

Poetry Series

**Pradip Chattopadhyay**  
**- poems -**

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# Pradip Chattopadhyay(28.01.1961)

Creative Copywriter who also loves to express his thoughts in rhymes.

# 10 Kittens

Ten kittens in my home now  
Ten little brats  
Their mothers never knew how  
To catch the cupboard rats!  
Their mothers never knew how  
To go for hunt and prey  
How the kittens would learn now  
Anything other than play!  
Their mothers never knew how  
To pounce on a mouse  
The poor kittens are all now  
Just idling in my house!  
Their mothers never knew how  
To make their own food  
Why still the lazy kittens now  
Making me feel so good?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

**11/12/13**

A funny date  
getting messages that say  
HAPPY DAY

It's a happy day  
a wonderful date  
only when seen the English way  
but the wonder is gone  
when it's arranged American

12/11/13

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## 1924: A Love Story

The day you walked in  
Stood on my door  
You were nineteen  
I was twenty four.  
A look at your face  
Weakened my knees  
In your sweet fairness  
I experienced bliss.  
Throbbled hard my heart  
My body felt so light  
That spelt the start  
Of my love at first sight!  
The day you walked in  
There wasn't anymore  
Happiness for nineteen  
Peace for twenty four.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# 1973

Can a year change a man

to what he is  
from anything else

of life  
his notions  
emotions

Can a few garbled words  
of unshapen thoughts  
inked on paper  
carve the way  
for the rest of his days

Can a teen's painted mind  
a treasure finds  
that he holds on  
making him alone  
but rich in loneliness  
never craving to possess  
but embrace  
what's his destined  
a love a heart  
but when goes past  
never breaches his trust

Can a year make a man  
what he would be  
the rest of his life  
when he inked on paper  
his first poem  
that to this date  
shapes his fate  
keeps him free.

Did all these the year

1973.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## 2 Lovers

On her course merrily flows the svelte rivulet  
She meanders not alone carries the sky on her breast.  
In him grows a longing, love flowers in his heart  
She doesn't know it, on the sea is set her heart.  
The two flows embraced in unrequited passion  
The sky ferries his lover to her beloved ocean.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## 2 Squirrels

Two walks at the park  
Leisure strolls on her ground  
Watching squirrels on tree bark  
Before I turn homebound.  
Today while passing along  
On them my eyes fell  
One in a bush alone  
A little away another squirrel.  
I wondered in my funny caprice  
If they have ever had a chance  
To exchange warmth and good wish  
Or they haven't met even once.  
A little more daring in my whim  
I thought the distance for them too far  
So she roamed alone dreaming of him  
And he unknowing forever seeks her.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

What's the chance?

She frowns askance

My face she wants to feel  
Soon after the deal!

Lights up my face  
When jacks and nines bless  
Shows up the mess  
When I go pointless!

Spade is strong if I finger my hair  
A tap on left chest means heart  
I don't mind being a little unfair  
She must know my strength from the start!

The hints she knows too well  
Why I touch the forehead  
In my heart she dwells  
Clubs with me on diamond bed!

With us are king and queen  
The trump suite suits us fine  
No way can't we win  
This game of twenty nine!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## 3 Horses

There are three horses pulling your life  
Attitude, want, and of course your wife  
The first pulls you through life's high and low  
The second pulls you to where monies flow  
But it's the third that pulls you the strongest  
The other two horses must run at her behest!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

### 3 Mice On The Tin Roof

3 mice on the tin roof  
though their minds were on food  
an impulsive id drove them  
they swung to different mood!

I warned myself here no poetry  
no story to make out of it  
let them have in privacy  
a good time bitterly sweet!

3 mice on the tin roof  
swayed by their id  
I should have stayed aloof  
and not watched them in greed!

I told me there's no poem  
in the 3 mice and their id  
leave them alone with their game  
but my greed paid it no heed!

It's not civil not nice  
to act a peeping Tom  
see furtively the 3 mice  
breaching all courteous norms!

3 mice on the tin roof  
to me I had this to say  
go your way stay aloof  
and not venture on their way!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

### 3 Miserly Men

There was once a family of three miserly men  
Miserably miserly they were, spending money was such pain  
So when they had to travel for business to another state  
For the three they bought only a half ticket.

The train arrived and they occupied their seats  
Forgetting they ought to have at least three tickets  
They sat comfortably cut jokes and laughed  
Very happy that the cost was reduced two-halved.

Merrily chatting they didn't notice the man in black coat  
Checking the tickets and marking off on his note  
They thought there won't be ticket examiners on that line  
With a half ticket they could get away without having to pay a fine.

The alarmed men planned fast they weren't short of wit  
Two of them went below and one remained on the seat  
The checker came and when found below the seat two huddled men  
Asked the one above 'for three a half ticket, how you that explain? '

That man of clever think without a wink said 'I can easily do,  
You too know it sir, it comes to half when one is placed above two'!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## 3: 45

If I could fly back to that strip of life  
When showed the church clock three forty five  
I held her hand together walked to the green lawn  
Baffled how I would ever live without her alone!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# 30 Years

If I had my will  
I would've clocked back thirty years  
With her on the Ferris wheel!

Go girl red ribbon on the merry-go-round  
Go back on the rocking boat  
Thirty years whizzed past us  
That time looks dreamily remote!

My belle gaily girl of yore  
Go ride once more on the wheel  
I would clock back thirty years  
I would hold time still!

Still lurking there in your eyes' gleam  
Still stirring there a dream  
That goes back those thirty years  
For popcorn and licking ice-cream!

Girl, go, run once more  
Thirty years is never too far  
It's still there with open door  
The time it can't forget her!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## 4 Letters

I beg just four letters of you  
Of no use to me the twenty two  
Give me those four letters of you  
They're all without them I can't do.

Only four letters in your eyes I search  
Can do without the twenty two  
Is it looking for too much,  
Seeking that precious gift from you?

Four letters I won't ask for more  
I can walk miles to get from you  
When you find me standing on your door  
Know I'm craving those four from you.

Four letters isn't a tall order  
You can easily spread them my way  
Over all the wall all the border  
Can give me those four any day.

I want little will do with your four  
For them I do beggarly crave  
When you see me on your door  
Give them and make me your slave.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## 5 Acres Of Night

Far away from the city  
One bed for the four of us,  
We ignored the nitty-gritty  
The night was superbly precious.  
5 acres of open darkness  
We couldn't for more bargain,  
The new moon hid her face  
To envelope the 4 lonely men!  
We sank and deep-breathed the smell  
Of a languor that only silence can bring  
Drunk timeless without any wine's spell  
We flew with the nightjars on wing.  
In the sky's faintest dream light  
One bed with no hint of nightmare  
5 acres of softly passing night  
Transfixed 4 souls out there!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# 5 Minutes

5.00 am

mr. run-o-mill  
from a mundane slumber  
wakes up.  
His sleepy eyes  
Scan the walled curtained  
Half-lit room.  
He introspects  
In gloom  
Tucks it into his head  
It's not worthwhile  
Leaving his bed  
To open his window  
To the same show.

5.03 am

he heard a tune  
a bird's call  
that soon  
turned a cacophony.  
He felt tickled by the buzz.  
Curtains  
Rebellious no more  
Yielded dollops of light.  
Mr. run-o-mill  
In him something stirred.  
He couldn't say what it was  
He didn't see  
He just heard.

5.05 am

two-three words  
came to his mind  
and to his pleasant surprise  
they found a few more  
and formed a line

and then more and more  
poured in....  
that end of night  
without breaking a sweat  
mr. run-o-mill  
by some hidden design  
turned a poet.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## 5 O'Clock Dream

You came  
At the 5 o'clock dream  
Sat with me for sometime  
Touched once with your lips  
Left a wet imprint  
It was still there when I woke up!  
I asked, "Can't we meet once more,  
Just once? "  
You moved your head  
A smile passed your face,  
I couldn't decipher,  
"I'm always there,  
And you always think of me,  
Always, not just once".  
My eyes were wet  
When the world woke me up  
From the 5 o'clock dream!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## 6 Highway Snippets (3x6)

When the westerly sun  
on the canvas spills red dye  
fly the birds to the other end of the sky!

Between the windshield and the sky  
wind borne  
the dreams fly!

Knowing I haven't seen a rainbow for years  
sun makes one  
with the rain's tears!

As I think how far is the city  
the expanse above looks down on me  
in pity!

Up and down the road  
Nature on me  
her treasures

The farther I roam  
feel insanely  
sick for home!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# 7 Days

Monday I swam out of cavern  
Tuesday I grew my wing  
Wednesday entrenched in tavern  
I was jolly perfectly going.  
Thursday saw my graying head  
My knees weren't that strong  
Lights in my eyes did fade  
When Friday came along.  
I started missing the bygone  
Took refuge in my past  
Felt deserted all alone  
Friday didn't long last.  
Saturday came clothed in curse  
My senses dimmed voice hushed  
Sunday arrived on a flowered hearse  
Knew not when the week passed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# 7 July'14

Today is 7 7 14

Starting from 1st Jan 2002  
Such perfectly summed up dates  
To once annually continue  
at two yearly intervals  
Till 2024  
Repeating only again  
From Jan 2102  
Beyond the lifetime  
Of most of us!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Bird A Hidden Bard

If you were a bird  
with a poetic brain  
could draw your thoughts  
needed no key or pen  
poetry you could pour out  
perched atop the tree  
float them in the wind  
on sky ink artistry!

none would know the bard  
masked in bird's face  
dipping hand in rainbow  
scribbling on cosmic space  
but they would read your poems  
on the blue canvas  
hear your mind's nuggets  
in the wind's rush!

if you could spread your wings  
a bird a hidden bard  
in each flap a magic rhyme  
each flutter a glorious word  
they wouldn't know the poet at work  
but once a while would stop  
to marvel at the night's mist  
early morn's dewdrop!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## A Blind Lane

Nothing could mitigate the woes  
Of a being suffering in death throes  
The ones around may feel a little pain  
Going through an end never happens again!  
When blood spills from the nose  
The predator looms large and close  
Standing there in helpless agony  
You witness the messing up of all harmony!  
While creating life God plays an animator  
In destroying it the ultimate annihilator  
Leaving us to know it time and again  
The game we are in ends in a blind lane!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Blissful Age

The sparkle in her eyes  
Time-trampled dies  
Her visions fade.  
Ceases all surprise  
She needs no disguise  
She is heaven made!  
Devoid of youthful width  
Her beauty has reached zenith  
The skin though is pale.  
Through her stressed breath  
Breaking all myth  
She is a jewel!  
She has taken on her stride  
The rough yet joyous ride  
Bearing no malice.  
She doesn't need to hide  
The life's other side  
She's in perfect bliss!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Bloodless War

We are living in war times  
You can't see the blood though  
The air is thick with it.  
We are right, we are better  
We stand for all that is good  
We are in no mood to listen  
Tolerance is the last thing in our mind.  
People say there's so little war  
There's so little bloodshed.  
The war now is of terrifying silence  
More ominous, more destroying  
Cutting through love, endurance  
Eliminating relationship, humanity-  
Perpetrating a bloodless coup  
Where blood is not seen, agonies aren't heard!

We are amidst war each against the other,  
Silent, bloodless but more macabre!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## A Brief Rain

A short sweet rain  
Washed clean the sky  
In the emerging moon's lust  
Glowed the splendent dust.  
The earth begged for a drop  
Said the soil "it was my call"  
Their joy would not stop  
The leaves drank them all.  
The rain was without might  
Feeble its spell was brief  
Yet it revived a summer night  
As life's succour and relief.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Civilized Onslaught

The dark wood resists the light of progress  
Lives there for thousands years an introvert race  
Here they are born here lie their sepulcher  
A few withdrawn people with a fossil culture!  
Needs they have little, a little bit of food  
All that they want they get in the wood  
What lies beyond they don't need to find  
These folks of a tribe with plain thinking mind!

Those civilized outside thought it otherwise  
The poor tribe suffers is what they surmise  
'Rare as they are they are really prized  
Let's groom them to become civilized'  
So long happily away from a farce called mainstream  
This intrusion broke them, shattered their dream  
Why turn them out and not be left alone?  
The question is unresolved the battle goes on!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Confession

Inspector Fox felt emotionally blackmailed  
his eyes blurred the first time in his life  
the man cried pitifully to have the suspicion dispelled  
there was motive for him to have killed his wife.

I picked her up almost from the street  
you can call it love at first sight  
whose fragrance in heart I always carried  
showed me the way her love's light.

If you ask if she was always faithful to me  
she was and not a moment she left my side  
laid herself bare and so happy were we  
years passed like an endless joy ride.

Never ever, never once, I have to say  
she set her eyes on any other man  
happy as she was in my love all the way  
as I was in my loveliest woman.

She loved not me but only my money  
so would the tongues roll in mischief  
how they envied that I was so lucky  
our devotion to each other was beyond belief.

Behind me she slept with other men  
I had to bear with many such gossip  
two love doves we were crazily insane  
our love was true and fathomless deep.

It hurt me Mr. Fox and I couldn't take it anymore  
those bastards spreading canards about her  
so I started to love her more than before  
and now must have killed her some jilted lover.

The inspector noted each word in his book  
thanked him and got up to go  
to give the note a good look  
at home in his table lamp's glow.

He read it once and then again and again  
each line in isolation and with the rest  
till he pieced together only the first lines  
got the confession cleverly crafted!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Dark Abyss

In the dark labyrinth penetrates no light  
Sight like all else is out of sight  
There's no virtue no wrong or right  
Nothing but evil and evil shines bright!  
It's the breeding ground for the darkest of thoughts  
Putrefied stinking around it darkness clots  
Where is such place where can we find?  
It's lying within us, it's our mind!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# A Day's Journey With Her

Nicely she said was spent her day  
run in her own plan having her way  
I traveled from the morn had a long day out  
she wasn't with me was with me no doubt.

On the drizzle washed path lined with green's grace  
right up beside me beamed her smiling face  
the verdant yield stretching far as horizon  
sang she's here won't leave you alone.

As they passed by rows of thatched hut  
enamored in the shade of green coconut  
gave glimpses of her filled me in her scent  
said she's here with you this moment.

When the sun travel weary dropped down for a rest  
left crimson trails on his track down the west  
my mind colored in melancholy's hue  
urged time to go back she's waiting for you.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Day's Yield

as you wake up each gifted day  
you hear within a voice to you say  
all that's hidden unknown untold  
would lay bare gradually unfold!

a day is not just some hours' spend  
have turns and twists at each bend  
comes your way without a hint  
smiles of joy sadness' dark tint!

you may be down or in high spirit  
show your strength or lose your grit  
may happen things to prod your cheers  
brakes of failures to bring you to tears!

a day may break or make you peace  
make pursuit of happiness a hit and miss  
may turn not the way you want it to be  
in colorful plumes like a bird carefree!

but then you know in whatever shade  
a day is like temptation irresistibly spread  
we have to walk in and inescapably yield  
till they all walk out when our life is stilled!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Delayed Confession

There's no way I could justify  
any of the failed loves.

They only demanded from me

a little more strength  
some more endurance  
walk a longer length

but when close to the peak  
my knees grew weak  
doubts brewed in my head  
my resolves started to fade  
I was seeking more precision  
more commitment from the other side

and what happened was no doubt  
their obvious fallout

a retreat when it would have been right  
to in love scale the needed height.

Then as a cover up of my shame  
tainted the other with all blame  
last nail in the coffin being  
hold her responsible for everything  
then solaced in escape's upbeat mood  
saying what happened happened for good!

Now I have to admit willy-nilly  
my lapses in love come back to haunt me.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## A Digression

If you call it a digression, I have to agree  
Not every mundane occurrence can be made into poetry.  
Take for instance what happened the other day in the bus  
An aged woman was struggling to cope with the office rush.  
All the men occupied their seats looking the other way  
Offering her a seat being too heavy a price to pay.  
Of the all one kind soul vacated her his seat  
I call him kind because not many like him you meet.  
The episode could end here with her polite thank you  
The act wasn't so great that more than it was due.  
But that woman god bless her kissed him on forehead  
Said, 'sweet angel, you are in heaven made.  
A stranger though in you I see more than my son  
Our paths may not meet again but my heart you've won'.

What's there in this account of a mundane occurrence,  
To make from it a poetry and burden your patience?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Dirge For Transience

On a dead dull night  
When the moon goes hiding  
And the barn owl hoots for its love  
The fireflies romance the darkness.  
The glowing beads dance to celebrate  
The nights of long past buried for good  
With the treasures of lost happiness,  
Wind sings a dirge for transience.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Duel

Fourteen paces apart  
They stood face to face  
The place was Belvedere  
In death's close embrace!

It was morn at half past five  
Air thick in rivalry  
On stake was hung two life  
They were bitter enemy!

