MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
- poems -

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Moloy Bhattacharya, M.Phil, is an academician, scholar, creative writer, playwright, translator and interviewer from West Bengal, India. Apart from teaching, he passionately writes poems, short stories, reviews and articles on various social issues. His poems and writings have been published in various national and international anthology both online and print version. He regularly participates in many national and international poetry/literary festivals held throughout the country. His debut poetry collection, Flying Bird, has been published from a national publisher in Delhi. He has just completed a one act play on the dowry menace and has started his first novel on human relationships. He is an M.Phil in Women's Study from The University of Burdwan. His research interest is Women Rights and Media. He did M.A in English and M.A in Mass Communication from Burdwan University along with a degree in Bachelor in Education (B.Ed).

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The Blue Umbrella

She cares and adores it more than her life, ever since she got it for a costly possession, from tourists visiting her land. the little Binya takes pride on her new companion as sweet as her. It makes her life popular day by day with envious gaze from people around. It protects her from fear and danger, From heavy rain and thunder. It is like a miracle that turns her ordinary life to an utopia. The little child has a tender heart too, one day she hands her joy of life To an old man of her acquaintance who has a longing for her ornament. Thus, with a smile on her face, Binya gifts her Blue Umbrella.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
The pyre keeps burning
with rage and reek
on the sultry heath
far from the hustle.
It burns with hunger
the stinking corpses
one after another
wrapped up in white.
No kin appears there
with tears for last rites.
Some stray dogs roaming
in utter madness and ecstasy,
waiting to witness a miracle
that may happen for them.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Madam

Madam lives within herself,
With luxury and leisure
With comfort and care
Similar to a snail.
Madam loves to sleep
For long lazy hours,
Keeping her man waiting
From miles away to have
A balmy voice or brief talk.
Her man laments and confesses
Madam lacks the emotion in her
And the commitment that ignite
The mind to deepen mutual love.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Barkis Is Willing

Your frequent visits to me
Sometimes makes me say the desire
Kept in my heart for so long
Suddenly becomes crazy to come out
And says, 'Barkis is willing'.

My eyes watch your posture
From other end of the bed
You sit and spread your fragrance
That gets mingled with my breath
And says, 'Barkis is willing'.

You speak and smile
That look trusted and sincere
And I hear a music of romance
Playing within my heart
And says, 'Barkis is willing'.

Your presence seizes the time
And makes things standstill outside,
But inside the room you belong
The infected air adores you
And says, 'Barkis is willing'.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Rain

With noise and thunder
With triumph and rapture,
the celestial body descends
on the muggy and sun burnt earth,
a huge crowd of ivory white dots
lashing on the ground in unison
to instill a feel of freshness
and dispel a sense of gloom.
like flowers thrown at the feet of deity
it falls upon us as blessings and rewards.

It falls to ignite a fire
within the hearts of weak and timid.
It imparts a spark to the sapling
to sprout and renew a promising life.
It falls to cleanse the stain of blood
from the hand that holds a knife
or accepts bucks on the sly.
It falls to make us rise,
to guide us to truth and ideal
from a paralyzed and debunk society.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
The Widow Wails

No more ambition, no more ripple
My life is, is a fallen kite.
I descend from sky snapping ties
and here people laugh and scorn
at my fragile existence.

I have on friend, no company
My life is, is a fallen kite.
Oh! where is my prince of dream
I desire to dedicate myself to you.

Here I stand like a shadow
to the withered leaves
and a mirror of my tears
that compose my dirge.

This is my appearance,
this is my colour,
the cruel destiny
of a ostracized widow,
my life is, is a fallen kite.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Sita Speaks

Oh! listen Lord Rama
and answer my questions
that inflict my pure heart
and make me guilty to people.
I suffered a lot for you,
went in exile for fourteen years.
It was your weakness and shame
that you failed to save my honour.
Ravana took me away
and made me a captive
but I always kept him away from me.
On my return, you slurred me unchaste,
I had to walk the holy fire
As you suspected my fidelity.
I returned to the mother Earth
leaving you and the society
That denies my dignity.
As a woman, I seek justice
from you Lord Rama, answer me.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Suicide

After some days
the father discovered
a crumpled letter
kept under a pillow
and began to read
in tearful eyes the contents
that read, 'my parents are God,
they are not guilty for my fate,
I take my own life
I desire to escape from this world
where women are sale-able commodities
and marriage seems only panacea.
I nourished a dream
of a fanciful life,
a good job, a happy family'.

'The thorn of marriage stuck in my throat,
family after family visit my home,
I receive blow of questions, feed them
and with the smiles and gestures
I sense that I am rejected'.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Family

Our country is a big family
which is divided into many states,
like a room kept for each member
where one can feel peace and felicity
and feel happy to spend blissful hours.

Our country is a big family
of different religions and cultures
that co-exist and thrive instinctively
within the people who celebrate with colour
every occasion like their own.

Our country is a big family
where we live with unity in diversity
and speak many languages,
wear different costumes, observe rituals,
but we shower love and affection to all.

Our country is a big family
where each member contributes,
the farmers grow crops for living,
the teachers build our nation,
it is a mystery of divine creation.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
She

she is a flower
In the garden of humanity
That takes pride
Of her presence.
We enjoy her beauty,
Smell her odour.
Wake up from slumber,
Don't pluck her for pleasure
She is not alien,
Let her live with us.

She is the creator
Of life and posterity.
She suffers the pain
To protect life within her.
The fetus fertilizes inside
A new life is born to grow up??
Sucking from her breasts,
As a second self of her life.
She is a living Goddess
Let us celebrate her life.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
The Story Of Manju

Manju is forty two
And chooses no family
Of her own.
From her teenage
She resolved to be single.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Last Ride Together

Let's go for a ride  
In the lap of nature  
Away from the daily noise  
Where we may speak in whisper.  
Where we will slow down  
The wheels of fleeting time,  
And forget about the toils.

We are not a lock and key  
But an attachment grew  
That formed a unique fondness  
And longed to meet in face.

Let's go for a last ride  
To seize the moments  
And make them memorable  
For the rest of our lives.

Let me sit by your side  
On the bank of Ganges  
When in the evening  
The crowd gets thick,  
And watch the river  
In its bridal beauty.  
Let me fall in love  
Again and again  
Lured by the silence  
Of your tongue.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Peace

In a flowery garden
On a romantic morning
your glance falls
On the loveliest
Of the flowers
Spreading an aura
Of love and affection
And make you feel contented
Within your heart
Watching it for hours,
Without plucking
And possessing it,
You derive from it
A unique pleasure,
Peace is the name of it.

