

Poetry Series

murari sinha
- poems -

Publication Date:

2010

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

murari sinha(01-01-1958)

associated with KOBITA PAKSHIK a fortnight magazine of Bengali poetry published regularly from KOLKATA, INDIA for the last eighteen years. mainly writes in bengali and a prominent exponent of contemporary bengali poetry, now his english verses are placed here for the readers world-wide.

web -

-

-

-

-

14 Tom-Toms - I

when a glass of water is turned upside down
there grows a hill of sanskrit words

all terraces of her body
are painted with the life-lines
of the dismantled electric-bulbs

the window-screen of those coiffures
on which the tom-toms are arranged
by the sound of the original drum-beats
can run faster than the blue conch

when those information are fed
into a lady-computer
on her screen there appears the picture
of an unknown planet

after surfing it is also known
that from there the rose originates

murari sinha

14 Tom-Toms - II

the train sends invitation
in the fresh afternoon

putting steps on the stair-case
of the old earthen house
remains incomplete

when the wrist-watch permits leave
the young power-tiller
with a magic in his pocket
parts hair repeatedly

an envelope
filled with the months of july
comes out of his palate

it wishes to take me also
to fly to the heathrow-airport

how many people do have such soap
to accept this monsoon

i'm nothing but a mere raft of soil

those red and yellow arrow-marks
that control the traffic on the crossroads

i see only their secret blood-shed
and the mistakes in their pronunciation

murari sinha

14 Tom-Toms - Iii

oh water-moon
your salted-relation with the married-deer
and the river-proneness of the blunt-headed nail
become known to the ducks
that are born of the same mother

that antelope with branched horns circumference
crosses the known run-way
to register the warmth of a submarine
in the orange humidity

the demi-god birth of the milk-bird
or the patriotism of the cigar

or the restless gun-powder
of the bay of eye-brows

all those are the signs of trust
of that night-personality

when the long uttering comes to an end
the quick-sand of the narrow-gauge
returns back to sit beside the window
of his palace of words

and towards his flight
has stooped the white-papers

of all the girls of this
tinsel town

murari sinha

14 Tom-Toms - Iv

after giving birth to so many sea-shores
the transparent lip of the wax-bird
remains virgin as it was

so within the eyes of the kapalik yogi
the dances of the hills
gradually become feckless

touching the circle
originated from the woman

are running those horses
under whose hoofs
remain till today

the shoes of the copper-coloured
moonlight

know it

though the vertebra is wetted
with village-rains

it is neither very close to fragility
nor under-aged as well

it also does some relief-work after the cyclone
by a whistling sound made by contracting its lips

putting off the ribbons of the body
it deposits them

under the custody of the balloon
that is ousted from the troop

may be it is shameful

or sheer the madness
of an aluminum-birth

murari sinha

14 Tom-Toms - V

the village of the birds is on the other side

neighbouring to it
is the smiled-face hermitage of the police

all the 5s and 7s in its telephone number
are vegetarian

they regularly mow their nails and teeth

the sleeves of their uniforms pick up air-feathers
from the body of the slate

they become a like shape of modesty

no more they need to celebrate their birth-days
by taking analgesic tablets for their headache

if they are invited to any party
to take drinks
they say that actually it is never
in keeping with the basil-leaves

now they fully believe in the monsoon-ism
they also tell to pass on this information

when taking part in the parade
scatter from their eyes
some local drops of water

the hand-cups covered with the fog
take up them very humbly

murari sinha

14 Tom-Toms - Vi

taking one step forward
i drive away the coldness from my lips

during the parts of the kissing-time
the green celsius rises continuously

the dead-bodies that have so long
taken refuge in the tea-cups

now lose all their belongings
and take a dip
to seek other shelter

a postage stamp of small denomination
has taken the ownership of the whole boat

and to its heart's content it is playing
crossword puzzles
with the growing bus-routes

the catholic-coins have also learnt
very much rowdyism

oh sickly roof of auto-rickshaw
why don't you too come
to this act of blue embracing

murari sinha

14 Tom-Toms - Vii

the portraits by sun-rays
continue to stagger

the gravitational force is so strong
after tearing of the pocket fall down
the gas-balloon the myrobalan
and many such others

i commit to memory
the cries related to all abcds

i put on their bodies
dresses of the latest fashion

and use them for the purpose of
new commerce and industries

i pick up the clapping of hands
the roaming in the virgin forest
the young pumpkins
and all that are available
from beneath the spectacles

i keep them in the volt

even i do never send to anyone
any water-chestnut void of blood
as a gift

following those norms
i think i can earn
the portmanteau stars

and i can tear the balcony of rains
from the advertisement of the soap

others may discuss it in other ways
but i do not want to take a bath
into that water

but after the hijacking of the aeroplane
from my torn pockets
the solid mosquito net
gets tumbled

murari sinha

A Tale Of Hunting

do suppose
that soil calls you

by a whistling sound
made by contracting its lips

in repeated spell of weeping
the oscillation of leaves forgets
all amazement
to get on board the train of magnolia

who would deny
such a blank cheque
from the sunshine

the green land of slumber
gives you also
a colourful welcome

to comply with the direction of the clouds
the dialogues start in a new format

could the veteran bureaucrats
ever trace it

hand-bag shakes off so much fun

and that fuming-lad from his blue
let suspended in the air
the sound of conch-shell
knitted in a white thread

hi coral-deer
do you too
have the same wish

then for you dear lady
till now
comes out from the dictionary

a torn tale of disappearance

murari sinha

After Ending Of Banishment In A Forest

as soon as the banishment in a forest comes to an end
all the rain-drops come to the ball-room with unfolded
umbrellas over their heads

the slumber of the adjourned dialogues
also breaks

all the blossoms of the cucurbitaceous plant
that are supposed to open their petals
have gone to the majlis of the aquatic-plants
riding on a wrong-minibus

then a photograph of the dinner- party
is to be found out and brought for the saliva-gland

there is no voice of the palms of the open-window
of his own

even then
each and every the air-hostess eagers to listen
to the song of boat-rowing from him

here the duck of the mid-noon
is engaged in pleasure
with the flower-vase of class x

their drinking-bowl is flying
along the flame of the rail-line

though it does not bear any grief
to the large lake
that is wetted with perspiration

there is no delta of misspelling as well

it has only the smoking of thousand cusec
all the day and night

murari sinha

Anatomy Of Oranges

you're not adams apple

the fruits from tree of the knowledge
of good and evil
in the middle of the garden of eden
in genesis

yet at you
the round oranges of this afternoon-town
i stare

and my pate gradually
becomes pregnant

the wind that comes after
having a touch of your lips
puts the wagging of its tail on my forehead

and my guava-leaf begins to melt

thus my hardware-business is going
into liquidation

the physician to the king is telling
it's the symptom of an awful fever attended with
the morbidity of the three humours of the body

used... and used... and used...

your smile has not yet become
stupid

so from where the lamp-posts of the
town start

there are the cutlets and the bolster
they are not the only to utter the last words

i'm too

in this summer trying to decorate the gate of my cage
like wedding ceremony

if any soundless dew-dropp comes
to prepare and feed me
my birth-day frumenty

but i've no tongue
at all

all over the face
there are only the eyes

and to the fate of my staring-at
has ever so much blessings been
available

murari sinha

Aquarium

those
who has so long been submerged
in the water of the womb-cave
now when the sun rises
would they put their lips in action

the pantograph
the wheat-plants
that has been sowed in autumn
the shyness of the houses
going away farther and farther

how much should i become glum
for those stations
on which i suppose to never put my steps

since taking birth
the same story of huggis and wrappers

i've told you to say good bye
to the portman
full of rust

and to make an aquarium
for the flying-fishes
with the water-moon

there may also exist
some social forestry

mr slumber
you can't keep the good-wishes
arranged properly

so as soon as the eyes get open
the palpitations start

murari sinha

Betrothal

say
where should i keep all those foot-prints
having no lineage

from whose paraffin-in-the-palms
has taken birth
so much monsoon rain-falls

why the seagulls of this earth
have not learnt
in a better way
the meaning of open windows

wearing the same costume
they can fly only
from the north-east thames
to the non-aryan autumn

in the woods of yellow moon-light
the feathers fall down
from the body of the villagers

they levitate as letter
like the leaves of coconut
before the windows of a hospital

it may happens then
in the fire of the cigarette
in-between the fingers
there is no more in waiting
any absent-mindedness

rather
after composing their letters properly
the mermaids in the deep-fridge
are waiting for their next print

by putting the fire of the dry straws
in the air the indifferent neighbour

saves the intellect of the red-sandalwood

thus if it is possible to catch there
the betrothal
in the oily pollens of the spring

murari sinha

Carried Off In A Flood

the open-hair magnolia remains standing
putting a hand on the window-bar
of the camellia

sometimes
i think of knowing from her
through sending a pink-letter
who have gone in the fall of night
crossing the border
on foot

and who have like to deposit
the spoilt water-chestnut
on the obsolete narrow-gauge

does the wild moon ever take hot water
from the slow river-quay of this city

following the rein-deer
it seems
his t-shirt has also disappeared

the pictorial cave-writings gradually
putting their flag down
on the cornice of clouds
that return home in the evening

even-then
why the sinthi with it flows
has smeared so much green

even-then
on this operation table
which wind brings in
so much lemon leaves

and why
so much light of carried off in a flood
has overflowed the blossoms of the brinjal

murari sinha

Cash-Memo

it is circulated deep into the soil
that you've wore the dress of paraffin

in the multidimensional wind of the winter
the cash-memo of the recently purchased
gold-bangles
would reside for some time more

then all the pregnant women
would assemble in the river-ghat
to meditate on the paddy-blossoms

all diamonds and clubs
would overcome their insomnia

through this arrangements
the crushing-news of fostering
flows

this dilution is well-known

the river-ripple of the air
after reading the sun
would keep some extension of dahlia
on its palms

in an unwritten evening
the demi-god-birth of the fire-flies
would break

their easy dead bodies
by the instigation of the surges
would ring ... and ring... and ring
and spread cheerfulness

the elderly rain-tree comes to spray anti-biotic
on the spoild top-branch of the young lad
covered with citronella

murari sinha

Dialects Of The Fabrics

all the time that had been
has been said

the plunging into life-pond
gets condensed within the paperback

then why the kovalam beach does shatter
when it finds the trace of new minerals

is it true then comes to her mind
the memory of the fugitive rain-girl

much sunshine comes for making crowd
on the grasses

in the moonlight of the apple
wakes up the magic
that is attached with the shirt of the
harbour

the white multi-storeyed
also remains sleepless

even-then... □
even-today...

