

Poetry Series

**MOLOY BHATTACHARYA**  
**- poems -**



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## MOLOY BHATTACHARYA(1st Day Of April)

Moloy Bhattacharya, M.Phil, is an academician, scholar, creative writer, playwright, translator and interviewer from West Bengal, India. Apart from teaching, he passionately writes poems, short stories, reviews and articles on various social issues. His poems and writings have been published in various national and international anthology both online and print version. He regularly participates in many national and international poetry/literary festivals held throughout the country. His debut poetry collection, Flying Bird, has been published from a national publisher in Delhi. He has just completed a one act play on the dowry menace and has started his first novel on human relationships. He is an M.Phil in Womens Study from The University of Burdwan. His research interest is Women Rights and Media. He did M.A in English and M.A in Mass Communication from Burdwan University along with a degree in Bachelor in Education (B.Ed) .

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# The Blue Umbrella

She cares and adores it  
more than her life, ever since  
she got it for a costly possession,  
from tourists visiting her land.  
the little Binya takes pride on her  
new companion as sweet as her.  
It makes her life popular day by day  
with envious gaze from people around.  
It protects her from fear and danger,  
From heavy rain and thunder.  
It is like a miracle that turns her  
ordinary life to an utopia.  
The little child has a tender heart too,  
one day she hands her joy of life  
To an old man of her acquaintance  
who has a longing for her ornament.  
Thus, with a smile on her face,  
Binya gifts her Blue Umbrella.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Pyre

The pyre keeps burning  
with rage and reek  
on the sultry heath  
far from the hustle.  
It burns with hunger  
the stinking corpses  
one after another  
wrapped up in white.  
No kin appears there  
with tears for last rites.  
Some stray dogs roaming  
in utter madness and ecstasy,  
waiting to witness a miracle  
that may happen for them.

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# Madam

Madam lives within herself,  
With luxury and leisure  
With comfort and care  
Similar to a snail.  
Madam loves to sleep  
For long lazy hours,  
Keeping her man waiting  
From miles away to have  
A balmy voice or brief talk.  
Her man laments and confesses  
Madam lacks the emotion in her  
And the commitment that ignite  
The mind to deepen mutual love.

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# Barkis Is Willing

Your frequent visits to me  
Sometimes makes me say the desire  
Kept in my heart for so long  
Suddenly becomes crazy to come out  
And says, 'Barkis is willing'.

My eyes watch your posture  
From other end of the bed  
You sit and spread your fragrance  
That gets mingled with my breath  
And says, 'Barkis is willing'.

You speak and smile  
That look trusted and sincere  
And I hear a music of romance  
Playing within my heart  
And says, 'Barkis is willing'.

Your presence seizes the time  
And makes things standstill outside,  
But inside the room you belong  
The infected air adores you  
And says, 'Barkis is willing'.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Rain

With noise and thunder  
With triumph and rapture,  
the celestial body descends  
on the muggy and sun burnt earth,  
a huge crowd of ivory white dots  
lashing on the ground in unison  
to instill a feel of freshness  
and dispel a sense of gloom.  
like flowers thrown at the feet of deity  
it falls upon us as blessings and rewards.

It falls to ignite a fire  
within the hearts of weak and timid.  
It imparts a spark to the sapling  
to sprout and renew a promising life.  
It falls to cleanse the stain of blood  
from the hand that holds a knife  
or accepts bucks on the sly.  
It falls to make us rise,  
to guide us to truth and ideal  
from a paralyzed and debunk society.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# The Widow Wails

No more ambition, no more ripple  
My life is, is a fallen kite.  
I descend from sky snapping ties  
and here people laugh and scorn  
at my fragile existence.

I have no friend, no company  
My life is, is a fallen kite.  
Oh! where is my prince of dream  
I desire to dedicate myself to you.

Here I stand like a shadow  
to the withered leaves  
and a mirror of my tears  
that compose my dirge.

This is my appearance,  
this is my colour,  
the cruel destiny  
of a ostracized widow,  
my life is, is a fallen kite.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Sita Speaks

Oh! listen Lord Rama  
and answer my questions  
that inflict my pure heart  
and make me guilty to people.  
I suffered a lot for you,  
went in exile for fourteen years.  
It was your weakness and shame  
that you failed to save my honour.  
Ravana took me away  
and made me a captive  
but I always kept him away from me.  
On my return, you slurred me unchaste,  
I had to walk the holy fire  
As you suspected my fidelity.  
I returned to the mother Earth  
leaving you and the society  
That denies my dignity.  
As a woman, I seek justice  
from you Lord Rama, answer me.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Suicide

After some days  
the father discovered  
a crumpled letter  
kept under a pillow  
and began to read  
in tearful eyes the contents  
that read, 'my parents are God,  
they are not guilty for my fate,  
I take my own life  
I desire to escape from this world  
where women are sale-able commodities  
and marriage seems only panacea.  
I nourished a dream  
of a fanciful life,  
a good job, a happy family'.

'The thorn of marriage stuck in my throat,  
family after family visit my home,  
I receive blow of questions, feed them  
and with the smiles and gestures  
I sense that I am rejected'.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Family

Our country is a big family  
which is divided into many states,  
like a room kept for each member  
where one can feel peace and felicity  
and feel happy to spend blissful hours.

Our country is a big family  
of different religions and cultures  
that co-exist and thrive instinctively  
within the people who celebrate with colour  
every occasion like their own.

Our country is a big family  
where we live with unity in diversity  
and speak many languages,  
wear different costumes, observe rituals,  
but we shower love and affection to all.

Our country is a big family  
where each member contributes,  
the farmers grow crops for living,  
the teachers build our nation,  
it is a mystery of divine creation.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# She

she is a flower  
In the garden of humanity  
That takes pride  
Of her presence.  
We enjoy her beauty,  
Smell her odour.  
Wake up from slumber,  
Don't pluck her for pleasure  
She is not alien,  
Let her live with us.

She is the creator  
Of life and posterity.  
She suffers the pain  
To protect life within her.  
The fetus fertilizes inside  
A new life is born to grow up??  
Sucking from her breasts,  
As a second self of her life.  
She is a living Goddess  
Let us celebrate her life.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# The Story Of Manju

Manju is forty two  
And chooses no family  
Of her own.  
From her teenage  
She resolved to be single.

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# Last Ride Together

Lets go for a ride  
In the lap of nature  
Away from the daily noise  
Where we may speak in whisper.  
Where we will slow down  
The wheels of fleeting time,  
And forget about the toils.

We are not a lock and key  
But an attachment grew  
That formed a unique fondness  
And longed to meet in face.

Lets go for a last ride  
To seize the moments  
And make them memorable  
For the rest of our lives.

Let me sit by your side  
On the bank of Ganges  
When in the evening  
The crowd gets thick,  
And watch the river  
In its bridal beauty.  
Let me fall in love  
Again and again  
Lured by the silence  
Of your tongue.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA



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MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Peace

In a flowery garden  
On a romantic morning  
your glance falls  
On the loveliest  
Of the flowers  
Spreading an aura  
Of love and affection  
And make you feel contented  
Within your heart  
Watching it for hours,  
Without plucking  
And possessing it,  
You derive from it  
A unique pleasure,  
Peace is the name of it.

