

Classic Poetry Series

Malay Roy Choudhury
- poems -

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Malay Roy Choudhury(29 October 1939-)

Malay Roy Choudhury (Bengali: মালয় রায় চৌধুরী) is a Bengali poet and novelist who founded the "Hungryalist Movement" in the 1960s. His literary works have been reviewed by sixty critics in HAOWA 49, a quarterly magazine which devoted its January 2001 special issue to Roy Choudhury's life and works.

Commemorative issues have been published by Ahabkal and Aabar Eshechhi Phirey magazines on Malay Roychoudhury. Prof Swati Banerjee has based her MPhil thesis on his poems' anti-establishment features. Gale Research, based in Ohio, United States, published an autobiography of Roy Choudhury (in CAAS vol. 14), and both the Bangla Academy and the Northwestern University (Illinois), have archives of Roy Choudhury's "Hungry Literary Generation" publications. The Little Magazine Library and Research Centre, Kolkata has a complete section devoted to Malay Roychoudhury's works. Prof of Assam University has been awarded Ph D for his 350 page seminal work on Malay Roy Choudhury and The Hungryalist Movement.

** Launching of Literary Movement **

Creativity ran in the veins, so early in life both Samir and his brother Malay directed many plays including 'Kauwa Babula Bhasm' the script of which was prepared by the noted writer Phanishwar Nath 'Renu'.

The Hungry generation literary Movement was initially spearheaded by Roy Choudhury, Samir Roychoudhury (his elder brother), Shakti Chattopadhyay, and Haradhon Dhara (alias Debi Roy). Thirty more poets and artists subsequently joined them, the best-known being Binoy Majumdar, Utpal Kumar Basu, Falguni Roy, Subimal Basak, Tridib Mitra, Rabindra Guha, and Anil Karanjai.

Roy Choudhury is to the "Hungryalist Movement" as Stéphane Mallarmé was to Symbolism, Ezra Pound to Imagism, André Breton to Surrealism, and Allen Ginsberg to the Beats. The movement is now known in English as Hungryalism or the "Hungry generation", its name being derived from Geoffrey Chaucer's "In the sowre hungry tyme"; the philosophy was based on Oswald Spengler's "The Decline of the West". The movement's bulletins were published both in Bengali and infrequently in English as well as Hindi Language by Roy Choudhury since November 1961. The movement, however, petered out in 1965. Thereafter Roy Choudhury ventured out, apart from poetry, into fiction, drama, and essays on social and cultural issues that Bengali people have been suffering from.

Howard McCord, formerly English teacher at the Washington State University and

later professor of English language and literature at Bowling Green University, who met Roy Choudhury during a visit to Calcutta, has succinctly traced Malay's emergence in these words in Ferlinghetti-edited City Lights Journal 3: "Malay Roy Choudhury, a Bengali poet, has been a central figure in the Hungry Generation's attack on the Indian cultural establishment since the movement began in the early 1960s". He wrote, "acid, destructive, morbid, nihilistic, outrageous, mad, hallucinatory, shrill - these characterize the terrifying and cleansing visions" of Malay Roy Choudhury that "Indian literature must endure if it is to be vital again".

 Confessional Poetry

With his poem Prachanda Baidyutik Chhutar or Stark Electric Jesus written in 1963, which was the reason why the Hungryalists had to face administrative wrath, Malay Roy Choudhury introduced Confessional poetry in Bengali literature. The poem defied the forms of lyric poetry (sonnet, villanel, minnesang, pastourelle, canzone, stew etc.) as well as Bengali meters (Matrabritto and Aksharbritto), retaining, however, its content vehicle, expressing subjective personal feelings. Roy Choudhury's formlessness is different from Pindar and Rilke. Malay's better known poem is Jakham which has been translated into other languages.