With a clean face
but an evil desire
in the malicious mind
You set out in the dark
Like a king in battle
To eclipse the world
With terror and violence
As you grow mad and hungry
For blood, only blood
human blood, innocent blood
the same that runs in you.
The smiling faces
Waiting for your bullets
Remind you of your own blood
Suffering in bed at home,
And make you withdraw
The butchering practice.
You read the message
Written on the divine faces
And cherish the moment.
Peace is the name of it.
Your Image

At the dead of night
In my sleep
Your image appears
In a dream.

Those magnetic eyes,
And infectious lips
Whisper the secret.
I recognize you
By the unique smile
And the rare odour
Of your presence.

So close, yet so far
You appear like a fairy,
It seems a dreamy reality.
Your image dispels
The darkness of night,
And the weakness of mind.

All the hours, the image
Like occasional lightning
Flashes on my face.
From the radiant eyes
Shower the rains of love,
And vanish in the air
Thy image I seek everywhere.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Black

People visit
One after another
Like seasonal birds,
Enrich them with
Gastronomic pleasure,
Then scrutinize her
From temple to toe
And leave with
The thundering words,
'She is black'.

She takes it
A new challenge in life
And vows to teach
The evil society
A lesson to remember.
After some years
Of struggle and hardship,
Fortune favours her
To establish in life.
Now she takes another vow
And rejects the eager suitors
Who once vainly sullied,
'She is black'.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
The Boat

Anxiously I wait
in the bank
of the quiet river
For my boat
That set sail
Long ago,
Yet not in sight.
Dark cloud hovers
In my mind
That it escapes
With a new owner
For ever.

Lovingly I wait
Under the shadowy tree
In the blazing heat
Of a summer noon
For your turn.
In flashback
I realize
The meaning
Of each word
Spoken by you
About your ambition,
The change of colour.

Time fleets
And you escape
To other direction
That shows you
A new life,
Full of dream and
Carnal proximity.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Thorn

A thorn stuck into the throat
Not to be swallowed
Or taken out.

The thorn is life.

I too wish to be a lover
Who I fancy.

I too wish to be a worshiper
To her temple
Who I revere as Goddess.

I too wish to settle down
Wherever my heart craves for
In this beautiful earth.

But when I gulp, I feel
A thorn stuck into the throat.

The thorn is low caste.

(Note: The poem is based and inspired from a Bengali poem of the same title by Prof. Mahitosh Mandal, Dept of English, Presidency University, Kolkata)

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Veil

Behind the dark lock
Of messy hair
I keep in secret
The symbol of woman,
My marital status.
I use vermilion
Deep in the skin
Beyond my forehead,
In the root of hair,
Like a veil, it helps
To forget my identity.
And mend my blunders.
It cages my life
Like a taming parrot.
It kills my ambition,
My dreaming desire,
A borrowed robe,
No name of my own,
It curbs my choice.

I am a flying bird,
Chirping for a shelter
That lures my destiny.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Promises

I
We make promises
That we must keep
Then we forget
The promise made
Earlier to be kept.
It creates distances
Mental and physical
Among the people
Known to each other,
And they turn hostile
Or behave like rivals.

II
Look at the youth
Standing under the tree,
In the sultry heat
For the girl who promised
To meet him there.
He believed her blindly
And waited for long hours
But she hardly turned up,
The message he got
That her promise was lost.

III
The soldier promised
Her little daughter
To bring chocolate
And colourful gifts
On his return
From the battlefield.
His girl hugged
And waved him off.
After a month
She learnt the secret
From her mother
That his father
Has turned into a star.
Death Of A Priest

The doctor nods, 'yes'
'Our priest is no more'.
He dies a painless death,
An escape from begging life,
Hardly a life it was!
He is relieved now
From his mundane duty.
He is taken so early,
Even the Gods got hurt
And called their son
Who served for twenty years
To the idols twice a day
Throttling dreams of his life.

He lived his life
Praying for others,
Like a preacher
Of his religion,
And a performer
Of rites and rituals,
In special occasion
Or Wedding ceremony,
He excused no alibi
To respite from drudgery.
He gasped and panted
To attend hundred households,
And pray for their fortune.
Often he ran to beat the time
Like a truant child
From one house to another.
Nobody offered a drink,
Nobody asked for rest,
He served with no return,
None praised for his job,
For his entire life
He uttered Sanskrit mantras
To worship the deities
And finally retires and sleeps
In peace and serenity.
The Girl Who Eloped

I
For days after days
Months after months
You lied your mother,
Who kept you in her body,
Gave you a caesarian birth
To breathe and grow on Earth,
And raised you with love.
Injected good lesson in you
To maintain family tradition.

II
But suddenly you turned hostile
The day she eavesdropped you
To know your evil desire,
You nourished for long
To mingle and marry
A low caste, idle fellow
Who had multiple affairs
With other village girls.
People saw him buy
Condoms and contraceptive
In a local medicine shop.

III
Many sleepless nights
Your mother forced to spend
To keep you in close watch,
Argued every night, every point
To dispel the black forces
Hovering and eclipsing you.
Even grasped your feet
And prayed with folded hands.
But you grew more adamant
And scolded your mother.
Few days before elopement,
You refused meal from her,
Shifted all your belongings
Secretly one by one.
IV
Now like a defeated soldier,
Your mother shed tears.
Every drop of tears
Speaks of her pain.
Nobody dares to console
The face that trusted you,
You soiled her clean image,
Her dream and desire
That one day she would
Feel proud for you.
You will never stay happy
Or find peace in life,
You deceived your mother.
You must suffer
You must suffer.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
You Are A Dream

I
Do you still remember
As I always do
A few years back
During our first chat
In facebook at midnight
You asked my contact
And called me instantly,
First I heard you,
Got the feeling of sensation
It seemed you eared a word
I also spoke in whisper
And rest of the night spent
Dreaming your fragile image.

II
Since then we talked
And talked a lot
That drew us closer
Without a single meeting
We desired many times
But never designed to fulfill,
Intense was the bonding
Now it is a dead entity.
We are parted
For a year or more,
Here I confess
Which you may not hear
Some harse words
I hurled at you
But you brooked meekly
Never protested rudely.
I felt you are my weakness
Perhaps your heart sensed too.

III
Now we behave strangers,
Sometimes in my leisure
When your peeps and flashes
In my lovelorn heart,
I ask myself again
Where is the passion,
Love, and lunatic desperation
Of that lady who adored me
Injected my body with arrows,
Bleed my heart with dream,
And kindled the passion of romance,
And offered me a kingdom of love.

