do Not Know

India you do not know,
I do not know,
A bundle of contradictions is it,
What you suppose it is not
And you not, it is.

It is very difficult to know her,
A land vast and varied,
Unfathomable,
Widely differing from
From region to region
In dress, food habit, manner, language,
Climate and weather condition.

Bijay Kant Dubey

India-Centric Statement

I cannot accept it that the Hindus have killed,
Have neglected and ignored other religions,
If this be the fact, the Parsis and the Sindhis
Would not have come to India.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Astrologers And Palmists

If you keep snapping the photos of astrologers and palmists,
Indian astrologers and palmists,
Selling stones and gems and rudrakshas,
You will better understand the characters than my words of poetry,
How do they keep prophesizing,
Telling about star positions?

Their attire, mien and facial expression themselves will
Say of them being as touts and thugs,
Soothsayers and bluff-masters,
Blind believers and commoners
Besides being traditionalists and conventionalists.

The three ash-lines on the forehead with a vermillion paste
On the midpoint of the forehead,
The palmyra charts with zodiac signs computing,
Marking the star positions,
The positions on the palm.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Babas And Their Fauds, Yogis Not Dhongis

Indian babas and their frauds,
Fraudulent ways of cheating and luring
Are untold
To be described in words,
The fraud yogis and fakirs,
The mind diverters,
Mood-markers
And girl-lovers.

Indian babas fake and fraud babas,
Babas and yogis,
The real ones not,
But the pretenders,
Pretending to be,
But are not,
Yogis not, but bhogis,
Believing in bhogavad.

Indian babas, the duplicate ones,
Not the real ones
As they ask for it,
Say it not,
Remain lost in their sadhna really
And bother not for the things worldly,
But the duplicate ones the sex masters.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Classicism

Indian classicism,
The Indian classical scholar,
Medieval and scholastic and pedantic,
Vedic, Upanishadic and Puranic,
Talking of mantric incantation,
Sacred and sacrosanct,
The psalms and mantras
Theological and didactic.

The Rig Veda, the Sam Veda,
The Yajur Veda, the Atharva Veda,
The Ramayana, the Mahabharata,
The Bhagavadgita,
The Kathopnishada,
The Durga-saptashati,
Taking the space.

Indian classicism,
The Indian classical scholar
Deriving from the Vedas, the Upanishadas and the Puranas,
In morality, ethics and spirituality;
Indian classics and classicism
Dawning upon
Theology and cosmology.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Classicism And Classical Tradition, A Search For It

Indian classicism, where to locate and re-locate,
Trace it out,
Our heritage and its legacy
In folklore and oral traditions
Or memoirs and mementos,
The souvenirs
And relics of art and its tradition?

Indian classicism in Vaishnava songs,
In nirgunas,
The folk dramatization not,
The Ramlilas and Krishnalilas,
The Vedic hermitage
Vibrating with recitations
Of hymns and incantation.

Indian tradition and its philosophy
In khayal, thumri and raagas
And the olden beat of music,
Rock-built temples standing as a witness
To an age bygone,
The terracotta plates
With figurines in different poses.

They making the statues of ashta-dhatu,
Eight metallic substances,
The copper, bronze, gold, rock and textile
Statues of Buddha,
Buddhas radiating
And beaming with joy,
Buddhas golden and meditating.

They reading the Ramayana, the Mahabharata
Not the Sanskrit version often,
But the local, vernacular version,
They drawing from characters,
Quoting and deriving

And the mind getting lifted
To mythico-didactic things.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Culture

Indian thought and culture,
Its ethos and tradition
And ethnicity,
History of thought and philosophy,
History of tradition,
Myth and mysticism
Doing the rounds,
Religion and spirituality,
Theology and metaphysics
And cosmology,
How to analyze it?

But apart from it, there is something
Of course in Western science and learning
Which but we cannot deny,
The modern appliances and tools
Of day-to-day usage.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Culture, The Long-Standing Tradition Of It

Indian culture, the trend and tradition of it,
I myself cannot,
What it is like,
How old is it,
Its historicity,
Long-standing trend and tradition,
What to say about
Its myth and mysticism,
A land so varied and differing,
India is not India,
But a sub-continent?

Indian culture, not of the Hindi belt
Speaking Hindustani,
Indian things
The Tibetans, the Chinese, the Japanese,
The Cambodians and the Balinese
Saying,
India's relations
With Mongolia, Tibet,
How to describe it,
How to explore?

India not of the Vedas, Upanishads, Puranas,
The schools of philosophy,
In rituals,
India of the Naga sadhus too
Known for austerity,
The Jains and Jainism, Buddha and Buddhism
And the Buddhists,
India found in the lamas and the zens,
India of sadhus and sadhakas.

India a bundle of contradictions and contraries,
India India not,
India mythical and mystical,
Reality clawing at,
Cutting the base of it,
India requiring reforms,

Oracles and benedictions
Foreboding evils,
Superstitions and omens,
India India.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Democracy

Indian democracy

Is a govt.

Of the fools, by the fools, for the fools.

A democracy of the illiterates and the foolish,
The lathimen and pahalwans,
The musclemen.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English, Where Is It? Who The Speakers?

Indian English,
Not British English,
Neither King's English nor Queen's English,
Nor American English,
Australian,
Caribbean English,
Where,
where is it Indian English,
Who the speakers of it,
Where is it spoken,
In which exotic not,
Common village of India?

Indian English is a language
Of the office,
Law and administration,
The school, the college and the court
And the hospital
And engineering,
Education being given
Logical and reasonable,
Things interpreted,
Patients treated,
Dams and roads made.

Indian English
Can be Bhojpuri English,
Maithili English,
Magadhi, Angika English,
Santhali English,
Bodo English,
Mizo English,
Naga English,
Nepali English,
The Sherpas and the Bhutias
Using in.

When a Bhojpurian speaks,
It appears rough and tough,

A blunt man's English,
When a Maithil speaks,
It appears sugar or jaggery-mixed,
Cut ironical and diplomatic,
When a Santhal with his tribal tone,
It appears
Moglie talking with Bagheera,
Hurly-burly and wild
And ruthless in behaviour,
Heartless and hunting,
But when a Bihari milkman speaks,
He seems to be threatening with a lathi..

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Election

There is nothing as that to strut and walk on tiptoe
As n showed it to be,
Everything is but bogus and false,
Fake and fraud,
A story cooked and told.

The officials plan for big, big things in the cold rooms,
Official cars and receptions
But the takers reap the harvest,
Odd people bunched together,
Without being a magistrate, just in power for a day.

The block officials taking good dishes and tiffin packets
And you on the rear side of the truck or availing of somehow
Going to the nondescript village primary school through the muddy way
To take the poll.

And the primary school without the toilet
And even if it has, it is not in good condition,
How to get light, how to take food,
Where to sleep on, problems?

The ballot boxes given by the commission with
An intricate locking system,
Making the process complex with
So many envelopes
Which are but a nonsense.

Too much drama for an ultimate count up,
How many ballot papers,
What the tin box number,
The booth number,
The polling party number?

A volley of questions, a vortex of imagery,
Send the report every two hours,
Male electors who cast their votes,
The female voters who cast their votes
To the especially arranged for the sector office.

Who the duplicate voter, who the original,
On which finger to give the indelible ink mark over,
Plus and minus the sum total,
The ballot papers signed and unsigned packed into the envelopes
Of their type?

Packing the luggage and sealing the box, report to as for departure
And go with the party
To the sector office to deposit the things
Tallying with ditto during the night time
And they will after calculated properly
□
Otherwise wait for in the open
Tallying with the sum laboriously,
Dozing and doing Hare Rama, hare Krishna
With the heavy load of sealed boxes.

Seshan, your gambol and frolic, like I not,
Why to bluff about the Indian elections,
Had there been not the first election commissioner
And other chief election commissioners
And think of those IAS officers lying sidetracked
Who topped your batch?

Take the boxes and the bundles of papers and get ready
To start for an undestined destination, unclosed location,
Leave in the dark,
Eat not,
Arise before 6 the morning
And start taking votes.

Without having breakfast in the morning and dinner
During the midday,
You take the votes,
If the lines and queues are there
And go on doing till the lines exhaust,
The bar time being 5 p.m. and even after
If they can be seen waiting.

So distraught and devastated with, I do not
Take a colourful view of the Indian elections

Rather think of simplifying,
Lock the box simply,
Total votes polled
And the rest unused ballot-papers.



Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English

Indian English,
The Biharis speaking,
The Bengalis speaking,
The Oriyas speaking,
The Tamils speaking,
The Telegus speaking,
The Malyalese speaking.

Indian English
Sounding strange
Just like an Indian variety
In idiosyncrasy and nuances,
Appearing to be an Indic language
Rather than English.

The Maharashtrians speaking,
The Gujaratis speaking,
The Punjabis speaking,
The haryanvis speaking,
The Bihari Bhojpurians speaking.

The tribals too speaking,
Making it turn into a tribal dialect,
exotic and alien,
But English is English,
Its gene English and European,
A foreigner girl in India
With Namaste
And the folded hands.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English (Ii)

Indian English is workable English,
Spoken after
Laboriously
With the efforts put in,
Tagged and added to,
Stitched and darned,
A rag-picker's English,
A ragged man's English is it.
Indian English is no English,
But is stitched English,
Spoken artificially,
Not naturally,
It coming to not
And one is trying to make it
Come to,
Indian English is translator's English.

Indian English is somehow spoken English,
As the tongue twists and turns it not,
Gets stuck into
And the speakers fall short of
Making sentences,
Searching for words,
Syntax and vocabulary
And pronunciation too fails it miserably.

And with it the dream of becoming an Englishman
Vanishes it,
An Indian rustic trying to speak in English
Not like an Englishman,
But as an Indian
Under the impact and impression
Of the mother tongue.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Drama

Indian English drama,
Cinderella syndrome,
Shakuntala parting in foreign,
In Germany and England
In Oriental schools
With the English heroine
Showing the finger to Dushyanta
And he taking time to remember
Or to change the scene
In the English departments
Of metropolitan universities,
A copycat Indian girl
Just like a foreigner
Speaking Hindi
Or any modern Indian language
In an English tone
Just like a tourist guide
Or an interpreter,
An air hostess
Or a globe-trotter,
An Indian diasporan
Or a non-resident Indian
With the French-cut beards
Of ul or Sir Salman Rushdie.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Drama Of Anglo-Indian Shakuntala

Indian English drama of Anglo-Indian Shakuntala

A convent girl

Speaking in English,

Enacting the drama

In the department of English,

Shakuntala not in sari

But in shirt and bell bots

Speaking impeccable English

Copying them ditto.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Itself Is Not Indian

Indian English itself is not Indian
And we are calling ourselves
Indian English poets and poetesses,
First we need to be English
Then Indian English poetry-writers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Novels Not About The Englishmen, But The Hindustanimen In Dhoti & Kurta, Pagadi & Gamaccha

Indian English novels,
Where will you by the Englishmen,
But the Hindustanimen
In dhoti & kurta,
Pagadi & gamaccha
Without the slippers
Going with bundles and water-pots,
Their life and narratives
Centring around
Ghumtawallis and purdahallis
Of the muddy country,
Thatched and straw-roofed?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Novels: A Casteist History

Indian English novels,
What to say about
If English itself is not our own,
Desi not, videshi,
Indian not, English?

English heroines not,
But Indian wives,
Shy mistresses,
Uncouth characters the fellows
Of our studies,
Blunt and dolt characters.

They do not undergo changes
As are dolt,
As are blunt,
Uncouth and illiterate people,
The rustic characters,
The bogus Indians,
Mahamurkhas.

And the translator-novelists
Of the Indian saga
Of hunger, poverty and unemployment,
A study in scarcity and human want,
Struggle and suffering of characters.

Indian villages of characters Ramayanan and Mahabharatan,
Of Kaushalya, Sumitra and Kaikeyi and Manthra,
Ram and Sita and Bharat,
Ram and Ravana,
Yudhishtira, Drona, Arjuna and Eklavya,
Draupadi and Duryodhana.

Mahatma Gandhi in the suit and boots
Emulating the Englishman,
Smiling with the White disciples in his ashrama,
Nehru with a red rose
Talking to Edwina,

Rajendra Prasad in khadi vest and dhoti a kisanbhai.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Poet, A Poet Or A Poetrywallah?

An Indian English poet,
A poet or a poetrywallah
Writing the doggerel?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Poetry

Indian English poetry,
Indian not,
But Hindi, Bengali in English,
Punjabi, Haryanvi, Cchatishgarhi in English,
Gujarati, Marathi in English,
Tamil, Telugu, Malyalam, Kannada in English,
Bihari Bhojupuri,
Tribal Santhali, mundari, Ho,
Northeastern Asamese, Manipuri and Nagamese in English,
Oriya, Kashmiri, Sikkimese in English.

English English,
There is no alternative to it
And to say of, Indian English,
Which is but a misnomer,
Whose English,
Where's English,
English not spoken in India,
Nor does it have a feeder dialect here,
English of England, English of the United States of America.

English is but a link language here,
A library-consulting one,
A translator's version,
Had been a colonial imposition,
Now is a reality, a dream,
A language of science and technology,
Invention and discovery,
Communication and its transmission,
Message-texting,
Global and cosmopolitan.

Indian English poetry
Is poetry translated and rendered into English,
Transcreated from,
The writer thinks in one language,
Writes in another,
Labours hard for,
Tries to perfect it

Going through the classics
Old and new,
The treatises doing the rounds,
The theories in practice.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Poetry & The Sense Of Modernity

They were not modern,
But we made them modern
As per the English and American poets
Of the modern age,
Marking their trends, types and tenors
Otherwise had not been,
Nor the poetry written by them
Had been English.

It had not been Indian English poetry
But Indian poetry written in English,
The practitioners practising,
Imitating and parodying,
Copying and writing derivatively,
Imitatively and copiously.
Had there been a speaker of it,
We would have named it so
But we are calling it today
In the changed times.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Poetry- A Study In First Poem & First Book Writersf

Poets, poets,
All poets here,
Indian English poetry,
A study in first poem writers,
First books on anvil,
Rhymers, versifiers, non-poets and commoners,
Poetasters,
All calling themselves poets and poetesses,
Some even going to the extent of editing journals
As for to be writers
Under the pretext of.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Poetry A Study In No-Men As Litterateurs, The Novice Research Students As Reviewers Calling Critics

Indian English poetry
Frankly speaking
Is
Indian poetry in English,
A motley crowd
Of rag-pickers,
The knapsack men
In turban, dhoti and kurta
And with a lathi
The Hindustani men.

The no-men as poets,
The no-men as the critics of it,
Poetry of exchange journals,
Mutual admiration,
You admire me,
I shall admire you
And the critics critics not
But research students,
Review-writers
Collecting to call it criticism.

Indian English poetry
Is poetry of friends and colleagues,
Minor voices, slender anthologies,
Books not, booklets,
Firm published not,
Self-published
And self styled poets as authors,
As study in rhymed doggerels
And petty poets,
Broken stanzas, lines of verse
Meaningful not, un-meaningful verse.

The critics as no-men research scholars,
Reviewers,

Un-mustachioed students
Waiting not,
Impatient to call them critics,
The small poets too lying in wait
To be the poets
Of this virgin field of literature,
All lying in wait to be great men.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Poetry A Study In One-Book Authors And The Writers Of A Handful Of Poems

Indian English verse, though we call it English,
But is not,
Sans Englishness
Is Indian verse in English,
A study in slender anthologies and minor voices,
Where the beginners too are poets and poetess,
The poets and poetesses
Of their own right
With the first books on the anvil,
Going to be published,
Some bioprofiled,
As interested inc creative writing
And trying to write,
Have not collected
But will collect poems
To publish them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Poetry A Study In Poetasters, Rhymers, Non-Poets And Commoners

Indian English poetry is basically a study in rhymers and poetasters,
Non-poets and commoners,
Minor voices and slender anthologies,
The whereabouts unknown
And the slick anthologies not available in the market.

A priority of the small poets, small editors and small critics,
All calling themselves literary fellows
After peddling the stuffs,
Emulating and deriving from
But cutting and pasting today.

A poetaster when he fails to make a name, he edits a journal
As for to be a critic
Under the pretext of a contributing poet,
Wanting to include in papers on his poetry,
Asking the reviewer professor to get theses registered.

All after the editor, the big poet,
The professor for paper publication and promotion,
The scholar too for the same,
All hunting something,
Waiting for something.

The petty-petty men calling themselves big litterateurs,
The students after doing . call themselves the editors
And authors,
The researchers visiting established poets like to get
Photographed with as for showing to.

Many teacher fellows and Ph.D. students have pressurized Nissim and Jayanta
To comment upon their own poetry,
Instead of interviewing them
As for U.G.C. minor or major fellowships
Or the Ph.D. scholars as for the thesis purpose.

Indian English poetry is in reality no-man's poetry,

All are poets here, not great poets and poetesses,
But minor poets, petty poets,
I mean the poetasters,
I mean the stuffed men, hollow men of ,
Alas! the headpiece filled with straw!

The history of an evolving literature, what to say about,
There were neither the publishers nor the readers of it,
The Ph.D. done on it used to be considered second-rate theses
Of the weaker in merit professors,
English English-like, do not make it Indian,
Had been the sense of the British-time schooled
And classic-read scholars
And what more to share with you and say to?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Poetry An English Girl In A Saree

Indian English Poetry
And English girl
In a saree
With the bangles
On wrists,
the bindi spot
On the forehead,
Vermilion into the parting line
Of hair.

Yeah, an English
European blonde,
Beauty, belle
In a saree
Looking like an Indian woman
Rather than a saheb,
A saheb.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Poetry An Evolving Literature

Indian English poetry is an evolving literature,
Is evolving,
Has not,
Will take time to evolve
And the poets we read here
Are evolving poets,
There was a time
When we used to read dead poets,
But after posthumous awards
We have changed over
To reading them
In their life
So that we know
From them
The sources of their poetry
Which after writing
Many forget it
As for what occasions it
This or that
Hurt his sentiment
Or inspired him
As the whiff of thought and idea,
Imagery or reflection,
Image or motif,
Passing through the valleys wild,
The cloud of myth and mysticism
Shrouding in mist and fog.

Evolving as for
That they do not have books,
But booklets,
Not even good manuscripts
And even if some have
They are not able to publish,
Bring them out,
Which but God knows,
Who has or who has not,
Generally one or two-poem writers
Turn into poets or poetesses,

Not to say of one book,
One book or two-book writers
Into established poets
Seconded by journal editing.

The practitioners were minor voices,
Writers of slender anthologies,
Rhymers, commoners,
Non-poets,
Poetasters and non-poets,
But what to be done with,
Indian English poetry
Not English poetry,
But Indian poetry in English,
A motley of crowds,
The ragged men as poets,
The patriots
Of Gregory
And the Ram bhaktas hanuman not,
But Gandhian freedom fighters
In topi and lathi
Meaning Indian, Hindustani poetry
In English, Indian things,
Indian things in English.

When were the poets
Introduced in courses
On a massive scale,
Who was the first Sahitya Akademi prize recipient
For poetry,
When was it,
Say you,
How can all the poets,
The birds of feather flock together,
The poets published from
Writers' Workshop, Calcutta,
Even those who had ten to twenty pages
Too turned into
And it is a fact
As most of the modern poets of today
Had no more than fifteen to thirty pages
In total somehow.

Even poems of Gitanjali were not
In higher classes,
For what,
For taking them as one of
Indian thought and culture
And loose sentimentality
Carried from Bengali literature
As translated things and objects,
Portions from Savitri
We also thought them not
Of including
Rather than Milton's Paradise Lost
Which Aurobindo emulated he not,
Sarojini too lapsed into
Loose sentimentality and copious jottings
Rather than sounding English
Sounded they Indian
And we had to read English,
Something English.

The poets not, practitioners wrote
In the absence of tradition,
Ethos and history,
Formed a group,
Mutually appreciated each other,
Brought together with,
Self-published, self-styled poets,
The no-men of poetry
Coming as no-men,
Going as no-men,
Writing in the absence
Of an established tradition,
Making a way into,
Staking a claim over.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Poetry And Criticism: A Case Of Somebody And Nobody

Indian English poetry-writer
Somebody Poet of Nobody Criticism,
A case of somebody and nobody,
If the poet is Somebody,
Nobody is the critic of it,
Yea, Nobody attempting Somebody
To write about
And assess him.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Poetry And Poetasters

Indian English poetry a study in poetasters
And the poetasters calling themselves great poets and poetesses,
I mean the pseudo-poets,
I just mean to ask,
Whom has God not given talent,
One shows it
While the other not?

Do the flowers not bloom in the forest track,
Bloom and fade away,
Are they less than in any way
Rather they are more beautiful
Than those of the rhymes of the proud writers?

Indian English poetry is in reality
Poetasters' poetry,
Those who are not
They too are calling themselves poets.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Poetry Critic A Younger Brat, A Student Of Literature

A younger brat,
student of literature
poses he
as a critic
of Indian English poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Poetry Criticism

Indian English poetry criticism
is but a literary survey
Done,
Books reviewed,
Scattered poems read
Meaning it not
Parodied, copied,
Imitated and borrowed from.

The first time readers will
Find them bogus,
The heart will not take to
Even the much hyped moderns
Who came from naught,
Evolved and grew up just
With the time
The first poem writers.

Here in Indian English poetry
The first book not,
Booklet writers
Are poets,
Poets not,
Poetasters, rhymers, versifiers,
Non-poets and commoners
Turned into poets.

And Indian English poetry criticism
Is a study in
Ramshackle critics
And ramshackle scholars,
The ragged men as guides
And the ragged men the students
Ragpicking to be rich and moneyed.

They collecting not books
But stray, sporadic poems
To base the Ph.D. on,
The books out of stock

And the poets nowhere
To be traced,
Whereabouts unknown,
Only the journal editors know it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Poetry Festival, A Mad Men Conference Was It

The Indian English poetry festival came to me
As an embarrassing event,
The organizers were poets
And the participants too were poets and poetesses,
The mad men and women
Maddening they all
Wherever went they,
Seeing everything poetically
With the pitiful eyes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Poetry Is Indian's Foreigner English

Though there is nothing like Indian English,
Pakistani English, Sinhalese English,
But instead of it call we
To write in English
To be bilingual or trilingual,
A man in dhoti and kurta
And with a turban around
And a linen towel on the shoulders
Speaking in English.

Dressed not like an Englishman in
The pants and the shirt,
The native folks trying to have a tryst
With the foreign tongue,
The way they speak,
Use the language,
A White European saheb with a memsaheb
Going on the roads,
Handshaking and waving at,
Smiling and saying it all with a namaste.

But an Indian will remain an Indian,
An Englishman an Englishman,
In costume, etiquette and manner
But an Indian foolish, rural and blunt,
Illiterate and backward,
Superstitious and blind to one's own faith,
Illogical and unreasonable,
Full of ethnic and racial diversities
And variations in thought and tradition.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Poetry, How Can They Write Without Being English? Miss Ghunghatawalli, Miss Purdahwalli In English

Indian English poetry,
I do not know
If there is anything like this,
Indian English
or the poets writing in English
In India
Without knowing it,
The nuances and idiosyncrasies
Of the language?

The Bhojpurians,
The rough and tough Biharis,
Hardy Haryanvis,
Sardarjis,
Bengalis, Odias,
Gujaratis, Marathis,
Kannadas, Telugus, Malyalis,
Tamils, all poets and poetesses.

Burquawalli, coy and shy,
Speaking in halting English
From the shade of the burqa,
Miss Sharmili,
The Urduite, Arabic and Persian girls,
Khatuns and Begums
In English,
Miss Ghunghatawalli, Miss Purdahwalli.

The tribals, the aboriginal people too
Speaking in English
and writing in
With the thud and pronunciation
Of their native tongue,
The Santhals, the Nagas, the Mizos,
The Bodos, the Hos, the Mundas
In their traditional attire.

The Sweet-speaking, but punching Maithils,
The Magadhis,
The Angika-speakers,
The Bhojpurians,
All blunt and bluffing,
Bogus and thug-like
Countryside men.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Poetry: A Historical Perspective

Had Ram Mohan Roy not talked of reforms
With William Bentick,
Had Lord Macaulay not talked of minutes
Taking out of vernaculars,
Had we about Indian English verse?

Had Ram Mohan not talked about eliminating
The Sati system,
Ishwar Chandra Vidyasagar about
The widow remarriage,
Had Gandhi not about eliminating the caste system,
Had we?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Poetry: A History In First-Poem Writers & First-Book Publishers

The history of Indian English poetry demonstrates it well
The first-poem writers and first-book publishers
Are the poets and poetesses of it
Self-published, self-proclaimed,
Be they Kamala or Lal or Parthasarathy,
Anybody else,
If one sees the old anthologies of Lal
One will come conclude it.

But today's is a different trend practised now,
The same poetasters, rhymers and versifiers
Are wanting to be poets and poetesses
After editing small literary journals,
Asking the contributors to work on their poetry
So that the articles will appear easily.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Poetry: A Study

Indian English poetry is a translator's version
Of India and theme of Indianness,
A visitor's understanding of India,
An insider's tryst with Indian poetry in English
And the Indians would not have accepted it
Had it not shown the doors of knowledge
Based on fact and reason,
Had it not opened the door of the world.

Whatever see you, that is British and European,
The house, the school, the college,
The university, the court and the police station,
The roadway and the hospital,
The water pump, the electric power,
The telephone, the post-office and the cinema hall,
The radio, the newspaper and the press
And had it been so, we would have told about
The making of the rock-built temples.

Even if there was Indian English verse,
It was because they had access to British masters,
The colonial people or the administrators
And without having read in schools and colleges,
They could not have verses, at least tried
Just for them reading them and their books,
Can the Indian verse-writers have their existence
In love isolation?

Indian English poetry, what is Indian in
English poetry, how is it Indian,
Say you, how can it be called Indian English poetry,
If the speakers are not English, if they are natives,
But had they not read Spenser, Wyatt, Drayton,
Shakespeare, Donne, Herbert, Herrick,
Dryden, Pope, Gray, Blake, would they have,
Had they not Arnold, Tennyson, Browning, Hardy,
Wordsworth, Keats, would they have verses
Had they not read Eliot, Pound and Eliot?

Indian English Poetry: A Study In Scattered And Handpicked Poems

Indian English poetry is a study
In poems,
Picked and researched
Just a handful of,
Not at all a study
In poetry books
As just after writing a few
Here the people start calling themselves
Poets and poetesses.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Poetry: Its Trend & Tradition, The Legacy Of The Past

Indian English poetry is a study
In minor voices and slender anthologies,
Self-published poets and poetesses,
Even the major ones too have evolved in time.

It is a study in a handful of poems
As the criticism says,
He is writing poetry,
His books are on the anvil.

Even the starters turn into poets and poetesses
And the nts
Into the novice critics of
Such a branch of literature.

Today the sly people are engaged in
Editing literary journals
And pushing papers
On their own new poetry.

The ragged men are the litterateurs
Of Indian English poetry
Picking ragged stuffs
Like the ragpickers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Poetrywallah

Poetrywallahs,
The men of poetry, for poetry
They are a men of a type.

Poetrywallahs,
The men of poetry
selling poetry,
Eating poetry,
Drinking poetry
And sleeping with.

A poetrywallah a writer,
A petty writer calling himself great
Another a book-maker
taking money fro publishing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Poetrywallahs

My Lord, where are You,
Are You seeing or not,
Save me, save me
From the little journal men
Calling themselves poets,
Not only poets,
But great poets.

The small-small fellows,
Commoners, non-poets, rhymers, versifiers
And poetasters,
All calling themselves poets and poetesses,
None but they themselves,
The ragged men as Ph.D. guides
And the ragged men as their research scholars
Copying, cutting and pasting.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Poets Are Not Born-Poets, But Made

Indian English poets are not poets born
As we can expect for a classic from them,
They are made,
Have become
Emulating, deriving from and copying.

Whoever praise you is but a minor poet turned into a poet or poetess,
Even to had been a minor writer of verse
As his companions were,
The small poetrywallahs turn into the big bosses
Of Indian English poetry.

The ordinary fellows turn into the critics of it
Just attempting the things
As a fresher, a new research scholar,
Standard and scholarship is but missing
In Indian English poetry.

How poor and weak will appear it
The older collections of Writers Workshop,
Published by ,
Just sixteen pages one collection of poems!

Give money and be a poet,
Access and approach,
But it helped too in finding
Our probable poets.

What it worries it most is this that
We are in need of some classical scholars
Into the arena of Indian English poetry and criticism,
Classical treatises and poetry that we need most urgently.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Poets, They Are Not Poets, But Poetasters

Indian English poets, they are not poets,
But poetasters,
Rhymers and poetasters,
Commoners as poets and poetesses
Writing rhymed doggerel,
The non-poets and the petty poets.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Versifiers & Literary Reviewers Are But Number Two Academics

Indian English poetasters and literary reviewers
Are but number two academics,
You accept it or not
Their . too Indian,
Nay British
As they cannot on British stuffs
The Hindustani profs of English.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian English Wyatt, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Herbert, Herrick, Donne, Marvell, Keats, Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Arnold, Tennyson, Browning, Hardy, Eliot, Auden

Indian English poet and poetess
While meeting them during a seminar on
Or in the poetic conference,
It took me by surprise
To know
Though they died long ago,
But the Indian poets were addressing
One another as Wyatt, Spenser, Shakespeare,
Milton, Herbert, Herrick,
Donne, Marvell, Vaughan,
Dryden, Pope,
Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley,
Tennyson, Browning, Arnold,
Hardy, Eliot, Pound, Yeats,
Auden, Spender.

God knows who was what,
But they were saying so,
I heard them saying,
Calling
And addressing as
O Shakespeare, come here,
O Milton,
O Wordsworth,
O Eliot
Without having authored
The Faerie Queene,
Sonnets,
Paradise Lost,
Lyrical Ballads,
In Memoriam,
The Waste Land.

Indian English-Ii

Indian English is workable English,
Spoken after
Laboriously
With the efforts put in,
Tagged and added to,
Stitched and darned,
A rag-picker's English,
A ragged man's English is it.

Indian English is no English,
But is stitched English,
Spoken artificially,
Not naturally,
It coming to not
And one is trying to make it
Come to,
Indian English is translator's English.

Indian English is somehow spoken English,
As the tongue twists and turns it not,
Gets stuck into
And the speakers fall short of
Making sentences,
Searching for words,
Syntax and vocabulary
And pronunciation too fails it miserably.

And with it the dream of becoming an Englishman
Vanishes it,
An Indian rustic trying to speak in English
Not like an Englishman,
But as an Indian
Under the impact and impression
Of the mother tongue.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Fatalism

What it is in my karma-dharma,
I don't know.

My karma, my dharma,
What the writ of destiny?

I shall suffer
As per my action, my piety.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Gwalas Too Leaders, Milkmen & Buffalomen, Jayprakash Narayan's Loafer Students, Worst Followers

Gwalas,
The Indian Gwalas,
Milken and buffalo-men,
The cowboys and goats-women,
They also he makers of Indian democracy,
The foolish and illiterate folks,
Uncultured and unmannered criminals.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Law & Justice Needs To Be Liberalized

Indian laws and justice,
The tangles and complications of it,
The litigant and legal hurdles of it
None but one expecting justice from
Can feel it,
How callous is it,
How cruel and ruthless in its strictures
To the culprit and the convict
Put behind the bars,
Imprisoned and jailed,
As the years pass on in expectation
For justice,
The eyes are callous
Which deliver justice!

Justice does not remain justice
If it is not full
With the milk of kindness and sympathy,
If it is not full of compassion,
Change the laws of the land
If it is not human and friendly,
Law is not a puppet
Into the hands of the legal fellows,
Law is free, for all,
Legal justice for all,
The correctional home has to look
Like a correctional home.

The team of the bureau of investigation
Will investigate
But not going beyond
As the culprit too is a man,
A human being fallen from grace,
Misled and mistaught,
Misunderstand him not,
Try to understand his helplessness,
As he has got trapped,
Had he been aware of,
He would not have,

People made him do
And so he is suffering from.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Literati And Intelligentsia Tried Hard To Suppress Me

The Indian intelligentsia and the literati,
I mean the pseudo-intellectuals
Tried their utmost
To ignore and sidetrack me
And my poetry
And this you can see
In my literary activity
Continuing since 1986
And manuscripts spanning over
Fifty collections of poems.

Do you think the poets and critics are
Innocent hearts,
No, never,
They too are full of jealousy and selfishness
And are full of self-praise,
the same simple men too switch over
To the .,
Maybe they Sahitya Akademi
Or Padma Bibhushan winners?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Love Story, A Matter Of Caste, Creed And Faith

There was a time
When the new generation at the early stage
Used to fear to eye the girls
And in exchanging love letters.

Conservatives used to keep a watch over
The young boys and girls
Dreaming, eyeing and loving,
Ready to flog Laila and Majnu.

Love letters in books and notebooks
They used to exchange stealthily,
Used to meet in the hall watching the matinee show
Under the pretext of college-going.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Mysticism In English Poetry

Indian mysticism one can see it
's
Da da da,
Datta dayadhavam damyatta,
Om shantih shantih shantih
As for the vegetation and resurrection
After the World Wars,
Shelley in the Cloud
Brahma Vishnu Maheshwara,
in Meru
Referring to hermit wisdom down the ages,
Emerson in Brahma
Taking the Hindu creator,
Walt Whitman in Passage to India
Inbetwixt the Over Mind and the Over Soul
Putting aside Aldous Huxley's Benares,
William Hazlitt's description of Indian jugglers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Philosophies In Gitanjali

Tagore's Gitanjali seems to be a book of Indian philosophy,
Indian thought, culture and tradition,
The heritage and legacy of it,
So much so full of Vedism, Upanishadism and Puranic elements.

Instead of fatalism and its acceptance, he approaches the Divine
Without doubting Him,
With his full blind faith,
Accepting the writ of Destiny and its concurrence.

The philosophy of karmayoga is therein when he exhorts to walk alone
If none comes hearing the call,
Then walk alone.

Something he has got from the concept of sadhna,
Seasoning in the furnace of hard work and forbearance,
Do your work, wait not for the fruit of it.

What it is satyam is shivam and shivam sundaram,
Satyam shivam sundaram,
Truth, beauty, goodness.

The philosophy of maya is therein
As and when he talks of the unison,
Trying to meet Him in the cottage
With the folded hands.

Yama as the messenger of God or the God of Death lies
Pictured in Gitanjali
And the soul doing the mrituyanajaya-japa,
The death conquering mantras.

In the Kathopnishada, there lie in discussions in this context
Between Nachiketa and Yama,
The debates on life and death.

Savitri's following into the footsteps of Yama's carrying
Of Satyavan's soul
And the return of life

After a questioning and follow-up too conjures up.

King Harishchandra guarding the ghat as a chandal
And in his duty
Failing to recognize his snake-bitten dead son Rohit
Which Sabya is with to cremate
And he not allowing her to cremate without taking the taxes
As for truth sake.

Siddharta's accomplishment of sadhna under a peepul tree
After escaing from the house one midnight
After leaving Yasodhara and Rahul in bed
As for the betterment of the world, too is an image.

In the wails of Yasodhara and Sabya, we can hear the breaking
Of Maya,
Illusion as wife, son, daughter, house and the world
And the soul's maya for the body too.

King Bhartrihari's vairagya, renunciation as for infidelity
Of Pingla, the queen
And her false love for the king
And he leaving the palace, turned into a wandering sadhu,
A renouncer.

Shankaracharya's interpretation of the cycle
Of repeated birth and death
With the bhaja-govindam, recite the name of the Lord
Also serves as the context to the string of outpourings
And it is said that the Lord Shiva Himself has shown him
As Daridranarayan.

Philanthropy, charity, chastity, piety, purity and clarity,
All these he talks about in this work,
The world of maya-moha,
The jiva, creature and the Parmatma, Greater Soul.

One lamp, earthen lamp meeting into the Dazzling Light,
The source of all,
Lead us from darkness to light
And let there be light.

Sometimes he approaches the Divine in too much of his confidence
Calling Him his kith and kin, near and dear ones,
But sometimes the terror of death strikes the poet
And he sees Him as dreadful Yama standing before to take him away,
I mean the jiva, creature, the soul of his.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Philosophy, How To Interpret It?

Indian philosophy,
Thought and culture,
Life and thinking,
How to interpret it?

Indian mind and mentality,
What they think,
What they feel it,
What their view-point?

Philosophy,
The philosophies of life and the world,
Life philosophy,
World philosophy?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Poetry In English

Poetry? What is poetry? How the emotions of it? How the feelings and how the perception with regard to it? Poetry, poetry as the oral literature handed down from age to age; poetry as mural presentation, why can it be not? Poetry in stones carved upon as figurines and sculptures; poetry as terracotta plates of art and artifact. Poetry as Shiva-lingams; poetry as the lingam-yoni motif. Poetry, poetry of cloned species; poetry, poetry of conservators; poetry eco-friendly and sustainable.

In Indian English poetry, search I the dark daughters of Jayanta Mahapatra, the doongar-varis of the Parsis in Daruwalla, the missing man in Adil Jussawalla, the protagonist of the Canterbury Tales in Kolatkar's Jejuri, the Judith Wright, Anne Sexton and Sylvia Plath of the West in Kamala, the changed Shylock of The Merchant of Venice in Nissim, the faded romantic with the fortune-teller's zodiac-card picking green parrot in , isn't it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Poetry In English, Not At All Indian English Poetry

Indian poetry in English,
Not by the Englishman,
But by an Indian.

Hamlet,
Paglet,
All writing poetry in English.

Some in the lungi and the vest,
Some in dhoti and kurta,
They are also poets.

Some Biharis taking sattu and litti,
They too poets
And the Englishman asking what these are.

Some Bengalis unable to digest pure milk
As the liver is not in good condition
Mixing water in milk like like Kipling's milkman.

Some Santhals who take dhaman rat's snake
And the wild cats
They too writing poems.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Poets In English As Wordsmiths, The Blacksmiths, Nay Coppersmiths, Goldsmiths

Indian poets and poetesses in English

Poetrywallahs,

Blacksmiths of poetry

Hammering ahrd

To write verses in English,

Nay the coppersmiths

And goldsmiths

Of poetry,

But the blacksmiths

Of poetry

hitting hard, hammering down

To write.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Professor Of English/ Indian Professor's Bogus, Dehati English

If you hear to him
Delivering,
It will seem to
He is not in English,
But his vernacular
Or native tongue

An Indian in Punjabi,
Haryanvi,
Hindustani,
An Indian in Himachali,
Kashmiri,
Urdu
Going with the Burquawalli,
The Ghumtawalli,
The Purdahwalli.

Indian English is no English at all,
A written English,
Grammatical English,
I mean
A grammarian's English,
Foreign tongue,
Deshi not, vilayati,
Native not, alien.

A library language is it,
A link language,
Learnt laboriously,
Not natural,
But artificial,
an Indian speaking
in English,
An Indian English professor's
Bogus English.

An Indian speaking

In Tamil,
Telugu,
Malyalam,
Kannada,
Marathi,
Gujarati,
Rajasthani
Appears he to be.

The Jats speaking
In English,
The Haryanvis,
The gwalas from Bihar,
I mean the buffalo men
And the herdsmen, the cow boys,
How can it be,
How can it be, sir?

Rubbing tobacco,
Putting into the mouth,
Chewing paan
With the mouth red,
The Indian professor
Speaking in English,
The Bhojpurian with tobacco,
The Maithil professor
With the paan
Taking classes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Romantic, Hair Dyed Brown, In The T-Shirt Andfaded Jeans, The Ageing Fellow Looking Young- Young And Smart

Indian romantic,
The hair dyed brown
And in the shorts
Jogging in the park,
Looking handsome-handsome,
Young-young
Into the T-shirt and jeans,
The golden specs
Over
With a hanging face
Looking young-young and stylish
And handsome
Hiding in age and childhood.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Thought & Culture

Indian thought and culture and tradition,
Try I to charter their course
From the very beginning to down the ages
Going in my own way
Of dwelling upon the topic
And deliberating upon.

What it is Indian culture, the ingredients of it,
How is it one from Mount Kailash and Mansarovar
To the fringe of Tamil Nadu,
What to include, what to exclude,
Why not to be incorporating of all,
Indian and non-Indian, Aryan and non-Aryan?

Indian thought and culture is like the Ganges
Flowing down to
From the place of origin which lies it into the Himalayas
To the Gangasagar Islands,
An amalgamation of different cultures,
Creeds and sects
Aligning in the end.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Thought And Element In In The Waste Land

Indian thought and element
In Eliot
And The Waste Land,
A poet inclined to Buddhism,
Indian vision and wisdom,
Western and allegorical,
Symbolical and mythical
And mystical.

Conversational in style,
It is imagistic and symbolical
A heap of broken ideas and dreams,
Falling images,
A poem of resurrection and rejuvenation,
Rebuilding and reconstruction.

A poem of loss and fall,
Totter and shattering of dreams,
The desire to rebuild, reconstruct the images,
The Waste Land is a post-war picture,
The aftermath of war.

And in the midst of destruction and casualty,
Bombardment and shelling,
He wants to rebuild and reconstruct
The images shattered.

It is but the sadhna bhumi, the Himalayan spots
Of sadhna which but bails out
With the thunder,
The thunder
Appalling with lightening and rains.

What did Brahma, Vishnu, Maheshwara,
How the Trinity worked upon,
The tejas of that,
How the miracle and prophecy worked it
With the thunder, the clouds laughing?

The clouds gathered over Himavant
And it rained,
Rained to vegetate the waste land,
Ganga got it loosened from
The locks of Shiva
And Bhagirath did the penance to absolve
The sins of the Sagar sons.

Indra, Varuna, grant you the prayer,
Indra, Varuna,
Da, datta, dayadhvam, damayata,
Shantih shantih shantih,
After the prayer for rains and fertility,
Eliot as pundit sprinkling holy water
With the shantih mantras.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Time Always Late, Full Of Excuses

Indian time always late,
Running behind,
Putting the blame,
The leaders in reaching the meeting venues,
The office goers
Going to office and returning
Always late,
Never in time
Always late, late,
Very late,
If the politicians to reach
The meeting venues by 12 noon
They will by 2 p.m.
And it is but natural
Similarly the office-comers too
Either absentees or proxy signatories
On many an occasion,
Showing the presence
Even after not coming sometimes,
Leave you the talk of being late
Or in time,
This is Indian time,
Indian time,
Not English time,
European time,
Time and mentality
And mind-set,
But Indian mind-set.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Train Going In The Dark With The Pick-Pockets, Thieves And Dacoits As Co-Passengers

The Indian train
Going,
Passing through,
Running in the dark
With
The pick-pockets,
Thieves
And dacoits
As co-travellers,
Co-passengers
Sitting
With you
To befriend
And make you eat
Drugged biscuits
In connivance with
The security staff.

The train moving,
Stopping at
The manless halt,
Whistling
And going,
Passing through
With
Without-ticket
Passengers
Seated on
And you
Sometimes
Standing
On feet
Unable to sit,
But they
Seated on
With the chairs
And you

Chairless.

The train running
Lightlessly,
Dimly-lit
And the ticketless
Passengers
Trying to
Lie down
On the seats
To recline
And sleep on,
There is none
To check
An enquire about,
The bogies
Empty and manless,
Passengers
Have got down
And the fear
Of being alone
Torturing
The self,
Whom to believe,
Where to reach,
Alight from and board,
Where am I going,
God?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Trains

Indian train, I do not know it
Nor can assure you,
Where is it going to take me,
Indian train,
Indian train,
Running without the light,
The light burning dimly
Or the lamp fused,
Without the water
In the toilet sometimes,
Without drinking water,
Those without toilets
On the seats
And those with tickets
Standing sometimes,
Sometimes onto, many a time
One ticket, but with so many children,
Bearing the population explosion,
One man with three bibis
Seated on just with two tickets,
One for himself
Another for one of them
While the two to be managed,
The pick-pockets and goons
In the train bogies,
The drug masters
To drug and run away
By making eat fast foods
Under the pretext of friendship
Or being fellow passengers,
No guards, no security staff,
No railway employees,
None to hear
Your grievance and trouble,
Everyone but going,
None standing to hear you
And the toilets dirty
On the platforms,
Some halts without,

Without toilets and lights,
My God, where to go,
What to do?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Villages Of Glow Worms And Small Daughters Also Named Glow Worms, Lousy, Clumsy And Poor, But Lovely

Indian villages, hamlets and thorps
Of loneliness,
Ay, loneliness playing with the winds
In the sunny landscapes
Away from human haunt
And the night time without the lamp or the light
Bewitching,
Everything into the hands of the Snake-god,
Kill you or keep you.

The nights, dark and lonely, usually of the glow worms
With the glimmering light,
Lighting the pathways anonymously
And the cobras dancing all of a sudden
If came across accidentally,
The ghosts telling the spooky tales
In the adjacent river burning ghats
And the orchards.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indian Writing In English

Indian writing in English not,
But it is British planning and strategy
Of the colony
As English spoke we not,
Just in course of time
It came up and grew
As a connecting language
Of the exotic and impregnable India,
A vast and varied stretch of land
Almost continental.

Now we talk in English, write in English,
Think of becoming poets and dramatists
Just to keep up,
Match with the foreign audience
And we could not have
Had the capitals not adapted to
English traditions and norms
And they as because merit was therein
In European culture,
Advancement and life-strengthening medicines
Which but we cannot negate it.

Deriving the ideas from British masters,
We think of becoming
Journalists and feature writers,
Tuning to the radio and broadcasts
We think of becoming linguists and newsreaders
Tight-lipped in pronunciation
And emulation,
Dressing like in suite and boots
Like Gandhi of the early years
And Nehru in the coat with a red rose
After getting education from foreign.

In India slates and pencils had not been,
The lanterns too were not
And even if without kerosene oil,
The note-books for to write on

Were not,
The girls not allowed for education,
The white ants used to destroy it all
In the mud houses
And you are talking of becoming
And English in India,
What to say to you?

Modernity and life-style, how to live,
How to stand financially strong,
How to manage and plan,
How to sidetrack the astrologers,
Horoscope-makers, soothsayers and palmists,
How to rebel against witch-hunting
And to voice against superstitions,
All these they have learnt from
The British,
Whatever say we now?

Bijay Kant Dubey

India's Leaders Paanwalla, Chaiwalla, Beediwalla

India's leaders,
Paanwalla, chaiwalla, beediwalla,
Making a tryst with the destiny of
The nation and its public.

Bijay Kant Dubey

India's Poor Daughter Had Been Poor And Is Still Poor

None has changed
The poor lot
Of the daughter of India,
Nor was it,
Nor has it been,
The poor daughter had been poor
And is till poorer.

Bijay Kant Dubey

India's Poor Girl Child, How To Present Her?

India's poor girl child, how to present her,
Portray and paint her,
A girl so poor and ignored
Down the ages?

Oh, how to change the male mentality,
Conservative and old enough!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Indira Was Not India And Vice Versa

Definitely India was not Indira
And Indira not India,
Falling short of a dictator.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Inner Light

Burn the lamp within
And feel the glow of the light,
Light coming and going
And you taking the counsel from.

Get light and give it to others,
Get and give.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Innocent Heart

Innocent heart,
We have not known it,
How much innocent is it human heart
And how much corrupt are we!

O, how to keep it pure and innocent,
Undefined by
Uncouth emotions and feelings,
O, how to keep it pure from!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Inspiration Is Dead In Me

Inspiration is dead in me
Even though instil you hope,
You go on with your inspiration
Drawing from,
Flying the kites,
Talking with the soul,
Smiling with the flowers
And flying with the butterflies,
But my emotions lie they chilled and frozen,
Cold and dead.

Bijay Kant Dubey

International Day Of Families

Should I about the nuclear
Or the joint family?
But once upon a time
The house used to resound with
The visits and chirps of the members,
Not like now-a-days
When we have grown self-centred and professional
And have commercialized all our relations.

In a house there used to be the mother, father,
Grandfather, grandmother, aunt, uncle,
Nephews and nieces,
But now the house bereft of
Appears to be a personal cabin
Or a kiosk
With the man sitting inside,
Waiting for timely transactions
And interactions.

Bijay Kant Dubey

International Mother Language Day

On International Mother Language Day,
I don't know it,
Why did the memories
Of my mother
Come up
To the mind's eye
All of a sudden?

Bijay Kant Dubey

International Mother Language Day, Think I Of My Hindi In Bengal

On the eve of
International Mother Language Day,
Think I of my Hindi
In Bengal
Where they understand it not
And I seem to be forgetting
And switching over to Bengali.

I know Hindi,
But my son can converse with me
In Hindi,
But cannot write it,
But my daughter knows she not
And both of them schooled
Through the Bengali medium.

Bijay Kant Dubey

International Museum Day

Suppose you get a statue
Of Radha and Krishna
Cast in gold
From the antique site,
Mouldering heaps
And debris
Of the fallen terracotta temples
Centuries-old
And small-small
Made from lime clay
And small bricks.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Internet Age

Today we are living
In the Internet Age
With all the information
On the Net connect
And links.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Internet Poet

Nothing to write or plan for,
Spend or pay for,
Nor for pen, paper,
Just go on pressing the keyboard,
Writing this and that
To call yourself an internet poet,
Globally yours.

Lo, the poet as a chat man
Taking Indian chaat,
A talk man
Giving a talk,
Pressing the buttons
With the plugged in wires
Into the ears
As hear they music
From a mobile handset,
I am a disco dancer!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Internet Poets, Without Pen & Paper & Thinking, Just Play, Play You & Win

In this age of the internet connections,
Webs,
Database poetry websites,
Just keep you blogging
And posting,
Uploading and downloading
To call yourself a poet or a poetess
Even though are not a B.A.,
What it is in scholarship and classical studies,
Struggle, suffering and sacrifice,
Just go on calling yourself a poet
Without having laboured on manuscripts.

There is nothing as that to spend on pen and paper
And publications,
Just keep you informed about websites
And posting,
Uploading poems on websites,
Web-searching and web-posting,
There is nothing as that to ruminate
Or read and study,
Just keep you uploading,
Changing the gear
Through the childish prank
To call yourself a poet
Unmoustached.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Interview With Jayanta Mahapatra

What have they to ask and to question
If they want to hear the all from Jayanta Mahapatra
Rather than saying themselves,
Basking in his sunshine.

Sir, how are you,
What are the books you have authored,
How do you get the materials from,
How could you write in English a student of physics?

Where did you do your schooling from,
Your college education,
What is your first poem,
What is your first collection?

Who has influenced you,
Have you not Wordsworth, Keats and Shelley,
Do you admire Eliot, Spender and Auden
Or Marvell and Massfield?

Do you know I too write poetry in English,
Will you write the foreword to my first book of poems,
Will you like to comment on my poetry,
May I recite a poem of mine before you?

The last not the least, will you pose
For a photograph with me please,
I shall keep up with me,
which I shall be highly thankful to you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Interviewing Jayanta Found I

Interviewing Jayanta found I that he did his .
From Patna University,
Used to teach physics
At Ravenshaw college, Cuttack,
Was the editor of Chandrabhaga,
Went to Iowa,
Met Allen Ginsberg too,
Had been in friendship
With John Oliver Perry,
Received the Sahitya Akademi Award
For the first time in India
For his book of poems,
Relationship in 1981,
Was interested
In photography and novel
in the initial stage of life,
But later on turned to
English poetry
When on the threshold of fifty,
A late bloomer
Or beginner indeed,
Read it not poetry
In his college classes,
But physics
Which supplied the matter
To his poetry,
First of all, an Oriya
Then an Indian.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Into The Blazing Earth Of Chaitra And Baisakh, The Burning Heat Of The Months

Into the blazing earth of the hot months,
Chaitra and Baisakh,
When heat soars up,
It burns
And blazes,
I find the evenings and nights
Fragrant with
The jasmines,
The cuckoos cooing from sweetly
From the boughs and bushes,
The clusters of flowers.

The blazing earth unable when to walk bare-footed,
The cuckoos cooing sweetly from
The shades
Of the trees,
Tuning the songs
To captivate
Any passer-by,
The gulmohar blossoms
Florid and ornate
Hanging in bunches
Attracting it all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Into The Crowds Of Nameless, Faceless People Of Calcutta, Saw I Humanity Coming To A Standstill

Into the nameless, faceless crowds of the people
Waiting for, hurrying across,
In a haste, finding a way out,
Gasping for breath,
Traffic jams and vehicles standing
Bumper to bumper,
The lights changing,
Turning red, green and yellow,
Giving the signals to the people,
Crowds and vehicles waiting,
Humanity writhing in pain,
Struggling to live,
Survive and exist,
The sirens wailing,
The ambulances asking for space,
Room and screeching,
The beacon lights flashing
And the patient on oxygen and life support
Praying to God
In utter submission,
But the people unmindful of, going,
Lost into the activities of theirs
And as thus the world going on,
This busy and fast life of ours,
Where our home,
Where our service place,
The place of posting.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Into The Deadland/ Standing From The Deadland

Is the earth a cemetery,
A body was buried ages and ages ago,
Centuries and centuries ago,
The place I am standing upon?

Is the earth a burial and a burning ground
As the place I am standing upon
There burnt a body long and long ago?

Which but know I not, which but see I not,
Into the deadland live I,
Standing on a plot and piece of land
Where my house is,
There too had been a house in the past,
Long, long ago.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Into The Deep Blue And Dark Eyes Of Yours

Into the deep blue and dark eyes of yours,
Read I a novel
Into the dark blue and deep eyes of yours
Read I a drama
Into the dark blue and deep eyes of yours
Read I a love story
Into the deep blue and beautiful eyes of yours
Read I a love poem,
Tell me,
Are you the girl
Whose strange coming am I waiting for,
Are you that stranger
I am waiting for?

'Thank you, ' said she gently.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Into The Land Of Shiva

Shiva, Shiva, Shiva,
Shivoaham shivoaham shivoaham,
Shiva I, Shiva I, I Shiva,
Satyam shivam sundaram.

Shiva, Shiva, Shiva,
The land of Shiva,
Shiva, Shiva.

Close the eyes, eyes
And feel you the bliss,
Bliss of meditation.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Into The No-Man Domain Of Literature

The critic as a no-man
Criticizing the poetry of another no-man
And this is absolutely correct in respect of
Minor Indian English voices
And their slender poetry volumes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Into The Realm Of Contemporary Indian English Verse, Everyone Calls Onerself A Poet

Into the realms of
Contemporary Indian English verse,
Each of the non-poets, rhymers, poetasters,
Versifiers
Calls himself or herself
A poet or poetess
Of repute
Which has but become
A trend of today,
All poets, poetesses
Those who are not even
Are poets, poetesses,
Many editing journals
To be poets and poetesses.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Iraqi Daughter, How To Make Them Understand? The Militia And The Fanatics?

Iraqi daughter, this is your time to go to school,
To play under the open skies,
Roam under the open air,
But they forcing you to stay indoors,
Follow the moral strictures,
Prescribing harder dress codes for you
Even by forcing you to marry
At your child stage.

My daughter, this is what we are bearing for
The mistakes we have committed
As for selfish diplomacy, expansionist programmes
And during such a crisis, how to support you,
Iraqi daughter,
As they understand it not
The language of innocence,
But of the gun?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Irfan Habib's Playing Of The Secular Cards We Like It Not, When Was India Not?

Whether Irfan Habib says it or not
India had been secular,
Is still
And will remain
Which but Modi and his team cannot,
This much I can assure
To Irfan Habib,
But he must say it
If there is nothing
In the Vedas, Upanishads and Puranas,
Why are many Muslim countries not?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Irish Girl, I Like You, But Not Your Catholicity Of Thought & Idea

Irish girl, I like you,
Your Edinburgh,
Dublin,
But not the catholicity
Of thought and idea
If medication
Is not allowed
During the womanly problems.

Why not to help
If your life is in danger
As for unwanted pregnancies
Or miscarriages,
Keeping your health
And condition in mind,
God is the father, we know it all,
But the things thinkable?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is Adil Jussawalla The Eklavya, Abhimanyu Or Karna Of Indian English Verse?

Talking of the apathy of Drona
Prejudiced and biased to Prince Arjuna,
Who instead of his injunctions
To what he saw in the tree,
The bird's eye denoted
Shooting it no doubt piercingly,
But not so competent as far as Eklavya
Marking all that from hiding the expertise
Extended to Arjuna and other princely shishyas,
The tribal boy,
A dalit,
Half-fed, half-clothed fellow
Marking and shooting
What Arjuna failed to compete with
Even after
That excellence
Which he deserved,
But for overlooking the dakshina,
A forester he was not
Worthy of being given
Which Arjuna was to get
As for royal blood and ascendancy
And that is why
The arrogant Brahmin asked for
His dakshina from him
And he extended
As per his word
The cut off thumb
So that he could not
Achieve in archery
Failing Arjuna,
But knowledge
Irrespective of bars,
Keeps going?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is Bihar Of Loafers? , I Think It After Seeing The Murkhamantris Turned Into Mukhyamantris

Is Bihar of the loafers? ,
I think it
After seeing the murkhamantris
Changed over to mukhyamantris,
The milkmen and the goatwomen
As the chief ministers of Bihar?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is He A Yogi Or One Of Guru-Shisya Prem?

Is he a yogi,
An Indian yogi,
An Indian baba
Or a dhongi,
A yogi not,
But a bhogi,
What is he?

We cast aspersions
With regard
To his identity,
A man fled from his home,
A yogi not,
But a bhogi,
One smoking ganja
And keeping disciple-women.

The sadhu with the ladki,
A ladki in his ashrama,
Enticed and eloped with,
Hypnotised with the fraud yogi,
Puffing in ganja
With the shisya,
Let the matter leak out,
He will be rapped.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is It Kadambari Devi's Love Blossoming In Tagore?

Is it,
Is it Kadambari Devi's love
Blossoming
In the poetry
Of Tagore
And he sad for
All that happened?

Is it,
Is it Kadambari Devi's love
Blossoming
In the poetry of Tagore
And he trying to console
His broken self
Through imagery and metaphor?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is It Modern Art To Photograph So?

Is it modern art to photograph
The abnormals, hysterics, alcoholics,
Drunk theatre men and women,
The bar culture
And the local pubs?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is It Poetry? Yes, It Is Poetry

Is it poetry?
Yes, it is poetry,
Your poetry, my poetry,
The poetry of life.

Poetry is not always songs,
Images and photographs,
Poetry is also talks
And talk you.

Poetry is thoughts and ideas,
Not always your,
But mine too,
Ventilate you.

And sometimes poetry changes
Into prose purposely
Just to carry forward
The discussion.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is Jayanta Mahapatra The Wordsworth Of Orissa Or The Keats Or The Yeats Or The Lawrence?

Who is he,
Say, say you,
Who is he,
The Wordsworth
Or Keats
Or Yeats
Or Lawrence
Of Odisha,
Who, who is he?

Wordsworth
As for serenity, quietude,
Silence prevailing in,
Keats as for sensuousness
And relationship,
Yeats for symbolism,
Myth-making
And Lawrence for
Intricacies of human relationships,
Love, sex and sexuality?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is Justice A Bargain?

As I see them doing the business,
Making money out of
bargains and deals,
Making them sell out lands
Or mortgage wife's dear ornaments
For honour's sake or litigation,
I mean
The third-classers and the last-benchers
Dispensing it,
All those dull and bogus students.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is Life Important Or My Poetry?

Discerning my craze for poesy

Think I,

What is more important,

Life or poetry

Which comes it first?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is Love The Name Of Some Unbearable Pain Raking Within?

Is love the name of some pain
Raking within
Whose tinge
Only the heart can feel it,
How the heart breaks,
Seek to be nursed and bandaged?

Oh, the poor lover
With the hands on the heart
Going to be redressed!
Make him remember it not
As the wounds will bleed again.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is Man Of The Platforms?

Going from this station to that station,
From one train bogey to another,
Living like a gipsy,
Running for water
When the train stationed,
Sometimes left behind,
Sometimes in a sound sleep
Alighting far from destination?

Oh, the journey of life,
From train to train,
Platform to platform,
One train to another,
Where to reach finally?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is 's Writers Workshop The Credo And Anthology Of Modernism?

My question is,
Is 's Writers Workshop, Calcutta
The credo and anthology
Of modernism
In Indian English poetry?
Are they poets or poetasters
Or even not,
The versifiers,
The writers of broken verse
The English poets of Indian English not
But the vernacular men
Trying to write in English
For a wider platform?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is Poetry A Dying Art?

They say it that poetry is a dying art today,
Why do you write poetry,
What can it give?

Poetry is a dead art,
Why do you write poetry,
What is it in poetry?

Poetry if not dead is dying,
Who writes poetry,
The impractical and idle-seeking persons?

Just the ghosts and goblins of the dead writers
Hold dialogues with
And haunt the practitioners.

The practitioners of this black art,
Doing hocus-pocus
Just do the planchette.

Poetry is a dying art,
You practise it not,
What can poetry give to you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is Poetry A Dying Art? Is Poetry Dying?

Is poetry dying,
A dying art is it
Almost dead,
If not,
What can it give to mankind
Barring sentimentalism?

Is poetry a dying art,
Is poetry dying,
If not what can it to mankind
Rather than sentiment and emotion?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is Poetry A Dying Art? Will It Die Away Soon?

Is poetry a dying art?
Will it die away soon?
With the age advancing,
Man turning mechanical, technical and artificial,
The stream of poetry too is drying away
And one day it will turn into a dead water resource
As the Red Planet tells about.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is Poetry All? Science Nothing? (The Dichotomy Between Science & Poetry)

Is poetry all,
Science nothing,
The dichotomy between
Science and poetry,
Poetry and science,
Which came it first
Science or poetry,
Poetry or science?

Poetry is emotion, feeling,
Sentiment and expression,
Poetry lucid outlet,
Science facts and fictions
About the origin of life
And the universe,
Poetry vague and inconclusive,
Science exact and calculating.

Poetry based on supposition,
Dream and its allegory,
A thing of the heart
And things sentimental,
But science on facts,
Based on logic and reasoning
And mathematical
Telling of the chemistry of emotion.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is Poetry Dying?

Is poetry dying
Or not?
Is poetry a dead art,
A planchette with the dead souls and spirits?
Who writes poetry
In the modern age
When global warming seems to be knocking
At the door,
Atomic summer taking a fatal and deadly toll
On ailing and sick humanity
When there is no sign of recuperating
Of health and happiness,
People dying unnatural and tragic deaths,
When acid rain seems to deface us
And the vegetation around,
The climate change scorching the tender flower buds
In winter and spring,
You say it,
Should poetry be written even then,
Isn't poetry a dying art,
A dead subject
Chosen by the escapists and neurotics? .

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is Poetry My Madness? Am I A Mad Man?

Is poetry my madness?
Am I a mad man?
What had I been
And what did I not do
In the fits of madness?
A mad man
Whimsical and crazy
I felt myself a great man
Into the spates of my whims,
Carried away by the wind
Of greatness.

Now think I
How much foolish had I been,
How did I waste time,
How did I money,
Sidetracking the necessities
Of life and living,
Even ignoring illness
And purchasing medicines,
How foolish and impractical
Had I been
That wrote I poetry?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is Poetry Our Madness? Are We The Mad Men?

Is poetry our madness,
Are we the mad men
Pursuing it so madly?

Oh, the mad-mad people after
The mad-mad things
Madly!

God, save us, save us
From the mad poets,
From the mad people maddening it all!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is Poetry Philosophy?

Is poetry philosophy and philosophy poetry,
One incomplete without the other?
Poetry without philosophy
How to imagine
Philosophy without poetry?
And if philosophy is not
Poetry definitely needs it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is Savitri The Opium Of Sri Aurobindo? (A Criticism)

Is Savitri the opium of Sri Aurobindo
Who smoking in the ashrama
From an earthen clayware
Opium
As did it idge
Writing Kubla Khan
With the red-red eyes?

Mira Alfassa in the ashrama
Of the guru
And he taking opium
From a clayware
Opium
And thinking about
Savitri,
The smokes puffed out
And it turning the material
For Savitri.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is She A Girl Or A White Balsam?

Is she a girl or a sweet balsam,
White and lovely,
Hanging by the small plant,
White and lovely
Washed and wet with dew,
Splashed with,
A balsam hanging
So sweetly
And lovely,
Making us dream,
So attractive and charming?

A white beauty
Sparkling and cackling,
Radiating and glistening,
So soft and tender,
So fair and fresh,
I keep dreaming about,
A girl just like that,
A beauty never seen before,
My love,
My heart,
Which it believes not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is Song-Writing Poetry?

Is song-writing poetry
And the song-writer a poet,
Setting poems to music and word
As per sound scheme and letters lilting?

The poet a song-writer
Singing the songs of life,
Songs so lyrical and touching,
Striking the heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is The Cpi(M) Itself Good And Gentle?

Is the CPI(M) itself good and gentle,
The answer is, absolutely not?
It is a party of the bad people,
Very bad people,
Very bad,
Not at all good,
The hot-brained people
Talking hot-hot,
Critical and notorious people.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is The Girl For To Be Sold And Purchased Like A Caged Bird?

Is the girl to be bought and sold
Like a caged bird
In the medieval market?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is The Poet A Mad Man?

Is the poet a mad man
And poetry his madness,
The mad, mad people
Mad after
Maddening the whole world?

Lo, what do I see,
Hamlet's smaller brother Indian Paglet too a poet,
Writing verses on the sands
And on the walls with a charcoal!

The mad, mad people
Madly after
Maddening the whole world.

Oh, a world peopled by Hamlets and Paglets,
English Hamlets and Indian Madlets!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is The Radio Jockey A Post-Modern?

Had not been modern,
But the modern things,
I mean the appliances, utensils and comforts,
The cycle, the motorcycle, the radio and the paper,
The ship, the aeroplane and the telegram
Turned him into a modern man
With the conquering of time and distance
And after this started they dancing,
Doing the disco dance,
Taking drugs,
A club man, a party man
Picnicking, drinking, dancing and touring
And smiling,
Posing to be a modern man, a happy man,
With the hippie cut hair and bell bots,
Pufing in ganja and doing Hare Ramma, hare Krishna
But again something disheartened them
And felt they exhausted and fatigued,
A modernist in the torn jeans
With the patches over,
None but himself tore and stitched that,
The hair started it whitening at a younger stage
As for the stomach problem or adulteration in food
Or excessive colourful dyeing
And with the mobile handset, the television and the digicam
The post-modn
Trying everything as a radio jockey,
Classical, rural, urban.
But with adulteration, jam, pollution and disease

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is There Anyone To Love The Soul? I Doubt

Is there anyone
Who really loves the soul,
Not the body,
Is here anyone
Who loves the soul,
Not the physique?

Where that purity of heart,
Where that purity of soul,
Who to love whom
Selflessly?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is There Anything As Such Indian English Poetry?

Is there anything like Indian English poetry
If there is nothing
As Indian English
And if it is, say you,
Where is it spoken,
Whose mother tongue is it,
Who an Englishman
In India
And even if one is
Will turn dark-skinned
After living over the years
In utter disgust
Facing heat and dust,
Will have to resort to
Vyom Bhole Shankar
After smoking ion ganja
From chilum
Like the mendicant?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is There Anything Like English Poetry From The Northeast Of India?

I do not know, nor have I heard
If there is something as Indian English poetry
From the northeast region of India,
If Indian English poetry itself can be misnomer
Then what to say about English poetry
From the northeast?

Poetry is poetry, let there be no politics
Of coming to fame
Moving along the regional line and length,
Taking to the diaspora dais,
Calling it a representative collection
Of the poets from the northeast?

Had there been, we would have heard,
As there is not,
We haven't
And even if there may be, there are the varsity-bred
New men, new guys, boys and girls
Trying to come into light
Through the diaspora dais
Or an identity card of their own.

Rather than terming English poetry,
The upcoming poets on the anvil,
I would like to read about the region,
The history of the land
And the prevailing culture,
Traditions and ethnicity,
Indigenous culture and tradition.

The travelogues about the sister states,
Assam, Tripura, Meghalaya, Arunachal,
Nagaland, Manipur, Mizoram,
We haven't known still
And we are going to make a new coinage,
English poets from the northeast of India.

May I ask,
When were they English,
Since when have they become,
First, let them grow
Then try to incorporate them,
Don't be in a haste
To call them poets?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is There Anything Like Indian English Poetry?

Is there anything like Indian English language
Or Indian English poetry?
Interestingly, the English chose it not to settle in here
And even if they, mingled they up with
To be called the Anglo-Indians,
The skin turned it a bit black-complexioned
As for the dry weather and the heat of the day,
The blazing heat and the scorching sun
Of the restless and long summer.

What it disturbs us most is this that it is not spoken
Even in a village,
Nor has it a feeder dialect of its own,
Just as a written language,
A grammatical exercise
It is practised,
Learnt laboriously,
The official language of the administration,
The school, college, court, police station.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is There Anything Like Indian English Verse?

I do not know
If there is anything like Indian English verse,
They themselves speak it not in their homes
And in addition to it, wanting to be called
Indian English poets,
In the absence of the language
They will write in.

There is no question of Indian English,
Where is it, show me,
Who the speakers of it,
Speak you not falsely,
Indian English is no English,
But written English learnt laboriously?

And those who are trying to call themselves
Are but the most selfish persons
Wanting to be poets and poetesses
After having marked the vacuum
which lies it in such a domain
Where it is difficult to ascertain who a poet, who a critic?

The beginners, the first-poem writers like
To call themselves poets and poetesses,
Not to say of the writers with the first books
On the anvil,
Indian English verse is a thing of self-praise
And mutual admiration.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is There No Matter Barring The Girls? Barring Women, Love And Sex?

I wonder, wonder
If there is no matter
Writable
Barring love and relationship,
Sex and the bliss of living,
You try to think in a new way
Avoiding these.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is There No Talk?

Is there no talk barring romantic love
And romantic lovers?
O, tell you about
Mother's love,
Father's love,
Sister's love,
Brother's love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is This Called Modern Love? Love And Leave Out

Is it modern love to love one girl after another
And to leave out to choose their poor destiny,
Falling in love madly
And leaving out in a huff?

But my friend, the hand you hold, take a hold of firmly,
Let it not go,
Just, just think about the poor girl
And poor love and her poor heart,
Just think you.

Tears are more precious than your assets and wealth,
Let it not fall.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is This India Where Female Foeticide Is Done?

Is this the India where the female babies are thrown,
Killed and murdered,
Is this India where the first born new-born babes
The superstitious people used to gift to the Ganges
As a homage to it or in return for,
Is this the India where the people used to kill daughters
After making them suck in salt,
Is this the India?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is This Love? To Love The Body And Dump Her?

Is this love,
To love the body
And desert and dump her
After loving
And betraying her
When the lust is satisfied?
Is this love?
Can it be?
To make her pregnant
And to leave the poor girl
Expecting a baby
At the crossroad of her life
From where she cannot return back?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is This The India Where Newly Weds Are Burnt?

Is this the India where the newly weds,
I mean the brides are burnt
As for the dowry,
Is this the India
Where the wedding garlands go to the pyre
To burn with the dead bodies of the poor girl children,
I mean the tearful women of India,
The expecting brides married off recently?

Is the India of brides burnt for money,
For poverty, hunger and bad living conditions?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is This The India Where The Brides Are Burnt For Want Of Money?

Is this,
This the India
Where the newly-weds,
I mean the brides
Whose tears have not dried
From leaving the parental house
Of affection and bonding
And in coming to the new house
Are burnt,
Burnt
As for money,
The dowry?

The seven rounds
Rounded around the holy fire
And the oath taken,
The hands held in faith
And confidence,
Promising to give food,
Can turn futile
Just for one pretension,
The demand for money and items?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is This The India Where The Women Are Permeated To Violence, Torture And Bruise?

Is this the India
Where women
Are burnt for dowry,
Is this the India
Where female babies
Are killed?

Oh, the story of
Poverty and underdevelopment!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is This The India Where They Burnt And The Leaders Saw Them Burning At The Market-Place, Into The Footpath!

Is this the India where burnt they, self-immolated and saw they Burning
heartlessly,
Without tears into the eyes of theirs,
Is this the India where students burnt and politicians saw they
Them burning callously,
Turning rocky-hearted, stony-eyed,
I mean the backwards of Indian politics, left behind
Applying mean tactics to come to the front,
I mean the backwards of politics, left behind
Trying to come to the fore?

The bogus and blunt blockheads provoked and instigated them
To self-immolate into the streets and footpaths,
At the market-places
And the backwards and the forwards giving their lives,
God, God, save us from those politicians
Doing so nasty divisive politics as for power?
What will they get in God's durbar?
Mark it that something is still to be written,
Your karma will not leave you
As bhoga too lies in waiting to dispense with.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is This The India Where Women Are Beaten, Brides Are Burnt? Is This The India?

Is this the India
Where women are beaten,
Brides are burnt
For dowry,
Pouring over kerosene?

Is this the India,
Is this,
The India
That gives us pain
To think of?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is This The India Where Women Are Burnt As For Dowry?

Is this the India where women are burnt to death,
Kerosene oil poured over and a lit match stick given to,
Is this the India where the newly-weds are burnt,
Suffocated, killed and murdered and thrown?

Is this the India where on suspicion and suspect
Of chastity and virginity,
Women are tortured,
Is this the India of the girl-child brides
Turning widows at an early age,
Dying unnatural deaths?

Is this the India of neglect and rebuke meted out
To the daughters,
Food given late after all have taken,
Left overs just for her?

Is this the India where they used to burn the widows
On the funeral pyre of the husband,
Where they used to desist her from taking even onion and garlic,
Wearing red and eating red?

Is this the India where we used to bury alive or throw off
Our weeping girl children as for sons
And patriarchy,
Is this the India where we used to make the excessive girl child
Lick salt at her birth to die soon?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is This The India Where Women Are Burnt, Killed For Dowry; Female Babies Thrown Off For The Male Babies?

Is this the India
Where women
Are burnt for dowry,
Is this the India
Where female babies
Are killed?

Oh, the story of
Poverty and underdevelopment!
Is this the India
Where women are permeated
To violence, torture and bruise?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is This The India? (Celebrating Indian Independence)

Is this the India
Where brides are burnt,
Is this the India
Where rape cases increasing,
Is this the India
Where daughters are but a debt,
Is this the India
Where women are deprived of rights?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Is This Your Art? Modern Art? To Denude A Girl & See Her?

Is this your modern art
To see the young maiden
After making her nude
And taking the photographs
To be put on display,
As art exhibitions?

May I ask you,
What sort of art gallery is yours,
Can this be called art
Or have you not got any theme
Barring this?

Is it art to denude a girl
And see her
In all her helplessness and desperation,
Making her drink,
Alcoholic and romantic?

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Burnt To Ashes And It Remained It Not Anything To Be Called Of Mother

It burnt everything
And it remained not anything
To be called of my mother,
Nothing, nothing, nothing,
Mother burnt to ashes.

Burnt, burnt to coal and ashes,
The fire-embers
I saw them
Sparkling from the ashes,
My mother burnt, burnt to ashes.

And they collected the navel
Burning like an earthen lamp
To be put into
An earthen pot
With the clay cover.

To protect it from the birds of prey
To be immersed into
The holy waters,
Ay, the asth-kalasha
Bearing the bhashma of my mother.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Didn'T Matter, A Wayfarer I

As a warfarer met I on the way of love
Bifurcating from
At the crossroad
And as a wayfarer am I parting with,
Don't worry, be happy,
Shall meet you again.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Gives Me Joy When I See The Small Girl Going To School

It gives me joy
When I see
A small girl
Going
To school.

A small daughter
On her way
To school,
A small poor girl
Going to
Labour school.

A daughter,
Just a daughter
Loving and dear
And nothing to differentiate it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Happens In Bollywood Only, Who Is A Big Boss And Who A Small Boss, I Don't Know It?

Who is Big Boss
And who Small Boss,
I don't know it,
This only happens in Bollywood?

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Is A Moonlit Night, But You Not With Me

It is a moonlit night,
But you not with me,
But the milky white light
Spread all round the place
And you only not with me.

Had you been, I would have,
Would have walking hand in hand
The things of my heart,
The fear of my heart
And of your losing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Is Autumn, When Autumn Comes

When autumn comes,
Kash blooms
Smeared with mist and dew
Make a way for.

Seulis too start blooming
Together with the kaaminis
Blooming and scattering over.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Is Beautiful To Act Like A Sattagering Drunkard

It is beautiful to act like a drunkard
Staggering and falling
With a bottle
And the stray dogs after,
Licking the mouth
And he talking to
Under the star-lit skies,
But the path prone to dangers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Is Bihar, Of The Bogus People & Blunt Men, Most Third-Class Men, Rough & Tough, Clumsy & Uncouth People

It is Bihar, here brothers, father, mother, aunty, sisters and friends, all can be leaders, selected from the same family. The jokers, clowns, buffoons, scoffers, all can be. The astrologers, palmists; lathimen, goons, rowdies, all minister-in-charge. The loafers and roamers too can be. There is no talk of educated persons, but of the backwards, the most illiterate, uneducated and uncultured ones.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Is Difficult To Be A Man

It is difficult to be man
As is not found easily
And where will you
In the crowds passing?

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Is Easy To Divorce (Will You Divorce Me To Find A Love?)

It is easy to divorce,
But it is difficult to mend the hearts.
Love, but divorce you not,
Take her to your heart
Holding the hand.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Is Good That They Have Beaten The Teachers In The Calcutta University Campus

It is good as well as heartening to hear that
The students have beaten the teachers,
I mean the ismic teachers,
The pro-Left university teachers
On the Calcutta University campus
And they ought to have been
As they are hardcore, non-compromising
And always plotting Leftists.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Is Good To Be Sympathetic To The Dalit Issue, But There Are Many Ppints Undiscussed Too

Something is definitely admirable
And human in them,
But something is vehemently sociological
Which but you cannot
If get you not trapped in.

After mixing with, you will come to know
How obstinate and arrogant,
Superstitious and cruel and callous
Are they.

As they know it not the language
of the heart,
But of the body
As they like to go for a kill
And drink.

Once I could not compromise with
As for the beautiful water bird
Trapped by a blackly scavenger
And he relished upon
After killing the blackly, but striped white bird.

Another time had a tougher deal with the Santhals
On the killing spree
And the wild cat lying bewildered
Near my garden
And they hooting to hit
With arrows.

Accept you it or not
There is something in culture too
If scrutinized closely
As the Aryans have tried abstain from
Wine, marijuana and hemp
To some extent.

But the scheduled caste and tribe culture
Has always inspired them
Without taking food,
Going for the kill,
Preying upon
Or fishing all that.

How do the, kill the pigs,
It will astonish you,
With stones, sticks,
Rods and arrows
The black pig running
For an escape and cover?

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Is India

It is India

Where female infanticide is done,

It is India

Where rapes do the rounds,

It is India

Where newly-weds are burnt for dowry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Is Interesting To Talk About The Partition Literature, But Think About Those Who Suffered And Perished

It is interesting to talk about
The Partition literature,
To write poems, essays and novels
And to do doctorates
For promotion and career advancement,
But think about,
Give your time to
The people partitioned,
Bearing the brunt of.

The Partition of India in 1947,
Who the guilty man of,
For whom was India partitioned,
The people suffered,
Perhaps the finger points
To Nehru and Jinnah
And why was it partitioned?

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Is None But Modern Man Who Will Bring Ruin And Devastation To This Worlddev

It is none but
Modern man
Who will
Bring ruin and devastation
To this world
And you mind it
The world will destroy it
Finally
Leaving no room
For life and vegetation.

Modern man and his activities
Themselves are responsible
For this inevitable extinction.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Is Not Ben Jonson's The Alchemist, But Paulo Coelho's The Alchemist

It is Ben Jonson's The Alchemist,
But Paulo Coelho's The Alchemist,
Not a comedy,
But a Brazilian Portuguese novel
In English,
If you ask, who has in English,
I can't say,
But it contains in Coelho's
Pastoral dream,
Allegorical vision,
Where doe lie int eh treasure,
A book George Herbertian, Leo Tolstoyian.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Is Not My Business To See Who A Catholic, Who A Protestant?

It is not my business to see
Who a Catholic, who a Protestant,
Who a Shia, who a Sunni,
Who a Shudra, who a Brahmin?

Do not disturb me,
Let me be
What am I,
Let me try to be tolerant first.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Is Thou Who Standest By Me In Pain & Pleasure

It is Thou, my Lord,
Who standest by me in pain and pleasure,
In my joys
Sharing with,
In my sorrows
Wiping out the tears, my Lord,
If Thou art not,
Who is my own,
Who is my own,
My despair art Thou,
My hope art Thou!

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Is Time

It is Time,
It does not wait for anyone,
Keeps going
All the time.

It does not wait for anyone,
Keeps going,
Moving,
The disc of Time rotating.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Is Time Which Does Not Wait For

It is Time which does not wait for,
Keeps on rotating,
The Disc of Time.

I am Time, Age and its Movement.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Pains My Heart To See The P.M, The Home Minister And The Defence Minister Going To The Borders Making Fiery Speeches, Not Good, Not Good

Frankly speaking, it pains,
Pains my heart
To see
The Prime Minister of India,
The Home Minister,
The Defense Minister
making provocative, fiery speeches
At the borders
Which is not good,
Not good at all
As for such
High posts and offices
To hold the enemies in disdain,
Resorting to retaliation
And revengeful they can be mean,
We too shall be mean,
Our ethics does not teach us.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Was 1986 When I Started Writing In English, But No Favour Found I In The Critics Of India

It was 1986 when I started writing in English,
But no favour found I in the reading professors,
I wen on writing
Without caring for fame,
Bearing it all silently,
Wrote for self-pleasure,
Never for publicity
Though I needed it desperately
In sickness and ailing for poetry
And once I left the hope of living,
Poetry damaged me in such a way,
As so much mad had I been after,
If time permits, I shall someday,
How mad had I been,
Pursuing and perusing it
Day and night, year after year?

There came the days of poverty and hunger,
Scarcity and problems,
Money had not been in a plenty,
The hand to mouth money,
Readings and studies costing more,
Philosophy leaving it no scope
For practical thought and thinking,
During illness medicine had not been,
Under the cold nights in the cottage
I used to sleep,
The quilt too had not been good enough
And we used to shiver,
Over duty, domestic works and day and night studies
Used to take it all
And instead of purchasing clothes,
I used to books.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Was A Beauty To Mark Her

It was beauty, a beauty to see her,
A girl so budding and teenaged
And so beautiful,
So beautifully lean and thin,
Smiling and simple,
So innocent and ignorant

Of stepping on the ways of life,
You express your liking for her,
Your infatuation and flair for,
Love her, but after loving her,
Leave her not,
Love, love her, but leave you not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Was A Beauty To See The Foreigner Girls

It was,
It was really a beauty
To see,
See the belles and blondes
From foreign,
I mean the foreigner girls.

The girls from England, America,
Russia, France,
Italy, Germany,
Denmark, Norway,
Austria, Prussia.

The beautiful-beautiful dream girls
From Hong Kong, Japan, China,
Malaysia, Thailand,
Tibet, Mongolia,
Siberia.

My God, I too do not want to live
In India,
With them t too have started
Dwelling in foreign,
My God, give You
Me a foreigner girl as my life-time award!

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Was A Beauty To See The Kites Flying

It was a beauty to see
The kites flying,
Circling over,
The birds of prey,
Flesh and blood
Flying,
Flying and circling over,
Over and over,
Round and round,
Circling
And rounding around.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Was A Beauty To See The White Owl

After the tempestuous rain
And flutter and fall
Of the leaves
While crossing over the forest track
I saw a white owl,
White owl
In the flash of the car light
Which wanted I to pick up,
But let it go sideways
Instead of letting it to be on the road
That tempestuous, stormy night
Of heavy rains and flutter and fall.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Was First Kiss; Kissing You For The First Time

It was my first kiss,
Kissing you for the first time,
Ever a girl in my life,
Let me enter it into my diary.

It was my first kiss, kissing you for the first time ever
And forgetting myself,
A very, very impressive kiss was it,
Shaky and nervous
For the first time
Ever in history,
In the history of my life and personal relationships,
Very, very subjective, colourful and romantic.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Was Interesting To See Hanuman Jumping On The Stage (Ramlila Spectacle)

It was really interesting
To see
The hanuman
Jumping
On the stage,
Ram-bhakta hanuman,
Ram-bhakta,
janaki-loyal
With the tail
Hanging
And jumping
On the stage,
Ram-bhakta hanuman
Showing the heart
With Ram-Sita, Sita-Ram
Tattooed over,
You can read.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Was My First Kiss

The first kiss generally people do not tell about,
If you can't believe me, you may test others,
I guarantee you,
They won't
But I'm.

The kiss of a miss, the mistress kissed I,
Did not want to kiss her
As no intention,
But it got imparted upon, impressed upon
The tender and soft cheeks of her.

And it was my first kiss, first ever kissed a maiden
But kissed I nervously
As stood I in fear and suspense
That people will see it
But they all too kiss
But will not share the experiences of their own with others.

But I'm not sure of it the blunder of mine
Which did commit I
And which would have landed me in jail,
Whether I a red rose with the petals
In morning dews
Or a lively girl of pulsating flesh and blood
Which I want it to be proven
Through the evidence.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Was My First Kiss/ My Impression Of Hers

It was my first kiss
Interspersed with her sighs and sobs,
The red rose splashed with the dew.

She seemed to be red rose
And I looking back
In amazement and admiration.

A red rose into the hands of mine,
The mistress of mine
And I proposing never to part ways.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It Will Not Be Wise To Declare War With Pakistan/ The Indo-Pak Wars Can Never Please Me

It will be our foolishness
To pride over
Our arms and ammunition,
Nuclear stockpiles,
Firearms and weapons
As the casualties will be more
If act we not wisely.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It's A Misty Morning

Shrouded in mist and vapour and cold wisps,
The sun has not risen as yet,
But the mist encircling,
Enveloping it all around.

There is nothing as that you can see, I can mark,
Only mist and vapour around,
All around,
I cannot see you, you cannot see me,
You standing close to me, a little far from
And I a little away from,
But you seeing me not, I seeing you not.

The beauty of the misty morning lies it in its shroud and mystery,
The power to bewitch and encircle within
The landscape around the place,
When visibility lessens
And eyesight appears poorer,
But nature has its own plan of work,
Beauty to endow with.

The morning-time mist
And the world shrouded in mystery,
Mist, vapour, some sense of coldness and poor visibility,
The shroud so flimsy, so spread off
That it is difficult to sheer off.

The morning and the night full of mists,
Looking subfusc and opaque,
Smoky-smoky and vaporous
Has a beauty of its own,
The mystery endowing.

The mist hiding in the sun
And the rays struggling to break forth
Or shine over the gossamers
Wet with dews
And lo, it is cold!
Visibility so poorer,

It is hazy all around.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It's A Moonlit Night

It's a moonlit night,
The fair and full moon is shining overhead,
The moon orbs are glistening all around,
The silvery and milky white moonlight
And I am dreaming,
Dreaming about you, my love,
The love-thoughts are not letting me sleep.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It's Holi, Let Me See You, My Love

Itf Holi,
Let me see,
See and get a glimpse
Of your face,
Coloured and discoloured,
Red, blue, green and blackened,
Let me,
Let me get a glimpse
Of your sweet face.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It's Ist May

It's 1st May,
Labour's Day,
O, gather you,
The workers and labourers
Of the whole world,
It's your labour
Which shapes and reshapes things,
It's your toil and hard work
Which transforms!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Its Moonlit Night

Its Moonlit Night

Its moonlit night,
Entangled am I in the stuffs of love,
Where am I leading to?

Its moonlit night, O, that yours meeting, mine one,
Remember I,
I too as such entangled-entangled,
You too as such entangled-entangled.

Chandni Raat Hain

Chandni raat hain,
Pyar ki baato mein uljha-uljha,
Mein bhi ja rha hun kahan?

Chandni raat hain, wo teri mulakaat, wo meri mulaakat,
Yaad hain,
Mein bhi kucch eisa uljha-uljha,
Tum bhi kucch eise uljhe-uljhe.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It's Not The Kiss Of Love, But The Kiss Of The Loafers On The Jnu And Jadavpur Campus

It's not at all the kiss of love,
But the kiss of the loafers and roamers,
The big bosses and the superstars
On the Jadavpur University campus
And The JNU campus,
The leftist loafers and bosses
Kissing,
Locked in kissing
Under the shadow of the portrait
Of Lenin, Stalin and Mao.

Without changing partners and loving,
The leftists cannot be great leaders,
Love and relationship
And that too extra-marital is a must for them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It's Sunrise

It's sunrise,
The golden sun glowing red
With the disc visible in the skies.

The hermits going for a bath
Into the river
And the hermitage resounding.

With Hari Om, Hari Om,
Hari, Hari,
The Vedic, Upanishadic mantras.

The lotuses in the pond
Opening
As Buddhas in meditation in the Far East.

Resigning yourself to calm
From all clamour and commotion,
Think you, what the things composing you?

Meditate and contemplate you
By being composed,
Free from all that vexes, worries you.

Let the morning lotus compose you,
Bloom rejuvenating the self,
Taking far away.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It's True That You Are Somewhat Dark-Complexioned...

It's true that you are somewhat dark-complexioned,
But your face-cutting,
Face-cutting is as such
That it is a foil to many a white-looking girl,
may be white,
But the cutting is not so remarkable
As hers is.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It's Valentine's Day

Valentine's Day,
Made for each other,
A romantic love story.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ivanka Trump's Wisdom Of Hinduism

Ivanka Trump's knowledge of Hinduism
Appalled us
When she said
All other religious man-made
And Hinduism but natural
Which is but her prudence.

Bijay Kant Dubey

I've Made Up My Mind To Ask For The Hands Of The Fanatic's Daughter

I've made up my mind to ask for
The hands of the fanatic's daughter,
Her father may be a fanatic
Fanatical,
But I am sure of it
She is not,
She is not fanatical.

After seeing her stealthily
And falling in love,
I have made up my mind,
None,
But she will be,
She will be my love
And I shall ask for the hands of
None but the fanatic's daughter.

Bijay Kant Dubey

J.P., What Revolution Had It Been?

Jayaprakash Narayan, J.P. in short, what revolution had it been
That in its trail, came it
The awkward fellows, the rustic ministers,
Those who knew not how to talk,
How to speak and how to behave
Too turned into our . and .
Ministers and leaders?

J.P., whatever call they or think you yourself,
You did not do the right thing
For the nation in pains
As they improvised their poor performance
To the division of the mother India,
Between the backwards and the forwards,
People checking into the trains
And asking about caste and creed.

Instead of taking the unemployed and the jobless educated youths,
Took you the hanumans,
Bapu's banars not,
Red-mouthed small monkeys not,
But black-mouthed hanumans
To be your followers,
I mean the bluff-masters and the blunt
To do the politics of yours,
Who heard you not
And on seeing them, you too separated yourself.

J.P., see you yourself and say it,
Can the fools and the illiterates, the uncultured and the uneducated,
The bogus and the blunt,
Simpletons and blockheads,
Loafers and roamers
Be substitutes for
For the transfer of power? □

Bijay Kant Dubey

J.P.'s Gwalas, They Too Leaders

J.P.'s gwalas,
I mean the milkmen,
They too leaders.

Not the educated,
But murkha, foolish not,
Mahamurkhas, great fools too leaders.

Bijay Kant Dubey

J.P's Black-Mouthed Hanumans

J.P's black-mouthed hanumans
How do they chatter and gnash the teeth,
You do not know,
J.P's black-mouthed hanumans?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jackson, In Your Memory

Jackson, in your remembrance
How mad am I,
Jackson,
Jackson, Jackson,
Michael Jackson!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jadavpur And The Adda Of Love

Jadavpur Campus and the adda of love and romance,
Loving and romancing
And doing Naxalism
Under the garb of of a reading fellow,
A picnic, a holidaying,
A honeymoon,
A live-together.

The hostellers and hoteliers
Picnicking and holidaying
And parking,
Going for an outing,
Indulged in love, romance and relationship,
Daru, ladki and relationship.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jadavpur Campus (Hum Aur Tum, Tum Aur Hum)

Jadavpur Campus
Daru, ladki and Naxalism,
Jadavpur Campus, Hum aur tum, tum aur hum,
Ganja, daru aur nasha,
Jadavpur campus,
Hum aur tum, tum aur hum.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jadavpur Campus Not For Naxalism, Love And Romance

Jadavpur Campus is not love and romance
And Naxalism,
For affairs and relationships
And doing Naxalism
And consuming of alcohol.

Even though the intelligentsia are there,
They are not at all neutral,
But are communist agents,
Cadres and comrades,
Distributing Marxist literature,
Talking of Bohemian life-styles,
But are Marxists, Leninists, Stalinists and Maoists
Propagating it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jadavpur Campus, Coffee-House And The Addas, Sipping Of Warm Coffee And Naxalism

Where the coffee-house and its addas,
Where the coffee-house
And the sipping of that cup of coffee
And the eve-time gatherings
Around the coffee-house
And the intelligentsia
Talking of love and romance,
Sipping coffee and doing Naxalism,
How to spread it,
Going Left and adverse?

Jadavpur Campus and the coffee-houses
And the addas
And the intelligentsia talking love and romance
And doing Naxal and Naxalism?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jadavpur Campus, The Naxal And His Love Affair

Jadavpur campus,
The Naxal and his love-affair,
Taking coffee,
Lying on the turf of it,
Smoking a cigar,
Reading the leaves from
Lenin, Stalin and Mao
And doing love-talks
Away from home.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jadavpur Turf

Jadavpur Campus is not for Naxalism, love and romance,
Not for coffee houses with romantic addas,
Love, sex and readings,
Not at all for ganjeris, bhangeris and darpiyas,
Bohemian life-style, hipie-culture,
Leftism and drugs,
The couples and the pairs going
In live-in relationship
And headful with Marx, Lenin and Mao,
All for love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jadavpur University Campus A Heaven For Naxalism; For Love, Romance & Free-Mixing

Jadavpur University Campus
A heaven
For the intelligentsia and the literati
For doing Naxalism,
The teacher and the taught free-mixing
And smoking,
Taking coffee and tea on the lawns
And talking of love and romance,
Of Marx, Lenin, Stalin and Mao
In the spurt of the moment.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jadavpur University Campus And The Leftist Intelligentia

Jadavpur University Campus
And the Leftist intelligentsia
And the literati
At the coffee houses
Of the eve-time
Talking film, literature,
Marx, Lenin and Stalin,
Smoking and sipping,
Drinking and passing the night
Just as a bohemian,
Talking of revolt, rebellion and revolution
In the spurt of the situation,
The spur of the moment,
Jadavpur University Campus
Full of love, romance and freedom
Distorting it all
In erotica,
A story in suppression and repression.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jadavpur University Campus Is Not For Politicking, Leftist Strategy & Agenda

Jadavpur University campus is not for politics,
Leftist strategy and agenda
And politicking,
Communist activists and their confederation.

Under the banner of education, do you not Leftist politics,
Misinterpreting and misleading
The common people
That you the bearers of the labourers and workers.

Convert it into den of corruption, all the vices and sins,
As the comrades love to have three things,
Marxism, wine-taking and girl-choosing,
As I have come to see it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jadavpur University Campus, The Coffee Houses And The Naxal Aaddas

The Jadavpur University campus and the coffee houses
And the Naxal aaddas,
o where,
Where
Have they lost
And gone missing,
Jadavpur University campus
And the Naxal aaddas,
Where the get together,
Mixing of
The Leftist intelligentsia,
The teacher and the taught
Gossiping
And smoking
And taking freely
On the green lawns,
The sips of the coffees
With Maxim Gorky's Mother
And the revolutions
Spreading unto the JNU Campus,
Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi Campus?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jadavpur University Campus Turf, Romeo And Juliette Walking, Wine Bottles Littered Upon And Of The Naxals And Naxalism

Jadavpur University Campus Turf, Romeo And Juliette Walking, Wine Bottles Littered Upon And of The Naxals And Naxalism/ Jadavpur University Stalemate, Is It For Love-making, Alcoholism Or Naxalism Or All of These?

Jadavpur University campus
Whether for Naxalism
Or love-making,
Romeo and Juliette
Walking together with,
In live in relationship
Outside their family
And their knowledge
Or for daru-taking not,
But alcoholism,
Sipping coffee at a cafeteria
And talking of Marx, love, politics and affair,
Smoking and drinking and enjoying life
And doing politics
Or for studies?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jadavpur, A Naxal Campus

Is Jadavpur for love, romance and Naxalism?
What is it that ails the intelligentsia, whose, where's?
The word bourgeois too is a communist word.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jai Jawan, Jai Kisan Is Not My Song, No Talk Of Indo-Pak Warn

Lal Bahadur Shastri's Jai jawan, jai kisan
Is not my song,
But peace and amity with all
Be it with the enemy
I shall try to have truck with
As for saving lives,
Nothing with to instill and instigate.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jai Jawan, Jai Kissan, I Cannot Approve Of It Now, The Leaders Just Do Politics Even On The Dead Body Of The Soldier Indian Or Pakistani

No politics please,
The leaders of India and Pakistan
Over the dead body
Of the soldier
Of India or Pakistan
Which is not good at all.

Oh, how cruel have we grown,
Even cannot think of humanity
And humanism
Sidetracking the hardcore fanatics,
Zealots and bigots,
Conservatives and the orthodox!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jaipur Literary Festival, Release The Books Of Fashionistas With Fanfare

At Jaipur literary festival,
Release you the books by
Fashionistas and fashion designers
And beauticians,
I mean the first poetic ventures
Of blondes, belles and beauties
With fanfare
To make it a success.
Is India so short of poets?
Is beauty the all?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Janatadalli Log (With Ref. To Bihar) /Janatadali People

Janatadalli Log (With ref. to Bihar)

Ei log wahi hain jo ekdin
Bihar mein nahin,
Bharat mein
Backward aur forward mein
Danga karwa rahe thei,
Ladke-bacche
Kerosene dhalkar suicide
Kar rahe thei
Shaharon aur galiyon mein
Aur wei unhen dekh
Rahen thei.

These are those people who one day
Set not Bihar on fire,
But the whole of India
With rioting, arson and looting,
Dividing between the backwards and the forwards,
Making the tender boys and girls
Commit suicide
After burning,
Pouring over kerosene
Into the streets and cities
And they had been a spectator of all that.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jara Sochiye...

Jara Sochiye...

Jara rukiye, sochiye to jara
Agar meri shayari
Kisi burkhawalli ajnabi hassenaamein
Badal jaye to kya hoga mera?

Esei theek samajh lijiye mat,
Jara sochiye to, kalpana kijiye to
Mein aur meri burkhawalli bibi ja rahee ho kahi.

Just Think You...

Stop you a bit and think you
If my shayari, my love of it
Turns it into a strange burqua-clad maiden,
What will it happen to me?

Do not take it for granted,
Just suppose you,
I and my burkhawalli bibi going somewhere.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta And The Konark Sun-Temple

I see the poetry of Jayanta conjuring up
The images of the Konark Sun-temple
With the chariot of the Sun-god
Drawn by horses,
The lions seated at the entrances
And the sculptures
At war, in love and devotion.

The Konark Sun-temple with the chariot wheel
And the bars and clamps
Embroidered in stone,
Denoting time
Set against the site of the rising sun,
A sun temple devoted to the Sun-god.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta As A Regional Poet, An Odia Poet

Jayanta Mahapatra as a writer
Is an Odia,
A poet from Odisha,
One of Odia culture and heritage.

A poet regional
He is of the palce,
Of Odisha,
Its Bhubaneswar, Cuttack, Puri,
Balasore,
Khandagiri, Udaigiri, Dhaulagiri.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta As A Tour Guide

Jayanta as a tourist guide
And we travelling with
And he telling about
The temples of Orissa,
Art and culture,
History and language
And the coastal area
And its geography,
The cities and towns of it,
The anthropological villages of it.

An Odia he
Tells he about Cuttack, Bhubaneswar,
Balsore, Puri,
Konark, Dhauli,
The rivers, hills and forests of it
And above all, the dark villages of it
Burning in heat,
Dusted and ruffled with
Poverty, illiteracy, underdevelopment,
Superstition, backwardness,
Fatalism and inaction
Held by faith and belief
Showing the lethargy of ours,
On seeing them feel they,
What have we after the independence of India?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra As An Image-Maker, A Myth-Weaver

Jayanta Mahapatra as an image-maker, a myth-weaver
And the rock-cut temple as a recurring image
In the poetry of his,
Telling of hunger, depravity and sexual appetite,
Light and darkness,
Their origins from
And the retreats back into.

The solitary landscapes of Orissa,
The hills, lakes, parks and rivers of it
Describes he,
The solitary spaces
And the dark hamlets of it,
The toils and tribulations of the dark daughters,
The myth and mysticism of it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra

Jayanta Mahapatra, as I have known him,
As I have read and understood him,
The professor of physics teaching physics in his classrooms
And writing poems in English as for hobby
And he turning to it as for his avocation.

A poet, he edited Chandrabhaga,
Picked poems for the Sunday issues of the Telegraph coloured magazine
For sometime just like Khushwant Singh selecting short stories for it,
A poet, an editor, a short story writer, a translator and a prose-writer
And above all, an Odia of Odisha, my native land,
The place of his birth and rearing up.

A poet imagistic and photographic, he took poetry
As images and photographs,
Marking the negatives and shadows in lights,
Using the notebooks of light and darkness
Which he taught to physics students.

A poet of faith and doubt is he
And to doubt his skepticism in faith,
Discerning with Western reasoning,
But what it ails him most is the present-day situation,
Rape, murder, domestic violence, dowry deaths, bride burnings, female feticide,
Terrorism, communal harmony, factionalism, loot, rapine, corruption, trafficking,
Hunger, poverty, backwardness and underdevelopment.

Call him whatever you like to,
An imagist, a realist, a mythist, a feminist, a nihilist,
An existentialist, a modernist or a post-modernist,
Whatever have you to call,
You call him,
As he is ever eluding, ever escaping.

A dreamer and a visionary,
A myth-maker and a historiographer,
An imagist with the picturization is he not merely,
Not a lensman merely
But one with a social purpose,

Art for art's sake not, for morality too,
Poetry with some social purpose
And the images of his dazzle the reader.

A modern poet, it is difficult to fathom him
As meaning is not,
And it is useless to search for it
As he writes not for the meaning sake
But as for imagery sake,
Which is so slippery to pass out of sight.

With the camera hanging from the neck,
He photographs the temples,
The ancient rock-built, stone-hewn temples
Of great architectural splendour,
The Jagannath Puri temple, the Lingaraj temple,
The Udaigiri and Khandagiri caves,
The Dhaulagiri.

A historiographer, he tries to trace out and re-locate
The site of regional history,
A cartographer
He is a map-maker of Odisha,
Its art, culture and tradition.

A poet of serenade and its landscapes,
Relationship, man-woman relationship story,
He dreams of the Kalinga war
Fought between the Ashoka and the Kalinga king,
The battle-fields laced with bloodshed
And the river Daya full of blood,
Which but he has not forgotten them.

A poet of time, he shows everything
As the red disc of the sun appearing on the horizon
And the retreating sun setting down,
In terms of light and darkness
And it is of course difficult to explain light and darkness,
What things are they made of?

He sees the art and artifacts, the great work of masonry and architecture,
Thinks of the heyday of glory and splendid temple-making,

The sculptures and figurines on the outer walls of the temples
In love and relationship,
Dharma, artha, kama and moksha,
But the toils, tears, troubles and tribulations of the dark daughters
None has come to feel them sociologically,
The fruits of their labour.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra- A Poet Of Relationship

A poet of relationship,
Relationship with Orissa and the Oriyas,
Man-woman relationship,
Man and woman taking a siesta
During the summer noon,
Man-woman whispering
During the night time,
Whispering and conspiring.

Relationship,
Connected with different loyalties and allegiances,
Personal and intimate,
Relationship
As connections with the soil,
The land of birth and the roots of nativity,
Relationship
The intricacies of it,
Twitching and darker.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra A Poet Of The Lingam-Yoni Motif

Jayanta Mahapatra as a poet is one
Of the lingam-yoni motif,
The phallic stone overlooking
In his Relationship
Blesses and starts the book
As an invocation of the Lord-god,
The land of his nativity and birth,
Being rooted into the soil
And the poet in the ship of dreams
Taking the visionary glides,
Floating and floating
And flowing down the lakes,
The rivers,
Marking the marshes, the water bodies,
Cranes and herons,
The ships sailing, coming to the harbour,
The resorts on the sea beach
And the life of the fishermen
Living on aquatic and marine activities
whereas he dark daughters keep striving,
Labouring and toiling,
Who has but know to know their pains,
Troubles and tribulations,
The struggles and sufferings
Of the woman folk and womankind,
The labours of birth,
The Womb of Creation?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra A Poet Of The Poetry Of The Absurd

Jayanta Mahapatra a poet of the poetry of the absurd,
Not the drama of the absurd,
Life absurd, the world absurd
And we the absurd people
Peopling it.

Or one of light, light breaking forth at dawn
Or retreating back
And with this moving to the origin of the universe,
Of the world, of life,
The sound and speech?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra And His Poetical Paper On The Dark Daughters

To talk of Jayanta Mahapatra is to talk of the dark daughters,
The dark daughters of the land which he refers to
At the end of Relationship
And this is in reality one of the mysteries of his poetry,
The image of the dark daughter so mythical, mysterious, symbolical,
Historical, artistic, aesthetic,
Archival, archaeological and museumlogical
And here lies in the philosophy and sociology
Of his interdisciplinary poetry
Drawing from history, art, culture, myth, mysticism,
Society, science and painting
Or these may be the dancers dancing
And making Buddha follow up the middle path of life,
Neither too much austere nor loose,
But of the middle path.

They may be dark outwardly, but are not so, but full of
So much so love and affection, sympathy and bonding;
They are dark as for the blazing sun and sun burnt summers
Lasting long and days drawing out,
Earths cracked, parched and baking;
Dark is not the dark daughters only; dark is Kali,
Call her Uma, Sati, Chandi, Kalika or Parvati;
The myths of Creation and of Darkness;
What it is dark, let it be, as they will remain,
Continue unto the last,
Have you not heard it, dark is beautiful?
So are the dark daughters, the creations of
Various yoga-yoginis, various make-overs, take-overs or attributes
Representing in the ways varied and reflective enough.

They keep the houses, work on the farmlands, rear up the children;
They work as planters, reapers and harvesters, let them be,
Give value to their labour and sweat,
But lest it be not that we snatch their sweet pulsation of life,
Let them be vibrating and humming;
Reaping, cutting and humming into the fields of life

As they are the beauty of the world to see and feel;
Art and artifacts, the aesthetic sense and value
Which also constitute life;
They are the art-symbols and the myth and mysticism of it
With which the things of art and artifacts made
And in whose absence the world may turn
To a dull and dreary affair;
Art and artistic sense.

The art pieces he comes to mark them on the pillars of history,
Art and architecture and museumology and he thinks of their making
With his efforts in understanding and working of these,
How had it been the times, how the people engaged in work,
Who those unknown builders,
How the artisans, masons and architects at work?
The dark daughters the daughters of the land
Who struggle, suffer and sacrifice their lives to keep
The homes intact, livable and healthy,
Bearing heat and dust.
When she is in the house, the house looks a house
And when she is not, the same house turns into a haunted house
In the absence of sweeping of dust daily
And showing of light at day and night to God,
Burning of a candle before to light it all.

The dark daughters are the girls of museums
Seen in priceless and rare potteries,
Art and artifacts excavated and found, pirated, sold and found again,
The dark daughters are the sculptures and figurines embossed
On the temple pillars of terracotta temples,
Lime clay and small brick made temples and decorated with
The borders on the entrances leading to the sanctorum,
But it startles us to feel that
They made grand temples, rock-cut and stupendous
As structures of art and architecture
Just to house in mute gods and goddesses,
Not for themselves,
The poor builders and workers doing construction work.

It is a fact that those who build houses are but the houseless people,
Sleeping on the muddy floor of the house,
They dream of making great architectural things and house-plans,

Similarly the case of her,
The dark daughters help the labourers on the scaffold for
The house under construction in heat and dust,
But remains unable to get diet for two times
Whereas she keeps nurturing the dreams of the owner,
For her labour, what does he get from?
Just a hand to mouth living is the expectancy of her
And what more to say about?

The dark daughters are the daughters of the soil
Whose troubles, tears and tribulations
We come to feel it not; who keep labouring
Like the ox, getting skeletoned,
Reeling under the load of life and the world
Whereas we go elating about,
The dark daughters are a picture of toiling, striving hard mankind,
Womankind itself and we lying hard of heart to understand their
Feelings and emotions,
They too have a passion for living;
They too have a heart vibrating and pulsating within,
The dark daughters are the girls trafficked round,
Sent across, sold and re-sold with
The whereabouts unknown and traceless.

Have we at least of them, what they dreamt and what have they got
From this life of ours?
Perhaps we do not have any time to give to them,
As self-possessed are we thinking about our own things
Rather than them writhing under misery and pain of living,
Hiding the faces from broad daylight, they continue
To eke out a poor and humble living,
But they too are men
However detestable they may be;
In the sun burnt dark and nondescript hamlets and thorps,
Dotted and littered across a vast stretch of lands,
Just like the mounds of old earth.

She continues to live strugglingly, just like a nameless entity
Whose household legacy and values and housekeeping attach we to not,
The small-small daughters, poor, humble and simple,
Half-fed and half-clothed, unloiled and lousey
Going to read under the shade of the orchard plot

With jute knapsacks to sit upon and slates and lime stick pencils,
Eating late into day, taking stale food of night-time as breakfast,
Helping her mother at work, burning the earthen oven
With haystacks and dry leaves and cow dung cakes,
Taking the younger brother into the lap and left-overs
She passes a life of her own,
A very neglected and ignored girl child of India,
Perhaps going to be extinct,
Poverty, malnutrition and gender bias wiping it out.

Dark is dark, let it be, whatever it be, as we cannot change
The course of life and the world we are born in,
The situations and circumstances born with;
Light and darkness are the two sides of the Creation
And both of these bound to have their turns one by one,
If there is light, there will be darkness and vice versa
As one is followed by another;
Dark is dark, let it be
As the dark will remain dark,
But the dark daughters no doubt lovely and affectionate,
See you them,
Forget them not at all,
Dark is Kali,
The tales of the Creation,
What it is dark will remain.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra And His Poetry Of The Absurd

Jayanta Mahapatra and his poetry
The poetry of the absurd,
The poet as an absurdist
And his poetry as absurdism
Believing in the poetry of the absurd.

Faith as frail as light falling
At dawn and twilight,
Doubt lurking within,
Suspense and suspicion taking over
The things.

What the purpose behind,
Why are we here,
Why are those there,
Who are we
And for what are we for?

What are the substances light and darkness made of,
Where does light break forth from
And where does it retreat to finally,
Nothing is what it seems to be
And what it seems to be nothing?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra And His Relationship

Jayanta Mahapatra and his relationship
With Orissa,
The Orissan landscapes,
The Orissan society, art, culture and society,
The Orissan language and context,
Myth and mysticism,
The coastal areas,
Rivers, hills, sea beaches, bird sanctuaries,
Tourist spots, lakes and orchards,
Forest reserves and natural habitats,
The rock-built temples and the sun-burnt, mud-housed villages
He has not forgotten them,
Reminisces in.

His relationship with orissa and the Orissan landscapes
Unforgettable, unbreakable,
His mind can go nowhere
Leaving Orissa,
An Oriya
He is of Orissa first
Then an Indian,
An Odia
Of coastal Odisha
Moving around
Cuttack, Bhubaneswar and Puri.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra And The Konark Sun-Temple

Jayanta Mahapatra is a poet of the Konark Sun-temple,
The chariot and the lions sitting
At entrances,
The erotic sculptures in love,
Flirting, hugging and embracing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra As A Feminist

Jayanta Mahapatra as a feminist when
Discuss we,
The picture of a fisher girl
Involved in body business
And the father too aware of
All that,
Standing silent
In full consent
On the sea beach.

Jayanta Mahapatra is a feminist when
Discuss we,
The villagerly woman waiting
For the arrival of her husband
As a missing person,
A nameless fellow
In the country,
A household-work doer
With the oil lamp into
The hands of hers
And the lamp in flickers.

Jayanta Mahapatra and his feminism reflected
In the portrayal of the fate
Of the country daughter,
the fate-lines of a girl,
A daughter whose path of life is unknown,
A chapter filled with filial love
And its depiction
And portrayal,
What it the writ of her destiny,
Who can but predict
Neither the horoscope-maker nor the astrologer
Nor the palmist?

The dark daughters, the daughters of maya
Are they,
The motifs of affection, sympathy
And attachment,

Carved on the temple walls
As carvings
Or terracotta plates,
The dark daughters,
The same daughters
As sisters, mothers and daughters,
Mythical and mystical,
Nocturnal and symbolical.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra As A Poet

Jayanta Mahapatra as a poet
Is first of all
An imagist,
A photographer
Then an Oriya,
A pencil artist
Making silhouettes,
A marker of man-woman relationship
Intriguing and bewitching,
Absurdist
Inducting absurdities
Of this living and creation,
A nihilist,
An existentialist,
A lover bodily,
A feminist,
A realist,
Eco-centric,
Cartographic and coastal
Mapping Orissa
And the Orissan landscapes
Vedic,
Upanishadic,
Historical,
Architectural,
Sculptural,
Archival,
Museumological,
One of the dark daughters,
Devadasis and nautch girls
Drawing from
The terracotta plates
Embossed on the temples.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra As A Poet Of Hunger

Jayanta Mahapatra is a poet of hunger,
The hunger of the belly,
How does it burn?

A poet of hunger and moral depravity,
How flesh is sold,
Woman is trafficked?

With the hunger of the belly
Is connected
Human poverty?

The poor girl knows it not
What it lies awaiting in her lot,
What the destiny of hers?

What is it written in her palm,
How is her life to turn,
What lies it awaiting her?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra As A Poet Of Ideas

Jayanta Mahapatra is a poet of ideas,
Ideas, only ideas and images
As the plays of George Bernard Shaw are,
The plays of ideas
And he a talk man giving talks
So is Jayanta Mahapatra
A professor of physics, but a poet of English,
Indian English
Absurd, existential,
Samuel Beckettian
Delving into the existential drama of the absurd,
Questioning the purpose of living,
Who we are, what our purpose,
Why are we.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra As A Poet Of Mornings, Evenings And Nightfalls

Jayanta Mahapatra as a poet is one of time,
Time and its reflection,
Time passing by,
Time fleeting,
Waiting it not,
The morn
Breaking into
The ripples of silence,
The lotus opening,
The dawn,
The break of dawn
With the cock-crow
And the sun flashing,
The day speeding past
With the change in time,
The midday
Hot and humid
During the summertime
And life beating
Under the mango groves,
The shades of
The peepul and the banyan trees,
The mud-built homes
Afire with the flames of heat,
The sun going down
And it is the twilight time
And the cow herds returning to
Their sheds
Against a picturesque
Glowing scene
And its backdrop,
The sun setting down
And it is the eve-time,
The silent evening descending upon
And it turning dark,
Enveloping within,
The bats starting to take

Their aeronautic
And acrobatic flights
And it is dark
To switch over to midnight darkness
To swing back again.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra As A Poet Of Silence

Jayanta Mahapatra as a poet of silence,
Eerie silence and bewitching,
Faith and doubt taking over
By turns
With suppositions and propositions.

The sea of silence
Encompassing and engulfing it all,
The silence of the void
Looking blank,
The skies meeting the landscape somewhere,
But drawing nothing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra As A Poet Of Silence (Ii)

Jayanta Mahapatra as a poet of silence,
The morning sea of silence
Breaking into ripples of music,
Th lotus blooming
And it is dawning,
The mist and the gloom dispelling,
The fog clearing,
The world awaking from slumber,
Arising and awaking from,
The sparrows chirping
From the thatches
Of the village mud houses.

The silence of the night-time,
The midday,
The noontime hot and sizzling,
The hot winds blowing
And playing with swirling dry leaves
At some solitary nook and corner
Of the villagerly landscape
Seconded by loneliness
Felt in life and the world,
A quietude strange.

The sun-baked villages and the sun-burnt earth,
The sizzling heat of the summer
Perspiring and in sweat
And the sun shining hot,
As a hot ball of gas and fire
And the hot winds blowing,
Taking a toll upon,
Giving no respite from,
Baffling it all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra As A Poet Of Solitude

Solitude
Wordsworthian,
Popean
Incorporating in
The silence of landscape
Manless, away from human haunt,
Loneliness visiting villages
Or the hamlets the myths of,
shaded against the backdrop of the hills
Or the hilly ranges
With the sunrise flashing,
The twilight glowing over
To be back to
To retreat
And the caravans of cattle grazing,
Returning,
Taking to the route to their sheds.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra As A Poet Of The Space

Jayanta Mahapatra as a poet of the space,
The horizons hanging
Meeting with the landscapes
At a distance
With the things lurking on,
Astrophysics and astronomy,
Not astrology,
Light and darkness,
How does it come breaking
At dawn break,
The rays glistening,
The origin of the universe theory,
A poet of shadow space and random descent.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra As A Professor Of Physics

I do not know
Whether he did his Ph.D. in physics or not,
But am sure of
He used to teach physics
At Ravenshaw College, Cuttack
Into the classrooms,
But instead of writing
And getting recognition,
Got he recognized in literature,
Drawing the stuff of his poetry
From physics,
More specially from
Light and darkness chapters
To turn poetry into physics
And vice versa.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra As An Imagist

As he is an Oriya first and foremost
Then an Indian
So is he an imagist first
Then a litterateur,
For whom image and imagery
The range and purview of taking
Without giving in his reactions,
Whatever be that, good or bad,
A poet of images,
Still photos,
With the changing scenery.

Sometimes existential, sometimes nihilistic,
Sometimes absurd and of in vain waiting,
Coming and going,
Why is he doing,
He cannot,
A writer of verses
Disturbing and obscure
Who writes it not
For meaning's sake.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra As An Odia Poet

Jayanta as an Odia poet

Photographing

The rock-built temples of India,
Sculptural, architectural specimens
Of art, culture and tradition,
Heritage and culture,
Architectural splendour and glory,
Standing as the relics of priceless art,
The witnesses of time.

Against the backdrop of these, the poet
Keeps viewing,
Thinking of doors and windows
To be carved out,
As for windowless,
Gasping for air and space,
From the single door
The people coming and going
In congestion.

Sitting by the door, he taking
Visionary glides,
Slipping past,
Revelling into the realms of Time,
Marking the sculptures
Of love and lust
And in relationship,
May be those of the masons at work.

Frail light falling upon,
The beggars by the temple door
In a prayerful tune of own,
Seeking salvation and pardon,
The devotees queued,
Many of them widows, poor daughters and sons,
Held by faith and doubt.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra As An Odia Poet- Ii

Jayanta Mahapatra as a regional poet
Of the Oriya locale
And Orissan landscapes,
Villages and towns,
Coastal areas and hilly terrains,
Seascapes.

An Odia, Odia man
Writing about Odisha
In English,
Coming to Odia
Through English
And to English
Through physics.

A poet of Orissa, Odisha,
Odia people and landscapes,
Sea beaches,
Lakes, rivers and temples,
Towns, cities and capitals,
Villages and sanctuaries,
Hamlets and thorps.

Jayanta Mahapatra
A poet of Cuttack, Puri, Bhubaneswar,
Balasore,
Jagannath Puri,
Konark,
Lingaraj temple,
Khandagiri, Udaigiri, Dhaulagiri,
Daya river.

A poet of the Rathyatra,
The Chariot Festival,
Nabakalebara,
Jagannath, Balaram, Subhadra,
The grotesque, bizarre wooden statues
Made from wood
Ogling and puppet-like.

A poet man speaking to man,
Of the Oriya people,
Oriya history, art and culture,
Rocks, temples and trees,
Sculptures and figurines,
Beaches and shores,
Turtles and crocodiles.

A poet of the dark daughters,
Hardship and troubled living,
Woe and misery,
Pathos and pain,
He is a poet of the commoners,
Oriya folks, men and women,
Oriya landscape and populace.

.
A poet of the Ganga kings,
Kalinga kingdom,
He is but an Oriya poet,
A Oriya man,
An Odia
Who cannot accept
The defeat of Kalinga
At the hands of Ashoka.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra By The Door

Mahapatra by the door
Thinking about the times
Gone, spent past
Will never come again
Visiting the balcony,
The corridors
Of life
Sitting all alone
And viewing,
All alone
And viewing it
And ruminating and recollecting,
Reminiscing and revisiting,
How have the times,
How have the situations changed,
Of life and its moments,
Situations and circumstances,
How the landscape, how the scenario,
But the mass and matter same,
The same light dazzling by
Each dawn break and glowing at twilight,
Coming and retreating
And darkness enveloping the world
With mist and fog,
Smoke and vapour,
Myth and mystery,
Dreaming and dreaming
And taking visionary glides,
Marking the lonely paths
Leading to where, nowhere,
Waiting for,
But none has turned up.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra By The Door Thinking About The Jagannath Puri, The Konark Sun Temple, The Lingaraj Temple, Khandagiri, Dhaulagiri

Jayanta Mahapatra sitting by door
And thinking about
The Jagannath Puri Temple,
The Konark Sun Temple,
The Lingaraj Temple,
Khandagiri, Dhaulagiri.

Who did it make the Sun Temple
And when did he,
How did he,
How many years did it take
In building
With the artisans, architects
And sculptors?

Who did it the Jagannath Puri Temple,
The White Pagoda,
Housing Jagannath, Balabhadra, Subhadra and Sudarshana
Going to the maternal uncle's house
On the ratha,
The grotesque and bizarre gods
Carved out of wooden neem logs
Made afresh again during the Nabakalebara?

Who did it the Soma Vanshi Lingaraj Temple
The rock-built temple
Out of sandstone and laterite
Dedicated to Harihara,
A form of Shiva and Vishnu,
Lord Shiva, Lingaraj,
The King of Lingas?

The small twin hills of Khandaigiri and Udaygiri
(Broken Hill and Hill of Sunrise)
With the caves and temples
Belonging to the Jains

And Digambara sect of Jainism,
The dwelling retreats, cells
And shelters for the ascetics made for,
What to say about?

Again the mind lifts to Dhaulagiri
And he ruminating,
Reminiscing his visits
To the Dhauli Shanti stupas
On the banks of
The river Daya
Reading the rock edicts of King Ashoka
Where the Kalinga war was fought?

A poet of Orissa and an Oriya man,
Where can his mind go to,
Where will he,
Orissa the land of his birth
And nativity,
Orissa his motherland
And Oriya the mother tongue?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra- Ii

Is he the Ezra Pound
Of Indian English poetry
Dealing with imagery?

Or the William Wordsworth of Orissa
Talking of Oriya landscapes,
A poet of tranquility and silence?

Or the John Keats dealing with love
Or the one with man-woman relationship
Or the one of a mythical base?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra In His Door Of Paper

Jayanta Mahapatra's Door of Paper is what his verse cannot be,
So lucid like The Discovery of India,
Like Mulk Raj Anand's Story of India for children,
He handles the things
Poetry, art and craft so lyrically,
Life, literature, time and reflection.

Sitting by the door, the poet reflects upon
In his prose-pieces, literary essays, reviews and reflections,
Opinions, annotations and notes,
What is poetry,
Quoting his own poems and relating to
Which the critics have failed to allude to and refer back.

The smaller door poems have an entity of their own,
They may be the small doors of the rock-built temples
Through which the devotees go slipping
One temple to another,
Maybe they the doors
From where one thinks about life and its times deeply.

Keeping the head on the hands and sitting thereon,
Waiting for the expected coming
Or that coming to naught,
The poet goes on dreaming about
After being lost into the visions and dreams of his,
The visionary glides and flights of own.

In his sketches and anecdotes, he tells about his life
As Charles Lamb about his childhood and others,
The poet tries to keep the track of poesy
Embarking upon the space and canvas of his poetry,
The relationship between stones and verse-lines,
Changing wheels of life's times and the affirmation of poetic words.

Rains and rituals not merely, but the yoga-yoginis,
The tantrica traditions,
The relationship between poetry and physics,
The aesthetic sense, the didactic purpose

And his acceptance of poems and rejection slips as well,
Taking to a personal plane of delving.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra The Man And The Poet

Jayanta Mahapatra
An Odia poet of Odisha,
Of Odia language and Odisha my native land
And his mine cannot elsewhere
Baring this,
The Odias and Odisha
The land of his birth and nativity,
Ancestral and aptriarchal,
Coastal and natural.

A poet of the rivers, hills, lakes and bird sanctuaries,
Of temples and villages,
Mornings and sunsets,
Loneliness and bewitching solitude,
Jayanta is personal and private,
Sociological and feministic,
Down to hardcore realities of life.

To picture and present his job,
To take the photos and put before
Without an explanation,
Just see them,
See the imagery,
Mark the photography,
Snapped and drawn.

With light is connected the origin of life,
Creation and vegetation
But darkness too not less than,
The stranger coming with the footfall of his,
The villagerly woman with the earthen lamp
Shading light dimly.

Poverty, hunger and depravity, the tales of his
Which he seeks to tell them in his poems,
Famine, drought,
Rains and rituals,
All these he takes to,
The rock built temple telling of architectural excellence

But why the beggars at the entrance,
Why the villages mainly mud-built?

Jayanta Mahapatra
An Odia poet of Odisha,
Of Odia language and Odisha my native land
And his mine cannot elsewhere
Baring this,
The Odias and Odisha
The land of his birth and nativity,
Ancestral and patriarchal,
Coastal and natural.

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Of temples and villages,
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Poverty, hunger and depravity, the tales of his
Which he seeks to tell them in his poems,
Famine, drought,
Rains and rituals,
All these he takes to,
The rock built temple telling of architectural excellence

But why the beggars at the entrance,
Why the villages mainly mud-built?

A poet of the Indian summers describing not physically
But feeling it otherwise,
In giving an ear to the burning of pyres at some far off,
The good wife taking a siesta,
The crocodiles movign into the deep waters,
Vedic hymns, prayers and rituals continuing incessantly.

Under the shades of the mango trees
The mother and the daughter sitting,
The daughter with an unknown fate of hers
Combing the hair of her mother
And the mangoes falling sometimes
To be gathered.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra The Poet

Jayanta Mahapatra

The poet taking of the lingam-yoni motif,
The myth and mystery of creation,
The yoga-yoginis
And their attributes and denominations.

Sitting in the temple complex,
He keeps thinking of the windows,
The door planks,
The small doorways of the rock-built temples
Telling of yore
And its hoary days.

The Konark Sun-temple
Radiating in sunshine,
With the Sun-god seated on a chariot
Drawn by white horses
Catches us aflame.

The grotesque wooden crafted-gods and goddesses
Of Jagannath Puri,
Krishna, Balabhadra and Subhadra
Ogling in his poetry
And he deriving from the Ratha-yatra.

The panda-danas continue on the sea beach,
The asth-kalashas immersed being in,
Rites and rituals continuing in
With rains and summer-time
And the choric chants coming from.

In the form of the prayers in the temples,
Rites and rituals continuing in
Or the bodies being cremated on the sands
Of Puri, the area adjacent to the temple and the beach,
Surrounding the Swarga-dwara.

Jayanta an Odia poet of Odisha
Telling of the cartography and demography of Orissa,

The place of his birth, nativity and roots,
The ecology of it,
The lakes, bird sanctuaries, hills and rivers.

A poet of coastal Orissa
Of rains and rites, summers and siestas,
Mango groves and sun-burnt earth,
Hamlets and thorps,
He views life in his own way.

The myths of the dark hamlets
Standing against the backdrop of the hills,
He tells of the darker myths,
Superstition, backwardness, underdevelopment,
Illiteracy, poverty and hunger.

The tales of the dark daughters strike him,
Holding the hands
Tell they the story
Of their toil, tears, sweat and blood,
Their trouble and tribulation.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra Whom I Wanted To Know (Take His Waiting)

Jayanta's Waiting,
A collection of historical background,
Historical, geographical and imagistic,
But the trend and tenor is same,
The same imagistic penetration,
The same linguistic lining,
Photographic delving,
Bird's eye-view presentation.

Absurd and existential,
Questioning belief and myth,
Historicity and permanence,
He is flimsy and shadowy,
Reflective and going,
Nothing permanent and substantial,
Everything but in a flux,
Ever-changing.

Nothing is what it seems to be
And what it seems to be is nothing,
The whole world a study in nothingness
And the the absurdities of life,
Just the in vain waiting continues,
Why do we wait for,
Why is this waiting
And even waiting for what?

There is nothing meaningful in him,
Everything but turning,
The unconscious mind at work,
The abnormal babbling abounding in,
Very-very contradictory and contrasting
Though some historical poems give it
A shape of some historical work.

He is a poet of stones,
Stones vermillioned and worshipped,

Stones taking the shape of magnificent mountains,
Stones turned into rock-built temples,
Stones into art-pieces,
Statues with the bust and the torso
And he a poet of rocks, stones and trees.

His poems are for to see,
Not to explain and paraphrase
As he baffles with his imagery and word-play,
Flimsy delving and photographic picturizing,
existential questions of nothingness
And his absurdity of ours.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra, The Professor Of Physics As A Poet

Jayanta Mahapatra as a poet is one of dawns and dusks,
Mornings and evenings, middays and midnights,
Daybreaks and nightfalls

And he photographing the sun, rising, glowing and shining,
The red disc of the rising sun
Again it glowing red red at the setting time

And poetry depicting the filming of light and darkness,
Taking them to
The study of particles, fission and fusion

What is light, what it is darkness,
What the ingredients, the constituents composing them,
Where does light travel to,
How does it break forth,
Where does light come from in the morning?

The poet a professor of physics
And physics the substance and material of his poetry
And he including in light and darkness chapters of physics
Into the realms of poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra: A Study

Jayanta Mahapatra as a poet has so many sides and aspects of his poetic personality,
Many-sided and multi-dimensional,
What is he not
And his base not the base of literature
Of emotion and feeling,
Sentiment and sentimentality.

It's also a fact as there was none,
So his first venture too started getting a breakthrough
So smoothly
Otherwise the things are not,
Just the shorter pieces of verse,
Dealing with imagery, not meaning at all.

There are several moot points of his poetry,
Quite researchable,
Jayanta as a myth-maker, an imagist, a realist, a feminist,
A historicist,
A poet regional, national and international.

Jayanta is a poet of silence and quietude, but the myths private and personal
Disturb the peace of mind
And he gets swayed away,
A poet of selfish love,
Man-woman relationship
Seen on the pillars of the Konark Sun-temple,
The sculptures in erotic love-making.

And he mesmerizes it all, the sensual love and its gratification
With art, sculpture and philosophy,
Hunger, the hunger of the belly
And the hunger of the body,
A very coquettish and conceited poet.

His poems are also the lyrics of silence,
Silence captured and capsuled in,
Cocooned
And he dreaming, taking visionary glides,

Opening one door after another.

As a poet historical, he is very regional and cartographic
As he describes Orissa,
Its scenes and sites,
Temples and their architectural splendour;
Our rich heritage and culture.

He is national as for his grappling with the things
Of humanistic ordeals,
The taking of welfare works
Which we have not done for
The old men and the poor,
Women, children and widows.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra's Burden Of Waves And Fruit

Mahapatra's Burden of Waves And Fruit

Rains in Orissa, Another Day in the Rain, Events, Winds of Spring,
Summer 1983, Summer Afternoons, A Rain Poem, The Voice,
An Evening By The River, Trapped, A Time,
At Shivaji's Fort At Panhalla: Looking Across the Western Ghats,
River, Shapes By the Day, A Startled Sun, Twilight,
An October Morning, Ann, 30th January 1982: A Story,
This Is The Season of The Old Rain, Harvest,
A Letter To Kazuko Shiraishi in Tokyo, Stone, May,
Of A Dawn, Love Fragment, Song of The Bones, The Wind,
Days, Sunday, A Summer Afternoon, Burden of Waves And Fruit,
The Life, Stand By, Memory, Dust, Again The Rain Falls,
The Dawn of A New Year, It's My Room Once Again,
The Hour Before Dawn, Waiting, Of This Evening,
An afternoon, The Skies of Night, Talking of Death,
The Looking Glass, Why I Am Afraid To Die,
The Year's Last Evening,
The poems figuring in Burden of Waves And Fruit,
I mean the contents of the poetry-book.

It is a poem telling about a book of poems
And that too an Indian English poetry text,
Not easily available in the markets,
Generally self-published and out of stock,
Frankly speaking, they often sell not,
If acquainted with the writer, you will get a copy
And if not, you will not get the text of
Even Parthasarathy's Rough Passage and Mahapatra's Relationship
So easily, as flimsy in their assessment,
Even the libraries may not contain in
Forgotten and lost copies
Of the missing and unknown writers,
Even now Kolatkar's Jejuri is not available,
What to say of Nissim's the first book of poems?
And I smile on hearing the urban pseudo-research scholars,
The bluff master scholar and the bluff master guide,
All saying great-great in their slangy expression.

Burden of Waves And Fruit which appears from

Three Continents Press, Washington in 1988
Is no doubt a good work
Written in the same style, the same expression
Which he often clutches with and strides along,
The imagistic style,
The imagistic portals of his
And there is no change in Mahapatra
And his visionary glides,
Dreamy flowing and glides,
Imagistic delving and dwelling upon
And by dipping into the waters of nothingness,
A poet of the space, the void and the vacuum
All around.

The things of the sub-conscious and the unconscious level
Take hilarity and wave around,
A centre full of hibernation,
There is nothing as concrete,
But wavering in thought and idea, image and reflection,
Emotion and feeling,
A neurotic man's poetry is it,
A half-addict's smiles lie therein,
A patient of insomnia
Thinking within and smiling within
Is the case with this writer
With the base of physics,
Physics as his subject
And he coming to poetry
Via physics, not literature.

The negatives of the photos are the things of his
And he working in the studio to reflect upon,
A play with light and shade,
Just like silhouettes,
An artist pencilling images,
The images of life
Similar the case with this writer
Of writer of physics,
Experimenting with the Big Bang theory,
Thinking about the origin of the universe,
The space,
The solar and lunar bodies,

The limits of the skyline,
A poet of nothingness,
A poet existential and iconoclastic,
Making and breaking, joining and splitting.

□ □ □

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra's Bare Face

Even if one flips and fleets the pages of Bare Face
By Jayanta Mahapatra,
One will find the same bare face of the poet,
The same unchanged Mahapatra.

His imagery whatever be that finally takes to
His utter lapsing into the realms of
Nothingness, existentialism and nihilism
And the poet appears to be bewildered.

Instead of giving aesthetic pleasure, the poet tasks
The brain,
With his pictures of the dowry deaths, gender prejudice,
Domestic violence and bruises and atrocities on women.

A bare realist and a staunch feminist, he is saddened at To hear about the
monstrous dowry deaths,
The poor girl children reared so poorly
And with disparity.

The poet sees everything in disbelief,
There is nothing in his poetry to believe,
Everything is but to contradict and contrast,
What you say right is wrong for me.

It is his imagery, word-play, the crossword puzzle
Which turn him into a modn, modernist or post-modn
Otherwise had been not
As wrote he not keeping in view modernism.

Silence followed by Only Twilight,
Collaboration, Traveller, One Clear Night
And thereafter to be selective, a few more like
The Return, Abandoned Temple, Sometimes can be talked about.

The Woman Who Wanted to be Loved appears it
Beautiful from the title point of view
But in reality it is an absurd poem
Full of so much absurd things.

Privately imagistic and personally referential,
It takes to there
Where there is coquetry in love,
Man and woman relationship described lustful.

Irrational and nonsensical things are there in his poetry,
Suppose this happens, just suppose you,
Had it been, what would it have?

The origin of the universe, the composition of light
And its coming at dawnbreak
And its going at twilight,
The shadow space, he seeks to know in his poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra's Book Relationship

Jayanta Mahapatra's Relationship
Is a Leaves of Grass in miniature
And here the Indian Walt Whitman
Is talking of his relationship
With the land of his birth,
Its nativity, striking of roots and the soil,
The historicity and ethos of it,
The myth and mysticism of the land,
The folk lore and the rhythms
Doing the rounds
Anthropologically, sociologically
The woes and wails of it
Seen in the repression or suppression
Of the womankind,
The superstitions and the mistaken beliefs,
The rock-built temples
And the faiths sustaining the people,
The lakes, rivers and forests,
The sea beaches and resorts,
The tortoises and crocodiles,
The mango orchards and black berries,
The sun-burnt earth of summer,
The dark daughters and the Shiva-lingam,
The sacred spots of Sati
And the lingam-yoni motif,
A poem of mythical structure and delving
It tells of Orissa and Orissan landscapes,
Oriya myths and culture,
Myth and mysticism
And historicity.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra's Door Of Paper As A Masterpiece

Jayanta Mahapatra's Door of Paper,
A book of essays and memoirs,
Contains in the original thinking and reflection
Of Jayanta
With regard to his creativity,
What is poetry,
How has he held the views
And maintained?

The poetry of silence,
Memoirs and reflection,
Reverie and random thinking,
Appeal and purity
Talks he, dreams he,
Using and applying in vision and dream,
A dreamer and a visionary,
He thinks of the door of dreams
To slip out,
Gliding and slipping.

Mystery is like mantra and mantra mystery
And he trying
To catch the rhythm,
The cadence,
The intonation,
The syllabic beauty and succinct brevity
of wording.

The door of dream has to open
And opens it not,
But opens it when,
Pure feelings and emotions come to
With a purity of own,
Undeified and genuine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra's Relationship

With a quote from Walt Whitman's Song of Myself,
Jayanta Mahapatra
Starts the poem Relationship
With his mythical stride and visionary glide
Clutching it all
Oriya topography and mapping,
Cartography and demography.

A poet of Orissa and Orissan landscapes,
Myth and mysticism,
History, art and culture,
Populace and natural habitats,
Lakes, rivers and hills,
The rock-built temples
And their sculptures
Inscribed upon.

It is difficult to analyze
And annotate
What he takes up,
But the myths and motifs
All-encompassing,
Inclusive of it all,
Dream, allegory and imagination,
Imagery and reverie.

With the phallic stone and the vulture
The poem starts
And takes to
The mythical scapes,
The rivers and lakes
As he does so often
To impart an Oriya fervour
To his reflection.

A poet of the lingam-yoni motif,
How would he hold the linga in the eye,
The Konark Sun-temple,
The dark daughters,

What to say,
Say about his poetry
Kaleidoscopic,
Just turn over the pages,
Ask you not for their meaning.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahaptara's Random Descent

Random Descent is the book which we would like to discuss it now,
A latest one which has appeared from Third Eye Communications, Bhubaneswar in
2005

Is a poetic venture which talk we with
Bare Face and Shadow Space
As they are a type from the arrival point of view
Though the style changes it not.

The same imagist, the same lyricist of time and its solitariness,
Life and the fleeting shadows of it,
Deriving from nothingness, existentialism and nihilism,
A singer of them,
Singing in his own way personally and privately,
Time and its passing images,
The mind in a flux
And the things changing,
Which is what, who can ever say?

The same baffling quality still visible here, I mean search for meaning
And it means not,
What he means to say in the lines,
Just the things keep changing positions,
Inclusive of conjectures, propositions and suppositions,
Nothing is what it seems to be
And what it seems to be is nothing,
If this be the thing, what to say it more in words,
How to analyse and intrerpret that,
How to make a summary of?

Genesis the first poem to start with giving way to Winter in the City,
Palmistry, Blue of the Sky, Traveller, Signs,
Mother Teresa, A Gray Haze Over the Rice Fields,
Shadow, Song of the Door, Freedom,
The Stones, Violence, Predicament,
The Road, Light, Dance of the Fireflies,
Farewell, Romance of Her Hand,
Themselves tell of the application of thoughts and ideas,
So abstract and so imagistic in their portals.

The poet has nothing to do with the themes and titles
As he keeps moving from probable idea to another,
One conjecture to another,
One proposition to another,
Had it been, what would it have,
This the base of his supposition,
Everything but proposed in willing suspension of belief,
Disbelief corroding the base of his,
Everything but a play with and imagery,
This he means to say that in his poetry,
Nothing is certain and fixed,
Definitions and theories keep changing.

His poetic heart still pains to hear about hunger, poverty, plunder,
Corruption, violence, bloodshed, brutal tortures,
Terrorism, communal disharmony, unrest,
Domestic violence and bruises,
Which but embarrasses him
And he is bewildered, at a loss
To assess the attainment of freedom,
What has this freedom given to us,
How far have the human values been restored?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahaptra's A Rain Of Rites

A book of poems, as such A Rain of Rites,
Brought out by the Univ. of Georgia Press, Athens (USA) , in 1976
Carries it forward
The imagistic portals.

It's difficult to say what he takes up and what he means,
As it means not what he says,
Just goes on viewing,
Without any comments.

You cannot summarize what he has as the meaning is not
And the words turning on,
Without anything to reveal,
Just the things in a flux.

Nothing is concrete, everything in a flux,
Floating and passing,
So much abstract and condensed,
With blank thinking and reflection.

Dawn is the first poem to begin with,
Later taking on Village, A Missing Person,
The Whorehouse in a Calcutta Street, Myth,
Dawn at Puri, Hunger.

Summer, Silence, Main Temple Street, Puri,
Listening to a Prayer, Indian Summer Poem,
Samskara, A Rain of Rites,
Tell of his poetic escapades.

So deep in time, consciousness and flux,
They take their own recourse
As for reflection and shedding of light,
So inner and internal.

The lonely countryside dotted with the nondescript villages
Shaded by the banyan and peepul trees,
The mother and the daughter sitting in the mango orchard,
The missing person and her image haunting.

The title poem too likewise where the meaning is not,
Just the word-plays and fleeting images
Of the things in a constant flux,
Always coming, always passing.

Most probably rains of the coastal region
And the rites performed
In the rock-built temples
But the mud-built houses the tales of his.

They made the grand temples for faith's sake
And to house in the deities,
Not for themselves
And the masons and architects remaining anonymous.

The rock-built temples are splendid and grand,
An example of architectural and sculptural excellence,
But the beggars still visible
At the entrances of the temples.

Faith and doubt seem to put him into a conflict,
If faith be so strong,
Why doubt seems to be lurking in,
Leaving the scope for?

The benefit of doubt befits him and he goes on revelling,
Dwelling and delving with the light,
Faith so frail,
Darkness enveloping and encompassing it all.

The cattle coming back at twilight, drinking water from
And returning back,
The darkness enveloping the countryside
Just lie with the flickers of the oil lamp burning for sometime.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta Mahapatra's The False Start

Jayanta Mahapatra's The False Start, which appeared in 1980
From Clearing House, Bombay,
Begins with A Day of Rain poem,
Followed by more,
Such as Suppose, Today, Absences,
The Gift of Night, Poem For Angelia Felston,
Another Evening, Last Sadness, The Gradient of Dreams,
Through The Stone, Woman In Love, A Sailboat of Occasions,
Bound, The Secret, Slum, Pain, The Rain Falling,
After The Rain, Time Drawing In,

The Mountain, The Storm, The Rising, The Accusation,
A Sense of Adventure, Shadows, A Sense of Obvious,
The Moon Moments, Ash, The Day, A Kind of Happiness,
The Day After My Friends Became Godly And Great,
The Years Down, The House, The Retreat,
Tonight I Hear The Water Flowing, The Hour From The Window,
Steps In The Dark, the poems one by one

To continue with again, The Door,
The Abandoned British Cemetery At Balasore, India,
The Evening That Is To Come,
Measuring Death, A Certain Refrain,
The poems figuring in to confirm it
That he is absurd, existential,
A poet of the void,
The shadowy space,

Who to answer his questions,
What is this world,
Why are we here,
What the purpose of living,
What does it stay here,
Who is what,
Who can but say it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta's Poetry In Stone

The Konark Sun Temple with the chariot,
The statue of the Sun God,
The lions at the entrance
And the temple in the form of a chariot design
A picture at every sunrise and sunset.

The sculptures in love, relationship,
Erotic and sensual,
At war or prayer
Sculpted and chiseled in stone,
No less than poetry.

The Jagannath Puri Temple by the sea beach
With the wooden idols of
Jagannath, Balabhadra and Subhadra
And the devotees lined up to see,
Offer their prayers to the Lord of the Universe.

The Lingaraj Shiva Temple
With the structure of its own,
The Dhaulagiri Temple,
The Khandagiri Caves,
All these taking to Bhubaneswar, Cuttack, Puri and suburbs.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta's Dhauli

King Asoka would have washed off
His bloody hands
Into the ever fresh waters
Of the River Daya
To wash off the sins committed,
But could it have been?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayanta's Waiting

Jayanta Mahapatra's waiting is an absurdist waiting,
As the characters keep waiting in Samuel Beckett's Waiting for Godot,
Who is Godot after all,
Why do the tramps wait for?
Similar the case with Jayanta Mahapatra's poems
Dealing with time, wait and futile turn up,
An absurdist
Drawing from existentialism and nihilism
As the space full of vacuum,
Nothing is nowhere
And man alone in the cosmos.

Jayanta Mahapatra is a poet of waiting,
Waiting for uselessly
As all our todays and tomorrows have shown it to be,
Who waits for what
And which is what?
Whatever be that, let us begin with Jayanta's Waiting,
A collection of poems
Written against a historical backdrop
Of penetration.

Though the collection appeared from a small press,
It begins with The Morning-I,
Telling of a morning
In the stride and clasp of a sweeper girl
With human excreta
And while on the other, in the second morning poem,
A starkly naked Jain monk calmly walks down
The road determined.
At The Burning Ground, Dusk, Fragments,
A Poem For Mahatma Gandhi, Sky, The Stranger,
Are the poems of a type.

But many of it, dealing with Orissa the land of
His birth and nativity,
More specially Puri and Konark
And there is nothing more to find thematically,
Just personal and private reflections abound,

Those of the physics class and its theories of light.
A Country Festival, Taste For Tomorrow, Bhubaneswar,
Orissa, Konark, Dhaulagiri, The Temple Road, Puri,
Learning To Flow Free In The Chariot Festival At Puri,
Are the Orissa-relating poems.

Published in 1979, Waiting is one in the same tread of
The Mahapatrean poems,
A poet of bewitching silence,
He just sees life in the intricacies of relationships,
Conspiring against
With the fickle mind
Always in a flux,
The moments as bubbles appearing on and vanishing,
Nothing as mementoes or memorabilia to tell of,
Everything but in the dustbin of time
To be cleaned again.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayprakash Narain, You Did Not Do It Right

Did your morality allow you to leave
The revolution midway,
Doing the ground work,
Give a match
To the spark
As for Indira's autocracy and iron will,
But to push the nation
Into the flames of the civil war,
Burning in and out
On brink of the division of society
Between the backwards and forwards,
The reservationists and anti-reservationists
Fighting pitched battles,
was it,
Was it good for the nation, Jayprakash,
Say you?

You turned the godfather, the pioneer of the movement,
In your lead against Indira
And leaving it midway,
Turned into Lokmanya,
But as a result of your lead,
The intellectuals and good left thy away politics,
Took to sanyasa from
As for your fellows,
The immature students, fools, illiterates,
Lathimen, rustics, milkmaids, cowboys,
Herdsman, palm-juice-sellers, barbers,
Washermen, vegetable-sellers,
Oil-pressures, forestmen,
Astrologers, horoscope-makers, soothsayers,
Peons, watchmen,
Paan-sellers, beedi-sellers,
Bhangeris, ganjeris, darpiyas,
Loafers and roamers
All turned into . and .
And this too not,
Ministers in charge
Of state and central level affairs.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayprakash Narain, Your Hanumans

Your hanumans, black-mouthed Indian hanumans
Bite they,
Grin and gnash the teeth
And chatter,
Sometimes scratch, nail and slap they,
Jayprakash.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayprakash Narayan, Was Your Political Movement?

Jayprakash Narayan, had you thought of
Bringing in pick-pockets, thieves, robbers and loafers
As for your socialistic solidarity
With them?

As for your socialism and socialistic revolution,
The good men whatever there had been,
Left they politics forever
Though politics is not for the good men.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayprakash Narayan, What Politics Are You With Herdsmen, Goatmen? N

Jayprakash Narayan, what politics are you
With the herdsmen, goatmen, cowboys and buffalomen,
The unmoustached students and immature minds,
Fools and bluff-masters,
Thugs and looters,
Loafers and roamers?

The countryside ruffians and rustics,
The blunt milkmen, the washermen, the barbers,
The foolish astrologers and horoscope-makers,
The vegetable-sellers, the oil-pressers,
The tribals and the fishermen,
The blunt warriors and the cleverly intellectuals,
The illiterate fools and rustics
All you are hiring
To form the government?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jayprakash's Black-Mouthed Hanumans

Jayprakash's black-mouthed hanumans
Grin they not only,
But bite too,
Black-mouthed hanumans,
Not Gandhian banars,
Small breed red-mouthed monkeys.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jhilmil Sitoron Ki Ek Apni Kahani Hoti Hai (Glimmering Star Have A Story Of Own)

Jhilmil sitoron ki ek apni kahani hoti hai
Thik jhilmil surya-kiron ki tarah,
Supravat kah ke haath milayiye to jarur.

Glimmering stars have a story of own,
Exactly glimmering like the sunbeams,
Handshake with a good morning.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jinnah, Just For Your Miangiri Abandoned And Shunned You Your Daughter

Jinnah,
Just for your Miangiri,
You shunned and abandoned
Your daughter
Dina

The daughter from
Ruttie Petit
And this much
You could not compromise,
Jinnah

Just for your lovely daughter,
Jinnah,
This much too
You could not compromise with,
Jinnah

As how fanatical and biased
And prejudiced
Had you been, Jinnah
Narrow and small-minded
Compromising not with his own daughter.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jiva

Jiva is the creature,
The life in the creature,
The spirit, consciousness within
Pulsating.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jiva (Haiku)

In every creature
There is life, there is consciousness,
Prana and spandana.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jnu Campus And Complex Is Premnagari

JNU campus is Premnagari,
Love-Township,
The sadhu baba
With ganja, ladki and Naxalism
And the enticed and eloped with disciple
Sitting with him
In the hermitage.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jobless Asses And Horses

In this age of globalization, privatization and liberalization,
I think of their joblessness and retirement,
Of all those asses and horses?

How to re-engage and re-employ them
After their voluntary retirement not,
Forced retirement?

Give them jobs, sir.

Bijay Kant Dubey

John Masefield

John Masefield a poet
Of the sea,
The ships sailing,
The surf and foam splashing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Joker Is My Name

Who am I, what my name, where my house, who my own, where to go,
What my identity, entity,
The clown and the fool said to me,
How silly is it to ask about these!

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Joker, You Too Have Turned Into A Research Guide In India

Joker, you too have turned into a research guide here in India
And I think you will get many candidates registered
On your area,
On the use of ridicule and the sense of humour,
The use and application of wit and humour, fun and pun,
Comic sense and the innocence of laughing simply,
I think many will get .,
They will not write,
But you will,
Collaging the matters,
Cutting with the scissors,
Like a barber and a gardener,
Falling short of plagiarism
And as thus will you able to make money from,
Where all going to market, the bazaar,
The scholar and the guide
To purchase the degree
And those days are gone now,
When they used to speak, first deserve then desire,
But now with a generation gap
Or the change in taste or morality,
Desire they first then will they deserve
As the chair too teaches
And if this be not, how can a fool too turns into a minister,
Keeping the things in control
And bargaining for power strictly?

Cut and paste your thesis
To be awarded the doctorate
And you are not Mr. now, but Dr.,
Dr....
A Sanskrit saying says about
The place, time and tense specific relevance and importance,
The time is also their being guides
As they are in the university
Or an opportunity lies in
As the student too is available,

The place too plays a role,
Time and circumstance,
Situation and placement too have a say in it
And in this age of globalization, privatization and liberalization,
With the mobile handset,
Everything is possible.

Joker as the research guide
And Fool as the research scholar of his going,
Going to cut the pages from books and older theses.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jokers, Rustic Jokers & Loafers As Leaders From Bihar

Jokers, rustic jokers,
Tobacco-eaters, beedi-smokers, paan-takers
As leaders,
Leaders of Indian democracy from Bihar,
The blunt and bogus people,
The scamsters, fraudsters and gangsters.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Josephbrodsky

A poet Russian and American
Sings a song,
Full of emotion and memory,
Sits by the window
To glimpse afresh
To sing of liberty and freedom,
Poetry using
The three modes of cognition,
Analytic, intuition and revelation
Used in poetry
And this is what distinguishes it
From others
Taking Pushkin's monument,
Ithaca,
Russian poetry in English.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Journalism & Media/ Media Personalities/ I See The Media Men As The Bad Boys Peeping Though The Windows

I see the media,
The men in journalism and media
Dealing in,
Dispensing with
As the bad fellows,
Morally corrupt and fallen,
Peeping into others' affairs,
Through the backdoor,
The window-curtains
Placing the spycams
In the bathroom.

To poke into others' matters
their jobs,
To leak and break the news,
To instigate and provoke,
Not to douse the flames,
But throw petrol
To make it highly inflammable,
The more it burns
the more will it be profitable,
To do politics with the dead body
And the autopsy
Their character.

The media man is just like a chandal
Or a dom,
I mean the burning ghat cruel tax-collector
Or a skin tanner,
A drunk hangman
Or the morgue man
Just like Yama
Standing before,
The Hindu God of Death,
Ethnic and tribal,
Blackly,

Not from complexion aspect
But from within too,
Cruel and callous indeed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Julie, I Love You

Julie, I love you,
The world seems to be a photograph of yours,
Julie, I love you,
The whole world a photograph of yours.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Julie, I Love You (Ii)

Julie, I love you,
What can the heart if falls in love,
Julie, I love you.

The whole world
Seems to be a picture of yours,
Julie, I love you.

What can the heart do
If someone falls in love
With somebody?

It is not your fault,
It is nor mine,
Julie, I love you, I love you.

Just for once say you,
Julie, I love you, love you,
What can the heart do?

You a Christian,
A convent-educated girl girl,
Living by the church.

Julie, I love you,
What can the heart do
If someone falls in love with somebody?

Even though the barriers be many,
Julie, I love you, I love you,
Julie, I cannot forget you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Julie, I Love You (Iii)

Julie, I love you,
What can the heart if falls in love,
Julie, I love you.

The whole world
Seems to be a picture of yours,
Julie, I love you.

What can the heart do
If someone falls in love
With somebody?

It is not your fault,
It is nor mine,
Julie, I love you, I love you.

Just for once say you,
Julie, I love you, love you,
What can the heart do?

You a Christian,
A convent-educated girl girl,
Living by the church.

Julie, I love you,
What can the heart do
If someone falls in love with somebody?

Even though the barriers be many,
Julie, I love you, I love you,
Julie, I cannot forget you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Julie, I Love You, I Love You, Julie

Julie, I love you, I love you, Julie,
What it passes on my heart,
What to say to you,
The world stands as a barrier
In between us,
But still I love you,
I love you, Julie,
Julie, you are my heart,
Julie, you my soul?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Julie, I Love You, Love You... Say You Only For Once That I Love You, Love You

Julie, I love you, I love you,
Julie, I love you,
I love you,
What can the heart do
If it takes anybody for a liking,
What can the heart,
It's not within you,
Not within me,
Julie, I love you, love you,
Say you for once,
I love you, love you?

What can the heart do
If it falls in love with
You,
Julie, I love you, I love you,
Only one thing that I want to say to you,
Julie, I love you, I love you,
You forget me not, forget me not,
Say you for once,
That you love me,
That you love me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Julie, Julie, I Love You, You! Julie, I Love You, Love You!

Julie,
Julie, I love you,
Julie, I love you.

Julie,
Julie, I love you.

I remember you
Taking you past the park
When you used to be a convent school girl.

The church and the Christian background
Cannot be a hurdle,
Julie, Julie, I love you.

I love you, love you, Julie,
Julie, I love you, love you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jussawalla's Sea Breeze, Bombay And Approaching Santa Cruz Airport, Bombay: A Reading

Partition's stitched people
Telling teior tales
Of re-knotting of ties
And re-settlements
And the sea breeze refreshing
It all, the landscape and scenery of it

The ships sailing, drifting ashore,
The hectic activity
On the sea shore,
The mariners, shipmen going,
The sea farers, adventurers
Taking the pleasure.

Striding it all
The calm and clamour,
Bristling business and hectic activity,
Bombay has always opened
Its harbours and beaches
For the peoples of the world.

While Approaching Santa Cruz Airport, Bombay
Is a poem of landing,
The plane touching down
Santa Cruz airport
And he feeling about Bombay,
The place so endeared to him,
The locality and scapes of it.

The missing person sharing the talks
With the diplomat
In the plane
About the rich and the poor,
The poor will remain poor,
The rich rich
Thinking of the touching down.

Loud benedictions of the silver popes,
The masts of cathedrals, chapels,
Churches and cemeteries
He could see
With the name Cruz doing the rounds
Portuguese perhaps, meaning the Holy Cross.

But Bombay is Bombay,
Of the Bombayans,
Where his home is,
Mumbai of Kolis, shipmen and boatmen
Mumbadevi,
The working class people,
The slums abounding and with skyscrapers.

The history of Bombay
None strove to know about,
How was it,
How has it been filled
To have a passage,
Linking it with,
The mainland history who to learn it?

The history of Bombay says he
Of ports, posts and harbours,
Ships and beaches,
Sailors, shipmen, boatmen,
Captains and the crew,
Shipwrecks and forlorn brothers,
Refugees and settlers

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just A Few Words Of Sympathy, Just A Few Words Of Affection

A man for a man
And it will not go anything else with,
Just a few words of sympathy,
Just a few words of affection.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just A Sweet Kiss

Just a kiss
want I from you,
a sweet kiss
on the cheeks of yours,
the forehead of yours,
the eyelashes,
you just close your eyes.

Why are you so beautiful,
my love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just Behind The Church, Stealing The Moon

Stealing the moon, I shall go sitting behind the church
To say,
Which but know you, which but know I,
Which but I cannot,
As it happens, happens in love,
Stealing the moon, I shall go sitting behind the church.

The moon shining above and we behind the church
Talking, lost in the thoughts of ours,
The fair, fine and silvery fresh moon shining up above,
The moonshine-bathed the world,
The moonlit ways and the orbs glistening
And we behind the church,
In the garden of flowers, sitting in the backyard,
Sharing a talk.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just For A Cup Of Tea, I Fell In Love With Her

For a cup of tea,
Under the pretext of seeing her,
Went I to her house,
Saw her cursorily
And fell in love
With her.

Saw her coming
With a cup of tea
Into the hands of hers,
The curls coming over
The fair face
And she coming with a cup of tea.

My relatives had been
In the hope of
Getting the dowry,
But said I,
This cup of tea is
My dowry.

I liked the girl,
Loved her
With a cup of tea standing before
And I seeing her cursorily,
My love,
Hidden from the world.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just For A Kiss

Just for a kiss,
a sweet kiss
to impress
on the appleyish cheeks
of yours,
I am waiting,
waiting for you,
my love,
just for a kiss,
a sweet kiss
on the appleyish cheeks
of yours,
my love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just For A Kiss Of Miss Burquawalli Am I Here

Just for a sweet kiss of
Miss Burquawalli
Am I here,
My lady love in waiting,
A waitress,
A bar tender of mine
Making me drink
And I through her lustrous eyes,
The eyes sparkling,
With a strange glitter in them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just For A Kiss Of Yours, Burquawalli

Just for a sweet kiss of yours,
Burquawalli,
Here lie I in wait,
Just for a glimpse of yours,
O Burquawalli,
The girl clad under a black veil!

I know it the same love
Is in you,
The same heart
Beating and pulsating within.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just For A Pair Of Blue Eyes/ Just Like The Deep Blue Seas, The Blue-Eyed Girl

O, the girl with the blue eyes,
Tell you,
What your name,
Just like the blue seas,
The blue-eyed, sea deep love,
Tell you!

She is not speaking, but her eyes,
Sea-deep, sea-like,
A pair of blue eyes,
Taking me far,
Far away to
Where it snows deep,
The chill and frost take over the things,
Into those domains,
Domains of the world!

And I with an attache into the hands of mine
Moving along the Mediterranean rivers,
Searching my lady love,
The girl with a pair of blue eyes,
Trying to search her,
Locate and trace back,
Who she is after all,
The girl with the sea-deep eyes!

She is moving away,
But I following her,
Into the footsteps of hers to know,
Who the girl is,
with the sea-deep eyes,
Unfathomable and deep,
With a pair of blue eyes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just For Blasphemy, One Is Killing Another In Pakistan, It Is Very Painful Indeed

Just for blasphemy, one is killing another,
You just think about,
What are you doing it,
Just on suspicion,
You are your own brother,
Just for sectarian difference?

Can God be of anybody,
Will man not die,
Are we forever,
Is God only benevolent,
Not cruel,
You just think about metaphysically
And say it?

Have we become so intolerant,
Can we not bear others,
What we believe in,
Can we impose on others,
Can one not take the liberty of criticizing?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just For Her Bobby-Cut, Call Her Not An Indian English Poetess

Just for her Bobby-cut hair,
Call her not an Indian English poetess,
She is but fraud and fake,
Has cut and pasted her Ph.D. thesis
On Indian English poetry,
A bluffing one
Who seals facts from others.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just For Religious Bigotry And Allegiance, We Are Shedding Innocent A Lot

Just for religious bigotry and stubbornness,
Fanaticism and allegiance,
We are shedding a lot,
Human blood,
Spilling it on the roads
Just for the fanatics and fundamentalists
As the moderates are silent,
Will keep silent,
Will not speak out their minds
As for who are really faithful,
Righteous and virtuous
And charitable and philanthropic,
Holy and faithful,
Good and kind to all?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just For The Kiss Of A Foreigner Girl, Lie I In Wait

Just for the kiss of a foreigner girl, lie I in wait
And I shall go
Only after seeing the foreigner girl,
Only after kissing her.

A rose from a foreign land and clime,
A flower from a foreigner country,
What can be more special than this
Than to have a foreigner
As the beloved, the lady love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just For The Scorpion Bite, Nissim

Just for the scorpion bite, Nissim, you turned into a great poet
Writing the very Indian poem
Of the very Indian countryside
And its people,
Applying herbal, incantatory and allopathic
To save the life moaning and groaning in pain,
Writhing in.

But you should note it, Nissim, this is not a new thing
To have happened for the first time,
Such an incident happens generally,
I can tell you
Of the daughter bitten and being dead
In the forest ranger's quarters.

Nissim, the India of the countryside, rural space
You know them not
The houses made of mud and thatched roofs
With the sparrows chirping at daybreak,
You do not,
Do not know them,
Nor have tried you to understand them.

Just as an alien insider saw you India, just as a foreigner
Or a minority caste man,
You saw India and read it the emotions,
Alienating from its
Ethos, historicity, art, culture and tradition,
Myth, mystery and mysticism,
Metaphysics, theology and cosmology,
Religion, spirituality, philosophy and ethics.

Just for the scorpion bite, the scorpion bite, the critics praised You with so much
so admiration and acclamation,
I have no words,
No words to say to and share with
As in the mud houses, on the walls of it,
Under the jute knapsacks
Or the haystacks

Live they the brown scorpions,
But the woody scorpions look like small crabs,
Blackly and shining,
Beetle-like,
But somewhat slow in movement,
Not like the brown, wheatish scorpions..

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just For To Be Modern He Started Taking Cigars

Just for to be modern
He started
Taking cigars
But when short of money
Takes to beedis

And his autobiography
From a cigar man
To a beedi smoker.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just Like A Candle

Just as a candle
I like to burning
In your memory.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just Like A Rajanigandha Bloom

Just like a rajanigandha bloom,
Fair, white and icy,
fair, fine and fresh,
Ever fresh is my love,
The so cheeks of hers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just Like A Red Rose Appeared She The Foreigner Girl And I Kissed Her

Just like a red rose appeared she to be
And I kissed her,
A red rose was she
A foreigner girl,
So much beautiful
And after seeing her,
Now my heart lives it not in India,
But goes with her to foreign
From the airport.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just Like A Theatre Persona

She keeps powdering, creaming
Her face,
Applying the cosmetics
A heroine behind the curtain
Before the mirror
Dressing and decorating herself
A persona colourful
And impressive.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just Like I Traveller I Keep Passing

As a traveller, I keep seeing,
Passing through the hilly and wooded terrains,
Full with the palash trees,
Standing leafless,
But in clusters,
Reddish-reddish, florid and hanging onto
As bunches
And the blackly cuckoos pecking in,
Cooing from
In spring.

The palash trees small-small, wild-wild
With the leaves shed completely,
Small-small but leafless,
But with the blossoms
Clustered around and hanging by
And the during the sojourn
Cuckoos pecking in
And singing sweetly from
And engulfing the hilly terrain,
Where there is none,
But the Santhali tribal houses
Dotting the area,
Spread over.

In that solitary, manless haunt,
Full of ups and downs, highlands and lowlands,
Stony, rocky and hilly
With the rivulet passing through,
Streaming in between the hills,
Passing on,
Going down to
Musically or silently,
There is none to see and view
The beauty of the palash blooms,
Small-small, wild-wild,
Florid and ornate
Hanging by the tree.

Just Like You

Just like you,
Just liked a girl like you
Have I wanted,
Just like you,
Just like.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just Saw You For Once (Bilingual)

Ek Nazar

Ek nazar jo dekha pyaar ho gaya,
Ab tu hi bataa
Jiun to jiun kaese?

Just Saw You For Once

Just saw you for once and fell in love,
Now you tell me
How to live?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just Suppose You A Fairly Tall & Slim Girl Is Before You (For Rajanigandha)

Under the moonlit skies
Laden and smeared with dew and mist,
You a solitary lass,
Rajanigandha!

So redolent and fragrant,
Sweet and lovely,
Icy white and clustered,
Rajanigandha,
You a flower princess!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just Suppose You, You Are The Girl Before & I'M Saying, I Love You, Love To You, Just Suppose E

Just suppose you, you are the girl before
And I saying,
I love you, love you
To you,
Just suppose you,
How will you take it?

Don't mind
I am not saying to you
And you not the girl before me,
Just, just suppose you,
You are standing before me
As a stranger
And I saying, I love you, love you
To you,
How will you take it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just The Dark Legs Divine

Just the Dark Leg Divine

Ankletted white,

But dark, dark,

Let me, let me

The Replica Divine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just The Tattoo Telling The Name Of The Nameless Woman

The village woman after the seven rounds
Around the sacred fire
And vermillion put into the parting line of the hair,
Clicking it not the name of her husband,
The head lowered under a veil
And shied away from the world.

Backward, poor and illiterate,
Reared in an orthodox and conservative society,
Quite traditional enough,
She cannot cross the Lakshmanrekha,
Lakshman-drawn home periphery
Of the courtyard
Even though a sadhu comes to seek for the alms
As who may know his disguise and purpose of silent visit?

She cannot take the name of her husband
As it will be sinful
To take the name,
A Sita-Sati-Savitri,
Just under the veil,
A little bit of the sari border over her head
She continues with her feminine get-up.

Only the tattoo on the hand saying the name of the husband
Or her name,
She will not speak it herself
The name of her owner of the household
As the husband is a god of some kind
And it is not good to take the name of the husband,
Which will be bad for her to take
As it may lessen his life-span.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just Think Of, Imagine You, I In Love With Julie, A Christian Girl/ Julie, I Love You

Julie, I love you,
The day since when I saw you, I have not,
Have not forgotten you,
What can the poor heart do
If it falls in love wiith you?

A beauty, a love so beautiful and lovely
To look at,
Looking pretty in the frock
And I cycling make you sit
On my bicycle.

Talking with and smiling,
Teasing you, imitating you,
Bringing a flower for you
And you saying, thank you,
Thank you again.

Julie, it is neither your fault nor mine,
If the heart falls in love with,
What can it do,
You say it?

I go whisting the song of love
And you standing before me a s a picture,
The world a photo of yours
And I lost in the love of yours,
Whistling a song.

When I do not see you, I become so sad,
When I do not,
See you, beats it the heart of mine
And wait for your coming.

Julie, only one thing that I could not say to you,
I love you,
I love you,

What the hear can do if it falls in love with?

Only for once, you just say it, I love you,
I love you,
Only for once, I love you, Julie,
Julie, I love you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just Wanted To See Him And Saw Him, A Statue Of Barddhaman Mahavir

Just had been thinking of
And it flashed upon the mind
A black, but shining statue of Mahahvir,
Barddhaman Mahavir.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Just With The Scorpion Bite Nissim Cashed Fame

Just with the scorpion-bite,
Nissim cashed popularity
And his poem,
Night of the Scorpion
Held the stage for years
Of debates and discussions,
The mother after being bitten
Lying unconscious,
The tamers trying to tame
The poison
Through mantras,
The herbalists applying on
The herbal paste,
The sceptic father
Applying paraffin oil
With the match-stick.

The incessant rains
And the scorpion,
The villagers with the shadows
Cast over
And the lanterns into their hands
Or candles
On a goodwill visit
Are the other pictures.

People around
A mass of the villagerly men,
Half-read and half-educated,
Illiterate, foolish and backward,
They all discussing
In terms of philosophy,
One's own karma and dharma and bhoga,
Resultant punishment.

But the scorpion as a villain
Absconding,
An escapist

Hiding around the knapsack
With the diabolic tail of its own,
The satanic figure.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Jyestha's Midday

Jyestha's midday,
Blazing and burning,
No respite from
Heat and dust,
The loo ruffling it all,
Full of sun strokes,
Heat and humidity
And the wind blowing hot and hard.

The earth keeps burning,
Parching and cracking,
The water level going deep,
Sinking into,
Man left perspiring,
Unable to bear the heat,
The hamlets parched and dry
Against the drop of,
The buffaloes wallowing into the tanks.

Water, water, water,
The cry for water,
Rain, rain, rain,
God give us water,
Cloud, give us water,
A thirsty soul wanting water
To quench with the nectar drops.

Bijay Kant Dubey

K. D. Katrak As A Poet

It is an omission and error
Of the Indian critics,
Critics not,
But circumstantial surveyors
Turned into,
Upgraded from reviewers and letter collectors
To write about
k,
The author of
Diversions by the Wayside,1969,
A Journal of the Way,1979,
Underworld,1989

And even promoted he,
But left them all
As the load
For someone,
But archives will not
Hear our lame excuses,
k wrote he
Beautifully
Choosing simple
And meaningful lines,
Full of hale and hearty talks,
Himself a man in advertising.

A poet experimental
With language and theme,
He had been light and casual
And wrote in his own way
Whatever drew his attention,
Took he to
To put on
Simply
Which was but a beauty
Of his writing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

K. V. Suryanarayana Murti As A Poet (Vishakhapatnam, Andhra)

K. V. Suryanarayana Murti, who is from Vishakhapatnam, Andhra
Has Allegory of Eternity (1975) , Triple-Light (1975) ,
Sparks of the Absolute (1976) , Spectrum (1976) ,
Symphony of Discords (1977) , Araku (1982)
And others as his collections of poems
Uses and applies in wit, humour and conceit
And more specially metaphysics and spirituality
To base and border
The poems of his
Tumbling to us as farces,
Falling short of becoming epics
Or epic fragments are they,
Written in sequences.

Suryanarayana Murti is famous for correspondences with Mulk Raj Anand
And has published them in a book,
But as a poet
Spiritual, metaphysical and illuminating
In his details,
He has striven to induct in the comic and the realistic,
The metaphysico-realistic,
A poet conventional
And conglomerate,
Earthly, spiritual and metaphysical.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kaalchakra, The Wheel Of Time

Kaalchakra, the Wheel of Time goes it rotating,
Age after age,
My turn, your turn,
The Turn of Fate,
What it is in my fate,
What it is in your fate,
How the Writ of Destiny!

The Wheel of Time goes it rotating,
Kaalchakra,
The Disc of Time
Which is but Doom, Black Hole,
Time, duration,
My kaal, your kaal,
Dangers lying ahead
Or my time, your time,
Time time.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kabhi Akele

Kabhi Akele

Kabhi akele pyaar ka ehsas hota hain,
Tum hotin to eisa hota,
Tum hoti to vaisa hota,
Accha, pyar ko pyar rahane do.

Sometimes When Alone

Sometimes when alone, love touches it,
Had you been would have happened as such,
Had you been would have happened as that,
Well, let love be love in its spirit.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kabirdas

The son of a Brahmin widow
Who abandoned him
As for worldly shame
The newly-born babe
Which but the childless weaver couple
Gathered with courage
To foster him up

And the same child grew up
As Kabirdas
Into the weaver's family,
An abandoned Brahmin boy
But professed in a different faith
But the quest for knowledge
Took him to Ramananda
Who just preached on the ghats of Benares

And that too marking the thirst for,
Giving him the Ram-nam mantra
As how to give to,
Not of,
Keeping the time-spirit in mind
But gave he,
Yielded to his temptation,
The thirst for, desire for knowledge,
The knowledge of the self

And it is in Kabirdas
Hinduism and Islam mingle with,
Culminating in a nicer fusion,
A synthesis rarely to be seen elsewhere,
A diya burning on the mazar of a Sufi saint

A founder of the Kabir Panthis,
A Vaishnavite Muslim weaver,
The adopted child is one such
In whom the echoes
Of the assimilation of Ram and Rahima
Can be felt in with so much intimacy

And the mere touch of the guru Ramananda
Exclaiming, "Ram! Ram! "
After having trodden him unknowingly
On the Ganga ghats
And the disciple too in the hope of
Lying to be touched to break into rhythmically

The body as if a lyre
And the mere touch of a guru
Striking the chords with Hari-nam
And with it
The sweet notes breaking forth
In many a melody and tuning of own.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kadambari Devi

Kadambari Devi, your pains, the pains of your heart
The world could not,
How did it beat for,
Someone who turns dearer and dearer
As for time, circumstance and situation
On whose threshold
This life is placed on,
The corner-stone of time,
The passage through which one comes and passes out,
Enters and exits
That want I to discuss it here.

Kadambari Devi, it had not been the fault of yours that you loved,
Loved someone,
Gave your heart to,
Found friends with,
Talked and shared with,
But it was your void which felt you,
As the void
Which you felt,
You could not compromise with,
The pains fraught with
You could never, never.

A little girl, when you entered the household,
You too had been of the same age,
Tagore was of,
The elder and fifth brother too had been thirteen years older
And the other aspect was this that he used to be away
As for business activities
And the other you too had not a son
And then came the marriage news,
Resulting in your death
Under mysterious circumstances.

Kadambari Devi, yours pains the world could not,
The pains
With which lived you, passed the days,
Whether simple or serious,

We know it not,
But the heart beat it
In sympathy and affection,
Whatever be it the fact and fiction of this coquettish life.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kadambari Devi, Your Autobiography Not, Biography (Leaves Out Of Tagore's Diary)

Kadambari Devi, your autobiography not,
You biography
Want I to write.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kadambari Devi, Your Love

Kadambari Devi, your love
The world could not know,
Feel it,
The pains of your love,
Your sweet heart,
Just the whispers went about,
But the false rumours rumoured
Suppressed the matter
Of family prestige.

A the age of the came you
To the Tagore family
When Rabindranath had been
Of the same age,
Perhaps elderly by two years,
You a playmate and a friend
Of his could not part ways
When Tagore married
You jumped to death.

Kadambari Devi, your love for Tagore
Had been controversial
And it did contain in elements of tragedy,
Which but we felt it not,
Knew it not,
How lonely did you feel about,
How much desperate and dejected
In your heartbeat for him!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kadambaridevi

Kadambaridevi, how desperate had you been,
How despondent and dejected,
Committed you suicide
At an early age of life,
Leaving Tagore remorseful and grieving,
Which but we do not know it,
What sort of relationship existed it,
But the friendly sister-in-law was you,
Almost of the same age,
Sharing with him
With an open heart!

Kadambaridevi, say you, what it pained your heart,
What was it that broke the heart of yours
And committed you
After jumping from the second floor
Of your house,
Kadambaridevi,
Your pains the world could not
Feel it then,
Not even now could we,
Kadambaridevi, your pains,
The pains of a womanly heart!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kahan Hae Black Money Cchupa Huya? (Where Is Black Money Hidden?)

Kahan hae black money
Cchupa huya,
Kis koyale ki khann mein,
Heera ka tukada?

Where is black money
Hidden underneath in which coalfield,
That diamond piece?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kahan Hae Mera Ghar? / Where Is My Home?

Kahan hae mera ghar,
Kahan hae mujhe jaana?
Koi jo mujhe bataata.

Jindagi kaa safar.

Where is my home,
Where have I to go?
Somebody could have told me.

The journey of life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kahin Deep Jalei, Kahi Man (Somewhere Burns It The Candle, Somewhere The Inner Heart)

Kahin deep jalein, kahin dil,
Kya kahun pyaar ke afsaano ko?

Dil ke dard ko kisne jaanaa hain?

Somewhere burns it the candle, somewhere the heart,
What to say about the painful narratives of love?

Who has known the pains of the heart?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kaikhushra Dhunjibhoy Sethna As A Poet (26 November 1904 – 29 June 2011)

a, a Parsi boy from Bombay,
Came he hearing about Aurobindo's Integral Yoga
In 1927 at the age of twenty-three
To be a disciple to learn
From Sri Aurobindo and Mirra Alfassa,
A bright and brilliant graduate from Bombay Univ.,
Well-versed in modern writers.

Re-christened as Amal Kiran in 1930 at his request,
'Clear Ray' if translated it would be
As so-called by Aurobindo,
Sethna edited the Sri Aurobindo Ashram journal Mother India
For almost fifty years from 1949
As the founding editor
Before retiring from editorship in 2000.

A poet, a scholar, a writer, a philosopher
And a cultural critic,
He is a saint and a thinker,
An ashramite and a sadhak
And an Aurobindonian,
A meditationlist, a spiritualist
Like the master, the teacher.

An avid reader and a researcher,
Knowledgeable and thoughtful,
He traced the development of thought and tradition,
Making a comparative study of,
Tracing the sadhak's journey of life,
Feeling the impact of truth and beauty perceivable,
The Super Mind endowing with.

Sethna who made a tryst with
Even before his arrival had been an author of collections,
Artist Love (1925) , The Secret Splendour (1941) ,
The Adventure of Apocalypse (1949)
Apart from his critical studies of

Mallarme and other symbolists,
Aurobindo on Shakespeare, correspondences with Kathleen Raine.

The grand man of the ashrama and the letters,
Sethna lived a long life,
A centenarian he was,
An age he saw and lived,
Assessed and interpreted,
Guiding the seekers after truth,
In yoga and philosophy.

A poet feeling the touch of the Sweet Power,
The Power Divine,
He tells of Truth, Light, Mind
And Consciousness,
Human Thought and its evolution,
Life and historicity
Just like the master, the spiritual guru.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kailash, Shiva's Kailash, Mansarovar And The White Swans Flying Over

Kailash,
Kailash,
Mount Kailash,
The white swans flying over,
Flying to,
Skies meeting with,
Clouds floating over sometimes,
The scenery stupendous,
Celestial.

Kailash,
Kailash,
Shiva's Mount Kailash,
The swans, white swans flying to
From Mansarovar,
Shivoaham shivoaham shivoaham
Resounding,
Resounding
With the scenery flaky
And crystal clear.

The clear and clean stream flowing by,
The swans flying over,
The sky quite clear,
The sun dazzling,
The yogis, sadhus and fakiras
Enjoying the site,
The loveliness of it,
The scene and the sight,
The topography, cartography stupendous.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kaisee Ye Deewangi? (How Is This Love Of Being After Madly?)

Deewana kah
Deewana jo ho gayen hum,
Wo to pahlee mulaakaat theen
Deewana hone she pahle,
Pyarbhari nazron she dekh to liziye
Deewangi ki dora she gujarane she pahle.

Dusron ko deewana kahne she pahle
Sochiye to jaraa
Kahi aap deewana to nahin ho gayen hain?

Having utered madly after love,
Have I turned into a mad lover,
That had been my first meeting
Being being madly in love after,
See me please with your loveful looks
Before passing through the passage of love crisis.

Before calling others love-mad or to be after
Think you but
Whether have you or not turned into a mad lover,
Moon-struck, love-struck, Cupid-hit?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kajarare Nayanon She/ From The Collyrium-Applied Eyes

Kajarare nayanon she
Esh tarh
Mat dekhiye,
Mujhe dar lagata hain,
Dar lagata hain
Aapko dekh kar.

From the collyrium-applied eyes
In this way
See you not,
I fear,
Fear
Seeing you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kalbaisakhi

The gloom is lurking over in the distant
And is heading towards,
The winds have started blowing hard
And lo, the kalbaisakhi is coming
After the daytime heat and temperature,
Heat wave and its ruffle!

The gloom extending over, the trees rustling by,
Winds blowing hard and howling,
Followed by the rains lashing,
Trees shaking dangerously
Lest be broken.

Unsettling and unseating it all,
The kalbaisakhi coming with the dark clouds
And the lashes of rains,
The gloom and the thunder
And the bolts from the blue.

Definitely, a relief from the blazing sun
Of Baisakh and Jyestsha,
Perspiring and parching heat of the summer,
But the arrival
Unexpected and unimaginable,
Shaking and lashing,
Thundering, lightening and falling
And blowing away forcefully.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kalbaisakhi (The Norwester)

Kalbaisakhi, when come you, come you
As a whirlwind,
A cyclone under formation,
Working under pressure,
Blowing away heat wave and humidity
Give you relief,
But ruffling it all very dangerously,
I can see the clouds blackening,
The winds with the dust storms blowing
And playing with,
The trees shaking violently,
The force as such
That they bending,
Twisting and twisting,
Maybe it that they may be uprooted,
The tin roofs rattling,
The rains with the hard winds
Lashing against
And it's thundering.

Kalbaisakhi, you are the cyclonic storm
Of the Baisakh month
Of the Indian Hindu calendar,
That is from 15 April to 15 May,
But it continuing for more
Till the rainy days set in
And even in the hottest summertime of Jyestha,
I mean from 15 May to 15 June,
A harbinger of the cool no doubt,
But the evaporation is also essential
As for the cyclic order
Giving way to Aasadh, Shravana and Bhadra finally.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kalbaisakhi, Nor'Wester, Where Do You Come From, Sir?

Kalbaisakhi,
Kaal in the Indian month of Baisakh,
Ay, doom, kaal in Baisakh,
Where do you come from, sir,
The Indian Nor'wester,
Wherefrom,
From India or foreign
That come you with a sudden force,
Blowing the things away,
Making the cloudburst
Or uprooting the twigs and boughs
Of the trees?

Indian month of Chaitra
Full of heat and humidity has just gone
By the middle of April
And the month of Baisakh has just started
And in the meantime, you have started
The activities of yours,
The destructive activities of yours
Causing harm and damage
And resulting in the loss of lives,
It lightening and striking people
To take it on to middle of May,
Kalbaisakhi.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kalbaishakhi, Where Do You Live You, Where Dwell You?

Kalbaishakhi,
Where dwell you, sir
That cometh thou like
The sire on the way,
It's gathering,
Gathering in the distant,
The gloom imminent
And the strong gusts of the wind
Blowing,
Blowing and howling
And sighing by,
Things getting ruffled,
The tin roofs rattling,
The branches of the trees swaying
Dangerously, ferociously!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kali

Kali Kalratri, Moharatri, Maharatri,
Kali kalyani,
Kali Kalrupa,
The Dark Goddess,
The Night of Creation,
The image of Kali,
How to imagine it,
How to make, unmake!

Kali, Shamshana Kali,
The Kali of the Crematorium,
Of the sadhakas and tantrikas,
Kali, Shyama Kali,
Bluish, Blue-coloured Mahadevi,
Shyama,
What is She,
I don't know?

Kali, a statue of Kali,
You worship Her
Controlling your fascination and temptation,
Human lust, greed and gratification,
Kali Kali,
Mahakali
Grand and Magnificent,
Bizarre and Grotesque.

With the red blood-dribbling Tongue
Out of the Lips
Held out in Anger or
As for diminishing sin on earth
Or trampling Shiva
Under Her Feet,
With a garland of human heads and hands
Wreathed around the Neck

And with the weapons in held
In the four hands
And with the sword,

A man-head held by hair,
A snake
And the conch,
Mother looking furious.

Mother with a sword
And the Tongue out of the Lips
In the Anger of Her Own,
The Long Hair Waist-long,
The Bindi Spot
Just near the Crescent
On the Forehead
With the Painted and Pearly
Half-sleepy Third Eye.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kali, How To Paint Her?

Kali,
Kali Shyama Kali,
Kali Mahakali
Kalrupa,
How to paint,
Paint Her?

Kali blue-faced not,
Dark, dark,
Pitch dark and frightening,
Kali,
The Kali of dacoits and robbers?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kali, Kali Dark Black

Kali, the more I see,
The more I get drawn to,
Kali,
Mahakali,
Kali Kaalrupa,
Kali Kalyani,
Kali.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kali, Shyama Kali

Kali,
Shyama Kali,
Blue-complexioned,
With the tongue
out of the mouth,
The crescent on the forehead.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kali, The Dark Goddess

Kali, the Dark Goddess,
Kali, Dark Black Kali,
Kali, Shyama Kali, Blue-coloured Kali.

Kali Kali, Shamshana Kali, the Kali of the Crematorium,
Kali dreadful and magnificent,
Kali Kali, Mahakali, Greater Kali.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kalpurusha

Kalpurusha, what are you doing here near the hamlet rivulet
Making the bodies rolled out one by one,
In age after age
Just outside the hamlet homes,
A cluster of mud-built houses with straw-thatched roofs?

Marking ashti-kalshas hanging by the peepul tree
By the banks of the river,
The burning ghats solitary and littered with
Bamboo cots, broken and half-burnt,
Earthen bowls half-broken and pitchers tumbled down.

Just by the river banks, loitering on the ghats, sometimes by the peepul tree
Or on the rocks, see I,
You sitting under the star-lit skies
Marking the funerals, the last rites,
But how long, how long will you go on hearing?

I know it you are Time, Time Indelible and Indestructible,
The Iron Man,
But here lie I a mortal man plodding my own way,
You are Time, Time, Endless Time,
The Man of Time,
Tolling the mundane bell.

But may I ask you, how, how long will you go on blanketing the dead,
O, how long, how long,
Will you go on seeing the dead bodies rolled off
By being rocky and stony-hearted,
Stubborn and obdurate?

O, how long, how long will you go on hearing the heart-renting Hari bols,
How, how long will you go on seeing the dead
Being brought out of the homes and placed on pyres
After being bathed into the small river waters!

Do their weepings and wails tear you not apart, the hard heart of yours,
Do they not
And you go hearing those wails of man,

Hardening the heart,
Without any tears in the eyes
As this you have watching for so long?
Kalpurusha, one day I too shall return back to, but when will you?
I too shall have to return back, but when will you finally?
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kalpurusha (Ii)

Kalpurusha,
How long will you go
Bundling the dead bodies
Near the rivulet banks
Outside the hamlet?

O, how long, how long
Will you
The dead?
I know it you are time, time,
Time ageless, deathless,
A figure archetypal and antique?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kalpurusha, O Time - Keeper!

Kalpurusha,
Without tears tears into the eyes of yours,
See you
Man blanketing the dead,
Rolling over to burn the dead
Near the hilly rivulet
And you sitting on a rock,
By the old peepul or banyan tree,
Marking them burn,
Hang down the asthi-kalasha,
Doing panda-dana thereafter.

How, how long,
Will you keep doing as thus,
O, how, how long,
Will you go burning the dead?
Kalpurusha, may I ask,
Ask,
Why, why are you so hard of heart,
How, how long,
Will you keep burying the dead,
The burden of the past?

O, blackly and obstinate,
Stubborn Kalpurusha,
The embodiment of time and tense,
Iron Man,
Just like Yama, the God of death
Or it's better to call him a messenger!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kalpurusha, Say They, You Are Time, Time Immortal And Indestructible

Kalpurusha, say you,
How old is this creation,
The earth
And life on it!

When everything resorts to decay,
But you will
As time obdurate and stubborn.

Man will keep blanketing their dead,
But you will go marking
The dead bodies out of the homes.

Just marking all these from the hilly rivulet bank,
Man burning their dead
And the body turning to ashes and coals.

Just by being from the shady peepul and banyan trees
Of the hamlet,
You marking them burn with tears into the eyes.

Kalpurusha, you are Time, Time, timeless and deathless,
Immortal and indestructible and changeless,
Ever ticking, ever passing.

You are time, time, immortal and indestructible,
That which never dies, never destroys,
Always spinning, always striking.

You are time, time and tense,
Time-keeper, the same old time,
The time watchman.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kalpurusha, The Iron Man

Kalpurusha, the iron watchman
Of the ages, times gone by,
A witness of all that,
When will you
When everybody has returned,
When will you
And sitting near the archetypal hamlets,
How long will you keep
Blanketing,
Burying the dead?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kalpurusha, Where Do You Lie Watching It All?

Kalpurusha,
Static and fixed,
Ever watchful, ever passing,
Say you,
Say you,
What it is time,
What it is age,
How the origin,
How the end looming,
Kalpurusha?

They say it,
You are time, time cataclysmic,
Time passing,
Never waiting for,
But passing,
Passing not,
Sliding and gliding by,
Time immortal, indestructible,
Time never-ending,
Time indelible time.

You are kaal, kaal,
Kalpurusha,
You are kaal, kaal,
Kalpurusha,
Kal-purusha,
Time, time,
Time indestructible and indelible,
Time, time
Immortal and ageless,
Time never-ending,
Time ever-running.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kalpurusha, You Are Time, Time, Samay, Kaal And Gati

Kalpurusha, you are kaal, kaal,
Kaal, samay and its gati,
You are time and tense,
Time, period of it and its duration,
Never ending, ever continuing,
My kaal, your kaal, his kaal,
His time, your time, my time,
Time and its period
And the passage of it
And sometimes kaal is but the last time,
The bite of doom and destruction
Appearing serpentine.

Kaal, time, duration, period, basically sense of tense,
Samay plainly time,
Kaal's samay, tense's time
And samay, time related to gati, movement,
the passage and course of it,
Which has but no mati, direction or wisdom.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kalpurusha, You Will

Kalpurusha,
You will live to see,
But I will not stay here.

Kalpurusha,
You are Kaal-kaal,
You are time, time endless, my doom too.

You are time, time ageless, endless,
You are kaal-samay,
You are age-time.

Time which does not wait for,
Time which keeps passing,
Time immortal, indestructible, time endless.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kalratri, Maharatri, Moharatri

Kalratri, the doomsday night,
Maharatri, the great night,
Moharatri, the night of illusion and hallucination.

Yogamaya, Yoganidra
Bhagabati,
Mahamaya, Mahadebi.

Yoginicdevi,
I bow to you, bow to you,
Mother Divine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kamala Das

Kamala, all the time hear I complaining against your husband
And you after the things of your own
In a very confessional way,
Interpreting the sexual dreams of yours,
Feeling the heat of the Indian summer not,
Nor the siestas of it
When the loo, heat wave blows it hard
Sucking blood, drooping down with sunstroke

But talk you in a very sensuous way about the summer of the body,
The hunger of the body,
You in sweat and perspiration
Talking of bodily heat and summer
And putting the allegation around
That your spouse is not good enough
And the critics believing you blindly
Which but I cannot accept it.

Do whatever you have to, but blackmail not anyone
And if this be, why did you not allow your husband
To say the things of his
Rather you saying them all yourself,
Only then the things would have come out
Otherwise the things will remain one-sided,
Give us the chance to verify them.

Whatever say you, I cannot believe you, Kamala,
Maybe you an awardee poetess,
Have won laurels and accolades
For your womanly poetry,
But don't, don't think it so
That there are no learned men like you,
Your histrionics, we can understand it well,
What you are, you yourself too cannot understand it,
Always trying to be in the media limelight.

Kamala, are you a poetess of the body, not the soul,
Are you spiritually sick,
Are you mad after sex,

Are you normal, this say you,
Who are you, who are you, Radha,
Or, are you Mira,
Who are you, Kamala?

Are you a shisya of Achara Rajneesh
Explaining sambhoga to samadhi,
Are you a reader of Vatsyayana's Kamsuttra
Or of nce's guru-shisya prem
And mother-son fixation psychological story,
Who are you, who are you, Kamala,
Say you? .

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kamala Das (Ii)

A poetess or a theatre artiste,
A dramatic persona?
A Mira or a Radha,
Who, who is she?
A girl gone into hysterics,
Abnormal or normal?
A girl prostitute
Playing with a doll or not
Or a feminist in making,
A painted lady,
Dented and tainted?
A feminist
After divorcing her husband
Or turning her husband
Into a henpecked hubby,
Calling him characterless,
But she too is not less than?
A Rajneeshite,
She is a modern disciple
Of the guru-shisya prem,
Lawrentine and Freudian.
Wearing a rudrakshamala,
The modern lover
She plays the role of a Rajneeshite disciple,
Preaching 'Sambhoga to smadhi'.
To be in the media limelight somehow
Is the target of this socialite.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kamala Das As A Woman

Kamala was more of a politician
than a poetess,
a woman politicking and politicking
with name and fame,
stage and theatre,
poetry and politics.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kamala Das- Ii

Is she a Rajneeshite disciple
Of the Acharya
In saffronite clothes and rudraksha rosary?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kamala Das Is The Sadhvi Of The Fraud Babji's Ashrama

Kamala Das is the sadhvi
Of the fraud and fake
Indian guru's ashrama
Where the guru smoking in ganja
And the eloped with woman
Sitting in the ashrama
And feeling,
Where has she come
Hypnotized by?

She a shisya of Vatsyayana,
Freud,
Lawrence and Rajneesh,
A Rajneeshite in the rudraksha rosary
Ochre-clothed as a yogan,
But is not,
Talking of sambhoga to Samadhi
As did Khushwant Singh about
Daru, ladki and sex.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kamala Das, Your Summer

Kamala,
Your summer
Is a summer
Not of heat and dust,
Ruffle and high temperature,
Heat soaring up,
The loo blowing it hard,
Intensive heat falling,
No relief from

But the summer as siesta
One of bodily love,
Attraction and repulsion,
Love and hate,
Gluing,
Electro-magnetic sensation,
The fire of lust and greed
Burning within
And the thirst unquenchable.

The outward summer meaning nothing
To the lovers
Feeling the summer of the body,
In heat and dust and ruffle,
Sweating and caressing
At noontime,
Made for each other.

Kamala Das, in love,
It happens,
Happens so,
Physical and bodily love
Wanting it more,
Seating and loving
And yours is a tale like that
Into the steps of Vatsyayana, Freud and Rajneesh,
Lawrence, Plath and Wright
And what more to say to?

A spoilt girl-child were you
Who kept blaming the husband
Rather than yourself,
You love-mad Radha,
Love-mad Mira,
Spiritually sick
But physically demanding,
Going after the erotic,
Making the graphics.

Wearing a rudraksha
Posed you as a sadhvi,
In Indian adhu
With a ladki or...,
Wearing a tulsimala
Posed you as a Vaishnavite,
But were not, Kamala,
Meditate you not,
Kamala.

A yogi not, nor a yogan,
But a bhogi
Were you in your philosophy of life,
Delighting and deriving from
The sculptures
And stone carvings
Of Konark, Ajanta-Ellora and Khajuraho;
Reading with zest
The sambhoga to samadhi theory.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kamala, Kamala

Kamala, Kamala,
What is it in her sexual poetry,
Mad after sex and love,
Smacking of flesh and blood,
Man-woman relationship,
Sambhoga to samadhi
And after being a Rajneeshite,
She coming out with a rudraksha rosary
Into the hands of hers
Or around the neck,
Looks like a sadhvi,
But is not?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kamala's Politics

Kamala Das did politics
More than poetry,
The politics of becoming famous,
The politics of the feminist
And feminism.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kamrupa Kamakhya Devi

Kamrupa Kamakhya Devi,
A mere glance of the Tantrica Devi
Redeems and absolves of the past sins,
Kamrupa Kamakhya Devi,
The statue of hers
With the corpse of Shiva atop a lion
And a lotus rising from.

Kamrupa ("form of desire") is the region
Where the yoni of the mother seems to have fallen,
So like Tripur Sundari, a form of the Divine
She is also called Kameshwari
And the Kamakhya Temple has been constructed upon
The same sacred spot.

The Kamakhya Devi of Kamrupa,
A tantrical spot, a yoga-yogini spot,
A place of tantra-sadhna
And enlightenment,
A comprehension of the secrets
Supernatural and nocturnal.

Keep yourself off from temptation,
Dump the desire
And pray to her
For salvation and her blessing,
Let desire not come in between,
Burning your carnal desires
Into the fire of patience and perseverance.

The iconography pictures her
As a young goddess, sixteen years old,
With six heads of varying colours and twelve hands
With the lotus, trident, sword,
Bell, discus, bow, arrows,
Scepter, goad and shield
In her ten hands.
The rest two hands hold a bowl
Made from a skull or gold.

Clad in a red sari,
Mother is seated on a lotus
With Brahma and Vishnu to her each side,
Emerging from the navel of the corpse of Shiva
Lying atop a lion.

Most likely a goddess related to the Khasis,
Matrilineal,
She is Kamakhya, the Goddess of Desire,
Whatever ask you, she will fulfill it
As per the prayer,
But keeping your kama-vasana at bay,
Controlling yourself,
Restraining too.

Ask the Neelachala hills
Overlooking the Brahmaputra river,
What it in the myth and mystery,
The Mother Divine tales,
Tantra-yoga and tantra-sadhna,
How the halo,
The truths shrouded in mystery!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kamrupa Kamakhya/ Where To Go To, To Kamrupa Kamakhya? Assam Guwahati's Kamrupa Kamakhya Devi Temple

Where to go to
Kamrupa Kamakhya
In Assam?
Kamrupa,
Kamakhya,
How weird the names are,
How bizarre
And tantrical?

Since my childhood
I have been hearing,
Kamrupa,
Kamrupa-Kamakhya,
Assam's Kamrupa-Kamakhya,
The tantra spot, the shakti pitha
Of the tantricas,
Tantra sadhna, siddhi.

Of the yoni cult,
The lingam-yoni cult,
The place where the yoni
Seems to have fallen
When Shiva mad after the death
Of his spouse
Had been wandering,
Doing tandava
And Vishnu cut the body with his chakra
To lighten the load of the body.

And out of the bodily parts,
The yoni fell in there,
Turning into a shakti pitha,
A tantrica spot
On the Nilachal hills
Where the temple is,
The Kamakhya temple

Of Kamrupa, Assam, Guwahati.

There is no idol or statue
Of the goddess,
But a sculptured image
In the corner of the temple wall
Looking somewhat dark,
A replica of the bleeding goddess,
In menstruation,
Kamakhya Devi.

The pain of menstruation,
How to feel it,
The load of womankind,
Mother Earth
Bleeding, menstruating,
The Brahmaputra in flood,
Flowing with the rain waters
Symbolizing it?

The garvagriha, the sanctum
Is supposed to contain in
The mythical womb and the yoni
Of the mother,
The Kamakhya Devi
Telling of the myths unresolving.

In the month of Ashad, June,
The temple remains closed
For three days
As for the menstruation,
The water of the Brahmaputra
Turning red
Or the priests pouring in vermillion
Into the waters.

And as such during
The Ambuwasi Puja,
When the mother is supposed to
Be through the period,
The menstruation,
The spectacle is to be seen

As for the Brahmaputra waters
Red with blood or vermillion-mixed,
But something definitely keeps
The vagina moistened regularly.

Into the temple compound
There lie in
The 10 other avatars of Kali,
Namely Dhumavati, Matangi, Bagola,
Tara, Kamala, Bhairavi, Chinnamasta,
Bhuvaneshwari and Tripuara Sundari
Instead of Kamakhya Devi,
The Bleeding Goddess.

Might be it Kamdeva, the god of love
After being struck
Would have beseeched her
Installing the womb and the yoni
To gain over fertility,
As the story does the rounds
Alternatively.

Kamakhya, the yielder of all desires,
Is the ordaining deity,
The organ of Sati fallen,
In Kamrupa, "form of desire" region,
The womb, vulva or source
Whatever call you,
A transmutation of
The motif, myth and mysticism.

Source: After getting the prasad, offered cereal or fruit extracts/things
unexpectedly from those returned from Adya Ma, Kolkata and Kamakhya Devi
temples. Had no idea of getting. Felt blessed with after getting.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kamsuttra

Vatsyayana, your Kamsuttra,
Sex manual,
Dealing with
Sexual love and pleasure,
Amorous advances,
What to say about
Love and sex
And dreams?

Were you a yogi or a bhogi,
A yogi really or a dhongi,
A spoilt Brahmin brat,
Who were you, Vatsyayana
So hedonistic and sexual,
Pleasurable and womanizing,
Who were you?

Vatsyayana, a sex master were you
As without being a master,
One cannot write
Such a text or treatise
In that age,
Vatsyayana
And it is because of you,
The terracotta plates
And carvings in stone?

Vatsyayana, may I ask you,
Were you mad after sex,
Searching the meaning of life
In sexual dream and bliss,
A master poet of flesh and blood contact,
Attraction and repulsion,
Man-woman relationship,
Love and hate theme?

In your book dealt you with
Amorous advances,
Acquiring of a woman as wife,

Duties and privileges of the wife,
Other men's wife,
Courtesans
And occult practices
Improving physical attractions
And arousing of sexual power.

Vatsyayana, were you the first
To say of
Life around sex,
Sambhoga to samadhi
In your lineage of ancient masters
To be followed by
Freud, Hardy, Lawrence
And Rajneesh,
Were your disciples
Yogans in rudraksha
Rosary and bracelets?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kangaroos

Kangaroo,
With the kangaroos,
Spending the moments of life
With the kangaroos,
Reading the animals,
Studying their life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kanha Into The Hands Of The Burquawalli On The Eve Of Janmashtamai, What Am I Seeing On The Facebook?

Kanha, a beautiful small child
Dressed as Krishna
Into the hands of a Burquawalli mam
With his hubby
Into the topi and pyjama and kurta
While someone couple on a bike
Taking Kanha away
In a fancy dress,
What a beautiful picture
Am I seeing on the Facebook!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kar Lo Duniya Mutthi Mein. Clutch The World Into Your Fist, Said She Advertizing A Mobile Phone

Kar lo duniya mutthi mein,
Said she as per the advertiser's,
A beautiful girl
Dreamy and golden
With the Colgate smile
Showing her white teeth
And the hanging golden brown hair,
Advertising the hand phone set
And the telecom company
For connection givers
And taking calls.

With a slim and lovely handset
She telephoning,
Calling,
Ringing,
Dialing,
Saying hello,
Not hi,
Hello
Touching the screen,
Not pressing the buttons,
Keys,
Saying hello.

Kar lo duniya mutthi mein,
Kar lo
Duniya muthi mein,
She advertising
And singing,
Take you
The globe into your hands,
Palm,
This undiscovered beautiful world
Is yours,
Yours only
Which but you do not know,

Try to know you.

Enjoy the calls,
Local, national and international calls,
Telling of your location
And position,
In which global village
One is,
Your whereabouts and location
Talking
Uninterruptedly,
Calling and talking to
And taking selfies.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Karma, The Philosophy Of Karma

Karma, what is in my karma
I know it not?
But what is this karma,
Say you?
Is it the philosophy
Of the failed man
Accepting it?
Or is it the acceptance
Of the status quo?

Karma often comes it
With dharma
And say you,
What is dharma?
Which is but religion
Interpreted otherwise.

And dharma is not religion exactly
But purity of heart
And piety of soul,
The sacred and sacrosanct heart
In which dwells it the soul
And something in fate too.

And the word fate takes to previous birth
And the ledger of good and bad works
And the birth resultant
As per religion earned,
Good action done and added to your account.

And the life cursed or afflicted with
Needs to be purged out,
The sins must be washed out
Not by a dip into the Ganges
But suffering for, sacrificing bhoga,
Doing sadhna, expiating and praying for
To be forgiven.

Karmayogin

Karmayogin, your karma is your dharma,
Awake, awake, arise, arise,
Awake and arise you
To launch the ship into the waters

As you have a long way to go,
Singing the song of karma,
As you have to move on and on,
Sailing the boat of life.

Troubles will come
But you will have to steer across
The boat of life,
Passing through the ups and downs of life.

March on, march on,
March on, march on,
O Karmaveer,
O Activist you!

In your karma, lies it
The dharma of yours,
The mission and vision of life,
The strong determination of yours.

You move on, move on
As to move your life
And to stop
Is to close the chapter.

The path is long
And the works you have to do
Many,
Tiresome and tedious.

The path is long
And you have to go, you have to go,
Singing the song of karma,
Singing the song of dharma.

The path is long, but the time is short
And you have to cover
A long distance,
Under rain and shower.

While moving on the path
Winding and uphill journey,
Stones may prick
But you have to, have to.

To go, to go the name of life
And to stop is
To be still and silent,
Dropping on the midway.

There are many who start the race
But drop down on the way
And cover not
The journey undertaken.

Karmayogin, keeping faith in you,
Undaunted and undeterred by,
You have to go, you have to go
As to go the name of life.

Joy and sorrow are the phases of life
Which you have to bear,
Going under the sun and shade
As they keep swapping.

Take not a rest
As the path is long, tedious and tiresome
And you have to go,
You go to.

Bare-footed and empty-handed,
As came you not with
Anything else here,
So expect not from.

Your help is the best help,

Seek not from others,
As none is there to help you
And God too helps those who help themselves.

Fear not, launch the boat,
The stream will clear forth,
All the commotion of it,
Granted for good hope.

Sail on, sail on,
Awake and arise, awake and arise,
Take the rudder
And sail the boat into.

Karmayogin,
You just keep doing,
The things will come on their own,
In your karma lies it your dharma.

Life is not so easy
As take they,
Life is full of struggle and suffering,
Life is sacrifice.

If one sacrifices not,
What will one get,
If sacrifices not
His comforts?

Life is full of hardships and vicissitudes,
Hazards and hassles,
Troubles and tribulations,
Fluctuating so often.

As there come into light and darkness,
So come they,
Joys and sorrows
One by one.

Life is no life if sorrows are not therein,
If the pains not,
The sweet tinge of it,

The sweet sorrow of it.

You stand up, repent not for
All that happened to you,
Get ready and launch the boat
Into the waters.

There are many like you and me
To meet on the way,
You first be a traveller, a wayfarer,
There are many to meet as co-travellers.

Life is a pilgrimage undertaken,
A pilgrim's progress
And keep you proceeding
On and on.

O boatman, take the boat
And launch into,
The river bank lies it far from
And you have to go, go.

Just as a mariner, go you,
Just as a seafarer,
A navigator,
Navigating the seaways.

This vast life is to learn,
To take and understand,
This vast life
To experience and feel.

The way may be zigzagged
And winding,
Stony or craggy,
But you have to, you have to.

Singing the songs of karma,
Which but your dharma,
Go you,
Move you all alone.

As the path of life
Never together with to be,
It is ever alone,
Ever solitary.

Do not be nostalgic, homesick,
Let the memories of the home
Torture you not,
Let them not.

You are a karmayogi, you are a karmayogi
And your karma is your dharma,
You have a long way to go,
You have a long way.

Rest not
As to rest is to rust,
Go and stand up,
Carry on, carry on.

Time is short,
The path is lone and tiresome
And within this short span,
You have to do a lot.

Think you,
Re-think you,
How to chalk out the plan,
How to take the strategy of doing!

With all sincerity and honesty,
With your loving care and dutifulness,
Shirk not,
Sit not idly to pass time.

You are a karmayogin
As have taken you the challenges of life
And doing,
As have taken the job of execution on your shoulders.

Bearing the troubles and tribulations,

Hardships and challenges,
You keep doing,
Doing the things.

Bearing with perseverance,
Waiting for
And your forbearance will show it
How had you been in your stamina!

Go on bearing the pains now,
Good days will definitely dawn upon
As are never far off,
But hope you not for.

Always keep you doing and doing,
Going and going,
On the path of life,
On the journey itself.

O doer! O, activist!
Feel you never bewildered, at a loss to undertake,
In between the two horns of a dilemma,
To be or not to be!

You start the journey
As the success is theirs,
Sit not idle,
Discard your lethargy and take the entourage.

I know it that there is the trouble of taking
The journey,
As the risk is there,
But what to do?

Without taking the risks and hazards,
The path is not a path,
The journey not a journey
And these will always be.

Karmayogin, this life of ours is but an uphill journey,
A launch into the sea of life,
Its troubles and turmoil,

The hazardous journey which lies it ahead.

What it is mine, what yours,
Everything but,
Instead of, we keep doing
As we have to live, live.

In this very expectation,
Lying in hope for,
We keep living and living,
Nurturing and nourishing our dreams.

Karmayogin, you walk on, walk on,
If nobody comes to attend to your call,
Walk on, walk on,
Just kkeep walking you.

Singing the song of karma
And in your karma, lies it your dharma,
The dharma of your life,
Call it the religion of your life.

As dharma is the sum total of your karma,
Action, only action,
For which are you rssponsible solely,
The religion of man.

I mean your goodness, your virtue,
Your good actions,
The things to uphold them,
Your karma.

Launch the boat, lauch the boat,
O Karmayogin,
Sailing the boat,
Steering across!

O activist, do your duty alone,
Do your karma,
Treading the path of action,
Doing your work!

Be a karmayogi,
A doer, an activist,
Dispensing with,
Pending them not.

In your work lies it your happiness,
Your contentment,
Your utility and importance,
Your glory and praise.

O Karmayogin, waste not your time in booding,
Thinking over,
Waste not your golden time
Which will not come it again!

Launch the boat, launch into the waters
As destiny calls you
And you be the man of destiny
And hearing the call, you reach the destination.

O Karmayogin,
Launch the boat
As you have a long way to travel to,
You have to see many a country and a town!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Karmayogin (Ii)

In your karma
Lies it your dharma,
Karmayogin.

You go, go on
Singing the song of karma,
O Karmayogin!

In your karma
Lies it your dharma,
Dharma.

Nothing to be sad
And broken
And lonely.

You go on, go on
Singing the song of karma,
O Karmayogin!

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Karmayogin, Your Karma Is Your Dharma

Karmayogin, move on, move on,
Move on, move on,
On the path of action,
You an activist!

Karmayogin, move on, move on,
Move on, move on,
On the path of karma,
Your karma your dharma.

The path is long and winding
And zigzagged
And you have to go,
You have to go, Karmamogin.

And you have to go, you have to go,
Your karma is your dharma,
Your dharma your karma,
Karmayogin.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Karmayogin, Your Karma Is Your Dharma/ The Song Of Karma

Karmayogin,
Your karma is dharma
As you sow so you reap,
Your dharma your karma,
The essence of karma,
What you do,
So reap you.

The path of action lies it ahead
Full of vicissitudes
And you have to go on, go on,
Karmayogin
As your karma is your dharma,
Your dharma your karma
And its result.

I do not know it what it
In my karma,
The action I have done,
For which I shall have to bear
The consequences,
The action I have done,
My karma my dharma.

Move on, move on,
On the path of life,
On the path of action,
Take you not rest,
Just move on, move on,
On the path of life,
The path of action, your karma.

Karmayogin,
Your karma your dharma,
Your dharma your karma,
As you sow so you reap,
Your karma will bear the fruits,

You dharma will protect you,
Desist you not from doing.

This life of our is action,
Action and do you your action
Without thinking about the result,
Karmayogin, in karma lies it dharma,
Move on, move on,
On the path of karma,
O you activist!
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kashmir's Kashmiriyat

Kashmir's Kashmiriyat,
We destroyed it,
Could not understand it
The Kashmiriyat
Of the Kashmiri people
After dividing it
Between Azad Kashmir and Indian Kashmir
As who were the guilty men
Of Partition,
You all know it,
Just for the chair,
Divided they
The nation.

The Kashmiri Muslims are not so
As the outsiders are,
But Miangiri,
I mean Muhammedanness took over
And they drove out
The pundits,
The innocent Kashmiri pundits
Who are none
But Kashmiris
As they cannot their Kashmir
Whatever give you for.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kashmir

Kashmir

The beauty of it, the mystery of it,
How to resort to it,
Kashmir,
The paradise on earth,
The paradise
With the snowy caps and the valleys,
Scenery and landscapes,
Kashmir,
Kashmir,
How to paint it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kashmir Issue, The Politicians' Handiwork

The Kashmir issue,
The politicians' handiwork,
All scrambling for power,
Why not to call all
To the round table,
Forget it that they are separatists,
They are militants,
At least call you
And hear them,
What do they say?

Why not to see and experiment with
How do the separatists rule,
Just giving them the turn
To administer,
Not to declare aazadi
And jobs to youths,
Why not foment them
Rather than instigating
And provoking them?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kashmiri Pundits

None feels for them
The Kashmiri pundits,
Everyone but does politics
With them.

Dislocated from their homes,
Displaced lie they in
No-man's land,
The Kashmiri pundits.

Their mistake is to be a Hindu,
An Indian
In politicians' India
Where everybody but thinks of one's power.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kashmiriyat Is Good, But Stone-Pelting Barbaric And Medieval

Kashmiriyat is good
And I love the Kashmiris too,
But sometimes feel annoyed with
Their medieval and barbaric stone throwing
Which appears to be Arabic and satanic.

Sometimes I sympathize with
Condemning the Indian security forces,
But sometimes feel hurt when find I
Pelting stones as ignorant and uncultured men.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kaun Banega Crorepati Nahin, Khakpati, Loaferpati?

r as the announcer
Rotating the draw
And asking questions,
Ay, the quiz-master quizzing
With the fingers striking the head
And on a revolving arm-chair
And the man quizzed
With the head on the hand,
I mean the palm
As has to return back to
If he backs not
With the dream bundles
For life and career
And r revolving the chair
and asking
And giving time,
Extra time
And turning away
With the bundles
Of the company not,
But of the public assembled.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kaun Banega Crorepati, Crorepati Nahi Khakhpati?

The Loafer As An Announcer

Kaun banega crorepati,
Who will be a millionaire,
A millionaire not, billionaire
Without having the money
In the purse
Or at home
Freely, without the cost,
Without paying for?

I with the computer appliances
On the dais
With the inmates
Behaving like a boss,
Posing like a media baron or manager
Or executive
Or company director,
Putting questions before,
A flurry of,
Asking and smiling
Like a villain, a counsellor,
A consultant
And drawing the lottery
Without even the basics of computer and its application.

A quizz master I quizzing
And the aspiring moneyless participants
Dreaming of being millionaires and billionaires,
I mean tycoons,
Failing the real ones,
Some without the money into their pockets
Turning into,
Some returning home empty-handed
After being knocked down
Or dashed to the ground,
Some idle-sitters and roamers licking the dust,
Some loafers
Like the director himself

Turning into a hero.

A loafer I loafing about myself and life,
A loafer asking a loafer
To answer
Which I too know ti not,
He too not,
Just the luck favours
And he turns into a millionaire
Or a billionaire,
Oh, this lottery,
This lottery of life,
God knows on whom will
Lady Luck smile,
But here the things int the hands
Of the director saheb
With a little bit of beards on the chin
to be called
With the French-cut beards,
Just a bi8t on the chin
To make him handsome,
Something as director-like, media-manager-like
Or a personality like that of a boss
You see, I see.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kaun Banega Crorepati? Who Will Be A Millionaire?

I without knowing the operating of the computer posed like
The guest artist,
Drawing the lottery contest out
of Kaun banega crorepati,
And came he a footpath man
Emerging as the winner
And the man who was in need of,
Got he not.

And with him, announced I,
A loafer banehga crorepati
As those who expect fro earnestly
Get not the lotteries
And those who do not expect for get the prizes
In an unexpected way.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kaun Kahta Hain Ki Tum Patita Ho? (Bilingual)

Kaun Kahta Hain Ki Tum Patita Ho?

Patita, tumhen dekh mujhe dukh hotaa hain,
Kis kadar samaj ne vyavahar kar
Tujhe cchod diya,
Patita, tujhe dekh mujhe dukh hota hain?
Patita, aa, baith aur kah daalo apni kahani,
Do tuk baaten,
Jo tum kah na shaki?
Tum charitravihin nahin, charitravan
Aur jo kahate hain apne aap ko charitravan
Ve hain charitravihin.

Who Says It That You Are Patita, Miss Fallen & Degraded?

Patita, on seeing you I feel sad,
How has society after using you
Abandoned you,
Patita, on seeing you I feel sad and sorry?

Patita, do come and sit by to tell the tale of yours,
Just two words
Which you could never say them?

You not characterless, but with character
And those who call they themselves the men of character
Are they characterless in reality.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kavita (Poem) With A Cup Of Coffee

A girl named Kavita
Standing before me
With a cup of warm coffee
Into her hands
And I sipping coffee
And the world appearing to be
A photograph of hers,
A sweet dream that am I seeing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kavita (Poem) With A Cup Of Coffee Into The Hnads

A girl named Kavita
Standing before me
With a cup of warm coffee
Into her hands
And I sipping coffee
And the world appearing to be
A photograph of hers,
A sweet dream that am I seeing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kavita Jindal

There is a boldness in saying,
Asserting the naked truths,
Bare facts of life,
Said or unsaid,
Shared or unshared,
But has the guts of
Revealing
The feminist self,
The liberative spirit
Of modern woman.

Hers is a viewpoint,
A company of own, the friendship
Of a circle,
A motivation of own,
A globalist, a cosmopolitan
Hers is a shuttling
In between India
And Hong Kong and England,
A writer
Entering into diaries
The tidbits.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kavita To Aami Likhte Chai Nee, Sudhu Tomake, Sudhu Tomake Dekhe (Bilingual)

Kavita to aami likhte chai nee,
Sudhu tomake, sudhu tomake dekhe
Likhte chai aami,
kavita to likhi na aami,
Sudhu tomake, sudhu tomake dekhe
Likhte chai aami.

Poems want I not to write,
Just you, just after seeing you
Want I to write poems,
Poems write I not,
Just you, just after seeing you
Want I to write.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kavita Utsav (Kavita Kavita Ke Liye) / Poetry Festival (Poetry For Poetry's Sake)

Kavita utsav

Kavita kavita ke liye,
Kavi aur uski kavita,
Sirf kavita aur kavi.

Poetry festival

Poetry for poetry,
The poet and his poetry,
Only poetry and the poet.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kavita Utsav/ Poetry Festival

Kavita utsav

Kavita ka nahin,

Kavita akavita ka,

Aaj ki kavita sukavita not,

Akavita.

Poetry festival

Not of poetry,

But of poetry un-poetry,

Today's poetry good poetry not

Un-poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kavita Utsav/ Poetry Festival- Ii

Kavita utsav
Sirf kaviyon
Aur kavita ke liye.

Poetry festival
Exclusively for poets
And poems.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kavita Ki Udaan/ The Flight Of The Poem

Kavita ki udaan,
Kya kahun iski baat?

Kavita kavita,
Kavita ke liye.

The flight of the poem,
What to say about it?

The poem poem,
For the poem.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Keats

A romantic
Sensuous, sensitive and sensational
Going after sensations,
Impressions received from
Felt at heart
Hurt and wounded
With the bleeding roses
To cover up,
Sometimes scattering over
As the glass-pieces
With the images of life
Lying shattered and battered.

A lover of red roses
Knows he not
That the roses prick too
And it bleeds
While plucking them
A poet dreamy, fanciful and colourfully
Romantic.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kedar Nath Sharma's Paradise Returned And Other Poems

Paradise Returned And Other Poems by Kedar Nath Sharma

Brought out from Allied Publishers, New Delhi in 2014

Is a book of wit and conceit

Rather than Miltonic fall and temptation of man

As there is no Adam, no Eve in it,

Just the dialogues with God

In a recreational way.

The title poem Paradise Returned is a parody

Of Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained

As the cosmos not religious,

But human and worldly

And reasonable,

Passing and journeying through

Heaven and hell,

Holding dialogues with Laden,

Lucifer, Nachiketa and Narada.

Our Mule, God is Bewildered, I am not Dead yet,

Wind Surfing, Life is not a Serious Affair,

Living a Burden: Dying a Crime,

A Mosquito Murmurs, It is Great to be Labyrinthine,

O, Time! , Death is a Siren, Life is a Thrill, etc.

Are the poems included in.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kedar Nath Sharma's The Whiff

Kedar Nath Sharma's second collection of poems,
The Whiff
Which comes after
The first
Titled
Song of Life
Is inclusive of
A Whiff From Himachal Pradesh,
Predicaments,
Vicissitudes,
The Spark,
Love,
Democrat
And For Children parts.

There is a free play of emotion and feeling,
Fancy and imagination,
A poet from Himachal
Singing of joy and sorrow,
Life and death,
Human destiny and predicament,
Inducting wit and humour,
Religious view of life and living,
Faith and belief held on.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Keep You Smiling

Keep you,
Keep you smiling
Even if the pains are many,
Carrying you within
The hurts and wounds
That love has given,
Life has given to you.

Wipe out the tears
And smile you,
Smile you again
Forgetting your pains,
Sorrows that you have got
In life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Keep You Smiling, Always Keep You Smiling

Keep you,
Keep you smiling,
Always,
As ever
Smiled you,
As used to smile.

Mind it
This smile of yours
Was it your life,
Mind it now
This smile of yours life even now
And as long as smile you,
You are.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Keki alla

A Parsi man of Parsi heart,
Mind and soul,
A police officer by profession
But an English,
He is a tragedian,
One concerned with depicting life otherwise
Just taking Blakian ignorance,
I mean the tiger,
The Ted Hughesian hawk
And the Alfred Lord Tennysonian Nature red in tooth and claw
And the Robert Browningian monologues,
The Aristotlean tragedy as delved deep in Poetics.

A poet of the morgue, the post-mortem house,
Violence, murder, bloodshed,
Accident and its rumination,
Catharsis, hubris and purgation,
Cause and effect,
Suspense, fear, guilt and suspect,
He is dramatic and psychological,
Sardonic and sarcastic.

A lost mother tongue and lost land,
He is in search of a motherland,
The quest for identity marauds the self
But instead of that is peculiarly Indian,
Taking the side of Charvak and Karna,
He depicts and describes India,
The landscapes of it
With the call of the wild and wintry chill,
The flood waters swirling and devastating,
The Towers of Silence on which the Parsis expose their dead
And the Fire Hymns.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Keki alla As A Poet

Keki Nasserwanji Daruwalla as a poet is
But a writer of dramatic monologues,
Not the soliloquies,
Verbose and bombastic
In his phraseology, syntax and diction,
Sarcastic and sardonic in tone and tenor.

A Parsi poet, he is of the Tower of Silence,
The Fire Hymns,
The vulture, the hawk and the kite encircling around,
Hover over,
Perching upon the house
To feast and feed upon the dead body
Kept on the tower complex.

A police officer, he tells of violence, bloodshed and hatred spilling over,
Silence treacherous and conspiring,
Anger brewing,
The eyebrows looking tense,
The curfew clamped over,
The riot-torn areas;
Vengeance taking over,
Revenge on the anvil.

A poet of the morgue, the cholera ward and its depiction,
The patients being taken to,
Sanatoriums recuperating or sick with pale patients,
Murder, suicide or accident,
Criminology or conspiracy,
Plots hatched or nipped in bud,
The crux of the matter,
Adding to the suspense of mind.

A tragedian in poetry,
He derives from Aristotle's Poetics,
Learning from and substantiating his stance
From allusions to Aeschylus and Seneca, Shakespeare and Webster,
A poet just like Robert Browning
And in the mould of Ted Hughes,

Not like Valmiki getting sentimental
At the sight of the shooting of the pair of crotch birds
By the native, cruel and aboriginal falconer
And the birds fallen in blood
Which the poet could not see.

A poet psychological and social,
He is satiric and commentative too,
Taking in his clutches the society and its order,
Adding to the experience
Through his postings and placements,
Landscaping viewings and their storage,
Cathartic and therapeutic like Ezekiel,
But not an alien insider
Though may be one born in British India
In Lahore and its suburbs.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Keki alla As A Poet Of Death And Disease

Keki alla

Is a poet of tragedy,
Death and disease,
Accident and death,
Plague, cholera,
Small pox, diarrhea.

Not a common poet,
But a poet
Of cholera, malaria
And T.B. wards,
Plague and typhoid.
And malaria

Bijay Kant Dubey

Keki alla- Ii

Is he the Ted Hughes
Of Indian English poetry?

Or a Parsi man talking
Of the Doongar-vari?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Keki alla: A Study In Thematics

Keki N. Daruwalla is a student of
Greek and Shakespearean tragedies,
Aeschylus, Sophocles, Seneca,
Shakespeare, Marlow and Webster,
Horror and terror,
Human wrath, revenge, anger and violence,
Bloodshed, accident, sin and retribution,
Poetic justice,
Buddhistic dhamma, as you sow so will reap,
Hinduistic karma and its bhoga,
The Parsi Tower of Silence
And the birds of prey circling over,
The Holy Fire burning in the temple
And purifying it all.

A poet of the Blakian tiger
Bloody, bestial and brutal,
A Coleridgean mariner unexpiating
For the albatross,
A kind King Sivi compromising with the falconer
For the fall of the wounded bird in his court,
Valmiki moved by the killing of one
Of the bird pair
And the resultant shriek of the female partner
In agony and anguish,
All these things
With a very heavy heart
Ruthlessly and callously
Does he describe
With the Ted Hughesian words
And the hawk as the protagonist,
Neglecting the tender and innocent heart
Of nervous Sylvia Plath.

A poet of death, disease and epidemic,
Daruwalla is a poet of a hard heart,
Very, very unsentimental,
Talking in the toughest language of words,
Not of plague,

But of cholera and the cholera wards
Of the British period,
Refreshening the memory of,
A policemen on duty
About the road accidents
And the futile discussion
Of fate and its awkward working,
man and his karma,
Previous sin and expiation,
Opening a plethora of discussion
With regard to unavoidable accidents
And their causes,
The areas under curfew
And the shoot at sight orders given to,
Tensions easing,
The areas under surveillance
And the police patrolling the areas.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Keki alla's Crossing Of Rivers And The Keeper Of The Dead

Is a joint volume which has appeared from Oxford Univ. Press in 1991,
Accelerating the study of Daruwalla and his poetry,
The first starts with Boat-ride along the Ganga
Followed by Nightscape, Dawn, Bell-tower,
Beads, Crossing of Rivers, Death of a Bird,
The Fighting Eagles
While the latter inclusive of the poems,
As such Hawk, The Mistress, You, Slipping Past,
The Night of the Jackals, Love among the Pines,
From the Snows in Ranikhet, The Unrest of Desire,
The Parsi Hell, To My Daughter Rookzain, Aag-Matam.

Daruwalla as a poet seems to be a reader of tragedies,
More especially Greek tragedies,
Dealing with catharsis, purgation, hubris and hamartia,
He is not a simple poet to be taken simply,
Hard of heart
And unsentimental,
Emotions cannot drench him so often
As is a police officer by profession
Who has but mob furies, crowds and their sentiments
To deal with,
Road-blockades, jams and accidents,
The morgue and the post-mortem house,
Crime and punishment to dispense with.

Death, disease and autopsy the things of his,
Life seen and evaluated through,
Murder, violence, bloodshed and trouble-brewing
The purview of his,
The range vis-à-vis with,
A landscape riot-hit, curfew-clamped,
Affected with arson and looting,
All this under scanner
And he taking life from this point of view
And his ethos too supportive of,
In terms of the birds of prey

Circling over the Tower of Silence
To feed and feast upon the dead bodies
To cleanse them forth.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Keki Nasserwanji Daruwalla

Adil Jussawalla, k, Keki N. Daruwalla and Gieve Patel,
The poets who form a Parsi quartet,
Adil the missing person,
k the misjudged fellow
And Gieve Patel's hardly available
But famous
And Keki alla's presence
As for publications and awards.

Keki N. Daruwalla, a police officer and that too a superintendent of police
From Indian Police Service,
Making a way into the realms of creative poesy,
Attempting to eke out a name
And what he saw as a police officer, he recorded in his poetry,
Very-very subjective and impressive enough
To register his presence.

A Parsi by faith, he has own ethos and milieu to look up to,
Zoroaster and his Zoroastrianism,
Zarathustra, Ahirmnan and Ahurmazda,
The fire temples and the towers of silence
To take a lesson from,
In religion and ethics
And he cannot leaving these,
A Parsi poet from Lahore, but settled in here.

An M.A. in English, he seems to be a tragedian,
Which but I do not know it,
What had it been his special paper,
But as a poet he is no doubt a police officer
With a stout and brave-manly heart of his,
Leaving not any scope for sentimentality.

He has never learnt to shed tears or to be sad and painted
And depressed and gloomy,
Always with the double-barrelled gun
Or the revolver by his waist-side,
Hearing the call of the wild
With hyennas giving the call

Or in the curfew-clamps towns
Marking mob furies and violence,
The flames of which burning it all
In hatred and vengeance.

The dead body is the thing of his observation and scrutiny,
The place of accident the site of his,
Bloodshed, violence, curfew, violence, murder, suicide
The topics of his poetry,
Diarrhoea, plague, cholera, typhoid
The things of his poetry,
The British-period cholera wards, the T.B. wards, the malaria wards
The wards of his poetry
And he marking all these without tears into the eyes
As this happens, happens and takes place,
The dead body lying at the police station for the post-mortem
To be sent off as for the autopsy report.

A poet of tragedy, human tragedy and this tragic living,
He broods over the causes of tragedy,
Why do the accidents take place
And what can but condolences do to,
How to console the bereaved self,
As nothing to confide in?

A poet of natural calamities, he sees pre-destined humanity and living
In terms of floods, droughts and famines,
The floods inundating the river-banks and embankments,
Flood waters swirling and swallowing,
With the furies of their own.

The birds sitting on the abattoir,
The vultures feeding and feasting upon carcasses into the fields
Or atop the those houses,
The kites encircling and the hawks aiming at,
The natural, but catalytic scenery of his;
The man-eaters moving about
And the snarls and howls engaging the space,
Inhabiting the landscape.

Catharsis, hamartia, hubris and peripeteia
The code-words of his poetry,

Poetry speaking the language of the rifles stuttering and tottering,
The gun-shots being fired at
And shells hitting,
Blood spilling through
And he seeing all that in his own,
Human tragedy taking a toll over,
Calamity shattering it all unsaid
And the gloom darkening.□

Blood oozes out
And he views all that callously, cruelly
Without any pity or pathos,
But the eve darkening and desolate pulls him back
And he hears the conscience advising,
It's time to go home and attend to
Rather than being in the woods full of the calls of the beasts and brutes,
The bloody and beastly creatures.

The wild cat running with the fowl not,
The jackal trying to bite off the goat not,
The leopard sneaking into,
The lion thundering,
Roaring in the distant hills
And the cow in the shed shrinking.

A poet hard heart and tougher talks,
Daruwalla prefers the dramatic monologue,
The interior scape
Rather than the exterior,
Outwardly the poems appear to be terse and verbose
But they an inner lyricality no doubt.

As a poet, he is a shisya of Charkava,
Who says to take clarified butter even by borrowing from in credit,
But take
And such an epicurean philosophy matches him;
One of the side of Karna
As Adil Jussawalla is of the side of Ekalavya.

An IPS and a RAW additional director,
He is a poet of some psychological and sociological observation,
Historical, subjective and impressionistic,

A tragedian as a poet,
Marking Nature red in tooth and claw in Tennysonian terms.

The beauty of the woods lovely, deep and dark not
As says Robert Frost,
The call of the treacherous and impregnable wild
With the howls and shrieks
Of the beastly, bloody and brutal animals
Telling of the dangers lying ahead
As for daring, stepping deep into the wild tract.

A Valmiki not, but a mariner of Coleridge
Sensing it all after the killing of the albatross and the forebodings
Brought on by its death,
The protagonist feeling it after the kill of the bird
As per the advice of the female companion.

The vultures sitting atop the Towers of Silence
With their metaphysics and community rites,
The Zoroastrians doing away with the dead,
They too have a philosophy to give and to pass on
Which we need to know them.

The Fire Temples with the Fire Hymns
And the Holy Fire burning within
Tell of an ancient faith and its tradition,
Belief and standing
Sustained and survived through the ages.

Daruwalla as a poet makes his way into the realms of poesy
With his books Under Orion and Apparition in April
To be punctuated and followed by more,
Such as Crossing of the Dead, Winter Poems and The Keeper of the Dead
To embolden his stance as a poet.

A Ted Hughes,
As both of them go trading on the hawk,
The falconer using it as a trap,
Not the Shelleyian or the Wordsworthian skylark,
Masculine-masculine and hurly-burly.

A Robert Browning,

Daruwalla is a master craftsman of monologues,
Tougher exterior, but softer interior,
Words cryptic and curtailed
But with an internal rhyme scheme.

The sentimental mind not,
The unsentimental heart as the spokesman,
The case with Daruwalla,
A Hughes but without Sylvia Plath,
Daruwalla as the Browningian duke talking with the last duchess
In his poetry,
Poetry as the fire and the shriek of the bird,
Silenced for ever.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Keki Nasserwanji Daruwalla As I Have Known Him

Poetry is dramatic monologues where the speaker
Thinking within,
The crisis and the conflict of mind,
Poetry is bombastic words
Curtailed and half-said,
Poetry is tragedy
And its terminology

And the poet a tragedian, Aristotlean and Senecan,
Jacobean and Shakespearean not,
But an Indian deriving
From a study of them
And their theories and concepts
Applied to dramatization in poetry

With a cross-bow, the mariner shoots the albatross,
The sign of god hope,
Bears the consequence
And repents for a penance
And the sin gets washed off,
But there is nothing like that

Valmiki feels imaginatively the pain
Of the kronch bird,
After its mate was killed
By the heartless tribal falconer,
But the description is not like this
In Daruwalla

Maybe it better to place the example of King Sivi
With a wounded pigeon
Fallen into the court of his
And the falconer claiming for,
But the great kind-hearted king giving the test,
The description is not even this

Daruwalla is a poet of some hard heart,
Cruel and callous,
Tears not into the eyes of his,

Just like the baron of My Last Duchess of Browning,
Just like Ted Hughes of Hawk Roosting
And the hawk his persona

Poetry is purgatory, poetry is cathartic,
Just like the drama it cleanses
Through the guilt of sin and expiation,
Feel the horror and terror of life
And the tragedy of living,
Go through the literary terms
To understand the poetry of life

In one book after, Under Orion, Apparition in April,
Crossing of Rivers, Winter Poems,
The Keeper of the Dead, Landscapes
He goes on writing in his own way,
Quite distinct from others,
The poetry of disease, death and doom
Seen through
Famine, catastrophe, drought and epidemic

The floods swirling and engulfing a vast tract of land,
Just like the brewed coffee,
The areas appearing as islands
And the break of epidemics,
The cholera patients taken to distant hospitals
On palanquins or cots

As a tragedian, he takes poems as to be his tragic pieces,
Containing the tidbits of tragedy,
Thinking of human life in terms of
And defining so as the blood clots going off
And the barrel speaking the words

Though rooted into the rural soil,
He is a poet not of
God made the country, man made the town,
But of the riot-torn, curfew-clamped scenery
And the landscape

Nor is there anything to derive from Indian
Thought, culture and tradition,

Philosophy, metaphysics and spirituality
Rather than society and its sarcasm,
Sordid and sardonic

Bijay Kant Dubey

Keralite Communism

Is still
Under the shadows of
Marx, Lenin, Stalin
And Mao,
Malyalee communists
Marching with festoons and banners,
Eliminating political opponents
As the communists do it
Through the cadres recruited
And the party regimented,
Comrades in bonhomie
Flanking each other
With a human chain
Linking man to man,
Doing politics at the grassroots level
With the proletariat in power
And the middle class bourgeois
As man and superman,
The communist boss posing as
Superman.
And palcards

Bijay Kant Dubey

Keshav Malik

Keshav has something of an artist
An art critic
And was too
And so is his poetry,
With the echoes of modern art.

A formerly editor of Indian Literature from Sahitya Akademi
And the literary editor of Thought,
He has authored quite a few
To register his presence, to make it feel
Into the domain of modern Indian English poetry.

The Lake Surface and Other Poems, Rippled Shadow,
Poems C, Negatives, Shapes in Peeling Plaster,
Cut-off Points, Storm Warning, Between nobodies and Stars,
All these to tell of his poetic corpus
And his artistic contribution to such a realm of poetry,
Which is still growing,
Whatever the critics say about.

A fellow of the Lalit Kala Akademi and a Padmashri,
He has of course come a long way to stake claim
In to be called a major poet
With his lines put forward as circles and impressions.

Words ordered, lines arranged, music and rhythm marked
And the ordinary things converted into poetry
Through experience and sense,
The disturbance marked in the routined thing
To let out of conflicts going within.

An art critic, a curator and a literary man,
He writes what feels to pick up,
His sense work artistically,
The lines, words and syllables speak as thus
The lines, dots and shades in paintings.

Keshav too is alike his counterparts,
No exception to them

As he too is obscure, difficult and modern
As they are in their terminology
And it is difficult to find in modern poets
So easily, what do they communicate? .

Bijay Kant Dubey

Khajuraho

At Khajuraho saw I
Through the art-symbols
Kaam-vasana
Flourishing
In the form of art works
And sculptures
Carved in stone,
The iconography
Of erotic love and relationship
Leading to moksha.

The fleshy apsaras
Taking the canvas
Interlocked in
Sexual delight,
Love-making and joy
Of life,
Deriving pleasure from,
Turning the scenery
One of love and sex
And relationship.

Was it the carnal desire
Of the artisans and sculptors
Or of the kings
Or the tantrikas
Who told of
Things hallucinatory and incantatory,
Allusive and dreamy,
Nocturnal and unworldly,
Conquering of kaama
For sadhna
Or something unthought of?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Khoka (Khoka Babu, Bengali Babu)

Khoka, they will not let you grow,
I know it
And you too will not like to grow,
The world changed it
Over the years with the passage of time,
Life too took a turn of its own,
But you did not,
You did not change, Khoka,
You remained the same.

The same Khoka who is born,
Who lives with,
A toothless boy not,
But a full-grown up Khoka,
You did not change,
Cared you not to change
With the times and the age,
Discarding childish instincts,
Behaviour and manner.

Khoka, I know it well, they will not let you grow up
And you too not like to grow up
With the advancing age and maturity,
The childhood in you
Leaves you not
And you too not ready to discard them,
The habits formed in childhood,
The instincts nurtured in.

A sickling you can never part ways with,
The company you got,
The affection and bonding you got it
With so much so extra care and love,
Never did you compromise with Nature
And human resistance,
Lived you on medicines,
Seldom stepping on good earth.

In fear psychosis grew you up

Abnormally and artificially,
Emotionally and sentimentally,
Lyrically and dramatically
Just like a theatre persona,
An opera artiste,
Khoka, living still
In the memory of his parents,
The house where he was born
And that too all alone, single.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Khoka Babu

Khoka Babu

Going

In style and fashion,
Perfume and all goodness,
A lean and thin fellow,
But fashionable and stylist.

Khoka Babu

Going,

Smoking a cigar

Burning in

And held into the hands

And he taking puffs,

Smoking in style.

But weak-bodied,

Lean and thin,

Going by the fashion

And apparel design,

Following the latest

Spraying the scent over

Going as a tender fellow.

Khoba Babu, Khoka Babu,

Time has flown away,

But he is the same,

The same khoka

Called with sympathy and affection,

The same little boy

Remaining unchanged.

Khoka Babu, Khoka Babu,

Behaving like a small boy,

Walking like,

So tender and so fearing,

But always with an eye

On powder, scent and others

To keep up-to-date,

Away from manual labour and exercise.

A boy merry-making and joyous
And loafing about,
In good dress and all goodness,
Powdered, creamed and scented,
So showy and fashionable,
But never working,
The apple of eye
Of the whole family,
Khoka Babu.

So theatrical, so histrionic
And dramatic
And girlish,
Speaking slowly and sweetly,
But chuckling and grinning,
Speaking ironically,
Taking to the cutting edge of,
Khoka Babu, KhokaBabu,
Will eat, drink and make merry,
But will not work.

So sensitive and sentimental,
So tender and so soft,
But always complaining and criticizing,
Nagging and bragging,
Full of complaints,
But a picnicker, a holidaymaker,
A changer and a tourist,
Feasting and partying,
Khoka Babu.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Khuda Kasam

Khuda Kasam,
Khuda kasam, aapse meri muhabbat hain,
Muhabbat hain.

Kya chehra, kya julf, kya jo nazar,
Kya jo jigar hain,
Khuda kasam lahjabab hain.

(By Khuda swear I,
Swear I to say, you are my love,
My love.

What a face, what a curl, what a look,
What a heart that got she,
Swear by Khuda you are exquisitely beautiful)

Bijay Kant Dubey

Khuda Kasam, I Love You, I Like You, Burqawalli

Allah Mian, frankly speaking,
What has it happened to me,
I have fallen in love,
What has it?

Khuda kasam, I love her, I like her
That girl in the burqa,
That girl under the veil,
Chand-shi mehbooba meri,
The moon-like mistress of mine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Khushwant Singh

Only one writer whom I fail to forget,
So controversial, so well-informed,
So great a talker,
Sharing the jokes even in the old age.

In the columns of his, what can he not say about,
The prime ministers, presidents, ministers,
Icons and scions,
Governors and chief ministers?

What can he not say,
History, politics, art, culture and tradition,
Language and literature,
Region and religion?

The talks of the whole century,
From India to England,
He can say about,
The poets and their secret affairs?

The varieties of wine, wine-bottles and their labels,
Rum, whiskey, vodka,
Beer and brandy,
Their history too he can elaborate upon
With the taste of that tested.

So open to all that he cannot hide anything else
Be it private or personal,
So full of jokes and caricatures
Even in such a grand old age.

A historian of the Punjab and Punjabi history,
Of the Sikhs and Sikhism,
Of Guru Nanak and Guru Granth Sahib,
He can tell even about the folk songs and dances.

A voracious reader and a writer,
He can detail upon anything
And there is nothing as hidden from,

Be it Nehru clan or Gandhi clan.

Whpose affair is with whom,
What is in hwhose horoscope,
What does astrology say to,
What does astronomy,
He can even tell that?

A lover of Urdu poetry, shayari and ghazal,
He keeps translating Urdu poetry
And exploring it,
The history and tradition of it?

He can say about the Sindhi language,
Indian English and British English,
Longer South Indian names,
Yoga, herbal medicine and ayurveda.

He can even say about the longer moustache,
The bearded men,
Yogis and bhogis,
Ganja, bhang and country liquor.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Khushwant Singh As A Columnist

Khushwant Singh as a columnist, a writer of columns,
Talks broadcast over not, but columned,
A journo mixing literature with news columns,
Is first of all a fictionist,
A novelist and a short story writer
Before being an editor and a journalist.

A Jack of all trades, but master of none,
He takes to in his style,
As if someone were talking, chatting, gossiping, conversing with
On the countryside guard walls of the hamlets
And the guest failing to slip,
Held by the charm of the narratives
In the forms of lively talks, chit-chats and discussions.

His chit chats, talks, discussions, warm and lively gossips and conversations,
None but an oldie
Can give the perfume and spray of that dispersed meditations,
Scholars worldly and practical, classical and learned,
Dealing with practical wisdom and wordliness,
With a litter of these all, meditations dispersed around.

Holding the hands, says he the tales of his, the gossips of his
On the farm-house floor
And on the guard wall of the villagerly mud house,
To take you there, to old and bygone times and ages
Rolled by and gone away,
A narrator of that time and age,
Telling about society, sect, custom, language, tour and travel.

A turbaned Punjabi, he is first of the Punjab,
The verve and vigour of the lands
Where he grew up, got schooled before moving to foreign
And returning back from
To choose a career of his own.

□

Khushwant Singh The Gossip-Master

The old sardarji, the grand old man of letters, Khushwant Singh,
Writing novels, stories, histories and autobiographies not,
But the journo,
I mean the columnist, the feature writer
The interest of ours
Making us bubble with humour,
Tickling and entertaining
With his lively jokes, funs, puns and voice imitations,
Taking lassi not, but beverage
Through a straw pipe and saying the things of his own,
Doing the caricature and saying

□

The old man with a turban sometimes looking very normal,
Sometimes dyeing the hair and beards
To look youngish-youngish,
The son looking older and he himself younger than,
What an age has come, you see it, people saying,
The portrait of the artist as a young man
With the bottles of whiskey, brandy, rum and beer,
Even vodka in the cupboard
And the books on the shelves

And he reading and writing on contemporary times and literature,
Art, history, society, culture and politics,
Enjoying ghazal, shayari and quawalli,
Thumri and khayals,
Translating love lyrics
With the book Train to Pakistan into the hands
Sitting in the Samjhauta Express and going to Pakistan,
Hearing the talks of the Hindustanis and the Pakistanis
Patiently with a heavy heart of his
And writing about with a sigh

As a Lahorian he was born and brought up at Hadali,
Leaving for England to do his B.A. and to pursue studies in law,
But after practicing in Lahore, came back to Delhi with the family,
Marking the situation in the aftermath of the partition to dwell in,
Which he reflects in his memoirs and sketches
With the whole century in the memory card

And he remembering and telling
The voucher cards finishing, but his talks
Finishing not and he telling about□
Many a thing unrecorded, unregistered,
Many a thing of the dynasty, family, heritage and life-style.

Just like the Mariner of Coleridge, he holds the hands
And tells the story
And we spell-bound feel forced to hear
Though late it is,
But the story never-ending,
A gossip-master he can do charming jokes and talks
Sitting by the fireside,
A Punjabi so hale and hearty,
An old man, but not with the old heart,
Gossiping and poking the fire into a blaze

And to see him, feel we why are we looking so aged and old
And he so young, so spirited and gay
That talks he,
Without caring for anything
And passes his time
In the mood and joy of his own,
So nice of him,
So good of him,
In his good humour and spirit,
A Jack of all trades, but master none not

He even failing it, a Jack of all trades of course, but a master of many too,
With a command over
History, geography, language, literature,
Economics, astrology, astronomy,
Cinema studies, fashion and apparel designing,
Modern art and dance, politics and politicians,
Wild life, games and sports,
Theatre and opera,
Whose love-affair with whom,
What can he not write about

An old man, a centurion,
Without wielding the bat, already a century,
An octogenarian,

He can bluff the age and ageing
And can give tips to it
In health-keeping and health-management
By jogging in the park in the bermuda
And doing yoga,
Giving lessons as for the joy of living

A long-distance runner
Covering a long distance,
A long way,
He can say about how to take rest
Under the shade of the tree,
Hand-fan yourself,
Cool down by taking a drink,
What to take during the summers,
How to beat it

He can stun with his ready wit, humour, joke and personal criticism,
The ex-editor of the Illustrated Weekly,
The Yojana and the Hindustan Times,
A former Rajya Sabha member,
He can even turn down the honour
If the feelings are hurt,
Dealing with the history of the Punjab,
The Sikhs and Sikhism
And the tongue clicks in favour of
The freedom of speech and expression,
Can fight cases for justice.

What can he not, about the Parsis, Sindhis and the Jews,
The samadhis, mazars and dargahs,
The red light and the green light,
The sahib, bibi aur gulam playing cards
In the bungalow
With the cheroot or cigarette
Or an Indian beedi,
South Indian names longer,
The shorter and taller mismatches
Even being the tailor master,
The daru, deshi or vilayati,
Mahua buds made or rotten rice prepared

Not the dirty man doing dirty jokes,
Talking about daru, ladki and shayari,
But a very, very funny man
Keeping you in good spirits,
Go and meet him
As he knows the art of living
And can give tips in it,
As for how to keep healthy and fit

Giving tips in health and happiness,
How to keep fit,
How to live long,
Taking tadaka and litti,
Reading books and passing time,
Taking seasonal fruits,
Lichi, mango, custard apple,
Apple, orange
And refreshing

Through the art of humour,
The art of satire,
Speaking ironically,
Wittily,
In the imitation,
Copying the voice of
And regaling

A Rajya Sabha member from 1980 to 1986,
A recipient of Padma Bhushan in 1974
And Padma Vibhushan in 2007
And a popular columnist of
With Malice Towards One And All
And This Above All,
He had the guts of speaking his mind,
Undeterred by politics and politicking.

Last but not least, I do not know if the lions are
There in the Punjab or not
Or the forests lie they deserted and cleared,
But he is definitely the lion of the Punjab,
The sole lion growling
And the rest of India hearing the growl, the roar

After Maharaja Ranjit Singh.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Khushwant Singh, Sardarji

Khushwant Singh,
Sardarji,
Your columns, This Above All,
With Malice Towards One and All,
I have not forgotten,
Have not forgotten them,
Your sour and sweet things,
Paani in milk, milk in paani
And the Indian milkman mixing
The roadside pond water
And you noting for pidgin-Indian English,
Your tandori roti and tadaka
At some Punjabi dhaba,
Love of Punjabi Bhangra,
Folk songs and dances
During the harvest season of Punjab,
Love of thumri, ghazal and quawwali
And Hindustani,
By taking to the streets of Lahore,
Karachi and Sindh,
A lover of shayaris
Yours was a shayaraa andaz and adda
A lover of the bottle
Telling of the taste
In a colourful mood of own,
Beer, brandy, rum and whisky
Had been the choice of yours
And took you
Without caring for anyone
Whoever be he
The president or the premier,
A criticizer of all,
Serving the dish with chutney
And sauce,
Flavouring with a pinch of salt,
Irony and humour
As for the zest of living.

Khushwant Singh: A Portrait Of An Artist

Khushwant Singh,
The grand old man of letters,
With the beards turned white
Painted brown and reddish
And black
And the long tied atop
As the Punjabis do,
Looking over smart and young,
I mean the Sardarji,
The Punjabi journo,
Politicking and pinching
To regale and entertain,
Using ironies and doublespeak,
Taking a volt face
To say the things of his own,
Setting the things right
When to derail,
A writer falling short of a humorist,
A satirist,
An ironist,
Dealing with the ironies
Of life and the world,
A romantic
Talking about Khyyam and his love of wine,
The young girl standing before,
Love, sex and daru.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Khushwant Singh: A Study In His Biography

Khushwant Singh, born in Hadali on 2 Feb.,1915,
Under Khushab District, Punjab (now Pakistan) ,
In a Sikh family,
The son of Sir Sobha Singh,
Was educated at Modern School, New Delhi,
en's College, Delhi,
Government College, Lahore,
King's College, London
And called to the bar at the Inner Temple.

After having practised law for some years
At Lahore Court,
They moved to India
And in 1947, he joined the Foreign Service
In various capacities,
As Information Officer of the Govt. of India in Toronto,
Press Attaché and Public Officer
For the Indian High Commission
In London and Ottawa,
Working in the Department of Mass Communications
Of the UNESCO in Paris,
All India Radio as a journalist.

In 1956, he turned to editorial assignments
And edited the Yojana, the Illustrated Weekly of India,
The National Herald, the Hindustan Times,
From 1980 to 86, had been a member of the Rajya Sabha
He had been an establishment liberal,
Supported the emergency too
But was disturbed as for the siege of the Golden Temple, Amritsar
In 1984
And returned the award given by the Govt.,
Again, he got hurt
When the anti-Sikh riots broke out
In the aftermath of India's assassination.

A recipient of several prizes and awards,
Padma Bhushan in 1974,
Honest Man of the Year, Sulabh International in 2000,

Punjab Rattan award, the Govt. of Punjab in 2006,
Padma Vibhushan in 2007,
Fellow of King's College, London in 2014
And others,
Khushwant Singh is also known as
A novelist, a short story writer, an essayist,
A columnist, a journalist,
A historian and a translator.

A writer he had been always in the line of fire,
Earning a trenchant for biting satire
And secularism,
Though not a politician
But politicked he sometimes,
A journo he knew the politics
Of coming into light
And doing politics,
Fearless and undaunted
In his acerbic attacks,
Using fun and humour
As his tools
To keep hale and hearty,
One doing caricature,
Drinking, joking and making fun of
Even though was sober and serious
And this the range of gossips and idle chats.

A long-living writer, for him,
The whole century had been the canvas of his,
An album of pictures and images, ideas and trends,
A gallery of faces,
Portraits and images,
Those in art, science, theatre
And he taking them up,
Recollecting the meets and visits,
Giving time to friendships and get-togethers
And some meeting him
Over the lunch time,
Partaking of the drink
And adhering to hilarity
And the coloring and painting of the mood

And as a satirist he learnt from life
Which taught him
And the experiences of it
Rather than being scholastic
As his career shows it to be.

As a writer, he is but a satirist,
A laughier,
Laughing and joking
And commenting
And in his mockery was the aesthetic sense of art,
The art of satire and criticism,
Literature as the criticism of life,
The element of fun, pun and humour,
The art of humour and the humorist
And he deriving from
To correct and comment,
To say them ironically
As humour was the forte of his,
The feast,
To engage and entertain
The art of the gossip-master,
The great old talker,
Holding the hand,
Conversing with.

Something of travels and tours,
The Punjab, Lahore and Delhi
And London,
Of Paris and Ottawa,
Something of migration and domicile,
His birth, rearing,
Attachment and departure,
Schooling and profession,
Discovery of Punjab
And the history of Sikhism,
Art and architecture,
Knowledge and wisdom, thought and idea,
Conversation and gossip,
Reminiscence and recollection,
He carries with him,
A writer of male domination,

Love, sex and relationship
Combined with drinks and jokes,
A drinker's verse lying on the table.

As a short story writer of
The Mark of Vishnu and Other Stories,1950,
The Voice of God and Other Stories,1957,
A Bride for the Sahib and Other Stories,1967,
A novelist of Train to Pakistan,1956,
I Shall Not Hear The Nightingale,1959,
Delhi: A Novel,1990,
The Company of Women,1999,
As an autobiographer of
Truth, Love and a Little Malice,2002,
A historian with the titles
The History of Sikhs,1953,
Ranjit Singh: The Maharajah of the Punjab,1963,
And others,
He is prolific and wide-ranging.

A writer as controversial as Thomas Hardy,
and ,
He had been of his stance,
A Kubla Khan and Omar Khayyam
Of his type,
Talking about wine and the company of women,
Kisses and misses,
Wine, sex and literature,
Leaking out
The extra-marital affair and live-in relationship
Or enlightening,
Sometimes making a reference
Of the women loved and lost
And the women lodging casing against him
As for skirmishes or jokes,
Mystified or understandable,
Saucy, salty and spiced
For literature and popularity sake.

Instead of being a great a comedian,
A caricature-doer,
A satirist in verse,

A writer controversial
And politicking,
Drinking and feeling
The pleasures of writing
He was sarcastic and sardonic,
Honest and confessional,
A romantic
And this the portrait of an artist
As a young man
And he was
Apart from being the grand old man of letters,
The Great Sardarji,
I mean the Lion of Punjab,
Mr. Khushwant Singh.

Though the critics of his may charge
With a libel,
As for the sleaze
May designate him,
The dirty old man of literature,
As he knows not
To rein in
And instead keeps on saying
Whatever it comes to his mouth,
Love, sex or friendship,
A writer earning the sobriquet of
Eat, drink and be merry,
He draws from the theory of consumption,
Hedonism and consumerism,
The bottle the source of his inspiration,
His Muse and the moonstruck,
Cupid-hit heart
And after having drunk,
He hearing thumri, ghazal and shayari,
Old wine drenching slowly
And classical music too going on slowly.

A lover of controversies, which never left him behind,
Followed him wherever went he,
A drinker drank he wine
And the varieties of it,
Telling about tastes and flavours,

Drank it himself,
Made others too,
Keeping the company of,
Tried to blackmail
Or got he blackmailed,
Wanted he to be a politician,
But fell short of,
A reader, a commentator,
A critic of life,
He was,
want Singh
The man and writer,
The journo and the politico
As he knew the politics of
Being in the limelight
Dodging the age
Gossiped he about
Love, sex and company.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Khushwant's Train To Pakistan

Khushwant Singh
On the train to Pakistan
Going uninvited
And the Samjhauta Express
Taking to,
Hearing the talks
And smiling thereon
On the one hand
While on the other
There going on
Quawwallis,
Thumris and ghazals
And mushairas
In compartment to compartment.

Though uninvited,
But as a writer,
One of Train to Pakistan,
Taking the liberty of,
Being a Lahorian
Going to,
Boarding the train,
Hearing
Quwwallis,
Ghazals and thumris
And mushairasas
To his entertainment
And entertaining others too
With his fillips,
Wit and humour,
Cracking jokes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kim Jong-Un, O Chairman, Have You About The Consequences Of Nuclear Wars?

O Chairman
Of the Workers' Party of Korea
And the supreme leader of Korea,
Have you,
Have you though of
The consequences of
Waging nuclear wars,
Dropping atom bombs,
O, O Chairman
About the collateral damage
And the loss of lives,
Kim,
Kim Jong-un Sir
In the aftermath of
Nagasaki and Hiroshima?
Think you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kipling, See You, An Indian Sepoy Writing In English

Kipling, see you,
An Indian sepoy writing in English,
Calling himself
An Indian English poet,
Talking and writing,
Writing and talking,
Giving the salute
And writing,
Writing and talking
And passing time.

An ex-armyman,
A radioman,
He writing poems in English,
Living a retired life,
Speaking in the old colonel's tongue,
Old wine in a new bottle,
New wine in an old bottle,
He taking not milk,
But wine,
Speaking in Indian pidgin-English,
Water in milk, milk in water.

A Hindustani sepoy,
His is an Indian pidgin-English,
Hindustani English,
Guarding the borders
And talking with his bosses
In English,
The old matric
Or the non-matric boy,
Now growling as a tiger,
Thinking himself an Englishman
Though left they.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kiran Bedi Thinks It That Only She Is Dry Honest And None Else Like Her

She must her perception
That she is only dry honest
And there is none like her,
But I do not understand it,
Who is actually honest,
If your stomach is full
Then you must show it
And if not, you are hungry,
Not honest
And it is with some people
That they like to over show themselves
That they are honest,
Dry and dead honest,
But if we look into their personal life,
We shall find it to our astonishment,
There is none so bad like him?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kiran Bedi, Is She Only Talented Ips Officer?

Kiran Bedi,
After having seen her
In the media coverage so often,
May I ask,
is she only talented IPS officer
And none else
Like her
Which but take I to not,
Maybe it that you accept it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kiran Bedi, They Talk Of Your Calibre And Guts, But I Not

They talk of your calibre and guts,
An IPS officer
So sincere and honest,
Dry and dead honest,
But I do not know it,
Why do the insane public
Give it the incomparable degree
After exaggerating it?

Kiran, who is actually dry and dead honest,
Neither you nor I,
Every one is just for his or her
Selfish ends,
Which know it only.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kiran Bedi, What Is It In Name?

Kiran Bedi, what is it in name
As I can understand
Your lust for power,
The lust for fame?

Are there no IPS officers
To be called honest,
to take over on politicians
Befooling the Indian public?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kiski Yaad Mein Bekhabar Jo Tum

Kiksi yaad mein bekhar jo tum,
Tera pyaar tujhshe jo pucch raha hain,
Kiski yaad mein bekhabar jo tum.

In Whose Memory Are You Lost And Restless?

In whose memory are you lost and restless,
Your love is asking you,
In whose memory are you lost and restless?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kiss A Burkhawalli And Say You, How Do You Do?

Kiss a burkhawalli
and say to,
how do you do?

How are you,
ma'm?

Kiss a burkhawalli
and say you,
how do you do?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kiss And Say, You Write Really Very Well, Said She, Demanded She

A fashionista,
A socialite
Asked me to kiss her
To say it to her,
You really write very well.

A city woman
Mod, frank, bold and daring,
Adventurous and fashionable,
so sweet and cute-looking,
I could not resist my temptation
Of having a look on her.

I kissed her passionately,
Impulsively
Though emotion was dead in her
To accept it forcibly,
You write well,
Really write very well.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kiss Of Love

They kissing on the streets
And I seeing
The drama of Left politics
And politicking.

On seeing them kissing shamelessly,
I trying to avert my gaze,
But they kissing not,
But showing it
To the media lensmen
And they taking the snaps.

I grumbling within,
Son, kiss you,
Your father never could he kiss in the public
And you kissing,
Improvising the best opportunity.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kiss Of The Burkhawalli, A Burqua-Clad Maiden

Kiss,
Kiss of the burkh-clad miss,
I still remember it,
How did she come to
And asked to impress a sweet kiss
On the cheeks of hers?

When I saw her, it seemed to me
Saw I the fair and full moon
Under the patches of dark clouds
When saw I her, I could not check my emotions.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kissa Black Money Ka, , Are You Not Black? Are You Completely White?

Black-black, white-white,
Say you,
Are you white,
Completely white,
Not black,
But white?

Yarei yaar, give you not
The bluff
Of white money,
You too are black,
Black-black,
Apnei muha miyan mitthu.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kissing A Girl, Did I Commit A Mistake In My Life, Which Realize I Now (April Fools' Day Poem)

Kissing a girl, a young girl
Did I commit a mistake,
Not a mistake,
But a blunder,
Which but realize I,
Realize I now,
Why,
Why did I kiss a girl
And that too a young girl,
Which I should not have,
Should not have done?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kissing To Show, The Loafers Of The Communist Party/ Kiss Campaign From Jadavpur To India-Wide, A Leftist Opera, Drama Of Love

Signature campaign,
Pen down strike,
Wearing of black badges,
Closed for sine die,
Locking of factories,
This we have already heard about,
All about their wrath and anger,
Vengeance and hatred,
How do they crush revolutions,
How do they suppress people's rights,
How do they resort to firearms and weapons,
People know it all about the Red terror,
Comrades and cadres on a rampage?

Now they are kissing, kissing to register,
Showing it that they were lovers in hiding,
Under this protest, they are taking the opportunity of
Kissing in the public,
The Leftist students,
Whose brain the communists have already washed them,
Kissing to romance and in love
As for to take opportunity of the protest
And in kissing and loving,
The Leftists are great,
The students and the teachers
And the clerks
And the workers
Do they all unionism
Just for to have an extra-marital affair
Or romance?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kissing You

Kissing you, kissed I a star
And drifted I far into
The skies
Of the ireflies and the celestial lamps.

Kissing you, kissed I the moon,
A fair dancing
In the midst of the air and glistening orbs,
Silvery light drizzling.

Kissing you, kissed I the jasmines
Taking the nights by surprise,
Redolent with,
Fragrancing and spraying with sweet scent.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kissing You (Ii)

Kissing you
Felt I
As if I were
A red rose,
So fresh and fine,
Lovely and beautiful.

Kissing you
Felt I
As if I were
Kissing a red rose
While impressing a sweet kiss.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Krishna Asking Yasoda, Why Is Radha Fair And He Darkly? (Interpreting Dalit Literature Otherwise)

Krishna asking his foster mother,
More important than his own mother,
As she did it for the child's sake
Whereas his own mother could not,
Whatever be the circumstances,
I am not going to discuss it,
But Yasoda did for him
Is a fact,
'Why is Radha fair and he darkly? '

Bijay Kant Dubey

Krishna, Krishna (Krishna Music)

Krishna, Krishna,
O Krishna,
Where are you playing the flute from
And the melody breaking it
With the sweet notes
Flowing down to us?

Krishna, Krishna,
A golden statue of Krishna,
The eyes lie they closed in
And the image
So captivating and charming,
Delighting the self!

Krishna, Krishna,
Playing the tunes
And the sweet notes breaking forth,
The melodies taking us far away
And the image of the One with the flute
Dancing before the eyes.

Krishna with the flute,
Playing the notes,
Seated under the kadamba tree,
Going with the cowherds
And the twilight picturesque
With their coming.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Where Has Gone?

Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, where has he gone,
Where has he gone, Krishna, Krishna, Krishna,
I have been searching for so long,
Krishna, Krishna, Krishna,
I have been for so long?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kulwant Singh Gill As A Poet

Kulwant Singh Gill as a poet writing in English
But one of symbolical depth and narrative skill,
Free-floating ideas and images,
The stanzas running smoothly,
A poet from the Punjab, Ludhiana.

Scattered Beads,1989, Beyond the Spectrum,1990,
Passionate Pilgrim,1994,
Thus Spake Punjab,1999,
Saint Soldier Supreme: Guru Gobind Singh,1999,
The collections of poems.

A Ph.D. on Aldous Huxley from the Punjab Univ., Chandigarh
In 1976,
A retired professor from
The Deptt. of Journalism, Languages and Culture
Of Punjab Agriculture Univ., Ludhiana,
This is what his bio-profile speaks of.

Apart from his appearance in the Tribune,
He has been writing for quite a long time,
A poet so good at craftsmanship and handling,
Writing longer stanzas of verse,
Laden with thought and meaning.

As a poet narrative and descriptive,
His poems are readings in thought and ideas
Combined with the images
Of pulsating and the world vibrant with,
Really, a fruitful reading
Enriching with experience and feeling.

Gill is a poet of the Punjab,
Of the murmuring Jhelum river and the Dal Lake,
The farmland and the country homes,
The scent of the soil,
Telling about the passionate poet pilgrim's journeys into
Into the lands visited and lived.

Kumarendra, Your Haikus Not, But Gems, Stones

Kumarendra Mallick,
You not a poet,
But a stone-dealer
And your haikus haikus not,
Gems, stones,
Blue sapphire, topaz, amethyst,
Yellow sapphire, hessonite,
Emerald, ruby,
Red coral and moon stones.

You a gem dealer
And your haikus a study in gemology,
Stones, precious stones.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kya Bharat Aur Pakistan Ladate Rahengei? (Will India And Pakistan Keep Fighting?)

Aap chahen jo kahen,
Mein eska samarthan nahin karta,
Yakhir wei kab tak ladatei rahengei,
Bharat aur Pakistan,
Kutta aur billi ki tarah?

Whatever say you,
I do not support it,
How long will they keep fighting,
India and Pakistan
Like the dog and cat?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kya Khub Lag Rahi Ho

Kya Khub Lag Rahi Ho
Kya khub lag rahi ho,
Ek baar muskura to do,
Kya sundar dikh rahi ho,
Kya sundar lag rahi ho.

How Attractive And Charming Are You Looking
How attractive and charming are you looking,
Smile you for once,
How beautiful are you looking,
How beautiful are you appearing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kya Soch Rahi Ho?

Kya soch rahi ho,
Baithee-baithee,
Kavita
Ya kisi pe pyaar aaya hain?

Dil se
Soch rahi
Yaa rahati ho kahi aas-pas?

What Are You Thinking?

What are you thinking,
Sitting,
Verse-lines
Or you felt love for someone?

From the heart
Thinking you
Or live you somewhere nearer.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kya Tircchi Nazar Hain, Kya Jakhmi Jigar

Kya Tircchi nazar hain, Kya Jakhmi Jigar

Kya tircchi nazar hain,
Kya jakhmi jigar?
Thank you,
Kya bahut shayari kar leten hain
Aap,
Bolin.

What An Oblique, Cursory Look, What A Wounded Heart!

What an oblique, cursory look,
What a wounded heart!

Thank you,
What a great shayari do
You,
Said she.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kya Yahi Pyaar Hain? Kya Yahi Pyaar Hain? (Is This Love? Is This Called Love?)

Kya yahi pyaar hain,
Log milate hain, bahut karib she leten hain
Aur pyaar karne ke baad mukar jaaten hain,
Kya yahi pyaar hain,
Kya yahi pyaar hain?

Pyaar ke dard ko kisi ne nahin jaana,
Kisi ki tadap, betaabi,
Pyaar mein bekhabar jo etanaa.

Is this love,
People come and mix, take them closely
And after loving them turn away from,
Is this called love,
Is this love?

The pain of love none stroke to know it,
Somebody's tinge of pain, restlessness,
How lost you are in love!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Kyaa Kabhi Aapne Sochaa Hogaa Ki Woh Bhi Ek Ladki?

Kyaa Kabhi Aapne Sochaa Hogaa Ki Woh Bhi Ek Ladki?

Bechari, akelee,
Ek ladki kitnee akelee, kitnee bibas,
Kya kabhi sochaa hogaa,
Ek ladki akelee,
Kitnee bibas?

Have You Thought About That She Too A Woman?

Helpless, alone,
A woman, how much lonely, how much helpless,
Have you thought about sometime,
A woman lonely,
How helpless?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lal Chand Rajput Twirling His Moustache

Lal Chand Rajput
An Indian warrior class man
Twirling his moustache,
Oiling and twirling,
An Indian Rajput.

Gone are the days of glory
When in battle fatigues
They used to fight valiantly
Talking of valour and chivalry,
Wins and losses
Sometimes foolishly with might,
Without the brain.

The same character degenerated
Into robbery and goondaism,
Villainy and thuggery,
re,
Unprincipled and indisciplined,
Debauchery taking over.

An Indian badmash,
Lal Chand Rajput,
Blunt and dullard
Passing his days
Behind the bars
As a jailbird.

Lal Chand Rajput
Twirling his moustahce,
Twirling and twirling
And oiling,
Twirling and twisting
To keep it oiling
And talking of his villainy
And above all, masculinity.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lallu & Kallu Two Rustics From The Villages Of Bihar Going To Act As Villains

Lallu and Kallu, two villagerly rustics
From Bihar
Going to Bombay
To be film stars,
Not the film stars
But to act
As villains
In the Indian cinema.

Lallu is red-faced,
I mean looking brown
and Kallu, ie,
Black-black,
Everything but black
From his heart and soul
And Lallu, e too
Not less than.

Lallu and Kallu two Biharis
In the goggles
Going to bombay
By train
To be villains.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lallu & Kallu, Two Bihari Country Boys Going To Bombay To Be Heroes

Lalu and Kallu,
I mean Reddie and Blackie,
Going to catch the train
As for Bombay
After wearing the goggles
To be film actors,
Cine stars,
Heroes from Bihar,
Will give bib-big dialogues,
The bluffs of bluff-masters,
Two village boys,
Illiterate and uncouth.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lallu And Kallu

Lallu, Kallu, all leaders,
The leaders of India
From the Dehati Duniya,
Two rustics,
Unread and uncultured.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lallu And Kallu Two Rustic Ministers From Bihar

Lallu and Kallu two friends,
Rustics from Bihar,
So bluffing and blunt,
Two leaders from Bihar,
Backward, uneducated and uncultured.

Outwardly they will appear to be comical,
But are not so,
Ones of a criminal brand,
Keeping spring knives and unlicensed pistols
To finish them off
Who oppose their bossism.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lallu And Kallu Two Rustics From Bihar Wanting To Be Leaders

Lallu and Kallu, two rustics from Bihar state
Wanting to be leaders,
Two blunt and bogus fellows,
Villagerly rustics,
Illiterate and uncultured
Who do not even how to talk with, how to behave with
Wanting to be ministers,
Lallu and Kallu,
Lallu, I mean Reddie and Kallu, I mean Blackie,
Two jokers, clowns or buffoons
They not for entertainment
But to divide and rule,
Usurp the throne
And once the fool sits on chair,
He will not vacate it
Unless pushed down
As the uneducated fellows know it nothing
But the lathi, I mean the stick, the baton.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lallu Too A Leader In Bihar!

