

Poetry Series

Pinaki Dewan
- poems -

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Pinaki Dewan(24-09-1997)

Just a cloud trying hard not to fall as rain.

A New Costume

his love was like a paper boat
that lost itself in the rain
his sea was in a place remote
could not be reached by drain
he always wore a scarlet raincoat
looked like an upright bloodstain
he was no cutthroat
but his smile was full of pain

he smiled at the aeroplane that could not fly
found himself beside the shrine
prostrated himself but could not cry
the priest said he would be fine
he wanted to but could not comply
he just had to hear that one line
but the environment could only sigh
and send a shiver down his spine

he woke up beside a paper mill
that taught him poetry and song
he ran the fields in misery until
he uncovered where he went wrong
he drank and drank till he had his fill
from the tube well found a place to belong
he said he would wait till april
and return to the city headstrong

but as he returned the hopelessness returned too
he looked helplessly everywhere
like a bottle of ink he saw blue
he had no colour now to spare
the old lady smiled at the view
although she was devoid of care
she took him to the brothel new
and laid him like a joke all bare

he talked and talked but could not communicate
the girls all split their sides
he threw his money left it all to fate

yet his eyes shone like bolides
he sang the evening outside a gate
that was to darkness open wide
he believed he was lost in hate
but it was only his impregnable pride

the night hollered at him like a tosspot
he went and bought himself a pair of shoes
walked the entire labyrinth distraught
could not find a single quiescent noose
in a queer disobedience he was caught
like an amnesic criminal on the loose
to a desolate apartment he was brought
that he impulsively decided to ask whose

to which he was answered yours
and he had disbelief in his eyes
cancer already got a cure
so madness was on the rise
so are you sure are you sure
whatever fills for sure dies
well anyway you can act all pure
but we know you are all lies

and he was locked in his empty room
that he compared himself to ruin
he decided to try a new costume
that might finally let him win
he knew he needed no perfume
his sweat was the redolence of gin
no matter how near was doom
he would not surrender his grin

his love was like a paper boat
that found itself in the rain
the sea was in a place remote
could not be reached by drain
he always wore a scarlet raincoat
looked like an upright bloodstain
he was no cutthroat
but his smile was full of pain

A Nocturnal Sonnet

Cold disappointments strangling the warm night:
A lone, lit candle plumb on th'window sill;
Upon my eyes, the heavy, seismic sight,
That never did forsake me, never will.

The night has been like a nest comatose,
With all the chirping, newborn lamentations
It does not notice; huffing like a nose,
As if it has no time for contemplations.

Let the bed perspire for now's the time-
The somber poppies shall ooze misery,
The paroxysmal perforations'll chime,
And the brain will commit fibbery;

For there can be no remedy of fate,
And even if there is, it is too late.

Pinaki Dewan

A Scene

He stood expressionless in the dark, empty room, one gloved hand tightly gripping a red kite, another naked hand a dynamite; and nothing of the gloom pervading the dense conurbation, nothing of the tenebrous horizon; only a conflagrant siren weeping ceaselessly with the bedraggled wind, and a porch-climber panting, running through the vacant boulevard, and I, a little sad, immersing my old self with the new horrors of destruction.

Pinaki Dewan

A Scene At Daybreak

tired handkerchief derelict tresses inebriated gun
cavernous phone impervious pages inefficient poison
wrinkled dawn paralyzed shadows polarizing sun
trembling sky indeterminate clouds suffering horizon

Pinaki Dewan

A Smiling Face

She huddles herself like a foetus
submerged in bathtub plasma,
her screams are silent screams
that desacralize the night and the rain.

She blows her kisses across the edges
of a bloated sky, her love
accumulating in the clouds
that never fall, stay afloat intumescent.

Her screams are quiet screams
that fill a casket and empty a heart.
I see her gambolling among bamboos
and birds like a verdant strobe,

I see her dangling her naked legs
splashing lakewater, spreading her arms
in the snow, I see a smiling face,
that isn't anymore. There is a disgust.

Pinaki Dewan

A Sonnet For The Fox That Ate Me

There was a tree, alone and without fruits;
I was under it, when I met the fox;
It ate me, like it had eaten the ox,
But still I watched o'er it from the dark roots.

I had seen countless owls hooting at midnight
To a fox that had lost its way in town,
But I had never seen anyone so down,
As was the fox when it thought o'er its plight.

But the tree was a compassionate slut:
It gave the fox shelter from its own sighs,
Fixed its broken limbs and broken eyes,
And pasted a mask o'er its broken face.

But the lost being lost soon its form and cut
The very tree that had given it place.

Pinaki Dewan

A Sonnet To Society

Ephemeral expounding of the real:
More hopeless than sad abature. I wish
People would preen themselves and slowly heal,
Without some needless and agathic skirmish.

I walk in strange despair, but why the world
Is jocund quite: has no idea at all;
Shall wait until the doom has really unfurled-
Till then oh, savor the impending fall!

Lukewarm, small tete-a-tete among fremd strangers-
None shall know anyone. Woods, rivers, hills,
Just places not to be, just rattling dangers
To the created solitude, health pills.

The children have their hands held out, go on,
Go on, hold them before they are all gone.

Pinaki Dewan

A Sweet Labyrinthine Sonnet

festering greens squatting in fizzled quaint rain
a cocaine mitigation a shanty somber face
guttling the sudoriferous darkness bundled in a blanched blain
it is a pole chilling diamond cracking steeplechase

buffeted dusk cinders creaking like a doddering staircase
evening silence the first aplomb of the shattering summer
scud streets offal skies a listless lackadaisical pace
delaying in the essential rushing in the trivial

stiffening the extirpated guitarist effacing the sturdy drummer
in a song heavy battlefield grim jail staid scaffold
with jittery eyes expectant nail biting convivial
and the minstrel a yellowbelly and a cuckold

it is the neverending soot swagger of the pragmatist
you see the neverending pouch procrastination of the anarchist

Pinaki Dewan

A Timely Re'mind'er

unfettered disruptions knocking on time's ivory door

a woman with cold feet
a prince on a white horse
an earthquake
a gunshot

time wades real slow in the gelatin emotions of the city lorn from inhabitation
than isolation

museums screaming false history, six bullets missed six times, perforating the
bluesy outskirts of the target

cemeteries hosting lovers, celebrating death with sex

cafés: zoars for transgressors; highrollers gambling, lechers violating, junkies
buying packets, illegal immigrants bribing middlemen for fake credentials or
maybe a crib
anyhow the terrorists are careful, they tarry in the woods

time, it is like the glass of the sandglass, the sand seems something else
entirely, transient, lasting an hour, dainty, too slight, too light to be time
the sand, the sand flows into oblivion
the glass remains transparent, hard, cruel, eternal

eternal like the misery of the people
people, people, how collective, how singular, how definite, how indefinite

time flows freely for those who don't live for the moment

time present and time past are both perhaps present in time future *

i remember the day you shot me a bird
i remember hearing its beating heart
from a mile away, the heaving little lump of feathery muscle

i remember the day you tore me a rose
i felt nothing at all

memory is miserable, holding on to things you would rather let go, let fall from the cliff, let wash away by the saline billows, let blown away by a storm...

if only there was time

time to forgive and forget, time to build and destroy, time to start and end, time to stumble and poise, a time for every face, every friend, every enemy, every known, unknown, a time for the material, and a time for the immaterial

if only you were here to play with my past like a Grass or Doctorow would do

i let time fall like soot upon my white inners

in the casino, in the checkerboard of life, time holds the dice and the mind

she waits

with an urn tucked underneath her armpit

she looks like an ancient sculpture

scathed yet unscathed by time

i wish i had enough time to finish the letter i planned to send you

it lies like a naked woman waiting to be ravished

sent away in a white sari

back to her homestead

time, time is Bob winning the Nobel Prize

you craved for an embrace, you craved to read all the poetry in my eyes
but time... time let you only a small caress, a short glance, you glancingly
skimmed through the 60-p'aged' book of poetry

his fame brought him to his knees

his name was carried to the trees

he longed for his shadow

but that too forgot the lease

how shallow, how infinitely shallow, time

how dense, how multifariously dense, time

eating away his earned meal

the freeloader pigeons, children, rain, time

eating away His created universe
His cruel Time

time came knocking on my watery door
i heard nothing
death came as peacefully as the sun comes everyday at dawn

Pinaki Dewan

Advance

It was the vehicle-night of freedom,
Torture-bells sighing in weird harmony;
Frenzied, bonafide, downsized feelings
In cups of hungry tides.

