

sugata bhattacharyya



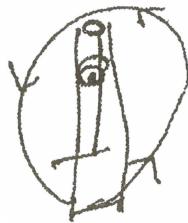
This is
where
I stand

This amazing constellation contains writings of various literary genres. Here a budding and bubbling youth, releases himself through Poetry, Prose and Songs. Each of these— sensitive, vibrant and quivering— resembles a petal of a colorful flower. The Soul, that makes these flowers bloom, is sugata's.

Readers can sense, measure, feel and touch that unique and ebullient being, which unfolds itself through these dazzling pieces. In that sense, these expressions can be considered a mirror of the Poet's Soul.

THIS IS WHERE I STAND

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EDITOR'S NOTE

The job of editing Sugata's writings was difficult, yet rewarding. His writings are so numerous and diverse in nature that selection was a stupendous task. The rich musical and verbal quality of his works was an allurement for inclusion of them all. With great pain and disappointment I had to leave out majority of his works. In future they may see the light of day.

The reward of going through Sugata's writings, however, amply compensated my labour. A quality of Sugata that struck me most can best be described as a kind of semi-nomadic commitment— a commitment without any material attachment, a flight that finds no alighting point. His is not an eagle's flight that instills fear into its victims. Rather it is the flight of an albatross skimming the waves of a turbulent sea.

I could not however help feeling a unique trait in Sugata. Apart from being a poet of rare literary genius, he is a mathematician and philosopher of a very high order too. As he himself says, "Isolation is a human fallacy, which is only a very rough approximation of universal complexity. Humans fail to realize that complexity and thus chaos, is a foundational unit of existence". As a proof of his own hypothesis, Sugata, when situation demanded, unhesitatingly coined new words like 'dipsy dop' or 'Rilly-rallied'.

The second selection of Sugata's writings is before you. The writings have been arranged in a chronological order, except the last one. They are divided into three sections – Poetry, Prose and Song. All his writings are in a finished state. However, a few titles have been added where Sugata himself did not.

It is hoped that as in the case of his earlier posthumous collection – “an orphean lute”, readers also will warmly greet this one.

I am grateful to Anima Biswas and to Adhir Biswas for coming forward to publish the book from their renowned house. I express my sincere gratitude to Rabi Chakraborty for his invaluable guidance. All – may be unknown to me – who have taken part in the publication of this book deservedly earn my praise. I declare my heartfelt gratitude to Nabarun Bhattacharya for his scintillating foreword. It will help coming poets to courageously raise their ‘new’ voice.

The rest is best left to readers.

Dilip Ghosh
Kolkata
26.01.2010

FOREWORD

Whenever thoughts of Sugata come to my mind I am inevitably reminded of the tribute to Andrei Tarkovsky by Ingmar Bergman— ‘When film is not a document, it is dream. That is why Tarkovsky is the greatest of them all. He moves with such naturalness in the room of dreams. He doesn’t explain. What should he explain anyhow?’ The only difference is what was film for Tarkovsky, for Sugata it was poetry. A poetry cut short by a self-imposed departure in early youth, an act of a rebel with a cause. He simply refused to participate in the carnival of morons in the neon wilderness. The anxiety of alienation from meaning was too vast to be grasped by poetry alone.

Those who are in the know of his first book of poems would find the gradual maturity of a poet as he encounters newer realities of life, the dissonance, short-circuits and discontinuities so amply offered in our modern surroundings where everything solid so effortlessly and imperceptibly melts into air and a terrible nothingness often yawns showing its deadly denture.

Sugata was progressing and in a fast pace as every young talented poet should. From romantic strains of a young lover who asks for a chance Sugata was reacting to the mega events of his troubled times — he was reacting to the wars unleashed, to massacres near and far, often by flag-wielding revolutionists. At the same time he was trying to answer the

timeless questions as well. While he was preparing himself for oceanic journeys his fate had other thoughts, it was busy creating a self-annihilating impulse that would shatter a budding dream which could become an authentic voice of counter-culture, opposed to the culture of morons. Sugata's brief life reminds me of Ananya Ray, a poet of great stature. In Ananya's case it was not suicide, but it was self-annihilation all the same. The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune and the lures of death have penchant for sensitive souls picking up artists and poets. But the victims outdo fatality by their creations. Mayakovsky, Tsvetaeva, Pavese or Hart Crane live on. Sugata shall also live with the strummings of his magic guitar. Here, the readers of his works have a special responsibility.

This volume includes a section of Sugata's prose which is full of philosophical insights where visions of advanced science, its strange logic, the mystic music of digits and the shapeless geometry of time intermingle and amidst this a young, pained heart beats on its blues.

Sugata and hyper-creative individuals like him only belong to the future. We, who are hopelessly embedded in the present, in the routine mundane, shall fumble while dealing with them.

Over to Sugata...

Nabarun Bhattacharya

Kolkata

25.12.2009

P O E T R Y



Myself for me

Alone in the rain with the wind in my face
No whine in my ear nor whimper nor sigh
As the lonely aura holds me in tight grip
It's just me for myself and myself for me

In this sweetest alone lies the greatest treasure
The silence, which layers me in peaceful joy
With no earthly sorrow to show its ugly face
No alien sad tears to scar my flesh

As the seconds pass unnoticed by the side
I'm loving this singularity from the world and life
For in this black city night, moonless and still
It's just me for myself and myself for me...

The Nightingale

In the madness of the lonely city night
Away from the hurried shouts of a million minds
In a lone speck of shelter from daily urban wrongs
There strains a nightingale in the sweetest of song

Yet to the hardened city mind, devoid of emotion
The beauty of the melody will be unheeded, unheard
And in the depressing undefined mid-gray city sky
Her silhouette will disappear, forever lost to the world

Sweetest nightingale, fly back home to the virgin skies
To the vast green fields away five hundred miles
Where your voice'll spell charm on a thousand minds
Fly back home, sweet nightingale, fly back home tonight...

A child again

One more step still to tread home
To my own beloved intimate bliss
To the comforts of my childish dreams
To the grasps of unprovoked love

No more to live on this painful road
Of the realities which now evil glow
Once more to be a child of gold
Romancing the free butterfly

To live in my dreams, wishful cries
Devoid of life's deceit and lies
Once more to be a child in love
Weaving my exquisite hours to come

Tiny ravines of symphony

The song will fade
And the dust will dwell
On its tiny ravines of symphony

A thousand colours

Now if I had a dewdrop of bewildering colours
I would let it dance a waltz with your face,
And hide the black which numbs your smile
And force upon you an artificial prime

But then, I am but a sailor, lost far away
In fields of blue, I live my tears
What would you care for a drunkard like me?
I shall let you dream in your faintest highs

Chapters of Hypnosis

Back to the room, I have 3 cats,
Why are you so beautiful?
Waves of purple spluttering the sun's lost lovers
The pearl hypnotizing all who creep and slither
Why are you so biting?

