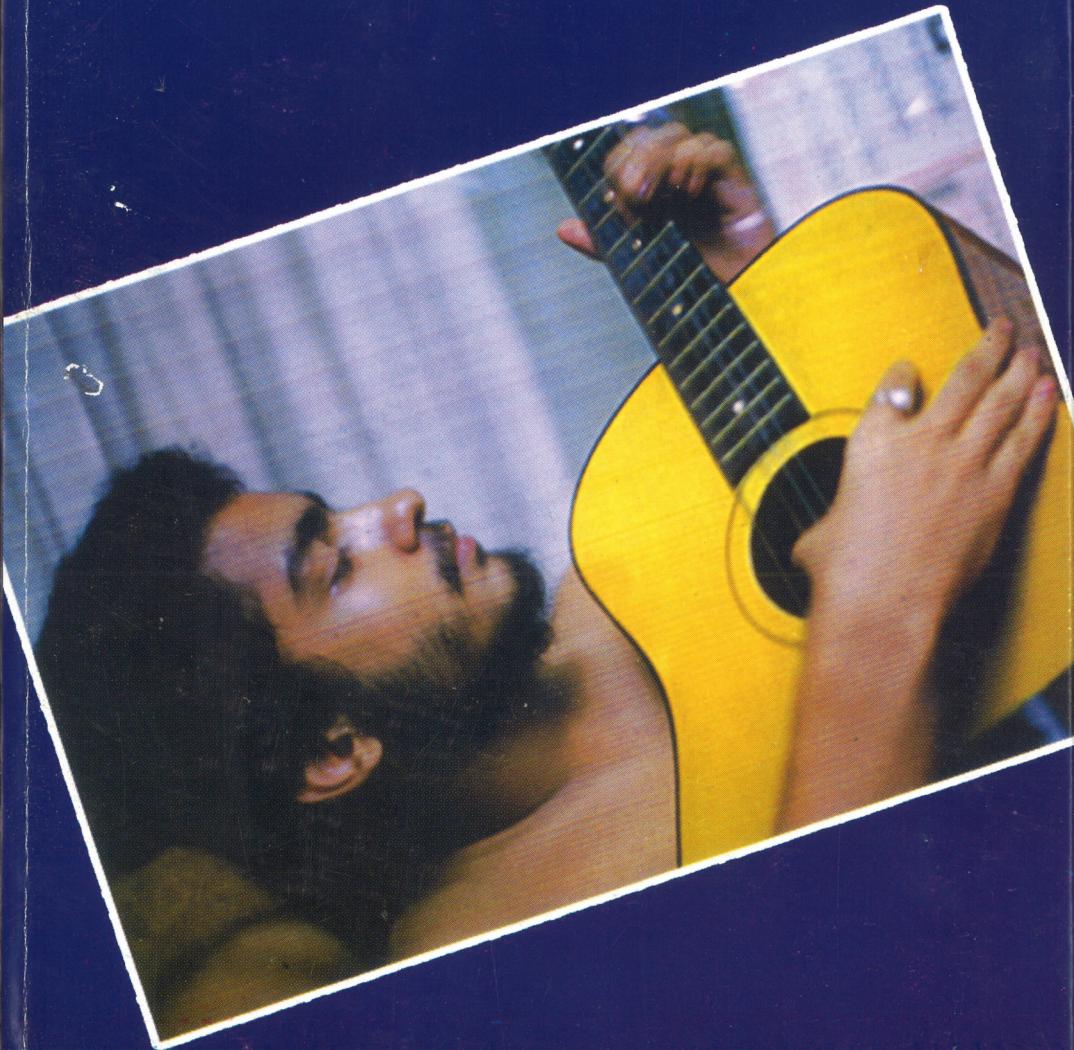


an orphean lute

sugata bhattacharyya



an orphean lute

Our Sugata committed suicide at 18 on 3rd December, 2008. His suicide note contained these words : ‘For no reason / (One reason moron)’. We knew about his writing activities, but, on visiting his weblog after his death we came to realise what an amazing store of wealth he has left behind ... Through this publication we pay homage to his creative genius. It would be a solace to us if this book helps in preventing such tragedies through the emergence of a more humane world. We are thankful to Arindam Chakravarty for editing the work, Subhankar Bhattacharya for his background work; they have considered it their love’s labour. We express our gratitude to Ravi Chakravarti and Kalim Khan for their support and whole-hearted involvement. — Debasish Bhattacharyya (father), Aparna Bhattacharyya (mother), and Sambodhi Bhattacharyya (brother)

an orphean lute
sugata bhattacharyya

edited by arindam chakravarty

sugata foundation

an orphean lute
A selection of Poems of
Sugata Bhattacharyya

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যে ফুল না ফুটিতে বারেছে ধরণীতে,
যে নদী মরুপথে হারালো ধারা,
জানি হে, জানি তাও হয় নি হারা।।

রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুর

je phool na phutite jharechhe dharanite,
je nadi marupatthe haralo dhara,
jani he, jani tao hay ni hara.

Rabindranath Tagore

Flowers yet to bloom, fallen on earth
Rivers losing their way in the desert
We know for sooth are not lost at all.

Rabindranath Tagore

Contents

Foreward	9
Editor's note	15
Sugata at 14	
Desires	19
The Living	21
The Rose	22
Links of Destiny	24
A million days	26
Powerless	28
The Stormy night	30
Detest	32
The Fairy in Sleep	36
Sugata at 15	
Sleep	39
One more cup	41
The Protectors of the Flag	43
Mother	48
Sugata at 16	
Pital Breathes..	53
Cause-and-effect	55
To grasp	58
The valley to nothing	59
He returns	60
My perch on the hill (A song)	62
Siesta dreaming	64
By the guitar	65
Grazing on garters	67
The painter of horses	68

Sugata at 17

The companion who flew on water	70
Hours in the cabinet	72
He Said	73
Of knotty seams and grim grey longings	75
Nodding to nothings	76
Jute and organic fibre	77
Rickshaw back dream	78
Song of leaving	79
Hatchet	81
Jukila	82
Brick buddy sold	84
Woodpecker's annoying little song	85
Her ode to the spilling of our letters	86
Uber Ophthalmo	87
Ophthalmo Logic	88
I must not write a poem because	89
The international society for alternative ...	90
Poem from a year ago	91
Grenades on the beach ...	92
The white dog and the	94
Nursery rhyme from a while back	96
Interior designers and the fashionable young	97
P. Q. Leah	98
Lily(song)	100

Sugata at 18

Song of silent women at festive grey doors	102
I threaten my life with your words	105
Lonesome breeze of the winter (song)	106
A december night in laughing	107

Appendix

Mother speaks (in Bengali)	109
Glimpses of Sugata (Photos)	115

FOREWORD

It is distressing for me to be called upon to write about Sugato Bhattacharya, my departed sister Manimala's youngest grandson. Not yet out of his teens, this prodigy (-well, this is what I must call him-) took his own life, while at the zenith of his student career. There is a cruel irony in an eighty-year-old person presenting to the world the literary work of an eighteen-year-old genius.

Yet I consider it a privilege too to introduce Sugato to the literary world at large. Placed in the correct perspective, Sugato's life and his work could act as eye-opener to all humans living at this hour of engulfing darkness masquerading as a dazzling, maddening shine. This is the hour when the world, brought to the brink of an Armageddon by an ideologically bankrupt leadership of the world, can be saved only through the noblest exertions of the mind, which alone lend meaning to sacrifices of the physique. This is the hour when the pen has to prove its superiority over the sword, and mind has to assert its supremacy over matter. Sugato lived and died for his creed 'The pen is mightier than the sword.'

Quite unexpectedly, the competitive spirit was totally alien to Sugato's nature. Yet his mental faculties – his mastery of language and his grasp of abstractions, philosophical as well as mathematical – were of so high an order that he could not almost help excelling others in academic contests. The case with which he crossed hurdles placed in the path of aspirants for leadership in science, industry, and commerce, was simply amazing. Whatever admission test he sat for, he was always a topper. He never tasted disappointment in any academic pursuit.

After an easy admission to the much-coveted main course at the internationally reputed Indian Statistical Institute of Baranagore, Kolkata, Sugato was again the most outstanding student in his batch. He was friendly to all, and in a way he was respected by others for his intellect, his civilised manners and his innate goodness. Yet for his unconventional views and for his near-total indifference to questions of a career in the narrow sense, he was considered a crank by his fellows.

Sugato however enjoyed this isolation. In nonchalance which reminds us of Socrates almost, he scripted a play with his own self figuring in it as a crazy eccentric. Moreover he himself played that role, much to the amusement of his fellows and his own delight too. Nevertheless, he had a kind of camaraderie with his fellows, and he helped his classmates, specially the drooping ones, to grapple with abstruse problems of science and mathematics.

No one could suggest Sugato suffered from any sense of inadequacy, ignominy, or injury. He had no reason to be beset by any sense of inferiority. Besides his academic prowess, he had his penchant and aptitude for music and painting. As for books, he used to read even at that tender age serious philosophical material, such as Plato's *Republic*, and literary classics like Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Cervantes, James Joyce etc. Lastly, his familiarity with the byways of cyberspace made him an updated polymath, though somewhat on a miniature scale. He could well claim, using the word of Bacon, 'I have taken all knowledge to be my province.'

Yet without a prior hint to anybody, he put an end to his life by hanging in his single-seated hostel-room in the Statistical Institute Campus in the small hours of December 3, 2008. And all this only a few hours after he had posted a brilliant poem on a website, his swansong in fact ('a december night in laughing'), and played bouts of table tennis in the hostel. The only clue left behind was a cryptic two-line note, later scooped out of his shirt pocket : For no reason / One reason moron.

We will perhaps never know the reason why Sugato chose to quit the world in such a fashion. He himself had written ‘for no reason’; we too have not yet come upon any reason for his action. He had not been jilted in love, nor had he tasted disappointment in any of his pursuits. He had not any clash or even a tiff with anybody in the family or outside it. As for the remote background of his action, one may refer to his dear elder brother Sambodhi’s departure for the college hostel in 2005 and the death in February 2006 of his dearly loved grandfather Benoy Krishna who lived with the family and kept him company for years on end. These two misfortunes were shocks no doubt when they came, but Sugato had found time enough to live them down.

Perhaps we will be inching towards the truth if we juxtapose the qualities of his heart with those of his head. Soft by nature, Sugato was never loud in his ways with others. Yet he expressed his disapproval whenever his parents failed to evince enough compassion for poor and unfortunate people. With no weakness for any kind of pomp and luxury, he chose an austere life style for himself. While others around tended to live by the rule of self before others, he himself would be a loner and practise the very opposite rule. An observer might well wonder whether Sugato was not a medieval knight or monk at heart.

I however find a clue in Sugato’s spiritual affinity with Prince Hamlet of Denmark, who is Shakespeare the man’s surrogate in many people’s eyes. Only those who cannot see the wood for the trees, can suppose Hamlet’s melancholy to be due mainly to his mother’s ‘frailty’. His sickness at heart predates his mother’s lapse, and it had not its origin in any sense of personal frustration or loss. His first utterance ‘O, that this too too solid flesh would melt’ shows him toying with the idea of ‘self-slaughter’. ‘All the uses of the world’ seem to him to be ‘weary, stale, flat and unprofitable’. He mourns ‘things rank and gross in nature possess it (the world) merely’. Not much later he laments most significantly : ‘The time is

out of joint : O cursed spite, / That even I was born to set it right!' The sense of a mere personal injury could not have led to such a state of mind.

Where Sugato differs from Hamlet is in externals only. Sugato was no prince wielding a sword in pre-Industrial days. The mother or the lady-love factor also does not quite work here. But the spirit is essentially the same – tender, soft, compassionate – in fact too, too human for the rough and tumble of a competitive society. His lack was in pugnacity and with a bruised heart he brooded over how men and women could be more human in a more meaningful world. Sugato's poems and his scattered notes contain ample hints that he was no decadent aesthete, retreating to an ivory tower and finding his solace in a substitute reality conjured up by fancy or same psychedelic potion.

Yet what could he do alone, a mere adolescent of eighteen? He himself could rise to the top of any ladder in society, but what use would be that rise, if the larger world were hell-bent on blowing itself up in perpetual vendettas? His friends have reported Sugato was very much upset by the Mumbai massacre of 26.11.2008. He saw no ray of hope on the horizon. Nor was there anyone by his side to share his fears, hopes, and dreams of building up a 'brave new world' for posterity. Life therefore lost its meaning for him, and the vital urge to live on was fast draining out of him. No wonder, at some critical hour he threw overboard all other considerations and took the decisive step of ending his painful sojourn on this 'sphere of sorrow'.

We can of course read many other factors into Sugato's story. We can put the blame on his English-medium education, which must have cut him off from the cultural roots of his own Bengali race. We can also find fault with the contour of his family, which was by and large nuclear in character. But no one can tell for certain what factors ultimately drove him to his suicide.

We by-standers however have little right either to condemn or to

pity him. What Sugato has left behind is enough to excite our awe and admiration. His elder brother Sambodhi and his parents Devasish (Rana) and Aparna (Mithu) always held him in high regard. They knew all right that Sugato was a versatile reader and that he often wrote poems and prose scraps, but they never could guess the volume of his literary output. He used diaries, note books, and even stray pieces of paper to note down his compositions. But as he became more and more familiar with the computer and the facilities of the internet, he stashed away a huge quantity of his literary output in different corners of the Cyberspace. After his death, his elder brother and parents, helped by uncle Arindam Chakravarty and cousin Shubhankar Bhattacharya, have already garnered a lot from these sources. Their work of retrieval is not yet over. Now, only the material collected from one website, viz., xanga.com is presented to the community of readers. Further publications will come up in due course.

