

Poetry Series

Jayita Basak
- poems -



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Books published- Dawn and dusk: FIFTY SIX COLLECTED POEMS

Painter, poetess, love books and music ??



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Rainbow In A Rime

Newspapers, televisions, radios rerunning:

'A dreadful war, India still fighting'

Shut up the telecast and listen to me,

It is not India; but the India Army...

Planning their strategies day and night,

Fighting, losing lives, and making India shine bright.

What are they left with then?

Only the responsibility to protect their terrain.

And suddenly one evening rang up my phone,

He is no more, collect his uniform: said someone in a lost tone.

My eyelids stopped winking, eyeballs almost faded away,

I felt stiff as if he had left me in a desolate trailway.

The sigh of relief had gone forever,

His memories are sparkling just like the shooting star.

Will he hold my hands and sing again?

He won't come back to me. Never again.

Few days ago he returned home like the rainbow in a rime

And swaddled his son for the very first time

Mother fed him like a royal prince,

Father clasped his shoulders and hugged him in bliss.

As we saw him off the day he was departing,

He clasped my hands and said, 'I'll be back in a twinkling.'

Looking at his misty eyes, my tears ran,

He left me forever. He will never come back to me again.

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The Street Dogs

It is 2 AM and the dim street
That I can see standing on my porch Is under the black footprints of street light
Thats too full of dullnes.
No human, no other sign of light,
Silent leaves and pond says
How woebegone one feels like those. 'What happened eh? ', I asked to the pack
of dogs
Barking aloud at this time.
They did not reply me
But kept barking as if they have seen Some vexed souls than themself.
'Tiger come here yeh, ' I called my chummy one
Whom I give food and sometimes I ruffle his head
Or tap his jaws pleasantly and in return he respects it. I love him.
They are better than humans.
They do not know how to cheat, betray or dishonour.
They leave only after death.
His black and tint breed makes him different.
His eyes are full of love and hate.
Love for me that I can see and hate for them who can't.
'I understand you my love.
Come on eat this bread', I said.
He hugs me sometimes. It feels good. It makes my spine strong.
And sometimes when I go out alone, He follows me till I reach home safely. What
is this? Is not this love?
But today he has joined the pack and he is barking too.
I think I must quiet them. Wait a minute.
'Tiger, eh Shhh... Come here.
Eat these crackers'
(Crackers are broken into fragments like my world)

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