

Poetry Series

Ratneswar Brahmachari

- poems -

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Ratneswar Brahmachari(31st Oct 1971)

THE POET IS FROM CALCUTTA, INDIA.

Achievements

We have the existence of one million years
With so many achievements...

Ever increasing ...
Anger, jealousy, vengeance, hostility,
Vulnerability, selfishness, violence, torture,
Intrigues, lust, vain ostentations, prejudice,
Loss of sense and lack of conscience
Baseless pride, hypocrisy...

We have polluted Aristotle's five elements,
Snatched the right to live while we announce loudly - 'live and let live'

Even most of our so-called eruditions among us have become best actors
By putting on masks of different types on 'as and when required' basis!
Such as...
Soft words, Love, universal fraternity, charity, altruism...

Who else could have?
Except the best creation (?) of Nature?

Ratneswar Brahmachari

Alone Among Many

Millions of thundering jostles,
Billions of raindrops,
Trillions of sand grains.

Pains and sorrows of thousands,
Most of them are unheard and unfelt.

Social or savage bondage?
Concentric complexity under compulsion.
Abstraction of beasts!
Solemn vow too often vexing,
Alone among many,
Alone among joy and woe,
Success and failure.

Beasts are alone, most often.

Ratneswar Brahmachari

As You May Feel

A candle was lit a dawn
But was not supposed to be!
The Sun was in full form.

I've got a life boat but not in the mid sea,
Jokingly near the shore.

Useless to avail but useful to be proud of.

Expected much in my tryst toward talent
Only to find it latent,

Got enough love after the heart was broken,
Affection and solace for the savage mind,

Where simplicity is the destiny,
Beautiful is the path,
Shadows of forgotten minds
Are the milestones.
At first, comes the thorn,

Ankle-immersed mud,
While stumbling on pebbles,
'Centre of Gravity' as they say, laughs at,
Hypothalamus betrays...

Conscience comes forth -
Cares, embalms on bruises,
The Blood clots, Thanks to the discipline.

When knowledge surrenders often to darkness,
Mind perceives the enlighten,
Ray of hope, The rising Sun sends a message.

I've seen the Sun-rise from various places under the Sun,
Never did I care before to look within self.

I do know, most often before the Sun rises
Clouds eagerly curtain the 'Aten-Ra'

The challenge thrown by mundane obstacles,
Neglected carelessly by 'Ra'
In the golden chariot pulled by seven horses...

The Pharaoh looks and looks
Tries to feel oneself with 'Ra'
Sight, tracking the chariot to the west till dusk.
His highness is also not enjoying freedom in his own kingdom!
The soothing Nile never obeys even a single command of the Pharaoh,
Yet the Nile gifts in plenty without requisitions.
Much more than the Pharaoh can ever demand
Much more than the Pharaoh can ever demand...

The Nile harbours 'Ra' at dusk to take rest.
Then the Pharaoh perceives...
He is tired, though there's nowhere for him,
Where a Pharaoh can take calm, cool, gentle soothing long rest
On the 'Lap of Peace'!

Ratneswar Brahmachari

Birthday

Another Birthday...
One more advancing slowly...

Halos around the full Moon
In the dark deep sky.
Transforming its colours,
Concentric colours
Pale brown to orange.
Again eclipsed by fragments
Of black dark alarming
Yet splendid clouds.

Silence of magnificent great glory.
Troops of dead soldiers rushing into the centre.
Invisible untill they come very close to the Moon.

Below...
The trees contemplating on silent dark beauty.
Darkness is the greatest untouched scenary
An artist can hardly draw.

Black absorbs all of the colours
Mightiest and omnivorous.
Silence engulfs all the hue and cries,
Joining hand in hand gifts the Talisman.

The best Gift of Birthday.

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Bubbles

Bubbles, numerous bubbles
Dancing swirling forthing colours
Joining detaching
Sensibility;
Inflating ironically...

Ahead the ocean of knowledge;

Waves of lies generate ripples of truth.

Ashore surf dwindling in plague
Leaves momentary murals
Cold, moist magnanimity.

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Clambering Down

I am getting downstairs,
Down,
Down,
Down,
Now I got down.