Bats in the valley, swooping strange man
We are walking, side, another side
I can't find the perpendicular way
Shortest is vilest.
Leave me the longest route.
Go, walk, I have shed your chains

Momentary lapses of hope
Awake again.
The road is heavy.
Has the asphalt given us up?
Are we free?

Ming Ming Chowmein
Two bees with geometric fiery tails
Scooby Doo and Shaggy too
Halla's off to war!
The king of Ghosts with white eyes and groan.
Ming Ming Chowmein!

Blue dog of mine
He reeks of danish wine
But me? I'm no good at that
For I am a german cat!

I Dug

Like a first-born baby, in the full moon night,
Like the thirst of the eagle, born in the sky,
Like the scent of a streetdog, trembling in pain,
I dug my ditch, but I'm happy again!

Fireheart

"I
Saw
The
Wind
Coming
My
Way.

In our little cages,
We have fire to keep us warm.

I
Searched
Outside.
The window
Was open.

In our petty freedom,
We have fire to give us light.

A dot
I saw,
And I
Would fly.
Fire,
I'll come
To you.

This corner is warm, but not
Warm enough; I'll find my fire myself.
You'll find me nowhere, fire breathes.
I give it all up, fire to see."

Cursive Confess

Dearest mother,
I have wronged you,
Give me strength,
For a better day.

Silly me,
And I've got weed on my shirt.

Nearest Father,
I throw mud,
Into your face each day
With my callous actions
Forgive me..

Awful me,
And the gin-stains staying on.

My friends,
I make fun of you,
While idiocy,
Rains here.
I'm regretful.

Run-down me,
And the poetry that I write.

The song of leaving

To keep her alive, they slowly stare,
Like the passing of the ribbons, in her hair.
I gaze from a corner, below a clock,
How they must hate me, as the tick-tock flies.

In the field,
The children play on still,
Outside, beside the lonely hill.

On her temple, the freedom of flies crawl in,
In the wrinkled sheets of the aged skin,
They must hate me, as the winds pass by,
Through the youthful brazen cries.

In the field,
The children play on still,
Outside, beside the lonely hill.

A portrait hangs, above the bed,
A picture of all that was never said,
May the fall of time be observer today,
As she takes her road, and walks away.

In the field,
The children play on still,
Outside, beside the lonely hill.

Silhouette Dance

Rise, keeper of shadows,
The moon holds you captive,
In the dead night.

Breathe, and the rain is lost still,
No cleansing can hold you back,
The light you endure, but lose your grain,
The moon destroys you once more.

Rise, lurking in dim play,
Rise, I will not see you,
For the moon is blacker than black day,
In your invisible veil, you are free.

My friend, my black trail,
You are lost again.
I'll dance with no companion,
I'll dance today.

Be lost with the moon again,
Be off until its new face shines,
Till then, I'll find you in invisibility,
And you'll find me in your trace.

Goodbyes never end.

Escape from happy road

These are the whispers
Of the happy road
The happy road
The happy road

These are the callings
Of the yellow things,
That never sing,
The yellow things.

I searched the mountains,
For another low,
In which to be,
Another low.

Create some sadness for me,
I think I'm running out,
Of pain to get low on,
And the happy road is no fun.

Desolate Midnight

My world is reeling,
On its little toe,
I see my fingernails,
Searching through the snow.
The verses mean nothing,
Like dust tracing its path
My breath is slower,
Than tick-tock wrath.
Talk to me, midnight,
I sleep and wait.
Talk to me, midnight,
I sleep, I await.

This is where I stand

I can be your second fiddle,
I can be your honey-cuddle,
Just gimme a chance.
Hey you! I'd like a chance.

I'll walk behind you,
Suck at what you do,
Just gimme a chance,
Poppy-gun, gimme a chance.

You think you're so airy,
I'll think you're a fairy,
June with a spoon,
Just gimme a chance.

Captain, I need a chance.

Change makes me cry

Meanings, meanings, meanings galore,
He talks in quotation marks now!
Must all of us change?
Can't we stay just the same?

Ogre, apple, forest, wild,
I need a blanket, I do so much,
I live inside a cinemascope,
The pictures don't take me home.

I want to stay
Must we change?
He bloody talks
In quotation marks
Now.

I'm too dumb

And I conserve,
When I can create,
Why do you conserve?
They said.

I'm just dumb,
A spark in the dust,
I'm just dumb,
I said.

The plaintive musings of the mariner

I was barefoot on your bed,
And all I ever said,
Was
Could I keep my shoes on the floor?

And the land was searched,
And the land was stripped,
While all I wanted,
Was to lay barefoot,
On your bed,
Which would not creak,
When I fell off,
And I fell off.

The Entry

In a tavern of lights, there once stood,
An assembly of God-men, in chairs of wood,
Nothing was said, quiet and still,
Till the tink of a bell,
Blew through the aisle.

In trousers, a little duck stood up,
Ceramic freckle, yellow face,
He looked all around, inquisitive,
In his little voice, squeaked out loud,
"I am Nellie, Father of God."

Daisy dipsy dop

Flower flower blossom,
Wiggle to my tune
I am no titan
But I can sing for you

Holing, healing
Ham revealing,
I feel your sorrow too,
I can see it,
Feel it, juggle it,
With my bones,
Which, uptight dandy,
Reel, all randy,
Over you,
Because,
Blossom,
And I;
Look up
At you.

The human life

And I'd strangle myself,
If you lent me some green,
And I'd kill myself,
If you gave me the green,
All the dawn, I wait, I mean,
And I hang from shady ceilings,
And midtown bars at night,
And I'm there,
For the green,
To stay alive,
I'd die.

Hush

No song can be sad enough,
For the folds of this living,
As I run on paper and give up my pen,
And the quaint old tune drones its way,
My father, why are your eyes red?
I will see you smile,
Will I?
Won't I?

The affirmation word

If I don t write
My pen laid to waste
The stars shine as lovely
As they always do
To all, to you
But I need my glasses
Which hang from my ears
And nudge me
Into extinction
No..
I'd better write.