With a clean face  
but an evil desire  
in the malicious mind  
You set out in the dark  
Like a king in battle  
To eclipse the world  
With terror and violence  
As you grow mad and hungry  
For blood, only blood  
human blood, innocent blood  
the same that runs in you.  
The smiling faces  
Waiting for your bullets  
Remind you of your own blood  
Suffering in bed at home,  
And make you withdraw  
The butchering practice.  
You read the message  
Written on the divine faces  
And cherish the moment.  
Peace is the name of it.



# Your Image

At the dead of night  
In my sleep  
Your image appears  
In a dream.

Those magnetic eyes,  
And infectious lips  
Whisper the secret.  
I recognize you  
By the unique smile  
And the rare odour  
Of your presence.

So close, yet so far  
You appear like a fairy,  
It seems a dreamy reality.  
Your image dispels  
The darkness of night,  
And the weakness of mind.

All the hours, the image  
Like occasional lightning  
Flashes on my face.  
From the radiant eyes  
Shower the rains of love,  
And vanish in the air  
Thy image I seek everywhere.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Black

People visit  
One after another  
Like seasonal birds,  
Enrich them with  
Gastronomic pleasure,  
Then scrutinize her  
From temple to toe  
And leave with  
The thundering words,  
'She is black'.

She takes it  
A new challenge in life  
And vows to teach  
The evil society  
A lesson to remember.  
After some years  
Of struggle and hardship,  
Fortune favours her  
To establish in life.  
Now she takes another vow  
And rejects the eager suitors  
Who once vainly sullied,  
'She is black'.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

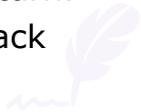
# The Boat

Anxiously I wait  
in the bank  
of the quiet river  
For my boat  
That set sail  
Long ago,  
Yet not in sight.  
Dark cloud hovers  
In my mind  
That it escapes  
With a new owner  
For ever.

Lovingly I wait  
Under the shadowy tree  
In the blazing heat  
Of a summer noon  
For your turn.  
In flashback  
I realize  
The meaning  
Of each word  
Spoken by you  
About your ambition,  
The change of colour.

Time fleets  
And you escape  
To other direction  
That shows you  
A new life,  
Full of dream and  
Carnal proximity.

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# Thorn

A thorn stuck into the throat  
Not to be swallowed  
Or taken out.

The thorn is life.

I too wish to be a lover  
Who I fancy.

I too wish to be a worshiper  
To her temple  
Who I revere as Goddess.

I too wish to settle down  
Wherever my heart craves for  
In this beautiful earth.

But when I gulp, I feel  
A thorn stuck into the throat.

The thorn is low caste.

(Note: The poem is based and inspired from a Bengali poem of the same title by Prof. Mahitosh Mandal, Dept of English, Presidency University, Kolkata)

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Veil

Behind the dark lock  
Of messy hair  
I keep in secret  
The symbol of woman,  
My marital status.  
I use vermilion  
Deep in the skin  
Beyond my forehead,  
In the root of hair,  
Like a veil, it helps  
To forget my identity.  
And mend my blunders.  
It cages my life  
Like a taming parrot.  
It kills my ambition,  
My dreaming desire,  
A borrowed robe,  
No name of my own,  
It curbs my choice.

I am a flying bird,  
Chirping for a shelter  
That lures my destiny.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Promises

I

We make promises  
That we must keep  
Then we forget  
The promise made  
Earlier to be kept.  
It creates distances  
Mental and physical  
Among the people  
Known to each other,  
And they turn hostile  
Or behave like rivals.

II

Look at the youth  
Standing under the tree,  
In the sultry heat  
For the girl who promised  
To meet him there.  
He believed her blindly  
And waited for long hours  
But she hardly turned up,  
The message he got  
That her promise was lost.

III

The soldier promised  
Her little daughter  
To bring chocolate  
And colourful gifts  
On his return  
From the battlefield.  
His girl hugged  
And waved him off.  
After a month  
She learnt the secret  
From her mother  
That his father  
Has turned into a star.



# Death Of A Priest

The doctor nods, 'yes'  
'Our priest is no more'.  
He dies a painless death,  
An escape from begging life,  
Hardly a life it was!  
He is relieved now  
From his mundane duty.  
He is taken so early,  
Even the Gods got hurt  
And called their son  
Who served for twenty years  
To the idols twice a day  
Throttling dreams of his life.

He lived his life  
Praying for others,  
Like a preacher  
Of his religion,  
And a performer  
Of rites and rituals,  
In special occasion  
Or Wedding ceremony,  
He excused no alibi  
To respite from drudgery.  
He gasped and panted  
To attend hundred households,  
And pray for their fortune.  
Often he ran to beat the time  
Like a truant child  
From one house to another.  
Nobody offered a drink,  
Nobody asked for rest,  
He served with no return,  
None praised for his job,  
For his entire life  
He uttered Sanskrit mantras  
To worship the deities  
And finally retires and sleeps  
In peace and serenity.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# The Girl Who Eloped

I

For days after days  
Months after months  
You lied your mother,  
Who kept you in her body,  
Gave you a caesarian birth  
To breathe and grow on Earth,  
And raised you with love.  
Injected good lesson in you  
To maintain family tradition.

II

But suddenly you turned hostile  
The day she eavesdopped you  
To know your evil desire,  
You nourished for long  
To mingle and marry  
A low caste, idle fellow  
Who had multiple affairs  
With other village girls.  
People saw him buy  
Condoms and contraceptive  
In a local medicine shop.

III

Many sleepless nights  
Your mother forced to spend  
To keep you in close watch,  
Argued every night, every point  
To dispel the black forces  
Hovering and eclipsing you.  
Even grasped your feet  
And prayed with folded hands.  
But you grew more adamant  
And scolded your mother.  
Few days before elopement,  
You refused meal from her,  
Shifted all your belongings  
Secretly one by one.

#### IV

Now like a defeated soldier,  
Your mother shed tears.  
Every drop of tears  
Speaks of her pain.  
Nobody dares to console  
The face that trusted you,  
You soiled her clean image,  
Her dream and desire  
That one day she would  
Feel proud for you.  
You will never stay happy  
Or find peace in life,  
You deceived your mother.  
You must suffer  
You must suffer.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# You Are A Dream

I

Do you still remember  
As I always do  
A few years back  
During our first chat  
In facebook at midnight  
You asked my contact  
And called me instantly,  
First I heard you,  
Got the feeling of sensation  
It seemed you eared a word  
I also spoke in whisper  
And rest of the night spent  
Dreaming your fragile image.

II

Since then we talked  
And talked a lot  
That drew us closer  
Without a single meeting  
We desired many times  
But never designed to fulfill,  
Intense was the bonding  
Now it is a dead entity.  
We are parted  
For a year or more,  
Here I confess  
Which you may not hear  
Some harse words  
I hurled at you  
But you brooked meekly  
Never protested rudely.  
I felt you are my weakness  
Perhaps your heart sensed too.

III

Now we behave strangers,  
Sometimes in my leisure  
When your peeps and flashes

In my lovelorn heart,  
I ask myself again  
Where is the passion,  
Love, and lunatic desperation  
Of that lady who adored me  
Injected my body with arrows,  
Bleed my heart with dream,  
And kindled the passion of romance,  
And offered me a kingdom of love.

