

Poetry Series

**Upendra Majhi**  
**- poems -**

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## Upendra Majhi(12 august 1958)

I joined Reserve Bank of India in 1981.

I am Assistant General Manager in Office of Banking

Ombudsman, Mumbai, I will be happy if through poetry, I can be a part of redressing grievances of the world.

Nature and planet physical, social, intellectual, cultural, emotional, biological is crying out for description and preservation in codified or open elaborate form as it portrays millions of images every moment all over the planet.

That will help posterity in solving human problems.

The matters, images, facts, truths, that is not capable of being wholly captured, encapsuled in a prose can be easily grasped and grabbed in a verse.

# A Black White Small Bird

A black white small bird,  
at the big tall banyon,  
with eyes beautiful and weird,  
with tail wing well commanded,  
down first, up next, bent backward  
hop and hop and hop,  
nature is the wizard.

Upendra Majhi

# A Falling Leaf

I saw a leaf falling,  
adjacent to lounge, in the garden,  
Only poets notice it,  
event being so banal,  
Soon I connected to past such falls,  
And I saw the tree smiling on all its leaves,  
As I saw it more intently,  
I saw the tree hiding its shades,  
shades of its trunk and leaves.  
As I whispered to it  
why hide your beautiful shadows,  
The tree wept and tears could be  
seen blown away by a mild breeze,  
I realised I am under a spell,  
For trees never smile, nor hide nor weep,  
May be it is my life, unknown part of my life,  
life of semi-finished truths,  
portion of life of hibernated truths,  
or may be my beloved is pouring out  
it being winter.

Upendra Majhi

## A Few More Images -Haiku

Aftermath of rain,  
in our orchard,  
in the krishnachuda branch,  
the, elliptical, symmetrical,  
natural water spheres on leaves,  
lying in all disjointness,  
waiting for the beholder  
for the right jointness.

Upendra Majhi

## A Poem

when planet is still, words are in lexicon,  
when it roves, words fly in gay abandon,  
such words combine under a strange spell,  
come together, recognise, as in a compressor well,  
And lo|it delivers peace and love,  
for the present and for future.  
translated from a poem by Upasana Majhi

Upendra Majhi

# A Sabotaged Act

Entire globe and humanity  
afflicted with this malaise  
of drunkenness,  
imposed from very people,  
who were to lead us to  
sanity and sobriety,  
bastards sabotaged a sojourn,  
sojourn of sacredness  
mothers chartered.

Upendra Majhi

# A Small Planet

There are 6000 million intellect units.  
there are as many empathetic hearts,  
That comprehends the whole universe,  
earth, planets, stars, asteroids, galaxies,  
flowers, s, clouds and butterfly  
our planet is very small, covered in a day,  
write what ever you see, it will hit a head or heart,  
it will carry a meaning now, grows in meaning, no doubt.  
with meanings, for

Upendra Majhi

# A Train Journey To Madhyamgram

I started in wee hour,  
Reached Sealdah station  
Booked a ticket to Madhyamgram,  
I saw no compartment, but  
train tore through the dense fog,  
I saw no tree,  
as there was no tree  
I saw no seat,  
as there was no seat,

I saw no sky,  
as the sky was not there  
Hawkers were there,  
selling tea, and potato fry  
it was all dense fog,  
I saw no other passenger,  
For there was no passenger,  
I saw no window,  
for there was no window,  
it was all dark.  
that covered all,  
station after station,  
train halted and again ran,  
I could not breathe for no known reason,  
fog grew denser, I took two 'leafy' for cover,  
fog grew still denser,  
I took local daily for  
sun rose and seen pumping hot rays,  
fog flew away and dried  
Odour of fog was there, everywhere

Upendra Majhi

## An Evening In Pallav.

It was eve time in PALLAV,  
The bird in the cage was in its routine  
Eve jump,  
I wrote on the splendid descension of dark  
As per command of gignere,  
And it disaappeared soon,  
In a minute,  
Making me a duplicate man,  
An impersonated one.

Upendra Majhi

## Another Definition Of Love

Love is the ease with which  
you propagate that is writ large  
on the face bone of your beloved  
begetting progenies to stand  
one millennia of genetic batter,  
Look at nine cm long redfish,  
that builds weed tunnel  
in the aquarium,  
and invites female fish with utter seduction,  
cajoles her to lay eggs there and then,  
so that he can spray its sperm thereon,  
and soon afterwards chases her away from tunnel,  
to seduct another,  
we are sixfeet plus beings,  
To propagate is to love the bioplanet  
For out of immeseaurable sum total of matters,  
it is so minuscule, our bioplanet.  
Hence to love is to propagate with ease  
that is writ large on the facebone of your beloved,

Upendra Majhi

# Apple

first there was apple woods,  
then came apple firm,  
Then came bartered apple,  
Then came apple against gold coin,  
Then came apple against paper notes,  
Then came imported apple,  
then apple juice,  
Then apple forward.  
Except the first type,  
nothing was forbidden fruit.

Upendra Majhi

# Architect Of Child's Life

Daughter is not of sound mind, she is hungry,  
whether mother should leave her scared and angry  
mother harpes on glamour at home and office  
she, a woman and a fiend, old , white hair on all her limbs,  
but if countered a man, covers with six blackwigs  
mother is plump like a pig,  
but wants security of food, more and big,  
daughter sees and sees and cannot see any more,  
hits the harlotry on her face being bored,  
we, the parents architects of our child's life,  
But alas, child's mind split without any reason and rhyme.

Upendra Majhi

## As God Is Omniscient.

where is my God,  
who brought in two children,  
grown up as they are now,  
I pray with folded hands,  
Please listen to my prayer,  
oh, omniscient God.

Upendra Majhi

## As I Enter 6 In r

Rescind the Frostian path,  
of woods' undergrowth,  
not one, not two,  
but many .  
At 59 years of age,  
As I recuperate in my village  
I can see the dozen of such  
rescinding in these years, Poetry  
helping me in this,  
as being an off balance sheet item  
in the balance sheet of logic,  
in the balance sheet of reasoning,  
in the calculation of profit and loss,  
and cost and benefit,  
As I enter into sixty and six in poemhunter  
I feel I have hunted a few truths,  
for myself  
and my itchings of consciousness have gone,  
and my mind, lame mind leaps vibrantly,  
shrugging off the odds,

Upendra Majhi

# At 59 Years What I Remember

I remember a few blades of grass,  
I remember white flowers of drumstick,  
the afternoon rainbow, reflected images of hibiscus,  
the full moon of kumar purnima  
I remember yellow kaniyar flowers, white lotus,  
a few big rain drops,  
a few duststorms  
I remember a few distant thunder, mridanga beats,  
the sweet morning ten teian song,  
I remember long calls of my brother before lunch,  
I remember fragrance of marigold, malli,  
fragrance of colour on Lord Ganesh, Maataa Basuli  
I remember pitha sweetmeat 'mandaa, fish spiced and tamarind  
I remember exchange of love glances,  
glances of appreciation,  
I rememebra few soft touch on me.  
I remember the rendezvous with soul  
in a dark night under a starry night  
alone in a meadow

\*\*\*\*tentenia is a songbird who sings very sweet mostly in foggy morn

Upendra Majhi

# Atm ....Automatic Teller Machine

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Upendra Majhi

# Attitude

Wear an attitude,  
precipitate well,  
sky has an attitude,  
to look blue to all  
Cloud has an attitude,  
amidst dith and din of the city,  
In contrast to city's aimlessness,  
it flies silent and east,  
Wind at high altitude has an attitude  
to fly the clouds,  
Krichnachuda tree has one,  
to mine red from earth's crust  
and coruscate red to earth, sky and sun,  
Wear an attitude,  
Cuckoo has an attitude,  
to precipitate musically in wee hours.  
Dawn has an attitude,  
to wake up in chorus in bird songs.

Upendra Majhi

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Upendra Majhi

# Bankbaboo

she is a poor woman,  
she is an widow.  
she is sick, slim of starvation,  
she heard about a bank baboo,  
he told her to form a self help group,  
of similar starving women,  
she sold ghasi made of cowdung of cows  
that grazes in wilderness  
that she collected from wilderness  
from sunrise to set,  
she paid the membership share,  
Now she have a cow,  
Thank you bankbaboo.  
for again making the moon shine yellow,  
for distant hill gathering light of spring,  
for cuckoo song being heard in wee hour,  
throughout the day,  
for poetry evolving and welling up in her,  
in the traditional primordial way.

Upendra Majhi

# Bat Truth

In the deep of the deep.  
Beneath the layer of the layer,  
In the encrypted of the encrypted,  
This is the truth, my dear.  
soul is a stray variable  
To the ordinary life's equation.

Upendra Majhi

# Bats

Four brown- head bats were hanging,  
one on one leg,  
one on both legs,  
other two hanging close to each other,  
first two were silent,  
later two biting and screeching,  
evry fifth minute, as at that interval  
I was discovering truths  
on love, hate and other facts of life.

Upendra Majhi

## Be With Me.

Beaware of voice in the wilderness,  
Dropping their queries like crow dropping,  
May be they are dead and in the grave,  
Deadsouls talk on a few matters, ,  
Matters of libidonal relations,  
Libido does not die with death,  
Now it is too early to.  
Toknow the legal, social, political and even moral angles,  
Be with me and with those red flowers,  
That grow more fragrant in the evening,

Upendra Majhi

# Beauty And Hungerpangs

I stand on the platform of Mumbai Central,  
The hot high wave of hunger pang push my stomach wall,  
it begin, cease and again begin(Mathew Arnold)  
pulling down my face, eyes, with cramps,  
I stand here on the platform,  
The wave of beauty strike there too,  
begin, cease and again begin(Arnold)  
with tremulous cadence slow Arnold)  
The inner soul trembles like a lute string  
at the thought of kissing the beauty(Alfred Tennyson)  
Pangs mingle with pangs,  
Hunger pangs pulls my eyes and face.

Upendra Majhi

# Beauty Is Joy For Ever

Anastasia,  
the golden leaf,  
and the golden petal  
the golden face,  
all belong to same genetic,  
genetic of beauty,  
one evolving to the other,  
Anastasia,  
child from the island of beauty,  
beauty of golden tress,  
a bloom of utter freshnes,  
no iota of shadow,  
opacity or deceit,  
emblem of innocence,  
reborn with memory in tact,  
to get the total impact of them.

Upendra Majhi

# Besi Dura Jaa Ni

besi dura jaa nahi,  
gote dina laagi bi nuhe,  
kaaraN, kaaraN,  
kemitije kahibi,  
dinatie bada lambaa,  
tama laagi apekhya karibi,  
ebam gote sunsaan station re,  
gaadi kauthi atakichhi jaNaa nahi,

mote chhadi jiba naahi,  
gote ghantaa lagi bi nuhan,  
nahele dukhara thopagudaa sabu misi  
ekatra bahiba,  
ghara khojuthibaa dhuanaa baata bhuli  
mo bhitare pasiba, mora hridayya ku rudha kari,  
Tamara chhaya parchhayay beLAbhumire hawa hejibanita,  
Tamara chakhyupataa duradigbalaya re udijibanita,  
mote chhadid muhurte bi jaaani,  
kaaraNA, jaau jaau eTe dura chaali jiba je,  
mu duniyaa saaraaa andaaLi bulibi,  
kaNa satare feri aasiba,  
kaNA satare mote aithi chhadi dela?

(translated from PabloNeruda)

Upendra Majhi

# Bethoven Freshly Born

Because every day breaks  
in all uniqueness,  
Make the very same words,  
of very same poem,  
bounce on new springboard,  
Because today's cuckoo sings,  
a brand new song,  
Make it bounce on  
as if Bethoven freshly born,

Upendra Majhi

# Bhanja-The Emperor Of Poets In Oriya

???? ???? ???? ????? ????????? ???? ???? ????? ????,  
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At the end of the night,  
the girl, startled, saw that bright young man is missing,  
she searched for him  
changing the sides of her body on the bed,  
untieing her tresses,  
and putting her hands between her breasts,  
translated from oriya poem by upendra bhanja) English translation

Upendra Majhi

# Birthplace

Whatever rises from thy birth soil,  
Whatever descends from thy birthsoil moon, star  
Whatever precipitates from thy birthplace raincloud,  
Whatever lightening, thunder visited you there,  
What water thou drinketh in thy birthsoil,  
The flower fragrance thou inhaled there,  
Secrets in the womb of dark , transpired to thee,  
Fragrance, dark in a blended form served on you,  
Whatever spring cuddled you under the armpit of thy heart,  
There in the mango grove ,  
The ordinary spring is in fact, the spring extraordinaire,  
Ordinary cuckoo, the cuckoo extraordinaire,  
Are the matter of true realm of quest.

Upendra Majhi

# Black

Oh! buri nazarwaalaa  
teri munha kaalaa  
oh obscene-glance man,  
thine face is black.  
Oh the corrupted man,  
thy money is black,  
oh the violent rebel,  
not acquiescing man,  
thy hat is black  
oh, the grasshopper,  
thy profession is black(kaalaadhandhaa)  
yet cuckoo is black,  
cow is black,  
monkey face is black,  
black dog is black,  
cloud is black,  
truth got slain,  
in an obscure way,  
beyond recognition,  
beyond retrieval,  
bereft of reason,  
None adduced any reason.

Upendra Majhi

## Bouts -Haiku

After a bout of beauty,  
a bout of memory  
then a bout of libido,  
a bout of disapproval,  
and a bout of ennui.

Upendra Majhi

# Breathe With Care

Thou art under watch  
At home, at orchard ,  
At point of sales,  
By CCTV at port,  
The pin hole images of thee,  
Pupils movement of thy eyes,  
Beat of thy cardia,  
Pulse of thy pulmon,  
Electron of thy neuron  
The arcs of thy thumbs,  
Are under watch.  
Breathe with care.

Upendra Majhi

## Cake And Poem

She is searching for all  
ingredients of the cake,  
in order to arrange them one by one  
in alphabetical manner  
by fullest recognition  
and eat them in that order  
uttering every name with utter clarity.  
she says cake tastes different in that,  
she is searching for meaning  
word by word in a poem,  
ommitting its holistic contents.

Upendra Majhi

# Calcutta 1967 And A Little Girl

words are not adequate,  
but heart is full of love  
mind is full of memory,  
of that splendid spring in Calcutta,  
in Bowbazar  
and the beautiful little girl  
we went to zoo in Alipur,  
she said, see see, pattaria ghoda  
that is zebra, the first item on entrance,  
sometimes memory sprouts into somethings  
than the tusker, on whose trunk  
we put the plantain,  
when courage enough muster,  
than the tiger that we had never seen  
seeing them together,  
we looked at each other,  
glances of love and intelligence,  
than we saw bats hanging on tree branch,  
hundreds of them,  
than we saw nilgai, it was not blue  
than the large ducks, RAjhansa,  
king of swans, pheasants  
the monkeys, that were always busy,  
looking at everything in quick glances,  
hundreds of waterbirds in the pondtrees,  
bears, black intimidating bears,  
the guerrilla,  
spring in Calcutta,  
than we came to the museum,  
time has rusted,  
we need to make it sparkle,  
visiting friends, the little girl,  
She must have grown up,  
May God bless her and her family members.  
I wonder why after that time in zoo  
I never saw her,  
She was there near that wooden window,  
I knew,  
her breath and love rays were touching me,

but I never saw her.

Upendra Majhi

# Chaos Theory Of Love

I dropped one tear

on wing of a butterfly.  
it gave a storm in love's orchard  
it broke no branch,  
blew no roof.  
wind blew fast  
east, west, up and south,  
my love,  
fast asleep,  
window half open,  
even dreamt no storm,  
I dropped the second tear,  
on the second wing,  
The storm stopped,  
in abruption,  
window all open,  
love still in sleep.

Upendra Majhi

# Chhatrapati

scramble amidst bramble,  
untie the girdle,  
let the ponies go for free ramble,  
tiptoe to the creek swamp,  
wait for the shark hump,  
ride the wide boat,  
lantern, quietly lighten,  
tie the lantern to spear- head,  
raise the spear and lantern high,  
wait for hundreds of loud splashing,  
cross the creek ferrying,  
in the bush meadow, assemble.  
translated from a poem by Upasana Majhi

Upendra Majhi

# Childhood

The bats hang from siris,  
Tamarind hang from tamarind tree,  
Honey comb hangs from karanja,  
Scholl bag hangs from amarapataa, (grain warehouse wall)  
Time hangs in the earth axis  
(Fox barked in wee hour)  
Got mingled with mosque prayer,  
Cock is grazing, chase the fox away  
Rice is drying, chase the crow away,  
Jogi is begging, playing Kendra, give him a handful of rice,  
It is hot noon,  
Eat and sleep,  
Else kid- catching madman  
Will take you away,  
Putting in the gunny bag"  
(Hei dhumaala asiLaNI)  
Storm is there.  
Come home.

Upendra Majhi

# Chromosomes

Chromosomes, coloured body  
Red, green, blue like festival holy,  
From the sun, solely,  
In a sequence, mainly

Upendra Majhi

# Circle Of Love

I went into the closed space  
covered by the tent overhead,  
there was nice music that was lulling the mind,  
there were many couples,  
young, middle -aged and old,  
All of them stood in a circle of their own,  
and responding to the music,  
trying to fit into its essence,  
as they look into each other's eye,  
looking for meaning if any,  
music was having its full impact,  
I saw white blue circles,  
as they emanated from each couple,  
circled above their head,  
to the tune of the music,  
and in few cases, it went out of their head,

and in a few cases, crisscrossed with other circles.  
in few cases, circles broke,  
into a half circle,  
into a quarter circle.,  
and venn diagram, it created  
was exhilarating.

