

Poetry Series

Subhadip Bhattacharya
- poems -

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Subhadip Bhattacharya(30-6-1977)

Hotelier by profession. Loves swimming and music.

9 Th Avenue.

As the train slowly passes through the tunnel covered with an inner lining of black sooth, the rattling of subway train lines rattling under pressure...

The rumbling of the engine machines and the wheels....

Feels like cold disinfected dinners at night and a mellow sunlight that even feels like washed clean during daytime.

View of a subway train and perfection..

I know outside my window,

is only my reflection...

of the graveyard cornering down the railway track. The end of the world, yes!

The covered machine of a subway train,

and time ticking away...

after say 50 years none of us will be alive.

And death and the subway train... seems to have a entwined future,

of somewhere that is very hard to say.

Motion and the time say of it's essence.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

A Crow Has Set In

A crow has been preying on
My shoulder and picking with it's beak.
Things of my wrongdoings and the result
Of the horrible opinions of my
Consciousness.
That soon resulted in the onset of
The disease called arthritis.

Now instead of pain and sorrow
The lovely image of a healthy body
Has set in.

But I couldn't fight the horrible opinions of
My consciousness of my wrongdoings.
But now I can fight arthritis.
So....
Instead of seeing places
Instead of traveling and tracking
To mountains and valleys and plateaus

I.....
Stand up and fight....
Stand up and take the challenge
Stand and fight.

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A Ghost

A ghost has entered
in my friend and
he sits there idle doing nothing
staring at pictures
or at the wall.

He says he is waiting
for something to happen,
some magic, or else.
As he waited for some love
for a very long time.

Asking other people
to make him fall in love
with some girls.
As if it happens like this.
Some magic he wanted
and now by some magic
he is a changed man.

Waiting, although
a lot happened,
but still waiting.
This ghost seems will take
it's price before leaving my friend
after all.

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A Girl Child.

One look at the daughter girl
And I sigh and relax. At least I don't
Have to wait for her support.
It don't have to wait for her to grow old
So that we can have a heart to heart discussion.

Seems very different but that's a fact.
Oh what a burden it would have been to
Have a boy child and wait.
Now I have a girl gift and no more waiting.
Oh what a relief.
Feeling shit, those scoundrels who
Kill the baby girl in the womb.
And then declare that they are not
Murderers.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

A Job

Under the sky,
along the wide road,
if you travel for sometime,
you will get the job,
you are looking to find.

A decent salary,
a nice and friendly boss.
Two times a meal,
and job satisfaction a good deal.

There, there,
beside the park, behind those lanes,
amidst those crowded buildings...
A small shelter of what looks
likes some offices.

In - between those concrete structures,
where a man's wandering may end.
Where some innermost necessity,
some desperation, prolonged
waiting may end.

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A Poem Was In My Head.

A poem was in my head,
and it won't come out,
so I came out 5 o'clock
in the morning.

It was as if coming out
of a laundromat,
freshly squeezed..
out in the road.

This did not make the poem
come out though,
but the open road did in fact,
took me out from an open book.

It was morning and the sunrise
fell on my whole body.
Rinsing me of all the tiredness
of the night.

And the sky was bright
and it was daybreak.

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About Death

I don't know much about death.
I can tell you how powerful the body
looks when it is waiting to go,
into the pyre.

Standing on top of a high-rise,
looking down below,
a strange homesickness grips me.
Full of empty content.

As if sad and full of resentment,
as if instead of the
bottle and the wine - keys...
we are left with the hangover and the kingdom.

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About Talking.

These days of the packaged advertisements,
in the television.

When the order-taker talks about,
the possibilities.

Of the materials in hand.

About... yes..

there could be an opening,
between the words we say...
showing how relaxed we are by the hour.

Heart to heart talk of bygone eras,
seems to irritate, and about work,
or what the government has done.

Oh! They are now building a Passover by the tunnel.
The order-taker said.

Means yes, we can talk but in a reserved manner,
where the openings will coincide with..
words like..... 'them', 'they' etc, etc.

And the summer drinks for the time passers,
will put a dumb sticker on their lips. Silent is the motto,
as they enjoy the trip secretly.

Relaxed on how we felt about the service,
the order-taker takes a evening nap.
Means the openings, and that's what troubles him,
are there for sure and that is the part that,
guides him back to the music of the playlist,
the restaurants plays by air.

Meaning the openings and the lyrics of the songs,
match and co -relate,
and shows him how he will feel in heaven.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Age.

I want to travel and sit
Still at the same time.
Maybe travel in a bus or car or a jet plane
To go to places and say
Here I am again.
Or go to a place new
Where you won't be discovered.
Where few people have

What you have already found.
Then will you find rest.
From the tearing away
From a deep meditation
That which you are in.

My age suddenly was fifty
When I reached high school.
Difficult to say why this happened.
Maybe the premature demise of
My father. As I put on his shoes.
..... said the young boy.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Airport

Those were the days when everyone spoke of going away. And that brought up sorrow for the departing. And the departed. The airport terminal said last call for departure.

Please report at gate 4. And beside there was arrival. But that seemed no fun. The departure for a new place. For new York, London, Detroit, Thimphu and an out of the world experience seemed to be there.

The clocks the timers and expensive luggage and I phone was streaming in the video of the new world that waiting was fun too. And everyone was rushing to be a part of it. To be there at promise. To be at par with promise.

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Alcohol

Empty stomach alcohol.
Wao what great desert in front.
Then a cigarette and
Stuff like that.

Finally food to
Compromise life and living.
To drowsiness and sadness
And ill health.

To save someone from addiction
By discipline of the
world time table.
Or the going and coming
Of people and things.

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Aquarium Sky.

The night sky looks like,
a Marine Fish Tank at night,
with the stars glowing like
neon fishes.

I feel my head is turning
and twisting to and fro...
to see the whole marvel of it.

A zap cold in my head,
and the trees and bird's nest
that add on to the cozy tank up above.

Green fields and comets that
fly about turn and twist and say...
you are dying, you are dying..
catch me if you can... time.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Arm - Chair Adventurer.

Then the traveller returned,
to tell the other person,
not to save the drowning boy.
At the lake.
Music while drowning,
the other person replied.

Trees for the forests, bro..
trees for the forest.

The big expensive luggage
of the traveller, told
the adventurous story of far away land.

The other person said that,
something is still missing.
The urge of pain at the expense of love.

