

Poetry Series

Sourav Majumdar
- poems -

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The poet is a software engineer who, in consternation with his generation is fighting a losing battle, but still wills His Soul to look beyond the Materialistic, and seek respite for a tired soul.

A Bloodful Of Tears: An Ode To My Generation

They pushed it, pushed it hard
They with their insinuated arms
and eyes, mischievously masking self-pity.
Blaming their fateful lives
On the Saturation, The coarseness of the rock
They drained a last dropp of adrenaline
and burst their sinews..
to yield a final forceful kick
And Ahoy! ! ! The Rock budged and slid off the cliff.

Their pupils widening with joy
They smiled as underdogs do,
Congratulating everyone on a facile victory.
Their hands, they gripped each other in bristling malice
still they made Merry and Followed the Rock.
'Look! Look! how Fast he goes', shouted one, 'grinding
petty obstacles, HA, HA, in his path'.
Many remembered watery-eyed how those petty ones
were mountains of their yester-years.
Some drowned their long-forgotten miseries in
ale and looked ahead.

Meanwhile, the Rock with all his velocity
burned inside of friction with His soul.
His darting speed, made the Wind whistle
or at least the Rock thought so....
The Wind was wailing, wailing in sarcasm, in hate
for He was crushing its Mother, the Grass.
Matter-less may it be, but the Wind sought vengeance
It blew hard at the fire inside and stoked it
till it became a Roaring flame,
that licked the Rock's Heart.
In agony, the Rock cried...its dried lachrymal glands
yielding Tears of Blood.
He couldn't Stop.

They were ecstatic at His progress...
One of them praised His speed,
other His power and still another, His ferocity.

And they all shouted in Unity.
'He is The Best',
'He is Better than all of us',
 'He is one of Us'.

Writhing in pain, the Rock cried His Heart out.
His blood colored the grasses' graves.
His wails were drowned by the Wind...
 and the cheers of joyous Men.
Till suddenly there were lots of shrieks
'Help! ! ! Help! ! ! Stop! ! ! ', they panicked,
and pleaded, 'Stop! ! ! ! ! You are one of us.'
The Rock completed the cycle of life
with the Wind plugging His ears.
He crushed His Own, in a split second
and drowned.....
Drowned in Their Blood, His Tears.

Sourav Majumdar

My Mythical King Of Babylon

HE did not Retaliate.

I threw curses at Him and shook My clenched Fists,
Raised My Hands in agony....., my body was trembling! ! Tears of Fate dripped
by wetting My Taut, self-Respected cheeks.....

I got beyond myself

Anger slowly boiled over into

Vapors of self-pity, till it

rained, rained heavily.....

....till the pitter-patter stopped

and it became Warm again.

He Might have shaken his Head, You Know.....

Maybe With Time, he, too Ages.....

Ages Like Solomon.

He May Once have Spoken in Wrath,

once Threatened soundlessly.....

He, too, may have been beside himself

with Annoyance, With Arrogance...

But the Raised Arm Never Remembered

Coming Down.....

You Know My Friend, I Feel

He, too, let It Boil Over till It Rained

Unknown To the World, unknown to me.....

Maybe at the end of Time, both our clouds

Will rain together to supplement that single Ocean

For He, ...HE did not Retaliate.....

(Place: Kolkata Date: 1st July,2008)

Sourav Majumdar

Primus Inter Pares

That Day

I was Heart-Broken
my entire soul endrenched
In A Myriad Pool of Brine....

The red carpet

that had seemingly rolled out
had flipped back again in No Time....
....no time at all....

The Magical Entrancement

..... of a Secure Future
my self-confidence lay like Tiny Broken
....Shards of mercury plated Glass....

The Blackness of insecurity was too much for my Inexperience.

But then..

He had appeared like God...
His tender voice Solicited the
Indelible Ink with which They Marked me...

'Put Unfair Comparisons aside'
- he had patiently reminded..
'For to each one, His Battle has its own dimension'.

I left Him on the roadside to the Future,
..but I learnt to love Life differently then On
for that day, he taught me To Be...
'PRIMUS INTER PARES'

-The First Among Equals.

Jalpaiguri,24th Dec,2006

Sourav Majumdar

The Universal Soldier

In the sand and rubble of the Sahara
where schimitars clashed with steely gleam,
Stallions galloped and Bare backed warriors rode out
to fulfill the boy Pharoah's cherished dream.
Fortresses rumbled, in the shade of the Pyramids
lay hundreds of corpses dried by the hot desert Sun
Food for the desert hyaenas
 who beat the vultures to their game

...I fought along the reed ridden banks of the Nile..
Thebes....Insanity
The lust which rose with the rising sun
lay encrusted in Man's Mind
Never to fade with the setting sun again.

A thousand years later in the plains of Kalinga
a lone king trudged in an empty battlefield..
His feet squelching with the bloody grime.
Rivulets of blood lay beside defamed warriors
Defamed Honor..

...I lay with my jade stone sword hilt
flashing with the ever reminding Sun...
My blood stained blade having won and lost, both
My Honor and My Life...

A hundred years later, the concept was new
Buzzing squadrons dropped bombs, lethal weaponry
sprayed innocent fire as the Fuehrer
reached out to tame the other, few
Countries that defied His Ideology

...I sped along Flamengo Street in Brunne..
My machine gun exploding the terraces with fire
spitting lead slugs into bodies of foes and friends alike..
Paranoid...
My sniper's gun breathed with life itself
terminating lives of others.

Fifty years down the line
in a lone hut tucked away in some
forsaken mountains in the Himalayas
Kashmir...
An old man and few armed others discussed..
Their Jihad..
Tentacles spreading into Afghanistan, Iraq, India, Chechnya..

...I lay in ambush for the border patrol
My hand clutching the last of grenades
My Life for My Religion....

I asked after each War, why we Fought, What we Fought for?

The answer resounded
'We fought through decades, centuries and millenia,
For Patriotism, for Ideologies or for
Unheralded Heroics..
We Fought
 For the generations that may
or may not
want to face the Blood Splattered
Earth we left them..
or may be,
maybe
Almost every time,
we fought
For
The truth that never was.'

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