

Poetry Series

R.K Das
- poems -

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R.K Das(22, january)

A PASSIONATE READER OF POETRY.

A Few Drops Of Dew

Bound by earth and sky
The particles of darkness
Of my existence
Got crystallized into
Fertile dew-drops.

The thin clouds
Of scattered dew-drops
In the womb of an
Unfathomable vacuum
Assembled in ones and twos
Over my semi-bald head,
Promising a heavy downpour
On the pale leaves of grass at my feet,
During an autumnal twilight.

I was really amused to perceive
How those mere dew-drops
Could regenerate
So much greenery
Here, there, everywhere
And even on my bald- head.

At a distant horizon
On the dark boughs
Of a parched gulmohar tree
Red petals appeared
And singing birds perched
And surprisingly I could hold
The fragrance of thin hairs
Grown around her nape
With a solid passion,
Singing nursery-rhymes
To utmost perfection.

In the empty corridors of my ribs
Broken desires and disabled opportunities
Raised their wrinkled scalps
For a few drops of dew.

I really marvelled
At the sight of those dew-drops
Of such multiple colours
Creating a cascading effect
In their beauty and significance
Which I adored
And many a time imbibed.

But, alas! I didn't know
Such ethereal dew-drops
Could feel so insecure
Merely at the sight
Of a pregnant eastern sky.

R.K Das

A Poem

Do I belong? I question myself
One more time anxiously, while
Waiting for permission to script
A preface to passionate musing
Called life..! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

My maiden flight into the
untitled world of desire
Lands softly on the
Flowerbed of compassion.

Nobody knows how long
I am going to stay here
And now at the level crossing
Of the dream road.

Like a few drops of dew
Frozen in wait for
The perennial touch of dawn
That is yet to dissolve the
Substantial shadow of doubts.

Ah! You didn't know? Asks the time
As i stood visibly confused
About the fading life-line
Caught in the cycle of rebirth
Preparing for its return journey.

R.K Das

A Silly Love Poem

Come hither,
Come hither my love
When the infant sun shines
And promises a sunny weather.
Come hither. Come hither...

Come hither,
Come hither my love
When the moon beams
In the company of multitude
And she promises a beam-soaked weather.
Come hither. Come hither...

Come hither,
Come hither my love
When the spring sets in
With a fragrant fanfare
And sensuous is the weather,
Come hither. Come hither...

Come hither,
Come hither my love
When the clouds run errands
For their master and
When lightening is the harbinger
And lively is the weather,
Come hither. Come hither...

Come hither,
Come hither my love
When autumn makes me lonely
In the soul of my creative pang
Be my soul-mate all-weather,
And come hither. Come hither...

R.K Das

A Sparrow

A sparrow used to come occasionally
And perch on my tattered thatch
And sing in melodious eloquence.
She must have observed me keenly,
For these days she no more sings.
She no more appears immune
To the cares like her brethren
Of the blue.
After the long last
This morning she broke her silence
And chirped in the melodious note
Of Keats nightingale.
I was not surprised as I smiled to myself...

R.K Das

A Substantial Shadow

Often I am haunted
By the reflection
Of a shrunken face
Of a substantial shadow,
That has gathered
An impervious thickness.

None can claim like me
To have measured
The dwarf-shadow,
Gaining an immeasurable height
As never seen before.

Even when, you are by my side,
I tip-toe to the left of the highway
And get drenched to the core
By the visible nothingness
Of a cluster of barren clouds.

I know why,
Of late I seem to feel ashamed
To ask for a reassurance from my mother,
Who on long frosty-nights
Takes an extra cup of tea
To keep her warm.

R.K Das

Ah! You Didn'T Know?

In an evening of events,
He and I met together
In the City-Coffee House
And broke the silence of a millennium
Over a steaming-cup of coffee.

He spoke and I listened.
Slowly I discovered
The iron-gates of the castle-in-ruins
Opened up with a crackle before my eyes
And the rusty past shed its darkness
To a shining glory.

He identified the strange and precious gems
Stored in the womb of the ruins
And I, on my part, recognised them
In their antique glory.

Encouraged by his profound knowledge
And sense of beauty I thought;
I could at least show him
The mundane vapours
Flying from the hot cup of coffee.