Those who graze buffaloes,
The sheep and the goats,
All those herdsmen, cattle-grazers,
Cowboys and buffalomen
Wielding the lathi,
All those blunt and bluffing rustics,
Who do not know how to talk with,
Behave with,
They too are leaders,
All those illiterate and uneducated fellows,
The economically backward and uncultured men.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lallu Will Beat Bihari Villain Kallu On The Stage

Lallu
somewhat brownish
will beat his friend
Kallu,
I mean Blackie,
the villain
against his role,
as per cinematographic role
allotted and assigned to him,
two countryside boys from Bihar,
Lallu and Kallu,
Bihari actors in Bombay
making a tryst with films.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lallu, Kallu, All Leaders In Bihar

Lallu, Kallu,
All leaders
In Bihar,
Joker's sons
Cabinet ministers
Wanting to be filmy heroes
Of Bombay.

Lallu in the goggles,
Kallu ion the goggles,
Both of them handshaking for a deal,
Lallu brown,
Kallu blackie.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lallu, Kallu, Bhallu, All Ministers

Lallu, Kallu, Bhallu,
All ministers
Of Rustic India
From the countryside
Coming on bullock-carts,
Sometimes on the back of the buffalo.

Kallu- blackie, Bhallu- Bear-like, Hairy Lallu- Reddie

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lallu-Kallu, All Leaders In Bihar, Is Bihar Of The Milk Men And The Lathi Men, The Herdsmen?

Laluwa-Budhuwa,
All leaders in Bihar.

Lallu-Kallu, all,
Those graze buffaloes,
Those who milk cows, all?

Is Bihar of the milk men,
The cowboys and the goatwomen,
The herdsmen?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lallu-Kallu, All Leaders In Bihar, Is Bihar Of The Milk Men And The Lathi Men?

Laluwa-Budhuwa,
All leaders in Bihar.

Lallu-Kallu, all,
Those graze buffaloes,
Those who milk cows, all?

Is Bihar of the milk men,
The cowboys and the egoatwomen,
The herdsmen?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lalua The Joker Baccha Too A Leader In Bihar

Lalua a village rustic
Who does not know how to speak,
How to behave with others,
A Bihari fool and an illiterate
Too a minister in Bihar.

A joker son, an uncouth and clumsy buffaloman
Who mixes pond water in milk
Too a leader in Bihar.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lalua Who Has Remained In Jail Has No Moral To Speak

Lalua who has remained in jail has no moral to speak,
Himself a third class man,
What will he teach to others?

The portrait of a rustic Indian politician,
An Indian bandar, monkey not, but a biting hanuman, chimpanzee,
Not red-mouthed, but black-mouthed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lalua's Speeches & Lectures, Who Hears Them?

Lalua's speeches and lectures,
Who follows them,
A rustic as a leader,
A villager from a very small family
Thinking himself a nawob?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Laluwa- Budhuwa Too A Leader In Bihar

Laluwa-Budhuwa

All leaders in Bihar,
The makers of Bihar's destiny,
The cowboys, buffalomen.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Laluwa Chor Hain, Chor Hain, Laluwa Goonda Hain, Goonda Hain

Laluwa chor hain, chor hain,
Laluwa goonda hain, goonda hain,
I went out to hear them
Saying,
As I went to Bihar,
Heard I,
A villagery rustic if he turns out
To be a leader unexpectedly,
What will he do
Barring theft and goondaism?

Laluwa- a rustic Bihari boy

Bijay Kant Dubey

Laluwa Too A Leader

Laluwa too a leader,
A fool from the countryside,
An unashamed joker.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Laluwa Too A Leader, A Countryside Village Ruffian

Laluwa-Bhaluwa too a leader, a countryside ruffian,
A blunt and bad boy
Bogus to the core
Too a leader in India,
Really sorry, sorry to hear about it,
a very dirty man,
Rough and tough,
One who does not know any manners,
Neither courtesy nor delicacy,
Which should be taught to him,
One who does not know
As how to talk,
Hoe behave with,
Laluwa too a leader,
A cowherd boy,
A buffaloman too a leader
Reaching people's Parliament,
Always in session.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Laluwa-Budhuwa All Leaders In Bihar

Laluwa-budhuwa, all leaders,
All leaders in Bihar,
The villagerly rustics,
Bogus and bluffing men,
The third-class men
From third-class families.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Laluwa-Budhuwa, All Leaders In Bihar, Leaders Not, Not Ministers, Gayawalla, Bhainsawalla, The Cowman, The Buffaloman, All Cattle-Men

Laluwa-Budhuwa, all leaders in Bihar,
Leaders not, ministers,
Gayawalla, Bhainsawalla, Cowman, Buffaloman,
All these cattle-men,
Leaders not, ministers,
The socialists
with new socialism.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lame-Footed Tamerlane, You The Sire, Come Not To Invade With Your Multi-National Fauj! I Surrender Before Invade You!

Tamurlane,
Come you not Sire
With your multi-national,
Mongol, Turkic,
Persian, Uzbek and Chagatai forces,
Tamerlane,
Come you not
With you transnational forces
To invade us,
Loot and plunder!

I fear you, fear you, Sir,
Tamerlane,
Tamburlane,
Tamerlane,
Frankly speaking,
Show you not
Your ferocious face!

Taimur
Of the Timurid Dynasty
Of Persia and Central Asia
A warlord of Turko-Mongol lineage.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Latent Desire

An air hostess
I shall bring her home
As my love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Latrine, Latrine-Cleaners, Have You Thought About Them?

Latrine,
latrine-cleaners,
Have you,
You
Thought about
Them,
Those
Cleaning
Latrines?

And if
They don't,
What
Will it
Happen,
If
They
Don't
Latrines?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lawrence Again

nce has no talk to do
But man-woman relationship,
Flesh and blood theme,
Attraction and repulsion met in love,
Love and hate theme.
The novelist has no work to do
But to delve deep into
The pulls and counter-pulls of consciousness,
The dark layers of consciousness,
Life around sex,
Love and beauty.
A writer of the guru-shisya prem,
The teacher-disciple bonding,
He is not a yogi,
But a bhogi
Like Vatsyayana, Freud and Rajneesh,
A husband of his teacher's wife,
immoral and incestuous.
The Oedipus complex
Like The Ghosts of Ibsen,
Not the Electra complex
Like Mourning Becomes Electra of Neil,
He improvises and exploits,
Explores the possibilities with
To write Sons And Lovers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lawrence Into The Dark Layers Of Consciousness

Lawrence as a novelist
Dips into the layers
Of dark consciousness
To delve and dwell upon
Man-woman relationship,
Attraction and repulsion,
Give and take relationship.

A novelist of the pulls
And counter-pulls
Of consciousness,
Sensational and sensitive
And sensuous,
Sexual and dreamy.

One of male domination
And possessive love,
His is a phallic consciousness,
Earthy, bodily
And physical,
Carnal and voluptuous.

The soul not, but the body
The centre of his attraction,
A novelist just like
Harbouring the ideas
Of Vatsyayana, Freud and Rajneesh,
Sexual and erotic
And incestuous.

A yogi not, but a bhogi
With the eloped with
Disciples in the ashrama
In his prem-matha,
Talking of guru-shisya prem
Immoral and incestuous.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Leaders In Bihar

Loafers,
Rustics,
Goons
Too leaders in Bihar.

The bullock-cart men,
The villagers,
The fools with dandas,
The milkmen,
All leaders in Bihar.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Leave Me Alone

I regret that I have failed to present
My verses
As beautiful as the flowers are
Made from light and joy,
As lovely as they look on,
I am sorry, very-very sorry to admit it
That my verses are not like.

Had I at least penetrated innocence and ignorance
Of a childish heart,
I would have, would have called myself
A writer of verse,
But that too I have failed,
Failed in depicting it.

What was it most important that I had be good,
But that much good and chaste could not,
I am a man in my worldliness
Going after name and fame,
Unmindful of human virtues,
Charity and chastity
So ennobling.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Leaves Of Grass [faces] By Walt Whitman

In the part of, Leaves of Grass [Faces], the poet as a super tramp
Tries to see, mark and read the faces of the people,
Life is but face-reading
And the faces themselves revealing it,
What is it in one's mind,
Heart and soul.

Human face and mind change with during
Friendship, precision, caution, suavity, ideality,
Changing as per the nature of work
And one's own profession,
Human behaviour too changing it
In change of situation, place, time and circumstance.

The face in full regard and respect,
The face in vengeance,
In song, dance and merriment,
Going through the phase of ugliness,
The infant's sacred face,
The artist's to know and feel them,
The hunter, the weaver, the fisherman.

While striding along the pavement or moving in the ferry,
He comes to mark and read and notice
The myriad character of men,
The melodious character of earth,
Which philosophy too cannot reach beyond that finish and end,
The justified mother of men

Bijay Kant Dubey

Leaving Me, Are You Going For The Second Bibi? , Asked She/ O, I Shall Go For A New Bibi With The Musical Band Playing The Music!

Leaving me,
Are you going for
The second bibi,
Asked she innocently,
Holding my collar
And the shirt,
Pushing me
And fighting with
And weeping
Wiping the tears
And asking,
will you,
Will you go for
A new bibi,
Say, say you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Leaving One's Own Home, Who Wants To Be A Refugee?

Leaving one's own house,
Who wants to be a refugee,
But situations force one to be a refugee
If his intentions are quite clear?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Leaving The Campus, Think Of I Taking To A Been And Of Being A Snake-Charmer

What it is in the department,
The academia and the academies
And the people academic,
Followed by a dull and routinized affair,
Monotonous, dreary and dry?

Why not to drift far,
Deviate and digress differently
By being attuned to a world
Full of beauty, mystery and horror?

And it is too a reality that
The snakes can often be seen
Creeping into my house,
Staying a brief while
Or a few days more
And then moving out,
Poisonous and non-poisonous.

Metali, a deep brown-coloured non-poisonous snake
Which lives mainly in mud and waters,
Pan-dhora, a brown and striped water snake
May bite, but is non-poisonous
And what to say more about the poisonous ones,
They often visit my house.

Now I dream, is my love Icchadhari Nagin,
Willed, Human-face Taking She-cobra,
A Naga-kanya, a cobra-daughter,
Should I mark the fickleness of the eye lenses and balls
If she is,
Or should I go playing the wooden been instrument
In the forest deep
And the cobras as my audience
Surging to hear my music,
The been music,
The music of The east, of Asia, the Orient

Leaving the whisperings and conspiracies
Of the academia?

Is it the blessing of the Snake-god
Or of Ma Manasa
To see me as a snake charmer?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Leaving You

Leaving you, where to go, the dark daughter,
Leaving you,
A solitary girl,
A dark but black girl,
Dark not but innocent,
Villagerly, a rustic maid
Into the streets of the town,
How to save you,
How to lead you astray?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Left-Wing Ideology And Leftism

The leftists are not the good people,
But are very bad people,
They say it something
And do it something.

In the beginning they appear to be hearty and cordial,
But are never,
Not so human and selfless man is this selfish man,
Give not certificates so easily,
Test them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Let Me

Let me see the birds,
Let me the flowers,
Let me the animals
To be a poet.

The lonely stork
Going together with
The lonely small-breed white cow
And the white-white lilies all around
On the marshy plot of lands.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Let Me Play The Shehnoi In The Lime-Stone Powder & Small Brick Made Temples

Let me play the shehnoi
In those abandoned temples
Made from lime-stone powder and small bricks
Dating back
And the history in the dark,
Let me,
Let play the shehnoi
In those temples.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Let Me Say What It Is In My Heart

What it is in my heart, if ask you, I shall say to you,
What it passes over it,
How the scars and healed wounds of it!

I have borne many a thing just for humanity sake,
I have seen and undergone,
I have borne all that silently!

If I cannot create, why to destroy,
If there are flowers in your garden,
Why to desert it?

What it passes over my heart, I myself know it,
My pains mine,
As have felt them so.

Everything one cannot get it all,
Something needs to be borne.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Let Me Say, Let Me Say, Let Me Finish, Let Me Finish And As Thus Said And Quarrelled They

Let me finish, said he, let me finish said again
And on hearing it, the second party too said it,
Le me finish, let finish,
One kept saying, another kept saying
But who would,
Who would have his say first?

The debate took the shape of a quarrel
As both of them competed with as for the first say
And it was a disputed matter of course
But thank God, somebody as the third person was there
To come in between to compromise
And lo, with the name of his,
Came he to settle as a nowhere judge,
Without any tears in the eyes
And take you both for a pleader and a judge.

First, he asked them to be quiet, promising to hear turn by turn
And if they continued to behave in that way,
He would move away
And hearing it, the parties hushed up
As who would plead in the roadside court,
How would the things be sorted out of the bundles
Of the court campus clerks and other related people
Waiting for a way out to come,
Not drawn through a lottery draw,
But by propping a coin into the air
And the fall deciding the fate of the teams

And as thus was tossed, one won while another lost the toss
But geared up to fight their cases,
Giving a tougher fight and stand
And the panch parameshwara, the local body of five men not
Swearing in the name and delivering
After trying to be neutral and impartial
In Indian villages not,

The witness was he had to settle
The matter brewing
To change into a whirlwind or a jungle fire

And on seeing it, came he counsel and pacify
Two wayward fellows
Drawn into a dispute unnecessarily
And after having settled, the judge before leaving the place
Asked for a present,
Which they could not
But they offered a cup a of tea jointly
As for a settlement
And the efforts to bring them down to a sitting table

And finally sharing a talk together with, asking them to handshake
Which but they not,
He just holding them to make shake and joining together,
Without having charged for as his judgement,
The care-taker, the typist, the notary and the head clerk
Keeping the files bundled,
Giving justice cheaply
And counselling to have patience,
To hear patiently

And to let them say turn by turn
As one hearer cannot hear so many things at a time,
This much can he say that the aggrieved parties will be attended to,
No one will have to go empty-handed
As it's not like the professional court campus which breaks at four
And the files will not remain bundled up here at my own disposal
Without any clerk who will suppress and prop up
Without any rhyme or reason.

Justices has to be delivered
But without bargaining,
Sometimes free of cost,
Should not be delayed
And to me to deny justice not delivered
And it's also a type of sin,
This the lapses of law
Which blind to its own fault as the system of justice
As such

And if to be reviewed wisely and compassionately
There has to be more and more acquittals

Let me say, let me say; let me, let me finish,
He saying
And you saying, let me, let me say, let me finish it
And I a passer-by coming in-between,
Dragged and drawn into
For no fault of mine,
To hear and settle your matter,
See I too have to return home,
Well, thank you, brother, am going,
Taking leave of you,
You go this way and he will that way.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Let Me Say, Let Me Say, Let Me Finish, Let Me Finish, One Saying After Another To Say The Things Of Their Own, As To How To Present First?

Let me say, said he first,
Again, said he secondly the other person, I mean the second person, let say,

Let me say, said he, the first person, again hearing it, he, the second person also
said, let me say,
Again the first party, let me, again the second party, let me,

Let me say, again lo, let me say,
Let me say, again let me say,

Let me finish, he, the second party too saying it, let me finish,
Again the first party, let me finish, let me finish first

Again the second party, let me finish, let me finish twice
And what he, he too will the same,
Both of them will keep saying, will not remain silent anyone of them

And on hearing it, the third party said,
God knows when the dispute will end,
Who will finish first,

Man cannot decide their quarrel not, but allegation,
Who will say it first
And present the things before?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Let Me See And Verify

O gentleman, who are you ogling from the cracks of the wall,
Are you a lizard or a froglet or a striped snake,
Who are you, gentleman?

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Let Me See In Full (Bilingual)

Jee Bhar Ke Dekhane To Do

Jee bhar ke dekhane to do,
Tum to chalee jaoge
Aur aaogi na kabhi.

Pyaar ko pyaar rahane do.

Let Me See In Full

Let me see you in full,
As you will go away
And will return not thereafter.

Let love be love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Let Me See The Spring

Let me see the spring,
The flowering of it,
The beautiful scenery,
Which but Nature has
Adorned and decorated,
Let me,
Let me,
If does not come again!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Let Me See Your Silvery White Face

Let me,
Let me see your silvery white face,
he moonface call they.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Let Me Smell You

Let me smell you,
A scented Indian flower,
They call you
Rajanigandha, beli, chameli, champa,
Kanchnar, malati, gandharaj, seuli and kaamini
Call you,
Fragrant and sweetly-scented,
Maddening me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Let Me Stick A Red Rose Into The Braid Of Your Hair

Let me stick a red rose into the braid of your hair,
You stand straight
And let me stick into
A red rose
Into the braid of your hair

And after having stuck into a red rose,
May I lie hope
for a sweet kiss
On the cheeks of yours?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Let Pakistan Be Modern, Help It In Becoming, Engage It Not In War

The Kashmir separatists and extremists
Will put the spark
To the highly inflammable
And will it all,
Sparing none,
Is this that they want it
Which none but
The border states will bear
The brunt of war?

The fanatic s will not go to any
Heaven or paradise
Reserved for them
After the fatigue of the crusades
Which they dream of
Through the opiate eyes,
But will burn it all
Whatever good it is
In society and civilization.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Let The Dark Goddess Bless You, Me And Us All

Let the Dark Goddess bless you,
Bless me,
Bless us all.

Goddess Kali, the Dark Goddess,
Kali Kali,
Shyama Kali, Dark Kali.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Let The Spring Come Again

I saw the spring in cheers and blooms
But the fears lay lurking within my heart
As for the late arrival of spring
And the tender buds I saw them drooping
Made from fancy and imagination
Lay they at midday
Bearing upon the petals,
Abnormal rise and fall in temperature
Continued to cast an impact of own,
As I saw and viewed them slowly and sadly,
The radio-actives sparkling dangerously,
It raining acid sometimes
And man going the way
Unmindful of all that.

Let the spring come again,
Will it come again?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Let Us Begin The New Year With A Kiss

Bye,
Bye,
Goodbye,
Goodbye to the last year,
Hello,
Hello and welcome to the new year,
But with a kiss,
A hug,
An embrace,
My love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Let Us Play Police, Chor, Sepoy Like The Children

Let us play like the small children,
Hiding and seeking and searching,
As the play is famed for,
Police, Chor, Sepoy,
Sometimes you a policeman and I a thief,
Sometimes he a sepoy, an Indian sepoy,
But it is very difficult to say,
Who the real thief,
Who the sepoy
And who the policeman?

All are but friends,
Policemen, thieves and sepoy,
Those who are guard they not,
The policemen too earn from,
Who are but the sirs of the thieves and dacoits,
Many of them fear the dacoits too
And the lawyers try to bail out
All those who give fees to them
And when the case is not, they ask to
Lodge cases falsely to earn from.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Let Us Take Jayanta's The False Start

Jayanta's The False Start appeared from a poet's enterprise
Called Clearing House, Bombay in 1980
And it's a book of poems to be reckoned with,
Starting from the poem,
A Day of Rain,
Followed by Suppose, Today, Absences, The Gift of Night
In a quick succession.

Last Sadness, Through The Stone, Woman In Love,
A Sailboat of Occasions, Bound, Slum, Pain,
The Rain Falling, After The Rain,
Time Drawing In,
The other poems included in it.

But the poems, The Mountain, The Door,
The Abandoned British Cemetery At Balasore, India
Often talked and quoted
While the others too not less than
In imagery and reflection.

The Storm, The Rising, The Accusation,
Shadows, The Moon Moments, Ash,
The Day, The House, The Retreat,
The Hour From The Window, Steps In The Dark,
The Evening That Is To Come, not less than,
Similar in imagery and reflection.

Jayanta though an imagist primarily lapses into
The domains and trajectories
Of existentialism and nothingness,
Vacant thinkings and random reflections
Which have swept him otherwise,
Not through literature.

Jayanta though an imagist primarily lapses into
The domains and trajectories
Of existentialism and nothingness,
Vacant thinkings and random reflections
Which have swept him otherwise,

Not through literature.

But in the physics classrooms while grappling
With the light chapter and the origin of universe,
He came to mark nothingness and vacant reflection,
Blank thinking and nihilism
As he his base is not of the literature
But of physics.

Jayanta Mahapatra is an absurdist
And his poetry the poetry of the absurd,
Not the drama of the absurd,
Dwelling far into the realms widening,
Of a different spectrum and the horizon of studies,
Giving poetry the space of physics.

The Abandoned British Cemetery At Balasore is almost like
Gray's Elegy
And the historical narration
Referring to art, architecture and archaeology
And narratology
In a fine stance of his own,
Dealing with the archaic dead, the ruins of marble and stone,
The crumbling wall of brick, the coma of alienated decay
And he will not disturb history
As this is the course of it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Let Us Take Kulwant Singh Gill's Passionate Pilgrim

And the passionate pilgrim is none, but Kulwant Singh Gill,
An expert researcher on Aldous Huxley,
Intellectual, Sikhistic, Punjabi,
Narrative and symbolical,
Going beyond the spectrum,
Gathering scattered beads
And writing poetry.

Creation the first poem to be followed by
Stone, The Call, Grace, Quest for Joy, Hope,
Gratitude, Victory To the Dal Lake, Discovery,
A Vanished Dream, Punjab Mata, Homecoming,
Mirage, Resolution, The Introvert, Fulfilment,
Ifs, The Fall, Tenderness, Ecstasy, Miracle,
Ascent, Redemption, A Query, Quest,
You Never Came, Death of a God,

My Grandfather, Polluters, True Democrats,
The Passionate Pilgrim, Sinners, Puzzlement,
The Isolate, Dilemma, Adieu, Disenchantment,
Retreat, Jaded Yudhishtira, Love for Shadows,
Prisoners of Passion, The Respectable, The Enchantress,
The Quester, By the Jhelum, Metamorphosis, The Dung Gatherer,
The Recluse, Rebels Against Reason, The Maid's Tragedy,
Search for Saviour, Bride and Stove, Desecration, Still-Born Desire,
Return of the Prodigal, Wanted Another Buddha,
Birth of the Blessed Brotherhood, Haiku and Ripeness.

A devout seeker after Truth speaks in his poetry,
A Sikh in him and a son of the soil of the Punjab,
He speaks of salvation and redemption,
The washing of the sins
And a noble beginning to make
And the passionate pilgrim is none
But the author himself,
An Indian English poet to make a tryst
With new verses to be written in English.

A Writers Workshop, Calcutta volume,

Passionate Pilgrim saw the light of the day in 1994,
Full of warmth, poetic vision and verve,
Kulwant writes a free-floating hand
And has got to say
In a make-believe way,
A good attempt indeed on his part.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Let Us Take Up Jayanta Mahapatra's Waiting

A son of the soil, an Oriya by birth and rearing,
His mind can go nowhere
Barring Orissa,
The Orissan scenes, sights and landscapes,
Rivers, hills, sea beaches, forests,
Lakes, bird sanctuaries,
Historical sites and scenery.

The Morning I, The Morning II, Nightfall,
A Country Festival, Taste for Tomorrow,
The Earth of July, Bhubaneswar, Way of the River,
Song of the Past, The Faith, Thirst,
Thought of the Future, Orissa, Song of the River,
Konarka, Dhaulagiri, Waiting,
A Summer Night, The Temple Road, Puri, the poems.

Afternoons, Learning to Flow Free in the Chariot Festival at Puri,
At the Burning Ground, Dusk, Sun Worshipper Bathing,
Sanskrit, Shrines, At a Ritual Worship on a Sunday Afternoon,
Servility, Bazaar, 5 P.M., Old Earth, The Indian Way,
Rain Sense, On What to Build Then,
The Beggar Takes it as Solace, Living,
Among the Trees, Fragments, in follow-up to them.

A Poem to Mahatma Gandhi, Story at the Start of 1978,
Sky, Strike Your Secret Earth, The Stranger,
Movements, Walking Home at Night,
The poems of their trend, type and tenor,
A poet of poverty and hunger,
Belief and disbelief, faith and doubt,
Human lust and greed, twitches of the selfish body,
Things in a flux
And indifferent time.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Let Vishwakarma Be With, The Divine Master Craftsman And The Creator Of The Universe

Vishwakarma,
The Divine Master Artisan and the Craftsman,
The Draughtsman and the Architect
Be our guiding spirit,
Be the sole inspiration
Of our creation.

Let Vishwakarma,
The Divine Master Artisan and the Planner
Be our guide
In creating things,
Planning, estimating and vetting.

The dateless, timeless rock-built temples
Carved out of the larger chunks of stones
Or boulders
Stand as a testimony to him,
Who is he who actually built them,
Gave the plan to?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Letters, Literary Lettrs

Literary letters

Have a charm of own,

Letters

Literary letters.

Tended off by

Maniac poets

Frenzied,

Writing poetry madly.

Bringing to memory

Keats,

Lawrence,

Anglo-maniac Michael Madhusudan.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Letting The People Wait Under The Sun, Queued And Waiting Endlessly, You Travelling In Japan In A Bullet Train, Deriving The Pleasure Of The Journey

Letting the people
Queued long and waiting for long,
Under the heat of the sun
For all day long,
You travelling in japan,
In a bullet train,
Enjoying the train ride
And here the people waiting,
Waiting and lined
Under the heat of the sun
And suffocating in banks,
How can it be,
How can it be, sir
Which but I cannot accept it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Letting Us Wait In Sun And Shower, You Travelling In A Japanese Bullet Train, Enjoying The Journey, How Can It Be, Sir?

Letting the people
Troubled
By your demonetization,
Discontinuation of
Rs 500 and 1000 denominations,
Devaluing and discontinuing them
As for the fake minting houses
Locate across the borders
And the black money
Of the black sheep

Making them under heat and dust
Daylong,
The queue is the same,
Men have come,
But not gone,
Waiting and waiting,
The day has ended,
But the new notes have not been printed

How can it be, sir,
Letting the people wait,
Queued and waiting impatiently,
Suffocating,
You travelling in a Japanese bullet train
With the Japanese Prime Minister
Taking the delight of the journey
To be introduced in India
Whereas people dying of tension and stroke
Herein occasionally,
How can it be,
How can it be, sir?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Librarians

Librarians actually suffer from inferiority complex,
The status they talk of
Is their ego
Otherwise the things are not
What these appear to be
Who in reality are
The old-timer book-binders and book-keepers,
A clerical job
Which the submissive ones used to do
Without any nagging,
But the modern men,
The new appointees,
I mean the new age librarians,
Most career-oriented and bluffing
As without being scientists
They call themselves information scientists
And officers,
But i do not
Which magistrates are they?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Life At Dumka

Born at a village in Deoghar
Just by the banks of the river Ajay,
But reared and grew up at Dumka,
A boy played I into the bushes,
Roaming wild,
Into the woods and the hills,
The fields and fallows,
Reading solitariness.

Walking down the highlands and downlands,
Into the bushes and briars,
Upon the rocks and underneath the tree shades,
I used to see the pace of life and the world,
A world cut off from human habitation
In solitude haunting the self
And frightening sometimes,
A loneliness bewitching.

The cool shades of the banyan tree,
The peepuls with the sadhna of the Buddha,
The wild plum trees of a variety,
Sometimes viewing life
After climbing the hillock
From which one day
I had a narrow escape from a fall
And after that never did I try to climb.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Life I Have Faied To Understand It

This life I have failed to understand it,
What is it,
What does it mean really,
What are we for?

What the purpose of it,
What are we are,
Why are we here,
Which is my own, which not?

I do not understand it,
The purpose of the world
And of life,
Why am I here,
What am I for?

The things I do,
what am I to get from,
Which is whose,
Who is what,
I do not take them for?

I am here
Just as you are here,
I am here
Just as you are here,
My things not my own.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Life Is Greater Than Poetry Or Poetry Is?

Sometimes think I
Which one is far more important,
Life or poetry,
Poetry or life
Which should I attach to
Poetry or life,
Life or poetry?

Had life been not,
We would not have poetry,
Had life been not,
We would not have created poetry
And this too is true,
One should have the flavour of creating
If the whole life passes as thus?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Life Is Karmayajna, Karma-Sadhna For Modi

Apart from what do his detractors say about him,
Whatever be the mistake committed unknowingly,
Modi is not what they say about him,
A thinker and a visionary,
A dreamer and a karmayogi is he
For him life is but a sadhna
And he like a sadhaka
Resorting to a tapa,
Making it bear and undergo,
Struggle and suffer as for the karmayajna.

Many have failed to understand him,
But what I have come to,
There is but of a sadhaka, a yogi and a fakira
In him,
Modi the co-traveller
Going on the path of life,
Let Shiva be with him,
Shivaste shantu panthanam.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Life Pulsating In The Flats

On the barren piece of earth
Saw I the towering,
Towering and dangerously-leaning buildings
Made from cement, chips and bricks
And molten iron rods and bars,
Cobra buildings,
V-shaped, L-shaped,
Multi-storied buildings
With the flats inside
And the lifts to come up
And go down,
How mechanical and technical,
Artificial and dreary,
Has it become,
How mechanical and technical!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Life, This Life And Its Reflection, The Hours Of It

Life is an image,
A thought,
A reflection,
Life is a concept,
An idea,
A notion.

Life is what you think,
What I take to,
Want we to make it,
Life is life,
How describe it,
The motto and mission of yours?

Your vision,
My vision sometimes differing
From,
But the goal is almost the same,
Think you,
Feel you when but leisurely.

What is but life,
What the point of our difference,
How to corroborate and align with,
How to come to a point of discussion
Is the thing that matters more
Rather than friction and fissure?

Sanding at the crossroad of life
And the world,
Think I about
My life and times,
How was it,
How is it?

How to keep it intact
For them who have not
Seen,
For those who are yet

To enjoy the moments of life
Rather than devastating it for out-dated thoughts?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Light

Light, why do you not go to those homes
Where it is dark,
Where the light is not?

Light, light you those dark corners
Where there is darkness all around the palce.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Light (Haiku)

Light
Feel you within,
The light of the soul.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Light In Darkness

My God, You are Light,
Light in Darkness.

When it is dark all around and there is a little hope for light,
You make it flicker around.

My God, You are Light,
Light in Darkness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Light In Darkness- Ii

You are light in darkness,
A ray of hope in desperation,
Despair and dejection.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Light The Candle

Light the candle and let it be light there,
All around the place
As it is dark and lightless.

Let it burn and if the need be, burn you a few more
So that it emits light,
Letting them not in the dark.

Extinguish it not, puff you it not out,
Let it burn, go emitting light
For sometime more.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Light, Light You The Candle Of Hope, Light, Light You The Candle Of Love!

Light, light you
The candle of hope,
Light, light you
The lamp of hope and love
And humanism,
Light, light you
The candle of hope
Struggling with the wind
To survive
Lest it be extinguished not,
You try, try to light
The lamp of hope,
Human love and humanism,
Humane kindness
Lest it be not puffed out,
You keep it burning,
The flame emitting light,
The wick burning
And showing light!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lighting The Lamp Of Love

Lighting the lamp of lamp,
Want to see the flicker of it
Into your eyes,
How do they glow
In the light,
How the flames and flickers of it!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lighting The Lamp Of Love And Humanism I Want To Pass Out

Lighting the lamp of love and humanism,
I want to pass out of sight
Lighting the lamp of love and humanism.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Like A Passerby Want I To Pass Away

Like a passerby
Want I to pass away
From here.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lines Of Poesy

Me Lord, All For Justice

The whole world a judge
And I a criminal
Into the court of God.

Creativity

The fire and frenzy of poetry,
The fever of writing
Unputdownable.

Hanuman

Indian hanuman with the kid
Jumping from the tree
Brown-haired, but black-mouthed.

A Cup of Coffee

A cup of coffee, darling
Just to catch a glimpse
Of your lovely face,

The Monkey Showman

The monkey showman going
With the small-small red-mouthed monkeys
To show the tamasha.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Listen To, Listen, Say, Say You, As Thus Love Will Be Born

Listen,
Listen to, said I.

Say, say you,
Say.

Listen,
Listen.

Say,
Say you, said she.

And as thus love will,
Love will be born.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Literature And Politics, Are You A Man Of Literature Or A Politician?

To do politics is the order of the day
And the litterateurs can be no exceptions to it
As they can come to the fore
Just after doing politics
Which they know it well.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Literature From The Northeast Of India

To talk about the novice English verse practitioners,
Trying to write and evolve,
Attempting to write and contribute
And to make a name
And the attempted critiques
Of them,
Can this be the all
That want we to hear from?

Literature from the northeast is not
What say they,
Ask you not them,
Learning to write in,
But them,
The local dialect speakers and the dwellers
Who know more than them,
Who pose to be
The representative creative writers
But are not,
The marketing fellows,
Selling the northeast in open markets.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Litigation

You are a judge,
I a criminal
And the whole world a court.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Living In India, You Can Call Yourself The Pundit Of Secularism, Go To Saudi Arabia And Turkey, Preach It There

Here in India
You can behave like
The pundit of secularism
Playing the secularism card,
But go to Saudi Arabia and Turkey
And preach them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Loafers As Politicians In Bihar

I have seen,
I have seen the loafers as politicians
In Bihar,
The rough and tough people,
The clumsy and uncouth people,
The herdsmen and goat-women,
The bogus and blunt people
As the politicians and leaders of Bihar
In the making.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Locked In A Kiss, A Leftist Gimmick/ Leftist Dr. Fautus' Kiss Of Helen On The Turf Of The Jadavpur University Campus

Locked in a kiss
On the roads
As they are not allowed to kiss
In the Jadavpur University premises,
So kissing outside,
Their parents have sent to study
And they madly, blindly in love affairs,
Wanting to return homes
With the wives,
You say it,
How can it be possible?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Locked In A Kiss, A Leftist Gimmick/ Leftist Dr. Fautus' Kiss Of Helen On The Turf Of The Jadavpur University Campuspur

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Bijay Kant Dubey

Long Path

The path is long
And I have to go
Taking to.

I do not know
Who will it be with me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Look Into My Eyes, Said She The Modern Poetess

Look into my eyes,
There is poetry in it,
Look and say you
What is it in them? ,
Said she the young poetess,
A modern girl of today's India,
Dying after fame.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Look, How Beautiful Am I! I Am A Bobby-Cut Indian English Poetess! See, I Am Travelling!

Look, how beautiful am I,
I am a bobby-cut Indian English poetess,
A city-girl, a town-girl
Hi-fi and good-looking,
Up-to-date and mod
And stylish,
Really, an Indian English poetess,
Who can be like me,
I have read in a convent school!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Looks Like A Yogan But Is Not, A Modern Girl (Your Inspiration)

Osho,
Your Rajneeshite disciple
Looking like a yogan,
A sadhvi
In the rudrakshamala,
But is not,
But a modern girl,
Modernist
And post-modern.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lord Buddha (Haiku)

Lord Buddha in meditation
Under a peepul tree
Somewhere.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lord Buddha Seated On The Lotus

Lord Buddha seated on a lotus beaming with joy and radiating
In all sunlight,
Yea, the bronze statue of the Lord,
Golden and radiating and beaming with joy
In the monasteries far and wide,
Far into the south-east.

What we have forgotten it here, that is there preserved
In their texts and literature,
Culture and tradition,
But we know not those
Who those artisans and artistes
Who really made them.

Calm and serene, radiating and beaming with joy,
But seated upon a lotus
With the petals flung open,
Cast in gold and bronze,
The metallic statues drawing our attention,
But we know not that lost tradition,
Nor did we strive to know those texts.

Buddha Buddha,
Buddhas of stones, clay, wood, jute,
Buddhas of gold, bronze, copper,
Where that artistic tradition
And its line of artisans or craftsmen,
Who were those who made the statues
So beautifully expressive,
In meditation or in samadhi?

With a tiny statue of the Buddha,
I want to go my way,
As Buddha the peace of mind,
The peace of soul,
Calm Composure,
A Stature Meditational.

Buddha and his Buddhism taking me away to

Distant Cambodia, Tibet, Thailand, Japan, China
And I following thereafter
Asking them to interpret those forgotten texts
Of Buddha and Buddhism.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lord Ganesha

An Indian Hindu god
Mythological and mysterious,
The god of wealth and prosperity,
The face elephantine,
Means with a trunk,
But very auspicious.

How blissful is to recite the name of his,
How fabulous and prosperous is it
To take his name,
Business and commerce under him
As Lakshmi of wealth and assets!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lord Ganesha Sipping Milk

An Indian God, Lord Ganesha sipping milk,
The spectacle extraordinary,
A feeling, really a feeling
Of the moment,
Of the people going to worship in the temples
Early in the morning,
A blessing bestowed upon
Or an appearance redeemed
Or an euphoria to take over.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Losing My Innocence And Ignorance

How sinful
Have I become,
Losing
My innocence,
My ignorance
Which once engaged me
And my space,
But how much
Crafty and sinful
Have I
Grown into?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Loss Of Innocence

Having lost my innocence,
How sinful have I grown,
How much sinful am I, my lord,
Having lost my innocence,
The innocence of heart!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lost Love

Lost love, your sighs and sobs
I haven't,
I haven't,
Instead of my love for you,
I couldn't get you,
As you had not been in my lot.

Now I just remember you
Lifting the curtain of life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lost Love (Valentine Day)

My heart is beating,
O, it is calling,
Calling you,
My love,
Where, where you
On this Valentine Day?

My love, love,
Where you are
On this Valentine Day?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lost Love, O, My Lost Love, Where Do You Lie In Humming The Songs Of Life!

O, my lost love,
O, my,
Where,
Where do you
Lie in,
Lie in
singing,
Singing
And humming,
Humming
The songs,
The songs of love,
Love
Loved and lost,
Loved, loved and lost,
Lost, lost and found again,
Meeting as strangers,
Passing by,
Passing by,
O, my love,
Love
loved and lost,
Lost and found
Humanitarian,
Where,
Where you,
Singing,
Singing
And humming,
Humming the songs of life,
O,
O, my lost,
Lost love,
The pain,
The pain of my heart
Humanitarian
And subsided,

My love,
Love,
The love of the heart!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love And Its Colours, Mother's Love, Sister's Love, Brother's Love

Love and its colours,
Love of the mother, love of the sister, love of the brother,
Love of the son and the daughter,
Sometimes wets it
And we grow emotional about
And this is called love.

The house where I was born, where I grew up,
The house where I lived with my parents,
I have not forgotten, I still remember them
Lifting the curtain of memory.

The love of the small sister who used to tie the rakhi on the wrist,
I have not, have not forgotten her,
The memories still keep wetting me.

The love of the daughter who is with me for sometime,
I think of and feel about them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love At First Sight

At her first sight, fell I in love with her
At her first sight,
A girl so wonderful, excellent, marvellous.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love At First Sight (Ii)

At your first sight
Have I fallen in love
With you
At your first sight.

You are so beautiful, so beautiful
That I cannot avert my gaze,
You are so beautiful, so young and charming,
I keep gazing and gazing.

Tell you, tell you, who you are, damsel,
O foreigner girl,
Deshi or videshi,
Made in India or made in Australia,
Made in India or made in America?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love At Her First Sight

For the first saw I her
and fell in love with her
At the first sight of hers
And on seeing her, said it to me
My heart,
I love you, , love you so many times
And desired I not to return
Till she said,
I love you, love you to me
And just after the symbolic gesturing
Of the assurance,
Agreed I to return
Otherwise would not have.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love But At Third Sight, Not First Sight

Love at first sight,
What are you saying,
Can a man be judged at first sight,
Have you gone mad?

Without seeing the girl and knowing her in full, you called it
Love at first sight,
Meet her for the second time or the third time
And then propose before her.

If love you everything at first sight then you are mistaken,
Maybe it good for England or America,
But in India at least do not do that.

If the girl whom choose you in a hurry is not able to adjust with
Then what will you do,
So, I suggest you, do not fall in love with anyone
With love at first sight
Otherwise will be in trouble.

Love at first sight appears romantic no doubt,
Had you asked me, I too would have said like that
And would not have taken the words so easily,
But friend, it is a matter of heart.

The dream girl setting in the heart,
The fairy walking on earth,
My heart aching
And lo, it is whistling!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love But Betray Not

Love is not love if full of betrayal,
Love but betray not,
Fearing God,
Cheat not any simple and loving heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love But Betray Not Anyone

Love, but betray not
As the heart which loves it
Betrays not.
Try to simplify yourself
Rather than making a complex character.
Remember it that God loves not the twisted heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love But Betray Not That Simple Heart And If You Do Not Have To, Love Not, Do Not The Drama Of Love And Loving, Don'T Be So Much Selfish

Do not betray the simple
That poor simple girl.

Love but betray not,
Fear it always
That God is there,
Who sees it all,
Do not think yourself so much clever,
As He is the Cleverest of the cleverest.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love Came Knocking At My Door

Love came knocking at my door,
Love,
Yea, came knocking
At my door
And I was all surprise to see
My love standing,
Waiting for me.

The night had been stormy,
The chilly wind sighing
And she came
Knocking,
Knocking at my door
And when I opened,
It was but all surprise,
A stranger standing at my door.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love For Krishna At Least For Once

Forgetting your all for once,
Devote and dedicate
You yourself
To Krishna-love
Without asking for,
Losing yourself
In the love for Krishna.

Sing you, dance you
Saying Krishna,
Taking His name
In your love for Him,
Krishna, Krishna, Krishna,
O Krishna, be You with.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love Her, Cheat Not, Is This That You Have Learnt?

O, cheat you not,
Fear it that there is God!

And you can cheat man
But not God, who sees it all from there.

God, save the poor soul, sick and ailing,
The love-lorn, broken-hearted girl!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love Imprisoned In Saudi Arabia

I saw the Saudi Arabian
Taking the nightingale
As a cage-bird
Just as a falconer does.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love In The Cinema Hall

There was a time
They used to whisper love
After seeing love scenes,
How do they fall in love?

Love in the cinema hall,
The show to start,
The curtain drawn over
And the reel to start.

Some whistling in delight,
Specially the third class-sitting men,
Just before the screen,
As for seeing the heroine.

The hero and the heroine will dance,
Will eye, fall in love at first sight,
Oh, marvellous to hear it,
Love at first glance, my God!

And as thus our love story began it
In the cinema hall,
Ended it there
Dating back to the seventies and the eighties.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love Is Calling

The love letter from the distant has come,
Ay, far from,
She sitting across the seashore
With the hands around her knees
And with the expectant eyes
And I here on this side,
Hearing the music of humanity
In love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love Marriage

First love you
Then think you of marriage,
Marriage after love,
Not before,
If marry you
Then will not be able to love,
Hence, love you first,
Fall in love
Before you marry
As love marriage is
Not arranged marriage.

Love marriage,
Love you to marry,
Struck by Cupid's arrow,
Eyes meeting with a beauty
Young and daring,
Adventurous and bold enough
To choose you,
Love you
And say you,
I love you,
She too will,
I love you
Then marry you
After loving her.

Love marriage,
Love first then marriage,
Love you first
Before marry you
As without loving her
You will not be able to
To feel love for her
And she too will not be able
To feel your heart,
Hence, love you,
Love you first
Before marriage,

Culminating it not in arranged
But love marriage.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love Me, Love Me

If you love me,
I shall love you.

Said to me,
Do you love me?

If you love me, I shall love,
Love you.

She said to me
So slowly and sadly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love Me, Love Me, You Just Love Me

Love me, love me, you just love me,
Love me, love me, you just love me,
You love me,
Just love me,
Love me.

You love me, love, I shall love you, love you,
It is love for which you are,
It is love for which I am,
Love you, love you,
Love me, love me you,
But forget you not
the promises you made
While loving me,
Sang she.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love Me, Love You, But Give Not Tears To Anybody

Said she slowly and sadly
With tears in the eyes,
Falling from,
Wiped and dried

Love me, love me,
Love you,
But betray not anybody else
Who believes you

Love,
Love you,
But betray you not
As the heart which loves
Betrays it not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love Me, You Just Love Me (A Duet)

Love me, you just love me,
I love you, I love you,
You love me, you just love me,
I love you, I love you,
O, I love you, love you,
O, do you love me, love me?

You love me, love me, just love me,
O, I love you, I love you!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love Poetry

Love poetry

And when talk we about love poetry,
Dream, fancy and imagination take us by strike,
Emotion, feeling and passion
And we feel passionate about it.

By love poetry, we mean
The poetry dealing with love,
The emotion and feeling of it,
The passion and sensation of love.

The love we take up is romantic aspect of it,
Love and its romance,
Love and its sensation,
Love romantic, love pastoral,
Love dreamy and colourful.

Though lovers are many,
The pairs and couples in love,
But true love is rarer,
It is a thing of the heart and the soul,
A relationship something deeper.

.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love Poetry (Poems)

At Your First Sight

At your first sight,
The first sight of yours
Have I fallen in love
With you
And now it comes
Nothing,
But you,
Only you.

At your first sight
Have I fallen
In love
With you,
Now say you,
How to live
Without seeing you?

All About Love

All about love,
Write I,
About the facets of love,
Motherly, sisterly, brotherly, fatherly,
Love for the house and family,
Love for the old things,
Love for all,
Just try to love
And say,
What it is love?

An introductory poem all about love, what is love, how the types of it? Love for the house and the family, this too is a type of that strong feeling. Love for the mother, sister, brother, father and the things you love constitute all that.

Falling In Love

Falling in love,
Have I come to know,
What it is love,
How the feelings of it,
How the upbeat,
How the downbeat
Of the pulsating heart,
Beating and aching
And waiting for,
But she turning not?

Love me,
Do love me,
I am so mad in love with you,
So madly after you,
I love you,
I really love you.

Falling in love is good, but many after falling, betray they the sweetheart and turn away from? if you have to fall in love, love you truly, from your heart within. Love from your soul. Love not to betray and cheat, but true love is rare.

I Love You So Much, I Love You So Much

I love you so much,
I love you so much,
Only one thing that I have come to feel,
I love you,
I love you,
Just into the ears of yours,
Want I to whisper
I love you,
I love so much,
As people believe it not
What the lovers say it,
What the things of the heart!

I love you so much is the thing of deliberation, just sonority and music of words have been kept in mind to dwell upon. Love is not love, but the passion of living and loving. First, love then say it, what is it love; what the heart-matter?

You're Looking So Cute

You are looking so cute,
So pretty and lovely,
That
I cannot say it,
How much lovely
Are you looking today,
Very, very impressive
And beautiful of course,
I do not have the words
To state it?

After calling one cute and lovely enough, one should not use and throw the simple heart in love. Appreciate and admire you beauty no doubt, but not with the guile in the heart. Love is not love if full of betrayal.

Romantic, Only The Girl-lover Not A Romantic

The romantic, often have I heard,
The girl-lover is but a romantic,
To be a romantic is not to be a lover
Madly after heroines
And theatre artistes,
To be an admirer an appreciator
Of beauty which is truth and goodness too,
Beauty truth,
Truth goodness.

The word romantic does not mean
At all a lover of girls,
Madly after them,
But to be a lover of soul,
A man of heart,
Not simply the distorted meaning
They adhere to.

A loafer is not a romantic,
But a lover of Nature,
The hills, brooks, fields and fallows,
The woods and the wilds,
The marshy plots of land
And the water bodies,
A romantic is a mystic.

The word romantic does not mean at all a lover of girls, but a man of heart and soul in love with man, nature and the world. One who perceives beauty and truth in all is in reality a romantic. For to be a romantic, one needs to be dreamy, visionary, sensuous, sentimental and creative at the same time of delving.

Your Wet Eyelashes

Your wet eyelashes,
Tear-splashed
And painful
As wept you,
Shed teardrops
Silently and secretly,
I have not forgotten,
Forgotten you,
Nameless Lassie,
Your wet eyelashes,
Unknown maiden,
If I have made it ache,
I am so sorry,
Your wet eyelids,
Nameless Lass,
Without knowing,
How have I taken to be
My own,
Without any introduction!

The pains of love, be it yours or mine, how to console a heartbreak burning with the heartburn is the thing of concern? If console you, the pains will be your liability even though you have not done any harm. An unknown maiden and her pains have been sketched in all pathos and poignant expression.

Will You Divorce Me? Will You Divorce Me? , Asked

Will you, will you divorce me,
Asked she tearfully
With tears into the eyes of hers
And falling down the cheeks,
Welling up
And falling down
And she sobbing,

Sobbing,
Wiping out the tears
And asking,
Asking him,
Holding him by,
Will, will you
Divorce me, divorce me really,
Will you, will you divorce me,
Crying
And asking him
And he like a stone
Hearing her,
Responding to not?

There is much to say about love as love is not love, what we see, what we hear about. Love is a meeting of two hearts; two souls. Love is not merely bodily; love is spiritual too. Will You Divorce me? Will You Divorce Me, Asked She is actually a very painful poem and here lies the tragedy of living. Broken family, broken relationship pain us really.

Red Rose, Will You Be My Valentine?

Red Rose, will you be my valentine,
A beauty so rare and impressive,
Dew-laden and fresh,
Fair and fine,
Will you,
Will you be my valentine,
Red Rose,
O, Red Rose,
I have loved you,
Loved and liked you,
Will you be,
Will you be my valentine,
Red Rose,
So redolent and tender,
So fragrant and sweetly-scented,
Red Rose?

Just suppose, suppose you your love is a like a red rode or red rose converted into a young and beautiful maiden of flesh ad blood, just think you, think you. A few girls look extraordinarily, exquisitely beautiful and they bowl out the lookers-

on.

The Sculptures of Khajuraho & Konark In Love

Actually, never had I been concerned
With this relationship
Before,
But the day I saw
The sculptures
Carved in stone
Decorating the walls
Of the rock-built temples
And in intense love-making,
Passionate about,
Embracing and hugging
And in unputdownable poses,
I too grew passionate about,
Searching my love
Into the sculptures, frescoes and figurines
Of Konark and Khajuraho.

My love,
Oh, this flesh and blood contact,
Give and take relationship,
Attraction and repulsion
Met in love,
The bonding strange,
Magnetic, sensational and electrical!

The sculptures in love, erotic and sensual, made by the ancients, are attractive enough too be viewed in Konark and Khajuraho, the temples of the place. Whatever be the purpose or philosophy of making, but they are so lively and picturesque, artistic and drawing. If one has to learn in love-making, one may learn from these.

Love Letter

You try to read it,
My love,
My heart is therein,
Full of emotions and feelings.

None but you and I,
I and you

Knows it,
How deep is our love,
None but you and I,
I and you,
My love.

Your image is therein,
Your portrait
Together with
My feelings,
The feelings of the heart,
I love you,
Love you truly.

Today lovers write it not love letters, but there was a time when time and distance used to hang heavy over, people used to write. In a tabooed society, the lovers used to write stealthily. Some students used to exchange under the pretext of reading in libraries. But today the mobile phone sets have taken the place easily.

Annapurna Devi

Annapurna Devi, say you, say you
The story of your life,
How did Pt. Ravi Shankar treat you,
How did he
As for to surpass you,
Suppress your talent,
Annapurna?

O the daughter of Allauddin Khan and Madanmanjari Devi,
Indian surbahar player of Indian music
And the Maihar gharana.
Born as Roshanara Khan,
Later Annapurna Devi,
The wife of Shankar,
Ustad, Pandit Ravi Shankar,
The great artiste, classical artiste!

How did he come to seeking
For your hands,
How did he learn it from your father

And how,
How did he turn away from
You,
Annapurna Devi
Even misleading his son too?

Annapurna, after knowing you,
The story of your life,
I can say his much
That talent does not know relation,
It is a thing of envy and jealousy
Which Shankar felt it
After seeing your performance!

Let the world call him
A great artiste,
A sitar layer of world repute,
But I know it,
Where does it lie in talent,
Not in media coverage,
But in scholarship unsharable.

Talent does not have any friends
And relations,
It is almost alone and single
And even if has,
They will vie with
And will be envious of
As was Ravi Shankar jealous of you.

Your rare performance of Raag Kaushiki
Panditji could nor bear it
And turned hostile to you
As was the impression of the tuning
Which was really your soul-stirring music,
Heart-stringing one,
O the jewel of the Maihar gharana (school) ,
The genius extraordinary!

Annapurna, your surbahars
As the bouquets of pleasantries,
The morning breaking,

The sun rays glistening
At daybreak
On the lotus and the cottage,
The silvery moon orbs
Lit around
Dazzling it all and taking me away.

The poem is a tribute to Annapurna Devi whom Shankar tied into a nuptial relationship and deserted too as per mutual consent. It was not merely a break-up, but a sort of betrayal too, as the bass sitarist grew envious of her talent and performance and she never performed again, but could have surpassed Ravi Shankar.

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Bijay Kant Dubey

Love The Body Not Merely, Try To Love The Soul Too

Love not the body of flesh and blood merely,
Try to love the soul too,
Try to treat her affectionately,
Caress and be sympathetic to her,
Love her, love the body not,
Love her soul too.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love Travelling Or The Travellers In Love And Relationship?

Love travelling
Or the travelers in love and relationship
Going global, cosmopolitan
Talking with the mobile phone handset,
Love is calling
From the United States of America,
The United Kingdom
With the call,
Love me, love you,
Love blossoming in the hostels,
The hotels,
At the airports,
on the sea beaches.

Kolkata is calling,
Moscow is calling,
Kiev is calling,
My love, your love is calling,
Calling from far off,
Across the seas.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love Under The Pretext/Cover Of Yoga: An American Girl & The Yoga Teacher

Under the pretext of yoga,
Yoga sessions and lessons,
The fake Indian yoga guru
In love with an American girl,
Slim and good-looking.

That is why I do not believe the Indian sadhus,
Whose beards original
And whose fake,
Who can but say it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love Under The Starlit Skies/ It's Love Maddening, But Don'T You Be Mad, Said She As Her Word Of Caution

Under the starlit skies
I dreaming of my dreamgirl
And smiling
As if one under addiction.

Love under the stralit skies,
Love I, love you,
Say, do you love me?
Yes, I love you,
I want to her from you.

And she too smiling perhaps
As can guess about
And prohibiting me from to be a mad lover
With a word of caution,
Do not love me so much,
Don't be so much mad,
Madly under love!

Love me, love them all,
But don't be mad, mad after
Ruining yourself.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love With A Burquawalli

I going somewhere
and the Burquawalli
following me from behind,
the girl under the black veil
whom like I very much,
whom admire I her.
One day I shall bring her
to my home,
Burquawalli,
my Burquawalli.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love With A Khatun/ Ek Burquawalli Ko Dekha Pyaar Jo Yaa Gaya/ Saw I A Burqa-Clad Maiden And Felt I As Thus/ Mushaira, Gazalon Aur Shauyari Ki Duniya Aur

Ek burquawalli ko dekha
Ki pyaar yaa gaya
Aur jo mein marane lagaa
Us burkhawalli pei,
Burkhawalli ladaki pei,
Jhanknei laga
Us burkhawalli ko,
Muhabbat karnei jo laga
Burkhawalli ko dekhkar.

After seeing a burqa-clad maiden
Fell I in love with
And started I dying for
That burqa-clad,
Burqa-cad maiden,
Peeping into,
Started peeping into
The burkhawalli,
Started I loving her
On seeing the burkhawalli.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love With A Muhammedan Girl/ The Mistress In The Burqua/ Love With A Burquawalli/ See Me But With Love

The mistress in the burqua
When she passes by,
It lightens and strikes me,
Just saw her at a glance
And fell in love with her
Who whispered to into
The ears of mine,
See me but with love,
Follow me,
I am a star, I am a moon,
Your moon-like love, mehbooba,
I am a shayari
And you my shayar,
I am a ghazal
And you the singer of it,
I am a quawwalli
And you a quawwal.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love With A Muslim Girl

O Muslim girl, say you,
What it in your heart,
Say you,
Your heart Hindustani or Pakistani?

O you, tell me,
Can the heart be divided as such,
In between Hindustani and Pakistani?

The beauty of the lands,
The things of our heart,
None has known,
None has
Barring the things recounting its own
In fanaticism!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love With A Purdahwalli/ My Burquawalli Mistress? O, I Want To Get It Sent, I Love You

She was in the veil,
Black veil,
Yea, my coy mistress
In the black veil.

My moon
I had been searching
In the hillocks and the hamlets,
My love
Playing hide and seek with the clouds.

I want to hug her, embrace
Under the cloudy nights,
I clasping an apparition
Telling my love to her.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love, But Hurt Her Not

Love, but give not tears
To her,
Love, but hurt not
Her tender heart.

Love, love you surely,
But break not her tender heart,
Try to understand her feelings and emotions,
The compulsions behind.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love, Love You To Create, Not To Destroy

Love,
Love you, but destroy not someone's life,
Love,
Love, but hurt you not anyone's feelings,
Love,
Love, but break not the heart,
Love,
Love you definitely, but make her not pathless, wayless
Standing at the crossroad of life,
Nowhere to go and reach at,
At a loss where to go, what to do.

Love, love her, not the body merely,
But her soul too,
Her heart and soul,
She will also love you,
Beauty truth, truth beauty and goodness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love, Love, Love, Yes, Love Was Born

Love, love, love, yes love was born,
It happened so,
As it happens,
Happens in love so often,
Don't mind,
Mind you not,
Let it go,
Love was born,
I saw her,
She saw me,
I waited for her so earnestly,
She waited for,
I liked her,
She too liked me,
I felt for,
she too felt for me,
I dated,
She dated
And thus love was born,
Love was born
In between us,
In between her and me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love, Why Do You Look Tear-Eyed And Forlorn?

Love, My Love,
Why do you look tear-laden,
Sad and morose,
Forlorn and broken,
What has it happened to you, Love?

Love, may I know it, why do the people weep in
When the beloved parts from,
Why does it the heart break into pieces,
It aches and writhes in pain,
Beats fast abnormally,
Fluctuates and pulsates,
You say it?

What is it love, why do people love,
What it is in love,
Is love a meeting of two hearts,
Two souls,
But society and its barriers
Coming in between as the walls
Or the dividers dividing?

Love, My Love, you wipe out the tears
Fallen and dried on the cheeks,
Welled up in and trickling down the cheeks,
I know it, know it and can feel it,
Love is a candle burning and melting,
A long waiting, not to end soon.

Love a poor and humble girl,
Quite innocent and ignorant of,
Keeps weeping helplessly
Which the hard hearts understand it not,
Love a helpless and hapless girl,
fallen in love accidentally,
Going on the way and repenting,
You God, please save her, save her,
Moving aimlessly
After being broken, sad and morose,

Sick and forlorn,
You help her, help her, the love-sick girl.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love-Bonding With A Muhammedan Girl (Bilingual)

Ek Muslim Ladki She Pyar-mohbat

Burkawali, kya teer nazar hain,
Jakhmi jigar hain,
Ji karta hain ki chum loon tujhe!

Love-bonding With a Muhammedan Girl

Veiled-one, what an arrow-like piercing look cutting across,
What a wounded heart,
Want I to kiss you from my within!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love-Letter (Written In Red Ink)

My love-letter in red
With a red rose
I am sending to you
On tine's day.

My heart is therein
In between the lines,
You read it.

If the Lord Valentine wants,
I love you for you.
Love but live,
Die not for love
As the tine feel sorry to hear.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love's World

Love's World

Is a world of

Sympathy, feeling and emotional back-up.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Love-Songs Are For Whistling

Love-songs are for whistling and humming,
Not for singing loud,
In a full-throated voice,
You just feel about,
Wetting yourself.

Love is not love what you think,
A love of the bare body,
Love is love,
Just feel about her.

The tearful eyes keep wetting us,
The eyelashes splashed with and red,
Perhaps have you wept, she too has,
Love is not love for your ladylove,
Love is love, love for all,
Whomever love you so deeply,
People love so many things
And what more can I say about
The things of we emotional attachment?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Loving Me, Leave Me Not, Desert You Not, Said She

I just could feel about the pain of the voice,
The pity of the words,
Loving me, leave me not,
Desert you me not,
Said she.

The walks walked together with, the words shared
While moving on the path of life,
Though move we all,
But the words we give to,
We must stand by them,
Abide by.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Loving Me, Say You, Will Not Leave Me, Said She

Loving me, say you, that you will not leave me,
Leave and desert me,
As love has not remained love
And people love here not soulfully?

Loving me, say you, that you will not leave me,
Loving me, leave me not?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Loving Me, You Forget Me Not

Loving me, you forget me not please,
Get away not from me
As I love you more than life,
As I like you more than,
But shall live for life
As dying in love cannot help anyone.

Loving me, turn you not away from,
Get you not away from me
In search of another,
From one flower to another
And even if do you, I shall try to sustain myself
Bearing all that stress and strain.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Loving You, Have Started To Fear

Mein Pyaar Kar Ke Darne Lagaa Hun

Mein pyaar karke darne lagaa hun,
Wo ladki jo satane lagin hain,
Darane lagin hain.

Loving her, I seem to fear within,
The girl has begun to haunt me,
Torture me.

N.B. Love, but fear not, may be it they are coming to beat you. Love of a tabooed society. Engaging affairs of love; the tensions felt in love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Loving You, How To Leave You, Loving You?

Loving you, how to leave you,
Loving you,
giving my heart to you,
Taking your heart
How to betray you,
How to leave you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lucy

Lucy Gray,
How innocent and ignorant
She was,
Nature's child
Clutching calm and clamour
Into the stride of hers
Moving towards her hut
Facing the wrath and anger,
Fury and fume
Of Nature!

Lucy,
Lucy Gray,
Nature's child
So blest and distraught too
On the paths of life
Going alone!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Lucy, My Love, My Child

Lucy, my child,
A girl so simple, so sweet,
Living her life,
Passing by the time,
A shepherd girl,
A nature girl
Learning from it
And nature too educating her.

But a girl all alone
On the path of life and the world,
Going her ways
All alone
And the paths winding,
Taking turns and curves,
Full of the mystery of the forest,
Full of the surrounding.

Lucy, Lucy,
Exclaimed I,
Go not, go not,
The hills steep and craggy,
Lurking over and leaning
Dangerously
And I fear
The nature child may fall.

I fear the jackals and foxes
Howl they in the forest
And lonely tracts
Where the landscapes
Solitary and secluded
And the pathways manless,
Away from human haunt,
I fear, fear
She going all alone,
Taking to her ways.

I too had a wish to educate her

With the little
That I knew,
Comprehended I
The mysteries of life and the world,
But on marking her a child
In the lap of nature,
I could not take the charge
Of her education.

Lucy, Lucy my love,
I saw her going
All alone,
Trekking the ways,
Going up the steep hills,
Playing on
With the lambs,
The sun and shade,
Hills shining blue
And the dawn breaking from.

In sun and shower I saw her alone,
In sun and shower
Stood she alone
Shading under the hamlet home,
Under the shade of the tree,
The rock,
A nature child
So lovely and simple.

In a simple frock I saw her,
Saw her going,
Going with,
Sitting atop the hill,
By the stream
Hearing by the murmur,
The brook babbling by
All alone
With the lambs.

The palash blossoms in clusters
Hanging by the leafless trees
And the blackly cuckoos cooing from sweetly

From the bunches of,
Clusters of
Reddish-reddish palash blooms
Hanging by ornately
And scattering over
The forest pathways.

Near the tree sat she,
Heard she the melody
Breaking
From the sweet notes of the blackly cuckoos
And it resounding,
Giving an ear to,
Hearing it with rapt attention,
Delighting in.

Lucy sitting in
Between the hills,
Clustered and chained
By the side
Of the brook
With the rocks and boulders
And knee deep water
Flowing and falling over
The pebbles
And flowing by.

She playing with,
Passing the time,
Looking after the lambs,
Plucking the grassy blooms
And wild blossoms,
Putting into the hairs
And offering to the Divine
And playing with the dust
Under the shade of a tree.

Lucy, my child,
My love,
A nature child,
Never seen,
Never so wild

In joy and delight
Seen before,
Playing and passing by,
Singing the songs of nature
Unmindfully.

With the name of God,
She crossing over the hills and dales,
The brook and the forest ways,
Taking the herd to,
A nature child
She so unmindful
Of the furies of
Nature,
The wrath and vengeance,
The bestiality and brutality
Of the wild.

Through the eyes of hers,
A nature child
So simple of heart and mind,
Dream and vision.
Tried I to see the world,
Feel the pulse of life,
But of no use,
Oh, the purity, purity of thinking
Felt I short of,
A world deprived of,
Lapsing into deceit and conceit!

Lucy, Lucy, my love, my child,
Cried I,
Though defiled stood I,
A man in distress,
Feeling a vacuum
Within,
In our craze for materialistic values,
Distressed and disgusted with,
Unable to carry it forward
That Lucy gave to.

The songs that you sang,

Which the world could not feel,
Revolving round
The purity of heart,
Human innocence and ignorance,
The joy of life,
The world, intriguing world
Could not, could not,
Frankly speaking, Lucy,
Lucy, your songs,
Songs of life!

But Lucy, my Lucy
Found I not
Though searched I, searched I around,
Lucy in my infinite joy and undefiled delight,
Climbing up the hill
To reach the cottage,
Lucy, Lucy,
Lucy, my Lucy,
Called I, called I,
A nature child so pure and joyous,
But under strain and stress
Saw I that day differently.

With a lamp she went her way,
The cyclone had been blowing the feet
And she going all alone
To take the shelter in,
The cottage shaking violently
In the rushing wind,
Blowing in, blowing out,
A nature girl,
So terribly viewing the night
With the gush of the lashing winds and rains.

The sea had been rough and inclement
And she saw the furies of the sea
Breaking the embankments,
Rattling the roofs,
Blowing away the thatches,
Plucking the trees,
With the rains lashing,

Winds blowing hard,
She praying for life and safety,
But none there,
All falling flat.

A girl saw I viewing the rough sea and the inclement weather,
The cyclone ruffling the sea
And the sea surging vehemently,
Furiously,
Ready to devour,
Rains lashing ruthlessly,
Winds doing havoc,
Plucking the trees,
Uprooting it all,
Bringing in its trail
Massive devastation and destruction,
Death and desertion.

A girl so simple and innocent,
Loving and ignorant,
Saw she helplessly,
The devastation and desertion,
The dance of death and doom,
Praying to the Lord,
Whispering her prayers
Asking nature to be calm,
The sea to be silent,
But all her prayers,
Who to hear, who to hear?

The spate of the storm and the thunderstorm
Continued for so long,
Striking it so violently
And raking
And when there was a lull,
She thought of
Going out to see
And striving utmost
To bail out of the crisis
Befalling mankind
The little she could ever
With her prayer.

But the rough and fathomless sea went on
Striking violently,
The waves rising high and falling,
Taking a toll over,
Claiming
Which but she could not,
Could not,
A nature child she
Thought of roving into,
Rowing over
And saving through
If she could!

The fury of the wild, tameless and untamable,
The furies ruthless,
The brute of the wild,
Oh, it could not,
Could not be tamed,
The things as per the scheme,
The darker aspects of Creation
Rather than seeing in awe and astonishment,
Horror and terror
The mystery of life and the world,
The mystery of Creation.

The sea is rough, rough and inclement,
You do not, do not go there, Lucy,
I forbade her, forbade her,
But went she ahead,
A nature child
Unmindful of
The furies and wrath of nature,
The darker side of Creation,
Hearing the call of the folks
In pain
In the good spirit and prayer of her own,
But returned she back not,
Returned she not back to,
The girl of the good heart,
The good faith,
Yea, the good girl.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Luring Him...

Luring him with, where have they brought him to,
To which path or crossroad of life
From where he can look not behind,
From where he can return not?

Where, where, have they brought him to
Luring with spirit and alcohol,
Hemlock, hemp, country liquor and marijuana,
Oh, those peddlers, drug-traffickers!

If he cannot, he may try native and cheaper stuffs,
Ganja, bhang or datura seeds as for intoxication,
Piping in, smoking ganja from an earthen pipe,
Taking bhang leaves paste.

Intoxication should anyhow,
But they know it not,
What they are doing
And where will this joy lead to?

Life is not so coloured and painted
As the dramas show,
The theatre not the all
And the hippies not the role-models.

I can read the emotions and feelings of the drug-addict
Lying naked into the hills
Posing to be a sadhaka,
Wanting to cut his hand and to plant on a tree as for branching.

My God, save us from bootleggers, drug-traffickers
Selling not to serve, but to destroy,
To give coloured bottles is to make dream,
Not to spoil life!

Bijay Kant Dubey

As A Comic Verse Writer

People know them as critics,
, vasa Iyengar, ,
But they are poets too
A few know it,
Had been before
Or have become after practicing it.

If this be the truth, the thing of reckoning
Then too is a poet,
If not a major one then a minor one definitely,
A writer of Indian Clerihews,1989,
Indian Limericks,1990,
More Indian Clerihews,1992,
Writing under the pen name Emken.

As a light verse writer, he follows them,
I mean the masters,
Edward Lear, Ogden Nash and ey
As for his inspiration to derive,
Maybe it that he entertains the interval,
Taking a break from his routined studies
Of dull, blunt and bogus Indian English verse,
Copied, substandard, derivative, imitative and puerile.

His poetry-collections thinner and small,
Just like the booklets or a few pages stapled,
Short of matter,
But presented in a beautiful way
As used to do away with trifle and trivial verses,
Himself too a petty poet,
A writer of trifle things, trivial verses.

The poetic tidbits, chits, slips of paper,
Used and unused thoughts,
Broken things of speech and sound,
The breaks and intervals from the load of studies
Add to his poetic vigour and fervour
To turn him into a small poet, if not a big one
As light verse is the neglected field.

The light verse writer is more successful in his clerihevs
Than his limericks,
the clerihevs are a pen-portrait of many a writer
Regaled nonsensically,
Mixing nonsense and the silly, the bits of knowledge and wisdom,
Of biography and autobiography, reading of books
To produce the cocktail.

The earlier Indian English poets have definitely pattered
On these, but the times were not in their favour,
Of pidgin-English,
Half-Indian, half-British hybrid stuffs,
Many liked it not the monkeyish humour,
Scolding to make serious and attentive
And Joseph Furtado was one such poet.

An inhabitant of Pune, served Karnataka Univ., Dharwad
As Professor and Head, Deptt. of English
And came to light with his writing of A History of Indian English Literature in
1982,
Brought out by Sahitya Akademi (The National Academy of Letters) , New Delhi,
Though many of the good and old scholars did not get the limelight
As they could not avail of and were disinterested
And not even after fame.

Bijay Kant Dubey

's Verses

Though he wrote on the history
Of Indian English literature,
Naik sometimes tried to write down
The light verses
In the style of Ogden Nash and ey
And Edward Lear,
Limericks and clerihews.

Under the pen name of Emken
He used to write verses
To caricature and make a fun of
When laden with studies,
Writing the critical bits of paper.

Bijay Kant Dubey

It is not that your political philosophy interests me,
Communism with humanism,
Movement to the U.S.S.R. and Mexico and China as for your training,
But your personal life,
Want I to read you,
Your marriage with the foreigners,
The brides from afar,
The white brides and the conservative society of the then times
And its reactions
On being with them.

Manbenda Roy, I am interested not at all in your political philosophy,
But the leaves from your diary,
The book of your life,
I want to turn over the pages of it and to see
How had been it your personal life,
A peep into it?

The world may call you a comrade, a cadre and if it is not,
A great socialist as well as an internationalist,
Crossing over the seas,
Tasting the forbidden fruit then,
But your socialism interests me not
As no pamphleteer am I,
No famed socialist am I,
A sculptor of the unknown citizen,
Whose busts and torsos make I
And it suits me too
And here lies my philosophy of life and the world.

You please tell us about your first wife Evelyn Trent,
A graduate from Stanford
Who supported you
And later on, chose you
Ellen Gottschalk as your second German wife
Who compiled your woks posthumously?

Your political philosophy not, Marxism-laced with humanism,
But your affairs with foreigners

And their inspiration
I count upon, sire,
Your communism not,
But your personal relations.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ma Tara

Mother Tara,
How beautiful is it to look Mother Tara,
A metallic fresco
Or the statue cast in silver
Looking so beautiful
Hidden with the red hibiscus flowers!

With the tongue out of the lips
And a big nose-ring,
Mother looking gleeful
Among the red hibiscus flowers
Offered to during prayers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Maal Hain To To Kucch Mujhe Bhi Diyiye, Black Money-Toney, Maalaamaal Kijiye (If've Booty, Give Me Too, Black Money-Toney, Make Me Goodsmanly)

Kucch maal hain
To mujhe bhi diyiye,
Maane,
Maane, black money-toney,
Yadi hain to
Diyiye.

Yadi black money hain
To kucch
Mujhe bhi maal diyiye,
Mein black ko white kar lunga
Powder lagaa kar.

If have booty
Give me too,
Means,
Means, black money-toney,
If have
Give me.

If have booty,
Give me too
Something,
Shall make it white
Smearing face powder.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Machine Man

Machine Man,
Lo, his head stuffed with,
The heart hollow
With the pacemakers
Set in,
The arms and the legs
Flinging
Skeletoned
And he looking like a ghost,
Bony, skinned,
Wrinkled and old,
A scarecrow
Over a construction site
Or the danger mark
With the skull and the crossed bones
Over the transformer
The skull man, the scarecrow,
The oldie
With the pacemakers set in
Walking somehow
Stepping
But without the lungs
Heartlessly, soullessly
A very harsh fellow
Talking tough
Crude and cruel
The modern man,
The machine man
Talking like machine,
Doing as a machine.

The head stuffed in,
The brain in a coma,
Memory almost gone
Unable to recognize
As has no time to think,
Talk and smile
As grins he, keeps chuckling
Using overtones, undertones to say,

Always in suspense and suspicion
Holding in disbelief it all.

The head lies it stuffed in,
The hands the tools,
The legs fitted on,
The heart lungless,
The eyes turned stone,
Emotions ran dry,
Sentiments gone
With the tears
Dried down and wiped off,
Emotionless, sentimentless
With the kidneys as filters,
The nerves as tissues or fibres.

The bust,
The head,
The torso connected
As well as disconnected
Tightened with nuts and bolts
And screws
Joined and disjoined,
Fitted and unfitted.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Madam, My Poem Is Just A Copy Of Yours, I Mean Your Lovely Face

Madam, my poem is
Just a copy of yours,
I mean your lovely face.

My poem is not lovely,
But you are lovely,
A lovely girl.

Having seen,
I have just copied,
Copied your mood and sentiment.

You are just like a flower
Rarely seen,
Sweetly-scented and beautiful.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Madhushala By Harivansh Rai Bachchan

Is it by the author for
To drink daru,
Daru piyo aur masta raho?

Madhushala,
Is it the honey shed
Or the wine shed?

Taking daru to forget
The lost love
Or making others drink?

Tum bhi piyo,
Mein bhi piyun,
Mast raho.

Into Spring's Madhushala,
Bees' collected honey
Dripping from the honeycomb.

And the drunkards saying
Cheers, cheers
Striking the tumblers with wine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Madhuwan Kitana Shuna Aur Udas! / The Sweet Orchard How Lonely And Desrted Has It Turned Into!

Madhuwan kitana shuna aur udas
Ho gaya hai,
Madhuwan
Kitana shuna aur udas
Ki vasant yaatei jo nahin yaasani she,
Khushbu mahaktin jo nahin,
Pangcchiyan udatin jo nahin yaasani she!

The sweet orchard how lonely and deserted
Has turned it into,
The sweet orchard
How lonely and deserted,
That come it not easily the spring,
That sweetness spreads it not,
The birds fly it not!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Madly In Love

You have maddened me
And I am really mad after you,
Have fallen in love with you
The day I saw you after.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Madly In Love With You

Madly in love with you,
Said it the letter-ending,
As the last words were.

Madly in love, the letter-writer,
Meant it.

Something to mean out here,
Was it a one-sided love-affair
Or a two-sided one?

Madly in love,
But those in love madly
Never say it.

My God, let me be far from these,
These madding crowds,
The mad, mad people.

Say they, all for love,
But love is not love,
Who loves whom really?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Maha Nand Sharma's Gushing Streams

Gushing Streams as a collection too
Is a failure
As he carries the old-pattern verses
In an old style of his.

How Long? , To A Maiden,
To India, The Price of Life,
To our Political Heroes,
Phantoms of Age,
The poems from it.

Published in 1996, Gushing Streams
Streams it not,
The dry poetic springs
Flow not with a musical murmur,
Some silt seems to be obstructing it.

When he deals with sublime topics,
The style blossoms
But when he applies in for trivia,
It fails miserably.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Maha Nanda Sharma (1924-) As A Poet

Maha Nanda Sharma who used to teach in a college
In Bulandshar
Before moving to Meerut University
Did his Ph.D. on ouse
And was a poet
Of some epical length and line,
Going by Milton and Aurobindo
And deriving from Paradise Lost and Savitri,
Whatever be our appraisal of his,
If epics not strictly then epic fragments.

A writer of The Pageant of Seasons (1956) ,
Flowers and Buds (1984) ,
A Rudraksha Rosary & Other Poems (1987) ,
Scattered Leaves (1991) , A Spiritual Warrior (1991) ,
Divine Glimpses (1996) , Gushing Streams (1996) ,
Flowering of a Lotus (1998) , Autumn Strains (2004) ,
Is but a conventionalist and a traditionalist
As he follows the old patterns of writing
And rhymes too laboriously.

Something is therein
And something is missing,
A writer of narratives and epical formats,
Something he achieves and something fails to,
A writer drawing from the Mahabharata,
Epical heroes and characters
To endow with and to lengthen,
Something he plans to finish
And something it remains incomplete and undone.

A votary of Lord Shiva, seeking blessings from
As for the Shiva cycle of stories,
More especially, Sati's
And here there lies the beauty of his poetry
In re-narrating the story,
Engaging us,
Again he takes up Bhisma's vow
To employ in.

A poet scriptural and Sanskritic, he draws from
Kalidas, Milton and Aurobindo,
Instead of his successes and failures,
Trying to contribute and develop,
Enrich the domains of Indian poesy
With his readings and borrowings and loan words.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mahalaya

Mahalaya soaked in autumnal mist and fog
Heralding the winter
With the mystic pre-dawn chants
Taking the minutes away,
Keeping us spell-bound
With the syllabic plosives,
Words and accents of valour and chivalry
Spelt in a stupendous way
All in the invocation and submission
To the Divine,
Devi Durga,
Mahamaya, Yoginidevi,
Arising from Yoganidra,
Consciousness dormant
To spurring of the spirit.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Maharshi

Maharshi Aurobindo, you tell me Sire, about your wife Mrinalini Devi,
Why did you marry her,
A girl bride,
Giving expectation and hope to the eyes of hers,
Why did you propose before
And why did you marry her,
If you had not to abide by sansar-dharma,
Worldliness,
If you had to be a karmayogin,
A yogi of Pondicherry?

Maharshi, you may be a great propounder of yoga and philosophy,
Transformational yoga,
But say you about,
What it would have gone upon the heart of Mrinalini Devi
Dividing her time
In between the maternal uncles' and father's houses,
O, say you about her,
The sweet wife of yours
Whose hands held you
And who took you too for naught?

You turned into a yogi, sadhu and sadhaka,
Wrote down The Life Divine, The Mother and others,
But what did she the pool lady,
Looking blank and wide-eyed,
Standing at the door,
Viewing the world-wide blankly?

Letting her choose a life of her own,
By making her understand,
You shifted to Pondhicherry
To spend your days
With the French shisya
And hectic ashrama activities.

You turned into a philosopher, but all cannot be,
And even if one is from one's within, all become not
And if all renounce the world, who will

The sansar dharma?

What it happened on, passed on the poor heart of Mrinalini Devi,
You could not, Aurobindo.



Bijay Kant Dubey

Maharshi Aurobindo's The Life Divine

Maharshi Aurobindo's
The Life Divine,
A supreme work of spiritual progression,
The evolutionary process
Mystical and transcendental.

The recourse to sadhna
And the evolution of the mind,
The realization of the self
In the sadhaka
Undergoing it.

Man, mind and matter,
How to interrelate them,
How to associate and dissociate,
Integrate and disintegrate them!

A voluminous work
Produced in 1939-40,
The Life Divine is his
Magnum opus in prose,
A book of transcendental meditation.

A super mind
Thinking about the Supreme Soul,
The Oversoul, the Overmind,
Doing the self-to-self talks.

A thinking mind in reflection,
Meditation and contemplation,
Thinking about the destiny of man,
The birth of the cosmos
And the beginning of life on earth.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Maharshi Aurobindo As A Poet Divine

Aurobindo as a poet
Of the Divine plane
Is one of golden light, divine hearing,
Electrons and particles godly,
Sparking with energy force,
The cosmic whirl
Felt through transcendence,
The indwelling universal,
The cosmic dance,
The cosmic self
Liberated from,
The bliss of Brahman.

With something of yoga,
Something of sadhna,
Feeling through
The trance of waiting
Someone passing mightily
As the wind,
The mystical figure in the dark
Frightening,
Something of light and meditation
And contemplation
The poet cosmic and transcendental
In his write-up.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Maharshi Aurobindo As A Poet

Maharshi Aurobindo the yogi, the sadhaka as a poet,
The writer of Life Divine and other treatises in prose,
But well-known for Savitri,
An epic in verse,
Taking to Miltonic recourse in sentence pattern,
But the story no doubt Vedic, Upanishadic, Puranic,
Dealing with the story of love, life and death,
Dramatized through Savitri and Satyavan.

The earlier poems of Aurobindo the rough exercises
In the verse of the eighteen nineties,
Nationalistic, patriotic,
But the latter showing a change in vision
And he after the realisation of God,
Choosing a different path for himself,
Finally, switching over to Pondicherry to be lost in his sadhna.

Though Urvashi, Love and Death, Ilion, Baji Prabhoo,
The other works of his,
But instead of his affinity for Hellenic things,
Latinization and Miltonic style,
He tries to capture classical rapture and incantation,
Vedic rhyme and rhythm,
Fragrance and sonority.

Yoga, sadhna, realisation, approach and attitude to the Divine,
The things of Aurobindo,
Transcendental vision, is the thing of his deliberation,
But Western logic and reasoning
Cast an impact of their own on him
And he is more apt in prose than in poetry,
A poet rhetorical and prosodic.

The grammar of poesy is the text and textuality of Aurobindo,
Poetry as the grammar of poesy
And the poet a grammarian,
Poetry an exercise in rhetoric and prosody
And the poet a rhetorician and prosodist
Leaning to classicism,

Verbose and bombastic sentence-construction and word-structure.

Sometimes Milton's Paradise Lost influences him,
Sometimes Blake's The Tiger,
Sometimes under Homer,
Sometimes under Vyasa's Mahhabharata,
Aurobindo takes to his own recourse in poetry,
Finally arriving at Thomas Traherne and Henry Vaughan's
Experientation with the Light Divine and the Retreat,
The path of sadhna, the path of yoga to reach at.

Savitri is in reality a Life Divine in poetry,
The flower of his poetry,
Classical meditation and thinking,
Ashramite vision and dwelling,
Sanskritic reading and recycling,
And immortal work from the pen of the rishi,
The saint and the seer.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Maharshi Aurobindo's Savitri

Savitri is classical in format and design, a meeting of the East and the West, a hybrid fusion of Latin, Greek, Sanskrit and English, Sanskritized and Latinized, Miltonic and Vysayan and Valmikian, a tale of love and death told in ages and ages after, continuing since long as a myth, a legend cutting the myth of Yama, Hinduistic and soul-alluring.

Poetry born out of sadhna, the rishi feeling for not Rambha, Urvashie and Menaka, but Savitri and also under the influence of French Mirra Alfassa. The rishi from his hut seeing the dawnbreak and singing paeans to Sun-God, giver of light and dreaming golden dreams.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Maharshi Aurobindo's The Life Divine: A Landmark Vision, A Metaphysical Text & Document Of Supra Mind And Consciousness

A supreme work of a supreme mind,
The Life Divine by Sri Auroibindo,
A philosophical text and document;
A prose treatise
Where the minds of the yogi and the sadhaka
Meet to entwine religion with spirituality,
Theology with metaphysics, cosmology with transcendental vision.

The spiritual evolution of man, of consciousness in matter,
The ascent towards the Supermind, the realization of the self,
The position of man in the universe,
The things which the philosopher takes to as for discussion.

The Life Divine as a testament of Indian philosophy,
Religion, spirituality; metaphysics, cosmology and theology
One of a larger spectrum and dimension
Inculcating the things of a supra state of consciousness.

Picturesque of a mind in sadhna or yogic meditation,
Rising and rising, riding the steps of ascension,
Delving in the terminology of
Mind, Matter, Consciousness, State,
Purusha, Prakriti, Maya, Brahma and so on.

Life is but a realization; a self-realization,
What it is quintessential is Cosmic Delight; Divine Ananda,
How to get it?
God is but Sat, Chit, Ananda, Satchidananda.

Published in 1939-40, the work went revisions and editions,
The essays saw the light long before its publication
In a serialized form in the Arya
Wherefrom these have been brought and added to.

Life Mundane not, Life Celestial the thing of,
The Mind in Matter and the Matter in Mind,

The Soul, the Oversoul, the Mind, the Overmind,
Continue to engage him and he goes on exploring
The things of consciousness.

The yogic states transcend the barriers to endow him,
A yogi and a sadhaka,
Aurobindo takes the yogic flights
To dwell and delve upon the supra states
Of meditative realms and domains
Of the hidden speculation of the contemplative order.

Whatever one says about, it is Vedanto-Upanishadic in reality,
Without doing sadhna, one cannot attain
The heights envisaged and everything but is sadhna,
Without striving to perfect or seeking to fulfill,
One cannot accomplish a greater job and success lies
It in one's trial for attainment.

A book of Integral Yoga, it explains the things
Of the world, man, mind, matter and spirit
As per consciousness felt within and experienced.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mahashivaratri

Mahashivaratri,
The Great Night of Shiva
When He will go
With his groom's party
To marry Parvati,
A bridegroom seated on a bull
And matted,
with the sacred thread over
The bare body
And with the kamandala and the trisula
And with the three ash-lines over
The forehead,
A yogi, sadhu, fakira
Going to marry
With his ghosts, monkeys, bears,
All all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mahashivaratri- Ii

The Great Night of Shiva,
Dark and gusty
And nocturnal
And awesome.

Shiva seated on a bull
With the trisula and the kamandala
Going with His Party
To marry.

A yogi, fakira
In the loin cloth
With the sacred thread over the body
And the snakes rounded around His Neck.

The ghosts, goblins and genii,
The tigers, bears and monkeys
In His bridegroom party
All going together.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mahashivaratri, The Great Night Of Shiva

The night of marriage anniversary,
Shiva as a groom will depart for
Sati-Uma's house
With the band and party of his
With the tigers, bears and monkeys dancing
And playing with,
The weird winds howling by
With the goblins, ghosts and spirits.

The groom seated on a bull,
The winds howling by,
The ghosts and spirits frolicking,
Monkeys and bears
All in his party.

Shiva going, going to the bride's home
And Nature too appearing playful,
The brutes and beasts of the wilds,
They also going with,
A strange marriage party.

The bridegroom instead of being in jewellery and gems,
Silken clothes and finely dressed,
Going as a sadhu, sanayasin and sadhaka
With the rudraksha garland
And the snakes rounded around
And hanging from the neck,
The rudraksha bracelets
And wrist bands.

Half-naked and bare-bodied
In the lion leather
Just to cover
The groom with a kamandala and a trisula
Coming to the bride's door
And the bride's party,
Especially the people
Aghast and stunned to see the groom
Dressed otherwise.

A fuss overtaking them,
The bride's mother and other companions,
Those come to see the groom
In a kingly robe,
But here the groom in a wandering sadhaka's robe,
A sadhu from Kailash,
Vyom Bhole Shankara,
Lost in Himself,
One whom poison too cannot ruffle,
Nilkantha Har, Har Mahadeva.

All aghast and awe-struck to see Shankara,
Adi Shankara Mahadeva
With the snakes hanging from,
Seated on a bull,
Coming in a sadhu's guise
With the tigers, bears and monkeys,
Ghosts and goblins
In his party,
The weather too playing foul,
Windy, cold and a bit rainy and cloudy
As for moisture in air.

The hair is matted
And the guise of a tapasvawin,
One doing penance,
One endowed with the third eye
And meditating,
Foreseeing the past, present and the future,
Living here, dwelling far,
Always wandering, taking to recourse,
One from the crematorium ground
And the mountainous regions.

And with the three ash-lines dotting the forehead,
With a rudrakasha rosary
Meditating
Seated on a tiger leather
With the kamandala, the damru and the trisula,
Half-sleepy, half-waking,
But seeing it all,

The way of life and the world,
Such a groom at the door to take the bride away,
Adi Shankara Himself approaching,
If this be, why is this hullabaloo and pandemonium,
Which the worldly people understand it not?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mahashweta Devi, I Know Your Politics

Mahashweta Devi, I know our politics
Of being in the media glare
And limelight
As you a litterateur or a politician,
If not,
You know it but the politics
Of literature,
Not a tribal,
But writing about them
To be light?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mahashweta Devi, Is She A Politician Or A Writer?

Mahashweta Devi, is she a politician
Or a writer,
Had she been
She would not have
So much politics?

To do politics for making name and fame
Is not good
And I do not take it
In good light,
Politicking to be famous.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mahashweta Devi, You Write Less, But Do Too Much Of Politics

Mahashweta Devi,
Write you less,
But do you too much politics,
A writer less,
But a politician too much
Of that.

Mahashweta, isms cannot
Take us far,
Taking materials from the tribals,
Literature cannot be
Originally
As you not a tribal.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mahatma Gandhi

May I take the liberty of knowing the White girls accompanying you,
Say, who are the maidens, the belles
Flanking you, Master,
I know them not
As I enquire about
Just as a common man of flesh and bones,
With a desire to probe and question psychologically,
The dark secrets of life,
The stories of human relationships,
Attachment and detachment?

You please say it to me who are the White beauties flanking Gandhi,
Going with him,
With the hands over his shoulders,
Supporting and going
And he striding
With a stick,
The man in khadi robes
With the round specs on the nose.

But their hearts, their relationships, the fact and the fiction of it
The whispers say it,
The world suspects something otherwise
Which but keeps the suspectful and the suspicious guessing,
Why did Madeleine Slade, the daughter of Admiral Sir Edmund Slade,
Mirabehn
Renounced the world
For to be a disciple of yours
At your ashrama?

Gandhi, did you ask her to be, letting her devote her precious life
In your service and devotion,
You got name and fame, were called the Father of The Nation,
But what did she, that English girl
And when we got freedom,
Who went to Vienna to see her?

In loneliness, how had it been the talks, the moments shared with and spent by,
How did a young belle pass her times

And how did you accept her as a disciple
Counselling her to be a shisya, Gandhi?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mahatma Gandhi, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi

Mahatma Gandhi,
You awake, awake,
Arise, arise
And see
What have I brought you
To give,
O, Father of the Nation,
Arise, arise
And awake,
What have I,
Have i
For you,
Father,
Roses for you,
My Father,
The Father of the Nation,
Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mainly Bobbed Girls Indian English Poetesses

Today's story of Indian English poetry
Is different
As the blondes and beauties
Making a way
Into the realms of it,
Bobbed girls
With the curls
Hanging over
The face,
Sometimes
Coming down over.

The bobbed girls going for shopping
With the vanity bags hanging,
Walking tip-toe on high heels,
Lipstick-applied lips,
Roseate cheeks,
Lustrous eyes,
Bobby, Dolly, Julie, Daisy,
Rosy,
In conferences
Reading their papers,
Reciting poems.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Makar Sankranti

Take a dip into the river,
The pond
Early in the morning,
Warm yourself with fire
Near the ghat,
Do the hasty namaskar
Shivering with cold
And get ready to take
Khichdi
Most likely at noon.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Make You Not The Statue Of The Great Man

Make not the statue of the great man
Hanging his photo over,
Sculpting the statue
As you know it not
That they too were great
Whom you could not recognize,
The streaks of genius
lie they strewn across,
Do not say it
That you only are talented,
You too are only a genius.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Making Her A Refugee, You Have Betrayed It Humanity, Making Her A Refugee, A Little Girl Going On The Road

Making her a refugee,
You have betrayed it
Humanity,
Religion and ethics
Making her a refugee,
A little girl going on the road.

You have religion to deal with,
Politics to do,
Diplomacy to handle,
But what has she,
Have you at least thought of it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Man A Puppet Into The Hands Of Destiny

Man a puppet into the hands of Destiny
And it making him dance
And like a top,
It spinning him.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Man A Sadhaka On The Path Of Life Which A Sadhna Of Sort

Man a sadhaka
And this life of his a sadhna,
Tempering in the furnace of sadhna.

The path of sadhna full of mental conflict and crisis,
Bodily struggle, suffering and sacrifice.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Man Fathers, But Says, God Gives In A Misleading Way (Gender Studies Theme)

Man fathers,
But says he so often,
God gives,
god gives,
But hear you,
God gives,
Gives
One or two to rear,
Not to leave on the footpaths
With a bowl
Into the hands.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Man Into The Hands Of Destiny

Man is a puppet into the hands of Destiny
And happiness is but short-lived.

Man a puppet into the hands of Destiny,
So helpless and hopeless.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Man Is A Puppet

Man is a puppet
Into the hands of destiny
And it dances
As Divinity strings.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Man Is A: Passenger Sitting On The Plaform

Man is a passenger
Sitting on the platform
And waiting
For the train to come.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Man Of The Path/ The Path Of Man/ The Path Of Life/ The Life Of Man

Man is of the path,
But the path not of man,
Man wanting to go somewhere,
But reaching somewhere.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Man Will Come And Go, But The Rivulet Will Keep Flowing

Man will come and go,
But it will keep flowing,
The hilly rivulet flowing
In between the hills
With the hamlet over
Its banks.

I shall not, you will not,
But the rivulet will keep flowing,
Murmuring and babbling
The song of life and the world.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Man Will Come, Man Will Go, But The Small Rivulet Will Continue To Flow

Man will come, man will go,
But the hilly rivulet will continue to flow,
The small river
Just like a stream
Flowing in between
The hills,
Flowing down the highlands and downlands
To rush downwards,
Passing through the hills and the bushes,
The solitary spaces and scapes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Manas Bakshi As A Poet

Manas Bakshi(1954-) as a poet
Is really a golden voice
Of Indian poetry in English
Of today,
The short poems of his
Distil to us
As the lyrics of life.

Long Awaited, In The Age of Living Death,
The Welkin is Blue Yet in Agony,
Of Dreams And Death, From Adam To Myself,
Not Because I Live Today,
Man of The Seventh Hour,
The Midnight Star, Between Flower And Flame,
Are the collections of his.

Poetry not, but art and the aesthetic sense
Are so prominent in Bakshi,
A writer of modern lyrics,
Telling us beautifully
And so succinctly.

Undeified and uncorrupted by academia,
a banker by profession,
But a Ph.D.
With .,
Bakshi plods his way,
Furrowing through
The way of the world
In an unmindful way.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Man's, Nature's Or God's, Whose Earth Is It?

Man's earth,
Nature's earth
Or God's earth,
Whose earth is it really?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Man-Woman Relationship

The dark and lonely, solitary and frightening night of relationship,
Man-woman relationship,
The sculptures in love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Man-Woman Relationship (Ii)

Man-woman relationship,
A story in attachment and detachment,
Attraction and distraction,
Love and hate theme.

A man hugging a woman,
A woman embracing a man,
Give and take relationship.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Many Biharis Speak They Bluntly

Many Biharis speak they bluntly,
I mean many Bhojpurians,
I mean many Maithilis,
I mean many Maghains,
I mean many Angikians,
The speakers of Bhojpuri, Maithili, Magadhi and Angika,
The humble and noble are a few
Rarely to be found.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Many Buffalomen & The Bullock-Cartmen Too Leaders In Bihar

Many buffalomen and the bullock-cartmen too
Leaders in Bihar,
Not leaders, but ministers,
All those lathimen and foolish rustics,
Rough and tough,
Blunt and bogus fellows.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Many Loafers I See Them As Teachers And Teacher-Leaders

Many loafers,
I mean teachers and professors
Who give bluffs now
Of being brilliant students
Were but loafers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Many Marwari Businessmen I Find Them Failing Midas

Many Marwari businessmen,
I find them
As the lovers of Kuber's store,
Talking of riches and assets,
Damaging the business
Of the local businessmen
Just like Shylock.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Many Of The Indian Politicians Bhands Or Bhaats, Rustic Clowns Or Courtly Bards

Most of the Indian politicians
Either bhands or bhaats,
Rustic jesters or courtly bards.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Many Third-Class Men As University Teachers In India

Many third class men, you will see them,
Posted and placed as the varsity departmental men,
How can it be,
I think, just think about them?

There are four ways of joining,
Come through the guide
Or the university head
Or the political acquaintance
Or the university men,
But the politician has less role to play here.

This is academia
And the story of the academy people
And their academic activities.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Many Third-Classers

Many third-classers are in high posts and placements,
You do not know them,
But i know them
As can recognize them from a distance
And can distinguish them too,
As the chair weighs not over me,
Many of the third-classers
Who after going to the top
Forget it
What they had been,
What merit was it in them,
The third-classers not in merit and talent,
But very third-class people by nature and personality too?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Many Yoga Teachers In America Fail To Keep Off Their Temptation, They Are Not Yogis, But Bhogis

Many yoga teachers,
Who have no value in India,
Moving to America
Turn into yoga marketing gurus,
involved in sex scandals
As they fail to keep off their temptation
Of seeing the beautiful girls
Doing yogas,
Who are not yogis,
But bhogis,
Not at all yoga teachers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mao Zedong, Your Personal Life, Not Your Political Philosophy Interests Me

Mao Zedong (1893-1976) ,
The supreme leader,
They transcribe you
As Mao Tse-tung too
But impress you not
With your military strategies, organizational skills
And political philosophy,
As the words, rebels and rebellions,
Movements, protests and demonstrations,
Like I them not,
Admonishing your father's inclination
Towards Buddha and Buddhisam
And the classical texts of Confucius,
Whether you believed them or not,
But you could have studied them
Rather than being a radical.

Your father arranged your marriage with Luo Yigu
Whom abandoned you to die
In utter disgrace in 1910,
Didn't you feel the reprieve for her,
Again married you
Yang Kaihui in 1920
With the change in fortune
And change in situations,
But after her assassination,
Married you
Hi Zizhen, the third wife,
A revolutionary
Who too was wounded by a shrapnel
In the head
And leaving her,
Opted you for the actress Jiang Qing,
Madam Mao.

Mao, to be a man
Is more important to me

Rather than a radical, a rebel and a revolutionary,
As you cannot change the good earth
With movements and revolts,
Bloody coups and overthrows of power
Though hear I about you being
The Chairman of the Communist Party of China
And Maoism of yours,
But to be a man is far more important to me
Rather than being a radical,
A hothead revolutionary
As the ismic words bourgeois and proletarian,
Like I them not,
Why is this distinction and differentiation?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mao-Tse Tung, Sir, The Day Saw I Could Not Sleep I

The day when saw I the face of Mao,
I could not sleep that day

So nervous had been I
On seeing the picture of Mao Zedong that night

My boss, your boss, yes boss
My Boss

I salute you, sir, salute you
So disturbed had I been

At my first meeting with you,
Meeting you for the first time, sire

A Red from the Red Fort
Marching with the Red Brigade

And the Red Bands
And the Comrades and Cadres holding demonstrations

As per the party programme,
Their agenda and delegations.

Bijay Kant Dubey

March To Ukraine (A Prayer For Peace)

I am sad and sorry.
Shocked and shelled,
Hurt and wounded
To see bleeding and boiling Ukraine.

A beautiful nation
With beautiful scenery and landscapes,
Do not,
Do not destroy it
By being engaged in warfare.

Putin, think you,
President Putin,
What are you going to do,
Live and let live,
Do not destroy beautiful Ukraine
With beautiful people.

Already they have borne with
Communism and the communists,
You spoil and spill it not,
Destroy not beautiful Ukraine,
A state with the capital,
Kieve.

Spill not blood over the streets,
Find a peaceful solution to it,
Think of Russia and its destiny,
Was against humanity,
Think and re-think you,
Destroy not beautiful Ukraine.

Let the people live and eke out a living,
Let the people dream and enjoy
A life of their own,
Without making their life
Tense and war-torn,
Ravaged by battle fatigues and ruins.

Just for Crimea,
Let not make it turn into a war zone,
Think of the people
Who once had been of the U.S.S.R.,
Let it be,
Crush it not,
As it will no harm to you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mark Her Innocence

Love her, but leave her not
After loving her
As an innocent girl knows she not
The unknown and untrodden paths of love.
You just support her,
Let her not fall on the difficult pathway.
If you support her, remember it, God will support you.
Remember it, always remember it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Marriage

On marriage day,
A beautiful bride lies she waiting
For the groom to come
And to the nuptial knot,
Two selves turning into
Life partners,
Better halves.

The bride a shy and coy mistress
Sits she simply
Flowered and dressed
In embroidered clothes,
The groom with guests and strangers
To dawn upon
With the playing bands.

Marriage,
Reminding me of
Your and my marriage,
I making you wear a finger ring
And she wearing it
With the eye brows hanging,
Looks cast downwards.

The groom lifting the head,
Marking the face
Of the beloved,
Remembering the olden love story
Of theirs,
The renewal of previous birth relationship
And the slated meeting of this birth
And never to depart promise.

The groom thinking within
There is none so beautiful as his beloved
And the bride
With the heart beating fast,
Appearing rosy,
Looking heavenwards

In love and blessedness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Marriage By Nissim Ezekiel

When the lovers marry, they think it
Their marriage has been arranged
In heaven,
It was in their destiny
And they the right men
Tying the nuptial knot
Of love and bonding
And the knot to continue forever,
To be renewed in later lives.

The joy of the couple knows no bounds
Full of sympathy and attraction,
Marrying under the grace of Eternity,
Basking in its sunshine,
Feeling love and warmth,
Walking together with,
Sharing the things mutually
Oblivious of all that to overtake,
Unmindful of fallibility and pits
Lying ahead.

Thereafter the honeymoon,
The scenes of love and love-making
After being given to the body
Of flesh and blood and its bonding,
Sensual and carnal,
Fissures and frictions
Start developing,
Cracking the surface
And they feel helpless before
The way of the world
Diversifying ahead.

The Primal Fall of Man,
Temptation and fall from heaven,
How to negate them,
The influence of Cain
Affecting them
And the things seem to be crumbling

Under the impact,
The poet himself a wedding guest,
How can he dishearten
With his feelings held otherwise
And opinions given?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Marriage- Ii

On marriage day,
A beautiful bride lies she waiting
For the groom to come
And to the nuptial knot,
Two selves turning into
Life partners,
Better haves.

The bride a shy and coy mistress
Sits she simply
Flowered and dressed
In embroidered clothes,
The groom with guests and strangers
To dawn upon
With the playing bands.

Marriage,
Reminding me of
Your and my marriage,
I making your wear a finger ring
And she wearing it
With the eye brows hanging,
Looks cast downwards.

The groom lifting the head,
Marking the face
Of the beloved,
Remembering the olden love story
Of theirs,
The renewal of previous birth relationship
And the slated meeting of this birth
And never to depart promise.

The groom thinking within
There is none so beautiful as his beloved
And the bride
With the heart beating fast,
Appearing roseate,
Looking heavenwards

In love and blessedness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Marwari Businessman Father-In-Law Want I Your Daughter

Marwari businessman Midas, want I your daughter,
Good-looking and beautiful,
Talking the language of love,
But you of Kuber,
Of wealth and assets,
The shopkeepers,
The mannequins
Kept in the glass rooms,
Golds, diamonds, gems and jewellery,
But your daughter a young maiden
Speaking the language of love.

I want nothing from you, neither golds nor rubies,
But your daughter, neelam,
My blue stone,
You give me,
Give me my Rajasthani love,
Fond of wearing embroidered saris
And keeping the hands
Heavily embroidered with myrtle leaves.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Maryam Jinnah

Was to sacrifice, struggle and sacrifice in the poor destiny of yours,
Rattanbai "Rutti" Petit, the daughter of Sir Dinshaw Petit,
From whom sought he the hands of yours,
The flower of Bombay,
A young and beautiful girl,
But what did you really get from Jinnah
As his second wife?

A girl of the Gujarati origin and lineage, a Parsi girl,
Young and beautiful,
You thought of living into your dreams of life
As he asked for your hands
And the friend of a type somehow with a nagging
Accepted it,
But the groom turned he divisive and communal
Instead of siding with his wife.

On marking him, taking a different route, following the policies of an isolationist,
A separatist, a divisionary
Moving along fanatical and communal lines
And the helplessness was that of
Nehru too after the chair,
You separated from, lived in isolation
And passed away young.

Rattanbai, to change your name was a mistake no doubt,
Is it reflective of the poor destiny of any woman,
The meek and submissive womankind
Full with the milk of human kindness,
But the masculine wolf in no mood of sparing the poor lamb
And it was true of you, isn't it?

If the things had to take a U-turn as thus along the communal lines,
Why did he marry you,
Why did he ask the hands of a young Parsi girl
Like that of yours,
Which but I approve of it not,
If he had to go along the communal, divisive lines?
Maryam, your soul got peace when

Your daughter Dina married a Parsi boy,
As history never spares anyone,
Be he anyone of it.



Bijay Kant Dubey

Master, I Do Not Want To Seek For Anything Else, Have Got, What I Had To Ask? , Vivekananda Said It To Ramkrishna Paramhansa

Master, when did he ask about,
Coming out
Of the abode,
What,
What did you see, Naren,
What id you ask for,
Have you got?

Vivekananda then Naren
In his reply
To the teacher,
Said he,
I have got,
What I had to,
Saw I the Mother,
A grand statue of the Mother Divine?

My master, I have got, I have got
What I has to,
I have got
What I have to,
Now I do not need anything,
Do not anything,
Everything is but Her bounty,
What have I to seek from,
Everything within reach?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mata Hari (Coelho Haunting)

The girl from Leeuwarden, Netherlands
Born on August 7, 1876
Was not a spy,
But fell a victim of political vendetta,
The French who used her,
Mistook her for a spy
Of Germany,
Charged with passing information.

But was a simple woman
Who lost her mother
At an early stage
And was the daughter
Of a hat merchant
And it was her helplessness
Which turned her
into a flirting mistress
And an exotic dancer.

Her bouts with the age-gap
Drunkard captain husband
And as the diplomat's wife
Turning her into a dancer,
A mistress
Was perhaps her destiny,
The writ of it
For which she suffered too
And dangled in between sorrow and happiness.

Her Oriental stance and dance
Swinging to the Indies
And their influence
Pertaining to the temple style,
She carried with
The exotic touch and flavor
Apart from the sensitivity of Holland,
But the cavalier travel and liaisons
Wreaked havoc.

Never a German spy,
But a misunderstood girl
She was
Whom destiny always tossed with,
Took to exotic domains,
Made her not live peacefully,
But at the hands of the drunkard husband,
A life fraught with friction and tragedy
And she finding shelter into the hands
Of another just for to be used.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mata Hari, I Wonder, How Does He Pick Up The Matter? On Taking Paul Coelho

I wonder, wonder
How does he choose,
Pick up,
Select the stuffs
Of his novels
Which but not his Catholicism,
Repudiating it
Or in acceptance of,
But his romantic whiff and wisp
Adding t?

The misunderstood Dutch dancer
Margaretha Geertruida 'Margreet' MacLeod,
Nicknamed Mata Hari,
Perhaps a name Malayan,
Mother of God in Sanskrit
And Eye of Dawn in Indonesian
Meaning sun or the eye
Who was executed,
Shot
For to be a spy
Of Paris.

Mata Hari,
How magical the word,
The spell,
Mata Hari,
The nautch girl,
The courtesan,
The dancer,
Exotic dancer
Whatever call you,
But above all she was a woman
Misunderstood and misinterpreted.

None took to her life,
Tried to understand

Rather punishing her
In the name of
Her frankness,
Boldness in taking
To life,
Flirting with
Or fancying,
The whims and charms
Of hers,
Hers none came to
Take to.

And the poetic justice came
It otherwise
Branding her a spy,
A secret agent,
Punishing her for
As did we to
The Russian spies
In the USA
And the America spies
In the USSR,
Man advanced
With the growth of civilization,
But mentality did not,
The heart did not expand it
Which had to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Maund (Haiku)

Maund
Is Inner Mind
Taking to Inner Heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

May Day

On May Day
I trying to understand
The dignity of human labour.

The drops of sweat
It falls,
Labour given in work.

Labour Day,
International Workers' Day,
Call we.

A red letter day
May Day
A holiday in respect of labour.

The worth and excellence of
Labour, human labour
It is time to feel it.

Had they not, it would not
Have been,
Had they not given.

Life is action,
Work is worship,
Remember you.

The employees are marching
With the band
Playing the music.

It is workers', workers' day,
It is labour, labour's day,
All types of labour.

Bijay Kant Dubey

May I Help You? I Saw Humanity Bleeding At The Crossroads Of Life

I searched for life and meaning
In that indiscriminate firing,
Mindless shooting and shelling,
In the midst of all,
Hearing he cry,
I could not keep me in,
Shut out from
The outer world,
Came out to nurse and bandage
The wounds
Of humanity bleeding
Profusely on roads.

You say it, how to be a man,
Can one shut in?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Maya

Maya my house, family, children and the world
I dwell in,
Maya for the house and its things,
Maya for the daughter.

Maya my wife, maya my life,
The soul's maya for this body
Of clay and dust,
Temporary and transitory.

Maya my wife and the house,
My love for them
Making me possessive of
And digressing me.

And I in the bonds of maya-moha,
Taking for as my own world,
Never to be detached and dissociated from,
But illusion is illusion.

The world of maya I have built,
The cobweb of maya know I that
It is not my own, not my own,
Nothing mine.

And it is maya, moha which makes one weep
When breaks it the poor heart of man,
But the green parrot will fly away,
Will not remain here caged for so long.

Maya my wife, my son, my daughter
And my world the world of maya
Which but I cannot dispel,
Which but keeps me rolling.

Maya and its philosophy, what to say,
Maya moha, moha maya,
What it is mine, what it yours,
Leave doing mine-yours, yours-mine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Maya My Wife, My Son And Daughter/ The World Of Maya

Maya my wife,
Maya my son, my daughter,
Maya my life, my world,
Maya my house.

The world of maya,
The house of maya,
The bond of blind affection and attachment,
The unbreakable love and sympathy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Maya, In Search Of You

Maya, in search of you,
In search of, in quest of you,
Where,
Where have I come to?

Maya, maya,
My maya,
Moha, my moha,
My maya-moha.

In search of Maya,
Maya,
Maya my wife,
Maya my son and daughter.

Where,
Where have I come to
In search of maya,
Maya and moha.

The girl I chose to,
Felt infatuation for maya,
The house I got built
My maya.

Maya, maya, the world is maya,
Maya and moha
Which the abnormal bairagi
Sees to smile.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mayar Khela

The whole world a mayar khela,
Man and woman as puppets raised
Doing the puppet dance
Into the hands of destiny
When pulled or strung and loosened.

The houses we see are those of maya
Which Bhartrihari felt
In Pingla's love,
Everything but attachment,
House, wife, son, daughter.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Me, . And Happy New New Year

It's me, the disc jockeys
And the new year,
Ready to rollick,
Rollick and dance,
Ever ready to welcome
The new year
Coming
With the musical beats,
Beats and vibes
Thrilling.

I shaking the body,
Ready to give a break dance,
The disc jockey too getting impulsive
With the beats and vibes,
Readying to jolt and take by storm.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mechanical Life, Mechanical World, Everything Appears Artificial & Technical

Mechanical life, mechanical world and relations,
Everything appears mechanical and technical
And artificial,
Man as robot working day and night,
Man as a mechanic
With the artificial lungs and heart
Living and passing time
In the factory of life,
Man as a technical fellow,
Maintaining mechanical and artificial relations.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mechanical Love

A robot boy loving a robot girl
In the digital art gallery.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mechanical Tweets/ Oh, My God, House Sparrows Not, But Tweet They Mechanically!

My God, my sorrow, none but I myself only know it
And You too can understand it,
What to say about,
As they twitter it not,
All the sparrows have flown away,
Where,
I too do not know,
Nor can say it about.

Now after they have flown away,
When they tweet or twitter it not,
I find the men tweeting
On the Twitter,
The natural twitters not,
Mechanical tweets of modern men,
I mean the hollow men,
Of the city space, urban and townsmanly,
Shallow and hollow from within.

The house sparrows hop, dance and play not,
Nor do they twitter,
As none but the modern urban men made them fly away
By building concrete mansions and skyscrapers
And the little birds, they too flew away helplessly
Seeing rampant urbanization and industrialization,
The little-little birds,
Chirping, singing and playing,
Tweeting spontaneously,
But not mechanically, dramatically and politically
And materialistically like the modern men
Histrionic and theatrical,
Painted and dented.

The birds, little birds twitter and chirp they not,
But the modern men,
Modern technical and mechanical men,
Hollow and shallow from their within,

Sliming open-heartedly not, but grinning critically,
So selfish and self-centred, materialistic and worldly,
Always politicking,
Always wanting to gain from,
In the gait of his,
Powdered, creamed and dressed up well,
But full of coquetry and deceit,
Looking like a gentleman,
Speaking the language of the polished society
But is not what looks he, appears to be,
He is what we take to in our deepest understanding
An apparatus of his type.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Medieval Indian History

One of loot, plunder and upheaval,
The kings were foreigners
But the public Indians
And they worked
Going against the people,
Their faith and belief,
How can it be?

The temples were broken,
The libraries burnt,
Is the benefit of reading medieval India?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Meena Kandasamy

Meena Kandasamy, as a poetess has many a thing in her,
She is a writer, an activist, an actress
And what not,
A writer of protest literature,
First of all, a rebel
Then a feminist,
A Dalit,
A movementeer.

A rebel not idealistic like Shelley
Boisterous against a social order
Hinging upon social injustice and discrimination,
A spokesperson of the have-nots, the downtrodden
Is she a Dalit writer,
She is bent upon taking a revenge
Like Hamlet,
A firebrand writer she.

I do not know, just have felt about her
A persona, a mouthpiece, a protagonist
Rebellious, revolutionary and firey,
Ever ready to revolt and rebel against
A discriminatory social order,
Hinging on injustice and inhuman discrimination,
A poetess social, confessional and revolting.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Meena's Is A Poetry Of Protest And Propaganda

Meena's is a poetry of protest and propaganda as did it Mulk Raj Anand in Untouchable with Sohini, Bakha, Lakha and Rakha and Pandit Kaliram; one of reform and revolt; feminism and leftism; progressive thought and idea. To read her is to peel off the social strata of our age-old, caste-ridden society just like the layers of the onion. A writer of Dalit consciousness with a soft heart for the under-dogs, the poor and the downtrodden, the have-nots living on the left-overs, drinking the tears falling from, she has really done marvels whatever be our criticism of her poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Meera Lag Rahi Ho, Radha Lag Rahi Ho/ Wo Teraa Yogan Bananaa Mujhe Pasand Jo Nahin, Yogi-Fakiron Ke Sang Ek Jawan Ladki

Meera Lag Rahi Ho, Radha Lag Rahi Ho/ Wo Teraa Yogan Bananaa Mujhe Pasand Jo Nahin, Yogi-Fakiron Ke Sang Ek Jawan Ladki

Apni deewangi mein
Meera lag rahi ho,
Radha lag rahi ho,
Wo teri ada jo aad yaa gayin,
Ek baar to muskuraa do.
Rudraksha maalaa aur laal dhagaa cchod,
Ashram she nikal ke,
Yogi-fakir kaa sang cchod,
Ek baar muskuraa to de,
Kiski yaad mein tum jo etna bekhabar,
Kiski herahmi jo tum pe?

Looking Meera, Looking Radha/ That Style of Becoming A Yogan, Nun Like I Not,
A Young Girl Wandering In The Company of Renouncers and Saints

Lost in your loverly madness
You are looking like Meera,
Looking like Radha,
That style which remembered I sudden,
Smile you now.

Leaving the red yarn wrist band and the rudraksha rosary,
Coming out of the ashrama fold,
Smile you for once,
In whose remembrance, memory are you so lost,
Whose excessive cruelty is this?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Meet Him st With His Predictions, Guesswork And Foretelling

An awkward fellow
Villagerly and clumsy,
Superstitious and blind
To logic and reasoning
But a reader of some kind
Came he
Telling of luck,
Fate and stars,
Seeing the forehead,
Guessing about
The probable, possible customers
And the people flocking,
Extending hands one by one.

The palmist a clumsy fellow
Rustic and clownish
In odd dress
Unfolded he the palmyra charts
With diagrams
Of hands printed upon
He sat down to see and say
What it in one's fate
Going by vidya, ,
Life support,
Lines prominent and faintly drawn.

Warning against fire, water,
Climbing trees,
Doing of too much of friendship
And mixing with,
Asking to be beware of accidents,
Misfortunes to take back by strike,
The good wife to come,
Wealth to gain in life,
Fame to be acquired,
Journeys to be taken,
Good luck to overseas tours

If any taking a diversion.

Mr. Acharya,
A type of Indian cheat,
A thug
Or a pretender
Came he in dhoti and kurta
A clumsy and odd fellow,
Conventional and traditional
Man in his odd attire
Predicting life and its conditions,
Reading psychologically,
Applying in his strategy and tactics.

With a cloth carry bag
Lying as a sling
Hanging down
Or with a bundle
Red in colour
Came he ya
With stones and herbal roots
And charts
To foretell
After reading the forehead,
Seeing the thumb impressions
And the lines.

And telling about misfortunes
That took by,
Accidents averted,
Failures overcome,
Success lying in wait
With wealth to be got,
Fame to be achieved,
Popularity to be gained,
The good wife to be got
Always at service
Adding to the lakshmi and saraswati element
Of the house,
Peace to be restored.

Meeting With A Drama Girl/ Dramawalli

Where do you live,
In the dramas
Or real life?

And the drama girl
Saying it not,
Dressing behind the curtain.

Using cosmetics,
Face powder, cream,
Lip stick, collyrium.

And after the dress-up, make-up
She looking like
A pucca heroine.

Standing collyrium-eyed,
Lips lip stick-applied pink,
Cheeks powered and spotted with red spots.

The eyes expressive and dancing,
The cheeks apple-like,
The lips luscious.

The hands myrtle-embroidered,
Scent sprayed over,
Jasmines stuck into the braid of the hair.

They are lifting the curtain
And she is coming
With a namaskar.

Purdahwalli, Dramawalli
With her dance and drama
And coquetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mein Haath Badhata Hun/ I'm Raising My Hand (Rakhi Poem)

Mein haath badhata hun
Aur aap rakhi bandh dijiye,
Wah pyaar ka rishta
Jo kabhi nahin tutega.

I'm raising my hand
And you tie the rakhi on it,
That relationship of love
Which will not break ever.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mein Nadi Ke Kinare Khada Huya, Ek Bahut Chhoti-Shi Nadi (Bilingual, Hindi To English)

Mein Nadi Ke Kinare Khada Huya, Ek Bahut Chhoti-shi Nadi

Mein nadi ke kinare,
Ek cchoti-shi nadi ke kinare
Khada huya
Dekh raha,
Nadi,
Kis tarah bahati huyiKalkal kar,
Bahahti huyi.

Manushya aayenge aur chale jayengi,
Par nadi jo rukegi nahin,
Bahati rahegi,
Bas bahati hi rahegi,
Nadi,
Ek cchoti-shi nadi.

Manushya yaenge aur chale jayenge,
Par mein jo bahati rahungi,
Ek cchoti-shi nadi, ek pahari jahrna.

Standing By The River, A Small River

I on the bank of the river,
By a small river
Standing and seeing
The river,
How does it keep flowing with a murmur,
A flow.

Man will come and go,
But the rivulet will not come to a stop,
Will keep flowing,
Will just keep flowing,
The river,
A small river.

Man will come and go,
But I shall keep flowing,
A small river, a hilly waterfall.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mein To Ek Scholar Hun, Par Meraa Beta Lathi Le Mujhe Khojta Huya

Mein scholar hun, par mera beta murkha,
Mujhe lathi le khaderta huya
Aur mein ek bhagoda ki tarah bhagtaa huya,
Kyon nahin padaya use,
School nahi bheja,
Bas apne padha.

I am a scholar, but my foolish son
Searching me with a lathi in hand
And I seeking for refuge, shelter
As for why did i keep him uneducated,
Schooled I not,
Read I myself?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Melting Moments

There is there the philosophy of life,
There is there the philosophy of love.
Dwarakanth H. Kabadi as a poet of love,
Love mundane, love cosmic,
Love existential.

There are 54 poems in the collection
Named Melting Moments,
First published in 1990,
Shows him
As a different lover,
Talking of love philosophically.

Most of the poems generally begin with
A flicker of his own,
That is a haiku,
Philosophical in essence
And thereafter the matter to follow,
The substance following.

Wordsworthian Strange Fits of Passion not,
But the Kabadian Fires of Passion,
The Keatsian fever and fret not,
But the Shakespearean frenzy and fire
Make him glimpse
In a Donnian and Marvellian format.

Amorous and aesthetic, spiritual and metaphysical,
Holding a different view,
Taking love otherwise,
He weeps not,
But smiles and basks in its warmth,
The sunniness of it,
Discarding the worldly view.

Lover's Dawn, The Mist On Your Lips,
Naughty Clouds, I Wait for Her, Mind and Mirror,
To a Woman, That Voice, Fires of Passion,
The poems of his,

A poet of the smiling flowers, tickling ripples,
Shattering echoes, kindling fires,
Hovering hawks, screaming voids.

Chariot of Dreams

Bijay Kant Dubey

Melting Moments (Love Poems) By i

Melting Moments, published in 1990, shows
Kabadi in the true spirit,
One of cosmic wilderness and existential delving,
Lying in wait for coming
And the waiting as such
That it is never to end.

A poet of the mist on the lips,
Fires of passion,
A world without you,
Waiting, promises and search
And the kiss to be impressed
On the un-impressible
And of the veil of silence,
He is mystical and philosophically
Searching meaning in life and the world.

A Lover's Dawn seconded by The Mist On Your Lips,
Naughty Clouds, I Wait For Her,
Mind And Mirror,
Fires of Passion, Melting Moments,
My Search For You, Sweet Memories,
Doubts, The Lonely Ocean,
World Without You, I Need My Dream,
Waiting, Promises,
You Never Arrived, The Kiss,
Today She Stares At Me Like A Stranger,
Veil of Silence, Haunting Silences, the poems.

An indifferent lover lies in here
With the cosmic fire burning him
And he moving around
To find it,
Love remains it not love,
Turns into a cosmic thirst of its type,
The fire and frenzy of dreaming
Taking him to the realization of the self
Rather than delving into the realms of lust.

Mera Dil Dhadakta Hain Tere Liye (My Heart Beats For You)

Mera dil dhadakta hain tere liye,
Mein tumse pyar krata,
Tu mujhe behad pasand ho.

My heart beats for you,
I am in love with you,
You suit to my liking.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mere Man-Mandir Kaun Hae Jo Deep Jala Rahin Hae?

Mere man-mandir
Kaun hae jo wah ladki
Deep jalaa rahi hae?
Uske haathon she jo
Puja ke phool gir rahen hae.
Kahin dekha thaa magar
Yaad jo nahin.

In the temple of my heart
Who is that girl
Lighting the lamp?
From the hands of hers
The flowers of worship falling.
Had seen her somewhere
But remember I not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mere Sapno Ki Raani (The Queen Of My Dreams)

Mere sapno ki rani kahan milegi,
Kya aap ko malum hain,
Mere sapno ki,
Aapke sapno ki nahi?

Mere khayalon she, sapno she nikalati hui,
Kahin jati hui
aur mera pyar pukarata huya.

Where shall I get the queen of my dreams,
Do you know about it,
Of my dreams,
Not yours?

From my memories, dreams coming out,
Going somewhere
And my love calling her.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Meri Bahana Rakhi Li Huyin (My Sister With A Rakhi)

Meri bahana,
Cchoti-shee bahana
Khadi
Rakhi liye
Apne hathon mein
Pyaar she bandhane ke liye.

Meri bahana,
Cchoti-shee bahana,
Pyaari-shee bahana
Apeksha mein,
Prateeksha kartin huyin.

My sister,
Small younger sister
Standing
With a rakhi, a wrist band
Into the hands of hers
To tie with love.

My sister
Small younger sister,
Lovely sister
Expecting,
Waiting for me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Meri Behanaa My Sister

Meri Behanaa

Meri behanaa, pyaari behanaa,
Tum bahut yaad yaa rahin ho
Es rakshabandhan,
Kahin dur magar mere paas
Khari ho, meri behana, pyaari behana.

My Sister

My sister, lovely sister,
I remember you very much
This Rakshabandhan,
Somewhat away from, but closer to my heart
Stand you, my sister, lovely sister.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Meri Bei Ko Dekh Lene To Dijiye Jaraa (Let Me See My Small Daughter A Bit)

Meri bei Ko Dekh Lene To Dijiye Jaraa

Meri beti ko dekh lene to dijiye jaraa,
Kahin wo mujhshe dur naa chalin jaye.

Meri cchoti-shee, nanhi-shee, pyaari beti.

Let me see my daughter a bit,
Maybe it she goes away from me.

My small and lovely daughter.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Meri Beti (My Daughter)

Meri beti,
Bahut cchoti beti,
Tujhe kaise batun
Ki duniya badi berahami aur jalim hain?
Yahan hriday samajhanewale bahut kam hain.

My daughter,
Very small daughter,
How to tell you
That the wide world is very heartless and cruel?
Here a few are to understand the heart, take to and feel it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Meri Beti, Onething That I Want To Say...

Meri beti, dulari beti,
My daughter, lovely daughter,
Kind and affectionate daughter,
Onething that I want to,
Want to counsel,
You never,
Never feel maligned and marauded
Whatever be the circumstances,
Whatever be the situations
Compelling upon,
Binding you,
Meri beti, cchoti beti,
My daughter, small daughter,
Keep you,
Keep you smiling
Even in adverse circumstances
When your papa is not,
Papa is not with you,
Wiping the tears,
Smiling you
Meri beti,
Cchoti-shee beti.

Notes: Meri-my, beti-daughter, dulari-lovely and affectionate, cchoti-small, shee-just like

Bijay Kant Dubey

Meri Cchaya Ka Kya? / What About My Shadow?

Kahate hae na log,
Cchaya ko maya nahin,
Jab tak hae shash tab tak hae aash.

Is said,
Shadow has no illusion,
As long as there is respiration there is hope.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Meri Pocket Mein White Money Hain, Haath Dene She Bhi Koyi Labh Nahin, Bhaiyya? (In My Pocket Is White Money, There Is No Use Giving Your Hand In, Big Brother?)

Meri pocket mein white money hain,
Hath dene she bhi koyi labh nahin, bhaiyya,
Black money jo nahin milega,
Mein Seth Kirorimal Jo nahin?

In my pocket is white money,
After giving your hand in you will find, big brother,
Any black money in it,
I am not that Seth Kirorimal?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Metaphysics

Metaphysics, though say I repeatedly,
But know I not the inner meaning
Lying within,
What it is metaphysics?

Metaphysics,
Metaphysics,
What is metaphysics? ,
Say you.

Derived from the Greek meta ta physika,
After the things of nature,
It refers to an idea, doctrine or reality
Outside the range of human perception.

Ontology, cosmology and epistemology
The parts of its studies,
Trying to explain the universal elements
Of reality.

Is it that where physics fails, I mean astronomy
There begins the domain of it? ,
No, no, metaphysics is not physics,
But a branch of philosophy.

In relating to physics and its astronomy,
Traverse you not into the domains
Of astrology and palmistry
Though the stars have the lights of their own.

Metaphysics I do want to make it a handy tool
Of fraud and false Indian astrologers and palmists,
But of the physicists.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mian Saheb, Your Daughter Khatun Is Very Beautiful

Mian Saheb, your daughter,
Khatun
Is very beautiful
To look at
Whom want I
To make my bibi,
Burquawalli Bibi.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Miangiri, Hindugiri And Chistiangiri, Three Things I Hate Them Most

Three things,
Excessive Miangiri,
Hindugiri
And Chistiangiri,
I hate them moost.

Be a Mian of course
But not so much conservative,
Similar is with the Hindu
And the Christian man.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Michael Jackson (Haiku)

Michael Jackson,
How to salute you,
How to pay tributes!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Michael Jackson Come Here, Come Here, Michael, Called He

Michael Jackson, come here; come here, Michael,
Said he, called he
And lo, I too reached the plot
With my antics,
The beat and rhyme of Michael Jackson.

O, Michael, Michael, come here, come here, Michael,
Said he, called he
And went I hearing
As he called me spontaneously
With Michael in my heart and soul!

Michael, Michael, you come here, come here, Michael,
Said he, calling ironically
Though I was not,
But the mood was one of dancing
Pose and posture, the thrill as such!

Remembering the great master of dance,
Break dance, rock and roll, pop and jazz,
I too turned jazzy, pop,
Started rocking and rolling the things,
Taking into my stride it all.

Danced I just remembering him,
Breaking the limbs, the torso from the bust
And the bust from the torso,
A Jackson,
Jackson turned I into with the rock and rhythm.

Michael Jackson, Michael Jackson, come here
Even though I was,
I went dancing,
Breaking the limbs,
Upping the hat, shaking the goggles!

O, Michael, Michael, you our love,

Our love,
Said he,
Said he in a sonorous voice,
Michael, Michael, come here!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Michael Jackson, Michael Jackson (Will You Dance With Me?)

Michael Jackson, Michael Jackson,
Said I
And it reverberated again,
Jackson, Jackson musically,
Lured me,
Captivated and charmed me
The words,
Michael Jackson,
Jackson, Jackson,
Said in tribute, in homage to,
But it resounding back,
Jackson, Jackson,
Captivating and tuning me

And lo, with this,
Shook and upped I my shoulders,
The torso and the bust
Separated they
In consonance
And started I dancing,
Michael Jackson, Michael Jackson,
Sang I lengthening it
And the reply came to sonorously,
Jackson, Jackson
So sweetly and lyrically,
In a falling pitch of its own.

I could not hold up myself,
Started I dancing,
Something took over me
And I was out of myself,
Singing and dancing,
Michael Jackson, Michael Jackson,
Jackson, Jackson,
The hands and the legs
Thrilling,
The bust and the torso

Cutting and joining,
The beat, rhythm and pace
Taking me by strike.

Jackson, Jackson,
Michael Jackson, Michael Jackson,
Michael, I love you,
I love you, Michael Jackson,
My hats off to you,
Off to you.
Will you dance with me,
Ladies and gentlemen?
Thank you, thank you so much.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Michael Madhusudan Dutt

Michael, you had been as such that for your desire of being an Englishman,
An inner wish for English language and literature, culture and tradition
Took you too disown your own
And turned you
An ardent lover of,
Ever ready to emulate them
Like Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi in pants and shirts

And you sailed across, crossing over the seven seas to dislodge all that is
Good in us,
Negating nativity and older stock,
Disinheriting all that you had to get,
Disowning and dislodging
As for the desire of an Englishman,
As for an Anglicized living.

And for it, lived you too in your own way, taking it fit for to be,
Drinking, marrying and converting you yourself,
Embraced you Christianity,
Opted you from,
Rebelling against conventions and traditions,
Opting for modernity,
Thinking of love marriages
Through mutual acceptance
And it suited you, took you too
As for your ideal for living.

You married Rebecca Mactavys from Scotland in Madras and had four children
from her,
But deserted you without saying about her
To switch over to Henrietta Sophia White from France
And if this can be lavish style of living,
What to say it more in words?

Drunken with Englishness and some ego to pride over,
You lived in your own way,
As a spendthrift laundering money,
But after the death of Sophia,
You too succumbed to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Midnight Reading

I am sitting in the cottage
With the candle burning
To mark the lonely and manless midnight.

Just from the cottage cot, see I the galaxy,
Innumerable and immeasureable stars twinkling
Up above mysteriously.

Open from all sides, supported by bamboo pillars
And thatched with straw,
I taking the cosmic reading,
Sometimes the dogs can be heard barking after.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Milton

Burning the midnight oil
Wrote he
Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained,
A poet with a massive plan
For a literary work
Of a vast cosmology,
Epical and classical,
Profound and elegant,
Latinized and sublime.

The Temptation and the Fall of Man
From Paradise lured him most
Telling of the Primeval Sin of Man
Which led for his Fall from Heaven,
A rebel or a religious fellow,
Who was he?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mind It The Dalits Too Are Men

Mind it the Dalits too are men,
They are not animals
And you are not only men,
They too are,
Mind your business
Before click you your tongues
Without thinking the pros and cons
Of the matter.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Minister From Bihar, Murkhamantri Ki Jai

Who is the Chief Minister on the bullock cart going,
A minister from Bihar
Going to the Assembly House
To swear in
As the chief Minister,
The Great Indian Fool
With the lathi men and cart men following,
The milk men and the goat women?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mirza Ghalib, I Am Writing (Haiku)

Mirza Ghalib, I am writing
Shayaris
After marking burqawallis.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Misrule, Mismanagement Destroyed It Beautiful Iran, Iraq, Syria, Orthodoxy And Fanaticism

If things could be as such
in progressive Egypt and Turkey
Then what to say?
Oh, they could not compete
With the European nations!
If Iran, Iraq, Afghanistan,
Syria and others fall in such a way
Then what to say?
We expect something memorable
But where have they
As war and the devastation brought to them?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Miss Burquawalli As My Valentine/ The Kiss Of The Dark Black Rose

The dark black rose
As my Valentine
Came she to me
On Valentine's Day.

Burquawalli herself
As a dark black rose
on Valentine's Day
Came to gift me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Miss Burquawalli Writing

Miss Burquawalli writing
The history of feminism
Lifting the ghunghata, burka, purdah
And saying her aapbeeti,
What it happened to her
Down the ages,
A tale of torture and submission
To violence.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Miss Coal Beauty/ Coal Black Diamond Girl

A coal black sweeper girl
She struts and walks on tiptoe
As for having learnt the three R's,
The light of education she has seen
For the first time
In her family,
So she keeps toning down
And taunting others.

Instead of sitting on the mat
Where her family members sit they,
She sits on chair,
Canes the small boys and girls
By making them stand on feet
As for to show
That she is a teacher, a private tutor,
Strict and good.

The sweeper girl herself coal black
Has a high perception of hers,
As she keeps clearing her throat
And is a bathroom singer not,
But a hummer of film songs
And tries to show it
That she is a romantic,
A foolish girl showing herself.

But to me she is but the first generation reading,
Seeing the light for the first time,
Her college-going not a matter for me,
But a thing of little learning,
A coal beauty is she in reality,
Excessively powdered,
May be it a diamond the coal may change into.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Miss Selfie Taking The Selfies

Miss Selfie
Taking the selfies
From her
Smartphone, webcam
Or digicam
Just for
Self satisfaction
Or pleasure.

Selfie
Taking the selfies
Herself
For her self-satisfaction
Or self-pleasure.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Miss Selfie With A Smartphone

Miss Selfie
Herself a gemstone
In full gala and glitz
Taking the selfies
For her self-pleasure
in all smiles
Miss Selfie
Sharing the self talks.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Missed Calls

Missed calls,
Calls came, but missed I,
Missed calls,
I trying to find out,
Who the caller?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Missionaries And Their Conversions, I Myself Have Seen It

Missionaries and their conversions
In the tribal belt
I saw it as a child,
The tribals being converted to
After being lured
With schooling, medicine and food.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mistresses Are Poetesses Today

The beloveds and secret loves
Of the established publishers and the poets
Are the upcoming poetesses of today
As the beauty queens and glam girls
Are the first choices of the media persons.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Misuse Of Power By The Cpi(M)

The Leftist barbarism
We have not forgotten,
We not forgotten it
The Red terror,
Living in suspense and fear,
Under threat,
Given by the petty men
As our bosses,
Using the lathi and the gun
As their weapons.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Miyan Saheb

Miyan Saheb

One not
My three bibis,
Making the heart beat,
In love with and the heart wanting more.

Wanting me,
Expressive of love too.

Miyan Saheb

Ek nahi
Meri tin bibiyan,
Dil dhadkanewalli,
Chahatwalli.

Mujhe chahnewalli,
Mujhshe pyar kaa ijhar karnewalli.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mocchu, Mr. Mocchu, How Are You? Indian Mocchu, Mustachioed

Indian Mocchu,
chioed,
How are you?

And it has been marked
That u
Twirling and twirling
and twisting his moustache
To show it,
How Mocchu is he!

u in the moustache,
Just after it,
How to show the masculine prowess!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modern Art

Art,
Modern art,
What is modern art?
Dots, circles,
Lines vertical, horizontal,
Squares, diagrams.

Sculptures and statues,
With the bust,
The torso
But without the legs and hands.

Art art,
Artistic,
Ultra-modern and contemporary,
Modn, post-modn,
Urban or aboriginal.

Art,
Modern art and expression,
Art
Artistic,
Sculptured half
And cut.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modern Day Mom

Modern day mom
Breast-feed you please,
Not bottle-feed you.

Modern day mom
Modern, beautiful and fashionable,
Looking smart.

Modern, up-to-date and stylish,
A hi-fi girl
Who goes shopping and touring.

A professional mom,
How will she be able to keep up
Her schedule?

Ultra-modern, well-to-do and smart
She wants to be a fashion designer,
A beautician rather than.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modern Day Ultra-Modern Mom

Modern day mom
Breast-feed you please,
Not bottle-feed you.

Modern day mom
Modern, beautiful and fashionable,
Looking smart.

Modern, up-to-date and stylish,
A hi-fi girl
Who goes shopping and touring.

A professional mom,
How will she be able to keep up
Her schedule?

Ultra-modern, well-to-do and smart
She wants to be a fashion designer,
A beautician rather than.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modern English Poetry

Is it of the modern man
Or of man and machines,
Machines and tools,
Factories and industries?

Cities and towns mushrooming,
Dirt and dust,
Din and bustle
And jams?

Modern English poetry,
Is it of city life and culture,
Metropolis and mega cities,
Airports and bus terminuses,
Traffic lights and zebra crossings?

Modern English poetry of modern man
Living in towns and cities,
Flats and skyscrapers,
Going by lifts,
Staying upstairs.

Modern English poetry
Of modern life and living,
Urbanity
And connectivity,
Global access and connectivity.

Of science and technology,
Medicine and medication
Lengthening the expectancy of life,
Challenging ruthless Nature
Tameless and wild too.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modern Hollow Man, Proud, Elegant, Sophisticated & Hypocritical

The proud master of the car and the bungalow
In full modernity and pompous living
But hollow and shallow from within,
The modern man.

See my bungalow,
See my car,
See me and my own,
Exchanging mechanical smiles
The technical engineers and workmen,
Exchanging cactus flowers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modern Indian English Poetry

Modern Indian English poetry of the modern age people,
New faces and voices
Beginning to write, struggling to make a way,
Parodying, emulating, copying, trying to perfect
After the English classics and authors.

There were of course writing in English
But the times had not been in their favour,
To promote them,
Writing the trivial verses
And had we encouraged, they would have made a way
But we supported them not.

Now talk we of the poets evolving,
Coming of age,
Making a way into the realms of poesy,
The minor practitioners of verse,
Staking a claim,
I mean the minor voices of slender anthologies.

The first poem writers, the first book writers,
Of the first collections on the anvil,
All of those poets and poetesses,
With the statements recorded,
He has written quite a few, but are unpublished,
His first collection of poems is on the anvil.

The commoners, non-poets, rhymers and poetasters
Of the post1947 period
Tried to evolve they in the negation of Aurobindo,
The urban hollow men,
More specially the mediocre fellows
Tried their luck at verse-writing.

The U.G.C. made the Ph.D. compulsory for career advancement,
The National Academy of Letters, Delhi searched for probables
In English for the awards,
Poems by the Indians were prescribed,
Publishers started running after,

Hence, this entry and feedback.

A poetry-matter of the absent authority,
The absent critic, the absent authority,
Who to recognize, who to do the critique,
The no-man writers of no-man literature,
Of no-man critics,
All no-men making a tryst with destiny.

The bogus and blunt research students of the supervisors
Turning into critics and specialists
Of the no-man literature,
No-man criticism,
Calling themselves great critics
After editing journals, books and arranging seminars.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modern Indian English Poetry Is Of Company, Group And Coterie

Indian English poetry as ever envisaged
Is a branch of that type of literature
Where the poets are but no-men, commoners,
Rhymers, poetasters, versifiers,
Self-styled, self-published writers
Of their own right
Of this group, that group,
This coterie, that coterie,
This company, that company.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modern Indian English Poetry Represents It Not The Whole Of India, Indian Thought And Culture

Modern Indian English poetry represents it not
India,
Indian thought, culture and philosophy,
Myth and mysticism,
Metaphysics, spirituality and metaphysics,
Faith, belief and doubt.

Modern Indian English poetry represents it not
India,
The India of the countryside,
The villages, thorps and hamlets of it,
Meadows, pastures, deserts and hilly terrains,
The exotic flora and fauna of it,
The hills, vales and dales.

But the modern men the hollow men doing tidbits,
Trifle and trivial things,
The modern hollow men,
The modern city men of the city culture and living,
The modern urban men of the cityscape
For whom life is a visit to the bazaar
And men as market-goers, shoppers.

Pizzas, plazas, parks, pubs, picnics, parties,
Malls, cafes, coffee houses, restaurants,
Multi-complexes, gyms, over bridges, jams, flyovers,
Tours and travels,
Style, fashion and designing,
Tension and stress management,
The talks of the modern poets as the modern men,
The modern city men living in towns and cities,
Mega cities and metropolitan towns.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modern Indian English Poetry: A Minefield Of Nondescript No-Men Poets & No-Men Critics

The modern poets of Indian English poetry started
To be famous from the very beginning
When they started to bring out their first collections of poems
And in course of time, they just tried to evolve
And substantiate their positions.

The slick volumes of poems used to be ludicrous, humorous
Striking to call them the poetic presentations
But had to
As there was a dearth of Indian English poets.

And there was a time
When the classics-read old professors used to refuse to accept,
Frown upon Nissim, Lal, Kamala, Kolatkar, Patel, Nandy
And his friends and associates,
Calling them derivative, imitative and substandard,
Not at all readable.

Poetry has to be poetry-like
And they went up not to their expectation,
Appeared not to be sound
Rather broken thoughts, images, rhythms and statements
And the poets struggled with idiom and nuances.

In the beginning, I too felt disgusted with,
Never like to read the Indian English poets
Rather than Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Arnold, Yeats and Tennyson,
But adjusted with and compromised somehow,
Though the heart went not in their favour.

The modern poets and poetesses got a new lease of life,
I mean a lifeline,
The parachutes and safety boats to bail them in case of danger
When the college texts started prescribing their poems
And the older university men searching them, their whereabouts,
The missing men.

When found they that Ph.D. was compulsory for career advancement,
The bundlemen started turning to Indian English literature
As for cheaper stuffs
Rather than British, American research works,
Write and re-write otherwise the thesis may be cancelled.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modern Love, Full Of Betrayal & Moral Depravity/ Bruised Love

Modern love

Is betrayal, moral depravity,
Conceit and deceit,
Love and betray,
A love of the body,
Not the soul.

Fall in love,
Love the body,
Choose her as a live-in partner
And divorce her
To move away to another,
A study in broken relationships.

Modern love
Full of deceit and betrayal,
Change with time, situation and circumstance,
You will change,
I shall change,
A fraudulent love and loving in essence.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modern Man On The Facebook Taking Salted, Sauced, Fried And Salad-Mixed Chaat And Chatting

On the Facebook whose face shall I come to see
As meet they not,
Just chat from far off
if the link is available,
Recharge vouchers toned up,
Money paid before
And there is no load-shedding?

Just the modern urban and busy technocratic men
Converse with,
I mean chat they taking Indian chaat,
Spicy, fried and salad mixed,
Salted and sauce sprinkled fast and junk food,
Taking chaat and chatting.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modern Man Smiles He Not, But Grins And Comments

Modern hollow man,
Who steps not down,
Goes up through the lift,
Lives in a skyscraper,
The tall tower,
smiles he not,
But grins,
Grins and comments
And taunts,
Speaks ironically
Using doublespeak, volt face,
Fun, pun and screws.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modern Man Thinks He Hmself A Photographer

Modern man
With the mobile phone handset
Keeps clicking the camera,
Taking the snaps of,
The modern age photographer.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modern Poetry

Modern poetry is of the modern age,
Modern, modernist, post-modern and contemporary,
modernism and its beyond,
Lengthening up to the new age and new times,
Presenting the bare and barren pictures
Of a waste land.

Modern poetry of the modern age,
The angst and bewilderment of it,
The malaise and annihilation,
The desertion and destruction of it,
Modern civilization a heap of ruins,
of fallen debris and waste materials.

Modern poetry a pastiche of thoughts and ideas,
Broken lines and rhythms jumbled together,
Without thought and meaning,
Modern hollow expression
Of modern hollow men,
Inclusive of the jazz and the blues.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modern Poetry- Ii

Modern poetry
Of the modern man
Modern in thought and idea.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modern Poetrysmacking Of Utter Vanity, Self-Ego & Broken Statements

Is this called modern poetry,
I am eating, you are eating,
I am going, you are coming,
We are conersing and chatting?

Even if I am a poetaster, I mean a rhymer,
A commoner, a non-poet
turned to poetry as for name's sake
And popularity

Without spending money, trying to be a poet,
Nothing to spend on pen and paper,
Publishing and printing
And assessment,
just go on calling poems
After uploading your materials,
Posting on the internet poetry datatbase.

You just become a poet for the time,
After that time will decide
Who a poet and who not?

Those who could never be they too will become,
Those who do not know English too become
The professors of poesy and creative literature
And freelance visionaries.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modern Political Man

The modern man has turned into a politician
And this embarrasses me most,
Am I talking to a politician
Or a common man
As he cannot live
Without the journos and politicians?

Life too has into politics of some sort;
No life without politics.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modern Son Celebrating The Mother's Day In His Own

Be sure of it, mama,
My dear mom, mummy,
I shall send you,
Send you to the old man home
As for your rehabilitation
As who will look after you
In your old age?

My dear mom, mama, mum, mummy,
Mind it not,
As we both of us modern,
Careerist and busy professionals,
Who has time to look after you,
Even we cannot care for our own children,
Handing them over into the hands of baby-sitters,
Somehow carrying on the things?

Mama, you cannot be bad,
But a son can be,
I know it well,
But what can I do,
Say you, mama,
I am alone in my mechanical flat
Living with the same monotonous city people
And their race,
Mechanical and technical?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modern, Modernist Or Postmodern?

Modern, modernist or postmodern,
Frankly speaking,
My father had been conservative,
But liberal, humanitarian and philanthropic,
But odd, out-dated and outmoded
Always asking me,
Why did you visit the cinema hall,
Was the film you saw a religious one,
What did you learn from?

So, take it for that I am becoming modern
With the radio, the bicycle and the watch,
The belt, the tie and the suit and boots,
A loafer, a rambler I
Colouring, dyeing my hair and beards
A townsman I, a city-dweller I,
Ultra-modern and modernist,
Frank and bold,
With the fashion designing
I turning into a postmodern,
A tourist, a globalist.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modern-Day Economics

Modern-day economics of
Globalization,
Commercialization
And privatization.

Money and matter.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modernism To Post-Modernism

Modern,
Modernistic,
Post-modern,
These are almost the same,
The one who had been modern was modernistic,
Turned post-modern in course of time
And post-modern to where?
Only the literary stuffs bring not about the change.
Modern age science and technology brought about,
With the help of electrical, electronic and digital aids.
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modernity In India

From dhoti and kurta,
Sari, blouse and petticoat
How did they switch over to
The shirt, pants and handkerchief?

The wrist watch, radio, cycle
All changed the scene,
The mirror and the dressing table,
Cosmetics and scents.

India was not India,
In medieval darkness,
Superstition cost it heavily,
Fatalism and inaction.

Westernization, the contact with foreign,
Foreign culture and trend,
Overseas contacts
Geared for modernization.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modi At Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum

Prime Minister Modi
At the Madame Tussaud's museum
Unveiling his model,
A wax model of his,
As if he himself were greeting
Another
With, how are you, sir?

Modi appalled to see himself,
Looking in wonder and astonishment,
A very, very similar,
Original and extraordinary
Life-size art-model
Made by the artistes
And sculptors.

A look-alike of himself
Meeting by chance not,
But a ditto wax model of his none
But he himself viewing,
As if one half of the personality
Holding parleys with another,
Modi Saheb, how are you,
Saying and greeting?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modi At The Tussaud's Wax Museum/ Mr. Modi, How Are You? Asking Modi, Hand-Shaking, But Another Modi Speaking It Not, A Look-Alike Not, But A Wax Model Standing

at Tussaud's wax museum
Unveiling his own model,
Looking back
In utter wonder and astonishment,
Stunned to see his own model,
Wanting to enquire about,
But who enquires whom?

Wanting to ask, ask him,
How are you,
Wanting to go for a handshake,
But with whom
As his own model in art
Made by the artistes
Amazing him?

Modi seeing Modi,
Modi standing before Modi
And looking back
In wonder and astonishment,
Wanting to go for a hug
And handshake,
But with whom
As that is a wax model
Failing the original?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modi Saheb

Modi Saheb, thank you
For calling Obama,
Waiting for so earnestly,
Shaking the hands,
Giving a warm hug
Soulfully
And I loved to see
An old man
You in the white hairs,
A mature premier
With knowledge and understanding
But his was a speech
Of American diplomacy,
A younger, short-haired Obama
Smiling and waving at,
Going smartly,
Taking the salute
Cautioning against
The mix up
With the rightist organizations,
Asking to be tempered,
Tolerant and bearing
And hinting towards the gender bo
And equity,
Selective sex abortions,
Patriarchal affinities and affiliations
And the resultant rape and violence
Asking to be secular and socialistic,
Before leaving for Saudi Arabia
To express condolences
To the royal family
Rather than asking it to be secular.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modi Saheb- Ii

Modi Saheb,
Are you the same premier
Whom I like you very most,
Whom I love you so much,
Are you,
Are you the same premier
Who came to Banares
And bowed the head
Lying down
Before the ghats of Viswanath
And the Ganga,
Are you,
Are you the same
Lying before the Parliament House
Before entering it
As for to start a new journey of life
With some new moral assignment,
Think it the country believes you,
The public with its mandate,
You never dishearten them,
Hold in high confidence,
They are your assets?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modi Saheb, How Are You? , One Modi Asking Another (After Seeing The Wax Model Of Tussaud Artistes)

Modi Saheb,
How are you? ,
One Modi asking another,
But the other Modi speaking it not,
Keeping mum,
Calm and quiet.

Sometimes this too happens
When one sees the look-alike of his personality,
The twin issues
Or standing before the mirror
Tries to address himself.

Modi Saheb, how are you,
Asked he
Wanting to have a handshake,
But another Modi kept he mum,
Calm and quiet,
I mean the wax model.

Thank you,
Thank you the artistes
Of Madam Tussaud
Making the wax model
Of our beloved prime minister,
Thank you, thank you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modi Saheb, Kucch To Boliye/Modi Saheb, Say You

Modi Saheb, Kucch To Boliye

Modi Saheb, kucch to boliye,
Chup jo mat rahiye,
We jo bhul samajh rahe hain,
Apni man ki baat to boliye,
Taki we jaane, samajhen, bujhen,
Modi saheb, kucche to bolye
Apni man ki baat.

Modi Saheb, Say You

Modi Saheb, say you something,
Keep you not silence,
Lest they will misunderstandg,
Say you the talks of your inner heart,
So that they may come to know, understand, feel it,
Modi Saheb, say you something
The things of your inner heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Modi Sir, How Are You? (For Narendra Modi)

Modi, Sir,
How are you?

It's nice to see you
Speaking from New York,
Hugging, handshaking, meeting
And greeting
And waving at,
A diaspora man on the dais.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mogolmari

Mogolmari,
The historicity and antiquity of it
None could ever know
Till it was excavated and unearthed,
not even the historians
Had not someone seen,
The locals preserved it,
How did it India regressed in the medieval period
That the glories needed to be be earthed,
How backward and superstitious did we become?

The Buddhist site unearthed in West Bengal's Dantan
At Mogolmari place,
The hamlet standing as a witness
To the mounds lying as the dumping heaps
Of earth, soil
Hiding n the treasure trove of history
And old antiquity,
A Buddhist vihara and artifacts,
The stuccos,
Gold coins and others.

The seafaring sand marine routes,
Navigational ways
Without the borders and boundaries
For passing through East Bengal
To the north-east and Burma
And its beyond
Too can be taken into consideration,
The visits of overseas students
And disciples.

Apart from the Gupta influence,
The Sena and Pala kings's histories
We cannot discern it,
The reference of Chandraketu,
The circle rounding
With Nalanda, Vikramshila and others,
The viharas

Ascetic and meditational
and in the midst of Nature.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mom, Mum, Mummy

I just see the modern man
Saying the word in many a way,
Mom, mum, mummy
And the mum not an Egyptian mummy,
Again, changing the tone and tuning, mama, mamma,
Rounding the hands around her neck
And my heart gaga,
O, whistle you a song!

Oh, the mom' the word!
But the mummy keeping mum,
Hearing all that.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Monsoon Clouds

Monsoon clouds will hang by
Over the clusters of hills,
Floating and flowing over
And it drizzling and dripping,
The monsoon clouds
Laden with
Floating and flowing
And with the rains
Continuing for some days,
The rivers swirling
And swaying
With the clouds hanging,
Drizzling and dripping.

And it raining and raining,
Raining,
Stopping it not,
But raining,
Drizzling and dripping
In Shravana,
The weather all pleasant,
Wet and rainy,
Greenery all around,
Waters logging
And flowing over,
Flowing by
With the monsoon clouds.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Monsoon Dreams

Monsoon clouds
Will hang around
And it will drizzle.

Monsoon showers
Will give relief
From heat and humidity.

The water bodies and reservoirs
Will fill with water,
The marshy plot green and water-logged
With the storks and herons stalking.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Monsoon Dreams, The Clouds Hanging Over To Burst

Monsoon clouds
Hanging downwards
Drizzling
And lo, it is a downpour,
The clouds bursting
Into,
Melting,
Bringing in more rains,
Flooding the areas,
The rain waters flowing downwards,
Engulfing the areas.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Moonshine

The bright full moon is descending,
I am still waiting for you,
When will you come, my love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Moonshine- Ii

The silvery, milky white moonlit nights
Do let me sleep
As I remain lost
in the sweet memories of yours.
A white rose dew-laden
Under the misty nights,
But fragrant and sweet.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Morning Serenade

Morning serenade punctuated by arising and awaking
From the slumberous stature,
Awaking and arising,
The bewitching silence and the lull breaking over
Into ripples of bird music and flutters and flies,
Together with the fishermen at work,
Netting somewhere in the landscape
And the cobwebs shining over
In the fist flashes of the morning sun,
The green grass still laden with the dews
Fallen during the night-time
And what more to picture and penetrate into?

The world arising from, awaking and arising
From its night-long slumber,
The sleep and yawn of it,
The dormant state of inertia,
Lotuses half-open,
Waiting for the flashlight to bloom fully
With the flashing golden light,
Pink, white and rarely bluish,
Lilies pink, white and bluish
And the ducks ready to swim past the pools of water.

Morning serenade full of silence and quietude and lull
Broken by the flashing sun,
Emerging from the red disc
Rosy and pink, pink and rosy
The flashing sunlight of the cameraman,
The lensman
Clicking the camera to snap photographs;
The village maids going to the river to carry water
And the world yet to return to clamour,
The crossroads yet to crisscross with wayfarers
And their queries and footprints.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Morning Sir, Morning, Morning. Good Morning Sir, Morning, Morning. Good, Good, Very Good

Morning Sir,
Morning Sir,
Said he,
Said he
While meeting on the way,
The colleagues, friends
As morning walkers,
Joggers not,
But to some,
Some extent,
Shaking the body,
Doing the exercise
On the morning-time roads.

The listener too responded back,
Morning, morning,
good, good,
Very good,
very good morning to you,
My friend,
My colleague,
Walkman,
Walking-friend,
It is waking
Which but has made friends,
The early-risers,
Early-walkers turned friends.

Morning, morning,
Good morning,
Good, good,
Good morning,
Good, good,
Very good morning,
Responded he twice
After hearing good morning
Bidden twice.

Friends, ladies and gentlemen,
You are seeing
In the theatre of life,
My protagonists, personae
Bidding good morning
To each other,
Good morning sir,
Morning, morning,
Again, saying he,
Good morning sir,
Again responding he,
Good morning,
Good, good,
Very good morning.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Morning Time

Morning time,
Shrouded in bewitching eerie silence
And supernatural mist and dews,
The world still asleep,
Awaking from
With the break of day, break of light
And the sun rays glistening, flashing over
And photographing.

The white lilies into the ponds
Splashed with dew drops
And the white storks stalking
And the kingfishers in wait
As for a silver lining, a good catch,
So still, silent and secret,
Full of serenade.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mosaic Of Love And Legends By Onkar Nath Gupta

Onkar Nath Gupta is a poet of his type
As his poetry is a blend of
Myth, wit and humour,
Indian, local, regional and classical.

Mosaic of Love And Legends,
The second volume of his
Which appears in 2005
Is a master stroke in local humour.

Taming A Tigress, Disengagement,
Learning In New Context, A Dialogue,
Your Grace, Gouri Puja, Woman Is A River In Spate,
Anatomy of An Officer, Books, Learning Complexes, etc. the poems.

Nag-Puja, Swayamvara, Jauhar and Sati,
The poems of a verve,
As he relates them
In a historic-mythical context.

Onkar is a very good poet,
Full of myth, history and realism,
Taking the things under his purview,
A master craftsman.

As a poet, he is experimental
As he keeps fusing in
Folklore and fiction,
Classical stuff with local things.

Drawing from our household things,
Sometimes pastoral,
Sometimes neo-classical and traditional,
His is ornate and flowery style.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Most Of The Indian Politicians Are The Third Class Men

Most of the Indian politicians are the third class men,
On hearing it,
He asked me, when will they be first class,
Said I, I don't know.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Most Of The Modern Indian English Poets And Poetesses

Most of the Indian English poets and poetesses,
Who had not been actually English,
But the Indians writing in English,
Writing too not,
But translating laboriously,
Putting in straining efforts,
Struggling to say,
Failing miserably,
With the speech defects,
Broken statements,
Were not,
But have become writers
In the scarcity of good writers of poetry,
Natural and spontaneous.

The rhymers, commoners, non-poets and the poetasters,
Stitching and sewing,
Darning and dovetailing
Are calling themselves poets and poetesses,
But least concerned about India and Indianism,
Indian thought, culture and tradition,
Indian philosophy, religion and spirituality,
What it marauds the poor self of the nation,
Vast and big, racial and ethnic,
Rugged, impregnable and mountainous,
Barren, secluded and lonely,
Congested and overpopulated,
The foreign invasions
And the retreat of civilization and culture
And their impact,
The impact of barbaric medievalism and superstition,
Our backwardness, underdevelopment and living below the poverty line.

Most of the Indian English poets and poetesses whom
We see them today
Or are famous
Are the people of the urban space,

The most selfish and self-centred men,
Poetry to them is a private and personal affair,
So much cathartic and purgatory,
So much individualistic,
Personal and private,
Pinning up the tidbits, chit-chats of talks,
Tagging up the broken images
To make a pastiche,
Where the laboured lines of creativity are
But the meaning keeps missing from the text.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mother Kali

While passing through the way, glimpse I a Kali,
Huge Kali, magnificent enough,
Dark, dark, pitch dark,
Dark black,
Supernatural and nocturnal,
Mythological and mystical.

A huge, huge Kali saw I, came to notice it
While passing through the way,
A Kali, magnificent and radiant,
Sighted I on the pathway
In the nearby, wayside temple,
Kali in full resplendence.

Kali, a huge Kali, standing on the pathway,
The sideway of the road
And sighting it,
The head bowed in
After getting a sight of the Mother Divine.

Kali Kali, the Creatrix,
The Preserver and the Destroyer of the Creation,
The Annihilator,
The Motherly Caressing of the Universe
And the Force Strange, Bizarre.

A magnificent Kali, an awaking Kali,
Not dormant,
Pray, pray you
And She will hear you,
The Mother Divine.

She is an attribute of the Force,
Call Her whatever you like to call,
She is the same Motherly Force,
The Creation Herself,
The Preserver and the Looker-after.

A magnificent, magnificent statue saw I

Of Mother Kali,
Dark, dark, pitch dark and black,
Resplendent with
Shining black.
Mother in a strange mood of Her Own,
Quite in Anger,
Her Anger Divine
As for the annihilation of demons and devils,
The increase in sin.

As for to annihilate them, to lessen that
Aggravated on earth,
Incarnated She Herself
The Creative Force
As for a balance between virtue and sin.

The statue, a clay-model one highly tall,
Looking magnificently black and artistic,
Native and indigenous,
But beautiful enough,
Mythical and mystical no doubt.

The Night of Creation or the Night She Herself,
Mythical, mystical,
Supernatural and nocturnal
She Herself,
Just like the night.

A magnificent statue of Kali,
Dark black, pitch dark,
Looking bizarre-bizarre and grotesque
But strangely beautiful.

Mother standing aloft, held high
On the fallen Shiva,
Lying sulking in
Or fallen flat on the ground
Whatever come on Her way.

And after having placed Her One Foot,
Feels She ashamed of
For what She has done unknowingly,

As for placing Her Foot on Shiva.

In doing so, the Tongue comes of the mouth
In shame
And she feeling ashamed of
What She did in her Uncontrollable Anger.

Ashamed of what She did in Her Bad Temper,
Going out of the periphery,
Ashamed of for all what She did,
Drew Herself back.

A posture with one Leg over Shiva,
Matted and saintly lying he
With a sacred thread over His bare body
And in the tiger leather to cover Himself,
A Yogi, a Fakir and a Sadhaka.

Kali in Her Leela Divine, the Divine Play of things
As they keep revolving,
Engaging our space,
Keep it running the world of creatures.

Kali in Her Anger Divine, but quelled
With the traditional arms and armaments
Into the four hands of Hers,
The heads of the sinners
Cut off and garlanded.

One of the demon-heads into one
Of the four hands,
With the snake, the conch shell
And the sword
And the jackal beneath.

Kali, Mother Kali, the statue of Kali,
Dark black and radiant,
Shining black
With the tongue out of the lips,
Holding out in shame.

The eyes full of a glaze,

The third-eye half-sleepy, half-blued,
Perhaps in a dreamy state,
Giving the power of meditation.

A red beauty spot on the forehead
With the third eye or the crescent
Dreaming and dazzling,
With the nose-ring, the ear-ring and the finger-ring,
A crown overhead.

A dribble of blood hanging from the tongue,
The snake a blackly cobra
With the hood,
Armed with the sword and the shield.

A magnificent statue of Kali saw I,
A magnificent and grand Kali,
Huge and powerful Kali,
Saw I
And the stature flashed upon the mind's eye.

A fine creation of imagination, artistic craftsmanship,
An Image Primitive and Primordial,
Dreamt and imagined
And modeled in clay,
Dyed and painted.

The Dark Mother, not only dark, but beautiful,
Blessing,
Nightly, blackly,
Creational, mythical and mysterious,
A facet of the same Creation.

An attribute of the Mother Divine,
Incarnates She to slay the sinners,
Whose numbers abound in,
The burden of earth to lessen
And She comes to dispense with Her Job.

Invoke Her, invoke Her and She will come,
Call Her with your devotion
And She will come,

She is the Night of Creation.

She is the Night of Sadhna,
You do the sadhna,
She will automatically test it,
Take Her Name during the midnight time.

She is a Goddess of the midnight,
Of the darker nights,
Try to see the Blessings of Hers,
Offer Her your offerings.

Call Her, call Her from your heart
And She will, She will come to
Attending your call,
Hearing your prayer.

There is a joy in feeling her Divine Providence
Which but can be felt,
Can never be proved,
The Supernatural Presence of Hers,
The Mystical Flashes of Hers.

Kali Kali, Mahakali, Greater Kali,
Kali Kaal-rupa, Doom-faced,
Kali Kalyani, Blissful,
Kali Katyayani, Slayer,
Kali Kali.

The Dark Goddess, the Dark Mother,
The Test of Sadhna, the Night of Sadhna,
Sadhna experimental and mystical,
Supernatural and nocturnal
And frightening.

What it is dark, how to unravel it,
Dark is dark,
Let it be
As it cannot be resolved,
Dark is dark, let it be what it was dark.

See the Dark Goddess,

An Embodiment Divine,
In a pose and posture of Her Own,
Taking the arms
Ready to slay the sinners.

A Lady with dark long hair
Hanging up to the waist,
A garland of man-heads around the neck,
One cut into and placed into the hands
And She holding it by hair.

Ma Kali, Mother Kali,
The Dark Goddess,
An Image, a Thought or an Idea,
A Myth
Around the Mystery Divine.

A Native Woman up in arms,
Negrite, Austric, ethnic, aboriginal,
A Rupa Tamasik, Face Spirited,
A Sociological Reality.

The crescent on the forehead
Where the third eye is,
Vermillion in to the parting line of the hair,
The sideways of her feet red-coloured.

There are several ways of worshipping the Divine,
The Mother Goddess,
The Goddess Divine,
The Mother Divine,
She is Mother, Mother, the Mother of the Universe.

It is really bestowing to see the Mother Divine,
Mother Kali,
Who is not only dark,
But blue too
When She is Shyama Kali, Ink-coloured kali.

Somewhere the same can be viewed as Tara,
Beautifulness of the Eye, the Eye Divine Fallen of Sati,
Shiva mad with sorrow

And taking into the lap of His the Lifeless Body of Hers,
Moving and the limbs falling off to into sacred spots.

A magnificent statue of Kali, pitch-dark,
Dark black but shining,
But the beauty indescribable,
A Goddess incarnated to slay the sinners
And saving religion.

Kali is the Night of Delusion, the Doom-time,
The Creational Time,
The Womb Divine,
The Dark Force
Full of mystery and miracle.

Kali Kali, Kalrupa,
Mahakali,
Kali Katyayani,
Kali Kalyani.

Let Kali be with us, let the Goddess bless us,
Let us worship Kali prayerfully,
Approach the Divine humbly,
Om jayanti mangla kali bhadrakali kapalini!

Let the Mother be with us, let Kalyani be with,
Kali Kali, Mahakali,
Kali Kaal-rupa, Doom-faced,
Kali Kali,
Kali Katyayani, Kali Kalyani.

Mother Kali, the Dark Goddess,
The Goddess of sadhakas and tantrikas,
Testing the sadhna
Raw and experimental,
A delve into mysteries unknowable, but with a calm resignation.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mother Kali (Ii)

With the red tongue out of the lips
Held out in anger or shame,
Wearing a garland of man-heads
Cut and threaded
And with the hands,
The conventional arms and weapons
Into the four hands of Hers
And a snake,
Goddess Kali having destroyed
The asuric and demoniac forces,
The daredevil sinners,
Whose load the earth unable to bear with,
Kali standing with Her one leg
On Siva lying stately
To check Her Anger Divine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mother Kali The Dark Goddess

Mother Kali
The Dark Goddess,
How to make an image of Hers,
The Dark Goddess?

Kali in Her Anger Divine
Incarnating Herself to eliminate
The evil and devil forces,
To lessen the sin aggravated on earth.

The weapons are into the Hands of Hers,
A sword, a conch shell,
A snake, a shield,
A trident.

Mother in Anger,
The Anger Divine
Trying to eliminate and eradicate
Sin aggravated on earth,
Man from sinful and devilish forces.

The Tongue is out of Her Lips,
Blood-dribbling Tongue,
A wreath of human heads
Cut and threaded
Around the Head
Hanging down to the Waist.

A jackal too can be seen with Her
Trying to lick blood,
The sword bloody,
Blood-smeared,
The hands wreathed around the waist.

Lord Shiva laid down under Her Feet
And She ashamed of
Trampling Shiva
With One Leg over His Body
Just to lessen Her Anger

Making the earth shake.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mother Kali, The Dark Goddess

Mother Kali in a strange mood
Of Her own,
The crescent on the forehead
And a red bindi spot
With the the third eye too
And placed over Shiva
Lying underneath
His One Foot.

Her four hands with
A shield, a sword,
A conch shell and a snake,
The hair waist-long,
The jackal underneath
Trying to lick the blood spilled,
With the tongue of Her Lips
Which would have out of shame.

The heads of the sinners, devils and demons
Stitched and tied around Her Head
And the hands tied around
The Waist,
The hair lying ruffled.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mother Kali, The Darker Myths Of Life

Mother Kali
The Mythical She,
The Mystical She,
How to narrate Her
Which it is beyond narration?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mother Tara

Mother Tara

Hidden in the red hibiscus flowers,
Just the tongue
And the glittering eyes visible,
Just like a fresco.

The tongue made of silver,
The eyes metallic
And set into the fresco.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mother, My Mother, Good Mother, Mother, In Your Memory (Forgotten Love)

Mother, my mother, good mother,
I just remember you
As have turned into a photo
Leaving me here.

Forgotten love,
The eyes tearful,
Oh, with a very painful heart,
I remember mother,
Mother, my mother!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Motherhood

Motherhood,
The pains of the labour room
None but the mother can say it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mother's Day

Mother's day,
I celebrating it motherlessly,
What to do with,
My mother is dead mother?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mother's Day Saddens Me

Mother's Day saddens me
To think of my mother
Who is no more.

My mother, sorry to say,
You are not in this world,
My mother.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mother's Love

I become sad when think I about my mother
But she is not.

When I had mother, I could not the value of her,
Now feel I very sad sometimes.

Tears well up into the eyes and I remember her
With the wet eyes,
With a pain in the heart.

When she had been, I could not spare time for doing this or that
But now think I,
I should have this or that
When she is not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mother's Love, Father's Love, Sister's Love, Brother's Love And The Old House

Mother's love,
Father's, love,
Sister's love,
Brother's love,
Remember and reminisce I
Far from them,
Where that old house,
Where those faces?

Perhaps none is therein,
Only a memory of them exist now.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mother's Love, Sister's Love And Brother's Love...

Mother's love,
Sister's love,
Brother's love
Remember I, remember I
Them in my poetry,
My mother,
My sister,
My brother
So deeply.

Where have they gone away,
You say it to me?
Why are you silent?
Mother's love,
Sister's love,
Brother's love, remember I
So tearfully and with wet eyes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mother's Love, Sister's Love And Brother's Love...

Mother's love,
Sister's love,
Brother's love
Remember I, remember I
Them in my poetry,
My mother,
My sister,
My brother
So deeply.

Where have they gone away,
You say it to me?
Why are you silent?
Mother's love,
Sister's love,
Brother's love, remember I
So tearfully and with wet eyes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mother's Lover, Sister's Love, This Too Is A Part Of Life

Try to search it, try to find it
That she is also a mother,
Mom, mum, mummy
Around her neck
Rounds you.

She is also a sister,
Have you found it,
Your sister
For whom feel you so much?

She is not only a beloved,
She is not a plaything
That think you of her.

Try to feel it how you mother had been,
How your sister had been,
Your love for them,
Try to feel it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Moving From Them

I moving away from them
In search of seeking for job and employment,
Leaving them
Who lived with and grew up together
And shared with in joys and sorrows,
I moving away from them
But they calling me from behind,
The souls chatting in unison with,
The remembrances and memories of attachment
Making weep
And the voices from the behind calling me,
Father's love,
Brother's love,
Mother's love,
Sister's love
And leaving them, where to go,
What to get,
Leaving us, go you not,
Come back, come back,
A son of the soil?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mr. Conservative Asking Her Daughter, Why Did You Smile On Seeing The Stranger?

ervative

Asking his daughter,
Why did you smile
After seeing the stranger
And the girl speaking it not,
Why did she,
Why did she
A young girl?

ervative,

Old, out-dated and out-moded,
Can smile with his wife,
But his daughter cannot,
See, see him, my God.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mr. Conservative, Think You

Mr. Conservative, think you,
If you are most conservative
Then your son will be
Restricting the liberty and freedom
Of the sister,
Ever ready to keep her
Under the purdah,
Shading from
Lest the world sees her, marks her.

A daughter's heart, you can never feel it,
Mr. Conservative,
The son of old, out-dated and out-moded
Fanatic father,
A fanatic's son will be
But a fanatic.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mr. Furkan Ansari (A Haiku)

n Ansari

Going

With his bibi and bacche.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mr. Ganja-Raja With A Chillum Puffing In Ganja

Ganja-rajā
Taking ganja
From a chillum,
Taking the puffs
Of Paradise,
Ananda, delight,
Take in ganja
And be happy,
Forget you
All the worries of life
In the company
Of ganja-men
Sitting around
And puffing in.

The art of life
And living,
Smoke in ganja
And the eyes red-red,
The mood too heavy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mr. India And Miss India

I saw Mr.India powdering his face
Behind the curtain,
Going after cosmetics and ornaments
While Miss India creaming her face
At the beauty parlour,
But both of them in the goggles
And fancy dress-wears,
Mr. in the sweeper's gum boots
And Miss in the sandaled foot-wears
And with the vanity sling bag
As going for shopping,
But Mr. smiling girlishly
Among the girls.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mr. Loafer As The Grandfather Telling Tales From Life

A loafer as a grandfather saying to that he had very, very intelligent
When as a boy,
But the secret only the Almighty knows it and his olden friends,
How bogus had he been! A third-classer and a last-bencher too.
And the same man now says it that he had been first class first.
How can it be, sir?
The granddaughter and the grandson enquiring about
And he lying about.
How to say the past things of life?
And suppose it, his friends come to the moment he is bluffing.
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mr. Mocchu, Your Handlebar Moustache

u, your handlebar mustache,
Which you turn and twist often,
Priding over it
The black mustache,
Oiling it and twisting,
Tell you,
Tell you, Mocchu,
Is it of Bhagat Singh the martyr
Who assassinated a British inspector
or is ti of Mangal Pandey
The Indian sepoy
Who fought against the English in 1857
or is it of Thakur,
The great Indian dacoit?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mr. Poestaster As The Editor Of A Literary Journal, The Founding Father, I Mean The Poet-Critic-Essayist- And-Reviewer

O, see you, I have, have turned into a literary journal editor,
O, I have become become!
'What, what, sir?
What have you, have you become? '

O, I have, I have turned, turned into an editor
Of a literary journal
And now, now the poets will write to me,
Professors will cringe me!

Lo, lo, I have turned, turned into a big boss,
Call you me a boss, a big boss,
A big literary bossss!
'Whose boss are you? What have you turned into? '
, you won't, won't not understand, understand me,
A litterateur I, what a fool will say about?

Call me, call me, Virgil.
'What, sir? '
Call me, call me, Homer.
'What, sir? '
Call me, call me, Horace.
'What sir, what sir? Horace, Virgil and Homer?
I have not the names so great.'

I have a plan, a plan for the greatness scheme.
'What that, sir? '
You give me your e-mail id and the password.
'Why, sir? '
You will not understand.
I shall write a paper on my poetry myself
And shall it to other editors
Through your e-mail id.

Mr. Fool, will you ever remain a fool
Or want you to be a scholar in my company?

'Why, sir? '

Give me, give me and if give you,
I shall place your name as the packager of my journals.

I am the founder father, mother, brother and sister
Of my journal,
The founding father,
A poet, critic, editor, reviewer and essayist am I,
A scholar classical, romantic and satiric.

ster bringing out the paper of other poetaster
In his journal
And his friend on him,
Even the university heads obliging him
By registering research scholars on his poetry
As for his paper publication in his journal.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mr. Terrorist, Don't Mind, Your Beards The Cause Of Terror Attacks

Mr. Terrorist,
If you don't take it otherwise,
Your beards
The cause
Of world terror attacks
And if you take the good counsel,
Get your long beards cut
For your temper sake
If can't you control and calm yourself?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mr. Tornado

do Sir, where do you dwell in,
Where is your residence,
I mean your villa, bungalow,
Is it across the sea,
On that seashore

And when come you, the trees start shaking violently,
Branches blown away,
Twigs and boughs fallen
On the ways
And the roads getting blocked

Just in connivance with the whirlwind and the storm,
The cyclone and the low pressure of the monsoon,
Coming like a very fast bowler,
Stumping out the wickets
And the batsman clean bowled,
Struck and fallen

Going to the pavillion,
Could not see the ball,
Just the bat went across in the air
And the umpires even trailing
To see the speed,
Just like some crack mail express bus
Or a long distance-runner train.

Mr. Tornado, you with the French-cut beards,
I fear you, sir,
In talking with you,
Some may take you as for Mr. Tycoon,
But you tycoon not, on
And where your beloved Katrina

I can see you coming with a great speed,
Shaking the trees,
Flattening the things, blowing away,
The tin roofs rattling
As if the hanumans jumping over,

With a velocity of your own

Where do you live you, sir,
Are you an Indian or a foreigner,
Who are you,
Who are you,
O man with the Fench-cuts beards,
Looking grave-grave,
I fear to talk with you, sir?

Bijay Kant Dubey

ard And His Wife, Their Stories Of Life

A drunkard's wife,
The pains of her life and living,
None but a drunkard only knows it,
Can feel it about
The drunkard coming as usual
After the drink,
Talking sweetly, staggering,
Babbling and quarrelling,
Weeping and laughing himself.

A drunkard
Lost in drinks and emptying bottles
Has nothing to remember
Or feel about family prestige,
His run a run to the ale shop
And emptying of the bottle
And still the heart wants more
After fallen flat.

Near the drains, on the sideways,
The edge of the roads
Or into the bushes,
Coming late into the night
Or lying fallen under the attic
Of the skies full of twinkling stars
And the shining moon
And the stray dogs with
Caressing him, licking the mouth

And he singing a sad song
Which can melt anyone
Who hears him
Or gets a chance
To hear him,
How did he turn
Into a drunkard
Even though wanted he not
To be a drunkard.

Fell into a bad company
Which the parents cautioned,
But cared not for,
Took not he words,
Now the company, friends and society
Taking a toll upon
With bruises and falls and brawls.

Bijay Kant Dubey

, What Are You Doing Here? Sitting On The Platform Of Life, Sir

, what are you doing here on the platform?

Sir, when I came for the first time, I just alighted on this platform

And when I shall have to take the return journey train,

I shall have to come to this platform,

Hence, am seeing the trains going with packed up passengers,

I think where do they come from

And where do they go to so many of them?

Am waiting for the train to board,

As have to go one day,

Goodbye, bye-bye,

Am going, sir.

Dubey, you said it that you would someday,

Just seeing the passing trains

And now going.

Yes, sir, if God permits, shall meet you again,

Shall see you again

And in the meantime, the train whistling

And lo, has started chugging,

Left the station.

Bijay Kant Dubey

ic, Is rist Your Loving Son?

ic,
Is your son rist?

And it is none
But the fanatic father responsible for his deviation.

Bijay Kant Dubey

ic, Where Dwell You, In Which World?

ic,
Where dwell you,
In which world of yours?
Is to be a fanatic
The goal of your life,
ic?
Are you so religiously
Blind and cold to reason,
Is not religion your madness
You are madly after
Showing to be faithful and pious,
But who is here?

Bijay Kant Dubey

ri, Meet Him, The Big Boss

ri, meet him,
A big boss
Piping in ganja
In the abandoned historic mansion,
Smoking ganja
In the company of his friends,
ri,
Tasting not,
Making a tryst with ganja!

Bijay Kant Dubey

r

r,
See him,
How he keeps spoiling himself
And his life,
wasting time uselessly,
Loitering and loafing about?

Iron bangles on one hand,
The studs on the ear-lobes,
The necklace around the neck,
The wires plugged into the ears
And he hearing music,
shaking the body
And going on a motorcycle.

Bijay Kant Dubey

u, Who Are You?

u, who are you,
Are you an Indian dacoit,
Thakore
That we hear about
Or you an Indian gwala,
Milkman
Adulterating not tap water,
But pond water
By the roadside
While coming to towns
To sell milk
Or a jailbird
Behind the bars
In prison
Or an illiterate
Priding over his moustache,
Who,
Who are you, Mocchu,
Moustachioed?

Bijay Kant Dubey

rist, Is To Gun Down Innocent People Your Philosophy Of Religion?

rist, is to gun down
The innocent people
Your philosophy of life,
rist,
Is it your faith
To gun down
The innocent people,
rist,
Are you only religious
In the world,
Is God only yours?

Bijay Kant Dubey

rist, Where Have You Been Schooled? In Which School, Have You, Terrorist?

rist,
rist,
Say you,
In which school,
Have you got
Your education from,
In which fanatical institute
Where but misanthropy is taught,
Human hatred and vengeance,
Fanatic,
Fanatic,
Say you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

rist, Why...? Why Do You Gun Down?

rist...

Mr. Terrorist, why...?

Why do you gun,

Gun down the people so mercilessly,

Mr.,

rist?

Do you,

Do you,

May I ask,

Put the question before,

Do you,

Do you have

Not the brother, sister, mother,

Uncle and aunt of yours?

rist...,

rist, why,

Why do you gun down so mercilessly

Without thinking,

Just blankly,

In a vacant mood or reflection of yours?

Whom,

Whom are you killing,

rist,

Have you,

Have you thought about?

Bijay Kant Dubey

do (Ii)

do,
Where do you come from, sir,
As when come you,
The tin roofs of the poor start shaking they violently,
Somewhere the roofs blown off,
The trees lie they fallen,
Swaying and swaying,
Shaking and shaking and plucking them violently
As such the force of yours,
The motion of the wind,
Wild, tameless, swift and proud
And poor man helpless before you all?

Sorry sir, confused I with n
But you on,
Not a millionaire or billionaire
But Mr. Danger
With the French-cut beards
You coming and passing away
Just like a whirlwind,
The cyclonic storm of a great velocity,
But instead of bringing relief
From hot and humid conditions and moisture
You distorting it all,
So mighty in your prowess
As stand we miserably before.

From my house fearfully I can see
The roofs rattling,
The winds swaying,
The trees shaking violently
To be uprooted badly
Or the branches blown away,
The coconut trees rustling by,
Turning and twisting
With the thunder showers carried along.

□

Mrs. Ghumtawalli, Purdahwalli Bibi As A Professor Of Englishd

Mrs. Ghutawalli, Purdahwalli Bib

As the professor of English

Only possible in third world

Economically backward and educationally illiterate.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mukti

Mukti is liberation,
Liberation of the body,
Of the self
From the bonds of maya.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mulk Raj Anand

Have I read you, you and your mind, the novels you have,
A few of them
And can feel about your horizon and dimension,
Inner spectrum at work,
Western reasoning that you got abroad,
Socialism that you got schooled in

But say you to me,
Who had it been your first love,
Whom did you choose and marry,
Who, who was that European girl, the English girl
And what the bone of contention?

You met the actress Kathleen van Gelder
In England and married too in 1938
And had a daughter
Whom you left out too finally
After opting for Shireen Vajibdar
Who lived unto the last.

Your Marxism mixed with not, but your personal life
Interests me,
Your untold love story and the causes of difference
Which but sidelined you
And I do not know it
If you were yourself trouble-bringing
In your Hamletian domestic life or is it something different.

Anand, your write-ups pointing to the bad condition
Of the have-nots, underdogs,
The downtrodden and proletarian masses
And you a novelist of those
Want I not to hear now
Rather than looking into your personal life and relationships.

You say about them, say something about Kathleen van Gelder
And your Shireen Vajibdar,
Your children
And your relationships with them

And these I want to hear from you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mulk Raj Anand (A Long Poem)

Mulk Raj Anand,
Say you, how to research you,
A novelist Indian
Whose novels read not the Indians,
But the foreigners
As for interpreting caste, class and society,
The ismic India of the ismic people?

While travelling in the trains and buses,
People asked about the caste and class
In touchable India
With the untouchable people,
The Aryans and natives,
A clash it was.

A coppersmith, you saw England,
Read the frank and free society of it,
But India was India,
Vast and varied,
A bundle of contraries and contradictions,
Just go on feeling Hopkins' Pied Beauty
In rock-built temples.

Marx, Lenin, Stalin, engaged your space
Irrespective of Indian caste, class and society
And its narrow divisions,
Breathed you freely,
Widened your spectrum and horizon
After meeting Gandhi at Sabarmati
And the saint purged the impurities
Of your heart.

Gandhi as the critic, mentor and preceptor
Barbered and pruned
The book
To be a literary text
And other foreign thinkers and teachers
You went ahead
In highlighting their pity and pathos of living,

But how many of us could understand it?

Mulk Raj Anand as a writer of the have-nots,
The under dogs, weaker sections of society,
The proletariat and the downtrodden was he no doubt
As for being a goldsmith,
Bearing the brunt of caste and casteism then
When India was most backward, superstitious and undeveloped
As for poverty and misrule,
The darker medieval age
Full of raids, loots, plunders and coercions.

Mulk Raj Anand was like Ambedkar
Trying to think in terms
Of caste and its impact,
Inequality and injustice
Meted out to,
Subjected to
The poorer sections of society
Ethnic, racial and poor,
Underprivileged and suppressed
Which we could never feel in ethnic India.

We do not the society and culture of Peshawar of then times,
The house he was born,
The people he lived with,
The parents which they imparted to
And the opportunities he availed of
In being to England,
English, Christian, Mohammedan and Hindu,
All that he saw and understood,
Did a remix of all that
After taking to communism in full confidence.

An Indian Charles Dickens, he lived and gossiped
Which the Indians could not feel it then
And even if they came to know of,
This is as for a handshake with the local Angrez sahebs
From whom learnt he
The lessons in rationality, logic and reason
And humanism
Which we could never

As Daridranarayana concept could not take us far
After offering the kangal bhojana.

To comprehend the mind and vision of Mulk Raj Anand
Is to understand Indian life and philosophy,
The philosophies of Adi Shankaracharya, Kabirdas, Nanak,
Buddha, Ekalavya and Karna
As Dronacharya too was a conservative teacher,
India regressed and lagging behind
During the medieval times,
Laden and reeling under,
The unnecessary rituals too took a toll upon
As dealt with superstitiously.

The birds of a feather flock together is the with
Krishan Chander, and so on
Who tried to mix up
And saw the things
In all nudity,
Generation gap, madness of conservatism and its trail,
Communal disharmony, fundamental segregation
Which but Khushwant Singh elaborated upon later on
In his Train to Pakistan
Which but Nehru could not feel it
The wrath and vengeance of the Partition as for the chair.

It was British education and scholarship,
The bloombury influence,
The communist mixing
Which but you carried down
To India,
Marriage with Kathleen van Gelder in 1938
And its dissolution
And again remarriage with Shirin Vajibdar,
Say you something,
Something about your life, Anand?

Did it not sound a death knell to her with whom
You had a daughter
Named Susheila,
Couldn't you feel for her,
Didn't you, Mulk Raj Anand

And again married you Shirin Vajibdar,
A dancer
To see life just by this way,
But why did you leave alone,
Why couldn't you afford and accommodate them?

A propagandist were you no doubt Shavian,
Orwellian,
Dickensian,
But in addition to these, of course a Red,
A socialist writer
Falling short of being a politburo member,
Progressive, revolutionary and rebellious,
But compromising with,
A writer of the have-nots no doubt
With the impressions Marxistic.

The red flag with the hammer and the sickle fluttering,
The wheat sheaves embossed upon,
The festoons and banners all around,
You holding a meeting with the peasants and the labourers
To put human dignity on the right track,
Trying to glorify
Human toil, tears and sweat,
Of course blood is the same,
Blood red,
So, why to differentiate in between?

9/1/14

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mulk Raj Anand (Ii)

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Of course blood is the same,
Blood red,
So, why to differentiate in between?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mulk Raj Anand As I Saw Him, Knew Him

Mulk Raj Anand, one from Peshawar,
A coppersmith got the chance
Of having a tryst with England,
Not India,
The free and fine atmosphere of it,
Mixing with freely,
Talking and sharing with,
Handshaking and going,
Kissing and hugging

Rather than conservative India,
Orthodox and old, out-moded and out-dated,
Sectarian and theocratic, blind and reasonably dead,
Poor and underdeveloped,
Superstitious and exploited,
Invaded and raided and robbed of
Its glory and grandeur,
Exotic and impregnable,
Undiscovered and unexplored,
Vast and variegated,
Misinterpreted and misexplained.

A novelist from the Punjab was he,
Falling short of a Sikh,
But entertaining and regaling with
His Punjabi English, Hindustani English,
Not an English man,
But a Bakha
In a hat and the goggles,
Talking of the theatre and the heroines
In the style of a hero,
Singing songs and doing the works,
But rebellious and revolting too
As for social injustice subjected to
As none appreciative of the job
He is doing.

We do not who is progressive,
Who was even then

If India can be still seen lagging behind,
Wanting to resort to the bullock carts and murkhamantris,
If India is still a developing nation
Then how to call it mod, modernistic, post-modn and contemporary
And even if it is, the metropolises are,
The people of the urban space and habitation,
The city centres and spaces,
Not the rural hubs and solitary landscapes
Where it dwells the soul of India.

After crossing over to saat samudras and returning from foreign
After being not socially boycotted,
He thought of mixing with the ismic society
And its reactions
A foreign returnee,
Not less than anyone of Indian high class society,
Drawing from the Arya Samaj and Harijanodhara,
Better it to be turned a socialist
To have a say
Other than the rigid Brahminical society men
And blind pundits
As astrologers and pandits foreseeing.

His hero an underdog, a social outcast
As for being a sweeper,
A scavenger hero,
Just like the miner of Lawrence,
The poor girl of A Cup of Tea of Mansfield,
The Beggar Maid of Tennyson,
The Little Black Boy of Blake,
But his heart Shelleyian not,
But Pushkinian, Maykovaskyan, Gorkian,
Pablo Nerudan,
Lohian.

The writer may be progressive, but the society was not,
I am but sure of,
Mulk Raj Anand was,
But not this society of ours
As it is today
Connected with the mobile handsets and television sets,
Quite expressible and observable,

Without any inhibitions,
With whom we want to mix,
Wherever go we.

Mulk Raj Anand's problem as not his solely,
Such a thing witnessed it Forster
In viewing the burquawalli,
The burqua-clad or donning beauties,
That said he not about
As liked he not like Amitava Kumar
To be the husband of a fanatic,
But a backward leader
Complaining against the forwards not,
But as how to be the forwards of Indian politics?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mulk Raj, Where Are You Going With Bakha, Lakha And Rakha, Sohini And Pandit Kaliram?

Mulk Raj, where are you going
With Bakh, Lakha and Rakha,
Sohini and Pandit Kaliram
To do politics,
A litterateur or a socialist,
What are you, Mulk Raj?

You at the Marx Villa,
You in the Gandhi Ashrama,
What's the matter,
What's the matter,
Mulk Raj?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mundamala Kali

Kali with a mundamala,
A wreath of man-heads,
Cut and embedded
To wear the garland
Of the human heads
Of demons, devils and cut-throats,
Sinners.

Kali ethnic, tribal, racial,
Austro-Asiatic,
Negrite,
Kali Kali,
Kali Kalyani,
Kali supernatural, Kali nocturnal,
Oh, the myth of Kali,
How to bust it!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mungerilal Searching Kalashona, Kaladhan, Black Gold And Black Money

Mungerilal

A rustic country clown

Wanting to be a hero

Searching black gold and black money,

Where does it lie in

Hidden,

Earthed?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Murgiwalla, Bhiansawalla, Gayawalla, All Leaders In People's Bihar

Murgiwalla, the hen-man,
I mean one with the hens and cocks,
bhainsawalla, the buffalo-man,
One who grazes, keeps and rears,
Gayawalla, I mean the cow-man,
They all leaders
In people's Bihar,
Foolish Bihar
Of the danadamen, lathimen,
Lathi-wielders.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Murkhamantri

Murkhamantri as a representative of the Indian fools
Living in villages and towns,
Uncultured and illiterate, clumsy and blunt,
Sending him to assembly
To be not as first-time legislator,
But the chief minister.

Now say you, one does not know how to talk, how to behave,
What will do sitting on chair,
The word Murkhamantri, murkha-fool and mantri-minister
Itself speaks of,
What sort of minister will he be if comes into power,
Will thrash the thick stick on your head
And you will do without caring for right and wrong
Just at taking the name of your father,
It is said even a ghost fears it the lathi,
The thick Indian stick of the dullard and blockhead fool.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Murkhamantri After A Lecture Tour Of Oxford, Harvard And California As A Management Guru

Murkhamantri amar rahe, murkhamantri amar rahe,
Murkhamantri zindabad, zindabad,
Murkhamantri, let he be immortal, let he be immortal,
Victory be to the murkhamantri, foolish minister) ,
The slogan being aired
And the murkhamantri alighting from the plane
After his lecture at Harvard, California and Oxford
As a biz guru, a management expert,
People talking about in the villages,
The son of the soil did he marvels,
Failed he the educated sons and daughters
Of the townsmen and the rich,
But the rustic and foolish guy just laundered he
The national treasury to encourage hooliganism.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Murkhamantri As A Biz Guru At Oxford

Murkhamantri as a business management guru
Going to Oxford
To deliver lectures
Before the management faculty
And guys,
In rural welfare and good governance,
But God knows,
What he did here in India
And hat did his papers portray him to be?

Oh, the bluffs of the big bluff-master,
A blunt rustic's antics,
The sophisticated foreigners
Could not!
The slates and lime stick pencils
And the lanterns to be given to
The adult and poor fellows,
He used to supply otherwise.

His people just for the data used to
Give buffaloes and cows to the poor
On paper,
So used to be the schemes
As for giving hens, ducks, sheep and goats
And in his time, villages developed they not,
Just turned into the dens of crime and corruption,
Illiteracy and underdevelopment,
Just the paper-work was done
And the media were threatened to submit
Under pressure.

A fool's lathi, thick stick,
You don't know it,
How it sets on the head!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Murkhamantri In The Prison, Under The Bars

Murkhamantri the rustic leader under arrest and lock up,
Gone to jail,
In the prison cell
Taking sattu and litti,
I mean fried gram ground powder with a pinch of salt, water
And a green chilly during the day time
And the small and thick bread
Made on the palm and baked into the fire during the night time
As for good health and solid dieting.

The big-big talks of bossism almost gone,
The blunt and rude behaviour,
All gone now,
Taking the airs of the jail
And his socialism
Rubbing countryside leafy tobacco
And smoking bidi
Along with prison mates,
Fluting carefree notes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Murkhamantri In The Train Sipping Lassi

Murkhamantri sipping lassi
In the train
And talking of the goodness
Of the local and countrified cold drink,
A country fellow
Talking big,
Practically bogus.

Tea in earthen cups,
Who to serve it,
Who to give
Khadi bed covers
In professional and commercial transaction?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Murkhamantri On Coming From Harvard

Mukhamantri on coming from Harvard, having delivered a lecture
To the business management guys,
People saying it's no less than a matter of joke
That he really a great son of the soil.

□

The villagerly people, a mass of illiterates, fools and rustics
Debating and discussing
He has really brought glory and fame
To the nondescript village

That a son of the soil went to Harvard as for lecturing
Before the experts
And how did they hear him,
The antics of the villagerly Indian minister

And that too not of the state-level, but the central level,
A cabinet minister,
A disciple of Lohia, Gandhi and Jayprakash,
Of sarvodaya and bhoodan.

Ask the media men to sit on the mat, give them lassi,
A drink of it,
As they have come from far off,
As they are guests and will report too.

If lassi is not, give them curd or creamy milk,
A palm-leaf hand fan to fan,
Earthen-pitcher cooled river-water,
Earthen-bowl boiled milk tea.

The muddy floor of the courtyard of the murkhamantri
Full of villagerly people,
The evening darkening
And the minister talking in his dialect.

Before moving for America, changed he the clothes
White kurta and pyjamas
And donned the pants and the shirt,
The coat and the neck-tie.

The white-white, gora-gora sahibs, before them
Lectured he from the podium
And the faculty staff, the distinguished fellows,
Guests and hosts heard him delivering.

□

How he talked about his life and times, rural studies and culture,
The mud house where he lived in and grew up,
How did he milk the cows and buffaloes,
How the bullock-cart used to bring cereals from the farm?

In America and that too at Harvard, he felt great in to be
With the management guys and the faculty staff,
The way they received him as for the exchange programme,
The reception he got from as for his expertise.

A cowboy, a buffaloman with a lathi grazing them
In the fields and fallows,
How did he come to be a cabinet minister,
It startled everybody and all sought to learn and drew from.

He spoke a bit in English, Hindi and his dialect,
Sang a folk song and danced a bit,
Combing his ruffled hair,
Said tickling words to please it all.

While leaving the place, he begged for his departure and leave submissively
Though had not been so at home,
Blunt, bogus and fraudulent,
But invited them cordially as for litti, sattuu food and lassi drink.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Murkhamantri Selling Lassie, Lassie In The Trains

Murkhamantri selling lassie
Into the train bogies,
Lassie, lassie,
Curd, sugar and ice mixed drink,
Lassie, lassie,
Take you lassie,
Anybody needs it

And the same lassie-seller
As Lady Luck smiles upon
Turns into
The rustic minister,
Not the state,
But cabinet minister of India,
Yea, the railway minister

And he chain-pulling the train
Near his father-in-law's hamlet halt
And getting down
As a loafer whistling,
The rustic as the railway minister
Of India,
Yea, r.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Murkhamantri, If A Cow Boy, A Buffalo Man Turns Into A Minister

If a cow boy or a buffalo man turns into a minister all of a sudden,
What will he do,
Do you know it,
He has the gambol and gamut of own,
His own gimmick, agenda and strategy,
How to keep in the fools,
Gather around the foolish and rustic folks
Through talks, not deeds
Which people realize later on
As everything not in jokes and funs,
Life is real, not a joke,
He will like with and regale you to keep in good humour
To take refuge under the banner of socialism
And to be branded a socialist
And through this, he will like to come into power
And to the limelight,
I mean the joker minister,
The rustic minister,
though you call him funny,
But he is not the funny man,
But the serious man,
The worst fellow to have met ever,
Degraded and mean?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Murkhamantri's, Foolish Minister's Cabinet

In the Murkhamantri's cabinet,
The barber, the carpenter, the oil pressure, the wine brewer,
The potter, the taxidermist, the drummer,
The blacksmith, the goldsmith, the weaver,
The vegetable-seller, the ploughman,
The astrologer, the horoscope maker, the fortune-teller,
The palmist and the soothsayer,
All ministers.

Mukhamantri the greatest of the blockheads,
The dullard of the dullards,
Clumsy and uncouth and rugged,
Rough and tough,
Uneducated and illiterate
Coming on a bullock-cart to form the govt.,
I mean the cabinet of his ministry,
Himself a rough and tough cowboy not,
But a buffaloman moving with a lathi.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mushahars, Rat-Catchers Of Bihar, The Poor People Driven By Hunger And Starvation

The Mushahars,
The poor rat-catchers
of Bihar
Living on the fringes,
The edges of the village,
The poorly people,
Driven by hunger and starvation,
Scarcity of food and clothing
And water,
Living in huts,
Hunting the rats,
Hedgehogs
And to roast if fire
And to take.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Music Director

With the mobile phone set
And the wires plugged into
The ears,
The music director is passing,
Is passing
On a new-brand stylish motor bike,
Driving fast
And hearing music
With rapt attention
And going
Speeding dangerously
And going.

On seeing him passing,
I pause a bit
And have a look
At the craze of the age
And times
With the picture of the music director
Before me,
A modern fashionable boy
Handsome, young and stylish
Going on a motorcycle
With the wires of the phone
Plugged into
And he passing, going
In his craze
Risking the odds.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Muslim Girl, Live You In America, But Make You It Not Fanatical

Muslim girl, live you in America,
But turn you it not
Into a state fanatical,
Sectarian and theocratic
As America's culture not of the burqua.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Adolescent Dance Behind The School (Haiku)

I give my break dance in goggles and suits
Behind the school building
Under old-old trees, marking beauties.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Angst And Bewilderment

My angst and bewilderment,
Spiritual malaise,
Existential quest and questioning,
None came
To diagnose the ailment of the age and the soul,
None turned up
To console with his wisdom and knowledge
What it ailed me, what it sickened the spirit,
Corroded the soul.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Beards

My beards
Are saintly,
Religious, spiritual and metaphysical,
Nay of a fanatic
Or a bigot,
Conservative and orthodox.

My beards humanistic,
Liberal and considerate,
Nay of a zealot.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Beards So Poetical And So Precious

My unkempt beards so poetical and so precious,
I mean the source of my poetry,
I want ot pledge before,
Calling a lawyer
And making a draft of it
As per my will and testament
That it be gifted
To a poetry society
And if not, these be kindly kept
In a museum
As for put on display,
After breathe I my last.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Bengali Mistress

As a passenger came I here alighting from a local passenger train
One darkening eve
At a local halt
And as a passenger shall I go away one day empty-handed,
My Bengali one who is of Kolkata,
My Kolkata, your kolkata, our Kolkata
Will stay here
And I shall go away
Without,
Everything hers,
Nothing mine,
The house and its belongings.

My mistress whom I know as my beloved,
It is sure,
Will not go with me,
As she was of here, is of and will of
Paschim Banga,
India's West Bengal, Kolkata,
As she cannot leave her family,
Her mother and father,
Brother and sister
And the place of her birth and schooling,
So much attached to it.

A girl so critical and sentimental,
Ismic and linguistic,
Self-centred and selfish,
Narrow and parochial,
Speaks she no doubt lyrically,
But is ironical and critical,
To criticize and complain her in-born nature and temperament
Which none can change it.

So much clever and intelligent,
She is as sly as a fox,
As non-vegetarian as a hyena,
Full of howls and growls,
Fish, eggs and meat almost daily

As she cannot without,
However intelligent and learned she is,
To torture, heckle and harass
Her nature,
To backbite and to do window-viewing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Bengali Most Selfish Wife/ The Woman Whom I Dislike Her Most

My God, what sin have I that have You
A Bengali wife to me,
So critical, urban, selfish and narrow,
Hollow and shallow from her within,
A sweetly-speaking,
But taunting and twisting,
She will take fish, meat or eggs daily,
But will keep a very poor health.

Milk she cannot digest
As her liver is,
Fruits the cause of acidity,
Only fish her liking
Together with eggs and meat,
Yes, the red boiled rice,
Is what she likes,
A non-vegetarian diet
The liking of hers.

After coming to the house,
Wants she to expel and oust
The older members of the house,
Sending them to oldman homes
As for rehabilitation,
Developing the cracks,
Fissions and fissures,
A girl of negative temperament,
Critical and crooked
Though speaks she sweetly.

My God, take You my reading and assemssment of her,
I hate her the most in the world,
My Bengali wife,
Though speaks she sweetly,
Chocolate-teethed,
But in reaity a sugar-coated pill,
So against my Hindi,

So against me
And other province people,
Their manner, etiquette and temperament,
But a number one backbiter,
Burning in jealousy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Bengali Wife (A Portrayal Of Character)

What sin did I commit or had I in my previous birth
That took I for a Bengali wife,
Asking for her hands to hold,
What sin did I, God,
In my previous birth that got I
The gift of a Bengali girl in reward?

Did, did this Shravan Kumar do any wrong
In his service to parents,
Was it the curse of King Dashrath
That I am suffering
In taking for a Bengali girl
Who speaks sweetly,
But gives me the doses of slow poison
And I am dying?

O, God, see me, where are You, save me,
Mitigate my suffering!
She going with the vanity bag
And I following her as a simpleton hubby,
To be introduced as a servant,
A mod, stylish, bobbed woman she
And I a rustic character.

A hosteller and a hotelier, she has a life of her own
Living on fast foods and ready made diets,
But I a homely fellow
Wanting pure foods,
She out of contact with her family
And I well-connected
And if this be, how to cut the connections?

The daughter of a Bengali King Lear, his Cordelia
Can never be my own
That I know,
He will definitely ask her,
How much do you love me,
O, the foolish king!
Cordelia is King Lear's and King Lear of Cordelia.

Is she my Lady Macbeth, where are you, my Lady Macbeth,
My Portia, I could not,
My Shakuntala, that fate I did not,
Nor did God give it to me,
My Ophelia, I am not Hamlet,
Think you,
I am not even an Othello.

The daughter of Nagaraja, the Cobra King
And Nagin, the Cobra Queen,
She is but Nagakanya, Cobra Daughter,
Nagaraja playing the been there
And here Nagakanya dancing
And if be this, I too shall one day turn into a snake charmer,
Why not to play with them seriously?

How long shall I go seeing the cat and dog life,
Quarrels overtaking,
Engaging the space
Internally and externally,
How long shall I go living
In tension, trouble and tribulation,
Abuses being hurled,
Under threat and fear?

Like the scholar gipsy, why not to leave the staff room
And to be a snake charmer,
Catching the vipers and cobras
And playing the wooden been into the wilds,
Hilly domains and woods
And taking to life in that way?

Just like Bhartrihari, I want to relinquish and go away
From here
As Pingla can never be my own,
The immortal fruit that gave I to her
Gave she to her courtier love
And as for infidelity sake
I want to renounce it,
The world of maya,
Which is indeed very hard to be renounced.

She will not compromise with,
Hers is all,
Her society, culture, thought and tradition,
My ethos is not her ethos,
I a Bihari coolie, an indentured labourer
And she an East Indian Company clerk,
I am a Hindustani
And she a Bengali.

I am a Kabuliwallah and she a Minu
Of the Tagorean story,
She at a halt alighting from the train
Calling coolie, coolie
And I carrying the bag and baggage of the unknown Calcuttan,
Though not a porter,
Pitying her helplessness.

A Royal Bengal Tiger will remain royal,
The daughter of the tiger and the tigress,
She too a tigress of some sort
As she cannot without fish, meat and eggs,
Red rice she seeks for daily,
Means meat and boiled rice,
The eggs for her British white fruits
And her son too a tiger cub,
A baby tiger to growl at me.

A man with her mind-set of the nuclear family pattern,
She can never think of the joint family
And to break it is her first priority,
As the ox cannot carry so much so load,
Will sit down and the yoke will loosen down,
But I cannot think of my own
Putting on the roads,
Asking to live in the rescue camps or tent-houses,
As life is not a theatre, though we play like.

To be a careerist, a fashion designer, a beautician,
To sip a cup of coffee in a coffee-house
And to visit a mall every evening
To return with a bouquet of flowers,

To get hair cut in a parlour,
Her dream and vision
Nurtured so far, held in esteem,
A thing of self-prestige.

Why to breastfeed the baby, as it will diminish beauty,
How to wean the child from feeding
The hidden agenda of hers,
The plan and strategy,
How to engage a baby-sitter,
How to employ a maid?

Cut off from nature and its spectrum, she has a life of her own,
As life is no life
Without the fridge, cooler, inverter light and water purifier,
The gas stove,
If there is a loadshedding, who burns lanterns,
Cleans the chimneys
As it will blacken the hands?

Speaks she sweetly, but pinches too with the cutting edge,
Sprinkling salt over the wounds,
Using and applying in overtones and undertones,
Sweetly but ironically,
With the razor's blade,
Cutting across and contradicting,
Saying it doubly.

Her volt facie one cannot as she backtracks so often
Having passed the statement,
Says she has not,
My bete noir,
Upping the ante against me
And in her sweet smiles lie it the critical smiles of my life
And in agonies of my life, want I to end my life,
But end it not
As she will walk away freely
Without any interruption.

A ragging master, rags she so much, heckles and harasses,
Gives the doses and jibes,
Jostles with and jerks,

Pins and perforates,
Taunts and hoots,
Insults and reprimands,
Comments and criticizes,
Makes a fun of,
Laughs and mocks at.

After the never-ending quarrels, taking all daylong,
I keep following as she may report it to the police station,
Stand guard of that she may implicate me
By committing suicide in the bathroom,
Dealing with tactically
To avoid any disaster,
Reading the book of disaster management
And security measures to be taken in this regard.

She throws tomatoes and rotten eggs on me, a veggie
Like Gandhiji,
But averse to his taking of goat milk,
She is not my Mona Lisa,
As no Leonardo da Vinci am I,
Nor have I painted her
And even if I, who can but say,
Why is she smiling critically?

My mother and father not her mother and father,
Only her mother and father her own,
Not my,
Hers are Gurudevas
Giving gurugyana,
Mantras into the ears
For to be recited daily,
Say it not to others.

My mother and father to be kept in the oldman-homes,
To be left on the roads
As for begging,
To be neglected and dumped elsewhere,
Into the municipality garbage heaps,
What a philosophy,
Has she got!

Opera girl, you live in the operas you do,
The theatre is the stage of yours,
You keep doing the roles
And playing,
But I have to return home
As who will give medicines to the old at home,
Who will look after the house,
Burglars will break into
And run away with?

No Savitri for Satyavan are you, no Bihula for Lakhinder,
No Sita or Savitri,
No Sati caring for Shiva's prestige,
You are my Bengali wife,
Critical and selfish wife,
Chicken-hearted, nervous and phobic wife,
Hypocritical, artificial and superfluous.

No Chandramukhi, no Devdas, no Juliette are you,
You are my Bengali wife, Bengali wife,
My Lamia, my Delilah are you,
My Nagin are you,
My life in your hands
Vishkanya, Nagakanya,
My death into the hands of yours.

What did you take me for and what did you come out with,
My enchantress,
Your betrayal like a snake-bite,
Your coquetry and deceit,
I could not, could not, my love,
The drama you did in love!

The villain of my life, villain of the drama of my life,
If you go misbehaving in such a way,
Plotting for the fall of the protagonist,
The dramatic persona,
He will grow sick and short-tempered,
What will the audience say about him,
But you will not compromise with your agenda and resolutions,
Hardcore sociological calculations and solutions,

I know it that you are a slogan-raiser, a socialist, a politico, a socialite.

Selling you, I too think of becoming the Mayor of Calcutta
And dabbling into my ink to write off,
To finish
Thomas Hardy's The Mayor of Casterbridge not,
The Mayor of Calcutta,
Bye-bye, goodbye-goodbye, my Bengali wife,
God forbid if we meet again,
No my father, never,
Never again, God-father,
Both of you,
Never again my experimentation with a Bengali wife,
Maybe she some other community ones!

Part Two

Bijay Kant Dubey, Poet Saheb, not Gora Sahib,
But Brown Saheb,
Why, why did you experiment with a Bengali wife,
Didn't you a Kashmiri girl,
A Malyali or a Kannada
Or a Telegu beauty,
A Manipuri blonde
Or a Naga girl,
Why, why did you opt for a cleverly Bengali lady?

Your experimentation failed it, failed, Dubey Saheb,
Your experimentation with a Bengali lady,
Speaking sweetly,
But stabbing you,
Taking the money bag out
Just with the drama of love,
But what the return of love?

My world is one of ruins and debris and rubbles,
I lying in a topsy-turvy state
Under the caved in complex of mine,
My headache my Bengali wife,
My giddiness
Her nature and behaviour,
Her sweet politics.

My world one of Where Angels Fear To Tread,
I trying to adjust with,
But she will not compromise
With her ego and hypocrisy,
She will not stoop to conquer,
Just appears to be philanthropic.

When it did start burning, when the fire caught it,
My shanty started burning,
Even the fire brigade took time
In extinguishing
The fire in the poet's cottage,
The one which the Bengali wife sparked
And now homeless am I
On the footpaths of life.

The lady in the dark sunglasses, who can ever say,
Who the girl is,
Sitting with the upped dark car glasses,
Similar is the situation to deal with,
To recognize man and his heart.

My house was one of the glass house, looked it fine,
But broke it instantly
With a throw of a stone,
O, it was a building of cards
And tottered it down,
O, it was a castle in air
Which came it tumbling down!

I lie down in my arm chair and think about my life
With a cigar into the lips,
The trails of smoke rising,
The blaze burning,
Ashes falling down into the ash-tray
And I reading, suppose you,
Forster's Notes On The English Character essay,
Where Angels Fear To Tread novel,
Coleridge's Kubla Khan
And Hardy's The Mayor of Casterbridge.

Opera Girl, you look better in the opera

Rather than in real life,
And following you, I cannot be an opera man
As work I not in an opera,
As no opera artiste am I,
Nor do I have a role to play.

Take off the goggles you have put on
And try to see
Who am I,
Who we are,
I am your Mr.,
My father and mother lie in they
The old men dependent on me,
Where to throw them out, my Bengali wife?

Lean and thin, poorly health-keeping, will keep closed in,
Will not mix, will not talk with others,
Will always keep to herself,
Her mood and mind, temperament and nature,
Even God cannot guess about, what to say of me, this poor fellow?

When chide you, scold you, reprimand and insult you,
Bear I,
I quarrel with you, I want to lock the house
And move away,
But where to go, Bengali wife?

To take boiled rice two times your food habit,
To take the same diet,
Potato and poppy-seed mixed vegetable daily
In addition to meat or fish or eggs,
I cannot,
To wear red plastic and white conch shell bangles,
Well, wear it, this I approve of it.

Sometimes after living in tension, quarrel and unrest,
Your nagging and bragging,
I fling the dish and again collect it
For taking food,
To quell the hunger of the belly
And the scratches of yours, show I not,
Call them as those by house cats.

A man-hater, an animal-hater and a nature-hater,
My Bengali wife, how to adjust with you,
How to accept all of your theories,
How to call your philosophy final,
Say you,
Madam with the umbrella, money bag and the vanity bag,
In the goggles,
With the perfume sprayed on?

Sometimes, on marking your torture, want I to divorce you,
But divorce I not,
As you will walk freely in the company of loafers,
Which I shall not be able to bear
And hence whatever do you,
I shall keep bearing.

Sometimes marking bruises of maladjustment, taking time out,
I dream of us seeing Helen and the ships going
And dreaming of a kiss,
I writing my autobiography,
Giving flowers to my shepherd love,
The Shakespearean dark lady.

To cook food two times is a headache for her
As she has passed her days in a boarding house
As a hosteller, living in the hostel, I think,
A hotelier is she touring and hiring on rent,
A changer, changing places,
A picknicker in search of picnic spots,
A holidayer for pleasure trips.

To get a cup of tea from is always welcome
But never to the guest
And even if it is for the first time,
Which I never learnt in my family
And our oven, hearth kept burning with coal
As for the visitors to sip tea,
Any sort of.

The baron saw the golden locks of Belinda and on seeing them
Thought and dreamt of cutting the lock,

Hanging over the face of the British blond,
So think I,
The baron not, but the single Alexander Pope would have
Felt so in his imagination
Just like Charles Lamb thinking about the dream children
In an essay of that type.

Bengal famous not, Indian famous character,
She is so selfish, small, narrow, hollow and shallow from her within,
So nervous, chicken-hearted, timid and frightening,
So critical and contradictory giving the anti-thesis,
Always crossing your philosophy and vision of life
With the Gulliverian things, topsy-turvy state
And it will baffle you,
Conflicting and confusing unto the last.

A scold-master, she will scold in such a way that tears will well up in
And fall from the eyes,
Hairs stand,
The head hangs in shame,
Without any rhyme or reason, for no fault of yours
She can scold and chide you,
Her love and hate even God cannot,
The drama of her love,
False theatrical, showy prem (love) .

Just like a crane, a stork or a heron of some
Water body or marshy land
Is my Bengali wife,
Lean and thin-bodied,
But flying high tactically,
Fishing and searching for a silver lining
Like the Indian fishermen.

A kingfisher, a painted doll is she, sitting and fishing,
Diving and fishing,
Looks she innocent, but is not,
A most culprit is she,
My Bengali lady.

That she is selfish, short-tempered and small
Is India-famous,

Everybody in India knows it,
That she is nervous, chicken-hearted and timid
Is well-known,
A poultry-farm owner
Like March and Banford of nce's The Fox novella,
Rearing to eke out a living strugglingly.

As clever as a cat, taking fish and running away,
As clever as a wily, swift-footed fox
And a crow with a loaf of bread,
Lifted away trickily,
I get the things tallied with
And compare with my Bengali wife, not their wife.

A saleswoman, a beautician, a fashion designer,
She is a careerist, a florist
And had I fallen in love with a mannequin
Kept in the glass at the entrance
Of the sari showroom,
It would have been better.

My Bengali wife, looks she philanthropy, but is not,
She is Rosemary Fell of A Cup of Tea story of Mansfield,
Pitying the beggar girl
In fashion and modernity
And abandoning her
As for the praise of the husband.

She can dump her family as for the job,
Can take up any career,
Can live on sliced bread and butter
And rice puffs, but will not cook food,
What will you do to her,
If be such her philosophy of life and living,
If be as such her mentality?

To down you her nature, to discuss illogically,
To behave irritatingly,
She is so selfish and parochial,
So short-tempered and critical,
Speaks sweetly no doubt,
But taunts and mistreats.

To beak the joint family on her coming first
And the help she gets from her family members
Unacceptable,
For this I am ever ready to station my forces
And give the order for fight
By hurling shoes and beatings on the critical incumbent mildly,
Marking her future actions and goings.

My Bengali love, for the whole of my life,
In Bihar, Bengal or Jharkhand,
Have I kept fighting, doing the guerrilla war,
As for morality sake
And I shall fight,
Shall not surrender before you.

As run I not after job and employment blindly,
To give lessons in culture and good manners my job
And for it, I can go to any level,
I shall put a fight with you
But shall not surrender
With my morality, ethics and heredity.

Even the Marxistic literature you have in your jute bag
Cannot put my life in danger,
Your socialistic revolts and rebellions,
I fear them not,
Nor your politicizing, nor your castigating,
Your boycott and hoot out
Can never change my equations.

I am not a Bihari coolie whom you see on platforms,
Nor a rustic minister,
Blunt and bogus from Bihar,
As the Biahri, many of them I myself like them not,
But I too have a culture, a refinement
Which but carry I from my family side.

My Bengali wife, sorry to say,
I could not change you,
Your conception and way of living,
Your thought and idea,

Your view-point,
I could not change them, change you.

A Bengali Lear's daughter, you can never think of
Settling elsewhere,
A middle-class girl,
You will middle-classy,
To debate and discuss your nature,
To outwit and befool your habit.

A frog of a well, your mind cannot dwell elsewhere
Without thinking of here,
Living with you see I
The fissure and crack figuring in my house,
Members turning against me
And I thinking of the partition.

You can never compromise with,
Never learn to adjust,
You will say this
But work that,
Speaking sweetly,
But ever ready to give doses,
Venom injections.

My language not your language as you will
They are Biharis,
My behaviour, culture and manner,
Anti-Hindi, anti-me, anti-all,
Bye-bye, my wife, ta-ta, bye-bye,
My love, a small world woman,
Changeless are you!

Bengali wife, yours is a different life,
A mechanical life and living
And living we mechanically,
You loving me mechanically
And I you mechanically,
As mechanics are we
With our separate tool and apparatus.

In the heart of hearts, hate I you

And you me,
I avert my gaze from seeing you
And you me,
You calling me dirty Bihari
And I rotten Bengali.

Even in my house see I the supporters
Of Bengal and Bihar
And dividing across the lines,
Bengali and Hindi for their entries,
Reminding me of Indian anti-Hindi movements.

My son and daughter speaking in Bengali among themselves,
I teaching in broken Bengali in the classrooms,
I talking with my son and daughter in Angika dialect
And Bengali wife,
They understand it,
Whether or not, but I go on speaking with.

My son responds in Angika as I have imposed upon
In Bengali-Bengal since long,
But my daughter fails to speak in Angika,
My wife knows it not,
Neither Hindi nor Angika dialect.

My son and daughter cannot write Hindi,
My wife never will she be able,
My son can speak Hindi,
But my daughter responds to in Bengali
When call I in Hindi or Angika,
My wife too.

I do not know it which is mine,
What it is mine,
Where my home,
What my language,
What my tradition and heritage?

A worshipper of Radha and Krishna, I cannot swing her
Underneath the shady trees,
Nor on the terrace of the second floor
As modern man does

By making the villa wife sit

And for her, Krishna looking lovely and colourful,
But for me dramatic, playful and lovely
And the one keeping the company of girls,
Giggling in between,
Fluting and winking at,
Smiling,
Doing the drama of love

And for me, Shiva is all,
Saintly and good,
Going on the bull
With the trisula and the kamandala
Into the hands,
And a rudraksha rosary,
With the snake around the neck
And unmindful of that,
The neck looking bluish
As for poison and snakes

Loking sadhu-sadhu, yogi-yogi, fakir-fakir,
Asking for nothing else,
But going,
The shamshana the place of His living and the sadhna,
The mountains the abode of His,
All asking for nine gems and assets,
But He keeping mum
As what they, He will accept that.

Enough is enough,
The house I am living is burning,
Fire-flames will reduce everything to ashes
And it will not remain anything else here,
So think I disposing off the bone of contention
And to divide,
The wife will remain with her one kid for the fifteen days
And the rest with another
And I too shall keep rotating alternatively on the other hand,
But never under the same roof,
Both of us to be together with.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Bengali Wife Most Critical Wife

My Bengali wife most critical wife,
India-famous as selfish better half,
So narrow, small and petty,
Hollow and shallow from her within
A little man of a little world.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Bengali Wife Most Selfish Wife

My Bengali wife
Most selfish wife,
So nervous, phobic, chicken-hearted,
So selfish, India-famous,
So self-centred, small,
Small-minded and narrow,
Shallow and hollow from within,
Can never think of anywhere
But of there where she is.

From the window of the second floor
Sees she it all
Like a detective,
As I feel it,
Cannot step out of her cocoon room,
Lifts the blinds
And purviews the world
What happening it beneath.

Cut off from nature and her bounties,
Which she but cannot enjoy it,
Lives a life of her own,
Artificial, mechanical and materialistic,
On junk foods and medicines,
Not keeping it well,
A sickling, weakling she,
Very, very sentimental and emotional,
Just like a pond heron or a white stork
She living on fish
And eggs to her Western and vegetable white fruits.

Speaks she sweetly no doubt,
So histrionic and dramatic and theatrical
A persona,
Mixing molasses made from sugarcane or date juice,
But gives she coated bitter pills,
Tablets and capsules,
Using overtones and undertones,
Heckling and harassing

And ragging,
Taunting and twisting and turning
To present herself.

She will wink at and say
As if she knew it not,
What happened to whom,
But in the know of all,
She can make you climb the palm tree
As for a juice taking
And may cut down too,
So falling you with the earthen bowl full of juice
And the palm leaves and the tree as well,
Tightening with nuts and bolts,
Screwing and unscrewing,
Jack-lifting and downing too.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Bengali Wife Most Selfish Wife, Most Self-Centred Wife

My Bengali most selfish wife,
Most self-centred wife,
Egoistic, hypocritical and proud wife,
Living mechanically and technically
And artificially,
Raising the curtain window-viewing
But coming not into the open,
Knows she it all
But poses to be innocent
But is the most culprit lady,
Vainglorious,
Nervous and phobic
And chicken-hearted.

Appears she outwardly, externally
Benevolent, gentle and philanthropic
But is not,
A sober and gentle lady not
But a very complex character
Difficult to be portrayed,
Self-centred and most selfish,
To comment and taunt is her nature,
To heckle and harass
And to do ragging,
A man-hater she,
A joint family-breaker
Thinking of the nuclear family.

My Bengali wife is very critical wife,
Self-centred and selfish,
Phobic and chicken-hearted,
Nervous and abnormal wife,
Smiles she not from her within
But keeping something in her heart,
A lady so critical,
Always criticizing and complaining,
Nagging and bragging,

Using undertones and overtones
And saying ironically
With her doublespeak,
Turns and twists of the language
Though sweet.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Bibis And I, Just Suppose You, Suppose You

My three bibis
In the black gown
Hidden under the veil
As black roses,
The mistresses of love
Following me
And I going with them,
The Anglicized ones,
One from England,
Another from America,
Another from Canada.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Biography

My biography, I know it, none will write it,
I do not believe any one of the Indian poets, critics and reviewers,
I shall myself write it someday
If the need be,
As I have seen and tested many ones of the India fame,
Nor do I believe the Indian dignitaries and officials
And even if get I the awards, I shall return it
To the Govt. of India, come that someday.

My biography, I shall myself write it in
The name of some other people,
Changing my name, in the disguise, under the pseudonym
Or having written, shall give the credit
To some loyal people
Who otherwise during the troubled times may say it
That he has written it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Biography, None But I Shall

My biography,
None,
But I myself shall write
And post it
In another's name
As none has come forward to

Maybe it that I shall write it
Under the pen-name,
with the beards
On the poetry of Bijay Kant Dubey.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Bosses, Chengiz Khan, Kubla Khan And Timurlane, I Dread Them Most

Chengiz Khan,
Kubla Khan
And Taimur
I dread them most
And keep sirring them,
Yes Sir, my Mai-baap in Hindi.

A mere sighting of their faces
Make my sleep fly away,
Hindi-Chini bhai-bhai
And fear I withing
In which language
Shall I talk with
The Mongoloid Tartars
Of Turko-Mongoloid blood?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Brother, You Forget Not Your Sister On The Eve Of The Raksha Bandhan

My dear brother, you forget not this sister,
Sad for you today, on the eve of Raksha Bandhan
Even if you far away from her,
Wherever you are, she wishing you for to be happy
And this the internal wish of the sister.

With tears into the eyes, she remembers her brother,
Going to the market to pick up and purchase
A colourful rakhi for her brother
To tie on her hand.

Brother, forget not your lovely and dear sister
Who always keeps thinking about
Her brother's well-being and welfare
And this the inner yearning of every sister.

The colourful wrist band she bringing to tie on the hand
Of the brother,
Only she, none but she knows it,
Can take to it so piously.

The price of love, internal bonding, one cannot give,
You forget not your sister
Whatever be the situations binding upon
And compelling you.

The love of a sister, try to feel it
And you will feel it when she will not be nearer to you,
The heart of a sister so loving
For her brother.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Burqawalli (Just For Her)

Under the patches of clouds,
The fairly shining moon is she,
Playing hide and seek,
Burqawalli,
The beauty behind the veil
Talking through gestures,
Holding laughters in cheek,
Smiling herself within
And sharing with herself only.

Burqawalli, I see her striding alone
A stretch of land,
Going all alone,
But the desire to be along
Materializing it not,
As she following me as a shadow
And leaving behind too as a shadow
And I feeling it not
If she was with,
A burqa-clad girl,
Burqawalli, my mistress.

Her negative I still see it,
Like and love to posses,
The negative of hers,
I keeping it with,
Trying to recognize in light
When all alone,
How was she,
Who was she,
My love, my dark lady,
Burqawalli,
The queen of my dreams,
Oh, my dreamgirl?

Coming into the dreams of mine
Just like thumri, ghazal,
Shayari, quawalli,
Slowly and slowly

And sadly,
A girl whom I love,
A girl whom I admire
As she my ghazal,
She my thumri,
She my quawalli,
Thumri,
Her picture dancing before
And I like some ustad
Playing the tabla classically.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Burqawalli Bibi (Haiku)

My burqawalli bibi,
See you not,
The moon under patches of clouds.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Burquawalli

Burquawalli, are you a girl
Or a dream,
Are you a cloud
Or a moon?

In kissing you, kissed I a black diamond,
I love you, love you so much,
Burquawalli.

In loving you, loved I a ghazal,
The ghazal of my life
Sang I.

In loving you, rembered I a Khayyal,
Remembering and singing classically,
Slowly in the old stye.

For you, burnt I myself in sipping a cup of hot coffee,
Only for you,
My love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Burquawalli Bibi

I doing quawwalli and going
And the purdahwalli bibi
Following me
Like a shadow,
A black photo negative,
A moon under the patches of the skies,
An image penciled and silhouetted.

My purdahwalli bibi,
Burquawalli bibi,
I and she,
She and me
And none,
But we the two
Going the way,
Heart in heart,
Hand in hand
Lest somebody sees it
And raises the eyebrows.

Love for love,
All for love,
Say, who is not?
I have asked for love
From you,
My burquawalli bibi,
My darling, my darling,
I love you, I love you!

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Communist Clerk

My communist clerk a party man
Eats, drinks and sleeps he in the Party Office
And his daily routine as such,
He wakes up in the morning,
The full timers
Make the tea
And he sips
Reading the People's Paper.

A comrade, regimented and recruited,
Cadred and levied,
He turns into an employee,
An ex-cadre of his party
A dedicated and devoted leftist,
A commissioned communist,
A number one unionist
Spending his time
In popularizing communism, leftist ideas.

And having taken tea and biscuits,
He starts the party programmes and activities,
How to gather news
With regard to the spread of communism,
Connecting man to man,
Doing leftism at the grassroots level,
Mobilizing people and revolutionizing young brains.

Before starting for, he reads the communist Bible,
I mean the Communist Manifesto,
Tries to think in that way,
Thinking of the betterment of humanity,
As who can be more progressive, democratic and developmental than him?

The Red House, the Red people and the Red philosophy,
The Reds Reddening it all,
History, political science, economics, sociology
Art, society, culture and thought,
Seeing everything with the Red-Red eyes,
Searching colour in all.

Even in the office he gossips about communism,
Comrades and cadres,
Old and new,
The old boots hanging, the rise of new leadership,
The firebrand leaders with the licking tongues of fiery speech,
Giving of slogans
And spreading of hate speeches.

Sitting in the office too, he plots and plans
For the fall of the non-communists,
Trying to impeach and implicate them,
Just like slaves,
As for the tongue
Clicking of freedom of speech and expression
And the communists keep it censored.

Marx, Lenin, Stalin and Mao, the talks of his,
Always on his tongue,
Not Trotsky
And he talking about the spread of communism
In East European countries,
The coups and overthrows of power,
Not the fall of communism,
Waging a war collectively
In the fight against communism.

The gun power, the muscle power, the man power,
The talk of his
And he talking about organizing rallies,
Holding demonstrations,
Staging sit-ins, pen down strikes,
Lock-outs,
Closures and shutdowns
As for power, keeping power
As well as bargaining it.

Camaraderie, communist brethren or bonhomie,
All moving hand in hand, flanked by
Under the red banner
With the red flag fluttering
And the band party giving music,

Toning up
And they talking of revolutions,
Keeping of power.

The small-small men in power,
The same bourgeois,
But getting managed through the proletariat
And the leader a super hero, a super leader,
My God, your God,
Never dies he,
The superman, the superbrain.

A small man very-very mean and petty
He does a very petty politics,
A politico he keeps politicking,
Doing party and politics,
Wherever goes he
Does he that politics.

The intelligentsia and the bourgeois the talks of his,
But the bourgeois the leaders in reality,
Not the proletarians,
Though they have been given a taste of the cocktail peg
And it is because of his divisive politics,
He is reigning.

Man power, muscle power, arms power,
The talks of his,
The hatching of plots,
How to threat and heckle and harass,
How to do the ragging of,
Taunt and tone down
The job of his?

But may I ask,
Will he be content, will he be happy in his life,
Such a critical fellow,
I have not seen,
Such a mean-minded fellow
Doing ismic politics,
Instigating one after another,
Placing a spy after another,

Letting not others rise?

Where has he got his fiery speech and tongue,
The rhetoric of his of the party office,
Where has he got his strength from,
Do you know, from the union and its unionism,
Doing the organizational politics at the grassroots level?
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Communist Clerk, Most Dirty Man To Have Ever Met, The Most Notorious Fellow

My communist clerk,
My communist clerk
Is the most notorious fellow
That I have ever met,
The most dirty man
I have ever,
Notorious in the sense
He is deceitful and conceited,
Hooked and crooked and ismic,
So much screwed and bad,
Always plotting,
Always conspiring
In connivance with the secretaries
Of the organizations
At the behest of
The Local, Zonal and District Secretaries,
My communist clerk
So dirty
In pinning and perforating,
Pumping and puncturing,
The communist spies
Spying on democrats and republicans,
Suppressing the files of the non-communists,
Torturing and boycotting socially,
Ostracizing the non-communists,
Heckling and harassing
To make them commit suicides
To laugh on their unnatural deaths.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Communist Clerk, The World Has Changed, But He Will Never

The world has changed,
But my communist clerk
Will never change,
Will remain the same communist
Full of cliches and double-speaks
Twisting and twisting
And turning it,
Screwing and screwing,
Damaging others
Just for politics.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Countrified Love, The News Of Your Sudden Wedding

I have heard that they came to see you,
I mean the relatives as for an arranged marriage
Together with the match-makers, came they
The father and the maternal uncle of the boy.

O, I shall go away, go away, leaving you,
Shall go, go away leaving you,
Have waited, waited so long,
And how long shall I go?

They came to see me and liked me too
And if it happens, I shall go, go away
Which you will yourself see me
Going away some day.

O, you will go away, go away,
Then what shall I do,
Without you, how shall I live,
How shall I live?

If you go away, go away, what shall I,
What shall I,
How shall I live, shall I live
Without you, without you?

Our love of so many days, our love so old
And if move you away, how shall I,
How shall I, my love,
Whom shall I come to see and give wild flowers?

If you, if you go away, for whom,
For whom shall I bring cosmetics,
Whom shall I see playing with the lambs,
Who shall it be sweeping the mud house courtyard and talking with?

Your love I shall search it, search it,
Your pastoral love and romanticism,

Your colour and spirit,
Your countrified living and natural plainspeak.

For whom, for whom shall I sing of pastoral love,
For whom the song of love,
Countrified love and living,
Titali, Butterfly, let us be away with.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Dark Daughter, My Small Daughter

There lies my daughter,
The dark daughter,
Half-fed and half-clothed,
The poor child of poverty,
What it writ in her destiny,
My daughter,
The dark daughter,
Living in a patriarchal society
Of ancestral fathers,
So much neglected, so much ignored
In the country home
Of mud-built houses
Where she is considered but a debt,
A load, a burden,
Sweeping the floor at dawn-break,
Taking food lastly
In the afternoon,
Living on left-overs,
Taking stale food in the morning
And that too not in her lot.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Daughter

My daughter, what it is in your destiny
I know that not.
I am your father
But everything not in the control of mine.
How long will you remain with me
That I don't know.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Daughter The Daughter Of Maya

My daughter the daughter of maya,
My daughter my maya
And my maya my daughter,
My small daughter.

My daughter, my small daughter,
My small world, my small hope,
My small love, my small life,
My small bonding and affection.

My daughter calling me,
Calling me with so much of love and affection,
Sympathy and bonding,
Scold her not, my daughter.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Daughter, How To Save You From Heat And Dust?

My daughter,
small daughter,
how to save you
from heat and dust?

My daughter,
not their daughter,
but my daughter,
how to save you from heat and dust?

Just like a puppet,
a doll,
go I keeping you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Daughter, Let Me Touch Your Innocent Cheeks

My daughter, your cheeks,
Let me touch them
As I may not you again.
Your love
Sometimes weaken me so much
And I weep silently
Hiding from the wife world.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Daughter, Little Daughter

My daughter,
Little daughter,
You do not,
Do not know,
How much do I love you?

My daughter,
Little daughter,
You do not,
Do not know,
How much like I?

When are from you,
I long to see you,
I yearn for a meeting
As for a glimpse
Of your lovely face?

God, see my daughter,
You try to give
Not any tears
To the eyes of hers,
I just pray or it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Daughter, My Daughter, I Know It They Will Sell You

My daughter, lovely daughter, I know it they will sell you,
The pains of making her grow up,
They know it not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Daughter, Small Daughter, The Blossom Of My Heart

My daughter, small daughter, the blossom of my heart,
A girl who has not seen the world,
Understood it in full
Conspiring against purity, innocence and simplicity.

My daughter my hope, my daughter my light,
The light of the world
And without her, I cannot,
Cannot.

My daughter my love, my daughter my sympathy
And bonding,
My affection,
My love and my life.

My heart and soul, my life and consciousness,
My tear fallen from the eyes,
My life and blood and pulsation,
My joy and reverence.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Daughter, So Simple And Small, Loving And Affectionate

My daughter,
You neglect and ignore her not,
A girl so small and loving
And affectionate,
So tearful
And loving.

O, I cannot see the tears falling
From her eyes!

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Daughter, Why Are Tears In Your Eyes?

My daughter,
Why are tears n your eyes,
Say, say you,
Who has given tears to your eyes,
To your eyes?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Daughter, You Are Not My Burden, As They Used To Misinform And Misinterpret It

My daughter, who says it,
You are my burden,
The load to be disposed off,
My daughter, who says it,
You are my burden,
The load overhead,
The burden to be dispensed with,
The debt to be cleared,
The loan to be met,
My daughter
And if they,
Let them,
You are my daughter,
not theirs,
You are my daughter,
Not theirs,
For which
What maya
Will they have
For the daughter of
Another person,
What maya
Will they understand,
Come to feel,
My daughter,
They are
The patriarchal men
Cannot feel the pains
Of maternity?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Daughter, You Standing Alone

My daughter, why are you standing alone?
What are you thinking so deeply,
My love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Dead Mother Now Good Earth She

O potter, give me some clay
So that I may make, make and re-make my dead mother,
Collecting the earth
From there, where burnt I her one day!

If I cannot, gardener, plant you some flower plants
So that the flowers may burst upon
That mound of Good Earth.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Dear Bob, They Expect A Performance From You

My dear Bob,
They expect,
Expect a performance
From you,
You.

You with the guitar
Striking,
Striking the chords,
Melodies breaking,
Wires plucked,
Music cackling.

You in the hat,
The cap,
A tall man
Long and thin
Ageing with the years,
But never down in spirit
Going with gala and glitch.

Bob,
Bob Dylan,
Your song the song of the folks,
Your music the music of life
And the world,
Your guitar
Cackling, plucking music
With the beats and vibes.

A musician,
A song-writer,
A guitarist,
A folk-singer,
A trend-setter you
Bob,
Bob Dylan.

Your songs songs,

Believe you,
Poems lyrical,
Slangy,
Trendy,
Stylish,
Bob,
Bob Dylan.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Dear Sister Lies She Waiting With A Rakhi

My dear sister
Lies
She
Waiting
With a rakhi
Into the hands
To tie
Upon
The wrist
Of her brother,
My sister,
A small girl
She
Lies
Waiting for
Her brother,
But he
Knows it not
The love
Of her heart. .

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Dehati Mistress, Meri Unpadh Dehati Lady Love

My dehati mistress,
I mean my unpadh rural ladylove
Whom I like her very much,
Whom I love her very much
As I cannot without her
And she too cannot without me,
A teenaged, fairly tall girl,
Tall for her age,
but childish at heart
She is my simple mistress,
Simple rustic love,
My shepherd girl,
Likes she it not
That I study for long,
Giving time to studies,
Sparing ti not for her,
My simple, but literate love,
My simple, but unread girl of life,
I mean my ladylove.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Deja Vu With A Burkhawalli In London

Meeting a burkhawalli
by chance
in London,
a maiden
young and beautiful,
but veiled blackly
and burka-clad,
speaking in English,
eyeing strangely
and smiling
from the burkha
unable to hold
her laughter
when I went nearer
to her
asking her identity,
the eyes met they,
and it sparked,
so lustrous and luscious
burning my dreams
that she turned
into my temptation
and I desirous of not
letting her go
without a sweet kiss.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Deja Vu With A Goggleswalli, Deja Vu With/ My Rendezvous With

My deja vu,
Deja vu
With,
With a goggleswalli,
what did it,
Did it happen,
What to say,
What to?

My deja vu,
Deja vu
With a goggleswalli,
Not gogalaswalli
In broken Hindi and English.

O goggleswalli,
Goggleswalli,
Where do you,
Do you live in?

But the goggleswalli,
The maiden in the dark sunglasses,
Responding it not,
Just smiling, smiling
To hear,
Goggleswalli, gogalaswalli!

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Digital Heart In Techno World

My digital heart
ticking
ticking
just like
a machine
my digital heart
that of a robot,
the machine man,
the iron man
flogging
the horse,
catching the vibes
and beats,
beats and throbs
of the town space,
city life and culture.

My heart the heart
Of a robot,
the lungs of
a machine man,
the heart and beat
of an iron man
iron-fisted and clenched
with the bust and torso
made of steel.

The iron man,
iron man
built in structure,
but hard of heart,
different to life and sensation,
feeling it all
but without the heart,
measuring the throbs and beats
of the city life,
feeling its pulsation.

My digital heart

ticking,
ticking,
taking,
taking to
but mechanically,
technically,
artificially,
unsentimentally
the sensations of
all but the mechanical, technical world.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Dj (Bhojpuri Gana Gata Hai Aur Nachata Hai Aur Nachawata Hai)

Bhojpuri gana gata hai
Aur nachata hai,
Remixing,
Remixing it all
Country, folk, DJ music and Western,
Bhojpuri gan gata hai
Aur nachata hai
Country liquor lekar
Pikar daru,
Breaking the kamar
In thrills
Hip-hopping.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Dog, I Am A Brahmin, You Do Not, Do Not Take Beef, But Instead Of Hearing It Not

My dog,
I am a Brahmin,
A Brahmin,
You do not,
Do not take beef,
How many times
Shall I ask you
To desist from,
You do not take beef,
You do not take beef?

My dog,
You perhaps
Do not know it
That your master is
A Brahmin,
A pure vegetarian
Who even does not eat eggs
And you
Have heard
Started taking meat
From the garbage heaps.

Let me,
Let me smell your mouth
Whether you have meat or not,
My dog,
But I know it
That you will keep
Taking,
You cannot your dietary habit,
My dog,
take you,
But bring you not bones here.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Dog, Several Times Have I Forbidden You To Take Meat

As know you not that I here lie I a Brahmin,
A master of yours
Who does not take meat,
But you go on
As I have come to know of it.

My dog, you do not know it that her lie I a Brahmin,
I do not take either meat or fish or eggs,
As a vegetarian am I,
Go I worshipping everyday,
Passing my days in being
Devotional and devout

And when a feather of the hen used to fall over
Into the house,
Brought by the kite or the crow
Or carried through the wind,
Father used to arrange for a wash of the verandah.

Even we used to take goat meat once in a month,
The slicer and utensils used to be different,
Cooking at some nook and corner of the house
And the bedding used to be washed the next day
And after going go the barber's salon for a fresh up,
The family worship used to begin with.

But to my astonishment someone has reported it to me
That take you meat,
Feasting upon the carcass of a dead cattle
Lying into the fields
And you taking to your fill.

Let me check it, your nostril,
Let me, my dog,
Do you keep it not in mind
That your master is a vegetarian,
But you a non-vegetarian,

Taking meat in hotels stealthily.

Just like a fake sadhu, you preach during the day
And take you Ram bird, the hen
And Ram fruit, I mean the eggs
In the evening,
Fallen flat after taking ganja.

My dog, take you meat
As I cannot restrain you from,
But goat meat,
Never, never red meat,
But someone reporting it to me
That it taking dead meat to its fill
Into the fields.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Dog, Several Times Have I Forbidden You, You Do Not, Do Not Take Beef, But Took You Too This Time

My dog,
Several times
Have I forbidden you
To take beef,
To take beef,
But have you again
Instead of my warning
To you,
Do not,
Do not take beef,
But took,
Took you
Instead of my warning.

You did not tell me about,
You did not,
But the neighbour saw you
Taking,
Taking to your full,
Relishing upon the dead cow
Lying into the fields
Away from,
Lying thrown off
And you labouring on
With crows not,
But vultures and kites.

My dog, you did not,
Did not go by my order,
That your master,
Your master is a Brahmin,
A vegetarian
Living on green vegetables and milk
And you a member
Of his family,
But instead of taking
Red meat,

Could not discern your food habit,
My dog
And now think I
Why to interfere
With your dietary habit!

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Dreamgirl, When Will You Come? I Used To Dream About

The girl of the sweet dreams,
My dreamgirl, your dreamgirl,
Coming into the dreams,
Visiting us often,
Came she to me
And said in whispers,
How are you,
How are you, my love?

On seeing her by my side, sitting by
And talking to me
With love,
I got delighted,
My joy knew no bounds,
Dreamgirl, dreeamgirl,
My heart thanked God
In finding the beauty closer to.

Just like a fairy appeared she,
Golden and glistening,
Roseate and appleyish,
A girl never seen before,
Smiling beautifully,
Ravishingly beautiful,
Exquisitely beautiful
The girl of my dreams was.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Emotional Feelings (Bilingual Poem)

Meri Jajbaten

Apni jajbatein ko le sang-sang bas ji raha hun mein,
Wo do lahme,
Kya yahi jeevan hain?

My Emotional Feelings

Clutching along my matters, emotional stuffs I am just living,
Those two memoirs, remembrances, times spent together with,
Is this called life?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My English

My English, it is neither King's nor Queen's English,
Nor British English,
My English my own,
It is nor American English,
Full of Americanism and Americanness,
Nor with the English accent and stress
Full of fine tonal effects and nasal sounds.

My English my own which speak I
Laboriously learnt, library-consulted
With the pronunciation and speaking power of my own,
One which full of so much so Indianism, I mean the Indian words,
Going through the process of Indianization
And tracking the theme of Indianness,
Just like the vernacular or any other regional language
Or dialect of the region speak I,
Giving it the colour of some Indian tongue and tenor

But the English speak I, understand they not,
Taking it for some spoken at home,
Hindi, Marathi, Gujarati, Bengali, Assamese or Oriya,
Punjabi, Sindhi, Haryanvi,
Tamil, Telugu, Kannada or Malayalam
Or some of the tribal stock.

And I going, speaking in my own right,
Reading and giving the seminar paper
Without a stop
As they may question me in good English
With a tone of their own
And which I may not understand,
Hence, I going like a non-stop, brake-failed cart
As the platform of my own lies it there,
Ay, the diaspora dais is there.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My English Hindustani English, Made In Hindustani

My English Hindustani English,
Made in Hindustan,
Not Englistan,
Deshi, not videshi
My English,
Hindustani English,
Not Pakistani,
But Hindustani.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My English- Ii

My English
Not American English,
Not British English,
It is Hindustani English,
Hindustani,
Indian English,
Pidgin-Indian English
But without a feeder dialect of own.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My English Is Bihari English

My English is Bihari English,
Bhojpurian English,
Maithili English,
Magadhi English,
Angika English,
His English tribal English,
Santhali English,
Ho English,
Mundari English.

I am not an Englishman,
But an Indiaman,
An Indian Hindustani,
A Bihari Indian,
A Hindi-man,
An Angika-speaker
Speaking in English,
Not even a convent-educated boy,
My English Biharia English.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My English Is Bihari English, Biharian English

My English is Bihari English
Rough and tough,
Clumsy and uncouth,
A buffalo man's English,
A goat woman's English,
I mean rustic English.

The foolish ministers,
The herdsmen and the cowboys
Speak it
Just like a regional dialect
Angkia, Maithili, Magadhi or Bhojpuri,
Rubbing tobacco on the palm,
Chewing paan.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My English, Sir

My English is not British English
Nor American English nor Australian English,
Nor Rhodesian English nor Caribbean English,
Nor Scottish English nor Welsh English,
My English is Indian English
Though there's nothing like,
It's colonial,
It's official,
A language of the school, the college,
The police station and the court,
Law and administration,
Medical science and technology,
Engineering and communication.

My English is Indian English
Though it's a misnomer,
There's nothing like that,
My English is alien English,
Non-native, outlandish,
Forced upon,
Spontaneous not,
Learnt laboriously,
Taxing the brain,
Straining the nerves
Ad pressuring,
Struggling to learn
And learning to write.

My English is pidgin-English,
Indian pidgin-English
Though settled her not
And even if they,
Mixed with,
The colour and complexion turned black
In the heat and dust of India
Ruffling it all
When the loo blows it in summer
But the mangoes hanging by
So sweet and delicious,

The black berries,
Jack fruits hanging onto.

My English is Bengali English,
Bihari English,
My English is Odia English,
Assamese English,
My English is Tamil English,
Telugu English,
A South Indian speaking,
Dravidic,
Peculiarly Malyali,
Malyali English,
Kanadiga English,
My English southerner.

My English Punjabi English,
Haryanvi English,
My English from Marathwada,
Marathi English,
Gujarat English
When speaks a Gujarati man,
My English of a convent school
In the strictest stress and sound-system
Of the English,
My English native and rural
Taught under a tree
Where the primary teacher too knows it not
How to pronounce it?

My English tribal English
When the people from the northeast speak it,
When the Santhali speaking use it,
Tribal and aboriginal
Appears it to be then,
My English
Ethnic and racial,
Exotic and wild,
Strange in pronunciation,
Tribal English
With the bows and arrows to shoot
And the missionaries to convert them

After learning Santhali and others.

My English Rajasthani English,
The Marwaris as business managers speaking,
The people with the bulging bellies
Having taken good food,
Clarified butter, milk and fat,
Depositing black money,
Stocking goods at an unknown place
Of hiding,
Banking money,
Misleading the income the income taxman
And the assessor,
My English Sindhi English
Taking me to Sindh and Balochistan.

My English Punjabi English
Turbaned and matted
With the pagadi,
I mean Sardarji
Speaking in English,
Taking tandoori and tadaka
At a dhaba,
Robust and well-built
Doing bhangra,
Reminding of the teachings and the sacrifice
Of the gurus,
Settled in Australia and America
For business purposes.

My English Bihari English
When I can overhear a loafer
Speaking in English,
A rustic from Bihar
Speaking in rough and tough Bhojpuri,
Seeing the Bai whore dance,
Folksy and rural
With the paan,
Indian mouth freshener
And spitting,
Blunt and bluffing
Taught Bihari English,

Rural and rustic.

My English is communicative English,
A link-language,
Connecting the South with the North
Of India,
A library-consulting one,
Learnt in the library
And the lingua lab,
An international language,
A lingua franca of the world,
My English learnt and practiced
And I wavering to speak in,
Hesitating and failing,
Peaking with a hitch,
Finding not the exact terminology,
Falling short of word-stock
And the proper use of vocabulary.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Existence I Know It Not

My existence
I know it not
And what to say it more?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Exit

My exit-
I shall go away
But will my texts remain here?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Experience As A Writer In India Since 1986

You will startle to know it that not even a literary friend
In India
Supported me
In my creativity,
None of the poets,
None of the critics,
None of the little journals.

I also believed God and barring Him, nobody else,
As none liked to see me as a poet,
Not even a minor poet,
None of the professors even,
Nor anyone of the press and the media
And I went on suffering, struggling and sacrificing,
Writing from a small town.

I wrote on Nissim Ezekiel, Jayanta Mahapatra and Adil Jussawalla,
I worked on nce,
His fiction and non-fictional prose,
On his novels, stories, sketches, poems, playlets,
Letters, opinions, reviews and prose works,
I interviewed Indian English poets,
I presented my book on Indian English poetry.

I published and sent to my friends free of cost,
They got benefitted,
But they forgot me in course of time,
Started calling themselves poets,
Leaving me behind.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Father

My father trained me in culture and manners,
Things hereditary and genealogical,
Asking me to keep a low profile.

Just before he could part away,
Asked me to be a scholar gipsy
With the classical fragrance of own.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Father Told Me Strictly (My Moral Duty As A Poet)

You never try to popularize and promote yourself,
Never do a propaganda of you yourself,
If you have poetic merit and talent,
One day fame itself come to you
Knocking at your door humbly
And you a poor scholar welcoming the guest of hospitality.

Learn from Hardy's The Mayor of Casterbridge,
Gray's An Elegy Written In A Country Churchyard
And Auden's The Unknown Citizen,
But never highlight yourself,
If you have to, highlight others,
Deriving from Arnold's The Scholar Gipsy.

Keep a low profile, but show not,
Place it humbly
Toned with your scholasticism and pedantry,
Metaphysics, ethics, didacticism and cultural pragmatism;
Let them say, but you say not about you
And your poetic abilities as far as possible
And that is why want I not to say to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Flair & Fascination For The Santhal Girl

A Santhal girl,
Tribal and aboriginal,
Just like a wild flower,
Blooming and scattering over
Half-hidden from the world.

Her speech accented and stressed
Carrying the impression of,
Heavily under the speech and sound pattern
Of her mother-tongue.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Friend, Sniff You Not My Legs, Nose, Mouth, Lick You Not Please, No Intruder Am I, My English Hindustani, Said I, But The Alsatian Or German Shepherd Dog Kept Following Me

I entered the door
After the assurance
From the neighbor,
But the dog kept ogling,
Following and following me,
Sniffing and sniffing
And following me,
Howling and snarling,
Snarling and howling loud.

On seeing it coming,
Coming towards,
Afraid of thought I
Of taking shelter,
Got it not,
Wanted I to call somebody
But nobody was there
To hear my calls,
Calls frantic,
The frantic efforts made.

Instead of my prayers to it,
Assurances given,
Said with confidence
Took to not,
The Alsatian dog came it,
Appeared before me
A large dog,
Big dog howling before
Howling, snarling and barking
And ogling,
Ogling me.

Said I, said I,

Leave it, leave it brother,
But heard it,
Heard it not,
Leave it, leave it, brother,
But heard it not,
Kept sniffing my pants and shirt,
Licking my toes,
My hands and face,
Licking and licking
And trying to recognize.

My God,
My God, where did I get trapped,
Said I,
Prayed I,
Bail You,
Bail You, God,
This time I have entered his house
Never shall I again
Say I holding the ears,
Father, father
Called I,
Father, father,
My father,
But none was there!

Said I, said I
My English, my English Hindustani English,
I not an Englishman,
Not an Englishman,
But an India, Indiaman,
But instead of it, it kept barking,
Barking and barking,
Howling, howling and howling,
Snarling, snarling and snarling
And I in fear afraid thought of
Taking shelter,
But no shelter, shelter got I.

The dog went on, went on following,
Following me
Wherever went I,

Followed it,
Following my steps and slippers,
Barking with the fall of the foot and the step taken
I thinking my safe, safe and heavenly retreat,
The more and more feared I
Barked it more and more,
Snarled and howled
And howled
Following me, me and my footsteps.

Holding the talks with,
Cutting short my visit,
Curtailling it
Thought I of my retreat
Instead of the scolds of the master
In calming it down,
Instead of his yells,
Finally came I out
Saluting the house, the dog, the master,
God the Almighty
Whose creation is this,
My chance and luck
With the promise of
Never to enter gain
As escaped I once.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Friend, Goodman, How Are You!

Goodman,
My friend Goodman,
How,
How are you?

Good, good, good,
All good,
Said he,
Goodman.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Future, How To Predict It?

My future, how to predict it,
Everything is but in the dark,
My future, very uncertain it is?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Gandhigiri

My Gandhigiri
The world did not,
Did not
My Gandhigiri,
Gandhigiri,
Though not a Gandhi
Nor a student of Gandhian studies
Tried I,
I
To be a Gandhian utmost
Though not a Gandhi
Nor do claim it for
I,
I
A Gandhian,
Gandhian
If not ditto,
But,
But to some extent
And my being a Gandhian
The world,
World did not,
Did not
Come to feel it
My likes
For Gandhism,
Gandhian Studies
Not in theory
But,
But in practice.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Gipsy Daughter Of My Refugee Heart

My small and lovely daughter daughter
Of my refugee heart
Snatch you not
Her happiness,
The smiles of
My refugee daughter
Seeking food and shelter.

Had been a gipsy in the vagaries of life,
But now a refugee,
Matted haired
And in torn frock
And with the tears dried
In her eyes,
A gipsy,
A gipsy girl,
A refugee,
Refugee.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Global Village

My global village,
Where is it,
I am trying to locate it
Through my GPS?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Global Village (Ii)

My global village,
Where is it,
I am trying to locate it
Through my GPS?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My God, First, Make Me An Indian Regional Poet Then An English Poet!

My Lord, it will be Your kindness
If make You me a poet
Of my native tongue
Then an English poet
Rather than calling me international
Instead of national?

Just after reading a few poems of mine
At some media conference
Of a selected few,
How can I call myself international
Though the people in India
Know me not nationally?

A tongue-twister's English, know I not,
Nor can I speak so fast initatively
Just like an Englishman,
I am an Indian of my earth,
With the roots struck into the soil
Of the earth I belong to
And look I to the roots of nativity.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My God, I Had Asked For A Beautiful Girl As My Wife, But You Did Not Give To Me

God, those who do not ask You
Give You,
But those who ask for beautiful wives
Give You not.

I too had asked You to give me
A fair-looking one,
But gave You not, my God.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My God, I Want Nothing From You, Just Fill My Heart With Love For Mankind

My God,
I want nothing
From You,
Just Your love and sympathy
With which can I
Change my heart,
Just you love
with which can mould myself.

A lover of mankind,
Of birds, beasts and flowers
Can I be,
You bless, bless me
So that I may love and adore them
With Your full bounties,
O God!

Bijay Kant Dubey

My God, Let Me Be A Singer Of That

My God, let me,
Let me be a singer of the unknown citizen,
Living namelessly, dying namelessly;
My God! let me be a singer!

Bijay Kant Dubey

My God, Make Me The John Dryden, Alexander Pope Of India!

My God, make me,
Make me the John Dryden, Alexander Pope of India,
The husband of the Burquawalli, the Ghumtawalli, the Purdahwalli Bibi,
My God, make me,
Make me the John Dryden, Alexander Pope of India.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My God, The Blunder Of Being A Poet

My God, the blunder of being a poet,
You make me not a poet again, if this be,
Putting aside everything, see me, how mad am I
After becoming a poet,
Leaving it all!

Sometimes forget I to take food,
Sometimes take I my bath in the evening,
Sometimes visit I not the doctor even in my illness,
Leaving all,
I after becoming a great man.

Those who had not to be have become,
Something depends on fate,
My destiny not in favour of
But I struggling to be a poet,
Fate the Chancellor will not make me
And instead of keep I writing,
Hoping against hope.

God, how mad am I that run I madly after Kavita, Miss Poem,
Trying to make her hear my poems
Which but she will not,
As has many a poet,
So, You please plot it otherwise
In making someone throw the shoe
On my dais
When keep I reciting a boring poem.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My God, You Do Not Tears To Anybody's Eyes

My God, You do not give tears
To anybody's face,
You do not, do not give
Tears to anybody's face.

It is my poor prayer to you, to You,
You do not, do not give tars
To anybody's eyes,
My God.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My God, You Gave Him A Beautiful Wife Unasked, But I With Not An Ugly One, But Hooked And Crooked One Too

If I do not get a beautiful wife
As my beloved,
The life partner
Or the better half call you,
I shall have to remain satisfied
With the mediocre one.

You mark the irony of fate,
Those who had never dreamt of
Have got they good and beautiful wives
And those who had
Have uglier ones
And not only this, but in addition to it
Hooked and crooked ones,
Screwed and twisted by nature.

My God, is this Your Judgement?
Had You given me a good and beautiful wife
I would have been thankful to You for so many times.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My God, You Say It, How To Be A Man?

My God, You say it,
How to be a man,
There are many,
But they are not
The way You wanted to make them?

My God, they are no men,
What did You want to make them
And what have they become?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Heart Beat It (Haiku)

My heart beat it
After seeing
The foreigner beauties and blondes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Heart Beats

My heart beats it for her,
The heart throb of my life,
The pulsation of my heart
Who is none but she passing out.

My heart beats it whenever see
I passing her,
The heart beat of my soul,
The abnormal fluctuation of my heart,
Oh, how to describe the aches of mine!

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Heart Beats For You; Julie, I Love You

My heart beats, beats for you
And I feel for you heavily,
Julie, I love you,
Love you,
What can the heart do if someone with somebody falls in love?

Julie, I love you,
Julie, I love you,
What can the heart do if someone with somebody falls in love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Heart Is In Ukraine

My heart is in Ukraine
Reading its history, art, culture,
Society, thought-pattern
And life-philosophy.

Viewing climatic conditions,
Geographical positioning,
Its language
And religious belief.

You please destroy not
Beautiful Ukraine,
Let it have
The history and tradition of its own,
Which I love it so much.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Hidden Love For That Saudi Arabian Girl/In The Memory Of A Burkawalli/My Tryst With Burkawalli? After All Love Is Love/ All For Love/ Who Is For Love Not?

Under the moonlit nights I see you stealthily
To write my shayri and ghazal,
You my sad song,
You my lost love.

From the desert sands see I her stealthily,
My love under the burka,
My Burkawalli,
That Saudi Arabian girl
Who is not allowed to exchange pleasantries.

My love for that Saudi girl, hidden under,
The moon under the patches of clouds,
The moon and me
Talking to each other under the canopy of solitary nights,
The stars twinkling.

Love is love,
You love me and I shall love you,
Love cannot be held captive,

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Hindustani English, Understand You, Said I In The Class/ My English Is But Indian English Whatever Say You About That I'm An Englishman, Not An Indiaman

My English is Indian English
Whatever say you about,
My English is but Indian English,
Nothing like Indian,
But Bihari English,
In Bihar too
That of an Angika dialect speaker,
Whatever talk give I,
I am but a simple man
Speaking simply
And frankly,
To be frank with you,
With you, say I,
But am I not so frank
Like the Europeans,
I am but an Asiatic man,
From India,
An India-man,
A Hindustani,
But not from Delhite
And Punjabi areas
Or Haryanvi belts.

My English is Hindustani English,
Understand you,
Said I
In the class,
My English,
Frankly speaking, call I myself
A professor of English,
I am actually not
a professor,
But a rustic professor
Of English
As know I not English
So well,

Just have learnt by rote,
Laboriously,
Talking with the students,
Teaching them
As they know it not
So they take me for an Englishman
But am not,
As no European,
No White man am I,
No Englishman,
An Indian I,
An Indiaman I am.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My House

I do not know where is it,
which is whose,
You say it please?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My House Is Of Time

The House I think is mine
Is not mine,
It's
Of Time,
The Haunted House of Time
Is it
With
The Phantoms of Time
Sitting as the Listeners
Unresponsive.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My House Not Mine

Man makes houses
And Time destroys them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Identity

Let it be today, my identity,
I shall give it someday,
Let that tomorrow come
When I shall introduce to you myself.

Mybe it that they will introdce me
When I shall not be here
And sorry to say it, I could not it myself.

Let us go now,
Tomorrow I shall say it and that too if possible on my part.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Identity (Ii)

Who am I,
What my identity,
where my home?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Inspiration

My inspiration
Are you, my sweetheart,
Young, romantic and colourful,
Creative and fanciful.
Your face, your eyes,
Your lips, your nose,
Your smiles,
Your moods and postures,
My inspiration.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Inspiration Are You, The Day I Saw You

My inspiration are you,
Only you,
Since I saw you,
Since then
Have I been
Loving you.

My inspiration,
My inspiration are you,
Only you,
I making a portrait of yours
In my poetry,
You in my art,
As my art-models.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Kohinoor Is The Black Scheduled Caste Girl

My kohinoor
Is the black
Scheduled caste girl
With a nice face-cutting,
Somewhat dark,
But very beautiful.

Can you say
Who was it who found the kohinoor,
Who cut and chiselled it
Rather than studding the crown
Or the throne?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Life

How alone am I,
How alone had I been!

How sad, lonely and broken
Even after getting the things!

When I had not, life had been as such
And when I have, life goes just like that!

I see my life
And think about!

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Life And Times

I was born at Lohardih, Post Sarwan, Sub-division Baidyanath Deoghar
Of Dumka Distt. under Bihar on 11.10.1965
But as the father had been posted at Dumka
So we used to be 70 kms. away from the village
But was struggled, suffered and sacrificed utmost.

Instead of father's service, a dairy farm with so many jersey cows and buffaloes
Used to keep us so much so engaged,
The sweets shops and the customers used to take milk
But the money for pure milk had been a little bit
And less than
And some used to pass away without giving in full.

The tiled house had been in a dilapidated state
Without repair and renovation
As it was a rented, but tiled house
And wooden ripe fruits of the bel tree hanging over used
To fall on the tiles and break one by one

And the father had as such mad that he would let cut off
The branch of the fruit tree,
As for charity sake
And the bel tree Shiva's tree
And day it fell upon the head of the mother
But she did lose her consciousness,
A little of blood came it out.

So, sometimes in the absence of the lowly servants
I had to graze the cows and buffaloes,
Had to peg them from one place to another
And in the thatched cottage
I used to sleep and read
And that was my study room.

Sometimes during the rains, I used to stand up
When the cottage used to be in a bad state
As for the old straw thatch
As it used to leak badly
And the raindrops used to fall over

While sleeping in the cottage

And at that time, I used to stand up with my all beddings
And wrappers
By the mid bamboo pole to save myself
While the cattle used in the rest
Of the longer hutment,
Straw-thatched, but bamboo-pillared,
Open from all sides.

From the cottage, I used to see the fair and shining moon,
The stars twinkling up above
And their distances so far away immeasurable,
Furlongs and furlongs away
Where man cannot reach,
Just can watch the glitter, the glimmer
As do shine the fireflies.

The servants used to behave as masters of the dairy farm
And the mangers of farmlands too in the likewise manner
And administration was a failure at every point,
Pushing us into debt, loan and compound interest
Due to madness and misgovernance,
Mania and Brahminism, poetry and philosophy.

Priestliness, piety's sake, religion and philosophy,
Virtue and charity, hospitality and liberalism,
We had been after,
Full of respect and simplicity for all
Those whoever came to our house.

I used to milk my buffaloes yielding almost 14 litres of milk a day
And the cows too in the same range,
Going up to 40 litres of milk daily
With my hands
Taking a rope to bind the legs
And a little bit of mustard oil to slip.

The father had been an oldie, an old-timer, a maniac one too,
Strict, disciplined and silly too,
Keeping money in the tin box, showing it not,
Asking for the expenses of the money given,

Showing not the pass-book
And the bundle of salary, that time low salary,
Hard-earned white money.

Asking us not to sit with him on the same cot,
Smile not, talk not too loudly,
Keep not the clothes on the same hanger of his
And go on reading for three times
Without any teaching aid.

What it pains me is this that in support of life, I went
To missionary schools,
But they did not in that district but tribal town,
Even I was not allowed to teach in a college after my Ph.D.
Just like a non-paid part-timer,
Just with the conveyance and tea allowance.

Once while moving to the university being at Bhagalpur,
120 kms. away from,
The bus I was travelling in turned over
And I came by the open window pane
Of the sideways mud-swerved bus.

After my M.A. in 1988 and my Ph.D. in 1994,
I did my M.A. in . and Hist.,
But had been sitting unemployed and jobless,
With nothing to support myself,
Even the private tuitions too had not been
And even after, they used to pay not properly.

After a great trouble, I faced the interview board
Of the West Bengal College Service Commission, Calcutta
And in 1996 after being selected and intimated through a letter
I moved away to my college,
Some 300 kms. from my home state,
The place where I am now.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Little Daughter, How Lost Am I In Your Love!

My little, how lost am I in your love,
You standing before
And I seeing you.

I fear I may lose you,
Your innocence, your ignorance,
My daughter,
Little daughter.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Little Daughter, This Is India, You Wipe Out Your Tears

My little daughter, this is India,
You wipe out your tears,
There is none to see it.

This is no business of theirs
If you go on weeping or not,
Your tears not the things of their concern.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Little Love, I Am Going, You Do Not Be Sad

My little love, (touching the cheeks) of the daughter,
You do not be sad,
Keep you smiling
Even be sorrows.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Lord, A Mortal Singer Am I

My Lord, a mortal singer am I
As the dongs sing I
Tend to my limits and barriers,
The boundaries and barriers
Encircling me,
The fear gripping me
With regard to life and death
And living.

But Thou the Singer Divine
Singing the songs of uninhibited joy,
The songs celestial
Transcending the barriers,
Transcendental and metaphysical
Transforming and metamorphosing us all,
But I a singer of my range
Down to earthly realities.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Lord, Art Thou The Same?

My Lord, art Thou the same
Who hath created the tiger
Hath created the lamb,
Art Thou the same
Who hath but the ferocity
Of the tiger,
Bloody, brutal and bestial
Going as per the law of the jungle,
The brute smiling in it?

My Lord, if Thou the creator of the lamb,
Why didst, didst Thou the tiger
Which loves to kill,
Maul and wound with the bloody paws,
My Lord, if this the plan of Thine work,
If this be the Judgement behind,
I do not, do not comprehend
The purpose of Thine creation?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Lord, How To Worship Thee Soulfully?

My Lord, how to worship Thee
With my full heart,
Soulfully,
How to beseech Thee
With the flowers
Of submission and reverence?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Lord, If Thou Canst Make Me A Man, I Would Be Thankful To Thee

My Lord, if Thou canst make me
A man behaving with another man,
A man thinking about another man,
I would be,
Would be highly thankful to Thee, my Lord,
What it being living as thus,
My lord, if Thou canst me make,
I would be highly,
Highly thankful Thee, my Lord.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Lord, It's My Prayer To Thee,

Had Thou endowed with the genius of John Dryden and Alexander Pope,
It would have been great, but I do not have even a streak of their genius,
Had I, would have felt blest,
I would have, my Lord,
Would have been very, very thankful to Thee.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Lord, The World Has Progressed, But Why Are There Fanatics?

My Lord,
The world has progressed,
But the fanatics
Have not,
Why are they still there,
For what job to do,
To spread fanaticism,
Hate speeches,
Malice and vengeance,
Hatred and prejudice?

Are they religious,
God-fearing and good,
Are they holy,
Pious,
Say you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Lost Love, Where Do You Lie You? My Happy, Happy New Year To You!

My lost,
Lost love
Wherever,
Wherever are you,
You take,
Take my best wishes,
The best wishes
Of the coming new year,
Happy,
Happy new year to you,
My love,
My love,
Loved,
loved and lost,
Lost and lost
And found
Charitable and philanthropic
And doing humanitarian work!

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love

They said it, your love is a marigold
And taking it for, I went to marigolds,
Yellow, grey and blood-strained
To find it out,
How my love was exactly?

They said it, your love is chrysanthemum
And taking it, I went for as to collect
Chrysanthemums,
White, yellow, mixed and so on
To seek for resemblances.

My love, they said it, is a rose,
Red-red, pink-pink, white-white,
Fragrant and sweetly-perfumed,
So natural, so sweet,
A damsel was she standing speechlessly,
Looking the stars.

My love stood it spell-bound, awe-struck
On marking the beauty of the young girl,
The maiden standing before,
Doing a carol,
Who she as asked I,
But responded she not that dream girl,
Came it not the response? □

My love, said they, is exotic Indian flowers,
Juhi, chameli, bell, gandharaj, raat-raani, kamini, seuli,
Rajanigandha,
And taking it, thought I of sleeping under the kamini plant
And enjoying the whole mystical night,
Wept I silently in feeling about her
Under the seuli plant,
The tiny seulis fallen and drenched in wet dew drops.

The small bell bloom which she gave it to me
Kept I with me, went I taking it
Wherever went I, hidingly

Keeping it in my shirt pocket,
In my pants pocket,
But said it not,
Who gave it to me?
My love, you do not know it, gentleman,
My love is mine, only mine, not yours,
My love mine, not yours,
My feelings mine, your passion for love and living not.

My love, mine, O, it is calling,
O, it is singing a song, a love-song!
It is singing a song nasally,
Whistling and humming
All through the hilly ways!

The yellow-yellow champas taking the words from me
And sitting under it,
I dreaming,
Sitting and passing the summer-time,
The yellow and golden blooms,
The fragrance of it carried by the wisps and whiffs of the wind,
Blowing mildly.

My flowers I want to give it to her, but fear I
In giving to her,
As because they may interpret it wrongly,
And as I cannot,
My flowers are only for the gods and goddesses to be given to,
My flowers I want to give it to some English
Or White European maidens for to be appreciated.

In the groves and bowers, arbours
Pastoral and wild and wooded,
Sing I the songs,
The songs of my love,
O, my love is calling,
O, where do lie you!
In search of my love and life,
Where have I come to
My love you know it not,
I know it not!

