

Poetry Series

**Sarnath Mukherjee**  
**- poems -**

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## Sarnath Mukherjee(17th of April,1981)

Sarnath Mukherjee was born on 17th April,1981 at a north suburban town of Kolkata. Began his career as a musician in a Bengali band. A student of English literature, Mukherjee also worked with Press World magazine as a freelancer journalist in 2006-07.

Today, he is a corporate person, while music and poetry still remain in his heart. He draws inspiration from monorealist philosophy. He believes that complexity is the greatest enemy of the 21st century life.

## 45 Minutes In A Day

It was as if I took a dip and  
I felt salt inside my mouth...nose  
But then  
I was beside the bus window  
A co-passenger struggling with  
Me perhaps -  
With roads roaring outside  
The sun tormenting a race,  
The dilapidated heaven  
Still ensures me a chance  
To melt and mingle  
With thousand drops of salt  
From smoked bodies.

Someone smiles  
Someone whacks  
To my relief;  
The collars taste life,  
A broken tooth tasted booze last night.  
I shall get down  
Bullying the unknown wave  
Never able to drown me.

Sarnath Mukherjee

# A Hope

There I see you  
Underneath the shadow  
With enough security wrapped in the white box,  
But I see you not  
Beside me  
Beside their endless queue of passion  
Their emotions  
Tangled up in clouds of miseries.

You the philosopher  
With a great library  
And the carpet covering the floor  
Have never known why  
I stand in the queue  
Of the restless beauty  
Given and taken from nature.

Still I wish  
Still I hope  
Still I address you -  
For one day you may  
Touch the strings  
And add to  
The symphony of living.

Sarnath Mukherjee

# Back To Life

Heart thumping  
Blood pumping  
In and out  
Through veins and arteries  
My brain  
Thinking  
The steps of drinking  
A glass of water  
Eyes looking at the glass  
It's surface so smooth  
Now it's time to  
Take a sip  
I take a sip  
Thirst quenched  
A little bit

Sarnath Mukherjee

# Lake Placid

Through wavy rays  
Some fishes pass  
Under  
Lake placid

November smog  
Mosses the lamp post  
Dousing  
Lake placid

Thin green grass  
Some old stubs  
By  
Lake placid

Two people waiting by  
Talking between them  
Ignoring  
Lake placid

The pain swells  
It's a full moon night  
Over  
Lake placid

The same poem  
Many written  
On  
Lake placid

I remember  
But she doesn't  
The  
Lake placid

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# To Kolkata

Kolkata...the name crawls underneath  
My senses start romping;  
My childhood, youth and love  
Owe you this man.  
Someday in this sense  
I may call you up  
And meet by Hooghly  
To make a confession -

'You have made me  
And in a way  
I made you too...  
I am thirsty  
But I wonder  
How I can implore  
You to pour  
A little wine of your age old music  
Into my groove;  
I am not sure  
Who is filling up  
Your glass.'

Sarnath Mukherjee

# Twilight Blues

The evening begins to darken,  
The sunlight goes tiptoed,  
Northwind twilight sunken  
And rest on you bestowed.  
I by the highway loiter  
Dreams burdening my thoughts,  
Futile attempts of mine  
And idiocy of all sorts.

Do join me at the dinner  
For I'll tell you how and why  
Seasons of bloom and shower  
Now all lay cracked and dry.  
Northwind sings so high -  
The city drowned in it,  
The sunlight goes tiptoed  
Feeling it's time to quit.

Sarnath Mukherjee



# Van Gogh Paints

Hush!

Hear the confession -  
Or else how shall we know  
That he has forgiven none-  
Lofty sky echoes the murder  
Blood spilled on marble  
A naked heart torn apart  
Wildly!

An artist thrashes his head  
Twice on the floor  
Gives out a cracked howl-  
See the chewed flowers  
Inside his mouth;  
Then again-  
After throwing himself down on the red mud,  
The body bursts with  
Notorious note  
Demands every music  
To utter a truth,  
At least once  
In a lifetime.

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