Bookish leaves glowering for touch,
Memories in piles of utility bills,
A crippled chair in a corner of the sky,
And inhuman hides.

The mirror-paints are drenched in blood now,
Wooden feet tied to water;
There is rust in the lips of conviction,
And fever in man's strides.

In desperate measures of control,
Only the little chalks are lost;
While distances laugh their asses off,
The blackboard subsides.

Pinaki Dewan

Ambition

indisposed yellowbelly
occluding the assiduous in a trunk-hard doggerel-rough spite
uxorial concubinal prurience envy
quarrying the hunk of proclivity in a sentiment-heavy
rigmarole of wrong and right
is such appulse imperative indispensable
this turpentine-redolent teardrop-rutilant fable
this funeral-somber cataclysm-tragic malaise-abominable
delusion of knowledge
is such ambition admirable
staggering at the edge
the intangible connections the impalpable ties
is such a causatum desirable
lies lies lies
aside the decrepit derelict jalousie sighs

Pinaki Dewan

An Episode

As I pick the neatly dropped disgruntlement, I am invaded by an abrupt interest in the sensation of concinnity, a sudden act of true kindness. It is as if a mellifluous pain stung in the battered dark, a dwindling susceptibility stemming like half a ripple and half a quake, it is a newfangled emotion, a sentiment born of sentiments. I say, shall you not regret being impervious. And she, I am in a quandary, that is why I choose to remain such. I take her hand, bring it close to my lips, in a fashion of most men conniving a kiss, blow softly, appreciate the shiver in her skin and let it go. But can she let me go now? I wait. And she is so far from tranquil, it almost brings a smile to my face. I pick up a lowball from the waiter passing by and sip hard. It is time. The night will come crashing down soon. She knows as well. She starts walking to the exit. I follow suit. As we leave, the lights go out. And there is a sweeping silence blindfolded, lost.

Pinaki Dewan

And We Knew

she stared at me like agony
knocking on silence's door

i let her in it was winter and
winters are meant to be cold

but then it was so warm it felt
a bluethroat-tweedle would

burst out any moment but
silence was the desideratum

it was the shelter so it stayed
that way we walked away but

we were inside the same room
we had been acquainted with

the same darkness so there
was no way it was not love

it just was not time to express
or to let it consume our lives

we both needed a sort of
emptiness at least for a while

needed to understand the
significance of affection

why it was the one thing
man could not fight against

perhaps we knew where
we were going to end up

but it was better than the cliff
we were always falling from

without dying it was better than
all the other consolations

society was offering to all
the lost souls every last being

was lost they just did not know
and so we turned and so

we smiled and so we walked
on into the ocean

we had already been drowning
so suffocation was no

longer a trouble we yenned
to reach a deeper truth

a more variegated truth
for darkness had become dull

let it be bitter but a truth
that is monochromatic

is always undesirable
so we jostled at the brine

and picked at the corals
memories peeking at us

from the future it was
a surreal pleasure and so

little by little we knew love
and we knew life

and we smiled more
and knocked more

and never were we seen
at the cliff again

Bad Air

she has been living
the sanitary life
fixing things and

breaking herself
she knows it is time
time for a repair

but the tools are gone
and he just sighs
like a pair of trousers

out to dry swaying
with the mild mild
wind and says it was

his dream to know and
understand the world
while she has been

trying to understand
her own since her
erroneous birth

it is a tremendous
quietude that i feel
now being in between

this bad bad air
scratch pad care
you know it is difficult

this difference
that is also a kind
of indifference

Pinaki Dewan

Beyond The Sun

The sky is quiet like the cover of
A book published in the late 50s and
With knowledge comes not shame but apathy;

You figure, then configure your emotions,
Like an atrabilarian disguise,
You know not that you every moment wear;

Life hollers crazily at you at precincts,
If only you could holler back, but no
There is an instant definite for it

And it unfolds exclusively at night-
Say when you can kiss me back, my love,
When the town is hollow like a drum?

Or when there is nothing more to say?
I've waited like a sail waits for the wind,
I've puckered like a baby tasting lemon,

But you've escaped like feeble waves into
The air, the sea, and I no longer see
The demon in the mind, the evil bunny,
There is dishonor now beyond the sun.

Pinaki Dewan

Blindfolded Harmony

The long, black chain falls from the sky,
The shooting stars climb it in agony,
The burning grass smokes its last goodbye,
While I stand at the threshold of harmony.
It is a blindfolded harmony,
My dear, it is a blindfolded harmony,
Touch and break the agony,
It is a blindfolded harmony.

The air is ochre like an old photograph,
The clouds have iron hands in velvet gloves;
It is coming, I wonder who will write the epitaph
Of the world on Judgement Day, will the doves
Succumb? I wonder who will make the judgement
At this strange fold of harmony.
My dear, it is a blindfolded harmony,
Touch and break the agony,
It is a blindfolded harmony.

The sparrow floats by like a shrivelled oak leaf
Crackling softly in the tapering winds,
The door is cracked in the middle, darkness abscinds,
And yet, I have all my marbles, and my belief:
The twilight fills sheafs with insanity
In this terrible mold of harmony.
Touch and break the agony,
It is a blindfolded harmony.

She has a pawnshop-dullness,
Her lips are grass-trodden;
In a way, we are all old, sodden,
But she wouldn't even moon around:
Has the ground finally lulled?
A skeleton in the cupboard,
The night all rusted, soled;
Has it finally frozen her,
The impetuous cold of harmony?
My dear, it is a blindfolded harmony,
Touch and break the agony,

It is a blindfolded harmony.

Pinaki Dewan

Bound In Everything That We Do

there is in the pine a pain of standstill strangulation a cold wound a coagulated mind and the dark rattling the hesitation is it true the cocooned kiss the dilapidated sex is it true the ferry rushing down the eyes crawling into your pores immuring you is it due the unmitigated clout the unrestrained shout is it there is always a little wiggle room in your heart melancholy riding tandem behind satisfaction you would have met her in the screen dying between layers but you decided to remain in the sound we are all bound by our instincts bound to be savage in all that we do or intend to do there is no freedom

Pinaki Dewan

Broken Building

The pillars have crumbled like tears
hardened by the fissures.
Rubble stares like frightened eyes
afraid to die although dead already.
Where is my want to communicate?
Finding every empty room too shallow
to echo my screams, I keep silent.
Why am I walking so composedly
in an earthquake-devastated enclave?
There is so less to live for.
The windows let in the wind that shakes
the dust from its resting place:
we have been nomads in every life.
If only we could have shelter for a change...

Pinaki Dewan

Candle Haiku

The wind blew me out.
I guess it wasn't scared of the
dark. Only I was.

Pinaki Dewan

Chased Away

Her scream is fresh in my ear. The horns
scare the cat down the stairs. I have my
head sticking out of the bus window but
there is no air. I've no hair either. It's a
damn amazing affair. Blair calls me out

to prayer. But I say I don't care. I sit on
my chair like a hare chased away by
some predator. I open my book about
computer-hardware. I understand nothing
so I compare my life with that of the

pair of puppies outside and grimace in
despair. I wish I were a corsair sailing
the seas either rough or fair, it doesn't
matter; I'd stare all day at the skies
overcast or bare, and wait to go all

clear. I wouldn't share my food with
anyone, have everything to myself. No
one would dare to slight me or treat me
as a spare. Nah, I'm just building castles
in the air. My father sits in his armchair

all day, wishing I'd be an engineer quick,
be a debonair gentleman not some wacky
poet. I'm no master at warfare nor am
I very aware of the world around me.
So I just say to myself, 'Beware.'

Pinaki Dewan

Coffee Cup

You would take me in without shame
Because I should be dead *

Inebriating the sorrow of the steel,
I became beyond yours to feel;
Like a bed sheltering a diseased,
I became befouled by your seed.