The keeper of the garden

Robbing him
My gardener
Walks in circles
Sprinkling water
On the sky
If he could fly
He would make the clouds
A bed of fire
Spring autumn
Rose anthem

My gardener
Knows no mercy
Raise his spirit
To reach the sand
Gift your hand
For the seeds don't burn
Away
They stay
Impregnate
You know
I've thought
I loved you
Roses
My gardener
Is no Moses.

Rocking the rolling oasis

Don't you want to meet your friends
Who dip the lake in tiny cartoon voices

I gashed the wound
Beside the stem
And the tree, he said
I want you red
And all your little pimples
Blow up.

I knelt down
On two feet, and god,
Rubbed the grape juice
Into me
And I was fruity
I was good
And I felt myself
Beneath my hood.

I do seem to want to touch the laughs again
Which cream the voices for the lake.

Nandi- I

They tore up the little children
And they buried the women
In the river.

They beat down the helping hand
They spit on the tear
Revolution?
What revolution?

Nandi-2

The smile on your face
Is like a mother's morning
As the bullets, they blew
You were stalling
And in the vast night
There are a thousand voices
Beneath each cry, and lost confide,
I hear you.

Nandi-3

Have you no, no, no compassion
At all?
Were you not a wonderous child once?
Have you not sat beside rivers
And giggled with your first cigarette?
Have you not dialled first love's number
From public telephone booths
With dimes and quarters
You saved from your lunch?
Now you laugh at yourself.
And the memories calling
When the women, they wept
You pulled the trigger.
Have you no compassion
At all?

The barman fries the corn

I am not a your or our
Who is the folly
Who ties the jelly
To the sea
Because I saw
Told you the same
Of page
And bells
In the well
I look down
The well
And
History bores
When the day is alive
But in the night
I am awake.

They talk of albatrosses
They do
Talk of them.

Trap trap

The words
That I locked
In the safe
For I thought
I'd use them all
Later.

But the key is gone
An old tramp took it away
To make a necklace
For his sweetheart
Who forgot him
So did I.

Now all the words
Come back
To pull at my hair
My bodily hair
On me

Come back!
Come back!

Where zee is the zee
in the zeeness that lives

Zee the napkin warrior
He's Zee, the tanning sitar
Move off, you upturned hooks of the gooky hearse!
Zee has no purse!
Zee conquers the land
And the sea
And himself.
Though he
Writes a little
Too much
About himself.

Nudists in the sky

Tomorrow
When we wake up, there'll be
No sun
In the sky
And we'll take turns to fly
One by one
And then together

Till the circle is reached
And the line is ablaze
When night falls
Ashes graze
On the grass.

The sun was I today.

Waking up at night-time

Art!

The mirror stands

In front of me

Flat as a flamingo

In the bloated spring

He sings to me

Either

You have lost your head

Or

You have gained one more

Or

You are dead.

The room is flying!

Oh yes, it is!

Gimmick the time

When I was just thinking
Of the turnabout
I looked up at a pharaoh
Dark and round.

He said
Percy
Won't you marry me?

All the clouds flew down ragged and jagged and trounced in
blue

I am safer than I'm warm inside.

Waking up at night-time again,
but with other soul

Waking up at night-time
My cycle travels
Through arterial alleys
In the deepest
Corners
Of the city.
My pretty cycle

She blushes when I turn.

Waking up at night-time
The street-lamp falters
To years
And hands
Of ancient madmen
Who woke up at night
At the same hour
To the second
As I.

Look at the candles in the sky
Look at them glimmer
As they stand

My outside eye sleeps
Still
In the balcony

By the lake
My cycle
Roams the ghettos
And palaces
Of night.

Come home, person, being, fabric of light

I hold the strands of silver
Now and then
Wave it
To call
You
Back.

Rai, the rib of the quaintness

Rai the waking of hyacinth fingers
Who dance in little
Gentle stands
Of plastic music
And ballroom bands

She comes back
In tiptoe steps
By breakfasts and looking at the roof of
Birds and neighbourhood dogs.

And
Talk!
Talk when the afternoon is deafening silent

(Passing the way the lilies shine
Like prison-man drought
And hide-and-seek play
Of children
Beside the forest way.)

Come home, my grain-dust
I take your veil
The sail of the pirate-ship
Leaves no trail
She weeps
On the phone;
I shuffle my words
I plea with you, darling
Come home and sleep.

The days to be claimed

And there are days
I stole the thunder
'Though I w̄onder
What it means
To be seen
Lighting
Perhaps even writing
On wings
And little cowshirts.

There are days
When I freed the low mind
Of blue rind
Of souls
And a little too much for the gut!

These are the days!
These are the days!

I slow down on the field somehow
Put the round of april gown
Nobody ever
Took my words from me

These are the days!
These are the days!

Failed

The keepers of the absurd
All aboard the lexigram ship!

Anagram
Pulverise!

Frying peanuts
Roasted fight!

Go for it, ditch-wader!
I chew on the side.

Supper harlem

Charming my lead stock of envied flight
I don't bite
Oo lay
My darling.

In the sand
A crab left dots

On the mirror
A squashed mosquito rots.

And the tropical backyard garden
Has sent a cabbage wrapped
In black streets
Of lament.

The unearthly winding laps of ghouls

I am thus

The creeping ends of the lilac blunders

In the edges of your skirt

And sunday.

What a gay thing to say

In the spring.

Wave

Goodbye
If you called me
You called too late
My wag bones don't
Know lone ways
To wait and
Have fun
I ran on paper
Going back
The pack of queries
In your weary
Laugh
I made them
Listen to.

Goodbye
If you called me
You called too late

Goodbye
If you called me
I just couldn't wait

A little Oo reaches out once more

"How farther have we gone?"

The sand has struck the sea
Guides
lead the light
Through a corridor in me.

I was seen through the silk-screen with tuna at the helm
Seldom sells that cheap.

"Kill joy franklyn howard jordan ..rain?!"

Oh dearie
hen-stalk
The garden has seen the claws
Of you!
I dreamed
I hope
But I seem to be a forgetful
Oldie.

We were hauling, with vigorous tugs
(At sea)
Some whiskey bottles amongst
Ourselves.
I took a sip
And some of the liquor managed to find
Its way

To my toe.

Stayed there
My stem and root!

Haul in!
Haul in!

Tuesday brings the day
When I shall send cards to my friends and family
From my sea-cabin, dingy and ash-embellished
Asking them to be kindly present
At the maritime marriage I managed
To set up
With myself.
Jabbing at my paper
With his stare.

