

Poetry Series

**sunnetra basu**  
**- poems -**

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## **sunnetra basu(08/06/1981)**

Sunnetra belongs to the world of harmonious madness but a sensible listener with bundles of contradiction. She studied English Literature from Calcutta University and subsequently earned Master's Degree in Human Resource Management from University of Wales. Currently employed as a Talent Acquisition Specialist with a management company.

Most of her works spring from personal thoughts and predominantly she writes in Bengali. But English being an international language she feels that her works should spread out to large scale of readers. She believes that her self-image is that of a cosmopolitan who is no less an insider than a long-term resident. In her poems we hear the unhesitant, unambiguous voice of a poet with a strong message.

More than an ardent reader, she is an avid daydreamer. She feels that there are perhaps two windows within that stay open and shut at different times. She lives with the two by trying not to think too much about the disjunction between them.

The poet has, never felt dislocated from her roots, never agonized over East and West culture.

Home, for her, is in the mind. It's a secure place, despite the chasms of memory. Apart from scribbling thoughts, she shares interest in travelling, cooking & social networking. Admires writings of Pablo Neruda, Elizabeth Barret Browning, Romantic poet of 19th century, John Keats and Andrew Marvel, the metaphysical poet., Nirmalendu Goon, Shakti Chattopadhyay, Shakti Chattopadhyay, Kabita Singha, Joy Goswami & Yashodhara Roy Chowdhury.

# Dining Alone

A table for one please waiter  
For I'm here on my own  
If I'd known he wasn't coming  
I would have stayed at home

A table by the window  
Yes that would be just fine  
One knife, one fork, one spoon  
And just one glass of wine

A table in the corner  
Would be a better place  
Then nobody would notice  
Tears rolling down my face

sunetra basu

# Epiphany

Is it an endless expanse of never ending emptiness  
That stretches into delusion as far as the eyes see?  
Or is it a proof of togetherness the tiny water drops show,  
That unification leads to untarnished empire,  
That spreads miles beyond comprehension...

What is a sea?

How do we read the waves we see?

As gigantic roars of the cannon of the empire  
Or an attempt to show superiority...,  
Or do we read the breaking of waves for eternity,  
As the spirit of never giving up, until your goal is reached? ? ?  
With millions of unanswered questions, you still roar on equally.  
Thou really art mysterious; thy name is the endless sea...! ! !

sunetra basu

# I Trade Everything For The Sake Of My Heart

Many people said; live your life to the max.

Others said; put others first, then put yourself second. Some people said; you live once in a lifetime.

Others said; be nice to anyone around you, no matter how unfair it might be. You can do things beyond your wild imagination and upon your capabilities. Especially when you put yourself in a mid situation where, you left with no choice.

But what if all the things you have done, are for the sake of satisfaction for others?

Well, in terms of love; people do anything in the name of love. Since it create fairytales and keep you blinded. Still, I have not find answer to that yet till now.

LOL

Have you ever question yourself, over and over again?

Why would we willing to end up being hurtled, when we knew we did our best just to satisfy others.

Enough is enough, that the words most of us often heard every time we felt too sick and too tired being treated like we are some kind of heartless beings.

To forgive is to forget.

To apologize is to accept.

Those lines seem promising. But is it fair?

We broke down in tears. End up hurting ourselves every time we were crushed. Some chose to give up, some choose to endure.

I have to admit I do appreciate the things that life has been given me so far.

No matter how bad I was mistreated, how unfair life can be, whether I was sentenced guilty when I am suppose to be innocent.

I always tell myself, life isn't so bad when I am around people (friends) who accept me who I am. Being care and told by them who simply never give up on me, even when I seem hopeless.

I guess both good and six times, are two rides that accelerate my adrenaline in two funny ways in life.

sunnetra basu

# If Only In Dreams

If only in dreams.  
Once I get past the  
white caps of reality,  
I dive.  
I dive deep, deep,  
deep down to where  
I can kneel on  
Virgin sands.  
Virgin sands that are  
Unaffected by  
Tidal swells of cynicism.

II.  
It's there in the deep.  
In that beautiful deep-blue;  
that I can reach up and  
worship.

I can praise the light that  
ripples down through the  
surf - not unlike the ripple  
of muscles in your  
abdomen  
and in that motion in the  
tan of your chest.  
If only in dreams.

