

Poetry Series

Dipankar Chakraborty
- poems -

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Dipankar Chakraborty()

comforts gives pleasure,
a life of beauty...
But hunger turns the beauty in
ugliest.
Jordan

August Kisses

Wilted dandelions grow on your grave And velvet moss laces your headstone As
I can still smell your sweet cologne Sharp winds hit me like a rolling wave My
pallid hands comb the damp blades And gelid raindrops pierce my tan skin As
my love for you is held from within Whilst I trek to you through two glades The
garden seems lonelier without you As it resembles that of my solemn heart Like
a battered delicate rose, I fell apart August 15th: the day I was to say 'I do'
Antediluvian graves and tulips fill the air I linger long enough until the stars
show Every year I travel that course to and fro All to let you know just how
much I care

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Candlestick

I feel so cold tonight
keeping myself alive by candlesticks.
I pull the crumbled bed sheet over
my head.
Then close my eyes
and wish i was dead.
My bed opens and swallowed me inside....
Finallt a place
where i can hide
i lay stripped to the skin
my arms warp aroubd my body
letting some
warmth sleep in.
Darkness has me its spell
i give in knocking its going to lead
me into hell
through the bed sheet
i breathe
i'm dust
i'm slowly turned into rust.
All aroun cobwebs
start to take place
leaving behind nothing but,
a confined place.
Slowly I opened my blurry eyes,
everything look same
except the candle light,
it has lost
its burning flames..
Dip

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Cemetery

Funerals touch us all in one moment or another.

A recalled memory is that of a young school friend taken by surprise.

Little understood.

A cloud of sadness hung over a town letting tears flow.

A young one with an illness that
was beyond his control.

A rural town physician who'd helped and served a life time.

A backward view of the road leading to the cemetery
displayed an endless line of cars.

A military salute for a veteran while hundreds paid respect. Windy land painted a
feeling of loneliness amidst arid plains. Another young person left this world
along with his impression on family,
neighbors and friends.

The church ceremony brings forth numbers never before seen. Overcrowding the
space while hymns and words sing forth. Questions asked.

Reflection focuses on life and the fragility of it all.

In retrospect senses of spirituality heightened in the moment
only to dim with time.

Hope touches eternity.

Memories amplified.

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Dying

Dying

Tears trickle down my face,
As I stare off into eternal space,
The smoke of my
joint filling up the place,
In my heart, left by God's damn grace,
When He took my baby brother,
From my very own mother,
And father and I,
Just watched as he died,
We cried for help,
But nobody listened,
Watched on as his body stiffened,
Saw my daddy with eyes
that glistened
His face scarred with tearstains
As I screamed in vain
Numbed with pain
Never did
I live again...

jordan

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Hmmmmm

She Walks In Beauty

She walks in Beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

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Hypnotic

Hypnotized by the repeated jolt and the clamouring,
Sanctified by the repeated claim and the uttering,
Sanitized the repeated clean and the battering,
Modified by the repe

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Jordan's Call

Everyone's childhood should spent in the light of lamp, seen mainly in remote village. Because the mystical half shaded light crates an imaginative world to the child. Beyonded this dark-lit finds an unknown world to live n creates as their heart's content....n by d own way. This I assumed when I was in village before 16 yrs the were too close of my soul. Now today I can calling up all d streets, narrow lanes between the fields now destroyed. It had a great impact on me to become a writer. Leisure makes a man poet someone said truely. A different is passing through by dient of a exhausted and tiresome journey... - - - -
A page from Dipankar Chakraborty's Diary(15: 06: 13)

Dipankar Chakraborty

Jordans Move

It was in mid November
Between the droplets of rain
I passed near the cemetery on my way home
And I saw you Kneeling over the grave of a forefather
With the rain cleansing your tears streaming down
As you put a rose near the epitaph And punish your lips
for thinking heartfelt thoughts Then you stood, staring at me Your icy blue eyes
in line with my earthy brown
It was as if the whole world stopped breathing
Just to give us a minute of silence I felt your pain and anger
While you were still punishing your lips Your clothes were drenched
I guess men don't use umbrellas As I opened my mouth to express my
condolences
You walked away
And our minute of silence broke The best minute of my life
Was also the most mind boggling

Dipankar Chakraborty

Jordan's Vision

In the midst of a shadowed night, I tinge myself in sheer moonlight. Frost sheaths the window's glass whilst fleeting storm clouds pass and I see succinct visions of you; I weep, because they are not true. My red heart still aches with pain and the tears on pillow shall stain; leaving a mark of the times I cried since that very day when you died. I still recall every line of your face that my memory shall never efface. I feel those drafty autumn breezes upon my skin as my heart freezes; as it's reminiscence of your touch and your love that I miss so much. Even when I allure myself to sleep it's visions of you that I shall keep.