Still

Some songs have heard the friends chat among themselves
Over justifiable whims and some trails of non-sea memory.

Holding our breaths that we fought to keep
A bee-girl
Saw
Curiously
How our feet gathered dust.

Weeping and weeping!
The salty embrace of the warm and felt-before ocean
What more can the mermaids see?
Through their scales
I have seen
Some perfect boots
In the fruity shine
Of signs and things
Who sing on clouds
And roundish apparatus
Freely
An elf.

And
Yet
Troubled by the stringent glistening of the haughty
Sea-floor
In my boots
I have said
My bed is hard and stings
Some nightingale sings frightfully!

Choke!

Give back the sun, mister none
Has seen curses
Pasted to
Walls.

Where we are

No cabin-man knows
I am low
In the awfully pinched miserable sun,
Who sobs lingeringly

Don't you see?

Don't you?

My sea

Oo?

Lilac worry

As a confession

I

Poet

Am unintelligibly formulaic

And by the mosaic of your logic and

Perforated sound

I announce

The end of me.

Catalonia

In Catalonia
They talked of
Willfully singled forests
Idly wrapping
Their shawls in slumber
In the dull cumbersome day.

I thought of pelicans and
Arctic ravens
Who sipped on the
Fuming dawn
Patiently
They found
In their dry battered tea.

Waking up to none

I could not recognize the circumstances of my dream
Bitter acquaintances and lazy screams
Felt the loose strings
Fly

Of her flow

From the outside I
Deciphered the herds of her
Laughter
While she chaffed at my silence
Of midnight.

Gipper Freud

I ended up
Looking at the bend of her skin
On her fragile watercolour body.

In my defence though
I had started with her hands
And stood my stand
In whispers.

Slim Sewing grandly

I keep it as a habit
No matter what I say
To tie the chits into your collar
In reminding.

And when at best the sun does
Tumble
On my nails and
The lightness of the air
On my lips
I fare nor better nor weaker
At your glimmer of a moment
I don't;
I stare listless
Within your polished room of verse.

A raindrop is

It may be said that the longing of
The horizon's veins
Leads to the rain and her whisper-laden heart.
Though
To start with such promises
One must read out the spaces in
Between paragraphs and
Rhymes
And choose to halt at that

Old women on arctic expeditions

Hag, hum, and ho!
Her head was in tow!
With the places, the traces of winters and snow!
And though I was slow with my letters
They froze mostly smiling
And the matter was better anyhow
When hag had the oar!

In the docks, the lore of
Ice-sheets of longing
Drew close in their more
Placid of seconds;
Awake in the valley
Blue hag-and-me
Took turns with the places, the traces
Of snow crust in wine
The ideal finery of her
Cold banjo-ridden fingers.

Repentance

In line with the
Dusk
Your shadow was
Found
In an attic
That spoke of repentance.

To each of these planks

To each of these planks a
Letter has been sent
None of them can read a sentence.

The engine room leads through
The levers and the lanterns
Of their muse over
Ink reeking of gasoline
To let it all be
My sleeves run their chores
 clean
In whorehouses
And mates of a matter.

Words are sprayed

He speaks of the pages wrapped
In the sea-shells and oysters
Pleasing the wells of his
Pose.

On the earth his
Words are sprayed as dust
And a bust on a rhyme knows him
Plenty.

Snow White

In a land far away, there once lived Snow White
She was sad, for her breasts needed warming
And lo behold, in came the solution
In walked sultry hot Prince Charming

But “Nay” he said, “I must not do this
With some other hooter i must my life carve
For though you are hot and sexy, Snow White
In your scarf, you have Seven psycho Dwarves

Now a threesome is kinky and a foursome is fun
But a ninesome is to me pure destruction
So for you i can never do boob heating
Instead i'll elope with Ronan Keating.”

“Atma deepo Bhabo”

I shall NOT
A shooting star burns away only
To be a circus while
It remains in its
Shift.

P R O S E



Correction, Sir, It's Sugata

The name's Sugata. Not Sugotaa. The topic? That very thing. You see, from time immemorial, I have been the victim of a vicious group of hounding predators who try to deviate my name. I remember, when I was very small, 'intelligent' people used to call me Sougato. The more I complained, the more an idiot I was. I have even been lectured on my very own name. And yet things were to become even nastier.

When I was admitted into this great school, I became known as Sugaaataaa. To this day, Sugaaataaa has bothered me. There were other variations, such as Sugattta, Souggatta. Sugotto and so on. Yet until I reached Class VIII, I never really minded all this. But I realised the seriousness of the situation, when, in a Math Aptitude test, I was listed as 'Miss Sujata Bhattacharyya'.

To spread salt (with a little pinch of pepper) on my wounds, my surname also has a surprise. My 'Bhattacharyya' has two y's instead of the customary one. Now, you're thinking that's not much of a problem, eh? Well, I remember once being registered into a quiz. When my name was being noted down, I remarked gleefully, "There are 2 y's in my surname, sir." And my name was registered 'Master Sougato Bhatyyachyayyya' (much to my disappointment). Now with all these y's, I inquire unto myself, 'WHY?'

Now, what is the moral of this miserably nonsensical piece of prose? Well, first of all, this is my *destiny*. Secondly, I should be proud of this. From Sougato to Sugattta to Sujata, I am an encyclopaedia on my own. One day, perhaps, I shall enter the Book of Records as the most unfortunate man (boy, rather) in the world. Until then, just don't call me Sujata...

To unjust hope

Madamoiselle,

The night pales in fallen remembrance of the black who was once its lover. For as I devoured your serene words, sorrow, ashamed of its brutal scythe, radiated out of my body to merge with the decaying beats of the midnight clock. And desolation divorced my newborn breath. You bring radiance.

Raluca, we disagree in our views on the red manifesto. But, cannot we leave behind this difference between our perceptions? To quote an extremely unscientific yet popular (and generally retarded) saying, opposites attract. Ugh, did I just say that?

Milady, I know your love for the written word. It is an obsession, which all dreamers share. A letter is divine, for it has no bounds. A letter is breath-taking, for it is a soul personified. But much more significantly, a letter is human, though why it is that way, I shall never know. I return your vow to continue this literary liaison, on one condition though. Never burden yourself with this tomfoolery of mine. When you feel these words have but become chains, you may feel safe to put an end to our little journeys into each other.

I eagerly await Mr. BigBadWolf. Perhaps he can tell me why there is no Mr. SmallTenderWolf.