Neither did you ask about it,
Nor did I say it to you,
What my love was like, what it was,
I just went on dreaming, I just went on feeling,
Singing,
Whistling and humming the song of life,
My love is calling me,
O, it is singing a song near the hills
Shining blue and thatches scattered!

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love Are You, My Heart Are You

My love are you,
Are you,
My heart are you,
Are you,
Only you,
You my love,
You my heart,
You,
Only you,
Only you my love,
Only you,
Only you my heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love For The Burquawalli

Under the moonlit nights, I searching my Burquawalli,
The burqua-clad girl, the dark beauty,
The belle, beauty under the veil,
I strolling over, loitering around to feel her presence,
The feel and presence of Burquawalli.

The fair and full moon is shining up above,
A few stars too littered across
And there is all-around a whiteness visible,
The hills standing afar
And here I remembering my Burquawalli,
Her love.

Burquawalli, in search of your love,
Go I moving about,
Marking the moonlit-night-blenched world,
The rivulets, hills and forests
And I crossing over the landscapes
Leading to the farmhouses and hamlets.

Just the eyes, seen through the latticed cloth,
Luscious and lustrous,
Tell me, tell me,
Go you before,
The sweet name of yours,
What your identity, what your entity,
What your and mine acquaintance?

Your songs, songs of love sing I,
Your dreams dream I,
I do not know it what my relationship with you,
Your and mine,
Burquawalli?

Love is love, heart is heart,
And we all for love,
The dark-veiled girl, the burqua-clad
And you coming to me as a dream girl,
Coming with each and every night

And passing away with fallen dew drops
That I see in the morning, that it comes to my notice.



Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love Is Calling Me

My love is calling me,
Calling me
And saying to something
Which but know I not,
Just can feel about,
My love, my love is calling me,
Calling and saying to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love Is Calling You (What Can The Heart Do If It Falls In Love?)

What can the heart do if someone
Falls in love with somebody,
Just take for it,
So if it happens,
What can the heart do if it
Falls in love?

Let us sit under the moon
Shining over
Just behind the church
Where there is none,
But you and me.

None, but you and I,
None, but I and you,
Talking with,
Chatting and gossiping
And the white roses smiling,
The bats flying.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love Is Calling, Calling You On time's Day

My love,
My love is calling,
Calling you
On time,
time's Day,
Where,
Where are you, my love,
My life?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love Is Like A Red Rose

My love a red rose, red-red rose
With the petals dew sprinkled
So fresh, so fine and fair,
Sweet and redolent
Just like a girl doing the carol in the church
Or reading the Holy Bible.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love Is Like A Red, Red Rose

My love is like a red, red rose,
You just call her
And she will come,
You just call her
And she will singing a love song,
Whistling and humming
And the breeze carrying the sweet notes.

My love a red-red rose,
A red rose,
the pain of my heart,
The tinge of pain,
The ache of it,
My heartthrob, my heartbeat.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love, A Red-Red Red Rose, Fall In Love Not Please With My Lassie

My love is a red rose,
A red, red rose,
First time affair, first time love,
Love you,
Love I.

My love is a red, red red-rose
Blushing at first sight,
My coy and shy mistress
With the bent eye-lids.

My love, call you
And I will come
Wherever am I,
Hearing your call.

As love is love,
A thing of heart,
So innocent, so ignorant a lass
Unable to understand this complex world of
So much complex people.

My love, O, my love!
Call I!
A red rose, a red-red rose
So fair and fine,
So fresh and pearly
That the dew drops floating on its petals.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love, How Are You? Are You Happy With Your Second Love?

My love, how are you,
Are you happy with your second love,
Are you happy
Getting the secretly loved one
With had you an affair?

My love, how desperate had
I been after you,
How betrayed and deceived
That you cheated me,
If had to love, would have her,
But why did you eliminate me?

My love, how sad am I for you,
Wailing with the wind,
Howling with it,
You in the bungalow with your new wife,
But I forlorn and discarded.

My love, how are you,
Are you happy,
Are you satisfied
Or she not after you,
But you after her?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love, How Are You? Who, Who Are You? I Am Your Dead Wife Speaking Whom Eliminated You From Your Life. Why Did You Kill Me A Helpless Girl If You Could Not Love Her?

"My love, how are you, how are you?
Are you fine?
Are you happy, my love? ",
Said she slowly in a voice of her own.

"Who, who are you speaking,
Who, who are you,
Speaking at a distance,
Standing in the shadows? ",
Asked the lover.

"My love, my love, have you,
Have you forgotten,
Forgotten me so early,
I am, I am your dead beloved,
Whom eliminated you
From your life? ",
Came it the voice.

"Who, who are you saying,
Who, who are you speaking,
What, what the thing,
Have, have I really,
Have I eliminated,
Eliminated you? ",
Replied the lover.

"Are you, are you really happy
With your new wife,
The love found and searched,
Are you, are you really happy,
You touch me and say it,
Swearing in the name of God
That you are speaking truly? ",

Asked she simply.

"Have you, have you forgotten me,
My love,
Have you, have you forgotten me,
My love
Or do you remember me sometimes,
If not, remember me sometimes please,
Is my photo still hanging on the wall or not? ",
Asked she sadly.

"Are you, are you happy
Eliminating me,
Terminating me out
Just for an extra-marital affair,
Putting the allegations and blames on me,
Planning to oust me brutally,
Let us bury the past,
Now say you,
How are you,
Are you happy with your new partner? ",
Said she with sobs and sighs
Wiping out her tears.

The ex-lover of the dead wife stood he still
Just like a rock,
Standing still and speechless,
Trying to divert the scene
Of the strange meeting,
Unwanted and unsought about,
Trying to avert it.

If he had not to love her, keep her,
The lover could have divorced her
Instead of taking a life,
Extinguishing a candle,
He could have created rather than destroying
A girl so helpless and hopeless,
Instead of giving hope to her.

Just when to leave the place, said she and went away,
"My love, live you where you are,

Live you happily,
Peace be to our soul,
My love, it is getting late
And I am going,
I still love you, love you
Whether you love me or not,
I still love you, love you."

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love, I Shall Not Leave You

My love, I shall not leave you,
There is nothing as that to fear
As those only love and turn
Who are not faithful to themselves,
Those who do not have any confidence
In themselves
And such a character, I like them not,
Who are they who cannot believe,
Take their words in strong confidence and belief?

I promise, I promise that I love you, love you,
By God, by God, say I, confess before you,
You just believe me,
Believe me and have faith in me,
I am not just like them,
I have held the hand of yours
And shall continue to hold it for ever,
My love, your wet eye-lids you wipe them out,
Believe me, just believe me
And have faith in me,
I love you, love you
And shall continue to love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love, I Shall Write A Poem On You

My love, I shall write a poem you
And after reading the poem,
Will you fall in love with me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love, My Heart Knows It (Haiku)

My love, my heart
Knows it,
Only my heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love, My Love, You Don't Know

My love,
My love,
Don't know you,
How much,
How much do I love you?

A girl
Seen in dreams,
So lovely and charming,
I love you,
Love you so much.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love, Where Are You Whistling A Song?

My love, where are you
whistling
a song,
my love,
where do
lie you
whistling
a song,
whistling
and calling me,
humming,
humming it
with the song
on the lips
and calling me?

Where do you
lie you,
my love,
whistling
and calling,
singing
a song,
whistling
and humming
and calling me,
my love,
where do you,
lie you
singing
and humming
the song of love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love, Where Do You Lie In Waiting? (Valentine Day Poem)

My love,
My heart,
Where,
Where do you lie in
Waiting
And restricted?

My love,
Where,
Where do you lie in
Waiting restlessly?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love, Wish Me God-Speed Smilingly, Nay Tearfully As The Tear-Smeared Faces I Cannot See Them

My love, I am going away,
Just you say it to me,
Goodbye,
Not at all tearfully.

It is true that I met you
And it is true that I am departing from,
But wetting the eyelashes,
Say not goodbye.

Wish you god-speed!
But not sadly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love, You Are Drunk, What Sort Of Love Are You!

My love, you are drunk, unable to walk,
In an inebriated state,
Speaking in drunken capers.

Have you become as such, destroy you not
By taking wine,
Smoking cigar after cigar?

Stop you and pause a bit to think,
What are you doing, my love, in modernity,
Where are you going to?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love, You Could Not

My love, you could not feel it,
The tinge of my pain.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love, You Do Not Know It

My love,
My love,
None but
I know it,
None but
I myself,
My love,
My love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love, You Will Remember Me When I Will Be No More In This World

At that time you will remember my love
With tears into the eyes of yours.

I too could not value you
And now at the time of departure am feeling it,
What did I do really?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love, Your Singing And Weeping

My love, you are singing and weeping,
I can see the tears into the eyes of yours.

Your eyelashes smeared with teardrops
And the eyes red with.

Still you are singing the song of love.
God, save you!

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love-Letter

There is now none to read
My love-letters
Which wrote I to give to her,
But could not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Love's Calling

My love, I know not,
That it's been calling,
Calling me,
O, it's whistling and singing a song,
That someone is calling me
Which but I've not attended to,
O, my heart's calling me!

My love, I do not know,
That it's been calling me,
Whistling and calling me,
O, love, wait you,
I'm going,
Going to be with you
Whistling all way long!

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Lungi Dance, They Showing It After Stealing The Stills From Me

My lungi dance
for which
am I famous for
so long,
I keep perfecting it,
changing the rhythm and beat
with the changing times and situations
of life,
in the past,
I used to perform
before my brothers
without any lessons,
now perform I
before my bibis not,
burkhawalli bibis,
who may appreciate
and admire it not,
but of course
before the small children,
taking a beedi
on the lips,
shaking the body,
breaking the hips
and the limbs,
lifting the lungi
dance I,
a stage artiste not,
but a folk artiste
you may call me
just for money.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My M. Phil. Thesis, Contemporary Indian English Poetry A Study In Bluff-Masters

If you ask me to write my thesis, I shall choose
The topic,
Contemporary Indian English Poetry,
A Study In The Bluff-Masters,
The ragged men as the Ph.D. guides
Of the ragged research scholars,
The novice supervisors and novice scholars,
The journal editors editing journals
In order to be the poets
Of the virgin field of literature
Where there is no critic,
Even the reader is not easily available.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Manuscripts

Giving my manuscripts to Time,
I want to move away,
Handing them over to,
Either keep you or destroy them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Meeting With You

Aapse Meri Mulaakat

Aap to eise nahi the,
Kitne badal gayen hain aap?

(My Meeting With You

Had not you as such,
How much have you changed?)

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Moon Displeased With Me

Mera Chand Mujkhshe Ruthaa Hua

Tujhe dekh ke
Kya kahun,
Saamne jo wo khari
Aur idhar jo mein sahama-sahama.

My Moon Displeased With Me

On marking you,
What to say,
The girl standing before
And I feeling uneasy-uneasy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Mother

When the words, my mother, come to the mouth,
The eyes wet with
And I remember, remember
How my mother was!

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Mother (Ii)

My mother
Now ashes, coals and soil,
A story
In the asthi-kalasha and the pinda-dana.

Mingled with the panchttatva,
Earth, water, wind, fire and sky,
My mother the good earth
I am sitting on.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Mother, I Find Her Not, O God!

Mother, mother, my mother,
My lovely mother,
My simple mother.

Mother, mother,
Where are you?
O moon, sun and stars,
Tell you about my mother,
Where is my mother?
O God, tell You, tell You
About my mother?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Naivedya

My Lord, what to give to Thee,
What is it that I can,
Everything is but Thine, Thine, my Lord,
Whatever have I
That Thou hast, my God.

A virtuous heart
Feeling guilty of conscience
And confessing
Hath nothing to give to Thee
Just with the hands folded in prayer

And the eyes closed in humility
To look up to Thee in utter thankfulness
And submission
Asking for a pardon
And the redemption to follow thereafter.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Neighbour

My neighbour, I can see him always at work at the borders,
The Indo-Pak border not,
The Indo-Chinese borders,
In the northeast,
Busy with making a narrow lane,
Planting trees,
Which will remain their
But the fruits will hang by in my campus
Which I cannot pluck.

My neighbour with the spies of his own, keep others spying for him,
Raising the curtain,
They keep hearing our talks,
Seeing in that way,
Marking as thus,
Sometimes giving support to my enemy
Who is his friend,
Building roads in Pak-occupied Kashmir.

Always in the effort to turn the border stones out,
Heaping soil,
Intruding into,
Shaking hands and calling Tibet its own,
India too poked into the matters of Tibet
As it was an independent state,
The Indio-Chinese war kept all the treaties, pacts at bay
And we lost many of our soldiers.

Again, have they started patrolling the area,
Saying it that it is a blunder of history
That sold they the lands,
The surveyor measured not rightly,
So the Chinese surveyor must be called in,
India saying that his surveyor too will stand by
And see the measurement,
But Mr., lands are not measured, but settled,
As given by the government in the interest of the people.

Chou En-lai visited India, shook the hands with Nehru and betrayed

India's emotions by saying Hindi-Chini bhai, bhai,
So, keeping in view, fear I my neighbour the most
As he also wants to build a passage around my house
At the cost of my own,
Saving his own plot of land.

In 1989, I saw the Tiananmen Square protest
And the army crushing its pro-democracy movements
And protesters as per the domestic policy,
Marred by protests, violence and the bloody crackdown,
With Li Peng as the Premier
And Zhao Ziang as the secretary,
But heed not towards
As for why to poke into others' matters?

Again saw I them intruding into the disputed borders,
The Chinese helicopter and the soldiers,
Camping for a few days and retuning thereafter,
Breaking the camera and other hoardings,
Calling Arunachal Pradesh a part of it
As per its expansionist programme.

If this be the thing, what to say of my neighbour,
Building a route near my plot of land,
Trying to encroach into,
Wanting to have forays into,
Making it prone to
Outside movements,
Sometimes on speaking terms with me,
Sometimes without,
How to capture, the hidden plan and agenda of his.

On the borders, why so many problems, infiltrators trying
Infiltrate into,
The enemy country giving arms and ammunition to,
I mean the unlicensed pistols,
Made by a retired personnel of the ordnance factory
From local iron sheets,
My neighbour's daughter a sweet spy
From the ISI or the RAW to be appointed the cultural minister
And the Bombayans making a film over to make money
But the real spies dying in jails as convicts and criminals

And the countries bothering it not as human rights sake.

My neighbour the president and his wife the prime minister,
His bold and blunt son the defence minister,
Another educated son the foreign minister
To visit foreign countries on a goodwill mission,
As for to prevent the impending war, trying to settle the border disputes,
Taking the help of Russia, America and others too.

Trying our best as to restrain the army stationed and drunk soldiers
With the hands on the trigger of the guns,
The finger points on the nuclear warheads,
But bomb not, bombard not,
Maintain peace and amity,
Have patience,
Resort not to firing even if provoked,

Take the lessons in peace from Buddha,
But fearing I the post-Kalingan Asokan policies
Weakening the strength of the nation
And the Maurya dynasty,
I thinking about the son of Lady Gregory
Whom Yeats remembers in his poem,
About the brother of Katherine Mansfield
Killed in the air as a pilot,
About Wilfred Owen the writer of
Strange Meeting, Spring Offensive and Anthem For Doomed Youths.

Heavy shelling and bombardment from across the borders
By the enemy forces,
With the divisive forces inside
Helping them in their mission
As they working as Bibhishana
Willing to burn Ravana's Lanka,
No less than Rama,
If had love for Sita, what wrong
Had it been in being in love,
As one can definitely.

But I ordering for not keeping in view my wife and children,
The loss and casualties,
I trying my utmost best

To avert and avoid war and its horrors,
Modern war and its horrors,
Nuclear war and the aftermath
And even if he challenges, I shall not wage a war against
As this is my foreign policy.

If order I, command I the army to fight, they will naturally collide
And as a result of that collision,
Many precious lives will be lost
And after that, who will give so much ex gratia,
Emptying the treasury,
Who will look after their widows and children,
How shall I do the welfare and development works thereafter?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My New Born Female Babe, They Understand It Not In India Gender Equality, Why Were You In India?

My new born female babe,
They understand you not
In India,
So, why were you born
In India,
Why didn't you go to
European countries,
My dear female babe?

The orthodox-orthodox conservative
Men of our patriarchal society
Take you not in a good light
As you a thing of the purdah,
Male discrimination,
Gender bias and prejudice
Which but the blind cannot see it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Older Questions

Who am I,
What my name,
Where my home,
What my address,
Sometimes here, sometimes there,
But finally where?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Pastoral Love, Where Do Lie You Playing? Happy Christmas Is Coming

Happy Christmas is coming,
But where are you playing with
The lambs and the small children, my pastoral love,
In which hamlet home of the countryside,
Lie you playing?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Ph.D., What To Say About It? My Ph.D. Are You, Only You

I do not know it why am I doing my Ph.D.,
My Ph.D., only Ph.D. are you?
You stand before, offer me a cup of tea
And this is enough for my Ph.D.
And what shall I do with my Ph.D.
Think I
As you the girl for whom am I doing it.

Let me see you in full, you yourself my Ph.D.,
I do not want to do if you are with me,
If I get you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Pinda-Dana, You Take It, Dead Mther

My pinda-dana, pinda-dana,
Pindas and the danas of theirs,
You take it, take it, mother,
My dead mother!

O dead spirit, i do not know it what you are,
You take it, take it, mother,
Whatever you are,
Earth, sky, wind, water and fire!

O fire returned you to fire,
O water returned you to water,
O wind returned you to same wind,
O dead spirit, the skyey element returned to the skies,
O earth to earth
And it remained not anything else here!

You take, take the pindas,
O mother, you take, take the pindas,
Given by me,
Weep, weep not,
My bleeding heart!

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Plans Of Meeting A Goggleswalli On New Year's Eve

You won't surprise to hear it
With my rendezvous
If meet I a goggleswalli,
The girl in the goggles
Looking like a heroine
On new year's eve
And take her by my side
Walking hand in hand,
Smiling in the goggles and going.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Pocket Is Empty, Leave The Talk Of Black, Even White Is Not

My pocket is empty,
Leave the talk of black,
Even white money is not,
neither do i have
Nor are they giving to me
My hard-earned money.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Poems

My poems of history
Giving to Time
To archive them
In the museum of archaeology
And that too if possible.

The flowing river
And the passing time,
Who can say about?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Poems Not Like Tender Flowers

I shall not remain
But the flowers will;
My poems too will not remain
But the flowers will.

My poems will not
But they will:
A flower a flower.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Poetic Journey Since 1986, But I Did Not Get Any Support From The Indian Govt.

I have been writing poems in English since 1986,
But did not get any support
From the Indian Govt.,
Nor did the professors and litterateurs
And journal editors helped me
In any way,
Not even a single review of my poetry came out
Anywhere in India
Though I trespass many of them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Poetic Journey Since 1986, But I Did Not Get Any Support From The Indian Govt. (Ii)

I have been writing poems in English since 1986,
But did not get any support
From the Indian Govt.,
Nor did the professors and litterateurs
And journal editors helped me
In any way,
Not even a single review of my poetry came out
Anywhere in India
Though I trespass many of them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Poetic Style

My love is calling me

And I have to go, have to go,

Attending the call.

- -My Love Is My Song, Where Does It lie In Calling?

The Song of Heart Want I To Sing

(N.B. Three lines as the core of the poetic text and the two as the probable titles.)

Unknown Citizen, your statue,

Make and re-make I,

The bust and the torso of yours.

- - In My Poetry

(Here the title connects to from the first line, without which the small stanza cannot be. The dashed line is just a complimentary term for the title of the poem.)

A judge of unassessed talents and geniuses am I,

Searching and finding it in others.

- -How Can I That Am Only Talented?

(The dashed title is also a part of the poem.)

Under the moon-lit nights, write I,

My love lyrics,

Dreaming I under the attic of the fair stars

Twinkling

And the fair, full moon

Shining up above.

- - A Lyrist Am I, The Lyrist of Love

My Love, You Do Not Know It

How Much Do I Love You?

(The small broken poem comprises of six lines and the titles go up to three lines.)

You do not praise me only,

Praise them too,

As they too deserve praises.

- - As Believe I Not In False Praises And Take Not The Chair Myself

(A quite understandable poem)

I am not like the joker minister, the villagerly fool and rustic,
Who will not like to vacate his chair,
As this is my chair, my father's, ancestral
And I shall not,
Shall see you.

- - And He Will Vacate It When Overpowered And Overthrown Forcibly
(The joker on the chair, not at all comical, but criminal.)

They did not call me a poet
And I myself calling a poet myself.- -God Knows Who Is What; What One
Becomes?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Poetry

My poetry
Neither dew drops on lotus petals
Nor gossamery,
Neither with light of the glow-worm
Glimmering
Nor the stars bespangling.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Poetry Is Not The Thing Of My Concern, But This Green Earth

My poetry is not the thing of my concern,
But this green earth
Going to be barren and devastated,
Deserted and destroyed,
What it is in my personal poetry,
It will be written,
If I not, someone else will,
But the earth is essential for posterity,
For the future generations,
It does not matter
Whether my poems get a publicity or not?

The ecology is more important,
The preservation and conservation of it,
The environment we are getting,
How to save the green earth,
The green planet?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Poetry Will Not Gush Forth If I Do Not A Muslim Girl

My poetry,
My poetry will not
Break forth,
If,
If I do not
Date a Muslim,
A Muslim girl,
I mean Burkhawalli,
My Burkhawalli lassie,
Her pyaar, muhabbat calling me,
View me,
View me but with love!

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Prerna, Inspiration/ A Cup Of Coffee And The Girl Before

A cup of coffee
And the girl before,
Should I sip warm coffee
Or see the girl,
Get a glimpse of her,
What should I do?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Rustic Heart

My rustic love, where do you lie you,
Playing in the countryside homes,
The courtyard of yours,
Grazing the cattle,
Palying with the frolicking lambs,
You plucking the wild flowers
And gifting them so lovefully,
With a cursory glance of yours,
The eyes full of so much so love?

My rustic heart, my rustic love,
Where lie you with your simple pastoral heart of yours,
I seartch you, search you,
Love misinterpreted?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Rustic Love, Where Do You Lie You?

My rustic beloved, palying in the countryside homes,
Into the coutyards of hers,
Grazing the cattle,
Playing with the lambs,
Plucking wild flowers
And gifting to,
Where is she, where is she,
My pastoral heart,
My love misinterpreted?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Rustic Mistress, My Pastoral Love

My rustic mistress, innocent and ignorant pastoral love,
Where do you lie in sad and morose
As for cosmetics and red ribbons, in which country home?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Saudi Arabian Beloved I Can View Only On The Facebook, Burkhawalli

My Saudi Arabian beloved
I can view only
On the Facebook,
Her smile,
Her dark eyes
Saying something,
Her meeting
Secret and private.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Silence

My silence was the silence, silence of rocks,
My silence, it was the silence of the stones,
Rocks and stones,
Rocks, stones and trees;
Of the landscapes
Full of ups and downs.

I had not been silent,
Silent,
All silent,
They made me, turned me to
And went I silent,
Silencing myself.

My silence was the silence
Forced to take on,
My silence was the silence
Of elegies and obituaries
And I had been busy writing with them
And I confided in.

After the all commotion,
Ruffle and rustle,
Saw I silence,
All quiet and silently
Prevailing upon.

I had been silent,
Silent for them,
My words snatched
And made silent
And I found myself dumbfounded and awe-struck.

Breaking my silence,
I want to say,
All about my experiences and feelings
Before I go away,
Go away from here.

I do not know it
Why did I like it,
Why did I dislike,
Silence was all that I needed
And it silenced me too?

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Sister, Why Are Tears Into The Eyes Of Yours? Has Your Brother Forgotten You? Lo, I Am Your Brother By You!

My sister, why are tears into the eyes of yours,
Has your brother forgotten you,
Lo, here lie I in your brother,
Extending the hand to you,
You tie a rakhi
On the hand of mine,
I am your brother,
Am your brother
with tears into the eyes of mine,
Lo, I am your brother,
Your brother!

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Small Daughter On The Path Of Life And The World

My daughter only daughter,
Simple and lovely,
Moving alone
On the path of life and the world,
How will she live,
How will she move on?

A girl so simple and lovely,
So affectionate and innocent?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Small Daughter, I Could Not Give To You, Could Not

My daughter,
I could not, could not
What I would have to you,
To you, my daughter,
You too had expectation from me,
But I could not, could not
With my patriarchal mindset
Taking you as a debt to be disposed off
And this is what you expected from me
And this is what I gave to you and society.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Small Sister With A Rakhi In Her Hand

With the rakhi in her hand she is coming to tie on my wrist,
A colourful wrist-band to put on
With a dish
With sweets, candle and vermillion,
To show light to,
To put sweets into the mouth
And to impress a red spot
On the forehead
And to touch my feet
And the brother giving
A token sum of money
To her fasting sister,
Waiting to tie on
After a bath
And having tied the rakhi,
She will take food.

My dear brother, you forget her not
In future
When you are far from her
And she too is not,
You forget not her
When the parents remain not
In the world
You forget not her,
Try to pay a visit
To her house sometimes
Even though far from you,
Please do remember her,
Your lovely sister,
Waiting and expectant.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Son Not My Own

My son not my own
Which but I am not sure of it
Whether he will foo to me
In my old age
Which but I too myself
Expect it not
From him.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Son, You Always Keep A Low Profile (Poetry Not In Draws And Awards)

My father used to say, my son, you always keep a low profile,
Never boast of that
You write,
Never be proud of your poetic talent,
Your properties,
Who has not got poetic talent?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Son, Your Dad Is Not Your Dad

My son, your dad is not your dad,
Just a dad for sometime more,
A statue of dust and clay am I
To disintegrate finally.

One day your papa will be dead and gone,
Turning a deaf ear to your calls,
Papa, papa, where are you,
Are you listening me?

My son, I am not your papa,
Your papa is not your papa as he has to go away finally,
just call me for the time being.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Song

I shall not stay here
But my songs will
And you will come to mark
My sadness and fine mood writ over,
Which you will hum
But I shall not be.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Song A Love-Song Calling You From Far

The song of love sing I,
The song of love.

The song of love whistle I,
The song of love.

The song of love hum I,
The song of love.

You do not know, how do I love you?
How much do I love you?

My song calling you from far,
Just do not say goodbye to me.

Even if you have to go, go you definitely
But after hearing my song.

The song of love
Which want I to sing before as for your appreciation.

And taking your admiration, want I to go away
Whistling and humming my song.

The song of love my love, whistling and going
As if someone calling me from behind.

Asking to whistle and hum again, to sing it again
As so much so liked it.

My love,
I myself do not know, how much do I love you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Song Your Life

Singer of heart,
Go you singing
The songs!

Believing
And disbelieving,
Taking you in confidence.

Sing, sing you
The songs of heart,
Love and its dreams.

Away, away from here
Into the realms
Of fancy and imagination.

Where the nightingale sings,
Full of their haunts and escapes,
Where the wild blooms cackle, there.

Take me, take me there,
O singer,
Singer of heart, my heart, your heart!

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Tongue Hindustani, I Not An Englishman From The Scotland Yard, A Simple Indian, Not A Detective, My Friend, You A Hound, An Alsatian, German Shepherd Barking, Barking And Howling

My friend, said I to you,
How many times shall I,
My English Hindustani,
Hindustani English,
Bark you not,
Howl you not,
Snarl you not
In such
A way
Frightening
Me indeed,
I afraid of
Taking
The name of
My father.
Father
Who came to,
Came to my help not,
God,
God the Holy Father
But He too not.

My English Hindustani,
Hindustani English,
I,
I not an English,
Englishman,
But an India,
Indiaman,
My tongue
Not English tongue,
But Indian,
Indian, of India,
As understand I not

The alien tongue
And speech of yours,
The nuances and idiosyncrasies
Of the language,
American English, British English.

My dog,
Dog,
Snarl you not,
Snarl you
Not
Wagging the tail,
Wagging and bragging,
Bragging and wagging,
And sniffing,
Sniffing and smelling,
Trying to pull at
With the hind legs
On my chest
Trying to say something
Or lick my mouth
In the strange home
Of the friend visited.

Whereas I in fear calling,
Calling
Calling the master,
The master of the house
And the dog,
But it,
It with the legs
On the chest
Of mine,
Trying,
Trying to lick
My mouth,
Sniff
And I in fear
Lying deaf and dumb struck
Grabbed by the Alsatian.

And I crying,

Crying
In fear,
My God,
O God,
Father,
Father,
O my father,
O my Heavenly Father,
Where,
Where are you,
Come, come,
Come, come,
Come to
And see, see you
Where, where am I,
In what position!

My English,
English not,
Of an Englishman,
But of
An India man
Indian,
Indian and nativized,
Local
And regional,
Deshi
Not videshi,
An alien one
And I a second language speaker
Learnt laboriously
As a link language
And you as such
Barking and frightening me,
Putting the legs
On the chest of mine,
Keeping frightened,
Repudiating hospitality
Sniffing and smelling and licking my mouth
But I not a thief to be caught nor a drunkard.

My Trial Of English And My Englishness

On finding none around me to speak in English, I trying my best to speak in English

With my dog?

O, how are you!

And lo, the dog too is smelling me, behaving strangely, standing on half the body
With two legs on me

And speaking strangely,

Trying to lick my mouth,

Grumbling and growling!

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Tributes To Him (Talent Search)

My tribute, homage to the unknown scholar
Who lived as an unknown man, as an unknown scholar
And passed away unknown,
My tribute and my homage to him,
To that scholar,
Medievalistic and classical,
Living unknown, dying unknown,
But a scholar classical and scholastic,
Well-versed

And to that unknown scholar,
Nameless and unknown,
Whose neither the torso nor the bust is there
At the busy town square,
I pay my respects to him,
I salute him, I salute him,
To that nameless scholar,
The streak of genius in him
That I found in him,
Lying unassessed and unappreciated.
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Tryst With Saleem Peeradina, Trying To Know Him, Getting Introduced To

Saleem Peeradina the man and poet,
How to lay it bare,
The poet already famed,
Used to hear about,
Saw him appearing,
But could not have a tryst
With his poetry?

First Offence (1980) , Group Portrait (1992) ,
Meditations of Desire (2003) , Slow Dance (2010) ,
Final Cut,
The collections
Offering meditations on flesh
And this human existence of ours.

A poetry-reader around the world,
He was writer-in-residence at The Chelsea Public Library, MI,2009-10,
At Lenoir-Rhyne College, NC,
At American College, Madurai,2003,
A Professor Emeritus at Siena Heights University, Adrian, Michigan Since 1989.

One from Bombay, the writer of The Ocean in My Yard,
The prose memoir of
Growing up in Bombay
Brought out by Penguin in 2005,
He is cinematographic
And of a multicultural space.

Born to Noorunnisa and Habib Peeradina on Oct.5,1944
In Bombay,
He graduated from
r's College in 1967,
M.A. from Bombay Univ. in 1969,
M.A. again at Wake Forest Univ. in 1973.

A recipient of Fulbright Travel Grant,1971,
British Council Writer's Grant,1983,

He is a traveller,
A globe-trotter,
A poet Bombayan.

An expatriate academician,
A poet of the diaspora dais,
Saleem is more of the Sates
Rather than India
Though recollects and ruminates
And reminisces about
Like an alien insider.

What is poetry to him? ,
One may ask,
Poetry in undefinable and limitless,
The universe of it wide and diverse,
It catches the noises of everyday objects
And the vibrations of the distant events,
Poetry is a statement, a way of seeing
And a resolution.

A poet of the home
And family,
He recollects,
I remember, I remember,
The house I was born
Adjusting with changing time and situation
Shifting and changing places.

Saleem's love of Bombay and films, love stories and lyrics
And dialogues seconded with
The shayarana andaz has definitely
Added to the realm of poetry
With its type of reflection,
Memoir and souvenir
Turning it
Into a memento of life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Turn To Be A Hero, A Film Artiste, A Cine Star

I too want to be a hero as no less than a hero look I,
You just give me a pair of sunglasses,
Yea, I mean the dark glasses
Or the photo-chromatic lenses
With the stylistic golden frames,
A small comb and a small mirror that I have in my pocket
And wherever go I, keep I in
And combing and looking my face.

For to a be a hero and to be specific about my career
I have tried to collect in
The dress materials and costumes
Worn by people from time to time, generation to generation
Changing with taste and availability
And I go about wearing,
Dressing and going
The olden-age fashion designer stuffs.

Please and thank you, that have I learnt from nicely,
Bye-bye, ta-ta from the Westerners,
Face cream and powder,
Scented hair oil and perfume,
Hair-setting,
All these too give me a figure,
The necklace, one bangle and finger-rings
Ready to add to the sparkle.

Sometimes in white kurta and pyjamas,
Sometimes in khadi clothes,
Sometimes in silk kurta and cotton pyjamas,
Sometimes in the jeans and a T-shirt
With the goggles
And a cigarette on the lips,
I shall move about,
Smoking and smiling sometimes.

For kurta and pyjamas,
The in-shirting will not be good
As these loose attire,

But for the jeans and T-shirt
It is better to do in-shirting
With a buckled belt on the midpoint
And the boots shining black or brown creaking
And I going as a gentleman.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Typical Village

My village
By the riverside,
Standing against heat and dust
With the sun-baked mud-houses
And the thatched roofs
By the river
Which used to dry
As was a highland river.

Without the school, the post-office
And the shops,
The village used to be,
A handful of houses
And thinly populated,
A mass of hunger and poverty,
Most of them agricultural farmers.

A typical Indian village
Where the people used to be in the dark
Without even the candle lights,
Used to sleep early,
Asking the name of the Naga-Devata, the Cobra-God,
They used to live,
Sometimes alone on the farmland.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Valentine

My Valentine is
A Czech blonde,
A Slovak,
A Swiss beauty,
A German girl,
An Austrian,
A Bulgarian beauty,
A Yugoslav girl,
A Belgian lady,
I do not know their tongues,
I do not,
But I see them,
Love to see them
Near the airport.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Valentine Is Missing

tine's day is coming,
But my love is missing,
Whom to give the love letter
And the bouquet of flowers?

On Valentine's Day, my Valentine is not
And What can I if she is not,
Then why not to offer it to the Lord of Love Himself?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Valentine, Where Do You Lie Waiting For?

My Valentine,
Where do you lie in waiting
Restlessly
In a tabooed society
Full of restrictions?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Valentine, Where Do You Stand? My Love, My Valentine

My Valentine,
The 14th of February
Is coming,
Drawing nearer,
Will you be love,
Will you be
My love?

Even if the rose is not
In my hands,
I shall definitely
A flower,
A wild bloom
Or a grassy one.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Valentine, You Come To And Take The Rose

My Valentine, you come and take the rose,
The red rose
I have brought for you,
My love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Villa On Mars

How will it be
My villa
On Mars,
The Red Planet
Far and far away
From
This earth
Of ours,
Planning for
My next settlement
And colony
After my tryst
With here?

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Village

The hamlet where I was born had been a little village
By the side of the river
Which used to dry in the summer
And which used to overflow in the rainy days for a few days
When the days full of shower and downpour.

Away from the road, it was near about two kilometres
And taking to the raw alley,
We used to reach the village
By the evening descending and darkening
Or the summer noon hot and perspiring.

A thorp of a few homes, mud-built and straw-thatched,
With no books, nothing to do,
Without any post-office, shop or electricity,
The village used to roll in its days.

The simple folks used to live by simply,
Starting with the daybreak,
Someone bathing in the river,
Someone readying for a worship
Of the household deity.

The housewives going to the river to fill in the pitcher
With water,
Filtering it through the sandy surface
By holing in and cleaning the small source
And filtering the sands
With a piece of cloth on the pitcher.

People used to go one house to another
As for bringing the red embers,
Fire hidden in the ashes
As for to fan it and burn the hearth
At daybreak.

To get the breakfast was a problem,
They used to take the stale food of the night-time,
Actually, late at midday, most probably by 3 p.m.,

They used to finish their midday meal.

Village-life had been indeed very slow,
The bullock-cart as the source of conveyance
Moving out from one village to another,
People going on foot,
As a few had a bicycles.

To be with a radio set is to be with people
In your courtyard,
People sitting around at eve
And hearing the radio,
Passing the night.

Without the torchlight and the slippers,
People moving out in the dark,
Taking the name of the snake-god
As he will save,
Sleeping on the muddy floor.

During the cold winter,
They used to put on straw as for to warm up,
By the fire-side they used to sit and pass by,
Warming with
By putting a fire pot under the string cot.

With nothing to read,
Neither with sufficient light or lamp,
They just pass on their days in full darkness,
Just with one short-time burning earthen lamp,
Burning with mustard oil.

The temples made of mud,
Vermillioned or frescoed,
Had been the spots of their faith,
No school had been therein
And even if it had been, it used to run
Under the shady trees.

The small children half-clothed, half-fed,
With the clumsy shorts slipping
Or shirts torn and buttonless,

Used to move towards
Holding the shorts and the knapsack to sit on.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Village (Haiku)

My village
A global village
And I going to market.

Bijay Kant Dubey

My Wife Is A Chairman, A Chairman, O, Mendicant, See You, See & Say Something! , The Labour-Class Rustic And Idle-Seeking Communist Leader Saying, See You My Palm & Say You

My wife is a chairman,
A chairman,
O, mendicant,
Wandering fakir,
My wife is but a chairman,
What chairman,
Where's chairman, I but cannot,
But believe you or not,
She is a chairman,
Maybe she of some committee
Or some post honorary,
Temporary and political,
But powerful,
Very powerful!

My wife is but a chairman,
A chairman,
I may or may not be,
But my wife is,
O sadhu, sadhu baba,
See, see you
My forehead,
My palms and say you
Something,
If not about me,
But about her,
Her fate-line,
Her post and position
She is going to hold!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Mystic Vision In Indian English Poetry

Mystic vision in Indian English poetry
Taking me to Mount Kailash and Mansarovar,
Kamrupa-Kamakhyā, Konark,
Vaishno Devi, Puri, Tirupati,
Kashi, Prayag and Varanasi.

India the land of sadhus and sadhakas
Taking me back to
Kabir and Ramananda,
Adi Shankaracharya and Trailangaswami,
Dayanand Saraswati,
Ramkrishna, Vivekananda and Aurobindo.

Buddha The Light of Asia,
Mahavira's ahimsa,
India seen from far
In Cambodian zens,
Buddhists lost in meditation,
Traversing in search of
Knowledge and truth.

The tales Mahabharatan, Ramayanan,
From the Bhagavat-Gita,
The folk dramatization
Of Sita, Rama, Dashrath, Lakshman,
Bhishma, Drona, Eklavya,
Harishchandra and Sabya and Rohit'
Prince Siddhartha and Yasodhara,
The tales on the lips of the people.

India heard far from the Dalai Lamas,
The Chinese travellers,
In American transcendentalist,
Thoreau, Emerson and Whitman,
In Kant, Schiller, Sopenhauer,
Deussen, Maxmuller
And in Goethe and Tolstoi.

Vedanto-Upanishadism, Puranic studies

Taking the canvas away,
The Advaita-Vedanta of Swami Vivekananda,
Aurobindo's Savitri
The Life Divine in poetry,
Iyengar's Sitayana,
Mahapatra's rock-built temples
Reverberating with.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Myth

Myth,
The olden myth,
How to unravel it,
The myth of life,
The myth of the world
And creation?

Myth,
The myth so olden,
The myth of life
And the world
And the history of creation?

The three ash-lined sadhu
With a red spot on the forehead
Seated under the tree
Meditating,
How to tell it
The myth so deep within?

People moving to Mansarovar
In search of Siva
And the swans flying,
A landscape so pious and holy,
How to describe it,
But the where is Siva?

Myth,
Myth of life and the world,
History of time and creation,
How,
How to narrate to
Something unknowable,
Beyond the comprehension of human mind?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Naga Sadhu, You, One From Nagaland (Sadhus From Nagaland)

Naga sadhu, tumko kisine jana nahin,
Samajha nahin, bujha nahin,
Bas door nagaland dhe aate rahe
Aur ramate rahe,
Kashi, prayag, haridwar
Aur uttarkashi mein.

Naga sadhu, nahi hi kise ne tumhe jan,
Na hi kisne samajha,
Bas tum aate rahe,
Ramte rahe
Apni duniya mein,
Hathyoga karte rahe,
Kathin she kathin sadhna.

Naga sadhu, none strove to know you,
Understood you not, took to not in comprehension,
Just you went on coming from distant Nagaland
And lost you yours ways in meditation,
Dedicated and devoted to,
Forgetful of the world,
In the hardest form of celibacy and sadhna, penance,
In Kashi, Prayag, Haridwar
And Uttar Kashi.

Naga sadhu, ascetic, none knew you,
None took you to comprehension and confidence
Your hathyoga,
just you went on coming,
Losing,
Devoting and dedicating to
Without any lust
In your own world,
Your sadhna,
Doing hathyoga,
The hardest of the hard sadhna.

Naga: One from Nagaland and the Naga ethnic northeastern race and naked too,
just with a little bit covering

Bijay Kant Dubey

Naga Sadhus

Naga sadhus,
Naked Naga sadhus
From the north-east,
How to tell
Of their power of sadhna,
Self-control?

The Naga sadhus,
None could know them,
The power of their rigorous sadhna,
We could not assess them,
The cultural ambassadors
From the north-east.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nagalnd, The History And Culture Of It I Knew It Not

Nagalnd,
The land of the Nagas
I knew it not,
None told me too
The history of it,
But the Naga sadhus
Visiting the remote areas
Of Bihar
Met I, saw I
The ambassadors from the Northeast,
The cultural ambassadors
Of India.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nagaraja's Daughter Miss Nagin, I Mean Miss Nagakanya At My Home, The Daughter Of Both, aja And

Nagaraja's daughter,
I mean Nagaraja and Nagin's daughter,
Miss Cobra Princess,
Nagakanya have I married,
An icchadhari nagin,
A willed-in she-cobra to take the wings

As he plays the tunes there at his home,
Into the forests elsewhere
And the nagakanya, cobra-daughter
Dances she here at my house,
Making me restless, taking the sleeps away,
As what to do with,
Where to go,
Which gunin, tamer or exorcist to be called in
With the herbal roots and mantras incantatory?

Nagaraja's daughter, I mean, King Cobra's,
Nagin's, I mean Mrs Cobra's daughter
Doing havoc at my home,
Hissing and hooded
And all the members of the household
Afraid of the cobra princess,
Which my wife.

My God, I mean the Snake-god,
How to tame in the cobra,
What should I offer to,
Milk and rice puffs,
How to pacify the wrath and anger,
You help me,
How to quell the cobra,
The cobra princess?

My God, how to maintain the calm and quiet
If this be the state of things,

How to divide the family
After her instant coming,
How to separate the old parents,
Where to sidetrack brothers and sisters?

Nagaraja playing the racial and ethnic been,
I mean the wooden been music
And the she-cobra dancing at my home,
Doing Shiva tandava,
Dancing the dance of doom, desertion and death
And I in pain calling the Snake-god, Naga-devata,
Ma Manasa, the ordaining and aboriginal deity of these.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Naked Came I, Naked Shall I Go

Naked came I, naked shall I go
Just without anything else,
Naked came I, naked shall I go
With nothing but naked.

Deprived of, bereft of anything
I shall go, I shall go
Bereft of anything else,
You say it what is my own here?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nalanda

I think about the foreigners
Who would have traversed the domains
To reach it here
In search of knowledge and wisdom.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nalanda University

The fanatic will remain fanatical,
The barbarians the barbarians,
Bakhtiyar Khilji can demolish Nalanda,
But not the spirit of ancient India,
Its wisdom and learning,
You take him for a looter,
A criminal.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Namaste India, A Foreigner Girl With The Hands Folded In

A foreigner girl with the hands folded in
To say,
Namaste India
Just with the hands
Folded in so innocently, so ignorantly
About Indian thought and culture.

Bijay Kant Dubey

**'Naren, What Do You Want? , ' Asked The Teacher. 'I
Want To See Her And Seek From Her'. 'Well, You Go
Inside And Ask For, ' Said He, Ramkrishna**

Naren, what do you want,
What,
Asked the teacher.
Swami Vivekananda then Naren said to him
That he wanted to see the Mother,
The face of the Mother.
Well, then go in and ask from
The deity
Whatever you want to ask.
Narendra Dutt went into,
Saw a magnificent Kali,
The glittering face of Hers
Ever to speak, ever to talk to
And forgot to ask from Her,
The Ordaining Deity.
Coming out of the hall,
Said he,
I want nothing,
Nothing from Her,
Nothing, nothing from you,
My reverend teacher.
said he,
What I had to find,
I have found,
Found that, Sire.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Narenderpal Singh As A Poet

Narenderpal Singh is first a Punjabi writer,
A novelist, a short story writer and one of assorted matters
Then a poet in English too,
An editor of Byword,
A diplomat, a soldier, a traveller,
He is a retired colonel as well as an embassy-man,
Who had been to various parts of the world
As per his assignment.

As a poet, one of Zero Hour,1986 and Crossroads,1991,
Published from Writers Workshop, Calcutta,
He tells of his sense of beauty,
Tours and visits,
Representation of India,
Feeling fine among the European citizens,
A poet of simple love, wit, affection,
Humour, sympathy and beauty.

Narenderpal Singh as a poet speaks out clearly
What it is in his mind, in his heart,
A poet simple and humanistic,
The writer as a visitor
Visiting the world and feeling within,
The places of natural beauty and worth,
Telling about foreign cultures and climes
With an aesthetic sense of his own.

His love poems set against a foreign background
Have a beauty of their own,
With the images of foreigner girls
Saying with the folded hands strangely,
Namaste India,
Yea, the maidens and citizens
From far, across the shores
And he touring and traveling
To see and mark into.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Narendra Modi

A personality of some middle height,
Sober and outspoken
With the vision and mission of own
On his path to be the P.M. of India.

The magic of his personality was as such,
The way to marshal the things
Braving all the odds,
Hazards and hurdles.

Now the rudder of the ship of the nation
Into the hands of his
To be given a direction,
Riding the wave and current in his favour.

A man with the little-little white beards,
A shining face
And the specs over,
Speaking politely is this Gujarati fellow.

An activist, a social worker and a politician,
Wanting to build the nation
As per the vision seen and shown
And the people giving a clear mandate to him.

Now the nation to wait, watch and see
How he comes up
To the expectations and aspirations
Of the common masses?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Narendra Modi The Dream Boy Of India: His Vision & Mission

Narendra Modi,
How sober and grave
Does he look to, appear to be,
Narendra Modi,
In the kurta and pyjamas
With the golden specs
Over the face,
A Gujarati-speaking
Taking by storm
With his beautiful rhetoric
And oratorical excellence!

Age reflecting over his face
And he is not a young man,
But an aged fellow,
Golden brown,
Brown-faced and glistening,
Looking grave-grave,
Sober-sober and serious,
The new Prime minister of Minister.

The golden specs over the face
Golden and brown
With the little-little white beards
And white hairs
And he in the kurta and pyjamas,
Making the speeches
Laced with his mission and vision
Of building India,
The plans for the future,
The need to build it,
Construct as per the dreams
Seen and envisaged.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nataraja Shiva

In which museum does the statue lie in
Beaming with joy,
In which
The statue
Blackly but beautiful,
A replica of Nataraja Shiva,
Shiva, Shiva, shiva,
Lord Shiva
As the Cosmic Dancer
In His mood of ananda,
O, the Anandam Murti,
The Joyous Statue,
Shiva in a dancing pose,
A dancing posture of His!

Lord Shiva, Shiva, Shiva,
A statue of the Cosmic Dancer,
A small replica
In the museum
Beaming with light,
Light and joy,
Shiva Shiva,
Shiva in a trance,
In a mood of His ananda,
Delight
To the delight of all!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nataraja Shiva (Haiku)

Nataraja Shiva,
How the poses and postures of His
During the classical dance?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nataraja Shiva (Ii)

Natarja Shiva,
Nataraja Shiva,
Where does He lie in,
Shiva, Shiva,
Shiva in a dancing pose and posture,
In which,
Which museum
Lies it the statue,
The statue of the Dancer Shiva,
Dancer not merely,
But the King of Dancers?

Where the curator
Who will tell me,
Tell me about
The Nataraja,
Nataraja Shiva
And His antique statues
Lying in museums,
Beaming with joy
And lighting from?

An art-model,
A replica,
Shiva the Yogi
As the Dancer,
Dancing on Kailash,
The snowy peaks of Kailash
While moving to Mansarovar
Or purveying the world
From atop the mountains.

Nataraja Shiva,
An art-model,
A replica
Decorating the museum,
The art complex,
The library,
You give me,

Give me the art-model,
Heritage-stuff,
Where they making Nataraja Shivas?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nataraja Shiva- Ii

Nataraja Shiva
In dance,
Classical and stupendous,
Earthly not,
Heavenly.

Shiva dancing,
Doing the Cosmic Dance,
The Dance of Anandam,
The Divine Anandam,
The Yogi in Ecstasy.

Shiva dancing,
In another dance posture,
Seconded by grief, loss and mourning
And He doing Shiva Tsndava
With the body of Sati into the hands of His.

Shiva Tandava
The destructive form of dance,
Spirited, windy, highly-pitched
And rhythmic,
Destroying to create.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nataraja Shiva, Shiva-Shiva-Shiva

Nataraja Shiva,
A statue of his,
Give you
Of Shiva dancing,
A statue antique
Of Shiva
The King of Dancers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nataraja Shiva, Where Is The Art-Piece?

Nataraja Shiva
Found while excavating
The historical sites,
The good earth,
You give me, give me,
My thing
And I shall,
Shall go away
With the art-piece,
My thing artistic,
Sculptural,
Archival,
Architectural.

Nataraja Shiva
In a dancing pose and posture,
Yogic
And with one leg held aloft
In full cadence
And rhythmic,
Shiva in a dance style,
Yea, the Yogiraj,
The Great Sadhaka
Instructing,
The King of Dancers,
Nataraja,
Nataraja Shiva.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nataraja Shiva: The Sadhaka As A Dancer; The Yogi Divine

Nataraja Shiva

Metallurgical, clay-modelled and stone-made,
The statues in sculptures and artifacts,
Art-models and the inspiration behind the source of reckoning,
Dating back to
An age, era gone by,
To the days of yore and antiquity
To look back in wonder.

Shiva statues, art-models into the museums,
Beaming with,
Radiating from,
The curators viewing in astonishment,
Nataraja Shiva,
Shiva as a nata, a dancer,
The Lord, King of the dancers.

A yogi, a fakira, a sanyasin at dance,
Dancing in joy,
Feeling the anandam,
The Anandam Divine
And dancing
On snowy Kailasha and its peaks
Or in the places of meditation.

The sadhaka with the third eye
On the forehead
And the three ash-lines,
A sacred thread over the bare body,
A snake rounded around the neck
And with the rudraksha rosary
Doing the tapasya.

Seated on a tiger leather cloth
With the water jug, a trident and a damru,
The Yogi in stoic pose of own,
The bare body towelled with the tiger leather,

Meditating,
Doing His kriya-karma,
Lost into the meditations of His.

The hair is matted and long,
The Ganges rising from mythically
From the mountainous fonts and falls,
Glides and slides
And flowing downwards
And the yogi losing,
The river flowing,
It is said, who can but say about them?

The arms and the wrists with the rudraksha bracelets,
The Yogi Divine
As a sahdaka losing Himself somewhere,
Meditating on
Contemplating and loitering around
In His Escapades.

The poses and postures of His many,
The Lila Divine
Untold,
Dancing as with the Lasya (the gentle form)
Associated with the creation of the world
And the Tandava (the destructive form)
With the destruction of the universe,
But Nataraja gentler and feeling the Divine Ananda
In the Lasya form of dancing here.

Shiva the Cosmic Dancer
Dancing the Dance of Bliss
Feeling the Anandam Divine,
The Yogi in spirits,
Overtaken by transcendental joys,
Meditative delights and its summits,
Dancing in His joyous mood of own
With the trance-like situations.

The left leg held aloft and balanced,
Rarely with the right leg,
The upper right hand with the damru,

The upper left hand fiery,
The second upper hand held aloft to show the Abhaya-mudra
And the second left hinting to the held on foot
And the onward movement towards the jungle of ignorance.

People talking about the Dance of Shiva,
The Dance Divine, the Cosmic Dance,
The pride and glory of museums
And their curators and conservators in all glees
To mark,
The Yogi, Sadhaka and Fakira
In Meditation,
Meditating on Om-like universe
And its tonal vibration
Resulting into the break of speech, sound and rhythm
Of life, world and expression.

But while the yogi in a dancing posture
Which means
The artist and the art become one
In the trance-like situation
Or the feeling of the Divine Ananda
As the same is with the scene and time of Creation.

There are also other poses and postures in which
Lord Shiva can be seen riding a bull
And dancing over,
Being endowed with the ten arms
And on a bull
In a dancing posture and pose of His,
A sadhu, yogi, fakira
With a kamandala, a trisula and a damru
Going His Way finally.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nature Red In Tooth And Claw, The Poetry Of Keki alla

Nature, red in tooth and claw forms
The crux and thematic of Daruwalla
Who is a step ahead of them
In grappling with natural disaster and calamity not,
But criminal mood and mind of man,
His wrath, anger, villainy,
Enmity, hatred,
Vengeance, animosity,
The animal forces of nature,
Rumour, mob psychology,
Accident, death and disease,
Above all, the morgue.

Daruwalla's heart is not a human pulsating heart,
But eyes turned stony and the heart rocky,
Waterless, tearless,
Viewing without
Any compassion or remorse,
A Jacobian drama man, a Shakespearean villain,
A Marlowean hero,
A character Senecan, Sophoclean,
A writer Brechtian,
A Parsi unto his last
Telling of the hawk, vulture, kite,
The Towers of Silence
Upon which the Parsis expose their dead.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Natwarlal

Natwarlal, the great conman of India, you see,
Films have been made on you,
But the tragedy your living nobody thought it to feel it, know it
And while enacting all this, they made money
Out of you, gave nothing to you
And you remained poor,
Fraud and false
Instead of your talent,
The talent you had,
God-gifted talent
Of forging any signature
And representing anything else.

His pass-book in his hands, the pass-book of the account holder
And you after having drawn his money
Moving away
With the forged and duplicate signature,
Nothing to doubt
And your cottage industry was not
For making illegal arms
As the retired ordnance factory men do
After their retirement.

Yours had been a different establishment
One of papers, certificates and testimonials,
Small presses,
Records and monograms,
Contact and connection,
You as the vice-chancellor signing certificates,
As the controller of exams. of different universities
And your candidates keeping it a top secret with concealed mouths
Keeping the matter into the stomach
And passing it not on.

Your service to society, it will fail to give you back,
On your certificates I see many
Employed as teachers, professors, doctors, engineers,
Judges, clerks, vice-chancellors and magistrates,
With the curtains hanging

And the personae within,
Dressing and doing make-up,
The certificate is the same, the doctorate o.k.
But not entered into the varsity register,
The signature of the vice-chancellor is thereon,
The initial is ditto.□
Natwarlal, films are there on you,
Heroes, directors and producers are making money,
They turning into moneyed-men,
But you keeping quiet,
Holding a low profile
As for your low means and poor money
And only for that,
For bringing medicine for your mother or father,
You might have turned into a conman.

Just a . I can see her teaching .
And posted in the P.G. department,
A professor calling himself an M.A. in English from Dhaka
Vanishing after certificate verification,
One vice-Chancellor calling himself a Ph.D. from Chicago
But was not,
Many quacks caught after producing false MBBS degrees.

The case had been different with you as those times were hard
As well as loose too,
It was your mistake that you duplicated the signature
And produced them,
But many had Sahityalankara and Prabesika degrees
Which they availed of without reading them,
But genuine degrees
And they worked as middle school teachers and headmasters
And talked of expelling the candidates
Taking the use of unfair means in the exam. halls.

Natwarlal, I cannot say, nor can I judge it,
Who is original, meritorious and genuine,
Who false, fraud and duplicate,
As it is very difficult to judge,
Even law is implicating and enslaving,
To put behind the bar
And earn money for pleading is not justice done,

There is something more in re-consideration of facts,
Re-submitting of papers,
Reviewing of the same matter

And the judgement will vary, as it from time to time, I am sure
As and while getting reports on a thesis by a panel of three experts,
Even if one is in the negative,
The Ph.D. will awarded to the candidate,
So the things may vary with but cannot be so cruel.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Natwarlal As A Professor Of English, The Great Con Man

Natwarlal too a professor of English,
The great con man
He himself not
But with the degrees
Got from him,
Natwarlal signing on behalf of
The Controller of Exams.,
Giving the certificates
After duplicating the signature
Of the Vice-Chancellor,
B.A., M.A., Ph.D.
All but fake and fraudulent
But he calling them original,
A professor of rustic English.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Natwarlal Too A Doctorate

Natwarlal, I mean the great con man
Too a doctorate
In English.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Natwarlal Too A Doctorate (I Mean A Ph.D.)

Natwarlal, I mean the great con man
Too a doctorate
In English.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nautch Girl

Nautch Girl, did you turn into stone
After having been fatigued with dancing,
The bells broke they loose
And beauty too faded it
In the passage of time
Or the courtiers plotted and conspired against
In their lust and treachery?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Navbarsha To Daruwallon Ki Hai/ New Year Is Of The Wine Men

The new year is of the darumen,
Daruwallon,
Those who sell
And take too,
The wine men,
The liquor men,
The daru men
All related with
Spirits, stimulants,
Daru piyo
Aur daru plwao,
Nasha masters,
They gathering
To celebrate it
For once and all,
Daru pikar finish kar do,
Having taken daru finish you it all,
the dream,
The dream of reckoning
For the new year,
New year to come,
Daru piyo
Aur nach karo,
Take you daru
And dance,
Daru pikar
Deshi yaa videshi.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nazar She Jigar Tak (From The Looks To The Heart)

Dekho magar pyaar she,
Nigahon mein la ke
Dekho to jaraa,
Kyaa yahi pyaar hain?

Look but with love,
Bringing into the sight,
At least look,
Is this love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Neel Kamal, Blue Waterlily

It is not neel kamal,
Blue lotus,
But blue waterlily
Which is but the fact
Hidden from.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Neela Aakash/ Blue Sky

Neela aakash,
Neel pratibimba,
Neel cchata.

The blue sky,
Blue images,
Bluish scenery.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Neither Hindugiri Nor Christiangular Nor Miangular Is My Talk

I do not like too much of Hindugir,
Too much of Christiangular
And too much of Miangular.

If you have to be, be you,
Who has held you,
Be you an orthodox Hindu, Christian or Muslim?

It all depends on you,
On your mind, mood and mentality,
But politicize you not.

But bombard and shell you not
On the common people,
Carrying out fanatical and terrorist attacks.

Forget it not that you too
Are a man,
In being humane.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose: A Salute To Him

Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose

A national hero

Whose services can never be forgotten,

A leader matchless,

Indefatigable and undaunted

In his fatigue,

A great freedom fighter,

A true son of the soil

Never to be born,

Never to be.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Netaji Subhas Chandra...

Netaji, I think about your life, the hurdles and hazards of it,
Nay the smooth path,
The zigzagged curves and turns of it,
The crisscrosses of life,
What one thinks and what it happens.

Your disappearance,
The people debate it blindly,
As nobody is there going to believe it,
How did you disappear from,
A much debated, never-ending topic
And never to be believable?

None is there to make one understand the plane-crash,
The iconic image of his
Dwarfing it all,
The round specs, fair and fine face, full of expression,
White and bulging,
Speaking something,
Showing the path
Which it lies ahead.

This is but one side of the story while on the other the hidden facts
Of your life unknown and unseen
That you had your English-knowing Austrian secretary,
Emily Schenkel as your partner
And never did you come, return back
As for an expecting foreigner wife
And a baby was born to her, named Anita,
Who later on turned out to be Anita Bose Pfaff.

Whether you believe or disbelieve it but Emily had been his wife
Who did not come to India
On seeing the reverence for the lost leader, the forgotten hero,
Which none was to believe or take it in firm belief
As such had been the impact,
The faith of the people
Making them blind in their assertion.

I do not know Netaji, why didn't you tell, before disappearing
That Emily had been your wife, an expecting mom
And a strange, totally in the dark foreigner wife,
Which but you should have,
You should have, sir?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Never Break You A Heart

Never break you
A heart
Which but loves you.

There are many
Who keep breaking,
But how many to join them?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Never Break The Heart Which But It Loves

Never, never
Break a heart,
Never, never
Break a heart
Which but loves you,
Believes you

Never, never
Break a heart,
A heart
Which hold you
With so much love,
Believes you.

Never, never
Break a heart,
never, never a heart
So lovely and tender,
So innocent and guileless.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Never Did He Call Himself A Scholar

Never did he call himself a scholar,
A pundit he was in reality,
A scholar par excellence,
Well-known for his erudition,
Scholarship and pedantry,
Medieval scholasticism and classicism,
Not like the modern pseudo-scholars
Coming up with their c.v. and bio-data.

A scholar so famed for his scholasticism,
He passed away quite unknown
Before the wide world could know him,
A scholar classical, pastoral and shepherd-like,
In a thatched mud house of a village
Lived he, died he unknown
And unseen, hidden from the purview of the wide world.

Bijay Kant Dubey

New Generation Of Indian English Poets & Poetesses

The mod girls as fashionistas and socialites,
Urban and metropolitan,
From towns and cities,
Mega and metropolitan
With no work to do
Just with managerial expertise
And management skill
Trying to come to light
Through poetry-writing.

The comfortable and difficult daughter
Of the businessmen, the rich and the wealthy
And the well-to-do,
Hoteliers and hostellers,
Touring and travelling
Convent-educated girls
Trying their best to poetesses
And the poets by being
Of the diaspora dais
After settling overseas
And talking of India from there.

The media managers, interior decorators,
Beauticians, NGO women,
The NRI men,
The disco jockeys,
The yoga gurus
And the disciple sadhvis
In the rudrakshmalas,
Rajneeshites
And the showy zen-practitioners,
Not the real,
The verse-practitioners
Of the new age and new times,
The media favourites
Partying and dancing
And arranging for the book release
In five-star hotels.

New Generation, A Generation Of Alcoholics, Drinkers & Drunkards

New generation,
Will it end up
In becoming alcoholics?

A generation of alcoholics,
Drinkers and drunkards
Lying drunk, fallen and wayward.

In search of pleasure, wild pleasure,
Where, where are they going,
Youths wayward and deviated from?

Bijay Kant Dubey

New Light On New Indian English Poetry/ The Sly Research Students

What it disturbs us most in new Indian English poetry is this that
The research students
After doing their . on
The small-small things of Indian English poetry
Start calling themselves poets and critics, essayists and reviewers.

Is it not a laughing matter that the small scholar registered on Indian poetry
Under a small ragged supervisor of substandard poetry,
After doing his or her Ph.D. copiously
Calling a glittering star of the firmament
Of the Indian English poetry of absent critics.

All those sly and foxy Indian research students of Indian English poetry,
Getting tips from their nondescript guides
On nondescript and ramshackle poets and poetesses
Just one or two collections of poems to their credit authors,
Never to found and searched, the whereabouts unknown.

The researchers themselves go to the authors' houses,
Ask them to help personally
And the anonymous writers, I mean not so publicized
Oblige them otherwise
By giving notes and summaries
Of their poems and works.

And those research students after getting the tips,
On coming to the implied, stipulated absence
Of the competent authority,
Start calling themselves critics in absentia,
How can it be?

The ragged men as supervisors on derivative, imitative slender stuffs,
The ragged men scholars
And the ragged men as critics,
All in the hunt for greener pastures,
I mean the mediocre scholars.

New Year Is Not To End You, But To Be Anew And Afresh, Not To Get Killed In Accidents

New year eve is for to live
And re-live,
Not to finish yourself,
Revel and end yourself,
Drink to your full
And get crashed,
Doomed.

New year is to live
And enjoy life,
Not to end oneself,
Take wine,
But not to finish yourself.

Bijay Kant Dubey

New Year Yaa Raha Hae, Magar Daru Mat Pina/ New Year Is Coming, But Take You Not Daru

New year yaa raha hae
Magar daru mat pina,
Daru pikar
Nav barsha ka abhinandan na karna,
Daru mein eisa kucch kyon
Ki sab kucch cchin le?

New year is coming
But take you not wine
To welcome the new year year in,
Why is it all in wine
That it snatches it all?

Bijay Kant Dubey

New-Age Indian English Contemporary Poetry

The poets of the present times, I mean the new-age writers
Of English verse discuss I,
Marking it who comes from where,
Who says what?

The tactics and tricks of the contemporary fellows
Marvellous, remarkable,
One beating one's own drums,
The bongo or the cong
Or maybe it the aboriginal instrument.

Sometimes the research assistant of the small poet-professor
After taking his papers
Turns into a critic of his poetry,
Sometimes the research student of the other evolving poet
Claims to be a disciple of his.

All are masters here, yes sir, yes boss,
Yes ma'm,
But the brown sahebs and memsahebs,
Not the English White officers.

All are but evolving poets and poetesses,
The teachers and the research scholars,
All calling themselves national and international,
Poetasters, commoners, non-poets, rhymers and versifiers,
I mean the petty poets.

Marking the authority absent and a vacuum around,
The cleverly people trying their best,
I mean the little learning,
The hollow and shallow men
To be poets and poetesses easily.

Some editing books, some journals,
Some bringing out first collections with so much fanfare,
Some calling them, selves founding fathers,
Some glittering stars, some whereas twinkling,

But Miss Twinkle is not here.

Some calling themselves the leaders of the metred verses,
But without the reading metre,
Functioning not well,
Some giving money to publishers
As for bringing out books.

Ram writing on Shyam's poetry and Shyam on Ram's poetry
And they shaking hands in private,
Publicly saying,
They know not each other.

One beginner poet making one climb the tree
While another taking the palm juice,
Another trying to cut the tree
So that he may come down.

Writing papers on my poetry myself,
I publishing it in another's name,
The subscribers trying their best to be
Poets, critics and reviewers.

Those who have just finished their these on Indian poetry,
How can they turn the critics of India level
Overnight, within a very short period,
Why does one editor publish another's poetry
In mutual understanding so often?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Newly-Caught Cobras Showed He

The newly-caught cobras showed he,
Both of them with the fangs,
Not broken yet,
Full of wrath and vengeance,
Hissing instantly and hooding.

One of them was a white cobra,
Not wholly,
But partly
while the other was
A chocolate colour cobra
And he with a root
Controlling it,
Daring with courage
And faith in the Snake-god.

Cobras live in the field beds,
Anthills,
Pond guard walls,
Stems and bushes and forests
Or the orchard plots.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nigerian Female Genital Mutilation

My God, they are sinning against
And You marking them all silently,
Sinning against man and humanity
An You just a silent spectator of all that
Which the womankind is ashamed of.

O God, say You, say you,
When will the world get rid of
These sinners,
Against man and womankind,
All those satanic forces,
Devils and demons!

The plight of the Nigerian girls,
Who to see, who to see, God,
Injustice and torture subjected to,
Cruelty and inhuman treatment,
O God, why did You let them do,
Were there no humanists in the country to oppose
The monstrous system?

I shudder at when I think of
The small-small Nigerian girls
And their torture,
Their pain and cruelty
And I doubt
Whether the perpetrators
Were men or animals?

Had they been men, they could not have,
Had they been human and humane,
Had they been,
The sons of some mother
Born from the same womb,
Had they been?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nigerian Schoolgirls

Release, release them, the Nigerian schoolgirls,
Just for them,
For destiny's sake,
All those who want to read,
All those who want to see the light,
Militants,
The girls abducted,
Have, have mercy on them!

Release them, release them kindly, O Nigerian militants,
The little-little schoolchildren,
The schoolgirls
At your mercy and kindness,
Wanting to read, wanting to get light,
Release them, release them please,
o militants!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Night Of The Scorpion By Nissim Ezekiel (Comments In Prose)

Night of The Scorpion an Indian poem about an Indian scene, context and reference full of Indian crowds and vilalgerly neighbours, all and sundry. The poet's mother stung by a scorpion lying unconscious, writhing in pain, twisting and twisting at the centre.

The dragon after having bitten, stung fled from the site of action, perhaps lying hidden somewhere for a possible backlash under a knapsack of jute driven to after hours of steady brain and it seeking shelter in.

The villagers coming in swarms or droves with the oily lanterns into their hands and the shadows cast around while coming and going lying talking about and submissive and prayerful.

Nissim seeing all that, he standing silent while his father applying the rationalist approach with the priests and herbalists already at work, trying to tame the poison through mantric effect or incantation, the herbalists trying to put on herbal pastes while his father paraffin oil with a match stick lit and put to blaze. The mother at the centre of the spectacle, tamasha with all happening thereon, trying to cope with pain, struggling to come out of the bout with pain and suffering.

And the crowds, Indian crowds, a motley of the crowds discussing it, discussing in terms of karma and dharma, birth and re-birth, sin and previous sin and the expiation needed for it to balance the bad with the good.

But Nissim failing to take in the myths of Bihula-Lakhinder, Manasha-Shitala, Naga Devata, aboriginal and Aryan, what do the Indians do on the eve of the Naga-panchami.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nightly Beauty

The night as a blonde going
Wearing a black sari embroidered with twinkling stars
And the fair moon on the forehead as the beauty spot.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nilkantha (Haiku)

Nilkantha

Blue-necked, poison-discoloured
Har-Har Mahadeva.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nilkantha Mahadeva

Nilkantha, har, har Mahadeva,
Har, har Mahadeva,
Nilkantha Mahadeva,
You be guide,
Shiva-Sambhu,
Shankara.

Nilkantha, har, har Mahadeva,
Shiv-Shankara,
You be our help
In trouble and tribulation,
Mahadeva.

Nilkantha, one whose neck is blue,
Bluish as for taking poison
And the snakes rounded around,
Bhole-baba, Shiva-shankara,
Simple and saintly,
One of good-heart.

Nilkantha Mahadeva, Blue-necked Great God,
You eliminate our troubles,
You eradicate and eliminate,
Simple and saintly Shiva,
The Origin of the being.

Nilkantha Mahadeva,
Blue-necked and bare-bodied
And with a thread over,
You in the loin cloth,
The leather of the tiger
And with a kamandala,
A trishula and a damru going.

On Your pathways to Kailash peaks,
Snow-capped tough terrains
to meditate and do sadhna,
A yogi, a sadhaka, a fakira You

To be lost in.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nirguna Brahma

Nirguna and nirakar Brahma,
Characterless and formless Brahama,
One which is unknowable,
One which is beyond judgement,
Unintelligible,
Unimaginable,
One which cannot be resoned,
One which cannot be explained,
The origin and the end of it.

Nirguna Brahma, Nirguna and Nirakar Brahma,
Formless and unimaginable,
One which cannot be imagined and understood,
Beyond the reach of human comprehension,
Beyond the reach of human imagination.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nirguna Brahma, Formless Divine

Nirguna Brahma,
Nirakar Brahma,
Formless Divine, Cosmos.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Niscchal Hriday (Haiku)

Niscchal, nirmal hriday,
Guileless, pure heart
Without papa, sin.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nissim As A Poet Is A Minority Mouthpiece

Nissim Ezekiel as a poet is a minority man
And his poetry a study in minorityism
As he holds a different view
Of Indian culture and tradition
And it is not his subject to dwell upon
As he is blind to these,
He is a minority community man
So is his poetic mouthpiece.

A poet of Bombay he is a Bombay man,
I mean a Bombayan
Talking of the cinema, the theatre, the play,
The art gallery, the cabaret,
The airport, the city square,
The park, the shopping complex
And trying to speak in English,
Not an Englishman,
But an Indian in English,
Joking, caricaturing and laughing at.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nissim Ezekiel

A Maharashtrian Bene-Israeli,
I mean an Indian Jew,
Describing India as an alien insider
Though living in here
Just as the minorities.

A poet of Bombay and its cityspace,
The metropolitan not, the mega city,
Its urban thought, culture and life,
He is a good boy
Of the goodbye party, the marriage party, the tea party,
Writing about the honeymoon,
Handshake, ta-ta, bye-bye, thank you,
Indian poverty and platforms.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nissim Ezekiel (1924-2004)

Nissim Ezekiel is one such poet who suffered the alienation feeling most,
Some sort of rootlessness and uneasiness in being here
And the nativity question baffled him
As for to be called Indian
And he was not,
Indian in sentiment, feeling and emotion,
Thought, culture and tradition racially,
As his mind dwelt it afar,
Indian philosophy, spirituality, morality and ethics
Never lured him, lured him
So with its Vedism, Upanishadism and Puranism,
Nor did the things of Indology and Oriental studies
As most of the modern Indian poets are today.

A modern poet, he was of the post-1947 period, the post-fifties
As he started writing from then,
A Bombayan, a city dweller of cosmopolitan Bombay
Of airports and shipyards,
Living in Bombay and dreaming from
And the India of villages with its soul in them
Never the enchantment of Nissim,
Who chose to dwell far from
And this took him to England
And he returned back to
After spending three and a half years there,
Studying Philosophy at Birbeck College, London.

A Time To Change, Sixty Poems, The Third, The Unfinished Man, The Exact
Name,
Hymns in Darkness, The Unfinished Man, Latter-Day Psalms,
The works published from time to time
Tell of his literary attainment
Into the poetic field laced with wit, irony and humour
And caricature,
Writing about Indianness and its hollow ethics,
Society, culture and jokes,
Realistic portrayal and discussion,
His understanding of India
Just like an outsider's viewpoint.

A Maharashtrian Jew, instead of his attachment with the city of his birth,
The growing island that saw he,
He marked the nation as an alien insider
And his view was outsiderish
And if not, he was like the modern
Hollow man, shallow man,
Exulting in urbanization, industrialization and commercialization,
Talking of city life and culture,
Professorship and literary journalism continued side by side
And this added to
In getting name and fame.

Though he was a poet mostly, he wrote one slender book of playlets
And just on the basis of that thinner stuff,
We call him a playwright
And this happens in Indian English writings
As there is a dearth of
And English is a foreign tongue
And it is difficult to master a foreign language
And to be write in an alien tongue
Though many of the good oldies did not get a chance,
Nor did they dare to show
As the age had not been in their favour.

Then the people used to say, one should write in one's own mother tongue,
But the definition changed
Drastically in the changed scenario and context,
Editor gave a chance to many of the new writers
And their bad verses
With a view to imparting strength and verve
To promote Indian English verse
And Nissim too served as an assistant editor,
Later on edited Imprint
And the Indian P.E.N.

It took time in developing, Nissim went on trying to hone in
His sporadically written verses,
Meagre in output, not at all bulky,
Some poems meaningful, some meaningless
And as thus peddled he
The stuffs of his own,

Applying modern contexts of deliberation,
Approach and assimilation,
Fact and fiction, wit and intellect,
Psychology and philosophy added to
His idea of new poetry
And he tried to think in a novel way,
Indian or un-Indian or otherwise.

We generally ask with regard to him, how far Indian is he in his
Picturisation and presentation of India, Indian ethos and milieu,
What is Indian in his poetry
And it is the theme of Indianness,
Ironical and realistic,
Which finally bails him out
And it is true he failed to understand
The ethos of India,
But has portrayed it realistically
Like a Western man,
Seeing and presenting
And cracking the joke
And humour was his spirit.

Instead of his frailties and foibles, he was a great poet
As he contributed to an evolving literature,
Came of age,
Added to realistically and ironically,
Bagged the Sahitya Akademi Award in 1983 and the Padma Shri in 1988
A notable acknowledgement of his creative contribution,
A formerly head of the deptt of English of Mithibhai College from 1961 to 72
Before witching over to Bombay Univ. English Deptt. fnally
And taught for a short tenure at the Univ of Leeds and the Univ of Pondicherry
As visiting professor,
A broadcaster on literature and arts for sometime for All Indian Radio,
An art critic, an editor, a prose writer he was
Writing conversationally-inspired poetry
In a very technical and spirited way.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nissim Ezekiel And The Scorpion, I Wonder That A Scorpion Made Him So Famous

Nissim just by taking the scorpion-bite
Of his mother
Turned famous,
Into a global writer
Of fame
As for the bite
Of a scorpion.

The scorpion bit the toe of his mother
One rainy night
Of incessant rain
And thereafter the villagers started
Coming and going
Casting shadows before
On the mud walls
With lanterns and oil-lamps.

The exorcist, the priest and the quack
All indulged in
One by one, turn by turn
Trying to tame the poison
With the mantric effect,
The herbalist with the herbal
To cool it down,
The rationalist father trying to apply
The paraffin oil
And the flames feeding upon.

People discussing papa and punya, karma and dharma,
The sins of previous birth
And the lessening of it,
Purging through
And so many things,
A mass of poor and poverty-stricken fellows,
But the mother at the centre of all,
Writhing in pain
And relieved finally from pain,

Thanking God
And sparing her children.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nissim Ezekiel As The Scorpion Man

With a scorpion into the hands of his,
Nissim is showing it to the whole world
Just like a spectacle
Which but a daily thing
Of the Indian countryside
Of the sun-baked mud houses,
Knapsacks kept into the house
With the paddies or wheat ears
Or the haystacks stocked into.

How was his mother bitten
On the toe,
How had it been the time,
Rainy and night-time,
How did the peasants come in
Just like the swarms,
How did they react
About previous sin and the balancing of,
Karma and dharma and human bhoga?

How had it been the reaction of his rationalist father,
A science department man,
What did he
With the paraffin oil and the match,
What did the herbalist put in,
How did the exorcist try his hands
To tame the poison with mantric effect?

Had Nissim been a snake charmer,
What would he have,
Or had he seen a cobra,
What would he have,
I just think,
Think of
How did the critics run after him
Pursuing his scorpion?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nissim Ezekiel The Man And The Poet

Nissim Ezekiel the man and the poet, the writer of
A Time To Change, Sixty Poems, The Third,
The Unfinished Man, The Exact Name,
Hymns In Darkness, Latter-Day Psalms,
An Indian Maharashtrian Jew
Writing poems in English.

A professor of English of Bombay University
And the editor of the Indian P.E.N.,
Nissim introduced modernism,
Went along new lines,
New thinking and temperament
While exploring new possibilities.

As a poet, he drew from the Elizabethan lyric writers
And sonneteers,
One can read and come to conclude it
While going through his love poems,
Sometimes drawing from Marvell, sometimes Donne,
Sometimes Wyatt, Drayton, Spenser and Shakespeare.

Poetry is the experience of love, I mean love experience,
Poetry is knowledge,
Poetry is humour and joke,
Poetry conversational English,
Indian pidgin-English,
I mean the grammarian's grammatical English,
Spoken not, written English.

Sometimes he sees off Miss Pushpa at the airport,
Sometimes he can be seen visiting the cinema hall
With his beloved,
Sometimes chuckling to see the pregnant woman
Viewing the nudes in art gallery,
Sometimes with the birdwatcher and the lover
Waiting and watching for.

A hosteller, a hotelier, a tourist and a traveller,
He is a convent boy,

A modern man of a modern city,
Of the city landscape, the urban space,
Of Bombay the metropolitan town,
Observing India as an alien insider,
Modern life and culture.

India a bundle of contraries and contradictions,
Of poverty, superstition and backwardness,
Pavement dwellers and squalid conditions
And he apart from,
Presenting the things in a humourous way
Jocularly, fantastically
Smiling away the things of life,
Making us burst into a laughter.

Nissim is actually a modern-day poet ready to win over
With please, thank you, kindly,
Ta-ta, bye-bye, goodbye,
O.K., see you again,
One of birthday gifts, marriage parties, valedictions,
Good morning, good night.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nissim Ezekiel The Poster Boy Of Modernism

Nissim EZEKIEL

As I have read, understood him
Falling sort of
Calling him
The father of modern Indian poetry in English
Is but a poster boy,
A poster boy of modernism
Posting and pasting
The placards
Of modernism
To display.

Modernism it was there
Before him,
Still it is,
But instead of
We keep calling
Out of ignorance,
What modernism is about
In reality,
When has it started
And who has,
None knows it
Before saying?

Had the radio, the watch, the cinema,
The theatre, the salon,
The dress materials,
The mirror,
Roads and rails, bridges and dams,
Medical facility and others,
Say you,
Had we been modern,
Modern really?

Nissim as a poet is but of Bombay,
A minority boy,
Grappling with the theme of Indianness,
A Jew feeling the identity crisis,

The quest for identity,
How far Indian is Indian English poetry? ,
Just like an alien insider,
Not as an Indian
And even if it is, but differently,
But his is too a stand
Which many reasonably blind people
May not understand.

Where to go leaving India,
India the place of his birth and nativity
And Maharashtrian the lost mother tongue,
The matter of genealogy and heredity
One of the stories shipwrecks and forlorn brothers,
So, why to re-search the unknown
Rather than resigning to dharma and karma,
Yoga and Zen a bit
To jog and to be free?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nissim Ezekiel: A Faded Romantic And His Faded Romanticism

Nissim is after all a faded romantic and his poetry
A study in faded romanticism
As his use and application of syntax reveals it so
That he smiles on seeing a girl,
Talks of love-marriage
But marries not
After falling in love with,
Keeping in view the marriage
Within his community.

The colours seem to be faded and fading when take
We up him as for a reading
And his talk of love-marriage, romance, honeymoon
And love at first sight
And the writing of love-letters,
All false, false promises of his.

There is not strong feeling, not so strong emotion in him,
Just carrying on with his simple stuffs,
Please, thank you, bye-bye,
Goddbye, Pushpa,
Seeing the semi-nude Cuban dancer,
Will see the pregnant woman viewing nudes
In the art gallery and will chuckle.

A convent educated boy, he is a poet of hostels and hotels,
Marriage parties, birthday parties,
Honeymoon trips,
Handshaking,
Doing hi-hello.

A modern shallow, hollow man, living in the cities,
He can say only about city life and city scapes,
Not the countryside
Where pulsates it the heart of India,
Where dwells it the soul of India.

Nissim Ezekiel: An Alien Insider

As a poet is but alien insider,
Dwelling in India and instead of,
Unmindful of Indian ethos, myth, mysticism and historicity
Of the land,
My native land
Its thought, tradition, philosophy,
Religion, spirituality and metaphysics.

A Bene-Israeli, one from the oil-pressers' class,
Nissim suffers from the acute identity crisis,
People question his credentials,
How far Indian is this Indian Jew,
An Isreali or an Indian indeed,
What the truth behind to reveal, peel off?

A modern poet of the modern age, he just basks
In the warm sunshine of modernity and modernism,
Deriving pleasure from
The modern comforts,
Talking of love affair and the romance of it,
A visit to the theatre.

Talking in the cinema hall,
Seeing off at the airport,
Handshaking and bidding bye-bye,
Welcoming and greeting,
Visiting the art gallery,
Talking of foreign visits.

To do the joke and caricature,
Speaking in undertones and overtones,
In a conversational and ironical style of his own
The poetic sequence of his,
The poet chuckling
Holding the tongue in cheek.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nissim Ezekiel's Gandhian Patriot And His Pidgin-Indian English

Why don't you understand,
What did it Bapu say to,
I saying and saying,
But you understanding,
Understanding it not,
What did it Bapu,
The Father of all,
My Father, your Father,
His Father, their Father,
Why don't, don't you,
The Father of all,
Of the whole nation?

I am saying,
But you taking it not,
I am saying and saying,
But you hearing it not, ,
What Gandhi is for,
What his teachings,
A votary of peace,
World peace was he,
A living god of ahimsa,
Satya and shanti,
But you taking meat,
Eggs and omlette,
Believing me not.

Forbade I to take meat,
But took you
As cannot from,
You a modern boy
Rather than lassi
Like you drinking
Cold drinks,
Earthen pitcher water not,
But fridge water,
Suggested I to take goat milk

As Gandhi took he
Refused you to take
As felt you vomiting
To hear of it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nissim Ezekiel's Patriot Is A Gandhian Patriot Speaking In Hinglish

Nissim's patriot
A Gandhian patriot,
I mean
A freedom fighter
Hurly-burly
And blunt,
Clad in khadi
Kurta and dhoti
And with a lathi
To drive away
The English
Always at the command
Of Gandhiji,
Bapu,
Bapuji ke tin bandar,
Bura mat bolo,
Bura mat kaho,
Buro mat suno,
Standing on feet
When commanded,
Sitting on dharna
When asked to do so,
Crowding with
Jail bharo abhiyan

But the pujaris of
Satya, ahimsa and shantih
After driving away the British
adorn the dais
As invited guests of honour,
Freedom fighters,
Getting facilities,
Drawing pension,
Speakign in Hinglish,
The half-literates,
But growing with the times
To new the men of wisdom,

Uneducated but knowledgeable,
Murkha pundits.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nissim Trying To Cope Up With Karma

Nissim a Jew,
An alien insider
Trying to understand
Karma,
Dharma and bhoga,
Awakening of the kundalini
Through sadhna
Living in India,
Passing his days.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nissim, You Saw The Indian Patriot And Smiled You Critically

Nissim, you saw the patriot, the Indian patriot,
Ay, the follower of Gandhi
And his Gandhism as his mantra
Whispered into the ears of
A khaddhardhari,
Handloom-woven, handcrafted
Cottage industry product
Dhoti and kurta wearing,
Bapuji's bandar,
A strict disciple
Going with a lathi too,
Educated or uneducated,
Cent per cent uneducated perhaps,
But the staunch supporter of Gandhi,
Suppose Gandhi says, you stand on one foot,
They will,
So obedient and dedicated
That even the British feared their lathis,
The lathis of the foolish and blunt freedom fighters,
But dedicated and devoted to him,
The pride of Gandhi indeed

But Nissim, you as a bad boy just grinned,
Grinned and smiled to hear
The English of the patriot,
I mean the Indian freedom fighter,
Half-Hindi, half-English,
Khichdri was it,
A mixed diet
With rice, pulse and vegetables
And cooked,
Hodge-podge in essence,
Sometimes entertaining with
After asking to make tea
And spelling water, milk and sugar in English
And the rest in Hindi,
Interviewing the would be daughter-in-law

In broken English
After asking her name
In English, just a line,
Learning by rote
To show his knowledge of English
And to boast of.

Bijay Kant Dubey

No Business To Do, But Politicking

He has no work to do,
But politics and politics,
Politicking he.

An Indian politician,
How to be a minister?

Bijay Kant Dubey

No Daru On New Year's Eve, May A Little Bit If Have The Habit Of, But Turn It Not Into A Daru Party/ Take You Daru If Can't Without But Be Not A Daruman On New Year's Eve

No, no to daru,
Excessive daru
Making you a debauch, a drunkard,
A daruman
By daru, for daru, of daru,
Daru daru,
Do not take,
Do not
If have to live,
Live,
Daru daru,
Liquor liquor, alcohol alcohol,
Wine wine, spirit spirit,
So do not take daru
And if have to, drink you,
But within limit,
Just the mark of the tumbler,
Not below it,
Not above it
If you can maintain your cool,
Lose you not your temper
And quarrel with
Breaking the things of the house
As a daruman
Drunk and senseless,
Out of mind, out of order,
Not just like that,
Not just like that
And with excessive daru
And drowned up to the neck partying
We cannot change all that
To come unexpectedly.

Let the new year come

But you be not a daruman,
By daru, for daru, of daru,
Daru is daru,
A bad thing
And if take you,
You will go to hell
And wills end your family to hell
Be sure of it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

No Life Without An American Love

I saw the American girls
And my heart went away with them
To America
Following them
From the airport
To the farthest United States of America
With the girls from the United States of America.

Bijay Kant Dubey

No Scope For Any Relaxation In A Communist Government

The leaders' words the words of your mouth,
Speak not,
Keep the lips sealed
Otherwise face the wrath and ire,
You will be called in the evening to the party office
To settle scores.

Their suppression and repression famous world-wide,
How do they torture the non-communists,
How do they crush the democracy movements,
How do they suppress people's protests for relaxation,
How do they censure the press,
The high-handed handling of the tougher law-makers,
The autocrats and dictators?

The firebrand leaders making fiery speeches, talking tough,
Leaving no scope for compromise,
Liberalization and privatization,
Freedom of speech and expression,
The guns speaking the language,
Solitary silence telling it all,
The tongues lie they sealed in.

Bijay Kant Dubey

No Talks To Do, But Blatant Miangiri, Hindugiri To Show

No talks to do
Except Miangiri, Hindugiri to show,
How much Hindu are you,
How much of Mian,
No improvement on this line and length,
But to say and acknowledge,
I a Mian, you a Hindu,
Hindu Mian, Mian Hindu.

O Mian, leave your Miangiri,
O Hindu, leave your Hindugiri,
How long will you keep quarrelling over,
When will peace prevail upon
When it will be too late to mend?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nobody Studied Indian Egnlish Poetry, Now They Are For Fame & Promotion

Nobody studied it Indian English poetry
In the past,
Now they are for getting name and fame
As poets and poetesses,
They are for getting degrees, . and .
And promotion,
Their verses, poems not substandard,
Below the mark and derivative,
Carbon-copied and pencilled,
Their theses picked and lengthened
Without references,
The theses of the ragged men as researchers
And the ragged men as he Ph.D. guides.

Bijay Kant Dubey

None But I Myself

None but I myself tore it, the jeans pants
To give it the look of patches and darns,
Stitches and joints
To make it look like the faded jeans.

The colour faded it not,
But we made it look so
As for becoming, tired of modernity, ultra-modern
And hence looking for a way out

And as a result of that,
The face looks wrinkled even in spiral days,
The young girl looks old
And the old looks young.

Where have we come to,
Where are we going to,
As the pants and the tight shirt you see
Adjust with not?

In the spring,
Hairs seem to have started whitening
And falling
And I dyeing excessively to look coloured.

None but I myself tore my pants
To look it tattered and battered,
None but I myself
For to be modernistic.□

Bijay Kant Dubey

None But I Myself Am A Witness To Contemporary Indian English Poetry Writing

How do they manoeuvre and manipulate it
To be Indian English poets and poetesses,
I mean the literati and the intelligentsia,
The bogus-bogus academics?

The little journal editors like to promote
One another,
Which but i have seen
And can prove it too.

I writing a paper on your poetry
And you on me in your journal,
Can this be called poetry?

Bijay Kant Dubey

None But You Yourself Introduce It That You Are A Poet, That You Are A Poetess

None but you yourself present it you yourself
That you are a poet,
That she is a poetess.

I am a poet, I am a poet,
I am a poetess, I am a poetess,
I am editing a journal just to promote myself,
Just popularize myself
Asking the scholars and teachers
To write on my poetry
As for some help in their promotion.

Bijay Kant Dubey

None Supported Me As A Writer

Though I've been for quite a long time,
But none supported me,
Be he a poet, a professor,
A critic, a reviewer
Or a reporter.

Once I read my poetry before
The the Divisional Commissioner, the Deputy Commissioner,
The Superintendent of Police,
Additional . and I.A.S. officers,
The District Judge
And other executive magistrates
And reporters and correspondents
Sitting as guests
At the District Board House,
But none of the newsmen
Reported it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nonsense, What Did You? Am I Or You?

Nonsense,
What did you,
Am I or you yourself?

There is sense
In being nonsense,
Nonsense in sense.

It is sense
Which comes from
Nonsense.

Sense nonsense,
Nonsense sense,
Actually I do not what these are.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Not A Poet, But A Lover

I am not a poet,
But a lover,
A mad lover of yours,
A poet not,
But a lover.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Not A Star

Not a star, but a cine star,
An actor of a palstic reel,
Thinking himself a big boss,
But God knows who is whose boss?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Not About Lal Bahadur Shastri, But About The Dead Soldiers, Say You

Say you not about Lal Bahadur Shastri now,
But about those who laid down lives,
The Indian soldiers
Rather than the inflammable slogan,
Jai jawan, jai kisan
As it is easy to instil
Rather than doing it himself.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Not For Ever

I am here not for ever
As the things and times have to change,
This is but nature,
The go of the world.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Notebandi Not, Muhammad-Bin Tughluq With Tughluqi Dreams, A Kubla Khan's Vision

It's not notebandi,
Notes scrapped off, discontinued,
Demonetized,
Phased out,
But Tughluqi attempt
Going from Delhi Daulatabad
And Daulatabad to Delhi,
A Kubla Khan in dreams.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Novice . & . On Indian English Verse Cannot Be Called As The Testaments Of Criticism

Novice . and . on Indian English verse
Cannot be called
As the texts and treatises
And documents
Of contemporary Indian English verse
As they write it not,
But copy and paste,
Pin, tag and dovetail
With the barber's scissors not,
But their own
To clip and present
And to plagiarize
And the little men as P.G. heads
Help them
In getting
The degrees.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Now I Think How Mad I Had Been After Love!

Now I think how mad
I had been after love,
A mad lover was I,
Myself mad
Maddening others.

Now I think I should not
Have moved about
In that way
After her,
Why did I waste time
In being after her madly?

How mad had I been,
How mad
After her
That heeded I not
The words of
The other people!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Now In The Library Get I No Interest In Reading Books

Now get I no interest
I reading books
In the library,
Just like to see
The young-young and beautiful scholars.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Now Modi's Duty Is To Divert The Discussion To The Vikas Agenda

Now Modi's prime duty is to divert
The tolerance matter
To the vikas mantra,
The development agenda
As we have talked too much,
Debated it hotly,
Reporting badly
And it bores us
In hearing the thesis
Of the communists and pro-Muslims
Claiming to be pseudo-seculars
And of the Vishwa Hindu Parishad
And The RSS
As it is not the right time
For discussing it
And sorting out old scores.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Now Shake They Not The Hands Warmly

There was a time
When
They used to hold
The hands in full grip,
When
They used to shake it,
But today
Hold they not firmly,
Shake they not so warmly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Now The Post-Cards Come They Not/ The Vintage Post-Card

Now

They write it the post-cards,
Text they messages
From their mobile phone handsets,
Telephone they and talk to directly
Instead of the written words
Written as an address
And conveying to,
E-mail they.

The death of the post-card
In this way
I could not have imagined
As such,
Sometimes in the past
The post-man used to throw away
To lighten the load or burden of delivery,
Pending as for a strike.

But now if the tower signals,
Can connect to,
The message will reach definitely,
But for the post-card
It may reach or not
Or sometimes miraculously,
The vintage post-card
Struggling to survive
Or to go extinct.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nuclear Summer/A Goggleswalli Aghast To See A Goggleswalla

Nuclear Summer

Nuclear summer,
How baffling will it be
With the radio actives
All around?

Radiating radio-actives
Will take a toll upon
Human lives
If spare they not thinking about.

Burning sensation,
Scorching heat of the summer
Will singe it all
The heat waves, intensive heat.

A Goggleswalli Aghast To See A Goggleswalla

A goggleswalli
Aghast to see
A goggleswalla,
How can it be,
Thinking she within,
How can it be,
She whispering,
I in the goggles
And he also in the goggles,
Strange is it,
A goggleswalli
Meeting a goggleswalli!

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nude Girls And Their Photographs, Is This Modern Culture?

Is it modern culture to
Unclothe and denude?
Where are we going to
With our nude photographs?
Have we gone blue
With the blue films?
Do we want to import
The bar culture?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nude Girls, Bikini Babes, Cabaret Dancers, Late Night Parties, Is This All?

Nude girls,
Bikini babes,
Late night parties,
Bar tenders,
Where are they taking to
And where are they going to
In search of job and employment,
Life and happiness?

Drink and dance
And make others dance,
Unclothe and see her
After turning her
Into an addict, an abnormal
Or a hysteric,
Is this modern party culture
And life pattern?

Is the theatre, drama all,
Are we dramatic personae,
The artistes in a circus campus,
The opera girls,
Powdered, creamed,
Dressed and made-up?

But play you not
With their emotions
As they too are men,
They too are tender women,
They too have hearts
Within their hearts.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nudity In Modern Art

Is it modern art to make blue reels or films
Of photographs,
Is it modern art to present the nudes,
Clothless girls bent on the hands
And the long hair hiding in the face?

O artist, is it your art, nudity in modern art,
Is it your theme,
Have you any time thought about her helplessness,
The helplessness of a woman?

If not, try to feel it their desperation,
How the compulsions of life,
the problem of being a woman?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Nudity In Modern Art/ Nudes As Art-Collection

Is it modernity,
Love and expression of modern art
To picture and photograph
The nude girls,
To see them in all nudity?

Nude foreigner girls,
Drunk and intoxicated,
Bathing on the seashore
Or the female bar-tenders
Or the hippies
In search of enjoyment and pleasure,
You are clicking the photographs of,
Gentleman.

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Afghan Girl!

O Afghan girl,
When will the fair weather
Dawn upon
The landscape,
The rough winter combined with the chill
In all those rugged mountainous regions
Frighten me
And I dare not go ahead!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Alcoholic! Stand You, Stand And See You, Who Is Calling You?

O alcoholic, stand you, stand and see,
Who is calling you,
You wife is calling you,
Your small daughter calling you with love,
Papa, dad,
But what sort of dad are you,
Lost in your own?

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Allah, Khuda, My God, What Is It Happening In Libya, Syria, Afghanistan, Iran And Saudi Arabia, You Save Them, Save Them!

O Allah, Khuda,
My God,
What is it happening
In the name of religion and governance,
In Syria, Libya, Iran, Iraq,
Afghanistan,
You save them, save them,
God, from the disaster,
Casualty, loss of lives and destruction,
Save them, save them,
The women
And their rights!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O American Girl, Will You Take With You?

O American girl, will you take me to America
With you,
I want to go
With you?

Will you, will you take me with,
O American lass,
golden-haired and glistening
With the white teeth
And with a cloth bag?

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Beautiful Gulmohar Blossom, Say You When Will My Love Come To?

When I see the gulmohars in bloom,
Beating the heat and dust
Or frolicking them,
Hanging onto,
Blooming upon
In clusters or bunches
Decorating the tree
Flamboyant, fiery red,
Reddish, flame-red,
Ornate and flowery
And decorating the barren earth
Even in squelching, sweltering heat
Of Indian summer,
I stop by,
Pause a bit
Under it
And dream my dream
Of bringing a bride
In sixteen shringaras,
In Benarasi handloom silk sari,
Embroidered and brocaded,
Kajal, tikli, bangles, myrtle, vermillion
And others

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Bhojpurians, Your Bai Dance, How Long Will You Carry On With Tomboys?

O, Bhojpurians, how long will you go on
Deriving pleasure
From the Bai dance,
Hot item dances,
Lesbianism and homosexuality,
Kept girls dancing,
Pleasing the babusahebs,
Owners of theatres and operas!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Bihari Bhojpurian Petty Leader!

O Bihari Bhojpurian leader,
Do not make a fun of it all,
Calling your self a rajah and your wife a raani,
I know it well your capabilities,
You jokery people know it well,
Also it that you are boastful, bogus and blunt,
If you have to be a leader, you be it
But call you not yourself a hero,
A poor class small fellow
what have you to do barring it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Boatmaan, Thou Take The Boat Away

O Boatman, Thou,
Take the boat away,
as the waters lie they deep
And the river in ripples,
the currents strong enough,
The wind is blowing hard
And the flow is in stream,
My lord, Thou the Boatman,
Thou ferry it, ferry it across
With the rudder,
Ferry it, ferry it
With the rudder,
O Boatman,
Take the boat away,
I have to go across,
I have to go across
That bank!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Boatman, How Deep Is The River?

O Boatman, how deep is the river,
How deep the river,
I fear it
To cross the mainstream,
As the water may be deep,
Streaming down forcibly?

Thou help me, help me
In crossing the river,
In crossing over the midstream,
The waters deep and flowing down
With a force,
O Boatman!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Bombayan Villains, They Are Good Boys, Spoil You Not!

O Bombayan villains,
They are good men,
You spoil them not
With your character roles,
Whereas you will get the Filmfare awards
And they will be doomed to!

Bombayan villains,
You are mischievous.

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Cbi, He Is Not A Culprit, You See Him With Compassion And Love

He is not a culprit,
You see him with compassion and love
And kindness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Chatia Baba, The Lord Of The Woods!

O Chatia Baba, the Lord of The Woods
Of the foothills
Of Kurwa,
Overlooking above,
You be our Saviour,
Saving us from
Any untoward incident!

O You Almighty,
Save me and my things!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Come And Go Seeing The Dark Mother, The Dark Divine!

O come, come you and go seeing
The Dark Mother,
The Dark Divine,
O come you,
See you
the face
Of the Dark Divine,
Bizarre and grotesque,
The tongue out of the lips,
The glitter into the eyes of hers,
O, come you and go seeing
The Mother,
The Dark Mother!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Come You And Go Seeing The Face, Face Divine, Dark, Mythological And Mysterious, Supernatural And Nocturnal!

O, come you,
Come you and go seeing,
Seeing the Face,
The Face Divine
Of the Dark Divine,
The Face Magnificent,
Grotesque and Bizarre
Of Kali,
Kali Divine,
Into whose hands
Is our life and death!

O come, come you and go seeing
The Face,
The Face of the Dark Divine,
The Dark Eyes
With a Glitter in Them,
The Glaze in the Eyes,
Goddess Kali standing
With the Blood-red Tongue
Out of Her Mouth
Held in shame
As for trampling Shiva under feet
Who lying down
On Her Way
To quell down the Anger Divine
As for to lessen sin and sinners
On sinful earth,
For to rein in atrocities
After having cut the sinners
And wearing a garland of human heads!

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Bijay Kant Dubey

O Daru Man, Why Do You Take So Much Of Daru That Lie You Fallen On The Roads? I Mean Indian Country Liquor. Intoxication Failing Foreign Brands

Why do you take so much of daru that lie you fallen
On the roads,
I mean Indian country liquor,
O daru man,
With a bottle of daru into the hands!

Is it your life-style to lie fallen
Into the bushes,
Sometimes into the drains
And the dogs licking your mouth
to smell and taste aru, I mean Indian daru,
Deshi sharab,
Nasha, intoxication guaranteed?

O daru man, drink not so much, take daru, but not too much
As excess of everything is bad,
But who listens to moral lessons,
The Ramayana and the Mahabharata
And the Bhagavadgita,
Can a thief that one should not steal?

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Drinker, Is Your Life A Drink? (Daru-Master, Daru Piyo)

O drinker, I know it that you take not water,
Cold drink, but hot drink!
A daru-master taking daru to full are you,
Sir!
And your life a study in daru,
Daru and daru-taking,
Take and make others drink,
The friends of daru
Sitting together with to take daru.

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Drugged Hippies!

O drugged hippies,
The pleasure of life is not in drugs
And venturesome, wayward and thoughtless life-styles,
Think you before becoming a hippie!
The way the gipsy live you cannot,
Change your life-style,
Leave smoking marijuana,
Taking drugs,
deriving pleasure from,
Wandering wildly.
Is this the way of living?

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Drunkard, Is Intoxication In Bottle Or Wine?

O drunkard, is intoxication, inebriation
In bottle or in wine
That on seeing it,
You dancing in delight,
What's the matter,
Gentleman,
When take you not,
I see you a good man
Never to be found
But when under the spirit,
I mean when under the impact of coloured water,
You fail to remain the same fellow
And turn you into a bad man,
The devil in you turns you
To a worst fellow,
A dirty man indeed,
Ugly enough and abusive,
But what to do, my dear friend,
I know it not
As you have fallen into a bad habit
And your company too is responsible for it,
I mean your friends and associates,
The bottle-friends,
No friend there to stand by
But when comes it the drink time,
The time to share,
The people of the jocund company come they,
So many are there to take it!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Drunkard, Let Me Smell Your Mouth To Say It Whether You Have Or Not

O drunkard, let me smell your mouth to confirm
If you have taken wine again or not,
Let me smell to ascertain it,
You outwit and befool me not
After taking the mouth freshener!

Who forbids you from taking wine,
Take it if you cannot without it,
But keep you within the limit,
Go not beyond taking to full,
Speaking a different language,
Involve you not yourself in drunken brawls and altercations,
Picking a street fight, falling and getting bruised,
Quarrelling at home and outside,
Breaking the things?

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Fanantic, I Can Se It

O fanatic, I can see it, your end is
in fanaticism,
O fanatic, I know it, that
you will remain fanatical ever since!
Your end is in fanaticism, O fanatic,
as you cannot without.

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Fanatic, Are You Fanatical By Birth?

O fanatic,
Are you fanatical by birth
Or have become?
Mind it
God never wanted you to be so,
But man made you
So fanatical,
Orthodox and conservative.

Now you tell me,
Will fanaticism go with you finally?
What do you want to be,
A fanatic or a human being
Full with the milk of kindness?

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Foreigner Girl!

O foreigner girl,
I know it not,
Where live you,
But the heart of mine
Want it to inquire you about!

What your identity,
What your nationality,
Where your home,
Who your parents
And where from you?

Foreigner girl,
Before you go away,
Say you
Before leaving,
Quenching my thirst for knowledge.

Holding the hand,
I shall not let you go,
Foreigner girl,
Though a foreigner outwardly,
But the heart takes to as its own.

I do not understand your language,
Just see you
In strange amazement,
Foreigner girl,
O foreigner girl!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Foreigner Girl, Just Suppose You (An Exchange Of Hearts)

O foreigner girl, just suppose you,
I am by you,
You are by me
And we know not,
You not my language,
I not your language!

Just suppose you,
You are speaking in Ukrainian,
French or German
And I in my Hindi,
How shall we be able to converse with,
o foreigner girl!

Though the heart is in you,
But still I am unknown to you
And you know me not,
Though I love and like you,
O foreigner love!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Foreigner Girl, Say You What Is My Relationship With You? (Intimacy With A Foreign Girl)

O foreigner girl, say you, what is,
What is my relationship with you,
If say you not,
I shall not let go,
I shall keep pulling back
Your luggage,
Dragging behind,
Snatching from you,
If say you not,
What my relationship with you,
I shan't, shan't let you go,
Catch the airbus,
Catch the flight,
O foreigner girl?

O foreigner girl, say you,
What is my relationship with you,
What your name,
What your identity,
Where are you from,
What your land,
Where your home?

Intimacy with a foreigner girl,
Love with a foreigner girl.

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Foreigner Girl, Say You, What Is It In Foreign?

O foreigner belle, say you, what is it
In your foreign,
O foreigner belle?
Why the eyes so deep and brown,
Where do you live you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Foreigner Girl, Where Are You Sitting Across The Shore?

O foreigner girl, where are you sitting across the seashore,
Sitting and thinking deeply
With the face on the hands,
Leaning and thinking
And dreaming
While on the other the waves surging,
Roaring across,
Rising and falling
And in the midst of all this,
You hearing the music of humanity,
O foreigner girl,
When will you be my own,
Say you love me!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Foreigner Girl, Where Do You Live You?

O foreigner girl, where do you live you,
Say you,
Keep not mum,
Time is slipping out,
I am in a haste,
Say,
Say you,
Where do you live you,
O foreigner girl?

O foreigner girl,
What my relation with you,
But I love you,
Love you no doubt,
But before you go,
Promise, promise you
That you will come again?

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Foreigner Girl, You Do Not Know It...

O foreigner girl, you do not know it,
How deep is my love for you,
How much do i love you,
I do not know your language, gesture and behaviour
But still love you,
Love and like you,
Your strange meeting!

You are a flower far from here,
Your geographical compulsions different
From that of mine,
Your habit, manner, thinking and feeling
Different from that of mine,
But still I love you,
Unmindful of that.

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Fox, Are You Left Alone When All Have Gone Extinct!

O lonely fox, couldn't recognize you,
I am the same who had seen you a few days ago,
Don't you remember it,
Have forgotten it so easily?

I know it that the call of the wild is different
And it can't be vegetated
As the wild tameless,
Which benevolent Nature too remains not,
Turns furious and untamable.

Fox, are you perhaps the lone rider walking during the night time
While all else have given away,
Gone extinct
Or the numbers have fallen,
Dwindling,
Going extinct?

Are you perhaps the lone walker visible during the night time
When all have given away,
Gone extinct
And dwindled,
But your number too not appreciable,
Maybe it that one day
You too will cease to live here?

Fox, strange is the story of the world of man,
Contradictory and contrasting is it God's Creation,
With the lamb and tiger elements
And nature red in tooth and claw,
So, what to say to you, fox?

Bijay Kant Dubey

O God, The Burden Is The Body! How To Lift The Dead Body Of Mother!

O God, how to lift
The dead body of the mother!
The skies have fallen over
And the burden of the load
Heavy upon!
How to lift the load, God!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Governor-Chancellor, I Am A Jadavpurian Naxal Girl, I Shall Not Take The Degree

O Governor-Chancellor, I am a Naxal girl,
I shall not take the gold medal
From you,
I am here to do Naxalism,
don't mind it, Sir!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Himalayas, Lofty, Grand And Gigantic, Tell Me, Tell Me!

O Himalayas,
Lofty, grand and gigantic
And magnificent,
Sky-kissing,
Raising tall and erect
About,
About the deaths
In snow,
Snow,
Lofty, grand and gigantic,
Rising high and high,
Erect tall
About,
About the deaths,
Deaths of the climbers,
Mountaineers
From far and wide
Adventuring into the domains
Of yours,
Snow-capped and impassable,
Gigantic and impregnable,
O Himalayas,
Himalayas,
Tell me,
Tell me about
The climbers
And mountaineers
Lost and forgotten
And the message,
Message to be sent,
Sent to their bereaved families
Waiting,
Waiting for so long,
O,
O Himalayas,
Standing erect and tall,
Turning dumb and deaf,

Mighty and grand,
Snow-capped and impregnable!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Himalayas, Tell You Of The Lost Mountaineers!

O Himalayas, lofty and high, sky-kissing
And high and lofty,
Mountainous and deep,
Snowy and impregnable,
Tell, tell me
of the mountaineers
Buried deep and lost
Into the blizzards and storms and winds
While scaling you,
Tell me, tell me, Himalayas,
Lofty and high,
Magnificent and craggy,
Tell you, tell you,
o Himalayas
of the lost climbers and mountaineers
Native and foreign,
Those who came to scale the peaks
And climb you
And lost track of,
Tell you, tell you, O Himalayas!

Stand not speechless,
I question you
And answer you not,
O Himalayas,
Himalayas, say you,
Say you,
Where do the bodies lie in,
Where do they,
Dead and buried deep
The daring mountaineers,
Lost and forgotten,
Oh, you could be so callous,
So cruel to them,
Himalayas,
So callous and cruel
And you saw them losing track of
And missing,
You saw them losing track of

And missing!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Idiot Bakhtiyar, You Destroyed Vikramshila Too!

O, idiot Bakhtiyar,
You could even destroy,
Devastate and demolish
The Buddhist monastery
Housing the prayer hall,
The library and the residential abodes,
Storied and celled
And terraced!

O, idiot, Bakhtiyar Khilji,
How uncivilized and barbaric
Were you,
How medieval and wild
A tribesman,
One from the nomadic hordes.
How silly and stupid you!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Lallu, Bihari Villain!

Lallu, a Bihari villain
From the countryside
With a lathi in hand
And an unlicensed pistol,
Looking rugged and clumsy,
Rough and tough
Jumping on the stage,
O Lallu, where is your Kallu?

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Lalua, Suppose That A Blunt Bihari Rustic Turns Into A Politician!

O Lalua,
A Bihari rustic fool,
Think you not yourself a hero,
You a buffalo man
Too going to the assembly house
As a representative
Of the villagerly fools and illiterates
And the cartmen smiling to see him
As their man at the helm!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Laluwa, Criminalize Not The Politics Of Bihar!

O Laluwa, Criminalize Not The Politics of Bihar!

O Laluwa, criminalize you not
The politics of Bihar,
You a country fellow,
Rubbing tobacco
And chewing and spitting on the platform
And speaking in Bhojpuri,
Talk not big,
As we know you,
Who you are,
A third class man
From a third class family,
A notorious villager,
Small, fallen, degraded,
Uncultured, illiterate and backward,
Not the humble poor!

Laluwa, pose not as a joker,
A scoffer, buffoon or a comedian
As you are not,
neither a humorist nor a satirist,
But a petty villager,
Mean-minded and small,
Poor and backward,
Really, a third class fellow!

Criminalize you not the politics
By inducting in more ruffians and loafers,
Laluwa,
You yourself a third class man
Make not politics third classey
After reining in lathimen,
The blunt and bogus people,
Local petty goons and criminals!

Criminalize you not, Lallu,
The state is not your property,
Loot not the treasury,
Commit not a theft

With your gang,
Lallu, fear you God,
Your last days coming nearer,
A milkman, a buffaloman you!

N.B. A common name in Bihar, but the same when joins politics grows from the village area headship.

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Laluwa, Lalu, Lallu, Rustic Bihari...

O Laluwa, after mixing water in milk
And selling it
And making money,
How do you call yourself honest?

After looting the national treasury,
The animal husbandry department,
Doing the scams
Pertaining to fodder scam, coal tar scam,
Stealing slates and pencils
And lanterns
To be given to adult education centres,
Call you not yourself a leader.

Laluwa, you are not Lallu, Reddie,
But Kallu, I mean Blackie,
A villagerly and villainous vulgar milkman
With a lathi to size it all,
A Tinmudia, Three-headed
An Aadkhopary, Half-skulled
Or a Trishanku Three-forked
Going to the assembly house
On a black buffalo.

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Laluwa, You Too Have Become A Politician!

O Laluwa, you too become a politician,
A countryside joker,
A villager
As a leader,
A leader not
But as a minister,
Rough and tough
Indian villager,
A rustic
Clumsy and uncouth,
An Indian fool
With the lathi
And the tikki
Hanging from
The crown of the head,
A blunt and bogus fellow
Wielding the lathi,
Thrashing the head
From the back
As a sudden surprise,
A bolt from the blue!
O Laluwa, you too have become a politician,
A countryside rustic, .
A villager uncultured,
Illiterate and underdeveloped,
One from a small family,
Uneducated and blunt,
One who does not know
How to talk,
How to behave,
How to manner!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Leftist Students Of Jadavpur, Kiss You Not In Protest, But Marry You

O leftists of Jadavpur,
Leftist students,
Kiss you not in the public
To show,
But marry you,
Return back to your homes
Without brides,
Why to pass time in studies,
Bring in good wives!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Man, Where Will You Go With Your Fundamentalist Thoughts?

O man, where will you go with your fundamentalism
And fundamentalist thoughts,
Are you so fanatical, so fundamentalist!

O man, when will you be a man, when will you,
How long will you medieval and barbaric,
Fanatical and blood-thirsty!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Miscaller, Is Your Life A Miscalling? To Give Missed Calls Your Job?

O Miscaller, is to give missed calls
Your job,
Why do you keep miscalling
And disturbing
If you do not have money in pocket
And you want it
That I talk to you?

Who, who are you,
A loafer or a roamer,
A drunkard or an abnormal,
A goon or a thief,
A lover or a dacoit?

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Miscaller, What's Your Name, Where Do You Live?

Miscaller, what's your name,
Where are you from,
What do you do,
What the purpose of yours?

Do you want to collect any information from,
What the intention behind,
Why do you ring time and again
And cut that?

What do you want,
Why are you so,
Sometimes after ringing you,
Say you,
Why did you send the missed call
Allegedly?

Miscaller, if you are short of money,
Ask me and I shall give you money,
But give not please the missed calls,
My friend,
If a bad boy,
Goodbye forever,
I am switching off the phone set.

Are you one short of money,
A cleverly friend of mine
Or a lover
Or a burglar
Or a thief,
What are you,
Say, say you,
Keep not quiet?

But say allegedly,
Why did you give the missed calls
Allegedly,
Why did you disturb
Instaed of telephoning you

Yourself
Scolding me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Miss, Miss I You!

O Miss, miss I you,
O Miss,
Miss, Miss,
Give me a kiss,
kiss, kiss,
A sweet kiss,
Kiss
On,
On the cheeks
Of mine,
O Miss,
Miss,
Give me,
Give me
A kiss,
Kiss,
Sweet kiss
To keep me,
Me
Dreaming,
O Miss!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Miss, Miss You, O Miss, Kiss You!

O Miss,
Miss, miss you,
O Miss,
Kiss, kiss you!

O Miss, Miss,
Kiss, kiss you,
O, kiss, kiss you
In my dreams!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Modern Man, Is Politics Your Life?

O modern man, is to politics your life?
Had you father too been a politician,
A politician's son a politician?

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Moon, Have You My Love!

O moon, have you, have you
My love!
O moon, my love
Silvery white and sparkling!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O My God, Meri Ek Bhi Nahin, Uski Tin-Tin Beautiful Wives! (Bilingual)

O My God, Meri Ek Bhi Nahin, Uski Tin-Tin Beautiful Wives!

Meri ek bhi nahin aur uski tin-tin beautiful wives,
Very beautiful wives,
I mean bibis and madams,
Koi dekh na le,
Buri nazarwalle
Tera muh kalaa,
My God, ab kya karun,
Ab mera kya hoga,
Yahi tumhara justice!

O My God, I've Not Even A Single, But He's Three-Three Beautiful Wives!

Have not even a single and he's three-three beautiful wives,
Very beautiful wives,
I mean bibis, veiled madams,
Lest someone see her,
Those with the bad looks
Your faces black,
My God, what to do,
What will it to me,
Is this Your Justice!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O My Heart, Keep You Singing!

O my heart, keep you singing,
Singing
The songs of love,
Love and harmony
And peaceful co-existence,
O my heart, keep you singing
Of friendship,
The bond of affection and sympathy,
O my heart, keep you singing
The song of love and affection,
O my heart!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O My Mind, Recite You, Om Namah Shivay!

O my mind, recite you, closing the eyes
Near the pillars of the pagoda,
Sitting on the verandah,
Taking the name of the Lord,
With the lingam before!

Closing the eyes, say you,
Om namah shivay, om namah shivay, om namah shivay,
Hari om, Hari om,
Om, om,
Om namha shivay, om namah shivay,
Shiv, shiv, Shiv,
Om, om, om.

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Old Man (Just Past The Middle Age) , With The French-Cut Beards! (Meeting Him At The City Square)

Sire, your French-cut beards
Though not from France,
But reared in an Indian saloon of that type
Is marvellous, excellent,
You step not forward hurriedly,
An old man you in the crowds of Kolkata,
But with the prominent white French-cut beard
On the chin
No less than an art-piece for me,
I shall miss you, sir.

Let me, let me see you in full,
A somewhat balding,
Brownish and fair,
May I ask you,
How did you come to nurture
The flair for,
I mean the fascination
For the French-cut beards
Even in your old age
And the gentleman just a bit
More than the middle age.

Not so old, but looking smart,
One of a shortish height,
But entertaining a French-cut beard
Going on the Calcuttan roads,
I saw him by chance
And liked him
And forgot not to capture
The image of his, the personality,
The photos of his
Not in my mind,
But in my heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Old Man, Looking Grave And Handsome, But With The Prominent French-Cut Beard!

O old man, looking grave and smart,
smart and handsome,
o, meeting you strangely
At the city square,
No, no the city centre,
may i ask you about your white beard,
The French-cut beard you have kept,
The secrets of it,
The reason behind keeping it
Even in the old age,
Almost a balding,
But you still dressed
In the suits and the boots,
The belt and the pants,
o old man,
Looking over smart,
Give me, give me please
Your White french-cut beard
To shelve it,
Keep it on the rack
Of my almirah,
to showcase it
As art-piece
Or an artifact!

(Met him in Calcutta, wanted to inquire about the secrets of his white, but prominent French-cut beards, but could not in the congested space of the hurrying crowds, faceless and nameless and the vehicles, coming to a stop due to traffic jams and hectic activity.

Meeting him at the city square or the city centre. A tryst with the French-cut beard-keeping man, his fascination for even in the old age, what will the young do on seeing him, i often ask myself?)

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Old Man, Looking Smart, Give Me Your French-Cut Beard To Showcase It On My Almirah Rack!

O old man looking grave and smart,
Give me,
Give me
your prominent beard,
French-cut beard to showcase it
In my almirah rack,
o old man looking over smart
Or showing yourself!

I want to, want to keep it as a replica
Of art and artifact,
O old man with
The French-cut beard,
Looking over smart!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Pakistani Girl!

O Pakistani girl,
When will they change,
When will normalcy return to
With peace, love and settlement?

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Palar River, Vellore, Tell Me About Deaths Away From! / Death At Vellore!

O Palar river, Vellore, tell me about the deaths
Away from home,
Far and far away
Of the ones moving in search of life
With the expectancy to be returned back
And lengthened
But failing to return,
They moving far and far away,
But returning they not,
Tell me, tell me, O Palar river,
Who the people burning the bodies
On the unknown banks of yours,
Lighting the pyres hastily
With sorrow in heart,
Who the strangers
Unable to carry the load
Of the lifeless body,
Offloading the things,
Unable to carry on,
Deleting the messages!

O Palar river of Vellore, tell me about the deaths
Away from homes,
The candles extinguishing far,
Far from their location,
Far, far from the range of acquaintance,
Who, who they burning,
Who, who they helping them,
O Palar river,
On whose banks see I the eyes heavily
Laden over,
Tears falling down the unknown cheeks
Of the unknown relatives,
O Palar river,
Say you,
Who they,
Who they doing the panda-dana,

Hanging the asthi-kalasha to be immersed into
To back home hastily
Not with the body
Weak and ailing,
Sick and diseased
And frail,
But the memories heavy upon
Full of sighs and relief!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Policeman, Beat You Not The The Other Man Son, If You've Too, Beat You Your Own

O policeman, beat you not the other man's son,
If you've to,
Beat you your own son
And having beaten him, you will feel it
What it lies in being a father
Of a son,
A good son or a bad son?

You will weep after having beaten the son,
Even if not while beating,
Later on, you will feel it definitely,
Sometimes the office too hinders in making
A career built,
Sometimes too much love too spoils a child.

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Rajanigandha, Speak You, Will You Be Love?

O Rajanigandha, speak you,
Speak you,
Will you,
Will you be my love?

You a teenaged, but remarkably
Beautiful girl
Standing under the moonlit nights,
Dew-laced and cold,
Spending the night
All alone,
Alone
Under the starlit skies
While they keep twinkling?

O Rajanigandha, speak,
Speak you,
Will you,
Will you be my love,
O Rajanigandha?

N.B. Addressed to the ice white, but redolent rajanigandha blooms

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Rudraksha Tree, Have You Seen Siva? Which Way Has He Proceeded On?

O rudraksha tree, have you,
Have you seen Siva,
Siva
The yogi, sadhu, fakira,
The Yogi Divine?

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Rudraksha Tree, Tell Me About Shiva Collecting The Rudraksha Beads!

O Rudraksha Tree, tell me,
Tell me about Shiva
Collecting the rudraksha beads
To use as the bracelet
Or to wear a rudraksha necklace
Or a piece on the arm!

O Rudraksha, Rudraksha Tree,
Tell, tell us
The Lord meditating,
Meditating and contemplating
In a dhyana
Or sadhna.

A sadhu, a sadhu, a yogi, a fakira
With the kamandala
And the damru
And the trident,
O Rudraksha, Rudraksha Tree,
Tell me, tell me about!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Santali Girl...

I just see you from far,
Mix with you not
As the community men
May not take it well
With all those village elders,
The moral police
As fear the drunk men most
Aboriginal with bows and arrows
And hard judgements!

But I see you,
Standing far from you,
Seeing you in full,
Marking you singing, dancing and humming
A tribal song
Whose wording can I hear,
But the meaning totally unknown,
The thud and accent of yours strange,
The wild flowers into the hair braid,
Your drunkenness, I admire it,
I admire it, Santal girl!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Scholar Gipsy!

My posies of flowers
Are for you,
For you,
Scholar Gipsy!

You a humble and low-profile keeping scholar,
I remember, remember you,
My head bends in remembrance
To your scholarship.

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Scholar, Where Do You Stand?

O scholar, where do you lie,
I remember you,
Remember your scholarship,
You never let us know it
Which but we could not know it then!

O scholar, this is the way of the world,
people come here and go away from,
You too came and went away
Without letting ti know
That you were a scholar, a scholar indeed!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Talibans! They Are The Buddhas, You Fire On Them Not!

They are the Bamiyan Buddhas,
The Buddhas of Peace,
You fire not on them
With mortars and shells.

They are the Buddhas, Buddhas of Peace,
You fire not,
Fire not on them,
The cliff-hewn and chiselled Buddhas.

You blunder not after firing on,
They are art and artifacts,
Your heritage, culture and legacy,
Disturb them lest you be disturbed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Talibans, They Are The Buddhas, You Fight Not With Them!

O Talibans, they are the Buddhas,
You fight not with them,
O religiously-blind people,
Fundamentalistic and fanatical,
They are not the things of fanaticism,
They are the Buddhas, Buddhas,
The Buddhas of peace,
You disturb them not
Let your peace be not disturbed!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Terrorist, Is There No Love In Your Dry Heart?

O terrorist, are you so hard of heart
That love is not in your fanatical heart,
O terrorist, are you the son of fundamentalists
Conservative and orthodox?

Outwardly look you holy and chaste,
But are you not,
O man-hater!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O The Blonde, Beauty Sitting Across The Atlantic, Pacific Or The Mediterranean, Golden Brown-Haired Or Glistening! !

O the blonde, beauty,
Foreigner beauty,
Golden brown-haired and beautiful,
Sitting across
The Atlantic, the Pacific or the Mediterranean,
Tell me, tell me,
What your identity,
What your name, dialect, manner and behaviour,
O foreigner girl,
It looks dismal from here
But I can sense you
sitting by the shore,
Hearing the sad music of humanity
With the sea roaring,
The waves surging high!
Wish you good luck!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Time, Stop You, It's My Birthday! Let Me Reminisce, Return Back To!

O Time, stop you
Going on the horse-back
Saddled,
Rein you in the horse
Gallop
To let me reminisce
And go back to
A past slipped by
And missing,
Full of
Childhood memories and reflections!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O You And Go Seeing The Face, The Face Divine Of Mother Kali!

O, you, come and go seeing
The face,
The Face Divine,
A grand and magnificent image
Of Mother Kali,
Who is life and death,
O, come you and go seeing at least
A Kali,
Pitch Dark Kali,
Dark Black Kali,
With the tongue out of the lips,
Blood dribbling from,
The hands of the sinners cut
And held by the hands
And One Leg unknowingly
Placed over Lord Shiva
Fallen flat on the ground
In order to quell Her Anger,
Anger Divine!

O, come you and go seeing the face,
The Face of the Mother,
The Mother Divine
Who is the Goddess of life and death,
The Knower of all,
Mother, Mother,
O, come and go seeing the magnificent rupa!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O Young Maiden, In The Burqua, Tell Me Your Name!

O, the young maiden in the burqua,
I can just see you
As a shadow
Following me,
The moon of the clouded skies
Playing hide and seek!

Tell, tell me, who you are,
What your identity,
What your name, where your dwelling,
Where do you come from,
Burquawalli!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, Charmer...!

O charmer, where do you lie in, playing the been, the wooden been
With the haunting music of yours,
Playing and playing, pumping and puffing the wooden been
And the music mellifluously overflowing us, engulfing it all,
With the sweetness and melody of its own!

Where, O, where, in which deep forest, lie you, charmer
Playing and playing,
Singing and dancing,
Turbaned, in dhoti and kurta
With the baskets of bamboo!

Where do you lie in playing the music, the haunting music
And its melody,
Which I have not heard for so long,
Which want I to hear and listen to,
Making them listen to and catch in!

Your music is the music of kaal, the deadly snake as kaal dancing,
Swaying and taking us away,
The dance of kaal, blackly time, the creational time
And the stories in making,
The things darker and nocturnal.

But the pins of your music, none came to realize it,
The sadder and gloomier tunings of your own,
The daredevilry of yours
That you playing with the deadly kaals,
The deadly creatures as kaals,
That you making them dance with your music,
O, you!

None but you all alone in the company of snakes,
Vipers and cobras,
Playing the instrument and experimenting with
And searching,
Where are you, friends□
And after locating them, catching them
Through the spell and charm of your strange music

Which hear I in the tales of Ma Manasa and Shitala and Bihula and Lakhinder,
Rohit and Sabya and Savitri and Satyavan.

☐

☐

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, Come, Come And Go Seeing The Mother, The Dark Mother!

O, come, come, do come,
O come, come, do come
To see the Dark Goddess,
The Dark Goddess,
The Myth and Mystery of the Creation,
The Dark Goddess!

O, come, come, do come
And go seeing the Feet,
The Dark Black Feet,
Ankleted silvery,
O, come, come, do come
And go seeing the Mother,
The Face of the Universe!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, Crow, Black Indian Crow...

O crow, blackly Indian crow, sly and taking the loaf of bread
From the bowl of the countryside child
Taking the stale bread at dawn
Somewhere in the typical Indian village,
Where poverty, backwardness, superstition, illiteracy and underdevelopment
Prevail upon!

Perched on the roof, coming to the courtyard or from tree nearer to the house,
You crowing and crowing and calling others,
Competing with the other crows,
I know, I too can feel it that you too are hungry and thirsty,
But from this morning you have started crowing

And on seeing you crowing incessantly, may I ask you one thing,
Is any guest is coming to our house,
If he is, when will he, who is he
And these you know them not of course,
But perhaps somebody is coming and so are you crowing
Strangely by taking water, making a noise.

Please say it that the guest who is coming to our house with a cloth-bundle
Into the hands of his,
Will he stay for long or for a shorter period,
As I have seen an illiterate woman abusing you in the town
As for the frequent and untimely coming and staying of the villagerly guests
For their district headquarter relating jobs,
Without paying anything else for.□

Crow, Indian crow, black and cleverly, I see you playing with
The small countryside children,
Lifting the piece of the bread crumb and flying away,
Just running with a shortish flight
To relish upon
With your somewhat longer beaks,
Thanks for your natural information, wireless transmission,
Tell me, if any guest is coming to my house?

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, Destroy Not God-Given Beauty In Alcohols And Smokes!

God has made you so beautiful,
So lovely and marvellous
Just like a golden dream
Saying good day,
But you destroy not please,
Dstroy not please
In drinking wine.

God had made, has made you so beautiful,
The fair-fair white face,
The eyes wide-wide,
The hair golden and glistening
As if the balsams were in bloom
In sunny sunshine,
O, you, destory not the God-given beauty
In taking alcohol and drugs!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, Do Come And Go Seeing The Face, The Face Of The Dark Divine!

O, you, come, come; come, come and go seeing,
The face,
The Face Divine,
Huge and magnificent
Kali,
Dark black, pitch dark,
Nocturnal, supernatural and mythical,
Mystical and spiritual,
A face unimaginable,
Never, never to be seen!

Mother Kali, a clay model statue,
Huge and shining,
Shining and grand,
Dark black, pitch dark,
An image, a picture
So primitive, prehistoric and aboriginal,
Native, ethnographic and racial,
But of the Creational Mother,
The nightly reflection,
The myths of darkness!

A huge and magnificent Kali, in Her mood of own,
In a state of anger and wrath,
With one leg over the lain Shiva,
The tongue held out in shame
As for trampling Him unknowingly
And also for taking to the sword for annihilation,
The destruction of the evil forces,
Devilish and demoniac,
Savage and bloody, brutal and beastly,
Tyrannical and torturing.

Mother Kali with the crescent and the beauty spot
On the forehead of Hers,
Where the Third Eye of the Divine is,
The hands with the conch,

The sword and other conventional arms
And a snake,
The hair waist long and scattered,
Adorned with a big nose-ring,
Bulging ear-rings
And the legs with the anklets.

The Dark Divine, Goddess Kali
With a crown on the head,
The face black-black, black-blue,
Looking beautiful,
Shining black
With polished jewellery and ornaments,
The hair waist long,
Wearing a garland of human heads,
Cut and threaded,
One with the skulls in sadhna
Put around the hut
And the tongue out of Her mouth.

The blood-red tongue,
With a dribble of blood
Hanging from,
Out in anger or shame
Or as for killing,
The Goddess in a bizarre mood of Her own,
Looking Grotesque,
The ear rings big and bulging,
The nose ring round and big
With a necklace,
The anklet on the legs.

The Eyes dark and beautiful,
Clear-cut and wide
As if saying something,
The Mother Divine incarnating Herself
To annihilate the demons and devils
Whose torture and tyranny has aggravated on earth,
Taking a tryst to save from the sinners,
Trying to annihilate, cleanse and balance.

O, Earth, O, Sky, O, Wind, O, Water, O, Spirit, Have You Seen My Son? Have You My Small Son Fallen Into A Bad Company?

Ma, ma, ma, your son
They have turned into an addict,
Ma, ma, ma, your son,
They have turned into an addict
And the mother weeping,
Tears falling down the cheeks,
O, God, who to help?
Even You come to not when call we urgently.

O, my son has turned into an addict, an addict,
The good boy spoiled he himself,
Has turned!

The drug-peddlers, liquor-men, ganjeris, bhangeris and daru-taken,
All of them his friends now,
Not keeping a good company,
The darling son after them and the mother too following him.

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, Foreigner Girl (Haiku)

Foreigner Girl,
Want I now not to live in
Here in India, my heart with you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, Go You Not Outside! They'll Catch You & Take To Kamrupa-Kamakhya

When I had been a child,
My aunt used to say so,
Cautioning against going outside
Into the hills and forests,
Lonely and secluded
And the fears lurking within
Her consciousness
As per poverty, illiteracy, backwardness,
Superstition and ignorance
And India too vast and exotic.

"O, go you not outside at this noontime,
Solitary and manless,
They'll catch you
And take to Kamrupa amnd Kamakhya
Turning you into a lamb
Or anything else, "
She used to say and frighten us,
The widowed and childless aunt of mine,
To caution against the ill omen,
Secluded landscape and manlessness,
Thin population and aboriginal hamlets
And the falling heat of the blazing sun
O the burning earth.

And the spooky and wierd tales used to add to and twist it
When the people used to talk of
The making of the river bridge
And the unsuccessful attempts
And the workers
Arranging for a human sacrifice
To make it successful.

Something had been wrong
And something right,
What she could have assessed,
An illiterate lady,

But something of that definitely hinted about
The weird and exotic domain
Where mutual understanding could not be possible
As for ethnicity and racial gaps,
Impregnable forest and mountainous ranges.

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, How Shall I Behold The Statue?

O, how shall I behold the statue,
The golden statue that I have found,
How, how shall I the statue golden
But blacky-coated,
I do not know,
Whether it was polished so as to avoid
The commonly public gaze
Or grew it so living in the earth,
Into the mound of the olden bricks,
O, I don't know, I don't know!

Speak, speak you, history and histriography,
Dwelling in heritage sites of archaeology,
Speak you, speak you,
O, museums
About the statue, about the statue
That I have found, found
From the columns and racks
Of the fallen and dilapidated and mangled temples
Of the olden days, of yore,
Centuries old and like a mound!

A statue, a statue that I have found,
Blackly, but golden,
I do not know whether it was blackly-coated
Or was golden,
It grew so living in the dark,
Laden under,
Into the earthen mound,
The earth levelled,
But the statue arising from
When the foundation dug out
With a clink
When the spade falling over
And the digger picking up
Always in the search of.

Now aghast and awe-stricken I beholding the statue,
My statue, blackly from outside

But golden from inside,
Metally one made from pure gold,
Cast in
And I peeping into,
Who the makers were,
Who the possessors once were of it,
Who the priests,
How the temples housing them,
Those days of yore and bygone times!

Now say you, say you, how to keep my Krishna,
How to show it to the world,
How the statue golden,
How my Krishna,
Radha and Krishna, Krishna and Radha,
Radha-Radha, Krishna-Krishna,
The Consort Divine,
I have got my Krishna, my Krishna,
Now want I not anything more,
Just my Krishna!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, Miscaller...

O miscaller, tell me your name,
What's your identity,
Why do you not reveal,
Where do you live,
In which world,
Are you a lover, a burglar or an anti-social,
Are you trying to get information from?

If you do not have money, you may take,
But give not the missed calls and cut it not
After ringing, calling,
Asking to call back indirectly,
But the problem is
Sometimes the loafers when rang back,
Say they,
Why are you disturbing allegedly
Instead of saying wrong numbers?

Miscaller, even in this age of modernity,
Societal and civilizational development,
Modern etiquette and culture,
You could not be,
The same rough and tough fellow
Which you had been in the beginning,
You remained that,
Could not find time to change you yourself,
Learning from, seeing others,
Even though in the jeans pants and shirt
And with a phone handset see I,
You going,
But where, none can say it, God knows.

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, Missed-Call-Giver...

O missed-call-giver, where dwell you,
What your name
And identity,
Where live you,
I mean, where do you come from?

If you do not have money in your pocket,
Take it from me,
Borrow it,
I shall lend you,
But give not the missed calls so often.

Missed-call-giver, who are you in reality,
An information gatherer
Or a lover in disguise after
Or a burglar to come,
What's the matter?

But scold me not allegedly
By charging against,
Why are you giving frequent missed calls
And disturbing me nonsensically,
I shall report against?

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, My God, What A Beauty!

I saw you,
Just from a distance,
A beauty never seen before
And thanked God
As for His creation,
Wonderful indeed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, My Love! Love Of My Heart!

O, my love,
Love of my heart,
Where,
Where
You,
My love,
My love of the heart?

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, Palanquin-Bearers!

O palanquin-bearers, where you humming, humming the songs on the ways
Untrodden and unknown,
And taking the girl bride away to her unknown destination,
The paths unknown,
The crisscrosses of her fate unknown,
Where the path leading to, taking to.

The girl with in tears, smiling and sobbing,
A little girl quite unknown bout,
What it is marriage,
Just going, going,
As they have supposed it to be,
As they have forced upon
Otherwise who would like to?

May be it hat during the medieval times, it deteriorated
The situation if n India,
The circumstances otherwise
And it came unto the purdah system, the inhuman purdah,
Hiding the crystal sunlight too.

O you, where, where you singing, humming the songs,
The songs on which, which ways unknown,
Going, going with the feet rising in unison,
Rising and falling with the same pitch and accent,
The black-black feet and legs of those hurly-burly carriers, bearers
Humming and going with the wooden palanquin

And the folks on feet or on the bullock-carts if possible,
Basically not,
All on feet, legs rising and falling,
The bridegroom party,
But the girl bride lost in thinking about her home,
Her mother, father, brother and sister,
The familiar scenes and sights of her locality.

The bandmen playing the music
And the bridegroom party men moving along,
Crossing over the forest tract

With lathis and other tools,
Full of wolves, lions, tigers and bears.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, Recite You Hari-Name!

O, recite you,
Recite you the name of Hari
As it will not last anything here,
Everything will but turn to dust and coal,
The body will turn to dust,
This beautiful body!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, Rustic Lallu From Bihar, How Long Will You Keep Playing The Role Of Kallu!

O Lallu, how long will you go enacting
The role of Bihari Kallu,
A countryside villain
In Indian cinema
Speaking in Bhojpuri,
firing with an unlicensed revolver,
Sending the henchmen,
Doing the role of a rustic politician,
Not a good man,
But a very bad man!

Lallu, think not yourself a hero,
A zero are you in reality,
A goonda,
Blunt and bogus and dull
From a very uncultured family,
You, Blackie, I mean Kallu.

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, Say You, Where Did You See Him?

O, classical scholar, say you,
Where did you see Him,
Where,
Where did you God
In your scholasticism,
In your medieval scholarship
As say they
In whispers
Into the ears,
O, where, where did you?

O, scholar pastoral contradicting,
Say you,
Say you
Where did you,
Where did you see Him,
The Lord-God
Fluting into the wide open,
Into the countryside,
The landscapes touching
The golden sunshine
And the hills shining blue?

Is He the same who made the country
And the townships,
The panormic world of Nature,
The scapes wild and wooded,
Shaded in eerie silence
And scenic beauty
Running wild and beauteous,
Mystique and Divine
Telling of the fair works of Nature
And then maker of Nature itself?

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, Tell Me, Where Lie They The Golden Satues Of Radha & Krishna!

O, tell me,
Tell me about
The golden statues of Radha and Krishna,
Lying earthed
Into the ruins and debris
Of the fallen temples
Of Chandrakona!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, The Maiden With A Pair Of Blue Eyes!

O, the maiden with a pair of blue eyes,
which land are you from,
how the dream of ours,
how the living of the people?

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, The Sigh Of My Heart!

O, the sigh of my heart,
Painful sighing of my heart,
If the heart likes you,
Takes you to my liking,
In the world wide and vast
Have I asked for you,
The hands of yours,
Now say you,
What to do
If the relief be you yourself!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, Tusu Lies She Standing At My Door! The Rustic Folk Singing The Song!

My Tusu,
Where lie You,
O, Tusu,
My Tusu,
The small girls keep singing
With a small statue of Goddess Tusu
The Folk Goddess
Symbolizing Lakshmi,
The harvest of the crops and the offering of rice
To Her,
The rustic women folks singing,
Singing songs in praise of Tusu,
O, Tusu,
My Tusu,
Where have You gone,
Every night
With the deity in the homes
From one month before
The immersion of it
Into the pond waters or the river!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, What Is Your Name? Where Do You Live?

O, what is your name,
Where do you live,
Why are you sitting alone here,
Who is it you are waiting for,
What the business of yours,
Where have you to go?

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, When, When Will You Sing, Take The Name Of Hari, Hari Om, Hari, Hari?

O, when, when will you sing
The song,
Hari?
When the things will slip out of,
When will you take
The name of Hari?
The body will turn to ashes
And it will not last anything here
In this world of maya,
When will you come to realize it.
O, when, when will you?

Take you the name of Hari,
When, when will you,
When will you take
The name of Hari!
O, at least do you the sadhna,
Do you the sadhna
And come to realize it
That all of us will go away
And it will not remain it here.

Naked came we here,
Naked shall we go,
What had we been with,
What shall we be with,
Just,
Just think you,
Think us,
What will it,
What will it stay here?

This world is of maya
And we the playthings of dust,
Dust and clay
And we trapped into the mire
Of lust and temptation

And forget we
The end of life
That the body will burn to ashes
And it not remain it here,
Only the Hari name,
The name of Hari.

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, Where Do You Lie In, Playing The Been, In Which Deep Forest?

Where do you lie in playing the been, the wooden been,
In which forest of yours,
Playing and playing melodiously,
Tuning sweetly
That the cobras coming and dancing at the tune of your music.

Away from man and his human habitation,
In which forest are you playing the music
And the tune melodious
Flowing mellifluously
And taking me away to?

Yours too is a life and one of risk
But you go on playing with kaal,
That is life and death, doom, end and time,
The deadly creature as kaal
But without thinking of it, you lost in the tunes of yours

Playing and playing, pumping and playing sweetly
And dancingly the tunes of life,
The tragedy of life and living
And the risks on the midway,
Taking the challenge and accepting.

O, where do you lie playing the haunting music
That feeling I here
And the music taking me there,
O charmer, where do you lie playing sweetly
The haunting music of yours!

With the tune and melody of your music,
I can see the woods resounding
And the snakes,
The white, black and chocolate cobras standing,
Hooded and hissing and dancing,
Swaying to your tune of music, the melody of it taking me far.

In which forest, do you lie playing the been
That the music coming to
And taking me away,
That the cobras dark black, whitish and grey dancing,
Dancing and swaying to the tune of it?

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, Where Is That Tradition, Vedic, Upanishadic?

O, where is that tradition
Vedic and Upanishadic,
Where the Vedas doing the rounds,
Where the Upanishadas taking us far away,
Into that Vedism, Upanishadism
Take me away,
The things of cosmic consciousness
And transcendental vision!

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, Where You The Saint Of Sabarmati?

O, where you the saint of Sabarmati,
The Dandimarch,
An Indian half-naked fakir
Attending the Round Table Conference?

O, the saint of Sabarmati,
Spinning the wheel for the yarn,
Singing the song of Rama?

Where you, Gandhi, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi,
The toothless, old saint of India,
Singing the song of Rama,
So simple and plain speaking?

Believing in non-violence, peace and truth,
Where, where that apostle of peace,
Where, where that votary of non-violence and truth?

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, Wild Flower!

O wild flower, how to view you,
Your beauty wild and unparalleled,
Wildly beautiful to look at,
Ravishing hue!
Wild flower, I see you hanging
In the forest tracts,
Visitors come and pass by,
But know not
What it is in your hue!

Had I known your beauty,
Had I hue and rioting colours,
I would have shown to them,
Would have kept on display,
But a poor judge stand I here
Without any knowledge of you!
What your name and entity,
What should I call you,
Freckled and multi-hued,
Bedecked and glowing,
I cannot paint you!
Wild flowers!

Hanging as pearly, pink-coloured wreaths of flowers
By the creepers,
Blooming in clusters as deep bluish and whitish blooms,
The tree in full bloom,
The small-small plants with indigo blue blooms,
The plants with yellow blossoms.

My God, give me the talent to acknowledge
Their beauty, worth and excellence
Which the wide world knows it not
And if this be Your rich treasure trove
One day it will destroy and vanish away out of sight.
What your name and entity,
What should I call you,
Freckled and multi-hued,
Bedecked and glowing,

I cannot paint you!
Wild flowers!

Hanging as pearly, pink-coloured wreaths of flowers
By the creepers,
Blooming in clusters as deep bluish and whitish blooms,
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One day it will destroy and vanish away out of sight.

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, You Come At Least And See The Face Of The Dark Divine!

You come at least and see the Face of the Mother Divine,
At least come, do come and see
Before go you,
Go you,
The Face of the Mother Divine,
The Dark Goddess,
Kali!

Magnificent and Grand Kali,
Looking Bizarre
With Glaze into the Eyes of Hers,
A Flame
Inextinguishable,
A Glitter radiating
Under the dark night
Full of twinkles and glimmers!

If you do not, will miss you
From seeing,
Seeing Her,
A Deity in Her Rupa,
The Dark Divine
In Her Lila,
Attribute and Play!

Kali, Mother Kali,
The Goddess of the Universe,
The Origin of Creation
And of Light,
Ma,
Ma Kali,
The Eternal Mother,
Dark Kali.

Dark, Dark, Pitch Dark
With the Tongue out of the Lips,
Blood-smeared and dripping,

The conventional weapons in Her Arms
And She in a Rage,
Her Anger Divine
To root out sin and devilish forces,
Sinners and their sins.

Wearing a garland of the heads of sinners,
Demons and devils,
Beheaded and cut off,
With the sword
And the snakes
Into Her hands,
She facing them to annihilate them.

Strange is the Face of Hers,
Her Rupa and Lila,
The Mother Divine in Anger,
Goddess Kali,
The Earth shaking
And the sword flashing,
Clinking,
Mother targeting them.

Mother Kali
With the Hair Waist-long,
A Red Beauty spot on the Forehead
Pasted on
And the Third Eye reflective of,
The sword and other arms
Into the Four Hands of Hers
And with a head held by hair
And the wreath of heads hanging from the Neck.

Mother's Tongue out of the Lips Divine
In Anger
Or Shame held out
As for having drunk blood
Or the kill
Or for trampling Shiva
Underneath
Who has come to quell
Her Anger Divine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

O, You Trap Them Not The Poor Albanian Teenage Girls! O, Sell Them Not Please Under The Pretext Of Marrying!

O, they are poor Albanian girls,
Teenage and humble,
You betray them not,
Sell them not
To be found on the streets
Of Italy
As prostitutes,
O, they are simple girls,
You betray them not,
hurt them not
Under the pretext of marrying them!

Bijay Kant Dubey

agar

agar as a poet is but a realist,
Mainly a societal one,
Telling about hardcore realities and this tragic living
Of tragic times,
Nailing the truth,
However bitter it may be.

Thought Poems,1976, Feeling Fossils,1977,
Angels of Retreat,1979, Oneiric Visions,1980,
Shadows In Floodlights,1984, The Audible Landscape,1993,
Cooling Flames of Darkness,2001,
Themselves tell of his poetry,
The art and trend of his writing.

A teacher of English who used to at Amravati
Before settling in New Delhi,
He edited the books of criticism and poetry
And side by side wrote poetry,
Inducting in fact and fiction,
Tragedy and the tragedy of living
In tragic times.

Apart from satire, wit and irony,
Existentialism and nothingness taught him
To take life otherwise
And he took too in that stride,
A poet social and societal,
But bewildered and at a loss
To conclude about.

Today he is no more,
But he of course excelled in writing capsule poems,
The brief poems full with wit and witticism,
Satiric bits
And realistic tidbits of modern life and living.

Bijay Kant Dubey

agar As A Poet

Oneiric Visions, The Audible Landscape,
Thought Poems, Angels of Retreat,
Shadows In Floodlights, Feeling Fossils,
Representing his poetic corpus,
Telling of his creativity.

Poetry as wit, irony and intellect,
The fact and fiction of life,
Thought-contents, bare life-experiences,
The fossils of thought and feeling,
The making and unmaking of sand dunes.

Nothing more to do with feeling and emotion,
Poetic sensibility and sentimentality not to wet,
Human intellect at work, blending fact and fiction,
Social realities clawing at.

A poet of some social realism and political upheaval,
He describes the malaise, what it ails us,
The sickness of ours own,
The cityscape is the poetic scape of his

And the poet as a townsman, not as a countryman
Describing all that in a skeptical manner
The tragic vision of life
He has experienced, □
Resulting in poetry as the turns and twists of modern urban thoughts
Of human life and living.

Poetry as the fossils of emotion and feeling,
The frozen stuffs,
Intellectual density,
Bare realities,
Tragic experience.

The poet as an observer of life and the world around,
As a bare realist,
An ironist
Blending emotion and feeling, moulding poetic visions,

A poetic vision based on intellectual intensity, ironic mode and expression,
The poet as a realist,
The journey from irony and witticism to bare realism.

Poetry bearing the impact and influence of the age of reason,
Trying to be logical, reasonable and factual,
A trend and tenor showing implications,
The overcoats of words.

Urban life-ways and expression,
Intellectual thought and monotony,
With the anxiety of the age and living,
Hard life and its depiction,
Societal truths and bare realities,
Townsmen's thoughts and culture.

Bijay Kant Dubey

agar As A Poet- Ii

Poetry as oneiric visions,
Thought poems,
The angels retreating
With wit and irony,
Feeling fossils.

Bhatnagar as a poet
Is ironical and witty,
Sardonic and satiric,
A poet of social poetry
Drawing from realities.

Shadows in floodlights,
How to recognize them,
Flames of darkness cooling
And the lights falling
Lighting the misty surface,
But still some standing in the dark.

The faces coloured and painted
Cannot be so easily
As they the modern men
Of the modern age
City-dwelling
And of the urban space.

Somewhere succeeds he,
But fails and falters too
With his monotonous wit and intellect,
As all the times thoughts cannot be
Turned into poems which does he so often.

His is a story of a modern man,
Eaten by intellect,
Exhausted and exasperated
And bewildered,
At a loss as for what to do, what not
And where to go?

Wealth and material assets
Cannot give to him
What he seems to extract from,
What he seeks to derive from
Leading him nowhere
From where the retreat is not possible.

Bijay Kant Dubey

agar's Cooling Flames Of Darkness

agar's Cooling Flames of Darkness

Which saw the light of the day

In 2001

Includes in The Turn of The Century

As the first poem

To begin in an ironical way

Is to talk of the split and divided self,

Torn beyond repair.

What creatures are we the human beings

As we have lost divine innocence

Is the thing

Of the poem, Song of Innocents,

Where he opines about

The loss of the appetite

And the vision of innocence

Which we used to be endowed with.

Again, consolidating his base, he turns to

The ravaged children of the ravaged times

After marking the war-torn countries,

Engaged in warfare and militancy,

With no pity in the heart

To spare and speak of,

How ruthless have we become,

How mindless are these wars costing human lives!

Risen Or Fallen, is the thing, he discusses

In the poem of the name,

When were we risen,

When have we fallen,

What did the foreigners do,

What good had it been in them,

But after attaining freedom,

Still needs to be done?

The poem, Beauty Queening is all about

The beauty contests and pageants,

The florists and costume directors,

The panelist judges and the jury
Sitting and judging
Mr. India, Miss India
or Miss or Mr. World,
Walk the ramp in fancy dresses,
Bikini babes and beach girls?

Bijay Kant Dubey

agar's Feeling Fossils

agar's Feeling Fossils
Describes the pains of living
And the partition,
The nation was born,
But what did it to a girl
On the unknown paths of life,
The insecurity of life
And its conditions,
Promises are made
But executed it not.

Flesh trade, woman trafficking
And masculinity,
He talks of
In the poem, Trading,
The fuss about
In the poem, Over A Chair,
The beauty of the gem and idea
In one titled as Pearl,
Land settlement in
The No-Man's Land poem
And poems as smiles in
A Poem Is A Smile.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Of The Ramayana And Ramlila

Ramayana and Ramlila,
What to say about it,
Ramayana reciters reciting the passages
In the morning or the evening,
Ramayana scholars
Taking it far,
How to debate and discuss it?

If the filmy Sita can take to a cigar
After the filming or shooting is over,
What to say it,
The tailed man boxing
As Hanuman,
But the real hanuman gnashing the teeth
And grinning.

Why will Lakshmana cut the nose
Of Surpanakha
Which but I cannot accept it,
Was she from elsewhere
Which but I do not know it,
Was Ravana not a scholar
And a great Shiva-bhakta?

Was Sita a Maithili
Or a Nepali region girl,
Was Rama not guilty
Taking the fire test
Of Sita
At the behest of the complaint
Of the washerman?

Hanumanji's heart torn
And shown
With the names of
Ram and Sita written
A lesson in loyalty
And faithfulness,
Things allegorical.

But in the modern age
People read it not the Ramayana
As they used to in the past,
In this age of nuclear family,
Broken joint families,
Brothers separated from brothers,
Parents left in the old age homes.

Was Dashrath himself happy,
Had Kaikeyi been not
A troublemaker
Wanting to make her son
To be the king of Ayodhya,
A typical family of
Typical relations?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Oft, I See The Red China Roses Bloom

VI

Oft, I see red China roses bloom
And fall down darkly,
I know not when they depart from this world.
Only one reality that I realize is this
That life is a play of eternal birth and death.
(From The Ferryman)

Bijay Kant Dubey

Oh, For That Refugee Girl!

Oh, for that refugee girl
Feel I sad and sorry for,
Poor and homeless girl,
The lovely daughter of some father
Going on the road
All alone!

Whose daughter is she, can anybody say it,
Where his parents?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Oh, I Could Not Be Man!

I am now what I had to be,
What I had been aspiring for a long time,
I got, got that,
But only one thing I could not
That to be man, how to be!

Sorry to say, I could not be man,
Had I been, it would have given to me happiness more,
Oh, sorry to say, I could not, could not be man!

In this world of today,
Human population has doubled,
But how many of us are men indeed?

Man helping man is man,
Extending a hand to,
Hearing the voice of pain and distress
And helping in need.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Oh, That Refugee Girl Ruffled And Tangle-Haired!

For whom write I
The poem,
For whom
The story,
The drama
And the novel,
But none came forward
So far
To adopt her,
None talked about
Stopping the war
At world fora,
Snatching happiness
From her,
Ravaging her dreams
And imagination,
Ravishing her completely,
Oh,
Oh,
Ah, that refugee girl
Daughter-like!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Oh, This Age Of Self-Propaganda And Publicity! Bereft And Devoid Of Scholasticism!

Oh, this age of self-propaganda and publicity,
Bereft of scholasticism,
When the academics keep indulging in
The exchange of self-praise and mutual admiration
With the loss in values!

The misery of the fact, how to self-promote
Selling all morality in store?
You call me a poet, I shall call you,
You praise me, I shall praise you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Oh, This Disease Of Love Not Good For The World! Why Not To Se Her As A Family Member? Is There Not The Mother, The Sister At Home?

Love, love, love

What is it in love?

All the time after the girl not good for the world.

The malaria of love not good at all.

Try to love her selflessly too.

Take her to be your own and you her family member too.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Oh, This Life Of Meeting And Separation!

Is this life of coming close and nearer to
And getting separated?
But what disturbs it man is the pain of separation.
The eyes fill up with tears when the goodbye is bid.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Oh, You Are Not My Own! You Will Pass Away One Day Unsaid, My Love!

Oh, you are not my own,
Let me see you in full,
How beautiful are you,
Let me touch you,
Your cheeks
And lips,
Your eyes
And nose
As may not again!

One day you will pass away, my love,
Pass out of sight unsaid,
I shall search you,
But shall not find you
So, let me see you in full, my love,
Are you not my own,
Will you go away?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Old Dad, Indian Dad (On Father's Day)

Old dad,
Indian dad,
An old-timer
Going not with the time,
But with his age
And thinking,
You have grown young,
Do not sit with me,
Do not talk with me,
Maintain distance from,
Talk not loudly before me
When enter I the house,
How dare talk you,
Smile you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Old Indian Conservative Dad

Smile you not,
Talk you not of love and marriage,
Speak you not loudly before,
Stay not when I am indoors,
You try to live in the outward guest house.

You an ever growing young boy
And the tale of his
Together with that of the old-timer dad,
Giving a tougher time to deal with
His age-old thoughts and ideas.

The old dad will deal with household affairs,
Not the son;
The conservative father can talk of all,
But the young son cannot talk of love and marriage.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Olden Age Papa And Modern Age Papa/ Papa's Friends/There Was A Time When The Sons Used To Stay Away With

There was a time when the sons used to stay away with
And the fathers used to keep some distance
From the growing children,
I mean the grown-ups
But in this world of today,
Children are modern papa's friends,
Fearing them not,
Taking them lightly,
Sharing everything with.

The younger children used to maintain some distance
From their father
And the father too used to keep them off
As because the fathers of that age and time
Had been very, very conservative and orthodox,
They used to keep a watch over,
Under strict discipline and moral living,
The building of character was essential.

They were not allowed to sit on the same cot which
The father used to sit,
I mean the children would sit on floor
Or wooden planks,
The father used to give lessons in
Religion, ethics and morality
By quoting from the Ramayana and the Mahabharata.

To talk with the girl was not allowed in small places,
If found talking, the oldie used to scold
As for friendship
With kaamini, kanchan and sura,
Maya and moha,
To abstain from, keep off from these,
Which the younger generation had to follow then
And they dared not go against
As the time had not been in their favour.

Olden-age papa and modern-age papa, the gap in between,
The generation gap,
The old age and the new age,
Do not feel infatuated with Mohini or Kaamini,
Be not attached to, yearn for not,
See not into the eyes of Beauty.

Bend your head down

Just like the Buddha in sadhna
And the dancers passing through,
Testing sadhna
And you in meditation,
Quite oblivious of.

Fathers olden and oldies, conservative and orthodox,
Outdated and outmoded in their outlook
And behaviour,
Talk I, discuss I,
The olden-age fathers
And their behaviours and manners
And life-styles of living and thinking.

Do not sit with me, do not walk with,
When you see persons with,
Keep yourself at a distance,
As you a growing son,
Follow my orders strictly,
Talking not with, getting the words sent across.

But the modern papas, fair and frank,
Just like modern friends, not like the serious oldies,
Hanging, laden and pedantic,
Quoting Baconian epigrams and sayings,
As you sow so you reap,
Morning shows the day,
If character is lost then everything is lost.

But the modern papas friendly and accommodative
Which the sons know it not,
Forget it and turn into bad boys in company,
The spoilt children, hapless addicts
And this is as because the mother will not say anything

And the papa has made them climb up and seated on the head.

The olden-age papas in dhoti and kurta, conservative and orthodox,
Abnormally stern and strict,
Moralistic and disciplined going by the rule,
Bu the modern papas in pants and shirts
But liberal and mixing without a barrier and limit
As for the kids, beards dyed grey and hair black and in golden framed-specs,
Which they understand it not,
Will but in the end, when time will slip out,
And it will not remain anything to do.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Om

Om,
A combination of AUM,
Three letters giving it the form of a syllable,
The sound breaking forth,
The darkness dispelling,
The birds twittering
And it's the dawn flashing upon.

Close the eyes and recite you,
Om,
The heart taking the name
And the mind rising in unison with,
Close the eyes
And recite you
And the recitation taking you higher and higher,
Elevating to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Om Namah Shivay

Om namah shivay,
Shiv, shiv, shiv,
Om namah shivay,
Shivay, shivay, shivay
Namah, namha, namah.

Om namah shivay, om namah shivay,
Hari om, hari om, hari, hari.

N.B. Just to catch the mantric incantation of Om namah shivay, a salutation to Shiva.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Om Namah Shivay, Om Namamh Shivay, Om Namah Shivay

With a rudraksha rosary into the hands of his,
The devotee sitting under the shade of the temple
Near the pillars of it,
Lost in meditation,
With the eyes closed
And the lips taking the name of the Lord,
Om namah shivay, om namah shivay, om namah shivay.

The mind dwelling far, in search of Shiva,
Shiva on Mount Kailash,
With a kamandala and a trident
And into the lion cloth
Just over the waist,
Trekking alone the snowy regions.

Shiva Shiva,
A sadhu, yogi and a fakira,
Wandering,
Snake-rounded around the poison-taken bluish neck
A brahmachari,
Lost in His own, oblivious of all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Om, Closing The Eyes Meditate You

Close the eyes and meditate you
By whispering Om slowly,
Om, O...m, Hari Om,
The mind rising in unison with
The soul,
The heart held in prayer,
The mind in peace,
The peace of heart, peace of soul,
All tumult and conflict gone,
Disturbance marauds it not the self,
Oblivious of this mundane presence,
Existence of man,
Disintegrating yourself,
Realize you,
Sitting cross-legged
With the hands loosened over the thighs
Or with folded hands,
You whispering, taking the name of,
Spelling it,
Om, O...m, AUM, Hari Om,
Hari-Hari.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Om, Hari Om, Hari-Hari

Om,
Hari Om,
Hari-Hari,
Om,
Har Om,
Har-Hari.

Om,
Hari Om,
Close the eyes
And meditate you,
It will give you
Mental peace.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Om, Om, Aum

Om,
Om is this universe,
Infinite and circled,
Om,
Hari Om,
Om encircling,
The sound breaking,
The sound vibrating
And the world
Resonant with.

Om,
Om,
Hari Om,
The lips taking the name,
The sound breaking,
The soul getting pleasure,
The mind getting engulfed in.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Om, Recite To Form A Circle

Om, Om, Om,
AUm,
A..U..M, Hari Om,
Om Tat Sat,

The heart reciting Om
And the voice coming from within
But rising,
Affecting the mind and the brain

And all of our worldliness stopping,
All the trivia and the trifles,
Keeping them abandoned,
The mind too joining in the chorus
To reverberate it

And with an echo of it, changes taking place,
Repercussions going within,
I mean the convulsion,
Some sort of transformation
To metamorphose
As for tranquility and bliss taing over.

Om, AUM, O M, A U M,
Closing the eyes, Om,
Inhaling the air
And shutting the eyes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Om; O Meditate You!

Om,
Sit you down,
Close the eyes
And meditate you, Om,
Om,
with the closed eyes,
Adjusting you,
The lips whispering Om,
O..m, O..m,
O..m, O..m
And the mind lifting upwards,
Mingling with
And you forgetting
Your existence,
Bodily existence.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Akshay Tritiya

On Akshay Tritiya
The auspicious summer day
As per Hindu calendar,
What should I do
As think I
Going charitable, philanthropic,
Benevolent and noble,
Feeling the blessedness
After praying for prosperity,
Good fortunes and times
Praying to Ganesha, Vishnu and Lakshmi
In utter submission
On this Akshay Tritiya
Feeling the significance
Of the summer day
Terribly hot and blazing,
But the situation will change
With the rains lying in wait
As this is a deviation,
Change of mood
As for beating the heat
Sizzling and intense?

Bijay Kant Dubey

On And After Kissing You

Kissing you,
Felt I
As if I kissed a flower.

The petals so soft and tender,
So dreamy and imaginative
And so fanciful,
Lovely and attractive.

It was my impression of you
Which brought me close you
And kissed I.

After kissed I, tears welled up in
Into the lustrous eyes
And you held the hand,
Asking to be truthful to love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Being Post-Modern

Let me be modern then modernistic
And then post-modern,
I am not even modern now,
Let me be modernistic
Phase by phase, step by step
And then crossing over to
Post-modn
Shall say I to.

In England, one may think of
But in India,
I am yet to think of,
After the capitals have turned into mega cities,
The towns into cities,
In the aftermath of deforestation, flora and fauna desertion
And climate change,
What path to take to,
How far modernization to take to?

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Bhai-Phonta. Feel You At Least, Brother, For Your Sister

On Bhai-Phonta, feel you at least,
For your sister,
O brother,
Your sister your own,
If see you not,
Who will,
My brother?

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Earth Day

On Earth Day
Saw I the hills lying
Denuded and barren,
Forests cleared forth
And without wild animals,
Human population taking a toll over,
The arbours and bowers of Nature
Lying deserted and devastated.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Earth Day Read I The Fever Of The Old Mother

On Earth Day
Read I the fever
Of the old mother

With the thermometre
Saw I the fever,
The abnormally rising and falling
Temperature of her.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Earth Day, Thought I About The World

On Earth Day,
Thought I about the world,
The fate of man
And the world.

Took it not easy,
Thought I about so seriously
Transporting me from a joyous state
To a state of reflection.

Soon the thoughts overtook me one by one
Global warming, acid rain,
Atomic summer ruffling it all,
Threatening our existence.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Father's Day Thought I Of Olden-Age Papa And New-Age Papa, The Gap Between

On Father's Day
Thought I of
Olden-age papa and new-age papa,
The gap in between
Being old and conservative,
New and friendly,
Out-moded and out-dated,
Frank and mixing,
Strict and stubborn,
Kind and considerate,
Disciplinarian and ordering,
Liberal and lightly-taking.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Gandhi Jayanti, The 2nd Of October

On Gandhi Jayanti,
The 2nd of October,
Something feel I missing
Or seem to have forgotten,
Something miss I to remember,
To remember from the close of my heart,
An image, a portrait hanging on the wall
Reminding of
A saga of truth, non-violence and peace,
An apostle of the trinity.

Mahatma Gandhi,
Mahatma Gandhi, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi,
The old man,
The great old man
Walking with the stick
And in a dhoti and ganjee
With the round and olden specs
On the nose
Smiling and sining
With zest
The song of Rama.

Mahatma Gandhi,
Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi at the wheels
Spinning and singing,
Spinning and singing
The song of Rama,
The same old song,
Raghupati raghav raja ram...,
The same song of harmony and co-existence,
Alignment and inter-faith meeting.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Happy Kiss Day

On Happy Kiss Day,
Kiss you,
Do not let her go
If you are a couple
Otherwise I shall not advise you to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Independence Day Think We, What Have We?

On Independence Day,
Think we,
What have we
For the women,
The children
And the widows?

Bijay Kant Dubey

On International Mother Language Day, Think I If The Mother's Language Is Different From That Of The Father's

On International Mother Language Day,
Think I
If the mother's language is different from that of the father's,
The mother from a different linguistic group
And the father from the other someone,
If one is in some other linguistic region
Where the mother tongue matters it not,
How to keep it up
Where it is alien,
In a foreign land?

Bijay Kant Dubey

On International Mother Language Day, Think I Of My Mother And My Tongue Whatever Be That

On International Mother Language Day,
Think I of my mother and my tongue,
My connections linguistic,
My relations humanitarian,
Cordial and sympathetic
And emotional.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On International Women's Day Felt I Of The Eye-Lashes Smeared With Tears

I don't know
Which but I cannot explain,
But felt I
The tears splashing through
The eye-lashes,
The wet eye-lashes
And that she was sad and sombre,
Weeping,
Sobbing and weeping,
Breaking and heaving,
A woman helpless and hopeless woman
On the path of life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On International Women's Day Reminded Of Some Biharis Always Threatening The Wife To Beat With Legs And Shoes

There are some people in Bihar
who always keep threatening
The wife
With legs and shoes
And sandals
Who must quit and abandon it
On International Women's Day.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On International Women's Day Talked I To Burqawalli

On International Women's Day
Talked I to Burqawalli,
Miss/ Mrs. Burqa-clad.

Greeting her, said I,
Hi, how are you
And said she giggling,
I am fine, fine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On International Women's Day, I And My Burqawalli Bibi

On International Women's Day, you come with me my
Burquawalli bibi
As for a photograph.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Learning English, A Brown Saheb In The Hat And With The Alsatian Dog Going

Walking with an Alsatian dog,
The dog barking
And the Englishman in the making
After doing English Hons.
And M.A. in English Literature,
The undergrad not, but the postgrad
On the way going,
Going with and thinking of becoming
An Englishman,
How to be after,
Into the footsteps of them,
Have to an Englishman,
An Englishman
With the dog barking
And the Indian brown sahib
With the belted tiger
And the barks in the bungalow
Reminding him
Of the English accent and stress
Which the British sahib used to be with,
While calling the orderlies
In a broken Hindustani.

The Indian mother and father of the son
Looking back in astonishment,
Wonder and amazement,
How he could master,
An Indian boy, Master Blackie,
Somewhat dark
And he thinking himself
Cleverly and foxy
As he has to be an officer,
A White not,
But as brown sahib
To show himself,
Hence the gravity,
Will not talk to all,

Looking sober, grave and specs-laden

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Mahalaya, The Morning Is Found To Be Scented With The Perfume Of The Chandipatha

On Mahalaya,
The morning is found to be scented
With the perfume and spray
Of mantric, syllabic incantation
Of the mantras
Addressing Bhagabati,
What She is,
How the ways of hers!

The Chandipatha, the Durga-saptashati,
Devi Mahatyam
Call we,
Slokas in favour Bhagabati.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Marking The Rock-Cut Baidyanath Temple Of Deoghar

How had been the hills
When the temple was not,
I just think about,
How had it been the architects and artisans at work,
Cutting, hammering and shaping the temple,
How had it been the duration of time,
Who can but say it
If the things lie in hidden
Under the wrap of mythology?

There is none to say about their historiography,
The year of making and construction,
The engineering and skill applied in,
The sculptors and artisans at work,
Everything but buried deep
In the womb of history,
Archaeology and myth and mysticism.

Pulled in between faith and doubt,
Faith taking it back to the hoary days of yore
While doubt ascribing it to the sixteenth century,
Whatever be that I want not to debate it,
But the structure plain and pyramidal
With the jyotirlingam inside
And the inner top with a n eight-petalled lotus
Called Chandrachuda Mani.

Into the door leading to the sanctum sanctorum
Just a small door leads to
As the passage for coming and going
Of the worshippers and devotees,
The stonework stupendous,
But not so decorated as the South Indian temples,
The rock-cut pillars hinging the sideways,
The space, the verandah adjoining the temple
At the entrance of the main temple.

The jyotirlingam, the pillar of light in the midst of it all,
Cylindrical in form,
The thing of sadhna and meditation,
Take the rudraksha rosary and count it
In the complex
With the face-to-face Parvati temple
And that too similar to type and tenor.

At the crest of the temple, lies a golden pitcher,
A moonstone mounted on to from the inside,
Fitted and set into
And from which the droplets of water
Fall upon the jyotirlingam,
Whatever be the things
But the temple an architectural specimen
Of rock-cut temples.

.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Mother's Day

On mother's day
I thinking of the asthi-kalasha
Hanging by one midnight
And the deign of the pinda-dana.

Oh, my mother has returned
To the five elements
She was composed of!
Mother, my mother,
With tears, here lie I remembering you,
mother, my mother!
Mother, mother, good earth!

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Mother's Day (A Collage Of Pieces)

On Mother's Day, Motherlessly Remember I

On Mother's Day,
Remember I her motherlessly,
How did come to lose her?

When she had been alive,
I could not feel it,
Now she is gone, lost and forgotten for ever.

Mother, my mother.

Today's Mom, Papa

Today's mom mom not,
but a sister,
Papa papa not,
But a friend
Of yours, mine.

On Mother's Day, Get I

Get I reminded of
The asthi-kalasha hanging
Near my house one midnight
When I opened the door,
Found it to my surprise,
But not my mother.

Get I reminded of the navel
Of my mother
Burning as an earthen diya
For sometime more
While cremating her
On the pyre.

Now she is earth, earth, this good earth,
Om shantih shantih shantih,
Let her should rest in peace!



Bijay Kant Dubey

On Mother's Day, I Become Remembered Of

On mother's day, I become remembered of,
How I had been one day,
How had it been my house,
How they used to be with,
The house lies it thereon
But they themselves are not,
Gone and gone away?

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Pravasi Divas, While Lighting The Diya, Thought I Of The Pravasis, Non-Resident Indians

How far Indian,
Indian are those who abroad,
Do they remain Indian
Or not,
Change over to
The places
They belong?

And for India,
India exists,
Lingers as a dream,
A faint dream,
Dimmer and blurring
Imagery
Seen from far,
View ashore?

The non-resident Indians,
The non-resident,
Means not living,
His house lying it locked,
Locked and without the men,
Non-resident,
Living, but not here
Absent for.

The postman comes he
And if to deliver posts,
Delivers he
To the man authorized
To take
On his behalf, persona non gratia,
An absentee lord,
Landlord.

Waiting for time
To dislodge,

Dispense with and dispose it off it all
Rusting and dilapidating
And to do the packing,
Leave forever just a stranger,
A shipwrecked brother,
A folklore relative.

Bidding final
And last-time goodbye,
Adieu,
Packing bag and baggage
After being disgusted with
Maintenance and property-keeping
And being captured
And taken over.

The pravasis
Saat samudras paar,
The non-residents seven seas across
When they come to
Feel it disgusted with
The heat and dust,
Hullabaloo and hazards.

So coming for a few times
They admonish the idea
Of visiting their motherland
When it welcomes not heartily
Neither the relatives nor the countrymen
And instead of taking it otherwise
The relatives after the nameless property
And the countrymen checking rigorously
At the airport.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Rakshabandhan

I too had a sister
But she is not by me,
Far and far away from,
But still the heart beats,
Beats for her,
My sister,
Dear and loving sister,
Affectionate and kind sister
Which I had never thought of,
But it happened so
Which but I could not feel it then
As think I,
Remember I now
I too had a sister
Whose love and affection I could not
Feel it then.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Reading Chinua Achebe's Love Cycle (A Poem)

Is it The Sun Rising of John Donne
Or Love Cycle (A Poem) by Chinua Achebe,
What is it,
A love story
Or all about the sun, good earth and creation,
Whatever be that, but there is of course
Something amorous and passionate about
With feeling about love-times,
A poem Donnian, Wordsworthian
And Lawrentine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Reading Jayanta Mahapatra

Jayanta Mahapatra as a poet is
First of all a myth-maker;
An imagist of a high order
Taking the visionary glides.

Sitting by the door, he dreams to dwell far,
Depicted against the backdrop of
The mythico-historical background, he continues to evade us
With his escapades and flights of imagination,
Bringing poetry closer to physics,
Sociology, museumlogy, art and architecture.

Apart from being closer to what it brings him nearer to,
Feminism, bare realism and other ground realities twitch him
For an expression
And he really views them
With an aggrieved heart of own.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Reading Keki N. Daruwalla

The Robert Browning of modern Indian English poetry,
He is a writer of dramatic monologues
Where the action is internal,
Not external,
Happening within,
Taking in
And the characters
Like dramatic personae
Participating.

Robust and unsentimental, cathartic and purgatory,
He explores in his own way
The cultural, sociological and psychological
Spaces of man,
A poet sardonic and sarcastic,
Hard of heart and mocking,
The shots from the barrel of the gun
Saying it all.

A Padma Shri expected to come to him earlier,
Now has in 2014,
A writer
So cocooned and kernelled,
With the meaning muffled and muted in
When the words uncoated,
The layers of the onion peeled off,
A poet full of internal rhyme, curtal vocabulary,
Succinct, synoptic and verbose
And bombastic.

In the beginning, he used to dwell upon the things
Of the U.P. and its mountainous regions,
But his assignment with the RAW
Taking him to different climes and spaces
And he borrowing from
To crisscross us
With his knowledge of nationalities and foreign histories,
A poet of a different psyche and space,
Travelling and telling about life differently.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Reading Paulo Coelho

It is not his Catholicism,
But his intuition
Which matters it more,
Not the fatherly shown path
Adhering to blindly,
But to search life
With a meaning
Had been the quest of Coelho
Which neither the popes
Nor his parents came to understand
As his was a neo-Catholicism
Jolted by the vagaries of his nature
Which approved it not
Believing not in conventions and restrictions
Of rigidity and orthodoxy
And conservatism
Liked he not,
Religious fanaticism admired he not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Reading Poet Onkar Nath Gupta's Spilled Feelings

Poetry for are lilacs blooming in a hi-tech lab,
The mosaics of love and legend,
Seeing into the prism,
Spilled feelings as ever.

Humour, the art of humour
Is the chief forte of the poet,
The art of satire
And the rebuilding of a satirist.

A poet of some oblique approach,
Statements ironical and regaling,
Witty and satiric,
Make us bubble with humour.

The poetry baby born to him
Is the baby of wit, humour and satire,
Irony and sarcasm,
Sardonic and satiric.

Poetry as spilled feelings,
Overflows or
Ragpickings
As an afterthought.

A golden girl is a trophy, a memento
And the poet seeing in the museum,
As a saleswoman, a mannequin
A flower-girl, but not a robot girl.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Reading Shiv

After reading Shiv ,
I have come to conclude
He is but sexual and bodily,
Physical and lustful,
The lust of the body the soul of his,
The mind and spirit
Of the writer
And he can go nowhere
Barring it,
Whatever be his talk,
Sex will definitely figure in.

A shisya of Rajneesh,
He is but a bhogi, not a yogi,
A lover of the body,
Not the heart and the soul,
But the body,
Full of lust and possession,
A poet of possessive love,
Give and take relationship,
Flesh and blood attraction.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Remembering Mulk Raj Anand

Mulk Raj Anand

A novelist Marxist or Gandhian,
Socialist or communist,
Humanist or not,
But a rebel and a revolutionary no doubt?

A goldsmith from the Punjab
And a Ph.D. from England,
Anand meeting Gandhi in the Sabarmati Ashrama
To re-write the version
Of his popular novel.

A novelist of the have-nots and the under-dogs,
The proletariat and the downtrodden mass,
He writes under the red banner
With the star, hammer, sickle and wheat sheaves,
But the meeting with Gandhi
Gave a dimension to

And his anger lessened it
Directed against the rich and the propertied,
The well-to-do and the moneyed
And above all, a society based
On class, creed and other inhuman divisions.

A novelist Punjabi-Hindustani,
Realistic and of ground realities,
He describes romantically the sweeper heroes
As Lawrence describes the coal miners
And Hardy the rustic characters.

The Charles Dickens of India,
Anand was against any sort of oppression and suppression,
Injustice and maltreatment
And as a result of that a large chunk of his literature
A fight against untochability,
The Harijans too are men.

On Remembering Mulk Raj Anand Mulk Raj Anand

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A fight against untochability,
The Harijans too are men.

On Saying Thank You

What to say to you,
If you can't shake the hands
Warmly,
Say you at least
Thank you?

Thanks,
Said with thanks,
Thank you very much,
But today we have forgotten
To thank,
How impolite have we grown,
Think you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Seeing A Burqua-Clad Mistress

Ek Burkawali Ko Dekh Kar

Ek burkawali ko dekh kar kucch eisa laga
Jaise mano
Aankh micholi karta chand aur chandni,
Ek sharmili jaati huyi,
Ek shama jalta huwa,
Ek diya mazar par

A purdah-nshin ko dekh kar...
Sundari purdah ke undar, burkh ke undar..

On Seeing A Burqua-clad Mistress

On seeing a burqua-clad mistress, it seemed
As if
The moon and moonlight playing hide and seek,
A coy mistress going her pathway,
A light of hope burning,
An earthen lamp on the mazar.

On seeing a purdah-nashin....
The beauty under the purdah, the burkha.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Seeing A Foreigner Girl

Though I want to view her often,
But find her not,
A foreigner girl,
Looking exquisitely beautiful,
Dwelling far
From across the seas,
She of a different culture and clime,
Sitting by the seashore
And I dreaming from here
Though view I her sometimes
At the airport.

Oh, had I a foreigner girl
As my beloved wife,
How beautiful would it have been!

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Seeing A Young Girl Practising Yoga On World Yoga Day

You, my love,
Are lost in transcendental meditation,
Mental, cosmic and catalytic,
The mind meeting with the soul
And the spirit
And you getting transformed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Seeing You

Aapko Dekh
On Seeing You

Aapko dekh na jaane
Kyon man karta gaane kaa,
Aapko dekh
Kavita likhane kaa.

On seeing you, don't know
Why do I want to sing,
After seeing you
Why do I want to write poems?

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Seeing You Drunkard

On seeing you drunkard, they are running out,
Your wife, son and daughter,
Make not please their life hell,
Just think, think you
When are not drunk,
But forget not the lesson
When drinking it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Seeing You For The First Time, Fundamentalist Dad's Lovely Daughter

Fanatic's Daughter,
I love her,
Love and like her very much,
The fanatic's lovely daughter.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Seeing You, I Found A Red Rose Standing Before Me

On seeing you, I found you a red rose
Standing before me,
A red rose abloom, afresh
Dazzling with
The sweet colour,
Its strange loveliness,
Attraction and charm.

A maiden so lovely and fascinating,
Sweet and redolent,
Standing under the night,
Drenching in the mist
And dew drops,
A beauty so exquisitely beautiful.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Seeing You, It Seemed To Me

Tujhe Dekh Eisa Laga

Tujhe dekh,
Tujhe dekh eisa laga
Jaise,
Jaise koi apsara,
Apsara ho
Mere shamne,
Tujhe dekh,
Tujhe dekh
Eisa laga.

On Seeing You, It Seemed To Me

Seeing you,
Seeing you it seemed,
As if,
As if a celestial damsel were,
A celestial damsel
Before me
Standing,
Seeing you,
Seeing you
It seemed to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Seeing You, My Love

On seeing you,
I do not know it what to say
On seeing you
As have started loving,
As have liking you
On seeing you
And whenever go I, carry I the image of yours.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On St. Valentine's Day

On Valentine's day, who is that who goes singing her songs,
Humming and whistling away
And the wind carrying the tunings of those melodies?
It is my love, my love, which I want to say you about,
It is my dream that I have seen.

On St. Valentine's day, I do not know it, nor can I say it to you,
Why does the heart of mine get hurt and wounded?
Why does the bleeding start it again
And it is my love which recreates I,
It is my love which calls it, do you feel about? .

□

On St. Valentine's day, stand I with the roses to be given to,
But strangely enough she is not here to take to,
She has now passed out of sight
And it is not visible where she is,
As she is not here to be found again.

I waited for her, she waited for me, I under the chill of the lonely nights
Misty, cold and starry
When the fair and fine moon was shining up above
And the bats flying around, hanging by and re-flying,
Circling and circling again,
The owls big and bulging meditating,
But society as a barrier perhaps stood it in between,
As I understand it now.

Wrapping the wrapper, she passed out of sight,
Vanishing into the mist and fog of the chilly nights
And the harsh cold winds lashed too then
And her passing, vanishing out of sight,
I could not trace it,
As kept I losing sight of,
Shrouded in mystery.

Just the morning dew on the rose-petals indicated it
How sad would she have been,
How much sad, lonely and broken
And how hard the heart of conservative man!

How the heart fanatical!
Just I kept guessing and guessing about her,
O, my love! O, time, my red and red roses for You, Lord!
It's Your day, not mine,
A day for my tributes and homage to You, Lord!
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

On St. Valentine's Day

On Valentine's Day,
I shall impress a kiss
On the tender apple-cheeks
Of yours,
A sweet kiss
On the apple-cheeks,
Roseate and beautiful.

Will you be my love,
will you be my Valentine?

Bijay Kant Dubey

On tine's Day (Haiku)

On tine's Day,
Say, say you,
You love me, love me!

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Valentine's Day Kissed I A Burqawalli/ Valentine And My Burqawalli Bibi

It was St. Valentine's Day
And I kissed a burqawalli,
The beauty under the burkha,
The veil,
My purdahwalli,
My purdahwalli bibi.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On time's Day, I Do Not Know

On time's Day, I do not know,
Why does my heart
Talk to you?

On time's Day,
Whom to express my love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Valentine's Day, Promise You, Promise You That You'll Be My Love

On Valentine's Day,
You promise, promise it
That you'll be my love,
That you'll be my Valentine.

My Valentine, my God, I've in you,
Say you,
Do you love me,
Take heart and say you,
You love me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Teachers' Day I Repenting For Having Not Looked After My Son

On the teachers' day,
I repenting
For having not taught
My son
And giving so much time
To those
Who could not have English Hons.
And now those ask me,
Why did you not school your son well?

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Teacher's Day Thought I Of Eklavya

On Teacher's Day
Thought I of Eklavya,
I do not know
Why did the thoughts come to
All of a sudden
Conjuring the pictures of
Eklavya
Sacrificing for Arjuna
As per the demand of Drona,
What his dakshina,
Gurudakshina
For following him surreptitiously?

Bijay Kant Dubey

On The 15th Of August I Think Of Love And Relationship In Between Pakistan And India

Why the animosity,
Hatred
In between Pakistan and India,
Why not love and friendship
In between Pakistan and India?

Can they not talk
Without pistols and revolvers
Of the goons
And villains?

Think, think of the dying soldiers
And their families.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On The 26th Of January, How To View It?

On the 26th of January,
The Republic Day,
how to view
The women, children and widows?

Bijay Kant Dubey

On The Cauvery Issue, Burn You The Whole Of India, Is It Not Your Foolishness?

Cauvery, Cauvery,
I don't understand it this Cauvery issue,
Leave this nasty politics
Of politicizing it all
One after another.

Mark it
Nature's
The Cauvery river is for all,
Do not take the lives of the innocent
As they get killed
And the notorious flee away
Pushing you into.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On The Daispora Dais, I See Two Men Sitting, Sir Vidya And Sir Salman Rushdie, The Angry Old Man And The Angry Young Man Of Literature

On the daispora dais, I see two men sitting,
Taking the stage,
One is Sir Vidya,
ul
From Trinidad
While the other is Sir Slaman Rushdie
From Solan, H.P.,
One the angry old man
While the other the angry young man,
But both of them the angry men
Of world literature
In English.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On The Eve Of Holi, Let Me Paint, Colour Your Face

It is Holi
And on the eve of Holi,
Let me,
Let me paint and colour
Your face,
It is Holi,
A festival of colours and paints,
Imagination and revelry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On The Eve Of The New Year

I asked her, what's your name
And she too asked me, what's your name,
But none of us revealed our names
For the new love story to begin,
I just saw
And she just marked me
And with this ended the twilight and the evening
Of the last year
As for to swear in love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On The Eve Of The New Year I Shall Give A Break Dance That You Will See

My break dance,
how dance I,
You will see it,
Come to mark it
On the eve of the new year
When it crosses 12 p.m. of the night-time,
I shall be giving a break dance,
Forget you not to see,
My dance,
Break dance,
I breaking the body
And dancing to your delight,
My delight.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On The Eve Of The New Year I Shall Give A Break That You Will See

My break dance,
how dance I,
You will see it,
Come to mark it
On the eve of the new year
When it crosses 12 p.m. of the night-time,
I shall be giving a break dance,
Forget you not to see,
My dance,
Break dance,
I breaking the body
And dancing to your delight,
My delight.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On The Eve Of The Raksha Bandhan

O postman, take out not the rakhis
Which the expecting sisters send they
As have heard about,
You try to deliver as fast as can
Without extracting them
As some of have said it so!

In this age of internet access, e-mails can be sent
But the letters, I mean envelopes, with the rakhis,
Cannot be,
You please ask your friends
Who are not so emotionally alive!

The rakhi is a bond of love,
Reminding the brother of his sister
And the sister feeling for sitting somewhere
And the brother too expecting for with the cheek on the hands,
Oh, the relationship of love!

Bijay Kant Dubey

On The Eve Of The Rakshabandhan

It was the Rakshabandhan
And the small sister was waiting for the brother
To turn up,
When the brother comes, she will tie up a rakhi,
A colourful wrist band for this festivity sake
On his hand,
Offering him a red vermillion paste
On the forehead,
Offering sweets,
Showing the candle light,
Making the fire a witness of that
What it is sacred and lasting hereon,
She prays for his life
So that he may see her.

The eyes looking tearful
And the face sad and gloomy,
Remembering the brother
Who has not turned up
Or has forgotten,
Maybe engaged elsewhere
Into the activities of his own
Or the bindings otherwise,
Thinking it, grows she sad, lonely and dejected,
Nor has an ordinary letter
Often delayed by the post-office
Has come to,
Just the tears welling up in
And falling down,
The brother has not turned up,
Not sure of if her rakhi has reached him or not
Or has lost in transit.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On The Eve Of The Rath-Yatra, You Jayanta

On the eve of the rath-yatra,
Jayanta,
You would have loved to be
With the crowds surging
During
At Puri
Where the chariot wheels brought out
With the idols
Of Krishna, Balabhadra and Subhadra,
The wooden idols decorating,
Stealing the sights from!

Bijay Kant Dubey

On The Eve Of The Rath-Yatra, You Jayanta Mahapatra

On the eve of the rath-yatra,
Jayanta,
You would have loved to be
With the crowds surging
During
At Puri
Where the chariot wheels brought out
With the idols
Of Krishna, Balabhadra and Subhadra,
The wooden idols decorating,
Stealing the sights from!

Bijay Kant Dubey

On The Face Book

See I the face of my love,
See I, search I so earnestly
With a yearning within.

Where is she sitting,
Chatting
Smiling so cute
And doing hi, hello?

Bijay Kant Dubey

On The Face Book Saw I

On the Face Book when opened I
Saw I the image of a beautiful girl
Posted on the networking website,
But sorry to say, I could not chat with that stranger
As being blackmailed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On The Facebook

On the Facebook want I to see the face
Of the lost love
Who is missing since long

And my profile there just to trace her, trace her,
To find out the whereabouts of the missing girl,
I open the Facebook just to see her.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On The Facebook Of The Heart, See I A Photo Post On It Of An Unknown, Unseen Strange Girl

On the facebook of my heart,
There lies a photo
Posted on it
Which I see her
Taking my time out.

The eyelashes smeared with tear drops,
The trickles coming upon the face
And falling to
And she wiping with her hands
None but she herself.

On seeing the photo, they may ask,
Who the girl is,
But what to say to them
Who understand it not,
The affairs, the emotional heart and its affairs
And the sensitivity of it?

Love, love the heart which loves it,
But betray you not,
Hurt not anyone.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On The Facebook See I The Face Of Yours, Only Yours, The Curls Hanging Over

On the Facebook,
See I the beautiful face of yours,
Only yours,
The curls hanging over,
Coming upon by chance
Just the sideways sometimes,
The eyes lustrous-lustrous,
The lips luscious-luscious.

I taking a glimpse of, catching sight of
The lovely and dark eyes,
dark and deep
And lovely,
The cheeks lovely-lovely
And appleyish,
Roseate-roseate
And the lips pink.

On the Facebook meet I, get a glimpse
Of your sweet and lovely face
On the Facebook,
The ace so attractive and charming
And lovely and sweet,
A face never seen before,
A belle, blonde so sweet and glistening,
Are you the same Facebook girl?

Bijay Kant Dubey

On The Facebook, Find I Not The Face Of My Beloved, Search I The Face Of My Lost Love

On the Facebook, find I not the sweet and missing face
Of my sweetheart, of my love,
The queen of my heart,
When will she come,
Say you,
My dreamgirl,
The image of some lyricist,
The lyric of some lyricist
That keep I humming.

On the Facebook, find I her not, my lost love, my sweetheart
For whom have I been waiting for so long,
The girl of my sweet dreams,
When will she come,
My dreamgirl,
Dreamgirl,
Some lyricist's lyric,
Singing, smiling and coming to me,
A dreamgirl or a reality queen?

On the Facebook, everything looks it new and engaging fresh,
It will take time,
Take time in to be acquainted with
And I do not have time in my hand
So, let it be what it in my fate,
Let her come,
Be she lost love or found it again,
But a beloved a beloved,
Nothing to be after and to die for,
Love is love,
The same love in us all,
Every woman but a woman of heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On The Platform

On the platform of life
I waiting for the trains
Getting my ticket booked,
Moving over fly-overs, over-bridges
And footbridges,
Getting down
With the luggage,
A tired passenger I,
A tired traveller I,
Exhausted and exasperated!

Bijay Kant Dubey

On The River-Bed Of The Ajay River I Used To Write Sometimes

While been to the hamlet by the river Ajay,
Dark, lightless and impoverished
And held by blind faith,
Reeling under poverty, hunger, illiteracy,
Backwardness and underdevelopment,
I used to spend a bit of time
By being on the river-bed if possible,
Attempting a few verses
Under the moon-light falling upon
As the oil lamps too were not available
In the village homes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On The Twitter

Twitter not the sparrows,
But the hollow and shallow modern men
Living in cities and towns
Commenting upon the trifles
With reactions artificial and mechanical,
Nay the hearty talks at all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On The Twitter Tweets He Just The Modern Man

On the Twitter, tweets he the modern man just,
Not the spring-time birds,
But the modern man, mechanical and technical,
Selfish, hypocritical, inhuman and unsocial.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On The Twitter, Hey, Nothing To Tweet

On the Twitter tweet I
But the Sparrow Beloved is not
Tweeting there
And hear I not the twitters of love,
Just the mechanical men tweeting about their technical stuffs,
Tools and apprenticeships.

Modern and mechanical people
Talking about industrialization, urbanization and modernity,
Modern and post-modern,
The air-conditioned car, fridge, cooler,
Beauty parlour, cosmetics, gems and jewellery,
Astrology, assets and employment opportunities,
Proud possessions, pomp of power and glory,
Middle class hypocrisy, aristocratic birth and living,
Cinematography, painted heroes and heroines

And if this be the tidbits of their talks
Then how to tweet with those modern citymen,
Living in plazas and multicomplexes,
Skyscrapers and second and third floors,
The urban shallow and hollow men,
Chatting and taking fast and junk foods,
Like some disco jockey and journeying?

Bijay Kant Dubey

On The Twitter, How To Tweet? As All The House Sparrows Have Flown Away

On the Twiter want I to tweet,
But all the sparrows have flown away
And their twitters hear I them not.

You say it please,
So, how to tweet in the absence of the birds,
I mean the house sparrows?

Just the modern guys chirp they there
All their trivia and trivial things,
Not at all natural to feel and experience through.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On This Akshay Tritiya, Feeling Under Heat

On this Akshay Tritiya,
Reeling under heat sizzling and singing,
I trying to beat
Going charitable,
Philanthropic,
Feeling blessedness,
Praying to,
Gifting.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Valentine's Day

On Valentine's Day,
Break you not anybody's heart,
Hurt you not anybody's feelings,
Just take it a day of love,
Not only romantic love,
But spiritual love too.

If you are dateless and without a fiancée,
You may at least offer it
To time,
Marking the beauty and fragrance
Of the red rose,
Talking with the children
And sharing with innocently.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Valentine's Day, I Want To Kiss You

On Valentine's Day,
I want to impress
A sweet kiss
On the rosy cheeks of yours,
My love
On Valentine's Day.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Valentine's Day, Saw I The Foreigner Girls

On Valentine's Day,
Saw I the foreigner girls
And ti felt great, my Valentine calling me,
Greeting and welcome,
Waving at,
Valentina,
Where are you,
Come far,
come far,
Valentina, my love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Valentine's Day, Why Does The Heart You?

On Valentine's Day,
Why does this heart
Want you?

Say, you love me,
I love you so much,
I love you so much.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Which Side Of The Cheek Should I Kiss You, O Blonde!

An American blonde,
Beauty, beauty she glistening
In the golden sunshine,
Just like a balsam standing before,
With the smile
The teeth sparkling,
The body glaring and glazing

And on seeing her, the desire in me
To kiss the balsam,
See the flower in full,
Looking golden brown,
Copper red,
Oh, confuse I in describing her!

Now tell you, which side of the cheek,
Should I kiss?

Bijay Kant Dubey

On World Labour Day

On
World Labour Day,
Turn I
Into
A labourer
At work,
Cutting the earth
With the stroke
Of my spade,
Harvesting crops
With the golden ears,
Working to make
The bituminous road
Bearing the heat of coal tar,
Cooking food.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On World No Tobacco Day Found I Some Biharis Chewing

On
World No Tobacco Day
Found I
Some
Biharis
Rubbing it
On the palm,
Taking to mouth
And chewing
and spitting
On platforms
And into the streets.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On World Schizophrenia Day

On World Schizophrenia Day
You so lonely
In your life desperately.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On World Thinking Day, Thought I

On World Thinking Day,
Thought I about life and its times,
On World Thinking Day,
Thought I about the history of earth, life and man,
Today here, tomorrow where?

Bijay Kant Dubey

On World Women's Day Felt I

On world Women's day

Felt I

The nerve and the pulse,

The heartbeat and the heartthrob,

The sense and sensibility

of a woman's heart,

The fit and frenzy of hers,

The fire and fever.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On World Women's Day Felt I The Emotional Heart Of Hers

On world,
World Women's Day,
Felt I,
I
The emotional heart of hers.

The eye-lashes of hers
Wet with tears
And she was sobbing and weeping
On World, World Women's Day.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On World Women's Day Think I Of Nirmala, Patita

On World Women's Day think I
Of Nirmala,
Patita.

N.B. The names denoting attributes symbolically, feministically. Miss Nirmala-
Miss Pure, chaste, Miss Patita- Miss Fallen, Degraded, Charaterless, but who can
that he or she is pure really? Why to torture in the name?

Bijay Kant Dubey

On World Women's Day Thought I Of My Mother, My Aunt, How Were They? About My Patriarchal Old & Outdated Father Too

On World Women's Day
Thought I of my
Mother and aunt,
So hard in duty
And my father madly,
Treating them as for domestic works.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On World Women's Day Thought I Of The Burquawalli & Her Rights

On World Women's Day
Thought I
Of the burraqawalli,
The blackly-veiled Muslim girl
And her rights.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On World Women's Day Thought I Of The Girls Trafficked, Indulged In Flesh Trade

On World Women's Day thought I of
The girls trafficked to
Brothels
Selling the body,
Hotels and bars
As cabaret dancers, bar tenders,
My God, how to liberate them,
How to free them?

Bijay Kant Dubey

On World Women's Day Thought I Of The Labour Pains

On World Women's Day thought I
Of the labour pains,
The Womb of creation,
The mother writhing in pains.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On World Women's Day Thought I Of Women's Rights

On World Women's Day
Thought I
Of the women's rights.

The women
Pitiful and depressed,
Suppressed and oppressed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On World Women's Day Thought I Unawares Of The Tears Trickling Down The Cheeks Of Womankind

On World Women's Day,
I don't know,
Why did the image of the womankind
In tears
Come to me?

A woman in tears
And weeping
And the tears trickling down the cheeks
And she unable to bear.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On World Women's Day, Hardy, Tell You Not About Your The Mayor Of Casterbridge

Selling the wife in a fit of drunkenness,
Turning into the mayor
And comes back to senses
Finds he int eh eye of a storm,
The scandal leaked
That the same mayor sold his wife
Long ago
And leave your character, Hardy,
You too married again
After the death of your first wife
At the age of seventy plus
A comparatively teen-aged girl
Even lesser than half of your age.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On World Yoga Day Saw I An American Girl

She had been doing yoga
And I had been eyeing her,
A beautiful American girl,
Golden brown and glistening
Just like a rose.

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Your Birthday, How Many Birds Did You Make Them Fly Away?

On your birthday, how many birds,
Did you make them fly away
On your birthday,
As haven't you heard the song,
The choral tuning
Of the small-small children,
Lisping,
Happy birthday not, birdday to you!

Bijay Kant Dubey

On Your First Sight

On your first sight,
Meeting you for the first time,
Seeing you,
Fell I,
I in love with you
On your first sight.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Once Black Money Used To Be Of Thieves And Pickpockets, Now The Govt. Is After

Once
The pickpockets
And thieves
Used to snatch
And steal
And run away
With valuables.
But
Now
The govt.
Is after
With its sleuths
And policemen
To search and raid
Along with the dogs
And income taxmen.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Once The Nights Used To Be Of

Once the nights used to be of the lions, tigers, wolves, hyenas and other beasts
But now the nights use to be of the wild cats and foxes
And that too depleting
And one day the woods will not stay it,
Nor the wild animals.

While burning the dead bodies on the ghats, the people used to lie in fear
As for the attack by the wolves and jackals
Which used to appear smelling the lifeless body of flesh
But those days are almost gone now.

Today everything looks it barren and bare,
Hollow, shallow and destroyed,
The wilds are devoid of greenery
And the hills of their blue sunshine,
The peacocks dance they not in the forests,
Will all these turn into a phoenix?

The classical scholars and pundits used to frown upon,
Even marking the feathers dropped down,
Putting scarecrows atop the buildings
To drive these birds of prey far from,
But now these birds are rarer,
The hawks and the vultures.

I do not know if these flora and fauna will go extinct,
The asses see I not, not even the abandoned asses,
Left on by the washermen,
The horses see I them not as the carriages out of use
And the stables empty, converted into.

Only the foxes see I them howling sometimes,
With the call of the wild,
But the glare of the eyes almost gone now
As they live not in the forests,
In their natural habitats, ravaged and ravished by modern man
Always in search of money and materials,
As they live in zoos, newly-found homes.

Once Upon A Time (All About The Indian Cinema Hall)

Once upon a time the cinema halls used to be with full shows,
Running three to four shows,
The matinee show, the evening show and the night show
And when the hall used to be packed
As for the new picture,
The morning show too used to be

And the operator used to focus from the upstairs
Or from the slanting top
And the visitors used to throw coins
On the dances,
The loafers, labourers or daily visitors
Near the curtain whistling and dancing,
Asked to sit as it obstructs from seeing clearly.

The first class with the first class men,
The second class with the second class men,
I mean the middle class people
And the third class for the third class men,
Not all of them
But if they have money in the pocket
Can sit in the first class.

And when the operator used to cut the scenes or wrap up the reel,
The spectators used to abuse him badly
Or when it used to be dark for a load-shedding
And the generator had to be started,
They abusing so badly.

The heroes at the counter as for the muscle power
In getting tickets,
Pushing and jostling with,
The pickpockets in wait to take
The comb and the money bag from the pocket,
Using in the opportunity to grab to favour

And the others wanting to do a business
After managing a few tickets from the salesman
To be sold for black money,

Give extra money
And take the ticket hassle-free
And if not, return back unromantically,
Sidelining your colourful dreams.

But the bugs biting underneath,
The dark room full of gas,
Someone smoking not a cigarette, but an Indian beedi,
Someone taking tobacco and spitting in the hall,
Someone whispering with a girl,
Someone pulling the hair of another in the dark.

In the hall some used to meet under the pretext,
Some used to love stealthily
And promise,
Fearing the backlash of the caste-ridden society
And its inhuman taboos,
Restrictions and strictures.

While going on the roads, people used to mark
The posters on the town walls,
The posterman pasting them
In the evening or early in the morning
With a gum box and posters

And the announcer on the rickshaw announcing
Stylistically in the style of a hero
Or a broadcaster
All about the hero and the heroine
Of the new film
And its love story.

The college boys used to talk about the story like a study material,
The housewives,
The maids,
Hostellers and vagabonds,
More especially, the college boys used to be away with
In the name of college-going and tuition-taking
Which house members verifying from his friends,
Silent or threatened.

Sometimes they used to keep the books and copybooks

Stuffing in under the wrapper
Just like a man sleeping on bed,
A studious student in full sleep after his studies
For career and employment,
And he to the hall,
But the unanswered knocking used to silence the questioner,
As about his whereabouts
After getting no response from

And when checked, the boy was not,
And when he used to return back, father used to scold
For being a romantic
Or wanting to be married
And the boy hearing silently,
Gnashing the teeth,
Saying this and that,
Had been here or there,
Nothing sure of.

Sometimes they used to say that they had been out to
See a religious film,
Asking to get it certified
And the taught servant used to approve of the gist,
But in reality he had been to the hall
To see Prem-pratigya, Love-oath.

Sometimes while returning home seeing the late show film,
The dogs used to bark and frighten,
The police used to ask about
To show the ticket
And Rasiklal, full returning home
To awake his dozing and waiting mother
As for food.

But there came a time when the television and the video cassette
Finished it all,
Started corroding the base
And one by one the halls started losing lustre,
I mean the big screen
With the big, big shows

And closed they down in course of time,

The stray dogs sleeping on the premises,
The vagabonds sitting there
Could be seen while passing through the way,
Which used to be so crowded.

And thereafter the cinema halls
Or the video halls
Shifted to rural areas as for a business,
Somehow a few of the halls
Just kept up the tradition of keeping the video halls
As for the strangers' entertainment.

Many of the halls closed down,
Some turned into video halls
Or marketing complexes,
Closing a long chapter
Of the cinema, the silver screen.

The father searching, but his son to the hall
As for seeing a film
In his memory of the meeting of the eyes,
Yellowing and bluing
With a maiden,
Having stacked the books and notebooks,
Paddy straw bundle
And the pillow underneath a wrapper
To show a man sleeping.

And the good son not, the bad son returning from
The cinema hall,
Seeing the hall,
Forbidding the father from giving philosophies,
A hero to home
After seeing a painted, dented and tainted hero
And the father insulting.

But the mother asking to be quiet,
As for what it has happened,
Will not go to the hall again,
But he will if not often, sometimes,
Which the conservative father will not compromise with
And the son discussing and debating.

The father saying, will be a hero,
Will part in a film
And bring a heroine,
Get out and earn,
Make a house of your own and live in there,
Why are you still at the father's hotel,
Taking food and living free of cost?

And the son responding, shall go away,
Let it come, be tomorrow
But the mother taking the side of her son,
Asking him to be quiet
As for excessive discipline,
Asking to soften his stand and to be normal,
As he a growing child.

The curtains falling and it is darkening,
The show to begin
And the boys whistling,
The trailers shaking,
The hero shown as a child
Growing and promising

The daughter of a rich man
And the hero the son of a poor man,
Falling in love with her,
Willing to marry her,
But her father will not let her marry,
As usual story.

If you have not seen, you yourself too will cook up
A story of this kind,
The hero with a girl to win her heart,
Proposing before,
Giving a flower to her stealthily
And the villain who has been assigned his role,
Marking him give it to her to report against.

Bijay Kant Dubey

One Daruman Saying Happy New Year To Another Daruman

One daruman
Saying
Happy new year
To another daruman
With a bottle into the hands of his,
A bottle
Of wine,
Country liquor,
I mean desi daru,
Not videshi daru.

Bijay Kant Dubey

One Day

One day I saw the asthi-kalsha of my father hanging
By the river-side old peepul tree of the ancestral hamlet,
His dhoti, lungi, bed-sheet and kurta
Being swept away by the winds
And they being drawn and dragged.

I saw, just saw them speechlessly
Marking the things of life and the world,
God and destiny,
Just like the fragile playthings
Made of clay and dust
And said it not.

What to be done if such is our life,
Such is our destiny,
And if such goes the world
And the course of life,
What have I to complain,
What have I to whom?

Again saw I the asthi-kalasha of my mother,
Mother, mother, my mother,
Hanging by the pole,
Near the gate of my house
And I standing stunned to see
Mother is not, but her navel and ashes
In a tiny earthen pitcher-like urn.

This is my life, friend,
Life and its times,
One day with you,
Another day will not be with,
As goes this world
Of coming and going.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

One Day I Saw Them Shelling Buddhas, The Bamiyan Buddhas

One day
I saw them
The Talibans,
Turbaned and in the loose pyjamas
And the kurta
Gathering at dawn break
To shell, bombard
And fire upon the Buddhas,
The Bamiyan Buddhas,
With the stuttering rifles,
Rocket-launchers
They firing upon
The Buddhas,
The rock-hewn, cliff-hewn,
Long-standing Buddhas
To wipe off the relics
Of Buddha and Buddhism in Afghanistan,
But the Buddhas,
All silent, peaceful,
Reacting it not,
Seeing all that with patience,
Just waiting for,
But with the change in situation
When it spinning out of control,
They started following them,
The Talibans running for cover
And the cluster bombs following them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

One Day I Shall Not Exist, I Shall Turn Into A Heap Of Ashes And Coal

One day I shall not exist,
shall turn
into a heap of ashes and coal,
they will burn me
and I shall turn into ashes and coal,
the pyre will be lit,
the logs will burn
and will finish it all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

One Day I Shall Not Remain Here, But My Ashes

One day, such a day too will come
Which you will see,
I shall not see it myself,
I shall burn to coal and ashes
And it will not remain it anything else to be called my own.

Bijay Kant Dubey

One Day I Shall Turn Into History

One day I shall turn into history
Just wait for
As stays it not anything here.

Bijay Kant Dubey

One Day I Too Shall Go Away Unsaid

One day I too shall go away unsaid.
One day...

I shall not be here to see
But you will all that.

And what in my coming and going
As this has been continuing for times immemorial.

Can you say,
Has anyone stayed back?

The place I am standing on, do not ask me,
How many dead bodies have burnt from age to age?

The whole of earth is but a crematorium,
A cemetery.

Bijay Kant Dubey

One Day I Will Not Be

One day I will not be
Here
To see and share with you
One day
Gossiping with you
Under the skies full of stars,
The glow worms glimmering,
You smiling and sharing with
Under the skies full of stars,
Twinkling stars
And the dark ways
Glimmering with the glows
Emitted by the glow worms.

Bijay Kant Dubey

One Day I Will Not Be-Ii

One day I will not be
Here
To see and share with you
One day
Gossiping with you
Under the skies full of stars,
The glow worms glimmering,
You smiling and sharing with
Under the skies full of stars,
Twinkling stars
And the dark ways
Glimmering with the glows
Emitted by the glow worms.

Bijay Kant Dubey

One Day I Will Pass Out Of The Way Just By The Way

One day
I shall pass out
By the way
Just simply
One day.

There is nothing
As that extraordinary
In me
To be proud of.

I am a man
Just like you,
I am a man
Take you simply.

Bijay Kant Dubey

One Day The Ambulance Will Stop To Take Me Away

In my times of sick hurry and divided aims,
Forget I to attend,
Just see I passing the ambulances
Flashing and wailing
And the ambulance-driver taking them away
Without feeling about life
As these are as usual things for him to see.

Many a time averted I my gaze from seeing
The patients on drip,
Oxygen given to,
Blood being transfused
And the patient in pain and agony,
Writhing with,
Moaning and groaning.

But to my horror and terror, see I
The ambulance with
The flashing light and the wailing siren
Stopping near my gate
And it is my turn to go,
The light is flashing,
The siren keeps it wailing.

I can see the people lifting me,
Stand speechless and stunned,
With nothing to do, nothing to call for,
Just see I death standing before me
And they taking me to
God's not, Yama's Hospital,
If return I, you will see me
And if not then take it that the story is finished.

Bijay Kant Dubey

One Day They Will Sell It The Green Planet

I am very sorry to say it
That
One day
They will finish it off,
They will sell the green planet completely
Having destroyed and deserted it,
Ravished and ravaged it,
Corroded and eroded,
Looted, plundered and spoilt
The green earth
And its greenery,
The green patches
And the forest ranges and tracts of it
With nothing to shade and shelter from
The scorching heat of the summer
And the world will turn into a waste land,
An arid and sterile waste land
Devoid of greenery.

Bijay Kant Dubey

One Day When I'll Be Gone, My Poems Will Turn To Dust

One day when I'll be gone from here,
My poems will turn into
Dust, soil and clay,
The ashes,
Which but I'm sure of
And this but the destiny of man
And his futile aspirations.

Bijay Kant Dubey

One Day While Burnign My Mother (A Memory On Mother's Day Leaving Not Me Behind)

One night
I had been burning my mother
In the backyard of my house,
Trying to bathe and make her wear new
As far as possible,
Making her sit somehow,
Placing over the pyre
And lighting the fire.

The nirgunis were playing the harmonium
And the cymbals being stricken
And they singing
While on the other the smokes rising from the body,
Fire flames feeding upon the limbs
And it taking time.

While on the other the cremators giving Hari bols,
Burning and poking the fire into a blaze,
Drinking and burning
The drunkards
With the Hari bols,
Hari bol, Hari bol, bol Hari bol.

At some stage saw I burning it the navel
Just like a lamp,
The thing with which lies it connected
The child,
The navel burnt it not completely,
Later to be collected and put in the asthi-kalash
With other ashes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

One Day While Burning My Mother (A Memory On Mother's Day Leaving Not Me Behind)

One night
I had been burning my mother
In the backyard of my house,
Trying to bathe and make her wear new
As far as possible,
Making her sit somehow,
Placing over the pyre
And lighting the fire.

The nirgunis were playing the harmonium
And the cymbals being stricken
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Burning and poking the fire into a blaze,
Drinking and burning
The drunkards
With the Hari bols,
Hari bol, Hari bol, bol Hari bol.

At some stage saw I burning it the navel
Just like a lamp,
The thing with which lies it connected
The child,
The navel burnt it not completely,
Later to be collected and put in the asthi-kalash
With other ashes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

One Day While Burning The Father

One day I had been burning my father
By the river,
Making him bathe
And change the dhoti and the kurta
On the river bed

Yea, one evening
I had been to the hamlet
To burn him,
One dark evening

Changing into the night time
With the dead body of his,
I mean the lifeless body of his
And with a light burning

Walking over the banks
Up and down
And the alleys zigzagged
Lining on

I under the open skies
Tired of all day journey
Sleeping by the pyre
And marking him

Consigned to the flames
Feeding upon,
The logs a-lit
And engulfing

The trails of smoke rising,
People telling life-histories,
Patriarchal and ancestral,
Hari bols renting the skies

But who is there to hear and reflect
Upon in that place,
Away from human haunt

And thinly populated

The cremators were poking into
And the blaze trailing
And taking on again,
Feeding upon

To finish it all,
To finish it all
And remained it not anything else,
But fire, ashes and coals

Om shantih shantih shantih

Bijay Kant Dubey

One Day While Lighting The Funeral Pyre

One day I had been burning
My father
With the lifeless body
Placed over the pyre
Of the dry river bed
Of the highland area river
With the words,
Ram nam satya hain,
Ram nam, satya hain,
Hari bol, Hari bol,
Hari bol, bol Hari bol
Renting the midnight loneliness
At my hamlet home
One day.

Bijay Kant Dubey

One Day, As Remember I

I scvattered over the red rose,
The petals of it
And in the petals falling,
Glimpsed I my flower queen.

Bijay Kant Dubey

One Drunkard Saying Happy New Year To You To Another Drunkard, Is This The Trend Of Happy New Year?

One drunkard
Saying
Happy
New year to
Another drunkard,
Happy
New year,
Dancing
And
Greeting
In the hope
Of the new year
Coming,
With a bottle
Of wine
Into the hands,
Dancing
And
Greeting
Another drunkard.

Bijay Kant Dubey

One Drunkard Saying To Another Drunkard, Happy New Year To You! Dancing And Drinking And Saying

One drunkard saying to another
On the eve of the new year,
Happy new year,
New year to you,
Another too replying back,
Happy,
Happy new year to you.

One with the bottle into the mouth
Sipping and saying,
Uncapping it in utter joy,
dancing and saying
And drinking
While the other into he hands of his
To say.

Both of them taking country liquor,
Taking and celebrating
The new year's eve
With the bottle into the hands,
Uncapping and jumping,
Dancing and drinking
And saying,
Happy,
Happy new year to you!

Bijay Kant Dubey

One Evening

One evening, be sure of it, I shall go away
And I have not to stay here,
One evening,
Come that evening.

One evening
I shall go away, I shall go away
And you will feel heavy for that,
But what that can I do,
What can you,
Except being sad and lonely?

If possible, remember me, remember me sometimes
But I have nothing as that to recall and remember
As I shall be dead and gone away, my friend.

Bijay Kant Dubey

One Night While Burning My Father; A Heart-Rending Scene Was It Indeed To See And View

One night I had been burning my father,
Lifting from the makeshift green bamboo bier,
Seating and bathing near the small stream water
On the river-bed
By the side of the dark and lonely manless hamlet,
Making him wear the new clothes somehow,
Just rounding around,
Tearing off the older binds,
Making him free from which binds
And finally placing him on the wooden pyre
With the logs over,
Lighting it and thereafter fire keeps blazing on,
Trails of smoking arising,
Fire flames playing upon
And the limbs vanishing out of sight one by one
To be sketched on the sand
With the choric chants of Hari bol,
Hari bol, bol Hari bol,
Say the name of the Lord,
Ram nam satya hain,
Ram nam, satya hain,
Yahi sabo ka gaty hain,
Ram's name is only true,
This the way of all
And my father burning to coal and ashes
Under the starlit skies
On the river sands,
Away from human haunt and habitation,
In that dark and desolate loneliness
Where there was none
But the old peepul tree
As a witness of village forefathers
Marking it all
As from the stem of it
Hung it the asthi-kalasha of many gone-by
And bereaved souls.

One Not, But Three Bibis, Veiled Wives, Madams

Meri Ek Nahin Uski Tin-Tin Bibiyan

Uski ek-ek nahin tin-tin bibiyan hain
Aur phir us pe kah raha,
Ishwar, God, Khuda meharbaan hain
Jo mein chal raha hun,
Khila-pila raha hun,
par idhar jo dekho
Meri ek bhi nahin
Aur uske pas
Bin khilaye-pilaye
Ek nahin tin-tin
Khub shoorat bibiyan.

I Have None But Has Three-Three Bibis, Wives

He has not one but three-three bibis
And instead of that saying,
Ishwar, God, Khuda is so benevolent
That I am somehow carrying on, going on,
Making tthem eat-drink,
While on the other stand I whom see you
I have not even a single
And he has that
Without making them eat and drink properly
One not but three-three
Beautiful and attractive bibis.

Bijay Kant Dubey

One Thing The Cpi (M) Has Done That Is It Has Communized The Brains

One thing the CPI(M) has done
That it has communized, volcanized
The brains,
Stuffing them
With Marx and his Das Kapital,
Marx, Lenin, Stalin and Mao,
Ism, ism,
Communism-communism, capitalism-capitalism,
Misinterpreting and misunderstanding
It all,
Adopting the divide and rule policy,
Brother from brother, sister from sister,
Breaking them,
Handing power to the proletariat
To keep you under threat,
destroying art and culture,
Turning people into hotheads,
rebels and revolutionaries,
A show of the muscle power,
rallies, festoons and banners,
The graffiti telling it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

One Who Can Fire On The Bamiyan Buddhas Can Definitely On The School Children With Their Perverse Thinking

Those who can fire on the Buddhas,
The Bamiyan Buddhas
Can definitely
On the innocent school children,
But killing them,
What will they get?

The fanatical set-up of mentality,
Blind to one's own faith and ideology,
Too much of conservatism and orthodoxy,
Sticking to old and worn concepts
Will never let them
Set the things right.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Oneiric Visions By agar

Poetry to agar is oneiric visions,
visions dreamy and sleepy,
Reality born of romance
And romance
Which but fading at last,
The smile of Mona Lisa
Mysterious or pretentious,
The dead man comes to life not,
But we relive him
In our thoughts and images.

A poem is a framed sand-dune
Making and unmaking in the desert sands,
If have to view, go there and view it,
What is life, what the aftermath of it,
It is easy to die, but difficult to live for it,
The dead men live in memories,
A saint not a yogi, but a dhongi
The observation,
The hangover of dreams.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Oneiric Visions By agar- Ii

Poems are smiles, sand dunes
Making and un-making,
Though the things may be,
But Bhatnagar as a poet
Is a realist,
A poet of bare realism,
Laying it bare
What it is hidden
And questioning
This existence of ours.

To confute and contradict,
To counter and give the anti-thesis
The job of the poet,
Who but questions
The absurdities of the world,
Why is life so absurd
And human life
A lesson
In existentialism and nihilism!

His visions are oneiric visions,
Visual, immediate and self-owned
Offering no mysticism,
But lessons in prosaic exercises,
Vague and sprayed with lies,
Sprays hiding the facts,
Mixing with farce,
Like bird songs
From the cage.

The poet feels the fossils,
Goes fossil,
Searches for to identity,
Stumbling upon those of the dinosaurs
To be kept and displayed
In the Jurassic Park,
Which but symbolic of
The Age of Reason

Overshadowing feelings.

As does the moon shadowing the sun
And the fossils to be dissected,
Salvaged by words
Resolving mysteries
By miracles of thoughts,
Dispelling the peacockish imagery
Of the freedom fighters
And the attainment of freedom
As the things remain it not unto the last.

Bijay Kant Dubey

One-Minute Silence

Taking a break from your busy schedule
Of day-to-day affairs,
Mediate you,
Meditate and contemplate you not
Drifting far
But closing the eyes,
Shutting yourself from
The load and burden of life
That you have,
Taking a break
From,
Lifting you yourself
From the busy schedule
Of yours.

Just a minute's silence
Taking a break from,
Closing the eyes,
Shutting yourself,
Withdrawing from,
Freeing yourself,
Lessening the weight,
Discharging it,
Taking a break from,
Observing a minute's silence,
Withdrawing yourself,
Shutting in,
Stopping the pressure,
The circuit of thinking.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Onkar Nath Gupta As A Poet

Onkar Nath Gupta

Who was born on the 20th of July, 1941

At Varanasi

Did his M.A. in English from Benaras Hindu Univ.

In 1964

To join Shri Shivaji College, Akot, Akola

In Maharashtra

And retired in 2001.

Now a poet with collections of poems,

Namely, Lilacs in Lab in 2001, Mosaic of Love And Legends in 2005,

Prism of Poetry in 2011, Spilled Feelings in 2014

Onkar Nath fuses in wit, humour and satire

With myth and mythology,

Indian and Hindu

To entertain and regale us.

Spilled Feelings is a very good work,

A masterpiece of his,

The magnum opus of Gupta

Which he has been honing in

For quite a long time

With his social, political and economic

Thoughts and ideas.

A poet sympathetically with

Eklavya and Karna,

He tells the tales of moral crisis, spiritual malaise,

Economic exploitation, social injustice

And hollow mentality of ours,

Eating at the roots of life,

Leaving no scope for amelioration.

History, myth and satire,

Fact, fiction and emotion,

Wit and humour

Are the chief properties of the poet,

Beaming with,

Regaling us with his sparkling wit.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Only For You, Where Have They?

When I remember you, tears come to my eyes
And I break down in the middle,
Failing to sing the song
Of love,
Full of betrayal, misunderstanding and infidelity.
Again wipe I out the tears
And smearing with sobs and sighs and their remembrances
Keep I singing the song of life and love,
How was I,
How have I become?

Even if return I back to, where to return
As they are not
Who used to be once,
The same house now looks like a haunted house?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Only Naga-Nagins In Girish Karnad's Nagamandala, But The Music Of The Snake Charmers Missing

Whatever fellowship or visiting honour gets he,
But the things of Nagamandala
Not his own,
Of those nondescript poor and humble
Daredevil non-Aryan charmers of India
Worshipping Shiva, Kali,
Manasha,
Not of Karnad at all.

Everything is but herein, but the music,
The beat and melody of that music
Which made the West spell-bound
Is missing in him
As the things not his own,
of the village folks and the rustics,
The snake charmer playing the been
And the cobras hissing and hooded dancing
Is missing in him.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Only One Thing That Forgot I To Say

Only one thing that forgot I to say,
Julie, I love you, Julie, I love you,
Only one thing that forgot I to say,
Julie, I love you, Julie, I love you.

I saw, saw you and fell,
Fell in love with you,
Now say you,
How to live without you,
Julie, I love you, love you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Only One Thing That Forgot I To Say To You, Julie I Love You

Only one thing that forgot I to say, say to you, that Julie I love you,
I love you,
The day I saw you, saw you,
Liked you, the day I saw you, Julie,
I loved you, loved you to see.

You went away, I went away from you,
But, but I could not forget you to say,
Julie, I love you, Julie, I love you,
Only one thing,
Only one thing, that forgot I to say to, say to you, that Julie, I love you,
I love you, Julie.

Julie, I love you, Julie, I love you,
What can the poor heart do if,
If it falls in love with you,
Julie, I love you, Julie, I love you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Only One Thing That I Want To Ask You, Do You Love Me?

Many a day I wanted to ask you,
But of no use
And I could not ask you,
But today I am asking you
After gathering courage to convey,
Do you love me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Only Ram Jethmalani Knows Law And Justice, This Cannot Be

They know it law, but not jurisprudence,
The ethics and morality of
Law and justice,
Nay is it professionalism,
But dhamma,
The criminal too a man,
Whom we have made,
None but us
And to view it vice versa,
The lawyer a criminal
And the criminal a lawyer,
It is easy to hang others,
the sons of other men,
If to hang one's own son,
The pen will break itself.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Only Romila Thapar Knows It History And All Others Do Not

Only Romila Thapar knows it history
And all others do not,
How can it be,
Was history not written before,
Is she only,
Did the British not?

There are so many great men
All around us
Whom we know it not,
Had it been not,
Auden would not have
The poem, The Unknown Citizen.

Actually, in India, we give too much
To those who have
And not to those who self-publish it not
Propagating and propounding,
But Romila always strove to be in the light.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Only The Stars Know It

My sadness, my loneliness- -
You know them not,
Only the twinkling stars.
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Only Vikas Mantra Can Save Modi Now

After the election debacle
In Bihar
Only the vikas mantra can save Modi
And none else
Whoever be he
A political boxer, heavyweight or a thinktank
Be he
If he wants to strengthen his base
And mandate.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Onon Marking Them Coming, I Mean The Marxists, The Leninists And The Maoists

On marking them coming, I mean the Marxists, the Leninists and The Maoists,
I fearing within, trembling with fear
And sharing,
What will they do,
I mean they,
The three bosses,
st., ist and t?

□

First, I thought of averting the gaze from,
Secondly, I thought of hiding,
As after the coming of the dacoits
And their strange midnightly knock,
People try to cry from the rooftop
Or try to lie in ambushed,
Underneath a cot
Or by the door plank
Or burying deep into the paddies
Lying on the floor.

Similarly, marking them, not in dhoti, kurta and turban
And with the a red paste on the forehead
And a sword,
As were they not,
I saw them in overcoats, pants and shirts
With cheroots on the lips,
The masters going
And gossiping about the spread of Red Communism
Like the Shelley of The cloud,
Taking to Eastern European countries.

On marking them, the three bosses, as resource persons,
Keynote speaker and seminarians,
I fearing within
As what to do with,
Where to hide,
Take the undercover
From those power-handlers,

With their gun speaking though the double barrel,
Power springing from the barrel of the gun,
Their fiery tongue and speeches,
The slogans the comrades and cadres giving,
The salutes they taking,
Red salaam.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Open The Door Of Your Heart; The Door Of The Mind & Heart

Open the door of your heart,
Didn't you hear someone knocking at
The door of your heart,
The door of the mind and heart opening it
With the repeated knocks?

Didn't, didn't you hear someone knocking at
The door repeatedly,
Didn't, didn't you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Open Your Lotus Mind & Keep You Smiling

Taking the leaves off your book of life,
Dull and monotonous routine
Of it,
Feel you relaxed
And tension-free,
Setting aside your cares and anxieties
And be content with,
Leaving it all here,
Giving time to you yourself
And feeling the pleasures of meditation,
The meditating mind,
Taxing not, relaxing,
Releasing it all with smiles and joys,
Feeling the joys of living,
Saying it all with a sweet smile on the face.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Oscar Wilde

To charge Oscar Wilde in this way and to convict
And put behind the bars,
Into the prison cell
As a prisoner
Was not good at all
For English system of law and judgement.

To jail a genius in such a way not at all acceptable
Which they did,
While dispensing with him,
A literary artist of standing,
Who might have erred,
But the years could have been lessened

With a precautionary warning which they did not
As for considering his case especially
And to our astonishment,
He was convicted as a prisoner,
Just for loose and unethical morality.

□

Wilde, they could jail a genius like you,
A budding artist,
An impressionist,
A subjectivist
And a sensationalist,
Believing in art for art's sake.

An aesthetician, you too erred
In going to the extremes
By doing as such
And being charged of misleading
And the attraction of a boy for a boy
Accepted they not in a good sense.

Whatever be the flaw of your character
They could trace out,
But I admire you
As for keeping with love
The lock of hair of your sister

In an envelope as a memory of hers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Osho

Osho,
Is the love of the body all,
From the body to the soul,
The journey,
Progression from,
Sex to samadhi?

Is attachment to detachment,
Sexual bliss to samadhi,
Love to bliss,
The way to illumination
And satisfaction,
Sexual love to bliss
The journey upwards?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Osho (For Osho, Acharya Rajneesh)

Osho, were you
A charlatan
Or a hypnotist
Or a yogi,
Say,
Say you,
Who,
Who were you,
Osho?

Osho,
Osho, say,
Say you,
Who you are,
A yogi,
Sadhu
Or guru,
A spiritual guru
Or a sex guru?

If a sex guru,
Let us
Take it for,
Osho,
What
In your philosophy,
What
In your
Teaching,
Preaching,
Osho?

Was it
Sambhoga to samadhi,
Was it, was it,
Osho,
Sambhoga to Samadhi,
Sex to bliss,
Delight to consummation

To deliverance,
Nirvana,
Moksha,
Osho?

Osho,
Where your
Meditational centre,
Where your
Buddha Grove,
Where your bedroom
Full of Rajneeshite
Nuns,
Mod girls in rudrakhas.
Osho,
Weren't you sexual,
Not a yogi,
But a bhogi,
Say you?

Were you not,
Say you,
A sex master,
A sex guru,
Say you,
The master of sex,
The guru of sex,
Osho,
One
In the company of
So many girls,
Just for bhoga,
Satisfaction,
Osho?

Osho,
You were not
A guru,
Not a yogi,
But a false yogi,
A fraud babaji,
A pretender,

A false sadhu were
You, Osho,
A sexist
Mad after sex,
Madly in love
With disciples,
An immoral one,
Isn't, isn't it,
Osho?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Osho, Osho...

Osho,
How the life,
Philosophy of yours,
An originator
Of a cult
And a movement,
Acharya Rajneesh?

A yogi,
Sadhu
Or fakira really
Or not,
A fraud and false
Indian babaji,
Whose yoga yoga not,
But bhoga?

A hypnotist,
A charlatan
Or a sex guru,
Who are you,
Rajneesh,
A yogi
Or a bhogi?

As preached you,
Believed you in
Sambhoga to Samadhi,
Sex to bliss
Consummation
To nirvana, moksha.

Your meditation
One of sex,
Sex to bliss,
Happiness,
Sex to Samadhi,
A journey from
Body to soul.

A shisya of Vatsyayana,
Freud,
nce
Were you
Of Thomas Hardy,
A Woman seller
In The Mayor of Casterbridge.

A master
You were sick
As yours was a philosophy
Of sex,
Sex
And its sadhna
And you were mad after sex.

A sex guru,
A shisya of Vastyayana,
You were spiritually
Sick and ailing,
A guru sexual and carnal
And luscious
And sensual.

Your meditation centre
Not of meditation,
But love and sex
And its aftermath,
One of the live-style
Of the hippies,
The gipsies.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Our Ancient Orchard By Kedar Nath Sharma

Our Ancient Orchard by Kedar Nath Sharma
And brought out by Minerva Press in 2001
Is a venture into the pure joys of fancy and imagination,
But it gets spilled over
And spoiled
When wit and conceit paly the spoilsport
And Kedar Nath loses Blakian innocence.

Our Ancient Orchard is the title poem
With which the poem begins starts
And he keeps delving
From innocence and ignorance
To the spill of joys
Childish and divine
And we turning witty and conceited.

Sometimes it comes to naturally,
Somewhere strugglingly,
Somewhere he loses the verve
And appears to be doing
The patch-work,
An amamteur cobbling the things
To sing heartfully and heartlessly.

The second poem named Zero
Is all about
Being a zero,
Not a hero,
As the world is a zero
And nothing heroic,
I am, I was and I shall be,
A zero, a big zero.

God created man,
But who created God,
How did he come to see him,
Did hallucinations turn into
The dogmas of religion
And man's realization of His existence,

Is it mythic?

Our Ancient Orchard, Zero, Living,
God is Hard of Hearing These Days,
Joy is Gaysome, I am So Tall,
At Priyadarshani, My Voice is Not Shrill,
It is Past Midnight, Hatred Has No Form,
The Capital's Collages,
The poems
Telling of his style.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Our Relationship

I went on looking you and you went on looking me,
You going and going and following and following you
As a fatigued traveller,
A passer-by on the strange path of life,
And near the tree halted and paused I
To ask you about the pathway end.

It grew dark and the birds started chirping,
I struggled and looked through the bamboo bushes
The eyelashes of yours,
Sad and wet,
The voice choked with
And you retreating to your hamlet.

Bijay Kant Dubey

As A Poet

as a poet is a commoner,
A simple romantic,
A faded artist
Without colour, dream and imagination.

But is more of a translator or an editor,
Evolving later,
but i am sure of,
As a poet he is a commoner.

A non-poet falling short of a rhymer,
A versifier, a poetaster,
A simple romantic
Leaning against metaphysics.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pagal Kavi (Mad Poet Madly After)

Pagal kavi ho,
Kab tak kavita likhata rahun,
Ab jo erada khatamma hone ko hain?

Madly after poetry, pursuing it,
How long to continue it alone,
Now want I to leave it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pages From The Life Of Paulo Coelho

How had they been the parents
Of Paulo Coelho
That as for his intuitive living,
Novelty of approach and idea,
Opposition to traditional thinking and religiosity
Admitted him to a mental institution
At 17
And he escaped thrice
To be released at 20
A writer endowed with a faculty
So logical and reasonable
Questioning the existence of man
In this world!

Just for Catholicism
And being a Catholic,
Not a being,
Human being
Whitmanian
They could not,
Could not,
A genius
So underrated
Under orthodoxy!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pahle Bhi Dekha Thaa (Had Seen You Before)

Aap to pahle eisee nahin thee,
Pahle bhi dekha thaa,
Eisee jo na theen.

You had not been as such before,
Had seen before,
Had not been as such.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pahle Jo Shayar Nahin Thaa, Jab She Dekha Yaad Yaa Gayin Shayari

Pahle jo shayar nahin thaa,
Jab she dekha
Yaad yaa gayin shayari,
Pahlee mulaakat thin,
Bhula jo na shaka,
Jab she dekha tujhe
Yaad yaa gayin shayari.

Ab mein shayar jo thara unki yaad mein
Aur we jo meri shayari.

Had not been a shayar,
Since when saw
Came you as a shayari,
Had not been a shayar,
But could not forget you,
Since when saw you
Came you as a shayari.

Now stand I a shayar in her memory
And she as my shayari recollecting her moods.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pakistan And India Cannot Resolve Their Issues Unless And Until They Restrict Thier Miangir And Hindugiri

Pakistan's Miangiri
And Hindustan's Hindugiri
Cannot resolve
The issues
If they fail to sort out
Coming to the negotiating table,
Leaving aside badmashi buddhi,
Ghatia rajneeti
If they really want to settle scores.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pakistan Is Not At All A Bad Country, One Needs To Know Its Compulsions, Check In The Indo-Pak War

The fallen soldiers be it of Pakistan or India
I cannot talk of,
Cannot call them martyrs,
If the Indian soldiers are the sons of
Some father and mother,
The Pakistani soldiers too are
The sons of some father and mother
The father of some daughter and son
Waiting for his arrival,
What will the politicians and leaders say it,
What will the fanatics preach?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pakistan She Haath Milayiye, Kya Kijiyega Yadi Cchota Bhai Badmash Ho?

Pakistan she haath milayiye,
Kya kijiyega
Yadi aapke ghar mein
Aapka cchota bhai badmash ho?
Yah to shangati kaa dosh hain.

Shake the hands with Paksitan,
What will you do
If in your family
Your small brother is a bad boy?
This is the fault of his company.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pakistan, The Genii Of Fanaticism Haunts It

Pakistan, the genii of fanaticism haunts it
And the people seem to be sitting in the haunted house
Hearing spooky tales of religious madness,
The minds gone frenzy,
The eyes kept blind-folded
So that they may not reason.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pakistani English

Actually there is nothing as Pakistani English,
Let us take it for
A part of Hindustani English
As it was in the pre-Partition times,
It is Darhiyal English, Bearded English,
Means a bearded man's English,
It is at ts best Sindhi English,
Baloch English,
Punjabi English,
Pashto English,
Above all it is Urdu-ized speech,
An Urdu man's English,
An Arabic person's English,
Persianized English
Wherein the burqua-clad beauty
Keeps taking the stage of the theatre
With quawwalis, shayaris and ghazals.

Pakistani English, not Hindustani English,
English Arbic, Persianized
Getting mixed with Sanskrit and Hindustani,
Leaving way to
Urduized version of English,
English Anglo-Urdu,
English spoken by
The Sindhis, Punjabis, Pashtuns
And the Balochs,
The sturdy men in pyjamas and kurta
Speaking in English
Laced with his stress and accent, English English,
But instead of English Hindustani,
English Pakistani.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pakistani English Is Like A Saudi Arabic Beauty Under The Burqa

Pakistani English,
Not only Pakistani,
But Indian English too
Is like an Arabian girl
In the burqa,
Hidden from top to toe,
In the hijab,
Looking through the latticed brocade
And calling with love,
But unable to express her love.

See me but with love,
Love me stealthily,
Not openly,
I am yours,
You are mine
And this is love,
You give me heart,
I shall also give you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pakistani Soldiers Will Die, Indian Soldiers Will Die, Will You Be Able To See?

The Pakistani soldiers will die,
The Indian soldiers will,
Will you be able to see them
Writhing in pain,
Think of it,
Talk you not excitedly,
But feel you about the consequences?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pandit Ravi Shankar, Are You A Sitar Player Or A Lover?

Pandit Ravi Shankar, stop you,
Stop you palying the sitar
And say you
Whether a sitar player
Or a lover of women,
What,
What are you, Ravi Shankar
As your biography shows it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Papa Says That The Son Will Make A Name

Papa says that the son will make a name,
But the destination of his
None but the pap's lovely one knows it,
How spoilt has he become
That smokes he cigar,
Smoking and smoking,
Entertains with electronic and electrical devices,
Going after the latest fashions
To be liked by a girl.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Papa's Daughter

Papa, my dear papa,
I become sad
When I see you not,
Papa, papa, my dear papa,
It is but you
Through whose eyes want I
To see the world,
Papa, papa,
My dear papa.

Papa, papa, my dear papa,
I remember, remember you,
Papa, papa, my dear papa,
Papa, papa.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Papa's Daughter, Only Papa's

Papa's daughter,
Only papa's,
Not mummy's.

Papa's, papa's,
Only papa's,
Not mum's.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Papa's Daughter, Only Papa's, Her Papa's (The Apple Of His Eye)

Papa's,
Papa's daughter,
Only papa's
And of none the else.

So affectionate
And loving,
So lovely
And caring.

With the name of
Papa, papa
On the lips
She sleeps, awakes.

As she cannot without
Her papa
And papa not
Without her.

The apple of his eye,
Without whom cannot
Is she papa's daughter,
So affectionate and loving.

And she lisping,
Papa, papa, papa
So sweetly,
So lyrically.

O, papa, my papa,
Dear papa,
My papa,
Dear papa!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Papa's Daughter, Why Are Your Eyes Tearful?

Papa's daughter,
Why are our eyes
Red and tearful,
Red with weeping,
Papa's daughter
Affectionate and loving
With the words,
Papa, papa, my papa?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Paradise Returned & Other Poems By Kedar Nath Sharma

Kedar Nath Sharma as a man is a very cunning fellow,
Wily, clever, witty and ironical,
He appears to be metaphysical,
Religious and holy,
But is not,
As his base one of contradiction and anti-thesis,
A conglomerate, a gourmet,
A Jack of all trades, but a master of none,
The case of his.

Had Kedar been into the footsteps of Pope and Dryden,
It would have been good for Indian poesy's sake
As wit and humour suits him best
Rather than romanticism
As deviates he from
And often changes the track of his poetry,
often transgressing into the territories
Of poetry and science,
Emotion and logic, the relation between the two.

Paradise Returned is not a work of a believer,
But a disbeliever,
Searching for
Where paradise in essence,
The gates of Heaven and its Inn,
Had it been,
The space shuttles would not have been fired into,
It is a mini Divine Comedy,
A comic Paradise Regained.

Actually, he is exploring the possibilities
Of a remix, a hybrid
Of science and poetry,
A cocktail of logic and emotion,
Feeling and reason,
He is going to prepare
For a sip.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Parching Indian Summer/ The Blazing Earth Of Chaitra & Baisakh

Indian summer
So hot and parching,
So full of perspiration
And perplexing,
Beating down
With the hot wind
Blowing,
Ruffling it all
And baffling utmost,
Such a summer
Burning and brutal,
No respite from
No relief,
Heat aggravates so much
That the buffalo wallows
Into the dry pond mud,
The stray dog bathes,
The crow too sprinkles
Water over,
Indian summer,
Very hot summer
Baffling all.

Parching Indian summer
Full of heat and dust
When the earth keeps burning,
Burning and blazing
In Chaitra and Baisakh,
The ponds keep drying,
The water level going below,
Hot winds keep playing with
The dry leaves
At some nook and corner,
The villages baking in heat,
Temperature soars up,
Thirst grows more,
Fatigue takes over,

Perspiration and sweating continue
Seconded by exhaustion,
The longer days force
To retire in a siesta
At noonday
So baffling and ruffling
Taking it long
With its longer days.

Indian summer
With the blazing and burning earth
Of Chaitra and Baisakh
When the sunlight
Is strong and direct,
The loo blows it
Ruffling it all,
Thirst grows more
For cool waters,
Sherbet
Made from sugar
And lemon juice
Or raw mango roasted
And the contents extracted,
Lassie or curd
Or take you onion,
Water melon,
Cucumber or tamarind sauce,
Chutney or salad
To beat it,
Hot and humidity
Or tuck in an ice cream.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Parmatman

Parmatman the Oversoul,
The Overmind,
The Supreme Soul.

The Greater Self,
The Self Divine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Parmatman (Haiku)

Parmatman,
Atman not, Parmatman,
Self not, the Greater self.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Parting Wish By Vijay Vishal

Parting Wish by Vijay Vishal is a tribute,
A homage
To his dead beloved wife
Whose memory he refreshes it here,
Whose words and images
Paints he
In some of the poems
As a parting wish of hers.

The book appeared from writers Workshop, Calcutta
In 2001,
A book of wish and recollection,
It shows a change in his style
As he has leaving the domain of irony
Traversed way-long to reach
The shores of romanticism.

Here in this book, he ruminates over
What this life has given to him,
What this life has taken from,
The vicissitudes of life
And the cross-over,
Leaving footprints
On the sands of time.

Parting Wish, Smile Eternalised,
Parting, Contradiction, Golden Message,
Self-search, Parallelism, Luckless Lass,
Belated Awakening, Blue Balloon,
Eternal Music, Walking Shadows,
A Living Paradox, Hubby, etc.
The poems from to read on.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Passed Through Open Schooling And Distance Mode

Many people just somehow do it B.A. and M.A.
Through open schooling and distance mode
And call themselves qualified,
But the Almighty only knows it,
Who has passed how?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pastoral Music I Still Carry With

The pastoral music I still carry with,
The music of its village life
And the countryside,
The hills, rivulets and the woods,
The bushes, rocks and trees,
The highlands and the downlands,
The shepherd girls
Grazing the herds
And the sunset glowing over
And setting down
And they returning back to
The sheds,
The lonely farmlands
With the harvests,
The mud houses
Sun-baked and standing
Under heat and dust
With the whiffs of classicism,
The golden sheaves of the wheat ears
Glowing and glistening,
Telling of prosperity
To be passed on
The tuning of the cadence and the pitch
Of Vedism, Upanishadism and Puranic tales
To be heard from.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pathshala

A small girl

In a loose and olden frock

With the slate and the lime stick pencil

That too half broken

Going to the pathshala

Held under the tree shade

Of the hamlet

With a tattered jute knapsack

Into the small hands of hers

To sit on the bare earth

Without having taken breakfast,

Just stale food

Left after the night-time meal

To sustain in and to read.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Patita, Who Calls You?

Patita, who calls you Patita,
You are Punita,
Patita not, Punita,
Miss Fallen & Degraded not,
But Miss Pure & Chaste
And those who call you Patita, Fallen
Are themselves,
You but not,
Patita not, but Punita, Miss Chaste
And if they, let them,
Let them,
Those fallen and degraded people,
The black sheep of our society
Who could never,
Never feel the pains and pines,
Pains and pathos of womankind,
The tears falling from the eyes
Of a woman,
A woman helpless and hopeless
Moving on the unknown paths of life
Leading to unknown destinations?

Patita, you are not Patita,
Miss Fallen & Downtrodden,
You are but Punita, Miss Chaste & Pure
And those who call you impure
Are themselves but impure,
Unchaste and fallen
And degraded,
The black sheep of our society
Conservative and masculine
Binding womankind,
Letting it not take flights
Into the free skies
Of God the Almighty
Who has made us equally,
Given the same rights and scope
To enjoy and make use of
Keeping the right and the wrong

In a right perspective.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Patita, Who Says, You Are Patita? (Fallen & Degraded)

Patita, who says, you are Patita,
Fallen and degraded and unchaste,
Characterless and stained,
To me, you are Punita, Punita,
Miss Chaste, Miss Chaste?

Patita, you are not fallen and degraded,
Those who say you Patita
Are themselves fallen and degraded,
Unchaste and blotted,
Characterless and immoral.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Paulo Coelho, His Mexican Not, Brazilian Dreams

It is not nce's Mexican dreams,
But Brazilian dreams
Of Paulo Coelho,
Brazilian not,
Portuguese
And Catholic
And this too not,
Coelho
Romanticizing his dreams,
Deviating from Catholicism
Which but is stereotype,
Cannot nourish the dreams
Of a full and free man,
It is in contact with Nature
And the Cosmos,
Is but pastoral,
Intuitional.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Paulo Coelho, I Did Not Know Him

Paulo Coelho,
I do not know him
But have heard about,
Is he a Brazilian
Or a Portuguese?

How his art,
What his theme,
The inspiration behind
Writing the pilgrim's progress?

A Catholic I have heard it,
A Jesuit
He is metaphysical and religious
And mystical.

I praise him not
For being devout,
But being rebellious and revolutionary,
Repelling against religion
And religious madness.

The spark of a genius,
The flame of mysticism
Burning in him
With the lust for writing
To create,
A talent so rarer.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Paulo Coelho's Alchemy

Paulo Coelho's mind and heart is
A distant dweller,
A gipsy, a vagabond,
A romantic's heart
Instead of being a Catholic
And Catholicism,
Seen under the prism
Of thought and idea,
Imagery and reflection,
Humanity and liberalism,
Fancy and flight of imagination.

What the popes can't
He has that,
Feeling the crisis within,
Wanting to add
What it is in Tolstoy,
Mixing the didactic with the romantic,
The romantic with the classical,
A writer Brazilian,
Portuguese
Whose Catholicism
Not regression and discipline
But romantic-Catholicism.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pebbles On The Shore By dranath Menon

On the shore of life, Menon keeps picking
The pebbles, the gravels
In order to learn from
Life and its experiences,
Life and its teachings.

The book which appeared from
Writers Workshop, Calcutta in 1981
Includes in
Pebbles on the Shore, Beauty,
On Memories, Parasuram Part-I,
Parasuram-II, My Country, My Culture, Tell Me,
I Saw Her Quietly Die, Too Many Laws, Equality,
Corpses Grow Bigger, Diehard, On Stars, Silence,
A Citizen's Story, No more Prophets.

Excellence, Explosion, Assessment,
On Gods, Priests and the Laity,
True Love, A Theatre of the Absurd,
Letter from a Divorcee, Hunger,
Kingdom of the Dead, Echoes Without Regret,
Reckoning, At the Confessional,
Psycho Analytical, Musings, the others.

The poet loves the stars
Each of them
And tries to understand
The beauty and majesty of them,
The silence speaking through,
Beauty enlightening upon,
Rue love which but gives,
Takes to not,
Memories leading to
Where he was once.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pensive Memories By

Pensive Memories by
Brought out in 2005
Is a collection of pensive memory and reflection
Where the poet reminisces, remembers
With lamentation
The times sped by,
Fled and slipped
With a view to catching the spirit
Of the gone by moments.

A poet of gloomy despair and dejection,
Grief and broken lyre,
Fleeting bubbles and rhythms,
He seeks to catch despair
And pensive reflection
With his pen and paper.

The New Year, Can I Sing,
The Bridal Bosom, Bride's Wishes,
An Orphan Lad, The Crow,
Migrating Birds, This Dull Evening,
A Violent Winter, A Stretch of Shadow,
Sailing Saree, Ageing Smiles,
A Lone Bird,
The poems.

Reddy's grief is not a romantic grief,
But the Victorian grief,
Falling short of in being
Betwixt faith and doubt,
Tennysonian and Arnoldian indeed
Rather than
What we take him for,
But not so successful
As thematically he is poor,
but imagistically strong
And on a sound footing of his.

Though we call him a rural poet,

One of such a background,
But there is nothing much
As that to corroborate our statement
That he lived in villages,
Wrote about them,
The problems and scarcity of it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

People Come Here

People come here as thus,
People go away as thus,
One day I too shall go away.

Bijay Kant Dubey

People's Woe And Anxiety

When will ATMs be re-calibrated,
When will normal banking resume to,
How will be the taxes,
Who will tax whom
And when,
Where the saheb will be found
Sitting on chair,
Who to hear sympathetically?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ph. D., Ph.D, My Ph.D Your Ph.D., Your Mine, Oh, This Business Of Ph.D!

Doctor Saheb without the compounder
And the foolish, illiterate Indian enquiring about
If the Doctor Saheb in the house
Which but he is managing to
Get him sent back.

From the guide's Ph.D., came it out
Several children
And now from that of mine,
A few are to crop up.

It is better, friend to copy, cut and paste
From the database websites
And to remix and confuse
Just for the promotion
Under the Career Advancement Scheme
And to embolden the API score.

The thieves, thugs, goons and dacoits too
Lending the idea,
As to cut and paste is the technique of a thief
Which he does so skilfully
Applying the razor-edge blade.

The guide too a mafia man as does he the business
With the Ph.D. degrees,
A few of his
Clerks, students and roamers
Work as brokers and typists for the thesis;
The xerox centre men.

The guide and the student both of them know it
But they sign it mutually
With the pledge
The thesis is original,
nothing is that in it
That has been copied.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ph.D. Topics On Jayanta Mahapatra

Jayanta Mahapatra As An Imagist,
Jayanta Mahapatra As A Realist,
As A Feminist Poet
Dealing with sex and sexuality,
As a poet nationalistic concerns and bare issues,
As an Odia poet historical and regional,
As a national poet,
As an internationalist,
As a modern, modernist and post-modern,
Poetry as physics, physics as poetry,
The making of an individual tradition,
Poetry eco-centric.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Phailin Coming

The birds are twittering and whispering,
Seeking shelter from,
Cranes flying high and returning
To their nests,
Crows in a harsh voice
Telling of the forthcoming disaster,
The winds conspiring and howling,
Shaking the trees violently,
Sea waves swaying and surging,
Ready to strike as landfalls,
Clouds floating, gathering and massing,
Ready to burst timelessly,
Rains splattering
With the big-big never-ending drops,
Rivers to swirl and overflow
As unable to control and contain in excessive waters
And the man-made hazards
In the form of wires and towers to take a toll on.

Sir Phailin, gathering in the distant, in the seas,
Far off seas visible from Orissa,
Sending signals to the weather men and the frog men
That I am coming,
Talking over the phone
Warning the telegraph department men,
Sending telegrams
Or like a dacoit
Getting the post-card sent across
That I am coming
Not with American Katrina or Swetana
But as a far-east man
With his Mongoloid face,
A ruthless Tartar
He is coming
With his bulgy stomach
And the French-cut beards on the chin,
A black belter, a martial arts specialist,
Challenge him not.

Take him for Mr. Tycoon not,
As he not a rich man of the world,
Nor has the assets,
But do,
A devastator,
I mean on,
Owing hierarchy and genealogy
To storm, tempest, cyclone
Turned into a tornado or a typhoon
Uncontrollable,
The pressure one of high pressure
As for the black deeds of man,
His sea beaches and restaurants,
Tourist spots and picnic spots
And the deforestation done.

Man fallen at the foot of his
And he drunken with his power
To toss and puff off
Whichever comes on his way,
The lamp-posts uprooted,
Boughs broken,
Roofs blown away,
Towers crashed,
Houses damaged,
Ships helpless before,
Unable to furrow or plough,
Sinking, capsizing,
The crew men sending SOS,
So ruthless and full of prowess
That he can shake it well,
Man helpless before him
And the world a ground of his tandava,
Destruction, doom and desertion.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Philosophy

Philosophy,
What is it to give,
Where to go to
For musing, reflection,
Brooding,
Dreamy glides and poetic vision?

Philosophy,
What is philosophy,
How to give it
By holding the head
On the hands
I thinking.

Philosophy,
What is it,
How to give it,
Who a philosopher,
A man practical or impractical?

It is easy to be philosophical,
Hard to be real,
Down to realities,
Earthly and grounding,
Philosophy philosophy.

People often give philosophies
For others,
Not for themselves,
It is easy to be philosophers
For others,
Not for themselves.

And the philosophers too are
The most impractical men,
Pragmatic and hypocritical,
Ideal and impractical,
The most inactive fellows
Thinking and thinking, doing nothing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Philosophy Subject-Wise

Philosophy,
Every subject or man
Has a philosophy,
Philosophy to give.

The philosophy of physics
Merging into the science of light,
Cosmology, astronomy, astrology,
The space as the vacuum beyond and around,
The landscapes solitary.

The philosophy of engineering to bridge the gap
Man and Nature,
To fathom the fathomless,
To tame the untamable,
The furies of Nature.

The philosophy of maths is to interpret
Through numbers and calculation,
To solve the the maths of life and the world,
Ways with digressions and diversions,
Arrows showing it,
The curves and U-turns.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Philosophy, Philosophy, What Is Philosophy?

Philosophy,
What is philosophy?
Is it deeper thinking
Or the head on the palm
In a reflective state?
There comes a moment
When everybody is but a philosopher
Of some sort.

What is philosophy,
Where does it originate from?
From the mind
Or some mood reflective,
A thing intuitive?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Phulon Ki Mahak, Udati Titaliyon Ke Sang

Phulon Ki Mahak, Udati Titaliyon Ke Sang

Phulon she baaten karta hun,

Udati titaliyon she,

Bas tumhari yaad mein,

Bekhabar jo etna.

The Flower's Sweetness, Flying Butterflies' Company

Talk I with the flowers,

With the flying painted ladies,

Just in your memory,

How lost am I!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Phulon Ki Mahak, Udati Titaliyon Ke Sang (Bilingual)

Phulon she baaten karta hun,
Udati titaliyon she,
Bas tumhari yaad mein,
Bekhabar jo etna.

The Flowers' Fragrance, With The Flying Butterflies

Talk I with the flowers,
With the flying butterflies,
In your memory,
Lost that am I.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Physics Poetry, Poetry Physics: Jayanta Mahapatra A Professor Of Physics, But An Author Of Indian Poetry In English

To Jayanta Mahapatra,
A professor of physics
Of Ravenshaw College, Cuttack,
Poetry is physics, physics poetry,
Drawing from light and darkness chapters
Of the subject,
Thinking of the universe and astrophysics,
The galaxy and the solar bodies,
The stars and the moon,
How far are they,
Solar and lunar eclipses
And the Indians doing pagletgiri,
Talking of Rahu and Ketu
And the bath after scientific or unreasonable,
How was the universe born,
Where does light break forth,
Retreat back to,
How does the world get pencil-silhouetted
With darkness
And silence takes on to prevail upon?

A professor of physics,
But a poet of Indian poetry in English,
I do not know,
Why did he not do his Ph.D. in physics?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pikar Daru (After Taking Native, Country Liquor)

Pikar Daru (After Taking Native, Country Liquor)

Pikar daru, what have you
Made of you yourself,
Just think you?

Pikar daru,
Having taken wine,
Country liquor?

Go and see your face
In the mirror,
What have you made of yourself?

The eyes red-red,
The cheeks swollen,
The liver functioning it not well.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pikar Daru, Say You Not, Happy New Year

Pikar daru,
daru,
Say you not,
Happy,
Happy new year
Pikar daru,
Deshi or videshi,
Native and local or foreign liquor
As daru is daru,
Wine is wine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pinda To Pinda, My Journey Of Life, The Asthi-Kalasha Hanging By The Tree

Pinda-dana,
Ashthi-kalasha,
This the story of my life,
My journey through heat and dust,
Bare-footed and naked
And empty-handed,
From here to there,
God knows,
Where the pathway?

Pinda to pinda,
You give the pinda,
Offer to the soul bereaved and departed,
Whom you have not forgotten so far,
Still fresh in memory,
The earth's contact
With the graha-pinda.

The asthi-kalasha containing the ashes
Of the body,
Let it hang for a few days
To be immersed into the holy waters
With the navel of attachment.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pinda-Dana

There is hunger all around, hunger and thirst,
The village folks standing half-fed and half-clothed,
Away from the circuit of modern culture and civilization
Into the country,
Underneath the heating sun,
Scorching sun and sun-burnt hot summer days

□

And the hot wind is blowing, the loo lashing,
The hot wave ruffling it all,
Everything hot-hot,
The hot sun, hot day, hot wind, hot season,
There is no respite, no relief from,
People sitting under the banyan, peepul and mango trees

And passing the days with the wind ruffling it all,
Dust swirling sometimes,
Leaves too swirling at some nook and corner,
Carried away and tossed up by the wind,
The river bed too is dry
With no water,
With no greenery around.

Just the broken earthen bowls, pitchers and half-burnt logs,
Pieces of red cloth and the small bamboo sling cot
Lie in here and there
As the remnants
Telling something different
With the skulls flung far and wide
On the deserted and lonely crematorium ghats.

During such a time, the pinda-dana going on,
Continuing under the shade of the mango grove
By the side of the river
Near the age-old peepul tree
From which lay it hanging the asthi-kalasha
Keeping the bhasma
Of the passer-by gone away.

The karta making rice in bereavement for kriya-karma

Somehow in an earthen bowl,
The havana continuing,
The purohita asking for dakshina
As and when to wind it up
While the crows crowing on the other hand,
People wanting to go home for food and water.

Heads lie in tonsured and shaven with the clamp of hair
Hanging from the crown of the head,
Eyes looking tearful and laden,
The heart heavy as for bereavement and loss,
Memories coming and going,
The towel wiping the tears.

The crows crowing for left-overs or the handful of rice
From the kriya-karma,
Going after, following the karta and the purohita
As for the feast,
The blessing from the unknown corners,
Telling of a country rent with the cries for food and water.

Water, water, the cry for of water all around, the scarcity of it,
A potful of water given to the soul
In bereavement from the pewter pot,
The soul feeling thirsty,
The earth getting wet underneath,
Thirst quenching.

That day is also not far from when the crows too will not
Be there to take food of,
Like the olden-age at the ghat-taking Brahmins,
The old-patterned for the samskara sake doing
Kriya-karma Brahmins
Otherwise who takes at the ghat
Food offered to?

On the one the pinda-dana is going on
The other the purohita doing the kriya-karma
With the karta asking for food and dakshina,
Taking food
While on the other the commonly folks talking of the feast,
A mass of half-fed, half-clothed villagerly mass,

The crows crowing for food and water,
Yet to feast upon the pindas given to the dead soul.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pinda-Dana (Ii)

Fire returned to fire,
Water to water,
Spirit to spirit,
Earth to earth,
Wind to wind
And it remained it not anything
To be called own.

Pinda-dana, pinda-dana,
Do you pinda-dana,
Give food and water
To the soul,
The departed and wailing soul,
For its shantih,
For maya to be contained in.

The world of graha-gocharas,
Planetary and horoscopic criss-crosses
Wherefrom there is no way out
As this is the way one comes,
This is the way one goes,
The asthi-kalasha hangs by
And the soul does the pinda-dana.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pingla, Pingla, What Have You Done That...?

Pingla, Pingla,
What, what have you done so that the king has turned into a renouncer
Leaving the reign of royalty,
The palace and the assets,
Turned he into a wandering saint,
Singing the song on a makeshift instrument?

What, what did you do, queen that broke it the heart of Bhartrihari
And turned he into a renouncer,
Laving the kingdom and the palace,
The courtiers and the robes,
Say you, say you,
Keep not mum?

The hearsay says it that the prostitute got an immortal golden fruit
And she gave it to him
As for making his elixir of life lengthened
As for the good citizen's duty
And he in return gave it to his beloved queen
As for perennial beauty's sake
And thereafter she gave it to the courtier stealthily,
Perhaps the horse-keeper
Who but returned it to his master.

And on finding the golden, immortal fruit from the courtier,
He took the decision,
Changing the course of life,
Breaking the bindings of maya-moha
And without saying it to,
He came out of the palace
And turned into a renouncer
Singing the songs of the renouncing
Of the world of maya-moha
And its realization.

It is said that the king in the attire of a changed dress
Would have come to take the alms from,
Even a handful of rice foodgrains
From Pingla

As for his deliverance,
Dismissive of maya-moha,
Without introducing himself
The bairagi, the renouncer,
The house-abandoner.

Just for infidelity, infidelity's sake,
Marking the change in heart and loyalty,
King Bhartrihari,
Turned into a renouncer
Leaving his palace and court
Just for your infidelity,
For being untruthful to love
And went about wandering place to place
In search of deliverance.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pinjar Mein Ki Ladki (The Girl In The Cage)

With the girls in the cage,
The Partition people moving,
The fanatics as the medieval goons and criminals
Looting, capturing and seizing upon
To turn it into
A saga of the displaced and dislocated people,
Men and women
Rendered homeless, shelterless
After leaving their homes
They going as the refugees
And begging
And dying midways
For want of water, food and clothing
Just for them
Who wanted to sit on chair,
The politicians,
Now hearing the tragic tale
Tell me, tell me,
Who the guilty men of the Partition?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Piyakkad (Haiku) / Drinker (Haiku)

Ek piyakkad she mulaakat,
Kya batayun
Tujhe?

Meeting a drinker,
What to say to
You?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poem

Kavita

Kavita,
Kavita te toke khuje cchee,
Kavita, kavita te tomake paye cchee,
Seyi kavita chai je aami.

Bhebe ccho je ki tumi,
Kicchu?

Poem

Poem,
In the poem have discovered you,
In the poem, poem have found you,
That poem want I.

Have you felt about,
Something?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poems

The Train Bogies

The train bogies passing
As the lined match-boxes
Trailing and chugging
And going
And whistling
And passing out of sight.

Crime And Punishment

Me Lord, I am in your court
Standing as criminal
For your judgement.

The Dream of Bringing An Illiterate Country Bride

A half-literate rural girl

As my bride
Want I to bring her
Who will at least love me,
Take care of
Rather than a modern town girl
Over ambitious, over smart.

A half-literate girl
As my wife
From the country,
Rural area
I shall bring her home,
My shy and coy mistress
She will come to my home.

Not a townsgirl
Smart, frank and bold,
But a village girl
She will be happy with
Whatever I give to her,
My country wife,

Valuing me rather than money.

Life Is A Stage of The Theatre / For The Theatre Girl

The theatre girl

In her all make-up

Viewing the world

With her collyrium-applied eyes

And the tears falling down

When about to leave

The fair venue

For another place

In search of shows

To be shown.

The theatre girl

Doing the make-up,

Dressing and readying

To go

For another fair ground

Where people will come

To enjoy

The plays and parts,

But to move from one place

To another,

The tragedy of her living.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poems Which Influenced Me In The Beginning

Lost Love, The Solitary Reaper

By Wordsworth,

All Things Bright And beautiful

By Cecil Francis Alexander,

Up-hill

By tti,

He That Is Down Needs Fear No Fall

By John Bunyan,

Virtue

By George Herbert,

Martha

By Walter de la Mare.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poet (Haiku)

Poet,
The writer of poems
Is a poet.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poet Kedar Nath Sharma

Kedar Nath Sahrma born on March 19,1937
Grew up
In the verdurous greenery of Shivalik foothills
At Gangath in Tehsil Nurpur of District Kangra,
Received his education from
Gangath, Jawali and Nurpur
Before doing his graduation
From S.D. College, Pathankot in 1958
And finally retired from Govt. Service
As the Grade I officer in Delhi.

Song of Life, The Whiff, Our Ancient Orchard,
Raceme: A Cluster of Poems,
Paradise Returned And Other Poems, etc.
The collections of his,
A poet writing in the model of,
Following John Masefield and Walter de la Mare,
Indic and Himachali,
Struggling to penetrate,
Sometimes adding to,
Sometimes faltering and falling miserably
To express all that
Happening within
To be relayed to.

Where he is witty and conceited,
He is not successful there,
Where humorous,
Achieves a bit,
But pure poetry is the thing of his,
Pure play of emotion and feeling,
A poet romantic
And conglomerate,
Sometimes mesmerizing it all,
Narada intercepts us critically,
So do come onto
Nachiketa and Dhruva,
But both of them so much philosophically.

Poet Keki Nasserwanji Daruwalla

Born in Loni, Burhanpur, Lahore, Punjab in the then time British India, in 1937
The son of Prof. N.C. Daruwalla,
After the partition moved to India,
Studying at many places through different mediums,
Did his post-graduation in English
From Govt. College, Ludhiana, University of Punjab
To qualify for the IPS examination finally in 1958
And the posting and its aftermath took him
To Dehradun, Meerut, Agra, Barabanki, Farrukhabad, Lucknow and Ranikhet,
And from there to the Cabinet Secretariat
To the RAW
To National Commission For Minorities
After his retirement.

A Parsi by faith
Just like Adil Jussawalla, k and Gieve Patel,
A police super cop by profession,
Of the rank of the Supdt. and AGI,
Daruwalla penned a book for the first time in 1970
And it was Under Orion,
Brought out from Writers Workshop, Calcutta
Of
And from there he moved on
To contribute and add to Indian poesy
In English,
One book after another,
A modern poet of the modern times
Searching a poetic language.

Apparition in April in 1971,
Winter Poems, 1980,
Crossing of Rivers, 1985, The Keeper of The Dead, 1982,
A Summer of Tigers, 1985
Landscapes, 1987,
Night River, 2000,
The Map-maker, 2002,
The Scarecrow and the Ghost, 2004,
Followed by one by one,
A poet so hard of heart, bold and daring,

Undaunted in courage,
Unsentimental and cathartic and purgatory.

A poet Zoroastrian, of Parsi faith and belief,
Telling of the Towers of Silence,
The Fire Hymn
And the vultures,
The good soul and the bad soul,
He is of his stature,
The scarecrow even cannot drive away the birds
Which are looked upon as ominous,
Crossing over to foreign trajectories and tracts
To contribute to,
Forgetting the roots
Of nativity and the tongue,
One of lost link and lost connection.

A poet of dramatic monologues, where the action is internal,
He is Robert Browningian and Ted Hughesian
As for his monologues
And hawkish poetry,
The clots of the blood going off,
The gun speaking the language of leads and firings,
Yes, the double-barrelled gun,
Stuttering rifles,
The cities and towns viewed under curfew,
The riot-affected landscapes,
Burning in communal fires,
Enmity, malice, revenge,
Shoot at sight promulgated.

One of the landscapes and whom call we a landscapist,
He derives from disease and death,
Accident, tragedy, fate and destiny,
The morgue and the post-mortem house,
Arthritis, cholera, diarrhea,
The imagery of the vulture, the hawk and the kite,
The falcon and his falconer,
The hunter and the call of the hyenas
Deepening with the evening,
Blakian tiger, Hughesian hawk,
From Aristotle's Poetics

A tragedian in verse,
For whom poetry but a book of literary terms,
Bombastic, verbose and full of unemotional rhetoric.

The areas under the flood,
The flood waters swirling, engulfing and inundating
A larger chunk of soil
With the land's fall,
The red yellow water like the brewed coffee,
The villages under the half-deep waters,
People crossing over in knee-deep waters,
The livestock in trouble,
The buffaloes wallowing and being swept over,
The water level somewhere frightening
And he views and paints the landscape
In his robust way of delineation,
With nothing to depict with painted colours
Wetfully or emotionally.

A short story writer just like Jayanta Mahapatra and Shiv ,
A novelist and an analyst on international relations,
A Visiting Fellow at Queen Elizabeth House, Oxford for 1980-81
Under the Colombo Plan studying politics in South Asia,
One in the team of Commonwealth Observers for the Zimbabwe elections in 1980,
Daruwalla has also edited a book on Indian English poetry,
A recipient of Sahitya Akademi award
For his book, The Keeper of the Dead in 1984,
Commonwealth Poetry Prize for Asia in 1987,
Of the coveted Padma Shri from the Govt. of India in 2014.

A poet who believes in the philosophy of Charvaka
As Adil sides with Eklavya
Or Karna,
Daruwalla's observation is poignant,
One of psychological probe,
Dipping and marking the unrest of desire,
Coating and uncoating the things of life,
Faces masked and damasked,
He can tell easily about
The pace of the Ganga and its river ghats,
Life pulsating on them,

The saints doing the suryanamaskar,
Chanting the Gayatri mantra
With an observational and sardonic insight of own,
A poet so synoptic and full of compunction.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poet Nissim Ezekiel

Saying hi-hello, ta-ta, bye-bye, goodbye,
See you again,
Please and thank you
Like an Indian from the villages
Wanting to be modern,
Learning etiquette and manners,
In the pants, shirt and the boots,
With a tie, handkerchief, watch and specs
Rather than dhoti and kurta.

Nissim is trying to see off Pushpa
On her trip to foreign
And Nissim giving tips to her,
Seeing her off at the airport
And Pushpa too smiling,
Sharing the talks,
Again, marking
The vocabulary and sentence-construction
Of geography department teacher's English
Full of coming and going, eating and drinking,
Somehow carried on spoken English.

A poet of the modern age, he will talk of
Going to the cinema and seeing of the pictures
With his lady love,
Will smile to see the hero kissing
The heroine,
The villain smoking a cigar
And thinking of painted villainy
And both of them amused to see him,
The villain following the hero and the heroine,
An old story coloured again and again.

After the marriage, a tea party will be hosted,
People will come with the gifts,
The modern boy will talk of the honeymoon,
The couple will visit the park, the restaurant and the tourist spot
To the pleasure of Nissim Ezekiel,
The manager or the salesman

Or the caterer.

You wonderful, he will say to her
And the girl will feel shy and coy of hearing,
The cheeks will blush
And Nissim will see,
But God knows who is wonderful,
Nissim or his beloved,
He will just propose before
But will dare not go outside
The periphery of his faith and home.

An alien insider, he can just bask in the warmth of
Modernity and modernism,
A convent-educated boy
Priding over his English
Just like a hosteller or a hotelier,
A Bombayan Jew
Ignorant of Indian thought, culture and tradition,
Religion, spirituality, theology, myth and mysticism.

Lives in India, but dwells he somewhere,
Interprets it differently,
But has definitely some base of his own,
Never to be heckled,
As has the verve and warmth of own,
But suffers from the quest for identity
Instead of his use and application of
Irony and realism.

Spoken English is the forte of his,
Gathering a mandate for him
For hale and hearty laughs and caricatures,
Jokes and laughs
Entertained otherwise
And he smiling within to mark
The nuances and idiosyncrasies,
The local variations of English.