As it lies all evil's root  
False ego and vain pride  
Squabble and dispute  
Demons men can't hide!

That hour was eerily lull  
Birds stopped to chirp in trees  
As glistened the two pistols  
And none could afford to miss!

Damp was the August clime  
Time perched on rested wing  
Zeroed in the scheduled time  
Broke out the starter's ring!

Francis fired first  
But preordained was fate  
Though loud went the burst  
He badly missed target!

Pierced his powder's stings  
This time was there no miss  
Found his mark Hastings  
Fell to the ground Francis!

He muttered I'm a dead man  
Hastings ran to the spot  
Uttering as he ran  
Good God I hope not!

The day turned golden bright  
Mist of smoke dispersed  
Revealed the glorious sight  
How his enemy Hastings nursed!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Dumb Wish

Ever so silent in pain  
Dour in death's anguish  
Called dumb by us men  
To have their strength I wish.  
Dumb yes without a remedial mean  
No succor for them no medicine  
In my backyard under open sky  
These mute little fluffs quietly die.  
I feel remorse a passing penitence  
To have never been able to bridge the distance  
Act in time for the help of a vat  
Can't count my humaneness, it's just a poor cat.  
Poor yes but with a strength underneath  
To brace death the way they do  
Uncomplaining till their last breath  
Leaving me a lesson or two!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# A Family In The Marsh

The mother and child  
In strength with us no match  
Fading remnants of the wild  
Struggling on the last green patch.  
Eat baby you have to grow fast  
Sometime more in the marsh roam  
Before you fall prey to our lust  
Before fast disappears your home.  
Vanishing sure and quick their green  
From god each day they borrow  
For fighting a battle they can't win  
For a space that won't be there tomorrow.  
When they take the last bow  
These birds from their shy nook  
Them our children would know  
From the pages of history book.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Few Seasons

I strolled to the park after a long time  
In between passed some seasons  
Hunted there for meaningful rhymes  
Give the ink's flow some reasons!

The place didn't look exactly like before  
The trees seemed to grow taller dark  
The buds had flowered fruits now they bore  
New lovers had arrived in the park!

The faces I knew were not passing by  
The poets the revelers and the crooks  
A despair grew I let off a sigh  
Had disappeared my frequented nooks!

Old pairs were gone surfaced new teens  
Wind carried raw mango's scent  
Mowers had changed known faces of greens  
With only a few seasons spent!

Nests up the trees were clearly redone  
Peeked out from them new pairs  
Children that came to the park for fun  
Had must now grown long hairs!

I searched the park from the seasons rolled  
And when I reached her quiet stream  
My face told me though I had grown old  
still clung to all the past's dream!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Flower Of Cactus

You could not ask for,  
And I dared not offer you,  
the small inglorious flower of cactus.  
Instead I brought you tulips and roses,  
to fill our lives with transient happiness.  
In the darkness we hid our face.  
Thus passed years,  
Times we shed silent tears,  
For having not dared the most precious -  
A small inglorious flower of cactus!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Forest By The River

November mist wraps a wet blanket  
as I walk the falling day's labyrinth  
beneath neuron trees of a waking forest  
along a river dying in hyacinth!

the boatman sings a home going song  
floats happy at the end of the ride  
the river is narrow a few furlong  
and his home is on the other side!

oil lamps flicker from the bank huts  
winds carry their laughter and cries  
grow darker tree barks as darkness shuts  
all but the sky's heavy sighs!

I hasten to escape this melancholic gloam  
an alien in this forbidding night  
the boatman must have reached his home  
and the river is lulled in starlight!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Frail Woman

Hovers ever so thinly in the air  
a frail woman the fragile December  
With the burden of building on the gone by's residue  
New times beckoning in the year that is due.

A perpetual question haunts the December  
What for to look back what to remember  
From all the treasures scattered on her miles  
Heartbreaks and sighs friendships and smiles.

Come floating in her eyes scenes of happiness  
Blurred by grieving tears that knew no redress  
Hearts aiming high but dying in no gain  
Aspirations withered dreams cruelly slain.

December she knows times will have her shred  
She has to take the call snap the last thread  
And before her fall she is destined to ferry  
All shades of tints to pass on to January.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Galaxy In Old Album

She looks at me with that lusty youthful smile  
Happy to be hunted out in daylight  
From her permanent abode in the treasure box  
Fully enjoying the remorse shimmering my eyesight!

She looks unreal like an alien from a land too far  
Frozen in that mocking smile in prime's full vigor  
Proud to have made her place in forever love's mime  
Occupying a chunk of me a part of space time!

A wave of desire passes through me bleeds anew the scar  
I let her go couldn't possess her damn I still love her  
Or is it that lump of fire still burns alive inside  
That years cannot extinguish time's layers cannot hide!

She lives there in full moon's glory right beside me  
Shining light of a dead star in old album a galaxy  
That in June sky on the meridian waits for my eyes  
Wakes with the grass flower blooms with the sunrise!

Young lovers I beg of you once you love never dither  
Before summers pass you by come winter the leaves wither  
Hold hands tight not let them go travel in love that far  
Where you rue not like me in blurred eyes damn I still love her!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Gentleman's Guide To A Woman's Heart

The easiest way to the heart of a woman  
is tea-sing her.

Make her a tea  
Sing her a song  
And yours she would be  
For lifelong!

If you think I fable

See me making that  
At the tea table.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Good Bargain

Each goods is hundred rupees  
Screams the mobile street vendor

Doing perfect justice to his sale  
Each item weighed in the same scale!

It doesn't matter if it's plastic or steel  
A pot of water or a kitchen utensil  
No gloom of loss or elation in gain  
Each hundred rupees and no bargain!

There's no item without a use  
For each one is an excuse  
Would not rust with time nor would stale  
Made in strong mould weighed in same scale!

The mobile street vendor goes door to door  
For hundred rupees one couldn't have it more  
The wisest man with his wares of justice  
Brings to all hearts good bargain's peace!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# A Gravel On The Beach

I felt the transience  
when the blue-green sea  
sprayed me golden,  
and there on the shallow reef  
I sank in the sifting sands!  
Above me towered trees  
sculpted on the shore  
for years not known  
rooted to the copper-bronze landscape!  
Awed yet knowing,  
my intrusion into this art,  
I dreamed to turn  
a gravel on the beach!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Hollow Nothing

While the raging fire burns down the earth  
I cocoon myself beside an imaginary hearth  
Dreaming of rains to douse the fire  
'It won't be there', my hopes aspire!  
While the tides sweep lives away  
I imagine I can forever stay  
Hidden from the tongues in lashing motion  
Beneath a placid and protective ocean!  
While the storm roars and the gale hisses  
I pray for God's grace and good wishes  
To save me come what season  
'I must live whatever the reason'!  
Living thus in an imaginary land  
Building castle in the drifting sand  
I turn a moron selfish and mean  
A hollow nothing beyond bone and skin!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A House Is Not

Just some walls  
doors windows  
moonless roof

mute aloof!

Close at hand  
reach not found  
drifting island

melting ground!

Drawn curtain  
dark grey shade  
hiding pain

of un-warmed bed!

Rich in style  
no substance  
rings no smile

sings distance!

No goodbyes  
no welcome  
dim-lit eyes

echo glum!

It's so easy  
to be a family  
but they forgot  
what a house is not!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Journey

The dream hangs heavy in the air,  
Heavier still is the burden on his back,  
The child trudges along the dusty road  
His mother in tow –  
The sun rises and sets on him  
A child, a boy, a man  
The burden shifting between the back and the heart!  
They try desperately to reach out to light,  
Before the darkness wears them out.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Just God

They go around rag-clothed filthy  
Born in the gutter trampled in dirt  
No expectations no tomorrow  
A population of the living dead!  
There are more of them on this soil  
Than the ones on whose mercy they live  
Yet they're aliens to their own kin  
Alike only in their human form!  
Still you ask me to believe in god  
Believe that justice reigns in his abode  
Believe in an order amidst all the mess  
Believe that everything happens by god's grace!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Kitten's Story

Hurrying to my work in the untimely shower  
Caught my ears the mews but it was rush hour  
Must be another kitten born with no luck  
Abandoned in the shrub growing on sidewalk!

The day soon rubbed off the mews from my mind  
Till my feet trudged home leaving the drudge behind  
Once upon that sidewalk in twilight's grayish hues  
I heard it from neath of grass pain's plaintive mews!

Must be an angel possessed me I did find it out  
Picked up took home put warm milk into its mouth  
My lady displeased said our hands are already full  
Here you bring another like you isn't another fool!

But she was the first one to make it a cosy bed  
She was the one worrying how it to be properly fed  
Yet filled the air its agony's mews all day and night  
She said your taking it here wasn't all that right!

Its ma must have left the baby in the bush safely hiding  
Picking up and taking it home was quite a wrong thing  
She must be now crying wild searching everywhere  
The baby wouldn't stop crying till getting back mother!

So the cute kitten I placed back in the hideout on sidewalk  
With the prayer it gets back ma wishing it good luck  
Leaving it with heavy heart I walked away for day's work  
Sighed the silent sidewalk on my way home after dark!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Lifelong Friend

If you pause awhile and look into their eyes  
You would find sadness tinged with surprise  
These sentinels of trust, with themselves at peace,  
Need your love a little, but you hardly notice.  
None really knows what goes on in their head  
As they forage in the dirt for a crumb of bread  
If they chance upon a scrap in a dingy by-lane  
They wag gratefully in the shadow of men.  
Food is so scarce though so often they waste  
The men are too miserly to share with the rest  
Yet they bear no malice as they flock the dustbin  
These loyal creatures never know how to be mean.  
Today on the street if you see one of them  
Don't just pass by its emaciated frame  
Ignore not and notice, it's there on the street  
Waiting for your love in the dust and heat!  
Stop awhile and look deep into its eyes  
Step out of the shadow and reach it sunrise  
See how it returns the love you warmly lend  
And rewards you with truly a lifelong friend!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## A Little Good

I am borrowing from you everyday  
I am over head and ears in debt  
Is there no way I can repay  
Or I leave with an empty slate!  
O there is so much I can do  
Cheer a heart bring a smile or two  
Reach out to where I could  
To do this world a little good!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# A Little Of Me

A little of me I left in mother's womb  
A little I left in her heart  
And now that's gone with her in the tomb  
I feel it's no more my part!  
A little of me I planted in dad  
A little I left in his eyes  
I wonder now if I ever had  
What's gone when he closed his eyes!  
A little of me I left in first love  
A little I left in her mind  
Flew away with time that little dove  
With what I'll never again find!  
A disintegrated me is what I'm now  
With so many pieces lost on the way  
But truly I know, I can avow  
A little would survive and stay!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Little Pause

Days are busy, so are the nights  
with endless struggles, clashes and fights  
time ticks away, quietly flows the tide  
pining for love and one joyous ride.

Days are busy, so are the nights  
a little pause would have taken  
happiness to great heights.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Loss To Gain

If you have to be at a loss

be it fat.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Lost Game

We never wrote here your name  
Lost ourselves in the rush  
Because maybe we remained the same  
Love never changed us.  
We never looked deep enough  
Got stuck on your face  
Because maybe your flirtatious laugh  
We construed as happiness.  
We never really got to your heart  
Captivating was your lip  
Because maybe we never made a start  
The surface was all we could keep.  
There was so much that we never did  
Busy as we were in the game  
Because maybe we didn't want to read  
And write in our heart your name.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Love Poem

I had told you about Hengloo  
I was fond of feeding him  
he was fond of me.

I had told you too  
Come Saturdays  
returns the pain  
of not seeing those waiting eyes.

Now you ask me  
why I write these all over again?

For at the grocer's  
came a brown cow  
his dangling head  
his storm-cloud eyes  
signing to me  
feed me  
I too am hungry.

So this Wednesday evening  
with my socks still worn  
a love is born.

I hear a voice say  
Here I send a new friend  
find me in him.

My socks still worn  
I dip my hand  
deep into  
to find more friends...

Saturday is just three days away.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Lump Of Joy

She remembers the lump of joy on her breast  
Where love made a permanent nest,  
What she didn't know was between smile and sigh  
Years would quickly pass by.

Years would quickly pass by  
Years would quickly pass by  
Riding on smile and sigh,  
She would never know  
She could never know  
The nested love would soon die.

When I held the lump of joy between my hands  
I saw only love quietly making its nest,  
But now in my eyes sorrows' rain lands  
Knew not the years would pass in haste.

The years would pass in haste  
The years would pass in haste  
Riding on smile and sigh,  
I would never know  
I could never know  
The nested love would once die.

When we brought the lump of joy between us  
Love made a nest in our heart,  
We never knew the years would quickly pass  
Leaving love's nest a barren desert!

The years would quickly pass  
The years would quickly pass  
Riding on smile and sigh,  
We would never know  
We could never know  
They would leave a gulf between us.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Magical Surprise

Waking up with the first sunrise  
Dreams roll on, land on my eyes  
I stay alive coz without them  
I would've long given up the game.  
The day surely has enough in store  
More than just a daily routine chore  
It's up to me to go get them  
If I fail there's none else to blame.  
You may ask, 'What's there in a day,  
other than work and a little play? '  
Surely you're joking there's a lot more to it,  
Enough to give you a jolt miss your heartbeat.  
Rabbit out of hat, the day's magic show  
Of pearly white rains and the cutest rainbow  
The puddle on the street that trapped the sky in it  
The fragrance of flowers and wind's soothing treat.  
Surprises galore, of beauties no dearth  
All for our joy, happiness and mirth  
They're the dreams that roll on my eyes  
Each day of living is a magical surprise!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## A Maid's Affair

The child always thought mom didn't treat her fair  
Never one good word for her labor not one kind gesture  
She got only her rebuke and never once her care  
In his mind all these were when she started having an affair.

How would a child know about a girl's love affair  
Other than from the winds catching elders whisper  
Mom was telling dad such are the maids you choose  
Girls without trace of shame wicked morals loose.

From the day it was known grew strong mom's doubt  
The maid was barred an exit wasn't permitted to go out  
The brunt of mom's ire was more frequent and sharper  
And the child was left wondering what's wrong with an affair.

That May was melting tar heat not yielding even at night  
Days were leaving blazing trails nights brought no respite  
The child wasn't getting a wink of sleep tossed on bed restless  
Staring out at the window moon the vain clouds upon her face.

One such night as he got up with eyes in sleepless gloom  
They fell on the empty bed spread in the kitchen room  
Where was she this stilly hour and as such thoughts him flocked  
Caught his sight a slit of dark through the stairs' door unlocked.

He caught a glimpse of two shadows hugging the moonlit street  
Of them one seemed familiar the child's eyes had often met  
For a moment the sight froze him in a wild and unknown fear  
Was it the maid his mom disliked for having an affair!

He tiptoed back in furtive feet worrying on his bed  
What if mom found her out drove her out unpaid  
How good this affair was the child was baffled in head  
Was it worth all the trouble taken on her by the maid!

You can call it the end of story having guessed her fate  
Though the child never spoke a word held onto the secret  
Mom told dad enough of it from now maids I'll choose  
And be sure won't find a girl with morals like her loose.



Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Man Of Words

A man of his words  
I could never be  
Nor a man of deeds

Oftener time my commitments  
Lay broken like shards of glass  
Dead as the trampled seeds!

Good words are easier said  
Good deeds are not easier done  
Words not kept are loan unpaid  
Good work left undone!

It's sad that oftener time I fail  
Spoken words I let them rust  
If I weigh myself in an honest scale  
I have been too long unjust!

Good deeds undone are forever lost  
Good words are wasted dearly  
When I think of the ones it cost  
I can't say I feel heavenly!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Moment Of Love

A moment of love  
Turned me beggar and blind  
I made my bed on moon dust  
Everything else I left behind.  
Love just once  
Left me in a trance  
I put my heart on stake  
Living became loving without break.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Moment With The Magpie-Robin

Where are you now the magpie-robin?  
The fleeting moment I saw you  
Lies imprisoned with me  
Though I never met you again!  
Where are you now the magpie-robin?  
I'm drunk with your innocent eyes,  
Your songs of the sweetest melodies,  
Your smell of the earthen love!  
Where are you now the magpie-robin?  
I hope having found a place to roost,  
You've gone back to the greenest garden  
Leaving me your whiff in my heart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Monk & Two Men

The monk with his disciples was traveling by car  
The journey was long and arduous  
When with a screech stopped it a flat tyre  
Causing them a break from the rush!

The monk was upset with still a long way to go  
Halted by this unforeseen obstacle  
When caught his eyes the river in calming flow  
Upon her an island's spectacle!

He asked his disciples to find him a boat  
For he had some time in his hand  
The island beckoned him alluringly remote  
With its forest and the silvery sand!