Did smile at your reclining wind,
Your apathetic love, I did abscind,
But found nowhere the hidden music,
The dark flame in absence of the wick.

The stars embraced me in the well:
Like wine from a broken barrel,
The waters splashed around me-
I was glad I could not swim, looksee.

And so your warm hand picked me up
And stirred me in the coffee cup
With quite the unremarkableness
That almost reassured me fresh.

I knew not how to pray or I'd have prayed,
I knew not how to bray or I'd have brayed,
In your praise, of course, my lord,
I came pretty much in concord.

But the noise would not listen,
The gold would not glisten,
And the roofs would stoop
Over the inexhaustible loop.

What would you have done
If you were not infinite but one?

Pinaki Dewan

Conqueror

anguish brewed a cupful rage
your emaciated hands
that would not even rest
lovingly on a scar
strangled an entire nation
you vomitted the sip
a cirque remains still sheltered
under your sweaty eyes
your music to her mirror
like turmeric to an ant-cluster
so will you let emancipation
spill from the kettle or just
acid from your pores
as the night implores implores implores

Pinaki Dewan

Deadfine

cyclone-sudden poverty struck at her polished doors
almost like an increased sale in the shoddy bookstores,
road-empty nuisances whispering around
and the persistent drip-drop sound
of blood, of chains, of sheets and sweat,
who can surround her with the aroma of death?
listen well, feel the ever-ravenous gap:
the tears have stopped, a plumber has fixed the tap,
now, it's upto the window to continue the creaking,
do you wish to feel the hand that executes the beating?
tell her she will be alright, tell her she will be free,
if that will attach her to the senile tree,
but she survived every fall and every drought,
and here is a mere touch, there a mere gunshot,
she will be fine and if not, the court has a deadline,
she can always hang herself to a bottle of wine.

Pinaki Dewan

Departure

the sight drags her tears along
a little crimson clinging to her cheeks
she cocoons her hands like an acorn
the squirrel misfortune nibbling on her
decides to speak but for the codger

and the night falls short in confession
but the dulcet morning is no treason
she walks with a heavy rucksack on
to her homestead or to the river
that we shall understand never

Pinaki Dewan

Detachments

between the ocean and your open vein *

I

we wake we see we touch
and eventually become tired
of things that don't please us

the sky that formed fond memories with clouds
now echoes the emptiness of the scavenging heart
the hesitations that occluded the mouth
now quail and the exasperations burst
the squirming victim and the recalculation
the tethered gitim and the equivocation
nothing arrests the legs anymore
they flow like a perpetual river towards a sea
that has nothing to do with defeat or victory

we who are beautiful
we who are skilled
we who are strong
depend for our splendour
on those who are ugly
those who are inept
those who are weak
what is light without darkness
what is fame without neglect
o' demons
you who prowl the gardens
never knowing the stars
you who creep up from the crevices
and dribble from the scars
tell me how must you
the burning wounds lick
you who have known
neither dungeon nor attic
why do you smile when you know nothing
why do you come when you bring nothing
is it to soothe your meaninglessness

to soothe the ego of the soul
there are no differences in the flesh
lifelessness is the same everywhere
the alive is alive for it is different
the alive is distinct for it is new
but new soon falls into cliché
and it is the same everywhere

II

borrow her contradictions and pay your debts with tears
as you walk to the forest end you shall find your fingernails healed
you may dig the river bed are you hopeful are you afraid
where will your fears take you will your hopes be sealed
as the concealed breast is unearthed as the true pain is revealed
will you be afraid
will the interminable digression be settled once and for all

the night wakes up under your bed
you have to pee you can't think
run run run to the toilet
wash your hands in the sink

the night draws its shawl about it as it speaks **
of rivers and droughts and molten wax it reeks
and you listen to it as if your grandfather
was telling you tales of his childhood
of his unrequited hopes of his fantasies
as intently as a revenant chases his victims

the poufy gambit falls from the oak tree
the oeillades of the leaves decree
life's meaning hangs from the window
the girl's snapped neck rests on
her crimson eyes indifferent though
to the father's silhouette scragged inside
no kinship anymore hearts of iron
it is for the better they died

the gambit gets up as the starling espies
shags to the corpse and dies

III

feathered fury that reaches out again and again to its root
only reaches its decaying summit
sighing to the wind that extends no consolation
rather confabulates interpolations
that blow it higher above to the dispute
as it is provoked and choked at the same time
is it of any benefit to descry the decrepit
but nothing is heard nothing is ever heard by anyone
except the scabrous fumes of the crime
after all is said and done
labyrinthine lust that wishes to shoot the brute
and diddle the two-dimensional drawings bewitching cute
where is the oedipal child in this flagitious route
do you see the truth do you see doctor the truth
bent down at the grave with nothing to save
not anymore and the pride of the ash
and the thickness of the stash
lets everyone forget
for death
is not
new
no

present day present time *
hahaha hahaha
where did happen the crime
lalala lalala

she has this look makes me a crook
cannot steal her heart
but my fingers come apart
as i hand her my book
of poems of course what else can i indite
either way it is alright
she only needs to smile
i only need to see her smile
and i will be alright a while

love poems are a joke
they just convoke

emotions that mean nothing
that just bring
a man to his convulsing knees
a damn disease

as if serious poems
lift him pick him up lol

IV

the hedgehogs have invented formulae
practiced geometry so their quills
will pass through and not hamper
their want of warmth
sadly now their skins have swelled
and their insides have burnt
and they look worse than corpses
they look like scholarly literate corpses

V

these suddenly savage suddenly gentle masterings of the verse **
i apologize for my curse
but let it be for it is a discourse unlike any other
it is a discourse that will bother
the senseless and the sensible alike
it is ludicrous errant irrelevant
as it is grave pensive and arcane
one needs to commit to wishful thinking
to arrive at something genuine
what is significant today will be insignificant tomorrow
what is insignificant might be significant someday
what we do is but a scratch on the surface
everything deep has already been done
and perhaps we will arrive there nevermore
and so i chase the chill that sends shivers
down my spine the gooseflesh that delivers
there need not be any purpose to what we do
there need not be a reason
but these shall never be treason
to the soul and to the examination of the soul
what is part might someday be the whole

as what was whole has become but a part
there is no distinct poetry of the brain and the heart
what suits the heart suits the brain
what suits the brain suits the heart
whether it's a bloodstain or the scarlet rain
whether it's philosophy or just art
these shall never cause either to depart
all shall be accepted equally
for it is but one psyche
various facets perhaps
perhaps a lot of gaps
but nothing so large
as to cause a discharge

Pinaki Dewan

Did It Really Belong To Me?

Whispering lights, shelter me, from silence's tangible smoke:
In the hassle of my broken limbs, I have to turn myself into a joke.

The moonlit fog falls while I crack into bits of my own lies;
Liniments don't work here, limpid tears get clouded soon, and nothing flies.

Emollient pain, you have done enough for the mind, now please-
If sleep doesn't get spread, there will be, in its place, a disease.

And every time there's a price upon your life, Dew,
You try to throw it away, as if it never, even for once, belonged to you.

Pinaki Dewan

Dumped

the evening taps on my tormented door i remain in conversation with my shadow
the stale smell of roadside restaurants infiltrates through the half open window i
startle and as the phone vibrates like a corpse that accidentally awoke in its
difficult coffin i pull out the crumpled poem from the wastepaper basket and put
myself in

Pinaki Dewan

Dwindling Footfalls

He sings like a night washed in turmeric, holy in its indifference. He is clean and jostled by wild waves, while she is all white-fingers and hell-stench. She can never reach the sea to stifle that last hope clutched in her white-fist. The floor screams smut, but she stands on the bed. She always finds a corner, he is always out in the open, taking in all the brine-sodden breeze. The moth never did reach the insides of its orb.

The cocoon has cracked; the skin alloyed with the dirt. This ridiculous stutter of shoes makes me retch. Bring the seidel. I want to move. Move perpetually like the jar or the poem in its stillness.

