

Poetry Series

**Rajendra Nagdev**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2021

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

**Rajendra Nagdev()**



# Death Wish

I wish death for earth.

Mother earth I immensely love you.

A white pigeon flock  
is hiding  
somewhere  
in the densest darkness  
of my heart's den.

The flock is frightened to flutter  
the flock is frightened to peep out  
the flock is frightened to fly  
in the ghastliness  
of  
savage sky.

The sky is  
crimson with blood  
the sky is black with malice  
the sky stinks of wars  
someone  
has emptied  
an ocean of hatred in it.

I wish rebirth of earth.

An earth  
brimming with  
love, compassion  
brotherhood, humanity  
kindliness, warmth.

An earth  
far beyond territories of war,  
an earth  
wrapped in  
the infinite blue sky,  
white wings must fly.

I long intensely  
for earth's rebirth  
as innocent infant.

I  
therefore  
wish  
instant death  
to my dear earth.

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Rajendra Nagdev

# Gone Forever

Vacant chair  
desolate lawn  
air  
pregnant with words  
still floating around  
We had spent silver hours chatting here.

Doleful day dips into darkness  
crimson sky declares  
sun is dead.

In lonely twilight  
I am denying  
an undeniable truth-  
he has gone forever,  
I know  
battle  
yet fighting.

it is lost

He flew away to  
unexplored galaxies probably,  
leaving behind a mountain load of pain.

I wish to get unloaded  
and  
to get unloaded too.

don't wish

I am gyrating  
in the whirlpool of time spent together  
I wish to wriggle out of it  
and  
don't wish to wriggle out too.

A captive in his cage  
must liberate myself  
and drift into amnesia  
but, how do I erase his memory  
scribbled in indelible ink  
somewhere in a deep cave of my heart?

I don't know.

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Rajendra Nagdev

# Song Of Slave

Break me  
I am already broken

if you can,

Kill me  
if you can,  
I am already killed

Burn me  
if you can,  
I am already burnt

Listen!  
I am phoenix  
will resurrect million times  
from my own ashes

No more  
will I build pyramid for you,  
drag your own stones  
if you can.

\* \* \* \*

Rajendra Nagdev

# Guilt Of Silence

A man is moving  
as much as his waning spirit  
and his dwindling courage allow  
as much as his jammed joints permit,  
his past obscure, future predictable.

Half a dozen dogs lurking around  
off and on biting and pulling arms, legs  
and long dirty hair,  
half naked lunatic  
or a penniless patient  
lying on the pathway,  
a pathetic sight outside a hospital.

Scores of eyes gazing  
no action in the bodies they are tucked on.

In virtually lost last battle  
sure to culminate  
in the stillness of breath  
the man is wearing out  
with each passing moment.

The pitiless crowd  
willingly slipped in amnesia  
is waiting perhaps, for Mother Terressa  
forgetting she is beyond  
pains and pleasures of  
terrestrial life now.

The flesh is torn  
the body dragged  
they must act, act fast  
lest will carry lifelong  
the burden of futile act of repentance,  
may never absolve themselves  
of the guilt of silence.

\* \* \* \*

Bhopal(India)  
date 10-6-2018

Rajendra Nagdev

# Mirror

Leave me alone  
mirror cries, I am tired  
what I display  
men dislike.

Clothed, they turn naked  
when they enter me  
I, an honest soul  
reflect the nakedness  
and face fury.

Truthful to me, to them as well  
I don't lie.

Men, blend of black and white  
wish to find them milk white  
I am sorry,  
I have no mechanism in me  
to convert black to white  
I therefore, am never a preferred friend.

They disown nakedness  
they fling me  
break me in bits and pieces  
then see themselves  
hundred times naked.

\*\* \*

Rajendra Nagdev

# Orchestra

They sing song of sadness  
they sing song of pai  
they sing song of wingless bird  
they sing tattered lyrics in broken rhythm  
never heardby celestial gods

They burn skeletal existance  
burn their modest longings  
in eight feet by eight crammed shanty

Lash in despair empty tummy kids  
wailing for food,  
they drink...drink...and drink  
to forget for few hours  
their life sentence  
for uncommitted crime  
pronounced at their conception  
in mother's womb,  
their duties-serve all  
status-born slave  
rights-don't deserve  
masters-all but themselves  
race-non human

Town cleaners  
condemned to drag life  
in uncleanest hamlets  
beyond periphery of town  
what an irony!  
no, not for great civilisation of pious beings

They sit around fireless hearth  
gaze with blank eyes  
droplless dried pitchers  
too impious to plunge in village well,  
a vast burning desert spread in their eyes