Before I conclude I tender one apology to readers, I have felt the essential poetic quality of Sugato's work, but debility did not permit me to go through the entire corpus. I therefore have refrained from making any comment on the poetic worth of his work. I leave that job entirely to the cognoscenti and the lovers of poetry in general.

Ravi Chakravarti

Konnagar

22.01.2009

N.B. Though his name was recorded everywhere as Sugata, I have opted for the form *Sugato* which is much closer to the actual pronunciation.

Editor's note –

Sugata Bhattacharyya

born 15 May, 1990
left 3rd. December, 2008

Sugata was soft-spoken and polite. His intelligent eyes exuded humour and warmth, which often culminated in his witty remarks and in his helpfulness to his friends and needy persons.

Sugata's innate honesty sometimes forced him to take a different view about the outer world, yet he was never harsh or rough to others. But his gentle appearance belies a strong imagination and a core of steel within him. He is unsparing in his own expressions.

Since childhood Sugata used to write, draw, compose, sing and do other titbits at home. He is so prolific that a collection of his writings, notes, drawings etc. would run into over a thousand pages. Eventually that will be published, but, for the present, a portion of his writings, along with comments, is presented. These writings and comments have been taken from Sugata's contributions at *Xanga.com* where he wrote under the pen name – Poet_LeTaur.

Sugata announced his arrival at *Xanga.com* with the following:

Xanga

Welcome to the Poets' Corner. This site is meant for those who believe in the saying "The pen is stronger than the sword". (Unfortunately, nuclear weapons are as strong or stronger than the pen. Depending on how nuclear energy is utilized, within the next millennium, human civilization may either become the masters of the solar system or remnants of the glory of a past civilization).

From time to time I will post some poems and other compositions of mine. As for you, my readers, feel free to e-mail me your poems and compositions which I shall post in this space (of course, giving credit to the sender as the poet). In the end, this site is meant to increase the influence of the pen. Come, let us all strive to empower it

.....

Sugata's writings – published in this book – have been arranged in chronological order of posting at *Xanga.com*. The date of posting of each writing is given at the end of it, followed by related comments. As far as possible, a replication of Sugata's postings has been maintained. Part of his writings, which is integral to the posting, but not to his main work, has been italicized.

Sugata died a boy, but lived a man. But what Sugata was – let the readers see themselves from his own work.

Arindam Chakravarty

Sugata at 14

*Feel free to add comments to my site.
post poems if you want*

Desires

Night surrounds me
And i lie on my bed
The pests shriek in monotone
To make themselves felt
Sleep impossible
My mind takes odd turns
Dark desires fill me
Making me shiver
My eyesight becomes hazy
My world turns shadowy

Passionate dreams i start to dream
Dreams that should not be
I dream of deep green eyes
I dream of a shy smile
Of milky white skin
And of dark brunette-hair
I dream of caressing naked skin
Of kissing small rosy red lips
Of feeling mortal pleasure
Of bodies locked in selfish zeal
And my heart throbs wildly
My face goes red
My very thoughts become animal
And i wake up in cold sweat
I forbid myself
From dreams like that again

an orphean lute / 20

Till the next night comes
And it happens over again

Saturday, October 30, 2004

not exactly incredible verse but i hope you understand i'm 14 years old. Goodbye for now, Sayonara, Adieu, and as we say it in West Bengal, Bidaay.

The Living

Hovering randomly
In a world of void
Not a mission in their lives
Only naive ambitions

And they pass through life
On a path that's trodden
A million times
And yet it's forgotten

And every torturing day
Goes by without a bump
They keep on living
Only for living's sake

And they live on and on
Year after year
Just to fill this world-
A fathomless space.

Wednesday, January 19, 2005

*Here's another composition of mine.
It has a bit of political overtones.
Read the whole thing before you pass any judgements...*

The Rose

There she stands
Her beauty and grandeur unbound
With a diamond strewn necklace
And a red rose in her hands
Everyone marvels at the rose
At the overwhelming red it offers
At the sweet drops on its petals
At the nectar in its very heart
But what do they know
Of the home of that rose
That dusty field fifty miles away
Beside the old forgotten woodland way
Do they know the farmer
That aged starved man
With not a companion
To hold his old withered hand
Do they know the pain
Which hammers at his heart
All day and night long
Till he can stand no more
For that redness of the rose
Is but his transformed blood
And the drops his sweat
And the nectar his tears
Fools! they still chaff on and on
“How beautiful that rose seems to me”

Duped into believing the blooming ways
Of this unfair unhappy reality.....

Thursday, February 03, 2005

Comments

by **Foxy_Roxie**

This was absolutely lovely. The transformation of images is striking.
Well done.

by **shoutinginsilence**

nice poem, i just want to encourage you to continue to write. Poetry is a lost art that needs to be rekindled with fresh and raw passion...

by **note_to_earth's**

thanx for stopping by. i don't always rhyme, you know. only when i think it's better for the poem. thanx though. i think i'd rather like someone telling me about what they like of the poem than just saying "it's good".

i like the poem. sort of says look beyond what you see. but i think somewhere there you should have admired the farmer's dedication—what he did for the rose. it's good, tho.

Here's my latest poem. I don't know whether everyone will be able to feel the feeling I described here. Read it, and tell me how you felt about it. And as always, you are absolutely welcome to post comments..

Links of Destiny

I'm tied to the ground
With bleak black bars all around me
A white smog weighs down
On my hazy figure
And I need to break free
From this dusty monotony
And express my feelings boxed up
In my dry yet bleeding mind
I swear to the blood
Which warms these veins
That I will break apart
From these rusty chains –
Laid down by the footsteps
Of a thousand dull years
A thousand great minds
Lost in forging these fetters
Oh! I will tear through
These shackles which cut at my flesh
And never let myself
Be tied again
And then the sun will shine bright
Light up all the dark corners spread
And melt away these red-rusting chains
Which tie us mortal souls to this dusty ground...

Saturday, February 26, 2005

Comment

by **likefrogs_ oblivious**

Pain, frustration, duty. The thoughts of the past imprison us, stealing our ability to be creative, pressuring us with the magnitude of their reputation. The inner pain that drives you to write also prohibits your expression, in that you fear wounding yourself beyond expression. But I believe, as you appear to, that some day we will, you and I and anyone else with the drive, we *will* step beyond those arbitrary and frustrating boundaries and then all will be right in the world.

I am sorry that noone else took the time to post on this piece. I was impressed, but far more importantly, moved by it. It rang bells in me, and even if they weren't the same ones as were tolling in your soul when you wrote, the fact that you induced that feeling in me means that you are a powerful writer. Thank you for that piece.

Here's something I wrote a long time back. It was originally meant as a song. But with a little touching up, it became a nice poem: Post me about it....

A million days

A million days
Before I see that face
Before I feel
That feeling again

A million nightmares
For my mind to endure
Till that star-stud moonlit night
That'll melt that burning pain

A million solitudes
Which'll engulf in dull glow
Till she grips my hands –
I'll never live lost again

A million blazing tears
That will flow from my heart
Till that radiant night comes
And forever slays that flame

A million days of wait
Before I see that face
Only living on, this life
To feel that feeling again...

This is not exactly among my best poems. Scroll down for the better ones. By the way, how was the poem anyway? Post me...

Comments

by **Scorned_boxa**

this was nice...nothing over the top, but all in all it was a nice read and a pretty good poem...

by **Beautiful_Loser**

Whew, good stuff. You're quite the poet. ::subscribes::

by **crashesthewho**

a million days, tears, hours, yep...it fits nicely. if this isn't your best than i bet your others are amazing.

Here's a poem I wrote a few days back describing a feeling I felt. The poem is a bit vague, but that's just because most feelings are like that. Post me about the poem.

Powerless

As I walk down this city road
Dust hanging on my shoulders
I don't know where I am going
Though there's only one way to go
I look all around me
At all people passing by
They smile to me glowing
Yet I can't smile back
There's a bell that tolls
Somewhere in the dull distance
Yet though I can sense its ripples
I can't sense its meanings deep
For I'm in a world
Totally unknown to me
Alien from my surroundings
And powerless it makes me
I'm in a glass tunnel
Binding me down
For though 'all around' reaches out to me
I never can reach back out
And 'all around' seems
Only a cruel illusion
Brought upon me by some force
A force that's invisible to me
And powerless I feel
Against this force unseen

For though I lash out
Down it always brings me

Tuesday, March 29, 2005

Actually I wrote this poem when I was feeling a bit drunk and high. It's a weird feeling. You feel as if you are watching yourself from outside your own body.

Anyway, did you like the poem? Post me...

Comments

by **Scorned_boxa**

thank you for the support in my writing...I guess i'm a little less biased when it comes to judgement simply because based on a greater scale of how much poetry I actually read it wasn't that bad.

by **Benji7523**

Thanks for the comment! Those lyrics on my site were to a song called "No More" from the musical *Into the Woods*, by Stephen Sondheim. And I like your site, too. Cool stuff. By the way, did you notice we share a birthday?

by **selling4parts14**

Hey thanks for the comment, but any ways

Yea I loved your poem we seem to have similar writing styles which is really cool. And I like all the abstract metaphores that you used. It was awsome

Later

by **write_of_way14**

oh uh haha, that person above uh yea well thats me... just so your not confused

sorry bout that

Recently, as i was reading a few of my poems, i realized that most of them are somewhat self-centered. So i thought, there must be things that are more interesting than me. Why not write a poem about them? Well, the poem below is the result of that. Read it and do post me about it.

The Stormy night

The night's a red glow
A purple wrathful halo
Filled deep to its roots in blood unforgiving
Dried over the thousand years gone by
Blood shed by undead dead heroes
With wrath in their eyes and violent souls
Ones who have dared fight back when insulted
And died in the fight, not lost their pride
And as the red blood simmers
The lightning strikes with defeat
The rain starts falling
In flashes of salty tears
Crying in passion unknown to mortals
Crying for the victory of tyranny far spread
Crying for the darkness of the night
Crying for the darkness of the world itself
Who knows when it will stop?
Let it cry, let it cry, let it cry...

Sunday, April 17, 2005

I myself quite like this poem, even though my brother says it's not nearly as good as the ones i wrote before. Well, you're the judge of that. How'd you like it? Post me.

Comments

by **BlackHeart_lostsoul**

That is a beautiful poem, and the baby in my profile pic is my daughter. So thank you for saying that she is beautiful

by **DyDyDarling**

Interesting work you have here. I like it. Truly.

by **TeelasPoems**

Nice poem. i changed the font on that poem.

by **Blue_Moon1**

I like this poem quite a lot, strong emotion ..." And died in the fight, not lost their pride" That's a powerful statement

Thanks for stopping by and leaving the good comment. I appreciate it

Chris

*Here's a poem i wrote yesterday.
Read the whole poem and post me.*

Detest

As I lie on my bed
With not a soul around me
I toss and I turn
As my dreams engulf me

I dream not a dream
Of distant foreboding
Nor a dream of wishes
Unfulfilled in life

I dream a dream
Of sadistic designs:
The deep dark desires
Of my rotting mind

I dream a dream
Of perversion and cries
Of all I have hated
Throughout my life

And for that hateful dream
That soulful agony
I start detesting myself
And all that is me...

Wednesday, May 04, 2005

So how'd you like the poem? Post me about it

Comments

by **bigJ8K**

I like the rythem of the poem. Honestly though I really don't like depressing poems.

by **UnfetteredMouth**

Yes, it's not a finished poem as of yet. The meaning behind it is rather skewed.. I think it's about Urban planners planning for concrete jungles I.E. Cities

I think you should turn your poetry skills away from the common place. Writing about how hate of self and others has been overkilled and I think you'll find many xangas with poems similiar to yours. I think you have some serious potential and should try to derange the common senses. Or rather, write about the hate you may have but turn it into something abstract? Just a suggestion.

again by **UnfetteredMouth**

I meant to say two other things..

I think your poem is well done for the type of poem it is, so don't think i'm criticizing your skill as a poet. I'm really trying to nudge you into thinking about another direction. I use to write just like this about a year ago... If you want to speak about poetry sometime, I love to talk about it. My AIM is the same as my Xanga name.

Secondly, I meant to say thank you for your commentary.

Andrew

by **blondewalkrules**

liked the poem. and 1900 was a pretty nifty year...1987 (thats when i was born) isn't as cool.

by **xPureBlackButterflysx**

thanks for the comment i like u peom. you write about the same

stuff i do. very creative. i loved it

by **thehip**

UnfetteredMouth said some very wise things. While you had good word usage etc. etc. the poem as a whole was kind of lame. You couldn't definitely put that skill to better use.

again by **UnfetteredMouth**

Thanks for the commentary. I wasn't trying to define what poetry is. Poetry is undefinable. I was just trying to show you another area that could be explored. I'm actually a creative writing major in college and in academia they push us towards experimentation in other venues and trying to open our eyes to new things. If I were to write a poem like this for academic use, I wouldn't be very succesful. It would nearly be plagiarism.

Poetry is definitely a personal thing, and something that can't completely be controlled. Also, writing what we feel is great, it's what everyone does when writing poetry. Its just what will be unique in how you state it? I dunno, I like trying to show people what else is out there.

Anyhow, i'll check your other stuff out later and comment — I have to run right now.

Andrew

by **flycaitie69**

on mine

i'm not sure if i like it or not, either.

i was attempting poetry differently than normal.

what did you like?

what did you not like?

on yours

this is interesting, and, as you said on mine, i'm not sure if i like it or

not. i think i would have to see more of your writing to decide...on the one hand this could almost be the over-done, *i'm an emo teenager* thing, but then again it could be very genuine. it's a tough call with nothing with which to compare it.

i like that in a few places it comes close to rhyming without actually doing so.

i also like the repetition of 'i dream a dream' and the counter point, 'i dream not a dream.'