On the new year's eve, he will celebrate and revel in,
Greet and welcome,
Saying,

Happy new year to you,
Will bid good morning,
Good day, good afternoon,
Good night
Like the Indian pink-necked green parrot
Saying from the cage,
As taught to imitatively,
Sita-Ram, Sita-Ram,
Buti do, give the herbal diet, means cereals.

Nissim handshaking, greeting, waving at,
Taking leave off,
Using please and thank you,
Nice to meet you pleasantries,
Good words
And smiling
And going,
A poet of Valentine cards and love letters,
Using so nice of you,
Thank you,
See you again,
Sometimes sorry, sorry,
Please excuse me,
Sometimes using thank you,
Thank you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poet Onkar Nath Gupta

Poet Onkar Nath Gupta wants to grow lilacs
In a laboratory,
Seeing the mosaic of love and legends
Through the prism of poesy,
Spilling feelings.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poet Pronab Kumar Majumder

Pronab Kumar Majumder who born in 1941,
In that part of British India
Which apparently fell to East Pakistan,
Now present-day Bangladesh
And so marking the commotion
They moved and migrated to India, Calcutta
In 1957
After is passing of the Intermediate Exam.
Just as a refugee.

Pronab did his graduation,
Qualified for the state level civil service
And joined
To be elevated to the rank of the special secretary
To be finally superannuated in 2001,
But poetry as his avocation
Did not leave him behind.

After starting with Dialogue With Time,
Replies of Time, Life And Eternity,
In The Ruins of Time, Creating Kiling Cosmic Time,
Where Time Is Dead, OnTime UnTime,
Time Never Returns to Console and Other Poems,
Sparkles of Time, My India: Through The Corridor of Time,
Where I Is A Noun,
He has emabarked on a long poetical career.

The titles do not exhaust,
There are many in his stock,
Faces of Love, Passage to Peace, Random Poetry,
Sundown Poetry & Other Poems, HaikuFair,
Dialogue with Rimi, Poetry House,
Adieu: Dear Rimi,
A long carreer indeed,
A book launch after another,
Prolific indeed.

Pronab is a time man,
Activating not for a blast, but detonating the time bomb;

A keeper of time,
A curator of the museum of it,
Marking sun-dials, clock towers,
Wrist watches and their history
Of making.

Ghari, bela, danda, prahar not,
But the mementoes,
Souvenirs,
Diaries speak out
In the poetry of his,
The milestones put up
On the ways long and leading to,
In time things gathering
And in time disintegrating.

Time as the lifeline, timeline,
The curriculum vitae, the bio-profile,
The calendar on the wall,
The horoscope,
The crisscrosses of fatelines,
All telling that.

But he drawing and deriving not from
The astronomers and the astrologers,
The soothsayers and fortune tellers,
The palmists and the face readers,
He writing the history of time,
The time-line of human life, speeding and resting,
Through measured lengths.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poet Pronab Kumar Majumder And His Rimi

A departure from his theme of time-orientation
And consciousness,
Time mechanical, time worldly,
The watchman and the time-keeper,
Rimis take us into a different world of their own,
Rimi a modern girl,
A saleswoman, a beautician, a homekeeper,
Keeps the thing going,
Taking the world into the stride of her own,
Rimi coming, seeing, serving, glancing, watching
And serving
And going away to attend.

At the market place in the off-time of hers,
At the office centre,
Into the busy moments of life,
She maintaining and managing the things
With her managerial experience,
With her kind caress and nursing,
Seeing herself and others too
At the same time of engagement,
Sparing it all for them too
Who look up to her in expectation.

Rimi is symbolic of the words
Of kind tenderness and sweet love,
Quite sympathetic and affectionate,
A phoenix of love,
The myth and mystery of love,
A girl caring and loveful,
Responsible and dutiful,
Loveful and sweet-hearted,
The wisp and whiff of romanticism,
The flair and infatuation with.

The flame of love is there
Though the hunger and thirst for it is not,
Rimi is love psychic,
A painting of universal love

Irrespective of sensual love
Or carnal desire,
Rimi is Rimi,
A Blakian innocent and ignorant girl,
A Lucy Gray of Pronab,
A portrait of a girl,
A quest after beauty as it is in Joyce's Araby.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poet Pronab Kumar Majumder's Rimis

Pronab's dialogues with Rimi
Inspirational,
Charming and attractive.

A flower in the garden of love,
Wordless but understanding,
Modern, but heartfelt,
A thing of beauty
Joy forever she
Material not, immaterial love.

Rimi is his love, Rimi is his inspiration,
A rose from the rose garden,
A star of the firmament,
A lady with a lamp,
A young, but helping girl,
Working and slipping past.

See her at a glance,
A glimpse of hers ever pleasure-giving,
But steal not the smiles from her,
The vibes of hers,
Her vibes the vibes of the world,
A bystander in life,
A girl so solitary.

Rimi is a flower girl selling flowers,
Rimi is a beautitician decorating,
A girl in the shadows,
Rimi a flower of the poet's imagination,
Rimi so sweet and lovely.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poet asarathy

As a Leeds man,
A Tamil man,
An Oxford Press man,
A former lecturer.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poet

dranath Menon, I do not know, why he could not famous
And fame came to not
As it came to the Bomabayan circle of critics
Supported by the Bombayan critics

But most of his books have come out from Writers Workshop, Calcutta
Barring ones or twos from other publishing houses,
Dasavatara and Other Poems (1967) , Seventy Seven (1973) ,
Straws in the Wind (1973) , Shadows in the Sun (1976) ,
Grass in the Garden (1978) , Heart on a Shoe-String (1978) ,
Pebbles on the Shore (1981) ,
Poems 1985 from Garuda Printers & Publisher from Cochin in 1986,
Sounds of Silence, ICASEL, Mysore in 1993,
Ode to Parted Love and Other Poems from Jaico, Bombay in 1958,
Tell of his poetic corpus,
Initialled or untialled into the realms of Indian poesy.

An IAS, retiring from his last assignment as being Principal Secretary
To the Govt. of Bihar at Ranchi
And Regional Development Commissioner,
He held different postings and palcements
From the professional side
But as a poet,
The things need to be perused,
The stature yet to be determined
Though his presence is there in the unrevised history books
As a minor.

Menon as a poet is one of the modern age
And writes laden and weighty stanzas,
Laying bare the truths,
The bare truths and realities
of modern world and civilisation
And the life-style connected with,
Somewhere outdoes with his thought and reflection,
Thought and imagery.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poet Saheb, How Are You?

Poet Saheb, how are you,
I said to him
And he smiled
After having heard me,
Lo, I have become a saheb,
Not a White saheb,
But a brown saheb,
But with an Indian foolish and rural wife
From the countryside.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poet Vijay Seshadri, How To Take To Him, Read His Poetry?

Born in Bangalore on Feb 13,1954
Which is now Bengaluru,
But clutched along to Ohio
At the age of five
Where his father went to
Or got destined for
The overseas job
An Indian American
Or American Indian,
How far Indian are those
Who live abroad?

A B.A. from Oberlin College,
An M.F.A. from Columbia University,
The author of Wild Kingdom,1996,
The Long Meadow,2003,
3 Sections,2013,
He taught at Sarah Lawrence College.

A poet of the ancient, archetypal meadow,
The orchard,
Change in scenes,
Disappearances,
Loss of values
Seen in the aftermath of
The Sept.11 attacks,
A poet recollecting.

To compromise and cope with
Americanness
And the sense of Americanism
Going with the beat and rhythm of it,
Vijay Seshadri
Took to
The malaise and bruise of it
Reminiscing and ruminating.

His poetry is a poetry of
Upheaval and repercussion,
Rehabilitation and belief,
Settlement and adjustment
Rooted into an Americanness
Which but adds to verve and strength
Never aloof and separate from.

It is better to call him an American poet
And discuss him as
Because India recognizes only
When the same writer is acknowledged
In foreign
Otherwise knows it not
Them before the awards.

We shall call him an Indian poet
Only when he returns back to,
But can we dispense with
His American recognition,
It is America which but
Recognized him first
Rather than India
The motherland.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poet, Poet, Poet, God Save Me From

Poet, poet, poet, God, where are You,
Are you listening to me,
O, God,
My God,
Save you,
Save me from
The poets, poets, poets
Whose who keep rhyming,
Tagging words, lines and stanzas,
Those who call themselves pundits,
But are not,
The pseudo-scholars,
Those who are poetasters,
Petty poets and poetesses,
Commoners
As poets poets and poetesses,
Writing rhymed or broken doggerel?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poet, Poet, Poet, Poet And Poet, Poet And Poet, Poet And Poetry, Poet And Poetry

Poet, poet, poet,
Poet and poet, poet and poet,
Poet and poetry, poetry and poet,
You will madden me,
You are already mad.

My God, poet, poet, poet,
How to get rid of poet, poet, poet
And poetry,
This poetic madness
And mad-mad people
Maddening it all?

Calling, I am a poet, I am a poet,
Don't you now me,
I am a poet, I am a poet,
a great poet
Whom you know it not?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetasters As Indian English Poetry Journal Editors

It has become a trend,
A trend and tradition
To send the bluff-master subscriber student
Of the bluff-master research guide
To read a paper on
The small journal editor's poetry
Whose poetry means it not.

The paper the editor writes it
And gives it to the subscriber-reader
As for to read the seminar paper
In the other part of the nation
So none can doubt
About the originality of the paper,
But it's a got-up case.

The failed poets and poetesses want to make a way
Through editing journals,
Encouraging the teachers to write papers
On editor's poetry
And as thus they keep exchanging
Mutual praise and admiration,
Living by fraud, thinking by fraud,
Tackling the things cleverly.

The poetasters, rhymers, commoners and non-poets
All poets, poets and poetesses,
How can it be,
Does morality not prick them
In praising themselves,
Praise, but over praise you not,
Which but I do not
How to cope with them?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetess Kamala Das

People generally take up Kamala Das and her poetry
Writing Ph.D. theses,
Promoting it beyond
And overpraise her slender works
Heaping praises,
Showering and showering upon,
Adding adjectives and superlatives.

Call her a feminist, a confessional,
Autobiographical,
Down to earth and realities,
One of man-woman relationship,
Full of the scent of blood.

But none has come to understand her,
She is physical, bodily and sexual,
One who is hysteric,
Mad and maniac after sex,
A Rajnishite with a rudraksha rosary,
A bhogavadi.

The summer which she describes
Is the summer of the body,
The fire and heat of it,
Full of sexual lust and dreams,
Unfulfilled carnal desires
And seeking satisfaction for it.

To read her is to delve deep in
Love, sex and dreams,
Drawing and deriving from the unconscious,
An abnormal babbling,
Gone into hysterics,
Applying the things of the dark reservoir.

A poetess of Lawrence give and take, love and hate theme,
Attraction and repulsion story,
Dissatisfaction in love seeking satisfaction,
She draws from Sylvia Plath the confessional elements,

Homosexuality and lesbianism
And eunuch dancing.

We often hear the things of Kamala
And she keeps criticizing her husband,
A feminist wife trying to be a politician
And chiding her henpecked hubby without rhyme or reason,
What does her husband say to,
Have we ever tried to hear it?

.
A colourful lady is she, painted and dented
And without moral and character
And loose and flippant,
A dream burner, putting on fire,
Bbut spiritually sick.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetic Bits

In The Theatre of Silence

In the theatre of silence
I rehearsing the absurd drama of
Nothingness.

Portia, Was She The First Feminist?
Portia, was she the first feminist
Pleading the case of Antonio
In black robes?

The Bride
Seated on a bullock-cart,
The teenage bride is going
To her in-laws' house in tears
Dried upon the cheeks.

Summer
Even in the blazing heat of summer,
Jaruls, gulmohars, amaltas
Can be seen blooming,
Belis and champas.

Terracotta Temples of Chandrakona
How beautiful are the temples
Made from lime clay
And small bricks,
Small-small, old-old
Telling of an age gone by,
The yore and its heyday!

Statues of Radha & Krishna
Statues of Radha and Krishna
Cast in gold,
Rarer and antique,
How will you take to
If you find them while excavating
The historical site,

The fallen debris of temples,
Architectural ruins!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetic Journalism

Poetic journalism talk I, discuss I,
How poetry can be used as journalism or journalistic purposes, Stating about and
sharing with the readers in the form of opinion, Review, statement, theory,
politics or sociology?
A poem is an essay, a paragraph, a prose-piece,
A biography, an autobiography,
A play, a text and a testament of criticism.

Poetic journalism talk I, discuss I, have I turned to
In this age of Internet accessibility
As I can post, and easily
Without spending anything else,
Suitable or unsuitable,
Readable or unreadable
And the poems are on the websites.

As poetry is my faculty and forum to be explored
So use I it as my platform,
Letting out my unexpressed and suppressed thoughts and ideas
Which the Indian critics have tried to crush them
Through favouritism and nepotism,
Letting me not explore the possibilities
And good avenues.

A poem to me is an opinion, a review, a photograph,
A thought, an idea, a reflection, an image, a whim,
A craze, a propaganda piece, a boost-up, a push-forward,
A poem a piece of biography or autobiography,
Containing the tidbits,
A poem a description of the art and artifact,
Art and architecture and sculpture.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetic Madness

Poetic madness is a great disease
And it will continue unto the end,
You will live,
But you will not die,
A madness incurable
Though you may consult psychiatrists.

I have seen a practising poet calling himself
Hitler,
Another Chengiz Khan
Another Kubla Khan
Another lame-footed Timur Lane
Another Benito Mussolini,
The friend of Adolf Hitler
And the author of Mein Kempf.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetic Pieces

The Parsi View of Life

On the Tower of Silence,
I see them not perched upon,
The vultures big and bulging.

Where that Doongar-vari,
Where that Cheel-ghar,
Where those flesh-cleansing birds?

Old Man's India

The old man
With the old woman
Smiling toothlessly.

In the lonely house,
The lonely-lonely old men
Living lone lives.

The Snake-charmer

The snake-charmer playing
The wooden 'been' instrument
And the cobras swaying to the tunes
Of the exotic East,
Melodious and haunting,
Breaking into melodies
Unheard and unsung of.

The Mahouts

The Indian mahouts
Atop the black-black elephants
Telling it not,
How did they tame the wild elephants?

And we too heard them not saying,
Nor did strive to hear their stories
Of life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetic Tidbits (Pieced & Clubbed Together) / Metaphysics Of Life And The World

Time
Time
Time Cosmic,
Time Mechanical.

History
History of man,
Earth
And life.

Asthi-kalasha
The asthi-kalasha
Hanging
By the tree.

The Navel
The navel of my dead mother
Burned as a diya
For some time more.

Pinda-dana
Pinda-dana, a handful of dana
For the bereaved soul,
For its shantih.

The Over Mind, Over Soul
They just say about
That I is a part of You
Which but know I not.

The Pathway
Where the pathway
Leading to
Ultimately?

The Journey
The journey of life

Never smooth,
Ever winding, ever zigzagged.

Destination
Where my destination,
Neither know I
Nor has anyone said it?

Value
What does it stay here,
Say you,
What does it?

The Retreat
Things are created out,
Return back to
And it remains not.

Our Base
The body of the soil,
The soul of the spirits,
Which from where?

Dusty Ways
Dusty the paths
From have we come to,
From where to return back.

The Five Elements
Earth to earth, wind to wind,
Water to water, fire to fire,
Sky to sky.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry

Poetry will not cease it,
Will continue to be written
As long as life is there,
This green earth is.

Poetry will not cease it,
Will continue to be written
Till man is on this green earth
Of bio-diversity.

Man will come and go,
Poetry too will be written so
After this or that poet takes to
For a dabbling in verse.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry & Its Readership

Who reads poetry now-a-days?
The reader reads it not,
The poet reads it,
The contributing poets,
Subscribers and reviewers.

The readers read it not now-a-days,
The contributing poets,
Subscribers and reviewers
Read it today,
The readers not,
But he poets as readers and writers.

Who has time now to read
Poetry,
The things of the mad men
Maddening it all
With their
Sentimentality and emotional outburst?

The number of readers has fallen,
But the number of practitioners
Has doubled it
Adding to the trash
Written and practiced,
The masters of trivia
Writing the doggerel.

The days of classical panditism
Are over
And they write it not
Classically,
But personally and privately,
The things of their dull routine affair,
The poets mundane and worldly.

Small-small city-bred people
Attempting verse,
Rhymes, doggerels, petty things

Like to call themselves
Poets,
But they are not,
The cunning and crafty fellows
Wanting to come into the limelight.

The petty poets, editors and reviewers
And the cringing subscribers,
All are for their odds and ends,
All after their business,
The people of a far-off land,
Who dwell it here,
But into the dreamland
Of imaginary castles,
Egoistic, maniac and hypocritical.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry A Thing Of The Mad, Mad People

I am myself mad
And I shall make you too mad
If keep you my company
As my madness
Never curable
And they know it
As poetic madness.

They themselves are mad
And will make it all the mad,
I mean,
The mad, mad people
Maddening it all,
No talk to do,
But poetry, poetry,
The most inactive people.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry And Its Readership

Today poetry and its readership have dwindled
It today,
Verses are written no doubt,
But those are read
Not by the readers,
But by the contributing poets
And critiqued by them too,
An exchange in-between
The poet and the reader-reviewer
As the general readers read them not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry And Its Schools

Poetry romantic,
Full of romance and pleasure,
Dream, colour and imagination,
Poetry spiritual and religious,
Full of religious fervour and gaiety,
Poetry humorous and satiric,
Ridiculous and light and ironical,
Witty and full of double-speak,
Poetry real
Down to earth and hardcore realities,
Poetry scholastic and didactic
And classical and golden.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As A Search For The Scholar Gipsy And His Scholasticism And Classicism And Romantic Pastoralism

My poetry as a search for the scholar gipsy,
The scholar as an unknown citizen
Standing bustless, torsoless,
A scholar mad and maniac,
My poetry as a search for the wild blossoms
And their wild and rare beauty,
My poetry as a depiction of the dark daughters
Seen on the temple walls
As terracotta figurines and sculptures,
My poetry as a search for classicism,
The loss of human values.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As Bamiyan Buddhas

Poetry as Bamiyan Buddhas
And the Talibans firing upon
With mortars and shells
The Buddhas, the Buddhas of Peace Cosmic.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As Born Out Of Sadhna And The Poet A Sadhaka

Poetry as born out of sadhna
And the poet as a sadhaka
Writing about the sadhna
The mystical and nocturnal experimentation,
The things supernatural,
The sadhka in his hut
Leading a life of sel-denial and self-abnegation.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As Broken Lines

Poetry as broken lines,
The sentences broken and dovetailed,
But the meaning continued on
With the rhythm of speech and expression
As far as possible,
The music carried forward
If not directly, but indirectly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As Cigar Puffs & Trails Of Smokes

Poetry as cigar puffs and trails of smokes

Rising,

Lit from a lighter,

Burning and in embers,

Puffs taken,

Smoked and puffed out

Of the nose and the mouth

Stylistically

And tactically from the nose

Just like a coal train gathering speed,

Leaving behind coal particles, ashes and dust

And the ashes shaken off,

The butt thrown,

Yea, the stump

And the poetry is complete.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As Classical Scholarship, A Search For Scholasticism

Poetry as classical scholarship,
A search for scholasticism and pedantry,
Loss of moral values, spiritual things,
The classical scholar as an unknown citizen
Passing his days in anonymity,
But the command over
Admirable enough,
Never to be found again,
His mood and temperament
And sobriety.

What it there in name and fame
As those run after
Who are worldly by temperament,
But the scholars care not for,
They pass their days in utter anonymity
And people try to remember them
When they are not,
Oh, before we could know,
They pass away unknown and unseen,
Scholarship classical,
Reflecting golden-golden and shining,
As if wild blooms awe-struck by his presence.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As Existential Search

Poetry as existential search,
Who am I,
Where am I from,
Where to go finally? ,
Echoing it,
Voicing the concern
Of living.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As Flowers

Think of poetry as flowers,
Why can they be not,
Roses pink and red?

Dreamy and lovely,
Picturesque and imagistic,
Artistic and florid
With the tender and soft petals.

Poetry as a bouquet of flowers
With a red rose, a white chrysanthemum,
A crimson dahlia and the leaves.

And what to say it more about the wild blossoms,
Nature's bounty and blessing,
The wilds full with a variety of hues and colours?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As Flowers, Catching The Gaze

Poetry as flowers,
Dreamy and imaginative,
Blooming and hanging by,
Catching the eye and luring,
Looking lovely and charming.

A small tree of the tiny, but whitely scented kaaminis
Blooming and scattering over,
Similar the case with the seulis
Tiny but white and yellow-stalked,
The aparajitas blue-blue.
A creeper bloom.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As Mud-Built, Straw-Thatched Houses And Life Seen Against Such A Backdrop

Poetry as the mud houses thatched with straw,
Roofed with the bamboos,
I can see them making,
Striking the idea, getting at,
Thinking out the plan of work and its execution.

The small-small mud-built, straw-thatched houses
With the small windows,
Dotting the solitary landscape,
A handful of forming the hamlet, the thorp,
Thinly populated, manless and dark.

Poetry as a scenery of the common folks,
The hamlet men and the ancestors,
Living in the dark and nondescript hamlets and thorps
Simply and namelessly,
Struggling, labouring hard to survive.

Faith, blind faith holding them,
Destiny, fate and lot foretelling the things,
The oil lamps too not lighting the areas,
Just the glow worms and starry twinkles
Engaging the solitary space with pulsating in its way.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As Ornithology

Poetry is not poetry, but ornithology,
A bird eye-view,
See the birds flying and derive from,
The kingfisher smoky and glistening
With the blue wings,
Just like a painted doll.

The pond herons, striped and brownish,
Stalking in,
The white storks,
The cranes
In a field of lilies and the small-breed white cows
Going along.

The dark grey mynahs, the striped sterlings
Picking cereals,
The house sparrows now rarer,
The dwellers of the thatched roofs
And straw heaps,
The house bats in search of cracks
Or door holes.

The kite flying high, rounding and rounding,
The hawk, the vulture,
The numbers dropped down and dropping miserably,
I see them not often
Which I used to trace them
Once upon a time.

The blue birds just like the kingfishers,
But in variables in shape and form,
Looking natural,
Playing with the wind,
Rounding and rounding,
The sky blue colour glistening.

When the blue bird flaps the wings, it reminds me
Of a peacock in dance,
But the peacock rarely visible,

I see it not in the forests
Dancing even
In the cage.

In the pond, I find two types of birds living,
One type of black water bird see I often
Which can fly too sometimes
While the other brownish and grey and freckled
Just like a wild hen
Which can take short flights lives into the bushes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As Photography, Sights & Scenes In Words

Poetry as photography,
Photos snapped and cleaned,
Images impressed upon,
The focus ascertained,
The flashlight given
And the photo snapped.

A beautiful girl standing
Before you,
Bidding hi-hello,
Bye-bye,
See you again,
A golden and glistening girl,
You seeing her in a twinkling of an eye
And she smiling before.

The rose so lovely and charming,
Redolent and fresh,
Spreading the perfume of its own,
The sweet spray of scent
Of an aroma and flavour
Rarely noticed,
So scented and sweet.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As Realism, Realistic Details

Poetry is not only dreams,
Fancy and imagination,
Colour and romance,
But realism, realistic details too,
For it ask you the sweepers and cleaners,
The dressers and compounders
And nurses,
Poetry not only celestial and heavenly,
But real too, down to earthly realities,
It looks beautiful to float on the waters,
But when the paper boats sink they,
The shipwreck brothers tell the tales.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As Rock-Built Temples

Poetry as rock-built temples,
Hills converted into art and architecture,
Housing the Divine,
Grand and stupendous,
The viewer viewing in awe and astonishment.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As Rose-Petals

Poetry as rose-petals,
Dreamy, flaky,
Full of fancy and imagination,
So fast and colourful,
Lovely and hues
And dazzling.
The rose-petals of dreams,
Fancy and imagination,
Love and its sweetness,
Poetry dreamy,
Fanciful and imaginative.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As Sadhna And The Poet A Sadhaka (A Study In Aurobindo)

The poet as a sadhka
And poetry as sadhna,
Born out of sadhna
As the fruit of it,
But sadhna one of the yogi's
Yogic practices and reflection,
A bit away from the raw practices
And he acquiring, attaining that
Through the meditational power
Differing from the tantricas
Though the path leads to the same
As for the revelation and transformation.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As Sculptures In Love

Love, sex and romance,
How to view them
On the outer walls of the temples,
The rock-built ancient temples?

The figures and figurines in love,
Erotic and fierce love-making,
Was it the thinking of the architect
Or the artisan
Or the king
Or the saint?

Who to answer me,
There is none to say,
But the images and pictures obscene and nude,
Failing the blue films,
Who were they
Who decorated with the figures
In sexual poses and postures?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As Stone-Cuts; Poetry In Stone

Poery as stone-cuts,
Cut deep, hewn and chiselled,
Poetry flowering in stone,
The lotus carved out of a stone chunk.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As Talks, Gossips, Tidbits

Poetry as gossips,
Talks
And conversations,
Tidbits of poesy,
Broken lines and statements,
Poetry has not remained poetry,
But today's talks.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As Terracotta Plates: The Base Of My Mythical Poetry

Terracotta plates,
Baked terracotta plates
With the figures and figurines
In love,
Hugging and embracing,
Kisses and clasps
The mythical poems of mine,
The terracotta plates
Depicting war, love and sex
And devotion
The base of my mythical poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As Terracotta Temples

The material of poetry has always remained elusive
And it can never be determined,
As poetry is poetry,
Written words,
Spoken words.

Only poetry is not it all,
As the poets create it not all,
Poetry is photography,
The poet sees them and borrows from
And the mason too not less than the poets,
The architects and sculptors.

To me, the little-little temples, the terracotta temples
Are themselves the great works of art and architecture,
The old-old temples,
Centuries-old, made from lime stone powder and small bricks,
Dating back to
An age gone by.

Think of a time when they do the 'arti' in the evening,
Showing the oil-lamp
And praying to
In the so many terracotta temples
With the miniature art work,
Terracotta plates.

The sculptures and figurines on the entrance,
The plates telling of
Of love, devotion, meditation,
The public gathering and courtly assemblage
With the door-keepers,
Devadasis (god's she-slaves) and sevadasis (saint's serving-maids) .

The clay-baked terracotta plates but adjusted with,
Stuck to the entrance,
The arched mansion,
The pillars round and thick,
Telling of an age gone by.

No less than poetry in grandeur and excellence, belittling the poets
Who pride over their poetic creativity,
The temples are a lively presentation,
Rarer, priceless and valuable,
The prized possessions of heritage and culture.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As The Woodencraft Of Ma Manasha And Ma Shitala

When I pas through the way,
I see in the small terracotta temple
Two statues, blackly and glittering,
Carved from the neem logs,
Ma Manasha and Ma Shitala,
Whom the Hindus worship
As the ordaining deities
Of snakes and measles, small pox and others
And a cure from.

The statues made from wood,
Carved and chiselled out of wooden logs
And painted black in vegetable colours,
I see them and look back in astonishment,
Two frightening and dreadful statues,
It seems as if they were speaking.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As The Dark Daughters

Poetry as the dark daughters,
The terracotta sculptures and figurines,
Daughters cut in stone
of maya and moha,
Working and toiling
And suffering
Dark daughters
Under heat and dust,
Sun and shower,
Into the sobs and smiles
Of their own.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As The Image Of Kali (Haiku)

Poetry as the image of Kali
And I make it
In my poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As The Images Of Kali

In my poetry make I the images of Kali,
Kali pitch-dark,
Kali nocturnal and supernatural,
Kali of the sadhakas and the shamshanas,
Kali of the crematorium ground, if any.

Kali Shyama Kali, Blue-complexioned,
Kali Dark, Dark Black,
Just like the dark night,
The making time of the Creation,
The Womb of all.

The lila, play of Hers, I try to make out
And comprehend,
An image primordial, ethnic or racial,
A Goddess native and aboriginal
Maybe it the other aspect of delving.

But the thing nay at all superstitious,
Mythical and mystical,
The Dark Mother
And dark the tales of Her Creation,
Which is but a thing of sadhna,
Some deeper understanding.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As The Philosophy Of Life

Why am I here,
What the purpose of living,
Why am I,
What am I for?
Sometimes think I,
Feel I within,
What to give,
What to take?

What in my karma,
What in my dharma,
How the sum total,
What my bhoga,
How to reap the consequences
For the sins committed
Trekking and tracking me always?
Thinking it all that
Repent I, lament I silently.

Feeling about the unforeseen future,
Unknown path of life to tread upon
And the recourse to take,
But where to go,
Where the unknown path to take to,
Who can but say,
Where to go,
What it my destination,
What to follow me?

Everything but unknown,
Unseen,
What it my destiny, lot,
Fate and luck,
How the situation, circumstance
To befall,
Quite uncertain of
The anxiety, care and worries
Overtaking me
To aggravate and to add to

My angst and bewilderment,
Despair and dejection.

Frailty and futility of things,
Laying it bare
Uselessness,
How absurd the stuffs
Without any meaning and value,
But still keep we waiting for,
Knowing it not,
Vainly running after fulfillment
And perfection
Which but not in lot
In this world
Of existential nowhere.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As Written Words, Poetry As Spoken Words

Poetry is written words
As write they,
Put down on paper,
Scribble and pen down
And poems come
In the form of letters and sentences
And stanzas.

Poetry is spoken words
As it is said,
Not sung now-a-days
As they used to do in the past
The bards and folk poets
Tagging and rhyming.

Today the non-singers are writing,
There was a time of singers mainly,
I mean the reciters and rhymers,
Reading poetry rhythmically,
Lyrically and emotionally,
But today many recite it not
As they write in hiding.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry As Yoga-Dhyana And The Yogi A Sadhaka: A Study In Aurobindo

Poetry as yoga-dhyana
And the poet a yogi,
And Aurobindo lost in
His dhyana,
Yoga,
Yoga-sadhna
Opining about
The love
Of the sadhus and sadhakas,
An ashramite
Thinking about
The joys and sorrows
Of transcendental meditation,
Nay a wandering fakir,
But a yogi
Astounding with
The fruits of yoga-sadhna,
The illumination of mind and vision,
Thought and content,
Nay emotional
But classical and disciplined,
Restrained and logical,
Going, perusing and following
As per the grammar of poesy
Strictly adhering to
The rhetoric speech
And the rules of prosody.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Classical

Poetry classical

Smacking of sobriety, depth,

Morality and didacticism,

Ethics and mannerism,

Poetry classical

Smacking of classics and classicism,

Full of the aroma and ardour

Of an age gone by.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Festival

Poetry Festival

Full of festoons and banners

And the poets and poetesses

Jostling to make a breakthrough.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Festival Of The Poets And Poetesses

Poetry Festival
Of poets and poetesses
Standing with balloons and paper flowers
And cheering it all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Festival, Poetry Festival

Poetry Festival

Of the poets, by the poets, for the poets,
Poets for poetry
And poetry for the poets.

Poetry Festival

Poetry's festival,
The poets as participants coming
To participate,
Talk and discuss.

The poetry books on display

And the people coming

To enjoy

The atmosphere of gaiety and reading

As they find it in a book fair.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Festival, Poetry Meet Of The Indian English Poets And Poetesses, Mr.India Meeting Miss India In The Beauty Contest, Pageant

At the Poetry Festival,
The younger participants
As And Miss Town,
ome and Miss Beautiful,
With a vanity bag hanging from
And the lips covered with the lipstick paint,
Participated in,
and Miss Town
Though wanted they to have a rendezvous presence
But they lacked in to be disco jockeys,
Anchormen or presenters
Waiting for a big launch
And publicity.

Falling short of being DJs,
The TV anchormen,
They tried another trick of coming
Into the media limelight,
They tried utmost to sing their poems,
But could not
As the throat was not so lyrical
Of a singer,
So tried they to give a dance,
Not classical,
But the folks
They belonged to
To make it indigenous and native,
I mean to add the local colour
To the event.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Festival, Poets Dancing, Poets Singing, Poets Beating Drums

Poetry Festival

With the poet participants,
Pets as resource persons,
Poets as dancers,
Poets as singers,
Poets as musicians
And I stunned to see them.

The candles lighted,
The balloons flying
And hanging by,
Poetrywallahs gossiping,
Chatting,
Some reciting poems.
Some looking like natives,
some as foreigners
With the French-cut beards.

Somme poetesses
With the Bobby-cut hair
And smiling faces,
Julie, I love you,
The dream-flower,
Some looking like Englishmen
In the coats and pants
And boots
Going with a thud.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry For ujan

Poetry for ujan
Is vakrokti,
Ashtabakra's ukti,
Khana's vachan,
A poet of oblique approach.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry For Aurobindo

Poetry for Aurobindo
Is life divine,
An endless discussion
Bordering on the fringe of
Logic and reasoning,
Is a delineation of
The character of Savitri,
The light experiences,
The themes of sadhna
Taking over.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry For Derozio

Poetry for Derozio is
Sir Walter Scottian, Lord Byronic,
Romantic flight of imagination,
Shelleyian in idealism
And poetic rebellion,
But Nuleeni's pain
He could not forget,
Carried it along with him

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry For I. H. Rizvi

Poetry for Rizvi as falling petals,
Unfading blooms,
Thirsty pebbles,
Wandering fragrance,
Wounded roses sing,
Snowflakes of dreams,
Gathering broken glasses,
Fettered birds,
Clouds in cages.

Poetry as rose petals scattering,
In full bloom,
Dew-laden
And splashed with,
Fresh and fair
And redolent,
Roses when viewed
With a pain-laden heart
And weeping they,
Sharing with.

While gathering the broken glasses,
The heart fallen into,
Broken as glass into pieces
And while picking them,
The particles pricked into
And it bleeding,
The broken heart nursed back and bandaged,
Solace drawn from
And the broken self consoled,
The roses smiling,
Swaying in the breeze
And sweet redolence coming from,
Sweetening it all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry For Keki alla

Poetry for Daruwalla is
Bombastic, verbose words,
Old and archaic words,
Obsolete and odd,
Out-dated and out-moded,
Cathartic and purgatory,
Dramatically monologued.

Though he resides in India,
He appears to be close
To Persian, Irani
And Syrian affiliations,
A poet Parsi
Of the Iranian, Persian identity,
Of Lahore and its beyond.

The myth of Persia
The myth of his,
The myth of Iran and Iraq,
A replay of the things
Zoroastrian
And he too a Zoroastrian
With the Avesta
As his testament of faith.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry For Mahapatra

Poetry for Jayanta Mahapatra
Physics,
Its light and darkness chapters,
The Big bang Theory,
The origin of universe and light,
How was universe created,
How does the light come breaking?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry For Me Is An Album Of Art & Sculpture

Poetry for me an album of art-pieces and sculptures,
Clay model Kalis,
Shyama Kalis and Shamshana Kalis,
Bluish Kalis, Crematorium Kalis,
Dark Kalis looking like the Night of Creation,
Shiva Tandava replicas,
The photographs taken,
The poses and postures of His,
Nataraja Shiva,
The Dancer of the dancers,
Shiva the Sadhaka, Yogi, Fakira.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry For Parthasarathy

Poetry for Parthasarathy

Rough passages

Dealing with his

Overseas sojourn and education,

Trial with adjustment,

Exile

And homecoming,

A poet ethnic and racial,

Tamil and Dravidic,

Searching his self and entity

To be back home.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry For Poetry's Sake, ey's Oxford Lectures

Poetry for poetry's sake,
As is art for art's sake,
Poetry as poems
Experiences converted,
Passed on,
Sounds, images, thoughts, emotions
Felt through the lines.

The art of reading he says about,
Style and verification,
The diverse moods and mental set-ups
Of the poets,
Poetry connected with life
And aesthetic value too,
Poetry poetry.

What to say about poetry,
Poetry diverse and varied,
There is no end of it,
No limitation of it
Without any boundaries,
What you take for,
What I take for.

What is poetry,
How to take to it,
Define it,
Poetry is words,
Words with meaning,
Intelligible or unintelligible,
Read you, but destroy you not
The sensation of reading.

All form is expression,
Poetic resonance, rhythmic quality,
All arts conforming to
Something in common,
But poetry embodies
The kernels of philosophy and religion,

Not only imagination,
But thought-content too.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry For asarathy

Poetry for asarathy
Columns of verses,
Rough passages.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry For Shiv

Man-woman relationship,
Attraction and repulsion story,
Give and take relationship,
Sexual pulls and counter-pulls
Met in love,
Bodily love and attraction,
Physical lust voluptuous.

Poetry to Shiv

A reading of Vatsyayana's Kamsuttra,
A visit to the erotic sculptures
Engraved on the walls of the Konark Sun-temple,
To the caves of Khajuraho.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Fro ujan- Ii

Poetry for ujan
Is horoscope-making,
Astrology and palmistry,
Fortune-telling, soothsaying,
Some sort of punditgiri.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry House By Pronab Kumar Majumder

Poetry House,
Isn't it your house
A poetry house
Or maybe it brought out
From your publishing house?

Published in April 2013,
The book contains in
Some eighty poems
With Solemnity of Time
As the first poem opening.

Thereafter follows
The trail of poems,
Time Beyond, Brief History of Time,
Relationship, Comfortable Companion,
Shelter, Who is more Satisfied.

Who is Happier, Ponder Over our Destination,
A Tribute, Marriage, Time's Strange Voice,
Light and Life, No Choice,
Time's Hand, Happiness Having no Definition,
A Farmer Who Took his Own Life.

The Relationship poems are good poems
Telling of nuptial bonding
And its broadening
Into a wider spectrum and dimension
Of mutual comprehension.

Though a deviation and variation from,
It shows the influence of
Mahapatra's Relationship
which he brought from me
But apart from is timely.

Time is his thought,
Idea and reflection,
Image and drawing,

Time his reading
And penetration.

A poet of time,
He is not a watch-maker,
But a clock reader,
A tower man
Marking the go of time, the go of the world.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry In Stone

When I see the ancient temples of India
As the best specimens of architectural design
And sculptural beauty,
Cut out in rock design,
Chiselled and hewed out
Of the large chunks of stone
Or hills converted into,
I feel baffled to speak of the written words,
Which the petty poets pride over.

The embroidery work done in stone,
Flowers carved out of stone,
Designed and modelled,
No less than poetry,
As and when we glimpse over
Those temples of grand historical past,
Which time too fails to re-locate,
When were they
And who built them?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry In Stone (A Study In Carvings)

The rock-built temples,
Their stupendous rock design and structure,
Art and architecture,
Sculpted with flora and fauna,
Sculptures and figurines marvellous,
Devadasis and sevadasis
And nautch girls decorating them,
Lively or turned stone
In the name of faith and devotion,
Classical and divine love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry In The Age Of Information Technology

How will it be?
Manuscripts they will not
Nor the proofs will be seen
Just will sit on
To press the keyboard of the laptop
Or the desktop
Or swiping and sliding the touchscreen
Of the smart phone handset
With net connectivity
To send off, post the poems
On the websites
Earning through them
Till the matter is not deleted
Or refreshed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry In The Internet Age

Poetry in the internet age
Has made poetry cheaper as well as vaster,
Commonly and uncommonly,
Where is merit,
It is difficult to sort it out,
Where the hidden talent,
Everything not on vote
And statistics,
The reader will read
And it will get counted?

Where the manuscript,
Where the writers trying to save it
After keeping it locked
In the tin box,
Fearing the intellectual theft
And the copyright,
The affidavit to be done
After visiting the notary
Who but stamping and initialing
And taking the charge,
Reading it not,
Nor caring for the testament of poetry?

Now with the change in time
The novice writers care not
For the press to publish
Or the money to spend over,
They just keep posting,
Uploading and downloading
If pages are not in stock,
Just uploading,
Posting on the sites,
To the poetry webs,
Making name and fame
With nothing to show
Or hesitate,
Just post on,
Post on shamelessly

Readable or unreadable poems?

The poet may not remember
His poem,
But the computer keeps track of,
I mean the website,
The poet may not have money
In his pocket
To so many pages
Of his own poetry,
But has to go on purchasing
The recharge vouchers or packs,
I mean the net packs
Or the connections
From to be snapped
And stripped off onward
While uploading or posting poems.

Without the secretary
To maintain and manage
Or the steno to take note of,
Whatever it comes in his mind,
He keeps sending as signals,
Impressions to be noted,
Pressing the buttons of the keyboard whimsically,
Sometimes using the touch screen,
Posting and uploading the poems
On the websites instantly,
The instantly written poems
Which the manual press could have rejected outright,
Could have thrown off from accepting
Without the manuscript or the master copy.

□

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Is A Dead Art

Whatever say you,
I am not going to accept it,
Poetry is a dead art,
A postmortem of emotion and feeling.

What can poetry give to
Barring thought and idea?
Can it life-saving drugs?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Is An Art

Poetry is an art and the poet an artist,
Making the images of life,
Fashioning them.

The poet as an artist and poetry his art,
Complimentary to each other,
Writing the poems of the world.

Picking and placing the words rhythmically,
Patching the images,
Dovetailing to smoothen.

Poetry is an art, placing of the words,
Poetry as an art, imagistic
And landscapic.

Poetry is sensitivity, sentimentality and sensuousness
Put into words, lines and sentences,
Broken, but rhythmic and musical.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Is Humour, Good Humour

Poetry is humour,
To keep you in good spirits is
The job of a humorist
And the humorist as a poet
If say you
That too a part of poetry,
Why can it not reflect it?

Bad humour not, good humour
As it is for health's sake,
As you may take in a bad sense
And it may turn satiric and ironical,
If you have to free, you be a humorist,
Recreate you
And get recreated,
Regale
And get you regaled.

The art of a humorist is
In the undefined art of humour,
As how to keep you
In good spirits,
Recreational and regaling in full
Marking your mood and mind,
As how to keep you in good humour
And you deriving from
The talks lively and tuned to
Your tuning.

The humorist screws it not,
Neither pinches
Nor gives jibes,
Neither taunts and tricks
Nor rubs salt on the wound of yours,
Neither criticizes and comments
Nor shows any disgust,
Envy, malice and vengeance,
Free from all these
He goes regaling and caricaturing.

Without picking quarrels,
The humorist goes on making you smile,
Laugh at,
Burst into smiles and laughs,
Sometimes guffaws,
Giggles and chuckles,
Smiles and laughters,
You hearing him
And smiling within,
How funny and joking is he!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Is Madness

Believe me or not,
Poetry is but some sort of madness,
The men of normal behaviour write it not,
Just the men of abnormal behaviour write it,
Those who are normal may not,
But the people with the strains and streaks of madness
Definitely fall under.

Poetry is but madness,
A type of madness
And the people crazy after name and fame
Are the poets and the poetesses.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Is Madness, Believe You Or Not

Poetry is madness, believe you or not,
Frankly speaking,
I am admitting,
Poetry is madness
And all those write are
But the mad men,
Really, a mad man's job,
Only the mad write it,
Written by the mad, mad people,
Maddening it all,
I mad, you mad, all are but mad.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Is Not Poetry Today

Poetry is not poetry today,
Has regressed into doggerels,
Rhymed and unrhymed,
The tidbits of talks.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Is Poetry

Poetry is poetry,
What I know,
What know you,
Poetry poetry,
I I,
You you
And we writing the poetry
Of life and times,
Times and life,
The poetry of the world,
The poetry of man
And his life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Is Words, A Cobweb Of Words

Poetry is words, a cobweb of words,
Words, lines and sentences,
Letters, words and lines,
Dots, hyphens and semi-colons
And colons,
Keep the rest unsaid,
Pause and start.

Poetry is a cobweb wet and glistening
In the sunlight,
A gossamer of image and idea and reflection,
A gossamer
With the dew drops,
Wet and glistening
In the sunlight.

Poetry is not clear statements, but turned and twisted,
Rhythmic and incantatory,
Half-said, unsaid,
Lay you bare,
Poetry a play with words and design,
Riddling and puzzling,
Mind-boggling.

Poetry is words, framed and unframed, sentences broken
And somewhat complete,
Poetry rhyming or unrhyming,
Meaning or not,
Sensible, insensible,
May mean or not,
But is poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Is Written Words

Poetry is written words,
Thought and written,
Copied and put down,
Printed and impressed upon.

Poetry is written words,
Words into lines and stanzas,
Sentences broken into
And arranged.

Poetry is written words,
Many write it,
Sing it
As can't clear the throat.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Of Heart, Poetry Of Soul

Poetry of heart, poetry of soul,
How to write it
Heartlessly, soullessly
If not held in confidence?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Of Himalayan Wisdom By Simanchal Patnaik

Poetry of Himalayan Wisdom by Simanchal Patnaik is in reality
A volume of some Himalayan height
As per his type and tenor of writing,
The magnum opus of the poet,
A major or minor poet,
Canonized or not.

Primarily a rhymmer, a traditionalist,
He appears to be a poetaster
But is voluminous
And deals with eventual and occasional writing,
News items, current topics, events and features
Making us doubt,
What is it new in him?

A self-published venture from Berhampur, Orissa,
The book appeared in 1999,
Taking rhymes, doggerels and verse compositions
To the highest pedestal,
Unto the Himalayan heights
As for a reckoning,
Basing upon occasional verses
Dealing with the happenings, events and occasions.

What it pains us is this that he borrows from the news items
Of the newspapers,
Turning them into laborious verses,
Rhyming to perfect them
But perfection can never be,
Though technical virtuosity is therein
And he a better craftsman,
Inculcating in knowledge and wisdom
Lacing the poems with thoughts and ideas.

O God! Why Did You Give Me birth, Money & Poetry,
Stone-God Is Truth, Lives are Full of Adjustments,
Travelogue In Poem, The Ways of Dictators,
Limerick, Curse of Poverty, Ode To The Great Indian Rope Trick,
Man Versus Nature, Return of Children From School,

Love Through Laughter, In Defence of Poetry,
Are We Fit To Rule Our Country? ,
Fracture of Bone (Dedicated To Pope John Paul II) ,
Who's The Mother of Mankind? , etc. the poems
From Poetry of Himalayan Wisdom.

Poetry to Simanchal is knowledge and wisdom,
Wit and intellect,
Fact and fiction,
Mind and matter,
An exercise intellectual,
A gathering of ideas and thoughts,
Opinions and view-points,
Trying to cull the facts
To stitch the pigments of imagination.

Though mechanical and technical,
The ideas germinating so,
He labours to colour them
With a forced sentimentality
Rather than spontaneous and natural
Which he lacks in so miserably,
A poet applying and enjoining
Wit with intellect.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Of Life, Poetry Of Earth Is Only Important

Poetry of life,
Poetry of earth
Is only important
And none the else,
If life is then there is the world
And if earth is then there is life,
If not how to think of poetry?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Of Nothingness, Bewilderment And Loss Write I

Poetry of nothingness,
Loss and bewilderment
Write I,
Poetry of angst and ailment
In which born I
Write I about,
Poetry of despair and dejection
And despondence
Write I,
I do not know
Which way to follow,
Where to go,
Say you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Of The Earth, Want I To Write

I shall not stay
Nor will my poems
Only the poetry of the earth,
Good earth,
Will sustain it here,
The earth,
Good earth
As it was,
It would be,
Man coming and going,
But it would,
The rivers will keep flowing,
Passing through the highlands and the lowlands.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Of The Light Divine, How To Write It?

Poetry of the Light Divine,
I mean dealing with the Light
Miraculous, mystical and mystical
And mythical, supernatural and nocturnal,
I mean the Light flashing upon,
Dispelling darkness within,
Showing the way.

Light does not come to all of a sudden,
It comes after the years of sadhna,
Struggle, sacrifice and suffering,
Deep devotion and dedication,
Renunciation and retirement,
Light is but the gold of meditation and contemplation.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Of The Morning & The Evening

What is poetry? What are you writing now?

Poetry is poetry,

What take you for,

What am I,

What do they take it for,

Poetry is poetry,

The poetry of life, the poetry of the world,

The world is poetry,

My poetry, your poetry, their poetry

And we ever lost in creating,

Adding to the treasure of it.

Poetry of the morning and of the sunrise,

Birds twittering, lotuses opening

And the sunlight faling upon

The dew-spalshed lotus petals,

Pink, bluish and white,

The morning walkers walking

And the joggers joggin in the park

In the bermuda,

The sadhus taking a bath

And doing suryanamskar,

With the folded hands bowing before the golden sun,

Reddish and pink appearing on

As a disc from the furnace

Or a rose.

Poetry of the evening, he writes about,

Of the sunset, the evening and the nightfall,

The birds chirping to return to their nests

As it getting dark and opaque,

The cattle returnign at twilight,

Winding their ways

With the lulls from the bells tied around the necks,

The foxes from the burrows glimpsing,

The bats like the circus artistes readying

To take wings

From their downward swinging and hanging,

The owls readying to flutter

And ogling from the bark of the tree seated on
And the nights to be soaked with moonlight
And the fireflies to marvel us
Apart ffrom teh nights sweetly scented
With a variety of exotic and indigenous jasmines.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Or Science?

In this age of science,
Science and technology,
Machines at work,
Robot engineering and technology,
What is the use of poetry,
Why to write poetry,
What can poetry give ultimately?

In this age of critical times
And abnormal living,
When acid rain, atomic summer and climate change
Seem to ruffle us,
What can it poetry give to man
When the existence of earth itself in peril,
When man goes killing man?

Wild life is facing massive destruction,
Exotic flora and fauna are on the verge
Or brink of extinction,
How to save life,
How to save the green earth
Is the question,
How to from deforestation?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Or Science? Which Should It Be Given Priority?

Poetry or science, which should
It be given priority,
Poetry or science,
Science or poetry?

The humanities,
Languages and literature and philosophy,
Social sciences, history, political science,
Sociology and economics,
They have a base of their own,
Referring to art, culture, society and economics.

In literatures, emotion and feeling
Put down on paper and inked
Are done with,
In philosophy, the things remain so
As the past of man in history
And today's political science tomorrow's history.

But science is science, based on fact and fiction,
Logic and reasoning,
There is no lie in it,
Nor is any scope for that,
No variation from,
The reading almost same.

Literature and any other other subject
A bundle of contraries and contradictions,
But here is no scope for any deviation,
Plus is plus, minus minus,
The base of science is stronger
Than that of arts
And it can save life
Whereas arts will remain
As a mute spectator of that.

The litterateurs are but liars,
Maximizing and minimizing the things they see,
But the men of science

Though may be cold to emotion and feeling
Are the people of close analysis and observation,
Depending much on brain-work and mind-application,
Good at calculating intelligent things

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry To Jayanta

Poetry to Jayanta Mahapatra
Is imagery and imagism,
Sticking to Oriya roots and nativity,
A discussion of light and darkness,
A visit to the temples and picnic spots,
A description of human and rural poverty and hunger,
Backwardness and underdevelopment,
Human want and scarcity,
The asthi-kalasha being immersed in,
The pinda-dana being done on the sea beach
And the funeral pyre burning,
Pictures realistic and bare
Of the hungry child, the toiling womankind,
The heinous dowry system and its evil impact,
The aftermath of freedom
And the promises made during
Giving away
As white lies, false promises
Regressing us to the background.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry To Jayanta Mahapatra

Poetry to Jayanta is a study
In light,
Light and darkness,
The history of light
And reflection,
Light reflecting,
Dazzling and glistening,
Falling upon
And flashing.

The history of light
And with light
The history of creation,
Sound,
The break of sound
With the cock-crow and dawn break,
The lotus blooming
In the fresh sunlight.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry To Kumarendra Mallick

Poetry to Kumarendra Mallick
Is a bouquet
Of haikus.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry To Shiv Is Terracotta Figurines In Love & Relationship

Poetry to Shiv

Are terracotta figures and sculptures
In love and relationship,
In intimate hugs and embraces,
Sexual poses and postures,
Vatsyayana's Kamsuttras,
Rajneesh's sambhoga to samadhi.

Poetry to Shiv

Is the love of the body,
A story in love and relationship,
Sexual motif and imagery,
Sensual and amorous,
The night full of jasmines
And the poet smelling.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry Today And Its Readership

Who reads poetry today

The contributing poets or the professional critics?

Poetry written with a good heart or a bad heart,

The heart heavy with, under the load of or just about hollow things?

Poets' poetry the poets read it, big and small

And the critics sifting not, just glossing over leisurely.

The good number of the critics too lessening

As they looking up to the paparazzi in inspiration.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry, All About Poetry

Narrative poetry

And the poet a narrator in verse,

Lyrical poetry

And the poet a singer of the heart,

Metaphysical poetry

And the poet as a metaphysician,

Satiric poetry

And the poet as a satirist,

Romantic poetry

And the poet as a romantic,

Victorian poetry

And the poet as a Victorian,

Modern poetry

And the poet as a modern man,

Ultra-modern, post-modern and modernist.

The poet as a classicist

And poetry as classicism,

An exercise in morality and didacticism,

The poet as a thinker

And poetry as dispersed meditations,

An exercise in maxims, proverbs and sayings,

The poet as a musician

A maker of music,

The poet as singer

Singing the songs of life,

The poet as a painter

Painting the images of life,

The poet as a photographer

Photographing

As for the album and his collection.

The poet as a landscapist

Landscaping the domains,

Hills, dales and vales,

The poet as an imagist

Taking refuge in imagery and imagism

And word-plays,

The poet verbose and wordy

Using bombastic words,
Old, dead and archaic,
Latinized and patched up,
The poet as an urban fellow
Dealing with urban life and culture,
The poet dealing country life and manners
Countrified and pastoral,
The poet after marking tornadoes and floods
Turning eco-centric,
Voicing the concerns for ecology and environment.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry, Indian Poetry

Want I to find
In regional histories
Lying unwritten so far,
Unattended to,
Regional history,
Customs and practices.

Not the history of Delhi,
But of Nagaland,
Manipur,
Arunachal,
Mizoram,
Assam
Say you.

About Assam,
Bengal,
Orissa,
Andhra,
Tamil Nadu,
Kerala,
Karnataka.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry, Its Schools, Thought & Tradition

Poetry oral
Relating to the folks,
Poetry romantic
Referring to dreamy sequence,
Poetry metaphysical,
Spiritual and religious,
Theological and cosmological,
Poetry moral and didactic,
Sober and profound,
Poetry classical,
Scholastic and pedantic,
Poetry artificial and ornamental,
Humorous, satiric and ironical,
Poetry pre-modern and societal,
Suffering from spiritual malaise,
Inner conflict as for faith and doubt,
Poetry in modernism and its beyond,
Modern, modernistic and post-modern,
Real and contemporary,
Poetry linguistical and stylistic,
Imagistic and symbolical.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry, Poetry Of Science Nobody Knows It, Admits It

Only the poets and poetesses take the credit
As for mythical facts
Laced with their personal thought and idea,
View and reflection
Rather than science and technology,
Sitting in the skyscraper talk they
To the drones of airplanes,
With the collar phone set to his shirt
Announce they, give they the lectures,
Attend the seminars or meets
As resource persons and invitees
With the selfies taken
Attesting their presence,
Touch the screen to take the interview
Of the poets to publish

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry, Poetry, Ab Mein Pagal Ho Jayunga/ Poetry, Poetry, Now I Shall Go Mad

Poetry, poetry,
Ab mein pagal ho jayunga
Poetry, poetry sunkar,
Poetry, poetry pagla kar degi
Yah poetry.

Poetry aur pagalpan,
Kitanei paglei hain
Kavi aur uski kavita.

Poetry, poetry,
Now I shall go mad
Hearing poetry, poetry,
Poetry, poetry will make me mad
This poetry.

Poetry and madness,
How mad are they
The poet and his poem!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry, Poetry, Poetry, Will Madden Me And You/ You Poetry My Madness

Poetry, Poetry, Poetry, Will Madden Me And You/ You Poetry My Madness

Poetry, poetry, poetry,
You yourself are mad
And will madden me too,
Poetry, poetry, poetry.

Who can it not,
The same feeling it is in you
Is in me,
The same feeling which is in me
Is in you,
Then why to pride over?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry, Poetry, The Heart Of The Matter

Poetry as sounds,
Signs,
Spoken words and written words,
Sounds heard, imitated and expressed.

Poetry as images,
Symbols,
Motifs and myths,
Drawn and sketched.

Poetry as lyrics,
The lyrics of of love,
The lyrics of the heart,
Poetry musical and magical.

Poetry as the broken lines,
Words and images,
Prosaic and dry facts,
Like the jazz.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry, Poetry, What Is Poetry To You, Mr. Dubey?

The Snake-Charmer, Charmer's Been Music

The snake-charmer,
Charmer
Playing the been,
Wooden been music
And the snakes,
Snakes
Venomous snakes
Dancing,
Dancing
To the tune of,
Melodies breaking,
Breaking
And engulfing
The area.

And the cobras,
Cobras
Hooded and hissing
Standing,
Standing and swaying,
Swaying to the tune of,
Tune of the been music
Melodious and haunting,
The cobras,
Whitish, Blackish and greyish
Venomous and fatal.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry, The Types & Tenors Of It

Poetry classical, scholastic, pedantic, medievalistic,
Verbose, bombastic, archaic and linguistic
Rhyming with
Arranged as per word-order and the sentence-construction,
Poetry profound, sober and sombre,
Poetry imagistic, poetry landscapic,
Wordy and linguistic,
Poetry rhythmic, lyrical
Rhyming with and lilting,
Poetry satiric, poetry ironical,
Poetry full of jibes, taunts and laughs,
Poetry full of irony, oblique approach,
Fun, pun and humour,
The art of the humorist,
Poetry imaginative, poetry photographic,
Poetry imaginative, poetry fanciful,
Poetry dreamy and colourful,
Poetry as songs, poetry as pictures,
Images and photographs,
An album of photos,
Arts on exhibition,
A visit to the art gallery,
Poetry as portraits,
Poetry as art,
Full of aesthetic sense and aesthetic beauty,
Poetry as lyrics
And the poet a lyricist,
poetry as word-painting
And the poet a word-arranger,
An image-maker.

Poetry mythical, poetry symbolical,
Poetry archaeological, sculptural, archival,
Historiographical and musicological,
Poetry poetry,
Poetry drawing from myths, symbols, signs and motifs,
Poetry archetypal, poetry racial, ethnic,
Poetry interdisciplinary
Drawing from sociology, history, art and culture,

Geography, cartography and mapping,
Poetry real and down to ground realities,
Poetry bare and realistic,
Poetry religious holy, virtuous and pietistic
With the heart as the temple
Of God
Where dwells in the poor sinless soul,
Poetry descriptive, poetry narrative,
Poetry imagistic, poetry picturesque,
Poetry natural, poetry environmental,
Free flow of emotion and feeling,
Upsurges happening within,
The waves rising and falling on the seashore,
Poetry as the love of books and libraries,
Poetry as fact and fiction,
Poetry as knowledge and wisdom,
Poetry as the lamp of light burning,
Emitting light,
Dispelling darkness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry, What Is Poetry For You Dubey, If Somebody Asks It?

Poetry,
Poetry,
What is poetry for you Dubey
If somebody questions me,
What shall I
Hearing him,
Keeping mum for a moment,
Pausing to respond
And thinking over,
Poetry,
Poetry,
What is poetry
And that to me,
Me?

Poetry to me
Is aesthetic beauty,
Beauty perceivable,
Truth to be realized
And goodness to be appreciated,
Satyam shivam sundaram
From the Indian point of view
As am an Indian
And my viewpoint Sanskritic and Brahminical
Re-voicing,
Shivoaham shivoaham shivoaham.

My discourse one of Atman and Parmatman,
The transmigration of the soul,
The Soul and the Over soul,
Death and maya,
Karma and dharma,
Yama and the dark night
And the flutter of the bird,
Satya, ahimsa and shantih.

Poetry, What Is Poetry To You, Mr. Dubey?

Poetry,
Poetry,
What is poetry to me,
Sir,
What to say about
If ask you,
How to say?

Poetry,
Poetry to me is
A spectacle of the bhaluwallah,
The bear showman,
The bandarwallah,
I mean the monkey showman,
The juggler,
The sleight of hand of the Indian juggler.

Of yogis, fakirs and sadhakas
And tantrics
Fake and real,
Astrologers, palmists and horoscope-makers
Astrological and astronomical,
Who is what,
I don't,
Can't say that,
It is better
To have a tryst with them?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry, What Is Poetry?

Poetry, what is poetry,
Poetry classical, musical,
The words of life, songs of life,
Poetry poetry,
The images of life, pictures of life.

Poetry, what is poetry,
Poetry the songs of life
Hummed and sung all way long
While walking over the paths of life,
Poetry poetry,
The words of life,
The images and pictures of it,
You just go pencilling or snapping the photos.

Poetry is musical thoughts,
The rhythm of living,
A heart in song and joy,
Feeling the delight of life,
Caught by the flower and the breeze,
He swaying and swinging.

Poetry as romanticism
And the poet as a romantic,
A singer of heart and soul,
A writer of the common folks;
Poetry as classical
And the poet a classicist,
A moralist
Seeking refuge in didacticism.

Poetry is poetry,
A description of the scholar gipsy
Going the way,
Crossing the dry river
And the small-small children
Giving wild blooms to him
Which the snobs did not.

Poetry as the love of the shepherd girl
Singing and rejoicing
On the ways of life,
Yea, the rustic girl
So simple and lovely,
Sympathetic and affectionate.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry, What Is Poetry? Poetry

What is poetry,
Ask they,
But say I not,
Just hear them?

Poetry is words,
Sounds, letters
And syllables,
Signs and symbols.

Poetry is sightseeing,
Scene seeing,
Scenes and sights
That see you.

Poetry is talks
Emotional and sentimental,
Poetical and prosaic too,
Chit-chats, tidbits of.

Poetry is poetry, anything
That you want to say,
We want to share,
Poetry is poetry.

Poetry is loving,
Fall in love
Or make someone,
Poetry is falling in love.

Poetry is bird-watching,
Watch you the cuckoo that sings so sweetly,
The golden oriole,
The house sparrows chirping.

Poetry is the depiction of a hawk
Flying over,
The kite circling in the sky,
The vulture going extinct.

Poetry is seeing pictures together with,
The lover and the beloved in the hall
From the college stealthily
Seeing pictures.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry, What Is Poetry? Poetry Is Written Words

Poetry, what is poetry,
Poetry is written words,
Spoken not,
Written,
Written not,
Felt within and caught,
With lyrical intonation,
Oral rhythm
Pursued
As and when
The occasion is,
The poet may have
To recite.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetry/ Poetry Is Not Nudity, Obscenity Or Pornography

Poetry is not nudity, obscenity or pornography,
Poetry is poetry,
Let poetry be poetry,
Art for art's sake
Or for morality and didacticism.

Make her not drink too much
To snap her photos
In drunkenness and abnormal behavior,
Turning her a bar tender,
A cabaret dancer,
A fashionista.

Sell her not in the bazaar,
Cage her not
In the conservative society
Placed under bans and wraps,
Throttling her liberty and freedom,
She is after all a man,
Not commodity,
To be sold and bought for.

Have you heard her sobs and sighs,
Her wails and weepings,
If not, hear them,
Who is after all a man,
A woman,
She has also a heart within,
Try to feel her, her heart
And her feelings?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetrywallah, Poetrywallah And His Poetry, O Miss, Miss I You

Poetrywallah,
Poetrywallah and his verses,
Verses,
O Miss,
Miss,
Give me
Kiss,
Kiss!

See,
See you,
How he writes,
A poetryman he,
A writer of verses,
O Miss,
Miss,
Give me kiss,
Kiss!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetrywallahs Of Today

Poetrywallahs

Be they edit journals

Or publish the booklets of verse

Are but the tag men, staple men

Tagging and stapling

Booklets to send.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetrywallahs, Poetrymen Of Today

Today you will find poets,
But poetrywallahs
Those who are small journal editors
Keep pressuring to call them poets
With papers on their poetry
Published in exchange journals
And those subscribers who review
Are also poetrywallahs,
I mean the editors, subscribers,
Reviewers and paper-writers
All poetrywallahs,
Poetrywallahs,
Poets not, poetrywallahs,
Tagmen tagging, rhymers rhyming,
Poetasters on one platform,
Non-poets calling themselves pseudo-poets,
A little learning ones,
Commoners as poets,
The newspapermen and the pressmen
All poetrywallahs,
Small town poets, city poets.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poetrywallahs/The Mad House People (A Tryst With The Versifiers, Rhymers And Poetasters)

What people,
What people are they?

"They are the, they are the mad people."

What, what, friend? ,
Enquire he of
In curiosity.

"They are the, they are the mad-mad people,
They themselves mad will make you mad,
I mean the mad-mad fellows."

They are the mad people,
What,
The mad people, mad-mad people,
Maddening it all!
O, I see!

"Yes, friend, they are the mad-mad poetic people,
Themselves mad
Will make others mad,
The mad-mad people barking and biting not,
But can scratch and chatter like the monkeys sometimes
If criticize you badly."

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poet's Rajputi Padmini

When Padmini was,
None chronicled her life,
Now for publicity
They poetizing her.

Saying it
Alauddin was attracted towards
And she committed Jauhar
As for to safeguard her honour.

Maybe it a Rajputi tale,
A hard-hearted Kshatriya
Twirling the moustache
And with the sword
Readying to fight.

Yes, it would be difficult
To marry a Kshatriya girl
As the Rajputs were very battlesome
Of a mixed, outsiderish origin.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poets, Do Not Be Proud Of, See Them Too

Do not think it you are only talented
And it is not in others,
The difference is in it
That expose you
And they expose it not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poets, Poets, Poetrywallah, God Save Me, Save Me From The Frenzied People/ The Mad Men's Meet; Poetry-Conference

Poets, poets, poets,
O God, save me, save me from the poets,
Poets not,
Poetasters and rhymers,
Versifiers and poetry makers and taggers,
o God,
My God, from the mad people
Loosened from the asylum
For a conference,
The brain short people,
The people of a short circuit,
The frenzied men,
Not the normal men,
But the abnormals babbling,
Babbling by themselves,
Whispering and smiling
And going,
Calling great poets,
Literary figures and personalities,
held by ego, pride and hypocrisy!

O God, where are You,
Are You seeing,
What to,
What to do with these people
Gathering,
Gathering and crowds the streets
For a conference,
A Mad Meeting,
A Mad Men's Meet and Literary Organization,
The asylum people,
with the red-red insomnia eyes
showing sleeplessness
During the night-time
And of writing poems
Burning the midnight lamp,

The poetrywallahs,
Not chaiwallahs, beediwallahs, paanwallahs,
But poetrywallahs,
Indian English poets and poetesses!

Oh, my God,
Oh, my God, the mad-mad people
maddening it all,
The mad-mad people
Gone mad for poetry,
Grinning, smiling and chattering,
Crazy and light,
Grave and ogling,
Of types,
Thinking great,
Not less than
Hitler, Mussolini,
Chengiz Khan,
Alexander the Great,
Coming for participation,
The book release and launch,
The mad-mad people
Maddening it all
After attending the Mad Men's Congress!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poets, Poets, Poets And Poetry

Poets, poets, poets, poets and poetry,
Poetry and the poets, poetry and the poets,
God, save me, save from the poets,
Poets coming, getting introduced to, showing the manuscripts
And the texts.

God, O God, if You are here, please come here
And see the plight of being the poets' friend,
Living in their Poetry Corner,
The area where they dwell in,
I mean their villas are.

God, God, save me, save me from,
Save me from,
From the poets and their poetry,
Poets coming in droves to meet me
And my maid unwilling to make tea for them.

They writing poetry even on their way to office,
Getting down from the bicycle
And writing poems
Under the shade of a tree
And the text still not complete.

The whole of life has spent in writing poetry
And hairs have whitened,
But his hope has not deserted him,
Hoping against hope in to be a poet
Of repute.

Poets, poets, poets and poetry,
God save me from the poets and their poetry,
The poets living nearer to the campus,
The poets continuing,
As poetry dies it not, goes on multiplying.

And the poets for poetry and poetry for the poets,
The poets poets,
Living for poetry,

Dreaming for poetry, thinking for poetry,
The poets and poetry.

Poets, poets, poets,
Poets and poetry,
There is no talk without
The poets and their poetry,
Poets, poets, poets,
Poets and their poetry.

Poets, poets, poets and poetry,
They ask it,
What is it in poetry,
Why do you write,
Think of the time wasted for,
Can poetry give food?

God, God, save me from the poets
Coming,
Coming to read their poetry,
Show what they have,
What it is in the manuscripts,
Poetry, poetry, poetry, the poets and poetry?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Police, Chor, Sepoy And Advocate

Police, chor, sepoy,
The birds of the feather
Flocking together,
Friends walking
Hand-in-hand,
Flanked by
Shoulder over shoulder.

The chor committing theft
Which but the police know it,
The parties complaining against,
The informers informing
And the police arresting,
The advocates taking the fees
And the bail being given.

I do not know,
Who is a guard,
Who a thief,
Who an advocate,
Who a judge
And even if the thief gives fees,
Wherefrom,
From the stolen money?

The advocates too take the fees
From the thief
To defend him,
Proving innocent,
Searching lapses
Of law and judgement,
Do they without charging,
Say you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Politburo Members

For the communists,
Comrades and cadres,
Secretaries and members are all
And all else nothing else.

All comrades,
But the regimented ones the cadres,
Do and die fellows,
Die-hard communists.

The Local Committee Secretary,
The Zonal Committee Secretary,
The District Committee Secretary,
The State Committee members,
Politburo members
Are Red bosses.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Politicians

The politicians are the most third class men,
Not the first class men.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Politicians Are But Rotten Eggs

Politicians are but rotten eggs,
Throw you not rotten tomatoes on them
As they already rotten
And if mix you with, you too will be rotten.

Rotten eggs and tomatoes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Politicians Are Very Dirty Men

The politicians are the most third class men,
Not the first class men.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Politicking Is Something Different

Politicking is something different
As you keep taking sides,
Changing robes,
Maybe it you have to be a turncoat.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Politics Has Turned Into Dalali

Politics has turned into dalali
And the men politicking dalals
Of this party or that party,
But party to others,
Not to themselves.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Politics Is Dirty

Politics is dirty
As the dirty men have started doing it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Politics Is Very Dirty

Politics is very dirty
And those whop do politics
Are the most dirty men
To have met with.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Politics, Politics, Politics

Politics, politics, politics,
No talks to do
Barring politics,
You a politician,
I a politician.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Politics/ The Black Crow/ Om

Politics

How nasty are those
Who do it politics,
How dirty are they
Politicians!

The Black Crow Is

The black crow is cawing repeatedly,
Perhaps some guest to come upon
Surprisingly
As goes the household saying.

Om

Om, you close the eyes
And meditate upon,
Om,
Om, Hari Om,
You close the eyes
And meditate upon,
Who,
Who am I,
What my existence,
Om,
Om,
AUM,
Hari Om!

It will give you,
Give you peace,
Mental as well as psychic peace,
Liberating yourself,

Giving you freedom,
The mind will re-compose,
You will feel free,
Liberated from
All your cares and anxieties
Corroding you
Tension-free,
Stress-free
Breathing fresh air.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pongal, The Tamil Harvest Festival

Pongal a four-day Tamil harvest festival
With one day after another
Taking me back to my village home,
The harvest festivity of the country
Offering of new things to the household deity first,
A trend and tradition
With do's and don'ts
Which we the townsmen are forgetting
The conventional rules
For customs and rituals.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poor India's Poor Picture

A hamlet under the trees,
The peepul and banyan trees,
Without the post-office
And the shops,
Sleeping by nightfall,
Getting darker and solitary,
Without the lights,
Just the wicked earthen lamp burning
With the oil burning somewhere
With insufficient light
And that too not everywhere.

The village boys and girls half-fed and half-clothed
Telling of a poor India,
Clumsy and poorly dressed,
The hair of the girl without oil and lousy
And the boy if with the shorts
But shirtless
And if with the shirt
But buttonless,
Taking stale food and that too
If possible,
Maybe it rice gruel with a little bit
Of boiled rice,
Taking midday meal very late
During the daytime.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poor India's Poor Daughter Going To Read

Poor India's poor daughter
Going to read
In a poor school,
A girl from the hamlet
In a simple dress
Going to school
With the slate and the lime pencil
And the torn bag.
India's poor and rare daughter,
Priceless girl-child,
Neglected and ignored for long,
The UNICEF's adopted daughter,
Going to school poorly,
But simply,
A girl so complacent and content,
Taking food
After feeding her father and brother,
Oh, the daughter of India,
The neglected and ignored girl child of India!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Popular Poets, What The Concept Behind?

In literary criticism, there is nothing as popular poetry
And popular poets
And this is just for consolation sake
And nothing else
As poetry has a base of its own,
It cannot be judged in a lopsided manner,
One may continue
But all of a sudden,
All cannot be popular
And literature has nothing to do with popularity
And godliness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Population Explosion

The man in lungi and ganjee driving the trolley, lean and thin, poor and drunk
While on the other so many seated on the rear portion
Sitting and going,
The wife and children,
So many in number.

And again, he is going to marry for the second time to have a tryst with destiny
As for the second innings,
The poor but conservative fellow,
Readying himself to write,
My experiments with wives.

But the gentleman knows not about the storm gathering to come upon heavily,
It's just getting cloudy, darkening and the cranes returning hastily,
Let them assemble and take to and join the women's conference,
Talking about keeping of two to three wives
Without giving anything for pleasure sake.

One will beat him with the broomstick, another with the broken pitcher,
Both of them will quarrel
And will beat collectively sometimes,
Such a scene is not too far from,
The unheard portion of the drama of life.

If this be not, for some days he will stay in one wife's house,
For some days in the other's
As thus will keep rotating
All through his life and days,
The old lover of many wives.

A father of so many, so many peculiar names, he has just fathered
By saying that God will feed them,
But He too has come forward
In extending a helping hand to him
Rather than advising to work and labour themselves.

One will be a garage mechanic while another will be a carpenter,
One will be a mason while another will be a labourer,
Everything is but clear,

His plan for living and the scheme for things, the world-view of his.

One will be a rickshaw-puller while another will be a trolley-puller,
One will be a tyre-man repairing it,
My thing is this that do you any work whatever you are well up in
But explode not a bomb for the crows will go cawing for food.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Posing With Jayanta Mahapatra For A Photograph

The research fellows and assistant professors,
They repudiate its morality
By debunking the ethics
After visiting Jayanta's house,
Asking for to be photographed with
As for to post on the internet
And to publish the interview with.

All stooping to conquer,
Doing sycophancy,
Somehow have to come
Into the media limelight.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Post Photos Of Beautiful Girls On The Facebook, But Blackmail Them Not

Post the photographs of beautiful girls
Whom you have not seen
On the Facebook,
But blackmail them not,
Play not with their hidden emotions and feelings.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Post Your Poems On The Internet And Call Yourself A Poet

With nothing to spend
On pen, paper and reading
And publication,
You keep posting,
Uploading
And downloading,
All your rhymes
And broken stanzas
To be called poetry
And you a poet,
A great poet
Even if your are not,
Go on trying,
Go on trying
Without even being
A B.A.,
An old matric too
Will do,
British-period medallion.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Post-Colonial, Post-Colonial, What Is It In The Word Post-Colonial?

Post-colonial, post-colonial,
what is it in the word post-colonial,
You say it, who colonial and who post-colonial,
Have we broken the bridges and dams of the British time,
Even today we are not modern,
Many villagerly women are under the ghumta
Unable to utter the name of their husbands
And call we ourselves post-colonial
As per the Western theories?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Posting Photos On The Facebook, I Feel It Great

Posting photos on the Facebook,
I think I am not less than.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Postpone Your Monsoon Wedding And Just Think About Them

People talk about the monsoon wedding,
The drizzling monsoon
And the lovers walking
Drenched with,
I do not want to talk these.

When it does not rain for long, the lands dry down,
Humidity soars high
And it sweats,
At that time the rains seem to be most welcome
As for a relief from as well as paddy crops,
Requiring standing water.

.
But think about the low-lying areas
Threatened under,
The situation alarming there
And be prepared for the natural calamity.

The poet will forget his poetry
On marking the red flood waters swirling and engulfing
And the hutments and mud-dwellings half under waters.

Poetry will come to again,
Lines slipped and missing or may not,
But life more costly than poetry lines.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poverty

Poverty,
What is poverty,
I know it?

The moon shining through
The patches
of the straw-thatched cottage.

Poverty,
I know it,
What is poverty.

Poverty can make you
Weep internally,
Poverty is but the second name of misery.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Poverty, Hunger, Scarcity, Want Of, Is This The Tale Of India?

Poverty, hunger and want of resources,
Still do the rounds,
Human hunger
Burning the belly,
The thirst for water
Choking the throat,
Shade to rest
And to recline.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Prakash Karat, Brinda Karat And Sitaram Yechuri

To make big speeches,
Talk of human rights violations
The job of Prakash Karat, Brinda Karat and Sitaram Yechuri,
But what do the comrades and cadres do
That is known to everybody?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Prakash, Brinda And Sitaram, The So-Called Communists Cannot Represent It All

Whatever say they
Brinda, Prakash and Sitaram,
We cannot take to belief
As they have only known in life
How to criticize and complain against
Rather than collaborating with,
Such a frictionist attitude
Never have I liked it.

If all are bad,
Are they good only,
Brinda Karat, Prakash Karat and Sitaram Yechury?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Prakash, Divya Prakash (Haiku)

Light, Light Divine,
Illuminating, Milky White,
How to describe it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Prana

Prana is consciousness,
Life-consciousness
Flowing,
Vibrant with.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pran-Vayuh

Prana is spandana,
Pulsation, consciousness,
Beating of the pulse
With the supply of air,
Life air.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Prathom Dekha Te Hee Tumi Aamake Eto Bhalo Legeccho (Bilingual)

Prothom dekha te hee tumi aamake eto bhalo legeccho,
Prathom dekha te hee
Eto bhalo,
Ki karo bolee je aami
Ki tumi kato aamar mone hoyeccho,
Kato bhalo legeccho?

Mone karo naa prothom dekha te hee aami tomake kato
Bhalo beshe felecchi,
Ki karo bolee
Je aami tomake bhalo beshe felecchi?

At your first sight have i chosen you so,
At your first sight
This much,
How to say it
That you have come to my expectation,
How much have i liked you?

mind it not at your first sight how have I
Liked you so much,
How to say o you
That have I liked I?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pray To God, Be A Man

Be a man,
Pray to God and be a man
As the number of man has lessened.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Prempujaran (Love-Worshipper)

Prempujaran, rahatin hain aap kahan,
Hriday ke kis mandir mein,
Kya hain aapki puja-archana,
Prempujaran,
Kya chahantin hain aap?

Love-worshipper, where do you live,
In which temple of the heart,
What your thing of worship-adoration,
Prempujaran, Love-worshipper,
what do you want from?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Present University Heads Of Today In India

As most of the senior teachers,
The white-haired have retired
And apart from it, there had been a long-time standing vacancy
Which could not fulfilled,
So in their absence
The newly college teachers shifting
And switching over to universities
Are stated thinking
About themselves
As great heads,
I mean big bosses,
The doyens.

Bijay Kant Dubey

President, You Return The Medals Given To Me Posthumously

O president, do not award me Param Vir Chakra,
Askok Chakra,
I know it that there is none to look after my family
After this,
You return the medals given by you
In presence of the falsely clapping media men
As weep I in isolation,
Both of us, the bereaved spirit of mine
And the broken soul of my wife!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Priceless Love

The small girl child
I saw her sitting before and keeping late
And making her brother feed
And she will after he has taken food;
The left-overs for her to take.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pritish Nandy

Is he a poet
Or a broadcaster
Or a media baron
Or a newsman
Or a literary journalist
Or an entertainer
Or an editor
Or other than these?
Say you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Promise, Promise You

Promise, promise you
That you will not, will not betray me,
Promise, promise you
That you will not, will not betray me.

Promise, promise you
As for God's sake
That you will not, will not betray me.

Placing the hand the heart, taking it in full belief,
Say you, say you
That you love me, love me so much,
Keeping the hand on the Bible,
Say you seeing Lord Jesus.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Promise, Promise You, My Love

Promise, promise you
After loving me, you will not leave me
And go away.

Promise, promise you
After loving me, you will not,
Will not desert me,
An introvert beloved like me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

It is rumoured that you had a fascination for or had been attached to,
Which I allege it not,
Say it they
That they have seen it, observed it
You going to meet her so earnestly, Edwina Mountbatten,
The mother of Pamela Hicks, the wife of Lord Mountbatten,
Which but I know it not,
As it is no business of mine to look into another's matters,
Not like that neighbour who is interested in stealthily,
Peeping into the next door neighbour's tangled relationships
And deriving pleasure
And blackmailing them.

Your love for Edwina had been immense and you seemed to be in love
Whether platonic, romantic or spiritual
Which but I know it not,
The darker secrets of tangled human relationships,
Which but Pamela too approved of it otherwise
As friends were they,
Leaving nothing to sense and suspect,
Nothing to do for a doubting Thomas,
A guilty mind is always suspicious,
Always suspecting.

Your emotional bonding, deep love for the Battens, I can understand it,
As no hidden thing is it
And there is nothing to hide in too,
As you had an affinity with them,
Edwina too used to like and love you,
But in what sense,
I cannot say it,
Your attachment, your relationship with them
As the errors of life like I not to see behind,
As this life too full of errors.

They say that you had been close to Edwina and I just hear it on
Without anything to corroborate it,
To support my statement,
May be it that it was merely an emotional bonding,

As a man loves a man,
And that is all that you want to hear from me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

, What Did You Do For The Kashmiri Pundits?

,
What did you do
For the Kashmiri pundits
Just for sitting on chair
And misleading Gandhi,
Say you,
Who the guilty men of Partition
Putting the hand on your heart?

, where have you brought them to,
Leave Jinnah as had been a Mian,
But were you at least a pundit,
A Hindu?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shankar Liked I Not, Liked I But Annapurna Devi

Sitar ji jhankar
Heard I in Annapurna Devi,
Not in Shankar
As those who deserve the awrds
Either get it not
Or take it not themselves.

Ustad, sing you some other thumri,
Meri aawaz jo dusri hain,
Tumse milegi nahin
We jo sochatei hain
Kucch different hogin.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shankar, First Tell You About Annapurna Devi Then I Shall Your Sitar

Shankar, first
I shall ask you about
Annapurna Devi
Then
Shall I about your sitar.

What does the sitar of
The heart say,
That is most important
Than your playing of it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Public In Unnecessary Trouble As For To Change The Old Notes Of 500 And 1000 Denominations/ The Search For Black Money Wher Has It Brought To? Who Has Black Money?

The public in unnecessary trouble
As for how to exchange,
Change the old notes
Of 500 and 1000 denominations
As for who has,
Who pocketing the money going,
Whose money ion which bank,
The bank too take interest on
Keeping money,
How do the politicians contest,
Those who are outside for treatment
As the ATMs lie in closed,
Marriages under process,
How to defer them?

Who has black money
And who has white money,
It is very difficult to say it,
Is he white-hearted
Or black-hearted,
A black sheep
Or a white ram,
I cannot think of giving
Unnecessary troubles to the public,
Give time to make it materialize
Otherwise the Banias and brokers
And the middle men will earn
Through a bargain for these notes,
We mean Sethjis and money lenders
Handling tactfully
Applying in buddhi as for making money?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Purdahwalli

Purdahwalli, when will you,
Will you be free
And liberated?

Has the day come
When you will be able to assert
Your rights?

How long will you be
Hiding your face
From the old patriarchs?

Shaking off their hegemony,
Say you,
When will you be free?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Putting Your Tensions Off, Keep You Smiling

Putting your tensions off,
Keep you smiling
Without bothering about,
Bothering and pothering for
What it sickens you,
Makes pale,
Smile you not,
Keep you smiling,
Learning the art of living
From Pt. Ravi Shankar.

The mind is like a lotus,
Meditate you
With serenade around,
A strange quietude taking you
To a different plane
And feeling peace,
Inner peace, a circle of peace.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Putul-Naach (Puppet-Dance)

The putul-naach, the puppet-dance,
Where those folklore artistes,
Rustic artistes and their tradition
Of pulling from behind
And making dance?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pyaar Karne Lagaa Hun/ Have Started Loving You

Jabse dekha hain,
Pyaar karne lagaa hun,
Meine jabshe tujhe dekha hain,
Pyaar karne lagaa hun.

Jabse, jabse dekha hain tujhe,
Pyaar karne lagaa hun
Jabse dekha hain tujhe.

Chand-sitaron she bhi
Bahut khubsurat
Lagane lagin hain.

Mera pyaar jo kah raha hain,
Tum jo yahin kahin yas-pas ho.

Sincere when have seen,
Since when have I seen you
Have started loving you.

Since, since when have seen you,
Have started loving
Since when have I seen you.

Even in comparison with the moon and stars
More beautiful
Have you started looking.

My love is saying,
You are that around me in the vicinity.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pyar Kiya Aur Dard Bhi Liya (Loved & Took The Pains)

Pyar Kiya Aur Dard Bhi Liya
Mere dil pe kya gujarata hain
Wo jo juwan pe nahin,
Dil pe jo gauajarata hain,
Pyaar ka dard mein
Main kitana bechain,
Wo jeevan ke synhare pal,
O muhabbat ki baichaini,
Bataun to kise?

Loved & Took The Pains
What it passes over my heart
That on the tongue comes to not,
What it passes over my heart,
In love's pain
How restless am I,
Those golden moments of life,
That restlessness of love,
How to express it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Pyarbhari Baatein

Pyarbhari Baatein

Teri pyarbhari baatein,
Pyaarbhari mushkan,
Pyaarbhari nazren,
Jo yaad hain abhi tak
Aashiqui ka wo gujaraa jamanaa.

Loveful Talks

Your loveful talks,
You loveful smiles,
Your loveful looks,
Remember I them still now,
An age gone by.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Queen Of English Poetry By Simanchal Panaik

Queen of English Poetry by Simanchal Panaik
one such book which ranks with
Gems of English Poetry and Poetry of Himalayan Wisdom.

There is nothing as that has changed over the years
As the man may, but his poetry remains the same.

Queen of English Poetry, published in 1999,
Is an addition to the corpus of Indian poetry in English
Written by the Indians.

Prayer is the first poem to begin with
Followed by Mini Icon of Lord Jagannath at my House,
Philosophy of Fatalism, Ideal Friendship of Lord Krishna,
Crown Prince Rama's Marriage With Princess Sita,
My Philosophy of Life, Flowers Have No Religion,

Himalayas And Mount Kailas,
Universe Is An Image of Imperfection (Villanelle) ,
O God! I'm A Pilgrim At The Gates of Your Tower,
Sons And daughters of The Soil,
World Peace For Survival of Man,
Princess Diana's Last Journey, etc.

Simanchal as a poet is
One of wit and its application, knowledge and wisdom,
Fact and fiction,
Thought and idea and reflection.

To rhyme is the chief forte of the poet
And he feasts upon versifying,
Falling short of a poetaster,
Even going beyond
To attain the expected realms.

Bijay Kant Dubey

As A Haikuist And Tankaist

keeps saying about
The haiku and the tanka
The Japanese formats and forms
And we keep hearing about
Without knowing Japan and the Japanese,
How th language,
The speech of,
The sound-pattern of the Japanese
Being recreated
In being syllabic, short and curtailed,
The haiku and the tanka
We reading them
Trying to be adept in rhetoric and scansion
And prosody,
Counting, adjusting and reading,
Dovetailing and making meaning from,
Looking up the words
In the dictionaries
To mean the haiku and the tanka.

A haikuman, a tankaman from India,
Not Japan
Is ,
Borrowing the idea from
And writing,
Following the British and American specialists
Of the nineteenth century,
Moving from the haiku to the tanka,
The tanka to the haiku,
A haikuman he,
A tankaman
Poet
Presenting verses
As haikus and tankas
Written in India,
But waiting for a call from Japan
As a visiting fellow.

As A Poet

as a poet starts his poetic journey
With My Silence(1985) ,
To carry it forward
With Memories Unmemoried(1988) ,
Music Must Sound(1990) ,
Flight of Phoenix(1990) ,
I Do Not Question(1994) ,
Above The Earth's Green(1997)
To others so on.

Singh as a poet is of love,
Human love and bonding,
Psychic and physical,
A lover of the body
And from the body to the soul
As the soul wants the body,
The pains and pines of the heart
In yearning and aspiration
Finding solace in the body
Of lust and infatuation.

His is a story of possessive love,
Luscious lips, lustrous eyes,
Glued relationships,
Magnetic love, electrical sensation,
Emotional quivering,
The quivering of the lips,
Burning and bodily fever,
Life around sex,
Sexual love and bliss,
The glisten of the glowing body.

Bijay Kant Dubey

As A Poet

took he to poetry
Just as he as a science and engineering student
Rather than of literature,
A native of Kerala
He worked in erstwhile Bihar's
Ranchi
As one from the allied services
An IAS officer
Of multifarious assignments,
Postings and placements.

Poetry came to him as words
Designed and denoted
To communicate the thud in statement,
A poet he was verbose,
Failing short of bombastic,
But weighty and heavy upon
Meaning,
Casting around the wordy structure,
A poet of the city and the urban living,
Not the country
He told the tales of Ahmedabad, Bangalore, Mysore.

The humbug and humdrum of daily life
In its full monotony,
The dull and drab routine,
He tried to peep out of it,
Avoiding the circles,
But bereft feeling and emotion
In its all sensitivity,
He tried to hear of silence,
The echoes of it
To some extent,
A poet modern and urban
Writing stanzaic verse.

A poet of the modern age
And the modern times,
He experimented with modern verse and writing,

Took to poetry as a riddle,
A puzzle of words,
Telling of vanity and prowess,
City living ad culture,
The desertion of flora and fauna,
The eco-system around,
The hunter and the hunted

Bijay Kant Dubey

Raceme By Kedar Nath Sharma

Raceme, a cluster of poems, brought out by
Indian Publishers Distributors, Delhi
In 2003,
The fourth collection
By Kedar Nath Sharma.

May I Disclose? Is the first poem to start,
Followed by Niko, The Kialu Baba,
Gods Is Tired of My Prayers,
Life is Universal Merriment, The Man To Be,
His Pale Wiry Left Hand.

Let Not Your Season Slip,
A lovely love poem,
Appreciative of the beauty
Of the cheeks balsam-like.

Life Is Merriment advises to be merry and gay
Instead of being fraught with
Anxiety, fear and bewilderment,
Unnecessary tension and care,
You partake of it.

Where Have all the Roses Gone? bemoans
The loss of youth and glory
Which are but short-lived
And for some time.

Life Means More, Food for Thought,
My Love, Honesty is a Pretence,
Success is Sweet
The shorter poems
Telling of novel ideas and images.

Kedar Nath is from Himachal Pradesh,
A non-academic poet
Writing in his style,
As per his thought and reflection.

He Sells Chickens saddens us and we rue,
Seek to interpret the things
As in His Jurisprudence,
How the Divine Scheme of Things!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Radha, Radha, Radha Keep I Calling, Radha, Radha, Radha Keep I Calling

You are my life, Radha, you are my life, Radha,
Radha, Radha, Radha keep I calling,
Radha, Radha, Radha keep I calling,
you are my life, Radha, you are my soul, Radha,
You are my heart, Radha, you are my spirit, Radha,
How to live without you,
How to dream without you, Radha?

You are my life, Radha, you are my life,
You are my blood, Radha, you are my heartbeat,
How, how to live without you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Radha, Radha, Radha, You Are My Life & Breath, Radha

Radha, Radha, Radha, you are my life and breath, Radha,
Radha, Radha, Radha, you are life and breath, Radha,
Radha, Radha, Radha, you are my life and blood, Radha.

Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Radha, Radha, Radha,
Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Radha, Radha, Radha.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Radha, Radha, Radha, You Are My Life, Radha (A Modern Duet Song)

Radha, Radha, Radha, you are my life, Radha,
Radha, Radha, Radha,
You are my life, Radha,
How to live without you,
How to live without?

Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, you are my, Krishna,
Krishna, Krishna, Krishna,
How to live without
The flute,
The flute breaking?

Radha, Radha, Radha, you are my life, Radha,
Radha, Radha, Radha,
How to live,
Live without you,
How to, how to live without you?

Radha, Radha, Radha,
Shyam, Shyam, Shyam,
Radha, Radha, Radha,
Shyam, Shyam, Shyam,
Radha- Radha, Shyam-Shyam.

You are my, my life, Radha,
How to live without,
Without you,
How to think,
Think without you?

Radha, Radha, Radha,
Krishna, Krishna, Krishna,
You are my life, Radha,
How to live without the flute,
You are my life, Radha?

Radha, Radha, Radha, You Are My Radha

Radha, Radha, Radha,
A life without Radha,
You say it Krishna,
How, how can it tune around,
how can it the flute go breaking
With the melodies of it?

You are my own, Radha,
Radha, Radha, Radha,
How to live a life without you,
Krishna, Krishna, Krishna,
Radha, Radha, Radha,
Radha without Krishna
And Krishna without Radha,
How to, how to think of?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Radha, You Are Radha, Radha, Radha, Radha

Radha,
You are Radha,
Radha,
Radha, radha,
Shyam, Shyam, Shyam.

Let us change the light and see,
The costume and see,
Radha Rajasthani,
Radha Gujarati,
Radha Marathi.

Radha, Radha, radha,
Radha Odia,
Radha Bengali,
radha Tripuri,
Radha Assamese.

Radha, Radha, radha,
Shyam, Shyam, shyam,
Radha Bhojpuri,
Maithili,
Radha Magadhi,
Radha of Angika.

Radha Haryanvi,
Radha Cchatishgarhi,
Radha Himachali,
Radha Kashmiri,
Radha Punjabi,
Radha Dogri.

Naga Radha,
Arunachali,
Karbi,
Santhali radha,
Mundari Radha,
Radha, radha, radha,
Shyam, Shyam, Shyam,

You are my life, Radha,
You are my love, Radha.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Radha-Krishna

Radha-Krishna, Krishna-Krishna-Krishna,
Radha-Radha-Radha,
Radha-Krishna, Radha-Krishna,
Krishna-Krishna, Radha-Rahda,
The song doing the rounds
On the lips.

Radha-Krishna, Radha-Krishna, Krishna-Krishna, Radha-Radha,
Radha and Krishna, Krishna and Radha,
An embodiment of the Cosmic Delight,
The Anandam Divine
And the statue Ananda-murti, Divine-statue,
Face or posture.

Radha, Radha, Radha, Krishna, Krishna, Krishna,
Radha, Radha, Radha, Krishna, Krishna, Krishna,
The statue historical, mythical, blackly,
Archaeological and metallic
But radiating,
Made from, cast in pure gold

And found from the ruins and rubble of the old temples,
Limestone and small brick built
Centuries-old terracotta temples,
An embodiment of the Anandam,
The Ananda-murti is it,
On a lotus, Krishan and Radha futing,
The Statue Divine!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Rahul Sankrityayan

Rahul Sankrityayan, it is not your travel literature nor Leningrad Univ.
professorship

That interests me,
Neither your scholarship nor your language learning,
What it actually stuns me is this that
You forgot even your child bride
Whom you married long, long ago

And a truant, you had been away, away from home for so long
Just like a nomad, a gipsy traveling far,
Far off
And years away from home,
Forgot you even your Indian wife
With whom rounded you around the hold fire
For seven rounds
That you would not betray her
And betrayed you, forgot you

But away from, married you a Mongolian and left you far off
To come to India,
A mendicant wandering and moving out on pilgrimages,
Passing days in the company of sadhus
In the Himalayan domains
And sometimes trespassing too
To learn and experience through
And monastic learning did he get,
Travels schooled him

And finally settled you in Darjeeling to opt for a Nepali,
Taking the teaching assignment at some Lankan university,
A scholar like the Hindi poet Nagarjuna
You had a wandering nature of your,
Learnt you taking to company,
Living on alms,
Visiting across, sometimes trespassing far
Into the domains,
Which they lie beyond,
As the case is Kipling's novel, Kim,
But whatever do you, you should not have forgotten

Your first child-wife.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Railgadi Mein Baith Akeli Kahan Ja Rahin Ho? / Sitting In The Railway Compartment Where Are You Going?

Railgadi mein baith
Akeli kahan ja rahin ho,
Priyatama,
Railgadi mein baith
Akeli-shi
Wah ladaki?

Khidaki ke pass baithi huyi,
Kucch sochatin huyin
Jaa rahin hain hain
Magar wo.

Sitting in the compartment
Where are you all alone,
My love,
Sitting in the compartment
Just alone,
That girl?

Sitting near the widow,
Thinking something
Is she going
Perhaps that one.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Rajanigandha

Rajanigandha, you the flower princess,
Will you be my love?
A girl lean and thin, slim figured and beautiful,
Remarkably fragrant and sweetly-scented,
Waiting under the skies,
Blooming in bunches and dew-laden.
You tell me about the secrets of life and the world,
Of love and life.
Man here is mad after name and fame,
But you unmindful of all this,
Making the nights redolent with
And the stray passers-by looking in wonder
Where the scent coming from.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Rajanigandha (Nightly-Scented Blooms)

Rajanigandha,
A slim girl like you
standing under the skies
Full of stars and the moon
And the sheets of mist all around,
You standing and waiting,
Rajanigandha,
So sweet and lovely,
White and redolent
With the blooms
Clustered and milky white.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Rajanigandha My Love

A girl like Rajanigandha
Want I,
Rajanigandha Phulkumari.

N.B. Rajanigandha- a white jasmine-bloom, Phulkumari- Flower-princess, tender too

Bijay Kant Dubey

Rajanigandha, A Fairly Tall & Slim Like Her

Rajanigandha,
Just like Rajanigandha,
A fairly tall
And slim,
Fair and beautiful
Want I,
Want I
Standing under the mist,
Blooming in clusters,
Fragrant and wooden,
Dew-fresh and smiling,
A girl like her,
Like her want I.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Rajanigandha, Will You Be My Love?

Rajanigandha, will you be my love?
I see you from far and keep dreaming about,
How fair and fine are you,
How fresh and milky white,
Rajanigandha?
A girl like you, like you want I,
So sweet and redolent,
So dreamy and lovely.

igandha: A sweetly-scented white bloom just like the plastic flower, but not fresh and fair.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Rajanigandha, Will You Be My Love? (To Rajanigandha, The Dream-Flower)

Rajanigandha,
Since the day I saw you
Under the milky white,
Starry skies,
I could not forget you,
Forget you.

Rajanigandha,
Will you be my love,
My sweetheart,
My dream girl,
The girl of my heart?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Rajgopal Parthasarathy

Rajgopal Parthasarathy thought he that England would be his home
And English the language of his home and usage,
But it happened it otherwise
And he returned back from foreign
With his M.A. degree in English from the Univ. of Leeds,
But not with an English girl,
As did Madhusudan Dutt and Mulk Raj Anand before arriving at finally,
A South Indian
As for Tamil and his home

And it happened to be the topic of discussion in his Rough Passage,
The recycling and reissuance of it
From time to time,
The triad format verses dealing
With ethnicity, art, culture, tradition and heritage,
A poet of the return journey.

No one boycotted him as for crossing the seven seas
As it was during the days of dananda Sinha,
He went to England
As did they go,
Gandhi with a view of becoming an Englishman first,
As Nehru with a red rose and the coat and pants,
As Adil went and returned back,
Nissim too went and came back
To say bye-bye to the Gujarati girl and to see the Cuban dancer at home.

Poetry to Rajgopal is rough passages,
His visit to England, sojourn and stay-in and thereafter the return journey,
A quest for identity,
Searching of roots
And the realization of that identity
On his coming back from to find the roots of nativity.

A poet of Tamil heritage, culture and tradition,
His mind cannot dwell anywhere
Except Tamil Nadu,
An Englishman he is not at all, but an Indian
Dwelling upon the home theme, nostalgia, homesickness, family life

And ageing
In an autobiographical vein,
But we do not know it,
When will he his second or third book of verse?

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Rajiv Gandhi, A Nobleman Was He, The Definition Of A Gentleman

A gentleman was he
Before he could know the intrigues,
Conceits and conspiracies of Indian politicians
And the whispers of them
Held on the terrace
And into he streets
As for coming to power,
sitting on chair,
Which you could never.

Unknowingly and unaware of
They called you a driver,
But you were not,
A pilot officer,
Handsome and sober,
Good manly and polite,
This we have but to admit of
Even if criticize they.

Entertaining the Sri Lankan affairs,
You committed a blunder
And it cost your life,
Bright career and future,
A victim of domestic hullabaloo
And political vendetta,
so noble and gentle he
Could not understand
The gravity of the situation.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Rakhi Bandhwa Lo, Merei Bhaiyya/ Get You Tied A Rakhi, My Brother!

Merei bhaiyya,
Rakhi bandhwa,
Bandhwa lo,
Merei bhaiyya!

Ek cchoti, nanhi-shi bahanaa
Jo khadi hain
Rakhi liyei apnei haathon mei
Bandhnei ke liye.

My brother,
Get you tied a rakhi,
Tied,
My brother!

A small, tiny sister
Lies she staning
With a rakhi in her hands
To tie down.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Rakhi Pahanane Ke Samay/ At The Time Of Wearing The Rakhi

Rakhi pahanane ke wakt
Kabhi mei shochata hun,
Meine kya diya
Aur kya paya?

While wearing the rakhi
Sometimes think I,
What did I give
And what did I get from?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Raksha Bandhan

O brother, where are you,
Your small sister is waiting
With a band of rakhi
Into the hands of hers
To tie on your wrist
As a sign of sympathy and affection,
You forget her not!

She keeps hoping for,
Waiting
With a colourful rakhi
To tie on
Your hands,
You forget not to come.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Raksha Bandhan, The Bond Of Love, Mutual Trust And Harmony

Raksha Bandhan,
The bond of love and sympathy,
Goodwill, peace and hope,
Harmony and brotherhood,
Among brothers and sisters,
The bind and bonding of love
Bringing them nearer,
Drawing closer to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Rakshabandhan

Have you seen the light
Kindled in the eyes of the small sister
Who keeps waiting for
The arrival of
Her loving brother
To tie a rakhi
On the wrist of her brother,
Praying for his longevity
And well-being?

Whenever far from her, you forget not,
Forget not your sister,
Your small sister,
With tears into
The eyes of hers
Struggling on the path of life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Rakshabandhan (Ii)

A small sister awaiting the arrival
Of her brother,
The return very much awaited
And the brother coming not,
Away, away from her,
Into the places
Far from,
But the expectation still
Not leaving
That he won't,
He won't.

She waiting sadly
With tears into
The eyes of hers,
Welling in
And she wiping out
Hiding from the wide world,
A small girl
Weeping and wiping out
The tears herself,
Offering the rakhi to God
And to the brothers
Of neighbourhood.

But instead of it, the heart asks,
The mind questions it
Vacantly
Whether the rakhi posted
In an envelope reached
Or lost it in transit,
Somebody took it out
From the packet
Which but she not sure of,
Just dreaming,
Keeps dreaming
About his arrival
With a beautiful rakhi
Into the hands of hers.

Sitting on the guard wall
Of the mud house,
She keeps,
Keeps thinking
And dreaming,
A small girl,
A small sister
Awaiting
The arrival of her brother,
Away from her
And weeping as well
In hiding
And wiping the tears herself
Which perhaps nobody knows it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Rakshabandhan -Ii

I feeling your love
On the eve of
Rakshabandhan
That you will come
To tie
A rakhi
On the wrist
Of mine,
I am waiting
For that.

Your colourful band
On the wrist
Of mine,
Symbolizing love
And affection,
I shall not be able
To forget,
I shall not be able
To repay.

I shall forget you,
But you will not,
Will not, my love,
I shall forget you,
But you will not,
Will not
Your affection
And sympathy
With which you are tying.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Raksha-Bandhan Is Coming, My Sister Will Tie A Rakhi

Raksha-bandhan is coming,
My sister will tie a rakhi
On the wrist of mine,
My sister
With the rakhi
In hands
Will wait for
My arrival.

Rasha-bandhan is coming,
My sister will tie a rakhi
On the wrist of mine,
A colourful rakhi
Handcrafted and made from
Wools, cottons or threads
With a little handiwork
Done beautifully.

O, for this I shall visit the house,
Shall come to see my sister
Waiting so earnestly
For my arrival,
O, my sister is waiting,
I shall see her
After a long gap,
My sister so dear to me!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ram Krishna Singh A Spiritually Sick Child

Ram Krishna Singh
Spiritually
A sick child
Sexo-maniac and bodily,
Physical and lustful,
Kaam-vasana his theme of poetry.

His heroine a Rajneeshite heroine,
A modern yogan in the ashrama of Rajneesh,
In the rudraksha rosary
Talking of Rajneeshite
Sambhoga to samadhi,
Sex to bliss theory.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ram Navami

The spring has given way to,
The scorching summer has started to show
And fall upon,
The fire flames as icicles hanging by
Showing the fluctuation in temperatures,
Heat waves swirling,
The bouts of the loos
Scorching the faces

And against such a background,
Begins it the Basanti Puja,
The akal-bodhan (untimely worship) of Lord Rama
As well as Ram Navami,
Shri Ram Navami,
The birth celebrations of
The seventh avatar of Vishnu.

The day drawing out utmost,
The tender leaves glistening,
The earth parched dry
With an acute scarcity of water all around,
Ram Navami starting with,
Rama worshipping Bhagavati
With neelkamals
As for her boon and blessing from
To win over Ravana.

Somewhere the processions on their way,
Somewhere the kirtana doing the rounds,
Hare Rama, Hare Krishna,
Sita-Ram, Sita-Ram, Jai Sita-Ram,
Somewhere reading from the Ramayana
Or Ramcharitmanas,
The Ram-Sita temples tidied up
With those of Hanuman.

The red flags fluttering,
The idols of Ram with Sita, Lakshman and Hanuman
Looking beautiful,

Dressed and decorated well,
Somewhere the Hanuman standing
With the open torn heart
Showing the Ram-bhakti,
Sita-Ram written over the heart.

The day seems drawing out utmost,
The earth looking parched and dried up,
In the heat and dust and humidity
Of the season,
When Ram Navami begins with
Wile on the other the little cuckoos too
Have not stopped from cooing sweetly
From the green olive branches.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ramlila, Krishnalila, Our Dramatic Traditions

Indian English drama even though we call it,
But is not
As our traditions derive from
The Ramayana and the Mahabharata,
Ramlila and Krishnalila,
The folk and oral dramatic traditions
And the classical Sanskrit,
Satya Harishchandra working as a chandal
Guarding the burning ghat,
Collecting taxes
Even from his wife, Sabya
As for burning snake-bitten Rohit
As subjected to test by Gods.

The language may be English,
But the matter is Indian,
The actors and actresses Indian
Parting in English,
But the audience Indians
Unable to comprehend the version
Just before the parents and guardians
Of the English-medium boys and girls
Or the English department functions
Of the varsities cosmopolitan.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ramlila, The Closed Folk Theatres Of It And The Regional Versions And Dramatizations Of It

Ramlila,
The closed theatres of it
And the regional versions
And dramatizations of it
Think I,
How had it been one day
Giving a brisk business,
Now the theatres have closed down
As for the audience
Shifting to other forms
Of entertainment,
Giving larger and varied scopes.

But with the shutting down of it,
I think of
The artistes and stage men
Sitting,
The script writers becoming jobless,
Ramas, Sitas, Lakshmans, Shatrughans
And Bharats
All sitting roleless
Without any assignment,
Ramlilas flopping everywhere
As for the screen plays.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Rampant Urbanization Taking A Toll On Chennai

Rampant urbanization,
Industrialization
Taking a toll
Over Chennai,
Excessive cementing
Has cost it dear,
The asphalt buildings,
Flyovers and footbridges
And highways
Causing a serious damage
To Nature,
Water outlets
Lie they choked in
And gagged.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Random Descent By Jayanata Mahaptara

I turning over the pages of the book
Random Descent
Knowing it not
What it is in the book
Beginning with the poem
Genesis
Followed by
Winter in the City, Palmistry,
A Growing Ground, Blue of The Sky,
Rice, Traveller, Happening,
The Uncertainty of Colour, Signs,
Mother Teresa, A Gray Haze Over The Rice Fields,
Shadow, The Wall,
The Song of The Door
And so on.

Random Descent as a book
Is not an easy book of verse,
But complex and disturbing
As is the poetry of Mahapatra
Writing and drawing from physics
And its chapters,
The chapters of light and darkness,
The origin of universe
And of creation,
Bare and realistic
And contradictory
Playing absurdity
And the drama of existential consciousness,
Drawing mainly from vacuum,
Spacer and blank thinking.

The poetry if nothingness is it,
Of the no-man for the no-man
Living in a no-man's land
Without an entity,
Identity of own,
The poetry of existential consciousness,

Is it,
The drama of absurd and meaningless living,
Why am I here,
Why are we,
What the purpose of ours,
Where will this astronomy, astrology lead to
Finally, say you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Random Reflections On The Post-Fifties Of Indian English Poetry

They say it that, if you do not know Nissim, it means
You do not now the history of modernism in Indian English poetry
And it starts with him,
But the thing is otherwise.

There was not something like Indian English poetry then,
It used to be Indo-Anglican, Indo-Anglian, Anglo-Indian
And there were none to do one's Ph.D. on an Indian English poet,
Barring Tagore's Gitanjali and Aurobindo's Savitri
And that too later on.

Thirdly, the readers and teachers started taking an interest
In Indian writings in English
Since the nineteen eighties
When the Univ. Grants Commission, New Delhi
Counselled to include in the texts through its peer visiting teams.

There were poets before and after Nissim whom they promoted not
And many dared not publish,
Nissim too as a professor of English was a mediocre,
Not having that scholarship.

Sometimes when I find time, I think and brood over
The fall in standard, the absent authority,
The no-man language and the no-man practitioner critics of it,
Trying to improvise and exploit the vacuum.

How poor and weak are the no-man and nowhere evolving critics
Of evolving Indian English poetry,
Even the Ph.D. students turn into critics overnight.
The mediocre professors after . on Indian topics in English
Calling themselves great critics!

When I go through older texts of unknown teachers, I wonder to find
Scholarship writ over anonymous and large,
Not like these half-read fellows,
Who know a little, but go on asking for more and more fame.

The British-period educated or classic read scholars frowned upon
Going through the ten to twenty page anthologies
Brought out By ,
Making the novices and learners poets,
Giving not a chance to the deserving, unknown and rarely available.

Today they are reading them somehow the so-called great modrns
Under pressure from the U.G.C.
And as because they are giving Sahitya Akademi awards continuously
And the Bomabayan poets have got a coverage in magazines too.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Read The Book Of My Life (The Autobiography Of A Burquawalli)

Burquawalli, what are you writing, what are you?

"I am writing, writing my-story,
I means the story of my life,
Which you do not know."

"What do you know about me,
My life and times down the ages,
What do you about? , "
Said she Burquawalli,
With a pity into the eyes of hers.

Burquawalli, what is it that you are putting to words?

"You do not know what it has happened to me,
How have I borne them,
You do not, do not know, my autobiography,
My diary too, none has been able to read it
And what more to say to? "

"My memoir and my reflection,
Time too cannot,
My poem, my story,
My one-act play,
None has
My novel and my poetry-book."

"You have just read about in prosaically,
My drama none has
Staged and enacted,
The drama of my life,
My sketch none has sketched."

"Here lie I in as an idea, an image,
A thought and a reflection,
A painting and a portrait
Undrawn and unsketched,
Just in a frame,
Curtained over."

Bijay Kant Dubey

Recall Chatia Baba Of Pak Pathar And They Will Come

Recall Him the Yakharaja
And they will come,
Hearing your submission
Said through
Your naivedya.

Do the bhulhasa
With flowers and others,
The chatia will go in a trance,
Ask for the baba
And your husband from distant Assam
Will come,
Your missing and lost buffalo will come to automatically,
You just call him.

Call him, Chatia Baba,
Tamelss, wild and swift,
Smoking a timber leaf rolled cigar,
Takes he ganja, bhang and daru no doubt
But never gets away.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Red Bulls, I Mean The Communists

Red bulls,
I mean the communists
Are very dangerous people
As they plot and plan for someone's fall,
Can implicate and imprison
Those who are not of their line.

The mind is one of a rebel
And a revolutionary,
A movementeer,
Sloganeering,
Shouting
And demonstrating,
Flexing the muscle.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Red Eyes

Red eyes,
Would have red water
Or maybe he a Red,
A communist,
A Leninist, Stalinist or Maoist.

The reasons for to be red-eyed,
Red-red-eyed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Red Rose

Red rose, have seen you, seen you
Somewhere
In the courtyard of,
Blooming so beautifully

So sweet, so fast and dazzling
I haven't a damsel
Like you, like you
A maiden so beautiful.

Red Rose, had you been a girl,
A beauty, blonde, belle,
I would have the things of my heart
Of course

But you in the world of yours,
Destined to go your way
As ordained otherwise
But had you been, I would have!

I would have revealed my heart to you,
The good heart of mine,
Requesting you to be patient
To hear me.

Red Rose, will you be my love
As I have not
A maiden
So sweet, so lovely?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Red Rose As My Sweetheart/ My Dreamgirl/ The Girl Of My Dreams

My love, may I name you Red Rose
As you yourself a rose,
Not less than,
A wonderful creation of God!

Life without roses no life
As without you,
My temptation are you, my fascination,
My infatuation with

Soemthing, something dreamy and sweet,
Redolence coming from
And maddening me
With your charms and loveliness

Which but my heart knows,
Which but God knows,
how do I like you,
How do I love you?

My love, only love are you,
The whiff and wisp of romanticism,
The flight of my imagination
And my escape from the hard realities of life.

My love are you, my dream are you,
My periphery and circle of life
And where to go, where to go
Leaving you, my sweetheart?

A dream ever seen, ever imagined,
A dreamgirl
Dreamful,
Imaginative and fanciful, flying, fling into the skies.

A flower, so tender and so soft,
So internal and intrinsic,

Reverberating with
I like you, I love you, I love so much.

My dreamgirl, coming like a dream,
Going like a dream
In her mien,
Arrival and departure.

My dreamgirl, as ever it is,
Existing as a dream and a sequence,
A portrait of an artist,
An imaginative heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Red Rose!

Red Rose,
So hued and dazzling
And of a fast colour
As the eyes gloss it over,
Stick to not,
Glazy and glistening,
With the dew drops splashed over
And scattered
Wetting the petals,
So fragrant and redolent,
Perfumed and gay
Standing in sun and shower,
Telling of beauty which is truth
And goodness!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Red Rose, Are You The Girl Doing Christmas Carol?

Red Rose, you a Christian girl,
I see you doing the Christmas carol,
Reading the Holy Bible,
A girl so chaste and sacrosanct.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Red Rose, Red Rose, Will You Be My Love?

Red Rose,
Red Rose, will you be
My love,
My love?

Red Rose...
Just like you,
Like you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Red-Mouthed Small Monkeys, Indian Monkeys

Red-mouthed small monkeys,
Small Indian monkeys,
Looking blankly,
Frisking,
Jumping, hopping and playing
And hanging by
The branches of the trees,
Chattering simply,
Ogling,
Snatching and scratching
The hair.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Relationship

Your relationship wet with tears and love,
Sobs and sighs,
Yearning and hankering after,
This is the tale of our life.

You gifted a rose to me emotionally,
I met you and dated
And as thus our story began it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Relationship (Jayanta Mahapatra's Relationship)

The book of poetry, slim in corpus, carries to Jayanta Mahapatra
Sahitya Akademi award for 1981,
A book which presents the poet
As a dreamer and a visionary,
A poet doing random reflections
Floating and flowing away.

Into the seas, surfing over the waves,
Diving deep, gathering pearls
Or swayed away,
Water, water, everywhere water,
The shores far off
But nothing to be disheartened.

An Odia he thinks of the history, art, culture and tradition
Of Odisha, the land,
Its cartography and topography,
The coastal presence,
Life and livelihood,
The dark daughters and its inhabitants.

The Kalinga war which Ashoka fought many years ago,
The way he slew the sons of the soil ruthlessly,
Letting out in bloodshed and agony
By the river Daya
Which is still a witness of that
But the relics are not.

Depleted in time, forgot we the scars and wounds
Which the rock-edicts of Ashoka speaking
In terms of penance and remorse,
After making the waters of the river red,
Soldiers butchered mercilessly
And that defeat he has not forgotten still.

Passing through the dark corridors of history,
He thinks of the vicissitudes
Of the Odia people
The boon and bane of seashores,

Fishermen daring into the unfathomable waters,
Deep down into the seascape.

The poet tells about the tourist centres, picnic spots, bird sanctuaries,
The temples and their heritage
Together with the legacy of the myth and its tradition,
Folk tales,
Folk dances and songs
Pulsating the heart.

A poet of Odisha, he links with the animate and inanimate objects
Of the land of his dwelling,
The place of his birth and nativity,
Rearing and growing up,
The paths he has roamed over.

The first Indian poet to receive the award for any book of verse in English,
Jayanta Mahapatra's Relationship is
But a mythical text,
One of visionary glide and delving,
Dreamy surfing.

Imagistic and landscapic, mythical and visionary, he sings the songs of Odisha
And keeps flowing along with the currents
Just like the mariners and navigators
To tell of the lakes and rivers,
The sea coasts and shores.

What he says, means to clear, it means it not, only broodings,
Visionary broodings and glides take us away from,
Time the boat taking us and showing the things,
The chariot wheel of the Konark Sun-temple
Telling of light falling and time denomination.

Seeking blessings from the Shiva-lingam, he tells of stone art and architecture
And the motifs flowering in stone,
The light emitted by the lingam,
The third eye lightening,
The lingam-yoni myths unfolding.

Relationship is in reality a story of his relationship with Odisha and the Odias,
Odisha the land of his birth

And the Odias the fellow brethren
And all these binding him into an attachment
Drawing closer and closer to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Religious Fanaticism Is Some Sort Of Madness

Religious fanaticism is some sort of madness
And it cannot be cured of,
As it lies tucked in fundamentalism and conservatism
And it is only logic and reasoning,
Which but can dispel the darkness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Religious Fanaticism

The world has greatest fears from the religiously blind people,
I mean the fanatics,
The fundamentalists and conservatives,
The out-dated and out-moded persons,
Uncouth and clumsy people
Interpreting religion and ethics,
Morality and metaphysics
Who are in other words the blind
Who cannot distinguish between light and darkness,
Reasonably cold and dead,
Fundamentally sparking in the air,
The mad dog bitten fellows,
Bloody bastards.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Religious Madness

Religious madness is a type of disease
From which many lie suffering from,
Religiously mad and abnormal,
Cannot bear the other people,
Other faith and traditions,
The religiously mad people.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Religious Madness Cannot Be Cured

Religious madness cannot be cured
As those who are religiously blind
Can see no light
And are cataract-eyed
Which need to be operated;
Are the mad dog-bitten people
Let loose from a mental asylum,
The lunatics howling.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Religious Madness Is Not Good

Religious madness is one of the causes
Which will destroy the world one day,
Those who live by God and confession,
But by blind faith,
Shutting the doors from inside,
Opening not to reason and logic.

Religious madness will destroy
Whatever else good it is in man,
Oh, man gone mad religiously!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Religious Tolerance Is Our Strength, Cultural Synthesis Our Tradition, Not At All Divisive Politics

Religious tolerance is our strength,
Cultural synthesis our ancient tradition
Carried over down the ages,
Not at all divisive politics,
When had we been intolerant,
Had we been, we would not have
Shelter to the men of
Other faiths and sects,
We can never be
Even though we may turn hotheads?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Research Methodology With Regard To New Indian English Poets

Long back I suggested
With regard to research methodology
On new Indian English poets,
a, I.a, I.,
i, Simanchal Patnaik,
Hazara Singh, Kulwant Singh Gill,
, der,
But I can see
Scholars are doing
Their .
on Hazara Singh and der,
But without acknowledging
My criticism.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Rimi, You Come Here And Sit By Me, I Have Something To Talk With (Pronab's Rimis)

Though he lives here, but Pronab's heart is with Rimi;
Rimi being his life and soul, the heartthrob of the city
As well as the same as the shepherd girl going
With the lamb into the lap of hers,
A solitary country flower,
Coy and shy from within.
O, betray her not in the rush and glide
Of modernity, modernism and the modernistic!

O, dump her not near the city centre,
A girl so lovely and affectionate,
So solitary and fearing,
How will she pass the night,
Dark and frightening!

God, save her, save her;
You save her,
A girl so poor and humble,
So innocent and ignorant
Of the ways of the world and this human life of ours!

How self-centred and selfish have we grown!
Just after us, our odds and ends!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Risking His Life

Risking his life, comes he the snake charmer
Clad poorly,
In a ganjee and a lungi or like that,
Half-clothed and half-fed charmer

With the snakes into the bamboo baskets
Kept one over another,
Hanging by the bamboo pole over his shoulders
Through ropes at the two ends
Containing in

With the cobras ever ready to hiss and hood forth
Blackly, white and brownish,
Caught in the bushes and the anthills,
Fields and fallows,
The tree stems hollowed and rotten
Or the roots holed in

The snakes speckled and freckled,
Striped, bizarre and grotesque,
One which lives into the bushes
Shining black and stripes vipers,
One which hangs by the trees

But the cobras horrifying,
Devilish-devilish and demoniac,
Ready to attack with the satanic power
And hooded up
And sway to hearing the finely-tuned Eastern music of India,
Swaying and swaying to the wooden been music
Haunting them

And they dancing to the tune of the charmers,
The couth and ill-clad snake charmers,
Playing with the cobras
Fiddling and caressing them
As for a livelihood and the stomach
And the music directors using the music
But paying to not,

Which is whose music?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Rizvi In Unfading Blooms

I. in Unfading Blooms

Talks about the cities,
Rampant urbanization and shallow modernity,
The loss of manners and morals,
The lament of flowers
And the short span of life,
Flowing down the memory lane,
He wants to gather,
But it slips away.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Robots In Love

Two personae, dramatic personae and protagonists
In the love and relationship of life,
Two mechanical fellows
Mechanical in relationship,
Keep working in the factory of life,
Day and night,
Dealing with irons and rods,
Melting and joining, cutting and hammering,
Two technical men
Dealing with life technically.

Robots, two modern-day robots,
Two man and woman in love and relationship,
Work, work,
Keep working,
There is time to work,
Talk and care and share with,
How mechanical and technical have we grown
In the relationships of our life!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Rock-Built Temples

The rock-built temples standing as a witness to time,
Time which came it and went away,
But they are still erect and un-corroded,
But we know it not,
Who made them,
Ho much time did it take in making,
Who had been the architects and sculptors?

The rock-built, I just see them
And think about their making,
The plan of work and construction,
The material it is made of?

O stupendous, stupendous,
Stupendous are those rock-built, cliff-hewn temples,
How did they drill in the hills,
Choosing one tall standing rock
As for cutting deep inside,
Holing in for a penetration?

The rock-built temples,
The rock-built temples of the past,
Telling of our ancient heritage,
Skill and engineering talk I,
Their architectural excellence
My thing of deliberation.

The windows are not,
Just one entrance, one door,
One narrow entry
Through which one enters into and exits from.

The rock-built temples,
Only rock-built
From the large chunks of rocks
Or the cliffs,
How to hew the images cut to size
Through art and architecture

And masonry?



Bijay Kant Dubey

Rohingya Minority Of Burma, Too Much Of Religious Madness Is Not Good, Couldn't You Adjust With The Buddhists? Is Religion All? Religious Blindness?

Rohingya minority
Of Myanmar,
Couldn't you adjust with
The local people
Instead of being a difficult minority
Non-compromising,
Non-committal
On that state of discussion.

Rohingya, I couldn't,
Couldn't accept it
Your theocratic standpoint
Vitiating the scene,
Disturbing the peace
Of the nation
Through rape, murder, bloodshed,
Loot and plunder.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Romance With A Burqawalli

When I lifted the veil,
Found I
A sweet and dreaming face,
So lovely and beautiful,
A maiden so young and romantic.

When I lifted the veil
Out of her face,
Saw I
To my astonishment
The eyes so lustrous,
The lips so pink and rosy
And the cheeks so lovely!

When lifted I,
Uncovered, unmasked I the face,
My God, saw I
A fair and fine face
So lovely and fresh,
Just like a flower,
Just like a painting
Never seen before.

Just like a photograph
Appeared she before,
Breaking free from
The wooden frame,
A beauty with the dreamy eyes
And lovely heart,
Burquawalli, I love you,
I love you, burquawalli.

When lifted I the veil,
Saw a moon,
A moon-face standing before me,
A heart pulsating in love,
Waiting for and greeting me,
A dream girl,

A beauty queen, a flower princess
She, my burquawalli.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Romance With Burquawalli

On the deserts of Arabia
When the eve-fall was descending upon
With the silent coming of its own,
Silence was to take over,
I met,
Met her my Burquawalli,
Seeing the sand-dunes
And the camels returning back.

First, saw her through the lattice
Thereafter impressed
A kiss on the forehead
Punctuated by passionate hugs, embraces and clasps,
Emotional and full of feeling.

The tents and bivouacs of nomadic man were scattered across
The desert space, the vast stretch,
The moon was shining overhead
And holding the hand
I going with my Burquawalli,
Thinking of Laila and Majnu.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Romanian Teenage Mothers

Romanian adolescent mothers,
How the burden or bliss of life,
How to be with you?

Your troubles and tribulations,
Struggles and sufferings,
How to narrate them in words?

Romanian mother, you still a girl child,
How can you raise and rear
A baby in abandonment?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Romanian Teenage Mothers, How To Pity You?

Romanian Unwed Mothers?

Romanian mothers,
Teenage mothers,
How to pity you,
Mercy you?

A girl you yourself
With a baby
Into the hands of yours,
Romanian teenage mother?

Your pity human or godly,
Your fall, who plotted it,
Who conspired against,
Whose lapse of judgement is it,
Which but I don't know?

Romanian unwed mother,
It is not your mistake,
But the situations of life
Brought you here,
Romanian teenage mother!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Romantic

Romantic,
Romantic,
Who is a romantic,
The making of a romantic,
How the man behind the curtain
Is the thing to know?

Romantic,
Romantic,
The word is no doubt musical and magical,
But who is the romantic,
One who is full of colour and image,
Fancy and imagination,
Dream and fantasy?

Or one who is creative,
A lover of Nature,
Hills, rivers, woods and valleys,
The village and the country,
The landscape and the greenery
In full myth and mysticism?

Or one who transforms dreams into realities,
Imagines and creates
As per Nature's plan,
Envisages and transforms,
Loves man, birds and beasts,
Sees the things in astonishment,
The world and Nature?

Or one who is a loafer,
A rambler, a roamer moving
Aimlessly
On the road of life,
Parting like a Romeo,
Loving and dodging,
Cheating and deceiving?

Romantic Heart, Romantic Song

O, heart
is always romantic,
romantic
and colourful,
dreamy and imaginative
and fanciful,
singing the songs
of love,
love which is mad,
madly yours!

Love me,
love me,
but cheat you not
someone,
as love is,
love is mad,
madly ours,
have you,
have you ever loved,
loved!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Romantic Heroine

Romantic heroine,
In the absence of her,
How to be a romantic?

It is the romantic heroine
Who gives final touches
To the play of life.

Is she comes not dressed,
In the make-up of hers and beautified,
The play will spoil it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Romantically Yours

Romantically yours,
The heart is romantically yours,
Only yours.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Romen Basu As A Poet

Rome Basu

As a poet is a globe-trotter,
An insider as well as an outsider
As he lived and served in the U.N.O.
As an official of it
And wrote poems
Besides being a novelist
And a short story writer.

Gliding on Silent Waters,
The Unquiet Waves,
The Surrendered Self,
Wings at a Distance,
Committed Footprints,
The poetry-volumes of
His own tenor and type
To make a way into
The realms of it.

A poet of observation and scrutiny,
Natural calm and quietness
With flutter and fermentation,
Glow and radiation,
Photos snapped
At daybreak and twilight,
He keeps saying the things.

He loses when he commits with his footprints,
But where he surrenders
And is emotional is no doubt fine,
Though the matter somewhere gets thin
But instead of, is meditative
And of a contemplative order
And he can never be sidetracked.

The things he narrates and the references referred
May refer to other climes and conditions
Other than those of India
As his is not a spring of India,

May be it of New York or elsewhere
Lived and visited,
Reminisced and recollected
For a narration and portrayal.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Rose-Petals For You Mahatma On The Eve Of Your Birth Anniversary

Rose-petals,
Rose-petals are for you Mahatma,
Mahatna Gandhi
On your birthday.

O, Father of the Nation,
You accept them,
Accept them
The humble rose-petals of mine
And my tribute to,
My homage to you, Father of the Nation!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Roses For tine

Let the roses be for tine,
Red-red roses
For the Lord of Love,
Let the roses be.

A pack of roses in his memory
Or, why not a red rose to him
Rather than to the beloved
If she is unavailable,
Why not to give it to a child?

Let the day be in his reminiscence and remembrance,
In the remembrance of tine
And his sacrifice,
His attempts to save love,
Love sacred and sacrosanct.

Why not to take it otherwise,
A day of feeling the goodness of love,
Parental, sisterly, brotherly
Or of the house,
As day of flowers in all sweetness and fragrance?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Rs.500 And 1000 Bundles, Where To Find Them? / All The Black Mmoney Bundles Under The Pillow And The Cushioned Bed Of Sethji

The 500 and 1000 bundles
Lying in
With the Marawaris.

Catch some Munimji
And he will tell
About the interior cell of the Sethji.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ruminations, What Does Daruwalla Keep Ruminating?

Daruwalla ruminates over the mob psychology

Going by the rumour

Holding them,

Fear and suspense

Lurking in,

Areas placed under curfew,

Police patrolling the streets

And parading,

Having a deserted look,

Shoot at sight prohibitory order

Given,

Doubting Thomases whispering,

Talking secretly

With the Alsatian dogs

Sniffing.

Accident, tragedy, death,

Disease and violence,

The poetic codes of Daruwalla,

The tragedy man

With the books of tragedies only

In his book-stall,

The morgue man

Counting the dead

Or the guard of

The post-mortem house,

The Doongar Vari man,

The hawk man,

The kite man,

The vulture man of

Indian English poetry.

A policeman by profession

Already unsentimental

Beyond description,

A Parsi at heart,

Deriving from the Tower of Silence,

Call it the Doongar Vari or the Cheel Ghar

Upon which they

Place their dead
For the birds of prey
To cleanse forth the flesh,
His is a mythic ice and mysticism
Of ancient Iran
Of the days of Zoroaster and Zoroastrianism
And the Avesta.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Rustic Professor Of English, I Mean University Professor

Rustic Professor of English
Chews he paan,
Pushing into the mouth
And starts teaching
The post-graduate students
In a grumbling tone
Of his own dialect,
A villager
Never did he imagine of
Joining the U.G. Deptt.,
But joined he the P.G. Unit
Not as a junior professor,
But as a senior professor,
A varsity professor now he is
Waiting to be the Dean, Humanities.

While on the other
Is Miss Lovely, a convent-educated belle
Speaking impeccable English
Just like a copycat,
A fashion designer,
On seeing her
You too will doubt
If she is not a real Englishwoman,
With the bobby-cut hair
Hanging over
And swinging.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Rye On The Ravines By i

Rye On The Ravines is a collection of short poems
Which saw the light of the day
In 1985,
A representative work of the poet
Based on the three-liners
Which he calls them flickers
Bu those are haikus indeed.

A poet of the under-dogs, the have-nots,
The downtrodden and the proletarians,
He tells in a humane way
The feeling of his heart
Without a complaint or bias
Or any ism,
Leftism or rightism,
Criticizing it all in a good spirit of his.

Strange words, strange situations
And the placement of the persona
Under these contexts
Take the centrespace of his
And he writing the things,
Regaling with his thoughts, ideas and images,
All about man and his predicament,
Cosmic wilderness,
The lamps of the sky,
Societal depravity and human hunger.

A poet stylistic and manneristic,
Linguistic and modern,
He is humane, liberal and thoughtful,
He regales and recreates
With his ideas, images and thoughts,
Even the serious things,
The bare and naked facts
And hard realities of life
He says them with a smile,
Laughing a hearty laugh.

Rye On The Ravines By Dwarakanath i

Rye On The Ravines by Dwarakaknath i
Is a collection of haikus,
Which but Kabadi calls them flickers
Brought out in 1985
From Bangalore.

Without the punctuation marks
Inserted,
Just with the small letters
And follow the course of their own,
We mean the flickers.

A lonely walking alone on the city road
Scared of even her shadows,
Thought-trains moving fast
The distant city crowds
Themselves speak out.

The poet feels he buried he buried at lat
All the scriptures
In that ultimate coffin
As for the misinterpretation
They carry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Rye On The Ravines Of i: A Study In Flickers

Rye On The Ravines is simply speaking
A book of flickers,
I mean short poems,
Fleeting thoughts or just images,
The writer's yearning of
Presenting the instant thoughts and feelings
About the sensitive situations of life.

The gods jammed in the temple
Praying for oxygen
Is the idea and image of the first entry
With which he starts his three-liner,
The sweet mirror shows its face
On the silver-lined clouds
Another image.

The lights on the lamp posts
Appear to be bejewelled maidens
To the poet,
People talk of,
Let there be peace all around,
But satans seem to be conspiring against,
Paper boats on rain streams
Reach nowhere.

The poet goes on adding his idea and imagery,
Reading and marking, imaging and creating,
The ideas and images too coming
In their trail and train of thoughts
Gathered through sight-seeing
And poetic penetration,
The bogies rolling down
As the images pass by.

The poet is right in saying,
The sons lie they in glamorous houses,
But the mother goes begging,
This is the scene of each and every house,
The modern age and living,

The old man in the old man's houses,
Rehabilitation centres,
An apt picture of the materialistic age!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sacrifice Your Life But Keeping In View Your Family

It is good to sacrifice one's life for the motherland
But think it,
Who will look after your family
When you will be no more?

To be patriotic and nationalistic,
Blind in one's feeling of devotion and dedication is good,
But not excessively,
As the leaders who lead the movements slip away from

And meddle with the crowds to hide in or escape
Any mishappening or occurrence,
Take they oaths before coming to power
And vanish out of sight.

Today they will place the wreaths before your photo
Calling you a great soul, son of the land,
Everywhere there will be the admirers of yours
But posthumously when no more.

When no more in the world, they will remember you instantly,
For the time being, taking your undaunted bravery
And sacrifice that made you
For the nation.

From a commoner turn you into a hero of national fame,
But when the time envelopes in more days,
They will forget you
And record you not.

The country will remember the leaders in terms of chiefs,
Premiers and Presidents,
Not those who struggled, suffered and sacrificed
Their lives for the nation.

It has been said, too much devotion is a but a sign of the thief's,
So say I,
Why do you call yourself a dedicated and devoted sepoy
Of the nation?

Let the leaders take the rifles and gun and light on the borders,
Let them click their fiery tongue and spew fumes,
The rhetoric is not the thing
That I have come hear from.

When you will be more, none will come to see your family,
The die in harness cases,
Your wife in white clothes will struggle to get her pension
After too much writing in the papers.

The treasury clerk too will take something as for calculation,
The new officer in the place of her husband will like to sign keeping in view
His friend's wife, whose chair he is sitting on,
But the same office critical clerk will ask for something, take it for.

When you will be no more, your wife will come to feel it
She herself, you not,
Sacrificing your life whimsically in a craze for,
They pumped the balloon and burst you.

Now none but she herself feeling it how it takes time,
How do the files move,
In coming and going to office,
Making the slippers wear out?

You are not seeing as you had been blind in your devotion
And dedication for the nation,
Then the whole of the nation had been with you,
Now none is with me, only I myself, your wife.

Carrying your legacy and heritage, good things and bad things,
Whom to say to,
How Paglet or Hamlet had you been,
None but, but I myself know it,
Whom to say it to make you repeal the award?

The government did not give you the award in your life-time,
Now after your death, it is giving posthumously
As for your selfless services rendered
And after giving it, they will forget you
And your family.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sacrosanct Love/ Sacred Heart

Come into the temple of love,
My sweetheart,
I want to adore you.

The heart is a temple
And in that dwells it
The soul of man.

But all day long,
I went on lying,
Negating the humane values.

Now feel I how conceited am I,
How much full of deceit,
Defrauding others!

You stand before me at least
And let me see you
With all my reverence.

The sacred heart of mine,
Sacred and sacrosanct heart
Of mine all that know I.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sadhu Baba, Sadhu Baba, When Shall I Be Married?

Sadhu Baba, sadhu baba,
Tell you, tell you,
When shall I be married,
Tell you, tell you,
When shall I be? ,
A simple rustic girl
From the country
Showing her hand
To the mendicant sadhu,
Wandering fakira,
'See, see my fate
And tell you.'

The Indian girl,
Always a burden,
A family debt
On the parents
Speaking innocently,
Showing the hand to
Shamefully,
A shy and coy small girl,
Unaware of her nondescript fate,
What it will happen to her,
Showing her fate and destiny
To a mendicant fakira,
A fraud or right wanderer?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sadhus From Nagaland

Sadhus from Nagaland,
Far off northeast,
Exotic and impregnable,
Ethnic and racial,
The sadhus coming,
On their way to Kashi, Prayag and Haridwar,
Doing hathyoga.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sagun Brahma, In-Form Brahma

Sagun Brahma,
In-Form Divine, Cosmos
With the attribute.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sahasralinga (One Thousand Lingas) By The Shalmala River Of Sirsi, Karnataka

Hidden in the bed of North Kannada District's Shalmala river,
Lies it the thousand lingas
Carved upon the rocks
Lying in the river bed,
Shiva lingas with the bulls
Facing them,
How the king had been,
How the makers of them!

Shasralinga, one thousand lingas near Sirsi
Into the river bed
Of the Shalmala river
Lies it the lingas,
A spot so sacred,
So artistic and visionary,
Dreamy and landscapic,
The lingams multiplied into,
Showing the love and piety of the Vijaynagara king.

On the way to Yellapur from Sirsi, some 17 kms.
Lies it the sanctuary,
The riverine beauty
Decorated with the lingas in miniature,
A thousand Shiva lingas and some more,
Countless at a glance
Telling of the piety and devotion,
The fulfilment of the prayer
And the granting of a boon
Being blessed with a son.

In Hulagol village by the river side, into the bed of
Lies the Shiva lingas,
Thousand at a glance
When the water recedes,
The water level goes down
The lingas become visible,
So many lingas

Coming out of the water
To sight
Dotting the areas.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Saleem Peeradina As A Poet

Saleem Peradina as a poet
Is a family man,
A family poet
Writing about family,
Mother, father, brothers and sisters
And daughters too.

Not
Fyodor Dostoyevsky's The Brothers Karamazov,
Gorky's The Mother,
But man and his family,
Conventions old and new
Modernizing it all.

Just like David Copperfield's
A Tale of Two Cities, David Copperfield, Oliver Twist,
He prods and plods his way,
A society man,
A family man
Saleem Peeradina.

With Bombay in his mind-set,
He is for Bombay, of Bombay, by Bombay,
A Bombayer,
A Bombayman
Settled in the States
Writing about Bandra and journeys beyond.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Saleem Peeradina As A Poet- Ii

Is but a family man
Writing about
The family members,
Mother, father,
Brother, sister,
Wife,
Daughter, son

And poetry to him
An album,
A photo album
Of family members
And he opening the pages
Of the memoir.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Salman Rushdie

May I know it, sir, flitting the pages of your life to our astonishment
That you married,
Finding loves, strange meetings and altering them,
First, Clarissa Luard
With whom your son Zafar,
Again, for the second time Marianne Wiggins,
Again, the third Elizabeth West
With whom the son Milan
To be passed over to Padma Lakshmi
And as thus the serial ran on to breakdowns?

A controversialist, as they were, Shaw, Orwell and Lawrence,
Similar the case with him,
But a writer standing in defiance
Of freedom of speech and expression,
Liberty of it,
Even daring the fanatics and fundamentalists;
A writer dreaming the midnight's children,
The partition people and their aspirations,
Tryst with destiny and the attainment.

A husband of four wives,
Quitting one by one,
Coming, staying and going out,
He has the memories and remembrances of his own
To relate to in his memoirs
If he wants to write and picture them
As for their portrayals
And apart from, he still to make a run.

As a lover, he too quite unfaithful in his love
As he loved and left,
Not sticking to anyone for a longer relationship,
Not taking anyone permanently;
A false romantic in essence,
Promising and betraying his Valentines,
The red roses he could never keep with him,
Plucked and got pricked
And smelt and threw them away,

Is it called good relationship?



Bijay Kant Dubey

Salman Rushdie Is The Golden Boy Of Dream & Allegory & Fiction

Those who do not know Salman Rushdie must know it
He is the golden boy
Of dream, allegory and the narrative technique,
Comics is his chief property
With which regales and jokes he,
Caricatures and comments
And criticizes,
An Indian, an Asiatic man
He tells about the adjusting and life-style
Of the immigrants and expatriates
Naturalized and domiciled in foreign,
How far Indian are those who live abroad,
The diaspora dais, dislocation and displacement,
The refugee problem, cultural ethnicity,
The quest for identity,
Settlement and re-settlement.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Salman Rushdie, How Much Do I?

How much do I like you,
How do I love you,
Your golden-rimmed glasses
And the French-cut beards,
Just a little bit of
On the shaven chin?

O you, writer of
Shame, Satanic Verses, Midnight's children,
Joseph Anton: A Memoir, Haroun and the Sea of Stories,
The Moor's Last Sigh, The Enchantress of Florence,
Shalimar the Clown, The Ground Beneath Her Feet,
Luka and the Fire of Life, Grimus,
Two Years, Eight Months and Twenty-Eight Nights!

One from Solan, Himachal Pradesh
And Bombay,
You an Indian
Domiciled abroad,
Post-colonial and surreal,
Saying the things of the gipsy heart
In a conversational manner!

Fragmentary, conversational and funny,
Salman is a man of guts,
Has the verve and strength to face
And to say,
Rebel and comment
And criticize
Unmindful of public repercussion.

Historical and narrative,
He is a post-colonial as well as a post-modernist,
A talkative man
Deriving from the sub-continent,
The fire, flame and frenzy of it,
The Partition drama and politics.

Salman Rushdie, I Sketch And Draw The Portrait Of His

Salman Rushdie,
Salman
Sketch,
Sketch I him,
Photograph,
Photograph I
The personality of his,
A man who has stood for
The freedom of speech and expression
In the world
With his guts admirable.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Salman Rushdie, I Sketch The Portrait Of His

Salman Rushdie,
Salman
Sketch,
Sketch I him,
Photograph,
Photograph I
The personality of his,
A man who has stood for
The freedom of speech and expression
In the world
With his guts admirable.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Salman Rushdie, Your Personality

Salman Rushdie, your golden-rimmed specs
And the French-cut beards
Just a bit on the chin
And that all clean shaven
And one eye slanting,
All tell of your personality,
Calm composure,
A posture held aloft.

Rushdie, your personality
Undaunted and daring
Is adventuresome and risk-taking,
A writer born to defend freedom of speech
And expression,
Dying for at any cost,
A writer indefatigable
And unexhausted!

Salaman, may I ask,
Are you not yourself the golden boy
Of literature,
A knight on the horse-back
With a little bit of hair on the crown
Of the head,
A balding
With the silver plate?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Salman Rushdie: A Portrait Of An Artist/ The Artist As A Young Man

Salman Rushdie,
His beards on the chin
And the specs on the eyes
I have not forgotten,
The man and artist,
The artist as a young man
In the violet or bluish coat
And pants
With a necktie
Just like a biz magnet,
A tycoon.

Salman Rushdie,
A portrait hanging over
The wall,
Salman as a fashion designer
Moving
Judging the beauty pageants,
Himself a super star
Chartering the course
Of the freedom
Of speech and expression.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Saluting The Master In Style, I Going Into The Line Of Michael Jackson; Jackson Jackson, Michael Michael

When come I, you just inspire me,
Keep me inspiring
As your inspiration my energy
A Michael Jackson am I,
Even if not original,
But surely a duplicate one am I,
Though have not learnt it dancing
But no less than a dancer am I
Often admired by the youngsters,
I mean in private
By my little son and daughter,
The audience of mine,
They asking for more and more
And I too trying my level best to produce it more.

Not in public, but when reaching the home,
I rounding the hat of mine
Just like a juggler,
Saluting, handshaking and greeting,
Breaking the limbs, standing,
Taking the salute from the audience
And going,
Entering into,
The handkerchief tied around the neck,
The goggles on the face,
I trying to see
Lowering the specs,
Winking at and whistling.

Breaking the limbs, I trying to dancing,
My torso and bust
Getting off
And joining
Just like a lively puppet,
Slipping and gliding on feet,
Stretching
And coming to,

Handshaking and waving at,
Giving the flying kiss
To spectators
Whoever be they,
A dancer am
And dance I in any state
And position of mine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Santhal Rebellion Of 1855

Whatever say you about it,
I shall accept it,
But not all that say you
As because
To fling, sling and rain arrows
On the British regiment
With the beat of drums
Cannot be so easily
As the British not only looted India
But served it too
And they were not all notorious,
But many of the foresters too
Raining arrows.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sarbeswar Samal As A Poet From Orissa

Sarbeswar Samal who hails from
Kakhadpada, Balikhand of Balesore District,
But is a teacher of Ravenshaw College, Cuttack
Has My India And Universe, Blossoms of Heart,
Where Shall We Turn? and others
As his volumes of poesy.

Poetry is his passion,
The verve for creation
And in pursuance to it, he keeps going,
Writing verses in a free-floating way,
Styling the stanzas
As per his caprice and whim,
Telling of patriotism, myth of the land
And the realities around.

Sometimes talks he about the rise of Kalinga,
Sometimes about the Sudarsana Chakra,
Sometimes about mokshya and desire,
Sometimes asking Buddha to tell,
The peepul tree and so on,
A writer in his own right,
But to be reckoned with
If one seeks to derive from his corpus
And wants to take to comparatively
Going through the annals of Indian English verse.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sardarji

Sardarji,
How to forget you and your lively gossips,
Your conversations and talks
Witty, satiric and ironical,
Sardonic and sarcastic,
Hale and hearty?

You serving tandoori and tadaka
In the wayward highway hotel not
But the dhaba
And we relishing upon
The Punjabi recipe,
A robust diet
Of the robust people.

You making us drink the beverage,
Accompanying us,
Giving time,
Offering the pegs of
Whiskey, beer, rum and brandy
From your cupboard
And we enjoying them.

Sardarji, I mean Khushwant Singh,
How to forget you,
You and your lively gossips, chit-chats,
Tidbits of journalistic pieces and literature,
Your hale and hearty gossips,
Old-timely and conversational,
Salty and spiced?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sardarji (For Khushwant Singh)

I search him, search him the Sardarji,
The great Sardarji,
I mean Khushwant Singh,
The mariner of Coleridge
Holding the hands,
Telling stories to the wedding guests.

I search him, search him the great Sardarji,
want Singh
The novelist and the short story writer,
The journalist and the columnist,
The historian and the poetry-lover,
The entertainer and the commentator.

A tourist and a traveller,
Where has he not gone,
Where has he not toured and travelled,
Not only Delhi,
But to Peshawar, Lahore and Rawalpindi,
Oxford, Cambridge and Edinburgh can he go.

A master man of King's Standard not only,
But of Indian English,
He can take it to Punjabi English,
Bengali English, Tamil English,
Malyali English,
Even can question, b, u and t but,
But why p, u and t as put in pronunciation?

You take out the labels from the bottles,
He can taste and say
Which one rum, whisky, brandy,
Beer, champagne
Or vodka,
Taking tandoori, roti and tadka
And keeping hale and hearty.

Dyes he the hair brown,
The beards grey and glistening,

Looking so smart, young and handsome
Even in his 90 plus age,
Even failing his son Rahul Singh
In showing age,
As the son himself looks older than the appearing
To be young father.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Satanic Verses

Satanic Verses, I have heard about,
But have no read,
What is in it,
I like it,
I do not know it
What it is in it?

Satanic Verses
By Salman Rushdie.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Satanic Verses Is A Great Work Of Literature

Satanic Verses is a great work of art and satire,
Imagination is therein, creativity is,
Betwixt fancy and imagination,
Dream and allegory,
Fact and fiction
Lies it the narrative
Of the fictional text
Said in a dream allegory,
Imaginary and allegorical,
Commenting and criticizing
Factually and freely
Inclusive of historical and mythical facts.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Satire Tries To Correct And Reform

Satire is corrective in the sense
That it opens the eyes
Through criticism.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Satire, Humour & Irony

Satire is bites and barks,
Jibes and jostles,
Attacks directed upon,
Full of taunts and twists,
Malignity, envy and malice
And vengeance
Spewing and fuming and smoking.

Humour is jokes,
Fun, pun and caricature,
Smile brought upon
Through imitation and presentation,
Taking man and manners
Under its range and purview of delving.

Irony is doublespeak, volt face,
Backtracking,
A retreat from,
The method of toning someone down,
To speak sweetly
And to cut,
To hurt, heckle and harass mentally,
Things presented in contrast.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Saudi Arabia Cannot Be The Model For India

We can never think of making India
A theocratic state like Saudi Arabia
Whatever say we, say they
As the culture of India is not just like that,
India is India
And Saudi Arabia a fanatical country.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Saudi Arabian Girl, You Will Get, You Just Wait For

Saudi Arabian girl, you will get,
Get the justice expected from,
You just wait for, wait for,
The time will tell it.

To torture in the name of religious fanaticism,
Morality and justice cannot be dragged along,
Who are the religious police to look into
personal affairs, love and relationship
And to ban
After subjecting to whimsical perpetration?

May I ask you, are they themselves pure and chaste?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Saudi Girls, Your Song-Notes Strike It The Heart, Singing The Songs With Sound Wave-Lengths

Saudi maidens,
taking liberties
with customs and conventions
dare you sometimes
To adventure into the realms
of delving
into sound tracks,
wave-lengths
of sound and music
breaking traditions,
singing of love and liberty
freeing from restrictions,
that which bind upon,
escaping fetters and chains
to be free, free
and liberated,
from the life of
ghettos and taboos,
Saudi maiden,
Saudi maidens,
yours is a heart
throbbing within,
your is a soul
feeling
the heart,
Saudi maidens,
your song and love
of freedom,
how to sing,
sing it,
the song-notes of love,
love and heart?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Save The Girl Child

Save the girl child,
The poor girl child of India,
UNESCO-listed,
Going to be disbalanced.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Save The Girl Child Of India

Save the poor girl child of India,
Do not sell them,
Save them, save them
From being the load of a patriarchal society,
The burden or debt of the family.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Save The Girl Child Of India (Ii)

God, save,
Save you
The girl child of India
From old mentality.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Save The Girl Child, Save The Poor Girl Child Of India

Save the girl child,
The poor girl child India,
Poor and underdeveloped,
Underdeveloped and neglected
And ignored,
Kept under impoverished circumstances.

Taking food when all have in the family,
Giving a share in all to her brother,
Claiming it not
Property rights,
Living as a different man
In her own house
Just for to go o another family
Where the fate is unknown,
What it in her destiny!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Save Ther Poor Daughter Of India

Save,
Save the daughter,
The poor daughter of India,
The UNESCO's poor girl child,
Depleting girl-child of India.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Savitri

Savitri is a modern text of transcendental meditation

Wherein Maharshi Aurobindo taking glimpses

From earth to heaven, heaven to earth,

Thinking about the Love Divine with the opiate eyes

Of sadhna and yogic releflexion.

Savitri conquering death from Yama, the God of Death,

Taking the boon from, bringing back Satyavan to life,

Through piety and purity of heart and soul,

A character so righteous and chaste and virtuous,

Loyal and devoted to her mate.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Savitri By Aurobindo

Savitri by Aurobindo
Is the lotus of imagination,
A myth and a legend,
A dream and a vision
Of the yogi
Of the Pondicherry Ashrama.

Savitri a work drafted and re-drafted
Is an epic
Of Indian philosophy and culture,
Thought and tradition,
Myth and mysticism,
Cosmology and theology.

The yogi with his yogic reflection
Adds and attaches to the work,
A book in vaster expanse,
One of cosmic vision and reflection,
Transcendental meditation,
Taking to a different plane of imagination.

A book of human destiny,
The Soul holds a discussion
With Yama,
The God of Religion,
The God of Death,
The Messenger with the Message Divine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Savitri Is But The Life Divine In Poetry

Savitri is not poetical Savitri,
But The Life Divine in poetry
Disturbing with his Miltonic parodies,
Latinized diction and Sanskritic base
Of Vedanto-Upanishadism.

Savitri is not Savitri
But the rishi's love for a celestial damsel,
Victory over kaam-vasana,
Infatuation and temptation,
The charm of celibacy materializing,
Culminating in Satyavan's marriage with Savitri.

In the character of Savitri,
The picture of the mother hangs heavily upon,
The French mother
Of the Pondicherry ashrama,
The favourite shisya of Aurobindo
And she an ashramite
In rudraksha rosary.

In Savitri the echoes of Paradise Lost
Can be heard
And reverberates it
The fall and temptation of man
To some extent,
A text so prosaic and classical,
But in poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Savitri, A Lotus Of Imagination

Savitri by Sri Aurobindo

Is but a lotus of imagination,
The dreamer from the ashrama
Feeling about the aroma of it,
Dreaming about the colour and beauty
Of the lotus,
The lotus of imagination.

See the lotus from far,
Go not deep into the waters,
Pluck you not,
The lotus pink, white and bluish,
A temptation is it,
A fascination.

The lotus of the waters,
The lotus of sadhna,
The hue and aroma of it,
The colour and paint of it,
The lotus romantic,
The lotus divine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Savitri, Aurobindo's Savitri

Savitri has born out of sadhna,
Yogic, reflective and meditative,
Spiritual and theological,
Cosmic and transcendental,
Love Celestial is the thing of discussion,
The rishi galvanizing the dreams of love
After burning in the furnace of
Of the ashramite hut,
A Vedic and Upanishadic attempt,
A Puranic discussion
With regard to death and love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sawal Black Money Kaa, Chai Hain, Garam Chai Hain, Bhaiyya, Chah Pi Lo, Chah Pi Lo (The Prime Ministerial Candidate In The Train Bogey)

Chai-chai, garam chai, bhaiyya garam chai hain,
Chai-chai, garam chai,
Pi lo, pi lo, bhaiyya,
Garam-garam chai, chai-chai hain, bhaiyya.

The Matter Is of Black Money, Tea, Hot Tea, Big Brother, Take Tea, Tea Take you
(The Prime Ministerial Candidate In The Train Bogey)

Tea-tea, hot tea, big brother, it is hot tea,
Tea-tea, hot tea,
drink, drink, big brother,
Hot-hot tea, it is tea-tea, big brother.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Say No To Miangiri, Hindugiri, Christiangulari (Too Much Of Everything Is Bad)

Say no
To Miangiri, Hindugiri, Christiangulari,
Too much of it,
As haven't you heard,
Excess of everything is bad?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Say To The Lord (tine)

Say to the Lord that he came, kept the pack
Of red roses for You
And went away.

Roses for tine, roses for the Lord of Love,
Unwrap your feelings or him,
The feeling of the heart.

Offer to him to
Or pray to him at least for once
On tine's Day.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Say You (A Duet Song) Bilingual

Say You (A Duet Song)

(Male Singer)

Say you,
Say you
That you love me, love me,
Not to live without you,
Not to live without you.

(Female Singer)

O, said I, said I,
O, O, said I, said I,
I love you, love you,
How many times to say to,
Yea, you love me, I love you.

Kah Do Naa (A Duet Song)

(Male Singer)

Kah do naa,
Kah do naa
Ki humko-numse pyar hain,
Jeenaa nahin tere binaa,
Jeenaa nahin tere binaa.

(Female Singer)

Yare, kahaa naa, kahaa naa,
Yare, yare, kaha naa, kahaa naa,
Tumse pyaaar hain, pyaar hain,
Kitne baar kahun,
Haan, tumko hamshe pyaar hain.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Say You It

Kah Do Na

Kah do,
Kah do na,
Humko tumse muhabbat hain,
Haan, humko tumse muhabbat hain.

Kah Do Na

Kah do,
Kah do na,
Humko tumse muhabbat hain,
Haan, humko tumse muhabbat hain.

Say You It

Say you,
Say you it,
I am in love with you,
Yea, I am in love with you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Say You Not About The Northeast Indian English Poets

If you have to say about the poetry
From the northeast,
Say you about Assamese, Naga, Mizo,
Sikkimese, Arunachali, Tripuri, Meghalayan
Poets writing in their fol language
Or the native tongue dialect,
But not about the Indian English poets and poetesses
From the exotic and impregnable northeast
As if the base of Indian English language is itself uncertain
Then what to say about the Northeast English poetry?

English is English, either Indian nor Asiatic,
Neither Nepali nor Bhutani nor Tibetan,
But say you about the Naga sadhus,
The great Naga sadhus of yore,
Kamrupa-Kamakhya Devi,
The Ahom Dynasty and its linkage,
Not relating to to the history of Delhi,
The Lamas and the Sherpas,
The Himalayan heights and the snowy caps of it,
The Lepchas and the Bhutias.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Say You, At Your First Sight

At your first sight
Captivated you,
Captivated and charmed you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Say You, Love Me, Love Me

Say you, love me, love me,
You love me,
Just love me,
O, say you, say you
That you just love me,
Love me,
O, say you, say you
That you love me, just love me!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Say You, Where Will You Go With Miangiri, Where Will You With Your Hindugiri?

Say you, where will you
With your Miangiri,
Where will you
With your Hindugiri?

Where will you, my friend
With your too much Miangiri,
Too much Hindugiri?

Try to be a man, sir, first
Rather than conservative and orthodox
And fanatical.

Hence asked I, put the awkward question before,
Where will you with your Miangiri,
Where will you with your Hindugiri?

Oh, a Mian wanting not to handshake with a Hindu!
Getting remembered of the warm handshakes
Of Atal Bihari and General Musharraf and Modi and Mian Nawaz Sharif.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Say, Do You Love Me?

Say, do you love me, love me,
Said she in tears,
Wiping them with one hand
And eye-lashes wet with, splashed with tears,
Saw I them slowly and sadly.

Say, do you love me, love me,
Asked she tearfully
And I could not,
I love you, love you,
I love you.

I just saw, saw the tears coming down,
Teardrops falling down,
The cheeks smeared and wet with
And just a stone stood I
Viewing her.

How heartless and cruel had I been,
Now think I
That went she on saying,
Do you love me, do you love me
And I flirting with love.

How rocky and stony looked I,
My heart laden with rocks and stones
And as a frozen and fossilized fellow
Stood I
Hearing her sobs and cries!

And this is how, after her departure,
Have I started hating myself
And confessing,
How bloody and brutal
Had I been in my love to her!

And it is repentance, expiation that
My love I have not found so far,
Still now go about searching

That love, that face, that soul and heart,
That face-cutting asking me frequently, quite innocently,
Do you love me, do you love me?
Say, do you love me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Say, Say You Uninterruptedly? I, I...you

I, I,
Say, say you,
Love, love,
Say, say you,
You.

What, what did you?
Say it again, darling?
I,
Say, say you again,
Repeat, repeat it
Without any hitch.

Hearing it, then said she,
Listen to me,
I, I,
Love, love,
You, you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Say, You Love Me

Say, you love me,
Love me, love me.

You are the girl whom have I liked,
Liked and loved so much,
You are the girl just like
The dream seen.

Say, say, do you love me,
Do you love me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Scholars Never Show Themselves

Scholars never show themselves
As they keep a very low profile
Rather than being pontifical and hypocritical
Like the modern hollow and shallow men,
Looking
Urban, depressed, broken, torn, laden and lost,
Mechanical, technical and artificial.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sculptures And Me

Under the starlit skies
I talking with the sculptures.

Who are you, yoga-yoginis,
Sevadasis and devadasis turned stone,
Nautch girls?

Under the mystical night thinking I mystically and mythically
All about the myths of life and love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sculptures In Love

Who is the man sculpting the erotic sculptures in love,
Who is the artist painting the night of man-woman relationship,
Who the weaver of darker love and the tangled story of it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Seamus Heaney

The mind fails to comprehend
Seamus Heaney,
Was he a Catholic,
An Irish man
Or a political activist?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Searching For Pathetic Things In Similar To Dalit Lit. In English Lit.

Can you accept the selling of the wife in Hardy's
The Mayor of Casterbridge?
Hardy himself married again when he had been seventy plus
A woman just below half the age?
Tennyson describes the beggar girl in The Beggar Maid poem
And the African king comes down to greet her.
Charles Lamb describes the chimney-sweepers
In the prose-piece The Chimney-Sweepers.
Blake describes the motherly affectionate love
In The Little Black Boy poem
And the compulsions of the prostitute mother
Of the newly-born baby in London poem.
In the poem, He That Is Down Needs No Fear Fall, John Bunyan
Talks of the lowly and the down under without fear.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Second Marriage

When his wife died she, wept he bitterly
By the pyre of hers,
Taking the oath
As for becoming a sadhu
And remaining unmarried,
But the same man
Now planning to re-marry,
Dumping his small son and daughter,
Dyeing his beards and moustache
As for to look younger,
Marrying a girl
Half the age of his.

Bijay Kant Dubey

See Me But With Love And Sympathy, Said She Weeping And Sobbing And Sighing, Inconsolably Breaking Down

Love is a candle burning,
Burning and melting,
The candle with the wick.

Tear drops falling from
Silently and secretly,
Hidden from the world,
wiped with the palms
And the hands

And the eyelids red with,
The eyelashes smeared with
Rubbing and wiping,
Is this called love,
Is love suffering?

(Background note:
I too sobbed at some corner
After having viewed her,
My eyes too wet with tears.)

N.B. The background is too a part, but an unwanted addition to it. here the love
is as a daughter.)

Bijay Kant Dubey

See The Girls, Sell The Photos Of, As You Haven'T

See the girls, sell the photos of
As you haven't
The photos of
The girls.

Lure them not so much,
Mind it
They too are men.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Selfie

Miss Selfie

Taking photographs
From her smartphone,
None but she herself
Taking
And seeing with wow.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Selfie, Selfie

A self-photograph
Taken by
Himself or herself
With a digital camera
Or the smart phone
To post
On the social networking sites
As for to be browsed
By friends or relatives.

Selfie,
A self-portrait photograph
Taken by the digital camera
Or the camera phone
To see
How one looks,
How is viewed by others,
A self-image done automatically,
Impulsively
Through.

I keeping the camera
At an arm's distance
Taking the snap of,
None but myself,
None but I myself
Snapping myself
The picture of mine,
The image of mine
To display and to see
To review and post it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Selfie, Selfie, Hi Selfie, Hello Selfie!

Selfie, Selfie,
Hi Selfie, hello Selfie,
Selfie, selfie!

Selfie, Selfie,
Hi selfie, hello Selfie!
The world a photograph taken by her!

Selfie, selfie!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Selfie, Selfie, Mr. And Miss Selfie Taking Photos And Dancing (Digicam Photo Pleasure)

Selfie, selfie,
Selfies they taking,
Mr. and Miss Selfies
On their digicams
And having taken they
Pictures and photos,
Selfies dancing
With the song,
Selfie, selfie,
Hi Selfie, hello Selfie,
Selfie, selfie.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sell Not, O, Bombayan Theatre Men, The Snake-Charmer's Music!

Snake-charmer, play you the wooden 'been' instrument
In the forest deep and dark,
Playing the music of your rhyhtm
And sadhna.

You playing and playing and the music so haunting
That the cobras, grey, blackly and whitish
Start hissing around
After hearing the music of the East,
The music of Asia, I mean India.

But it pains me to see that catch you so tactfully
With the bamboo basket to put into
And making it smell a root
So that the anger can lessen a bit

And earn they the Bombaywallahs, the Bombayan film-makers
Falsely imitating the snake-charmer's music
And giving not anything else to them.

Your risk, none can take to, your playing with the kaal,
The doom
As a bite can be so fatal,
But they collecting your money bundles
And you poorer and poorer,
What you had been in the past!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Seminar Presentation

I did not go to hear her
Reading her paper
From the dais,
But to see her,
A girl in the bobby-cut
Presenting her paper
In smiles.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sexual Mysticism, The Mystic Poetry Of Love And Its Dreams

Sexual mysticism,
The mystic poetry of love and its dreams
And the propagators were none
But Freud, Jung and Adler
Interpreting dreams,
Vatsyayana reading Kamsuttra,
Acharya Rajneesh
Talking of
Sambhoga to samadhi
In his ashrama,
The yogi smoking ganja
From the chillum
And keeping the ladki
In his ashrama
And the chrysanthemums
With perfume
Luring Lawrence.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sexual Mysticism/ The Fire Of Sex

Sex, the mythic base of it
And the application of mysticism,
what to say about
Man-woman relationship,
Why do they get attracted to,
Why do they detach,
Why do they love,
Why do they hate?

Oh, love cannot be pure,
The original sin of man and his temptation
Which he could not resist
Leading to his fall from heaven,
Oh, could not sidetrack the temptation
Of eating the forbidden fruit,
Man's greed
Of relishing upon!

Sexuality and mysticism,
The mysticism of sex,
How to peruse it,
The flame of the soul,
The fire of the body licking,
The passion of possessing,
Holding in clasp, hug and embrace,
Kissing and possessing the body
With electro-magnetic sensation.

The terracotta plates of clay
Baked in and fitted on
The temple gates
Telling of dharma, artha, kama and moksha
On whose part,
Of the artisans and masons at work
Or the yogis failing to rein in,
Does it not refer to,
Sambhoga to samadhi?

The desire of sex uncontrollable,

Gallops as the wild horse,
The fire catching,
Maddening,
The lips quivering,
Souls sucking in deep
So the thirst of it,
The fire of it,
The frenzy for dwelling far.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sfi Appears To Be Most Aggressive

SFI appears to be most aggressive
As it manipulates the youth wing
After distorting it all
And the Leftist thinktanks
Keep them as flexing of muscles,
The fire power,
The youth power.

What can it compain it now,
Does it have the guts or morality of
As it beat the other unions
In its time,
Which but everybody knows it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shadow Space By Jayanta Mahapatra

Jayanta Mahapatra's Shadow Space, published for first time in 1997,
Opens with Living In Orissa poem,
Followed by Landscape, A Hunt of Grief, 1992, Heroism, Trying To Keep Still,
The Shadow of Day, Widow, Saving Ourselves, Illness
And others
To tell the story of same kind and narration
As they mean it not,
What he says and what he means.

Abstract and reflecting, he is a poet of light and darkness,
Random descent and random reflection,
Nothing is what it seems to be
And what it seems to be is nothing,
There is nothing as that exists
And this forms the poetic base of the poet,
The vacuum writ large,
The space infinite.

Bazaar Scene, Possessions, Aftermath, Season, Still Life, June Rain,
Village Evening, The Quiet, Greeting, Raining, Cloak of White,
Defeat, Shadows, Octave, Walls, Denials, The Fear, Enterprise,
Awe, Afterward, Life, Ashes, Late, The Stories In Poetry,
Telling the tales in their own way,
What the poetic tale, what the poetic truth,
The poetry of nothingness that he writes,
Life but an absurd waiting, that he relays to.

Abstract thought, blank mood, vacant thinking, pervade
The poetic spirit of the poet,
The colours of loneliness that he sees and feels,
The toy clockwork of poetry,
What makes one wait,
A brief history of losses never to be written,
Obscure face, the blue sky hanging above his palms,
Shadows can never open their mouths
Are the things of his reckoning.

His is a poetry based on suppositions,
A lot of proposition, a lot of conjecture is therein

And the poet contradicting and contrasting,
Comparing and presenting,
Laughter always on the lookout for grief is similar to
Hardy's happiness is but a bubble in man's life
And Gray's obscure destiny of village forefathers,
Childhood sitting in shadow to remember
And to see the changed appearances.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shadow-Lines/ Shadowed Existence/ Shaded Picture

Man is a walking shadow,
I a shadow, you a shadow, we are but shadows,
They too are but shadows,
Your shadow, my shadow, the shadow of life,
The world a shadow.

I am a shadow, you are a shadow, they are shadows,
Shadowy is this existence of ours,
History of ours shrouded in mystery,
Shadowed life, shadowed presence of ours,
Shadow, shadow, only shadows
In life and the world.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shadows In The Sun By dranath Menon

Shadows In The Sun brought out
By dranath Menon
From Writers Workshop, Calcutta
In 1976
Is a book
Typical of its author
Dabbling in verse
From time to time.

A collection of some 32 poems,
It starts with Clockwork Orange
To be followed by
The Second Churning, May Dance,
Crystal-Glass, Optimist,
Sentinels, Anatomy of a Revolution,
Push-Button Warfare, Poet.

The Search, A Clear Message,
Satymeva Jayate, Ambition,
Hop, Step And Jump, Leopard,
Bhasmasura, Pareekshith's Story,
Money, Money, Money,
In The Examination Hall,
Scientist, Equilibrium, the poems.

A poet of ground realities,
His ambition
Is not to scale heights
Or climb the peaks of,
But to be with the crowd
In their haste and hurry,
Doing their odds.

The poet is meaningful,
Inclusive of thoughts and ideas,
The Indian scenery and panorama,
The seasons changing,
Climates varying,
He describes the summer spectacle

And the monsoon showers
Lessening the heat of the day.

To Menon, the poet is
But a dreamer, a visionary,
An image-maker, a flight-taker,
A re-collector
Of emotion and feeling,
A re-joiner of
The past, the present and the future,
Marking the wave-lengths, radio waves.

Into the depths of time and space,
He marks the moments
Trapped
Glossing over mind and matter,
With the memory of the remote past
To be relived
And the vision of future
Anxious for a purview.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shah Rukh's Word Is Not Last Word On Intolerance

It is Shah Rukh's personal view of life,
India had never been intolerant,
Had it been, the minorities would not have
Enjoyed priorities.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shakespeare House

Shakespeare, you were born there
At that house,
O you, the writer dramas,
Tragedies, comedies, tragi-comedies
And historical plays,
Shakespeare
The writer of sonnets,
You were born there!

The house is still, but times not,
Have flown away,
Memories lying blurred
With regard to your portrait
And biography,
Shakespeare,
O you, the great writer of
The Merchant of Venice, Tempest,
As You Like It,
Macbeth, Hamlet, Othello,
Julius Caesar, King Lear!

Shakespeare, you were born at
Henley Street, Stratford-upon Avon, Warwickshire,
But tell you personally,
How could you manage to write
World-famous dramas,
Did you ever intend to be a dramatist
Or were you an actor
Who took to composition for audience sake
Marking the taste just as a drama company artiste?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shakespeare, Keep Us Not In The Dark

Shakespeare, keep us not in the dark,
Say it, who your dark lady,
The lady love whom
Describe you secretly and stealthily as the love of your poetry?

You may say that your mistress's eyes are not like the sun,
The cheeks not rosy,
Lips not pink or coral-like,
But I will.

The eyes of my mistress dark and beautiful, lovely and deep
That see I, go I seeing on,
The lips of my darling pink and coloured
As if some painter had painted them.

The smiles of hers in paints and sketches,
Smiles figuring upon and deleting as impressions,
The braid of hair which hangs up to the waist level
Full of jasmines stuck into

And the stars studded into and twinkling,
The face of hers the moon-face
And sandalwood paste embroidered
And a bindi on the forehead.

I do not know who the girl,
A painter's imagination or a poet's dream,
A singer's love-song
Or a replica of a nautch girl on the temple-pillar.

You may call her Rosy, Daisy, Bobby,
But she for me is
My Chandramukhi, Suryamukhi,
My Champa-Chameli.

Shakespeare, say you, who the dark lady is,
Keep not the critics guessing,
Spending so much on seminars,
If not, let me call in the Scotland Yard detectives

With Alsatian dogs will they come, searching you,
Searching me the complainant,
Say you, reveal it
Otherwise both of us will be in trouble.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shakespeare, Who Is This Dark Lady?

Shakespeare, who is this dark lady,
Which talk you about,
Say you frankly
Rather than hiding in something,
Who this dark lady is,
As everyone suspects you
In this regard,
Who is this girl,
You talk about?

Is she a co-artiste of yours,
A drama company man,
Wherein acted and parted you
And borrowed you from
Histories and politics,
But say you, who is she,
One from the audience
Or, one of the royal lineage
Or, a hanging fan of yours,
Who is this,
Who is this,
Keep us not in the dark?

The forensic reports conducted on older texts
Of yours,
The fingerprints may tell them,
Let me, let me call in the detectives
From the Scotland Yard
To make you confess it,
Even exhuming the mortal remains,
But you have to answer,
Answer me,
As you can't go scot-free,
As for your loving stealthily,
Making a mention of it,
But revealing it not adultery in love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shakespearean Fool As The Head Of The Deptt Of English, A Varsity Professor

He had not to be a professor of the varsity deptt. of English,
But instead of, heading now,
As many of them retired
And the posts fell vacant.

But see his fate, he came in just after his M.A. in English
And .,
Now doing his Ph.D. somehow hurriedly
To be a reader and a Ph.D. guide.

While the other villagerly fellow who had been in
A block-level private college,
Later declared constituent
Switched over to a big college.

Again, took he a major jump
When the new university was opened
And he joined the nearby campus
To be the head of the department of English.

Now calls he himself a guide, a varsity officer
That very villager turned into a speaker of English,
A proud master of the Shakespearean language not, literature,
Strutting and walking on tip-toe.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shakuntala In English

Shakuntala in English
Dramtizing in English,
An Indian girl from
The metropolitan towns and mega cities
Enacting the drama in English
To the foreign audience.

Shakuntala,
Bengali Shakuntala,
Tamil Shakuntala,
Punjabi Shakuntala,
Manipuri Shakuntala.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shashi Tharoor

Shashi Tharoor, I used to hear about your books
And used to see them,
But novels interested me not
As I could not them patiently,
Giving so many hours of busy life.

But when came you from the U.N.O. headquarters,
You opting for Sunanda Pushkar after a stormy affair,
I thought the things settled quite amicably
But again came you in the news
With the Tweeter messaging.

Is to marry and divorce the work of the great,
I mean of those in the media glare or limelight,
If had not to keep, why did you marry again,
Is to marry and break the work of the novelists
More or less like Salman Rushdie, ul?

Is to play with weak feminine emotions and sentiments,
The life-style of the modern urban man,
It to love and like and divorce
The methodology of the modern thinking mind,
Loving and dumping?

After marrying Tillotma Mukherji, you divorced her
To move to Christa Giles
Then to Sunanda Pushkar
And again got you embroiled in loveful tweets
Forming a triangle with Sunanda, Mehar Tarar and you yourself.

And Sunanda who had a rendezvous life as an entrepreneur
After shocks and earlier divorce in life,
Made her bold and daring to face life,
The odds of it,
Trying to eke out a way of life and settlement for herself.

Just for the tweets of the Pakistani journalist, Mehar Tarar,
For which not only she had been responsible,
But Tharoor himself too,

Accepting or refusing to accept it
And the unwanted and the untoward happen it otherwise.

Is to pick for romance, flirt with and leave,
Love and like and divorce,
The trend of modern life and culture,
Why do they not try to understand the stresses
Or re-settlement after the ruffle?

It was not a fault of Mehar Tarar, but of Shashi's too,
Whatever says he,
I do not know what the workings of the writerly mind
As the writer say one thing and do they one thing
In their life, even Hardy marrying a very young girl in his old age.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shashi Tharoor, Your Novels Interest Me Not, But Your Story Of Life

Shashi Tharoor, your novels not,
But your past records,
The trails of your life
Leave us not,
They haunt us
As marriage and re-marriage
And the breaking of relationships
Felt after living
In a glass house.

Shashi Tharoor, is marriage a drama,
Yea, the marriage institution
As you made a mockery of that,
Can there be any novel greater
Than this story of life?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shashi Tharoor, Your Twitter Gossip

Shashi Tharoor, your Twitter gossip,
Love gossip with Mehar Tarar,
Love tweets with her,
Why did you show them to Sunanda Pushkar
Who ended her life tragically,
If you had to love Tarar?

After marrying Tillotma Mukherji,
Divorced and chose you Christa Giles,
Then moved you to Sunanda Pushkar,
An entrepreneur,
Making a tryst with destiny
To enter into a relationship

And after leaking about the tweets,
Doing the love talks stealthily,
Say you that your account was hacked,
You did not turn to the Pakistani journalist,
Frustrating Sunanda desperately
A helpless woman to give her life.

Shashi, your novels not,
Nor your writings interest me,
Say you about your love triangle
Whatever be your previous record of
Living in controversies,
Love you controversies, but devastate not anyone.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shashi Tharoor...

Shashi Tharoor, do not keep silent,
Say you about
Who is coming next?
After the exit of Sunanda Pushkar
Into the theatre of your life
To enact the new role?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shashi Tharoor...Is To Love And Abandon Your Name?

Shashi Tharoor, your novels not,
But your loves interest me more,
You say it
How you went on loving
And quitting,
Is this called love?
In life, morals and didactic values
Are important
Than name and fame
As it lives it not here anything else,
Ego, hypocrisy and riches.

Bijay Kant Dubey

She Came To Me, I Went To Her

Just said I,
I love you,
She said to me,
I love you
And leaving our homes,
We kept gazing at, smiling, waving the hands
And greeting
And gesturing.

Is this called love,
Love and its madness,
Let the spring come,
I shall hand over wild blossoms
Which but the love-mad cuckoos know it well.

Bijay Kant Dubey

She Had Been Beautiful As Such

She had been as such that saw I and liked I,
Fell in love with her
At her first sight,
At the first glance of her,
So cute and curt.

What to say it more,
I do not have the words to sketch
And paint
A sweet photograph of hers,
A beauty so lovely and rare.

Bijay Kant Dubey

She Has Left Her Husband To Be An Indian English Poetess

She has left her husband,
Abandoned and deserted her
As for o be an Indian English poetess,
A feminist in the making.

Bijay Kant Dubey

She Held Me By Collar To Enquire About If I Really Loved Her Or Not

She held me by collar to ask it,
Do you love me,
Love me or not,
O, you will go away,
Will you leave me, leave me
To be with another sweetheart?

With tears into the eyes of hers, asked she soulfully,
O, you will go, go away really,
Leaving me all alone,
Loving me,
Giving heart and taking away?

Bijay Kant Dubey

She Held My Collar To Ask

She held me by collar to ask me,
Do you love me or not,
Coming closer to,
Asking me simply,
Sometimes furiously,
Sometimes melodiously
With tears into the eyes of hers,
Pulling me closer,
Asking to give an ear to her whispers,
Do you love me,
Love me or not
Or will go away from,
Standing vis-à-vis, face-to-face,
Eyes to the eyes, lips to the lips,
Tear drops seen from closely
And their crystal trickle,
Asking for an answer,
Do you love me, love me or not
Or will you go from,
Will you go and leave me?

O, say you,
Do you love me,
Love me or not,
I know, know,
You will go away, go away,
Saying it repeatedly,
Enquiring about curiously enough,
Do you love me or not,
Do you love me, love me
Or will you leave me,
Leave me and go away,
With the tears falling from,
Maya engulfing me,
Trenching in,
She asking me time and again,
Do you love me,
Love me or not
Or turn away from,

Will, will go away from
Leaving me?

I too had made up my mind
Of deserting her,
Leaving,
Leaving and turning away from,
But when said she weepingly
With tears into the eyes of hers,
The innocent face of hers,
Confessed I, melted it the heart of mine
For being compassionate enough,
To be kind to man in distress
And she crying, crying like a small girl,
The eyes red with tears ad weeping
And she threatening to pull,
Pull a crowd
For a hasty retreat
And behavioural treatment of mine
But I came to the ground
When she held me by collar,
Dragged me stealthily,
Threatening to make it public
If confided I not in,
Took her to not believing
That I love you, love you,
That I shall not, shall not leave you.

Her holding of my collar, drawing
And dragging me
Brought me to the ground,
Got I my enlightenment
As for not to cheat anyone,
Betray anybody else,
Deceive you not,
Love and leave you not
After loving anybody,
Change not so often
With the fickle mind,
Love you yourself,
Love you, lover her,
Love, but betray her not,

Kiss the flower
But change it not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

She Is A Modern Girl

She is a modern girl, has lived in towns and cities,
She is a master of etiquette and good manners,
Courtesy and delicacy,
Sweetening with please and thank you and goodbye,
See you again,
Waving the hand.

Bijay Kant Dubey

She Is A Woman

After all
She is a woman,
A woman
Full of the milk of kindness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

She Is Also The Daughter Of Some L: Oving Father, Do Not Call Her A Whore

She is also the daughter of some loving father,
Do not call her a whore,
A daughter like that of mine,
A daughter like that of yours.

She is also the daughter of some loving father,
Do not call her a whore,
O, call her not!

Bijay Kant Dubey

She Is Also The Loving Daughter Of Some Father, The Lovely Daughter Of Her Affectionate Daddy

She is also a loving daughter
Of her father,
The loving daughter of her affectionate daddy,
Do not,
Do not call please a bad girl.

She is also the loving and affectionate daughter
Of some dad
Who has reared her
With so much so love and sympathy,
And if we cannot give anything,
We must snatch her happiness at all
By calling her unchaste, fallen and degraded
And characterless.

Bijay Kant Dubey

She Is Herself A Rose

A rose you,
How to gift a rose to you,
My love?

I never thought in my life
That I would get a girl like a rose,
A red rose.

Thank You, God,
Thank You, for this.

Bijay Kant Dubey

She Is Ma, Not My Mother Only, The Mother Of The Whole Creation (Shyama Sangeet)

Kali, Bhagabati or Durga
Whatever say you,
You just come, come
And go seeing the Ma,
The Mother Divine,
Just the rupa of Hers,
How does She appear to be,
Look like!

Come, come
And go seeing
After
A Kali,
A statue of Kali lies it
Here.
Strange and bizarre
And grotesque!

With the four hands
And the weapons,
The snake and the sword
And the conch-shell
And the jackal
And wearing a wreath of the heads
Of the sinners, devils cut
And threaded.

Difficult to say
Why the image that,
But see, see Her,
The images and pictures of hers,
As the Ways of hers
It is difficult to judge!

Bijay Kant Dubey

She Is Not With Me, But Her Photograph To Make Me A Poet

Her photograph is with me to be an artist
Though she is not with
But her photograph is with me
To be an artist
And she my inspiration behind.

And after being the proud possessor of it,
Call I myself an artist,
A great artist
Though the photograph is that of hers,
Not mine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

She Is Sobbing And In Tears And You Doing Ta-Ta, Bye-Bye

Gentleman, is this your love, gentlemanliness,
Is this your modernity,
Love and leave?

Having left her weeping inconsolably,
The eyes red with weeping,
The handkerchief wet with tears,
You intend on proposing again
That you are single, unmarried,
on the look out for a new girl.

And will say you again that you have not
Any girl before,
This is the first time you have fallen in love
With anyone who is so sweet.

Say you, I love you to her,
Not before me as I may not like your character
And it may turn bad for you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

She May Be Dark, But Is My Lovely Daughter (The Poor Daughter Of Poor India)

She may be dark, but is my lovely daughter,
Dark but affectionate,
Careful and loving,
How neglected is she,
Think I,
How ignored in the homes
Of poverty, illiteracy and backwardness,
In a torn frock
Goes she to the hamlet school
Running under the banyan trees
and she reading on a jute knapsack,
My lovely daughter,
My affectionate daughter,
My poor but loving daughter,
Living miserably,
But smiling in pains too
The poor daughter of Poor India.

Bijay Kant Dubey

She Said To Me In A Slow Voice Of Hers, I Love You, I Love You

When said she to me, I love you,
Exactly from that,
Changed it the heart of mine,
Now find I not any interest in any work
That do I,
just keep I thinking and saying to myself
In whispers,
I love you, I love you,
How did she say to me!

The moment she said to me in a slow and sweet voice of her own,
From that time felt I,
Heartless and hollow from within,
Bleeding and wounded,
Getting absent-minded
As such was the impact of her love,
The impression of her words
Casting on me
And I heaving and sighing for love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

She Took The Book By The Hand From Behind

After the great pastoral drama
Of the countryside,
Quarrelling with and flinging the books,
Tearing apart the notes of the scholar
As for his being lost in readings and studies,
Trying to reconcile with
And come to terms
After weeping and crying,
The teenaged and pastoral girl,
Dressed and made up to turn up
To please the repenting husband
As for the research papers
Destroyed and unavailable
Without the carbon copy even.

She came to, took the sole book left into
The hands of the scholar
From behind,
Trying to hide the eyes from
To make him say,
Who she is,
Again coming with a cup of tea
To let go all.

"Why does one do research,
Have you thought about,
Just for getting a good-looking wife? , "
Said she smilingly,
Though the tears had not dried so well.

Bijay Kant Dubey

She Vanished Into The Panchttatva—five Elements

Under the starlit skies
The pyre was lit
And slowly and sadly
Saw I my mother
Vanishing into the gloom.

Sitting, wearing new
And bathing
Or rounding about,
Placing on the logs
And the fire was lit.

Under the skies,
She lay burning
And they giving Hari bols,
Hari bol, Hari bol, Hari bol,
Bol Hari bol, Hari bol,
Ram nam satya hain, yahi sabo ka gatya hain.

The body burnt to ashes,
The navel kept burning,
The figure disfigured it
And as thus lost I my mother.

Wept I, called I tearfully
With the tears trickling down the cheeks,
Falling down,
Dropping down to earth,
Dried and half-dried.

Ma, ma,
Mother, my mother,
But the mother was gone,
Gone for ever,
Nowhere to be found again,
The body finished into the panchattatva,
The five elements.

,
The earth to earth,

Fire to fire,
Water to water,
Wind to wind
And spirit to spirit
And it remained not anything else
To be called own,
Of my mother's.

Fire embers, ashes, coals,
Burnt and unburnt logs,
Broken earthen pitchers and bowls,
Thrown off clothes,
Just denoted they
That a body burnt it there
And disintegrated it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sheikh Hashina's Umpiring During The Woerld Cup Indo-Bangladesh Match

If the umpiring decisions had been poor
And not up to the mark
During the World Cup Indo-Bangladesh match
Then Sheikh Hashina
Should have taken in
Or called for umpiring.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sheikh Hashina's Umpiring During The World Cup Indo-Bangladesh Match

If the umpiring decisions had been poor
And not up to the mark
During the World Cup Indo-Bangladesh match
Then Sheikh Hashina
Should have taken in
Or called for umpiring.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sheikh Hasina's Umpiring Decisions

We cannot admire it,
She should know it
That she is a politician of a small nation,
But as far as her words show it,
She must quit politics
And join in umpiring decisions.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shelley

Was he a revolutionary,
A rebel
Or a poet
Idealist,
Who,
Who was he?

A romantic
Or a poet revolutionary?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shepherd Love

Where are you, my shepherd love,
Rustic love
Grazing the goats,
Coming with the wild blossoms
To give to?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shepherd Love, Where The Flower Of Yours?

My pastoral love, I still remember you,
The day when gae you a wild flower to me,
My love, rustic mistress,
Where lie you,
My heart yearns for your love,
Where are you shepherd girl,
I loiter upto the mud house of yours,
But find you not, my love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shepherd Scholar

Shepherd Scholar,
In the small hilly township,
We used to meet and discuss
The problems of the age,
The angst and bewilderment,
Remedy and catharsis,
In the country home
We used to meet
While going on the ways,
A scholar of the nondescript country,
You used to live as an agriculturist,
A dairy farmer,
A mud-house-man,
A cottager in the township.

A man of simple living and high thinking,
You used to think and dream
Highly of,
An abnormal reader and marker
Of the ways of the world and life,
You were indifferent,
Indifferent
To progress and development,
A scholar lost into the thoughts
And visions of the past,
Scholarly, but shepherdish,
Not at all medieval and superstitious.

You used to smile when you used to see
The labour school girls
Coming from the school,
For the labourers' wards
Earning and learning,
You used to feel happy
When the shepherd boys and girls
Used to pluck the wild blooms
And used to give to you
While crossing the dry river bed,

Scholar, today you are dead and gone,
But the memories are still fresh in us.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sherbet, Indian Sherbet, Give Me To Beat The Summer, Cheaper Indian Sherbet, Not Costly

Sherbet,
Indian sherbet,
You give me
To beat the summer
Ruffling it all,
Baffling us,
No respite from it,
No relief
From intensive heat and summer,
Perspiration and sweating,
Tiredness and thirst,
Heat and dust
When the hot winds keep playing
At some nook and corner
With the dry leaves
Swirling.

Sherbet,
Indian sherbet
Made from cooled water
Of the earthen pitcher
And kept on sands
For sometime,
Not the olden age
Molasses and milk mixed,
But curd and cold water mixed
Sweet lassi,
Lemon and sugar mixed drink,
Raw mango-burnt sherbet.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shiv

Shiv K. Kumar, it's true that you too a Lahorian,
One from Rawalpindi, Peshawar or Lahore
Just like Keshav Malik, alla, Mulk Raj Anand, Khushwant Singh,
Krishan Chander, Bhisham Sahni and Rajinder Singh Bedi,
Born in Lahore in 1921, matriculated from D.A.V. School, Lahore,
B.A. from Government College and M.A. Forman Christian College, Lahore

Again restarted you for your second innings
In 1943, you joined D.A.V. College, Lahore as a lecturer,
But moved to Delhi during the Partition
And after brief stints as lecturer at Hansraj College, Delhi
And as programme officer at the All India Radio, Delhi
And left India to join Fitzwilliam College, Cambridge in 1950.

In 1956, received Ph.D. in English Literature from the Univ. of Camb.
On 'Bergson and the Stream of Consciousness Novel'
Under the research supervision of Professor David Daiches,
It's good enough to hear about
And also had the opportunity of being tutored by s,
Quite important from the biographical point of view.

Shiv K. Kumar, you returned back to from foreign
And taught English at Osmania and Hyderabad Univs. of Hyderabad,
And during 1972-74, were a UGC National Lecturer in English,
Again held the position of being the founder HOD of English,
The Dean of the School of Humanities at the Hyderabad
And finally retired as the V.C. of the University of it in 1980.

You had also been the Distinguished Visiting Professor at
The Universities of Oklahoma and Northern Iowa
And Visiting the Universities of Drake, Hofstra, Marshall,
A Visiting Fulbright Fellow at Yale Univ-
This is what your bio-data says it, I mean your c.v.
With Trapfalls in the Sky given the Sahitya Akademi Award in 1987
And the Padma Bhushan in 2001 from the Govt. of India.

These are your details, sir,
You go on saying and I shall go noting,
Nothing my own, but yours,

Your fact and fiction,
Your degrees and the attendances for,
I am just noting
As per your notes.

But apart your works, had you told about David Daiches,
It would have been great,
The talks shared with your guide,
As say you,
I mean the great historian,
Whom the degrees cannot contain in,
Had, had you on him,
A biography of his,
It would have been more contributory
Than your poetry, just feel I.

Shiv, were you a late starter in poetry as the book-list shows it
That your first collection, Articulate Silences appeared from
's Writers Workshop, Calcutta in 1970
When you had been almost fifty years of age
And all this shows that you were a late starter
In your poetry-writing?

Again, when meet I, shall interview not from your biographical side
But from what you have written exactly,
How is your poetry candidly,
Without praising you
In my full Tartaric criticism,
Assessing what you have contributed to
Barring man-woman relationship stories?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shiv , Your Poetry...

Shiv , your poetry,
Your poetry
Is the poetry of flesh and blood,
Attraction and repulsion,
Give and take,
Man-woman relationship,
Sensual and erotic.

You a student, a student of
Vatsyayana,
Freud,
Lawrence
And Rajneesh,
Talking of Rajneesh's theory
Of sambhoga to samadhi
And you heroine a Rajneeshite yogan in love.

Under the attic of the night
Fragrant with wild jasmines
Exotic and perfumed
You feeling the scent of
Night queen and kaamini blossoms,
Your smell is a scent of cashew blossoms,
The smell of roses.

Shiv , your protagonist a sadhu,
An Indian babji,
Fraud and fake
Smoking in ganja from an earthen clay-ware
In your hut
Sitting with the disciple beloved hypnotized,
Enticed and eloped with.

Your story of the guru-shisya prem,
A hysteric girl running out
And under the open skies
Sitting under a tree,
Your heroine
A Kamala,

A Lawrentine character.

And you a visitor of the frescoes
Of Khajuraho and Konark,
Marking the frescoes in love,
Lust and relationship,
The voluptuous sculptures and figurines
Making unreasonable love,
Unaware of the world-view
And their sighting.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shiv : A Poet Of Love & Sex

Shiv , all your Ph.D from
Cambridge
Is false,
When I came to know
About you
That you love
Seeing
The photos
Of Ajanta-Ellora and Khajuraho
And Konark Sun-temple.

You too not a yogi, but a bhogi,
A false, fake
And fraud Indian sadhu
With ganja and ladki
In the ashrama,
A yoga master
Instructing in America,
A Rajneeshite you
After love and sex,
Samhoga to samamdhi.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shiva As A Dancer (Haiku)

Shiva as a dancer
Is a Tandava-doer,
Doing Tandava Nritya.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shiva Ratri Is Coming

Shiva Ratri,
I mean Shiva's Ratri, Shiva's Night
Is coming,
It will rain,
The night will be dark and stormy a bit
As the marriage party
Will leave for
And this is the day of His marriage anniversary.

The night will be dark.
The winds will howl by,
It may be cloudy and stormy
And against such a backdrop
The party will leave by,
The groom a yogi-fakira
Seated on a bull
With a trident and a kamandala
And in the tiger loin cloth.

Going to marry Parvati
And there the bride's party,
The king's men and the folks
Aghast and awe-struck
To see the groom seated on a bull,
A yogi and a fakira
With snakes around the neck
Rounded
To marry his daughter,
A princess,
How can it be,
How can it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shiva Ratri, The Night Of Shiva

Shiva Ratri,
The Night of Shiva,
How will it be,
The night of his marriage,
I mean the marriage anniversary?

Shiva going to marry
And that too Parvati, a princess,
A yogi, a sadhaka, a fakira
Who keeps taking ganja, bhang and dhatura,
The herbal intoxicants.

Going to marry Parvati,
A groom blue-necked with the crescent
On the forehead
And the third eye,
On way to her palace.

The ghosts dancing the way,
The winds blowing,
The tigers and bears
And monkeys
In the party.

All going to
In the company of,
In the party of Shiva
As the groom's party
And the bride-groom seated on a bull.

The yogi in the tiger loin cloth
With the trident and a kamandala,
The hair matted,
The forehead thrice ash-lined
And a renouncer.

The poisonous snakes are around his
Blue neck,
A sacred thread over the bare body,

The bride-groom on a bull
Going to the bridal home.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shiva Tandava

Shiva tandava, want I to describe,
But I know it not
The rhythm of music, the dance of the moment
Coming down
From Kailash and its snowy peaks,
And Shiva as a yogi,
A sadhaka and a fakira,
Feeling the ananda of the soul
And dancing in ecstasy.

Lo, the yogi is sounding the damru,
And dancing with the trisula and the kamandala,
On the Kailasha
And its domains, snowy terrains,
In a classical pose and posture of His own
And the world trembling underneath!

Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva,
All praying rhythmically,
Shiva, Shiva, Shiva,
Om namah shivay,
O, the slopes unknown!

Nataraja Shiva in His dance,
An art-piece museumological and crafted,
Older and older,
Classical and artistic,
And the art speaking
Of the dance of Shiva.

The Shiva tandava,
Music up beating and highly pitched,
The sound and the drumming higher,
With the notes resounding
And the world trembling underneath,
O, could it be,
Say it to me!

Shiva Tandava (Haiku)

I do not know,
How is it
Shiva Tandava, Shiva dancing!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shiva Tandava, I Want To See...

Shiva Tandava, want I to see,
Shiva dancing,
Doing Tandava
When out of temper
Or just as a routine work occasionally,
A yogi, a fakira, a wandering sadhu
Who keeps meditating on Kailash,
Roaming about snowy caps and peaks
With the kamandala and the trident,
Dressed in the loin cloth
And with the rudraksha rosary
Around the neck,
The bracelets of,
The ash-lines smeared upon the forehead
And the half-awake, half-asleep dreamy third eye
With the hair matted and long
Keeping the kamandala and the trident
Dancing, Shiva Tandava,
The music pitching high,
Turning destructive,
Bringing doom and delusion,
But Creational too,
Showing the topsy-turvy state of things.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shiva The Dancer, Nataraja Shiva

Nataraja Shiva the statue
Kept in the museum,
You give me the antique statue
Of Shiva the Cosmic Dancer,
You give me, give me,
I shall see and return it
After marking Shiva, the Cosmic Dancer.

The bronze statue of Shiva,
The sculpture in metal,
You give me, give me to see
How the statue ancient,
What the meaning,
The philosophy behind,
Mind and art!

Nataraja Shiva, a statue of Dancing Shiva,
Shiva in a dancing pose,
A metallic art-piece
Of Nataraja Shiva,
An artifact ancient
Of Shiva the Dancer
in a dancing posture.

Nataraja Shiva under the ring
Supporting with the two hands
Held aloft
Standing on one leg
Held aloft
Dancing rhythmically
The Cosmic Dance.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shiva, In Search Of Shiva

Shiva, in search of Shiva,
Where,
Where have I come to
In search,
Search of Shiva?

Where Mount Kailash,
Where Shiva's Mansarovar
Shiva meditating
And wandering?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shivapriya (Shiva-Blessed Beloved)

I saw the childless mother
Sitting with the folded hands
Into the older lime-stone powder and small bricks made
Centuries old temples,
She passing the whole night
Lonely and dark
Before the Shiva-lingam,
Praying to, seeking blessing from,
Invoking the supernatural, nocturnal power,
A devotee in her sadhna
To have the mystical communion,
Coming in the form of dreams.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shivoaham, Shivoaham, Shivoaham

Shivoaham, Shivoaham, Shivoaham,
I am Shiva, I am Shiva, I am Shiva,
Shiva is I, Shiva is I, Shiva is I,
I is Shiva, I is Shiva, I is Shiva,
Shiv, Shiv, Shiv,
Shiva in me, I in Shiva,
I am Shiva, Shiva I.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Should I Call You Chandramukhi (Moon-Faced) Or Chandni (Moonlight) ?

What should I call you,
Chandramukhi or Chandni?
O stranger, just like, just like the moon
Are you!

The sweet-sweet face, the fair-fair complexion,
The wide-wide eyes,
Whose ghazal or shayari are you!

When see I you all of a sudden, feel I so,
But when pass you out of sight, I confuse in
Whether a dream it was!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Should I Kiss Her Or Not?

A beautiful girl standing before me
And I burning within,
What should I,
Should I kiss her or not?

Should I dare kiss her
Or not?
What should I do,
You say it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shrill Calls

The weird woodpecker is
Giving the bizarre carpenter's music.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shunya She Mein Aaya Aur Shunya Mein Laut Jayunga/ Came I Out Of The Vacuum And Shall I Return Back To

Shunya she mein aayaa
Aur shunya mein laut jayunga mein.
Shunya she meri yaatra suru huyin
Aur shunya mein khattam ho jayigi.

Shunya she shunya tak ki
Meri yaatraa.

Came I out of the vacuum
And shall I return to the vacuum,
My journey started it from the vacuum
And in the vacuum will last it.

From the vacuum to the vacuum till
My journey.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shyama Kali

Shyama Kali, make I,
The Blackly, Dark-coloured Kali not,
Just am painting here a Shyama Kali,
Means a Kali portrait,
Which is blue-coloured,
Not black-coloured.

Kali is the same, Goddess the same,
Just colour am I taking to,
Blue, deep blue not, light blue,
But the image same,
The blood-red tongue out of the mouth,
A face so picturesque of imagery.

Shyama Kali, blue-coloured Kali,
An idol is before,
Kali blue-coloured, not blackly dark,
Dreadful and frightening,
Kali the Goddess,
An image make I, paint I.

Light Blue, Ink-blue Kali do I make,
Paint I, see I,
Imagine and dream I,
Not the Dreadfully Dark Kali,
Dark, dark, deep dark
As the darkest night.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shyama Kali, Bluish Kali

Shyama Kali, talk I,
Kali kaal-rupa, doomsday-faced not,
But Shyama Kali,
Kali bluish,
Dark-dark not, dark-bluish,
Darkness emitting a bluish light,
Shyama Kali, talk I,
Not the Kali of the crematorium grounds,
The Kali of tantricas and the sadhakas,
But the motherly one,
Shyama Kali,
A sober and somber rupa, face
Of Hers
In which the Creatrix plays a role,
The upbringer,
Motherly Kali,
Dark, but bluish,
Dark blue.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shyama Kali, Kali, Blue-Faced Kali

Kali darkly not,
But Shyama Kali,
Let She bless us.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shyama Sangeet

O, you play the shehnoi
And let me hear the Shyama sangeet,
Shyama sangeet,
The sangeet purrifying the self,
The sangeet searching the self
For a realization.

Of Kali, Bahgabati, Dugra, Shannkari,
What is Kali is Durga and Durga Maheshwari,
The Divine Rupa of Hers,
The Divine lila of Hers,
The world a playfield
Of Mystery, Miracle and Morality.

Kali Dark-coloured,
Kali Bluish,
Kali Kalyani
As a red vermillioned fresco
With the covering mask
Of the tin-plated silver
Just the eyes
And the tongue.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Shyama Sangeet (Ii)

O, sing you some Shyama sangeet,
The sangeet
Taking me to the leela
Of Kali, Bhagabati,
Arising and awaking Her!

What is Kali is Durga, Saraswati,
The incarnations and attributes
Of Hers
And the blessings showered upon,
Heard in spells.

The midnight worship of Kali
With love and devotion,
Feeling the mystery of the nocturnal night
And the blessings
Of the dark Divine.

Clinching the dead body of Sati
After Her self-immolation,
Shiva ruffled by pain and anguish
Roaming madly
And the world struck
By the horror of the tragedy.

O, come you,
Come you see the face,
The face of the divine,
The Dark Divine,
O, come you,
To hear and see!

Notes: Sangeeta-music, leela-play

Bijay Kant Dubey

Silence, My Silence, Your Silence, The Silence Of Word

Silence, my silence, your silence, the silence of the word, the silence all around,
Talk I, want I to penetrate into,
My silence, your silence,
Your silence mine
And mine yours.

My silence your silence, yours mine,
Silence silence
As silences it all,
But I had been silent for something different,
Wanting not to correspond with.

Silence, silence, the word of silence,
Want I to penetrate deep,
Silence, silence,
How does it come to,
How does it envelope in?

Silence, silence too is necessary
As for accomplishing,
As for getting peace,
Peace of mind and soul,
Peace Psychic, Peace Cosmic.

Peace mystical, peace mythical,
Peace historical,
Many a thing silenced after,
The ignorant armies clashing with
And silencing the voices resplendent with.

After so much of tussle and confrontation,
Silence giving peace
And the Lord under the peepul tree meditating,
The morning silence breaking into the dawn,
The lotus blooming upon.

By being silent saw I, came to feel it

What it is silence,
My silence was the silence of rocks,
My silence was the silence of stones
And now I am breaking my silence with the dawn to embark upon a new
beginning.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Silent Spring

Silent spring,
The spring which is turning silent
In the midst of the city squares,
Plazas and towered buildings,
Intermixed with pollutants,
Abnormal and untimely in its
Coming and going,
Artificial and mechanical
As you see
The plants blooming in
Glasses like test-tube babies.

The spring we talk used to be
Ravishingly beautiful and exotic
With the clusters of nameless
Wild blooms hanging by
And scattering over the forest tract
With a riot in colours,
Blooming and dazzling the passers-by,
Keeping stunned to pause and see,
But the spring we are talking now-a-days
Is one of cacti blooming,
The lips painted with lipstick
And the cheeks rough and unnatural.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Simanchal Patnaik As A Poet

Simanchal Patnaik who was from Berhampur, Orissa
Was a poet of his stature,
A self-published poet,
Appearing in journals and briefed about
In dailies too
Was a Subordinate Judge
Attempting to write in laboriously,
Trying to put efforts into the realms of poesy.

A poet like a rhymers in verse, a poetaster
Labouring to express in,
Putting in some mental effort
Or trying to improvise laboriously
Was he the man and the poet,
But no less than in
In the total sequence.

A poet of the eighties and a writer of the volumes
Like Delightful World of Poems (1982) , Sonnets and Other Poems (1989) ,
Bedroom Poems (1990) , Poetry In Tranquility (1991) ,
Poetry of Himalayan Wisdom (1995) , Queen of English Poetry(1999) ,
He is a poet of his stroke,
Rhyming and writing,
Laced with wit and reasoning.

A poet of knowledge and wisdom,
Massive brain-work,
He is encyclopedic in his range and delineation,
Trying to catch almost the whole century
As for our information,
Even taking the help of newspapers,
General knowledge book events and happenings.

He labours for his expression,
Applies in wit and brain-work,
As his poetry is a poetry of the head
Rather than the heart,
A poet intellectual and factual,
Writing labouringly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Simanchal Patnaik's Bedroom Poems

We cannot say that Bedroom Poems by Simanchal Patnaik is a success,
But style shows the man,
It's my style
Is the thing to be dispensed with here.

My Lovely Horses, Meals Ready, I Do Everything As Per Master's Plan,
Collector, Ode To A Conch, Grey Revolution, Black Money,
I Wonder, I Wonder, India's Progress Since Independence,
Rocking Horse, Little Sparrow, Peace Is A Priceless Product,
Ashes Ashes Ashes Will Become My Body,
Tragedies Should Not Occur, Tribute To Neerja Mishra, etc.
The poems dealing with wit and intellect.

Simanchal is a poet of trivia, rhymed doggerel,
A poetaster-poet of trivial and petty compositions,
White money, black money,
Honeymoon, calling bell too
Can be subjects of his versification.

A petty poet of petty things is he Simanchal,
An old-timer writing outmoded and outdated poems
Setting on older patterns and structures,
Drawing from the news broadcasts and paper readings
And poetry appears to be a talk
As he keeps talking about
In a dull and dreary way.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Simanchal Patnaik's Delightful World Of Poems

Simanchal Patnaik's Delightful World of Poems
which appeared in 1982
from Sarala Publication, Berhampur, Orissa
is a volume of rhymes and labored compositions
as the poet struggles to express irregularly.

The first poem, The Creator of Man opens the work,
followed by the poems such as
Delightful World of Poems, Don't Say Good-Bye To English,
Qualifications of A Bride, Welcome To Land of Peace,
Incarnation of Faithfulness, Sanjay Gandhi.

Simanchal's English is a broken English,
full of joints and disjoints, joining and separating
and trying to dovetail sentences and phrases,
trying to compose on animal sounds to strengthen his word-stock,
sometimes eulogizing money, O money, you are honey.

He is a poet of intellectual properties, laborious expressions,
the occasional verses, situational things,
knowledge and wisdom, fact and fiction,
wit and intellect rather than spontaneity and overflow
as these lie dry and dreary in him.

The other fault of his verse is this that it lengthens abnormally
and is older in structure and form,
rhyme and pattern, composition and expression
dealing with occasionality, eventuality
rather than something own, thought personally.

The poet reads newspapers and borrows the ideas from,
selects the news items, events and happenings
as for writing poems on
which we never appreciate and admire it,
but read them historically
as for to carry Indian poetry in English forward.

The Delightful World of Poems may not look delightful,
may turn into a monotonous world of rhymes,

intellectual, witty, full of ideas and facts,
looking wry and dry, dull and dreary
where emotion is almost dry.

But some of his poems mean if we try to make them out,
as for instance, Lord Shiva, Konark Sun Temple, Tragedy,
Lord Jagannath of Puri, Lord Venkateswar, A Criminal,
Vali-Vandhan, Lake Chilka, India: The Cradle of Civilizations,
Immortal Fakir Mohan Senapati, Boat Journey, Beggar, The Train,
Strange Solar Eclipse, Light The Glorifier, White Revolution,
Monsoon, Thank You.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Simanchal Patnaik's Sonnets & Other Poems

Sonnets & Other Poems by Simanchal Patnaik,
Brought out in 1989,
Is a personal venture of the writer
Trying to compose and contribute in English.

Simanchal as a poet is a conventionalist
Who keeps following trend and tradition
As an old-timer,
The other thing of his verse being
Laborious in expression.

That natural flow and spontaneity is
Missing in him
And he does the patch-work,
Sometimes failing in the desired fusion
And falling miserably.

Though informative, dull and dry,
His is a mechanical expression,
A technical feat,
An artificial letting
Derived from newspaper stuffs.

News items generally turn into verses
And he draws from,
Delves and dwells upon
To sustain his forte,
The crux of his poesy.

Odissi Dance, Yours Faithfully, Stone-Breaker,
Value of beautiful Women, Bangles And Kunkom,
Yin To The Yang, Love Letter, Kite-Flying,
God And Man, Lotuses, etc.
The poems
Laced with fact and fiction,
Wit and intellect.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Since 1986, I've Been Writing Poetry

Since 1986, I've been writing
And promoting Indian poetry,
But they never like to take my name
As a poet
Even though they use
And borrow from my things.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Since I Have Seen Her Passing

After seeing you, turned you into the heart-attack of mine,
The girl for whom throbbed it the heart of mine restlessly,
The day I saw you after.

Now God knows it how long am I here in this world,
As my longing turning into the restlessness of mine
And you going,
Passing by as the heartthrob of mine.

I saw her and took too the pains, just saw and fell to her,
Just saw her and pained it the heart of mine,
Ached, pulsated and throbbed, beat fast for her,
Oh, my God, why did You make me see her?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Since I Have Seen You

Jakhon Theke Dekhe Je Toma Ke

Jakhon theke,
Jokhan theke cchee, dekhe cche toma ke,
Sudhu toma ke,
Sudhu toma ke,
Sudhu tomar hi janyo,
Sudhu tomar hi janyo,
Aar kaoi ke nai,
Aar kaoi ke nai,
Bhulte,
Bhulte paarlam na,
Toma ke,
Shudhu toma ke,
Sudhu toma ke chai,
chai je,
sudhu toma ke chai.

Since I Have Seen You

Since I have,
I have seen you, seen you just since then,
Since then
And just you,
Just for,
Not anybody else,
Not anybody else
Have forgotten,
Forgotten,
only,
Only for you,
live I, dream I,
Only you,
just only you,
Want I,
Want I.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Since I Saw You, I Have Not Forgotten You

Since I saw you, I haven't forgotten you,
My love,
The way we met
Had been one of a strange meeting,
Meeting strangely
And falling in love strangely,
I saw you,
You saw me,
The eyes met it
And the spark was born,
I couldn't avert my gaze,
You couldn't avert your gaze.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sing A Bihugeet, I Shall Hear And Go Away

Sing,
Sing you a bihugeet,
I shall hear
And go away.

In your bihugeet,
Lies it the song of Assam,
The people Assamese,
The traditions
Austro-Asiatic, Indo-Burmese and Indo-Aryan.

From far off lands,
Have I come to see and hear
Your Bihugeets,
To see you worshipping,
Dancing and celebrating
With a joy and spirit of own.

The folk dances, the folk songs specific,
The field with harvest
Or the dawn of the new year eve
As per the local calendar
And you celebrating,
Offering to gods
And enjoying life.

People will sing and dance
And the nights will reverberate with
With the lilt of,
The dhol, tal and pepa,
The drum, cymbal and horn.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sing I The Song Of Love

Sing I the song of love,
Love me, love you.

Sing I the song of love,
Of your love, of my love.

Love is love,
Let it be without anything

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sir Calling Madam Great And Madam Reciprocating Sir

Madam, you are great
And hearing it,
Madam reciprocating,
Sir, you are great,
Bur God knows,
Who's who of the encyclopaedia
Of self-praise and mutual admiration?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sir Kim Jong-Un, Cool Down, Cool Down, Lose You Not Your Temper Sir!

Kim Jong-un,
Cool,
Cool you down Sir,
Sir Kim jong-un,
O people's Chairman
In the interest of greater humanity,
O you, Sir
Cooling down the temper,
Losing it not,
Calming yourself down,
Surrendering your all to Buddha,
The Buddha!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sir Salman Rushdie

My dear sir, Sir Salman Rushdie,
Knighted for your services to literature
And the freedom of speech and expression,
At the outset of it, I thank you, thank you, sir,
For your support
Extended to world community
In the need of

But, but sir, I have, have something to ask you
As want I to know about your story,
The story of your life,
The relationship with the girls,
The girls of your choice
To find out,
How did the marriage break down
And couldn't you feel about?

You tell me, tell me first about Clarissa Luard
Then Marianne Wiggins
Then Elizabeth West
Than Padma Lakshmi,
How did you keep on proposing before
And promising of a long-time relationship
And did it shatter the dream of life?

May I ask you, sir, is life a romance,
Is our relationship one of a glass house?
Love, but betray not,
Give your heart and take
But break it not
As I believe it, sir,
May not be for you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sir ul In The Goggles Sitting With His Pakistani Wife

Sir ul
The Trinidadian writer
Sitting with his
Pakistani counterpart
I the dark sunglasses
The old,
Not the angry young an,
But the angry old man
In the goggles
Rebuffing the Indian writers
At Jaipur
As for being multi-culti,
Colonial and ial description
As English can never be multi-cultural,
Never can be provincialized
And if it is, it will turn
Racial, ethnic and divisive.

Do not provincialize Europe and America
Through your ethnicity, racial identity
And divisive temperament
Of living in ghettos and taboos,
Europe is Europe,
Let it be,
Do not provincialize it,
Do not destroy the culture of England and America.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sir Vidia

Sir Vidia in the dark goggles
With the Fench-cut berds on the chin
The mimic man mimicking the writers
And rebuffering them
With his Pakistani wife, Nadira
Rebuffering the Indian writers.
The gods of small things,
Talking nonsense
With regard to colonial and post-colonial perspectives
But he denouncing multi-culti,
As Europe is Europe, cannot be multi-culti,
Taking his own stand.

His mood and temper running high
But his Pakistani wife quelling his anger.
Asking to keep calm and quiet,
Extending a slip of paper to quell
The anger of the angry man man
But the old man
In the goggles
Fingering at the nascent Indian writers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sir Vidya In The Goggles, The Angry Old Man

Sir Vidya,
ul in the dark sunglasses,
The mimic man
Mimicking others,
The angry young man not,
But the angry old man of literature,
Scolding the Indian writers
At Jaipur.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sir Vidya, Are You The Angry Old Man?

Sir Vidya, you in the goggles
Looking like a star,
A superstar,
Really a hero,
O, Trinidadian writer,
Mimic Man!

Are you not the angry
Old man of literature,
The angry old man,
Aren't you ul?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sir Vidya, I Love Your Beards Very Much, I Admire It, I Appreciate It

ul, Sir Vidya,
I love your beards very much,
I love it,
I admire it,
I appreciate it,
Your beards
Just a little bit
On the chin,
The French-cut beards.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sir, A Ciagr For You (April Fools' Day)

Sir,
Sir, a cigar for you,
A loafer saying to another loafer boy
While the bystanders seeing it with all smile,
A loafer to another loafer
On April Fools' Day,
Mark, mark the style and manner
Of saying,
Sir, sir, a cigar for you!

Yes, yes, keep it my boy,
another loafer with the mobile wires plugged into
The ears
And he listening to music,
Asking him to keep it,
But he knows it not the matter
Of his loafer friend,
The cigar not a cigar
But a white-paper rolled
And filled with dry leaf-cuttings.

But when tasting for a spark and puff,
The embers taking to not,
Extinguishing
And smoking it not,
The cigar
Without the taste and intoxication,
A childish cigar indeed,
Letting with a mood off
And he abusing his friend.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sir, There Is A Telegram For You

'Sir, there is a telegram for you,
Sir, '
Came it the voice,
The stranger in the khaki shirt and pants
Calling at
And saying,
'Sir,
Sir there is a telegram for you'.

And hearing it, the Indian fellow's wife
Started getting wet-eyed,
Asking him to open the envelope,
But on marking the situation galvanizing,
The delivery man, the postal man not,
But the telegraph department man
Said with the folded,
Sorry sir, it is April Fools' Day.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sir, Where Is The Ph.D. Mart? Can You Say? Can You Introduce Me To? / Returning From The t

Sir, where is the Ph.D. mart,
Can you say to me,
Where is the Ph.D. mart?
I want to be a Ph.D.
She asked about it.
Again added she,
What will take?
I shall not write,
He will,
I mean my guide.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sir, Your Beards Are Fantastic

Sir, your beards are fantastic?
Really?
Yes, very fantastic,
superb,
Said he
And I too felt proud
On hearing it.
If I am myself fantastic
Then what to say about my beards?
Yes, sir,
In approval nodded he the head.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sisterly Love Envisaged Through The Rakhi

The rakhi
On the wrist
Of the brother
Glowing
And glistening
Which the sister
Tied upon
With so much
Of love and bonding,
Sympathy and affection.

The wrist band
Reminds us
Of our loyalties
Binding upon,
The thread of relationship
Drawing closer to,
Brother, forget you not
The sister
And her love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sitakant Mahapatra

Sitakant Mahapatra,
An Oriya poet of Orissa,
Orissan myth, populace, art, culture,
Thought, society and tradition,
A ditto Oriya man
With his nativity and roots of Orissa
Writing about the Orissan landscapes,
Intruding upon their resonant silence,
Personal space and scapes.

A poet of some mythical base
And historic historicity,
He is a link
In the historicity and nativity,
A chain in between
Thought and tradition
Carried down over the years
By folktales orally,
Going down
Deep into the depths of time.

The Ramayana and the Mahabharata,
The Bhagabata
In the Oriya version
Heard through his father
He has not forgotten,
Continues to carry forward
The imprints and impressions
In his verse, word texture
Of the textile of words,
Woven and with prints.

The Oriya village, the temple,
The sea and the rivers,
Coastal Orissa,
Its myth and mysticism,
Historicity and tradition,
Ancient lore and ethics,
He pens through,

The epic narratives and characters
Engaging his space
And casting
An impact of their own.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sitaram Yechury Is Not The Right Person To Talk To

He is a blind CPI(M) supporter,
A comrade and a cadre,
A politburo member,
A party secretary,
Not a common man,
But a boss-type man
Talking of bossism.

Sitaram is not the right person
To talk to
As he does communism
And is a hardcore communist,
A thinktank, an ideologue,
A critical person
Who can criticize others,
But not his CPI(M) .

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sitaram Yechury's Politics, I Do Not Like It All

Sitaram Yechury's politics, I do not like it all,
The negative politics,
Not at all constructive,
But very destructive.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Siting Under The Mango Orchard, Felt I The Fury And Fume Of Indian Summer

Sitting under the mango orchard,
Marked I from
The beats and bouts of summer,
Indian summer
Ruffling,
Ruffling and rustling it all
With the hot winds
Blowing and sucking in,
Singing and sizzling it all
And the temperature soaring high,
Mercury dipping high
And the loo, heat wave in wrath and vengeance
Sweeping it all,
But the rocky water bodies cool and fresh,
You just wait for to dive in
Or to take a bath,
Sit under the mango trees
For a sweet succor and cooling.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sitting In An Indian Train, I Often Think Of My Impending Death

Whenever sit I in an Indian train,
I bow my head before God
As for boarding it
And taking safely
if not I would be in heaven
Travelling with ghosts.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sitting In The Circus Gallery Heard I The Music

Sitting in
The circus gallery,
Heard,
Heard I
The music,
Music of humanity,
The sad,
Sad and solemn music
Of humanity.

Sitting,
Sitting in
The circus gallery,
The sad,
Sad and solemn
Music of humanity,
The circus artistes
Showing the spectacle,
The men and women
At the nets
With gymnastic
And acrobatic skills,
The orchestra music,
Music taking far away.

Sitting,
Sitting in the circus gallery
Saw,
Saw I the artistes,
The women trainers
Plying with the African,
African lions,
The bears and elephants,
Sitting,
Sitting I
In the circus gallery.

Heard,
Heard I,

The sad,
Sad and solemn music
Of humanity
While the orchestra,
Orchestra music
Taking,
Taking far away
Into the folds of
Thought and vision.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sitting In The Time's House

Sitting in the Time's House,
I thinking about Time,
My Time.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sitting On The Circus Gallery Benches And Hearing Music

I hearing the music,
Sitting on the gallery benches
High above
With the head on the palm
Seeing the band of musicians,
The artistes at the nets
Doing the gymnastic skills.

The joker on an ass whistling,
Working as the umpire of the comedian cricket teams,
The juggler with the hats, caps and balls juggling,
One two four, four two one
And the other pigmy jokers trying to break
The concentration
After having clapped and whistled,
Giving a thank you,
Trying to hand shake.

Another tallest joker on a ramshackle bicycle
Caling it a British-time asset,
Preserved for so long,
trying to auction at a high price,
But the aprts falling down
When the other pigmy joker friends sit on the rear
Or in front of
And he trying to carry the load.

Again, as a mechanic the main joker, the tallest one
Mending the bicycle
To strat for the homeward journey
And the other jokers whistling
For the bus to go,
Another showing the hand to get into.

The man on the guitar, on the banjo, on the congo,
On the drums, the accordion
Giving the mussic

And forgetting my own, I enjoying the scenes and spectacles,
Even forgetful of the return journey.

While on the other, in the second part of the time-duration,
The ring-masters with the flogs into the hands
Bringing the lions, Asiatic lions,
The cheetahs, the tigers,
Caging and bringing hastily

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sitting On The Circus Gallery Benches, Heard I The Music, The Music Of Humanity, The Melodies Breaking And Taking Me Far Away

Sitting on the gallery benches
Heard I
The music of humanity,
The sad and solemn music of humanity
Taking me far away,
Far away.

The acrobats at the nets
Doing acrobatic skills,
The woman artiste in between the lions
And the lions roaring,
Growling
And the ring masters with the flogs.

The pygmies and jokers
Entertaining with a broken cycle,
Getting punctured or made punctured,
The tall joker cycling with other smaller jokers,
Stopping on the midway
And mending the loosely-held cycle.

The horsemen coming and galloping
With the groomed horses so beautifully,
The elephants sprinkling water
On a replica of Shiva,
The juggler juggling with balls and caps
And the pygmy joker imitating them in count and re-count.

The motorcycle man racing,
Racing and racing
In the globe,
The cage shaking,
Showing the play
With life and death.

And I sitting from gallery benches,

Hearing the orchestra music
Taking me far away,
The melodies so sweet and engulfing,
The melodies of life so heartening
Hearing the sad and solemn music of humanity.

Sitting on the gallery benches
Heard I the music,
The sad and solemn music of humanity
Sitting on the gallery benches
Saw I the circus artistes
Performing with the mellifluous orchestra music taking me far away.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sitting On The Gallery Benches

Sitting on the gallery benches,
Hear I the sad and solemn music of humanity,
Circus artistes playing with brutal and bloody animals
And the orchestra music taking us far away.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sivoaham Sivoaham Sivoaham

Sivoaham sivoaham sivoaham,
I am shiva, I am Shiva, I am Shiva,
Shiva am I, am I, am I,
I Shiva, Shiva I,
Shiva Shiva, I I,
Trying to see Shiva in me.

I Shiva, you Shiva, try to see Shiva in you
And you you not, Shiva are You,
I Shiva, you Shiva,
Shiva in me, Shiva in you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Small Daughter (Haiku)

Small daughter,
You neglect
Her not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Small Men & Small Hearts As Contemporary Indian English Poets

Whether they know it English or not, but they will
Call themselves
Poets and poetesses
And that too Indian English poet
As they know it well
The English have left India
And this is the time of becoming
Or calling poets,
Let it not slip out,
Miss,
Let it not go,
This is the opportunity of calling
Oneself a poet.

Whether you English or not, but call yourself a poet,
Let you not miss the opportunity,
Basically the Ph.D.-doing fellows
And the new teachers
Lying in hunt for greener pastures.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Smaller Contemporary Indian English Poetry-Writing

Smaller men as small-small poets and editors
While editing a book on contemporary poetry
like to enclose in chapters
On small poet-friends
And also on themselves.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Small-Small Boys & Girls Going To Labour Schools

Small-small girls going to labour schools,
I loved, loved to see them,
The wards of the poor working classes going to schools,
Earning and learning together with.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Smile Please, Said It The Photographer

And hearing it,
They kept smiling,
I mean the small children
For to be photographed,
Those toothless children
With one or two teeth fallen
Smiling, smiling uninterruptedly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Smile Please, Said The Photographer

Smile please,
Said the photographer
Before taking the photograph
And the small girl started smiling.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Smile Please, Smile Please, Said I As An Old Photographer

Smile please,
Smile please
And started you smiling
And started you smiling,
The district magistrate's jeep during the parade
And i running for the snaps
Like the dog or the cat on the grassy lawns,
The fields spread over.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Smile You For Once

Ek Baar Muskaraa To Do
Smile You For Once

Ek baar muskuraa to bo,
Dekha hain meine bare pyaar she,
Dil ki baat dil mein rahne to do,
Ek baar muskuraa to do.

Smile you for once,
Have seen you with so much so love,
Let the matters of the heart be in the heart,
Smile you once.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Smile You For Once (Bilingual)

Ek Baar Muskaraa To Do
Smile You For Once

Ek baar muskuraa to bo,
Dekha hain meine bare pyaar she,
Dil ki baat dil mein rahne to do,
Ek baar muskuraa to do.

Smile you for once,
Have seen you with so much so love,
Let the matters of the heart be in the heart,
Smile you once.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Smile You For Once Before You Go Away

Smile you for once
Before you go away,
Just before you go,
I and my love often talk to
As for the untimely and unexpected departure to befall
Everybody in life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Smiling Buddha

Buddha smiling,
Beaming with joy,
Radiating with sunlight
And the sunbeams falling upon
And glistening,
Buddha smiling,
Beaming with joy and delight,
See the anandamurti.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Snail-Pace Street By i

Snail-Pace Street which appeared in 2000
Begins with the poem,
Now Is The Time To Grow Roses,
Followed by
Dream Time, Disposable Gods,
Existence, Wants And Wails,
Truth, Sparrow And Sorrow,
Embryos of Darkness, Sour Milk,
The Wind And The Song, The Ultimate Joy,
In A Make-Believe World, The Smell of Life,
Dimensions, The Old Nothings,
To, Elusive Answers,
Lamp Posts, Silence Speaks,
A Tree, Snail-Pace Street,
In The Arms of Boredom, Strange Path,
Amorous Calls, World of Lust,
Yawning Voids, The Rustle You Hear,
Angry Clouds, Garden of Emptiness,
Flowers Still Smile, Magic Carpet,
Elusive Poems, Dreams In Abyss,
What Life, The Weight of Words,
Just Like Men, The Peach And The Reach,
Seeds of Evil, Tears of Futility,
Stars Die, There Is Something Eerie About Everything,
Birds, The Spirit,
My Path, Flickers.

Kabadi as a poet is one of social realism
And societal truths,
Describing bare realities
All but in a muted format,
With transmutations
So deftly,
One of winged dreams and desires,
Suppressing the commotion
To be calm and composed,
But the philosopher in him
Often takes him to the pedestal,
Twitches for an expression,

Poetry is but unfulfilled dreams,
You express it,
Poetry is desires,
You express your desire
With fancy and imagination,
a delver into the realms of the void,
The nothingness,
There is nothing, nothing
In life and the world,
Crying in wilderness,
He returns to
The green earth of bare realities,
Witty and wordy,
A juggler juggling,
A magician of words.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Snakes

Cobras, black, white and grey,
Which but live in starw roofs, ant-hills, field dividers,
Tree stems or holes,
There are a few non-poisnous snakes
Which run about here and there,
One or two living in the pond another
Another running in the green grass,
The green bean coloured snake
One may take it for a creeper or a bean
And the one running in the green grass
Or around the house is a grey and lined snake,
One which lives in the pond is a non-poisnous one.

But there are some which can take the sleeps away
Krait, Sankhamuti, Kalchiti, Surechanda, Bora
As vipers deadly,
The krait found in the Santhal Patrganas is a very dangeruos snake,
Found in the bushes and hilly tracts,
Deep back, coal tar black and shining,
Just like a plastic piece
With the red tongue.

There are also some which live on trees and in hedges
And they are also poiisnous,
Perhaps a little bit,
One snake like the one of the trees
Too lives in the pond,
The chocolate-coloured metali snake living in muddy and water bodies
You can catch and hurl it about,
So simple and poisonless is it,
The dhaman snake yellowish can even sck milk from the cows
If gets it the opportunity.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Snakes Sometimes Come Out From My Poetry Paper Heaps

When I find the deadly snakes
Sitting in my poetic paper heaps
And the scorpions crawling out to me
While reading on the floor,
I think of abandoning poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Snowy Caps Of The Mountains

Snowy caps of the mountains
With the snowfall,
Mist and fog,
The gusty winds blowing hard
And sighing by
But also a picture of life.

The woods full of eerie silence
And the evening descending upon
The forest tract
In full mystery and charm of its own
Leading me to
Where I belong.

But the mountains denuded and barren
Telling of
What man has made of man,
The woods telling of a silence
After the exit of
Its wild inhabitants.?
Show less

Bijay Kant Dubey

So Beautiful And Attractive Was She That It Cut Through My Bleeding Heart!

On seeing her for the first time,
I got bowled over
On seeing her,
So charming and attractive,
So lovely and beautiful was she.

A balsam,
White, pink or grey,
So fresh, so fair,
Looked she, appeared to be
That I could not avert my gaze.

And having looked her, felt I disturbed inwardly,
It ached the heart
And the pains tore it apart
But somehow consoled I my broken self
After digressing from and diverting myself.

Was she a balsam or a maid, I could not believe it,
A flower or a girl,
So beautiful, so lovely,
So fair, so fresh and so fine
Was she,
Looking so charming and attractive
That even retreating back, I could not, could not forget her,
That ladylove,
Pink, grey or white, say you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

So Sweet A Face!

So sweet a face that closed I my eyes
To see her, feel her for one more time
To be with my recollection,
So sweet a smiling face
And the smiles cutting into the heart
And I feeling restless
And the aches writhing me in pain.

My love, I do not know it,
O stranger girl, how to say, I love you to you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Social Justice And Gender Equality, The Woman Not A Puppet Into The Hands Of The Conservative People

Social justice and gender equality
Talk we, but allow we not
As we cannot compromise with
Our hegemony,
Our ego and hypocrisy
That men and women are equal,
But discriminate we,
Torture and torment them
Taking for women.

For quite a long time
Kept we in the burqa,
The purdah,
The ghunghata
For hiding them
And calling our own.

The woman
If she is not in the house
The house not a house
You will understand
When she will not be.

The woman a friend,
A partner,
A decorator, a beautician
An a newswoman,
A guide and a dramatic persona
Behind the curtain of the house,
All that is happening outward.

She the voice and spokesperson,
The mouthpiece
of a house, family
And business
In consultation with,
She the chairperson,

The madam.

Give her, give her the rights
Which are hers,
Give her, give her the rights
Which are her own,
Why to discriminate,
Discriminate and torture her?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Social Media And Our Society, Twitterati & Facebookians & Their Impact, You Taking A Selfie, I Taking A Selfie, How Selfish Have We Grown!

Social media

In forms of Facebook and Twitter

Affecting the lives

And we taking selfies to post.

Facebook with its posts,

Twitter with the twitterati,

All instantaneous,

Atwitter,

Glitterati and twitterity

Tweeting,

Face-booking.

In this age of accessibility,

Powerful posts and presentations,

Connect instantaneously,

Feasibility and flexibility,

Link and access,

Data-based information,

How to make the immature minds,

Make them understand to use

Rather than destroying them?

You taking a selfie,

I taking a selfie

And how much selfie

Have we,

Have we become

By taking selfies,

Selfies

And all our relations

Selfies,

Selfies special?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Socialites & Fashionistas From Metropolitan Towns & Mega Cities Calling Themselves Poetesses

The socialites and fashionistas from
Metropolitan towns and mega cities
Calling themselves poetesses,
Not merely small, but great poetesses,
None but they themselves,
Their foppish beauty,
Wrinkled cheeks,
Painted smiles,
Dashing on the dais
Of poetry,
This is my rendezvous.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Solitary Hamlet Upon The Solitary Landscape

A solitary hamlet
On a solitary landscape,
Away from too much human haunt and habitation.

Archetypal, ethnic, racial, primitive and aboriginal,
Stands it thereon
Under the peepul tree, the banyan tree.

Dark and poor, backward and undeveloped, it tells
The tales of human hunger, poverty, scarcity and want,
A hard life it is difficult to pass indeed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Some Beautiful Girls In The Aap Party As Entertainers

Some beautiful girls in the party
Acting as catalysts,
I mean the entertainers
And this is but tonic
For the AAP men,
Beautiful-beautiful,
Most beautiful women,
Young and lovely
Smiling in the public
At the street dais
And people gathering to
Get a sweet view
Of the actresses unknown.

Love me, you just love me,
Love me, love me, you just love me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Some Formulas To Be University Teachers

Some tips as for to be varsity men,
Some formulas for
To be in the P.G. deptt.
As lecturers, readers and professors,
Come through the V.C. or other high ups,
Getting acquainted with or by accessing them
Just like hackers hacking
Through the Ph.D. guides or heads
Or through the D-group staff
As they can help or take you to
Where the big cannot,
Through politicians
Or after teaching as the guest staff
Or lie in hunt where a new varsity comes up
Or lengthen your c.v. falsely
Or maybe it that the female Ph.D. candidate
Is a ward of the teacher.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Some Indian Professor Editors Of English Literary Journals

I can see some professor editor of literary journals
Editing journals
Just for to be critics
On Indian English poetry not,
But British poets,
Which I think
They do not deserve it
To do a critique
On Eliot, Auden and so on.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Some Loving Father's Only Daughter, You Destroy Her Not As Such

Just think, think you
About her,
Some loving father's daughter,
You destroy,
Destroy her not
As thus,
Play not with her life
As she the daughter
Of some loving father
Whose pains of rearing
You know them not,
The loving cares and anxieties
Of a father,
You disturb and depress her not please,
Just think, think about her.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Some Of The Greatest Mistakes Of The Bjp That It Is Committing

Black money, black money,
All are but not chors,
Thieves,
All voted in faith and confidence,
The chor and the sepoy,
But why is this crying over,
Foul, foul,
Secondly, there is too much of bhashanbaaji,
Speech-making which but not good,
All chors and they but sadhus,
The thirdly, the border is tension
And the ministers making unreasonable statements
With the click of unrestrained tongue
Without reining in the rhetoric,
Fourthly, too much nationalism,
Patriotism is not good
Which but they should think.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Some Write Poems And Think It That Are Exceptionally Talented

Some try to write poems and think it
That they are exceptionally talented,
But to think in such a way
Is a mistake
As poetry is not the property of the poets merely,
Anyone can write who tries his hands at,
Who has not poems in the head and the heart,
Someone uses it and some use it not
The creative faculty,
The tumult and commotion of it,
The fervor taking over
And you feeling impatient for it,
You reading and gathering knowledge,
Trying to improve and improvise upon,
Adding and subtracting,
Going through the classics, old and new,
Marking the trends,
Taking the times and opportunities in your favour.

The streak of genius is in us all,
A few use and highlight them
While a few use and apply it not,
Say you, who has has no genius,
Who is not talented?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Somebody Often Keeps Asking

Koi Aksar Puccha Karta Hain

Sun rahe ho
Kahin door par
Mere pyarbhare geet,
Kahin door khare?

Somebody Often Keeps Asking

Are you listening to
Somewhere from far
My loveful song,
Standing far from?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Somebody Should Be There To Take Care Of

Somebody should be there to care of
And to wait for
And without whose care and caress,
How to live?
Is this called love and loving
Which but I don't know?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Someone Called Me From Behind, Papa, Papa

Someone called me from behind, papa,
I looked around
But found her not, my little daughter.

Someone called me from behind, papa,
I turned around
But could not my daughter.

It just seemed to me, seemed to me
That she might be calling me
And I remembered her all of a sudden.

Where did the voice come from, where did it vanish
Away away into the din and bustle of hectic activity
As if someone were calling, papa, papa, O my papa!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sometimes I Feel Their Absence

Sometimes the memories and remembrances of the old house
Sadden me so much

With the memories of the past,
The days spent by and lived in their company,
with my father, mother, aunt and brother.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sometimes I Think

Sometimes I think,
What is my own,
These my home, family, children,
Are these my own,
Sometimes I take time
And think in a perplexed manner?

What one does, mark it, it keeps following,
My karma, my bhoga.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sometimes Say I That I Know Thee, Puffed With Pride

Puffed with pride,
Bloated with ego and hypocrisy
Say I,
I know Thee,
None but I,
But when put prove,
Fail I proving,
What art Thou
As comest Thou not
Attending my call?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sometimes Think I

Kabhi-kabhi Sochta Hun

Kabhi-kabhi sochta hun
Jindagi ke safar mein
Ho jaate hain kaise-kaise,
Kabhi-kabhi sochta hun,
Aadmi kya kahta hain,
Aadmi kya deta hain?

Sometimes Think I

Sometimes think I
In the pathway of life
How do they tag with,
Sometimes think I,
What man does,
What man hears?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sometimes Think I (Kabhi Sochta Hun)

Kabhi Sochta Hun

Kabhi sochta hun,
Yei meine kya kiyaa,
Kya jo karnaa thaa kyaa jo ho gayaa
Kabhi mein sochta hun,
Par jo hone kaa hotaa hain
Hotaa hain..

Sometimes Think I

Sometimes think I,
What did I,
What had I to, what did I do
Sometimes think I,
Btu what it has to happen
Happens it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Somewhere

Somewhere the morning breaking with red disc of the sun
Arising from, reddening and breaking into sunlight,
The golden flashing sun
Just like a photographer photographing,
A lensman with his digicam.

Somewhere the fishermen at work, into river waters fishing to pick
Into the bamboo basket,
The same poor and rural fishermen
And the landscape secluded and lonely,
Away from human haunt.

Somewhere the golden oriole, the yellow bird with black stripes,
The head blackly and the beak red,
The feathers somewhat blackly, but instead yellow completely,
Taking shorter flights
But beautiful indeed,
Singing with the golden tone,
The sweet notes of it rarely heard so.

Somewhere the blue bird flying and flying high into the skies,
Encircling and encircling with the wind
And sounding strangely,
The feathers of it smoky and ashy,
But the blue colour golden blue.

Somewhere the morning breaking with the chant of the Vedic
And the Upanishadic hymns,
The chants, prayers and hymns resounding with
All around the Vedic hermitage,
The straw thatched and mud-built homes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Somewhere The Morning

Somewhere the morning beginning with Hari Om, Hari Om and its repeated vibration,
Hari Om,
The eyes lie in closed, the mind free from and concentrated and the hands folded
With the vibration or silent stepping of H-a-r-i O-m,
Hari-Hari,
Hari Om, Hari-Hari,
Om-Om, Hari-Hari,
Hari Om-Hari Om.

The sounding and resounding of it vibrating, encompassing within and encircling
As find you encircled,
At peace with your self,
There is nothing as that to give and take,
Everything is but His, Hari-Hari,
Of Hari.

The ghats of the Ganga busy with the devotees,
The sadhus and sadhakas bathing to ready for morning devotion
Like the murmuring waters and losing in devotion sadhus,
The body is shivering, but the lips taking the name of Hari-Hari,
Hari Om, Hari Om, Hari, Hari.

And the landscape, the morning resounding with
Hari, Hari, Om, Om, Om,
Om, Om, Om, Om, Hari, Hari, Hari,
Hari Om, Hari Om, Hari, Hari,
The whole cosmos,
Inner mind and heart and the outer space,
Hari, Hari.

With the morning, the sounding breaking forth, the birds chirping,
The sun about to flash
And it is resounding, sounding and sounding again,
Hari Om, Hari Om, Hari-Hari-Hari,
The sound breaking,
The morning with the sound and resounding.
Hari Om, Hari Om, Hari, Hari.

Where is not Hari, wherever likes it your inner mind to take, it will
Hari-Hari,
As Hari is everywhere wherever search you,
Search you Him,
Hari, Hari.
Hari Om, Hari Om, Hari-Hari.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Song Of Liberty

A poet of the freedom of speech and expression
Am I,
As sing I of liberty.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Songs As Poems

Songs,
The songs of heart,
Directly from the heart
Full of musicality and lyricality,
Lilting unto the end,
Touching our feeling and emotion
And the rhythm taking us far away.

The sound pattern
With the beat of music
Taking to recourse,
The sing-song quality,
The tapping beat,
The stress and accent lilting
Rhythmic and rhyming.

Music the poetry of sound,
Song the poetry of lyrical word,
The word a remix of
Letter, sound and its sign
And the song musical and lyrical,
Rhyming and rhythmic
Full of tonal effects,
Appealing and touching.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Songs For Harmony By Stephen Gill

Stephen Gill, an Indo-Canandian Punjabi,
Born in India, now Pakistan,
But settled and migrated to Canada
Sings of harmony,
Peace and humanism
In his poetry.

Stephen is a peacenik, a pacifist,
A truce-maker,
Treaties, pacts and alliances
Are the talks of his,
The things of his poetry
And he cannot think of
Barring these.

Songs For Harmony, published in 1993,
Is a book of harmony,
Peace and its consolidation,
Love and its radiance,
Basking in the sun,
Talking of truce and bonding.

He does not write anything
Which but divides,
He does not write to create
Friction, fissure and faction
As his is not a duty to tear and break,
But to join the broken and battered hearts.

Poet's Prayer, If You Lend Me,
To Be, Discriminations, I Have Seen,
Seeking The Dove of Peace, Election Result,
Profile of A Hippie, Nirvana, My Songs,
About War, If There Be A Third World War,
Rays of Harmony, A PH.D. Says,
The poems from it.

The poems are of a type and tenor,
Trend and ideology,

Intermixing art with peace,
Peace with harmony
And love
And singing of humanity
In bonding and sympathy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sorry Sir, Sorry, Had Been In The Goggles So Couldn't Recognize You/ A Superstar In The Making

Sorry sir,
Sorry,
Very, very sorry,
Really very, very sorry sir,
Couldn't,
Couldn't recognize you,
You
As had been,
Had been in the goggles
Feeling great
Just like a hero
From Hollywood not,
Bollywood
Or Tollywood
Or Mollywood,
A hero in the making,
Wearing the goggles
Smiling,
The photographers
After
And I,
I felt like that,
Sorry, sorry sir
For not recognizing you,
I had not been within
Putting on
The black sunglasses,
Dark black glasses
Turning me into a hero
Instantly,
Thank you,
Thank you sir,
Just forget not to see me
In the goggles
Before you move away.

Sorry Sir, You Cut Not My Poetical Beards

Sorry sir, you cut not, cut not please
My poetical beards
As may cease to remain a poet
And my poetry will die a very poor death.

Just for poetry's sake, cut not my beards,
My beards not for to be suspected,
Though may be unkempt,
But not dangerous at all.

You destroy not the talent,
The talent within,
Which but know you not,
But my beards the source of my inspiration.

Sir, a minute, hold the scissors please,
Call not the barber,
My beards rare and priceless,
The source and origin of my poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sorry To Have Missed Some Birthdays On The Facebook

Sorry, sorry,
Very, very sorry,
Sorry to you
In greeting you with,
Happy, happy birthday,
Birthday to you
As had i been like the toothless children
singing,
Happy, happy birthday not,
But birdday, birdday to you.

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen,
My friends, my colleagues,
I remember, remember
Your birthday, birthday,
Facebook reminds me
Even be I late in acknowledging.

Actually the children,
The small-small children celebrate it better
In the style of Thomas Hood's
I Remember, I Remember.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sorry, I Could Not Say Myself A Poet

Sorry, I could not say myself a poet
As it suits not my taste and temperament,
I shall wait for sometime more
Till one calls me a poet,
My morality accepts it not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sorry, If I Have Hurt Your Feelings, Extremely Sorry

Sorry,
Very, very sorry,
If I have hurt your feelings,
If I have hurt,
Very, very sorry,
If I have unknowingly,
Please excuse me,
Excuse me,
I beg pardon of you
For have hurt you,
You and your feelings unknowingly.

God forbid if I have,
If I have really hurt your heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Spanish Girl

Spanish girl,
Will you take me
With you
To Spain,
Madrid,
Spanish girl?

I know it not
Your history,
Art, society and culture,
Spanish girl,
Your love of life and the world.

Will you,
Will you take,
Take me
To Spain,
Madrid
To show me,
Show me life and the world?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Speak With Love, Ganga Maiya Ki Jai

Today we have many link roads and connect ways to cross over into
But there was a time,
When the British were taking the building work
And did they too in
The India of exotic flora and fauna,
Dense forests and vast tracts of lands
With varieties and variations

□

And as a result of British town life and planning,
Many cities and towns grew into
Otherwise India had been a country of villages
With its soul inhabiting the countryside,
But the change took place in our living
And we started liking the towns
As for education, knowledge and information sake

Instead of being blind, superstitious, backward, underdeveloped,
Illiterate, uneducated, impoverished,
Yielding to astrology, fatalism, soothsaying, oracle,
Leaving everything into the hands of the Unseen and the Invisible,
Calling God to cure of diseases,
Beating the witches for ailment,
Bent they towards Western reasoning, logic and fact-finding,
Medicine, technology, information and connectivity

And as a result of these developments, the townsmen with their roots in villages,

Used to visit them often
And during the rainy days
When the muddy connect ways used to be slippery and water-logged,
They used to take off the things one by one,
First the leather boots, then upping and folding the pants,
Then keeping the watch into the pocket

And then mud-stained shirt to be bundled and kept on the shoulders,
Then pants to be taken off
And in the underwears,
Calling the villagerly people from this bank of the river
As for taking to that side

And the river swaying, water levels rising
And the townsman, the urban babu
Leaving his babugiri crossing the river in utter fear and helplessness,
Ganga maiya ki jai.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Spies

The life of a spy, private or public, have you thought about,
Have you ever
About the spies
On a mission?

It is a romantic idea, a colourful notion to view him
With the hat, goggles and a cheroot on
The lips,
Visiting foreign

And trespassing, traversing into the boundaries and barriers, slipping away
From their catch and punishment,
A citizen
With a no-man identity.

Spies, spies communistic let loose in the United States of America
Of the Soviet Union,
Of the U.S.A.
In the U.S.S.R.

The Cold War times and the Stars War Program period had been
The peak period,
The flexing of the muscle
And military strategy.

Spies Chinese and Pakistani, spies Indian crossing over to intentionally
And we jailing them, putting into prison
The no-men of different nationalities,
At least we could have thought across the humanitarian line.

The filmy, plastic reel spies getting wounded, falling in love
With a foreign national
And the girl nurturing him
Does not lure me at all.

The situation is worse in connection with them in reality,
They bearing the brunt of,
Tortured and punished in foreign prisons and cells
Which we think it not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Spring And Summer

Even when the days appear to be stronger
With the sunlight falling straight
And it getting hotter,
The coloured flowers keep us cheering
Even when bouts with summer
Ruffling it all
With heat and dust
In late spring.

The simuls with red-red flowers,
The palash with clusters,
The gulmohars yet to show the spectacle
Even during the hot sensation,
The kanchanars in full swing
With the violet colour scented flowers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

tine's Day

A red rose to the holy saint
Who sacrificed even life
For saving sacred and sacrosanct love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Stand I Fossilized With A Handful Of Mushrooms

Writing poems,
My life has turned into a poem.

A sculptor of the bust
And the torso of the unknown citizen, am I!

Stand I fossilized
With a handful of mushrooms of dead emotion and feeling.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Standing At The Crossroad Of Life Think I

Standing at the crossroad of life

Think I

What has his life given,

What has it taken from

Standing at the crossroad of life

Think I

Desperately, desolately

Where,

Where have I come to,

What it is in me,

What in you

Trying to realize it

Which but I never did it feel in

As I am now?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Standing By The Bridge Of The Forest-Ways□

While passing through the forest tract, the woods dark and mysterious,
Want I to stop by and see the evening descending upon
And changing into the dark night
And standing near the bridge, think I about,
The farmlands far from, the pastoral dwelling and surroundings
Where there lies my country home

And here I thinking about the beauty and mystery of the woods deep and dark,
The world around and the silence prevailing upon,
I keep seeing and seeing and marking
As the woods may not stand tomorrow
And a bleak hope persists in
With regard to their survival.

May be it that come tomorrow these will not be on the pathways, the sideways
Shorn off completely, bare from
The green sheet of wild vegetation and creepers around,
The bushes spread over,
But the wild dwellers not therein
Which once used to be with.

On marking the mystery and silence prevailing around,
The air calm and fresh, silence eerie and bewitching,
I think of staying and watching in full
Before it is full, but my time and my memories of home
And shelter from the ruffle and howl
Hinting towards my expected onward movement.

The desire was to see and watch more, the beauty and mystery of the forest,
And had it been, I would have passed the night
In a tent under the open skies, marking the scenic, picturesque beauty,
But the howl cautioned it otherwise,
Telling of the experiences of life
Which humanity keeps hiding in.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Standing On The Edge Of The Highway

Standing on the edge of the highway,
I see the pace of urban life
Holding the heart breath.

I feel
Where are they going?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Standing On The Highway Think I How Fast Is Life!

Standing on the highway
Think I
How fast and busty
Is modern life
And living,
How speedy and gusty!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Stanzas

A Lover

A lover of your heart
Am I,
A lover of your soul.

Madly Yours

With
Madly yours
The love-letter ending.

In The Sky Full of Stars

In the sky full of stars
Search I
For your twinkles and smiles.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Stealing My Heart, Where Did You Go Away?

Stealing,
Stealing my heart,
Where,
Where did she
Go away?

Stealing my heart,
Where,
Where did she,
The blonde,
Belle,
Beauty go away?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Stealing My Heart, Where Has She Gone Away?

Stealing my heart, giving pains to,
Leaving me bleeding,
With the gushing wounds of love
And that too without nursing
And bandaging the wounds,
Where has she gone away
Stealing my heart that cute and curt maiden,
Bobbed, mod, hi-fi and beautiful,
Doing hi-hello, o.k., good night,
Goodbye?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Stealing The Moon/ Sitting Behind The Church And Enjoying

Stealing the moon, have I brought
And we sitting together with
Behind the church
Enjoying the fair evening
When the moon seems to be drizzling,
A silvery white sheet spread over,
Yea, it's looking milky white,
The moon orbs glistening everywhere
And it's shining all around.

Stealing the moon, have I brought
And as thus keep we sitting
Behind the church
In milky whiteness,
Enjoying the bliss.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Stepehn Gill As A Singer Of Om Shantih Shantih Shantih

Stephen Gill as a poet is but a peacenik.

A votary of peace,
No conflict, no strife, no war,
Peace, peace,
All but for peace
Is the vision and mission of Gill,
Unfurling the flag of peace
At the United Nations,
A poet Buddhistic, all for shantih,
Jainistic, all for non-violence,
A poet Sikhistic and Gandhian.

A humanist from his core,
He is a singer of human heart
In love and sympathy,
Warmer hugs and embraces,
Kisses and handshakes
Which separate it not
And he smiles
When Musharraf handshakes with Vajpayee
And Nawaz Sharif with Modi after a hitch.

A writer whose slogan is peace, whose resolution
Is for peace,
Whose agenda is peace,
The single and sole agenda,
The agenda by circulation too,
Peace, peace, world peace,
Peace at home, on the domestic front,
Peace outside, in the world,
No war, no war at all.

Shantih, shantih, shantih,
Om shantih, shantih, shantih,
Shantih, shantih, shantih
Is the song of his,
A writer for peace, by peace, of peace,

Shantih, shantih, shantih,
World peace,
Let there be peace and there was peace,
Om shantih, shantih, shantih.

Co-existence, harmony and peace,
Love, sympathy and affection
Are the softer interior of his poetry,
Love, human love,
Existence, peaceful co-existence,
Harmony, in relationship,
With love and affection
Are the things of his verse,
A poet kind and humane
From his inside within.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Stephen Gill

Stephen Gill,
His spirit is
One of
The League of Nations
Formed after the First World War,
His spirit is of
The United Nations Organization
Formed after the Second World War
When peace had been panting for breath,
Gasping for.

He is a poet of peace and love,
Love and humanism,
Humanism and nursing,
Simple caress and care
With affection and love,
After reaching from Canada,
He is a Sikh,
No, no he is a Canadian,
No, no, he is an Indo-Canadian.

And this too is not,
He is a world citizen,
A citizen of the world,
Now it is up to you to declare,
To give him citizenship or not,
To give him the visa and the passport or not,
As he is no gipsy,
But a man,
A man speaking to a man,
A humanitarian from his core.

A crusader for world peace,
Stephen will rally around,
Go touring the world,
Pleading for,
Preaching it
Whenever the time be,
Whenever humanity is at stake

Or whenever peace gets confronted,
Confrontation and strife rake the world.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Stephen Gill As A Small Indo-Canadian Poet

Stephen Gill as a Canadian,
Born in Pakistan
Then in India
And migrated thereafter
Is a Punjabi
Writing poems in English.

But as a writer
He is more of a propagandist
Popularizing and promoting his poetry
Which is but a flaw of his
To be marked by the literary historians
Noting his growth as a writer.

The Dove of Peace, The Flowers of Thirst,
Songs For Harmony, Divergent Shades
Are the poetry-collections of his
Apart from his short stories and novels
To proclaim him a fiction writer
Of distinction which he has earned
For himself.

Gill writes very simple poetry,
The poetry of love and humanity,
Peace, affection and bonding,
Sympathy and attraction
Rather than fissure, friction and faction,
Separation and detachment.

A lover of man and humanism,
Optimistic thinking and human welfare,
He wants to join the hearts
Rather than splitting,
A peacenik and a humanist
Gill is a poet of human values.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Stephen Gill As I Have Known Him

Stephen Gill
As a humanist,
A peacemaker,
A pacifist
Have I known him for years,
A writer for peace, love and humanism.

One from Sialkot, Punjab,
He moved to Canada
To settle down,
But the hang-overs of the motherland
He could not
Coming out in the form of
Nostalgia and remembrance.

But it was his faith in humanism,
Love and affection
Which but upheld him
And he never felt dearth of homeliness
Rather turning into a world citizen,
A lover of mankind in general,
Your home is there where you are.

Stephen writes the poetry of love,
Love and humanism
Coming as the running verses
Of peace,
Buddha teaching him
Under the peepul tree,
Enlightening him
And lo, he too beaming with his joy
And radiance!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Stephen Gill, A Modernist Or A Post-Modernist, A Colonial Or A Post-Colonial

I do not know it,
What to call him
A modernist or a post-modernist,
A colonial or a post-colonial,
What is he,
How is his poetry?

As a poet, I do not find
The traces of modernism or post-modernism,
Colonialism or post-colonialism
Though they make the hue and cry
With regard to
The critical anti-thesis and propaganda
As had he been, we would have.

Stephen is but a simple poet
Writing simply
About human love and humanism,
World peace and peaceful co-existence,
Harmony and sympathy,
Charity and philanthropy,
A modern poet of love and humanism.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Stephen Gill, Sitting From Canada

Stephen Gill, sitting from Canada,
You thinking about India,
Your home
In the undivided Punjab
Which now is in Pakistan,
Even if do you not,
But the moods taking you to
And you lost in the visions
Of the past,
Of the present and the future,
Where you are,
Where you were one day
Though think you or not,
But think we
While exploring you,
Your mind and heart!

Now perhaps dispelling your
Despair and doubt
And dilemma,
Angst and bewilderment,
Discarding nostalgia and homesickness,
Say we,
You are of where
You are there,
For you now
The whole world is a relative,
Vasudheva kutumbakam,
Stepping out of the doors,
Stephen Gill,
But your heart would have beat
For the motherland
In the beginning!

Live you where you are,
Spreading the message of
Love and humanism,
Peace and harmony,
Sympathy and co-existence,

Sing you the songs
Of peace,
Releasing the doves of peace,
Joining the greenpeace,
Saving the earth from warfare
And pollution,
Making it livable
By being a first rate humanist,
A lover of mankind,
A singer of heart,
An ambassador of peace!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Stephen Gill's Divergent Shades

Divergent Shades as a thin collection of poems

Opens up with

Prayer For The Coming Years,

A poem

In which he seeks

To weed out human misery and evil,

Bigotry and cruelty,

Satanic advancement

And human brutality

Followed by, To Mother,

I Wish You Were Alive,

Wind, Puppet, Tears,

Why, Life, Ode To Mosquitoes,

A Poet, Disappointments,

At The Wrong Time of Night,

How To lose Blessings, Writer,

Muse, Address of Today,

Recollections of Texas, Birth of Poems,

Youth, Not A Lonely Art, Delicate Oars,

Rejections, Idol,

Stale Crumbs,

Bride Is Watching, Light of Truth,

The Prince of Peace

To tell the things simply

Without any configuration

Or ambiguity

Or anything to put air on,

Free from unnecessary metaphors,

A poet of simple expression and simple things,

Telling plainly

The naked truths of life,

The realities of human life and living,

Human hunger and milk of kindness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Stephen Hawking

Stephen Hawking,
A sighting of his
Taking me far
Away into the realms
Of space,
Atoms and particles.

A personality
Taking me away
To Galileo,
Newton,
Einstein.

A portrait,
A portrait of a man
As a genius,
A physicist, a cosmologist.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Stephen Hawking: A Portrait Of A Physicist

Stephen, when I saw him,
Something held me with awe and surprise
Awe in
Seeing him sitting painfully
But with so much curiosity,
Delving into the strange phenomena,
Pain for being in a wheel-chair,
But instead of the handicap,
He exploring and exploring,
Delving into
The space and the origin of universe,
Dealing with the science of space and physics,
Light and darkness,
Talking intellectually,
Solving the sums of life and the world
Lying riddles and puzzling.

An innocent face so intellectual and reasonable,
He viewing from the specs,
Stephen Hawking,
The physicist, intellectualist,
The particle reader,
Atom analyser
Warning against human greed and stupidity
And pollution
Turning fatal and disastrous,
Climate change and global warming,
So knowledgeable and factual
And intellectual.

Refreshening the memories of
Galileo, Copernicus, Archimedes and Newton,
A high mind
Delving far
With his knowledge of
Applied mathematics,
Theoretical physics,
Astronomy
And cosmology

And noting down
The radio actives and frequencies,
Shock waves felt across
Gathered even from aliens and UFOs.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sthal-Padma, Changeable Rose, Hibiscus Mutabilis, Land Lotus

Sthal padmas, land lotuses
Blooming,
See them
And begin your morning with
Viewing them,
Sthal padmas, land lotuses
Looking white, whiter
But taking colour on,
Changing
And it reddening, growing pink,
So tender and soft,
Cotton roses,
Sthal padmas, land lotuses
Blooming and attracting
With its changing colour,
Looking white,
Pinking, reddening before
To wither away and drop.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Stolen & Secret Love/ Conservative Father, Conservative Mother, But The Daughter Is Not/ Love In A Tabooed Society Just Like A Caged Bird

Under the pretext of going to college, they used to move out
To the cinema hall
Enjoying the matinee show
And the guardians taking it for
That their wards at college.

Under the pretext of exchanging books and notes,
They used to exchange love letters,
Written in hiding,
Telling of stolen and hidden love
Burning within the heart.

Conservative mother, conservative father of conservative society,
But the daughter not,
A liberal fellow
Whose heart brimming with love,
The flame burning still.

But the father strict and stubborn, will not understand,
Ready to take stern measures
Against the pulsating heart,
The poor soul at the centre of hers,
What can she do all alone
A simple girl in trouble?

Where to go, what to do, the dove helpless,
Writhing in pain,
Singing the notes of pain,
Oh, the pain of heart,
Making restless,
Unbearable indeed?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Strange Meeting

Is love the name of some strange meeting?
Who said it? , can you tell me?

Neither I knew you nor you knew me,
But love was born in between.

A strange meeting was it
Which neither I could know it nor were you aware of it,
But love had to be
And loved we each other,
Came to know and like each other as thus.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Stranger, You Look To Be Own!

Stranger,
Stranger, you appear to be
My own,
How to believe you
As what to say to
On what ground,
Will you,
will you please help me,
stranger,
Stranger?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Style

Style is the way of presenting the things,
The way you take up as for writing, saying or presenting
The things of your own
And from the word style comes it the word stylist,
Standing for one who uses and applies modernistically.

Your style, my style, his style or her style,
Be it their style,
But it is never the same
As for approach, attitude not,
But for the manner he takes to deliberation.

The stanzas and their patterns,
The starting and the ending,
The words you pick up,
The manner you speak out,
All these come under the word style.

Sometimes it is said,
Style is the man,
I do not, but say it they
And it is true to some extent,
As your behaviour is first introduction so is style.

Cinematographic style not,
Poetic style is the thing of my deliberation
And I want to see how the poet has begun
As well as concluded,
How the thing of his presentation,
How the dialogues and words!

Everyone has got a style of his own
Which is divine,
If I have something special, you too have,
Which but you know it not,
And I have tried to develop that
But you have not.

Style, It's My Style, Said He Lighting Another Piece Of Cigar

Style,
It's my style,
Said he
Smoking a cigar
Held in between
The fingers
And he lighting it
After placing
On the lips
And it burning.
Lighting
And he taking the puffs,
Smoking,
Smoking
With the puffs
Taken
And puffed out,
The smokes curling,
Curling above,
The ashes shaken
From the embers
And smoking,
Smoking
A cigar
In style
Going after
Modernity,
A modern man he,
A stylist he
Smoking a cigar
Going after modernity,
After his habit
And now he cannot without
As if cigars were his life
And smoking the cigar,
Threw he away the butt,
Ay, the lighting butt

Crushed he
With his boots
A smoker he
Repeated it again,
Lo, see you,
Lighting another
From a new pack
To place on the lips,
Said he,
Style, it's my style,
Smoking the second! .

Bijay Kant Dubey

Such A Beautiful Face, The Moon Or The Star? I Loiter Around And Think Of

Your face,
What do they call it,
Do you know?
The moon.
Your lips,
What do they,
Do you know?
Pink roses.
Your cheeks,
What do they call it,
Do you?
Appleyish.

My mistress, let me, let me see you
Before I go away,
Let me, let me view you, my love
Before I go away.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sudhir Kakar

Sudhir Kakar,
You have got no work to do
Barring
Who loved whom,
Who winked at whom?

How had it been the Mahatma
Accompanied by the White girls,
How was it it Aurobindo's love for Mira Alfassa,
Mira Bai's prem,
Tagore's heartbeat for Kadambaridevi?

Not a good man, but a bad man,
Kakar,
It's very bad,
Not the job of a good man,
But a very bad man.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sufion Ke Sang, Sufi Ho Jaogi

Sufion Ke Sang, Sufi Ho Jaogi

Pyaar mein etni deewangi acchi nahin,
Sadhu-santo ke sang,
Bairagi ban jaogi,
Sufi ho jaogi,
Rahshyamay prem ka
Aur lau jalti huin.

In The Company of The Sufis, Will Turn Into A Sufi Yourself

Too much love's madness is not so good,
In the company of the sadhus and saints,
A renouncer you will turn into,
A Sufi will you become
Singing of mystical love
And the Flame burning.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Suicide Cannot Answer It All

Suicide cannot solve it all,
Is not the answer,
Life is more important,
Try to live you
Even struggling it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Suit-Boot Ki Sarkar Hai (Rahul Gandhi Ke Liye) / A Govt. Of The Suit-Boot (For Rahul Gandhi)

Yah suit-boot ki sarkar hai,
Bhaiyya, tum bhi jo suit-boot pahne huye ho.

This is a govt. of the suit-boot,
But brother, you too are in suit-boot.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Summer By Jayanta Mahapatra

It is not a summer poem,
But relating of the ancient orchard,
Man and his times,
The rural space and landscape,
The daughter and the mother,
Village life and times,
The hearth and the home,
Tangles of human relationships.

Taking the village girl as the protagonist,
The mouthpiece
He is telling the things sociologically
Delving into the rural psyche and spaces,
The girl seeing the lousy hair of her mother
Unoiled and unclean
Unaware of her own fate
As for what it lies ahead,
Destined for an uncertain destination.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Summer, Indian Summer, Scorching Summer With Intensive Heat Falling And The Loo Blowing

Summer,
Indian summer
With intensive heat and loo
Has come,
Summer,
Indian summer
Full of heat and dust,
The sun appearing to be a fireball
And the flames falling around,
Scorching it all.

But do not disheartened,
Take you heart
To beat it naturally,
Pause a bit under the gulmohar tree
Marking the florid blossoms,
Jasmines to fragrance you
During the night-time,
Walk you, walk you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sunset Silhouette

It was sunset time
When I came across
A herd of camels,
Hump-backed
And cylindrical
Grazing the grass
So earnestly,
The poor cattle from far,
Covering a long distance,
Leading to somewhere,
A track unknown.

I just saw the nomadic herdsmen,
The outlandish fellows
Speaking a different dialect,
All those traders from far-off,
The desert domains
To the plains
As for feeding and rearing
Or returning after
A gap of months
Or to dispose off
To some other clumsy fellows
For a different purpose.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Suppose An English Blonde Shakes Hands With Me

Suppose,
Just suppose you
An English girl doing the hand-shake
With me
And the people seeing it
Here in India
As doubting Thomases,
Something-something,
Something is therein.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Suppose I Fell In Love With A Ukrainian Girl

Suppose my love is a Ukrainian girl
And she knows not English,
How I too not English,
how shall we talk with,
You say it?
Just suppose you,
Can it be not?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Suppose I Kiss A Burquawalli

Suppose,

Just suppose you

I kissed a burquawalli,

A blackly-veiled,

Burqua-clad maid

Going somewhere,

Suppose you,

Just suppose you

I impressing a kiss

On the sweet cheeks

Of a veiled maiden,

Named Miss Burquawalli,

Just suppose,

Suppose you!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Suppose I Kiss A Girl In Saudi Arabia Or Iran, What Will It Happen?

Suppose, just suppose you
Though I am doing
Nothing like that,
But instead am thinking,
Just suppose you,
I kissed a Saudi Arabian girl
Or an Iranian blonde,
What would it happen?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Suppose That I Move Out To Saudi Arabia And There Give A Break Dance On The Desert Sands

Suppose that,
Just suppose you,
I am not going to,
But take you for,
I have moved to
Saudi Arabia
And there gave I
A break dance
In the public
Or the desert sands
On seeing the girls,
Would they cane me
For having given
A nice break dance?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Suppose That If I Have To Do Quawwalli In My Lungi In Cold Countries

I do quawwalli very privately and personally
Before a very selected audience of my own,
Dressed in a lungi and a ganjee
Very privately before my little ones
As for my rehearsal
But to do in the lungi in cold countries
A challenging task,
So, if I get a chance anytime,
I shall before the same audience of mine
But in the shirt and pants
As because lungi will create fresh problems for me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Suppose The Night Is A Beloved And Her Sari Embroidered With The Twinkles Of Stars

I am a poet-lover
who can even pluck the stars from the skies
For the beloved
To stick into the braid of the hair
And the twinkles embossed upon the sari
Of the nightly maiden.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Suppose You, Just Suppose It, You Are Sitting Before Me And I Am Painting

Suppose it, just suppose it,
You are before me
And I am painting,
Making the portrait.

Now fear I in making the portrait
As if I make her,
She will turn into a lovely lass
Whose dreamy eyes none but shall fear I.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Suppose Your Son Turns Into A Bad Boy□

Suppose your son turns into a bad boy,
What will you do then,
Will you curse your fate
Or call a sin of your previous life?

Who can say it what it is in his life,
What in the life of my son,
I think well of them,
But it will happen accordingly?

People praise me as I keep giving to the world,
But when stop I the world come to a stop
And it is concerned merely
With my giving,
The man whom help will also turn away.

Suppose your son turns into a bad boy,
If luxury spoils him,
Parental affection and resources,
If bad company spoils him, what will you?

Think, just think by being the father of a spoilt child,
Of the pick-pocket, the thief and the criminal
And if you are not a criminal,
The film will make you.

The hero is not a hero, but a big zero, a footpath man,
The villain not a villain, but a good man
And he will make others
Turn into a villain.

Suppose your son turns into a bad boy,
Tears will fall down from the eyes,
Domestic life will get disturbed,
You will fail to solve your problems.

Your men too will not stand by you,
They will and go away,
Even the men you have helped, let them grow,

Will not be beside you.

Your son will say, what have you for him,
You have helped the whole world, not me,
Then where will your education go,
What will your wealth do to get rid of?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Suppose, Just Suppose I Going With My Bibis, One Not Three Burkhawalli Bibis

Suppose,
Just suppose you,
Take me for,
I going with my bibis,
Blackly-veiled bibis,
Three bibis,
Burkhawalli bibis,
One not, three
And the ways be lonely
With my bibs.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Suppose, Just Suppose You, Your Wife Is A Foreigner And You Too Know It Not Her Tongue

Suppose,
Just suppose
You
Your wife
A foreigner
And you too
Know not
Her alien tongue,
How to,
How to talk
With her,
A love
Foreigner,
But own?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Suppose, Suppose You Kissed A Purdah Nashin, A Blackly-Veiled Maiden

Suppose,
Just suppose you,
You could not resist your temptation
And you kissed a blackly-veiled maiden
In the public,
Will it get highlights in newspapers,
Don't mind it,
This is just by the way
If kissed I a burkhawalli,
With a lovely and impressive kiss
On the cheeks of hers?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Suppose, Your Name Is Kavita & I'M In Love With

Suppose, just suppose
Your name is Kavita
And I'm in love with you,
A maiden named Poetry,
Suppose,
Just suppose you.

Kavita, I love you,
I like you,
You the kavita, poetry
Of my life,
My first after whom die I
So much.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Suprabhatam, Suprabhatam, Namskaram, A Very Good Morning

Suprabhatam,
Suprabhatam
With namaskaram,
Good morning,
Good morning,
A very good morning
To everybody,
To everybody,
Surprabhatam,
It's morning,
Morning, good morning
And with it namasakaram,
Namaskaram,
With the folded hands,
Folded hands
Brought to
And closed
And opening as a lotus,
Namskaram,
Suprabhatam,
Suprabhatam.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Swami Vivekananda

Swami Vivekananda
And the Ramkrishna Mission,
What to say about
As have become a part
Of our life and tradition,
The teachings of Swamiji,
The world knows it,
Your gnana is light,
Your karma will show you the path of life,
Try to know yourself,
Self-knowledge is more important than,
Self-realization more relevant than,
Do you some social work,
Live not for yourself,
But for others too!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Swami Vivekananda: A Portrait Of A Saint

Swami Vivekananda
An Advaita Vedantist,
An educationist, a philosopher,
A saint and a social worker,
A tourist and a traveller,
A guide, an ashramite
And a karmayogi.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Swami Vivekananda's Kali The Mother

Kali The Mother as a poem
Is one in praise of Goddess Kali,
The Dark Goddess
Which he did
While had been in Kashmir
On Dal Lake
In Srinagar on a houseboat.

After visiting the Kheer Bhawani temple
In Srinagar
With Bhawani as the deity,
He wrote the poem
Under the fever of inspiration
And the frenzy of the moment.