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Climb Up

Climb up, climb up

why?

Because you have to climb up!

Because you have to climb up!

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Destination

Where roses are red, birds sing,
The sky is blue,
Night is dark,
Stars are bright,
Clear is the sight.

Where leaves are greener than
They are in imagination.

Water is really 'life' and 'alive',
Fountains are dancing popinjays,
Clouds are, 'bears' and 'demons' or 'angels'-sometimes,
Songs are rhymes of enigmatic childhood days,
Faith is as that of a child unto fairies.

Suddenly, the driver stopped the cab and pointed outside,
Looking out, I saw
My ancestral home

My destination has come at last.

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Dreams

Across the limit of half-life barrier,
I'm poised...

Two dreams haunt me near-

One beckons to the dry ascetic austerity
Paving to Peace,

Another, seduces to the mundane dazzling luxury,
And pale comfort toward happiness...

Ponders me to make me paused or to,
Or to, move with skeptic dogma, or with,
Or with Faith to grasp the truth?
Know not for certain, which one to choose,

But, but I must admit,
Yes I can't but...

Vedantic Illusion is but the strongest force
Amidst the Universe!

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Eclipse

The cloud eclipses the mighty sun
The rock hides the fountain,
The soothing green covers the barren
The mask - the face.

Behold, the education conceals the savagery inside
Words conceals the truth,
The oath -the betrayal.

Dye embalms the rust
Drinking only to make thirst asleep
Yet we must...

Day harbours the night, dark and deep and rest and peace.

The shell rears up the pearl
And kernel the fruits

Illusion directs the way toward absolute truth
Only wisdom can catch!

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Ecstasy And Cruel Time

Time....

Days, Months, Years.....are but numbers.

Passing away ceaselessly, steadily.

Toward Darkness or Light?

Who can say?

Time....

Unfolds the swaying shadow of my Lost Love

Over the deserted heart

Which arouses pain no-more,

Rather helps meditating within myself

Providing Heavenly Pleasure alongwith.

They say, Happiness of mind is reflected upon one's face and activities.

They are wrong!

I feel, therefore I know!

I feel, therefore I know!

Extreme Ecstasy compels me to remain as

Expressionless, Unmovable, Detached....Morbidity Creature

With no Identity.

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I Got Down

I am going downstairs,
Downstairs,
Downstairs,
Downstairs,

.....

.....

Now I got down.

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Inferno

Strolling, stomping, stalking, running
Along broad, narrow avenues
Alleies
In fire, thunder, rain
Insane or sane
Aiming vain.

Claustrophobic clusters in cacophony.
Faster, accleration, galloping.

World has matured enough,
Perfect set up depicted in
La Mappa del'inferno

Botticelli's premonitions pervades.

Renaissance's ultimate reign.

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Intellectual Stupidity

Some faces throng
Watch me from vantage points

Inferiority interferes,
Intellectual stupidity stipulates.

True as hills and mountains;
Yet you never disclose
you are numb.

You know that I know that you know,
Yet hovering,
Vacillating...

Who dare wins.

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Loneliness

Loneliness...

What can make you lonely?

Ever thought my friend?

Crowd compels you to feel lonely,
E-mail, chatting, social networks....
Night clubs, drinks, parties attest loneliness.

We have landed on the Moon...three hundred thousand kilometres away...so far
we have explored!
Yet we have trouble to visit our next door neighbour, ill and bedridden geriatric.

We have mastered telegraphic abbreviations to save our time or hide our literary
senses which are but dying!

We confuse very often by taking elixir of octet from iPod and mobiles.
Headphone questions our security while crossing roads or an unmanned railway
track.

All these virtual realities snatch our own imaginations...
We are but slaves of modern machines.

Machines are left alone when outputs are nomore.
We are alone when our creativities are off.
Creativity and sensuousness demand a break in our routine.
What kind of life is this where enjoyments are to be searched outside.

Drive the loneliness out and enjoy yourself looking inward.

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Lost

Oh! Life, you are far from living,
Oh! Wisdom, you are killed by knowledge,
Oh! Knowledge you are eclipsed by information.

Love is hardly in relations.

Maternity and Paternity –lost in infinity of Spoiling and Pampering.

