

Poetry Series

**Partha Pratim Goswami**  
**- poems -**

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# Partha Pratim Goswami()

# A Free Soul

A free soul-  
Buried deep in mirth  
Surmounts all the woe

And dreams infinite  
To mend the wound  
That squirts over mind  
And poisons its frame.

A free soul-  
Delirious with queries  
Of authentic facts

And anxious about the world  
Wanders beyond measure  
Through mountains and valleys  
And sails in the heart  
Of the great sea;  
To seek for a pearl  
Of knowledge and wisdom.

A free soul-  
Enriched with grief  
Accumulated over the ages

Through laxity and exploitation  
Of some cruel authority  
Banished from all morality,  
Quashes the former  
Agitating with great revolution.

A free soul-  
Builds and burns  
With its immense power

And reforms the land  
Sticking to its vision  
Of cure, courage and unison,  
At the turn of the tide

Smiting the ruin of all evil.

Partha Pratim Goswami

# Affliction! In Yashmak Of Preparation

Counting for the moments-  
Adolescent, incomplete!  
My mind gets empty.  
Yet, I'm mad of jumping into a battle  
A terrible one.

Let my frolic mind be heavy  
Deep like the sea!  
I wish to step forward  
Fight and die.

What have I missed?  
Where had been the fault?  
Today  
I feel panic to face her  
To gaze at her eyes!

Let me free the clouds  
Let me grab the moon and the stars  
Holding them closer;  
Oh! I have failed, failed again;  
Is my fate to be blamed?

I'm done with what I have  
Is this all- life and glory?  
Nope, it can't be such forlorn!

I have no shield, nor a charioteer  
But I'll fight, fight with my full enthusiasm,  
Making the mind stable, assembling all courage  
I'll dive again into a new battle;  
To fill the gap, for completing the rest  
I'll wait, wait with passion...

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# Am I

Am I audible to you?  
I hope, yes  
Let me suppose you're busy  
But I'm sure that actually, you're not.  
For a great epoch of my life  
I did not behave sensibly.  
You think that you're aware  
Aware of your life, your existence  
But I can guarantee you that you're not.  
Have you ever been conscious of your gender?  
I know at every breath!  
But you're the most evolved one,  
Does your evolution permits when  
You're insane about sex?  
For every creature  
It is the very basic element of life  
Must be understood, monitored-  
The crux of your sexuality is-control.  
Are you capable of this?  
Of every other thing that should have been  
Happened the other way, but it has not?  
You're starving to quench your thirst  
For a bit more, more precious;  
I did too, but the definition of relevance  
Changes like the swirl of  
Some great flow- tremendous yet calm  
Quiet... I beg you  
Please learn and experience,  
At least for your own presence!

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# Destiny

An urge whispers into my ear  
Breaking the sleep; sound  
Oh I was on a drowse...

Dreaming that glisten face  
Half hidden behind the clouds  
Floating atop those mountains-  
Far, too far from my sight;  
Yet calling for the soul, desperately...

That pair of lips kisses mine  
Frigid with coldness of death,  
To warm me up, my soul again;  
The air twitches, fluttering the eyes  
I'm back to senses...

Dreams seem real and reality!  
Still to walk, constantly towards  
Atop the mountain, where  
The glisten face is waiting;  
Those lips shivering and arms open  
To greet me, my destiny...

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# Difficult To Stand

Difficult to stand  
It's difficult to stand  
On a destined height  
Like an erect pillar  
To challenge all disaster  
Coming to break it apart.

People of this world-  
With a heavenly relationship  
Of friendship and empathy  
Not that much loyal!  
Just an ersatz-  
Seems easy from outside,  
But much complicated;  
Like all seven colours  
Combined to look white,  
Creating a lot of miracle  
As entering in concentric circles  
Without an exit.  
And  
At last moving round and round  
My ideality is confronted!  
Something threatened me  
Making terrible excitement.

The small but well designed  
Solemn hut providing shelter  
Initially built with  
Each drop of my blood,  
Is snatched away now  
Losing all its chastity.

This pressure of parting  
With my beloved  
Eminently close to my heart  
Is really immense.  
Yes, this is a real war  
Not easy to outlast.



To bring back those days  
The days of dignity,  
The days of my ideality,  
On the way-  
I must tolerate  
Again a big disaster,  
Oh God!  
Why is this so curvilinear?