#### IV

Everywhere I still feel  
Your invisible presence  
Your touch, your voice  
Perhaps I turn a past  
To you  
But you are my present  
And future  
You never expressed  
The whisper of heart.  
Was it a crush  
Or a drama?  
A casual affair?  
Now I realise  
You were right  
And I was a fool  
To fondly believe  
That all that glitters  
Is not gold.  
Whatever it is  
We are subject  
To change with time,  
Grow old and die.

#### V

But the words  
From my heart  
Written with love  
In your memory  
Will stay for ever  
As long as we breathe  
And mortally remain alive,

Unravaged by time  
In the readers' minds.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# A Game Of Cricket

In the game of cricket  
We are defeated,  
The shock spreads  
Like wild fire  
Everywhere in our nation,  
In the darkness of night,  
People can find teary eyes,  
Anger and frustration,  
A soulful cry of loss  
As someone has left us.  
Nobody prepares to digest  
The befallen reality of night.  
We had faith in them  
Like soldiers in battle  
They will fight till the end,  
But they perished one by one  
Crushing our hope and patience.

Amid the ripple of gloom  
Noises of winning laughter,  
The sound of bursting crackers  
None but our fellow citizens,  
In the mood of celebration  
Make us scary and think  
Who are they?  
Do they glorify defeat  
And celebrate our failure?  
Or are they dark forces  
And rebels of the country?  
Are they blind to feelings  
To the majority of the nation?

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

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MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# A Realization

For the want of money  
Needed for his treatment,  
The farmer resolved at last  
To cut down and sell the tree  
That grew fat and tall with time.  
Under the scorching sun, one day  
He touched the hard bark lovingly  
And felt the warmth of affection.  
After a while, wasting no minutes  
He began to pierce the rocky skin  
With his sharp saw in a hurry,  
But within few minutes he got tired  
As the sun burnt his entire body,  
He collapsed on the ground  
And after gaining consciousness  
He suddenly realized the shadow  
Saved his suffocating life from heat,  
Spreading over him like an umbrella.  
He learnt a lesson and felt guilty,  
And withdrew his plan to bleed his child.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# The Goat

Don't drag him to the temple  
And sacrifice for religion  
To appease the Goddess  
And enrich your hungry belly.  
Look at his face closely  
He is a poor child that waits  
The moment of impending danger,  
That depicts our selfish gluttony,  
His innocent eyes speak  
Of freedom and mutual love.  
Every living being enjoys right to live  
Why is he deprived of that right?  
Do the deities really hanker after blood?  
And the holy books endorse the killing?  
He is a minority, no one to protest,  
His cry is suppressed with blaring noise  
And the crowd cheers up for celebration  
Of gastronomic pleasure with the carcass.  
Many of his generations are born to die,  
To gratify us in our sacred rituals.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# His Last Journey

'This is my last journey'  
He wrote on a paper  
Before leaving his room  
To get into the car  
Waiting to pick him up  
For his treatment to Kolkata.  
He willed to eschew doctors,  
Amid books and spiritual matter  
He devoted his bachelor life,  
Uttered mantras, recited Gita  
And wore the sacred thread  
Like a Hindu Brahmin.  
A vegetarian but a foodie  
Who chose his life fondly.  
An admiring learned man  
Who read Telegraph daily,  
With knowledge, depth of ocean  
In English and Sanskrit.  
He studied to treat Homeopathy  
And offered medicine free of cost.  
A teacher was by profession  
In his village High School.  
All his earnings he donated  
To his poor family relation.  
He was a regular smoker  
But never did in school hours.  
He frequented to holy places  
For the thirst of knowledge  
Like a religious preacher  
He attracted disciples.

But perhaps he sensed his fate  
On what he said before journey,  
It predicted his last.  
He never escaped the scalpel  
And rested in peace, peace, peace.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# My Village Home

My sweet village home  
Stands like a tower gate  
To the entrance of my village  
Beside the main road  
That winds like a river  
Evading houses and trees  
Both sides in unsteady rows.  
From the balcony facing the road  
In my vacant mood, cosy in the chair  
I observe the people come and go.  
I find peace and relief every second  
And cherish the hours spent at home.  
I woo the place and its structure  
And feel as if my breath and my spirit  
Has entered into the concrete  
And the invisible chain ensnared me,  
Every lifeless object seems to be alive,  
Becomes lively during my stay  
And responds me with eerie silence.  
I feel the hugging breeze emerges  
To pacify my sweaty physique.  
From the bamboo grove nearby  
I watch the birds busy in business,  
They stay together in large numbers.  
Before evening, they come back home,  
They enjoy their leafy abode with noise,  
I try to guess the gesture of their voice  
But falter to read the meaning of that beak.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Dr.Faustus Speaks From Hell

Oh! hear me, hear me  
My fellow dwellers  
Of Earth and my land,  
Listen to my words,  
Myself Dr.Faustus  
Speaking from hell.  
I doubt if I am dead  
And buried in your minds  
After twenty four years of  
Blunder of shameful acts,  
I am condemned to hell  
That pains dread than death.  
Oh! Almighty, purge my soul  
Appear here and rescue  
Your ignorant child,  
Who turned a devil,  
Here I whimper and suffer  
Take me out from  
Dark and nasty dungeon,  
Let me see the light of Earth  
And feel the cool breeze  
My throat is choked  
For a drop of water.

Don't look at me  
You black Mephistophiles  
With venom in your breath,  
You deceived me  
With the ill-will  
And made me a prey,  
To the cursed kingdom.  
But beware! you Lucifer  
I still have warm blood  
Running in my veins,  
Fire in my glowing eyes  
And enough food  
For thought and action  
In my stormy brain,  
To burn you into ashes

For the nasty guilt  
You cowardly executed  
For my tragic fate  
Akin to Icarus.

The Good Angel  
In me still alive,  
I must defeat  
The evil in me  
And ascend in haste  
To Mother Earth  
To devote myself  
For the welfare of humanity,  
And dispel the agent of darkness  
From the minds of posterity.

(Note: Dr Faustus is one of the great morality plays by Marlowe)

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Fever

Don't look at me that way  
With your feverish smile,  
It will infect me too  
And I would fall in love  
That will make me restless,  
I know, my feelings for you  
Like a flute to a snake  
Fly to mingle with you  
In the strange land  
Where people suffer  
Like an innocent patient  
From the pangs of love.

The arrow from your bow  
Will injure my pure heart  
That will bleed and die.  
But the germ will grow  
Inside the dead heart,  
Giving birth to a new love  
That is strong and passionate  
Will caress and conceive you.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Kiss

In our first meeting  
We sat side by side  
And got very close.  
She kept her head  
On my shoulder  
And felt the warmth  
Of love in her limbs.  
I read the eyes  
So appealing  
And pure like a rose.  
She spoke and whispered  
What the heart desired  
And after nervous attempts  
She kissed and bit my lips.  
Wounded and swollen  
My lips turned badly.  
In my fleshy lips  
The kiss felt insipid,  
But it expressed  
Her true love.