 Post-1960s

Although the Hungryalist Literary Movement (????? ??????) gradually faded after 1965, it is today hailed by several poets and commentators as the most important movement in post-colonial Bengali creative literature. Roy Choudhury has been identified as a major post-colonial poet and novelist, and remains the single most controversial Bengali thinker in the past four decades. During that period, he had experimented with various genres, and amongst his works, the most discussed are the poetry collections: Medhar Batanukul Ghungur, Naamgandho, and Illot, and the short story, "Aloukik Dampatya". His complete poetical work was published in 2005. He has written about 60 books since he launched the Hungryalist Movement in November 1961.

 Translations

Roy Choudhury has translated into Bengali the works of William Blake ("Marriage of Heaven and Hell"), Arthur Rimbaud ("A Season in Hell"), Tristan Tzara ("Dada Manifestos", and poems), Jean Cocteau ("Crucifixion"), Blaise Cendrars ("Trans-Siberian Express"), and Allen Ginsberg ("Howl" and "Kaddish"). Ginsberg stayed with Roy Choudhury's parents in 1963.

Roy Choudhury's grandfather, Lakshmi Narayan Roychoudhury, who was from the Sabarna Choudhury clan, was a pioneer photographer in Kolkata. He had been trained in photography and drawing by Rudyard Kipling's father who was Curator at Lahore Museum. Lakshmi Narayan used to move from one princely state to another throughout the country with his entire family, which gave the family a broader vista of life and humanity. At old age he established a firm in 1886 that created life-sized oil paintings for the Maharajas and their kin. Roy Choudhury's father, Ranjit, carried on the business until his death in 1991. Roy Choudhury's mother, Amita (whose father Kishori Mohan Banerjee was Ronald Ross's assistant) died in 1982.

Roy Choudhury now lives in Mumbai with his wife, Shalila, who was a field hockey player from Nagpur when he first met her. His daughter Anushree Prashant resides in Holland with her husband and two daughters; his son resides in Kolkata, India with his wife.

 Adhunantika Phase

Since 1995, Roy Choudhury's writings, both poetry and fiction took a dramatic turn, which has been termed as the Adhunantika Phase in Bengali literature. The term Adhunantika was coined by linguist Dr Prabal Dasgupta. Adhunantika was constructed out of two Bengali words: Adhuna, meaning new, current, present times, contemporary, modern etc.; and Antika, meaning closure, adjacent, end, extreme, beyond etc. The contemporary condition in West Bengal, India was in urgent need for a term to define itself. The appellation Adhunantika suited the condition best, and was acceptable at the academic as well as micro-cultural world of little magazines. In his post-Hungryalist phase, specially after his poetry collection MEDHAR BATANUKUL GHUNGUR and fiction DUBJALEY JETUKU PRASHWAS, Roy Choudhury emerged as the best interpreter of our times. In this phase his poetry collections were Chitkar Samagra, Chhatrakhan, Ja Lagbey Bolben, Atmadhangser Sahasrabda, Postmodern Ahlader Kobita and Kounaper Luchimangso. His novels, written during this period, specially, Namgandho, Jalanjali, Nakhadanta, Ei Adham Oi Adham and Arup Tomar Entokanta became benchmark for creative Bengali writing.

 Memoirs

Malay's father Ranjit (1909–1991) was a known photographer-artist at Patna. His mother Amita (1916–1982) was from a progressive family of 19th century Choudhury, on request from younger generation admirers, embarked on a tell-all memoir writing at the end of 1990s. He wrote Chhotoloker Chhotobela and

Abhimukher Upajibya in three parts. Such confessional memoirs have rarely been recorded in Bengali until date. He had spent his childhood in the Imlitala ghetto of Patna town (Bihar, India) inhabited by Dalit Hindus and Shia Muslims, where there have never been riots even during pre-independence nightmare. All the mud-houses in the vicinity as well as the local mosque was accessible to the children of the area. Theirs was the only Bengali family. This ghetto life had positively impacted Roy Choudhury and his brother Samir. Roy Choudhury's uncle Pramod was Keeper of Paintings & Sculpture at the Patna Museum, where the young Malay and Samir used to pass whole day moving from room to room as they wished, from pre-historic to Middle Ages to modern time relics. This had been a rare opportunity to relate with the past of not only India but with the whole world. Roy Choudhury was born into the Sabarna Roy Choudhury Clan of Bengal who owned the villages which later came to be known as Calcutta or Kalighat temple was established by his ancestor Kamdeva Brahmachari and his ancestor Lakshmikanta was an adviser to Maharaja Pratapaditya who had defied Mughal Emperors. History of Bengal runs in Roy Choudhury's veins.