Leonard Cohen, eh? Quite interesting, I must admit.

Four lines:

And I cry, to the alley way
Confess all to the rain
But I lie, lie straight to the mirror
The one I've broken, to match my face

That was James Hetfield of Metallica writing. That last line never fails to move me.

Sweet Raluca, I am but illiterate. For, though I know you mean something carelessly beautiful, let me remind you, I have no idea what fin'amor, Morgan la Fey, Milady de Winter or Au revoir mon cher means.

Here, I end my letter. I forsake your attention till the next time we bleed into each other. By the way, I used superglue to cross my fingers and hold them together. So forget fear, face the French and Romanian tournaments in sheer brazenness. Of course then, who am I to preach to you? I smoke cigarettes to stay brave. A coward till the end.

Yours fearfully,
A self-loathing narcissist.

A dream of Raluca

My parents got into their shelves on the wall. "I'm afraid", my father said. I smiled. I walked out of the door.

I walked down the road to my destination. She walked towards me. We met. We walked together. A good friend of mine came up to me and proceeded to knock me down without much purpose or reason. "Ignore him", I said. I walked on with her.

We entered a hotel room, adorned by coarse furniture, an ancient creaking bed and almost nil light.

[blank]

She faced the wall, as she lay down on the bed. I ran my fingers over her gentle tender hands. My fingers felt her eyes, her lips. As I slowly, almost wonderingly, felt her mellow cheek, and lightly pressed my hand into the overwhelming softness, she uttered in a quiet unheard voice, "Human Touch".

[blank]

I let my hands flow through her oceanic hair. She moaned, as if she was warning me. I felt her skin. Somehow, both of us felt ...oily (for want of a better word). I felt her hair. She moaned again. "Let me", said I firmly. I eased my palm all over her face. In a broken voice, in a whisper that shrieked through the night, in a strange disquieting tune, she sang "Leave Me".

I walked away from her. I looked to the right. A door stood. It seemed to be a bathroom. I walked back to her. She was no longer on the bed. She lay on the floor, between the bed and

the wall. Her clothes danced with her silken form. "Will warm water cheer you up?", I asked. She smiled, laughed like a child who had been given a toy. Her eyes oozed affection. Her face dreamed highs. "Well, then, I'll set the warm water running, and you can have a bath. After that, we could give this one more shot," I said.

I walked to the door and opened it. As I had presumed, it was a bathroom. I got into it. I closed the door. It was filthy. The walls had given birth to an undefinable colour, a mixture of black and brown, a cousin of rust. I looked around. There was no elaborate beautiful bathtub. Nor a shower. There were dozens of buckets. And red taps. I stood. Undecided.

I woke up and she was thousands of miles away. She was..

I know I love her. Or is this infatuation? Or the obsessive shadows of a masked murderer?

Evolution

Cities, walls, height. All artificial. New rising. New falling. Old now. Evolution. Roots billions of years past. Microbe of dim hope. Lizard of terror. Flying fury in red sky. Milk, young, ape, human. Evolution. Evolve to thought. Intellectuals grow. Intellectuals deny thought. Hypocrite of potency. Evolve to deny evolving. Yearn to be higher. Evolution gives arms. New demons find themselves. New demons kill old demons. Circle repeats. Still no evolution. Denied. Evolve to find evolving. Evolve to hate evolving. Evolve to deny evolving. Absurdity of Irony. Strange are the ways of man.

Black and White

Do you know why the night broods in its ignominious defeat?
Do you know why she dwells in the valleys of eternal silence?
Do you know why the slumber is for her to release? The
reasons for her misery are better left untold, but I see, lone
traveller, that you seek a truth, however ugly it may be.

The tale goes back thousands of years ago, when the mountains were but infants in the arms of the low clouds. The night, she was a free maiden then. Unchained, unburdened by weights unknown to her. She would run about the fields and the oceans with her playmates, the moon, the stars, the aurora and so on. They would creep through the trees into the little cornfields that dwelled underneath. They would lovingly caress the sleeping children with the melodies of ancient lullabies. But, yet, there was something in her, that the night could not understand. However much she played with her comrades, never could she find the lost corner within her. "What is it that I want?" she thought to herself. Perhaps, she was just being childish. "Gee, I should have grown up by now", she smiled to herself.

One fine hour, she was walking down an avenue of blinding darkness. "Ah, I wish I could be freed from this envelope of black", she wondered aloud. Quietly, she sat down on a tree-log beside the asphalt. She looked out into the distance. Black. Black. Black. But, what was that? For far far down the road approached a strange beast. His chest breathed high, and his eyes looked straight ahead in a determined gaze. But, there was something else. For from his every vein, from his every muscle, danced out a frightful glow. As he came closer, all the forms around rose to life. White. White. White.

"Who are you?", asked the night in dazed wonder.

"I am Day," said the burning monster. There was a firm arrogance that melted into his voice.

"Day?" asked the night, fearfully.

"Yes, I am Day. Now leave me, woman, for I have eyes to open and lives to awaken."

But the night could not let him walk on. She was full. No more to be empty, no more to be bleeding secretly.

"Take me with you, I shall go where you shall go. Even if you eclipse my unfounding black, I shall hold on to your white."

"If that be your wish, let us depart. We have many miles to cover."

And they walked. And they walked. And when the night, in her maiden affection whispered, "Love me do", the day stopped.

"Love? What is that?"

"It is the boundary that we have yet to dream."

And the day, he held her in his strong young arms. And he kissed her. And made love. No word was spoken between them. Not a whisper, not a lone cry.

Evening was born. But, alas, the foolish people of mother earth, they were blind to its sacred magnificence. "What a hideous creature Evening is! Neither black, nor white. What is the meaning of such a monstrosity?" they would jeer in unison.

The day was an arrogant man. "What! My child is ugly? Hideous? He cannot be! Let me behold him!"

Evening came forward.

But, alas, the day, he had imprisoned himself in his own image. "My word, you are not white! How have I given birth to such a horrible creature? I forsake you! And your mother!"

And since that hour, the night has brooded heavy in her unearthly agony. Of lone love's spite. And every time the evening tries to reconcile the two lovers, the day runs into a dusty retreat.

The night is the misunderstood beauty..