IV
Everywhere I still feel
Your invisible presence
Your touch, your voice
Perhaps I turn a past
To you
But you are my present
And future
You never expressed
The whisper of heart.
Was it a crush
Or a drama?
A casual affair?
Now I realise
You were right
And I was a fool
To fondly believe
That all that glitters
Is not gold.
Whatever it is
We are subject
To change with time,
Grow old and die.

V
But the words
From my heart
Written with love
In your memory
Will stay for ever
As long as we breathe
And mortally remain alive,
Unravaged by time
In the readers' minds.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
A Game Of Cricket

In the game of cricket
We are defeated,
The shock spreads
Like wild fire
Everywhere in our nation,
In the darkness of night,
People can find teary eyes,
Anger and frustration,
A soulful cry of loss
As someone has left us.
Nobody prepares to digest
The befallen reality of night.
We had faith in them
Like soldiers in battle
They will fight till the end,
But they perished one by one
Crushing our hope and patience.

Amid the ripple of gloom
Noises of winning laughter,
The sound of bursting crackers
None but our fellow citizens,
In the mood of celebration
Make us scary and think
Who are they?
Do they glorify defeat
And celebrate our failure?
Or are they dark forces
And rebels of the country?
Are they blind to feelings
To the majority of the nation?

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
A Realization

For the want of money
Needed for his treatment,
The farmer resolved at last
To cut down and sell the tree
That grew fat and tall with time.
Under the scorching sun, one day
He touched the hard bark lovingly
And felt the warmth of affection.
After a while, wasting no minutes
He began to pierce the rocky skin
With his sharp saw in a hurry,
But within few minutes he got tired
As the sun burnt his entire body,
He collapsed on the ground
And after gaining consciousness
He suddenly realized the shadow
Saved his suffocating life from heat,
Spreading over him like an umbrella.
He learnt a lesson and felt guilty,
And withdrew his plan to bleed his child.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
The Goat

Don't drag him to the temple
And sacrifice for religion
To appease the Goddess
And enrich your hungry belly.
Look at his face closely
He is a poor child that waits
The moment of impending danger,
That depicts our selfish gluttony,
His innocent eyes speak
Of freedom and mutual love.
Every living being enjoys right to live
Why is he deprived of that right?
Do the deities really hanker after blood?
And the holy books endorse the killing?
He is a minority, no one to protest,
His cry is suppressed with blaring noise
And the crowd cheers up for celebration
Of gastronomic pleasure with the carcass.
Many of his generations are born to die,
To gratify us in our sacred rituals.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
His Last Journey

'This is my last journey'
He wrote on a paper
Before leaving his room
To get into the car
Waiting to pick him up
For his treatment to Kolkata.
He willed to eschew doctors,
Amid books and spiritual matter
He devoted his bachelor life,
Uttered mantras, recited Gita
And wore the sacred thread
Like a Hindu Brahmin.
A vegetarian but a foodie
Who chose his life fondly.
An admiring learned man
Who read Telegraph daily,
With knowledge, depth of ocean
In English and Sanskrit.
He studied to treat Homeopathy
And offered medicine free of cost.
A teacher was by profession
In his village High School.
All his earnings he donated
To his poor family relation.
He was a regular smoker
But never did in school hours.
He frequented to holy places
For the thirst of knowledge
Like a religious preacher
He attracted disciples.

But perhaps he sensed his fate
On what he said before journey,
It predicted his last.
He never escaped the scalpel
And rested in peace, peace, peace.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
My Village Home

My sweet village home
Stands like a tower gate
To the entrance of my village
Beside the main road
That winds like a river
Evading houses and trees
Both sides in unsteady rows.
From the balcony facing the road
In my vacant mood, cosy in the chair
I observe the people come and go.
I find peace and relief every second
And cherish the hours spent at home.
I woo the place and its structure
And feel as if my breath and my spirit
Has entered into the concrete
And the invisible chain ensnared me,
Every lifeless object seems to be alive,
Becomes lively during my stay
And responds me with eerie silence.
I feel the hugging breeze emerges
To pacify my sweaty physique.
From the bamboo grove nearby
I watch the birds busy in business,
They stay together in large numbers.
Before evening, they come back home,
They enjoy their leafy abode with noise,
I try to guess the gesture of their voice
But falter to read the meaning of that beak.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Dr. Faustus Speaks From Hell

Oh! hear me, hear me
My fellow dwellers
Of Earth and my land,
Listen to my words,
Myself Dr. Faustus
Speaking from hell.
I doubt if I am dead
And buried in your minds
After twenty four years of
Blunder of shameful acts,
I am condemned to hell
That pains dread than death.
Oh! Almighty, purge my soul
Appear here and rescue
Your ignorant child,
Who turned a devil,
Here I whimper and suffer
Take me out from
Dark and nasty dungeon,
Let me see the light of Earth
And feel the cool breeze
My throat is choked
For a drop of water.

Don't look at me
You black Mephistophiles
With venom in your breath,
You deceived me
With the ill-will
And made me a prey,
To the cursed kingdom.
But beware! you Lucifer
I still have warm blood
Running in my veins,
Fire in my glowing eyes
And enough food
For thought and action
In my stormy brain,
To burn you into ashes
For the nasty guilt
You cowardly executed
For my tragic fate
Akin to Icarus.

The Good Angel
In me still alive,
I must defeat
The evil in me
And ascend in haste
To Mother Earth
To devote myself
For the welfare of humanity,
And dispel the agent of darkness
From the minds of posterity.

(Note: Dr Faustus is one of the great morality plays by Marlowe)

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Fever

Don't look at me that way
With your feverish smile,
It will infect me too
And I would fall in love
That will make me restless,
I know, my feelings for you
Like a flute to a snake
Fly to mingle with you
In the strange land
Where people suffer
Like an innocent patient
From the pangs of love.

The arrow from your bow
Will injure my pure heart
That will bleed and die.
But the germ will grow
Inside the dead heart,
Giving birth to a new love
That is strong and passionate
Will caress and conceive you.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Kiss

In our first meeting
We sat side by side
And got very close.
She kept her head
On my shoulder
And felt the warmth
Of love in her limbs.
I read the eyes
So appealing
And pure like a rose.
She spoke and whispered
What the heart desired
And after nervous attempts
She kissed and bit my lips.
Wounded and swollen
My lips turned badly.
In my fleshy lips
The kiss felt insipid,
But it expressed
Her true love.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Shantiniketan

Every time I visit
The land of Tagore
I feel his eerie presence
In the procession of trees
Of the abode of learning.
The sweet smell of flowers,
The green and fresh leaves
Dangling from the branches
In the pampering breeze
And making the fallen ones
Dry and withered for long
Crushed under my feet,
I feel the fleshy odour,
Only the soul appears
In the form of children
Reading aloud their lesson
At the feet of trees,
Their noises create a symphony
Of sound and ecstasy
To remind me his presence
Everywhere in that abode
Of peace and posterity.
A mere human being
No longer he is to us
Rather a blessed heritage.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Murder

She is femininely fair
Ravishing and charming,
A pride in her
Always reflects
In words and manners.
People around her
Worship her beauty,
Pamper her appeal
That draws them closer
Like a snake to the flute.