The dripping cliff knows it can never commit suicide. It drips its angst in blue and grey. But the wrists have clotted. Coagulated like tits or balls. Or whatever your perverted mind can conceive. And there is no escape from suffocation.

The blue walls fret like a little girl waiting for her daddy on birthday eve. But there is only a smile. Hovering in the honesty of the dusk. The naked trees mark the eyes, lachrymose but without the glitter. The gaze shifts: the river sparkling under the succumbing sun.

The disgrace is so new, it slaps the window twice. You can never look out for anything. Not even yourself.

And there are footsteps outside. Smothered, not echoing. And while the grief sojourns, the pillow forgets to dream.

The man stands in front of the mirror, hoping for an intimate exchange. But no, he is too desolate for philosophy.

'You either steal or get stolen' says Max in a frenzy.

'People tend to have a high opinion of their own opinions' Alfred sighs.

Alfred and Max walk out of the hotel into the fog. They are gone. We can only assume they are no more. But the fog smudges all assumptions.

It is dusty even in winter. The wind rots like a fan covered in a year's worth of grime. She calls out. He calls out to the sky. And nothing is heard. Nothing ever needs to be heard. The ants scatter and dwindle and die.

Pinaki Dewan

Exposition

I passed the tunnel
Dividing the self and foreign,
And I touched the walls
And I torched them;
Both melted into each other,
And was born an image:
The interpreter and the thief,
The happiness and the grief;
The masquerade shined.
I was in a bind,
And the plethora of emotions
Prevaricated the strain,
There was music no more
In the mind.

The throne was occupied by a thrush,
But there came no sound:
Words are constricting.
Among leaves lush
Was I found,
And among leaves lush
Did I drown.

What was life beyond life?
I am in negligence.
And apathy is sweet.

Meet me where the sun meets the eyes,
Meet me where the night meets the dream,
Meet me where you ought to have met me long ago.

I was sleeping but I am awake now,
I was dreaming but I am falling now,
You ought to have taught me that long ago.

And now, there is a hole,
A parole of negation,
A furor of separation,
And a cremation.

Grub, grey groans and hushed, crushed moans,
Impulsive revulsions and repulsive expulsions;
The bells have convulsions.

Reveal the deuce, peel the prepuce,
You must not refuse;
Or the dead will rise
Behind the sails at eve,
And the waters will disguise
The mist of belief.

Climb the stairs well,
Climb the beanstalk with care,
This time, the giant is not your soul,
But your flesh.

Pinaki Dewan

Fettered

The loss sleeping
inside the clock
smiles dourly
at the glum silhouette

of dawn. It nudges
the stirring eyes,
says it is real
and real carries

the windows and
the skin like a
shiver or a touch,
perhaps forced.

But no one knows
when you wake up
and begin to cook
for the day, your

hands move
automatically
as if programmed to
that servitude
and you know you

love it and hate it
and you don't do it
for either, it's that
you don't know what

else to do with that
loss and that real
that has taken away
your imagination.

Pinaki Dewan

Ghost Of A Bloodstain

Black hole sun, won't you come? *

Across my eyes, you waver
like a moth inside a jellyfish.
Between my teeth, you wrangle
like a shooting star without a wish.
I have been looking for this
painful revelation but escapes
it from my fingers open
wide like empty, quiet audio tapes,
descending underneath the
music and recoiling in the sun.
Meet me behind the bridge new,
rapping the exfoliated fun.
Kiss me at the old street, slow
and without remorse, resounding lust.
No love there's 'neath the hate, no
shining metal sleek beneath the rust.
Just follow through, without much
talk, soon anyway, we shall all burst.
We've filled our ways with needles:
we are vampires, just without the thirst.

Pinaki Dewan

Goodbye

your abandonment
fantastic as a waterfall
was caught between a want
and a duty
my face lonely as a feast
my melancholy
burrowing into a webbed eye
that lost itself between a sunset
and a crib-death
you would surrender to the response
in a gunshot-sudden exhalation
but no
the dusk was heavy
like a hard-to-swallow-pill meme
all my searching in vain
your dishcloth-weary hair
swaying with the javelin-blithe wind
and all your purple blouse and purple skirt
faltering enduring dripping wet
you will miss me you said
in a cave-chilly echoing voice
but now all the adjustments of choice
responsibilities of preference
have let you be yourself
and you will be happy i know
all the consolations and pity precipitating
i guess i will just let the draft blow
in the direction of the wing

Pinaki Dewan

Halved

To flee the figured course in a sad quarter of your life,
To fill-narrate the deliquescent moments colourless
With the lampblack-tears of sightlessness, would that suffice?
Would that suffice like a stone thrown at a defenceless bird?
Or would it remain in the hushed silence of the stifled word?
You did surmount a taunt, alas could not surmount a loss,
You called yourself a fighter, you said you were your own boss,
But he touched you in places you can't even recognise,
Now, you'll need to shovel your halved self, will need to burn your lies,
Till the plates are ready on your table with the food and flies.
Make a nest soon for yourself with the fresh twigs of compromise,
Or you'll end up in the horizon where the morning dies.

Pinaki Dewan

Hopes For The Future

i feel tired and i hear noises i cannot interpret
eyes hover about me disappointed stricken
but the darkness and the solitude will not let me fret
only this choking feeling with gradually thicken
and consume the dust that lingers on my lips
with the dexterity of a surgeon and let me speak
and i shall know poetry that chafes slits and rips
i shall understand the whimpers of the weak
and the bleak heart will break open in a flash
and the bloody flesh will know when to gash
and the night will form a mirror like this world
and the clouds will cover the stars and the moon
the perpetual psyche will disentangle the knurled
and the dream will burst like an overinflated balloon

Pinaki Dewan

In The Garage

They stay beneath the copper wires
Fixing the deflated tires
The smell of oil besieging them
Like a poltergeist inducing mayhem

They wake up nights contorting
Their spanners and their turnscrews
Their busy minds aborting
Cognate and important news

They could pick their profession up
And throw it to the wind
But they just pick a coffee cup
And these very thoughts excise

Pinaki Dewan

In Your Open Vein

the night lies blemished
the stars blind and convulsing
the moon rattling like a chain
the clouds extinguished
the darkness pulsing

Pinaki Dewan

Ingemination

alacritous qualm assailing the calm
the gawking wreck of evocation
the calignosity the woe
beyond any abdication

cascading in hemmed in tears
no succor for a gripe
hence the paroxysms of amity
the smoking of the peace pipe

this deglomeration of propinquity
no bone to pick with anyone
neither accord nor discord
a hollow indolence

quite an abhorrence
and complacent none
yet the unfaltering subjugation
and the perpetual brainwash

Pinaki Dewan

Involution

Glare by, o' frizzing wind of the calm mind,
You've been of variegated pain to me;
The threaded storm of life too kind
Beside your convoluted psyche!

Flickering darkness, I have left behind,
Yet, I am still in an incumbency;
All that and yet, my eyes are blind-
Is not there too much porosity?

The truth now, of this freckle, we must find:
Why was the world divided into three?
If Gods were meant to be confined,
Why then are there ideals so many?

Paradise, inferno, purgatory:
Are but one to those with sensibility.

Pinaki Dewan

Make Our Own

I was dropped into a nigh-well,
stone on water
sound on darkness
perforations of light on the blackboard-sky.

The house struggled at everything:
climbing into the eyes
slithering down the nose
probing the lips for a kiss
examining the tongue for narcotics,
struggling with erection
struggling with penetration
struggling with digging deep into the mind.

I lived as if, like a God.

The garden was better still:
contrite flowers, browbeaten grass,
underyoked wind.

Fiddling away like a dune,
the whispers traversed the ear:
I was lost in time.

Fudge now. Run like you never knew shelter.
There is time.
There will be time.
For you to run away.

Mask-phimosi doom-prognosis.
Entr'acte between life and death.

Connive an abature now,
renege all convictions:
be Nature.

In the hefty rays of dawn,
in the terrible music of the road,
we shall Make Our Own.

Pinaki Dewan

My Friend

You have a real girlfriend now,
You even plan on taking the vow,
Yet you say, you still adore me?
How can you hurt me, you ask?
Just ignore me, my friend,
Just ignore me.