 Influences

His childhood experiences in a Dalit-Shia Muslim ghetto gave Roy Choudhury several positive dimensions to his identity. At the age of three he was admitted to the local Catholic School by Father Hillman, who was a photographer and knew Malay's father. He had to attend Bible classes in the school and that is how Malay entered the world of Old and New Testaments, and eventually, western literature. After completion of primary schooling at the Catholic School, Malay was sent to the Oriental Seminary administered by the Brahma Samaj (Brama Samaj was a monotheistic religious movement, founded in 1830 in Kolkata by Ram Mohun Roy who attempted to recover the simple worship of the Vedas and purify Hinduism), a completely Bengali cultural world where he came across student-cum-librarian Namita Chakraborty, who introduced Roy Choudhury to Sanskrit and Bengali classics. All religious activities were banned in this school. Roy Choudhury claims that his childhood experience has made him instinctively secular.

 Awards

Roy Choudhury was bestowed with the Sahitya Academy award for translating Dharamvir Bharati's Suraj Ka Satwan Ghora in 2003, Government of India's highest award in the field, which he politely refused to accept as he never accepts literary and cultural awards; he has been refusing awards from various periodicals since he started writing poetry. This is a feat unheard of in India.

Abhorred Emperor

Vile emperor ruined in a coup
fled to a false village in disguise
In the street your skull stares on a spearmast too
eye-witnesses rejoice the cut to size
among the angry mob of the capital city
In broken Bengali I declare on the wire
go and loot each according to your kitty
half torso be put on trial at the post office pyre
not a dropp of blood to drip on earth but on tongue
save for evil days in coffer of mushrooms
when the cheekbones are full open your lungs
If solution to fall does not illumine
make no plaint no plea as outposts are overrun
come home O internees now ownership of curfew is fun.

(Translation of 'Nyakkar Samrat' written in Bengali)

Malay Roy Choudhury

Amar Jigri Dost Fatul Chithipadhyay

Malay Roy Choudhury

Ami Bhongur He

Malay Roy Choudhury

Anondodhara Bahichhe Bhubone

Malay Roy Choudhury

Antortonik

Malay Roy Choudhury

Arekbr Uhuru

Malay Roy Choudhury

Bajarini

Malay Roy Choudhury

Bajromurkher Tarko

Malay Roy Choudhury

Bakdano

Malay Roy Choudhury

Baridokhol

Malay Roy Choudhury

Biggansommoto Kirti

Malay Roy Choudhury

Company Law Boarder Adesh

Malay Roy Choudhury

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Malay Roy Choudhury

Counterman

Circumcision made me apostate
I thumped thighs and turned Tartar
The king will go and evil eyes get raped

Just as tutored Nadir Shah
I'd kiss the sword and leap in air

On galloping mare a burning torch
I proceed towards falling outposts
The metropolis burns
A naked priest elopes with Shiva's phallus.

(Translation of Bengali poem 'Palta Manush')

Malay Roy Choudhury

Dalal

Malay Roy Choudhury

De Gorur Ga Dhuyye

Malay Roy Choudhury

Dhanototrer Kromobikash

Malay Roy Choudhury

Dilemma

While returning I'm hemmed in. By six or seven. All
Have weapons. I knew it when I came
Something bad was going to happen. But framed

My mind that first attack would not be from my call.
A mugger holds the shirt-collar and blurts: Want a dame?
Why here? Mama and not in chawl?

I keep my cool, teeth on teeth. Right then a blow on chin
Feel the hot blood lather.
A jerk and I sit down. In my socks I spin.
A stainless knife beams in halogen shadow
Rama inscribed on one side and Kali on other.