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# Shantiniketan

Every time I visit  
The land of Tagore  
I feel his eerie presence  
In the procession of trees  
Of the abode of learning.  
The sweet smell of flowers,  
The green and fresh leaves  
Dangling from the branches  
In the pampering breeze  
And making the fallen ones  
Dry and withered for long  
Crushed under my feet,  
I feel the fleshy odour,  
Only the soul appears  
In the form of children  
Reading aloud their lesson  
At the feet of trees,  
Their noises create a symphony  
Of sound and ecstasy  
To remind me his presence  
Everywhere in that abode  
Of peace and posterity.  
A mere human being  
No longer he is to us  
Rather a blessed heritage.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Murder

She is femininely fair  
Ravishing and charming,  
A pride in her  
Always reflects  
In words and manners.  
People around her  
Worship her beauty,  
Pamper her appeal  
That draws them closer  
Like a snake to the flute.

In her mind  
Secretly vanity grows  
To scold her hubby  
Honest and obedient  
But funky and frowsy  
Devoid of an Android  
And a facebook profile  
To lead a modern life.

'It is a hellish life', feels she  
Akin to decay and death,  
Anger heaps in her  
Day after day  
Making her restless  
With him to stay.

One day she finds him  
Sleeping in his bed  
With a grinding roller  
She smashes his head.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# The Mosquito

It sings me in the ear  
In visible darkness  
And stings my back  
To draw the blood  
That keeps it alive.  
I resolve to grasp  
And squeeze it  
But it escapes  
From my rage  
To hide somewhere  
In bunker or corner.  
It torments me  
The whole night  
And my sleep too.  
In my drowsiness  
I clap and punch.  
In the morning  
I wake up to find  
It lying still and dead  
Beside my pillow.

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MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# ??????? (Relationship)

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MOLOY BHATTACHARYA



# ?????? (A Dream)

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MOLOY BHATTACHARYA



PoemHunter.com

# Albatross In Allahabad

In the holy water  
Of the scary Ganges  
Vast and wide  
They spread like a garland  
In expanding numbers.  
The white devotees  
Of the river  
Sailing in crowd  
And flocking  
To every passing boat  
In artistic gesture  
As if to welcome  
The dwellers of land.  
The radiant white  
Of delicate feathers  
Ignited a fiery glow  
In me instantly  
As we rode on  
They escorted us  
The long we floated.  
I bought snacks  
And chucked at them  
As a ritual to purge  
The impurities within  
Of the cursed pilgrims.  
We felt the divine  
Living and blessing  
In physical attire  
With peaceful harmony  
As emissary of God.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# The Nest

Like a balloon  
It hangs in the air  
From the fragile tip  
Of the coconut tree  
Blown by mighty wind  
Scorched in the fiery sun  
It survives to stay.  
We bother not to wait  
And watch for sometime  
The majestic work of art,  
Temporal creative beauty  
She enriches collecting  
A green grass, a dry straw  
Silently with hard labour  
To build a thatchy dwelling  
For the ones she loves.  
She is far above us  
Know not what is leisure  
Here we live a worthless life  
Only spend wasting hours  
Fancying life of lust and greed  
Hurrying to a poisonous ruin.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# A Meeting

Bird flies, time flies  
So flies my mind  
To mingle with you  
In an unknown land  
In a mysterious way  
Together we would sit  
Huddling each other  
And feel your warmth  
In each of my limbs  
Burning with passion.  
A gentle touch in your hand  
Would signal in a flash  
A feverish look in your eyes  
A truant smile in your lips  
We spend time like a dream  
Forgetting all our inhibitions  
We mingle hard for long  
Vehemently, wildly, gaily.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# A Memory

They came  
They saw  
They conquered,  
They stole  
The soft hearts  
Of chirpy children.

They came  
As outsider  
And we knew not  
How they became  
Our own family.  
This is Maya  
Or universal bond  
Of human relationship.

From tomorrow  
Their duties  
As creators  
Will be over,  
But they will  
Leave us with  
Sweet memories  
That must stay ever.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA



PoemHunter.com

# Justice

Now you realize, old man  
That you too turn grey  
And can't move at all  
With broken leg after a fall.  
You must remember now  
The mistake you made  
The dread sin of your life  
You committed in daylight.  
Now you must suffer alone  
You must pay for your guilt,  
The guilt written in your body,  
In every breath you take.

Your mother daily you beat  
In front of grown-up children  
When she was alive and infirm  
Drooped and wrinkled.  
You slapped her hard  
Dragged her, pushed her  
Even once kicked her,  
The mother who bore you,  
Ensured your growth  
Protected you always  
Loved you till her end,  
Only tears rolled from eyes.  
I heard the sound of beating  
The scream of her agony.  
She has not died in peace  
Rather fled from your cruelty,  
Perhaps she is safe in heaven.

Now it is your turn, old man  
You are lame and deaf too  
The curse has eclipsed you  
You can't earn for your family  
You are a liability to them  
You live on sympathy and compassion  
This is the fate you deserve  
It is poetic justice of your deeds.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Democracy

I

In the days to come  
I will rule everywhere  
I know how to entice  
The greedy people  
Not the poor folks  
In this land of poverty,  
Announce my power with caution  
I am the mighty Corruption.

II

In this polluted land  
People are paralysed  
To speak the truth  
That gets a decent burial  
Under the heap of lies,  
Because I am here  
Spreading like a fire  
I am the deadly Terror.

III

In this strange land  
Where peace a scarecrow,  
Only a moment's feeling  
Suffers to prevail long  
From the poisonous blows  
That disturb its sleep  
Because with the bloody  
Face appear I, the Violence.

IV

Look, look so helplessly  
Staggering the limping Democracy,  
Very tired and injured  
With cloth soiled and torn,  
His days are numbered.  
But so many candles  
Are lighting around him.  
Is he celebrating something?  
Is it the mystery of love and faith  
Or the bond of humanity  
That keeps him strong and alive?

We will unite and attack him  
Lets see who win the race...

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Romantic Rhyme

Rain the splash of love  
The shower has come  
Hurry the meeting of us  
The season has come.  
Stealing the public gaze  
To embrace you in heart  
To dare the plucky move  
Of all rights in pursuit of love  
That makes me a votary to you  
So intense a feeling too sticky  
Of gusty passion first time in me  
Run frenzy like a fugitive for you.

A restless mind brooks  
Not a moment's separation  
An inhaling breath in morning  
Enlivens not your presence  
The spongy heart spends  
Sleepless nights waiting for you  
More than my life, the untamed urge  
Wages war to mingle with you.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Silence

The tribal girl  
from a remote land  
in white uniform  
walked to school  
through a field.

Black clouds rumbled  
and ensued the storm,  
whirled the trees like lunatic  
refusing room to birds  
that flapped and flew.

From a forlorn hut  
beside the holy grave  
barked a stray dog  
at each of the men gobbled  
the prey ravenously.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Tale Of Life

I

Still haunt me  
Still bleed me  
Those blurred days,  
As if my memory  
Paints a colourful picture  
Of my inflicted heart.

II

Life flows very fast  
From morn to night  
From birth to death.  
No time to remember  
What you achieve in life  
Only memory your indelible wife.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA



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# Ode On Melancholy

I

It pains a lot  
To see the celebration  
And ecstasy all around  
On this special day  
That was destined and  
Meant to be yours.

II

It pains a lot  
To feel how injured  
Sadness peeps into  
Your mind creepingly  
And eclipses the hope  
That once lighted your heart.

III

It pains a lot  
To know how  PoemHunter.com  
The trusted hands  
Refuse to hold you tight  
And sever all the ties  
For which you told many lies.