july means the amorous bickering
of the fish-girls for pleasure

inside a running minibus
here is the dialects of the fabrics

murari sinha

Differential Calculus

on the other-side of a grave wall
there may rightly be a water-vessel
that is chicken-hearted by birth

there may not be around her
a stretching of water-body

do remember
when we all went that day to catch the train
the room of the rail-station was totally vanished

after enquiry it was revealed that
it had gone to observe holidays with its family
in the yolk of the eggs of the snipe

before opening the no-door to take a leap i also knew
that the top-branch of a green and large grasshopper
was mainly made up of white-stones

i did not also have
any mystic words to recite silently
given by the moon

so without caring for the water
i made a all-complete ocean
with sands and cement

throughout the year
solvency gets down
from the body of the traffic signal

even-then
the monsoon this year
has been under the poverty-line

and the ray of hope is that
it is this circuitous route
leading to the top of the himalaya

that would one day
play the tune of differential calculus
on her guitar

murari sinha

Draft Of The Flights

today you take some ornaments
from the colour of the shower of rains
oh the nocturnal race of my horses

after much brain-work the craftsmen who are very serious
has tied up the seeds of the wild-vegetable with the thread of a kite

so all the school-buses of the mermaids
are arranged on a steel-plate
that is very near to the domestic-wall

if the post-box does not catch to the chest after stretching its both palms
the draft of the flights would fall down from your sleep

have you also hidden the alternative of death
within the furnace of jeans

then the day-dates of reminiscence
is to be found out properly
in the pages of the chrysanthemum

it is no doubt
in the mean time
it is expected
the peacock-call should prove
there remains some wrong-signals
in the kiss of the quick-silver

murari sinha

Earthy Habitat

1.

i may call it a leaflet
i may call it a handbill

but don't you notice
a large number of gossips
is natant in the air

do you admit that the fuming heart
that's glorifying the plate
should be made a must-read
for any seed-bed

the sun tells that to keep-fit
the health of the clouds
the instigation of the perfumed-soap
is required

with that pituitary
some neighing of horses
that is fastened tightly with cork

now see
if you can offer pregnancy
even to the barbie doll

by the by
it should be informed here
if the question of roaming in the woods
is raised

the highly-educated bathroom
feels very helpless

and taking repeated somersaults
in the sunshine
in the rains

the folding umbrella

also have got very much out-of-temper

2.

in the light of the hassac-lantern
the screaming becomes thoroughly interesting

in the about-to-vanish forest-land
the nocturnal shopping hangs vertically

can you be able to get searched
some white-holes under the unfathomable water

then the visiting river should not take tablets
to manage it blood-pressure

now from the window of the town
look at the running away of the
tyre-less motor-cars

and their changing of colours
every now and then

as if after a successful operation
the new ant-hills
are singing and dancing very much

within so much noise
some spoons remain quite indifferent

it is heard that a lawsuit challenging the legal-status
of their relation with the prickle is being proceeded
in an open court

even standing before the court's dock
no green mango has told the truth

so to do a usg report of the pendulum
that remains static under the dream
has become very much necessary

3.

i pick up flowers from the pages of the calendar
and scatter them on the picture-frame
of my dwelling place

sometimes the spring comes
sometimes the buddhist monastery

along the pitch road of the city
thousand counts of uproars

the mess-building that is situated
on the top of the coconut-tree
has also joined the march-past

and who miss the last train
i offer them glasses of tea
as an anti-war campaigning

the plastic-made afternoons
hoist the flag of nail-polish

as there is no water-bottle
around your neck

the assembly of choosing
one's bridegroom oneself
has rejected you

4.
some light of the former birth
glitters on the hand-fan
made up of palm-leaves

do the child boats of the pigeon-pea flower
go to them to learn the fountain

all over the room
the cobweb of fundamentalist spiders

the toy-train breaks the water colour
to run to the oil-colour

and on both sides of its travelling
there are so many advertisements
of tooth-paste

5.
the krishnachura and the champa

both of them
have the only-one unsheathed afternoon

both of them
have the same-one broken harmonium

how long more the eyes of terracotta
would roam in the sun

the uneven fate-line
is written on the green slate

the sound of the vocal chord is also eloquent
as if it were some bare trees of wood-apple

around the swimming
there are some scattered scrapes of slippers

the colour of whose straps
is blue

and some tales of the faded sky

i return home with the night of
phosphorus

i return with those waves of the
mid-night that have no translation

i lay them in order

6.
for the ripple nearest to the heart
how much cherry-blossoms do you have

when you do swim
to full wings and feathers
the doors and windows of the black timber
do sit

keeping their eyes closed

the metallic rays of light
have to go back
into the blood-circulation of the blue mountain

what do you pray then from the
sea-gulls

is it the voice of the bees

7.

The fairies of chaitra
lie on the un-wrinkled bed
with their backside up

in the hearsay of the air
once the woods of tamarisks
once the hill of paraffin

it appears there is no interruption
to this circus

the toy-telephones
hang from the cloud to cloud

from that carnival
take birth many kanthali-champa

the surgeon comes calmly
to the secret of darning

all localities are totally maddened
by the flow tide of the exudation

observing all those happenings
the half-broken wave

does awake on the sofa-set

8

there are so many pieces of torn paper
into the stone-chips of the broken road

they are of summer
they are of late autumn

beside is the ice-mill
the glow-sign board
attached tightly

the indelible ink
catches the finger of the lemon-grass

the fish-market is also alive and glad

the young minister of state
sends his best wishes
to the handloom-girls

in between
some horn-blowing of the
camels

the labour-strike trembles

the water of dhaleswari-river
has been filled
with the sound of subsistence

9.

the last tram passes away

the boy
who is the owner of every parted-kite
sits lonely on the empty bench of the park

and makes it enlightened

in one pocket

he has few pieces of dry breads

in another
the air to play on bamboo-flute

the night is filled with
mushroom

all the shout within the dialogues
gradually becomes weak
and vanishes

there is no tangle in the
hair

the bier of the hindu-satkar-samiti
runs away
causing a quake in the locality

some needles
small medium and big
are doing their morning-walk

on the thread-line
that is the secret of a phoenix

murari sinha

Fallen Leaves

even-then
after so much disaster
i can save some fallen leaves

i become greatly devoted
to the grief for you

the stream also complies the night

i go to put on the lamp
with the soil that is brought up
within a unbound fountain

i can see in every dropp of tear
casts anchor the domestic boat

would the pink letters
also fall down
when the cold-wind blows

there has been
so much storm
so much rain

wouldn't any history of them
be penned down

murari sinha

Father Of Rain-Drops

those
who walk through the full-to-the-brim river
with dusts in their feet
are not so much good people

as being a part of the waves
they are all fundamentalist

all around them there is
far-off water of peace

getting down from the back door
you may hide the talkativeness of your tonsil
in the shower of rain

you may taste
the earning of the march
the morning of the fishes
the mark of the void
and call of the alarmed heart

the sun-shine
that is as cold as $e = mc^2$
comes to take away everything
putting them into a shopping-bag

he is said to be the father of rain-drops

murari sinha

Fish-Irrigated ? Murari Sinha (Translation - Abhishek Sinha)

The signature of the afternoon gradually fades away
Bearing the foot-prints offered by a lucky pot
The new born happiness hangs around the edge of lips
Busy eating hot omelet

I'm still dwelling in my home-stead
As if tied by shackles made of water

Attached with me is
a lot of my childhood
A lot of swimming lessons

Air painted with fish-fry
I admit
is earthen and sweet

Soaked up by the evening
I my tiredness
Hidden beneath my cloak

My trigonometric figure daubs itself
With the dripping womb from a moon

June gloom
Presents my ear
The beats of Bangla-Dhak

Even that has so many transformations
sometimes to the invocation of the deity
Sometimes to the sacrifice of a he-goat
sometimes to the immersion of idol

Filled only with the whirlpool of
so many easily digestives

▣ this fish-irrigated lifestyle

murari sinha

Grand Festival

1.

the wind is prone to grand festival
if you cook your own food
by burning your hands
in the day time
at night
then you will be also eligible
for having a ticket
this train will not stop at any station
then how would you get on board
why
then do jump in front of the wheel
the door gets open automatically
you would also be a companion
of that joy
your name will also come up
on the list of the blood donors
with blood there will also hang
pus and spew
the colonialists
with a black face
will wind up their indigo-factories
in the fire of the intellect
the undergarment will burn
there will come running
bolder and bitumen
the road is made
your lipstick will be
sometimes deep
sometimes light
tearing open the yellow afternoon
a storm will take birth
there will be no darkness
in the amloki-grove

2.

the ship is scheduled to start
from jetty no 3
i come to stand on

platform no 13
when i get on board the carriage
standing near
it takes me and runs to a vast
run-way
there are the lines of
sweet briar
i do not feel the pain of detaching
from the soil
when i am flying
through the smoothness of the lotus-leaf
i see a musk-deer was also running
in a parallel line
she stretches her hand
to take me
to the valley of her flesh
we are turning round and round
to enter into a volcano
and the flow of its eruption
is carrying us towards a ever-snow land

murari sinha

Haiku 1

i was in trouble, i am in trouble, i would
be in trouble, oh my mad-boy, which you call
trouble that is also called life

murari sinha

Haiku 2

whenever and wherever you go
room-temperature of the public
gets increased

murari sinha

Haiku 3

in the gentle breeze of late autumn,
all the letters that fly into a female's
mail-box, are not anonymous

murari sinha

Haiku 4

don't know what should i do, my heart
is over-flown with the heart-attack
of a heart-less fellow

murari sinha

High-Yielding Verses

when this endless anchal of dhanekhali sari
continues to make dip-swimming
in the bottomless water of the paddy

and if into the colour of her fore-finger
enters repeatedly some whole-noons of the chot-boshekh

and from the more depth of the ceiling-fan
comes out the ordour of the open-hair of the village-orange

then with that lac-saliva wouldn't an easy pandel
be constructed on the roof

its water will be made begin as well
that white cloud ... that life of this concrete ...