Now, you saved tons of memes, I know,
But can you stare at the abyss below?
All you do is implore me!
How can you hurt me, you ask?
Just ignore me, my friend,
Just ignore me.

Now, you give me this big book,
That I can't even relate to!
You think you do me a favor, but you bore me.
How can you hurt me, you ask?
Just ignore me, my friend,
Just ignore me.

I was planning a grand suicide,
But then I heard you died,
How can you get there before me?
How can you hurt me, you ask?
Just ignore me, my friend,
Just ignore me.

Pinaki Dewan

Night Wars

Incapacitate every thought,
So they might not leave your mind:
While the dream-blossoms rot,
Go blind.

Last night was a terrible worm
That crawling entered my psyche,
Decomposed dead tissues of every form,
Left walking.

There was soap in the moonlight,
I bathed myself clean;
My dirt stuck to the stars,
Their essence supervened.

Nobody knows what is right,
But everybody hates scars;
If you wish to understand the night,
Wage wars.

Pinaki Dewan

Nopoison Tree

itook a knifefor me myblood boils are you afraid
scared eh of my revenge? but can you. seemy knife?
itcuts not, Discourteously, i see you my eyes
falls - in yoursoul i knowflowgrow in you
do you eat Apples? there's no here poisontree
make one yourself, i will giveyou the Seed take it

Pinaki Dewan

Not Today

your double-edged caress cuts open affection
lays it on an autopsy table
a lashing is exposed a tirade
an unwanted groping like snakebites scalds
impetigines
you knuckle under your rebellion now
a mudlark sighs a twilight
in a garbage-gusto
lambent tortures of nails
gleaning salvaging the skin and its cloud-akin texture
perhaps the night will accommodate
and schlep the wails
to a tote-sorry slap-happy punch-drunk future

Pinaki Dewan

Nyctophilia

under an illomened flyover
in the impregnated darkness
flimsiness shrieks a wine
emaciated genealogy of no love
you twist a song in your hair
he whistles a death in some
vagabond bottle empty of faith
of cliché stray birds of fortune
melting in the lambent geraniums
of madness of doused lament
there is a quiet misunderstanding
in saturation in the smeared
rotoscopic pock-marked crowd
shake up a dream in your sooty eyes
before the scotophobics rise
and the nifty wishing well dies

Pinaki Dewan

Question Of Fear

A fylfot has found its way
into the zenith; the peril
of having a finicky faith:
the apostles of imposition.

Strangeness has bogged down,
come up against a blank wall;
I wait for the Bethzatha to move,
reach the parched faces of all.

The jail of Rome never broke,
the earthquake was a vision;
Lydia's house: emptiness,
David's house falling infinitely.

They have tears that don't glisten,
they have died to be;
if their wyrd weren't closed,
they'd have turned from thee.

Pinaki Dewan

Rave Like The Silence Of Nooks

she has that insouciant touch of a corpse
that never putresced with time
she has remained
as a memory remains in the crannies of the brain
says there can be nothing beneath the marble floor
beneath the hot air the cold breath
beneath the basement of death
at the centre of the core
yet she retains
the memory of being beneath my notebooks
in the dark circles and the frowns
in the quietude of the nooks
but no one in the town
ever listens to me
they believe they are tired of the gloomy
evocations that make me break me
i still wish to speak
like the voices underneath the dingy trees
i wish to quiver like the dust beneath my earphones
feel the dryness with my very bones
but the phones won't stop ringing
won't stop clinging to the illusions of connections
they are all broken my toenails my heart
only my trust in her insouciant touch
keeps me alive

Pinaki Dewan

Rebel

The velleities have met,
The smoke prying in reticence, Fabian,
The crickets lisp to the infants:
Know the augury of the sense.
Life is terrifying, especially to the plebeians,
The hopelessness and the hysteria, remnants
Of a world of veneer and bullets;
Know what it is like
To be at the receiving end of the spikes.
Know what it is not like
To be at the receiving end.
Unless you know both, you know nothing.
And hold your water, you irascible twerp!
There is nothing to be gained here,
Nothing to be squandered,
Except that hard-earned sanity of yours.
So, wait by the hinterlands,
Listen to the mutters and sibilations,
Rub your hands and stay firm on your feet,
Or prepare to accost defeat.

Pinaki Dewan

Reproach

night is the spoon i take medicine with
you arrest my pendulation with an ossified whisper
the owl froths an augury
the trees unhitch an anathema
there is a quietude thin like a seam
there is a melody unnoticed as a cavil
the walls abut a requiescence
but no you hand me a regret in a drugged mood and
i fail to capsize my soberness
the lizard ticks like the second hand
the crevices scream like sophomores before vacation
my soul beats the pillow as hard as a tear
your twisted head rests on

Pinaki Dewan

Shifting Sands

I see children sleeping in the ruins, and sands shifting;
There's nothing in the paint, just some toxins and sands shifting.

The evening falls hard on the shimmering pearls of the sea-
The moon beholds a few droplets, some fins and sands shifting.

In your eyes, I have always seen tears, or light, or darkness,
But never this. Haven't you slept? There are gins and sands shifting.

The dawn's young, the night's death tough on him, be considerate:
No one can bear killing one's own kin and sands shifting.

What love is there for you to hide in your sufferings, Dew?
All she'll ever witness is the play of skin and sands shifting!

Pinaki Dewan

Sick L

Wristwatch weltschmerz to a party
like a shrapnel to Iron Man's heart,
utter beauty in a vault, crust-clean
torment-tidy words, out of music,
quiet as a dart, fixing the sick
with a sickle, more red than green,
finding a candle to prevent a fire,
riding a horse to invent a desire:
you are too empty to be a Man!

Like a stone without water to drown in,
follow the last romance to a tear-dense
sinkhole-dark cave, laugh at the table,
call out to the waiter in a frenzy,
order yourself a brain and a joke,
seriousness is out of fashion lately,
mindlessness is a sin and obscurity
an even greater offence, save your poem
for a better time, for a better place.

I have found a river like your eyes
that will wash me, resolve me,
in a state of condemnation from hell.
In my utter derangement, find me
a shelter beyond the sun. Where? Where?
It's closing time. Your dizziness isn't worth
even a dime! Drink from the lotus now,
from the honey of the happy faces:
the fiddler will tear his strings.

Pinaki Dewan

Sinful Poem

More electricity to your socket,
More food to your teeth,
More money to your pocket,
More points to your mark-sheet,
More fame to your name,
More ink to your pen,
More cheat codes to your game,
More doubt to your amen,
More ecstasy to your coitus,
More flame to your wick,
Spiritual success ain't for us,
Better stick to the materialistic.

Pinaki Dewan

Take Away

If only I could interpret,
If only we had never met,
I'm so tired that you always fret,
I feel like I'm the Christ of sweat.

This slavery, take away, take away.
This misery, take away, take away.

There will always be something behind you,
Something that will grind you,
I won't be able to unwind you,
Instead I'll only bind you.

This slavery, take away, take away.
This misery, take away, take away.

The night will welcome our pride,
We'll have so much to hide,
I'll let you decide,
Whether or not you'll confide.

This slavery, take away, take away.
This misery, take away, take away.

Pinaki Dewan

Tell Me

Like a voyeur of suffering, you've viewed me,
Like a garrote, you've sedulously subdued me,
To my inferiority, my pain you've imputed,
I have found myself alone and muted,
In all sickness and disgust, you've spewed me,
Sundering my psyche, you've accrued me,
After everything, why do you continue to delude me?
Is it not enough? Why won't you eschew me now?
Why are you so twisted, so convoluted?
What fun do you derive from finding me hollow?
What gratification when you hear me bellow?
Tell me... why won't you let me go?

