

Poetry Series

**Debdip Maitra**  
**- poems -**

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## Debdip Maitra(25-08-1992)

Eclectic, eccentric, potentially electric, a touch egoistic, mostly empathetic... Just your average IT industry guy with a passion for writing...

# A Chance Meeting / After So Many Ages

The silence looms large, echoing with words unsaid,  
As our eyes meet again, after so many ages,  
Letters so many written, unopened, unsent,  
The emotions they do strain, chained down in their cages.

Age has changed me, balding and greying now,  
But you look just the same, as I always remember you,  
That strand of hair still falls, kissing and caressing your brow,  
Your smile still intrigues me, yes you still do.

Words are meaningless, knowing each other as we do,  
Seeing you floods me once again, with all the buried memories,  
And like a house of ants they run, pell-mell oh they do,  
First one, then all come running out towards the laid out savouries.

And I am transported back again, once again a child,  
I used to bring you flowers, though less pretty than you,  
As you walk towards me, my heart still beats wild,  
I remember the old days, the friendship pure and true.

Yes, in my eyes you might see, the 36 years that passed,  
But in those eyes deep and blue, I see again my smile,  
For you never failed to lift me when I was downcast,  
And I smile again as you pass me, walking your daughter down the aisle....

Debdip Maitra

# A Return To Serenity

And waves after waves of pain crash upon my heart,  
Breaking up into the foamy dance of revellers.  
Rejoicing that I finally lie here in the dirt,  
So near yet so far from the goal we had set for as travellers.

Our hearts were young & our spirits were free,  
And dreams great were nourished.  
For together we could climb any tree,  
By the strength of our bond, they flourished.

And then we set sail, to fulfill our desires,  
But oh, the frailty of human natures...  
Our very friendship was set on the fires,  
Of jealousy & doubt, the vile creatures....

And gleefully they tore at all that was our strength,  
Till the shackles of friendship lay broken at our feet.  
And the days seemed hotter, the nights grew in length,  
Could no longer bear to be part of the same fleet.

And so my separate way I went,  
My greatest folly.  
Forsaking a bond heaven sent,  
And companions true & jolly.

Now as the waves crash against the rocky shore,  
And the pain within reaches its peak,  
Words to say fill my mind galore,  
But there's none to whom I can speak.

And as the tears do sting the eye,  
The rain begins to pour.  
The time has come to bid the world goodbye,  
I will wait, friends, by heaven's door...

For I cannot rest unless I confess,  
My folly has cost me so dear.  
The world is harsh, as I learnt when I turned my face,  
And now my end is drawing near.

Fare thee well, fellow travellers of youth,  
My mistakes have left me destroyed.  
But the rain from the heavens does my fever soothe,  
As I pass on into the void.....

Debdip Maitra

# A Wait For Revival

Letters I've written, never meaning to send,  
Words said in jest, not meaning to offend.  
Walls built in anger, myself to isolate,  
Tears unspilled build up, my heart they suffocate.  
The lightnings rent apart, the black velvet of the sky,  
And my silent screams they echo, till my throat bleeds dry.  
My mistakes they haunt me, clawing at my innards,  
And old memories scattered, like the mirror's broken shards.....  
But downtrodden I won't be, miles I have to travel,  
Cut and bleeding my feet be, mysteries to unravel.  
And I'll push myself, to the edge of endurance,  
Even if I don't find, a voice of sweet assurance.  
But then oft the devil 'guises, as an angel's tears,  
And our smiles they mask, our detestation and fears.  
So I take up my own guard, the lonewolf wary,  
Lashing out and snapping, to hide that I'm weary.  
And I howl out my frustrations, at the bright, round moon,  
And hear it whisper promises, of good things to come soon.  
I listen without believing, for the jokes of fate are cruel,  
And this bitter experience, the fire in me it fuels...  
For lonely I stand, against the world if needs,  
But stand strong I will, my self-esteem it feeds.  
And I'll keep on walking, the consummate survivor,  
Waiting for a turn in tides, waiting for the revival.....

Debdip Maitra

## Ek Brishti Bheja Bikeler Upakhyan.... (Bengali)

Aaj monta janina ki holo, aageo to brishti hoyechhe,  
Aageo to aakashe megh ghoniye ondhokar korechhe,  
Aageo to brishtir tapur-tupur rinijhini bajiyechhe janlar upor,  
Tobe aaj keno ogochore nirob osrudhara basha bedhechhe chokher koner upor?