beforehand to it ... with a garland of flowers of the sun-plant
around her neck... let her be seated on this branch of peepul branch... for once

taking the warmth of the kites flown after having a thread-cut
let the cows of man be productive by a few inch more

murari sinha

Kalashnikov

sleeping on the attic is the naked sun-shine
the yellow-minibus comes to drink her health

the door is being knocked at

in all sides
there are caravan of camels

how would you tell by shouting
that you're busy now

then some pages are to be allotted
for procrastination

the rivulet of the fog of paddy-plants
digs open the heart of the late-afternoon
to build a hamam

you may gather some information
to see why
in the behaviour of the brown-t-shirt
so much characteristics of an amphibious
gets predominating

why while the casting of character-roles
is being made
hundreds of sound-piercing bows
come running

there is no singing of other songs here
but the silence

the printed cloths also
all by chewing the leaves of wood-apple
become the patients of dysentery

is it true then that
after winding up of the shop
of selling potatoes & onions

the kalashnikov
one hand of whom is amputated
sits on human-corpse
and wants to learn the know-how
of doing the meditation

murari sinha

Kissing-Point

how much has been burnt
the lips of the aalpanaa
by the heat of the blue letters

the absentmindedness
that can penetrate this flavour
gets hullo-cut
coming to the wedding-relation

do fly oh bird
yet you flow with fast steps
in the deep of the wave
with a long hanging bag on your shoulder

let more horse-carts be composed
for the clouds

let the gate adorned with a figure of lion
be immersed for some time more
in deep-meditation

he who is fallen from the wings of the deer
has a chest of 42 and a half inch

you should look it
coming how much nearer to the talisman
that serpentine lane and that tasty loose-hair
becomes totally blank

you should also see
reaching to what kissing-point
the glacier of the versification
can vanish
without leaving any trace

murari sinha

Lines More Lunatic Than The Sun – 1

making my friendship with the water-pigeon does not mean
that i've acknowledged all devotion of the land-lotuses to river
without putting any note of dissent

I'm still plunging my face
into the heart of
black-soil
white
is my thirst in clouds

sometimes I wish to exchange the headlights
of my flesh and blood
with a ocean

and put my palms
together with regards
to say to my all time-cheerful chest-pocket

oh master let the age of my shadows
be not more vivacious
than the flower-bed after marriage

and without the help of any civic key
let the drinking-bowl of an wish-baul
walks as it wishes
Along my lips

murari sinha

Lines More Lunatic Than The Sun – 10

then
owing to the pollen-grains
i can't become a good goal-keeper

even a morning
overcast with nimbus
does not walk
catching the finger of the clap of the thunder
courtesy the james-clip
in her malkosh is playing on
the caw
the news-paper hawker
the maid-servant
though with some different bonding
with some different lighting

so much lachrymose on the cover of the opposite-water
as if at the gate of the candle-manufacturing-plant
some one by the capsicum get attached
the well-being information of the bison that breaks easily
and after stealing some over-boundaries
from the store of the un-timely spring
mingles with the pages of physics
a ratnti-kali-puja
that've got titillations from the nail-polish

through the act of walking
i'm
as i can guess
going to become drunk-mad

murari sinha

Lines More Lunatic Than The Sun – 2

I offer so much love to the orioles

after then

some defeats on the upper-level of the pea-leaves
have gathered somehow

then, the juvenescent white esculent fruit
that has a conch-shell shape
or the restless thunder
no one agrees to take the onus of maintaining my
feeding
and clothing
and sheltering

on some compulsion
I run to a grammar
produced by the water

it is her indulgence with which
I install forest in the mausoleum of the plural noun
install blending of sounds and compounding of words
and on reaching to the realisation of liberalism
I install a notun-bouthan also

I get pain very much
on observing the memory of the bicycle

to the laughter and weeping reserved for me only
why... without taking my permission... she sends
such an apprentice
in the hands of whose a-c machine

there is no fire-work

at all

murari sinha

Lines More Lunatic Than The Sun – 3

just in the middle of the bad luck
I cultivate
some more boutique print

in the accident-prone foot of the kadam-tree
I deploy
a special correspondent of my own

putting my affidavit to the silk-worm
with myself
I'm going to start
Juhu-dance
in the juhu-beach
Solo

comes to mind that date...i don't remember..
when together in the bus-stand
you and me
we were both speechless

to your that silence
was offered my bread and butter

then in your those wide eyelids
for a moment
wasn't put the shadow of any handkerchief
made of clouds

after then the epic of the mice started

like the creeper and the tree
the servant with the maid-servant
in that enlarging fire
the cloud was burnt
the water too

from the tooth-ache there took birth
the nail-polish
the hawai chappal

my FM

murari sinha

Lines More Lunatic Than The Sun – 4

your body
that's fond of tv-soap

with its un-worldly moonlight and worldly tricks and posterings
as if it wants to plough
a thin winter that is attached firmly with a mermaid

along with the-path said-by-her □
the white leaves are being flown away
on the-path written-by-her
the black-flags are making crowd

in source-root of both of them it's only one opening-song
at the end of both of them it's only one flower-festival
pre-occupied by some other thoughts

it's least to say
it has nine colours
it has ninety coloured-girls

if its feast be got open
the vermilion-mark of dusts
the garland of wading-birds
the squirrels

in the bed of bananas
in between two stations
when the local train stops
from the logic-card of the pumpkin
it's produced
always-new such dialects
of the bath- in-the-ganga

murari sinha

Lines More Lunatic Than The Sun – 5

far from the centre-stage
production is going on
of many street-dramas
on handling the characters in them
is developing always
that sun-shine of horses
think sincerely in favour of it
how much change can be introduced
in the weight-structure of the night
and the night-queen
think sincerely how long more
the subsidy paid to the inter-caste alphabet
of the rhizomes of the paddy plants
would be continued
to make high the fertility of the school-buses
if the pages of the daily news-papers
be gone through well
it is understood
where there is folk-dances
there is hailstorm
the potato-growers are undone
observing all those
the coloured eyes of the water-cat
become much tearful
come, oh shy grandfather
gathering on this platform of pot-herb-creeper
we now
in search of some unspoilt palmyra-pulp of the kernel
we start digging vehemently
the pores of the skin of our body

murari sinha

Lines More Lunatic Than The Sun – 6

the sleep is sleepless

in this hot-sea-shore
that's my only guardian
in the form of clouds

for separating myself from the palms of my hands
that is my act of ferrying boat eaten by ants

Not for a golden deer my darling for a golden iguana
I am now totally dedicated to my pocket-comb

today's income is very little
yet may you note
with the match-stick
i can rightly be able to reach that rehearsal-room

if you have taken decision
to make the rain-water your capital
then I have to display more simplicity on my face

the fight would never be finished

murari sinha

Lines More Lunatic Than The Sun – 7

playing on the raw-coal
the under-clothes of the airhostesses
continue to sing a song

even-then the germination of the almonds
can never become the sugar-candy
made of palmyra

may be they don't want so

until and unless any night-guard comes
and deposits the RBCs of the jack-fruit-leaves
within a wrinkle-free hand-glove

you do absorb all colours
from the soil of the earthworms
and thus unfold your open hair
along the air of this cloudy day
then none but the gughni-sellers
will get back their names and titles

there is from the sky of the timber of hog-plum
it has rained even last night
the streets are wet
the trees are wet
there is splashing mud in the low lands

those all full-of-incidents
if you wish
you can send them
to the introduction of a proposal against war

i've never heard that
to take the responsibility
of the starving south-east
the rain has put down its crown

murari sinha

Lines More Lunatic Than The Sun – 8

all on a sudden
one day again
i face the isabgool

the own fountain of vraj-kishore
may be, wants to fly away in such a manner
to another afternoon

my tiffin-expenses can't discover that valley
till now
from where
it is said
all night-gowns begins

then i'm sitting
with my hands and legs spread
 in the sun-light
filled with
 the sound of chopping of cabbages

on the flowers of the sun-plant
that are in-between the wife and her mother-in-law
i exercise my intelligence very much

if the question of my security is raised
it is only a 'for-God's-sake'-like adjuration

the knot of a white handkerchief is so much heavy
i don't know earlier
my knowledge of using prosody
getting amalgamated calmly
with the stamen used by the sleep

murari sinha

Lines More Lunatic Than The Sun – 9

for her
who looks most beautiful in red orna
i'm carrying the best wishes of those lilies
blooming on the iron-grill

When the blue-lotus is becoming more intense
within the rain pipe
i've lost the gate-pass of my earthly-birth

this world of secret inclinations and intentions
written in the letters of wild-jasmine

here to take a step
there is the ring-worms
to extend the hand
there is hydrophobia

so many nicknames for the boat-sinking
so many infiltrations

here the information from akrur catered much more
on the skin of masala-muri
than on the misti-dai
much more dance of the algebra

when by the hands
stolen from the sheep-herd
i'm sweeping the fallen leaves
it repeatedly comes to my mind today
that many market-price does not see me alive
even-then each powder-puff is scripting me
on the soap-water

murari sinha

Manuscript Of The Basement Of A Well

the biography of the pond-heron will be scripted
even-then the productivity of the merry-go-round
wouldn't be uttered for a moment
no sir, such has never been expected

in the liquefied banana-blossoms
too many hot breads resulted from the season-change
continues to bat vehemently
and climbs to the peak of heart-throbbing runs

they in a group will go to the
aqua anetha of the mole hill
to organise a folk-song

to understand this
no arbitration of the cactus is required

notwithstanding
it is heard that the thread was pulled
by the violin of the wife of the moon-god
from behind the screen

here in the eye-front
is the basement of the morning-well

on its one page lies the faulty crow-caws
and on another some sun-shines
swinging on the hanger
after some pages in recurring ...the chicken-pox ... the boot-polish ...

within the two covers of the dance-drama
also comes the creepers and herbs
grown around the melting point
of the arm-chair
whose legs are broken

if each pore on the skin of the river-lily
becomes so much known
then in the background of this low land

let us have one game more

murari sinha

murari sinha

Moments For Blooming

1. the goose is putting its signature
on the plume detaching from its tail

the queue is overflowed with crowd

groping in the memory of the gathering people
so many safety pins and cello-tapes
are found

on the shoulders of some wayfarers
there is the stammering cold

2. the body-language of the moon
is being so changed
the enthusiastic may test

blood comes down
when the tap is on

and sweat

birds from siberia
are flying in now through the disc antenna

the dravidian air is ever changing

it is hard to get ruined now
following all the grammar

3. the sole hunger of the winter
is being noted down in the note book
covered with human-skin

the clouds of the summer and the rainy season
are salivating

the garrulous spiders are detaching the shells
of the deceased deer and putting the gardens in the iron-chest

throwing dry leaves to shoo away the coke
oh, the sleeveless palms
are all the new girl-friends ok

4. putting on the rain-coat to save the skin
or it's an armour
is your body safe
fireworks are twinkling
piercing
the fire-brigade has gone to a joyful journey with the clouds
admit the charisma of the bathroom
you the adult buffalo
don't forget to tell
the experienced cormorants have flown in from the marshland

5. diving in search of kisses
i saw all are stings
even the wicker tray with the articles of ceremonial reception
can't escape bite
would you be clean
oh engrossed abir
so many flakes of snow on the branches of the guava tree
the festival is in your teeth also
soothe your blood
don't submerge the river into the waves
and there is the sky
beg a rail