The crowd disperses. Power in the name of gods
Not known to all. Why are men jinn
Why don't they love the Iver? The six or seven encircling me
Withdraw mysteriously.

[Translation of 'Dotana'1986; by the poet]

Malay Roy Choudhury

Droho

Malay Roy Choudhury

E Kemon Boiri

Malay Roy Choudhury

Existence

Midnight knock on the pin-dropp door
You have to replace a dead under-trial
Shall I put on a shirt/ Gulp a few morsels?
Slip off through the terrace/

Door-planks shatter and wall plaster flakes
Masked men enter and en-flank
'What's the name of that squint-eyed guy
Where's he hiding?
Speak up, or come with us! '

I choke in terror. Sir, yesterday at sunrise
He was lynched by a mob.

[Translation of Bengali poem Astitwa]

Malay Roy Choudhury

Ghunpokar Singhason

Malay Roy Choudhury

Ghuspoithi

Malay Roy Choudhury

Gonotantrik Kendrikota

Malay Roy Choudhury

Humanology

I am ready to be mugged O deadly bat come
Tear off my clothes, bomb the walls of my home
Press trigger on my temple and beat up in jail
Push me off a running train, intern and trail
I am a seismic yantra alive to glimpse the nuke clash
A heathen mule spermed by blue-phallus stallion.

(Translation of Bengali poem 'Monushyatantra' written in 1986 at Lucknow, India)

Malay Roy Choudhury

Ja Lagbe Bolben

Malay Roy Choudhury

Jajano Baganer Porer Stop

Malay Roy Choudhury

Je - Parti Chaisen Se- Partiy Paben

Malay Roy Choudhury

Karjer Karon

Malay Roy Choudhury

Kyadarmongol

Malay Roy Choudhury

Laislam Hay

Malay Roy Choudhury

Letter Box Paray Pashchimbango

Malay Roy Choudhury

Mar Mukhpuri

Malay Roy Choudhury

Mesomoshay Parbo

Malay Roy Choudhury

More Geli Orunesh?

Malay Roy Choudhury

Motorbike

I am on motorbike yezdi yamaha
when flanked by horizon gallop backwards through sand blizzard
tinsel clouds explode at my feet without helmet
and speed-split air at eighty
in midsummer simoon
each sound-cart recedes
onrushing lorries flee in a flash
No time to brood but Yes
accident expected anytime
may even turn into a junkheap in a drought-nursed field.

Translation of Bengali original 'Motor Cycle'

Malay Roy Choudhury

Myalaria

Malay Roy Choudhury

Nach Mukhpuri

Malay Roy Choudhury

Noyonima

Malay Roy Choudhury

Objectivity

Regaining consciousness in a trickle
Hands & feet tied and mouth gagged on a railroad track
The silent whole
Shirt & trousers daubed in dew
Whining crickets drone
A rural gloom studded with night-chilled stars
Can't shout as mouth is wool of spew
Ribs and shinbone smitten-not possible to move
Stiff stonechips bite at back
How beautiful is the world and peace everywhere allround calm
A pinhead light is rushing on the route piercing the one-eyed dark.

(Translation of 'Prayataksha' written originally in Bengali in 1986)