Upendra Majhi

# City

Yellow sphere moon in the sky  
Went tangent to green ellipsoid of Mumbai Central  
Was playing on red, pink peepal  
At 6.30 p.m., A cool blue breeze  
In clockwise precision,  
The iron fence covered with flowers,  
Flowers swinging in the eve sea breeze  
Yet with drooping and downcast petals  
A branchless trunk where descends the yellow moon,  
As a fengsui reflex of earth  
Pedestrians walk in elegance.  
Up and up to the platform,  
To the booming of the train  
To the ring of the gins.  
City runs from morn to morn,  
From Virar to Churchgate

.

Upendra Majhi

# City Fog

City fog

Fogs are like waters, you can think swimming,  
More so if it is city fogs,  
That rise on pucca roads, clean park.  
Whole night passed, but it was black dark  
Foggy day is like night,  
Only it is white dark,  
It mixes different memory  
With different desire(Elliot)  
Foggy morning is an ideal time  
For smooth transition  
from black to white,  
from black dark to white dark,  
call a cab,  
cab is not visible,  
ask the cheffeur,  
cheffeur is not visible.  
Call the police,  
Police is not visible,  
Walk down to destination,  
Road is not visible,  
Book the train ticket,  
Platform is not visible,  
Get into the train,  
Compartment is not visible,  
Tread cautiously among travellers,  
Travellers are not visible,  
Foggy mornings are like waters,  
but You can not swim in it.

Upendra Majhi

## Clan Of The Lady-

Child is crumbling for mother's love,  
Mother goes to set right sister's torn shoe,  
Child is a mere child, not of any woe,  
sister's canard is a convenient show,  
Child is asking for a plate of rice,  
"frontload your past show, virtue or vice"  
child is sobbing of inner split,  
She is spoiling herself to align the shit.  
Mother and her clan, a clan of rotten eggs,  
Please behave properly, child begs.  
Mother and her siblings an incestuous lot,  
asphyxiates the child, keep it in a slot

Upendra Majhi

# Cobweb

sum total of all oopmphs  
of all hearts  
is the only planet, my dear,  
it lies like a huge cobweb,  
wherein only we can reside  
treading in caution,  
negotiating the tender threads  
and waiting for our love prey  
in patience.

Upendra Majhi

# Colours

First there was sunbeam, seven colours in sequence  
That spans from sun to earth and beyond,  
Then came flowers, seven petals in numbers,  
In sequence, starting from violet and end in crimson,  
Then came chromosomes, seven colour in numbers,  
Starting from violet and ending in kesar,  
What is the white ray for these seven?  
What will convert into again these seven?

translated from a poem by Arunima Majhi

Upendra Majhi

# Convergence

The thunder in the sky converged into the  
coos of wet earth cuckoo,  
The long lightening converged into  
the watercircle on pond water  
Savan (monsoon) past converged into  
monsoon now.

Upendra Majhi

# Cooing Of Dove

Cooing of the dove in my village  
I could hear here  
two thousand kilometere afar,  
riding the crest of love,  
goodwill of one thousand village friends,  
it said in each cooing,  
Go if you want,  
Go away from all those good,  
including its cooings,  
but do not come back  
with soul, parched, denuded and insolvent.  
poem translated from Aoem by Upasana Majhi

Upendra Majhi

# Cosmic Existence

The black mole of monsoon cloud  
in the blue forehead of earth,  
the kathkali colours of  
red, green, pink, yellow  
on the cheek, chin of earth,  
The ocean of joy-tear in its eyes,  
the golden and silver bindi  
of moon and sun,  
it rolls on and on on its sojourn,  
hanging in its cosmic point,  
earmarked by destiny, the blue eyed  
planet is ours.  
translated from a poem by Upasana Majhi

Upendra Majhi

## Crossing Salandi From Matharan Side

If you can cross river Salandi  
like Krishna, the infant  
crossed Yamuna,  
from Mathura side,  
there was no storm,  
the river was not in spate,  
it was not even dark night,  
there was no Kansa chasing you,  
but Krishna knew one thing.  
brother Balaram was in strife,  
behind the bush,  
on the other bank, then  
He just walked the river alone.  
You inherit his world.

Upendra Majhi

# Crows

Today clouds moved in wee hours I saw,  
it was different than clouds' move in day,  
lower one moving faster than upper,  
all moving east,  
crows crowing less sitting on bamboo paint cages,  
not a single drop fell on any crow'swing  
nowdays they crow less about trivial things  
or else crows look all spotted white birds,  
white rain fell on blackwalls of an old building,  
roofless and green on walltop.

Upendra Majhi

# Cuckoo In Wee Hour

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translated from a poem by Upasana Majhi)

Upendra Majhi

## Customer Is The King 2

Customer is the king,  
Nay customer is the emperor  
Keep a crown for him,  
let him sit on the throne,  
Consumer is the king,  
protect the consumer,  
educate the consumer,  
pass laws for him,  
keep water for him,  
I am my own customer,  
I am the banker,  
I am in love with my customer,  
I am in love with my banker,  
our relation is life long  
and even beyond,  
like marriages are arranged in heaven  
banker-customer love arranged in heaven too,  
for you, for your progenies,

Upendra Majhi

# Dawn Hour Dance

One day in a dawn,  
I looked up at a constellation,  
I saw a veena of four stars,  
New one since I was born here,  
Didn't it play a tune, or  
I misheard it as it withered soon,  
But soon in a misty way,  
Near those stars  
Appeared a danceque,  
Urvashi, suggested my ancestors,  
Grandma of my cousin -sisters  
In the sky, soon danced with ecstasy,  
Here on earth two white hands,  
With orchard -okra like fingers  
That plucked hibiscus,  
In the tree at the orchard pond  
Sewed then into a wreath,  
Seeing that I could not breathe,  
This wreath soon went up and up,  
And still up into the danceque's neck,  
That made her dance more and more  
And still more,  
red garment, she loves  
Giggled my ancestors,  
In a stance I walked away,  
And soon heard a loud splash,  
In the pond's moss  
A woman `s wear and a footwear mass

Upendra Majhi

# Daybreak

yesternight I remained awake  
to see how night is crawling  
with a city deserted on street,  
I saw the following..  
still trees, windless,  
small rat running on the bamboo shaft,  
fixed by painters,  
it sat on the iron window railing  
nonchalant to my sitting below,  
a big hill of pink cloud moving east  
was perhaps blessing the creature.  
a bat falling on the banyon branch,  
two crafts at different altitudes  
towards different directions  
night darkness was monotonically declining,  
It was only 2am, and suddenly 4am  
I watched the rat for 2 hours,  
a very small rat that defied all survival instincts  
suddenly I dreamt I was drunk,  
and found myself waiting for a knock on the door,  
I fell asleep and woke up fully sobre at daybreak.

Upendra Majhi

# Debitfreezing Zest Of Life

at 5 pm it was all over,  
You were in dejection,  
in an alley, no ally to rely on,  
a songbird sang,  
enough to allay all that,  
also said at wee hour on morrow,  
it will sing again and be himself happy,  
With it entire colony of humanity will sing,  
and conspire to keep you  
and of your ilk happy,  
you will regret that day before  
you gave up and went on negative,  
whilst so much bliss was to your balance  
You were lucky that God and songbird  
debitfreezed your life vivacity account.

Upendra Majhi

## Dedicated To....

How many springs did I dedicate to you,  
its songbirds, its mild breeze in the eve,  
all falls of all leaves,  
as blown away by all wind,  
its silent dark nights,  
its murmuring moonlit night,  
Nothing I kept with me  
how many monsoons I dedicated to you,  
its distant thunders, its flying clouds,  
the white thread drops saree-knittings of sravan  
its hundredone taal beats on equal number of leaves,  
its bubbles, its streams, its obscurity,  
its speed wind and swingings of the branches,  
Nothing I kept with me  
how many winter morns and foggy morns did I  
dedicate to you, how many winter golden sunsets  
did I dedicate to you  
the bonfire, the dip in ice-cool pond water,  
how many village fairs did I dedicate to you,  
its tasty stuffs,  
No taste is stored in me.  
No sight, no sound and no memory is stored in me.

Upendra Majhi

# Deep Forest Tuskerride

I went to deep forest,  
riding an elephant,  
He walked in all silence,  
with his pillarlike legs,  
silence of the woods  
could only match his silent walk,  
he was from woods only,  
he is the shrunken form of woods,  
He could have thrown me out of back  
and trampled me, God forbids  
He could have trumpeted lion, tiger, leopard  
God forbids, as he walked amidst tall weeds,  
and thrown me in his trunk, to them,  
God forbids,  
He could have called in cryptic sound to crocodile  
God forbids  
as he walked by woods's riverside  
and pulled me into the riverwater,  
but he was benevolent and loving.  
I saw the deep forest on his back.

as he walked amidst tall

Upendra Majhi

# Delete

Upendra Majhi

# Democracy Is By, For And Of The Customers

Listen to the vibrations of democracy,  
its soft and clear murmur  
and sweet snoring as it sleeps in peace,  
it was by the, for the and of the people,  
it is now by the customer,  
for the customer,  
of the customer,  
educate the customer,  
protect the customer,  
include the customer,  
educate the depositors,  
redress his agravo,  
Banking lokapal, CPGRAM and PRAGATI  
translated from a poem by Upasana Majhi

Upendra Majhi

# Demon's Grip

I am in the grip of a demon!  
As I try to write a poem,  
flowers recede into buds,  
and further into a stem,  
full moon halve into half,  
further into sickle,  
and still further into a glowworm leading  
me to a dark dustypath in the woods,  
As I try to write a poem,  
southern wind stands still,  
like the security guard in the golden beach.  
children, the best flowers in God's garden, flee,  
I am in the demon's grip.  
cactus propagate to the temples,  
as I try to write a poem,

Upendra Majhi

# Devil Is Dead.

What devil outwits all.  
as I reach home,  
dragging me to the potion,  
I spend my day in all sophistication,  
moral, legal and para-legal,  
it symmetrical with flagrant life as night descends.  
The devil is in constant watch,  
for his unethical catch,  
in a shameless way,  
Devil is more powerful than God,

Upendra Majhi

## Devil Issues Fiat

my stomach bleeds,  
my gall bladder is swollen,  
my duodenum bleeds,  
yet prompt strikes the fiat,  
from the invisible rascal to  
procure a big bottle of whisky,  
I violate all laws of life,  
Darwinian survival,  
Rascal is mischievous, cunning  
he issues fiat from his hideout,  
he is a devil.  
my stomach is bleeding.

Upendra Majhi

# Devil's Workshop

Who is he?

He is always asking for alcoholic drink?

He makes me unzipp and take out my genital in the  
Sacred temple?

Who is he?

As I ask these two questions

He gets scared and releases me from his stranglehold and grip

And I am in a better optimal position,

Intellectual and emotional

Who is he?

He /she is showing me hands for slap?

Who is he/she?

If he can intrude into this

He is powerful, cunning and mischivous.

Upendra Majhi

# Digital Love

Your love hint came in my cell  
in sms, as one time password,  
I came running and stood still before you,  
You said you want Character validity verification  
you scanned me with constant gaze and cryptic queries  
for five long minutes,  
I stood stil that long, donot know how,  
then you said your father has  
fixed your marriage, but "no breakdown report "  
nor any excess tear report,  
I cancelled in my mind the love transaction  
there and then for no more compromise  
I wanted in my Love P.I.N and one time password.

Upendra Majhi

# Discard The Devil

This urge for inebriation,  
diagnosis of the same,  
ten times in a day,  
that rises like a rocket,  
amidst the pure soulfulness,  
among the cultural elites,  
in the big pot of cosmic potion,  
it is a carnal desire,  
it is a pariah,  
it is a drop of poison,  
weed it out my love,  
discard the devil  
discard the ill born.

Upendra Majhi

# Do As Your Mom Says

When I returned home from university  
after completing my postgraduation  
in Analytical and Applied Economics  
with Econometrics as my specialpaper  
it was spring time in my village  
and springbird had started inaugurating  
the arrival of spring and  
mango bloom was full and fragrant  
But no one liked my mom said  
there is no corn in the house , do something,  
I went out and joined construction work,  
village road building,  
In three days I earned 6 kilogram of wheat,  
My mother was happy.  
That was in 1980,  
Then I came to Kolkatta,  
stayed in Bowbazar,  
Nabinchand Baral Lane,  
with my father  
I joined American Library  
and applied for lectureship,  
In the evening, my schoolfriends of native Orissa  
now in waterpipe plumbing works, cooks,  
and other daily labourers in Kolkata meet and gossip,  
eat muri, groundnuts etc,  
go to movie in 75paise front class in Metro talkies  
it was a city of joy,  
in each nook, corner  
vashnivism, other equality based culture

I prepared for jobs and got an officer job in RBI.

Upendra Majhi

# Drunkennes

my stomach bleeds,  
my gall bladder is swollen,  
my duodenum bleeds,  
yet prompt strikes the fiat,  
from the invisible rascal to  
procure a big bottle of whisky,  
I violate all laws of life,  
Darwinian survival,  
Rascal is mischievous, cunning  
he issues fiat from his hideout,  
he is a devil.  
my stomach is bleeding.

Upendra Majhi

# Dusserah Balad, Festival of Bulls

My mother is 86 years old,  
when I was 6 years old,  
me and my mom,  
my aunt and my brother  
went for Dussera Balad,  
the fair of bulls on Dusserrah,  
victory to all, hipip hurrah,  
we crossed river Nalia,  
river in full spate,  
my mom asked me to hold boat  
in good grip and tight,  
Across the river,  
the shop of chocolate,  
two types, mom bought  
one small and spherical,  
other big and cubical,  
godi and nadiaakoraa,  
one and five paisa  
small one she gave to me,  
big to brother to his glee,  
That saddened me and I stood,  
refused to take, did not move,  
she said, you come, will give bigger  
I stood my ground, saying never  
All of them went away, saying  
bulls will come soon, not coming,  
I stood where I stood, saying nothing  
Soon bulls came, as it was their fair,  
three thousand of them, black and fair  
big, strong and with long horn,  
I stood alone,  
bulls ran amock colorful cloth worn  
My mom disowned me that day.  
as she saw me from a hideout  
saying no point in feeding this guy.  
he knows not Darwin's survival.  
That was the only festival.



# Earth

aakaashu prithvi prithviru janha  
janharu janmilaa kshudhaa  
sakaalu uThiki kaamdaam kale  
khaaite deva bidhaataa  
saakhaaru dempha dempharu kadhaa  
kadharu phulasajani  
sakaalu uThiki jamitu karsile  
khoiba dharaa jannani

Upendra Majhi

# Earth Pulls You Up And Up

even down the hill,  
in the wounded body, soul,  
earth lifts and pulls you up, and up,  
what man proposes,  
it was difficult to remain silent,  
all of them wore guns,  
all guns had bullets and triggers,  
words are no shield against speeding iron cones,

Upendra Majhi

# Earth Rotating I Saw

The sky- Ganges flows above my head  
I at 8000 metres above the earth,  
The river 1000 meter above me,  
the white stream flow closely tight  
the black cloud flows fast,  
all towards east in restlessness,  
The shadows of clouds fall on earth,  
western to the clouds,  
Rivers on earth seen in their serpentine curl,  
I saw earth moving,  
I saw earth moving, roatating.

Upendra Majhi

# Economics

The decision a hungry man takes,  
no emotive issues,  
no psychology,  
and no cognitive,  
it is bland body need,  
pin it down to hunger economics,  
all tenets of economics.

Upendra Majhi

# Ekaki

shaisabaru mu alagaa minjaasara,  
mora dhisaa alagaa,  
koili, faguNaru mora kichhi ashe jaaeni,  
mora dukha bi anya upaadaanare gadhaa,  
mamuli khushire more hrudaya jhankutra hue naa,  
jaahaa mu bhala paae, ekaa basi, nirjanare,  
bhala aau manDara atala gavirataaru,  
mote je rahasya baandhi rakhe,  
asrae barsaaru, usNa prasabraNaru, parbatara laal  
sikhararu, mote gheri rahithibaa suryaru, saratara  
sunapaNaru, aakaasara bijuliru, bajraru,  
kaNa se rahasya.  
oriya poem- -translated from "Alone" by Mr Poe,

Upendra Majhi

# Enamoured By Thy Insouciance

I remain fortified by thy fort,  
The inaccessible maze for my foe,  
thy love enamoured by thy insouciance,  
thy care shrouded by clever nescience

Upendra Majhi

# Engelburg

Your account balance is too  
low for this call,  
In the Engelburg Hill  
it is too cold,  
The snow hill looks like  
mushroom hill.  
large size mushroom,  
under which we rest in heavy rain,  
white snow melts into Riks blackwater,  
The train is standing in the Engeburg station.  
Go to Stance, and listen to guitar,  
Lunch today is on 10000 feet,  
amidst white white snow, under bluer sky,  
Go to Stance, for osteosynthesis,  
(translated from a poem by Miss Upasana Majhi)

Upendra Majhi

# Evening Star

when I catapulted my lost love  
at the evening star.  
from a flying craft,  
it hit the star and  
it disappeared for few moments,  
when it appeared again,  
it was brighter and bigger.