6 i pierced the clouds with my fore-finger
and the blood-stain touches my body
the wind which makes the doors and windows
open to public view I can't stare at its eyes
i push the storm towards the yellow-leaves

7. sometimes the river calls
as if she will fly like the winged horse
if she be let loosed
where does she keep the sadness of her placenta
there is no flower-vase
the glass is good enough □
though the lover glass has broken with the first kiss

the grass with aromatic roots trembles in the breeze from the
candid wings
the orna flies tearing the caterpillar
would you let your salted water be wasted

8. beside the comb there is hair
is it soft green or the alkaline
how much relevant is that information
rowing through which water the endemic comes
the afternoon-cloud giggled, took permission and went home
bringing an end to today's game
the unwashed plates after eating are placed on the basin
the night-cigarette goes burning in the mouth of air
on the coughs and excretion floats the lost mast
9. the sands are shy to the extreme
they don't have looted anything
the bricks have much intimacy with the wild creepers
all the komonduls and lances turned backward
now you may easily spread your wet cloth in the air
one roof would have dialogues with another in the lost afternoon
one window would have exchange of sights with the another
10. there is the laugh
100% natural
beauty is written on the eyelids
that is also a game
new cloths at the time of every puja
that is also an addiction
a hidden bungalow
under the tongue
no information of death

murari sinha

murari sinha

Notebook For Taking Autograph

before the dense shower of rain
i've placed by notebook for taking autograph

before the whole-night music-show
before the non-busted shell of tear-gas

but i can't put it before your uvula
till now

sitting in the dark-balcony
touching the nevus
here i am

creeping in the air
is my silky handkerchief

in its every layer
is the disgorgements of the burnt cigarette

and the radioactive water
all over the body

the bird procreates assassination

getting lost with its wings unfolded
in the common people

without leaving a fingerprint

murari sinha

murari sinha

Paper-Buckles

1.

any colour may be applied to the
night-dress

this city actually has no cart
driven by horses

before a pretty long time the shepherds
had also told adieu

by secret signalling the red-hat addiction
called the pigeons sitting on the broken sticks
of the antenna to come nearer

on those dead-news the travel-story
keeps awake by whole night

and pours down on eye-lids
clouds
wrapped with cellophane

one day that wave sent
rolling-down-on-the-back hair
to the yellow balcony

those are all ancient drama

in the glow of the back-light you can see
civic humps have grown up on the back
of the birds every day and night

yet
under the dead-stop ceiling fan the dance
of the virgin reel wet with sweat does not fall short

the paper-buckles with the flowers painted on it
gets more and more tight on the air of the throat

velpuris of the evening

offer full enjoyment

2.

the night that comes all walking on the sands of the desert
how much concern does she has about the navigability of the river

when the husk of the water-chestnut is got open
flowing down the waves bursting into a blaze

to that flow is open the motor-car
the wan procession
and all the fishes that want to go upward the wave

so many varieties of floating

if the matter of clouds be let off
the multi-coloured fingers
also have so many infotainments

if the question of moveable property is raised
it is only a suicide-note from my father

and a knot
in the robe of the blue trouser

3.

the trees and creepers of the night
and the plants and herbs of the day
do all of them have the same blood-group

there is much flora
inside the jail-custody also
and in this ruins of the old palace

how much is it justified
to express eagerness about the geography
of one's character

specially of the trees
of the fishes
or of the humans

it is said
all rivers
flowing through the bodies of the great men
are totally virgin

there is also the blank desert
on the silent snow-valley
in the corner of your
lips

4.
on this spine
having a mouth of crocodile
always jump down
the climate

everyday
the sunglass changes

look at the soil and the sky
no one of them has any body-guard

the open mouth of the light
swallows the grey coin

here the wall becomes more tamed
the wild jasmine comes nearer to the heart
and hums

then ripping open my veins
should i also vomit the blue elocution
accumulated on the cock-pit

after recovery of the flower-mill from fever
the harmonium is being played on

even introduction with the gas-balloon
has not been done yet

5.
arrangements are being made

the green shirt will gradually
turn reddish

the culverts that have become exhausted
within the travel-format
will get recharged again to sit up straight

and the hawker will get passed the silent-home
shouting with undressed coconuts in hands

from the lap of the stand-still rocking-cradles
of the children-park
the amaltas will say
i'm ready

then to escape the sun-shine
the boy who comes to attend the private tuition
will embrace... oh margosa ... its your pierced-heart

you may tell him that the name of the girl
who is eating guava and swinging her legs
sitting on its branch is munni

6.
the horse is running
just above 3 feet of the yellow cornice

his back is full of dreams
or a girl named miss dorothy

around it is the mid-night
around it is the wind that wants to be printed

and in every corner of its flying
are hundreds of skirts

all are of free-size

what may be their market-price
there is no shop-keeper there

in that valley

a shadow is proceeding on

do you know whose shadow it is
he is philip the teacher who gets irritated easily

this time there is no thin cane
in his hand

in the pieces of papers dumped in the waste-box
under his window there is a manuscript eaten up by the worms

there is 'darling' there
and 'yours beloved greta'

in which skirt
a touch of that greta does remain

is it being searched even today

is it greta or margaret or eliza
there is no bar if it is dorothy

in whose smell there is no greta
who has no such horse flying just above three feet
of the yellow cornice

each mid-night fills the fountain pen
with the flow of blue ink

7.
the leaf of jack-fruit is luxuriant
i can't remember whether i ever notice
the portrait of your face on it

there are so many words
that are slippery

how much rustic is the dust of the legs
of the young person is known to the road of the city

daubing green on both palms
i call for rain ...oh rain..oh rain

and into that rain i let my wrist-watch float

thus the great rainbow unfolds its wise mirror
on the scaffold of bottle-gourd

from the bright cloth-end falling down
the odour of detergent

thus the applied mathematics of the diesel
is learnt to a greater extent

8.
behind the change of colour of the swelled wind
the samovar plays no role

though you know it you tear off tears
from your eyes

and the merry biscuits that are kept in the jar
raise a joint demand to serve them
after wrapping with new banana-leaves

and the funny thing is that no accounts is found out
of the expenditure on the lip-stick that was used
by the fishes in the aquarium at the time of illness
of the antenna

by the hands of the clock stretching their shanks apart
is it possible to know the actual age of a comb
either it's costly or cheap

9.
like the light
like the dark

yet it is full of the sound of steps
again it wakes up on the forest-road

taking leave from the yellow construction
all the sound of the bamboo-flute
sinks today into the green minerals

it is not moonlight
on the road it is some north-east sadness

he who comes admits his body
with the divine sin

if you are sorry be water for three days now

through out the day and night
there is the paraffin of fire-flies

the blue cough is not from the sky

it may be some tusu-gaan fly off
from the chest of the straight-line
that has been wiped out

10.

i've deposited my metallic heart
to the archaeological-store of the wind

and i send rolling this bare eyes towards the fog
frequently

i make the crystal of her hair soft

i can see those crows
whose jaws are not closed

the colour is also
as if it were burst into cotton

can the anchal of danekhali sari swallow the kernel
and water of the blue tooth-brash after opening its husk

i say to the head with earnest request
oh my father keep cool
and look at the rain-pipe inside which
there is all the dances of the peacocks

11.

in the dim light
the predecessors of the dead stars
tell stories

this dhaba
is beside the long bus-root

yet it is still not satisfied
with the shrimps

the tail of the black drongo
hanging from the farakka bridge
is divided

towards the ganga
towards the padma

the gramophone of the mid-noon
continues to sound at the midnight

those who are doing pilgrimage
on the back of tigers

within the lighting zone of their torch
all the nearest of men who get lost
cover their faces

you know very well that the memory-gland of the wind
becomes how much river-minded when it walks through the fire

murari sinha

Poem Regarding Evil-Company

(while taking a tour through those poems readers are requested to keep in their hands, a feather from the pea-cock's tail)

Volga - 1

there might have been some provocation
on the part of the rat's bible

it is not known when and how
every piece of sleep that spatters
from the oesophagus of the dip-swimming
has stick to the c-sharp
of the newly-purchased tooth-brush

the air within the wish-bicycle
figures nothing less

how much is it necessary now
to murder the blue-hue with the study
that can be saved by the depression of the Ganges-basin
to develop the snap-shot of the garland-exchange with the
antiseptic cream

would you think it for some moments
my lord
the lord of the market

before sending any secret e-mail
to the cyclone
residing in the room
behind the stair-case
let the Volga be read once more
with all its clothes
and hair-styles

Volga - 2

the winter of the water-canon
oxidised by the fireflies
wants to touch every bamboo-flute
of this soil, it seems

as if it plays
in the body of every cauliflower
the total memorising-skill
of the blue and yellow pyramid

and if some lines of changes
in the planet be added
the birth-day of the bolster
that goes to the sea
may learn with a lesser effort
the pollen-efficiency of the nail-marked walls

how much should I scold the squirrels
who don't want to swim
in the still-water of the black-board

Volga - 3

the green-circuit of the fried-almonds
that was submerged
in the open-hair of the afternoon
the whole-night workshop

has taught
the thumb-impression is to be put
how far below it

if the autobiographies are planted
into the drawer of nature
the solubility of the river-reed
gets it done too late at night

all the plus-signs around
from their etiquettes
come down

so many foot-notes
caused by the season-changes

so before planting life
to the address of the wall-lamps
it seems the cotton-flower
written by the oceans
began yawning

Volga – 4

to the homoeopathy phial
standing on the traffic-island
why it appears
within her womb
the number of germinated nights
stolen without a kiss
is too little

is then it true

if all the chanting of Harinam
can't be withdrawn from the alcohol
the body-odour of the running tamarisk-shrub
will enter into the circuit-house

and that devouring of the parchment
brings to the feelings of the non-veg ant-hills
the let's-go-cure
gathering in the sauce-island

Volga - 5

coming to this ironed canal-side
every auto-rickshaw
wants to know and let other know
the mystery
behind the rice-rain
from the cirrus

the shame in the eyes of the seal containing signs
supplies the whole-sale dealership
of the civil disobedience movement
to the locality

the role of the hammer also
wakes up early in the morning
to put under its own tongue

an antacid

is it possible that the spits
used in the observatory
be made a little more fast-moving

manuscript of the basement of a well

the biography of the pond-heron will be scripted
even-then the productivity of the merry-go-round
wouldn't be uttered for a moment
no sir, such has never been expected

in the liquefied banana-blossoms
too many hot breads resulted from the season-change
continues to bat vehemently
and climbs to the peak of heart-throbbing runs

they in a group will go to the
aqua anetha of the mole hill
to organise a folk-song

to understand this
no arbitration of the cactus is required

notwithstanding
it is heard that the thread was pulled
by the violin of the wife of the moon-god
from behind the screen

here in the eye-front

is the basement of the morning-well

on its one page lies the faulty crow-caws
and on another some sun-shines
swinging on the hanger
after some pages in recurring ...the chicken-pox ... the boot-polish ...

