

Poetry Series

Kalyan Chatterjee
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Kalyan Chatterjee()

Evening Star

Beloved of death and destruction
O, fearsome earthquake!
How terrible is your art!
Remarked the evening star,
From it's misty covered chamber.

When I (earthquake) arose saw the dawn
And I sighed for thee!
When the light was clear and the dew was gone,
Noon laid heavy on the flowers and trees
The earth was a leisurely place to rest,
But like an unwelcome guest
I pondered alone and sighed for thee (evening star) .

Like a mate of death and destruction why you
Will attack soon, very soon-
Asked the evening star,
And then the dark!
Eternal sleep will be there for many,
I request you, the beloved of death,
Don't use arms against earth.

The earthquake replied:
Ask them first,
Who made me fearsome and horrible?

Kalyan Chatterjee

Farewell

It's the last time when I dare
To cradle your image in my mind,
To wake a dream by my heart, bare,
With exultation, shy and air,
To cur your love that left behind.
The years run promptly; their fire
Changes the world, and me and you
For me, you are now attired
In dark of vaults over then died,
For you—your friend extinguished too.
My dear, so sweet and distant,
Take farewell from my heart.

Kalyan Chatterjee

I Will Be Back

I will be back to you again
Beside the huge banyan tree
By the road near the dark-watered lake,
I will be back to you
Again.....

Actually nothing is forever,
I went just to come back
Through the dancing of yellow mustard field
Murmuring sound of water,
The reddish glow of the dying Sun,
Smile of the romantic Moon in the night sky,
Lament of the Nightingale,
Sweetheart,
Be sure
I am coming back to you.

Kalyan Chatterjee

Mystic

There is a strange huge door
To which I found no key;
There is a long veil
Covered by a golden mist
Past which I can't clearly see
The mystical soul:
Some little talk awhile of me and you
And who knows
The world may end tonight.

Kalyan Chatterjee

Own Image

We all bend in front of our own soul,
Like the falling star in the night sky
Or like the melting ice
That wet the leaves,
Forgive me-
For I was unable to stay still
Scattered like coins in the dust
Forgive me.....

Tried my best,
But still the door of the palace is far away from my sight
So as the steps of the temple,
Wandering like a piece of tempered cloud
Only smile of the Moon is with me
And no one
Forgive me.....

Kalyan Chatterjee

Sweetheart

Sleep gone away from my eyes
On this stormy night
Lone I am lying on my bed,
So as you
Sleep gone away from my eyes,
Wish you were here.

Tears of my eagerness are falling from the tempered sky,
Yon, look at the thunder fall,
And my heart at once fills up with anger
For not having you beside me,
The frog's eternal call for its partner
Is ringing my bells--
Poor soul, your fate I mourn,
Resting without a tender soul,
On a night like this.

Rain in the sky,
Rain in my heart and soul,
Rain is everywhere between you and me,
Everything is here on this night
But you are not here, my sweetheart.

Kalyan Chatterjee

Think Of Me

Think about me under the night sky,
When the stars will smile at your sight
Whisper my name to the soft night-breeze;
Sky is full of stars, silver Moon burns
Night thickens, Moon trembles-
Soft smell of flowers in the air
A silver line disappears in the red of the east.
Weary Moon goes to bed and fresh Sun takes her place.

Pray but one prayer for me with your closed lips,
Think but one thought of me up in the stars,
Stars see through the window
Sleep drops like the gentle dew
Eye lips kiss
God knows what I miss.

Tell my name secretly to the pillow
Think of me before sleep
See my face up in the stars
I hear all from the stars and dews.

Kalyan Chatterjee

To The Moon

Slowly you walk over the western wave
The friend of death!
Out from the misty eastern cave,
Where in the lone and sweet daylight
You create the dreams of joy and fear
That covers you with love and fear,
O, the spirit of night.

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light was clear and the dew was gone,
The noon laid heavy on flower and tree,
The earth was a leisurely place for rest
Then like an unloved guest
I longed for thee.

Your brother death came and cried
"When will you come with me? "
The sweet child, awakening from sleep
With the dreams of fantasy in his eyes
Said: "Would I go? "
 Why you came here? I only said to thee.

Death will come when thou art dead
Soon, very soon-
Sleep will reign forever when you are dead,
And I request you O, the beloved of the night
Swift in your flight
Or death will come to take the sweet child,
Soon, very soon.

Kalyan Chatterjee

Youth And Death

One morning while I was walking beside the river
Saw some green grassed very tender.
The memory of my sweet childhood
And the memory of my parents came to my heart,
And O, the most powerful I longed for thee.

A few months later, I was on my way home through that path
And saw some dry leaves beneath,
Who knows when I'll receive your call?
When man will learn the secret of silent death?

Again, during the season of rain
When I was on my way home through that path
With a stick in my hand,
Saw some new and tender green leaves
Where once ruled the dry leaves of a brunt tree;
We the old should make place for the young.
Just before the time of my embark
I realised that all my life is not in vain
As destruction and death,
Are the brothers of creation and indomitable youth.

Kalyan Chatterjee