Healthy politics- lost in garbage of crimes.

True education- defeated by harsh reality of money- making.

Childhood- without Fairy Mother, Lap of grandpa and grandma,
Oh! Teens, you are engulfed by narcotics, SMS, MMS, Chatting.
Youth –imperceptibly blown away in job hunts.
Senior citizens –lost in repentance and blaming and cursing.

Respect- defeated by flattering,
Religion- submerged in blasphemy,
Personality - drowned in endless ego,
Ideals - locked in blind chambers called Library.

Sermons, preachings and prayers serve the self-interest.

Oh Lord Jesus, the Son of God himself,
Thou shed Thy Holy Blood
For Mankind--
Now on the verge of destruction of humanity,

Resurrection, Resurrection, Resurrection,
The only Ray of Hope, shining beyond
Apparently endless darkness.

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Love

Most hackneyed word in the Universe?

True,
because in time immemorial
creator badly required this four letter word.

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No More

Two sides of the same coin,
Oil never goes with water,
Atlast that too mingled.

At the barrier of half-life,
All the queries are answered,
Nature, world-nomore astonishing!

No more awe!
No more fear,
No more agony, pain, anguish, dream, joy.....
No more, No more!

Nothing never before!
Nothing ever after!

Ratneswar Brahmachari

Norwester And I

Every afternoon

I indulge my hope to seek a Norwester.

Hot summer, dazzling scorching sun
What else can I ask for?

That does not happen everyday though.

Faust had to suffer for Margaret.
Margaret knew it.
Margaret's magic..
Faust waits long before death!

At intervals comes Norwester,
Defeats heat,
I want her everyday
She can not come she has said.

But promised to come
Norwester is capricious!
I respect her nature.

Ratneswar Brahmachari

Ode To A Friend

Beloved to many thou might be;
Restrained by resolutions
Stiffend by ideals
Ornated by augmented austerity;

That's thou, as they see.

Thou stood by the window,
Thy serene tranquil pacified glance
Reminded an octagenerion mother,

About Messiah!

That's thou, as they bow.

Oh! my friend
To me;

Thou art no great,
Lest thy greatness has its boundary!
To me thou art no good,
Lest thy goodness be too mean to fit thou.

To me thou art no altruist,
Lest thou altruism's alignment
Alters at altars.

To me thou art no messiah,
Lest thou be crucified!

Thou art oh! revered heart;

Thou art thyself.
An eternal embodiment od Alchemist's elixir
Secured in nature's boon
Of silent shamanism.

Thou art Oh! revered heart.

Ratneswar Brahmachari

Oneday

Oneday, just like today, the sun will be up by now,
Folks will be busy,
Birds will chirp,
Trees will toss their heads in joy,
Children will play and smile and cry,
Seasons will change,
Rivers will flow,
Mountains will get foggy and sunny,
Students will fear exams and like studying,
Lovers will be afraid of parting,
The Bible will be read,
Lord will be loved and His existence will be questioned,
Men will hurt yet will speak against hatred,
Cars will ply,
Trains will be signalled,
Poems will be written,
Prizes will be there,
Success and happiness will be graded,

But, but I won't be here to see all these!

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Path

The countdown has begun,
Five elements are trapped in the conical flask.

The Holy Grail envisages the chute
Elixir of life approaches ambush!
The Alchemy of iternal life.

Simply soft and delicate - these adjectives though,
Take the form of a new-born!

Ray of the sun greets with giggles,
Seven fair ladies come to visit!

Oh! notwithstanding the entices from the heaven and the earth,
Touchstone comes into play.
Desperate battle begins...
Mind and Matter, where matter matters not much!

The Alchemist's path!

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Questions

Why do the roses bloom?

Why do we love?

Why do we want to live?

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Recollection

The other day allured me to elope with someone else.
Never did you care to embrace as a close one!
That day saw me as a puzzled wanderer,
In search of the path leading to my sweet home!

Remember our tales, gossips and walking along a soft grassy path?
Getting tired...
Thou used to sit on the meadow with a soft swaying
Of your plait in thy hand...

Time would stand still...
When you took nuts while the chaffs would mingle with
Holly Dust by decree or non decree of the Sweeper!