He observed them,
And admonishing me for
My idiocy, said:

"You thought they're ordinary vapours,
Nay, they are ephemeral curls of steam
Heading upwards
Like benign souls! "
And further added
"These curls of steam are cycles
Of birth and death,
You didn't know"?

I said, "No, I didn't know,
Now that you said,

I know.”

R.K Das

Alien Benign

The heart throbs
For you, a kindred soul
Living in an alien land...

What music your parrot twitters?
What fruits your trees bear?
And with what stars your sky glitters?
What wind blows your hair?
What dreams colour your repose,
How elegantly you tread the land,
How softly you breathe the air
What paints your mood
In morning, day and night?

My heart yearns to see
These sights and hear the sounds,
Which you see and hear
In your own way
So different so unique!

R.K Das

Alphabet Of Love

You taught me the alphabet of love
And I learnt it with the ease
Of my mother tongue,

You told me
That cherished dreams
Some day come true,
And I remained awake
The whole night
To dream the dream.

You asked me
To think lofty
And since then,
I have been measuring
The length and breadth of the sky
And counting the stars of the Milky Way.

R.K Das

'Another Poem'

The chain of mortal moments
Was perennially pampered
By the emotional interventions
Of brittle smiles and joyous episodes
And occasional visitations by
A world of make-beliefs
In the face of a fine suspicion
Of a suspension of disbelief.

The erosion of beliefs and actions sets in
And soon becomes chronic
By the casual pronouncement of
A virus-ridden rude syllable
Thrown at a disadvantaged-player
On a grass court.

It was a crystal idiocy of epic-dimension
To try to stitch the tattered Time
With a golden needle using gossamer.

R.K Das

At The Level Crossing

Here I come to a halt
At the closed doorstep
Of the level crossing
On my daily path.

From the ashes
Of the driver's seat
I rise like a Phoenix
And in no time get lost in the remains
Of a drowsy past.

There, I delicately felt
The dry petals of a red rose,
The clumsy lines of a crumpled love-letter,
And broken smiles of a pair of white lips
Pronouncing a few unintelligible
Alphabet at the parting time.

And I lend my anxious ears
To the dying echo of her
Receding footsteps overtaking me
During a heavy moment.

I also remember
How I pitied all and sundry
Who hastened to console me,
For they claimed to decipher
The language of my tears silently flowing
From the Gangotri of my eyes.

Here I wake up
On hearing the deafening honk
And metallic commotion
Of throbbing automobiles at my back,
As the level crossing opens
Before my eyes.

R.K Das

Beauty And Glory

Long after she departed
Behind the closing-door
Her image lingered in my private closet
With such fragrance,
Such sweetness
Which I wish would linger till eternity.,

A picture of such serene
Ecstasy overtook me
And rendered my longings
Passionately beautiful,
Like a present bud
Pacing towards a future flower.

R.K Das

Between The Covers

I have plucked
Every primrose and daisy
Sprouting in myriad colours
On every wild vegetation,
Grown around my neighbour's fence.

I have also plucked
All the flowers on my path
In their youthful fragrance,
Of spilled out pollen,
And in their sealed-dreams,
Clinging intimately to the
Tender stems of unknown creepers.

I don't know
For whom they bloomed,
For the hot Sun?
For the cool Moon?
Or for the soothing South Wind?
Just see!
The flowers have never complained,
Either loud or in whispers,
Or perhaps
I have not cared to heed
Their effeminate indignation
Against my reckless passion,

Believe me.
I have also not spared
All the early flowers
Of Spring and Summer
Grown in the distant meadows
Only to press them for you
Between the covers.

R.K Das

Crossroads

As I stood denuded
At the crossroads
With hands raised upward,
Eternity descended unto my open palms
With the silence of a benediction
Of my life's last Autumn.

In the mellowed stillness of the wilderness
The last skinny leaf of an ancient oak
Fluttered silently
And nose-dived
Into the icy-ground of the
Ultimate harbinger.

The storm of argument
Between the musician and the lyricist
As to what music and diction
Would constitute my dirge,
Got settled smoothly like the leafy-sediments
On the bottom of a tea cup.