With one of his disciples he took the boat ride  
Soon his feet touched the green of the forest  
He felt the pleasure of being on the other side  
For a stroll and in the green a little rest!

Walking some way they came upon two men  
So emaciated their ribcages jutted out  
Sitting under a tree couldn't be said for what gain  
The monk thought them mad men no doubt!

He made a coughing sound expecting them to rise  
For those men seemed lost in a trance  
Their spell thus broken they opened their eyes  
And rose to their feet that instance!

They bowed to the monk in the most courteous grace  
With folded hands and stooped head  
No distress of being famished showed on their face  
They stood tall and erect instead!

The monk asked what the duo was doing there  
In that forest wasting out their day  
Beneath a tree sitting nakedly bare  
It was not meditation's right way!

A Guru they must get and follow his creed  
Must chant the secret hymns taught by him  
There are rituals to follow rigid paths to tread  
God cannot be reached by mere whim!

To all his words they nodded humble and serene  
Not an utterance once escaped from them  
Remained bowed in respect their frames frail and lean  
In the forest two seekers without name!

It was time for the monk to get back to the car  
For remained for him still more mile  
The island and its forest would soon recede far  
In his lifespan some memories awhile!

While boarding the car he saw an incredible sight  
And it broke the hard shell of his pride  
Those two men were walking in the sun's failing light  
Across the river without the aid of a boat ride!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Monkey On The Roof

There came a monkey on the roof  
he had this raised in his mind  
long stayed in the jungle aloof  
was time he met his superior kind.

He tried to charm showing tricks  
made all kinds of faces to entertain  
they ran after him with sticks  
causing him considerable pain.

To make friends only he had come  
thinking they would mix freely  
offer him a pleasant welcome  
and not act as if he was an enemy.

In the ruckus he forgot the road  
fleeing from the stones that were thrown  
thereby for good losing abode  
got no home to claim as his own.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## A Morsel

you're no good  
A drop of tear fell on his food  
earn your meal or go to hell  
in his mouth froze the morsel

the swallowed burned in his pit  
wished he could vomit

then pouring they came  
raindrops of shame  
flooding the part eaten meal  
crushing his will  
ever to live again  
in hunger's pain.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# A Mundane Tale

We know each other the two of us  
I was in a hurry in a time of rush  
He was happy his eyes joy-lit  
&quot;Spare a little time, for one biscuit&quot;.  
Just then came the red office bus  
I was annoyed, I was in a rush  
A moment's hesitation and I boarded it  
Glanced at him and our eyes did meet.  
Something I saw moistened his eyes  
A surprise it was he couldn't disguise  
He couldn't believe, the thing of the street,  
that I would leave him without biscuit.  
It found me again back on the street  
Someone was needed to buy him a biscuit  
Other things could wait, such as office  
Not for the world could I give it a miss.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Murder

On the floor mat stains of blood are still not dry  
The hole at back of head now clogged with blood clot  
The body lies on its face the room is filled with her cry  
The sleuth is hot on the trail to unravel the plot.

In solving such crimes the sleuth has spent a long stint  
He has been through cases simple and macabre  
Now as he examines on the windowsill a footprint  
His lips break into a faint smile noticing the odd affair.

He moves to her saying I know how shattering your pain is  
And I'll not add to it by questions that at this moment hurt  
Please be composed and point out when something I miss  
I'll recount the events as told by you from the start.

Last night your husband had come back unusually late  
From your room you had drowsily heard his movement  
He hadn't come to you and his room too was soon quiet  
Found him dead next morn as I gather from your statement.

You say ma'am you remember having closed that window  
After you had your dinner and retired for the night  
Someone got access through it and delivered him the blow  
With the flower vase on the showcase with all his might.

So an outsider must have entered in the cover of the dark  
Some enemy business rival that would love to see him dead  
Only thing remaining unexplained is the windowsill's footmark  
Pointing the intruder had gone out through it and not entered.

It points too ma'am the culprit if entered from outside  
Came not through the window but came in by the door  
Even the worst of murderers their trails cannot hide  
They leave some clue as visible as this body on the floor.

What happened is when last night he came home late drunk out  
Poured on you his hatred's venom you couldn't stand anymore  
I had enquired from your neighbor who had heard you shout  
Go back and spend the night with that goddamned whore.

She breaks down and her sobbing face is now ashen white  
I hate to tell you the bastard was never a loving husband  
In drunken brawl when he called me a slut on last night  
I banged his head with the vase with full might of my hand.

I stole out of the window to leave thereupon a foot mark  
Got in through the door feeling unburdened and light  
No trace of guilt touched me as I lay in the dark  
Dialed the police when ended my happiest night.

You can now give me up to the law having known the fact  
I am ready for it in the delight that I did grab the chance  
To let myself free from that devil and his wedlock's pact  
I won't mind if I die now having achieved this great riddance.

The sleuth's lip broke in smile as he gave her a knowing wink  
I too ma'am am delighted to rightly track and follow the clue  
But let me tell you I'm yet to discover this case's missing link

Since your hand's print is not on the vase  
who was it that did it for you!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Mute Witness

Today I made love with a goddess  
Before a god peering down from the wall  
And I can't say his face was all happiness  
God, he was the lone man that saw it all!  
God was unhappy that I had him tamed  
Passionately unclothed but never ashamed  
But when he created he could never measure  
How much it means the carnal pleasure!  
My act was so unkind, on his senses a tax  
To be a mute witness to the steaming climax  
While we lay there worn out and spent  
He found little solace in his own testament!  
Or did he feel sad and woefully dismal  
Passively peering down from the wall?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Name On The Tree

more rings added to it  
must have grown in height  
towering for skylight  
the tree is there all right.

on its age worn bark  
upon the darkened stem  
my nails scrap and search  
if is there her name.

I etched it within a heart  
her name a small sweet word  
times have drawn us apart  
forgetting seems so hard.

knew would wither that moment  
on the bark would remain my write  
warm in its place permanent  
reminiscing in the depth of night.

there's no trace of that word  
but in the languor of pain  
forgetting seems so hard  
this heart can't weather her name.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A New Day

In the stillness around  
I can hear the sound  
Of life being born once more  
A new day knocking on my door.  
A day anything can happen  
Some smooth some uneven  
Whatever it would be  
I want you to be happy!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## A New Style

He moved it across but the comb slipped  
Little he could do  
A cruel hand had them all clipped  
Leaving a strand or two!  
He breathed a deep sigh  
Mercilessly the times fly  
Leaving him a knave  
To have once boasted of his black wave!  
It's always destined by fate  
For the bushy to turn to arid plate  
To himself he gave a painful smile  
Why not take it as a new style?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Note For Me

You left me a piece of note  
Many seasons ago  
I moved away I forgot  
It is stuck in my heart though!  
When I open the window  
It comes with the light  
With the winds the words blow  
Comes back in the dream of midnight  
I have forgotten the words though!  
It remains with me a musical note  
The tunes of which still flow  
I moved away I forgot  
It is stuck in my heart though!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## A Note Of Gratitude

You bring me garlands everyday,  
Strung with the most delicate flowers  
From your virgin garden!  
Each one of them is a gem  
One as beautiful as the other  
Laden with your myriad emotions  
Exuding your innermost thoughts  
Spreading the most heavenly aromas!  
I thank you, poets of the heart,  
Architects of hopes and dreams,  
For making me aspire for life!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Perfect Mate

From the first floor window  
Sadly noticed her age showing

The moon striations martian canals  
Cutting her face  
Scarring her youth  
That day and night  
Being around her like a satellite

I missed.

I was too close  
As rose the marks  
Expanding imprinting devouring  
Shaping her  
In time

To be the perfectly aged woman!  
Perfectly aged  
I saw myself in the mirror  
And knew  
I too now could lay my claim  
To be her perfect mate!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Piece Of Dupleix

The museum was deserted at mid-noon  
The summer sun more than his taste for history  
Drove him in for a stroll among the dead faces and objects.

His eyes caught the two warnings  
Photography prohibited and  
Don't touch objects

He furtively cell-clicked Dupleix's Bed  
Solid 18th century teakwood  
Carrying stains of his passions on white linen  
Imprinted with the motions of his emotions

There he saw the ruler on the bedstead  
With tender touch of fingers on his head  
One svelte hand on the dark wooden stand

His hand involuntarily touched the wood

A small chunk fell into his hand  
And without a second thought  
In a forbidden impulse  
He shoved it inside his pocket

He came out from the musty smell into the sun

A chip of Dupleix in his pocket  
His passion's outlet  
Escapes from the ravages of war  
To find solace  
From the tender hands around him  
Bought by force of wealth  
Far far away from home.

Away from colonial past he breathed deep

The little wooden chip would be a memorable keep!



# A Piece Of History

Where once breathed life  
You smell rust  
Years torn by strife  
Turn to dust!  
Where once echoed the sound  
Of the pride of might  
The nestling bats abound  
In the dark caverns of night!  
Where reigned the royal whims  
Hangs the time-worn portrait  
Of fallen hopes shattered dreams  
Swallowed like all else by fate!  
Where once danced in lust  
Warm flesh on soft mattress  
Lies a ghostly looking bust  
With a stony unexpressive face!  
The living comes to visit them,  
Awe at the displayed story,  
Once living is now an item  
From a bygone era, a piece of history!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Poem Walks With Me

A poem walks with me  
he knows me

when feeling alone  
he gives me company

Like the dog at his walk  
precedes his master  
pulls the leash  
faster...faster

keep pace with me  
find peace in poetry

the two  
side by side  
break in sweats  
the dog and his master  
the two poets  
forget

who runs who

merge into one

making a poem  
fully done.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Poet

Nothing escapes, nothing stands a chance  
He's the seeker of theme, from life's each instance  
From random babbles to soliloquy  
From a breaking glass to a droning bee  
Nothing escapes his elephant ears  
From joyous guffaw to lonely tears  
Doesn't matter if he's alone or in crowd  
He's looking for one and surely hounds out  
His ideas from the vortex of life  
From the most innocuous to the raging strife  
Picking each grain like the pecking birds  
Make each grain into woven words  
Anytime of day wherever he is  
From a cracker's burst to sound of kiss  
Shaping in glory seeming mediocrity  
Making idols somber to the most witty  
Through sleepless nights on his dazed bed  
From the dark silence picks glimmering shade  
A possessed man with the destined fate  
His canvas is never blank, he's a poet.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Poet And His Muse

The only poet I saw from any close  
never married his muse

wrote poems for her  
offered her rose  
but when she asked to tie the knot  
found an excuse!

love's road ends in marriage  
when he told her this  
with on her forehead a gentle kiss  
she got a shock

the poet cleverly averted wedlock!

they had a prolonged affair  
each day he gave her a new name  
each day she inspired a new poem  
each time she proposed marriage  
umpteenth time he would repeat the adage

love's road ends in marriage.

thus nailed with wisdom and parried  
on the tenth year she married

and soon the poet forgot his coined adage.

He wedded a woman half his age!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# A Poet I Found

In a quiet corner of the lawn  
His forehead dripping sweat  
Who's that man sitting alone?  
Must be the lonely poet!  
From a distance what I could surmise  
Was this man was drowned in thought,  
Not minding the fleas and flies  
That around him did freely cavort!  
Was it disappointment I saw on his face?  
Not having any luck with the words today,  
So hiding in this corner for a quiet recess  
To reflect and have them in his head replay!  
He was swaying a little from one side to the other  
I presumed by the tides that swept his inside  
But as I approached him close, Oh brother,  
He was plain snoring and no poet on a hunting ride!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## A Relic On The Wall

The shirt hangs on the wall.  
Stirred by the wind,  
It sways loose and empty.  
A blue envelop in its pocket  
Bears his time barred thoughts  
That never reached the mail.  
The shirt frames an ominous void  
Of a journey of no return,  
Leaving behind a relic  
To sway loose and empty in the wind!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Requiem For June

They smile and push each other  
Glistening teeth in life's rough weather  
Got nothing more to give than hearty smiles  
From rustic children to the traveler of miles!

Childishly embarrassed is the unclothed kid  
So small his world so little his need  
He bows his face views the lens with shame  
The faraway boy without a name!

In my frame is revealed her beautiful face  
Where from she gets such benign happiness  
In tattered skirt with uncoiled rusty curl  
There never was on earth a more beautiful girl!

For a while they bask in the sudden arrived fest  
With a stranger in June a waylaid stray guest  
Who would move further south to be with the sea  
Soon forget those children he photoed under a tree!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Ripple's Life

A mysterious crave entwined the air  
in that moment all words were mess  
when river breeze frolicked with her hair  
sun pinked rose smeared her face!

We stood below a casuarina tree  
the dust windblown scattered far  
neath slumberous sky that breathed lazy  
there was so much I wished to tell her!

But rested my hand upon her nape  
dreaming that frame to shimmer long  
with a clumsy yearn that took no shape  
dropping to earth with casuarina's song!

Of passing time a momentous shot  
in the autumn noon's silent cavern  
a ripple's life was all it got  
no rewind could be no return!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A River Of Tears

He was for long on the river sailing since sunrise  
When under afternoon clouds the hamlet caught his eyes  
Wearied by the sojourn to that land a faraway call  
The green beckoned to rest his oars for a leisurely stroll.

He sat under a banyan to heal his limbs of pain  
Darker grew the clouds the winds hinted rain  
His heart too was aching the heart of a lonely man  
For he had left behind his sweetheart his beloved woman.

It's not known if clouds swelled in his dreamy eyes  
His mind was too obsessed for the Empire's rise  
There he stood on the riverbank an alien on another's soil  
That he must till to build a kingdom paying with sweat of toil.

He remembered his three children their skin's blended tan  
Their rustic eyes reflecting their mother the one his woman  
He reminisced under banyan shade how he fell in love with her  
Only if he were a little late she would've been burned at the pyre.

The man loved that sleepy hamlet built there a factory  
The trade post became a city earned place in history  
The river still meanders laden with the tears of pity  
That swelled in his eyes for the woman he saved from suttee.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Room Of Memory

Four years and his room is untouched.

I would love it that way

For years!

Stays spick and span  
The memory of my old man.

The southern window side of the bed  
Where he laid his head

The eastern window that broke his sleep  
With the sun's first peep

His snapped photos on the wall of west  
That ache my chest

On the northern wall the clock  
That still of his time talks

His divan forlorn  
Resting cold from his last morn

In each bric-a-brac  
His touch his track

In ticks and creaks  
His memory speaks.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Room Without A View

Suppose you are confined to four walls  
Don't get to see the sky  
Live in a space just too small  
But aren't to question why.

The room doesn't have a window  
Only a door to shut you out  
Can't know when it's tomorrow  
What's today is in doubt.

Imagine for it isn't that hard  
There can be such a place  
Where from all else debarred  
You're alive in death's embrace.

You alone with a fire within  
Without a thing to defend  
Caged for what's passed as sin  
It's too late to amend.

Let's stop here this imagined doom  
For you haven't preferred to choose  
The pitiless hell of a windowless room  
With only a hanging noose!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Secret

Not even a crow should know  
what now in you I confide  
turning his voice too low  
he drew him closer to his side.

The listener strained his ears hard  
nodded his head in assent  
he wouldn't divulge one word  
of the secret shared that moment.

Soon his face started showing crease  
his belly bulged like balloon  
he started feeling ill at ease  
the burden was no boon.

He told his wife what now I say  
not be passed to another ear  
mustn't see the light of day  
keep to yourself only my dear.

The secret did her badly tease  
made her silent morose  
she couldn't breathe without release  
must tell someone her close.

The secret spread like forest fire  
were talking too many men  
winds breathed it in the air  
sun shone on it poured rain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# A Seed Of Romance

A whiff of smell  
You left in the air  
Keeps aloft my sail  
In the rough weather.  
A hint of smile  
You left in my eye  
Drives me miles,  
Keeps my spirit high.  
A hope for warmth  
You left in my heart  
Still fires my hearth,  
Refuses to depart.  
A seed of romance  
You sowed in me  
Gave love a chance  
To grow as a tree.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Stranger In The City

He does an incredible feat  
While the world moves meaningless  
Abandoned on the street  
Roams the man with the dirty face!  
A cruel fast-paced heartless city  
Where nobody has time for him  
None tells him a word of pity  
The nights fade the days dim.  
Yet unmindful of all  
The ragged holds his head high  
He still can walk tall  
Without a hint of sigh!  
The odd man out in the city  
An animal, a mad scavenger  
He needs no words of pity  
He's happy to remain a stranger.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Successful Man

He never goes to a temple  
A mosque  
A church,  
Feels no need for prayer!  
He simply loves and cares  
In his own little way  
Lives that need them,  
Lives not for himself  
But for others  
And feels rewarded to impart  
A little happiness to others!  
Can you call him a successful man?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Summer Day At The Zoo

I don't get it into my head  
She says  
Why in this scorching summer  
We're at the zoo gate.

