

Poetry Series

Arindom Borah
- poems -

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Arindom Borah()

What bio can a poet have. A man of many wants but just soothe my addiction
and I'm yours to do as you please.

Cut me to pieces and feed me to the dogs,
or watch me levitate upto the skies.

A Welcome Invasion

There's someone walking in my mind,
Who despite all the efforts I make,
To push her out, refuses to oblige
And coolly says that she won't vacate.
I don't know her name, in fact I
Know nothing about her; But like a pact
Our eyes meet; Hers sparkle with good humor,
As she walks away with my attention, rapt.
It's nothing sexual. She oozes respect
From each pore of her body and as I smile
We leave each other and go opposite ways
My welcome invader; don't go! Rest awhile! ☐

Arindom Borah

Death Be Not Proud: A Parody (With Apologies To John Donne)

Death! Be not proud, you sanctimonious asshole!
Your vocabulary bores me out of my soul.
You've lost your touch, you vile ghoul!
Even your dirty jokes seem like hyperbole.

Some intellectual fools call you 'the Grim Reaper'
I won't employ you even as a warehouse sweeper.
You can't even reap your crops of your own volition,
Unless aided by disease, accident and disaster coalition.

There is even, circulating, a fact or a rumor
That 'grim reaper, the cad, has a sense of humor;
You are described as a scarecrow, in a Halloween shroud,
So death! You idiot, of what exactly are you proud?

Hence, death, I say this to you, BE NOT PROUD!

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Entrapment

When we are born, we are innocent babies and
About life and death, virtue and vice, we know
Not a thing. We cannot even speak sense, only
Gobbledygook; as if our ignorance to show.

As we start to grow, the cerebellum forms
Learning starts, again from A and B and C
We reinvent the wheel; Start again from
Zero and squander precious time with glee.

And, when, we at last mature and in advancing years
stand at the frontiers of knowledge, we come to know
We can never hope to learn about truth, for our
Vision's weak; Old age starting to show?

Isn't this pointless? Shouldn't there be a way
To impart wisdom to a baby on first breath
So that it can, standing on these intellectual steps
Tell us! All about the mysteries of life and death.

For this seems to be the only way to stop
This cycle of life and death and life again
These never ending circles of monotony;
Of vagueness and precision, of joy and pain! ! !

Even then what prevents me, you may think.
To take a hand gun and blow out my brains?
Society seduces you. 'Entrapment' by pseudo fear
We don't need umbrellas as in here, it never rains.! !

Have You Ever Heard Of A Passionate Man? (A Triolet)

Have you ever heard of the passionate man?
Who writes his free flowing verse in perfect meter?
He likes to bind my creativity as an "also-ran";
Have you ever heard of the passionate man?

Maybe now, from the forum, my poetry he will ban,
O Fie! Verses without soul? Rubbish and litter!
Have you ever heard of the passionate man?
Who writes his free flowing verse in perfect meter?

Arindom Borah

I Was Born To Create

I was meant to create
The most elegant shape,
The most exotic drop of nectar sweet;

And I created water-balloons
And lost out to (Ha! Ha!) Fate.
Now I am selling my bones. Buy
And place some on your fireplace grate.

I had no time for working since I was
creating. Why indeed should I work?
I said NO but they dragged me and threw me
(The bastards!) among the swine and the pork.

The most aesthetic curves,
The most graceful glance,
The most luscious dimple,
I was meant to create
Yes'm, I was meant to create.

This is my personal creation myth,
I wasn't just born you know
I was born: to create.

Arindom Borah

Living In Ambiguity

Confusion! Bewilderment!
The beasts poke up their tall heads,
And try to see wither way to go.
Blue and green water limits vision!
Only queries for me alas!
There are no answers.
And why do I want to laugh?
Because perhaps Nessie may not be
Reality after all! I don't want to know
What is real; what is the caricature,
So my reptilian friends, If this
Be my fate-then so be it.
She is still above the level of
Cognizance where dwells my mind!
But then does it really matter?
It doesn't! It never did I guess!

Arindom Borah

My Bed Feels So Empty; Without You

My bed feels so empty; without you;
It feels as if I'm falling; down a bottomless pit,
As alien emotions surround me, raw and new.
My bed feels so empty; without you.

Even when I devour the most potent brew,
The song continues to play in the same old beat.
My bed feels so empty without you;
It feels as if I'm falling; down a bottomless pit.