R.K Das

Destitution

In the face of your
Erratic eloquence
My tender ego
Gets vanquished
Into a bruised Silence
Like a shivering dove
Facing a tottering shaft.

As the renewed vigor of your arrogance
Trample over and subjugate
The finer blades of my dreams
My masculine bravery □
Gets taken over
By an enduring timidity.

I dare not confide
The cherished chapter of my autobiography,
As I get reduced
Into a shameless mass of destitution.

R.K Das

Do I Belong?

I have coined subtle words,
Framed robust sentences
And idioms unique
In my private fantasy but
They miserably ditch me
At the fateful moment
When I wish to confide that
'I belong.'

Carefully pronounced words fizzle out
Under the feather-weight
Of nocturnal dreams
Nourished in the womb
Of a barren Autumn.

Faint beams of a pestering hallucination
Giggle mischievously
When I don't know
What is what?

I have rehearsed in vain
Ridiculous postures
And carefully designed dialogues
In the privacy of my greenroom,
For I cannot look eye to eye
When most wanted.

R.K Das

Entomb The Silence

I wish I could
Ignite you
Out of the heap of cold ashes
Of a dead volcano
And get myself overwhelmed
By the lava of your stifled desire
Cherished by a deliberate discipline.

I wish I could
Replace the half- spoken
Mono-syllables
Meticulously pronounced
Through your measured lips,
By an eloquence
Never heard before.

I wish I could
Make you bloom
Out of the veils
Of your tiny bud
Into an open-eyed sunflower
Of a prolonged noon.

I wish I could
Caress you out of
Your cool-midriff
And flow with the
Tide into the seas.

I wish I could
Tickle you out
Of the long-pregnant pause,
That shapes
Your earthy incarnation.

I wish I could
Entomb your silence
In my backyard

And engrave the epitaph;
"Here lies her silence
Never to be resurrected".

R.K Das

Flowerbed

Placed in the midst
Of a twilight zone
My vision went hazy,
My fancy disoriented,
And while my failed dreams
Were in desperation
I had a glimpse
At the loveliest of faces.
Under a white veil.

I stole a glance of the loveliness
Of the countenance benign,
While lamenting
Over the distorted reflections
On the fragmented glass remains
Of my dreams
Of phenomenal dimension,
Which I had fondled
And renewed over the years.

Through your white veil
I stole a glimpse
Of a fascinating amalgam
Of beauty and compassion,
A flowerbed
Of exclusive red roses
Of dewy-freshness
Clad by a thin pall
Of a late winter snow
Of Kashmir Valley.

Through your white veil
I had a glimpse
Of the last oasis
Of my life
In the midst of
A harsh and fiery desert.

Through that white veil

I rejoiced the sight
Of a gorgeous painting
Drawn by a ceremony
Of profound colours.

Under the white veil
I had again a glimpse
Of a fairy of Ajanta fresco
Full of exquisite tenderness
And love of beauty.
Yet, always with a suspicion
Of something deeper
And transcendental.

Beneath the white veil
That embellished your face
Like a patch of snow cladding
The upper reaches of your abode
I had a glimpse
Of your soil and scenery
Of reflection and reality
In full bloom.

R.K Das

Forever Friends

On a distant domain of this globe
I know not on which crossroad
Of which latitude
And which longitude, she dwells.

What thoughts are brought
by the favorable wind
from the greatest of all empires?

What fragrance is carried
from the land of poetry and beauty
where my bosom friend for ever
dwells?

The quintessence of a divine aroma
grips me when am in the
tight tentacles of my friends'
immaculate personality.

I get a second life
of timeless longevity
as I tread and breathe the
air and listen to the whisper
of my friend coming from her abode.

As I hug the wind, the air the scent
that emanates from the soil and scenery
of your native
I get a surreal ecstasy in my soul.

R.K Das

Fusion

I blend it to you
When my solitary dream,
Sensuously private
Gets drenched in your scent
That sweetens my living memory.

I connect it to you
When my lonely heart
Gets thrilled by the
Rhetoric of a couplet
Composed in an intense
Moment of poetic intoxication.