And work and the workplace.
The traveller replied.
The resting day calls for
a nesting place.
Without which nothing happens..

And this is what we look after.
Something to happen.
Courage my friend,
courage.

Like a sword straight from the sheath
of the backbone.
And the luggage and the drowning boy,
saved at the end of the day.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Attraction

A beautiful girl
Feels like running away.
Not with her....but alone.
To the great wilderness.
So forceful was her beauty.
Attractive to such an extent
That I felt repelled to go away.
Do I need to be seek what
Is hard to tell or find out.

Somebody would give a hug
And I would playfully say leave it.
It is not my cup of tea.
No no, I don't want to be.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Between A Rehab And Outside Life.

The dirty linen stayed on the bed,
the iron rods of the window said...
I am perfect here.
I don't need to go anywhere else.

The job code demanded,
only two cigarette breaks.
Only the watchful eyes..
looked at the wristwatch.

Only the gymnasium spoke
differently.
But the fast pace of symposium
was scattered trying to hold the burden,
of the great timeout.

Nicely folded linen and uniform,
on bedside and the
non responsive television,
called through radar,
the aid of a radio.

Silence was the headline,
on the newspaper next day.
And the pondering thoughts on the illusion,
around the corner was a reminder,
of how the youth passed.

My hero was 40 years old.
The job was nice
and the prospects quivered,
amid the horizon.

Medical science speaks in a
different pattern.
The say like physics or mathematics
here $1 + 1$ is not always two.

They take the brunt of the grump

of society. Justly so.
After that comes food habits of people.

Justly done the tick-tock of the empty clock,
the winner of all the time,
the additional celebrity supplementary
of the next day newspaper,
and silence seemed to....

the hero of my story,
had a burst in his brain of...
Silence.
And was admitted to the hospital,
with repeated outbursts of...
Silence.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Bitterness.

A personal mistake can lead to
Resentment. A quarrel a soul of fault
That leads to repent.
A beak of a crow that has carved it's way
On the bones. The joints. The shoulder
The hip the knee the fingers.

And has lead to walking
And smoking to go the distance.
I am not saying that this will lead to
Some great revelation.
I don't think so.
But the disease called arthritis
Has set in.

Feeling free to use the same
At least has given me a good
Picture of the body and the dreams
That still haunts me.
Finally it is about forgiving oneself.
Though the parasite of time that
Now travels slowly keeps me agile.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Bittersweet.

Hard to believe that I will not
be there for long. That one day
I will die. And so many things
That I have not done. And waits are over
And run high and low to do all the
Unfinished errands.
But the list of things to do grows long.

Bittersweet and life like that is
Not all of use.
Have not driven a car or rode a bike.
Have not given up smoking....
Or played football like a champ.
In the English premiur league.

Bittersweet as to what were the
Unconscious dreams of one's self.
To die running no...
To live running in this slow paced city
Of ruins and twisted dreams.
Bittersweet love of life.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Choice Of Freedom.

There is a choice of freedom
To be taken or not.
As freedom exists and will also exists
But freedom of will does not exists.
Because a will that aims at it's
Own freedom aims at the unknown.

Choice is what we have....
But if you choose to select
You will choose what is
Already laid out...time after time.
Suffocating routine life that closes in
During nightfall....and the pleasant tomorrow
Morning and the travelling of the light all day long.

The choice remains the same
To be taken or not remains undecided.
But in some queer way
Choice not taken is choice made...
And that is what makes the best of the day

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Courage The Cowardly Dog. Prose Poem.

So the dog slept in front of the couch. The old couple somehow managed the place. With pension. A MacDonald was there beside their farm. The only one.

And the huge place looked very scary at night. Small escape routes from the great freedom mingled out at night.

And the farm land of corn looked like an open terrace at night. The only one.

Face your fear.. the old couple used to say.

And courage stared at the t.v. and giggled.

There was an airbase which you can find nearby. The only one.

.... the lady said.

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Demon

Hush little baby, don't you cry,
mamma's gonna sing you a lullaby.
And Poppins and candies..
after the after dinner drinks,
evening by the school goes empty,
students with uniforms
flocking on the streets.

How serious is the first kiss,
and the enrichment and the urge
to be immortal of what I cannot become.

The urge of not to become famous..
at any cost...
which might cost you.

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Dosage.

Walk to peace in the evening
And to death and life
And the glowing neon lights.
Well on.

And one will be sick
Because he was prone to sickness in the world.
And it may get him through the outside
Or the inside. Whichever.
But all shall be well.
Well..... all shall be made well.

The proceedings and circumstances
That was there and would
Tie one down.... in health and materials.
To sigh and recollect and say
Nothing to show
And my life is over. Huh!
And tired but still got to go to work
And so on.

To the acute amount of dosage
That would make him well.
Of medicine from the pharmacy
Or from the great nothing
The great void that.....
Makes him sit down and wonder still.
That clears one's afternoon drowsiness
To have a cup of tea late at night.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Dust And Dirt.

Sunny dry dirt that covers the road and streets,
Seemslie lying down. Who cares what happens
To the clothes and what time is it.
This is where the road starts,
And goes a long way.
Eyes that fall for it. For those streets
And sun. The mighty sunlight. Those cars,
People walking. Far away a train line at the intersection.

Steel shining and the aged body wants to sit,
For a while. Love and dirt on the streets and the
Pavement seems to call for sleep. Dryness and dirt,
And the dying body and dead leafs of those trees,
And things like this which are dead and
Comfortably at slumber will....
not..ask... for...help.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Earth.

Shall I come back here again?
Or go to outer space.
Or to be more exact to the place
Of my dream.

Four pillars have made a house.
Three have made a obelisk.
I am still trying to make a
Home without one.

And to remain there.
Or to react to the coming and going
Of things and people.
To the great uncertainty.

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Escape To Nothing

Love is fleeting.
Love is escaping.
To the great horizon.
Fancy of the eyes.

Nothing to grasp.
Neither time nor love
You cannot.
No matter how much one tries.

Tears trickle down....
Lift your face.
Chin up...
Lonesome and homesick

No matter how much you try
You cannot defeat love.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Evening

The evening is set,
the newspaper not read,
the bite of the air that breaks,
the nerves to travel or return.

The perfect animal,
that cannot be seen,
as to weather a dog or wolf,
nor the fragrances of the incense,
to gods.