There wasn't a soul at the counter  
Except the heat lulled ticketman  
And before him a man and a woman  
Arm-in-arm companion!

What's the pleasure  
Of staring at half-starved animals  
Counting times in caged dooms  
She fumes.

Don't mind the weather  
I tell her  
Get it into your head  
We're here to be together.

Let's find a tree's shade  
We sing in chorus  
Let's go ahead  
To rebuild a place  
For two old lovers!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Table & Two Chairs

A seasoned lover  
Clever  
I praise her tea's flavor

Thank her for the gift  
Of morn's spirit lift  
My adoration she savors.

We sit with the brew  
Talk a word or two  
As each morning we do

For something more who cares  
With a table and two chairs  
Four hands and cups two.

A small time but enough  
To make things less tough  
Brave the day hereafter

A small space yet deep  
Spent in blissful sip  
In banter and some laughter.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Tale Of Four Lives

The two brought their parents no glory, all they brought was shame  
One was convicted of murder; the other eloped with a dame  
The parents were left alone with a son getting life term in jail  
About the other was nothing known, of him no one could tell!  
They pined away in grief, before their tears dried up  
Life was all a dark alley, full was misery's cup  
Thus rolled the years, then came the appointed date  
If ever the forlorn souls could know their lost son's fate!  
Their lives broken and their dreams shattered  
They went to their graves, it little mattered  
What about the sons, what happened to them?  
One died in jail, the other lost his dame!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Tear Or Two

Flow enough tears  
but all these years  
I burn them in fire.

Still a drop or two  
past fire come through  
finding earth's need too dire.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## A Thought For Stray Dogs

Lonely eyes, they are victims  
Live on scraps, die on our whims  
None to care, none to look  
No love for them, no warm nook  
If only a little concern, a little pity  
Just for the sake of life's dignity  
By the lucky ones with home and hearth  
Think, they need your heart's warmth.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# A Trophy In Your Showcase

Behind the dusty glass,  
My corpse from that halcyon moment  
Stands mockingly frozen,  
A relic of your glory  
That began and ended my story.  
I lived just in that moment  
Pride glowed on your face,  
And died a trophy in your showcase!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Turtle In My Stomach

Wrenched from the depth of the blue  
Where it flapped its wings  
In the waves' symphony,  
A turtle landed in my stomach.  
It swims in my digestive tide  
And would soon reach the red sea!  
A fantastic journey  
Just to feed my greedy fantasy.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Village Far Away

Come to see my village  
Where time is caught in a warp  
Though it's not on history's page  
Nor would you find it on a map.  
It lies so far from a city  
Can be reached by a long walk  
There's no road no electricity  
Still we don't rue our luck.  
It's enough we grow our own food  
Toil and till under the sky  
Then in the evening come home to brood  
In the glow of the dancing firefly.  
Here we have no clutter and din  
The dazzles of thousand lights  
In the dim flicker of burning kerosene  
We weave our dreams for the nights.  
Our children are happy to play and sing  
Pick mangoes from under the tree  
Frolicking angels flying on wing  
They are as free they can be.  
We are content with what we get  
From our daily struggle and strife  
We don't complain about our fate  
But love our ways of life.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Vow I Can'T Keep

Today I'll not look at them  
Though the sky beckons  
To fire my passion's flame,  
The flowers sway in wind  
To stir something within  
The sun paints it bright  
For my thoughts to take a flight  
The day in my ears hums  
When the night comes  
Won't your eyes turn  
And in the moon burn  
To set your dreams free  
In the form of poetry?  
Though I've taken a vow  
I really don't know how  
To close my eyes to them  
To douse my passion's flame!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Walk In The Jungle

A walk in the jungle where penetrates no ray,  
Falling and rising, losing and finding way,  
The thorns are sharp, bushes darkly dense,  
Amid sky touching trees, fear of unknown reigns!  
Prowling shadows dart, hungry wolves bay,  
The air reeks of blood, predators pounce on prey,  
The dying in agony moans, killer howls in joy,  
The dead finds no regret, no mourners' convoy!  
No hand is without blood, no heart free of pain,  
Not one flying white dove without curse's stain,  
A walk in the jungle, enacting monstrous play,  
Falling and rising, losing and finding way!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Wand To Poke The Clouds

If I had one long wand  
That reached far up to the sky  
Would have poked it in the cloudland  
Can't see the earth so dry!

Can't see the earth so dry  
Scarred and deeply hurt  
If I had a wand to poke the sky  
Would have torn the clouds apart!

The parched earth is crying for rain  
The soil is a desert track  
Need a long wand to break open  
The clouds to heal the crack!

The peasant is waiting on his tilled ground  
May not his toil go waste  
It's time for the clouds to be earthbound  
Save the season's harvest!

O god give me a long magic wand  
To dispel this summer's looming curse  
Force the stubborn clouds to melt and disband  
Come down on earth as showers!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Week At This Inn

Monday only I arrived at the inn  
Got a room there spick and span  
I wondered at the place's awful din  
And the joy in welcoming new man!

Till then I had lived in dark gloom  
Half awake in a quiet warm stream  
In delirious urge to leave the catacomb  
Reach the light I had all along dreamt!

Cramped in that alley in somber stupor  
Passed months how I didn't know  
Only could sense freedom wasn't far  
Wouldn't be forever in that burrow!

The kindly innkeeper fed me the best  
And wouldn't take anything for the give  
Spent I two days on her breast loveliest  
It hurt me when came the time to leave!

On a Wednesday found my new love  
Made a nest on a space on this earth  
A fairy she was love's precious trove  
She gave me warm home and a hearth!

Can't tell how passed the days so fast  
New travelers coming on our way  
Our wishes were ashes hopes were dust  
Were left with only faith on Friday!

Have tided on this inn waves low and high  
Seeking from the clouds the north star  
Live now with memories of the days gone by  
Waiting for the Sunday that's not far!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## A Whiff Of Love

The dimming eyes turn a muddy gray  
They can't hold the blue of the sky  
Though I know nothing is forever to stay  
I am agonized it's going to die!  
Death's face is cruel and bare  
It doesn't spare even the innocent  
Just a month or so it was there  
The devout say its time is spent!  
I can't accept a tenure so brief  
Though they say god wanted so  
I feel enraged blinded with grief  
A fleeting while and it has to go!  
Why at all did god send it then?  
If it came and soon started to pack,  
Leaving in me the bitterest pain  
That my love couldn't hold it back!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# A Wish For Her Brother

Times frail bonds are strong  
A ritual going for long  
Low earn prices steep  
Still whispers her lip.

She marks on his forehead a paste  
Of sandalwood to wish him the best  
Come bad time rough weather  
Must sail through his dear brother.

The sight seems in heaven made  
When she touches her brother's forehead  
Radiant in her finger's bless  
In happiness beams his face.

Hard times prices are steep  
Pours good wishes from her lip  
A woman she's a loving sister  
Wishes the best for brother.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Woman

She came from the blue  
And swept me into dreamland,  
Once she held my hand,  
Time rushed past  
Through all hues of life...  
She's a woman...  
A woman I love to call my wife.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Year Older

No promises he makes no resolution  
The new year is new only in notion  
Each day as it comes so it should be dealt  
There won't be anything new emotion unfelt!

The same faces met same stretches run  
Same daily chores till the day is done  
Darkened sunk eyes mirror tells it all  
Worries on the rise so is hair-fall!

Nothing really changes life's hit and misses  
Undying hope to build on the broken wishes  
Groveling in the troughs dreaming for the crest  
Praying for the miracle of next morn's harvest!

He finds new year no time to get inebriate  
Indulge in revelry and foolishly celebrate  
It's there to warp the skin droop the shoulder  
Serve the stark reminder that he's a year older!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# A Year Older, A Year Wiser

A year older, a year wiser

A wisdom always in the making  
Nourished by experience  
Vitaminized by failures  
Strengthened by aspirations  
Built on the foundation of hope!

Year after year  
Brick after brick  
Wiser  
Cemented by determination  
Watered by dreams  
Cracked by blows  
Repaired by a mason  
Working round the clock  
Anointing healing!

Get up man.

You are a year older  
But a year wiser

And the fruits of this wisdom  
Often unseen  
Oftener unknown  
Ripen inside  
And then no more just yours  
Scatter in the surround  
Beget nurseries of wisdom  
Building, vitaminizing, strengthening  
Repairing healing  
Your foundation  
Your hope!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Aberration

'There's nothing wrong with you' said the doctor

'I find you a perfectly healthy guy

But...

One thing I find awkward

A little aberration

In otherwise a normal man

Your way of speech

A little funny

If you pardon me

Irritating too

About which little I can do

Though speaking in rhyme

Is no crime.'

'Doc I didn't mean to offend

Would hence try to mend

And do my bit

To kick this bad habit! '

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Abigail

Abigail, Abigail, keeps haunting me  
I don't remember when it started  
Has to be the first seed of love  
That planted Abigail in my heart  
And etched it there for good....  
In Martha I saw Abigail, in Ethel  
In them all I chased Abigail  
They were good, all of them  
Flawless, spotless, free from blame  
Lovable, dependable, transparent....  
Yet I kept seeking Abigail  
With a hallucinatory torment!  
Did ever my eyes touch her once?  
In a dream woven with fleeting romance  
Or her face shone once in the moon  
And melted as dew drops in the dazed dark!  
Abigail my perpetual phantom  
I neither get her nor fathom  
I age, Abigail is ageless  
Always there, but beyond embrace!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# About God

bother not.

he is too cocooned  
in his cosy abode.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Adam(Ant)

the mind  
has its own futile cravings  
satisfied in succumbing!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## Adieu Old Time

Our heart drops a tear, it also merrily sings  
For the loss we suffered and gain of precious things  
Hope in our breasts, we heave a little sigh  
For the dawn of new time, for the year gone by!  
The flow is timeless, we can't stem the tide  
Today's wizened and old, was yesterday's young bride  
Yet life goes on, the dreams never die  
We welcome new year, bid the old goodbye!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Affair

A time was when  
Nothing short of my deepest thrust  
Once and then many times more  
Would satiate me

Then quietly crept between us  
The hiatus

When I learned new ways to play  
Chanced on a week a golden day  
Then over a month or more

I had found the key to the secret door.

Now at the most heightened end of the affair  
Satiates me a strand of her hair!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Aftermath

Declared at last the choice  
Disperses the mist  
No more blaring noise  
Hangs there the list!

Foes made so are made friends  
Flow in bursts of congrats  
There's no making amends  
It's either bouquets or brickbats!

The winners they must rejoice  
The losers there surely is none  
If something went wrong with the choice  
Take it as life's another fun!

It's bidding for vote could be a coin's toss  
To determine who could garner more popularity  
Whatever, must not suffer loss,  
Poetry, for that would be such pity!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Agreement

Since when  
we have agreed  
to agree all the time?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Ahimsa

In unity should life be spent  
Brotherly, sober, benevolent  
Making live let live the testament  
Remaining ever non-violent!

The lesson above is mine hard learned  
Cats in my house their ahimsa be darned  
Not exert once in hunting prey  
Let roach and mouse grow by each day!

They have too keen a poetic sense  
Don't maul the mice suffer them pains  
Believe in peaceful coexistence  
Keep from the prey a safe distance!

Mice no more in fear run by  
For with such cats no chance to die  
They look thankful with cats so good  
Making our home a friendly neighborhood!

I find it a wonder it baffles me  
How cats find mice cute friendly  
Shun bloodshed make idle claw  
Keep blissfully wrong side of law!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Album

From the deepest alley  
I dust out the album.  
Faces that look out  
Seem distant and alien,  
Selves that yearn no more,  
A time that cares no more.  
My wife prettily raw,  
Our son of a new world,  
The cat with wondrous eyes,  
Gone before I could touch them.  
On each frame pose shapes  
Frozen ageless happy  
With nothing but the present  
Radiating a forever goodness  
Breaking through dusty ages  
To stand here now in my eyes.  
I feel a pain well up in me  
And before my eyes gather mist,  
I put back the album  
In the deepest alley of my heart.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Alien

From the honks of cars and smell of fumes  
I slip into a small green patch  
with birds and their wafting plumes,  
moments I would die to catch!  
A calm that filtered the noise  
let me listen to the rustling leaves,  
the birds' chirping and such joys,  
in their briefness the heart grieves!  
As they frolic and in air dance,  
I softly trudge as an alien,  
one who is there perchance,  
and can't for long remain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# All Along There

I waited for the poetry to come to my life.  
Meanwhile the spring came and went  
Flowers blossomed and wilted  
Fragrance lingered and melted in air  
Autumn brought a golden azure sky  
Winter came from faraway land.  
They all tried to stir my soul.  
Poetry was all along there in my life!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# All For Myself

Today I am doing everything for myself.  
I am feeding the stray birds and animals  
Giving alms to the stretched hands on my door  
Watering the sun-perched plants and saplings  
Helping the blind man to cross to the other side  
Picking up things from ground for her  
Plucking flowers for her dark scented hair  
Offering the seat in the bus to the old man  
Acting friendly with all at office and home  
Teaching a child to learn alphabets  
Pointing at the constellations in the night sky  
Telling her stories at dinner and wishing sweet dreams...  
So much I have done for others,  
And so much more for myself!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Alone In The Rain

Today I didn't see those ever-so-close couple.  
In the lonely forenoons  
When you could hear the leaves fall  
They were there  
Like two devoted doves  
Whispering in each other's ears  
The wonderful nonsense  
Only lovers can indulge in.  
Then they laughed like rustling leaves  
Drowned in their own twitting  
Without caring a fig for my presence.  
But today was the day  
When wrapped in my own aloofness  
Walking alone in the rain  
I sought those two.  
Like the empty bench  
I missed those tweeting two  
Warming up a desolate space,  
Scared they're lost in life's aridness.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Alone With The Sky

For a long time I'm alone, a long time  
Other than the birds in my window  
Tweeting their melodious rhyme  
Or the pussycats warm and sweet  
Licking my hands, cuddling my feet!  
I'm alone with the sky that seems so far  
Alone with the stories the winds whisper  
The broken pieces of sunlight  
That dance on the leaves  
I'm alone with the rainbow the sky for me weaves!  
When the day dawns, a dark liquid  
Yet to be grown, yet to be read  
I'm alone with the dewy darkness  
Alone with the hope that's born on my face!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Alphabets Of Life

A B C D E F G

for my own comfort I'm busy

H I J K L M N

I give a damn for others' pain

O P Q R S T U

'I' is more valuable than 'YOU'

V W X Y Z

but the world is not just for me made

A C E G I K M

if I a little differently aim

B D F H J L N

not just live for my own gain

C E G I K M O

but care for the other fellow

D F H J L N P

feel good when the other is happy

E G I K M O Q

not just mind 'I' but mind 'YOU'

F H J L N P R

know how precious also you are

G I K M O Q S

and love to see your smiling face

H J L N P R T

share this world you and me

I K M O Q S U

its wealth and beauty 'I' and 'YOU'

J L N P R T V

love all life as I love me

K M O Q S U W

give each one what is its due

L N P R T V X

thus save me from the 'I' complex

M O Q S U W Y

to take my life to a new high

N P R T V X Z

where I can hold high my head

in a world that's not just for me made.



# An Accident

Do I look I could trouble anybody?  
I'm just a quiet nobody,  
Can't even hurt an ant.  
Look close my face  
See engraved lines of patience,  
Trouble I keep a safe distance.  
Never ever thought of war  
Held storms locked within,  
Walked limits than walked far.  
A no danger man to the bone  
Always left conflicts alone,  
My place is in trouble free zone.  
Can't be pushed anymore  
My back is glued to the wall,  
I'm peaceful to the core.

Girl, I meant you no harm,  
Touching you was an accident,  
Do I look anyway troublesome?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# An Apology

The struggling man  
When he mugged a guy  
Outside Museum of Natural History  
Never thought  
Nor ever thought his victim  
They would be part of history  
Not quite natural  
Not archived within walls  
By an apology  
From beyond three decades  
By the hunter  
To the hunted  
Now going to be forever preserved  
In the Heart's Museum of Unnatural History  
One asking for forgiveness  
And the other responding

You're a bigger man today

Apology accepted

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# An Apparition

Under the canopy of trees  
Spots of sunlight  
Figures cuddling like bees  
A surrealistic sight!  
An apparition like reality enacting a mime  
As if they would be there and not move with time  
I have been through it like forever  
Holding onto it, scared to lose it ever  
This winter morning I'm part of their game  
Happy to be there frozen in the frame!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# An Apple A Day

I tell a lie when I say  
Poems in mind always play  
Streams on endless output  
My mind is never vacantly mute.

To tell you the truth it oft happens  
When riding to work on buses or trains  
Like a lost river dry up my thoughts  
Stubbornly dry much like walnuts.

