

Poetry Series

subrata paul
- poems -

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subrata paul()

I am an Indian interested in mother tongue is Bengali but i know English ally i write in English offers me the chance to communicate globally.

Cat

A cat I have,
everybody loves,
its a sweet cat,
fine to look at,
Masculine to smell.
white, hairy cat,
that i have.
sleeps under the cot
at night,
it jumps on the master,
licks his feet.
It gaurds the kitchen,
Carry out what is spoken.
It loves the mistress
It sleeps with her
Return the kisses.
when the master is gone,
Its a total freedom,
Mistress rolls on bed for rest
It sleeps on mistress's lonely breast,
the blouse is unbuttoned
it licks the valley between.
mistress sweats
Twenty eight
she is wife
Of the Master at home
Busy man on the desk
Lonely he is also.
Heart is walled by ribs
demand grows old
and die and get vanished.

So the mistress watches the cat
In vision
But I have a cat
beside the window.
A long distance between.....
A wall on the boundary,
Cat breaks the rule,

Discovers relief.
Every afternoon.
Master knocks the door
and the cat runs away.
mistress washes her face.

the cat sleeps under the cot,
It lives in the house
and play hide and seek,
in the afternoon..,
when none is in the room.

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Distance

You and I live
In light year distance
From the sun, a ball of fire
Though it is like the ashpits now.

But our earth never stop,
She moves around.
Since they fallen in love.

Challenges of commets
Cracking down of asteroids
They fear not.
They stay together.
The earth never leaves the sun
when she heard
The sun will be the ground of ashes,
losing the glowing look.

BUT you and I stay together
With a miles' distance
between us.

That distance is well preserved
In fenceing of wares, walls, and.....
Cliffs and rocks are worn away
But distance remains the same
What's the need of a village
If everyone encircles their boundary.?

People of the planet are scattered mob
They creat their own challenge
They fight
They defeat
They are destroyed
On this planet.
Then what's the need to discover
Life on other planets
When Life is alieniated.

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Dog

I am walking alone,
on the darkest street,
A dog is barking at me,
I see an evil.

The stars are coming out,
The moon disappears.
I am a common man
Ruled by fears and tears.

Night is dark
Road is bad,
Foul smell
Reminds Hell

I am going to the Hell
Accompanied by my will,
A sinful man I am
Need no chariot, no wheel.

Dog is barking
I suspect myself
Sin in me
No chariot, no wheel,

The dog I see in me
smell my flesh
smell my heart
And continue to bark.

I am entering the hell
The dog will eat my flesh
I will be fresh,
when I and the hell in face to face.

The dog is my master,
The Hell is my destination
Night is dark,

Road is rough.

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Prayer

Azan I hear in morning masque
Hymn are read by white fathers
Krishna's name is chanted
By a small group of aged devotees
in the yard of the temple
In the early morning
In the evening.
somebody has shaved their head
somebody nourished their beard
some hangs Cross
As the mark of crusade.

All prayer should be stopped
All rituals go to dogs.
Let me sleep
Till the horizons break into day
till the darkness swallows the day.

To day no prayer can stop the bullets
That run into the breast of a man
who believed in prayer
whose ancestors belong to such ritualistic mass.

No prayer has made the nipple oozing
To feed the bloodless baby.

when one's prayer is mocked by another
Please, stop all prayers for our good.
Rather we should be silent.
Silence of heaven,
Only language
to talk with God
Silence is like the water
Without ripple,
Let us sit by the silence
And sleep.
If everyone sleeps
No gunshots will be heard.
No gunshots will accent the prayers.

Let birds twitters on the top of masque
Let monkeys play in the temple
Let Jesus sleep,
No more bleeding.

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Shadow

People are standing,
Behind them the sun is setting,
The horizon flashed with red
The stars come out with five ends,
Like the wheel of hell
In dim light.
The field is empty,
The earth is naked,
Village road rolls out,
Village river thirsty
The grass is green no more.

They are coming from the field,
smell of sweating I guess,
No arms they have
In spite they fight together.

Fight with empty stomach
Singing a folk note
They lift their head toward the sky,
Rain and lightning -God
The owner is the King,
Bowed down their head.
They are son of soils,
Feed the world for ever.

They feed themselves and their kids
They feed the King
Fight for the king
Hunt for the king
Breed for the King

It is the kingdom
In God's territory.

One day They do not return
They return next day morning
Every one ask " where you were? "
They reply- "to catch a bird"

Everyone curious to see the bird
They point to the sky.
'It is the sun, where is your bird'
All birds melt in the sun,
And ashes are in the air.

The ashes have no sparklings,
It is the broken wings
And a shadow
On the earth.

The sun shines
Behind the God
As if stolen
As if hidden
By the King.

So no fire I see
so no shout I hear.
A shadow is visible
Like a compromise
Thin, transparent
Not like the obstacle.

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They Born To Die

They ring the bell.
chant the prayer
light the candle

And then visit the bar
dance in the ball
load themselves
In whisky
In rocks
In flesh.
search life
In death around

Jesus born
died and
resurrected.

They die
They die
Each moment.
They do not resurrect
They born again
The world is laden
with the fruits
To eat
To die
To be born

And again die.

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They Born Later

They born few years ago
They born on the same day
They born at the same moment
They born on the same world,
Under the same stars,
After the same painful waiting

They are the sons of men's luxury
And women's helplessness,
They are sons of fleshly pleasure
Man's offence to man.

They are born to be buried
They are not born to resurrect
They are not born to light the candle.

Because the world is too much-
laden with forbidden fruits
everyone shakes the tree
God is asleep.

Jesus born once
They born again after their death
The fruits they do not leave unmunched

Sin flows from my forefathers
Jesus bleeds till today
All births fail in deaths.
The Moment to live is
To enjoy the flesh.

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