How to invoke, take to,
How to mythicize,
How to mystify,
How to know the Unknowable,
How to feel the Terrible She
Engaged his space,
His heart and soul!

And he knew it not how to transcend that
Ecstasy,
The fever of inspiration,
The frenzy of moment
With the soul in sadhna
And the spirits howling,
Frightening!

It is a dark night
Starless and full of black-out,
Clouds heaped upon clouds,
Full of revelations,
Experiments with the Nocturnal Force
Testing the sadhna of the sadhakas.

With the image of Bhawani,

He thinks of the churning
Of the ocean
And taking of poison,
The Tandava of Shiva,
Of Kali,
The trance and fever
Of sadhna.

How to narrate, take to
Her lila, rupa,
Shyama Kali, Samshana Kali,
Kali Bluish, Kali Dark Black,
How to
The bibhatsha rupa of Hers
During annihilation of the demons!

The creational force and fever,
The fury and fusion,
How to take to,
The motherly commotion and clamour
Subsiding into a calm,
Upheaval after uproar!

Holding the Hindu view of life,
Attributing and assigning
With the break of diseases
And their ultimate check,
He takes to the horror and terror element
To dwell upon the thing
In hand.

Terror is Her name,
Death Her breath,
Destroying the asuric forces,
Annihilating avidya,
Lessening sin,
She comes, comes
With the steps of Hers.

Kali The Mother is a Kali poem,
A Shakti poem
One of the Kheer Bhwani temple

Written in 1898
In Kashmir's Srinagar
When he had gone to
After coming from America
Attending the Parliament of the World's Religions.

There is nothing as specific,
But as usual
As it is in Aurobindo's
Revelation and Trance of Waiting
And Transformation,
Dealing with the trysts and experiments
With the Supernatural Divine,
Mythical and Mystical too
Apart from Revelatory.

The trance of sadhna,
The mystique of the moments,
The facades of truth
To be justified,
How to tell them
If shrouded in mystery,
Everything lying muffled,
Transmuted.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Swami Vivekananda Not Only A Yogi, But A Karmayogi

Swami Vivekananda was not only a yogi,
But a karmayogi,
One materializing dreams into action,
Transforming into realities,
Translating thought into action,
A moral teacher
And a spiritual guru;
An Advaita Vedantist
Propounding the philosophy
Of Advaita Vedanta
And Karmayoga was his thesis,
Karma dharma,
Dharma gnana;
A great disciple
Of a great teacher
Sri Ramkrishna Paramhansa,
A worthy disciple
Of a worthy teacher.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Syavamvara And Other Poems By Jayanta Mahapatra

'Svayamvara and other poems' as a collection of poems
Which appeared after Close the Sky, Ten by Ten
From Writers Workshop, Calcutta
In 1971
When Jayanta Mahapatra had been a teacher
Of physics
At Ravenshaw College, Cuttack.

Though the book is no variation from his as usual style,
But at that time,
He had been in his initial stage,
Into a firm footing
Or a foothold of his,
But instead of, the things can be read
For his growth and development as a poet.

Peace, For a Displaced Season, Blind This World,
A Kind of Love, Sonnet, Sometimes,
Morning, Awareness, A Point of View,
Betrayal, The Marriage Portrait, Apartment,
At the Zoo, Love's Caress, Where Does Night Begin? ,
The poems one after another.

Bells, The Bride, Traditions, Svayamvara,
Between, Bones, Sun Worshipper, Child and Teacher,
Traffic Constable, Intimacy, Faith, Poem,
The Poster, My Boy, Blind Singer in a Train,
Henry the Robot/ A Theme of Love, A Name,
Poem (For R.M.) ,
The rest following.

Whatever be the theme of the poem, but he
Has not left his love of imagery and imagism,
Lyric and lyricism,
So private and personal,
So delving into the realms of nothingness,
The space and the vacuum,
The things of his perusal.

The owl of the night with one eye shut in the zoo,
Waiting for the night to come,
The lotus of the morning breaking into smiles
And a calm serenade,
The poetic space of his,
Frail faith depicted in a poor light,
Shaky presence of man silhouetted feebly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Sylvia Plath

Sylvia, you the darling daughter of your daddy,
So much attached to and affectionate,
Lovely and emotionally alive,
Nervous and sentimental,
Ted Hughes, you could not feel it.

But the talent seemed to be beaming with
And breaking forth,
Dispelling all that was dark in consciousness
Or underneath
And you longed to express your self,
I mean the ailing self in poetry.

The heart and mind of a woman,
The troubles, tribulations and tensions
Of the motherly self,
The fissures and fissions taking place
In human relations,
Man-woman relationship.

With the cracks figuring in,
The personality lying spit open,
The throbbing heart
Taking it otherwise,
Full of aches and beats,
You could not resist it yourself.

Sylvia, in all that, saw you life pulsating,
Throbbing beautifully,
From the hospital,
In your ailment
And the flowers sprouting,
Sparkling and cackling,
The things made of light.

Sylvia, before ending yourself, unable to grapple with
The tensions, troubles and tribulations within,
You thought of doing with irrationally,
Taking to the confession of the self

As for a discharge from pressure,
Living isolated from to finish yourself,
Unable to cope up with the split and the crisis,
The love for the daddy and on the other the treatment of Hughes.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Symphony Of Discords By narayana Murti

narayana Murti who used to teach at
Andhra University, Waltair, Vishakhapatnam, A.P.
Authored it in 1977
Is a collection
Which we feel hard-pressed to mean it.

But some of the poems evoke memory and sense,
Thought and feeling,
Idea and reflection,
Perceptive enough
To leave a mark o their own.

A certain metaphysics is therein,
Some sort of illumination,
Felt in
As lights illumining
Towards divinization,
A poet transcendental and of cosmic vision.

The poet says, we are particles,
The God particles
Illuminating
In the rays,
Godly rays of creation.

Abstract Art is the first poem with which
The volume opens,
To be intercepted by good poems
Such as, Imprints, Thy Shadow,
Castles, Return, Into Reality and others.

His poetry is the poetry of language,
Classical whiff
Though may appear artificial, ornate and jeweled
As the words
Tend to a different orientation.

Cosmic Truth, Cosmic Vision,
The thing of his reckoning,

The Vacuum overhead
And losing of the Self in,
The Zero Infinite.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Symphony Of Skeletons By i

Mark it this is his symphony of skeletons,
The music of the feel harmonic orchestra,
The poet feeling the music of life
In the midst of adversities,
In the black and bleak world
Of shattered hope and dreams,
But hey still holding champagne to celebrate
Over the trodden, trampled,
Hearing the music of the skeletons.

Landscape is the first poem to be seconded by
To a Witch Goddess, I and I, Some Silences,
Deoli Massacre, An Again Laid Egg,
The Milestone, Thoughts of the Oppressed,
Vacant Life, My Shangri-La, You Live Till You Die,
Snakes Dwell In Anthills, Mountains do not Mourn,
Dead Chimneys, Crushed Oranges, Stars Never Descended,
A Forest Cannot Love, Defunct Memories,
Are the poems to figure in with others.

Questions are questions, some have answers
And some answerless, no answer available,
Why we live, how we live, where and what for,
Are questions, but we live till we die,
Is the thing to be felt and said,
A void talks to another void, I to I, I and I,
One I questioning another existential I,
Who are you, who are you, where were you, where were,
An existence lying on a rock and the wings far away,
You go revelling and dreaming with.

A poet philosophical and thoughtful, he is dreamy
And of a brooding temperament, delving onto
Cosmic consciousness, the things of consciousness,
The layers and layers withing, cutting the ice,
Bringing out the things lying dark,
A poet of dark consciousness, dipping and delving into
The things beyond the reach of the self,
Self to self questioning, self to self journey,

But a journey unknown, who are we, where are we?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Syrian Daughter

Your pangs of living
I could not,
Could not,
Your pains and pines,
A girl so poor and destitute!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Syrian Daughter, How Poor And Distraught Look You?

What had you been,
What have you become,
Syrian daughter,
Poor daughter,
My daughter?

Distraught and dishevelled,
A refugee seeking shelter
And refuge,
Syrian daughter,
Leaving your home
A refugee
In other's home.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Syrian Daughter, I Cannot See You In Tears

Syrian daughter,
I cannot see you in tears,
You wipe them down,
My daughter,
Syrian daughter.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Syrian Daughter, I Know It Well They Will Let You Live

Syrian daughter,
I know it well,
They will not let live
Happily,
They are there
To snatch
Your happiness,
Syrian daughter
Forcing you
To be a refugee
Leaving
Your own house
Seeking shelter
Elsewhere!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Syrian Daughter, Your Misery

Syrian daughter, your misery,
How to describe it,
Your pains of suffering,
Your troubles and tribulations,
Hardships and sufferings?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Syrian Girl (For The Syrian Daughter)

How,
How are they
Who,
Who bombard,
Bombard and shell
Your dwellings
Forcing you
To take refuge and shelter?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Syrian Refugees

Syrian refugees, if this can be
Your destiny,
The unchartered route of yours
Then what to say to you,
Just for fundamentalism,
Fanaticism,
Diplomacy,
Politics and power,
Can we destroy
What it is good in us?

Syrian refugees, your caravans
I can see traversing,
Facing all the odds,
Hardships and hazards
Life can give
Or man can meet,
I can just see you passing
Exhausted with daylong travelling
In the world
Controlled by fanatics and fundamentalists
And power-driven people.

Bijay Kant Dubey

T. Vasudeva Reddy As A Poet

To assess him as a poet is to say
He is a latter-day romantic,
A poet Victorian
Rather than colourful and imaginative
He is grief-laden and pensive.

Romanticism fades into the hands of his,
Gets discoloured,
A social and own to realities,
But somewhere his weakness comes to the fore,
Struggle with imagery and thematic grappling.

As a poet, he is a journal poet, has evolved,
Taken time to grow
Rather than being substantial and profound,
Somewhere parodies he the British masters,
The echoes of Shelley and Wordsworth can definitely be heard.

Bijay Kant Dubey

n, Do Not Boast Of Your Indian Elections

n, do not boast of your election process,
I know them well,
How competent are you,
How do they contest the elections
With fire power, muscle power and money power,
Man power, money power, muscle power?

How are the ballot boxes changed,
How do they cast votes,
Who are allowed, who not,
Why is ti rigged,
How are the ballot cast?

Your papers are many with leaflets,
Handbills and envelopes,
Laws are many theoretically,
But practically
It is very difficult.

Sometimes the it becomes difficult
To seal the self-locking boxes,
How to handle the challenged votes,
How to control the situation
Going pout of control?

Where to eat in the interior village,
Where to live,
Where the bathroom to be used,
Where to pass the night?

Teshan, you make the policies
Sitting in the cold house,
But I as the presiding officer
Having sleepless nights,
T.N. Seshan, your bluffs interest me not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

As A Poet

, who was born in Dec.1943,
Took his M.A. in English
From Sri Venkateswara University, Tirupati, Andhra Pradesh
And a Ph.D. on the novels of Jane Austen,
He served Putur Govt. College, Putur.

One of a rural background,
Reddy is of the romantic twilight,
Faded and of lack lustre
Seen in the retreating days of it
And of Victorian grief,
Whatever call you, a major poet or a minor one,
Appearing in literary journals.

To read him is to know that he has authored
Quite a few slender books of poems,
When Grief Rains in 1982,
The Broken Rhythms in 1987,
The Fleeting Bubbles in 1989,
Melting Moments in 1994
Pensive Memories in 2005.

A poem of some assuming sadness,
Making or unmaking it,
He is sad, pensive, thoughtful and reflective
With much to deal with human despair;
A poet of the sunset and the dark footfall,
He takes to the shriek of a tiny bird,
A nest blown away in the hard wind.

Somewhere he falters and falls
While copying Wordsworth, Shelley and Tennyson
Echoes The Solitary Reaper, The Cloud, The Brook and In Memoriam,
But appears to be parodying,
Derivative and imitative,
But instead of, some merit is therein
To be seen in the poems, such as The Village Girl,
Maya, A Lone Bird, A Pair of Doves.

As An Image-Maker

pictures against the background of,
Photographing and penetrating,
Presenting imagistically,
Thought, idea and reflection,
Imagery and images.

Grief rains in his poetry,
Pains distils as pearly drops of water
vaporized not evaporated,
The sparrow shrieks and tweets,
The bullock cart trudges along
The raw village pathways.

The bride to her in-laws' home,
The farmer at work
Ploughing the lands
With the yoked oxen
And with a towel over the shoulders.

The barber with his tools coming
To cut and shave on a massive scale,
The washerman going to the ghat
With his ass,
The village school master on his way to school
On an old cycle of his.

Bijay Kant Dubey

As An Imagist

pictures against the background of,
Photographing and penetrating,
Presenting imagistically,
Thought, idea and reflection,
Imagery and images.

Grief rains in his poetry,
Pains distils as pearly drops of water
vaporized not evaporated,
The sparrow shrieks and tweets,
The bullock cart trudges along
The raw village pathways.

The bride to her in-laws' home,
The farmer at work
Ploughing the lands
With the yoked oxen
And with a towel over the shoulders.

The barber with his tools coming
To cut and shave on a massive scale,
The washerman going to the ghat
With his ass,
The village school master on his way to school
On an old cycle of his.

Bijay Kant Dubey

's Poetry

In When Grief Rains, the poet in a Jane Austenian way
Takes to human grief, pain and sadness,
A look at the smaller poems of the thinner collection
Shows grief distilling as drops of despair and gloomy sadness,
Short of the Hardyian concept of the bleak hope and harsh winter
As shown in The Darkling Thrush poem,
Man a puppet into the hands of Destiny,
Happiness but an episode in man's life.

An oldie in verse, taking to the late nineties
In the aftermath of Romanticism and the herald of Victorianism,
His is a poetry of the twilight time,
He likes to derive and draw from
Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson and even Ezekiel,
A poet into the footsteps of Oliver Goldsmith and William Cowper
As far as his love of the country is concerned.

The Balmy Smile, Sweet Scar, The Sparrow, The East,
When Grief Rains, The Dying Wick, Ashes,
The poems from When Grief Rains collection, 1982,
Thousand Pillars, Fortune-Teller, Farmer, The Village,
A True Drunkard, Swamiji, Child's Smile, Cosmic Love,
Existence, The Gipsy Woman, Eclipse,
From The Broken Rhythms, 1987.

Women of The Village, The Indian Bride, A Widow,
The Corn Reaper, The Snake-Charmer,
Memories, from The Fleeting Bubbles, 1989,
The Toiling Woman, The Tiller, Our Leader, The Village Girl,
A Pair of Sparrows, from Melting Moments, 1994,
The Bridal Blossom, The Crow, A Lone Bird, Without You,
Maya, Veil of Death, Waiting, A Pair of Doves,
A Task Uphill, To My Other Half, Haikus, from Pensive Memories, 2005.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tagore Memorabilia And Memoirs

Tagore memorabilia and memoirs
they lie in
the museums,
the medal and the citation,
the letters archived,
the memoirs and reminiscences,
the hand-written poems,
scribbled and corrected,
the tufts of his beards
showcased
in a casket.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tagore, Say You About Your Kadambaridevi

Tagore, in your making,
The making of your personality,
One cannot deny the influence
Of your friendly sister-in-law,
Kadambaridevi?

Tagore, say you,
How had it been your love,
Your hidden romance with her
That jumped she to death
Falling from the terrace
Of her building?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tagore's Lover's Gift And Crossing

Lover's Gift which consists of sixty prose stanzas
Though is a booklet of love and its feelings
And the poet a lover
Expressing lovefully
The feelings of his heart,
Personalizing or impersonalizing them.

Published in 1918 by Macmillan,
A joint collection,
The first half representing Lover's Gift
And the second Crossing,
Having gifted the thing,
The lover crossing over to.

The poet as the speaker of Andrew Marvell's To His Coy Mistress
And Alfred Lord Tennyson's Maud,
Just imagines in a various mood of his,
The things of his heart coming out
And he saying to his imaginary ladylove
So emotionally.

The poet opening his heart before
And the beloved all silent,
The heart brimming with
And he laying them bare,
Lyrically,
Going sentimental.

Tagore's Crossing is like Tennyson's Crossing The Bar
And tti's Up-hill
And here the poet preparing mentally to be with
The steersman, the helmsman or the boatman,
Who is none but the God
And the poet praying to humbly to take him across the shore.

Crossing, a collection of some 78 prose-poems, is
A collection of going and meeting,
Sometimes on the roadway all alone,
Taking the name of His and fearing and going

But He seeing it all,
Helping strangely.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tagore's Education

People say it that Rabindrananth Tagore had been self-taught, self-schooled
Which I find it contradictory
As because in the absence of teachers, how could he have excelled in,
The private tutors taught him definitely,
Even a few of them had been Englishmen
And many helped him in translating
The Bengali texts into English.

Do not say it that instead of being a matric
He did marvels,
That praise I have not come to hear,
What I can say to you is this
The best teachers taught him
Like the private tutors
Or the counsellors of the open schooling system.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tagore's Gitanjali

In Tagore's Gitanjali, see I the faces
Of Jayasi, Rashkhan, Kabir, Sur, Tulsi and Mira
And their classical love poetry,
Their medieval-age poetry.

The structural pattern is Biblical
But the horizon one of translation studies,
One of Vaishnava poetry,
Indian classical love poetry.

Indian thought, culture and tradition,
Indian philosophy, religion and spirituality,
Forming the core-content,
The crux of his poetry.

God standing there as Friend, Companion,
Father, Mother, Brother and Sister,
So much known, so much unknown,
The Strangest Stranger too.

A feeling of total surrender, surrender to the Divine,
The Unknown Journey to begin,
Where the Pathway?
Though all the three paths are here, but devotion specific.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tagore's Mysticism In Gitanjali

Tagore used Indian myths and mysticism
In Songs Offerings,
The Soul's yearning for merger into the Soul Supreme,
Maya' breaking of heart,
Indian aestheticism in terms of
Satyam, shivam, sundaram,
The essence of bairagya,
The wanderings of a yogi-fakira,
The myth of Yama and his taking of life-light,
The kindling of the Light Divine,
The essence of the paths mentioned
In the Bhagavat-Gita
Which are the gnan-marga, bhakti-marga and karma-marga,
Perhaps it is devotion which but leads unto Him.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Taimurlang, Chengiz Khan, Kubla Khan, Me Lord, They Still Love You

Me Lord,
Taimurlang, Chengiz Khan, Kubla Khan,
They still love you here,
But seeing their love,
I wonder,
Why are they in India,
Why do they not go
To Egypt, Turkey, Iran
And beyond?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Take Daru And Call Yourself A Hero If Not Of The Bombay Theatre Then Of The Local Theatre

Spend a bit and get intoxicated too much,
Low budget, but too much intoxication
And without taking it, you cannot play the role
Of a hero,
I mean an Indian hero

First class wine not, not even second class,
But third class daru for
The third class men,
Who taking and lying fallen on the roads,
Asleep, not within

And after coming to sense, talking with the stray dogs
In capers
And they hearing him
With the wagging of a tail,
Appreciating him
For the entertainment

But the loss is his, of his family, the net loss,
Not on credit, but in cash,
The family members prohibiting him to take daru
Bu the daru men giving him on credit stealthily
And the friends coming to call him.

Daru, Indian daru, intoxication guaranteed
But believe it not,
You may stay here or go there,
Look heaven wards,
Praying to God,
Save me this time, never again

But if survive you, I know it, you would again
As cannot leave it,
Cannot without it
And it is your impulse and instinct,
Your life and living,

Rotten rice brewed or mahua buds made.

Here in the shanty, the roadside ale shops,
Take you daru,
Run with the bottle with the friends,
Drink and dance
And quarrel
And the poor black bar tender woman
Hearing all that

And she too drunk, as per profession, family culture or tradition
Or poverty or to support the family,
But the big theatre people,
I mean the Bombayans imitating the foreigners after seeing them
At the seashore and the airport,
Trying to take whisky, rum, beer, brandy
And Russian vodka

All those theatre men looking good, good from their outside,
But bad-bad, very bad men
Drinking and partying at the bar,
Making the educated bar-tender-cum-dancers,
Promising of probable roles and camera flashlights.

Hence, daru piyo, drink daru, take it and be a hero,
Make the heroine too drink
And take the scenes
To be shown into the trailer of the coming film,
You drunk, I drunk
I mean both of us
And singing a song by the rivulet
Flowing in between the hills.

The hero a daru man, the heroine a daru man,
Both of them drinking,
Both of them from the countryside,
Rural, aboriginal and tribal,
But jovial and countrified.

The bigger theatre hero a beer man, I mean,
Takes he beer, brandy, rum,
Hence, may call him

A brandy man, a rum man too
As comes he not with the bottles, but takes them of course,
Not a seller but a taker of those.

And after having taken, partying with the company men,
The director, the producer, the musician, the singer and the writer,
The script writer, the cameraman, the costume director,
The decorator and the scenery-man,
The lone female artiste to see them and their philanthropy,
Unrecognizable!

All drunk, drunk, drunk and smoking and talking and quarrelling,
Smiling and whistling
On seeing the female artistes,
Committing mistakes,
Seeking for pardon and forgiveness,
What to say about the drunk people?

The management-read girls attracted to gala and glitz
Give away before the lust
And as turning into bar-tenders and models
And the talks of the theatre men smacking of
Beauty, gold and wine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Take It Not Bad, This Is Holi

A festival of colours,
The trees in tender buds,
The heat of the day beginning to fall
And getting stronger,
The winds to swirl
With dust, dry leaves and loo.

But the revellers and rowdies
Drowned unto their full,
Having taken bhang,
Flying skywards and smiling
Without any reason
Or the seasoned ones
Looking dulled.

People sprinkling, spraying coloured waters
On the passers-by,
Run amuck,
Dancing, singing and playing
And lost in,
Lost out of themselves.

But Holi remains it not Holi,
Turns into a rowdy road show,
People flinging one another
In the drains too,
Taking narcotics and intoxicants,
Addictive things to their full,
Unable to walk on.

Some people blackened looking like ghosts,
The teeth too looking coloured,
The cheeks smeared with
Green, red, violet and brown colours
And the sweetheart looking beautiful
And freckled,
Strange people are they,
The Holi revellers. □

Take My Pay Packets, Pay Bands, Return My Past Humanism

Take my pay packets, pay bands,
But return back
The past humanism
I was reared in,
That classicism, that scholasticism.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Take The Bible And Say You, Confess And Accept You

Take the Bible and say you,
I love you, I love you,
Take the Bible and say you
That you love me, love me

And if don't say you, I shall for
That you love me not,
Love me not,
I love you, but you not

I love you, love you,
But you not
And if this be, why to be sorry for,
Sad and broken

Melancholy and forlorn,
The church is there to pray,
The Cross is before to bend the head
And say to in whispers

That I love you, love you, God,
I love you, Saviour,
You save me, save my love,
Save me and myself

And coming from the church, have I forgotten,
What was I saying to,
Feeling and lamenting,
A changed man I, a changed man you, changed drastically!

□



Bijay Kant Dubey

Take The Bible And Say You, False Heart

Take the Bible and say you,
I love you, love you,
Take the Bible and say you,
I love you, love you.

□

Take the Bible and say you,
I love you, do you love me,
Do you love me, I love me,
Which I am not hearing

□

He is hearing, one who has to hear is hearing,
Why to say of me,
Say to Him,
See unto Him and say you,
That you love me, love me really?

Love is love,
Had it been so, but man here played with
And defiled it
And now love is not love,
Love has but turned into a drama piece

I loving you dramatically, you loving me dramatically,
You giving me a date, I a date to you
And all the dates failing
As sincere are we not,
As love has not remained true love.

You love me, I shall love you,
You my heart and soul,
I yours
And as thus, God loving us,
Seeing from there exactly,
Don't hide it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Take The Pindas, O, You Forlorn Spirit, Soul!

My journey from pinda to pinda,
The return journey,
I a pinda,
You a pinda.

Carry it down the asthi-kalasha
Containing the ashes
Of the body and the bones
To immerse into the waters.

Earth to earth,
Water to water,
Fire to fire,
Wind to wind,
Sky to sky.

The return journey a retreat
From here
To the original form,
Wailing Atman going back to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Take You Chutney, Sauce, Salad To Beat, Beat Indian Summer

As for to beat summer,
Indian summer,
The heat and ruffle of it,
Take,
Take you
Salad, chutney or sauce
With the midday meal,
Take, take you
Lassie,
Lemon water with salt or sugar
To refresh you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Take You Daru And Kiss The Girl In The Public To Celebrate The Kiss Of Love

Live like a gipsy,
Love like a bohemian
And go you kissing
In the public
To celebrate
The kiss of love,
You kissing a girl
Under the Leftist banner
And I without having a partner
Just remaining complacent
With the kissing of the beards
Of Karl Marx.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Taking A Break From Your Busy Schedule, Meditate You

Taking a break from your busy schedule,
From your daily routine,
Meditate you,
Fixing the mind,
Feel you the impact of silence,
The mind and the heart
Rising in unison
To be elevated and invigorated
To be one
And to be composed fully.

A calm composure constitutes you
With the peace of mind and heart
And a new set-up welcomes
With energy
To start it afresh.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Taking A Short Break From My Dull & Routined Life, Want I To Do A Break Dance To Say Goodbye To The Old Year

In the countryside or the township, there is none to wish you,
Happy new year,
Or to give a bouquet of flowers
Or the beloved to wait for earnestly
To come out and wish
So, taking a break,
Smoking the cigar,
Why not to do a short break dance
Wherever you are?

The whole village is sleeping,
The hamlets and thorps,
But taking a break from,
Smoking a cigar, I doing break dance
Wrapping the wrapper
And the dog jumping with me,
Bidding goodbye to the old year,
Welcoming the new year
During the midnight time?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Taking Alcohol, Spirit, Wine, Liquor, Dance You Not On New Year's Eve, Greeting And Welcoming

Taking alcohol,
Liquor
Or wine,
Under the spirit,
Dance you not,
Greet you not
On new year's eve
As a rowdy reveller.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Taking Daru

Taking daru, what have you made yourself,
What have you become,
You just think about it,
You just feel about it?

Taking daru, what have you, what have you made yourself,
You just see your face in the mirror
And think about it.

What had you been, what have you become,
You just see your face in the mirror
And say you?

Daru, daru, native or foreign, but wine,
Wine, wine, intoxication intoxication,
Drink you, but be not a drinker,
Let wine not drink you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Taking Daru, I Am Saying, Happy New Year To You And You Too Taking Daru, Saying, Happy New Year To Me! (A Drunkards' Party On The Eve Of The New Year)

Taking daru, I shall say,
Happy new year to you,
Taking daru, you will say,
Happy new year to me,
We two drunkards celebrating
The new year's eve,
Waiting and watching its coming,
Drinking and dancing and falling
On the ways.

Our dramatic rehearsal.

Daru-Native Indian country liquor

Bijay Kant Dubey

Taking Selfies, How Selfie Have I Become!

Taking selfies,
Howe selfie,
Have I become,
Selfie, selfie,
Hi Selfie, hello Selfie
Taking selfies?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Taking The Photograph Of The Girl, Sell You Not In The Market (Bilingual, Bengali To English)

Meyer Photo Niye Bikri Karo Naa Bazaare

Ekta naari, meye maanush,
Kothjai jaabe,
Ki korbe,
Bhaebe ccho ki tmi,
Bhabho?

Ekta meye maanush,
Ekta naari,
Kothai jaabe,
Ki korbe,
Bhebhe ccho ki tumi,
Jadi naa to bhabo tumi?

Taking The Photograph of The Girl, Sell You Not In The Market

A woman, a lady self,
Where will she go,
What will she do,
Have you thought about,
Thought about?

A female self,
A woman,
Where will she go,
What will she do,
Have you thought about,
Thought about?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Taking Which Path Of Life, Where Have I Come To?

Taking which path of life
Known or unknown,
Where have I come
Now think I
As it is difficult to return
Where have I?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Talaq, Talaq, Talaq, Do Not Say You It, Modern Bibi Lies It Hearing

Talaq, talaq, talaq,
Do not say it Mian,
The Bibi will talaq you not only
But will; teach you a lesson
In lodging a case against you
And dragging you to court.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Talent Hunt, Talent Search

Where is it talent,
You do not know it,
How is it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Talent Is In You Too, This The Poets Cannot Feel It

Talent is in you, not in me only,
This the poets cannot feel it
As they take it for granted
That they themselves are only talented,
They have the streaks of genius
While the other people do not have.

But God-gifted talent is not in poets merely,
It is in painters, sculptors, architects,
Masons, singers, photographers, lensmen,
Scientists, mathematicians and botanists.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Talent Is Not Only In Me

It is not that only I am only talented,
It is unexpectedly present
In many others
Which you yourself too cannot judge it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Talk With A Japanese Girl (Haiku)

In my haikus
Talk I
With the Japanese belles.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tamerlaine, Your Ghost Even Haunts The People, Taimur

Even now the people shudder at
To think of your raids and invasions,
Your troopers coming in hordes
Of the nomadic and barbaric people
To attack.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tamerlane, The World Needs Scientists And Progressives, Not The People Of Tartaric Attacks

Timurlane, orthodoxy, medievalism
And superstition
Need we not
To buy these.

Say you
How progressive and progressive
Had you been.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tamurlaine, When Saw I You, The Images Of Chengiz Khan And Kubla Khan Flashed Upon

Timurlane
When I saw you
The images of
Chengiz Khan and Kubla Khan
Conjured up,
Flashed upon
The mind's eye
And I got frightened
As for your attacks,
Coming in hordes
To atatch.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tandava (Haiku)

Tandava,
Shiva Tandava,
Tandava Nritya, where is he doing?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tandava, Shiva Tandava

Tandava,
Shiva-tandava,
Shiva doing tandava,
Tandava nritya.

Tandava,
Shiva-tandava,
How the music,
Who the composers?

Tandava,
Shiva-tandava,
The Mystic Dance of Shiva,
The Cosmic Dance of Shiva.

Shiva dancing,
The Yogi and Sadhaka
And the world shaking beneath
Under the beat of primordial energy.

The Dance of Doom and Destruction
Is it the dance of Shiva,
The beat pitching high
And the dance of topsy-turvy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tandava, Shiva Tandava (Ii)

Tandava,
Shiva-tandava,
Shiva doing tandava,
Tandava nritya.

Tandava,
Shiva-tandava,
How the music,
Who the composers?

Tandava,
Shiva-tandava,
The Mystic Dance of Shiva,
The Cosmic Dance of Shiva.

Shiva dancing,
The Yogi and Sadhaka
And the world shaking beneath
Under the beat of primordial energy.

The Dance of Doom and Destruction
Is it the dance of Shiva,
The beat pitching high
And the dance of topsy-turvy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Taron Bhari Raat Mein/ Under The Sky Full Of Stars

Taron bhari raat mein,
Kaun hain wah sundari
Panghat dubotin huyi
Taron bhari raat mein,
Kaun hain,
Kaun hain woh sundari
Panghat duboti huyi?

Payalia khanakati huyi,
Aankhjon mein kajara,
Kesho mein gajara,
Kaun hain,
Kaun hain jo wah
Ja rahin hain
Raat mein,
Taron bhari raat mein?

Taron bhari raat mein,
Kaun hain,
Kaun hain wah rajani,
chand-taron bhari raat mein
Kaun hain,
Kaun hain wah sajani?

Under the sky full of stars,
Who is that blonde, beauty
Dipping the earthen pitcher
Under the sky full of stars,
Who is,
Who is that beauty, belle
Dipping the earthen pitcher?

Anklets into the legs,
Collyrium into the eyes,
Flower beads in to hair braid,
Who is,
Who is she
That going

In the night,
Under the night full of stars?

Under the sky full of stars,
Who is,
Who is that nightly beauty,
Under the night of the moon and the stars,
Who is,
Who is that magical she?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Taron, Pariyon Ke Desh Meri Chandramukhi (My Chandramukhi From The Country Of Stars & Fairies)

Taron, pariyon ke desh se
Aayengi meri chandramukhi,
Chand, pariyon ke desh se,
Kucch hasanti huyi,
Apne andaz mein.

From the country of stars and fairies
will come my Chandramukhi,
From the land of the moon and the stars,
Somewhat smilingly,
In her own style.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Taste For Tomorrow By Jayanta Mahapatra

Taste for Tomorrow
Taken from Waiting (1979)
Is a Puri poem
Leading to the temple street
To faith and doubt
To nowhere

Full of faith and belief
And skepticism,
Faith in doubt,
Doubt in faith,
An Oriya he
Looking unto,
But Christian too

As and when
He talks of lepers
And this marauding
Our belief
So strongly held
To reason,
Why are there,
Does God not?

But Mahapatra as an Oriya
Is of Jagannath,
Marking the Great Temple
With the lotus
Adorning the roof over
Caved out or fitted with stones,
A motif mythical.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ta-Ta, Bye-Bye, Goodbye, Smiling, Saying And Going And Looking Back And Waving The Hands

Ta-ta, bye-bye, goodbye, see you, see you again,
Ta-ta, bye-bye, goodbye, see you, see you again,
She was saying,
Saying and looking back
And going,
Going and going
And looking back to say

Ta-ta, bye-bye, goodbye, see you, see you,
Whe went on doing
Even going far,
Waving the hands and looking back
To bid
Until and unless she vanished away
And the way wound up,
Took a turn onwards

And the girl went away, but the music cast over
I could not forget that,
The lilting of the lines,
Ta-ta, bye-bye, goodbye, see you, see you again,
I could not forget it for so long,
The music of life,
The rhythm of life,
Modern life and culture,
The importance of please and thank you,
Sweetening it all,
Etiquette and good manners,
Courtesy and goodness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tears Are In Your Eyes

Tears are in your eyes,
Sorry,
Sorry, sorry to see you
In tears,
Very, very sorry
If hurt I your feelings unknowingly,
If hurt I anyway.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tears Are In Your Eyes, Sorry, Sorry For, Sorry, Sorry, Very-Very Sorry For

Tears are in your eyes,
Sorry,
Sorry, sorry to see you
In tears,
Very, very sorry
If hurt I your feelings unknowingly,
If hurt I anyway.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tears Had Been Falling From The Eyes And She Was Sobbing Silently Just To Ask

The tears had been falling from the eyes,
The eye-ashes wet with
Which she wiped it,
Red with the weeping and tears

I saw her turning a stone
And she went on asking,
Do you love me, do you love me,
If you had not to love, why did you love me?

If you had not to love, why did you,
Say you,
Why did you cheat me,
Why, why did you?

And I saw her standing still and silent,
The tears falling from the eyes,
Welling up in and falling out,
Just like a selfish lover saw I all but silently.

It's true that she went away,
But the sobs and weepings of hers,
I could not, could not forget them,
Say do you love me, love me?

If you had not to love, why did you,
Why did you love me,
Why, why did you love
And as a rock stood I hearing her?

The voice ringing within
And touching the heart,
Hurting me deep and stood I still.

Do you love me, do you love me,
Say do you love me,
I am going,

But never will be happy in the life of yours?

Tears fell down and dried upon
And I could mark the salty linings
Which but wiped she
And went away unsaid.

And I just saw her going,
Going silently and sadly
Wiping the tears,
Going straight.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ted Hughes

Hughes, you do not look like what you are in your poetry
A man so cruel, so callous
In your behaviour
That you could not take care of
A neurotic girl,
A loving and confessional girl
That you made her take life.

Hughes, are you really a hawk,
Which describe you in your poetry,
And your heart a falconer's heart,
So cruel and callous?

To maltreat a nervous girl like that of Plath
Had been the cruelty of yours
Which none convicted you guilty of,
Hughes, were you so brutal and bloody and violent in your behaviour?

To love and betray a neurotic girl,
A nervous heart like that of Sylvia
Was to betray all that is good in life
And as a poet you just went on a killing spree.

Had love been not in your heart,
Had you been so callous and cruel,
Bloody, brutal and bestial
That punished you Plath in such a way

A loner, a lonely girl so much in love with you
That you made her committed suicide,
That committed she suicide to end herself
And ended she too.

Hughes, are you the same Browning of The Last Duchess
With a heavy heart
Wherein the protagonist killed his countess
As for her cheaper and easy smiles
And henceforth, showing the photo of the dead soul
To the visitor-guest for a new relationship to begin?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tell Me, Who Is Great?

It is greater to be a man
Than to be famous
As the world is in the dire need of good men
Who can bail out of crisis.

What it is more important is to be a man
Rather than being a great man
As even the great men
Are most selfish fellows,
Mad after name and fame.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Temple Architecture

How were those who made the temples not of lime stone and bricks,
But of rocks and stones,
Cutting the rocks and chiseling and designing,
Cutting the crag
To give it the shape of a temple, an abode, a pagoda,
But their engineering and skill,
We know not the secrets of it,
Who were those sculptors and architects,
Why is history silent about these,
Which historian can say it?

Temple art and architecture, sculpture and figurine,
Who to say it to me,
About their art of making, about their art and architecture,
What their dates and times,
How the workers,
Under whose supervision,
How the kings,
At whose orders did they?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Temple By Jayanta Mahapatra

Temple brought out in 1989 is a text
Of a different type and tenor,
Taking poverty and ageing
Into its grip,
The old men in utter despair and dejection,
Poverty maligning them,
Marauding the self.

Though based on news items
Of the suicide of an ageing couple
Living in poverty
And the other on the gangrape and murder
Of a 12-year-old girl child in Bihar's Khagaria,
It is but a story of Putana and Surpanakha,
The misunderstood heroines of India.

Though imagistic and allegorical,
Dreamy and visionary,
It is a story of hunger,
Human hunger and depravity,
Poverty and scarcity
Which the poet felt it
While dispensing with the topic in hand.

Taking the suicide of the South Indian
Octogenarian weaver couple,
He weaves his tale
Of poverty and living,
Dying in harness,
The news of the ganagrape of a girl
In Bihar's Khagaria
Aggravating the scene
Of the long poem.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Teri Bheegi Palken (Your Wet Eye-Lids)

Teri Bheegi Palken

Teri bheegi palken,
Bheegi-bheegi,
Palken,
Bheegi-bheegi,
Teri bheegi-palken.

Tujhe jaanaa nahi,
Pahchaanaa nahin,
Bas tujhe dekh
Kitna lachar aur bivas,
Anamika,
Teri bheegi palken,
Bheegi-bheegi.

Tujhe jaanaa nahin,
Pahchaanaa nahin,
Bas dard,
Dard ban
Yaddasht le chala mein,
Anamika.

Kon ho tum,
Kahan she,
Jana hain jo kahan,
Kucch puccha tak nahin,
Bas aanshuyon ko le
Chala jo mein,
Kya jo naam hain tumhara,
Ghar kahan?

Anamika, bina batayen,
Bina pucchen,
Kahun to kya,
Kon ho tum,
Kya hain tera-mera rishta,
Tum kon ho,
Kya hain naam tumhara?

Your Wet Eye-lids

Your wet eye-lids,
Wet-wet,
Eye-lids,
Wet-wet,
Eye-lids,
Wet-wet,
Your wet-wet eye-lids.

Knew you not,
Recognized you not,
Just after seeing you
How much helpless and tensed,
Anamika, Unnamed Lass,
Your wet eye-lids,
Wet-wet!

Knew I not,
Recognized I not,
Just pain,
Taking pain
Am I moving with the remembrance,
Anamika.

Who are you,
Wherefrom you,
What do I know about,
Have I asked about rather
That taking the tears
Am I going,
What is your name,
Where do you come from?

Anamika, without saying it,
Knowing it,
What to say,
Who are you,
What your-mine relationship,
Who are you,

What your name?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Terrorist

Terrorist

Terrorist, kyon uzarte ho es tarah
Dusron ki jindgiyan,
Kya miltaa hain tumhe
Dusron ko barbad karke,
Tabah kar ke?

Terrorist

Terrorist, why do you in such a way desert
The lives of other men,
Why do you get
In destroying others?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Terrorist (A Hindi Poem)

Terrorist, kyon uzarte ho es tarah
Dusron ki jindgiyan,
Kya miltaa hain tumhe
Dusron ko barbad karke,
Tabah kar ke?

Terrorist, why do you uproot
The lives of others,
What do you get
In destroying as thus,
Ruining others?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Terrorist (Say You)

Terrorist,
Say, say you,
Who has made you turn
Into a terrorist,
Terrorist,
Say, say you,
Keep you not mum,
Hiding the truth from?

Is it the conservative father
Or the orthodox people
Calling themselves faithful,
Who, who is it,
Who, who has he,
Terrorist?

In your heart
Also beats the pulsation
Of a human being,
You too like us,
But who, who is it
Who has turned you
Into a terrorist?

Terrorist,
May I ask you,
Why do you kill others
Just for the faith's sake,
Why, why do you carry out
Mindless killings
Just at their provocation?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Terrorist, I Fear You Not, Sir, But Your Beards

Terrorist, Terrorist,
I fear you not, Sir,
But your beards the most,
The most dangerous blackly unkempt beards
Conventional and conservative,
Orthodox and odd,
Wreaking terror.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Terrorist, Terrorist

Terrorist,
Terrorist,
Why do you kill others
For no fault of theirs,
Why do you,
Terrorist,
Terrorist,
Are you not a human being,
A man,
Terrorist,
Do you have no brother and sister?

Terrorist,
Terrorist,
Why do you,
Do you kill others
For no fault of theirs,
Why,
Why do you the innocent people?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Terrorist, Terrorist, What Is Your Religion?

Terrorist, terrorist, what is your religion,
Which faith do you belong to,
Is to bombard and destroy your life,
Is to snatch happiness
And to destroy human families your assignment,
The mission of life?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Terrorist, Terrorist, Why Do You Kill You Mindlessly?

Terrorist,
Terrorist,
Why do you kill
Mindlessly?
Why do you
Mindlessly?
You too a man.

Terrorist, Terrorist,
Are you a man-hater,
Are you
A fanatic
So much fanatical and bigoted,
Terrorist, Terrorist,
Are you a hater of man?

Why do you kill,
Why do you mindlessly,
Terrorist, Terrorist,
Why do you after all
A man killing a man,
A man taking life?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Terrorist, Terrorist, Why, Why Do You Kill The Innocent?

Terrorist,
Terrorist,
Why,
Why do you kill
Others
Mindlessly,
So cruelly,
Terrorist,
Terrorist,
Why,
Why are you
So hard of heart,
Are your,
Your eyes tearless?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Terrorist, Terrorist...

Is to kill people mindlessly
Your philosophy of life,
Is to bombard and blow up,
To fire and shell
Your philosophy of life?

Terrorist, terrorist,
Why do you terrorize the people,
What your mission and vision,
Is to kill innocent people
For your faith?

Do you think,
Are you only faithful,
Are you only holy
And none the else
Barring you?

Terrorist, terrorist,
Why do you mindlessly
The innocent people
Who like your brothers and sisters?

Are you a hater of man,
Burning in revenge,
Full of hatred
So cruel and callous
And bloody?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Terrorist, Whose Son Are You, Who Your Mother, Who Your Father?

Terrorist,
Terrorist,
Whose son are you,
Who your mother,
Who your father,
Whose blood runs it into
The veins of yours?

Terrorist,
Terrorist,
Why are so inhuman,
Bloody and brutal,
Cruel and callous?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Terrorist, Whose Son Are You?

Terrorist, whose son are you,
Who the parents of yours,
Where do you come from,
I mean the place you hail from,
What your name,
What the identity,
Who your trainer,
I mean the brain-washer,
A fundamentalist
Or a like-minded fanatic,
A conservative or an orthodox fellow?

Terrorist, is to wreak horror and terror
The purpose of your life,
Is to strike by surprise,
To spill blood
The handiwork of yours
And doing so,
What do you,
Do you get from?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Terrorist-Ii

Terrorist, terrorist,
If you could
Should I ask you,
Why, why do you kill
The innocent people
Mindlessly,
Letting, spilling human blood
Of own sisters, brothers and mothers?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Terroris't's Dad And Grand Dad, It's A Matter Of Geneology And Genesis

rist's dad

ic

And rvative the grand dad.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thailand, Tibet, Japan, Korea, I Could Not

Thailand, Korea, Japan,
Sikkim, Bhutan,
Indonesia, Java, Bali, Sumatra
I could not,
Could not
The people,
Their faith, art and culture,
Tradition and ethics.

Myanmar, Arunachal and Mizoram,
Could not
Transgressing into the boundaries
And borders beyond
Into China, to Mongolia,
Siberia.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thank God, I Could Not Be A Poet, Next I Shall Try My Best

When Nissim Ezekiel had been the editor of the Indian P.E.N.,
He asked me to send my poems to other journals
Instead of publishing,
When Jayanta Mahapatra used to select poems for the Sunday magazine
Of the Telegraph,
He asked me to wait for more time,
But Adil Jussawalla published poems from my first book
In Debonair in 1989 April.

A few publishers agreed to publish my collections of poems
But a token money I too had to advance to
Which I did not,
Nor liked I to be in Delhi for approaching
And bringing out
And had I brought from, it would have benefitted me,
Freeing me from extra care,
Self-publishing and other related works.

Just my correspondences with their comments console me
In the times of my distress,
When I think of being relegated into oblivion
And of stopping poetry-writing,
The letters of Jayanta Mahapatra, Nissim Ezekiel, Dilip Chitre,
Keki alla, Khushwant Singh,
, Prema Nandakumar, opal, na Bhatt.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thank You! Thank You, Thank You! (Poetrywallah's English)

Thank you!
Thank you, thank you,
You going, I coming,
I coming, you going
And as thus we meeting,
Meeting on the way,
The way of life
Turning it as thus,
Meeting,
Meeting to see you
Going!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thank You, God, I Could Not Be A Ph.D. Guide Here In India Though I Tried My Best To Be!

Thank You, God, I could not be
A Ph.D. guide in India,
Neither an external examiner nor an internal examiner
Though had to be,
May be it in my next birth
I shall be an examiner of the thesis
As well as an external examiner for Ph.D. viva voce exam.

Bijay Kant Dubey

That Girl In The Crowd

That girl in the crowds,
How much lonely and helpless,
Where is he going?

N.B. In Hindi
Wah Ladki Bhir Mein

Wah ladki bhir mein,
Kitni akeli and bibas,
Ja rahi hain jo kaha?

In Bengali

Woi Mayae Ta Bhire

Woi mayae ta bhire,
Kato akala and lachar,
Jacche je kothai?

Bijay Kant Dubey

That Mad Girl

That mad girl under the dark and lonely night
Passing her life on the footpath of life

Have you thought about her
Instead of thinking about you?

That mad girl sitting under a tree, babbling by herself,
Have you thought about her?

A young and lonely girl
Under the canopy of the skies

All alone, all alone, she by herself,
None with her.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Anxiety Of The Age And The Poet

I am a poet and I think in my own way
As move I, see the world, life around me, as the things lie in,
But talk they about global warming,
The earth warming up abnormally,
The abnormal fluctuation in weather reports,
Heat soaring high,
Cold wave taking heavy toll,
Just like the heartbeat,
Pressure rising and falling abnormally

As they say it
That the spring may fall silent,
The footfall of it
We may not hear it again,
The birds will not chirp,
Flowers will not burst forth,
Cuckoos will not cackle and coo,
All the bird madrigals
Will be gone,
Gone from here.

There will be scorching summer,
The intensive heat of that will burn away everything
And the world will turn into a waste land
With the cactuses to be seen and viewed everywhere,
Drought, famine and food problem
Will take the sleeps away.

Atomic summer,
Atomic summer the talk of the day,
Days hotter and hotter,
Nuclear radiation will reduce it all to ashes,
Heaps of skeletons and bones,
Man turned a skeleton,
Lean and thin, malnourished and diseased,
Frail and feeble,
Fighting with life and death,
With the lesser expectancy of survival.

Again, they say it,
It will rain acid
As for obnoxious gases emitting from chemicals and factories,
Acid will burn it all
And it will not remain it anything here.
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Terror Of Death

How will be it, my death?
I just think about.

Can you say it, friend?

Only one thing that I know it is this that
It will be, will be painful no doubt.

My time of going, God knows, God knows it,
What it in my lot.

I sometimes just think about it,
Though do not want to think about it, but random thoughts come to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Aap Activists Are Coming

As the whirlwind comes
Playing with, hurling around,
As the bees from a beehive
With a stone thrown into,
As do they nukkad sabhas
Or enact the dramatic road shows,
The Gandhian freedom fighters
With the lathi and others,
Looking like but are not,
Many just for the pension money
With names entered into,
The stuntmen with the broomsticks,
The Bermuda shorts and the caps donned over
Like the people jogging in the park,
Doing the gym activities.

To keep the things hanging in vacuum,
To create a situation like
That of a domestic hullabaloo
And some pandemonium political,
To make a mockery of democracy
Their job,
Hidden strategy and plan
And in getting the mission carried out,
Some bureaucrats also together with
As for to come into power,
To be public faces,
To get the post-retirement benefits
In the form of lucrative placement and posting,
Oh, the tactics and techniques of the people of the urban space,
I mean the citymen, the townsmen,
Doing a jig at the market-place.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Aap And Its Agenda

The common men
After forgetting Thomas Gray, Matthew Arnold and ,
Their Elegy, The Scholar Gipsy and The Unknown Citizen
And Abraham Lincoln,
From which derive they,
Have forgotten the masters
After handing power
To the street people,
Common-manly and crazy enough
To grab power.

The nukkad sabhas, the road shows drawing the people no doubt
As for making a mockery of the people
In power,
Foolish rustics and clowns as ministers and leaders of India,
So sorry to hear about them,
But the nautanki not good at all
To foil it all,
Handle the power,
But play not with it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Aap Drama/ The Drama Of The Aam Admi Party

The AAP men are actors and actresses
As they know it all
The lacunae of Indian politics
And politicians,
How do they lie
During the election time
Seeking for votes
To be cast in their favour,
But absconding after
In hearing public grievances
And redressing them,
Turning it not up.

Their drama sometimes appreciate I
As for the foil to Indian politicians,
Talking big, doing nothing
In reality,
The most bogus and bluffing ones
Holding nukkad sabhas,
Staging street plays,
Standing in resistance and protest
To their hegemony,
Voicing against
And repudiating
The thrust upon mind-set and vision,
Like the hoteliers and hosteller boys and girls.

Sometimes oppose I their overacting
And over-drama,
All for politics,
Specially for,
Made for each other acting,
Stage partnership,
Doing hulla-gulla,
Making a noise
For pleasure and politics,
Presenting as a remix
Of songs old and new,
But the unknown citizens

Wreaking havoc as anadis,
Unknown fellows.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Aap Jokery- New Trends In Indian Politics

He had not to be a leader,
Now calls he himself a common man
In the election fray
From the Common Man Party.

Had no quality,
Now calling himself a foil to a bigwig,
A political heavyweight
With his dramaturgy.

His dramatics
People know it not,
Wearing the white topi
With the bill or the grafitti,
A common doing uncommon politics
Of coming into power.

The AAP jokers are but a foil
To the bigwigs and heavyweights,
An anti-establishment drive
Of underestimating those
Who forgetting the ground roots
Overestimate themselves.

To do cheaper politics,
To push and rub, jostle and make them stumble
And fall upon,
To pose and show
The tactics of the AAP men.

For to be popular,
They may others to throw ink,
Drag by collar
As for not keeping up promises,
Which is but all dramatics.

Just for to be famous,
They sit and mingle with common public
As they too are so,

A motley of nameless people and identities,
The unknown faces.

None but they themselves arrange for the drama,
Askign the supporter to work as a catalyst
By throwing ink on the leader,
Catching by and throwing the cap,
Tearing the shirt
And he getting photographed
By the chilly and spiced story-searching
Indian media men.

Oh, the strategy of coming to light,
The media limelight,
The story of getting fame,
Doing the politics of becoming famous and known,
None but their men are doing it!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Aap Men, Their Nukkad Sabha, Nautanki And Musical Chair Competition

AAP men the dramatic people,
I mean the people theatrical and histrionic,
The men from the opera
And the folk theatre,
The dramatic personae
Of the street corner shows,
The nautanki men,
The disguiser showmen,
I mean Indian bahurupis
or maybe they the girls
Playing the musical chair competition.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Aap Party And Its Musical Band Men

It appears to be a drama,
Dramabazi
From Anna to the AAP journey,
Kiran with them
But all politicking,
The common men,
The pedestrian and the commuter,
The professor, the engineer and the teacher,
The beautiful girl an the house wife
All as a foil to the establishment politicking
To be in politics,
The hostellers and the hoteliers,
The convent boys and girls,
The urban people,
The citymen and townsmen
Who know politics best
All doing politics
Under the common man platform,
Holding nukkad sabhas,
Roadshows full of hullabaloo and pandemonium
Out of vendetta
And lust for power,
How to take the media by surprise,
How to get cheap popularity
Donning the white dress with the captions
And badges of the AAP,
The Gandhian topi too with the AAP bill!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Abandoned British Cemetery At Balasore

Is it Jayanta Mahapatra's
An Elegy Written In A country Churchyard?

The ghost of Thomas Gray
Haunts him here.

Thomas Gray's owl,
Jayanta Mahapatra's lizard and scorpion.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Absent Authority And The Absent Poet

The authority is absent
And this is the time to be famous,
You just begin, begin to write.

Into the no-man's zone, tract are you
Straying into the border areas
To pass out as a no-man.

And even if you are not a poet,
Call you yourself,
A compiler as a critic.

A poetaster, a rhymer, a commoner and a non-poet,
All holding seminars, workshops, symposia and conferences
Just for to be poets and critics.

And that too the poets and critics of the nowhere to be traced
Indian English poetry
And the practising critic an unmoustached student.

The poet not a poet, but a rhymer, a poetaster,
A commoner and a non-poet,
Just keep on posting.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Advocate's Version Like I Not, Complicated And Implicating

The advocate's version like I not,
Complicated and implicating,
Full of turns and twists
And screws,
I mean the language of
Confrontation and litigation
Like I not,
But the language of appeal and apology,
Pardon and confession.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Agony Of Poetry, This Is India Where Merit Is Crushed

Even after writing for so long, I could not be a poet,
Even after so many years of practice, I am not,
The poets and critics went through my poetry
And the papers of criticism
But commented upon not in their publications.

Their letters are with me, but not their support,
They have the awards from the Govt. of India
But I have not,
Sometimes my spirit too disheartens it
As how long shall I keep working in isolation?

So many of my epical poems are lying unpublished,
There are no takers of these,
I know it that these will destroy soon
But what can I do it all alone?

It is not a question of just a few years,
It is a matter of some twenty-seven years,
Many simple fellows too have become poets
But I am not still.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Air Hostess

An airhostess,
The desire of
Bringing an airhostess
Home,
A flight attendant,
A stewardess,
Young and beautiful,
Lovely and charming,
Magical and fine
And cute
And serving
And nursing
So hospitable,
Mixing
And overseeing
And managerial,
Fashionable
And up-to-date
And mod
Want I,
Want I to bring her
Home.

An airhostess
Welcoming,
Greeting,
Smiling,
Waving,
A flight attendant,
A stewardess,
Overseeing,
Marking,
Serving
And nursing
So lovely and gay
And debonair,
So cute
And fashionable,
Winning over

The heart
With her appearance
And service.

A young girl
Debonair and gleeful,
Smart and bold
And daring
She in the plane
As a crew member
In the uniform,
A flight girl
So gorgeous,
Talking with
And sharing
And speaking,
This her occupation,
Her service,
A tourism professional
So friendly.
Work-loving
And passenger-serving
She trying to make
The trip cheerful.

An air hostess
So caring and lovely,
Gorgeous and lovely
Greeting
,

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Alphabet Of Poetry

The alphabet of poetry
Know I not,
How the letters of it
Containing sounds and signs
And symbols
Of speeches,
Sounds through letters
As signs
Containing it,
Meaning something
And it is pantomime in words,
Letters collectively
Representing them,
The sounds
Signifying
And meaning them
To mean,
Ay, sounds breaking
Into the ripples
Of the expression
Orally and in writing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Alphabet Of Poetry (A: Poem)

The alphabet of poetry
Know I not,
The alphabet of poetry,
What the alphabet,
How the letters
Resounding,
How the signs and figures,
Who created them
And how?

The alphabet of poetry,
Is it the alphabet of learning to write,
The alphabet of poetry,
Is it the sign for sound,
What is it,
The alphabet,
The alphabet of poetry?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Alphabet Of Poetry (Ii)

The alphabet of poetry
Know I not,
How the letters of it,
Just hear I the sounds,
See I the signs
To signify them
As the letters of the alphabet,
The poetic alphabet?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The American Charter Guarantees Freedom, But Why You So Bigoted And Conservative?

The American Charter guarantees
Freedom of speech and expression
To it all
As he guardian spirit of liberty and equality,
Democracy and republicanism.

And if anybody tries to tamper with
Its freedom of speech and expression,
They may take to guns
To eliminate them all
As for to save the spirit
Of the federation.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Americas That I Do Not Know; The Desire Within To Know Them

The Americas that I do not know,
Not the States,
North America,
But Latin America,
The countries such as
Peru, Guatemala, Argentina,
Chile, Bolivia,
Who to tell me about,
How their history, society and culture,
As lie just on the other side of the world
Ploughing and furrowing my own,
Unmindful of a different world
That also is.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Ancient University That Was Vikramshila

The ruins of Vikramshila
The Buddhist vihara,
Mahavihara
Think I,
Dream I
The heyday of it,
The architectural excellence
And sculptural beauty of it
Which attracted students from far and wide,
Even going beyond the territories,
Drawing from far east.

Vikramshila, the ruins of Vikramshila,
The Buddhist university
Of ancient India,
Established during the Pala period,
But destroyed during the raids
Of the medieval time
Talk I,
Dream I
As for how to resurrect it,
Renovate and re-orient it,
Vikramshila,
The gates of it once upon a time
With the dwarpalas.

The two-terraced vihara, mahavihara
With the main stupa atop of,
A flight of stairs
Taking to
From the ground level
To the first terrace
To the second
To the uppermost stupa
With the stucco images of Buddha
On the walls of it.

A university, ancient university
Made from red bricks, mud mortar

And lime clay,
Plastered and painted,
Decorated and adorned
With the terracotta plates
From the outside
And rounded with
The temples
Tibetan and Indian
And the pillars at the entrances.

The complex a residential complex
Attached to the stupa
And adjoining them,
Unfolding and opening from all sides
To go up to the main stupa
And the mandapa
And the cells of the terraces
Of the square vihara housing them both
The acharyas and bhikkus
With the chambers and ante-chambers too
For private meditation
And worship.

Vikramshila, how had it been its day,
Vikramshila, how the glory of it,
From which path
The gnan-pipashu bhikkus,
Knowledge-thirsty bhikkus came,
From Tibet, China,
Nepal, Burma,
Sikkim, Bhutan
They would have,
From far and wide
To learn at Vikramshila!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Antique Statue

In the museum lies it the blackly statue of Lord shiva
As Nataraja
Radiating spendidly,
Resplendent with

And I just keep viewing, viewing and viewing the Nataraja,
Peeping into the history
To tell of art, culture and tradition.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Art Of Living

I saw the yogi
And gave my heart to,
As such had been the hypnotism
Of his personality.

The beards, the long hair
Of the sadhu,
The charm and attraction
Of his presence.

The art of Living,
If you have to learn, take the lesson
From him
In happiness of hart and peace of mind.

Keep you smiling as ever,
Always you,
Smile you and let others,
Let the flower bloom.

Resign you yourself,
A calm resignation is all that
You need it,
Mental peace and silence.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Art Of Poetic Lines

Poetry as an art
And the poet an artist
Writing artistically,
Art for art's sake.

Just paint the portraits,
Pencil and silhouette,
Draw and sketch,
Line and draw.

Art for art's sake,
Not didacticism,
But art, pure art,
Its aesthetic sense and beauty.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Art Of Politics

The art of politics
The politicians know it all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Art Of The Satirist

The art of the satirist
In satire,
The art of satire
In pursuance to
Its fulcrum.

The art of satire
None
But the satirist knows,
None but the satirist.

Attacking, boxing, showing fists,
Full of personal enmity, hatred, malice, vengeance,
Jibe, slander, vehemence
Or rivalry brewing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Ashti-Kalashas

My mother was not,
But the asthi-kalasha was
Hanging near the near.

A small earthenware urn
With the ashes
And the unburnt navel of hers,
But covered with clay,
I found it hanging
Near my gate,
My last hope of getting solace from,
But it too remained it not for a long time.

The asthi-kalasha of my father
Lay it hanging from the stem of the old peepul tree
Standing on the river-bank
Of my village home
With his clothes scattered along the river sands.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Asian Conservatives Will Ruin American Culture, Thought And Tradition

The fanatics and conservatives
With their medieavlaism
And conservatism,
Bigotry and orthodoxy
Will finish
Whatever good it is
In American culture,
Its thought and tradition.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Ask Me

They ask me, , where have got from the art of humour
Humour, mockery, joke and laughter
But what to say to,
As I have from the clown, fool, rustic character,
The village clown, circus joker, comedian,
The winker, whistler and imitator.

I have got my art form, I mean the performing art,
From the dancer, the village clown and the imitator
And my art is pantomime art,
I trying to say with signs and symbols,
Trying to imitate your style and manner,
Life-style and words.

I have learnt my art from the rustic clown
Dancing in a lungi and ganjee
With a beedi on the lips,
Whistling and dancing
With the band party.

I have learnt my art from the winker
Winking at,
The smiler smiling without rhyme or reason,
The voice-changer
Changing his voice to that of the girl's,
One imitating the gorilla's voice.

The monkey style chattering and grinning
When angry,
The snake-style hissing and hooding
When to attack,
The lion-style roaring,
All these for my imitation and pleasure sake.

The train is passing, whistling and chugging
And I too whistling,
Doing ta-ta, bye-bye to the passengers
Seated in the bogeys

The Ass (Haiku)

The ass lies it jobless
In this age of unemployment,
The washer men have abandoned it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Ass Or The Donkey, The Conservation Status Of It

The ass or the donkey
As you call it,
The conservation status of it
Talk I,
the conservation status of it,
How did the beast one day
Serve us,
The beast of burden,
The washer men using it
In taking the cloth bundles
To the ghat?

Now the depleting numbers
Is a cause of worry,
Deeper concern,
The falling numbers of the ass
Or the donkey
As you call it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Asthi-Kalasha Hanging By The Old Peepul Tree Of The River

The asthi-kalasha hanging by the old tree
Of the hamlet river,
The small asthi-kalasha
Containing the bodily ashes
In a clay model urn
With the mud wrapped over
So that the birds of prey
May not peck into
As the unburnt earthen lamp,
The navel too is therein,
Telling of an intimate
And unforgettable connection.

Age after age comes in and exits,
Generation after generation,
But the river keeps flowing by,
Murmuring sweetly,
Babbling as always,
Sometimes with water,
Sometimes dry
As for the highlands
Swaying downwards,
Just the midstream with
The knee-deep water,
None there
But the asthi-kalasha
Hanging by silently.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Asthi-Kalasha Of My Mother

The urn of my mother,
The unburnt navel and the ashes of hers,
Just a handful of
Put into the little earthen pitcher-like
Small urn as for ritual sake
Saw I hanging it
One midnight
Just the day she was burnt
For to be immersed into the holy waters
Of the Ganges,
But that too remained it not
With me
To confide and repose in.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Asthi-Kaslasha, But The Mother Is Not, Where Has She Gone Away?

The asthi-kalasha is, but the mother not,
Where has she gone away?
Yesterday had been she here, but not today,
Where, where has she gone away?

Opening the door this lonely midnight, what am I?
What am I viewing?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Astrologer

An astrologer is but a counter, consulting the charts,
Pale sheets of papers□
To foresee into
Your self and personality
By the position of the planets
At the time and place of your birth.

The present and future positions of the planets will be
Compared with the chart of your birth
And through your zodiac name and date of birth
They will predict the traits of your personality
To say that the things are pre-destined
Or going to happen.

Clad in a white dhoti and kurta, more refined than a palmist and a fortune teller,
The astrologer, a sub-caste Brahmin,
Thinks himself a mathematician,
A knower of the planetary world,
Delving in the unknown and the unseen universe
And the writs of destiny to say.

The three sandalwood-paste lines on the forehead
And a rudraksha necklace
Beaded around the neck,
The astrologer marks birth, marriage and death,
All through star-reading,
What the zodiac sign of his,
How the star-position,
What the date of birth.

Suppose that your date of birth,
Your illiterate parents entered into not
And you know it not,
Maybe it that they have lessened it
As for making you do the job for sometime more,
As many were not aware of it
That their son would read.

Many believe not, take it life lightly,

What it is happening, let it,
For some your karma is your dharma,
As you sow so you reap,
Said it Buddha, as it in the Gita
Said it Kabira, say you
Weighing the words within.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Astrologer Said He When, You Will Get A Beautiful Wife, The Client Smiled He Shyly

Beware of friends,
Fire and water
Which leave it not anyone,
False friends and bad company
Which will spoil you,
You earn
But money drains it out
As are a spendthrift
Not hand-fisted,
But the good thing is this
That a good wife lies in wait
And with her steps
The fate will turn a bit
Bringing in good hope and peace.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Astrologer Sitting With The Pink-Necked Parrot

The astrologer a babaji,
An Indian babaji,
Dressed in red or red,
Dhoti and kurta
And a linen towel
On the shoulder
With the palmyra charts,
Stones and herbs,
Sitting under the banyan tree,
Sturdy growth
Of the mighty tree
And its thick branches,
Just by the footpath,
near the court campus
Where the litigants go
Frustrated and finding entangled,
The astrologer lies
Predicting
The past, present and future,
Seeing the forehead,
Guessing about,
Holding the hands,
Telling about the graha-gochara,
The bad and bad times,
The criss-crosses of fate.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Astrologers, The Thugs, The Fatalists And The Superstitious People, The Godmen For The Inactive People

The astrologers,
I mean the great thugs,
The fatalist and the superstitious people,
Preaching fatalism and inaction,
Guessing about
How will be the times to come to,
Man determined as per fate,
Not action,
But they should know it
That karma can change the fate-lines
And those who are inactive
Believe in fate and destiny?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Audible Landscape By agar

A Prisoner is More Free,
The Walls of Prisonhouse Remain,
Can Facts Be Destroyed by Ideas? ,
The Still Questions, The New Morality,
The Second Conversion, The Second Coming,
Digging For Myths, Of Pains and Art,
A Tribal variation in Hunger,
Grandeurs of Self Deceit,
A Long Distance Slave, etc.
The poems from
The Audible Landscape.

A poet of freedom, he thinks
In terms of the French Revolution,
The fall of Bastille,
New morality and new talks
Debasing us,
A poet of his own dreams
Private and personal,
A destitute mother
Digging for myths not,
But for her narrative
To be hidden,
Reality nailing behind
For a surrender,
Poetry is reality unfelt,
Poetry revolt,
Changing the chemistry of thought.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Backward Ministers Of Bihar

The backward ministers of Bihar
Have nothing to talk of
But Bihariness
Reeling under poverty, backwardness
And underdevelopment,
Nothing to do
But to deal with
Disruptive politics.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Baidyanathdham Temple Complex

The people in queues since the morning
With a potful of water,
Flowers and bel leaves,
If possible a little of milk,
If possible with the holy Ganga water,
Waiting to have their turn
To offer to
The lingam divine
Inside the sanctum sanctorum
Where in the dark room,
Windowless,
But with a small door,
People entering and exiting.

The bel leaves strewn across,
The oil lamp burning at the corner,
People coming in droves
And going out,
Sometimes suffocation, congestion and being trampled
Troubling the psyche of the devotee,
But he offering in a haste
And moving out
While the some hang on for their things to be said to
In whispers,
Demanded from and promised of
Next time worships,
Ay, into the court of the Lord,
The Justice Divine,
Which the humans cannot judge,
As His Jurisprudence Divine.

Many of the unmarried maidens in queues
To get their dreams fulfilled,
Many widows
Past their life, past activity,
Seeing the golden pitcher overhead
And bowing the head before,
With tears into the eyes,
In neglect and widowhood,

Poverty and penury
Asking the Lord to deliver,
As nothing to left in their life,
Nothing as to fascinate
The poor, old or ageing white clad widows,
Passing life and the times somehow,
As the Lord the final hope left for
To seek consolation
And redemption lies in His Hands,
One who is the Giver and Taker of life.

The beggars at the entrance of the grand temple,
A mass of amputees and the old and the blind
And the leprous,
Singing the songs of Rama in zest,
The old with an aluminum bowl seeking alms
Somehow strugglingly,
The blind singing and weeping,
All weeping and praying for humbly,
A scene melting the good heart,
Struggling to enter the complex
At his first encounter with cognizant conscience,
With the psyche at askance,
What to see and ask for
The Ordaining Deity?

The strictest seekers after from the bathing pond ghat measuring
The length of the body
And rolling straight over the ways,
Standing, bowing and sleeping over,
To cover the distance in strictest submission,
Measuring and laying down and counting
And demarcating the steps in prayerful submission,
Standing, bowing the head before, hanging over the way
With the front over the way to the temple
And going and measuring the way
To pray to finally,
Those who thought of taking the measure
In the strictest form of submission
As for something to be fulfilled,
The task still undone.

The flower sellers selling flowers and giving a pot with a rope
To pull the waterful from the temple well
If water is therein in the rocky well,
Otherwise purchase you the Ganga water,
Maybe from the holy river or not,
Who has seen it,
Just the words will satisfy the seeker,
As water has to be brought to,
The private priests moving around
For a catch of probable customers,
Taking to the temples as guide,
Asking for fees at the end
And the vegetarian food to be given,
More especially curd, beaten rice, banana and sweets
And after a bargain and a budge from,
The devotee readying to give.

While a few can be seen rounding the temple
With the folded hands
As for doing a parikrama,
A rounding,
Finally after the five or three rounds,
One stopping near the entrance
And bowing the head
After having closed the eyes,
Remembering Him
With the folded hands
After the worship
To do the last salutation
To move away to their destinations.

But what to heed most we heed it not
While praying to,
Beginning the worship
With the start from Lord Ganesha,
Rightly, we are sinners,
A sinner am I,
Sinful the activity of mine,
You redeem us, redeem us, Lord,
The sins we commit knowingly or unknowingly
Need to be confessed and sought for a pardon first
Rather than all that we do

And the other thing, whatever be that,
The rock-built architecture is no doubt the inspiration
Of Biswakarma, the Divine Architect and Sculptor
If we have nothing to record as historiography.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Bandarwalla (Haiku)

The bandarwalla,
I mean the monkey-man
Search I one with the red-mouthed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Bandarwallah With The Monkeys Showing The Tamasha/ The Bandarwalla With The Bandars

The bandarwallah
With the bandars
Showing the tamasha.

The Indian bandarwallah
Showing the tamasha
With the rhesus monkeys.

Indian rhesus monkeys,
Short, small and red-mouthed,
But brown-haired.

The monkeyman,
The monkey showman
Showing the tamasha.

The Indian bandarman,
Showing the tamasha,
The spectacle.

With the Indian bandars,
The rhesus monkeys,
Red-mouthed and small.

A street play
Which but you too will
Admire and appreciate it.

When see you the bandars
Standing and going,
Going to marry.

Made to act,
One in the ragged shirt the male
while another in torn frock the female bride.

The red-mouthed, shortish breed monkeys

Made to enact
As per the madari's story.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Bar Girl She Is Also A Poetess

The bar girl serving whisky, rum, vodka,
Beer, brandy and champagne
As per order,
On a tray
With the tumblers and the bottles,
She too is a poetess,
Try to read the poetry of her mind
What it happening on,
What it going within her heart
As she too is a lady of type,
Do not call yourself a poet or poetess merely.

Try to see her, her times and moments
As she too deals with psychologically,
The dance of the drunkards you have not
With the bottles
In to the hands of theirs.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Barrenland, Intensive Heat Falling In And There Is No Respite From

The barrenland, only cactuses are raised there,
The palm trees giving no shade,
Intensive heat is falling
And there is no respite from this summer
In ruffle,
When the winds keep blowing,
Making restelss,
Sizzling heat claim upon.

The wasteland, wasteland,
Hey, into the wasteland are you,
Living to be dead
Untimely,
Destined to decay, doom and devastation,
As the deadmen walking you
And the shadows following
As spectres, genii.

This devastation is your own
As you have turned into
Through your tussle for power,
Through your lust for comforts and assests,
Arms and ammunition,
Stckpiling of nuclear arsenals.

The greenland turned it into an arid wasteland,
Where water is not,
Fire is burning it all,
Intensive heat and radiation
And it rains not,
But the sky overcast with the clouds
Of gases and smokes.

O, O, a world marred by atomic summer, global warming, acid rain
And climate change,
Man exposed to radiation
And dying untimely painful deaths,

Spring coming it not
And even if it, floewers bloom they bnot,
Droop and drop down
As if were in the summertime!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Beach Girl The Protagonist Of Poet

The foreigner girl
On the sea beach
In a lingerie
And the panties
Drunk and sexual
The poetic protagonist
Of poet .

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Beards The Cause Of Ruthless World Terror Attacks

The beards, I think, are the causes
Of terror attacks,
Unkempt and untrimmed,
Not the French-cut
Just a bit near the chin
Or on the chin,
Making the presence
Or personality
Stylistic or peculiar,
But the orthodox
And unkempt beards,
Blackly and stubborn,
Rigid and strict otherwise,
Wreaking terror and venom,
The terrorist's beards.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Bearman

The bearman, comes, comes he
With a black bear,
Chained around the neck
Or threaded through the nostril

And the bear black, black,
Blackly-furred or haired,
Walking like a monkey
The four-footed animal

But can stand on feet,
Climb a tree
With the backward movement
And is ferocious too

May snatch or nail
But it is not like that,
A trained bear
Whom the master has

Before bringing it here
For roadshows
And the bear playing
The role of a drunkard

Grovelling lowly into dust
And the bearman forbidding him
To drink so much
By sounding the damru

And as thus keeps it playing
And doing the role
Of a drunkard
Which he should not have.

□

The Beat Movement

Was it a literary movement
Or composition musical
Or poetry set to music
And sung into the streets
By the beatniks
Induced by jazz, drug, sex
Or bohemian life style
Or Zen Buddhism?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Beaten Yoni/ Womankind In Shackles

The beaten yoni,
Ravaged and ravished talk I,
How long will masculinity go exploiting femininity,
How long,
O, how long?

The poor and suppressed yoni
Under the wolfish attack
The lambish yoni,
But the sketch lotus like.

Rape, loot and plunder,
I have been since the hoary days of the past,
The woman being dragged, pushed out and taken away.

The woman trafficked out, sold to brothels,
But none there to hear the shrieks of pain,
the sobs and sighs away from home,
Dear father and mother
And their lovely daughter somewhere.

How long shall we go womankind in such a way
To lodges, hotels, restaurants, bars and brothels,
How long shall we go keeping under the purdah,
How long shall under bondage and slavery,
When will she be free,
O, say you!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Beautiful Eyes Of Bhagabati

To paint the eyes of Bhagabati
On the clay model
Or the scroll sheet
Or to cast in metals
Too is a priceless art,
Not less than the poetry of the poets.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Beautiful Eyes Of Bhagabati (Ii)

The Eyes of Bhagabati

Make I, draw I,

Sketch I, pencil I,

Paint I,

The Eyes,

The Eyes of Bhagabati.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Beauty And The Mystery Of The Forest Tract

The beauty and mystery of the woods as such that I cannot tell you
Overlooking the bridge
In between
Hanging on,
Connecting the sights and scenes.

The sun flashing over and the hills shining blue
And it's scenic, landscapic,
The bivouac to be built,
Camped under the canopy of the sky.

But the evening appearing wolfish
Seconded by the stray howls
Frightening,
Asking to retreat.

Sitting near the brook, flowing in between two hills,
Want I to hear the song of the brook,
What did it say to,
Sing of,
But the animals hinging to lick water.

What should I do now, should I stop and draw back
The steps forwarded,
As the descending evening
Telling of a peculiar desertion to take over
As the area away from human haunt and habitation.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Beauty Of The Starlit Skies

The beauty of the starlit skies,
The glow of the fireflies,
I just see them, see them
With love
When the existential questions bore me,
Bewilder me
And I find no answer to them,
Who am I, what my identity,
Where my home?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Beauty Of The Yakand & Datura Blooms

The beauty of the yakand and datura blooms
What to say about,
How to narrate them,
The yakand blooms clustered
And wooden outwardly,
But is not,
Generally, the white but bluish inked faintly
Found in aplenty,
But the whiter variety of it too is there
Rarer to be seen
So is the datura flowers,
Generally, whiter or mellowed,
But the inkish of blue ink sprinkled faintly
Not so in a plenty.

Both of these wayward flowers and blooms
Dearer to Shiva
As for His worship and prayer,
The yakand and datura blooms,
Whiter and inked bluishly
Can be seen blooming,
But no less than in beauty,
The datura flowers and the yakand blooms
So charming and striking
Drawing attention
And leaving an impression upon.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Bells Ringing In The Pagoda And The Devotee Reciting Om Namah Shivay, Om Namah Shivay, Om Namah Shivay

The bells ringing in the pagoda
And the devotee closing the eyes
Sitting with the folded hands
Near the temple pillars
And reciting, Om namah shivay, om namah shivay, om namah shivay.

The bells ringing, ringing in the pagoda,
The hearts purging
And the devotee in a dhyana whispering,
Om namah shivay, om namah shivay, om namah shivay.

Shiv, Shiv, Shiv,
Shiva, Shiva, Shiva, Shiva I, I Shiva,
Shiva Shiva, I I,
Om namah shivay.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Beloved Is Restless

IX

The beloved is restless

In bearing the pangs of separation.

Yea, innumerable pains and pleasures vex her,

The heart throbs fast

And aches deeply.

When wilt Thou meet me, O Lover?

I see the path silently and secretly

And dream of Thy loveful meeting.

(From The Ferryman)

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Beloved Of The Ph.D. Guide

The Ph.D. guide writing the thesis
Of the beloved student,
I mean
The research scholar,
The research fellow.

The student is not,
But the guide is
And she will be a doctorate
As for gurushisya prem.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Bhagabati Of Chaitra Month

When it blazes and burns
The good earth
In the month of Chaitra,
The time comes for worshipping
Bhagabati
In spring
For namesake,
Actually it is almost
Summer-like.

Bhagabati, the Eternal She,
The Womb of Creation,
Motherly Consciousness,
She is in reality,
The Mother Divine,
The Divine She.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Biharis (Not All Of Them)

The Biharis,
Blunt and bogus,
Rough and tough,
I like them not,
Approaching and accessing,
Backward and underdeveloped,
Illiterate and conservative
With the goons and pahalwans
Going
To the exam centres,
To the examiners' houses
To make their wards fare well,
Without knowing the things,
First class first
And gold medallist.

Many of them go to Bombay and Delhi
Just to see the girls
Which they never could
In Bihar,
A girl-thief.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Birthplace Of George Orwell

Just we know it that George Orwell,
The writer of Animal Farm,1984, Burmese Days
Was born here,
In India-Bihar's Motihari,
A small impoverished town of the then times
Just with a villagerly background
But tuned to
As per opium and indigo plantations
Which the Bihar govt. and the India govt. too
Could not dwell it upon
That their caretaker was born here in India.

His father who was an opium agent was not
Definitely well-paid,
But the colonial divide, the ego of the ruler
And the racial gap,
The linguistic disparity
Could not prepare the background
As many of them failed to understand
His writings and conditions.

Despite the hazards and hurdles of living
In India,
Bearing the brunt
Of exotic and ethnic India, vast and varied,
Bearing the heat and humid conditions,
Many lived on,
Many perished in their journeys
To the land of unknown destinations.

Had the people not renewed their interests,
Searching out of curiosity
The house of Orwell,
Everything would have lost in the mire of history,
The dilapidate house too would have turned
Into an animal farm.

George Orwell who was born on June 25,1903
In Bihar's Motihari

Had been connected with,
Served in Burma,
Left the job,
Went on hand to mouth,
Doing even menial jobs
To be a broadcaster,
But cut short in life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Bjp Failed In Bihar For Casual Sattements

The BJP failed in Bihar
As for casual, irrelevant statements,
The nonsense they did,
Made
In connivance with the RSS
Ad other outfits
Leaving the vikas mantra,
Developmental agenda,
Backtracking from the promises
It made
During the rallies
And for the silence
Of Modi
Which he assumed,
Just the crows as store-keepers
Spoiled the feast.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Bjp's Rise We Accept It, But The Vishwa Hindu Partishad And The Rss After Helping It Turns The Sport Into A Spoilsport

The BJP's rise is spectacular,
But the Vishwa Hindu Parishad crosses the swords with
After coming into power
At the loggerheads with others
Without bearing with patience,
The RSS issues absurd and dubious statements
In a country
Where plurality is the word of synthesis,
Where there is unity in diversity,
No scope for unilateralism,
But multilateralism and multiculturalism
Without which we cannot do anything
To sustain and survive.

But the growing impatience, intolerance
Is unacceptable to us,
The growing unrest and the cause of public worry
Is the most unwanted, unexpected,
Untoward incident of it,
Which we should not have
After issuing casual statements
Hurting the sentiments of others
As this does not fall within our culture
As ours is not a sectarian or theocratic state,
But a secular and sovereign republic,
A federation of so many states,
Diverse in ethnicity, racial origin and linguistic variety.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Black Bears

The black bears roaming
Into the trees,
Trying to climb it,
Falling from
Or slipping down.

The bears picking
The mahua buds
From which the country wine
Is made,
An animal hairy.

Once the woods used to be
With them,
The bears haired
Ans blackly,
Roaming wildly into.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Black Bears, Indian Black Bears

The black bears,
Black bears
Fluffy and hairy
And muzzled and nailed,
Where have they gone away
From the hilly ranges
And forested tracts?

Black bears,
Bears
Atop the tree
Or the hill,
Standing on two legs,
Climbing the treed
And falling from
Interesting.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Black Cat

The black cat, the black cat jumping over the mud-built thorp house,
As black as the night, deep and dark night,
Representing the dark side of the Creation,
What it is dark will remain so,
Dark and lovely and deep,
Mysterious and mythical.

The dark black cat jumping over, running out
And disappearing into the night-time darkness,
On the second storey, on the thatched roof,
With the burning, burning grey eyes,
So lovely and deep.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Black Cat Crossing The Way

The black cat
Crossing the way
And vanishing
In the dark
With the
Burning-burning
Eyes
Glowing
And burning
In the dark
And vanishing
Into the lanes
After
jumping from
The muddy hamlet home
Second floor.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Black Cat Jumping From

The black cat
Jumping fromn the second storey of the mud-house
In the dark and lonely hamlet during the dark night-time

With the eyes burning and bright,
The black cat.

Black-black and burning, with the eyes burning-burning
And black-black the colour,
The cat jumping from and vanishing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Black Cat With The Burning Eyes Jumping From

The black cat with the burning eyes jumping from
The dark second floor of the hamlet home
And vanishing in the dark.

Quarrelling on the rooftop and the second floor
And jumping from and running away into the dark,
The dark black cat with the burning eyes.

The light in the eyes I can see,
But before I catch
It jumping and running away into the dark.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Black Cat, The Black Cat

The black cat
With the burning, burning
And glowing eyes
Quarelling
In the mud-built dark country homes,
Jumping from the second floor
And vanishing in the dark
With the burning, burning eyes
And glowing,
Jumping from
And running away
Into the dark lanes
Of the dark, lightless country.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Black Cat, The Black Night And The Black Hamlet

The black cat,
The black night
And the black hamlet

And in the midst of all that,
The eyes burning bright.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Black Cat-II

The black cat
Jumping from the mud house
Of the hamlet home
With the burning-burning eyes,
Black-black cat.

In the night dark and desolate
The cat jumping and running away
With the black-black colour
And the burning-burning eyes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Black Cow, The Black Dog, The Black Cat, It Is A Beauty, Beauty (Going Tantrical)

The black cow,
The black dog,
The black cat,
It is a beauty,
A beauty to see,
See them,
Going tantrical,
Feeling the things!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Black Crow Cawing

The black crow is crowing,
Maybe it that a guest will come,
An intimation about the unknown fellow from the bird.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Black Crow Cawing Repeatedly

The black crow perched on the boughs

Crowing,

Crowing and speaking many a tongue of its own,

Very often simply,

But sometimes in a strange tuning of its own,

Repeatedly,

The harshness is gone

As its tonal impact casting an impact,

It is twisting and turning the jazz

Into the blues

With a change in throat,

Change in voice

And is repeatedly cawing

As with a cliché,

The voice appearing to be a little bit musical,

Perhaps hinting it,

Suggesting so

The arrival of a guest

Who in turn may be wanted or unwanted,

Whose arrival awaited eagerly

Or seen with a frown.

The black crow cawing, cawing repeatedly,

Perhaps some guest is coming,

There lies the possibility

Of an arrival,

Which the bird telling of

Through its crowing,

A guest is about to come to

And his arrival await you,

Lo, he is seen there,

With a cloth bundle,

Embarking upon the bank of the river

And seen from the hamlet homes,

The traditional guest is coming

While on the other hand ha may be a city man

With an attaché into the hands of his,

Taking off his leather shoes

To cross over the dusty ways

And the sands to cover up!

The Black Crows

The black crows

Cawing

Telling of a country

Raked by hunger and poverty,

Scarcity and depravity.

The black crows

Crowing

Telling of a country

Raked by human hunger and poverty,

Scarcity and moral depravity.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Black Cuckoo

Coos it so sweetly that aches it here
The poor heart of mine,
Poor and love-lorn,
Broken and torn

And here lie I aching with the pain of mine,
Whom to say to,
All about love,
The heart of a loverly man

And it goes aching and aching and I in search
Of finding some hemlock
By putting the palm on the heart
Trying to console and bandage my broken self.
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Black Girl Smiling

The black girl smiling,
Not so black, not so fair,
But the face-cutting so much beautiful
As will you like to kiss her

Not so fair, not so dark,
But beautiful,
Beautiful and loveful,
The black girl smiling
In the dark hamlets

Of the countryside,
Where go you, go I as for our visits,
Which pass I through
To notice her smiling,
She standing by
With a lamb in the farm house

I see her standing silently,
I see her smiling,
Doing ta-ta, bye-bye,
See you again!

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Black Indian Cuckoo

It is so black
But it sings so sweetly

Reminding me of Tansen.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Black, Black Cat

The black cat jumping from the second floor
Of the mud-built countryside home
With the burning-burning eyes
In the dark and desolate country
Of hamlets and thorps.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Black-Black Feeling

The black cow, the black dog, the black cat,
It's beautiful to see them passing,
All black-black, black and beautiful.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Blackboard

On the blackboard write I, want I to write many a thing
But know it not what it comes to
And what it goes missing
From being written and entered into
And whether I enter into or not,
What that to make to me,
As no writer am I?

□

My blackboard is there
And if you friend want to write something, you may in it
As because the mind is blank,
Thoughts and ideas are not,
Only the board is there,
And if you want to write, you may
As because the mind is vacant.

The blackboard lies it there
And you too are there, friend
And if you want to write on,
You write it please
And I shall accept that,
I am not like that
I shall contradict you
And your propositions.

All my life have I been gone writing and deleting from,
There lies my manuscript in ruins
Like the abandoned and neglected temples,
You just go and see them
Before saying it to me
And sharing with,
As am I not that writer
Of impressions and shadows passing by.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Blackly Big Pig Was Lying And The Small Piglets Sucking The Breast

It was a summer day
And passing through the red-soiled way
In between the bushes
I saw a big blackly pig lying
By the side way
With so many piglets
Sucking,
Sucking the breast,
The small, small pigs
So many
As kids
Sucking,
Sucking the breast
And the mother lying fallen flat
Resting and relaxing
And sleeping,
Reclining
Near the bushes
Shady
Just by the side way.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Blackly-Veiled Beauty, Miss Burkhwalli, I Love You, I Love You

You are my dream, my dream,
I love you, I love you, Burkhawalli,
The day I have seen you,
I have not forgotten,
I have not forgotten,
You say it to me,
How to live without,
Without you, Burkhawalli?

Just got a glimpse of your face
And fell in love with you
While coming down the stairs,
Burkhwalli,
My Pyarwalli!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Blazing Earth Of Chaitra & Baisakh

The blazing and burning earth of Chaitra and Baisakh,
Hot and humid and baffling,
No respite from heat,
Intensive, extensive,
The cattle panting
Under the shed,
The villages lie they
Sun-burnt
Under the strong sun
Falling straight,
The earth is burning,
The sands of the dry river
Difficult to traverse,
But still during the nights
The whiffs and wisps of jasmines
The wind carrying through
And the summer scented with
The aroma and perfume of
Champas, belis, raatranis, kaaminis,
Water drying to be vapours
And the clouds to burst
In the month of Shravana and Bhadra.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Bleeding Wounds Of Love

At the first glance of yours, I have fallen in love,
I saw you and you with a cursory glance of your own
And I fell in love with you.

Now after falling in love, it beats the heart of mine,
Aches it and the wounds keep bleeding
And find I none who will nurse and bandage
My bleeding wounds.

So, I suggest you not to look in that way
And so, hide I myself from seeing you
And try to avert your gaze.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Bloody Power Politics Of The Cpi(M)

They did a politics
Which falls short of being
Called bossism,
The leaders behaved as bosses,
Social, political and economic,
Basically the middle class people
And the poor class people.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Blue Bird

The blue bird,
Grey and grizzled,
But the wings and feathers deep blue,
Golden and glistening,
Delighting the on-looker
When about to flap the wings and fly
And rise above
To fly higher and higher
And rounding and rounding
With the wind,
Glistening in the sunlight,
Circling and circling around
High above
Into the domains unreachable.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Blue Eye

The blue eye,
The wide-wide eyeball,
The iris,
The pupil,
The eyelashes,
The eyelids,
Let me,
Let me paint.

I want to paint her,
A painter of the blue eye,
Sea-deep, sky-blue,
The hills shining blue
In the sunlight.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Blue Eyes

Just like the seas
Deep and unfathomable,
The dark blue eyes
Taking me far.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Bluff-Master Teacher's Bluff-Master Student

The bluff-master Ph.D. guide's
Research student too a bluff-master of sort,
One bluffing each other,
Like the teacher, like the disciple.

The research guide too cut, copied and pasted
In his days
To do the Ph.D. of his
And now so the research scholar of his doing,
Clipping the pages of the library books
And dovetailing,
Cutting and pasting to do his Ph.D.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Bluff-Masters As Poets

The poets are but bluff-masters
And to give bluffs
Their jobs
And their poetry
Full of white lies.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Bluff-Masters Of Indian English Poetry

Indian English poets, to some extent, you accept it or not
Are but the blackmailers and bluff-masters
Of English poetry;
The native and exotic writers
Of an alien language
Whose mother tongue is not English,
Replete with unnatural cliches and expressions.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Bluff-Masters Of Indian English Poetry Talk I, Dream I (The Seminar Paper)

Abstract: Little magazines and their little-little editors Little men's little magazines Poetasters, rhymers, commoners and non-poets as poets and poetesses Poets and poetesses as bluff-masters and mistresses Self-praise is no praise, as goes the adage Poetry not in mutual admiration The small editor a poet and the fellow reviewers and subscribers admiring, even university readers and the meritless poetry the topic discussion and the teacher applying in the reader-responses theory

The bluff-masters of Indian English poetry talk I, think I about,
Those who had not to be poets and poetesses are,
All those journal-editors,
The little-little men of little-little things,
Of trivia and academia.

A small poet or a poetess who fails as a poet
Makes a breakthrough after editing a journal
And that very small poet turns into a poet of India fame overnight,
Can it be,
Is poetry false praise and evaluation?

My seminar and the abstract of it tell about
The fall in standard and morality,
Does their morality allow them
To ask subscribers to talk about their poetry?
Perhaps they had never been endowed with this sense
Of morality and ethics any before.

The small-small editors of today say they
That they are poets and poetesses
Of not the state-level, but India-level stature
And this is what I contradict it,
Complain against and cross over.

To be frank enough, they are the mafia men,
The intellectual mafia,
Taking money and publishing papers
And this too is essential as for editorial policy

And financial management,
But to damage quality in this way is not at all acceptable.

I shall praise you and you will praise me,
How can it be, one is the promoter of another
And it can be, but never all the times
As it will ruin all?
Sorry, sorry fo

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Bluff-Masters Of Contemporary Indian English Poetry

Many of the contemporary Indian English poets and poetesses
Are but bluff masters and mistresses,
The third-rate intellectuals
And duplicate fellows,
Bogus and bluffing,
A study in the ragged men
And their researches rag-picking.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Bluish Lilies, White & Blue, A Combination Of

The bluish, inkish lilies
Making me remind of
Shyama Kali,
Kali Bluish,
Kali Inked.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Blunt Buffloman From Bihar Calling Himself The Joker Minister

The blunt backward Bihari boy
Who used to graze buffaloes
Used to talk big-big,
A third class Bihari politician,
A bogus Bhojpurian
Illiterate and foolish
One from a small family
Destroyed what it was good
In Bihar.

Oh, during the time of Jayprakash
All turned into leaders
And Jayprakash was the creation
Of the repressioint policies of Indira Gandhi!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Bonds Of Maya/ In Love With Maya

The bonds of Maya
I have not
As it is so difficult
To to cut off
One's maya-moha.

Maya my beloved wife,
Maya my life and the world,
Maya my son and daughter,
Where to go leaving her,
Maya-moha?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Books That I Wrote In Poetry

With a start from in 1986,
A poem Eliotesque,
After crossing over the dry rivulet bed
One scorching, parching summer
When the things appeared to be sizzling,
Saw I the skulls on the sands
Theological and frightening
While crossing a vast stretch of the solitary landscape.

Again there was a change in my style
When wrote I following Wordsworth and Keats
And the poems were born to me
And I fell sick,
Perhaps lost the expectancy of life,
Almost without the medicines,
everyone exploited us
Intellectually, financially.

Again in the midst of all that wrote I The Ferryman
To be brought out in 1987-88,
My first poetic venture
To be followed by
Collected Poems, Selected Poems,
My Father, My Love Poems, My Bengali Wife,
The Joker Minister, Murkhamantri & His Cabinet,
Cheery Verses, Hamlet Or Helmet?

Indian Irony, Wit & Humour,
The Cartoonist,
A Collage of Verses,
The Fall of Bamiyan Buddhas & Other Poems,
Chandramukhi,
My Older Poems,
Pale Pages,
The Divine Path & other Verses.

Asthi-Kalasha, Pinda-Dana (Five Volumes) ,
Haikus, Verse-Lines, Poetry-Lines,
My Comical Poems, My Sensical, Non-Sensical Verses,

New Poems, Poetry as Knowledge & Wisdom,
In Being Satiric & Humorous, Mother Kali,
Song of India & Poems, devadasi, Patita,
The Bride, The Indian Widow,
Birds, Beasts & Flowers, Death, Talk To Me,
Nagamani, Tantrical Kali,
The Lingam-Yoni Motif, Yama.

There are still many unlisted,
As and when time permits me,
I shall say about them,
The collections authored, but unregistered
Which I wish to list up
For the first time
To tell about myself,
Me and my literary works.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Brook

The brook babbles and flows by
In between the hills,
The landscapes solitary and wooded,
Secluded and bushy,
Flowing and babbling by
With a sweet murmur
To rush down
To cross over
To join the river.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Buffalo Men Too Leaders In Bihar

The buffalo men too leaders in bihar
Going with the black, black and oiled buffaloes
And with the bamboo lathis
And turbaned.

And with them the herdsmen and the goat women,
They too going with
To be leaders.

The cow boys with the bamboo hats
And with the bamboo umbrellas,
Leaving the cows grazing
Going to be leaders.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Buffalo-Grazer Too A Leader In India

The buffalo boys and girls too in Indian politics,
The bogus, blunt and bluffing fellows too
Will turn into politicians,
The leaders of the nation.

A cow herd-man, a buffalo herd-man,
A villagerly woman grazing the goats or the sheep,
A goat-woman or a sheep-woman,
All going to be people's representatives.

I mean the jokers of Indian democracy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Buffalo-Man As The Chief Minister

The buffalo man,
Murkhamantri, Foolish-minister to Mukhyamantri, Chief-minister
Going to assembly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Buffaloman Too A Chief Minister In Bihar

The buffaloman too a chief minister in Bihar
Going to the Assembly House
On a black buffalo
And the photographers running after
To take the snaps of the joker minister,
The village ruffian.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Buffaloman Too A Leader In Bihar

The buffaloman too a leader in Bihar
Asking to vote
The buffalo symbol.

And with it, enters the lathiman,
The goatman
And the goatwoman.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Buff-Masters As Teachers

I do not say about all,
But many of the buff-masters
I see them as varsity teachers
In India,
Bogus and bluffing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Bust & The Torso Of The Scholar Make I, The Unknown Citizen As A Poet

The bust and the torso
Of the unknown citizen
Make I,
The unknown citizen
As a classical scholar
And a poet.

The unknown citizen,
The bust and the torso
Of his
Make I
In my poetry,
Sculpt I
To smack of
The wisp and whiff
Of classicism in my poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Bust And The Torso That We Could Not Make It

Without the bust and the torso
Sculpted,
Lived he as an unknown man,
Passed away unseen
Before we could record it,
Enter into our history.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Camels

The camels,
The caravans of camels
Passing,
Passing through
With the turbaned merchants
from far
Taking the long animals,
The hump-backed camels
With a curvy structure
Going slowly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cbi Should Not Investigate In Such A Way That One Will Commit Suicide (On Reading Dgp Banshal's Bribery Case)

The CBI should not investigate
In such a way
That the team will force the family
Commit suicide
Rather than being sympathetic and merciful,
Kind and sympathetic
As mark you
Crime is not punishment,
Justice is in mercy,
The kindness you show,
The case you view sympathetically.

Say you, who does not take bribe,
Who is honest
And truthful,
Am I,
Are you,
The man behind the curtain,
Is the autobiography,
Who is,
Who is,
Are the judges,
Are the policemen,
Is the govt.,
The men running it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cemetery At Bandorjori, Dumka

The cemetery at Bandorjori, Dumka telling of a saga
Untold and undivulged,
Many of the graves lie in as the mouldering heaps,
Many as the newly cemented ones
And many as the relics of the British period
And the Britons who lived and died here.

Under old tamarind and the simul trees there lie a few
To be marked just as a mouldering heap,
A few can be marked lime stone powder used tombstones
With the names card upon or deleted,
But a few of glaring milky white marble stones
With the name as some Alexander.

I do not know it whether they died at a ripe age
Or met with an untimely death,
Maybe it that cholera claimed
Or maybe it malaria
Or typhoid as an epidemic
Wreaked havoc to them in a land of a different clime.

There sitting on tomb stones, I used to write my poems hastily,
At twilight used to see the retreating cattle
Into the steps of theirs,
Grazing around, the lambs frolicking over
And some naughty boys trying to break the stone.

During the spring, I used to see the tombstone and other graves
With the bulging simul blossoms fallen over,
The blackly cuckoos cooing from
While the other day I saw a scorpion with the diabolic tail
Crawling over tombstone.

Again, one day I had been striding alone to return back to
As my youngest brother had not been with,
The owl perched on the abandoned tower
Ogling to take the flight,
The evening descending upon heavily.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Chair

I do not like to sit on chair as know I it that the chair is not own
On which want I to sit on,
The chair is nothing but one which has been made by the carpenter
After being felled and cut by the woodcutter
And if it is made of either wood or steel,
There is nothing to pride over,
As so many have got it.

I myself do not like to sit on chair as know I it the chair is not own,
The chair I am sitting is of some other,
The man whom had to sit sat he not,
Nor was he allowed to sit on
As he could not avail of the opportunity
Nor it did come to them.

There are so many qualified enough, but they get not a place
As for their bad luck,
As they fail to be opportunate enough
And those who had to sit on sat they not
And those who have not to sit they
Calling it their chairs.

And if this be, the Almighty grants it and sit I on chair someday,
I would not like to sit
On that as know I that this is not mine,
As it belongs to someone other else,
Maybe it that he did not turn up
And so in the unavailability of, sat I on the chair.

And what will it happen, if change I my chair
Instead of taking for the olden chair,
Someone sat he before,
Someone will after me
And I shall sit before him on some other chair
Seeking his permission
As after my superannuation
My chair will not remain my chair
Which I used to on.

And if change I it, shall change I the chair opting for the other,
What difference will it be there,
As the chair becomes old
In course of time,
The chair gets replaced too in the end.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Chandal And The Karta, O, It Is My Mother's Asthi-Kalasha (Urn) , Let It Hang By The Peepul Tree

Chandal

(Comes he wrapped over a woollen blanket and a thick lathi in his hand And followed by a dog) :

Whose, whose kalasha is this?

Whose asthi-kalasha hanging by the tree?

Karta:

It is my mother's, my mother's

Who used to love me so much.

(With tears in the eyes and remmebering her)

Chandal:

Who, who gave you the permission to cremate here

And to post the asthi,

The asthi-kalasha?

(In an argumentative mood of his)

Karta:

None, none permitted me,

None, none told me about

And in time, people pass away.

(in his answer to that)

Chandal:

Do you, do you know it that one who comes here

Has to give some taxes

As for creamtion?

(Give me woods, thrown off things, clothes and others

And some money as per duty)

Karta:

I've, I've nothing with me to give to,
To give me,
Just the loving memories of my mother.

Chandal:

Nothing, nothing with me,
These words fallen flat,
Not endearing to my ears
And those who come to dispense with,
Give them and it's a binding on them.

Karta:

Empty-handed, bare-footed stand I before you,
Don't, don't you see me,
Motherless, fatherless stand I here,
What to give, what to give to you?

Chandal:

You give me, give me
Whatever you have
And think you
The duty that do I by loitering in silence.

Karta:

In this hour of pain, distress and agony,
What to give to you,
I have nothing with me?

Chandal:

Whatever you have, you give that to me
Taking that as the collection of mine,
That that as the taxes and the duties
To be submitted officially.

Karta:

Though I've nothing, nothing with me,
You take the old and tattered coat of mine
Given by my mother
Which I am wearing it not.

Chandal:

In this dead silence, away from human haunt,
Into the deadland,
Who will, who will like to keep a vigil,
Who comes from where,
Who is from where?

Karta:

I am a doer, doing the kriya-karma of my mother
With the tears falling from the eyes,
You let it be, let it be
The asthi-kalasha of my mother
Hanging by the centuries old peepul tree,
O, it's the asthi-kalash of my mother,
My dead mother
Who used to be once!

Chandal:

O Man, weep you not,
It's, it's the way of the world,
One comes through
And one goes through as thus
And I am but a chandal,
What is it within,
What can i do it myself?

Karta:

I am a karta, a karta for my mother's funeral rites,
I am keeping the mournful days
Alive with her memory,

A doer doing the jobs
for her memory sake, for her peace sake.

Chandal:

What, what a chandal,
A ghat man, a ghat watchman to do,
Keeping a vigil over,
Levying taxes
And my job so much menial and low
But I doing for profession sake
In a traditional way
As my ancestors used to do?
I am but a representative of kaal, doom, end
Which is samay, time, gat-mati, movement-direction.

Karta:

Chandal, it is, it is my mother's asthi-kalasha,
Let it be, let it be,
Let it be,
O, my mother is dead,
She has died,
She is no more in thsi world,
Only her navel is there,
My lifeline
with whom lay I connected someday,
o Chandal,
Hold the hand and stand me,
I am giving you, giving you your taxes!
(And weeping inconsolably,
With tears into the eyes,
Welling up in and falling down to the soil,
On the earth by the banks of the night-time solitary river) .

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Chapter

The chapter is closed,
I am going,
I am taking leave of you,
Bid me farewell.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Chariot Design Of The Konark Sun Temple

I think about the chariot of the Konark Sun Temple
Carved and chiselled out of stone,
The Chariot of the Sun-God
Drawn by imaginary white horses
And the bars within
Indicating Time and its duration,
The sunrise, the noontime and the sunset.

The Konark Sun Temple just like a chariot view
Of the view of the world,
The Sun-God coming in the morning
On the chariot drawn by white horses
And the golden sun falling upon
And radiating and glistening,
The world arising and awaking from sleep and inertia.

The temple on a chariot drawn by horses,
Sun-God seated upon
Or driving,
The decorated and embroidered chariot moving,
The sunlight falling upon,
Beaming with,
Radiating and glistening around,
The golden sunbeams,
Glistening rays dazzling.

The temple in a ratha design,
The Ratha of the Sun-God pulled by,
The Wheel Chariot of His
Carved with drawing and structures,
Gorgeously sculpted and sculptured
With the drawings of flora and fauna,
Love, lust, devotion and royalty,
The court and courtiers and the devotees.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Charkha, The Cow And The Calf And The Hand With The Five Fingers

The Charkha with
Gandhiji at the spinning wheel,
The Cow and the Calf
With Indira and Sanjay
And again the Hand symbol
Showing the hand of Indira,
Telling of
The spinning days of the Congress Party
And the Congress men.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cheel Ghar

On the Tower of Silence,
The Parsis dispose off their dead
With the flesh-eating birds
Encircling over,
Perching sideways,
Vultures, kites, hawks.

The Cheel Ghar,
A mortuary of the Parsis,
A structure raised
To place the dead over
For the flesh-eating birds
To cleanse forth the flesh.

Call it the Cheel Ghar
Or the Dakhma
Or the Tower of Silence,
Whatever you like to call,
But it is the end of all,
The end way indeed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cheetah

The cheetah, Indian cheetahs
I think about,
The speckled animal,
Spotted and freckled
With the two stripes
Of tears flowing
From the eyes to the nostril,
Golden brown
With the beauty spots
Making it golden speckled
And freckled.

The sun glistening and flashing over
And the cheetah
From its hide-outs
Of rocky, bushy and hilly
Domains and habitats
Taking water
From the stream
At dawn break
In that solitude,
Away from human haunt
In between the hills,
Its clusters and ranges.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Child Bride Is Going And The Twilight Falling Upon Her Face

The child bride is going
And the twilight falling upon her face,
The small girl as a bride going
With tears into the eyes
To an unknown destination.

Seated on a bullock-cart, on the rear part
Drawn by two white oxen
And covered with a canopy
The bride is going
Crossing the hilly rivulet.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Chit Fund Company Director ()

The director of the chit fund company
The great boss appointing the staff and the managers,
All by fraud
As to collect money from the market
And to vanish finally.

The director saheb with the beauty queen memsaheb,
A coloured man and a drinker,
A party-man and a hotelier,
A club-man and a swindler.

Whatever call you, he is less than,
A thief, a dacoit, a looter
Or better it is to call him a conman
Collecting money and deceiving the easily believing public.

The director saheb in the metropolitan capital headquarters
And his fraudster manangers here in the field
Sitting in their branch offices
With the staff
Doing a business,
But to run away.

The bundles of monetary denominations collected,
Supplied to and banked elsewhere,
Many siding them
To run away.

A T.V. news channel and a newspaper purchased
As to show to customers
And the newspapers flashing it over
The ribbon-cutting ceremonies in different places
Just to run away finally.

And after the run, the director will be in jail
Or in foreign,
The beloved deputy director too along with him
For no fault of hers, just for a partake of
And the motorcycles given to footpath agents

At the police station
And the agents repenting or gone missing
And what more to say about those befooled?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Chital, Spotted Deer

The cheetal,
Spotted deer
Golden yellow
With the white spots
The cheetal
Grazing grasses
Goat-like, sheep-like,
But golden yellow
And with the spots
Over.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Chors, Thieves & Goons With The Sardar Going To Form A Govt.

The chors, thieves and goons
With the sardar
Going to form
A govt.
Of the fools, by the fools, for the fools.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Chors, Thieves & Goons With The Sardar Going To Form A Govt., Isn't It?

The chors, thieves and goons
With the sardar
Going to form
A govt.
Of the fools, by the fools, for the fools.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cinema Halls Lie They Empty & Deserted

The cinema halls
With the walkies-talkie photos
Of coloured and painted men and women
Depicted as heroes and heroines
Touching the heart emotionally
Lie they deserted and left by
The audience
Comfortable at homes
With the television set and the discs
Of the theatres.

The cinema palaces and halls lie they
Empty and deserted
With the stray dogs sleeping over
The campus or in the courtyard,
The reel man, the light man lying jobless,
The flash light is gone
With its specific focus
And the loafers sitting close to
Whistling not,
Throwing coins, thinking heroes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Classers Calling Themselves First Classers, First Class First Gold Medallists Without Real Gold Medals/ All That Glitters Is Not Gold

The third class people on chair
But the first classers moving on footpaths

Many loafers and jokers as first class first and gold medallists,
Many third classers calling themselves first class.

The third class men with the first class degree sitting on chair
But let him be, as he cannot be first class by nature.

Throw not the rotten eggs on, nor the tomatoes,
A third class fellow will remain a third class one, as it cannot be.

Cast not aspersions with regard to his degrees as show they him
To be a first class first gold medallist.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Classical Scholar

I do not find him,
I mean the classical scholar
Sober, disciplined, quiet and impractical,
Pragmatic and conventional,
But liberal and humanistic.

Where, where that scholar holding his sway over,
Where, where that fellow crossing the river
And going to his hamlet-home
With the little and lovely daughter of his
Who together with him
Holding the hand of the old fellow?

The little daughter picking the pathway flowers
From the weeds and the bushes
And the classical scholar telling
Of life, the world and the go of it,
Alluding to the scriptures
Which the small daughter questioning time and again
In the girlish curiosity of her own.

The classical scholar going as an unknown citizen,
A shepherd scholar,
A scholar gipsy
And the little daughter too going together with him
Playfully,
The things of life are almost the same,
Only the heart needs to be changed,
God's scholarship is not in hypocrisy an ego
As we think it today.

One who can feel the little heart and her innocence,
Her fancy and playfulness,
One can love it all,
The hills, woods, fields, fallows, flowers, weeds and bushes
Is in reality a scholar,
Feel the mystery and fragrance of life and the world therefore Calling yourself a
scholar.

The Clouded Leopard

The clouded leopard
From the Himalayan foothills
Is a subspecies of the wild cat
But clouded and in patches
Over its leather.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Clusters Of Flowers And The Black Cuckoo

The clusters of flowers
And the cuckoos cooing from the bunches.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cobras Hissing And Basketed

The cobras,
Blackly, brownish and whitish
packed into the bamboo baskets
Small and rounded
And the snake charmers
Coming
To show
The cobras
Hissing and hooded
And swaying
And they singing
And praying submissively,
Referring to kaal and its wheel,
the Snake-God and the stories mythical.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cobras, Hooded And Hissing

How do they play the wooden musical instrument
Like the bagpiper
And how do the cobras crawl
Out of the bamboo baskets
To hiss and hood
And to sway to the tune of
The haunting music
Of the East,
I mean Asia,
The Oriental music,
Melodious and haunting?

The cobras with an S sign
Or the U or V sign,
Whitish, blackly,
Yellowish and chocolate-coloured,
Hooded and hissing
And swaying
And with the tongue
Outing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Coffee House And The Eve Meets Of The Leftist Intelligentsias

They sipping coffee and talking politics
At the cafeteria in the evening,
The leftist intelligentsias.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Comic Of ujan

Ramanujan trying to understand samsara,
What samsara is
And getting dizzy
And falling sick
To clutch it along
As for confusing with samsakara.

A Brahmin South India mathematician's son,
Astrologic and horoscopic,
He too like his father
Mixing
Astrology with astronomy,
A Kathaka dancer of comic and irony.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Common Man's Party

The Common Man's Party

A party for the common man, by the common man and for the common man,
The ideal will vanish away soon
Giving way to friction, fissure and fusion,
Creating ruptures

As the common man comes to not to do politics,
Nasty and mean,
They are the common
Who like to live commonly
Rather than their high profile.

They are the rustics of Thomas Hardy,
The villagerly forefathers and ancestors,
Shakespearean people of the Forest of Arden,
The unknown citizens of Auden, disturb them not.

Politicize them not,
O, you politicking fellows,
The modern hollow men of ,
The headpiece filled with straw!

If you have to do politics, do you,
But drag not the common people
As for your politics,
For to come into power.

As the common men stake not a claim for power,
A share holding,
As they the common people
Holding a very low profile.

The Common Man's Party
Working under the banner of
With the common agenda and programme of it,
How common will it remain, let us watch the activity, wait and watch?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Common Men's Party Forming The Government

It is a strategy to form the government by the people's name,
Cashing in their emotions
As for naming the party Common People's Party
Otherwise there is nothing like this
And the votaries of it are but the people
Wanting to come to the fore,
I mean the aspiring people
To be the men of bargaining power,
To have share in power,
Staking claim,
All those shareholders of power.

Those who do not have any place
Want to come to power somehow,
Breaking and dovetailing and jumbling
As to rein in and wrest power,
How to rise high
Under the banner of the common man,
How to do the propaganda of the common man's party,
Common man's politics,
Just in the name of their chief priority,
But in reality manipulating and manouevring to come into power.

I know them those bargaining for power,
The men in power,
All those false people,
Making white lies,
Bluffing and befooling the people
Under the common man agenda,
None is above selfishness,
The same common man promising falsely
To the common man,
Doing politics under the banner of it,
Touching easy emotions
To accomplish their ends.

None is a common man
In the Common Men's Party forming the government,
All are but politicians politicking to come into power,

The tactical common men,
Not the simple common men,
But the tricky urban people,
All their banners, festoons, hoardings and placards
Befooling the common people
In the name of the Common Men Party,
Doing the nautanki of sweeping the park,
But in their houses the housewives are tired of
Doing the household works
And they even assist them not at home,
Another choosing the slate
And one one the lantern.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Communist Party Of India

Today the communist party talks of human rights violations,
Yesterday never did it say to,
Never voiced against,
Nor lodged the protest with
When its government had been
In power,
It crushed the democracy's movements,
The people's rights
In a pre-planned way
To evict them all,
Torturing the non-communists,
Mentally and physically.

Its hidden political agenda and strategy,
Tactics and techniques
All know it well,
How it can manoeuvre and manipulate the things
In its favour
Through propaganda,
The comrades can vandalize it all,
The muscle men,
Comrades recruited as regimented cadres,
Keeping a watch over the area
Through the members
Of the local, the zonal and the district committees
And their members
Aligning with the state committee
And the politburo.

To place the areas under the area commanders,
I mean the people's representatives,
Training them through
Conferences and seminars,
The leftist ideologues teaching them,
The party whole timers
The dedicated and devoted men,
Sleeping, eating and drinking
In the party office,
I mean the party men always

After party and politics.

To organize the unions and to affiliate and align them
With the mother organization,
They can brainwash and eyewash too,
Locking out factories,
Raising slogans,
Arranging shut-downs and closures,
Pen down strikes,
Shutting against,
Creating a rift,
Diving society and harmony
Along the haves and the have-nots,
The rich and the poor lines.

For politics they can divide the family,
One member from another,
The brother from the brother,
The husband from the wife,
They know it well
As to how to rag, heckle and harass
The non-communists
And this they have done too
In their time,
Making the rift between
The leftists and the rightists visible,
To take the name of Mahatma Gandhi was a sin
If the photo found to be hanging
On the wall of the house
Rather than that of Marx, Lenin, Stalin and Mao.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Communists Are Most Dangerous Men

The communists are the most dangerous men
As they know nothing but groupism and bossism
Ever ready to be your bosses,
Ever ready to form groups.

In the party office and the club,
They catch the conspiracies
As for how to heckle and harass,
How to torture the non-communists.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Communists Are Most Dirty Fellows

The communists are the most dirty fellows,
The most third class men,
As to plot for an overthrow
Is on their hidden agenda an strategy
And they do believe in gangsterism
Taking law and order their hands.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Communists Are Not At All The Good Men

The communists are not at all the good people,
But the very bad ones
As they keep hatching plots
As how to cut down public liberty
And the freedom of speech tactfully.

All the time they think of placing themselves
In the form of the super men
As if they knew it all,
Mothers and fathers,
Local guardians,
Justices to dispense with justice.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Communists Are Not Easy People

The communists are not easy people
To be taken lightly,
But to be seriously,
They come as instructors and think tanks
And ideologues
And turn into supermen,
Super brains,
The fire arms man with the hands
On the trigger.

The communists are not easy people
To be taken easily,
But very seriously,
They come as to brainwash and eyewash,
Galvanize the young brains,
To turn into movementeers and protesters,
Rebels and revolutionaries
To give the call for revolutions
And coups.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Communists Are The Most Critical Fellows

The communists are the most critical fellows,
Not at all the simple fellows,
But the most critical ones.

To divide and rule their policy,
All the time in a search
For setting the things on fire.

Their unionism is but a type of gangsterism
As for keeping the things
Under collective pressure.

A company with the communists changes
One's thought, action, behaviour, manner,
Speech and expression.

They fill the heads with Marx, Lenin, Stalin and Mao,
Revolts, rebellions and revolutions
And bloody overthrows of power.

And as thus one loses one's temper and turns
Into a hothead,
Making fiery speeches.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Communists Are The Most Dirty Men, Most Third Class Men

The communists are the worst,
Worst fellows,
Most dirty men
Always politicking,
Always obliging you,
Going to any level
However mean and derogatory.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Communists Are The Very Bad People

You do not know it,
The communists are the bad people,
Treachorous and heinous as well,
Tactical and strategic.

Their doublespeak and volte face,
You will not understand,
Their tricks and cleverness,
The non-communists
Are not aware of
Their tactics of doing propaganda
And coming to power.
You do not know it,
The communists are not good at all,
They are very, very bad people,
In their times never did they allow
The media to take photos
Of their areas in stricter command.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Communists Are The Very Worst People

The communists are very worst people,
Very plotting and planning people,
As they plot conspiracies,
Plan for your fall,
Your merit is that they envy with,
Always planning for
How to complicate the matters,
How to implicate you,
How to divide and rule,
How to develop friction and fissure
I your family?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Communists Are The Very, Very Bad Men; The Most Notorious Peopled

The communists are the very, very bad people,
The most notorious ones
As they can go to any level
As for wreaking havoc,
To terrorize and to create panic their job,
Hidden strategy and agenda
And theirs is a reign of terror,
Full of torture and threat,
Very ruthless people.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Communists Are The Worst Fellows

The communists are the worst fellows
Ever seen,
The most third class men,
Th gang men
In gang war
And their composition
Not of the good men,
But the hooligans,
Goons, anti-socials, criminals and bosses.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Communists Are The Worst Fellows, Most Third-Class Men

The communists are the worst fellows,
The most third-class men,
The blind supporter of the communist party
And with loyalties and obligations
To party offices they belong to.

To talk with them is to feel the division
Between the haves and the have-nots,
I mean the contractors of human society
Which they have taken it,
To divide society and to rule
Is their hidden purpose.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Communists Are Very Dirty Men

The communists are very dirty men,
Very, very dirty men,
To plot and plan for a fall
And to grab power their utmost priority
As they cannot do anything without
Groupism and unionism,
Muscle-flexing and threat
And espionage,
Spying in the locality
Who is a left-sympathiser
And who not?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Communists Are Very Worst Fellows

The communists are very worst fellows,
The third-class men,
The most notorious fellows.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Communists Generally Select The Inferior Fellows As Leaders

It is a policy with the communists
To select the labour-class people
As leaders
To be used as rubber stamps
And generally the middle class people
Keep the power with them
To work as secretaries and presidents,
Even an illiterate man can be your boss.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Communists Play With Power And Politics

The communists play with power and politics
And they know it well
As a tiger plays with a goat
And a cat with a rat.

They make a joke and mockery
Of appointment and posting,
Even an illiterate
Or a labourer
Can be made the chairman,
The schoolteacher can be
The home minister of India.

They just value their secretaries,
Their words the last says
In consultation with comrades and cadres
Looking into the organization,
The mother organization,
Nurturing it from the grassroots level.

The mother organization with the support
Of subsidiary and tributary unions
With presidents and secretaries
Give a boost to
The communist party,
Always plotting and planning
For an overthrow of power.

It uses the poor classes and sections
As its fed vote bank
By making them dream of
Becoming seated as political heads
Of parties and organizations,
Making dream of labour schools
With the kangaroo courts
To settle and judge it all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Communists Preach Violence, Most Litigant And Combative People

The communists are most dirty people
Whop preach violence and bloodshed,
The most litigant and combative people.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Communists Recognize Only The Two, Comrades & Cadres

Communists recognize only the two comrades and cadres,
The comrades turned cadres
When inducted into,
Recruiting and regimenting,
Taking subscriptions,
Giving levies to the party.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Communists Understand No Language, But The Language Of The Guns

The communists understand no language, but the language of the guns,
Stockpile firearms and hatch a plan
For revolutions, revolts and rebellions,
Bloody coups,
Crush the movements for democracy
Or those in sympathy with
The pro-democracy movements,
Censure the press,
Cut public liberty,
Tone down freedom of speech and expression.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Communists Vulcanize The Brains

The communists are very notorious fellows
As vulcanize the brains
With the ismic thoughts
As for how to divide society
Between the privileged ad the unprivileged,
The haves and the have-nots,
The rich and the poor,
The well-to=-do and the downtrodden
After handling power to the proletariat
And the bourgeois,
But in reality the henchmen,
The musclemen flex the muscle,
The lathimen rounding lathis
As to keep power.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Communists Vulcanize The Brains To Turn Into Cadres & Comrades

The communists are very notorious fellows
As vulcanize the brains
With the ismic thoughts
As for how to divide society
Between the privileged ad the unprivileged,
The haves and the have-nots,
The rich and the poor,
The well-to=-do and the downtrodden
After handling power to the proletariat
And the bourgeois,
But in reality the henchmen,
The musclemen flex the muscle,
The lathimen rounding lathis
As to keep power.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Comrades

The comrades as cadres
And cadres as comrades
Go on wreaking havoc,
Sometimes on a rampage.

Communism is a regimented party
As people are brain-washed and eye-washed
And cadres are recruited,
Levied
To be loyals,
Dedicate soldiers of,
The foot soldiers of communism.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Countryside Joker Said It, Let Me Do M.A. First Then B.A. Then I.A. And Then Matric

The countryside joker said it to us
Long back
And hearing him,
Exclaimed we,
How foolish and illiterate is he
That saying so
And that light joke
Said he after sitting on
The muddy guard wall
Of the inside campus
Of the courtyard
Which feel I now
After seeing the exam system
And the open schooling system.

Let me do M.A. first
Then B.A.
Then I.A.
Then Matric,
In a ascending not,
But a descending order,
First Master of Arts
Then Bachelor of Arts
Then Intermediate of arts
Then Matriculation.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cowboys And The Buffalomen Wanting To Be Ministers

The cowboys and bufflomen,
All wanting to be leaders,
Leaders not,
Ministers,
State-level not,
Central.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cowboys, Buffalomen, All Leaders In Bihar

The cowboys, buffalomen,
Goatmen and goatmwomen,
All leaders,
Leaders and politicians
In rough and tough Bihar,
The lathimen,
The goons,
The ruffians,
The blunt and bluffing ones,
Those who do not know how to talk,
How to behave with,
All those rustics
Leaders in Bihar.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cpi (M)

The CPI(M) is very good at acting,
Dramatizing
And culminating,
Orchestrating the things
In it favour,
Their tactics and strategy
None but the people lived
Under the rule and reign
Can say about

The Red terror
And the Red bastion
And the Red bulls
Wreaking havoc,
How have they tortured,
Heckled and harassed
And ragged to suicides,
None but men lived
Can say them.

Who criminalized politics first,
Capturing the areas,
Keeping in the command of,
Putting unnecessary pressure upon,
Eliminating and eradicating
The enemies,
Censuring and banning,
Fining and punishing
For indulging in
Anti-party activities?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cpi(M)

The CPI(M) talks big
But does it less
And it is the same party
Which showed the path to others,
How to crush the foes,
The other party men,
The other ideology men,
How to heckle and harass them,
How to torture?

How to organize unions
At the grassroots level,
How to hand power
To the party men,
How to communize the young brains
To be picked and misused,
how to place the under merit
At the higher level
To suppress merit and talent?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cpi(M) And Its Propaganda

Today the CPI(M) talks big,
Levels allegations against
Booth-rigging, ballot paper-tearing,
Intimidating and so on,
But what did it do
When it had been in power,
Who knows it?

How it threatened and brought to size,
Reviewing the votes polled and demarcating
Those who voted against
Through the statistics
On guess-work and supposition,
Making the illiterates and fools
Councilors and chieftains,
Area commanders?

To do propaganda,
Orchestrate a revolution,
Demonstrate violently,
Raise slogans
And to spread rumours
The job of the CPI(M) ,
Having rigged and torn ballot papers
Will say,
Why have the others, the non-Communists
Torn it,
Respond you, reply you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cpi(M) Criminalized & Communized Politics, The Party Offices Of It

Using and applying man power,
Oblizing through presence
During the misfortune and adversity,
Birthday gift and bouquets,
It overtook power,
Communized and criminalized politics
Through the Local Committees,
The Zonal Committees and the District Committees.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cpi(M) District Secretary

The CPI(M) District Secretary

A big boss,

You salute him.

The District Committee Secretary

With the critical members

Screwing up all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cpi(M) Has No Job, But To Find Out Who A Leftist And Who A Rightist?

The CPI(M) has no work to do, but to find it out
Who a leftist, who a rightist,
Who is whose sympathiser,
A matter of inspection,
Searching with detectives, private agents and dogs?

How to gather money through subscriptions and donations,
How to make the factories lock up.
How to take commission,
How to prepare the ground for unionism?

To divide the society between the rich and the poor,
The haves and the have-nots,
The bourgeois and the proletariat,
Brother from brother,
Husband from wife.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cpi(M) Is Involved In Blame Game

All the time, it remains involved
In the blame game,
Putting the blame on often.

May I ask,
If all are bad,
Are you good too?

All are communal, rightist,
Are you good too?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cpi(M) Is Not At All Good

The activities of the CPI(M) are not up to mark,
What it says and what it does,
What it releases
As there remains a gap
In its statement and activity.

Most of the conspiracies of it are hatched
In the Local, the Zonal and District Committees
Of it
As to cut the anti-communists to size,
Eradicate and eliminate them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cpi(M) Is The Worst Of All

The hidden agenda and the strategy
Of the CPI(M)
Is hatched in party offices
Of dedicated and devoted do or die party men,
Rebels and revolutionaries
As comrades and cadres
And they keep hatching conspiracies,
Involved in whisperings,
Spying cases.

How to mark the non-communists,
How torture,
Hackle and harass them
Their first job?
Share you all with them,
They as your mothers and fathers,
The Godfathers,
The supermen
With super brains.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cpi(M) Is Very Tactical

The CPI(M) is very tactical
As it is involved in every sort of game
In suppressing and repressing
The files
Of the non-communists,
Heckling and harassing them,
Insulting and reprimanding
In the name of siding with the rightists,
Transferring them,
Punishing them,
Suspending and dismissing
From service.

I have seen these from close quarters
Remaining silent
And bearing it all alone
With them
Who went suffering
Once upon a time,
my heart rising in sympathy
With them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cpi(M) Knows Its People Only And Indulges In Political Propaganda

The CPI(M) knows only its men
And does political propaganda so often,
A party of cobras
Spewing venom and poison,
The hot-, em debating everything hotly
History, politics, education, economics and sociology
In its own way
As per its ideology,
Marx, Lenin, Stalin and Mao in all,
You take it for granted,
Crush political movements and freedoms of speech.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cpi(M) On A Padayatra In West Bengal, Dangerously Yours, A Drama

The CPI(M) on a padayatra,
The comrades and cadres walking,
Walking on foot
Which once eliminated and eradicated
Once the non-communists,
I mean the rightists,
Threatened and beat people
On the party lines,
Terrorized and tortured,
The same men walking
As foot soldiers
To get a stronghold,
It can never, never be,
They not the people of peace,
But the most violent men.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cpi(M) Only Knows Its Men, Only Sees Colour In Them

The CPI(M) only knows its men
Who a communist, who a non-communist,
Make a report of that
Locality-wise
To sidetrack them.

The CPI(M) sees colour
Whether he a Red or not,
If not, he is a foe,
Make him join the rally
To be purged out.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cpi(M) Ruled In West Bengal For 34 Years As For The Congress, But Forgot It The Under-Table Agreement

The CPI(M) is most selfish
As it ruled for 34 years
In West Bengal
In agreement with the Congress leaders,
But it never took their names.

Had the Congress, could it have ruled
For 34 years,
Rigging the boxes, capturing the booths,
Threatening the people
With dire consequences.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cpi(M) Sheds Crocodile's Tears

When the CPI(M) was in power,
People had not been able to express freely,
The freedom of speech lay it censored,
The press curbed,
The henchmen, the muscle men used to
Have their sways,
The below the merit substandard people
Used to rule over
As a foil to genius and talent
In mockery to it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cpi(M) Should Lave Its Nasty Politics Of Coming Into Power

The CPI(M) should leave its nasty,
Dirty polity of
Coming into power
Through bandhs, hartals and closures,
Shutdowns and strikes.

What does it not use
Man power, muscle power and the henchmen
For wresting power
And to de-stabilize
The establishment?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cpi(M) Should Not Talk Of Himan Rights & Violations

The CPI(M) should not talk of human rights and violations,
What it has done during its regime,
People know it well,
How they violated human rights
With their reign of terror!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cpi(M) Taught It As To How To Hate Man On Party & Politics Lines?

The CPI(M) taught it
As to how to hate man
Along party and politics lines,
Who a leftist and a non-leftist
Curtailing the freedom of speech
And expression,
Threatening through its comrades and cadres,
Promoting unionism and groupism,
Exterminating and eliminating
The democrats and republicans?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cpi(M) , The Aim & Motive Of It (The Negative Of The Party)

The CPI(M) , the aim and motive of it
Just the negative,
To change the social structure,
To politicize the things,
To produce rebels and revolutionaries.

To lure the unemployed people,
To keep the goons and bosses
After handing the areas in the command of,
Deputing local spies and agents,
To produce them as leaders, mouthpieces and voices
The hidden agenda and strategy of the party.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Criminal Is Not A Criminal, Those Who Mke Him Are Criminals

The criminal is not a criminal,
But those who make him
A criminal
Are criminals.

The criminal is actually a poor fellow,
A very poor fellow
To be pitied and mercied,
Not a born criminal.

For a crime, you give him not harsh punishment
So that he may not stand again,
You handle his case leniently
With mercy and pity.

The police, advocates and thieves,
Are they themselves good,
Virtuous enough,
Upright and just,
All for judgement and humanity?

The answer is 'no, not all, not as such',
All are for the stomach
And self-satisfaction,
None for law and justice
And justice is not in punishment.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Criminal's Father

The criminal's father
Too a father
Whose pains know you not,
Can feel you not.

How did he,
It is not that he
Turned into a criminal
In a day?

The criminal's father
Too a man,
Seeing it happen it all,
Going out of his hands.

Company, situation, circumstance,
Poverty or luxury.
Bad company and drinking
Play a major making one a criminal.

It always starts from drinking,
Taking of ganja, bhang, daru and tobacco,
Cigarette and other drugs
One by one.

Otherwise he had not been a criminal,
But the company he had been unaware of
Made him
Turn into a dreaded criminal.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Criminal's Good Father Too A Man, How Helpless & Hopeless Does He Appear To Be?

The criminal's good father weeping
And repenting,
How could it be,
How could it be, God,
Saying and lamenting,
The good father,
Not the bad father of the criminal,
As because many want not to make
Their son a criminal
While the others may exceptionally.

The good of the bad son
Who does not hear him at all,
Take to his words in confidence,
Does it all at his will,
Neglects and ignores,
Tortures and rags his father
And he seeing all that
By being a stoic.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Crow

Indian crow
blackly
cawing,
cawing at morn,
daybreak,
crying for food,
crying and cawing
telling of a world
raked by
hunger, thirst, fire of the belly,
shortage of food and scarcity,
drought, famine and depravity.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Crow Is Crowing

The crow is crowing,
Perhaps some guest will come,
The crow is crowing,
The continuous cawing
Sometimes taking a tune
And turning lyrical,
The harsh remains it not harsh,
But turns it musical
To hint it
That some guest is coming,
You wait for,
Wait for his coming earnestly
And he is coming,
The crow is cawing
To tell about
The arrival of a guest.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Crows Are Crowing And Trying To Lift From The Aluminium Bowls Of Hungry Village Children

The crows crowing,
Black-black crows cawing
Into the hungry country,
Poverty-stricken,
Half-fed, half-clothed,
Illiterate and uneducated,
Backward and poor,
Mud-built, straw-thatched
With the sun falling on them directly,
No respite from
Heat and dust
And temperature
And against the backdrop of it,
A small child weeping,
Crying for the stale crumbs of bread
And taking it at dawn break
From the aluminium bowl,
But the crow too eyeing it
To catch and run away.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Cuckoo

The cuckoo is so dark black, dark, dark, pitch dark
Just like the black crow,
But sings it so sweetly all through the spring,
Madly in love,
Singing the songs of forests, blossoms and flowers,
Gardening and wild

Perched on the branches of a tree
And singing from there
With the tunes and sweetness of its own,
And the cuckold vibrating through
The midday and the midnight

The cuckoo so madly in love,
Seeing the trees in blossoms and green leaves,
The gulmohars in blossoms and reddish clusters
And the cotton trees with big, big flowers falling down
And the mahua blossoms falling down
From which the local wine is extracted

The bird pecking at, eating mangoes,
Sitting among the flowers,
Flying into the forest tracts, under the shady tree shades
And from there singing the songs of its own,
Sometimes by being oblivious of at midnight too
The song flowing down mellifluously.

The cuckoo's song the song of life,
The world we dwell in,
Of forests, fine springs, flowery beauties, cool shades
And ripe fruits,
The song of the spring,
A world new and afresh

But mine a world worn by anxiety, care and loss
And bewilderment
And I picking up them to stitch
To make a world remade,
I do not know what it ails me,

Why am so different?



Bijay Kant Dubey

The Curved Eyes Of Bhagabati

The curved eyes of Bhagabati
Chiselled beautifully,
How to look into
The Eyes Divine!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dad Of The Terrorist Is But ic

The dad, I mean the papa of
rist
Is but ic
Fanatical to his core.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dalit Diaspora

The Dalit literature,
The non-Dalits writing
As for their doctorates
And career advancement.

The Aryans meted out
To the non-Aryans,
But they too were a divided lot
And none could reform them in India.

The situation worsened
During the medieval times
When the Sati system, the child marriage
Raked us.
There was none to bail
The crisis
Out of,
None to show the light of knowledge.

The missionaries definitely lifted
Them out,
But converted to,
Sowing the seeds of animosity.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dance Of The Santhal Girls

The dance of the Santhal girls,
It still dances before the eyes,
The troupe coming and dancing
Into the forests deep,
Hamlets secluded and scattered over
Under the shadows of the hills.

Flowers stuck into the braids
Or the feathers,
They in the lungi-patterned clothes
And in silver ornaments,
clapping, singing and dancing tunefully.

The beat of the mridang vibrating
Into the forests deep,
Inebriated and dancing,
Singing and dancing,
Enjoying life and dancing
In groups collectively.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Black Freckled Owl

The dark black freckled owl
With the ears dogged
And ogling,
Beaked
And nocturnal,
Ogling with
The bizarre and grotesque look.

The owl
Dark black and freckled
And in patches
Of black,
Blackish and grizzled
And spotted
Looking strangely
Through the night's eye.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Black Leg Of The Mother

The dark black leg of the mother,
You come and go
After it.

The black dark leg of Kali,
You come and go seeing
The Divine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Black Leg, A Replica Of The Mother's Foot (Dark Kali's)

The dark black leg
With a red hibiscus
Let me see,
See the replica
Of motherly art and sculpture.

The dark black leg,
The dark black leg of Kali,
Let me, let me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Blue Butterfly

The dark blue butterfly
With the prints
Over
As the beauty spots
Flying
And sitting
And again flying,
Glistening in
The wintry sunlight.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Daughter

The Dark Daughter

The dark daughter, dark not, but beautiful,
Call her not dark,
As she dark not, my dark daughter,
Dark you, dark the world, the tales of Creation,
Dark, dark is Kali,
Not only you.

Dark daughter, you not only dark,
Dark the world and the tales of it,
Dark the Creation
And the tales of it,
The Light coming out from the Womb of Darkness
And shining upon.

Dark daughter, dark you not,
Dark the Creation and the tales of it
Shrouded in myths and mysteries
And miracles flashing upon
To dawn.

Dark dark, dark you not,
Dark is Kali, the Mother Goddess,
Dark the things of the world and the Creation,
Dark daughter, dark is dark,
Let it be, ravel them not
As they will continue to be in future.

None has laid them bare,
None has ever untangled,
Let them be,
You my daughter, dark daughter,
Dark but lovely
For one's own papa,
Not of any different papa,
Only mine, mine only.

Dark is dark, let them be,
Dark and puzzling

As the mystery of the Creation is,
Dark is not only dark
But beautiful too.

□

Dark you, Dark the Goddess,
Dark the world,
The myths of the Creation,
The ways of life and the world,
the coming and going of man,
What is dark, let it be, my daughter,
Dark but lovely,
Innocent and ignorant of.

O, dark is dark not, dark is beautiful
And I seeing the replica,
The Dark Leg of Kali
In the silver anklet,
Telling me the tales of Jogahdya-Uma, Sati-Savitri,
Shiva with the dead body of Uma
In a remorseful mood and disconsolate!

Dark daughter, dark you not,
Dark the world,
The mystery of the Creation,
Dark, dark in this dark and wide world,
You not only dark,
But dark is Kali, dark the Womb of Creation.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Daughter (A Memoir)

The dark daughter
Dark you, dark the world,
Dark the Creation,
Where to go?

What it was dark,
Let it be,
What it is
As the light beams it from.

Dark daughter, dark you,
Dark the creation,
The myths of light and darkness,
Light breaking from it.

Let t be what it was,
What it is,
The myths of light and darkness
Which but comprehend I not.

The puzzles of Creation,
The riddles riddling it the world,
I could not,
I could not.

With them lay it the mystery
And the myth
Of yours,
Sensibility feminine.

A daughter dark, but affectionate,
Affectionate and loving,
The lovely daughter of mine
Neglected and ignored by mankind.

The tears falling the eyes of yours,
I could not, could not,
My daughter,
Though dark, but loving.

My daughter, your heart
The world could not, could not
The soul within
Palpitating.

Your labour, the worth of it,
Trouble, toil and tribulation,
The world could not,
Could not, dark daughter.

I see you, see you now
As the figurines
Artistic and sculptural
Decorating the old terracotta temple walls.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Daughter (A Poem)

The dark daughter
Sculpted on the walls
Of the terracotta temples
Depict and delineate I
The daughters of maya and moha,
Dark and beautiful
And lovely,
Mythical and mystical.

Under the heat and dust,
The sun and shower,
I see her working all daylong,
Into the sighs and sobs of her own,
A girl cheated on the path of life
Through the false promises made,
A devadasi or a sevadasi
Or a nautch girl replica.

Dark daughter, dark not, but lovely,
Someone's affectionate and dear daughter,
Maybe it not mine,
But some loving father's loving daughter definitely,
Break you not her heart,
The heart of the mythical daughter,
After all, she is also a man,
Think of her poor life.

A daughter is a daughter after all,
Give not pains to her,
Hurt not her poor heart,
Her trouble and tribulation
None has come to feel,
None has what it marauds her self,
Save the poor girl child of India!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Daughter (A Very Small Poem)

The daughter is dark,
but lovely,
tears are in her eyes,
you do not scold her
for being girl.

The daughter is dark,
but lovely,
full of so much so love
and bonding,
you neglect her not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Daughter (A Vi-A-Vis With The Terracotta Sculptures)

Dark daughter, where to go leaving you,
Your trouble, tear and tribulation
The world came to feel it not,
Your silent sobs and weepings
Which wept you all silently
Near the temple-complex,
Ino the courtyard of it
In being devoted and dedicated to
To the gods and goddesses
Made of stones
Just silent spectators,
Seeing them, reacting it not?

Just in the name of blind faith and reverence,
Classicism and classical dance,
Thye turned you into a nun, a sadhvi
As per the oracle of soothsayers, palmists and fortune-tellers,
Priests and godly ones,
But your days not of worship,
Such a tender age of yours,
This is not the time of your worship
And gods too will not take it
As the temple not the place suitable for you,
As the night not believeable,
Is of the drunkards and vagabonds,
You return back to, tretun back to,
But ask you where to go,
As has come to a crossroad,
Stand you thereon?

I see you, dark daughter, brought to the temple complex
In the name of false and fraudulent prophecies,
Which was but a trick of the fake, pseudo-soothsayer
Who lured your childless parents
To give the first issue
And see you, how will you live ehre,
On eint eh company of the worldly priests,

Half-addicts and abnormals,
As the frightful nights often remain laced with
Man-woman realotions,
Their drunken capers and wishperings of own.

How long will you keep you with cleaning
Gods and goddesses,
Sweeping the courtyard,
Sleeping on the floor
Of your deity house,
Living on alms,
Seelling flowers
And dancing during the late-night
As for the visitors
To welcome with
A Namskaram?

The Vaishnava saints and sadhus will keep you
Rounding the scandals around you,
Yea, the false swamis, sex and their scandals
And you a sevadasi into the hut of the sadhus,
Serving him,
I cannot, cannot accept it,
Let it happen so;
You a deavadasi in the room of the gods,
Seving, bathing and making them eat
Instead of eating and living properly,
You mark it, gods say it not,
First take you then will god,
If have to show, definitely show you your bhakti.

Your image of a nun, a saffroite nun,
One clad in saffron clothes,
With the kamandala, trishula and the damru
And the rudraksha garlands,
The necklace and the bracelet,
I cannot, cannot approve of;
You a woman,
A woman of kindness,
Live and let live,
Why not let you live?

Sometimes I see you abandonging your worldly life,
Turning into a saint,
Opting for spirituality
And its realization,
Wanting to be delivered from
The bonds,
But where,
Where to go,
The world not a good place
To live in,
Not of the sadhus,
But the bhogis?

Dark daughter, I see you
As an artisan making the temples,
A woman in masonary
Or supportive of,
Losing your womanliness
In heat and dust
And their spates and swirls
And when the temple comes up,
Forget they,
As these to house gods and goddesses in,
Not for you to dwell in;
Dark mdaughter, are you a nautch girl replica
Turned into stone
Or a clay-baked red sculpture
Welcoming the visiotors
At the temple-entrance?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Daughter Dark, But Affectionate

The dark daughter dark, but affectionate and sympathetic,
understanding in full the labours
of her father,
the daughter of some loving father indeed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Daughter Of India Describe I

The dark daughter of India describe I,
The poor daughter of India
So sidetracked and ignored in her homes,
A girl so anonymous
Living on left-overs,
Half-clothed and half-fed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Daughter Smiling

The dark daughter smiling
In the dark hamlets
Under the shade of the hills
And the haze of the sun-burnt earth.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Daughter Smiling In The Dark Hamlet Home

The dark daughter smiling in the dark sun-burnt hamlet homes
Against the backdrop of the hills
Dark and shining blue in the falling sunlight
Even in the midst of poverty, illiteracy and superstition,
Malnourishment, backwardness and underdevelopment.

The dark daughter smiling, lisping, calling with love, papa,
So careful and affectionate,
But reared up poorly,
Working and dutiful,
But a neglected female baby of India,
The poor tale of poor India.

The dark daughter labouring and toiling hard,
A small girl-child of India,
But neglected and deprived of,
How to view her, view
And say about?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Daughter, Dark You, Dark The World

Dark daughter,
Dark you,
Dark the ways of life
And the world,
The myths of Creation,
The mystery of the world!

Dark daughter,
Dark you,
Dark the mystery
Of life and the world,
In the world dark-dark,
Dark daughter!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Daughter, I Saw Her On The Terracotta Tempe Walls

The dark daughter,
I saw her
On the outer walls
Of the terracotta temples,
Lying under heat and dust,
The canopy of the open skies,
The replicas
Of the rustic folk,
The woman artisans and workers,
Wage-earners and construction-doers,
The labouring women folk.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Daughter, Oh, The Pains Of Your Living!

The dark daughter,
Dark you,
Dark the things of creation
And in the world dark,
You living lightlessly.

How to sketch you,
How to paint you,
Dark daughter,
Smiling amidst poverty and scarcity,
How to make a portrait of yours?

A small girl live you
In the hamlets and thorps
Of the village,
Cut off from the circuit of modernity
And development.

A small daughter,
Your wants and needs
The wide world feels it not,
Knows it,
Oh, you a village girl living poorly!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Daughter, The Myth Of Creation

The dark daughter,
The myth of creation
And the mystery of the world.

The dark daughter,
Your trouble and tribulation,
How to dwell upon?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Daughters, The Terrocotta Plates Of Dark Daughters

The terracotta plates,
The terracotta plates baked
And made from clay,
Feminine and filial
Are but the plates
Of the Mother divine,
The faces and facets of Hers,
The Divine Lila and Avatar
Of Hers,
Of the Dark Goddess.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Divine

The Dark Goddess,
Call Her Kali, the Dark One
In the dark and magnificent face of Hers
In wrath and anger
With the red tongue out of the mouth.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Divine Maid

The Dark Divine Maid,
You see the Leg of Hers,
Light sparkling it
Beneath.

O, come you and go seeing
The face,
The Face Divine,
The Magnificent Face Divine of Hers,
Mother in a strange mood of Her Own!

O, you go seeing the Dark Maiden,
The Maid Divine,
The Leg Divine of Hers,
Light sparkling beneath,
Lighting Divine!

The Dark Divine in a mood of Her Own,
Yea, the Dark Divine,
Grand and huge,
Magnificent and grandiloquent,
Weird and grotesque and bizarre so to say,
But not exactly so.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Girl

The dark daughter, what do you know about her,
The pains behind the smiles of hers,
Outwardly dark-complexioned,
But inwardly working and toilsome,
Which know you not,
I know it not.

The dark girl, the pains of hers,
The joys and sorrows of hers,
The world has not come to feel it,
The pains of hers,
The pains of her living.

Dark but beautiful,
With a figure and face-cutting of her own,
She lives in the joys and sorrows of her own,
The pains and pines of her own,
Her struggle and sacrifice,
What do we know about them?

The dark daughter,
The pains of hers the world knows it not,
The pines
Which maraud they the soul,
The heart of hers.

The dark girl, what to say about
Your pain and pine,
Struggle, suffering and sacrifice,
Your toil, tears and sweat?

The dark daughter,
Your dark colour and complexion,
Your dark beauty,
My introspection,
Which the world feels it not.

You go on labouring,
But what do you get instead,

Sobs, tears, blames, insults?
Rape, feticide and trafficking,
Domestic violence,
Threaten you, threaten you, dark daughter.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Goddess

The Dark Goddess
With the four hands
And with traditional arms,
A sinner-head and a sword
And others
And a snake,
Wearing a wreath of sinner-heads
And the tongue held in shame
As for trampling Shiva under feet,
Who lying down on the way to make Her trample
As for the lessening of anger,
As for calming down,
The image of the idol.

The idol pitch-dark, dark black,
The eyes full of glare,
The red tongue out of the mouth,
The crescent on the forehead
And also with a red spot
And the drooping third eye,
Vermillion in the parting line of the hair,
The hair black and waist-long,
Maybe She in an ethnic and racial face,
A native, tribal and aboriginal facet,
But the face strangely beautiful,
A beauty indeed to mark
The mystery indescribable.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Goddess Kali

The Dark Goddess,
How to worship Her,
The Mother Divine,
What the Ways of Hers,
What the Way of the World,
What the Life of Man?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Goddess, Come, Come, Do Come And Go Seeing After! O, You! The Mother?

You come, come
And go seeing
The Dark, Dark Goddess
Into whose Hands
is this life and death,
O, come, come,
Do come
And go seeing the Mother,
Just for once
And once you see,
You will not like to go,
Will keep seeing,
Keep seeing
Her Rupa,
Rupa Divine!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dark Goddess, Kalratri, Mahharatrtri And Moharatri

The Dark Goddess is none but Kali,
Mystical and Mythical,
Nocturnal and Supernatural
And the world Her Lila, the Play Divine.

Kalratri, Maharatri and Moharatri,
I mean the Night of Doom and Delusion,
Maharatri, the Greater Night is She,
Mohatratri, the Night of Illusion.

The syllabic mantras sacred and sacrosanct,
Telling about the states of life and the world
In an abstarct and mystical form,
How beautiful the script, pregnant with meaning, pithy and full of brevity.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Daru Bottles Filled With Water Just For Enactment

He just enacts, fills the daru bottles
With water
And plays the role of a drunkard
On the stage.

Ay, taking countryside, native brand liquor,
I mean desi daru, native wine,
Plays he the role of a drunkard
Just filled with water,
Taking it and doing the role.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Daruman Is Coming, The Happy New Is Coming With Nachata Hun, Gata Hun And Daru Pita Hun

The daruman is coming
With the new year to begin
To give a dance
With his friends
In company,
Ready to party
Rock and roll,
With the bottle of daru
The daruman eve ready
To give a dance,
A break-dance,
Nachata hun, gata hun
Aur daru pita hun,
Pilwata hun.

A daruman
dance I, sing I
And drink I,
make you drink too.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Daruman's New Year

The daruman's new ear
What to say about,
The new year of the daruman
Dancing, dancing,
Dancing and greeting the new year,
Greeting and drinking,
Drinking and greeting.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Darumen's Party On The Eve Of The New Year

The darumen's party,
The darumen opening the corks
And taking wine,
Taking wine and dancing,
Dancing with the bottle
In hand
On the eve of the new year,
Turning it into the darumen's greeting.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Daughter Of A Fanatic Want I To Choose For Myself

The daughter of a fanatic want I to choose for myself

The daughter of a fanatic

Want I to choose for myself

As my beloved,

The lover of the daughter of the fanatic.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Daughter Of The Fanatic

The daughter of the fanatic
Want I to marry
To de-fanaticize her,
The daughter of the fanatic,
Her father is fanatical and conservative,
But she is not,
But has to abide by.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Daughter Of The Fanatic Want I Espouse

The daughter of the fanatic,
Want I to marry,
Hold the hands and take to
My home,
The daughter of a fanatic,
Her father is a fanatic,
But she is not
The granddaughter of a conservative,
I mean an orthodox man,
Her father may be,
Grandfather may be,
But she s not,
She is lovely and good enough,
Liberal and kind,
Humane and charitable,
Her father may be,
Grandfather may be,
But she is not,
She is not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Daughter Of The Hills: A Biography Of A Santali Girl/ The Song Of The Santal Maiden

In sun and shower,
Under the golden sunshine
And the fair moonlight,
Grew she up,
A daughter of the hills,
In and around,
Encircling her.

Cut off from the wide world
And gaze of it,
Grew she up
As a wild flower
Unadmired and unappreciated,
A girl uninhibited
But laden under strictures.

At the herald of spring,
Sang you
Seeing the cuckoos singing
From the leafless
But in bloom
Palash and simul blossoms.

Sticking a palash bloom
Into her hair,
Danced she,
Sang she
Marking the change in season.

Under the shadow of the hills,
Grew she up,
A daughter of the hills,
Half-fed and half-clothed tribal girl,
Living a life of her own,
Taking boiled ice and its gruel
And palm juice and rotten rice beer.

The Daughters Of Maya

The daughters of maya, call they, know I it, but we it not
The pains and pines of hers,
My maya for her and her maya for me,
My daughter my maya for her and her affection for me,
Filial and paternal.

The daughters of maya are they, the siblings of emotion and affectionate bonding,
Break them not, their poor heart, their little heart,
Their love and emotional bonding,
Their maya, their hope and expectation,
As have you seen a father waiting for arrival?

The daughters of maya, moha, what my attachment with you,
Say you the things of your heart,
Say you it that you are my lovely daughter,
You are love indelible,
You are my tiny heart
Without which I cannot.

Although I know it that the things of maya are not my own,
Nor can they be,
Instead of it I go on aspiring, craving for,
Pining and yearning for her.

Where are you, my daughter, silenced for,
A little girl were you, tiny and small,
One who has not seen the wide world
And whom feared I in taking along or moving alone,
But it got otherwise
And her voice silenced,
O, say it what it ails you!
Daughter, my daughter!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dawn-Break

The dawn breaking it somewhere with Hari Om, Hari Om,
Om, Om, Om,
Hari, Hari,
Somewhere the choruses coming from the Vedic hermitage
The psalms from the Rigveda, Samveda, Yajurveda and Atharvaveda
Doing the rounds,
The sadhus and sanyasins taking the bath
Early in the morning
And doing the surya-namaskar
And the bells ringing in the pagodas
With Om namah shivay, om namah shivay,
Shiv-Shiv-Shiv,
Lord Shiva on the lips
And the wet-clothed, towelled body with the quivering lips
Taking the name of the Lord.

Somewhere the sparrows chirping from the thatches of the roofs,
The straw-thatched roofs of the mud-houses,
Village women going to fill in their earthen pitchers
From the river,
Somewhere the crows crowing for food,
Taking the bread crumb from the little child, flying off.

Somewhere the golden oriole yellow and golden
But blackly striped
Singing the golden notes
And the sweetnotes pleasurable,
Delighting to full in winters sometimes,
Telling of the herald of spring,
Yet to come.

Somewhere in the villages, the small-small children,
Half-clothed and half-fed,
Sitting on the muddy floor of the courtyard,
Asking for stale food,
The left food items of the night-time
And crying for
And the mother getting vexed,
As where to bring it more,

The child flinging the aluminum bowl
With the little food in anger
And crying for,
Which but a village scene,
Of the high and the low both.
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dawnbreak/ Hari Om, Hari Om, Hari, Hari/ The Sadhu Doing The Suryanamaskar With The Rudraksha Rosary Into The Hands Of Their Own

A beautiful dawn breaking
And the sadhus taking a bath,
Doing the suryanamaskar
Having closed the eyes
And in the wet body
And with the folded hands,
In the direction of the rising sun.

The birds are twittering,
The sunlight dazzling,
The world awaking and arising
And the shaking lips of the sadhus
Doing the japa with the rudraksha rosary,

Hari Om, Hari Om, Hari, Hari, Hari,
With the rudraksha rosary into the hands of theirs,
They closing the eyes
And reciting Hari Om, Hari Om, Hari, Hari,
Om, Om, Hari, Hari.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Day I Saw You Since Then

The day since I saw you
I could not forget you,
My inspiration,
Artistic and visionary.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Death Of Poetry

The death of poetry,
How does it die,
What to get it from
Commonplace sentimentalism and sensitivity?

What can it give,
What is it in poetry to hand over
Barring emotion and feeling,
Sentimental statements?

The death of poetry,
When will it die,
can you say it
The mad and maniac patient on the table?

Poor and destitute, hopeless and helpless,
Babbling like an abnormal,
A beggar on the footpath,
The ragged man picking.

Himself smiling, himself sobbing,
Himself weeping, himself wiping out
The tears flowing from,
Oh, the mad man maddening he all!

And they too said it with the advance of civilization,
Modernity, the modernistic trend and post-modernism,
That the world has advanced
and poetry will decline.

Taking their statements in confidence,
Marking life busy, fast and active,
Commercial, mechanical and technical,
I too thought it to be so.

I too in the spurt of the moments, exclaimed it,
Poetry, poetry, poetry,
What is it in poetry,
It is poetry which will madden us all?

The poetry of emotion has it died, the poetry of feeling,
See you, think you not just
About the passing images,
Everything but in a flux.

Who the greater poet, one who thinks or one who materializes,
Transforms dreams into words and works,
Are the engineers, scientists and doctors
Who build bridges, invent and discover and give life to not poets?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Debate Is Long, About Black Money And White Money?

The debate is, long
And it will take time
In resolving,
Reaching at
What it is black
And what it is white,
Who has what?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Debate Seems Unending, The Gossips Of Black Money And White Money, Who Is But A Sadhu And Who Chor? And Who The Sepoy?

The debate seems to be unending,
Who has black money
And who has white money
And where is it
The hidden treasure?

My God, where to search,
In which lime stone powder
And small brick built
Older mansions,
In the foundation wall
Or the side walls?

Who but a sadhu and who a chor
And who a sepoy,
Difficult to understand it,
The fact is the sepoy too a chor,
Here none a sadhu?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Deep Pink Lotus (Haiku)

The deep pink lotus
Falling short of being red
Absolutely.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Defence Minister Should Not Release Casual Statements

The defence minister
Should not
Release
Casual statements,
Provoking,
Instigating,
toughening
The war rhetoric,
Who will,
Who will die,
Think you,
The soldiers,
Soldiers of
India and Pakistan
Which but I
Can never.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Definition Of Poetry

Poetry scholastic, pedantic and medievalistic,
Poetry classical and theological,
Poetry metaphysical, moralistic and spiritual,
Poetry romantic, spontaneous, natural, imaginative, lyrical, fanciful and loveful,
Poetry historical, mythical, mystical,
Poetry archival, museological, architectural and sculpturesque,
Poetry full of wit, irony, humour and satiric tone,
Poetry confessional, sexual and slantingly,
Poetry biographical and autobiographical,
Poetry urban and pastoral,
Poetry modern, modernistic and post-modernistic,
Poetry wordy, verbose, oral and written,
Poetry imagistic, impressionistic, linguistic and photographic,
Poetry pithy, witty, caustic, sarcastic and sardonic,
Poetry therapeutic and cathartic,
Poetry dramatic, narrative, novel, analytical, experimental and exploratory,
Poetry prosaic and poetical, with the rhymes or rhythmless,
Poetry shorter, succinct, synoptic and brief,
Poetry laden, weighty and syllabic,
Poetry stanzaic and paragraphed,
Poetry poetical and non-poetical,
Poetry interdisciplinary,
Poetry poetry

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Descending Evening Resounding With The Choric Funeral Voices

The evening was descending
And they were burning a dead body
In the distant near
Though not visible,
But the voices resounding,
Hari bol, Hari bol, Hari bol,
Hari bol, Hari bol,
Speak, speak you the name of Hari,
I mean God, that is Hari,
Ram nam satya hain, Ram nam satya hain,
Yehi sabhi ka gaty hain,
Ram's, I mean the Lord's name is the truth,
This is the way for all,
Movement, duration and time.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Desire To Be A Good Man

Inshan Bannae Ki Tamanna

Kisi ko dhokha mat deno,
Ishwar tumko dhokha denge.

Bas meri duyan hein.

The Desire To Be A Good Man

(Do not cheat anyone,
God will cheat you.

Just my good wishes are with you.)

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Desire To Kiss A Burquawalli

The desire to kiss a Burquawalli,
A girl in the burqua,
Under the veil,
The desire,
The desire to kiss her
The girl in the burqua,
Looking through the latticed eyes,
Piercing my heart,
Wounding and bleeding it,
See,
See, my mistress is going.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Desire To Marry The Fanatic's Daughter

Since a long time have I been hiding in the inner yearning of mine
To marry the daughter of a fanatic,
Since long have I been thinking of marrying the lovely daughter
Of the fanatic,

So much so conservative, orthodox and blind

□

And the daughter of that fellow, want I to marry, hold in
As for my love to her,
As for my sympathy and affection,
As love I her very much, like I her very much
And none but she my love

The desire of marrying a fanatic's daughter have I been
Keeping for so long,
As she will come to my home someday,
The beauty in the purdah, I think,
Under strictures and taboos

My love, age-old love for the suppressed queen of my heart,
Whose emotions and feelings,
They suppressed it for long,
Let her not express them,
Let her not go in her own,
Letting her not live and express.

And for the daughter of the fanatic, have I brought the things to be given to,
Which the orthodox papa knows it not
That I love her so much, I like her so much,
The queen of my heart,
The lady of my love
And I love her so much, I like her so much

The desire to marry, to marry the daughter of the fanatic had been The dream of
mine
As she would come to my home,
A blonde in the purdah
To be my beloved,
The moon under the patches of clouds
And she stroking my beards.

□

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Devi Of Learning, Saraswati

The devi of learning
Saraswati is
The devi of vidya,
Vidya
Which it leads to light,
Dispels darkness,
Ignorance,
Gives to knowledge
And enlightens.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dew-Laden Lotus

I want to pass the whole night waiting in the open
Under the star-lit, moon-lit skies,
Marking the lotus,
How does it open in the morning
With the dew splashed over it
And the petals smeared with?

How does it grow in the mud,
Just as a potter makes out the things,
Just as a genius grows up facing all the odds,
Think I and it comes to my view-point too,
How do the petals open?

The lotuses beautiful, nicely placid,
Pink, white and rarely blue,
I see them sparkling,
The flowers opening
With the sun rays falling over
And the buds cackling.

The swans swimming
And the lotuses opening
And imagery taking flights
With the morning serenade,
The world still waking from,
Arising from its sleep.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dignity Of Human Labour

The dignity of human labour,
The worth and excellence of it,
The risks and hazards of it,
How to put it,
How to narrate it?

Human labour, sweat and toil
Dripping and distilling
Into fruition,
Taking shape
And materializing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dilemma

While bowing my head before, whom should I bow before,
The Statue of Bhagabati,
Big and beautiful, the Ma Eternal,
Or the poor, helpless and neglected old woman
Sitting before the door-steps of the ashrama?

And passing through the way, cast I not a glance,
The cursory glance I averted that
In passing through the way
As I left the idea of bowing before the Deity.

This is all that that I faced it myself, was confronted with
Such a crisis going within,
The old lady sitting before and seeing helplessly,
Abandoned by her family members,
In this age nuclear family system,
Diaspora dais and displacement as for job opportunities,
Employment sake

While another day I saw the old man drawing just Rs.50/ only from the bank,
And old-time unrevised scaled pensioner
Whereas I with a bundle of Rs.5000/
Felt ashamed in taking that
As for that poor and staggering fellow,
The poor pensioner,
Not for my sake,
Though my money too not much to maintain myself
With the house on rent and a better living.

It had been such a state of mind which felt I someday while at the bank counters
Drawing my salary, filling in the debit voucher slip
As for taking money,
But he drawing just 50 only,
A fifty-rupee note,
The note of this denomination.

My service book will be such and such, the pension-book to be got from,
But his was an older pension-book,
Fatherly pension-book,

Showing a little bit, not more
As the scales had been low
Humbly placed in comparison with the pay bands of today,
I mean the pay packets,
Handsome salaries to all.

When I used to see the pensioners queued up near the treasury
In heat and shower
And the clerk behaving haughtily
And the officer too in red tapism,
I used to think of the hell to bureaucracy
As for their standing in the strong summer sun
When the hot wind used to ruffle all,
I used to mark them waiting for their turn.

As and when after getting the red rose, I got embroiled into a dilemma
As whom to give to,
To the beloved or the goddess,
Whom should I offer to,
The red rose
Which it is into my hands,
To mine or to her?

Sometimes do I think that God is not in the shrine,
So piously adored,
God is blind and unjust
And if He is,
Why are the beggars at the entrances of the temples,
The grand rock-built temples,
Why do they go begging helplessly?

My dilemma is my bifurcation, the bifurcation of my personality
And I feel myself split in two
And it causes the disintegration
And I turn into a cynic,
A sceptic, an agnostic,
An iconographer not, but an iconoclast
As make I, destroy I, if not, think I of splitting
And knowing.

What we think good is not, what we as bad is also not so
As time, situation and circumstance have

Otherwise would not have been so,
As what we think will not be of any use
Seems to be for our use strangely,
The man whom you dislike most
And think will not be of any use
Help you remarkably.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dirty Old Man Of India

Khushwant singh is not the dirty old man of India,
But the daruman of Indian English literature
And he will review and read
Not for if a cup of coffee is given,
But for a peg of fermented, brewed and distilled wine,
I mean foreign liquor,
Not desi but videshi daru,
Sipping and enjoying life,
Eat, drink and be merry,
Don't mind, don't care,
Be happy.

Who called him the dirty old man
And why,
This ahs got some reasons,
Whether we know them or not,
A dirty man
As for talking about love, kiss, sex,
Live-in and extra-marital affairs,
in the know of or leaking them,
As for confessing about love and attachment
in his old age,
Playing the record of the younger-time love
Which may disturb many settled families.

And he is not only the dirty man, but the daruman of literature,
As because one who takes is a daru taking man
And the one who sells too is so
And it is a reality both of them take to
Daru,
Indian daru or foreign daru,
Daru daru,
Giving intoxication, spirit
And he is as for taking,
Eulogising the bottles,
Can tell about the relishing of the brands,
Old and new,
Some as old wine in new bottles and labels
And the tastes and flavours of all those

Known to him.

Be it beer, brandy, rum or vodka,
Scotch, whisky,
Champagne or any other brand,
But mahua took not his pen
And though he could tell about,
Wrote not so
As he about those,
First a Sikh
Then a politico journo,
Drinking and partying,
Enjoying and relishing upon
Acharya Rajneesh's sambhoga to Samadhi,
Vatsyayna's Kamsuttras,
A writer ntine
And in the line of Omar Khayyam.

The company of women talked he about,
The green and red light areas,
The whore house and the things related to,
Sex, Scotch, love and relationship,
Blackmailing and leaking,
Funny and saner,
Sober and serious sometimes,
He was a man of the world,
Knowledge and wisdom,
Worldly gait and going,
Sometimes tricking and pinching,
Sometimes giving a twist and turn
And sometimes serving with salt and spices
To make it dainty and palatable.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dirty Old Man Of India, Khushwant Singh

The dirty old man of India,
Khushwant is no more in this world,
But his talks of daru, ladki and bottle
Still fresh in our memory,
The dirty jokes
knowing no limit
Still fresh in our memory,
Keep regaling us
And reading them
We break into laughter.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Divine Philosopher

In my all day-work
Forgot I
To appreciate and admire the man
Sitting in the wide open,
Taking into the stride of,
Passing by
As the Philosopher,
The Philosopher Divine
Whose art work is this Creation,
Whose metaphysics is this world,
Whose garden is the wild woods and its greenery
Full of nature mysticism.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Divine Spark

The Divine Spark is not only in me,
But in you too,
So why to boast of
Seeing into myself
Rather than others?

The Divine Spark
Which it is in me
Is in you too.

The streak of genius or talent is not only in me,
But in you too,
The difference is this that I go on doing
Self-praise and self-propaganda
That does he not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Door Of Heart

The door of heart
Never it opens
And when it opens,
Many take to not,
One door leading to another,
One dream to another,
One vision to another,
One image to another,
One idea to another,
One reflection to another.

The door of heart,
Open you
To delve into a different world
Of dreams and visions'
Images and ideas
And reflections,
The door of dreams,
The visions taking your centrespace,
I mean the visionary glides and escapes,
The doors of dreams.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Door Of Heart (For Jayanta Mahapatra) / A Carpenter Of Images

The door of heart
Never does it open
And when opens it,
Broadens it the range,
The dimension,
The horizon and the spectrum
Of the mind.

Jayanta as a poet
Sits by the door
Dreaming,
Taking visionary glides,
Dreaming and lapsing into,
Dreaming and gliding.

Just like a woodpecker
He keeps pecking,
Holing in,
Giving the shrill call,
The grey and grizzled woodpecker,
Yellowish, brownish and blackly-striped.

A carpenter of images,
Handworks, wood-works,
He thinks of the doors
And slipping out,
The doors to be carved out
Of the rock-built temples,
The doors of dreams.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dove Of Peace By Stephen Gill

The doves of peace
Caged and fettered,
He wants to free,
The doves of peace
In a free space
Fluttering and flying uninhibited.

But man has created
An atmosphere of his own
With a binding,
Full of hurdles, hazards and hindrances,
Terminating one another
In an unhealthy way.

The title poem, The Dove of Peace
With which the poem opens up
Sets it rolling,
We Are Proud, War Is Fraud,
The Man of Today, Peace,
To War-mongers.

Published in 1989,
The book is a work
Which values love, peace and harmony
Instead of war,
Which destroys it
The base of harmony
And peaceful co-existence.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Drama Of Becoming A University Professor In India

None but a man who becomes
Knows it
And the other who sees it closely
From being nearer to the campus
Where a university is set up,
The foundation stone is laid down
Or inaugurated
Or college teachers get transferred to
Or the lecturers getting promoted
To the reader rank and thereafter the professorship pull,
Pulling them departmentally,
Get the time-bound promotions
And be officers,
But all have to be professors somehow.

Generally, the new men lie in hunt
As for greener pastures,
Just with M.A. joining the department as lecturer,
Lying in wait to do the Ph.D. as soon as possible
To be a reader
Then trying all the best,
Good luck
To be a university professor,
rlal,
The great conman of India as the professor,
The professor not,
But as the head of the department,
The great boss
In cheroot and overcoat
Going as a judge.

Sometimes the vacancy is made
And the reader fills in the form and applies for,
But the selection board chooses the in-service fellow
As for the acquaintance,
Sometimes a reader just for a got-up case
Moves out to other university

To return back to
And if one is in the university,
Naturally there will be scholars
To do . under his supervision
As all like to oil the oiled
And have seen some youngsters turning into
Just with these,
Manipulating and manoeuvring
To be professors,
Oh, the bluff-masters
As the university professors!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Drama Of Kamala Das

The drama of Kamala Das,
She has turned marriage into a play,
One of sexual intercourse and physical lust and greed
And bodily satisfaction
And how can it be
That a younger brat,
A fanatic
Be her husband temporarily
Which is nothing
But madness,
A prostitution business,
Polygamy?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Drama Of Kiran Bedi, The Nautanki Of Coming Into Power

The drama of Kiran Bedi
Nobody knows it her
Lust for power,
Her perception of being
She only honest,
Honest not,
Dry honest, dry and dead honest,
But God knows it,
Who is but honest,
Everyone is for one's belly?
She must clear her perception
That she is not only talented IPS,
But there are many like,
She is not only one,
Is she only one talented IPS,
Is there none like her,
So, why to be
Boastful and egoistic,
Why to be puffed with pride,
Why to go politicking
And politicizing
Just for selfish ends?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Drama Of Professorship

His dream is marvellous,
He will not read and write,
But will like it to be called a reader and a guide and a paper-contributor,
Waiting to be promoted as varsity professor and principal
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Drama Of The Indian Ph.D.

The drama of the Ph.D. degree,
Indian Ph.D. degree,
They selling
And they purchasing it,
The middlemen brokering,
The peon, the typist and the ex-student loafing about.

A few bogus third-classer primary school teachers,
A few ambitious high school headmasters,
A few stooping to conquer typists and librarians,
I have seen to be with,
How,
This I cannot?

A Ph.D. supervisor's thesis
Split into four
To be produced readily,
Copy down, note and add to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Drug Peddler And The Bootlegger

The peddler and the bootlegger
Coming with the thud of their boots
Or in clumsy clothes
Approaching with the silent steps of his
To whisk away
With the charms and lures of his own,
Ganja, bhang, opium and drugs,
Selling he stealthily,
The contraband goods.

The ale-shop owner too selling countryside liquor,
I mean locally-brewed native liquor
In the bushes
Or in the hutment of his
And the customers coming to take
To forget it all
The hardcore realities of life,
Many have not food in the stomach,
But taking daru to be finished.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Drug-Addict

The father had not thought about that his dear son one day
Would turn into a drug-addict,
That the peddler will come and take away him away,
That the bootlegger will be his friend,
Ay, the druggist,
Giving the dose of drug
As for sleep of the eyes,
As for his peace and the rest of mind.

Never did his poor and old father imagined it that his son
Going to be a drug-addict,
Would be addicted to narcotics and drugs,
Bhang would turn him into an abnormal,
Always smiling and flying,
Not here

That he would ganja sometimes in lieu of,
Putting into an earthen jar
And his eyes red-red,
The mind crazy-crazy and temperamental

That he would toddy, stale and sour palm juice
As for intoxication,
A bottle of mahua wine,
A cup from rotten rice brewed liquor,
In oblique for.

An addict, a drug addict, he had never imagined of
Making him,
A loving son gone berserk, turned half-mad,
Crazy and abnormal,
Walking naked on the roads.

The red-red, sad-sad eyes of the addict,
His loiterings into the hills,
As for his dream of being an aghora sadhaka,
Cutting hand and joining with a tree
As for to be a philanthropist.

The jackals marking him near the burning ghat
Of the hilly rivulet,
Running away at the dead of the night
And he lost in his meditation
Near the ghat atop the hills
To tumble a rock to cut off the link road of civilization.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Drunk Beloved Returning From The Late Night Party Staggeringly, How To Hold Her, My Lord!

I used to think you a flower
With the utter sweetness and loveliness of own,
Greeting on the pathways,
Dancing in the breeze
So mildly

But to my amazement, what am I viewing,
You speaking in capers
After the late night parties,
Returning home drunk,
Unable to stand
And I making you stand on feet?

Your mouth smelling,
The puffs of liquor, I mean alcohol
Entering into
And I too feeling etherized
Upon a table.

My God, where are You,
Where to go with this alcoholic girl,
Has taken to her full,
Not within a limit too
If had to take?

Of late, have I learnt it that drinks she, smokes she,
A beauty spoilt,
A love desperate is she
Gripping me as the whirlwind,
But where to go leaving her?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Drunkard All Alone In The House

The drunkard is all alone in the house,
The son has left him,
The daughter has,
The wife has
And even the old mother has
Out of disgust and dejection.

If the son turns into a dad boy,
What will the mother do,
If the son turns into a drunkard,
How will the small son and the daughter,
The helpless and hopeless wife
With the drunkard
Whose intention is just to drink
After getting money?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Drunkard Lying Fallen On The Footpaths, See, How Has He Drunk Badly!

The poor drunkard
Who has nothing left in his life,
But wine
Lies fallen on the roads,
The footpaths,
A drunkard in drunkenness,
Intoxication
Lying drunk on the roads,
The footpaths
Oblivious of family and society,
Prestige and ego.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Drunkard Saheb Lying Fallen And His Bibi Trying To Make Him Stand

The drunkard saheb lying fallen
And his bibi trying to make him stand
And he awfully drunk,
Asking his bibi,
Who are you to make me stand,
What's your name,
What's her business?

The drunkard saheb lying fallen
And his bibi trying to awake him,
But he lying drunk,
Fallen and babbling
Into the bushes, on the footpath
Talking with the stray dogs,
Addressing them as friends
And the dogs trying to lick his mouth
To get a taste a wine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Drunkard, Taking Daru, What Has He Made Of Himself?

Drinking daru, I mean country liquor, native third class wine,
What has he made of him,
Does he not see himself in the mirror,
What has wine made of him?

Daru has taken it all and there is nothing in his life
That to count upon,
But he looks it back not
That he has a family to see and support,
Where will daru take to ultimately?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Drunkard's Wife

What it happens on her, none but a drunkard's wife
Can only tell about,
The experiences of her life,
What it undergoes on her,
How the emotions and feelings of hers
To bear the brunt of!

Sometimes comes he singing a ghazal,
Sometimes sobs and weeps he within himself
Like a simple child,
Sometimes engaged in a brawl, an altercation
Outside the family,
Breaking down before her
With the open mouth,
Sometimes flanking the friends,
I mean the bottle-takers,
He going hand-in-hand, hand-in-glove,
Shoulder over shoulder,
The same old friends
Returning with drunken capers and bouts.

Always promising, always saying it that he will not touch
Wine again, ready to bid goodbye to it,
But takes he again,
Forgets he the promise
While stepping outside the house,
As the friends make him drink,
Break the promise
And he fails to keep up the words given
To his wife, daughter and son,
Touching their heads and saying,
Saying it that he will not again,
But comes he drunk again
As he cannot shun addiction.

When finds he not money, asks he his wife to give,
Wherefrom to bring,
This he will not take to,
She has to give to anyhow

And if his hand is short of money,
He may sell the lantern,
The things of the house,
The plates and dishes
Whatever finds he,
He can mortgage the ornaments,
Lands and properties or pleasure sake.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Drunken Girl Under The Drunken Night

The drunken girl under the drunken and lonely night
Sweetly scented with jasmines and other wild flowers
And the girl too from bar taken to full swaying,
Lying inebriated and awfully drunk under a tree,
Under a sky bedecked with the twinkling stars and the fair moon.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Dubious Policy Of The Cpi(M)

The CPI(M) actually keep playing with politics,
Putting the areas
Under the surveillance
Of the Local committee, Zonal Committee
And the District committee secretaries
and members
After making party offices
On vested lands
And subscriptions and donations.

To hand the power over to the proletariat
And the leadership to the bourgeois
And to mould and distort public opinion
The job of the communists,
The comrades in bonhomie
And the cadres regiment and levied,
Oh, the belligerent and blatant communists!

The communists are the worst fellows
Whatever say they the politburo members,
They know how to heckle and harass other,
How to pressurize and torture,
How to politicize and politicizing,
Always politicking, telling white lies to hide in,
no talks to do barring party and politics,
Fire power, man power and muscle power,
How to censure the press and cut down freedom,
Their reign a reign of terror, the red terror
Only those who have lived under the rule and reign
Can say it well!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Earth Is Not Dancing, But The Northeastern New Guys

The earth is not dancing,
It appaears to be dancing
But is not dancing,
The young-young new writers in English,
They themselves dancing
As for soaring to fame
Through the banner.

The errors and blunders of Indian politics,
Who can make a substitute for it,
The world too had been then
In comparison with the world
Well-connected now,
Just with the mobile handset
One in a second of time
Doing hello-hello now
To his friend in distant Arunachal?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Earth, The Philosophy Of Earth

The earth,
The good earth,
The philosophy of it
Landscapic
Full of highlands and downlands,
Rocks, hills and trees,
Rivers, valleys and marshes
And without these,
The earth is not the earth.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Ecology And The Environment

What will it be to the planet,
The green earth and its habitants
If we care it not,
Where are we going to,
Are we going to change
The shape of things,
The forest tracts diminishing,
Pollutants increasing
As we keep playing with nature
And its resources,
Oil spills and slicks
Taking a toll upon,
Wild animals caged and extinct,
The birds too falling
A victim of poison?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Elephant

Huge and gigantic,
Tall and magnificent,
Heavily-bodied and weighty,
The elephant in the gait of its own,
Just like a mountain block
Tumbling,
The hill shining blue
Against the sunshine.

Four-footed and bulky-bodied,
Trumpeted and tusked,
With the big ear drums
Like the palm leaf hand fans,
The eyes big and bulging,
The plantain-legged elephant
Going the way.

The beast of the wild,
Shaking the ears,
Waving the trunk
Like a snail in movement,
The trunk shrinking,
Played with
And moved up.

The elephant going
Like a chunk of stone
Blackly,
A rock tumbling,
With the plantain-shaped legs
Slow in movement
But wildly and bestial.

A brute of the wild
It is huge and gigantic,
Wild and heavy,
Going slowly,
Uprooting the branches
Of the trees,

Taking the leaves.

The elephant
Uprooting and crushing
Is not easily to be taken,
Sucking and soaking water
Through the trunk
Like a small water pump set
And spraying over.

An animal of the wilds and forests,
It is better to be in jungles
Rather than in towns and cities,
Huge and gigantic,
Magnificent and weighty enough,
Bulging and bulky-bodied,
The elephant going its way.

Do not disturb its way
Otherwise it will disrupt you,
Leave the talks of the tamed elephants,
The wild elephants wreak havoc,
Go on a rampage and can destroy,
Break houses, destroy crops,
The tamed ones too go on rampage
And kill sometimes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The English Poems Of Swami Vivekananda

Swami Vivekananda as a writer of a few of
Handful English poems
Which come down to us
In the form of prayerful submissions
Are but saintly outbursts,
Overflows from his pen
As he never intended to be a poet
Or a saint-singer
Though the saint is of some kind
Which but we cannot deny it.

Vivekananda's songs or poetic outbursts
Are the songs of sanyasa, bairagya, wandering,
Though not a trackless wanderer,
Of yoga, karma and dhyana,
Vedanta, nirvana and mukti,
Guru's preaching and teaching,
Message to impart,
Of Shiva Tandava, Karal-vikral Kali,
The soul in the snares of maya.

The song of the sanyasin sings he,
Bairagya he talks of,
Nirvana he aspires for,
The bonds of maya
Difficult to cut off,
The traverses of the world
As this is the cup assigned
To man to sip,
Full of joys and sorrows.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Evening Of My Life, When Will It Descend, None Can Say It, Just Can Feel It, As The Heart May Say Taking In Confidence/ Today Am With You, Tomorrow May Not Be

Today I am with you,
Tomorrow may not not be with
As who has seen the coming tomorrow?

As shall go away before the sunrise I myself,
Just before the same dawn
Which comes it everyday.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Evening Proposal

One evening will come, I shall meet you, propose before
Again shall go away from,
You from here and I from, you and I
Promising to meet again

And as thus we shall keep dating, living in hope
But the things turn in their own way,
May or may not,
Maybe it that meeting would be the last meeting of ours.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Excessively-Politicking Aap

Wearing the white caps,
Sweeping the markets,
The lanes and by-lanes
Of towns and streets,
Making a mockery of,
Camping and lecturing together with
Without differentiating anything,
They all wanting to be leaders,
I mean the common men,
With a hidden agenda and strategy of own
As for to come to the fore.

A govt. of the people, by the people, for the people,
The ideal looks good,
But will they be able to keep up?
Mind it,
It is power which but corrupts it all,
Maddens it all
And the people seem to be crazy after that,
Even Mao with the gun.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Eyes Of Bhagabati

The Eyes of Bhagabati

Paint I

In my poetry,

Just the Eyes

Cursory and Curved.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Face Of Bhagabati Mark I, Paint & Sketch I

The face of Bhagabati, the Divine She,
The Eyes of Hers
With a round and big nose-pin
Delineate I,
Sketch and paint I
The Eyes so glaring and shining.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Facebook Girl, A Maiden Or A Damsel? / The Flower Of Love Or The Dream Of Imagination/ The Facebook Dreamgirl

I have seen a girl on the Facebook
Whom like I her very much,
Love I,
Shall not tell her name,
But know her,
Frankly speaking,
Just have seen her,
Just have,
Will not,
Will not tell her name,
Who is she,
Where her home
Which but I do not,
I may not,
But have,
Have on the Facebook
Stealthily
With love in my heart
Hidden within
For her,
Surreptitiously,
The dream girl
Who comes on the Facebook,
Only on the Facebook,
My dream girl,
The night queen
Not from India,
But from overseas.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Fact & Fiction Of Poetry

What is poetry,
They ask me,
But what to say to them
As I myself now it not,
What it is poetry?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Falling Tears

The falling tears I cannot,
The teardrops welling up in and trickling down the cheeks,
Falling and drying,
Try to feel them at least.

Why did the tears well up in,
Why did wet the eyelashes and splash out,
What was that made her weep,
What was that which but saddened and wet with?

I do not know, do not know,
Just think about,
Did I do any wrong on my part,
Did I knowingly or unknowingly?

Your tears want I to wipe out,
If I cannot,
Want I to know the reason,
For whose fault of?

Did anyone play with her feelings or emotions,
Did anyone love and abandon her,
I think,
Just think about?

One day I too had been at the crossroad of life,
One day she too is standing thereon,
What to say,
What to do for the poor soul in distress?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Falling Temples Of Chandrakona

The temples of Chandrakona,
The falling temples of Chandrakona talk I, dream I,
The small-small temples,
Old-old, centuries old
And the mansions big-big
Fallen and dilapidating
With the temples left,
Abandoned and crumbling,
Made from limestone powder
And small bricks,
Baked bricks,
The temples of Chandrakona
Buried deep in history.

An old city
Of so many bazaars and lanes,
Mesmerizing
Go they
Crisscrossing
With the temples
Anonymous
With nothing sure of
Who built them
And when,
The temples of lime clay
And small brick-work?

Wherever go you
Bogsharpur, Tetultalabazaar, Bansdah,
Cchota Bansdah, Burobansdah,
Buro Bala, Cchoto Bala,
Govindapur, Gopinathpur,
Surahat, Jayantipur, Ayodhya,
Baidyanathpur, Gacchshitala,
Thakurbaribazaar, Gosaibazaar,
Mundamala, Gopsai, Malleswarpur,
Sitanagar, Gopalpur, Radhaballavpur, Kuapur,
Radhanagar, Tukuriapat, Maithani,
Raskundu, Dhoravilla, Dhamkura,

Sitanagar, Gopinathpur, Gazipur,
Go you there lie in
The ruins and debris of fallen temples.

A town of temples,
Old-old temples,
How to forget it,
How to forget
The history and tradition
Of it,
How did they build
The temples,
The old-old temples,
Small-small temples
With the miniature
And terracotta figurines
And the heavy pillars?

How had it been the day
When the temples decorated the town,
The old town
With the temples,
How had it been the evening prayers,
How did the shehnoi players,
The bagpipers would have played
The notes
From atop the posts,
The raised platforms
Breaking into melodies?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Fanatic's Daughter Want I To Marry

The fanatic's daughter want I to bring
As my newly-wed bride,
The fanatic's daughter.

The fanatic's daughter want I to bring
As my newly-wed beloved,
Her dad a fanatic,
But getting de-fanaticized.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Fanatics

The fanatics are not at all,
But the religiously blind people,
Who cannot distinguish light from darkness,
The mad-dog bitten people
Religiously blind to their faith
Which teaches it otherwise
As they cannot reason it,
The base of superstition.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Fanatic's Daughter

The fanatic's daughter, have I chosen for myself,
Whatever be that, I love aher really,
Her dad may be conservative,
But she is not at all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Fanatic's Daughter (Ii)

The fanatic's daughter,
How to take her to be as your partner,
Think you,
How to select the conservative's daughter,
I mean Paglet's,
English Hamlet's small brother
Indian Paglet's?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Fanatic's Daughter As My Love

The fanatic's daughter
As my love,
The beloved
Have I chosen for myself,
The fanatic's daughter
Smiling
From a hiding,
When the moral guardian away from,
She sending a flying kiss,
The fanatic's daughter,
Her father may be
A fundamentalist,
A conservative,
But she is not at all conservative
In love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Fanatic's Daughter Have I Chosen As My Love

The fanatic's daughter have I chosen
As my love,
As my mistress,
Ay, the fanatic's daughter.

The father may be a fanatic,
But she is not,
So lovely and lustrous-eyes.

The fanatic's daughter.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Fanatic's Daughter Want I To Marry

The fanatic's daughter want I to marry
And she will be my beloved wife,
I mean the fanatic's conservative daughter,
The family may be conservative,
But she may be, may not be.

My long-cherished desire of marrying her
I have been nourishing for so long
As for getting her,
A fanatic's daughter she,
But my liberal wife,
She will come to my family
And will perhaps change to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Fanatic's Daughter Want I To Marry (Ii)

The fanatic's daughter want I to marry
And she will be my beloved wife,
I mean the fanatic's conservative daughter,
The family may be conservative,
But she may be, may not be.

My long-cherished desire of marrying her
I have been nourishing for so long
As for getting her,
A fanatic's daughter she,
But my liberal wife,
She will come to my family
And will perhaps change to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Fanatic's Daughter Want I To Marry, Bring Her Home

The fanatic's daughter want I
To marry,
Bring her home,
Her father may be a fanatic
Conservative and orthodox,
But she is not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Fanatic's Daughter Will Be But A Fanatic

A fanatic's daughter
Fanatical,
Suspicious of
If somebody is seeing her
And her conservative dad
Keeping a watch over
Her natural and spontaneous smiles.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Fanatic's Daughter, Burquawalli, I Love Her Very Much/ In The Memory Of Burqawalli

ic's daughter
Miss Burquawalli,
I love her much,
I like her very much,
Because her father may be conservative
And orthodox
In his thought
And ideology,
But she is not,
A very lovely and liberal-minded girl,
But her helplessness,
None has come to understand,
Feel it.

My moon, I am marking it
through the latticed window of hers,
A girl under the veil,
Purdahwalli, Burqawalli,
My shy not, coy mistress,
The scent of exotic jasmines coming,
Carried by the whiffs of the wind.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Fanatic's Daughter, To Her I Want To Say, I Love You

The fanatic's daughter
I am in love with her,
Now you say it to me,
The world has changed,
But the fanatic has not,
He is the same conservative man,
The odd and out-dated fellow,
Old and out-moded,
What should I do?

The fanatic's daughter
Love I, like I her most,
Her father may be,
But she is not,
She is as natural as
We are.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Fanatic's Father

Can you say about the fanatic's father,
The fanatic's father is
conservative
Nicknamed dox
And if the father himself is a conservative, an orthodox fellow
Than the son will definitely be a fundamentalist
And from being a fundamentalist
He will turn into a fanatic
And from a fanatic into a terrorist?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Fanatic's Lovely Daughter

The fanatic's daughter,
Love I, like I,
Have I chosen for myself.

In love with the burquawalli,
A blackly-veiled girl,
Looking through the latticed and curtained window.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Fanatic's Lovely Daughter (A Haiku)

The fanatic's lovely daughter
As my love,
The would-be bride of mine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Fanatic's Son Will Be A Fanatic Whether Send You Him To Oxford Or Cambridge Or California And Harvard

A fanatic's son
Will be a fanatic
Whether you send him
To Cambridge or Oxford,
Harvard or California,
He will be but the same fanatic
Fanatical.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Fanatic's Son Will Remain A Fanatic

The fanatic's son will remain a fanatic,
Cannot be a liberal
Which but I am sure of
Whether you are or are not,
But there must be a change of heart
In the passage of time
When man has become modern,
Will they be not modern,
Leave it
Talking about being
The modernist and the post-modern?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Fashionistas With The Vanity Bags Asking To Call Them Indian English Poetesses

The socialites and fashionistas
With vanity bags
Hanging
From their shoulders
Asking us
To call them
Poetesses,
Indian not,
English poetesses.

I mean the modern,
Modern and hollow,
Hollow and shallow
City-bred,
Convent-educated girls,
Mod, bobbed and hi-fi,
Doing hi-hello
And hi,
Ta-ta, bye-bye, goodbye,
See you again
And going.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Father Of A Ganejri Son, A Bad Boy

He will come smoking ganja
And will beat me,
He will come drinking
And will beat me
In his intoxication
After an altercation,
A brawl ensuing,
Fracas held
If counsel I otherwise
In goodness and good living
As will hear it not,
As has fallen into a bad company
And if he had to,
Who can check him from
If he desires,
None but himself
To take
Spirits, intoxicants,
Alcohols?

Whom to shrug it,
Coax it,
My fate or destiny,
My karma or dharma
If had to be,
Will become,
Will become,
None can check him from
The habits he has formed,
The company he has accompanied,
None can,
None can,
I think,
Think it
After being the father
Of a son
Who has fallen into
A bad company?

The Father Of A Gangster

Was not a gangster,
But life and its situations
Turned him
Into
And now is a rowdy boy
Who eats, drinks and keeps bad company
Speeding and passing time
At the bus terminus,
Partying and holidaying
And picnicking
And feasting
To enjoy life
Ready to give life
Rather than being alive.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Feeling Of Being A Gipsy

The scholar gipsy giving bouquets of flowers to countryside boys and girls
While crossing over the rivulet midway
And the little-little boys and girls smiling to take that.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Fennec Foxes

The moment I saw the small,
Small fennec foxes,
I could not resist my temptation
Of taking to my liking,
The small-small foxes,
Fennec foxes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Festival Of Lights, Deepawali

The Festival of Lights,
Deepawali,
The earthen lamps
With the wicks burning
Decorating
The houses

And far away into
The temple,
People arranging
To worship Kali,
The Dark Goddess,
Kali, Mahakali.

The midnight
Or a little later,
The worship begins,
The worship of Kali,
The Dark Goddess
Symbolic of the Dark Creation.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Film Studios Of Bombay The Centres Of Dramabazi And Nautanki

The film studios of Bombay
The centres of dramabazi and untold nautanki,
Histrionics and dramatics
With the people powdering and creaming
Behind the curtain,
Flirting with love and youth,
The loafers and simpletons.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Final Goal By

The Final Goal published in 1987

From Madras

Is a book of humour,

The poet hoaxing and coaxing

To smile and laugh.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Firangi

The word firangi may be one
for the ones of a different complexion and colour,
not in tune with the locals,

may be faded in colour,
a nickname for the Europeans or the English then
during the struggle for freedom

while on the other
the multi-ethnic, multi-racial and multi-lingual India,
so diverse and varied in nativity,

ethnicity and the linguistic stock
had been so much segregated and torn apart,
the white man's burden indeed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The First Poem Writers Of Indian English Poetry Too Pressurize To Call Them Poets & Poetesses

The first poem writers of Indian English verse
Pressurize upon
To call them poets and poetesses
Which but I am opposed to it vehemently,
Such an ethics, morality
Never have I,
Have I taken into my acknowledgement and admiration.

Now you tell me what to call them,
They have started to write,
Neither have struggled nor have suffered,
How to call them
Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Milton and Tennyson?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The First White European Landing In India

When the first European White belle,
I mean beauty
Would have landed on the Indian earth,
The Indians would have viewed her
In utter astonishment and wonder
Bobbed, handshaking and smiling,
Saying bye-bye, goodbye,
Kissing and hugging,
A memsahib in the bungalow
Bearing the heat and dust
Of exotic, vast and varied India.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The First-Poem Writers Of Indian English Poetry

The first poem writers of Indian English poetry

They too know it

That they are

Going to end up

As poets,

The minor or major poets

As there is none

To take up,

There is none

To barber and prune,

Whatever write you

That is your contribution,

Just go on adding

And substantiating your position.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The First-Poem Writers Too Call Themselves Poets And Poetesses In Indian English Poetry-Writing

The first-poem writers too call themselves
Poets and poetesses
Here into the arena
Of Indian English verse,
Those who have just started
Or have been for a few years,
The versifiers, poetasters and rhymers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Fishing Cat

It was a beauty
To see the fishing cat
By the pond-side
Of the marshland,
The wetland.

The cat wilder in appearance
Saw I passing by,
The animal,
Creature passing
In search of preys.

An unusual cat,
Wild and bestial,
Came it as a surprise,
But running it away unawares,
Slipping so fast.

A cat wild and woody
Bearing the brunt of hunting
And habitation,
A cat wildly printed
And untamable.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Fishing Cat, The Endangered Species And Its Conservation Status

The fishing cat
of the marshland
peculiarly wild and swift
and tameless
passing by the bushes
sometimes during the night-time
creating awe and amazement
before I could know
and intercept it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Five Elements With Which This Body Is Composed Of Will Disintegrate It Finally

The five elements I am composed of will finally return back to,
I mean I shall not continue to exist,
What am I today,
I shall change into
What I was in the past,
Never to be searched anywhere,
I know it that you will call me
But I shall not able to attend to your call.

The body you see it today will disintegrate finally,
The clay to clay,
The spirit to spirit,
The water to water,
The wind to wind
And the fire to fire.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Flowers Made Wordsworth

The flowers made, gave birth to Wordsworth
And he viewed them with love and tenderness,
Affection and sympathy,
Talking and sharing with,
The flowers made of light and joy
Dancing in the breeze.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Flowers Of Thirst By Stephen Gill

The eternal flame of love keeps burning,
Burning mystically
And the poet marking it,
The flame going red,
Turning into a blaze,
The embers falling from.

A poet Wordsworthian, Keatsian and Shelleyian,
Gill is a poet of beauty
Which is truth
And goodness,
Beauty is truth and truth goodness,
Satyam shivam sundaram.

The thing which it is in a flower,
The thing which it is in a floating cloud,
What it is in the innocence and ignorance
Of a child,
He admires, admires them,
A poet of love and its worth.

Love is a melody tuned and played
In many a tune,
Love is a sweet note breaking
Into many a melody
Charming and luring enough,
Enchanting with the music of heart and soul.

Love is a dream dreamt
And seen
In the image of a dreamgirl standing before
And greeting,
The photograph of whose
Decorating the studio of images.

The Flowers of Thirst is a book of dreams
Seen and envisaged,
Of idea and image
And reflection,

The brandy or beer of beauty
Brewing in the form of love-wine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Flowers Which It Had To Bloom And Hang By Hung They Not

O, the flower which it had to bloom bloomed it not, hung it not,
Bloomed, fell and scattered on the forest paths,
The flower which it had to outshine
Shone it not,
The glow it had to spread
Spread it not.

The flowers saw I them sprouting, blooming
And scattering over the forest tract
Just anonymously
Blooming and fading away,
Scattering and falling over
The unknown paths,
Leading to nowhere.

Their beauty who to sing of,
Their internal glow, external shine and the halo of beauty around,
Who to sing of,
As talk we of our poetry,
Poetic creations,
The lyrics
Coming out of the heart personally.

The flower it had to bloom bloomed it not,
The flower blooming and scattering over
Unknown and unseen,
But we singing of our possession,
Singing, dancing and going,
But they silent even in their passing.

To bloom and fade away, flutter away, scatter over and fall down
Decorating the woods, the boughs of trees
And the forest paths
Even after their fall is their life,
But we the human beings after name, glory and fame
So much concerned with,
Losing our happiness and contentment and quietude

But they hanging by anonymously,
Beautifying the whole tract
Blooming and decorating,
Scattering over and falling down
And the forest paths strewn with
Even after their departure.

To bloom, just to bloom and frolick,
Dance and sing with glee is their life
And after this
What it remains here
And this the song of life
That it goes singing,
The lesson man draws from it not.

Oh, their beauty, colour and hue,
Attractive make-up and composition,
I could not,
I could not the beauty of the wild flowers
Smiling and swaying in the gusts of the wind,
Fragrant and fine,
Swaying and swaying,
Hanging over and blooming!

Just one should have the eyes to see and mark
And admire and assess,
As beauty truth, truth beauty,
What it is truth is goodness and beauty truth,
But the passers-by and on-lookers
I see them not pausing by and praising
In full
The fair works of Nature,
The bouquets from the wild.

Only the craze for power and money and craving for gold
Cannot take us far away,
Our modernity is just the love of materialism
And money
And these giving way to urban culture and ethics
And industrial development and its hazards.

The flowers which bloomed they, smiled and hung by,
Bloomed and fell and scattered over,
We could not draw from,
We could not the lessons from
In being quiet and calm in our exposure,
We could not in being
Temperate and submissive, simple and natural
Without being tense and laden,
In being good and beautiful.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Flowers Will Burst Forth, Birds Will Tweet, But I Shall Not Be Here To See Them

The flowers will burst forth,
The birds will tweet,
The golden rays of the sun will dance,
The moon will shine over,
But I shall not be here
To see them.

The buds will crack and cackle
Early in the morning
Or the first flashes of the golden
And glistening sun,
But I shall not be,
Shall not be here to see them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Flute Of The Northeast

The music of the northeast found I
In the bamboo trees waving
In the gusts of the wind
And the woodpeckers giving a call

And someone went by fluting the pipe,
The reeds sending forth music,
The puffs producing the sweet notes
Breaking into melodies.

The shepherd girl saw I with the lamb
Into the lap of hers,
One into the costumes of hers
And the shepherd saw I
Seated under a big bamboo umbrella
And a palm-leaf woven hat over the head.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Foolish, Rustic Minister's New H.O.D. Of English

Shakespearean fool, have heard that after
Leaving your rustic roles,
You going to teach overseas
Instead of giving time
To a playboy turned into a playwright Shakespeare,
His books of drama,
Written keeping in view the audience
And his dialogues,
Turning you to India
As to be the head of the deptt. of English
Of the countryside university!

Fool, if give you not time to your author
Who has just evolved from being a playboy,
Classical and scholarly not,
But as a professional hand,
Who will support him with clownage and buffoonery?
Again, there is a murmur that you on foreign lecture assignment
Are coming to India to head
The countryside varsity English department
Of the rustic minister's area?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Formation Of The People's Government

Said they, talked they, dreamt and imagined they about People's Government,
That the People's Government would come into power one day
And their dream came it true,
The rural folks started packing their goods as for the capitals,
The trains and the buses almost packed with
Followers and comrades.

The palmists, astrologers, pundits, soothsayers and fortune tellers
All readying the things as for to accompany,
May be it he will get a portfolio
And may be it that they would be engaged,
All going with a hope in the hearts,
The henchmen and the musclemen and the strongmen,
The third-grade people.

The blunt-blunt milkmen, hurly burly and sturdy
Oiling the moustache,
In clumsy dhoti and kurta,
The bullock carts ferrying them up to the road
As for to catch the buses
Waiting for the would be ministers,
All from the rural side
As a look into their bio-data will speak it.

Nothing in the pocket and the house,
The newly-elected people's representative taking donations
As for going to,
The wayward and street-roaming fellows,
Loafers and brokers,
Cowboys, cowgirls, shepherds, herdsman and cattle-rustlers
All going to be
Representatives, people's representatives.

There will be ministers from each of the caste categories,
It was announced, broadcast over the radio
And they waited for in the open
All night long as for to know it,
Who would be from their clans and castes?

One minister will be from the mustard oil-pressers,
Another from the vegetable-sellers,
Another from the palm juice-collectors,
Another from the wine-sellers,
Another from the grocers, as caste and class representatives.

One minister will be from the blacksmiths,
Another from the goldsmiths,
One from the tribals,
Another from the washermen,
One from the barbers,
Another from the foresters,
One from the palanquin-bearers,
Another from the rat-catchers,
Another from the taxidermists.

And it is also aired during the make over, take over,
It will be a jumbo-sized cabinet
With so many ministries and ministers,
All will be pleased,
None will be unhappy,
But all cannot be absorbed in.

All the tikkiwallahs and tikkawallahs,
Ganjeris, bhangeris and darpiyas,
Waiting for,
The country folks with the towels on the shoulders,
The bullock cartmen, ploughmen and farmers,
Harvesters, reapers and sowers waiting
For the bosses, ay, the big bosses,
But God knows, who is whose boss,
Which but time will say it?

There will be a minister from the weavers,
From the sweepers, scavengers and cleaners,
From the carpenters making wooden things,
The gardeners growing flowers;
One minister will be from the butchers too
Serving meat for others.

One from the servants and maid servants,
Another from the labourers,

One from the sweets-makers
Another from the betel nut sellers
And as thus the size of the cabinet lengthening.

Again, there must be
For the rest which lie in unrepresented,
As for example, the sub-caste Brahminical bards and horoscope-makers,
One must be for the weavers as for they have clothes for us since long,
Another for the boatmen and fishermen,
Another for the potters.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Fortune-Teller

The fortune-teller, a typical Indian rustic, a mendicant,
A medievalist and a fraud,
A poor as well as a humble man,
I see him often sitting near the banyan tree or the peepul tree
By the town square,
The crossroad leading to various ways,
At the heart of the town,
In the court campus or adjacent to it

In the saffronite robes,
In a clumsy and odd saffron dhoti and kurta
And a red towel on the shoulders,
With a clamp of hair
Hanging from the crown of the head,
Three ash-lines on the forehead
And a red vermillion spot over it
And he marking the passers-by
And doing business.

Just on the footpath and that too under the tree,
Sits he with the green parrots
Whose necks pink-lined
And the birds with the feathers curtailed
So that it may not fly way,
The dishonest birds,
Never loyal to return back,
Picking the cards
And moving into the small cages.

The fortune-teller with the pink and ring-necked parrots
Sitting at the town square,
Calling the customers,
Distressed and depressed,
Returning from courts and hospitals,
Delving in the unknown and unseen,
Yielding to
And the parrots picking up the zodiac cards
Lying outside the cage and returning back
To be read and foretold

And the customer looking up to fate and Divinity,
The writ of fate and destiny and the Divine Inspiration behind all that,
Maybe it, as the possibility is there
And the world rests on hope, as it is said.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Fraud Scholar & The Ragged Ph.D. Guide Of Indian English Poetry

The fraud scholar of the ragged guide
An expert on Indian English poetry,
The dull and bogus student
As the bluff-master of Indian English poetry and criticism.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Freedom Fighter

Our freedom fighters their prisoners
As thus the theories keep changing,
Shadows go shifting
And values and thinkings changing.

Many of the freedom fighters were but the blunt people,
The rustics and ruffians,
The lathi men
With big dandas into their hands
To save from snakes and other wild animals,
To keep as a help for old age,
To drive the thieves away

Some of them not, but most of them critical fellows,
I mean the screwed men,
A little educated, a little bit practical
Quoting epigrams like the oldie Bacon,
The medievalistic people,
Some of them of course
Well-read in the Ramayana and the Mahabharata.

But they were egoistic people, thinking within,
Sharing not with the commonly,
Waiting to adorn the chairs on occasions,
I mean the Gandhians,
The Gandhites,
Clothed in khadi kurta, dhoti and a cap
And with a danda.

The Gandhis going and the people seeing,
The half-fed, half-clothed people,
The men in the white clothes
And their whiteness
Making others respect,
A costly affair too,
As who will wash?

Many of them got pensions, freedom fighters' money,
Many could not avail of

The then time little money,
Many just got their names included in
After getting signed by
A few of them known to as jail mates

Bijay Kant Dubey

The French-Cut Beards Of Sir Vidya And Sir Salman Rushdie

The French-cut beard of Sir Vidya
In the dark sunglasses,
I love it,
The beard of the Caribbean writer,
Originally from Gorakhpur,
But now from Trinidad.

The French-cut beard of Sir Salman Rushdie
I admire and appreciate it,
Rushdie in the golden-rimmed glasses,
One from Solan and thereafter Bombay.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Full Solar Eclipse

It darkened,
The birds started twittering
As if it were the evening,
The sun went down,
People entered into
Their houses
During the full solar eclipse,
Just the diamond corona,
The ring was visible,
Radiating splendidly,
In the full reaction of it,
Taking the recourse to that.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Ganga Sagar

The ramshackle buses from Bihar, U.P., M.P., Haryana and others
Going to the Ganga Sagar islands,
The place where King Bhagirath did the penance
As for absolving, salvaging
The hundreds of sons of Sagar,
Daring the chill of the wind and winter,
Braving it all the odds
That come on the way.

The old-old, aged-aged people from the adjacent or distant
Going to the Sagar islands
As for a dip in the sea,
With some pious purpose,
For a pious dip,
But I understand it not their piety,
The devotion and dedication
With which they are going to.

Have they come to get lost in huge uncontrollable crowds,
Have they to be stranded,
Have they to beg after being missing and wayless
Or just for their blind faith,
Maybe that there is some base of it,
But to cover a long distance is no doubt a trouble,
The chill of the winter,
The mist and the fog lessening visibility
And causing unwanted accidents,
Away from home,
Is it the reality?

The ramshackle buses going to the Ganga Sagar
As for a holy dip,
I see them passing through,
The old-old men
Braving the chill, mist and fog,
But I know it not how safe the journey will be,
Will they be able to return home,
As man of the ways when out of home
And the modern hazards many now-a-days,

In the past the wild animals used to,
Is it not?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Ganjaraja/ The Ganjaking

The ganjaraja taking the chillum
with the ganja
And smoking,
I mean taking the puffs from
And the mood changing, colouring,
The eyes reddening
And he growing light as well as moody
In the talks of his.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Ghost Of Religion

The ghost of religion has not left him and it seems to be
That he is laden with,
The vaital, spirit on the shoulders of King Vikram,
Telling the tales and going.

A fanatic, a conservative, a faithful and a mad man
Is he, ic
And fanaticism the religion of his,
The blind faith
He goes on swearing and living by.

A theocrat, a man conservative and conventional,
Orthodox and religiously blind
He is to fact and reason,
Logic and cause and effect theory.

Her calls himself devout and religious, but is not,
A fanatic is he,
Cannot hold intra-faith meetings,
Cannot talk of spreading good feelings.

A theocrat, an autocrat, a conservative, religiously blind
Is he,
ic,
Calling himself devout and faithful
But the faith itself missing from.

Religion is his opium and he taking
Ganja like a ganjeri, bhang like a bhangeri and daru like a darpiya
And his eyes red-red, which you cannot see and eye,
Talk with face-to-face

And he talking nonsense,
Without any knowledge of the Divine Scheme of Things,
Which you know not, I know not
But call we, we know it all.

The Creative Force is neither mine nor yours
And He will not call

Even call you
When you are on death bed, ☐
Believe you, but not blindly.

111

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Gift Of The Cpi(M) To West Bengal

One thing that it has done
Is that has left
Each and every
Primary school,
High school
And college
And other establishments
And organizations
Highly politicized,
Intriguing,
Indulging in conspiracies,
Bossiness and bossism,
Sitting and talking and gossiping
And working not,
Shirking and alleging
And they will do,
What the secretary says,
Not the office boss.

Join the union,
Form it and do it,
Shirk working,
Live under the banner,
Take the credit always,
Give it not to others,
Behaving as a boss
Even though you are not,
Pose like an office boss,
Keeping him under pressure,
Destroying the work culture,
The primary teachers,
High school teacher
And college teachers
All lying in wait
To be the men of power,
Commission members
Or the presidents
Of local bodies
And administrative units.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Gipsy Woman With The Poor And Humble Gipsy Girl-Child

The gipsy woman
With the poor
And humble gipsy girl-child,
I saw her
Carrying
The daughter
Kept on the steps
Leading to the post-office

And the girl-child looking blankly
without the tears,
Almost dried into,
Clumsy and dirty,
Ill-fed and ill-clothed
Sucking the milkless breast
Of her weakling mother.

I saw her
And could not hold back,
Tears welled up into the eyes,
Extended a monetary note
And went away thinking.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Giraffe-Like Okapi Of Congo W@ith The Zebra Markings

The giraffe-like okapi of Congo
It was a beauty to see
The strange animal
Giraffe-like
But marked otherwise
In the zebra way
But differently
With the linings on the legs
And ankles,
Horizontal linings,
Stripes and rings on the legs
And the ankles white.

The chocolate-colored brown red okapi
With the long neck,
Short horns under-covered,
Giraffe-patterned,
But zebra-marked.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Giraffe-Like Okapi Of Congo With The Zebra Markings

The giraffe-like okapi of Congo
It was a beauty to see
The strange animal
Giraffe-like
But marked otherwise
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With the linings on the legs
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Horizontal linings,
Stripes and rings on the legs
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The chocolate-colored brown red okapi
With the long neck,
Short horns under-covered,
Giraffe-patterned,
But zebra-marked.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl As Such That I Cannot Forget Her

The girl is as such that I cannot,
Cannot forget her,
The girl is as such,
No less than a flower
Or a dream.

The eyes so lovely-lovely,
The face so attractive,
A tryst with pants and the brush
To sketch her,
Her cheeks and lips and looks.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl Bride

On the bullock-cart
The girl bride is going
In sixteen shringaras.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl Child Of India

The girl child,
The poor girl child of India
Dwelling in villages
I write about.

The poor daughter of India
Neglected and ignored
In their homes,
The tears falling down the cheeks.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl In The Goggles

The girl in the goggles
looking like a heroine,
a film heroine,
not less than,
where's cine star,
film actress is she?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl In The Goggles Smiling

The girl in the goggles
Smiling,
A modn, up-to-date, hi-fi girl
Smiling sweetly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl In The Jeans Pants With A Mobile Heralding The Modern Age

The girl in the jeans pants and the T-shirt and the mobile into the hands
Speaking to someone smilingly,
Who is this girl,
Looking so cute and remarkably beautiful?

Has the modern age come really
That she bowling out the modern men
As well as the villagerly elders
Who holding a closed-door not, a gathering-meeting
As what to do with the jeans-pants-maiden?

A girl of the town, the small town not, the city not, the metropolitan city
The jeans-pants-wearing maid,
Looking beautiful-beautiful
And smiling over the phone handset,
Speaking to somebody else
Or just for show, I do not know.

I am not sure of her ringing so many calls and receiving too,
Who the unknown caller and who the receiver,
What the interest of his,
But why to be envious of her modernity and use of use of technology,
She is wearing and let her,
Why to poke into others' matters, private and personal?

When she would have been in India for the first time,
The Indians would have seen them with so much awe and astonishment,
Had they power, they would have waged a war
Together with bigots, conservatives, fanatics and zealots
Against the jeans-pants-wearing maids.

The rustics ogling the jeans-pants-wearing girls,
Muttering within
Why they are here,
Importing town-culture, city-culture,
Urban-culture of discotheques,
Disco dance, break dance, rock `n roll and jazz,

Which the rustics will see going to towns,
But will not reveal it to be transparent in character.

On seeing them, our girls too will seek to be modern and townsmanly,
Frank and free, uninhibited in their restriction,
The indoor ladies should stay in,
Should not cross over the door-step,
One rotten egg will rot others.□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl Is As Such, The Girl Is As Such...

The girls is as such,
The girl is as such, that I could not forget her,
Even though went away,
She lingered as an impression,
A sweet sensation.

Art for art's sake,
The portrait of an artist,
Art and its impression
And the sensation thereafter.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl Is Beautiful

The girl is beautiful,
Very beautiful
Standing at the town square.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl Is Like A White Rose

The girl is like a white rose,
Redolent and sweetly perfumed
And fragrancng it all
With her passing
And exposure,
Her appearance and personality.

I do not want to see her
But it gets viewed,
I do not want to view her
But I cannot avert the gaze of mine,
Fairly tall for her age and slim,
Attractive and charming enough
She keeps looking with her magnetic eyes.

You say it to me,
How to say, I love you to her,
A girl so fairly tall for her age
And so slim
And white?
You suggest me, advise me,
Counsel me
As my mind is not working.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl Is So Beautiful

So beautiful
That I cannot,
Cannot forget her,
The girl as such,
As such,
So beautiful and lovely
To be said about,
Just like a white jasmine,
So fresh and finely poised,
Beautiful and lovely.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl Is Very Beautiful

The girl is very beautiful,
Very-very beautiful
To look at,
My God.

How to avert my gaze,
A temptress indeed,
I failing to resist?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl Is Very Beautiful & I Like Her

The girl is very beautiful and I like her,
Like her not, love her,
The girl is very beautiful,
Exceptionally and exquisitely beautiful,
I like her,
I love her.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl Is Very Beautiful To See

The girl is very beautiful
That I cannot say you about.

Frankly speaking, the girl is very beautiful to see
And say about.

Very beautiful, very-very beautiful.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl Is Very Beautiful, Should I See Her Or Go For My Ph.D.?

The girl is very beautiful,
Should I see her
Or go for my Ph.D.,
What should i do,
Say you,
I have got an opportunity
To do,
May be it she will not come,
May be it I shall be a Ph.D.,
But she will not be there
Waiting for you,
Say you please,
What should I do with?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl Is Very, Very Beautiful To See

The girl is very beautiful
That I cannot say you about.

Frankly speaking, the girl is very beautiful to see
And say about.

Very beautiful, very-very beautiful,
What to say, so indeed!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl Of My Dreams

Mere sapno ki ladki,
Kab aayegi wo?

Mere sapno ki...
Mere sapno ki raani.

The girl of my dreams,
When will she come?

Of my dreams...
The queen of my dreams.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl Of The Fair Ground With Camps And Bivouacs (An Artiste From The Opera)

With the tents, poles and chairs,
came she
The artiste,
The fair girl,
The theatre artiste,
The opera girl,
The circus artiste
Playing with the lion
Or at the nets
For the gymnastic shows and skills

And again went she away,
The fair-girl,
The glamour queen,
After all a woman,
Playing with life
And its emotions,
Dressing and appearing on
And neutralizing
The glaze.

An artiste,
She could remember
Where she came from,
A girl leaving her home and family,
Swayed by passion
And the rhythm for living,
A drama girl,
A fair girl,
Call her,
Whatever you like to call her,
The girl met at the fair ground
And separating from.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl Trafficked

The girl trafficked
And sold to brothels,
Abused and exploited
From time to time,
Hand to hand
And ownership claimed over,
Have you thought about?

That poor, hopeless and hapless girl,
Helpless and abused self,
The girl trafficked,
Promised of a good job
And a better prospect,
Abused and exploited
And sold in brothels,
The girl trafficked?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl Trafficked, Sold And Re-Sold

The girl trafficked, sold and re-sold
In the bazaar of human lust and hunger,
Dragged and drawn into,
Promised of, lured with and trafficked and sold and re-sold
As for to be purchased and re-purchased,
Have you,
Have you thought about her,
Give at least some thoughts to her,
Before call you yourself the proud master
Of your cemented mansion?

That girl, innocent and unprivileged, have you,
Have you thought of her,
The days spent in poverty,
She forsaking it
To make a tryst with destiny again
In order to be happier,
But life dragging her out so ruthlessly
To be on the crossroad of life,
From where it is almost difficult to look it back
And from where it is difficult to move it forward,
But where to go finally,
Say you?

How pitiful has she grown,
How pathetic is it to view her life
And think of her days,
Childhood spent somewhere,
The daughter of some loving parents,
Where has she come,
Where has his modern society brought her to,
Wherefrom there is nowhere to escape and move out,
A girl, poor and alone,
Helpless and hopeless,
Desperate and dejected,
Misled and misguided,
Reform her, mentally treat and rehabilitate,
Bring her back?

The Girl Was So Beautiful That Saw I, Stumbled And Fell Down

The girl had been so beautiful that saw I her curtly,
Stumbled and fell down,
Again stood I,
Dusted my pants with the hands
To realize it,
What a mistake made I,
Oh, my blunder of viewing her
And that too a young girl!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl Whom Met I At The Shopping Complex, I Am Making A Photo Of Hers Exactly So With A Fine Face-Cutting And The Wide-Wide Eyes

She had been in a hurry,
I too had been in a hurry,
Just saw her, saw her passing through
A girl never seen before,
Never will be like,
I mean the models,
Failing the heroines

Saw I her coming to, approaching the complex,
With a handbag hanging from,
Coming nearer
And pausing by to purchase
And purchased she
And went away,
Oh, a great beauty,
As if she sitting before as a model
And I making a portrait of hers!

As if she were before
And I making a portrait of hers,
I as an artist making the image,
The portrait
And she smiling sweetly
Marking my drama of life,
The darling of love before
And I posing like some great artist
And making the portrait before her!

She beaming with smiles,
Yet to burst into a laughter
To see my foolish activity of
Immortalizing her,
Her sweet and attractive face and dreamy eyes,
Luscious lips, appleyish cheeks of hers,
Just like a balsam
Appeared she.

And I after her, making the portrait laboriously
Unable to portray and paint
But instead of trying my best to deliver
Which delivered I not
And I could not the finishing touches
As the model disappeared she suddenly
Without saying anything else to me,
Leaving me in great dismay and disappointment!

It was a matter of the moment and I could have portrayed
To display the masterpiece with so much pride of own,
But could not it for later on
As she went away, vanished into the gloom
Without saying anything else
And it's a reality too
That it had been quite a bit misty and foggy too.

Can you tell me, friend,
The girl whom met I at the marketing complex,
Where did she vanish away,
Carrying my heart?
It's no business of mine,
Sorry, can't say it,
Mind your tongue, sir, said the gentleman,
Putting an extra gravity,
Hanging the specs and looking through.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl Whom Met I In The Library Doing My Ph.D. (First Love Then Ph.D.)

I know it that I shall not be able to finish my Ph.D.
As for the girl I have seen
And have fallen in love with
In the library

And suspending the research work, want I to be after her
For sometime more,
As Ph.D. will be done later on
From this university or that university

But my love, the strange beloved of some strange meeting
Will never,
Where shall I search her,
With the sketch photo of hers, where to advertise and post the news

The missing news of hers, the whereabouts of hers,
The girl of my liking,
The beloved of my sweetheart,
My Old Papa, I shall do it after this

Let me search and find her first,
You an old-timer will not understand
The thing of my heart,
What it's happening within.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl Will Madden Me

The girl will madden me,
The flair for,
The fascination for her

So fresh and fine,
So lovely and charming to see
Just like a sweet flower stands she

So innocent and so ignorant,
So plain and good,
So pure and undefiled

The eyes so magical
And full of expression,
The lips so pink
And full of words to break forth

A girl like her, just like her
Have I asked for,
Have I asked for
From God

But understand I not,
She will madden me
Or I shall madden her,
Mad, mad after her.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl With A Baby

An innocent girl,
I played with your dreams,
Loved and liked,
Liked and loved you
And when with the load of life,
Left you to your poor destiny,
Is this called love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl With The Blue Eyes

The girl with the blue eyes,
Blue-blue eyes,
Sea-sea like,
Cattish-cattish,
Who, who she is,
Say, say,
Who, who she is
The girl with the blue,
Blue eyes,
Sea-like,
Sea-sea like fathomless,
Deep and dark blue,
Cattish-cattish,
Untamable and burning,
Burning eyes,
Who, who she is,
who, who she is,
The girl,
Girl with the blue eyes,
My deja vu with her,
My deja vu
with the beauty with the blue eyes,
Eyes sea-like,
Sea-deep
Taking me far,
Taking me far,
Far, far.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl With The Goats

A girl who used to study in a labour school
And who used to graze sometimes,
I mean look after her herd,
But used to come up with the wild flowers
To give to me,
Where that rustic girl,
Where that pastoral love,
Where that mistress?

Where that girl, where that love,
My pastoral love,
The girl of my heart,
Where that humble and poor love,
I search her, search her?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl, Not A Wife, But A Sister, A Daughter, A Mother

She is not a wife,
But a sister,
A daughter,
A mother.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girl-Child

Girl-child, are you born with a poor lot of yours,
The family taking you as a burden,
A debt,
Right from your birth,
A poor child of poor India?

Are you for to be raped and dumped elsewhere,
How the men,
How the laws of the land
And the laws implicating it all?

The rapists after having done,
Dump them as for hiding their incestuous act,
Where to hide the sin,
The stars have seen,
The walls too have heard,
Murder them.

The court is not for imprisoning,
Giving sentences to convicts and culprits
And the lawyers for their profession
And the police for taking out,
As the case studies need us to go into
Sociologically, psychologically and legally.

After the rapes, the victims should not be left alone,
As they need to be counselled psychologically,
The media should not be allowed to be closer to
As for making it a news items merely,
Come, but see them from the humanitarian point of view.

Try to give consolation,
Bring about a reconciliation,
Help her in the times of distress and depression,
Aggravate it not,
Try to be with her,
Show maximum sympathy to her.

What has happened to you,

Nothing has,
You take courage and stand on your feet,
The whole nation is behind you
And as thus stand by her
In the difficult moments of her life.
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Girls From The Northeast, Why Do You Not Choose Them As The Heroines? / In Search Of A New Heroine

The girls from the northeast
Rather than the Punjabi and Delhite heroines,
Why do you not opt for
And choose for the heroines
From the exotic and impregnable northeast,
the heroines and actresses
From Nagaland, Assam, Tripura, Meghalaya, Arunachal,
Mizoram and Sikkim,
They will look beautiful and appealing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Global Village (Haiku)

The world that you see
Has shrunk
Into a village.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Glow-Worm

The glow worm, how the tiny creature, flying with the light,
The light glimmering
And the path it lighting upon,
Decorating the night,
The bushes and the creepers,
Flying into skies.□

A yellowish and grey looking worm,
With the dotted eyes,
It keeps lighting and radiating
The bushes and the creepers
And the paths lonely.

When not with the light
Returning all alone on the muddy ways,
I fearing the snakes,
Find you lighting, □
Glowing and glimmering.

The glow worm a strange gift of God
Gifted with the light
And they showing in their own,
To fly with the light,
To sparkle their job.

A little worm, pale and yellow,
With two dotted eyes
Taking the flight
And illuminating,
Sparkling and twinkling.

The light it has got,
The twinkle and the sparkle
Not less than that of a star,
They shining up above
And the glow worms beneath.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Goat-Man, The Goat-Woman Too Leaders In Bihar

The man with the goats,
The woman with the goats,
Means those who graze them and keep,
They too are leaders in Bihar,
Leaders not, but can be ministers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Goat-Woman, The Sheep-Man, The Cow-Boy, The Buffalo-Man, All Leaders In Bihar/ Bakriwalli, Bhedwalla, Gayawalla, Bhainsawalla, Sabhi Koi Neta Bihar Mein

The goat-woman, the sheep-man,
The cow-boy, the buffalo-man,
All leaders
In Bihar,
Laluwa-Budhuwa, all
Leaders,
All and sundry,
Jack, Tom, Dick and Harry,
Ram, Shym, Jadu-Madu, all
Leaders,
Rustic and clownish,
Wielding lathis,
The paan-sellers and beedi-sellers
All leaders.

Bakriwalli, bhedawalla,
Gayawalla, bhainsawalla,
Sabhi koi neta
Bihar mein,
Laluwa-budhuwa, sabhi,
Jack, Tom, Dick aur Harry,
Ram, Shyam, Jadu-Madu, sabhi koi,
Neta,
Dehati aur joker-jaisa,
Lathi ghumate huye,
Paanwalla, beediwalla
Sabhi koi neta.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Goggleswalli

Before you could go away,
Tell me your name,
Goggleswalli?

You in the dark sunglasses
Looking so well,
Goggleswalli.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Golden Jacakal

The golden jackal
Just like an Alsatian dog,
Similar to a grey wolf
I saw it lying in blood
Knocked down by a vehicle
On the highway
Near the town fringe
Closer to the garbage heap.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Golden Sun Glistening And Falling Upon

The golden sun glistening and falling upon
Catching the sight somewhere
Of a girl bride
Going to her newly-found home
Seated on a bullock-cart
Crossing the dry river-bed.

The sun flashing upon and photographing
The small-small small-breed cows
And the sheep and goats
Waiting to be brought out
From their sheds
Somewhere in the country.

The lilies pink and white and deep red
Into the marsh and water bodies,
A few bluish
Looking beautiful, catching sight,
Drawing attention
And the white storks and pond herons stalking.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Good Reader, I Find Him Not, Where Is He?

Now-a-days it is difficult to find a good reader
Who can admire and appreciate the real worth of reading
And this too has got the worth of its own
Which they understand it not
Rather cutting, coying and pasting
And remixing to be called anew,
The same old thing but in a new format.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Goondaism Of The Communist Party Is Well-Known

How do they keep the areas under control,
How do they repress and suppress,
How do they threat,
Plot and plan strategically,
I mean the communists?

The thieves, thugs, dacoits and goons,
They too are used
In to materialize the things.

The communist strategy and tactics,
The non-communists cannot feel it,
How they can change the laws
To suit their evil purposes?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Goons And Rustics Leaders In Bihar/ Criminals As Leaders In Bihar

The goondas
As leaders in Bihar,
The rustics too,
I mean the fools with lathis
Into their hands,
The blunt buffalo men and cowboys,
The herdsmen and the herds-women.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Govt. Of India Cannot Recognize Me Nor Do I Look Up To

The India cannot recognize me
Nor do I look up to,
I was born as an unknown citizen
And shall die as
Without caring for awards and prizes,
Plaques and honours of citation.

I pride over the love I have got
From the people,
As an unknown citizen, I pride over
The evenings and mornings
Engaged in classicism,
The texts of it.

My manuscripts lie they in tatters,
Torn, ravished and destroyed,
Termite-eaten and gnawed,
But still stand I
Not battered and shattered,
Poetry will brim as long as
I am bodily.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Grammar Of Poesy

The grammar of poesy
I know it not,
The rules and regulations
Binding upon,
The syntax and vocabulary
As per the rhyme-scheme,
Scansion and prosody.

I am a poet free in mind
Without any constraints
Of binding upon,
What I feel, write I,
What I think, express I
Without any inhibitions.

Grammar not, literature takes
Me away,
The rules and regulations
Of poesy not,
But the feelings and emotions
Of heart
The things of my poesy.

Grammar I know it not,
The rules and regulations of grammar,
But of poesy know I,
What the ingredients of it,
How the feeling and emotion
Holding the sway over,
How the thought and idea?

I am a poet of heart,
Feeling and emotion,
I am a poet of mind,
Thought and idea,
I am a poet
Of image and reflection.

The Grammar Of Poetry

The grammar of poetry, where is it,
You say it to me,
In rhetoric and prosody
And its hard and fast rules,
Putting poetry into the chains
Chained and shackled
Or poetic statements, sweet and simple?

If you had to be a grammarian, better it is you had followed
The books of grammar
Rather than poetry
And in the company of, one becomes,
Gets disciplined and schooled,
Just in course of time.

A proofreader, we cannot hire about as we are
Never sure of our poetic stance,
We the practising poets publish, mail, pack and despatch,
Leave it today,
We are e-mailing empty-handed,
Just the tongue clicking,
Putting up cheaper blogs like hoardings to
To publicize.

Sorry, I am not an adman,
I just believe in extempore writing and extempore posting,
The printer's devils will definitely go away
When the text isds put to not a rigorous
But even a cursory revision.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Great Thugs Of Indian English Poetry & Criticism

The great thugs, Indian thugs are they
Who give the gossips of Indian English poetry
And criticism,
The ragged and uncouth men
Sitting on the lonely midways
Of the country
Lie in hunt for new unknown guests
To be away with their bundles.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Green Earth Is Not The Priority, But All That Wrapped Up With False Modernity

The green earth is not,
But ll that wrapped up with
False modernity and modern living,
None talking about the sick and ailing earth,
All wanting to milk it completely,
Where will ego and hypocrisy lead to ultimately?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Guilty Men Of India's Partition, Who The Guilty Men?

The guilty men of India's Partition,
I have been searching,
Who the guilty men
Of India's Partition,
Who, who on the dais
And who, who behind the curtain
As for the division of India?

Just for to sit on chair,
They could partition India,
They could divide it
Just for to sit on chair,
The guilty men of India?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Gulmohars

Bearing the heat and dust,
The ruffle of the hot wind
And sweltering heat
When the earth looks it barren,
Dry and sterile,
Baking and parching,
The gulmohars,
Red-red gulmohars,
Fiery and flame-like,
Reddish-reddish and beautiful,
Lovely and florid
Keep smiling, cheering all the way
As far as visible
So beautiful and so lovely are they
The gulmohars
Belying the heat wave,
Keep they fluttering.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Hamsa, Swan

The swan,
White swan
The symbol
Of fancy and imagination,
The dream,
The flight of.

The swan,
The white swan
Dreamy,
Imaginative,
Flightful.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Hanumans

The hanumans, Indian hanumans, long-long and tall,
White-haired but black-mouthed,
With a long tail
Jumping and going,
Snatching the things,
Give to and if not take the slaps,
Chattering to bite,
May scratch if teased,
Sometimes with the kids
Just ogling,
The small-small kids,
Human child not, wild guys.

We are junglees, will not be civilized,
Is the thing to be dispensed with,
We are a wild tribe,
Teach us not your lessons,
This the call of the wild,
Nature too untamable,
As this the history of earth.

The hanumans, Indian hanumans, not the African gorillas,
White-haired, but blackly-mouthed,
Not the gentlemen but the monkeymen,
We shall not be reformed,
We shall not be civilized,
We are tribals,
We are wild,
This the message of theirs.

Perched on the high tree, atop it,
Talking not, seeing the birds crowing unmindfully,
It keeps moving
From one branch to another, one roof of the house to another,
Specially the tin-roofs rattling
With the high jumps of the great mindless jumpers.

To get a glimpse of them,
Sitting on the branch of a tree

With the tail hanging down
And the birds making a noise
On seeing the unwanted stranger.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Hardcore Communists

The communists are not the easy fellows to be dispensed with
But are the very critical fellows,
Keeping areas under strict supervision and vigil,
Who comes from where, who goes where,
Deputing men and women,
Putting on an espionage mission
As for the domestic purposes,
Blood-thirsty, power-hungry,
With the hands on the trigger,
Ready to wage a war on the democrats,
Yea, the muscle-flexing comrades and cadres,
The power men dealing with power,
May give life, may take life
As for power-keeping,
Keeping the areas in control.

You cannot speak freely, you cannot mix with
If you are not a leftist,
A left-sympathiser,
You have no right to live,
It is better you flee the country,
Leave and flee and escape from,
Be prepared for the worst,
You have no right to live,
You commit suicide
And they will be happy to hear about
Your death
And if not, they will torture, rag, heckle and harass you
For no fault of yours
To bring a ruin of yours.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Hawk

Blood was in its,
The hawk
Marking
From the tree,
Taking short flights,
Ready to prey upon.

The woodland bird
Perched somewhere
Ready to dash
And prey upon
With the short flight.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Headless Daughter At The Gyaneswari Train Accident Site

O tell me, where my daughter is!
Where the daughter whom I grew up,
Reared and looked after so much so care,
Shading her from the sun and shower,
Say, say you,
where she is!

O, ask you, ask you not,
Your daughter,
Your daughter lies, lies it there!

My God, my God, O, my God,
What are you showing to me, Cruel Destiny,
Proud Master,
Is this am I to see,
The poor daughter of mine lying poorly,
In a pool of blood!

O, o, my...,
What to do it now,
Where to go,
My daughter lies she dead and headless,
Everything is there,
But lying she headless
Near the tracks
Bombed by the ultras!

O, where to go with the dead body of the daughter
Lying she headlessly,
But in a pretty frock,
Who are they who have snatched her
As for bloody power and politics!

My daughter, though I have nothing to do,
May your soul rest in peace,
May you rest!

The Heart (Haiku)

The heart is a temple
Where dwells in
The sinless soul.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Heart Is Thy Temple, Thou Dwell In

My heart is Thy temple,
Thou dwell in,
My Lord,
My Lord of life,
The heart is Thine,
The soul is Thine,
Thou just dwell in,
Dwell in,
My Lord.

Oh, I could not take
It along
The ways of God to man,
Oh, I could not hear Him
Approaching!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Heart, Heart Is The Temple

The heart,
Heart is the temple
Where dwells in God,

The heart,
Heart,
Sacred heart,
Pure guileless heart.

Niscchal mana,
Niscchal hridaya,
Pavitratma.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Heartthrob, Heartbeat Of Africa

The heartbeat, heartthrob of Africa
Want I to feel
The heartbeat, heartthrob
Of Africa
Want I to feel the pulse
Of the dark continent.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Hero

In the mirror everyone looks to be a hero or a heroine
But in reality is not,
As the hero is not a hero and the heroine not a heroine,
Neither a cine star nor an artiste
But a boy dodged,
A girl cheated and left out.

The hero is not a hero you are looking for
But a drama boy,
Wanting to be in the limelight,
The heroine too coloured and dressed well,
Powdered and creamed
And the light falling over.

In the camera films or reels, everyone is a hero or a heroine
But when the light goes off
And the intoxication of the bottle down,
Everyone is but a zero,
The fall from there,
Dream, its colour and fancy to reality.

In the plastic reels of snapped photos, everyone looks colourful
But the bare realty shows him wrinkled and ageing
Which but one cannot deny from accepting it
And I know it who is a hero and who not,
How does the hero behave with the heroine?

Everybody in the dark sunglasses and the mirror appears to be a hero
And this is no less than, the moment you are before the mirror,
Seeing your face and thinking within,
How handsome or beautiful are you!
You say it to me, who is not a hero,
Who is not a heroine?

And even if you are not, the sunglasses will make you,
You use powder and cream,
Consult a make-up man and the costume director,
They will definitely make you turn into a hero or a heroine
Of your choice and liking.

Even the ugliest turn into heroes and heroines
And what more to say to?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Heroine Of Flesh And Blood The Attraction Of Lawrence

The heroine of flesh and blood
The attraction of Lawrence,
The gipsy in love,
The hippie after
The drug of love,
Love magnetic and luscious.

No talk to do but the girl,
The beauty and freshness
Of the soul
Reflected in the body,
The glow and shine of it,
A rose under the dew drops.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The High Temper Of Comrades And Cadres You Know Them Not

The high temper of comrades and cadres you know them not,
As have not seen them
Coming together with
In groups and gangs
Giving slogans
And holding demonstrations
With the people in the rally
Hurling words
To capitalist and capitalism,
The rich and the we-to-do
And with the musical bands.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Hills Lurking Over In Sunshine

The hills shining blue-blue, □
The sunlight falling over
And the rivulet meandering through.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Hilly Rivulet

Traversing a long tract from the upper highlands
Comes it babbling by, murmuring by the small hilly river,
Singing the song of the water,
Nature, landscape and vegetation.

The solitude as such that there is loneliness all around,
Everything but calm and serene,
There is none around,
Away from human haunt and habitation.

The landscape full of ups and downs, highlands and lowlands,
Spread over a vast tract of land
And the hamlets and thorps scattered around
But at a distant far off.

In between the hills and its cluster, it passes through
Singing the song of life and the world,
Man and his coming and going,
Life and its cycle of birth and death.

The large chunks of rocks lie in on its bed and the water
Somewhere falling upon a rock,
Somewhere crossing over a high up rock placed over
Its way, zigzagged and long.

To flow and foat by, to run and sway off with a musical murmur
Hear I standing under the wild trees
Dotting the banks of the rivulet
And the distant hills glistening blue in sunshine.

The rivulet will flow for ever till the course of it
And the waters will remain the same,
Glassy and crystal clear,
But the man will not remain the same observing the flow of it.

Crossing the highlands and downlands, it has to go, to go
Till it mingles with the main river,
Crossing the woods, hills and regions unknown
Where I cannot be with.

Standing on the bank of the river, sitting on a stone block,
Hear I music, the music carried by the flowing waters
That today I am here marking the flow and music
But may not be again to hear it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Historic Temples Of Chandrakona

The historic temples of Chandrakona,
Small-small, old-old,
Made from small bricks and lime clay,
The temples with the terracotta plates
With the drawings and carvings
From the Ramayana and the Mahabharata
Or those in sadhna, love or relationship,
Erotic and bulging
With the pillars big-big
And the roof wooden and plastered,
The old-old temples of Chandrakona
Which once adorned the area
With so many temples,
Reminding us of King Chandraketu.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Historic, But Black Statue Of Radha-Krishna

The Historic, But Black Statue of Radha-Krishna

My golden statue,
Golden statue
Of Radha-krishna, but black,
Where, where is that
Lying earthed into the rubble and debris,
The mounds of fallen temples,
Dilapidating and earthed,
O, tell you,
O, tell you,
Where, where is that,
A small but precious and black statue of Radha-Krishna
Made from pure gold,
Cast and sculptured,
Blackly,
But beautiful.

Radha-krishna seated on a lotus,
With the flute
And the consort Radha,
O, see you, see you
And say,
Where, where is that statue,
Golden and precious,
Radha-Krishna's golden and historic statue,
Dating back to an antique,
Ancient but black,
Found from the fallen pillars and columns,
Plinth levels and corridors
Of temples,
Small-small, but beautifully made
From lime stone powder and small bricks.
And the ancient statue found from the rubble and debris
Of the fallen temples,
Old and grand.

Radha-Krishner Etihaasik Sonar Murti, Magar Dekhte Kalo

Aamar sonar murti,
Swarnim radha-krishner kalo murti,
Kothai aache, kothai aacche
Bhanga mandirer garbha theke pawaa,
Au, bole dao na,
Au, bole dao naa,
Kothai, kothai aacche
Radha-krishner ekti cchoto,
Par sonar murti,
Dekhte kalo,
Par sundar

Radha aar Krishno virajmaan
Padmashane,
Krishna murali newaa
Aar radha sange,
Au, tumi dekho, dekho naa,
Kothai, kothai aacche shei murti,
Radha-krishner prachya murti,
Kaalo, par sonar,
Surkhi-chuna cchoto-cchoto mandirer
Bhagnawashe
Paawa radha-krishner
Kalo, par sundar,
Durlabh aar bahumulya murti..

Bijay Kant Dubey

The History Of Earth

The history of earth
know I not,
how old is this earth,
how old this creation!

Who am I,
what am I,
what am I,
none comes to my rescue.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The History Of Earth I Could Not Know It

The history of earth
I could not know,
the history of earth,
how old is it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The History Of The Freedom Struggle The Indian Sepoys Writing It

The history of the freedom movement
The Indian sepoy writing,
Dhotiwearing,
Moustache-twirling
Indian sepoy
And with the rifles
On the shoulders

Bijay Kant Dubey

The History Of The World

The history of the world

Know I not,

What the beginning,

How the end?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The History Of Time, Life And The World

The history of earth, the existence of life on it, the circumstances of it,
The world spread over, I know them not,
What it is life, how the things of it, I know them not,
How earth has come up, what had it been before
And what it will be after, I know them not.

The history of the world, the history of life, who will tell me,
How did it come up, how was man born,
What is earth made of, where it lay in,
When things were not, when there was no life at all,
When earth was not, life was not.

The history of man, the history of earth,
The history of life, want I to know these,
Who will but tell me, as see I none by me to share with
And say to me, how had it been life,
How had it been earth and the conditions then?

The history of earth, the history of time, the history of life
Know I not, how had it been earth,
How had it been the life of man,
How had it been the world around
And the circumstances and situations compelling or prevailing around.

The history of time, life and the world, the more I tried to know, the more I could
not,
As these will remain what had they been,
The history of man, life on earth and time ticking,
I know them not, nor can I say about these,
As things will remain shrouded in mystery.

When the world had not been, what had it been, when life had not been,
What was it, when man was not, life was not,
Consciousness not vibrating in the creature,
When earth had not been, and if it had been, life had not been on earth,
You say it to me, you say it to me,
I want to know these.

How was life created, how was man, how was earth, which came it first,

How was this green earth, how was man's life,
How the world came up,
The history of man, the history of time and the history of the world,
I want to know, I want to know them,
Is there anyone to say to me,
What was it before?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The History Unknown

The place I am standing on,
What the history of earth,
How old is it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Histrionics Of Arvind Kejriwal, A Great Nukkad Artiste

I think he chuckles
When is alone,
Taking the things to rumination
What he has done,
How has he jammed the wheels
Of the doyens of Indian politics
Who had a say someday,
How has now time changed,
A leader of the common men
He has grown into,
I mean a voice
Of the speechless and the wordless,
Really not less than in stature
He might be thinking it
When before a mirror
Posing with
His specs, AAP white topi
With the bill,
Sharing with his wife.

Perhaps from the hostel he learnt
This nukkad plays
And their enactment,
Where he used to beat the dishes and plates
Before taking the midday meal,
Passing time to suppress the hunger of the belly
Till food is served
And from there he brought that music
Of the hostel boys and girls
Joking, playing and living,
Improvising to be famous,
How does a great man appear to be
Adjusting the specs?

He is none but a morning walker of Indian politics,
One in the Bermudas,
A hostel boy, a boarder of a school

Dancing, palying and living,
The broomstick and the bamboo basket
Are just for doing politics,
Not for sweeping the roads,
His remix of it
A study in Gandhism, socialism
And Mulk Raj Anand's Coolie novel
And his commonmanliness
An elaboration of Gray's Elegy
And Auden's The Unknown Citizen.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Histrionics Of Kamala Das

Kamala Das is more a stage artiste than a common woman,
A housewife or a homemaker,
As the house not her periphery
To draw the Lakshamanrekha for her,
A housewife with the broomstick threatening,
Doing politics and blackmailing her simple husband,
A homemaker not but a destroyer
As to be a feminist her first priority.

A villagerly quarrelsome wife not, but an overambitious wife,
Trespassing Juliet, Desdemona, Lady Macbeth and Portia,
A Delilah, a Lamia is she,
So dangerous and venomous,
Nagging and bragging in her vanity,
An urban townsmanly woman,
Calling herself pure and chaste
And her husband wrong
And her story like the one from Panchtantra,
Budhoo The Weaver.

The husband introducing her, encouraging to write
But she not of her husband
After seeing the world,
After getting the things from
And being introduced to
And the caravan of novice pseudo-Indian critics after her
Supervising so many research works
On her slender and slim volumes of poetry,
I mean the bad verses.

Her summer a sexual summer,
The heat, sweating and temperature of the body,
Not a description of the season,
Her summer full with the noonday dreams and wet siestas of love,
Summerday heat experienced otherwise
And man-woman relationship closing the door,
Whispering and conspiring in coquetry.

The Hollow Man

Modern man
The hollow man,
Hollow from his within;
There's nothing in his mind,
Heart and soul.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Hollow Man, Modern Man The Hollow Man

The hollow man,
Modern man hollow man
Hollow and shallow from within,
A puppet puffed in
And inflated
And stuffed.

Modern man hollow man,
Hollow and shallow from within,
Egoistic and pragmatic,
Devoid of values,
Culturally delinked,
Living a mechanical life.

Materialistic and artificial,
Urban and city-bred,
Modern man is mechanical,
Living a monotonous life,
Drab and dull and dreary,
Hollow and shallow from his within.

The park, plaza, pizza,
The theatre, art exhibition,
The multicomplex, skyscraper,
The flat, lift, storey,
The vehicle,
The talks of his
Centring around.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Home Minister And The Defense Minister Need To Be Restraint In Their Speeches As We Can Never Think In Terms Of The Fresh Indo-Pak War

The inflammatory speeches,
Tougher tongue and rhetoric
Of the home minister and the defense minister,
I like it not
As they can not the compulsions of Pakistan,
A nascent nation
With a legacy and heritage of Jinnah
And the blunder of Nehru.

With faith in self-defense,
Ever vigilant to defend the borders
Against any sort of encroachment or unwanted invasion,
I can never think of war with Pakistan,
As what can it give to,
Barring loss of lives, human casualties,
The Pakistani Rangers will die,
The Border Security Forces will
Which but I cannot support it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Hooked & Crooked Men As The Communist Party Zonal And Local Committee Secretaries

Most hooked and crooked fellows,
I mean the screwed persons
The CPI(M) zonal and local committee
Secretaries and members
And three things are common in them,
Love for wine and women and the lust for power.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Horrors Of Nuclear War Humanity'll Not Be Able To Bear The Brunt Of

Say, no,
No to nuclear wars,
Nuclear wars,
No,
No more wars
After Nagasaki and Hiroshima
And war on Vietnam,
Say,
Say, no,
No to wars!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The House Does Not Remain A House In Teh Absence Of The Kith And Kin

The house does not remain a house
If there is none therein
To see you,
Greet you
When come you,
When leave you for.

Such a house built I,
But the men for whom made I
And was meant for,
Lived they not,
Departed they before
Or lived for a brief stint of time.

Now you say it to me,
Which is whose,
The mud house where I was just born,
The rented house of teh father's posting
Where grew I up
Or the one I built for them
At that place
Or where have I come to in search of posting?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The House Which I Have Got It Built Is Not Of Mine

The house
Which I have
With so much of labour and sweating
Is not mine,
New renter will come
And claim it over,
My house
Which appears to be mine
Is theirs
As they are coming to occupy
It.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The House With The Woman And Without

A house when it is with
Is a house,
When not,
Is not a house.

A house with a woman
And without a woman,
The difference is as such!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Houses I Have Built Are The Houses Of Maya

The houses I have built
Are the houses of maya,
Maya my wife,
Maya my daughter,
Maya my family,
Maya my children.

O, I have built a world
Of maya
From which I cannot but escape,
Maya and moha,
But fear I
That Maya is a great cheat!

When it cheats, the heart breaks,
The bereaved soul wanders
With the wind,
When it cheats, the poor creature
Flutters in pain,
Maya is moha, illusion is hallucination.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Howl And Human Habitation

The night of the jackals and foxes, □
The howls of them taking deep into forests□
But man busy in cleaning up it all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Hump

I think about the Himalayan ranges of the north-east
Inaccessible and treacherous,
Full of mountains, hills, rivers, woods, gorges and valleys,
Indeed the difficult terrains and mounds
Which caused irreparable loss to the Americans

While lifting the supplies for the forces
During the World War
As for the soldiers in China
Fighting the Imperial Japan.

Many an airman lost his life
While ferrying across the mountainous and woody tracts,
Stretching over a 500 or more impregnable tract;
All those from distant America,
Letting their parents and family members wait.

As many as perhaps 700 planes perished in the adventure,
Resulting in the death of some eighteen hundred perhaps in total,
While flying over the hump with the loads of supplies,
Reeling under and crashing over, deep into or over
And traceless.

None traced them, nor was it traceable
The dense jungles with gorges and mountains,
Hills and the manless aboriginal tribes-dotting areas,
Thinly populated and misleading.
Oh, those Americans!

Still now the lost shoes and debris can be found
Of those plane wrecks and accidents,
The rusted fuselage telling the story
What it happened to them long ago
But there are no takers of that.

The time-span covered that of 1942-45,
All those which happened then
While participating in the Great War,
As a result of change in American policy,

Endangering their precious lives.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Idea And The Image Of The Dark Daughter

The idea and the image of the dark daughter
I got it
From the terracotta plates
Of the outer portions of the temples
With the sculptures and figurines
In love, devotion, prayer and confession,
The images of the sevadasis and devadasis
Dedicated and suffering,
The nautch girls with the folded hands
Wishing swagatam,
Those who build temples,
The women folk at construction work,
Womankind neglected and ignored,
The daughter growing in the loving care
And affection of the father,
But none understanding the pains of life,
All these things.

The dark daughter is a complex poem of mine,
Sociological, historical, mythical and mystical,
Artistic and sculptural, archival and architectural,
Narrative and ethical, didactic and profound,
Philosophical and moralistic, imagistic and penetrating,
Linguistic and cultural, humanitarian and thoughtful,
Ethnic and general, tribal and non-tribal,
Godly and earthly at the same time,
Kali's image is therein,
Symbolizing the womb of Creation
And the pains borne by her,
The tears falling from.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Indian Babas And Their Sex Scandals

The Indian bababs and their sex scandals
And with these fraud instructors,
Gurus
Yoga turning into bhoga.

Poses and postures for a healthy mind in a healthy body
Be not manoeuvred otherwise,
Yoga is not sex,
A meeting of the mind and the heart
Rising in unison to the heights higher.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Indian Cormorant

The Indian cormorant
I often see it
Diving into the pond
And swimming like a submarine
Or a diver
Diving deep here,
Coming up there

The black bird
Like a black crow, but is not
An Indian cormorant
With the long neck and big body
Flying somehow,
Taking the short flight.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Indian English Poetry Audience Likes To Hear Bobby, Julie, Daisy Reading Poems

The Indian English poetry audience likes to see and hear
Julie, Bobby, Daisy,
Dolly, Ruby, Pinky, Rosy,
Sweetie, Posy,
Reading their poems
Not the gent poets like me,
The fashionistas and socialites are taking the centrestage,
Divorcees and singles
Having live-in relationships,
Unmarried and young
Or the married with henpecked hubbies.

Showing the bobby-cut hair, wavy and golden,
With the golden-rimmed glasses,
Just like a valentine
Date they in their poetry,
Sending flying kisses,
Scattering the rose petals,
Read they their poems,
The poems of extra-marital affairs,
Broken relationships and divorces.

The audience too likes them, loves to hear them,
Admire and appreciate
Rather than me
As and when I rise to the stage, they start
Making a noise,
But when a beauty parlour girl rises to the stage,
They turn silent
And start seeing her fashion and designing,
A Rajneeshite before, a yogan,
A girl mod, frank and bold.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Indian Hanumans

Black-mouthed but grey and golden haired hanumans,
Indian hanumans,
Chimpanzees,
Jumping upon the tiled houses,
On tin roofs.

With the small child ogling and winking at
Under the belly,
The females jumping and running away,
Gnashing the teeth indignantly,
Sometimes you awe-struck by its presence
And they snatching the things from your hands.

Sometimes on the way meeting you strangely,
Held by surprise,
You looking in fear and suspense,
What will the animal do,
Taking the name of God,
Going unmindfully, after being indifferent to avert the gaze.

Sometimes grin they, may take you be strike,
May slap you if teased,
Wild, tameless and savage
The hanumans,
Indian hanumans,
May bite too
If threatened.

It is better you go your way, disturb it not
As the hanuman a hanuman,
Not a man, but an animal,
A brute savage,
A beast of the forest,
Cannot be cultured.

Perched on the top of the tree twigs,
Sitting and enjoying the rustles of leaves,
Looking up to the skyways blankly,
Marking the crows and birds chirping

About the coming of the strange guest
With the tail hanging down.

The black-mouthed Indian hanuman smiling not,
But grinning, gnashing the teeth,
Ready to snatch
And if teased or ogled may bite or slap
Or scratch
The beast of the wilds,
The brute of the woods.

Just like a man, a prototype of his,
But an ape,
With a tail,
Jumping from the tree branches
And going on the hands and the legs,
The white-haired, but blackly-mouthed hanuman.

A chimpanzee growling if ogle you, stare into the eyes,
Keep your lips shut, smile too not,
If by you, avert the gaze
Otherwise it may cost you
With a hard stare, a gnash of teeth and a fierce expression.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Indian Mongoose

Indian mongoose
Looking grey, blackly
Passing through the thickets or hedgerows,
Hiding in the burrows,
A small animal
Just like the mole
Of the rat group
Or hedgehog like.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Indian Villages Of Paglets

Where do the Paglets live?
Do you know it?
Paglets live in the villages
Where hunger, depravity and starvation
Loom large,
Do the rounds,
Backwardness, illiteracy and superstition,
Uneducation.

Do not move out on Thursdays
And that too at midday
As for a journey,
Do not get hair cut on
Thursdays and Saturdays,
Do not see mustard oil and the needle
While going on a journey or as for auspicious works.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Indian Widow

An Indian widow, passes she her days in anonymity,
Living in a mud house
With goats and cows,
Passing her life somehow
With a great difficulty.

She wants to eke out a living of her
But the villagerly patriarchal men will not let live
A life of her own,
A poor and simple woman
And that too guardianless

What will she do all alone,
Fighting against tradition and its imposition,
Patriarchy and its dominance,
A woman illiterate and uneducated.

She cannot make a living of her own
Of her own choice,
And she has to go by, abide by
The rules and norms fixed by society
And the lakshman-rekha cannot cross it at all.

Fish, meat and other hot cereals,
Even turmeric, garlic and onion,
She is not at allowed to take,
And to wear the red-bordered sari
And coloured bangles, this too is prohibited for her.

And now you can guess about her life,
The ways and means of her poor and simple life,
Her lands too under the purview of many poachers
Who go on poking and poaching into,
As I know it, come to feel it
They will not let you live so simply.

An Indian widow, the upper caste widow,
She, I fear it within, may be called a witch
By the superstitious village folk

And to be seconded by the astrologer-cum-palmist,
As for making subservient and lowly,
To keep her under their prowess.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Inextinguishable Lamp Of Light

The inextinguishable lamp
Of light burning
Which but the Atman
Just like the diya,
An earthenware, oily and wicked
Will go burning.

The indivisible human soul,
A unit of light,
A small lamp
It will go burning
For long,
Which but will not extinguish,
Burn for ever, burn for ever.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Innocent Girl In A Bikini And A Lingerie

Is this modernity to see her dressed?
In a bikini and a lingerie,
Doing the catwalk,
Walking the ramp?

Modernity and excesses,
Be modern, but trespass not the limits,
The frontiers
Which lead her ultimately nowhere.

Make her walk the ramp,
But destroy her not completely,
Think of her life too
Making her a chain smoker, a drunkard.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Intentions Of A Bengali Wife

The wife can be so much critical and complex,
My Bengali wife,
So plotting and conspiring,
Always whispering and poking
My own against me.

Her nature can be understood as thus,
She is a Bengali
And I a Hindustani,
Her father and mother own
But my father and mother
For to be dumped,
What a thinking!

To complain and criticize unnecessarily
Her nature
Against loadshedding,
Her life a life on medicines,
Unable to digest,
But she will omlette, eggs, fish and meat
Almost daily,
Who will make her understand?

To scold, reprimand and hide without rhyme and reason
Her short-temperament,
A sign of small mind,
Very, very low and mean,
As a Bengali she is clean
But I a Bihari unclean.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The International Day Of The Girl

Came it with the memories
Of the poor girl child
Neglected and sidetracked
In our society.

Oh, why is this discrimination?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The International Poetry Festival Was But Full Of English Hamlets And Indian Paglets

The International Poetry Festival,
You accept it or not,
Was but full of
English Hamlets and Indian Paglets,
English Hamlet's half-brother
Indian Paglet,
All but half-mad,
Poetry-addicts,
Abnormals babbling

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Internet Age Poet

Without dipping the nib
Into the ink-pot,
Struggling to publish,
Doing the proof-reading,
Visiting the busty job press,
Without writing the manuscript,
Trying to save,
One now-a-days calls oneself a poet or a poetess
Sittingly
At home
Pressing the key board
Of the computer
Or the tab
To call oneself a published poet
In this internet age.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Intranet Age Poet Just Keeps Loading And Loading, Be That Uploading And Downloading

The intranet age poets and poetesses
Sit before the computer screens
Or with the tabs into their hands
Just keep playing with,
Pressing the keys leisurely
Loading and uploading
And downloading
Neither with the pen nor the paper,
Neither the manuscript to be worked upon
Nor the proofs, first, second and third,
With nothing to be ashamed of
Nor to be feared,
Nothing to be stolen
Nor to do the affidavit of
That so and so is the author,
His identity and whereabouts,
Everything but copyrighted,
Intellectual property guaranteed,
A digital maintenance of all these,
With nothing o worry about,
Neither the readers to frown upon
Nor the critics to barber.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Israeli-Palestinian Conflict & The Efforts For Peace

If the Israeli-Palestinian conflict comes
To an end,
Where will the arms be sold,
The race for the arms race,
Nuclear stockpiles,
Arms and ammunition,
How will diplomacy be done?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Issues In Cotemporary Poetry

When the modern world is confronted
With environmental pollution, climate change, atomic summer;
Global warming, abnormal rise and fall in temperatures;
Acid rain and its after-effects;
Radiation and its toll upon,
How to take to poetry,
Contemporary poetry?

Many a thing keeps us alarming
And has gone extinct
And are falling in numbers,
Many exotic flora and fauna,
Many a species of animals and birds,
So how to help with genetic cloning
And social forestry
Is the question to be answered?

The world on the brink of extinction,
Typhoons coming with a bang,
Gathering storms and cyclones
Into changing into tornadoes
Threatening our existence,
Life on earth,
Now how to save our green earth
Is the question
Rather than poetry and its subject-matter?

The peacock dances it not under the showers,
The porcupines almost gone extinct,
The deer not grazing,
The foxes too are falling ill
After consuming the poisonous things
From the municipality garbage.

While on the other hand, the modern man keeps
Expanding and expanding his kingdom,
Overpopulating and inhabiting the areas
Full of forests,
After clearing and cleaning them

To be filled with the bituminous roads
And the cemented buildings.

The smokes from the automobiles
And the factories
And the hills blasted off and crushed
As for stone quarrying,
The tumbling blocks and chunks
Of stone and rocks
Crushed into stone-crushers
As for concrete chips for
The roads, buildings and railways under construction.

Now the building blocks with the flats
Have come up
As tall mansions,
The promoters promoting it all
To be the plaza and the shopping mall owners
With the mannequins in the glasses
And plastic flowers to be gifted to
With an exchange of some artificial smile.

The robots doing the office work and the home work,
The washing machine, the sweeping machine,
Speaking the technical language,
The cactuses decorating the garden,
Air-conditioners conditioning the climate
Of the room
And the management managing it all.

But the master still not satisfied,
Is willing to buy a helicopter
To alight from and to land
On the roof of the skyscraper,
A tycoon he,
A business magnet and a media baron,
But falling short of a mafia don.

The bobby-cut bobbed ma'm,
Golden and glistening, modern and stylistic,
Sitting with a teddy bear and a shabby dog,
Artificial and costly-jewelled

Going by car
With a ta-ta, bye-bye,
Taking leave of and going
With an artificial smile of hers.

The hotels, resorts, restaurants, clubs and parties,
Bar houses, airports, bus terminuses,
Shopping malls, plazas and pizzas,
Interior designing, photography and film,
Zebra crossings and Z-plus security,
Firearms and bossism,
Wealth and assets,
Cyber cafés, cold drinks and beverages,
Without caring for health and its hazards,
The boring talks of his
So full of drudgery and monotony
With nothing natural in them,
Everything but mechanical, technical and artificial,
Even laugh they artificially.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Jackals' Night

The jackals' night,
The lonely tracts,
I want to go to, go to,
The jackals',
Jackals' night
visible in the dark
And running away
Under mist and fog
Slipping
All into darkness,
The jackals' lonely night
Away from the woods and forested tracks
Into the human garbage heaps
Searching for food
Quarrelling with dogs and crows.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Jaina And His Jainism

O, you tell me about the Jainas and their Jainism,
Lord Mahavira and his Jainism,
Born to King Sidhartha and Queen Trishala
At Kundalagrama (modern Hajipur) ,
The Licchavi crown prince from Vaishali,
Had been virtuous
And earthly possessions could not tempt him
And he renouncing the life of worldly pleasures and attraction
And taking to the recourse of austere sadhna
Rarely to be seen in the history of man
And attaining his siddhi
Under a shal tree
The Jina, the victorious one over attachment and aversion,
The one telling of
Non-violence, truthfulness and self-control in such a way!

The Lord in meditation under a tree,
Doing austere sadhna
For the attainment of knowledge,
Renouncing the world,
But none telling about the pains
Of Yasoda and Priyadarshana,
The internal pains of the wife and the daughter
As the father on a greater mission no doubt,
But the prince not
Into the bonds of maya-moha,
Going the way of his own,
Consolidating the foundation-stone of
The Jains and Jainism,
As he is the 24th Tirthankara,
Carrying the message of the lineage
Of the great ascetics.

Lord Mahavira in meditation,
Seated under a tree,
In a posture of his own
With the hands on the knees,
Sitting cross-legged
And the body straight upwards

But the eyes closed
And he lost in a sadhna,
The posture artistic
Which the stone statues trying to capture them,
As the relics of artistic excellence.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Jnu Campus With Premgiri And Communism, I Mean Leftism

To go against the establishment,
To talk of premgiri
And to be in open relationship,
In friendship, bonding and camaraderie,
Going against conventions,
Society and its taboos,
Just like the hoteliers and hostellers,
Reading and smoking,
Talking and going with
And doing politics,
Reading and loving
In companionship
And in live-together relations,
Is this the name of being a JNUian,
The idea of being unsettled for ever
As for untidy life and living,
Open relationship and the tides
In the wake of it,
The whiffs and wisps of romance
That is of being in a live-together relationship,
Leading a Bohemian life,
Just like a hippie or a Rajneeshite
Radical, a love-bird, a night-bird?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Jobless Ass, Oh, The Poor Animal! /The Jobless & Unemployed Ass Saw I Left Abandoned On The Roads

The jobless animal
Going on the roads
Unemployed
And abandoned
By the washerman,
Neither of is
Nor of the ghat,
An animal abandoned
And left to
Its poor destitute,
Where will it go,
Say you
in this age of machines
And unemployment?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Joker From Bhojpur, Bihar Again Has Returned To State Politics

The Bhojpuri joker from Bihar
Again has returned to politics,
Moralless, characterless,
Without any principle and philosophy,
A rough and tough buffalo man,
Blunt, bogus and bluffing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Jokers Of Indian Democracy

The jokers of Indian democracy talk I, dream I, think I about,
The jokers as the leaders and ministers of the People's Government,
Of the People's Party,
Going to the assembly house,
Some planning to go on a black buffalo,
Some on the bullock cart,
Some on the ass or the mare.

Wearing odd-odd, out of fashion clothes,
The villagers after managing older pants and shirts,
Getting ready to leave for the assembly house for the first time,
As there is none to take the reins from,
As the educated are absent from,
So keeping it view they want to cash the moments of their luck.

The rustic characters, all from the rural belt, the far-off countryside,
The odd and obscure rural folks and representatives
Start bargaining for ministerial berths and allocation of portfolios,
As all have to be ministers
And to show in the villages,
How they have changed into ministers,
English they will learn in time by being on chair.

And the files will automatically move on,
As the chair too teaches a man,
It is not important if one knows it or not,
What the educated have failed to achieve, we have
By becoming ministers,
Lo, the townsmen saluting us, calling us sirs!

Just now I have turned into a minister, I think,
I have to get a cemented house built
Instead of a mud-house with the straw-thatched roof
As because people come to my house searching,
But my mud-house speaks of my life-philosophy,
Sarvodaya and socialism.

Had the clowns and jokers been ministers,
They would have at least thought about,

But the half-read and half-schooled villagers most dangerous,
The uneducated and the foolish
As the leaders, the boatmen into the mainstream,
May sink too.

The villagerly rascals and idiots know no courtesy and delicacy at all,
I mean the half-read, the half-schooled,
Uncultured, uneducated fellows,
As they know it not how to speak, how to behave,
How to respect others, how to see with equality,
Without being revengeful and malicious.

If they sit on chair, they will not like to vacate it,
Giving it to his wife and daughter one after another,
They will try to behave peculiarly
As for keeping themselves in the limelight,
Chewing betel nut, rubbing tobacco before the audience
And putting into the mouth and delivering before.

And if someone challenges his authority, he will be thrashed,
His goons will beat that fellow
And he too will withdraw his complaint as for fear of life
And if he survives,
The police too will not do anything in this regard,
The camera of the media men will be snatched
If they come to snap the photos.

The villagerly fools know nothing but the lathi
And barring it, they have nothing to take hold of
And it is the lathi which fears it everyone,
The lathi of a fool, and that too an Indian villagerly fool,
Placing the lathi from the behind,
The blunt and the backward fools!

If the fools, villagerly rustics come into power,
Everything will look strange,
As for their expressions and idioms,
The way of speaking and talking,
As if some boss were speaking,
The blunt man on chair, the mafia man,
Had not been, but has become!

None but these rustics will start suppressing talents
And promoting themselves,
Asking the fools and illiterates to extend a helping hand to them
So that they too can be given the charge of districts,
Sub-divisions, blocks and villages politically,
Not to the educated as they will try to rise
With their knowledge and wisdom
And they will not salute so often.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Jokes Of Khushwant Singh

The jokes,
The good jokes and bad jokes
Of Khushwant Singh,
Khushwant making fun,
Creating humour,
Sprinkling salt and chilly powder,
Spicing the cuisine and recipe
Of the dishes
And serving as a boy,
Handshaking and pulling upfront
To give a jerk,
Regaling and recreating,
meeting diplomatically
With the heads of nations,
Politicking to keep himself
In limelight.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Journal Editors Calling Themselves Contemporary Indian English Poets

The journal editors,
I mean the small-small men of small-small minds
Of the world of today,
The hollow and shallow men of today
Calling themselves poets and poetesses,
Trying to promote themselves
After forcing the subscribers
To write articles
On their substance-less verses.

Basically, the rhymers, poetasters, commoners and non-poets
They are editing journals as for their selfish ends
Just for to be poets and poetesses
As the authority is absent
And there persists in a literary vacuum,
England's poetry who judge it hear?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Journal-Appearing Contemporary Indian English Poets

The journal poets generally promote one another
And their journals turn into a platform, a dais
For self-propaganda and publication,
The rhymers and non-poets favour the papers
Written on their poetry
And if the teachers get students registered on
The trivial verses of the petty poets and poetesses
And what to say about the vanity,
The ego and hypocrisy of
The poetical research guide and the student
Joining the university department?

A research scholar cannot definitely explain
An evolving Indian poet in English,
The ragged guide with the ramshackle journal
Joins the P.G. deptt.
And the ragged Ph.D. scholar gets it published
After getting it written from the guide
And changing the language.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Journey Oif Life

What had when came with,
What shall I go with-
The journey of life?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Joys And Sorrows Of Life

O singer, where lie you,
Singing the songs of heart!
To sing is your job,
Nay to see how the coming generations take them up!
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Judge Is Not A Judge, The Court Is Not A Court, The Lawyer Not A Lawyer/Divine Jurisprudence Not So Easy To Be Dispensed With

Divine jurisprudence not so easy to be dispensed with
As humans cannot
Human frailty and fallibility,
Human errata and lapses,
Those who are not,
We prove them to be
Through weighing the evidence
And the witnesses go false,
Is this judgement,
Can it be?

The court is not a court,
The judge is not a judge
And the lawyer not a lawyer,
All but prone to human error and judgement,
The metaphysics of jurisprudence,
Justice Divine
None has come to understand it,
None has ever tried to comprehend it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Judge Is Not A Judge, The Policeman Not A Policemaneg

The judge is not a judge but a criminal
And the policeman not a policeman
But a convict,
The lawyer not a lawyer but a worst fellow
Making out of the bargain,
say you, who is what,
Who is for which judgement,
can one judge really,
Who is who and for what,
The man whom call we a judge is not,
But a man prone to human weakness and frailty,
The man whom we call a policeman
Is but a guard
Calling himself a saviour falsely
And the lawyer a bargainer,
A middleman, a commission-taker
In connivance with the file-man and the clerk?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Judge Too Is Not A Judge

The judge too is not a judge
Fallible in his judgement,
Earthly and sinful
In Divine Dispensation of Justice.

The whole world a criminal,
A culprit and a convict
And he a judge,
An officer.

The world a crime net,
All living sinfully,
But he an upholder of justice,
A righteous man.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Jungle Raj Of Bihar

The jungle raj of Bihar
None has forgotten
When there was no administration,
The fools and illiterates,
Th uneducated and then uncultured
Reigned over
The literates
When there was no law and order.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Jungle Raj Of Bihar (Ii)

The jungle raj of Bihar
Showing a state of lawlessness,
When failed it law and order
As for the writ of the brute,
We are junglees.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Jungle Raj Of Bihar, The Goonda Raj Of Bihar

The jungle of Bihar,
The goonda raj of Bihar,
You know it not
The state of being lawlessness,
Without law and order rule.

If the criminals, convicts
Take over,
What ill you do
If the law is in their hands?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Karabakh Horse

The Karabakh, Karabakhsya horse,
The Azerbaijani racing and riding
Mountain steppe horse,
Stout and well-built.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Kingfisher

A small coloured and painted bird,
Is it a fish-catcher
Or a bird
Lying in wait to dive and pick?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Kingfisher Calling

It's a fine morning
And cloudy too,
The kingfisher perched on a tree branch
Adjacent to the pond
Is calling continuously,
Singing the song of the cloudy weather
And the monsoon to drizzle
And the rains will splash over
And it will be easy to catch fish.

The kingfisher perched on a bough of a tree
Adjacent to the pond,
Marking the ruffle of the wind
And the monsoon to burst upon
And singing the song
With the fishermen
As for a big catch.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Kiss Of us, Faustus Kissing Helen

The girl is so beautiful that
I want to kiss her.

Oh, us kissing Helen,
The ships of Troy passing!

us kissing Helen
And the trouble brewing in.

For Helen, war ships moving,
The clash ensuing.

The fleets of ship at war with,
The armies clashing with.

And in the midst of all this,
Faustus dream-kissing Helen.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Kiss Of Love Not, The Kiss Of Marx, Lenin, Stalin And Mao

It's not the kiss of love,
The kiss of the leftists,
Communists loving
Under the banner of doing communism,
The Jadavpurians and the JNUians in love
On the campus,
Give them the license to do politics
And to love,
To consume alcohol and love
Dating one girl after another,
Like the superstar,
Like the big boss.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Kiss Of The Sweetly-Scented Red Rose

Kissing a red rose,
Gave I my dreams to her
And turned she into a dreamgirl
And kept me on the track all the way
And I too became lost in the dreams of hers
Leaving aside my works
Smiling far away
And dreaming of her.

A girl gorgeous like the red rose
I had never dreamt about,
So fast and beautiful, lovely and fresh,
So celestial and so attractively charming!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Kite

When as a child, I used to see and mark
The kite
Flying high and high
And circling over
Up above,
High into the skies,
But now I see them not,
Where have they?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Kite Bird

My heart leaped up
When I saw
A kite
Flying so high
Into the Calcutta skies
And swooping upon
To lift
A crumb
Or loaf
From the ground.