Tears don't trickle  
they know it is futile

Lost in vast ocean of helplessness  
they sang songs of sadness  
with lowered heads thru centuries,  
they are untangling now  
strains of tangled existence,  
have founded their own orchestra,  
will sing their own songs-  
song of rising sun  
song of winged bird  
song of real freedom,  
beat their own drums

Will invoke volcano  
with million serpentine flames  
invoke magma to spring  
flow in village alleys  
flow in temples  
flow in town streets  
flow on highways  
flow everywhere  
destructing bondages thrust on their innocence  
thru black centuries of dead times

Stream of molten lead will flow  
they had plenty poured in their ears,  
a reverse flow will strike  
diaphragms of oppressive ears  
make them listen stories of their black deeds

A dream?  
yes, stepping into territory of reality.

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# Dusk

A red sphere is sliding down  
birds chirp to say goodbye  
and retire to nest,  
misty air over river  
grows mistier and mystique  
and the jungle owls  
rise to leave for prey  
I, thru' my window am watching  
a world sinking into ocean of darkness.

I light up lamp  
to drive away that bit of darkness  
entering me slowly noiselessly  
a sad bird in me still sings a sad song  
drawn from stale past,  
and alas! the lamp throws  
frightful shadows of beasts  
hidden in the dark caves of gone days  
somewhere inside me.

\* \* \*\* \*

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# Resurrection

Who is lying there silently  
in the darkest nook of a soul?  
A desolate entity in tatters  
brooding over a time  
swept in the torrent of life,  
a witness to the sunny days  
drowning in the blackest of ocean,  
a witness to the fishes of mute longings  
dying in closed fishpond  
and a witness too  
to the feathers  
drifting away from  
the lifeless seagulls of dreams unrealized,  
holding in bony fingers  
a candle of flickering flame just kindled  
while life is silently strolling to grave.

It is me within me; a phoenix  
resurrecting too late.

\* \*\*\* \*

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# Hiroshima

One morning million suns rained from sky  
enormous glow  
then deepest darkness

A mangled clock in a barber's shop got stuck in time  
a time no one would ever dream  
of returning in the planet's life'  
the clock escaped evaporation  
to narrate the tale of human blunder  
hovered on that fateful moment over a city.

A blackened lunch box of a child,  
a pair of labor's shoes  
a bunch of keys in metal chain  
a flower pot void of scent and the day break delight.

In this show eyes are blind  
heart turns into eyes.

A frightening drama was played on the stage of devastation,  
I see an invisible baby  
I hear her cries lost in oblivion decades ago  
I watch grandpas and grandmas  
drowned in the turbulent sea of helplessness,  
youths lying in lifeless bodies.

The dead are burned  
the dead are maimed  
the dead are... alive  
their voices resound  
listen to them, they speak.

Gloves of twelve summer old boy  
labor at a building site  
lie forlorn,  
the boy was awake through the night  
on the wall of a bridge  
lest volunteers would dump him  
in the dead men's wagon and drive away

his wisdom lasted a few hours  
the soul departed with sunrise.

A small lunch box of a KG child  
its lid blown off  
is waiting for ever untraced master,  
uneaten rice and pulse  
burnt and mingled with metal,  
her name scratched on it still readable.

A woman carrying kettle in hand  
an infant in her lap,  
a frightening sculpture in charcoal.

Shoes worn sometime by teenage master  
forcefully separated from the swollen feet  
harbour futile hope of his return  
from unidirectional voyage to eternity.

Look those shiny motionless marbles on the floor  
they used to play with their companion- a second grade learner  
the still retain shine  
- a scant hope in hopelessness.

A shadow on steps  
an evaporated man's departing gift.

Objects silently wait for masters,  
a long wait till another dooms day  
when the too will evaporate  
and dissolve in nothingness.

I'm burning in a distant segment of the planet  
countless miles away from Hiroshima  
I'm burning decades away  
from that still moment in the barber's clock.

In my town  
I am burning in Hiroshima,  
in the show  
I stand face to face of salvaged remnants  
I read a long poem of extreme sadness.

I am in search of you Lord Buddha!  
you had smiled in \*Pokharan  
can you smile  
over a tiny lunch box  
a pair of shoes  
a dented tea pot  
a girl's purple frock  
a denture fell out of a wrinkled face  
and can you smile Buddha!  
over charred twisted limbs  
of the dead and waiting-to-die humans? I wonder!

Buddha! I see you weeping silently  
I see tears rolling down your cheeks  
I pray the tears wipe off fire of war  
from my lovely planet forever, forever.

.....

\*A place where India's first Nuclear Bomb Test was conducted. The code word of its success was 'Buddha Has Smiled'

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# Birds In Flight

Look at the beauty in the sky!  
a wide arrow-head piercing wind slowly silently,  
flock of birds sailing through space.