In her mind
Secretly vanity grows
To scold her hubby
Honest and obedient
But funky and frowsy
Devoid of an Android
And a facebook profile
To lead a modern life.

'It is a hellish life', feels she
Akin to decay and death,
Anger heaps in her
Day after day
Making her restless
With him to stay.

One day she finds him
Sleeping in his bed
With a grinding roller
She smashes his head.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
The Mosquito

It sings me in the ear
In visible darkness
And stings my back
To draw the blood
That keeps it alive.
I resolve to grasp
And squeeze it
But it escapes
From my rage
To hide somewhere
In bunker or corner.
It torments me
The whole night
And my sleep too.
In my drowsiness
I clap and punch.
In the morning
I wake up to find
It lying still and dead
Beside my pillow.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
?????? (A Dream)

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MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Albatross In Allahabad

In the holy water
Of the scary Ganges
Vast and wide
They spread like a garland
In expanding numbers.
The white devotees
Of the river
Sailing in crowd
And flocking
To every passing boat
In artistic gesture
As if to welcome
The dwellers of land.
The radiant white
Of delicate feathers
Ignited a fiery glow
In me instantly
As we rode on
They escorted us
The long we floated.
I bought snacks
And chucked at them
As a ritual to purge
The impurities within
Of the cursed pilgrims.
We felt the divine
Living and blessing
In physical attire
With peaceful harmony
As emissary of God.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
The Nest

Like a balloon
It hangs in the air
From the fragile tip
Of the coconut tree
Blown by mighty wind
Scorched in the fiery sun
It survives to stay.
We bother not to wait
And watch for sometime
The majestic work of art,
Temporal creative beauty
She enriches collecting
A green grass, a dry straw
Silently with hard labour
To build a thatchy dwelling
For the ones she loves.
She is far above us
Know not what is leisure
Here we live a worthless life
Only spend wasting hours
Fancying life of lust and greed
Hurrying to a poisonous ruin.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
A Meeting

Bird flies, time flies
So flies my mind
To mingle with you
In an unknown land
In a mysterious way
Together we would sit
Huddling each other
And feel your warmth
In each of my limbs
Burning with passion.
A gentle touch in your hand
Would signal in a flash
A feverish look in your eyes
A truant smile in your lips
We spend time like a dream
Forgetting all our inhibitions
We mingle hard for long
Vehemently, wildly, gaily.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
A Memory

They came
They saw
They conquered,
They stole
The soft hearts
Of chirpy children.

They came
As outsider
And we knew not
How they became
Our own family.
This is Maya
Or universal bond
Of human relationship.

From tomorrow
Their duties
As creators
Will be over,
But they will
Leave us with
Sweet memories
That must stay ever.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Justice

Now you realize, old man
That you too turn grey
And can't move at all
With broken leg after a fall.
You must remember now
The mistake you made
The dread sin of your life
You committed in daylight.
Now you must suffer alone
You must pay for your guilt,
The guilt written in your body,
In every breath you take.

Your mother daily you beat
In front of grown-up children
When she was alive and infirm
Drooped and wrinkled.
You slapped her hard
Dragged her, pushed her
Even once kicked her,
The mother who bore you,
Ensured your growth
Protected you always
Loved you till her end,
Only tears rolled from eyes.
I heard the sound of beating
The scream of her agony.
She has not died in peace
Rather fled from your cruelty,
Perhaps she is safe in heaven.

Now it is your turn, old man
You are lame and deaf too
The curse has eclipsed you
You can't earn for your family
You are a liability to them
You live on sympathy and compassion
This is the fate you deserve
It is poetic justice of your deeds.
Democracy

I
In the days to come
I will rule everywhere
I know how to entice
The greedy people
Not the poor folks
In this land of poverty,
Announce my power with caution
I am the mighty Corruption.

II
In this polluted land
People are paralysed
To speak the truth
That gets a decent burial
Under the heap of lies,
Because I am here
Spreading like a fire
I am the deadly Terror.

III
In this strange land
Where peace a scarecrow,
Only a moment's feeling
Suffers to prevail long
From the poisonous blows
That disturb its sleep
Because with the bloody
Face appear I, the Violence.

IV
Look, look so helplessly
Staggering the limping Democracy,
Very tired and injured
With cloth soiled and torn,
His days are numbered.
But so many candles
Are lighting around him.
Is he celebrating something?
Is it the mystery of love and faith
Or the bond of humanity
That keeps him strong and alive?
We will unite and attack him
Let's see who wins the race...

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Romantic Rhyme

Rain the splash of love
The shower has come
Hurry the meeting of us
The season has come.
Stealing the public gaze
To embrace you in heart
To dare the plucky move
Of all rights in pursuit of love
That makes me a votary to you
So intense a feeling too sticky
Of gusty passion first time in me
Run frenzy like a fugitive for you.

A restless mind brooks
Not a moment's separation
An inhaling breath in morning
Enlivens not your presence
The spongy heart spends
Sleepless nights waiting for you
More than my life, the untamed urge
Wages war to mingle with you.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Silence

The tribal girl
from a remote land
in white uniform
walked to school
through a field.

Black clouds rumbled
and ensued the storm,
whirled the trees like lunatic
refusing room to birds
that flapped and flew.

From a forlorn hut
beside the holy grave
barked a stray dog
at each of the men gobbled
the prey ravenously.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Tale Of Life

I
Still haunt me
Still bleed me
Those blurred days,
As if my memory
Paints a colourful picture
Of my inflicted heart.

II
Life flows very fast
From morn to night
From birth to death.
No time to remember
What you achieve in life
Only memory your indelible wife.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Ode On Melancholy

I
It pains a lot
To see the celebration
And ecstasy all around
On this special day
That was destined and
Meant to be yours.

II
It pains a lot
To feel how injured
Sadness peeps into
Your mind creepingly
And eclipses the hope
That once lighted your heart.

III
It pains a lot
To know how
The trusted hands
Refuse to hold you tight
And sever all the ties
For which you told many lies.

IV
It pains a lot
To digest the defeat
Where your love, your belief
Your faith you still maintain
Crushed under the wheels
Of deceit and inhumanity.