Upendra Majhi

# Evolution

Stars are there  
why are those there?  
Like rabbits are there ,  
So that rabbits can be killed and cooked.  
Butterflies are there.  
So that they can live, fly and sit on flower,  
Moon is there,  
So that, on earth, moonlight will be there.  
Why are stars there ?  
They are zodiacs,  
Distant but determining,  
Why are non-zodiac stars there?  
They are zodiacs for animals,  
Those are evolving as homosapiens,  
Why are stars there?  
Nature does not keep all eggs  
In one basket.  
Horse, not monkey, perhaps was  
A better choice for evolution  
Cose horse has a sense.  
Horse saved scores of warriors,  
Horse can dance,  
There is no such thing as monkey sense.  
or, may be all options are stalled,  
option of further evolution,  
by an invisible hand of a demon,  
and to find a fresh option,  
we need more stars in heaven.

Upendra Majhi

# Examination

At 60 years of age,  
who prepares for an examination  
of pen and paper?  
Have you seen anyone,  
I got a query from my loved one.  
An examn of multiple types,  
Answer is written there,  
Provided you are willing to read that  
The life between blue sky above and green grass below,  
your willingness and capacity to join the two,  
and the space between the two,  
invisible breeze blowing,  
and staring at you intermittently,  
Answer is written there.

Upendra Majhi

# Falcon Flies

Falcon flies,  
It abhors flap,  
It glides with air,  
find wind, circular  
it kisses its bride,  
on her impervious nostril,  
descends to ground for a kill,  
it can smell the wind in ellipse.  
in forked wing-let  
concave-vex-cave-vex-cave wing  
over ten million years evolved,  
and that taming the wind,  
maddens on phylogeny of falcondae

Upendra Majhi

# Falling Leaves

These falling leaves remind me of love,  
among all other things,  
tell me why,  
these leaves were green, of full bloom  
like the flowers,  
may be you got the bay breeze blown to here,  
from your township  
and with sunrays got into photosynthesis,  
and as leaves fluttered day and night in sea breeze here  
I did not notice,  
even as I sat under the tree, and watched full bloom tree  
now that winter has come,  
and it is time to wither,  
you remind me of all these.

Upendra Majhi

# Fame In Poetry

The fame in poetry,  
like fame in other entry,  
lie in map of microspace,  
space in nature,  
space in mind,  
space in time,  
space in dark,  
space in light,  
space in ether,  
space in real,  
space in surreal,  
space in dream,  
space in wakefulness,  
space in fantasy,  
space in other side,  
Go like the caterpillar,  
and success will be thy success pillar.

Upendra Majhi

## February Is...

Fevereiro I o mes esplendido,  
protegendo recrudescimento de peepal,  
O recuo brisa Azul da ilha de narciso,  
recuo raio colorodos de constelacoes  
soprabilha sobre todos  
translated from english into portughese

Upendra Majhi

# February The Splendid Month

February is the splendid month,  
Securing recrudescence of peepal,  
Indenting the blue breeze from daffodil island,  
Indenting coloured rays from constellations  
Make them blow and glow in a gentle way,  
In a fluorescent way  
On the red, pink, purple leaves,  
February is also a splendid month,  
when my mind like to soar high in the endless sky,  
in thoughts and words for you,  
but millstoned severally.  
yet in love, by love.

Upendra Majhi

# Feminine Self

No word really for a poem  
on such a topic,  
on woman's day,  
as that doth not suffice,  
on mother alone it will be one million pages,  
on wife, one million more,  
on sister, on sis-in law,  
on daughters, on bhabis,  
on aunts, on grandmas,  
on uncles aunts,  
one one million,  
yet will remain unsaid,  
Zest for life springs from  
birth giver,  
Thou hast ordained my life course.  
I need all papers, all memories of all computers  
I need all stone hills of moon, jupiter, mars, mercury,  
need all chinks, pencils,  
to write on magnimity of women,  
need all darkness for millennia  
to write in white chalk  
and all days whiteness,  
to write on blue sky in its entire span

Upendra Majhi

## Fertilised Ideas

Now your eyes saw the black monsoon clouds,  
and your ear heard the song of cuckoo,  
in perfect simultaneity,  
one in the sky, one on earth,  
both got into the ovaries of your mind,  
You can dream that both will fertilise into  
a strange rewarding idea or wither as usual  
Again you search for such bipolar  
or tripolar or even quadrupolar  
sight, sounds  
for fertilisation.

Upendra Majhi

# Fish Fry

All are talking of fish,  
its lingering smell when being cooked,  
its delicious taste,  
and offer of its sinless consumption,  
no moral compunction,  
it is no meat,  
it has no scriptural proscription,  
it is as holy as a fast item.

Upendra Majhi

## Flight Path

time future is knowable  
in time present,  
only if thy heart is filled with love,  
you look into her eyes, her wings, her legs, her breasts  
and speculate accurate her flight path,  
two golden butterflies thus fly  
in all synchronicity in the garden,

Upendra Majhi

# Flood

AS I waded through the floodwater,  
waist deep and even chest deep,  
carefully feeling the receding mud,  
on the village road underneath,  
negotiating with running stream,  
like a man grope in dark,  
to equilibrium with stick held,  
friends stayed away on the bank,  
of the inundated river luna,  
with our clothes, purse, and goodwill,  
as the evening grew deep, '  
moon shone bright on the expanse of water,  
water, water, all around,  
evening grew into midnight,  
but moon made it like twilight,  
in the watery solitude  
amidst vast expanse of water,  
fear of all kinds in the mind,  
we surged ahead  
reaching the marooned village,  
put the provision, consoled the villagers  
and came back,  
friends had disappeared from river bank  
leaving us on shorts, penniless, without shoes  
hungry like dogs we consumed  
empty talk and moonshine of  
receding night,

Reached a marriage pandal,  
in all inadvertence,  
groom had gone taking bride,  
pandal was lighted and empty,  
hoped for a food, leftover of wedding  
ventured not to knock the door,  
cose with short and vest,  
we all looked like thieves at that hour  
but all hope dashed, and day broke,  
we proceeded to bus stand,  
cheffeur asked for fare,

in disgust, my friend took out his chappal, the footwear  
(in India, Orissa, one kind of footwear made of rubber is called chappal)  
and slapped his face.  
his very own face

Upendra Majhi

## For Mary

tomaar bhaalo baasaa niye  
benche aachhe aago priye  
sudhu benche theke aami  
karbo taa ki go daadaa  
sei sraavaner bristi  
kundubaabur dokaan misti  
bristi aaro misti mile  
sristi naa ki go daadaa (Bengali language in roman script)

Upendra Majhi

# For No Love Is Frivolous

Love well,  
for love is not bound by Law of evidence,  
Love is Love's only evidence,  
Present your love in great details  
like the deep-red flowers at Lotus, elphinstone,  
The Earth presents in thousands, to heaven, to sky  
and to committe of matters, wordless but colourful  
Pursue your love with due diligence,  
Let not time render it redundant,  
Let it not be bound by law of limitation,  
Appeal to your inner soul,  
if love fails, gets unresolved,  
for no love is frivolous.

Upendra Majhi

# For Thine Is The Inner Soul

Go Tennyson (sir) , Go  
Go without tension,  
In thy hand, month's full pension,  
For thine is the inner soul,  
that trembles like the lute string,  
at the sight of the beauty,  
at the thought of kissing the beauty

Upendra Majhi

# Fullmoon

Time past and time present both  
were flowing between two red lines in Mumbai Central,  
past moments were red moving towards Arabian sea.  
present moments white, towards Pallav empire hills  
half moon was at zenith,  
I stood under it waiting for my full moon face,  
both sky and trees were halfcovered by darkness,  
moon being half,  
full moon to brighten all

Upendra Majhi

# Gender Inequality

Gender one, gender two,  
one mother, one father,  
when wild animals gather,  
ran hither and thither,  
Gender one, gender two,  
they came together,  
Gender one grew fatter  
as mother, child-bearer,  
could not run hither, thither,  
as wild beast gather,  
said, oh, father, give me food and water,  
and half take away the bother,  
enough food, enough water,  
here, there, everywhere,  
Gender one, gender two,  
one father, one mother

Upendra Majhi

## Get Ecstatic And Inebriated With...

It does not rain for crops,  
For crop is the food,  
Food is not consumed by matter,  
God does not consume food,  
On no other heavenly body it rains.  
Even where there is no rain,  
food is produced.  
but salt water is converted into sweet  
by rain,  
without any cost involved,  
sun boils the water,  
vapour goes up and up,  
and it cools and be pure,  
it is, well distilled,  
we drink the sacred potion  
and be inebriated with all sacred secrets,  
that keep us in ecstasy,  
for present and for our progenies,  
Get drunk with this and this potion only,  
for this is made in a way,  
writ large on largest blue board, that is sky  
on largest boiling pot, that is ocean  
on largest vapour s  
distillation is the word,  
that God revels in,  
it cleans and cools the planet,  
also so does wind.  
that is the deal between planet and God.  
to intermittently clean, cool and distil.

Upendra Majhi

## Girl Of Naughty Nod

She sits before you,  
Your thought on her flow suo motto,  
She hears your thoughts,  
word by word, meaning by meaning  
as you could know from her nod,  
loving, familiar and respectful,  
your thought advance to next level,  
she smiles and you see your applect tumbled,  
you withdraw your thoughts to pre-level,  
she is virtuous and angry,  
you see the cart tumble twice, browbeaten  
you get drawn to zero level,  
as if she thinks bad of your thoughts,  
cart tumbles thrice.

Upendra Majhi

# Goat And Swan

Today is the goatmeat day in the village,  
We children could smell it,  
went out to outskirts, the place of kill,  
here comes the thing the creature,  
a white black male goat,  
wearing a lungi folded tight  
and scapel stuck behind waist,  
he tied the goat to tree  
and beckoned all kids to go away,  
we moved to a distance,  
He sharpened scapel in the wood,  
we watched every movement of his,  
He looked here, there, untied goat and pulled  
it to behind the thick tree,  
to make the slay invisible to us,  
goat released the last bleat, goodbye to all,  
the butcher took out scapel and beheaded the goat,  
head falling on the ground, he fell on torso  
to prevent it sprint away,  
blood sprinkling from its neck to butcher's face,  
He peeled it off, cut limbs into pieces  
and made several shares,  
Each big share Rs.5 and small Rs 2.50.  
He sold share by share, put money in lungi pocket,  
some notes in both his ears,  
he even smoked bidi,  
we took small share,  
when it became late night,  
grudgingly we cooked it  
in earthen utensil with ginger and hotspice  
and ate with rice  
in plantain leaf,  
Mom did not eat,  
Next day Monday I went to school,  
my teacher was teaching a topic,  
whom does the swan belong to?  
to Debduitta, who grounded it with arrow,  
or to Gautam, who nourished it to life,  
I was looking through the window,

at a bird flying from branch to branch,  
Teacher asked me tell me Upendra,  
I had already guessed the question,  
and prepared the answer before watching,  
based on sunday's butcher's money in his lungi pocket and ears  
I said Debduitta that infuriated him,  
He brought two long thick canes,  
caned me for twenty minutes or more,  
two canes broke on my back,  
My back profusely bleeding and with swollen red crosses,  
I returned home,  
my mom saw my back and applied medicinal plant  
from'orchard's fence.

Upendra Majhi

# God Is Magnanimous.

Earth birth the child,  
Child asked for food,  
God asked, whose child are you,  
How bright and what is your hue?  
Trees were not happy,  
They showered fruit on the baby.  
God said .you have to pay, baby,  
Cose , trees are my property,  
Rivers were not happy,  
Stream threw pamphlet fry,  
God said you have to pay,  
Cose river is my property,  
Storm was not happy,  
It blew all rasagollas on the baby,  
God said, you have to pay,  
Cose strom is my property.  
Then baby went on hungerstrike,  
God came running on motor bike.

Upendra Majhi

# Gregarious

?????? ?? ???  
?? ?? ??  
??????? ????? ??  
?????,  
???? ?????, ??? ??  
????, ????? ?????  
????????? ??????

Upendra Majhi

# Grocery Girl

The grocery girl of poemhunter  
has a shop in an island  
where sea roars in all music,  
and parades on white foam lines  
When alone, she thinks of world beyond,  
of the depth of the sea, and its blue waves,  
her ancestors who hunted fish in shores,  
and got buried under the sand there in sunami.  
long long ago,  
She is brought to receive their blessings.  
She adds price to price of each customers  
and wait for the true love sent by ancestors,  
and again turns on to sea's march on white lines.

Upendra Majhi

## Haiku -Love Again

If you want your love for your  
wife to survive, know your heartache,  
and in your mind, bank upon the neighbour girl,  
with love, and go through the whole exercise,  
dislodge in completeness,  
in order to dock again

Upendra Majhi

## Haiku-Alcoholic Moments.-Kick The Rascal.

Each drop of alcoholic drink you consume  
multiplies 100 times  
into 100 teardrops of your kith and kin,  
each kick is 100 kicks on their life's zest,  
you cajoled them into the life's territory,  
without their acquiescing,  
then, shamelessly, pushing them out of it,  
slowly but cruelly,  
How do they undo your wrongdoing,  
This stinking avarice of yours for exciting moments  
an encroachment onto their zone,

Upendra Majhi

## Haiku-Jumbled Life

The day's noon lay like a page of jumbled words  
flight of the creek bird defining it marginally,  
three black boats with oars float equidistant on grey water  
another static meaning in the page,

Upendra Majhi

## Haiku-Wind Blow Alone

All poems have evaporated  
like monsoon clouds,  
only sadness blow alone  
only wind blow alone,  
unseen, unhindered,  
you cry alone,  
hibernated truths ready to fly,  
in your face,  
for everyone's merriment,

Upendra Majhi

# Happiness

Knowledge gives humbleness  
Humbleness gives worthiness,  
From worthiness comes wealth,  
From wealth , religiosity,  
and from religiosity, happiness.  
(Translated from Sanskrit)

Upendra Majhi

# Happy Birthday To You

Happy birth day to you,  
Happy cake cutting to you,  
happy candle off to you,  
happy are the friends,  
happy are the parents and aunts,  
happy is the fullmoon,  
happy is the dark night,  
happy is the city street  
happy is the templeGod,  
But alas, you are unhappy.

Upendra Majhi

# Heart Seeks Images

Time can not be rolled back,  
the earth is too huge,  
million images heart seeks,  
heart seeks them for solace,  
for assurance, for reinforcement  
for the awful manoeuvring it engages  
unseen, unappreciated, unevaluated,  
gold rays, flying birds, swinging branches,

Upendra Majhi

# Heavenly Potion

I prefer silence,  
not mincing any word,  
not committing on any meaning,  
not getting nailed on any desire,  
but lo.I find myself leaping  
towards objects of beauty,  
it is spontaneous and voluntary,  
my projectile is of unique direction,  
of beauty unfathomed, unsung,  
In a winter afternoon,  
in the golden glow of setting sun,  
one heart transmitting its inner core message  
and feeding another heart of this heavenly potion,  
sacred potion, intangible potion,  
and sum total of all feeding and potions,  
that sustain the creation.  
that turn into black desire,  
and camouflaging in the late evening darkness.

Upendra Majhi

## Hill, Moon And Money.

Hill has got one colour now,  
it is green, man -made green,  
sow the shorghum, sweetcorn sow,  
jhumming, jhumming, pangs it solve,  
Moon has got one colour now,  
blue, man -made blue,  
that is rural moon, that is urban moon too,  
God has got one name now,  
money and money and money,  
Give me money, let me go for show.  
(translated from poem by Upasana Majhi)

Upendra Majhi

## His Poem

Like his cup holds his potion  
his poem will hold you,  
your mind and soul,  
in all equilibria

Upendra Majhi

## How Much Poems

Poems are good for thy parched soul,  
But write only that many  
To quench thy hunger,  
No quenching thy mind and soul,  
Balance, surrender to thy neighbour,  
The neighbor in hunger,  
Poetry assume the form pure,  
If it is from body in hunger,  
Leave the earth corner,  
Moon, ether, flower, shower,  
To thy neighbour,  
Or leave the poem on there,  
With a stone on the paper.

Upendra Majhi

# Humanity

If you lift a small stray dog,  
run over by a car,  
and groaning incessantly,  
and take it to hospital  
.if you put off your clothes  
and lift a pigeon from the deep pond,  
and when small boat goes under the water,  
and you cross the river in tenacity  
but not come back  
and if you say each must fight off  
his life's war moments by peace moments,  
uniquely, in too personalised a manner,  
Everything you say and do afterwards,  
assume significance .

Upendra Majhi

# Hunger

As I think of my past hunger  
Lo, well up in me, cold anger  
I see my soul torn asunder  
I walked from Daadar to Ghodbunder  
saw rasgolla, jillapi, basundi  
I saw in my stomach and r  
and hunger.

Upendra Majhi

# Hunger Pangs

Poetry world remain replete by awards,  
long live poets, my friends  
Very few poets, good poets starved.  
may be, knew hunger pangs.  
Life is greatest theme of literature,  
Living, livelihood is the other name.  
life is not present,  
where hunger is vehement  
Who has written on hunger.  
many poems are there on hunger.  
War kills all  
hunger pangs hit hard.  
Hunger kills only poor.  
So it is natural there will be  
scant words on hunger.  
More against war...  
some poems are on hunger,  
hungry and hungerpangs?  
Economics dared write on hunger.  
and got branded  
As contraband.

Upendra Majhi

# Hunger Pangs

I remember all my hunger pangs,  
In the field, in the school,  
Hunger kills your soul,  
Strangely not only your mind,  
Hunger of human or parahuman dogs,  
Is man made,  
God made humans.  
Poem on hunger is plain vanilla,  
Like hunger,  
It has no hierarchy of verbal sophistication.  
Very few poets have tried poems on hunger  
It is not aesthetics,  
Nor Godliness,  
Nor romanticism,  
Nor mysticism.  
To write on hunger,  
Like the present one, all poems on hunger  
Are drab, banal, commonplace, boring  
And does not belong to hall of fame,  
Dies in premature  
Like a river in desert.

