

*sugata bhattacharyya*



গাঙ চি ল



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.

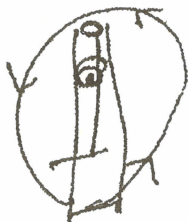
Readers can sense, measure,  
feel and touch that unique and  
ebullient being, which unfolds  
itself through these dazzling  
pieces. In that sense, these  
expressions can be considered a  
mirror of the Poet's Soul.

**THIS IS WHERE I STAND**





THIS IS WHERE I STAND



sugata bhattacharyya



গা ঙ চ ল

This is Where I Stand  
*sugata bhattacharyya*

First Published  
December 2009

© sugata foundation

The cost of production and publication of  
this book is borne by sugata foundation

Publisher  
Anima Biswas  
Gangchil

'Matir Bari'

Onkar Park, Ghola Bazar  
Kolkata 700 111

Contact: (033) 2553 8502, 98307 73866, 94329 91530  
e-mail: gangchil.books@gmail.com

Sales Counter  
33 College Row, Kolkata 700 009

Composed by  
Rachayita 10 Kiran Sankar Roy Road, Kolkata 700 001

Printed at  
Jayasree Press 91/1B Baithakkhana Road, Kolkata 700 009

Sketch  
sugata bhattacharyya

Cover, Layout & Design  
Bipul Ghua

Price  
100.00

# Contents

Editor's Note 7

Foreword 9

## P O E T R Y

Myself for me 13

The Nightingale 14

A child again 15

Tiny ravines of Symphony 16

A thousand colours 17

Chapters of Hypnosis 18

I Dug 19

Fireheart 20

Cursive Confess 21

The song of leaving 22

Silhouette Dance 23

Escape from happy road 24

Desolate Midnight 25

This is where I stand 26

Change makes me cry 27

I'm too dumb 28

The plaintive musings of the mariner 29

The Entry 30

Daisy dippy dop 31

The human life 32

Hush 33

The affirmation word 34

The keeper of the garden 35

Rocking the rolling oasis 36

Nandi-1 37

Nandi-2 38

Nandi-3 39

The barman fries the corn 40

Trap trap 41

Where zee is the zee in the zeeness that lives 42

Nudists in the Sky 43

Waking up at night-time 44

Gimmick the time 45

Waking up at night-time again, but with other soul 46

Rai, the rib of the quaintness 48

The days to be claimed 49

Failed 50

Supper harlem 51

The unearthly winding laps of ghouls 52  
Wave 53  
A little Oo reaches out once more 54  
Lilac worry 58  
Catalonia 59  
Waking up to none 60  
Of her flow 61  
Gipper Freud 62  
Slim Sewing grandly 63  
A raindrop is 64  
Old women on arctic expeditions 65  
Repentance 66  
To each of these planks 67  
Words are sprayed 68  
Snow white 69  
"Atma deepo Bhabo" 70

#### P R O S E

Correction, Sir, It's Sugata 73  
To unjust hope 74  
A dream of Raluca 76  
Evolution 78  
Black and White 79  
Keystone 82  
Smoke 83  
The Last Note 84  
Chain of events 85  
The Mirror Conjecture 86  
Click Tick Crick 87  
The dog and I 88  
A ride on the logic train 89  
What is universalism, asked the pixie 91  
Why religions are lies 93  
The prophet 95  
I can feel it 97  
On why, pondering 98  
Distraught forest man's lame boring story 99  
Blood-broken sunshine 101  
Kwashiorkor religion 102

#### S O N G

Uphill Rossetti 105  
The same as you and me 106  
Song of idiots in corners 107  
Blue scarves and drizzling rain 108  
Child of autumn 109

## 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 allurements 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



# POETRY





## 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- l

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 that 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 wonder  
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.

# PROSE





## 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 Bhatyyachyyaryya' (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

Mademoiselle,

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 carress 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

.

.

.

.

.

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.

# SONG





## 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:

sugata foundation  
Ground Floor, 41/B/2, R. N. Das Road  
Dhakuria, Kolkata  
West Bengal-700 031  
India

Phone: 94326 43581 / 9477457609  
e-mail: aparna.bhattacharyya62@gmail.com/  
debashisandbhattacharyya@gmail.com

Registration No: S/IL/60398 under West Bengal

Societies Registration Act, 1961