Malay Roy Choudhury

Ostitto

Malay Roy Choudhury

Paltamanush

Malay Roy Choudhury

Paprir Fool

Malay Roy Choudhury

Paromaprokriti

Malay Roy Choudhury

Porborti Sarbonash

Malay Roy Choudhury

Preparation

Who claims I'm ruined? Because I'm without fangs and claws?
Are they necessary? How do you forget the knife
plunged in abdomen up to the hilt? Green cardamom leaves
for the buck, art of hatred and anger
and of war, gagged and tied Santhal women, pink of lungs shattered
by a restless dagger?
Pride of sword pulled back from heart? I don't have
songs or music. Only shrieks, when mouth is opened
wordless odour of the jungle; corner of kin & sin-sanyas;
Didn't pray for a tongue to take back the groans
power to gnash and bear it. Fearless gunpowder bleats:
stupidity is the sole faith-maimed generosity-
I leap on the gambling table, knife in my teeth
Encircle me
rush in from tea and coffee plateaux
in your gumboots of pleasant wages
The way Jarasandha's genital is bisected and diamond glow
Skill of beating up is the only wisdom
in misery I play the burgler's stick like a flute
brittle affection of the wax-skin apple
She-ants undress their wings before copulating
I thump my thighs with alternate shrieks: VACATE THE UNIVERSE
get out you omniscient
conchshell in scratching monkeyhand
lotus and mace and discuss-blade
Let there be salt-rebellion of your own saline sweat
along the gunpowder let the flint run towards explosion
Marketeers of words daubed in darkness
in the midnight filled with young dog's grief
in the sicknoon of a grasshopper sunk in insecticide
I reappear to exhibit the charm of the stiletto.

(Translation of Bengali poem 'Prostuti')

Malay Roy Choudhury

Priyanka Barua

Malay Roy Choudhury

Priyotamar Nilam

Malay Roy Choudhury

Projapoti Projonmer Nari Tui Chitrangoda Deb

Malay Roy Choudhury

Prothom Prem: Foyej Ahmad Foyek

Malay Roy Choudhury

Rabindranather Kase Khoma Prarthona

Malay Roy Choudhury

Repeat Uhuru

Hood-covered face, hands tied
at the back. On the alter-plank
breeze frozen in bitter hangman's odour
who computes time?

Doctor Cop Judge Warden or None!

I unfurl myself in the dungeon cloud
where salt-sweating history of dirt is tamed
the rope quivers fat at first
Weak jerks thereafter calm, with dumbness of bawl
wherein bards and butchers repeat their fall
I revive my rise.

The rising is singular. None other for monster of words whose feet adore the
ruined universe.

I don't face the gallows everytime to keep alive
a dynasty of faith of those who are spawned for death.

(Translation of Bengali original 'Arekbar Uhuru')

Malay Roy Choudhury

Sabuj Debokonya

Malay Roy Choudhury

Shame On You Calcutta

Stay and live with your eunuchs
You are their nurse who piss in bed in winter rain
Lift their legs and change wet pants
Write great words on walls to be urinated by pimps
I don't want to meddle in your affairs now. Lips will turn sour if I kiss you
after death.

Go and join the revolt of clerks in BBD Baug
You call us to drop our coin in your Bank of Skulls
But I am a monster inferior to man
Can smother you with my elastic limbs
Tie boulders on your legs and through you in the sea.
When I enter, the pimps keep knocking at your door
'Hurry up, a customer is waiting for a go'.

Malay Roy Choudhury

Sharir Sarbobhoumo

Malay Roy Choudhury

Shilponnoyon

Malay Roy Choudhury

Shobde Shobde Bibahobichched

Malay Roy Choudhury

Shobder Nijosyo Kalkhondo

Malay Roy Choudhury

Shuddho Chetanar Rahasyo

Malay Roy Choudhury

Shunno-Gorvo

Malay Roy Choudhury

Stark Electric Jesus

Oh I'll die I'll die I'll die
My skin is in blazing furore
I do not know what I'll do where I'll go oh I am sick
I'll kick all Arts in the butt and go away Shubha
Shubha let me go and live in your cloaked melon
In the unfastened shadow of dark destroyed saffron curtain
The last anchor is leaving me after I got the other anchors lifted
I can't resist anymore, a million glass panes are breaking in my cortex
I know, Shubha, spread out your matrix, give me peace
Each vein is carrying a stream of tears up to the heart
Brain's contagious flints are decomposing out of eternal sickness
other why didn't you give me birth in the form of a skeleton
I'd have gone two billion light years and kissed God's ass
But nothing pleases me nothing sounds well
I feel nauseated with more than a single kiss
I've forgotten women during copulation and returned to the Muse
In to the sun-coloured bladder
I do not know what these happenings are but they are occurring within me
I'll destroy and shatter everything
draw and elevate Shubha in to my hunger
Shubha will have to be given
Oh Malay
Kolkata seems to be a procession of wet and slippery organs today
But i do not know what I'll do now with my own self
My power of recollection is withering away
Let me ascend alone toward death
I haven't had to learn copulation and dying
I haven't had to learn the responsibility of shedding the last drops
after urination
Haven't had to learn to go and lie beside Shubha in the darkness
Have not had to learn the usage of French leather
while lying on Nandita's bosom
Though I wanted the healthy spirit of Aleya's
fresh China-rose matrix
Yet I submitted to the refuge of my brain's cataclysm
I am failing to understand why I still want to live
I am thinking of my debauched Sabarna-Choudhury ancestors
I'll have to do something different and new
Let me sleep for the last time on a bed soft as the skin of