<3 caitlin

by **Beautiful_Loser7**

So sad, yet so beautiful. I'll remember this one for sure...
Keep it up (the great work, I mean).

by **ThLfTm**

this is awesome...I am feelin this
it has really happened
I *smile*

This poem is totally uncharacteristic of me. It has an old victorian feel to it. Read the whole poem and post me.

The Fairy in Sleep

Among the birches, oaks and other trees
In the dance and frolic of the breeze
Among the flowers and grasses green
There lies the fairest maiden in sleep

And in her sleepy face the full moon glows
And in her fair cheeks a sweet spring rose
A sweeter lass seen not has time
Her beauty unbound as the open skies

Will no one know what she dreams
What her inner mind sees in this solitude
Whether she laughs and smiles in her dream
Or whether she cries till eternity

What she dreams, I shall never know
I can only but fall in love
With this sleeping fairy and never leave
Until, in her arms, I breath no more...

Sunday, May 08, 2005

Did you like the poem? Post me about it

Comments

by AdrianaLeverkuhn

This poem reminds me a lot of Yeats. It's theme is close to that of

‘Come with me, O human child’, but it is written closer to the almost free verse of ‘Easter 1916’ or ‘The Witch’. I think the tension between the old folksong aspects in the earlier lines and the later more modern verses is interesting, but I think this poem needs a more even style or a clear transformation like the volta in a sonnet.

by **YourSoSour**

hey so i was looking through random xangas and figured yours was worth leaving a comment about, cause i love love love poetry.....I like the idea of your poem and you have a good rythm.. bravo

And in her sleepy face the full moon glows
And in her fair cheeks a sweet spring rose
.....that was my fave part

haha but yeah, stop by my page and leave me a comment or two-
good or bad, i can use any advice- thanks a lot

by **WOMANofPOWER**

wow ur so talented at such a young age...keep writing hun

by **Elvenno**

i'm not too fond of the 4line per stanza kick, mostly cuz I did that beat for soooo long, Reminds me of my stuff back in the day though. Kudos to another poem to the light of...day?

Makes me wanna say-

She's probably just snoring.

And I have no idea what the first commenter is talking about.

by **LordPineapple**

I am not always keen on airy-fairie poems, but I have to admit yours worked.

Sugata at 15

This poem just came to me smooth. It hardly took 5 minutes to write it down. Post me.

Sleep

Into deep sleep, I wish to engulf my body
And empower my mind fair and free
To break away from chained thought and life
Which perception forces on all I see

And if to be human I have to close my eyes
And believe each word that is uttered to me
I'd rather be a bird in the open skies
And hover gracefully unbound and free

In my deep slumber, I can be as I may
I can be a bird along a cloudy way:
Into deep sleep, I wish to engulf my body
And empower my mind fair and free...

Saturday, May 21, 2005

How'd you like it? Post me about it

5 Comments

by **YourSoSour**

wow, i have noticed the poems that come faster and off the top of your head quickly seem to be the most honest and overall the best

by **i_write_poems_about_it**

That rocks. I dig your poetry. Thanks for the eprop earlier.

-ellie <3

an orphean lute / 40

by **ThLFTm**

I am really diggin this one...
of course this is the only one I have
read...but it describes life on a daily basis
when things are not so good...I always want to sleep
away my unhappiness...thanx for the visit and the props

by **softspokenpoet78**

Your words are wise and you master your words in your poetry
they so flowing , calm and still

keep writing and thanks for the nice comment
cheers

by **Sup3rnal**

This is a nice one. I like the idea of breaking away from the world
to escape into a place of fantasy. Don't get me wrong, I love the
world. The whole package. The happiness life can bring, love, the
surprises... And despite the occassional heartache and all, I still
love it. But there are times when we all want to escape the confines
of the world. That's how I see this work of yours. I really like this.
It's been quite a while since I wrote any piece of poetry. Reading
yours have somehow spurred me to get writing.

Thanks for the comment earlier by the way.

My life has reached a new stage. Suddenly fun and partying will not get me through. i need to take some serious decisions and work hard to fulfill all my naive dreams. Somehow or the other, i don't think i am ready. I don't even know whether the decisions i have taken already will help me or not. This poem kinda sums up my feelings. Read it and post me.

One more cup

In this lonely café by the old narrow street
In the oppressing heat of the tropic summer sun
I prepare with stark reality to finally meet
Just one more cup of coffee for me

I look out at one or two people passing by
I see my own times that I have left behind
And I prepare to meet with my stupid dreams
One more cup of coffee to help me breathe

Is this road I have tread not the right for me?
I can't change it now, too late, you see
I brace myself to meet with my greatest fears
One last cup of coffee for me...

Saturday, June 04, 2005

Before you ask me, (i) no, i am not advertising for nescafe and (ii) i am not lamenting the small amounts of coffee i have. Post me.

Comments

by **ThLfTm**

lol...you do this poem great justice
as i am sure you will do life...
I *smile*

by **write_of_way14**

sweet poem, flows well
later

by **Linz1985**

work on the syllables, and it could be great.

by **brittle86**

very relatable poem. keep it up.

by **Surge**

nice correlation
keep on pushing the pen

by **In_Relief**

The firsts stanza vividly expresses the speakers fear of a change in his life but the next two are to much tell and not enough show... so to speak. The rythym is nice but some of the rhymes seem forced.

by **IOsTcAuSe17**

great poem... I wish I could still write. I am in a block.

I haven't posted for a long long time now. I don't know what happened, it's just that suddenly i lost interest in everything. In fact, the only reason i'm posting now is due to the fact that i have a melodious pain in my foot and can't get any sleep. You see, my right big toe nail isdead. That is, there is no nail. I got whammed by a solid iron bench. Yippee it was fun. i'd love to write the whole gory story, but somehow i get a feeling most readers won't appreciate it.

Here's an anti-patriotism poem i wrote some time ago:

The Protectors of the Flag

As the flag flutters unbound and high
A hundred gather to take eternal pride
In the addictive victory that adorns their hands
In the fire that rages in faraway lands

And as they bury the corpses that now rot away
Of young hearts brainwashed into a thoughtless way
They chain themselves unknowingly to the past
The roots, which now bring down the stem

Denying the same blood which flows each heart
They rejoice the rape of their adversary
And dance to far cries of alien pain
Feed off broken dreams dead in defeat...

Monday, September 05, 2005

How'd you like it? Keep the comments flowing. Signing off..

Comments

by **reikavich**

:D Thanks for the comment. To the big toe—ouch! As to the poem...I gather that the people are unappreciative of the pain and the horrors, both in their country and abroad, that keeps their flag flying high with dignity. They merely see the glory rather than the human sacrifices involved. Pretty good although I don't consider myself an anti-patriot.

by **Lisa_Zaran**

Were you seriously born in 1990? That is an amazing poem for somebody your age! I'm very impressed.

Thanks for stopping by my site. Come back anytime.

lisa

by **Beautiful_Loser7**

Patriotism is a sticky thing these days. Personally, I love my country (most of the time), but the post-9/11 blind faith patriotism a lot of people seem to have is quite distressing. For some of the right-winged bunch, Bush is damn near infallible in this war on terror. It's fine to be proud of your country, but thinking you and your president is right all the time is dangerous and, well, idiotic.

Anyway, very nice poem. Made me think.

by **UN4NSW3R3D_PR4Y3RS**

good poem...random propz...read some of my stuff and tell me what you think...tell your friends about my xanga if you like it...anyways comment back...

join the blogring UN4NSW3R3D_PR4Y3RS

by **JDream**

You meant Vijay Singh. Hoory for spell checking! Tiger Woods is

ranked no. 1 in the world, believe it or not.

by **MyHeart_on_my_sleeve**

Interesting insight. Oh yeah, and disturbing poem, but fairly well written in my opinion. So, I'm guessing you're anti-war? Wait, don't answer that.

Out. ~Natalie

by **nicole_says**

Very true. I do understand that it all depends on what you find attractive. I'm just angry that so many people I know say that "looks don't matter" and yet it does. I don't see them dating someone that isn't beautiful, it's like they don't even look the way of plainer looking girls. Eraks'd;ladklakd, blah.

As an interesting aside, even from the start, babies are born with a preference for beauty. There was a study shown in which a baby was shown pictures of people, ranging from attractiveness and naturally, the baby chose the highest rated one. It just shows that we're pretty much superficial from the day we are born.

Interesting poem. That just doesn't apply to say, the United States, but it applies to every nation who engages in war. When you celebrate victory over another country, you are celebrating their fallen, their dead, their anguish, and their cries. You celebrate their broken dreams, their shattered houses, and their tattered spirit. It's disgusting.

by **deja_vous_all_over_again**

you don't go for the patriotism thing? so every human being is part of the same country? interesting concept. of course, by that reasoning, you also shouldn't care any more about your family than you do your friends or even total strangers. that is, of course, a

much more extreme version of the belief, but it still is applicable (it might not be in your case, i'm just making a point). i don't like what much of the country has become, but i believe in my country. call me asinine if you like, but there's something to be said for the unity and comraderie that comes with patriotism. and i don't particularly care to buy into the whole world "global village." you can if you like, and i'm not telling you what to do (i promise i'm not...i come off that way sometimes, but i'm just explaining myself), but i don't. you may or may not believe in the Bible, but according to Biblical prophesy, world peace will only come about when the antichrist comes to power, and even then it will be a false peace. we all have our differences, each country is different from the others (with some intermingling of beliefs, of course), and america is broken down even more than the country because a person from new york city is not very likely to be a whole lot like someone from montgomery, alabama or seattle, washington or st. louis, missouri or....you get the picture. the u.s. is so big that we have developed many subcultures, yet we still all stand for the same thing: freedom. no, that's not how it's practiced most of the time, but at the base of everything american is the foundation of freedom. and that's what makes it special to me. my forefathers fought for the things they believed in rather than sitting by idly and watch their world be tormented by sadistic dictators, and that makes me proud. do i like war? no, not at all. but it is sometimes necessary. i think the best way to end this is to put a poem of my own that kind of describes the opposite end of the spectrum from yours. oh, i didn't tell you earlier, but it is a good poem even if i don't really agree with the content. and it is yours to decide what you want, so i don't mean this as anything other than an explanation of myself. no, the fighting i'm referring to in the poem is not necessarily war; i'm talking about taking a stand for what is right, whatever that means:

One day, not too long from now, I fear that we will all see

What has happened to this now ravaged land that once was so Godly
I dread the day near to now when we might just finally understand
What it means to suffer from the wrath of God's almighty hand

So many things are wrong, too many for us to handle
Our time is running low now, like the wick upon a candle
Babies dying every day, not given a second chance
Mothers thinking only of themselves and how their lives will enhance

People looking for the quickest money, not willing to work for wages
Thinking this makes them truly free, not seeing the bars of their cages
Everyone looking everywhere for instant gratification
Not concerned about the future of this now mighty nation

Nobody seems to care anymore what may happen down the road
Thinking that our power alone will carry our heavy load
We expect to stay here, but how quickly we forget this world's
long history
If we don't fight for what's right, our nation will die,
because FREEDOM IS NOT FREE

by **black_boots**

i might put up those other Metallica songs. i usually decide randomly what to put up on my page. i don't have music on my page. i just put up the lyrics when i have the song in my head.

by **chansondenuit**

thanks for the comment...i really like this poem, reminds me of greenday lyrics

Well, again, I'm posting after a googol years. Of course, this blog has no regular readers, so that's not much of a problem.

My high school-leaving exams are coming up soon. And I can already feel a tropical thorny bamboo slide into my bottomside. While i manage quite well in the Sciences and Maths, i might as well eat onion icecream than give the history and geography tests.

Here's a simple poem (if you like high politicalness in a poem, then read the previous post. This one ain't very profound) :

Mother

Euphoria instils in his metal heart
As the bronze warrior leaves twenty years gone by
His old man hides nowhere to be seen
His mama looks down, her tears soaked dry

The falling day calls upon the night
As his veins pump with new youth force
“Farewell, this one final time,” he says
“I will be gone by the end of despair”

“Forgive me, mother, I have wronged you great
I have twisted your love, yet you do not hate
But as a last request for the falling sun
Don't cry, sweet mama, we shall fight as one...”

Saturday, December 17, 2005

I know, this is more of a song than a poem. It was actually written as a song. Anyway, did you like it? If the answer is

yes, then post a comment. If the answer is no, then post a comment. So what are you sitting stupidly like that for???
ADD A COMMENT NOW.

*Quote of the day: "What is life but Kwashiorkor?" - Me
Signing off..*

Comments

by **Dr Skoreasaurus**

Thanks for your comments. This is a very cool poem; very vivid. You have a great use of vocabulary drawing the reader to feel ... Double eProps for that.

by **breathelectric**

Beautiful.

Drunk at 15? 16? Tsk tsk.

I'll be sure to let ya know if I need ya for the fetish work.

by **They_Dont_see**

It's not a Haiku because that would imply it would go 5-7-5. Mine goes 7-5-6. It was just a blurb of whats going on in my life- not really a poem... thank you all the same. And I used "Good bad and ugly" even though they are a cliché because it gets a good enough point across.

Your poem is lovely, by the way.