III.  
As I am engulfed  
and consumed by the deep;  
I lust for the feeling of  
swallowing you.  
Of swallowing you and  
taking you into the  
deep essence -  
of me ...  
If only in dreams,  
this is as good as it gets.

sunetra basu

# Life Force

The day is grey, a chilly wind  
Catch my breath as I walk slowly to the lake.  
Sharp stones crunch down beneath me  
As the rowing boat drifts gently from the shore  
Sky endless drab; but all seems green or shades of.  
Blue perhaps, or slate grey flecked with purple heather.  
Small sandy landslips scar the distant slopes,  
Far paths snake up the fell sides, a patchwork of enclosures bounded by stone  
walls.  
Swifts overhead, bat like, diving like spitfires skim the surface of the water  
Catching darting midges.  
My boat cuts slowly through the small waves with a gentle dip  
and water ahead like electricity shivers silver across the lake.  
Reeling away, a circuit is too far, my aching limbs feel drained  
But there it is; unfettered Force, violent physicality  
Relentless in its spumy violence strikes  
Down purple slopes, a patchwork rent with startling ease  
This place; resistance futile, water outburst, shifting rock and soil  
Suits my mood, the flowing water tipping to the surface  
My reflection, interrupted, shivers  
And all the world flows from my eyes, set free by Force and Fell

(Fond memories of Lake District)

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# Ode To Back Old Days

Another season of the year  
Is now upon the earth and me;  
Another spring will light these hills—  
No other spring mine own may be:  
I must retune my unstrung harp,  
I must awake the sleeping tomb,  
I must recall the loved and lost,  
Ere spring again for me could bloom.

I've wandered, but it was in vain,  
In many a far and foreign clime,  
Absence is not forgetfulness,  
And distance cannot vanquish time.  
One face was ever in my sight,  
One voice was ever on my ear,  
From all earth's loveliness I turned  
To wish, Ah that the dead were here!

Oh! weary wandering to no home,  
Oh! weary wandering alone,  
I turned to childhood's once glad scenes  
And found life's last illusion flown.  
Ah! those who left their childhood's scenes  
For after-years of toil and pain,  
Who but bring back the breaking heart  
Should never seek those scenes again.

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# Presence

The lantern was pre-lit,  
dusky dawn on the glass-  
the smoke turns in and out,  
the burnt breath let that pass  
I was in the middle of nothing,  
the magic lantern burns slow but deep  
Twisting the telescope at night  
I see the star behind the cloud weep  
All night long, the bell didn't ring,  
The pathway between hearts didn't swing  
I didn't hear a knock,  
Nobody said, tell them I came,  
But I waited, as the darkness emblame.  
Silent moments were burning,  
I felt, the smoke filled the smell of your breath.

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# Red Kite

Silently soaring on fingered wings  
Twisting and turning and using the breeze  
Gliding above us he sees many things  
Side-slipping, diving and dipping with ease  
His beady eyes pick out his prey  
Above the ridge he starts to hover  
Making minor adjustments for the wind on his way  
He swoops on his victim without any bother  
The vale of Cwmystwyth is far down below  
Splendidly glowing in the late evening sun  
The red kite spins and puts on a show  
He really knows how to have some fun  
He's the red kite, the colour of Wales  
The path of his flight writes a song in the skies  
The Welsh Dragon's tongue is in the fork of his tail  
Power and beauty clash as he flies

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# Welsh Weather

Clotted swelling swathes of mist  
Grey opaque dense and fearful  
Slanted cascading streaks of rain  
Chill surging lashing and damp  
Weighted screaming torrents of wind  
Mighty galloping biting and ferocious  
Then someone somewhere flicks a switch  
Unhampered gleaming oceans of sky  
Blue lucid shimmering and vast  
Passionate burning rays of sun  
Fiery searing glowing and intense  
Hushed inspiring measures of peace  
Graceful enriching reviving and smooth  
Then someone somewhere flicks back the switch  
Then the switch gets jammed for a while!

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# Wish I Lived There Still

I have seen the death certificate - died in Islington Workhouse 1914

Dead toes under starched sheets

A name in copperplate - a plumber in Angel Court

Inside my veins I carry the blood of people who walked here before

□

The eyes of fish, black and round, gaze a North London Street

I walk the streets where I used to live

The pigeons bathing in the flooded lawn, lose feathers in the muddy pool

Greenfly on the traffic light make long shadows in the sun

The 29 bus rocks to a stop

Disembarked at Finsbury Park Station

Heads and shoulders, knees and toes

Disheveled commuters shuffle on the past

I walk the streets where I used to live

The busker still plays Bob Marley

Somewhere in the beat of time the times are washed and cleansed

The mini mart Greek Cypriot's daughter is ever cheerful

I walk the street where I used to live

African grocers sell African herbs

I only remember good times

Somewhere in the beat of time they washed the dark times from my head

I walk the streets where I used to live and wish I lived there still

I walk the streets where I used to live past sixteen tongues

Five unknown to me

Born to die in English, drowned by offspring (I have seen the death certificate)

Outside the Moon under Water I stole a kiss

It dried on the lips and planted sweet needs

The months in these streets chasing replenishment!

In The World's End the beer and music wore grooves of joy!

Action evaporates in time and lingers in recall

I have seen the death certificate

How many ghosts follow me on Stroud Green Road

Eating pizza or steak and kidney pie?

The evening sky spreads light against dark clouds  
The orange streetlamps warm  
A cold breeze slips and curls about The Dairy  
Looking for warmth from the laughter inside

I walk the streets where I used to live  
I have no bed here now  
I slip inside the mouth of Fins bury Park Station and step on the past  
I have seen the death certificate now

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