I tune it to you
When a slow rhythm
Of an ecstatic feeling
Engulfs me in its fold that
Emanates from numerous strings
By conjuring up a melody
Never sang before.

R.K Das

Golden Portrait

Your immaculate portrait
In silver and gold touches
The soul of my stressed self
In the wee hour of the day.

Your divine portrait
In silver and gold soothes
The soul of my agonized self
In the arid desert of my dead dreams.

Your inspiring portrait
In silver and gold makes
The soul of my creative heart
To compose poems for you in the
Solitude of my private musings.

R.K Das

Here And Now

I adore your loveliness
Within the boundaries
Of my ordinary eyes,
Within the bound
Of an unbound ocean,
Within the reach
Of a receding horizon.

I hear your words of beauty
Within the audible range
Of my mortal ears,
For your words reverberate
Long after you speak
On the inner walls of my soul.

I smell your passionate breath
With the certitude
Of an irrepressible jasmine,
For I am not the Himalayan deer
To be misled by my own musk.

I love you
With the immediacy
Of here and how,
For I know not
What lies beyond
Or beneath.

R.K Das

Island Of Isolation

Most cherished dreams
Burn into floating ashes
In the self-ignited fire
Of a shooting star
Falling from the nocturnal firmament.

But strangely enough,
Am intermittently overwhelmed
By the moist breath of fresh romance
And fragrance of a great hope
In an island of isolation.

As I toss
On the tattered mat
Spread on the bare earthen floor
Under the watchful eyes of a Savage Time,
I wait for the much-awaited liberation of the soul
From the divine nativity.

R.K Das

Jingle

In just a vast nothingness
You unwind, holding on to the placid moments.

You suspend your thoughts
As everything starts from there
Need to get back to the origin
So that creative cycle revolves uninterrupted.

You delve into the strings of meditative incubation
From where music germinates
And engulfs far and wide.

You conjure up postures classical
Of the temple's architecture,
As your elements spring up
Into a grace and elegance unforgettable.

You comprehensively mesmerise
The people, the place by the
Enduring jingles of your subtle feet.

I nourish and cherish
The remains of an echo of the jingles created
On the invisible walls of my soul
Long after the show is over.

R.K Das

Leave Me There

Take me

On your winged-fancy

On a long flight to the ether

Where clouds of diverse pattern and color

And varied fragrances cross ways

On their celestial journey.

Where stars and starlets are engaged in endless gossip

And the queen Moon adorns her marble throne with a silvery smile,

As am lost in the echoing-remains of music of the sphere,

You leave me there, leave me there.

Escort me

In your dive into the bottomless depth

Of the ocean-bed where under-currents in blue attire cross ways,

Where oysters wait for me with gifts of pearls,

Where mermaids sing marvellous melody,

Where vegetative organisms turn sides

On the cozy sea-bed in assured indolence.

You leave me there, leave me there.

Lift me

On the delicate wings of your imagination

To the universe of poesy

Where eloquent words of love

And timeless tune of the sad music of humanity

Are intertwined into a grand poetic fabric.

Leave me there my sweetheart

As I grope in the marvel of this poetic universe

In eternal ecstasy and enduring insanity,

Leave me there, leave me there.

R.K Das

Love Hurts

Love hurts,
It hurts to the core
When hands loosen the intimate clasp
And they turn poles apart
One rushing to the North
And the other, South.

Love hurts,
It hurts to the core
When the bunch of withered roses
And thorns, leaves and stems
Gather dust on the window sill
Of a dishevelled house.

Love hurts,
It hurts to the core
When they don't look eye to eye,
And Love is no more blind,
For a raging storm from nowhere takes over
The effeminate steam of
The wintry-morning cup of tea,
Over the bitter argument
Of perfect spoon of sugar,
To be or not to be added
To the flavour of real Indian tea.

Love hurts,
It hurts to the core
For the waiting hurts me more.

R.K Das

Mislead

Even the dictates of almanac
Mislead the sacred course
Of the holy Ganges
Into the arid zones
Of the sandy pasture of Thar
For a smell of vegetation.

Sundari smiles
While hanging like
A dried up saree
From the balcony string
Of her dingy cell on West Avenue,
For she offers an eye-contact
To the tattered frame of
A cycle-rickshaw below.