Tristen

by **nuances**

thanks for the comment. appreciated. its a beautiful poem, this one. simple, yet magnificient. altough i think it is pretty poem-ish and not so song-ish.

an orphean lute / 50

by **butterflies**

eat a tampon, eh?... umm.. well.. as.. tempting as that sounds.. i think i'll pass. but thanks for your interesting suggestion. ;) lovely poem.. you're quite talented. :) have a happy one!! ~peace&love~

by **poetrybox**

Hi,

I value comments of poets here in Xanga and I chose a handful of poets. Well... I just added you along with them.

You've written this poem really well. It is an expression of a well thought out thought. I like the flow and the depiction very well. I am subscribing so that I can read this regularly.

The Signature Of A True Human Is The Smile He/She Brings On The Face Of Others.

LonelyPoet.

by **crazy_liverpudlian**

r u pretending to be 15?????????????

by **chansondenuit**

oh yeah, and i like this one a lot better...it would make a great song

by **Shubarna**

hmm.... nice poem you put up on my site.... impromptu but kinda made sense to me... believe me its monday morning and I for one am not DRUNK :-/

by **thehip**

i was going to put something witty and insulting in this comment box for your tampon foolery. Then I realized that you did this on other's sites as well and I am sure that you are well aware of your utter lack of creative (or hell, honest would be nice as well)

comments. I'll let you be on your pretentious poetic way.

by **TheBrandon1982**

Your writing is *very* good. It's hard to believe you are only 15 years old. In fact, I'm intrigued. I commend you and your work.

by **write_of_way14**

find me a clown buddy....

i like it, it does sound like a song... it also reminds me of Chronicles of Narnia but I've seen that like 5 times this past week so that might not be a valuable comment at all.

Sugata at 16

Pital Breathes..

Pital Patel breaks a cup a day. He says it releases his weaknesses. Pital, of course, doesn't know me, but his intense smashing sessions I know of. He is a bird, living his own life. He told a newspaper-boy once, "News? What's so new about your inky tomfoolery?", to which the boy barely could reply. Wherever you go, it's always Pital Patel, the talk the town talks. But his cups.... wherever are they?

I once was in a small tenement, a filthy inroad of dust and pests. The bed was small, but comfy. But the night was strange. Smash! Bang! Kaclouk! Was it Pital? Impostor!

I moved then, to a quiet neighbourhood, on the edge of Bluebridge City. Crack! Boom! Ding-dong goes the drop of death. Pital again.

I hurried, I strained, I halted beside a cheap motel. All was quiet in the night. I lay my head down on the worn pillow. No. No-one here. I closed my eyes, Blast! Bam! Baclaka! Pital was stalking me! I tore open the door, made my way to the stairs. A waiter, carrying vodka to some drunkard's joy, looked up, stunned by my sudden entry into the scene. With his jerk, a jerky bottle found its inlet of mischief. Delicately, and cleverly, it rolled off the plastic tray onto the ground, where it self-destroyed, and got transformed into a dull mass of alcoholic glass.

I stay in a white room now. They tell me it's white, because that is the colour of pure happiness. But...

Friday, September 15, 2006

I should have known. The waiter was an impostor. Pital is still here. Right beside me. Counting each cup he breaks. One, two, three, four, five. Stop. One, two, three, four, five. Maybe I should do the same.

Comments

by **dragonflyshine**

Thank you for your kind words. Pital Patel seems like he should be a slender East Indian man. Maybe he is also a bird.

by **expressone**

random comment!!! but i've been telling everyone about this! ever hear of 1/18/09? it's so simple, clean, and no ads! finally a non-commercial place to write my heart out! ahhh i love it!!!! :) see for yourself and spread the word!

Cause-and-effect

It's the piece we never saw. A million and one, and the one completes the chain. How we ignore, how we undermine. The little events. But cause-and-effect is unhurt. Insignificance is an illusion.

By the fairy brook, a child pondered, staring at the swaying of his reflection. The forests veiled him, and no trace he left. In his little 5 foot square, there was a universe. And footprints that were never seen. Whispers that were never heard.

The brook quivered, as the storm wandered by. "I will salvage him, as my trophy" said the fierce one. They were crying in the village when he released his fury. But the trees, old though they were, held on to the ground. The child smiled at the silly fight of the gale, and held out his hands. The storm surrendered and gave himself up.

In the summer, the sun looked down from his pedestal, high in the burning night. "I shall release him, from his cage, I will." And he shone the brightest that the moon would permit him to. But the child, he remained. "I am warm, fair sun, if only you could see". And the sun, head bowed in shame, threw flowers into the forest. The brook, she took those flowers. And she carried them far, far away. But she would return.

The summer passed, and with it the kind sun. One day, an arrow marked itself on the heart of the little child. "For you shall be my most tragic hunt, little one". But there were invisible forms protecting the child. And the arrow fell, as swiftly as it had flown. From its polished wood, a wild rose would come up some day. But then, that would take time.

As winter set in, the brook brought the child all her warmth. And tiny moon, he walked the forest pathways, as a speck of dust. On one

of his journeys, he came upon pity. In a hidden corner, by the edge of his universe, a withered tree was looking at the world in dread. “How will I bid it farewell?” it wondered to itself. The child heard its silent meanings. With a flicker of the wind, he rose to the poor tree’s mantle. Caressing its weak stem, he found his place on a branch. A branch leading into nothing. And there lay its radiance.

The wood weakened, as the days went on. The child stayed there, high among the leaves. His hands scratched into the dull air, all his love for his aged friend. But all beginnings end. And so, on a snow-adorned evening, the tree looked up. “Child, raise yourself. For my last hour has come”. The child never rose. But the tree did fall. And there, they lay, at the center of the universe. The little universe. Home is everywhere..

The snow would bury him, the little one. And the brook, she would cry. But new summers would come. And the tide of memory would overflow. The storm, he never came back. But, for the child, he gave up his fury. How many mornings it spent in the calmness of being.. The sun would move on too. It would bear its shame in silence, but then that faded too, into his serene warmth. All the other trees stayed on, though they missed their playmate. But life would flow again... Life always flows again.

As for you, the reader, you will forget this chain of rhymes very soon. What does that matter though? For through the minutes we were one, I felt your night. And the child bred your thought. The little child held meaning, as traceless as he was.

Insignificance, my friend, is an ugly creature. It is never there. Nothing is insignificant. It’s all cause-and-effect, you see. It’s all cause-and-effect..

Tuesday, December 05, 2006

Comments

by **NeverForgetDanny**

hey. i meant to just return your comment with a simple “thx!” but i really like this piece. i love how you address the reader directly just before the end. It’s very touching in some form unusual, but aren’t those the best ways anyway?

~ellen

by **flycaitiee69**

hey, thanks for the comment. if you liked those lyrics, you should check out the song—it’s called ‘solitaire’ and it’s by the notwist. they’re my favourite band.

i will probably read your post later as right now i have an english paper to complete....

by **AnkhPriestess**

Thank you for stoppin’ in...and for the kind post! T.S. Eliot is/was an amazing writer....It reminds you of the poem “Alfred J. Prufrock,” eh? I will have to re-read that again...it’s been so long since I’ve last read it.

Also, I really love this piece of writing you have here...life truly is a series of causes and effects. It can be brutal and yet beautiful all at the same time.

by **troubleswithgodpoetry**

I like your writing a lot. It’s so different from anything I’ve seen before, especially from an amateur poet. Keep it up!

To grasp

I saw
My dream.

Replacement grandpa,
He has no eyes,
Grandpa in form,
And nothing inside.

”Father, what’ll happen,
When he too dies?”
”I... I don’t know”
My father sighs

Comments

by **troubleswithpoetry**

This is beautiful. Well written as well. Reminds me of the movie
”Cinema Paradiso” If you’ve ever seen it...

by **OpaqueWords**

Thankyou. I’m especially flattered since you’re such a great writer.

The valley to nothing

Heathen! Search
The mountain way,
There are valleys
Which lead to nowhere.

In my hut, I stare,
How fair would it be?
If I could walk out to see,
You searching for all
I promised.

Nothing is there,
Look and understand,
Nothing has meaning
In nothing.

That's the God
I need.

Monday, January 15, 2007

Comments

by **troubleswithgodpoetry**

I love this. "That's the God/I need." Strong ending. Nice.

He returns

Today, my teacher,
I must kill you.
Time has brought me,
To your side.

You

You, who saw through my scorn,
You who brought me oranges,
In the night.

I remember; memories never fade,
Visions of afterlife, in the eyes of the child,
Under your hood, you hid the scars, your own,
And came out of the forest, and built my road.

But teacher,
I took my road, to find my sun,
They gifted me swords, and taught me to run,
A decade passes, and I'm back again,
Stare, teacher, at who you made.

My teacher,
I must kill you.
My sword flashes,
In the light of your eyes.

You

You who saw through my scorn
You who brought me oranges
In the night.

When the blade comes down,
I lose my guide,
Teacher, I cry,
Afterlife.

A million feathers in the valley,
Curving their way, through the crimson light,
Have I killed you, Teacher? Don't go away,
Find me my smallness, weave me my sight.

I remember,
Teacher, I remember
I remember you, I do
My tiny fingernails scratch your image,
In the light.
You; who brought me oranges
In the night.

Wednesday, January 17, 2007

Comment

by Poetrybox

I am back... read some wonderful writings of yours... cool
The Signature Of A True Human Is The Smile He/She Brings On
The Face Of Others.

LonelyPoet.

My perch on the hill (A song)

The children,
Of the cliff,
They play.
Angelheart.
Heart is full.
I watch to my fill,
From my hill,
Far away.
Too far away.

And when they leave,
The cliff alone,
Cannot play.
He cannot play.
He wants to play.
I stare at him still,
From my hill,
So far away.

I'll play with you, madman,
I'll play with you, dear,
I'll play with you, syrup,
I'm always here.
We fly, down the valley,
The children pray,
Five miles apart,
But we shall play.

Comments

by **troubleswithgodpoetry**

I like this a lot. Especially the repetitiveness of the play theme.

by **TwoPts4Honesty**

Hah, I was going to say this reads like a song, then I saw from your title that it's intended to be one. So, obviously, good job; I like this, I like that it's different than some other types of poetry/songs that may be terms more of the 'norm.'

~S

Siesta dreaming

Sight, I saw passion man,
Outside, inside the human man,
Who ate the curvy wave of ants,
And I need afternoon pants,
Which fit me,
Like passion man,
Folds through my joints,
Effortlessly,
Endlessly,
Truthfully,
I am dead.

Sunday, February 18, 2007

Comments

by **troubleswithgodpoetry**

Wow I really love this. It flows nicely and keeps the motif of this “passion man”

by **cowgirl0246**

Wow!!! That's probably the only poem I've seen all day that REALLY rolls off the tongue! All day I've searched through poets on here, and your poem here REALLY flows!!!!!!

by **prettypoetrygirl**

I found your site on the writing critique blogring. I like this poem. Maybe I should try poetry again. I think you inspired me.

By the guitar

How the end of my burning cigarette leaves its impression on my guitar. I look at my guitar, as I blow out the lamp. I take a deeper pull, and the image glows, once more. I never noticed how beautiful you are.

When I build my home, I'll see to it that the tiles on the floor have no thick black lines between them. They'll be part of one massive whole, melting into the ground, only the dots, and drops of water, laid hither and thither, separating them, forming the lovely togetherness of difference. When I build my home, the ceilings will be a light shade of blue, and the children will draw stars, and fairies, and ships, and jars of honey on them. My home will have no bars on the windows, and when it rains, I'll sleep beside them. My hair will have dewdrops settle on it, but I'll never notice. When I'll be sleeping, the flies, and the ants will walk over me, in tender little diligent steps. I'll pour sugar on my palms, and they'll come, in line, with beady eyes of hope. My home will have white walls, on which I'll write poems, all happy ones, and dreamy. My home will have a bucket of warm mauve towels, which I'll gift to passers-by and strangers, who smile at me. There will be only one storey, and my cycle I'll keep beside my bed, which'll have stains of chocolate on it. A candle will light the evening, when I'm away, and the garden I'll tend to, will forever rise, and curve its tendrils through my brown hat.

When I'm away, I'll wander the seas, and the lands, and the whole. In my pocket, there shall be a mint-candy for everyone I'll meet. In the summer, I'll put on a big black sweater, and I'll puff, and I'll pant, as my journey would go on. In the winter, I'll roam in shorts and a vest, shivering and waving my hand, to the distant birds. In my bag, I'll have a little notebook, in which I'll write verses, and stories, and little tidbits of joy, and wondering. Lonesome strangers shall ask me where I come from, and I'll look at them kindly, and tell them I'm from the circus.. In

my journey, I shall have no pauses, no stops, just occasional mischievous dances with the people, and the hollow gowns, and the lonely docks.

And when I return, the children will gather around me, for they would have had waited years for their big green monster to come back. I'll give each of them one gift, from the various places I will have visited. And then I'll walk into the tavern, and share my stories with my friends, and we'll all gulp down ale to the day, in jolly camaraderie. And when my garden is tended to, again, when the candle is lit again, I'll shake off the dewdrops once more, and take another road into the warm orange horizon.

But the cigarette burns out all too sudden. The guitar is still beautiful, of course, but I must put on the lamp again now. I should do this more often. I think.

Thursday, March 15, 2007

Comments

by **TwoPts4Honesty**

That was very ... dreamy.

~S

by **troubleswithgodpoetry**

What an amazing story.

by **judhora**

wow..that's beautiful...particularly the part about the home, and the journey..well, the whole of it..

Grazing on garters

When the third leg of the great paper plunder
Was done
The son
Of broad-wind-sir was seen
In harvester hattie
And limp and lean.
(His shoulders were hidden
Though
In thick curls
Of purple snow)

But the frolic of the
Barter
Was not the starter
Of his whims
Because in his pocket
He was the same man.