Rush hour,
the perfect hour
is not to sleep,
but to wake up
amidst crowds.

Gasping for air,
are we still there?
The traveler asked...
Not yet, not yet,
the dawn is coming around
after the night.

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Evening.

I cannot eat because it is evening.
I cannot sleep because it is evening.
And the tender strings that tore apart
Want to be raging more.
I want to run like a fiery storm,
But the strings that touch me down.

Lashes and soft strings and the heart
And chest begs for the night to overcome.
Like when all jobs are done
You don't want to do anything else,
Because all the jobs have been done.
And tears run down the cheeks
Because all the jobs have been done
And there are no more needs.
But one still have to carry on.
And you have broken from yourself
And the beautiful strings have not
Yet let the grip of your heart.
And the strings that have lashed you
To work
Now comforts you with empty touch
That you don't like.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Eyes

Some see black,
some see white,
some see everything in
black and white.

Some are cleansed randomly
day or night.
Then when a rainbow appears,
they see
all colors bright.

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Food.

It is difficult to say why
We get upset over food.
Sitting in a restaurant
Food ordered and served on time.
Then suddenly the face changes.
From a happy expecting look
To a face upset over wasted life.

Grumpy wasted as only for this.
Are you done sir.....
Not yet. Not sure
The guest stares over the leftover
And waits for his partner to finish.
Don't clear my plate until she is done.
And waits silently until the happiness is over.

Stop the music please.
Who said to play music
Because eating is a happy soulful act.
So many things have been thought of
That triggers a trip down the road.
Before the trip is dissolved.
And the tender feast is complete.

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Forgive And Forget.

The soft mellow weather of the autumn
The pollen that residue on the
Weak old bones of the body
Speaks of the freshness of the world

To wait patiently for the hot weather
To overcome.
To see the vast terrain
To forgive and forget
One's own self.
To cure pain by rough hot sun.

To see time and the long shadows
The inclined and the declined ones...too.
And feel free of opinions
Of the east and west.
Will to cure.

Will to live.
To forgive one's own self
Is something one has to learn.
And it is better done in the
Hot tropics than the deceptively expectations
Of the temperatures zones of the world.
Now one knows what to expect
And what to deliver

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God And The Pied Piper.

God is not the Pied Piper,
who plays sweet memories
and takes us to Hell,
or Heaven.

The incurable disease
at one hand and the pain
it gives..
the romantic heart
which keeps on telling
that nothing has happened.

Will he come,
to his once green earth,
which is now orange, or blue,
or yellow as one may add.

This world will be destroyed,
as the wise says...
and the cave created
where the Pied Piper will
enter summoning
the destroyed world,
to find his untouched treasu

The hospital bed that was booked
after many hardship,
where the patient lies,
half with trauma and half
with pain,
with fever and waits...

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Holiday.

The last resort,
by the riverside drive,
in a private place.
Made me remember the
work that has to be done
at workplace.

Quality time...
the meaning of it,
changed for me.
As well as that of party.

Cleaning the house,
moping, throwing the garbage.
Having a glass of coke.
And partying on the way,
to workplace.

Time seems to stand still,
on a day without work.

And yet, and yet,
we feel like cheated,
in the run of life.
And life forces us,
to keep up the cheat,
in the cheated run,
of life.

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Hope.

's the meaning of Hope
for aching soul torn...
between natural love and desire and,
never is ready to grant the self.

Water falling, time ticking, the clock running
clockwise...
something will never happen and
the soul does not want to agree
upon that.

What is the purpose of Hope
after all.
To bring the thirsty near the well.
To see there is no one else.

The first purpose served,
the person goes away lonely.

What

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How Old

There comes a time, when
our lost boys grow old
and age very much.

How this happens is not seen
by anybody.
Maybe when they skip school classes
or get scorned or scold.

The complication of sex.
a lost boy needs,
an ideal partner.
And he gets that too...
For the time been.

But still,
why do we thrive for more,
why we age
and how old are we exactly?

What happens when...
and the story goes on...
of once upon a time,
a boy met a girl,
etc, etc.

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Howl.

This world is a madhouse
and I am in a straitjacket.
Of course it loosens up,
when there is an uniform to wear.
When there is work.

Still the big horizon called skyline,
zaps my brain as it goes round and round.
The day end's work cannot stop the
maddening spinning of the reasoning,
reasoning of the sound.

I want to grab hold of my thumping heart.
As it zooms down to talks of death.
My brain says to stop and wait and start,
to look into insignificant matters.
Matters of days in and out and not of,
disoriented scattered slips of time.

A dollar, a rupee a dime,
a place to hide the evening for
a place to howl at the morning sky.
Called the earth, where no one is eternal....

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Incomplete Love

The darkness in the heart,
and the light in the eye,
matches the incomplete love,
of life and human nature and landscape.

The vision that cannot be seen,
but can only be spoken of,
the pages that cannot be written,
but can only be torn off.

The incomplete love that co-insides
the love for the unknown world,
we would once travel and meet
without hearing or heard.

The cruel spring weather that,
acknowledges the incompleteness,
of to the near future...
of what lies out there.

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La Griglia

Two girls sitting at a corner.
Eats pizza for lunch. Her skirt's
colour is blue.

And I'll remember you.
One at a time.
Relax, reflex.
And honey how they move.

One or two.
The sky is blue.
Me and you too.
Yes, I'll remember you.

Sunny day, rainy day,
neverending night.
The next morning so bright.
You know what i mean.
Her pleated skirt's colour is blue.
Her legs shiny.
The morning is so bright.

Like scattered pieces,
thought collect.
Like a baloon inflates and bursts
to sudden joy.
Yes, I'll remember you.

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Licking The Day.

Do some excérsize.
Licking the day.
The midday afternoon. When everyone
is sleeping.
The lizard with its tick tick
The clock too.
The timer sounds in the morning.

Almost famished for a conversation.
Quiet. Everyone is sleeping.
Lick the cup of tea.
Take the medicine.
Do some excérsize.
Don't run or your knees will hurt.
Don't gaze through the bedroom window.

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Light

The travelling light
that seems to be in the past,
reminds us of activities.
That might,
have happened but did not.

It seems we are travelling to the past
of the light,
which shows us the
once beautiful earth.

Appearing from pure
outer space,
everyday, that did not happen
and nothing but giving us
memory.