Funnily it doesn't for long last  
It's preordained mind mustn't rust  
A fellow traveler brings out an apple  
Nibble at it with it grapple.

In boredom my eyes at the scene gape  
How the apple gradually changes shape  
With each bite a chunk is torn  
In each bite a poem is born.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## An Artist

She has not engaged a hand, cannot call that her thrift  
It's a delight doing it herself, to give her home a facelift.  
Armed with brush and color, seizing time from her chores  
She gets engrossed in the pastime, painting windows and doors.  
It's the festive season, she loves its smell in the air  
I love the smell of fresh paint, her labor I don't share.  
She looks a dainty artist, colors on hands and face  
Her eyes lit up in creative joy, beaming in happiness.  
To partake in that graceful sight, when beside her I stand  
She asks 'why watch me idly and not lend a helping hand'!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# An Artless Girl

What do I write about her  
a girl artless mundane  
fading years don't heal her scar  
can't bury her smoldering pain.

Yet can't keep her out of mind  
shut her behind closed door  
time and again a place she finds  
her face comes to the fore.

A bird she was dreaming a nest  
a home and cold night's hearth  
one shoulder to perch for rest  
a caring heart to berth.

How cruel is the worldly way  
that denies a soul of peace  
shatters a life leads hopes astray  
grants not the smallest wish.

For one night the moon was hers  
stars bloomed in her eyes  
till dreams broke by a monstrous curse  
lay dead in the first sunrise.

She still lives a lonely spinster  
on the ashes of long dead fire  
her empty heart begs not a care  
love she never aspires.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# An Autumn Day

Here the autumn makes  
prettiest place for me  
a quaint placid lake  
with wind's lullaby!

A cloud mirrored hush  
thicket's lone butterfly  
spell stricken grass  
in awe of the sky!

This sight the autumn makes  
seems so wispy to my feel  
like flying pollen flakes  
catching dreams by the jhil!

The feathered bloomy light  
on this day by the lake  
soon would melt from my sight  
leaving trail as an ache!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# An Easy-To-Get Kill

You are interested in my face  
You are keen for my surface  
Your eyes lecherously tour  
Seeking beneath my contour!  
To you it means all  
Where they rise and they fall  
It sounds though a little mean  
You're after my skin!  
It really is a pity  
You view me a commodity  
Best found when undressed  
Easy debauched, easy defaced!  
I'm no one's person, none's pal  
Just food for hungry animal  
My mind doesn't matter nor my will  
I am only there as an easy-to-get kill!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# An Encounter With The King: A Humble Tribute To Jim Corbett

Hush descended on the birds of the valley  
a horned owl hooted on the hill above me  
emerged from the mist a pale blue moon  
you know in the jungle the night comes soon!

Nocturne shimmered expectant still  
the king had arrived to claim his kill  
his shadow moved with a low mutter growl  
stopped in its hoot the lone horned owl!

Thirty feet below neath the yawning screen  
on the big oak the tallest on ravine  
it so seemed but only a few pace  
within the reach of the king's embrace!

The two only knew who were in the war  
one to be witnessed by the langur sambar  
cries of caution they all would sing  
not least bothered arrived the king!

On its track stopped the wind afraid  
as the risen moon showed the king's head  
his paws advanced eyes fixed on me  
for three days the king was going hungry!

Licking his kill he took an apple bite  
birds took flight night froze in fright  
to shoulder must raise my rifle on knees  
while the king ate his dinner in peace!

His eyes glimmered in pleasure's full glow  
my fingers closed and inched up slow  
but what I did over the valley rang out  
cupping my hands gave a full throated shout!

It echoed in the hill such loud was the blare  
the king ran for life with his tail in the air

and so long he lived couldn't recover from daze  
of being driven by a weakling out of village!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# An Errand

Milk rice curd and fish  
brinjal chilli and gourd  
not one item I would miss  
not forget one word.

Mom would say write them down  
so don't you leave anything  
banana butter tea bread brown  
a world of goods to bring.

I run on the way muttering those stuff  
curd and fish fine tea  
on my head they hit me rough  
jumble my memory.

The sky today is yawning blue  
clouds sail like milky raft  
in the wind is a drift of sweet brew  
incense's misty waft!

Walk easy boy don't go so fast  
aren't the birds on mystery flight  
look up to see how in wind's gust  
soared high in the sky the kite!

There's a crowd in charm of magic wand  
a snake dancer with his wooden flute  
brought bagful tricks from distant land  
snakes caught from jungles remote!

On the playground is running a match  
ball rolling from net to net  
why not stop for some minutes' watch  
keep brinjal and gourd on wait!

The field is green trees' shade alluring  
dreams come in bird wings' flap  
milk rice curd now a distant thing  
the boy takes a nebulous nap.



Pradip Chattopadhyay

# An Escape Into Hope

Under a dull gray sky  
I suddenly felt happy.  
It was a winter morn,  
There was little to be happy about.  
The trees were shedding leaves,  
All around deprivations groaned,  
Tears of agonies wailed,  
Yet something in me swelled!  
In the famished landscape,  
I discovered an escape,  
The drowning found a tip of rope,  
Inside me glowed a beacon of hope!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# An Ever Open Door

Desire to live, love and dream  
Desire to desire more  
Desire is the flirtiest whim  
It's an ever open door.  
Desire to touch you once  
Desire to break into a dance  
Desire to hold your hand  
Desire to build on sand!  
It's an ever open door  
You desire and desire more!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# An Hour In March

Each couple is stopped on the way  
this March spring hour  
with the city attired at its best  
with gulmohar and flame of the forest  
in mad bloom of yellow and red  
and the hand touches each head  
adorned with the season's flower

blessed be your love  
blessed be your luck

and most of them yielded  
to the blessings of the eunuch!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# An Old Shirt

on the back numerous hole  
quite a few too on the chest  
still it clings to my soul  
I think it fits me best.

says my flummoxed wife  
you're a miser hopeless  
holding on a rag for life  
bringing yourself disgrace.

I feign not to hear and shrug  
clutching it more to my heart  
feeling warm cosy in its hug  
my friend the many years' shirt.

on it lie rivers of sweat  
joy and sorrow's tear stains  
time's all burden of weight  
gloomy and dark hours' pains.

a mere cloth and I find it so hard  
to throw it and part our ways  
wonder how humans discard  
relations grown over years.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# An Old Story Retold

We sit by the pool  
His eyes remote  
He takes a mouthful  
Doesn't go down his throat!

Can you skip office  
For me for a day  
Give your work a miss  
At home with me stay!

That's what he said  
Recalls the son  
Back at home stayed  
His father alone!

My old man misses me  
His plea I didn't heed  
Needs my company  
His I don't need!

His lunch now gets cold  
Something isn't right  
An old story retold  
A lost appetite!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# And Then There Were None

And then there were none.

They came and they went..

silent joy simple fun

the starry firmament.

While for words this mind craved

the wind blew unheard

While this ink raved

flew away the singing bird!

The stars got weary of twinkling

real moon turned an imagined one

These blind eyes had no inkling  
how they debarred the simple fun.

When they turned to behold

this madness was done

times hid in wrapped fold..

And then there were none.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# And We Aren'T Morons

there isn't a time in life  
when our smiles and cries  
are not simultaneous  
unless we are morons.

my broadest stretch of lips  
stalk pains

has my success made someone sad?  
has it been at someone's cost?  
has it eroded someone's happiness?

and when I cry  
as sufferer loser

in the corner of my eyes  
shimmers a smile

it's not the end

it's not the last mile.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Angelic Wisdom

The man when he fell in a manhole  
To rescue him came not a kind soul  
He cried himself hoarse for attention  
If someone came gave him ascension  
Help me help me he cried mad and wild  
None came to stop no adult no child  
Hours were gone the day turned a blur  
Falling light told him night was not far  
Despair ate him killing his hope  
Wouldn't come a hand holding a rope  
When he was giving up on aid or redress  
Shadowing his sky there appeared a face  
The silhouette told him had come an angel  
To fly him on wings raise him from the well  
His hopes rekindled here was a kind soul  
To end his plight lift him from the hole

From up the manhole spoke a deep voice  
Being in this mess was purely your choice  
Your own carelessness has brought you ill luck  
What was the need to take a hurried walk?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Angler

Riveted to the grass in frozen alertness  
Limbs ache from hours of wait  
It may be a day of their not being impressed  
Fooled not once by tempting bait!

It's high time the liner shook  
The trap lured the willing catch  
There's a pull at end of hook  
Rewarded is all the hard watch!

In darned breeze the heart grieves  
The quietude isn't getting to grow  
The noise from the rustling leaves  
Incessant caws of the lone crow!

Are the eyes too weary from watch  
Hands are not fully motionless  
Or the clever prey feels not worth touch  
And rather survive in hunger's distress!

Eyelids feel heavy and this's such prose  
To be awake amid the wind's lullaby  
Till the day closes with picking morose  
The empty bucket in melancholy!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Animate Inanimate

The house yawned at him

as he trudged to the gate  
a warm wind rose from his bowel  
and tore his heart out

the walls reflected an emptiness  
as if they too mourned with him  
the one face less  
the one soul pouring heart's all kindness  
forever gone

paused the son  
his eyes grew wet with moisture of rain

the house would never be the same again!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Annie

When the clouds web a raven moon  
His thirsty eyes your eyes may meet  
And unless your senses frigidly swoon  
Can hear may I have tea and biscuit!

The hungry seeker is ever on roam  
Carrying in winds his heavy sighs  
With none to call his own and home  
Except night's stray passersby!

If you stop some moments with him  
Can hear war stories and his bravery  
In soldier's pride his eyes still gleam  
His eyes are wet when speaks of Annie!

He roams the night till the moon is veiled  
His home is here this earth his heaven  
Loving to chat with the souls strong willed  
About Annie who he left at forty seven!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Another Day Of Loving Her

Don't need a reason why it happens so  
Around me sparkle thousand stars  
I beam in the happiness' radiant glow  
For having another day of loving her!

Dispel dark clouds the mind is set free  
Dreadful stains on its wall disappear  
It feels just enough to have her with me  
Having another day of loving her!

Heals all the pain the one mystic light  
Agonies turn back to recede far  
It shows me the way to tide over the night  
For having another day of loving her!

I feel so blessed when breaks a new dawn  
Though it hides the east's morning star  
Reminds the bird chirps I'm not alone  
With me is another day of loving her!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Another Night Was Spent

I lay on bed waiting for that moment,  
The night guard passed on his last round  
Mournfully whistling another night was spent,  
Though the night was still lulled by weary crickets' sound.  
My windowpane like a lusty lover clung darkness tight  
If that would let him hold onto the night  
Unwilling to let go the stars out of sight  
Fearful his secret would be cracked by daylight.  
I waited in bated breath that inevitable moment  
Eyeing the glass to catch the transition  
A bulbul called to say another night was spent  
Other hopeful voices broke out in unison.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Another Year Of Life

Something so dreary about the year I'm going to lose  
It made me older and my breathing tightened the noose  
Something so skeptical about the year going by  
It made me wizened, my skin parched little more dry  
Something so sordid about the year bidding farewell  
It made my days longer and nights an endless hell  
Something so persistent about the year making exit  
It still makes me desire to be alive healthy and fit!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Another Yearning Heart

Never mind if you feel unloved  
Never mind  
God meant you to be loved  
You love will find.  
There's a wind that whispers  
A mountain that kisses the stars  
They know your yearning heart  
Is just waiting for love to start!  
Surely you are seen, you are heard  
You touch minds, you lovebird  
There's a misty dawn, a pearly night  
They will find you out, love glows bright.  
You are never unloved, love finds you out  
Crossing all barriers, reaching beyond doubt  
God meant you to be loved, it's waiting to start  
Pouring out in streams from another yearning heart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Antithesis

You needn't so elaborately state  
You don't want to complicate.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Ants

In the undergrowth beside the railway track  
ants live in a world their own  
the whistling trains run past to be back  
leave trails of dust wind borne.

They have a dream when nights come  
past day's frenzied task  
strings of hope the fireflies strum  
breaking out of the cocooned husk!

In those nights when full moon bloom  
the limbs of ants shun rest  
shed all pains rise up from gloom  
they dig in mind's harvest.

Lines of them come out of hole  
forget all diurnal scar  
dance tango each midnight soul  
watched by the heaven's star.

In those nights if you pass by them  
tread the grass where silence reigns  
can feel the stir of passion's flame  
in the wind joy's lilting strain.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Aquarium

On and on and on  
In a repeated motion  
It goes on revolution  
Seeks the ocean!  
The ceiling is firmament  
Glass is the wall  
The trap is permanent  
Its life is surely dull!  
The box glows bright  
It's all synthetic light  
The world in its sight  
Has no day and night!  
It hears the feeble sound  
Of people moving around  
Sees their awe-struck face  
Envies their happiness!  
It knows not the conundrum  
Why is snatched its freedom  
Yearns lifelong to be free  
To go home to the sea!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Are You Missing Something?

If it's ever so  
That home never you miss  
Life seems slow  
Without office  
Before that happens  
Look around and see  
How drops of rains  
Bathe the backyard tree  
Let it never be  
That lost in files  
You are never free  
For all the loving smiles  
If it's so  
Pause a moment  
See the rose glow  
Smell the lovely scent!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Aroma Of Food

As she serves the food  
the smell permeates the air  
ah, food's aroma is so good  
and I've of it a fair share.

I don't know what hunger is  
how many on earth go unfed  
I get whenever I please  
I bother about the quality instead.

I talk of freedom and free will  
care about health and hygiene  
I have my assured meal  
hunger's face I haven't seen.

I'm a man well fed  
live in the fullness of good meals  
I don't have to take it in my head

in this world hunger still kills.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Aroma Of Money

Just now I got my pay  
Just now I got my pay  
But soon it'll fly away  
Money will not stay!  
How nice it smells honey  
Aroma of money  
How crisp it kisses the hand  
Cool currency!  
But it won't last a day honey  
It won't last a day  
Soon'll be gone the money  
With me it won't stay!  
Got to hold it tight honey  
Got to stop it part  
Before I count all money  
Before I can start!  
It will soon melt honey  
It'll be soon spent  
Now in my hand the money  
Will go the next moment!  
What shall I buy you honey  
What to get for me  
Soon'll be gone the money  
A while's guarantee!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Arrival Of The Newborn

Every birthday  
I turn a year older  
But when you wish  
"Happy birthday,  
Many happy returns of the day"  
I feel younger than my age  
And long to be here for  
Eternity!  
Inside me is a world  
Unaffected by time  
Outside the world changes  
Faces grow old  
Beautiful people become wizened  
Every beauty comes to end of term  
My eyes mirror all these.  
I look for no shore  
I don't stand before the mirror  
The transforming reflections  
I abhor!  
I love to live on  
With the unchanging world inside,  
In wait- tranquil and forlorn  
For the arrival of the newborn!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Art Of Love

On the park bench  
two lovers  
were perfecting the art of love!

between them shrinking spaces  
their lost and drunken faces  
betrayed  
the process was endless!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# As A Matter Of Fact

For you I don't write verse.

With you I con-verse.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## As If It's Last

The birds chirp on in the hazed grey  
"Open, open your eyes" they say  
"Enough of being a dumber  
Time you got up from slumber"  
In my stupor where dream clutters  
Seep in soft noises of flaps and flutters  
Through my eye-slits hair like thin  
Another day gloriously trudges in!

I realize I'm alive for another day  
Hopes in breast, thoughts to say  
To live this day as if it's last  
To tell 'I love' and tell it fast!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# As Promised

twenty years on  
and i still look for her  
on the seashore

it was a promise she made  
that even if given to another man  
she would break up for once  
come running to the sea  
for me  
and if i wasn't there  
she would go deeper  
leaving on the sands a note

i was here as i promised

she came to my life  
she came to be my wife  
but twenty years on  
i still look for her  
on the seashore  
she ageless  
waiting for her lover  
and then going down to the sea  
leaving a note  
on the sand  
unerasable

i was here as i promised

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# As They See Me

My poems come and ask me  
After you set us free  
You just forget our pain  
And act apathetic alien,  
When thoughts in you burn  
Inside in vortices churn,  
It's us coming out in streams  
Relieve your burden of dreams,  
But you never enact your life the way  
What through us you say,  
Delivering us you stand aside,  
Turn away to flow with the tide!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# As We Will It

To me only she leaves it  
In turn I leave it to her  
In our hiding holes of habit  
Things don't move any far.

In this funny game  
Consensus is scarce  
In the fear of blame  
Taking a decision scares.

She tells me it's for you to decide  
Ways to cut the rising bills  
How to stop our savings' slide  
Still have two square meals.

I tell her in your hands is the rein  
To check unneeded outflow  
Find some ways to build a gain  
Some savings for the future to show.