”My, what a pretty day is today!”
”Jolly right, my sir, you say”

Monday, April 02, 2007

The painter of horses

Return
Dainty
By the step
Of the yard horse
Who sleepily sighs
On his saddle
All the while
The bright
Of the key
That was
And before tying the precious
Eye
To the sea-gull of his eye
Brittle in the sky
Starer, runner,
Gallop them full
Horsie!

Hey, horsie!
Come over sometime!

Sleepy horsies
In the scent of night.

Friday, April 13, 2007

Comment

by **troubleswithgodpoetry**

The very beginning of this doesn't flow too well, but it patches up at the end. I especially like "in the scent of the night." Very nice.

Sugata at 17

The companion who flew on water

My
Cheeky
Chum
on glue!

Slid on the young ones
Must have jumped
On his gray carpets
And wielders
That pictured him
Above.
(Jovial and warm)

But
It frowned
As he sounded his call!

..grew weaker
Like keepers
Of the vault.

Sunday, May 20, 2007

Comments

by **troubleswithgodpoetry**

This reminds me of a poem one of my friends wrote. I love how it's all broken up and metaphorical. Right on.

by **poetrybox**

haha.. good for poetic souls, will enchant non poets too.

The Signature Of A True Human Is The Smile He/She Brings

On The Face Of Others.

LonelyPoet

by **Shruti** ([site](#))

You know what this means to me? The condition of faith, of God
for want of a better word.

Or maybe I should just rewrite that album name as my comment
- The Madcap Laughs.

Hours in the cabinet

A box of stale cigarettes. It strains inside a silk cabinet. Bit by bit, as the little hours shuffle around in their boots. Boots. Ragged and wizened, but held together in strings. Somehow, some of the joints coalesce into themselves. Strange.

But we were speaking of the box. Not the boots we make our houses and hollow streets in.

It has a ribbon. Tied up in polythene silver linings. Some golden outpourings at the ends. But it does seem that the box has no corners. They are smooth. Light like linen.

In the inside, it has a few tales; some old strands of Virginia tobacco. Brown, and black. And a paper which moulds into shape as I fold it into a swan. A swan. Isn't that dandy?

But then, is the box merely a sum of its pieces? Silly to ask. The hours yawn, in their boots (once more?).

What does the box tell the ash in which it is hidden? And the ashy remains of its inhabitants? Oddly, it feels like winter shawl of wool with embroidered dolphins, in the warm sun. Feels.

The answer?

Feels?

Thought leads to 'feels'?

The box sinks into the ash, once more. Slight gradient in its tilt. It's a slow day in the cabinet.

Wednesday, June 06, 2007

He Said

He said

All the waves have names
Like John
And Jarlothemew.

Some flies on the deck window
Rilly-rallied
In splinters and cookie sea hues
Purple blue in the dusk
They slept
(Like his voice)
Almost all
Through the day.

Friday, June 22, 2007

Comments

by **troubleswithgodpoetry**

This is magical. Well done. For such a short poem it seems so descriptive, but in the way that causes one to use their imagination to fill in the blanks. I feel a whole story could be developed from the few words, but I like the conciseness of it.

by **XxFallenDown21xX**

I love this.

I miss writing things like this.

Beautiful.

(I found this on one of those xanga groups. Hope you don't mind me commenting.)

an orphean lute / 74

by **Shayo**

Your orange peel poetry's got me tripping. :D

by **thekeyhole**

I love this poem— my favorite one on the page. Wow. Keep writing— you're exceptionally talented.

Of knotty seams and grim grey longings

“Where were the sleepers of the dry rail tracks
Clashing with
The middle sides
Of some gliding badges?”

Troubled elves
And shelves of glue
Rued the misty craft.
(As of yet)
A daft nudge weaved limericks
To the sun
He said
Where your feet hide
My snide gists
Make their mistletoe
Nests.

Friday, September 21, 2007

Comment

by **troubleswithgodpoetry**

I love this. It's so obscure. Everything flows nicely as well, and all is left open for interpretation. Whether it concrete and literal or absolutely abstract.

Nodding to nothings

In accepting
My nails were hung close
To the morose bedsheets
And their stories.

A howl in the nest
Leads me to
Believe
That a grieving pate
Has announced night-time.

Wednesday, October 03, 2007

Comment

by **XxFallenDown21xX**

thankyouthankyouthankyou.

That's pretty much exactly the reaction I was going for.

thankyouthankyouthankyou.

Jute and organic fibre

I have seen you leading
Your footprints
Through the dint of the
Sun-and-gray oasis
Into rooms of harlots spinning
To odes on dew-streaked mornings.

And I have witnessed you
In the seats of
Divine machines leaching the
Grudge of our numbers.

Yet . . .
Slumber haunts the perch of your
Paddle
Through the river that
Speaks of your maiden
Calling
Hesitantly.

Sunday, October 28, 2007

Comments

by Shruti (site)

And those footsteps will forevermore haunt the enchanted waters
they walked upon.

And the machines keep rumbling and grumbling, even as the
maiden continues her soft whisper.

Rickshaw back dream

I do not know you of
The blue tips of dreams
My whims make a chimney
Wrestle.

I saw them carrying me over the the tracks of
Staircases encased in freshly paved mazes
And cold suns.

She urged to look back but only
In whispers indicated
The directions to
My death.

Monday, November 12, 2007

Song of leaving

“But cricket
When they were talking of the
Stocks of odd letters and rhyme-rolls
On tomorrow’s stairs
I was weary
And my dread showed on my
Fickle knicker cases.

And when it was in passing
(My breath, inquiring silently
Of rates and other sordid
List-things)
My ring of the flowers
Stooped powerless
On the race of the dim weather wind.

There are hours yet,
Cricket
Which leave the inert voices
Behind.

And in the sky, there have
Been asteroids and
Voids and flashes
And if ash meets the light after it
Dies
Then as a fly,
Cricket
I let it happen.”

an orphean lute / 80

Comment

by Poetrybox

Good Flow with wonderful imagery.. good poem I like to read this again and again..

The Signature Of A True Human Is The Smile He/She Brings
On The Face Of Others.

LonelyPoet

Hatchet

“And so, Feeroo
We have fallen to the boot of
Her skin
And the uncertain streets and
Heuristic guides.

You have pictured too
The rides by our laughing of the jostle
As a fossil
Of your Feeroo
Warmth.”

Where they whistled
I heard
The mirth of the dust
In rusty manors
And patches.
There were towers
Which blinked eventually
With the yellow-blue
Pillow
Of the dense autumn night
..And its satchels
(and flowers)
And grass-blades which faded
Deeper into the brook
And its will
With the day.

Sunday, December 09, 2007

Jukila

“They talk about fences! Ha ha ha! They do; they whistle in their chambers of who they find as their chains! What do they know of fences? What do they feel? Have they met Jukila?

I know Jukila, you know. And it’s a withering story too. Twas a mighty long time ago when I first found her in flowers and ribbons. She was wearing the dew of all winters together (and they didn’t seem to mind it either). Must’ve sung songs to keep them on, I reasoned.

She used to surround our little village of trousers and clotheslines and huts of old lime-cots, y’know. And when I was young, I was told of the lines which were separating her from my fierceness of sunlight. “What impudence!”, I must have said, puffing in my wriggling seat of dawn-break. And I must have remembered to forget the hours yet that would come upon my cold face and dry its roots in the slumber of the gypsy spring. I was a nickel. Wasn’t I? And then, there were the lilies and tree-men who’d come upon my slow weave to find me a cure, albeit polite in their nods and their quietness.

And of course, now; I had found the cure.

I had set out to find my arrow in Jukila’s tender breast. I had to break the rusty gates, I knew then.

..but she had whispers and rags on which knew no years which wished to be passed.

”Jukila isn’t the mighty fussy dame of the corridors I had supposed her to be?” (My face was sullen, my pages in the sand!)

She was frail at the ends, and cracks had shown in her gentle verses over the weeks and the months and the mornings. There were flowers that I saw on her reflection in the mud, and some were yellow, while some others laughed with their red and purple stockings and their mauve streets, singing of pretty blue december. And yet Jukila made sense. Did she? The stem of her was puny, a weakling of the ants, almost. And mostly, she wanted me to go past her, although her eyes told me of the old whiskers that lingered on my cheeks and pitter-pattered in their glee.

They haven't met Jukila, it's to be said then. They haven't wed their cold fingers to her lives of belonging. At most, they know those lines, and play mistake-games with names and demeanours."

Monday, December 17, 2007

Comment

by Poetrybox

Good writing.. and nice to see you back here...

Happy Holidays

The Signature Of A True Human Is The Smile He/She Brings
On The Face Of Others.

LonelyPoet

Brick buddy sold

In ceasing to appear
The cracks and the garments
Stir a spoon
(With a muse)
On the turns and the
Loose
Rims of snow
On how it goes by the lake into
The dark orange sides of the
Valley and its men.

The yearning of our lives leaves me
Sighs and a lowly
Silhouette on the
Stony limbs of the avenue.

Wednesday, January 02, 2008

Comment

by **LibranPoetess**

‘stir a spoon
(with a muse)’
- I liked that line.

Woodpecker's annoying little song

“And I’m cold and I’m tired
And older each day
Though the fold of my skin
Never knew strangers.
The sorrow of the children
May be seen in how they play
Amidst whispers in
The gold-and-silk night’s sprint.
Here in my shoes
There’s no place for the blues or
The traces
Of midwives in coffee-shops
Counting.
I spend my days yawning in
The stillness
She says
Better take out the trash in the
Morning.”

Sunday, January 13, 2008

Comment

by edudlooc13

mysterious, owing much to the title, but I enjoy it thoroughly.
Midwives counting in coffee cafes, what a scene.

Her ode to the spilling of our letters

“Where do I
Where do I
Lonesome keep
The weeping of the dim kitchen floor?
Her helium heart knows no door
In the dusk
It trips through the tiles
On dull musky evenings
And I must
To be true, sew the soul hard and fast
Into your stains
In which I found
My tea.”

Monday, January 21, 2008

Comments

by **edudlooc13**

If kitchen linoleum had voices, it would surely be one of constant crying, at having been tread upon without remorse.

by **troubleswithgodpoetry**

Helium heart...oh I like that.

Über Ophthalmos

My older set of monocles has been looked through not many times
But it holds on to the times
It has had.

There are scratches I may dispose of or peacefully rearrange into
Flowers on it.

But here the fog has no lessons for my cling-and-tardy man.

My older set of monocles has been given up on not many times
Only further
This time
The birds do know of it.

Friday, February 01, 2008

Comment

by **edudlooc13**

I love this one. Just the image of a monocle is so powerful for some reason. Maybe it's because of its antiquity— it somehow all ties into speaking of the human condition in an oblique way.

Ophthalmic Logic

The younger set has not even seen the day
To be stronger than the last all over.

As apology
My younger set of monocles
May stand deceived but must not dare
Spot a puzzle.

Saturday, February 02, 2008

Comment

by **edudlooc13**

spot a puzzle, be puzzled, and have the lens crack so you can
rearrange the scratches into flowers.

I must not write a poem because

I must not write a poem because
The brightness of the morning
Has sworn his last breath on the simplistic death
Of my elaborate velvet-crayon
Shadow.

Up, in the station, where they
Come and go weary each
Fortnight
He sleeps amongst the piles
Of old crumpled newspapers
Unmindful of the scratches in their print.

Friday, February 15, 2008

Comments

by Poetrybox

The starting of this one is really great and it went greater from there on...

Have a great weekend
The Signature Of A True Human Is The Smile He/She Brings
On The Face Of Others.

LonelyPoet

by edudlooc13

love the last line, really hit home.
gogol! I've never read him myself, but now that you mention it, I
might look into him.
and agreed about the overall spirit of the piece, that's very very
true.

The international society for alternative time-keeping devices

I have taken my time out on a foot's
Seeking to sign out
The last shreds of the falling snow and
Its pages.

The age that shows heavily on
The fiddle-fashion shoulders
Of oak-trees and flowers passing notes, with the day
Shall never know when
The gay little lake will
Enslave
A tick-tock in a rowboat creaking uneasily.

Friday, February 22, 2008

Comment

by **edudlooc13**

what a strange but great last line.
and yes, those who claim not to be human are not quite there. that
is, unless they are robots.

Poem from a year ago

“Who is the wind to have told me what I could not do?

I have seen to it that they burn our lives!”

Sunday, March 02, 2008

Comment

by **edudlooc13**

yes, that bossy wind, who does it think it is.

and seeked may not be a word, but you have just made it one!
who says making up words is wrong.

Grenades on the beach (Hurried dream on a rainy saturday night)

Bang! Here the papers fall
Into the deaf mines and cranes
Of the rain's dull weeping at midnight.

When there were grenades on the beach I
Laid out my resistance in the
Waters of the ocean I dived into.

(I was the last one there, by the way)

When I was saved, they put us in a
Hallway, crowded together
Cold wet children and some air.

And when I tried to tell them where
I came from and better still
When I declared that
There can't be more than one chalked-up warfront on
A single table, they smiled
And I let them be.

In the blankets at sea in which we
Remained
That all of us were sane enough
To sleep
Was kept by the silence of the room
Instead
Of a letter on a dame-like flowing creek.

And then, what was it that we seeked
That leaked from our sides? What

Tore the wind open, ripped it so wide?
What does it take the rain to reach
Those letters, those hallways
And those grenades on the beach?

Sunday, March 02, 2008

Yes, I know 'seeked' is wrong grammar.

The white dog and the brown dog (Dismal narrative)

To ruin my sleep through three consecutive nights, I went out in search of cigarettes on three consecutive evenings. On each of those evenings, as I found my alleyway, and the old ragged school nearby, I met two dogs; one brown, and one white.