After a casual copulation
When the domesticated sparrow
Flies into the blue
Leaving her in pregnant deception.
Strange,
She still collects dry twigs
To build a dream,
To lay eggs
And brood in incubation!

R.K Das

My Maiden Flight

Very often I smell
A temporary breath
Of a petal of hope
Getting evaporated
Into the vacuum
Under my nose.

When love
Like a solitary drop
Seeps through
The unseen pores
Of a sandy bed
Of a dreary desert.

Trust gets twisted
At its crucial joints
Like the tender bones
Of a still-born babe
In the murky corridors
Of a tiny coffin.

Lo!
After my maiden flight
I land on your courtyard
Like a petrified swan
With broken wings
And bleeding dreams.

R.K Das

Nostalgia

Stubborn nostalgia
Pricks and makes my soul bloody
Like thorns of a red rose
Making so to a tender palm.

Today, the shelter-home and
The familiar street look deserted
And the cuckoo sings hoarse.

Inadequate monsoon
Gets wayward and lost
In cups of tattered foliage.

My sky, stars, clouds
And my earth shamed
And shocked by an untimely
Autumnal nudity.

R.K Das

Nothingness

Carefully crafted schemes
Seem to sink like a load
Into an abyss of weird anxiety.

Ephemeral excitement
Seems to get extinguished
Like the fluttering flicker
Of a dying match-stick.

Dream of a day
Like a dry leaf
Fails to take off
For, a clumsy evening
From nowhere overtakes it
Before the real sunset.

R.K Das

Poetic Yearning

For me you are
The properties of the
Ink that flows from the matured nib
Of a poet in his creative solitude.

You are the properties
Those make the elements
Of the romantic aroma
Of the red rose of sunny days
And sensual fragrance
Of a bunch of nocturnal jasmines.

You are the timeless
Properties of metaphors, similes
And imagery of beautiful sonnets
That I wish to compose and dedicate
To you in my hidden poetic yearning.

R.K Das

Portrait

As I gaze blink-less
At the bare beauty of your persona
Behind the thin satin coat
Your portrait steps out alive
Out of the golden frame.

Your portrait generates
A multitude of elemental emotions,
Some romantically elusive like fluttering butterflies,
Others tangible like love-making,
Yet some others audible like the dying cadence
Of a stringed music played on my lyre.

Am churned by the immaculate portrait
Like the ocean
And I deliver nectar and parijat
From the dark womb of my private secrecy.

I owe it to your portrait timeless,
As I take the yet-to-be christened
Eleventh incarnation of Indian pantheon
Embodying love and truth
With an assured confidence.

R.K Das

Princess Of The Ocean

Oh Princess
My princess of the ocean
The darling girl of the pirate King
Am one in a billion to dare
Take a lonely voyage on a hostile seven seas
As I sail and sail on unknown passage
On the turmoil of tempest
And on the trails of hungry sharks.
To give you an Indian red rose.

Oh Princess
My princess of the ocean
The darling damsel of this lonely Indian
who hides you in his cosy heart
as he embarks on a fearsome journey
on the surfy waters of an inhospitable ocean
to recite for you a poem of love and romance.

Oh Princess
My Princess of the ocean
Be my love and life and
Test not my love and loyalty,
As I color your secret dreams
With the colors that I have stolen from
The rainbow of an Indian sky
All for you.....all for you?

R.K Das

Quick Sand Of Time

I sink into oblivion
On the quicksand of Time
As neither violet nor gray shade
Hold any good.

The fragrance and flower
The aroma and earth
No more hold any good
As I sink into the quicksand of Time.

The youth and age
No more hold any good
As the opening note of the lullaby
And the closing note of the dirge
Sound jarring to my ears
As I sink into the quicksand of Time.

R.K Das

Rebirth

A hearty elation sets in
At the sight of a terminal sunset
That shines like the glaze
Of a live-pyre across the river.

I am thrilled all over
By the cool breath
Of a clear and present ecstasy,
Never felt before.

I am hardly curious
And never nervous
About the temporary flickers
Of a cluster of glow-worms
Intermittently winking
Around the village cemetery.