V
It pains a lot
To realize how
Your budding life
From soiree to a dirge
Turned into a scarecrow
Only left to be scorned.
The Night Train At Deoli

He was a boy of eighteen
And a college goer very keen
Visiting Dehra to his grandmother
Every year in scorching summer.
Deoli was a small station
Thirty miles in calculation
He realised not exactly
Why that train stopped at Deoli.
The lone platform boasted a tea stall
With few stray dogs did only yell
Down the platform a girl came
Selling baskets with no name.
She had a shawl across shoulder
Shiny black hair but feet were bare
It was morning very cold
She had troubled eyes, clothes old.
He got impatient for a glance
To meet her eyes full of romance
She offered him to buy a basket
After hesitation he paid from his pocket.
Plenty of visits subsequently he paid
Not to let the memory of her fade
But nowhere found her at last
The girl who stole his heart.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
A Jar Of Innocent Chocolate

In broad daylight on a Sunday
Everyone was dead busy
With their respective duties
In the open fire of the sun
They sweated and run.
As they were few in numbers
It was a day of action in School
No commotion, no confusion.
Bravo! from so many naked eyes
A jar full of scented chocolates
Handpicked like bunch of grapes
Into his pockets and crushed under sharp teeth
That got tired of grinding the bulky booty
A rare character the known always admire.
Some felt ashamed, some sensed the theft
Some believed not their eyes and the craft.
Everybody saw the deed and only smiled
But nobody complained as it was his forte.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Modern School Children

We are the naughty brain
we are today’s school children
school is our leisure home
who cares if we study no more?

We attend the hotel daily
And at lunch make a fat belly
we grow in body, lag in study
All lessons are but a parody

Teachers labour to teach hard
we ensure their efforts go mud
Spare the rod and spoil the child
A parent roars, are you bloody blind?

We are happy, we are free
The school is a big tree
Doing anything silly, we are game
we are naughty school children.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Pangs Of Separation

The weather is foul today
As if they sense the agony
Of separation from a group
Which was more than a family
With love and respect they passed
So many months together.

One by one now they return
To their home, to parents
Leaving the place for ever
Came to study for a rosy future.

They would never be back again
But the sweet memories they left
Would speak for themselves.

All looked tensed and sapped
Gazed with teary eyes still
United in minds they are
Only separated by distance
Meaningless is life in their absence.

The row of rooms stand in silence
To moan the exodus of its occupants
They are the trainees of B.Ed
With us a sweet relation they made
Salta was a new place to them
Now a bright career what they aim.

The hostel looks like an empty vessel
That tells a melancholy tale
As strangers they arrived to stay once
Then with us grew their relation fast
Now in deep core of my heart I feel in plenty
Life is tasteless without its human beauty.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
The Butcher's Operation

He kills them one by one
So cheaply with his cruel hands
It is his daily job, the butcher.
From the cote are dragged poor chickens
Abruptly in their dozing the lucky ones
Sense the flapping of wings
May the victims rest in peace.
Spares none his bloody scalpel
The meek birds find nothing
But the hands strong and scary
Cuddling they groan as in prayer
To save their flesh sliced with cheer.
Fast is he in this hunting job
Neatly to satisfy the waiting eyes
Eagerly mob him for share
So many deaths, none seems to care.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
The Great English Teacher

The semi-bald manly figure
Always arrives ahead of school time
As runs a bullet from a trigger
The lessons he eyes, look a painted rhyme

Nearby a tiny village he resides
With the old, rusty bicycle he rode on
Missing a single class of his was suicide
A gem he proved to the realm he belonged

The pupils felt shy to find him close
A man full of insane energy
The wicked ones know his mighty blows
A foe he posed to human lethargy

Lament the classrooms his echoing voice
Ugly time stops his teaching
He read from Blake to James Joyce
Retired from his crazy job after a long dating.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
The Nightingale And The Rose

It was a promise
She made to the young lover
To dance with him
If a red rose brought for her.
But alas! Not a single in whole garden,
Not anywhere, he cried in despair
His eyes flooded with tears.
From the nest of an oak tree
Heard his pain the Nightingale
Which sang romantic songs
For lovers for so long
"he is a true romantic", it felt
To sadly see his weeping face.
Like a shadow, the Nightingale
Passed through the grove,
Garden after garden for a red rose
To everyone it cried out,
"I will sing you my sweetest song"
"Give me a red rose".
White, yellow rose did abound
But not red that it found.
Then the bird flew to the tree
That grew only red rose
Beneath the boy’s window,
But there was no rose
The tree was bare,
'If you want a red rose,
There is a way
But it is so terrible
I can’t tell you”, said the tree
“You must build it out by moonlight
And make it red with your blood,
You must sing to me
With your breast against a thorn
Your blood must flow into my veins.”
‘Death is a great price to pay for a red rose’,
Cried the Nightingale in ecstasy.
It soared in the air
To cheer the boy down in despair,
But he fathomed not the message.
The bird flew to the rose tree
And sang wildly
As deeply the thorn pierced the heart
To draw the blood
To colour the rose,
Gradually the voice grew fainter
As the thorn choked its throat
And the bird fell on the grass,
The red rose is complete by then.
With surprise the boy looked out
He laughed and cried
To see his dreamy red rose.
He plucked and rushed to the girl
To fulfil her kept promise
She frowned and said,
"I am afraid, it wouldn't go with my dress".
Dejected the boy threw the rose
In the gutter,
"what a silly thing love is"
He thought and walked away.
In his room, he pulled out a dusty book
From the shelf and began to read.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Sleep...

The street looks deserted
No sign of life and activity
From the threatening chasm
Emerges the worms and insects
In search of some fleshy morsel.

In the heap of debris afar lies
A cute baby with closed eyes,
The parched wind buries his body
Scratched and crimson, with sandy dust
In silent peace, he sleeps fast.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Eighty four long days
Did he spend alone
In the lap of the vast sea
Without catching a fish,
The poor Santiago,
Old and weak he grew now.
People called him, ‘salao’
A reputation he always bore
An insult he brooked no more.
His only loyal protégé
For the nagging profession,
The young Manolin
Who was forbidden
By his worried parents
For the old fellow to run errand,
But the little one loved him
Kept faith on the fisherman.
Determined they together
Off to a daring venture
To hunt Marlin with skiff
In the wide Gulf Stream.
Ensued a great battle,
The old man fought hard
To catch his prized catch,
The Marlin stabbed and strapped,
Not rescued the carcass
That devoured the hungry sharks
Left only its skeleton and backbone.
The old man took a long rest
Woke up for a taste
Of coffee and newspaper
Manolin took for him.
They promised together
To fish for ever.
Red Crabs

In the open beach
Wide and sandy
Scented and windy
They appeared
In huge numbers
Like countless drops of blood
Like tameless water in flood
On the mouth of beady holes,
Partly visible and partly hidden
Their crimson bodies,
Waiting cautiously to see
A thud on the sand,
Every footfall, each approaching leg
And scampered deep in the ground.
I tried a few times
To catch them alive,
Pipped me their speed
‘Utterly a foolish deed’,
Quipped my friend
And my flagging energy did bend.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
The Plight Of A Married Lady

Born in a village
She is young in age,
A promising student
Through her career
Did her Masters
In English Literature.
Life was good
And full of dream
To achieve something
Envied by many.
Her life of a student
Lasted no longer,
Very early in life
Got a job
As a primary teacher.
A new role to play
In her teaching
She learns,
In her learning
She teaches
The tender hearts.
Still not satisfied
What was achieved,
That fuelled her desire
What remained to be achieved.

