



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution 3.0

Jaydeep Sarangi

Poems

Another Day in Kolkata

Chances are she'll lose the dream
settle for fast growing metro links, high sky rises.
Knight Riders fan the tempo,
the fire of Bangla poems doubles the impact
with cigarette in hands, high thoughts
Marx to Ambedkar, Neruda to Tagore
designed to impress sweet college girls
scribble and gobble wordy *rosogolla*
and sweet curd, expressions everywhere.
In time, she wins the day. Drinks mouthful
political poems, *Not in My Name*.
A memory of oozing silence, slow rain.

The Trusted Army

(for Manohar Mouli Biswas, Bangla Dalit writer and activist)

If you need a band of active
peace Army, I bet for poets.
Poets give law
of the land and the seas.
Poets are humanists,
who break walls
in silence. Sign peace accord
With owners of law
rulers of the code. Frontiers of
several environmental zones.

I bet for them.
give them a job.
they will pay you back.
In words, words and volumes of words
for peace of the land and mind.

I bet for them.
They can give us a green earth
of values and morals
poets shake hands with green grammars of the land.

I bet for them.
They usher hopes for tomorrow, beyond all
doubts and uncertainties. They are formidable
forces of all nations. They keep guns alive.
Slogans ready:
your name, my name, their name: poets!

We cross corridors of haziness
mistrust and exploitation. They write.
They are busy. For all seasons.
Long Live kings! Power of poems!

Alienation

HI my conscience! Touch me, take me, and control me
Awaken me, broaden me, and enlighten me
You say, did you ever love a Sudra in life?
Did you eat with him happily, with heart's content?
You tell me, I want to know it from your mouth.

HI Swami Vivekananda, I'm at your door, knowing and knowing.
I'm that fire ball who made you cry.
Rice cooked in my house
I eat near the broken door, in a slum
I eat pork, snake, rat, half cooked
Had you ever been there? I'm tempted to know that.

I suffer from a disease, alienation.

All humanitarians, please tell me
You have never put me on the edge.
Prove that you loved me without any doubt.

I have been suffering from a disease – alienation

I'm tired of pangs of friendly separation.
Let me accept my end with this angst and pains of separation
Kill all evils. Let me be part of everyman, united.

HI God, you are all powerful
It's my cry at your feet to heal my broken mind.

Oneness

Someone told me near the river Koshi
In the northern slopes of the Himalayas
To plant a tree
A door of high thoughts.
I embraced simple minds,
Crafted stories between the stars.
Sublime thoughts live; they travel far.
My boat is ready to move, after a spell
When failures, little backslidings rained
In the summer draught.
Each stone scripted stories
Of the Hills
Lifeline murmurs its recorded silence.
When I pass through a busy street. Somewhere.
My mind connects with a sovereign nation.
My friends remind me how they are connected
With my Sindhu land. They visit the holy basin
By walking pass Vistula
When unknown birds twitter.
Heavy hearts cry for their families.
Rivers watch courtship of clouds,
Channel thoughtful minds; life moves fast.
Roots of civil societies
Rice deep understandings.
All bridges are doors
From separate homes, beyond this wood
All hearts are red.
The earth is enjoyed by riding heroes.
What cuckoo will coo
My prayers in murmuring rhymes?

Jaydeep Sarangi is Principal at New Alipore College (affiliated to the University of Calcutta) and a widely anthologised poet with six collections in English. His recent publications include: *Faithfully, I Wait* (2017). At present, he is the Secretary of Intercultural Poetry and Performance Library in Kolkata.

jaydeepsarangi@gmail.com