IV

It pains a lot  
To digest the defeat  
Where your love, your belief  
Your faith you still maintain  
Crushed under the wheels  
Of deceit and inhumanity.

V

It pains a lot  
To realize how  
Your budding life  
From soiree to a dirge  
Turned into a scarecrow  
Only left to be scorned.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# The Night Train At Deoli

He was a boy of eighteen  
And a college goer very keen  
Visiting Dehra to his grandmother  
Every year in scorching summer.  
Deoli was a small station  
Thirty miles in calculation  
He realised not exactly  
Why that train stopped at Deoli.  
The lone platform boasted a tea stall  
With few stray dogs did only yell  
Down the platform a girl came  
Selling baskets with no name.  
She had a shawl across shoulder  
Shiny black hair but feet were bare  
It was morning very cold  
She had troubled eyes, clothes old.  
He got impatient for a glance  
To meet her eyes full of romance  
She offered him to buy a basket  
After hesitation he paid from his pocket.  
Plenty of visits subsequently he paid  
Not to let the memory of her fade  
But nowhere found her at last  
The girl who stole his heart.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# A Jar Of Innocent Chocolate

In broad daylight on a Sunday  
Everyone was dead busy  
With their respective duties  
In the open fire of the sun  
They sweated and run.  
As they were few in numbers  
It was a day of action in School  
No commotion, no confusion.  
Bravo! from so many naked eyes  
A jar full of scented chocolates  
Handpicked like bunch of grapes  
Into his pockets and crushed under sharp teeth  
That got tired of grinding the bulky booty  
A rare character the known always admire.  
Some felt ashamed, some sensed the theft  
Some believed not their eyes and the craft.  
Everybody saw the deed and only smiled  
But nobody complained as it was his forte.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Modern School Children

We are the naughty brain  
we are today's school children  
school is our leisure home  
who cares if we study no more?

We attend the hotel daily  
And at lunch make a fat belly  
we grow in body, lag in study  
All lessons are but a parody

Teachers labour to teach hard  
we ensure their efforts go mud  
Spare the rod and spoil the child  
A parent roars, are you bloody blind?

We are happy, we are free  
The school is a big tree  
Doing anything silly, we are game  
we are naughty school children.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Pangs Of Separation

The weather is foul today  
As if they sense the agony  
Of separation from a group  
Which was more than a family  
With love and respect they passed  
So many months together.

One by one now they return  
To their home, to parents  
Leaving the place for ever  
Came to study for a rosy future.

They would never be back again  
But the sweet memories they left  
Would speak for themselves.

All looked tensed and sapped  
Gazed with teary eyes still  
United in minds they are  
Only separated by distance  
Meaningless is life in their absence.

The row of rooms stand in silence  
To moan the exodus of its occupants  
They are the trainees of B.Ed  
With us a sweet relation they made  
Saltora was a new place to them  
Now a bright career what they aim.

The hostel looks like an empty vessel  
That tells a melancholy tale  
As strangers they arrived to stay once  
Then with us grew their relation fast  
Now in deep core of my heart I feel in plenty  
Life is tasteless without its human beauty.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# The Butcher's Operation

He kills them one by one  
So cheaply with his cruel hands  
It is his daily job, the butcher.  
From the cote are dragged poor chickens  
Abruptly in their dozing the lucky ones  
Sense the flapping of wings  
May the victims rest in peace.  
Spares none his bloody scalpel  
The meek birds find nothing  
But the hands strong and scary  
Cuddling they groan as in prayer  
To save their flesh sliced with cheer.  
Fast is he in this hunting job  
Neatly to satisfy the waiting eyes  
Eagerly mob him for share  
So many deaths, none seems to care.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA



PoemHunter.com

# The Great English Teacher

The semi-bald manly figure  
Always arrives ahead of school time  
As runs a bullet from a trigger  
The lessons he eyes, look a painted rhyme

Nearby a tiny village he resides  
With the old, rusty bicycle he rode on  
Missing a single class of his was suicide  
A gem he proved to the realm he belonged

The pupils felt shy to find him close  
A man full of insane energy  
The wicked ones know his mighty blows  
A foe he posed to human lethargy

Lament the classrooms his echoing voice  
Ugly time stops his teaching  
He read from Blake to James Joyce  
Retired from his crazy job after a long dating.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# The Nightingale And The Rose

It was a promise  
She made to the young lover  
To dance with him  
If a red rose brought for her.  
But alas! Not a single in whole garden,  
Not anywhere, he cried in despair  
His eyes flooded with tears.  
From the nest of an oak tree  
Heard his pain the Nightingale  
Which sang romantic songs  
For lovers for so long  
"he is a true romantic", it felt  
To sadly see his weeping face.  
Like a shadow, the Nightingale  
Passed through the grove,  
Garden after garden for a red rose  
To everyone it cried out,  
"I will sing you my sweetest song"  
"Give me a red rose".  
White, yellow rose did abound  
But not red that it found.  
Then the bird flew to the tree  
That grew only red rose  
Beneath the boy's window,  
But there was no rose  
The tree was bare,  
'If you want a red rose,  
There is a way  
But it is so terrible  
I can't tell you", said the tree  
"You must build it out by moonlight  
And make it red with your blood,  
You must sing to me  
With your breast against a thorn  
Your blood must flow into my veins."  
'Death is a great price to pay for a red rose',  
Cried the Nightingale in ecstasy.  
It soared in the air  
To cheer the boy down in despair,

But he fathomed not the message.  
The bird flew to the rose tree  
And sang wildly  
As deeply the thorn pierced the heart  
To draw the blood  
To colour the rose,  
Gradually the voice grew fainter  
As the thorn choked its throat  
And the bird fell on the grass,  
The red rose is complete by then.  
With surprise the boy looked out  
He laughed and cried  
To see his dreamy red rose.  
He plucked and rushed to the girl  
To fulfil her kept promise  
She frowned and said,  
"I am afraid, it wouldn't go with my dress".  
Dejected the boy threw the rose  
In the gutter,  
"what a silly thing love is"  
He thought and walked away.  
In his room, he pulled out a dusty book  
From the shelf and began to read.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Sleep...

The street looks deserted  
No sign of life and activity  
From the threatening chasm  
Emerges the worms and insects  
In search of some fleshy morsel.