Shubha's bosom

I remember now the sharp-edged radiance of the moment I was born
I want to see my own death before passing away
The world had nothing to do with Malay Roychoudhury
Shubha let me sleep for a few moments in your

violent silvery uterus

Give me peace, Shubha, let me have peace
Let my sin-driven skeleton be washed anew in your seasonal bloodstream
Let me create myself in your womb with my own sperm
Would I have been like this if I had different parents?
Was Malay alias me possible from an absolutely different sperm?
Would I have been Malay in the womb of other women of my father?
Would I have made a professional gentleman of me
like my dead brother without Shubha?

Oh, answer, let somebody answer these

Shubha, ah Shubha

Let me see the earth through your cellophane hymen
Come back on the green mattress again
As cathode rays are sucked up with the warmth of a magnet's brilliance
I remember the letter of the final decision of 1956
The surroundings of your clitoris were being embellished
with coon at that time

Fine rib-smashing roots were descending in to your bosom
Stupid relationship inflated in the bypass of senseless neglect
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah
I do not know whether I am going to die
Squandering was roaring within heart's exhaustive impatience
I'll disrupt and destroy
I'll split all in to pieces for the sake of Art
There isn't any other way out for Poetry except suicide
Shubha

Let me enter in to the immemorial incontinence of your labia majora
In to the absurdity of woeless effort
In the golden chlorophyll of the drunken heart
Why wasn't I lost in my mother's urethra?
Why wasn't I driven away in my father's urine after his self-coition?
Why wasn't I mixed in the ovum -flux or in the phlegm?
With her eyes shut supine beneath me
I felt terribly distressed when I saw comfort seize Shubha
Women could be treacherous even after unfolding a helpless appearance
Today it seems there is nothing so treacherous as Woman & Aet
Now my ferocious heart is running towards an impossible death

Vertigoes of water are coming up to my neck from the pierced earth
I will die
Oh what are these happenings within me
I am failing to fetch out my hand and my palm
From the dried sperms on my trousers spreading wings
300000 children gliding toward the district of Shubha's bosom
Millions of needles are now running from my blood in to Poetry
Now the smuggling of my obstinate legs are trying to plunge
Into the death-killer sex-wig entangled in the hypnotic kingdom of words
Fitting violent mirrors on each wall of the room I am observing
After letting loose a few naked Malay, his unestablished scramblings.

Malay Roy Choudhury

Sthanikota

Malay Roy Choudhury

Sufiyana

Malay Roy Choudhury

Tapori

Malay Roy Choudhury

The Clapper (A Protest Poem)

Then set out after repeated forbiddings the grizzly Afghan Duryodhan
in blazing sun
removed his sandal-wood blooded stone attired guards
thrusting gloom brought out a substitute of morning
crude hell's profuse experience
ha:
a night-waken drug-addict beside the head of feebly lying earth
down the cruciform the clapper could not descend due to strike
babies smiled wet-eyed

Malay Roy Choudhury

The Light

I get a thud kick in pitch dark thick on belly and tumble
Hands tied at the back on damp floor shack to humble
Lights flash on face eyes blind in case I spin
Then lights go off a boot or two rough on chin
I feel blood drip snail down the lips in trickle
The glare blinks on and off and on and off in ripple
A hot metal rod scalds hard breast broad to snip flesh warm
The lights hem in piercing-thin a ruthless swarm
Red eyes get shut in blinding rut my vision erode
Final blackout in grisly rout in ecliptic node
I prepare my grit to encounter the hit as a fightback code.

