

Poetry Series

Sas Debray
- poems -

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Sas Debray(28 Nov,1982)

I am a Software Engineer currently working with an Indian based MNC. I am now located in Mexico, but hail from Tripura, Nort-East part of India. My current hobbies are reading and writing poems.

A Pending Debt

Like the fading memory of a pending debt,
In a small un-lightened corner of my heart,
Preserved, curled up like a snail in its shell,
I breathed your memory like my destiny's part.

I crawled back from unwanted friends-
In day, moments' forgetfulness of you
Could haunt me with guilty dreams
At night and this fear slowly grew.

It grew from a scar in the tree
(Where we had housed our names within a heart
Pierced by an arrow) to the tree itself
Infront of my window and it would never depart.

Every day, every eve, and every twilight
The tree reminded of that pending debt,
The memories I had stolen from you
Had to be returned; which was with me, yet.

I wondered like a new born curiosity
The reason. but when I lay with usual glee
My head in its shade, felt like her lap
Then I knew inside was she, remembering me.

Sas Debray

Duckling

One morn before the sun woke
I peeped outside my window
Foggy air like dreamy smoke
Came squeezing from the meadow
Like gushing guest they moved the curtains
Sure not to touch the window panes
And sat beside where I lay my head
Like a baby asking to be fed.

Inside my home was warm like wool
And this explained its mirth and pleasure
I thanked the meadow which was cool
Since I had found a treasure
From where it came was a loving lake
And there lived my lover, now awake
Each morn hence I let those winds come by
As messenger from her breaths and sighs.

Far above God rests in awe
Far below floats my lover
Between lies a lovely law
That around the sky does hover
Often when from sky some blue falls short
God asks her and her lake to export
Then He sends some fogs to decorate
And excess she sends me as per my fate

Each morn before the sun woke
I peep outside my window
Foggy air like dreamy smoke
Comes squeezing from the meadow

Sas Debray

Jet Lag (A Sonnet)

When booing sounds of planes did cease from ears
Again my foot confirmed its stance on grounds
My mind confused the date of day or year
A night I left behind for day to sound

That night still haunts me through my hidden dreams
And chases me in my unconscious sleep
I often wake from notions old which seems -
Like habits rushing from within my deep

I know my dear it is a once romance
Like change in summer – autumn does take place
When over, I would miss the loving trance
But now I see latitudes changing face

You know Oh! Night how much do I adore
But please in day do not lure me to snore

Sas Debray

Nature's Flute

If a piece of a bamboo tree
With uniform spaces of holes
Can sound a diet to ears in glee,
I too can be whom winds control
An orient flute of humanity
My parted lips and body like pole
Would invite the wind to fly in me
And nostrils aid the lips to tole
To the sounds of eternity
The language of winds would console
When my pitiful state it would see
And reduce my tries and then enroll
Me, at once in its own beauty
Then with time my throat would unroll
Like the bird to its master's gee
And I would hear my lips to knoll
To the moods of infinity

Sas Debray

Poet Hunter And Mathew

In the dense jungle the poet hunter went
With his photographer friend, Mathew
Carrying a shot-gun that Jim Corbet lent
And a camera that was practically new

Eagerly they waited for the jungle king
Composed, silent – after all tiger's the name
They wished and prayed but not a thing
Came to start their hunting game

Rejected, frustrated the poet yawned
Along with his friend, Mathew
The hush was broken by a startling sound
And the poet his shot-gun drew

Upon them was the tigress glance
A few metres away from Mathew
The poet's hands shook in trembling stance
And his heart beat missed a few

But his poetic mind as rescue came
And the jungle gleamed with greenery
Sexy the tiger-skin beauty became
In disguise was the haunting fairy

With camera resting on his nose
Taking shoots was friend, Mathew
Some were distant, some shots close
But they came out good, he knew

Tigress, bored by the foolish scene
Jumped on friend Mathew
And dipping her teeth in his skin
A good poetic lunch she chew

The poet hunter ran seeing the plight
And the tigress behind him flew
Behind was still enjoying the sight
And taking snaps blood stained Mathew