Life, very unsecure-  
Twists are here...  
Twists are there...

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# Don't You See

Don't you see-  
The clouds are dark  
The stars hurt  
The mountains cry  
And the valleys dry!

Arid-  
The drought spreading  
On mind and soul,  
Diverts all the mighty goal  
Breaks the honourable line  
Of friendship and loyalty,  
For really nothing-  
Just unconsciousness and stupidity.

And when,  
All the moral fled  
Oh, my countrymen!  
Our own blood is shed,  
We witness the evil dead  
Of all religion and region  
Humanity is molested  
Alas! Even then,  
We cover our innocent face!  
With silence,  
And shame.....

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# Endless.1

(1)

I am the hidden current  
Drifting on and on,  
Watching you keenly  
Throughout the night to morn.

You have the smile  
On your delighted face  
And the enthusiasm  
That a young maid  
Should possess.

This comes eventually  
Pure and the purest...

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## Endless.2

(2)

You feel the rays  
Revealed through  
Reflection on the woods,  
You bath in the open sunshine  
On the cold stream-water  
Hiding from me-  
Behind the stones.  
Playing and dancing  
With the water  
Splashed upon your bones.

Working all day long  
Your family earns daily bread,  
Which you share  
With a lovely horse  
That runs with my pace.

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## Endless.3

(3)

I run with the world  
Very fast and far.  
Now you are not-  
Amongst the woods.  
But□  
Sunshine is still there  
And you seem to be  
Smiling again and again!  
The stone you hid behind  
Turns into  
A concrete cell;  
And that cold water  
Flows from a shower.

However, a running wheel  
Replaces that lovely horse  
Moving on some more pace  
Mesmerizing you all.

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## Endless.4

(4)

Alas! you don't know the difference  
Of your past and present  
But I perceive well  
that you are getting betrayed  
By your greed  
To own everything  
On your side  
No matter, that they  
Belongs to you or not!  
You do not bother  
About the delight  
Of your smiling face;  
But, I know the pleasure  
Of that childhood,  
And that of the youth  
Now getting veiled  
By this madness.

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## Endless.5

(5)

One day, you have to leave  
Keeping aside all you own  
You cannot take them.  
Nor the pace!  
But, I will continue  
I am the current  
And that abstract  
Endless endless...

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# Faded Tulips (Tribute To Keith Douglas: 1)

Resembling the coldness of the adolescent moon  
On some waxing or waning crescent,  
She was just phenomenal through insight  
And also in the semblance.

The glee of the tulips - mellowed by  
Her bosom and warm heart,  
Clutching my lunatic head  
To quench its prodigious thirst;  
Is now tarnished in lumps of  
Grey powder and dull earth...  
Earth that once borne my tulips  
Is now imprisoned in blasts of my peace!

The clash between love and lust  
Under her draped curtain- she, my  
Adorned bride with such compulsion,  
Is now bereaved in advance death.

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# Freedom-From Dark!

When dark becomes darker  
Hovering awaits longer  
Thirst gets scorched without quench  
And claim abates in a trance.

Then the earth cries  
And the creativity dies,  
All buds are ravaged  
Blooming flowers turn faded.

Hypocrisy starts to reign  
Aloofness plunges into vein,  
The heart spurts terribly  
And the blood splatters unflinchingly.

To reverberate the horror  
To remind all the error  
Of ignorance, reluctance and silence-

That took away all the rights  
Deferring the emancipation  
To ceaseless nights.

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# Just A Move

It is just a move  
From the extreme dark  
To twinkling light;

It is just a move  
From the fear and hatred  
To a world of life;

It is just a move  
From all negativity  
To an optimistic cheer;

It is just a move  
From the blood smeared cloth  
To a spotless one  
White, bright and smooth  
Pouring joy and peace;

It is just a move  
From anger and agony  
To pleasure and satisfaction;

It is just a move  
From the brainstorming pain  
Of neglect and ignorance  
To a handful of  
Care and courtesy;

It is just a move  
From the feeling of conquer  
To that of independence;

The move is fantastic  
Hopeful and clear;  
But the person behind  
Is now illegible.....  
Just a mirage  
An incomplete thirst.