Pinaki Dewan

Telltale Edges

the neon falls short
there is an empty plastic cup
on the window sill
reflecting the slight glow
but it is still pretty dark
but with time the watery eyes
become visible
the glow similar
to the plastic cup
and you notice
the slight booze
lining the edges

mosses grow around persistent puddles
they can feel the rotting resolve
that makes a stain so deep
it is impossible to separate it
without dismembering the flesh
the skin is diseased jaundiced
sticky like a toad
and slightly more isolated than the soul

the loneliest bridges
are the ones from where
no one jumps into the river
they have a torturous sadness about them
that still has not found an outlet
the scarlet linings of clouds at sunset
take over that pain
and drown in the river everyday

spider-webs make a corner
clean corners are stupid corners
thought-flies need shelter
need consuming
slow and steady
or the room remains empty
empty of ideas
empty of ideals

empty of an anarchy
that is so very important

empty even without an insoluble floor

Pinaki Dewan

The Act

The wind echoed inside the hollow heart of darkness,
You were reduced to a song,
You kept playing and playing but brought no solace to yourself,
There was a small fire that you lit to keep yourself cold,
But the darkness tugged at it over and over again,
You tried to act indifferent but couldn't,
By the end of the first day, acting yourself was acting up.

Pinaki Dewan

The Ancient Song

As I stand on the shore with salt in my shoes, I have this great desire to be heard by the waves. The music of eternity smiles at me but I am bare, without my shelter of skin, I am bare flesh and bones staring at the horizon of azure mystery. The fishes have subsided. And the trees. I hear the gulls shouting newfound land, footsteps on the sands, but I am wearing shoes. I scream but the waves don't hear me. I whisper to the breeze, but it doesn't stop for me. The clouds gather. I sing. And the sky listens intently at it.

Pinaki Dewan

The Catch22 Moans

What if all that you see is just a wrinkle in the crust?
You run far away from home, run back home, trying to find someone to trust,
And you see your home is dreary and the windows are caught in rust;
The quivering festoon matches your heartbeat soon, you torture an empty spoon,

But nothing can quench your ballooning hunger now, not even the air, the moon:

So, you quickly find from the basement a bag of stones, and let out as loud as
you can the catch22 moans.

The ghost of the broken branch is frightened sick, like a flame-bereft wick,
All the while carrying a mirror of lies, supporting his skeletal body with a stick;
Where can one get contentment, asks he before hitting his head with a brick,
And falls from the thick crud of darkness, drops of incomprehensible light, like
blood,
And the heavy skull collapses with a thud, feels like a bomb, turns out a dud,
And the shrieks of the night-bird, like the catch22 moans, are never heard.

The morning comes as if it is the last judgment of all melancholy-
There are curses in the rivers and abuses in the alleys, yet it acts like the town is
very holy;
Where is the victim, where is the criminal, who's in charge of this folly?
I walk to the shore, expecting at least a furor,
But there's no one anymore to cause an uproar:
In the sad strains of the briny waves that flow, traces of the catch22 moans
echo.

Dusk arrives like a newly-wed bride married against her will:
Against the trembling waters of the river, exceedingly still;
Perhaps there never will be a return, perhaps there will,
But will she act against her pain?
I am all drenched in the false rain, the skeleton destitute of even a stain,
What is there to gain from justice other than another bane?
If only we could let go of the disdain, we could finally attain
The directions to an eternity where the catch22 moans roam free.
What if all that we see is just a wrinkle in her beauty?

Pinaki Dewan

The Drive

I choked at our shore,
Since then, the night has failed to console me, with its stars immuring my
imagination and roads beckoning me to mollify into a puddle that an adult avoids
once and a child jumps on twice splintering it into the manifold that is the
quintessence of all. I couldn't even become a pebble.
Since then, the drafts have blown against me moulding me into a sculpture
whose pith I cannot identify. When was I last myself?
Since then, the city has smothered every window with smoke that it cannot
confine, has sheltered every poet with a loneliness and longing that only it can
offer. I have seen lights that survive entire nights only to die at dawn.
Since then, thought has never succumbed to sorrow, clarity has never mated
with simplicity, connection has never suffused with comprehension. I have had a
drive to write, not mere diversion.
Since then, love has seemed but an antiseptic to apply on a fresh wound and to
be done away with it as soon as it heals. The longer the odour, the worse it gets.
Wounds love inflicting themselves on those who do not care, almost as zealously
as a human. I wish I was a stab.
Since then, happiness has taken the shape of a worm that gets devoured every
morning by the earliest bird. I have always been a late riser.
Since then, I haven't really seen the world as something more special than some
block of wood that you burn to keep yourself warm as long as the fire smolders
and you still require the heat. After a while, I might be okay with Ice Age too.

Pinaki Dewan

The Junkie Of Truth

shoved the syringe
with the shiver of a star
a scream trespassed into the vein
then an introspection a doubt
a drizzle followed
as every religion insinuated
and no other love could fit in the orifice
the interstice ate itself up
and all that was left was
christened a hallucination

Pinaki Dewan

The Purpose Of Hate

Hate is a dead thing
who of you would like to be a tomb? *

Hate tilts its head like a child following the climber following the sun
through the rusted rails
as a gun-faced cloud wails
eyeing the barren turf sighing against the foreign wind
and says, 'The world is destined to end.'

...now I am haunted by that taste
that sound... *

He writes upon the wall, upon her breasts, upon his arteries, upon the morning
mist, upon love with the nectared dagger of hate

He scrubs his soiled feet with bloodied hate

He turns pages caressing the whiteness not with love but hate

Hate lies curling in my bed like another myself splintering to give itself the
warmth of a flame
heaving in disconsolate, lugubrious rhythms: it wishes to replicate the heart,
which it knows it can never be.

Late night, prayer rugs are thrown at me from listful skies;
The stars expect a kind of invocation, though I am all lies.

Day arrives smelling of birds and smoke, there is a call:
Do what you want but do not expect me to want you.

We've been standing on doormats since ages, expecting the doors to be locked:
The doors were open, but we don't want a look inside now do we?

The floors pick up the screams and tears,
Keep them neatly stacked in their nooks.

Hate crawls in like a leech, hovers in like a mosquito trying to suck the blood of
attachments.

Hate hangs from the mind like spiders from the corners of an abandoned godown.

Hate goes around raving in abandoned alleys, hunting for intelligent ears and anarchic minds,
Finds none, knocks on a dilapidated door, enters to a moth-eaten milieu and a reliclike draft,
Sits on a tattered demalion chair, smokes a cigarette and vanishes in the vapour released.

Infatuation strikes as a sudden butterfly
in the middle of the street
when you're in a hurry with no time to marvel the beauty
but it blocks your path
dancing in occult movements
and you need to somehow cross it but can't
and you're stuck, in a hurry, in no proper mind to be infatuated
and you fall back
fall back in your own blood
as it curdles like annoyance, like hate.

There is enough light for the blind,
None for the determined,
While the dubious walk behind,
The sanguine get fined.

You punish the street-ends, accuse the streamlined,
But I know only the defined:
Night resurrects not in the mind,
It does in the entwined.

Hate is a guitar thrown carefully on the bed
so it makes just two false notes
in equal harmony

Hate is friable
crushed into gunpowder
or poison
all you need is will and malice

enough to kill and vanish
for hate lasts only a gunshot

and a croak
time is crucial when it's got to do with hate

(And then the world fell off like a chrysalis,
and doom, the butterfly, full-fledged roamed.)

Loneliness strikes the eyes, like a blacksmith strikes an empty anvil, and the fire
flows like a prolonged shadow that hate lost in its travel into the night.

Mistakes I've made since birth:
being born, being born a girl,
learning to make my own
independent choices,
falling in love and marrying the man I loved.

He had eyes like a lily
and like a lily those eyes died
after just one night.

His footsteps clangor still like cracking fire
leaving, leaving a burning hole in my heart.

My daughter as she grew up
learnt to mull her blues like wine
took off one day with a junkie.

Now, she sues me for alimony
and I flow like a river every other day
in the arms of some stone-cold stranger
for whom wealth's no priority against seclusion
and thus, I make my stand abying as a whore
while her demands grow more and more.

A poplar white, a sky beyond sight, I see.

It is in the welts of the earth,
In the screams of birth, I see.

Hate has no darts
To pierce the heart.

My head, like the street plodded by uncertain feet, stares once at the sky, and

then dies.

Hate whispers sweet nothingness in the ear of the gray cloud:
It has this lavish, gratuitous desire to bathe in rain.