Brishtir joler fotara aageo to ebhabe nodir moto janlar kaach beye nemechhe,  
Tobe aaji keno hriday erom mon kharaper neshaye mete uthhechhe?  
Keno smritir tukroguli aina-r bhanga kaacher moto buke bidhchhe?  
Na lekha chithira, na bola kothara keno aaj hothat sudhochchhe.....

Ki hoto, ki hoto jodi sedin sahosh korti? - janina, bakyohin ami nijeke harai,  
Abar smritir mayajaale, abar ogochorei shei modhur kataaguli parai...  
Tobe aaj katagulo bedhe na, tiktota-take chhure fele diyechhi ami,  
Karon bujhte perechhi amar kachhe egulo, tui, thik kotota daami.....

Tai boshe achhi ami ekhon janlar pashe, haowaye chulgulo urchhe,  
Ebong joler photagulo eshe jokhon porchhe mukher upor, moner baadh tao  
bhangchhe.  
Ek odbhut mugdhota, mon ta aaj neche chole otiter shei gaane,  
Ar aami mugdho noyone cheye thaki, godhuli-raanga ei meghla akasher  
paane.....

Debdip Maitra

# I Am Not Alone

The soul lives there in the silent breath,  
And the heart wanders in search of its wealth.  
Weary I cry, but still totter on,  
My feet may bleed, but the mind races on.

Shattered dreams, blood stained on the floor,  
Broken pieces, in frustration I roar.  
Seeking escape, I pound on the walls,  
My heart's cry, on deaf ears it falls.

Disjoint images, flash through my mind,  
Back through time, my memory rewinds.  
Again I stand, beneath that willow,  
The incessant tears, again I swallow.

Hurt and alone, as I sat there crying,  
You were the only one who came prying.  
You extended your hand, and flashed a smile,  
All my worries, seemed to vanish for a while.

With you standing by me, I accepted my difference,  
You showed me the beauty, among the forests dense.  
That darkness paves the way, for the stars to shine,  
And laugh the world may, my identity was mine.

Now as I'm entombed, once more by my fright,  
And situation's chains wrap around me so tight.  
Your face burns bright, the bonds of our friendship,  
Lends me yet again, the strength to face the hardships.

And as I run once more, drenching myself in the rain,  
The cold drops on my skin, wash away the pain.  
And I sense you beside me, hiding in the trees,  
I now feel secure, my heart finally knows peace.....

Debdip Maitra

## Kichhu Tukro Smritiguli (Bengali)

Ek poshla brishtir jhaptaa eshe achhre porlo mukher opor,

Ar ojante, okarone montake bedhe fello otiter smritijaale,

Shei classroom, last benche boshe kotoi na onorgol kotha bola, Mone pore ki tor?

Thik kon muhurte bedhechhili bondhutter mayajaale?

Classer saamne chhotto tul-e boshar sajaa, lojjaye mukh ranga hoye uthechhilo,

Fupiye fupiye kadchhiam boshe ekaki sedin ami,

Shei muhurte, jokhon prai shobai chhure fele dei, kebol ekti norom haat eshe kaadhe porechhilo

Bolechhilis, 'Amra to toke chini re pagol..!' ! Janish na, tor se bhorsha chhilo thik kotota dami...

Shikkhoker songe moter omil, tarpor amar lojja, ekti meyeke opoman korechhiam,

Kintu tobuo ghrina korishni tui, ulte amai santona diyechhili,

Jokhoni kono sahajjo cheyechhi, hashimukhe pashe thekechhis chirokal,

Jokhon jaundice-e mumurshu, tui maa-r kachhe khoj niyechhili...

Tarpur school palte gelo, dujone je jar pothe gelam...

Shei phone call, hothat bojraghat, bolli, 'Aar jogajog rakhte chaina amar pokkho theke..' Koshto peyechhiam,

Bhebechhiam dure sore jaabo, kintu sorboda chhili lukiye moner kone,

Tai parini bhule thakte, maan-obhimaan chhure fele phone korlam, tui bolli, 'Hurt korte chaini re toke....'

Mene nilam, karon ami nirupai, mon to dekhiyei diyechhe bhola sombhob noi toke,

Tor bondhuttoi amar shokti stombho, eta chhara bacha osombhob...

Tai jotoi jhor ashuk, ashuk badha bighno, tor haat ta chharbo na kobhu ar, Kotha dichchhi, thakbo tor pashe, jotokkhon, jotodur sombhob.....

Debdip Maitra

# Rebirth- A New Journey

Embarking upon a new way,  
Leaving my past behind.  
It is a bleak & windy day,  
Whence this path before me unwinds.