No more I scream
At the sight of a coffin
Full of unshed tears
And abstract remains
Of my premature dreams
Awaiting a quite burial.

Through the smoke-curtain
Of a leafless autumn twilight
I distinctly visualize in the remote sky
An orphaned-star
Pining for the warmth and security
Of a mother's womb.

R.K Das

Return Journey

Desire gets burnt into ashes
In an internal combustion
Of a blunt-faced
Suburban locomotive,
Screeching on the rails
To the oily doorsteps
Of the city brothel.

Intermittent giggles
Of a bunch of naked innocence
Emanate from the dense slums
Along the tracks
And slimy animals bask on the furrow
Of the black mud
In indolent sexuality.

In broad day-light
The popular woman of the city,
In her cosmetic cell,
Pines for the scent
Of fresh strawberries.

The setting Sun ejaculates
Dull rays at six,
Forming a strange silhouette
Of a faceless crowd
On the concrete road
Of the metropolis.

R.K Das

Shadow

No more I toil to get out
Of the shadow
Which thickens
Every passing moment.

Strangely enough,
The urge to come out of it
Has given way
To a desire to languish in it.

I took forward to a
Splendid metamorphosis
Of the shadow
Like the one under
The great Peepal tree from where
A shaft of light divine
Enlightened the universe.

R.K Das

Silk Route

Me, a passionate Indian merchant
With twinkle in my eyes,
Treading on the half-erased foot-prints
On the sands of Time
On my romantic adventure,
To meet you my love.

You, the elusive Persian princess,
A marvellously pied butterfly
With unique patterns of deep colours
Imprinted on your fluttering wings,
Hopping on and hopping off
On the fragile flowers of the oasis.

I have for you
Gifts of gold, pearl, diamond, rubies
And other precious Indian gem stones
Stacked on a camel-back.
I have silk and honey
And exclusive red roses kept hidden
In my poetic heart all for you.

I travel and travel relentlessly
On strange paths to meet you,
My princess of the oasis,
Where date-laden palm trees,
Chirping of the birds,
The colour and scent of desert vegetation
And the rhythm of the camel-bells
Ring a welcome tune
In a memorable bonanza.

R.K Das

Soliloquy Of My Poem

Decorate my basic emotions
And musings passionate
With personalized symbols
And images varied,
Of allusions drawn from myth
And life's reflected realities.

Infuse my lyricism
With a scale rhythmic
And a music soothing
For a total identification
In thorough involvement.

Embellish, indulge
And overwhelm me
With the silent language of the heart
A language devoid of any grey matter
And philosophical hues.

Recite to me with a visible glee
Of glittering eyes
And brooding heart,
As layers and layers
Of significant dimensions
Open up for you to perceive,
As you transcend the bounds
Of instant realities.

Fill me with the teary-nuances
Of the poetic diction
Of an agonized soul,
When eyes well up in destitution,
Unfolding the hidden episodes
Of a deep sense of hurt and apathy
In a recital of the autobiography of a heart
That in vain hides the pathos,
When a pair of eyes
Dwindle into a flash flood.

Choke me not with the lump
Of an acquired and cultivated language,
Quite strange to my melancholic heart
And elegiac mind.

Versify every syllable
With brisk rhythmic crescendo
To be persistently heard in the
Corridors of poetry.

Soak every muscle of every word
In my succeeding stanzas
With the scent of a silvery night
When the moaning beams
Inflict pangs of secretion
Of an ejaculated ecstasy,
As a passionate soul
Mingles and melts in a
Sensuous indulgence,
When his ladylove steps out alive
From the sculptured dance posture
Of the chiselled body
Of the temple architecture
Casting a magic spell
In her voluptuous gait.

Release me not from the charm
Of seeking an exclusive marvel,
That nature conjures
Through its benign agencies
Like a striking rainbow,
A floating cloud promising aplenty,
Of a youthful spring
And a mellowed Autumn.

R.K Das

Sound Of Solitude

Do you hear as I do,
The sound of my unfolding silence
When it gets blended
With the blossoming-sound
Of a million roses in cascading colours
Of a distant Rose Island.