It flies...flies...flies  
shrinks...shrinks...shrinks  
longs to merge into goal  
dissolving duality.

Birds in flight  
day or night  
don't ever halt  
don't look back,  
a cursory glance  
and flight goes on.

History; a garbage dump of time  
a heap of withered flowers  
embers embedded within,  
a deceptive ember will burn beak and wings  
and flight to ashes.

Birds never falter in past  
birds fly in future.

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# Name

They assigned a name  
without concurrence

My friend often forgets  
because, he never wished  
not to forget it.  
He may one day tear it to shreds  
and consign to flames

He was born minus name  
they tagged it on him  
then threw his body and soul  
in the geography  
and sociology of planet  
where fixed he was forever

Name has a meaning  
many meanings within meaning  
but he knows  
the one he craves for  
is absent

Who says  
there is nothing in the name?  
it's a mountain of seeds,  
seeds of  
fragmentation  
yearning to germinate,  
oppression, suppression, wars, riots  
massacre, what not!  
a mould  
transforming human into beast

My friend is human  
let him just be a human

\*            \*            \*            \*

where fixed he was forever

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# Hospital Bed

Drop-by-drop  
life trickles into veins  
breaths multiply.

An iron stand  
a white bottle  
a long tube,  
my friend battling with death.

White coats and long aprons  
and anxiety around.

A bright screen  
with brighter lines running restlessly on uneven paths  
their destination unknown.

Fierce battle  
between God Of Death hovering around  
and masked skeleton lying on the bed  
no one knows who will triumph?

A desperate woman  
a puzzled kid  
on the other side of misty glass screen  
clouds in eyes  
long for a touch and feel  
to yet un-dead skeleton,  
slits between eyelids open wider  
- futile search of skeleton for someone around.

Unbearable battle,  
I slowly and silently slip out  
life bells ringing in ears  
- an imagination,  
God Of Death retreating  
- my wish,  
I know well  
wishes and imaginations  
can not dictate.

Rajendra Nagdev

# Ruins

A water body  
round and deep and olive green  
in the heart of stones  
live with flutter of blind wings  
gently breaking tranquility of past

Whenever around ruins  
I'm sucked  
in a black hole,  
I lose my existence  
dissolve in the humid ambience  
merge with  
broken walls, falling roofs, cracking arches  
moss laden rocks  
and the days bygone

I am there  
with dreamy shadows of colossal dimensions  
and sun rays and moonlight  
flowing through mini holes  
ever indomitable roots of peepal tree  
in the crevices of cracking stone walls.

Light... shadow...light...shadow  
long dark mysterious corridors  
sounds of marching soldiers' boots,  
silent tears and giggles of women folk  
unheard cries of fettered slaves  
unfettered spider constructing web  
in the majestic bedroom of emperor,  
immobile body in a royal grave  
stares helplessly,  
Time silently moulds everything  
to its own fancies.  
I converse with time,  
time- the ever dominant monarch  
unfolds realities of creation and destruction  
and recreation  
unstoppable game

goes on and on and on.

I'm lost in past  
my rebirth in present  
will be an unending wait.

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# Night Sky

Far above my head  
a twinkling entity  
slips from place  
dips, disappears  
in a timeless, limitless  
ocean of cosmos.

A long faint streak is drawn  
swiftly across blackboard  
and swiftly wiped.

In pitch-dark moonless sky  
trillions and trillions  
glowing matchstick heads  
woven together  
in an unseen maze of webs  
move slowly  
burn silently.

They roll without murmur  
they roll so slowly  
my retina  
fails to capture the motion.

The drama goes on and on and on  
in a village night.

My megapolis, alas! swallows  
entire enchanting cosmos in it's nightly glory  
in blazing neon lights, dust and fumes.  
It sucks  
the entire nocturnal heavenly treasure  
in its womb  
like a blackhole.

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# Deepest Desire

The tranquility of night  
will melt gently,  
gradually birds will chirp  
on the branches of trees  
the trees, only a few of which  
are left in the city now.

In the ebony darkness of night  
a dog barks furiously  
a long overcoat moves in the street  
with long shoes on  
and a whistle blows,  
the sound floats  
on the air  
and moves on and on and on  
to the horizon  
- a perfect setting to paint a picture.

I slide the curtain of my window  
and peep out  
it's pitch dark  
the darkness can be sliced  
with a knife.  
A baby cries somewhere incessantly  
the cries resonate  
- a perfect soil to sow  
the seed of a poem.

My deepest desire at the moment  
is to slip in to coma  
to freeze in my mind  
the birds, the whistle, the watchman  
the dog, the cries of the baby  
the darkness of night  
forever forever.

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