Arindom Borah

On Perspectives Of View

Dear friends, sometimes in life, it may so happen that....

Your emotions and feelings are rudely shattered;
Thunderclouds come and it starts to rain;
Your heart breaks into hundreds of fragments small,
And you can hardly withstand the pain.

And then, it may happen that Misery
and Melancholy fill your head
Life seems to be such a pain-in-the-ass
That you feel you'd be better off dead.

But if you ever look at it this way
It may help to get over your loss;
For you may be the luckiest person alive,
Does it suit you to mope and fuss?

Think of the millions in this planet
Who are at home with only fear and hate.
Of happiness sublime, they know nothing
Don't you pity the buggers, their fate?

For albeit short-lived, you have known bliss,
You know how wonderful it is to care;
You know of happiness, the kind that chokes the throat,
You have experienced love (which is something rare) .

Therefore, don't let what you think you deserve,
Deaden your appreciation of what you've already gained.
Experience, first hand, of supreme happiness,
Whose worth, a hundred times, exceeds the pain.

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The Centaur's Lament (An Acrostic Poem)

Can a wretched freak of a four-footed beast

Endure such calumny and lies? 'Tis hard. For

Nocturnal we may be and may have too a

Taste for adventure. But on what or whose

Authority do you classify us as beings without

Utility; mythical and fanciful? You may not see us, but

Real we are. We live among you humans in subtle camouflage.

Arindom Borah

The End Of Innocence (An Acrostic Poem)

It's the witching hour and I appear to be walking on a road

Not deserted-but less people-no cars too here-I'm still walking

Night's bloody cold in mid- August Brrrrr! ! Still walking and I see

On the far end, it's as if the road just blacks up-no horizon-just impervious black.

Can't see..sixth sense steps in..I've stopped just in time, I'm on the edge of a sheer precipice,

Excuse me'says a voice behind me; I move aside; A naked woman...passes by and jumps off the edge! What the f***! !

Now what's these? I see all around me.. man & women & kids..and babies too

Christ! -everyone undressing and then jumping -like robots and-zombies! Then-I laugh and

Esoterically, I undress -and in the nude, JUMP-and on and on I go- till blackness devours me.

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The Necessity Of Tomorrow

Dear friends, if never comes tomorrow

As we wait, in anticipation, to see it's face

Won't our kisses of joy taste bland? Won't hope

Faith and Optimism, always lose in every race?

Yes, we all need inducements to live,

And, 'tomorrow' will always be the bait.

Otherwise, moving and moving in circles

Infinite, can that really be human fate?

We live because of the unknown.

Today I am rich, tomorrow I may borrow.

And if you take that very uncertainty away,

Maybe, we will all opt to die without tomorrow.

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Upside-Down; Inside-Out.

(I)

It was just an
Ordinary day,
The day you walked,
Into my ordinary life.
And,
Turned it,
Upside down with love (unrequited)
Inside-Out with feelings so strange but happy,
That I even shivered sometimes,
In the throes of bliss.

But before I
Could recover from the Shock,
You walked out again,
Leaving in your wake,
The nihilistic embers of,
My heart,
Now fiery red
but slowly cooling down

(II)

That was how
It all began,
my lover, my dimpled cherub,

And...as the years went by
I am and I remain still
Upside-down,
Inside-out

And, you know what?
now it seems almost
NORMAL,

To be this way!

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Why Should We Live.....My Friends?

Why should we live, my friends?

If life is just dictatorship's another form;
If we have not the liberty, to decide, our roads to traverse,
But still called upon to battle the ensuing storms?

For, isn't he a fool, who battle-scarred and worn;
And soon to knock upon oblivion's eternal door,
Having fought all his life, against terrible odds,
Is still confused as to ' what he has been fighting for'?

For the 'wise' know their destination and 'why';
By applying their dexterity in ration and logic;
But the clock! It's destined to move its hands, forever;
Not for it to know why it ticks!

And like the clock, most of us, in ignorance,
Tragically, keep on moving & moving our hands.
In response to some unseen clockwork,
So why indeed should we live, my friends?

Yes, a monstrous joke has been played on us, for
We are nothing but freaks, unlike others gifted (?) with life,
For only we can think & reason among all living things,
And therefore realize, the futility, of our strife.

Hence, is there any point in living, my friends?

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