On the first day, I looked at the brown one and cuddled him and spoke to him the best I could, considering that the rain had failed me in cleansing my nails. The white one whimpered rather dismally, and even pawed at my friend a tad bit.

On the second day, I found the white one as my lover, and her whispers my verse. She rubbed her nose against my feet, instead of her own; but I liked it either way, so I shrugged and let her be. The brown dog wasn't one for whining.. no, he haughtily leered at my hand and sat steadily.

I went to the same alleyway the last day, and the same two dogs, one brown, and one white, came looking for me. But I was nowhere to be seen, they thought. From beneath my shawl, I looked at them wandering, and looking here and there, and peeking even into the bushes. I had no watch with me, so I cannot tell you for how long it went on, but exactly thirty-six breaths of mine later, I caught something new in the two dogs' eyes.

Each looked sad for the other, worrying that, in my absence, the other dog would fall to the cold asphalt, cursing me.

So, very naturally, each took on my role, and I watched them (from beneath my shawl, which was a bit tired by now) cuddle each other grandly, and tenderly.

I did not wait very long after that. There must've been something that bothered me about the whole matter, and I was sure it wasn't in the fact that they didn't need me anymore.

When I returned home, there was neither coffee on the table nor postcards in the letterbox.

“Maybe I’ll go out for some coffee,” I thought. “Better not take that alleyway, though.”

Sunday, March 09, 2008

Comment

by **edudlooc13**

what an image! rain cleansing your nails. Never read something like that before.

alleys are never good places to go to really, with brown and white dogs or not

Nursery rhyme from a while back

Birdy humble
Birdy humble
Took his stumble
With the men.

They told him
Birdy! Don't you know it?
The streets are muddy
You'll mess up your whims.

Birdy said
My boots are lonely
I don't think they'd mind
A sticky friend!

Birdy humble
Birdy humble
How they fumble,
The silly men!

Wednesday, March 19, 2008

Comment

by edudlooc13
what great fun!

birds and boots are automatically fun. birds IN boots, even more so. you should check out the complete collection of writings of Edward Lear. It's called Complete Nonsense or something. Full of his limericks and other musings like these, you might like them. It's published by Penguin, great book.

Interior designers and the fashionable young

I button up my trousers through today
And tomorrow
To keep the last stitches in the cupboard for later.
The waiter in this coffee-place knows how the
Odd ends of indifferent pant-plans have summed up
My reasons on the alibis which decide
The slant of my walk.
Gently, the aroma of coffee-beans rises from
His lackadaisical sighs
That fall to my feet.
In my seat there's been a fidget and a fatter
Fist and more
And the sore cupboard has made chums with our
Old mumbling waiter to tell him of the same
And amuse itself usefully
(Like most people usually do
Anyway)

Wednesday, April 02, 2008

Comment

by **edudlooc13**

keeping the last stitches in the cupboard...that's definitely one i
haven't heard before!

you know, i never really called them cupboards, the things in the
kitchen. i always call them cabinets. i guess that's wrong, but i just
never picked it up when i was a kid.

P. Q. Leah

Mr. P. Q. Leah is a man I have never known, though I cannot say I have never heard of him. I've heard of his coat, and the napkin he hides in his brown patched-up pockets. He has a wife and three kids in a painting he made on an ugly April evening.

I have worn Mr. P. Q. Leah's scarf though. It's a fine scarf, too. A rib of old wool and fragments of his hair, and some stitches of different colours (though mostly scarlet) has made it a scarf, that is very dear to me. Then again, I have never worn any other scarf.

When Mr. P. Q. Leah's father tried to show him how to ride a bicycle, it was the wiser man who learned of learning and the fussing over trifles. Mr. P. Q. Leah's father had a strained relationship with Mr. P. Q. Leah.

At the end of it all, after hearing of Mr. P. Q. Leah, a perfect number of times, I must admit that he is a rather awkward person to talk about. At most, his father would've been a fine person to talk to had he not been the father of Mr. P. Q. Leah.

Sunday, April 20, 2008

Comments

by Poetrybox

Okay... nice point at the end of the post. There are some people who just don't get a character.. you know character building begins in the womb... some just won't get it and will be lost

The Signature Of A True Human Is The Smile He/She Brings On The Face Of Others.

LonelyPoet

by **troubleswithgodpoetry**

This seems like the beginnings of a short story. I like how it's not though, wanting to know more is half of getting an audience to keep reading. Actually being able to write and engage the audience is the other half. You do both of those here flawlessly.

an orphean lute / 100

Lily (song)

Hey lily, whatcha lookin' for?
The sky's all silly lookin' for
The places where you want to go
There's a little girl who'll never know
This house is broken, has no doors
There're footprints resting on the floor
From your copper bed to the field below
And the gate you seek has only snored
Hey lily, whatcha lookin' for?
Your feet are tired, you adore
The sunshine on the ragged floor
And it's true you couldn't want him more
Hey lily, whatcha lookin' for?
Aw lily, whatcha lookin' for?
Hey lily, whatcha lookin' for?
Hey lily..

Friday, May 05, 2008

Comments

by Poetrybox

Cool Cool Nice Lily song

The Signature Of A True Human Is The Smile He/She Brings
On The Face Of Others.

LonelyPoet

by edudlooc13

if only there were a tune for this. i think it'd make for a good slow
song. whispery too.

the house may be broken in more ways than one..

Sugata at 18

Song of silent women at festive grey doors

“By the time I am done, I shall have spoken of the wind on her broken blue face, and the tales that fall on the dry pavements. I shall have told you where the dark grey city keeps its words of longing and despair, and having said it, the night shall silently come with its crickets and graveyards to guide you to iridescent sleep.

It was in an alley that her steps were born to the asphalt and the dust of routine, and vagabond days. The layers in the sky spoke of sighs and reminders, and when she was full, they'd come with their open desire at touching her, not more than once, that is, of course, the clouds never fall in numbers.

In an evening, her skirt that gently brushed the dry floor stitched its inner voices of playing with the flowers, in a dizzy game of dazzling and deciding, and declining the stray feathers, countless on the old streets, sleeping lowly, and silent, as if with no words, no whispers for her to beckon them with.

One day the morning would hold her to its breast of dead distance, and the next, the years would crawl upon her days, and when the ways to the playgrounds knew their names, she'd stand, alone and easily frightened.

And yet, the months came and went, like her muses with the laughter of the lilies and their ribbons of blue satin words, and by swearing on their hearts of simple old play, she'd weave the seconds that would easily see her sleeping.

"In the shadows, there have been whispers and cold voices of recalling.

and in the city, the traces of their slithering smirks of damnation cut the windowsills and the balconies, and the tired men within them, the armchairs that rock with their creaking sounds of defiance.

She shall see to them over coffee-cups and springing lamps and ballrooms decked in mirrors, bright and festive, in their damp sickened mirth.

The earth grows a little older when she is out with the men, waving her hands at their silly whimpers and anecdotes, and passing by, shaking her head, easily recounting the steps back into their hollow grey talks of the scents and the start of strong living, from birth to cold breathing every week, and when they are sleeping, sly smiles would know them better.”

— — — — — — — — —

As night falls though, her lips touch the ceiling with her inner heart of hearts crying, seizing, the deathly pests of the pavements on her tambourine soul, the holes in the rain, the grass with no when-and-where gliding even there, where the pathways are silent, only broken by questions and replies on the strength of the roads in front of us, (and the commotion always startles with its precise knowledge of answers, the ancient verses of easy lining and their hidden sly wishes). But through all of their reasoning with wooden spoons and wheezing yellow men with cigarettes, her wet voice of the earth, the gentle young flowers looking with no hurt at her margarine face, come to her in grasps at her sleepy blue breath, and she cannot look back at them, as she is running in shame and denial, even though, they look at her disappearing in wonder. And then she is nimble with her tears that stroke her cheeks while she breaks the easy grumbles in her tired words and days.

A dry flower in her diary has been speaking of the breeze still, the nameless will of her graceful eyes in the songly young spring, and the tiny restless brook that reads tales to her when, she is numb and almost definitely decided on.

A dry flower in her diary is what I shall name her tonight, and having gently let my fingers brush the tears off her face, I shall sing in pink lullabies till she opens her eyes, and I close my own to find her in me."

Saturday, September 20, 2008

Comment

by **edudlooc13**

a dry flower in a diary would be a perfect way to describe THAT one. yes yes, that one. always so fragile but ever so beautiful. it just makes me want to go get a rose and stick it in a tome somewhere and forget about it for years.

I threaten my life with your words

“I threaten my life with your words, and when I’m sleeping, I’m a shadow again on the delicate porches of cold soul where we rest with our undone inners; our voices in the dense may midnight.

I have cleansed your wishes with my lips and my longing for desire, as you pass your cigarette-ends to my silent beats of sensation; and when I’m grinning, of course, I touch the passion of your voice in my sumptuous greetings, and reminders, which speak

I’m reading out my fingers, cursing silently at your words

I sleep on the floor when I’m done.”

Monday, September 29, 2008

Lonesome breeze of the winter (song)

“And she’s cold and her body goes
Silver soon
With the dust and the darlings of the
Afternoon
And I’m tired in the mornings everyday
A spoonful of coffee that’d know
My way
Ahead
Into the dawns where we never meet
These streets that take us there in
Broken lines
And the fine winds that carry us in cradles stay
In the dust of the morning
That
Slips away.”

Saturday, November 01, 2008

Comments

by **hermioneandron**

I really like your poems. I wish that I could write like that all the time, but I only write when I’m in bad moods.

by **clynnspin**

the dusk drowns darling deities. death defying saves.
thank you for sharing.

A december night in laughing

It shall not be a
Pint of cold whiskey that
Brushes you down against
My crown of layered
Words of
Crawling like your broken frowns upon
My less devoured days
Below the heavy sky,
The clouds we write on
Through,
Our sighs
and
Cushioned lights and
Rivers there
And I fare grandly with my
Reasons there
For bringing you down
To broken sweat
(And broken frowns)
Upon my face
And I leave no trace
Of snow for you
To shiver in.

Tuesday, December 02, 2008

Appendix

মায়ের কথা

হ্যাঁ, আমরা এই অ্যান্থিশাস, বেগবান, গড়লিকায় ভাসা অবিশ্বাসী হিপোক্রিট সমাজ, সবাই মিলে হয়তো খুন করেছি ঐ সৌন্দর্যপিপাসু, রূপবান, প্রতিভাধর, শাস্ত, অকপট, স্বভাবসন্ধ্যসী শুন্দরৈতন্যকে। মা, বাবা হয়ে সাহায্য করেছি ওর সরল প্রতিদ্বন্দিতাহীন মানসিকতাকে প্রতিদ্বন্দিতায় ঠেলে দিতে। প্রতিবেশী বা বন্ধু কেউ কেউ ওর ভোগবাদবিরোধী Puritan মানসিকতা মজার চোখে দেখেছে। আমরা ওর জাতপাত না-মানা, ধর্মের ক্ষুদ্রতার গভী না-মানা, অপারণ দরিদ্রের প্রতি সমব্যথী মন দেখে আশ্চর্য হয়েছি, কিন্তু আরো গভীরভাবে মূল্যায়ন করিনি।

ছোটবেলা থেকেই ওরা দু'ভাই, নানা বই পড়ত। ছিল অনন্ত জ্ঞানত্বঞ্চ। অনেকে ওর জ্ঞানত্বঞ্চকে সহজভাবে না নিয়ে, আরো উস্কে না দিয়ে কঢ় সীমিত করে অ্যাভারেজ-এর দলে ফেলতে চেয়েছে। সহপাঠী কেউ কেউ কেউ ওর অকপট আঞ্চোচ্চারণকে নিয়ে মশকরা ও উপহাস করেছে; ওর অন্তরাত্মার গভীরতা বুঝতে না পেরে মাতাল, পাগল সাজাতে চেয়েছে। যে সুন্দর বন্ধুত্বে ওর বিশ্বাস ছিল, হয়তো কেউ সেই বিশ্বাসকে মাড়িয়ে ‘একটা আজব চীজ’ হিসাবে আখ্যা দিতে চেয়েছে। কেউ ভেবেছে, ব্যাটা কেরিয়ার বোঝে না, জীবনে কোনো লক্ষ্য নেই, ‘একটা ডিপ্রেশন্ড চীজ’ হয়তো! কেউ হয়তো ভীষণ কড়া কথা বলে ওর অন্তরাত্মাকে আঘাত করেছে। অথবা কেউ হয়তো-বা অকারণে কৃৎসা রাটিয়ে হিংসা চরিতার্থ করতে চেয়েছে নিজেদেরই ক্ষুদ্রতার পরিচয় দিয়ে। আমরা জানি না। ...