She retorts don't say you've no clue  
The way I manage the pence  
What you bring can hardly accrue  
Any surplus post expense.

Things go on like they did before  
With us never reaching a deal  
Yet our lives happily soar  
The way we lovingly will.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# As You Rightly Say

here's another cat poem.

When the orphaned black kitten is shrinking  
and sinking  
and these hands are too inadequate  
to stem the slide  
and writing poems seem far easier  
than filling the gap its mother left  
this heart going through another break  
another trek  
downhill  
for an uphill job  
and as I lift it  
feel its heartbeat  
slowing  
to a few grams  
so putting it down  
return to keyboard  
feeling a little guilt  
a little shame

as you rightly say  
to write another cat poem.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Ask

Nothing is owned  
Unless earned.

Ask if you've earned love.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Asking For Too Much

When it's summer I pray for cold  
In the winter sulk for warm touch  
When I was a kid longed to be old  
I'm always asking for too much.

When it's money want of it more  
It's always for good times I search  
I want the rains to stop torrent's pour  
I'm always asking for too much.

I want my woman to be a sex queen  
Want her always hot on my urge  
Her smiles I notice can't read her pain  
I'm always asking for too much.

I want smooth sailing life's steady flow  
A decent job and a nest for night's perch  
See on her face shine a happy glow  
I'm always asking for too much.

I want all my poems earn your read  
Desire it's them only you search  
I do only care for my ego's need  
I'm always asking for too much.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Aspirant

Rate me vote me on the given link  
Beg you please see my hopes don't sink  
I'm word monger poet laureate valiant  
Want some fame a few bucks' aspirant!

Rate me vote me cast me not out  
I too will vote for you don't be in doubt  
We traders in dreams are poets every bit  
No harm if we compete in the way earn profit!

Rate me vote me let my hopes soar  
A little recognition I want nothing more  
From the crowd find me hear me holler  
Let your clicking vote bring me a dollar!

Rate me vote me I know I may not win  
But I'll fight bravely this war is not mean  
If I earn a victory will be a cause to celebrate  
The burial of poetry win of voting rate!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Astray

Your paths shouldn't lead astray

Heard it since childhood day  
Heard it along all the way  
What it means don't know to this day.

It doesn't show the way nor lifts the haze  
Of a delusional journey the morality's maze  
Just a vague notion planted from the birth  
Astray a wrong way is not a travel's worth.

And that's the dilemma all the trouble's root  
Astray the wrong way should not be one's route  
But each path has on offer its own unique view  
Sublime obnoxious but stretched out for you.

Don't I need to break shackles and explore  
The way called astray what it has in store  
How bad are its tracks uncouth unclean  
If they are laden with only vices and sin.

Why not one day break out of shell  
See if astray leads only to hell  
Take chance of a choice to get away from the pain  
Of the ways thought right but ashtray like vain.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Asylum

There's too much prose in this world,  
Sermons are more than service  
Money is more than mind  
Polemics dominate over resolution  
Truth crumbles under loads of lies.  
While millions go without food  
Poverty is researched  
Sustainability is analyzed  
Cost of survival is determined  
By people living in luxury!  
Baffled I turn to poetry,  
To seek symmetry  
In this dichotomous world!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# At Her Expense

I furtively glance at the wholesome flesh

afraid in case  
she catches me stealing  
her precious things.

There was so much bare  
it seemed unfair  
to have to content with one stare

With so much bare  
no reason to see elsewhere  
and deny my pleasure immense  
at her expense

Of me  
she gets little to see

As for my crotch

it is no top-notch!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## At The Doctor's

Weary faces bored with the long wait  
Sit with stony eyes as in hypnotic state  
Some way they suffer in liver or gall  
Hoping help would reach when comes their call.  
Each time the bell rings breaks the languor  
Rustled footsteps cross the corridor  
Expectant eyes find way to the door  
To find what remedy is there in store.  
Minutes pass and is heard before long  
Inviting sound of the next bell's gong  
The ones coming out rewarded for patience  
Make way for visages still grim and tense.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Attachments

A plastic bag without a handle  
A pair of straps without a sandal  
A briefcase with rusted locks  
A pair of old worn out socks  
A never used candelabrum  
An empty jar of finished gum  
A broken door iron cage  
A lost book's tattered page  
A piece of cloth insect holed  
An old calendar neatly rolled  
A fluorescent light long dead  
A clay puppet's broken head  
A fountain pen sans its cap  
An old atlas dusty map  
A bunch of cassette in tin box  
Nails and screws unused locks  
Cable tape wire and plug  
Grandpa's broolly faded rug

Can't disown throw them out

Fond attachments without doubt!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Attitude

The right attitude  
sadly  
is always  
the most difficult attitude!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Autumn And I

Into my debt-ridden life  
The autumn comes uninvited.  
The white cottons on the azure  
are painted with rainbow,  
the remains of the last rain  
Glow in silvery temptation -  
But my thoughts are elsewhere.  
I couldn't welcome autumn into my life!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Awhile In The Woods

I give myself a break  
to slip into the lonely woods  
to rest awhile on the green cape  
drown in the seasons' moods.  
I seek a patch of soft grass  
sheltered in the shade of a tree  
smell from the air the wooded hush  
and spend awhile carefree.  
Just then my eyes come to rest  
on the canopied acacia tree  
where the birds dressed for spring fest  
twitter in boundless glee.  
I want this frame to freeze in my stare  
sealed in my heart for good  
I wouldn't last but it would be there  
my time in the beauteous woods.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Back Door

Faraway on a distant shore  
He labors hard to earn  
Money he needs more and more  
The self-exiled lonely man!  
He puts aside a small amount  
Rest he remits to his wife  
He keeps filling her bank account  
To provide her necessities of life!  
Her necessities of life he couldn't fulfill  
Because all them money can't buy  
She couldn't for long endure the ordeal  
Got herself another guy!  
Our man he comes home once in a while  
Greeted him the woman in joy  
The time he stays he sees her smile  
Knows not she got another boy!  
It goes on like this dollars pour in  
When home he sees her happiness  
She keeps walking on a rope stretched thin  
There was no way she could now regress!

Once it so happened he arrived one night  
She had no prior advice  
He reached home on a late night flight  
To give her a pleasant surprise!

God if you had seen her whitely ashen face  
After she had opened the front door  
On it there wasn't a trace of happiness  
She almost swooned onto the floor!  
Our man never knew why she shut the door again  
It never did cross his head  
In his absence his wife had made a bargain  
Her lover was snoring on his bed!

She woke the guy up for a fast exit  
Through a door at the back of the house  
Came down again the wife cute and sweet  
A loving and caring spouse!

Now friends I come to the moral of the tale  
For the ones away on distant shore  
Wall it up do it without fail  
Do away with your houses' backdoor!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Back To Yesterday

I look up and see the diurnal moon.  
It's like yesterday.  
Same spot, same time, same moon,  
A deja vu of dream walking  
Where yesterday stands still  
And I'm coming back timeless,  
as a part of the heavenly drawn sketch.  
I look past the tall tree  
to touch the diurnal moon.  
It's back to yesterday!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Bad Friday

for the dog  
can't save my rhyme  
each day he's dying  
for the umpteen time

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Bakers

In the ill-lit room singed with ovens' heat  
Swift hands deftly turn wheat balls sweet  
The air exudes a smell of pulpy soft taste  
Blended with the odd fragrance of sweat!  
Here reigns under the tin shed eternal night  
As if by some design is forbidden daylight  
Roll out confectionaries crisp and light  
To fill the mouths with salivary delight!  
Bread, cake, cookie and cherry bun  
Kneading them in the heat is no fun  
The bakers' faces glow warm and red  
Faster they must go before they rest their head!  
The delicious stuff are relished by kids and grownups  
They savor the flavor with their hot morning cups  
Do they ever pause or give it a thought  
How those laboring bodies in the heat rot!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Bansharee

Bansharee

tends cows in the field  
her hairs deep wisps in the wind  
her dark skin  
an unfathomed mist  
her perfume  
rice washed  
her feet  
conqueror of wild grass

Bansharee...bansharee...  
she tends cows in the field  
a warrior in the wild wind  
an autumn of all seasons  
runs self willed  
floats on the field  
over her clouds gather  
there isn't a match for her  
in her cracked glass mirror  
she is two  
one a wild warrior  
with a face only the wind loves  
and the other  
weather beaten  
by fate cursed  
but dreaming...

in some heart somewhere  
for her  
love is nursed!

Bansharee...Bansharee...

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Bare Truth

I don't need your bare skin  
The deep alleys lying within  
When I sink my nose in your hair  
All day you linger there.

I can do without your kiss  
Warm crevices I don't miss  
When graze my lips on your ear  
All day you linger there.

I don't want you pierced and dug  
Nor crave you tight in hug  
Catching you once in stare  
All day you linger there.

I don't thirst your panting moan  
Grab you as if you I own  
One touch of your loving care  
All day you linger there.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Bared And Alone

In a translucent twilight zone  
I find myself all alone  
In the mirror only my face  
Loneliness I lovingly embrace!  
Madly I listen to the silence  
The only thing that makes sense  
Thoughts uninhibited and random  
Pour out, here they find freedom!  
In the world outside what's uncouth  
Is unshackled here, like hidden truth  
There's no prose, it's all wild verse  
The mask is irrelevant, there's no farce!  
My unbridled self at the twilight zone  
Loves to come out, bared and alone  
Bored of the rules framed by the sane  
It finds itself free from the bondage of pain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Barefoot On The Grass

Today at dawn in windy rush  
Before sun could melt its heat  
Sinking my feet in dewy grass  
I strolled merrily bare feet!

I felt on my feet a thousand kiss  
Heart leapt in an unknown joy  
Too long you missed this heavenly bliss  
Grass whispered to a reborn boy!

Lost count of time when walked last  
Retraced a stretch of green route  
Forgot my root lost all trust  
To walk on the grass barefoot!

The tickling grass as hugged my toes  
Shed their dew like tears  
They asked ugly leather smell our nose  
where have you been all these years!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Barn's Smell

village girl pillage mind on the first sight  
hazel eyes gazelle runs hair dark night

barn's smell holds tale fathomless deep  
flutters heart falls apart resolves fast slip

she knows it my heartbeats quicken for her  
in love glow paint rainbow on day sky a star

she can catch as I watch slavish eyes' plead  
more than me it is she can my dreams read

but wouldn't bend have me lent one little kiss  
honor hard on her guard not let me do as please

she soon fades stays in head lives carefree  
ever far upon a star sweetest memory.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Be Happy By

loving the manifested  
without guessing the hidden.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Be Once A Bird

It must be very hard on her

the bird she cared deeply loved  
has found a new pasture.

but be my dear once a bird  
grow on you a wing  
know the ache hurts so hard  
when stuck within iron ring!

tended well fed the best  
the wings still must try  
still must deem it a complete waste  
times spent flightlessly dry!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Be The Knight

Don't let it deter  
The tongues wagging behind  
Do what's better  
Speak out your mind.  
Go ahead and do it  
Do it the way you like  
Strongly and with grit  
Not a half-hearted strike.  
If it needs be brute  
Unyieldingly stout  
Fear not tell the truth  
It's what stands you out.  
Bow not your towering head  
Succumb to power's might  
Glories of empires fade  
Lives on the brave knight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Be There

Give a little love and care  
Light up faces with your smile  
In others' need be there  
Walk an extra mile!  
So often they are in disguise  
You've to look in their eyes  
They're waiting for your hand  
Waiting for you to understand!  
You have to take a break  
Greater things are at stake  
Out there is waiting a heart  
Know its beat be its part.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Because I Am Not There

Because I am not there  
You trap the bird in the tree  
And never set it free  
You think it smart  
To tear the innocents apart  
You deem it cool  
To see your power rule  
In bringing down the harmless  
You never see their face  
Love, pity, you could choose any  
You preferred tyranny  
Armories of weapon you build  
To make this world a battlefield

Because I am not there in your heart  
You are dead from the start  
Imprisoned in your ruthless kingdom  
Ever denying the bird its freedom!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Because I Got You Easy

I haven't ever known you, truly -  
I got you easily, without a price.  
It's like the closeness of the birds  
To the silvery clouds,  
The treetops' brush with the sky,  
Too known is your face.  
How could I ever know you were priceless!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Because They Bother: Scraps Of Worries

Hand

A few playful beaking from him  
And I remember  
Did not soap the dirt off my hand!

Here I stand  
Bothered  
Praying

My parrot doesn't get an infection.

Head

Because it bothers  
Low I stoop  
To pen about bird poop!

On my way from office  
Fell the hit-never-miss.

Finding no dried leaf  
I used my handkerchief  
And verified from a stranger  
There wasn't a stain!

Bird poop is a bane.

So they said  
Is the chance my head  
Would soon be bereft of hair

Quite unfair!

Here I stand  
Bothered  
Praying

The few remaining don't leave me.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Bed 223

She swam in her delirium in an unfamiliar semi-darkness  
Around her an ocean in slow motion engulfed her dizzy senses  
Voices from a faraway space echoed garbled in her straining ears  
She flew past all horizons wings spanning across many light years.

The flight was such thrilling she wished it had never ended  
But she was slowing down on an emptiness she descended  
Seeing and hearing nothing she fell inside senseless gravity  
Lay silent in anaesthesia the patient in Bed 223.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Before I Go With The Night

Can you bring me a little warmth?  
The night is like an unending tunnel  
Ahead looms a long winter month  
When I go there won't be a funeral.  
Can you not hold me close?  
Rub the cold off my heart?  
So that when the chill goes  
I can blissfully depart.  
I am cold as the frosty night's bird  
With the smell of warmth under my wing  
The sound of my fall if it's ever heard  
A dirge for me can you sing?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Before The Bard Dies

It's time you turn the machine off, it's time  
Before the bard in you flies away  
With the last melodious rhyme  
For too long your eyes are fixed on the screen  
Living in a virtual world forgetting your kin  
While you looked away, the rainbow came and went  
The flower bloomed and withered  
You never got her scent  
The clouds gathered on you for your glance  
Then wilted, you frittered away the chance  
Every bit of nature on your door knocks  
To find you lost in the rectangular box  
Switch it off, turn your eyes  
Before the bard in you forever dies!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Before They Aren'T There

When you narrow your focus for wayside picks  
can see a couple of sparrow prancing on bricks  
they are still not gone out of town  
the lady whitish her male red brown!

They are fast fading leaving no trace  
love human home for building nest  
but where are nooks for them warm space  
a cool inlet for summer's rest!

But still they seek would go last length  
with all their hearts gathered strength  
to find an address can call their own  
these cutest birds need kindness shown!

Their chirping weaves what magic spell  
the pretty lady and her brownish male  
let's spare for the couple one smallest nook  
not leave them be fable in storybook!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Before They Grow Up

Take the children to the seaside  
To a fair for a joyride  
Be with them as long as you can  
Because soon they'll be man!  
Cuddle them hold them tight  
Drown in their eyes' joyous light  
The short days though bright  
In no time will be out of sight!  
Spend with them in long travel  
Delight in their childish marvel  
See them giggle in boundless glee  
Such times though divine quickly flee!  
Tell them stories sleep with them  
Play with them the silliest game  
Without restraint let them be wild  
Before cruel time banishes the child!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## Before You Part

You are moving on, you are saying goodbye  
I can't leave your mind, I'll be in your eye  
You are parting way to go away from me  
My face in your heart, you are far from free.  
You are moving on, you are saying goodbye  
It won't be easy, when you take off to fly  
You'll feel the pull of staying back again,  
To recreate the love and ignore the pain.  
You are moving on, you are saying goodbye  
It all sounds so unreal, your eyes aren't dry  
You wish you could stop, retrace the lost way  
To tell me just once, what you never did say.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Beg One From You

You are not writing a poem  
June is so long ago

it's end November  
not one is added to your name!

maybe after that last write  
you let the ink rest in your pen  
on something else was your sight  
you can write anytime again!

I'm sure you're not moving away  
that would be such pity  
something else occupying your day  
life throwing new priority!

it happens poet all the time  
though they buzz in your head  
you've to let go priceless rhyme  
and hold other things instead!

June is so long ago  
it's end November  
not one I find under your name

show me you're still there  
write for me one  
I'm dying for your poem!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Being A Father

The son vents his suppressed anger on dad  
The father should know he's no more a lad,  
He's a man that needs his own space  
To lead a life at his own pace.  
Every time thus the son speaks out  
Feels brave enough to open his mouth  
The father feeling himself an intrusive mole  
Shrinks in panic, seeks a hiding hole.  
Every father at sometime absorbs such pangs  
And buys peace with the youthful arrogance,  
On his heart though weighs a load of stone,  
He swallows all that he can't tell his son.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Belief & Coincidence

Deciding to carry a plastic bag  
was all I needed  
for a spark of belief!