The kite,
The kite bird
Blackly and beautiful,
Sharp-eyed
Flying above,
Over,
Circling and circling
Deep into the skies
With an eye
On the ground
To lift.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Kite, The Morgue Man, The Scavenger, I Still Find You Doing The Job When All Else Have Turned Modern

The kite
Flying over,
Circling and circling over
And to perch upon
Or pick
Near the municipal heap
Full of stench and foul
Still catch my eyes,
Fill the heart with joy
To see that someone still
Does the job
With much zest and spirit
When all the else have left
Or say care it not
For scavenging.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Konark Sun Temple: A Dream And A Vision In Poetry

Poetry as inscriptions, stone carvings,
Terracotta images,
Sculptures and figurines,
Art and artifacts,
History and legacy of India,
Heritage sites described

By
Bijay Kant Dubey

Only the poets are not all who dream about and materialize them into to be called great thinkers and artists. The real builders and thinkers are also those who cut and chisel and hew the stones to make the sculptures look like and gestured as human beings. Stone carvings and sculptures are no less than poetry. Architects are no less than. A dancer's gesture is poetry in symbols and signs. A painter's sketches are poems in scenery. A singer's voice pitched or stressing in tune with rhythm and music also expresses the same. A musician's music is the poetry of melodious sound. Flowers carved in stone are no less than poetic pieces.

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The Konark Sun Temple
The splendor and architectural excellence
Of whose I could not,
Could not the artistic grandeur,
Sculptural and stupendous.

A vision was it to see,
A dream was it
To view the temple
At dawn break and twilight,
The temple by the river.

Who built,
How the architects and planners,
Sculptors and artistes,
Stone-cutters and workers,
Who could say to?

The Konark Sun Temple

The Konark Sun temple
In the form of a chariot
Drawn by white mythical horses
Cut and built from
Rocks basalt,
Cut and chiseled
And hewn

With the chariot wheels
Set to
And the columns decorated
With the sculptures
In erotic love,
War, devotion and so on
Telling of dharma-artha-kama-and-moksha
Motif of Indian philosophy.

But who, who made them,
When did they
The Ganga kings,
Who, who,
How had it been the times,
How the architects and planners,
How the sculptors

With what tools did they
Carve out and chisel?

Konark Sun temple
Sun facing
With the deity of the Surya,
Sun God
So old
And so scientific
Telling of an age gone by,
Full of architectural
Splendour and magnificence.

A chariot wheel
With the twelve pairs of ornamented wheels
Drawn and driven by seven horses,
The Suraya Narayana at the middle,
Biranchi Narayan
Within the periphery,
Of Puri Jagannath Temple.

People say it
The statue of the Surya Narayana
Lay it at the middle
In between the floor and the roof
Held by some magnetic power
And the diamond set into the statue
Used to reflect beautifully.

The Konark Sun temple,
The Sun temple
Of Bhubaneswar
With Surya Narayana
An image golden
With the sun rays flashing over
At dawn
Against backdrop of the sea,
Sea-facing.

The more I saw see,
The more I get pleasure

In seeing,
Viewing
The Sun temple
Which the invaders and plundered
Could not feel it,
The nomadic hordes.

Barbarian and bestial
And brutal and bloody
They even spared it not
The Sun temple,
I wonder,
Wonder,
How backward had they been,
How illiterate,
How much uncivilized!

Even art and artifacts,
Temples,
They could not,
Could not spare them,
To break and plunder
And loot
Had been, had been
Their culture,
Family tradition
Which learnt they at home.

Iconoclasm
To break and plunder,
To loot
And take the booty
Had been their philosophy,
The rugged man's view of life,
The most uncouth and clumsy people
Had been they
The looters from foreign.

But it was a fault of ours too,
Many paths and many sects
Made us cross
And above all, unitedly

Thought we not,
Lived we not
In a society of
So many differences
In a multi-ethnic, racial society.

Divided had we been,
Divided we, so encroach they into,
Intruded upon our space
As intruders unwanted,
The criminals from far,
The barbarians
Bloody and brutal
Uncivilized and uncultured.

Had they been not uncivilized
And uncultured
And uneducated not,
Would they have,
Would they have the temples
Of other faith
Than that of their own,
Had they been not,
Had they been...?

The other thing too is this
We grew it more superstitious,
Blindly adhering
To customs and rituals
In search of creational search,
Nocturnal vision
Forgetting the early,
Bare realities of life
Gone unheeded.

The priests taught it blindly
Taking faith to be his own,
Adding personally,
The florists and middle men,
The astrologers and palmists,
The soothsayers and oracle-carriers
And the men likewise.

Things create and destroy
Naturally,
This is but Nature,
The way of the world,
What was it will it,
What shall we
They will in future.

O traveler of yore,
Passer-by passing,
Tell me, tell me,
Listeners,
Listeners imaginary,
The construction you have,
The building of the temple
And you passing through the way.

The temple,
The Konark Sun temple,
How gorgeous is it still,
How stupendous and grand
And magnificent,
Bearing testimony
To an age gone by
And the builders anonymous.

Konark,
Konark,
I turn over the album
Of photos
And keep seeing
In wonder and astonishment
The legacy for a tradition.
Artistic skill,
Architectural beauty
Appearing as a vision.

Konark,
Konark
Appearing golden at dawn break,
Glowing

With the retreating steps of the sun.

Konark,
Konark, how magical
The words
And is combination,
Kona and ark,
Kona, meaning angle
And arka, sun,
Meaning hereby, the angle of the sun.

The masons and sculptors
And rock-cutters
Who cut and made the temple
Made in consultation
With the king,
The astrologers,
Astronomers,
Soothsayers,
Oracle- carriers.
The architect,
The sculptor.

The white Pagoda was that of the Puri temple
And the black one
That of The Konark Sun temple
Where resided it the Surya dev,
Surya Narayana,
The Sun god
At Konark,
Konark standing as a heritage site
Preserved by.

The temple in the form of a chariot
With the wheels
And drawn by horses,
A ratha design
Spectacular of course
Rarely to be vied by the poets
Which but is the bliss
Of architects and sculptors.

The elephants and lions
At the entrance,
Carvings on stone,
Sculptures designed
And decorating,
How to describe them
And depict?

I see the architecture
And think about,
I see the sculpture
And feel about
The massive plan of work,
The grand design
Cut and chiseled in stone.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Lady Of The Night, Tell Us Your Name

Night, your sobs and sighs
Find I as the dew's fallen
On grass.

A solitary maiden, where do you go
Striding in the dark,
A lonely lady but under the open skies,
All alone?

Under the milky white sky,
With the moon shining up above
And the stars twinkling,
Where do you go striding?

By the lonely roads, find I you sitting
With the jasmines stuck into
The braid of yours,
Who are you fragrant lady?

Give us your identity,
Speak you, who are you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Lakshmi & Saraswati Of The House

Do not ignore her,
She is Lakshmi, Saraswati,
A house dark and desolate.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Lamp Of Hope

The lamp of hope, I want to burn
Lest it be extinguished.

You be my lamp of hope, I too of someone
And as thus we shall keep it burning.

Puff it not out, extinguish it not,
Put it not out.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Lanes And Bye-Lanes All Packed With Poets, Poets And Poetesses

Wherever go you there lie they crowding the space,
I mean the poets, poets and poetesses,
Indian English Paglets
Discussing English Hamlet.

Oh, the areas packed with poets, poets and poetesses,
The lanes and bye-lanes
Of India
With Indian English poets and poetesses,
There had not been so many poets before
As there are!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Lapse In Judgement

In the statue of the unknown citizen,
The image of his,
Search I myself,
The great man unrecognized, the common man commonly,
But the streak of genius was in him.

□

I had a desire to give the bouquet of flowers to him,
But the torso of his was not,
The bust of his was not there.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Last Benchers, Third-Classers As Advocates, Statistics Shows It

As I have seen them closely
And have come to feel it
Their mind and mentality,
The last benchers and the third-classers
Take to law and justice
As their bargainers and brokers
Rather than living for
And dispensing with justice
Which but pains me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Last Laugh Of Communism/ The Communists

They are the most dangerous people, always politicking, always fiddling with,
The men of fire and ice,
I mean the politicians, those who call themselves leftists,
Walking on the left edge, on the left side of the ways, The Communists
Always finding faults with, commenting and criticizing,
Hatching a plan, plotting for a coup d 'etat,
The overthrow of power, the establishment.

The communists, always in the hunt, look out for power, trying to seize and
capture
Somehow as they the tiger cubs, the men of anger and blood,
The angry young men or the Turks,
To grab power or to keep it with is their motto
And without it they cannot.

Form they a commune, a chain, a link and a group,
Live they in the Party Office, sleep they in, dream they in,
The Party Office, the party men
And without the party they cannot eke out a living,
Party, party, party and politics and power,
Maddening.

They are the dedicated and the devoted men,
Can go to every extent,
To every level for the overthrow of power,
The communistic revolution,
As they believing in using firearms
As for suppressing democratic movements.

They tone down the voice, throttle and suppress it brutally,
Muffling it for ever,
They can censure the press and can ban it
The freedom of speech and expression,
As one party, one leader, one ideology their ideal.

As for stooping to conquer, they can do it all,
Breaking every line to mix up with all,
Distributing leaflets, giving the areas
In the command of the young men,

Styling them as commanders or representatives.

They do politics from the grassroots level,
Training the students from the school level,
Filling the head or stuffing with Marx, Lenin and Mao□
And their materialism, dividing society between
The haves and the have-nots, the rich and the poor, the capitalists and the
labourers,
The proletarians and the well-to-do, the downtrodden and the wealthy.

In communism, the bourgeoisie actually keep the power with,
The clerks and the peons as legislators
Making a fool of bureaucracy and red tapism,
Babu sahebgiri,
The White European sahibs not, the brown sahibs in chair,
Going after prestige,
His jobs he will not like to do himself, not even a glass of water.

Those who call themselves the communists are very shrewd people,
The power-hungry people,
As the hunger for power can take them to every level,
As they like not to compromise with
Their ideology, the hardcore communists,
Rebels and revolutionaries.

They do a very nasty politics as for to nab power, grab and handle it,
Making the plans secretly as to blackmail you
Or to get you eliminated,
They rejoice when a non-communist dies
Or hear they about the death-news of his in the locality,
They can heckle and harass you, keep you in mental pressure,
Torture and sideline.

Their neglect and sidetracking will be as thus that you will fail to bear with
Inflicted upon so inhumanly,
The illiterates, fools and rustics will be your bosses, □
Those who do not know how to talk, how to behave,
How to put their signature,
But no harm see I them in learning to write,
But to implicate it all not good.

Communism is a government or organization of comrades and cadres,

Comrades turned cadres, devoted and dedicated comrades
Turning into regimented cadres, inducted in and registered,
Giving levies to the party, a percentage of whatever they earn it
Annually or half-yearly,
I mean the Reds,
The Red rebels and revolutionaries
Crushing democratic movements. □

The communists are the very complex people, shrewd and mean, trying to keep
power
With them, plotting and planning for overthrows,
Toning down the freedom of speech and expression,
Censuring the press and people's rights,
The comrades gone berserk, on a rampage, vandalizing all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Last Time I Saw Them At The Foothills

The last time I saw the porcupines
At the foothills
And after that nowhere to be traced
The procupines.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Leader As The Boss In Communism

In communism
The leader is but a boss,
A petty bourgeois leader
As a superman,
Bernard Shaw's Man and Superman.

My boss, your boss, his boss,
The boss of all,
of Katherine Mansfield's The Fly story
And the work of the boss is
As how to suppress them
Who want to supersede him,
How to keep talents at bay
So that they keep saluting him.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Left Or Right Drama

What is it in being inclined to the Left or Right-wing ideologies? Both of these are but ways of foreseeing the past and the future.

Are all the Leftists or the Rightists good people?

Many Leftists are but despotic people and many democrats the jokers of parliamentary democracy.

The educational centres should not be treated as political hubs, I think it so personally. This is not to impose upon anyone.

Be they the Leftists or the Rightists, all are but self-centred and selfish people, all those who go politicking.

I do not anyone who is neutral enough, who is so much so humanitarian, rising above the party lies, doing good to all whoever comes to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Leftist Agenda

Man power, fire power and muscle power,
How to form a man-to-man chain,
How to utilize local forces,
How to flex the muscle,
How to communize young brains?

The hidden Leftist agenda and strategy,
How to keep power with them,
how to downplay the good and the noble
Handing power baton to proletariat dictatorship
And bourgeois leadership
And the leader not a man, but a super man.

Mad after power and petty politics,
The Leftists keep improvising,
Manipulating and maneuvering to their favour,
What they think that is unquestionable
And what others do come they under the purview of questioning.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Leftist Agenda And Conspiracy, You Do Not Know

They work as per a plan,
A hidden agenda
And strategy
The leftist think-tanks and ideologues
Selecting members
From different walks of life,
Handing power to them,
Putting the areas under the command of,
The middle class will use power
After appointing handlers
At the grassroots level,
The illiterates, fools, rustics
And wage-earners your leaders,
They will say,
But you will not be able to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Leftist Intelligentsia Are The Biased Fellows

The bourgeois
Whom the communists abhor they,
I mean the Leftist intellectuals and the intelligentsia
Are the most biased people
Whom the communists use and overthrow.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Leftist Strategy And Agenda

Man power, fire power and muscle power,
How to form a man-to-man chain,
How to utilize local forces,
How to flex the muscle,
How to communize young brains?

The hidden Leftist agenda and strategy,
How to keep power with them,
how to downplay the good and the noble
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Manipulating and maneuvering to their favour,
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And what others do come they under the purview of questioning.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Leftists Not At All The Good People

The leftists are the plotters and hackers,
Always plotting, always lie in hacking,
The great strategists
Plotting for falls and hatching plots
For conspiracies.

Ever ready to split society in between
The haves and the have-nots,
The rich and the poor,
The landless and the landowning,
The exploits and the exploited,
But who is what can say it?

They promise to give power to the proletariat
But power lies it with the bourgeoisie,
Teh middle class people hold in power
And rule over,
Exercising it
The autocrats and despots
Censuring the press,
Curtailing people's freedom,
The freedom of speech and expression.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Leg Divine And The Replica Of It

Let me, let me be a red China rose
At the Foot of the Mother Divine,
Let, let me be a red china rose
At the Ankleted Blackly Holy Foot of the Mother.

O, let me, let me be a flower offered to
The Artistic and Sculptural Leg Divine of the Mother,
Just the replica of the one Leg Divine of Kali
And I a hibiscus offered to!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Leopard

The leopard with the black rosettes,
The spots on the golden brown
Cover
Short ears, broad muzzle,
Yellowish grey eyes,
Deadly and brutal,
Wild and ferocious
Going the way,
Pouncing upon
And frisking in the wild,
The leopard,
Leopard with the dark rosettes
On the velvety golden brown leather.

How ferocious and furious
God's creation,
Deadly and mortal,
Ruthless and attacking,
Bloody and brutal
The beast,
The bloody and brutal beast
With the paws and claws
Vehement,
Full of wrath and fuming,
Spewing venom of anger
To clutch along,
Kill and suck blood,
Feast upon flesh!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Library Clerk Has Not Remained A Library Clerk

The library clerk has not remained a library clerk
But has turned into an officer
And the problem is
If everybody turns into an officer
Of some rank,
Who will work in the office?

Leave the acquiring of knowledge
As it may come to unexpected too
Anytime to anybody else
Who ever cleans the book shelves and racks,
The company with the books will itself
Make anyone knowledgeable

But I am sure of
They did not come reading after
As knowledgeable beings,
Now have become
As this is their business
And had it been so,
A mere look at their career will state it so.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Library Man

He had been a Matriculate, and after that did he somehow his I.A. privately,
Clearing forth his B.A. first, later on M.A.

And now after his .,
Calls he a commissioned librarian,
A Public Relations Officer, a Public Information Officer.

Says he, my status is so and so, I am no less than,
Just after doing his simple pass course, one year ., two-year . and .
That he is no less than,
A professor of . yet to be appointed.

I just want to ask, how many good students take to ,
Barring the loop line fellows,
And the U.G.C. too selects from the fewer candidates
And when was . a science
And who does not know book-keeping and library maintenance?

If he had been really a good boy,
Why did he not join after doing his . and .,
But the reality is this that
He is a clerk, an office staffer
And if this be, he is an officer,
Then the college accountant too is a finance officer,
Am I in the wrong?

To serve the people, to help them in giving information
Should have been their motto,
But instead of, calling themselves officers,
And if all call themselves officers,
Then who will like to work?

Similar is the case with Physical Education teachers,
The junior engineers, I mean the overseers,
The demonstrators calling themselves big professors
And in course of time one becomes, one naturally gets it,
But one should forget one's beginning,
As is the case with the D.M.'s P.A. and steno.

I just pray to God to save me from as such postings and placements

In which there is some smell of ego,
Though I too have weaknesses
And as a man, these are bound to be a man
And I cannot be an exception to that. □

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Life Divine By Sri Aurobindo

The Life Divine by Sri Aurobindo is such a text and document
Which trespasses many a trajectory and domain
Of human thought and its evolution,
The mind rising in unison with the Force,
The Power Unknown and Unseen, Transcendental and Cataclysmic, Undergoing
the realms of sadhna to be resolved in terms of
Yoga and yogic reflections.

A sadhaka, a yogi, a teacher and a preceptor, he tried
To see life and the course of evolution in his own way,
Interpreting as per the yoga and its delving,
The concept of Integral Yoga.

It is not at all maya which he adheres to; it is but
Sadhna through yogic practices which but took him to the pedestal
Of thinking and thought and he took to his recourse
In wit, intellect, logic and reason
Apart from different points of purview.

The graph of thought and vision is the length of his narration;
The curve and lining of it the horizon of his theory,
The evolution of human thought and its development,
The space immeasurable.

A prophet and a seer, he has seen in this context,
The range and purview of his delving, always taking him afar,
Dwelling into the realms of wit and intellect,
Contemplation and brooding in abstract terms.

Human thought and its evolution and the creation of the universe
As per the Superman and His Super Mind,
He has tried to present them theologically, intellectually,
After being into the steps of Milton and Shaw.

Shavian and Miltonic, he is graphic and vast, encompassing and Dimensional, as
it remains
The case with the universe and cosmology of Milton, so is his,
But recounting the benefits of transcendental meditation.

The things have been transcended to show them grappling in
A pure and crystal clear metaphysical light,
The range and vision, the spectrum and horizon,
The plan and execution of his voluminous work.

The Life Divine is beyond any debate and discussion
As it covers a broad space and span of annotation
Intellectually and metaphysically.

In the beginning his essays used to appear in the Arya,
An ashrama periodical, but later on he collected and edited them
From time to time to produce a comprehensive work like this
Running into hundreds of pages.

An ambitious work, The Life Divine contains in two Books, inclusive Of so many
chapters to take in the transcendental discussions
Inter-traversing and crisscrossing many
A reflection, thought, idea and view-point logically and reasonably.

Only explanations lie to take to perspectives of life and the world Beyond
explanation,
Who is what, which is what?

It is very difficult to say where we reach to finally,
Some diversion is there of course; some deviation,
The abstract things are beyond the comprehension of the common reader As it is
a type of transcendence; a story in progression.

A huge work, a massive compendium of human knowledge and advancement, It
is an amalgamation of knowledge and wisdom explained through
Yoga and yogic heights of reflection,
A superman as the protagonist speaks in about the super mind at work.

As George Bernard Shaw questions and explains similar the style of The
Maharshi; giving the thesis and the anti-thesis,
As Bertrand Russell talks about the impact of science on society,
The compendium of knowledge and wisdom and the value of
Comprehensive vision similar the scope of Aurobindo's The Life Divine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Life Of A Woman

The life of a woman
A woman knows it
Not a man
Can feel it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Light Divine

The Ring-like Pure Light Divine,
Milky white and dazzling
And drizzling Light Divine,
Sparkling Light,
Can you tell me about
Seen by the sadhus and sadhakas
After years of sadhana?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Light Divine Saw I Flashing Upon

The Light Divine
Saw I
As the Pure Ring of Light
Dazzling and glimmering
And flashing upon
The sadhaka
In sadhana.

The Light divine
Saw I
Sparkling and eye-kissing,
Enlightening and illuminating with
The Light Divine
Flashing u[on.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Light Will Keep Burning

O, the earthen lamp of love will keep lighting and burning,
That light which will not extinguish,
Miss Maddie,
Just for you.

Love are you, the wick too you,
This life too is yours,
The earthen lamp will burn it,
But let you not extinguish the wick.

Samah To Jalti Rahegi
Yare, pyaar ki diya to jalti rahegi,
Wo samah jo bujhegi nahi
Paglee,
Tere liye,
Sirf tere liye.

Pyaar bhi tum hi, batti tum hi,
Yah jindgaani bhi tumari,
Diya to jalegi,
Par batti ko bujhane na dena.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Lion Of The Punjab, Khushwant Singh Is No More (February 2,1915-March 20,1914)

Though the people call him liberal and light,
But Khushwant Singh was not at all so,
A very serious man indeed,
Sober and elegant,
Even failing son Rahul Singh
In appearance and presentation,
Looking more smart than
And people astonished to see him,
Dyed, painted and dented.

A writer, he could tell of Elizabeth and Victoria,
Maharaja Ranjit Singh,
Nehru and Mountbatten
And the Partition literature,
Of the Sikhs and Sikhism,
The colonial and the post-colonial times
Not in terms of critical cannons and division,
But the world as he saw it,
British India and Post-1947 India.

The sense of humour which it had been so strong in him
That he could do it all
To make burst into a laughter,
To caricature it so well,
Using fun, pun and irony,
Taking about fashion, life and the trend of it,
History, politics, art and culture,
The changing scenarios and landscapes.

Adding the experiences of life in column writing,
He took us by surprise and storm,
Doing marvels with the use
Of a pinch of salt and spices,
Serving salty and spicy things to take,
Had the quality of boxing below the permissible level,
Of raking the dead
And making them stirred,

Khushwant was Khushwant,
No comparison with him anymore.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Loafers As Heroes In The Cinema And The Goodmen Villains

The fact is this that the loafers act as heroes
In the cinema
Whereas the good men as villains,
which but we know it not
That the heroes not heroes,
But girl-lovers, drinkers, characterless
Poor-family fellows
Parting in other men produced
And financed films,
the drama company boys and girls
Whereas the good men are engaged otherwise
To act as dreaded villains,
Dons and bosses,
Who are actually not,
But they turn other men's sons
Into villains.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Locomotive Train

Seen from far
By the awaiting passengers so much eagerly
For possible seats if any and uncertain destinations to reach,
But in the meantime
The train whistling and coming,
Coming, coming speedily,
Getting visible and approaching
With a rattle,
The lines jerking,
The halt shaking
And the coal particles flying,
Smokes swirling,
The bogies swinging and shaking
And the train stopping, pausing a bit,
Slowing down
For the passengers to get down
And to board
At the nondescript halt
And again beginning to shake and jolt
With a jerk
As for a re-start and a racing down
And the engine gathering speed,
Rolling up
And the racing bogies again
Vanish they into the far off sight.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Lone Ashthi-Kalasha (The Urn Containing Bodily Ashes)

The lone ashti-kalasha
Hanging by
The peepul tree
On the banks of the river
Near the dark and lonely hamlet,
Is it the essence of life,
Telling of,
What it remains here?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Lone Fox Dancing

From the downs of the woody track and the wild
Came it upon the fox,
Coming in its gait
And with its appearance,
The wildly black birds started crying
And chirping,
Perched on the twigs of the lowly bamboo trees.

The fox,
The lone fox saw I coming,
The lone fox
Without the other companions
Saw I retreating back,
But in the wildly gait of it,
Never tamable,
The savage will remain savage and wild.

The red tooth and claw of Nature,
Saw I in its movement,
Gait of going,
First I took it for a dog,
But a dog it was not,
A fox, a wild animal,
A meat-eater was it,
A non-vegetarian.

I wanted to follow it,
Tame it,
Call it,
But swift-footed and self-tempered appeared it to be,
Without anything to heed to
Or change in nature,
A wild fox was it,
Untamable,
Wild and cleverly.

Its calls once would have raked the forests
But rarely do I hear it now,
But the animal no doubt bloody and bestial

As it can harm the small little girl or boy
While going to the farmland,
Lying ambushed into the bushes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Lone Fox Going

The lone fox
Going on the way
Looking like the dog,
But is not,
A carnivorous animal,
Always in search of flesh
Rotting
Or the left-overs
Of the garbage heap
Or the fowls
It can catch
In some den.
The only animal I sight it
Passing
On the lonely way,
All alone
While the others
Have left
excepting it
Which still appears from
And walks on,
Feeding on
The poisonous left-overs
of modern man.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Lonely Fox Crossing The Barren Terrain

The Lonely Fox Crossing The Barren Terrain

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Lonely Fox Going (Haiku)

The lonely fox going,
How frail and feeble
Has it become!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Loss Of Lives I Shall Not Be Able To See, Be Those Of The Indian Or Pakistani Soldiers

Human loss of lives and casualties

In terms of the soldiers

Lying in a pool of blood,

Fallen or shot,

I shall not,

shall not be able to view

Bed they the Indian soldiers

Or the Pakistani soldiers

Irrespective of the rhetoric

Of irresponsible politicians

Of be that India or Pakistan

Always taking a mileage over

Through tense speeches.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Lotus

The lotus petals
Smeared with dew drops
Opening at dawn light.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Love For Libido, Erotica And Sensuality In Shiv 's Verse

Shiv seems to be drawn towards
The love and attraction of libido,
Sex and sensuality,
Erotica and love-making
Rather than the emotion and passion
Of poetry,
As intuition prevails upon
And he feels drawn to
The bodily canvas,
Marking beauty in the breasts
And the thighs
Rather than in souls.

Kumar is a poet of the body, not the soul,
A lover of flesh and bones,
Blood and warmth
And its sunniness
Rather than the soul,
A describer of the physical contours,
Delighting in seeing the frescoes
Of Ajanta and Ellora and Khajuraho
And Konark,
Drawing inspiration from
And deriving poetically,
A poet of the physique.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Lover Of The Soul

There will many as the lovers of the body,
But how many of us the lover of the soul?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Loves Of Thomas Hardy

Hardy, your love for architectural skill is hereditary,
Inheriting it from your stonemason and local builder father,
Thomas and Jemina,
And in the repair of churches,
Saw you the stories of human relationships and love-making,
The girl reading the Bible,
Full of love,
The torso and the bust of stone
In love or proposing,
Relationships in fissure and fusion,
Turning stone.

Emma Lavinia Gifford, you married her after espousing for long,
Meeting hurdles,
Stiff opposition met on her family's behalf,
But instead of it, carried you on, lived on with expectation,
But estranged all you
And again after death, married you younger secretary,
Thirty-nine to forty years to you, Florence Emily Dugdale.

Hardy, I do not understand your marrying at the age of an older age
That you chose to marry Dugdale,
As I do not understand the purpose of your marriage,
Is it a marriage or a mockery of that,
What did she really from you,
Or, just your for your glory sake
Married she you?

Hardy, what kind of lover were you that you proposed before and married
A young girl like, Dugdale,
Keeping her in the dark,
Showing off your prowess
That succumbed she to you,
Got enchanted, fascinated with you
And chose you, her,
Making her do the greatest sacrifice?

To be a romantic is not to destroy one's life for just yourself,
You should have thought about her pretty heart, god soul

That she devoted herself to your service,
Devoted not, dedicated herself
And felt shattered for you at your death,
But you relapsed in Gifford's past dreams.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Lungi Dance, You Have No Dance Item To Do

You have no dance item to do
Barring this lungi dance,
Taking full air,
The lungi dance is
But a loafer's dance
And the lungi cannot come to anyone's rescue
During the chilly winter.

The lungi dance, the lungi dance
The loafer saying and whistling it
And dancing in his go as you like style,
Dancing and whistling,
The lungi no dress is it,
But the loafer's dance.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Lust For The University Deptt., Try To Ignore

I just see the people
Working in the varsity departments,
Be it Calcutta University,
Burdwan University,
Allahabad University,
Jawaharlal University
Or elsewhere
And compare my c.v.
With those of theirs
To find it,
How name sells it well,
How the same talent lies in waste
In colleges!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Mahout, The Bearman And The Monkeyman

All were busy in becoming landlords, courtiers and king's men,
All busy in pleasing the king and the king's men,
The sycophants and courtiers,
The bards too lost in eulogizing.

None took the pains to record in history, historiography and museumology,
None posed to be a curator,
A history-writer writing the history of man and the world,
A historiographer.

The pains of taming and training wild elephants,
None strove to know it,
The art of keeping, looking after the gigantic animals,
Like the huge chunks of stone
Tumbling.

The bearman with the black-black bears,
Hairy and sniffing,
Hairy, nailed and fluffy,
Dark black
And the man in the hold of the bears,
Going,
Roaming the town ways and lanes.

The monkeyman with the small-small red-mouthed monkeys
Going the ways,
But we know it not their history of keeping,
Training the wild chattering, gnashing the teeth and winking monkeys,
Glare not into their eyes
Otherwise the trouble may brew.

□

We do not know the pains of rearing animals,
The experiences of hunters lying in wait on machans,
Makeshift platforms
As for a vigilance and a watch
On the prowl and movement of the wild animals.

Exotic India of exotic flora and fauna
Had been really impregnable and wayless,

The hills and dense forests used to be barriers
In meeting one people from another,
From one province to another,
But we recorded it not all.□
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Mahua Buds Used To Drip By In Spring And The Pigs Quarrelling At Pre-Morn Dark Time

The mahua buds used to drip by
In spring,
The cuckoos cooing and pecking at
And the jackals howling underneath
And the pigs picking
And quarrelling, grunting
And eating

I used to hear them
From the cottage of my dairy farm
Even from the pre-morn span of time,
A life it was.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Maiden In The Suglasses, Who Is The Heroine?

A maiden in the sunglasses
Often meet I at the town square,
In the city centre
Going across,
Hurrying fast,
The maiden in the sunglasses
Golden-rimmed
And smiling,
A maiden smart and beautiful
And cute,
Smiling and going,
Coming and going
With a smile
About whom have I asked many
A man,
But they have failed,
Failed o to answer,
Who the woman is
In the goggles?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Making And Unmaking Of A Romantic

The making of a romantic
And he dressing as per the latest fashion and design,
Wearing the shirt and pants,
Powdering and creaming,
Wearing a bracelet,
Goggles on the eyes,
The handkerchief on the nose,
A flower in the hand,
A necklace hanging over,
A golden wrist watch on the hand
And he going in the boots
And perfumed,
Whistling a song,
Humming on the way of life
To dodge others
And to return back
As a loafer.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Making Of A Fanatic

The making of a fanatic,
It is none but the conservatives
Out-dated and old and pale,
The orthodox
Outmoded and worn
Made it materialize,
I mean the fundamentalists
Odd and obscure,
Nomadic and medievalistic.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Making Of A Feminist

The woman pleading
In the court
As a lawyer, an advocate,
A pleader
A feminist in the making.

A woman in
The dark black robes
Arguing,
Debating and discussing,
Fighting cases.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Making Of A Modern Indian English Poet

Before the making of a modern Indian English poet,
Wavered he,
The gentleman in being a practitioner of verse,
Indo-Anglican or Anglo-Indian,
Indian poet in English or Indian English poet,
As written English served his purpose,
Spoken English learnt he laboriously,
Native mother tongue not, but alien?

An Indian English poet in the making,
In the aftermath of independence,
When the English left they India,
They thought of becoming Englishmen,
Going by the way of Gandhi,
Emulating the English in coat, pants, tie and boots,
Sticking a red rose in the coat button like Nehru.

When left they India, thought they of becoming
Complete Englishmen,
Putting off their moustache and beards,
The clean-shaven personalities
But hollow from within,
Putting off their dhoti, kurta and pagadi
And the thin towel on the shoulders
And for to be English poets,
Learnt they as how to wear the English dress.

The cigarette on the lips and they taking puffs,
The villagers marking them,
The trails of smoke rising,
Ashes shaken into the trays,
The butts and stumps thrown,
Another piece lit on
And poetry coming to,
Great stanzas of it not,
But the tidbits and gossips, chats and broken stanzas
Of it making a way to.

The poets as the modern Indians trying to go

To the cinema halls to see the pictures,
Learning as how to say,
Goodbye, please, thank you, bye-bye,
Hi-hello, good night, see you,
Learning more about the parks, evening walks,
Picnics, holidays, tours and visits,
The theatres and the circuses,
Parties, bars and clubs.

Going to the airport, marking the foreigners
Doing hi-hello, kiss you, bye-bye, ta-ta,
See you again, good night
And saying to themselves, all that seen,
The girl wife questioning the things imitated
And asking their meanings in the vernacular
But the husband in the quest of an English memsahib.

Wearing the shirt and pants with a belt around the waist,
The goggles on the eyes,
The handkerchief on the mouth
As to show and save from dust and ugliness,
Scent sprayed on,
Face cream and powder applied on,
The hero going on
Seeing the watch on the wrist,
A modern man, an Indian country man in style.

The book fairs, art exhibitions polish him more,
Away from the countryside hamlet homes,
Indian life-style and mannerism,
He thinks of adapting to the Western one,
Talking of cafeterias, sipping of coffee,
Tasting cold drinks in astonishment,
With the burning throat for the first time,
Taking a lesson in modernity and modernism.

Tea parties, marriage parties, gluttons' partying not,
But buffet system type,
Troubling the gourmets, the big takers from the countryside,
I mean the village guest complaining
Against the buffet system feeding and reception,
Honeymoons engaging the mindscape

And they trying to find explanations
And in every inch, they trying their utmost best
To be townsmen, citymen,
The people of the urban space.

Learnt he as to how to handshake warmly,
Admonishing all animosity and hatred within,
In an extension to warm friendship,
Acknowledging the acceptance of mistakes
Or errors be any,
Confessing before the Lord,
Going with the city time,
Calling themselves busy,
Not very busy as the conceited men say they today.

After reading Spenser, Wyatt, Drayton and Shakespeare,
Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats and Byron,
Tennyson, Browning and Arnold,
They feeling spirited
To be English poets,
Taking a cigar, not a cheroot,
Abandoning tobacco to chew and the leafy beedi to smoke,
An improvised local product,
They striving hard to be Indian English poets.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Making Of A Philosopher

With the head on the palm
Of the hand
Into a reclined state
Of reflection or delving
And dwelling ti far
Makes it a philosopher,
Gives the pose of a philosopher
In a mood of philosophizing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Making Of A Poet

The making of a poet, how did he come to start writing poems,
Start writing poems in English, □
The making of a poet, □
I want to take it up,
How did he come to be a poet?

The making of a poet, I want to deal with and deliberate upon,
Be he a singer of heart or a painter of words,
A photographer or an imagist,
A linguist or a modernist,
A stylist or a breaker.

In the past, the bards used to just praise and sing of,
Mainly the saints used to be singers,
The saintly-divine wandering fakirs,
The saints as the writers of sublime and devotional poems,
The sadhakas as the feelers of the Light Divine
With mystical flashes.

But everyone cannot clear the throat, as tuning comes through
Practice and perfection,
And all cannot be singers,
Something is sung as for melodious hearing
And something for to read and enjoy.

There are several aspects which help in becoming a poet
And are essential in the making of a poet,
How much sensitive and sentimental one is,
How much sensitive is he,
Has he suffered, struggled and served selflessly,
How passionate, emotional and full of feelings is he?

Poverty and philosophy are essential as these help in the making of a poet
And without which one may not,
As suffering is essential for to be purged out,
As the protagonist has to struggle
And to serve selflessly.

The progression of a poet is just like the pilgrim's progress

As the pilgrim on a pilgrimage,
Going an up-hill journey,
Chanting and going bare-footed,
Whispering, whispering it,
How far the way?

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Making Of A Poet (Ii)

Poetry writing is a continual process
And it takes time in to be a poet,
Just one should have the aptitude for,
Flair for writing
Without which one cannot be,
Poetry is thoughts, ideas and reflections,
Images and motifs, myths and mysticism,
History and historicism,
History of man, earth and times,
Human life and time and development.

For to be a poet a man needs to be a thinking man,
One sensitive and sentimental
And sensuous enough to take up and catch fever
And frenzy with poetry,
A reader of man and manners, society around,
Its etiquettes and manners, morality and ethics
Using for different purposes,
The poet is a man thinking about man and his destiny,
The poet as a philosopher thinking about human predicament,
As a sadhaka doing the sadhna of poetry
After invoking the Muse.

A lover of art and society and culture, the poet is a man
Speaking about man and heritage retrospectively,
A lover of man, birds, beasts and flowers
He is a spokesman of life and the world,
Forests and greenery, pastures and hills, dales and vales
The joys of his his giving inner delight
And satisfaction to his heart,
A lyric writer writing the lyrics of life and the world,
A singer of heart he sings from his within
And the lines seem to be breaking from spontaneously.

For to be a poet one needs to be a good reader,
A writer and a spokesman, I mean an orator,
A researcher and a lover of antique things,
A voracious reader and a reviewer,
A visitor of art galleries,

A lover of music and songs,
Deriving from museums, historical excavations,
Olden books, calligraphy, myths, folktales,
Wild flowers and blooms, flora and fauna,
The poet for poetry's sake.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Making Of A Refugee

Driving out from your home,
How can I turn you
Into a refugee,
Which but not in my philosophy?

Who says you are a refugee,
You are not,
You are a man, man?

From a gipsy to a refugee,
Where have you come to,
A gipsy to a refugee?

And after being a refugee you in
A no-man's land
A no-man loitering about.

Seeking food and shelter and refuge,
With the tears dried into the eyes
And with a bowl into the hands.

Your house is now mine and you driven
Out of your house,
How can it be, how can it be?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Man On The Buffalo Also A Minister In Bihar

The man
On the buffalo
Also a minister
In people's Bihar
Going to the assembly
From the diyara, riverine belt
With a lathi
Into the hands
And a tikki,
A clamp of hair
Hanging
From the crown
Of the head.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Man On The Buffalo May Be A Minister

The man
Sitting
On
A buffalo
May be
He
A minister
Of India.

India
Of the unpadhs,
The unread
And ganwars,
Rustics
Is the other side
Of the picture.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Man On The Platform

Man of the platforms
Moving from this platform to that platform,
In the train bogies
With the load of the luggage to carry with.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Maniac Man

A maniac man what the causes of his mania I know them not
Whether hereditary or familial
Or as for excessive labour
And lesser nutritious diet
Has he turned into
Or has for excessive studies and readings.

I do not want to mock at him, but often see I going on the road
Touching the stones,
Rounding and rounding to reach art and abandon,
Where he has not go, goes he,
Whatever has he not to touch, tries to touch he for an experimentation.

A maniac man locking and re-locking the box,
Having locked, trying to check in time and again
By pulling the lock,
Checking is no doubt too
And one should be on guard of course
But for once or twice,
Not for time and again.

Crossing the railway line near the halt,
Crossing and re-crossing
What did it happen in his heart inner mind,
God knows it,
Who will rescue him from his mania?

Moving on the road, touching and re-touching stones,
Who can ever say
What it is happening in his consciousness,
Why is this mania,
Why is this madness?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Market Of Poetry

The market of poetry is very dull,
You going cartful and selling it not,
The market of poetry as sells it not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Marshy Plot Scenery (A Haiku)

The white-white lilies,
The white-white cows
With the white-white storks stalking.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Masanjore Dam

The Masanjore Dam
Built over a rivulet flowing
In between the hills
And their clusters.

The sun shining blue,
The light falling on the hills
And the hills shining blue,
I can view as long as the sight falls on.

The Masanjore Dam,
The waters appearing green and crystal clear
Of the hilly rivulet
But as for the dam waterful.

The rivulets of the plateau region
Generally remain waterless
As the excess water drains out
From the highland to the low lying.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Media Man

I smile on hearing them saying, I am a media personality,
A press spokesman,
A reporter, a correspondent,
They saying it often
And this I have been hearing it since my childhood.

In the small town, the district town of the then times,
I used to hear,
He is a reporter, a correspondent,
But we used to view life otherwise,
How to be a man was most important to us
Rather than becoming a newsman?

Instead of farmlands and properties,
We aspired to be Brahminical,
Religious, devout and pietistic
Rather than critical of,
Believed in dharma and karma
And the reaping of consequences.

Many who used to bring out local dailies
Used to do this and that,
The petty-petty men
Bringing out petty-petty things
As well as petty-petty poems,
Even the non-matrices bringing out.

The correspondents, reporters and newsmen are like
Pleaders and insurance company agents
And these will rise high in life
As for goodness or badness,
But the original will trail and lag behind,
I am sure of it,
As have seen it personally.

One media man said he,
I go to even that place where the dead body lies thrown off
And it is in reality a news item,
What the media man said struck it not,

As he reports for money, name and fame
But I try to be human
And this is the difference to be felt and marked. □

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Medieval Period Is The Darkest Period Of Indian History

The medieval period is the darkest period
Of Indian history,
It was a time of loot, plunder, invasion
And rape,
Temple-breaking and communal disharmony,
How could the foreigners tax and levy
The natives and locals
If the kings themselves foreigners,
In a minority
And the public in a majority?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Medieval Period Is The Period Of Indian History

The medieval period is the darkest period
Of Indian history
Whatever say you about it,
I shall not contradict,
But I know the things,
Can feel it,
Seeing the ruins
Of taxshila, Nalanda, Vikramshila, Odantapuri,
What the historians say that is not history,
Taken to be granted,
They have distorted fact and fiction.

The history, loot, plunder and invasion of Delhi
Cannot be the history of India,
Why to read the looters and invaders only,
Had they been reformers,
We would have definitely,
But they were looters, invaders, rapists,
Temple-breakers?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Medieval Woman Trafficker With The Cage-Bird I Still See Them In A New Form

Keeping her caged,
Rugged, turbaned and uncouth,
The fanatical, orthodox and conservative trafficker and the bootlegger
Go about seling her.

Just like a green and pink-necked parrot,
The astrologer goes about using the bird
As for picking the zodaic cards of fate
As to prophesize.

The same middle men, astrological men, as per oracles
Demanded the first girl issues
To be given to the temples
To be devadasis and nautch girls.

But the things remain not classical and devout,
One loses chastity and gets tempted to,
This is but human nature,
The same sacred speaker a little later turns into a bhogi,
Have seen the tears falling the eyes of a nun,
The yogans and sevadasis?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Memsahab Of My Bungalow

A little ahead superior wife,
May be richer than, better in complexion or in position,
I mean the villagerly girl,
Wanting to be modern-modern,
Going with the vanity bag
Stylistically
In up-to-date, but outdated in
The latest attire.

And lo, she is with the vanity bag,
With Bobby-cut hair,
Lipstick, face powder and cream applied,
Rosy-rosy and so sweet and young,
Just like a theatre girl,
Going her way,
In her rocking style
With an air of ego and vanity,
Of looking beautiful-beautiful
And I following from behind
In cramped loose shirt and pants
Uncombed and unironed.

My comparatively modern wife going to bazaar
And I following her,
She with a leather vanity bag
But I with a nylon plastic bag,
She ahead of me
But I following from behind,
Keeping a watch on her,
With whom smiles she,
Has she smiled or not
While going the way,
I marking it, taking a note of?

My wife looking like a memsahib,
Not a British officer's, but an Indian brown saheb's
Imitating Indian wife,
She like a memsahib
And I a servant of hers,

She asking me to do household jobs
And I doing submissively,
May be it she will leave me
And go away,
As she is modern and up-to-date
And I lagging behind.□

From a distance where is she going,
Wearing and dressing,
In a fine make-up and dress-up
Powdered and creamed
A fashion and apparel designer girl,
A beautician on the way,
I marking from a distance
Whether she taking a turn or stopping
Or talking to or smiling at
Just like a domestic spy, but not as a villain,
Where is my memsahib going,
Not a British, but Indian memsahib,
My bibi,
Saheb, bibi aur gulam
And they playing cards in British-time
To beat the Indian summer.

My wife with the vanity bag and I with
The plastic bag
Going the way, to bazaar
And I following from behind,
She in the sandals
And I in the torn rubber slippers,
She lipstick-applied and powdered
And I in clumsy and odd clothes
Wearing dhoti and kurta,
She going to market in a make-up
And I after my bibi,
She smiling critically
And I trying to make it out laboriously.

Younger, better and more intelligent
I fear I may lose her,
Someone may misguide and take her away,
As the world is not good at all,

Maybe she immature,
But will understand later on,
When age will overshadow her,
The sense will dawn upon,
Not now, it will take time,
As she is young enough
And the age-difference too is there
And the other I too do not want to take her to market.

My stylistic memsaheb younger and superior,
Richer and wiser
As for age-gap, intelligence and modernity sake,
Going to market
And I following from behind,
She in sandals and Western attire
With a vanity bag hanging from
And I in clumsy dhoti and kurta and rubber slippers
And she failing to recognize the servant,
The henpecked hubby.

My memsahib looking pretty and beautiful,
Younger and cute,
Modern but countrified
With the newer but outmoded dress of her own,
As the trend has changed, going her way
And I following from behind
The queen of my heart,
Following from behind
Where the dressed-up memsahib going,
Where my ladylove.

What to do as I too fail to give her cosmetics
And dress materials,
I too am after my daily trifles,
My earning too not good,
She herself tries to look after the affairs
And the things in the control of
And hence, the mentality
And lo, she is twisting her lips and face
As her notoriety I can understand,
The love of a countrified, but simple girl.



Bijay Kant Dubey

The Men Of Theatre, Heroes, Heroines & Villains

They are the men of the theatre theatrical in their lives and will turn other men's sons into villains whereas the filmy villains will get the awards from the Govt. of India for their acting.

The heroes had not been heroes, now call they in the lights falling, the cameras flashing upon and the colours and paints they use in for to be heroes.

The heroines beautiful girls selected sitting in the parlours and the houses of the interior decorators with the goggles on the eyes talking of fashion and apparel designing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Merchant Of Dreams, The Magician Of Words

What have you thought about?
Only dreams, dreams, dreams.

What are you thinking about?
Only dreams, dreams, dreams.

What have you thought about?
Only dreams, dreams, dreams,
only dreams, dreams, dreams.

N.B. In Bengali

Swapaner Saudagar, Swapaner Jadugar

Bhabe jo ki tumi?
Shudhu sapno, sapno, sapno.

Eto bhabccho je ki tumi?
Sudhu sapno, sapno, sapno,
Sudhu sapno, sapno, sapno.

In Hindi

Sapnoka SAudagar, Sapnoka Jadugar

Socha hain jo kyo tumi?
Kewal sapna, sapna, sapna.

Soch rahe ho jo kya?
Kewal sapna, sapna, sapna,
Kewal sapna, sapna, sapna.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Middle Path Of Buddha

Buddha lost in his sadhna
Under a tree
But the song of the dancers
Sounding unto him,

Do not tighten the strings so much
That give away they,
Do not loosen so much
That the music comes out not

And he drawing from, taking a lesson from
After loosening the hard penance
For enlightenment's sake.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Midnight Of Mother Kali

The midnight is Mother Kali,
The time to worship Her,
Call and invoke Her,
The Mother Supernatural and Nocturnal
And she is but Power, Power Divine,
To be felt, not to be said to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Milk Miracle

It was really amazing to see Ganesha sipping milk,
Sipping milk from early of the morning
And the rumour as an euphoria gripping all,
Coming from far and wide,
Spreading like some wildfire
And engulfing it all
That Lord Ganesha sipping milk,
An Indian god,
As was broadcast,
Sipping milk in the temples,
Offered by the devotees directly
As milk is lessening,
Where all that gone instantly,
The devotees wondering simply?

Crowds gathered on, people talked of
The miraculous and astounding taking of the milk,
Ganesha with his trunk
Drinking milk and blessing on just like
Pouring forth from the trunk
Or sprinkling shantih water,
But later on the crowd started dispersing
And the things seemed to be altered
And the media explained it otherwise,
The agnostic broadcasters and rock specialists.

I too went to see, but at that time
The duration of the miracle seemed to be finished off
And the power was not,
As it seemed to be when the spell of the spectre was on,
Ganesha accepting and showing the miracle magically,
The more I cannot explain,
You just imagine about,
What was it scientifically
As and when the magic was gone,
The spell of the moment,
The time of the euphoria?

The Milk Miracle, An Indian Elephantine God, Lord Ganesha Sipping, Dripping Milk

It was broadcast on the radio, aired on the waves
On the basis of the heresies
As rumoured by the early temple-visitors,
Lord Ganesha sipping milk,
People thronged the temples with rock-statues
To feel the Divine Spectacle
Of Ganesha drinking milk,
The euphoria gripping the people.

The news spread it far and wide,
The broadcast aired on the radio explained
From foreign scientifically
As the statue goes slanting
So one cannot
The milk streaming down,
But the spectacle continued it unnoticed
Till the time□
And before one could explain,
The spectacle closed by.

Hearing them, I too proceeded on
But by then the spectacle had come to an end,
The crowds had left the place,
Wanting to have a mystical feel of the moment,
But everything cannot felt en mass,
The spectacle was an inner feeling
To be kept in heart,
But they made it public,
Putting it for an explanation,
Whatever be that, it was a moment,
A specific time to feel the blessing of Ganesha.

When the first batch of the people went to the temple
To offer milk and water to Ganesha,
They came to notice it
Milk vanishing from,
It was a Divine Moment, a Divine Feeling

To feel and share within
Rather than making it public,
Ganesha drinking milk,
Sipping link in the Indian temples,
Come and see,
Go and test the Spectacle Divine
Which but Ganesha stopped it later on.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Milkman Too A Leader In India And His Milkman Party

The milkman too a leader
In India
With the Milkman Party
Vote for Cow Symbol
Or the Buffalo
Or the Milk Can.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Milkmen As The Leaders From Bihar

The milkmen
As the leaders
From Bihar,
the cowboys, buffalomen and goatwomen,
All leaders,
Leaders
From Bihar,
Backward and uneducated,
Illiterate and foolish.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Mind Is Like A Blackboard

The mind is like a blank blackboard,
Something we remember it
And something forget we
Even though try to
It comes to not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Mind Is Like A Blank Blackboard

The mind is like a blackboard
With nothing written over,
Blank, all blank,
If want to write, write you
On the blackboard,
If not, write you not
And sometimes it is written over,
Sometimes things get dusted off,
Something ti remains as a residue
And something it gets deleted from the mind.

Just like the recharge voucher, the memory card,
The talk time,
Things get processed,
Sometimes the SIM fails
And the connection too gets snapped off.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Missing Man Of Indian English Poetry: A Study Of Adil Jussawalla's Poetry

Where you the missing man of Indian English poetry,
Appearing and vanishing out,
Appearing on the literary horizon
With Land's End (1962) and Missing Person (1972)
And disappearing?

When had been a young boy of twenty-two, you published your first work
And thereafter a gap of ten years,
Your second volume of poetry,
But you could make a way out
As there had been a few to write in English,
As you had been a Bombayan.

too supported you by publishing Land's End,
Written against the backdrop of modernism and urbanity,
Of Europe and England
As you had been to England to be an architect,
But English drew it otherwise.

You taught at a language school in England
And after having returned to India in 1970,
Taught at r's College, Bombay
Between 1972 to 75,
An Honorary Fellow at the International Writing Program, Iowa in 1977.

His second collection, Missing Person, appeared from Clearing House
Of Chitre and Kolatkar combinations,
A press of writerly joint venture
And after that you could not be traced,
Spent doing literary journalism
Which kept you alive.

Again after a silence of 35 years and more, he is resurfacing with his poetry
volumes
Trying to Say Goodbye and The Right Kind of Dog,
Talking of Ekalavya and Karna
And Daruwalla of Charvaka.

A Parsi poet, he is of Bombay and its cityscape,
The airports and terminuses, parks and cafes,
Theatres and halls,
Poetic fragmentation, disjointed times, searching for an ethos,
Alienation and rootlessness,
The things of his.

Instead of being raised in Zoroastrian faith,
Something he has learnt that he got from Anglican schools
Looking Christian in element,
But the lines and images of his distorted and broken.

A literary man, he has even selected poems for Debonair magazine
And has acted as Literary Editor
As well as Acting Editor of it,
Barring his literary reviews and columns published
In newspapers from time to time.

His poetry is as such that one will naturally call it
Modern, modernistic and post-modern
And this is a modern style to present
Broken statements and distorted imagery
As most of us urban, rootless and city-bred.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Missing Man Of Indian English Poetry

The missing man of Indian English poetry,
Adil Jussawalla is the missing man
Of modern Indian English poetry,
The Eliotesque hollow man,
The Audenesque unknown citizen,
A poet of the broken rhythm and length,
Conversational and referential,
A Parsi poet writing the poetry
Of Eklavya and Karna,
A poet of Bombay,
The sea coasts, sea beaches and air ports of it,
The urban space of it,
A poet of the partition people
And the no-men
Living in a no-land.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Missing Man Of Indian English Poetry, Adil Jussawalla

A poet of the missing man,
Adil Jussawalla himself is the missing person
Of Indian English poetry,
The Parsi man and poet
Who kept silent
After Land's End and Missing Person
And again returning
After a thirty-five year interval.

A poet of the missing man,
His protagonist,
I mean the poetic persona
Too is the missing person,
The modern hollow man,
The protagonist of the urban space,
Marking the land's end.

Thinks he privately and personally,
How did the ancestors from Persia,
Where his homeland,
What his identity,
Ethos, history and culture,
The mother tongue of his
And the alternatives?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Missing Man Of Modern Indian English Poetry

Where is the missing man of Indian English poetry,
Went missing and found again,
I mean Adil Jussawalla,
Resurfacing after a thirty-five year break?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Mist

Into the mist all around,
The hamlets disappearing,
neither I can see you,
Nor can you
In the mist around.

I cannot see where you stand
Just the mist around,
Around me
And around you,
A misty winter morning is it.

The ways are not visible,
The houses not located,
Just into the fog and the mist
Am groping,
Taking to perception.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Mistress Of The Publisher Too An Upcoming Indian English Poetess

The mistress, I mean the fiancée
Of the Indian English poetry publisher
Too an upcoming poetess
Just after her M.A.
And .

The mistress, the fiancée
Of the Indian English poetry publisher
Too a poetess,
Those who are not,
But the newly found love is.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Mobile Phone And The Philosophy Behind

Information, communication,
Wireless transmission,
Speech sent across instantly,
Time saved, distance approached
Is the main thing.

Clutching the world along
Into the fist,
The message is sent
Clutching geography and geology,
Globally positioning.

The purpose behind it is to send
Messages, get it sent in-voice,
The philosophy of the information scientist
So that he has made it,
The purpose and agenda of information technology
And the tool applied for.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Modern Age

The modern age
Of science and technology,
Engineering and construction,
Roads and links,
Bridges and dams,
Electricity and housing,
Post offices and telegraphs.

The modern age
Of the radio, the cinema,
The theatre and cosmetics,
The television,
The telephone,
The wireless handset,
The textiles.

Had the food been not
In the belly,
Had clothing been not,
Good houses to dwell in,
Could we have been modern,
Had we not gone to schools,
Had there been not courts and police stations?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Modern Indian English Poetess

A modern careerist, professional girl
With the managerial expertise,
Calling herself a poet,
A girl mod, bobbed, hi-fi,
City-bred and fashionable
And ever changing,
Technical, mechanical
And artificial
In relationship and make-up.

A girl hotelier, hosteller,
of the convent,
Frank, bold and entrepreneurial,
Adventure-loving and risk-taking,
Always outing
With the work-experience
Or love of a career
Similar to that of the fashion designer,
The air-hostess, a beautician or an interior decorator.

She will not work in the house,
Will leave the kitchen
Into the hands of a care-taker,
A baby-sitter to take care of her children
And into the goggles will go for
Shopping and outing,
Dating and picnicking
And saying
That she is unmarried,
Still a bachelor,
Living single.

As a business executive, a private assistant,
A flower girl or a saleswoman,
A bar tender
or a cabaret dancer,
Likes she to work,
Take a career
Leaving the child

As for the husband to look after
And the food to cook,
Just like the daughter
Of a Marwari businessman.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Modern Man I Am Sure

The modern man I am sure
Is going to be
Post-modern to modernistic
To back journey
Modern
Where from started it the journey
Of life and of modernity.

The modern man I am sure of
Going to be post-modern to modern
And the final journey for return home
Will be on the bullock-cart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Modern Music Director With The Plugged In Wires

The modern-age music director with the plugged in wires
Going on the roads,
Haven't you seen?

A modern music director
Hearing the modern music of life plugging the earphones
And going on the road of life.

The modern boy in the jeans and the T-shirt,
Goggles, belt and with a wrist watch
Plugging the earphones going on the road, the road of life.

But the road zigzagged and turning
And curving
And with the risks of moving on.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Modern Poet With A Cigarette On The Lips

I smoking a cigar
And verses coming to me
Just as the trail of smokes.

The butt held in between the fingers,
A burning, blazing cigar,
Poetry-lines coming to.

Ashes shaken into the tray,
The embers radiating with a few puffs
And again, poetry coming to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Modern World From A Saleswoman's Point Of View

The modern world from the saleswoman's point of view

A big bazaar

And man as customer going to buy and sell.

Multi-complexes and plazas welcoming them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Modern-Day Poet

The poet with the mobile handset talking with,
Writing on the computer screen,
With the help of the mechanical, electrical, electronic or digital mouse,
E-mailing, faxing and scanning and sending,
Putting the poems on the internet with the websites of his own.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Modi Wave

How did the people rally behind him,
Giving him a clear mandate,
A full-length majority,
Voting him to power,
Putting confidence in the personality
And believing him
And now it is his turn
To steer across the vessel?

The people of India will wait for and watch
For the development
Taking place,
women, children and young men
All have some expectation from him,
Never communally,
But keeping development in mind
And tuning to it properly
He has to come out
Which but the demand of the age,
Unemployment, joblessness and shortage of resources,
The need of the hour to be looked into.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Mongol Girl

The Mongol girl
Chinese-Chinese and beautiful,
Ethnic and nomadic
And Central Asian,
Exotic and indigenous.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Mongoose

The mole-like, rat-like
Ash-coloured, blackly small creature
With a pointed muzzle
And a typical tail
Passing through the bushes
Saw I all of a sudden
crossing over the road,
The mongoose,
Wild mongoose.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Monkey Showman Came He With A Pair Of Red-Mouthed Small Rhesus Monkeys

The monkey showman
Came he
With a pair of
Two rhesus
Red-mouthed
Small monkeys,
The female was
In a torn frock
And the male
He started
To ready him
As for the marriage,
Powdering him
With the dust,
Combing and dressing.
Making him see
The mirror
And he playing the damru
And singing,
The groom going
To the bride's house
As for the marriage,
Rounding and rounding
The monkeyman
Into whose hands
The rope is
And playing the damru
With a slinging tied thread
To beat the leather.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Monkey-Man

The monkey showman comes he dressed in uncouth clothes,
Clumsy and soiled,
With the two Indian monkeys,
Red-mouthed small-breed monkeys,
Grinning and chattering and ogling,
Etching the body and rounding about

With a chain and a belt supporting,
Tied around the neck
And the chain into the hands of the master
And he sounding the little damru

And telling a cooked narrative,
Ay, a ballad,
That the he-monkey is going to marry
And so that he is groveling into dust out of joy
And the she-monkey shy of all that behind the master

And the master readying the bridegroom
By patting and kissing,
Combing the hair,
Saying into the ears
And powdering falsely the face with
As for to look beautiful.

The she-monkey in a half frock,
Tattered and soiled, understanding it not,
What it's going on in-between
The spectators and the showman.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Moon Over The Hills

The moon going
Over the hills,
Climbing and climbing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Moonshine

Silvery moonlit nights
Do not let me sleep,
The talks of your love,
The moon-blenched earth,
The orbs glistening.

Who is the girl standing afar?
I remember you, my love
Even though you are far from me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Morning Time

The morning time changing into a dawnbreak
And the lotus petals unfolding
With the dew's splashed over.

The sun rays falling over,
The birds chirping
And the world arising from sleep.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Mother Hanuman Monkey With The Kid Jumping

It is a beauty to see
The golden brown but black-mouthed
Mother hanuman monkey
Jumping down
From the branches
Of the tree
With the kid
Sticking to,
Taking to,
Clutching along
And the kid ogling,
Ogling without a wink,
The hanuman,
Hanuman kid.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Muffled Vedic, Upanishadic Note In Jayanta Mahapatra

The muffled, transmuted
Vedic and Upanishadic note
In Jayanta Mahapatra
And its vibration
He recapitulates
What it goes
Resounding
Om,
AUM,
Throw into the waters
And the ripples will figure upon
With the break of dawn
And the cockcrow
And with it
The lines, queues and rows
Of the Puri temple,
The Konark Sun-temple,
The Lingaraj temple
And the break of sound
Reverberating
Telling something,
Taking to yore
The old brassy bells
Tolled by unknown hands
Over the centuries.

The history of universe, the creation of it
So many dawns and twilights
Telling it,
The break of sound,
The creation of the universe,
The Vedic chants
With the sacred syllables
And the peaks
Of Dhavalgiri and Annapurna
Besmeared with
Ice and snow

Where the hermits,
Sadhus and sadhakas
With the ash-lines
And a red vermillion spot
On the forehead
Keep meditating.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Mukteswar Temple, Bhubaneswar

The Muktestwar Temple of Bhubaneswar,
Orissa
See I
And feel I,
Who,
Who made it,
Whose work is this,
The grand temple
Cut in stone,
Chiselled and hewn
Out of the large chunks of stone,
Rocks and boulders,
The Mukteswar temple
Devoted and dedicated to Lord Shiv
In a minar form
Rising and rising?

The long-standing temple
In a design
Ornamental and artistic,
Sculptural and architectural,
Cut and designed
With a few sculptures,
Not so many,
But cut into
And chiselled artistically,
Striped and framed
With the intrinsic stonework
Chiselled and cut through,
A temple so artistic,
With the arched gateway welcoming in
To the sanctum sanctorium.

The temple pyramidal
But cut through
And chiselled
And artistic
Ad sculptured
With damsels and the figurines

Of the gods
Decorating it
And carved out artistically,
Cut and chiselled
And panelled
And bordered
And embroidered,
Designed and architectural
And striking
And stupendous
And grand.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Mukteswar Temple, Bhubaneswar, Orissa

The Muktestwar Temple of Bhubaneswar,
Orissa
See I
And feel I,
Who,
Who made it,
Whose work is this,
The grand temple
Cut in stone,
Chiselled and hewn
Out of the large chunks of stone,
Rocks and boulders,
The Mukteswar temple
Devoted and dedicated to Lord Shiv
In a minar form
Rising and rising?

The long-standing temple
In a design
Ornamental and artistic,
Sculptural and architectural,
Cut and designed
With a few sculptures,
Not so many,
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And chiselled artistically,
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With damsels and the figurines

Of the gods
Decorating it
And carved out artistically,
Cut and chiselled
And panelled
And bordered
And embroidered,
Designed and architectural
And striking
And stupendous
And grand.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Murkhamnatri (The Foolish Minister)

One who does not know to talk with others,
How to behave,
That rustic fellow from the countryside,
I mean the hamlets and thorps
Too a minister.

Uncultured and uneducated, illiterate and blunt,
He has nothing to do
Rather than bluffing others,
Bluffing and threatening,
Looting money from the treasury
On fraud vouchers and bills.

On the bullock-cart sits he,
On a billy goat,
He plays the role of a herdsman,
Turbaned and towelled,
Going in his rustic way,
A lathi man of politics,
Threatening with his lathi the all.

If the controversial public mandate goes in such a way,
Opting for an alternative if it drains out,
What will it be the fate of the nation
And developmental programmes for public upliftment,
He will just come, talk big and do nothing,
Will instigate and provoke
The poor against the rich
And get his works done as thus,
Divide and rule policy?

A fool has nothing as his morale,
He has nothing to lose,
A son of a very small man,
He has just the big talks
Which he has got through his bulging cheeks,
A tobacco-eater takes he tobacco, rubs and chews
And spits everywhere,
Speaking in blunt Bhojpuri or some other dialect,

Doing the rough tough,
Calls himself a leader, how can it be?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Music Comes By a

The music comes from within,
The music of life, the music of the world,
The music of the soul,
The music of pulsation and vibration.

Into the theatre of life,
The stage set upon,
The music of the opera keeps it going,
Keeps it going all,
Life and its music.

The poet a keeps gathering
The broken images
Of Eliot
To reshape and refurbish
The waste land.

Dance and music corroborate each other
To produce the real cadence of music,
The rhythm of speech
To produce the fusion
Expected and derivative.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Music Of Today, The Modern Music

The goats bleating,
Horses neighing,
Asses braying.

I rocking the bands,
You rocking the bands,
I rolling you,
You rolling me
And we doing rock n roll,
The music sounding jarring,
Full of musical instruments
And their sounds
And you singing
And I failing to take to your fineness of the throat,
Your singing tone.

I looking disco, you disco,
The disc playing,
The bell-bots, hippie-cut hair,
I looking up-to-date,
You too up-to-date.

The hostellers and the hoteliers
All dancing, singing and shaking the body,
The hostellers sounding their pots
For food
And the hotellers
For drinks,
All faded, faded,
Mechanical and monotonous,
No colour in life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Mystery And Beauty Of Nature

The mystery and beauty of Nature,
How to admire it,
The eerie silence,
The weird wild life,
Exotic flora and fauna,
The landscape solitary
And secluded,
The countryside
Full of golden barns and sheaves,
How to admire it,
Admire and appreciate it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Mystic Drum Of Okara

The mystic drum beating
And Gabriel Okara dancing,
Beating into the woods
Of the dark Continent
And enjoying the beat,
Th beat of the drum.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Mystical Flame Of Love

The Mystical Flame of Love

Burnt it

And will burn it for long

As it has been for long,

Since the dawn of human history,

The Light glowing red,

The tongs of Fire,

The Fire Flames burning mystically,

Burning with a flicker,

Lighting with

Which is something special to.

Oh, the Mystical Flames of Love

Since the dawn of human life and living,

The Flames of Fire

Burning mystically!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Mystical Flame, Thou Endow Me! (Written As An Invocation)

The Mystical Flame And Its Flickering

O Holy Thou, the Mystical Fire
Wherever burneth it
Thou give me, give
The Fire to light, light it
To burn it, burn it,
Keep it burning
In some cave
Of the hermit in sadhna!

Thou endow me, endow me
To write some great poetry,
Great poetry of soul,
The soul and the Greater Soul
For a greater value,
O, Thou,
Thou Thee,
The Holy One, One!

The poetry of Soul, the Soul and the Supreme Soul,
The Mind and the greater Mind,
Want I,
Want I to write,
Vision,
O Thou Spirit,
Tell me, tell me,
Show me, show me the way!

The Fire,
Fire kept burning,
The Mystical Fire, Fire,
The flickering of it
Catching and glowing,
Glowing and turning red,
Red and glowing,
Glowing and red

To rosy.

And taking, taking the Flame,
Flame from thereon,
The Torch, Torch-light
To light, light
The properties lying
Dormant,
Dormant and still
To awaken and ignite.

The Mystical Flame and its flickering,
Thou endow me, endow me with,
With to write, write
The endeavour,
Venture of literary pursuits,
O Thou, Thou One,
Endow, endow me with
The Mystical Fire, the flame of it!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Myths Of Dark Daughters (Poetry Of The Dark Daughters)

Poetry as the dark daughters,
dark, but lovely,
mythical and mystical,
symbolical and historical,
archeological and sculptural.

Poetry, what is poetry,
ask you not,
poetry is poetry,
what take you,
narrate you to?

Poetry poetry,
the poetry of life,
myth and mysticism,
poetry symbolism,
love of art and artifacts.

Poetry mythical, symbolical and mystical,
poetry historical,
a delineation of the dark daughters,
the daughters dark, but lovely,
lovely and beautiful.

Dark is dark,
let it be,
what it was,
what it is,
as it will remain as ever.

Dark is dark,
let it be
as it will continue to evade us,
dark is dark,
let it be.

The dark daughter

as a devadasi
dancing before,
a sevadasi
serving.

A nautch girl
tired of dancing,
fatigue and routined business
and the anklets
lying fallen and scattered.

Say, say you,
Who brought here
as for religion's sake,
piety and holiness of feeling,
but they too are not holy?

Lo, the sculptures and figurines
on the temple walls
speaking under the starlit skies
of the terracotta temples,
lime clay and small brick made!

Dark is dark,
dark will it remain,
the myths of darkness,
dark life and living,
where all is but dark.

The myths of darkness,
how to unravel them,
lay them bare
what it was dark,
what it is?

Who made them,
when did they,
what the purpose and motif behind,
where the masons and artistes,
why is history silent about?

Were they the Aryan girls

or the Austro-Asiatics
or the dark natives,
who, who were they,
the dark daughters?

Dark is dark, let it be,
all the myth and mystery of it,
relating to,
as from the dark,
breaks it the light.

Is the temple complex
the right place for the daughters
to dwell upon and to delve,
who were those brought them
to the place?

Were the bad pundits,
the astrologers, the palmists,
the horoscope-makers,
the soothsayers
or the florists?

Dark is dark,
let it be,
what it was,
what it is
as these continue to be.

Dark is this creation,
the tales of it,
dark the womb,
the things shrouded in mystery
and these can never be.

Dark the world not,
dark you not merely,
dark the Goddess,
Goddess Kali,
The Mother Divine.

Whatever be that, the pottery work

which we see is excellent,
The sculptures and figures
Seem to speak,
hiding in, murmuring the truths of life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Naked Leafless Palash Tree

The naked leafless palash tree
Of the wild variety
Standing naked
But in the clusters of
Reddish-reddish florid clusters
Of blossoms
And the blackly cuckoos cooing
Sweetly from
The clusters of blooms.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Native Embers By I.a

The Native Embers by I.a
Starts with the poem Excursion
To be followed
In its trail and train of
Waiting For Rain, A Bull Castrated,
Vigilance, Honesty,
The Redeemer, Three Cheers For Haryana.

Dye Your Hair Red, My In Jaipur 1982,
The Foundling, Mirror,
Missing Point, Child,
The Idealist, The Amber Palace,
Scarecrow, Ustad in continuation.

Khajuraho, Eklavya,
Address To A Lady,
The Earth Speaks Again,
The rest to follow
Unto the end.

Eklavya is a remarkable poem
To have come from the pen of Sharma,
In Excursion, he distorts
The Coleridgean best words for the best order words
And readies for a Ulyssisian voyage
In poetry,
But he is not the king voyager,
But his son willing to sere his folks.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Navel Of My Mother Burnt As A Diya, An Earthen Lamp

My mother burnt to ashes,
There remained not the structure,
The frame of the body,
Just the navel kept burning
For sometime more,
The navel burning
As a diya, an earthen lamp
And emitting the bluish light.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Necklace Wild By a

The Necklace Wild by a,
Put under a bracket as
Burning Petals Vol.II,
Appeared in 1994,
A poetry-work b the poet,
Who is down to earthly realities
And is one os some social concern.

Love, Words, Woman is the first poem
To begin with
And to be followed by
In a quick succession by
On Population, The Buddha To Ashoka,
The Jungle, The House-maids,
AIDS, The Human Outline,
The Ancient Juggler, Light.

Agagin, the poem to continue on with
The Rickshaw-puller, The Beggar-woman,
The Prostitutes, A very Much Modern Poem,
The School, To Kamala Das,
Mother's Uterus, To An Eve-Teaser,
Comes Her brother, You and I,
Love Song of Punjab, Love Is Never Old,
My Piari, My Love.

The Kite, The Price,
My Little Ones, Time,
The Chronic Bachelor,
These Crammed Scholars,
The Ladder, She-II,
The Figures, Girl Child,
The Brave New World, The Showman,
The others.

The poet tells about, gossips about
The household things
In a chatty and chirpy style,
The smiling rickshaw-puller,

The house-maid,
All their talks and mild grumbles.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Negatives Of Saudi Arabian Girls

The negatives,
The photo negatives
Of the Saudi beauties and belles,
Want I to delineate,
A photographer I,
Snapping the photos
But keeping with me
Lest somebody sees it
And censures me.

But I think it,
Can hearts be chained,
Love be barred,
Can the nightingales
Be kept in the cage for long
And the sweet notes barred from
Breaking unto?
Whatever do you,
The singer will sing,
The artist will portray it
A portrait of the artist
As a young man,
As a young woman.
Thank you, I am taking leave of you,
Am going.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The New Experience Of Reading Saleem Peeradina And Understanding Him

The experience
Of reading him,
Understanding,
Never have I imagined,
Thought of
Taking
Any more
Modern poet
Of contemporary times
Meaning a lot,
Unmeaning
Never had I
As the reading would
Often mislead,
A bitter experience
Was it,
Turning every reading
Read I all alone,
Solely,
Trying
To read,
Get at.

But here
Have I
No qualm,
No problem
In going through
His poems,
Never in trouble
In getting at
What he tries to say,
Seems to be sharing
With himself,
Sharing with the readers,
A poet from Bombay
Not in Bombay,

But in America
Telling of family,
Life and times,
A poet of Bandra
And other localities,
Familial and societal,
Confiding in
As well as repelling from within.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The New Is Coming, Come, Come And Let Us Dance

The new is coming,
Come, come,
Come you
And let us,
Let us dance,
Dance.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The New University And Its Men

Whenever a new university comes into being, is established or founded,
The V.C. is appointed and the name broadcast over
And the incumbent goes to the site of posting
Where he sees the university yet to start in a rented building
With his officials from older colleges or casual staff.

Generally, the colleges nearer to the place where the university is going to start
Taking a keen interest in posting and placement,
Especially the newer staff or the middle-aged ones,
The ambitious and the cleverer, the dull-brained and the bogus too
Through backing and bungling

And they start approaching, accessing the registrar indirectly,
Trying to meet him through his peons,
The best way to be an officer,
Going with a packet of sweets called as prasad and homely fruits,
Touching the lotus feet of the Hon'ble V.C.

The professors working as correspondents and reporters first start bargaining
The things in their favour as for becoming officers,
The best opportunity to grab, as the chairs lie in vacant,
Without any competition and rush,
Just a plain application doing it all.

The older professors from distant colleges, settle there, will not come
Even if give you the post and place them,
They are satisfied with what they have got, with their family and establishment,
But the newer and the middle-age ones after
Becoming varsity officers.

And as thus saw the teachers of poorer and simpler merit turning into officers,
First, the OSDs came into being as for exploring in all the possibilities,
Thereafter the CCDC, the Proctor, the DO, the NSS Co-ordinator, the IC, the
Dean
And a few approaching the politicking persons turned into
The PVC and the Acting Registrar.

My head hung in shame in seeing them manipulating and manoeuvring,
The private colleges with teachers and staff taken over by the Govt.

And declared constituent units, from non-salaried to salaried employees,
They turning into finally big-big office-and-post-holders,
The men of caliber and guts whereas the meritorious walking on the footpath.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Night

The night of the drunkards, of the kings of the roads,
Loitering, straying far and staggering on the roads,
Not of jackals, foxes, wild cats, owls and bats merely.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Night Is Dreadful

The night is dreadful,
How to step it outside
The feminine foothold?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Night Of Creation

The night of creation, the making time, how had it been, I know it not,
Who is it to dawn upon,
How had it been the night,
The night of creation?

God creating man and the world,
The earth, light and darkness,
The creatures,
Man and the beasts.□

How, how did he the tiger, ferocious and brutal,
Did it growl and roar at the Maker,
When the work was complete?

The night of creation,
Who is it to tell me
All about the night of darkness?

But we know it not,
Why did He the tiger,
Burning and bright?

What had it been the purpose behind
His making,
God and the tiger, think I?

The duality I can see I, feel it
With which He has made this world,
But the world on the brink of extinction.

The night of creation know not,
Nor has someone told me about,
What did it happen then?

How did it God made the earth, the world around,
How did He man,
How did He the things all around?

The Night Of Kali

The midnight is of Kali,
The sadhaka in his sadhna
Mystical and mythical,
The poet trying to catch the mystical flame
As for his inspiration
And the priest reciting mantras
As to invoke Her, the Dark Goddess, the Mother Divine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Night Of The Jackals

I see the foxes coming out,
Slipping past,
Howling sometimes
In the dark
Into terrains
Lonely and dark.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Night Of The Krait I Have Not, The Krait Viper, So Horrible And Terrible, I Have Not Forgotten It!

After the death of my father,
My mother woke up
All of a sudden
Noticing a poisonous, deadly krait
Into the room
At the dead of night,
The snake with the red slick tongue
Was licking,
Branded and coal black,
Coal tar black viper
And after seeing it
While switching on the light
Hair stood on,
The krait,
The big krait shining black
And so horrible,
Oh, terrible indeed
And we calling,
Calling to kill it!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Night Scented With Jasmines (Haiku)

The night fragrant with jasmines,
Starlit sparkles and twinkles
Telling of nightly beauty and mystery of the universe.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Nights Fragrant With The Chandipatha

The Chandipatha which contains in the sacred stanzas
Pregnant with deeper meaning and idea
With regard to Bhagabati and Her Presence,
Speaking symbolically and mystically
Keeps fragranting the nights
With recitation and reverberation,
Flower, incense, poetry and invocation.

Call Her Mahakali, Mahalakshmi, Mahasaraswati or Maheshwari
Whatever want we to call,
She is one of the attributes of faces of the Mother Divine,
The Goddess of the Universe, the Rearer of the World,
The Mother of the World,
The Night of Doom, the Greater Night and the Night of Moha
Is She, Goddess Durga,
Incarnated as Valour, Chivalry to slay the sinners,
Demons and devils,
To lessen sin on earth.

.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Nights Will Reverberate With The Chandipatha, Durga Puja Is Coming

They are making the idol of Durga
I can see,
Glimpse while passing through the way,
The eyes of Bhagawati painted,
The nights will be fragrant
With the Chandipatha,
The recital of the sacred, syllabic
Words and mantras
Chivalrous and invoking.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Nilgai, The Blue Bull, Horse, Indian Nilgai

The nilgai,
Indian nilgai,
Blue bull horse
A horse or a goat,
In between the two
Robustly built
And briskly maned
Small-small and beautiful
The nilgai,
Taking me to exotic flora and fauna,
Hearing the call of the wild,
Valleys, woods and marshes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Nocturnal, Supernatural, Mystical Tantrica

The tantrica moving ahead to a lonely place of his
And the dog following him after,
Bhairava vahana.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Northeast Label

Just for he or she knows English
Or can attempt a few verses,
Transceate or translate into,
Just for that, call not one a poet
Under the label of the northeast
As poetry knows it no labels.

Are they poets only now,
Were there not before?
Neglected, ignored northeast,
Unexolored and unsearched
Must not be sold in such a way.

Assam is Assam let it be,
So are Arunachal, Manipur, Tripura,
Meghalaya, Nagaland, Mizoram,
The lands and their cultures themselves
Are the things of reckoning
Rather than my trivial verses about.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Northeast Of India

To talk of the northeast of India is to talk of the indigeous,
Indigeneous people and indigenous culture,
Tribal and aboriginal
With a diversity,
Variations in climate, weather, geographical conditions,
Manner, costume, living and food-habit,
But something as invisible source synthesizing it all.

An assemblage of the Austro-Asiatics mainly in the beginning,
Later on followed by the Tibeto-Burmese
And the the Indo-Aryans,
It is a land of the seven sister states,
Arunachal, Assam, Manipur,
Meghalaya, Mizoram, Nagalnd,
Tripura and Sikkim,
Abounding in jungles and mountainous ranges,
One of ethnic varieties and so many dialects.

It does not matter whether they write in English or not,
Whether they have got the colonial space or the post-colonial,
But to know it,
How the bio-diversity is saved from extinction,
How the forest reserves and natural habitats,
How to save the linguistic varieties and variations,
How the folklore and the folk traditions of it!

To turn to the northeast is to turn to
China, Tibet, Cambodia, Burma and Thailand
For literature and references,
Maritime and navigation histories,
Hunters and their hunting,
A description of exotic flora and fauna,
The unexplored Far East taking to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Nris And The Picture Of India/ India Before The Non-Resident Indians: A Chimera And A Mirage

India to the non-resident Indians

Is just like a mirage,
A mirage,
A chimera
And nothing more
As when they come to,
It may appear to be
As envisaged
And taught by,
But the view-point
Seen with the bare eyes
Will be devastating
And distraught
Will the incumbents return to
As for the change in scenario,
The circumstances
And situations
Ever changing
In life and the world,
As the house does not
Remain a house
In absence
And the rent-holder
Turns into an owner,
The property too not property
If someone supervises it
For long,
Ownership changes with,
Who to bear with the load
Of the rare visitors,
The absentees
And what it happens
In absentia,
God knows that,
Only God,
Even the relatives
Today they are liking,

Tomorrow they will not,
Will forget
The relations,
For the time-gap,
Communication-gap,
Time and distance
And maybe it property disputes.

The NRIS,
NRIS, non-resident Indians,
Indians Indians not,
Residing elsewhere,
Not in India,
But in foreign,
How far Indian are they,
How far will they remain
Those who live abroad,
God knows,
I am not going to answer it,
But Indians,
Indians
Of Indian origin
Dwelling in foreign,
Indian root and nativity,
Glued to or forgotten
I don't know it,
But are Indians,
But know it not,
How will they adjust with
The food habit, tongue forgotten,
Heat and dust,
The taboos of society
Restricted
If they stay long,
Come after a gap
For a sojourn?

How far Indian are those,
How far are
Those who live abroad,
Overseas,
Across the seven seas

Those who went
During the British period
Were boycotted
Is not my question
Neither their allegiance to India
Nor shall I ask them
To stick
As karma is dharma,
Which gives bread and butter
Is greater,
Greater than
The motherland,
I mean the karmabhumi,
The land of action,
Work and activity
Is greater than
That of the matribhumi,
The motherland,
Not so blind in philosophy
And patriotism am I
As during the World Wars,
Did the Indians not fight
On the foreign lands?

After waiting at the airport
As for visa and passport reasons,
Security check and search,
Heat and dust,
Struggling to understand
The language,
Finding hard to get
Food and drinks
Rather than trolley stuffs
Spiced and local
With lines and queues everywhere,
Want they,
Want they to be back
From the airport
By the flight
They have landed on,
Taking the same
Want they,

Want they to return
As for the gap
In communication and making to believe
India seen,
Seen from far,
India envisaged,
India real,
A study in surrealism,
India India,
Foreign foreign,
India India.

And when the NRIs return they,
Carry they,
They the pictures with,
India dreamt
And India realistic,
India seen
And imagined,
India real, bare
Full of heat and dust
And they too Indians,
Indians no doubt
But without Indianness
Though full of Indianism,
Indianization
But without
As Indian English language
Variety is,
Indian but otherwise
As a caucus
In foreign
Supporting India
In trouble,
A lobby helping it
In dire crisis,
But the dream factor
Needs to be dispelled,
The dreams they are shown
By the expatriate parents
Mythically, genealogically.

The Old Man Giving Tips (In The Memory Of Khushwant Singh)

The old man giving tips,
Good vibes
With regard to healthy life and living,
The art of living,
Walking and jogging,
Yoga and meditational benefits.

The grand old man of India,
Sardarji,
Telling of recipes,
What to eat, what not,
During the winter and the summer,
What to wear and what not.

When the cold winter wind blows it,
The chill taking a toll over,
How to save us,
Warming by the earthen oven,
After sitting around
And chatting warmly.

When the scorching heat of summer baffling,
How to beat it
With cucumber, water melon,
Ice candy, earthen pitcher water,
Curd and lassi,
He used to tell about.

Sometimes asking about to reveal
The meaning of the Gayatri mantra,
Sometimes discussing Om,
What it like,
Just like an egg,
Which will bring in the wrath of the Brahmins
As for the contradictory comparison.

Sometimes telling about the Makar Sankranti

And the Ganga Sagar Mela,
Sometimes about the Naga sadhus
And their akhadas,
Gymnastic skills,
The Kumbhs
And the entertainment.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Old Year Is Passing By

The old year is passing
And the new is coming
And with it I too shall be getting older.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Olden-Age Theatre: A Study In Dramatic Personae And Characters, The Role Models

The olden-age theatre, behind the curtain, if lift you, will find them,
I mean the heroes, heroines, villains and other characters
Dressing and readying for
And outside the open theatre,
The audience clamouring for,
The announcer coming out to announce

□

And the musicians giving the music, the band of musicians
Marking the rhythm and climax of speeches and tones
And their rising and falling pitches,
I lean the sound tracks
To be followed and thudded with,
The make-up man, the costume-marker and dresser

They all trying their best to produce the entertainments into a success,
The local villagerly brats,
The heroine will be a Shakuntala,
The much-awaited arrival of the heroine of ours
And lo, she is coming,
Slim-figured and beautiful like a belli blossom.

Krishna playing the flute under the kadamba tree by the banks of the Yamuna
And Radha giving an ear to
Coming running to attend to his call,
With a lamb into the lap of hers,
With flowers into her hair
And giggling putting one finger in between the teeth.

Krishna powdered-powdered, dressed in colourful clothes
And Radha too looking beautiful,
Where will you find the cine artiste,
The village after shaving the beards and the moustache,
Powdering too much, which you can mark and see,
Playing the role of Radha here.

Lord Buddha in sadhna, in his meditation on a serene lotus
Shining over,

The sun-rays falling and glistening,
Suppose you, that he under a peepul tree
And the band of folk musicians,
The dancers or nautch girls passing through

And he getting not attracted, just lost in his sadhna
And the sadhna taking him far
Into the realms and circles of meditation,
Concentrating yourself,
Meditate upon
and it will give peace to you,
The peace of mind, peace of soul.

Raja Harishchandra in the crematorium,
On the burning ghats,
Deputed by the chandal
To collect taxes
And Sabya with the body of Rohit
Waiting for his signal.

The test of truth, the ordeal of it
Harishchandra passing through
And the gods subjecting him to such a rigorous test
And the world aghast and awe-stricken
To see the spectacle,
The tale of the mundane world,
The soul in question.

Lord Shiv with the dead body of Sati
So much remorseful, broken and stricken
Wandering here and there
And the limbs falling
To turn into the sacred spots.

The heroine appearing gay, gay, lesbian, lesbian,
An ardhanarishwara,
Half-male, half-female,
Overpowdered, overcreamed,
Looking bizarre and grotesque,
Unnatural and abnormal,
Speaking in a changed voice

The Older Buildings Of Calcutta Like Rather Than The Vertical And Horizontal Complexes

The old architectural buildings
Of Calcutta
Like I, love I to see
Rather than L-shaped towers,
Thin And tall,
Hanging dangerously,
My God,
The lift the hands and feet,
I can't view below!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Onward Journey From

Three stages come in generally

As is the course of,

The journey from modernism to post-modernism,

One who had been modern will be mod, modernistic, stylish-listic, manneristic,

Post-modern,

Transgressing it, traversing the domains and territories of modernism

And it will be a return back or a step forward.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Opening Of An English-Medium School In A Village-Town

The Opening of An English-medium School In A Village-town; Resounding With
Good Morning, Please And Thank You—The Englishmen In The Making

Good morning.
Good morning.
Good morning to everybody,
One saying it to another,
The students to teachers,
The teacher to the self-proclaimed principal,
Not the headmaster,
Of the local govt. school,
But the college principal
Of an English-medium school,
Good morning,
Good morning with a stress and rhythm,
All walking into the toes,
The toes of the principal
And good morning vibrating it,
Intermittently,
The children to their teachers
And the teachers,
Jobless and unemployed
To their younger principal,
Yes Boss,
The giver of food
In Unemployed India
And Fateless Destiny,
Lo, the bogus and dolt clerks too
Speaking in English,
Trying to speak,
Not sure of, perfectly,
Exactly, probably,
Thank you, goodbye,
All byeing one another

And I felt it bad,
Really felt bad

In being with the speakers,
Trying to be English,
Yea, the Englishmen in India,
The Indians
Of the vernacular languages,
Trying to be Englishmen,
Good morning,
Good morning, sir,
Welcome, sir,
Hello, sir,
How are you,
I am fine,
He said, I am fine,
But God knows,
Who is fine,
Fine or not fine,
I just went on seeing
The spectacle
All that was going on?

On marking them,
The teachers
And the students
And the guardians,
Please, excuse me,
Thank you,
Sorry, sir, could not understand,
Repeat it,
The teachers entering,
Saying to the principal,
The students to the principal
And the teachers one by one,
I got nervous,
Started forgetting English,
As for my rustic Indianness,
Studied English language and literature
But could not be refined,
Felt shy and coy
Of wishing happy new year to anyone,
Bidding goodbye,
Saying thank,
Good luck to you.

Even the villagerly clerk
Who was not an English-medium student,
But a villager
Was behaving like
An Englishman in the making
In India
With please, thank you,
Good morning,
Kindly,
Sorry, sorry,
So sorry,
See you,
Bye, bye, met you again,
Now you can go,
Come some other day,
Meet you again
Or when we meet for the next time,
A man jokerly
And yes sirring,
Thinking himself
An Englishman
Knowledgeable
And yes sirring the principal.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Opening Of An English-Medium School In A Village-Town; Resounding With Good Morning, Please And Thank You—the Englishmen In The Making

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Bijay Kant Dubey

The Orchestra

The orchestra is in full rhythm,
Consonant and intonation,
The musicians
On the guitar, the accordion, the banjo,
The congo and the bongo,
Playing and beating them
In full resonance
And the music sounding
And re-sounding musically
With the announcer,
The comedian,
The dancer,
The lightman,
The sound boxman,
The singers
And the audience
Spell-bound and watching
Hearing the rhythm of speech,
The rhythm of music
And its harmony,
Sounds lyrical,
Speeches emotional and musical

And when the orchestra will be over
By the night time,
The audience will break
Will start retreating
With the tired steps
Feeling sleepy and drowsy
When the spell will break
As does it break the orchestra of life
And man and woman returning
As the theatre artistes,
Dramatic personae,
The stage mouthpiece and the spokesman
Going back to,
Having heard the song,
You are hope, my hope,
My love, my love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Origin & The End Of The World

The origin and the end of the world,
What the origin,
What the end of it,
I do not know
And who to tell me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Origin Of Words

How are the words created

I think

How are the words,

Mixed and re-mixed,

Cut short and lengthened,

Imitating sound, idea or image

In vogue or in supplication of?

Words are sounds, letters,

Speeches,

Expressions,

Dovetailed and clipped,

Some new coinages,

Some losing lustre.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Ostrich

Long-necked,
But bulging-bellied
In a horizontal form,
The ostrich
With the drooping
And throbbing up head
Going,
A hen-like
Flightless bird
Long-legged and long-necked
Ostrich.
But

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Outsiders Trying To Be Northeastern Poets & Critics

The under merit teachers of English
somehow passed or cleared forth
Move out
To the northeast of India
To turn up as the critics or poets
And without understanding the northeast
And its diversity of culture and ethics,
Society, art and culture,
They jump to the conclusion
Of searching the northeast Indian English poets,
The poets born not, but made.

Had there been Indian English poets and poetesses,
We would have heard before
As there was not
So heard we not,
But under the caption of it,
Marking the vacuum, my request is,
You call not yourself a poet or critic
Of newly evolving Indian English poetry
As Indian English no English is it,
Nor is it spoken anywhere in any village of India.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Oversoul, The Overmind, Want I To Know

The Oversoul, the Overmind
Want I to know,
The Oversoul, the Overmind,
What is it,
How the consciousness
Mystical and abstract,
But the Oversoul is over and above us,
Beyond the comprehension of human mind
And it dwells where man cannot.

The Oversoul though I strove to know it,
But could not
As it is beyond the comprehension of man
And his mind,
The Oversoul Oversoul,
The Overmind Overmind,
The secrets will not be let off.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Owl

It was a beauty
To see
The owl,
The owl sitting atop
The bird
Bizarre and grotesque
Looking strange.

The owl ogling.
Ogling with
The big-big eyes
And seeing
Under the nightly mist
And fog,
The owl bizarre and grotesque.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Pain Of Bapsi Sidhwa None Knows It

The pain of Bapsi Sidhwa
None knows it,
It is of being a Pakistani,
A Parsi Zoroastrian,
A Punjabi,
An Indian
As was born before
The partition of the sub-continent.

Her pain of dislocation and displacement,
Homelessness and rootlessness,
A quest for identity,
The diaspora dais,
A search for language, home and tradition,
Now an American indeed.

A Parsi at heart,
She describes not the Pakistani,
But the Indian girlish bride too
Going on the bullock-cart,
Shy and coy,
The cart crossing the dry river-bed
And the midway village boys and girls
Running after.

What did it the partition give to,
What did the partition people
Barring miseries and woes,
Troubles and tribulations,
Which the politicians could not
And they divided the nation
Just for to sit on chair,
The power hungry,
Power crazy politicians,
What did they to the partition people
Partitioning?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Pains Of Being A Refugee

The pains of being a refugee,
What to say about,
Driven out of own homes,
Taking shelter,
Seeking refuge elsewhere,
The pains of being a refugee,
Driven out of their own homes
Passing the night
Under the canopy of open skies
Under the stars and the moon?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Pains Of Love, The Pains And Pines Of Bleeding Heart

The pains of love,
The pines of bleeding heart,
How to,
How to lay them bare?

The pains of love,
The pines of the heart
Wounded and bleeding,
How to,
How to lay them bare?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Palash Blossoms

The palash blooms,
Wild palash blooms
Of the woody and the hilly tract,
Reddish-reddish and florid-florid,
Glistening and glazy
And clustered around,
hanging by the small tree
In bunches and clusters
And the trees leafless
decorating the wild tract,
Over the hills,
Into the low-lands.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Palash Tree

The leafless palash tree
In clusters of blossoms
Ornate and florid
And the blackly cuckoo
Pecking and
Cooing from
The reddish-reddish clusters
Of the leafless tree
So much so scenic and landscapic
During the spring.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Palestinian Problem

The main problem of the Palestinian problem
Lies it in Miangiri and Judaism,
Too much Muhammedanism and Judaism
And it can never
Solve any problem.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Palmist

Came he the palmist to see the palms
And with his coming,
One after another started showing the palm to
And he telling the things in his own way.

First, seeing the forehead and the palm,
The fingers,
The positions of Lakshmi and Saraswati,
Whether vidya in the stomach or not,
The fate-line without heath hazards or not,
The line crisscrossed or not.

Asking about the past history and troubles,
Dangers and happenings,
The palmist taking a note of
And prophesizing,
A throw in the dark.

With the stones and herbal roots
And palmyra charts,
Showing the thumb impressions not,
Nor the finger prints as for forensic reports,
But the palms and the star positions.

Who will generally like to be a palmist
In this world of today,
Barring the unemployed and the jobless,
Wanting to earn somehow,
The frauds and cleverly ones,
Searching probable clients?

Maybe he an escapist,
Maybe a thug,
An addict
Or a romantic
Seeing the hands of his beloved in a disguise
And the beloved searching him.

Trying to see her hands with the magnifying glass

And the eyes with the specs
But the beloved unmindful of all that,
Already under pressure from the people
Of his caste and social taboos.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Palmist Of The Rustic Love

Beloved, your palm is very fine,
the fate line strong enough,
Had troubles in the past,
But now has cleared all that,
Your fate is taking turns,
Good fortunes seem to be around,
Your love lives around the place,
Not far from,
But from the nearer locality
You will get a loving and dear husband
With Lakshmi and Saraswati,
Meaning hereby wealth and learning,
You need not worry, dear,
An innocent village girl
Where will you go,
The townsmen not good
And the towns congested and dirty,
Where will you find a girl like you,
So simple and guileless?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Panda

The panda
Black and white cat-foot panda,
Big bear cat,
The panda,
White and black,
White and black patched
Just like a teddy bear.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Parsi Vision Of Life In Keki alla's Poetry

Whether you accept or not my thesis,
There is the Parsi vision of life in Daruwalla,
What it is in Adil Jussawalla, Gieve Patel and k,
A poet of the doonger vari,
The Tower of Silence
Upon which the Parsis expose their dead
And the birds of prey upon
To cleanse forth,
Yea, the cheel-ghar I am
Talking about,
So ecologically strong,
But the number of the birds
Dwindling
And rarely to be sighted,
The overt references to Zoroaster and his Zoroastrianism,
Embedded in the psyche and ethos of his,
The Fire Hymn he does,
The Zend Avesta,
The talk of a homeland and the missing tongue
Of course twitch him
For an indirect response.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Parsis

The Parsis,
I think about them,
Their goodness and contribution,
Their dislocation and displacement,
The diaspora dais
And the lost mother tongue.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Partition

Between one brother and another, I go it marking,
How the things are partitioned,
Not between one man and another,
But between one nation and the other.

With the coming of the sister-in-law,
Saw I the rooms partitioned
Between one brother and another,
Fatherly books being partitioned
Between one brother and another.

Thereafter, they started talking about the partition
Of the pension money of the retired father,
Started spying for the pass-book and the pension-money
Of the father
And the father standing near the treasury
In broad day sunlight.

After that, they started talking about the partition
Of gold and ornaments,
The pitchers full of silver coins
Dug deep into the legendary and mythical foundation of the mud house,
O, the folklore ancestors had elephants tied near the door,
The bridegroom's party came it during the grandfather
Had sugar sacks delivered into the well
As for making them drink the cold drink.

The lands were partitioned,
The valuables and assets were partitioned,
Some got something, some the others,
Some came to work as judges,
To settle the older disputes,
I mean the five men with their verdict,
But the suspense could not be done with.

Again said they,
They had more and more money,
Where has it gone away,
We know it not?

Had the good sense not prevailed upon,
The scores could not have been,
It would have benefited the lawyers merely.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Partition Literature

The Partition people with the Partition literature
Going from one side to another,
One border to another
Like the footsoldiers,
Armless and empty-handed,
Telling of the apathy of the politicians
With no kindness for humanity,
All for chair to sit on.

Khushwant Singh in Train to Pakistan,
Krishan Chander in The Peshawar Express
And with The Refugee,
Marking the whirlwind
Uprooting it all
And all discussing die in harness cases,
Life in bivouacs and camps,
The people turned homeless, shelterless
As for politics, bloody politics,
Man mad after power and position.

The trainloads, busloads of passengers,
Distraught and devastated,
Looted and slapped
By destiny and time
Going to an unknown destination,
Fromwhere nowhere to return to,
Just to make a fresh start,
With no promise of a better tomorrow,
Oh, the Partition people,
The tedious and tiresome journeys
And their tales of misery!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Partition Literature (Ii)

The Partition Literature is
The literature of parsimonious people
Trying to disturb peace
Of the region,
The solidarity of the nation
Just for the chair
To sit on.

Partition India to sit on chair,
You Nehru and Jinnah,
Make the sub-continent burn into
The flames of communalism,
Barbaric fanaticism, bloody and bestial,
Showing it how inhuman and heartless can we be
For our selfish ends.

The pain of the Partition
Bore they the brunt,
The Bengalis of Dhaka and the Punjabis of the Punjab
And who else could,
The Kashmiris too bore it,
Faced in terms of the aggression
And division between Indian Kashmir
And Pakistani Kashmir.

The pain of the Partition they also felt
The East Germans and the West Germans,
The North Koreans and the South Koreans,
The Pakistanis not allowed to meet
The Indian relatives,
The spies jailed in the other side
And brutalities subjected to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Partition Literature, They Are Not

The Partition Literature they are not,
I mean the partitioned people not,
But the others are writing about,
Not after feeling their pains,
Not after hearing the pathetic tales
Of the Partition,
Inhuman and dastardly,
Cruel and callous enough,
Just for to sit on chair,
The power-crazy people,
I mean the politicians,
The guilty men of the Partition

And now they are not
Those who suffered, struggled to survive
Bearing the brunt of
Burns, injuries,
Hurts and wounds,
Scars and pains,
But those who want doctorates
For their career advancement,
I mean the assistant professors
Writing on,
Working for their theses
As for their CAS, Career Advancement Scheme.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Partition Of The Sub-Continent

The Partition of the sub-continent
Into India and Pakistan
Was a blunder
To divide it across
The religious lines.

A whirlwind which took the people
By surprise
And ruffled it all,
A tornado, a hurricane,
A cyclone was it.

The caravans of refugees rendered homeless
Walking down the corridor
Trying to escape,
Many perishing in their journey
Tedious and tiresome.

The nation was divided just for the lust for power,
The chair to sit on,
Who the guilty men
Of the tragic Partition,
Say you?

Mind it that the lands are settled,
But not measured exactly,
Which we understand it not
And quarrel for minor issues,
The borders indivisible.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Partition People

The Partition people
None came to feel
Their trauma and tragedy,
Woe and misery,
Pain and pine,
Trouble and tribulation,
Wayward journey and perish,
Hazards and hurdles
The Partition people,
Oh, the Partition people!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Partition Woes Only The Refugees Can Feel It, Not The Politicians Of India And Pakistan

The Partition woes
Only the refugees can feel it
And say,
neither the politicians of India
Nor Pakistan,
But the people of the Punjab
And Bengal
When ti was not Est Punjab or West Punjab,
East Bengal or West Bengal,
Neither could Nehru nor Jinnah,
Why did Gandhi not absorb in Jinnah
Who too was his disciple
As the President?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Partiton, Who The Guilty Men Of India's Partition?

The Partition,
Who the guilty men of the Partition,
Book him now?
Are we still at peace
After partitioning India,
Are we happy,
Fighting proxy wars,
Soldiers are dying
For no fault of their own,
Just for the politicians
And their politics?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Pashmina Goat, Changthangi Goat

Pashmina goat, Changthangi
Or Cashmere goat,
A type of goat breed
Found and littered over
The plateaus of
Tibet, Ladakh of Kashmir
And other Himalayan kingdoms,
So woollen and shabbily covered
The Pashmina goat.
And

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Passionate Heart In Love

Say, do you love me? Love Me?
Do you love me? ,
Asked she emotionally
With a quite passionate heart of her own

And on hearing it, ached it my heart,
Beat fast and pulsated,
Throbbled and fluctuated
To nod in expression

Yes, yes, I love you, I love you
So passionately, so emotionally
And so lyrically.

Do you love, love me? , said she again to get back to,
Yes, I love, love you,
I love you so much, I love you so much
As I was not within,
The passionate heart raking me badly.

It was as if the tornado were banging at the door
And I getting emotional and emotional,
Passionate and passionate,
Mad with my passionate heart,
Trying to make it understand

As it happens, happens in love
But understood it not,
The foolish heart of mine,
She went away saying,
Say had been going,
Singing and saying,
Do you love me, do you love me,
Waving the hands sweetly
And goign her way?

And I too was bidding ta-ta, bye-bye,
Singing the song,
Yes, I love, I love you,

I love you, love you so much,
The passionate heart looking back and back
Until she vanished out of sight.

Thank God, my heart returned to me
Otherwise would have followed her
In utter infatuation
And my fascination for her,
A quest for beauty and love!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Path Goes Through The Forests

The path goes through the forests
And taking to all but alone,
I have to go, I have to go there,
Taking to all but alone,
Bare-footed, empty-handed,
Taking to the lonely pathway
Meandering through the forest tract,
Many forbid me to go,
But I have to go, I have to go
As the call of the house I cannot resist,
My kith and kin lie they waiting for
Even my late turning,
But the evening descending upon,
Aggravating the silence
Hanging heavily on
Seconded by a mystery
Prevalent in the woods,
But I have to go, I have to go
As my house lies thereon,
Something to attend to,
Something at their call,
My obligation and loyalty,
Drawing me with a pull,
My promises to be fulfilled
Which promised I to them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Path Leading To...

The way they have gone away
I too shall have to go away
Taking to the same

Bare-footed, empty-handed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Path Lies It Unknown, But I'Ve To Go, I'Ve To Go

The path lies it unknown, but I've to go, I've to go,
The path lies it unknown,
But I've to go, I've to go.

Long and winding, but I've to, I've to go,
The journey wearisome and tedious,
Craggy and zigzagged.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Path Of Life

The path of life is long and tiresome,
Winding and zigzagged,
Taking always sharp turns and curves.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Path Of Sadhna

I asked the noon,
Have you seen the tantrica?

Said it to me to ask the time
And the time said to me to ask perseverance
To tell about the test of the difficult sadhna.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Path Of Sadhna Tiresome And Tedious

The path of sadhna is tiresome and tedious
And it takes time in doing sadhna
And to be a sadhaka.

This life too is a sadhna of some sort,
Of this type or that type
And man a sadhaka striving to achieve at.

Good work, earnesty labor and timely patience, are all
Required for.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Path, Where Does It Take To?

The path, where does it take to,
The path, the path of life,
Where does it take to?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Pathway Of Love

Pyaar Ki Dagar

Kamshin hain, nadan hain,
Pyaar ki dagar pe anadi hain,
Chalne she pahle sochiye.

The Pathway of Love

You are beautifully slim and teenaged,
Unknown of the pathway of love,
Think before you go ahead and balance you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Pathways

In the night's loneliness,
Think I of the pathways leading to where?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Patriot, Gandhi's Or Nissim's Or Gregory's? Whose Patriot?

The patriot,
Gandhi's or Nissim's
Or Lady Gregory's?
Whose is it?

Gandhi's will be
In Gandhigiri,
Ram-bhakta hanuman,
Bapuji ke tin bandar,
Bura mat dekho, bura mat suno,
Bura mat kaho.

Nissim's an alien insider
Mimicking Bapu's bandars
For their lathi and pagadi,
Khadi dhoti and kurta
And above all, robust and bold stance
Of resistance.

Gregory's patriot
A ragged ballad singer
Trying to dodge the sergeant
On duty
Who too a loyal and dutiful
Irish man.

But strangely enough to Nissim
If Bapu asks to stand on feet,
They will,
If sits he, they will,
If spins he the hand loom,
They too will.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Peacock

A larger bird
With the crown
And feathered speckled and freckled
With the motleys
Of bespangled satins and brocades
Glimmering and glistening
As do the stars twinkle
So the peacock dancing
In joy,
A blue, blue,
Bluish and blackish
And shiny bird.

With a crest over the head
With black shafts
And greenish webbing,
The peacock dances it,
Dances in joy
During the showers,
The downpour
When the sky is overcast
With clouds,
The peacock dances,
Dances it
Shattering the feathers
Bluish and glazing,
Bluish dark, dark greenish.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Peacock Now Dances Not In The Woods And The Wilds

The peacock now dances not in the forests,
Nor do we see them
In feathers spread around
And dancing in showers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Petty Poets As Journal Editors With The Hidden Agenda And Strategy Of Their To Promote Themselves Somehow

I see the petty poets,
The poetasters, rhymers, non-poets and commoners as
The journal editors
Indulging in mutual admiration and self-praise,
One calling another Virgil or Horace
Or Homer,
But where Aeneid, where Odes,
Where Iliad and Odyssey?

The small-small versifiers and rhymers editing journals
Calling themselves great poets and poetesses,
Even some have managed to bring out collections
As for to be poets or critics somehow,
But the common public know not these duplicate fellows,
How false and fraud are they
In their paper-presentation!

The editor of one journal brings out an article on the poetry
Of another editor
And as thus they keep on doing self-publicity
And propaganda
As for to be poets and poetesses somehow
Which to me is hypocrisy
And nothing more.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Ph.D. Guide & The Girl Scholar (A Love Story)

They appeared not as teacher and pupil,
Guru and shisya,
But as lover and beloved,
Burning in guru-shisya prem
A secret love-story.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Ph.D. Guide's M.A./ . Love Now In The . As A Professor

The guide's,
Ph.D. supervisor's
M.A./ . love
Now a professor
Of the P.G. deptt.
I can see,
But shall not tell
Who they are
And how did they?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Ph.D. Supervisor's Mistress Too A Ph.D. & He Writing The Thesis

The Ph.D. supervisor's stolen love
Too a Ph.D.
And it is not she who has written the thesis,
But her guru lover
The Ph.D. thesis of his shisya.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Phantoms Of Time

The phantoms of time speaking
In the poetry of Jayanta Mahapatra
As the silent listeners
And the unknown horse-rider
Knocking at some haunted house mansion
Of the forest track,
But the phantom listeners listening to,
Responding not,
Not the ganjeris smoking ganja
From the chillum,
An earthenware pipe,
Clay baked and made,
Not talking about the marijuana smokers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Phases Of Life

Lonely had I been,
Lonely am I,
Lonely shall I be.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Philosophy Of Maya

The philosophy of maya,
Maya my life,
My world,
My wife Maya,
Maya my children,
The world is maya,
Man in the bonds of maya.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Philosophy Of Physics In Jayanta Mahapatra

In Jayanta Mahapatra's poetry
There is
The philosophy of physics,
The Big Bang theory,
The theory of light and darkness,
The origin of the universe.

How does light travel in, travel back to,
How does the dawn break,
Where does it retreat to,
What is light made of?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Philosophy Of: Philosophy

What is the philosophy of philosophy,
Have you thought about it,
What it may be the philosophy of philosophy?
No work to do but to philosophize,
Lazily passing time, thinking much
But doing nothing,
Where the philosopher fails there
The realist succeeds.
And say you who is not a philosopher?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Photo Of Her Eyes

Dangerous eyes.
Very-very dangerous,
Colourful and dramatic and dreamy,
I fear them,
Fear to see them
As may fall,
Fall in love
With her.
Dangerous.
Very- very dangerous eyes,
Colourful and artistic,
Theatrical,
Cute and cutting,
Collyrium-applied,
Painted and dyed,
She winking at
From behind the curtain
Like a Burquawalli maiden.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Pinda-Dana Ritual, The Countryside Torn By Hunger, Thirst And Hot Summer And The Crows Crowing

Everywhere there is a cry for the quenching of thirst,
Scarcity of food and cereals,
The crows crowing,
Moving here and there,
Flying for food and water
In the countryside nondescript village
Of a few mud-built houses

While the pinda-dana ceremony going on,
The ritual in full swing,
The karta doing Iriya-karma,
The purohita making him do,
Asking for dana and dakshina,
Clothes, beddings, cot, slippers, umbrella,
Cereals, utensils, umbrella, fan and other,
But the crows crowing on the either side,
Crowing for food and water

And the summer very, very hot,
Intensive heat falling,
The sun seems to be burning, scorching it all
And the earth lies it sunburnt, parching
With the cracks into its surface,
Aggravating the plight,
The misery of people
Unable to suppress the hunger of the belly
And the all asking for food,
For water to quench their thirst.

The pinda-dana is continuing at one place
While on the other the people waiting for their turn
To take food and water,
Five type of sweets,
Even making the aggrieved party mortgage
Their properties
And the money lender will taking compound interest,

Finally, the lands will go to him.



Bijay Kant Dubey

The Pinda-Dana Was Continuing In

It was broad daylight
And the sun was blazing hot over the country
With the panda-dana continuing in,
The conventional priest and the bald-headed clients
Were offering together with rolled and rounded food offerings
To the soul,
Dead and bereaved soul,
Departed and remembered so earnestly
With tears into the eyes of the relatives.

The sun was blazing hot
As it was summertime,
Generally the noon appears to be so,
The crows were crowing for food,
The villagers too waiting for the feast,
A country torn by hunger, scarcity and depravity
Whereas on the other the panda-dana was continuing in,
Just suppose you,
Man a lump of soil,
everything but body and matter and mass
And nothing else.

O the bereaved soul, departed spirit,
From whom am I,
Take you the panda,
Take you the water drops and the symbolic food offered too,
Bereave you not,
If weep you, we shall too!
Get you the shantih of the soul
Even though wait we for your coming,
But know we nothing can you back home!

You are fire, you are water, you are wind,
You are sky,
You are earth,
The things you were from,
This body is composed of,
You mingled with that,
There is nothing as permanent here,

There is nothing as that lasts here,
Everything but mingles with dust and clay
And it remains it not for long.

Om shantih shantih shantih,
Om shantih shantih shantih,
Om shantih shantih shantih.
Let there be shantih all around,
Leaving everything to peace and rest,
Let the Guiding Spirit guide us all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Pitfalls Of Barack Obama

Barack Obama may know something of
And can derive from the history
Of American Civil War and the Black-White matters,
But is not good at all
In international relations
Presuming and assuming
For a good resume,
Undecided and inconclusive,
Sometimes erring beyond repair,
A lapse of wisdom
And in the absence of good counsel.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Place I Am Standing On

The place I am standing on,
There would have burnt a body in the past
And the people would have wailed in deepest memory
In some historical past,
Archaeological and museumological,
There would have been some hutments
And the homemakers well enough.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poet

Your wife is in a worn and torn sari faded and discoloured
And in a patched and stitched blouse
And you writing poetry,
Writing poetry to your pleasure
With the fire of imagination
And the frenzy for living,
Dwelling afar,
Into the realms of the skies

But here on earth the troubles and struggles of life many,
She working hard like an ox all daylong
In her cottage,
Shaded with straw and bamboo sticks,
Mud-walled from all around
With the cow shed
In which there lie in the cattle.

Poet, the mind of yours dwelling far into the horizons
Expanding and expanding beyond
And you with the flutter of heron, stork and crane wings
Flying high, taking the imaginary flights
Just like the fishermen in ponds and rivers,
Floating and flowing
And fishing
And netting, hurling and flinging the nets.

There is nothing in the house valuable and decorating
Barring the old sheets of paper and books
And you lost in dreaming,
Dreaming about life and the days of glory,
Probable basking in it
While on the other you son and daughter crying for food,
Milk, biscuits and toys.

You lost in your thoughts and ideas, images and reflections, views and beliefs,
The dimension and spectrum of it,
Flying away into the poetic realms,
Dreaming high
But on the other hand your wife wearing a poor sari and torn blouse,

The children crying for food,
But you seeing the fir and full moon from the patches of the cottage,
Lost into the dreams and reflections and dwellings of yours own

Bearded, long-haired, spectacled and loosely dressed
Melancholy, brooding and reflective, dwelling afar.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poet As A Critic Of Modern Life And Society

The poet as a critic of modern life
And his society,
Modern life and culture,
Man and his manners.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poet As A Mad Man

The poet as a mad man
And poetry his madness
And he feeling the fits of frenzy
Maniac and neurotic,
The desire of becoming great
Gripping him
And he wavering to write.

Th poet as a mad man
And poetry his madness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poet As A Mad Man And Poetry His Madness

The poet as a mad man
And poetry his madness,
The mad man maddening it all
With his mad things,
A mad man making mad
Madly after the things
In a mad-mad world.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poet As A Mad Man, A Portrait Of An Artist

The poet as a mad man
Maddening it all,
Himself a mad man
Making others mad.

Holding the hands of the unknown reader,
Asking him to read his poems,
How has he written them,
Holding the hands, asking him to listen
How has he written?

A mad man's mad business is poetry writing,
A mad-mad, mad man's pursuit after fame,
A simpleton wanting to be great,
Great from poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poet As A Mimic Mimicking Modern Life And Civilization

The mimic man as a mimic
Mimicking modern man and manners;
The poet learning the art of humour from jokers
As poetry is jokes, the jokes of life
Cracked with bubbling humour,
Not satires full of taunts and jibes,
Never ironical statements here,
Full of overtones and undertones,
Doublespeak and volte face;
It's simple and palinspeak.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poet As A Pessimist

Poetry and pessimism,
The poet as pessimist and poetry as pessimism,
A poet of some bleak hope and harsh winter,
Ruffling it all,
Where to go
There is despair all around?

The candle is burning dimly
And that too for a short time of its own
And there will be darkness all around
As it was,
Struggling to emit
Against the gusts of the wind.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poet As A Rebel And An Idealist

The poet as a rebel
Shelleyian,
An idealist,
The poet as a giver of the anti-thesis
Like
Always contradicting
And reasoning and arguing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poet As Lover, Singer And Painter

I am a lover,
A singer
And a painter

A lover of the soul,
A singer of the heart,
A painter of the scenes and sights.
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poet Fossilized

Writing poetry, I fear it, one day I may turn into a poet fossilized
Somewhere,
Make a statue of his,
They saying it,
Of the poet unknown.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poet Has Nothing To Be Proud Of

What can the poet do it?

By writing a few poems, one should not feel it at all,

One knows it all

As a caged parrot too keeps saying,

Sita-Ram, Sita-Ram,

If it is taught.

If one thinks that a poet can only experience

Then one is mistaken,

The same emotion, the same feeling

Are in us in the same intensity.

The poet arranges and re-arranges the words,

Juggles with not the balls but with the words,

One cap turning into four

And four into one.

I do not think it that I have something specific

In me to enlighten and highlight,

I keep learnign from others all the time,

Somes the notes prepared hastily,

Sometimes getting out with the half-said and half-jotted stuffs.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poet Is A Liar, A Great Liar, You May Read, Believe Him Not

What the poet says, you believe him not
As he is not he master of all,
Science and technology,
The poet, to me, is a great liar
And all his poem the white lies.

The poet is a bluff-master.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poet Of Love And Dreams

Under the moonlit nights,
You poet, writing poetry,
The poems of love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under the moonlit nights ☐

The Poet Too A Politician, He Is Scholarly, But His Son Foolish

The poet too is not less than a politician
As because whether he knows it or not
But asks others to call him a scholar
At the cost of the domestic front,
The money which he had to on family
Spends he for poetry's sake
As for to be famous,
People will know him,
Read his poetry
When he will be no more in this world,
But who has seen that,
Which his family goes negating and contradicting,
As for what does he get for poetry
And what do they even
As their time is trespassed and encroached upon?

The poet keeps purchasing and subscribing to literary journals
Where his poems will appear in,
But there is no time to look after the small son
who is turning into a bad boy
As for the want of time and proper care,
There is none to ask him as for his studies
As the father after becoming a poet, a scholar,
Whom the world will know,
Read him,
But the son will be behind the bars,
In police custody and lock-ups,
The wife grinning the teeth and saying to
And compalining against
The great poet saheb of India not,
England, saying it again,
Go to London and settle in there.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poet, A Lover Or A Loner?

The poet, a lover or a loner

Or both,

Say you,

A lover as a poet

Or a loner as a poet?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poet's Black Beards, The Poet's Or The Lover's? / Keep Beards If You Want To Be A Poet/ First Be A Lover Then A Poet

They asked me to keep beards
As for to be a poet
And as per their suggestion and advice kept I
To start my journey

And my beards grew they not,
Hence, waited I for their growing
But poetry came to me not
And I thought of waiting for and maturing.

Again, my eyes met with the lustrous eyes of a maiden,
Her anklets sounded
And my study mood broke it
On marking the beautiful maiden

Under the moonlit night
And turned I into a lover
And my beards grew it
When I yearned to meet her.

But the world stood in between
As had it been villainous
Between Laila and Majnu
And I turned into a lover.

Again, when she was taken away forcibly,
My beards flowing then
Turned me into a saint,
Unaware of worldiness.

After having missed her unluckily,
Turned I into a sick and ailing person,
My heart aching and throbbing,
Pains raking me badly.

Again, stood I up to console my broken self,

Tried to do meditation closing the eyes,
Concentrating on the Divine
Who the giver of life and light.

Tried to see the red roses and the things of the wide world,
The woods, hills, rivers,
Highlands and downlands,
Passing my time in their serenity, tranquility and solitude.

As thus, tried I to turn my mind,
Diverting and deviating from,
Devoting to something else
And lo, turned I into a worshipper of the pined beauty of His.

Turned I into a sadhaka
And poetry grew out of my sadhna
Beaming under the Light Divine,
Writing inspirational poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poet's House

They too know it that it is a poet's house,
I mean them,
The frogs, lizards, bats, owls, pythons, jackals, wild cats, orioles,
Hedgehogs, water birds,
How dear my house is to them!

The frogs, three types of, commonly found grey frogs,
Sometimes coming as a big jumper
The greenish well or tank living frogs
And the rarely found plastic-coloured strange tree-climbing frogs,
Moving upwards,
If on your shirt, it will not like to go away easily.

The lizards, red-mouthed or necked not,
But the simpler blackly streaked ones
Live they near my clothes
Hanging from the hanger,
The lizards hanging by the wooden hanger.

The small-small blackly bats with the eyes dotted and teeth tiny and sharp
Hanging by the iron grill gates,
Just like the parachutists,
Umbrella-covered and wrapped over,
The mouth of the rat design,
Like the porcupine
But without the spikes.

The owls coming into the house sometimes,
The owls yellowish and blackly,
The yellowish bringing good fortune,
As say they,
The blackly ones ominous,
May forebode ill,
Which but I do not know it.

The snakes lie they coiled in my heaps of pale papers
But the non-poisonous ones,
Sometimes closer to me,
Sometimes see I sleeping them underneath my cot,

One day have I python resting on the bathroom doorstep,
One day a grey hooded and hissing cobra caught they the charmers
From the garden.

The hedgehogs often see I living by the pond closer to my house,
They passing through,
Eating watery grass, food items thrown over or floating at times
To run to safety,
The bigger rats.

The grizzled-grizzled wild cats often pass by
And I see them slipping out,
Marking with a glaze and running out
Into the bushes,
The grizzled-grizzled wild cats
With the burning eyes.

The golden orioles, their sweet notes, hear I
When they come nearer to
And sing they from,
Pouring forth
Their golden whistles,
Golden,
Strangely golden, unbelievable,
But stripes blackly,
A fine colour!

□

Water birds, two types mainly,
One dark grey, but spotted white,
Freckled and streaked,
Just like the hen,
But is not
While the other blackly,
But like the heron
And it can fly away too,
Slowly,
But the cannot,
Will like to escape away.

The jackals often pass by and see I with love and liking,
Just like the dog, but is not,

Is moody and wild,
Wily, swift-footed and untamable,
Appearing on and jumping away,
But daring when alone.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poet's Mind

The poet's mind, how to analyze it, the audio-visual effects,
What he sees, what hears, what he smells, what he tastes and what he feels,
What is it that hurts his heart,
And he feels impelled within to put on paper sheets,
The chits of paper,
The loose sheets
To be called poetic scribbles and given a title
Or the longer poem started with a title first.

The poet's mind, what does it figure on its horizon,
How the range of his viewing,
The flight of imagination,
Where does it go to in the flight of imagination,
The poetic range and viewing
And his contributing pen?

Sometimes the frenzy grips it, catches it the fire of frenzy,
But you do not have the pen and paper in your hands,
Sometimes the paper and pen are
But the feeder frenzy is not
To set you on fire,
Sometimes heart-aches drip they as the love poems,
The poems of love and its sadness,
Sometimes the struggle, suffering and sacrifice of the poet
Find a way into.

The poet's mind, I cannot, which way, will it move on,
What it thinks, what it does,
They letting it go,
But the poet taking it as for his art and its deliberation,
As for aesthetic sense,
Different from normal view-point.

The poet's mind and heart, how to describe them,
A poet a poet, poetical,
Full of emotion, sentiment and feeling,
Sentimental, sensitive and sensuous,
Emotional and passionate.

A poet a singer, a singer of heart, a painter painting
The images of life, the world around us,
A poet a biographer, an autobiographer,
A dramatist, a narrator, a sketcher,
A folk-artiste.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poet's Poetry

A mad man's thing is poetry
So do not write, said I
But they found me,
Writing it

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poet's Son Under Police Custody & Lock-Up & Being Interrogated

The poet's son under police custody and lock-up,
And the poet lost in writing poetry,
Under the ganja of poesy,
Smoking and puffing in
And sending out the relief,
Enjoying himself and life,
Reading it and the world,
The ways of it,
Marking God's world
And man's life.

While on the other hand when the wife asked to listen to his poetry,
She refusing to hear it,
As for the hearth and its burning fire,
Rice, cereals to be cleaned
And milk to be procured,
She thinking about and lost in
All these
And the poet saheb lost into the reflections
And dreams of his own,
As for how to dwell far, farther and farther
And to be a poet.

But that the rumour has spread that the poet's son in jail,
His intoxication is breaking
And coming to the ground,
Just like a helicopter landed
And he thinking about as what to do
When it is late,
How to educate him,
The wife quarrelling with,
Trying to fling his notes and scribbled papers,
Threatening to put them into fire
If his son is not brought from
Or bailed out.

The poet thinking within as to how to handle the case,

Trying to get the support of poets friends
But they far from,
Just the pen friends
And here real friends, the ground duty friends are needed,
The police, the thief and the pleader,
Walking hand in hand, glove in glove,
Flanked by one another,
One hand over the shoulder of another,
I mean three friends' help,
How to get them
Without money in the purse
As something-something has to be
In addition to his going with the poetry books
And gifting of these to them
As they understand poetry not,
But the poetry of money?

The poet under pressure now, as how to deal with the situation,
The clamour and commotion of it,
The son, whom taught he not,
In jail
Under some sections and clause and sub-clauses,
Just the opposite of the father,
Drinks, dances and spends life merrily
With the mobile phone and musical sets,
The market the centre of his frequent visit and life-style,
The films the things of instruction,
With nothing in the head,
How to bail him out and bring home
To create a nuisance for his poetry
As if he remains in jail, he will be able to write many more poems
For humanity's sake
And if he comes home,
The son will not give any space as for keeping books,
But say you, how can a son be kept,
Has to be bailed out?

What to do, how to execute the plan, the poet thinking within,
Much of his money spent on poetry,
Creative poetry and an experimentation with it,
Its success and failure,
Curtailling the things to be purchased

For the house,
Yet to be for the wife and children,
But without getting it signed by her, I manged
After signing for the spouse's column myself
And endorsing it as thus
For the declaration by the employee,
Without informing the nominee I drawing money
To spend on pen, paper and poetry,
Curtailling even the son's expenses for education
And that why the wife saying,
You will be, will be a scholar
And your son will remain foolish, foolish,
A Kalidas, sitting on the branch of the same tree
And chopping it
To be scolded later on by his scholarly wife
To be expelled out to read and get schooled
To write texts,
So the villagerly wife with the broomstick
And the burnt earthen bowl threatening the poet
And his poetry
As for bailing out her son and bringing home,
Whose fault is this,
Today he calls his son naughty and notorious,
But who made him, made him
As he did not, did not teach his son even for a single day,
Just for poetry' sake?

Now see you, see you yourself and your fault,
The fault of not educating your son,
Keeping him foolish,
Looking after not properly,
Now what, what will the world say,
The father turned into a scholar,
A poet, I mean a bard of the king's court
But his son a fool,
A roamer, a drinker, a loafer,
A fool not, but a great fool,
The scholar poet's son a fool not, great fool,
The world will say it,
I shall not,
None, none but you kept him,
You plotted to keep him illiterate

As you have me,
Showing me not even the lantern of education,
The adult education and literacy programme
As for keeping me inside, under the veil,
As they will see me and my face
And you will keep seeing others, other beautiful women,
You will yourself get introduced to,
But I cannot,
Which is but your tactics,
A tactics of yours,
Your selfishness,
Your mean selfishness,
Which you are, I am not,
The wife lecturing and the poet hearing
As a simple student of hers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poetic Art & Craft Of

The poet as a social being, the poet as an emotional being
Is the theory and thesis of the poet
While chartering the course of feeling and emotion
Psychologically,
While cutting ice of the social space
Sociologically.

Poetry is the mirror of society, applies in for Gupta
Who is not only witty and sarcastic
But is emotional too,
As he seeks to correct and set the things right
Apart from being fictional and factual,
Corrective and cathartic.

Somewhere sensuous, somewhere sensual, he stories in his poems
As well as keeps spell-bound
With his poetic art of narration,
The craft of writing
And the composition,
Words tumble in their own.

Sometimes the poems touch us, twitch for an expression
When we read about the children and women
And their poor conditions,
The daughters being neglected,
Women subjected to bruises and domestic violence.

His poems are lively wires and the moment you touch them,
You may glue to, as is the attraction,
The voltage, the danger of reading,
Somewhere warming you up
With a handshake
And somewhere taking to
As for a critique.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poetic Art, Concept And Style Of Jayanta Mahapatra

To open the book of criticism to read Jayanta Mahapatra is to come to know
That he is first and foremost an Oriya writing in English
Rather than an Indian,
One of coastal Orissa, its topography and cartography
And he doing the mapping of it,
Marking the lands bordering and banking the sea,
Going with the mariners daring, venturing deep into
To give a hearing to what the waves say to.

A poet of its temple towns and cities, picnic spots and sea beaches,
Tourist centres,
Lakes, rivers, woods, seashores and other water bodies
With herons, storks and swans;
Places of pilgrimage,
The Jagannath Puri temple, the Lingaraj temple,
The Konark Sun temple;
A marker of the Rathyatra, the Chariot Festival ceremony
With the statues of Jagannatha, Balabhadra and Subhadra□
Being rounded
In all festivity and the mammoths of crowds.

A professor of physics, he is a poet of light and darkness
And the coming shadows cast before,
The dawn-light and the dusk, the midday and the nightfall
When the bats begin to fly out,
Of the Indian summers and siestas,
The rural folk sitting in the mango orchard,
The mother and the daughter
And the daughter combing the hair of her mother
And in the meantime, a mango falling.

As a poet, he is but an imagist and poetry is in imagery,
The light falling on the cobweb of linguistic words
Dazzling as the mist-laden and shining gossamer
In the morning time
And the frail light playing with
And with his imagery comes it the flight of imagination,

The flutter and flight of the wings,
Herons, storks and swans
To different water bodies
And from it he finds his visionary power and poetic brooding.

A poet historical, sociological, feministic, barely realistic,
Modern and post-modern, colonial and post-colonial,
He is not only classical, but romantic,
Private and personal, dreamy and lyrical,
Artistic and architectural,
Mythical and mystical,
Symbolical and verbal
Where poetry is but motif.

A poet so abstract and searching, he is existential and nihilistic,
Full of so much so absurdistic in vain waiting and yearning
And poetry a study in absurdism,
Nihilism, existentialism,
A strange vacuum prevailing upon
And the shadow space he marking over.

Where does light come from breaking,
Where does it return back to,
Is faith so,
Frail and just confided in,
The temple is there, but the solitary pyre burning
On the beach adjacent to,
If the temple lotus to be reckoned with,
Why the beggars at the door of the temples?

Apart from the seamy side of his picturization, there lies untold tales
Of poverty, hunger, backwardness and underdevelopment,
Human misery and pathos,
The inhuman dowry system and its torture,
Domestic violence, loot, plunder, corruption and unemployment,
Unnatural death, murder and killing,
Terrorism and bombardment,
Which the poet is not at all happy to see them at all.

In the earlier works of his, such as in *Close the Sky*, *Ten by Ten*,
Svayamvara and *Other Poems*, *A Father's Hours*,
The quest for poetic theme and textuality continues in,

But in the books following thereafter, I mean,
A Rain of Rites, The False Start,
His poetical style blossoms it
And he turns to Temple and Dispossessed Nests
For bare realism and hardcore realities
And in the rest to feminism
Apart from being primarily imagistic and linguistic.

As about Waiting, it is a book of Orissa,
Its historicity and historicism,
Dhaulagiri and Khandagiri,
Oriya history, myth, culture and tradition,
The temples supported by
The nondescript hamlets and their folks,
Folk dances, songs and paintings.

But in Relationship, for which he receives the Sahitya Akademi Award in 1981,
The poet tells about his relationship with Orissa,
The land of birth and nativity
And rearing,
In a tell-tale style,
Narrating and gliding, floating and flowing
By being seated on a ship too.

And in the latter, Shadow Face, Bare Face and Random Decent,
A different Mahapatra is there,
Barely realistic but drawn by feminism
With the angst, anxiety and ailment of the age
Seconded by a strange bewilderment,
Marauding the poetic self.

Apart from, people charge against that fleeting imagery and netting word-play
Deter the readers from understanding him
And that he has written for the foreign audience,
Keeping not the native readers in his mind,
A poet so imagistic and linguistic,
So terse and tedious, so obscure and obtuse.

A recipient of the Padma Sri Award from the Govt. of India,
He has now come a long way
To make us feel his presence
And to carve a niche for himself,

As the for things tendered to humanity
To be held aloft and kept by posterity.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poetic Base Of Jayanta Mahapatra

The poetic base of Jayanta Mahapatra
Is one of physics,
Light and darkness theory,
Swapping places and positions,
The break of dawn as well as its retreat,
Darkness enveloping the world,
The sun retreating back to,
Light travelling back to,
Again back with the red disc
Glowing,
Indicating the break of dawn,
The crows crowing,
The world arising from sleep,
Arising and awaking.

Of the origin of universe
So vast and spacious,
Dimensional and hugely vaulted,
Lurking upon
With space and horizons
Touching the ground somewhere,
But not so exactly,
Seems to be so,
A realm in nothingness, vacuum, nihilism,
Silence opening the folders.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poetry Of ujan: The Indian Astrologers, Palmists, Horoscope-Makers And Pundits Conversing And Talking

In the poetry of ujan
I find
The Indian astrologers, horoscope-makers,
Palmists and soothsayers
In connivance with fortune-tellers and stone-dealers
Conversing,
Talking whispers
As some mystical fellows,
Star-gazers not,
Superstitious fellows
Reading omens and misfortunes
To do the brisk business.

An astrologer's day,
The astrologer sitting with the palmyra charts
On the town square
Seeing the hands of the desperate men
Distraught and frustrated in lives
And earning from,
The thugs in disguise,
Saffronites,
In dhoti, kurta and pagadi
And with the red tikka
On the forehead
And stones on fingers
And a rudrakhs rosary hanging by.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poetry Of Assam

The myth and mystery of Assam,
Dark Assam,
People fearing to go
Once upon a time
As for Kamrupa-Kamakhya Kali not,
But as for the tantrikas weird and bizarre,
As for bio-diversity and eco-difference,
The territories and tracts unknown.

The hills and mountains,
Terrains and wilds,
We could never traverse,
Dared not go beyond
As for ethnic variation writ large
And linguistic ignorance,
The territories dark and deep
And mountainous.

Assam (Asom) , what more do I know about,
The gateway to the northeast of india,
The regions treacherous and impregnable,
The difficult Himalayan ranges
Traversing from one side to another,
With the sanctuaries of own?

The Ahoms ruled the state
Shifting the centre of power from Kamrupa to Sivasagar
With their palaces and shrines,
Finally, after fighting many battles,
The able general Lachit Barphukan
Defeated the Mughals,
But their rule, language, legacy and heritage
Still in the dark of history.

A confluence of so many races and tribes,
The Austrics, Aryans, Negroids, Indo-Burmese, Indo-Tibetans,
And the Mongoloids,
They enrich each other
To give an identity to the Assamese people,

Finally, mesmerizing it all,
A baffling equation indeed to be solved
Genealogically, hierarchally.

Its districts: Barpeta, Bongaigaon, Cachar, Darrang,
Dhemaji, Dhubri, Dibrugarh, Goalpara, Golaghat,
Hailakandi, Jorhat, Kamrup, Karbi Anglong,
Karimganj, Kokrajhar, Lakhimpur, Marigaon,
Nagaon, Nalbari, North Cachar Hills, Sibsagar,
Sonitpur and Tinsukia,
I read from political geography,
Multi-racial, ethnic and lingual.

Guwahati, ancient Pragjyotishpur,
Had been a seat of learning
Famed in astrology,
Jyotish Shastras,
The ruins of Madan Kamdeva,
The Kareng Ghar, the palace of the Ahom Kings,
Rang Ghar, Sibsagar, Kachari Palace, Khaspur,
Who there to enlighten upon?

Apart from the development of Assamese (Asamiya)
From Magadhi Apabhramsha following Prakrit
In the ancient times
And its variations still marked now
in the dialects used by the native speakers,
Bengali in the Barak Valley
And Bodo being spoken in Boldoland areas,
Tell you about
The Karbi language and the Karbi people,
The Dimasa language of the Dimasas.

The Bihu folk dances of Assam,
Bohag Bihu or Rangoli Bihu
Celebrated in the middle of April
With so much gusto and zeal,
In addition to Magh Bihu or Bhogali bihu,
Kati Bihu or Kongalu Bihu,
The two other Bihus,
The Mising tribal dance
Together with the classical forms of

Bhaona, Oja Pali, Satriya Nritya

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poetry Of nce

As a poet, Lawrence is but a Georgian,
A pre-war, an inter-war years poet,
Occasional, eventual, circumstantial and allegorical
Who took to poetry casually,
Spoilt his genius,
Not at all a serious taker,
But taking to off-offhandedly,
A poet of birds, beasts and flowers,
Animal world and flora and fauna
Of the dark gods and the voyage of oblivion
And the ship of death carrying him away
The maligned soul
With the body
Sick and ailing,
Disturbed and forsaken.

Generally, tours and travels,
Tidbits form the crux, the thematic
Of his verses
Loose and fragmentary,
Tagged and pastiched,
A poet of broken lines, incomplete sentences,
Psychological and internal,
Describing the crisis in soul,
The emotional complexity and perplexity,
A poet of some disturbed genius,
Perturbed and distraught,
In precedence
Or coincidence
Go it the fictional stories,
A verse writer emotional
And disturbed
Taking to poetry casually.

The kangaroo, the elephant, the lion,
The bat, the eagle,
The fish, the tortoise,
The snake,
The piano,

The father and the middle class culture,
The revolutionary, the idealist and the rebel,
The Bolshevik and the communist,
He talks of
In his emotional and sentimental way
Describing as per the flow
Of emotion and sentiment,
The poet a schoolteacher, a traveller and a tourist,
A flower-seer
Of the hibiscus, the salvia, the bavarian gentian.

If he had to take to poetry not, verses, why did he,
Did he take to and spoil his genius
As a poet
Just like Thomas Hardy,
Hardyan,
But not a pessimist like,
But sexually mystical,
A writer emotional,
Emotionally perturbed and guilty
Trying to free
The guilty mind full of guilty consciousness,
Incestuous love,
Immoral delvings,
A writer of some disturbed psyche
Cutting the ice of ignorance,
But is not?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poetry Of Jayanta Mahapatra

Jayanta first of all is a man of physics writing the poetry of physics, drawing and delving upon light and darkness chapters, the origin of the universe, the break of the day and the retreat of it, the gloom enveloping the world in darkness. A man who teaches physics into the classrooms takes to poetry, turning poetry as physics, physics as poetry.

An Oriya man he is an Odia first before being an Indian and going beyond it, traversing the national and the international. An Odia he is of Odisha, the Odishan landscapes and scenery, the coastal lines of it, its lakes, rivers, picnic spots, beaches, temples and livestock.

A poet he is inclined to Gandhi and Gandhism, deriving the moments from the making of the Indian constitution and its ideals, the framing of it and the vision and mission of independence. Side by side he also reminisces what have we got in return as for our struggle and suffering? What have they really?

What have we done for the weak and poor, the daughters and the children, women and their upliftment, what have we for the people below the poverty line, what have they the leaders after the attainment of India's freedom, the tryst with destiny?

He is sad to see the present condition of India gripped by animosity, hatred and disharmony; unrest, groupism and factionalism, he is sad to see the present state of India, the politicians misleading it for their selfish aims and odds.

A complex poet he is difficult to be analysed as for different reasons, for his imagery, covent-schooling, Christian background, physics language and it being a truth with the Indian practising verse in English with the staggering steps in the lack of a tradition.

Today people call him a modern, a modernist and a post-modernist, a colonialist and a post-colonialist, but he has never read with that mentality as is his discipline different from the dimension and spectrum of literature, that of physics. He has read literature just up to his school level and from that he came to comprehend Wordsworth.

As a poet, he is so many at the same time, an imagist, a landscapist, a regionalist, a photographer, a realist, a feminist, a naturalist, a physicist, a historian, a romantic; a visionary, a dreamer and an image-maker.

He is strangely realistic when he talks of the hunger, human, the hunger of the belly burning it all, the types of hunger, human lust bodily and physical and dietary appetite and its fulfillment.

He is Lawrentine when he speaks of sexuality, the whorehouse and the women on display and boards, the poor fisher girl on the sea beach; the twitches of the body and its intricacies, the summer noon and siestas, the sweating and luscious kisses of it.

He is historical when he speaks of the temples and ancient sites, the rock-built-temples and their splendour and artistic excellence, when he describes the sculptures carved upon on outer temples walls with the 'dharm-artha-kama-moksha' motif inscribed upon.

He is sociological, ancient and historical when he talks of the dark daughters feminine and sculpturesque, the trodden womenfolk, suppressed and oppressed for ages. The dark daughters mythical and mystical are the love of his and the poet interrogating them.

A photographer he keeps on photographing and picturing the sites and scenes; a photographer of life and the world flimsy and pictorial with the photos and images in his collection.

A cartographer, a map-maker of Orissa and the Orissan state he does the map-pointing of it delving in demography and others.

A poet of the Indian summers, hot and perspiring, sweating and baffling, the sun-burnt homes and hamlets against the mountains penetrate the background of his poesy. The women in the orchards hand-fanning and the small daughters combing the hair of mothers and waiting for the fall of mangoes is the seasonal smell of his poetry.

A poet he is eco-centric and natural, telling of the ecological balance and the woodlands resounding with its murmurs, the rivers, lakes, seas, ships, fishermen and other activities. The rivers, Daya, Mahanadi, the crocodiles, the Olive Ridley turtles on the sea beaches and the slicks of oil spilled from the ships doing causing harm to them.

Nothing is what it seems to be and what it seems to be is nothing, a poet of nothingness bordering on existentialism, agnosticism and skepticism in faith, held by doubt and inner crisis.

A poet he draws from astrophysics, stardom and the galaxy of planetary bodies and illumination and their movement and existence, cohesion and coercion.

Jayanta as a poet is Wordsworthian, Keatsian and Lawrentian, the love of Wordsworth he has discerned, draws him to, the sense and sensibility of Keats so dearer to him, a writer sensuous.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poetry Of Onkar Nath Gupta

Onkar Nath Gupta writes poetry with a purpose,
Artistic and didactic too,
Fusing in art with morality,
Satire with wit and humour.

Onkar is a romantic
Under the garb of a satirist,
A satirist
Ironical and polished, witty and humorous.

The curves and graphs of his poetry
Take to the pedestal
Of expression and entertainment
Through wit, humour, art and craftsmanship.

But the passion of his writing
Not that of a satirist or a humorist
But a romantic,
A pastoral thinking of the return of the native.

He is number one entertainer,
Thoughtful and reflective,
Honing his sub-conscious stuff
And delivering.

Into the hands of his,
Neo-classicism get an upper hand
And putting in life
In wit, humour, laughter and satire

And it is passion, passion for living,
The emotions of living,
The underneath of desire
Which but fuse in and charge his battery of poetry.

A master of humour,
His words and ideas tickle us
With his bubbling humour
And we smile on after reading his verses.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poetry Of Pritish Nandy

A beginner with so many slender titles and booklets
Mesmerizing it all
With love, beauty, romance and lyricism,
Pritish is a poet of Calcutta,
But born at Bhagalpore

Under the pangs of Mira,
Thumri and ghazal,
Feeling love at heart,
Wetting in the pain of it,
But going differently in life
Full of contradictions.

Love, the love of heart,
Love of soul,
He wants to go by,
But the things hold it otherwise
And he mired in earthiness,
The love of the body,
Bodily and physical.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poetry Of Sadhna

Poetry as sadhna
And the poet a sadhaka,
Lost into the realms and domains
Unknown
Oblivious of it all.

The poet a sadhna
And this life to his sadhna
And he seasoning it
Into the furnace of experimentation
With the Light Divine
And its Mystical Flashes and Flickerings.

Don't be misled,
Fear you not, get you not tempted
Holding your seat,
Something will test you,
Your power of restraint,
Perseverance and temptation,
Don't give away.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poetry Of The Dark Daughter

Poetry, the poetry of the dark daughter write I,
Mythical, mystical, symbolical,
Supernatural, nocturnal, religious,
Sociological, aboriginal,
Sculptural, architectural, museumological,
Earthly, metaphysical,
Feminine, humanistic, liberal,
Artistic and sympathetic
Write I,
About her being a girl-child
Left in the temple campus
To be a devadasi, a sevadasi
Or a nautch girl.

The poetry, poetry of the dark daughter write I,
How did she come to the temple premises,
Who plotted for her coming,
The middle men and the brokers search I
To identify them,
The horoscope-makers and the soothsayers,
The florists and the cleaners,
As sometimes blind faith betrays it and misleads too
And God not in the temples, but in hearts,
We have forgotten it
Our sense of ethics and morality?

As a devadasi see I living in the temple complex all alone
In the company of the faith-blind people,
A slave into the service of the gods and goddesses of stone,
She has but to turn into a semi-divine fellow,
Lost, abnormal and unworldly
As she cannot return home,
As a sevadasi she but an agent of the fake sadhu in the ashrama
With ganja in the chillum to smoke
And she serving the worldly saint
And as a nautch girl, find I her turned into a sculpture
On the outer side of the temple,
A replica indeed.

The Poetry Of The History Of Earth, Man And Time

Write I

The poetry of
The history of
Earth, man and time
Write I.

What was it the history of man,
What was it the history of time
And what was it the history of man?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poetry Of Today, The Indian English Poetry Of Today

The poetry of today, the Indian English poetry of today,
Talk I, discuss I,
The poetry of the poets not,
Poetrywallahs,
Poetrymen
Talk I, discuss I,
The poetry of today, the Indian English poetry of today,
The poets not,
Of the poetrymen, poetrywallahs
Writing Hindustani English,
The Hindustani men
Calling themselves English poets and poetesses
Not of India, but of England,
English not, Indian poet
Tagging lines, rhyming with
To be poets.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poets Are But The Mad People, Who Writes The Mad Men?

The poets are the mad men,
Who writes poetry,
Do you know,
The mad men?

The mad-mad men
Maddening it all,
The mad-mad men
Making others mad.

Poetry a mad man's business,
The mad poet wanting to be a great man.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poets Are Coming, Let Me Escape, My God, I Mean The Mad House People

Poets are coming
And on finding them approaching,
Let me run away
Taking my father's name
As they will not let me go
Without making me hear their poems.

In the hopes and aspirations of their own,
They are coming
With the dreams of Spenser, Milton, Shakespeare and Wordsworth.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poets Are Coming, Let Me Hide Behind To Escape Them

The poets are coming,
Let me hide behind
To escape them,
The literati,
I mean the intellectuals,
The poets and critics,
The pseudo-scholars,
Poets and critics,
With nothing to do,
But to write and write,
They themselves writers
And readers of their own poems.

My friend, even if they wait,
You make the words sent across
That he is out,
Even though I am in the house,
Say you untruthfully for my sake,
Just to save me
From the very mad, mad people,
I mean poets and critics.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poets Are Liars, The Most Fraud People

The poets are liars, the most fraud people,
Living by fraud,
The bluff-masters
Who keep bluffing,
The dull and bogus fellows,
Most inactive and impractical.

They think it
They know it well,
But in reality they carry from others
The things not their own,
But of others.

They suffer from falsely
They are great men,
But the great men never say it
They are really
And if this be, who is not great?

Greatness needs to felt,
Search talent in others
Rather than praising oneself.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poets Are Most Selfish Men In The World

The poets are most selfish men
In the world
As they remain least concerned
With other things
Rather than their poetry
And self-promotion,
To promote themselves
Is the chief priority of the poets
And only they are the great men of the world,
This is their only perception.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poets Are The Mad Men And Poetry A Mad Man's Babbling

The poets are mad, mad men,
The very, very mad people
And the critics
The attendants of the mad men
From the mad house,
All psychiatric patients,
Laughing all alone,
Smiling all alone,
Weeping all alone.

Most of them the patients
Of mental disorder,
Gone neurotic,
Hysteric,
Schizophrenic
or neurotic,
Suffering from insomnia,
Daydreaming,
Love-lorn and solitary fellows,
They themselves the topics of poetry
Than what to say more? r

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poets Are The Mad Men And Poetry His Madness

The poets are the mad men
And poetry is nothing, . but an exercise
In his madness,
Who the mad man is,
What his identity,
Where does he come from,
What his aims and objectives,
His philosophy of life?

A mad man himself will madden others,
Poets are the mad, mad men,
The mad, mad people
From the mad, mad world
Maddening others,
Not the normal men,
But the abnormal men.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poets Think That The World Is Theirs, How Can It Be?

The poets think that the world
Is theirs,
Which but how can it be?
The world is also of the technocrats and engineers,
Scientists and doctors,
Navigators and seafarers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Polar Bear

The polar bear
Near the Arctic circle
Adapted to the colder climes
Icy and snowy
Walking on the snow, ice,
Digging for,
Playing on
And fighting with
Is their life,
Their habitat and behaviour.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Police, The Chor & The Lawyer

The police, the chor and the lawyer, three friends,
Three bosom friends
Walking hand in hand,
Shoulder over shoulder,
singing the song,
Ooh-la-la.

The thief will burgle into the house,
Snatch the chain
And run away with
Late into the night,
The policemen will follow him not

And even if trapped and caught,
Will save from the crowds
And the lawyer will take up his case
After taking fees from him
And where will he
From selling the gold chains?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Policeman Not Of His Baap

It is often said that the policeman not of his father, I mean father,
Your father, my father, their father,
But father father,
Who keeps saying,
You do not this, you do not that,
Always tough and tight,
Not loose and simple as mother,
Always giving a tough time to deal with, dispense with,
Old-timer and disciplined.

O, what was I saying, I remember, remember about the policeman,
O, it came to me,
As had forgotten, gone out of mind,
Grew I absent-minded
As swayed I somewhere!
The policeman not of the baap, I mean the father,
The father who gave birth to him,
Who made him into a man
And now he calls he himself a policeman,
A danda-keeping one or the rifle-man,
That I cannot say to you friend,
It is better you go and come
Seeing him
To report it to me!

O, what was I, was I saying to you,
Got disrupted and deviated from,
As for the midway question,
Asking me to let me say
And I too, let me say
And both of us said we
But none heard it
And it got misheard, misinterpreted,
Noisy and chaotic!

You saying, let me say, I saying, let me say
And who will it say,
Let us call in a judge to dispense with
As for saying it next,

Whose turn is it to say it before,
Who will hear whom
And let me say it
Without interrupting it!

The policeman not of his baap, I mean the father,
Indian father or English father,
That I cannot, cannot, my friend,
As no English man am I,
No European or American,
I myself have not been to anytime
Then how can I answer you, friend?

O, I was saying about the policeman not of the baap,
I mean not of his father,
Is often said
And the father of the policeman thinking within,
Why did he make him a Bentleman,
A Lantleman,
Not a gentleman!

As he comes he drunk and talking tough,
Trying to implicate everybody,
Whoever be he,
Talking of laws, crime and criminals and punishment,
Even can jail his father,
So hardy and jarring has he become
In his attitude and
That obeys he not even his father.

Hence, it is said,
It is generally called,
The policeman not of his father,
The rifleman, the lathiman is he,
Not a simple man talking simply,
Speaking the language of guns and barrels,
Firing on
With the hands always on the trigger
And aiming.

Not at all a good boy, but into a bad boy
Has he turned,

The father is thinking,
As he signed the papers wet-eyed
When there came the call
As for to be appointed
But now calls he himself a policeman.

Now he thinking within
Why did he turn his son into a policeman,
A gentleman,
Into a Gentleman
Into a Lantleman
At the time of going to jail
And it is none but his son taking him to jail
As for not giving pension money and distributing lands properly,
Where do the hidden money and assets lie in,
To whom will he give his maximum property?

The mundane father remembering the heavenly father,
The father looking skywards
And again bending the head,
Thinking remorsefully,
For what fault of his, for what sin of his previous birth,
Is he going to jail,
What karma of his,
What bad did he do
That his good son turned into a bad son
And that he is getting the bhoga of his 'karmafal'?

Just the assurance is with him that his son will get him out of the jail
And its adjacent vicinity,
You worry not, old father,
Tough and conservative,
The son will bail you court,
You just worry not, old father,
Not the modern papa
And coming out from the jail, he will settle the things,
The old scores,
The lands and properties will be divided
Without any fascination for the youngest and and spoilt brother.

The policeman not of his baap, I mean his father,
The khaki khlaf-pantsman,

Doing left and right with a stick or a rifle,
In the parade ground or the police line,
Has forgotten even his family etiquette and morality
And can abuse anyone with license.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Policeman Not Of The Father

The father of the policeman
Thinking,
Why did he make
His son a half-pants-man
As he not of his father?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Politburo Member: A Tougher Man Doing Tough Talks

Speaks he as if he knew it not
But his party men wreaking havoc,
The cadres and comrades went on a rampage,
Gone berserk,
He will speak it something different,
But will execute it something
After confiding in,
Whispering with
The local, zonal, district and state committee members
Which the spies and detectives too cannot take out
As for a backlash and a repercussion,
With the press lying censured,
The lips sealed
Otherwise the tongue will chopped off,
The toughest man to be dealt with,
With a rhetoric pointed at the anti-communists,
I mean the democrats and republicans,
Doing friendship
As for to convert, transform and galvanize the brains

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Politics Of Arundhati Roy

Nobody knows it
What she is actually
A social activist or a writer,
But she goes politicking
With her agenda and strategy
To attain world fame
As a writer.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Politics Of Becoming Great

One cannot be great rather one projects oneself not,
Aspires to be there
And one can be, if there is somebody else to encourage
And promote him.

Without aspiring and yearning to be great, one cannot be,
There must have been someone
Who inspired and supported him in his difficult times,
someone who instead of highlighting himself
Highlighted him
Which but the great men hide it
As for calling themselves self-schooled and self-taught,
Born great.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Politics Of Medha Patekar

The politics of Medha Patekar
Those who do not know it
Can never feel it,
you say it,
as an environmentalist,
What can she do it really,
Is she a genetic cloning scientist
Or a forensic expert
Or a botanist
Or a conservator,
What can she
Barring politics and politicking?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Politics Of Poets

The politics of the poets I like it not,
The politics of the politicians,
Hence, leaking it out the question papers,
Puncturing the car they have boarded.

They all have turned into poets except me,
Knocking at their door to open the hall of fame,
But they saying,
Who is it, who is it?

Having entered, they bolted the door,
Shutting me out, leaving in the dark,
Making me wait for and see the stars.

Under the open skies, on the verandah kept I waiting,
Marking the frosty night with the chilly winds blowing
With a blanket over me.

I waited and waited, letting me in just to note, asking me not to sit
When the conference was over
And the medals and prizes were given.

God-given merit, talent and genius in all
Lest we recognize it,
The same spark of genius in all, just spot them out with your talent search.

You call me a poet, write a paper on me,
Read a paper on me in a seminar,
You just
As a reader and the paper will be mine.

I am an editor of a journal as for to be a poet and a critic
And you a reviewer favourite to me
As your papers on my poetry
And I publishing it in my journal or in the friend's.
□



Bijay Kant Dubey

The Politics Of Returning The Sahitya Akademi Awards

They are returning the Sahitya Akademi awards
Not in protest
Which they could have otherwise,
But for coming into the limelight,
The media limelight
As they are politicians
Who love politicking
Rather than protesting
In a positive light.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Pondicherry School Of Poetry Writing/ The Aurobindonians/ Maharshi Aurobindo And His Disciples

The Pondicherry ashrama poets writing poetry
Under the influence of the master,
The great spiritual guru,
So much religious not,
But transcendental and yogic,
I mean reflective and meditative,
Perfecting meditational yoga,
The persona divine.

Aurobindo after the Narayan darshan in jail
As for nationalistic and radical activities,
Changing the course of life
As for a tryst with transcendental vision,
Meditational philosophy,
Yogic sadhna
And experimentation with the Supra-consciousness,
The Super Mind and Soul,
The Super Intellect.

A yogi and a sadhaka, a teacher mystical and spiritual,
Reflective and meditative,
He is a poet of Man and Superman,
The interrelationship between the two,
The Supra-Mind, the Supra-Consciousness,
The Light Divine, the Path of Sadhna,
But the myths of Light not so full of mystical flashes,
But explained with intellect and logic.

A study in Latinization and Latinized diction
As it was the case with the age
And he himself a professor of English and the Western classics,
A polyglot knowing Latin, French and others,
He drew from Milton
But differently,
A saint-singer, as they happen to be,
But he used in his studies,
The grammar of poesy,

The lessons of rhetoric and prosody.

Though he wrote in the Miltonic style,
He followed the Vedic and Upanishadic line and length,
Cadence and rhythm of speech and incantation,
Fusing in both,
But failing to get at the acquired result,
With Savitri as the magnum opus,
An epic in verse,
Urvashi and Love and Death as longer poems,
But the latter-day shorter poems with the mystical experiences
Dealing with the Sadhna and the Light Divine.

The kernel of Savitri from the Mahabharata,
Dealing with the tale of Savitri and Satyavan,
Savitri intercepting Yama,
Letting not go with the spirit of her husband
And the Yama nonplussed to see a so devout lady,
Making him think and re-think
While taking it away,
Finally retreating and compromising,
As such the discourse of it.

a, Punjalal, Nolini Kanta Gupta and Nishikanto,
The ashramites as poets,
The disciples as the poets,
I mean the ashrama men,
Approaching the Divine through the ordaining guru,
Though not directly, but vasa Iyengar and
Also the Aurobindonians,
Inclusive of Harindrananth Chattopadhyaya and Dilip Kumar Roy.

Even though many sat not at the lotus feet of the guru,
But felt the halo of his,
The beauty of his meditation,
Crystal clear and gem-like,
Dazzling and glimmering
As stones, thought-reflections,
Meditational graphics of mind rising
To meet the Supreme Consciousness,
Elevating and soul-alluring,
Loosening the body,

Closing the eyes
And meditating upon.

Maharshi Aurobindo in a dhyana, a yoga,
I mean a yoga-mudra (yoga-posture) ,
And the slides and glides of meditation
None but a sadhu can say,
The serpentine formation from the kundalini, intestines
To the Mind to...,
Awaking and arising the things
Lying dormant within
As for to activate them,
The thinking mood of the mind,
The meditative spirit of the soul.

a's Artist Love (1925) , The Secret Splendour (1941) ,
The Adventure of the Apocalypse (1949)
Punjalal's Lotus Petals (1943) , Rosary (1946) ,
Nolini Kanta Gupta's To The Heights (1943) ,
Nirodbaran's Sun-Blossoms (1947) ,
Nishikanto's Dream Cadences (1946) ,
The books of verses telling about.

Anilbaran Roy, Nolini Kanta Gupta, Dilip Kumar Roy,
Amrita, Prithwi Singh, Punjalal the older generation poets,
Romen, Themis, Prithwindra, Chinmoy,
Shyam Sunder and Chimanbhai the younger generation poets,
Writing under the shadow of the master,
Echoing the teacher, drawing from the guru deva
And his inspiration.

Ones and twos followed and flowed from
And they wrote after being inspired
Or in pursuance to their spiritual quest,
Dilip Kumar Roy's Eyes of Light (1948) ,
The Immortals of the Bhagavat (1958) ,
Romen's The Golden Apocalypse (1953) ,
Themis's Poems (1952) ,
To be reckoned with.

vasa Iyengar too as a poet is inclined towards
Aurobindo and his Aurobindonianism,

Tryst With The Divine (1974) , Mycrocosmographia Poetica (1976) ,
Leaves from a Log (1979) ,
Sitayana, the Epic of the Earth Born,
A re-telling of the Ramayana in his verse,
's Song of Life and Other Poems (1947) ,
In Life's Temple (1965) , Kashmir and the Blind Man (1977)
Themselves reveal it
Rather than classifying them as thus.

The religio-philosophical poems,
The ones of a meditative strain
As for the contemplative order
Seconded by logic, reason and intellectuality
Gives a new dimension
To his range and though of viewing,
The diagram of vision,
The horizon of determinism,
Elevating the human mind,
Taking to the pedestal of Thought and Mind,
Cosmic Mind and Consciousness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poor Ass, The Washerman's Dog Neither Of The Home Nor Of The Ghat

The poor ass going,
The poor lonely ass
Left on the roads
Forsaken and distraught
In this age of unemployment and joblessness,
Oh, the poor ass
Left and abandoned
On the roads
And the master caring for
It not!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poor Blood Donor

The poor blood donor,
How did it save a soul
In urgency
Of blood transfusion,
o, how to thank him,
How to thank him?

No words to speak,
No words to speak
Of his leniency,
Which but the conspiring world
Knows it not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poor Daughter Of India

The poor daughter smiling
In the sun-burnt hamlets
With an uncertain future
Lurking ahead.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poor Daughter Of India (Ii)

The poor daughter of India, think I, about
My own daughter,
The poor daughter of India
Lying neglected and ignored
In village homes,
Eating the left-overs
Of her father's plates
And of her brother's,
Taking for
What it is in her lot
As the left-overs,
The poor daughter,
The poor daughter of India,
But the daughter of maya,
Abandon her not please
As her eyes splash they
And wipes she out in hiding
The teardrops falling,
The eye-lashes smeared with,
The poor daughter of India,
The poor and affectionate daughter of India.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poor Daughter Of India; The Poor Girl-Child Of India

The poor daughter of India
I see her sweeping the floor of the courtyard at daybreak
Into the hamlet homes,
Throwing the ashes from the earthen oven
And washing the utensils.

The poor girl-child of India, neglected and ignored,
Half-fed and half-clothed,
Clumsy and soiled,
I can see her helping her mother
In household works,
Carrying her younger brother in her lap.

Her frock is faded and torn,
The hair unoiled,
She taking food,
Just the left-overs of her brother,
Late in the day.

Father's home is not her home
As she has to go to another home,
A daughter not own,
But of the other men,
O, how can it be?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poor Daughter Of The Country

I saw her
The poor daughter of India
Living poorly
Under impoverished circumstances,
Sweeping, cleaning,
Washing
And living
In the country.

A girl child
Why so neglected and ignored
In her own home,
A daughter
Why interpreted so differently,
As a family burden
Or debt
To be cleared forth.

The poor daughter
Of the country
Smiling
In the midst of scarcity
And poverty,
Never complaining against
What it marauds,
Maligns her self.

The poor daughter
Of the poor country
Living poorly,
Passing her days in anonymity,
Utter disgust,
But saying it not
To anyone,
A girl so poor,
So neglected in India.

Her work starts
Right from the daybreak

And she cleans the utensils,
Sweeps the courtyard,
Readies the hearth
With the logs and leaves
And cow dung cakes
To burn it,
The poor daughter of India.

She herself a small girl,
A small daughter
Of the villages,
Where do the rounds
Poverty and hunger,
Superstition and uncultured,
Backwardness and underdevelopment,
Misrule and mismanagement,
Scarcity and want.

There is nothing as that to take,
Take you
Stale food left over
As that of the night,
The stale rice or bread
Ad that too if available
And take you,
There is nothing as that
Like tea.

The poor daughter of India
Telling a poor tale
In a poor light
Of description,
Oil is not in her tangled and lousy hair,
Food not in the stomach,
But still she struggling,
Still she living,
Complaining it not.

The poor daughter of India
Living poorly
Into the Indian villages
Poorly

Without any name
Or identity,
With no words to say
Or stake claim over.

The things of the house
Not her own,
Nor can she claim over
When she goes to
The other man house,
A relative of the distant
To go to other man houses,
Not a thing of own,
Such a belief, such a statement.

She is but a debt,
A family burden to be cleared
Lying overhead,
The cause of pressure,
The thing of load,
When will she go away,
Where and when
To clear off the debt,
With whose activity
Is linked with the family prestige.

The poor daughter of India
Living poorly
In the poor villages of India
Where do the rounds
Poverty and un-culture,
Backwardness and superstition,
Un-education and scarcity,
Want and shortcoming,
Foolishness and rustic viewing,
Oh, the poor daughter of India
Living poorly!

The poor daughter of India
Living poorly
Without the hair oil,
The face cream,

Uncombed and unsettled,
The skin rough and good,
But still she smiling,
Seeing the pathways
For the coming of unknown guest
Whom she can entertain
In full joviality.

In a loose and worn out frock,
Darned, discoloured and old,
See I,
Lousy and tangled,
Clumsy and dirty,
But in spirits
From her within,
With the brother
Into the lap of hers,
She a help maid for her mother.

There is nothing as morning breakfast,
Take the stale food late
And if that too is,
Or a little bit of anything,
Cook you
Burning the hearth,
Bearing heat and smokes
In the low-roofed muddy kitchen
Of the muddy house.

The day-time food that too is
Not available
Late into the noon,
Going by 1.30 to 2.00 p.m.
And even touching 3.00 p.m.
That is almost the afternoon time
And that too
With the left-overs
Of the brother and the father too.

Again she resumes her duties
And responsibilities
Of cleaning the utensils

At twilight,
Sweeping the floor,
Showing the earthen lamp light
To gods
And by visiting each of the rooms
As for dispelling darkness.

But the earthen lamp burns it not
For so long
Into the dark villages
Of dark and medieval India
Where hung it heavy
The purdah,
The development regressed it
After the invasion
By the looters, plunders and invaders
Who took it to be not own,
But for a booty.

The poor daughter of India
Living poorly
In the poor villages of India
Sleeping on the date-leaf mat,
Cooking food from the hearth
With dry leaves collected,
Twigs and cow dung cakes,
Reddening the eyes
With smokes coming out
And the ventilation suffocated.

Nothing to take,
But all to give,
She lives,
Passes the life her own
In the patriarchal house
And leaves it for
An unknown destination,
Into the hands of
A ganjeri, bhangeri or a drunkard
Or a woman-seller.

Whatever the conditions of life,

She has to go,
Has to go
As this is not her home,
Of her father,
Of her brother
And she has no right to live in here
In the father's home,
But in the husband's home
Good or bad.

She has to bear it all but silently
And the tears
To drink falling from
The eyes
And she wiping out
All but silently,
This the tragedy of her life,
This the tragedy of her living,
A poor girl of India,
A poor daughter of the Indian villages
Languishing in poverty and disgust.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poor Gipsy Girl Sucking The Breast Of Malnutrition As Her Mother/ The Daughter Of Sorrow

The poor gipsy girl living on the market places

Call it poorly or madly

On the platforms and bus-stands

All alone,

Passing the nights,

Wailing with the winds

□

And into the lap of hers see I a poor daughter,

Oh, the valued daughter of India,

But depleting,

Turning rarer,

Herself a patient of malnutrition,

Sucking the breast of ill-fed, ill-clothed mother,

Used and thrown on market-places

By the modern and materialisticaly blind marketing men

And marketeers.

None has time to see her, feel the pains of hers,

To hear te shriek of the child

In this age sick hurry and divided aims,

I am busy now,

Of the changing traffic signals

And the stopping crowds,

Yea, into the madding crowds of ugly cities of dirty drains.

Near the office counter, under the canopy of,

On a little bit of earth,

I found her giving the breast to a poorly-fed and kept baby

And the baby being placed over the foostep

Enjoying the shade,

Oh, so much so fatherlessly and woithout,

Drinking the tears of hers herself,

With nothing to complain against God and humanity!

Oh, that poor and helples girl compromising with ehr fate,

Born fatherlessly

On the footpaths, the market-places

To a poor gipsy mother,
Living and growing on footpaths,
Held poor by time, situation and circumstance!

Oh, that poor and helpless girl compromising with the fate,
Born fatherlessly
On the footpaths, the market-places
To a poor gipsy mother,
Living and growing on footpaths,
Held poor by time, situation and circumstance!

The eyes I can see without the tears
As the girl has sucked so much so of tears
And sees she it all,
but complains not,
Lying on the footpath,
Just sees the modern men in their proud gait of theirs,
Priding over their false sense of modernity,
Shallow urbanity and industrial development.
Oh that poor gipsy female baby,
I mean the sorrow of India!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poor Gipsy Woman With The Poor Gipsy Girl Child

Near the steps of the post-office counter,
Shaded from,
Saw I the poor gipsy woman
With the poor gipsy girl child,
A weakling
Sucking the breasts of Mother Poverty,
The gipsy child Baby Malnutrition.

When I stepped in, noticed I
The poor woman with the poor child
Sucking the breasts
Of her sick mother,
Marking tearlessly
With the tears dried into the eye-sockets.

The mother in a clumsy and ragged clothing
And the child too
Looking dirt and awkward,
The heart came upon,
I went on seeing helplessly,
Looking aghast and awe-struck.

I wanted to do something, but could not
As was away from my hometown
Into a different place
For the office-related issue,
But could not resist the scene,
Saw I pitifully to hand a note of ten rupees.

Oh, the gipsy mother and the gipsy baby,
Lying on the floor,
Looking miserably,
Her poor fate
In Poor India,
Oh, the poor girl girl-child of India!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poor Girl I Saw Her Dressed As Goddess Lakshmi & Asking For Money

I saw the poor gipsy girl
Dressed as Goddess Lakshmi
Seeking for alms.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Poor Girl-Child Of India (On The Eve Of Children's Day)

The poor girl-child of India
Describe and delineate I,
She taking stale food
And the left-overs
Even after feeding her small brother.

Half-fed and half-clothed,
In a loose and torn frock
Smiles she
A country girl,
Quite neglected and ignored
In patriarchal homes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Porcupine

The rat-like rodent
By the hillside saw I
While passing through the hills
Clustered and in ranges
Littered across,
The porcupines
In spines and quills
When nearer to it
Or it feeling threatened
It standing with
The quills straightened.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Portrait Of An Artist Make I, Old Sardarji Mean I, Khushwant Singh

The portrait of an artist make I
Of the Sardarji,
The artist as a young man not
But an old man,
Seasoned and colourful
Going with the time,
Clutching age and ageing
He striding along

Khushwant Singh the man and the artist
Sketch I,
The Sardarji
In the turban and the pyjamas
With the specs over the face,
Doing the talks so much in glee and spirits,
A novelist and a short story writer,
An essayist and a columnist,
A historian and a journalist
And a politician too of his own type
In his chessboard plays.

He is such a writer who can even taste
Rum, whisky, beer, brandy and vodka
And champagne to say
How those tasted,
Whose love-affair is with whom,
A blackmailer not, but a whistleblower is he
Undaunted in his write-up,
Can fight cases as for justice
And can leave honours
For community's sake.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Post-Independence Period Indian English Poetry

To talk of the post-independence period Indian English poetry
Is to talk of the modern hollow men,
The hollow and shallow men of the waste land,
Modern life and culture,
Modern city culture and tradition,
Urban space and congested living,
Gasping for fresh air and light.

They are actually not poets and poetesses,
But have become so
Through collaboration
And we too had been in the need of,
Searching for Indian voices in English
As this is not called poetry,
But versification.

Devoid of Indian thought and culture, religion and philosophy,
Metaphysics and spirituality,
Theology and transcendental vision,
Myth and mysticism,
Write they the private and personal verses
In their own way,
Even the first poem writers as promising poets
With the books on the anvil.

's Writers Workshop is a factory of poets,
The nameless comrades and cadres as poets,
A firm of vanity publications,
His credo a combination or amalgamation
Of first poem writers and first authors,
Struggling to write,
Writing anonymously
To perfect themselves.

The men of mediocre merit the modern poets,
The modern hollow and shallow men,
Hollow and shallow from within,
The poets and poetesses of the urban space,
The men and women of trivial reckoning,

Rhymed doggerel or broken statements
With the kernels of poetic tidbits in the them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Pre-1947 Period Of Indian English Poetry

Where are they, where their books to be found,
On which dusty shelf or rack of the library,
Where those collections of yellow and pale pages,
Where those poets,
Can you tell me about them,
The pre-independence time practitioners of nondecript poesy
When it was not Indian English poetry?

Dhan Gopal Mukherjee (Rajani,1961, and Sandhya,1917):
rdar (The Silken Tassel,1918):
Sir Nizmat Jung (Sonnets,1918):
ni (Triumph of Delhi,1916, and Krishna's Flute 1919):
ia (Seeking,1925; Chitor,1928):
T Basker (Passing Clouds,1932):
aswami (Songs and Lyrics,1935) ,
Who were they, what were their works about,
Who to tell us?

a (Life's Fantasia,1938):
rkery (The Ivory Tower,1943):
Nilima Devi (When The Moon Died,1944):
Subho Tagore (Rubble,1936, and Flames of Passion,1944) ,
Sabita Devi (Phantasies,1953):
The authors with their books in brackets,
I want to know them.

Fredoon Kabraji (A Minor Georgian's Swan Song,1945):
Cyril Modak (Jawaharlal Nehru and Other Poems,1946):
Lotika Basu (White Dawns Awakening,1950):
Nanalal Dalpatram (The Perennial Fruit,1953):
wami Sastri (A Vision of India,1954):
Elsa Kazi (Terrestrial and Celestial Echoes,1960) ,
I just hear about them,
Without any inforamtion.

Burjor ster (The Last Farewell,1960):
Karan Singh (Welcome, The Moonrise,1965):
chandra Rao (Wings and Warbles,1965):
a (Beauty and the Poet,1969):

Gopal Singh (The Unstruck Melody, 1969) ,
But the names are there and the critics silent about them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Problem Of Indian English Verse

The problem of Indian English verse,
The practitioners
Parody and plagiarize they
The British and American models
And call them own,
Trying to be ditto Englishmen,
But are Hindustanis
Which but they should not forget it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Professor

The university professor, lecturer and reader now the points
Of my deliberation, debate and discussion,
My kind perusal
And I perusing the papers
As for scrutiny and verification.

Those who are in the university,
It does not mean at all,
Are all in all, will be good enough,
As genius is not there in reservation or categorization.

Many readers read their papers not
But are instead of unreading,
Many just get transferred to other universities to return back someday
As commissioned professors, which but a got-up case, a hidden agenda,
A secret strategy for the stars-war programme
As I know the drama of posting and placement,
As have lived near the varsity campus to mark it all,
What it happens there in the proximity to it.

Many bluff-masters who know a little keep a high profile instead of a low one
While many real ones post it not,
Many teachers who join in as lecturers will someday naturally
Turn into readers and thereafter as professors
As for acquaintance and closeness,
As the university campus never disheartens anyone whoever comes to here
As for business or bargain or tuitions.

Here it is easy to be a professor from a lecturer to a reader
As the scope is vaster here,
The academic staff colleges will call them without any enquiry
As resource persons
Just to carry on the gossips too,
If the resource is not available,
The colleges will for seminar chairing and the guest of honour
Or the key-note speaker.

The devotees and clients who move out of the P.G. programmes
Will definitely ask for research guidance

Whether he knows or not, whether he reads the paper or not
And the other universities will definitely call for the viva voce exam
And Ph.D. examinership
And what more to complain to you? .

Many older teachers like not to be transferred to the university
As for to change their set up and establishment,
The house and sons and daughters
As these will disrupt their education
And will hamper
And so keeping in view, they decline the offer
And keep their temptation at bay
While the shrewd professors like to get it written
For to take over or to produce it
By saying that he has declined to accept or join
Or to say better he is at the college.

Together with it, I have seen many duplicate professors
Living near the campus
Of the newly-opened or the older university
Trying to work as guest faculty man
Just to poach into the fauna
Or to be a florist of the fauna;
Trying, trying to push himself forward somehow
By getting papers published and books edited
And even if he is not a poet, he will say
That he is a poet at par with.

These university men,
The ragged and rugged men,
The Irish patriots of Lady Gregory and the uncouth Nepali shilajit sellers,
I know them all,
Waiting to be deans, heads, professors, members, visiting professors,
Editors, research guides, subject experts,
Inspectors of colleges, registrars and so on,
But the lotus blooming elsewhere,
It may even in dirt and mud and the dunghill
As who is what it is very difficult
To assess and judge it.

Who has what, none can say about it
As because merit has nothing to do with post and rank,

As merit is of the footpaths,
Not of the chair
And I know it that it goes about wandering
For food and employment
Just like the wild blooms
Blooming and scattering over the unknown pathways.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Psyche Of asarathy

asarathy split
In between
Leeds, Chennai, Delhi,
A Tamil
Looking up
To the Kurals and Sangam literature
For inspiration
After perspiring
In the loo-blown summers of Delhi
Taking back the medieval times
And the dark corridors of its history.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Puffs Of Ganja From An Earthen Clay Ware

The puffs of ganja
From an earthen clay ware pipe
Delighting
The takers
And they taking ganja
With Vyom-Bhole, Shanker
As did take Shiva
So are they
The ganjeris
One after another
Ganja.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Pure Ring-Like Crystal Clear Light Divine

The pure ring-like Light Divine
Eye-kissing and heart-delighting,
Pure ring-like light,
Crystal clear and kissing.

The Light Divine
Flashing and falling upon
Which but the sadhaka can feel it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Question Of Being Modern & Post-Modern

I am not even modern, how to call myself post-modern,
Let me be modern first then call me post-modern,
You please say it to me, are you yourself post-modern?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Race For Fame/ The Hypocrisy Of Modern Living

In the race for fame,
Where are we going,
In this age of
Media glitz, gala and glamour,
where will ego and personality?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Ragged Men As Ph.D. Guides On Indian English Poetry Criticism

The ragged men, not the Irish ragged men,
Patriots and freedom fighters,
But the Indian patriots
As the ragged men the ts
On Indian English poetry
And their criticism a type of ragpicking.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Ragged Men As The Critics Of Erstwhile, Nowhere Indian Verse In English, I Mean The Phatihaley Babasnglsih

The ragged men as the novice critics
Of Indian verse in English,
The ragpickers of literature,
I mean the Indian babas,
Indian Phatihaley Babas,
Showing restraint and control falsely,
But involved in scandals and controversies.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Ragged Men Of Indian English Poetry

The ragged men of Indian English poetry
As the s,
Research scholars,
All but the ragged men,
The ragpickers,
The Irish freedom fighters of lady Gregory not,
But the Indian freedom fighters,
The balladists of note,
Singing of Irish freedom and liberation not,
But the Indian anthem
Unfurling and hoisting the flags
To claim over the land
As for the property rights,
The milkmen of Kipling
Mixing pond side water,
I mean paani
In milk
To write pidgin-Indian
Kiplingesque verses
Full of mixed
Sahebi Hindustani and English not,
But their theses.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Ragged Ph.D. Guide And The Ragged Scholar (Lady Gregory's 'the Rising Of The Moon' One-Act Play Not)

Both of them the ragged men,
The patriots,
Singing ballads
Of freedom and liberation.

The ragged Ph.D. guide and the ragged scholar,
Both of them the ragged men
Of India,
Singing ballads,
Trying to dodge the Irish sergeant not,
But the British officer on duty,
Loyal to the Govt.,
On the look out for the freedom fighters,
Irish not, Gandhian.

The ragged men talking under the moonshine
Near the dockyard,
Ready to welcome the compatriots
Coming by boat
As for the materials,
All in a disguise,
All to clip and tag.

The ragged man did his Ph.D. so
And his scholar now doing ti as thus,
Clipping an dcopying,
Copying and pasting
And pastiching
To be a Ph.D.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Rajanigandha Sticks With Clusters Of Fragrant White Blooms

A field of rajanigandhas
And I seeing the fairly white moon.

Who is the maiden fragrancing the nights,
So sweetly redolent and icy white
Making me remember love-marriage?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Rarely-Found Vultures

Now see I not the vultures
Labouring on the carcass
Thrown into the fields and fallows
Or the dead body of the animal
Naturally dead
Just like the taxidermist.

I find not the scarecrow atop the new building
Under construction
To drive it away automatically,
Taking it to be a man
As for rotting flesh may fall upon
Carried by other birds of prey too.

Their dwindling numbers, the fall in count
Making them rarer and rarer,
Maybe it that the bird will vanish from,
Deplting completely
To be called a extinct species,
The big and bulging bird.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Rath Yatra

The rath of Jagannatha will tumble
From the temple
And the deities,
Jagannatha, Balabhadra, Subhadra will come out
Seated on the ratha,
The chariot drawn by people,
All and sundry following,
The gigantic ratha,
The gargantuan crowds
Taking the name of Jagannatha,
Balabhadra and Subhadra
And going
In piety and devotion.

Hare Krishna, hare Krishna,
Hare, hare,
Hare Rama,
Rama, Rama, hare, hare,
People will keep singing
And the ratha in procession
Will proceed on
Towards onward journey
With the idols,
The puppet-like grotesque statues
Or images on the ratha.

The decorated rathas
Looking like temples
With the idols seated
Will tumble down
With the people following
And pulling the ratha
For to take to another temple
From where will return it
After a few days
Taking the return journey
To be back to.

The Rathyatra

The chariot housing
Jagannath, Balabhadra and Subhadra,
The grotesque idols
Will come out
And the people will gather
To pull the ratha,
The wooden chariot
During the rainy time.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Realist

The realist, the realist is one who will give you the return journey ticket,
Return back, return you back
From the dreamland
You are revelling in, flying high into,
The world of dream, colour, fancy and imagination
You have been.

This is the world of struggle, suffering and sacrifice,
Hardships and bare things,
Coal, dust, fire and water,
Coal, ashes and earthly remains
And here lives it not anything else
That think you your own.

The kite which you keep flying, the realist brings it down
And with it revel you lowly into dust,
Get a bite of dust and reality,
Bare and naked,
Hardcore realities of life and the world.

None but the wearer knows where the shoe pinches,
The paths of life lie they thorny and craggy,
Prickly and stony
And man as a pilgrim going
Over the ways zigzagged.

The realities of life bare and naked,
Hardcore, faded and discoloured,
Tougher and harder
As this is the world of toil, tears and blood,
Hard labour and sweating.

Down to earthly realities and things mundane,
Monetary, economic and financial,
Life troublesome and tedious,
Its problems, daily trifles,
Who to understand them?

Life is not as you have understood,

As I have,
It is full of struggle and suffering,
Trouble, tension and tribulation,
As the ways of the world
As it goes in its own.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Rebel On World Women's Day

On World Women's Day,
Felt I the pulse of feminism,
Lakshmana drawing the lakshmanrekha,
Sita crossing over unknowingly,
Draupadi rebelling
Oversmarming others ahead of age and times,
Eklavya protesting.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Red China Roses

The red China roses, have you seen then, come to feel and mark
Their beauty, colour and loveliness,
So fair and fresh, so lovely to look at,
Dazzling with the colour,
Red and florid, fast and beautiful?

A mere look at them
Sweetens it all, the on-lookers
Who look to them feel it happiness within
As thy return not with any dejection
Undergoing within.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Red Rose & Its Dew-Washed Petals

The petals of the red rose
Just like the cheeks
Of my love,
Reddish and appleyish,
Fair, fine and fresh.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Reddish-Reddish Florid And Ornate Clusters Of Palash Blossoms

The reddish-reddish,
Ornate and clustered blossoms
Of palash
Hanging by
In and around
The hills,
The hilly ranges of
Santhal Parganas
With the hamlets and thorps
In the midst of
In and around the place,
The vast stretch of the plateau land
With the hills dark and clustered
Around, impregnable
And the cuckoos cooing from
In late Magh and Phalgun
And early Chaitra,
Breaking the notes,
So melodiously
From the clusters of wild
Palash blossoms
Lying leaflessly,
But decorated with
The hanging and florid blossoms,
Darkly punched
At the stem end,
But beautifully florid and ornate
Overshining the gulmohars,
But leaflessly standing like the simul gtrees
Without the vultures now-a-days.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Red-Mouthed Small Indian Monkey

The red-mouthed, red-faced monkey talk I,
Seeing innocently,
Winking at,
But is not,
If teased or thrown at.

The small grey or brown haired red monkey
But with the red face,
Jumping to and fro,
Snatching the lily from the hands
In the temple complex.

The red-red, red-mouthed monkeys
Still haunt my mind
And I grow anxious with regard to their population,
The dwindling numbers,
The change in habitats,
The destruction brought on to them
By human habitation.

The monkeys red-mouthed and small,
Winking at and perched on the branch of the tree,
Moving out in troops and gangs,
Sometimes sitting lone
And eating leaves and fruits.

The face is strange, the red-face,
The mouth animal-like,
Wisdom is not,
Just going by the instincts
And the ogle attacking,
Look not into the eyes
As may come down to you.

The monkey hanging by the tree branches,
Chattering and ogling,
Sitting with the tail hanging downwards,
Ready to come down and pick
And you have to give,

But not so like the naughty and daring hanumans.□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Reds, Notorious Reds

The Reds are the most notorious fellows
Who seek to redden it all,
The rebels and revolutionaries,
The protesters, demonstrators and strikers
From the Red forts
Of the Communist Party.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Reference Of Dark Daughters In Jayanta Mahapatra

The dark daughters designed artistically
On the Konark Sun-temple
As sculptures and figurines
In love-making, passionate hugs and embraces
Telling a saga sociologically,
Mythically and mystically.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Refugee

The refugee,
The word strikes as a bell
Tolled,
The word
The refugee,
The refugee,
Say you, who is this refugee,
Who has made him a refugee,
Say you?

Shelterless,
without any refuge,
Lie they
Passing the nights
Under the canopy of the skies,
The refugee,
The refugee,
But who is responsible for
Their deplorable condition,
Who,
Who is it?

Driven from their own lands,
Native homes and places,
They are outsiders
In others' places,
Other than their surrounds,
In the new land found
And adopted homes,
But the memories still keep weakening
The refugee,
The refugee.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Refugee Heart In The Refugee Soul, A Refugee Am I

In my refugee heart
Is my refugee soul.

A refugee am I
Going on the pathways.

No shelter, no refuge
Have I.

Where my pathway leading unto
What?

What the journey end I know
It not?

Just a refugee, a refugee am I
Going and going on the pathways of life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Relation Between I And You

What is I,
What is You,
The relation between I and You?

I is I,
You You,
I cannot be You,
You cannot be I.

I I, You You,
I You, You I,
They say it, but what the reality, I don't know?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Replica Of A Nautch Girl

The nautch girl dancing in the courtyard of the king and the landlord
And the courtiers marking,
Enjoying and getting entertained,
Spending the night,
Returning late into the company of.

Somewhere dancing in the temple complex of the rock-built temples,
Ancient, magnificent and stupendous,
Rock-hewn, stone-chiselled,
Who the sculptors and the architects
Making them, sculpting and carving upon?

The devadasis as yogans decorating the temples in good faith and nobility,
Upkeeping the good traditions of classical dances,
Dancing before the deity
But can humans be in the pleasure of stone-gods,
Living in their company?

She may be a woman at work assisting the masons and architects
And the sculptors,
But can she live untouched from all this,
A lonely girl working under the open skies,
In the company of the workers.

I know it that the building will come up, yea, the terracotta temple
Or the rock-built temple,
But she will herself cease to exist,
Society will not let her
And losing her all, she herself will turn into a stone replica

Of the nautch girl dancing in the court of the king or the landlord
With the courtiers,
As a devadasi in the conspiring company of
The priests, palmists, astrologers and fortune-tellers,
Florists, night watchmen and other middle men.



Bijay Kant Dubey

The Return Journey/ The Theatre Actress Packing To Go From The Fair

The theatre artistes
Are packing things to go
But the actress in pains.

What has happened to her,
O, the play of life!
She going to reach the halt
One dark eve to catch the coming train.

The drama of life
And the theatre artiste,
After all, she too is a man.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Return Of The Romantic

There comes a time in everybody's life
When one keeps floating and flowing
In a dreamy
And dramatic way,
Feeling free and uninhibited,
Smiling with the flowers,
Talking to
And smiling
In the adda of his own,
A hero in the making
Stylistic and fashionable,
Becoming the matter of the talk
Of the side heroines
And the heroine.

But there also a comes a time in the life
Of the hero
When he starts falling,
The flowers come not into the sweet dreams,
Under the stars and the moon
And their mysterious twinkles and moonshine,
Babbles he not,
Smiles he not,
Prefers to be alone,
Returning dejected and forlorn
From the Love City
Of the beloved,
Slapped by the hardcore realities
Of this real life.

O young man playing the role
Of a musician,
A singer
Or an announcer,
Life is not the stage of a theatre,
Life is not
What you envisage
Into the sweet dreams of yours,
Life not so imaginative and fanciful,

Look back on those
Who struggle, sacrifice and suffer
And for whom look you
A hero,
But that too is coming to a close
With the theatre closing down!

Frustrated and forlorn, the romantic
Returning into the steps of his,
Fatigued and depressed
After being beaten
on the life front
And failed,
Loved and lost,
Flirted and deceived he
And now life deceiving
And betraying him
For what he did,
What he took it for romanticism
As to love and abandon
Is not at all romanticism
And to dress stylistically too is not
As a loafer too dresses in the likewise manner.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Rhinoceros

Neither a buffalo
Nor an elephant,
But unicorn-like
Rhinoceros
Grazing grass,
Eating straw,
Bathing in,
Wading through water
An animal strange-looking
And bulky-bodied,
Magnificent and shortish.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Rhythm Of Speech, The Rhythm Of Life

The rhythm of life, rhythm of speech talk I,
The rhythm of living and the rhythm of speech,
Colloquial speech,
Want I to catch,
The cadence and intonation of it,
The sound-breaks and word-tracks of it
By being a folk singer,
A folk singer
And a folk dancer,
A folk painter
Making in her or his own,
Sketching and drawing
On the scrolls of paper.

The rhythm of life, the rhythm of speech
Talk I,
Copy I by giving an ear,
Hearing it,
What does it mean to say to,
Communicate it,
How the speech of it, how the tone,
How the voice,
The cadence and intonation of it;
How do the sound-breaks,
Stresses and accents,
Standard, colloquial and ornamental,
How the rhythm of life pulsating,
How the rhythm of speech?

How the landscape dotted with far flung hamlets and thorps,
The villages far and wide,
A cluster of or without the cluster
And therein it pulsates life,
The life of the country folks,
Dancing to the rhythm of,
Singing at the drum-beat
Or prayers being said to and sung,
In rock-built temples or mud-built ones,
Through various modes and motifs,

But striking the vocal chords
To spring upon
With something new to be shown to
Or held in pride for posterity sake.
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Rime Of The Ancient Mariner

The Rime of The Ancient Mariner

A story in sin and expiation,

The theme of guilt

And overcoming of grief.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Rivulet Passing Through The Woods

In the woods
Between the two hills
There flows a brook
Sweetly murmuring,
Babbling by
Singing the song
Of Nature and its bounty.

The highlands and the lowlands
And into the mid between
Downs
Flows it the small brook
Silently singing
And murmuring by,
Singing the song of time.

Between the two hilly ranges,
Clusters of hills
Lies it the small brook
Flowing by,
Babbling by
And singing the song of humanity,
The passage of time.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Road Bifurcates It

The road bifurcates it
From the township
Leading to the country
Through the hills
Clustering around,
Passing through the woods
That lie on the midways,
The ups and downs
Of the highland tract
To reach the hamlet home
Which lies by
The bank of
The rainy time river.

When a child I used to hear
The lions roaring,
The wolves straying into,
The jackals howling at eve
And slipping away,
The porcupines
At the foothills,
Now how bereft of,
Barren and denuded
Look they,
Treeless and rockless,
Those tribal areas.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Rock-Built Temples Of India

They cut the rocks to chisel and carve out
The stupendous, magnificent and grand temples,
Out boulders, cliffs and chunks of stone,
Standing as a testimony o their age and times
When these were made,
But no record is available
And none can say about
When the temples were made
And who made them,
who were those architects and masons at work,
Everything but earthed in the womb of history?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Romantic

The romantic as a poet means colourful,
Dreamy, gay and fanciful
And imaginative,
Taking flights into and revelling in.

The romantic not in romance-seeking, but in being free from,
Uninhibited, not under the bondage of slavery,
A man speaking to a man,
A man sympathizing with commonly,
Freely.

A lover of man, birds and beasts,
A lover of the woods and the wilds,
Solitude and its loveliness,
A singer of the hills and the brooks, the blue skies and the solitary landscapes,
The shepherdess and pastoral beauty.

What it is good in life, what it is beauty is truth and truth beauty and goodness,
A dreamer and a thinker, a reader and a philosopher,
A viewer and a passer-by,
Pausing and viewing
The mystery and beauty of the woods.

The romantic is an observer of life
Conditioning it, the situations around and exploring them,
Creates he,
The avenues of his or a better life and a better thinking and a better world,
A better domain to dwell in.

A lover of loneliness and the landscapes scattered around,
Full of fallows and fields, trodden and untrodden,
The domains encompassing,
Exotic flora and fauna,
Flowers sprouting on the pathways
But strangely beautiful,
Almost unappreciated and unsung of,
Unadmired and let off unnoticed.

The Romantic Artist

The romantic,
How to get myself popular,
You say it,
I want to be a romantic,
How to be?

Should I dress myself,
Up-to-date, modern, frank and daring in my outlook
Or should I bring the used in boots, shirts and pants
Of my or your father, grandfather and great grandfather
As for to be a romantic?

An impressionist, a transcendentalist,
A smoker and writer
Experimenting with the cheroot and the cigarette,
The beedi and the hookah
To be a romantic,
A romantic writer.

Sometimes as a hippie, sometimes as a gipsy,
Isn't it,
Isn't the sweet dreams of yours,
But mark it
That such a living may be dangerous too
As this may mislead you too?

The drug-trafficker and the woman-trafficker,
The mafia don and the smuggler everywhere,
Just for to be a writer,
A romantic and mystic,
A transcendentalist and impressionist,
You destroy not yourself.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Rose-Ringed Parakeet, Ring-Necked Parakeet Of The Fortune-Teller, Acharya Think I About

The rose-ringed green parakeet,
Leaf green parrot,
Parakeet,
Picking the zodiac cards
Coming out of the cage
At the town square
Near the court campus
Under the banyan tree,
Think I,
Think i
Of the earning,
Bird taming,
Keeping of the pet,
Fortune-telling
Soothing to the desperate
And frustrated ones
Returning from the court campus desperately
Or loafing joblessly
Together with its conservation status.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Roses That You Sent On My Birthday

The roses that you sent on my birthday
I received them,
Received them
On the Facebook,
The flowers of joy,
Love and friendship,
The flowers of sympathy and bonding
Smeared with dew drops
And had you not,
I would not have
Remembered my birthday,
Had you not
I would not have felt
Rejuvenated,
Hale and hearty.

The balloons flying in the air,
Nature as a girl named Fiza
Welcoming me
And the evening scented heavily
With seulis and chhatim tree blossoms,
Drawing the blinds
As some Khatun,
Miss Burkhawalli,
In full burkha
And I viewing her,
Following her
As a quawwal,
A shayar,
Mein shayar to nahin,
Magar yei hansin jab she dekha meine tujhko-mujhko
Shayari yaa gayin,
Mein aasiq to nahin magar yei hansi jab she dekha
meine tujhko-mujhko aashiqui yaa gayin...

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Rss And The Bjp Should Not Disturb Modi With Casual Statements

The RSS should reign in the bridle
From the volunteers and cadres,
The BJP too should reign in its
Unauthorized spokespersons
From talking nonsense,
Making irrelevant speeches
Which cost Modi govt. dearly
Rather than serving
Which is but a Leftist agenda
Of dragging into controversies
Which have no end
And are damaging beyond repair
And create a fuss out of
which Modi should remain beware of.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Rss Should Delink From Responding If The Dogs Bark, Will They?

The RSS had not been as such
As it is doing today,
It is not like a minority organization,
Nor can it be,
But now the time has come to
Sop all that
What it is happening
Rather than the vicious atmosphere,
The RSS is answering nonsensical questions
Rather than being a watchdog
Keeping a vigil
On anti-national elements.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Ruins Of Vikramshila

I see the ruins of Vikramshila
And think about the monastery,
The Buddhist vihara,
The acharyas and bhikkus
Dwelling therein
In the two-terraced complex
With the mandapa
And the main stupa atop the mansion
Made from small bricks, mud mortar
And lime clay
With the terracotta plates
Adorning the walls.

A seat of Vajrayana Buddhism
It attracted students
From far and wide
With the pupils from Tibet, China, others,
Residential and celled
For teachers and pupils alike
And the dwarfpalas at the gates
Interviewing students
For entry into.

Stretched over a wide landscape
By the Ganges,
The ancient varsity stood it
Surrounded by temples
And inclusive of votive stupas,
A seat of learning
Tantric Buddhism with the study of
Indian philosophy, art and culture.

I see the campus of the mahavihara
And think of the residential complex
Adjoining and adjacent to the main stupa
Unfolding from, opening up to them
And the flight of stairs linking them all,
From the ground level to the first terrace
And from the first to second terrace

To the main stupa atop of
From the mandapa.

The red brick square structure,
Two-terraced
And with the stairs lifting it all
So scenic and panoramic
In the midst of natural surroundings,
A vihara,
A Buddhist mahavira
For learning and educational
Imparting knowledge in ancient days.

The terracotta plates with
The carvings and engravings
Of Avalokiteswara and Nath deities,
Warriors, devotees, ascetics,
Animal figures
While the main stupa walls
With the stucco figures of Buddha
Adorning it all, decorating.

The acharyas and bhikkus lived together
In the residential vihara
Housing them all
With a few ante-chambers too
For meditational purposes,
Still standing as a witness
Of an age gone by
When the university held its sway over.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Rural Beloved Asking, Why Does He Read?

Why does he read,
Why does he remain so much lost in his studies
That he heeds to not,
Neither smiles nor speaks to,
Neither winks nor nods?

Has he turned deaf and dumb
That he neither speaks nor hears me,
Should I call my parents and others,
What should I do?

Why does he remain lost in studies,
Why does he in books and papers,
Will he turn into a sadhu,
A yogi or a fakir?

What does the sadhu want,
Kaamini, kanchan or sura,
A sahdu, a yogi or a bhogi really,
Who is he?

Will he not leave the house
As left he Siddhartha,
As left he Bradhaman Mahavir
His royal kingdom?

Is he in love with others,
Does he smile with,
Let me spy this,
What the matter?

The rustic beloved, illiterate and ignorant,
Simple and religious,
With the name of the husband
Tattooed on the hands

Taking not the name of her husband,
Worshipping as Satyavan
Under the banyan tree,

She thinking within.

And finally calling an exorcist to make the ghost flee from
Her husband,
Giving roots to him
After mixing with food
To win over with mohini, hypnotism,
To tame his mati-gati,
Mind, wisdom, mood and temperament.

But the scholar, the reader in amazement,
Why is she doing as such,
Threatening to be back to her father's home,
So, should he leave his studies?

Other villagerly ladies of the hamlet suggest her
To take care of the scholar,
Willing to go to foreign,
Doing his research.

If he goes to foreign, stepping the seven seas,
Maybe it that he will fall in love with a shameless European girl
And he may return or may not
And even if, how shall I the other caste rival wife?

Maybe it that he will forget like King Dushyanta
And Shakuntala will go about lamenting,
Showing the ring to
And he remembering hard to recognize me.

So, why not to burn his thesis and papers
He is absorbed in, lost in
His readings and studies,
Why not to push his papers into the oven?

And having burnt the papers and research materials,
Started she weeping herself,
Quarrelling, smiling and flinging the household things,
Ay, the rural and countrified girl

And the scholar thinking within, now it is time to return home
Rather than moving to foreign,

As the papers gone and burnt to ashes,
As who will look after this foolish lady after my departure?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Rural Disguiser

The rural disguiser showman used to show the roles
After the harvest time
Even in the small town,
Sometimes dressed in a khaki robe
He used to come and call
Alighting from a bicycle,
Ringing the bell
And knocking at the door,
Is there anyone in the house,
There is a letter,
For...,
Bye-bye, I am going, again shall come.

The other day the artiste in disguise used to come
running with the one tied around
And the thick rope into the hands of his,
Criminal, criminal! ,
A criminal trying to flee
With the abnormal behaviour of his own,
Trying to pull the rope
And he trying to hold in.

A prisoner, a prisoner has escaped,
Have you seen, seen him
And he trying to catch at
And the prisoner running ahead,
The prisoner ahead of
And he as a warden after,
Trying to catch,
Who has escaped
After having crawled and jumped over
The high jail walls.

Sometimes the showman used to come as a telegraph deptt man,
Clad in faded light blue shirt and pants,
Saying, there is a telegram for you,
Receive it with the envelope
And put your signature here
With a smile,

Finally, taking the signature not
And returning back for other homes.

Sometimes in the plastic toy goggles
And older pants and shirt but ironed
And outmoded boots but polished
He used to come rounding the baton
Into the hands of his
Just like a juggler
And with a hat on the head
As one from London, a sahib
Or a Bombay cine artiste
Whistling a song
Or hearing a transitor.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Rustic Love Said It To Me, How Long Will You Keep Reading? When Will You Marry? '

O, when,
When
Will you marry,
Get time to love,
when,
When
Will you marry,
Bring
The sweet maiden of your choice
Home?

O, when,
When
Will you bring
The lady of love,
The lady of your choice
And if not
Will grow old,
O, when,
When
Will you marry,
Bring the sweet maiden
Home?

Said
She,
The rustic maiden,
the rustic love
All but ruefully,
If marry you not
In time
And keep reading,
Spending time,
Keening busy with,
When will you marry,
Will you find a girl
Like me then?

Said she,
Asked she
Obviously
Hopefully,
When will you marry me,
Say you,
When,
When will you marry me,
Will you find a girl
Like me then
Waiting for you,
O, say you,
My love!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Sadhaka And His Sadhna

The path of sadhna is difficult
And it is difficult to be a sadhaka
And without doing sadhna, none can achieve,
None can attain.

The world is of the sadhaka
And life is a sadhna
And without doing sadhna,
One cannot be perfect.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Sadhu In The Ashrama With A Ladki Taking Ganja

The saint in the hermitage with a girl,
O my God! see his meditation!
A false and fake yogi, sadhu he
Playing with religion and spirituality
Smoking ganja from an earthen pipe
With the ganja on the embers upon
And the eyes of the sadhu reddening
And the girl a disciple of his
Come in pursuit of happiness,
Lured and brought, persuaded wrongly,
Fled from her home,
Enticed and eloped with!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Sadhu With The Ladki In The Ashrama

The sadhu with the ladki in the ashrama
Smoking ganja
From an earthen pipe-like clayware
With the embers over,
Smoking in ganja,
Puff in, puff out,
Saying,
Vyom Bhole,
Shiva Shankar,
But not a Shiva.

Ganjeris and bhangeris
The friends of his,
The ashrama the hub
Of ganja and bhang,
The things of contraband goods,
Due excise duties
And the disciples
His lady-loves.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Saga Of The Dark Daughter

Dark Daughter, Dark The World, Dark You
Dark daughter,
Dark the world,
Dark the story of Creation,
Dark the ways of life
And dark you,
Eking out a livelihood.

Under the chill and cold of the dark, solitary and lonely nights
Stand you all alone
As sculptures and figurines,
Sculpted out of stone
Or as terracotta plates
On the outer walls of the temples,
As masons and artistes,
But they knew not,
Cared not at least the troubles
Of living in the temple-complex.

Whatever call they, a devadasi or a sevadasi or a yogini,
But how can you in the temple courtyard
As a dancer or a yogini
Or as a disciple
Living with the mute gods and goddesses?

Dark Daughter...

Dark you, dark the world, dark the myths of Creation,
Which but you know it not,
Which but I know it not,
Dark is dark,
Mythical and mystical,
Metaphysical and creational,
Just like the riddles of Creation,
Shrouded in mystery.

Dark Daughter

Dark daughter, I see you as a small girl,
Weeping in the temple complex,
Who brought and left you,
Who brought and dumped you?

Dark daughter, you a little girl,
Innocent and ignorant,
How will you pass your days here,
How will you live here?

A small girl, you too are
The daughter of someone,
Some yearning mother and father,
But blind faith and superstition
Brought you here.

Dark Daughter

You are a small girl, very small girl
And a girl like you,
How will you live here
In the company of gods and goddesses,
Astrologers, alchemists and mendicants,
Priests, soothsayers and florists,
How, how will you?

A little girl like you, a lovely one,
How did they plot for,
Those superstitious and faith-blind people,
Was reason dead in them
Or were they cold to it?

Dark daughter, your innocent heart,
The world has not come to understand it,
Has not come to believe it,

Your innocent and simple heart,
Love undefiled.



Dark Daughter, I Heard You
Dark daughter, I heard you singing the song,
Yea, the folksong,
Carried by the wind,
Lost in the mood of yours,
Oblivious of what it to befall you
While playing with sand and dust,
A little girl you,
Talking with the sparrows,
With the flowers and inanimate things.

Dark daughter, I could not, could not portray you,
Your love and innocence,
The simplicity of your ignorant heart,
With out any guile in it,
Bereft of, free from any malice
Nurtured within,
As man here hates man,
Man here kills man
Out of vengeance, hatred, and malice.

Dark Daughter
Dark daughter, in many a mood of my pensive reflection
And vision,
Have I felt you,
Have I thought about you

Your life and destiny, a poor countryside girl,
If not, a simple heart like that of you,
Undefiled by,
Lying chaste and hidden so far.

In many a mood and vision,

Dream and reflection of mine,
Have I felt you,
Have I see you
In any a dream and vision of mine.

❏

Who Is the Little Girl...?

Who is the little girl singing a song in her tune,
Who is the girl,
The small girl singing the song,
So innocently, so lyrically,
Singing from the heart,
A small girl she
That I am listening to,
That I am giving an ear to?

Methinks it a folk song sung and carried over
Down the years,
It the same voice I have been hearing,
Am in the like of,
It is the same tune played in tune
That I have been marking,
That I have been searching her.

Lord-god, you try to see her
A simple girl like her,
Save her, save her
In the distress
Save her, save her
In the agony of hers.
Who is the girl singing the folksong
And the wind carrying the music and sonority
Of the age-old song,
God, save her, save her,
The little girl from
What it befalls her.

Dark Daughter...

Dark daughter, dark you, dark the world and the ways of it
 And darker the reflections of man
 Who dwell in here,
 But you are what you had been,
 Ark but beautiful,
 Not dark from your within,
 In the purpose of yours.

Your external darkness has nothing to do
 With internal darkness
 And had it been,
 You would not have come to greet in
 And see off
 And doing ta-ta, bye-bye
 Until I lose sight of
 From your country home.

Dark Daughter, Dark You, Dark The Kali
 Dark daughter, dark you not only, Kali too dark,
 As say they, haven't you heard, dark is beautiful
 And hence, dark you, Kali too dark,
 Dark the world, the ways of it
 And the tales of it,
 The myths revolving, doing the rounds.

As toiling womankind in labour, toil, tears and sweat
 See I you labouring,
 Bearing the pangs of creation,
 Writhing under mental torture and inhuman endurance,
 Eking out a living somehow
 And hiding in the facts,
 Letting them have their says.

Dark daughter, your toil, tears and forbearing
 None has, none has come to comprehend it;
 Your pains and pines,

Your scars and hurts, the wounds of your bleeding hearts
None has, none has come to believe it.

5

Dark Daughter, I See You Wet-Eyed
Dark daughter, dark daughter,
Why do you look sad and sombre today,
Why the pensive mood and reflection of yours,
What has it, what has it happened to you, dark daughter?

Why are you sad, lonely and gloomy,
Why are you looking pensive and dejected,
Despondent and depressed,
What is it that depresses you,
What is it that makes you sad and lonely and gloomy?

The tears in the eyes, the head hanging heavy
And you looking gloomy and sad,
It does not, does not make me happy
To see the tears trickling down the eye-lids,
Oh, the wet eye-lashes and the trickle of teardrops!

Dark Daughter, Tell, Tell Me Your Name...
Dark daughter, tell, tell me your names,
What your names,
What the entities of yours,
Whose daughters are you?

What it is dark, let it be,
As dark will remain dark,
Darker the things of the world,
The forces of it,
Which you know them not,
Which I too know it not.

Your names, I could not, could not know them,
What your humble identity,

What your poor entity,
Which said it they not,
Kept it hiding,
To make it a secret.

6

Dark Is Dark

What it was dark will remain, what it had been,
What it lies will continue to be in future,
Dark is dark,
Will continue to be,
As light and darkness are but the two sides of the same Creation,
As light is important, so is darkness
And had it been not dark, light would not have embarked upon.

Dark is dark, let it be, as it will continue,
Dark is dark not,
Dark is beautiful,
Dark dark not, dark dark, dark is beautiful.

Dark Is Beautiful

Dark is beautiful, dark is not dark,
As envisaged by you,
Dark is beautiful,
Dark dark, dark will it remain,
Dark dark not, beautiful.

Dark is beautiful,
Dark dark not,
Dark lovely and mysterious,
Mystical and mythical
And what it is, let it be,
Dark is beautiful.

What it was dark, will it remain,
As dark is beautiful,
Dark and lovely,

Mythical and mystical,
Ever eluding, ever dreading.

□

☑

Dark Daughter...

Dark daughter, your toil, tears, sweat and blood,
The world could not
Your pangs,
Pains and pines,
Labours and bearings,
Struggles and sufferings,
Troubles and tribulations.

Dark daughter, your pains and pines,
Mental agonies and physical tortures,
The world could not
The pains and pines of your living,
The worth of your tears,
Shed from the eyes,
Fallen from the wet eye-lashes

And I saw you sobbing, weeping,
Weeping and wailing,
You breaking down inconsolably,
Bursting into tears,
Teardrops trickling down the cheeks
And none, but you yourself wiping out,
Wiping the face,
Trying to hide from, wiping and weeping.

Your love, dark daughter,
The world did not come to feel it,
Your poverty and hunger
Man could not,
Your love and simplicity,
Your humility and undefiled art and its long tradition.

Dark Daughter, What It Is...

Dark daughter, what it is dark will remain,

There is nothing as that can alter it,
Had it been not, light would not have got its value,
Light and darkness both are quintessential,
As both of them required and are complimentary to each other,
Light light, darkness darkness,
Light without darkness not complete and darkness without light not.

□

8

□

The Dark Girl Smiling In The Countryside

The dark girl smiling in the countryside,
Dark. but beautiful,
With a face cutting of her own,
Curly and cute,
But a rustic.

The small and simple village girl smiling,
Sweeping the courtyard of her mud-house,
Lighting an earthen lamp at eve
And bowing before the household deity.

The dark girl smiling, talking simply
In the poor countryside
Where poverty reigns supreme.

The Dark Daughter

Dark daughter, your pains, the world has not come to understand them,
You work as the nurse,
As the reaper,
As the help maid,
As the home maker

I see all these in you and your growing up,
You are the daughter of some father,
But have to go to someone else's house
And their behaviour,
You know it not.

Dark daughter, your labours,
They value it not,
Pay not the price for,
What you do
And you get for.

9

□

I Fear It, Dark Daughter ...

I fear as for your sleeping on the floor
Without the mosquito net,
Just on the date-leaf made mat,
Sleeping in the dark
Without a lamp.

The muddy house and that too thatched
Not believable,
Snakes and scorpions
Sometimes make a way into.

Dark daughter,
We made rock-built, centuries-old temples,
But we did never houses for ourselves,
Just for the gods and goddesses,
As for housing them,
We sacrificed it all.

The brick-built houses had not been so many,
Only the mud houses
Had been the dream of ours,
Had been the plan of ours.

And you worshipped the Snake-God,
Singing the prayer,
Tried to feed the cobras
Milk and rice puffs on auspicious occasions,
Worshipped in the Manasha temple
With the oral traditions and folklore
Of yours.

The fisherman venturing into the ponds and rivers,
I saw you as their daughter
Standing in a prayerful tone,
Offering prayers to Ma Manasha,
I saw you singing the song
In her prayer
And it reminding me of Bihula-Lakhinder gospel.

□

10

Your Poverty And Hunger

I feel sad, really very sad, when I see you sitting all alone,
Repentant and brooding over
Your poor resources
Within which you have to live in.

I find you half-fed and half-clothed,
A poor country girl,
Going to rural school
Running under the banyan tree of the hamlet,
Under the peepul tree
And you trying to read.

You sitting on a jute-made knapsack
With the slate and the lime-stick pencil
Trying to read and write poorly,
Without taking food
As the meal is served late in villages,
Just by taking the stale remnant food in the morning.

A village girl, I know you, know you, dark daughter,
I know it your pains and pines,
The pains of your living,
The sorrows of yours,
What it is that ails you,
Your poor self,
What it is that marauds your poor self.

Dark daughter, your falling tears,

The world never did it,
Man cared for not,
The pains of a girl,
A girl going to another's house,
A girl taken to as a burden,
A family debt and burden
To be dispensed with,
O, how could it be this!



Dark Daughter, What to Tell you?
Dark daughter, what to tell you, about you
And your things,
The history of the world,
The history of creation,
The history of man, earth and time,
Time cosmic and mechanical,
Everything but shrouded in mystery?

Dark daughter, dark is dark, let it be,
As I cannot unravel it,
You too cannot,
Dark is dark,
Let it be,
Dark is beautiful,
Dark is dark not,
Beautiful and lovely.

Dark Daughter, You Are A Daughter...
Dark daughter, you are my daughter,
His daughter, their daughter,
A daughter a daughter,
Maybe she his or mine or yours,
But a daughter a daughter,
My filial love, your filial love,
Their filial love,
And we will move away,
But our love shall.

Touching your cheeks, hearing you stammer and lisping,
I get remembered of my daughter,
Innocent and simple,
Ignorant and guileless,
Which but you may interpret otherwise,
As what will you about my daughter,
And think you of her
As your own daughter
And this very thinking is not in all,
Maybe he a great judge on paper,
In ink and his initial,
Save life and think about rescuing it
And there is judgement than this?

□□

Dark Daughter, I Turned Sad
Dark daughter, when you were born, the people
In the village,
Had not been feeling good,
They were talking of the family burden
And the debt,
Taking your complexion and others,
They were saying many a thing,
Which but saddened.

Can the birth of a female baby be a burden for the whole of family,
Can it be taken as a debt,
The increase in family debt,
Can it be that the incumbent will stain a blot on the forehead
Through her works?

Dark daughter, the world has failed to understand your psyche,
Your heart and soul,
Has misinterpreted you quite often,
Has misjudged you
That you too a man,
That you too a heart and a soul.

Your sad and pensive reflection and brooding,
Your broken self,
Forlorn heart,
You weeping sadly and slowly,
Inconsolably,
This strikes me, strikes me, dark girl,
Dark, but beautiful indeed,
There is nothing to question in this regard.

Dark Daughter, You Are A Flower
Dark daughter, though dark, but beautiful,
You are a flower,
Blooming darkly
Or having the traces of streaked beauty,
Of the blue colour,
But beautiful.

The dark complexion too has a beauty of its own,
Your face-cutting,
Your smiles,
No less than, no less than.
LB

Dark Daughter, You Are Not...
Dark daughter, who calls you dark, dark is Kali,
Dark the myths of the Creation
Shrouded in mysteries,
Darker the myths of life
And the world?

You say it, what is it not dark,
Dark the history of man,
Darker the myth of life,
Human birth originating
From the womb,
You say it, say it, dark daughter?

Your labour and menial work,
The world could not, could not,
Dark daughter,
Your pains and tears falling idly,
Your labours,
Your struggles and sacrifices,
Your services.

Your yearnings and aspirations for a good living,
For a good life,
All that vanished it
And they could not feel it, could not feel it,
The dark daughter,
The aspirations gone waste;
Oh, your troubles and tribulations,
Your brows tense and the heart beating!

Dark daughter, whatever are you, ethnic, racial, archetypal,
Mythical, symbolical, supernatural,
Dark or different from these,
You be happy, you be happy
And besides it, what can I do,
Barring this benediction?
May God bless you, bless you, dark daughter!
Dark daughter, may God bless you, bless you!

□4

□Dark Daughter, In This World Dark, Dark, All Dark And Alone
Dark daughter, in this world, dark and lonely,
You lying abandoned as sculptures and figurines
Made in clay, wood and stone,
Made and carved from,
Decorating the temples.

Under the dark skies of lonely nights,
Stand you as sculptures and figurines
Placed on the outer walls of the temples,
Under the chill and mist,
Nights solitary and dark.

Who were those who made you and left you here
In the temple complex,
Who, who were those sculptors
Who made and left you here
In the company of the middle men,
Florists and astrologers, palmists and pseudo-religious persons?

Dark daughter, in this world dark and lone,
Dark, dark, all dark and alone,
You staring at
The ways of man and his manners,
The false soothsayers and their words,
The false palmists selling stones,
The religious men talking of papa-punya.

Dark daughter, what are you,
Are you a folk singer, a folk dancer or a folk painter,
What are you in reality,
Are you the one
Who was made to come
As per the false oracle or the priestly commitment
That the first prayerful child would be to the service of gods and goddesses?

Are you a nautch girl of some kingly court
Won and gifted with,
Are you a sevadasi
Or a devadasi, what are you,
What are you indeed?

Who has brought you here,
As the temple complex is not for you,
Dark daughter, whose daughter are you indeed?
❏

Dark Daughter, Dark You, Dark The World We Dwell In
Dark daughter, dark not you, dark the world,
The history and tradition of it,
And ours is a story begun in darkness,
Out of darkness came we
And to that darkness,
Shall we.

In this world, dark, dark, dark,
Dark and lonely,
Where to go, what to do,
Which way to follow,
Which know you not,
Know I it not?

Dark the history of the world and of man,
Dark the origin of Creation,
Dark, dark you
And dark the images and pictures
Of the life of man and that of his existence on earth.

When there was no life on earth, when there was nothing,
Only chaos prevailed in,
Dark, dark was it all,
Darkness engulfing all around
When there was no life,
When nothing else existed it here.

Dark daughter, are you the images
Of nightly sculptures and figurines,
Are mythical and mystical,
Are you mundane or supernatural,
What, what are you,
Whose daughter are you?

Dark daughter, are you the tear fallen from the eyes of your parents
Or of the woman-workers at work,
Engaged in temple building or construction works
Working day and night,
Under heat and dust,
Even without taking food

As the nature of the job is?

¶6

¶They Call You Dark

They call you dark, a dark complexioned girl,
But you are not so much
As they think,
You are dark in their eyes,
But not in the eyes of your parents.

Why to call you dark if know we not
The virtues in you,
You are a small girl,
A lovely child of your parents,
Your mother and father
And if this be, how can I call you dark?

Your beauty is native beauty,
Aboriginal, ethnic, racial,
Dark, but not ugly,
Dark but beautiful,
You too dark,
Kali too dark.

Kali Kali, Kaal-rupa,
The Night of Darkness and Delusion,
Kalratri, Maharatri, Moharatri,
Kali Shyama Kali, Blue-faced,
Kali Meditative,
Motherly and Divine.

The gipsy girls showing the poses and postures of Yours,
Bhagabati,
Through pantomime
And it is really great to see them performing
In their rustic antics,
The plays of Yours.

They selling the busts of bulging Kalis,
Kali red, red,
Red-tongued and beaming with,
Blessing.

The faces of anger and glee can be marked
As they themselves speak a lot about
And similar the experiences and feelings of yours,
Dark daughter.



The Grand Statue of Kali That Saw I
A grand statue of Kali saw I, dark daughter,
So tall and high,
With the third eye on the forehead
By the side of the red beauty spot
And in the third eye,
Saw I the crescent
And she appeared to be a yogan,
Illusory and hallucinatory

With the stars studded around
And the long black hair waist-long,
With the arms into her four arms
And holding the snake as well,
The heads of the sinners cut into and stacked into the hands
And you holding one or two

The blood-red tongue out of the mouth,
A dribble of blood hanging by the tongue,
In anger divine, she seemed to have lost her temper
And was indignant to revenge,
Destroy the evil forces,
Slay the sinners on earth,
To lessen sin.

□

Are You My Love of Art And Tradition?

Are you, dark daughter, my love of art, history and its tradition,
History, art and culture,
Are you my love of sculptures and figurines,
In clay or potteries?

Whenever I pass through the sites where the terracotta temples lie,
I saw you on the panels,
The borders decorating the temple walls,
Especially the outer walls
And you sitting there as a yogan,
A renouncer or as one half-divine.

LB

Are You Visions And Reflections?

Somewhere in history
Long back, when medievalism corroded your soul,
The looters marauded the country,
The invasions by foreigners
And for fear of falling into the uncouth hands,
Played you the role of a Vishkanya?

I have seen you, seen you
Playing with the cobras and vipers
As the daughter of the snake charmer,
A gipsy girl
With the deadly snakes.

I have seen you walking over the rope
Tied to two makeshift bamboo poles
And you balancing on
Going,
An acrobat girl.

Dark Daughter, Are You A Step-daughter?

Playing in dust and clay,
Neglected by the father
Who married for the second time
And the step-mother so dear to him
That he in her love,
Abandoning you.

Dark daughter, in you, see I a child
Turned a widow
And living a restricted life,
Forbidden to eat red, dress red and think red,
Abandoned to take onion and garlic too.

Dark daughter, when I see you playing
In heat and dust,
I can understand the limitations of rustic life
And that too of being motherless
And the treatment meted out to step-daughters
After the death of good wives.

How does she curse you when you do not any work,
How does she torture you, maltreat you
Instead of your homely works and baby-keeping,
How does she go complaining against you often?

☐

Dark Daughter, One Day...

Dark daughter, I shall go away from the world,
As the telegram none can avoid it,
And I shall have to go
And shall pass out of sight.

I shall not come back again,
My daughter,
You too will grow up a little bit,
But a small girl like you
Will not be able to handle the things

Of the intriguing world?

Who will see you then, who will,
Dark daughter,
You try to feel in,
Who will see you then,
My daughter?

For your love, simple heart and soul,
What have I,
I think it within,
As find I busy with my own,
In the smaller activities of my own
And frequently forget I,
What it ought to have been,
Isn't it, my love?

For your love, for you, I do not want anything else,
I just want my daughter,
How to save you from heat and dust,
The tempestuous night of disaster,
How to protect you from the wild animals,
How to keep you safe from disease, death and dismay?

My daughter, come that day,
When I shall not be, but you will be here,
You will be, but I shall not be here,
But you have to on guard of.

☐

☐ Dark Daughter, Your Sorrows
Your sorrows, the world could not, oh, your sorrows,
The world could not understand them,
What it is dark remained it dark
And what it is will continue to evade and elude,
Dark is dark,

As one should have the capacity to understand,
Comprehend the mystery.

Dark daughter, the myths of darkness, the world has failed
To interpret and analyze,
To comprehend it,
Which a few can think about,
How to lay them bare,
How to unravel the truths of life and the world?

Dark is dark, will it remain so, as it continues to evade and elude
And these can never be,
The myths of darkness,
As light keeps lurking to break forth
In the forms of the dawn-break and the twilight.

What it was dark will remain, will continue to be
And it is not within the power of man
To resolve that,
Dark is dark,
Dark is dark not, beautiful and lovely,
Mythical and mysterious,
What it was dark will continue to evade and elude us.

The myths of darkness, I want to unravel them
And it is none who can show light
On these,
Which have evaded man from time to time
And a few have tried to know them, experiment with
Rather than be misled by ritualistic jargons.

Dark is dark and will continue to be
And what it is dark was in the beginning
And will continue to be,
As without it, light will lose the meaning,
Dark is dark, let it be.

The Myths of Darkness

The myths of darkness, the mysteries of it,
There is none to tell me,
Barring the dark girl,
Which but she herself can tell it
By relating to folklore.

A dark girl, living in a hamlet,
Surrounded by trees and hills,
Without the lamp,
Without the resources,
Telling the tales of life and the world
As seen by hers.

A poor and humble girl, a rustic maid,
A small girl,
She lying on a string cot,
Made from ropes and the bamboo poles,
Marking the stars and the moon
And telling tales of life and the world.

Life wasn't so fast as we see it,
Life wasn't so comfortable as we see it today,
Without the books, medicines, clothes,
Without the school, the post-office and the shops,
There used to be the hamlets and thorps
Away from the main road.

During measles and small pox, she had but to pray to
Ma Shitala under the neem tree,
During the scorpion bite, she had but the snake-god
To pray to,
The vermillioned fresco of Kali in the mud-built temple
Used to be the strength,
The god of the woods used to bring her
Missing cattle
And as thus faith used to be sustained by.

There is nothing to uphold you, just the faith sustaining you,
A poor and humble rustic girl,
A simpleton away from

The deep-seated mysteries and human fallibility,
Away from the cold touch of logic and reason,
Science and technology.

८८

Dark Daughter, How To Call You?

Call her not dark, as she is also the daughter of somebody else,
If not yours, what then to it,
She is after all a daughter of someone else,
The bosom of somebody,
The heart and soul of that fellow,
The apple of an eye,
Call her not dark,
She is also the daughter of some lovely father
And if this be the thing, how can she be dark?

Mark the eyes of hers which want to speak something,
The nose, the lips, the face-cutting,
Hands and legs
Of the humble girl,
A very small girl,
Away from modernity and development,
Urbanity and societal progress,
A country girl,
A flower by the rocks of the rivulet
Which flows in between the hills.

She plucks the flowers from the weeds and grasses
And the creepers wild,
Sticks into her hair
And sings a folk song of hers
And the wind carries it forward to other side;
She speaks with the lambs
Holding into the lap of hers,
The goats
And talking with returns the ways home.

The shanty is the place of her dwelling,
The mud-built pastoral house,
Straw-thatched

And raw
And from there she learns to measure and guess from
From the stars rising, the moon resplendent and the birds chirping,
The dawn-break flashing upon.

▣

History of Man, History of Time, History of Earth, History of The World...
History of man,
History of time,
History of earth,
History of the world,
You never discussed and debated it,
You never tried to know them in questioning
And you accepted, abided by
What said they, interpreted they
With regard to them
As per their observation.

It was faith, your simple faith and belief
Which sustained you
In the times of your crisis
And called you God,
Sometimes heard He,
Sometimes not,
But something lay it definitely outside your circle
Of conventional understanding
And it was rational thinking
Which lacked you perhaps.

Forgetting your cares and anxieties,
Played you, danced you
With the small-small boys and girls,
Plucking the flowers of light from the skies,
Danced you a folk dance

Into the courtyard of your own,
Under the nights gleefully,
Marking the milky white moonshine,
But it was your childish antics.

Away from, made you the Shiva lingams in sands
And offered you blooms
Collecting from the grassy stalks and weeds,
Which the conservative priest would not have,
But you in your innocence and ignorance,
Closing the eyes and whispering,
Om namah shivaya, om namah shivaya,
God understood,
But we could not, dark daughter.

24

Your Dismay, The Uncertainties of Fate, The Crisscrosses of It
Your dismay, dark daughter, the uncertainties of Fate,
The crisscrosses of it,
What does your fate-lines say to,
How the Writ of Destiny,
What to say to
And which astrologer can say it?

Your dismay, the path lying ahead, the uncertainty of fate
And its reconciliation,
Acceptance with a calm resignation,
The writ of poor destiny
And the days ahead,
You crossed it not,
Took for accepted,
Making up the mind as for
Bearing the pains
Whatever may be they, come they, yet to befall.

You could not know whether the brother would give to you
After your departure
And they just took you

To be a burden going off
And after that you would go away,
You looked not back
As for to be benefited from the partition of properties.

Wherever live you, be happy, dark daughter,
As to struggle and suffer and sacrifice,
The name of toiling womankind
In tears and blood,
Sweating and labouring to bear forth
And Cruel Divinity goes it marking.

On stroking your cheeks, think I
Of the bygone days,
When many, many used to succumb to pregnancies,
Child-age pregnancies,
Which the Orthodox Society failed to understand it so reasonably
And Poor Destiny saw the destitute as thus;
In the times of hardships and great trouble,
God too gave not the company to the Poor And Labouring Soul.

❧

Your Changing Times of Life, Dark Daughter
When it cooed the cuckoo, cooed you in imitation
And the bird sometimes after being teased
Went on responding to her,
When it howled the jackal, came you closer to your mother
During the night-time

And when the village community gathered to cremate
At some closer by far off,
You asked your mother
To give an ear to the voices
Resounding, coming feebly
During the night-time.

A little girl, I saw you, playing in the courtyard at eve,
I saw you taking the stale loaf of bread with just salt or molasses

Or with raw tomato or radish
At dawn-break
And the black crow too after you, sometimes with you,
Ogling to snatch a crumb of that.

I saw you loving the goats of your shed and playing with
As a child does,
A shepherd girl,
Sometimes returning back with the lilies
Pink and white
At twilight from the pastures
With so much so day-long fatigue and thirst.

Dark Daughter, I Love You, I Love You Very Much
Dark daughter, I love you, I love you very much,
I like you, like you,
Your sweet innocence and ignorance,
The purity of wording,
The simplicity of heart,
Where to, where to get that,
O, priceless, priceless are these!

You playing with dust and clay,
You worshipping with the blooms
Collected from the weeds and creepers wild
And their innumerable varieties,
Your talking to birds,
Sparrows and sterlings,
I haven't, haven't, dark daughter.

ॐ

Who are You, Who Are You?
Whose daughter are you, who you are, who you are, dark daughter,
What your identity, what your entity,
Where do you live,
Why are you here,
What will you in the temple complex
By being a sevadasi,
A serving maid,

A disciple or a florist,
By being a devadasi
Dedicated to gods and goddesses,
Seeking company in them
Or looking after,
Clothing, bathing, feeding and wrapping over,
But the gods and goddesses of stone,
Deaf, dumb and blind
And if this be, why are you here,
What will you get in the end?

To do kathaka on special occasions and that too in the temple good,
But the concept of satyam, shivam, sundaram
Does not go down well all the times
In this world of bare realities
And this cruel part too has got its own side of expression,
The search for the auspicious cannot continue for long,
The blue bird flapping wings, a paste of turmeric and curd on the forehead,
The small calf licking the teat of the small cow,
To see fish at the time of departure,
The black cow, the black bitch and the black cat sighted at,
This is but one side of the picture

While on the other how to keep the company of them
Of the priests, astrologers, florists, middle men, fortune tellers and soothsayers
In the temple complex,
The semi-divine, the half-mad, the half-addicts and the half-abnormals,
Te inactive men,
The fatalists and the superstitious,
A mass of the backward, conservative, hypocritical, faith-blind and poor fellows,
The earth parching
And a world of hunger and heat and thirst and poverty
Let loose upon the earth,
The crows crowing
And the midday sun scorching,
A country raked by crowing for food and water.

❖

Dark Daughter, What To Say?

Who is what it is very difficult to say,
Who a yogi, sadhu, fakir and sadhaka,
Who has how and fore what?

The so-called sadhu in the ashrama
May be a fake sadhu,
Smoking ganja
And eloping with disciples,
Who can say it but?

And just for them, those pseudo-sadhus,
People fail to distinguish in between
Real sadhus and false sadhus,
Just for those ganjeris and bhangeris,
Calling it Shiva's herbal roots.

Dark Daughter, What To Tell You?
You a little girl, you will not comprehend
What it ails me, marauds my self,
What it maligns me,
What to say to you, what to say to you,
Dark daughter?

What have done for the widows, women and girls,
What have we since,
You say it, say it, dark daughter,
What our attainment,
What the rhythm and pace of our work?

Flesh trade, woman trafficking rampant in our society,
How to do away with these,
How to bring it under control these
Maligning our soul,
The birds caged and sold in the bazaar?

Our shopping malls, plazas, skyscrapers and hi-tech centres
Just show the painted side of our civilization and civility,
Speak of our vanity, hypocrisy, tongue in cheek laughter,
Not that how human are we from our within,
How generous and benevolent are we!

Dark Daughter, This Is The World of Sin And Temptation

Dark daughter, what to say about human temptation and frailty

As succumbs he often to his weaknesses,

This world of sin and temptation

And the fall from,

As sinners are we, sinful are the activities of ours

And all day-long we go on sinning against sin,

Who to redeem us?

From sin issue we and in sin perish we,

Sinners are we and sinful are the activities of ours

And if this be as such, how to get retribution,

How to be redeemed,

How to be absolved of sins?

Dark daughter, dark are the stories of human temptation,

Lust and greed,

You do not know it,

How hungry are they,

How thirsty are they,

How lustful are they!

The stories of human greed, hunger, thirst, temptation are many,

People entice, elope with and dump down elsewhere,

To use and throw cannot be our goal of life,

As we know not the purpose of our living,

Why are we here,

What the purpose of ours?

If this can be as such, can we call ourselves pious and holy,

Virtuous and charitable, religious and pietistic,

Sacred and sacrosanct,

If this be as such, how to be pure and good,

How to be faithful?

Many will entice and abandon you at the crossroad of life,
Dark daughter, you a little daughter
Will not the intrigue and coquetry of the commonly,
What it is in my heart, what in theirs,
Dark daughter, you know it not,
The traps of the ever plotting, ever planning world,
You know it not, a little girl you,
What have you seen, what have you understood?

८९

Dark Daughter

Dark daughter, what are you, are you the daughter of maya,
Are you in a form of maya-moha,
Whose maya for whom,
Who is for what,
Which is for what,
Are you my maya,
What are you?

Are you my maya,
Maya-moha,
An embodiment of,
My attachment,
My illusion, my weakness?

What are you, what are you, daughter,
My daughter,
My maya or moha,
My love and sympathy,
My emotional affection and bonding?

I know it not why am I attached to you,
Why am I related to you,
Who are you really,
Why am I?

For you, I can even pluck the stars from the heavens
And bring back to you,

For you, I can the best flowers from the wilds
Denser they may be,
My love, you do not know it, friend.

It is my daughter's,
My daughter's only,
Had you a daughter, you would have definitely,
But you have not!

My daughter is my own, whose pains none
But I myself know it,
Can feel it,
In my heart
So reserved for her.

BD

Come And See, You Come And Go Seeing
Dark daughter, come and go seeing the Face,
The Face Divine,
Of the Goddess.

How grand She is,
The Face of Hers,
The Pitch Dark Face

Looking beautiful,
So bizarre and grotesque,
But beautiful!

O, you come and go seeing
The Face,
The Face Divine

Of Kali,
The Eternal Ma,
The Dark Goddess!

Come and go seeing
The Dark Goddess,
The Mystery Divine!

The Image Divine,
The Play of Hers,
Which but Her Lila!

The Goddess of Night,
Of Delusion and Doom,
See Her, see Her.

Dark Daughter, The Tears
Dark daughter, the tears falling from your eyes,
A trickle of the teardrops,
The world could not, could not understand it, dark daughter

The tears trickling down from the cheeks,
The world could not your pains,
The sorrows of yours

And if had it, you could have felt consoled
In the times of heartbroken moments,
Had it, sympathies could have gone to you to comfort your soul.

□

31

You Come And See
You come and see the replica,
The Replica Divine,
The Dark Leg of Kali,
Ankletted

Not the Bust or the Torso,
But the Ankletted Leg of Kali,
Ornamented with.

The Dark Girl

The dark girl, who is the dark girl passing through,
In such a loneliness
Of the night-time,
Who is the stranger going hurriedly,
Striding alone?

Is it night personified,
Wearing a black sari brocaded with gold
With the stars bespangled and studded,
The hair-braid too bespangled, bedecked with nightly flowers?

Under the darkness lurking around,
Shadows encircling and mysteries enveloping,
Who is going over,
Crossing the plots of land
And moving far away all alone?

Under the star-studded skies, stars bursting forth
As crackers or sprinklers,
You going, going,
And I asking,
Who are you, who are you,
The lady going,
In such a night-time
Just as a village guard asks.

The beauty and mystery of the skies,
The stars twinkling,
I could not,
The mystery of the night
And the nightly dark lady
Passing through in her own stride.

॥

Feel It Through Coincidences and Similarities

As Bihula lay you with Lakhinder before

And you praying for survival and length of life,
As Savitri lay you with the head of Satyavan
On your lap
And you letting not Yama go
And questioning his errand done,
As Trishala felt you
When Mahavira came out of the palace,
Relinquishing it all,
As Rahul and Yasodahara felt you
When Buddha left you all one midnight
While coming out of the house secretly,
As Sabya with the body of Rohit
Found you repenting at the dead of night
And Harishchandra flinching a bit not
As had to collect taxes for the head chandal
While on guard of the crematorium ghat,
As Mira felt you
In your love for the Divine
After the death of your husband.

As remorseful and repentant Shiva found you
Moving in sorrow and pain
With the body of Yours, Sati,
And the bodily parts falling down,
As Kabira, the abandoned son of the Brahmin widow,
But reared by Muslim weavers,
I saw by the ghats of Benares
Taking the Ram-nama mantra from Ramanand,
I saw you in the pain and pine of Karna,
The unrecognized son of Kunti.

□

Dark Daughter

Dark daughter, dark will remain dark,
And let them be so
If they are really.

I see you as the scrolls of folk art and paintings,
Terracotta temple potteries,
Sculptures and figurines;
I see you, as a little girl, singing and painting simultaneously

And the song touching me inwardly.

BB

☐ Saw You Sad And Weeping

I saw you and weeping, with the eyes red with tears,
And the tears trickling down the cheeks,
I saw you brooding over and pensive,
Reflective and morose,
Mournful and dejected.

The tears trickling down the cheeks
And you, in tears, weeping,
The eyes red with,
Reddened and rubbed
With the palms and hands
And you trying to hide in

Hiding from the world, saw I weeping,
Sobbing and breaking down,
Bursting into tears
And sighing heavily,
Which but you could not hold in

My love, my innocent love,
My heart, my very innocent heart,
Which the cold world could not feel the things of
Your tender heart,
A flower undefiled by human touch,
You could not sense vicious world
And its high-handedness.

☐

Dark Daughter, I Close The Eyes And Try To See In
Dark daughter, I close the eyes sometimes and try to see in,
The Dark Lady,
Her Rupa, Divine Rupa,
Grand and Dreadful,
Blackly Beautiful,

A Dark Statue of Kali,
Dark Kali, Dark Kali,
Grand and Bizarre.

I just try to close the eyes and try to see in
The Dark Lady,
Her Face,
Face Divine.

34

The Folksong You Are Singing
The folksong which sing you take me far away
And I do not know,
What it is that carries me all through,
Wherever go or remain I in vacant or pensive mood of reflection,
Tense or morose or laden,
The song, the song of yours
Takes me into its stride
And following you glide I absent-minded,
As know I not where am I going,
What am I doing,
What is it carrying me along,
Across the fields and fallows,
Taking me to my home.

But the battle-song fought or lost long ago,
The pathos of it, of life or living
Tears me apart
And I feel sad and grieved at heart
To hear of the plaintive notes
Carried by the wind
And airing me all through the ways;
I do not know,
What it is that ails you,
What the history of the native land,
Where the battles fought and lost,
Just the folksongs carry it forward and in your singing,
Hear I the plaintive notes of humanity?

The song which heard I carried some sense and meaning

With a tinge in heart
About the hardships of living in the hilly domains
Punctuated by the roars and howls
Of the dreadful wild animals
And the river-beds dotted with the paws
Of the wildly beasts and brutes,
Of human misery and hardships,
Trouble and suffering,
Hurt, wounds and scars,
Kaal coming in terms of misfortune and befalling,
Cobras hissing and tigers roaring,
Of battles fought and lost long ago
And the soldiers perished in the mission,
Of human frailty and error, lust and temptation.

BB

Dark Daughter, Dark You, Dark The World And Its Ways!
Dark is beautiful, said they,
As Kali is dark,
Dark you, dark daughter,
Dark the world
You dwell in,
The ways of life.

Dark is dark
And it will remain
Unto the last,
Dark you,
Dark the world
And the ways of it.

Dark you,
But not ugly,
Dark of course,
But beautiful,
The tear-laced drops
Telling many a thing

How we are, how the things of the world,
How the ways of life,

Where have you to go,
What it in store,
Where to go to,
To which country home,
Where in search of food, clothing and shelter!

Dark daughter, dark is dark,
Let it be,
As we can never resolve them,
You too His daughter,
Pray to Him
Who has made you!

BB

Sitting On The Guard Wall of The Country Home/The Song of The Dark
Daughter
Sitting on the guard wall of the mud house,
What are you singing, my daughter,
Yea, sitting on the guard wall
Outside or round-about the house,
What are you, my daughter?
O, I am singing, I am singing,
Singing a song!
I know it she feels shy and will say of it so slowly.

My daughter, I too sing the song of yours,
A poor, but humble countryside girl,
Undefined by coquetry and foppishness,
Intrigue and vicious hatching of plots,
You have a world of your own

And you go on singing, singing the song
O life and the world
In your own voice,
Untaught and unschooled

You draw the sketches and drawings on earth and walls!

Love is love, my daughter,
The innocence of it, the ignorance with which love you,
I admire it most, I appreciate it most,
So rarely found in modern man,
So rarely nurtured in countryside man.

Sorry to say, we have lost it, lost it, dark daughter,
Today wherever go you, will find the people
In the towns and villages,
Intriguing and hatching plots
Rather than good and noble from within,
Appreciative of human values

But you a little heart, a little soul
Admire I, appreciate I
As for your virtues,
For your nobility and goodness of soul,
The innocence of your heart,
Your simplicity and guilelessness.

Your song sing I, wherever go I,
You my dream and vision, image and idea,
Thought and concept, visionary glide and reflection.

❖

□

The Song of The Dark Daughter, O, Who Is Calling Me?
The song of the dark calling me, calling me from behind
But I moving ahead, ahead,
But the dark daughter calling me, calling me it
The song of hers,
The folksong that is vibrating
And carried through to me through the wind blowing

I, moving ahead, moving on, but the song calling me,
Calling me from behind
And the girl waiting and standing at her door

For my return
And the problem lies in it that I have not trespassed the door
And the lovely daughter is calling me, calling me from behind.

I trying to move away, go on and on, but the trouble of,
How to move ahead, ignoring the rustic rhythm of life,
The heart beating in the countryside,
Into the terracotta temples of it,
The sculptures and figurines decorating the outer walls,
Embroidered with in clay or stone,
Inscribed or carved out.

My love she is calling me, calling me from behind,
Her heart forbidding me
And I, a guest, how can I move away from,
With the cloth bundle into the hands of mine,
Not with the attaché or the bag,
But with a bundle of clothes,
Move away from?

Hearing the song, the whistle and humming of it,
Across the dry river,
I can see her standing at the door,
From the other side of the river bank,
And sighting her,
I wanting to return back,
As the song calling me
And how can I hurting her poor soul,
Tender and simple heart
In this age of hooked and crooked fellows, screwed personalities,
The modern men without the hearts?

38

□

Dark Daughter...

Dark daughter, what have I for you,
As all my life spent in making and unmaking,
In thinking about myself,
In doing my job

And that too I had to dispense with,
But on seeing you, think I,
What have I for you?

Dark daughter, what, what have I for myself,
My family, society and country,
Which I should,
But could not do it,
As I too could not find time
And opportunities too had not been with.

Now, before I leave, I want to do something
Taking it to be as on my part,
Which but I should have,
Could not,
Now the time had come to do,
Fulfill my duty and responsibility,
I should shoulder.

Before I pass out of sight, vanish into the doom
Encircling,
The shadow and gloom,
I want to portray you again,
The agony and distress of yours,
Dismay and bewilderment of yours
And how can it be that
You on the cross-road and that too at a loss,
Brooding over human frailty and frustration.

Dark daughter, the myths of darkness, I cannot unravel it,
The myths of you,
Seated as art, artifacts and carvings,
Sculptures and figurines,
Who, who are they,
Who have brought you here and have abandoned you here?

□

BD

Dark Daughter

Maybe it that I shall remain busy with my activities all daylong
Away from in the town,
Bound by the duty hours and the load of the office work,
Shall find the least to think of you,
In the humdrum, monotony
Which I feel often

But taking a lift from all these,
I shall try my best
To keep abreast of
What I really perceived as intrinsic beauty
A perennial source of joy,
Your images, dark images flashing over.

The tight and busy schedule giving no respite from,
The drudgery of the work inculcated in,
The fatigue and futility of,
The routined townsmanly living,
Confined to one's own prison cell,
I could not, could not appreciate it.

And from being in the midst of all that,
Taking liberty and lift from,
I think of you, dream of you, dark daughters,
Keep track of you,
Your imagery delighting me
Even far from you.

Dark daughters, I find you sitting in the country,
Passing summer days under the shade of the peepul or banyan tree,
By the riverside under the mango trees,
On the outer temple walls during the night-time
And that too by even talking to stars and other heavenly bodies,
As yoginis wandering or lost in.

Your Pains And Agonies

It pains me really when see I
 The gambler playing cards,
 Betting and losing you too
 As the final bet,
 The last attempt to recover
 And that too luck supports it not,
 The tryst with destiny.

It pains me really when see I the drunkard
 Selling you to some brothel
 Or in drunkenness
 And you separating from
 By being into the foul hands,
 Into the bad company,
 But the narration of it pains me,
 The poor story of your life.

For just the belly, hunger and thirst,
 I see you toiling hard, languishing behind,
 Sacrificing all your pleasures
 And comforts seem to be not in your poor lot
 As go you struggling,
 Labouring hard,
 Toiling and furrowing like an ox.

There was a time when typhoid used to sicken
 You so miserably,
 Cholera and diarrhoea
 And the palanquin used to take you away to distant hospitals
 From the rural countryside,
 But the pregnancy hazards used to malign and maraud
 The poor self and soul of yours
 And you used to bear inhumanly.

Even turning stone or rock,
 Gods used to view you, letting you bear,
 Treating you not,
 And if this be your destiny, fate or luck,

What to say it more, poor daughter,
Dark daughter?

41

Dark Daughter

Dark daughter, I have just known you,
Have tried to feel you,
Have seen and understood you to some extent
Your joys and sorrows,
The rhythm of your life,
The pulsation of your heart,
The troubles and tribulations,
The struggles, sacrifices and sufferings of yours,
The pains and pines of your aching heart,
What it ails you, sickens the soul.

You are a little girl with the innocence
And ignorance of your own,
The simplicity of heart, purity of expression,
Undefiled and guileless,
You have nothing to hide in
As for to keep latent,
But I fear,
How you will adjust here
In this world of intrigues and whisperings.

Dark daughter, men are not so simple
As think you,
Men are not so good
As look they to be,
Men are not men,
But beats and brutes of the jungles,
Full of wildest emotions and passions
And if this be, how will you live here?

Dark daughter, I saw you in the museum
Lying locked in,
I saw you on the outer walls of the temples
Under the canopies of the starry and silent skies,

Bewitching mystery and silence
As the night is not of one,
Oh, as the maidens of the night,
Straying and wandering and that too all alone
And silence conspiring against!

42

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Saga Of The Dark Daughter {poem}

The dark daughter smiling
In the dark hamlets
Oblivious of her nondescript fate,
An untold saga
Of poverty, hunger and underdevelopment,
Misrule, malnutrition, illiteracy and superstition.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Same Atman

The Same Atman is a part of the Parmatman,
I a part of You,
A smaller I of the Greater You,
i, I, You, You,
I, I,
Not You,
I just a part of You.

The Soul and the Supreme Soul,
The connection between the two,
The Soul and the Oversoul,
The bond unbreakable
And lo, I seeing You
Within itself!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Same Happy New Year & The Same Old Man, Who Says Happy To Whom?

The same old year,
The same old man
And if this be as such,
How to say,
Happy new year
And if, to whom
As both of them
The old guys?

In the villages
And the commonly locality,
I do not find anyone saying,
Happy new year,
All but the bloody-bastard,
Fools,
Illiterates and backwards,
The hungry people.

They can take a good beating
Of foods and diets,
I mean good dishes,
Ready to take the freeman's feast,
Oh, the gluttons of Rustic India!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Same Sunlight

The same sunlight,
Same creation,
Same break of day.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Santhal Parganas

The Santhal Parganas

Dotted and punctuated by the woods, hills and rivulets,
Highlands and downlands
Traversing the tract,
Interspersing with
A vast stretch of land.

The shaal trees, the mahuas,
The simuls, saagwans,
Shirish trees,
Dotting the areas
Under the shadow of the blue-blue hills,
Clustered around.

The vast stretch of land
Manless and lonely
And the hamlets far flung
And scattered over
Under the peepul trees,
The banyans.

Somewhere the yogini than, the deity place,
Somewhere the yaksharaj than, the powerful demi-god place,
A tract of wilds, woods and hills,
Rivulets and red soil,
The Santhal Parganas.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Santhal Parganas, Dumka

The song of it sing I,
Ranging from Sahebganj to Pakur
To Deoghar and Dumka to
Jamtara,
The clusters of hills
Dotting the highlands and downlands
With the forests
With red-mouthed monkeys,
Hanumans, black bears and tigers
Roaming large.

The hills shining blue,
Standing solitary,
The landscapes secluded and manless
Away from haunt,
But full of mahua, sagun and saal trees,
A summer full with the scent of
Black-berries and jack fruits,
Mangoes full with,
Plums in winter wild and prickly.

The palash trees small-small
Dotting the wilds and hills,
The palm and date trees
And the lands barren and unfurrowed
Many,
The streams murmuring by
In between the hills somewhere,
The rivers drying deep
In summer
When the sun blazes it
And the hots blow they
To ruffle it all.

But much of its greenery bereft of,
That exotic flora and fauna on the brink of extinction,
The tigers from Shikaripara, Masalia and Kathikund
Almost gone now,
The black bears too are not

In the Mayurakshi forest region,
Just the hills crushed and quarried after
Lying a few
As barren stumps
And the palash trees cut down in the maximum.

The homely black pigs and piglets
Playing into the bushes,
The poorman houses made from mud and straw
As the far flung hamlets and thorps
Shaded under the peepul and banyan trees,
Leaving much to traverse to reach the village
On foot or by the bullock-cart.

The house sparrows dancing, playing and hopping
All around,
Lowly into the dust
And picking foodgrains,
The crows crowing for water and food,
That sly and cleverly black crow,
Lifting the bread crumb from the aluminum bowl
Of the small countryside toddler child
And flying away.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Sardarji: I Mean Khushwant Singh

The Sardarji, the great Sardarji talk I, the literature of his,
The contribution of his,
Turbaned and dyed,
Looking youngish-youngish, romantic-romantic,
A novelist, a short story and an essayist,
A columnist, a historian,
A journalist, an editor
And above all a talker is our Khushwant Singh,
The man and the writer we seek to know.

Born at Hadali village under Khushab Distt., Sargodha, Punjab on 2 Feb.1915,
In the then time British India,
Educated at Govt. College, Lahore and King's College, London.,
And the Inner Temple, London,
Khushwant joined the bar
And used to practise as lawyer at Lahore
Before he left for India,
Joining the Indian Ministry of External Affairs in 1947.

After his tryst with the All India Radio, New Delhi as a journalist in 1951,
Majestic in profile,
He upheld the editorship of Yojana (1951-53) ,
The Illustrated Weekly of India (1979-80) ,
The Hindustan Times (1980-83)
As a fearless political commentator, a social critic
And an observer of life and times
Keeping journalism and literature alive side by side.

A member of the Rajya Sabha, an upper house of Parliament from 1980 to 86,
A recipient of Padma Bhushan in 1976
Which but he returned in 1984 in protest
Against the storming of the Golden Temple, Amritsar
By the Indian army,
Again, the Padma Vibhushan offered to him in 2007,
He is a remarkable person to know.

A novelist as for Train To Pakistan (1956) , I Shall Not Hear the Nightingale
(1959) ,
Delhi: A Novel (1996) , The Company of Women (1999) ,

A short story writer as for The Marn of Vishnu and Other Stories (1950) ,
The Voice of God and Other Stories (1957) ,
A Bride for the Sahib and Other Stories (1956) ,
Black Jasmine (1971) ,
A historian for The History of Sikhs (1956) ,
An autobiographer for Truth, Love and a Little Malice (2002) ,
A columnist for With Malice Towards One and All,
This Above All.

A master of jokes, he can make you smile,
Burst into a laughter
With his buoyancy and vigour,
The energy to recreate and entertain,
Regale and rehearse,
Even if one does not take,
Will make him take Scotch whisky, rum, brandy or beer,
Champagne not, but vodka
And has the guts of telling about liquor,
Its history and culture and practice,
Can even say about who of the personalities
Took what?

A Punjabi, he can say about the folk tales, dances and musics of the Punjab
And its festive moods
Of harvest and merry-making,
He can tell about the love-story of Heer-Ranjha
Aligning with Shirin-Farhad and Laila-Majnu,
The Bhangra and its ecstatic thrill
On the farmland, in the courtyard
Or in the midst of greenery of fields and fallows.

He does not keep anything hidden from anyone,
Open to all
And is never ashamed of,
Does the dirtiest jokes
But the readers read him,
It's Holi, the festival of colour and festivity,
Do not take it bad,
A ladkiwallah, a daruwallah,
The red light, the green light,
Who winked at whom,

He can say all that,
As does not leave anything unwritten,
Who is going where?

He can tell about the politicians, their pranks and strategies
And can even rebuff them
As he fears not,
Not less than a politician,
Has done enough politics during Indira's time,
While fighting the legal battle against Menaka,
An ex-Rajya Sabha member,
He has the guts of raising his collar
And saying openly.

A knowledgeable man and a voracious reader, he is epigrammatic,
Ironical and sarcastic,
Satiric and humorous,
An oldie, I mean an old-timer
Telling about the past time,
A funny man,
Doing the jokes,
Mocking age and ageing,
How to keep fit and healthy, hale and hearty,
Giving the tips in!

Very, very romantic and colourful as for his humours and jokes,
He can tickle with his thoughts,
Can fill in spirits into a dead soul
Whose energies are almost exhausted
By giving the glucose of words,
His pats,
Punjabi pats on the shoulders
As to inspire him,
Infuse in spirit,
Instil with a hope for living.

A Sardarji, he can tell about the secrets of dieting,
Tandoori and tadaka,
The drinks he takes,
Not the cold drinks,
But the special drinks
And his cupboard full with labels and brands,

Indian not, foreign,
New bottle with old wine
With nothing to be melancholic,
But in a colourful mood of his always,
Does he ghazal,
A khayal or thumri,
Taking a filip.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Satirist, The Humorist And The Ironist

Are three brothers
Walking hand in hand,
Shoulder over shoulder
Flanked by one another.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Satirist's Art In The Art Of Satire

The satirist's art
In the art of satire,
Satire satire not only
Jibe, ridicule, sarcasm,
Taunt, comment and unauthorized criticism,
Cartooning of character,
Imitation of antics and speech,
But irony, double-speak,
Cutting on the razor's edge,
polished and light humour too,
Joke, caricature, buffoonery, clownage

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Scavenger Women I Saw At Dumka

While passing through the raw red-soiled link ways,
I used to come across the scavenger women,
The women folk with the tin boxes
Full of human excreta
Placed on the wheelbarrows,
They used to push and drag the handy go-cart
And some with the load overhead
Used to pass through,
The whiff carried by the gust of the wind
Used to be embarrassing
A foul stinking smell and the stench used to take over
With the flies buzzing around sometimes
Under heat and dust,
I used to see and mark them
In human toil, tears, labour and sweating.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Scavenger Women Sweating And Going With The Carriers Of Human Excreta, Latrine, Latrine Cleaning

The scavenger women
Going
With
The carrier
Of
Human excreta

Sweating and going,
Going and sweating,
Resting under,
Under the tree,
The shade of it
During the summer time
When as a child
I used to,
Used to see
Coming, going
And passing through
And the stench, foul
Taking it all,
The carriers, containers
On the carts, wheels,
Dragged, pulled
Or pushed
Or on the head
They taking,
Taking them away
To dump,
Dump
Into the garbage heap,
Excreta,
Human excreta.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Scent Of Blood

There is the scent of love
In nce,
The scent of flesh and blood,
The writer as a lover
Of the body
Possessive and of male-domination,
With the electro-magnetic sensation of it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Scent Of The Jasmine Reminding Me Of Your Cheeks

The scent of the jasmine
Lifted
And carried by the wind
Calling me,
Calling me
And I waiting for
If you coming really.

The scent,
Scent of the jasmine
Carried
And lifted by the wind
Taking me close to your cheeks
For a smell,
I love, love you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Scholar

The scholar went away
Before we could know
That he was a scholar,
A noble soul indeed,
So chaste and virtuous,
Pastoral and classical,
A scholar appraised,
Whose rarer virtues
We could know before.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Scholar Never Says It That He Is A Scholar

It is our tradition,
Classical tradition and morality
And ethics
To showcase scholarship,
One who is a scholar
Never likes to showcase
His scholarship.

And that person is a scholar
Who ever says about
That he is an authority,
But to recognize such a man
Is really very difficult,
Their humble nature is as such
To be put in words.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The School Of Maya

The School of Maya is the school of attachment,
Infatuation and attraction for,
Illusion and hallucination,
The snares of the world.

The world is maya and our existence though mythic
We like it not to understand it,
Our house, son, daughter
And the things we see the objects of maya.

Everything that we see is but maya, maya-moha,
The house, the world,
The son and the daughter,
The things, everything but maya.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The School Of Maya I Belong To

As a poet
I belong to
The school of maya.

Maya my wife,
My children,
House and the world.

Maya my life,
My family,
My world
And I a small man
From the world of maya.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Sculptures Under The Moonlit Nights

Under the moonlit nights
See I the sculptures and figurines,
On the terracotta plates
Embossed upon the outer pillars
Of the terracotta temples,
Made from limestone powder and small bricks.

I see the figurines and sculptures in love and romance,
In devotion and prayer,
Symbolizing dharma-artha-kama-and-moksha syndrome
And also the masons and architects
Who made built remained anonymous
And the purpose behind the art.

Sometimes they taking me to the semi-divine beings,
Yoga-yoginis,
The aboriginal maids testing the sadhna of the sadhakas
Symbolically and mystically,
Sevadasis and devadasis turned stone
In the name of religion, faith and piety,
But God could not be,
The nautch girls, exhausted with dancing,
Desperately lying with the fallen ghungharoos.

Are they the replicas of the sevadasis and devadasis
Or the dark girls born with a darker fate
Or are they woman-labourers
Helping the masons and sculptors
To turn into the frescoes themselves
Which I do not understand, I do not understand?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Search For A Man Of The Heart

A man of heart,
Where will you
As the number has fallen now-a-days?

The heart has not remained a heart,
Has been replaced,
The monkey-man.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Sectarian Version Of Saudi Arabia We Can Never Accept It

The sectarian version of Saudi Arabia
In terms of human rights violations
Against womankind and children
Brought under
Law and justice,
Crime and punishment,
Blasphemy laws
We can never accept it,
At least we the modern men.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Seminar Activity

The resource person came he
And went to the stage set for him
To decorate, bedeck and bespangle it
Just like a bridegroom
And on seeing him,
Ran I with a bouquet of flowers
Into the hands of mine,
The organizers strutted and walked on toe,
The proud managers elegantly,
Not the biz gurus
While on the other many ran after
To take the certificates
Sitting on the gallery benches,
Talking with the friends,
Passing time,
Getting ready to leave the place
After the chat is over,
Taking certificates from,
Duly initialed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Seminar Organizer Just Call Me To Say That He Too Is A Poet

The seminar organizer
Called me
To the dais
Just to call,
He too is a poet
And recited too
One or twos of his
To get my opinion
And from an invited speaker
Turned I into a panelist judge.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Sepoy Mutiny

I want to dust the old and pale files and the flaps
Of the British period police stations
To write my thesis
On the Indian war of independence
Or the sepoy mutiny,
The mustache-twirling Indian sepoys
Revolting against,
Gone berserk
Or inspired by the idea of nationalism
Backfiring the British?

The files of the British officers on the horse-backs
Or in police jeeps later on,
Searching the nationalists not,
But the Gandhian freedom fighters
And the Tommy too were reined in
At a later stage
To search the Indian villages ruthlessly
And the commonly people running for cover,
Fleeing the villages.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Shepherd With The Flock Of Sheep

It as an occasion to see the conventional shepherd
Coming from the distant north
With a huge flock of sheep,
The white-white and soiled sheep
Grazing and grazing
In search of pastures and fields greener
With a big and thick bamboo stick
Into the hands of his
And grazing,
The man in dhoti and kurta

Ad the sun setting, it's the dawn time,
Glowing red and retreating back
And the shepherd grazing them,
The flock of sheep,
So many in number

Painting the scenery, the landscape
With the sun glowing red and retreating,
The dawn changing into slowly
And the sheep so many in number grazing
And to be under the tented camps.

Under the open skies,
The herdsman, the shepherd with the flocks
Of clumsy and soiled sheep,
But white, dust-smeared and soiled,
Grazing in the fields

Away from their shed and place,
Far off into the hilly tracts,
Miles and miles away
With the conventional nomadic herd
Rearing them as for wool

And who will return back to the lands
After the months' journey and search
For pastures and green lands
As for woolgathering

And the swan song to sing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Shifting Sand-Dunes By I.a

The shifting Sand-Dunes by I.a.

Published in 1976

Is a small attempt in verse

Beginning with

Sow The Seed Deep

Which shows

How much wit and humour

Fused in

To define the cosmos

Rising from a cell.

The Leader poem is all about

The tactics

Of an Indian leader,

A politician,

The loud call of a cock

In the lane

And the people following

As such had been

India's tryst with destiny

Ad the promises made

For the break of a new dawn.

The Death of Atlas as a poem

Of some Blakian nature

As the child knows it not

How to keep

And goes on tearing he pages,

Failing to re-assemble them,

The coloured pages

With trees and lands

Lie crumbling at his feet.

The title poem, The Shifting Sand-Dunes

Is of a very beautiful poem

Written in an anecdote style,

As a remembrance

Of the making and unmaking of sand-dunes

Which but he desert are people

It better
And the poet taking to his recourse
Under a moonlit night.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Simple-Merit Teachers & The Northeast Literary Critique

The sly, undermerit fellows from other states,
Bihar, U.P., M.P. and Chhatishgarh
Turn to the northeast mountainous and hilly
Terrains and wilds
As for easy assignments
In colleges and universities
And after substantiating their respective positions,
Start calling themselves
Experts or new critics
Of the poetry in English from the northeast
Though there is nothing like that
And had it been
We would have heard about definitely.

The simple teachers from other states
Are trying their best to come to the fore
By encouraging the incumbents,
The newly-taught local and native students
To write in English,
If there be any
And to form a mutual platform of benefit.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Skies Touching Somewhere

The skies touching somewhere
The earth,
The horizons lurking on
And it shining,
Solitude breaking into the ripples of songs
With the herald of
The golden dawn break.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Small Daughter

The small daughter's innocence read I,
Read and mark I her ignorance,
The guileless heart of her.

Let her play in dust,
Do not snatch her childhood from her.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Small Girl You Are Taking Away As A Bride

The small girl you are taking away as a bride,
Showing the dreams of a better living and companionship,
Have you looked behind,
Where are they taking her to,
Taking the oath,
Promising a better life,
Have you thought about,
Are they not taking her away to sell out,
To ruin her blossoming life?

O, where are they, where are they taking away
The little daughter of mine,
To which village,
Sitting her on a bullock cart
And the cartman taking her away,
Away and away from her home,
Crossing the fields and fallows,
Woods and hamlets!

A small girl she is going in her own delight,
In the delight and dream of her own,
But she feeling sad and broken
As being separated from,
Growing homesick and nostalgic,
Tears drops welling up in
And falling down,
The collyrium of the eyes
Melting.

There comes a stage when the bullock cart traverses the river bed
Near the hamlets and thorps,
The small-small boys and girls half-clothed and half-fed
Continue to be after for a while,
All those clumsy and dirty village children,
With the tooth broken,
Somebody without the shirt,
Someone with the buttonless shorts,
Holding them and running.

The Small Indian Hawk, Shikra

The hawk,
Indian hawk,
Small-breed Indian hawk,
Shikra,
Grizzled,
Looking like a sparrow
But is not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Small Poets' Life Insurance Policy

I shall write a paper on you and you will on me,
And as thus shall we keep doing
Self-praise and mutual admiration,
The small men as small poets-cum-editors
Of little-little journals
Publishing, publicizing and promoting their poetry,
The bad verses written by them,
I mean the non-poets, commoners, rhymers and poetasters..

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Small Sister Waiting For The Brother To Tie A Rakhi On The Wrist Of Her Brother

A small sister waiting,
Waiting for the brother to come home
And to tie a colourful wrist band
On the hand of the brother,
Whose arrival is awaited
So much so earnestly.

The brother will come
Dressed in new clothes,
The sister will come with a dish
Into the hands of hers
With a candle burning,
Sweets and flowers.

She will round the light
Around the head,
Will paste a red vermillion spot
On the forehead of the brother,
Make him eat sweets and drink water
And pray for his longevity.

The brother too in return
Will give some money to the sister,
Such a bonding,
Where to find, where to get from,
You the brother, forget her not,
Forget not your sister when far from her.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Small-Small Palash Tree Bushes In Blossoms

The small, small palash tree bushes
Scattered around
The hilly domains,
Rocks, stones and highlands,
Bedecked with
The clusters of blooms,
Florid-florid, ornate-ornate,
Reddish-reddish and of dazzling hue
And the blackly cuckoos cooing from sweetly
From the clusters,
Leafless, but in bloom,
Leafless, but ornately beautiful.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Small-Small Terracotta Temples Of Chandrakona

The small-small temples of Chandrakona,
Limestone powder and small brick made terracotta temples,
Who to tell me about their history and tradition,
Their date of making and construction,
Their historicity and building,
How many years did they take in making?

Centuries old, old and telling of bygone times,
Age-old and dilapidating,
Falling and crumbling temples,
Broken and abandoned temples,
Lying in debris and ruins,
Broken and fallen,
Who to tell me, tell me?

The small-small temples of Chandrakona,
Hiding in history,
Earthed and hidden,
Made years and years ago,
Telling of an era gone by,
The bygone times,
The days of yore.

But the temples and haunted houses
Not so as they appear to be,
The statues of Radha and Krishna
Emerging from the terracotta rubbles and ruin,
The broken pillars and mounds of earth,
The fallen walls and pillars,
The blackly statues but made from pure gold and weighing.

Not a single one, but so many,
So many temples,
Lying fallen and deciphered,
Abandoned and haunted,
Lying in ruins and rubbles,
Unworshipped and unadorned,
The deities are not in the temples.

The Vishnu temple, the Manasha temple,
The Shitala temple, the Shiva temple,
The Bhagabati temple, the Ram-Sita temple,
The temples made from sandstone boulders,
Sculpted and chiselled,
The terracotta temples in maximum.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Snake

When I saw it at midnight
Near the gate,
A poisonous snake was it
So rapid and fast,
Slippery and sliding,
Looking like a banded krait.
Striped and black,
Hair stood on
To see the reptile
Blackly and gliding
And coiling beneath
Making the night ferocious
And fearsome
And I overcautious in stepping
Fearing to move
On the grassy patch
To come out of the house.

A deadly and venomous snake was it
Trying to hide or escape,
Slipping, trailing
And gliding,
Shining and glowing
With the bands,
Stripes
Or of the rope design
Blackly and striped,
Vehemently frightening
To come it by chance,
An experience so horrible
That it appearing in the images
To turn the night into a nightmare.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Snake Charmer (Haiku)

The snake charmer of India
Playing the wooden been instrument
And the cobras swaying, dancing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Snake Charmer Playing The Been (Haiku)

The poor and humble snake charmer playing the been
And the cobras hooded and hissing dancing and swaying
To the tune of the haunting music of the East, Asia, India.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Snake-Charmer's Life

O charmer, where do you lie playing the wooden been music,
Playing so haunting music
And the cobras dancing to the tune of,
Swaying,
I mean the cobras,
White, black and chocolate-coloured!

You tasting the soil, smelling and guessing
When without the been
And catching them
By making smell a root
And the cobras let slip into the bamboo basket.

Risking your life, playing with dangers, show you the spectacle,
But what do you get
At the market-places
Keeping company with the deadly snakes
Whose mere bite can be fatal and may even claim for
But they understand it not.

The lookers-on give not the money
And live you poorly,
Somehow maintaining the family,
Ill-fed and ill-clothed,
But the Bombayan film-makers and musicians
Stealing the music earn they well.

Sometimes cobras bite they and lose you
Your precious life in faith
And the magic fails it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Snake-Charmers' Music Steal They The Bombayan Bollywood Men

The snake-charmers' music
Steal
They
The Bombayan
Cine world men
As well as media
Use
The still
And stereotype photos

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Snow Leopard

The snow leopard
The beauty of the snowy terrains
Rocky and with meadows,
Where it snows, chills it the winter
Where the snow leopard dwells in,
The animal of colder habitats.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Sobbing Girl And The Change In Heart

She was sobbing and sighing
And was asking terfully,
Do you love me, do love me?

Sobbing and sighing
And asking she wailfully,
Do you love me, love me?

So pathetic was it to see, so painful was it to view,
But who make it understand the foolish heart
That true love is rare, rarer so much?

But instead of, she went on crying,
The handkerchief of hers wet with,
A girl in tears, simple and innocent soul, saw I in tears

Asking the lord to be kind enough to her
So the poor soul may rest and peace of mind
And wisdom prevailed upon

Yea, a change of heart took place
As said he running to,
I love you, love you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Song From The Heart

In a very sweet and sonorous voice, sing you, say you,
Said she the girl in a golden and nasal sound of her own,

Do you love me? Do you love me?
The voice coming from the heart and its deep within
Yes, I love you, I love you,
Came the answer reverberating from the other side.

Again,
Sing it again, ladies and gentlemen, said the announcer,
Do you love me? Do you love me?
Yes, I love you, I love you.

Do you love me? Yes, I love you.
Do you love me? Yes, I love you,
The beloved went on asking in a very singsong voice of her own
And the coampanion too went on saying lyrically.

O, it was a nice combination to see the hearts meeting,
Feeling good to see them united! ,
Came the comment from the elderly audience.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Song Of America Hear I Through You, Allen Ginsberg

The song of America
Hear I
Through you
Allen Ginsberg

The howl of a generation,
The beat and vibe of it,
The loitering and fluctuation of it.

They going with the cigar packs,
Smoking and going
Just like the gypsies,
Bootleggers, drug lords and addicts
Those pedestrians.

Tired with materialism and materialistic pleasures,
Where, where are they going,
Going to unmindful of, oblivious of all that,
Those generations
Young and gleeful, but sad and tense,
Definitely under pressure, psychic and mental?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Song Of Love

My song of love, will you, will you like to hear it, it is for you,
For you that I have brought from far,
The song,
The song of love,
That, that wanted I to sing?

My love my heart and what sing I, sing I from my heart,
The song of love,
Which is your song, which is my song,
Which sing you, which sing I,
But still we know it not
Which is whose song,
Who is singing for whom?

My song, my song is the song of love, the garden in blossom
And the desertion of it,
The whirlwind breaking many plants
And the gardener weeping among the ruins
Seen through, envisaged

And when sing I, the photographs move they before,
Before the mind's eyes,
My love dancing before me, my love singing
And lo, it is whistling,
Whistling a song,
Humming and singing.

It is my love that said I and it is your love which said you not,
Went I on saying about myself and heard you all silently, □
Said you not a little of yours,
Which I too could not in my ecstasy
And I say it now that mine is a greater sorrow
To be let into words.

Their reminiscences, remembrances, sweet memories, I have not,
Love is not love if it merely tending to relationships,
Love is not love if comes it not as remembrances and reminiscences,
Where as I born, where are the with whom shared I my intimate moments,
Under whose care grew I,

Where the faces, where the lost tongue clicking,
Where the house and the images connected with it,
Where have I in search of job and employment,
And were shall I be one ay,
That one day, that come one day?

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Song Of Love And Its Sadness

When feel I for you, sing I the songs,
The songs of my heart,
My love,
When feel I for you, sing I the songs
Of my love,
My heart,
Saddening me,
I feeling for
And the notes breaking forth.

The heart throbbing, aching,
The heart hurt,
A voice soaked in pain
And wet with,
Bursting and breaking forth,
I singing and calling you,
Feeling for
With a strange pain within,
So sadly,
So heavy of heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Song Of Love Sing I

The song of love sing I sadly and happily
Remembering them
Who made me grow up,
I search them, search them
In my poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Song Of Love Sing I, Whistle I

The song of love whistle I, sing I
Whenever see I, remember I,
You coming to as
The song of love
And in the song of love,
Search I, see I.

The song of love whistle, sing I
Whenever see I, remember I,
you coming to as
The song of love
Which I keep humming.