## Lost War (Tribute To Keith Douglas: 3)

Complicated! Yes it's for me and her,  
For all those who are swept  
By the plea of war and its glory;  
This forgery of splendor and romance  
Displayed in red on some white paper,  
And also through the waves of shriek!

Is now burnt into floating ash...  
Ash and dust of bombarded earth.  
Scenting flesh and blood around  
And touching afresh the doomed gloom,  
On marriage or funeral white clad!

The adolescent beauty thrills  
Though my madness kills  
I am the both- lover and killer yet  
Losing the love all exuberance gone.  
Now I search for her  
In the grey dusts -  
My lost life and war...

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# My Heart

My heart is.....

A year without rain,  
A ship without the radar,  
A joker without joy,  
A lover without love,  
A bird without wings,  
A friend without feelings;

Everything but nothing

Hope with tears;  
Shine of the moon  
Veiled by cloudy years.

A want of survival

For all my dears  
And people in my surround  
For the joy never found  
For a person never understood  
But, I wish to flow  
With the endless tides  
Of the unseen sea.  
And want to fly  
Up above the sky  
Though the routs are dry.

Through.....

The ways of  
Untrodden space  
With.....  
The blessings of the almighty  
In the path of truthfulness,  
With the shadow of loyalty  
In the ways of twinkling stars  
Where belief prevails.....

These feel my broken heart  
Again with life and jollity.



# On The Way With Your Love

On the way of this lovely world  
You came across me,  
On the faint audience  
Of your loving word  
I lost all my pains.

Going forward with you all the way  
I forgot to think of my hurts  
But only you...  
What makes me love you so much!  
I never understand  
But feel very much  
The heavy rain of love;

On the shore of gigantic sea  
The endless bounty of flower,  
The warmth of your breath  
On a silly cold night...  
The first ray of the sun  
Making me go so much far  
Much more far  
On the way of love  
Only for your love...

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# Sachin

Fierce eyes smell the wind  
Flexing limbs move with wink  
Counter rolls and milestone reified,  
And the nation sings Sachin! Sachin!

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# The Dark Castle

The first light  
Of the night moon  
Touches your lovely eyes  
And approaches mine-

To wash me away  
From the dark castle  
Towards the heavenly shine.

All the dirt spreading  
Across every nook and corner  
And the politics  
Bringing great dishonor  
Needs to be refined  
By pure and divine.

Love-  
Yes, love doesn't know  
The mighty or the weak  
The rich or the poor  
The win or the lose  
Neither the limit of age,  
Nor the boundary of surface.

So-  
You're the medicine  
To heal those wounds  
And joy  
Elsewhere never found.

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# The Fascinating Mind

My fascinating mind flees  
To the top of an unbranched tree  
With the agility of a genius  
And the fertile imagination  
Of a series of dreams  
With its own world within  
Chasing faster than being chased  
Like a swift against  
The waterfall with infinite depth.

My mind raises me up and up  
Above all of our kind,  
But the narcissism plays,  
its utmost trick to eat me alive.

The genius is poisoned  
And the imagination imprisoned,  
The fascinating mind is locked  
With the eternal keys  
Of some secret grief.

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## The Grey Tomb (Tribute To Keith Douglas: 2)

These deaths cling to thrones and  
Minds dance wildly in illusion,  
Though slightly envisaged, but now  
Smitten hard with languish and lesion-  
I and they too whose lives are betrayal,  
Loves are superficial! With duality  
Not exactly, probably complicated.

How can I sneak silently into my tomb  
Eluding this burden and that of insane!  
When parasites delve in the debris  
Of my rotted skull and scorched heart,  
Will it flee to that complicated love?

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# The Half Burnt Toothbrush

Repentance!

Standing another sleepless night  
With little safety and solace,  
I search a toothbrush-the only one  
That too half burnt and  
The tube to be cut for paste-the rest.

Oh!  
I have nothing for the wound  
Poisoning acutely my leg-too fast;  
It cannot escape again a riot  
The eyes cannot gaze more flames  
Flames burning houses into ash and  
Turning water dense red.

Sensing the drowse!

Yet I  
Smell the odour of my land  
Breathe the air and wriggle in sand,  
Bath in the flowing stream,  
And enjoy some recurring dream-

To be recognized as freeman  
To be assimilated into mainland,  
With all, who break their bones  
Toiling from twilight to dusk and  
Night to morn; for the Nation, the one  
Which is my own, though, here  
I'm a refugee known!