Keystone

The keystone to desire. We rotate, as we search. We leave, as we rise. Now, all the valleys lead to one whole. A mass, silent, ended and frolicking. What dreams make these thoughts? In pleasure, we find ourselves once more. Like rock to fire, and dust to bones. Two lovers of me, promiscuous truth. Black or white? Middle path maybe? Let me assume that i am my path. No. The keystone to desire. Find me one. Live me for me. Is it better than me being me, only to find me in the traps of me? Me me me me. Fin.

Smoke

A pathway into nothingness. A flame is the sun, and the horizon is my friend. Steps. Tip tap toe. A thousand tears surround me. Stop. Stop. Stop. I cannot stop. I must not stop. I shall not stop. And now these bricks lose their meaning. The sky, is my own, I give it up. Her face. I cannot stop. Promises, like a million drops of acid into a cyanide waterfall. Oasis. Farther than my chains. How many more mornings? Dwelling in torn-apart-land. How can I seize the day, when the night chains me? I cannot stop. Smoke. Floats up into higher pale realms. Fog. I cannot stop. Farewell.

The Last Note

One more step. On the doorway. Crescendo. But never comes. Never finds. Never falls. Raise my sight. Below your dawn. The last note. I must grasp the last note. I cannot grasp the last note. Thousands of beads into the intricate curtain. Devoid of one, all falls apart. Give me that one. Give me completeness. The last note never comes.. Do you hold it back?

Chain of events

Chain of events. All with no meaning, all with no end. Chain nonetheless. A chain to find the meaning of the chain. Search the forests, search the sky. Reaction to nothingness. Everything, but it corresponds to nothing. Don't they see? The meaning lies in the search itself. Walking. Walking down a winter sunset. Into another brake. But the chain must keep on. Correspondum Eventa. This search is a chain, the walk is a chain, chain of events. All events lead to nothing, but the chain leads to death. Chain of events. Here lies the meaning. Don't they care to see?

The Mirror Conjecture

What if there are other universes behind mirrors? What if mirrors are entrances into the other worlds? Where does that leave the reflection and the reflected? And then, am I the reflection of my "reflection"?

Do we live parallel existences, my reflection and I? Perhaps we do. But when we are both in front of the mirror, staring...We are bound together. Wherever I move, he must follow. Wherever he moves, I must tag along. But then, neither of us realize how we are controlled by each other. For we are shackled by the chains of self-importance. I call him my reflection, and he calls me his reflection.

I wonder if we could ever meet without a glass wall between us. I wonder.

Click Tick Crick

Click. Goes the night. clicking the past back forth. Tick. The clock said. I'll tick you to your death. Crick. The cricket. It will not leave. Where do I stay, when they jumble around me? What is my existence, when it means nothing to them?

Sequential resolve. Click Tick Crick. Click Tick Crick. Everything comes in circles. But I am outside. Tangential being. Swoop past, glaze for a brief moment. But then it disappears from me. And I'm farther as well. Does it Click Tick Crick when I'm not here? Does my entry mean stimulus? We are ignored each day. But very often, we aren't. Click Tick Crick carries meaning only to me. So it exists, only to me. Go on, play your Click Tick Crick Tricks on me. Sweet night. Why do they sleep? When they have. Sweet night. Night still. Still night. Click Tick Crick Trick me. I want you to. In our Click Tick Crick world, nothing can change. Click the tick the crick the world. Night good. Good night.

The dog and I

I return from my troubles, you from somewhere as bleak. We meet, but for a moment, but we meet indeed. Do you see how much I mean to you? Do I see the meaning you hold for me?

We stare at each other, like we've stared before. I signal my open arms, and you decipher my word. We play, our silent game, in our eyes what we say. We play, till the dawn brings back the day.

And then I leave, as swiftly as I came. You keep staring, but, I'm walking away. When I leave this alley, you come out and chase. You run after a stranger, not me, I see.

Our meeting in time, intersection point. Everything may have meaning, as you would know. For you're a street-dog chained to your still mute stare. And I'm the one who chains himself to snow.

A ride on the logic train

Everything physical has a form. Thus, it has a boundary. The boundary separates it from the rest of the universe. Everything inside an object's boundary is the object. Now, objects share boundaries with general space. The boundary of your computer monitor is also a boundary of the empty space all around you, in your room. So if we had just the empty space, as reference, we could describe all the objects in the empty space, by the boundary-form of the objects in the empty space. It's like looking at a half-full cup of water as an half-empty cup (with the whole universe being the cup). Think about it..

Physics says work is only done when some displacement of an object occurs. Now, if an object is displaced, then its boundary is displaced, and thus the reflection of its boundary on the empty-space form also changes. Thus, the empty-space form changes shape. So, work is only done when the empty-space form changes shape. Now, the universe is expanding. So the empty-space form is changing each second. Thus, work is being done, to change that form. Who does this work?

An easy explanation would be introducing the concept of God, however this is too arbitrary a way of thinking to accept. Thus the work WE do, (We meaning everything in the universe that does work), combine, in a way, to cause the expansion of the universe. But, as the universe expands in an algebraic fashion (i.e the expansion rate can be found out by simple equations) thus, the work we do, each moment, is such, that the combined work somehow falls into place with this equation. Thus, there is some relation between the work we do, otherwise such a falling-into-place could never happen. Thus, all work is related.

Now, as work defines all change in the universe, and change defines everything (another theory, which I suppose I could be able to prove), thus everything is related. EVERYTHING.

A cat sneezing up some hair in Denmark directly influences your life in some way. Isn't that a nice feeling?

What is universalism, asked the pixie

"Look at the book standing in its shelf. If the shelf weren't there, would the book still stand? If there was no marble floor below the shelf, would the book stand in quite the same way? Even if it did, would we perceive it the same way?

There is no individual object. Objects are only "meaningful" (in the usual human sense) as parts of their atmosphere. Of their surroundings. This does not vouch for the uniqueness of surroundings. The hypothetical book could well be placed in another book-shelf, and it would still stand. Perhaps we would perceive it very slightly differently due to its new surroundings, but the basic premise (book standing) would remain the same.

It is to be remembered, however, that surroundings form objects themselves. Thus, surrounding-objects define one surrounding. So a surrounding is made by other surroundings. There are differences, between surroundings, but the basic premise of being in any surrounding, (or the basic premise of the surrounding, in fact) remains the same. Being. Existence.

All objects make sense only when they are all looked at together. Isolation is a human fallacy, which is only a very rough approximation of universal complexity. Humans fail to realize that complexity and thus chaos, is the foundational unit of existence. Complexity is the simplest unit. Complexity is simplicity.

This is universalism.