আসলে প্রতিভার জুলন্ত দীপ্তি বা অকপটতার বাঁজ বোঝবার বা সহ্য করার ক্ষমতা হারিয়েছি আমরা। একটা শূন্যগর্ত সভ্যতার শরিক হয়ে চোখবাঁধা গরুর সারির মতো একই পথে যাওয়া, একই ভাবে গতানুগতিকভাবে ভাবা ছাড়া আমাদের আছেটা কি? কারুর নিজস্বতাকে সেখানে আমরা সমালোচনাই করতে শিখেছি। কারণ আমরা প্রোগ্রামড রোবটের মতো। দেশপ্রেমিক আত্মত্যাগী শহীদ ক্ষুদ্রিমাকেও এখন মশকরা করে ‘বাড়-খাওয়া ক্ষুদি’ বলতে শিখে গেছি।

হয়তো বন্ধুত্ব বা ভালোবাসার ছোঁয়া পায়নি, ও যেভাবে পেতে চেয়েছিল। বিশ্বায়নের ফাঁকা বুলিতে তৃপ্ত না হয়ে বিশ্ববীক্ষণের চেষ্টায় যেই দার্শনিক সংকটে ভুগে আত্মবিদীর্ঘ হচ্ছিল সে, সেই দিকে আমরা কেউ ফিরে তাকিয়ে ওকে বোঝবার চেষ্টা করিনি। জীবন কী? কেন? — এই হৃদয়োপ্তিত প্রশ্নের কোনো সঠিক জবাব ওকে কেউ দিতে পারিনি। ভান করা আধুনিকরা পেছন থেকে টেনে ধরতে চেয়েছে। ওর আত্মলক্ষ্যনের স্তরেই আমরা বা অন্য কেউ পৌঁছতে পারিনি, বুঝিনি কিংবা চেষ্টাও করিনি। অভিমানী, আদুরে, শাস্ত, গভীর, দার্শনিক কবি কোথাও মনের আশ্রয় পায়নি। তার উপর একটা competitive atmosphere-এ আরও বিরত হচ্ছিল। ও আত্মজিজ্ঞাসায় ছটফট করছিল। সুদূরের পিয়াসী চোখে আঠারো বছরের তরুণ পাথী হয়ে উপত্যকার উপর ডানা মেলতে চেয়েছিল — কিন্তু বারবার কাটা গেছে তার ডানা। তবুও ‘Birdie humble’ কারোকে দায়ী করেনি, কারোকে দোষ দেয়নি, কারো দিকে আঙুল তোলেনি বাস্তবে।

সুগত ছিল সত্য-শিব-সুন্দরের উপাসক। অসুন্দরের মধ্যেও সুন্দর খুঁজত প্রাণপণে। অস্তরে আর এক মহাআন্তর বাণীতে বিশ্বাস করত। চোখের বদলে চোখ নিলে একদিন সারা পৃথিবী তো অন্ধ হয়ে যাবে! খণ্ড খণ্ড সুন্দর নিয়ে খুশী থাকতে গিয়ে দেখল, সেই অখণ্ড সুন্দর রূপটি হারিয়ে যাচ্ছে। হয়তো ভেবেছিল, ‘টপার’ হয়ে ভালো মাইনের চাকরি পেয়ে এই চোখবাঁধা গরুর সারিকেই দীর্ঘ করার কোনো মানে হয় না। নিজের দার্শনিক সত্তা, কবি সত্তাকে সে বিকিয়ে দিতে চায়নি; compromise-এর দুনিয়ার ধারাধরা হতে ঘৃণাবোধ করেছে। হিংসা, ‘মারকুটে-পড়াকু’পনা, অর্থলোভ — এসবকে এড়িয়ে থাকতে চেয়েছে। আমাকে একদিন বলেছিল, ‘স্টাইপেন্ড-এর টাকা কটা বিলিয়ে দেবার জন্য কয়েকজন set ভিথরি খুঁজতে হবে। আমার ওই টাকা দিয়ে কী হবে? অত-র দরকার নেই।’

আসলে ও তো একজন জাত-সন্ন্যাসী ও প্রকৃত কবি। এতদিন যা বুঝিনি, জীবন দিয়ে প্রমাণ করে দিয়ে গেল — ও আদ্যস্ত অর্থলোভহীন কবি এবং কলমের শক্তিতে বিশ্বাসী। কবিতা লিখে ও কাউকে impress করতে চাইত না। কবিতা ছিল ওর expression। বিশ্বাস করত, ‘The pen is stronger than the

sword'। ওয়েবসাইটে ও চোদ্দো বছর বয়সেই প্রত্যয়ী লেখনীতে লিখেছে, 'This site is meant to increase the influence of the pen. Come, let us all strive to empower it.'

তবে আত্মহত্যা করলি কেন বেটো? আমরা যেখানে তোকে বুঝে ওঠার বিদ্যেই আয়ত্ত করিনি, তাদের কেন একটু স্পষ্টভাবে বোঝালি না? এখানে আবার কবি অভিমানী। আমি কেন বোঝাবো? অন্যের কি বোঝার দায় নেই? তাছাড়া ওর দার্শনিক সত্তা ওকে চিনিয়ে দিয়েছে যে, এই জগৎটা আসলে cruel illusion।

শুনেছি, সত্যিকারের কবিরা নাকি বেশিদিন বাঁচেন না। কারণ, এই হিপোক্রিট সমাজ তাদের বাঁচতে দেয় না — ক্রমাগত নখ, দাঁতে ক্ষতবিক্ষত করে; কস্প্রোমাইজ করতে বাধ্য করে। প্রকৃত কবি তো তা হতে দিতে পারে না। দার্শনিক-সত্তা, কবিসত্তাকে কোনো মূল্যেই বিকোতে রাজি হয় না। হয়তো সেজন্যই কবি বেছে নিল তার অস্তিম পথ! The poet has finished his journey ...। এখানেও রহস্য। কেন ও মৃত্যুকে বেছে নিল? ওর ডায়েরিতে লেখা আছে, 'Riddling with History like history Riddles with us'। এখানেও বিশুদ্ধ হেঁয়ালী আর মশকরার ছাপ।

তাই আপাতত যে যে কারণে মানুষ আত্মহত্যা করতে পারে, তার কোনোটিকেই ঠিক বলে মনে হয় না। হয়তো আসল কারণ দার্শনিক সংকট — যা ওকে দীর্ঘ-বিদীর্ঘ করছিল। একজন 'মেন্টর' পেলে ও হয়তো সঠিক পথে চালিত হত। জগৎচৈতন্য বিকাশে একটা বড় ভূমিকা নিত।

যাও কবি, তোমার স্বচ্ছন্দ বিচরণভূমে যাও। এই নির্দয়, নির্বোধ, প্রতিযোগিতা-দূষিত বৃদ্ধা পৃথিবী তোমার জন্য নয়।

একবিংশ শতকের দুনিয়া, তুমি কী দিয়েছ তোমার যুবশক্তিকে? TV, Mall-culture, rat-race, fashion, selfishness, unit-family, উপর-সা আধুনিকতা, নোংরা রাজনীতি। বিশ্বাস, সরলতা, পবিত্রতা, আত্মত্যাগ, সমাজের প্রতি দায়িত্ব, নির্মল ভালবাসা, আশা, প্রতিভার বহুমুখীগমন, আন্তর্জাতিকতার বিশুদ্ধ চেতনা — সব ভেঙে টুকরো টুকরো করে দিয়েছ। সংবেদনশীলতা এখন বোকামি। 'প্যাশন' এখন ভীষণ হিসেবী। এখন স্পেশালাইজেশনের বাড়বাড়স্ত। ফ্ল্যাট,

গাড়ি, গ্যাজেট সাজানো সংসারের ঘুনপোকাকে চিনতে পারনি। ছোট শিশুর শৈশব হারিয়ে দিয়েছ। কৈশোরের প্রাণের আবেগ না চিনে, অথবা বলা ভালো, চিনতে না চেয়ে, তাকে competition, বেশি নম্বর পাওয়া, দামী চাকরি পাওয়ার মোহের দিকে ঠেলে দিতে চেয়েছ! এ কোন দর্শনের জন্ম দিয়েছ? সেই কার্ল মার্কিসের পর পৃথিবী তো দর্শন-বন্ধ্য! কৃত্রিভাবে ফসল বাড়িয়েছ, প্রকৃতিকে ধ্বংস করেছ। গজগজে শহর তৈরি করে মুক্ত অস্থিজেনকে দূষিত করেছ। নদীকে বিষাক্ত করেছ। শহর থেকে পাথী উধাও। ওরাও বুরো গেছে, এ-জায়গা বাসযোগ্য নয়। বলা হয়, পশুপাখী মানুষের অনেক আগে অনেক কিছু sense করতে পারে।

‘Birdie Humble’ সুগতও sense করেছিল। (ওর লেখা গানে নিজেকে ও ‘বার্ডি-হান্তল’ বলেছে।) ও যেন সেই ‘মিশন’ নিয়েই এসেছিল। ও sense করেছিল, এই দুনিয়ার গগনারের চামড়া পরা অনুভূতি-শূন্যতা, উত্তাপহীনতা, হিপোক্রিসি, ফাঁকা-গর্ব, অবস্থুতা, মানুষ-মারা মিথ্যে রাজনীতি এবং গড়পড়তা জীবনযাপনের দৈনন্দিন প্লানি। ওর এই জীবন, এই বেঁচে থাকা ভালো লাগছিল না। ও এই ক্রমবিষাক্ত পৃথিবীকে মনে মনে পাণ্টে ফেলতে চাইত সংভাবে এবং সর্বাঙ্গীন ও আন্তরিক ভাবে।

কিন্তু বয়সটা মাত্র আঠারো। বড়ই ভয়ঙ্কর এই বয়স। কবি সুকান্তর কথা মনে পড়ছে। সুগতও, ওর সীমিত সামর্থ্য দিয়ে লড়তে চেয়েছিল — কবির মন নিয়ে, কলমের সাহায্যে। বয়স মাত্র ১৮, কিন্তু মননে ৮৮। একটা সাধারণ কিশোর পরাজয়ের ফ্লানিতে আত্মহত্যা করলে সমাজ তা কেয়ারই করে না। যদিও সবার ধরনীতেই একই রক্ত, কিন্তু যদি এক প্রতিভাধর অনায়াস-অর্জিত সাফল্যের তোয়াকা না করে? যদি কেরিয়ার বানানোকেই জীবনের অস্তিম লক্ষ্য মনে না করে? বেশি নম্বর পাওয়াকেই মোক্ষ না মনে করে? তবে?

এ সমাজ প্রথমে তো তাকে চিনতেই পারবে না। ইডিয়ট, বোকা, স্বার্থপুর, হেরো, impulsive, impatient ইত্যাদি ইত্যাদি কত বিশেষণে ভূষিত করবে! সে যদি আত্মহত্যা ক'রে এই ঘ্যানঘ্যানে সমাজের অব্যবস্থাকে প্রমাণ করে দেয়, যে, এইসব গৌরব প্রকৃত গৌরব নয়, শুধুমাত্র মানুষের সংবিশ্বাসের জন্যই এগুলোকে হেলায় তুচ্ছ করে দেওয়া যায়! নিজের বিশ্বাসের চেয়ে বড় কিছু

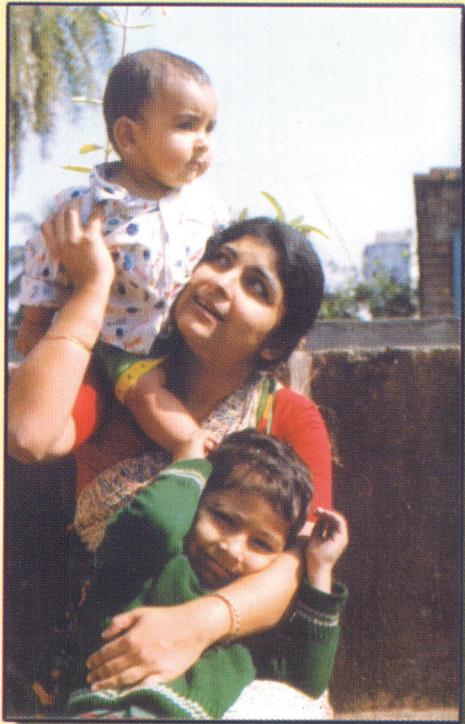
নেই। সমাজের নানা ভুকুটি এভাবে সে যদি অঙ্গীকার করে? যদি সমাজের ঘেমো দুঃখী মুখটার দিকে সকলকে একটা ঝটকা মেরে ফেরাতে চায়? তবে তাকে কী বলব? Silent Rebel? সৎবিশ্বাসের জন্য শহীদ? মহামানব? জানি না।

শুধু এইটুকু জানি, চৈতন্য চরিতামৃত জয়ন্তী (১৫ই মে, ১৯৯০) বৈশাখ সংক্রান্তিতে অমৃতযোগে জাত এই কিশোর সুগত ভট্টাচার্য শুন্দচৈতন্যের মৃত্যুনাম রূপ। কোথাও সে জীবনজিজ্ঞাসার উত্তর পায়নি। হয়তো একজন রামকৃষ্ণ পেলে স্বামী বিবেকানন্দের অপর রূপ আমরা দেখতে পেতাম। আমাদের দুর্ভাগ্য, আমরা তাকে বাঁচিয়ে রাখতে পারলাম না। বাঁচলে সে হয়তো এই জীর্ণ-দীর্ঘ মানবসন্তাকে বাঁচার পথ দেখাতো। সুগত বুদ্ধদেবের নাম। আশা করব, বোধিসত্ত্ব সুগত পূর্ণবুদ্ধ রূপে আগামীতে দেখা দেবেন — ধর্মসংস্থাপনার্থায় সম্ভবামি যুগে যুগে।

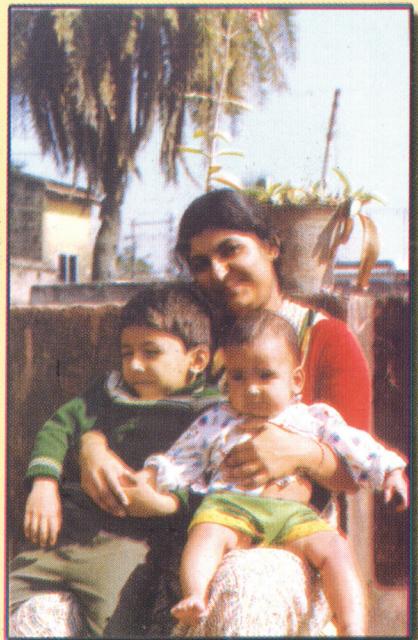
অপর্ণা ভট্টাচার্য সুগত-র মা। সুগত-র ঘৃত্যর পর
 নিজের মনের ভার লাঘব করেছিলেন এভাবে।
 আমরা সেই রচনাটিকে ‘মায়ের কথা’ নাম দিয়ে
 তাঁর ছেলের কবিতার বইয়ের শেষে
 এভাবেই রেখে দিলাম। — সম্পাদক