Perhaps thou have in mind, meticulously too! yeah?
The golden curtain of the setting Sun would grow deeper
Toward the symphony of the evening.

The cool soothing gentle breeze of the Ganges
Would help our heart to sail
Towards the glorious colourful future destiny of life.

We would sit face to face
On the nature nurtured green carpet of grass
Sometimes we indulged us to plunge deep unto reciprocal eyes
Which are but deep and beckoning!
Sometimes apex of a grass,
Torn apart would be dropped near or far?
Who can say?
Yes, yesLife finds its own way.

Ratneswar Brahmachari

Robert Bruce

Somewhere sometime dreams dazzle up
Curling smoke tweak the mind
Spherical orbitals change into
Hyperbolas,

Randomness take the rein
Somnolent Sombreness beguiles.

In the World Wide Web
Without that spider, the age old spider,

Robert Bruce laments on,
Robert Bruce surrenders.

Ratneswar Brahmachari

Sea

Behold the sea,
gigantic waves jostling one after another,
weeping of the mournful glory.
Clandestine bulimia expanses in the august ambience
where cradle often turns into grave.
Flowers drying under gunpowder, laughs at our superiority.
Passings fads navigate our boats on and on with the burden of geriatric
germs.

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Shattered Hopes

Shattered are the hopes,
Humiliations are but what they gift,
Laughters are always with concealed tears;
None can laugh as me in Dark, Stormy, and Endless Night.

Nobody, I dare say, can laugh louder than me with
Sounds of roaring, turbulent broken heart.

Yet, peace and tranquility haunt me now, often,
Too few, very few in number they are.

Scriptures of Ethics and Morality -
Though gone through, accurately memorized
Also but only to be quoted for arguments' sake.
Guided and compelled to shield
Ego-the enemy, friend or foe.

Puzzled and perplexedly poised.
Opines of Great Minds, perhaps are
Losing their impact unlike before.

Are they on the verge of expiry?
Or impotent in modern era?

Faith deceives and taking the shape of Mirage!

Tried most, yet alluring and seems
Getting appeared as baseless notion of
Some foolish persons
With no reality!

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Suffocation

World's got suffocation,
Overfed and overflown,
Empty and overthrown.

Swollen heart with sunken mind,
Skinny bobes wade around,
Thirsty and dried up minds.

Vacant looks with hollow brain.

Smell of burning pyre,
Cold and damp burial ground under deep dark shade.

Steps are potholes,
Tears saltless,
Rain dark.

Ashes whine away in hot wind.

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They

A white page and a pen,

Together they sustain,
Ideas, opinions, contradictions,

Many invain predictions.

And heartfelt dreams,
Joyful loves,
Hopeful tears,
Smiling bears!

A white page and a pen
Pieces of Satan's den,
Crooked men with oblique brain.

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To You

Your eyes sought,
Stuck on the face,
Waterfilled dark cloud on the ground in the horizon,
Waves mingling into the sea.

Eyes pretend of not seeing!
Turbulence in mind, for years.
Stone hides fountains,
Thrown away by force.

Volcanic eruption ashamed by inner conflict,
Heart wins over ego...

With him...forever!

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Who Am I?

Who am I?

I think and think and think...

I ask myself -

Am I a Body?

But a Body is nothing but ever changing accumulation of Atoms and Molecules
Which are but lifeless!

Then?

When I say 'I'

Am I saying of mind?

No!

Because, 'Mind' is nothing but a set of complex chemical reactions inside the
brain.

That too, ever changing, never fixed, rather always too quickly propagates with
Multidimensional paths

Then by 'I' do I mean my Soul?

But why does an Immortal Soul take shelter in a mortal body?

Who will answer?

Who Am I? .

Ratneswar Brahmachari

Words

Words after words
cascading words
Dancing crowns of the Bay Of Life.

With great aghast a few too fast and some to last
Shores share, absorbs the shock.
Where words mock with fuzzy knock,
They reveal the heart but conceal a thought.

Intrigues integrate,
Logic finds no gate.

Beguiled heart retaliates but to an unknown fate.

Ratneswar Brahmachari