The song of love whistle I, sing I
Whenever see, remember I,
You coming to as a picture,
A dream so sweet and lovely,
A dream girl standing before and smiling.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Song Of The Breakheart, Love But Break Not The Tender Heart

She was sobbing and sighing, sobbing and sighing for sometime
Without any break
And the tears had been falling down, falling down
From that innocent girl,
Demanding love from him
And he as a man turned rock
Viewing the girl in tears

Nothing to be affectionate and sympathetic
And compassionate,
Love and change for another
And we have forgotten to fear God,
Lord Jesus,
What did He say,
If you fail to love a man are not a man,
If the heart of yours is not pure,
What did tine
Who even laid down his life for love sacrosanct and sacred?

The girl was sobbing and sighing for sometime
Without any break,
Sobbing and sighing,
Braking and melting,
The teardrops flling down
And she wiping out with her hands
Stealing from the world
A lady in distress and agony
Saw I, felt I,
Holding the hand
To be calm and quiet,
Oh, that stranger girl,
Suppose that she were mine,
My beloved not, why not sister!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Song Of The Dark Daughter

But who has at least striven to know,
What it is that ails her,
Marauds her poor self
Of the dark daughter,
A girl so humble, so meek
Which the treacherous world
Knew it not for so long,
A girl so poor and humble?
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Song Of The Kingfisher

The song of the kingfisher hear I singing from the top of the tress,
Perched on the high twigs and boughs
And singing from there,
The song of life, the zest of living.

The bird appears to be a painted doll with bluish and grey shreds and shades
But the billed and beaked bird
Very prompt at catching small fish,
Waiting and waiting and diving to take on from the tree.

The song of the kingfisher hear I, but the song aking me to water bodies
Where it can flit about, wait for and catch at
By diving into the surface waters a little bit
To peck at and to pick into its bill.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Soul

The soul is in it all,
Just try to feel the existence
And those know it,
Say they not,
What it is the soul and the spirit,
As most of the sadhus and saints have,
The sadhus and sadhakas of India.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Standoff Between India And China I Cannot Appreciate It

I cannot appreciate
The standoff
Between India and China
At the cost of human life
And loss of lives
And casualties.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Stars And I/ Starlight Poetry

Under the starlight,
The stars twinkling,
The moon and the stars
I standing bedazzled and awe-struck
By the glow and the twinkle
Writing the verses of the universe,
The planets and other heavenly bodies,
The place I have to go
Searching my home,
Going universal-universal
And celestial,
The moon orbs as the fairies
Dancing and dancing.

A night with the fireworks,
The sparkles and lightings
Decorated with,
Dark somewhere
In the nook and corner,
Somewhere with
The lighting earthen lamps
Into the muddy houses
Of the country
Distant and far flung
And siting on the guard wall
I marking the glow and glitter.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Step-Mother

When the first had been alive, valued he never that poor girl,
The poor woman,
As kept she working all day long, all night long,
Eating late into the night,
Late during the daytime,
Giving the left-overs to that Lakshmi,
Unable to eat and drink,
Dress and clothe,
Torn sari and blouse had been the properties of hers,
As kept she living in a village,
A villagerly girl she was.

When she had been alive, never could they know her value,
Her behaviour and working temperament,
Her goodness and simple living,
She used to speak a little, used to take a little
And after making others eat, used to take food,
Had been very, very mild and good,
Speaking and behaving mildly,
But the household people could not
The virtue of her character
That she was from a good family.

When she passed away, said they,
She was a good and great soul,
As asked for nothing,
Whatever got she, felt pleased with and took to,
Without a grudge or hitch,
Bore the hazards of a joint family,
But why did she leave away on the midway,
For what fault of hers,
Good men do not live for more, said they.

The husband wept he by her side,
Saying it that he would not marry again
In memoriam,
For his beloved and bereaved wife,
Feeling secluded and dejected and forlorn
For many a day,

But with the lapse in time started he thinking
About marriage
And with the coming of the second wife,
More dear and lovelier,
The things have changed drastically.

But the new wife, one from a small family,
As who will to an aged groom.
Though he may think himself young,
A father of a son and a daughter
And had he many, the father of the girl
Would not have their daughter to him,
A double-married groom.

The father going to marry,
The whole family in joys and merry-making,
But the poor son and the daughter sorrowful,
Thinking about their beloved mother,
Tears into the eyes of theirs,
Welcoming the new mother with them,
Which the heart may not accept,
But what to do with?

The relatives asking the small boy and the girl
Not to accompany their father,
As they may feel it
Unwanted for the occasion,
A spoilt sport
To ruin it all
With the elegiac notes
And despondence enveloping.

As expected, came she the new mother
Playing the charmer's wooden been
And the cobras dancing,
The cobra-girl, the poison-girl, the hypnotizer-girl
And the father after her,
As she would desert him,
And if deserted she, who would his daughter
To a middle-aged widower
And that too with the children?

The girl and the boy playing with dust and soil,
The hair of the small girl
Curly but lousy,
Without the hair oil,
Uncombed and undressed,
The small son too clumsy
And as thus spending half-fed, half-clothed
Apart from villagerly.

The step-mother giving left-overs to them
And that too not in the lot of the poor fellows,
The motherlessly simple children.
Mother and father taking stomachful food,
But the children staying half-fed,
Mother all the time complaining against
The son and the daughter,
Not her own,
From her stomach,
As she in the need of her own blood.

It is also true that Yasoda's son is of Devaki, not of Yasoda,
Though she may claim over,
But the world knows it Devaki's son,
Not of Yasoda,
But acknowledges too Yasoda's indelible love
For child Krishna.

Dhruva's story,
Bhishma's vows,
All those remind us
How the insults and hurts meted out to
The step sons and daughters,
How the maltreatment,
How the pains of being motherless
And with the step-mother!

But the case different here,
The mother takes them not as her own,
The issues of other women,
The daughter, a growing child tries she
To commit suicide
By taking the flower seeds,

To end up her life

And had she died, she would have felt happy
Inwardly, as for the clearance of the prickly stuff,
The dowry for to be given during the marriage,
Outwardly sad to show it to the world,
Had it been,
But nothing happened like that,
As something saved her.

The father keeping himself somehow well,
Eating, drinking and oiling, in good humours and spirits,
But the son and the daughter playing outside in the sands,
During the hotter, summer-time noon, keeping soiled and dirty.
Two poor children, oh, the motherless children
Walking here and there,
The village house-wives talking about
Under the shady trees,
The study and mighty, age-old peepul and banyan trees
About the motherless children,
But not to give food to them stealthily.

The father too in the service of the new mother,
After her all the time,
Sitting near the earthen oven,
Looking her smiling face,
Hearing the chides of hers even,
Helping her to cook food
And she saying it
That she is ill and sick all the times.

The husband fanning her with the hand fan,
Massaging the legs
As she getting dizzy,
The joint family separated from,
His wife will not cook it herself,
The little girl needs to be called in
As for to cook food,
Which but he will see as a sheep.

And when she with a new born babe,
The little sister will move about

Keeping the new brother at her waist,
Doing all to please her mother,
Even by keeping the baby
And cooking food,
But she is not a thing to be pleased,
One in her angry mood, cursing-mood,
Ever ready to abuse her
Without rhyme or reason
Just like the tiger the lamb
As for making the stream water filthy.

The old wife dead and gone by,
Let bygone be begone,
The old portrait too hanging not on the wall
Of the mud house,
But the children thinking
That the mother will come out of the frame,
She will speak to them just now.

The step-son and the step-daughter when want they to be nearer
To their mother,
She shows not the requisite sympathy,
Affection,
Which but they can understand,
Motherless souls and hearts,
When the mother close by,
One does not know the pathos of the mother,
Which but one feels it
After the death of the mother,
But the little children have nothing to do,
To understand.

Mother is mother,
Hence, they go on searching for
Their mother,
Which has but vanished into the shadows,
Never to return back,
From where
She has gone
Away to.

The children on seeing their new brother taking milk

Thinking of taking it
And the dream mother making them drink
The dream children
Just in a reverie,
Which but a bad dream
And it cannot materialize it in reality.

When will fortune turn to them,
When will their miseries come to an end,
When will their fortune open up,
The well-wishers thinking it,
But doing not anything,
Who can but say,
Barring the One
Who has given birth to all,
Why does man suffer,
Why does he struggle,
He can but say it,
But says He it not?

Their Writ of Destiny, that of the nightmarish children,
Who can but say it,
Not even the gods?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Sterlings That Saw I

While crossing the farmlands, more especially the roadways
Conversing the paddy fields,
Wherever see you, there lie the paddy fields
With the paddies or without
But at a point saw I
The sterlings, two types of sterlings
Flocked together with,
Picking corns or something else.

Of the two types of sterlings, one was striped and blackly,
Black and white striped
While the other brownish-brownish,
Dark brown, but yellow-beaked,
But so many in a number,
A plenty of them,
All picking on the sideways,
The footpaths.

Passing through on a vehicle, I saw them at a glance,
So many in a number
Picking in
By being lost in
The sterlings,
With their hues varying from each other,
Black and whitely striped,
Dark brownish sterlings.

The sterlings I saw
I could not their flocking and flutter,
So many in number,
Alighting and flying,
Settling down and flying away,
A bird's eye-view it was
Of the sterlings,
Indian sterlings
While passing through the way.

The sterlings so many at a glance saw I
Dancing and fluttering, picking grains

Flocked together with and flying away,
So many in a number,
The sterlings striped and grizzled grey,
I saw them picking up grains and fluttering together with.
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Story Of A Developing Nation

Is this the India where females babies are thrown off,
Newly weds are burnt to death,
The nights echoing wioth their shrieks and cries,
Letting me not sleep

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Strategy Of The Communist Party

The tricks and tactics of the Communist Party,
The common people know it not
As do they politics
Under the banner of the divisive politics,
Dividing the society,
Brother from brother
Between the rich and the poor,
The bourgeois and the proletariat,
The capitalist and the socialists.

Party, party, party and politics,
This the talks of the leftists,
Torture the rightists,
Imprison and implicate
As for the ideology,
Always in the habit of
complaining and criticizing,
Oh, the very negative people!

The communists are cadres and comrades,
The armed people,
The lathi men,
Muscle-flexing, showing the fire power,
Man power and muscle power
And the leader a boss,
A super man
Who will not die,
Will live for ever.

Even they can depute the thieves, dacoits and criminals
To downplay and downsize
The democrats and republicans
And can fire power
To crush them,
Tone down the song of liberty and freedom,
The angry men
They can wreak havoc.

The Strategy Of The Communist Party Of India

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The Strategy Of The Communists/ Sly Foxes

The sly and cleverly communists are
Like the foxes,
Appearing on and slipping past,
So sly and catchy,
Wild and tameless
And swift.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Strict Teacher And The Bad Boy: A Lesson In Discipline

Guruji, beat me not
And the strict disciplinarian teacher beating,
Tight and tough old-timer teacher
With a cane into the hands
Giving the commands and orders
Like some military officer.

If the tasks done, o, k.,
If not, take the canes, the date canes,
Roll on the date leaves,
Stand up in the sun,
Do sit ups and downs holding the ears,
Holding the ears.

Stand up on the bench,
Kneel down
And again the teacher coming
And twisting the ears,
Beating back and blue
And slapping,
Such a day was also.

The punishment was rigorous,
The order and command as such
For the simple students,
But the naughty the naughtiest,
Will not read
Even if punish you.

The students as loafers may challenge,
Show the chain,
The knife
And the pistol
To the invigilator,
Such a time also came in between.

Some naughty boys from the last benches

Whistling and making others burst into a laughter
And the whole class aghast
And the oldie fellow beating the last benchers
On suspicion,
Just for one loafer many used to be got beaten
For no fault of own
And the oldie on a beating spree,
Searching the loafer or asking to name.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Students Of Gender Studies

Burkhawalli,
Purdahwalli,
Ghumtawalli,
Entering the classroom
Of Gender Studies
From the back door
Secretly, stealthily
To see
How their life is filmed
In foreign countries?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Sun Falling Upon

The sun falling upon in the morning
And the sunflower glistening
Like a maiden sweet.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Sunset

The girl-child as the bride seated on
A bullock-cart going
And the cart crossing the river,
The bullocks drinking water
And the setting sun retreating.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Super Comrade

nist as the super man, the super brain
Working for the spread of communism,
I mean the Marxist ideology

Reading the People's Power newspaper,
Asking it distribute and subscribe to,
A spokesman
Of the comrades and cadres,
Waging a war against the rightists,
Doing the propaganda.

A party office full-timer, he is a party man,
Eating, sleeping and living
And dreaming in the party office
With the party men.

The Communist Manifesto as the Bible of his
And he reading it daily and deriving from
In art, culture, philosophy, politics, history and sociology,
Modelling as per his theory.

To crush the democratic movements, to censure the press,
To curtail the freedom of speech and expression,
The first thing to be targeted,
To put an end to in a bloody way.

All his personal talks, beliefs, views and friendships,
Speeches, lectures, writings
Smack of Marx, Marx, Marxism,
Lenin, Lenin, Leninism,
Stalin, Stalin, Stalinism,
Mao, Mao, Maoism.

Marx, Lenin, Stalin and Mao,
He cannot go beyond this,
They all seated within
And suppose he is a Ram-bhakta hanuman
And is asked to show his heart tearing,
Ram and Sita not,

Marx, Lenin, Stalin and Mao will come out.

To bifurcate society the hidden agenda and strategy of his,
The first job and priority of his,
To divide and rule,
Sow the seeds of animosity and poison
By terming them the haves and the have-nots,
The bourgeois and the proletarians,
The capitalists and labourers,
The rich and the poor,
The well-up-in and the downtrodden,
The exploiters and the exploited.

They see everything in terms of party and politics,
Upkeeping of power
As are power-handlers,
Regimenting and recruiting cadres
From the comrades,
Asked to stand by the people and to get them obliged
By being with during birth and death.

Political science, history, philosophy, sociology,
Economics, literature,
They see it all with the Marxist views
And Marx and Marxism is in all,
Whatever read you,
To communize the brain their hidden job.

Real power is into the hands of the unionists
And the mother organization looking after, nurturing them,
The secretaries more powerful
And powered with committees,
The executive can do nothing,
Everything has to come through
The committee and its recommendations.

To flex the muscle, hold power rallies,
Arrange for it in each and every locality
And to keep a watch on the participation or representation
From each and every house
Their man-to-man news collected and gathered
To be discussed in the local party office.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Super Star Has Two Wives, Do You Know It?

The super star,
The secret of his success
Is but two wives,
One registered
While the other unregistered.

A hero of two heroines
Is our super star,
A lover of girls,
Love and quit
Is his success mantra.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Sweeper Lady With A Loadful Of Human Excreta

While going to school,
Passing through the connect way,
Red soiled and brownish,
I used to meet the sweeper ladies,
The cleaner ladies,
Toilet cleaners
With the iron tin plate containers
Full of human excreta,
Going with
Placed overhead
Or set onto the wheelbarrows
Being dragged or pulled
To be cleaned and emptied
Into the municipal garbage heap,
I used to see
Passing through the way,
Perspiring and sweating,
Taking a break from,
Resting under of
The shade of the tree
And going their ways
With a stench taking over,
Spreading all around,
A foul smell intolerable,
But they toiling for the stomach,
The hunger of the belly
Even though human like us.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Talks Of, The Talks Of Love, I'm Sure

The talks,
The talks of love,
I am sure
The talks of,
The talk of love
Will not bore you,
No, no, never
The talks of love,
The things of heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Tall-Tall Seasoned Timber Trees

The tall-tall seasoned timber trees,
Tall-tall and long-long
With the leaves fluttering and falling,
The tall-tall, long-long timber trees,
Seasoned timber trees
While passing through the tract, forest tract
One late spring noon,
Almost summer-like in early March,
The night may be colder a bit,
But the days hotter with
The scorching sun
And the scenery one of leaves shedding
And coming out
And in the midst of all that
The sun rays getting stuck into the forest tract.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Tantrica With The Dog

The tantrica with the dog going at noon
To do the tantra sadhna
And the master-friendly dog
As the Bhairava attendant marking all that.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Tantrical Night Of Sadhna

Why is the tantrica going in search of
With the black cow, the black bitch and the black cat
Or together with them?

Black is beautiful,
The nocturnal night of sadhna,
An experimentation with the supernatural,
The thing unknowable,
Just can be felt
Which is but not own.

And they testing your sadhna,
Just hold onto your courage,
Fear not,
It is not easy to comprehend
The things of Nature and Creation.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Tears In Your Eyes

The tears in your eyes I cannot see,
The eyes red with
And the tears splashing the eyes,
O, say, say you,
What it ails you, marauds the self,
Sweetheart!

The eyes red with tears and the tears splashing from
The eyelids,
The eyelashes wet with
And you emotionally breaking down,
The heart grown weak,
My love, say you, say you,
What it sickens you
And your heart?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Tears Of A Woman, Who Can Underatnd It? (Save From Honour Killings)

The tears of a woman,
Who has tried to understand,
Not even the son of a woman?

Keeping the son for nine months in the womb,
She delivers,
which the orthodox know it not.

She is not a man, but a woman,
A helpless woman,
Subject her not to honour killings.

Can you not forgive her,
Have you become so hard of heart,
Say you, where are you going with your blind faith?

Try to reasonable too, logical too,
God is not only blind faith, but reason too.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Telephone Man's Son

My father had been a telephone man,
Now I a mobile man
Doing hello-hello
Mounting a telephone pole
With the cable board
And testing not,
But wirelessly sending messages.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Temples Of Chandrakona

The temples of Chandrakona,
I see the temples
And think,
Who has built them,
Who were they
Who adorned the place
With terracotta temples
And the plates adorning them?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Terracotta Temple

The terracotta temple, the small-small temples,
Standing as historical heritage and legacy,
Which you know not, I know not,
But there is history hidden in them,
The small-small terracotta temples
And the miniature painting done into them,
The terracotta design and building.

The terracotta temples, small-small but beautiful
Made of small-small bricks and lime stone powder
With the terracotta work all around
Telling of history, art, culture and tradition,
Myth, motif and mystery,
The faith which once held them all,
Faith, ay, blind faith,
As it had been then.

The terracotta plates stuck into and fitted on as borders
Around the entrance, decorative of,
With sculptures so prominent and remarkable
That ancient art speaking,
But the makers, sculptors and builders
Know I not,
There is nothing to tell about,
Everything but mythical, mythical and legendary.

Hindu gods and heroes,
Tales and narratives symbolical and epical
Drawn from the Mahabharata and the Ramayana,
The Bhagavad-gita,
The diagrams and motifs to be embossed upon
And the gate-keepers guarding the temple gates,
Mustached, semi-divine or may not be,
I do not know them.

The small-small temples,
The Vishnu temple, the Siva temple, the Ma Manasa temple,
The Shitala temple, the Mahaprabhu temple,
Picture and photograph I,

The archaeological and archival aspects,
The architectural beauty of the small temples,
Built long ago, long-long ago
Following some lost and forgotten tradition.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Terracotta Temples Of Chandrakona

The terracotta temples of Chandrakona
Talk I, discuss I,
The temples of Manasha, Shitala, Mahaprabhu,
Durga, Kali, Shiva,
The small-small temples of Chandrakona
built from boulders set on, cut and chiselled
And designed,
Cemented with limestone powder,
Small-small bricks featuring them,
Centuries old and historical,
Archaeological and sculptural
and artistic,
The old-old, small-small
Historical temples of Chandrakona
Telling a history
Earthed deep into bygone times.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Terrorist And His Genealogy, In The Hierarchic Order: A Family Horoscope

The terrorist and his genealogy,
In the hierarchic order,
What does the family tree say it,
Ay, the banyan tree
The sturdy growth of a mighty tree
Like the matted saint
Seated under,
Exactly in the hierarchic order?

The terrorist's father, I mean dad,
Who was he,
He was perhaps fanatical,
A fanatic was he
So strict and stubborn,
Non-compromising
And his father
A conservative, an orthodox fellow
Going by rigidity, not at all flexibility?

Hence, the conclusion, see you,
The terrorist's dad was a fanatic
And the fanatic's dad a conservative
And herein lie the roots
Of terrorism,
The horror and terror of it,
Patriarchal, hierarchical and genealogical,
Bloody, brutal and bestial,
Backward, illiterate and uncultured.

Medievalism cannot take us far.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Terrorist, Read He

The terrorist read he
In the religious school
Of the fanatic
To be an extremist,
A fundamentalist,
A bigot and a zealot,
A blind believer,
An orthodox and conservative fellow.

A terrorist he became
Without the milk of
Human kindness,
Without the tears
In the eyes,
A religious fanatic he
Fighting the medieval crusade
Against man and humanity.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The The Golden Oriole

You are so beautiful
and sing you so beautifully, golden oriole,
Flame yellow,
Golden yellow
And flowery and ornate
Looking
Oriole,
Golden oriole!

A bird with the black head
And the lines on the breast
Sing you, sing you
So mellifluously
Engulfing the area
In your song and
And its breaking tunes,
Oriole!

Up above the tree perched on the boughs
You keep singing,
Singing and singing
So sweetly
That the music flowing
Charms the moment
We hear
And the sweetness breaking,
Oriole!

O golden voiced, God-gifted singer,
Tell me, tell me about
The secret of your songs,
Tell me, tell me about
The sweetness of singing,
Oriole, golden oriole,
About music divine and its sweetness!

Singing from far perched on some tree
Even I can hear
Your songs engulfing,

Charming to core,
Taking us far away
To the domains, domains
Where dwell in you!

Let me, let me hear you,
Your songs and its music,
The sweetness profound,
Joys that of mine
But the songs yours,
Oriole, golden oriole,
Let me, let me stop by,
Stop by to hear you!

O God-gifted singer,
Singer Divine,
Music is in your song
And its tuning,
Sweetness is in being mellifluous
And you singing from
To the pleasure of ours,
Oriole, golden oriole!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Theatre Of Life

Life is a play
And I am a theatre artiste,
You a theatre artist.

I am an actor,
You an actress,
Both of us theatre artistes.

Life is a drama,
Man is a hero
And woman a heroine.

And we the personae,
The protagonists,
The two stage personalities.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Theatre Of The Absurd

Is the world a theatre of the absurd
And life a study in the absurdities of life
And man and woman the absurd characters,
The dramatis personae
Doing the roles in vain,
Al tired of acting and high drama,
The false dramas of life,
Acting and overacting
And these taking a toll over
Mentally and physically
Depressing and annihilating
Just lie the galleries empty
After the circus shows
And the circus artistes looking back
In despair and astonishment?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Theatre Of The Absurd (Iii)

The theatre of the absurd,
The absurd actor
And the absurd play
In the absence of the romantic heroine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Theatre Of The Absurd- Ii

Is the world a theatre of the absurd
And life a study in the absurdities of life
And man and woman the absurd characters,
The dramatis personae
Doing the roles in vain,
Al tired of acting and high drama,
The false dramas of life,
Acting and overacting
And these taking a toll over
Mentally and physically
Depressing and annihilating
Just lie the galleries empty
After the circus shows
And the circus artistes looking back
In despair and astonishment?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Theatre Of The Night Is Empty

The theatre is empty
Without the audience,
Always admiring
And the cause of their inspiration
And art,
But the artistes lie
They half-drunk
Talking in whispers
At some lonely corner
Going to retire to
Bed chambers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Theatre Villain

The villain is not a villain,
He will get the president's award
For his excellent role,
But he will get other people's sons
Spoilt beyond repair.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Theatre Villain Gets The Filmfair Awards For The Best Opposite Actorship, But He Turns Otherman's Sons Into Villains

The dented and painted villain of the theatre
Gets the Filmfair awards
For his opposite performance
In contradiction to the powdered and made-up hero,
A recognition for his contrary acting,
But while on the other he urns other men's loving sons
Into real villains,
Forcing them to be put
Behind the bars
And the parents remorseful and penitent
For their previous actions if any
Relating to past karma and dharma.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Thematics Of Chinua Achebe

Folklore and mythology
Into the works
Of Chinua Achebe
Native, Nigerian and African.

A poet of anecdotes and stories
Chinua alludes to the Biafran War,
African poverty.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Things Of My Heart, I Shall Them Only To A Lover

I love you that's why say to you
The things of my heart
Otherwise would not have
To you my things.

I love you that's why say I to you
The things of my heart
Otherwise would not have
To you the things of my heart.

And a lover's words only a lover
Will only believe in
And those who are not
Will never, never.

A lover will only a lover,
A lover's heart a lover's heart
Otherwise those who have not
Will fail to say, what is it called love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Third Class Men Will Remain Third Class

The third class men will remain third class,
Can never be first class
Or the second class,
The third class third class
Can never be first class
As the third class keep talking
Third class talks.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Third Eye

The third eye
Is the meditative power,
The contemplative order,
half-sleeping, half-awake,
O, awaken you!

The third eye
Is the power to see,
The visionary capacity
Prophetic and transcendental.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Third Eye (Haiku)

The Third Eye
The meditative eye,
The contemplative eye.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Third Eye (Ii)

The third eye, the third eye of Siva,
Siva-Sankara, Siva-Sambu
Half-sleepy and half-awaking,
Just one eye on the forehead
Dreamy and sleepy
And pearly
just like the peacock dream.

The third eye is the meditative power
Of a contemplative order,
Metaphysical strain,
Transcendental vision,
Dreamy and divine
And bluish,
Full of visionary reflections.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Third Eye (Iii)

The Third Eye

The meditational power
Of a contemplative order,
The power to foresee, foretell
The unseen.

Half-sleepy, half-awake,
It is pearly, it is dreamy,
The visionary power
To endow with.

The Third Eye

Meditational and contemplative,
Visionary and dreamy,
Half-awake, half-sleepy,
Prophetic and transcendental.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Third World Vision, India Is Still Lagging Behind

The third world strikes me
All of a sudden
And I think of my own country
India
In its all complexities and perplexities,
In terms of hardships and toils
Of the people,
Faced by them,
Going half-fed, half-clothed,
Living on footpaths,
Sleeping on the floor,
Population going beyond,
Touching the horizon,
No birth control
Unable to feed.

Bobby, Julie, Sony, the girls in goggles
Cannot give the picture
Of being modern and contemporary,
India is still backward and poor,
Lagging behind and languishing
Whatever say you
Showing the development graph,
See the literacy rate,
Life-style and say you,
What it is in India,
India is not what say you,
But a developing nation,
Growing and rising,
But not developed at all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Third-Class Man Doing Third-Class Politics

He is an idle-sitting man,
Has no work to do,
So does he politics.

A third class man with a third class degree not
But as a man too he is a third class fellow,
Improving oneself in course of time, I can see
Many of the third class degree-holders thinking themselves officers
And have become placed too so.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Third-Classers & Jokerly Men Too , It Pains Me, Pains Me To See.

When I see the third-classers and the jokerly men
Too as .,
It pains me, pains me really
To see the state of the doctorate
Thpose who do not deserve it at all
Too are doctorates,
how can it be,
How can it be,
I just think,
A primary schoolteacher
He is also calling himself a Ph.D.,
A high schoolteacher
All those good students not,
But the bogus and bluffing pones
Who joined with just their simple B.A. pass
Or H.S.,
Now calling them, selves .
After doing ti all simply and privately.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Third-Classers Say It They Were First-Classers/ People Generally Look Back It Not What They Were In The Beginning

The third-classers
Say it
That
They were first-classers
After rising to the top
Of posting and placement,
Showing it not their third-class degrees
To anyone,
Keeping tight-lipped and shut,
Closed from their within,
The third-classers.

Many of the third-classers
I see them
And smile
On seeing them, the third-classers,
But the same after rising
To the top
Call they themselves first-classers
Which were they not at all,
But third-classers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Third-Classers Say They Were First-Classers

The third-classers say they it
They were first-classers
When as a student
But none but I myself know it
What they are,
What metal are they made of,
Where they used to sit,
The last-benchers they are
Who used to loaf about, whistle and shriek
Marking the arrival of the teachers,
Mewing, howling, barking and shrieking as a new-born babe.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Time Is Of Disc And Radio Jockeys

The disc is being played
And dances she
The disc jockey
In imitation of beat and rhythm,
The radio jockey
A remix of the old-time anchor
Or call it announcer
And the latest Hinglish speaker,
Speaking half-English, half-Hindi
Jokingly breaking the language.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Toppers From Bihar Are But Chors, Thieves

The toppers from Bihar
But chors,
Thieves,
The gold medallists
without having read and written,
Let them be,
Photograph them not in papers
Praising their merit
As they have not taken exams.,
But their guardians.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Total Solar Eclipse

The total solar eclipse that gripped it saw I silently
As they cautioned
From coming into the contact of the rays of the sun,
Light coming from,
The bluish light, violet rays radiating beautifully,
Some predicted it
To be the end of the ways and the world,
As they go on predicting about,
Astrologers, palmists and gemologists,
Some saw the sun wearing the sunglasses

And it darkened, darkened and grew opaque,
The sparrows started chirping
And returning to their nests,
The birds looking stunned
As for what it happened,
It grew dark so early
And it was a prediction of a disaster,
People moved into their homes,
Talking of the eclipse,
The astronomical miracle,
Happening far off in the skyways.

The total solar eclipse, the sun eaten up or shadowed fully,
The spectacle of the moment
Was so strange and spectacular,
So unguessed about,
The diamond-like ring light coming from,
A celestial observation was it indeed,
The sun being eclipsed totally,
An astronomical miracle.

It seemed to be the evening descended upon,
Darkness prevailing all around,
Birds chirping, back nests,
Returning to,
The scenery appearing devastating and chaotic
And in the meantime, the blue light emitted from,
Dark spots figuring on,

The corona appearing beautiful,
The diamond corona of light.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Tradesman, Herdsmen, O, Those Footmen From Far-Off

The sheep grazing in a great number,
So many, and the sun setting down,
The twilight glowing still,
The sheep and lambs grazing

And the inter-provincial nomadic herdsman, trader
In clumsy clothes,
Dhoti and kurta
With a lathi into the hands,
As come to they sometimes
And such a scene rarer to be viewed

□

And sometimes see I the camel men, the camel herdsman,
Coming with the camels,
Brown-brown, whitish-whitish and grey,
Just like the horses,
But high and humped,
With the circular neck,
Eating grass

As I do not know it,
Where are they taking them away,
Those traders and camel men
From far-off Rajasthan state,
Braving the wayward fatigue,
Living in bivouacs,
Passing the nights under the attic of the skies
In tents and with blankets

O, you tell me,
Are they in search of pastures greener
Or for something other,
The shepherds and herdsmen,
Coming to, walking down the ways,
On foot,
Taking months in their journeys
With the cattle!

- ☐
- ☐
- ☐

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Train

The train,
Whistling,
Whistling and coming,
Seen far off,
Coming nearer,
The engine
Seen,
Entering
The platform,
A trail of smoke
Arising from,
Coal dust
And particles
Flying off,
The shrill whistle
Given
And the train,
Striving to go,
Chugging
On the rails
With stone chips,
Passing,
Whistling
And passing,
Taking to
Its course,
Vanishing out,
Speeding
And going,
Going
And passing
Out of sight,
The guard
Waving
A green flag,
I can hear
The sound
Still going,
Taking recourse to,

The men sitting
Into the bogies,
Faces unknown,
Sliding
And gliding by
As the images
With the bogies
Dragged, pulled
Shakingly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Train Is Whistling

The train is whistling
And calling,
Calling me
And going
With the whistles and puffs.

The coal engine train,
The smokes coming out,
Trailing
And the train passing,
Vanishing out of sight.

The train is whistling,
The midway halt man showing the green flag
And the train passing,
The guard on the last bogey
Waving and whistling,
The train ticket examiners
Getting into.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Train, Passing Trains

When a boy, I used to see
With love
The trains,
Trains coming,
Coming on the tracks
And passing,
Passing by
The locomotive engines
Some run by coal,
Some by diesel,
Mainly the coal-propelled
Engines
And the halts
Solitary and manless
At a secluded place
And the landscape
Highlandish and green
Strangely
On the fringe,
Edge of the village tract,
Away from
Habitation and haunt.

The train about to come,
Coming
As for signalled,
The light turning green
Or stopping by
For being red
At a lonely place,
Starting,
Starting to chug
And go by
And passing,
Passing by
And crossing
The dry rivulet bridge
And from the rivulet
Visible

The passengers
Sitting in compartments
By the windows.

The train,
Trains coming,
Coming,
Pausing,
Stopping by,
The green flag
Being waved,
The guard whistling
And the train
Chugging,
Leaving by
With a trail of bogies
Like the match boxes
Children with,
So scenic and landscapic,
The trains
Reaching the station
And the men on the platform
Trying to get into,
Get down.

The train,
Trains
About to come
And coming,
The signal denoting it,
The tracks creaking,
People seeing the signal,
Reading time,
Waiting for
And with the luggage,
Consulting the halt men
And the vendors
And the porters
And the train
Coming,
Coming
And reaching the platform,

Whistling,
Whistling and coming
Covering a long distance.

The villagers
With the bundles of clothes,
The up-to-date
With the attache
In the hands
Smart and handsome,
The vendors
With vegetables
And the baskets
Trying to put up
Somewhere
Waiting,
Waiting for
The train
Coming,
Chugging,
Covering a long distance
To get into,
Get down
And the train whistling,
Whistling and coming,
Shaking the tracks
And with a trail of smokes
And particles left behind.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Trinmul Congress Party Will Definitely Win For One More Time

Whatever the CPI(M) men say they,
The Trinmul Congress will serve for one more term
Definitely,
Without any doubt
You can go
And have the sleep at night
As they are not like the CPI(M) men
Terrorizing and horrifying
With bombs, shells, lathis and goons,
The Trinmul men are not so critical and complicated
As the CPI(M) men were
Plotting for public harms and damages
In the Party Offices.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Troupe Of The Santal Girls Dancing In The Woods

The troupe of the Santhal girls dancing and singing
Into the woods and hills
Where their hamlets are
Made from mud and rooftops straw-thatched
And the song notes breaking into melodies,
The melodies of sweet cadence, verbal incantation, music and rhythm.

The Santal girls flanking one another, forming a group
Dancing and singing as a choric song-cum-dance performance
Into the woods and hills
So melodiously, a song aboriginal and ethnic
Where there lie their hamlets,
Into the lap of Nature.

Sticking wild flowers into the hair,
The girls of the woods, dales, vales, hills and brooks,
They singing and dancing at the drum beat,
The beat and vibration of the nagara and the mridang
And the cymbals
So unmindfully lost into the world of their own.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Turtle

A small turtle was it
coming slowly and steadily,
ducking in
and out
from the shell,
a small creature
with the head
like that of a snake,
but not a viper,
but a turtle.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Tweets Of The Heart, Tweet You, But Break Me Not Emotionally

The tweets of the heart,
Twitter them,
Tweet you
With love and bonding,
Sympathy and affection,
The tweets coming from the heart directly
Just like the house sparrows twittering.

But tweet not mechanically like the mechanics,
The men mechanical,
But tweet not technically like the technicians
Knowing merely the language of the mechanics,
The machinists running machines
Or checking in,
But you affectionately, emotionally
To support me,
Not to blackmail or misuse me
To throw me on the ground.

Be constructive, not at all destructive,
Try to give joys to others through your twitters,
Not t all tears to the faces,
Hurts and wounds to the sensitive heart,
Emotionally blackmailing,
Leaking the things to disturb and malign
One's personality.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Twins

The twins are just like pairs, couples,
Joint bananas, entwined and enjoined,
The sterlings, I mean the mynahs
Moving in pairs,
The pigeons too.

But here talk I about not the look-alikes,
The look-alike of not Rajiv Gandhi
Or any film hero
Or president,
But the twin brothers and sisters.

Two brothers as the twins,
Looking alike, almost the same,
Difficult to bifurcate
And if separate, difficult to tick,
Recognize the who's who?

Some identification mark his wife may keep in
As for identification,
As do Matric students fill up for
Photo verification,
Similar the case with.

The two brothers almost alike,
Who is who, I cannot,
As it not the job of mine,
That of an encyclopaedist,
Collecting and assembling materials.

The coming wife has to be careful of
In identifying
And taking to the incumbent,
Looking alike, nothing different.

How many times have I seen, have I claimed of identifying
But have failed I,
Do not ask, how many times,
In missing the target

And failing to hit the point with my shot gun?

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Twitter Without The Sparrows, But Full Of Human Twitters

On the Twitter men keep tweeting
Tu-whit, tu-hu,
But the house sparrows
Neither chirping nor twittering.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Type Of Modern Indian English Poetry It Is

There is nothing as Indian English
Or Indian English poetry,
Actually, in the past
Closer to the British
Tried to write in English
In imitation
Or influenced by
The Orientalists and Indologists
Little verses
They could afford to put on paper
As for getting recognition
Or moving out to England.

As much of our literature was oral
Or written on palmyra charts
Dipping into the vegetable colours
Difficult to be preserved in mud houses
And the rock-built temples for the gods
To house in, not the men,
Which but recorded we not
Our expertise,
The builders of those unknown temples
With unknown architects and masons
Cutting rocks,
Huge chunks and boulders of
And transforming.

Today after marking them write laboriously
And getting fame easily
In comparison to vernaculars,
They too have started to write,
I mean,
The all and sundry,
Jack and Jill,
Tom, Dick and Harry,
All striving to be poets and poetesses,
Not of India,
But of the world.

The wisps and whiffs of modern poetry
And the desire of
To be Shakespeare, Donne, Herbert, Marvell,
Milton, Spenser, Herrick,
Pope, Dryden, Johnson,
Gray, Blake,
Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge,
Tennyson, Arnold, Browning,
Davies, Mare, Masefield,
Eliot, Auden, Yeats, Pound,
They could not subdue it,
Hold their temptation
Refreshened by English studies.

There as a time when there were not many
To read the works
Of the Indian poets and authors,
Even the researches on Indian matters
As for English faculty
Used to be third-rate,
Substandard, below the mark,
Derivative and copious
And the classic-professors
Of our own too
Used to frown upon
Them, their colleagues
Of such a sort.

Leave it today, as the UGC has made it compulsory
So they are doing their .
Otherwise would not have,
Just for career advancement
Even putting on low researches
Just for namesake
And on nowhere Indian poets and critics,
Whose books out of stock
And inaccessible,
Some definitely wrote good
But they took to not
Taking if t for British English
In the past,
But today the people of our generation

Writing shamelessly
Copious English
Derivative things.

Many of those who never wanted to be
Professors
Have become profs miraculously
Though luck and good fortune
As their had been time,
Fortunate enough,
Many strove to be,
But could not be,
But those who never wanted to be
Are submitting their Ph.D.
To be doctors
Somehow
Without any compounders
To attend to.

Many stake-holders' . false ,
They have not,
But their guides have,
Even the rustics
Have turned into professors,
Now learning to speak English
For fear of insults,
Unable to take classes,
Returning from,
Requesting the colleagues
To take
If there are good students,
Learning from.

The small teachers wanting to be
Poets, critics and reviewers
After editing journals
And the students
For paper-publication
And poetry trials,
All wanting to be
After marking it
The authority is absent,

There is none to claim over
The luggage lying.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Victory Of The Bloody Sword

The victory of the bloody sword
Cannot last long,
A victory won at
Flashing the sword.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Village (Haiku)

The village,
Indian village
Lies it under the trees.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Village Girl-Maid Going On The Bullock Cart

The village girl maid going to her in-laws' house seated on a bullock cart
And the villagerly cartman driving the cart
Turbaned and in dhoti and kurta
And a linen towel on the shoulders
With a stick into the hands
And the oxen taking the bride away
To her in-laws' home.

Tears are in the eyes, the eyes red with the tears,
Welling up in, falling down,
Trickling the cheeks,
She a poor village girl, simple and innocent
Remembering and going,
Under the veil of a little sari
And the sari slipping down sometimes
And the strong sun falling upon
The tear-wet and dried cheeks.

The bullock-cart going slowly and the fear of being dark
Making them afraid,
As how to reach the place,
The forest track too on the way,
But have to, have to go,
Following the ways unknown and zigzagged,
Curving and turning often,
From this hamlet to another,
But the landscape solitary and manless.

Sometimes passing through the orchard plot and its shady groves,
Sometimes by the forest,
Sometimes by the hamlets on the ways
And sometimes the rivulet dried,
The highland already rivers,
Barring the drizzling rains of rainy days.

The small, small village boys and girls in the somehow shorts,
Toothlessly smiling, one or two teeth fallen,
Half-clothed and half-fed, rich or poor, often the same,
The villagerly mass,

Running after, running after to see the bride going,
Going to her in-laws' home,
With tears into the eyes, tears flowing,
Flowing down the collyrium-applied eyes.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Villain (Haiku)

The villain thinks of becoming into a hero
As for to look back on his life
And to narrate the story of his own.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Villain Of The Theatre Make You Not My Son A Real Villain

The villain of the theatre,
Make you not
My son
Turn into
A real villain
Of life,
The villain of the theatre,
get you the award
For you role
And acting
From the Govt. of India,
But make my
Son not
Turn into
A villain,
A loafer
Unnarratable,
A rambler
Unknown,
A loafer
Limitless,
A goon in the making!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Voice Of The Small And Lovely Daughter

I am calling my small daughter
And she responding,
How beautiful is it to hear the voice!

A golden and nice feeling and divine!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Vulture

The big bird
Bulging and billed
The vulture
Talk I,
The brownish,
Dark brown vulture
Sitting atop the hills,
The simul trees
With the blooms
But leaflessly standing
In spring.

But where did they come from
And where did they vanish away
When the spring is gone,
The vulture,
Big and billed vultures,
The scavenging birds of prey
Scavenging,
Labouring upon a carcass
To clear it forth
Into the fields
Just like a taxidermist
Or a leather seller?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Wait Is Not Over, Waiting For A Burquawalli To Come To

I am waiting for my Burquawalli
To come to me,
To bid her welcome
And to gift a wild jasmine
To her,
Blooming under the nightly skies
And to impress a sweet kiss
On the cheeks of hers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Washerman's Ass Find I Not

The washerman's ass, find I not,
Loitering around,
moving to and fro,
There was a time of busy schedule and hectic activity
And thereafter came a lull
and felt it neglected and ignored
and dismissed,
The owner claiming not over
And the masterless ass doomed to die
In harness
As for machination and electric laundries,
Voluntary retirement scheme
And golden handshaking.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Waste Land And

like the English pundit
Chanting the shantih mantras
And sprinkling water with a mango leaf
From his water pot over the heads
With Om shantih shantih shantih.

Datta, dayadhvam, damayata (Give, sympathise, control)
Shantih shantih shantih.

Is shantih for the dead souls like the penance
Of the Sagar sons by King Bhagirath?
Is Eliot praying for a vegetation
And the resurrection of a world order?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Waste Land People

The world is a waste land bereft and barren
And we the modern men the hollow men,
Spritually devoid of, morally unmindful of,
Metaphysically blank.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Waste Land, Sterile And Barren

Acid rain,
Atomic summer,
Climate change,
Ruffling it all,
There is no respite from
It raining acid,
The atomic summer full of radiation
Scorching it all,
The climate changing
With the seasons coming abnormally,
The flower-buds drying in winter.

Global warming
Impacting upon,
Eco-disbalance
Changing the equation,
Many a flora and fauna on the brink of extinction,
Oh, how to save the world!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Wbcuta And The Abta Are The Cpi(M) Organizations

The WBCUTA and the ABTA are the CPI(M) organizations
Rather than being educational,
The CPI(M) sympathizers
Lying in wait to grab power,
Helping them capture,
Communizing mass education.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Wbcuta And The Abta Are The Thinktanks Of The Cpi(M)

The WBCUTA and the ABTA are the thinktanks
Of the CPI(M) Party
And the members of those educational organization
Are but politics
Politicking
For the party,
I mean the West Bengal College University Teachers' Association
And the All Bengal Teachers' Association.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Whale Is Not Blue, But The Myth Is Deplorable/ If You Can't Bear With, Do Not See Blue Whale

The game may be good,
But the impact is very bad,
If you can't bear with,
Do not,
Do not see
Blue Whale Game.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Whiff By Kedarnath Sharma

The Whiff by Kedarnath Sharma is a miscellany
Brought out in 1991
From Wisdom Books, Dharamshala,
The second poetic venture of the poet.

The poem being The Lightning God
Is a tribute to Bijlia Mahadev
In Kulu,
At The Rohtang Pass
Telling of the world's highest road
Passing through the snow lines
Or walls of snow.

The beauty and mystery of the Kangra hills,
At the Neugal in Palampur
Seeing the green hills,
Dharamshala lying
I between the mountains,
Tell of the wild variety and mountainous greenery
Of Himachal.

The Whiff contains in the poems of different sorts,
Romantic to metaphysical to political poems,
Replete with natural beauty and mystery,
Human destiny and fatalism,
The predicament concerned,
Love, affection and sweet memory.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The White Mughals, Were They Really White?

The White Mughals,
Were they really,
Had they been, they would not have broken
The temples,
Would not have taxed Jiziya
Going against the common sentiment,
Were fanatical too,
Whatever say you to support your argument,
I shall not dispute them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The White-Breasted Waterhen

The white-breasted waterhen
When i see it
My joy knows no bounds
And leaps with joy
In seeing,
Viewing the waterhen,
The white-breasted waterhen
Calling at dusk.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Whole World Is A Criminal And They Are Good

The whole world is a criminal and they are good,
Righteous and virtuous enough,
The police, pleaders and judges,
The whole world is a criminal
With the rope around the waist
And the escort going
As a prisoner
And they the chaste fellows,
The half-read cane-men
Using the baton
And the litigant fellows
As lawyers pleading for justice
And the showmen delivering
The Undeliverable Divine Justice.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Whole World Is A Criminal And You A Judge

The whole world is a criminal
And you a judge,
Me Lord.

Say, who is for justice?
Crime and punishment.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Whole World Is A Judge And I A Criminal

The whole world is a judge and I a criminal,
None but I,
None but it.

Me Lord, I am a criminal, a criminal,
None but I, I myself,
The whole world a judge, but I, I a criminal.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Whole World Is A Judge And I A Criminal (Ii)

The whole world is a judge and I a criminal,
None but I,
None but it.

Me Lord, I am a criminal, a criminal,
None but I, I myself,
The whole world a judge, but I, I a criminal.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Wild Cat

The glare of the eyes
Itself hinted it
That
It was
A wild cat
Bushy, wooded and grizzled,
Peculiarly grey brown,
Speckled and freckled
Utmost
And tamelessly swift
Before it is stopped.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Wintry Sun Breaking Forth And Dispelling Darkness

The wintry sun dispelling the darkness and gloom
Shining upon the horizon,
The hamlets and thorps awaking and arising from
With thin wrappers over the body
Shivering with cold and coming out into the golden sunshine to bask.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Wolf

It looks like a fox,
A jackal,
But is not,
A wolf,
A wolf attacking,
It looks like a dog
But is not,
The eyes communicate it
How wild is it,
How the carnivore
With its muzzle!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Woman, Traditional & Feministic, Conservative & Working

The woman
Traditional and feministic,
Conservative and working,
Withing the Lakshmanrekha
Circled and drawn
Around the courtyard,
Doing the housework namelessly
without an identity,
Unable to utter the name
Of her godly husband
Whose name she cannot
and even if she by mistake
It will be a sin
As the husband ids God,
Sati, Savitri,
Sita
And for her the husband
A Satyavan
Lying under the banyan tree,
She serving him,
Cooking food, looking after,
Massaging the legs
Like a servant.

The woman
Living in the circle
Of the family,
The house
And its adjoining courtyard,
The woman under the veil,
Ghumtawalli, Pudahwalli, Burquawalli,
Feeling shy and coy,
Talking not with the other men,
Living under the veil,
The purdah,
Hidden
And shaded from,

Under the cover,
Shadow of the husband,
The woman,
Traditional woman,
Familial woman,
Conservative,
But not so,
Made to live and believe
In such a way.

But the modern woman,
The woman of today
A liberated one today
Calling herself
Modern, modernist, post-modern,
Goggleswalli
In the dark sunglasses,
The goggles
Looking like a heroine,
Dating and smiling
And going,
A city girl,
A townsman,
seen at the city centre,
The town square,
Smiling beautifully
In the dark glasses,
Looing like a heroine,
A cine star, an actress,
A theatre girl,
Romantic and lovely and cute,
Taking fast food
In a restaurant.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Woman/ A House Without A Woman Tottering And Falling Down

If the woman is
The house is house
And if the same woman is not
The house not a house.

The difference is just!

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Wooden Been Music Of The Snake Charmers/ Cobra Music

The wooden been music
The snake charmer playing
And the melodies breaking,
Haunting
Want I,
Want I to hear
And the snakes dancing,
Swaying to the tune of
The been,
Pumping and puffing
From the mouth
And rotating and rounding
The instrument
And the cobras swaying
Want I,
Want I to hear.

The turbanned and towelled snake charmer
Clad in dhoti and kurta
playing the music,
The music of the East,
Of Asia
And the dangerous, deadly cobras
Hissing and dancing,
Swaying to the tune of
The wooden been instrument
Dancing joyously
In sheer delight
And the snake charmer
Taking the name of the Snake God
And Ma Manansa,
Playing the been,
Pumping and puffing
To break the tune,
A bag pipe like.

The Woodpecker

How fast, strange and hued looks it
Our carpenter bird,
I mean the woodpecker
With a cown overhead
Like a cock
Pecking into the bark
Or the stem of the tree,
A very hard-working fellow!

Just like the kingfisher,
A painted doll,
The pecker keeps working,
Making a shrill sound of its own,
Nay a singer,
But an artisan,
A worker
Praying to Biswakarma, World Workmanship God
The Artisan Divine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Woodpecker- Ii

The woodpecker pecking into
I can hear
Just like a carpenter
Working with its tools,
The woodpecker
Making a shrill call
And pecking
With its beak,
Long beak
Drilling into
To bore in a hole
To live in.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The World A World Of Maya And Moha/ The Philosophy Of Maya

My World A World of Maya And Moha/ The Philosophy of Maya
The houses that I have built are but the houses of maya,
All that I have built,
All the houses that see you are the houses of maya and moha
And what can I say more than this?

In the maya's house live I, in the world of maya dwell I,
Maya and moha,
The soul's maya for this body,
My maya for this life and the world.

Maya my wife, Maya my son, Maya my daughter,
Maya my life, Maya my world,
Maya my life and the world,
Maya my all.

My world that see you is the world of maya,
Maya and moha,
My house,
My love for the construction.

This is my life and my world,
If the things are, you world is with
And if not, will go out of your control,
It is money that matters.

If money is your pocket then the world is yours
And if not, it is also not
And they too are not,
Renunciation will intercept you to overtake.

The world is maya, the world is maya,
Maya-moha,
Your moha-moha for the things of here
And nothing more.

Such a feeling comes to not usually,

It does come sometimes
When the heart gets hurt
And one feels within.

My world a world of maya, maya and moha,
All the things that see you
Are the things of maya and moha,
Maya for life and the world.

Maya my wife, Maya my son, Maya my daughter,
Maya my life and world
And I in the cobweb of maya,
Maya and moha.

The things that see you in my house are those of Time,
My house on lease
In agreement with Time signed
On the bond papers with revenue stamps and duties.

After the lease is over, the occupants will be vacated
Or terms of agreement will be renewed
With them,
My things too will pass to their ownership.

My house will turn into a museum and museum studies
And my things of archival studies
If anything survives it,
Together with my dusty photograph.

In the Time's Mansion, lives she Maya my lovely beloved wife
But when the Soul deserts the Body,
The House will turn into a desolate one,
Maya the wife will keep weeping inconsolably.

But to what, what can she do all alone, a lonely lady
Left desolate and deserted by Time,
Fate or Destiny
As the things not in her hands?

My World A World of Maya And Moha/ The Philosophy of Maya
The houses that I have built are but the houses of maya,
All that I have built,

All the houses that see you are the houses of maya and moha
And what can I say more than this?

In the maya's house live I, in the world of maya dwell I,
Maya and moha,
The soul's maya for this body,
My maya for this life and the world.

Maya my wife, Maya my son, Maya my daughter,
Maya my life, Maya my world,
Maya my life and the world,
Maya my all.

My world that see you is the world of maya,
Maya and moha,
My house,
My love for the construction.

This is my life and my world,
If the things are, you world is with
And if not, will go out of your control,
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And nothing more.

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It does come sometimes
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And one feels within.

My world a world of maya, maya and moha,
All the things that see you
Are the things of maya and moha,
Maya for life and the world.

Maya my wife, Maya my son, Maya my daughter,
Maya my life and world
And I in the cobweb of maya,
Maya and moha.

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After the lease is over, the occupants will be vacated
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And my things of archival studies
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Maya and moha,
The soul's maya for this body,
My maya for this life and the world.

Maya my wife, Maya my son, Maya my daughter,
Maya my life, Maya my world,
Maya my life and the world,
Maya my all.

My world that see you is the world of maya,
Maya and moha,
My house,
My love for the construction.

This is my life and my world,
If the things are, you world is with
And if not, will go out of your control,
It is money that matters.

If money is your pocket then the world is yours
And if not, it is also not
And they too are not,
Renunciation will intercept you to overtake.

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Maya-moha,
Your moha-moha for the things of here
And nothing more.

Such a feeling comes to not usually,
It does come sometimes
When the heart gets hurt
And one feels within.

My world a world of maya, maya and moha,
All the things that see you
Are the things of maya and moha,
Maya for life and the world.

Maya my wife, Maya my son, Maya my daughter,
Maya my life and world
And I in the cobweb of maya,
Maya and moha.

The things that see you in my house are those of Time,
My house on lease

In agreement with Time signed
On the bond papers with revenue stamps and duties.

After the lease is over, the occupants will be vacated
Or terms of agreement will be renewed
With them,
My things too will pass to their ownership.

My house will turn into a museum and museum studies
And my things of archival studies
If anything survives it,
Together with my dusty photograph.

In the Time's Mansion, lives she Maya my lovely beloved wife
But when the Soul deserts the Body,
The House will turn into a desolate one,
Maya the wife will keep weeping inconsolably.

But to what, what can she do all alone, a lonely lady
Left desolate and deserted by Time,
Fate or Destiny
As the things not in her hands?

My World A World of Maya And Moha/ The Philosophy of Maya
The houses that I have built are but the houses of maya,
All that I have built,
All the houses that see you are the houses of maya and moha
And what can I say more than this?

In the maya's house live I, in the world of maya dwell I,
Maya and moha,
The soul's maya for this body,
My maya for this life and the world.

Maya my wife, Maya my son, Maya my daughter,
Maya my life, Maya my world,
Maya my life and the world,
Maya my all.

My world that see you is the world of maya,
Maya and moha,

My house,
My love for the construction.

This is my life and my world,
If the things are, you world is with
And if not, will go out of your control,
It is money that matters.

If money is your pocket then the world is yours
And if not, it is also not
And they too are not,
Renunciation will intercept you to overtake.

The world is maya, the world is maya,
Maya-moha,
Your moha-moha for the things of here
And nothing more.

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Fate or Destiny
As the things not in her hands?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The World Does Not Need A Fanatic

Fanatics are many,
The world does not need a fanatic,
But a humanist, a liberal, a progressive.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The World Has Become A Great Mart Where Love Is Bought & Sold

The world has turned into a mart
With shopping malls, beauticians and designers,
Florists and saleswomen,
Managers and executives,
Mansions and skyscrapers,
Multiplexes and resorts
And restaurants
Where beauty and love
Are exchanged as things,
Bought and sold
Just as cage-birds are.

Where have we come to,
What mart is it
Where flesh and blood is bought and sold,
Where women are sold ruthlessly, mercilessly,
Where have we come to,
To which mart of love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The World Has Changed, But Faku Mian Has Not

The world has changed,
But Faku Mian has not,
Is the same conservative man
What he was in the beginning.

Faku Mian in the same short shirt
And loosely-fitted long pyjamas
With the goatee beards
Walking his way.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The World Has Changed, But The Fanatic Will Not

The world has changed,
But the fanatic will not
Even if it perishes.

The fanatic's son will remain
A fanatic as ever
Ending in fanaticism.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The World Has Changed, But The Medievalist People Will Never Those Who Are Fanatical

Whatever say you, I shall accept that,
But I shall never
That they will,
All those medievalist people
Fanatical and religion-mad,
We can the orthodox and the conservative
They will never
The bloody barbarians.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The World Has Greater Threats From Miangiri, Hindugiri, Christiangulari (Too Much Of Everything Is Bad)

Too much of everything is bad,
If be it Miangiri,
Hindugiri
Or Christiangulari.

You be a Mian,
But not a kattar one,
You be a Hindu,
Show you Hinduness
But not going extreme,
You be a Christian
But not so catholic.

Oh, like I not this Miangiri
Or Hindugiri
Or Christiangulari,
Getting bored of
As these will wreak havoc,
The kattar Mians, Hindus and Christians.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The World Has Greatest Dangers From The Fanatics

The world will not end in wars,
But in fanatical raids and bombardments
Carried out and executed
By the fanatics
Who are but zealots and religiously faithfuls
And none but they will bomb the world to end,
None but they, the sons and daughters
Of fanatics and the fanatical people
Whoever be they of whichsoever religion and faith
And doubt
As are the dead people, emotionally dead people,
Not the lovers of man and mankind,
But the haters of, the misanthropists
Burning in revenge, vengeance, hatred and jealousy,
Not the good men, not the good souls at all,
But the very, very bad men
Whom I have not seen, you have not seen in life,
The most satanic people, the most notorious ones
Who will not compromise, who will not like to make a settlement,
The most bloody and brutal fellows,
The most dangerous fellows of the world.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The World Has Greatest Fears From The Fanantics

The world has greatest fears from the fanatics,
The zealots, conservatives
And the orthodox people
Who just look to be liberal
But not at all,
Full so much false pride, ego and vanity
As they think that they are the best,
But are blind to others.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The World Has Greatest Fears From The Fanatics

The world has greatest fears
From the fanatics
Who will take the sleeps away
From your eyes,
The satans most satanic
In their activities,
The most black-hearted people
Without any love in their hearts,
Most intriguing and conspiring ones,
The most dangerous and evil-hearted fellows.

They are not the holy, but the most unholy men,
The pious not, most impious men,
They are not at all godly,
But the satanic people
Whispering satanic verses
And bombarding,
Gunning and shelling,
Taking hostage and killing
In the name of being religious and holy,
Waging a crusade,
But are the most degraded fellows.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The World Has Greatest Fears From The Fanatics And Fundamnetalists

The world has greatest fears from the fanatics and fundamentalist,
The zealots and religiously blind people,
Resonably dead, logically dry,
But call they themselves holy and pious
But are not virtuous and chaste
The so-called faithfuls
And the blasphemy-doers and skeptics too godly
As they question the things beyond
For an understanding.

The conservative and Orthodox people,
When will you reform yourselves?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The World Has Greatest Threats From None The Else But The Bigots, Zealots And Fanatics

None but the fanatics are the worst people
Bent upon bringing hell upon,
The most satanic people ever born
Be they of whatever religion
The fanatics, zealots and bigots,
The blindly faithfuls,
God knows who is how much holy?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The World Has Greatest Threats From Religious Maddies

Those who are fanatical,
Conservative,
Orthodox,
Saying themselves
Holy,
Religious
And godly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The World Is A Circus (Haiku)

The world is a circus,
A circus,
My Sire.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The World Is Full Of Fanatics

The world is full of fanatics
Burning in communal fire,
The frenzy, fever and fire of it,
The flames singing them,
The very, very crazy people.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The World Of Man

The world of man is different from
The world of Nature
So wild and variegated.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The World Of Maya, This Life, Family, Wife, Children, Really A Mirage For

The world is maya, moha
And it is difficult to cut the bonds of illusion,
The cobwebs of maya,
This house, family, life and world,
All are but the things of maya, moha,
Illusion, hallucination and infatuation for
And one is trapped into its cobwebs,
It is difficult to get out of it; to discern, dispel and discard.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The World Trade Center Attack

I saw the Twin Towers
Under attack
Bombarded and kept burning,
In smoke and black-out.

The planes made crash over
And it fuming and in flames,
Smokes as dark clouds
Engulfing the area.

People running for cover,
Jumping to death,
Tragedy befalling
All of a sudden.

Horrific, terrific was it,
Was it to view
The scene of the site,
The towers caught in fire and smoke.

Fumes billowing,
It smoking and smoking,
The volleys of it
Engulfing the area.

The World Trade Center
The symbol of technology and development
And economic progress
And diplomacy.

Lay it in shambles,
Tattering and falling,
Reducing to,
Getting razed to the ground.

The fanatics and conservatives
As people satanic,
Devilish
Having their day.

People running for cover
In the black-out,
The trail of smoke
Blazing and billowing.

A dastardly terrorist attack
Was it
The World Trade Center bombing,
A satanic and devilish from its core.

An attack fanatical was it
Conservative in its plan,
Barbaric and brutal
And bloody as well.

Inhuman and dreaded
Was it
A subversive activity
Calling wrath, anger and vengeance.

An act of blatant barbarism was it,
An activity beastly,
Brutal and unholy,
Never, never pious.

I do not understand,
How their faith, belief,
What their philosophy,
What their mentality?

Are they medievalists,
Barbarians,
Fanatics
Or the blind people?

Can a human being do such a thing,
Can a holy man ever,
Can a man faithful
And God-fearing as such?

Definitely, definitely no,

A religious man cannot,
A pious and virtuous soul can
Never in such a dastardly way.

A terrorist attack was it,
A fanatic's conspiracy was it,
Medieval and barbaric,
Full of hatred and venom.

None but a bloody man
Bastard and brutal,
Bloody and barbaric
Can execute it.

A daredevilry was it,
A misadventure,
A deep-seated conspiracy,
A dastardly act was it.

Subversive and detestable,
Fanatical and medieval,
Barbaric and satanic,
Misanthropic and beastly.

Satans, satans were they,
The satanic people,
Satanic people
Reading satanic verses.

And making the panes board,
Seated as fellow passengers
To make them crash over
And collide with.

The World Trade Center attack
Was an act
Devilish,
Fanatical.

Cowardly,
Dastardly,
Barbaric and brutal,

Bloody and inhuman.

An unholy war was it
Which but an unholy man can do it,
Satanic and devilish,
Mad.
The uncouth and shoddy men
Can only do it,
The filthy fellows
Uneducated and uncultured.

The black-hearted men were
They
Executing their devilish plans
Devilishly.

Satans satanic were they so sinful
Bent upon bringing hell
To earth,
Burning with hatred, vengeance.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The World Will See More And Terror Attacks If Continues To Give Entry To The Sons Of Conservatives And The Orthodox

The world will face
More and more terror attacks
Be sure of it
Unless and until it bans
The entry of the orthodox
And the conservatives.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Worst Fellows As Politicians In Bihar/ Bihari Politicians

The worst fellows,
Backward, underdeveloped,
Illiterate and uneducated
As the politicians in Bihar
With a criminal set-up of mind.

The casteist Bihari politicians have
No work to do
Rather than marking
Who is backward, who forward?

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Wrong Policies Of The Cpi(M)

The CPI(M) though it criticizes
And complains against others
Is a party of wrong policies and wrong decisions,
Mostly the bosses and goons
Seem to be the members of it,
The threat masters,
The clerks as the harbingers of communism,
The middle class men as the party supermen,
Not lesser than Gods.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Yak

The Himalayan yak,
A large domesticated ox
With the shaggy hairs
Humped shoulders
And long horns
Taking me to Tibet
And its beyond.

The yak,
Beautiful yak,
Wild and wooded yak
But domesticated
And long-haired
It is a beauty,
Beauty to see it.

So shabby, so hairy
Bovid,
Ox-like, ram-like,
Buffalo-like,
It is a beauty,
Beauty Himalayan region.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Young Maiden In The Hijab, I Saw Her, Went Nearer To And Stood By

The young maiden in the hijab,
I saw her,
Went nearer to,
Stood by her
And kept marking her.

It was love at first sight,
Saw and fell in love
With her.

Bijay Kant Dubey

The Young Maiden Sitting Alone Under The Tree By The Dam-Side

The young maiden
sitting under
a tree
all alone
and
babbling by
like one
gone into hysterics
or a somebody drunk
or an abnormal babbling,
who is she,
what her identity?

Who is the girl
sitting alone
and babbling,
near the dam,
and that too all alone
under a tree,
into the tattered and torn
blouse
oblivious of
her home
while on the other
the tourists
passing by
to see the waters stagnant
and flowing by?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Theatre Of Silence By Baldev Mirza

In the theatre of silence,
Baldev marks the actors and actresses,
Protagonists and mouthpieces,
Talking, gossiping, chatting,
Artistes sharing the dais,
Announcing,
Uploading, downloading
And deleting,
Flashing the camera,
Taking the snaps.

Life's theatre, what to say about it,
How will it be enacted the drama of life,
Who the personae,
How their characters,
Theatrical and real,
Habitual and behavioural?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Theatre Of Silence By Baldev Mirza (Ii)

Into the theatre of silence
Baldev hearing
The music of lie and the world,
Philosophy and art,
Art and reflection,
Which is what?

The slender and slim
Poetic volume
Is a flight of imagery,
Thought, idea and reflection
Hinging on poetic beauty
And nihilism.

Nothing is what it seems to be
And what it seems to be is nothing,
A poet of dream and idea,
Image and reflection,
Poems as the walking shadows
Of man.

Poetry as aesthetic beauty,
Love for art,
Poetry in his blood,
Poetry as his love for Buddha,
Words on fire,
Poetry serene, tranquil silence.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Their Literature, You Are Writing For Your Ph.D.: Program (Dalit Matter)

Their literature
You are writing,
I mean you are working
For your Ph.D. on Dalit literature,
But just for your career advancement,
Not for sharing their experiences,
How can it be,
How can it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

There Are Many Great Men

There are many great men
Whom we know it not
As they lived unknown
And hidden from the world
And passed away unknown
Before we could know.

Bijay Kant Dubey

There Are Many Great Men In The World Whom We Know Them Not

There are many great men in the world whom we know them not
And when they pass away, we regret as for not giving flowers
When alive.

Many live simply and pass away simply, run not after name and fame
As most of them like to be after.

Bijay Kant Dubey

There Are Many Living Below The Poverty Line

There are many who live below the poverty line,
There are many who go half-fed and half-clothed,
Many still keep sleeping on the floor
As their housings not spacious enough
To accommodate it all,
There are still many who keep struggling with life
And the destiny allotted to them,
Many sacrificing and suffering for.

Bijay Kant Dubey

There Are Many Men, But Who Among Us A Man?

There are many men
In this world,
But how many among us
A man?
It is difficult to find
A man helping a man,
Think, how selfish have we grown,
How has hatred taken a toll upon,
How has our hatred grown?

Bijay Kant Dubey

There Are Many To Say, I Love You Instantly

There are many to say,
Even you and me
To say it,
I love you
But how many of us
Love it the heart,
The soul,
Say You?

Say you, I shall not,
But you will,
How many of us
For true love,
How much sincere
Are we to each other?

□

As I can see it from here
And feel it too,
Love is not love
As the forced smiles
Of the modern man put on artificially,
Handshaking coldly,
Just for courtesy's sake,
Never warmly.

Now find I not the same love,
They smiling soulfully,
They laughing heartfully,
What a day am I seeing,
The lover not of the beloved
And the beloved not of the lover!

Love, but betray not,
Promise, but promise not falsely,
Hold the hands, never coldly,
But warmly yours,
Hug me, hug you closely to say,
Happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday to you, my love,

My love to you!



Bijay Kant Dubey

There Comes A Time When The House Gets Built, There Comes A Time When Destroys It

There comes a time
When one takes to building
A home,
But there also comes a time
When totters and falls it,
Something occasions for
Its destruction,
What is that,
Say you?
What is that shakes
The foundation of the structure
Built upon labour and goodwill,
Desire of sustenance,
Friction or fissure,
Difference of opinion
Or the pathways of life separating?

Bijay Kant Dubey

There Is A Pleasure In Being Unknown

There is a pleasure
In being
Unknown
As ego cannot feed
It always
And hypocrisy
Taking us far.

Bijay Kant Dubey

There Is A Seminar On Poetry Writing At My College (April Fools' Day)

There is a seminar on poetry-writing
And creative impulse at my college
And with this,
Hearing it,
They started coming in droves
To enquire about
The commotion that struck the on-takers,
The poets and critics in fervour
Expressed their desire
Of participating
In the seminar.

But having marked them burning with poetical fire,
I asked them to be impatient
Telling about prank
On April Fools' Day,
Begging pardon,
Seeking an apology from the passionate fellows,
Sentimental and sensitive enough
To be dealt with,
Venting their ire on
Just like a downpour of water not,
But the cloudburst of anger
Directed against me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

There Is A Time Of Creation, There Is A Time Of Destruction

There is a time of creation,
There is a time of destruction
As the things are created,
As the things get destroyed,
Everything but a matter of time.

Bijay Kant Dubey

There Is Magic In Your Eyes

There is magic in your eyes,
Let me see them,
There is love in them,
Let me view them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

There Is None To Hear Me Reading My Poetry

There is none to hear me reading my poetry,
I myself write it
And recite it,
I myself am the writer
And the reader of my own.

Bijay Kant Dubey

There Is Nothing As Indian English Poetry

There is nothing as Indian English poetry,
Poetry is poetry first,
Be it Indian or English,
Eastern or Western,
But to call it Indian is difficult
To be digested.

Had English been spoken anywhere in India,
We would have called Indian English,
As there are no speakers,
So it is not Indian English,
But Benglish, Hinglish,
The native speakers trying to use in.

There is nothing as Indian English poetry,
But the regional and native speakers
Of different linguistic groups
Trying to express
Their feelings and emotions
In a link language
To connect with and to get a dais.

Indian English poetry is Bengali English,
Tamil English, Bihari English,
Telugu English, Malyali English, Kannada English,
Punjabi English, Haryanvi English,
Cchatishgarhi English, Rajasthani English,
Santhali English, Naga English, Mizo English,
Nepali English, Bhutia English,
Sikkimese English, Assamese English.

It does not mean that English has become native
Gujarati, Marathi, Rajasthani,
Delhite, Madrasi, Calcuttan or Bombayan,
Chennain, Kolkatan or Mumbaian,
The speakers are so,
The users of the language
As for a link and connectivity
And a mutual exchange with the growing years.

English is English, the same European language
And culture,
Tradition and similarity,
Nay of ethnic and linguistic varieties and variations
And inflectional renderings,
Everything but oral,
Nothing as written,
English is English and so its poetry
Written in English.

Bijay Kant Dubey

There Is Nothing As Indian English Poetry Criticism

If English itself is not our own then how to talk of
Indian English poetry and its criticism,
Had there been we would have heard,
If English as a language exists, where does it,
Where is it spoken in India,
An overseas language is it,
An official language, a link language,
The language of science and technology?

Even if the Indians have practised, attempted their hands at
Writing verses in English, it is but a translator's version,
An interpreter's version, a tourist guide's attempt of,
A foreigner's language adjusting to Indian clime,
But as the writers write we imitatively, laboriously,
Striving to contribute and add to,
Interpreting India, Indian land and ethos,
But fail and falter we quite miserably
With a shaky start and sustenance.

Indian English poetry is in reality a study in minor voices,
Slender and slick volumes of poesy,
Generally, poetasters, non-poets, commoners and rhymers
Crowd and cram the pages
Of voluminous anthologies
Where entries can be qualitatively poor
Though the volumes bulky and quantitatively voluminous.

Whereas the ragged men as researchers and guides
Take the space from us as for criticism,
The novices turn into critics and reviewers overnight,
The mediocre professors and mediocre students
As the new publishing critics of the evolving genre
Where the poets can be contacted for books,
Where the carbon copies too matter it,
Where the books are almost out of print, out of stock,
Lying unpublished or full of writerly bluffs.

There Should Be Someone To Love

There should be
Someone
To love,
There should be
Someone
To love
In life.

Just someone,
Someone
Want I,
There must be
Somebody,
Somebody
To love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

There Was A Glitter

There was a glitter in the eyes of the burquawalli,
Which but marked I,
Why to share with you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

There Was A President As Abraham Lincoln, I Think, Think

Abraham Lincoln, Lincoln,
The magic of the word
Spelled,
How to put it!

Abraham Lincoln.
What did he want
And what did he get
For his works, think you?

There was a president,
Just there was a president
Like Abraham Lincoln.

Bijay Kant Dubey

There Was A Time

There was a time
When I used to live
With my mother, father and aunt
And brothers and sisters,
But now live they not,
Just the house is there
But there is none to keep in
And look after it.

Life and its changing times
Not often the same all the time,
What today is with
May not be tomorrow
And above all, this age of displacement
Placing you there where there is none
To be called own,
Distracting and distancing you from
Them for ever,
Never to be united again.

Bijay Kant Dubey

There Was A Time When We Used To Hear The Roar Of The Tiger In Our Hamlets And Thorps

There was a time
When the lions and tigers used to roar in the hills
And we used to hear from the hamlets,
Thinking about the distant growl and roar
But now the forests brereft of,
Lions and spotted tigers.

.

Bijay Kant Dubey

There Were No Takers Of Indian English Poetry As For ., Whatever Say You Today

There were no takers of Indian English poetry
As for .,
The so-called modern poets and poetesses
Were nowhere,
There were no takers and buyers of
Slender self-published books
Often out of print and stock
And what it was more deplorable
Was the standard,
Derivative, copious and imitative nature
Of writing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

There's Nothing In Human Life Though We Keep Denying The Fact

There is nothing in human life
Though we keep denying the fact,
Refusing to accept it
There is nothing in human life.

Soil's body will mix up with the soil
And it will not last for ever,
Everything will but turn into
Clay, soil and dust.

Bijay Kant Dubey

These Are Not Leaves Of Grass/ A Reading Of Walt Whitman's Leaves Of Grass

These are not Leaves of Grass,
But Leaves of Heart,
Leaves of Soul.

A gipsy, a vagabond
viewing life
Lost in transcendental meditation.

The meditation of the self,
The Overmind,
The Oversoul.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Are Coming To Vote

They are coming to vote, cast their votes for
Or in favour or,
But I think,
What have they
After casting votes,
Using franchise,
Giving a mandate?

On seeing a conglomerate mass
Of the half-clothed and the half-fed,
Poor and living somehow,
I feel it within,
What have we
For those struggling masses?

Today India is free,
We are not under any foreign yoke,
We can speak freely,
Express as we like,
But why is this poverty,
Why has it not developed?

They are coming to vote, cast their votes for,
In pursuant to
Canvassing
And asking for a mandate,
But we silent about welfare, development and progress,
The eradication of social evils.

I think it, what have we really for,
All those coming to vote for,
How far have we come up to their expectation,
What have we given to them,
Remembering them just time at this time?

Today India is free,
We are going to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary,
But what have we for the humble and the poor,
What have we for them

Coming to vote, exercise their franchise,
Ready to give a mandate?



Bijay Kant Dubey

They Are Editing Journals To Be Poets & Poetesses

They are editing journals to be poets and poetesses
Of English,
I mean the non-poets, commoners, poetasters
And rhymers.

It is none but the small editors who keep asking
The contributors
To write on their poetry
To be poets.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Are Gathering To Celebrate April Fool's Day

The fools are gathering to celebrate
April Fool's Day,
The whole world a study in foolery,
Men are but fools,
You a fool, I a fool,
She a fool, he a fool,
They are, we are,
All are but fools
Doing the things foolishly.

I making you April Fool,
You making me April Fool.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Are Nonsense Who Want To Prosecute Tanners & Taxidermists

They do not know it
That taxidermy is an art,
Tanning too is
And have the use of own
If you can't do it,
Why not to let them do it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Are Not Nurses But

They are not the nurses,
But the nuns of love and service.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Are Showcasing The Tufts Of His Beards, But My Beards The Barber Thowing Off

They are showcasing
the beards
of the great man
in a casket,
but my black and unkempt beards,
the barber shaving
and throwing off.

Now feel you,
the great man too is a man
and I too a man,
but his beards kept in
the art museum,
but my beards,
they are throwing off.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Are The Bamiyan Buddhas

They are the Bamiyan Buddhas,
Buddhas of peace,
Peace psychic and cosmic,
Shell you not,
Shell you not
With mortars and rocket launchers!

Disturb, disturb you not
The Buddhas,
Buddhas of peace
Lest you be disturbed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Are The Bamiyan Buddhas, You Fire Not On Them, Shell Them Not, O Talibans!

They are the bamiyan Buddhas,
Bamiyan Buddhas,
You fire, fire not on them,
They are the Buddhas, the Buddhas of peace,
Peace, Peace Divine,
Peace, Cosmic and Psychic,
O Talibans,
They are not the objects of vengeance,
Religious fundamentalism!

Shelling them, you will not,
Will not get anything else
Rather calling disasters for you yourselves
And lo, you fleeing,
Cluster bombs falling you
And you running for cover,
o Talibans,
Turbaned and rough and tough
And you rugged fellows!

They are the Buddhas, the Buddhas
Of peace,
Peace Cosmic and Peace Psychic,
The things of art,
Rock-cut Buddhas, cliff-hewn Buddhas,
The antique statues pre-dating you all,
o foolish Talibans!

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Are The Terrorists

They are the terrorists,
They speak the language of the guns.

They are the terrorists,
The haters of mankind.

To shell and bombard
Their vision and mission of life.

To fire upon indiscriminately and mindlessly,
To go on a killing spree ruthlessly.

They are not men, but satanic people,
Not men, but the devils in human form.

Terror is their religion,
Faith and belief as they can never be virtuous.

They can never love, will go hating mankind,
Their hearts not filled with love, but hate speech.

They are the terrorists, terrorists,
Reason is dead in them as they cannot.

They are not men, not men, but satans,
The men of black hearts.

They are not the religious men,
But the villainous ones.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Are The Terrorists, Heartless, Mindless

They are the terrorists
Without any daya and maya
Into their hearts.

Heartless, mindless,
The dull-brained fanatics,
The so-called zealots.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Are The Terrorists, Terrorists, Burning With

They are the terrorists, terrorists,
Burning,
Burning with hatred, malice and vengeance,
Animosity, revenge

The religious crusaders are they,
The medievalist people
Superstitious and uncultured,
Uncultured and uncivilized.

The religiously-blind people, mad after and crazy,
We mean the bigots, zealots,
Fanatics and fundamentalists
Turned human haters and bombers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Are Thesis Examiners, I Am Not And This India, The Standard Of Education

Instead of my researches
On nce,
Jayanta Mahapatra and Keki alla,
Khushwant Singh,
History of Indian English poetry,
They can evaluate and adjudicate theses,
But not I,
Bijay Kant Dubey
As I am not of their coterie
Or circle.

What do they want me to do now from me,
A man with M.A. in English, History and Political Science
With specialization
In Tragedy, Modern India and International Relations
And more than fifty per cent
In each with subjective questions,
Ph.D. on Lawrence,
An . guide for fifteen
And a paper-setter?

A teacher who worked as the head of the deptt
Of a local college,
Worked as the Co-ordinator and Counsellor
For P.G. and U.G. courses
Of Netaji Subhas Open University Study Centre
And also as the Principal-in-charge
Of the college of posting
Apart from twenty years' teaching experience.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Ask Me About The Dark Daughter

They ask me,
Who is the dark daughter,
But what to say to,
As I myself too am confused
Who she is really?

Her identity, her entity, I cannot,
As I know it not fully,
Only one thing that know I is this that
She is a small girl
Living under impoverished circumstances,
But is very, very humble and simple
And this is the beauty of her nature.

Though appear to be dark, but is not,
As complexion cannot reveal
What it is within
And her darkness but symbolical,
Mythical and mystical,
Supernatural and nocturnal
And there is many a thing to understand
At some inner level.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Asked To Cast Me A cursory Glance

And cast I, but fell in love with her
And lo, the consequence is mine!
It's turning difficult for me
To maintain a modern girl
Face-princess, Theatre-girl,
Drama-queen is her name.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Breaking Stones, Working In Stone Crushers

Work in stone crushers,
Break and hammer down
The larger chunks and blocks of rocks
And turn them into the stone chips
Of the bituminous roadways,
Sweating and burning the coal tar,
Bearing the brunt of heat and dust,
Fire and whole day fatigue,
And sprinkling over,
Mixing and rolling with,
But when the road is complete
We forget it
The sweating and health hazards
Of those wage-earners, workers and labourers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Breaking The Stones For The Pathways

Under heat and dust
Scorching and ruffling them
They are making,
Making the roads,
Yah, the bituminous roads
Under burning heat
And dust
Ruffling them all
In summer,
The blazing sun of summer,
The heat and dust
Of Baisakh.

The coal tar is burning,
Sprinkling through
The rotator,
Being heated and splashed with,
Mixed with the concrete chips
And they working,
Working under
Heat and dust,
Heat scorching it all,
Dust, dust ruffling it all,
I mean the workers,
Labourers
And construction workers
Unaware of.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Call Themselves ./ They Too Are .

They call themselves ., but I know it, what they are,
How their .,
Are they original . or duplicate .,
How have they got it,
From which market,
Which China Market
Of smuggled, pirated, unlicensed and imported goods,
Take that but it will not last,
Just for your temporary satisfaction
As the longevity is not
Warranted or guaranteed,
Take that at your risk,
Isn't it?

How have they manipulated and manouvred the things
In their favour,
Bargaining and buying,
Bungling and buttering,
Oiling and cringing the guide, I mean the supervisor,
The internal examiner
Whose report also counts
In the award of the degree,
The mastermind behind it all,
The ring-leader keeping the animals,
Training them,
Bringing to a circle.

They call themselves , but I know it which is whose,
Who is whose guide,
Which is whose thesis,
How has one,
My Ph.D. your Ph.D.,
His Ph.D. mine,
We all have made two into four,
Multiplying, adding and subtracting from
The mother thesis of the guide,
The master copy of which
Locked under his possession,
Stitching the tattered and pale sheets and notes of paper

To produce some more .

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Can Move To Harvard, California, Iowa And Chicago; They Can Be Ph.D. Guides, But I Cannot Be

They can be Ph.D. guides or supervisors
But I cannot be
As it is not in my lot,
They can be Ph.D. guides or supervisors
But I cannot
As because they in universities
And I in a small town but govt.-salaried college.

They without the research experience can be
But I cannot be a Ph.D. guide
And even if, I shall have to be in a look out
For probable research candidates
And they too like to approach those
Who have a control over the university staff
Otherwise the technicalities will prove burdensome
Than their Ph.D. guidance.

Even after writing a few, many have moved to foreign
As for guest faculties,
Fellowship programmes and teaching assignments
But they are not the best,
As something depends on one's good luck too,
Something as destiny too draws it close,
You may call it fate too.

What do you want from me, what to give, you say it,
I worked on Nissim Ezekiel, Jayanta Mahahpatra and Adil Jussawalla,
I worked on Khushwant singh's columns,
I worked on the novels and short stories of nce,
On his sketches, letters, prose-pieces and reviews,
I worked on contemporary Indian English poetry
And the history and tradition of it,
I worked on the terracotta temples of Chandrakona,
Dilapidating and falling, the limestone powder and small brick built
And what do you want me to do?

They Did It The Beef Talk, Nothing But Beef And I Heard It, Bore With Somewhere

They had no talk
To do
But the beef talk,
Nothing but beef
And I heard it
But all silently
The beef talk,
Bore it somehow.

If have to take beef,
Take it,
Who has forbidden you,
Debarred you from
Taking,
If have to,
Take it
At dawn break, noon and night.

While taking the breakfast,
The dinner and the supper,
Take you to,
To your full
Without anything else
To be taken with
But beef.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Do Not Ask About The Fallen Soldiers, But How Many Mians And Hindus, India And Paksitan?

Humanity is almost dead in them,
They do not talk about the fallen soldiers
But about politics and credit,
Not the dying soldiers,
But how many Mians and Hindus have fallen?

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Do Not Call Me A Poet, I Call A Poet Myself

Still I do not know
If I am a poet
Or not,
Some admit it
That write you
As keep you posting
The poems,
But how to call you a poet
As you have no awards,
Not letters of recognition
Nor standard publications
To your credit?

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Do Not Know It That They Too Have Prestige

They do not know it
Those who throw dead cows
Too have prestige
Of their own.

Can you have the guts of
What they do for our society?

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Do Not Know It, But I Get Joy In Abusing Thee, My God

They do not know it, but I know,
What pleasure is it
In abusing Thee, my God,
When Thou givest pains to me,
I abuse, abuse Thee, my God,
When faith cheats me,
Betrays and leaves me aghast,
When blasphemy entertains me
With agnosticism and atheism,
Skepticism takes the canvas.

It's also a fault of Thine that
Comest Thou not
When sorrows ruffle it my soul,
Despair overcomes me,
Despondence and dejection hang
Heavy over us,
At that time I doubt Thee,
Suspect Thy mission and vision,
The purpose behind,
The dark vision at work.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Forbid Me To Love The Girl

They forbid,
Forbid me from loving her,
But it is she,
None but she
Whom loves and likes it
The heart most;
They forbid,
Forbid me from,
But understand it not
The heart of mine,
I do not know it
Why I love her most,
I like her most.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Have Returned, The Awards, But I Have Not Got, Now The Returned Ones Too The Govt. May Give To Me As For Unrecognized Valuable Service Of Mine

I have heard that they have returned their awards, a number of them, so keeping it in view, if the Govt. of India re-deems it to be fit may award me even by giving the returned awards just as the medals take on the behalf of the absentee recipients, just as the readers get delighted after coming across the old, but valuable used books rarely to be found, centuries-old.

As a writer I too am not less than, but unrecognized and what I have many of the recipients do not have, and so be it, if the govt. considers, it may award the returned medals, not all, but one of these to me as the poor boy feeds upon the left-overs.

I can hear it through whispers that Nayantara Sahgal, Ashok Vajpeyi, Ganesh Devy, Githa Hariharan, Gurbachan Singh Bhullar, idanandan, Krishn Sobti, Kum Veeraabhadrappe, Sara Joseph, Shashi Deshpande, Waryam Sandhu and others, litterateurs and historians.

You reign in some political scientists and see it whether they are doing politics to come into the limelight or not, some drug psychologists too may read their eyes.

I definitely condemn the murder of rgi strongly and criticize the silence of Modi, but cannot be with these cunning and sly fellows of history, politics and literature.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Paint The Clay Statues Of Mother Kali In Two Colours

Mother Kali looking blue-blue,
Bluish-bluish,
Shyama Kali.

Mother Kali dark black, pitch-dark
As dark as the dark night,
Dreadful and frightening.

Kali Kali, whatever be Her face,
The divine play of Hers,
She is but Mother, Mother Divine.

Ethnic, tribal, native and sociological,
She is the myth and mystery of the world,
The Creation Divine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Said It Poetry Is Imagery And Photography

They said it poetry is imagery and photography which I understood it not
When said it they,
As had I known it as lyrics embedded into,
Poetry as musical thought and lyrical effusions,
Poetry as the lyrics of life,
Lyricism sung to the lyre.

□

Again, said he, said it they and read I that poetry is imagery, photography
And the poet a photographer, an imagist,
With the camera photographing, taking the snaps of,
The media lensman not, the modern man,
Broken, shallow and hollow,
Thoughtlessly taking the photos
And making images, the images of life.

They went on snapping the photos and pictures, drawing images
Complex and terse, as word-plays and puzzles,
Which I understood it not;
The art models which they made
I could not comprehend,
As their images had not been so easily comprehensible.

Their imagery they drew it from modern city and urban life and culture,
Thought and tradition, life-philosophy and attitude,
Not from nature and the rural side,
The farmlands and the mud-houses, lambs and shepherdesses,
But rampant urbanization and townsliving and town-culture,
As they seemed to have forgotten the intrinsic values of morality and ethics.

Their imagery terse and tedious, complex and tangled, I could not all alone
As sought I the help of others in
Making them out,
The poems for our perusal
And the photographs they snapped
Were of the models, fashion designers and interior decorators,
Mechanics, technicians and architects of words.

Their imagery seemed to be of robots, machine men, of the machine age,
Of machine tools, screws and rotation,

Of techno marts,
The hi-fi girls and boys doing hi-hello, bye-bye in many a modern style,
Oh, the variations many!
Oh, their imagery and photography had been from modern art and its specimens,

Of those artistic and sculptured art-models and paintings in dots and lines!

And imagistically penetrated they
Climate change, global warming, atomic summer,
Natural devastation,
Exotic wilds shorn off their beauty and mystery,
But kept mum on spiritual barrenness, moral degradation and ethical vacuum
And the loss of values.

I could not understand where were they going to, where they led away to,
I mean the modern men, the hollow men,
The men of the barren land,
Waste, infertile and sterile,
Without vegetation.

I asked him what they were penetrating, what they were picturing
But said it they not,
And on finding them answering not, I turned not to
As for my answer,
Took to the trail of the as usual thought,
Leading me to malls, plazas, five star hotel and multi-complexes
With the air-conditioned stories, balconies, lifts, parks and gyms.

As a town boy, traced I the mannequins at the glassy entrance of the dress-
material shop
And took I them as for beauties, belles or blondes modern or English,
But actually were not,
I came to feel it later, enquired about
To find to my utter astonishment
That they were a type of dolls, life-size cut-outs, wax models.

And my letters did not reach them
And I could not my wishes and feelings to them
While entering the plaza,
This was my first experience,
This was my first tryst with modernity,
Modern life, culture and living.

Again, I saw the robot girl as a salesman,
I smiled at her,
With the bouquets of flowers
And love-letters in my heart,
Seeing her at the shop, selling goods just like a florist-girl or as a personal
secretary,
Or asking me to enter into,
But the smile of hers was not exactly a human smile,
As it returned me not the same luscious smile
And I felt sad and sorry for her being irresponsible.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Said It, God Is Faith, Holy Faith And Living, But Doubt Cast It Aspersions With Regard To It

They said it
God is faith,
Strong Faith,
Holy and full of belief
And can prove
What God is,
But Doubt lay it
Hearing,
Overhearing
To cast aspersions
With regard to
Their claim
That they know it
God.

What said it Doubt
Too has the statement
Of Truth in it,
God is not
Of the people so-called godly,
Religious and holy,
God's ways
Difficult to prove,
God when call you
Comes to not,
This too is true.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Said It, Old Is Gold

Old is gold
And gold old,
Say I,
Old old,
Gold gold,
What that in it,
Why can new too be not
Gold?

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Say It That He Is A Criminal, But Is Not? / Change The Law For Compassionate Justice

They say it that he is a criminal,
But I find it not the truth in their statement
Implicating him pathetically,
A poor fellow he is.

They say it that he is a criminal
Whereas he saying to that he is not,
Has been implicated falsely
After gathering evidences,
I mean the police and the lawyers,
One the boss of the bad fellows
While the other charging fees
For justice sake,
Honing his poor knowledge and wisdom
To be a good lawyer.□

The incumbent into their net had not been a criminal,
But has become,
None but we made him turn into,
His company, society and friendship
Tempted and lured him
With the colourful dreams of their own
And he got trapped in accidentally.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Say It That There Is Nothing In India

They say it there is nothing as memorable in India
Barring poverty, underdevelopment, hunger and illiteracy,
Fatalism, superstition, inaction and blind faith

But the centuries old rock-built, stone-hewn-and-chiselled temples
Contradict the theories, as for the temples built they

Cut and pierced through and chiselled
But their names we know them not still
And this the tragedy of our historiography!

The hills turned into the pieces of art and architecture
And the sculptors decorating the temples,
Where those architects, sculptors and temple-maker kings,
Why is history silent about them!

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Say It This Is His House

They say it this is his house, their house,
But my house I have been not able to locate it
As and when took I to the roads,
Where is my house?

When one comes out of the house, man becomes of the pathways
As there is no certainty of the return journey.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Say It/ Before You Go Away Let Me/ The Song Of Life/Your Sweet, But Passing Memory Y

They say it,
You are for a few days,
Let me see in full
Before you go away.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Too Want Me

They too want it to happen otherwise am not a dancer,
A folk dancer maybe,
As no training has it been imparted in dancing,
As lie I a natural dancer.

My inspiration is my small children who want me
To dance,
But no dancer am I, as I have intimated it earlier,
But instead of it, my audience does not leave me.

They will go finally making me dance,
And on finding the house empty,
I too have made my mind to dance
In my style.

And the act is easy as for wear I lungi and ganjee at home
And it is easy to express
And act in loose dresses,
So I too in order to please them
Made up my mind for a dance item.

The tips that I used in were breaking of the limbs,
The waist, the legs, the head, the hands and the hips,
Postures and poses curvy and savvy
Winning their applause.

I went on breaking the limbs rhythmically and whimsically,
Shaking the body violently,
Smilingly and swiftly
And just like the bathroom singer used I my talents.

At their request, just for them, my small son and daughter,
Danced I to please them, the little people,
As they took me for a dancer,
But no dancer am I, took my refuge in folk dancing as for a break.

I too am a break dancer and can break my limbs at the beat of music,
Not less than, you accept it or not,
But they accept it and press for

And so that dance I, if not the break dance, the folk dance definitely.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Ukrainian Girls, Simple And Homely, Do Not Call Them Bad

They are Ukrainian girls,
Simple and homely,
Do not call them hotel girls,
O Indian embassy staff
In Kiev,
Let the girls say,
Let them express,
Vent out their feelings and emotions!

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Were Drunk

They were awfully drunk
And it was smelling bad,
But revealed not their identity,
Just had been talking in drunkenness,
In an inebriated state,
Whispering
And talking in a slow voice,
Two protagonists, personae could I guess,
The theatre artistes of life
Were they.

Bijay Kant Dubey

They Write Ghazals, Do Quawwallis, Do Shayaris, But Why Are They Conservative?

They do quawwallis
Choric songs
highly pitched or
With the falling accent
Dancingly, jollily
On the stage,
Do shayaris
Lyrical poetry
In a sing-song tone
Addressed to love and beauty
and the sense of wonder and astonishment,
Write ghazals
The slow-moving reminiscent
Poetry in couplets and rhyming,
But why are they conservative
And bigoted,
I think?

Bijay Kant Dubey

They...

They forbade me to do friendship with red roses
And I after doing that,
Think I of breaking the relationship

And the relationship gone up to as such
That it is now impossible to break it,
As turning it into my fascination for

And now feel I infatuated with the face princess,
The dream girl of mine
And she comes into my dreams,
The sweet and pleasant dreams of mine,
Which everyone dreams about life.

The elderly men forbade they, do not any friendship with the girls
And did I, avoiding their words
And after doing it, giving heart to,
Repent I,
What did I do really?

Is this called love?
Love, but betray not, friend.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Things Existential

How old is this earth,
How old the universe,
The creation,
Man's life?

How old is the earth,
Man's life
And the world?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Think You, Taking Wine, What Have You Made Of You? Think, Just Think You

Taking wine, I mean liquor, you think it and say,
What have you made of yourself
As pass you your time in taking wine,
In getting drunk and inebriated
And speaking so in your drunkenness

Where do you lie in fallen, on the paths,
Into the streets,
Say you,
Is this the way of living a life,
Which but God has given

Is this the way of living a life
That your parents have made you,
What had it been the image of theirs,
What had they thought about you

And you spending time in wine-taking,
Taking to full and lying flat
On the ground,
Befriending the stray dog
Which but questions you

In your helpless drunkenness, a state of inebriation,
Who are you,
Wherefrom
And where to go to,
What the business of yours

And what that you with to be given
To the dog
As for to lick,
First, growling and barking
Then you silencing it offering a biscuit

Say you, what a life have you got
That drink and dance you,

Spend you so much of money
Which you could have
In saving your family

Your wife expecting and waiting for,
Your children need to be educated,
You think,
Just think
Without taking wine

But you lying flat, fallen flat on the ground,
Into the bushes,
Not in you,
Muttering something,
Wanting to go here, going there

You say, just say it,
When will you leave drinking,
When, when will you abandon drinking,
Drink, but never drink
To spoil yourself, to ruin you yourself

Think of those who love you,
Who love and like you
And continue to wait for,
Think of them,
Just think of them

Before drinking to full
And lying flat,
Fallen on the roadways
As who to lift you,
As who to bring back to senses

Please see the face of yours,
What have you done,
What have you to your face
After taking wine,
Spurious liquor in such a way

Please think, think it,
What, what have you done,

Taking wine,
What have you made of yourself,
Think, just think you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Third-Rate Indian English Poetry

If one reads Indian English poetry for the first time,
One will be in shocks
To find it,
Can poetry be as such,
The verse meaningless, substandard and derivative
And copious?

The slender-slender volumes of thinly-compiled verses,
Third-rate, below the quality and parodied,
A study in minor voices and slender anthologies,
Everything lost in the jungle of crowds,
Quantitatively bulky, but qualitatively weak.

Self-published books brought out by vanity press,
Once published not found again,
Finished for ever,
Never to be heard again,
The books out of stock
And the whereabouts of the obscure poet unknown,
Traceless, nowhere to be found again.

Bijay Kant Dubey

This Business Of Ph.D.-Doing

This business of the Ph.D. degree, what to say about it,
People doing .,
Doing or getting done,
Purchasing or selling
And how the seller, the giver
And how the taker, the buyer
Buying from which market?

Do not ask me, do not ask me please,
Who the Ph.D.-giver,
The Ph.D.-taker,
Who is giving to whom
And what it in the degree?

The degree is not a degree,
Was
And what it had will not remain
In the times to come,
All bargaining for to have it.

There was a time
When a few used to do
And now many are after it
As for the U.G.C. binding
And the scale jump.

I have also seen guiding
-Master as for the degree
And the ways of bluffing many
Which the U.G.C. cannot catch it
In a big country like India.

As because his Ph.D. my Ph.D.,
My Ph.D. his Ph.D.,
The vegetable-bringer of the professor too a Ph.D.,
The typist of the guide too a Ph.D.,
The third-classer primary schoolteacher too a Ph.D.
And what more do you want to hear from me?

Many bluff-masters as guides,
Many bluff-masters as research scholars,
Many bluff-masters as editors of journals
For to be get university officer ship.

There was a time
When a selected few used to get it
And thereafter many started doing as for job and employment
And placement
As could not have been professors
Without .

Many used to ask,
Will you write it yourself
Or I shall as for buying a scooter?
And I used to mark the guide changing
The title and the chapters of his thesis
For to produce two .

The guides,
I have seen,
Failing to write the report in English,
Seeking permission as for to submit in Hindi
The thesis on social science.

I have seen the guide
Writing the thesis of Alexander Pope's Belinda,
The bobby-cut belle
Without charging for,
Just for a cup of coffee.

I know it that both of them,
The guide and the scholar are altogether different,
The sly scholar will run away definitely
And will not remember his genuine guide.

The scholars too give to them who ask for
Or compel to give,
But not to those
Who do not ask for anything else
Or expect from them.

Many simpletons after their .
In philosophy, psychology and Sanskrit,
Call they themselves big guides;
Many villagerly rustics
After their somehow . in English
Call themselves guides in linguistics and phonetics,
Just a little bit of French-cut beards on the chin
And for gravity.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

This Is Bihar

This is Bihar,
Those who graze cows and buffaloes
Are also leaders,
Those who goat and sheep
They too are,
The backwards of the most backwards
Also leaders,
A mass of the illiterate and uneducated people.

Bijay Kant Dubey

This Is Contemporary Indian English Poetry, You Just Call Yourself A Poet And You Will Become

This is contemporary Indian English poetry writing,
You just call yourself a poet
And you will become
As many are claiming for
After editing small literary journals,
All poets,
Poets, poets, poets,
Great poets,
India-famous poets.

Bijay Kant Dubey

This Is India, Here A Village Fool Can Also Be The Chief Minister Of A State Te

This is India,
Even a joker,
A village joker
Can be a chief minister,
a fool,
A villager fool
Can be a chief minister
Of a province,
One who does not know
How to talk,
How to sit,
How to behave with others?

Bijay Kant Dubey

This Is India, Those Who Had Not Be Ph.D.-Examiners Are

Even after doing my M.A. in English with Tragedy
As my special paper,
In Political Science
With International Laws and Relations,
In History
With Modern India
And my Ph.D. on nce,
I am not even an external examiner for the Ph.D.
Whereas many simple terahcers of the university
Turning up as for the viva-voce exams.

Bijay Kant Dubey

This Is India, Those Who Had Not To Be Turn As Ph.D. Supervisors

This is India,
Those who had not to be
Turn into Ph.D. guides
And those who to be
Turn into not.

Bogus India
Of the bunt people
And the bluff-masters,
Goons and thugs.

Bijay Kant Dubey

This Is India: Not A Ph.D. External Examiner As Yet

This is India
Of bluff-masters,
Bogus and blunt men,
Those who had not to be Ph.D. guides are
And those who had to be
Are not.

My expertise is lying useless
Though they are using in my papers
On Jayanta Mahapatra, Keki alla,
Contemporary Indian English poetry
And nce,
But I am yet not
A Ph.D. expert,
An external examiner of the thesis.

The men in the ladder go up to
And get promoted to the rank of the professor
And turn into guides and experts
And doctoral external examiners.

Bijay Kant Dubey

This Is India: Not A Ph.D. External Examiner Yet

This is India
Of bluff-masters,
Bogus and blunt men,
Those who had not to be Ph.D. guides are
And those who had to be
Are not.

My expertise is lying useless
Though they are using in my papers
On Jayanta Mahapatra, Keki alla,
Contemporary Indian English poetry
And nce,
But I am yet not
A Ph.D. expert,
An external examiner of the thesis.

Bijay Kant Dubey

This Is Indian English Language

Is she an English girl, a British or an American beauty
In a sari and a blouse,
Yea, a White belle and a beauty
In a white sari?

Who, who is she, a foreigner lady in a sari,
A sadhvi of some guru ashrama,
An American lady teaching yoga,
Who, who the lady?

Is she Sister Nivedita of Vivekananda or Mira of Aurobindo
Or the white European girl accompanying Mahatma Gandhi,
You tell me, just tell me?

A foreigner in India, how will she beat the heat and dust
Of the Indian summer,
An English, a European girl of the foreign cold climes,
O, how, how will she live her!

Bijay Kant Dubey

This Is Indian English Poetry

Even if one is not a poet or poetess,
Here people ask
To call them poets and poetesses.

The small poets editing journals
Like to call themselves poets and poetesses
Rather than supporting original poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

This Is My Bungalow, This Is My Car, This Is My Suit, Boot And Tie

This is my bungalow, this is my dream car,
This is my suit, boot and neck-tie,
This the talk of the man
Of today
Calling himself modern.

My coat, my belt, my handkerchief,
My goggles,
Say you,
How do I appear to be?

Am I less than a hero in looking?
Oh, career and profession!

Bijay Kant Dubey

This Is New Year, You Looking New, I Looking New, Friends, We Are The Same Men!

This is new year's first day,
I looking new,
You looking new,
Gentleman,
You fresh, I too fresh,
Both of us looking fresh
And failing to recognize!

Sorry, I saying to you
And you too saying, sorry
As for not recognizing
As were both of us in the goggles,
Looking handsome and smart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

This Is Our Mega City

The streets full of and packed with,
Traffic jams halting the pace for a break
And life coming to a stop,
Breath seeking for space,
Pulsation feeling uneasy,
Life struck into the lifts
Unable to carry overloads
As for the people unmindful of and careless,
Again the halted people going with the light signals,
The two lanes, four lanes highway
Busy with
The incessant coming and going of vehicles,
No respite from,
The ambulances screeching and wailing
And with the flashing beacon lights,
The patient on ventilator,
The oxygen being given,
Looking blank, aghast
In the city unmindful of
All that happened to him,
The crowds in the gait of their own,
Hurrying past.

Bijay Kant Dubey

This Is The Deadland, The Wasteland, The Barrenland

This is the deadland,
Deadland
Where the dead lie in
Resting

The wasteland,
Wasteland
Of barren fields and fallows
Lying untilled

The barrenland,
Barrenland
Sterile and infertile
Ruffled by heat and dust

Reflective of the post-war
Conditions,
Deadly wars and their aftermath
And man reeling under

Pain and strife,
Struggle for existence
And human suffering,
Misery untold

Rain, rain, all praying for rain,
Rains, rains
To quench thirst,
Vegetation

Humans turned as skeletons
In submission
Praying, praying to the Divine,
Asking for redemption

Redemption, redemption
From all,
All the sins committed,
Committed and done

Seeking, seeking refuge in,
Asking, asking to hammer,
Hammer it all,
To purge out and purify

And when the prayer was granted,
Heard it the divine Dispensation,
The black clouds gathered it
On the horizon to burst

And burst it upon hanging down,
Crashing with thunder showers,
Bringing in hope and joy
To the desperate and dejected souls

As prisoners of war, slaves conquered,
Down with despair and oppression,
Standing in unison with
And praying, praying for Divine Compassion

With the prayer, the grant of it,
Rumbled it the clouds, collided
And burst upon with heavy showers
Blessing the dead land with
Om shantih shantih shantih.

Bijay Kant Dubey

This Life

This life, from this life,
What have I got from,
What has this it to me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

This World Is Yours, My God

This world is Yours,
Yours, my God,
This wide world
And the bluish above,
I think it,
Who is my own,
But I find You
Standing by me?

In this world wide and vast,
Who is it my own,
I think it,
But find You
Standing by me,
You my own
In this world of the bluish above
And the vacuum around?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thomas Hardy With The Teenage, Girlish Second Wife

Thomas Hardy with the teenaged, girlish second wife
Comparatively young for him,
An old author,
The secretary sacrificing her life
For him
And he talking about destiny
And it is none but Thomas Hardy
Who sold his wife in a spate of drunkenness
In The Mayor of Casterbridge..

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thomas Hardy, Are You A Pessimist Or A Lover?

Thomas Hardy,
Are you a pessimist
Or a fatalist,
A drunkard
Or a lover,
Who,
Who are you?

But having disheartened,
You can take the U-turn
As stand you
A lover of a young maiden
Even in your old age,
Hardy,
Just the half of your age
And even lower than this.

Hardy, you were not
A pessimist,
But a lover,
A drunkard
And in your pastoral pessimism,
Lies it the love
And romanticism of yours.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thomas Hardy, Aren'T You Yourself The Mayor Of Casterbridge?

Thomas Hardy, aren't you yourself
The mayor of Casterbridge
Who sold his wife
In a fit of drunkenness
Rather than the others
Which you talk of falsely?

Hardy, married you again
In your old age
A very young girl
Just lesser than your half the age,
Made her sacrifice for you
And you lapsed in the memories
Of your first dead wife
With whom you had a tidy affair.

Hardy, none but you yourself are
The mayor of Casterbridge
Who sold his wife
In a fit of drunkenness,
None, none but you yourself
Are that fellow and character
Of your novel
Which you talk of.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thomas Hardy, Even In Your Old Age Married You A Teenaged Girl

Thomas Hardy, the mayor of Casterbridge is none
But you,
Who married again at the age of seventy plus,
A girl younger than
Half of his age,
How could it,
How could it be, Hardy?

None but you are the drunkard,
The woman-seller,
Repenting as for having sold
The wife
In a bout of drunkenness,
Hardy,
Were you as such?

Hardy, you should not,
should not have married her,
The secretary and care-taker of yours,
Making her sacrifice
As for interest in literature,
You claimed yourself a great novelist.

Man is not a puppet into the hands of destiny,
But destiny a puppet into the hands of you
A novelist
Woman-seller and drunkard,
Himself immoral and fallen,
Speaking through someone else.

Happiness is bubble in the whole episode of man's life,
Say you,
But it's a bubble surfacing
In the peg of yours
When poured into the tumbler
And the drunkard's vision of life was it
The vision of your life,

A woman-seller and a drinker you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Those Scavenger Women Going With A Load Of Human Excreta Overhead Or In The Push-Carts

While passing through the red-soiled connect ways
Leading to the far-off school,
I used to meet the women
pushing the carts and dragging,
I mean the wheel-barrow or the push-cart call you
With the tin boxes
Full of human excreta and the flies buzzing around,
A few violet and green big flies,
The carriers of diseases
And the women perspiring,
In human sweat, toil and tears,
Dragging them
As for the stomach,
The hunger of the belly,
Dragging and dragging and going,
Pushing and taking them away
On the wheels,
Toy-like or tyre-like
And the women going
To empty and cleanse off,
Chewing Indian paan,
Taking a rest
Under the shade of the lonely pathway tree
And the stench baffling it all,
The foul smell engulfing,
The whiffs and the wisps wreaking a havoc
When the wind found to be strong
Whereas instead of them,
A few used to be seen with
A small tanker overhead
And going to dispense with
At the garbage heap
Where the municipality dumped it all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Those Who Are Fanatics Are But The Satanic People

Satans are not celestial villains
But the satanic men
Waging religious wars
Against
Each other's faith,
The fanatics are the worst people,
The satans bent upon bringing hell
Upon this earth,
The most satanic men.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Those Who Are Fanatics Will Remain Fanatics, Those Who Are Fundamentalists Will Remain Fundamentalists, You Cannot Change

The son of a fanatic will remain a fanatic,
The son of a fundamentalist,
You cannot change them
Those who are fanatics,
Fanatical,
Those who are medievalistic,
Old and conservative,
Out-dated and out-moded.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Those Who Are Religiously Blind

Those who are religiously blind
Cannot see light
As logic remains dead in them
Which for hey cannot reason
Those who are blind
To their faith and belief,
Whoever be they.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Those Who Do Not Want Get Beautiful Wives From God

Those who do not want for
Get fair wives
From God,
But those who seek to get
White wives,
Get black wives in turn.

Now you say it to me,
I too used to think
Of bringing an Indian fair wife not,
But a European lady
As my beloved,
But came she not
As was not in my fate.

Instead of her,
Got I dark-complexioned wife
And that too
With not a nice face-cutting,
But apart from it,
Started she quarrelling with me,
Spoiling my prospects.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Those Who Had Been Bloody

Those who had been bloody and brutal,
Barbaric and beastly
Will never change
As they cannot change
Their life-style and thought-pattern.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Those Who Had Not To Be Guides Are Ph.D. Research Guides

Those who had not to be guides
Are Ph.D. guides
Here in India
And those had to be
Are walking on the footpath,
This is India
Where genius is called abnormal and is ridiculed,
Genius dies a poor death.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Those Who Had Not To Be Ph.D. Guides Have Also Become, God, Give Me A Chance To Be A Ph.D., Will The Dishonest Continue To Be?

Those who had not to be Ph.D. guides too have become
As for their posting and placement
And I am still not
Instead of my works.

God knows, if I shall be able to be a Ph.D. guide
In this birth or next.
If You do not make me a Ph.D. guide,
It has nothign to do with, I shall bear it somehow
But justice should be there.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Those Who Know A Little Bit English Are In The Habit Of Calling Themselves Poets

Those who know English a bit,
Struggling to learn English,
None but they themselves
Present themselves
As poets and critics
And those half-learned,
Half-taught and half-schooled ultimately
Turn into the doyens
Of Indian English literature,
The stenos as biographers,
The copycats the poets
With the poems as parodies
Written in imitation,
The translators as essayists
Joining ideas.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Those Who Labour, Work As Menial Workers They Too Are Men

Those who labour, work,
Work in the fields,
Harvesting and cutting
The crops,
Doing the cultivation work,
Those who do
The construction work
Bearing heat and dust,
Work in factories overnight,
They too are men,
Those who work
As labourers, workers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Those Who Talk Of Blasphemy Laws Are But The Mad-Dog Bitten People

Those who talk of blasphemy
Are but the medieval people
Superstitious and conservative
Living under bivouacs
Or under the tents
The barbaric and bloody nomads
Uncultured and uncivilized
Who can see no light
But are the colour blind people,
The mad-dog bitten men,
Cataract-blind unable to see
The light of the sun.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Those Who Talk Of Female Genital Mutilation Are But Misogynists, Man-Haters

Those who talk of
Female genital mutilation
Are but the satanic men
Reading satanic verses,
Not at all men,
The sons of women,
But the satanic people
Reading satanic verses,
Devilish and demoniac.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Those Who The Students Burning Into The Streets Are Now The Leaders Of Bihar

Those who saw the students
Burning
Into the fire and flames
Of casteism
As anti- and pro-reservationists,
The country being
On the division
Of Backward India and forward India
Are now the makers of Bihar
Those who looted the treasury of it
Which but is a fact,
You cannot negate it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thou Art My Father

Thou are my Father,
My Father,
God-Father
One who hast made me,
Made me
And given life.

Thou art my Father,
Father,
God-Father
Whom call I with love,
So much so of affection,
My God.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thou Art My Own (Ii)

Thou art my own,
Yea, my kith and kin,
The gem of life
Art Thou, O Lord
Of birth and death!
This moulded and metamorphosed dust
Is at Thy love.
(From The Ferryman)

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thou Art The Ferryman, O My Lord

XI

Thou art the Ferryman, O my Lord

Of life and death!

In the midstream where I fear

That the vessel may be wrecked;

The soul patters out in a perplexed manner

With a piteous outlook, and begs help;

And meanwhile, Thou hearkenest to my prayer.

It is Thou who steerest across the vessel.

Ay, I cross the terrible sea due to Thy generosity.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thou Art The Painter Divine

Thou are the Painter Divine
And the world
With the woods, hills, dales and valleys,
Rivers, rocks and stones
The sketches and drawings of Thine,
The earth and the sky,
The sea and the coastal area
The paintings of Thine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thou Art The Ultimate Truth Of My Life

IV

Thou art the ultimate truth of my life,
The light in the gloomy circle.

Lead me, lead me kindly:

From darkness to light,

From despair to hope.

Because, the happiness of life

Art Thou, O my Creator!

(From The Ferryman)

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thou Dost Not, Dost Give Sorrows To Anyone

My Lord, Thou dost not, dost not give sorrows
To anyone,
Thou dost not give, my Lord,
To anyone
Whoever be he,
Thou just try to wipe them,
Wipe them, my Lord.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thou Hast Given Me

VIII

Thou hast given me

A fresh life.

This is Thy indelible love divine

As my soul sees and feels in this world.

It is Thou, my Father, who caressest me

When I remain sombre

In dire despair.

(From the Ferryman)

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thou Hast Made Me

Thou hast made me,
Given a life of own
Which is thine pleasure
And as thus givest Thou life
To many a soul in body.

A morning comes by
Followed by a dawn-break,
The day to change over
Into the nightly darkness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thou Hast Made Me, Given This Birth To Me

Thou hast made me,
Given this birth to me
And I came to this world
Without knowing the difficulties,
Now Thou tellest me
How to spend it,
Live a life of own,
Thou my Maker, Thou my All?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thou Hast Made Me, My Lord

Thou hast made me, my Lord,
This life of mine is Thine,
Thou take it, my God,
I do not need it,
My God, a poor creature,
I will remain poor,
A poor creature I,
There is nothing as my own,
Everything but Thine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thou Hast Made Me, My Lord-God

Thou hast made me,
Given this life of mine,
I know it,
Know it
That this life of mine
Is Thine,
Which but I know it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Though Not Busy, Said He, I Am Busy And Hearing Him I Too Said To Him, I Am Busy

Though was not busy, just said he, I am busy
And on saying him so, I too said to him,
I am busy
But the reality is this,
None of us were busy.

God knows who was how much busy,
Gentleman, let there be a change of heart,
How long will you remain critical?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thought Poems By agar

Poems as thoughts coming to
And he giving shapes
To poetic vision,
Art and craft,
Thinking of life to be nailed by the wall
And sorrows by stars,
We may go round and round a temple
But can never be around God
Similarly round and round the thought
But can never be around idea,
Modern deaths more tragic,
The sweat of the sculptors
In the Taj Mahal,
Indian widows bewildered and at a loss
Where to go, what to do.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thou'Rt Hope In Despair

Thou'rt hope in despair,
Hope in despair, my Lord,
When despair ruffles me
And I find none
Standing by me,
I find Thee
Extending a helping hand to me
And if Thou be not
Then who's my own?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thou'rt Light In Darkness, Light In Darkness

Thou'rt Light in Darkness,
When it is dark, Light flashing upon
The pathways,
When it is dark gloom,
Thou Light illuminating.

Thou'rt the Light Divine,
The Light Divine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thou'Rt My Father

Thou'rt my Father, Thou my Mother,
Who givest birth
And rearest,
Thou my Soul,
The Heart of the heart,
My relation,
The Relative of the relative,
The Brother of the brother,
Thou my Sister,
Thou my Keeper, Thou my inmost Kith and Kin.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thou'Rt My Hope, Thou'Rt My Despair

Thou'rt my hope, Thou'rt my despair,
Thou my hope,
Thou my despair,
Thou the candle burning,
Thou the light dazzling
Emitted by,
It is my prayer to Thee,
Thou leavest me not,
Thou leavest me not,
Where to go leaving Thee,
Thou my sole hope?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Three Friends, Ganjeri, Bhangeri And Darpiya

I can see three villagerly friends,
Ganjeri, Bhangeri and Daarpiya going together with,
ri puffs in ganja
From an earthen taker
And the eyes drugged-drugged.

Mr. Bhangeri takes it in the name of
Shivaji's buti,
Herbal paste
To be abnormal, half-mad
And his brain dulled unto.

ya, daru piyo,
Take daru, I mean Indian daru,
Low-quality local daru,
Made from rotten rice
Or from mahua buds.

Taking daru, lie you fallen,
Fallen on the roadways,
The sideways,
Into the drains
Or the bushes

But leave not, leave not daru,
Emptying the bottle,
Taking the bottle,
Dancing with it
And the lever functioning it not.

If you ask the wine-seller not to give him,
He will stealthily
And the drinker too will reach his hutment,
Take it
And fall flat on the ground.

Calling the dogs as friends,
Where are you going
Having forgotten me

And the dogs too wagging the tails,
Yawning the mouths saying.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Three Hundred Ramayanas By ujan: A Casual Attempt

Actually, Ramanujan is in the habit of criticizing
And commenting upon
In an unwanted way,
So many take to him not,
Take to his frivolous criticism not
In the right sense
As he chuckles, grins,
Comments and taunts
Using and applying in
His own gimmicks,
Wit, irony and humour,
Fun, pun and doublespeak,
Satire and joke.

Without having seen the Ramayana artistes,
The Thai, Malaysian, Cambodian,
Mauritian, Fijian,
Chinese, Tibetan
Comments he,
Scomments and critiques
Ram-bhakta Hanuman,
Sita, Rama,
Lakshman
The nose cutter of
Surpanakha,
Ravana
Who but not a villain,
But a scholar, as some say it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Three Hundred Ramayanas: The Politics Of ujan

Without having read three hundred Ramayanas,
Wrote he the essay
Supposing it to be,
Presuming
The versions,
The texts,
Sub-texts
Carried over the years,
Translated and re-translated,
Existing in oral and written versions,
Ramayana,
The Ramayana.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Three Odd Friends Walking Hand-In-Hand

Three odd friends, the bootlegger, the drug-trafficker and the woman-trafficker
Now cover up the news pages,
The bootlegger who comes with bottles ambushed in his rugged, ragged coat and pants,
Looking clumsy-clumsy, uncouth-uncouth,
Clumsy and uncouth
But his friends many
The sadhakas in sadhna taking Siva's buti, herbal intoxicants
And Mother Kali's madira, Vedic sura,
Deviated youths as for unemployment, bad company
Or being unmarried.

The bootlegger sells he wine, country liquor and smuggles the types of it
Looking blank-blank, blank and vacant,
Unsocial and out of mind,
With no work to do,
But to eat, drink and be merry,
Bring forth and sell them,
Making them drunkards,
Sell and supply
And earn and drink,
But get not too much drunk.

The drug-trafficker in the old term is one who used to sell ganja and bhang□
Once upon a time on the outskirts
And the bhangeris used to sit and sit, smile and smile
As this used to dull the brains so
And in intoxication
They used to talk of becoming Sivas,
Priests for the ritual sake
Or a tantrika trying to garland a tiger
Or one haunted by the ghosts,
I do not know the base of theirs,

But can say it that
In this world of today,
Changed circumstances, the wayward, whither modern youths
Have started taking brown sugar and heroin to spoil totally,
Their lives and their dreams,

All the instant joys and the sources of it
Will turn into their miseries and woes of life,
Compelling them even to sell their kidneys
For the drugs,
Turning into abnormals wayless,
Left to their poor destitute and destiny.
The woman-trafficker may come, speak heartily and take to distant Arabia
By showing petro dollars,
The romantics in disguise
And will abandon and dump elsewhere
When the colour fades it on the midway,
The restaurants and lodges standing on the sea-beach are of those
Investors, hoteliers, managers and owners;
The wimps and the middle men play a major role
In telling about gala and glitz,
Offering the jobs of the glamorous, the beautician and the fashion designer
With boards and hoardings
At city squares to tempt, charm the dreams and catch their fancy.

The late night dance parties
With cabaret, disco, rock 'n roll and jazz,
The bar tenders,
The girls in bikini and lingerie,
Wine bottles on the tables,
The starred hotels and management faculty
And its associates,
Where are they taking ultimately
The modern world and its culture of today,
Taking to full, emptying the bottle,
Looking coloured-coloured and dyed,
Dancing, partying and enjoying?

The call centres with the queens of dreams,
Night queens,
Oh, the lonely girls in lonely, manless, haunted studios or cabins
Working day and night
And you call it service,
Day and night service without any break in it
At their cost, the cost of their life,
How can it be,
The music of night not the music of life,
It is of companionlessness

Asking for companies, making one with,
Come close together with.

The models modelling,
Will her life spend as thus, in modelling
And think of
When all her glamour will be gone,
May be dragged into other business,
The air hostess
Living lonely and friendless with the joys and sorrows of her own.

They cast the music albums on the snake charmer's music
But give not to anything of their royalties and earnings,
Keep the all with them,
Acknowledge it not even
And you mark the tinge of pain,
They go on playing, moving about
The streets
As for music, deadly dance of cobras,
Risking their lives
Playing with cobras,
Deadly cobras,
Whose single catch and bite may be fatal to his life,
Which none has but come to feel it.

What it pains me most is the sense of ingratitude,
Why not to acknowledge it,
If cannot remember, why to take it from,
If we cannot create something, why to destroy,
Why is this fall in standard, loss in morality and sense,
To leave one to one's destitute and harness not good,
Something needs to be done in this regard
As we have come to here with some purpose
And for which we are here,
Our living for some purpose
And if this be, how to make it purposeless, a purposeless living?

Will our life spend in eating, drinking and merry-making,
What the purpose of our living,
Why are we here,
What the work to be done,
What in hand

And what the others,
Other assignments and assessments
To be taken, completed and finished,
The assignments to be given to complete at home
And the assessments to be taken elsewhere?

The spirits and intoxicants have their medicinal value,
They induce sleep
And have definitely some curative stuffs
To reconcile and charm,
Mitigate or lessen or diminish,
But not to spoil lives in this way,
Taking at the roadside bar-cum-restaurant,
Driving rashly and meeting tragic ends,
To murder poor girls as for beastly appetite, for the hunger of the body?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Thugs, Goons & Thieves Too Leaders In Bihar

Thugs, goons and thieves,
They too leaders
In Backward Bihar,
All those ruffians,
Rough and tough,
Bogus and blunt,
Those who do not know to sit,
How to behave,
how to speak,
They too leaders in Bihar?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ticket Checker, Am Not With Black Money

Ticket checker,
Train ticket checker,
I do not,
Do not black money, sir.

But the fine you get
From the ticketless passengers
You deposit it in the bank,
Enter you not in your name.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tiger

Tiger, how ferocious and ruthless
Is it in its growl and roar,
You see that,
Tiger,
The tiger,
How ferocious and wild
And tameless
And brutal and bloody
And beastly,
Tiger, tiger,
The tiger.

Tiger, tiger and its creation,
I do not know the scheme
Behind,
Tiger, tiger,
The tiger
And the making of it,
Wild, swift and tameless,
Bloody. brutal and beastly,
What the idea behind,
How the vision!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Time

The house I live in
There was a house before my coming,
The place I am standing
There burnt a body in the distant past.

All those houses that see you
Are the haunted houses of Time
And its Bulldozer dazing it all to the ground,
Razing it all.

If you want to know, ask them the people
Of the ancient hamlets and thorps,
How had it been,
Who had been thereon?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Time And Its Delineation In Mahapatra/ The Revolving Dial Of Time/ The Wheel Of Time

The wheel of the Konark Sun Temple
The time dial of his poetry
With the sun reflecting,
Rising and setting,
Time reflected over
And denoted
By the rising and falling sun,
Sunrises and sunsets.

A poet of the sun dial,
Time,
All permanent and all-pervasive,
The world a matter of time,
Time mechanical and cosmic,
Life and its fleeting moments,
Life and the passage of time,
Man has a destiny of own,
Ever known to us,
Time and the universe,
Human time, Creational Time,
The clock tower tolling,
The hand ticking,
The heart beating and pulsating,
The nerve with the pulse movement.

The wheel of time as the horse power,
The wheel of time
As the wheel of the bullock-cart,
Artistic, sculptural,
A wooden replica of time, distance and movement,
The wheel revolving,
Time changing,
A poet of samay, kaal and gati,
Samay means time, your time, my time,
Kaal, time, past, present and future,
Gati, movement
Which has no fixed mati, way, direction.

A poet of Kalpurusha, Iron Time,
Stiff and stubborn, rigid and static
By nature,
Which lies unmoved and unflinching,
The asthi-kalasha hanging by,
An urn by the peepul tree
And the pind-dana going on,
He marking them on the sea-beach,
The pyres burning,
Rites and rituals continuing
But unmindfully.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Time With The Archeological Spade

Time with the archaeological spade of his own
Excavating the mounds of earth,
historical sites
As for relics,
Figures, figurines and potteries,
Golden statues crushed under,
Trying to unearth them
Just like a digger.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Time, Kaal, Samay, Chakra

Time, kaal, samay chakra
And gati,
Time mortal and cosmic,
Time earthly,
Time which never comes to s stop,
Time which is ever continuous,
Time always ticking,
Striking the hour of life and the world.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Time, Who Will Docket My Poems Or...?

Time, will you docket my poems or not?

Will my manuscripts be preserved for archival studies or not

Or will be thrown away?

Who will be the curator of the museum?

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Time, Your Bulldozer

Time, your bulldozer
Makes and destroys
History's Haunted Houses.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Time's Haunted House As My Dwelling Taken On A Lease From

Time's Haunted House is the house of mine
I am dwelling in
Temporarily, for the time being
In Time's Haunted House mansion
Which will but delapidate it someday
My patriarchal house
After my departure.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Time's Houses

Those are but Time's Houses,
All those houses
Which see you
Are but of Time.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Time's Manuscripts

Time's manuscripts find I
In the archives,
Time's things coming out
From the mounds of earth
Something as archaeological and museumlogical.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Timurlane, Chengiz Khan And Kubla Khan, I Fear To See You Sirs

Timurlane, Chengiz Khan
Kubla Khan,
I fear, fear to
See you, sirs,
How much dreadful and horrible
Would you have been,
Three dreaded and horrible sirs
Whose sight
You would never again?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tiranga, The Tri-Colour Fluttering

Under the tirnaga
Gathered we
In rows,
Stood they up,
The flag was pulled
Bordered
Saffron,
White
And green,
The middle white
With the Ashok Chakra

The flag went up
To the pole mast,
The thread strung
And the sling opened it
With a plethora of petals,
Flower petals scattering over.

Saluted we,
The incense sticks burnt it,
Flowers were offered to
To the dais with the flag-post,
The song was sung,
Jana gana mana mangal...,
Some remembered it,
Some seemed to have forgotten
As never were good to remember
In their lives,
Jut gave the lips to,
Some repented for not to be singers

And the song came to an end
With the slogans,
Bharat mata ki jai,
Mahatma Gandhi ki jai,
Jawaharlal Nehru ki jai,
Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose ki jai.

The rows dispersed it,
The lines of the people
In reverence or homage historic
And full of martyrdom,
Much blood spilt
In getting freedom,
Freedom of speech and expression,
Peace somehow maintained,
Some suspicious of and in doubt of
Developmental schemes
To be taken
For the women, widows and children,
However be that, sweets were distributed,
Crackers were burst
And finally went they away
Celebrating the Republic Day.

Bijay Kant Dubey

To A Modern Poetess

Nothing has happened to you,
But have fallen in love,
Societal barriers are in between
That's why you are saying so.

You seem to be a Sufi, but re not,
A very romantic girl
Tired of romanticism,
Romance, dream, colour, fancy and imagination,
A yogan in the rudraksha rosary
And bracelets not,
But a Rajneeshite,
A Marawari businessman's daughter.

Poetry is flirtation with
As was love,
Poetry is your pastime
As was love
And now you asking me to call you
A Radha, a Mira,
So mad in love and devotion
That you forgetting your husband even.

Bijay Kant Dubey

To Be A Man Is Most Important

To be a man is most important
Rather than anything else
As because it is difficult to be a man
Than what you possess
And what you think about yourself,
Enlarging the image of yours
In the mirror.

Bijay Kant Dubey

To Be Fanatical Is To Nomadic And Lawless

To be fanatical is to be blind
To other faiths and beliefs,
Bloody and brutal
And bestial
And we doubt it, if they can be called men,
Not at all human beings,
The desert people living
In bivouacs
As the nomadic races,
Bloody and brutal.

The brain-dead people cannot distinguish
Between light and darkness,
Cannot see light crystal clear,
Cannot taste the sweet draughts of water
From the clear stream of thought,
The cataract-afflicted people
Will remained jaundiced-eyed until the end,
The genie of religion cannot leave them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

To Be Religious Is Not To Be Blind

To be religious is not to be blind
To one's own faith and belief,
To be faithful and holy
Is not to be conservative and orthodox.

No religion is greater than humanity.

Bijay Kant Dubey

To Be Religious, Faithful And Godly Is Not To Be A Fanatic

The world does not need
A religious man
Who is but a fanatic
Fanatical unto his last,
Can't see reason as to be his guide,
But blindly adhering to conventions.

Bijay Kant Dubey

To Be Too Much Religious Is To Be Too Much Bigoted/ The Making Of A Fanatic

To say,
I am too much religious
Is to take it
I am too much bigoted and biased
And as thus
Makes a fanatic
Deadly fanatical,
Blind to logic and reason
Which God makes him devoid of.

Bijay Kant Dubey

To Chuckle And Grin Like Mungerilal Had Been The Job Of Nissim Ezekiel

Just like Mungerilal
Going to Bombay
To be a hero
A rustic from the country
Adorning the dreams
Colourful and gay
On his way to.

And similar
Had been Nissim Ezekiel
Chuckling and grinning like
Mungerilal,
An alien insider
Thinking himself outlandish
But dwelling in India
Thinking of himself a modern man
Among the foolish and illiterates.

To smile and laugh at,
To crack jokes
And poke fun at
Had been the job of
Nissim Ezekiel
Arranging for
Picnic, marriage and birthday parties
And gatherings,
Holidaying and picnicking.

A poet of love marriage
He writes love letters,
Talks of love,
But dares not marry
Outside his Jewish community,
Orthodox and conservative himself,
A minority boy
Of Indian English poetry.

To Criticize And Do Politics The Work Of The Cpi(M)

To complain and criticize,
Taunt and torture,
Provoke and instigate,
Hecle and harass
The job of the CPI(M) men.

To threat if your power increases,
To form a group or a gang
Even by supporting clubs,
Handing the power tot eh unemployed,
The hidden agenda and strategy of the CPI(M) men.

Bijay Kant Dubey

To Do Minorityism All Time Not Good

To do minorityism all the time
Is not healthy
And good at all,
Somebody was saying strictly
About the RSs,
But I must ascertain it
Everything is not bad in it,
Somebody was talking about
Communal disharmony,
But may I ask,
Who converted first,
Who broke the religious places first?

Bijay Kant Dubey

To Give The Slogan, To Flex The Muscle, To Paste The Graffiti Is The Cpi(M)

To gherao and mobilize,
To use the firearms,
To demonstrate violently,
To do the strike,
To lock the factory,
To give the slogan,
To flex the muscle,
The paste the graffiti,
To spread the rumour,
To put the areas under the command
The clubs and committees,
Their job,
Of the Communists.

What it pains most is this that they are
The most dirty men,
The most notorious fellows
Who play with party and politics
And politicize it all,
See it all in terms of colour,
Friction and fissure
And cracks and division,
Dividing society
In between the haves and the have-nots,
The rich and the poor,
The exploited and the exploiters,
The proletariat and the bourgeois,
The rebels and revolutionaries.

Bijay Kant Dubey

To Go Into War With Pakistan Will Not Be Good For India

To go into war with Pakistan
Will not be
Good for India
If it thinks it not rightly,
Takes to not
What an atomic state should have
Taking stock of the situation
In full gravity and perseverance,
To work in haste will not be good
For India too.

Bijay Kant Dubey

To Invoke Kali Is Not Easy

To invoke Kali
Is to have command over,
The mythical must balanced with the reasonable,
The supernatural and the nocturnal
With the logical set-up.

Bijay Kant Dubey

To Poison The Mind And The Brain The Work Of The Cpi(M)

To poison the mind and brain
And heart
The hidden strategy and agenda of the CPI(M) party
Packed with bosses
Secretaries and committee members
Politicking.

I mean the Reds
Gone berserk, on the rampage,
The mad dog-bitten men,
Seeing colour in it all,
You say it,
Is politics all?

They are the party men
From the party men
Sleeping, eating and drinking there,
To read the People's Paper their work,
To take meat and wine,
To do commonmanly love and friendship.

Live together and think together,
We are the communists

Bijay Kant Dubey

To Talk About The Minorities All The Time, Is It Good To Do?

Is to talk about the minorities,
Minorities, minorities
All the time
Good
For thought's sake?
If they are such a great human rightists,
They must preach the religious states
To be secular.

Bijay Kant Dubey

To Talk Of Kashmiriyat Is Not To Forget The Kashmiri Pundits

To talk of Kashmiriyat
Is not to deny
Access to Kashmiri pundits,
Living in camps
As shelterless refugees,
They partitioned India
In ignorance,
Could they justice to them?

Bijay Kant Dubey

To The Editors Of Hunter Com.

I just want to say it to the editors of Hunter Com.
If they believe me,
I have written near about five to six thousand poems in total
In English
And I do not know,
How to save them?

After writing for thirty years absolutely
From dawn to dusk,
Means wherever I got the time to write,
But my poems never saw the light of the day,
I at a loss as what to do with them.

Most of the poems I am sending to are those of today,
The present times,
I do not know what to do
And how to put on?

None of the writers supported me in India
Nor do I expect from them,
Let them indulge in mutual praise and self-admiration
But bleak hope sometimes disheartens me.

I do not know what it is in store for me
And for poetry how long have I to bear,
Shall I go devoting all the time
Irrespective of?

Bijay Kant Dubey

To Think Of Time From Leaves Of Grass

The third To Think of Time as a recurrent part of Leaves of Grass,
The 1855 edition,
The poet Whitman tries to see time in a flux,
A changing state of life and time,
Reflecting on the past, the present and the future,
What it to live by,
What did it live
And what will it tomorrow?

The houses we build are the houses of time,
Its span and duration,
With a life of some seventy to eighty years' span
But some may outlive that,
Lives brimming and bustling with energy
Too give way to finally
When the time is over.

But regardless of it, the best can be produced,
Thinking not in that way,
As one should keep contributing,
Every thing has but got a soul
And this very realization is so strong
To be felt in,
If the ignorant barbarians destroy history and artifacts,
What it to be done?

The enterprise once started cannot be dropped,
The relationship established
Must be endured,
To build or start a business has got the weight of its own,
It's not so easy,
Pleasure seeking nature cannot help all the ways
Though it is necessary.

What it is sin, what it is virtue, how to define them,
What is that makes one sin,
What is it that endows with virtue,
Thought there is a great difference,
But instead of it, some continue to misinterpret them,

Lying others?

Death is a reality, it keeps claiming all the time,
The bell tolls for the rank and the file each,
The corpse, the coffin and the laying into the grave
With the earth over it,
Will keep going always, all the time,
But how to let go so easily
Without being attended and resuscitated?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Today

Aaj,
Aaj mere dil mein
Kya hain,
Tu kaho to mein bata dun,
Aaj mere dil mein kya hain,
Tu kaho to mein bata dun?

Aaj mere dil mein...

Wah shamne khadi hain
Magar kahu jo kya,
Kaise kahun/

Ek jiske liye
Yah bimar hriday sahta aur tutata hain
Bebajah.

Today,
Today what it is in my hear,
If you say, I shall say them,
Today what it is in my heart,
If you say, I shall say them.

Today in my heart...

She is standing before,
But how to get it sent across,
How to say to?

One for whom
This poor heart breaks and bears
Unnecessarily.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Today Am

Today am,
Tomorrow I may not.

Just today you are seeing me,
Tomorrow you may not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Today Is The 31st Of December

Today is the 31st of December
Year-ending,
The year ending,
Coming to a close,
The calendar to be wound up,
With the new in the offing
Whose onset to start from
The 12 of midnight digitally
With the impressions figuring
And deleting
And it turning 12.01 a.m.
To turn into a celebration,
A revelry
With the .

Come, come, let us dance,
Come, come,
Let us,
Let us dance,
Come and dance, dance you
With me,
My friends, ladies and gentlemen.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Today Signature Is An Art

After having signed, I thinking within myself,
What sort of artist am I,
How have I been gifted with

And my signature signed in many ways
To be showcased
As for the art gallery and visitors

But the lukewarm response I too am not getting
For my art,
Just thinking within that I am an artist

And I do have talent in me
Rather than this there is nothing to acclaim
Or hold in admiration

Just my self-satisfaction, my self-elation
As for feeling satisfied,
Art for my sake

But sometimes I feel disgusted in verifying
When someone comes to me and asks,
If that was my signature

And at that time I scratch my head and think,
What have I done,
In being an artist

If not a world-class artist, definitely an artist of own stature,
It does not mean that all will be world class
And the other thing is this

Which it has to be recognized, gets not,
There are a few to promote and popularize
Where the talent lies in

In this world of mundane values, real talent goes not recognized,
Talent it is rarer and precious,
Priceless and indescribable!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Today The Rhymers, Poetasters, Commoners, Non-Poets Call Themselves Poets

Today the rhymers,
Poetasters,
Commoners,
Non-poets
Call themselves
Poets,
Not
The real poets
Say it.

But the rhymers,
Poetasters,
Commoners
And non-poets
Calling themselves
Poets,
Poets not,
Great poets of
India not,
Of the world.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Today's Bobby-Cuts Like To Call Themselves Contemporary Indian English Poetesses

Frankly speaking, by God,
I went to the seminar
Not to hear her meaningless broken lines,
But to see her bobby-cut face,
Bobbed and golden brown,
Painted and grey
And smiling.

I also came to know
That she has divorced her husband
Who was but a henpecked hubby
And now is free,
Handsome and bachelor,
I mean living single.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Today's Contemporary Indian English Poets

They know it well
As how to highlight their own poetry,
Not the poetry of others
And even if they,
They like to indulge in
Mutual praise and self-exaltation,
I beating my drum myself,
He his own, she her own,
I calling you a poet,
You calling me a poet.
I asking my friend to read a paper
On my poetry
In a seminar
And his paper
I in my area seminar,
I an editor,
You an editor
And we concentrating more
On our poetry
Rather than true Indian English poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Today's Is A World Of Rhymers & Poetasters Writing Rhymed Doggerels

Today's is a world of rhymers, poetasters and petty poets,
Commoners and non-poets
Calling themselves poets,
Small poets too not,
Great poets,
I mean the great poets of India

But many a man have I seen,
Many a scholar
Who used to write beautifully
But never called themselves poets
As scholars they were no doubt,
What does it make a difference
If the edolence of the flower
Praised or not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Today's Poetry

Today's poetry
Is of versifiers, poetasters,
Commoners and non-poets
Calling themselves poets,
The pseudo-poets
Jamming the towns and its lanes,
Writing rhymed doggerel.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Today's Poetry Full Of Propaganda & Promotion

The poetry of today
Not by the masters
But by the practitioners
Smacking of self-praise and mutual admiration,
Self propaganda and promotion.

Your maiden book will be
On the stands and stalls
If given money to commercial publishers
And the book coming out the firm or house
And the book-launch materializing it
In a hotel
Seconded by the presence of
The partying media men.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Today's Seminars (Haiku)

Today's seminars
Just for certificate-taking
And curriculum vitae upgrading.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Today's Terrorists

Today's terrorists are
But bigots and zealots,
Religiously blind people,
Reasonably dead,
Theoretically conservative and orthodox,
Psychical disturbed,
Misanthropic and man-hating
Dangerous people.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Today's World Is Of Djs, Disco Jockeys, Not The Common Men

Ladies and gentlemen dance you, here dance I,
Even not,
Shake your legs,
Today's world,
Today's world is one of jockeys,
Disco jockeys,
Dance you, here dance I,
The earth behind my legs
Shaking,
Shaking and dancing.

See me, see you yourself,
I a disco jockey,
Mixing and remixing your words,
Joking and saying,
Advertising and announcing,
I am a dancer,
I am a singer,
I am a lyrist,
Your favourite disco jockey,
I joking and presenting.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tolerant Or Intolerant, Where The Muslims Are In A Majority, Are They Tolerant? , Is A Fact Never To Be Sidetracked

Tolerant or intolerant,
is not the question
And as far as I believe,
India will remain tolerant,
But where the Muslims are in a majority,
Are hey tolerant? ,
This is not my question,
But that of Salman Rushdie,
Thank you, Salman,
A big thank you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tomake Dekhe, Sudhu Mone Pode Jaye (Begali)

Tomake dekhe, sudhu mone pode jaye
Bahu diner kotha,
Tomake dekhe,
Sudhu tomake dekhe
Mone pode jai
Bahu aage diner kotha.

Chander alo te prashphutita
Rajanigandh,
Bhorer siuli
Chhodano raasta,
Kaaminir sugandha
Ek rimjhim baarishe.

On seeing you, get I remembered of
The things of the past,
On seeing you,
Only you,
Get I
The things of the past.

Into the moonshine hanging by
The flowery and clustered rajanigandha blooms,
The seulis of the morning
Spread along the paths,
The redolence of the kaamini blooms
in one drizzling night.

Bijay Kant Dubey

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Bijay Kant Dubey

Tomake Man-Mandire Bosiye Rakhte Chai (Bengali)

Tomake man-mandire bosiyē rakhte chai,
Niscchal hridyer bhalobasa theke dekhte chai
Man-mandire bosiyē,
Keno je ami tomake eto bhalobasi,
Aamiyo jani naa je,
Niscchal hridayer bhalobasa je ki?

Man ke ektu pavitra kare bhalobasar chesta je karo,
Niscchal hriday theke
Ke kato jan ke bhalobase,
Man theke,
Hridaya theke,
pavitra atma diye,
Punit hriday niye?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tomar Sapno Aamar Geet (In Bengali) , Your Dreams My Songs

Tomar Sapno Aamar Geet
Aamar sapno aamake dao, tumi,
Tomanke niye bhabhi je aami,
Ogo tumi kothai,
Tumi kothai?
Tomar sapno,
Tomar sapno,
Niyen chale jabo je aami,
Sudhu sapno,
Sapno.
Your Dreams My Songs

My dreams you give me,
Taking you think I,
O, where are you,
Where you?
Your dream,
Your dream,
Taking them shall go away I,
Only dreams,
Dreams.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tomar Sapnon Niye (In Bengali)

Tomar Sapnon Niye (In Bengali)

Tomar sapnon ke niye aami kato dur eise gacchi,
Sudhu tomar sapnon ke niye
Aami kato dur eise gacchi?

Bolo naa tumi,
Chup je kano,
Sudhu tomar,
Sudhu tomar?

Tomar sapnon niye aami je kato dur eise gacchi,
Sudhu tomar,
Sudhu tomar sapnon niye,
Aami kato dur eise gacchi?

Taking Your Dreams

Taking your dreams where have I come to,
Taking your dreams,
Where have I come to?

Say you,
Why so silent,
Only yours,
Only yours?

Taking your dreams where have I come to,
Only yours,
Only taking your dreams,
Where have I come to?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Too Much Minorityism Is Not Good/ India The Minorities Enjoy The Same Rights, But They Go On Nagging And Bragging

Live as an Indian,
Die as an Indian,
But too much minorityism is not good
Which but the minorities do it here
In India.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Too Much Of Everything Is Bad, Be It Miangiri, Hindugiri Or Christiangiri

Too much of everything is bad,
As I have said it to you,
Dislike it most,
Be it too much of Miangiri,
Too much of Hindugiri
Or Christiangiri.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Topiwallah

O Topiwallah, is politics the all,
You donning the cap and going with proud privilege,
Donning and doing politics?

You going somewhere for something
And the topi falling behind
In the strong gust of the wind.

Topiwallah, the topi is not the all, juggle not,
You try to be at least man
As divisive politics is not good for health and mind.

You mark it that there is God,
There is something beyond us
Which is dharma and in our karma lies it dharma.

Do not sin in such a way
That you will have to reap for
Your injustices which see you not now.

When the chair remains it not, you will feel them,
Neglect and dishonour
Meted out to you.

Topiwallah, pride not over your topi
Not the Gandhian cap,
But the sectarian cap.

Topiwallah, the topi is to hide from
The strong sun
And the shower.

It is not for doing politics,
Small politics,
Mean and degraded politics.

Wearing the cap, the typical topi, I see you
Marking them doing self-immolation
On the streets.

The students protesting and dying,
Burning into streets,
Will you be able to live clean?

People asking about caste and creed
Getting into the trains,
Pulling the chains.

Are you there to divide India,
Are there to burn the motherland,
Topiwallah?

Do not pride over your topi
As the sole property of yours,
The tornado lies it waiting.

Topiwallah, the topi you pride over is not yours
It is of the tailor master
And the cloth shop.

Topiwallah, wear the cap definitely,
But do not divisive politics for your chair,
For sitting on it, as the chair you sit on is not philosophically yours.

Topiwallah, with the topi, you doing politics,
Which but the last refuge
Of the scoundrel and the rascal.

Keep it in mind that you are not for ever on this earth
And the chair you are sitting not merely yours
As it had been of others since the beginning.

Topiwallah, your karma-dharma,
The Almighty, Omnipotent and Omnipresent God is marking,
The walls have heard and the stars have seen

All your guilt and bloodshed, that you will not, will not sleep,
Macbeth, Macbeth, you with the bloody daggers, smearing blood with
Will not sleep any more.

The stars have seen, the walls have heard and there is nothing

As that can hide your sin and guilt and they saying,
Macbeth will not sleep, will not sleep any more.

Topiwallah, the topi is not the all that think you, put on, hoax and coax not,
Do not do third-class politics, dodge not,
But instead Topiwallah moving ahead and the topi falling behind.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Torn Betwen Karma And Fascinaton, What To Do, Which To Follow?

Torn in between,
Karma and fascination,
One's duty obligatory duty,
Family's, society's,
Personal
On the one hand
While on the other
The images following me,
Shadows from darkness
As my lust and infatuation for
Beauty
Which is but loveliness
And attraction,
Now say you,
What should I,
Should I glue to my karma
Which is but my dharma
And herein lies it the success mantra
Or call her
The stranger girl lying in wait
For rendezvous?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Torsoless, Bustless

Torsoless, bustless stand you at the town square
With nothing to commemorate your coming and going,
Came you as a common man
And went you away as a common man
And we could never feel it
In the humdrum of our life.

Bustless, torsoless, ay without any bust or torso,
Raised in your name,
Just as a simple man came you
And passed away too
Without being under public gaze and glare.

No sculptor to sculpt you, no leader to garland you,
Nor to remember the services you rendered
As a common man,
But you too had the chances of being,
But chose you not to be famous and renowned
Rather than living humbly.

Bustless, torsoless, yes without the bust and the torso,
I saw you, found you,
No memorial raised in your name,
Commemorating your memorable presence,
That lived you by principle and philosophy,
Served and helped
As a humble citizen does it.

I salute you, salute you unknown citizen,
My hats off to you,
I bow my head before,
Open your eyes and see
What have I brought for you,
The posies of flowers from the wild woods
And it's my homage to you, my tribute to you,
The rose-petals into the hands of mine
To sprinkle them over?

□

□

Touching Me, Touched You Mind And Heart

Touching me, touched you
My mind and heart,
Touching you
Touching me, my love,
Touched you
My mind and heart

And now in the temple of
My heart,
You but my deity
To be worshipped.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Touching Me, Touched You My Mind & Heart

Touching me, touched you my mind and heart
And I fell short of calling you,
Calling you with love,
So much so rapt attention
That I love you, love you,
I love you,
Love and like you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Touching The Cheeks

Touching the cheeks,
I want to ask you,
Do you love me,
Do you love me
Touching the cheeks
And the nose?

Pulling the cheeks
And caressing the hair,
Trying to appease you,
I want to ask you,
Do you love, love me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Traffic Jam

Traffic Jam

Traffic jam,
Apekha karun,
Sudhu apekha, apekha,
Keu signal nai,
Sudhu jame,
Jame pode dekhcchee
Dhuyan-dhyan,
Jeevaner dhuyan bera cche,
Jan-shailaab umradno.

.

Traffic Jam

Traffic jam,
Wait for,
Only wait, wait for,
No signal,
Only in the jam,
Being in the jam marking
Smoke, smoke,
Its smoking from life,
A sea of people and crowd
Gathering pace,
Gasping for breath.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Trailanga Swami

O, who is here to tell me about Trailanga Swami,
The saint from Vizianagaram, Andhra Pradesh,
The Telegu sadhaka,
A devotee of Lord Shiva
And if it be not,
Why not to call him The Walking Shiva of Benares?

Trailanga Swami, also called Tailang and Telang Swami,
The life-span of his,
His life and teachings
And philosophy of life?
Oh, we could not record it all,
Enter into!
How weak the historiography of ours!

The miracles of his many, a naked sadhaka lost in his sadhna,
Yoga,
Yogic miracles
On the hot sands, into the waters,
Walking naked in a carefree mood on the roads,
His halos had been many
And unbelievable.

Born to Narasingha Rao and Vidyavati Devi in Holia, Vizianagaram,
Shivarama relinquished the world at the age of forty
And that too after the death of his parents
And got under Swami Bhagirathanada Saraswati
Who named him Swami Ganapati Saraswati,
But later in his life
He switched to Benares through Prayag.

On seeing him walking naked,
The streets of Benares,
They put you behind the bar,
Into a prison cell,
But the padlocks seemed to be broken
And dropped down.

A sadhu, a yogi, a sadhaka, he was a non-seeker,

Used to accept what he was offered to,
Never did he ask for,
A manifestation above the five elements,
Fire could not, nor could water
As he lay beyond.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tributes To You, Mahatma Gandhi

My tributes,
Tributes to you, Gandhi,
Mahatma Gandhi
On the eve of the 2nd October,
Your birthday.

o Father,
Father of the Nation!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Trinmul Congress Party Has Given The Freedom Of Speech & Expression Definitely

Whatever say you about the TMC,
But it has definitely given one thing
Which the CPI(M) kept it suppressed and repressed
In West Bengal for so long
Criminalizing politics
And eliminating the rightists,
Can never be denied.

I do not want to discuss
What the TMC has or not,
But it has definitely
The freedom of speech and expression
Which the CPI(M) has censured it
During its reign of terror,
Threatening and slapping so often.

Today we can express, say the things of our
And for this the credit goes
To the Trinmul Congress Party
And has tried its utmost best
To rejuvenate art and culture.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Trinmul Congress Party's Gift Is The Freedom Of Speech

Today we are able to speak,
Whatever it is in our mind,
But during the CPI(M) regime
There was but the reign of terror,
The comrades and cadres used to keep an eye
On the non-communists,
To threat them had been their job.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Trinmul Will Sprout With Blooms, Will Come Back To Power

Trinmul will sprout
With blooms,
Will come back to power.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tripura Sundari Temple

One of the Shakti Peethas,
It reminds of Daksha Yagya and Self Immolation of Sati
And thereafter remorseful Siva's Tandava,
Unable to control himself,
So bereaved and grief-stricken,
Wandering and staggering
With the dead body of Sati
And the limbs falling
And thus fell it the right foot of Bhagavati
Where the temple has come up.

The idol of Tripureshwari was installed
After the king Dhanya Manikya Debbarma who ruled Tripura
In the closing years of the 15th century saw in a vision,
Commanding him to bring
And he brought in house in
The temple of Vishnu,
Finally aliging two sects closer,
Vaishnavism and Shaivism.

The adjacent Kalyan Sagar water body,
To Matabari, Udaipur,
Lies it beneath fringing it
Full of tortoises,
Adds to it differently,
Earning the name,
The Kurma-peetha.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Trump, Donald Trump

Trump, you can joke in such a way
That know you not
Any limitations
While joking,
Smiling,
Entertaining,
Trying to make burst into a laughter
And sometimes you boxing below the belly,
Hoaxing and coaxing,
Piping and gliding,
Using in all
Pop, jazz, disco, break dance,
Rock and roll
To woo,
Stooping to conquer,
Whistling and blowing
In a cowboy hat,
People too wanting more
From,
Sometimes complaining against excesses,
Sometimes praising for
The chap boy style,
Sometimes slandering and slamming,
Sometimes laughing in full
Holding the belly.

Trump,
Trounce you not,
Triumph you not upon
In such a way,
Thumping the benches,
Joking and rollicking
And rocking
Not as such,
Hopping and going
And greeting
In hilarity and gaiety,
Donald Trump
Trumpeting

And going,
Whistling
And winking at
Speaking the bitter things
In a comic vein.

He says
What it comes to the mind,
Thinks it not over,
When did he,
What did he,
Just said,
Said that
Under the spur
Of the moment,
The spirit
Taking excitedly,
Catching
And grappling with that
Be that a sexist remark,
Misogynistic, coercive, abusive or slanderous
Or racial,
Unacceptable or offensive.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Trump, Had Abraham Lincoln Been Alive

Trump, had Abraham Lincoln been,
He would have scolded you
For being partisan.

Trump, you too stand you
In your posture,
But Abraham was Abraham,
Abraham Lincoln.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Trump, You Must Understand

The communists are ideologically blind people,
The most critical people
Who can barter power
After going down to every level,
The most treacherous and plotting fellows,
The power-hungry, power-mongering people.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Try To Be A Man As The Wold Needs Men, Where Are They?

Try to be man
As it is difficult to be
A man
For a man is not
A man now-a-days,
You think it,
Where has humanity gone?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Try To Love Your Sister Too/ Remember Your Small Sister Too, What's It In Amorous Love?

You are devastated after love in such a way,
After your career and availing of opportunities,
The craze for modernity and modern living
And the charms of it
That you have no time,
Almost no time to look after
The little sister of yours
Expecting your return,
Ever waiting, ever expecting,
When will eldest brother return to?

Try to love your sister,
Your small, but loving sister too,
Not only feeling the pleasure of being
In love with mad, mad, maddening beloved
And that too far from the madding crowd not,
Into the midst of,
In the park, the cinema hall,
At the picnic spot, on the mobile handset,
Feeling, talking and smiling,
Going to moon and landing on it,
By being into the world of love and romance,
Magnetic and sensational,
Full of thrill and suspense,
Suppose you them detectives in love, in whispers.

Don't be mad, mad, so madly after love,
Lost in thinking about her,
Dreaming about and smiling within
Like a half-addict,
Try to think of your sister you too
Or you will forget her so easily
After getting your love,
But may I request you,
Try to love your sister too,
Your small sister expectant and waiting for so earnestly.

Trying To Say Goodbye

Adil Jussawalla is trying to say goodbye, but has not
To Indian English poetry,
He is just trying,
Trying to say goodbye, but has not said.

The land's end seen through is like Dover Beach
By Matthew Arnold,
Look, Stranger by ,
Upon The Westminster Bridge by William Wordsworth.

Similar the case with the writer of Land's End
Educated at Oxford,
Missing Person
Traced again with The Right Kind of Dog and Trying to Say Goodbye

A poet cosmopolitan and globe-trotting,
Of Nissim's island Bombay
Developed into skyscrapers, plazas, terminuses and airports,
Populations diverse and variegated

With, Her Safe House, The Pardon, Pelikan Graphos,
Urdu Lesson, Wahab Sahab and other poems
His poetry is a poetry of the no-man
Living in no-man's land

Adil as a poet is fragmentary, loose and tagging,
Going down the memory lanes and corridors of the past,
He is ever in his search for his lost tongue and dwelling,
Trying to relocate and retrace the roots of nativity and genealogy

A Parsi poet, he is a divided man of a divided city,
The missing man of poetry,
Resurfacing again in the riders to the sea,
A modern persona and psyche in askance

Western and outlandish, modern and of the city scapes,
Urban and citymanly,
He keeps locating, tracing back
All that happened years back.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Trying To Say Goodbye To The Old Year, Have Not, Yet To Say To

I am trying to say goodbye to the old year,
Have not,
Yet to say to
As the images and memories
Have not wrapped up completely.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Trying To Say Goodbye, No, No, Say You Not

Trying to say goodbye,
No, no, say you not,
Say you not goodbye.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Trying To Understand Jayanta Mahapatra

Jayanta Mahapatra seems to be asking in a muffled voice of his own,
What, what have we done after the attainment of independence,
What, what have we for the widows, women and poor daughters,
What have we for the eradication and elimination of poverty?
Had it been otherwise, the stories of hunger and poverty
Would not have done the rounds here.
With a very heavy heart, he can read the newspapers covering
The news items dealing with,
Terrorism, rape, loot, corruption, domestic violence,
Political insurgency, factionalism, divisive politics,
Communal violence, innocent bloodshed and mindless killing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tu Hi Mera Pyaar Ho

Tu Hi Mera Pyaar Ho

Tu hi mer pyaar ho,
Tu hi meri dillagi,
Yu hi meri khushi ho.

You Are My Love

You are my love,
You my attachment of heart,
You my happiness and joy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tum Bahut Khubshurat Ho

Tum Bahut Khubshurat Ho

Tum bahut khubshurat ho,
Tum bahut
Khubshurat ho.
Jee karta hain
Ki chum lun
Tujhe.
You Look Very Beautiful

You look very beautiful,
You are
Very beautiful.
Want I
To kiss
You.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tum Bahut Khubshurat Ho/ You Are Very Beautiful

Tum bahut khubshurat ho,
Chehra jo hatayen nahin hatata,
Chahne jo mein lagaa hun bahut
Wah ladaki jo gujarati huyin,
Uski tasveer dhuntin huyin.

You are very beautiful,
I cannot avert the gaze,
Want I that much
The girl passing through,
Her image haunting me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tum Mujhe Behad Pasand Ho (I Like You Very Much)

Tumhe pyaar se dekha,
Samajha hain,
Bujha hain.
Tum mujhe behad pasand ho,
Haan, mein tumhe pyaar karta hun,
Tum mujhe behad pasand ho.

Ye ladki, pyaar karogi?
(Maaf karenge,
Shayarana andaz ke liye)

I like you very much,
Have thought about,
Taken to understanding.
I like you very much,
Yea, I love you,
I like you very much.

O girl, will you love?
(Excuse me,
Am saying in a style of shayaris}

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tumhari Pyarbhari Nazar/ Your Loveful Look

Tumhari pyarbhari nazar
Jo bhula na shaka,
Wo Pyarbhari nazar
Jigar ke aar-paar kartin,
Wo jo pyarbhari nigahen.

Your loveful look
Could not forget I that
Loveful sight, glance, cursory look,
Cutting the heart across
That loveful sight.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tumhari Yaad Mein Kitana Bekhar Hain Hum (In Your Memory How Much Lost Am I) / Dekho Magar Pyar She (See But With Love) E

Tumhari yaad mein kitana bekhabar hain hum,
Tumhari yaad mein,
Bas tumhari yaad mein
Kitana bekhabar hain hum.

Dekho magar pyaar she,
Chori-chori, chupke-chupke,
Roiye mat, hansiyе, meri prayeshi.

In your memory how much lost am I,
In your memory,
Just in your memory
How much lost am I.

See but with love,
Stealthily-stealthily, silently-silently,
Weep you not, laugh you, my love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Turbaned Khushwant Singh Punjabi Sardarji

The Punjabi writer,
I mean Sardarji,
Turbaned,
Pyjamans and kurta,
A Punjabi writer from Punjab
Reminiscent of Undivided India,
Its Lahore and the change of situation,
A lawyer by profession
But turned to journalism and literature
By being a novelist, a short story writer,
An autobiographer, a memoir writer,
A columnist, an editor, a translator,
A politician, a historian,
What is he not,
A porn lover, a jazz music listener,
An old man keeping company
With the film stars and glam girls.

Khushwant Singh the grand old man of letters,
Sardarji who did politics
With Indira
During the emergency period,
In the aftermath of the riots
Succeeding the assassination of her,
An ex-Rajya Sabha Member
He loves to be
In the corridors of politics
And controversy,
Stoking it,
Takes tandoori and roti
And tadaka,
But forgets to spice
And take chutney.

A bottle-master he can say about the bottles
Deshi and vilayati,
Beer, brandy,
Rum, vodka, whisky,
Champagne,

Toddy, palm and date juice,
Tribal stale rice brewed earthen bowls,
The smell and taste of them,
The laddis
Indian, English, French, Russian,
Spanish, Italian, Bulgarian,
Ukrainian,
A daru man,
Daru piyo and write,
Daru, sex and ladki.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Turn Into A Sufi, You Keep Not The Company Of Sadhus And Saints, My Love

If you keep company of them,
The yogis and fakir,
The Sufis and wandering mendicants,
You will turn into a Sufi,
You keep not their company, my love,
I cannot let you turn into a bairagi,
You a burning diya,
A diya of love..

Bijay Kant Dubey

Turning You Into A Refugee (For The Syrian Daughter)

Turning you
Into a refugee,
What will they get?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tusu Gaan During Pous Parban/ What To See, Tusu At My Door With The Poor Women Folks

It taking me by surprise
To see
Tusu,
A small statue
Of Tusu
At my door,
They singing the song
In favour of her,
The poor working women folks,
they relating to the anecdote to
Something sad perhaps happened it
In the days of yore
When Tusu gave her life
For her love or husband
And they relating to slowly and sadly
In a pensive strain
The Tusau gaan.

I seeing the small goddess,
The small statue
Held in hands
And they singing,
Singing
Slowly and sadly
The Tusu gaan,
The folks,
The village folks
In a sad and plaintive strain
Of her love and sacrifice,
Of Tusu, an attribute of Lakshmi,
The Goddess of wealth.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tusu, A Small Statue Of Tusu, The Women Folks Singing

Tusu,
A small statue of Tusu
Into the hands
The women folks singing
And asking for,
Singing the songs
In her honour
And telling of
Her love and pain
Through folk songs.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tusu, The Goddess Of Harvest

I saw the girls coming to
And singing the songs of Tusu,
The small-small girls
With the statue of Goddess Tusu
Into the hands
And they coming in a group
And singing the songs of Goddess Tusu
In full faith and joviality.

Women folks in the hamlets and thorps
Singing the songs all nightlong
The songs, folk songs
Without any accompaniment
The songs, songs of Tusu,
Singing and dancing,
Dancing and singing
In full rural gala and glamour.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tweet You Not Please, First Think Of Saving House Sparrows

Tweet you later,
First think of saving
The house sparrows
Fluttering from the hamlet thatches scarcely.

Modern hollow man,
Is your life a tweet
On the Twitter
Tweeting mechanically?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Tweet You, Post You Photos On The Facebook, But Give Not Tears To Anyone

Your tweets on the Twitter,
Natural and spontaneous most welcome,
Your posting of photographs I love them and like it,
But blackmail not anyone,
Give not tears to anyone
Even though possessed by strong feelings,
Let passion not undertake you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Two Blackly Wooden Idols Of Manasa And Shitala

Manasa and Shitala,
Two blackly idols
Artistic and historical
See I to salute them
As for my art and inspiration.

Two goddess, Manasa and Shitala
Artistic and historical.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Two Drunkards Welcoming The New Year

Taking daru, drunken to full,
I shall say, happy new year to you
And you, happy new year to me,
Shaking the hands,
Hugging and embracing,
I mean two drunkards
Speaking in capers,
Drunk to full
And fallen on the ground,
Under the open and starry skies,
Muttering and talking to stray dogs.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Two Wooden Black Idols Of Manasa And Shitala

Two wooden
black idols
of Manasa and Shitala
I see them
with awe and wonder
and utter astonishment
Ma Manasa and Shitala
looking alike,
but beautiful,
wooden-crafted
and old
dating long back to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Types And Tenors Of Poetry

What is poetry? How to study it? Who the practitioners of poesy?

Poetry poetry simply, the lines arranged, styled, adjusted with or called so.

Poetry poetry, emotional outburst, lyrical effusion and expression,
Purgatory, cathartic

Expressive, impressive, impressionistic, symbolical, mythical and mystical,
Imagistic, stylistic, landscapic, bombastic, verbal

Poetry classical, romantic, satiric, humorous, ironical, realistic,
Poetry poetry.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Types Of Poetry

Folksy poetry,
War poetry,
Lyrical poetry,
Elegiac poetry,
Romantic poetry,
Nature poetry,
Classical poetry,
Metaphysical poetry,
Humorous poetry,
Satiric poetry,
Witty poetry,
Ironical poetry,
Pessimistic poetry,
Optimistic poetry,
Modern poetry,
Modernist poetry,
Post-modern poetry,
Contemporary poetry,
New poetry.

Poetry poetry,
Starting from folk life
And literature,
Capitalizing on
Emotion, sentiment and feeling,
Dealing with war,
Loss and casualty,
Joy and sadness,
Turning to classicism
Through pedantry and scholasticism,
Rhyme and rhetoric,
Prosody and scansion
To comment, taunt and jibe
To laughter, smile, wit and humour
To irony and doublespeak,
The volt-face
To faith and doubt,
Discovery and adventure
To optimism and pessimism

To modernism and its beyond.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Udatin Chidiya, Pyari-Shi Chidiya, Nanhi-Shi Chidiya/ Flying Bird, Lovely Bird, Bmall Bird

Udatin chidiya,
Pyari-shi chidiya,
Nanhi chidiya,
Meri khidaki ke paas chahakati huyin
Aur phir udan bharatin huyin.
Udatin huyin.

The flying bird,
Lovely bird,
Small bird,
Twittering near my window
And taking the flight from.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Ukrainian Girl

Ukrainian girl,
You silence my silence,
My word and expression,
Your agony
The agony of my living.

Oh, the pains of yours
I could not,
Could not feel them!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Unclothe The Beauty And Photograph Her, Is This Your Modern Culture?

All the time, such a temperament
Cannot take us far away
In the mission and vision of life,
I do not ask you to be a moral policeman,
The local guardian of morality,
But at least think you womankind,
Writhing under domestic violence and bruises,
Flesh trade and woman trafficking,
Slavery and kitchen work
And from these, there is no escape from
And above all, the birth pangs intolerable,
I mean the creational pangs!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Unclothing Her, Do You Want To Photograph Her?

Unclothing her, do you,
Do you want to photograph her
Clothful and clothless,
What an idea,
No work to do,
But wild pleasures
To suit your sensuality?

Unclothing her, you want to see her
And for this,
You can lure her with lucrative jobs
Of modelling, fashion designing,
Interior decoration and graphic art
Where the aesthetic sense is not,
But the erotic sense so strong.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under Orion By Keki alla

Under Orion is the first book of poems
Which Daruwalla collected
To publish in 1970
And since then
Has been in partial light
Till he emboldened his stance,
Substantiated poetic stature
As the people were not interested in
The verses written by the Indians in English
And the craze grew it
With the introduction of Indian English poets
Under pressure from the UGC
And its peer teams
As and when the Career Advancement Scheme for teachers
With the Ph.D., seminars, workshops
And orientation and refresher courses were made mandatory,
When the teachers started searching greener pastures
Into the realm of dissertations
Instead of pure English matters and stuffs.

The first poem with which the book starts is
The curfew poem,
The description of a riot-torn situation,
The area under the curfew
Fro the communal flare-up,
The police patrolling the streets
Manless and with the stray dogs
Moving here and there,
Tension brewing, prevailing around,
Human wrath, anger, enmity, vengeance,
Hatred, malice,
On the boil
And it spilling,
The gunshots and firings
Taking over the area in control,
Fear gripping the people,
Windows and doors remain shut
All through the day,

Dawn to dusk,
But the belly knows it not,
It has to be filled.

After the brewing,
Spilling of tension into the streets
And the curfew clamped upon,
Patrolled,
Pestilence cases taken over,
The epidemic and the epileptic discussed
The area returns to normalcy
And the poet too returns,
Switches over to the Shiva poems,
Shiva: At Timarsain and Shiva: At Lodheshwar
And others of the early sorts.

Daruwalla is actually a poet
Of diarrhea, cholera, plague,
Typhoid, small pox,
Haemorrhage, accident and death,
Disease and death,
The flood and famine,
Drought and hunger,
The falcon and the falconer,
The hyena and the wolf
Rather than the deer,
The lamb,
But the tiger,
The rifle with the trigger
And the bayonet.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Burkha

Under the burkha
Is hidden a moon,
The fair full moon
Under the patches of clouds
Playing hide and seek.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Burkha, The Purdah/ The Burkhawalli Bibi

Under the burqua
Is hidden a beauty,
The black diamond,
My Chandni,
My Burquawalli Bibi,
See her not please,
She is mine,
No doubt made in India,
Not In Arab,
But made in for myself.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Dark Night Saw I Two Personae Talking In Whispers/ The Theatre Of Life

Under the dark and lonely starry night,
Saw I two personae talking in whispers,
A drunk man and a drunk woman.

Two theatre artistes
Talking in drunken capers
So close and so histrionic in life.

It was midnight full of the stray dogs barking elsewhere,
The bazaar was wearing a deserted and lonely look
And the camps were abuzz with retreating.

And under the canopy and the avenues of the skies,
The artistes were talking in whispers,
But were drunk.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Gulmohar Tree Think I Of My Dreamgirl As How To Bring Her Home As My Bride

Under the gulmohar tree
With the blossoms
Hanging by
Even in Chaitra and Baisakh
Pause I
On seeing the blossoms
And dream I of
Bringing my dreamgirl
As my bride
In sixteen shringaras

When the loo blows it
At noonday
Ruffling it all,
But the clusters
Of gulmohar blossoms,
Fiery and flame-like
Hanging by
And rustling,
Flowery and ornate
And florid
And beautiful enough

I pause by and think
Of bringing her home,
My dreamgirl,
The queen of my heart
Dressed in a red Benarasi silk sari
Embroidered, satin-brocaded,
In the bracelet, anklet,
Ear-ring, finger-ring,
Necklace, nose-ring,
Vermillion in the parting line
Of her hair,
The hands myrtled
With prints,
The toe sides

Coloured with
Red water colour
And the bindi spot
On the forehead.

With collyrium in her eyes,
Bangles on the wrists,
Rajanigandha blooms
Stuck into the braid
Of the hair,
Will she come,
Come to my home,
My queen of heart,
Spraying perfume over,
My love
Whom I have given my heart,
The girl of my dreams,
Dream I
Standing under
The gulmohar blossoms
Marking them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Gulmohars, I Keep Dreaming Of My Love

Under the gulmohars hanging by
the branches,
dream I
of my love
at noonday
when the scorching sun
ruffles it all
I dream of
the sweet coming of my love
when the gulmohars hang by
red-red and vermillioned,
florid and clustered,
fiery red and flaming
at noonday

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Kaaini Plant Tree

Under the kaaminis scattering slowly
Want I to pass my evening
By being in their contact,
The kaaminis blooming and falling over
And I marking the night go,
So mystically fragrant,
The blooms so redolent and fine.

Where to go if she too is not,
Has not come back?
I under the tree sleeping and passing the night
Dreaming of Lost love
Coming to me as Night Queen.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Kaamini Tree Stand I, You Come To, My Love

Under the kaamini tree
Full of kaaminis
Flowering,
Flowering and blooming
And scattering over,
The kaaminis
White and tiny blooms
But heavily scented,
Plastic and white
Appearing to be,
Dream I,
Think I
Why am I so fascinated
By the beauty
Holding me in life
So fast,
Why am I detached from
Truth which heed we not,
Why am I running after
A mirage?

Under the kaamini tree
Full of kaaminis
Flowering,
Flowering and scattering
Dream I,
Think I
Of passing the night
Under the kaamini tree
Marking the blooms
Hanging by
And falling,
So sweetly scented
And perfumed,
So redolent
And maddening,
Fragrancing

The night.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Kaamini Plant Tree

Under the kaaminis scattering slowly
Want I to pass my evening
By being in their contact,
The kaaminis blooming and falling over
And I marking the night go,
So mystically fragrant,
The blooms so redolent and fine.

Where to go if she too is not,
Has not come back?
I under the tree sleeping and passing the night
Dreaming of Lost love
Coming to me as Night Queen.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Kaamini Plant Tree Want I To Pass By The Night Fragrant With

Under the kaamini plant tree,
Want I,
Want i to pass by the night
Fragrant with
The sweet scent and fragrance,
Scent of spray and perfume coming from
The tiny white petals
Strewn across,
blooming and scattering over,
Just dreaming along,
Seeing them in wonder
And gathering a few
Want I,
Want i to pass by the night
Fragrant with
A spray of sweet scent and redolence coming from.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Lantern Light I Used To Read

Under the lantern light
And that too in a cottage,
I used to read
Even during the winter
In a cow shed
Straw-thatched, bamboo-pillared,
But open from all sides,
Sometimes the buffaloes used to lick
The legs,
Sometimes the dogs used to bark
And quarrel at night,
The pigs with the piglets
Picking the mahua buds in spring
And the jackals too used to be
Quarrelling with under the mahua tree.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Midnight, They Keep Me Asking, Who Is The Lady With?

Under the midnight
Taking the solitary steps together with,
The stars keep asking,
Who the lady is with?

But how to make them understand,
She is but Jasmine,
Indian Juhi, Belli, Chameli?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Moonlight (A Love Story)

Under the moonshine,
I dream of kissing you,
Impressing a sweet kiss
On the cheeks,
the forehead
With a I love you,
Forget me not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Moonlight, Took I To The Few Strolls, Moving Together With, Walking Along

Under the fairly-lit moonlight,
Walked we together, moved we together with
Holding hand-in-hand,
Walking and sharing,
Sharing and going,
Rapt in pour thoughts,
Lost in our dreams
Under the fairly-lit moonlight
Saw I, saw you
Holding eye-to-eye,
Face-to-face,
The dreams saw we,
The walks walked we.

Still the moon shines,
The same milky white fairness is thereon,
The twinkle of the stars,
But you not,
You not,
My love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Moonlit Nights

Under the moonlit nights
I love seeing the burwawalli

The moonface under the ghunghata,
I mean the moon under the purdah

And I writing my shayari and ghazal for her
And she coming to me as ghazal and shayri

And she doing the quawalli for me
Kissing my beards, just gesturing from far.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Moonlit Nights It's Good To Remember You

Under the moonlit nights it's good,
Good enough to remember you,
My love,
The walks you took together with,
The movement I'd.

Under the milky white moonlight, it's good
To view you,
The face like the moon
And It's glistening all around.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Moonlit Nights When I Kissed You

Under the moonlit nights,
When I kissed you, Rajanigandha,
Kept you mum and silent,
Said you not,
Just shrugged you off.

I saw you under the wintry chill and mist,
Fog and frost,
The icicles hanging by,
But you standing silent and still.

None was there
Except you and me,
Only the stars were twinkling,
The moon was shining above.

The scene was as such
Picturesque against the landscape gloomy
That I could not resist my temptation
From impressing a sweet kiss
On the cheeks of yours.

Rajanigandha- a type of fragrant and white Indian flower

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Moonlit Nights, I Glimpse You, Burquawalli

Under the moonlit nights, I glimpse you, Burquawalli,
You passing by me
As a shadow
And I following you
As your genii,
I shall not leave, Burquawalli,
I love you, Burquawalli.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Moonlit Nights, I See You, See You

Under the moonlit nights, I see you, see you,
The moon face of yours,
My love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Moonlit Nights, I Think Of Kissing You, Saying My Love To You

Under the moonlit nights, I dream of kissing you,
Saying the things to you,
Will you believe me,
Hear, what is it the poor saying?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Moonlit Nights, Who The Solitary Maiden Talking?

Under the moonlit nights,
Who is she talking with the stars
Under the mist and the dews?
Who is, who is the maiden
With the star as flower
Plucked and put into the hands
Going in the dark?

Under the moonlit nights, who the maiden going,
Talking with the stars
And the fair, fine and icy fresh rajanigandha sticks
Full of whitely blooms,
Dreamy and strangely scented,
Smiling and talking?

O, love's talks!
I just marking her from my window.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Moonlit Nights, You And I, Only You And I

It is good to have a walk with you,
A talk with you,
Under the moonlit lights,
The moon shining over
And you and I talking with each other,
Lost in sharing
The feelings of heart
Under the milky white orbs glistening
All over the landscape
And you and I strolling,
Going with and talking
And sharing feelings.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Moonlit, Starlit Skies, Who's The Damsel Dipping The Pitcher?

Under the starlit, moonlit skies,
Who's,
Who's the mystical damsel
Dipping the mythical pitcher
Embroidered in gold and other gems
Into the misty river of silence
Under the open skies of twinkles and glitter?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Portrait Of Mata Hari (After Hearing About Coelho's The Spy)

Under the portrait of Mata Hari
Paulo Coelho holding workshops,
Writing sessions.

A writer Brazilian,
Portuguese
Taking to intuition
And heart, what it says, what it believes.

Under the portrait,
Hanging portrait of Mata Hari,
The Dutch dancer
He holding creative classes.

The Dutch exotic dancer
Called sp,
Secret agent
And executed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Pretext Of Teaching Yoga, He Is Eyeing An American Blonde

Teach you yoga
Of course,
But touch you not
The blonde
Under yoga teaching,
O false Indian babaji!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Raat Ki Rani, Night Blooming Jasmine (Cestrum Nocturnum) Plant

Under the raat ki rani plant,
The woody and aromatic shrub
So romantically fragrant and perfumed
Want I,
Want I to pass the night
Dreaming,
Dreaming and imagining
And waiting for
Under the raat ki rani plant tree,
Marking the beauty and mystery
Of the star-lit skies,
The moon shining over,
The glow worms glimmering around.

The perfume is so strong,
The night so heavy upon
Dark and mysterious,
But the scent,
Sweet scent carried by the summer wind
Baffling, baffling,
Driving to, driving to smell,
Smell the small bloom
So white and heavily scented
Maddening,
Maddening me to stay sometime more
And taking far.

Raat ki rani, raat rani, call it they,
A heavily-scented bloom
Maddening, maddening
And ruffling it all
Whoever passes through
With whatsoever mood and temper of his own
Wants he to pause
And smell after being
Enchanted and captivated by
The sweet scent coming,

Coming through
And tempting like an enchantress,
Raat ki rani
With the redolence, fragrance coming,
Baffling, ruffling and maddening it all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Rudraksha Tree

Under the Rudraksha tree
Shiva meditating
With the kamandala and the trisula
And the damru kept aside,
Counting the rosary,
Doing meditation,
Half-sleepy, half-dreaming,
A yogi, sadhu, fakira,
A sadhaka divine,
Shiva, Shiva,
Om namah shivay..

Shiva in meditation,
Dhyana,
A yogi, sadhaka, fakira
In the rosary,
The saintly attire,
A yogi half-naked
Into the tiger leather loin
Meditating
And counting the beads
Under the rudraksha tree.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Shadow Of Anna, The Aap Men Calling Themselves Leaders

Under the shadow of Gandhi,
Anna fasting histrionically
And the AAP leaders
Calling themselves leaders,
None but they themselves.

Where has politics reached,
See you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Shroud Of Dense Fog

Under the shroud of dense fog and mist
I saw winter passing over
Just as a lady blanketed over.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Skies Lurking

Under the vast skies

Lurking

How lonely am I?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Starlit Night, How Could You, How Could You You?

Under the starlit,
Under the starlit skies,
How could you,
How could you leave her
A girl so much drunk
And intoxicated,
So much intoxicated
And drunk,
A girl,
A girl so helpless,
Oh, so helpless!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Starlit Skies

Burnt I my father,
Saw I him burning all alone
Under a godless universe,
Standing still,
Silent and speechless

Away from the town,
Away from human habitation
Where there was none,
None in the nearby,
Just on the river-bed
By its side

The pyre was lit,
The logs arranged
And the dead body put into
And the fire was given to,
Lit into
And the logs started burning

The body burnt to ashes, fire and coal,
The logs lay they
With the clothes thrown off,
Father went away,
But his clothes saw I
While coming to the hamlet again

The earth mixed with the earth,
The wind with the wind,
The water with the water,
The fire with the fire
And the spirit with the spirit
And remained it not anything else here
To be called my own.

To vanish into the five elements
Which compose us
Will return back to,
Earth to earth, fire to fire, water to water,

Wind to wind, spirit to spirit
And everything will be gone,
Is the truth of this life, human life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Starlit Skies, Ask I

Under the starlit skies, see I the stars
To ask and know,
Who am I,
What my life,
Where my home,
Who to go,
Who to be with,
What am I with?

Under the starlit skies, the desire to catch the fireflies,
To question the twinkling stars,
So many decorating the skyway.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Starlit Skies, Let Me See You, Chandramukhi

Under the starlit skies,
Let me see you,
Chandramukhi,
Maybe it I shall not again,
You will not come to.

You pause for some time more
And let me, let me see you,
See you in full,
Chandramukhi,
Your moon-like face,
The orbs like glistening smile.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Starry Skies, Why Do The Ideas Of Her Come To Me? I Don'T Know

Under the starry skies, I taking to the way
Walk a distance
Thinking about my love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under The Sweetly-Scented Kaamini Plant Tree

Under the sweetly-scented kaamini plant tree
Want I to pass by the night,
So full of stars and their twinkles,
So glistening with moonshine,
Writing my love poetry,
Dreaming of my sweet love.

The blooms scattering over slowly,
The small-small white petals,
Fair and fragrant, fresh and fine,
Dew-laced, mist-smeared,
Scattered over ground
And I in a reclined state dreaming about
Her sweetly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Under Which Peepul Tree? / The Buddha In Meditation

Under which tree is the Lord meditating,
Beaming with joy,
Radiating with halo and glory,
Under which peepul tree,
The Lord meditating,
Doing the meditation?

In which museum, does the statue lie in shining
Of brass, pewter and copper,
The Buddha on a lotus,
Petalled metallurgical,
The light shining upon,
The bronze statue shining?
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Understanding The Bodo Culture

What have I understood
And they taught me not too,
I know nothing about India,
The impregnable northeast of,
Their multi-ethnicity and diverse cultural ethos,
The linguistic variety?

The Bodos, the ethnic and linguistic tribe, of the Brahmaputra valley,
You do not destroy the culture and tradition
Of the Bodos of the Bodoland,
The sons of Bodo,
Making them embroiled in a plot
As for the north Indians' strategic conspiracy.

Their life-style, art of living, health and hygiene,
Let them continue with
Heir own tradition,
The Bodods of the Bodoland,
Living in harmony,
Not with demands
For a separate homeland.

One of the Tibeto-Burmese family, Bodo language
Takes us to across the borders and its fringes,
Crossing over to
The domains far flung, over to
With Brahmoism as
The of faith of the people
Rearing and sustaining them so long.

Their Bagurumba, the traditional dance style,
We still admire the traditional folk dance,
Their weaving and keeping of the loom,
Their art and craft,
Their love of fishing, farming,
Cattle-rearing and piggery.

Assam and its beauty
One can mark it through the note of diversity,

Thesis and anti-thesis,
A hub of inflection and intermixing,
Opening avenues and canopies beyond
Lading to the borders
Far across into Central Asia.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Unesco's Girl Child

UNESCO's girl child,
How to save it?
Poor and neglected,
Half-fed and half-clothed?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Unesco's Poor And Neglected Girl Child

She is a girl child,
Do not snatch her childhood from her,
Let her play with.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Unfading Blooms By I.

A poet of love,
Beauty and fragrance,
Rizvi in Unfading Blooms
Takes up the weaver,
The young priestess,
The soldier.

Walking down the memory lane,
He senses wandering fragrance,
Roses blooming,
The heart in love.

The Lake Is Stirred,
The Buds, Anklet Bells,
The Sea,
The Lament of Flowers,
The poems.

The boat floating on the sea waters,
Betwixt the sea and the sky,
Going solitarily
Is an Audenesque poem
Doing the rounds.

The picture of the fisherman he draws
Is ditto,
As seen in the Indian context,
Toiling hard
Morn to dusk, full of toil, tears, sweat and blood.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Unhen Saath Do, Wei Kamshin Hain, Nadan Hain, Ek Nanhi-Shee, Cchoti-Shee Ladki

Unhen Saath Do, Wei Kamshin Hain, Nadan Hain, Ek Nanhi-shee, Cchoti-shee Ladki

Kitni nadan hain, kamshin hain
Aur nasamajh
Jinhe pyaar kaa wada kar
Dhoka de jaaten hain,
Dard she bojhil hriday de
Mukar jaaten hain
Wo ajnabi,
Magar jinke dil dukha jaaten hain
Unhen dhadhash dena hee
Bujhdilee,
Wei kya jo dhoka deten hain,
Saath denaa hee sabshe badi cheez?

Accompany Them, As They Are Teenaged, Are Innocent, A Small Girl

How innocent, teenaged and beautiful
And unknowing,
To whom promising them
Betray they,
Laden with the pain of betrayal
Turn they away
The strangers,
But the hearts they hurt and pain they,
To console them
Is but understanding,
ho that who betray them,
To give hand is in reality the thing greater?

Bijay Kant Dubey

University Heads

Now the older university heads have retired them all,
Hence, the younger, unmoustached and beardless heads
Can be seen in the P.G. departments
Strutting and walking on tip-toe.

Thank you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Unknown Citizen

Unknown Citizen
At the Town Square
Lies it
The statue
Of yours.

People come
And go,
Pass out of sight,
But know it not,
Who you were,
Unknown Citizen!

But I have come,
Have come,
See you,
See you the things
I have brought.

You take, take the posies
Of flowers,
The bouquets
I have brought for you,
For you.

Unknown Citizen,
This is my tribute to you,
My homage to you
And to your greatness,
Which but i know, I know it.

I feel it, feel it
In your absence
How learned had you been,
How much respectful,
But how much unknown and unworshipped!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Unknown Citizen- Ii

Your torso and bust
Make I
In my poetry,
Unknown citizen,
Your torso and bust
Sculpt I
In my poesy.

You too had your contribution
In the making of society
Which but they know it not,
Unknown citizen.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Unknown Citizen, Make I The Statue Of Yours, Makes And Unmakes It

Unknown Citizen, your statue make I
In my poetry,
Makes it and unmakes it
Quite similar and dissimilar,
Torsoless, bustless stand you
At the town square
And I keep making the statue
Of yours,
Remembering and remembering
How had you been,
How had it been the face!

Unknown Citizen, bustless and torsoless
Stand you
At the town square
And I with the brush and the paints
Stumbling over,
Unable to sculpt you,
Sculpt you, Unknown Citizen
As your path the path of mine,
As shown over,
My art pieces lie they scattered,
Destroyed and in ruins,
There had not been a taker,
Had not been a taker!

Unknown Citizen, take you, take you them,
Now lie I in full fatigue,
Tired of my belongings,
The young generation which too is coming
Not of my mind and thinking,
Not of my mental set-up
Devoid of any artistic flair,
Now you say it to me,
What to do,
What to do them,
Unknown citizen,

Here lie I devastated and broken,
My manuscripts in ruins?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Unknown Citizen, Your Bust Make I, Your Torso Sculpt I

Unknown Citizen,
your bust
make I, unmake I
Your torso
in my poetry!

You are now not,
but your ideals are,
your principles and philosophy
of life.

I still derive, derive from,
Unknown Citizen,
I still, still
have many a thing to learn,
learn from.

You went away unsaid, untold,
a common man
you came and went away,
but your principles more powerful
than those of today
accepted and acknowledged.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Unknown Citizen, Your Torso And The Bust

Unknown Citizen, your torso and the bust
Are not there,
But your image is in my heart
That you too were a great man
Which the world failed to know it,
A scholar classical,
A scholar gipsy.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Unknown Citizen, Your Torso, Your Bust...

Sculpt I,
Sculpt I
Unknown Citizen
In my poetry!

Unknown Citizen,
Your torso,
Your bust
Sculpt I!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Unquenchable Thirst

Is love the thirst of life,
The name of some thirst,
The thirst unquenchable?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Unravelling Of The Myths

The myths of light and darkness
How to unravel them,
The mysteries and miracles
Surrounding it?

What it is dark, let it be,
As the dark will remain
Unto the last
And these can never be resolved.

What it was dark, will continue to be,
What it was dark,
As dark is dark,
Not only dark, but beautiful.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Unsaid & Unexpressed Verses, Poetic Tidbits (Read Them Separately)

Mother,
My Mother,
Oh, she is not!

II

A house with
And without a woman,
Think you.

III

What is she saying,
Have you marked it,
What does it her face?

IV

I am like you,
Today am here,
Next time will be there.

V

Before calling myself talented,
I would like to see,
How does it get wasted
If the opportunities are not!

VI

Learn from the flowers to smile,
Keep smiling even
In the sorrows of life.

VII

How desperately is she struggling
With life,
A desperate attempt to bail out of
Adverse situations,
Which come in no doubt!

VIII

What is she saying,
The face of that one
Standing at a distance?

VIII

Stand you, pause by and think it
Before you take the steps,

Where are you going?
How the path to be chosen?

IX

Wild flowers bloom they
And fade away too
Before their beauty is appreciated,
Wild but ravishingly beautiful.

X

How does genius get it wasted,
You cannot guess it
Laden with ego and puffed with pride!

XI

Stand, stand you before taking to guns,
Fire them not,
They are the Buddhas, Buddhas,
The Bamiyan Buddhas,
O Talibans
In turbans, loose shirts and pyjamas!

XII

Is this the India
Where the female babies are neglected,
Daughters are subjugated to poverty and impoverishment?

XII

My daughter,
What is it in your fate,
That I don't know it?

XIII

I shall not stay here,
Come that someday.

One day I shall not remain here,
Shall have to go away.

My life is short, very short
That I know it.

XIV

I am not what see you,
Call you,
Shall mingle with clay and dust one day,
Turning into coals and ashes.

I do not exist.

The clay's body will return to clay,
Clay and dust
And it's all
That I want to say to you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Uski Teen Bibiyan, Meri Ek Bhi Nahin (He's Got Three Bibis, But I Don'T Have Even One)

Uski teen bibiyan, par meri ek bhi nahin,
Lo, wah ja rahen hain
Apni bibiyon ke sang,
Kisi ko bhabhi kahate huye to kisi ko shali,
Kaise batayen sabo ko
Ki sabhi unki apni?

Has three bibis, but I don't have even one,
Lo, he's going
With own bibis, in the company of,
Someone introduced as brother-in-law someone as wife's sister,
How to say in the public
That all are own?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Utani Bhid Mein Main Nahin Ja Shakunga/ In That Much Crowd I Shall Not Be Able To Go (Ganga Sagar)

Utani bhid mein main
Nahin ja shakunga
Ganga Sagar,
Kahan jo Kapil Muni Ashram,
Kahan Bhagirath ka prayschita?

Mujhe bas yahin rahane do
Jahan mein hun,
Meri Tusu ke snag,
Meri cchoti beti, meri cchoti Tusu
Puri raat-bhar
Uska gaana shunata huya.

In that so much crowd
I shall not be able to go to
Ganga Sagar,
Where ther Kapil Muni Ashrama,
Where that Bhagirath's penance for?

Let me be here
Where I am,
With my Tusu,
My small girl daughter, small Tusu
Hearing her songs
All night long.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Vakrokti, Vakrokti And Kutokti Had Been The Chief Property Of ujan

Vakrokti,
Vakrokti had been
The chief property,
Property of ujan
Who relished upon,
Enjoying it,
Hitching onto.

A poet humorous,
Satiric,
Ironical
Using and applying in
Fun, pun, doublespeak,
Rubbing salt into,
Spicing with chilly and tamarind.

Kucch khatta, kuccha mitha
The experiences of life,
Something as sweet, something sour,
But Ramanujan
Hinging upon vakrokti,
Statements but crooked,
Hooked, bent and forked,
Vyangyatamak, satiric and cutting through.

And apart from it Vakrokti,
It is kutokti, kut plus ukti,
Diplomatically critical statement
Though no diplomat was he
Plotting and planning
And he derived pleasure from
Pins, screws and perforations.

But what surpasses it even kutokti,
Kut ukti,
Critical statement
Is doublespeak

And he does it on par excellence with,
Saying it something,
Meaning it something,
Passing it as a comment,
A log hurled upon the passer-by.

And perhaps the ironist,
The gentleman critical,
Polished and mannered
Is the most critical fellow
Cultured and civilized
But ironical enough,
Taunting through doublespeak.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Vakrokti, Vyongyokti The Stock Of ujan

Vakrokti, vyangyokti
The stock of Ramanujan,
Vyangyokti,
Vakrokti,
The ironic mode,
The oblique approach
And poetry coming
As Vyangyaokgti,
Vakrokti,
Taunts, comments, critiques
Ironical, satiric,
Mocking, laughing at,
As vyangyas, tones and taunts,
Vakrokti,
Oblique expressions.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Valentine Day Songs Collected

Valentine's Day

Valentine's Day,
Roses for you,
Love.

My Valentine

My Valentine calling,
Calling me and whistling and humming a song,
Drawing me closer.

In Your memory

In your memory
Want I to burn
As a candle.

On Valentine's Day, Missed I To Say

On Valentine's Day,
Missed I to say,
I love you, love you.

On Valentine's Day, Party & Drink You Not

On Valentine's Day, party you not wildly,
Dance and drink you not to out of sense
To the beat of the jazz and the blues.

Valentine's Day Is To Feel

Valentine's Day is to feel
What it is love,
The sweetness and the warmth of it.

Valentine's Day, Romantically Not Always

Valentine's Day not always

Romantically yours,
But spiritually yours too.

See The Rose And Feel It On Valentine's Day

See the red rose
And feel you the beauty and loveliness
Of the flower.

Valentine's Day, Is It For (Sensual And Amorous)

Valentine's day, is it
Of luscious kisses,
Passionate hugs and sweet embraces merely?

On Valentine's Day, My Flying Kisses To You

On Valentine's Day,
My jokes with the innocent children
And sweet kisses, flying kisses to you.

Valentine's Day, Make It Not Commercial

Man's heart is so little
That they turning it commercial and professional,
Turning into a flesh trade.

On Valentine's Day, Saw I The Foreigner Girls

On Valentine's Day,
Saw I the foreigner girls
And it felt great, my Valentine calling me,
Greeting and welcome,
Waving at,
Valentina,
Where are you,
Come far,
Come far,
Valentina, my love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Valentine's Day Came It

Valentine's day
Came it
With a bouquet of red roses.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Valentine's Day Came It Roses And Wet Kisses

They kissed each other,
Loved and cheated,
Just promised falsely,
Never kept up the good wishes
Of extending help
Without doing any harm,
Just exchanged the roses,
Kissed each other passionately
And went away thereafter
To forget each other
Changing with time
Without thinking about
How to extend a helping hand.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Valentine's Day Is Coming

The 14th of February
Valentine's Day is coming
With the roses
And the promises to make,
Will you not betray,
Will you keep up the promise,
The bond of sympathy and friendship?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Valentine's Day Is Drawing Close

Valentine's Day is coming closer,
My love,
Let me kiss your cheeks.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Valentine's Day Is Of The Couples, Pairs In Love

Valentine's Day is
Of the couples,
Pairs in love,
Emotional attachment and bonding,
Sympathy and affection.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Valentine's Day, Full Of Kisses And Love

Valentine's Day,
Full of kisses and love,
A young man kissing a young girl
Romantically.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Valentine's Day, Is It Erotic Only?

Valentine's Day is for to feel
How sacrifices can be made
For the sake of goodness!

If it had not been,
St Valentine would not have.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Valentine's Day, Is It For Rose-Smelling?

Valentine's Day,
Leave you not behind
With the wept dewes on the roses.

Wet you not the petals
With sobs and teardrops,
Try to hurt you not someone's feelings.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Valentine's Day, Let It Pass Off Simply

Valentine's day,
Let it
Otherwise my feelings
Will be warm
For me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Valentine's Day, Not Only A Lovers' Day Merely

Valentine's Day

Not of only roses and kisses,
But a thing of the heart
Reminding us
Of the sacrifice of time.

Love is bonding of hearts and souls,
Souls and hearts,
Love is true friendship and sharing
Of some deeper sympathies.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Vatsyayana, Were You...?

Vatsyayna, were you a sex-master
Or a sex guru,
Writing your thesis on kaam-vasana,
I mean carnal desire and passion,
Bodily attachment and attraction?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Vatsyayana, You Had No Book To Write, But Kamsuttra

Vatsyayana,
You had no book to author
But Kamsuttra,
The sex manual
With the tips in sex,
Telling of sex positions,
no book to write,
But the manual of sex
And after writing it,
Turned you
The master of sex,
The guru of sex,
Not a yogi,
But a bhogi.

Vatsyayana, your bhogavad,
What to say
About it,
How the man
and your mind,
The spoilt child,
Perhaps a loafer
Would have been you
Loafing about
Or a false Indian yogi,
Fraud and fake
Indian baba,
Not the real guru
Were you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Vatsyayana, Your Bhogavad

Vatsyayna, I see you lost in writing and revising Kamsuttra,
The sex manual,
A worldly Brahmin propagating and propounding bhogvad,
But see you yourself,
Revise you the theories of yours.

Is the world bhoga, for the consumption of pleasure,
Is the woman for bhoga,
Pleasure sensual and bodily,
Not as the mother, the sister or the daughter?

Vatsyayna, were you an ancient scholar
Or a bhogavadi,
A Brahmin brat gone berserk
Inspiring the menials with your pleasure-seeking theory?

Sex, sex, had you been mad after sex,
Mad in such a way that
You inspired the sculptors, makers and masons
To make the erotic sculptures
On the outer pillars of the temples.

The erotic sculptures in love-making madly,
In postures and poses luscious and lustrous,
Failing the blues and the nudes too,
Did you inspire the construction-work doers,
Masons and labourers in such a way?

I can see the poor women working as wage-earners,
Doing the construction work,
Ruining all their goodness,
Living and drinking with the masons and sculptors,
Leaving their families,
Turning into the bad women.

Do not see the women in that way,
As the sex master sees or the sex specialist,
Not like Acharya Rajneesh,
Propagating sambhoga to samadhi,

Sigmund Freud delving deep into the layers of consciousness
And nce telling of intricate man-woman relationships,
But Vatsyayana, try to give respect to women,
In high respect and reverence.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Vatsyayana's Kamsuttra 's Poetry

Vatsyayana's Kamsuttra,
Sex-manual
The poetry of ,
Sex positions and postures,
Frescoes of Khajuraho and Konark
In erotic relationship.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Vatsyayana, Were You A Specialist Of Kaam-Vasana?

Vatsyayana, were you a specialist of
Kaam and vasana,
Bodily pleasures
And carnal desires,
A bhogavadi, A hedonist,
A pleasureable person,
A consumerist
Were you, Vatsyayana,
A Brahmin brat
Mad after sex?

Was it you who instructed
The architects,
Masons and sculptors
To chisel and hew
The erotic sculptures
In stone
Adorning
Outer temple walls
With sculptures
And figurines?

Was it you had been inspirational
In making yoga bhoga,
Talking of sex
As an exercise,
Taking sex
As an escapade,
A pleasuresome act,
Making Tulsidas
Swim the river in spate
To see his wife?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Vedic, Upanishadic Values & Traditions In Poetry

The morning prayers soaked in psalms
Recited from the Rig-veda,
The Sam-veda,
The Yajur-veda,
The Atharva-veda,
Punctuated with, seconded by,
The mantras syllabic and in incantation,
Taking back to
And it is but samskara,
Suyra-namaskar,
A paeon in praise of the Dawn
Breaking,
The world arising from
A dormant state,
Life pulsating,
The sound vibrating,
Om, AUM,
Life is spandana, pulsation,
Prana but vayu, air,
The respiratory order intact.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Verse-Stanzas

Politicians

They come from the footpaths
And return back to the footpaths.

The Art of Signing

Having signed, I thought of myself
An artist.

The Fire And the frenzy of emotion

When it comes the stanzas of verse, search I for desperately
For pen and paper to put down on paper
The unputdownable.

O, Musician, The Musician of Life And the World!

O charmer, where do you, lie in, playing the wooden been music
Of India, Asia and the East,
Charming with your melody!

I Stood Still And Silent

To see the turbaned and rugged Talibans
Gathering to fire on the Buddhas,
The Buddhas of Bamiyan.

The rugged and turbaned Talibans firing upon
The Buddhas, the Bamiyan Buddhas,
The Buddhas of peace.

A Singer of Heart

Sing I the songs of love
And the heart.

Had the heart been not,
I would not have the songs of love.

Suppose

Suppose you poetry is photography
And the poet a photographer
Snapping the photos, clicking the camera
To catch on the lenses and the reels

And the album your collection,
A collection of smiling faces,
The photos of girls as romantic poems.□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Verse-Stanzas-Ii

The Mole

The mole on the face
Adding to her attraction,
A beauty spot indeed.

Pimpled Dimple

Sweet pimples of youth
On the cheeks
Of Dimple.

Miss Twinkle

Where do you dwell in,
In the smile of the stars,
From the land of the moon?

Who Am I?

Who am I,
What my name,
Where my home?

The Goggleswalli

A mod, smart and fashionable girl
In the dark black shining goggles
No less than a heroine.

Tragedy

Why does it take place,
Why does it happen?

There is nothing more tragic
Than tragedy.

Comedy

When will the comic character
Be serious and sober?
Is to crack jokes all?

The Pathway

Taking to the pathway of life,
Where have I come to,
I think?

Your Love

How to repay for,
How to return it,
Your love,
Affection and sympathy?

One Thing I Could Not Be

I wanted to be
A man,
But oh, I could not be!
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Vijay Vishal As An Indian English Poet

Vijay Vishal as an Indian English poet
Is an author of two collections
Published from Writers Workshop, Calcutta,
Namely, Speechless Messages and Parting Wish.

Born in 1949 at his maternal village, Mirzazaan,
spur, Punjab,
Vishal is a native of Amritsar
Who did his M.A. in English
From Khalsa college, Amritsar in 1971.

His father Shri Manohar Lal Mannan
A Sanatanist advised him
To join
G.G.D.S.D./College, Baijnath
Under Kangra Distt., H.P,
To start his teaching career.

Vijay as a poet is an ironist
And his poems ironical statements
But emotional and thoughtful,
Speechless messages keep relaying
And relating to,
Really, a very successful poet
Making a use of polished irony.

In Parting Wish,
The poet wishes to see her in full
As he may not,
As may be the Divine Predicament
Or the Irony of Fate,
A book written
In the loving memory
Of his beloved and departed wife.

Lady Luck smiling
Without rhyme or reason,
A portrait of a lover,
Not of an artist as a young man or woman,

The wheel of time revolving,
A cartoon of a politician
Are the things of his delving deep.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Vikram Seth Is Not A Chinese Poet/ No Chinese, But An Indian Poet

One may think that Vikram Seth is a Chinese poet,
But he is not,
An economics boy
Who went to China as for researches,
But wrote it not on economics,
But on poetry
In a traditional form.

Vikram Seth though he imports from Chinese
Is no Chinese poet,
But an Indian
Writing in a traditional form
Rhymed and metred poetry.

Vikram's Chinese is neither Mandarin
Nor Cantonese nor Hakka nor Wu
Nor Min nor Xiang nor Gan,
It is English,
Indian English,
An Indian writing in English.

Whatever say we, Vikram is a simple poet
Of simpler things,
A poet of some traditional format
Dabbling in verse,
Improvising his foreign sojourn
And the diaspora status.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Vikram Seth Is Not The Suitable, But The Most Unsuitable Boy

Vikram Seth is not himself
The suitable boy,
But the most unsuitable boy
Of modern Indian English poetry
And that too of the contemporary scene,
Not the suitable,
But the most unsuitable boy.

What he writes, he understands it best,
About his tours and travels,
Things seen or visited
In India and foreign,
Just an inter-exchange,
A poet settled or unsettled,
Indian or un-Indian.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Vikramshila (How Had It Been Vikramshila, I Think!)

Vikramshila in its heyday,
I think
Would have been grand
And gorgeous
With the students
Coming from
Distant lands,
Tibet and beyond,
Bengal, Bihar and Orissa!

Vikramshila,
One of the seats of learning,
One of the varsities
Ancient and famous for,
A citadel of learning
With the bhikkus and acharyas
Dwelling in
And meditating,
Think I, imagine I!

A mahavihara
Of the Pala period,
Established by Dharampal,
It was a Buddhist monastery
Well-famed for
Education and learning,
Gnan and dhamma,
A meditational centre,
A place residential
For the learners and the teachers.

Together with others
Forming a circuit of education,
A centre of learning,
Vikramshila,
A Buddhist monastery
Storied and housing
Teachers and students alike,
Those seeker after knowledge

And wisdom.

Against the backdrop and scenery
Of the hills green,
The Ganges flowing by,
Vikramshila stood by
The banks
At a distance
With the bhikkus and acharyas
Taking and giving education.

The brick-built structure
So huge and gigantic,
Spreading over a stretch of land,
With the stupa
And the stories around
Opening to the terrace
As for meeting
And the cells around
The square.

The sideways decorated
With the terracotta plates
With figurines and sculptures
Of Hindu gods and Buddhas,
All made from brick and clay,
Mud mortar
And the stairs
Leading unto the stupa.

Around the stupa
A little far from
There lie in a few scattered structures
Supposed to be
Tibetan and Hindu temples
And the stone pillars
At the entrance.

On seeing the site of excavation,
The mahavihara
In ruins
With the stupa and the stairs

Leading unto
With all around structures
With the cells and rooms
For housing,
There grows a desire to learn from.

Vikramshila,
How would it have been
During its heyday,
I think,
Think about
Vikramshila
And the ruins of it,
The citadel of learning
Once had been in its heyday.

Who the artisans
At work,
Working at the site,
Who the sculptors sculpting
And decorating
That built the university
Fortifying it
From all around?

Who the builders,
What the date,
Who the witness,
How the evidence,
None knows it,
None knows it,
Everyone but guesses at,
Presumes to be?

Under the earth
Lay it
Unearthed
Vikramshila,
As a mouldering heap,
A mound of earth
And ruins,
Emerging from

The excavation done.

The terraces with the wall carvings
And terracotta work
And the plaques
Plastered with lime,
Depicting Buddha, Avalokiteshvara, Manjusri
And others,
The mahavihara standing
With the adhyaksha and dwarpalas,
Upadhyayas and bhikkus.

Where the texts, how the references,
How the connections,
Going beyond,
Linking far,
How the scholars coming to,
Through the paths unknown,
Domains uncharted and impregnable,
Conversing in which language?

Vikramshila,
Vikramshila, talk I, dream I
The historical site
And its reference,
The residential complex
For the students and the monks,
The antechambers to meditate,
The stupa at the centre
Of the square complex
With the fort-like projections.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Vikramshila The Ancient Dream And Vision

Vikramshila

The ancient vihara, vihara not
Mahavihara,
The Buddhist university,
Centre of education and excellence
Made in the vihara mode,
Gurukula pattern
With the abbot, guides, preceptors
And guards
At the gorgeous gates
Pillared well
And towering
And the short flight of steps
Taking to the vihara,
The halls
And the stupa,
The prayer hall
With the statue of Buddha,
Buddha as Avalokiteshvara,
Buddha,
Buddha in meditation
And the cells downwards
Housing the teachers and the disciples
With the cherished desire of
Getting educated at Vikramshila,
Vikramshial
The Mahavihara,
Buddhist vihara
Teaching it all,
All sciences,
Religion, philosophy, spirituality,
Meditation, herbal medicine,
Tantrism,
Hinduism and Buddhism.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Vikramshila: A Long Poem

Vikramshila: A Long Poem

Preface

Vikramshila is one of the older topics which I sought to dwell upon earlier, but the lack of records could not permit me to do it earlier, as liked I to visit the place before jotting it down, so the poem could not materialize and my images too could not take wings. I too had been struggling for my poetry and really had been in trouble. Even I had left the hope of living, as I continued to be sick and ailing, disturbed and exhausted completely. Nothing seemed to bail me out. Serious studies seemed to be baffling in the lack of resources available to me. Poverty in the midst of plenty had been the case of our family. People too were not there to support me. Even without any grant and aid, I went on studying and laboring, pursuing my serious studies at the risk of living.

Whatever be that, the small book of verse is before you to see and peruse as the fulfillment of my long-cherished dream coming to a standstill. The word 'Vikramshila' itself is just like the toll of a bell as I am so much drawn towards as it so closer to my heart.

A Buddhist vihara, one of the citadels of ancient learning, it is still resplendent in our hearts as the spirit of it invincible, indomitable whoever tries to wipe out the relics and memoirs of its legacy and standing will feel befooled ultimately.

Vikramshila is Vikramshila, was it so in the past, will remain in future too, however be the nomadic tribe barbaric and brutal in attacking and raiding it. But the pleasure is mine that I have finally turned out successful in giving poetic touches to my long-cherished, ever nourished dream of putting the idea into a poetical reality and the aftermath of it is this that the long poem is before you to go through and browse in the form of a historical poem. But my efforts will be rewarding only then when the readers will like it. I am just putting it before them to adjudge and assess it as a work of literature based on history.

- - - Author

Vikramshila

Vikramshila the Buddhist monastery,
Mahavihara
Talk I, dream I
In my poesy,
Vikramshila its heyday
Full of hectic activity,
Vikramshila in the ruins
Telling of the raids
And the plight thereafter
And of an age bygone
Of splendor and excellence.

The two-terraced stupa, the gate,
The fort-like projections,
The cells, the housing complex
Residential,
The walls with the murals,
The terracotta plates,
Sculptures and figurines,
Carvings beautiful and decorating,
Surrounded by innumerable temples,
But the main stupa aloft
And the mandapa to reach.

I see the monastery in ruins
And think about the builders,
The masons at work,
The planners and the architects,
Kingly orders and their presence,
Who had been he,
How the people of his,
What the faith,
How the teachers and pupils,
Indian and foreigner?

People would have seen the students
Coming from Tibet, China,
Mongolia, Siam, Formosa,
Cambodia, Myanmar,
The North-east,
The Indo-Chinese, the Tibeto-Chinese
From the Himalayan kingdoms
And across the ranges
When darkness would not have set in
To grip in.

Introduction

Vikramshila as a long poem is the outcome of my sittings based on my readings of history, Indian history, art and culture, my comprehension of it and its assimilation into the poetic spirit culminating which I have striven to give touches to and to put down while imagining about, dreaming and culling facts to hinge upon. Rightly said, the child is father of man, and the images and habits formed in childhood haunt a being till manhood still holds true in this context of delving and deliberation. I shall feel happy if the destroyed and devastated varities of India are refurbished and refurnished in the same architectural get-up and maintenance, a replicating of the replicas as to turn into the places of museum studies and historical researches.

Medieval Indian history you accept it or not is the darkest period of Indian history when the lamp of light extinguished it, leaving us to grope in darkness, when the purdah system uprooted it all that was good in our society. Religious fanaticism and blindness seconded by bigotry, orthodoxy and conservatism wreaked havoc and we failed to distinguish light from darkness.

Without thinking about scansion and prosody, I have structured it as they came to the stanzas of verse, floating and flowing in their own way, with the dreamy glides and launches of mine fed up with historical facts and truths.

The small text is into the hands to see with what angle the book has been written, what the perspective and dimension it, the spectrum and assimilation doing the rounds herein. I never could imagine that I would be able to do a booklet of verse on it. But the Almighty wished it otherwise, choosing me to dispense the job and I did it rightly.

It is not at all acceptable to us if the invaders invade India to have their sway,

mind and mentality over the populace who could have driven them so easily had they been united, but never did we do as it is not in our blood.

- - - Author

Vikramshila

The ancient seat of learning,
The mahavihara
Of monistic Buddhism,
Mahayana concept
With the strupa
Two-terraced
In a cruciform
And the square complex
Surrounded by
The temples
With the terracotta plaques
And the entry gates
With the gate scholars
To be laid in

To be taught.

Vikramshila,
The Buddhist varsity,
The ancient of learning,
Historical and antique
Founded during the time of
The Pala King Dharmapal
Now lying in ruins
As for medievaistic raids
And destruction.

I think
How they would have raided
The complex,
Would have toppled,
How the scholars would have
Fled and taken refuge
Or subjugated,
Absconding and deserting
Or giving life.

How the barbarians,
The fanatics and blind bigots
As the foreigner barbaric hordes
Would have damaged and destroyed it
Vikramshila,
The ancient seat of learning,
The centre of Buddhist studies,
Vajrayana Buddhism. ☐

Were they not educated,
Not civilized and cultured,
Isn't it,
Isn't it, say you,
Were they barbaric, brutal and bloody
That destroyed they,
Destroyed they, Vikramshila,
A central university
Which drew students from far,
Unheard places even then

When darkness persisted in?

Were, were they not educated,
Cultured, cultured
And civilized,
I mean uncivilized and uncultured,
Were, were they barbarians,
Just barbarians,
Bloody, brutal and bestial,
Were, were they medieval
And superstitious?

Whose sons had they been,
Whose, whose,
Why, why so dark and desolate
Seeing not the light,
The light of hope and education,
Whose lineage, heritage
Was it in them?

How, how had it been the hordes,
The nomadic tribes
With the horses galloping,
Gallop with the hooves,
Warring and destroying,
Raiding and raiding
And destroying,
How, how the nomadic tribes
Medievalistic and dark?

I just think, think,
Dream, dream about
The time of the raid,
I think, think,
Just think about
The plight of the scholars and students,
The hordes looting, plundering and destroying.
☐

The organization orderly
From the dwarfpapala interviewers
To bhikus

To punditas
To mahapunditas
To upadhyayas or acharyas
To the adhyaksha.

A red-shaped,
Saffron or ochre-coloured complex
Sprawling over a wider landscape
Into the midst of nature
And natural surroundings,
Hilly and by the banks of the river Ganges
A Buddhist centre.

The teachers taught it
Subjects like philosophy, grammar,
Metaphysics, Indian logic,
In addition to Tantrism
Whose seat was it really,
They taught it Buddhist studies,
The forms and trends of it.

A seat of Tantric Buddhism
It was stupendous,
A centre of the learning of yore
With the supposed to be
A huge temple, adorned with
A life-size copy of the Mahabodhi tree
And approximately 108 temples constructed around it,
Out of which, almost 53 temples dedicated
To the study of the Guhyasamaja Tantra.
As it is said
With the statues of Nagarjuna and Atisa Dipankara
At the entrances of the main temple.

I see the mahavihara and its ruins
And think about
The dome and the square,
The building complex
And the use of small bricks, red soil,
Plastering and painting,
Fittings with the murals,
Sculptures and figurines,

The terracotta plates
Telling of an age gone by.❏

The ruins of the Vikramshila Mahavihara
Dug out and excavated,
The ancient seat of learning,
A Buddhist university emerging out
From the mound of good earth
Lying unattended and unknown,
Hidden from the pages of history.

I see the university and think about
The square,
The temple and the housing complex
For both
The acharyas and the bhikkus
Housing them circularly,
Adjacent to
And opening up and unfolding to
The hall of prayer
With their meditational cells
Private and personal sometimes.

Vikramshila,
The shisyas going to,
On their way to the mahavihara
From far-flung parts,
Tibet and its beyond,
Just imagine you,
Think you
When the motorable ways
Were not,
When the roads too were not
Many.

How had been it,
How,
The seat of learning,
The ancient varsity
Stood it
Offering

Education and knowledge,
How,
How did it!

4

Vikramshila the Buddhist vihara
Think I,
Imagine I,
The ancient seat of learning,
Flourishing at a time,
Imparting education to,
Knowledge and light
Just as a citadel,
A light house.

The main stupa at the centre of the monastery
Built for the purpose of worship
Is a brick structure
Laid in mud mortar
Lies it two-terraced
In a cruciform,
15 metres high from the ground level.

The lower terrace about 2.25 metres high
From the ground
And the upper too the same
From the lower level
With the path
Cutting across
To reach the topmost
Through a flight of stairs.

One among Nalanda, Odantapuri, Somapura,
Jagaddala universities,
Vikramshila flourished at a time
When we could not have imagined
The worth and excellence,
People forgot it

The history and tradition
For fear of raids and incursions.

But finally it fell into the hands
Of the barbaric invaders,
Plunderers,
Into the uncouth hands
Of the medievalist raiders,
Intruders intruding upon,
Pouncing upon to destroy
And finish it all
What good it was in civilization.

□

The barbaric hordes came in,
Raided and plundered
And looted they
The treasure,
Tarnishing and ravishing it all,
Throwing and destroying
What it was good in them,
Killing and murdering the priests
And the disciples,
The bloody barbarians
Uncivilized and uncultured.

Vikramshila,
The Buddhist monastery,
The mahavihara,
The ancient varsity of learning,
I see the ruins
And think of its heyday,
The people coming from
Far off places,
Wanting to learn Buddha and Buddhism.

They coming from far off,
Traversing the impregnable domain and terrains,
The acharyas and bhikkus
In search of knowledge and wisdom
Learning,

Reaching Vikramshila
To get light
And to give light
To others.

Had the Tibetan scholar Taranath not
Written about,
Had it not been in Tibetan
And other texts,
What we would we have about
Our history and culture,
Art and tradition?

In search of Buddhist texts and references,
The readings and writings
Of the Buddhists,
Where to move to,
Where to search for,
How to know the languages
Not known?

□
How did they remain cut out
And unknown
From the circuit of ours,
Nagaland, Assam, Manipur,
Mizoram, Tripura,
Arunachal Pradesh
And Sikkim
And Tibet?

How did the bhikkhus kept
Coming and going,
Passing through valleys wild,
Hilly terrains,
Densely forested,
I think,
Think,
The shisyas of Buddha
From China, Tibet?

And all through the medieval times,
The dark age

Of superstitions and purdah,
The lamp of light extinguished it
And languished we in darkness,
Believing blindly,
Unreasonably
As lost we reasoning power,
The logical faculty.

Buddha, Buddha
And his Buddhism,
What could we know about,
What, what could we feel about
Buddha, Buddha
And his Buddhism!

Leave the disruptive things,
The fissiparous tendencies,
What drew the daggers drawn
In bad blood and animosity
As we too tried to impose one's thoughts
Upon another
Rather secularly.

☐

India is India,
The land of Rama and Krishna,
Buddha and Mahavira,
Sufis and missionaries,
The sadhus and sadhakas,
Leave you not its legacy
And heritage,
Sidetrack you not!

Had there been someone
Who would have enlightened upon
The topic,
Had there been some about
The times full of the activity
Of the acharyas and the bhikkus,

Has someone come from,
But alas, there is none!

Holding the hand, I would have asked him
About Vikramshila,
Had there been some guest from,
I would have,
Would have
All about Vikramshila,
The great centre of learning.

How had it been the routes of then,
Wherefrom they used to come
And go by,
Crossing over the rivers and the hills,
Returning back to the Northeast
Or through it to Tibet
And the territories beyond
Leading to China, Myanmar,
Mongolia, Siberia?

O Bakhtiyar, destroying the varsities,
What did,
Did you get,
Slaying the monks,
The disciples
Running for cover
Helter-skelter,
You rascal,
Tomnoddy!

□

8

Murdering the bhikkus,
Acharyas,
Burning books and manuscripts,
Texts,
What did you,
Did you, Balkhtiyar,
Burning the library,
Destroying the varsity?

The acharyas running for cover,
Running helter-skelter,
The disciples too,
The acharyas and bhikkus,
How painful would it have been,
How pathetic,
A bigot, zealot driving them away,
How idiot was he!

The forces in attack,
The nomadic people,
The medieval tribe
With swords and spears
And lances,
Slaying acharyas,
Punditas
And bhikkus
And the blood spilling
Would have drenched
The vihara!

Bakhtiyar, history will not pardon,
Pardon you,
Bakhtiyar,
Bloody bastard,
You, Bakhtiyar,
History will not pardon you,
Bakhtiyar,
As a fanatic stand you,
An illiterate and uncivilized fellow!

Karma is dharma,
What you do so will reap you,
You would have definitely got
What you did
Which but the people it not,
Bakhtiyar, a sinner will to sin,
But to heaven.

☐

Bakhtiyar, your cruel and callous people
Will remain cruel,
The bloody bloody,

Can never be good Samaritans,
Charitable and philanthropic,
Merciful and kind,
The bigotic bigotic.

The history of earth will not remain static,
It keeps changing,
Where it is golden statues
Earthed into the foundation
Of the mouldering heaps
Of the fallen temples,
Who can but say it,
Where is it diamond
Lying?

History,
Medieval history,
Is it of plunderers,
Looters,
Nomadic tribes and ruffians,
The bloody people
Raiding, intruding upon,
Killing mercilessly,
Even not sparing the universities?

But wait, wait for,
They will,
They will be punished,
Will get retribution,
Wait, wait you for,
Their doom is pertinent,
Imminent,
Their Judgement Day yet to.

Mark it, mark,
The victory of the sword
Last it not,
The victory of
The sword dangling,
Clashing, clinking with,
The bloody will remain bloody,
The bastard bastard,

Those who nurture it not love
For art and craft.❏❏

Those who are not civilized,
Those who are not cultured,
Illiterate and uneducated,
Underdeveloped,
Nomadic and medievalistic,
What, what to say about them,
Those, those people
Filled not with the milk of human kindness,
Those, those who?

They are not men, men
Who kill it mercilessly,
Slay it,
Believing in the victory of the sword,
The might of strength,
The strength of the muscle power,
All those ruffians
And illiterate people
Believing in prowess
Those are not men, men.

They are not at all men,
Men,
Who spare it not the varsities
The centres of excellence,
Learning,
The varsities extraordinary
Attracting students from far,
Overseas,
They are not men, men,
But animals, animals.

The invaders from Central Asia,
The nomadic tribes,
They could never know,
Know
The spirit of culture,
Art and philosophy
The nomadic races,

The ethnic tribes
Callous and hardhearted,
Bloody and brutal.



The people of deserts and barren lands
Know it not
What it is in culture,
What it in civilization
And refinement,
The people of the deserts,
The rough and tough people,
The invaders invading,
Destroying culture.

The intruders intruding upon,
The looters looting,
The plunderers plundering,
The sinners sinful,
The culprits guilty,
Those of guilty conscience,
The criminals bloody,
Even failing animals
In brutality, bestiality.

Vikramshila as I saw you,
As see I
The university,
The ancient varsity
Attracting students from far,
The Northeast,
Skkim, Tibet, China,
Myanmar,
Cambodia, Thailand,
Japan, Korea.

Vikramshila,
Vikramshila,
How the history of it,
How the time

When stood it
As a structure,
A specimen of architectural,
Sculptural specimen,
Vikramshila,
Vikramshila
With the history and tradition of its own!



A centre for Vajrayana
Tantric preceptors engaged the space,
Buddhajñānapad to be followed
In succession one by one
Or to be taken together collectively,
Dipa?karabhadra,
Jayabadhra,
Sridhara,
Bhavabha??a,
Bhavyakirti,
Lilavajra,
Durjayachandra,
Samayavajra,
Tathagatarakhhit,
Bodhibhadra,
Kamalrakhhit.

Vikramshila
The ruins of it show
The flaunting campus of it,
100 acres in its radius and circumference,
A university with
The main stupa,
Two terraces,
The side cells
And ante-chambers,
The terraces sculpted with
Opening to the hall
To the main stupa

With the stuccos of Buddha.

Vikrmasjhila,
Vikramshila,
The idea,
The image,
The reflection,
The dream,
The aspiration,
Hiding them
Going,
But where,
Ask you not,
As don't know,
Where am I really,
I can't say them
As I myself know it not?

▣

Well, if they have broken,
Broken and destroyed,
Ravaged and ravished,
Let it be,
Let it
As there is nothing that lasts it here,
There nothing is permanent.

If things have been destroyed,
Destroyed and deserted,
Let it be,
Let it
As they have been,
Can never be reverted back,
Restored and renovated
As it was.

The history of the earth is so,
As it was,
As it will remain,
The history of earth,
The history of time
And history of nature

And man,
Strange is it,
The history of the earth.

Iconoclasm,
Iconoclasm,
The university razed to the ground,
The university which it held its sway over,
National not,
Of international fame
Was razed to the ground,
Vikramshila, Vikramshila
Lay hidden in earth
For ages and ages.

But it too was made from the good earth,
Cutting the boulders
Or from brick laying,
Bricks baked,
Hills overran
And the making took a toll upon
Mother Nature, Good Earth,
Nature and its surroundings.

❏

So let it be,
Let it be,
Let us forget all that it happened,
As it happens, happens,
Here we have to live,
Here to die,
Where to go,
When man dies everything detaches it,
Degenerates and disintegrates.

Creation and destruction are two sides,
Aspects of nature,
Which will go
Turn by turn,
The creative process too continue
And the destructive too will

Keep following,
Creation and destruction side by side.

One day I too shall not be
In this world,
Shall go away
And it is also side by side correct
What I have
That is in others too,
This is just I have got to flourish and flower
But their genius has not,
I am not only talented
But they too are.

One day if I shall not
What to say,
What to say about it,
Leaving it all
I myself shall go away
Then
What to talk of,
My things will remain they here,
My things mundane.

Closing the eyes,
I shall bid goodbye forever,
Allowing me to go,
Asking you to pray for
God-speed,
I shall be heavenwards
Leaving it all here my mundane things. ¶

Becoming a child again
I shall go to Vikramshila
To read,
Get education from
Sleeping in my cell
Of the square
Housing the bhikkus,
Shall rise to the upper terrace
To reach the main stupa.

As a child I shall go to Vikramshila
As do go the rural boys and girls
To schools
In torn and stitched frocks and shorts
Running under a tree
With the knapsacks and slates
And lime stick pencils
To read and write.

So wide campus
Built from red bricks and mud mortar,
With the paintings decorating
The walls,
The two-terraced square
With the flight of stairs
To reach the mandapa
And the main stupa
To pray.

I shall start for
In the simple shorts and shirt
Of mine
Bare-footed
With the jute knapsack
To sit upon
And the broken slate
And the lime pencil
To reach Vikramshila
To study.

Living at Vikramshila,
I shall see the varsity complex,
The design and planning of it,
Who the planners were,
How was it,
Who the artisans and artistes
At work,
How the king supervising or ordering? ॥6

With Vikramshila in mind and heart
And the images hidden,
Keep I gliding,

Taking imaginary flights,
The canvas taking the photo
Of the site,
The landscape of the ancient varsity
That was Vikramshila.

The photo of the square
Engaging and befitting,
The stupa, the votive stupas around,
The mandapa, the murals,
The terracotta art,
The small brick work,
The red painting really extraordinary
With the images of bhikkus and acharyas
Conjuring upon.

The walls of both the terraces are decorated
With sculptures and figurines
Denoting motifs,
The terracotta art,
The plaques depicting
Buddha, Avalokiteshwara, Manjusri, Maitreya,
Jambala, Marichi, Tara
And the Nath deities,
Adinath, Vishnu, Paddabati,
Parvati, Ardhanarisvara.

The human and animal figures
Of ascetics, devotees, preachers,
Drummers, warriors, archers,
Charmers,
Monkeys, elephants, panthers,
Horses, deer, boars,
Lions, wolves and birds
Can be seen over them.

Apart from Buddhist studies,
Buddha and Buddhism,
The curriculum included it the study of
Vedic texts, ritual
And Vedangas,
Linguistics, reasoning, law,



An Afterthought

After having written Vikramshila, I want to work upon the rest universities of ancient India lying in ruins, imagining about their heyday and relevance. This is the first of its kind which I dreamt so long ago, but the idea could not materialize as for different reasons. Actually, I wanted to have a vis-à-vis with the relics and ruins of the historical structure, but it was not in my lot. I went nearer to that place, but could not to the site. Takshila had been the first choice of mine, but far, far away from. Again thought I of Nalanda standing at a distance from my place of birth and posting too.

The historical poems have a beauty of their own which but the people with interest in heritage and culture will like it. The commoners may not as these vary from man to man and his taste. Vikramshila here is my love of history and culture, heritage and legacy, tradition and temperament. Though one may call Vikramshila a poem based on history, but in reality it is my assimilation of classicism and the classical elements have been endowed upon no doubt. When I take the imaginary flights those hinge upon the element of romanticism, but when detail I in the light of scholarship, study and rumination that is but the whiff of classicism just like the golden wheat ears glistening in the sunlight. Admonishing Vedanto-Upanishadism, I am here in search of the excavated things to view in wonder and astonishment rather than taking it otherwise.

Let the world know that a university was there named Vikramshila just like Nalanda. Taxila too had been grand, but it is now a lost tradition. But poetic justice will not excuse the barbarians, mediaevalists who ravished and razed them to the ground. History will never forgive those bloody people and they will remain in the pages of history not as the makers, but as the destroyers, not as the civilized and cultured people but as the uncouth and dirty people. The nomadic tribes which looted, plundered, devastated and ravished the wealth and treasure had no love in their heart for the rich glory of India and the centres of learning they never feel about. They were in reality looters, plunderers, invaders, raiders, not at all the lovers of art and literature. The mediaevalist people were devilish and satanic from their within and were fanatical, dead to logic and reasoning. Had they hammered at our social evils and the superstitious beliefs, it would have been their great contribution. But they did not do it. They just tried to impose their thought and idea upon the vanquished people, but had the divided Indians fought, they would have driven them out.

The destruction of Takshila, the burning and loot of the varsity is a black spot on the forehead of the man who did it. Should a university be destroyed? , is the

thing to be felt. How would they have raided? How would the devils and satanic people have planned for the loot and plunder? The ruins tell the plight of the imagery lying buried in the bed of earth. Had it been not earthed, they would not have left it too. My question is, were they barbarians, those from the nomadic races, the desert lands or bivouac people living under tents or in camps? Who were they? Were they not civilized, not at all cultured that burnt they books, desecrated faith, murdered and plundered it to miseries beyond?

The Art & Craft

Without opting for any structural rhyme or length, prosodic and rhetorical, the poem which is before you has been jotted down in an extempore style of writing. There is not a manual copy of it too as the poem has been typed directly on the computer keyboard. As a poet, I am not of any binding and the same liberative spirit has been used in to denote the things under deliberation. The verse-stanzas naturally tumble down one after another and the flow continues it till the matter exhausts it not, the ideas used in.

Some of the stanzas are longer, some shorter and some of a medium standard whereas some have been just adjusted with to fill in the gaps it therein. It is a meaningful poem and there is nothing as terse and tedious if one knows the history of India. Actually, the work hinges on archaeological explorations and excavations, historical facts and findings which but form the crux and thematic substance of it, but in reality the imaginative side has played a part in making it successful.

Writing it, I feel it quite satisfied, as it has fulfilled my long-cherished dream of taking to Vikramshila which I promised to give long back in the eighties, but something ordained me otherwise and I felt sick and ailing seriously and had even left the hope of living. But something saved me magically and I yearned for.

Actually, when I started the poem, I had no wish of lengthening it. I thought it to be a poem, but the inspiration seemed it not to be exhausting and I went on this particular Vikramshila poem to develop into a book format rather than keeping it small and so the turns and shifts in the thought-content will itself tell how the poem has been taken to a height dramatically, full of conflicts and coming to terms with the upheavals seen in terms thoughts, ideas and reflections oscillating on the graph chart of emotion and feeling.

There are several poems titled as Vikramshila written in different moods and recollections of mine which may be termed stray poems encircling the topic or the main poems wherein lay the kernels of thought and idea which I could not lengthen it for want of time and materials available.

Vikramshila University which came into existence in the late 8th or early 9th century by the Pala king Dharmapala. This is just what we know rather than anything else biographically or historically. The world recorded what we left and forgot, we mean the Buddhist scholars and travellers. Still now we know it not the value of Buddha and Buddhism, the Buddhist studies. Had it been we would have Tibetan, Thai, Lao, Vietnamese, Cham, Khmer, Japanese, Malay, Mongolian, Korean, Dzongkha, Ladakhi, Sikkimese, Mizo, Burmese, Balinese, Indonesian, Chinese and others to transact and transmit through, but failed we to move beyond, restricting ourselves to our coteries. Whatever be that, my small book of verse Vikramshila is before you to see what it is in it, what not, which matter borrowed from where. I cannot say that it is an original work of mine. What I can assure you is this that I have tried my utmost best to catch the spirit of the poem. What more do I know of Buddha and Buddhism?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Villagerl Politics Of India, The Politics Of Cousins, Mahabharatan Politics

The village politics
Of India,
Very dangerous politics
Of the cousins,
Mahabharatan
Of Yudhisthir, Duryodhana,
Arjuna, Karna, Drona,
Bhishma,
If out of the place
Or weaker,
They will not like
To partition the lands.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Villain

O cinematographic villain, it's true that you are doing the role of a villain
On marking the other lead roles gone to others,
It's my request to you,
You remain a villain,
An expert in villainy,
But make not others real villains of life!

You with music in the background jump on the cushion
Like the hostel boys,
Playing with pillows and bolsters,
Boxing into and doing the joke
And they taking to it really.

You boxing in the air and the cameramen showing you beating
The hero
And the hero killing a tiger,
Say you all this,
How can it be, villain?

O, villain, you remain a villain, but make others not turn into
As the youngsters may not understand
The cruel joke of yours,
The comics of yours
That you not a villain, but making others turn into criminals!

And I shall call you a real villain, if fight you their cases, help them
In rehabilitated, bringing to natural calm and composure,
To play the role of a dacoit with a long vermillion stretch
On the forehead
And a rifle into the hands appears beautiful.

The horses passing at the dead of the night through the dark villages,
It is past midnight
And the people sleeping,
Mothers letting their children hush,
All this adds to suspense and curiosity, but on the screen.

As a villain, you just teach as for how to be bad, how to do bad things,
How to a loafer, a goon, a thief, a dacoit,

An anti-social, an abductor, a criminal, a convict,
An absconder, a looter,
Full of enmity, lust, violence, rampage, vice, sin and intoxication.



Bijay Kant Dubey

Villain Sir, Hold I Your Boots To Say, Make You Not My Son A Villain In His Life

Villain Sir,
Touch I your feet,
Hold I your boots to say,
Do you your cinematic roles
Of world-class villains,
With your filmy expertise
Of villainy,
Fetching you awards
And accolades
But make you not
My only son
A real life villain
And if becomes he,
Who will correct him,
My God?

Villain Sir,
Fold I my hands,
Hold I your boots
To say,
Do your roles
In villainy,
Bringing world-class awards
To you,
But spoil you not
The life of
My only son
Who likes you,
Loves you so much,
Taking to be your words
As his own,
Not those of mine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Villain Sir, Villain Sir, Hold I Your Boots To Say, Make You Not My Son A Villain In His Life

Villain Sir,
Touch I your feet,
Hold I your boots to say,
Do you your cinematic roles
Of world-class villains,
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Do your roles
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Bringing world-class awards
To you,
But spoil you not
The life of
My only son
Who likes you,
Loves you so much,
Taking to be your words
As his own,
Not those of mine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Villain, Act You, But Make You Not My A Real Vilalin

Villain,
Act you,
But make you not
My only son
Turn into a villain

As marking you
Going with
The gangster,
The thug and the loafer
He too has started
Taking cigars,
Bottles.

Villain,
I know it
That awards are waiting
For you,
But my only son
Will spoil his life
Seeing you

As has he started taking
Cigars not,
Ganja,
Wine not,
But palm juice.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Villain, You Dancing On The Stage With A Bottle Full Of Water

Villain, you dancing on the stage with a bottle full of cold drink
Or just water
And they taking it for a bottle of wine
And taking you to be as their colourful role model,
They taking wine to full
But the role going to them not,
You keeping them with you.

And as for your role, you will get the Lotus accolade
For your stupendous performance
But they will pass their lives
As spoilt boys,
Vagabonds and wanderers,
Loafers and roamers,
Goons and anti-socials.

You may feel elated as for your roles
The specimens in villainy, daredevilry
But appreciate I not,
As for spoiling the lives of others
And I bother not,
If the medal is awarded to me or not,
What it is important to me is to be a man,
As villains can be found in aplenty
But to be a man is difficult.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Viswakarma The Divine Architect

Viswakarma the Divine Architect
Whose creation is this universe,
The edifice built,
Whose carpentry, blacksmithy and masonry
Is this universe,
The God of architects and engineers,
Technicians and professionals,
Workers and artisans,
Of those who work with tools and parts.

Viswakarma with the tools
Into the four hands of His,
The water-pot, the noose,
The hammer and the book,
Working with
Science, engineering and technology,
One with practical wisdom
And measurement,
The ordaining deity
Of the mechanics and technicians.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Viveka

Viveka is rationality,
The power of logic and reasoning,
The power of differentiating.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Vivekananda's Poem On His Visit To Kshir Bhavani Temple, Kashmir

Though there is nothing as that
Of the picture of Bhavani
Narrated from the architectural point of view,
The poem recreates the mystical experiences
Of the night of sadhna
And the sadhakas undergoing the test,
The myth of Kali described racially
And archetypally
Felt during the visit to the shrine
And to converting it into the Night of Kali,
Terrible Kali.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Vyangyokti And Vakrokti The Chief Properties Of Poet ujan

Vyangyokti and vakrokti,
The chief properties
Of poet ujan,
Statements tauntingly and twisted
The feats of the poet,
We mean the forte,
To do the vyangya
And to use vakrokti.

Bijay Kant Dubey

' 'introduction' To Gitanjali As A Piece Of Indian English Poetry Criticism

Whatever say you about , I am not going to accept
As he praised when had to admire and appreciate
But the loose and excess emotions loosened
In the works following it
He definitely criticized them
And Tagore lapsed in sentimentality
Is also a fact.

The critic says that the emotions and feelings expressed
In a novel way and taking by strike
Has really astounded him
And he is so full of praise for him and his work
Of the Oriental flavour
Brimming with classical love poetry
Which but he marks it.

Something as stupendously archetypal, racial and ethnic
Of Indian culture and tradition,
Something as patriarchal and hereditary
Of sociology,
Familial, societal ethics and tradition
Has been retained,
Has been used in.

It is but the work of a supreme culture
Where poetry and religion are same,
The lyrics are meaningful
To be searched and searched
Telling of images seen
In terms of the lover, the bride, the traveller.

The critic carries the book of verse in the manuscript form
Wherever goes he reading it in railway trains,
Or on the top of the omnibuses
Or in restaurants,
Reading it alone,
But hiding when someone comes to

And seems to be approaching
Who can but write it?

And you say he has not,
Yeats has depreciated, disparaged and belittled
Tagore,
Which he could not,
Yeats actually wanted to keep
His reputation high
Rather than making it repetitive.

His poetry has a peculiar sing-song quality
Rarely to be marked elsewhere
Together with a flow of word-music
And imagery classical,
The songs seconded
By personal sorrow and grief

Religious and philosophical with the passage of time,
His verses relate to the aspirations
Of mankind,
Marked by mystery,
Trend and tradition not so usual,
But a mark of culture and civilization
Seen through the pages,
The leaves of grass rustling by.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Wah Baccha Paida Karta Hain Aur Kahta Hain Bhagavan Deta Hain/ He Keesp Fathering, But Says God Gives

Wah baccha paida karta hain
Aur kahata hain ki
Bhagavan deten hain,
Magar mein jo janata hun,
Bacche jo unke,
Bhagavan ke nahin.

He keeps fathring
And says he
God gives,
But know I
His are the children,
Not of God.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Waht Is Laluwa-Budhuwa Doing?

What is Laluwa-Budhuwa doing
In rustic man's Bihar,
The cowboys
Lying it wait
To be clownish leaders
Of foolish Bihar?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Walt Whitman

Walt Whitman, on reading you,
Read I into the making of
Your mind,
Mind and mood
And mentality,
Dram and vision,
Visionary glides
And clutching
Of your own

A poet you were transcendental,
Cosmic and metaphysical,
Of cosmic vision
And metaphysical dimension
Were you
A vagabond,
A gipsy,
A wanderer,
A seafarer,
A mariner,
A map-maker

A tourist and a traveller,
A cartographer,
A landscapist and an imagist,
A flier,
A dreamer,
You were transcendental,
Cosmic
And metaphysical,
Vedic,
Upanishadic
And Puranic,
A narrativist of a masterstroke

As your thirst was thirst for knowledge,
Knowledge and wisdom,
A realisation of the self
And saw you it

In the oneness of souls,
The Universal Mind,
The Unity of Souls,
In Atman saw you Parmatman,
The Atman leading to the Parmatman,
A self-knowledge
Rarely comprehensible
Which understood you
In confidence.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Walt Whitman (After Reading His Introduction)

Walt Whitman as a poet is of the United States of America
Where she itself is Leaves of Grass,
A poet of the States and Americanism,
A vagabond and a tramp
He sings of America and the American people,
Welcoming and greeting all,
Acknowledging the contribution of all,
Even going beyond it.

A singer of heart, he sings soulfully,
Of the self and the soul,
The Oversoul,
Ever present in our consciousness,
The Inspiration Behind,
What is past is past,
Let us mould the future
So that they may benefit from,
Belittle not anyone,
Love and respect them all.

The greatest poet knows not pettiness or triviality,
As he can see good in all,
Without making a difference,
Seeing the same virtue and merit in all,
The curious mystery of the eyesight sees
Everything but in a new avenue and perspective.

Equality is his song, democracy is, fraternity is,
A singer of solidarity,
A singer of unity of souls,
He is but a lover of the soul,
Human soul and spiritual values,
Nursing writhing humanity,
Hearing the pains and throes of the voices in grief.

The great but knows the soul,
Feels within and realizes,
He is a saint and a seer,
A man of karma and dharma,

His karma is his metaphysics,
He ascends and transcends it all,
Moralizes not, but shows the light.

Past, present and present are disjointed
But joined
And the poet as a seer visualizes it all,
Man's history and time,
Life, activity and philosophy,
Just a philosopher and a metaphysician,
A singer and a painter of life,
A common man commonmanly in one's approach.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Walt Whitman And His Leaves Of Grass

Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass just like
The Tennyson of In Memoriam,
Plucking the blade of grass and piping
As did he Tennyson
In the memory of his friend
And reflecting over faith and doubt as well.

As Wordsworth went on adding and revising The Prelude,
Similar the case with the text of Whitman's Leaves of Grass,
The 1855 the original edition
But the latter varying in degrees,
Appending and modifying the same titles
Which may not tally with.

A poet of America, Americanness and Americanism,
Whitman is one under the influence
Of the American Brahmins
Quite under the influences of the Hindu texts,
I mean the American transcendentalists,
Thoreau, Emerson and others.

Bearded, unkempt, haired, mustached,
Shabby and clumsy,
A visionary lost in the dreams of his,
Thinking of the shores and banks lying across
Where he cannot,
But the flight of imagination can.

Starting from Song of Myself, he moves to A Song for Occupations,
To Think of Time, The Sleepers, I Sing the Body Electric,
Faces, Song of the Answerer,
Europe: The 72nd and 73rd Years of These States,
A Boston Ballad, There Was a Child Went Forth,
Who Learns My Lessons Complete, Great Are the Myths.

A poet of America, he sings of all those who have
Contributed to human growth and development,
Praising every dignity of labour
Be any benefiting human race,

Of shipmen, navigators, travellers, adventurers,
Voyagers, sailors, soldiers, builders and architects.

A poet, dreamer, visionary and a thinker,
He keeps brooding, dreaming, imagining and thinking
About mankind in distress, pain and agony,
A vagabond in life-style, a gipsy in his living,
He is a poet of the common man,
A nascent and united America and American states.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Walt Whitman; A Word Portrait Of His

The man in the beards
Unkempt and long,
Half-ripe and half-black,
Lost into the reflections of own,
With visions lifted above,
The Mind in the Supermind,
The Soul in the Oversoul,
Visionary and lost,
Dreaming and wandering,
Loitering and striding,
Always in search of,
Always in quest of,
A visionary was he,
a wanderer was he,
A dreamer lost
Into the dreams of his own,
A visionary in his own
The visions of the past,
The present and the future,
A philosopher
Into philosophical reflections
Shabby and forgetful of,
Lost somewhere.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Walter De La Mare

Walter de la Mare

A poet romantically imaginative

And fanciful

Or a dreamer

Or an escapist?

A poet Blakian

Whose Songs of Childhood

Reminds us of

Songs of Innocence and Songs of Ignorance.

A poet of childhood

He is Thomas Hoodian

Remembering his childhood

As Hood in I Remember, I Remember

Or call it, My Childhood.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Want To Interview Three Women, Purdahwalli, Ghunghatawalli, Burkhawalli, Three Bibis On International Women's Day

Purdahwalli,
Ghunghatawalli,
Burkhawalli
Bibis,
I want to interview them
On
International Women's Day
To telecast
Their views
With regard to
Their rights.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Was Dom Moraes?

Was Dom
A poet
Or a lover
Or a smoker?

Smoking cigarettes,
Cigarette after cigarette
To be a poet.

If he, let him,
As poetry will come to him
With the butt held in between.

But he should not keep deserting
One girl after another,
Marrying and divorcing.

Not only a poet,
But a drinker too he was,
Emptying glass after glass.

Not at all an English poet,
But an Indian Goan Christian
Thinking himself one from London.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Was Draupadi A Woman Movemementeer?

Was Draupadi
A rebel,
A feminist
Ahead of the age and her times?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Was Gandhi A Dramatist? And His Men The Drama People?

Was Mahatma Gandhi a dramatist,
A drama man
Or a humanist?
I don't know,
i can't say it
Whether he was or not.
Had I seen the scenes and acts,
I would have.

His men too were very dramatic,
Not only he himself,
But his men participating
In the Indigo rebellion, the Non-cooperation Movement,
The Civil Disobedience and the Quit India Movement,
The Dandi March,
Whether you accept it or not,
But these appear to be histrionic and theatrical,
Very dramatic.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Was Gandhi A Lover?

They have levelled allegations
And I am enquiring the charges
Levelled against
Was Gandhi a lover,
A lover of girls,
Deshi and videshi
And having gone through the files
Available,
The witnesses and evidences
I have come to the conclusion,
I smell a rat.

There is nothing unnatural about it
As he too was a human being,
A man of flesh and bones,
Desire and temptation,
Human weakness and frailty.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Was Gandhi A Politician?

Gandhi was, you accept it or not,
Agree with me or not,
A politician,
Not a common man
With the common agenda,
But a politician,
A politician starting with his pleading
In South Africa
To his being the Father of the Nation,
All the time he went on doing politics
And taught politics too.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Was Jinnah Secular? This Cannot Be Our Ideal, Leave It If He Was Not, India Will Not Be

Was Jinnah secular,
If he was not
Secular and tolerant
It does not mean
That India will not be,
Leave it he was not,
India was,
Will remain,
But keeping in view
India and its Indianism,
But not at the cost of all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Was Lawrence A Sadhu? The Sadhu Of Love

Was nce a sadhu?

A sadhu was he no doubt,

In his ashrama

With ganja, ladki and bhakti.

A prem pujari

Propagating guru-shisya love.

Ganja- marijuana, Ladki- girl, bhakti- devotion, Prem pujari- love worshipper,
guru-shisya prem- teacher-student love

Bijay Kant Dubey

Was Portia The First Feminist?

Was Portia
The first feminist
Pleading
The case of Antonio
As for giving
A pound of flesh
Or not
To the money-lender
Shylock
As he claimed to
Out of jealousy
And Antonio struggled
To be
Defaulter?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Wasteland Imagery (Search For Life)

Mother a skeleton
With Malnutrition as poor child
Sucking the breast of Poverty.

Acid rain,
Atomic summer,
Climate change, no respite from.

A heap of bones and skeletons,
Man dying poor deaths,
Lean and thin and pathetic.

The earth bereft of greenery,
Birds falling to death,
Poor mother, poor daughter clinging onto.

Water, water,
Water is not,
Rain, rain, rains it not.

Nuclear radiation taking a toll upon,
Man dying unnatural deaths,
It raining acid.

The waste land,
The world a waste land
With the heaps.

Barren, barren,
A barren land
Has it become, turned it into.

There is nothing to shade from
The intense heat falling upon,
No respite from.

Where to go,
What to do
In the moments of existential crisis?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Wbcuta Is A Political Organization

WBCUTA like ABTA
Is a political organization
Rather than an educational one,
To marx-ize, Lenin-ize and Mao-ize
Their hidden agenda and strategy
And these puppets
Into the hands of
The District Committee Secretaries.

O you, poison not the young brains and minds
As rotten are you!

Bijay Kant Dubey

We Are But Workers, Laourers

We are but all labourers,
The working men
Working in fields, factories and offices,
The labourers labouring
Whether you
Blacksmiths, goldsmiths, coppersmiths,
Traders, teachers, agriculturists,
Farmers, workers
Or labourers,
Work is worship.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Weep Not, Take You Heart, Wipe Out The Tears/ It's Love Calling, Weep You Not, Wipe Out The Tears Falling From/ In Tears, Sighs & Sobs

Weep Not, Take You Heart, Wipe out The Tears

Do not be sad,

Do not be sad, lonely and broken;

Weep you not, weep you not

As I cannot see you weeping,

Wipe out the tears.

Weep you not,

Take your heart

And leave it all into the hands of God,

One who has given birth to you,

One who knows the joys and sorrows of yours?

Who is it, who is it,

Who has

Given, given tears to you,

To the eyes of yours,

Let him, let him,

You bear that all silently,

I do not think

If he can be happy

Deserting you?

O, my love is calling,

What can the poor heart do if it falls, falls in love,

Just say you, I love you,

I love you!

It's love calling,

It's love calling,

What can the heart do if it falls in love?

Don't be sad, don't be sad,

Take your heart,

Wipe out the falling tears,

The handkerchief wet with

That I know,

Which but the Almighty seeing it,
Leave it to him
And feel happy,
Happy and gay,
Smile you please,
Julie, I love you.

Loving and liking you,
Loving and abandoning you after
And opting for another
And passing away from you
Parting the ways from,
He can never,
Never be happy enough,
Leave you,
Leave and forget you
To smile,
Smile once
And to say, I love you,
I love you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Went He To Nagaland To Work, But Returned Not Back To

A poor and simple villagerly boy,
Went he to Nagaland to work
As for the road construction
In the company of people
Moving to
But returned he not,
The poor black boy,
Just the telegram from a distant hospital
Came it,
Our deepest condolences to the family!

Oh, the poor, small and simple village boy
Who used to pull the rickshaw
Of his father,
The poor black boy,
Far and far away from Bihar
To the northeastern fringes!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Were The Mughals Minorities?

Were the Mughals the minority community men
Keeping secluded from
Indian culture and thought,
Indian spirituality and metaphysics?
Had they, they would not have imposed taxes
For being the Hindus,
Had they striven to comprehend India?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What A Lover Was He!

Loved and betrayed he,
The soul in distress,
Oh, love is not love today,
What a lover is he!

Bijay Kant Dubey

What An English, Facebookian, Twitterian!

What an English is it
That I am hearing it today,
Facebookian,
Twitterian
As sees he the face
On the Facebook
And twitters he
On the Twiter
Whom we may call
Facebookies,
The Twitterati!

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Are They Doing, India And Pakistan? Will They Push The Nations To War? What A Madness Is It!

What are they doing,
It is not the right time for war
At the borders
Firing and shelling upon
Allegedly
Bent upon retaliating,
Avenging and revenging?
What a madness is it!
Can war solve any problems
Have you thought?
But rather than coming to the negotiating table
They are firing upon
Each other,
This is not good.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Are You Doing In Parliament House, Lalu? Said He, I Am Smoking A Beedi And Rubbing Tobacco

What are you doing in
The Parliament house? ,
When was asked about,
Said he,
The rustic minister from Bihar,
I am smoking a beedi,
Sir,
Rubbing tobacco
To put into and chew,
How to forget them
Even coming here?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Art Is It?

What art is it?

A nude girl sitting before.

The artist making it,

The alcoholic making her drink alcohol,

The poet too enjoying it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Azadi Are They Talking In The Jadavpur University Campus?

What azadi are they talking
Of the liberation and freedom
Of Kashmir,
Nagaland,
Manipur
Or of gossiping with the girlfriends
On the turf of the Jadavpur Campus,
Taking daru and ganja,
Smoking cigars
By the friends with side?

Are they the students or politicians
Talking like this,
Giving slogans,
Pasting posters
With the objectionable bills,
Are they the addicts
Mad in ganja, bhang and daru,
Are they Bohemians
Saying all these in live-togetherness
Or they Naxals,
Who are they talking of azadi
On Jadavpur Campus,
Drunkards, addicts, notorious communists?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Can Israel Do It If They Understand It Not?

What can Israel do it
If they understand it not,
If the ghost of religion leaves them not
Haunting,
Medievalism and barbarism cannot
Keep us going all the time?

If they compromise it not,
Come not to the terms,
What to be done?
Fanatics, zealots, bigots,
Religiously faithfuls can do nothing
Rather than setting the things on fire.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Can The Heart Do If It Falls In Love?

What can the heart do
If it,
It falls in love,
In love with you,
What can the heart do
If it,
It falls in love with you?

Julie, I love you, Julie, I love you,
Only one thing that I have not forgotten,
Julie, I love you,
Only one thing,
you do not be sad,
Keep you smiling even in troubles,
Julie, I love you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Can The Heart Do If It Falls In Love? I Love You, Julie

What can the heart do if it falls,
Falls in love,
It's neither yours nor mine,
But of mine,
The poor heart of mine
Which has taken you for a liking?

Julie, I love you, Julie, I love you,
Only for once,
Say you, Julie,
I love you,
I love you, Julie.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Can The Heart Do If It Falls, Falls In Love With You

What can the heart do if it falls,
Falls in love
With you,
What can the poor heart do?

What it passes over my heart,
None but I know it myself,
Julie, I love you,
I love you, Julie?

What can the heart do if it falls
In love
With you,
Julie, I love you,
I love you, Julie?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Can The Heart Do If Somebody Likes Someone?

What can the heart do if somebody falls in love
With someone,
Just take it that one may,
But ask me not please,
Where and with whom?

What can the heart do if falls in love with?
Only one thing that I have forgotten to say,
Only one chance that want I to say to you,
Julie, I love you,
I love you, Julie,
Just for once let me say it,
For only once and the last time,
Julie, I love you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Dancer Am I, Friends, Say You, What Dancer, A Break Dancer Or A Folk Dancer?

What dancer,
Am I friends,
Say you,
Came I
With a rocking comeuppance,
Thrilling and shaking the body,
Breaking and dancing
Just like a disco jockey,
An anchorman?

The audience greeted me,
Took me upon as a great dancer
But was I not,
As had to save my prestige
And that of the managers,
Started I dancing
To the beats of
Of the band of musicians.

First of all, wearing the glasses,
The goggles came I,
Twisting the mouth,
With a chewing gum into the mouth
I shaking the waist,
The hips and the thighs sometimes
With the beautiful girls.

Belles and blondes
From American, Britain,
Poland and other European countries,
I singing ooh, la-la, ooh, la-la,
Flanking each other,
Jointly in collaboration,
Hand-in-hand, shoulder-over-shoulder,
Singing and dancing.

Thereafter started I my rock performance

With the first going after,
I hurling my shirt,
Opening and hurling in style
Towards the audience
And one among them catching it
And I passion dancing
Just in my Bermudas.

A disco dancer I breaking and rocking,
Failing the break dancers, rockers
In breaking and rocking the audience
And the audience clapping,
Rocking and breaking,
Breaking and rocking,
A break dancer I, a rocker I
With the band of mine.

I after hurling my shirt, I in the vest
And the pants
And after that the pants too not
Going down
With the belt slipped
And I in the Bermudas and the boots
Dancing, taking time,
Giving to rhythmically.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Did I Get In India As A Poet? Who Strove To Give Me Poetic Space?

I do not believe the Indians,
Neither the litterateurs nor professors,
What did they give to me
Instead of the three decades'of writing?

Even now the small journal editors are striving
Their best to suppress me,
The journalists and university heads,
But they will not be able to suppress me,
I am sure of it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Did I Not For Poetry? So Mad After

So madly after
What did I not do
For poetry?
As a mad man
Pursued and perused I
Poetry
And still
Am I not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Did The Cpi(M) Do In West Bengal I Remember It?

How did it put the areas under
The Local Committee and the Zonal Committee
And the District Committee,
Opening party offices,
Handing power to
The low quality people,
Critical and screwed?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Did You? What Did You Making Her A Refugee?

What did you,
what did you,
Making her a refugee?

Leaving her own home,
She is but a refugee in
Other's home.

What,
What did she,
Oh, she a poor refugee!

So distraught, so trodden,
A refugee she
Leaving her place.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Do They Go On Doing? Do You Know It? I Mean The Journalwallahs, The Petty Men Of Literature

The little-little men edit the literary journals
And the little-little men after
As subscribers-cum-contributors,
Aspiring to be reviewer-poets

And many of them rhymers, poetasters, non-poets and commoners,
Wanting to be the men of literature,
The common-common men
Writing commonly

The editor an Indian guru
And the subscribers his chelas in the ashrama
And all taking ganja, smoking in
Through the chillum

The poet and the critic and the poet-critic
All thinking themselves, great poets,
Great poets of India,
Never to be born after,
Difficult to find alike

But the poetaster editor editing the journal as for
To promote his own poetry under the pretext of editing,
Serving literature selflessly
And the subscriber subscribing as for to
Get his things published in the small journal
To be a paper-writer or an official critic or a poet

The editor has not even a collection of poems
And the subscriber collecting the scattered poems
For writing a paper on his poetry
To be published in his journal or friendly ones
And the poetaster editor too feeling himself a great boss,
A connoisseur of literary art.

□

What Do You Get Intimidating The Girls, O Saudi Arabians?

Is she a bird to be caged
And sold in the market?

Why is she so beautiful
And tempting?

Why are her looks
So lustrous?

Saudi Arabian girl,
Your pathos, only god knows it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Do You Think Yourself, A Grammarian Or A Master Of Language?

Many people are in the habit of fault-finding,
Trying to find fault with your language,
With your grammar
That use you,
That apply in

Who are to me pokers and poachers
And pinners,
Pushers.

And think they themselves pundits, pundits too not,
Mahapundits,
Paninis and Nesfields,
Great grammarians and vyakarnacharyas
But here lie I a simple man of simple life-style,
Living simply and thinking simply.

And it is difficult to be a master of a language
Always evolving, always changing the course and dimension of it
And it is difficult to be a grammarian
As poetry comes it not through grammatical lessons.

Many scholars even confuse at the office places
While writing supervisor, convenor, bursar, controller,
'Or' or 'er'
And we talk big
With regard to grammar and language use and usage.

Just after reading a little bit, think we ourselves great scholars,
Never to be born on earth,
But we must know it that life also teaches a man
And there is so much to learn from
Even a child and his innocence
And the pathway blooms hanging over unknown.

Before becoming a poet, we need to know those wild blooms,
Their beautifulness and sweetness

Which they are endowed with,
Nay to be boastful of our resources
Or verbal redundancy.

One cannot be a master of a language as the scope for learning
So vast, rich and varied,
One can be a grammarian
But poesy is not in language development and linguistic jargons
And the grammar of poetry comes to not all,
Only a man of heart can feel it
And the other most important thing is this,
Have we ever tried to be a man
As man is not man today?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Does My Speak To, What Does My Mind, I Want To Hear, Want To Hear It Today?

What does my heart say to,
What does my mind
Speak to,
I want to,
I want to
Hear,
Let them,
Let them say it
As sometimes one must
Lend to,
Lend to them?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Has India Given To Me For My Writing?

It is not that I am posting my poems on the net
Without spending anything
And my poems on the database websites,
But reading for three decades day and night,
Burning the midnight lamp,
What did I,
Did I get,
What did India give to me?

My first book of poems appeared in 1987-88
And thereafter dozens of books of poetry and criticism
And I worked on my own
Without taking a grant,
nor was anyone to help me
Or report about it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Has It Happened To Me? I've Fallen In Love

What has to me,
I've fallen in love,
My God?

Now the heart
Believes it not
Whether it has,
What may be the outcome!

O, I have,
I have fallen in love,
My heart takes to not,
My heart believes it not!

My God, fear is within,
The poor heart beats it,
Pulsates it,
What has it happened to me!

Why have I started liking you,
Why have I you,
What has it happened to me,
What has it to me
That I have started?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Has The Cpi(M) Done People Know It Well

What has the CPI(M) done, people know it well,
How it used to sidetrack the rightists,
Even the neutral fellows
It used to punish them as for speaking
Their minds,
The leftists it used to promote.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Have I For The Nation, The Society & The Family?

What have I done
For the nation,
The society
And the family,
I think it sometimes
During my leisure
What have I for the nation,
What have I for the society,
What have I for the family?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Have I For? (Haiku)

What have I for society,
Family
And nation, I think?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Have I Given To This Life, What Has It To Me, Think I?

Sometimes think I what has this life to me
And what have I to it,
I assess and evaluate it
When sit I leisurely
Brooding over?

What does society expect from me
And what do I from it,
Man and his society,
What had I to do,
What did I not?

What the works done and shouldered forth
For the nation and society,
What should I have for my family
Which but did I not,
What remaining undone?

I reckon and think pondering over
What I ought to have
For the nation and this society of man,
What did I,
What did I not?

The passage of time has led to this reckoning,
What ought to have been,
What I should not have,
What my responsibility for my family undone,
What the duty to be for the nation?

Now think I lapsing into a reckoning
As for the responsibility and duty
Shouldered or shouldered not,
Carried or not,
But the reckoning not complete.

What Have I To My Family? , I Think, What Have I To Nation And Society, Before I Go Away?

What have I to society,
What have I to my family,
What to the nation,
I think it now
When the time for going has come,
When wisdom dawns upon?

What have I to my family,
What to the nation
And society?
O, I have nothing,
Nothing that I have given!

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Have I To Society? What Have I To Family? (After Marking The Little Girl) / My Last Write-Up

Sometimes think I deeply
To lapse into,
With the head on the palm
Dwelling far,
Thinking it,
Say you, say you,
What have I to society,
What have I to man,
What have I to my family,
What have I to life,
What have I to this world?

Say you, say you
When think I deeply to reflect over,
Lapse into random visionary glides
To feel it,
What,
What have I to society,
What have I to my family,
What have I to nation,
What have I to this life
And the world?

I see the small girl standing before
And think about,
I see the small daughter
And feel about,
How the hopes of hers,
How my meeting up with,
How to view the little girl,
What to say to my daughter,
I feel,
I just feel it?

What my duty,
What my, what my obligation to this society
Of man,

I think it,
Think it
On seeing the little girl
Standing before
And hoping for,
O, that little girl
And maybe it that it is going to be
My last write-up?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Have We Done For The Children & The Women Even After The Attainment Of India's Freedom?

What have we done for the poor children and women
Even after the attainment of India's freedom,
What have we for them,
Are they free today, are they independent,
Can they earn a livelihood,
I think and think?

What there in my pay bands and pay packets,
Salaries and payments
If they remain hungry and unfed,
If they keep dying?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Have We For Them When We See The Women, Widows And Children?

I feel it myself sad
When I see them
The women, widows and children
To think
What have we
For them
After the attainment of freedom?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What In My Karma, My Dharma? How To Say These?

What it is in my karma, what in my dharma,
I do not these unseen,
The writ of my destiny,
As I sow so will I reap,
The unknown things, how to view them,
What it the writ of my karma,
What it in my destiny,
What the bhoga to come onto me,
An unknown path, a turn of life lies it ahead?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What In My Karma, What In Your Dharma, Who Can But Say?

What in my karma, what in your dharma,
Who can but say,
which is ion whose lot?
Believe you or not,
There is something as karma,
Something as dharma,
Karam-dharam,
As you sow, so you reap,
Your activity will the fruit,
But work you selflessly,
As work is no work
If done in a selfish way,
Hope for the result not,
It will come to you naturally.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Irfan Habib Says About The Rss Is Not Correct At All, Why Does He Not Say About The Temples Broken During The Medieval Times? Actually I Too Am Not Of The Ideology Of The Rss

What Irfan Habib says about the RSS
Is not correct at all,
Why does he not say about the temples broken
During the medieval times,
The libraries burnt
By the invaders and looters of India
And the foreigners
Though am not an admirer of the RSS and its ideology.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Dalit Literature? What The Agenda Behind, What The Motto?

Those who want to promote Dalit literature,
May I ask,
Are they themselves
Or the problems and concerns of them?
What the agenda, what the motto behind,
Are they for the Dalits
Or for themselves
Like the backwards of Indian politics
Talking of reservation
And seeking to sit on chair
After instigating the unemployed youths
To burn on the streets
By pushing the country into the civil war,
Partitioning India as per caste, creed and sect lines
Between Backward India and Forward India,
Murdering genius?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Dark Romanticism? (An Acquaintance With A Dark Lady)

What is dark romanticism, I do not understand it,
I can just see the veiled beauty passing,
Covered under,
Only the dark, but beautiful eyes that I can see,
Say, who is she?

If says she not, answers not,
Let me, let me ask her,
Who are you,
Who are you, my darling,
What your entity, what your identity,
May I ask you?

A portrait of an artist
And the artist as a young man,
No, no, young man not, woman
And she hearing,
Smiling,
Going
And moving away.

"That too without the comments, friend? ",
Ask it not my friend,
Yea, no comments.
"No, comments".
Yea, said to you, no comments.
No comments, friend.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Gnan? (Haiku)

What is gnan, knowledge,
Is it the knowledge
Of the self?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is God?

God is faith,
Faith,
Belief,
Blind faith,
Strong belief.

None can say it,
Prove it,
What is God,
Sometimes blind faith
Betrays?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is History?

History is but a narrative
Of art, culture, society and times
Which but the historians know it not,
But collected from
And gathered.

History of earth,
History of man,
History of time,
Who can but say it,
History earthed?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is History? (I)

History is but yesterday's politics,
Life and culture,
Human civilization and its existence,
History is history,
The history of civilization.

What I am doing it today,
Tomorrow will it be history,
Today's politics
Tomorrow's history.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is I?

What is I,
What the relationship between
I and You,
I, I,
You, You,
I cannot be You
And You cannot I?

What is I,
Who am I,
What my identity?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is In A Name? (For Nissim Ezekiel)

Nissim Ezekiel a Maharashtrian Jew
One of the descendants
Of the shipwrecked ancestors
Who came to Bombay by chance
And settled here
Failing to take the journey back home
Is definitely not an Israeli,
But a diaspora Indian,
Not a Parsi, but a Jew.

To assess him as a poet
Is not to designate him
A modern, a modernist or a post-modern,
As he is not,
But simply modern,
A man with the bicycle, the radio,
The wrist watch,
In the suit-boot
And the necktie,
A modern man,
Wanting to be modern.

To read him is to come to feel
Gandhiji in London,
One imitating the English ways and manners
In the early stage of life,
In the pants and the shirt,
Wanting to be an Englishman
Ditto in the coat,
Not the latter Gandhi
Looking like a fakir and a yogi,
Half-naked fakir
Attending the Round Table Conference
In dhoti and kurta.

Nissim is a Bombayan,
A poet of Bombay,
One from the minority community
Telling of urban India,

Not the India of villages,
But the urban and city spaces,
Not the solitary and secluded countryside,
But of man and manners,
Irony, joke and caricature
After rubbing salt on,
Cracking jokes.

Nissim tells of the theatre, the park,
The cinema hall, the cafe, the restaurant,
The sea beach, the picnic spot,
The airport, the art galleries,
The exhibitions, the programmes
And the shows,
Modern art and sculpture,
Trend and tradition,
The cigar and the trails of smoke
And the ash-tray.

In the cinema hall he sees the films
With the beloved
Whom dates he stealthily
Fearing his conservative dad,
But likes her,
Failing to express in words,
Everything but within
The Jewish heart
Lying suppressed and unsaid,
A lover in love.

At the airport he sees off,
Waves at, sends flying kiss,
Handshaking and saying goodbye,
Hi-hello, how are you,
I am fine, how you,
You too saying, I am fine,
The foreigner girls
He is stunned to view them,
Goes to, returns back
From London too
And boasts of being to it.

Without doing Ph.D.,
He teaches the post-graduate students,
A man of literature writing plainly
The verses
Resembling the Elizabethan
Sonneteers and song-writers,
Wyatt, Spenser, Drayton,
The metaphysicals,
Donne, Marvell,
Sometimes love poetry,
Sometimes light verses.

A poet of the marriage-party,
The tea-party,
He blushes on seeing the face
Of his bride,
Newly-wed bride,
I mean the coy mistress,
Not the purdahwalli, the ghumtawalli,
The beauty under the veil,
Do not see her with the bad intention,
Look you not piercingly
Into her eyes,
The eyes of my burquawalli bibi.

Nissim smoking a cigarette,
Not the leafy hard Indian beedi
And giving tips in cigar-smoking,
The fire is lit
And the fringe is given,
Puffs taken,
Embers reddening,
Ashes shaken off,
Smokes coming out of
The nose and the mouth
And you saying,
It's my technique,
It's my style.

Nissim is a poet of the love-affair,
Will like to have,
But will not marry,

Fearing upheavals and repercussions,
Social taboos and restrictions,
A college boy exchanging
Love-letters
Under the pretext of studies,
Giving roses stealthily,
Wanting to kiss,
But fearing the backlash
To happen
After the strange fits of passion
Felt within.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is In Bombay?

Bombay the city of the theatrewallahs
Doing the nautanki,
Bombay of bar restaurants,
Daru piyo, nacho aur jhumo,
A city of gamblers and addicts,
Drunkards selling it all.

Babu saheb, life is not a drama,
The world not a theatre
And we not artistes,
But human beings,
Neither actors nor directors,
But jokers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is In Dalit Literature?

Literature is literature,
What is in Dalit literature,
What there in being Dalit, un-Dalit?

Of course, you may,
But divide not society
Across the caste, creed and class lines.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is In History?

There is nothing in history,
Just the historians like to take the credit from,
Full of treachery, loot, plunder and destruction,
The barbarians taking time to finish it all
In the trail of devastation.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is In I? I Is Nothing

What is in I?

I is nothing.

If I will not myself,

What to say about myself?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is In Jayanta Mahapatra's Relationship?

Jayanta Mahapatra's Relationship is a story of relationship
With Odisha, the land of his birth and nativity,
The place where he was born,
Where he roamed,
Enjoyed his childhood,
Lived with
To allude to and reminisce
And recollect
In his leisurely hours
Of visionary glides and dreamy flights.

There is nothing as that to explain and paraphrase,
But the myth and mystery of the land,
The beauty of his brooding
And the mythical strides
That he takes,
The flimsy style he is famous for
Photographing, lighting and shading,
Presenting poetry as silhouettes,
Negatives and washed photographs.

The starting part picturesque of the rocks
and the vultures sitting upon
And the Shiva-lingams foreboding
Just visualize the dream
That he sees
With references to Kalingan history,
The victory of Ashoka
And the slaughter of the Odias
That he talks of
And in the midst of all this
History, art and culture
He describes Odisha and the Odias.