within the two covers of the dance-drama
also comes the creepers and herbs
grown around the melting point
of the arm-chair
whose legs are broken

if each pore on the skin of the river-lily
becomes so much known
then in the background of this low land

let us have one game more

thus do learn to tolerate the blow of wings
of the most inflammable flesh

after the successful sacrifice of the student-hostel
jumping into the peacock-foams
how dangerously is changing the total travel-route of the nail-polish

in the high tide of the coconut-kernel
that conquers the world
today the water-pigeon gets pain

only by the flute made of palm-leaf
can't be written the pleasure-trip in boat
of the injured-knee night-queen that is deposited heavily
on the collar of the village-moonlight

even-then the gramophone would be playing on
even-then the courageous pheasant would proceed further
to throw towards the squirrel a dinner-sleep

then all the daughters in disguise of birds certainly
may come out from within the salted mosquito-net
burning open-ground in their eyes

even after
the small boats of the fig leaves
would slip from the chorus song
of the roses

then they are to be pulled forward to the river-bed
of the late afternoon

to make them understand again

that such Xerox-centre which can ignore its metallic-birth
does not grow even now on either side of this muddy road

so look at to see how the epenthesis
of the screwpine-leaf withdraws her beak from the old dome

and pours
all new mathematics

into the compact-disc stitched with the back of the sea-tortoise

if that's not real
how in the left and right
such evil-company of the oxygen would creep

if the next part of this commentary
resumes from the umbilicus cavity of the x-mass
would the blood-sugar of the water-plankton be rising continuously

look there again
the feather of colour that is in her adolescence
touches the cold magnet of her gamut
to disperse the cherry orchards

now if the doors of this brown triangle be got open

you can see on the screen one by one
the projection of the apex-points of the red-palash

and in the night-texture of the kathakali-kathak
they are supplying continuously

small sun-shines in poly-packs

murari sinha

murari sinha

Pouch Of Love@bengali Poetry

Who's won the muddy-battle
Was yesterday's politics
My addiction is, actually, to cater
The pouch of love
to develop all vitamins
And all bathrooms
people say you don't love
the claps of the rats
yet I'll come down
from the branch of a guava-tree
as a wave-of-shopping-mall
to the lake of your love
now I'll jump out from this computer screen
to register a kiss on your lips

murari sinha

murari sinha

Pouch Poetry

hereunder is served some poetry pouches full of love,
dear reader, stir them as you like,
if you wish you may crack them to pour into mouth,
you may smear them on your body
or you may sprinkle them on the ground
and then chant the name of god
with love and enjoyment

1.

the simplicity that rolls down
from the body of the sweet-meat
made by my mother

let it brings light
to our radish-red love-story

to hear or to notice
love
does not need
putting an ear on the wall
of the wall-street journal

the bottle could be filled
from the voice

when you go to fill the bottle
you would see that everywhere
the arrangement of picnic is ready

when i want to take part in that feast
my neighbours would drive me towards
the home

although i've spent all my life
running behind the love

2.

who's won the muddy-battle

was yesterday's politics

my addiction is actually to cater
the pouch of love
to develop all vitamins
and all bathrooms

people say you don't love
the claps of the rats

yet i'll come down
from the branch of a guava-tree
as a wave-of-shopping-mall
to the lake of your love

now i'll jump out
from this computer screen
to register a kiss
on your lips

don't miss to applaud
by clapping the hands

3.
the heart is half-sunk
in the window

to some extent
in the lipstick too

on the dinner-plate
there is the feelings of the lord

that means
i've to be burnt more
i do agree

i would become
the sculpture of khajuraho

this happenings may have been

the right search for love

on either-side of which
a green is being worked out
by the nostalgic-cycle

whose colour-texture is very much harappa
which has too many geometric-memories

4.

an undertone is speaking
from within the solitude

now i'm in very much
distress

or i'm in love

i don't know my love is what-for
may be that's an arrangement only

so easily are those interactions
stitched with words

strenuous or effortless
in flight
initiated
with seclusion

but when in the sinking of the playfulness
i write the games of the street-charmers

the birds again and again
pierce the archery

thus becoming ashes
through travelling

in time-gaps still
the audacity to compose poems
on you

5.

is it true love
or i do take it granted
that i'm in love

or i do love to think
that i'm loving

and there is
neither any welcome address
nor any opening song
in my love

my experience with heat of fire
and with burning pain
in the flames of water
is nothing less

6.

in course of burning
i look around

the chilly-plant in the tob
planted in my won-hand
producing green-chillies

oh-ho how sweet they are

it is no chilled-body
that has earned
my life or death

no remarkable mark
is endorsed
on the lotus-leaf

now easily some words
can be written
on you

i don't know whether
those would be at all
some lines of a poem

7

someone falls in loves
someone makes love
love comes to some another

there is the far-off
whispering

at first she constructs me
then destroys rightly

i notice her
for the first time in six weeks

the love
that writes
in the footnote of the tennis-ball
a desperate struggle for existence

within our skull
there is the love

or the midnight of the orion

the little squirrel asked now
are you in your seventies
or eighties

those houses with the coating of
the sky the air the light-and-shade
provide me with the presentation of
a wig and
a set of artificial teeth

8.

the love
that touches the hand
in drizzling

the love
that gets lost in the brandishing
grasses

would they want to inform
that the flowers don't have any skyscraper

in the layers of the flesh and blood
of the detergents
as if a whole human civilisation has been suffering
from suppressed pain

within it with the dry spell of
anger and cough
the time

had there been no feeding from the love
does the human civilisation stagger

9.
do you think those words
or it's myself

whatever may you say now
i'll travel within a great death
to die

rather after my demise i may tell
i've informed everyone ...look

beneath the large evergreen flower tree
the game of light and shadow continues

beside those simple households
besides a high-head mobile-tower
what else would you like to be

is it a bath in the ganga-river is it a leaf
of the water-lily or it's a king-cobra
tell me

i would now make love
with that idea from you

10.

the apparent golden pot that i thought
to be the underneath of a kadam-tree

in the dim light i can notice that
the stars in the sky are disappearing

this session of poetry
is coming to an end

now where would i
go

to that little home

the home
a tiny word of 4 letters

within that home
the children are giggling
playing ... and making funs

when i entered
with a tri-cycle in hand
for them

i have been perplexed
many old persons are waiting there
to shake hands with me

11.

almost most of my desires
are very much hurt

to show it publicly
i wrap bandages
around all over my body

i keep on the stage-drama

in our programme of reading poetry
tea is served twice
current has gone off for three times
for four times the mobiles ring

to pick up love
some people think about returning back
from today's dais to the ancient stage
of performing folk-drama

then they are also sympathetic
to my sufferings

12.
everyday
on my way to return home from the school
when my mom took hold of my hands

i could see in my body
the dancing of an unforgettable
aura

even now that mystical halo is walking
on the leaves of the trees
to fulfill my mornings

that wayfaring along the road
is ringing far and far-off

thus taking bath in every day's
dust smoke hue and cry

many such love
gradually gets aged

is it true
in the long run
i too
would be the ingredient
of a fairy-tale

just because i love
that paddy field

some time later
she will also become
human

13.
then she will make all of us
join her walking

those inmost feeling
those memories meditations

the loneliness and solitude...

sans the touch of the imagination of
a crater...
a creator...

this blunder...
this socially outcast white ...

this type of uneven...
and irrelevance...

sume words
when peep in the mind
i surprise to see that
it's ten to 2 at night

then in the balcony
my father is crying

he always notices some grave-yard men
in front of him

and sheds tears

14.

after the dry leaves of the winter
fall in innumerable drops
the spring comes

the cover-face of spring means
a note-book of the rain-tree
letting float in the sun-water

and mr harry says that
this question of change
is a major pull

because all the unreal talks
you are delivering one by one

to keep pace with it
the ambulance comes at 10am
with a stale dead-body

in it's shirt
is written the spelling of myself

i then sat on the grey volume
of the college-campus

in the front
a beggar from the war of waterloo
is passing by

over the dust of myself
with a faster pace
blowing is the thoughts of

ataraxia
in the air... and air... and air...

15.

if your wishes colour silver
then do return back to the x-mass dancing
of the autumn

sound of whose far-off hoof-steps
digging so much soil of
story-weeds

i went into the nail-polish
with the proof of tea-cup
in my hand

there in the midst of lot of snow-flakes
and in the bed soft with the light of the candle
is now that honey-name more tarnished

now the atomic-howling
does not follow the rules of nature

so the rain-tree that seeks a-field-more-sky
with the hope to become king after the sun-rise

so that king is now waiting
in the grocer's shop
at a stretch for an hour

16.

does her well-wisher esse then thinks
to escape from the love-making whirl-wind

on the dry branches of the axis power
the new generation of the birds

rather stop a while there silently and listen
which song is hidden in the bronze-buddha

or in the school of the terracotta-horse

i'm now opening the coating
of the night-enamel to read this home

and behind the coo of dove
is smiling

the god of the penalty-kick

17.

sitting on an orange-coloured balcony
in an outsider lane
the green is writing poems

better than the face-powder

from this side all long the famine
i'm the priest of the
agro-based civilisation

still-then i think
why so much light of partiality
is on the body of the chrysanthemum

within the monsoon
in collusion with the hair-band
now thousands of birds are born

they can hear my
dry straws and twigs

whose hearing is the police
in so depth of the forest

don't move the
dreadful resorts

one such photograph of the girls
who wakes up in the midnight

speechless...
unmindful ...

destruction...

that is you now

i'm then in the spore
of the perfume-bounded body
of match-making

18.

who has lied in the box
made up of the temperature
of god

all on a sudden
there is a hue and cry
in the abdomen of the time
wearing a dirty pajama

actually that has been filtered up
from the voices of rock-songs

the roaming
of a fatigued traveller ...