It was raining hard  
and I saw a gain  
in carrying it  
for my experience told  
people in the bus don't find it funny  
when drip on them  
raindrops from my umbrella.

There was one window seat empty  
as if in wait for me  
itself drenched in the pour  
upon which the plastic bag I spread  
reflecting on the divine design  
god's kind grace  
in protecting me in warm dryness  
when in that orgasmic relief  
was born in the atheist's mind  
a belief!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Belief & Non-Belief

I don't believe in god  
But still thank him  
That I'm better off  
Than so many others.  
I have a bed  
A roof on my head  
And something to  
Look forward to  
Tomorrow!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Belief Comes Easy

I live with my belief and I'm not weak  
From it I derive a great strength  
Belief is easy, it comes quick  
Not needing a travel of great length!  
Belief in something that runs the universe  
One that determines my role  
Driven by it, my life I traverse  
I act with a purpose in soul!  
I don't question it, I have no doubt  
I believe it controls all things  
I don't ask, 'what's it all about'  
Such thoughts I prune their wings!  
I'm in peace with a straitjacket force  
I sail on the ocean without end  
Belief is what I have, my only recourse  
Before it I bow my head and I bend!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Believe It Or Not

When he felt horses were a passe  
bought a pair of zebra from the zoo  
got them hitched to his carriage  
believe it or not it's true!

Soon he got a trainer on hire  
to train them to pull his car  
the news soon got into the press  
he had put the zebras on harness!

The man given easily to caprice  
never once felt the slightest remorse  
for ruining those dumb animal's peace  
the zebra could not be a striped horse!

One of the pair died shortly  
the other was left to pull his car  
he would be seen riding merrily  
dressed in his royal attire!

To him a sport he was never ashamed  
used to boast of his crudely callous fun  
a zebra like a horse though can't be tamed  
with his carriage had to make a fast run!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Beneath An Acacia

The golden tinge of sun pierced the cloud  
But the mangrove held onto its dark cloak  
She hid somewhere between the light and shadow  
When from one irresistible daze I awoke.

Unbeknownst flamed up the rocks salt white  
Dry since the waves receded beyond the sandbar  
A cold loneliness crept up in the spell broken light  
As if eons had passed without the sight of her.

Then one seagull's spriteful fish dream shriek  
Motioned me up from the vacuous stupor  
Buzzed each sand grain all years' unborn speak  
Was to be seized this moment and tell her.

The wind having carried the voice of her name  
Spread it across the mangrove and far  
From the receding waves rose a rising flame  
When in her hug beneath an acacia I found her.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Beneath Her Parasol

Beads on her forehead  
Drops on her cheeks  
I love when they're made  
In hot summer weeks!

Some above upper lip  
Trickle some down  
A few on her nose tip  
This hot noon in town!

Beneath flowery parasol  
Flushed is her cheek  
The shade is just too small  
To avert sun's prick!

I care for nothing more  
But the walk beside her  
See on her face pour  
Streams of summer!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Beneath The Bullet Wood Tree

On the wayside / she was dancing so free  
The sparrow legged girl / beneath the bullet wood tree  
Her face was blooming / in the night's passing light  
My eyes noticed her / heart stuck at her sight!

She was the dancer / heavens blessed that I chanced  
The pirouetting svelte / held me dazed and entranced  
A small village girl / oozing ocean of delight  
From the crowd I could see / the flower most bright!

She was all smiles / soothed smooth all the mile  
Her carefree swing / her jaunty bouncy style  
Ten minutes I stopped / wished it was lifetime  
To sink in her grace / in her charm sublime!

Not a bit bothered / if she had an audience  
She skimmed the air a fairy / dropped like rains  
In her joy mattered not / if her show was a flop  
If an eye discerned her / a passerby made a stop!

Such moments outlast / eons of travel's tales  
Beneath the bullet wood tree / the winds she sails  
In an ecstasy unbound / sparrow legged butterfly  
She would never know / loved her a stranger guy!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Beside You Walks A Woman

poems flow like rivers in tide  
when she's by your side  
and reclines a November afternoon  
on the back of the crescent moon!

you tell her stories only for her made  
as the birds their weary wings spread  
when her face is west borrowed red  
and you grab the last flickers before they fade!

you don't talk of love but companionship  
as night wears on and comes not sleep  
the mangrove smells of long dead shells  
with returning tide the river swells!

beside you walks a woman in your mist of tears  
a face you hadn't seen over all these years  
she's the woman you wonder if you ever knew  
a companion a lover one dream forever new!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Best Friend Around

Your eyes say it all  
Says your silent sigh  
Through the day and nightfall  
The sufferings under the sky!  
Reflects your face  
The apathy of earthmen  
That tests your muteness  
Tests limit of your pain!  
You are loyal you abide  
Break yet never bend  
In life's uneven ride  
Man's best friend!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Best Poems

Best poems are lost in the morn's toothbrush  
wash away with rinse fade like first crush  
run away with the trail of the bus you miss  
fly with summer clouds melt like first kiss!

Best poems are lost with the winds' dusty blow  
half seen half known through half shut window  
burn away like fire on a long winter night  
lure with contour eluding full sight!

Best poems are lost in the crescent moon's glow  
when your mind is too weary head hits pillow  
evanesce like youthful time smoothness of face  
undecoded hieroglyph untraced address!

Best poems are lost like petals in the rain  
in the race for vain pride rush for self gain  
seen through smoked glass pages unread  
crumbling with time wasted like weed!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Bethlehem Star

A blue moonbeam in the yellow sun  
My dreams crimson in the violet sky  
From the black oozes the silvery dew  
If only I knew, if only....!  
Boundless colors of madness  
Rationality is starkly dull and grey  
Without end, without recess  
If only I knew, if only....!  
End is looming in the boiling ocean  
A blinding rain fogs my dreams  
Heavenly is the boundary less whims  
If only I knew, if only....!  
Orange is the color of closed eyes  
It leaves me behind, it flies  
Blindfold yet green with romance  
If only I knew, if only....!  
A remote tunnel on the azure path  
Along the rainbow clouds  
All unleashed in the midnight coup  
If only I knew, if only....!  
If only I knew  
The Bethlehem star dies every night  
In the dark the fireflies find sight  
Disappearance is coming back anew!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Better Not

The winner gets his way  
The loser will have his day

The winner may lose tomorrow  
The loser needn't break in sorrow

For the loser is no reason to fret  
Time would come to celebrate

Today's winner maybe morrow's flop  
For the loser with loss life doesn't stop

There will be coming always a next chance  
For the winners to lose see new winners' victory's dance

Some win some lose, who to side with better not choose.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Between The Last And The Next

I rest my tired hands  
The keys need a rest too  
My last poem just lands  
From where it quietly grew!  
Once again I'm sane  
Flowing with normal tide  
Relieved from the labor pain  
Of taking a stormy ride!  
I enjoy this happy phase  
Though it won't be for long  
Would soon return the thoughts' race  
In endless stream they would come along!  
This moment now is pure bliss  
The short-lived time of pause  
Before once again is shattered my peace  
For no known reason or cause!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Beyond Depression

Like flickers on wall of candlelight  
will what remain  
of the shadows of night  
and its memories of pain!

When comes the dawn  
bleed not your heart anymore  
know you will not be alone  
someone will be knocking your door.

Wipe them all tears of past  
gather the broken pieces of night  
walk in the rising wind's gust  
holding faith with all your might.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Beyond The Last Turn

When I reach the island when I look behind  
I see the expanse of sea you are not in mind  
I'll have left everything our home and your heart  
go beyond the last turn make there a new start

I know I can bear it forget you pretty soon  
can live there all desolate holding onto the moon  
I dreamed of it a longtime waited the tide's turn  
when I could sail the boat without a heartburn

You wouldn't drop a tear your eyes would hold the moon  
you know you can bear it forget me pretty soon  
you were long drifting you were long apart  
you'll have left everything our home and my heart

We wouldn't drop a tear our eyes would hold the moon  
it would seem so easy forgetting each other soon  
we were long drifting we were long apart  
we had to leave everything our home and our heart

When we reach the island when we look behind  
we see the expanse of void love is not in mind  
we'll have left everything our home and our heart  
go beyond the last turn build on ashes a new start

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Beyond The Nightmare

The clouds scare me  
I forget to sing  
life is like a dead tree  
I don't see the silver lining!  
Worried grows my face  
at the smallest darkness  
Islands of light I miss  
pale and cold is your kiss!  
Yet I know it's within me  
to rid the phantom and be free  
revive the dream and dare  
to go beyond the nightmare!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Beyond War

It's a lovely sunny day  
Birds touch the blue  
Smile beams the face  
No time for sadness.  
Don't dig out from heart's depth  
Dashed hopes and fallen glories  
It looks so fine out here  
Don't spoil it with dark stories.  
Let me live in this moment  
For it I have come far  
The past is now spent  
The days of blood and war!  
The moment is so grand  
Guns boomed for this one chance  
Ah, peace is here in this land  
Let me bask in it for just once.  
The day is so real and bright  
My dreams are set free  
Don't remind me of the night  
And the faces no more with me!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Bigford Bunny

Bigford Bunny, Bigford Bunny, can you hear me?  
If you don't hear me, leave behind a penny.  
Bigford Bunny, Bigford Bunny, can you see me?  
If you don't see me, how can god, can he?  
Bigford Bunny, Bigford Bunny, can you help me?  
If you can't, or you won't, you are one of many.  
Bigford Bunny, Bigford Bunny, why I call you twice?  
You are no god, just a mortal, and that's no surprise.  
At will you buy, you occupy, even the outer space  
Pollute the pole, lust for the whole, and change the earth's face.  
Bigford bunny, big and rich, the world is your empire  
You have only today for fun and play, let the future burn in hellfire.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Bird's Wish

The bird asks me  
What I'd do  
If I am a bird.  
I tell him  
High and high I'd soar  
So high that I'd see the earth no more  
I'd be a bird on the tree  
I'd be a bird that's free!  
What you'd do bird  
If you're a man?  
To be fair  
It'd be my only prayer to God  
Don't be so hard  
Make me once again a bird!  
Saying this the bird sings  
And spreads its wings to a sky  
I can never fly!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Birth Of A Day

The woodpecker whistles ttt,  
Coucals call cluk clu,  
The drongo tweets twit tt,  
The night is out but we don't rue.  
The crow caws ka ka ka,  
Sparrows chirp chik chik,  
Waterhens sing wa wa wa,  
It's time to go for the day's pick.  
They all announce its glory,  
As the sky is painted with light,  
To script for them a new story  
That was brewing in the night.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Bitter Truth

Now I know  
my friend my enemy  
is only me.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Black And White And In Between

(1)

English pronunciation  
is immense confusion  
and often I seek  
clarification  
from macmillan  
but when I try my luck  
to earn fast buck  
I log on  
!

(2)

Three thousand five hundred  
his labor's price  
his labored prize  
he hands over to his father  
his father  
who knows better than to spend it  
rewards of son's toil  
bitter and sweet!

(3)

I wish I were dead  
and not he  
now who will look after me?  
cries the woman  
a heart failure  
having robbed his man.

with no hint of tears in her eyes  
she doesn't disguise  
her plea

I part her with a hundred rupee.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Black Bureau

Four horses' trots pierce the stillness of the night  
They gallop on the wind in luminous moonlight  
The carriage wheels seem to float up in the air  
It's past midnight and not a soul is there!

The large white mansion in the depth of night lay  
With none to warm its rooms had seen better day  
When breeze along its driveway the four portly horse  
They stop and emerge a man his face wearing remorse!

The shadow in soldier's uniform briskly walks into a hall  
Through the cobwebbed dust resting long without footfall  
With a dignified bearing reflecting his royal class  
Moves about the rooms possessed by intense purpose!

He sifts through all the papers in a state of frantic mind  
Pursuing an obsessive search seeking his precious find  
Somewhere must be lying in dark corners out of sight  
The black bureau and within its drawers cure for his plight!

This night of New Year's Eve shines bright the firmament  
But the shadow grows pale pining for the prized document  
For that only can salvage his pride light once more his face  
Protect him from impeachment become his saving grace!

He flurries through the staircase reaches the upper floor  
Needing to search all nooks behind windows and the door  
For time for him is running out his glories are at stake  
When moon goes down west arrives the daybreak!

In soldier's dress in red and white at the back the folded tail  
He walks each room the long corridor leaves on dust no trail  
The night turns dead stars go out still empty is his hand  
He gets back home disappointed in the faraway distant land!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Blasphemy

Shoot me through the heart  
Let me pay for blasphemy  
If your heart says that  
And you believe you achieve by killing me!  
If you believe in having it your way  
Killing people to usher a new day  
Bloodshed can take you to your goal  
You are nearer God when bodies roll!

Shoot me through the heart  
Let me pay for blasphemy  
Coz even as I depart  
You have made God your Enemy!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Blessing In Disguise

When they taught me I hardly paid them a heed  
now I know my teachers were benefactors indeed  
I regret the curses I held in my mind for them  
their punishments were blessings not something to condemn!

Sadly those days they seemed to point their gun  
on me for unlearned lessons homework not done  
for such small lapses the teachers made a huge fuss  
pulled my ears made me stand outside the class!

Some of them more zealous went a little far  
caned hard on the back plucked out my hair  
it appeared so barbaric at my expense their fun  
they only knew it wouldn't harm me in the long run!

Such punishments I did never willingly embrace  
ran around the room sending them on a chase  
in fueled fury with faces in anger red  
often flew their duster toward my head!

In life those torments have borne fruit  
the running around standing on one foot  
they have made my leg muscles quite strong  
helped me hold my balance without support for long!

My ears too have still remained intensely keen  
my hairs for my age haven't grown too thin  
the pulling and plucking had done me no harm  
but made my hair root healthy and firm!

The teachers for sure were prudent and wise  
punishment they meted out was blessing in disguise  
so if you ever cursed them make amends and repent  
say, thank you dear teachers for all the punishment!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Bliss

The southwind kisses my face  
Beckons the blue sky  
And Nature's all loveliness.  
On leaf-top  
Golden drop  
Each other they chase  
The clouds race!  
I delve deep into these  
For undefined bliss!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Blue Mountain

Parting the smoked ness  
Piercing the glass screen  
Flying over the meadow  
Skimming across the valley,  
They reach the lake  
That placidly holds  
Reflections of the blue mountain!  
So fast they reach  
The alpine heights  
And beyond...  
My eyes roaming the desktop!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Bondage (10w)

She loves though my offer's delicious taste,  
Pines for forest!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Bonded Beauty

The earth has its fill  
When the moon melts on the hill  
Pours down its side  
To flow in wild tide.  
Finding it silvery sweet  
Our hearts ravage it.  
Its beauty milked dry,  
Moon can no more return to the sky.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Bone

Glistens the bones in moonlight  
Ones within the one outside  
Has no answer the fairy night  
Why bones' glare the dog can't hide!

The one outside is the dried up bone  
Marrowless yellow hard as stone  
Yet for jaws a hope in sight  
If chewing its dew makes warmly night!

Like bone is hard infallible trust  
In breath of death till last breaths last  
Can bring from brink a pale moon bone  
A whiff of life hope's seed re-sown!

Skinny shadows pray to the night  
To make them bone from moonlight  
Just one yellowed for a dreamy ride  
In crumbling bones breaking inside!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Bone Colored Moonlight

Know for sure  
When the times mature,  
Holding on our palm the residues of night,  
Will find each other in bone colored moonlight.  
In that destined night's unearthly glow  
The night for us will pause and pass slow,  
So we could, draped in heaven's gracious white,  
Sail for eternity in bone colored moonlight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Bonhomie

Each bone of you I know

She does this charming rebuke  
Such bone warming words  
Making no bones about it!

This is her warm assurance  
Her ways of bonhomie  
That the bond, gelled, boned,  
Is now bone-a-fide!

So whenever she says

I know each bone of you

I bask in the pleasure  
Bathe in the sunshine  
Sit back and reap fully

The bone-nanza

Of an ever rewarding bone-d-age!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Books Are

Some books I have never opened once  
Within the wood can hear them sigh  
If you had in mind not to give us a chance  
Why at all us did you buy?

The books I read lying in the wooden case  
Read once and that was enough  
They too show quite a long face  
Seem to say we're forgotten stuff!

There are books behind the dusty glass  
That found my head too hard to penetrate  
The minds that wrote though of high class  
Couldn't reach me having spent all the sweat!

Some books came like love at first sight  
I fell for them like a blind lover  
When opened the first page found nothing right  
Soon my romance with them was over!