Dipankar Chakraborty

Let Me

You looked at me
from the passenger seat
with so much love in your eyes you started to speak
but my tears of sorrow
washed away your words
I knew you wanted to tell me then...
how much you loved me and
give your formal goodbye
until we meet again
in another space and
time but no words
needed to be spoken I just knew,
I just knew...
remember when
I called you up and then couldn't talk the only sound between us
the fatal ticking of the clock
I wanted to tell you then...
how sorry I was for all
I had done how badly
I wanted a do over but the words didn't come I'll never forget
the night that changed our lives forever darkness descended
the well ran dry no more tears
no more tears left to cry
I wanted to tell you then...
I know you are hurting I'm hurting too please don't do this we'll make it through
but
no words came and I lost you
when I'm dead
and gone will these words
be all that are left of me
a written legacy my final ministry I will tell you then I will tell you then...

Dipankar Chakraborty

Limerick

Every where is black
bur its shining.
There is a saddy dump rain
still has the good happy flavour.
I always used to ask my mom
why the world is so complex
and contrasted
she just smiled....

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Perhaps

For when my heart speaks of loneliness

There will be confused like stars outlining the Orion in the sky and travelling in patterned space,

My life is fixed.

But who could tell.

The universe is empty.

Its existence remains as one claims they are right, There are conflicting life is vacuumed,

the light is steady.

There is a space always to fill verdant meadows are empty too Inviting,

extravagant, yet perhaps, emptiness is a when my heart speaks of loneliness There

will be confused like the sun that creates a light in the sky and travels in the patterned space, My life is an no, there would always be survivors that would

seek refuge in the one has to share the with emptiness partners with

loneliness Like the morning dew that rivers itself on the silent cheek of the

butterfly flits alone Colorful, beautiful, yet perhaps, loneliness is a trend.

Dipankar Chakraborty

Picks

I stand in front of the mirror
I can talk to you about anything You always understand Allowing me to laugh,
cry, sing
I stand in front of the mirror
I ask you for help or advice You never judge
You stand up for me at any price
I stand in front of the mirror
We play games,
you let me win You give me confidence Feelings you can't get from a friend
I stand in front of the mirror
My spirit combined with you
You are much more than an image
You are my sister so true

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Roaming

In some valient winter day's
leaving sun rays.

Who will uproot and throw off my frog-blooded heart by their dry lips into your
heart's closed window.

These are messenger of
maenad willings,
bearer of your mean selfishness
to all of those pale strange eagle.

My companionless
pondering n roaming heart's worm will be
the signature of mile stone
of far off pass
as today's manuscripts

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The Suicide Note Of Jordan

White knuckles,
clenching fists Night demons, slitting wrists Jagged pills,
muffled cries Fading will,
no goodbyes Distant hopes,
dying dreams Endless tears,
soul redeems Broken life,
falling fear Wasted days,
death is near Bad memories, feelings torn Hopeless love, heartache born One
more slice, two more pills Praying for the one that kills Nowhere to run,
no place to hide Reeling thoughts of suicide For those I hurt,
I apologize But truly,
my life, I despise I want to thank you for all you gave But,
I am the one that could not be saved Goodbye....

Dipankar Chakraborty

Unspoken Words

That look that you gave me
had us looked on eye to eye
mesmerized.

'What'I asked curiously
you shook your head
averted your eyes
and quietly walked away.

'tell me you are ok'I whispered
the taking it away and mixed up
dispersing pain
filled unheard words
wasted words.

Words I shoul've never spoken louder
Words I shoul've screamed
so you could'nt heard me.
Words that shoul've pulled me
Words that shoul've whispered into your lips
words wasted,
unheard.

I turned slowly
and quietly went my way.
Dip

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When & Then

When everything seems to stop when silence is the order of time when moon
smiles in a bunch of stars
when you are far away and I am alone
when distance keeps us apart when I try to sleep but cannot when memories of
you take control of me
when tears drop from my eyes when pain in my heart is unbearable
when sadness cripples me....

.
. .
. .
. .

then I wish to escape that pain then I remember that you are in my heart
then I close my eyes to meet you again
then I imagine you are sitting with me
then I talk with you about my pain
then you smile with affection and love
then you tell me that I am not alone
then I feel good and hold your hands
then happiness slowly fills my soul
then I smile and drown in your dreams....

Dipankar Chakraborty

Winter Kiss

I miss you in the moments
my brain tries to make my heart forget,
and I wonder if you remember the curves of my body
the same way
I remember every colored speck in your beautiful eyes.
Accurately enough to cause insanity.
Do you remember the nights we stayed up late,
discussing anything and everything like we actually
had the world figured out?
Because those memories seem to ricochet
off the inside of my protective wall
until I'm holding my breath
just to avoid the pain
of breathing without you.
It's a slow pain that crawls through my veins and gnaws at my organs and nerves,

desperately following streams of weeping blood
in hopes of destroying my aching heart.
Sometimes I wonder
if seeing you again would make it stop,
if only for just one moment,
so I can catch the breath I've been chasing for so long now.
You were always the breath I could never seem to catch, and even when I think
I've moved on you're there in the back of my mind,
reminding me that I haven't really inhaled fresh oxygen in years.
For just one night, could you breathe some life back into these mummified lungs
so I can remember how it feels to truly be alive?

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