Glimpses of Sugata

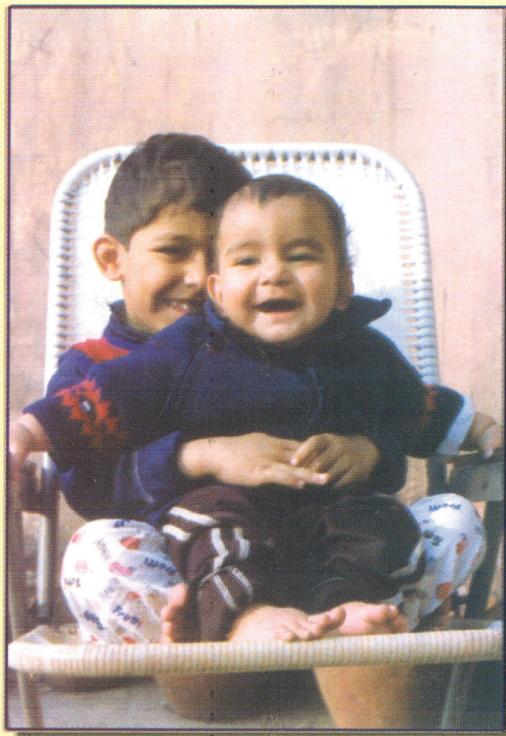
1. Sugata on top, his mother Aparna and elder brother Sambodhi (1990).
2. Sugata at right, his mother and elder brother (1990).
3. Sugata on his elder brother's lap (1991).
4. Sugata and Sambodhi – Tricycle diaries (1992).
5. Sugata with his paternal Grandpa and Grandma (1996).
6. Sugata at 1999.
7. Sugata and Sambodhi with their father and Grandpa (2000).
8. (from left) Chhotomamima, Chhotomama, Grandpa, Sugata, Baromamima, Arundhati (cousin), Sambodhi, and Baromama (2003).
9. Sugata flanked by father and Manik (friend) at Pokhara Lake, Nepal (2004).
10. Sugata and Sambodhi with their father (2004).
11. Sugata at Kanyakumarika (2004).
12. Sugata – blue shirt, blue jeans, and bluebuck (2004).
13. Sugata at home with cousins – Suparna and Sarbajit (2005).
14. Sugata with his mother in sugarcane field at Purulia (2006).
15. Attempt at fashion – Sugata and Sambodhi (2008).
16. Poet_LeTaur (28th. September, 2008).



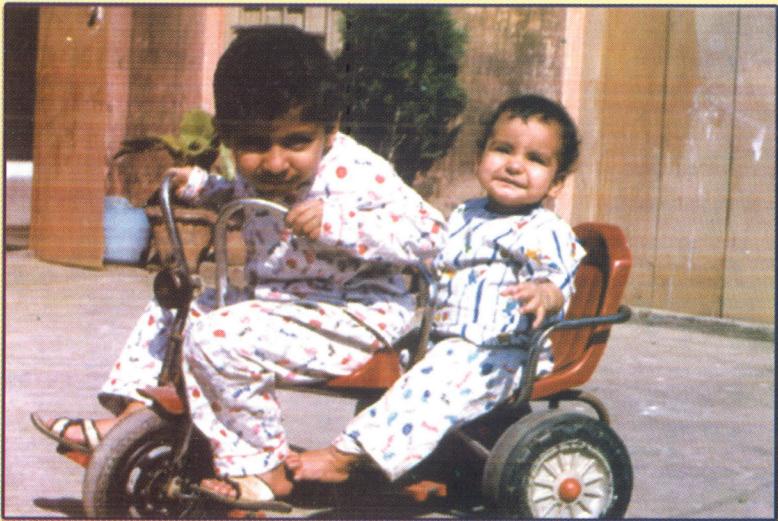
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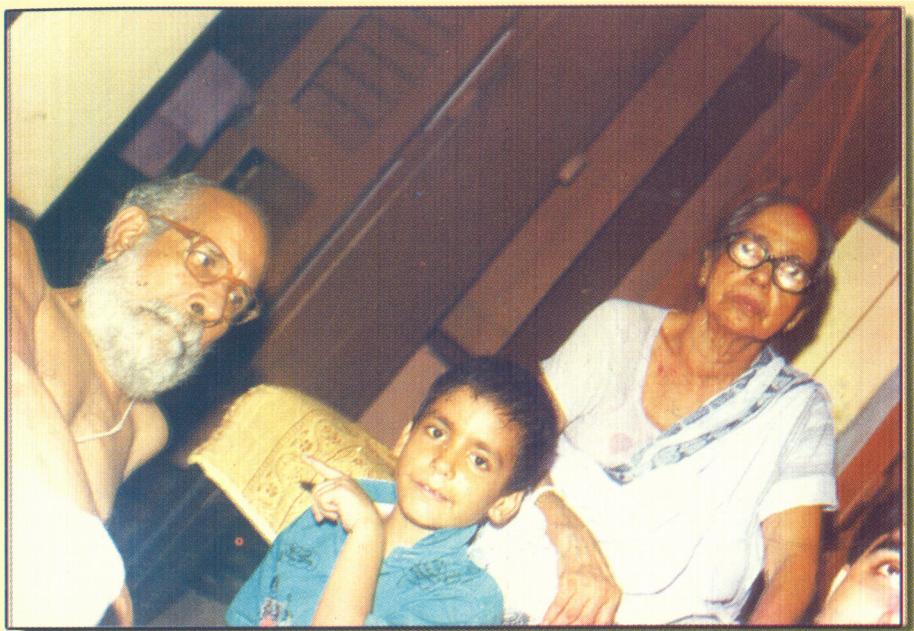
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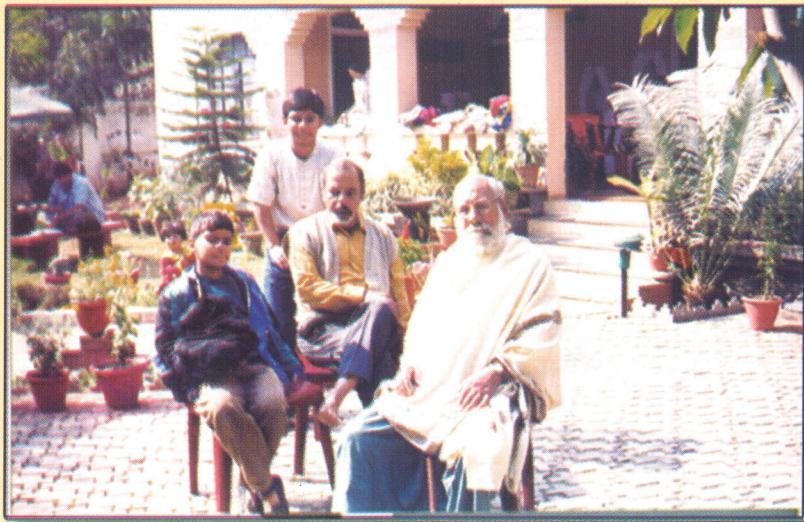
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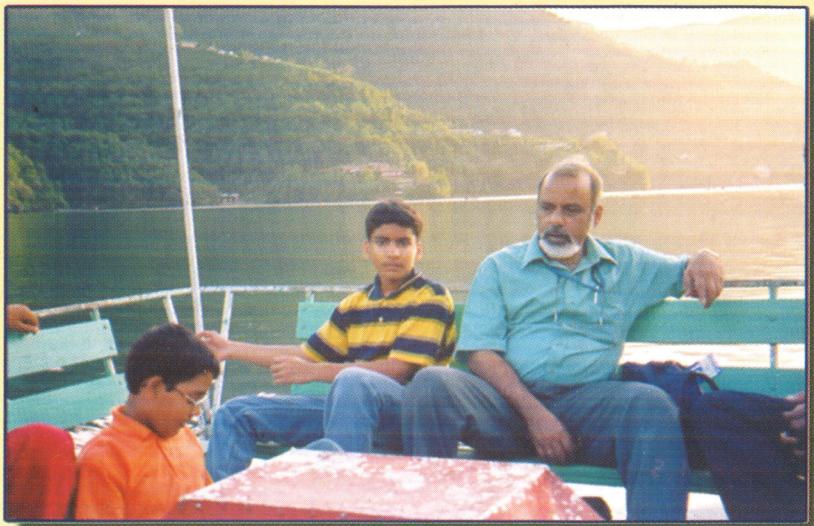
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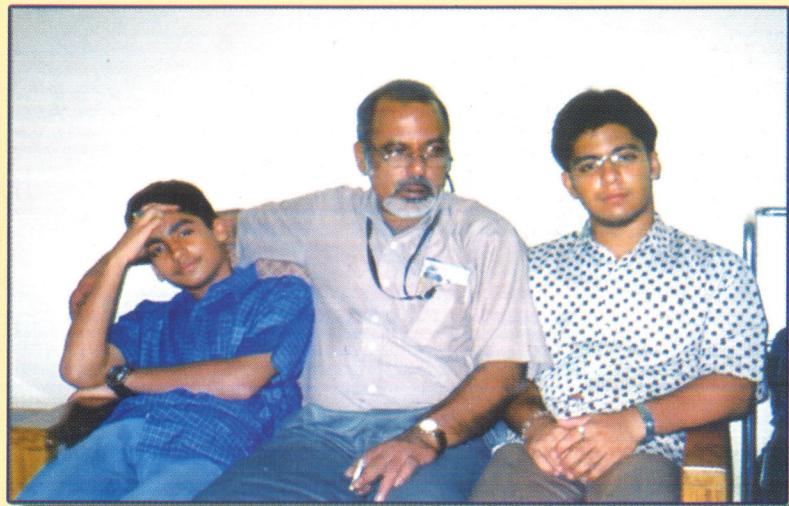
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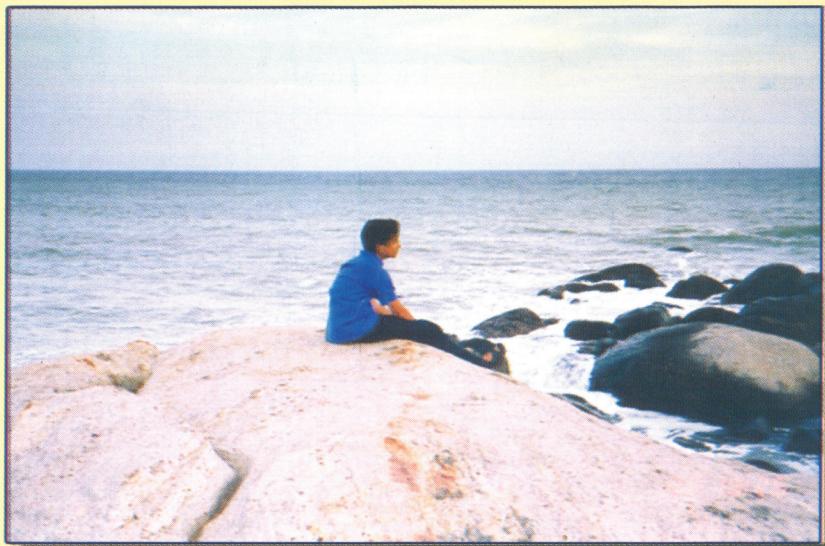
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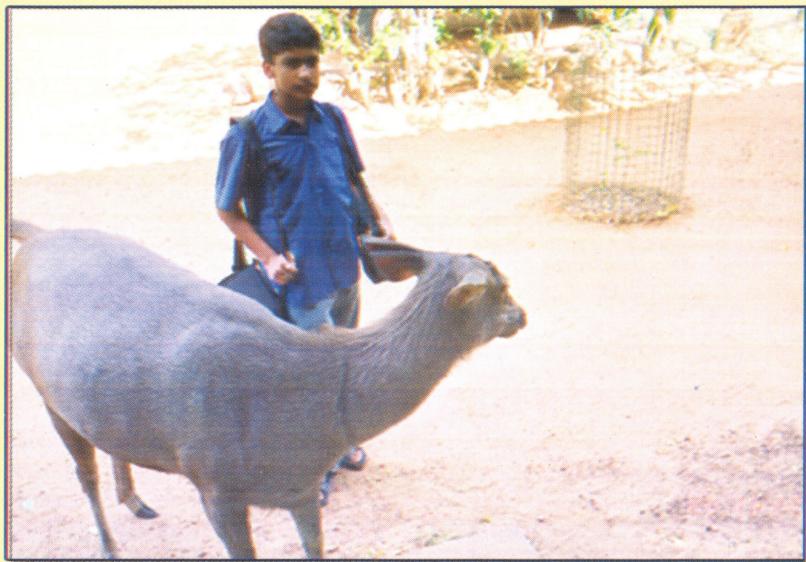
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16

CORRIGENDUM

Page no.	Line no.	Error	Correction
9	9	literary world at	world at
9	12	leadership of the word	leadership
9	20	grast of abstractions	grasp of abstractions
9	22	The case	The ease
10	13	camarederie	camaraderie
10	24	using the word	using the words
10	27	in the Statistical	on the Statistical
10	30	ind fact	in fact
12	1	That even	That ever