Sas Debray

Starless Sky

In the hours of night almost dead
I faced the wind with my chest
A cover of black o'er me spread
Beyond the starless night's nest

The hills that in day spoke aloud
Echoed and mimicked my voice
Now retiring mimicked black clouds
And left myself to rejoice

I trained fingers to draw some lines
In the night that bites and chills
But found some lights along decline
With curve and slope of the hills

Their shapes were oft like ogling stars
They teamed in coherent rows
Jealous the sky viewed this spectre
Ashamed of its starless pose

Were the lights of day stored in them?
Or stars fell without a noise?
One twinkled like star at the hem! !
Thus answered me in its voice.

Night and day or sorrow and mirth
Oft illusions to the eyes
They change with time as moves the earth
And dispels doubts with sun rise

Sas Debray

The Blind Wanderer

I am an aimless stranger to the worlds unseen
Which One God once with many hues and care did make
Know not when all first moved – but I am as much keen
To know, 'fore dark thoughts as foes with myself did shake

When I linger 'mongst chattering sounds busy and bright
Often through brushes reminds of my unfelt frame
It matters least I wandered into dark or light
For the smell of humans in all were almost same

The darker places which most propells me to stray
And that moves away my mind from a crawling tongue
(I get this hearing narrow sharp words people say)
To sublime smells of serenity, yet unsung

Meandering in traffic horns, with impatient rage
And with fear of the unknown amidst barking dogs
I move on with sole palms's sense in history's page
Into the dark; remembering my travel logs

Will you abide with me in my fathomless world?
And console me up with your constant human touch?
Once I wished to cry and let my eye-lids urfurl
Now, I trod with salty cheeks with my lone stick's clutch

Sas Debray

The Fisherman

Fisherman Fisherman, goes by past our fence
With peeping toes the children looks
The bucket vibrating with the fishes dance
Fresh - just taken out from the brooks

With a bow made of wood over his shoulders
And two buckets at its ends
He moves with the fishes like a rhythmic verse
Door to door, people turning heads

The fishes are hopes snatched from eternities
The bucket is a transient curse
Hopes travel from rivers to buckets and seas
Live, die, again travel reverse.

I wonder I could buy some hopes from him
And release them in my pond
Nurture them patiently and watch them swim
With ambitions ever so fond

The bigger fishes who oft together clash
In way of our planted ones
May swim to similar goals and with a splash
Scare them when there is a chance

We can try and feed but never surely can
Say all fishes will thrive and cope
Else sell them again to the Fisherman
The Eternal trader of hope

Sas Debray

The Moth And The Butterfly

A child is born,
He is squeezed in to a school,
His bald teacher had a cane,
Before it used to tame a bull.

At night in home
In lantern foggy light range
Itched his back, stripes of cane
Turned red memoirs of future revenge

Math was dark moth
Chalk powers of teacher's arrogance
Tried to whiten the moth - it fought
In mind of the child, who escaped 'cross the fence

Time made the child, man
But could not tame the bull within
That still recalls the cane and chalk
And injections of 'knowledge' in his skin

He colored the moth
With a free, soft, elastic 'cane'
Made it dance a lovely butterfly
And children learned to laugh and play again.

Thirty counting years
He showed the old bald man the butterfly
And questioned into his fallen guilty eyes,
About the cane that made his moth to die.

Two generations met
No words except sighs exchanged
One thinking, the other trying to read his mind
High time the global education changed.

Sas Debray

The Silent Witness

Away from world holding our hand
We trod the paths unknown,
Though we knew, when we receded
Would find the paths out-grown

Without a thought, or haste too soon
Foot steps we bid good byes,
Kissed beneath a tree, seeing the moon
From corner of our eyes.

We shook the tree as hard we could
To beg to tell its name,
Buds did fall comforting our mood
Hearing two children's claim.

Despite we hugged, like clouds in love,
In the desperate air,
We knew who blessed and smiled above -
Watching our love affair.

Sas Debray