Hate is a concealed piece of gold

it has no price but a price is created by its absence

I wish to lave in hate
for a tomb of gold is better than a tomb of mud
Life is a tomb.

Neither is hate a necessary evil nor is it an unnecessary good

it is a foreskin, keep it, circumcise it, all up to you, or perhaps your religion.

Life as we know it is a pellet comprising of a little love and a little hate, which we
nearly always throw against the lake-water to see if it can leapfrog its
indifference

let hate be a bird
let it fly against the current
let it get struck by lightning

let yourself embrace the sparks

let yourself be a firework
against the darkness of the sky

it is in this heedful concern that meaning can be created.

Pinaki Dewan

The Shape Of A Coin

And so I plunge headfirst softly and silently as a dagger into the roaring waters and find myself in a white room, all the water turning away from my body and forming a feminine shape beckoning me towards it. Sex has always been an escape from reality. I let her have me. But as we kiss, I choke. Choke like a fish out of water. And then I feel a pressure in my chest. I cough out the remaining water and see it is me who brought me back. Beside myself stands a woman of similar shape as the water. But prettier of course. And I get up haggardly and leave with them supporting my two sides. Soon, in the distance, we turn into a ?1 coin that a child hands over to the shopkeeper for a candy. As the child chews on the candy, he tries to cross the road. He has a home to return to. But there is a biker who has a bet to win. So, the child gets run over. The candy still in his mouth, crushed like himself. A crowd gathers around the body and it is another circle. Another ?1 coin. The biker is speeding away to his destination. When he reaches it, he finds himself in a room, with white tiles and marble floor. The one behind the computer knows. He has seen the footage. The suitcase has the money. The biker opens it, finds a ?1 coin in it. Smiles. Thanks the man. Leaves.

Pinaki Dewan

The Story I Must Tell

You are always round the corner,
Smiling to yourself painfully,
And I can never reach that end,
No matter what I say to me.

By the hall is an old shop,
I enter there to have a drink,
I always come out falteringly,
But fall I only into me!

And the well is deep, I can't
Run into life again, I'm scared;
I still wonder why I dared,
It's not coming to a stop.

The birds cry now, the lilies think,
The sun falls into a new order:
What is it that you really want?
Tell me now if you are my friend.

But I guess you are not my friend,
I don't know anyone who is;
Is this the story I must tell,
The story of eternal bliss?

I hope something rings a bell.

Pinaki Dewan

The Tale Of The Sea

You stood tall above the ocean,
When your atoms were all drowning,
One by one, two by two, infinite by infinite.

And I heard you call a name,
It was a very definite blame,
But there was hardly any flame
In your eyes, just a little shame.

And nothing seemed to satisfy your disintegration,
Nothing could quench the growling
Of the sea.

And the sea crashed itself into your eyes,
And the flesh severed its ties,
And there was a faint sunrise,
Beyond the lies.

And I heard a very terrible scream,
And I thought it but a dream,
But there was one wispy seam
Upon the skin of my soul.

And I knew it was me,
Who was the sea;
It was me,
Who was you;
It was me,
All along.

And there was a song
Beneath my feet,
And there was something wrong,
But I was done with it.

And nothing seemed to thirst me anymore,
There was no insanity anymore:
Just a door,
Just a door,

Without a spare key.

Pinaki Dewan

The Tormented

our lives drives naives
sandal torn mended torn mended tormented
torn and mended o o o o ver again
one day you got to throw it away
i mean, how are long you keep gonna living, man?

is it it is and now- now- now-
you have to run feet naked naked oh naked
on the forest grounds naked naked naked
run and run and run to your graves
it is now.

and the shine stars will shine on themselves
will they? they will i believe but will they?
and the night will know when to when do
but perhaps i am no sky and there
is nothing to do nothing to doooooo is it now?

Pinaki Dewan

The Web

the looking night in ant-insane stutters
tries to express its long-neglected logic
to the dustbin when the cat rolls like a
silhouette-sad clump of butter and plummets
strongly into the gutter causing a debacle
when there's no one to savour the spectacle.

the yo-yo drops, the string is torn,
you see the painting finally.

like an oversized raincoat that could not protect you from the rain
the suffocation embraces you now,
like the receptionist lady with the wig
your language traces you now,
you cannot escape the eye.

this embarrassment is
storm-real nightmare-poignant monster-healthy gnat-persistent
yet this complaint is thought-abstract blister-languid agnail-limp fracture-bent,
what is wrong with poetry?

in a vehicle-hurried glimpse you have silenced me.
in a chance-stupid scripture you have confined eternity.
do you understand your reasons?
do you recognize your treasons?
life is but a paint-rancid splurge-empty apartment that you move into every two
years.
is there a permanence to your smile?
or are you one of those jokers who incise their cheeks, paint smiles?
or are you one of those unsung heroes who die with a smile, making the grand
sacrifice for all humanity?
humanity which punishes for homicide
but praises for spraying insecticide
you want to move in with them?

the devil tugs at the suicide bomber,
says it's not too late to turn back,
but the bomber believes in heaven.

night-worthy delights of existence
but a lover will not meet even after years
of no contact, will not pick up the phone
at 2: 22 am, when i dream of her

love is like a hankey so clean
you hesitate twice to wipe your tears with it

i will ask her again.

morning comes as if to remind that nothing lasts forever
as the first rays fall on my window
i am still fast asleep

i will. again.

in the afternoon people people people
too aggravating to describe
you know. people. people. more people.

i wish. to be. alone.
but not lonely. no.
i will ask her. no. yes. no. yesssss. yes.

the phone rings like some very precious elegy for the solitude that's supposed to
be dead. she won't pick up anyway.

hello. hi. umm. it's been such a long time. blah blah blah.

in the end, the string-strong connection formed the web. we got stuck happily
ever after.

Pinaki Dewan

Thicket

you believed what he said yesterday
you smile at me now in your egotistic mercy
he laughs hard in his bed without delay
holding his stomach in his hands of ruby
in your face is a shadow but no dismay
you look almost like the stark statue of a tree
where will you go now love where will you stay
now that you trust so violently that you are free

the dawn is bent towards your window
checking nimbly like a physician your quickened pulse
you have no idea what you wished to hide and what you wished to show
you just talk on impulse
it asks you why you are so fallow
and randomly you shudder and convulse
if only like your insides you could bellow
you could finally let out your dormant curse

but the chair is empty the without is silent
you arrange the dining table in reluctant prayer
a ghost comes and straightens your hair unkempt
you need to eat but cannot quench his miserable stare
if only you knew what care meant
if only you knew how to share
somebody would not be so independent
somebody would certainly be there

and so i take the rock and throw it at the river
hoping it would hit my head
and so i roam all naked and i shiver
hoping i would wind up dead
but who has the courage to deliver
who can break the perennial thread
except the paramount contriver
who never knew pain who never bled

he feels tired he tries a new scent
everyday but he knows he can please
no one his appearance is decadent

and his smile is like a disease
he looks into the mirror like a parent
who just murdered his child with the ease
of a coruscant time well spent
he screams as his insecurities increase

but no one hears him in the scorching noon
he reaches out to the bar to surrender
he searches for a knife perhaps a spoon
but is thrown out by the bartender
he follows the vague quiver the feeble tune
and reaches the shop of a street vendor
steals a packet of crimson balloons
that blows up his sense of splendor

i am back where i was solving
the math of love like a cricket
who has forgotten to chirp devolving
into a mere thicket
that has no music revolving
like the earth about a spherical briquette
that will burn it one day evolving
into an enraged picket

tell me why do you live is it to bring a bouquet of flowers
or is it to cry at some unknown funeral
why do you roam about the towers
when you know you are delusional
you lack conviction you have no power
over anything yet you act like a crucible
why do you wish to burn at this hour
when you understand you are irreducible

i believed what i said yesterday
smile at myself now in my egotistic mercy
i laugh hard in my bed without delay
holding my stomach in my hands of ruby
in my face is a shadow but no dismay
i look almost like the stark statue of a tree
where will i go now though where will i stay
now that i trust so violently that i am free