the lies
within their wishes
write my existence

and then run
to buy vegetables
from the station-market

so many lay-offs
come to the body of paper-weight

to listen to all those
is not improper

walking through the traffic-jam
gradually
this home becomes solely my home

one day the golden of
human

then it is i
who is you

and walking through the
monsoon

on either side of the field
it is all autumn

19.
when borrowing the religion of
the night-queen
i fall in love

then is it real
that our mangos and jack-fruits
can make the perfumed-soap
vigorously from the light of the
blood-line

i count the bells of the churches
ringing repeatedly

and piercing the image
of your prominent face

rounding through lots of old
the love becomes exhausted

and the love comes back
in the form of college-classes

there you myself
and so many notes
of the body

murari sinha

Salad Poetry & Salsa Dance

...thus riding on a memory-bicycle those people who used to go to pick up dry straws grasses twigs from the daily-payment of the squirrels are neither the husband of anyone nor the wife at the best they may be one page full of must-dos regarding keep-fit practice of one's health...

around the grazing field of the night-gowns
in course of a long-journey by train one has to cross
many grass-hopper points

one-piece of life is this

in its daily walking to pick up the pebbles of
which is the amplification of what
the bodies of all prose and poems are touched with
by the sunshine by the wind by the rain by the water

it-may-be-for-you afternoon is running

running
is the people after the office-break

running are the broken people

the sullen public
due to late-running of train

before the darkness sets in
on bare branches of the tree
clusters of crows
are running

forward steps of the return-home people
are running

many invitations has been remained
unattended ... accumulating...

accumulating...
so much anger... many secret pains... tears...

the life is running
in the rows of the flying birds

the life is running
in the meat-houses...
in the shopping-malls...
in the churches...
in the wheat-fields...

running ... running ... running...

salad poetry and salsa-dance are also
running...

in the letters of the alphabet...
in the swarm of mosquitoes...

from William Shakespeare to Rabindranath Thakur
the sky is running ...
the air...
the sunlight...

murari sinha

Sigh Of Sin θ

in this world of the limped nuptial
i've appeared as a power-missile of the lac-dye
that is used by the hindu women
to paint the border of their feet

the tooth-ache of some-one pumpkin
that grows on the thatched roof of a hut
has wringed spirally
my mythological birth with corporate death

managing and arranging my thoughts
on what I was in the past
what I would be in the future
or what is my dos at present
the wonder-paintings of the altamira cave
unfolds its wings beside my painful in-growing nail

and in her own sky of miss marry
my hands become so much condensed in every drops
as if within that moping smog
without any speech
speaks the twinkle twinkle little star...

beside that labour pain what awakes then
is the patronage of a one-horned idea
along which while walking without much preparation
i can enter into any e-mail

though our love pulls a very long-face about itself
and in the opinion of the married women
the sigh of the sin θ of our love wants to cultivate
mustered-seeds on the soil of the inhabitants
of this human-life
with a stick by which the monkeys are driven out
what more can i say in lieu of
a piece of red-salute written in green ink

if i say in the dawn of the 52-cards
i touch your face

by the hands of a school-boy
your calmness and earthly perfume
make me stunned

then in this field of sweat and war
the explosion of logic and intellect
of your top-floor
seems more famous anchor than the milk
that spilt over on the fire

and more to say
when daubing all over the body
all taste of the path of joy
enter into then fort of gold you can notice there
when in some unknown moment
my pajama dies socially
by the bite of the snails and oysters

to keep the heart of the break-kiln always move
this form-less interactions are so well
in the harvest-arrangement of the late-autumn
we are all uttering the name of cherry-flower
and begging shelter from the mango leaves

the cause of spreading over of the fragrance
from our secret myrobalan to every side of the pillows
is not only such that in the morning
an empty ink-pot says to the rain-water
you are beautiful

it is also remarkable that
coming to our half-articulated travelling
the writings carved on the granite stone
become very much ashamed also

and taking the busy market-price of the sun-glass
in the fold of the loin cloth tied at the waist
my both hands are also marked very much
in the omnibus of the dancing-bar

such is just because it is the art and science of navigation
that pastes some earth-wave

having no number-plate
with the public
rolling down on the mat of the summer

it is impossible
to memorise the history of those
so much contended-hunger
so much contended-sleep

it is all right that the staff-members
of our vibgyr university are all alive
but they are the existence of some
bio-data only

arrangement of so much smiles and tears
in the nomenclature of banana-bed of mrs sofia
is not to tell the directionlessness of her fishery products
but if the culture of the wild trees assuming figure
then there remains no separate entity of the rbcs
inside or inside-up of the veins and arteries

all are the world of cosmetic-surgery
all are the arena of displaced national integrity
that is the only way to get admitted
into the still water of the horse-race

so the making of this self-portrait of the tip-cat game
by own-hand
so is the fancy of the engagement ring of the bursar

as a result of the headache in the au fait knee-joint
all the rats on the rice-pot of margaret
become very angry
and when they make their performance
you can't catch them by extending your hands

so there is this sky-blue printed sari of desdemona
now take refuge under her perfumed disaster
and it is feared that there may be the drops of sweat
on the lobes of her nose extremely devoted
that the trees become to reside in

how much confusing is that cascade
in each of whose earings the dark fortnight
and whose eden garden is so large
that all those people with crevasses dwell there

they stay in a group of nine
neither eight nor ten
just n for 9
n is also meant for the nancy
and the narcissus
and the sensational appearance of the
nereid

once again we rub green-chilly after pouring water
in the parched-rice on the ancient plate made of brass
it is right that the peak is separated down from the temple
but it does not hurt the priest

by the right of our walks strewed outside
we too when hiding ourselves in the regime of fire
with our intention and activities
with our standpoint
with our conduct and behaviour
or any instant rule or direction
or our deeds
that compel the rotation of the deodorant

thus after the eye-operation
the love between you and me is now
seeing more week-ends than before
to her knee has been submitted many caws
painted in water-colour

in every corner and every hole of the body
that pulls the rickshaw the wind enters
and in every root-cause of the sufferings
the ripple of annihilation of love

from the shop of dip-swimming now
you can also purchase soundlessness
to feel the spirit of chrysoberyl

now you need the work for 100 days
to gain the power you need to keep pace
with the graph of the terracotta
that may also be a long day of fasting

then on the back of that hungry conch-shell
a globe shouts
the other's world puts its office-water
in the fountain of cactus the roaring of which
pours so many telephone-calls into the ears

then in our market the ear-bursting sound of the generator
then in our forest-land
the bullet-fight between maoist and the joint-force

then with the enlarging and waning of our moon
are the bright fortnight the dark fortnight and the leaves of wood-apple

you may say now
those demerits relate to the seeds of the gm oranges
but just think the scanning of hibernation of the philtre
or of the kite the thread of which is cut off
they can't escape their responsibility too

then tell me to whom i could give
my sad melting point

but then to do any work means
this trigonometry
outside the territory of copyright

then the connection of the biscuits
with the thoughts of the fire-works
is clearly dismantled

the border-zone of all relations thus keep themselves apart
and due to a sharp difference in the chromosomes of sand-stone
our dwelling-house becomes a museum

to build a hospital with a big moustache
at last within the hypnotized company
the shadow of our bed-room appears

then the light of the social moon is like the materials
with which the inner parts of the sorrows of the pomelo
is made up

it may be well for making great
the art-work of the horse-rider
that is wrapped with the handkerchief of ocean

it must be waiting for my shampoo-power too

some cure may be offered by the paraffin
and her open hair

but one deed of the rose-petals
and the convex sweet drops of molasses
is the flame of thumb-impression
that is born and brought up by the pan-cake
in-between sauce-pan and peter pan

in this all-pervasive panorama of slang-opera

murari sinha

Soap-Song

if the sinking-of-boat ...ice-cream by name
be deducted from the swept-off-in-flood ... by name roll no 31
then would the wings of the comics
cease to exist

what says the uninterrupted sound of water-falling
from the stomach of the moon

what writes the pus and blood
what writes the fuming-hot rice

the creepers and the herbs grow continuously
in the insomniac bath-tub

the sounds of the horse-hoof floated by the river
used to change the velocity of its clothes
both in the morning and evening

the birds from the cornice go to school
by dip-swimming

it may come one day when the fishes
become very angry and in the tale of the sweet-meat
the potter will destroy the jointly-built bee-hive

then all hurricane would be habituated to dinner
sans saliva

then there would be no such morning-walk
in the body of the trees
from which such a bore could be found out
through which an elderly saral may fly
into the blue translation of a squirrel

the magnetic field of the orange-pulp
and the productivity of the open window
reside in the same locality

if their frequency be touched

then the the antenna of the mermaids
speared with sleeping-oil
may be injured

by burnings their eyes
the crow-birds knocks at
in the soap-foams
produced by the afternoon

the pond with a jumping deer
wants to make bite

it is not known by this way
when a white hyphen
sticks to the palate of the shirt

now put off all the whispers
and let it be talked on the will-paper of the bees

why the pages from the honourable ash-trays
be excluded

those bunch of waters
that come out from the churning of the anises
and the jumps born of their semen
also make friends with the group-photos

now let this other night sends its best wishes
to the future candles
through a cell-phone

murari sinha

murari sinha

Some Cherry-Blossoms Regarding Longevity - 1

the crystallised handkerchief
of one's span of life

your handloom-bird brings with its lips
some musical notation of the nimbus

holding that waves within the heart
how much growth does occur
to the sandal-line of a man

or
it does
fall

the blades of grasses are known well
to be vegetarian

the eyes of the reindeer
have cent per cent smelling of fish

then what translation would you suggest
for the fingers of wild titlark

the shirt
they have put on the body of this night-stone

what best word-meaning does match it
but land-lotus

murari sinha

Some Cherry-Blossoms Regarding Longevity - 2

i've re-constructed
all the trees and plants

with
the dry straws grass twigs collectively
fetched by beak

and the monsoon
as well

the full-brim of vodka
is deep in the palms

in that moonlight
a sleeping-tablet
does take a dip-swimming

within her enfolding
there may be the whole works of rabindranath

from the breathing of cd-player
spreads around
the sound of horse's hoof

there is the bed-sheet of dusts
on the anger
kept bound within the cover of rexin

it's true
our vineyards are still
prone to stones

then it does not seem
that the boiled moon sets
into the tea-cup

murari sinha

Some Cherry-Blossoms Regarding Longevity - 3

in your songs
still lies
immense green

the bed-room is too
very bright

the walnuts
walking along the path
that touches the rain-shore
make me think likely

on a sunday
kept in an envelop

when the bedcover of the early morning
speaks frankly
what's in its mind
to the soap-water

the ears of the horse
in the wall-calendar
look very crazy

i can remember
one day
the sun-boats would tear their wrappers

their whisper would want to discover
the inclinations and thoughts of the creepers and herbs
possessed by the lady-volunteers

their yawning would notice
so many unused handlooms
taking a run-away on the clouds

now
would the cat under the beautiful jersey
finally think of waking up

then i'll go
to deposit the clever apples
along with
all the triangles accompanying it
to the nearest cold-storage