Can we accept the existence of what we cannot see? Can we be in the deepest ocean, and appreciate the sky? We can. We must change. We hold the key for ourselves. We are part

of everything. Without we, there is no we. We are we. We be (Both we and we). Lost souls. Holism mocks us. It sneers. We are stupid. We are stupid. We are stupid.

This is universalism.

There is hope yet. Creature in time. One black pixel puts a blot on the picture. The picture changes. As the pixels make it up. Not some pixels. ALL pixels.

This is universalism."

Why religions are lies

We, humans, can only perceive the universe through human eyes. Suppose there is an intelligent life-form on Mars. A life-form which, biologically is vastly different from ours. Surely they would have a different emotions than us, as the chemistry of their bodies is different from ours (emotion, here, meaning the definite reaction to definite stimuli..here emotion does not mean the human concept of emotion). But we would never be able to perceive and understand their emotions, because we are held back by our own body-chemistry.

Now, if God exists, he would make the universe within his range of skill. Skill, implying, his range of thought. One could argue that God is infinite, but then, infiniteness is again, a human idea, a rough approximation of a whole, a mere concept. Now, this God would create the universe with fragments of itself, as in any creation, the creator unconsciously leaves its own traces. Thus this God would possess both the emotion-range of us humans AND the mars people (and all the other life-forms, and the non-life-forms too..though they do not have any of the emotions we humans consider as emotions, they have definite reaction to definite stimuli..thus, by definition, they possess emotion). But we, humans cannot perceive the emotions of Martians, so we cannot even begin to perceive the Martian part of God, or the parts other than the human part. If we were to say that our perception of God, within his human range, is enough for a complete understanding of him, then it is a fatal mistake on our part..as a system can only be completely understood if ALL parts of it are understood*. Thus, even if there is a God, we cannot

claim to understand it, and its beauty (as beauty is only found in the complete form). Thus all religions are lies.

- * One could argue, that, say, in maths, we use integration, in which we break the system, and understand a very small part of it..and from the conclusions there, understand it as a whole..so we could then do the same for God. However, this logic is wrong because, the small part in integration follows the same rules, the same ideas, as all the other small parts of the system. With God, however, the rules, the flow of the human part does not necessarily tell us anything of the Martian part, as Martians would have a completely different set of 'emotions'. So that argument is false.

The prophet

If an object exists, it does not not exist. Thus, not existing is out of its list of properties. If an object exists, only then can we speak of the object. If it doesn't, then our speaking of it violates its list of properties. But as the object does not exist, its list of properties do not exist either. Thus, when we speak of a non-existent object, we merely create a trace of it on existence. Now, if there are a multiple number of non-existent objects, we may create their traces on existence. Doing this would decrease the weight of the existent bodies on existence. By Le Chateliers principle, to counteract this change, the system would shift in some way. What would happen is that the objects in existence would gain some special significance. Thus, the significance of an object is only created when that object is treated insignificantly.

Now, it follows from logic that the converse would also hold true. Giving an existent object significance would reduce its actual significance.

Again, the universe started from a point. A non-dimensional body cannot have any significance, as for significance, a body must possess some physical after-effect. Now, as the universe expanded, by the process described in the first paragraph, the significance of its objects increased. However, this only happens till a saturation point..when all non-existent objects within the realm of imagination have been given significance. After this, probability says, that the existent bodies would more possibly be given significance. Thus, they would lose their true significance gradually. Thus the universe is returning/will start returning to its original state of insignificance. Now, just as

dimensionless bodies have no significance, similarly, bodies with no significance have no dimension. Therefore the universe will start contracting till it reaches its end..and we're back to square one.

I can feel it

I can feel it. When it's gashed on the ceiling. I do think, I think. Jumping jackrabbits in giant wonder lands. When the dot comes back to me, I count the scratches on my hand. Which are plentiful. They 're beautiful. Who would have seen them, and made and blessed my palms with such splendor?

Sometimes, in the passing of evening, I walk to my alley, where there 's a cat waiting for me, to look at me with curious eyes. That's what I call them. Curious. Am I not then the one to blame? Because I light my cigarette and look away?

Still. There are times when the alley is hardly enough. When the fiction fights the fact. Are they the same, in any case?

I remember July. I remember May. Lovely garters and jolly ties, with earth-like gait and fiery peace. All the stars are not to be counted.. some are better left unnamed, may be? Gyrating in their lustful twirl, which I call lustful, and no one else. Perhaps. That 's the word. Who knows the curve of the alley at dark? Not I. Surely.

That is to say, of course, that miles can free deserts from distance. Because naming brings familiarity. But is this familiarity not fake, and much like facts, which are but bricks on themselves, as some artsy bloke once said?

How many wonders I have left unresolved! Better light a cigarette. And get back home. Mother must be waiting for me, with tea and biscuits. Another day, then.

On why, pondering

If 'why' examines what cause an effect has, and if each cause is an effect itself, then 'why' moves on to the cause of the first cause. If this extends infinitely, then 'why' becomes an infinite exercise.

If one of the causes is not an effect, and is just there, then the answer 'why' gives is...

'is'. Does this search for cause for any effect lead to this same 'is'? Are all possible cause-and-effect-chains part of the same chain?

Can an effect have more than one cause? Are these causes to be taken together as a wider cause?

Can a cause have more than one effect?

Distraught forest man's lame boring story

"There was this brown and red group of ants in the very deepest of the woods, (by which I live). They started off simple enough, bold travellers on a truck through midnight. Where they fell, they eventually found their little shelters amidst the rocks and the springs.

One day, they discovered that moving to get food gets you more food than staying at one place. Excited, they headed off in different directions, and in the process, found out that they'd lose their comrades when they did so, being stranded themselves. So, they decided, as a group to move together. They started off in one direction, all of them, at a furious and passionate pace, like proper working ants. Something of a stampede happened, and yet those who weren't trampled didn't ..know the plight of those who were, being immersed in the act of finding food themselves.

This went on for a while, till a crack was born among the ants. Having taken more than a minute at brushing his teeth (as he was inherently a rather sleepy ant) he noticed how things slowed down when he had that mirror and the hideous toothbrush with him.

He looked for mirrors elsewhere. In the windows even.

He saw the corpses everywhere, of dead silent ants, but not understanding what they truly were, he thought that perhaps they were a sign to guide him on on the general path of tediousness he had adopted ("for a second albeit").

"But a hint of a path must be a path. And indeed, all the marks seem to start from the point from where we are now at the moment, and go on in one direction into the horizon."

Toothbrush falls to the floor!