As Rupert Brooke tells of his motherland
In The Soldier
So is the case of Mahapatra here,
Relationship is a booklet,
A long poem of Odisha and the Odias

In a visionary style,
A dreamy presentation,
Mahapatra only drifts and drifts,
Glides and glides
To clutch along pictures,
First an Odia then an Indian
Applies in truly here.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is In My Poetry Special?

The red rose and its petals
Failing my poetry
With the sprinkles of dew drops.

The girl solitary and broken-hearted,
Tears fallen from her eyes and the eyelashes splashed with
Failing my poetry.

The hues in wild flowers seen and observed
Failing me,
O, you call me not a poet!

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is In My Poetry To Call Myself Great?

What is in my poetry to call myself great,
Why to do the disco dance,
The break dance to show
That I write,
Write poetry?

Today I am,
Tomorrow I may not,
Many get a chance,
Many get it not.

Genius is not only me,
Am I only talented in God's Creation?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Indian English Language?

I know and hear about
British English, American English, Canadian English, Australian English,
Rhodesian English, South African English
And so many varieties of it,
I mean English and Englishness,
Englises that talk you,
But I do not know if there is a variety still
Like Indian English
And if it is, where is it spoken,
You show me the home where it is?

In a country like that of India, impregnable, full of linguistic not,
Racial and ethnic diversities not,
But natural diversities too,
So multi-ethnic, multi-racial
It was really difficult for the English to connect,
Reign and rule over
A vast tract of separated lands
And they had of a course a tough time to dispense with
And this needs to be acknowledged on our part.

As for the climatic conditions, hot and dry, but variable at places,
Diverse communities and their norms and segregation,
Alienation and isolation,
They chose not to settle here
And even if they, lived as the Anglo-Indians,
Mixing with the convert Christians,
Finally adopting the vernacular in place of English.

They took time in knowing India, reading it for business purposes
Rather than involving in its administration,
Maybe that for commercial gain and colonial expansion later on,
But medievalism, backwardness, poverty and misrule of years,
Superstition, blind faith, religious orthodoxy, fatalism and inaction
Had almost broken the backbone of the nation.

From the treacherous northeast to the northwestern frontier,
From the north to the southern tip,
Where the language varied at a furlong of a few kilometers,

In the absence of a national language,
They administered through English,
Making it the official language,
The language of the court, the police station, the university and the hospital.

Had they not constructed dams and bridges through engineering skill,
Had they not opened schools,
Had they not administered medicines and served,
Had they not pleaded reasonably,
Had the culprits been not booked to notice,
Could we have talked of?

We could not have fared through dark medievalism, witchcraft and black magic
Had the trains been not,
Had the us services been not,
The telegram services been not,
The roads and bridges been not,
Had there been not cholera, diarrhea, typhoid and small pox checked,
Cataract operated well, pregnancy seriousness taken into!

Indian English language is in reality an amalgamation, a conglomerate
Of so many regional varieties,
The language used by the native speakers of different languages,
But not at all spoken, but written,
Indian English is written English, not spoken English,
Grammatical English

A link language, linking the south from the north,
A library-consulting one,
Here the readers look up the words in the dictionary,
Practise hard to speak in English laboriously
Following the British Broadcasting, London and the Voice of America,
Washington,
Reading the newspaper to make it lively.

Indian English language is a colonial heritage and legacy
And we cannot do away with
As our things are recorded herein
And it has made inroads through Indology, Asiatic researches and Sanskrit
translations,
A study of Orientalism
And we cannot without

As English has gone deep into our life and living
And it adds to really.

Indian English language is a written variety, used and applied by the Indians
After reading grammar
And it is grammatical English,
An Indian wanting to be an expert of grammar,
I mean a Panini, a Sanskrit Vyakarnacharya,
Not the youngest son of Banabhatta completing Kadambari
In a sweetly mellifluous language.

Indian English is Bihari English, Bengali English, Punjabi English,
Tamil English, Oriya English, tribal English
And this too is not,
As English is English,
There is no such English which talk we today,
Actually, the native tongue and the user of the language consider we
While putting forward our theories.

A Punjabi speaking English will naturally speak with the glib of his tongue,
Similarly a Bhojpurian,
A Tamil speaker, a Telugu speaker, a Malyalam knower, a Kannada user
And as thus our chart will go lengthening
More and more inclusive
Of a Bihari speaker, a Marathi user, a Gujarati taker.

But today all are turning towards spoken English, trying to speak impeccably
Going into the tips of the linguisticians and phoneticians,
Pronouncing like,
Going by the linguistic tips and jargons
And wanting to be called the master minds,
Taking as the proud privilege of theirs
In to be a salesman, a business manager, a global company man,
An adman and an anchorman.

English is English, Indian or English,
Give the English words for the jasmine varieties of Indian flowers,
Kaamini, champa, beli, gandharaj, raatraani, seuli,
Give the words for,
Koyat, kabranga, chalta sour and sweet soup items
Just like pine apple in taste,
Give the words for,

Bel fruit and mahua buds.

I do not know if you will be
As because the wild and the gardening varieties
Of exotic flora and fauna,
How t make you understand,
You come and see them,
Try to identify them, isn't it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Indian English Poetry Criticism?

Indian English poetry criticism
Is rubbish, awkward and shoddy,
A literary survey
Personal and subjective
Drawing and deriving from
Contacts and access,
Blurbs and promises.

Here in such a domain,
The novices call themselves doyens,
We mean the literary surveyors
Presenting themselves as theorists,
The poets too evolving
From their first poems
And the ramshackle critic too evolving.

Indian English poetry criticism is a study
Of not the poetry volumes,
But in parodies and imitation,
Impact and influences
And borrowings,
Written under
The influence, impact of.

Here in such a genre
The criticism practitioners not,
The novice writers themselves call
And introduce as poets
As it is human nature,
Man lives in self-praise, dies in so.

After writing their first poems
They start calling themselves poets
Similar is the case with history writing,
The novice research students too start calling
Themselves critics,
Critics of Indian English poetry.

What Is Indian English Poetry?

What is Indian English poetry?

Indian English poetry is a study in slender anthologies and minor voices, self-published and self-styled poets and poetesses, vanity publications.

What the base Indian English poetry?

The theme of Indianness is the base of Indian English poetry and the practitioners just distorting it by indulging in Indianism and Indianization process.

Who the guides of it?

Generally, the bluff-masters and failed poets and poetesses; the ragged man the guide and the ragged man the research scholar, two balladeers.

How the standard of It?

Third-rate poetry, derivative, copied and imitative; substandard and below the standard.

Who are doing . on it now-a-days?

Those who cannot work on purely English stuffs are turning to their researches on Indian poetry as for career advancement.

Who are generally the critics of it?

Generally, the mediocre scholars are the experts of it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Indian English Poetry? (As Per Poets' Thematic Crux)

What is Indian English poetry?

Poetry if it is love for India and free discussion for Derozio, love dreams for Michael Madhusudan carried with the whiffs of an Englishman, romantic wisps and whiffs for Manmohan, yogic flashes and sadhna for Aurobindo together with the spirit of a rebel and logician having a flair for Latinized diction, the quest for identity and the theme of Indianness for Nissim, faded romanticism and mediocre flirts with it, physics and its light and darkness chapters together with the Big Bang theory for Jayanta, tragedies and tragic concepts for Daruwalla, man and woman in love in Khajuraho or Ajanta- Ellora figurines together with a study of Vatsyayana's Kamsuttra for Kamala and Shiv , dharma-arthakama-moksha, a Rajneeshite shisya of the Rajneesh Ashrama, a modern girl desperate and distraught with materialism taking to the recourse of dharma-yoga, but the yogi there in the ashrama not a yogi, but a bhogi, a dhongi.

Poetry of the missing man is that of Adil jussawalla's, the Parsi man cuts the mythic ice as for re-settlement locating from Iran or Persia as does Daruwalla so often with his references to Fire Hymns and the Doongar Vari on which the Parsis expose their dead. But Adil's is of Eklavya and Karna, a poet of Bombay describing his return from England, the sojourn and travels into Europe. As for Dilip Chitre father keeps travelling, journeying by train. Jayanta's is a study in absurdity, nihilism, existentialism and nothingness. On reading him, there arises a question, why is he absurd, nothing is what, what it is, is nothing? To read him is to be sad and sorry, devastated and distraught. Nothingness, nothingness is the theme he reaches at.

Nissim is but an Indian Maharashtrian Jew who keeps saying, I don't know, don't if ask you him about Indian thought and culture, trend and tradition, way of living and temperament, mood and mentality; history and culture, thought and idea. Indian thought, culture, metaphysics, religion, philosophy, he does not, does not know them at all. An alien insider he keeps watching around. A minority boy he is a Jew but with Marathi as his lost tongue re-found; a poster boy of modernism pasting placards of.

Kamala seems to be a yogan but is not, a modern girl in saffron clothes and with a rosary but a shisya of the fake yogi, dhongi Indian baba. A modern fed up with modernity and modern living, she is but a Rajneeshite speaking of sambhoga to

smadhi or just like the dissatisfied heroines of nce.

Shiv is a late bloomer, a late starter starting poetry late in life when on the threshold of fifty, emotion and feeling seem to be dead, dried down and devoid of he writing the poems, dabbling in sexuality and intellectuality just like Lawrence himself, Lady Chatterley's husband. Better it is to view the frescoes of Ajant-Ellorah, the Konark Sun Temple, man and woman in love frescoed in stone or terracotta plates of baked clay.

To Daruwalla, poetry is Parsi view of life, poetry is a policeman's affair, a tragedian's concepts. Poetry is an attempt to define tragedy, how the elements of it, ingredients composing it. Violence, curfew, bloodshed, vengeance, wrath, hatred, enmity, rumour, accident, riot, communal frenzy, etc. form the crux of his poesy. Disease, death, disaster, are the points of his discussion. To be verbose and bombastic is the poetic target of Daruwalla. The kite, the eagle, the vulture, the hawk, add to his mythic space and are the code words of his poesy. But the question is, why is he so unsentimental?

Indian English poets had not been Indian, but Indian poets in English, Indian not, Indo-English, Indo-Anglican, Indo-Anglian in the beginning. They are not poets born, but have become in course of time, have evolved, come of age after practicing it, learning to like, struggling, serving and sustaining themselves, the self-published, self-styled poets of Indian English verse, had not been poets, but rhymers, copiers, parodists, imitators, derivers, borrowers, poetasters, non-poets and commoners turning into poets in the absence of a tradition, the so-called practitioners of Indian poesy in English, coming from different socio-economic strata and ethno-linguistico group.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Indian English Poetry? (From A Religious Perspective)

What is poetry?

Poetry is Indianness, the theme of Indianness

In the process of Indianization,

Full of Indianness, Indian words and vocabulary.

A religious exercise, discourse is it,

Scriptural and referential,

Inclusive of Indology and Orientalism

And Asiatic researches.

A study of the sacred Vedas, the Upanishadas and the Puranas,

The Ramayana and the Mahabharata,

The Bhagavadgita,

The Durgasaptasati, is it.

Hindu gods and heroes,

Hindu gods and goddesses,

With the images and pictures

Of Kali, Durga, Lakshmi, Saraswati,

Brahma, Vishnu, Maheshwara,

Ganesha and Kartikeya, abound in.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Indian In Indian English Poetry?

What is Indian in Indian English poetry? ,
They ask it often
With regard to the theme of Indianness
And the story of Indianization.
But is it not Indian in Indian English poetry,
You say it yourself?
The writer is,
His self and the psyche
And so his properties and materials?

Indian English poetry is by the Indians
Who after learning from the English
Seek to act
As interpreters, travel and tour guides
And liaison officers,
Telling about India and its problems not so much,
But trying to copy the English poets
As the parodies turn out to be.

Indian English poetry though cannot be like English poetry
Is but colonial English,
The English have left,
But English still remains it
As a memory
And in usage too
As English is now-a-days a global language,
The lingua franca of the world,
The language of connection, science and technology.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Indian In Indian English Poetry? , A Study In Self-Published Poets

What is Indian in Indian English poetry not,
What is English in Indian English poetry
And it is not Indian English,
But Indian poetry in English,
The second language speakers trying
To speak in an alien tongue.
Rather than the vernacular version.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Indian In Indian English Poetry? , Say You

What is Indian in Indian English poetry? ,
Say you,
Is it Indian or English,
Oriental or Occidental,
Of India or Britain,
Hindustani-speaking people
Or the English-speaking world?

What is Indian in Indian English poetry? ,
Indianness or Englishness,
Those who write are they really the English men
Or the duplicate ones
Copying English art, style and manner of writing,
Is it not the horizon of translation studies,
The dimension of it?

Indian English poetry is not Indian English,
But Hindustani English
Which the English not, the Hindustanis speaking,
The Indians trying to understand,
The British trying to converse with
As for their colonial rule which did they once.

Indian English poetry is not Indian, but English poetry,
English used as a medium of conversation,
An exchange of ideas between the sub-continental people
And the English
And after being schooled in Englishness,
The Hindustanis trying to write in English.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Indian Poetry In English?

Indian poetry in English
Is
Indian psyche
In English,
An Anglicized version,
An Indo-English interpretation
Deriving from the horizon
Of translation studies,
A translator's version
Of literature,
India represented,
Presented to
Those who know it not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is It In Medieval Indian History Barring Purdah, Suppression And Repression?

The woman under the ghunghata,
Purdah,
Behind the curtain,
Loot, plunder, rape, violence, bloodshed
And destruction?

What have they for eradicating
Purdah system, child marriage,
Sati system?
The looters, rapers, invaders
Cannot be called rulers?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is It In My Destiny?

What is it in my fate or destiny,
I know it not,
What is it in my unseen fate?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Kali?

What is Kali? Who is She?
She is perhaps Some Power,
I mean the Power Divine,
The Primordial Energy,
You may call Her Adi-shakti
Which are but meditative things
To be felt within,
Go and sit in a sadhna
If have to know,
If have to feel Her Existence.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Love?

Love is a feeling,
Love is attachment,
Affectionate bonding and sympathy,
Love emotional weakness,
A heart disease,
Feeling of being lost,
Strange fits of passion.

So, love you not,
Give not your heart,
Take you not her.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Love? Say You

What is love,
How do the feelings of it come to,
How is it born?

Love is a feeling of the heart,
Love is attachment, fascination,
Sympathy,
Bonding.

Love is infatuation for,
A mirage,
Giving of one's heart
And the taking of it.

Love is love,
Love is a disease
And all those who love
Are the diseased men.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Modern Poetry?

What is modern poetry? , ask they often,
But what to say in answer to it?
Modern poetry is about modern life, culture and philosophy,
The city-bred urban people, townsmen,
Materialistic, mechanical and technical,
Talking about rampant urbanization and modernity,
City-life, artificiality, superficiality and hypocrisy,
Plazas, multicomplexes, skyscrapers,
Shopping malls, cyber cafes, airports and bus terminuses,
Metros and metropolitan and megacities.

Modern poetry is about the hollow and shallow men
And their love of materialism.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is New In Jayanta Mahapatra?

What is new in Jayanta Mahapatra
Is the question that ask we,
The matter of physics as his poetry stuff,
Nothing is what it seems to be
And what it seems to be is nothing,
His poetry bordering on the fringe of nihilism,
his poetry the poetry of the absurd,
The existential question,
A study in light and darkness,
The dawn of light
And its retreat
And means it not easily,
Can hardly be paraphrased and explained
As nothing is what it seems to be
And is unintelligible, incomprehensible and obscure
And it is also true that he has
For the foreign audience, no the Indians.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry For Me, As I Take It?

Sometimes I think within,
As how to define poetry,
How to take to it,
What is poetry,
How is it written,
Why do they,
What the compulsion
Forcing upon?

Poetry is written words,
I write it,
Try to catch the rhythms
Of poetry,
Going along,
Trying to find out
My things,
Always in search of
For being creative.

Poetic words do not come to
All of a sudden or suddenly,
It takes time
In to be a poet
For which inspiration is a must
Whomever derive you from,
Sensitivity comes next
Thudded by a strong sentimentalism
As for to clutch emotionally.

When full of feeling or emotional,
Passionate about or loveful,
Poetry comes to,
If it not,
The lines of verse
Line by line, word by word,
Stanza by stanza
And I designing them,
Setting out
The volcanic stuffs.

Poetry for the first time came to
As falling in love
Thereafter as the pains and pines of love,
The wounded heart bleeding
And I moving about
In search of balm,
Solace,
Comfort in resignation
And rejection,
I taking heart in confidence
And trying to make it understand.

Poetry came to as the fruits of sadhna
And I turning the energy of
Wounded heart and broken love
In devotion
To get salvation,
To get knowledge
And that is the knowledge
Of the self
And the bhakti yoga leading me
Unto Him
To enlighten upon
Otherwise.

Poetry came to me as religious mysticism,
Transcendental meditation
Transforming me,
Metaphysical and abstract,
Moulding and metamorphosing,
Poetry came to innocence and ignorance
Of a child,
Poetry came to me as the flashes
Of the Light Divine,
The Divine Philosopher smiling.

Poetry came to me as aesthetic pleasure,
The love of beauty,
Reflected in myriad ways,
The roses blooming,
Redolence coming from,

The bunches of jasmines
Spraying sweet scent,
The forest paths
Littered with wild blooms
Fallen and scattered over,
The grassy blooms tiny and dew-laden.

□

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry To Adil?

What is poetry to Adil Jussawalla?

Poetry is broken lines and sentences,
Rhythms of speech and expression,
jarring and jazz

Poetry is the Partition people's
Stitched tales and narratives
Soaked in pain and tears,
Poetry darned and tagged

The partition of India and the flux of refugees
With their caravans
Homeless and shelterless
Seeking refuge and shelter

Apart from all that the mind dwells far
Into the far realms stretching beyond
The borders and boundaries
To an Iran of bygone times

And a legacy and heritage of that lineage
Thinking of the lessons and precepts
Of Zoroaster and his Zend Avesta
To the passage leading to Bombay

Walking down the memory lines,
Marking the spots on the colour complexion,
Genetic and hereditary,
All that under the shadow of the Tower of Silence

He telling the tales of Bombay and its settlement,
His growing up and days in exile,
Return journey home
And the sea beach.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry To Jayanta Mahapatra?

What is poetry for Jayanta? ,
If somebody asks him,
What will it be the answer?
Poetry is physics and vice versa,
Poetry is women studies, rural studies,
Poetry is feminism, realism,
Poetry is post-modernism, post-colonialism,
Poetry is imagery and imagism,
Poetry is private reflections,
Poetry a visit to Odisha.

Poetry a delving into the layers of
Consciousness,
The unconscious, the sub-conscious
And the unconscious,
Poetry existential, a dip in nothingness,
Poetry nihilism,
Poetry eco-centric, poetry linguistic,
Poetry poetry,
Poetry of physics, light and darkness theories,
The big bang description.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry, I Asked

What is poetry? , I asked a romantic,
Said he,
Poetry is romanticism,
Coloured fancy and imagination,
What is poetry? , I asked a realist,
Said he,
Poetry is realism,
Realistic sketches, down to earth,
What is poetry? , I asked,
Said he,
Poetry is imagery,
A dabbling in imagism and the poet an imagist,
What is poetry, I asked,
Said he,
Poetry is symbolism,
Myth-making, myth and mysticism,
What is poetry? , I asked,
Poetry is humour, wit and irony,
Said he,
In the art of satire,
In the art of irony,
In the art of humour
And the poet as humorist,
As a satirist,
An ironist,
Seeking,
Searching poetry
In the lines of humour, irony and satire.

What is poetry? , asked I,
Said he,
Poetry is in the grammar of poesy,
Poetry is rhetoric,
What is poetry? , asked I,
Said he,
Poetry is sentimental statements
And the impractical men
Write the poems,
What is poetry? , said he,

Poetry is broken statements,
What is poetry? , asked I,
Said he,
Poetry is modernism,
In being modern, modernist
And post-modern,
What is poetry? , asked I,
Said he,
Poetry is eco-centric,
Ecology and environment-friendly,
What I poetry? , asked I
And in response to it,
Said he,
Poetry is poetry,
What you take,
What I take to?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry, Who To Say It To Me?

What is poetry? Who to say it to me?

In order to know the meaning of it, I turn over the pages of dictionaries

To find out, what it is called poetry,

Who a poet,

How the contents of it?

Poetry poetry,

The rhythm of speech, the rhythm of life.

Poetry is poetry,

What you take it for, what take I for,

Words musical and pictorial, spontaneous and natural,

Full of intonation and sound effects,

Sonorous and melodious

As the cuckoo sings,

The brook sings by.

Poetry is poetry,

What you take it for, what take I for,

Poetry poetry,

The poetry of life,

Poetry coming out from life

And this existence of ours

And if there is life, there will be poetry

And if there is no life, there will be no poetry.

Poetry is the song of heart which it comes out

When in joy or when in sadness,

The heart wants to sing and share the load,

Poetry is a feeling of heart,

Felt in the heart,

Taken for consolation.

Poetry is words arranged, re-arranged,

Deleted or stylistically presented,

Musical or unmusical,

Sung or unsung.

Poetry is an album of pictures and photographs,

Poetry as the paintings of life,

Poetry scenic and picturesque,
Poetry landscapic
With fields and fallows,
Wilds impregnable,
Hilly, forested and craggy.□

Poetry is poems pieced together with,
Grouped with,
A sample of the writer,
A general term, under the caption of,
But the poem is a single piece,
An individual presentation.

So, in a poem, there will be
Feelings and emotions, images and ideas,
Thoughts and reflections,
Facts and fictions,
Dramas, novels, short stories too can be
In verse.

As for a romanticist, poetry is naturalistic,
Scenic, landscapic,
Imagistic and lyrical,
Photographic,
Sentimental, sonorous,
Sensitive, sentimental and sensuous.

As for a classicist, poetry is classical,
Sober, serious, grand and moralistic,
Theological, spiritual, philosophical,
Restoring.

As for a realist, poetry is real and factual,
Down to realities,
This earth full of troubles and tribulations
And poetry showing struggles and sufferings
Of common man.

As for a linguist, poetry is but a linguistic exercise
In word-play, sentence-structure,
Verbose, weighty and jarring,
Broken and hollow,

Searching for meaning and value,
Written by the townsmen and urban people,
Shallow and hollow from their within.

Poetry poetry not, the diction of it,
A linguistic exercise or expertise,
In the use of vocabulary,
Bombastic, verbose, broken, dull and drab,
Artificial, ornamental, pedantic or modernistic.

To some poetry is satire, irony and humour,
Fun, pun and comicality and joke,
Caricature,
Malicious and full of jibes and jostles,
Throwing rotten eggs and tomatoes in satire
And it pinching the man satirized, cut jokes upon,
But the light verses taking lightly
And the irony twisting,
Saying in a two-folded way.

A serious man will take poetry seriously
But a light man lightly,
It varies from man to man
And his taste to taste,
A poem can be tragic and so much pathetic,
A poem can be comic,
Based on the as you like it theme.

Poems poems, poems many,
A poem a picture, a photograph,
A sketch, a drawing,
An oil painting,
A song, a drama,
A dance, a love-affair.

A poem a portrait, an image, a reflection,
A thought, an idea, a dream,
A view, a wish, a desire,
Fulfilled or unfulfilled,
In good spirits or bad spirits.

A poor and beggarly but beautiful girl,

A child innocent and ignorant,
The poor maid asking for a cup of tea,
A wild flower strangely beautiful,
May be the ideas, images and reflections.

Poetry a cluster of poems,
Samples, telling of the writer and his style and presentation,
His style, diction, manner, approach, rhyme and rhythm,
Rhetoric and prosody.

Poetry is a general term
And is inclusive of all,
What it is within its campus,
Range and purview.

And the writer of that type and tenor of poetry
A poet,
Lyrical, natural or artistic
Pictorial, photographic or scenic,
Modern, modernistic or post-modern,
Linguistic, imagistic or symbolical,
Metaphysical, mythical or mystical,
Satiric, humorous or light,
Realistic, impressionistic or cathartic,
Experimental, exploratory or conventional,
Thematic, stylistic, manneristic or rhythmic.

The types of poets
And the types of their poetry,
Poetry in types and tenors of expression,
What I follow, that is not yours,
What yours, that is not mine,
But still are we one.□

A poet communistic, believing in radical ideology,
A poet non-communistic,
A poet historical
While the other sociological or economic,
If the one realistic, another dreamy and loveful,
If one psychological another dramatic.

Poetry as emotions and feelings, images and pictures,
Dreams and wishes,
Felt, dreamt, seen, experienced and gathered
As life seen from a far-off,
The night so mythical and mystical,
Dark, deep and opaque
And the narratives of our existence shrouded in mystery.

Poetry as folklore,
The folklore of humanity
In which you can hear the folk songs being sung,
Folk danced being danced,
Folk paintings displayed far,
Far from here
Into the countryside
Where do lie in the hamlets and thorps
Of racial, ethnic and archetypal man.

The myths of life, of light,
Light and darkness,
The world and the creation,
Who to unravel them to me,
Which but want I to know them,
The night of darkness,
Of the creational darkness?

The poet a communist
Believing in radical ideology and thinking
And block thinking,
I cannot believe it,
As literature never ismic,
It is of man written by man,
A common man writing about common man,
Dividing not between man and man,
You rich and he poor,
Why is he rich, why he poor,
He is rich as for them and he is poor as for them,
Oh, the blame game and nasty politics!

A poet a communist,
A leftist leftistic, going to the left,
Living in the Red House,

Dreaming red,
Eating red and reading red leaflets and pamphlets,
I cannot, cannot believe that,
In proletarian dictatorship and anarchy.

No talk to do but Marxism, Leninism, Stalinism and Maoism,
Without understanding them,
What do they say to,
What the base of theirs, their thinking and ideology;
Just the hammers, sickles, broomsticks, shoes, bamboo baskets,
Axes, spades, sticks and other tools into their hands
And they threatening,
Giving slogans against the capitalists,
With red flags, festoons and banners,
Demonstrating, protesting and bringing out rallies.

A poet communistic, leftistic
Promoting and propagating and practicing it
I cannot believe it,
Distributing pamphlets of communistic literature,
I cannot.
Radical ideology and radical thinking
Is not my avocation?
As no communist am I,
No leftist,
As believe I in no violence,
As can crush no opponent of mine,
But I too a poet of the common man,
The unknown citizen,
The elation of human labour,
As am more communistic than these petty bourgeois leaders,
Who misguide them just.

In the language of the guns,
The rhetoric of the tougher tongue, believe I not,
Tone it down, please,
My rhetoric is one of, do your work,
Do not discriminate,
As like I no politicking,
As no politico am I.

O, what was I saying,
I deviated and digressed from!
Poetry biographical or autobiographical,
A poem a portrait of Lenin,
Stalin or Brezhnev,
A poem a portrait of Gandhi!

Political violence and radical ideology,
Believe I not in,
Why to hatch plots, heckle and harass,
Indiscriminate in?

A poem a picture of the wilds,
The hills sunny and bluish,
The marshlands dotted with
White small cows, white lilies and white storks,
The hanuman jumping with the kid,
The red-mouthed monkey snatching the lotus
From the hands of the devotee
On way to temple.

A battle fought and lost long ago,
A war memorial and a cenotaph,
Aircrafts lying abandoned and dumped of the Second World War,
Can also be the topics of poetry.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry?

What is poetry?

Poetry is words, arranged
And re-arranged,
Arranged and re-arranged.

The alphabet of poetry,
How the letters of it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry? - A Study In agar's Poetry

What is poetry? Poetry is oneirism,
absent-minded dreaming while awake,
Oneiric visions and dreams,
Daydreaming
And agar keeps to dreaming
As thus.

Poetry as the fact and fiction of life,
Living in modern times
And feeling the eight of the hours,
Tragic situations and circumstances
Of living;
Incorporative of angst, bewilderment and loss.

Poetry as an art,
Involving the vision of craft,
Moving closer to social poetry
And on marking this,
The angels retreating;
Poetry in the similes and metaphors
Of life.

Poetry as a search for
And feeling of fossils,
The residues of meaning,
Thought, idea and reflection,
The making and unmaking of a sand-dune;
Poetry as thought poems,
The application of wit and irony.

A tragic poet of the tragic times,
Full of malaise and spiritual annihilation,
Fall in standard and degradation;
One of the urban space
And living,
Telling of modern-age deaths and living,
The cruelty inflicted upon
And with which one survives and lives on to gather strength.

What Is Poetry? (Ii)

What is poetry?
It is a difficult question
To answer.
How to say it?
Poetry is poetry.

The poetry of life,
The poetry of heart,
Soul,
The poetry of the world
And humanity.

What is poetry?
Poetry is art and idea,
Thought and image,
Reflection,
Poetry poetry.

Poetry is feeling,
Emotion,
The emotion of the heart,
The feeling of it,
Poetry poetry.

Poetry is a thing sensitive
And sensuous
And sentimental,
Poetry lyrical,
Musical.

Without being sensitive,
One cannot be a poet,
Without being
Sensuous and sentimental,
Emotional and full of feeling.

To be a poet is to be a lover
Of flowers, birds and beasts,
Man and life

And Nature,
Of humanity.

To be a poet is to be a
A romantic
Dreamy and colourful,
A realist
Bare and naked.

A metaphysician
Or a transcendentalist
Or a mythist
Or a symbolist
Or an individualist.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry? , Then And Now

Poetry is as per the old dictum
Rhythm and lyricity,
Musical thought and expression,
One which can be sung
To the tune of the lyre
Or recited emotionally.

Hence, we used to read the texts
Scriptural and classical,
The Ramayana and the Mahabharata,
The Vedas,
Narrative poetry,
Religious poetry.

When the people failed to write
So easily,
When the three R's had been the prerogative
Of a few,
The writing materials were not
Available.

Now-a-days discerning shame
The introverts too are writing,
Putting to words
Their thoughts, ideas and views,
The hidden talents coming to light
Stealing the lights from
The poets as bards and reciters.

Poetry is poetry,
Poetry's sake,
Of the poets, by the poets, for the poets,
A poet for poetry
And vice versa,
A little learning is needed for recitation,
But scholarship for good poems.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry? How Is It Born?

Ask me not, what is poetry, how is it born,
How the origin and source of it? ,
Poetry is poetry,
Poetry is sentiment, feeling and emotion,
Originating it therefrom
The heart,
The fountain head of feeling and emotion.

A sentimental heart takes to
What one says, how does,
What does he,
Nothing the reactions,
Entering into
The hurts, wounds and scars of life,
None but a sentimental heart can.

It is a rivulet of thought and feeling,
Emotion and idea, image and reflection,
Sentiments make the outburst inally,
Emotions and feelings deepening the crisis
To materialize it the cloudburst
And it downpours.

Without being hurt and wounded,
Without bearing struggle, suffering and sacrifice,
Trouble and tribulation,
Undergoing them,
One cannot,
Cannot be a poet
Though there are other sides of it.

The poet is but a thinker,
A philosopher
Lost in his philosophical speculations,
Ideas and thoughts
As for them to germinate
And shape,
Take the wings
With the flight of imagination.

Poetry is a thing of the heart,
A heart-matter is it,
Taken to deeply,
Felt within
When stricken
To put down on paper,
Scribbling the lines,
Catching the fleeting ideas and images
Unless they be lost.

A lover, a gipsy, a vagabond
Can be a better poet
If the situations and circumstances of life
Are so
And he is disturbed internally,
With a reservoir of own,
A psyche under stress and reconciliation,
Recuperating.

The chances lie in here,
The probabilities of being a better poet,
A saint-singer, a wanderer
As a devotional poet,
A frustrated lover searching for,
With a quest for beauty
And indefatigable love.

A man enlightened with the Light Divine,
With the flashes of it,
The mystical delving and deepening of his own,
A man of religion and faith,
God-willing and suspension of disbelief,
God-fearing and pietistic
Will automatically sing forth.

A sentimental heart is a poet,
Ask it not,
How many times has it broken
And joined it,
For a man of emotion and feeling,
How does he cope with situations?

A frustared lover, a disturbed heart,
Is a poet,
Madly in love with,
Unable to communicate to,
Unable to meet
As the barriers lie blocking
The meeting.

The broken heart is the source and origin of poetry,
Poetry originationg
From heartbreak and heartburn,
The sighs and aches,
The teardrops falling from
And the candle burning before,
Oh, the pains of love!

Poetry as the statements of the broken heart,
A heart in anguish and agony,
Pain and trouble,
Writhing in pain,
Fluttering like a bird,
The throbs and aches raking it badly,
Originating from the bleeding heart.

What the world thinks, the poet takes to not
In that way way,
Why not they be called
Inactive and introvert
And impractical fellows
With nothing to do with reality?

The simple men they want to live simply
Without feeling any complication,
The men of the innocent heart,
They take to in their own way
Without anything to do
With conceit, intrigue and coquetry,
The frauds and shams of living.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry? How To Define It, Say You?

What is poetry? ,
How to answer it,
How to take to poetry?

Poetry is the music of life,
Thought and idea,
Poetry is the rhythm of speech,
Poetry is sound breaking melodiously,
Poetry is poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry? How To Define It?

What is poetry, how to define it,
What the base of it?
Is poetry a selection of words,
Musical and lyrical,
Making the music,
Calling
We are the music-makers?
Or, is poetry a presentation
Of the best thoughts in the best order?
What is it,
I understand it not?

Poetry is poetry, of the poet's and of poetry,
Poet, poet, poet, poetry,
The poet after poetry
And poetry in the poets,
Just for poetry's sake,
The poets' sake,
The world of poetry and of poets,
Away from here,
Anything that give you to your time most.

Poetry is emotion, feeling and sentiment,
Emerging from the heart,
Pure poetry, natural poetry,
Poetry poetry,
Lyrical, loveful and natural,
Poetry breaking loose from emotions
And you putting down on paper,
Your feeling, your emotion,
Your sentiment.

Poetry meditative, spiritual and metaphysical,
This is an advanced stage
When you make use of
Or something as faith and religion
Adds to your art of poetry-writing
And it also depends on the poet,
His mind and idea,

His feeling of the Cosmos and Divinity,
The blessings bestowed upon
Or seen in the virtues of life,
The things of reckoning and rumination.

The passion for poetry is good,
It contributes and destroys too,
The zeal for,
A never-ending engagement,
An ever-continuing process,
Write, write and write,
But when the fire, zeal or passion of it
Burns you,
You think it poetry has come to you.

Poetry is painting,
Painting in words and words as symbols, signs and pictures,
A poem a painting of a young girl,
A portrait of an artist,
Careerist, eventful and aspiring;
A painting of the scenes and landscapes
You see,
Feel to paint and describe.

Poetry is scenes and sights and their penetration,
Poetry is sites,
Select you the theme of your poetry,
Natural scenery and sights,
The grizzled pond heron stalking,
The small breed white cow, the white stork and the white lilies
Dotting the space somewhere
In the marsh,
The vulture on a carcass labouring
Like one of the tannery.

To say it, poetry is ornithology, the science of birds,
Bird-watching,
House-sparrows dancing, hopping and playing,
The blue bird flapping the wings,
The dark brown mynahs walking in pairs,
The golden orioles singing beautifully,
The wild cats passing by

And the triblas after to hunt them down brutally,
The wooden pigeons purring
With the days drawing out at noontime.

The bib-big black bats hanging by the leafless cotton tree
In spring,
But full of big-big red-red flowers,
Waiting for the evening to deepen
To take their flights,
Through measuring wave-lenghts,
The shall-small black bats figuring in
From the cracks of the walls in houses,
Umbrella-ed and webbed,
The eyes dotted-dotted.

The wild palash trees, shortish-shortish but leafless
With the herald of spring,
But full of the bloosms in clusters,
Hanging by
And the blackly cuckoo singing by
From them,
The melodies breaking,
Tuned so nicely,
The bird is black, pitch dark, coal black,
But the sweetnote is so giftedly divine.

Poetry of the flower-gardens and the orchards,
The groves and bowers,
You lying in a reclined state
And the whiffs and wisps coming from,
The cool shade to the delight of yours,
The wild flowers hanging by
Namelessly and attractively,
Telling of,
What it is in a name,
What it seems to be is nothing
And nothing is what it seems to be.

The hilly rivulet flowing in between,
Murmuring and babbling by
Through the hills,
A brook

With the knee-deep water,
The highland water resource
Trickling down
Through a pebbled course,
Zigzagged and flowing
With the stones and rocks
As boulders lying on,
On the midway and by the side of.

The landscapes solitary-solitary and secluded,
An area cut off and in isolation
Where the population is very thin,
The mud-built hamlets scattered far over
The vast stretch of land,
Dotting the landscape,
Sighted or sightless,
With none is there,
Nowhere anyone to hear
Your call,
The cows, goats and sheep grazing
In the far off,
Just the lulls, tinklings of the bells hinting it.

Here and there resting under the trees,
I can see
The broken bamboo and rope made sling cots,
The earthen bowl and pitcher
Lying broken
With the red flags
And ashes and coals
And a skull somewhere on the sands
Telling of the remains and remnants
Of the souls gone by.

Poetry as art and architecture, art and craft of making,
Making and re-making and building,
The things under construction,
Made from limestone powder clay and baked bricks,
From rocks and stones,
Chiselled, crafted and modelled into,
Clay-shaped, stone-cut statues,
Cut to size,

The terracotta temples,
Small-small, beautiful-beautiful.

Poetry as the statues, the statues of Buddha,
The Buddhas of peace
And they making it far wide
In the Far East,
Cambodia, Thailand, China and Japan,
Sikkim, Tibet, Arunachal, Sri Lanka,
The Buddhas of brass, copper, pewter,
Silver, gold and clay,
Modelling and shaping them beautifully
And namelessly,
Who the artisans and artistes,
How old the art,
We know it not?

Poetry as an image of the dark daughter
Smiling in the hamlets and thorps of India,
The sun-burnt earth and parching,
Under hot and humid conditions,
Eking out a very poor living,
Left to the poor destitutes of destiny,
What it is in her lot, cannot be blotted,
A poor girl living poorly,
Malnourished and maltreated,
Ill-fed, ill-clothed
Passing her days anonymously,
Telling a tale of poverty, backwardness and malnourishment,
Illiteracy, superstition and underdevelopment.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry? If You Ask And Take Their Views

Poetry is first and foremost a language
Of emotion and feeling,
Sentimental statements
Sensitive and sensuous,
Poetry is lyrics,
The lyrics of the heart.

Poetry is lyrical overflow of sentiment
And expression,
Poetry is imagery,
Poetry landscapic and picturesque,
Poetry mythical and mystical,
Symbolical.

Poetry historical, sculptural, artistic,
Architectural, archival,
Museumlogical,
Poetry dealing with some historical sites,
Terracotta plates
And art-pieces.

Poetry moral and didactic, religious and spiritual,
Cultural and scholastic,
Pedantic and classical,
Poetry virtuous and chaste,
Pietistic and holy,
Poetry scholarly.

Poetry satiric, ironical, witty and ridiculous,
Poetry light and serious,
Poetry full of backtracking and volt face,
Poetry full of jibe and ridicule,
Poetry full of fun, pun and humour,
Poetry full of doublespeak.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry? It Is The Feeling Of The Heart

What is poetry?
It is your feeling
Of the heart,
Your pure feelings and emotions
Of the heart,
Poetry is poetry,
The heart-matter
Which exchange you with,
Your feelings mine
And mine yours.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry? Poetry As Nataraja Shiva

What is poetry? Poetry is Nataraja Shiva and with it go you and search
The statues of Nataraja Shiva,
Artistic and sculptural,
Excavated and kept in the museums Indian or
Overseas,
Pirated and sold by smugglers
Who could not keep with,
Just realized the value of
And gave it to some competent hand
A thing historical, metallic and sculptural
And the foreigner curators preserved them,
Wrote on,
Shiva, Shiva,
Nataraja Shiva,
Who is not only a Yogi and a Fakira
But a Dancer too,
The Dancer of the dancers,
The King-dancer
And see you the replica cast in metals or clay,
Olden and historical.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry? Poetry As Siddharta's Going; Yasodhara's Lamentation And Breaking Down, Buddha's Escape To Forests As For Renunciation And The Tears Of Maya Breaking Down Miserably

One night Prince Siddharta coming out of the palace stealthily,
Leaving his son Rahul and wife Yasodhara asleep,
Which but they complaining of,
Why, why did he
Without saying to
And had he,
Would not have desisted from?

Yasodhara weeping, breaking down and in tears
And complaining the day after
His departure for the good of the world,
Abandoning his royal and princely robes,
Ysodhara feeling and repenting,
Repenting and complaining,
Why did,
Why did he
And had he to go, he should have,
Why did he without saying to her?

If he had, had to go, he should, should have
And had he, I would not,
Would have debarred from going
In search of Truth,
For the good of the people
And for the betterment of the world?
Yasodhara thinking about and weeping,
Breaking down and lamenting,
Oh, the inner heart takes to not,
Understands it not!

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry? Poetry As The Dramtization Of King Harischandra's Life Story

And for truth, for the sake of truth,
This much too he can do,
A king never born,
Never will be born again
And the gods putting him to test,
Giving troubles to
but he feeling not the pressure,
Letting it go.

O, lo, his son Rohit has been bitten by a snake
While picking flowers
Early in the morning
And serving as a menial
And the queen too unable to maintain herself,
Everything but gone,
Out of the hands, the state, the palace and the assets!

And after the tragedy striking her, making miserable weak,
Broken and cowed down,
The helpless and hopeless queen,
Desperate Sabya at the burnign ghats
Seeking permission from
The chandal
Working under some master of his,
Doing the duty in his full loyalty
And so faithfully,
Allowing her not to burn the dead body,
The body of her son
without having collected some taxes,
Without having cleared the taxed to be paid
As for the ghat.

Sabya preparing to tear the anchal, border of her sari
And readying to give,
In that desolate, speechless silence of the landscapes
Where the last rites are performed,
Where there remains not anything else,

Goes not with,
The king not a king, but deputed a chandal asking for,
Flinching not a bit
In his emotion
Whereas Sabya helplessly preparing for to give
As the torn clothing of hers
Which but the conspiring gods marking
And acknowledging
So blissfully,
Scattering the flower petals over
And by returning everything.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry? Poetry Is An Arrangement Of Words

What is poetry?

Poetry is an arrangement of words and the poets just arrange

They the words,

Adjusting and re-adjusting,

Measuring and scaling the words.

A play with words,

A juggler juggling not with the balls, but with the words,

Solving the crossword puzzles,

A ludo player, a chess-player in his gait and pacement

Is the poet,

Trying to be a magician of words, not a tantrica.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry? Poetry Is Kirtana

What is poetry? Poetry is kirtana,
The taking of Ram-nam dhuna, Ram-name incantation and rhythm
Coming through the recitation
And you continuing for twenty four hours
Or twelve hours,
Day and night choruses,
Definitely a team work is it.

The harmonium is played
And the Ram-nam sung upon
With the striking cymbals
Lyrically and rhythmically,
Take you, the name of Rama,
Sita-Ram, Sita-Ram,
Hare Rama, Hare Krishna
Or the name of Radha and Krishna.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry? Poetry Is Light

What is poetry? Poetry is Light, Light Divine,
Seen by the sadhakas,
Saint-singers,
The seekers after Truth.

Poetry is Light, Light Divine,
An experimentation,
An experimentation with it,
You call Him and He will.

Poetry as the mysticism of life
And the myths surrounding the Light,
The Pure Ring-like Light,
Drizzling and blissful.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry? Poetry Is Meditation

What is poetry?

Poetry is meditation, contemplation,
I mean meditative reflection and cosmic contemplation,
A proper realisation of Om,
The Soul and the Supreme Soul, Atman and Parmatman,
Pran-vayu, Life-spirit, Jivan-dhara, Life-consciousness,
Papa-punya, sin and virtue,
Worldly and meataphysical, bodily and heavenly things.

Meditate, meditate and reflect upon,
Try to relaise and feel within
The Existence,
the Divine Existence and Providence of His,
Whose bounties and blessings we can see manifest
In the things varied and variegated.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry? Poetry Is Words

Poetry is words
Arranged
And re-arranged.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry? The Devotional Saints And Singers Of India

What is poetry? Poetry a study of the devotional singers of India,
I mean Surdas, Mirabai, Kabirdas,
Surdas the blind-born saint of Krishnite plays,
Excelling in childhood depictions,
Penetrating into child-Krishna
Seeing his reflection into the pillars
And with the curd-smeared mouth,
Mirabai oblivious of her princely royalty
Devoting and dedicating her days
In the worship of Krishna
And the world laughing at
As for her company of sadhus and yogis,
Kabirdas the illegitimate child of a Brahmin widow
Thrown off for fear of society's sake
But reared by a Muslim weaver
Singing of Rama
And that too after his diksha and guru mantra
From Ramanand
On the bathing ghats of Benares.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry? What Do You See In?

What is poetry, if ask you, I shall say,
Poetry is images,
The images and reflections
Of Kali, Durga, Lakshmi and Saraswati,
The Motherly Consciousness
Incarnating as to annihilate and lessen sin on earth
In the form of Kali, representing anger and wrath against
And as Durga the Battle-queen,
Representing Valour, the clash and jingle of swords.

In my poetry, make I the images of Kali, Durga, Lakshmi and Saraswati,
See I them making the idols of clay,
Painting and colouring them,
The sculptors sculpting out
Of stone, cement and others.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry? Who A Poet? Types And Tenors (A Personal View)

What is poetry? They said it, poetry is music, rhythm and beat of music, poetry is music, the rhyme and rhythm; poetry is music, lyrical thought. But said it not, words, poetry is words, poetry is also words, words, words, that make and unmake. Poetry is an arrangement of words and their alignment; poetry is a re-arrangement of words, so re-arrange you to make them meaningful.

Poetry is views and ideas, thoughts and opinions. Review them. Poetry is statements, so give you. Poetry is poetry as you think, as we think, they think. Poetry just carries our views and thoughts, words and ideas presented moodily.

Poetry is language and style, the way you present, take to. Poetry is in mannerism. You teach the manners of writing. You break the lines abruptly and present them. Break and say.

Poetry is thought and idea and presentation. Present them. Present you paper, read them what you have written and the poet a presenter, presenter of paper with the paper on poetry.

Poetry is emotion, your emotion for, poetry is passion, the passion of living, so live you, feel you the emotions, passions of life and living, the heartthrob.

Poetry is aroma, poetry is flair, flair for writing. Get tempted, tempted to writing, have the flair for, passion for writing. Flair for writing.

Poetry is poetry. Poetry is music, the music of life and the world, music of thought and idea, dream and sensation, colour and imagery.

Poetry is beats and vibes, jazz and cacophony. Beat in consonance with, beat you something as discordant and jarring and broken.

Poetry is images and pictures. Draw you the image. Poetry is pictures so take you the snaps, draw you the sketches, portraits and silhouettes. Take you the selfies. Selfies from the digicam. For your sake, for your pleasure, the pleasure of the self.

Poetry is colours, colours, the riot of colours, fast and faded; poetry is dreams, dreams, sweet dreams that see you, see we, see they. Poetry is dreams, dreams, the dreams of a dreamer.

Poetry, poetry, the types of poetry, tenors of it, poetry poetry, poetry and its types. Poetry lyrical, musical, rhythmic, poetry beat and jazzy. Poetry, poetry, the poetry of life, life and the world. Poetry musical, lyrical; poetry rhythmic, incantatory.

Poetry philosophical, giving the philosophy of life, of life and the world. Poetry abstract and material. Poetry metaphysical, giving the metaphysical vision, of life and the world. Poetry material and cosmic, earthly and divine. Poetry spiritual, religious, transcendental, cosmic; poetry theological, allegorical; poetry poetry, the poetry of the aliens, the aliens with the UFOs intercepting, interrupting the people.

Poetry poetry, rhythmic and vibrational, full of beats, rhythms and cacophonies, vibrating, jarring and musical, sounding and resounding, sometimes dearer to, sometimes monotonous.

Poetry poetry, poetry of life and the world, the music of life and the world. Poetry poetry, material and mundane; earthly and terrestrial.

Poetry social, sociological, poetry economic, describing the economic history, poetry poetry, poetry psychological, psychological and penetrating, poetry geographical, telling of cartography and topography, poetry geographical, poetry material, financial, town and planning.

Poetry poetry, poetic, poetical, the art of poetry, the craft of, the art and craft of, writing and of poetry, the art and craft, the craft and art of poetry, poetry poetry, the poetry of poetic and writing, the history of poetry.

Poetry poetry, the love of poetry, the love of art and culture, art and culture and society, love of letters, letters, .love letters, writing the poetry of freedom, freedom and liberty, freedom, of freedom, freedom of speech and expression, where the mind is free and without fear and the swans taking the flights, the swans of imagination.

Poetry love, .love, old love, love letters, letters, the letters, the letters of heart, loving and writing, loving and writing, writing and writing, writing and loving, writing and loving, taking to one's heart and soul, the letters of heart, letters of soul.

Poetry poetry, poetry, the poetry of life and the world. Poetry poetry, poetry architectural, love of art and architecture, with plans and designs, columns and

pillars, poetry poetry, poetry sculptural, full of sculptures depicted as myths and motifs, flowers in stones, carved and chiseled, the stone carvings and inscriptions and terracotta plates.

Poetry poetry, getting poetical, going poetical, poet and poetry, poetry and poet and creativity, the sense of creativity, poetic sense and justice, poetic rule and canon. Poetry poetry, in being poetic, poetic and poetical; poetry poetry, the poetry of life and the world.

Poetry poetry, sensation, poetic sensation, feel you, sense you the sensation, the sensation, the sensation and its quiver, the fire and frenzy of it, the fire and fever of writing, putting, putting down the unputdownable.

Catch the fire, fire and fever of frenzy, catch, catch the fire, the fire and flame of writing, the fever, the fever and frenzy of madness, madness poetical, madness poetic and vision you from earth to heaven, heaven to earth, wherefrom comes the sun and go there where the sun is.

Poetry poetry, poetry is imagination, poetry poetry, poetry is thought and idea and reflection, reflect you, poetry poetry, poetry is dream and vision so vision you, taking the visionary glides. Poetry is poetry, vision and truth, truth and vision.

Poetry is poetry, poetry beauty, goodness, truth, what it is beautiful is but truth and truth goodness so poetry an embodiment of the all three, truth, beauty and goodness. But forget you not the ugly which but the other side of the picture in search of beauty.

Poetry our history, art and culture, history of art and culture, poetry history of history, art and culture, thought and tradition. Poetry our temperament and we poetic, poetic and poetical, poetry our mood and moodily take we the words in a mood to think and opine, review and reminisce, remember and brood over.

Poetry is a dream and dreamers are we, dreaming sweetly, seeing sweet dreams, sweet dreams as well as nightmares where the goblins, genii and ghosts keep frightening; poetry poetry, sweet dreams and nightmares, good and bad, bad and good dreams.

Poetry poetry, aquatic and marine-view, of the rivers, lakes, ponds, marshes and water bodies, the seas and dams and bridges, the marshes with the pink, white and blue lilies, the ponds with, the water herons fishing in the muddy pond all day long, in the marshy plot the white cow, the white lily and the white stork looking lovelier an image, a picture.

Poetry is imagery, imagery full of scenes and sights, scenic and landscapic, landscapic and scenic, so lovely, so beautiful, full of panoramic view. Poetry natural scenery painted against the backdrop of sunrise, dawn break, twilight, the rising sun and the setting sun radiating and glowing red. A night full of heavily-scented kaaminis, but under the moonlight.

Poetry of man and machines, machines and man, write we, the poetry of modern man dependent on machines, robots doing the jobs for him and he sitting as a master; the mannequins kept in the glass house showrooms failing original beauties.

Poetry poetry, of the goldsmiths, blacksmiths and copper smiths, poetry of jewellers, ornamental, making the anklets of nautch girls, necklaces; making Buddhas, Buddhas of peace, statues, statues of the ashtadhatu, eight metals.

Poetry ethical, mythical, poetry didactic, full of ethics, myth and mysticism. The myths of life and world want we to divulge, but still clueless; the myths of light and darkness want we to delve into, but how to, say you?

Poetry poetry and the poet a lover madly after, waiting for impatiently, restlessly with the heart beating fast, the heartache raking him badly, thinking of the dream girl and her love letters, love at first sight. Poetry as the sighs of love; poetry as heartaches, heartbeats, heartthrobs.

Poerty the art of loving, bird watching, flower seeing, see you the birds dancing, hopping and playing, flowers cackling. The aromatic seulis, kursis, kaaminis, champas, cchatims are there to enthrall you with their sweet fragrance, the dew-smeared tiny seuli blooms lying fallen in the winter morning. Poetry as dahlias, pansies, salvias, petunias, chrysanthemums, calendulas, poppies, asters.

Poetry as bakul, asoka, gulmohur, palash, amaltash and jarul clusters of tree blooms, the clusters hanging by as wreaths of flowers. The cchatim tree blooms too heavily scented.

Poetry earthly, real, down to realities; poetry imaginary not, realistic, down to realities, earthly values. Poetry poetry, of this life and world, poetry divine not, earthly, mundane, humane. Poetry of scavengers, sweepers, cleaners, write I, the cleaners cleaning the urinals and toilets.

Poetry poetry, of the road makers, those who make the roads, bituminous roads under heat and dust, heating the coal tar, mixing with concrete chips, braving

heat and smokes, fire and flames to build it under the heat of the scorching sun.
Poetry of the tillers, workmen, write we and without them where to find poetry?
Poetry is poetry, of the tillers working in the fields, ploughing and tilling the lands
as for crops, to quell the hunger of the belly with barley.

Poetry poetry, modern, post-modern, contemporary; poetry modern,
modernistic, post-modern and up-to-date, poetry prosaic and jarring, broken and
patched up, darned and tagged, inclusive of the twentieth century and the
twenty-first century.

Poetry linguistic and manneristic; poetry phonetic and transcribed, stressed upon
the manner of pronunciation, written in imitation of Western style and manner of
expression. Poetry bombastic, verbose and terse; poetry simple and lucid.

Poetry rural and pastoral, of the countryside, of the people dwelling in thatched
houses, mud houses with the sheds full of cows, goats, sheep and ducks. The
small girls with the small goats into their lap, how lovely is it to look at holding
them!

Poetry of the skyscrapers, urban space and metropolis and mega cities, cities and
towns, busy, fast and active with no time to talk, no time to think, life spending
as commuters, coming from the workplace and going, coming and going, going
and coming boarding the train. With fly overs, parks, picnic spots, shopping
malls, bus terminuses, airports, platforms, stations, discotheques with disco
jockeys, F.M. radio stations, theatres taking our moments away.

Poetry poetry, catching the rhythm of life, rhythm of speech, the vibe of lived,
the vibe of the urban world, the Iron Man not, the Spider Man not, but the Space
Man. Plugging the wires into the ears, he hearing music, chatting while going on
road or moving; on the Internet he doing Facebook, Twitter, Whats App.

Poetry eco-centric, vibrating with and echoing, reminding us of the impending
danger lurking in terms of Environmental pollution, ecological disaster, global
warming, climate change, atomic summer and acid rain, deforestation taking a
toll upon life, social forestry needed to change the scenario.

Poetry romantic and romanticism, dreamy and colourful, imaginative and
fanciful; poetry poetry, romantic, dreamy, colourful, imaginative and fanciful.
Poetry romance and romanticism; dream and dreaming. Poetry of flowers, poetry
of dreams, poetry of beautiful girls.

The foreigner blondes and belles I saw them at the airport, the crew men, air

hostesses foreigner talking in their tongues and speeches which but I could not understand, just saw them, saw them, so lovelier to look at and attractive and charming, English, American, Australian, French, German, Italian, Dutch; Ukrainian, Russian, Spanish, Portuguese; Bavarian, Austrian, Serbian, Croat; Japanese, Korean, Thai, Chinese, Tibetan, Burmese; Azerbaijani, Mongol, Tajik, Uzbek, I saw them, saw them, but could not, could not talk to. I saw so many misses from Argentina, Brazil, Mexico, Chile, but I could not, could not kiss them. The girls from Uganda, Kenya, Senegal, but could not hear Afrikaans music.

I had a desire to see the girls from the Northeast of India serving as the air hostesses of the flights taking off from there, I mean the Naga, Manipuri, Mizo, Sikkimese, Assamese, Bodo, Karbi. The promising hostesses from Assam, Sikkim, Nagaland, Arunachal, Manipur, Mizoram, Meghalaya, I saw them, but could not forget them, took the pictures with me along. Together with them admired I the Nepali, Tibetan, Ladakhi lasses for regional flights, cute village girls in Ladakh saw I, viewed I going far from my Aryan view for the first time.

Bavarian, Albanian, Czech, Slovak girls saw I them at the airport, seeing them, hearing their speeches, marking the tongues, their dress and costumes, attire and manner, I too turned global, felt I to be closer to them by being a restaurateur, an interpreter, a cabin attendant, a guard and thought I living near the port. Frankly speaking, I could not resist my temptation from having a look at them passing. I could not, could not.

I saw the burquawallis, in the burqua and purdah, Miss Purdahwalli, Miss Ghumtawalli, in the hijab and the niqab, hidden from top to bottom, head to toe, I could not see her, see her, but presumed the eyes to ours. Though had the desire to ask, but could ask about her identity and nationality taking her to be orthodox and conservative. A young maiden in the dark blackly veil standing before me and viewing through the latticed clothing, but with the sticky, lustrous eyes and luscious lips, glimpsed I, peeped I into. My shadow, walking shadow was she, my genii, calling me, leaving me not behind, wherever go you I shall, said I, I shall not leave you, mistress, my ghost, my shadow, said I to myself, the girl I saw, saw with love.

Poetry poetry, personal, impersonal, about tours, travels, visits; poetry poetry, a visit to travel destinations, resorts and beaches, taking tours around the globe becoming a globe-trotter, a traveler travelling, taking journeys to.

Poetry poetry, the theme and matter of it the same. There is no change in it, nothing to deviate and digress from. Poetry is poetry, a feeling of heart, an emotion fitful; an expression passionate, passionate about poetry, passionate

about life.

And the poet as a lover and poetry his love. As we cannot, what love is so is poetry, we cannot, what poetry is. Poetry is poetry as you see it, we see it. Poetry is emotion and feeling, feeling and emotion; poetry is thought and idea, knowledge and wisdom.

Poetry is broad and encompassing, the range and dimension of it very vast, vast and vaster, all-inclusive, nothing exclusive, all-inclusive, not exclusive, including it all, excluding it not. Poetry multi-dimensional, multi-disciplinary; poetry multi-cultural. Poetry arts and humanities; poetry science, write you the poetry of science.

Poetry a news matter; poetry occasional, eventual, pertaining to events, happenings and incidents. Poetry as news, newspaper-clippings and cuttings with the news items, matters poetized.

In this of science and technology when man has reached the frontiers, the globe has shrunken into the palm of the man and we talking about the global village and its positioning on the world map, going from one village to another to do the bazaar work with the mobile hand phone set into the hands.

Even in the debris of the terrorist bombings, the world fraught with modern wars and horrors, discerning the fanatical mind-set and approach, think I development and novelty in thought and idea rather than sticking to one's old and dead customs and beliefs rather friction and fissure want we harmony and adjustment. If we cannot create, why to destroy the beautiful world made by God?

I find the refugee girl going, uncouth and clumsy just like the nomad, but like my daughter devastated by mindless bombings and mad fundamental provocations. Seeing her going, the refugee girl on the paths unknown and untaken so far, I lift her to my home to give shelter and refuge and here lies my affection, the affection of my heart.

Under the canopy of the war-torn, war-ravaged and ravished world, torn and dazed, devastated and destroyed, how to save humanism? But the refugee girl comes to my rescue rescuing in my emotional crisis as the gift, unknown gift from god the Almighty.

As write I the poetry, the poetry of joining hearts, not breaking hearts and my job is to stitch, not to break, to join not to break; the poetry of connection, connection and relation, mutual contact and relation. A joiner of hearts lie I here,

not a breaker, a breaker of hearts as join I, join I the heart, break I not.

Who am I, where am I, what my identity, where my home? , who to answer, reply the queries, who am I, what my name, where my home? , what my identity, what my name? , where to go finally, what the pathway end? , who to say to me, answer me back?

Poetry existential, poetry nihilistic; poetry questioning our existence, telling of our presence, sojourn, short stay; poetry of the vacuum, space and nothingness what lies it here, nothing, nothing, what hereafter.

Poetry poetry, poetry of faith and doubt, doubt questioning faith and faith in crisis, never-never logical and reasonable. Poetry poetry, what can it, what has it? With merely thinking, what can man do?

Poetry poetry, neither leftist nor rightist, communize it not with the red flags fluttering and embossed with the hammer, sickle and wheat sheaves, Reds marching, protesting, demonstrating, gheraoing, giving deputations agenda-wide for grabbing power, the power-crazy, power-hungry people. The rightists go you not to extremes in interpreting nationalism, pan-nationalism as you too are not good. As a man I am but a liberal.

Poetry political and the poet a politician, with bills and agenda, suppose a politician writes poetry or a man of literature turns into a politician. Poetry of movements, revolutions, rebellions, overthrows of power and establishments, bloodshed and violence I favour it not.

But if you ask me, what is more important, poetry or science, I shall say it science as the poets can just dream, dream and dream, can never materialize into reality, but the scientists do it with their brain-work.

Is poetry dying in the modern age? , I cannot say it, has poetry declined or not? But only one thing that I can say is this that the poets are readers, poets are writers, readership has definitely declined, who has time to read poetry in this age of the search for bread and butter?

The fanatics I can never bear with, the orthodox and the conservative people, those who strictly adhere to their faith and belief, the medieval men. There is nothing as that to give priority to masculine prowess. Men and women are all equal to me in my eyes. And fanaticism is but a type of madness and all those who fanatical are the mad-mad people. So, avoid them avert your gaze from.

A poet of reasoning faculty, logical thinking and reasonable approach am I, taking to logic and reasoning in confidence before I arrive at as because superstitions have wreaked havoc. An idolator, an iconoclast I am believing in iconography and iconoclasm, making and re-making, making and breaking and re-making to create.

The poems come to me as the train bogies tumbling down in their trail, scrambling for, covering a distance, the train, train coming, covering a distance, the train, train of thought and idea, imagery and dream and reflection it approaching the station, visible from a distance, chugging closer to, whistling and coming, gathering pace and covering the distance to reach the platform to halt.

What in karma, what in my dharma, I know it not, my karam-dharam, this the dharma-shankat, which feel I, brood over my wrongdoing, my good action, which but will go with me and my poetry of my karma and dharma and their calculation. What it is in my destiny, I shall have to bear, what it in my lot; what in my bhoga, suffering, as I sow so I reap.

O karmayogin, move on, move on, on the path of life! Your karma is your dharma, you go on doing your job, you go on, go on doing your karma, your dharma. Move on, move on, on the path of life, you are all alone, alone, all alone, O karmayogin! In your karma lies it your dharma. The poetry of karam-dharam. O activist, do you the action!

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Poetry? Who A Poet? (A Personal View) - - I

What is poetry? They said it, poetry is music, rhythm and beat of music, poetry is music, the rhyme and rhythm; poetry is music, lyrical thought. But said it not, words, poetry is words, poetry is also words, words, words, that make and unmake. Poetry is an arrangement of words and their alignment; poetry is a re-arrangement of words, so re-arrange you to make them meaningful.

Poetry is views and ideas, thoughts and opinions. Review them. Poetry is statements, so give you. Poetry is poetry as you think, as we think, they think. Poetry just carries our views and thoughts, words and ideas presented moodily.

Poetry is language and style, the way you present, take to. Poetry is in mannerism. You teach the manners of writing. You break the lines abruptly and present them. Break and say.

Poetry is thought and idea and presentation. Present them. Present you paper, read them what you have written and the poet a presenter, presenter of paper with the paper on poetry.

Poetry is emotion, your emotion for, poetry is passion, the passion of living, so live you, feel you the emotions, passions of life and living, the heartthrob.

Poetry is aroma, poetry is flair, flair for writing. Get tempted, tempted to writing, have the flair for, passion for writing. Flair for writing.

Poetry is poetry. Poetry is music, the music of life and the world, music of thought and idea, dream and sensation, colour and imagery.

Poetry is beats and vibes, jazz and cacophony. Beat in consonance with, beat you something as discordant and jarring and broken.

Poetry is images and pictures. Draw you the image. Poetry is pictures so take you the snaps, draw you the sketches, portraits and silhouettes. Take you the selfies. Selfies from the digicam. For your sake, for your pleasure, the pleasure of the self.

Poetry is colours, colours, the riot of colours, fast and faded; poetry is dreams, dreams, sweet dreams that see you, see we, see they. Poetry is dreams, dreams, the dreams of a dreamer.

Poetry, poetry, the types of poetry, tenors of it, poetry poetry, poetry and its

types. Poetry lyrical, musical, rhythmic, poetry beat and jazzy. Poetry, poetry, the poetry of life, life and the world. Poetry musical, lyrical; poetry rhythmic, incantatory.

Poetry philosophical, giving the philosophy of life, of life and the world. Poetry abstract and material. Poetry metaphysical, giving the metaphysical vision, of life and the world. Poetry material and cosmic, earthly and divine. Poetry spiritual, religious, transcendental, cosmic; poetry theological, allegorical; poetry poetry, the poetry of the aliens, the aliens with the UFOs intercepting, interrupting the people.

Poetry poetry, rhythmic and vibrational, full of beats, rhythms and cacophonies, vibrating, jarring and musical, sounding and resounding, sometimes dearer to, sometimes monotonous.

Poetry poetry, poetry of life and the world, the music of life and the world. Poetry poetry, material and mundane; earthly and terrestrial.

Poetry social, sociological, poetry economic, describing the economic history, poetry poetry, poetry psychological, psychological and penetrating, poetry geographical, telling of cartography and topography, poetry geographical, poetry material, financial, town and planning.

Poetry poetry, poetic, poetical, the art of poetry, the craft of, the art and craft of, writing and of poetry, the art and craft, the craft and art of poetry, poetry poetry, the poetry of poetic and writing, the history of poetry.

Poetry poetry, the love of poetry, the love of art and culture, art and culture and society, love of letters, letters, .love letters, writing the poetry of freedom, freedom and liberty, freedom, of freedom, freedom of speech and expression, where the mind is free and without fear and the swans taking the flights, the swans of imagination.

Poetry love, .love, old love, love letters, love letters, love letters, love of letters, letters, the letters, the letters of heart, loving and writing, loving and writing, writing and writing, writing and loving, writing and loving, taking to one's heart and soul, the letters of heart, letters of soul.

Poetry poetry, poetry, the poetry of life and the world. Poetry poetry, poetry architectural, love of art and architecture, with plans and designs, columns and pillars, poetry poetry, poetry sculptural, full of sculptures depicted as myths and motifs, flowers in stones, carved and chiseled, the stone carvings and inscriptions

and terracotta plates.

Poetry poetry, getting poetical, going poetical, poet and poetry, poetry and poet and creativity, the sense of creativity, poetic sense and justice, poetic rule and canon. Poetry poetry, in being poetic, poetic and poetical; poetry poetry, the poetry of life and the world.

Poetry poetry, sensation, poetic sensation, feel you, sense you the sensation, the sensation, the sensation and its quiver, the fire and frenzy of it, the fire and fever of writing, putting, putting down the unputdownable.

Catch the fire, fire and fever of frenzy, catch, catch the fire, the fire and flame of writing, the fever, the fever and frenzy of madness, madness poetical, madness poetic and vision you from earth to heaven, heaven to earth, wherefrom comes the sun and go there where the sun is.

Poetry poetry, poetry is imagination, poetry poetry, poetry is thought and idea and reflection, reflect you, poetry poetry, poetry is dream and vision so vision you, taking the visionary glides. Poetry is poetry, vision and truth, truth and vision.

Poetry is poetry, poetry beauty, goodness, truth, what it is beautiful is but truth and truth goodness so poetry an embodiment of the all three, truth, beauty and goodness. But forget you not the ugly which but the other side of the picture in search of beauty.

Poetry our history, art and culture, history of art and culture, poetry history of history, art and culture, thought and tradition. Poetry our temperament and we poetic, poetic and poetical, poetry our mood and moodily take we the words in a mood to think and opine, review and reminisce, remember and brood over.

Poetry is a dream and dreamers are we, dreaming sweetly, seeing sweet dreams, sweet dreams as well as nightmares where the goblins, genii and ghosts keep frightening; poetry poetry, sweet dreams and nightmares, good and bad, bad and good dreams.

Poetry poetry, aquatic and marine-view, of the rivers, lakes, ponds, marshes and water bodies, the seas and dams and bridges, the marshes with the pink, white and blue lilies, the ponds with, the water herons fishing in the muddy pond all day long, in the marshy plot the white cow, the white lily and the white stork looking lovelier an image, a picture.

What Is Saraswati? She Is Bani-Archana, Shabda, Vocal Sound

What is Saraswati?
She is bani-archana,
Payer for sound, speech utterance,
Word,
Vocal sound, the outburst of
The plosive sound,
speech as sound breaking
From the lips.

On this auspicious day
Hold you the lime stick, my child
To write it on
The slate
To make a tryst with
The alphabet.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is That Makes You Post-Modern?

Modern not,
Nor modernist,
But post-modern.

What is that makes you
Post-modern?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is That You Are Thinking?

What is that you are thinking
Keeping the head on the hands,
What is that?

N.B.

In Bengali

Seta Ki Je Bhiboto Cche Je Tumi?

Seta ki je bhabito cche je tumi
Haather oper maatha rekhe,
Seta ki?

In Hindi

Wah Jo kyo Kya Soch Rahe Ho Tum?

Wah jo mkya soch rahe ho tum
Haath ke oper shir rakhkar,
Wah jo yya?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is The Cpi(M) , Everybody Knows It, The Wrongdoings Of It/ The Red Terror

What is the CPI(M) , everybody knows it,
I mean the wrongs of it,
How has it tortured people
In the name of party and politics,
How it has taken subscriptions,
How it has built party houses
In each locality
After acquiring vest lands,
How has it captured lands of others
To distribute among the poor
And to take the credit in its name,
How has it changed the mandate
After changing the ballot boxes
And threatening the voters
As for a backlash and a repercussion?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is This Mad Race Of The Mad-Mad Modern Man?

What is this mad-mad race for modernity and modernism,
Where will it lead to finally,
Rampant urbanization
And the loss of faith and belief?

I do not know why they are mad after the craze for fame,
Ego and hypocrisy?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is This Mamala Of Black And White, White And Black? Sabkucch Gadabad Lagata Hain

Black money keeps the black men
And white money the white men,
Whom we need it all,
The black and the white both,
During the election time
All saccha men I mean netas
Need them I mean the black money
And in course time too black money
Turns white
And white black.

What is this nonsense,
Black money, white money,
White money, black money?
The things are quite clear
The white people will white money
And the black black money.

But many who have no money
Are neither black nor white,
If you give them too much
They will have black money,
If less will be called white money.

What is this mamla of black money and white money?
Sabkucch gadabad lagata hain,
Black is white and white black,
If have not keep you
As the bundles lie they thrown out,
But complain you not against.

Turn you black into white,
White into black
Silently
Without lodging a complaint
Do you your work.

It is just a matter of colour,
Just colour them paper pieces,
Dye the hair brown
From turning white,
If dark complexion can be changed now-a-days.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Is Viveka? (Haiku)

Viveka is
Vidya and buddhi
To dispense with.

Vidya- -education, buddhi- wisdom

Bijay Kant Dubey

What It Disturbs Is This They Are Calling Themselves Poets And Critics Of Indian English Poetry

Rather than being poets and critics by others,
They themselves are calling
Poets and critics,
I mean their certificates
They themselves issuing.

The third class fellows, I mean, the most third class
People doing groupism,
Promoting each other
For to be a poet and a critic
Otherwise things are not
What they seem to be.

The big professors too are bogus fellows,
The duplicate,
If not today, I shall about it
Some other day
The stories of their professorship
And being Ph.D. guides.

Many poetasters and rhymers trying their best
To poets and critics
After editing little journals,
Making money
And name and fame as well,
Even if they are not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What It In The Padma Shri, Sahitya Akademi Award Or The Gnanpitha Felicitation?

What it in the Padma Shri
Or the Sahitya Akademi award
Or the Jnanpitha felicitaton
As these have craze for me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What It Is In Her? Try To Love Her, The Daughter Of A Fanatic

The daughter of a fanatic,
Have you thought of
As your love?

The daughter of a fanatic,
Have you chosen for
As your love?

A highly conservative girl
From a highly conservative society,
The daughter of a fanatic.

Her father may be,
But she is not,
But a liberal.

Try to love her and say it,
What it is in love,
The daughter of a fanatic?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What It Is In My Heart

What it is in my heart,
If ask you, I shall say it,
What it is in my heart,
I shall say to you.

It pains my heart for you,
How to express it,
How to say to you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What It Is In My Heart If Ask You, I Shall

What it is in my heart if ask you, I shall say to you,
Today what it is in my heart if ask you
I shall say to you,
How have I liked you,
How have I loved you,
Today what it is in my heart if ask you
I shall say to you,
How have I worshipped you,
Adored you?

How heavy and laden am I,
How the pains keep making me restless
You do not,
Do not know them,
How do I,
Do I love you
That I shall,
Shall say to you,
To you?

Today what it is in my heart if ask you, I shall say to you,
What it is in my heart,
If ask you
Shall say to you,
How have I waited for you restlessly,
How have I yearned for you,
How have the pains broken me,
How have I adored you
Just like a priest of the temple of love?

Today...if you ask me I shall say to you,
Say to you,
How have I worshipped,
Worshipped you
In the temple of love,
Just like a priestess
Adored I you,
Today if ask you I shall say to,
Say to you,

What it is in my heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What It Is In My Heart, I Want To Reveal It To You

What it is in my heart, I want to reveal it to you
And for you sing I songs sadly
And for you dream I.

What it is in my heart, I want to reveal it to you,
How do I love you,
How aches it the heart and the pain tears me apart
And how do I feel restless?

Your happiness my happiness, your sadness mine
And see I sadly and happily
Singing the songs of life
In many a mood of mine.

My love, you know them not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What It Is In My Heart, I Want To Say To You

What it is in my heart, I want to say to you
What it is in my heart,
Will you come and sit by to listen to me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What It Is In My Heart, I Will, O The Pain Of My Heart!

What it is in my heart,
I will
What it is in my heart
If ask you,
Ask you about
The hurts and wounds,
Hurts and wounds,
Making remembered of
Pains and aches,
Pitfalls and stumbles upon
Met in love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What It Is In My Heart, If You Ask I Shall Tell You

What it is in my heart, if you ask, I shall tell you,
What it is in my heart,
If you ask I shall tell you,
How have I adored you,
How have I come to worship you,
What it is in my heart if you ask I shall tell you!

I am really touched and emotional, if you ask
I shall tell, tell you
What it is in my heart,
What has it happened to me!
All about the heartburn, the heartbreak and the heartbeat,
The forlorn and the depressed moods of mine.

The evening is heavy upon and is descending
And the wounds of love fresh in me,
Yea, I shall, shall say to you
What it is in my heart,
All about the bleeding wounds,
The dressing and nursing of it,
Its balm and consolation.

How did I console my broken self,
Took to calm resignation
Accepting the ordeals of fate and destiny
What it was allotted to me,
How, how did I console myself,
I and my love love only know it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What It Is In My Karma, Dharma? (My Unseen I'M Feeling) / My Suffering

What is in my karma, who can but say it,
What in my dharma,
If there is something as action, previous or fate
Which but I do not,
But there is something as to be for suffering sake
And it is but one's action,
Previous or present,
Believe you or not,
A you sow so you reap.

Sometimes one takes to believing
After seeing his bad sons
And their actions,
Unmindful of fatherly word and care,
Showing of disrespect
And their intolerable disobedience.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What It Is My Heart, If Enquire You About, I Shall

What it is in my heart,
If ask you,
Shall tell you
What it is in my heart
If ask you,
I shall tell you,
Hiding you from the world,
I seeing the picture of yours
Into the pains of mine
I heaving for a sigh.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What It Passes Over My Heart, None But I Myself Know It

What it passes over my heart,
None but I myself can feel it
How the pains of love,
How the sorrow and sadness of it,
The pang and pine
And yearning of it
What it passes over my heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What It The Will Of Bhagabati, What To Say It?

What it the Will of Bhagabati,
What to say it,
How She wills,
What the desire of Hers?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What My Beginning, What My End?

What my beginning, what my end,
Am I beginningless,
Am I endless?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Poet Am I? Local, Provincial Or National, Say You?

You called me a poet,
But poet am I,
Say you,
Local, provincial or national
Or international?

If local, the local people
Call it not
As have a coterie of their own,
If provincial,
The state academy has its own
Poet officials,
Office-bearers, members or recipients,
If national, who is take me there
From the provincial level?

So let it be,
I a poet of my own right,
Self-styled and self-published.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Poetry Is It? Indo-Anglican Or Indo-Anglian?

What poetry is it,
Indo-Anglican or Indo-Anglian,
Indo-English or
indian English
Or Indian poetry in English
Or Anglo-Indian
Or Indic poetry,
What is it,
Say you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Should I Call Her?

What should I, should I call her,
Suryamukhi or Chandramukhi,
Helianthus or Chrysanthemum,
Sun-faced or Moon-faced,
You say it to me
After seeing her?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Sort Of Judges Are They Who Consider Blasphemy As Punishable With Death?

What sort of judges are they who consider blasphemy
Punishable with death,
Those who do blasphemy
Are the reasonable sons of God?

Is to question is to be blasphemous
And if this be so, this is just religious blindness
And madness
And nothing more?

God is neither yours nor mine,
God will never come whenever call you,
God has a plan and scheme of own,
But we the men are boastful of.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Sort Of Poetry Is It?

What sort of poetry is it,
One small poet praises another,
Contemporary Indian poetry
Whose base is in
The exchange of mutual admiration?

I calling you great,
You calling me great
And we are all the great men of India,
But greatness is not in the ego of the personality,
It is in being polite and mannered,
It is in simplicity,
It is in goodness and nobility,
It is in innocence and ignorance,
Who knows what unassessed is it
In the wild blossoms?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What The Communist Party Of India (Marxist) Is, God Knows That

What the communist Party of India(Marxist) is,
None but the High-up One,
God knows it,
How has it kept the press and the media censured,
How has it threatened in the past,
Terrorized people,
Orchestrated booth-rigging and ballot-snatching
At gun-point
And the people keeping inside,
Fearing to cast their votes,
Placing their below the standard men
In power, post and placement
Politically and administratively,
Sending the cadres and comrades to keep the areas
Under the command of,
Showing muscle power, fire power
And have I seen,
How the unnamed Congress men
Together with other rights
Have borne they anonymously
Whose sacrifices greater than those sit on chair!

My God, their hidden strategy and agenda
Only the whispering spies and detectives can
Detect it,
Oh, the doubting Thomas's,
Suspicious mind is always guilty,
The plotting and planning communists,
Hatching a plot to overthrow,
For a bloody coup and movement,
A revolution yet to be sparked
And to keep the nation burning into the flames
To sit on power!

Bijay Kant Dubey

What To Say About Which I Saw Not? What To About Mother Kali?

A dark-complexioned goddess,
you just see her,
keep not asking,
how the face of hers,
how the movement, how the wisdom
of hers,
you pause by and stop
just to get a glimpse
of her face,
how the mother is,
how does she look like?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Was I?

What was I
When
I was not
In the world?

What,
What was I
When
I was not?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Will It Remain Here? Just The Hari Name, The Name Of Hari

What will it remain here,
Sometimes think I,
Perhaps nothing will remain
Barring the name of Hari,
The Hari-name that recite you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Will Laluwa Say? The Dehati People Of Bihar? The Jokers Of Indian Democracy

What will Laluwa say,
The altoo and faltu people
As politicians,
The rustic leaders of Bihar?

Laluwa-Bhluwa all leaders in Bihar,
The contryside people
Those who do not know how to talk, how to sit
And how to behave with others?

All those rustics and clowns
The makers of Bihar,
The fate and destiny of it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Will You Get Torturing Spies? I Do Not Like Pakistan And India's Policies, Why Not To Free Those Prisoners?

Often do I hear that
The spies and detectives lie in
Languishing
In Indian and Pakistani jails,
Pakistan's in India,
India's in Pakistan?

But mind it
They had been for a cause,
Had been on assignment,
They did not go,
We sent them,
So, in the changed situations,
Why to torture them
After keeping in jails?

I do not know,
What do they want,
I mean the policy makers,
Why can't they take a humanitarian view,
A liberal outlook
To handle a long-pending issue?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What Would It Have Happened To Mrinalini, Aurobindo, Think You?

What would it have passed over,
Happened to
Mrinalini
Whom married you in 1904
To be a sadhu,
Yogi,
Fakira,
Aurobindo,
How could you siddhi
Deserting her,
Letting her die
In 1918.

If had to be a yogi,
Why did you,
Did you marry her,
Maharshi,
If had to be
A yogi,
Sadhu,
Fakira,
An ashramite,
Could you siddhi
Relinquishing her?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Whatever Call I, They Will Remain That

I do not know

What am I

Modn, modnistic or post-modn?

My grandfather and grandmother had not been,

My father and mother

Turned them into daddy and mummy

□

And now is she mum, mom,

I dad and pa.

□

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Whatever Say You General Raheel Sharif Of Pakistan Is A Good Man

Manners show the man,
Gestures and words prove it
Is the case with
General Raheel Sharif
Nominated by the Prime Minister
And appointed by the President
Of Pakistan,
A good man indeed,
There is no doubt in it
To say it,
But has compulsions
To work within,
What can he do to it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Whatever Say You, A Fanatic Fanatic, Cannot Change Ways

Whatever say you about,
A fanatic fanatic,
Cannot change his ways
Will remain unto the last
A fanatic fanatical,
Conservative and orthodox,
Hey, they will your liberty.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Whatever Say You, The Fanatics Will Fanatical Even Settle In The States

Whatever say you, the fanatics will remain
Fanatics,
The medievalists medievalists
Even though they settle in the States,
The rogue Asians and Arabs.

Bijay Kant Dubey

What's Your Name? What's? I Just Saw, Saw Her, Kept Seeing As I Could Not (My Indian English, A Poetrywallah's)

What's your name,
What's,
Asked she nasally,
Tonally,
What's,
What's your name,
Name please?

Hearing her
Stood I aghast,
Struck down,
My senses out
And I nervously answering,
I, I am,
My name, name is,
Poetrywallah
Using pidgin-English.

What's,
What's, I could not, mam,
You are asking me,
What is your name,
What, is, your name,
Meaning, my name,
Yes, yes, my name is,
Is...?

Bijay Kant Dubey

What's Your Name? , Said He, Mocchu Hindustani

What's your name,
Said he,
Mocchu Hindustani
Twirling the mustache,
Oiling it
And rounding a bamboo stick,
Oh, that villager,
A rustic man
Blunt and bogus fellow!

Mocchu Hindustani, Mocchu Hindustani
A jailbird or jailbreak
A dullard eats he the human brain
With his bogus propositions
As for how to keep the mustache
Twirling and blackly
And longer,
Masculine and chivalrous.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When None Is Around You, How To View It Loneliness?

When none is around you,
How to view it
Life and its loneliness
Which is but the helplessness of your life?

When none is around you,
How to view it life
When you are alone,
There is none to share feelings with you?

Such a time,
Such a time will also come into our life,
You just wait for,
Wait for that.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When A Blonde Says, I Love You, What It Happens?

When a blonde, a belle whispers into the ears,
The heart shakes it
The rhythm and tuning of
I love you,
Love you, love you
As the beat in return.

I have seen the brahmacharis
Losing control over celibacy
On seeing the beautiful damsels,
Whose beauty can shake the earth.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When A University Comes Up (Saw At Dumka, Hazaribag, Jharkhand; Felt The Vibes)

When a university comes up, I startle to see the nautanki
Of the local teachers
Wanting to be OSDs,
Officers on Special Duty,
Ready to do dual duties
Of the college as well as the varsity,
But the officers,
Though want they,
But without the official cars
Have to be satisfied with.

When the new academic or the Commissioner-in-charge V.C. comes
Or his name is broadcast over,
The opportunists like the horoscope-makers
Start locating his whereabouts,
Older memoirs, souvenirs and mementoes,
Where is he from,
Where did he read
And was posted,
Who the friends of his,
The supervisors or research scholars?

The oldies and the young start lobbying,
Some wanting to be Controller of Exams,
Someone the Finanece Officer,
Someone in wait for to be the Acting Registrar
As this too may satisfy the thirst for the moment
And someone lying in wait
To met the state ministry men
Through the local party men
Just to be the Pro-V.C. and the Registrar,
But all local college teachers.

Some trying to meet the P.A. of the V.C.,
Some the magistrate in charge temporarily,
Some the Registrar
As for to be officers,

Even OSDs without cars,
One ditching another,
One politicking lowly against another
As for to be officers somehow,
A few of the disgruntled
But they know it not
That their destiny too will turn it someday,
With the change in situation, time and circumstance.

On wanting to be a Proctor,
Another CCDC,
One Dean, Students' Welfare
Another Sports Officer,
All officers,
Officers officerly,
None without a portfolio,
All with the chairs,
Lobbying for
And getting too,
Those who do not
Sitting on the opposition benches
To lie in wait,
Wait, watch and see, my dear friends,
I am also like you.

Many without . after doing .
Turning into guides,
All heads,
University heads,
The local college teachers,
The small, small,
Commissioned not,
Non-comissioned and transferred heads,
Many distant area oldie teachers
Refusing to take the assignment,
But the youngsters happy to get that vacant headship,
Make money.

The office too not left without,
One who had not been sure of his posting
When came he,
Now calling himself otherwise,

Turning into the Assistant Registrar,
Holding a portfolio,
Sitting close to the V.C.,
The library peon or the clerk
Also the head of the library,
God knows, who is what head,
Who is whose head,
Man cannot,
Only God the Almighty,
Omniscient and Omnipresent
Who sees it all from there
Can say it all?

Bijay Kant Dubey

When As A Child I Saw The Lion Crossing The Road

It was a rare occasion to see the lion crossing the road
Near the hill
And the bus driver switched off
And again started it when the lion slowly crossed over
From this side of the road to that.

An Asiatic lion, brownish and grey
With the mane and the bulging eyes,
It was crossing slowly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When Came I Here

When came I, had nothing
And when shall I go, I shall be with nothing.

Nothing came I with and nothing shall I go with
And nothing there in my life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When Comes Yama

When Yama, the god of death comes
He with the call,
I shall have to go,
When comes he Yama,
The Messenger of Lord-God,
Yama, the god of death
Will come to take me away.

Said or unsaid will he come
Taking the warrant
To take the prisoner away,
The telegram delivered in haste
Seeking attention,
The god of death will come
To take the soul away.

I with tears into the eyes of mine
And the hands folded
Shall pray before,
Yama,
With my nilly-nilly
Seeking time,
But on the errand he is.

From the sick-bed I shall rise,
Light the candle
In my dark and desolate cottage
To be with Yama
In a huff,
With nothing to take,
Nothing to accompany me,
Bare-footed and empty-handed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When Dance I In The Streets To Be A Bollywood Hero, Clap And Whistle You

When break I free
For to be star,
Clap you,
Clap and whistle you
As want I to be as Bollywood hero
Dancing in the streets,
Breaking the limbs,
Hurling legs and hands,
Curving the hips and thighs,
A loafer I, a romp I,
A rambler.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When Grief Rains By T. Vasudeva Reddy

Which appeared in 1982,
Containing the poems,
Such as The Balmy Smile, Sweet Scar, To Love,
Dreams, The Spark of Being, Life is a Desert,
The Sparrow, Penance For Crow, The East,
My Own Shadow, Gray Hair, The Cross Road,
Patience, Potent Drop, Civilization, Futility,
When Grief Rains, A Pinch of Faith.

The Dying Wick, Thirsty Field, Transience,
The Mortal Flame, Endless Night, Quiet In The Grave,
Realization, In Memoriam, My Wish, But...,
The Wood Is Calm, The Lake At Night, Chaos In Cosmos,
Awakening, I See No Other Way, Wounded Sky Frowns,
Ashes, My Soul's Agony, The Last Journey,
The small-small pieces from,
Where the title poem signifies it all.

Reddy's poetry is grief-laden, it dribbling drop by drop,
Grief seems to be raining and wetting his lines,
A poet of despair, despondence and dejection,
Which none can reason it about,
Why is this grief,
Why is this pain,
Smearing his poetic statements and lines with,
Written as in memoriam
His pensive reflections and shadows of life?

When Grief Rains is the first poetic venture
With which he starts the poetic journey of his,
Whatever be the weightage of his presence,
Valuable or not,
I cannot say that,
Here I am taking up his poetry
As I have seen and gone through
With a willy-nilly of my own
As I see the Indian English poetry texts,
But do not know what to do with,
Nor can I prove with awards and prizes given to him?

Bijay Kant Dubey

When Had We Been Intolerant? Disharmonious? Say You

Harmony is the rhythm of our living,
The beat of our Sufi music,
A diya burning on the mazar of a Pir
And you explain it otherwise,
We can never be like the fanatics
And fundamentalists,
Those whose fathers are they will be,
Not us as we were never fanatical,
Just think you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When I Asked Her Husband's Name, Said She It Not

I asked her,
What's your name,
Again, said I to her,
What's your husband's name,
Said she not,
Just kept on seeing,
Answering it not?

Just like a pantomime artiste
Said she,
Hinting about,
Spelling it not
As it would be a sin
To take the name of her husband.

Showed the tattoo on the arm
Of her hand,
Blackly inscribed upon
Revealing the name
Of her husband,
Forbidden to take.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When I Grew Up, Admired I (Poems Which Influenced Me)

Admired I

On His Blindness by John Milton,

The Hollow Men by ,

The Little Black Boy by William Blake

For poetic inspiration

And I looked up to in utter admiration.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When I Kissed A Muslim Girl On tine's Day

When I kissed a Muslim girl
On tine's Day,
There was an uproar all around,
Saudi Arabia asked, why did you,
Syria asked, Libya asked,
Turkey, Egypt and Iraq,
Afghanistan and Pakistan,
Why did I a Muslim girl?

But never could hey take to,
Love is love,
Who loves not whom,
All for love,
Love a heart matter,
I liked so loved I
And impressed a kiss
On her cheeks.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When I Kissed You

When I kissed you,
There was glow in your eyes,
There was desire in your heart,
The light of the glow consuming me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When I Opened The Door At Midnight, I Found The Asthi-Kalasha Of My Mother Hanging By

When I opened the door of my house,
I found the asthi-kalasha of my mother
Hanging by a pole
Whom burnt I last night
Bu forgot I
As while asleep
That the tragedy befell me,
My mother,
I burnt her yesterday,
Yesterday evening, night-time
In my garden,
Behind the house
Into the open spaces
Following.

□

My mother died she before
Tragically
Bereaving me,
The mother who gave a suck
To me,
Reared and fostered me,
My mom,
She passed away all of a sudden
And as thus I lost my mother.

The pyre was made
And she was placed over
With the wooden logs,
Ghee sprinkled,
Kerosene used
with the neem logs
If available
As the green branches too
Burn it in the fire.

Before placing over the pyre,
I saw her bathe

With a pitcherful water,
Clothes tried to be changed
Just for the ritual sake,
Ghee smeared with
To be consigned to the flames
Feeding upon.

Mother burnt to ashes,
Ashes and embers
And logs and coals
As the remains lying,
O, my world devastated,
Devastated as thus,
Gathering strength
Collected I the navel burning,
Emitting a bluish light
Just like a diya!

Bijay Kant Dubey

When I Saw Her, Liked I So Much

When I saw her for the first time,
I liked her, I liked her so much
On my first meeting,
When I saw her, met her for the first time
I loved her, loved her so much.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When I Saw The Tigers Brought From Kathikund & Shikaripara Jungles

When a child, I saw the tigers brought from
the jungles of
Shikaripara and Kathikund

and one dark evening I saw a lion
crossing over the bituminous road
near Ghormara jungle

sometimes the roars and growls
of tigers
could be heard late into the night

as the cows getting shrunken,
yielding lesser milk
and the village folks whispering of.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When I See Beautiful Flowers, I Forget It That I Am A Poet

When I see the beautiful flowers blooming around,
I forget it that I am a poet
And what is it in my poetry to pride over,
The beautiful flowers fail the poems
Which compose I to boast of
My poetic greatness?

The roses, the marigolds, the dahlias, the poppies,
The chrysanthemums, the sunflowers,
The calendulas, the balsams,
The night-queens, the jasmines,
What can be more beautiful than theses
Which fail the fairies too?

Their fragrance and sweetness, beautifulness and loveliness,
Dreamy panorama and dazzling hue,
Bright colour and fancy of imagery,
God-gifted beauty,
Even my best poems cannot compete with
With their beauty and colour.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When I See Flowers To Compare And Contrast My Poems

When I see the flowers,
I feel it ashamed to call myself a poet
As flowers are more beautiful than my poems,
More and more colourful,
Dreamy, fanciful and imaginative than those of.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When I See The Flowers And The Simple Children

When I see the flowers, I feel shame in calling myself a poet,
When see I the beautifully looming flowers,
So radiant, so colourful and fast,
So sparkling and cackling.

When see I them hanging in the forest tracts,
On the pathways,
Gardening or of a wild variety
Or of the weeds and grasses.

You just see them with love, they will give you pleasure,
So fine, so fresh and fragrant,
Delighting to the core,
So finely poised.

Again, when see I the children in their full innocence
And ignorance of heart,
Strike they me
Without any guile,
I doubt my poetic abilities
In being a poet.

Now you say it to me,
Should I call myself a poet,
As the flowers and the children
More lovely than my poems?

Bijay Kant Dubey

When I See The Kite Circling Over, My Heart Leaps In Joy

Whenever I see the kite
Circling,
Circling and circling over
Into the skies
With the eyes on the ground,
My heart leaps up,
Leaps up in joy
To see a kite
Flying,
Flying over
Into the skies up above
With the eyes on the ground
Set onto.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When I See Vikram Seth, Tabish Khair, Amit Chaudhury & Others

When I see them and their poetic stance,
I think within,
What a fate have I got,
Just for being self-published,
Where do I lie?

Nissim Ezekiel when alive asked me to send
My poems to other journals
Instead of publishing in the Indian PEN,
Jayanta Mahapatra asked me to wait for
And read more in 1990 perhaps,
commented upon just in his post-cards
And Khushwant Singh too responded to similarly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When I See, You Come To Me As A Poem

When I see, you come to me as a poem,
All of a sudden i get remembered of
And the things star coming
When I see you, you come to me as a poem,
I reading and feeling,
I seeing you, sharing a talk
And smiling myself
When there is none.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When I Was A Schoolboy

When I was a schoolboy and when I used to walk over for my school
To the other fringe of the town,
A little bit away from all humdrum and din and bustle
Of the developing hilly town,
I used to see them and come across on the ways leading to.

Cutting along the main way, the side raw road used to diversify
And go towards the school way,
Cutting on the midway like a loop line
And adjoining the main way in the middle of the far off end.

The red soiled, raw road, made from plateau region rough soil
Used to cross over a garbage heap,
Where the municipality used to throw off, dislodge it all
And there from a part of the way used to turn to the garbage heap,
I used to come across many a thing happening therein.

I used to mark the scavenger women pushing the carts
Ay, the wheelbarrows
With the tin loads of human excreta
Being taken to, dragged and pulled over.

Under the hot summer days, under the hot and perspiring summer suns,
I used to see them, mark them,
The scavenger women, the newly wed and the middle-aged and the widows,
Pulling the cartloads and taking away slowly.

The flies buzzing around, the dark green cholera flies
And it would smell very foul, very foul,
And what to say to you,
How to share with you?

During those days, the sanitary latrines had not been in a plenty,
Just the pits people used to be with
And they used to clean the rotting excreta often
At intervals, coming for a routine check and taking away to dispose off,
The rotting and foul excreta.

Sometimes keeping at bay, they used to rest under the cool shade of the tree,

All those women and used to chew betel
To pass on to dispose and dispense it all that,
Ay, the scavenger women throwing off excreta.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When I Will Be No More In This World, You Will Feel It, Feel It, My Love

When I will be no more, you will come to feel it, my love,
Who was I, what did I do for you,
How do you order me and do I the work at your command,
You like an officer ordering and I doing your work,
You will feel it, feel it, someday, my love,
When I will be no more in this world?

□

For your love, struggled, suffered and sacrificed I my life,
For your love sacrificed my all
And ask you now, what have I for you,
What have I for you, my love,
I know it that you are in love with the other,
But how long will she be yours?

My love, when I will not be here in this world,
But your friends will come to see you,
To ask, how are you,
You will somehow take the food of yours
In the same unclean dish,
You will yourself make tea and take.

Let the day come when you will come to feel it, feel it
And realize,
How was my love like,
How if those who just came to do ta-ta, bye-bye,
Try to distinguish
What the difference in between her love and my love?

My love you will in the old age and will weep remembering me,
My love, what I did for you,
You will take my name and weep,
Once gone, shall not come again,
You just try to feel it, feel it now
When the time is in your hands.

The husband posing as if he were dead with the motionless tongue
Out of the lips and with closed eyes,

Motionless and still
And marking how the wife acts,
The wife trying to awake
And he giving the pose of being dead.

With tears in the eyes, she tries to test the acting hero,
Testing the love of his wife,
Whether artificial or natural,
Whether she weeps or not,
But the smiles beaming
And he unable to hold himself in check.

Part II

And now I feeling the load of the house, of being alone
After the death of my wife,
Unable to wash my dish,
Unable to make tea,
But am doing all that,
Here is none to look after me.

My love, where are you,
When had you been, I could not feel it,
When had you been,
Now how alone have I become,
How sad and lonely
After your going!

When you used to be away, I used to feel it then
But not for permanently,
When you used to ill and sick,
I used to feel it,
But now I am feeling it.

Now feel I the heavens breaking upon
And I crushed under,
Into the debris,
The wreckage of my imagery
And such a phase of life,
How to ignore that!

Who to help me, I an old man walking with the stick

Keeping the pouch to my close
On which the eyes of many,
Yet to be partitioned
Among the conflicting siblings,
The bone of contention,
All working upon doubt and suspense,
There lies my pass-book and my bank-account
Like the earthed pitcher with silver coins.
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

When One Turns Into A University Teacher, One Starts Bluffings

I have seen it personally
And have felt it,
After the opening of a new varsity
And the local college teachers shifting to,
Even the . turning into guides,
Those who could not teach well also
Turned into the guides of . not,
But .,
Those who had to be colleges
Turned they into university men,
Lecturers, readers and professors,
Professors too commissioned not,
Non-commissioned ones,
Even demonstrators turned into guides
After their Ph.D. and promotion.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When She Gave A Violet Bloom To Me, My Pastoral Love

When she gave me a violet blossom, my pastoral love,
A rustic girl
From a mud-house,
I could not my think of the limits of my joy,
A blessing from time indeed,
A shepherd girl
With the lambs coming to gift me a flower,
My joy knew no bounds.

Unassessed love, rare and priceless,
so simple, so innocent, pure and guileless.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When Smoked I For The First Time, Thought I Myself A Hero Smoking, A Cine Star

When smoked I the cigar for the first time,
Thought I myself a hero
Taking a cigarette,
Buying it and lighting it
And smoking,
Held in between the fingers,
Smokes trailing,
The embers burning,
The ashes falling
Or shaken off,
The cigarette on the lips,
Smokes coming out of the nose
And the lips,
When took I for the first time
The cigarette,
Thought I myself as hero in making.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When The Big Krait Fell Down In The Room At Dumka

When the big Krait fell down in the room,
Coal tar black and glazy enough
The snake was,
Black and beautiful
Mixing with the dark dead night,
My mother and brother sleeping on the floor,
but awoke she
As if held by the memory of the dead father
Or some sleeplessness
All of a sudden to see a deadly Krait
Crawling and licking at the corner of the tiled house.

A Ghorkrait, an old and big Krait was it,
A snake so black and beautiful,
But deadly and fatal,
I still remember the night
And shudder at remembering it,
The night of the Krait.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When The Cpi(M) Had Been In Power In Bengal

When the CPI(M) Party had been power in Bengal,
It tried its utmost best to demolish
The constitutional structure
Of Indian democracy,
Throttling the freedom of speech and expression,
Toning down people's liberty,
Sealing the lips,
Censuring the press,
Giving power to the proletariat
And leadership to the cringing bourgeois
And to student leadership,
Recruiting and regimenting the comrades
As cadres,
The sepoys and saviours of communism,
Doing politics at the grassroots level,
Eliminating the non-communists,
Organizing the the Local Committee, the Zonal Committee
And the District Committee
To keep a watch and vigil over
Through the spies.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When The Cpi(M) Had Been In Power In West Bengal

When the CPI(M) had been in power
In West Bengal,
Administration had been
In the hands of the organizations
Organizing at the grassroots level,
I mean the Local Committee, the zonal Committee
And the District committee secretaries and members
And the secretaries and presidents
Of the feeder unions
Of the mother organization.

Lips were sealed,
The freedom of the press censured,
The comrades used to hold their sways,
The cadres' words the last words,
Comrades and cadres wreaking havoc
To the rightist families,
Depriving them,
Torturing them mentally and physically.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When The Cpi(M) Was In Power

When the CPI(M) was in power,
It called not man
A man
And the leader was
Yes, Boss,
My Boss, your Boss,
Lapsing in proletariat dictatorship
And bourgeois hegemony.

To plot and plan,
To come out with a hidden strategy and agenda
To point out the non-communists
And to thrash them
Was their job.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When The Cpi(M) Was In Power In West Bengal

When the CPI(M) was in power in West Bengal,
There was but the reign of terror,
They used to terrorize
And keep the power with them
After harassing them,
Complicating and implicating them,
the local administration to the state secretariat
Used to help the machinery.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When The Indian English Poets Were Introduced For The First Time In Our Courses Of Studies (Modern Indian English Poets & Poetesses)

When the Indian English
Not the Indian poets in English
Were introduced
For the first time,
All of us were in awe
The readers and the teachers
As it vexed
Both of us
As there was no merit at all
In the modern poets and poetesses
Evolving, coming of age,
Taking times to grow,
The one or two collections published poets
Whose names none had heard,
The self-styled, self-published poets
Writing in isolation,
Wanting to be English authors,
Famous overnight
With their slender anthologies,
Facing no competition
In the virgin field of literature
And whose books
Not available in the market,
Almost out of speak
Those in poor print and publication
Looking like not books,
But booklets
And that too not,
A bunch of ordinary, weaker verses
Written in imitation of,
Derivative, copious and borrowed from
Just to be English poets,
English poets and poetesses of India.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When The Nobel Prize For Literature For 2016 Was Announced

It struck Bob Dylan
And he could not say
In acceptance
Or in negation of,
What should he do,
A song-writer
Did he deserve that,
Did the songs come
In the song category
He thought about

And for this he kept mum,
Maintaining silence,
What should he,
Should he take or decline it
He thought within,
A singer he,
A musician,
A guitarist he
Setting songs to music,
A singer he
Singing and playing?

What does a poet do,
What does a singer,
Is poetry songs,
Is song poetry? ,
He ruminated over
And opined to reach at,
Finally turning not up,
But sending to represent him
With a letter to be read.

Some thought him to be arrogant
But was not,
As he lay thinking
Why was it not

To song-writers previously,
Why the decision so late
In concluding
If song was poetry,
Why could they not earlier?

Bijay Kant Dubey

When The Palmist Said, You Will Have Two Wives

When seeing the other men showing
Their hands to him,
I too poked in
With my hand outstretched
And it was my turn to hear him
Smilingly
And with fear
When said he about the tragedies and accidents,
Bad omens,
Smiled I
When said he about the lines
Of having two wives
But hesitated I in keeping,
I mean introducing to the public
At the same time
Or say feared I
In thinking about the quarrels ensuing
In between two wives,
My dropping passion
Got a boost up
When asked he to do karma
And warned me of friends
And their company
And the wasting of time.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When There Was The Cpi(M) Party In West Bengal, People Were Unable To Speak

When there was the CPI(M) Party in West Bengal,
There was Red terror all around,
The lips were sealed,
The voices choked
At the gun-point,
The drunkards, goons and anti-socials
As party members
Used to threat and frighten
And in the Party Offices,
The rightists used to be called
To be dispensed with,
Fined and boycotted.

When there was the CPI(M) ,
Power was into the hands
Of the Party Men and the Party Office,
With the photos of Marx, Lenin, Stalin and Mao
On the walls of the rooms
And the houses too named
Lenin Building, Marx Building, Stalin Building
And Mao Building.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When They Would Have Viewed The First European White Lady

When they would have seen the first White lady
Landing in India,
How would they viewed in India,
The superstitious and medievalist folks
Reeling under the foreign invasion?

How would they have the foreigners,
The White girls
Walking freely
Without the purdah,
Handshaking and greeting shamelessly?

Bijay Kant Dubey

When Will My Dream Girl Come To?

When will,
When will my dream girl,
Dream girl
Come to,
The girl of my dreams
Whom see I
Only in my dreams,
My dream girl,
Dream girl?

See her,
See her but with love,
Forget her,
Forget her not,
My dream girl,
Dream girl,
See her,
See her but with love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When Will My Dream Girl Come To? The Girl Of My Dreams

When will the girl of my dreams come to,
My girl of dreams,
I am waiting for,
Waiting for her restlessly,
Can you, my friend,
When will she come to,
The girl of my dreams?

It is she who comes to me into
The sweet dreams of mine,
For whom keep I smiling
All but myself,
The flower of my imagination.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When Will She Come? (Dreaming Under The Gulmohar Blossoms) / Searching For A Gulmohar-Like Beauty

Under the red-red fiery gulmohar clusters of blossoms
Ruffling under the blazing heat and dust
Of May,
I dreamt of you,
I dreamt of you, my love,
Bringing you to my home
As my coy and shy mistress,
The bride in sixteen shringaras.

Under the red-red fiery clusters of gulmohar blossoms
Ruffling under the blazing heat and dust
Of May,
Stood I watching
The ornate and florid beauty and dazzling hue
Of the exquisitely beautiful blossoms
While passing by the way,
Paused a bit,
I kept dreaming with the love-letter
Into the hands of mine.
My love, where are you,
When will you come,
How long shall I go waiting for,
O my Gulmohar!

Bijay Kant Dubey

When Will The World Change?

I think the fanatics and fundamentalists
Will not let it change,
Bigots and zealots,
Conservatives and blindly faithfuls.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When Will You Come, My Love?

The moonlight is falling,
A fair and fine moon keeps it glistening,
The silvery white light is spread all around
And it is drizzling,
But you are not,
You are not, my love,
When, when will you come, my love?

I lie in waiting for you,
When you come to
And speak to me,
I just want to be with
As you are my life, my world,
A small world of affection and sympathy,
I love you my love,
How to think of a world without you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

When Will You Get Me Married?

In a society of strict guardianship, moralistic living and cultural hegemony,
I have seen the son quarelling with his father and mother
As when will they arrange the marriage.

Under the British education system, after their timely departure, under the
shadow of
He has done his Matriculation,
And after that H.S., I.A. or Pre-University
And now he is doing his B.A.

And in B.A., people marry it really, if not, the parents arrange the marriage
Through the match-makers or the relatives working as middle men
And if he marries not in time, when will he get the time of smiling,
When will he marry in the old age?

The people of the nation marry at a younger age, even before fourteen years of
age,
Why will he stay single,
A bachelor doing his bachelor's degree,
If he marries not in the final year, when will he?

So many fathers of the girls are coming regularly, asking for his hands
And they, I mean, his parents are not allowing
The marriage to come off easily,
Letting him not marry.

In the Matric class, they had promised of getting it arranged,
Again took it to Pre-University
And now even in his B.A.,
They are not thinking of his marriage.

The young, villagerly boy goes quarreling with
As to when will they get it arranged,
When will father go to see the girl for him
In a temple or the outskirts of the relative's village?

The boy cannot see the girl beforehand,
Will see just during the marriage night,
Who the stranger girl,

Remembering whether he had elsewhere?

Perhaps no, as because, who sees whom in the villages,
The distant, far-flung villages,
That is why, the boy asking his small sister to help and tell about
The would-be ride time and again.

Bijay Kant Dubey

When Will You Leave Miangiri, Hindugiri And Christiangiri To Be A Man?

When will you
Leave you
Your Miangiri,
Hindugiri,
Christiangiri
To be a man,
Nothing
But man?

Oh, to much
Muslimness,
Hinduness,
Christianness
So much painful,
Oh, painful!

Bijay Kant Dubey

When Will You Leave Your Miyangiri, When Will You Your Hindugiri, When Will You Your Christiangulari? W

My friend,
When will you leave your Miyangiri,
When will you your Hindugiri,
When will you your Christiangulari,
Say you?

When will a man be without giri?

The Giri suffix means- ness, ism

Bijay Kant Dubey

When Will You The Name Of Hari?

When will,
When will you take,
Take the name of Hari?
The world a world of maya,
Your maya, my maya
And the body will burn to ashes
And will it remain anything else here?

O, when will you take, take the name of Hari,
O, when, when will you,
When will you the name of Hari?
My song the song of sadhna and the sadhna my wish
After a few days' time, I shall not be, you will not be here,
As the body will burn to ashes
And it will not remain anything else here!

O, say you Hari, Hari
As the name of Hari and its recitation
Will give peace and quiet,
As the recitation of His name
Will peace!
O, when will you take the name of Hari,
Hari, Hari, Hari,
Om shantih shantih shantih!

It is not that one turns into a sadhaka in a day,
You go on taking His name,
The name of Hari,
Hari, Hari, Hari
And you will get peace,
You will get the peace of your mind and soul,
Of your heart.

Hari, Hari,
Hari Om, Hari Om, Hari, Hari,
And you Hari, Hari you
And the world see you
Hari, Hari!
How much sadhna does it require in

That the body is seasoned in the rhythm of Hari, Hari,
In your words, speeches and tongue!

Bijay Kant Dubey

When You Are Disturbed, Meditate You, When You Are Disturbed, Contemplate You

When you are disturbed, meditate you,
When you are disturbed, contemplate you,
But let you be not
As those will keep you disturbing
And you getting disturbed
If mind you,
Keep you yourself free from
The stress and strain of life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Whenever See I You Standing As The Heartthrob Of Mine

Whenever see I you, standing before,
Suffer I a heart attack
And if this can be as such,
How to bear the brunt of
So many heart attacks

And it fluctuates and pulsates it abnormmally
The sick and ailing heart of mine
After seeing you accidentally,
Turning into the heartthrob of mine,
Taking the sleeps away from me.

Should I ask you, will; you not mind me,
Do you love me,
Say, say you,
Do you, do you love me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Am I Now? / Displacement/ Far From

Where had I been,
Where have I come to
From where the return journey not possible?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Are These Bihari Men Going? Turbaned & Dhoti And Kurta, Clumsily Dressed & With A Gamccha Over Shoulders

When asked I,
Said they,
They are going to the assembly,
The parliament house.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Are They Speeding To Go, I Don'T Know It?

Why are they speeding,
Going in full speed,
Stopping not
On the highway
With so many lanes?

All in full speed, top gear,
Speeding at a frightening speed,
None can dare halt them
Except the traffic signals
Turning red, green and yellow.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Are They?

There was a time
When I used to live with
My father,
My mother,
My brother,
My sister.
But where are they,
Where have they
Gone away,
Where the tiled house,
Where the cottage
Under the bel tree,
Where, where?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Are You Smiling, O Old Man? (A Tribute To The Father Of The Nation)

Where are you smiling toothlessly,
So simply, sinlessly
Without anything in your heart
So plainly,
Where you, Gandhi?

Frail in appearance, simple in bearing,
Clad in a dhoti and kurta
And with a lathi,
Where are you striding, Gandhi?

The specs old and round
And you looking through,
Having the visions of rebuilding, reconstructing,
Having the visions of life and the world.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Are You, Radha? (How To Live Without You?)

Where are you, Radha,
You are my life,
The breath of my life?

You are my own, Radha,
There is none
Except you, Radha.

Radha, Radha, Radha,
You are my own, Radha
And Radha calling Krishna, Krishna, Krishna.

How to live without you, Radha,
How to live without, Radha,
You are my life, Radha?

Krishna calling Radha, radha, Radha
And Radha giving an ear to the call of,
The tuning of the murali, one hole perforated flute of Krishna.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Art Thou, O My God!

III

Where art Thou, O my God!
I search Thee, I search Thee
From times immemorial.
This is my eternal quest
But I find Thee not.
Where art Thou not
In this garish gloom?
It is Thou art everywhere
In the temple, the church and the mosque.
(From The Ferryman)

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Do Go The Rain Waters Rushing Forth?

Where do,
Where do the rain waters
Go
Rushing,
Rushing down to?

The rain waters
Splattering,
Splattering and splashing
The streets
And lanes
And rushing down,
Rushing down?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Do You Keep Standing And Waiting?

Where are you my love
Singing the songs of love,
Where are you my love
Humming and whistling?

Your song the song of heart,
Your song the song of love,
But never, never be sad.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Does The Son Go To? (Mark It)

Where does your son go to?
Maybe he smoking ganja,
Maybe taking he drugs,
Maybe at the ale-house!

Have you marked it,
Your son,
Where does he go to?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Had I Been When I Was Not In This World?

Where had I been when I was not in this world of the sun and stars,
Where was I when I was not,
You tell me,
Can anybody tell?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Had I Been, When Thou Hadst Been Not?

Where had I been, when Thou had been not,
Where had I been,
When Thou had been not,
Thou tell men
Tell me, my Lord?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Have I Come To?

Where had I been,
But where have I come to,
Shal I be able to return back
And even if return I years after,
What will it remian mine?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Have They Brought You To?

Where had you to be
And they brought to the brothel,
Separating from,
Luring with offers.

Was this the life
You aspired to be with,
Was this the expectation of yours,
Had you least thought of it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Is Art? (Haiku)

Rather than calling yourself
Talented with the steaks of genius,
Try to see it in others.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Is Beauty, In The Flowers Or In The Maidens Strange?

Where is beauty, whether in flowers
Of maidens exquisitely beautiful,
Meeting strangely,
Where is it?

When praise I the flowers,
Held in by their exquisite beauty,
I think it,
There is nothing like that,
So natural and lovely,
So fresh and fine.

But when find I the maidens
Standing before,
So beautiful to see,
Bowling me out
At the first glance,
I find myself at an awkward position.

Now have I come to the conclusion,
The maidens too can be like flowers,
A few of them fail the flowers
And a few flowers too fail the maidens.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Is Black Money Required?

For marrying off the daughter
And the son's education,
For foreign tours and travels
Where money is but one's friend,
For medical treatment,
Opening an enterprise.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Is Brindaban, I Won't Let You Go?

Brindaban, where that Brindaban, which search you,
Search I, the eternal abode of Krishna,
As he swings not under the kadamba tree with Radha as his consort,
But in sending you, feel the pains of being
Into the hands of the brokers and middle men,
Brokering the bliss and deliverance.

The context is one of the old, abandoned, hopeless, helpless and hopeless woman

Sitting before the ashrama doorway
And I thinking within,
Should I salute her or the deity inside, of Bhagabati,
Just like the Kabirite dilemma,
The teacher and God standing before and whom to bow before
And God telling about the teacher to be touched?

Again, my memory taking me back to my early days,
When I sucked the breast of my child widow aunt
Who turned a widow just at the age of nine,
Who reared and fostered me as her own son;
The pains of Yasoda I can feel them,
Of nursing and making one grow up.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Is Justice?

Justice is not justice
But a rule book of crime and punishment
And that who is guilty,
At fault
Whether penitent or not,
Who can ever say it?

Those whom we call or think to be
Are not so
As because hate the sin, not the sinner,
who with the religious text
Into the hands of his
Refusing to admit it.

Would not have been so,
Had his parents given time to
Instead of their business,
Would not have been so
As got he misled,
The bad company too spoilt him.

Now who call themselves the patrons of religion,
The keepers of the rule and maintainers of law
Are not the righteous men
But the business men
Who are to make money and go away
As the jails are not jails,
Should have been correctional homes instead.

Justice has turned into a business
And they the contractors of it,
The police the bosses of criminals,
The loose guardians supportive of
And catching for show
And the lawyers the dealers,
Bargainers of crime and punishment
Stuck into paraphernalia,
Rules and regulations bound in files
And justice delaying for fees and establishment.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Is Khushwant Singh Taking Tadaka And Tandoori At A Dhaba? (A Mermoire)

Where is Khushwant Singh
Taking tadaka and tandoori
At some roadside dhaba,
Tadaka, munga pulse unhusked
And fat handmade bread
But oiled and fried and sauced.
And with salad?

Where is he taking tadaka and tandoori
And gossiping about
Girls, love, sex and marriage
And jokes,
Unbridled jokes too,
Boxing below the belly
And bursting into a laughter?

Taking it all with salad, chutney, sauce
Spices and pickle,
Kucch khattei-kucch mitthei,
Something sweet, something sour
As do the memories remain they in the end
With jelly and jam too sometimes.

An old man, so much aged and ageing,
The grand old man
Used to talk of daru
Deshi and videshi both
Beer, brandy, whiskey,
Rum, vodka, champagne
And the joys of wining and dining
To colour and paint his moods at eves.

Sometimes prescribing lassie,
Water melon and cucumber,
Earthen pitcher-kept water
To beat the heat,

The heat of the day felt during summer
Intense and hot and perspiring.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Is My Global Village?

In this world of
Technological advancement and information technology,
You can see
Where my global village is,
My global village lies it here,
See you the positioning of it
On the world map.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Is My Home?

Where is my home,
Think I sometimes deeply about,
Where is it
On this green planet?

My home is where I am,
In the beginning had I been attached to,
But not now
As it has shifted to and has changed drastically.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Is Mythical And Golden Brindaban, Old Mother? You Go Not There, Who Will See You In Your Old Age?

Where is Brindabana, Krishna's Brindabana,
Golden and mythical,
Of the ancient times,
As Lord Krishna swings He not
Under the kadamba tree,
Near the Yamuna river?

Old mother, you go not there,
Who will see you in your old age?
Krishna is not there swinging with Radha
Under the kadamba tree by the banks of the Yamuna.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Is Talent? (My Suffering)

Even after writing for a long time
Spanning over some thirty years of creativity,
They even fail to recognize me,
Though they know me
But behave in such a way
That know me not.

This is India, here everything is possible,
Nothing not impossible,
Talent and genius can be crushed,
Left to die in harness,
Merit panels can be altered
And non-empanelled can be made panelled.

I do not know who is a poet, who a critic
But their politics very harmful no doubt
And I have suffered for them
Had I not carried it for so long.
Since 1986, I have been reading and writing for
From dawn to dusk
Without giving long-term breaks.

I doubt, do the genuine get the rewards?
Perhaps no is the answer.
India is of reservation, opprtunism and nepotism,
Sycophancy and hypocrisy,
Unauthorized access and approach,
Backing and bungling,
Chain and channel, connect and link.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Is The Inn?

When the day closes up and it darkens around
With the thud and footfall
Of the night-time,
The bats beginning to fly,
Crowing and hanging downwards
From the branches of the trees,
I drop the pilgrimage
To take refuge in
From the dark nightfall,
My friend, you just tell,
Where lies it the Inn
To discharge the fatigue,
To get relief from travel sore,
You just tell me
Where the Inn is
So that I can spend
The night peacefully,
But a traveller, a pilgrim I,
I have the fears of my own,
Which but a wayfarer can know it well.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Is Your Kalidasa House? Where The Orwell House In Bihar?

Where is your Kalidasa House
That your talking about
On Shakespeare's birthday,
Where Orwell House
In Champaran Bihar?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Lie You Sad & Morose?

Where lie you sad, morose and broken,
Silently wailing,
Secretly sharing with the flowers,
Mark it,
Betraying you, I can never be happy, my love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where My Mom, Where My Dad, All Lying Dead?

Where my mom,
Where my dad,
All lying dead and forgotten,
As lie I here
Momless,
Dadless?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Shall I Go Away One Day?

Where shall I go away
One day,
Can you say it?

Where my homestead, where my destination?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Shall I Go Away Some Day? Shall I Not Come Back?

Where shall I go away one day,
You say it to me?
Where shall I go away one day?
Shall I not come back to?
Shall I not?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Sorrow Saddens Me, Grief Ruffles And Baffles Me

Where sorrow saddens me,
Grief overshadows me,
Ruffles and baffles
The mind,
I turn to Thee,
Turn to Thee
As for consolation,
Relief from pain.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where That Classical Scholarship, Where That Classical Scholar?

Where that classical scholarship, where that classical scholar,
Medieval, scholastic and pedantic,
A golden era gone by?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where The Old Man At The Spinning The Handloom? Where Is He Striding Along?

Where is the old man spinning the handloom wheel,
Where he striding along with a lathi,
Where the old man named Mohandas Karamchand Gansdhi,
The Father of the Nation?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where The Tower Of Silence? The Doongar Vari, The Cheel Ghar?

Where the Tower of Silence
On which
The Parsis
Expose their dead
And the kites,
The hawks
And the vultures
Perched around,
Feasting upon,
The flesh-eating
Birds of prey?

Up above erected the Tower of Silence
With the dead
Placed over
The structure
And the birds
Of prey
Feasting upon,
Cleansing
The flesh,
Where,
O, where the Tower
And the birds?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where There Is

Wherever there is torture and injustice, we should oppose it,
Wherever there is cruelty,
Wherever there is suppression and repression,
Come, let us oppose it,
Be that any sort of medievalism, barbaric killing,
Terrorist bombardment or illogical thinking.
Mind it your sins will let you off whatever be your explanation,
Your crimes, vices and sins
With their trail will not let you off,
You bloody sword time will smash it
With a single blow.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where There Is Torture And Injustice

Wherever there is torture and injustice, we should oppose it,
Wherever there is cruelty,
Wherever there is suppression and repression,
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Your crimes, vices and sins
With their trail will not let you off,
You bloody sword time will smash it
With a single blow.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where There Is Voice For Peace, Think It That It Is Of Stephen Gill

Where there is a voice for peace,
A ceasefire
From the warfare,
Heavy bombardment and shelling
Taking a toll upon human lives
And the live stock,
Resulting into mass destruction and heavy casualties,
When human vengeance and anger range high,
Tensions gripping tightly,
Rightly at that time
Taking a lift in the time schedule
For as for a break
As for exploring possibilities,
The possibilities of peace
And its golden prospect,
Think it that it is of peace,
That it is for peace,
The advances made for peace,
In this direction,
The noble gestures made
By Stephen Gill,
A crusader for peace,
None but it is by the Indo-Canadian
Who at least spares time
Lifting out of his busy schedule
To think about the writhing humanity.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Was I Born? (A Sweet Remembrance)

Where was I born,
Where did I spend my childhood,
Where have I come to,
I just think about,
Where are they into whose company
Passed I my days,
Where,
Where are they,
Where have they gone away?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Was I When I Was Not?

Where was I
When I was not, God,
Where was I, my Father
When I was not?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Will Alcoholism Lead To I Just Think? Alcohols Life For The Alcoholics

Where is alcoholism leading to
I just think about
And regret it,
In search of pleasure,
Where are they going?

Can alcohols give pleasure,
Can it happiness,
Youths at a loss,
Jobless and unemployed,
None thinks about?

Alcohols life for alcoholics
And they consuming
Without bothering about consequences,
The revellers and ramblers
In search of pleasure.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where Will You Find Nature's Beauty In My Poetry?

Had my poems been balsams, it would have been wonderful,
Had they been balsams,
Had they been poppies,
Calendulas.

Had my poems been musk roses, dahlias or chrysanthemums,
Helianthus, marigolds or lilies!
O, had I been a sculptor, a gardener, a carpenter,
I would have my sculptures, flowers in wooden craftsmanship
And flowers displayed!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Where You, The Poet Of Orissa? (For Jayanta Mahapatra)

Where you, the poet of Orissa,
The Oriyas and the Orissan culture,
The rivers, hills, forests,
Sea coasts, lakes and temples?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Wherever Go You, Burquawalli/ Love For Burquawalli

Wherever go you, Burquawalli, I shall go following you,
You are my love,
You are heart, you are my soul,
I love you, love you, Burquawalli,
You are my image,
The girl as a model sitting before
In the studio of life.

You are my dream, my aspiration,
You are my love,
You are my heart, Burquawalli.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Whether Black Or White, I Want Someone To Love And Like

Whether black or white, I want,
Want someone to love and like me
Whether black-complexioned or fairly white,
I want someone
As my young and romantic mistress,
The girl with whom I can share the things of my heart,
Take to my imagination,
Love and loving.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Which One Is More Beautiful, Terracotta Plates Or My Verses?

When I see the terracotta plates
Made from baked clay
And polished red
Or seeming to be
With figures and figurines,
Sculptures
At war, in love, relationship,
Depicted as motifs,
Myths and mysteries
Born out of passion,
I think it within,
Can my poetry match these sculptures
So beautiful and fitted into
The lime clay and small brick made structures
Of heritage temples?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Which Way To Move On?

Which way to take to
If the ways are closed
To you
Which way to tread on
If the ways lead you nowhere?

Bijay Kant Dubey

While Bringing A Cup Of Tea, I Loved To Say To, But Hospitality Drew Me Back

While bringing a cup of tea and offering me,
Wanted I to hold her back and say,
I love you,
But repudiated not hospitality.

The girl was as such,
As such...
I yearned within to say to
But a guest I could not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

While Burning My Father On The River-Bed

Under the open skies,
With the moon shining over,
The stars twinkling up above,
I had been,
Had been burning my father
Near the hamlet
By the highland river
Which it dries all through
Barring the rainy days,
Waters gushing downwards,
Remaining for a few days.

First of all, they brought the body
On a makeshift green bamboo bier,
Placed it near the knee deep midstream,
Made him sit,
Oiled him,
Poured an earthen pitcher full of water,
Tore off the banyan
And made him wear
The new clothes as far possible
For the ritual sake
And was placed on the pyre.

The fire was lit
With the dead body over the wooden logs
And it started burning,
My father burnt to ashes
One by one
The limbs disappeared they
And it came to naught
And there remained it not anything else
To be called as that of father.
Just with the village folk
I saw him burning,
Smokes bellowing,
Fire flames feeding upon
And licking it all,
The cremators poking

The fire into a blaze,
Pouring in
Clarified butter and kerosene oil.
With fear and suspense,
Hearing the spooky tales
In that dark loneliness,
Away from human haunt and manless area,
I saw,
Saw him burning,
Finishing it all
And it remained not anything
To be called own.

Bijay Kant Dubey

While Crossing Over The Forest-Tract

While crossing over the forest-tract
With the road leading unto
The farm and the hamlets,
Human population so thin
And the area so secluded and solitary,
Away from din and bustle,
With the cluster of hills flung across,
Dense and deep,
Full of highlands and downlands,
The rivulet crossing over
The landscape
With a sweet musical murmur,
I after being captivated by
The mystery and silence
Of the woods
Think of passing the evening
Draped in silence,
Sitting in the lap of Nature,
The eve-time descending over
And taking the landscape
Into a lull,
But something,
Something within wants me
To be along with hastily
With my hurried steps drawing,
Asking to go.

Bijay Kant Dubey

While Feeling The Heat Of The Summer In The Country Of Mud-Homes

A country raked by hunger and poverty,

The crows crying,

The children half-fed, half-clothed

Into their mud houses

And the summer intense

Full of heat and dust,

The sun shining it hot,

No relief from perspiration.

Water, water, how to quench the thirst

For it, the pearly drops of water,

Water, water not only,

The scarcity of food too doing

The rounds into the littered,

Far flung Indian villages

Of the country

And in addition to the summer so intense!

Bijay Kant Dubey

While Going To Gidni Village, I Used To View The Used Santhal Girl

On her way to Gidni hamlet,
Going the tract
All alone,
Passing through the orchard plot,
I used to find her sitting
On a chunk of rock sometimes,
Ruminating over,
The used Santhal woman,
Tempted, lured and betrayed
In the name of love and money
By the bazaar.

Bijay Kant Dubey

While Passing Through The Road I Often Meet The Music Director

While passing through the road, I often come across the music directors,
I mean the panelist judges,
The court judges not, last benchers with night class . promoting themselves not,
But the music directors,
The judges for a musical contest,
Who in the beginning used to keep themselves reserved
For money-earning and prestige issue,
But now on marking the popularity of the small screen and live shows
They too aspiring to be judges,
To be in the public,
You just them,
How do they look, powdered or unpowdered?

□

Yes, what was I saying, about the judges, it came to, came to me,
While passing through the roadways, I often meet,
Meet them, I mean the music directors
With the wires plugged into the ears,
The ear-phones into,
The music is going on
And he rocking,
Wherever be he, on the motorcycle or the ground,
He listening to music
And is smiling like a half-mad man
And is absent-minded and lost
In his musical world.

In the ganjee and the jeans pants, I mean the tight-tight clothes,
With the dark sunglasses on the eyes,
The wires plugged into
And he listening to music
And smiling,
Sometimes gives lips to
As the judges do,
Hearing seriously and lightly,
Tapping the things,
Exclaiming and expressing,
The mind lifted to,

Hearing soulfully

But he is a loafer, an anti-social, a headless fellow
Just in the jeans and the ganjee,
With nothing in the mind
To think and brood over,
Just song, music and dance,
Eat, drink and be merry,
The vision of his life,
A burden on his father and mother,
Just laundering money,
Living meaninglessly,
Aimlessly
Like the noisy and meaningless musicians and singers,
Singing and dancing meaninglessly.

Eating in the father's hotel,
Doing adda there
With his loafer friends
Aping the loafer stars,
Not twinkle, twinkle stars,
But duplicate stars.

Eating in the father's hotel,
Rambles he on a rambler brand motorcycle
In a care-free mood,
Free of cost,
Running on petrol, not water
On white money, never black money,
Wasting father's hard-earned money.

Hearing the thrilling music, with the bands
Distinguished and different,
Imitating the foreign musicians and their tracks,
He shaking the body, nodding the head,
Going on the motorcycle,
Like a panelist judge, a music director
And who knows that he cannot be?

Going as a storm, nearer to be a tornado, but is not,
The hero in the sunglasses
And a cigar on the lips,

I mean the music director,
The disco jockey, the anchorman, the adman,
The desire of his to be,
Cherished for so long
As cinematography has taught and trained our boys and girls.
□

Bijay Kant Dubey

While Talking About Khushwant And Jayanta Before The Foreign Readers

I was taken aback
When I put my poem on Khushwant Singh
Before a foreign reader
Through a website,
She said that she would ask her mom
To explain the poem
Though it sounded well,
Another reader
While going through my poem
About Jayanta Mahapatra as an imagist,
He referred to Pound and Lawrence
Instead of Jayanta
Showing ignorance
Or he did not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

While Teaching Yoga In America Or Europe, You Clasp Not The Beauty Beauty

While teaching yoga in America or Europe,
O Indian yoga teacher,
You clasp not the beauty
Beautiful to look at,
Please try to resist temptation
At least for yoga's sake
And that is why,
The ancient famed yogis of India
Taught it not to others,
Did not a business out of it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

While Teaching Yoga, I Fell In Love With An American Beauty

Though had no intention of,
While teaching yoga,
Instructing
Fell I in love
With an American blonde,
Belle, beauty
Golden and glistening,
Her teeth fairly white,
The lips balsam-like,
The cheeks rosy,
The hair golden and creamy,
A lass so slim and fairly tall
With a nicer face-cutting
So lovely and cute.

Bijay Kant Dubey

While Unfurling The Flag On The Eve Of The 15th Of August, Celebrating The Independence Day Of India

While unfurling the flag of the 15th of August,
Saw I the freedom fighters fighting for,
Many being hanged for treason and nationalism
At the altar of the nation,
The British leaving the nation,
Indian achieving independence,
The country being partitioned,
The aftermath of the partition resulting
In the huge and heavy influx of the refugees
Shelterless, destitute and homeless,
The bloodbath of the innocent people
Shedded in the name of religion and communal frenzy
And in cold blood,
The soldiers killed in bad blood,
Guarding the borders
And the people living below the poverty
And what has it independence given to?

We are celebrating the independence day,
But there are still in the far flung country
Who do not know it
What it is happening in the towns and cities.

Bijay Kant Dubey

While Wandering In The Northeast, Assam, Sikkim, Arunachal, Meghalaya, Tripura, Nagaland, Manipur, Mizoram

while wandering
in the northeast,
Assam, Sikkim,
Manipur, Meghalaya,
Arunachal, Nagaland,
Mizoram
transgressed I
into Myanmar,
Bhutan, Tibet,
China, Mongolia,
Siberia and the lands
stretched and lying
far beyond.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Whiskey, Rum, Beer Or Vodka, What Do You Want?

Modern Life And Culture

Whiskey,
Rum,
Beer
Or vodka,
What,
What do you want,
Whiskey,
Rum,
Beer
Or vodka,
What, what do you
To taste?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Whitman's A Passage To India, Not Foster's

r's not,
Walt Whitman's A Passage To India
Telling of sails, voyages to Indic lands
Flavoured with Orientalism
Mythical and fabulous,
Exotic and impregnable
Which but the soul knows it,
Feels it
How far the land stretched is,
Which but the soul whispers
In prayers,
Transcending the barriers,
The ship sailing far
For inter-relationship of races,
Transcendental vision
And sharing of feeling!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Am I, Can You Say It?

Who am I,
Can you say?
What my name,
What my identity?
Where my home,
Can you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Am I, Who Am I? No Reply From The Joker

Who am I,
What my name,
Where my home?

On hearing it, the joker smiled he himself
To hear the absurd questions of life,
But instead taking it otherwise
Kept smoking a cigar then
In a don't care, don't mind
To release the tension of mind
With the puffs trailed out.

A joker am I,
Joker is my name
And to make you laugh my vision of life
To keep in good spirits,
No homestead, no hearth have I,
Just as a tramp keep
I loitering and overhearing
To respond in need.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Am I?

Who am I,
What my identity,
Where my home,
Who my own,
Where to go,
What the pathway,
You say it, my friend,
Everything but unknown and unseen,
The unknown path of life to travel?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Am I? (Latest)

Who am I,
What my name,
Where my home?

Who am I,
What my identity,
Where my home?

What my living,
What the pathway end,
Where to go?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Am I? , Have I Asked So Many Times

Who am I,
Am I? ,
Have I asked so many times
Without getting the answer,
Who,
Who am I?

You see me as far as I am,
I am here,
you will,
After that will be no more
Here,
Who,
Who am I to ask again?

When I will the eyes, everything will but
Come to an end,
I am, am
As far as the the sight goes
And when close I, there will,
Will be nothing to see and tell of.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Am I? , I Wanted To Ask Thee

I wanted to ask Thee,
But forgot I the questions
In marking the face of Thine,
Forgot I all my questions
Of my existence
Which came to not momentarily.

I just kept marking,
Marking and dreaming about,
Forgetting the questions existential,
Who am I, where from, who my own, where my house,
What the path it lies ahead, where the way leading to.

Blank stood I, lapsing into the spaces
Of the vacant vacuum and the bluish nothingness,
Reflecting over,
Thinking about something negatively
As grew I pensive and grief-laden,
Despondent and despaired.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Am I? , My God, Where Is My Home, Who To Tell Me?

Who am I? , my God,
Where my home? ,
Who to say, my God?

Repeated birth, repeated death,
How long will it keep costing
My life,
How long, how long, my God?

Am I forlorn,
Am I alone,
Am I an orphan?

The answer comes to naught,
There is none here to answer,
what it is man's life?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Among Us Is A Man Indeed?

It is really difficult to be a man,
A man in help of a man.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Are Judges? (The Last Benchers & Stenos Promoted)

Who are judges,
Who can be,
Do you know it?

The good men will not
Like to come
In between?

Those who like
To come into light,
Wanting to get
A cup of tea with respect
In other man houses
Will.

But judgement is
Not judgement,
But brokering
And buying of peace.

Only litigant people
Remain concerned with
Judgement.

The lawyer too is
A third class boy,
A last bencher,
A loafer
Now in a robe.

What will he plead,
He will just
Make a living,
Will try to learn
How to write English
And how to reason?

Who Are Secular? But The Pro-Muslims And Anti-Hindus? Not Even Modi Is Secular, I Accept It

Who are secular,
Is the talk of today,
The debate taking the rounds,
The discussion engaging,
But to me
The pro-Muslims and the anti-Hindus
Are never secular,
But pseudo-secularists?

I even not call Modi secular,
Had he been, he would not have
Flinched from the developmental agenda
Of the common men
Who had given him a mandate
Irrespective of all differences
And he could not keep their confidence.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Are Seculars In India? The Pro-Muslims, The Anti-Hindus And The Communists

The communists
Who could not change
And charter
The course of history
In Pakistan and Bangladesh,
The pro-Muslims and the anti-Hindus
As said by Taslima Nasrin
And as said it Salman Rushdie
Where the Muslims are in a majority,
Are they secular?

Why are Pakistan and Bangladesh
Not secular
As these are the parts of same India
And Nehru is not free from allegation,
Who perhaps the guilty man
Of the Partition
Barring frictionist Jinnah?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Are Those Dark Daughters, Jayanta? / Jayanta Mahapatra's Dark Daughters

Jayanta Mahapatra, who are those dark daughters
You tell of
At the end of Relationship
Asking them to tell
Their names and to reveal their identities?

Are they the poor and humble daughters of Orissa,
Labouring and toiling
Under heat and dust,
Are they the temple frescoes,
Sculptures and figurines,
Sevadasis, devadasis or nautch girls
Which decorate the temples
With a 'swagatam' (welcome) sign?

Who, who are they,
Are they the womankind itself?
Is she a nameless and tattooed woman
Unable to tell the name of her husband
Which will be a sin
To take the name of the lord?
Is she the missing person
Of your poem?
Is she a temple-builder unknown?
Who, who is she, Jayanta Mahapatra?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Are You, Mira Or Radha?

Who are you, Mira or Radha,
Radha or Mira,
Say you,
A Radha in love with Krishna
Or a Mira after?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Calls Bombay A Dream City?

Bombay is not what it had been in the past,
A small bristling town to a mega city,
The journey from,
But today everything sells there.

Bombay is not Bombay which it had been once,
A changed city is it,
Where the primitive cluster of villages
Dotting the island?

Where the real Bombayans, the Marathis, not the duplicate filmwallahs,
Copying music and cinematography from Hollywood
And telling it own,
Where that natural scenery by the sea?

They make you dream of the colourful city asking to come by train
And you go there to be dislodged,
All drunkards, drunk to full,
I mean the cinema men.

The playboys, the drama men, the theatre men,
The sons of simpletons calling themselves
Great heroes,
How can it be?

Taking daru, one calling oneself a big actor,
Loving and dumping girls,
Is this the Bombay that talk you,
Is this the Bombay that want to see you?

Bomabay is a city of the natakwallahs and the natak company men,
The drama men, the drama company, coloured men, just showing the dreams
To ruin and spoil someone,
Blackmailing easy emotions and feelings.

A life raked by wine-taking, extra-marital and live-in relationship,
what can be more filthy than this,
Say you?

Who Calls It That You Are Corrupt And Fallen? You Are Love, Love, My Love

Who calls it that you are corrupt and fallen?

You are Pure, pure, Miss Pure,

You are Miss Ignorant.

Those who call you characterless and degraded and fallen,

They themselves are morally corrupt and fallen.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Can Say When Will It Get My Ticket Booked?

Who can ever say
When will it my ticket booked
And I shall board the train
In a huff to go,
Hanging onto the rod
With my bag and baggage,
Among the unknown faces
A passenger new,
God knows
When shall I reach
My destination?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Could Have Dared To Say To China Review You Please Your One-Child Policy?

The planners planned they, the strategists
Gave they their strategies,
But the problem lay it with mothers
And fathers looking after,
Controlling their first and only children,
Psychologically problematic children,
Sometimes the experiences turning horrible
And terrible for Chinese parents
Living under pressure.

Now it is not one-child compulsory policy,
But the two-child policy
Has been signalled as a good news
For the parents and children,
The Chinese families
To ward off their fear, pressure
Parental and psychological,
But who could have dared then to say
To the Chinese policy-makers
Or those in the Government?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Has Seen The Tomorrow?

Coming and slipping away,
Today coming with to change over
Into a yesterday
To be a tomorrow again.

And one tomorrow the edger-book will complete it
Of my entries and exits
And I shall go away
When my time will run out,
Come one tomorrow,
Someday when I shall not be.

I am waiting for all my tomorrows to be bundled into
To be shelved out
And finally to be thrown off to the dust-bin.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Has The Time To Read Poetry Today?

Who has the time to read poetry today,
The poet's poetry?

The poet for poetry
Or poetry for the poet?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Has Time To Read Poetry?

Who has time to read poetry
As the people have not time to read,
Just they gloss over?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Is A Romantic?

Who is a romantic, how is romanticism, the whiff and wisp of it,
I want to know, I want to feel the fragrance of, I want to smell it,
As the word romanticism has always evaded and eluded meaning and
explanation,
As for taking it, as for reviewing,
And hence ask I, what is romanticism,
Who is a romantic,
How the features and characteristics?

□

A romantic is a dreamer, a romantic is an imagist, a landscapist
All but fancifully, imaginatively, lyrically,
A lover and a singer of heart, a painter and a picnicker and a holidayer,
One in search of scenes, sights and landscapes,
One nostalgic and melancholic,
One feeling and thinking within.

Romancing with life and the world, the ways of it
Stylistically, manneristically,
Polite and refined, simple and good,
Creating, full of creation,
Never destructive,
To create, not to destroy is his mission and vision of life
As romance is not wayward.

A romantic, his sense of romance, how does he take to,
How does he describe, my point of discussion,
As he goes about dreaming, singing and loitering
The ways of life and the world,
A dreamer of life and the world,
A photographer at work.

To be a romantic is not to be a lover of girls,
Is not to be eat, drink and merry,
Dancing, drinking and partying in full as to destroy oneself;
To be a romantic is to be a lover of man, nature and the world,
To be a romantic is to be a good man
With new ideas and new thinking,
New concepts and new attitudes.

To be a romantic is to be good man,
Good from one's own heart and soul,
Full of innocence and ignorance, a lover of simple life and living,
A sculptor of the unknown citizen, a singer of the common man,
Paying tributes to the bust and the torso of the unknown citizen,
Giving flowers to the scholar gipsy.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Is A Satirist?

Who is a satirist, how the satire of his, laughing at, mocking at critically
At man and his manners, the urban and rustic man and their manners,
Uncouth and villagery, townsmanly and urban,
Just like a mocking man, a critical fellow
Smiling, laughing and joking and reading
To comment upon, taunt upon
Foibles and frailties
Out of envy, hatred, malice or vengeance
Or with a mission on to correct them,
Those evils and what it ails society.

The art of satire, his art and excellence
Which he excels in with so much nicety,
The art of satire which he goes perfecting
And adding to,
The satirist knows it well the usage and application of his words,
The words he picks for his language,
Poetic idiom and vocabulary
As for revealing these, penetrating into,
Comments and criticism,
As satire too is a criticism of life,
You accept it or not,
No mean art and craftsmanship is satire.

Now-a-days the number has lessened
Of that of commentators and critics of man and his manners
As because they grew too much worldly, earthen and mundane
Full of so much small things and oddities, comments and criticism,
Not good, but bad and lowly criticisms,
But satire is joke plus good critique,
You know it not, I know it not,
Satire is life, satire is its spirit, the spirit of life,
No life with satire and the satirist a guardian.

The critic too is a satirist and if he is not, he is not a good critic
To be called and assessed as thus,
As because loose things cannot be taken for granted
And need to be commented upon,
One who pleases everybody pleases none,

The critic has to be of a stout heart,
Daring to take on the backlash or the feedback
For his attempt and trial.

Long, long ago villagerly clowns, jokers and announcers
Used to be with the laughing stock,
To lessen the trouble and tension of life,
Pigmies and eunuchs used to engage the centrespace,
Loafers too engage it but spoil it on the way
As for street-roaming and out of mind talks,
Leading to pleasure sake merely
And if this can be as such, what more to say to?

Satire is the criticism of life and the satirist a critic of man and his manners,
As he knows it what it is satire, what it the art of satire and satirists,
How the matters and materials of it,
As it is the spice of life
Without which you cannot cook,
You may not have the taste
Which seek you to test,
As it keeps invigorating,
Infusing spirit and enthusiasm,
When puff you with pride, it punctures your tyre.

The double-speak of the ironists is not, upping and downing,
Making one climb up the tree and getting down too,
Not the job of the satirist,
As are they direct and pointed in their attacks,
Never behind, placing the knife from the behind,
Torturing, harassing, heckling,
Pinning, perforating,
Speaking in undertones and overtones
They never do it,
Only the ironical fellows do it the double-speaking.

The fool, the rustic and the clown too have the laughing stock of their own,
But they lack in refinement and polish,
Concept and novelty of expression
And degrade and degenerate into lowly
For being merely foolhardies, blockheads and countrified folks
And even be that, they are merely concerned with the lighter aspects of life

And the world, going lightly, taking lightly,
But the satirists brave and daring in their attacks and bombardment,
Bombarding but marking the avoidable casualties.

I had not been a satirist, but have become
As they forced me to be,
And thank God, it has been blessed with
The profundity of Your Divine Providence and its observance
Otherwise I could not have marked man and his manners.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Is Fanatic, Who Is Secular? The World Will Say, It's Not The Business Of Anyone

Who is fanatical, who is secular,
The world will say it,
It is not the business of anyone,
if India too regressed into
Poverty and underdevelopment,
Superstition and darkness,
What to say it more?

I am fanatical or you are,
The world will,
My certificates, how can I myself issue them,
Even those of my ward's,
How can I attest them,
It is a matter of morality and ethics?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Is It Who Has Made The Flowers Of Light?

Who is it who has made the flowers of light,
Light and joy,
Who,
Who is it
Who has the flowers made of light and joy,
Radiating and beaming with joy,
Dancing in the light,
The sun rays golden and glistening?

It is Lord-god, Lord-god, the Maker of all these,
The Giver of light
Is who has made it all,
That you see,
That I see all around the place,
All around me and you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Is Prakash Karat? A Communist Hitler Or Mussolini?

Who is Prakash Karat,
Why shall we hear him,
A communist Hitler and Mussolini?
Is he himself the right man?
Perhaps no is the answer.
Prakash himself is a page boy
Of communism,
A Politburo member
Blind in one's ideology,
A barking dog of communism.
All are false
And he himself is a Gandhivadi.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Is The Blonde, Beauty Sitting Across The Seashore And Hearing The Songs Of Humanity Sadly?

Who is the belle, blonde, beauty
Sitting across
The vast seashore
Of the Pacific,
The Atlantic,
Sitting
And sitting by
The shore
And watching the waves
Rising and falling,
Touching the guard walls
And retreating back?

Who, who the blonde, belle, beauty
Ravishingly beautiful,
But sad from within,
Hearing the notes,
The sad tunes of humanity
In that tumult and commotion
Of the flurry and fury
Of the sea
Lying so vastly,
Ruffling humanity
And its perception
After being unfathomable?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Is The Buffaloman Going To The Assembly House In Dark Goggles?

Who is the man seated on a black buffalo, going to the assembly house,
Who the man going to,
Fluting a folk song?

You do not know him, do not know him, I shall tell you,
Tell you later on,
You just wait for.

Who is the man seated on a black buffalo going to the assembly house,
Fluting a song,
In kurta and pyjamas?

You do not know, do not know him, said I to you before,
He is the rustic, after the R's, getting a mandate from,
Going to be your MLA.

O, I see, I see, a photo stuff, you keep the things please,
Let me take the snaps,
The snaps of his!

You go on taking photographs and he will go pleasing you,
Keeping you in all smile and humour
Through his antics.

Today he is an MLA, tomorrow he will turn into a Chief Minister
Then into a central Minister,
You just keep seeing.

One day he will come on a buffalo, another day on a bullock cart,
Another day on a cart drawn by horses,
Another day on an ass.

While alighting from the buffalo, he will say, Bajaranga bali ki jai,
The MLA on a black buffalo
Yet to be the chief minister.

A representative of the villagerly mass, taught and counselled otherwise,

He keeps milking the mandate
Gone in his favour.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Is The Girl Taking My Dreams Away?

Who, who is the girl
Taking,
Taking my dreams away,
Who, who is the girl?

Catching the image
And going away,
Who is, who is the girl
Coming and going away?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Is The Guilty Man Of Partition?

Can you say,
Jinnah or Nehru,
Who was he
For whom the sub-continent was partitioned?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Is The Maiden Going With The Lamp?

Who is the maiden
Going with the lamp
To light it at eve?
Who is the maiden
Lighting in her country home,
So simple and sweet?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Is The Maiden Going, Disturbing The Buddha In Meditation?

Into the studies lost I am
But who is the beauty, belle, blonde
Going with the anklets,
Sounding musically
Under this moonlit night
When the fair orbs are dazzling and drizzling?

Who, who is this girl testing my sadhna,
Who the damsel with blue-yellow eyes,
Who the girl Chandramukhi (Moon-faced) ,
The night queen?

I in my sadhna, lost into the studies of mine
But she going with the resound of the anklets
And it disturbing me,
Making my heart ache,
Love and get pains too.

Just like the Buddha I lost in the meditation of mine
And the eyes lying closed
In meditation
But the maiden, Mohini (Hypnotic) disturbing me
With her sweetly sounding silvery anklets

Disturbing me with her disguise and coquetry
And my sadhna breaking
And leaving my studies in the cottage,
Straw-thatched and bamboo-pillared,
Marking, where the sound coming from?

My love you do not know, I can even leave my Ph.D.
If find you, my love,
Just like a beautiful girl sighted in the library
While searching books for my Ph.D.,
I love you, I love you.

Who Is The Maiden In The Sunglasses? A Film Actress Or An Artiste?

Who is the maiden in the dark sunglasses,

A film actress or an artiste?

Who is she smiling in the goggles?

Sorry m'am, who are you, can you lay it bare your identity?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Is The Man Striding? (For Mahatma Gandhi)

Who is the man striding along
With a lathi in his hands,
Who the old man
With the round and old spectacles,
Outmoded and outdated,
Smiling simply
And toothlessly,
Who the old man
Smiling simply
And viewing with unbounded love
For humanity
Writhing in pain?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Is The Modern Beauty In The Dark Sunglasses, I Mean The Goggles?

Who's the girl in the sunglasses,
I mean the goggles,
Who the goggleswalli,
Why's she smiling,
What's her name,
What her identity?

The goggleswalli looking like a heroine,
Smiling too sweetly,
Wearing the goggles
And I too going with a bouquet of flowers
To give to her.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Is This Bearded Man Unkempt And Flowing? Not Tagore, Not Arvind Krishna? But Hoshang Merchant

Who is this man
Bearded
And unkempt
And flowing with
White beards
Long and shabbily
But with the specs
Over the face?

Not Rabindranath Tagore,
Not Arvind Krishna,
Not Walt Whitman,
But Hoshang Merchant
With his own version
Of creation,
Writing in yaraana,
Taking company of the gays.

Kamala's eunuchs dance they not,
The perverse males,
But Shiva's Ardhanarishwara
Or the West's gay culture
Narrates he psychologically,
Trending it differently,
Appearing peculiar to us,
Reading their own language of gesture,
A code word of own.

The mind cannot think of
What he thinks,
What he writes about,
A Rajneesh
Or the Beatle guru,
Maharishi Mahesh Yogi
A yogi
Or a bhogi,
Who is he?

A male
Or a female
Or an eunuch
Or a gay,
Who,
Who is gay,
An over-read man
Or a character perverse?

To read him is
To have a new experience,
To come to know about
A new language
Of gestures,
A new code word of language
Used by the eunuchs,
The gays,
Not man-woman love,
But man and man, woman and woman love,
Which but my mind understanding it not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Loves Whom, God Only Knows?

I love you,
I love you
Is just a drama.

True lovers are rare,
Many love the body,
Not the soul.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Made Her A Woman?

Who made her a woman,
Who made her
A woman,
Just think you,
Think you
Who made her a woman
Womanly?

And instead of thinking
About her,
You are.
You are talking about
Her freedom and liberation
On Women's Day.

We gave, gave her a sari
To wear,
A bindi to put on
The forehead,
Vermillion into the parting line
Of her hair.

We asked her, asked her
To keep the hair long,
Not to step outside the house
And to do all household works,
Asking to be involved in
Washing, cleaning, sweeping and rearing.

now you say, say to me,
Who, who made her a woman,
A woman,
She herself
Or you,
It is you who have made her a woman?

Giving bangles to her,
The nose-pin, ear-rings,
Anklets, bracelets,

The necklace,
Finger-rings,
Say you, say you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Made Them, The Palaces? (My Reading Of History)

We do not know them,
Just give the credit
To kings and queens,
Who are actually those
Who made the rock-built temples
And marbled palaces?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Meets Whom, I Do Not, But The Aftermath Of Demonetisation Is Serious, I Can Say It

Who meets whom for politics
That is not my matter,
But only one thing that I know is this
That the post-demonetization scene is serious no doubt,
This you may presume from and queues
And rows near the banks
Spilling to the streets.

If you can't give bread, why to snatch it away from,
If you can't, think you,
Where have you taken them,
Just feel you,
You have money in your pocket so are quiet you,
Had you not, you would have been at the roads.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Reads Poems Now-A-Days? (About Poetic Readership)

Who reads poems now-a-days,
The readers not,
But the poetry practitioners
And the people poetical
Wanting to be reviewers
And pen friends?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who 's Whose Judge, I Don'T Know?

Who is whose judge, I don't know,
The man whom I look up to be a judge
Is not
Appears to be a simple lawyer
And the lawyer a professional,
not for justice and judgement at all
And the other thing
Jurisprudence is but Divine
Which alone God can dispense with
As law is not blind-folded, scarfed weighing,
But compassion, confession, forgiving and pardon,
Justice is in forgiveness,
Not in punishment
As hate you the sin, not the sinner
And the sinner not a sinner,
But one complicated and implicated,
denied justice and compassion
As there is none to take up his case
And the guard is but the benefited one,
Feeding upon leisurely
In a don't care, don't mind,
One who not to deal with
Is dealing with crime and punishment,
Even the rogues with batons, lathis,
Diaries and rifles,
I mean the policemen.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Says That The World Is Going To End? /Since My Childhood I Have Been Hearing It That The World Is Going To End? The World Will Not It Now, Will Later On, If Has, But Not Now

Who Says That The World Is Going To End? /Since My Childhood I Have Been
Hearing It That The World Is Going To End
Since my childhood have I been hearing this
And they saying it
Very soon the world is going to end,
Life is going to end soon on earth
And it will not remain not it anything else here

Since times immemorial they have been and will continue to say it in near future
That the world is going to end,
This time or come that time,
No respite from,
From which none can escape

But I too have been seeing it, marking it for quite a long time
When the world ended it not,
Life on earth finished it not,
What do they mean to say,
What the purpose behind

But fear you not, tremble not with fear, you silly fellow,
O, you, fear not,
Even if it falls, I shall let it over me than you,
I say to you the world is going not to end,
Not now, be assured of, the rest be sure of
And that they will end up, but the world will not,
Those who say it will die first,
All those sinners then man

As it has got some politics behind, as want they to sell
Stones, gems and herbal roots,
Calendars and palmyra charts,
I mean the astrologers and palmists,
In consultation with jewellery shop and diamond shop owners

They want to do a brisk business
Together with the newspaper men

And if the world has end, it will through the ruins brought on to it
By modern man and his black deeds
Rather than those of man
Otherwise it is not going to end,
It will remain what it had been in the past,
Just try to keep it green saving other lives,
Hills, mountains, marshes, woodlands, rivers and coasts

The world is not going it now and even if it has, it will alter on,
But not now, but I am sure of,
They will die first those who predict about, prophesize about
To infuse some sense of insecurity and disbelief in belief,
I mean all those idiots will die first,
Talking so nonsensically, with what a silly idea of doom!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Says India Is Not Secular? Do Not Misinterpret It

Had Hinduism been indifferent and narrow,
The American transcendentalists would not have
Adapted to,
Emerson, Thoreau,
Whitman,
Had it been, they would have themselves discerned it,
Indian thought and philosophy
Is not like that,
Those who interpret it otherwise
Are not aware of Indian religion and spirituality,
Ask you ,
Ask you
Then say to me.
Where did Vivekananda give his lecture first
Outside India,
Was it not Chicago in 1998
And who were in his audience,
The Indians or the Americans,
So say you
Without knowing its history
And its upheavals and repercussions,
Do not misinterpret India in such a way
That people fail to understand it completely,
Do not make the foreigners
Misread it
After sending false information
After spreading false rumours,
Have the minority institutions been vandalized,
Were not the places broken in the past,
Do you not know
The course of its history?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who The Daughter Weeping In The Temple Complex?

Who is the girl weeping in the temple complex,
Whether a devadasi lured, tempted and thrown out
As per the plot of the brokers and astrologers,
Horoscope-makers and pundits,
Whether a sevadasi kept by a fake yogi
Betrayed in the name of religion?

□

Who is the girl weeping,
What is it that ails her self,
Who brought her here,
What conspired it and brought about her fall,
Who, who from her loving parents,
The lovely daughter of the loving and caring parents?

Long before her coming, the priest would have taken
The words from the childless couple
That you would your first born to
The service of the deities,
Accompanied by the brokers
And seconded by the horoscope-makers.

The dreamers would have dreamt of decorating the temples
With classical dancers,
Made of flesh and blood,
But for a day it would have been so,
Not for always,
They should have at least.

Who is the girl weeping in the temple complex
Of the ancient rock-cut temple,
Who, who took the words from her father and mother
And how did they approve of in blind faith
And superstition
The medievalistic people?

Neither a yogini nor a sadhvi,
Neither a devadasi nor a sevadasi,
She was a woman, a woman
Misused by man,

Misled by masculinity.



Bijay Kant Dubey

Who The Goggleswalli, The Girl In The Dark Sunglasses, Asked He

Who the goggleswalli?

Can't say it?

I mean the girl in the dark sunglasses,
Looking stylistic-stylistic
And heroine-like.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Will Be The Chief Minister Of Bihar? Lallu Or Kallu?

Who will be the chief minister of Bihar,
Lallu or Kallu,
But both of them villains?

Both of them friends,
The rustics and the villagerly people,
Do not know how to talk,
How to behave with others?

Both of them uneducated and illiterate,
Foolish and lathi-weilding,
I mean the boss-like people,
Lallu and Kallu.

If translate you in English,
Would mean,
Lallu as Reddie, red and round
And Kallu, Blackie,
But both of them friends.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who Will Be The Next Prime Minister Of India?

Who will the prime minister of India,
Let me do the planchette and say,
Not through the media-orchestrated exit polls,
Who will the next prime minister of India?

I doing the planchette,
The spirits and souls talking to
And I going back to the days and times of
Jawaharlal Nehru, Gulzarilal Nanda,
Lal Bahadur Shastri, Indira Gandhi,
Morarji Desai, imha Rao,
Rajiv Gandhi, Chandrasekhar,
, Atal Bihari Vajpayee,
I.I, Manmohan Singh.

Many became and many could not be
The coveted prime minister of India
Though they were many prime ministerial candidates,
Many aspirants and many able candidates,
Many rustics too thought of becoming
But the times chose them not, rejected them instantly.

Lo, my planchette is failing,
I taking the help of astrologers and palmists
And those traditional Indian Acharyas too
Bluffing in this regard and are boastful
As who will be the next premier of India,
The India of my dreams and visions?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Whoever Be You, A Uyghur Or A Han Or A Hui, Try To Be A Human Being First

Whoever be you,
A Uyghur, a Han or A Hui,
Leave your fanatical stand
And try to mix with each other
Rather than adopting the frictionist attitude,
Mark it and keep in mind
There is no religion greater than
This humanism of ours.

Fanatics are many,
But how many of us liberals,
Really righteous and virtuous,
Chaste from our within,
Not to say of the people religiously blind
As they are not at all the holy men
Talk you about?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who'LI Not Like To Love The Goggleswalli?

A goggleswalli,
A maiden in the sunglasses,
The dark sunglasses,
Who'll not like to love?

O, disturb me not now,
Let me see, see the beauty,
The mistress in the goggles,
My goggleswalli.

In love with a goggleswalli,
A modern girl,
Let love be love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who's Going To Be The Next P.M.?

The fates of the candidates
In the fray
Sealed in the ballot boxes
As for who'll win
And who'll lose the election
To have the last laugh
As the member of the Parliament
Or the minister?

On whom Lady Luck will smile it,
The lottery draw coming to the lot of
In Kaun Banega Crorepat
And who'll be the 'Khakhpati',
Dreams nurtured so far
Turned into ashes,
Burnt to ashes,
The king of ashes and coals to view.

O, who'll be Destiny's child,
A list from Jawaharlal Nehru to Gulzarilal Nanda
And Lal Bahadur Shastri to Indira Gandhi
To Rajiv Gandhi to chandrasekhar to
To Atal Bihari Vajpayee to I.I
To Manmohan Singh to...,
Wait a bit,
Time will supply you with the list
In time?

Sit on chair no doubt
As the chairs are for someone's sitting
But seat not the undeserving,
But not the bogus and the buff-masters
Making a mockery of it,
The constitutional values and ideals,
Though there may be scope for reforms;
Push not the nation
Into the fire flames
Of violence and animosity
So that the nation keeps burning

And there's none to extinguish them,
So that the students keep self-immolating
And they seeing them burning,
Provoking to burn
As for to divide the nation.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who's It Whistling & Humming A Song Nasally?

Against the backdrop of a beautiful evening,
Who's the maiden,
Stranger and solitary,
Singing the song,
Whistling and going
And the winds carrying
The tunes and sweet notes
Played upon,
Singing from her heart?

Who's the maiden
Whistling and humming a song
So nasally
That the music touching upon
The chords of heart?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who's The Bearded Man Writing The Mystic Poetry Of Love?

Who's the man,
The bearded man
Seeing the flowers
And writing
The mystic poetry of love
With love and compassion
In his heart
And tears into the eyes?

Who the bearded man
Writing
The mystic poetry of love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Who's The Girl Singing A Song?

Who's the girl singing a song
And the wind carrying the sweetness of the golden voice,
Whistling and humming,
Singing very nasally,
Very lovely in tuning?

The girl I cannot see, but the song I can hear
Carried by the wind,
This evening
Cold, snowy and misty,
Just the loveful heart I can feel it.

The girl in the dark singing a song so sweet in her tone,
So golden in her voice,
An English lilting beautifully,
What to call her, that unnamed girl?

I know her not, just can feel her voice by being at the crossroad
Of life from where I have to go away,
Farther and farther away from,
The shores unimaginable,
Just hearing the songs of humanity resounding as love songs.

I want to go, cross over the seas and want to ask her,
Her name, identity and whereabouts,
But the distance so far and farther away,
Just reverberates the song sung by her,
Striking the heart so miserably.

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Bijay Kant Dubey

Who's The Man At The Spinning Wheel Spinning The Yarn & Singing Toothlessly? (Yes, Mahhatma Gandhi)

Who is the man at the spinning wheel,
Spinning the yarn and singing,
The old man
Spinning and singing the song
Of Ishwar, Allah, God
With zest
Making us remember of ?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Whose Asthi-Kalasha Is This? (Whose Urn Is This? It's Of My Mother Containing The Ashes Of Remains) Ead Mother?)

'Whose asthi-kalasha is this? , ' enquired he of me
In an obdurate voice of his own
And when asked who he was, said he in a a harsh voice of own,
'I am Kaal, Kalpurusha,
Time, Time, Indestructible and Indelible time,
Endless, deathless,
Man will come, man will go,
But I shall go on forever.'

It is of my mother, dead mother,
The bodily remains of hers,
The ashes and coals,
You wait, wait
Till I immersion into the holy waters of the Ganges.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Whose Garden Is This? Who The Gardener?

Whose garden is this,
Whose is,
Who the Gardener
Who has planted with care
The flower plants,
I can see
The golden marigold,
The red hibiscus,
The fair white rajanigandha stick,
The poppies,
The dahlias
Of different colours and hues
And their sweet redolence
Fascinating me,
Drawing closer to?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Whose Labour Has Crystallized Into The Terracotta Temples?

Whose labour and sweating
Have crystallized
Into
The terracotta temples
Of yore,
Limestone clay and small brick built
Temples,
Small-small, but centuries old?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Whose Twinkle Is It In Stars, Whose Is It In Glow-Worms?

Who is it who has made
This universe,
Vast and wide,
Deep within?

Whose twinkle is it
In stars,
Whose glimmer is it
In glow-worms?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Why Are Her Eyes Blue? Why Are Green? Why Are Brown?

These are but disturbing questions,
You disturb me not,
My self
By asking these irrelevant questions,
Why are the eyes blue,
why green,
Why brown?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Why Are The Daughters So Ignored & Neglected In Our Society?

May I know,
Why are the daughters
So ignored and neglected
In our society?

Is it for the medieval period
Of misrule and maladministration,
Is it for superstition and backwardness,
Is it for illiteracy and un-education?

May I poise the question before,
Why are the daughters a debt,
A burden for the family
In which born?

Why are they so neglected, so pushed against
The background with the body against the wall,
Why are they a tortured self for ages,
Was it the purdah
Which wreaked havoc for them?

Was it poverty and hunger, was it orthodoxy,
Conservatism and faithfulness,
Was it our blindness,
Was it an inadvertent error not
But sinned we against humanity?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Why Are The Muslim Countries Not Secular? Who Will Say It? And They Are Talking Secularism

Why are the Muslim countries not secular,
Who will but say,
Answer me?
Are the Muslim countries only concerned with
With the Mussalmans?
My God, what a mentality,
How petty and small are they?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Why Are You Returning Sahitya Akademi Awards? Is It Not Your Gaddari? Indian Was Secular, Is And Will Remain In Future, None But I Can Assure You, Not Even Modi

They can protest, the Sahitya Akademi award winners against Modi and his collaboration with the RSS in being rigid and stern on some points, but should not have returned.

If had to return, why did they take then when they needed it most urgently for the recognition of their creativity?

What to say, they too are gaddars, the betrayers and traitors? They want to sell India and Indian ideals and values.

If they have to eat beef or pork, eat, who has debarred from taking the forbidden fruit, but on the back benches?

It is not Modi's India, but ours too, not of the RSS merely, the sepoys do not show the lathi all the time.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Why Are You Silent After The Award, Bob?

Let them cringe you
Those who take your names
Just stooping to conquer
After the announcement of the award
Which they should have given it earlier,
Let, let them criticize
As for getting it,
A pop singer, a song writer
Like you
Who already famous
Before the plaque of honour
And the citation.

Bob, they are watching you
How do you take to,
React you,
Bob, Bob, they are marking you,
Your pain and pleasure,
But what that to do to you
If already in the news
For since long
As a news maker,
Now it is up to you
Whether you accept it or reject it!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Why Did I Write The Dark Daughter? (Busting The Myths Of Darkness)

Why did I write the Dark Daughter,
Do you know it,
The secrets of it?

The Dark Daughter is my love of art,
Art and sculpture,
The terracotta plates
On the temple walls.

The Dark Daughter is my mythical text,
A work aesthetic, artistic,
Mythical and symbolical,
Imagistic and feminine.

The Dark Daughter is a work full of
Filial love and affection,
Sympathy and sensibility,
My fascination for the daughter.

My maya for her, you do not know,
Had you a daughter,
You would have,
Could have known, felt at least.

The dark Daughter represents it womankind,
A mother in the birth pangs,
In the labour room
Writhing, bearing pains of creation.

A poor girl see in the image of hers
In the Dark Daughter,
A mother turning skeleton
Due to malnutrition and poverty.

The inhuman tortures on womankind
Seen in terms of struggle and silent suffering,
Her trouble, tribulation,

I have tried to sketch.

The life of a woman none knows it,
None can predict about,
The fate-lines of hers,
The things written.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Why Did You Smile On Seeign My Daughter?

Why did you smile on seeing my daughter? ,
The blunt village questioning
The boy
With a lathi into the hands of his
As for to threat
Or maybe it
He will break his head
And both of them
Trembling with fear
As for the foolish blockhead
Who knows nothing
But the thick stick.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Why Has God Made You So Beautiful?

Why has God made you so beautiful?

I just ask on seeing her

Why has God so beautiful?

A girl never seen before,

A novel or a poem herself?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Why Is Krishna Dark-Complexioned? Where Does He Lie Fluting?

Why is dark-complexioned,
Why the statue so dark black,
Architectural, sculptured and artistic,
But dark, dark black,
The statue carved out
Of stone?

The Divine Eyes with a glitter
In Them,
With a flute on the lips
And He standing cross-legged,
Tuning the flute
And the notes breaking?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Why Is This Wanton Firing On The Borders? When Will It Stop?

Why is this wanton firing
On the borders
Bordering India and Pakistan,
What is this nonsense,
When will it stop?
The war game I cannot support it
As it damages us.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Why Not To Rock-Built Temples As The Specimens Of Art?

If the rock-built temples can be so much so stupendous,
Speaking of splendour in stone,
As the specimens of sculptural excellence
Then why to talk of poetry,
What is it new to express?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Why Not To Select Heroines From The Northeast?

If I make films just suppose you,
I am a director of that probable film,
I shall choose heroines
From Assam, Arunachal, Tripura, Mizoram,
Manipur, Nagaland, Meghalaya,
Forgetting not to pick from Darjeeling
And Sikkim too,
From the Tibetan refugees too
Rather than the Punjabi ones.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Why To Divide The Society? /It Is Stupid To Think Along The Dalit & Non-Dalit Lines

It is stupid to think along
The Dalit & non-Dalit lines,
You worship the cow,
But who will throw away the dead cows
If they are throwing,
Let them,
Why to interrupt
And intercept them?

Too much Brahminical madness
I can never support it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Why To Interfere With The Dietary Habit? Can We Debar Them Who Take Beef? If It Is On World Menu Chart? We Can Never One's Food-Habit & Brehaviour, The Way Of Living

Why to interfere with the dietary habit
Of the people
If take they beef,
can we debar them
From taking beef
If want they to take stealthily
As they used to take?

Many cobblers take it the dead cow meat,
Many tribals take it,
They even take dhaman snake,
Dogs eaten in China,
Can we check them
From taking?

The Aryan view is different from
The non-Aryan,
The Jainistic is different from
And the Budhistic too is so
Inclusive of so many
Tibeto-Chinese and other groups,
Even moving to m
Mongolia and Cambodia
And far beyond.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Why To Keep The Poor Fishermen In Jails? Why Tonpunish Them? This Much India And Pakistan Cannot Understand

Why to punish the poor people
For no fault of theirs,
Those for their profession,
Working under sun and shower,
Good and bad weather conditions
Braving the fury of the sea?

India and Pakistan should think,
Re-think it,
Just for supremacy
We are torturing those simple fellows,
Languishing in jails
Just for our shrewd diplomacy
Ego-feeding and hypocritical.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Will Letter-Writing Turn Into A Dead Art?

Will letter writing turn into a dead art,
A bygone art of bygone times,
People sitting to write,
Dictating,
Asking someone to write it
And re-read it,
What he has written?

Now write they not,
Keep they or remember they
The dead letters,
Dead post-cards, inland letter cards and envelopes
Taking out from the older boxes,
Showing how these used to be.

Now send they messages digitally,
Telephonically,
SMSing, texting the message,
Just the body
Or the shortened one,
Emailing through
Or chatting on
Or giving a call.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Will Life Cease To Exist Tomorrow?

Will life cease to exist here,
Are our days on earth coming to a close,
Wild, tameless and uncontrollable Nature will remain the same
Which Man understands ot not
Thinking about himself,
Man versus Nature will bring the doom to all?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Will Not Wit And Humour, Their Use And Application Turn Me Into A Joker?

Will not my wit and humour turn me into a joker, a joker of Indian English
poetry,
Joking and smiling all the times,
Never learnt to be serious,
Always smiling,
Never learnt to keep quiet,
To shut up the mouth?

As always, sitting on the last benches, whistling,
Like the old and ageing student, a senior and big brother,
Mustached and old, cracking jokes with his smaller batchmates
And making the old teacher beat others
And he the Paglet and disciplinarian teacher
Threatening to come with a date cane
To quell the common and furore.

The photographer asking to keep quiet, shut up your mouth
And he giggling,
From the sweet smile breaking forth to bursting into a laughter
And a guffaw
Without rhyme or reason
And the photographer in the usual and professional habit of saying,
Smile please,
Asking him to go outside to smile and laugh please
Heartily as much as you can
As for to be sit quiet for a pose to be taken.

My art of wit and humour, I have learnt from the rustic clowns and circus clowns,

Saying, My Name Is Joker,
An Indian juggler juggling with the caps,
Two into four
And vanishing,
A nomadic acrobat dancer dancing on the rope
Set in between two makeshift poles,
My art of wit and humour I have from
The monkey-man, the bear-man and the snake-charmer,

I have my art from the band party and the male but powdered nautch girl,
Shaving the moustache, □
Playing the role of a female dancer,
Powdering and wearing a strange frock and blouse
And dancing strangely at the beat of the banjo and the drums and the musical
bands
And all these, the source of my undefiled humour.

And want I nothing from you, just clap you and that too if not, my little ones
Are there, my little son and little daughter to it
As they have always admired the potential in me,
The potential of being a folk dancer
As I have not any training from any of dance schools,
So dance I naturally in my own,
Own style and way of performance,
A classical dancer I cannot be,
What can I be is folksy,
Whether you know it or not,
Just call it, call it folksy,
A folk dancer
And that, really that am I,
A folk dancer as a small poet before you.

I know it that my critics will not clap even if they want to
As the credit will go to me,
A nondescript man instead of the media savvy,
The paparazzi-propped, newspaper-flashed men
Or the diasporans,
But I not to any of these,
A simple man reading and writing simply,
A simple man appreciating life in all its virtuosity,
A simple man admiring simplicity,
Simple living, but high thinking

Which know they not the urban critics,
Dyed and coloured,
Hollow and shallow men doing groupism,
I mean the pseudo-leftist-intellectuals
Striking at the stem of Indianness to fell it,
Blind to Indian art and culture, religion and philosophy,
Thought and tradition, morality and spirituality,
Ethics and metaphysics.

Those cataract-eyed schooled critics, hollow and shallow from within,
Know not greenery,
The exotic flora and fauna of India,
The art and culture of it,
The historicity of tradition and ethos,
The age-old myths and mythical traditions of it
Doing the rounds archetypally,
Ever present in our racial consciousness,
As they are of Bombay and Delhi, Madras and Calcutta
And will remain of these metropolitan and mega towns and cities
And their own hazards, hurdles and hassles.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Will People Forget The Spring? From The Terrace And The Corridor Of The Housing Block See I

From the terrace and the corridor
And the balcony
Of the building
See I
The abnormal rise and fall
In temperature,
The fluctuation,
Abnormal entry and exit
Of the seasons, times,
I doubt
Whether the spring will come or not
Or shall have to move to Mars,
The red planet?

Oh, the concrete buildings leaning
Dangerously together,
V-shaped, cobra buildings,
With the flats above
One after another
And the load beneath
On mother earth,
The skyscrapers, the mansions
And the mechanical life
Pulsating in them,
So many stair cases to fly over,
If the power is,
The lift is the medium
To be down!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Will Poetry Come To A Decline In The Modern Age?

Will poetry come to a decline
In the modern age,
I think,
Keep thinking about
What is poetry,
What can poetry give to,
Why are people after,
What is in poetry,
What has poetry in it to give?

What can the poets give,
Can poetry save life,
What can poetry give to,
If the poets are all,
Are scientists,
Doctors and engineers inferior to,
Are the sculptors, artists and performers,
Are the architects and planners?

In this age of modern hurry and divided aims,
Sick living and diseased malaise,
Why to waste time on writing poetry,
Mad man's poetry,
Trivial verses and rhymed doggerel,
In this age of science or poetry,
What have we to do?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Will Poetry Come To Decline In This Age Of Science And Technology? / Poetry Or Science?

Will poetry grow
Or decline in the modern age?
The gap between science and poetry,
What can poetry give,
Which is more important
Science or poetry?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Will Spring Come Again? Will The Flowers Bloom?

Will spring come again,
Will the flowers bloom
With the herald of spring
And the change in season
And climatic situations,
Will the buds sprout again,
Will it glisten again,
Will they not dry up untimely
Before they sprout?
I doubt, doubt it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Will The Spring Fall Silent?

They say that the spring will fall silent and its footfall,
We shall never come to feel it,
The wisps and whiffs of the spray of scent and fragrance
Brought on by the wind.

The silent spring, spring turned silent, how can it be,
We know it not,
Why will it fall silent, why are they saying so,
Will it come again really?

The woods lying barren and bereft of all greenery,
The hills turned empty,
Without the rocks, stones and trees
And the hot sun falling over.

The woods lie they deforested, trees cut down and cleared forth,
Hills wearing a deserted outlook,
As the rocks blasted and the stones quarried,
Looking barren-barren.

The abnormal rise in temperatures, soaring and falling beneath,
The world has fears from,
The heat wave and the cold taking a toll heavy over,
But man still unaware of, unmindful of all that.

Will the spring, a season of flowers and celestial beauties,
Looking dreamy, natural, fragrant and sweet,
Pass away, giving way to the hot summerdays baffling all,
Perspiring and parching?

The burning earth will not exist then, soaring and searing with,
The rise in temperature,
No respite, no relief will be there
From the summer coming.

Will the spring fall silent,
Will it not come,
Will the tender buds not come out,
Will the cuckoo coo not sweetly?



Bijay Kant Dubey

Will The Spring Fall Silent? (Ii)

I fear
The spring
May fall silent.

An atomic summer
Lies it
Knocking at the door.

Acid rains
seem to be
Lashing the doors.

I can foresee
The spring coming late
And departing early.

Climate change is
My fear
Ruffled by atomic summer and acid rain.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Will The Spring Turn Silent Someday?

I do not know it personally
Nor can say with conformity
But have just heard it say,
The spring will turn silent
And the flowers will not hang by
Naturally in their all glee

And even if hang they,
The buds will into flower
As for the heat and dust ruffling them all,
Seasons coming and going abnormally,
The sudden rise and fall disturbing them
And taking a toll upon.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Will They Forget Letter-Writing? + Will Letter-Writing Turn A Dead Art?

Will letter-writing turn into a dead art someday
And they won't,
Won't they write letters
With the hands,
In pen and paper,
I think,
Just think about

Will they forget to write
As man has dumped the ink-pot and the ink pen,
Spilling ink over,
The pen leaking and the pocket
Under trouble,
Fill in the ink and write
But accept not,
The handwriting used to glitter

But now the ball point pen
Which too has the utility of its as for documents,
Nothing to fear from the raindrops
Fallen accidentally
On the write up

And the type-writer too lies it defunct for the computer
And the printer,
A novice too typing, trying to type directly,
Nothing to do on the type practice case,
I mean the keyboard
And the owner asking you not to sit
On the machine directly

But here you sit on directly to type
Whether you know or not, speed does not matter,
Just go on tapping,
Moving the fingers on the guitar like a hero
Whether the hero knows it not
But the public will be thrilled to see

The man with the stylistic guitar
Talking with the heroine

Now the term typist clerk seems to be obsolete,
Call him a computer operator or an assistant
And with the click of the mouse,
Everything is here,
I mean the machine mouse, not the house mouse,
Very naughty indeed,
Can even bite the currency notes in the money bag.

It's true that the computer has given many facilities
But something has wasted too traditionally,
I mean the press,
The pedalled printing machine
And the composing of matters,
First proof check-up, second time verification
And the last and final proof-copy to be sent to the press.

The printing machine men, the composers and the proof-readers
All of them turned jobless
Just like the horses and asses from duty
And the people opting for voluntary retirement,
Good and bad,
For a golden handshaking,
Willingly or unwillingly.

Similarly the telegraph posts going along the electric posts
Gave way to the underground cables and satellite connections,
The landline connections too surrendering before
The mobile handsets
But still now competitively in the market
As for post-payment of bills
And the mobiles running short of money,
First fill up talk vouchers then talk,
If you have no money in the pocket, don't talk, no talk please,
Go back, fill in and talk,
Nothing to hear at the sales-counter

Similar the case of the cinema hall owners
With the hands on the head,
The managers unable to close the halls of their owners

And opening in their own names,
Unable to do this
Like the cleverly truck drivers
Driving to purchase new trucks

The cleaners, machine operators, curtain raisers, sweepers,
Ticket collectors, checkers and sellers,
Poster-men, announcers on rickshaws with the pullers
And the sound-men,
All jobless,
Not even in part-time jobs,
Take them for suspended not, but discharged and dismissed
Without showing any reason
Which they can understand it more
And what to say to the owners
Already in shame?

Now the modern man is a chip-man,
I mean not the stone-chip man,
Supplying stone chips for road and building construction,
A device-man,
An information technologist,
A master mind
Understanding the world electrically,
Electronically and digitally
Positioning globally,
Placing the spycam in the bathroom too.

Sit on the computer screen, read and write
Lest you have the internet access
And the link is there,
If you are in a towerless place,
Without the coverage,
Your music will be gone,
I mean the music of life
And you will need time to adjust
With the remote area manually

Digitized mails will come and go hassle-free
Without waiting for the postman,
Asking the neighbour to take the mails
On your behalf,

Mail but think before posting
Otherwise the cybermen will come to catch you
Charging under cyber crimes

But I fear the eyesight may weaken
So be careful of,
Depend not on all of these all the times,
Suppose there is a load-shedding
During the monsoon break or in the hot summer
The power stations unable to supply power
Or the tornado has devastated the electric current posts
Then what will you do,
Think it, re-think it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Will You Be My Valentine, O Foreigner Girl?

I do not know your language,
Your custom and behaviour,
Just have seen,
Seen you,
Will you,
Will you be my Valentine,
O, foreigner girl,
I do not know your tongue,
Your custom and behaviour?

But still I love you, love you,
O, foreigner belle,
Blonde,
Your love letter
I cannot,
My love letter you cannot,
But our hearts still know it
You my love, love,
That I love you, love you,
Foreigner girl?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Will You Be My Valentine?

Will you be my Valentine,
I just see you from a distance
And think within,
Will she be my Valentine,
Just think I,
Dare not ask you,
With the rose into the hands
As to whom to give to?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Will You Be My Valentine? (Haiku)

Will you be my valentine
On Valentine's Day,
Will you be?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Will You Be My Valentine? (Ii)

Will you be my Valentine,
I just see you from a distance
And think within,
Will she be my Valentine,
Just think I,
Dare not ask you,
With the rose into the hands
As to whom to give to?

But when find I not, I just keep
Viewing the red rose,
If not to give to anyone,
I think of offering
To a small girl
And if be that not,
To time,
Placing it in his memory,
Move I away with no pain in the heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Will You Be My Valentine? Will You Be My Valentine?

Will you, will you be
My Valentine,
valentine,
My,
My love,
O, my love,
Will,
will you be mine
Love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

'Will You Divroce Me, Will You Divorce Me? Divorce, Divorce Now, ' Said She

Will you divorce me, will you divorce me? ,
Divorce you, divorce you me now,
Said she quietly,
As was smiling to put before
As well as was sobbing from her within,
Which but she made it reflect not,
But was weeping from her within,
A girl so simple and so sentimental,
Innocent and ignorant,
But the gentleman egoistic and hypocritical,
A modern hollow man,
An urban city-dweller.

Will you divorce, divorce me,
Will you not return back again,
Have you chosen a girl for yourself,
How is she? ,
She was asking,
Shaking the corpse of the dumb lover
To respond it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Will You Handshake With Me?

There was a time
When they used to handshake
So warmly
Holding the hands in grip,
But now
Shake they not
So warmly.

There was a time
When they used to handshake
Taking the hands in firm grip,
But now-a-days
Shake they not so warmly,
But coldly,
So coldly.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Will You Marry Me? Do You Love Me Really? , Said She Innocently/ Love Marriage

Making you dream about marriage,
Where have you been brought to,
Making you dream of the home, settlement and peace?

Making you dream of love, peace and marriage,
Love and happiness,
Where have you come to innocently?

Love marriage,
Showing of a false dream,
Love, but devastate not someone's dreams of life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Will You Read My Poem, Sir?

Will you read my poem,
I am a very small poet,
My poems no great uncommon poems,
But the common ones?

What I have that is in others too,
It is I who manipulate and manoeuvre
The things in my favour,
But they not?

You see the little daughters
And mark the sense of service
In them,
A few of them painting remarkably well
Without having learnt from

Bijay Kant Dubey

Winged Words

Cranes, storks and herons alighting,
The small-small white cows grazing
Along the marshy plot of land,
Full of whitely lilies.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Wings Of Fire (By Kalam)

Wings of Fire,
Ignited Minds,
Mission India,
India 2020: A Vision for the New Millennium,
The Luminous Sparks,
Inspiring thoughts,
Indomitable Spirit,
Still inspire us,
Instill a feeling of hope in us

In feeling, making a strategy for
How to change the future,
How to add to
With verve and strength,
How to dream,
Envisage?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Winter

Winter,
winter is of cold and chill,
Mist and fog,
Cough and cold,
Blanket and fires,
Badminton and shuttle cock.

Winter is of flowers,
Marigolds, dahlias,
Chrysanthemums, sunflowers,
Poppies, calendulas, actors,
Zinnias, peutinias, salvias.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Winter Is Coming

Winter is coming,
Now the sheulis will bloom
And scatter around
Near the plant tree,
Dew-laden and fresh,
Sweet and redolent.

The blooms tiny specks
But so sweetly redolent and fragrant,
Blooms it in the evening
And falls it in the morning

And I too cannot keep my temptation odd,
Seeing them fallen and scattered off,
I too seek from within
To gather them
Or to be with.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Winter Poems By Daruwalla

Winter Poems by Daruwalla are not about winter,
The harsh and bleak winter
Coming with the shroud
Of mist and fog,
Colds and dews,
Blanketed and wrapped over.

But one of a different type and tenor,
Taking to, talking about otherwise,
It is not about winter
Neither frost nor chill
Blinding, making us shiver with cold.

It is by a Parsi poet so much about
The Parsi view of life,
Parsi way of life and living,
Angst or bewilderment,
Tragedy and tragic vision.

Published by Allied Publishers .
In 1980,
Winter Poems, Angst, Hunger—74,
Variations, Graffiti, Caries, Lorca,
The Professor Condoles, For My Daughter (Anaheita) ,
Einstein Explains to God the End of the World and Bombay Prayers.

The Professor Condoles is tragic,
Dealing with the material available in accidents,
Fate, destiny, karma and dharma,
Viewing the unwanted
Just as a different man other than that of the suffering one.

Bombay Prayers are not simple prayers,
But heart -rending prayers,
Hairs stand on,
An analysis of sin and expiation,
Guilt-conscious, soul-conscious rending.

For My Daughter (Anaheita) too a good poem

Full of filial love,
Unsentimental Daruwalla at least feeling in here
About love and bonding,
The connection linked to.

Bijay Kant Dubey

With A Bottle Of Wine, How To Say, Happy New Year!

With a bottle of wine in the hands,
How to say,
Happy new year
With a bottle of wine
Into the hands,
Wishing you,
Happy new year
And the mouth smelling foul,
Intoxicated and drunk,
Emitting a bad smell
If you have the chances of
Getting the whiffs and wisps!

Bijay Kant Dubey

With A Pencil Sketch And Draw I A Burquawalli

With a pencil in hand
Sketch and draw I
A portrait
Of a burquawalli,
A burqua-clad girl.

Bijay Kant Dubey

With A Rakhi To Tie The Small Behana Waiting For

With a rakhi to tie on the wrist of his brother,
The small, small sister keeps waiting for
The arrival of her brother
From the town,
She keeps waiting and waiting for,
But the brother turns not up,
But the hope still keeps burning in her,
Making her wait
And she going, going to see
If the brother is coming
Rather than finally offering it to God
In the house
As for taking Him for all.

Bijay Kant Dubey

With A Statue Of Lord Buddha, Toured I Far Into The Far East

With a statue of Buddha,
Seated in meditation,
With a halo around,
Sending the message of peace,
Blessing with one hand,
I toured and travelled far
Into the far east
And found the people
So reverent of Buddha
In Tibet, china, Myanmar, Japan,
Cambodia, Malaysia, Indonesia.

Bijay Kant Dubey

With A Sweet Kiss Of Your Star And Jasmine-Studded Hair, Let Me Say, Happy New Year To Youdded

Under the midnight skies
Full with the twinkles of the stars and the moon
And the jasmines spraying scent,
Let me, let me
Wish you,
Happy new year,
New year to you!

Bijay Kant Dubey

With The Approaching Valentine's Day, Beats It The Heart

With the Valentine's Day approaching,
Beats it the heart of mine
To remember it
That I shall meet,
She will come to, my mistress
With the sweet stolen smiles
And the kisses smeared with mist
After giving the rose splashed with dew drops
And after meeting her, we shall say to each other
So passionately and emotionally,
I love you, love you,
I love you, love you
Holding in clasp, sweet embrace
And with tears in the eyes,
I shall not, shall not.

Bijay Kant Dubey

With The ., D.J. Music I Welcoming The New Year

With the .
I too going D.J.,
Thinking myself,
Taking to be
With the .,
The D.J.,
. dancing,
Dancing and rollicking,
Beating, beating
And I, I too thrilling,
Getting thrilled
With the beats and vibes,
A D.J. you,
A D.J. I,
. you,
. they,
Us,
We all .
Dancing,
Dancing and shaking.

Bijay Kant Dubey

With The Foreigner Girl (Haiku)

With the foreigner girl
Went it away
My heart following them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

With The Foreigner Girl, My Heart Too Went Away To Foreign

With the foreigner girl,
My heart too went away with her
Just after seeing her passing by,
Going to the airport
And from from the airport, want I not to return back,
Just you please get the message sent across
To my parents,
I shall come later on.

Bijay Kant Dubey

With The Foreigner Girl, My Heart Too Went Away To Foreign/ A Flower From Foreign

With the foreigner girl, my heart too went away
To foreign
With the outlandish, visitor foreigner girl
And I went on following her the day she landed, air dashed,
The day she boarded the airbus back home.

Bijay Kant Dubey

With The Paint And My Brush Make I The Eyes

Make I, paint I the beautiful eyes
Of yours, my love,
The retina, the cornea,
The eyeballs,
The eyelashes, the eyelids,
The lenses and the reflection,
The eyesight falling upon!

But why are the tears into the eyes
Of yours, my love,
Do you forbid me to sketch an paint them?

Bijay Kant Dubey

With The Stars And The Flowers

There is love in my heart
You do not know it
The limits of it,
I want to be
With the stars,
With the flowers,
With the painted ladies
Flitting from one flower to another.

Talk I with the star,
With the flower,
See I the butterfly flying over
And flitting upon,
The winkles of those stars
Taking far from
And marking the beauty
Of the studded skies,
The scent of the jasmines coming.

Bijay Kant Dubey

With Vermillion In The Parting Line Of The Hair, The Small Daughter Going With Tears

With vermilion
put into the parting line
of the hair,
the small daughter
as a bride going
with tears
into the eyes of hers

unable to bear with
the parting,
she breaking down
emotionally,
sobbing and sighing,
a girl rural and simple.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Withdrawn From The World

Withdrawn from the world I am writing a poem for you,
Will you value my words,
My poetic theme and substance
Which engage me?
Will you see the evenings coloured with
My angst, bewilderment and faith and doubt?
I man of split personality am I,
Splitting my life and seeing,
Which I know not
What am I doing?

What poet am I, what it is in my poetry,
What am I for, what I can in my poetry?
I know not all these answers,
Whatever I have, you see it yourself
Before you select for any probe and analysis
As because It may also be that
I have just lied you,
Misled you with my pessimism and despondence,
My despair not at all healthy,
Which you will not understand it now.

My poems they do not have any prospect for them
My poems they will lie as thus,
And that day too is not far from
When you will find them lying useless
As there is nothing to read in them,
As have just wasted your time.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Without A European Girl, How To Celebrate It Valentine's Day? Not The Indian Girl

If to celebrate the Valentine's day,
I do not with an Indian girl,
But with a European girl
Who can at least understand the value
Of Valentine's Day,
A foreigner girl,
We at the cafe
Taking coffee,
Exchanging bouquets,
Feeling the warmth.

If have no option but an Indian
Then I may with the pastoral love,
The shepherd girl
With the wild blooms to give to me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Without A White Girl, How To Write Verses In English?

For English poetry,
Want I an English girl,
A White beauty
For to be a poet of English
And if comes she not
Then how to call myself an English poet
As for to be a poet of English
With whom shall I converse in English?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Without An American Heart

Without an American heart, how to sing, sing the songs of life, without, without
an American heart, how, how can I America in its Americanism and
Americanness?

An American heart want I, an American love to sing the song of America in full
Americanness and Americanism.

Without an American heart, how to sing the song of America?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Without Dating A Muslim Girl, Poetry Will Not Come To Me

Without dating her,
A Muslim girl
Miss Khatun,
I know it
Poetry,
Poetry will not
Come me
Without dating
A Muslim girl.

I shall round her streets
For ishqua,
I shall round
For her,
A Muslim girl
Seeing me,
Dekho magar pyaar she,
Seeing me
A stranger
Through her veil
Nikab or hijab.

Dekho magar she,
Mohabat she,
Burquawalli ko,
And after seeing her,
Viewing her
Wanting to bring her home,
A burquawalli,
Totally in the veil,
Blackly veil
From top to bottom.

She calling me,
Gesturing
To come,
Greeting

And welcoming me
And smiling
From the latticed clothing,
I peeping into the inside
Her dark beautiful eyes,
Telling my meeting with a burquawalli.

My love,
Burquawalli my love,
Hidden love,
Dekho magar she
Aashiqui ke liye,
Her eyes,
Her would be face,
And burquawalli smiling,
Wherever she going,
I following her
And wherever I
She following me.

Like a shadow,
A walking shadow,
My shadow,
Her shadow
Falling,
A ghost
She after
Me
And I going,
She following me,
She going,
I following her.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Without Kissing The Foreigner Belle

I shall not leave the airport
Until I kiss a foreigner belle,
I mean a blonde.

Friend, no life without foreign,
Wisdom will open
After owning a foreigner girl
And you will grow to be cosmopolitan,
One of the global village,
Talking with the mobile handset,
Placing the globe on the palm.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Without Knowing Them, I Called Myself A Poet

Without knowing them, I called myself a poet, authoring booklets of poems,
Pamphlets, brochures and documents of creative poetry,
Yea, without knowing them, in my all ignorance,
I called myself a poet, not a small poet, but a great poet,
Asking them to write papers on
And collecting on me,
Praising for to be included in
As reviewers and critics.

But something pricked it my conscience, in seeing them,
The flowers blooming and fading into the woods,
On the pathways,
When none but I am going and marking
The scenic beauty,
None but I the looker, the admirer
And had I known their beauty, had I other men's talents,
It would, would have been great for me.

The men whom I think would not be any use to me
Help me otherwise, in different ways,
Those whom think I would be my use
Help me not,
And thinking it over the ways,
The flowers scattering over the ways come to the mind
And forget I, what it in my name,
Am I really a great poet,
Are there no poets like me?

I wonder, wonder at seeing the poems of the latent poets appearing anew,
How do they write in,
Outwitting the so-called, supposed to be of propped seniors and superiors,
Mocking their ego and self-flattery,
Which they feel it in being famed poets,
But I have the wild blooms blooming and scattering over
The example to follow
As for to seek and draw from.

I am what I am now, I cannot say it myself,
What I have really written,

Written to pride over
And show it to the world,
May be it had humility been a flower, I would have drawn it,
Had somebody's innocence been my guide
To guide my soul.
The Village Girl-

Bijay Kant Dubey

Without Praying To The Dark Goddess

Without praying to the Dark Goddess,
What is it attainable,
Without praying to the ordaining deity,
The Mother Divine,
The Dark Deity?

There is a beauty to mark,
A mystery to be felt
In worshipping the Deity of the midnight,
The Goddess of the midnight.

There is a delight in marking the bizarre face,
The grotesque image of the Mother,
Whatever be the myth,
She is something as Nightly Beauty
Which the Goddess Divine represents.

Kali is the Goddess of the night, the midnight
And the midnight the appropriate time
Of experimentation with the force supernatural
And a realisation of the Mother Divine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Without Seeing The Foxes, I Do Not Feel It Good

The foxes,
small and slipping
and hiding in
and around
into the bushes
or the holes,
the small-tailed
and bushy
with the pointed ears
and glaring eyes,
the foxes,
brown foxes
slipping by,
gliding fast.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Without Seeing The Girls From Abroad I Cannot Write Poems In English

Without
seeing
the girls
from abroad,
I cannot,
cannot write
my love poems
without
viewing them,
foreigner girls
alighting from
airbuses,
Landing,
getting down
and I
whistling
out of love
after seeing
the deshi not,
videshi blondes,
belles and beauties
ravishingly beautiful,
failing
heroines and models
and fashion designers
the girls from abroad,
the girls from far.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Without Seeing The Kangaroos

Without seeing the kangaroos
I shall not go away
Without viewing them
The kangaroos frisking, galloping,
Hopping.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Without Spending Money, He Is A Net Poet, One On The Internet

Without spending money,
Having spent any or coughed up,
Borne the prices for publishing,
Struggling to write,
Suffering and sacrificing anything for it,
He is calling himself a poet,
Asking us to call him
A poet
Without studies

And after writing the poems,
He keeps posting on the Internet,
Sending to database poetry websites
And his poems magically appearing
On the Internet
And he calling himself
An Internet poet
With nothing to lose for it
Or spend

An Internet poet,
I mean the poet of the Internet Age,
Writing rhymed doggerels,
The beginner as a poet,
The versifier, the non-poet
And the commoner as the poets
Of English in India
As practised and in use

As he keeps purchasing the net packs,
I mean the recharge vouchers
For doing the Net
And putting his poems
Without caring for scholarship
And burning,
Studies and knowledge,
Poets, poets,

All poets.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Without The Peacock

Now the peacocks dance not under the showers,
Only the heroines are made to dance.
Can we dream of a world without them?
God's earth, how to keep it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Without Understanding The Pains Of The Partition, They Profiting From In The Form Of .

Without understanding the pains
Of the partition,
The pangs, pains and pines
Of the partitioned people,
India and Pakistan,
North Korea and South Korea,
East Germany and West Germany,
Yugoslavia divided and torn into,
Czechoslovakia separated,
East Bengal and West Bengal,
East Punjab and West Punjab,
Kashmir and Azad Kashmir,
They writing theses on
And getting . and .
To get promotion
as for career advancement
And to be profitable.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Without A White European Wife, One Cannot Be A Good Indian English Poet, I'M Sure Of It

Without having a White European beloved,
I am sure of it,
I cannot be a good Indian English poet
Whatever be my publicity
With regard to my ego and hypocrisy.

A White wife is a must for
To be an Indian English poet,
A White European wife,
Golden brown, roseate and smiling sweetly,
Milky white, golden brown or glistening,
A damsel on earth.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Wo Barish Ki Bunde, Wo Teri Mulakaat, Bas Yaad Hain (Bilingual)

Wo Barish Ki Bunde, Wo Teri Mulakaat, Bas Yaad Hain

Wo barish ki bunde, tera pani mein bhigana,
Uljhe-uljhe baalon mein aanaa,
Bheegi huyi, sikundi shi huyi,
Nange pawn yana
Bas yaad hain.

Those Rain Drops Falling, That Meet of Yours, Still Remember I

Those rain drops, wetting in the rain water,
With the tangled-tangled hair,
Ruffled and splashed, wet and shrunken,
Coming bare-footed
Still remember I.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Wo Chand-Shaa Chehrraa, Wo Mushkuraahat, Ek Khilataa Kamal

Wo Chand-shaa Chehrraa, Wo Mushkuraahat, Ek Khilataa Kamal

Ek khilata kamal,
Ek muskuraati hui ladki,
Ek chand-shaa chehrraa,
Ek subah hoti.

That Moon-like Face, That Smile, A Blooming Lotus

A blooming lotus,
A smiling girl,
A moon-like face,
A finely clearing morning.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Wole Soyinka

Wole soyinka
The songs of Africa
Sings he
Wole Soyinka
As an African,
Of the Dark Continent
By being the heartthrob,
Heartbeat of it.

On the telephone
Does he the conversation,
Talks he of the civilian and the soldier,
Landscapes unfurrowed
And contrasted
In a muffled and muted in voice
Symbolically about
Race, ethnicity, colour and complexion.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Women In Gandhi's Life/ The Love-Affairs Of Mahatma Gandhi

How can it be he kept company with
Indian and foreigner women
And did not love them,
How can it,
I question it not,
But they in askance
Keep whispering into
That Gandhi too had been in relationship?

First, loved he Kasturba
Then the ashramites
And movementeers
Practising brahmacharya
Though no brahmachari was he,
Not a yogi, but a bhogi,
Was a married man
With children
And abandoning them,
How could he be a sanyasin?

How can it be if I can see him still
The old man going
With two English girls,
I mean White girls,
How can it be
As he too was a man
Of flesh and blood,
Love and attachment? □

You going with
And experimenting with
The power of celibacy,
May I ask you, Gandhi,
Why the girls merely to flank you
While walking
Or going for a photo call
During your march.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Women In Iran, Women In Syria, Women In Libya, Women In Saudi Arabia, Women In India, Women, Women

Women in Iran,
Women in Syria,
Women in Libya,
Women in Saudi Arabia.

Women in Iraq,
Women in Afghanistan,
women in Pakistan,
Women in India.

Women, women,
Women studies
And women's rights,
Talk I, talk we.

Women, women,
Tortured for years,
Made slaves,
Sold and bought from.

Women, women
Separated forcibly
And looted
And caged talk I, talk we.

Women in Iran,
Women in Syria,
women in Libya,
Talk I, talk we.

Women, women,
Women in India,
Women in Pakistan,
Women in Afghanistan.

O God, Khuda, Allah,

Bhagavan,
Where are You,
At least come You to save us!

The purdahwalli,
The burkhawalli,
The ghumtawalli bibi,
Talk I, talk we.

When will she be liberated,
When will she
Be free,
When will?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Women's Day

Women's Day
As for to celebrate
Women's day
Went I
To the airport
To see the foreigners
Saying bye, bye-bye,
Goodbye,
Smiling and handshaking,
Giving a hug
To be away from
Ghumtawalli, purdahwalli bibis,
Shy princesses, coy mistresses.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Women's Day- Ii

Women's Day,
Let the women talk about
It.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Women's Language, Women's Heart, Women's Soul

Women's language,
Women's heart,
Women's soul,
Talk you, talk I,
The making of a feminist
As thus,
Not a painted and coloured fashionista,
But a homely girl
Telling a homely domestic story
Of love and its sadness.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Wonderful, Wonderful, Said I On Seeing Her, But She Too Called Me Wonderful, God Knows, Who Was Really? You Just Say It.

I saw her and said it to myself,
Wonderful,
Again, whispered I, wonderful,
Very, very wonderful
Which but heard she me speaking,
Expressing it as thus.

The face blushed it and she felt it shy and coy,
But was beaming with,
Smiling as well as feeling happy,
As how to answer to,
But gathered she courage and said it,
Wonderful,
You too are wonderful, not less than.

And hearing it, his psychology failed it,
I mean face reading,
His wit at a loss
What to do, what not,
All the time tactical expression cannot help as thus,
Thought he
After being caught red-handed.

Wonderful, said I,
No, you are wonderful, explained it
The coy girl
And lo, to our astonishment found we ourselves
Wonderful,
Both of us wonderful.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Woods, Only Woods, Hollywood, Bollywood, Tollywood, Mollywood

Woods, only woods, natural not, but artificial woods,
Full of natural habitats and flora and fauna not,
But the studios of cameras and lights,
Painted heroes and heroines,
The theatre girls
Dressed, powdered and creamed
Living in bivouacs, tents,
Under the open skies and drunk
And parting for the roles.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Woolgathering By Shiv

Shiv as a poet
Is of sexual overtones and undertones,
The body
Of flesh and blood,
Man-woman relationship,
Give and take,
Attraction and repulsion,
Love possessive.

Though intellectually sound,
His is a poetry of the intellect
Rather than emotion and feeling,
Khajuraho and Konark,
The erotic frescoes of it,
Luscious love and its relationship,
The dark relationship,
Man-woman relationship.

Shiv has never learnt to love the soul,
But the body,
The centre of sinful earth,
But hiding the dark lady,
A poet attracted to the body
Rather than the soul,
Mundane and earthly
Rather than celestial and metaphysical.

But Woolgathering as far as it is concerned,
Is it a vagary of reflection,
Roaming or vacant reflection,
An idle exercise of his dream
Or roaming upon a fruitless quest,
What is it,
Shiv 's woolgathering.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Words

Words, a combination of syllables and letters,
Enjoined or dovetailed,
Forming a word or words,
Which indicate what
The signs and symbols meaning out

And as thus starts the history of writing,
Putting sounds and speeches
Through signs and symbols,
Meaning out

Hiding within the meanings
Of the words,
Written or signed,
Carrying out some meaning.

Word, the word,
Which came it after sound and speech,
Sign and symbol
And it inculcated pantomime.

The child shrieked,
The fox howled and danced
And the wild bizarre
With trumpets and roars.

The morning sea of silence
Breaking at dawn
With the birds chirping
And the lotuses blooming.

The word,
How to relate it,
The origin and history
Of the word.

The word
Of syllables and letters
And all these

As signs and sounds.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Words On Fire By Baldev Mirza

Words On fire published from Aligarh
Consists of
A Poem, What If I...? , I Remember,
My Hands, I Have Never Known,
The Weatherock, To You,
That Old Man, The Prophet of Darkness,
You & I, These People,
Between You & I, Rhythm,
This Street No 13, At The Crossings...,
Words On Fire, I Do Not Know
And others titled as a Poem.

An artist, Baldev has vision and mission
Of his own,
Painting, drawing and sketching
As per his own dream,
Fancy and imagination,
A writer of beautiful words and imagery,
A magician of artistic imagery
And word music,
The rhythm knocking,
So sonorous and melodious
With the melodies breaking.

A master poet of poetic imagination,
Dream and allegory,
He lives in make-believe world
Of art and its vision,
Cleridgean and Mareian
And Masefieldian,
He can charm with his magical style
And pen,
He can strike with his imagery,
Art and artistic taste,
A poet as a dreamer in verse.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Wordsworth

A lover of daffodils,
Hills, vales and dales,
The robin, the skylark,
The rainbow, the meadow, the star
And the moon
Is Wordsworth,
A Nature poet,
A romantic.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Workaholic

Workaholic, say you, is to do work all the time your nature,
People take beer, brandy, rum, vodka
And in capers respond they,
Which I suggest you not to take,
But as I hear it that
You a workaholic
Which means, means that work is your alcohol?

Even on Sundays and Saturdays, when people do they their half or no duties,
I can see you striding towards the office
With files and handbags,
What the matter,
How did you get addicted to,
Workaholic?

I am asking you a question and you responding to me not,
Just looking into the face and smiling
And asking to let it go,
What's the matter,
What's the matter, workaholic,
Is there nobody in the house?

Is your house away from and the load is so much,
Are you under the pressure of the workload,
Are you not a family man,
Are you married or single,
Are you in love with at the workplace,
What's the matter, what's the matter, sir?

I am saying, saying to you, but you keeping mum,
What's the matter, workaholic,
Are you an hosteller or a hotelier
Or is your house nearer to the office
And that's why the colleagues hand the charges over to you
And move away freely
And you facing the workload, what's the matter?

The family wanting to go on a tour, wanting to travel to a destination
And you taking them not,

Under the pretext of all official business and workload
To be dispensed with and cleared
And the files have accumulated

And no time is there to picnick and celebrate, no joy to feel in life,
Work, work, only work,
Go on doing work, keep working, all this
And barring it, there is nothing
To recreate and enjoy,
They smoking a cigar
And you seeing them foolishly,
Making tension-free
And you taking tension, not yours, but of others'.

Workaholic, is work your alcohol,
Can you not without it,
As see I you
Working on even Saturdays and Sundays,
No respite from,
No relief from,
You working all daylong
From morning to evening,
Isn't it?

People talk of the town week,
Day after day passing
And they waiting for the holiday to come,
The office-goers returning by the weekends,
But you in no mood of compromise,
As geared up to work on the days of the holiday too
As work is your alcohol.

The townsmen start their days with the starting Monday,
Then with Tuesday full of dull workload and execution,
Then it continues for sometime more
And from Thursday afternoon
The day of hope dawns it
To show Saturday is not a day, just a half-day
And Sunday a full day of rest, leisure and entertainment.

But you have no leisure, no rest,
Always lost in the job of yours,

No time to think and rejoice,
No time to give to your family,
Always in the work of yours□
With your house near the office
And your friends as commuters coming and going,
Staying for a few hours,
All time journeying.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Workaholic, Is To Work All The Time Your Life?

Workaholic, is to work all the time your life
And job,
Working as an ox
Under the yoke,
No leisure from
To take to entertainment,
Workaholic,
Is to work all the time
Your life and job assigned,
They have
Or have you kept busy,
No respite from
The busy schedule
Of the routine work
And its drudgery,
Dull and dreary moments?

Workaholic, is work your alcohol
And you an alcoholic
Just like a passive smoker,
He smokes it not,
But gets
As the smokes keep taking on,
Workaholic,
Keeping late work you,
As such is your love for work,
A man of working mentality?

Even on Sundays you cannot stay at home,
Move to your chamber,
I mean the office,
Even on Sundays
Workaholic,
You cannot sidetrack jobs
And their drudgery,
Go for an outing
With your wife
And son and daughter,
Workaholic.

Bijay Kant Dubey

World Food Problem/ Poverty, Food, Malnutrition, Talk I, How To Get Rid Of? The Hunger Of The Belly, Clothes To Wear And The Shelter To Get From Heat & Rains?

Poverty, food and malnutrition,
Talk I,
How to get rid of
The food problem,
How from the shortage of,
How to feed the half-fed, the half-clothed
And the foodless people of the world,
How to quench the fire of their hunger,
The fire of the burning belly?

Hunger and starvation, food problem and malnutrition
Talk I
As how to get rid of them,
The shortage in food,
How to give food, clothes and shelter
To them,
How to save the lives,
Deaths from the claws of hunger,
How to cool the hunger of the burning belly?

Bijay Kant Dubey

World Laughter Day

On World Laughter Day
Smiled I not,
Went into a guffaw of laughter
As the man standing next to me
Had been joking so much,
Caricaturing, cajoling
And his antics anticipatory
To that.

Bijay Kant Dubey

World Penguin Day

The scientists on a mission
To Antarctica,
But the penguins seeing
Who the unknown visitors are.
Penguins, beautiful penguins
White and blackly striped.

Bijay Kant Dubey

World Refugee Day

On World Refugee Day
Think I of the gipsy soul
In a refugee heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

World Schizophrenia Day

On World Schizophrenia Day
I saw the poor schizophrenic
Lonely on the crossroads of life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Worst Communists

The communists are very dangerous people
As they continue to communize the brains
After tending to poverty and unemployment,
Distributing Marxist leaflets,
Giving fiery speeches,
Marching with the band music
And slogans
Supporting inter-caste love marriage,
Standing by birth and death
As for to oblige them
To be dedicated and devoted comrades and cadres.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Wounded Roses Sing By I.

Wounded Roses sing which appears from
Prakash Book Depot, Bareilly
In 1993
Is a book of reckoning.

In Rizvi,
The wounded roses keep singing
Sad songs of love,
The panting doves
Keep sighing,
The bleeding hearts
Keep seeking solace and relief.

Rizvi is a poet of love and heart,
Love romantic,
The heart loveful
And full of feelings
And the poet as a lover
And singer of heart.

Wounded Roses, The Self Judge,
The Coral Fish, Birds Flown Away! ,
The Onward March, Allow Me Please,
Wings of Light, Protection,
The Summit, Forbidden Dreams,
Stopping, The Fall,
Let Us Wait, Heat, etc.,
The poems following one after another.

On reading Wounded Roses Sing,
We feel it as if,
The poet were a lover
And poetry as his love,
Really a dreamer of dreams,
Truth, beauty and goodness,
Good is good,
Will remain so,
Just go on loving, worshipping,
Feeling it within.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Writers Workshop, Calcutta By ; A Factory Of Poets & Poetesses

Writers Workshop, Calcutta by
Is a factory
Of poets and poetesses,
Commoners, non-poets, poetasters and rhymers
As poets and critics
Of nowhere Indian English poetry,
Those who had not been
Too had been made poets
And those who to be
Were not,
Never
As Lal himself too as a poet
Was a mediocre,
Lal the director, the producer
Of the product company
Producing poets and critics
With the attache and the vanity bag,
Once Khushwant Singh talked about these
As vanity publications.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Yah Suit-Boot Ki Sarkar (This Is A Govt. Of The Suit-Boot)

Yah suit-boot ki sarkar hain.

Magar bhaiyya, tum bhi jo suit-boot pahne huye ho.

Tum bhi kam nahin ho.

This is a govt. of the suit-boot,

But brother you too are in the suit-boot.

You too are not less than.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Yama

Yama, I saw you not,
Knew you not,
Just got the message sent across
That you are,
You are coming,
Saw you not,
Knew you not,
But got the message sent across
That you are,
You are coming
To take the soul,
The spirit in distress.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Yare Aap Kab Tak Politics Karenge? Politics Karna Cchod Ke Dharam-Karam Bhi Kariye?

Yare Aap Kab Tak Politics Karenge? Politics Karna Cchod Ke Dharam-karam Bhi kariye?

Yare aap kab tak politics karenge,
Politics cchod ke kucch
Dharam-karam to kijiye,
Mandal ko cchod kamandal to dhariye?

O, How long Will Keep Politicking? Leaving It, Do You Some Dharma And Karma

O, how long will you keep politicking,
Leaving dharma and karma,
How log will you politicking?
Leaving the place, take you Shiva's kamandala.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Yare Pagla, India Had Never Been Intolerant As Think You

O mad you, India had never been as such intolerant
As think you,
Think you,
Aren't you yourself intolerant
That's why saying so?

India had never been intolerant down the ages
As you are making ti now-a-days,
Think you and say,
Aren't you yourself intolerant
Than ever?

It is none but you are intolerant and fanatical,
Think you,
If not review you
Or get it reviewed by others.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Yare Paglee, Pyaar Jo Hain Yah Cheez

Yare paglee, pyaar jo hotin hain yahi cheez,
Pagal ban jaogee,
Jogan ban ban jaogi.

Duniya she bekhobar
Kisi ki yaad koi jalta hua,
Pyaar ki lau jo lagi hain,
Bujhegi jo yah yahi.

Shri ki yaad mein Fariyad jalta hua,
Romeo Juliette ke liye,
Laila ki tatap mein Majnu,
Aankhe khol ke to dekho jaraa,
Mein jo tahaara tera majnu,
Teri aashiqui mein
Kitnaa bekhar,
Bas yaad tak nahin
Ek gujaraa jamaana.

O Maddie, Love Is This Sort of Thing

O maddie, love is this sort of thing,
Will go mad,
Will go a yogan, a half-lost devotee.

Away from the world lost into,
Burning into the memory of someone,
The fire flame of love which sings it,
Will forget it not.

Shri in the remembrance of Fariyad,
Romeo for Juliette,
Laila's pines for Majnu,
Open your eyes and see,
Here stand I your Majnu,
Madly in your love
How lost and forgotten am I,
Now remember it not
An age bygone.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Yare Saheb, Aap Bol Rahe Hain Kyon Nahi?

Yare Saheb, Aap Bol Rahe Hain Kyon Nahi?

Yare saheb, aap bol rahen hain kyon nahin,
Philosopher to nahi ho gayen?
Mujhe cchune dijiye aur anubham karne dijiye
Aap patthar ki statue to nahin ho gayen?

O saheb, why are you not speaking
Didn't you turn into a philosopher?
Let me not touch you and feel it
Whether you turned not into a lifeless stone-statue.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Yellow-Footed Green Pigeon/ Hariyal

The yellow-legged green pigeon
A species of green pigeon
Flying in droves,
Coupling with
And in pairs,
The hariyal,
The parakreet,
The yellow footed green pigeon
flying over
To the tree tops,
Perched on the branches
Looking strangely,
The hariyals,
Green hariyals,
Yeello-footed hariyals.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Yoga

The mind in unison with the soul,
Rising and rising,
Ascending the crags and the steeps
Of the mountainous path
Leading to Kailash and Mansarovar.

Yoga, the union of the mind and the soul,
The body in unison with the soul,
A combination psychic and physical,
Mental and spiritual,
Transcendental and retreating.

Yoga is yoga, let it be,
One of the yogis
As for to, how to keep fit and healthy,
Do not give it a materialistic tinge
So that yoga remains it not yoga.

But turns it into bhoga
At the hands of the fake
Indian babajis and gurus,
Taking to otherwise,
Growing materialistic and physical.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Yoga (A Lesson For Fake Indian Gurus & Babajis)

Yoga is yoga,
Make it not bhoga,
O, you Indian fake babajis and gurus,
Yoga is a thing transcendental,
Metamorphosing you,
Mental, cosmic and physical,
A combination of mind, soul and spirit,
The mind in ascension,
Rising and rising,
The mind in a descending order
Descending and descending!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Yoga Is Yoga, Make It Not Bhoga

And if it turns into bhoga
It's not good not all,
Actually, the yogis do it,
Not the bhogis,
Those yogis
Who have a command on carnal desires,
Not the ones tuning into woman-elopeing
Traffickers or escapists.

Yoga is for health,
Yoga is control over mind and body,
Yoga is health and happiness,
Health tips
Through exercise
Combined with meditations on the Divine
As for concentration
Statures, poses and postures,
Moods and modes

But many of the yoga teachers
Teaching yoga in America
Turning into gurus,
Deviating and digressing from
While imparting lessons,
Indulging in relationships.

Can yoga be bhoga,
Yoga is yoga,
And those are not yogis
But bhogis,
Teaching yoga for money,
Selling classical Indian texts in foreign,
Can it be so?

Yoga is yoga, let it be not bhoga,
It's yoga, not bhoga,
Which the Indian trainers in foreign
Misusing it,
The fake gurus with duplicate beards

Imparting education in yogas
For money and bhoga.

□

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Yoga, Its Spells & Rounds In America

An Indian baba in America,
I mean a yoga guru
Teaching in the United States of America,
Taking the yoga class,
But getting tempted
By exercising blondes, belles and beauties
To turn celestial yoga into mundane man's bhoga
Who have no control over lust and greed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You A Drunkard Girl Under The Canopy Of The Solitary Skies

You a lonely drunkard girl under the open canopy of the skies,
What are you doing all alone,
Unable to stand, unable to move?
Who are, who are they who made you drunk and left you straying far
On the paths of life,
Under the avenues and canopies of the open skies
With the stars and the moon shining up above
And you in the tipsy of yours,
Moving and moving,
Unable to support and unable to stand,
Babbling in tipsy?

In the frost and chill of the night time, solitaty and manless,
You lost in the mood of yours,
Drunken and loitering,
Sitting under the tree, passing time,
Madam, say you, where they made you drunk
And left you here,
Is this called partying,
Is this called deriving of pleasure,
is this modern love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

You A Pose For A Photograph/ Sit In My Studio, But Smile You Not, Let Me Take The Photo

I asked to sit in my studio
For a pose,
Forbidding her to smile,
But smiled she.

(Some people smile they too much
When forbidden,
But some control it,
Some view as statues
While some chatter like hanumans.)

Bijay Kant Dubey

You A Villagerly, Poor Girl-Child Of India Weeping For Cosmetics, My Love And I Can't Give It To You, How Can It Be?

Rustic Maid, grew you up
In the rustic villages,
I mean the thorps and hamlets of Poor India
Where reigned it
Poverty and illiteracy,
Backwardness and underdevelopment,
Hunger and superstition,
A small girl
Passed you
Your days in doing home-works,
Field works,
Working hard,
Getting less,
Unable to eat, drink, clothe and dress,
Oil and apply on,
A poor girl living poorly,
Looked after your small brother,
Helped the mother,
Cooked food after
Hand fanning and puffing into a blaze
The dry leaves and haystacks
Into the earthen oven
Where Poverty too wept
To see the conditions so miserably
And after feeding all, took you
The left-overs,
The Poor Girl-child of India,
But after seeing you weeping
As for the ribbon, hair bands and pins,
Clips, myrtle leaves, beauty spots,
Hair oil, red liquid-colour for the toes,
Face cream, face powder,
I too feel sad, very, very sad for this.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You An Indian English Poet, I An Indian English Poet And Lo, Great Poets And Poetesses Are We!

I giving thanks to you and you to you
And as thus we shall turn into Indian English poets and poetesses
Someday.

My poetry I shall read lying in my arm chair
And your poetry you will lying in your arm chair,
Calling ourselves great poets and poetesses.

I shall call in an adman for anchoring
And my book will be launched as thus
With the media personalities sitting before.

Maybe it that the book will not see the press,
But will be released on the websites
And a no-man I shall one day forget them too,
I mean those who have given me a breakthrough.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You And I

Just for a kiss of yours

Lie I in wait

To forget the existential questions of mine,

Who am I, where am I from, what my identity, where to?

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Are Looking Very Beautiful

You are looking very Beautiful,
Tell me,
Are you modern,
Modernist
Or post-modern?

What are you, ma'am,
An English memsaheb
Or an Indian brown sahiba,
What are you
In reality?

Bobby-cut, cute and loving,
Mod, frank and bold,
Very daring and adventurous enough,
Mod, up-to-date and hi-fi,
Doing hi-hello
And going.

Now say you,
Are you colonial or post-colonial,
Modern or post-modern,
What are you,
Modern or modernistic,
Contemporary or new?

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Are My First Love

You are my first love, first love,
Believe me,
Just believe,
Said he.

But on hearing him, said she curtly and cutely,
O Mr., how long will you go saying,
I love you, love you
And dodging others?

It's too a reality
That she has, I love, love you
To many a girl before
Before meeting her
And she catching him red-handed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Are My First Love, First Love

Believe me,
Just believe,
Said he.

But on hearing him, said she curtly and cutely,
O Mr., how long will you go saying,
I love you, love you
And dodging others?

It's too a reality
That she has, I love, love you
To many a girl before
Before meeting her
And she catching him red-handed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Are My First Love, First Love (Ii)

You are my first love, first love,
Believe me,
Just believe,
Said he.

But on hearing him, said she curtly and cutely,
O Mr., how long will you go saying,
I love you, love you
And dodging others?

It's too a reality
That she has, I love, love you
To many a girl before
Before meeting her
And she catching him red-handed.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Are My Life Radha, You Are My Heart

You are my life, Radha,
You are my heart, Radha,
How to live without you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Are My Life, Radha

You are my life, Radha,
You are my life,
No life without you,
Without you, Radha
And the melodies of the flute breaking,
Radha, Radha, Radha,
You are my life, Radha,
No life without you,
Without Radha
And the melodies breaking to resound with
Radha, Radha, Radha,
You are my life,
You are my life, Radha.

Rahda, Radha, Radh, Radha,
Shyam, Shyam, Shyam,
Radha, Radha, Radha, Radha,
Shyam, Shyam, Shyam,
You are my life, Radha,
Radha, Radha, Radha, Radha,
shyam, Shyam, Shyam.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Are My Life, Radha, How To Live Without You?

You are my life, Radha,
How to live without you
And the flute tuning it,
Radha-Radha, Radha-Radha,
You are my life, Radha,
How to live without you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Are My Life, Radha, Radha-Radha-Radha, Take I The Name

You are my life, Radha,
Radha-Radha-Radha,
Take I the name,
You are my life, Radha,
How to live without you,
How to live without, Radha?

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Are My Life, Radha; You Are My Heart, Radha

You are my life, Radha,
You are my heart,
You my soul,
Your flute
Play I,
Your flute
Am I, Radha.

You are my life, Radha,
You are my heart, you are my soul, Radha,
Your flute
With to play the tunes on
And the melodies breaking forth.

Radha, Radha, Radha,
You are my ow, Radha,
You are my life, Radha,
Your flute,
Flute breaking forth,
Breaking into many a melody.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Are My Love, You Are My Heart, Radha

You are my love, Radha,
You are my heart, Radha,
The flute of my life
And the melody breaking forth,
You are heart, Radha,
You are my soul, Radha.

Radha, Radha, Radha, Radha,
You are my life, Radha,
You are my heart, Radha,
You are my soul,
How to live without,
Your flute that calling
And the music breaking forth?

The melody being as such
That go I calling, Radha, Radha, Radha,
You are my own, Radha,
Your flute,
You are my heart, Radha,
Your flute that breaking the tunes,
Radha, Radha, Radha,
You are my own, Radha.

Radha, Radha, Radha, Radha,
Radha, Radha, Radha, Shyam, Shyam, Shyam,
You are my own, Radha,
You are my own, Radha,
Your flute calls it that
And the music that breaks,
The music of the song divine
And the melody.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Are My Love, You Are My Heart, Radha; Your Flute That

You are my love, Radha,
You are my heart, Radha,
The flute of my life
And the melody breaking forth,
You are heart, Radha,
You are my soul, Radha.

Radha, Radha, Radha, Radha,
You are my life, Radha,
You are my heart, Radha,
You are my soul,
How to live without,
Your flute that calling
And the music breaking forth?

The melody being as such
That go I calling, Radha, Radha, Radha,
You are my own, Radha,
Your flute,
You are my heart, Radha,
Your flute that breaking the tunes,
Radha, Radha, Radha,
You are my own, Radha.

Radha, Radha, Radha, Radha,
Radha, Radha, Radha, Shyam, Shyam, Shyam,
You are my own, Radha,
You are my own, Radha,
Your flute calls it that
And the music that breaks,
The music of the song divine
And the melody.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Are Nirmala, Nirmala, Miss Pure & Clean

Who says it that you are Patita,
Patita, Miss Fallen & Trampled,
You are Nirmala,
Nirmala?

Patita, wipe out the tears
Falling down the cheeks,
Fallen and dried on the cheeks,
You are not Patita, Patita,
But Nirmala, Nirmala.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Are Not Even Modern And Instead Of Being Calling Post-Modern

First, you be modern
Then call yourself post-modern,
A small townsman you are conservative and orthodox,
Old and odd
And calling yourself post-modern.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Are Not Patita, But Punita, Punita (Miss Pure & Chaste)

You Are Not Patita, But Punita, Punita (Miss Pure & Chaste)
(Do Not Call Her A Prostitute)

You are not Patita, Patita,
But Punita,
Punita.

You are not Patita,
Patita,
Wayward, fallen, trodden and characterless.

You are Punita, Punita,
Miss Chaste and Pure,
Not Miss Fallen.

Who says it that
You are characterless,
Moralless?

You are Punita,
Punita,
Not Patita.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Are So Beautiful

You are so beautiful
That I close the eyes
And see you
And feel you.

I like you no doubt,
But fear to say to you,
I love you so much.

As an art-piece,
Art-model
I find you standing before
And I benumbed to see you
In your pose and posture.

Tell me, O, beauty,
What your name,
What your business!

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Are So Beautiful To Look At

You are yourself so beautiful to look at that
Your beauty fails it my poetry,
So attractive and lovely,
So fascinating and charming indeed.

On looking you, my pen stops it,
As if someone holding the pen
And asking me,
You do not write, do not,
See the lovely maid,
Just see her,
Not less than your poetry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Are So Beautiful Which I Could Not Have Imagined

You are so beautiful
I could not have imagined,
So lovely to look at,
So beautiful to look at.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Are So Beautiful, So Beautiful (Your Fragrance)

Your are so beautiful, so beautiful
That I do not have the words
To appreciate and admire you,
A rajanigandha
Under the misty moonlight
Drizzling around.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Are The Sad, Sad Song Of My Life

You are,
You are the sad song
Of my life,
You are,
Are the sad song
Of my life,
You are,
You are
The sad song
Of my life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Are Wonderful

You are wonderful,
I said to her
And hearing it,
She too said to me,
You too are wonderful.

I looking up to her
And she looking up to me,
But know we not,
Who is really wonderful?

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Are Yourself A Red Rose

You are yourself a red rose
Then why to give to you
A red rose?

Just like you have I seen you somewhere,
Just like a rose,
A red-red red-rose.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Ask Me

You ask me and I shall what it is in my heart,
What has it happened to it,
How it undergoes upon it?

You ask me and I shall what it has happened to my heart,
What has it passed on,
The scars and wounds will say it,
The bleeding wounds of my love?

My love is it that sing I, my love is it that hum and whistle I
And go I about singing,
The song of life, my love,
My heart and soul,
My love, you do not know them?

My beards have grown for her,
My hair lies it ruffled,
How sad, broken and morose look I,
Can't you guess it?

But love is love, love for anything else,
Love is not that
What take you, take I,
My love, your love.

A singer of hear am I and go I singing and humming
The songs of life,
Thank you brother
As listened to it.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Asked Me And I Could Not Say

You asked me and I could not say to you,
Sorry for it
And it would not have served your purpose
Had I introduced myself,
A no-man I.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Call Me An Indian English Poetess, I Am Young, Lovely And Modern

I did not enquire about,
But said she,
You call me an Indian English poetess,
Look, look into the yes of mine,
How young and lovely am I,
So are my verses!

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Call Me Kamala Das, Said She, As Writer I Like Her

You call me Kamala Das
As write I like her,
I am Kamala Das,
The Kamala of today,
Said she she
The young teacher.

For to be a Kamala,
I have left my husband,
I had been in love with the guide
Under whose guidance did I
My dissertation.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Cannot Be A Doctoral Expert, A Ph.D. External Examiner

A university teacher from Allahabad
Said to me,
You cannot be a doctoral examiner
As you teach in a college.

Hearing him, smiled I,
Said I not to,
Never have I gone after
Posting and placement.

If be this, let the varsity come
And test me,
I am an expert on Jayanta Mahapatra
And the non-knowing will examine the theses on him.

Something kept me from bursting,
I am that Bijay Kant Dubey
Who never took anything else from the U.G.C.
Instead worked from my own pocket.

After doing M.A. in Eng., Hist. & .,
Ph.D. in English,
If I cannot be a Ph.D. examiner,
Who can be then,
Say you to me?

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Come & Go Seeing The Face Of Bhagabati

O, you come
And go seeing
The face of Bhagabati,
A magnificent statue of hers,
A goddess looking fair and beautiful,
Full of chivalry and valour!

Seated on a lion,
She is with conventional weapons of war,
Warring with auric forces
And annihilating them,
Piercing the lance
Into the chest of the demon king,
Mahishashura!

The Mythological She, the Valour Queen
In her battle fatigue,
Fighting the wild and untamable,
Bloody and brutal forces
To save the people,
Bhagabati, the Eternal She.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Come Along And Sit By, My Love

You come,
Come with me, my love,
Come,
Come with me
And let,
Let me see you
In full,
Let, let me
In full
As I have not
For so many days,
My love,
Which but my heart,
My heart knows it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Come And Go Seeing The Face Of The Mother

O, you, come, come,
Come an go seeing the face,
The Face Divine,
The Grand Face Divine of the Deity,
Huge, huge and tall,
The face of the Dark Goddess!

The Dark Goddess, bizarre and grotesque,
Strangely-poised
The Goddess Divine,
You come and go seeing Her,
The Goddess in Her strange posture.

You come, come and go seeing
The face,
The Face Divine of the Goddess,
The Dark Goddess,
The Mother Divine,
Dark black, but beautiful.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Come, Come & See The Face Of The Mother, The Mother Divine On The Eve Of Deepawali

You come, come
and see
the face
of the Mother Divine,
before you go away,
you come, come
and see
the face
of the Mother,
Mother Kali,
The Goddess,
The Dark Goddess,
on the eve of Deepawali,
you come, come and see,
how She looks,
how does She Kali?

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Do Not Destroy Your Life In Drinking Wine, In Being An Alcoholic, O, You Teenager Lass!

You do not,
do not destroy
your golden life
after taking wine,
turning into an alcoholic,
O, you, lass,
a belle,
golden and glistening,
looking like
a damsel!

What a beautiful
face
have you got,
what a beauty
are you
and you destroying
your life
in alcoholism
after being
an alcoholic.

Think, just think you,
you yourself,
who,
who will serve you,
serve and see you
when you will turn
into an addict,
O, you golden lass,
O, you golden brown girl!

O maid, you are,
you are still
a teenaged girl,
unknown
on the path of life

lest you stumble and fall,
you a simple girl
of your parents!

They will make you drink.
drink to full
and will leave you
on the pathways,
the footpaths of life
when,
when the bad days will prevail upon!

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Do Not Know How Bad Am I / A Badman I Go On Doing Sinful Activities All Daylong

You do not know how bad am I,
I am not a good man at all,
There is a man with the exterior of his own,
But the interior lies it hidden from the public gaze.

I am not a good man you are looking out for,
I am but a bad man, very, very bad,
As the man behind the curtain
Know we not

And assesss we otherwise evaluating the outward,
A badman I
And all of my activities bad and sinful,
Always wanting to confess before the Lord to absolve them.

You do not know it how bad am I,
A badman I am very, very bad really
And my activities so sinful.

A badman I, very-very bad from my within and outside,
Take me not for a good man please
As all my activities sinful and a sinner am I
Doing it ll sinfully.

You please prise me not as a goodman as
Not so good am I,
Nor is anything noble and raiseworthy in me,
I a poor amn weak in everything; my lust my weakness ruining me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Do Not Look To Be An English Poet, But An Indian Poet

Dear Sir, introduce you not yourself
As an Indian English poet,
If English is not your mother tongue
And you unable to speak in English,
Speaking haltingly
With hitches and hurdles everywhere,
Full of errant expression
And contoured statement.

I know you that you are an Indian,
Not an Englishman
And English not your mother tongue,
But an alien one,
You not the right speaker,
But a foreigner
Speaking in English,
Looking like an Englishman
But are not,
One in dhoti and kurta
While the other in lungi and vest.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Do The Pinda-Dana

Do the pinda-dana
For the deceased,
The dead and departed soul
On its heavenwards journey,
The lone and bereaved traveller
Of life,
Pray for his shantih,
The shantih of the soul.

May the soul be blessed,
May the soul get rest and peace,
May it get the solace,
Om shantih shantih shantih,
Let us sprinkle the holy water over
With a leaf.

Earth to earth,
Water to water,
Fire to fire,
Wind to wind,
Consciousness to consciousness,
Returned these to.

You do the pinda-dana,
Roll the clay and suppose them to be,
Man too a pinda,
The planet and the star too,
Offer a handful of foodgrains,
This too is mass and matter,
Food to the departed soul just as an offering.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Fathering More And Saying, God Is Giving/ Population Explosion

You fathering more and more
And saying,
God is giving,
Allah is giving,
Bhagawan is giving,
You fathering more
And saying
God is,
Allah is,
Bhagawan is...

Leave your pretension
And say you,
When will you
Check birth-control,
See your wife
And say you,
She is not a child-bearing machine,
Don't you feel pity
For her,
Turning into a skeleton?

You fathering
And saying,
god is,
Allah is,
Bhagawan is,
You not,
The man pulling the trolley
With a dozen seated over
And he a weakling
Pulling.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Flogged Laila And Majnu, Now Whom Will You Flog?

You flogged Laila and Majnu,
Now whom will you flog,
What an old set of mind and thinking
And even if you are being liberal,
Tell you, are you yourself upright and righteous?

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Give Me My Statue And I Shall Go Away

You give, give me my statue,
The golden statue of Radha and Krishna
Found from the rubbles and ruins
Of the terracotta temples,
Centuries old and small brick built,
Lying as a mouldering heap
Of baked clay and small bricks fallen,
The pillars and columns earthed into
And dilapidating,
Telling of an age gone by!

You give me, give the statue,
Black, but golden,
Black as for lying under
Or may be it so
As for to hide in from commonly public gaze,
The antique statue,
Give me, give me,
Whatever be the probable reason
Which but I shall not confide in,
Whatever be that,
It's, it's a thing
Which the eyes cannot behold any more.

A thing golden, antique and ancient,
Old and dating back to
An age of yore,
Lived and gone by
And made then
By the craftsmen or the artisans,
Artistes and goldsmiths
Unknown the maker and the buyer,
Taking and giving the statue
Cast in gold
And weighing in present-day markets
As a valuable,
Rarer and priceless.

A statue of the museums

Where it should have been
I am viewing, viewing it here,
A statue rarer and priceless,
A statue never to be seen again,
A statue of Radha and Krishna,
Krishna and Radha,
Blackly, but golden,
Never to be seen, never to be viewed again,
One from the rubbles and ruins
Of terracotta temples,
Falling, dilapidating and deciphering.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Go To And Say You Want To Be A Poet

You go to and say you that you
Want to be a poet
And you will
If you give money
For to be published
And if you have at least
Somehow fifteen to twenty poems in total.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Inspire Me And I Shall Get Inspired

You keep me inspiring
And I shall be getting inspired,
You inspire me in such a way
That I may turn into the shayar of yours,
You burning as a candle
On the mazar of a Sufi saint.

How lost is Majnu in the memory of Laila,
You just think about!
Your inspiration,
Open the gates of your ghunghata,
You will get your lord!

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Just Call Me Michael Jackson And See The Beat Of My Dance

You just call me
Michael Jackson
And see the magic
Of spelling the name,
The rhythm of dance,
The beat of music,
My break dance,
The limbs breaking,
The shoulders swinging,
The legs shrinking,
The waist taking positions,
My boots slipping
And taking hold of the ground.

My hats on and off,
Upping and owning
And I juggling with sometimes,
the goggles on and of
And sometimes
I seeing you
With the four eyes,
The handkerchief into the hands
Or around the neck,
I a dancer
Under the magic and spell
Of the name
Of the great dancer.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Just Call Yourself A Poet And You Will In Indian English Poetry

You just call yourself a poet
And you will in Indian English poetry
As there are no writers here,
Poets and poetesses,
The first poem writers
And the starters
And the first book publishers,
The books on the anvil,
Going to be published
And thereafter the practitioners
Pressurizing for bigger reviews.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Just Love Me

You just love me, just love me,
You just love me, love me,
I shall also love you, love you,
You love me, love me,
I shall love you.
Your love turning into a song,
I humming it,
Changing into a rose
And a rose I see blooming,
Taking us by surprise.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Just Love Me, I Shall Keep Humming

You just love me,
Love me,
I shall keep humming,
Humming around you
As a butterfly keeps
Around a flower.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Just Love Me, Love, I Am An Indian English Poetess

I am very beautiful to look at
As well as am mod, rank, bold and daring
And hi-fi and cute-looking,
You kiss me,
I am your mistress,
But forget not to call me
An Indian English poetess.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Just Love Me, Love, I Am An Indian English Poetess (I)

I am very beautiful to look at
As well as am mod, rank, bold and daring
And hi-fi and cute-looking,
You kiss me,
I am your mistress,
But forget not to call me
An Indian English poetess.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Just Think She Is Your Sister Too

You just think she is your sister too,
Not a doll of love,
A painted flower merely.

She is your sister too, just think you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Love Me, But Don'T Be Sad

You love me, but don't be sad,
As your love the songs of mine
And you if sad and lonely,
Heartbroken and forlorn,
My confidence I shall lose it.

It is your love which has but turned into a lover
And an unknown singer of love,
Ay, the singer of heart,
So, if you in the sighs and sobs,
The eye-lashes splashed with tears,
My brush fall from the hands
And shall I fail in making a sweet portrait of yours
As and whenever move I, the wet eyelashes will discourage me,
Calling me from behind,
Obstructing the way.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Love Me, Just Love Me

You love me, love me,
Just love me,
You love me, love me,
Just love me,
You love me,
Love me,
Just love me,
Just love me.

(Thank you, ladies and gentlemen,
How did you like the song,
How did you?
Taking leave you.
Allow me, I mean the announcer to go,
Thank you, thank you.)

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Love Me, Love Me, Just Love Me, An Aap Heroine During The Nukkad Sabha Natak

You love me, love me, just love me,
You love me, love me, just love me,
The AAP actress saying before
So lyrically
And dramatically,
You love me, love me, just love me,
The AAP actress with a white cap
Smiling and with the hands folded hands
Cajoling and hoaxing and coaxing
And acting before
As a folk theatre artiste.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Need Idea

You need idea,
Idea
To be man,
Idea,
Idea
Which but gives
Knowledge
And knowledge
Making you
A man of wisdom.

Did you understand,
Understand,
Understand,
Man,
A man without idea
Nothing,
Nothing without
Knowledge and wisdom?

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Pause And Say, Where Are You Going? (Jaraa Rukiye Aur Sochiye Jaane She Pehle)

Jaraa rukiye aur sochiye,
Aap jaa rahin hain kahan,
Jaraa rukiye
Aur sochiye,
Aap jaa rahin hain kahan
Sukh, shanti ki khoj mein?

You pause and think a bit to say,
Where you are going,
Please pause a bit
And think,
Where are you going
In search of pleasure,
Peace and satisfaction?

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Proposed, But I Could Not

You proposed, but I could not respond to,
But after having been silent for days,
The heart has started saying,
I love you, love you,
I like you, like you,
I love you, love you,
I like you, like you.

You proposed and I could not say
Thought the heart palpitates it for you,
Beats and throbs
To call you back home.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Say It

What did I come with
And what shall I go with,
You say it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Sit Before, Let Me See You

You sit before me, let me see you, see you in full,
Let me view you
As for a portrait of yours
And you a model before me
And I making a portrait of yours,
The artist as a young man,
Ay, the portrait of an artist,
You sitting before as an art
And I as a painter painting
You, the portrait of an artist.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Sit In The Studio

You sit in the studio and let me make a portrait of yours,
Let me with my pencil
A portrait of yours,
The dots and circles forming,
Impressions coming and going,
My impressions of yours.

Smile please, when say I,
You smile,
But giggle not, burst not into guffaws
As the hands will tremble
And the mood will deviate and digress from
And the impression may not come to exactly.

You sit in the studio and give me time to make a portrait of yours,
To pencil it
The beautiful image of yours
Which I have captured in my heart
And which lies it unpainted,
Let me, let me paint and portray that
As I may not again.

You will remain in my memory as for always, isn't it,
As the memories formed of you
Will not go so easily,
You are in mind stored and stored,
You are in my heart painted and hung
As there lie in my impressions, my sensations
And as thus go I making portraits,
An artistic masterpiece may I call it?

Art is for art' sake, it's good to say, but how difficult,
Is it to keep the paintings,
How difficult is it
To maintain them,
The portraits and clay models,
Isn't it?
You just tell me,
Tell me, sir.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Smelt A Rose And Threw It Out

When it had been abloom,
In her full youth and glory,
Tempted by her attractive attire and mien,
You felt the infatuation for her,
Got attracted to
With an earnest earning of your own
And loved and caressed you,
Finally to desert and dump her
When your lust was complete.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Take The Pindas, Mother

Tears are in the eyes,
Memories still fresh
But the pindas being given
As for the bereaved soul.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Take Your Glass Of Wine, But Be Not A Drunkard

You take your glass of wine, but be not a drunkard,
See it that you have a family,
You have small daughter and son to attend to
And in loaded full,
May turn you an animal.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You The Police, The Prisoner And The Judge

The world is a jail
And man a prisoner,
A convict and a criminal
In the eyes of the pleader.

The world is a prison
And Man a prisoner,
Convicted of and jailed,
Passing his days in the cell.

If the dacoits and thieves are not,
The police will be unemployed
And if the cases are not,
The judges and pleaders will not be.

Who will say sir to whom,
The thief to the policeman,
The convict to the judge, me Lord,
The pleader, but I do not who is whose sir?

I your sir, you my sir,
I sirring you and getting my works done,
My sons and daughters jobless
But my old-timer, illiterate peon's sons in posting

As he has sirred all,
All as mother-father,
Wherever he had work
Or to get them done, even the ass too baap, mai-baap.

It is said, if you are in need of,
You may have to say mai-baap,
Even to all,
The ass too.

Similarly, the peon in the khaki dress
Not an old-timer obedient and submissive orderly,
But the mid-time, semi-urban peon,
Cleverly and a little-read, getting things done.

The pickpocket and thief's sir is the police
And the police's sir the court campus people,
Sir's sir, I am a sir, you too are a sir, we all sirs.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Too Tell Me About The Story Of Your Life As I Have Already

I said to you the story of my life
Now will you not say to me?

I want to hear from you remaining silent,
All about your house, family, place and surroundings,
Will you not tell me?

Now-a-days who talks to whom, who has got the time to talk to,
All the big talkers, I mean the gossip-masters of yesteryears
Are almost gone now,
Is it not the truth?

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Touched Me Deeply When I Saw You (My God, Why Did I See Her?)

You touched me, my heart and soul
when I saw you
smiling and talking with,
my God, I don't know
what it will happen
to me,
why did I see her,
Why did I talk to,
now feel I,
now think I
when retreating and reverting to?

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Wait For, I Am Trying To Be Modern

You wait for,
I am trying to be modern
The poets-modern,
First let me be modern,
Then you talk of making post-modern

And for it, you forget it not to
Give me the suit and the boots
In accordance with the
The latest fashion and apparel designing.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Weeep Not, My Love

My love, let me wipe out the tears,
Let me, let me wipe out,
Punish me, punish me if I have something wrong.

I am not that type of man who will refuse to accept
The weakness of his,
I too am at fault
As I have loved you, loved you.

And there is love, there will be no betrayal in it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Wept

You wept and the tears fell down
And turned into dahlias
Blooming in a great variety of colours.

You wept and the tears fell down
And tuned into marigolds
Yellow, spotted and sprinkled.

You wept and the tears fell down
And tuned into roses
Pink, red, white.

Your tears, I could not,
Oh, your love I could
And o, you went weeping.

But love is love, the love of heart,
The love of the temple,
I mean the temple of love
And there dwells in the deity.

You wept and tears fell down
And they turned into tiny specks of
Yellowish and whitish fragrant seuli booms.

You wept and the stars fell down,
Bringing my doom and darkness,
Appearing gloomy.

You wept and the flowers fell down on the way
Going to the temple
And for what proceed I on?

You wept and the tears fell down
And they turned into the white kaaminis,
Icy white tiny blooms littering all through the night.

Love is not love, my child,
Love has it become defiled

And all those who show love, love they not really.

My love, your love,
Who has known,
Try to love at least innocently.

¶

You wept and wept and went I hearing callously
Putting the blocks of stone
On my breast, hardening my stance.

Kaamini called I, Vaasana was it,
Aashakti was you,
Mohini saw I you.

Abodh Mana were you, Niscchala Hridya
I appreciating you, admiring you
And remembering you.

Love, yes, love you, but destroy not,
To love is not to ruin
But to nurture.

Maybe she your daughter,
May be she your love,
Maybe she your mother!

Your tears, let me wipe them out,
Your falling tears
Which I ought to have I knew it not.

I saw you as a tender flower
And let you be a flower fragrant
With the glee and gaiety of your own.

You wept and wept and the tears fell down from the eyes
And turned they into rajanigandhas
Blooming in bunches and keeping nights fragrant.

And seeing you in all tears, though I of passing my nights
Under the kaamini, seuli and champa plants
Or by the rajanigandh sticks.



Bijay Kant Dubey

You Will Madden Me

You will madden me
And I shall turn mad
For you,
Only for you,
Mad, mad, mad,
Will go mad for you.

A boy and a girl
Mad for each other,
Is this called love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

You Will Smile To Browse Through Thin Anthologies Of 's Writers Workshop

You will smile if you see the collections
Brought earlier by
And those of the modern poets,
Just a few pages,
Twenty to thirty in number
Have turned the beginners into poets
Whom call we the greats of today
Were then just the beginners,
The first-poem writers
Or the first-book publishers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

You, Buddha Lessen Them, India And China To Be Cool And Calm!

You, Buddha,
lessen them
India and China
To be cool and calm
Before resorting to war,
Confrontation,
Border skirmishes
In Sikkim!

Bijay Kant Dubey

You'D Been Drunk, I'D Been Drunk And It's All Happened In Drunkenness Unknowingly

You'd been, I'd been
And it all happened in drunkenness
Quite unknowingly
As it happens in occasionally,
I kissed you hard,
You too kissed
After nagging a bit
And as thus our love was born.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Affection, Your Sympathy, I Need Them Most

I am a man,
I need your sympathy, your affection
The most,
Nothing else
But your love,
A few words of sympathy and affection
Which I need them most.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your And Mine Story Of Life

The stories of life are many
I shall tell them someday.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Bibis And Talaq

You will have more and more bibis,
will marry at ease
and will divorce whimsically,
how can it be,
gentleman?

If had to divorce,
why did you espouse?
Who has given you the license of
keeping three to four bibis
without maintenance
and divorcing them whimsically
as are the commodities bought and sold?

You have three,
but see you,
I have none,
you marry her whimsically
and desert you willingly,
how can it be, sir
and this makes you into a badman?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Blue Eyes

Your blue taking me away,
Far away,
Into the blue skies,
Into the sunny hills looking blue,
Into the sweet dreams of mine.

Tell me, tell me please,
Your name and address,
O blonde-haired, blue-eyed beauty!

Your blue eyes, blue eyes taking me far away
And as a mariner, a navigator I going with my ship
Dreaming of you and your blue eyes!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Brown Eyes

Your brown eyes,
Brown-brown eyes,
The poetry of the memsaheb,
An English memsaheb who lived
During the colonial times
And worked I as her havildar
With a rifle
And a lathi into the hands of mine
During those colonial times.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Cheeks (Haiku)

Your cheeks
Roseate and pink
Luring me away.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Cheeks Are Fragrant

Your cheeks,
Your jasmine-like cheeks are fragrant,
Let me kiss them.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Cheeks Are Like Petals

Your cheeks are like flower petals,
How soft, how tender,
How lovely, how appleyish,
How rosy!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Dark Blue Eyes

Your dark blues
My infatuation for, my inward yearning for them,
O, your dark blue eyes
My my quest for beauty!

I like you, like you,
I love you, I love you,
Your dark blue eyes,
Your dark, deep and blue eyes.

The colour of the eye, the corona,
The retina, the lens,
The iris, the eyelashes,
Just the eyes see I,
Just the blueness taking me far away.

Just see me with love, love me,
Call me back,
Waving the hands,
I could not find the reasons
Why the eyes bluish,
I just found them dreamy enough to take over.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Daughter

Your daughter
Is rare and precious,
Mind you not
What the patriarchal society of ours
Says it,
What the conservative and orthodox folk
Tell it,
All those out-dated and out-moded
Logically dead people,
Religiously blind,
in whom reasoning power
Is almost dead and dry.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Daughter Is Precious

Your daughter is precious,
You just keep it in mind,
Neglect her not,
Hurt you not her poor heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Eyes

Your eyes
Dark black eyes
With the light
Burning
Like
A candle.

Your eyes
Dark black eyes
Lovely and beautiful
Showing me
Beautiful sights and scenes,
Taking me far away.

Your eyes
Dark black,
Beautiful eyes,
Beautiful and lovely
Calling me,
Calling me.

Let me,
Let me see them
Your dark black eyes,
So beautiful, so lovely
Your dark black eyes,
Beautiful eyes.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Eyes (Haiku)

Your eyes lustrous
With a glitter in
I fear them most.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Eyes Are So Beautiful

Your eyes are so beautiful, my love,
Seeing them,
Dark, lovely and beautiul
And deep down,
Let me kiss on the forehead of yours.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Eyes Are So Beautiful, Dark, Deep And Beautiful

Your eyes are so beautiful, my love,
Dark, deep and lovely,
Seeing them, want I to impress a kiss
On the forehead of yours.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Face, I Remember

I have not seen you for so long,
Let me see you in full
Before I go away.

All of a sudden I get remembered of you,
Is it that I have fallen in love with you?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Fragrance Will Tell It, Rajanigandha Or Belli Or Champa Or Seulis Or Cchadims? (In Search Of Shakuntala)

Your fragrance will tell it,
Whose scent is it,
Of the belli,
The chameli
or the kanchanar,
The juhi,
The seuli
Or the cchadim,
The rajanigandha
Or the scent of the kaamini
Is it?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your French-Cut Beards, Sir

Your French-cut beards, sir,
I liked it very much
When you had been hurrying across
The town square,
A shortish fellow,
Round, but a balding somewhat,
But with the French-cut beards
Decorating the chin,
Making you very smart, sir,
Frankly speaking, I could not hold me back,
I went on watching you go
Until and unless you moved out of sight.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Genius

Had I known your genius, the talent which you have,
It would have been surely my blessedness,
I would have felt blessed
And looked up to Him an all my thankfulness,
Had I known your innocence, your ignorance,
The nature of being innocent, guileless and simple,
Uncorrupted by the world and its coquetry,
Ignorant totally, kept in the dark
And trying to know simply.

I see the wild flowers blooming and scattering,
The grassy blooms just as tiny specks of flowers,
The weeds, creepers and plants in flowers,
Their colour, hue and beauty,
Redolence coming from
And compare with
And feel it within the sweetness of yours,
The fragrance of yours, I mean, your goodness
Which the wide world knows it not.

And how can it be that I shall call myself talented,
A genius incomparable,
How, how can it be that I am only gifted with and talented?
You go out and try to see it
How the people lie in talented,
There are many whose innocence and ignorance
Have many a thing to teach,
There are many small girls and boys who paint extraordinarily,
Without being taught
And whose paintings we want to thro it away
In the absence of an expert, a specialist
And had it been the gemologist or jeweller before
He could have diamond.

You have many a thing to learn from which you have not,
Think it not that you know it all,
What more do you about culture and tradition,
Have you seen the people from some cultural families,
Have you tried to know their courtesy, good manners and etiquette,

You first go and see
To relay it to me
And this cultural aspect too has the significance of its own
Which but you know it not, I myself too know it not
And both of us have to learn it.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your God-Gifted Face

I think about your
God-gifted face
That God has given to you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your God-Gifted Face, Golden Brown Glistening Hair, Your Sweet Smiles, My Song Of Love

Your God-gifted face,
Golden hair,
Glistening face,
Lustrous eyes,
Rosy cheeks,
Pink lips,
Admire I, appreciate I
Your fair and fine face,
Good looking,
Your voice so sweet and golden,
I admire you, admire and appreciate you,
A great beauty are you
So lovely to look at
With the golden locks hanging,
Tell me, who, who are you,
Lassie?
Who, who are you, blonde,
Belle so sweet,
Please pass by not,
Let me take a photo,
A girl never seen before,
Forcing me to compare with a balsam,
Brownish grey and glistening.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your God-Gited Face

Your God-gifted face, I have not forgotten it,
I still remember it
The source of my inspiration.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Golden Brown Hair

Your golden brown hair,
Bobby-cut style
Glistening under the sun,
The sun rays falling over
And radiating
The hair particles
In that flash-light
See I
You,
Bobby,
Your sweet and lovely face
Golden brown and glistening,
A blonde, belle
Never imagined, dreamt about.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Innocence And Ignorance

Had I come to know your innocence and ignorance,
Had I your poor soul and heart,
Had I your guileless heart
And simplicity,
It would, it would have been my greater bliss
That I could have known
Known and felt,
Vidisha

My daughter, you know it not the wide world,
How crafty and intriguing is it,
How the men who dwell in here,
How the people of it!
I know not, know not the world
And the people who dwell in here.

They call me a poet
And I too pride in
But you know it not
What am I for?
I am not a poet in reality
As a rhymers, a poetaster or a versifier am I frankly speaking.

Had I been a poet really, I would have at least your heart,
Your heart and mind,
How is this childish heart!
How the feelings!
What is it to be got from you!
None but I myself have called myself a poet
And the world is as such
That it too has started calling me.

Had I known your innocence and ignorance,
Had it been been a flower,
I could have sketched it, Vidisha;
Your love, Vidisha, is my poetry,
The verse-lines
I present to the world
As the bouquets of flowers.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Karma Is Dharma

Your karma your dharma,
What you sow so you reap
Said it Buddha
And it happening,
Shall have to reap
The consequences
For our action
We do.

Your karma your dharma
Holding accountable for
What you have done,
What we have done,
Our karma our dharma,
The action we do
Will hold accountable.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Laughter

Dillagi

AApki hansi jo
Mere dil mein shama gayin
Aur mein karne lagaa pyaar.

Your laughter
Set it in my heart
And I started loving you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Love

I do not want anything else from you,
Just want you,
My love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Love Which Keeps Calling Me

Your love,
Your love goes calling me,
Making me remember of,
Even though far from,
I keep hearing your song,
Your song of life

And in the temple of my heart,
There is none as my worshipper
So pious like you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Love, I Haven't

Your love,
I have not forgotten it,
I still remember you.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Love, Your Memory Will Be With Me

Nothing will go with me,
But your memory,
Your love will.

Have you ever thought of your love
For your dear and loving daughter?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Lovely Daughter

Call her not a debt or a burden,
She is but a gift of the replica of Lakshmi
By God.

Your lovely daughter who calls you with love papa
is but a God-gifted rarer gem
Which you have got in her.

□

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Love-Song

Your love-song
Hum I on the lips,
Your love-song.

When I see you not
Around,
You come to me a love-song.

It is your song
Which sing I,
Your love-song.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Love-Song Hum I

Your love-song hum I
Wherever go I,
Flitting like a butterfly
From flower to flower
With the dreams catching fire,
The colours rioting,
Fancy and imagination taking the wings.

Your love-song, hum I
The song of the heart,
Your love, mine love,
You as a dream flower standing before
And calling me,
The images dancing before
And the heart in all of its gaiety.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your . And . On Indian English Poetry, Search The Unresearchedd

Your and . do you
on a, , K.R.S.Iyengar,
Narenderpal Singh, ,
Kulwant Singh Gill, Hazara Singh,
Simanchal Patnaik, i,
, , a,
Baldev Mirza, I., ,
der, , ,
Whether they have awards or not,
Read them.

My suggestions you may take,
If need you notes and hints,
I shall,
a needs to be explored
As a critic and a poet,
But we concentrated it more
On Aurobindo,
agar, I.a and
Are alike,
and K.R.S.Iyengar are critics.

, Pronab Kumar Majumder,
Kulwant Singh Gill's books
Have appeared from Writers Workshop, Calcutta,
a has been left behind
As one from the Parsi quartet,
So is Lawrence Benteleman,
's humorous poems,
I.'s romantic poems,
How to sidetrack them?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Memories

It's a moonlit night,
The bats are flying,
I am waiting for you,
When will you come, my love?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Memory

I shall go away, you too will go away
As we are here not to stay for so long,
But your memory will not go so easily,
A somewhat dark-complexioned girl
But with a beautiful face-cutting
Lighting a lamp at eve
To bow before the Almighty.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Milky White Moonface

Stealing the moon,
Want I to see you in full,
My fair and full moon
Combined with the sweet laughter of yours,
My love,
Stealing the moonface of yours,
Want I to see you in full,
My own moon
In the courtyard of mine.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Out-Dated And Out-Moded Dress Materials Want I To Be A Fashion Designer

Your old dress materials,
Want I
To be a fashion and apparel designer,
Which the models may try in
To pose for
And the photographers catch the stills
As from my own collection,
's.

Your father's dresswears,
Abandoned and discarded pants and shirts will do it,
Serve my purpose,
Nurture and nourish the dream of
Becoming a fashion designer,
If you have not the dress materials of
Your grandfather and great grandfather,
The old and dthrown boots too will work for
And serve my ends.

Thank you for lending me not,
But giving them to me,
A few which I have got,
To wear them out and pose
As a fashion designer,
The boots of the Beatles
Have I got,
The bell-bots and the tight shirts,
The pants of Michael Jackson
And lo, I am dancing,
The round specs of Mahatma Gandhi
And the khadi dresswears,
Dhoti and so on.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Painting, Your Sketches & Drawings

Your painting, your sketches
And drawings
Telling of,
Drawing me to
A different world
Of art,
Where there is nothing,
But art, only art
And artistic vision
And penetration,
Artistic mind and set-up

And taking to your art
And artistic painting,
Think I,
Life is art,
The world a painting
Artistic,
Drawn and sketched
Strangely,
Life and art,
Art and life,
Transporting into
A world of innocence and ignorance.

On seeing them, ask I,
Whether life is art,
The world an artistic vision,
Scenic and landscapic not,
But dotted, lined, sketched
And drawn,
The world of sketches,
Sketches artistic and visionary,
A world of art,
Artistic mind and vision,
Revealing the dreams of life,
Dreams creative.

Your Ph.D. Is Mine And Mine Yours, Friend, Keep It A Secret, Disclose You Not Please

Your Ph.D. is mine
And mine yours,
You please disclose it not,
Friend, keep it a secret
As a hushed up stuff,
Leak you not
The got-up case,
If leaked,
You unable to digest it,
We shall be under the bars,
Put under suspension,
Friend, please,
Please leak it not out
That ours is a duplicate Ph.D.
Which but the guide has given,
Certified it falsely
That the thesis is very original
And none has worked upon the topic before
In his knowledge,
To the best of understanding.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Ph.D., The Guide Is Writing

Your Ph.D., the guide is writing,
writing not,
but asking to copy,
copy, cut and paste,
mix and re-mix
to make a hullabaloo of that,
a topsy-turvy of all.

After having taken eh charges,
promised to write down,
the guide is writing i not,
asking to cut, copy and paste
with the changes made
or entered into
to confuse the examiner.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Photograph (Haiku)

Your photo
Wanted I to keep it
In my heart.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Photograph Is In My Heart

You do not know it,
How much do I like you
And love you?

Your photograph is
In my heart,
The heart as your photograph.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Plans For The Honeymoon, A Lift From The Busy Schedule

You packing the goods,
I packing the goods,
going for a honeymoon,
not to the moon,
To a fairy land
Where live in the fairies
Or a dream land,
But o a destination
To be alone,
Doing the self-to-self talk
Apart from
Flesh and blood attachment.

Go for a honeymoon
Away from the congested habitation,
Busy, fast and mechanical living
To find a free and fine lonely surrounding,
As far as your purse allows you to be,
But forget not the promise of love,
That promised you
In taking her to be own,
Choosing as her as your life-partner,
Keep, keep her unto,
never, never betray the heart
That it loves or takes to one's liking.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Poet

Without knowing me and my poor abilities,
I called myself a poet,
None but I.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Religion Matters It Not, I Just Love You

Your religion love I not,
I just love you,
What it is in humanity and liberalism,
What it in being a man loving a man,
A small man's thoughts like I not,
Believing in a narrow society.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Research On The Bhoot/ Do Not Do Your Research On The Bhoot, The Ghost!

Your research on the bhoot,
Do not do it,
O rightists,
Do not approves the budget
For carrying out researches on it,
If allot and assign you with,
The scientists will turn superstitious,
O right-wing politicians!

Research on bhoot, Indian bhoot,
Ghost and goblin,
Spirits walking and talking,
Going like a shadow,
The tantrika's attendant,
The dog
And the Bhairava's vahana
Too a dog,
Which is what,
Whether the dog a ghost
In incarnation
Following us?

The older houses and bhoot bungalows,
Do not say the stories about,
The fears of being alone and lonely.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Sister (Haiku)

Your sister,
You forget her not,
Your small sister.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Smiles

Your smiles, I could not, could not portray,
Had I been an artist
I would have,
Had I artistic excellence in me
I could have.

Had I been a photographer,
Would have,
Would have snapped the photos,
But no photographer am I,
Nor am I with the camera.

Your smiles cutting deep and deep into,
Your smiles sweet and cutting,
The lines figuring upon as impressions
And vanishing,
May be it I shall not be able to snap again such a posture.

Your smile turning into a sweet memoir, a sweet remembrance
And I keep remembering,
Your smile a memento of mine
To reminisce about,
Your smile the smile of my life and keep I smiling.

Your smiles balsams blossoming
In the courtyard,
Your smiles rajanigandha sticks with blooms
Under the moonlit nights,
Your smiles the things of my admiration.

Your smiles turning into the smiles of mine,
I smiling, you smiling,
We all smiling,
I meeting you on the way and you smiling
And I too returning smiling about the smile of yours.

Your smiles, oh, I could turn them into my art,
The lines on the lips
And from the lips affecting the heart

And the heart feeling happy
And I going thinking about the smile of yours.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Smiles (A Small Poem)

Your smiles....
Want I to sketch, portray,
Your smiles,
Sweet smiles
Cutting deep into
And I going away
With the memories
Of your smiles,
Sweet smiles.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Smiles (Haiku)

Your smiles,
When smile you, cut
They into my heart and it bleeds.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Smiles, Smiles Cuts Into My Heart

Your smiles,
Smiles
Cuts
Into
My heart,
Smile,
Smile you
Not
In
Such a way,
Darling!

Smiles,
Your smiles,
My darling,
And it bleeds,
Bleeds it
The poor heart,
Aches and beats,
Beats!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Smiles, Sweet And Cutting Deep Into

You smile,
Your smile cuts deep into the heart
To cry out,
I love you
in agony.

Say, do you love me,
do you love me?
You do not know it
How wounded am I
In your love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Smiles, Sweet Smiles

Make me see you
With pain
In my heart.

To see you smiling
Is to be in pain,
The wounds may bleed they again,
May it they have to be nursed.

The pains of love,
The aches of the heart
Don't tell them
As they won't believe you
And your words of relief.

Again, it made me remember you again,
A forgotten tale,
A lost love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Smiles, Sweet Smiles, I Could Not Forget Them

Your smiles, sweet smiles
Make me see you
With pain
In my heart.

To see you smiling
Is to be in pain,
The wounds may bleed they again,
May it they have to be nursed.

The pains of love,
The aches of the heart
Don't tell them
As they won't believe you
And your words of relief.

Again, it made me remember you again,
A forgotten tale,
A lost love.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Song

Your song hum I,
hum I
wherever go I,
going and humming,
humming and going
on the ways of life.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Tear-Eyed Face (The Eyelashes Splashed With Tears)

Your tear-eyed face
With the spills and splashes,
Tears shedded,
Half of them wiped, half of them unwiped,
I cannot see them, see them, my love,
Cannot, cannot view them so
To be falling from.

You sobbing and breaking down
And I seeing turning
A stone,
What can I do,
What can you?

Julie, I love you,
Love you,
I love you,
Have I.

Only one thing that remember I,
Julie I love you,
Love you.

Only one thing that I know it,
You love me,
I love you.

Your love is rare and priceless,
Which none can,
you please wipe the eyelashes
Wet with tears,
The cheeks with the trickles of tear lines
Dried upon,
Julie, i love you, love you,
I love you, love you,
Julie, I love you.

Your Tearful Eyelashes, I Cannot, Cannot, Take Your Heart, Console Yourself, Weep You Not Inconsolably

Your tearful eyelashes, I cannot, cannot see them, Nameless maiden,
Your eyelashes smeared with,
Wet with repentant weeping and remorse, your sighs and sobs saddening,
breaking me.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Tears Sadden Me

Your tears sadden me,
To see you sad and forlorn,
Broken and dejected,
They are not lovers
Who love and break relations,
They are not
Who break the hearts.

O Unnamed Lass,
Wipe you out the tears falling from,
The lashes splashed with,
A little bit dried, a little bit smeared with,
The cheeks with the tear drops
Fallen and dried on,
The sighs and sobs evaporated!

I do not know if this is called love,
Is it love to give heart to and break
The tender heart,
If this be, why do they love,
Why do they break?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Way Of Smiling Is Different (Bilingual)

Aapke Muskurane Kaa Dhang Hee Ajab Hain

Aapke muskurane kaa dhang hi ajab kaa hain
Ki mein
Aapko muskurate dekh,
Muskuraane lagataa hun.

Ek hasanta huya chehra,
Muskuraate raho,
Lekin hamesha nahin
Jaise ki kisi ki had hoti hain,
Kya aapne shuna nahin
Kisi ko kahte huye?

Muskurane kaa wakt,
Hanshi jo thami nahin.
Aap massaalaa naa lagayen.

Your Way of Smiling Is Different

Your way of smiling is as such
That I
On marking you smiling,
I too start smiling.

A smiling face,
Keep smiling,
But not always
As excess of everything is bad,
Haven't you heard anybody saying?

Smiling time,
The smile that stopped it not.
Gentleman, you spice not too much.

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Wept And Wept And Heard I All Through The Night

You wept and wept and heard I all through the night
You weeping,
A humble girl,
Cultural, poor and submissive,
I could not do anything for you

The wind opened the door and called me
And went I out of the house hearing,
To find where did you lie in weeping
With tears
You wept and wept and heard I all through the night
Into the eyes of yours

The darkness wanted it to hide in the things
In its all around bewitching silence,
Shading the areas,
Darkening with
And it appeared difficult to trace the girl
In distress

The wind banged at the door and let me outside
To tell me of
The solitary girl weeping
At the dead of the night
Standing at the crossroad of her life

Asking me to do something for her,
How to leave her in the mist and cold
Of the night time,
Something would have definitely
Troubled the self of hers

Which brought her to such a standstill
And she at a loss and bewildered to find
The way out of,
Who to hear her,
Who to help her

All the doors seemed to be shut,
The lighthouse lay it not with the light,
The watchman too had been not
And she thinking of her life iin futile terms

On finding her desperate and desultory,
Dejected and despondent,
I could not say anything,
Just went on seeing her destiny where it brought to

And proclaimed I, proclaimed I,
God save her, save her,
Has mankind tuned so cruel,
How long will it go exploiting womankind?

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Wet Eyelashes, Anamika, O Nameless One! Your Wet Eyelashes, Anamika!

Anamika, your wet eyelashes,
Your wet-wet eyelashes, Anamika,
I did not,
Could not know
And before I could, you went away,
Went away, Anamika,
Your wet eyelashes.

Before you could say, you went away,
Went away, Anamika
Before I could know,
Feel the pains,
Your sobbing and weeping,
Your breaking, Anamika,
Your wet eyelashes.

What happened it to you that broke you down,
Sobbed and wept you,
Wept and shed the tears
And it wet the earth, Anamika,
Forget, forget and forgive me
If I had without knowing your pains,
The pains of your heart.

Your wet, wet eyelashes, Anamika,
Your wet eyelashes,
Smeared with,
The tears dropped,
Shedded,
Falling to the ground,
Anamika!

Bijay Kant Dubey

Your Wet Eyelashes, Eyelids

Your Wet Eyelashes, Eyelids

Your wet eyelashes,
Your wet,
Smeared with lashes
Could not I forget,
O, that bygone times
Still in my memory,
O, that bygone times
Of love and its madness,
Remember I,
O, your coming,
O, that going,
The pang and pne of restlessness,
Reminisce I,
Just that bygone age and time
Of love and its madness.

Teri Bheegi Palkon

Teri bheegi palke,
Teri bheegi,
Bheegi-si palke
Bhula jo na saka,
Wo gujara jamana yaad hain,
Wo gujara jamana
Aashiqui ka
Yaada hain,
Wo tera aana,
Wo tera jana,
Betabi ki tadap,
Beshabri she intazaar
Yaad hain,
Bas wo gujara jamana
Aashiqui ka yaad hain.

(Hindi To English)

Your Words Smack Of Hollow & Sham Living; Vanity, Ego & Hypocrisy

Your words smack of your hollow and shallow living,
Your false tracks of modernity,
Modern age of vanity, ego and hypocrisy,
This materialistic living
Of yours
Full of the jazz and the blues.

Bijay Kant Dubey