

Poetry Series

Dibakar Sarkar
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Dibakar Sarkar(24 October 1981)

... 'Me having the eyes of identifying blindness
Me having the hands of toppling rock
Me having the mind of spilling blood

Could you please tell me the way to the XYZ morgue? '...

'Identification' by Dibakar Sarkar

A Dark Pit

Lover and Night whisper'd at night...

'I'm not alone, ' said the Lover a-bright,
'She'll come at your final fall: '

Night found the Lover's hall,
... and told,
'Lo, Joy embraces the daily Day,
from which, emerges a ray to gay: '

Gay is a thing of fright,
The blind grope for light.

Dibakar Sarkar

A Day's Footage With Irrelevant Prepositions...

On my way to home, a domicile crowd of
gaffes popped in.

They were not in line with
the customary challenges I scrapped daily off
the ground full of
pitfalls and...

I gleaned a matchless win at
one day, with
abusive finger-clicking on
the optical 3D wheel mouse (though having no tail): to
my great respite, I, from

that voluptuous day used to write i, instead of
I, and the vomiting tendency of my pen for
writing poems, got to
a fix at nowhere's end, and... the days now fix a pin at
a poem, having a little wish to be ceased to...

Dibakar Sarkar

Band Brothers

sing
sing
sing to sing
sing and sing
sing but sing
sing though sing
sing till sing

sing with singers that sing the worst
sing with them, because because
they shrill out songs
of effect and cause

songs are bad
singers
overwrought
they sing
the songs
to be
madly sought

still
they make
a movement
new
they sing
against
the blood
on dew

sing
sing
sing and sing
sing but sing
sing though sing
sing till sing
sing to sing
and sing and singe

they sing to sing
the heart within
that cries and laments being the social roast

Dibakar Sarkar

Close, Close, Close

bloodshed outdoors
worship indoors
i should listen to
either of the two

either
you close the door
or
close
either of the bloodshed and worship

please worship bloodshed
close bloodshed worship
close bloodshed please
please worship close

close the heart
that hurts
close the eyes
that blind
close the ears
that hear
close the nose
that smells
close the tongue
that tinges

close i, myself and me
close me, myself, i
close myself, i and me
close i and me, myself

Dibakar Sarkar

Death Fact – One

In this earth,
to place mourning
centring on human's death
is an age-old custom.

This custom makes a human
sit by another human
at the farthest closeness.

Dibakar Sarkar

Death Fact – Three

Those who want to die, die certainly not –
rather are forced to relish other's death.

They are born humans,
tortured all through
and at a certain moment
they believe torture
to be a habit of the torturer.

One day, the human, tortured for long,
has crouched today with her back rising,
and the immunity system feels lucky.

The torturer felt an heartache,
and he died soon
he even left least opportunity
for calling in a doctor

The torturer began weeping

The Director said, "Cut! "

Dibakar Sarkar

Death Fact - Two

Those who sleep
in a traditional manner
for some unnamed stroke
or old-age cause,
their family members dash around.

They break the air by breaking out.

Dibakar Sarkar

Identification

'Hello... hello! We are calling from the XYZ morgue'

Somebodies in the last month came to draw the Indian tricolours
(with whiteboard marker) .

Somebodies of the somebodies pricked up all the saffron, green and white
(with an eraser found in oblivion)

Now, an apartment of colour is still left to be bulldozed.
Its colour is unidentified and identity seems colourless to me

Me having the eyes of identifying blindness
Me having the hands of toppling rock
Me having the mind of spilling blood

Could you please tell me the way to the XYZ morgue?

Only my road-wrecked philosophy asserted,
the colour can't help challenging its nude blush

It's nude now.
Its everything gives me erection.
(No hard-on inside the morgue please!)

Then, may it be a new colour.
(*May it's got new name in its birth certificate, like...)

'Colour'

[or] 'Discolour'

[or] 'Colourless'

[or] 'Colourlessness'

[or] 'Discolourlessness'

(Could you please tell me the way to the XYZ morgue?)

Did that somebodies in the last year touch my feet?
Did that somebodies in the last flood lift dams after dikes

Who were the somebodies?
Were they really somebodies?
Which names would suit their identities and me of course?

The flag is swinging in the air,
rocking in the airlessness,
cradling in the airfulness.

Who offered it a blow?
Was it a blowful blow?
Was it a blowless blow?

Did that somebodies in the last year break my feet?
Did that somebodies in the last flood hoard dry food illegally?

A blow is still-unidentified,
but I'm sure, one hundred blows are identified.
(Could you please tell me the way to the XYZ morgue?)

