

Poetry Series

Subhadip Majumdar
- poems -

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Subhadip Majumdar()

Drenched

Often beneath the Lighthouse

Where the mystery ends and the magic starts

The wind awaits that ancient sailor

The sand grains his vintage words

His words like a day with the morning river

Or the shelter below the snow capped hills

Or the bare cry of the bird at midnight

Or like the blood of the first farmer

Like a shiver of a shadow in first kiss

Within all the dark and mud of the world

The look into her eyes like that pain never forgotten

He comes out pure and fresh

And then there is sun the poetry and again the rain.

Subhadip Majumdar

In My City

A half moon and a garaged rickshaw
The stop beneath the silent bridge
And the last tram passes away with midnight bells.
Sometimes I roam there
The city my own city where now I am a stranger
The scent of flowers the magazine stalls or the old man sleeping in the pavement
And I will whisper a bit of childhood a bit of youth
Like a bit of Sunil a bit of Ginsberg..

Subhadip Majumdar

The Bell Tolls Again

Again the bell tolls. Somewhere far away from a distant Church. The cold winds pass and the feet sinks into the fallen leaves within the ornamented flowers and the scattered petals on the brown soil. There the murmur of the river and the song of the bird and the shadow walks all alone over the bridge down the road and then further to that river side where long ago a promise has been made. It is time that promises are uttered once more and the shadow picks up one petal of a flower wet as if with silent tears of a beautiful girl. Then there is the chant like a sacred prayer of a pure love.

With each brush of winds the shadow feels the pain.

And like a soothing touch the smile comes with each gong from the Church.

The bell tolls..the bell tolls..the bell tolls..

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The Woman And The Man

Then the evening will slowly turn into the night and we would walk down the steps through the arch gate and the ageless pillars to the ruins. There will be a pause in converse. There will be the little tremble of the eyelids. There again the lips will open and say nothing. The light would be further gone the words would be meaningless and the shades of the night everywhere in the gorgeous light of the half moon. It would be all broken there but I know we would feel the same and from stairs from pillars to pillars from the open roofs from the marble floor from the marble galleys from the way to the caves it would be the footsteps of you and me like the sound of the lost water of the river which ages ago years ago used to flow here would rise again and standing in the middle of it we would live.

Within the shadows within the broken ruins we would again create a new shelter.
Where there would be only two people.
If you be the woman then I am the man.

Subhadip Majumdar