Sepulchral doom beckons me,  
And darkness paves the way.  
To be or not to be,  
Is the question, as they say.

Towering clouds upon me frown,  
And the rains do fall.  
Impossible to see further down,  
And be sure of destiny's call.

Unsure of what does await,  
Gingerly this path I tread.  
For the future is an unsure bet,  
And I am hoping I do catch a thread.

That will lead me through this maze,  
For even the lightning lighting up the sky,  
Does so only to daze,  
And leaves the road even darker by.

Unsure of the path ahead,  
I look around for signs.  
But in this night dark as dead,  
There are no clear marked lines.

Uncertainty begins to grow,  
Like thorn vines on the hedge.  
And the seeds of doubt they sow,  
My resolve hangs from the ledge.

A fear cold & vile,  
Crawls up on my skin.  
The voices of doubt do pile,  
Enhancing the maddening din.

As my faith does fade,  
Doubt raises its wall.  
And my legs feel made of lead,  
Suddenly weak, I fall.

On the thorns, and they do sting,  
As voices ring in my head.  
Yeah, and they too sing,  
The chant of the living dead.

And a numbness creeps into my heart,  
Unable to move, I lie.  
In the mud and dirt,  
A thousand chains I am held by.

Hopelessness lurks around,  
Like a pack of hungry wolves.  
Ready to pound me to the ground,  
With their dirty hooves.

But then the booming voice,  
Riding on the mighty gale.  
Roars at me to keep my poise,  
Urging me not to fail.

For this is my quest for glory,  
I do need to keep strong.  
Can't afford to get weary,  
Allow them to lead me wrong.

And as I turn back the pages of my life,  
I realise that it's nothing new.  
Given that it was all a bloody strife,  
I must rise as I always do.

Somewhere a rose blooms,  
Its smell tingles my nose.  
Driving away the glooms,  
A new hope in me arose.

And the music of the rain,

Pulls me out of my trance.  
Dispelling all the pain,  
Leading me into a dance.

The desire again burns,  
Deep within my heart.  
And the tide of time turns,  
Awaiting a rebirth.

Of faith- a talismanic fire,  
On this journey new.  
Burning away all thoughts dire,  
And ensure that I stay true.

Debdip Maitra

## Refuse To Abandon Hope Still....

And that eye, beauty divine,

Takes me to places unknown.

Intoxication, that potent wine,

Of that face, on me has grown.

Sail through the storm ravaged seas,

Or hike through the forest.

For the merest chance of a kiss,

I am ready to court the arrest,

Of that free bird, my heart..

I could throw away all my wealth,

For that divine touch of art.

Her face, that through subtle stealth,

Has robbed me of my sanity..

Thus here I fly, the bug to fire,

Attraction, in all its fatality,

A slave to this mad desire...

Will my heart be warmed,  
Or my house be burnt to a cinder?  
As I rush on disarmed,  
My mind does wonder...

Will she rush to me with a sniff,  
Or with a smile of evil allure,  
Push me off the precipitous cliff?  
Doesn't matter, her call's allure,

Has me rushing blindly once more.  
Call me a fool if you will,  
But for a key to that golden door,  
I refuse to abandon hope still.....

Debdip Maitra

# Return Of The Prodigal Son...

Darkness engulfs me, as I sit alone,  
In my empty room, feeling so forlorn.  
The darkness transports me, to my days of glory,  
The din of silence, makes me realize my folly.  
Cavorting with royalty, dining with Nobility,  
Had made me forget, my first fealty  
That to my mother, who had brought me forth,  
And to my father, for me who always fought.  
And as I travel back, to childhood's innocence,  
Memories come back, to show me my negligence.  
Delirious with fever, as I tossed & turned,  
My mother woke the night, bathing me as I burned.  
Her sweet smile, used to wake me every morning,  
She was there by my side, at each & every turning.  
Or my first cycle ride, as I fell & bled,  
My father's strong arms, carrying me to my bed.  
All those afternoons, you carried me on your shoulders,  
Never let me fall, shielded me from life's boulders.  
Through my endless questions, you never lost patience,  
Whenever I fell, taught me perseverance.