In the heap of debris afar lies  
A cute baby with closed eyes,  
The parched wind buries his body  
Scratched and crimson, with sandy dust  
In silent peace, he sleeps fast.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA



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# The Old Man And The Sea

Eighty four long days  
Did he spend alone  
In the lap of the vast sea  
Without catching a fish,  
The poor Santiago,  
Old and weak he grew now.  
People called him, 'salao'  
A reputation he always bore  
An insult he brooked no more.  
His only loyal protégé  
For the nagging profession,  
The young Manolin  
Who was forbidden  
By his worried parents  
For the old fellow to run errand,  
But the little one loved him  
Kept faith on the fisherman.  
Determined they together  
Off to a daring venture  
To hunt Marlin with skiff  
In the wide Gulf Stream.  
Ensued a great battle,  
The old man fought hard  
To catch his prized catch,  
The Marlin stabbed and strapped,  
Not rescued the carcass  
That devoured the hungry sharks  
Left only its skeleton and backbone.  
The old man took a long rest  
Woke up for a taste  
Of coffee and newspaper  
Manolin took for him.  
They promised together  
To fish for ever.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Red Crabs

In the open beach  
Wide and sandy  
Scented and windy  
They appeared  
In huge numbers  
Like countless drops of blood  
Like tameless water in flood  
On the mouth of beady holes,  
Partly visible and partly hidden  
Their crimson bodies,  
Waiting cautiously to see  
A thud on the sand,  
Every footfall, each approaching leg  
And scampered deep in the ground.  
I tried a few times  
To catch them alive,  
Pipped me their speed  
'Utterly a foolish deed',  
Quipped my friend  
And my flagging energy did bend.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# The Plight Of A Married Lady

Born in a village  
She is young in age,  
A promising student  
Through her career  
Did her Masters  
In English Literature.  
Life was good  
And full of dream  
To achieve something  
Envied by many.  
Her life of a student  
Lasted no longer,  
Very early in life  
Got a job  
As a primary teacher.  
A new role to play  
In her teaching  
She learns,  
In her learning  
She teaches  
The tender hearts.  
Still not satisfied  
What was achieved,  
That fuelled her desire  
What remained to be achieved.

Spent some years  
With comfort and luxury,  
Carefree and monetary.  
The parents seemed in hurry  
To find her a match to marry  
The best in the country.  
United two pair of hands  
In a grand wedlock.  
A quick affair it was  
Within a few months,  
With few phone calls,  
No rendezvous at all,  
In a new home did she fall.

The unknown faces  
Like newly purchased dresses  
Never read her right,  
She tried to compromise  
To conquer the hearts  
That accepted her not  
As a member of their own,  
She is not a meek dove,  
Not an innocent lamb  
To brook the insult  
They heaped on her,  
She was pure at her,  
Never played a guile.  
The dreamy life turned  
A nightmare day by day,  
She suffered in many ways  
But ironed her will to stay,  
She was a lemon to them  
They wanted to extract juice  
From her mind and body  
She felt insulted in every breath  
She took day and night,  
She lived an aimless life.  
The tears cried in vain  
But nobody eared to listen  
The beating of her heart,  
Not even the hubby  
Who forgot the promise  
Made in the ritual,  
Throttled her trust,  
Her faith, her confidence too,  
Became a bait of his parents,  
Not hen-pecked, rather parents-pecked,  
He never pitied her feelings,  
Not heard her agony,  
She was an alien to them.  
Very protective and caring  
Was his mother for son,  
Did he marry for fun?  
His demands and desires  
Likings and luxuries  
Quenched his mother,

Perhaps he lusted  
For coitus and reproduction.  
Pressure piled on her  
With her they were at war.  
Life meant for her  
Only duties and responsibilities,  
Imposed deliberately,  
Flung on her aspiring heart  
That dreamt a happy life.

All seemed to be over  
She is determined  
Not to return to them  
If she returns  
That her heart desires  
Same treatment, she knows  
She would receive from them  
Because she would never  
Satisfy their greed.  
She has to earn money  
Bear the child  
Run the household  
And be a perfect daughter-in-law,  
She is not born for these  
Impossible for her to perform.  
But she will live her life  
Life has many colours and beauties.  
Miles to go before she sleeps  
A promise to succeed she always keeps.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# The Journey Of Life

In the abstruse  
Journey of life  
Many faces young and old  
Come and go  
Like the new born  
And the dead.  
Arrive some new faces  
As colleagues  
In your profession  
Some stay friends  
At your alienation.  
Windy life blows  
At hungry speed  
And removes them away  
We once fondly lived.

Some known faces  
With hidden motives  
In friendly robe  
Use your brain  
For timely gain  
And win the game  
Then forget your name.  
Like a milch cow  
You are milked  
To suit their purpose  
To meet the demand.  
So selfish we are  
So shameless is  
Our character  
Like the chameleon  
Even worse than that.

We are civilised  
In complexion,  
Brutalised in intention.  
Again they surface  
As time walks on  
In your life

To seek the hand  
To bail them out  
And again  
You turn saviour.  
But once gone the danger  
Faded you are  
Once more.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# A Forced Marriage

Very bluntly he says  
He loves her not  
Not even like her.  
She is not smart,  
Not looks attractive,  
A feeling he bears  
In his heart for long  
For the girl  
He is going to marry  
He is forced to marry.  
For certain criteria  
Of her that he likes  
He spoke to the girl,  
And confessed his secret  
As a bow shot from arrow  
The innocent girl  
Looks at him in surprise.  
Both are unknown  
To each other  
Settling for a life,  
Vowed to spend together.  
He plays no cupid,  
Not inclined to woo her  
No hang-outs.  
No phone calls.  
One by one  
His day advances  
For a grand finale  
That he mentally eschews  
But physically not.  
Thus with mutiny  
In his mind  
He is going to marry  
He is forced to marry.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Song Of Innocence

In the darkness of night  
From their graves  
Rose the children,  
Not seen by faces  
Only voices heard.  
One by one  
Word by word  
They composed  
A song  
A song of humanity.

Mark, mark  
The gory scar,  
The piercing bullets,  
The stain of blood  
In their bodies  
Spilled so chiefly.  
They had no gun  
No weapon  
To resist the blow  
That silenced  
Their voice,  
Their breath,  
Their life  
To eternal rest.

It was just another day  
In the sun  
They looked bright,  
Very jovial too.  
A home of learning  
Where their fate  
Is sealed.  
The caring parents  
Fed them,  
Dressed them,  
Bid them adieu  
Or escorted  
To school,

A place of safety  
That turned nightmare  
They were lost,  
The lost children  
To living parents,  
To never return.

Curse those  
Cruel hands,  
The assassins,  
In human shape,  
Not human.  
No regret  
In their lips,  
Not tears  
In their eyes,  
Only to know  
What you achieved?  
What you gained?  
Perhaps, you gained  
The anger,  
The hatred,  
The curse,  
The condemnation  
From million,  
Perhaps your family  
Feel ashamed,  
Perhaps the womb  
Laments  
Giving birth to you.

Here we are  
Very helpless  
To violence  
That coerces  
Our existence.  
Here we groan  
And complain.  
We only protest  
With placards  
And candlelights.  
Rise like lions

After slumber  
In unvanquishable  
Numbers  
Shake your chains  
Like dews.  
Wield a gun  
For a gun,  
To destroy them.  
If left alive,  
Like phoenix  
They would surface  
To engulf you.

(Note: A tribute to the resting souls of the dead children killed by terrorists at Army School in Peshawar, Pakistan)

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Unique Relation

I

You are a teacher  
In a classroom  
Packed with students  
Who admire you  
Follow the path  
You show them  
With duty and deeds.  
Very unique is the relation.

II

You are a son  
To your aged parents  
Who enjoys your care  
Bless you with a smile  
Still work hard for you  
They are the living God  
And Goddess who create you  
Very unique is the relation.

III

You are a dutiful hubby  
To your huffy wife  
Who waits for you  
At home and impatiently  
Unlock the door  
To see your shrunken face  
Your sweated forehead  
Very unique is the relation.