How often you lend your ears as I do,
To the lingering echo
Of the divine fragrance
Of a copious crop of exclusive sandalwood.

Do you listen to as I do,
The silent soaking
Of nocturnal vegetations
By the silver beams
Of a full moon.

Do you hear as I do,
The silent descending
Of the sparkling sound
Of delicate dew-drops
On the greenery of meadows.

Do you also hear with your broad eyes as I do,
The twinkling din
Of stars and starlets
Jostling for dotted space
On a rustic sky.

SOUND OF SOLITUDE

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Of a full moon.

Do you hear as I do,
The silent descending
Of the sparkling sound
Of delicate dew-drops
On the greenery of meadows.

Do you also hear with your broad eyes as I do,
The twinkling din
Of stars and starlets
Jostling for dotted space
On a rustic sky.

R.K Das

Spring Time

Let me absorb your unshed-tears
Beneath the coat of my sky
And metamorphose them
Into sparkling stars of the dark of the night

Let me absorb your ethnic sensuality
Beneath the sultry rustic soil
And bloom you into a million tender sprouts
Of myriad vegetation in the meadows of my countryside.

Let me absorb your basic emotions
Into the unfathomable depth of my sensibility
And pour them out into a poetic extravaganza

Let me absorb your silence
In the confluence of my smiles
And release it into the fragrant arena
Of a perennial springtime.

Let me absorb your earthy femininity
In the core of my thick passion
And linger it in an elaborate ritual
And uncork it with ecstasy and pace of
A vintage wine preserved
In the womb of a damp earth.

R.K Das

Stagnation

STAGNATION

It was raining.
Yes, it was raining
As if the sky wanted to pour itself out
To its last drop of cloud.

The whole town that also includes me
Was in a hurry to catch the last train.

The vendors, the coolies, the hawkers
All had a date with the passengers
To fleece and flee.

The friends and relatives
Were also in a greater hurry to say
A good bye.

The parting hand-shake
Was as brisk as it could be.

The train came to a screeching halt
It whistled its arrival and departed.

Their friends went into a withdrawal
Of relief.

I stood alone nonplussed,
For I have missed the train
By the fraction of a few concluding steps.

As usual...

The rains have stopped
I stood restlessly silent
Like a patch of stagnant water
In an old pit on an abandoned road
Of the municipality.

Soon I started sweating in my stagnation.
Boredom and ennui visited me
In indolent succession.

I felt I was stinking...for
No home-coming school children
In their white uniform came running over me
With their chappals
To splash me out of my chronic stagnation
...

No naughty boys of the neighborhood
Came riding on me on their bicycle
To splash me out to my ultimate redemption.

Another time, another day
It all started with a mild drizzle
An untimely cloudburst followed
The abandoned pit was soon overwhelmed
I started trickling out in a lazy serpentine
Movement through the watery furrow.

And yes,
It was raining...it was raining.

R.K Das

Sublime

Tell me my love, tell me
In which language
The heart relates its story
To my wink-less eyes
Where my emotions
Take a pause
To slowly crystallize.

Tell me my love, tell me
What the Spring confides
To the breeze that in turn whispers
Some sweet-nothings
In the ears of jasmines,
Who in turn spill out the beans.

R.K Das

Succeeding Images

When all outward activities
Get crystallized during
The first weekend of July
And me get reduced to
A mass of agonized stillness,
Your images dawn upon me
The promise of a sky-full of dreams.

The succeeding images
From the leaf of your album
Revive me
And I rise like a Phoenix
From the ashy debris
Of a long forgotten civilization.

R.K Das

The Bell That Tolls

A multitude of shooting stars,
Befalling on a placid harbour
In an alien land,
Render the brave hearts
Into sitting ducks
That leaves me in knee-deep tears.

With a wink-less gaze
I look for the Northern Star
In the midst of a multitude
That shall guide me
From the wilderness
To a safe shore.

The bell that tolls intermittently
Atop the dome,
Echoing through the
Cobwebbed corridors of my being,
Drags me to the doorstep
Of the city cathedral.

R.K Das

The Grass-Flower

For years I have been walking
On the familiar
And not-so-familiar
Paths of the city.