Upendra Majhi

# Hungry Little Girl

I asked the little girl  
Among all the queries  
If she has eaten,  
She did not answer.  
Again I asked  
If she has eaten  
She kept quiet,  
And looked away  
.Again I asked if she has eaten  
She looked into my eyes,  
As if my motive was unholy.

Upendra Majhi

## I Live Alone...

Wake up at four, beginning of wee hour,  
Drink coffee do Patanjali, and pray  
Listen to temple prayer and first crowing,  
Housemaid will knock the door, with love, caring  
The day has begun amidst weehour darkness,  
Rama, the ever-smiling lady will make tea,  
after verifying your identity,  
What happened to my weekend?  
what happened to my dinner?  
why and When did I become as sinner?  
I live alone in a crowd of relation,  
I starve amidst plenty of cereal and corn.  
here starts singing the songbird,  
and my yogasana is completed.

Upendra Majhi

# I Was Born Great

Today,12 August I was born,  
Today I was born great,  
I am a audio video system put by God,  
to report all subleties of His creation,  
And I am doing that,  
I achieved so much greatness while doing that,  
I reported one and all,  
songbird singing, sky coruscating  
but no greatness got thrust on me.

Upendra Majhi

# Impossible

Even for a piece of shadow,  
You need a big piece of stone,  
that is earth,  
And for the beauty of a small bipetal flower,  
you need discerning loving eyes of a beholder,  
and you need the whole heart,  
that inimitable piece of God's engineering,  
and its full throttle mustering of courage,  
to throw a glance,  
Take care, oh man.

Upendra Majhi

# Improbables

if rose goes beyond,  
flower to become a fruit,  
what shape and taste you want,  
if earth goes beyond one moon,  
blue, pink or green,  
if you, blessed with a two more hands  
and two, more eyes,  
on the same side or back side.

Upendra Majhi

# Inheriting The Planet

if you can collect wild reed from wild water,  
if you can collect stones from wild shores,  
and knit a wide weed mat,  
if you can cross the river Nalia  
when it is in full spate  
being in the current of its inflated bosom.  
In the last day of your life,  
at the ripe old age,  
collecting grass for the cow,  
taking last bath for your ephemeral torso,  
take last supper,  
if you can take last nape,  
and waking up in a sudden from such sleep,  
if you can indent the autumn storm,  
to make the grass fly around you,  
around your bed of last nape,  
if you can, in a thunderous voice,  
ask for your last draught of water.  
you inherit his world.

Upendra Majhi

# Institutionalising Poetry Writing.

I was born amidst poetry,  
over poetry land under a sky of poetry,  
I was born and brought up in that,  
I cannot escape poetry,  
Poetry is my bread and bland dinner,  
Now, no spot market or forward,  
for poetry good or awkward,  
who invented poetry and for what good reason  
does it create peace or does it create treason,  
put an Ad and spend million,  
Your poem will fetch gold bullion,  
if poems pre-empt war and save billion,  
then say National Poetry Service, that is Institution,  
The humanity made 101 of them,  
but for poetry, none.

Upendra Majhi

## Invisible Source.

The fiat comes from invisible man,  
fiat of inebriation,  
anywhere, anytime, any stuff  
what a wretchedness?  
That life is thrust upon me.  
Noone shares it with me.  
I bear the brunt,  
what gets connected to what,  
through what means,  
Noone knows.  
life deteriorates.

Upendra Majhi

# It Sucks Blood Of Honour

Yesterday devil desired drink,  
devil hides in a white robe  
with his black desire,  
sobriety is like a meadow,  
no bush, no hideout,  
drunkenness is a bushy field,  
where desires can hide and lay its eggs  
like eggs of mosquito,  
instantly with ease, and then  
sucks blood of good will and honour  
such eggs fertilise and fly.

Upendra Majhi

# It Was Not Duplicate

I read a poem in Poem Hunter.  
I liked the poem,  
I wrote the comments,  
That is I typed the comments,  
and then typed the code at 11.58am,  
three times it said,  
You cannot put duplicate comments.  
Poem hunter please.

Upendra Majhi

# Joy Is In Sky

The siris tree rises at sky  
tall, green, erect and umbrella like,  
hundreds of rain drop from sky  
accelerated, slanted, right angled and white  
mild breeze swing branches all sides  
in dozen arms of octopus,  
it soothes my mind,  
pacify my mind,  
and mind of the little boy,  
mind of my neighbour guy,  
mind of the girl on that window,  
who say, sky and sky things  
are real secret of joy  
sum total of all such joy  
will fight war and warcry.

Upendra Majhi

# Jumbled

The day's noon lay like a page of jumbled words  
flight of the creek bird defining it marginally,  
three black boats with oars float equidistant on grey water  
another static meaning in the page,

Upendra Majhi

# Kolkata Days

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oriya song in devnagari script..

Upendra Majhi

# Krishna Was Born Today

Today is Gokula Astami,  
sacred birthday of a messiah,  
who survived the ordeal,  
and became God.  
but as an adolescent,  
He was as ordinary as us, in spring  
like all of us He swings on Swing,  
guards cows,  
falls in love,  
eats butter,  
in as ordinary manner as us.  
In the battle of kurukhetra,  
He helped Arjun to economise  
his Gandiva for more lethal results.  
and drives the chariot.  
feeling free breeze

Upendra Majhi

# Kurukhetra

that is the need of the hour, folk.  
that kurukhetra is alive,  
appears to be alive,  
that panchajanya is blowed,  
is heard so by all,  
that gandiva arrowhead is sharpened,  
appears to be in the process of sharpening,  
that an arrowhead reached the foot of  
grandpaapaa Bhisma,  
and he releases a wry smile.  
and that Lord pull one rein mildly.  
again mildly reprimanding Partha.

Upendra Majhi

# Language

You are in a flight?  
what is the altitude,  
You shall land soon,  
what is the longitude,  
what is the latitude,  
Apply your aptitude.  
Get released from servitude.  
to me, Express your gratitude,  
Since I live in certitude,  
and never believe in platitude,  
Can you carry this fortitude,  
to our success story,  
will lend verisimilitude.

Upendra Majhi

# Let Us Think Sanity And Sobriety

Alcoholism is the means  
for those who craves for second consciousness,  
first one being stale, drab and commonplace,  
for them,  
a heightened soul of different kind,  
when things acquire new meanings,  
a different ecstasy and even tear of joy,  
obtaining which drunk cries,  
putting himself, placing himself  
and even navigating in a world of meanings,  
which he himself has invented,  
albeit its transitoriness  
forgets the true inebriation  
that of worldly truth  
and wordly web of sweet relations.

Upendra Majhi

# Let Metry My Village Moon.

How do I know  
how does the other guy live his life,  
how happy or how sad,  
what are his innuendos?  
As far as my life goes,  
I like to try my village moon  
for succour and sustenance?  
All other things have been tried  
but for no use.  
Minute by minute here,  
at this stage of age, time,  
vultures of your joys are on prowl,  
those devour your happiness gram by gram,  
ounce by ounce,  
let me live,  
why are you buggers dodging me?  
my breath, my walk, my gaze, my smile,  
why dodge, you paupers and insolvents  
of Gods blessings

Upendra Majhi

## Let Us Reminisce

River of her lust flow reversed,  
like the goat hung in khidderpore, beheaded  
Night is long, cold,  
meat to devour, hot and boiled,  
monotony of monogamy,  
ecstasy of mahogany.

Upendra Majhi

# Let Us See How The River Flows

Where is the place where this bus goes,  
reaches at destination before the storm blows slow  
and there the rice plants grows tall and green  
and there the sun glows hot and shiny,  
and there the chakori rests in his nest  
to cool in the southern breeze.

the bus has broken down  
before blown away by storm,  
black smoke billows from nearby firm,  
the frangpani blooms and collects dust.  
we shall wait and wait till darkness goes,  
the Temple near the river is empty now,  
bridge on the river, let us go, to see how the river flows.

Upendra Majhi

# Liberty

In the Firm, there is a talk of equality,  
In all , horses others in harangue mode,  
It is not very unusual in animal comity,  
All drinking waters from same pond is peace abode,  
But if it is an issue of pig and her sons  
or horse and her sons, or old mother any offspring sans,  
mother drinks water from dirty dark pond of bad hygiene,  
or there is no water supply in the Firm.

Upendra Majhi

# Libido

sense of loss bites you hard,  
in libido, it is like a river  
that will not flow reverse,  
like time it will not tick back,  
river of libido flows uniquely  
in time space and mind axes  
and as Sarte said it infects your  
entire soul,  
what, not the act,  
but the lack of proactiveness,

Upendra Majhi

# Life

Life is about children  
, more than about love,  
more than about love.

Upendra Majhi

# Life And Love

what are you looking for,  
in the chest, love it harbours,  
one million years ago,  
what love did it harbour?  
Beneath what bone, love wanders?  
Amidst what blood, love wanders?  
or in thy skull, love hides,  
or is it thy common progenitors?  
two heard the same thunder,  
saw same lightening, mighty river,  
it reverebates and flashes together,  
what love is hidden under what limb?

Upendra Majhi

# Life At Risk

At 11.35.23second,  
someone insinuated and reminded me  
of alcoholic drink,  
I was at office,  
on my seat, engrossed in work,  
sending e-mails, calling state capitals,  
Amidst this, an idea of indulgence can  
intrude into,  
what a rot, but the rot is from high rung,  
of power, of status,  
How much can be taken,  
of this disorder and chaos

Upendra Majhi

## Life At Risk 2

He is in you, he is in me,  
his dictates are inescapable,  
has raised vices to highest seat of sacred romanticism,  
With power, with valour, he has wielded,  
it remain mixed inextricably,  
He says drink and all other good things will ensue,  
My indignity is at its nadir,  
He is listening everything, I think, say and write  
and preempts all of mine,

Upendra Majhi

# Life Is A Sweet Dream

Tell me only in binary numbers,  
Life is a sweet dream?  
Tell me only telephone number,  
Life is a sweeter dream,  
Tell me only your cell number  
Life is the sweetest dream.

Upendra Majhi

# Life Is Like That

when your life cycle is at its nadir,  
how doe your face look like,  
it is a good sight for it is a rare sight,  
your well wishers, detractors both sweep a  
quick glance on you,  
or even more mischievous put a long gaze on you,  
it is insult to injury,  
or it is the last straw on camel back.

Upendra Majhi

## Life Is Like That 2

At 4.30 pm daily,  
he insinuates, go alcoholic,  
he ia a monster.  
finds fault with his mother,  
saying she is a bitch,  
no clue for who he is,  
how does he talk to me  
In Park Circus, they put a woman  
into bus, lifting her thru window,  
as it happens in a circus  
night was dark and moon was at zenith,  
in front of a beetle shop,  
only he knows this,  
As usual he was drunk and  
this brought him to full wakefulness  
Only he knows this.  
A tall man emerged from nowhere  
and booked a ticket to metro central

Upendra Majhi

# Life Needs Vaccine

Life needs vaccine,  
your enemy emaciated,  
you shall take in your lap,  
kiss him, kiss her,  
so painful, but so helpful,  
You were born free, born strong,  
what ever made you unfree.  
what ever made you or makes you weak,  
vaccine will cure the handicap,  
in small dose, take the virus,  
Everyday, Be Buddha..  
This is nothing but,  
Enlightenment..

Upendra Majhi

# Life Story Mary The Virgin

She was only 18 years old,  
deal was like this,  
she will clean utensil,  
washes clothes of six,  
massages legs of all maternal uncles,  
numbering six and adults after dinner,  
and not smile at any man  
then she gets boarding, lodging,  
things went smoothly  
with darknight incestuous blood and sweat  
that went in camera,  
till she smiled at a man,  
which her brother, ten tear younger avenged on her  
by employing two goons.

Upendra Majhi

# Lily, Hibicus And Old Moon

Gadagila aau gilaagada nei  
Sangya nirupibu jiban tora  
Janha raatire kain raani hanse  
Mana chureichhu mora re

Mandaar gachhare phula phuteiDe  
niLiaakhi baali aasiba toLi  
kaNei kaNei dekhiture taku  
muruki muruki hasiba khaali

puruNa a sahar PuruNaa Aakaasha  
puruNaa janhara puruNa rekhaa  
puruna hisaab puruNA nikaasha  
purinaa aadaar nua batikaa

Upendra Majhi

# Linguistic Anarchyli

They were in flight to NewYork  
man, wife and son,  
child said mom, pishing,  
mom said sandal  
Aviator climbed half a knot,  
child said, where is it?  
duende, mom said,  
Aviator took care,  
You search it, mom, child shouted,  
Volplane re ANILA,  
lady yelled at the man in her dialect  
The aviator switched off the engine and  
went for free gliding in high sky.

Upendra Majhi

## Little Girl

a small slim frog hop and hop,  
how many, may be 25 or thirty,  
frog springs out of a dream,  
the earth hops and hops,  
in big rain drops, in alignments,  
how many as many as frog's  
the frog sits tight on earth,  
and a young girl draws water from well,  
then solid spheres of dried cowdung fuel,  
palpable ash well in shape,  
drops down from the iron oven,  
As I wake up from dream,  
I look into a mirror,  
my face I see all in colour  
like RAj Kappors in Mera Naam Joker,  
My head decorated with flower.  
Thank you little girl for your care

Upendra Majhi

## Lmother2

My mom is sick and under medical saline  
at an obscure village  
her elder son Ravinder, 125km away  
is under spell of rum, soda and ice,  
he refuses to visit the poor old lady,  
He says Anadi the rogue will sodomise him,  
if he visits that village,  
has four young women surrounding him  
Surendir, the second son,  
with 80 lakhs hanging in his waist,  
his retirement money,  
says wife is be all and end all  
and what to do with so old an woman  
he is also at 125km away.  
the old lady got a lottery win of 4 crores,  
next day all were there in the village,  
But alas or thanks to God,  
all were burnt alive,  
Mother is alive and under saline.

Upendra Majhi

# Lokpaal

I am a bank customer,  
I wrote a cheque,  
it bounced,  
I incurred loss,  
I wrote to the bank,  
bank did not reply,  
I wrote to Bank Ombudsman,  
he resolved my agravo,  
Law is there,  
sanity is there,  
its address is bomumbai@

Upendra Majhi

# Lost Love

When I catapulted my lost love  
to the wee-hour crescent moon  
it hit the outer lunar convex arch  
and my orchard pond, it fell into  
soft -landing on the back of the red fish  
made the red fish surface  
and lo! it murmur things to one  
and went into deep again,  
when it surfaced again and looked around  
we plucked it and put it in pond  
such pond made of golden wall and floor,  
fish started singing there being no door.  
that was lost love's enormous power.

Upendra Majhi

# Love

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(translated from Pablo Neruda)

Upendra Majhi

# Love Should Appear To have Been Thought, Said,

Justice is done,  
It is not enough that  
justice is done,  
Justice should appear to  
have been done,  
love is thought and said,  
it is not enough that it is said and done,  
it should appear to have been done,  
in words, in wellchosen words,  
discerning the truth about love,  
in carefully chosen words,  
from depth of thy heart,  
from depth of memory,  
in that peace gets fullest chance.  
(translated from a poem by Miss Upasana Majhi)

Upendra Majhi

# Love Law Prevails

Love predates everything.  
Rules of love prevail,  
Notwithstanding anything contained anywhere  
In any law,  
Contrary to it,  
Love joins matter to matter,  
Love joined antimatter to anti matter,  
And it even joins things that preceded anti-matter  
Concentrated and collapsed love joins cardia to pulmon,  
The join of all joins,  
That masterminded all other joins,  
Neuron to neuron,  
Neuron activates at the feel of old love,  
At the sight of old love,  
At the fragrance of old love,  
At the sound of old love,  
And at the taste of old love,  
It joins flower to flower,  
Cloud to cloud,  
Star to star in pisce constellation,  
And in .  
And in all other,  
Love joins dead soul to dead soul.  
Love law is indelible.  
Be aware of love.

Upendra Majhi

# Love Lost

we all fall in love,  
under an adolescent moon,  
soon to part, each his way,  
Again in old age, we meet,  
and say it is you, only you,  
who is in my heart,  
what is the use,  
In stead if you ever thought  
if I ate,  
even one plate of rice,  
I missed so much of my mind,  
when you went away and starved,  
if members of lost love can  
build a forum, to ensure  
that love, lost love, never starve, in stomach,  
no need to keep him/her in heart.

Upendra Majhi

# Love Undefined

questions are good, but they are half of the whole,  
answers are good, but falls short of the soul,  
Give me the glance, that mute loving glance, ,  
and even that naughty nod, that careless laugh,  
saying nothing, as if saying not now, it is not for you,  
your silence and glance speaks louder and saner than words,

Upendra Majhi

# Love, War

Stage was set.  
Clean, long and strong and elaborate  
For a war between love and love.  
Nothing more nothing less,  
Whose moon was bigger, brighter  
And more enduring whose cupid was more ingenuous,  
Which moon shone in a cleavage  
And extricated with love  
By the love, for the love,  
No blood, no tear, only flower, only glance,  
Love fought with love,  
Who understood the silent brows,  
The mute stances,  
The spur of life, sacrifice and  
breathing of the love dragon,  
victory will be thine,  
Thou art the lover.

