

Poetry Series

**Jayati Chowdhury**  
**- poems -**

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# Jayati Chowdhury()

Born in 1973 (September 13th) , Kolkata, Jayati graduated with English honors. Happily married with Rajeeb and mother of Rajat, she lives in Brussels, Belgium. She is an EX School teacher of International Indian School in Middle East. Good friends, good books and a sleepy conscience: this is the ideal life (Mark Twain) that Jayati leads now.

She captures subtle moments in verse and strongly believes that poetry is like symphony, composed by emotions and perceptions, not by rule. She has also penned few articles. A trained vocalist, Jayati loves to sing ghazals.

She is a registered poet with [PoemHunter.com](#) and her poems are also published in sites like [PoetrySoup.com](#) and [PoetryMagazine.com](#)

Her philosophy in life is:

I prefer to be a dreamer among the humblest, with visions to be realized, than lord among those without dreams and desires – khalil Gibran

# A Letter To A Friend

Dancing on our toes  
Giggles we shared,  
Remember those days we were in,  
Nurtured with care.  
The gentle breeze and the whisper of leaves  
Echoed the dream that both of us shared.

The bitterness of misunderstanding,  
The cry for truce!  
Those stealing moments of pretension,  
And the strong belief-  
All is well that ends well.

Those days of adolescence,  
Bottled up with conflicting thoughts  
And disheveled mind,  
The solace we took  
In each other's understanding.

Frolic and fun of college days,  
Boys and blushes everyday!  
Those fleeting moments of clandestine realization,  
We have in us -  
The quality 'woman's compassion'.

Lost in the maddening crowd  
We went astray,  
Struggling to match the steps with the trend  
To be the unrivalled imperative.  
But alas! I, me, mine and no one else.

Tangled in the density of life,  
And caught in the web of adjustment,  
Reminds me of the freedom of innocence we shared.  
Leaving aside everything,  
Raked by the warmth of friendship,  
With love- this letter to you my friend.

Jayati Chowdhury

# Anonymous Eyes

Ethereal moist eyes  
So blue and deep  
I almost drowned  
In the depth of her snowy azure sea.  
Her eyes were like  
Ocean of emotions  
Grief sailed like a ship  
Glimpsed from afar.  
A tear dropp trickled down  
When she blinked  
That droplet composed a verse  
In mournful theme.

Her austere eyes  
Cautiously evaded all  
She seemed confined to  
Her forbidden world.  
She cloaked her distress  
With her darting lids  
Her heaving breath  
Silently expressed her grief.  
Her pain must have accumulated  
Over the years and years  
Like sand particles accrue  
To form barren islands.

Her melancholic eyes  
Pierced through my heart  
I wanted to comfort her  
She disembarked from the bus.  
The remarkable eyes  
Its soreness so touching  
And she will remain forever  
A beholder's 'anonymous eyes'.

Jayati Chowdhury

# Baba

My heart swells with grief  
When I think of you,  
How you have been before  
And now, alas! how are you...

Ever since I remember  
Your strong hands cuddling me  
My hero, the first man in my life -  
That's how I have always adored you

You don't remember  
My first love letter that you read  
We laughed to our heart's content  
While Ma glared at us with rage.

To do or not to do -  
The dilemma you were part of  
Together we had resolved  
Issues unnumbered.

You don't remember how sad you were  
The following day of my wedding.  
I still recall your weeping eyes  
When you bade me farewell.

You don't remember how excited you were  
To see your grandchild cackling and giggling.  
The joy that was mirrored in your eyes  
Seems to have gone astray.

You don't remember our struggle -  
To keep your memory alive  
Devastated we are  
To see you wilting away

It stabs me to ruminare  
You smile at me not knowing who am I  
I know at times you look at me  
But your eyes reflect no emotion.

I cry aloud at times, 'Baba, Baba...'  
It reverberates without any response  
Your smell, your touch, and you look the same  
Although amidst us, yet you are far, far away...

We are waiting for that miracle -  
When Alzheimer's patients like you  
Will come out of that trance  
And be 'the Baba' I knew.

Jayati Chowdhury