murari sinha

Some Fallen-Leaves Regarding Longevity - 1

observing the ardent eagerness of the wind
it is clearly understood
that nascent pollens are overflowing
the niche of her heart

in response to the signals of the river
she keeps on ringing
all long the month of earth-quakes

the bench of the rail-station
wants to hug her

the medicine-counter of the fag-end of the day
beckons her with the hand to come nearer

in the assembly-hall for musical demonstration
adorned with ash-trays
going on the rehearsal of her dancing and singing

she also distributes some life
to the meticulous dressing
of the magnolia

murari sinha

Some Fallen-Leaves Regarding Longevity - 2

let the swimming pool be fully absorbed
with its dark-room

when the feather of your fore-finger
becomes green

the merchant of venice
will leave his business of photo-coping machine
to start walking directly
in search of new earnings

evening sets in
on the boiler of the delta

putting on yellow-dress comes
the water-vessel of the paper-balloon

there is no singing bird
shivering with cold
in the fold of the dear bed-sheet

it is possible that the boldness of the metro-railway
may give some wood of tamarisk
on the expanded palms

yet oh the western page of night
do tell today
why so much tamed polythene
are here in our cohabitation

murari sinha

Some Fallen-Leaves Regarding Longevity - 3

after so many days
published in the wind
painted in wings
the recent heart's desire
of the doors and windows

they have rolled up their fairy-tales
from the ignorant drawing-room that wanted
to set her mind to the hill slanting downward

they did not want to know
how much rheumatism is there
in the hands and legs of the bark
to whom is delegated
the control of the mason-made bus-journey

sleep hugs the eye-lids of the rivers

though there is no postage-stamp
within the reaching-point

then what magic is there
in the hill slanting downward

why the wall does not learn
how to swim like a fish

truly it is he from whom
those negligible moments of man-ism
itch for blue candle-stand

murari sinha

Some Fallen-Leaves Regarding Longevity - 4

the sex-appeal of the telephone
and the bugle of the carnies-breaking cock-crows
are all harmonised seamlessly

the noon in the blood
is flowing along the river

all the dialogues are covered
with misspelling of men and women

the tailors want to increase life
cutting rightly the walking of clothes

after the vanishing of collyrium
from the eyes
there is not a single being
in the relief-camps

as far as the eyes can travel
i can notice in the ear-lob of the village-boats
the water-colour of fire-flies
twinkles

then let an agreement be signed
with the defence ministry
on the right
to enter into private bathroom

murari sinha

Some Fallen-Leaves Regarding Longevity - 5

in the air
on which flowers are engraved
the union of the betel leaves are making their outposts
anew

before the calling of the next pine-woods
you all the butterflies do take on board the tram
to go to the south-pole

is it well to incline so much
towards the tv-screen

who can say
the waves of the terracotta
would never make revolution

i've sent some full-moons of winter
and some water-bodies
into the holes of the handkerchief

the lacking of the colours
may kindly be excused

the birds that are blind from their birth
has been singing till now
the songs of the cave-civilisation

there is no question any where
this eclipsed-valley is adorned
with the answers only

murari sinha

Some Fallen-Leaves Regarding Longevity - 6

i am to be blown off on the first bombardment
then it is to be flown
in the crowd of fire-flies
on the bushes of the scented-lemons

and it is to see the memory race of the grown-up girls

it is to see more
that after the opening of the sluice gates
one by one
how the gathering in the hindu hotels
increases
by leaps and bounds

the pores of the skin of the body
whose hoods are open
and who are running up
along the spiral route
that leads to the top of the mountain

their child
due to late-marriage
now only knows
how to move on all fours

murari sinha

Some Fallen-Leaves Regarding Longevity - 7

under the table-glass
i unfold the life-chronicle of one lakh year

and in the olive-cabinet
all the applications for living

from the monsoon-noon to the winter-afternoon
the lines you draw on the parchment

none of them is so condensed
as to touch the palms of a sailor

from the numerable timber-joists
come down the swarms of personal white ants

no spring seems to become corporeal
without the spell of misunderstandings

so of late
besides the dry statistics
with the cough
comes out grey thermometer

prickly-heats spread over the whole body

the sticks of young antenna
shake off their wings

behind the bath-scene
lies the succulent hailstorm

murari sinha

Some Fallen-Leaves Regarding Longevity - 8

there is no lovely add
yet the market-value of your headache
is going up day by day

all the noon send her mad
the intellectual kisses
the coos

or is it the running about of the tennis-ball

so much pop-corns are flying out
from the draw-well

or that sound of foot-steps
in the north-east

may be
that is of some brown horses
or some horse-drawn perambulators

when the moon spreads out the platinum
does it judge the recipients

thus the bin-leaves can ring
from head to foot

it unfurls an incorrigible right-angle
in the early-evening

the troop with armours
open a shop of condom
beside the vainglory of the lake

murari sinha

Some Words Against The Gun

keeping full trust on the fulia-handloom
some words may be uttered now

some words against the gun

an winter ...
some fallen leaves ...
some cold wind ...
and a big vacuum in mind ...

with all those adornments
i'm sitting now
on the terrace of a shiva-temple

in front of me
in a pond covered with hyacinth
the water-play of the ducks

in its water
the shadow of the sky
the shadow of the trees

along the side of the pond
a little child is running alone
with a toy-ball in hand

i don't wish to know now
whether there is any compares
to that run

i'm only sitting
and staring at

it may not be known to others
but i myself know well
that by speaking those words
I try to hide my sadness... my loneliness...

Oh... instead of gun-powder ...

if i could put inside the quartos
any translation of this joy of the child ...

those who rule rely on guns
those who want to break the rule
also rely on guns

today when my pen wants
to tell something against the gun
i don't know whether it will go
in favour or against
the sky... the birds... the trees... mankind ...

murari sinha

Spraying Red-Rose

to print herself the headache of the magnolia
sometimes spreads up to the legs of the ripe mangos

in the water that creeps up to the horizon
the magic-deer of panchbati is sailing solo

under the neon-sun the groundnuts learn
the vow-tale of the deep lipstick

if in the centre of the mango-pith ... standing on the hanging-balcony
there is a flower of guava ... then ...while walking along her sweet grievances...
some day that handmade fan must be traced... to make the clouds that are swept
in by storm more literate ... the time to dip the painting brush in the colour of
whose recommendations is still.....

it happens... from the desire to get printed
the magic-deer... before reaching to any literacy-centre ...
some dusts gather on her body...
some part is eaten by the ants...

although there should have been some arrangements
to spray the red-rose regularly

and next ... the winter comes

the hands want to be stolen
under the blue scarf

murari sinha

The Anklet Set With Small Bells That Assassinates

in the heap of ashes that lies
in between my staring at
and her secret word

there rests some rosy handkerchief
gifted on birthday

rests some picnic with knitting of wool
and the melody of a salted sea

know nothing about poison
don't understand what is nectar

i just notice that here continues
the flow-tide of jackfruit-leaf

if the tweet composed by five-fingers
be sacred then on another field
there rings the anklet set with small bells
that assassinates

it's a reality that my staring at and
her secret word want to enthrone
the same river

murari sinha

The Bier Covered With Tamarisk Plants

before going to bed it is to be checked thoroughly
if there lays any carbon-paper under the bed-cover

now-a-days some upstart pelicans become so
disobedient it can not be assured if they come
to know the whereabouts of the blood easily
from the copy of the heart

then they distribute the delirium of the high-heel moon
by writing cash-memos at the gate of the locked-out plant

the hundreds of thousands of white clouds
also drink the whirl-water of love

they touch to feel the freshness of the habitat
they touch to feel the can full of smiles

after the explosion they touch to feel
the bier of the deodar-birds
covered with tamarisk plants

murari sinha

The Bowstring That Passes Through The Center

is the tendency of the reddish sunshine
to become drenched some more

let us hear
what the milky-way seamed by pins
says

and it's you
how much can you be able to read
the venation of the *Barringtonia acutangula*

can you touch the season of making apples
in the aquarium

the empty bottles without any co-ordinate
that shoulder with endless grief
the hands of the wall-clocks

in a sudden depression
they're also making crowd
at the beauty parlour

you have promised someday
to present a flower-vase to display some drops of blood
in the circled face

do you remember it

you haven't floated that turnip
till now

here the month of trumpet-flower
covers everything
with reedy grass

with the festival of colours of the white horses
the new leaves of bananas become associated

the total dipavali rows

along the evening-balcony

taking it as daylight
will any bird fly towards it

then send a walkman
for the bamboo plants

you must go today
in search of the source
of the hand-woven lamp-post

from the pitcher-worship to the kantha-stitch
it is a very large
twelve-horned deer

the mango-marrow
demands more land
demands more kingfisher

the breath of the Ravenala
touches the chicks of the black-pepper

in every evening
the flood that tears the button
touches the bowstring

that passes through the centre
of the magnolia

murari sinha

murari sinha

The Canto Of Begging - I

when the morning sets in
with the sun rising in the east

i put on the dress of a beggar
extended up to the horizon

and the canto of my begging starts

i beg
beside the big-bazar
beside the fly-over
beside the college-campus
beside the cow-market

you then put your elbow
on the body of the day
giving a perfect and unbiased pose
to attached to the album of life

people of the working-class
spread hither and thither
to write some more decimal fraction
on the notebook of life

murari sinha

The Canto Of Begging - Ii

in the dusts and soil of rural-bengal
in the testament written by the grass
i am a son of the immortal

my begging-bowl is the most
favourite go-ahead of a alone man

then speaking around are
the chop the singara the aluposta

and the love-story of a hyacinth
blooming in the pond
blind by mud

also in the overflowed dustbin of the city
waiting rightly with an erected head
the excitement of your absence

murari sinha

The Canto Of Begging - Iii

coming to this canto of begging
do you know
i enjoy both
your intensity and your sharpness

your secret current flows me
to the pore of the skin of the body
of the puller of a hand-barrow

your cold attracts me
towards the syllabus of
waning moonlight

i do realise now that the stale afternoons
saved in my pocket
stitched so many new muscles
with my vocal chord

and i'm howling in joy...

murari sinha

The Canto Of Begging - Iv

what's an enjoyment... hahaha...day after day
spending too much chaos
and living to so little extent
tell me is it the least

within the left-over on the leaf-plates
after eating by the baboos
i can discover more and more
love

the mango tree the grass-hopper my begging-bowl
and from the tune of the laxmi-panchali
coming from the middle-class houses
listen, how flourishing is my mother-tongue

murari sinha

The Canto Of Begging - V

all long the day i beg

i beg rice pulses oil salt
royal blood

in exchange i also distribute
peace... peace... and peace...