Upendra Majhi

# Loving Heart

Kazi Nazrul Islaam,  
On the day of my vanquish,  
You shall realise,  
Setting eve star, you will ask,  
In thy bosom , my face, as you caress ,  
with out control, sobbing  
Like a mad human being  
Wandering in, woods, desert, and hills  
Tearing apart sky, storm and sea,  
You shall seek none but, me,  
Startled by sudden awakening from dream,  
In the dead of the night, you shall scream.

- -

- - -etc

Translated from Bengali poem of Sri Kazi Nazrul Islaam.

- - - - -

Upendra Majhi

# Lpoetry

Poetry is about inscrutable truths,  
told in a roundabout ways,  
connecting the unconnectables,  
in a leisurely manner,  
or about plain truth like hungerpangs,  
told in a very plain way,  
or it is about preparing for  
saying very difficult truths,  
like I am doing in 114 poems,  
still in a runway in cricket,  
perfecting the hand, nay leg moves,  
as buoyancy for the final release

Upendra Majhi

# Lunar Evening

The full moon had gathered enough light,  
when I reached Parel forest,  
All were extending arms to the moon,  
in respectful obeisance  
trees were in contemplation,  
in silent offerings,  
the denuded ly,  
men rode the stairs,  
city was winking from  
behind the labyrinth of wisdom roots.

Upendra Majhi

# Maataa Baasuli And Chaita Punei

chaita punei janha chamakiba  
naachibe basuLi maate,  
naachiba Saatwiki naachiba Babunu  
Chagili, Reena samaste  
Baasuli maatenku dandabata kari  
nacheibu re tu maate,  
gramabaasi sabu naachi naachi jibe  
tu bhi jibu re jaate  
tu bhi jibu jaataku  
Beladaa graamara kaibarta dala  
hazaar barasha taLe  
Saalandi nadira prasasta srotare  
jyodhya rakta laal jaLe  
Noukaa bhitare aswaarahi chaale,  
shatrura helaa daman,  
sesakaku Vijay hoilaa taankara  
thaya BhadrakaLi mana

Upendra Majhi

# Maayaa-Smokescreen Of Life

The smokescreen of mundane acts  
we call it maayaa,  
the shroud, the misty meanings,  
that doth not dawn on us,  
never in the day,  
when we are submerged in actions,  
may be at silent nights,  
truth bite very hard.  
thou surrender thy maayaa- action,  
to the Lord,  
get soul concentric  
and get out of proprietorship  
and out of loss and profit and  
discarding thy lethargy  
fight and fight and fight.(mahabharat)

Upendra Majhi

# Magic On Magic

where are we now?  
too luxurious and indulgent to know.  
The koel in Spring,  
spreading its magic,  
on colourful peepal,  
magic on magic  
but life going for a hideout from  
intimidating truths, truths mostly in hibernation,  
like the tiny bird seeking the shroud  
in the branch,  
Life stripped of its meaning,  
even under a huge bright blue white sky,  
we are here,  
pushed from all corners,  
all pockets, from all angles,  
from all angular distances,  
from all our gimmicks, from all our truthfulness even,  
we are into this world of great escape,

at the end of this long run of purposeful living,  
I find vacant eyes on face,  
on familiar face,  
trying to swing away the hard  
monotony of realities,  
into positions in the space,  
as we seek refuge in poetry.

Upendra Majhi

# Mairie

Quel est ce canard  
A propos de vous  
dans Kolkata Avec un climatiser,  
et ou la riviere s'ecoule vers la mer,  
et ou les timbres du temple attirent,  
et dans la mairie

Upendra Majhi

# Mazinique

Howsoever she said,  
howsoever appealing a manner  
she pleaded that Mazinique is innocent,  
honest, and free of blemishes,  
the woman did not believe.  
Mazinique wife went places  
the city burnt with its women and children,  
Now they say things in defence  
no one believes...(to be continued)

Upendra Majhi

# Mind, Heart, Neuron And Hippocampus

wishing occurs in the brain,  
in animals, in rats, in humans,  
mind, heart both have wishes  
consistent and inconsistent both,  
in hippocampus, it is in store,  
in all one billion neurons, it is stored,  
our wishes, id wishes,  
ego wishes and superego wishes,  
neurons receive stimuli,  
audio, video, smell, touch, libido,  
memory of past also is stored and  
activate our neurons,  
neurons send signals of wish inputs,  
neuron to neuron it moves in lightening speed,  
mind and heart are alert about who should win  
in such a moment of neuronal superactiveness

Upendra Majhi

# Miranda Card

Miranda card,  
right to silence,  
when gun is roaring,  
eyes are red,  
teeth grinding,

Upendra Majhi

# Mitosis Of Mind

meosis of two minds,  
ecstasy first, agony next,  
mitosis of minds, full cure and bliss,  
pack the two minds in two trucks,  
facing opposite sides,  
and flag its voyage

Upendra Majhi

## Modern Poem

Whatever fast food mall delivers  
that is thy feed,  
whatever liquid the mall poureth,  
that is thy potion,  
whatever flying idea  
whatever decaying photon- idea  
your agile free mind delivers  
getting too tangential even  
that is the poem of modern times,  
Not to kill it by several editing,  
for those will be by feudal's scapel,  
by the scapel of thy detractors,  
And your poem is one portion of a long chain  
like fast food is a part of chain till next food mall.

Upendra Majhi

# Moment

Much more than the souls of animate,  
much more than the souls of inanimate,  
of all stars, stones and supernova,  
it is the moment,  
intangible, invisible moment  
that was alive when you were alive  
that encapsules all the above  
in its womb,  
that will speak out,  
time past will speak out,  
when all others fall silent and go home

Upendra Majhi

# Money Matters

show me cctv footage,  
take this half kilo sausage,  
show me your electronic journal,  
take away this large caramal,  
Also show me the pinhole image,  
tell you story of human bondage,  
produce excess cash report,  
establish the good rapport,  
did the machine break down  
in the city will be rule of clown  
you get the benefit of doubt,  
if not happy, on top voice, shout.

Upendra Majhi

# Moon

Allan Edgar Poe's  
mystic moon  
shone on the grave,  
In this part of the planet,  
much moonlight we do not have,  
dead soul feed on lunar rays,  
for which moon, only in the night, flies,  
even as livings are asleep, fast  
moon having shone on my love's face  
when shone on her aunt's grave  
she woke up, in a sudden  
in a nightmare,  
kicked me out of her bed,  
still in a seize,  
both living and dead need few silent rays.

Upendra Majhi

# Moon Grows Bigger In Silence

Yesterday it was a big moon, not really full,  
it grows bigger as night grows deeper,  
when all fall asleep,  
a large mouse crawling stallingly surreptiously,  
soft breeze cuddling the dwarf plant leaves,  
mouse saying he is after grains and all insects,  
and nocturnal birds will not get any clue of him,  
birds like bats who hang in the tree in a stupid way,  
In reality, it was a lunar empire first,  
so see things in their lunar perspectives only,  
You don't get sleep in your room,  
sleep under the moon,  
dream moon and all lunar things.

Upendra Majhi

# Moon Matters

"At night I open the window  
and ask the moon to come and press its  
face against mine" Rumi. famous poet said.  
That is cose your beloved has seen it so intently.  
her face has got transported and transpired to moon,  
or her love, emailed or sms- ed to moon,  
her tender thought on you faxed to moon,  
telepathy-ed to moon.

Upendra Majhi

# Mother

My mom produced ten children,  
eight sons two girls,  
four died,  
in the past, women were worshipped for fecundity,  
we are 5 sons,  
eldest lives 130 km away,  
not visited mother in 36 years.  
rich, not paid a penny,  
next child, rich, got 80 lakh as he retired,  
not paid a paisa as mom writhes in stomach pain  
next is me, lives in Mumbai  
with my family,  
2000 km away.  
my room is too small  
and status too big to accommodate mother,  
next is a government officer,  
rich and draws lakhs as pay,  
builds "tutha" and memorials,  
when mom scrumbles in darkness  
at night of loadshedding,  
youngest, man of less means,  
bound by low education takes care of her?

Upendra Majhi

## Mother At Oven

Here I remember my childhood,  
amongst all places,  
and amongst all remembrances,  
of black smoke of burnt wood fragrance,  
billowing off straw slantroof,  
fragrance of drumstick leaves and cooked garlic,  
mother is at oven,  
54years back,  
nose remembers the aroma,  
mind the countenance of mom,  
drumstick tree has gone of an autumn storm,  
tree of memory stands strong,  
like the voice of my old mother,  
who try to make it sound strong, vehement  
lest we falter and give up.

Upendra Majhi

# Mother 's Curse

WE all are born to a mother,  
our mother feed us till 20.  
that time food is the only need,  
so we eat and jump.  
then one more need is added,  
we marry and fill the need.  
needs are all prioritised,  
we all eat and fill all needs,  
Mother is alone at home,  
we try to live at a safe distance from mother,  
at level of thought, words, and address.  
Time ticks on, month becomes year,  
year becomes decades, we live safe and separated  
Two of my brothers Ravinder and surinder are like this.  
Mother gave birth to them, they forgot the mother.  
Mother cursed the two as I heard.  
Mother cursed one as insane  
and other as 'to plough' as wage earner  
despite his riches  
And nowhere in the world  
is there a Mothercare Act.  
In that if mother files" Z"form duly filled in,  
son or sons go to jail  
and adequately canned or lashed or flogged,

Upendra Majhi

## Mother's Heart Is Too Weak Now.

mother heart speaks love,  
her heart is sick now,  
not able to beat well,  
lungs not able to breathe,  
something getting stuck in the throat,  
mother of six wealthy man,  
eldest, a demon and a devil,  
earns five lakhs per month,  
stays only 3 hours away,  
never parted with a penny,  
never visited the mother,  
mother shed few drops of tear,  
second is dead, a rascal,  
third, surinder, earned 10 million as retired,  
did not pay a penny to mother,  
mother remembers the exuberance of love that flowed from her heart  
when the three devils were young,  
now her heart and lungs too weak for love,  
she shed a few drops of tear.

Upendra Majhi

## Mother3

May 13 is the mother's day,  
day to respect her for one day,  
I knew this today only  
Millions do not know this,  
Mother fed us for 20 years,  
who will feed her now?  
who will clothe her now?  
whatever is good got an institution,  
got a bill, an act, a mandate  
where is mother feeding Act

Upendra Majhi

# Mother's Heart

Now mother's heart beats weak,  
Once it was strong and encompassed heaven, sky,  
ocean, hills, river, earth, meadow,  
To deliver a child like you devolved on her,  
she mustered enough courage, prayed God  
and delivered you,  
Her heart followed you tottering feet,  
to whereveryou went,  
to whatever you did,  
you grew up and took a wife,  
became father and looked at all women,  
plump and beautiful,  
her heart ripped apart, became weak  
You remain glued to your women,  
She sheds tears.

Upendra Majhi

# Mother's Logic

Mother's logic I heard  
that day when things went bad,  
it was love enamoured with logic,  
logic enamoured with love,  
we, men, are of words,  
one woman heart is million men words,  
logic that emanates from motherhood  
we have rescinded wilfully,  
it is so scary,  
it numbs us for hours,  
woman, in her stammering lips  
will utter logic, stories of  
thousand and one tigers,  
I felt like an ant  
before my wife, as a mammoth  
, of love, tolerance,  
when story go so scary, horrendous,  
one hundred vampires suck blood,  
in the dark night,  
I run away and woman sits in silenc e,  
holding her child's hand  
As I try to put the logic,  
into one of seventy seven fallacies,  
logic is built into  
the ten month period, not extraneous to it,  
not of any verbal incarnation,  
not in separate preparation,  
but as an integral partof it,  
I resigned that moment,  
from everything,  
from every rule, from every logic,  
and looked at the sky for,  
for meaning and further zest in consternation,  
woman was in deep sleepof utter peacableness,  
when my mind was in absolute agitation

Upendra Majhi

# Mumbai Rain

city got sunk in monsoon rain  
the child in the arm,  
on the shoulder  
and on the submerged road  
fear in her eyes,  
trauma deep into her psyche and neurons,  
she is too small for this,  
water, water everywhere,  
snake swimming, trees falling, livewire below,  
blizzard blowing, incessant pouring,  
where to go, where to hide,  
no boat in sight,  
buses are on float  
cheffeurs have fled,  
what is left of the child after this?  
For her and her daddy,  
these are unknown waters,  
how deep, how many potholes and where are those,  
let them call brother,  
cell has no battery,  
five hundred years ago portugese came to that place  
where she stood,  
yet no civilisation has visited the spot,  
night is approaching,  
along with robbers of blizzard time  
where to go, whom to ask for help?  
my village is better, she cries.  
my villagers are better.

Upendra Majhi

# Music And Poetry

music is more the silence  
between the note  
than the very note.  
said the prodigy Mozart  
Music is counting knowing without  
that you are counting,  
said Gotfried Leitbitz, laughing  
French Binary mathematician  
Music rides on seven steps,  
on teeth, on lips, on upper jaw,  
and combining all these  
the beginning of a cultural sojourn,  
music is convex, or star convex,  
very rarely concave  
second derivative is negative,  
scales, chords, pitch and triads,  
music lulls you into sleep,  
sleep of utter peaceableness,  
music is differing span,  
music is differing gap,  
music is differing convexity,  
and differing concavity,  
music is multi-convex lines.  
Now, friends start your music.  
translated from a poem by Upasana Majhi

Upendra Majhi

# My Daughter

my little cute daughter,  
I love her so much,  
My daughter,  
She loves me so much,  
I wish her health,  
I  
I wish her success,  
she does so much work,  
walks the pet in wee hour,  
guards the house alone,  
during the day.  
she cooks her food,  
without grumble,  
She lives her life without fumble,  
she will be a good musician,  
she builds notes like a magician,  
She was good at studies,  
more so in leadership, a prefect  
She is the true heir of modern times,  
She had suffered multiple traumas,  
we, transferee and our kith and kin,  
victim of multiple wilderness, low and mean  
our childhood was a different lot,  
Every meter, uncle or aunt,  
we were fearless, during day and night,  
in five kilometre radius, no fright.

Upendra Majhi

# My Village

After my retirement, I will go back to my native village, to its evening darkness, where I am fully insulated from sorrows. The anti-sorrow vaccine that its crescent moon, morn fog, songbird, and festivals had put in me is still golden rice fields that get doubly gold in the slanted rays of afternoon gold sun is still vivid in my waterbird that is late to return home and alone parting company with his friend is all vivid in my winter bonfire, summer breeze, the dust storm and friends, old hindi film songs and listening partners, are all vivid in my real dark sky of midnight and the nebulous starred portions, the falling stars are all in my memory.

Upendra Majhi

# Nadia -Nabadweep-Kirtan-Nritya

nadiaa-er naau tumbaa aartanaad kare  
raatri-er pahanti prahare  
uthe pado sakhi,  
krisna ki naukaate, Ganges-er dhaare  
kadamba futechhe andhakaar bheD kare,  
krisne naa thaakle o.  
taar naam achhe, aataashe, bataashe,  
mridanga-er madhur dhwanite,  
kirtana dal beriechhe,  
yeman berie chHilo saat sah bachharer aage,  
ohi saDa dhanga paadakaushali,  
nitaai -maadhhai-er  
mriganga-er sange uthi-aase,  
german -er mein-er paade paade,  
sabaai nache,  
maayaapurir aakashtaa jhankuta hai  
ektaa biswas, ektaa masti,  
kintu khide kena, ata jakjamak pare,  
ata boudhikataa-er pare  
khide kena  
ata khide li poem  
translated from a poem by Upasana majhi

Upendra Majhi

# No Water Can Drench Our Soul

Rout maam mister is no more,  
Mrs Rout worked in our office.  
She is young, bold,  
can tackle all odds  
moreover, our soul is invincible,  
no fire can burn it,  
no water can drench it,  
nor can any gale blow it away,  
He is there, in everything, everywhere.

Upendra Majhi

## Now Mother's Heart is Too Weak For Love(Continued)

These three devils have one thing in common  
they are overawed, overwhelmed swept away by the  
unique shape and size of their wife's countenance  
they remain fevicoled to them.  
Add to that, their sis-in law's few things,  
sis-in-law is fully domesticated by them,  
it is total mesmerism,  
To get separated from these juicy things  
even for an hour in favour of an old, sick and poor mother  
living in an obscure village in the dark  
in thatched roofedhouse  
is not a wise step, buggers with devil's mind think,  
seasons come, seasons go,  
Every season has got some charm and a reason  
to get fevicoled to one's women, the devils judge.  
Youngest one, the son of man, worthy of his salt,  
Birendra is the KING.  
who looks after the old lady,  
He is poor in wealth but rich in kindness,  
He dreamt as he confessed to me,  
that He is the King  
and sitting on the throne,  
he is flogging these three devils.

Upendra Majhi

# One Grain At A Time

Eat grain one at a time,  
like a pigeon with a beak, no spoon  
Inhale one grain of truth at a time,  
like an ascetic in solitude, no mundaneness  
so grains were not meant for humans to  
bundling them in a spoon or palm,  
Transpired from the soul of a grain  
from a plate of vegetable fried rice,  
today at lunch hour,  
took me by surprise,  
for ours is no beak.