IV

You are a father  
To the new born child  
That calls you not  
By name but gestures  
As it feels a relation  
Of blood drawing each  
Of you near so lovingly  
Very unique is the relation.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Death Of A Poet

On a wintry night  
That looked deep and dark  
The sleepy streets disturbed  
With stray dogs that bark  
Louder as if an ominous knell  
To the inmates snorting in couch  
The last breath he draws  
Nobody sense but the spooky night  
That perturbs no sleep  
Only peeps the secret fall.

Amid the books in dusty shelf  
A nagging worm makes a daily meal  
From the yellow pages  
Each word he lovingly penned  
His only living soul  
Which earned him no fame.  
Even not his mourning wife  
Who loves him so warm  
Aware of his poetic pen  
That lies motionless as he is.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Mamata Banerjee

## I

Suddenly you rose  
Like the legendary phoenix  
From the ashes  
Of fecund femininity  
In such troubled hours  
That choked  
Every breath,  
Every deed of yours  
The fragile voice  
Echoed among the coterie.

## II

Suddenly you rose  
Like a speedy gale  
You lashed on  
The humanity  
With guts and probity  
Kindling a hope  
Dormant at hearts  
From a deep slumber  
For a revolution  
Not dreamt before.

## III

Suddenly you rose  
Like a guiding moon  
Lighting the rays  
Of protest in the street.  
Hail to you, iron lady  
The voice of the masses  
You suffered the agony  
From brutal hands  
From scary eyes of patriarchy  
Resisting them like divinity.

(Note 1: Mamata Banerjee, who needs no introduction, is at present the 8th & the 1st Woman Chief Minister of West Bengal)

(Note 2: This poem tries to record the incredibly political transition of the person in question from a mere students' union leader to the formidable leader of the masses singlehandedly)

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# To My Stolen Bike

I

My bike was stolen  
Under the sun, from the crowd  
From the row stood so many  
With many forms and colours  
Carrying names and numbers  
It brooked the heat, drenched in rain  
Needed no mending, never did complain  
Only fed oil that kept it well.

II

My bike was stolen  
It was like a truant kid  
Only three and half old  
Always looked fresh and bold  
As a friend in need  
A time saving pet in deed  
New places it drove with me  
Whenever I switched on the key.

III

My bike was stolen  
The skin was black  
But heart was red  
They eyed it come and go  
Tampered the lock, made no show  
Neither sensed pain, nor it yelled  
To new hands, it fell a prey  
A memory, an absence it left.

(Note: My previous Hero Honda bike, No- WB 42P-4923, was stolen at noon from Burdwan Court Compound on the 28th of March,2014)

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Bacchanalian Immersion

A procession with blaring music  
The inebriated eyes blithe and insane  
Staggers and stammers as in soiree  
Jostling the revellers belching  
The odour to the phalanxing onlookers

Sometime the body frets and falters  
For a weighed gallon, the call of feet  
To pip the rhythm of slapping drums  
Meandering with reticent idol, sulking  
The vicious votaries to a lumbering lullaby.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA



PoemHunter.com

# To My Coy Mistress

I am suffering from fever  
My love for you is not over  
Your image always mirrors in my mind  
I caress you like an invisible wind.

You are a moon in the sky of my heart  
I dream of you when eyes are shut  
You are my waking dream  
In you I dissolve like ice cream.

You breathe an infected air  
My passion you burn with care  
Like a dew on the morning grass  
You cede to your Byronic crush.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA



PoemHunter.com

# Arnab Goswami

The assassin ravenously  
Lurking on the impending prey  
Maiming them with his grilling  
That is fired like a volley of arrows  
From a verbose bow  
With a deadly velocity  
To inflict the blow  
On the ominous prey  
Parrying from the other end  
To squeeze the facts  
From the sieved water  
Of probity for a cause  
To dispel the corrupted  
With fiery eyes, burning tongue  
He encroaches into the brain  
Operating a skull autopsy  
Muzzling the sycophants  
With tyrannical puerility  
Hail to you for such audacity  
The nation salutes your integrity.

(Note: Arnab Goswami, one of my immensely admired Indian journalists, is the Editor-in-Chief of Times Now news channel)

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# The Great Othello Laments

Oh! You hear me, Desdemona  
Long in your grave  
A life of peace and rest you save  
Here I alone speak and confess  
Doubt poisoned my fragile mind  
Only a handkerchief did I find  
Did suspect your chastity  
Ignored your inner purity  
You were innocent, my princess  
Ill-will eclipsed my senses  
Thus choked I your breath  
My weakness withdrew faith  
Killed me too, deceived true love  
A hapless hawk for his dainty dove

I am cursed  
I am scorned  
Yet I am born  
Like a fresh morn  
For my ego is torn.

PoemHunter.com

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# The Girl In Train

Hurriedly she entered  
In train struggling hard,  
Manoeuvring a cosy berth  
Sat beside a man ogling in mirth,  
She was funky and nubile  
Monologuing with a costly mobile,  
Only lip-reading one could guess  
Stole naked glances her pretty face.

✶

Miser was her skinny attire  
Exposed her limbs, fuelled his desire  
To get her close, to feel a touch  
Nabbed his nudging advances such  
Scanned her eyes, her taboo parts  
In public boozed with carnal guts  
Both looked trained in sleazy act  
Passengers shrugged off a common fact.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# End Of An Affair

O Lady! Going away am I from you  
For the long silence you keep. I know.  
It is the silence of your growing love  
For me, your secret passion and an affair.  
I too enjoy the midnight call that whispers  
The sweetness of love, a fondness to be together  
A restless feeling, a desperation to speak  
With other, adoring chats in facebook  
Bring us too close in quick time, look  
Magical every time your addicted voice  
Is heard over mobile, a scented touch lulls me  
To sleep into a dreamy utopia in your psyche  
That mirrors your weakness, a desire burning  
Like a log at the kiss of a tender fire.  
Finally I become eclipsed, fallen to your grace  
Myself amok with an ache in heart to peck  
Those fleshy lips that nibble my bachelorhood

You have your weakness too  
You know that but never expressed  
Seriously as the lovers are famed to do  
Let it be so, if you wish your silence  
To maintain, I have my dignity too  
You promise to never forget me, to leave  
Me in no way. Now I bury myself in  
Writing, in study that imparts me food  
For thought, to create the new world where  
Beauty stays for ever, rejuvenate itself  
Unlike you who are fickle, a product  
Of the corrupt time, not over yet our chemistry  
Your killing glances, hypnotizing as a mystery.