Those Somebodies, who loved,
who loved to burn, to be burned, to be charred to ashes

Those Somebodies, who loved,
who loved themselves to be burned,
to be charred to unidentified ashes
(Could you please tell me the way to the XYZ morgue?)

'Burn, Saffron, burn! ' said Colour
'Burn, Green, burn! ' said Discolour
'Burn, Colourlessness, burn! ' said Colourfulness
'Burn, Colourfulness, burn! ' said Discolourlessness

Where is the apartment of XYZ morgue?
It is buried before getting buried.

Dibakar Sarkar

Moses Basket

the baby was sleeping

when a headlight saw him...

in the moses basket, it became

visibly yellowed to urinate by the side of an Indian footpath

Dibakar Sarkar

Neighbours Unwanted

1.

... The date when the first dead body fell
on the household yard, in the household garden

... The date when an acute power cut took place
in the household, out in the shop

The neighbours didn't feel a fire for seeking any reasons

2.

I felt something strange...
a question with its wounded words

How are you?

Then, on the roads,
broke out frozen balls of ammunition, siren, and fire

Then, crept out
Blood, out of your hands and mixed with sweat and salt

I caught your frank fall with my armlessness,
and felt an erection
and smelt the perfume loud in between your thighs

3.

Nine rounds of bullets went out in rage
Rifles shot a heavy gust

Women butchered
Children butchered
... in the bloodstained draught

I gave my patriotism a pat
And into my room myself dispatched

Dibakar Sarkar

Of A Promethean Aspect...

(To the sufferers of Gujarat)

At last, I found the Miltonic Hero in Heaven,
and bound him with a rope. He got raged,
'Oh new-born Zeus! why do you cord me up? '
'Hold your tongue! cried this fire-eaten man,
'With your stolen fire...

Look down the smouldering map -
Man sets his fireside on fire,
What a sombre business! He bakes breads
of skin.... Sausage of human-beings
Being sold at a rock-bottom price!
Fire, fire, all over the Promethean fire! '

...He broke down...
'Throttle me, ...' bewailed he, 'I imagined,
It was the Hell! '
His tears - elixir of life,
Softly ebbed the fire.....

This blazing heath laughs at my dream,
Yes! I consider, a lie is the lie of all times.

Dibakar Sarkar

On The Leaking Moment

Even the gold of the sun has leaked out...

and I am nestling...

... am nestling

... nestling

like a surrendered apple

to a ravishing line of teeth

Dibakar Sarkar

Our Baby-Food Existence

we are in the prams, waiting to receive stupid bypass-notes
from a cultured menagerie of humans

wearing babygros our eyes
welcome the victimized visits of caterpillars

and still we support the keatsian hogwash...

Dibakar Sarkar

Spermatogenesis...

i'm a man, right?
and that's why, me seems,
i feel so much attracted to my own diluted shadow...

Dibakar Sarkar

Switch Off Your Mobile Please...

- hellow, would you like to make me upside down today?

-.....

- ok, we'd play some fetish...

-.....

bijoy kumar bandyopadhyay put forth homilies to no one
in presence of all liquidated conscience...

Dibakar Sarkar

The Balloon...

the balloon is a very bad item...

it appears to be a condom, to an adult boy,
a bag without a testicle, to an adult girl,
a red breast without red berries, to a weaned child
and a thing of no use, to a schoolgirl,
whose skirt everyday balloons out in the air
and the century shoots its eye...

Dibakar Sarkar

Then I Am Named Homelessness

i see several fires lick with their tongues
all houses of envy and desire

i see several winds
beg the waifs a few drops of breathing

i see several waters
crystallize the arc of rainbow

i see several rivers
flow with their majestic disease of current

i see everything look into everything

still my country burns... still other countries bleed

Dibakar Sarkar

To The Silent Heart Of A Stone

I told the story to the stone
to get some coldness to deaden my soul

'YESTERDAY I saw a number of crows wish that
God might bring ill upon humanity.
AS soon as the thought grew inside, a hundred
shocks of electric time from the nearby
standing pole met the crow with a spell. THE crow
hung still. SOCIETY to him render'd his zeal
to a classic saga, called obituary.

MY eyes suddenly dropped elsewhere. SAW I
a child draw milk with his lips fastened
to the udder of a cow.
DISCOVERED I some glistening drops of mica
in her eyes that bore with patience that
the unseen calf, killed and dead by now.'

I retold the story to the stone
to get some coldness to deaden my soul

Re-retold the story to the stone
and got some coldness to deaden my soul

Dibakar Sarkar