(Translation of Bengali poem 'Aalo') 1985

Malay Roy Choudhury

The Mystery Of Pure Consciousness

Leap, dear, flounce
unshutter the 20th floor aluminium window
and spring into air waving aboriginal hemcloth
uncoiffured plumes would float on pounce
dance-feet minuet in a pulsating show
hurl and alight aglow
clutch the torso of the wind and feel
the way it fondles your twiddled keel
dismantle at my feet.

Bone and flesh and guts in formless gleam
lips and thighs and tattered teat
antfeed of abstract glue
the unrestorable you
when soul would swim in sunbeam row
since the incurred fall was just untrue.

[Translation of the Bengali poem 'Shuddho Chetanar Rahasya' written in 1986]

Malay Roy Choudhury

Tor Bahirmukh, Mukhpuri

Malay Roy Choudhury

Tor Sugondho, Mukhpuri

Malay Roy Choudhury

Utpadon Paddhoti

Malay Roy Choudhury

Utsob

Malay Roy Choudhury

What Subject What Subject

Arrey Rabindranath, remember? I danced with you?
raised half-folk ding-dong around my fingers on monochord
from crowded Free School Street to the clove market of Sadar St
while walking along you said I am coming from Silaidaha
on my way to Alumuddin Office.

On your lips made of fire and water there was still
trace of Holy Song what heat what heat you threw away the
gabardine robe I found leeches on your pink person
there are lots of leeches in rainy Jorasanko

At the whiff of mutton kebab from Selim's shop, What are
the muslims cooking, when you asked he replied, 'Don't you
know? Its bull meat! Why don't you give a try? '

In the tea stall bald-headed goat-bearded Vladimir Illich
golden hair Vera Ivanova Jasulich and like your silver beard
Axelrod and Martov whose cheek was quivering
you asked, Where are their torsoes?

Since I was unable to stop my dance you wanted to
donate me your monochord as whoever got a chance has taken
away dances from your feet and now even during daytime

halogen lamps are on what joy what joy

Your three-legged chair is lying on Sadar Street balcony
you had broken it while making tumultous love, it is written
in your Autobiography with year & date what love what love

The horse of your carriage is singing like a cuckoo
grandpa Rabindranath and all those spawned from your
sperm are eating fried horse-grams from the floor

What are these? I replied, 'crows'. What are those
called? I said, 'You better ask Selim, he raises gangland
money in this area.' What divinity what divinity.

[Translation of Bengali poem Ki Bishaya Ki Bishaya]

Malay Roy Choudhury

Wolf Dynasty

Introspection of a nightmare.

They pressed a pistol to my temple, yelled:
'why have you bastard turned up again
we'll slap hungry lips with scarlet fangs
tongue will lick the sunbeam from your nails
and stop the tinsel Jatayu's hinged-wing strain'.

Oilsoot penury in me lees whatever is stark
designs in secret teaktrees behind screen of bark.

Once my hymn had pink-tongue grass-green
minksoft belly women in noun
and the city's lockup churned in spleen.

Soundpipe hissed: We'll chew roast fore
umbilical chord I'll snip in rage
werewolf girl gave oath palate stretch
chilli-dust to blur pin-vision gore
won't look back cremating the trampled dead
tear off spermpots with hot metal pincers and close the lineage.