Spent some years
With comfort and luxury,
Carefree and monetary.
The parents seemed in hurry
To find her a match to marry
The best in the country.
United two pair of hands
In a grand wedlock.
A quick affair it was
Within a few months,
With few phone calls,
No rendezvous at all,
In a new home did she fall.
The unknown faces
Like newly purchased dresses
Never read her right,
She tried to compromise
To conquer the hearts
That accepted her not
As a member of their own,
She is not a meek dove,
Not an innocent lamb
To brook the insult
They heaped on her,
She was pure at her,
Never played a guile.
The dreamy life turned
A nightmare day by day,
She suffered in many ways
But ironed her will to stay,
She was a lemon to them
They wanted to extract juice
From her mind and body
She felt insulted in every breath
She took day and night,
She lived an aimless life.
The tears cried in vain
But nobody eared to listen
The beating of her heart,
Not even the hubby
Who forgot the promise
Made in the ritual,
Throttled her trust,
Her faith, her confidence too,
Became a bait of his parents,
Not hen-pecked, rather parents-pecked,
He never pitied her feelings,
Not heard her agony,
She was an alien to them.
Very protective and caring
Was his mother for son,
Did he marry for fun?
His demands and desires
Likings and luxuries
Quenched his mother,
Perhaps he lusted
For coitus and reproduction.
Pressure piled on her
With her they were at war.
Life meant for her
Only duties and responsibilities,
Imposed deliberately,
Flung on her aspiring heart
That dreamt a happy life.

All seemed to be over
She is determined
Not to return to them
If she returns
That her heart desires
Same treatment, she knows
She would receive from them
Because she would never
Satisfy their greed.
She has to earn money
Bear the child
Run the household
And be a perfect daughter-in-law,
She is not born for these
Impossible for her to perform.
But she will live her life
Life has many colours and beauties.
Miles to go before she sleeps
A promise to succeed she always keeps.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
The Journey Of Life

In the abstruse
Journey of life
Many faces young and old
Come and go
Like the new born
And the dead.
Arrive some new faces
As colleagues
In your profession
Some stay friends
At your alienation.
Windy life blows
At hungry speed
And removes them away
We once fondly lived.

Some known faces
With hidden motives
In friendly robe
Use your brain
For timely gain
And win the game
Then forget your name.
Like a milch cow
You are milked
To suit their purpose
To meet the demand.
So selfish we are
So shameless is
Our character
Like the chameleon
Even worse than that.

We are civilised
In complexion,
Brutalised in intention.
Again they surface
As time walks on
In your life
To seek the hand
To bail them out
And again
You turn saviour.
But once gone the danger
Faded you are
Once more.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
A Forced Marriage

Very bluntly he says
He loves her not
Not even like her.
She is not smart,
Not looks attractive,
A feeling he bears
In his heart for long
For the girl
He is going to marry
He is forced to marry.
For certain criteria
Of her that he likes
He spoke to the girl,
And confessed his secret
As a bow shot from arrow
The innocent girl
Looks at him in surprise.
Both are unknown
To each other
Settling for a life,
Vowed to spend together.
He plays no cupid,
Not inclined to woo her
No hang-outs.
No phone calls.
One by one
His day advances
For a grand finale
That he mentally eschews
But physically not.
Thus with mutiny
In his mind
He is going to marry
He is forced to marry.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Song Of Innocence

In the darkness of night
From their graves
Rose the children,
Not seen by faces
Only voices heard.
One by one
Word by word
They composed
A song
A song of humanity.

Mark, mark
The gory scar,
The piercing bullets,
The stain of blood
In their bodies
Spilled so chiefly.
They had no gun
No weapon
To resist the blow
That silenced
Their voice,
Their breath,
Their life
To eternal rest.

It was just another day
In the sun
They looked bright,
Very jovial too.
A home of learning
Where their fate
Is sealed.
The caring parents
Fed them,
Dressed them,
Bid them adieu
Or escorted
To school,
A place of safety
That turned nightmare
They were lost,
The lost children
To living parents,
To never return.

Curse those
Cruel hands,
The assassins,
In human shape,
Not human.
No regret
In their lips,
Not tears
In their eyes,
Only to know
What you achieved?
What you gained?
Perhaps, you gained
The anger,
The hatred,
The curse,
The condemnation
From million,
Perhaps your family
Feel ashamed,
Perhaps the womb
Laments
Giving birth to you.

Here we are
Very helpless
To violence
That coerces
Our existence.
Here we groan
And complain.
We only protest
With placards
And candlelights.
Rise like lions
After slumber
In unvanquishable
Numbers
Shake your chains
Like dews.
Wield a gun
For a gun,
To destroy them.
If left alive,
Like phoenix
They would surface
To engulf you.

(Note: A tribute to the resting souls of the dead children killed by terrorists at Army School in Peshawar, Pakistan)

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Unique Relation

I
You are a teacher
In a classroom
Packed with students
Who admire you
Follow the path
You show them
With duty and deeds.
Very unique is the relation.

II
You are a son
To your aged parents
Who enjoys tour care
Bless you with a smile
Still work hard for you
They are the living God
And Goddess who create you
Very unique is the relation.

III
You are a dutiful hubby
To your huffy wife
Who waits for you
At home and impatiently
Unlock the door
To see your shrunken face
Your sweated forehead
Very unique is the relation.

IV
You are a father
To the new born child
That calls you not
By name but gestures
As it feels a relation
Of blood drawing each
Of you near so lovingly
Very unique is the relation.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Death Of A Poet

On a wintry night
That looked deep and dark
The sleepy streets disturbed
With stray dogs that bark
Louder as if an ominous knell
To the inmates snorting in couch
The last breath he draws
Nobody sense but the spooky night
That perturbs no sleep
Only peeps the secret fall.