This is it,
the yellow light of the sun.
The white light of the moon.
The blue light of the neon.
The white light of the
doorways to heaven.

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Light And Darkness

The light that blinds the eyes
And removes the darkness from the heart.
There is talk going on somewhere
About pain and idling.
From addiction to remove all the
Pain from the old bones.

To be filled with the light
And reflect shining from the mirror
Of one's self.
No young man believes that he
Will die one day.
Until that day and diseases that
Look for cure.
The morning light for example
Also tells the story of a
new beginning.

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Like The Way You Walk.

Like the way you walk,
on the sidewalk.
As cats and dogs roll on.

The wolf in the snow,
chasing the girl on the poster...
And the beggars on the street,
bored.

The lamplight slow,
the horns of buses cars slow.
This evening was meant for
insects....

And empty desolate houses..
bricks that protrude out of walls.
The same place we met,
an eternity before.

Oh don't get bored my friend..
don't get bored.
Life will come up with something,
short and dry and sweet.

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Loneliness.

Speaking, yes speaking...
for people whom..
it's more of a cause, and
less of an effect.

And, indeed, there goes happiness,
waiving her bag,
with her friends.
And when she knew about all this,
she said,
so, why didn't you say anything?
And he said...it's more of a cause
and less of an effect.

The trees with it's yellow leaves,
the big black street in between.
The weather that like a sweater, in the cold weather
grips us..
and one wants to break free.
Wants to tear away from it.

And those yellow stones that protrude
out of the pavements. In late evening.
When the office goers come back home.

Coming back from the subway station,
those big neon adds that flirts
with the stillness of the eyes.

Then when a motorbike passes by
the stillness of the night,
drawing the fury of it's noise,
from close to far away.

When they said.. what? what is it?
Why is he like this?

Later when he would go and sit at the park.
Later when those boys playing

would gather a excitement at his heart.
Of those lost childhood days.
Later when a boy would come to collect the ball,
that came rolling up to him.

And say.. that if he can pass the ball...

He, would collect all his energy and give the ball back,
rejuvenated and powerful to feel,
he would roll up and go to work.

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Love

It is difficult to say in words
How love works among human hearts and
People say differently.
After a time they languish and falter for
the aftertaste of the heart and love.
Indeed there is a place but not in this world
Where this incomplete love gets a much
Fuller shape.

Where there is no heart and blood and
Ill health or waiting.

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Love And Pain

Without pleasure without pain.
The feeling of happiness that
Tears the body apart.
To get finished in giving up
To the stars and moon and sun and
the unknown world.

To meet the fresh bodies after death.
And the light.
Light that lifts all darkness.
And lifts sorrow.
I want to know what is tomorrow.

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Love Of The Body.

Cancer is such that it kills
The cells of the body.
It copulates in itself and slowly
Destroys the affected area of the body.
But the rest of the body
Function in its own way.
The body dosent get alarmed at all.

Slowly his affected parts become weak.
The person in concern goes to the doctor
Takes medicine. Stops smoking.
But cancer grows
And the dying body still behaves the same.

Even after death his nails and hair grows.
Or the bacteria infests the body.
And multiply.
Environment engineering. Recycled.
Not to get concerned. Or emotional.
Life goes on. Weather adventure or excitement.
Love and broken heart materialise.

And the dreams of a dreamer
Or the struggle of a fighter continues.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Love.

Maybe those neon lights that glow,
when couples hold hands together in the evening,
while walking, is what is called love.

Maybe those winds that blow,
in the slow afternoons while youth
quietly slumber, is what is called love.

Maybe those lounge, pubs and restaurants,
where boys and girls meet is what,
is where love resides.

Maybe those teeth that are broken and yellow,
and the old age slowly creeping in.
Those beggars that wait for alms
by the pavement, lean their body together....
is also what is called love.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Made For Each Other

Maybe it is true that someone somewhere
Is made for everyone.
But everyone does not find his match.
And that is a fact.

The neon lights at the evening bar
Finally talks about rest for the eye
And the day.
Finally the sigh from the smiling heart
And the heavy face
Does not look for a mate

But to rest from the alcohol.
The farness of the sight
To the blank gaze of the eye
Says...

Yes I have found my heart of friend.
And she is in a different world
Than this one.
Will she come....
I don't think so
But waiting is all left for me.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

My Angel Sisters

The mighty sword that looks so Invigorating
The lashes that tie me down to the soft bed.
Seven angels disguised as seven sisters
who tie me down to lashes
And keep me away from running.
My seven sisters surrounding the bed
The soft power of the sword
I need to upheld to break the soft barrier
And go march passing to senseless adventure.

To take the sword from the heart,
To break the lashes from the belt.
I don't understand what the seven sisters say,
Unable to hear, I overhear their plans
with the great planner
To keep me stagnant, fixed.
And slowly put my body to delay.
Time, time and time and disease.
My sisters and the great plan....and the waste.
Just stay where you are.....
I desperately need to runaway.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Mystic River.

The poem.

Sunlight shining between ...
Summer and autumn and winter
Coming and going away.
This is the time when
I remember myself to carry on
With the weather.
To stop at the beautiful view
And think of the passing time.
A passage by the sea beach
By the bed of sand.
And trees for the forests....
And life for death, and rivers for oceans.
And lightness and lightness
I cannot even lift myself.
And numbness and numbness
I feel every inch of me.
I am running, I am running,
And swiftness and swiftness
I cannot even hear myself.
I am crying, I am crying
The sunlight river in me never-ending.....
I am staring stoned....
And madness and madness
I look closely at the gift called life.
I am returning am returning
The universe is expanding,
With a million stars bright shining...
In darkness....
And a thousand zillion flickering
Of light of candles on table tops.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

No: 32.

Time goes by,
the promise of afterlife..
is to kiss the lips,
of a woman
and fulfill.

Freedom fast moving,
recovering addict.
The railroad jamming the
bricks in my head.
One more kiss to victory.

The restlessness of,
kiss and make up.
Bizarre front of the land
and the night sky,
with stars,
looks like a marine aquarium.

Time and fastness,
and free.. freedom on
the edge.
Addiction of mine,
and then the cheat of the promise.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Of Someone Coming

They won't come anymore looking for you.
They won't bring any gifts or the cheque book.
No matter how much the thought of it.
That with diligent effort one must try
to keep hope of doing things in life.

The monster of colonial thinking
The parasite, the speaking powerful...
All hope is not lost.
Even if there is destruction of the world
Some day. And you want to talk about it.

With age the body becomes heavy.
With time the mind becomes idle.
With conversation there is the open paper.
Newspaper in the newsstand looks Invigorating.
How small things look in recollection.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Participation In History.

He reads long fought battles.
Discoveries made long ago.
Travelers challenged in unknown lands.
Of discoveries made
with not much of ado.

Of swords, guns, cannon balls
of tents, written documents discovered.
Of marlinespike...
channel discovery seen
with a child's delight.

Of sword fight, knights,
trench warfare, grenade...
Of a sword
that ran through
his chest.
Remained there
to put all the restlessness at rest.

And slumber covering his face
in a lover's nest.
Under the tent,
under a blanket.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Poverty And Dogs.

She gives all the street dogs food.
She is seventy years old.
Her husband is seventy five
And works from morning till night.

They barely management a living.
But her fondness for street dogs continue
And with a stern face looks at me
At night.

People care and poor people care the most.
I guess.
They have less material things to
Think upon.

And poverty and dogs
And food and empty stomach
Goes hand in hand.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Red Riding Hood

Little arms and legs,
full of freshness.
I don't see the harm..
the delight,
let us not talk about rights.

Little red riding hood,
then took old of her grandma's gun,
turned around and fired...
one, two, three.

The wolf,
unable to move,
moves only with his eyes,
and sighs,
I am free, I am fre, I am free.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Return

The wallpapers over the screen top,
looks so familiar.
As I have seen them before.

Come then,
as I will show you the way to...
Eternal return.

Then reading pages of a book,
and getting bored in between.
By the evening

Waiting with so many memories,
over terrain land.
To go back to,
Eighteenth Century.

And all the good body,
the sun, the moon.
waiting, and I return.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Revolt

A poem was in my head,
and it won't come out
so I came out 5 o' clock
in the morning.

This spring weather
was in the air,
and like a sweater it surrounded my body
and I wanted to break free.

Something that cannot be done
but for doing which
all other jobs were left
undone.

The job yet was not over
but doing it in everyday life
was rigorous and it re-payd
with time consumed dividends.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Road

Gazing at the road by my home
My eyes have dried out.
People come and go
People pass by. And the
Rest of the body would come.
From an armchair.
Where did the sun come from?

Empty stomach or a smoke.
Languishing. Sleep. Drowsiness.
Homesick.
What was before and what is after....

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Roaming

By the bars in Broadway,
on the pavement.
A just a little nap;
which would have done for mad.

In broad sunlight.
Busy people on the road,
having cervesa.

Not on Sunday, or Saturday,
Not on weekday either.
Not on a Rainy or a Holiday.

The death wish of mine,
is to die on a Sunny day.

Love lost and love regained,
and a burst of explosion in life...
Of adventures and,
reading the advertisement boards
on the streets...
or playing chess.

Off day or a working day neither.
Weather this or no,
Yes,
is to die on a sunny day.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Rotisserie

Rotisserie is a method of cooking. And it is mainly chicken. Coming from a spicy background, rotisserie looks very invigorating but the taste is something very different.

It is as if your hunger is not quenched but the burnt skin of those chickens make you eat more. It looks very palatable when resting on those iron skillets, joined by glass panels they get basted and roasted. Makes one gaze at the glass walls of restaurants. Weather you want to eat them or not.

Standing on the frontier of the streets, like an open front those wide glass walled restaurants as if invite you to a different dimension. And one is spaced out. So humble a thing as food can be so ruthless when the stomach is empty.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Sadness

The slow creeping up of pain
And sadness response to the bereavement
Of the persons once present.

World has made us ready.
To this and so much more.
Then with recovery from disease
And one feels more present and
Back in touch with life.

The cruel landscape.
The Invigorating sight.
And recovery from normal life.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Shopping Mall Blues.

Jazz music and Saxophone,
call me at this number,
call me at this phone.

There is nothing,
that to comment on,
and winning prize,
for early birds.

The shopping mall opens early,
and closes late
Jazz music and chocolate
mocha biscuits over your plate.

Did you get what you wanted?
The big sun over the AC glass wall says.. yes!
So,
run, home run home
call me at this number,
call me at this phone.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Snow And Lights And Death.

When the colorful lights
lit up the winter snow,
and it is white and quite,
and the eyeballs are still...
Searching for something else,
shadows play their part.
It is evening and deep and dark.

Small movements that flirt,
with the stillness of the eye..
Hunt is in the air,
sadness and despair,
who is hunting hard to tell.
The hunter hunting his prey,
or the landscape hunting the hunter.

No alcohol the doctor say,
but the hunter who is cast out
of his place, from his group,
says no food even when his belly
is burning for food.
Is burnt out and says,
there is nothing else, there is nothing else....

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Space.

They say there is God to look after
Also there is this orbit where the earth
Hopefully hangs till future.
Dark space engulfs the surrounding
And the dying body and mind speaks
Of a second chance.
Was it only by chance the world was made..?

Distant stars shine and comets fly
Satellites in limited orbits send messages
Back to earth.
Nobody knows for sure where the earth is heading.
To make earth heaven or to find a new
Planet where we will reside.
One day we will know for sure.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Strangers.

There is a picture in front of the
cover of a diary lying on my desk.
The picture is of two strangers
walking away face turned.
The diary has been lying
on my desk for months now.

At first I didn't notice
then slowly it got hold of me.
I got an urge to get away
of that diary from the front of
my eyes. It didn't work.

I didn't do anything. I let
it rest on my desktop.
Now I have an urge
to talk to these strangers.
Before that I also thought
of tearing the front of the diary.

But now the urge of talking
to these strangers has got hold of me.
I don't know. But talking to strangers,
especially to pictures of faces turned
pictures is something unheard of.

I know they will never come in real
life and I will never be able to
see these people of the picture.
I know they are still looking,
from the cover of the diary,
and knows every thought of mine,
that is passing by.

Maybe I am wrong. But I don't think so.
Staring at then and lighting cigarette,
after cigarette, I say if only they knew I
wanted to talk to them.
Some harmless conversation.

Out of everyday life,
out of life,
out of space, into different orbits.
Where strange electrons only rotate.
Where ether is cold,
and the photon particles,
will never collide.

So many different conversations,
and slowly, like soft murmur.
Like a trip to the unknown,
world of pain and back.
Reporting, only reporting.
No complains.
If only they will allow.
These adamant pictures,
lying on my desktop.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Streets Of Kolkata

The call of the streets of Kolkata
is what has made me penniless.
From childhood to a middle aged man
The call of the adventures of the world
And the tie up of the old house in
Which I dwell.....
Life is like an adventurer and the now
Tired bones that wants to rest....

Oh the streets and streets and streets
The grief of all of them.
They have not found an end
to the markets to console the heart.
Sunlight in the afternoon
And soft lamp light in the evening
And people walking distance
As far as the eyes could see.

Tired for a decade of age
But nevertheless..
The adventures of the world continues..

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Sudden Death Of Flying Ants

And all those red ants came
Chasing after the light.
Their wings got broken in the
Flight rushing to collide
With the tube light.
And fell on the ground.
Some were devoured by the house
Lizards. Some were left like that.

They finally found light.
Like most of us.
Rushing to their sudden death,
I stood back and reflect....
How much difference is between
Them and us.
To find knowledge of light
Then finally to our,
Like their romantic demise.

Alas! In this growing age of darkness
At least someone has found light.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Sunlight 2.

Sunlight coming down from big glass windows,
and it is afternoon. The days work goes by, until
the traffic on the outside road increases,
and the dark shadow slowly yet suddenly
slides down the pillar to the ceiling.
It's time for sunset.
My body painfully responds to it.
Without a verbal assurance,
it's again evening.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Sunlight.

Sunlight coming down from big glass windows. To the lobby. And those players outside playing football. Cars moving down the street and silent noises of the commotion filling up the the vast ceilings.

Music playing through All India Radio. One of the largest networks just like out railway system.

And airing and playing.. and listening..
and lightness and lightness,
I cannot even lift myself.
And numbness and numbness,
I feel every inch of me.
And swiftness and swiftness,
the fast moving thoughts in me..
I cannot even hear myself.
I am crying, i am crying ,
the sunlight river in me never - ending.

Some light moving down the football ground, some sunlight falling short of the street and melting.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Sushi Damo.

So, by the time the last guest left, it was 3: 30 There was enough amount of food left o the chopping board for marination. Some staff had their lunch.

The fish fillet as well as the boneless chicken were marinated with lemon, salt, pepper and were kept on the chopping board. The staff food was almost over. And that got hunger.

There are couple of places that serves parathas and snacks outside the me and my friends went to have parathas. The smell of awe of parathas and fresh uncooked fish got hunger

Subhadip Bhattacharya

The Beggar. Judgement Is Hard To Accept.

A beggar asked me for alms
on the footpath. She was about 18 with
a child in her arms, wearing a torn petticoat
and a face rugged from the experience of the road.

I could not accept. It was difficult to say,
what I could not accept.

Was it her, the child on her arms, the alms
or myself...

As if I was myself asking for alms.

Acceptance is big thing and

I was stiffened. My body stiff,

somehow I gave some money to her.

But this was not what I wanted to

give to her. I wanted to give her a job,

but that was an improbable task.

Later as I recalled it was not anything but judgement,
that I could not accept. That's how,
judgement is. It is subtle and hard to accept.

As if I was placed in one of the weighing
scales of a natural divine weighing machine,
bowed down from sky,
and the beggar on another weighing scale.

Then weighed, judged, sold and passed over.

But I did not judge. But the judgement I
encountered was unacceptable as always.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

The Call Of The Wolf.

I tried but cannot save a man from death.
Sick. To an extent that takes us
to ponder over recollections.
To think of near and distant past and future

My dream is....
To go on in life like a hurricane
sitting in one of those roller coasters
That you can find in amusement parks.
To do crash course on diet and suddenly
Run on full speed on a treadmill.
My soul is suddenly standing rather than
Sitting or lying.
Waiting to face a storm at full blast.

To become dazzled at the small
lights that decorate the Christmas occasion
and much more.
To die with stillness...
To live one more time

Subhadip Bhattacharya

The Chase

A castle was where I was put up.
A dragon came and chased my sleep,
down to the very end of time. I had to keep up,
with the very annals of war and keep,
the very much needed fortifications.

War and god and the dragons and time
and prospects of prosper and cherish.
Why is that so, is very hard to tell,
but the peace and never to die, like
and like that, that would never occur.

To die like a waterfall,
and run like a storm.
To follow all the norms and procedures,
written in a text book,
and follow again like a hurricane with an open sword.

The other day the dragon,
followed me to boredom,
and disappeared. The sunlight played with the,
eyes and heart the same homesick tunes.
The castle and the bricks and light,
the swords and leather....

My feet became weary as I had to,
walk the great obscurity with boredom,
and talk of cherishment and prosper,
amid great nothing.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

The Chicken Or The Egg.

After travelling many places,
after reading many books.
After meeting many people,
going through customs, cultures,
and gazing at many
mountains, valleys, rivers.

The age old question came back to me.
Who came first?
The chicken or the egg?
Now I know the answer.

Depends who is asking...
If it is the chicken asking,
the egg came first.
If it is the egg asking,
the chicken came first.

As if, hopelessly if we ask,
if we have a future?
They say, look..
we have a past.
And if we ask, what is our past?
They say, look we have a future.

The first question of the world
goes unanswered.
Who are we and where are we going.
From the second we pick up.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

The Earth Is Flat.

It's a holiday and songs and lights and
Food and drink are on the table.
A woman dances to the tune asking...
A woman's hand on the chest of the
Man, she nods to her liking.
But this is not where the road ends.
It goes with the man who lost his way.

And day and night, and day and night,
And day and night.....
Of so many openings and possibilities
And a needless love affair with loneliness
Of teenage fantasies....
Colorful lighting so strong that it repels

A hunt has begun somewhere
A hunt to hunt down love...
To lull the commotion.
Rampage, march,
against a woman's hand and voice
And to say..
There's too much noise.

The earth has been flattened
With night and day, and night and day
And where's the pay, where's my pay..
You have to be unfed to feed others!
And night and day
And night and day.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

The Golden Conure. Prose Poem.

The Golden Conure is an extinct species of the conure family. It is white golden in colour with green patches. The closest resemblance to which is the Sun Conure or the Jenday Conure according to me.

But the colours of the golden conure is such as if it edits or perhaps erases all the extra colors from the frame of the hungry eyes.

It reminds me of politeness, abstinence and the days of the by gone era. I want to keep one fore me but the species is extinct.

Paints. Colors and drawing boards of less or perfect color and handling the nature correctly.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

The Great Barrier

The idling of pain and suffering
And addiction. Of fighting with addiction
To stop addiction.
For happiness with a full stomach.

To stop a boy from drown
Or to the great nothing
Of not being able to move your body
To stop the boy.

To the great barrier
Of a fight for a full belly
And to counter a grumpiness after that.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

The Highway

Cars roll on the steel metal road.
It's midday and the sound
of fury of machines screech through the air.
The big barren lands on
both sides and one lonely motel,
next to it is what is all there.

High speed cars roll down,
the steel metal road
and I want to ramp the road.

Faces and shadows from road
usher me there.
There is ghost on the highway.
Someone said.
And the midday sun
nods to that.

Restlessness and a sudden
peace and calmness
before the hunt...
is all there.

Yup and one car passes
another. Time ticking,
and nothing but barrenness
and drink and calm dead look
is left in me.

I have murdered,
I have murdered,
my body says.
And I have to come,
to means and ways...
staring to
the great homesickness
of the great metal road.

The Hunt.

First the bait,
then the run,
then the chase,
then the wound,
then the rain....
then the kill.

The trees,
the leaves,
the brown ground...
then the call...
then the strain...
then the kill.

The night.
The sky barely seen.
The waterfall.
And what not,
and what has been.

The spike,
the thorns...
the willows..
the dead arm.
The hope..
body of a woman..
warm.

The nails,
rain, frost and hails..
The screeching...
the knight,
the sword, laces..
arrows and sheath,
that cannot be seen.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

The Jackfruit Tree

In the morning I wake up and brush my teeth.
Go upstairs to the roof and climbed down into the
Cloud that was hanging around.
I grin. To the immense possibilities that
Stood in front. And the horizon with the sun
There were some stars and the moon
On the other side of the planet.
Clean shaved my chin shone like the
Necklace of a celebrity. I stood after there.

And breeze the breeze of the soft spoken
Weather brushed by my hair. On the hot seat
The trees nearby, the leaves touched
My skin.
Alive and kicking. There was a big jackfruit
That hung from the branches.
Nice to see a the toothbrush on the
Basin from the outside of the window.
Reflection, the gums, the molars, canine
And the tongue that pasted onto the
Upper wall of the mouth.

And all of the sensors of the body
Came to the forefront of the skin.
Worry, worry and worry that too much
Took the backseat of the jackfruit tree.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

The Pilgrimage. Prose Poem.

After taking the ticket to Aruba, I packed my bags for a vacation and spoke to travel and tourism. Time was needing adjustment and I was unmanageable. I mean what was there in vacation?

A good night's sleep, food and drinks, some history and geography about the place, plane's catalog and timing etc, etc.

Geography and economics. That's what left of vacation.

And the motion spoke of far away pilgrimage that went on and on. The journey to the vacation place and the comeback.

And the companion T.V. now a smart one got shared too.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

The Restaurant

Glasses wiped, plated stacked.
The last guest has left early
and it is only ten thirty.

I slowly walk out of the restaurant,
take a stroll and
end up in a park.
I sit on a bench
beside the tree.

Slowly I feel relaxed as if
all day like strings of a musical instrument
I have played and now I let loose.

Slowly
as if by some
unhindered force
shoots, branches, leaves
come out of me.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

The Return Call

In these parts of the world
When people leave...
They won't say that they are leaving.
They say I will be returning..

What diseased mind that to tell
Like this.
That someone will return.
One day.
Of diseased hope to carry on the soul.
To part with the deceased.
Some day.

The time in the mind tickles.
Raindrop trickles down the window pane.
Of some momentous waiting....
For that what we call
An answer.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

The Tale Of The Tiger. Prose Poem.

There lived a tiger in the forest nearby. There was a bird that lived close to him. One day the tiger wanted to draw her attention. He started shouting very loud.

'I cant take it anymore.. oh oh '...she said.

The bird at first didn't pay attention. But soon she started becoming very annoyed. Unable to come up with a plan she been very angry, waited for the tiger to get asleep and when he was asleep, bought a pair of scissors and cut off his tail.

The tiger woke up. When he found his tail missing, he became very angry. He didn't knew what to do. The bird flew away and the tiger, understanding it has been done by the bird... started chasing her.

The bird took the tail and put it in a box. She thought this would bring some feeling for her. But the tiger was adamant.

So the nearby birds, the others which was 8 of them, slowly came up to her and told her to give the tail away. The bird, a duck billed platypus to be specific, got very depressed and threw the tail back. The tiger running all this time, took the tail with is paw and fixed it back to where it belonged.

The tiger running all this time through a valley took a left turn and came to an open field. There were 7 deer one on the extreme right asked what is the trouble all about. And before she could understand the tiger started chasing her.

The other deer ran away but the tiger kept chasing the deer, a small variation of antelope. They ran and ran in the twilight and the whole field ran away underneath their feet.

Slowly the landscape changed and there was dense forest in front of them. The deer ran fast and went into the forest. The tiger kept chasing. In the forest the deer got her antlers stuck in one of those bushes. The moon shone on her flesh.

The tiger said that ' they get fixed in their own folly '. The round neck the back of the deer was what the tiger looking at. But somehow the deer ran away.

The tiger ran and ran and came to a river. He dived into the tiger swam and swam....

the tiger,
gerrr.... gerrr... broke off...
the tie.. the tie...
tie....
I... I

' I swam and swam. I was thirsty and hungry. Then finally I saw land.
Land ho, land ho... I swam and swam and there was land in front of me. And I
saw a cross. I saw land and I saw a cross and I fell in love.

That you don't get love, love gets you.

It is a very painful thing to realize but the sooner the better. '.....the tiger said to
himself. And if it stands for one, it stands for all.... he thought.

Not that he was all wrong after all. At least he quenched his thirst nonetheless.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

The Unhappy Urge Of A Womaniser

This I have been trying to pen down
From a very long time.....
The one who is a womaniser suffer
From the urge to escape from his body.
And from his surrounding whatever may it be.
From the timid existence of a low life
To a high end rascal, he suffers
From the annoyance of tied up body
At work or more than that.... at rest.

Unfortunately he cannot engage his mind
In job or daily affairs.
A result of numerous sexual affairs in exchange
Of money in his younger days.
Addiction more or less. Money or the exchange
Of money. The sight of it.
The feel of the soft women skin.....
The sight of their well formed shoulder...
He dilates his eyes to the maximum in
Insane pursue of seeing more than himself.

And more unfortunately he will wait in life..
Wait and wait and see nothing
To console his heart. Because what he is
Looking for is not in this world but
In another world. This world needs work.
And more work. And the body needs food,
Food and more food and drink.
To the great anguish of him.
The great adventures are not just those
of travelling across the world, but also of
People and souls of them.
Of a soft conversation among men and women
To console the heart.
And so on...

Subhadip Bhattacharya

This World Is A Madhouse. Arthritis.

This world is a madhouse,
and I am in a straitjacket.
Of course it loosens up
when there is an uniform to wear,
when there is work.

Still sometimes,
when a sad sweet like syrup
goes down my throat and lungs...
and I lean back for support.
lean back for support.
When hope and despair, fighting
a lone fight, both end up
at the same side of the court...

Then suddenly, Ah!
a bone aches, a joint pains,
so that you don't have to painfully
look for pain.

And I jolt back steady in me,
without the pain and
find a relief.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

This World Is A Madhouse.2.

This world is a madhouse,
and I am in a straitjacket.
Of course it loosens up,
when there is a uniform to wear,
when there is work.

When going to work in the morning,
the world seems so vast,
underneath the great sky.
Coming back home, in the evening,
the world seems small as well.

A disease which I have to overcome,
and the world said...
you don't have to painfully look for pain.
The body pain will straighten me up.

I have a phobia that when I wake up,
in the evening,
suddenly I don't know weather it is morning or evening.
A rush hour work,
I panic I will forget all the orders,
standing at the floor, empty handed.
And my Manager will say...
' breathe son breathe.'

Then there are also these petty-coats
strangely tied, and I don't remember
why I was panicking at the first place.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Time The Final Frontier

Can't eat steel or iron.

Can't eat a football.

Only can eat food.

And can't play or go to the gym in full stomach.

Rigorous swimming opens up the third mind.

From where a stick and a ball comes out.

Hockey. And baseball.

The machine of progress of going places, of adventure is full on. New discovery of computer and cell phone.

The mood goes up and down and up and down.

Some of the ladder escalates.

Time still ticks at the same pace.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Time.

And indeed there will be time.
Finally when there is no more time.
Will speak to the unknown intruder
to my heart.
And there will be light.
Amid the darkness.

There might be touch of a body.
There might be more words and phrases.
A kiss for the love.
A promise of the unknown.

Drowned heart and forgotten mind
Might look for more solace
In the midst of women.
Listen to music.
Listen to people speaking.
And realise speaking to the heart.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Tragedy.

A tragedy was never I was happy with,
but the loss of life and time slowly,
was happening too.

An adventure was happening too,
and that was something that,
kept my heart thumping.

Lost to sickness and health,
and the animal planet in the,
television.

But to the health,
that does not permit travelling,
but does not recognize the loss of life.

Sickness does not recognize the loss of life,
I happily comprehended,
but waits for the normal heart rate.

So to love of life..
and proper health.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Twentieth Century Individual...

I am a 20th century individual looking for sex. The vortex did tie me down and the stand was straight in front of golden women. It was as if I was standing at the airport called paradise in purgatory. And the baggage that was to be claimed was from lost and found.

As the first bench er from class the golden women and their accent and suppleness was more than I could desire to confront. I was lost. Amid a great yard of haywire, yardsticks, stationary and hay.

Later the girl said...

If you want you could come on to my place.

I went...

By then I was somewhere else.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Twinkle Twinkle Little Star

how I wonder what you are.
Up above the world so high,
like a diamond in the sky.

Like a diamond bullet
shot right through the middle of my forehead.
Alas! The sun has set.
The sky is blue,
my heart is weak,
my head reeling up too.

The air calls for revolt,
and like a diamond bullet,
I want to be shot.
Lying under the sky,
by the park,
and how I wonder...
of diamonds in the sky.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Union Turnpike.

Finally I reached there.

u n i o n t u r n p i k e .

A subway station somewhere in Brooklyn,
New York.

And right between those graphite walls,
between those engravings,
I could see.

union turnpike.

Right between those words,
as if something written, which
I cannot see but
sure can comprehend.

It was evening,
and as I stopped to take a breath
at the station,
I saw those graphite, ceramic floors
talk to me.

About...

u n i o n t u r n p i k e .

There, there...

right between those words,
lied my peace,
that was looking for me.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

What Time The Shift Starts...

It is one of those eras of - sun ps, cell phone. No it is not the smaller things in life that matters. But the larger goal, the bigger picture, the big question.

To what purpose, why, at what what time the shift starts. Is cooking a good recreation or no? Fast cooked like veggies, bringing down to the question of travelling and travelling and staring.

when the pragmatic mind suddenly turns to an old fashioned view or just looking at a view. Where sports have become the next best thing to sex.

No, it is now the self satisfied picture, the cherished view of the self-fulfilled self with so many things to do, yet himself undone.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Where Are We Going.

In this world everybody is going away.
Going to jobs. Going to play.
Forever going away.
Dying and going away.

Is someone coming?
Someone coming back from the unknown?
Someone fresh and clean and soft.
Like a baby.

Oh yeah.
The sun is also coming.
Everyday.

Waiting still for something else
Is near to the second.
Nobody is coming back
Only the arrows that are
Released from the bow.

How long will someone suffer...
Till the diseases that take us in.

Subhadip Bhattacharya

Why Poetry

Why do we write poetry?

Well I do not know about everybody,
but I can tell you for a lot of people.
When we are tired and bored about
facts of everyday life,
of general things considered.
Of facts so pitifully practical
and that pinches all the time.

When to do something special,
to give something to this earth
before going away.
The holy book says there is nothing you can give
and your pitiful
day to day existence is also a stubborn fact
from which nothing shall be taken.

When the end of the world is questioned
over and over, and
you don't know heads and tails of it.
Then words come out of your mouth,
before and until you die.

Words and facts mingled with
Truth.
A truth ushers the change of the present
and fills up your hearth.
I can tell you how powerful the body
looks when it is stripped naked
lying there, waiting to go
into the pyre.
A simple truth like this
is what why we write poetry.

To know the end of the world
where although we haven't given or
taken anything but still
our heart, our hearth is filled up.

