

Poetry Series

Pragna Paramita Mondal
- poems -

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Blogs: 'Ahora mismo! '

at

A Funeral Of Dead Flowers

It was a funeral of dead flowers.
A silent and solemn ritual it was,
The wordlessness was not meant to strike
A figurative note. Make no mistake!
It was not the day of efflorescence.
The end was inevitable and justifiable,
Leaving no occasion for sighs and complaints.
□

It was a funeral of dead flowers.
On my little alcove shade lay
Heaps of those once-upon-a-time-fresh flowers,
Jasmine, tuberose, and the third one without a name.
They had promised me fragrance that would fill up
The fissures of my soul. I thought the fragrance
Belonged to them and was not like some fiscal takeover.
But the white had turned yellow and the yellow was brown,
I couldn't resist that; I was powerless.
Instead, I joined the requiem but found
No words of condolence to satisfy their sorrow
Or match up to it. It was hopeless, but then
They never belonged to me, and neither to my dead father,
And the dead goddess I had placed them before.
We hadn't signed up that humble pact,
They weren't a part of that surreal bond
That the three of us shared; my father, my goddess, and me.

But I've heard madmen saying
That the dead share a secret that eludes the living.

I tried to poke the flowers into life,
But they wouldn't just let it be.
They were motionless and fragile like voices
Muffled in a dark, decomposed alley,
Or dreams ruffled in distant sunless patches,
Or visions that could never really define the quest.
They continued to look back at me
With eyes moonstruck. I turned away my gaze.

There was a tinge of pain like a slight but subtle singe,
And then there was peace.

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Untitled

I

They said it was sin and solitude,
but I called it strangeness sublime.
I had stopped playing the mystic a long time back,
but pragmatism never meant liberation of senses in the rear,
and taxonomy was not worth the deal.
It just twisted the pain
like some tarnished tale,
It defeated the view
like a broken pane,
in a skylight that leads you to heaven
or lets you into hell.

II

Suppression isn't allowed to be the basic fact,
it's dangerous they say; and often suffocative.
But the augmentation of desire is sinister at times,
It presses you hard against layers of darkness,
pilloried upon endless doubts and deceptions,
and keeps you dodging about some divine dolefulness.
The mind fritters away like a dream-tossed leaf,
while the soul stands sequestered in its chequered past,
or quietly waits its turn in the plain bare tones of the days to come.

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When I Was Killed

Corporeality cannot crop my soul
in metal rust, splinters and iron nails.
A blue electric needle,
and the punctured blood balloon;
Air bubbles escape through froth and foam,
And the eyes consigned
to the ritual of their sanguinary bath,
are sealed in the suffused heat;
they shut out the light;
The flicker and the flame
are destroyed.

The fire and the fumes had long devoured
the oriental tale of mud and mire,
The smoke and the smell of burnt flesh rush in;
the pain.
No place for contrition or consultation,
for grievance and repercussion;

The salvation lies in silence,

which is just a moment away...

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