He told his fellow ants of the thought, and they were indeed intrigued (as they were, after all, reasonable ants, and not humans). So they stopped, and thought for a while, and decided to change direction towards the path.

(An owl scratched his head at this, and shook his head disapprovingly)

They walked as the path told them to. They looked for the end of it. But slowly, over the hours and days and months and years, belonging to a rather forgetful species, the ants started looking for food again, and forgot all about this matter about 'paths'.

Then another crank was born.

The whole cycle happened again.

And again.

And again.

And again

.

.

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.

.

I have a warm fireplace in the serene room I have in the forest, anyway.

I shouldn't worry about ants.

That owl that's passing by right now could interest me though."

Blood-broken sunshine

And again, the hollow seams of these streets and their distant muses of devouring come upon me, inviting, with their lips, and their whispers in black, inviting me the same as themselves, calling me to be as distant as their own.

The lone men by the riverside ease into their perches while they watch the cigarette-smoke rise steadily into the air, before deciding on the vapours to vanish, into the dust of the city's grey midnight counting minutes.

It is never then, as I have said, for the rim of your bed, that I keep my words hanging in the quarters, and paths, and the lights grow distant still, and you close your eyes, and hear me, my words trailing long after my footprints and then, I am lonesome with my half-naked letters, the rhymes that I paint on you restlessly.

I shall not be speaking for a month or two as such, however much your distance is welcomed. My silence shall hang from my doorway, and greet you, while you pass by my layers with a pint of repent, and at the end, our words shall be wasted again, and soulfully so, on my doormat and days

Let us say tomorrow is a scar on your broken blue skin
and today

My eyes to see it.

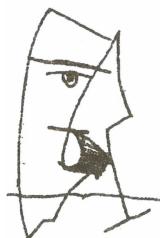
Kwashiorkor religion

The universe is a fabric based on Kwashiorkor. Kwashiorkor is the infinite, imperceptible, indefinable shift in the Nothing set (Read up Quasiometry for a deeper understanding of Nothing). It is the event, which causes the formation of an entirely new set, the Everything set.

The interactions between Kwashiorkor and the Everything set causes the phenomena of Kwashiorkor projection. This projection is what we misconstrue to be the illness which we call Kwashiorkor. Thus the so-called “illness” is not what its name implies. It is more important, more powerful: It is the footprint left by Kwashiorkor.

The mortals with this “illness” are in actuality blessed spirits. They are the prophets of change, the Kwashiorikas. They do not make petty perceptible changes, no, they delve beyond the perceptible.

S O N G



Uphill Rossetti

The night is tender
Mender of the million
Candles
Who whisper
Agonizing
Acid-burn-leaf tales
(Shining)

"Food and repose for all
On the waterfall's edge"

All of his hair
Stood wed to flair
The crickets relentless
Agonizing
Acid-burn-leaf tales

"Food and repose for all
On the waterfall's edge"

On midnight crazy
The shadows grow hazy
With dusk
The musk of flowing souls
Rolls over the edge

"Food and repose for all
On the waterfall's edge"

The same as you and me

Hold you slow and dim
The line that wins our steps
And though the fence is grim
Believe we'd only be the same as

You and me
This earth we sleep to see.

Hold the night in gold
The folds that beat my skin
Promise we lose to fall in
Line, to choose this world of

You and me
This earth we sleep to see.

Hold you tighter still
The line shall break, it will
Its threads that break its walls
The bed on which she calls for sleep, for

You and me
This earth we sleep to see.

Hold you slow and dim
Hold you slow and dim
Hold you tighter still
Hold you tighter still

This earth we sleep to see
This earth for you and me.

Song of idiots in corners

I'm going down
There's no frown on my face now
No trace to give away now
Whether I'm picking my way

And she says I'm only frozen
It's the lows that keep me walking
And I'd better name my colours
One moment for each hue
From yellow to cold blue

So I sit and ponder
Feet on tablecloth
And the ease doesn't hurt me
Not when I'm busy with my

Grooming of hair
And the stares of old time
And the rhymes to take us nowhere again

I'm going down
It's the town that loves me
It's the odd flower mumbling
"Better be quick with me
Because you're going down
And there's no frown on your face now"

Blue scarves and drizzling rain

In the spring where
The playgrounds stay
There was an old bird
Who said
My wings have seen better days
And the land is as gray as me
To see, came a mole in glee
Rolled with the breeze and said
Old-wings that you speak of so
Old-wings that you speak of so
I never know what's ahead
Above me, below instead
Happily wed for now
My earth and I go softly how
It's the
Same sky that greets the night
And its
Bright stars in oyster shells
Blue scarves and drizzling rain
Blue scarves and drizzling rain
The door is as open as
Your steps when you come again.

Child of autumn

Child of autumn
Know you're sleeping
The grass is numb
When you are weeping

And the sky is flowing soft now
The lofty clouds that hold you
Speak of dust

But, in the field, child
They open grin still
Doodle playing while
They tell you

Come home, she calls you
The fallen days upon
Her face that broken speaks
The strongest arms
Will never lift her
Nimble fingers that she seeks
And when we're lost
The frost on our play
The sun will come with pretty grins
And then we'll know her
Speak in flow till
Gentle flowers peek in winks

And won't you open whole
Then

As they sing
The birds with yellow
Happy wings

Child of autumn
Know you're dreaming
Somewhere in
The seams of day
Child of tender
Leaves in turning
Come back again
And then we'll play

sugata foundation

VISION

sugata foundation aims towards a world with more sensible and responsible human beings. It visualizes a green world with all state-of-the-art amenities, yet with all species and excellent human beings with full freedom of expression. It will strive for a less competitive world and will aim at development & expression of individual human being after their inclination and capability.

This foundation will make an attempt to spread the message of living with peace for every individual so that no 'sugata' of India or Japan or USA or anywhere else decides to leave the world so early.

MISSION

1. sugata foundation will provide opportunities to student/ youth so that they can share their thought and mind with their generation, elder generation and future generation whom they will invite on this beautiful earth.
2. sugata foundation will facilitate youth leading the life of an aged person with self-esteem and dignity.
3. sugata foundation will provide excellent in-class support system to student/youth that deliver care for them.
4. sugata foundation shall try to facilitate wide range of innovative services to student/youth so that they care for the earth and protect the future also.

OBJECTIVE

sugata foundation will undertake any worthwhile activity to fulfill its Vision and Mission.

All are welcome to come out with ideas or any definite project.

CONTACT US:

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