Then as I grew older, I drifted apart,  
Friends & crushes took the major part.  
Time spent decreased, long talks became few,  
It was as if boundaries were being forged anew.  
But you were always there, standing by my side,  
Never did I see, from you had nothing to hide,  
Then success came, went straight to my head,  
But never a word against me, had you ever said.  
Praises galore, and toasts were raised,  
Intoxicated, neglected on what it was based.  
Now that it's all gone, I sit in the dark,  
Face to face with myself, seeing so stark  
The mistakes I had made, on my bloody folly,  
How did I forget my parents' faces so jolly.  
Who stood by me at each step along the way,  
Never could bear to leave me even for a day.  
And so I totter back, please raise me off this muck,  
I am still the infant, you had once taught to walk.  
My neglect's been huge, and it has cost me dear,  
To stay away from you, can no longer bear.  
So here I lay prostrate, seeking forgiveness,

For all these years, and my foolish mindlessness.  
So accept these flowers, my humble offerings,  
And hold me tight, shower me with blessings.  
Thus the prodigal son returns, yet once again,  
For how long can he stay away from his heaven?  
And as your warm embrace washes all my pain,  
Tears finally flow, as I find peace once again.....

Debdip Maitra

# The Journey, And Back Again....

And as I plunge into the vortex of time,  
Kaleidoscopic memories, remnants of ages gone by...  
Mocking my ambition, my mistakes they mime,  
And on through the forsaken wormhole I fly.....

The valiant knights of yore, honourable in chivalry,  
The vibrant wonders of future and a child's dreams....  
Charge on headlong like some fearsome cavalry,  
And reality seems to spill over at the very seams....

Of the fabric of being, iridescent yet thin,  
Maelstrom of dreams, colourfully chaotic....  
Order from chaos, and the implosion within,  
The mechanical merges into the biotic.....  
Monsters of fire, reeking brimstone & sulfur,

And giants of steel, with their pulleys & gears....  
Working in tandem, they fight on in their war,  
Gruesome combinations, boundaries blur, and my fears....  
But then a sound reaches my ears,  
Alien in its inherent familiarity...

An infant's shrill first cry I hear,  
The multitude of emotions have no similarity....  
And as her little hand wraps around my finger,  
Her soft breath warm upon my skin....  
In this miracle of being I can't help but linger,

My thoughts and emotions make a deafening din.....  
For empires rise and fall, evolution runs its course,  
And each age brings its new set of horror & wonder....  
I have glimpsed them all, shouted my voice hoarse,  
But now as I'm torn from my dream asunder....

By the shrill voice of my tormentor by bedside,  
I wake up placated, sure that good will still rise....  
For as long as that innocence still carries on,  
The beacon they will burn, and we will become wise.....



## The Leap Of Faith....

A sadness, a longing echo in the dark,  
To ease the pain, wipe away the tears,  
A desire, for closeness raw and stark,  
It makes me forget my own fears.

A melancholy mingles with her smile,  
Yet the fire of passion burns,  
For that smile I can walk a thousand mile,  
I realise sadly as she turns.

Then again she turns back, caught up as she is,  
Between moving on, and the mighty call of the past,  
I wonder just exactly what it is,  
In those eyes that makes my heart beat so fast.

She stands there, regally beautiful,  
The bewitching power of innocence  
Sparkles in those eyes, deep and wonderful,  
And with my powerlessness comes the acceptance...

That even though madness lurks, stalking its prey,  
If I delve deeper into the mysterious ocean,  
Of those eyes.. I can't help but obey,  
Their call, and I abandon all caution.

For they are a maelstrom, a chaotic churn,  
Majestic in all their splendour,  
It is but the hopeful urn,  
The birth-place of all wonder.  
And they hold such a power over me,  
Her single glance makes my heart sway,  
Like the gale rocks the rake thin tree,  
In its depths, I've lost my way.

But I grasp not whence this power comes from,  
Nor where this dance leads,  
Like a joyous puppy my heart jumps,  
My wondrous joy it feeds.

And I know utter helplessness,  
As I drown in those eyes deep,  
But I also know fearlessness,  
For it is of faith that I take a leap....

Debdip Maitra

# When The Night Falls (Or The Questions Of A Storm Wracked Soul) ...

And when night falls,  
Will the demons come to play,  
To listen to the stories I tell?

And when night falls,  
Will my screaming find? a voice,  
Or the screams of silence rage on?

And when night falls,  
Will the stars burn tonight,  
Or shall I burn in saturnine glory?

And when the night falls,  
Will I be the one to burn,  
Or will there be nothing left?

And when the night falls,  
And my masks are finally shed,  
Will you scream in terror and run?

And when the night falls,  
Will you finally break me down,  
Will you finally be the end...

And when the night falls,  
Will I finally find my peace,  
Amidst the cold flames? of hell?

And when the night falls,  
Will you finally come to see,  
Come to see the pain I smile? ...

For when the night falls,  
And I am broken inside,  
Will you be the lighthouse I need,  
Or will the storms within take me?