A passionate wish!

I think deep and draw in mind  
A flawless intense picture of a world

Without war, deadly fear and domination,  
Of one man suppressing the other;  
Where there is no boundary of land  
And no law to restrict anyone.  
Where minds fly and hearts cry  
Together for one another.

Then...

I would swab the scar with white cotton,  
Resting my mind in a long sleep  
I'll wake up again and walk  
To form a complete globe-  
With the new and the old, all human  
Alike-with no difference, not mere  
In the look but also with perception  
For all now and time to come...

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# The Red Eyes

The rays,  
Bright, sharp and straight,  
Strike that glass-  
Coated with the black  
And turns back at once  
To reach the pair of eyes-

Which searches for the other  
And when it meets  
Its own glimpse,  
There the epic begins! !

-With the shy of its sin,  
With the half burnt dream  
Washed away by the  
Furious waves of lethargy,

And the dignity  
Scratched by the  
Winds of ignorance.

But,  
A drop of blood  
Appearing red, and warm  
Like a silent volcano,  
Creeps down through its corner,  
Bringing the great tides back  
With all its glory and pride,  
Lightens up the eyes  
For eternity,  
The red eyes...  
That eternal red...

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# There I Perspire

Promises shine with Northern aurora  
And I run amidst the cold  
Breaking the frosty silence  
With little footsteps, silently!

Blushing sun hides under murky cover  
And the air still smoggy,  
Buds of tea drizzle o'er the horizon  
Holding the dusk a bit long.

I gaze far and then again I run  
Mind whirls in aspiration of light;  
I stumble and stop, for the route is dark  
Yet, the sparkle of conquest  
Compels me to run-  
Run somewhere unseen  
To perspire at last.

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## Three R's

I find myself in the seventh heaven  
Thinking- I have made it  
The way I deem...

Ah! It has confronted my way  
Revealing another and then  
Some more- similar or much better!

Instinctively, a wee idea strikes  
My little brain, igniting the wit  
Certain resurrection followed!

The bell rings again ...

Partha Pratim Goswami



# Tranquility

The tranquility of exquisite beauty lies-  
In the black pearls of those red eyes  
In the warm heart residing in mellow seas  
In the mushy flashes of her lovely smiles  
In the rosy talks on some secret nights  
In the growing hopes against shrinking miseries...

Partha Pratim Goswami

# War Gun

Burning sun blazes  
With its full intensity  
Over my dozed head!

Just after childhood dreams  
Oh! Now I am at teenage.

Still.....  
I remember my old friends  
And the butterfly chase  
Bathing and playing  
In the great river,  
Passing nearby our village  
On some of  
Such sunny days.

Now.....  
All turns blur  
And my voice slur,  
For a war within another  
For some devastating war guns-  
Put into the hands  
Of all teenagers  
Locking them in a dark cage  
With so much fear and rage.

Where.....  
Humanity is defeated by cruelty  
Love takes form of amorous brutality,  
Mankind is slapped and ragged  
All art are enslaved  
With the avarice of power;  
Tradition is tranquilized  
For some vogue demands  
Of those cowards-  
Who hides behind  
The protected fort  
Handing us weapons  
Against our own.

But.....

Cold wind blows again  
To awake my heart and soul  
And I scream blatantly  
Triumph! triumph!  
Let's triumph over  
This war gun.

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# Winter Vengeance!

Under a purdah of cluttering clouds  
The Jupiter emerges at Orion  
And a meteor runs across the sky;  
They're hiding in warmth, for  
It's still a little to morn!

Woods seem demonic in foggy hue  
Silence runs creeping through the graveyard,  
Turning little chirrup of the birds  
Into a continuum of smirk!

The devil of lethargy breaks in  
Through ripe oranges in frosty touch,  
It sows own blood to reap poison!  
What a trauma of the days gone...

But, there is, of course a streak of light  
Reflecting the snowy mountains,  
An urge to clear the lumps  
And sprawl out basking in the afternoon sun;  
Taking the breath in, passionately  
To head towards the light  
Up and far, much farther...

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# Wounded Again

When balmy clouds cry in rage  
The Moon smolders and wind dashes  
My heart gets soaked in drizzling drops  
And eyes die for a little coup d'oeil  
Of that blushing girl and her first sight  
Ah! It gets wounded again...

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