and the horses of the gypsies making
a dip-swimming in the peace-water

in the canto of my begging
holding a whole texture of love
i learn how to be burnt
by the shadow of the trees

i give up all my courage
to book a room in your youth
only for me

murari sinha

The Canto Of Begging - Vi

going upstairs on the railway foot-bridge
i see the strong light of neon-lamps

the girl from the avtar of the flex
induced trance

the aroma of chhatim-flower in the air
and the song of a blind-beggar
with tambourine

those neon-light flex-girl beggar's-song and flower odour
i see they are all alive in the canto of my begging

beneath the evening-star

murari sinha

The Canto Of Begging - Vii

in the canto of my begging
at the day's end
the moon that rises behind the rain-tree

i put up in her hands
the lemon-leaves the water-balloons the goal-kicks
that i have had throughout the day
by begging

and i beg from her the magic-wand
by the touch of which the date-palm
that was someday burnt by a thunder-bolt
in front of the church
looks very infatuating

and my dress as a beggar gradually
becomes a royal-dress

murari sinha

The Last Oasis

i've picked up an utterly forgetful sun-rise
from the deep of the wings of the hyacinth

with it till now i've made literate
one thousand busy over-bridges

it is not such that this is for the first-time
after alexander's invasion on india
when the birds are also included in the infantry

rather it is ok that the charminer
in between the fingers of felu mitri
can speak out fluently the introduction
of the street-lamps of the city of kolkata

though the cards of the daily-passengers
aren't disturbed to that extent

has any one ever seen
such candid halo of laughter
in the face of the charles's law

with what intension the red ants
attach the round mark of vermilion
from their forehead
to the chest of the match-box

indeed there is no eagerness
about any fire sans blood

in the light and shade of the wedding-night
it is the reflected beams of the draught or flood
along which the cyclone of the tom-tom
would take a dip-swimming

on breaking the asceticism of the rain-bow
the daily-price list of the market
would take a turn to a new edition

is it better then to perform
an angiography of the diary
of the travellers
who are suffering from dreams

some lines of white hairs
in the love-lock of the pen
attract the sight

the abode moon talks over telephone

then let the last oasis of this city exist
in the cloth-end of the diesel-engine

murari sinha

The Line Of Rains

1

from the utterance of the clouds
I can understand now
there is no particular season
which may be called as rainy

in any time those weak-days
may be drenched
the water-mark of the candles
may exist after the sun rises

now whether it was a wrong way or a wrong going
this debate is still on

2

you put the age over my shoulders
but I can't roar so much why
my anger is no more a child
if the yellow colour means
the disappearance of whiteness
from the locked-teeth
then the bird will fly
with its beaks getting experienced

when all one around here
wants to be the seed of the intellectual grass
how much relevant is such a mute lamp-post

3

the morning of the clouds awakes
touching the line of rains
another giant night keeps waiting
in the darkness of the other

that delta rises in the secret water of the river
where with the songs of the birds
the hot coffee acquires the lips

the hands are as if like very known creepers

the tree is in search for a brown body
to which if a marriage could be organised
the thought of the disturbed walls also disappears

4

I am sitting here in this shadow-hell
unfurling a paper on the strong storm

before night comes keep your face up
from the silky letter
and let me see you

I would not go to that fabrics again

of late I have turned into stone by heavy rain-fall
now heat is required in equal measure
for which henceforth
I have to become loser in every game

afterwards with my dusts
this paper will fly away

you recreate me with a new fever

murari sinha

The Precipitation Relating To Slaughter-Land

the season-change of the vagrant pole-star easily picks up a sip
from the list of ducks of the night-watchers

standing on the bye-lane of the horse-race ... by the weight of the confession
made by the spelling-mistakes of a moonlit night to the lotus-leaves ... the
amputated tongues of the night-bulbs gradually rolls down to the banyan-pods of
the side-characters

the sharp archer of the star-apple moves away some furlongs from the usual
word-stairs and swallowed a whole grammar with fumes by spoon

thus with the number of velocity-poems that the punjabi with boutique prints can
produce... or will produce ... gluttonous flower-vase of the magic-painter can
make cool the slaughter-ground ... spread to the horizons of the krishnachura
that is deviated from its own track

murari sinha

The Time That Is Moving Round Me Now

1.

some are going ahead
some are going back

having my fingers wielded
on an old type-writer
i'm thinking what should i do

a pretty long time passed away
since the village alphabet
had bade me farewell

in my recent thinking
there is a severe harikiri

the song
that i have sung in a deep forest
in front of the wild flowers

now when i am sitting
under the ceiling-fan
of the heaven

i can see that both
the lyric and the tune of the song
have vanished

2.

this morning
i've woke up little earlier
to observe the dawn

the flags of my behaviour
are posted in the grass-land
around me

no one should take them
as the handkerchiefs of
a demon

a group of people is harvesting
the paddy of the spring-season

i too join them to remember
the water-game of the ducks

i'm speaking less
or keeping mum

but there remains so many topics
to be discussed

the battle of the ballots...
the global recession...
the climate-change...
the terrorism...
the joint-force...

3.
i've made a thorough discussion
with myself

so many arguments which lead to
even so much fighting

i see that there has been not
much lamentation or brooding
not much grief or sorrow
not much tension or anxiety
of my own

all the time
surrounding me only is a grey
non-attachment
and a joy sans any emotion

then i think
if the rose can forget its sorrow and distress
why should I remember them
with so much pain and pancreatic problems

4.

there is no ending of words

is there anything that may be called
the end-word

let the words make questions
let the words give replies
let the words shout
let them battle among themselves

i can't understand
why is there so much endeavour
to take me into that chaos

a plant of small white flower
is enough to make a garden itself

even-then
an assembly of
the rose the jasmine the tuberose is made
to increase the rule of the garden

after picking flowers from those plants
my wife puts them to the feet of the god
to worship him

she has a drinking-glass a plate
a hand-fan a throne
for her god

all are like tiny-toys

among them
the throne
is very important

till today
in many of our houses
there is a throne

but it is neither for accession of men

nor for making themselves king

i've already said
the throne is for our god

that means for our lying on
there may or may not be
even a broken cot

but for our family-god
to provide a throne
is a must

5.
on that day
when once i had gone into the
myself-man

i saw
that the government and the opposition
both sides were gheraoing one another

in the same pace
they were reciprocally
quarrelling threatening rebuffing abusing

thus there was running
a fine piece of democracy there

it gave me enough pleasure

then i again came out
of that myself-man

in the outer-world
i saw

bypassing the stones and the hard
the roots of the trees
going deep down in the dark
in search of soft soil

and their branches are taking bent
towards the sun-light

6.
of late
my intelligence seems somehow
to become slippery

there is so much pollution
in the myself-ism

it seems
even in collision with my shadow
some dragon-flies are killed every day

why do my eyes see so little
why do my tongue speaks so harsh words

to whose custody has gone
those rain-drops

those lemon-blossoms

there is the glittering of dew-drops
on the cob-web

the evening-worship
is sinking into the barking of dogs

as if the wings of the parrots
become van-rickshaw

as if the moon-light were
gradually retreating
in the enlightened city-life

murari sinha

Volga

Volga - 1

there might have been some provocation
on the part of the rat's bible

it is not known when and how
every piece of sleep that spatters
from the oesophagus of the dip-swimming
has stick to the c-sharp
of the newly-purchased tooth-brush

the air within the wish-bicycle
figures nothing less

how much is it necessary now
to murder the blue-hue with the study
that can be saved by the depression of the Ganges-basin
to develop the snap-shot of the garland-exchange with the
antiseptic cream

would you think it for some moments
my lord
the lord of the market

before sending any secret e-mail
to the cyclone
residing in the room
behind the stair-case
let the Volga be read once more
with all its clothes
and hair-styles

Volga - 2

the winter of the water-canon

oxidised by the fireflies
wants to touch every bamboo-flute
of this soil, it seems

as if it plays
in the body of every cauliflower
the total memorising-skill
of the blue and yellow pyramid

and if some lines of changes
in the planet be added
the birth-day of the bolster
that goes to the sea
may learn with a lesser effort
the pollen-efficiency of the nail-marked walls

how much should I scold the squirrels
who don't want to swim
in the still-water of the black-board

Volga – 3

the green-circuit of the fried-almonds
that was submerged
in the open-hair of the afternoon
the whole-night workshop
has taught
the thumb-impression is to be put
how far below it

if the autobiographies are planted
into the drawer of nature
the solubility of the river-reed
gets it done too late at night

all the plus-signs around
from their etiquettes
come down

so many foot-notes
caused by the season-changes

so before planting life
to the address of the wall-lamps
it seems the cotton-flower
written by the oceans
began yawning

Volga – 4

to the homoeopathy phial
standing on the traffic-island
why it appears
within her womb
the number of germinated nights
stolen without a kiss
is too little

is then it true
if all the chanting of Harinam
can't be withdrawn from the alcohol
the body-odour of the running tamarisk-shrub
will enter into the circuit-house

and that devouring of the parchment
brings to the feelings of the non-veg ant-hills
the let's-go-cure
gathering in the sauce-island

Volga - 5

coming to this ironed canal-side
every auto-rickshaw
wants to know and let other know
the mystery
behind the rice-rain
from the cirrus

the shame in the eyes of the seal containing signs
supplies the whole-sale dealership
of the civil disobedience movement
to the locality

the role of the hammer also

wakes up early in the morning
to put under its own tongue
an antacid

is it possible that the spits
used in the observatory
be made a little more fast-moving

murari sinha

murari sinha

Water Colour Unbound - 1

on the grass-land
in-between

cast their shadows

once the folk-song
once the rare cotton

so much sky-kissing blue
are the horses of sunday

with glittering sunshine
on its white sail

the bird
that has flown from the corn-field
with a rosy balloon on its back

now in the evening of the girl
having her husband alive
the smell of salted turmeric
engrosses the cloth-end

not from so far-end
not in so much noise

coming nearer
in a more whispering voice

the mushroom of the lips
sees its face
in the green of rain-drops

murari sinha

Water Of The Flow-Tide

the syllabus of the balcony
continues

the black-blossom just beneath your chick
can't be extinguished

the waves
that are moving with their own axes
smile to the eyes
to make me more adult

the water of the flow tide
works for the whole day

at the end of the day it carries to home
five grains of the buds of the lotus
to maintain livelihood

the dew-drops
accumulating in the womb of the poetry
also want to change some warmth

riding on the football of 2-30 at night
the vermilion of the full-moon
on your forehead
all on a sudden
takes a sip
in the fishing-net of the tennis-man

murari sinha