Amid the books in dusty shelf
A nagging worm makes a daily meal
From the yellow pages
Each word he lovingly penned
His only living soul
Which earned him no fame.
Even not his mourning wife
Who loves him so warm
Aware of his poetic pen
That lies motionless as he is.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Mamata Banerjee

I

Suddenly you rose
Like the legendary phoenix
From the ashes
Of fecund femininity
In such troubled hours
That choked
Every breath,
Every deed of yours
The fragile voice
Echoed among the coterie.

II

Suddenly you rose
Like a speedy gale
You lashed on
The humanity
With guts and probity
Kindling a hope
Dormant at hearts
From a deep slumber
For a revolution
Not dreamt before.

III

Suddenly you rose
Like a guiding moon
Lighting the rays
Of protest in the street.
Hail to you, iron lady
The voice of the masses
You suffered the agony
From brutal hands
From scary eyes of patriarchy
Resisting them like divinity.
(Note 1: Mamata Banerjee, who needs no introduction, is at present the 8th &
the 1st Woman Chief Minister of West Bengal)

(Note 2: This poem tries to record the incredibly political transition of the person
in question from a mere students' union leader to the formidable leader of the
masses singlehandedly)

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
To My Stolen Bike

I
My bike was stolen
Under the sun, from the crowd
From the row stood so many
With many forms and colours
Carrying names and numbers
It brooked the heat, drenched in rain
 Needed no mending, never did complain
Only fed oil that kept it well.

II
My bike was stolen
It was like a truant kid
Only three and half old
Always looked fresh and bold
As a friend in need
A time saving pet in deed
New places it drove with me
Whenever I switched on the key.

III
My bike was stolen
The skin was black
But heart was red
They eyed it come and go
Tampered the lock, made no show
Neither sensed pain, nor it yelled
To new hands, it fell a prey
A memory, an absence it left.

(Note: My previous Hero Honda bike, No- WB 42P-4923, was stolen at noon from Burdwan Court Compound on the 28th of March, 2014)

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Bacchanalian Immersion

A procession with blaring music
The inebriated eyes blithe and insane
Staggers and stammers as in soiree
Jostling the revellers belching
The odour to the phalanxing onlookers

Sometime the body frets and falters
For a weighed gallon, the call of feet
To pip the rhythm of slapping drums
Meandering with reticent idol, sulking
The vicious votaries to a lumbering lullaby.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
To My Coy Mistress

I am suffering from fever
My love for you is not over
Your image always mirrors in my mind
I caress you like an invisible wind.

You are a moon in the sky of my heart
I dream of you when eyes are shut
You are my waking dream
In you I dissolve like ice cream.

You breathe an infected air
My passion you burn with care
Like a dew on the morning grass
You cede to your Byronic crush.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Arnab Goswami

The assassin ravenously
Lurking on the impending prey
Maiming them with his grilling
That is fired like a volley of arrows
From a verbose bow
With a deadly velocity
To inflict the blow
On the ominous prey
Parrying from the other end
To squeeze the facts
From the sieved water
Of probity for a cause
To dispel the corrupted
With fiery eyes, burning tongue
He encroaches into the brain
Operating a skull autopsy
Muzzling the sycophants
With tyrannical puerility
Hail to you for such audacity
The nation salutes your integrity.

(Note: Arnab Goswami, one of my immensely admired Indian journalists, is the Editor-in-Chief of Times Now news channel)

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
The Great Othello Laments

Oh! You hear me, Desdemona
Long in your grave
A life of peace and rest you save
Here I alone speak and confess
Doubt poisoned my fragile mind
Only a handkerchief did I find
Did suspect your chastity
Ignored your inner purity
You were innocent, my princess
Ill-will eclipsed my senses
Thus choked I your breath
My weakness withdrew faith
Killed me too, deceived true love
A hapless hawk for his dainty dove

I am cursed
I am scorned
Yet I am born
Like a fresh morn
For my ego is torn.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
The Girl In Train

Hurriedly she entered
In train struggling hard,
Manoeuvring a cosy berth
Sat beside a man ogling in mirth,
She was funky and nubile
Monologuing with a costly mobile,
Only lip-reading one could guess
Stole naked glances her pretty face.

Miser was her skinny attire
Exposed her limbs, fuelled his desire
To get her close, to feel a touch
Nabbed his nudging advances such
Scanned her eyes, her taboo parts
In public boozed with carnal guts
Both looked trained in sleazy act
Passengers shrugged off a common fact.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
End Of An Affair

O Lady! Going away am I from you
For the long silence you keep. I know.
It is the silence of your growing love
For me, your secret passion and an affair.
I too enjoy the midnight call that whispers
The sweetness of love, a fondness to be together
A restless feeling, a desperation to speak
With other, adoring chats in facebook
Bring us too close in quick time, look
Magical every time your addicted voice
Is heard over mobile, a scented touch lulls me
To sleep into a dreamy utopia in your psyche
That mirrors your weakness, a desire burning
Like a log at the kiss of a tender fire.
Finally I become eclipsed, fallen to your grace
Myself amok with an ache in heart to peck
Those fleshy lips that nibble my bachelorhood

You have your weakness too
You know that but never expressed
Seriously as the lovers are famed to do
Let it be so, if you wish your silence
To maintain, I have my dignity too
You promise to never forget me, to leave
Me in no way. Now I bury myself in
Writing, in study that imparts me food
For thought, to create the new world where
Beauty stays for ever, rejuvinate itself
Unlike you who are fickle, a product
Of the corrupt time, not over yet our chemistry
Your killing glances, hypnotizing as a mystery.

Never be away for long, I know
The warmth of love in you yields to a bow.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Confession Of An English Opium Eater

In the dead of night
My eager heart leaps in joy
When the tiny green dot
Ensures your silence presence
I can feel your breath that
connect me with you in facebook.
The effect of booze makes me frank
Through chats you cross all barriers
Intimacy grows with virtual touch
Eyes strained to steal the verbose.
Each word written in utter drowsiness
Speaks more of your mind, your secrets
By then the holy water buries my senses
With a jerk I hurriedly look at the screen
After a bark heard from few street dogs.
Messages ejected to tranquilize the body,
So warm, so touching, so sensuous
Rob my heart and my slumber.
At dawn, get a loud knock on door
And realized it was a dream that I bore.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Fragile is the mutual relationship
Unbound desire makes it defective
Enjoying the company of multiple partner
Look like a life spent voraciously happier

Gradually thus a poisonous worm
Like possession that make you burn
In the enticing crowd of pretty faces
Eclipsed you the way between individual clashes

One by one trust, promise once given
To the beloved of your life easily forgotten
The promise to spend the entire life
To face weal and woe in strife

Then comes a day you boldly say
Your decision of silently parting the way
An affair reduces like a pack of cards
Built on whim and driven by lust

A madness promoting you a final call
Thus with Break-up you eye for a better fall.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Secrets Of Life

No eyes look so beautiful
If tears not floating from it
Happiness becomes so tasteless
If pain from wound feels painless

Praying to God may not be a necessity
If everything so desired comes on demand
Night would not become so romantic
If not sparkled by the amorous stars

Birth could not bring a welcome
If death not comes as a naked shocker
Reunion would not turn so sweeter
If not well fermented with periodic break-ups

We should not stoop to pick up diamonds
If were they as plentiful as street pebbles.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Send Off...