Upendra Majhi

# One To One Correspondence

the targeted colours,  
fragrances, tastes, food,  
sound of songs,  
that finally survived  
of an endless matters of endless expanse  
is 0.000000000000000011 percent.  
and it is disjoint.  
when we try to integrate each  
to its source either in matter  
or in antimatter,  
no clear one to one correspondence

Upendra Majhi

## Other Side Of Life

If the moon shines bright,  
in the dead of the night,  
such moon be full or half,  
Will carry lust in telegraph,  
from my city to city of lust,  
will carry love slow or fast  
lust will rain in meadow open,  
burning the fire forbidden,  
luscious will force a few teardrops  
in the eye of children, how to stop.  
sister will betray sister.  
Are you Ok, Mister

Upendra Majhi

## Our Belapur House

I saw Ramus wife yesterday,  
Ramu is security in our building at Belapur,  
Both are from Nepal,  
both are very obedient,  
I was wide- eyed with their togetherness  
and responsiveness to situation,  
She is very virtuous during last six years,  
He is very obedient,  
She is young so reticent,  
but yesterday during the last phase of my gaze  
she faked a smile,  
May God bless both.

Upendra Majhi

# Outskirt

Here thunder swims on hill top  
and on top of green woods  
and visits the wings of each water bird,  
in the late afternoon  
water of river quivers on its splendid bend,  
that caused such splendid bend in my life,  
bird shrugs off the danger  
and keeps on its avian sojourn to  
right wilderness.  
the obscurity is the greatest clarity here.

Upendra Majhi

# Pallav

Here thunder swims on hill top  
and on top of green woods  
and visits the wings of each water bird,  
water of river quivers on its splendid bend,  
that caused such splendid in my life,  
bird shrugs off the danger  
and keeps on its avian sojourn to  
right wilderness.  
the obscurity is the greatest clarity here.

Upendra Majhi

## Pallavwater Birds

Sun jumps last inch to behind the hill  
soul of crimson pink purple hill  
navigates smoothly in the ethereal sky  
among all beautiful things,  
the water song bird couple  
does a aerobatics anddo a few aerial love-peck,  
as one releases a love cry,  
darkness descending on the hill, woods, river  
and Pallav empire,  
as if village darkness migrating here,  
encompassed all corners and descends,  
beauty of pink hill merged with  
beauty of love -peck  
Translated from a poem by Miss UpasanaMajhi

Upendra Majhi

# Peacemarch Of 45 Million Years

children are the very purpose of life,  
Children are gift of God,  
Every child is a different flower blooming on earth,  
he is born with a distinct purpose of God.  
with a distinct countenance,  
that will hold the intelligence of desired type,  
to subserve God, the creation,  
to take creation a little further,  
to break a few stalemates.  
Each child has a different view of things.  
there had been five lakh generations of human beings,  
that is we, the survivors had five lakh progenitors,  
our face bone is evolving,  
to accommodate brain cells,  
to remain compatible with peace thoughts, words and expressions,

Upendra Majhi

# Petitio Principie

Deceitful does not have a logic,  
but a mechanism to hide the fallacy,  
fallacies look exactly like real cows,  
petitio principie,  
they beg it very nicely,  
as if they are nonchalant about quantum of alms,  
as if they are donating as donor.  
they release the fallacy arrow,  
only if reasonably sure  
that it travels a reasonable distance.

Upendra Majhi

# Ph

Poem Hunter is the apostle of peace,  
godown of peace,  
bufferstock of peace and love,  
rural warehouse of zest of life,  
it is the sunshine in the dark tunnel,  
moonshine in the deepnight,  
it is a small boat in the shipwreck,  
in th e deep ocean,  
reservoir of wisdom  
not of pedagogy,  
but of all practical use,  
you see your replica in PH, in it  
you see the reflection of thy very own life,  
of what happened to you last night

Upendra Majhi

# Pigs Drink All Types of Milk

The horse in Firm said,  
All chaos is due to me,  
sanctioned strength of pigs are  
equal to their actual strength,  
they go home at will  
their intellect works superb,  
sanctioned strength of horses are  
more than their actual strength,  
you will find them working till late evening,  
for blame descends on them,  
Pigs go home and drink all types of milk,  
for milk enhances thinking process  
and thinking process needs milk,  
and only pigs can think,  
for only pigs have thinking faculty  
horses stay back eat bada pao,  
that is potato fry and bread.

Upendra Majhi

# Poem

Poem is like photon,  
Now born, now dies,  
Like bubble, now floats, now burst,  
Like few flowers, now bloom, now withers,  
Like wee hour, now dawns, now disperses  
Because they speak of peace,  
Because they talk of truce,  
Very few words are allotted to poems,  
Words are in short supply for poems,  
Retrieving them from deep  
, mundane abyss is difficult,  
climbing gradients is not  
Talk of wealth,  
Wealth words will accumulate,  
Talk of desire,  
Desire words will mushroom,  
Yet you will collect poem words from rare shores  
As pebbles.  
Thou art the poet.

Upendra Majhi

# Poem And Dinner

today's poem is stale tomorrow,  
Nay poem of now is stale next hour,  
tell me why,  
it is because,  
poem of one hemisphere  
is useless for other,  
unless it is shrouded  
endlessly by encrypted symbols,  
it is for your patron,  
that you shall write,  
who will reward you gold or silver,  
poem of my village is abra cadabra  
for my neighbour,  
labour lost, for my brother,

Take my ten poems, give me a dinner,  
let me quench my hunger,  
prompt came reply, never,  
from restaurant keeper,  
See, the wealth maker,  
I am a world verse maker,  
poems of mine read world over,  
Give me a bland dinner,  
never, never, and never.  
then write poem, after dinner  
poem no value, before dinner,  
poem not needed, after dinner.

Upendra Majhi

# Poem And Hunger

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Upendra Majhi

## Poem2017

To those inexperienced, and novice, and puerile,  
to whom poets are mutually enhancing  
by their mutual eulogy and alabanza,  
God says that there are no such things as poets,  
only poems exist,  
and in their chain effect, cumulative surge,  
escapes the gravitation of war,  
So oh all men,  
get engaged in poem composition,  
pull a nearby pencil,  
and outdo the war moments,  
if not eliminate

Upendra Majhi

## Poem's Old Robe And New Robe

Poems, old robes to, rescind, Robes Of cryptic religion,  
of cryptic God, of old moon, of old flower, both its beauty  
and fragrance, of old solitude, of lunar night, of beloved lip  
, eyes and beauty, of old query  
New query, its consignment has arrived,  
query of hunger pang, parched earth need to be fecund,  
so that all be jocund,  
cloud must rain that wander  
, Or else dig the river,  
Who knows, who has not eaten, Which child is starving?  
It has not rained on that part,  
My cloud, I will make it rain only on me,  
Who knows who has got no half a roti? So many are there, sitting.  
Night is dark and long, Ghosts are also there,  
Hunger pang is recurrent, What to fight, what not,  
In this long night, in this dark night, In this eerie night,  
yell at the ghost sitting on tree branch,  
he has nobusiness to frighten hungry stomach,  
in this starving night, Night is dark and long.

Upendra Majhi

## Poet And Leader

I failed seventeen times in my promotion Interview.I felt anger, disappointment.  
Then I wrote poems.I felt happy, energised, rejuvenated,  
I started shifting from the world of deductive logic like arguments, equations  
towards watching all human faces, mainly girls at this old age.I started watching  
seriously butterflies flying, sparrows  
hanging in banyon tree roots, wisdom birds balancing on cable wires  
flapping their my senses of seeing, listening, smelling, touching made shifts  
from deductive to  
Inductive.I started forgiving, nay encouraging for acts which I frowned upon  
earlier.I started feeling youngand made coffee in wee  
hours.

Upendra Majhi

# Poetry

Hunger and poetry...

3000 years of poems

10000 million tonnes of hunger,

Coexist, to day..

In the scorched earth and scorched sky

Where two meet the summer noon hot and airy,

Body , mind, soul still ply

When hunger joins the fray,

All three die.

Upendra Majhi

# Poetry Is The Parachute

Poetry cleanses deep pores,  
Poet is the beautician,  
it exfoliates the dead life,  
life in suspended animation,  
it applies a tonal cream, a soothing balm,  
that plugs the pore -hole of zest.  
poetry chases you to all thy life spaces  
small, big, medium,  
sorrowful and happiness,  
poetry is the parachute,  
that softlands you on ground of living again,  
from the precipice of accidents.

Upendra Majhi

# Poor

Utapta akaash aau utapta dharitri  
Phungaa dehe piti hue baisaakhira jhaanji  
Sunya paada sunya pete  
Jibaaku re bahu baate  
KaLam gochhaare tumara beka moDi jaaye  
Baisaakhi jhaanjire tumar gala sukhi jaaye  
masaNiru uThiaase asharir aatmaa  
bhutitmaa hau baa seta haubaa bhutaatmaa  
kahe, phingi dia bojha baisakhi bataase  
jai pahanchiba graame mohara aadeshe  
(oriya poem in roman script) this is about hot summer noon ☐  
.english version is already placed.

Upendra Majhi

# Poverty Alleviation

Let us talk of life,  
and so of livelihood,  
of mine, of thine, and of neighbour,  
Saaunti, our village poor neighbour,  
went to a bank, when starved,  
Opened an account,  
took a micro credit of few hundred,  
BC came to his doorstep,  
BC is Banking Correspondent,  
Hope came that means,  
He filled up his form,  
Hunger quenched,  
one hundred poems seen flying above the earth,  
All said Saaunti is great,  
Saunti is great, He starves not.

Upendra Majhi

# Primordial Dance

All those who giggled  
Aftermath of earth's rotation  
One even half a longitude,  
They are kids, innocents, inexperienced and puerile,  
Temper not their innocence,  
Their innocence is the coolant, the ballbearing, the grease  
To the heat and friction of thine life  
Teach them not thine deeds,  
Their innocence is the cool breeze  
For the heat,  
That will blow on thee.  
In all such evenings and before daybreak.  
The primordial way you danced or made others dance  
Will add spice to everybody's life.

Upendra Majhi

# Probate Of God's Will

When God thought that, it is time to make a will he said let sun's rays be shared by day's moon at morning, eagle on its wing-low, the east sky and the face of all little girls, we, the inhabitants of earth waited with baited breath for the probate of the will.

Somany others made complaints on- line for golden rays belonged to all and God closed all such complaints as non maintainable on the &quot;frivolous ground&quot; except that of a squirrel who showed his eyes sparkling bright while pleading to get a share.

Upendra Majhi

# Propagation Is Predisposed Genetically

He pigeon on the bamboo shaft,  
he moves clockwise, then anticlockwise,  
cooing all time and in soliciting nodding  
neck swollen feathers standing,  
she flies away from shaft,  
to the nearby window ceiling,  
with another, he pigeon, or she one,  
the original sits on waiting, or in despair,  
in two minutes, she flies back exactly to him  
He restarts his cooing, nodding, circling, swelling  
she responds by pecking to him,  
now both peck each other  
like the ocean under lunar influence,  
both matter and living swell  
when in propagation mode,

Upendra Majhi

# Queen

Everything has gone to oblivion,  
old spring, spring bird,  
the evening breeze that tenaciously cuddles,  
like you sitting near me,  
she is the ruling regina of love,  
knowing all details,  
all angles of dozen men.

Upendra Majhi

# Rain

As I looked outside my office window,  
I saw it raining on the tree,  
The wall of tower, wings of falcon  
and even sky was as dry as could be,  
but it was raining in the first quadrant,  
in the left slant,  
in the second quadrant in the right slant,  
and on a line in vertices, of the tree  
but all with an arrow head on the drop.  
It was raining in a golden afternoon,  
across the road., on that tree.

Upendra Majhi

# Rain In Late Evening

Yesterday evening it rained,  
loud thunder, blinding lightening,  
elongated thunder, golden lightening,  
wet leaves dazzling in lamppost light, parallel planes  
in dynamic modes  
bubbles swimming, white threads saree -knitting,  
raindrops falling, cold wind blowing,  
I remembered my youngdays,  
going out to outskirts of village  
to see this in solitude.

Upendra Majhi

# Rain Seeks Place To Rain

Oh! the rain cloud  
that is seeking a sacred plane  
on earth to rain,  
I say, I, the flower on earth  
and I their petals  
that it must rain on them.  
Thou seeketh in the riverside,  
lake side, on the hills, in dense forests,  
in the seashores,  
but I wait here in my orchards  
for thy thrust, for thy cool free fall  
to take the thrust in my soft soft petal.

Upendra Majhi

# Rainbird

A small bird flew from peepal branch  
to the red leaf tree branch,  
when very big rain drops fell in full view,  
nay, they were couple,  
only one sat on leafless black branch,  
while seated even, its tailwing was fully open,  
like the palmleaf fan!  
it was taking all drops on its open tailwings  
and shedding these in one flap.  
For life was not to fly away from rain  
it was not sitting still even for a second,  
sat facing east, facing west, north, south,  
it was a marvel of nature.

Upendra Majhi

# Rainbow

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??? ? ? ? ? ? (oriya poem in devnaagri script)

Upendra Majhi

# Raindrops Fall On Walking Woman.

Mother is walking in the rain,  
raindrops on her umbrella falling in symphony,  
that only she understands,  
one mother knows the other,  
in nonverbal mode,  
if no umbrella,  
it falls on her head,  
in all soft touches and whispers  
She keeps the secrets thus delivered  
to pass it on to her offsprings,  
first in non-verbal than in verbal modes,  
this is the inebriation for both.  
Thus nature, mother and child in perfect alignment.

Upendra Majhi

# Rainy Day

Mue tate bhala paauthili,  
SakaLu uthile to katha manare bhari jaye,  
Khali kaLAsire kua paaNi pasigalaa pari  
Sesaku tike tubutubu hue, , gudu gudu hue  
Soithilaa beLe deha manare nida aau andhhara pasithaae,  
tentuLi gachhare bhuta basicchi, raatire uthili  
barsaa dina, bijuli , bhutata dishuni, dekhaahele  
daudiki paleibi.  
Darazaa khulaa rakhichhi,  
Ghadaghadi maaruchhi,  
Bijuli chamakuchi  
Su su paban bahuchhi  
Pani chhitikaa paduchhi,  
Pani bahi jaauchhi,  
Taaupare barsaa topa paducchii.  
Sange sange bijuli livi gala,  
sabuja rangara naaLikare puNi kala boLigalaa  
Jau andhaara ku sei andhaara.

Upendra Majhi

# Rascals And God

I hear howling at 2am  
entire city is in deep slumber,  
the decibel comes from deep forest,  
decibel rises in an abruption,  
it ceases and again begin,  
it breaks my sleep,  
Fear grips my mind,  
I pray to God,  
and God makes me sleep again,  
Rascal administrators are bribed.  
and we turn to God for succor

Upendra Majhi

# Regina

Everything has gone to oblivion,  
old spring, spring bird,  
the evening breeze that tenaciously cuddles,  
like you sitting near me,  
she is the ruling regina of love,  
knowing all details,  
all angles of dozen men.

Upendra Majhi

# Reminiscing A Silent Spring Night

when it is spring, and it is night  
it is silent late night,  
mind goes rebellious,  
gravitates towards the girl in the village  
and thoughts ooz to the open meadow,  
that she is also awake,  
no remembrance of those moments,  
I have missed memory of the golden  
run of the mind,  
the loving grip of the love,  
the immature feedback of senses,  
yet the valuable growing up,  
love is like the fountain water,  
rises it surely, but than fall and falter,  
silent silent spring night,  
cool, silent fragrant night,  
dreams precipitate in twilight,  
how to go left or right.

Upendra Majhi

## Resolute And Decisive Comments

At 3.15 pm I typed my comments  
on a poem, translated from chinese,  
By Mr Zulhi,  
I said apricot, cliff, rainbow and waterfall  
, symbols of being resolute and decisive,  
well retrived from ancient saying,  
good for world peace  
to chase with equal resolution and  
and equal decision-making,  
PH said you cannot put duplicate comments,  
I tried 3 times,  
3 times times it saids so.  
tell me why?  
tell me being resolute  
tell me with decisiveness.

Upendra Majhi

# Retail Market For Poems

I am a poet,  
Like all other human beings,  
I breathe, I live, I grow in age,  
thoughts hunt me,  
in sleep and in full wakefulness,  
that hunts very few mortals,  
I get numbed by that,  
by its soft countenance,  
by its invisibleness,  
by its intangibility,  
yet by its encrypted message for peace,  
I write down whole day,  
even to late night,  
As if I live on air, ether like these thoughts,  
milk arrive on milk route,  
meat arrive on meat route,  
poems arrive on what route,  
where is the retail market for poems?  
spot or forward?  
translated from a poem by Arunima Majhi

Upendra Majhi

# Rewriting Teachers Day

Today is the goatmeat day in the village,  
We children could smell it,  
went out to outskirts, the place of kill,  
here comes the thing the creature,  
a white black male goat,  
wearing a lungi folded tight  
and scapel stuck behind waist,  
he tied the goat to tree  
and beckoned all kids to go away,  
we moved to a distance,  
He sharpened scapel in the wood,  
we watched every movement of his,  
He looked here, there, untied goat and pulled  
it to behind the thick tree,  
to make the slay invisible to us,  
goat released the last bleat, goodbye to all,  
the butcher took out scapel and beheaded the goat,  
head falling on the ground, he fell on torso  
to prevent it sprint away,  
blood sprinkling from its neck to butcher's face,  
He peeled it off, cut limbs into pieces  
and made several shares,  
Each big share Rs.5 and small Rs 2.50.  
He sold share by share, put money in lungi pocket,  
some notes in both his ears,  
he even smoked bidi,  
we took small share,  
when it became late night,  
grudgingly we cooked it  
in earthen utensil with ginger and hotspice  
and ate with rice  
in plantain leaf,  
Mom did not eat,  
Next day Monday I went to school,  
my teacher was teaching a topic,  
whom does the swan belong to?  
to Debduitta, who grounded it with arrow,  
or to Gautam, who nourished it to life,  
I was looking through the window,

at a bird flying from branch to branch,  
Teacher asked me tell me Upendra,  
I had already guessed the question,  
and prepared the answer before watching,  
based on sunday's butcher's money in his lungi pocket and ears  
I said Debducta that infuriated him,  
He brought two long thick canes,  
caned me for twenty minutes or more,  
two canes broke on my back,  
My back profusely bleeding and with swollen red crosses,  
I returned home,  
my mom saw my back and applied medicinal plant  
from'orchard's fence.

Upendra Majhi

# Right

We were bestowed with rights by God,  
right to breathe and right to live,  
Right to food? there was plenty of food,  
then God's regime yielded place to regime of politics,  
Man bestowed on you right to equality,  
right to speech,  
Right to credit, latest one, best one,  
right to suitability, modern one,  
right is right now,  
not might is right.

translated from a poem by Upasana Majhi

Upendra Majhi

## Right Roof And Right Pecking

In sequence to right sky and right wing,  
I felt an early morn when seven took on wing,  
that birds have dreamt that all blue of sky  
has melted and fallen as rain colouring roofs high,  
corrugated and slanted as these are,  
Piegons settling on them pecking in despair,  
to retrieve whatever blue they can as heir.

Upendra Majhi

# Right Wing And Right Sky

in my bathroom window ceiling,  
a he pigeon, a she pigeon,  
she pigeon head and torso "pasted"  
on ceiling floor, a love pose,  
her tailwing up to sky,  
he piegon on her head and pecking,  
she cooing incessantly  
oblivious of hindrances around,  
he respond-ccos sporadically,  
as the day grew deeper,  
their cooing assumed thunderous proportion,  
this will beget the right egg,  
that will beget the right hearts,  
that will beget the right wings  
that will feel the ether in right manner  
that will inherit the right blue of right sky,  
that will fill in all of us right zest and right freedom,  
God will navigate in His own 'sky'  
with this love extraordinaire  
or else God sleeps.

Upendra Majhi

## Risk The Irrelevance, If Any

A poem can have four sentences,  
each sentence can be three-word one,  
each word can be two-letter one,  
thou art the poet,  
to harvest beauty of the planet,  
hidden truth of it,  
shy away not,  
Do not close eyes  
and thus do not skip the golden pot.  
put the poem in PH,  
risking the irrelevance.

Upendra Majhi

# Rose

In three separate incidents  
one, a bus parking in the university campus  
whole night near the ladies hostel,  
out of twenty departments,  
each thought that it is for picnic  
by one of other nineteen.  
Before daybreak bus disappeared,  
for one full month.  
in the second incident,  
dozen men climbing hostel walls  
everyday to the roof of the hostel.  
no police, no money to pay police,  
in the last scandal on sofa set  
that rocked the nation.  
you are narrating yellow journalism,  
that in the wildest dream,  
will not occur to poem  
it broke many hearts,  
made many flowers wither  
even now hearts are bleeding,  
aftermath of what Juliet said to Romeo  
an actor told another actor,  
rampage occurred,  
and rose became a bloodred rose.  
for blood oozed of it.  
Rose is a rose.  
even if it bleeds,  
What to do with my name,  
for anybody's name,  
for that matter.  
Do it off.  
Do them off Romeo or Ram.

Upendra Majhi

# Rotten Rules

You shall strive to be in poor light,  
appear to be in that,  
so that more lacheros appear good,  
nephews and nieces of corrupted  
ascend thrones of power and wealth,  
that is the rotten rules of city,  
At 60, you shall appear to be in cupid's zone  
forgetting your pastyears of celibacy.

Upendra Majhi

# Sacrilege

On the sacred kartika purnima  
Occurred the sacrilege,  
In the cool insouciance of Pandas,  
On the hot sands of Mahanadi,  
In the cool of bank's sand  
As Sadhabas were to set out for Bali,  
For the sea wind  
For the gold rush.

Upendra Majhi

# Scorched hed Sky

scorched sky,  
scorched earth,  
summer noon hot wind,  
in nude body,  
empty stomach,  
empty feet,  
far to go,  
heavy payload on the head,  
dry throat of hot blow,  
dead soul rise from cemetery,  
fiat to throw the load in symmetry,  
that will reach village on his command.

Upendra Majhi

## Scotwifbis, Sky, Cloud, Tree, Wind, Etc.

Let me put one more poem on clouds  
It is time of south west monsoon here  
clouds of colour pink, blue, black and red,  
A hill of cloud being pulled to its puller,  
someone has thrown a rope to this hill  
and pulling, if cloud comes well and good,  
if rope goes, no loss to feel,  
we hardly see all colours together,  
cloud, leaves, red white flowers,  
we hardly make an abbreviation thereof,  
we need to, or why else they lie before,  
meanings-chick have flown out of nest-words,  
and vaccuum is filled by anti-meanings,  
fill it with abbreviated one.  
say SCOTWIFBIS as if it is one word  
for it represents, sky, cloud, tree, wind, flower, song of bird

Upendra Majhi

## Settle On The Moon In A 2 Bhk Flat

Words surf the dust of love,  
lift themselves in a jerk,  
to escape the gravitation of mundaneness  
of legal, ethical, social mass  
and climb the ether of self assertion  
angle by angle  
freeing the self of the being  
up, up and still up  
into true freedom of soul  
to settle on the moon in a 2 BHK flat

Upendra Majhi

# Shurti My Friend

Shurti my friend  
will not be in activity mode,  
proactive mode rather,  
in thought, words, or in action,  
I remember his voice,  
what exactly happens to someone,  
in an abrupt end,  
it is not an end, my dear,  
You were so vivacious,  
pouring out your heart,  
in every little thing.  
you poured it beyond my friend,

Upendra Majhi

# Signals Or Words

The boy showed me the traffic signal,  
red, yellow and green,  
no words go or do not go, or wait,  
only signals and signals,  
he had painted it in a painting competition,  
Among all scenes, he chose this,  
colours are there, hand signals of constables,  
signlas, signals everywhere,

words or signals,  
how to send the signals,  
by which boat sailing on which water,  
glutamate or GABA,  
micro tubule, axon,  
how to send the signals to whom?  
hey, mom is coming, sister said,  
see the signals, in the neuron  
signal alpha, signal beta, signal gama  
signal thita, signal kai, signal fai,  
signal laamda, signal delta,  
send all to synaptic home,  
sailing the boat loaded with signals,  
on the waterways of gaba glutamate  
if you are hungry, signal is alpha,  
if you are thirsty, signal Beta,  
if you want to go out for play,  
it is signal thita ,  
if you want to make a complaint against me,  
it is signal fai,  
Now you get ready for action  
Oh, action hero.

Upendra Majhi

# Silence

In a silent night,  
when moon is at the zenith  
silence biting from all sides,  
sleep,  
or break the silence with mind,  
make coffee,  
or see the ghost, that  
mosquito of silence lays and breeds  
egg and larvae of silence,  
heap upon heap,  
layer upon layer,  
In the city's dith and din  
when sun is at the zenith  
seek silence and drink the potion thereof.

Upendra Majhi

# Silent Spring Night

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Upendra Majhi

## Six Avian Flights

She pigeon flew from 8th to 6th floor,  
He pigeon followed suit nearby,  
second male pigeon flew to there, courted her,  
First male pigeon chased him away,  
Then he flew away from there,  
second male followed suit,  
Third male flies to there and courted her,  
She moves away,  
Then She flew away to fifth floor,  
The third male followed suit.

Upendra Majhi

# Sky, Earth, And God

First there was sky,  
then came earth,  
then a peepal tree,  
then an autumn fall,  
yellow leaves fell in parabola,  
borne by breeze,  
gave a few hearts,  
few hearts gave a few souls,  
all such souls set up a colony on moon,  
moon and hearts resulted in children,  
in schools, meadows and at homes,  
they talked, blabbered.  
God asked what are these sounds,  
they are children they said.  
Children giggled  
that even God is so forgetful.

Upendra Majhi

# Slow And Slow.

slow my son slow,  
stay on each breath,  
think of heaven above,  
think of ocean below,  
like sun setting,  
immobile,  
nevertheless moving,  
slow and still slow,  
defining the ideal speed,  
for all of you to know,  
and then only like it, glow.

Upendra Majhi

## Smile Into.

Smile into your eyes, said Taoist  
Thank the eyes for all good work done by them,  
Smile into your ears,  
Thank the ears, for all good work done,  
Smile into your heart,  
Thank the heart for all good beatings,  
Smile into flowers.  
Thank for beauty and fragrance,  
Smile into thy love,  
for the sustenance and succor.

Upendra Majhi

# So Far Sir

So far sir,  
my poems had been  
"a scratching wherever it itches",  
whenever it itches,  
in my effort to escape from few mazes of life.  
so far sir,  
my poems had been run on the runway  
running and running till the buoyancy in adequacy,  
I get and the arch I get  
to escape the inertia and lethargy,  
before releasing the arrow  
so far sir, my poems had been struggle  
to dream while in sleep and in full awakeness  
of ambition both material and spiritual.

Upendra Majhi

# Song

AApaNa dhana paraku dei,  
naatha suile namba khamba hoi,  
kuaa udigale chhuaa udigalaa,  
kua udigale taaLa padigalaa,  
post hoc ergo propter hoc,  
pre hoc ergo propter hoc,  
ex nihilo nihilo fit,  
if tired, please sit,  
oriya, latin song in roman script

Upendra Majhi

# Soul

He just was not there,  
yet was there,  
yet not there,  
shade of the tree he planted fell on his grave,  
I tried to recollect all things,  
and took dip for each thing,  
in the river nearby,  
where we used to fish,  
He is with me, with all of us.  
tree at the grave has grown tall and bushy,  
and covers all of us in summer,  
The wild cock cooes from bamboo bush he planted,  
the koel sings from the lone shoot, sitting at the its top.

Upendra Majhi

## Stem, Intelligence

Red flowers on green climber stems,  
As the stems, in the full moon night, coruscate  
Night is dark,  
A deep deep blue lake, they branch out  
Red flowers covering half this lake,  
elegantly as they float,  
branch joins the branch,  
in good graft,  
flowers bloom between the branch,  
above the branch, below the branch,  
on the branch and off the branch,  
it is neuron, soma and dendrite.  
can we imagine,  
whose replica is it, in space

Upendra Majhi

# Street

star esteve no horizonte,  
lua foi com a zenith,  
ainda um claro altas horas  
nem pode ser revertido em meia-noite,  
rua da cidade foi abandonado,  
mas ela foi esquecido..  
star was on the horizon,  
moon was on the zenith,  
hours to be wee hour,  
nor can be rolled back to midnight,  
city street was deserted,  
but she was oblivious.

Upendra Majhi

# Sur La Route

Quest-ce que C'est  
Gouttees de sang rouge  
sur la route,  
comme si les fleurs rouges  
avaient flitri dur  
sur la route,  
Ressemblant I des etoiles rouges  
Coule comme une comete rouge,  
certains ont seche certain non  
pres de la mairie

Upendra Majhi

# Teachers Day.

Today is teachers day,  
I narrate an event of schoolday,  
I was six years old in class II,  
was in the class at half past 2,  
teacher was teaching,  
whom does the swan belong to,  
to Gautam (Buddha) or Debadutta,  
The later grounded it in an arrow,  
former nourished it to life,  
Now tell me, who should take it?  
He asked me,  
I was not listening to him,  
I was looking through the window  
at a bird flying  
from branch to branch,  
I said Debdutta?  
It infuriated him,  
He brought two canes  
caned me for twenty minutes or more,  
both the canes broke on my back,  
My back profusely bleeding  
and with dozens of swollen cross of blood,  
I returned home.I was six years old.  
It numbed me.

Upendra Majhi

# Thakur ; Love

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Upendra Majhi

# The Common Man

I met a common man,  
I met a common youngman,  
with no liaison with formal planet,  
world of rules, regulation, and etiquette,  
but he was vibrant, zealous of his interest,  
he said, his sister will get married,  
so, he is busy like the way he appeared  
but security at the gate said, it is too late  
how can you enter at five pm, only five minute.  
he said, sir I wouldnot, butfor my sister marriage,  
Please help me, because I am late,  
I was startled as I learnt the world outer,  
his earnestness, his request, his need and  
the brook of love, affection that flow inner.

Upendra Majhi

# The Maternal Shield

To weave a wreath of complicated troubled waters,  
wherein you learn to fish  
the carnal surmai and sardine,  
eludes you even now,  
you are old, son of man,  
except to your mom,  
who covers you with the  
inaccessible shield,  
wait for some more years.  
and such net you knit  
will fetch you good catch.

Upendra Majhi

# The Garden

I wandered the entire garden,  
lane by lane, that lay like a maze,  
to get into or to come out, I do not know,  
this maze was a better one in comparison,  
I wandered through the playground,  
running children, workers, cars  
till I reached the tall fat tree,  
the fragrance was in the air in all vehemence,  
I fell in love with the deep red flowers,  
fragrance was devouring the air,  
here sky was not empty,  
but green that swung in cosmic breeze,  
here sky is dark but filled with mushroomed stars

Upendra Majhi

# The Nudge Theory

You guys need a nudge,  
world needs a nudge,  
only magnanimous know this,  
not intelligent only,  
world will be better place,  
swith over to proactive mode,  
from too meditative insouciance,

Upendra Majhi

# The Sacred Ganges

Gangasagar.

The River Ganges

Gangotri to Gangasagar, smoothly flow  
Breaking into 101 streams, to the bay,  
Unless it is flowing from the pristine beach to  
Gangotri,  
A dip in the drain,  
Washes thousands sin,  
Cameo Luis de, dreamt the sacred river,  
Four Hundred fifty years before  
In a far off land in Lisbon,  
Came sailing, as if by river's summon,  
He could hear the murmur of its flow,  
And the face of Kapil, the monk, he saw  
Bhagiratha, the monk, also he saw  
Ganges flows wide, deep, calm and elegant.  
She also planned a dip,  
A woman from my land,  
With her children, boarded a train.,  
As a routine dip to erase all woes,  
For her children  
She bought all dress and shoes.  
And lo! , as she reached the beach,  
Beach of silver sand,  
The river flowed more elegant,  
But in reverse, to the hill,  
Making them run, all pilgrim,  
Thus ended her desire,  
To take a dip in the sacred river.

Upendra Majhi

# They Stripped Her In A Train

They stripped her nude  
In a train compartment,  
Thinking that she is a pimp,  
As if pimp need no cloth like a reed

Few went on merriment,  
Of the event in compartment.  
Of sheer, pure enjoyment,  
The girl like a leech went dumb of salt of insult  
Neither her employer, not the state, nor the church  
Who propagate, harangue on rules, ethics, morals  
Paid her a penny.  
At the other end of the land,  
It got avenged on ten more girls and one nanny.  
it was whose land,  
Their psychoanalyst said,  
They should have seen it  
In order to compensate it,  
Five thousand years of civility  
No scripture, no constitution  
Made rule to compensate a stripped butt.  
Why the heck there should be kurshis,  
Kurshis of power.  
How louche is it to sit on that  
When stripped girl is crying,  
Ostracized,  
Here, demons put all in  
Pollution and purity grindmill,  
That spill over to rules,  
Put all in fire pyre,  
Such fire was hot then, cool now.  
They blame the girl  
And again punish her.

Upendra Majhi

# Thou Art

Thou art the bloom, dear  
thou art the breeze,  
thou art the fragrance,  
that come uptill me,  
Thou art the golden glow,  
thou art the trunk,  
thou art the brightened branch,  
thou art the show,  
Thou art the silver glow,  
thou art red tree,  
thou art the red leaves,  
Vide thee I am free.

Upendra Majhi

# Three Agents Of Peace

Poetry, beauty, and musical symmetry,  
Three anchors for peace, prosperity,  
men built nations for three centuries, brick by brick,  
War extirpated it in minutes, brick by brick.  
The three agents of peace, alone or well coalesced,  
Flowing like a t, soft, serene and in solitude  
Blowing like an evening breeze, soft, cool, lovingly errant,  
Takes on the rising cone of fire,  
Fire of anger,  
Anger of war mongerer,  
In a plunge,  
In fullest throttle of courage,  
Music vide its convexity,  
Beauty vide its brow, twinkle, and tenacity  
And poetry vide its sweet eccentricity,  
Extinguishes all,  
The burn and heat of war.  
Poem written by upasana

Upendra Majhi

# Thunder

Here thunder swims on hill top  
and on top of green woods  
and visits the wings of each water bird,  
in the late afternoon  
water of river quivers on its splendid bend,  
that caused such splendid bend in my life,  
bird shrugs off the danger  
and keeps on its avian sojourn to  
right wilderness.  
the obscurity is the greatest clarity here.