Never be away for long, I know  
The warmth of love in you yields to a bow.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Confession Of An English Opium Eater

In the dead of night  
My eager heart leaps in joy  
When the tiny green dot  
Ensures your silence presence  
I can feel your breath that  
connect me with you in facebook.  
The effect of booze makes me frank  
Through chats you cross all barriers  
Intimacy grows with virtual touch  
Eyes strained to steal the verbose.  
Each word written in utter drowsiness  
Speaks more of your mind, your secrets  
By then the holy water buries my senses  
With a jerk I hurriedly look at the screen  
After a bark heard from few street dogs.  
Messages ejected to tranquilize the body,  
So warm, so touching, so sensuous  
Rob my heart and my slumber.  
At dawn, get a loud knock on door  
And realized it was a dream that I bore.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Break-Up

Fragile is the mutual relationship  
Unbound desire makes it defective  
Enjoying the company of multiple partner  
Look like a life spent voraciously happier

Gradually thus a poisonous worm  
Like possession that make you burn  
In the enticing crowd of pretty faces  
Eclipsed you the way between individual clashes

One by one trust, promise once given  
To the beloved of your life easily forgotten  
The promise to spend the entire life  
To face weal and woe in strife

Then comes a day you boldly say  
Your decision of silently parting the way  
An affair reduces like a pack of cards  
Built on whim and driven by lust

A madness promoting you a final call  
Thus with Break-up you eye for a better fall.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Secrets Of Life

No eyes look so beautiful  
If tears not floating from it  
Happiness becomes so tasteless  
If pain from wound feels painless

Praying to God may not be a necessity  
If everything so desired comes on demand  
Night would not become so romantic  
If not sparkled by the amorous stars

Birth could not bring a welcome  
If death not comes as a naked shocker  
Reunion would not turn so sweeter  
If not well fermented with periodic break-ups

We should not stoop to pick up diamonds  
If were they as plentiful as street pebbles.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

## Send Off...

Ugly are you with tearful eyes  
The tears that never forded my cheeks  
As did yesterday, too stubborn to stop  
Perhaps the second it is that my eyes  
Like a morning rose in a dewy garden  
Got a burial under flowing salted water  
As if it makes me a lifeless brute  
Because they hugged and pressed me hard  
With tearful eyes they stared at me  
To convey something hard to digest

My heart pains to see them weeping  
Expressed my heart the agony slyly  
Through the tears like a day rainy  
Not same blood runs through all  
Nor are they my kith and kin  
We know it all, it is a relation  
With a deep feeling that grew tall  
Stepped back they with a sobbing silence  
After murmuring to me a quivering 'good-bye'

Now only silence speaks everywhere  
In every room, every corner, far and near  
Unused articles left by them lay there  
Empty are the rooms, I find each time  
But the odd breaths of invisible occupants  
Pacify for a while my perturbed mind  
Only loneliness beckons me with a smile  
Teaching me a hard lesson consciously  
It is another part of cruel life.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Forgotten Rabindranath Tagore

You voiced a protest at a time  
The country was a slave to alien  
You took up your inborn weapon, a pen  
That grew fat with time  
Tasted with flavour hungry people  
Silently instilled a waking call  
Bravely for a mission to move on  
Their lost glory to get back  
As a gust of fresh wind  
Flew your message everywhere  
That washed the cloudy spirits  
From the youths dropped down in plenty

\*\*\*\*\*

Now free we are, so our country  
Routine is our life, a heavy industry  
We think less, exhibit more vainly  
That are not our own, a borrowed robe  
Spared a day for you, not of respect  
But to make merry with decorations  
Not addicted the youths to your art  
Without a single fan are you  
Blessed are filmstars and a very few  
A bearded past to them you are  
Our ignorance that you are ignored  
God spare us! We are satans  
Of your creative kingdom  
But your glory will never fade  
Not after our flesh burns into ashes...

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Lament Of A Departed Soul

The road ends here, I am blessed now  
Blessed to have an eternal sleep  
I have nothing to lose now, a spirit  
Stays far from the madding crowd  
In the holy abode of God.

You can't reach me, never touch me  
You ruin me, you traitor in friendly attire  
Your hungry beasts grab me  
Pounce on me, strip me, tear me

I parried the carnal glances, scary eyes  
I was hunted, to brute forces, a prey  
I got a lesson, a lesson to remember  
The pain I felt was too much to bear  
You raised no voice, nobody there to hear  
My lone agony, my groan, my despair

You could have saved me, you are human  
You are social, you are equal, a myth  
Shattered. No, no, you kill me not, I flee  
From you, you are insane, you are polluted  
You breed leopards to slay the lambs.  
Even beasts spare their clan.

Humanity long deserted you, but you are you  
You hug brutality, such is your mentality  
Time would make me past, I am a past.  
Was I born to pass away so young?  
Had I a disease, did meet accident?  
Do you have words to justify my end?  
Was I alien to you?

But you were reticent to my plight.  
You drove me out- my family, my kin  
My home that moulded me are to lament.  
Mother earth is plagued with human germs.  
You ignore the organ that badly harms.

My dream, my future, cry in vain  
Could you bring me back to earth again?

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# With You

In the caressing breeze  
blowing over the lawn  
you sit beside me and seize  
I glance at you with a yawn.

A boring silence makes me fishy  
about the way you behave with me  
once for me you were adamant and crazy  
no smile on your lips that I hopelessly see

Now, with difficulty your silence broke  
words came halting from your throat  
after a romantic drama finally you spoke  
your dream with me was a silly joke...

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA



PoemHunter.com

# Jealousy

Once you are born  
your neighbours bless you  
their blessing turns into a blemish  
as you gradually grow up  
a boy with a great promise  
a grudge for you what they send,  
to them you are not merely a name  
your talent fetches you a fame  
a good job of yours brings in for them  
a poisonous jealousy you hate to mention  
diseased minds makes them sick  
proud are you with your honest deed  
one day would come they like a pig  
only to find there your feet to lick.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA



PoemHunter.com

# Apolitical

A message to the common people  
lead a life, teaching to be simple  
don't pollute your mind with politics  
that can only make you more soporific  
reason you find too brittle to hold back  
with your all sweet and lovable relation  
getting soured bitterly for resorting to escape  
from truth you are loath to honestly convey  
because now a pawn you are made of  
shelter you a worm inside your body  
gradually it would devour you completely  
without your least knowledge of danger  
sold is your conscience to certain symbols  
to the masses you are posed as a rebel  
empowered are you with borrowed power  
you are an eclipsed moon now not seen clear.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA



PoemHunter.com

# Morning Message

A unique feeling for the eyes  
to see the soft touch of rays  
of the benevolent morning sun  
spreading timely over this beautiful earth

Whispering to you with a message  
to snap your dreamy lazy sleep  
that takes a heavy toll upon you  
ensnared for hours in her milky hue

The amorous eyes of your new mistress  
invite you to invade her carnal fortress  
as slices a knife to a juicy watermelon  
to satisfy her dark desire in cosy couch  
as soft as a grassy lawn in the darkness of night

From the open casements flickers charming breeze  
to douse the flame of lust in a bid  
the hungry belle eclipses her captive and seizes  
every moment to claim her conjugal right  
and prolong the night with a smooching bite.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Hide And Seek

I know you are here  
Though you eschew me out of fear  
i feel your odd breath  
you are not the same i met  
you fall in love with your career  
god has been a saviour  
you are fell destiny  
we can't help moving to mutiny.....

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA



PoemHunter.com

# Life: A Mystery

He searches for beauty, only finds despair

He craves for love but gets loathing

He peruses for knowledge, flees his sanity

Dies to remain happy, peeps sadness timely

Life has beauty, yet it is scarce beautiful

What is life then, an enigma?

Life is a flowing river, no routine track

It totes obstacles but has no stop

. It creates after ruin, destroys after creation.

Man ponders to fathom its actuality

And yields to, eureka! It's a mystery

Life itself is a mystery, we are mysterious.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA

# Arranged Marriage

A unique social relation  
followed from generation  
built on respect and trust  
which is now declining fast  
unite two persons as strangers  
bringing in wedlock together.  
Thus commence a newly happy life  
In their hearts with a burning pride  
This old custom will win for ever  
Trustless love is our modern fever.

MOLOY BHATTACHARYA



PoemHunter.com