Threads

my grief is an estuary
where fresh pain mingle

with age-old regrets
brackish with tears shed

sometimes worn to umbrage
myself of the too-real

and there is very little shelter
i don't even know if i have

the space to keep myself
from falling apart this distress

is dysfunctional creeping in
crevices at one moment

howling in the open sky
at another and it is always day

the light piercing that last hope
for the sanctum of the night

and there is too much noise
where i can die for silence

my life was probably daubed
by the numen in haste

forthereisnevertime
never any time for futility

the concatenator isolating
always atropos solely handling

my cloth cutting it till the
last thread is severed salubrity

parting in impetuous laughter
it is sad has always been

Pinaki Dewan

To Ulysses

it is the whitest container imagined
the vile and capricious dolour chases

around with my soul clenched
between its tempered jaws frolicking

insolently as if the leash is there
for show i do not understand how

i ended up enchanted i do not know
if i should make the deal i have lost

my feel for scars i only feel fresh
blood now dripping sluggishly down

the chin of my dolour i desire liberty
retching in helpless fervour find me

Pinaki Dewan

Torn

wrestling winds in tireless dust
the meager face concealed in rust
the burning necklace and the ring
the water in the shore stirring
into a sagging smile of lifelessness
what does one know of the bone
thrown away by the devastated moan
settling into a briny game of chess
callosity of the exfoliated flesh
an ephemeris inside the mouth
a nose that knows its couth
yet like the future the eyes blind
forever looking behind
there is nothing anymore in the mind

Pinaki Dewan

Transient Falls

Your eyes speak volumes of Poe,
Your whispers are heavy with jazz,
Your kisses remind me of the first rains of March,
Your breath the cold wind of a mid-winter night.

Your laugh rings throughout my deserted home,
When you are finally free of your past;
You sit staring at the clouds
As transient as yourself.

The candle flickers, I wake out of a poem:
Nothing lasts, not even inner beauty.
I wanted my illusion to last, at least
Till the end of this illusion.

The tears of the moon fall,
They call them meteors,
Children call them shooting stars,
What should I wish for?

When they crash into the reality of the earth,
Why do they burn?
Aren't they supposed to be fantasy?
Aren't they supposed to fulfill wishes?

Wishes are fantasy that have no relation with reality,
They come true in the eyes,
The eyes that speak volumes of Poe,
And let go of stars that have their own fantastic falls.

Then why do they burn?
In what yearning do they burn?
Is there any use yearning for the impossible?
The impossibility that reality and fantasy can ever be one?

Maybe in the last whimpers of the dying flame,
They do.

Turning

comfort the waters of turning harmony
the wild is writhing in malign agony
in this shifting nature of the lights
there is no glow within just cacophony
emanating from the skin incandescent
like neon from the streets wet ebony
wait up straight up know your place you
and i jump from the 7th floor balcony

Pinaki Dewan

Twilight Lane

Twilight lane, come to my feet,
I wish to walk forever.
(There was a story that I wish
was uttered.)
And nothing to grieve, nothing to retrieve,
I shall stand upon my shadowy self,
shall not look upon me again.

And night after night, I see your stars,
all running away from you,
some falling, some extinguishing,
and you: all feeble and morose.
(Wasn't there a story to be told?)

And the trees shuddered in disbelief,
the land shook in shame;
I wanted to be among the clouds,
but the morning lane was in my way.
(Twilight lane, come to me.
I wish to walk forever.)

You spoke to me on rooftops
in voices grave and feeling,
and I was unaware of all the variables
to make a wise greeting,
I spoke from my eye, you heard with your ears,
there was never a true communication.
(Twilight lane?)

It was noon when I finally made it out
of your jumbled truths;
stumbled and stumbled,
my laces were tied.
And I was still waiting
for twilight.

It was then that I heard my song
playing beneath my feet.
All this time, was I wrong?

Should I accept defeat?

But the twilight lane was gone,
gone with the last shred of disbelief;
I picked up the shards of dusk
and went home alone:
my story, waiting for me,
my story, waiting for me.

Pinaki Dewan

Twisted Roads

I am estranged by the burgeoning of her insouciance:
Her rock against the lashes of my waves,
The apple stuck where the heart was supposed to be free.

She becomes a tree, corrupting the barren earth;
Life defiles the desolation, and a faint whisper, a stare;
Behind every death, a resurrection.

The headlights of hope crucifying the fog,
I await an accident, a bloody abeyance,
But the skilled driver makes it, positive capability.

There was a noose that tied the wind but now it ties only tears,
The wind that provides breath cannot suffocate to death,
But tears die like plucked flowers every time anyway.

I have been in front of bars, laughing at those behind them,
They took the right path to the wrong hole.
I cry for those who took the wrong path to the right hole.

All my life I have sought an egress and run into pages,
Stained with the last sap of petals, now dry and inconspicuous:
I wonder if the stains matter now to the deceased or to the pages or to me.

She gets things, she tells me, I tell her I have never been understood,
And she says, 'I understand.'
And then we stare at each other for a while and laugh for the next ten minutes.

'You know it's sad how the night turns into day, ' she tells me,
'How the multitude, the variety, shifts into one, into a kind of bland sameness.'
I tell her, 'We are all going there.'

'Like how the world is losing creativity? '
'Like how all the different I's become, are becoming, will continue to become one.'
'Or perhaps, nothing. I kinda relate that analogy to how death compares to dawn.'

'But you have to admit day has its own hues.'

'So, this oblivion is colourful, you say? '

'Don't you think so? '

'I don't know anything anymore.'

Pinaki Dewan

Untied

I was but a poem to them. Silent, immobile. The one behind the trees would whisper me. The one hovering about the house would write against me. And night after night, I would hear a madman screaming my music that was torn from the sanest of my nerves. I couldn't understand my purpose so I let out groans like mornings covered in your stench. I stabbed the bed with my shattered dreams. And once again, you came by to see me. Did you think I was paralyzed? You smiled like a Sidhe regally scudding past the hills of my sorrow into a land of lakes and sunshine; I couldn't bear the sight of you. But I wanted you. So I let you tell me why you thought the world was beautiful, and why we ought to live more. All the while, cursing myself. And while the walls gained in strength, the air faltered. And we suffocated to death. You left. I couldn't move anymore. And my poems fluttered like ashes that couldn't give birth to a phoenix.

Pinaki Dewan

Visitor

you have been a visitor to my memory
polishing nice and wet the eyelashes
the lakewater riding the twilight
the spiderweb twitching against the moon
you have known every jibe made by the lightning
you have hidden behind every segregated cloud
there is always a smile leaping over dry leaves
there is always a song
and i have been to your waters
gazing beneath the reflecting surface
and i have seen more than just myself
i have known your fears
so tell me when you have touched the bed
tell me about the pressure and the suffocation
tell me everything you have had to abandon
maybe i can be there for you
when you have finally learnt to lose yourself

Pinaki Dewan

Weird Love

You have hesitated like the rust on my doorknob,
footsteps stammering like the dawn that doesn't know
if it's arrival will bring light to the dead world,
you have loved the wrong corner of the street.

I move on into the lonely well, stare at the picture
day in day out, can never reach the clouds.
I want to break like thunder, like rain, but no,
silence wants me to break like the earthen pot.

Our footfalls are homonyms, we move on but reach
the same place once again. The flowers have grown
this year, the fragrance ebbing like your purple gown.
You smile. But I can no more. I take your hand.

You want to kiss me, but you can't. You've broken
so many times, you can't cry. The shrine carries
like the sand dune. The bells ring. I take your waist.
We dance the entire night like crickets warbling.

We don't talk, but our feelings reach anyway.
The music has a way with the stars. We sit in
exhaustion. We don't look into each others' eyes
but well know they are no less than the sky above.

Our love is weird, we know. But there's no use
changing. We go our own ways. Till the next time.

Pinaki Dewan

Will

it is the will of the light
that wings over the city

through calm through
storm denouncing the

fragrance of home of
sanctuary in a manner of

definitive pain trickling
with the unmindful rain

slowly opening up the
ground the light piercing

the darkness of the chasms
and creating a strident music

of bathos that knows
where the acrimony is

Pinaki Dewan