Ugly are you with tearful eyes
The tears that never forded my cheeks
As did yesterday, too stubborn to stop
Perhaps the second it is that my eyes
Like a morning rose in a dewy garden
Got a burial under flowing salted water
As if it makes me a lifeless brute
Because they hugged and pressed me hard
With tearful eyes they stared at me
To convey something hard to digest

My heart pains to see them weeping
Expressed my heart the agony slyly
Through the tears like a day rainy
Not same blood runs through all
Nor are they my kith and kin
We know it all, it is a relation
With a deep feeling that grew tall
Stepped back they with a sobbing silence
After murmuring to me a quivering ‘good-bye’

Now only silence speaks everywhere
In every room, every corner, far and near
Unused articles left by them lay there
Empty are the rooms, I find each time
But the odd breaths of invisible occupants
Pacify for a while my perturbed mind
Only loneliness beckons me with a smile
Teaching me a hard lesson consciously
It is another part of cruel life.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Forgotten Rabindranath Tagore

You voiced a protest at a time
The country was a slave to alien
You took up your inborn weapon, a pen
That grew fat with time
Tasted with flavour hungry people
Silently instilled a waking call
Bravely for a mission to move on
Their lost glory to get back
As a gust of fresh wind
Flew your message everywhere
That washed the cloudy spirits
From the youths dropped down in plenty

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Now free we are, so our country
Routine is our life, a heavy industry
We think less, exhibit more vainly
That are not our own, a borrowed robe
Spared a day for you, not of respect
But to make merry with decorations
Not addicted the youths to your art
Without a single fan are you
Blessed are filmstars and a very few
A bearded past to them you are
Our ignorance that you are ignored
God spare us! We are satans
Of your creative kingdom
But your glory will never fade
Not after our flesh burns into ashes...

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Lament Of A Departed Soul

The road ends here, I am blessed now
Blessed to have an eternal sleep
I have nothing to lose now, a spirit
Stays far from the madding crowd
In the holy abode of God.

You can't reach me, never touch me
You ruin me, you traitor in friendly attire
Your hungry beasts grab me
Pounce on me, strip me, tear me

I parried the carnal glances, scary eyes
I was hunted, to brute forces, a prey
I got a lesson, a lesson to remember
The pain I felt was too much to bear
You raised no voice, nobody there to hear
My lone agony, my groan, my despair

You could have saved me, you are human
You are social, you are equal, a myth
Shattered. No, no, you kill me not, I flee
From you, you are insane, you are polluted
You breed leopards to slay the lambs.
Even beasts spare their clan.

Humanity long deserted you, but you are you
You hug brutality, such is your mentality
Time would make me past, I am a past.
Was I born to pass away so young?
Had I a disease, did meet accident?
Do you have words to justify my end?
Was I alien to you?

But you were reticent to my plight.
You drove me out- my family, my kin
My home that moulded me are to lament.
Mother earth is plagued with human germs.
You ignore the organ that badly harms.
My dream, my future, cry in vain
Could you bring me back to earth again?

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
With You

In the caressing breeze
blowing over the lawn
you sit beside me and seize
I glance at you with a yawn.

A boring silence makes me fishy
about the way you behave with me
once for me you were adamant and crazy
no smile on your lips that I hopelessly see

Now, with difficulty your silence broke
words came halting from your throat
after a romantic drama finally you spoke
your dream with me was a silly joke...

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Jealousy

Once you are born
your neighbours bless you
their blessing turns into a blemish
as you gradually grow up
a boy with a great promise
a grudge for you what they send,
to them you are not merely a name
your talent fetches you a fame
a good job of yours brings in for them
a poisonous jealousy you hate to mention
diseased minds makes them sick
proud are you with your honest deed
one day would come they like a pig
only to find there your feet to lick.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
A message to the common people
lead a life, teaching to be simple
don't pollute your mind with politics
that can only make you more soporific
reason you find too brittle to hold back
with your all sweet and lovable relation
getting soured bitterly for resorting to escape
from truth you are loath to honestly convey
because now a pawn you are made of
shelter you a worm inside your body
gradually it would devour you completely
without your least knowledge of danger
sold is your conscience to certain symbols
to the masses you are posed as a rebel
empowered are you with borrowed power
you are an eclipsed moon now not seen clear.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Morning Message

A unique feeling for the eyes
to see the soft touch of rays
of the benevolent morning sun
spreading timely over this beautiful earth

Whispering to you with a message
to snap your dreamy lazy sleep
that takes a heavy toll upon you
ensnared for hours in her milky hue

The amorous eyes of your new mistress
invite you to invade her carnal fortress
as slices a knife to a juicy watermelon
to satisfy her dark desire in cosy couch
as soft as a grassy lawn in the darkness of night

From the open casements flickers charming breeze
to douse the flame of lust in a bid
the hungry belle eclipses her captive and seizes
every moment to claim her conjugal right
and prolong the night with a smooching bite.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Hide And Seek

I know you are here
Though you eschew me out of fear
i feel your odd breath
you are not the same i met
you fall in love with your career
god has been a saviour
you are fell destiny
we can't help moving to mutiny.........

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Life: A Mystery

He searches for beauty, only finds despair

He craves for love but gets loathing

He peruses for knowledge, flees his sanity

Dies to remain happy, peeps sadness timely

Life has beauty, yet it is scarce beautiful

What is life then, an enigma?

Life is a flowing river, no routine track

It totes obstacles but has no stop

. It creates after ruin, destroys after creation.

Man ponders to fathom its actuality

And yields to, eureka! It's a mystery

Life itself is a mystery, we are mysterious.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA
Arranged Marriage

A unique social relation
followed from generation
built on respect and trust
which is now declining fast
unite two persons as strangers
bringing in wedlock together.
Thus commence a newly happy life
In their hearts with a burning pride
This old custom will win for ever
Trustless love is our modern fever.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA