

Poetry Series

**Dyuti Banerjee**  
**- poems -**

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Dyuti Banerjee()

# Amiss

Something is amiss here- no doubt:  
I felt that right in the dankness of the morning-  
(You know how the mornings are, these days)  
Amiss- but nothing eerie, you know...  
Like the last tin-soldier with just one leg...  
I opened the window to the right of the bed-  
(Yes, yes, the one that looks out on the montessori school-  
Oh, yes, the kids still make the same din!)  
The air outside was wet with chill-  
I made tea- forgot that there's no sugar left-  
Pathetically bitter tea, first thing in the morning-  
Didn't even try to make breakfast-  
Didn't go to work...  
There was a spider on the pane of the bathroom window-  
Who put it there? Felt scared stiff-it was a big one...  
No, really big... you get my point?  
Felt so completely alone-all alone in the flat,  
With an eight-footed spider on my bathroom window,  
Winking menacingly at my discomfiture...  
You know what I did? Guess, guess-  
No, I did not...Why would I drown it in a bucket of water?  
No, I did not-I'm too scared to kill a spider with a broomstick!  
I did not kill it at all- I let it be...  
You'd have killed it, I know: I know you are thinking i'm SILLY;  
But you left-leaving me in the empty flat, with an empty bathroom,  
You were the one amiss-  
The spider came- the bathroom's not empty..  
I can feel his stare- i'm a bit embarrassed, of course...  
But at least, he hasn't left- like you did-  
You, who'd kill my spider on the bathroom window....

Dyuti Banerjee

# An Unheard Cry

The cry pierced the silence,  
Tore a hole, in the invisible air,  
Which in the face of things, was fair,  
'Cept it came from this side o' th' fence.

'Tis mine! The cry, my cry!  
For relief, for freedom,  
For I'm trapped in the kingdom,  
Of cruel, cruel love, and my blood's going dry.

I hear the silence well,  
I'm too used to it, you see:  
My cry reverberates back to me,  
No other voice, can I tell.

Isn't anyone there today?  
No one who heard me cry?  
No help I get, no matter how much I try;  
Hey, traveller, you have nothing to me to say?

Dyuti Banerjee

# Fantastopia

A place with fewer boundaries than even Communism might advocate,  
Where absurdity becomes reality, making the latter, redundant, unreal-  
Child of hope, grandchild of love- fantasy-  
Where pink skies greet blue grass,  
Where candles grow from bulbs, banks give chocolate for interest, and the  
interest on deposits are high,  
Where your pay-cheque's a daily 9 hours(8 plus 1 FREE!) of sleep,  
Where you save, in the form of dreams,  
Where mango's the perennial fruit, not bananas,  
Where in winter, the sun is warm, so is the snow, that doesn't melt,  
Where summers come minus-temperated, where even raw ice doesn't get in a  
cold into your systems,  
Where the rains come without water in the streets, without umbrellas, with  
lightning that evaporates back into the air, and thunder that plays Beethoven's  
Symphonies.....  
Fantastic is the world where Bush plays with bin Laden in the aforementioned  
snow,  
Where Afghan belles can wear transparent/netted burkhas over tubes or etcetera  
of you-know-what's,  
Where teachers snooze in class, and there are exams on how long you can  
snooze, on an average day (really!) , not on what subjects you know and how  
much,  
(Where maths needn't be easy, as it'll be extinct!)Where weighing machines don't exist,  
Where obesity's the HEP thing(!)  
Where slim-bods are banned and booed from the bursting world,  
Where fish and all (non-veg) meats don't bleed nor stink,  
Where your fridge fills up automatically, with your favourite foods, for free, and  
they're at the right temperature you want them to be,  
Where everything you need to buy or do, comes free of cost,  
Where there's no drugs, no smoke, no global warming, no anything bad nor sad,  
Where Google Search can read, just what you need,  
Where things are fast, but YOU can roll on at your own speed(of course, so can  
I!)Where specs're not needed, all of your health's rocking good,  
And life listens to you (actually, you can die and be born at will)  
There dissolves, diffuses like water added to milk,  
Everything real, harsh, practical, and a clear solution of fantasy and mirth merge,  
under one hood.....

Dyuti Banerjee

## 'Good Morrow'

I am running out of verse,  
Rhyme fails me-  
The first time,  
In times that were and are to be, -  
In my poetic career:  
I turn to blank verse, unadorned and severely terse....

Not in sheer desperation,  
Nor in disillusionment of hope,  
But in a rush of mad, blind ecstasy,  
Ushered by the light of discovery-

On a fine morn  
A cloudy, cool one in the eighth month of the year,  
Saw I myself, in the mirror of my mind-  
Saw I in the tears if my eyes reflected,  
Not regret, but a deeper, deeper sorrow arisen from the misery of others.  
Smelt I- the smell of a better world in my nostrils in the mirror of my mind-  
Saw I a complete human being-  
Felt I a complete pride-for being so.  
The happiness there was, encompassed all the horizons of my mind, heart-soul;  
Filled my body, my senses, with its wanton fullness....

.....And then I wake up-:  
The hot sun crept in  
Through the gap in the curtains;  
Interfering with the conditioned air of the room  
Smell of sunshine....  
I wake up, sit up....  
The world's a haze- I pick up my spectacles-  
My mind's a haze- I pick up the fragments of my dream-feel the pureness of  
happiness;  
Faces flash by, faces with smile stuck onto them  
With common glue-  
Remembrances flood the crevices of my brain;  
....They call these emotions; so do I  
Yet I feel these are nameless-

Habit drags me to the basin, and-

Minty sweetness in my mouth-  
A mirror in front of me-  
A virtual, erect, laterally inverted me-  
Hair right-aligned strands of obtuse angles,  
Some perpendicular to each other-  
Pillow lines running parallel to each other on my face,  
Hunger gnawing oesophagus-downwards;  
Nose smells fried eggs, and....and....  
-BREAKFAST IS READY.....

Dyuti Banerjee

# Reign Of Rainy Bliss

Thunder-claps riot in the sky  
A light drizzle flirts with the wind  
Ancient waves torment the ready mind  
That endeavours through poetry to reach a new high.

Down in the alley that's dark,  
There're two hearts that'd scarce be apart  
No man, no monster can make 'em start  
They're in love, and it's raining in the park.

It rains some more, it's wet  
If it rains some more, there'll be water,  
But for them it would only be better,  
More pleasure of th'other's company would each get.

There's a pain that rents the air,  
Pain that's so hard to feel,  
You'd need to have a heart of steel,  
For it's love unlocked, free, open, bare.

On rainy days such as this,  
As I pine for thee, I wonder,  
When there's so much rain and such thunder,  
Can there really exist such bliss?

Dyuti Banerjee

# Song Of Happy Sunshine

O, can you hear the sunshine sing,  
This happy morn in autumn?  
Can you hear the zephyrs ring,  
In your ears, as a wild flower in the grass, did blossom?

O, can you feel that tremulous tremble,  
Of the heart that's in happy Bliss?  
Can any joy ever resemble,  
The Joy of that your first sweet kiss?

O, can you smell in the air,  
The world's Happiness let loose?  
Can you feel it ev'n in your hair,  
Feel it ev'n as the wild dove coos?

O, can you love as well,  
As well as I love you?  
O, can you, to me, tell,  
This is love, and oh, 'tis so true?

Dyuti Banerjee

## To Him She Loves

My heart longs for a figment of thy presence,  
Thy absence absents from my life its very essence;  
Mine smiles conditioned by thy mirth,  
Thy frown mothers my sadness unto its birth.  
I wonder, if this is love, and this be true,  
What this came from, where it grew?  
Yet I stop, I stop in fear,  
( 'cause I hold thee very dear)  
If this our love can transcend  
Time, or with Time might it blend,  
For I know not, nor to know am I,  
(For thee, I know, my heart doth sigh)  
Though forever, I be thine, and thou mine,  
Till heaven's stars may lose their shine-  
Can thou beat Time, fast and sheer,  
When it to us may come very near?  
Ev'n if Life's terrain prove too short a space,  
Or thou mayest find than mine a better face-  
My love for thee shall still be bright,  
Thy soul, by my love, shall be fastened tight  
To mine. And thus, our souls combined,  
Shall touch Eternity's shores, a Paradise for us shall we find.....

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## Writing About Lovers And Love....

The clouds turn grey,  
Inevitably, it starts to rain.  
The sky's got a hepta-hued stain....  
The wind- it decides to go astray.

I'm in my study,  
With a pen, am I writing,  
Of Love, and Lovers in waiting,  
Full brimming hearts, and blushes ever ruddy.

My hair is awry,  
The story's getting real,  
Can he her heart ever steal?  
Can theirs be a love-story?

My pen can't stop...  
I stop in wonder, true;  
Oh, so am I really in love? Oh, are the skies really so blue?  
Oh, then of Love must I drink- drink but never reach, of it, the last drop.....

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