The hissing of the
High-tech automobiles,
The rustle of the brisk feet
On the cemented pavements,
The whispers of walkers and
The whistles of the traffic police
Independent of the honking of
Speeding vehicles pierce my ears
And the extra-redness of the gulmohar
From the side-walks hits my eyes.

Over the years
Perhaps I have not cared
To discover you,
My pretty grass-flower,
I now suddenly behold
You, in full-bloom
At a season-less time
Right at my backyard.

As time changes its shade,
Dusty and sweaty days
Get fossilized into
Unidentified pages of history
And starry and lonely nights
Evaporate together
With the morning dew-drops.

You, my miniature grass-flower
Metamorphose yourself before my eyes
Into the significant dimension
Of Krishna's cosmic image,
Full of ethereal magnificence
And earthly fragrance.

You pervade the vastness
Of my world, my sky, my dream
In a helpless moment.

R.K Das

The Wild Jasmine

I know not where
The jasmine blooms;
Which soil caresses her roots,
What rays nourish her,
Which air swings her tender stems
And thrills her leaves.

But I know which overseas breeze
Brings her sweet fragrance
To my sandy shore.
The breeze that blows,
From her sky and forests carries
Her smiles,
Her whispers
And
Her scents
To fill my solitary cell
And the air I breathe;
That I live to compose
A couplet or two.

R.K Das

This Valentine Day

On this valentine day
I shall fathom deep
Into the unfathomable depth
Of ocean blue
And ask the mermaid queen
To sing an amorous song
With a lovely note
In her melodious voice
Only for you.

On this day
I shall travel to the dizzy heights
Where a pretty starlet
In a strange galaxy
Dreams myriad colours
And I'll ask her to tickle you
Into endless smiles
With her twinkling winks.

On this day
I shall also go into the forest green
And cajole the wild jasmine
To fill your natural habitat
With its fragrance sweet and sensuous
During a drizzle-soaked dusky evening.

R.K Das

Three Make A Crowd

If you nod
To my rose,
How easy it is for me
To plough the earth
And dot it all over
With a multitude...

If you consent
To live with me,
How happy
I shall be to build
A palace in mid-air
Above my thatched roof...

If only you wish
To listen to my sonnet,
How easy it is for me
To compose an epic
Of million couplets
And recite it for you
Under a moon-lit sky,
When me and you
Make a company
And the moon a crowd.

R.K Das

Tonic-Touch

When I gaze
In an uneasy anticipation,
At your face from the terrace
All that I see
Is a pair of wide open eyes
Following me against
The blue background of the sky.

In a moment's time
Your eyes gain
A benign dimension
And encompass me
With an ease,
And lift my agony
As if it were a quill.

Your words,
As sweet as you are,
Embalm my bruised frame
And fiery spirit in no time.

Your tonic-touch
Served with the compassion
Of a lovely angle
Holds my injured being
With the intimacy
Of a divine fragrance
That clings to the flowers of the valley.

R.K Das

When Death Came Calling

On a fine morning this winter
He knocked at my iron door
With his icy hand.

I opened the door
With my usual warm and broad smile
To greet him inside
For a long chit-chat
Over a cup of fine Indian tea.

Amazed and embarrassed
By my warm greetings
He coiled himself
Into an unusual withdrawal
Quite alien to his age old nature.

As he was leaving my doorstep
I realized a definite promise from him
To keep his date with me during the next winter.

R.K Das

When Horizon Closes In

I have touched the horizon,
And it no more recedes
Rather it closes in
And in a rare gesture
Hugs me with the warmth
Of a frosty December.

When my shadow gains dimension,
And I distinctly listen to
The perennial echo
Of a familiar lullaby,
Echoing softly in my ears
Like the falling of a baby step
On a sandy carpet.

I have touched the earth and the sky
With my bare hands
And strangely, no more
Can I differentiate the hue
Of the rising and setting sun,
For they look so similar
Against a similar sky.

I have seen roses
Changing their colours,
Winds their directions
And poetry its emotions
From sonnets to elegy.

Lo!
There is unusual greenery
At the neighbouring graveyard
And I can now recite
My epitaph and give music to it
Like an accomplished musician.

R.K Das