[Translated from Bengali poem 'Nekrayr Bangsho']

Malay Roy Choudhury

Wounds

Awning ablaze with toxic fire above me
I lie watching the winged blue of this crawling sky
putting down the crushing anger of my suffering
I crossexam my nocturn doubts
pushing a gramophone needle over the lines of my palm
I scan the prophecy

armature on the left turned slag long ago
now eyeflesh twitching in the smoke of malay's burning skeleton
dismantled tempests sweep by at 99mph
uniform queues of wristwatched zombies tattle tradecyclic seine
a swinging bat threatened me in this black dungeon
800,000 doorless jamb stare for eternity over the liquid meadow

16dvn ravens whirl around my torso for 25 years
my bones reel clutching my raw wounds
my peeled fleshblood
flaying my skin I uncover arrogant frescoes of my trap
ageless sabotage inside the body
patrolling darkness in the hemoglobin
I'm deciding what to do with me now
I've inherited emergent vengeance
polished for 6000 years
tugging at man's insensibility
scraping old plaster of my skin
fingernails look magnanimous after the meal
people are returning home on tortoise back
failing to searchout my heart in my body
man training man the fair-spoken codes of war & hospitality

gathering fallen limbs from the torso we've to retreat to
I lie lazily closing both eyelids wrapped in sunflakes
coked reeks conspiring in my veins turned loose
ohh
from the vapour of brain's angry kernel
technicoloured nitrocellulose oozes over dreamlined retina
letters of sympathy heaped against halfclosed futureless door
my black muscles rust
equally true corpses of geniuses & fools

slime simultaneously into earth
each woman is waiting with a conversion chart in her desolate womb
Gandhi & Attila's equichemical blood
streams through my same veins
nothing happens to me
nothing will happen to this earth either
neither could I practice usury like the rest of mankind
nor shoot dice made of human bones

seeds floating in air try to slouch roots
into my unfertile sweatbeads
I dreamt of my failure in Bumghang's apple orchard
I couldn't choose the luxurious comfort of an insect
sleeping in the cushioned kitchen of a corn's kernel
I've been spitting inside my body for the last 25 years
scraping off from mirror's knave mercury
self-savior imprints of my violent face
each & all having a certificate from the burning-ghat doctor
for their performance of duty until last breath

2000 hounds released from out of my skull
haunting me for 25yrs
sniffing the alleys trod by women I advance toward their
amateur abode
my heart-lump split open in terror
when I looked at footprints on dark pavement
sounds of dripping sand have evoked my skinpores
my spineburnt smoke billow through chimneys of skin
ants drag fleshcopses through mothmade clayveins
damn barefoot amid seagulf I proceed
to sullen den of vultures
I've experienced magic simultaneously of food
concealing envious tints of blood & pus
perverse sugarcane brain sucks
liquid philanthropic dirt out of earth
my Dirt my Love my Blood
clouds drift by like pieces of discarded bloodseined cloth
I now recall Bluegirl's sick left tit...
Vibrating with heart's feeble flutter
Life's whacklings are to be endured until death
with a dumb tongue
a blazing mantle hangs in place of my heartmachine

plus-minus signs and compasses with broken needles
stream through my arteries

rifle's dazzling nozzle & diesel-roller sleep
in iron-ore of earth
and stored deep down in zink's brain
newspapers' Yes & newspaper's No
my feet do not realize
I'm controlling their speed & direction
I'm not sure if I'll have to become unworldly
paying excise with an untransferable woman
I gloomed all through the winter forging my own signature
was born not wanting to be born
now without unlacing my shoes
I want to plunge into the glowless dark
everybody is making arrangements for Tomorrow
shoes are having sympathetic polish this evening
only for Tomorrow
yet even circular roads get hold of man's legs
one day or the other
lusting for limbs 303 greased cartouches
stashed in new pineboxes

rush up to frontiers of countries
2510 years after Buddha sprawled on Gandhi-lawn
model-'65 leftover shoes & umbrellas of cop & non-cop clashes
in the warehouse of cocaine & counterfeit money
Indian & Chinese citizens mirth together in ecstasy
I had lifted a 5-paise coin from a blind beggar's palm
I had looted benevolent money of hearse-corpses
Out of parched groin
crossed death-panic on a boat not knowing how to swim
I may be censored I can not be disregarded

(From 'Jakham', a poem that has often been compared with Allen Ginsberg's
Howl.)

Malay Roy Choudhury