Upendra Majhi

# Thy Name Is Woman

Frailty thy name is woman, Sir William Shakespeare said.  
Whereas, muscularly strong should be their name.  
Tell me why,  
To protect God `s gift to them,  
To protect their offspring,  
To protect all food and habitat,  
To protect peace on earth.,  
As stake is higher for them  
The way felt by them for them and for their offspring  
Mother falcon flies out of its nest  
Amidst storm, to prey a soft rat for its chick  
as preparing for  
war is preparing for peace,  
Did God make a mistake by juxtaposing,  
Imagine a woman fixing a blow,  
A very strong punch,  
Vide her new muscle,  
Acquired on demand on the woman's day,  
By Gods bless or by modified gene  
What scene emerges  
All men with bruised nose on platform,

Upendra Majhi

# Time

Wind was not enough to say why flower swung,  
Sun was not enough to say why its shadow swung,  
Time was not enough to know you from you,  
The tree at the gate coruscate with red flower,  
The sky above coruscate with blue bloom,  
The recrudescence of peepal, soothing and fulfilling, yet,  
Lacking in many ways,

Upendra Majhi

## To Mr. Barry Middleton With Love

The grocery girl of poemhunter  
has a shop in an island  
where sea roars in all music,  
and parades on white foam lines  
When alone, she thinks of world beyond,  
of the depth of the sea, and its blue waves,  
her ancestors who hunted fish in shores,  
and got the treasure buried under the sand there.  
She is brought to receive their blessings.  
She adds price to price of each customers  
and wait for the true love sent by ancestors,  
and again turns on to sea's march on white lines.

Upendra Majhi

# Tobacco Chewing

He is asking for tobacco beetleleaf,  
he who donated his betterhalf,  
for one hundred one breadloaf,  
I am perplexed he intrudes my circle,  
nothing is insulated, not safe full,  
wretched is his thought, wretched is his words,  
wretched is his action, said all his wards  
He asks for tobacco, not to all,  
but to me, in the fame -hall

Upendra Majhi

# Tomorrow Only

Your mind is lost in the woods of dreams  
your tress touching my hands  
you are fast asleep in your world,  
but your dreams fit into mine.  
how much night is the residue,  
Outside a rainy sky  
A thunderous sky with its load of lightening,  
And flute of gales in tree branches..  
tomorrow only we will see each other.

Upendra Majhi

# True Colour Of Lust

Her own offspring kicked her,  
She has wronged against her,  
She is a make of her mind,  
She is her total emotional bind,  
But lust at one side of the balance,  
All love at the other side,  
She left her husband,  
her marriage that is arranged in heaven,  
her employer, at dead of night,  
to see off the lewd at station.  
sacred Ganges at Howrah station  
stopped flowing for a minute  
to see the true colour of lust,

Upendra Majhi

# Udan

PM's UDAN,  
happy is our commonman,  
High he goes above the earth,  
wish him good health,  
Here flies poor Lucy,  
And on the wings is democracy,  
for the people, by the people, and of the people.

Upendra Majhi

# Unalloyed Joy

If you can watch a sparrow  
across the branches, across the skyspace  
across the time, across the wings  
you invent a vaccine,  
Alternately, if you can discern  
grapes being same wine differ  
wine being same, life differ,  
vide a Heuri  
vide a verdure  
and even vide a cup.  
you nvent unalloyed joy.

Upendra Majhi

# Vegetarianism

The seed of extreme trouble  
hidden in the vegetarianism,  
tell me how, asked Gaulin  
Mokshya seeker, whether single  
or a full fledged father,  
rescinds meat,  
rescinds sword,  
rescinds mother, birth giver,  
rescinds wife-love giver  
rescinds offsprings -  
in the heart of his heart,  
is deep seated the nirvana,  
ultimate truth,  
not the immediate one,  
not the one that one sees  
near ones door  
like a black crow on the branch,  
the truth that wakes him up,  
the truth that reminds him of his  
utter mundaneness  
that is not palatable for  
vegetarian's heightened moral and spiritual soul.  
Wake up in the dead of the night,  
at the ripe age of sixty,  
when lust is gone, libido is gone  
, thrust is over,  
and walk down the village path,  
seek the ultimate truth,  
single handed, no encumbrance of mother, wife and child,  
Eat single, live single  
fully unencumbered,  
the scripture is with you,  
Ganas, the devotees are with you,  
discard the animal blood,  
that is sin,  
that is proscribed,  
he argued in one single breath  
as if he saw a ghost  
I smiled away all his harangue.

but not what he said now.  
here comes a man,  
with another scripture in hand,  
steed on horse, black and white,  
sword in the hand, left and right,  
blood letting, well sanctioned,  
his wife, mother, girls are in his tent.  
he must go back with food in tact.

Upendra Majhi

# Vehemence Of Heart

You will scramble in the bright  
Darkness,  
for the vehemence of thy heartforce,  
that was built of flowers,  
its beauty and fragrance,  
The autumn fall,  
Lunar luminisence,  
And fantasy of all these.  
You will find none,  
She has got everything  
Flowing through her scheme  
Of motherhood, womanhood,  
Where is the fruit  
Where is the food,  
For me, for you, for the child,  
Both her feet are on earth.  
Where her offspring stands. □  
During last 56 years of life,  
Of recurrent hunger of all seasons,  
Of chill cold of winter,  
Of sickness of all seasons, ,  
Like words missing from the poem,  
That connect meaning to meaning,  
as in half a second no meaning crystallises  
If food is also missing connecting time to time,  
Hollowness will creep in

Upendra Majhi

# Verdure

Mouth sitting on a hungry stomach,  
gravitates towards food,  
eyes of the hungry emit a sparkle of food -hope,  
Here on this planet only,  
corn is growing in the corn field  
in Nalsepari rice field,  
in Bandiari, in posci bil,  
Early morning, in the dense fog,  
to the tune of tein Teinia's song,  
village will wake up to energy,  
to prepare for the day,  
the verdure, where soul of planet rests in peace.  
will be my destination, for the silent night,  
Under mushrooming blooming of stars, white stars,  
bright faint stars,  
from which hangs the eternal blessings  
of departed ancestors,  
endearment will flow,  
you will drink this state of bliss  
in your palm, it will be so real  
these thoughts belong to the planet,  
of living beings, their hunger and food,  
village will get submerged in dense dark now,  
not a single drop of light,  
except in the sky,  
where 200 constellations twinkle, in all possible shapes,  
cushion of grass on the earth for thy body,  
cushion of starry sky for thy soul,  
silence and solitude filling your consciousness.  
hours will pass by.  
till stars climb to zenith,  
you wake up from sleep and walk down to village.  
translated from a poem by Upasana Majhi

Upendra Majhi

# Village Sky To Cling Onto

my mother and I  
collect here the wild weeds,  
for fuelwood,  
my brother assists me,  
speedwind pulls the load off my head,  
what happened to other moments,  
this much only I remember  
of my past life,  
the cemetery, the hotwind,  
the pits whose mud dead sould love to play with,  
the red flower tree at the cemetery end,  
that dead souls wear at night,  
the ecstasy of food,  
where are my other moments,  
of a long life,  
my village is not far off,  
on whose sky I can cling onto,  
for succour and sustenance,  
in summer, winter, and rain.

Upendra Majhi

# Ways Of Greedy Buggers

vulture has eaten,  
and dozing on peepal branch,  
man, the vulture is at the corpse, noonsun-blانched,  
prowling on each and every bit of flesh, stale or fresh,  
listen to /his her voice, hoarse,  
pales into banal, ways of whores,  
smiling in innocence, in old trick,  
riding a bakdalli, so purile,  
putting in the pinhole, whatever falling,  
money, status, pinhole grandiose,  
no stick unturned, no peg unturned,  
come and collect and store it for future,  
you never know what may go haywire,  
is the logic they adduce,  
have rescinded other path, we deduce,

Upendra Majhi

# We Poets Flee And Flee

poetry is the refuge  
for all of us, we poets  
we nomadic  
fleeing from the heat of life's  
too much of logic,  
inferences outdoings their processings,  
There was not so much of logic  
in so many and varied life spaces,  
and that crisscrossing  
yet more discerning and cunning  
get away and finds an escape root,  
we flee the long range of Social Darwinism

Upendra Majhi

## Wee Hours In Parel.

Here is again the sweet wee hours,  
prayer is read and broadcast,  
life will begin,  
life of love, care and ecstasy  
in my place, songbirds are many and varied  
they fly and sing in wee hours  
in an chorus, well orchestrated  
and in alignment, my mind and soul attains  
new height of happiness.  
who is this woman dodging me,  
my thought, my words, written and spoken,  
my movements, my libido,  
my id, ego and superego,  
sweet wee hours will bring in dreams,  
colourful dreams and ecstasy,  
and carefully change into a bright morn,  
sunrays on golden leaves and white planes  
coffee, yoga and shuttles,  
songbirds, friends under banyon tree  
and drizzling, krishnachuda, bharadwaj  
our love is fortified  
It is a new test, we must pass through,  
with help of our love,  
me with the help of my love,  
you with the help of your love,

Upendra Majhi

# What Is What

Heart is the ocean,  
waves are religions,  
foam lines are pantheon of God,  
Scripture is the golden sand  
whales are dictates of heart,  
sharks are proactive actions  
deepseated love and affection,  
if whales somersault,  
sandy beach get inundated,  
if shark ssamersault, waves rise high,  
snake is the devil,  
seagull is the conscience,  
aerial lifting is the way,  
calm cool way.  
oyster is the mundane living,  
maya (in Hindi) (the confusion) is the turmoil of living  
the grilling facts of daily life,  
the sand in the oyster stomach,  
pearl is the unalloyed joy  
God is the oyster farmer,  
Life is the oysterbed  
corrupt buys the pearl,  
buys name and fame, readymade,  
his wife wears the necklace,  
but pearl is a pearl,  
not for the glory of the wearer,  
but for the glory of its producer, the oyster,  
it is produced hard way,  
worn easy way.  
pearl is the enigma.

the

Upendra Majhi

# What A Creature

earth will shed its longitude  
you shall shed thy urge,  
event will go underneath of everything  
time, space, and ether,  
emerging victorious  
you shall ascend the throne,  
the bitch dodges me  
word by word,  
line by line,  
thought-word by thoughtword,  
word by word,  
action by action,  
breathe by breathe,  
has a nasty design,

Upendra Majhi

# What Is Love?

Let him sleep,  
he is tired of years of work,  
of intense mundaneness,  
of vicious sweet nothings,  
disturb him not,  
He will choose the moment to fly into the orchard,  
to perch in a branch,  
and hop around in his garden,  
listening to river flowing by,  
bud blooming into flower,  
and even take short flights,  
showing the pattern,  
that assume ontological significance,  
in moments of glory.

Upendra Majhi

# What Is That Thing

It deserved no name,  
it was in utter bliss and safety,  
in a sense of perfect security,  
in a nameless state,  
it was a playful bird,  
in multiple camouflaging,  
and abhorred all names,  
all definitions,  
it was hopping and hopping,  
alone, unnoticed, in solitude, that it loved,

but you named it severally,  
in sophisticated nomenclatures,  
asphyxiated ,  
it got immobile.

Upendra Majhi

## When Afternoon Descends Here

Our two hearts are clear,  
and full of love for each other,  
during last two and half decades  
yet we have not spoken  
that will fill half a page,  
we two went there urged by our heartforce,  
to say something to each other,  
you neither owning it nor disowning  
we forgot our earthdust banal familiarity willingly  
like teacher erases writings in blackboard, for fresh ones  
to become strangers,  
for familiarity rarely engenders love,  
now having shared so commonly so much of time  
we are pretending, practising being strangers,  
we loathe that familiarity and seek the other one.  
we are old, our age has transcended hundreds of this  
in one shrug,  
yet when late afternoon descend  
on this Byculla building, love occurs.

Upendra Majhi

# When In Calcutta

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oriya song in devnagari script..

Upendra Majhi

# Whither Poetry?

hunger acid eroding stomach wall,  
hunger waves eroding mind wall  
hunger pangs eroding soul wall,  
poem words are all purchased  
spot and forward by worshippers of beauty.  
worshippers of memon, and crusades

Upendra Majhi

## Who Are At Play? ?

He says take drink  
and call the little girl  
tell her your carnal desire,  
under inebriation,  
as the darkness grow deep,  
three sins commit in quick succession,  
so that they get morally legally unencumbered,  
very smart guy,  
tell her your plan, he says  
My soul lurking with feeble might and rays,  
yet desires inundating the mind,  
madness rides the ladder,  
All in that colony of bestial designs  
wall, roof, floor all filled with this,  
here in office, purity of thought, word, action  
Back home this designs and at this age of 60.

Upendra Majhi

# Who Ascends The Throne?

Green oval plane of siris tree, as seen from  
seventh floor.

The pink floral sprinkling of siris flowers  
Coating of the slant golden morn rays  
To declare the beginning of life's sojourn,  
Who to inherit and ascend the throne,  
Of green- pink - gold throne  
This extravaganza of nature?  
the sweet voiced bulbul,  
that pours eight notes in one braeath,  
or his cousin who follows suit,  
or the fifth note singer cuckoo, or  
The sparrow that shreds soft stem of time  
Whatever flies past it  
Or the falcon that releases long  
shriel cry from long coconut branch,  
or the kingfisher that scares with eerie song,  
or the blue cooing pigeon with grievance of vehemence  
or the yellow blacktemple bell singer  
or the pestering parrot

none of the above,  
And lo, arrive the couple of blue butterfly,  
Flying horizontal in circle, clockwise,  
Then in circle, anticlockwise,  
Then in vertical helix,  
That adorn, ascend the throne.

Upendra Majhi

## Who Is He?

He manipulates from a hideout,  
yearning for an alcoholic drink,  
Since this is infiltration, I shout,  
if he comes before me, I will kick.  
How does he intrude, and so irrevocable,  
my life in shambles, lecherous not amenable.  
Even when my stomach bleeds, he says drink  
he is a soul stink

Upendra Majhi

# Why Does It Rain?

Aftermath of rain,  
my mind gets blessed with thoughts,  
such a huge sky, so many big pieces of clouds,  
blown by omnipresent, speed wind,  
with stereophonic thunder,  
and blinding lightening  
will rain on so wide a place,  
It has become routine for your neurons,  
but if it is raining for first time,  
it looks awesome, bizarre, spectacular and gigantic,  
and for what good reason.  
never to make earth fecund,  
for it was never a moral planet.  
translated from a poem by Upasana Majhi

Upendra Majhi

# Winter Sun Goes Down

Right at this moment,  
winter sun is setting,  
its red spherical glow,  
goes down myvillage horizon  
slow and slow,  
across the red brown road,  
that take you to river Nalia,  
dust of cool dark will descend on grove  
who keeps my heart afloat of what love?  
Let me sit by the golden rice field,  
till I forget the glow,  
till it is starry show.  
water in river Nalia is as black as eve dark,  
everywhere everything is black and dark.

Upendra Majhi

# Winterafternoon

Oh that winter afternoon,  
among all afternoons,  
under the old trees in Kolkataa,  
sandwiched between the high imperial walls,  
sandwiched between sweet memories,  
oh that golden afternoon,  
gold that jumped out of streams of hoogly,

Upendra Majhi

# Woman Day

No word really for a poem  
on such a topic,  
on woman's day,  
as that doth not suffice,  
on mother alone it will be one million pages,  
on wife, one million more,  
on sister, on sis-in law,  
on daughters, on bhabis,  
on aunts, on grandmas,  
on uncles aunts,  
one one million,  
yet will remain unsaid,  
Zest for life springs from  
birth giver,  
Thou hast ordained my life course.  
I need all papers, all memories of all computers  
I need all stone hills of moon, jupiter, mars, mercury,  
need all chinks, pencils,  
to write on magnanimity of women,  
need all darkness for millennia  
to write in white chalk,  
and all days whiteness,  
to write in black chalk,  
to write on blue sky in its entire span

Upendra Majhi

# World And Love

This either or plural world  
bends here my, love,  
to mingle into the lonely lawn of adolescence,

Upendra Majhi

# World Peace

I took a cup of coffee from vending machine  
and waited for two full minutes for first sip,  
Put the cup on my office table and browsed screen,  
Electronic journal was the topic I was on,  
I saw a creature on the outer surface of my cup,  
It looked like a fly and went into inner surface,  
I praised the creature for its food proactiveness,  
It was a small cockroach, I threw away the potion.  
it has never happened in my 37 years in the bank,  
I am old and an effective anchor for peace of world.

Upendra Majhi

# Yellow Flowers Of Mumbai

yellow flowers,  
bloomed by the tree,  
blessed by the sky,  
swung by land breeze,  
withered by time,  
blown by the wind,  
dried by sun,  
heaped to a hill by the sea breeze,  
eaten by squirrel, crow and pigeon.

Upendra Majhi

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(A poem by my mom Smt Hiramani Majhi)  
oriya poem in devnaagri script.

(oriya poem in devnaagri script)

Upendra Majhi

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let us say few words of encomium,  
for our country and countrymen,  
As today on 19th April,  
I saw flying piece of cloud of rain,  
On that day, after our morning game,  
Go for fetching a bread brown,  
As I collect the right one,  
one with no smell,  
one vulture, the animal in sky,  
came hounding for the loaf shining,  
And snatched it from my hand,  
in its quadruple -nailed paw,  
I fell down to earth in fear,  
other two, similarly fierce,  
attacked me with double force,  
Animals rage and hunger, other type,  
I realised that day, as tears I wipe.

Upendra Majhi

# ???? ??? ??????

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let us say few words of encomium,  
for our country and countrymen,  
As today on 19th April,  
I saw flying piece of cloud of rain,  
On that day, after our morning game,  
Go for fetching a bread brown,  
As I collect the right one,  
one with no smell,  
one vulture, the animal in sky,  
came hounding for the loaf shining,  
And snatched it from my hand,  
in its quadruple -nailed paw,  
I fell down to earth in fear,  
other two, similarly fierce,  
attacked me with double force,  
Animals rage and hunger, other type,  
I realised that day, as tears I wipe.

Upendra Majhi

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(translated from Poe) maraathi

Upendra Majhi

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Upendra Majhi

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Upendra Majhi