

Partha Sarathi

Bubbles of Mind

Sense perceived daylight,
Drops the curtain of vision,
Of trans-material sight,
With holistic commission!

Sun in sunken sky sinks,
In colorless curiosity of mind,
That on bleakest page inks,
Scribbles of crudest kind.

Dearest draught of rosy wine,
Corked in bottle of illusion,
Leading the wayfarer to pine,
Unconscious instincts' collusion!

Vacant is the Dramatist's art
Of leading the actors on stage
Wearing the clowns' shirt
Babbling while through royal phase.

A quake came to upset the hill
Where eastern eye emerges in hope
But cloudy canopy causes to kill
Unearthly rays of divine rope.

Feelings traded in compromise's sensex,
Rise and fall in every second's requiring risk;
Commerce of brokers bursts to reach apex,
When graphic lines of "love" frisk!

A monumental sepulcher of self-elevating act
Laments sandy silence on memoir's stone
That breaks to withstand Time's tormenting fact
With cactus and mirage to moan!

Hey Breezes, thou blow, O Sun, thou glow
Hey stars, thou shine, O Rivers, thou flow
Let perceiving daylight dance in destruction of night
Let splashing showers drop eternally from unknown height,
That silence become a primeval uncaused sound
That trade and commerce be part of life's daily round
Chain- liberty, bleak-luminous and dichotomies of such kind
Are nothing but the bubbles of earth-ended mind!

Dejected Defiance

A benumbed drowsy drift,
A paralyzed stasis of rift
Ushering in a tumultuous shift!

A compromise to cope with life,
A sense-sounding silence to hug strife
As sharp-shining as nude knife!

A curious commotion in heart's den,
A blind alley leading to blind lane
As the half-orbed yellow moon to bane!

A suppressed sound of soul's crinkly cry,
A throat as parched as weeds dry,
A makeshift in death-in-life to try!

An anonymous aversion to distant calls
To prevent the strangling smoke that palls
When life lends chalice full of galls!

Black clouds with clouds joined in fray,
Pushing blue-petalled waves of sky astray
And turning black brine-bed into grey!

Toward the azure vault let the bird fly
Preventing its movement on earth to ply
But on maimed wings lurk foxes that are sly!

Thou estranged the soul in deep-distance land
But ferry-ark's anchored in divine sand
Where to reach the puffing soul-sail is banned!

Once Thy love this nadir-dwelling self did hug;
 But alas! That soul-attire assumed torn rug
 As tears belie the dark chasm that Karma dug!

So it boots little to blame the tear,
 Failing Love-seeds to care and rear
 Though to Thy clarion call runs ear!

It profits little to indulge in the talks,
 It's self-immolating luxury Time shocks,
 When ink of image, rhyme drop by drop mocks!

Day is not far when soul's silence will sing
 When heart's vesper Thy divine bell will ring!
 No matter, to joy or alloy it'll cling!

Mask

O how long drifting ark will sail in dark:
 The sailor's blinded eyes see no fixed mark;
 O how long will it wade ever swirling surge,
 Soon to be drowned, no more to hear his dirge!

To attain Thy blissful bank he did sail,
 Where Thy unasked love would stretch arms to hail;
 There on sacred petals he'd be a bee,
 Sucking Thy divine honey in a glee;
 Lagging behind all the oppressive wile
 And bidding farewell to the mundane guile;
 His love-sodden eyes could reflect Thy gleam,
 While Thy eyes could reflect his desired dream!
 Thou could fill him with conscious divine vibe,
 So that Heavenly milk he may imbibe!

A Damon or Lucifer flaunts his cast;
 Once-shining soul in nasty norms to rust!

Cease, O Lord, the imposed 'deity's vain rule,
 Who tends to tarnish with simple ethics' tool;
 To redeem men from norms-imposed vain pride

Yoking Spirituality as breeding's bride,
Compromising carnality as all,
If not sprung from kitchen, religions fall;
Saffron renunciation is of no price,
Keep breeding, eat veg,—morn's murmurs check vice!

O Lord! Save men's mindset to 'religiously' breed;
Restore world from imminent illusory creed!

Foul Is Fair

Foul filth and dirt of lust

A snare of disorder cast.

A pool of water all black;

And fibres of nerve so slack!...

Winding path with prickly pear;

Taking tiger's teeth as dear.

A willow hut hungry for pleasure

And a slave's truancy for leisure.

A sleeping serpent to juggler's strain;

A ridiculous struggle to lift earth by crane !

Colourful costly paper and fleshy sweat;

The tongues trying a draught to get wet...

Chastity churned by perennial need;

A deaf ear pretending to pay heed !

Dogs' biting the filthy fleshless bones;

Slight shoulder fraught with mossy stones.

Mellifluous melodies being played to deaf;

Clung to bare branch the last leaf....

The eyes are maimed to gaze

The sunset followed by lunar haze,

The ultimate gloom wrapping the day

Like bubbles vanishing the glittering fay.

In spite of these all,

The sail puffing in pious air;

Amidst the foul a trend to suck Fair.

Amidst gloom an august silence to search.

Through frowning foes with pure Chalice to march;

Beneath the baneful moon following sinking star;

Defying instincts a voyage to Land too far

About the Poet

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