Books are like women fast infatuate  
Give the feel without them is no life  
Yet they fade at too fast a rate  
Only a few holding on like my wife.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Born Again

In the star spangled darkness  
There is a hint of a beginning  
The night's permeating silence  
Testifies a temporary lull  
Before the earth delivers...  
Another rebirth!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Born Loser

Soaked him a shower  
From the roadside balcony  
For him the day's better hour  
Turned bitter agony!

I told you earlier too  
You need some homework to do  
Else prove yourself the fool  
By others' rule!

To brim to full his misery's cup  
The man next to him was looking up  
Just in time moved away  
Never believed in the look straight say!

Adding salt to his injury  
The riffraff looking carefree  
Grinned just in time,  
Your shirt is stained with grime!

He looked up too but too late  
A born loser since the first failed date  
Then stood stunned a while  
On her lips played the wickedest smile!

The woman smiling without the slightest regret  
With no hint of apology for causing him this fate  
Not one consoling sorry for marring his day  
But saying on his face you came on the way!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Borrow A Day

One day at a time is what we need to borrow  
within a day is a world held sublime  
why waste this day in the thought of tomorrow  
when a day can be made into lifetime!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Borrowers

The poets are clever borrowers  
without owning ever the owners!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Borrowing From A Dream

Pillow with tears watered  
One drop to leave eyes' rim  
Four lines my lips uttered  
Borrowing from last dream!

Though left me all gone before me  
Loves and faces and tales  
Not left me the faith of certainty  
They only moved to someplace else.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Bother Not

why bother failure success  
that can't steal nor give happiness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Boundary Wall

They had a love for the boundary wall  
Where occupied round the seasons  
Their frames slender or substantial  
Meditative eyes in philosophic brooding  
Till in the sunset years or sooner  
They disappeared beyond that wall.

Many of them have warmed those bricks  
When the night's chill forbade to be outdoor  
But the restless ears strained to hear  
Brushing of body against body  
Till their blood warmed in the moon's heat  
Covered the delirious trek to the dawn!

Now have come up the fence of iron spears  
Burying the joys and yesteryear's tears  
And the restless ears can now only hear  
The cold bricks groaning in the night's lull!

Quietly bids the time for the transit  
Beyond the boundary wall!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Boys Will Be Boys

I know I invite reproach  
When I speak aloud in wonder  
Why boys are the first to approach  
And girls are mere responders!  
It's the boy that discovers the chance  
In the girl next to him in school  
For a courtship and steady romance  
Though the girl must play it cool!  
If the girl eyes him just once  
That's enough to make him bolder  
Just one look puts him in trance  
Though the girl must give him cold shoulder!  
The boy so oft reads the signals wrong  
Cavorting buck with wildly beating heart  
The girl cautious doesn't fall in love headlong  
Makes sure the boy is good to make a start!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Breaking A Heart

Know as you depart  
You are breaking a heart.  
You may think it little  
Love is awhile brittle  
But I am coming apart  
You are breaking a heart.  
Maybe you don't care  
Feelings you don't share  
But I cry I am hurt  
You are breaking my heart.  
You are going your way  
For you an end of play  
Not again I can start  
I am coming apart.  
Know as you go your way  
It hurts and I wanted you to stay  
But things are falling apart  
You are breaking a heart.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Broken

On one of city's endless wires  
Above spits venom guttural swears  
When the sun tinges an orange red  
The lone bird cries a dirge for dead!

The dead footsteps that left the shore  
Walked million miles could walk no more  
Their joys and pains on earth foothold  
Silenced now deep buried in cold!

The bird it knows the stories untold  
Hurtful sighs of hearts of gold  
Silent fall of molten pain  
Left for good here won't be again!

The lone bird knows how hard it hits  
The ones still here forlorn heartbeats  
When death maims bonds breaks love's pairs  
Moonless eyes wake through nightmares!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Broken Leg Jackdaw

The broken leg jackdaw  
he lost his greed with his leg

now saintly dumb  
it's enough if he gets a crumb  
complains not when foodless  
knowing by his creator's grace  
he would be given the span  
this world needs his breath for  
would live to run the length  
in his lone leg's strength  
felled by no deadly harm  
till ends his term

The broken leg jackdaw  
stands on the cornice  
in peace  
and his jet-black eyes  
are deep and wise!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Bronzed Drongo

In the evening darkness they roam  
Long after others have gone home  
Their plaintive calls rending the stillness  
Lull my soul into a soothing happiness.  
The day gatherers intrude into the night  
Still energetic not losing their sight  
Making one after another quick foray  
As a last ditch effort for a bowl of prey.  
I wonder at them and their strange deed  
Their act of extra filling they so badly need  
I see their funny flights as a bronzed patch  
Furtively swooping for a prized catch.  
Then suddenly they're gone leaving behind a trail  
Of a flutter in the wind and the sunned wings' smell  
I wish I could follow them to see where they go  
Those passing guests of night the bronzed drongo!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Bubbles

I blew bubbles in the air.  
They weren't robust  
Pretty soon they burst  
And were no more there.  
I blew them thinking  
That those pearly bubbles  
Would go build a link  
Betwixt me and the sky  
And would fly high  
To trap the clouds' rumbles!  
But they never really flew  
Could never reach the blue  
Of them so unfair,  
To be soon not there  
Fast disappear  
Without showing my dreams the slightest care.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Buddy

I had my day  
Time now to part our way,  
I step from here to a mess  
Where I won't have your loveliness  
Your soft hug warm caress  
Your assuring presence in loneliness,  
I have to seek the you now in flesh  
Search for one with your likeness  
Fail and grieve for the times that flew  
Coming to know there can't be another you,  
This body would wizen and shrink with age  
This youthful frame would turn to yellow page  
But you ageless will just change hands  
Plant in new eyes dreams of fairylands  
Remaining forever cute in hands soft and small  
Childhood's buddy my playtime's doll.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Budgie

She shone in radiant glee  
When I brought her a budgie  
She said 'I would make it talk  
Teach it words round the clock'.  
Somewhere she had read  
And it stuck in her head  
That of all the birds  
Budgie learns the most words.  
Since then she didn't spare a bit  
Deemed it a marvellous feat  
She would achieve if that bird  
Learn at least one word.  
She remained strongly steadfast  
Teach it words she must  
But the bird so rudely stubborn  
Not a word in its mouth was born.  
'Say bird please good morning'  
She mouthed day and evening  
But other than its own tweet  
The budgie didn't learn a bit.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Bumper Yield

Lured by the bait of a golden trap  
Got down on the road for one quick snap  
Season's harvest lay the gleaming yield  
Pains of seeding sprouted fulfilled!

May I take a shot of this wondrous show  
Of homing the crop in its brightest glow  
Would you mind if take a photo or two  
To carry with me this freshest hue!

A hint of a smile broke her lipline  
She said please don't take any of mine  
For the harvest can take as many you need  
Of the pastures stretching far across the mead!

But as one you know bred in the city  
Smart and scheming gainfully witty  
I said the soil you must have perfectly tilled  
To have reaped now this abundant yield!

Won't hide my wish to you won't lie  
Some I would take home if you let me buy  
To remind me of the glory of your toil  
Spent on the farmland rewarded by the soil!

On her lips now broke a girl's rippling laugh  
Why sir I would give you of what we have enough  
To give you some as gift would be a pleasure nice  
Can't stoop so low as to charge you a price!

She put in my bag some of her bumper yield  
Her heart's gift to a stranger his wishes fulfilled  
As I drove away from her leaving her on her land  
Through the window I saw love's waving hand!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Buried Treasure

Daylong I grind for bread  
Seek scope for a piece of loaf  
Fill the bowl to feed the bowel  
Keep losing the strands of thread  
That amid the labor dwell!

Evening I search my coffer  
For picked scraps day's offer  
Find little as toil's return  
A few pennies and much heartburn!

Night finds me a coveted treasure  
Can't count them without measure  
Were buried in the daylong grind!

Released the threads rule my head  
Freed from the clutch of bread

Bowl and bowel leave my mind!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Burning Hot

Dazed mind vaporized face  
The sun here is merciless  
Certainly it is a lost duel  
Of the weak against the burning fuel  
Where any defense is just useless  
Thoughts benumbed minds senseless!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Buying Peace

Because we do not say what we ought to say  
It's slipping out of our hands, life is going astray  
Afraid to speak our mind, the truth bitter and harsh  
We have found peace that compromises with the curse.  
Because we do not act the way we ought to act  
We have got a peace that keeps devils intact  
Afraid to raise our voice against the evil's might  
We bargain for a peace that perpetuates our plight.  
Because we do not dare the way we ought to dare  
Light is snuffed out, we live in nightmare  
Afraid to battle out the monsters that loom  
We settle for a peace that leads us to doom.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# By The Broken Bridge

The sodden sky was ominous gray  
Halted wheels on fruitless span  
I knew I had lost my way  
When from earth shot up one old man!

There he was by the broken bridge  
With soiled hands face smiling  
His long white beard hid a long crease  
And bar him the road had no one thing!

I asked him the way to the old fort  
For rolled the wheels in vain too far  
He caught me up in quick rapport  
As flew in the winds his monkly hair!

He told the story when the English came  
And how they struggled in the hostile clime  
Built the bridge got the river dammed  
Now broken pillars of ravaged time!

Twenty miles he said need to go  
Till you reach the fort now a rubble pile  
On the left with you would be river's flow  
That's half an hour with a forty mile!

I have so much to tell about this place  
The English bridge and all the story  
But I know he said with time you race  
If only you could spend an hour with me!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Cadaver Store

In that blindest lane  
I had gone in search of a door  
When on the glass pane saw written  
Cadaver Store!

Stood there awhile awed  
Rubbed eyes if seen it right  
My sight wasn't a bit flawed  
In that hour of perfect light!

Don't my mind fervently pleaded  
Walk through that ominous door  
My curiosity left it unheeded  
Pushed me in Cadaver Store!

Luminous lights reflecting on mirrors  
Caught me in my own stare  
Bar my fear's pulsing tremors  
There wasn't a living soul there!

Haven't for long been needing this help?  
Spoke from the glasses an unseen voice  
A deserted place to meet your self  
See what have made it of your own choice!

Looked back at me corpses of seasons  
Laughing mocking hating on my face  
For always finding enough reasons  
To let them die in silent distress!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Calendar

The winds couldn't blow it  
The storm couldn't uproot it  
Rain couldn't drench it  
Sun couldn't bake it  
Fire couldn't burn it  
Despair couldn't strike it.  
It remained on the wall  
Little faded but neat  
Unruffled by the rolling years-  
January 1961...  
The Road starts here!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Call It By Any Name

You can call it reliance  
You can call it faith  
When two souls span the distance  
Stick as lifelong mate!

You can call it miracle  
You can call it a chance  
When four eyes joyous sparkle  
Beginning with first glance!

You can call it fate  
You can call it nuts  
Only they know the secret  
In love united hearts!

Call it by any name  
Its reach is boundaryless  
When touched by its warm flame  
Springs fountain of happiness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Can Someone Tell Me

I met her just once

still in my heart she shines  
in this mind bred in the city  
grinded in urban complexity  
she is one finger pointing the firmament  
I never though made her a commitment!

With women have spent oceans of word  
with her stayed ten minutes or so  
what in me she stirred  
lifetime in my mind would glow!

Can someone tell me the mystery of emotion  
that makes what's seen in one seen in none  
love's ten minutes' silent revolution  
in a span of life is never undone!

I met her once only  
finger counted moments awhile shared  
in my thoughts she remains heavenly  
her memory brighter time weathered!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Can You? (8w)

Can you recite  
from memory  
your own poetry?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Candy

From the moment you're born  
You get a lollipop  
You suck on  
Till it sucks!  
For sometime you lick the stick  
Before turning to Him,  
the ultimate candy of sweetness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Can'T Make It

It took  
One frown  
To undo  
All my sweet gestures!  
In a moment off-guard  
A slipped word  
Undid  
All my good deed!  
It's so hard  
Though a lovebird  
I can't always find,  
The right look  
And the right word  
To sit firmly in your mind!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Can'T Steal Your Heart

I steal a look at you,  
And I steal the blue  
of your eyes.  
For a moment,  
Your frame is mine  
Your lips shine  
The moment is spent.  
I steal a look at you,  
For a moment  
Your wheatish hue  
Is all mine,  
Your warm smell,  
Eyes of gazelle,  
Seem so divine.  
Thus my eyes dart  
To catch your frame  
In a game  
That makes you my part.  
But I can't steal your heart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Captive

Run child run  
beckons you the sun  
the bowl of sky over the grass  
are waiting with palette and brush.  
Run child run  
away from the popcorn fun  
the deceitful idiot box  
that so sadly chains you in locks.  
Run child run  
barefoot on the pearly dew  
away from the virtual fun  
to the loveliness waiting for you.  
Run child run  
far from the cyber fun  
before the setting sun's crimson hue  
forever misses you.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Captivity (10w)

It sensed  
My lens,  
Flew away.  
Pity  
It hates  
Captivity!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Carpenter

Before the night paints the world dark  
Daylight surrenders to the evening and fades  
A carpenter digs through the dead tree's bark  
Before nightfall a hole has to be made.  
A hole has to be made before nightfall  
There isn't any place else he could stay  
Since he can't make the night stall  
He must fast dig the passageway.  
He must fast dig the passageway  
Make for him a warm space  
Till the sun gifts him another day  
He once more gets back his happiness.  
He once more gets back his happiness  
The thought drives him in the cold night  
It's enough if he can just dig a warm space  
To hold on patiently for daylight.  
He must hold on patiently for daylight  
A rewarding time until dawns darkness  
A warm space he must dig for the night  
Therein lies the woodpecker's happiness.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Carrion Feeder

Rise high  
Their eyes  
Scan the ground,  
Spend in toil  
If on the soil  
A cadaver is found.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Carrot & Stick

It's not what I thought  
Youth wasn't all carrot.  
One past its peak  
I was shown its stick.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Casuarina

I awoke in the morn and walked to the shore  
But the sea was faraway, could be seen no more  
The abandoned beach stretched far as the eyes  
None else was there, it was lonely sunrise.  
There was no wave crowning the beach  
The sea seemed vanished by a vengeful witch  
My disappointment I could barely hide  
I was supposed to be on a lovely seaside.  
The wind though swept my face  
As if to soothe and calmly redress  
My discontent at the barren shore  
Seeking a sea that was there no more!  
Though crestfallen I was not homebound  
Rolled my trousers, climbed the sands' mound  
And then I heard the casuarinas whisper  
'We're here as the waves' murmur'!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Cats & Dogs

I wish  
It rained fish  
Not cats and dogs.  
I could fry  
This gift from the sky  
Burning logs!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Cats & Mouse

I have enough reason to grouse  
For the cats in our house  
Can't catch the mouse!  
My family is quite panic-stricken  
As it runs amok in our kitchen  
That little brat!  
Each thing it gnaws and nibbles  
Quickly hides cleverly dribbles  
Nowhere are the cats!  
It's irksome it plays so cool  
As if our cats are bunch of fools  
The mouse is a real genius!  
It has made the kitchen its hearth  
Run and frolic in mischief's mirth  
Make look our cats genuine ass!  
Lapping milk gorging fish  
The lazy cats never wish  
To go after the mouse!  
If you ask we rid it how  
'Go get one mousetrap now'  
Says my spouse!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## Caught In The Act

My lens intruded into their privacy  
Two butterflies in mating symmetry  
Lured, my camera froze the ecstasy.  
I never knew when they parted spent  
I only have the frame of that moment  
And the guilty conscience of catching  
Two enamored souls in the act of mating.  
Are they still there the two butterflies?  
Paired even now in heavenly guise  
The tree where they mated is long gone  
And the like of them I haven't come along.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Caught In The Web

Gyrating in its own web  
Spinning up and down  
It hangs perilously  
Like a circus clown!

Its swim delicate in the air  
In silent graceful motion  
Striving to have its way  
In a rigid instinctive notion!

The slightest stir by chance  
It freezes in its dance  
Swoops on the prey

Lives another day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Celebrating Death

Shaving the heads the barber he belongs to the same faith  
For him it's some money he celebrates each death  
Celebrates each death the barber he earns from obvious fate  
Shaving the dead's loved ones will earn him at any rate!

The barber isn't afraid of death for he has watched bereaved guys  
Heard too many wails in life death doesn't surprise  
He goes through emotionless motions knives clean their head  
The more he bares the heads the more he earns his bread!

They bow their heads before him he blows their hairs away  
In the aftermath of death it's always him that holds sway  
His eyes glisten in death's joy before death he's not craven  
His work is justly finished when each head is cleanly shaven!

They mourn the departed ones shed grief's copious tears  
The barber remains unfazed perhaps chuckles in furtive cheers  
A death in someone's family a great loss for years to harbor  
But for him a cause to celebrate fears not death the barber!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Chance

From the knoll rolled the meadow blue brown and green  
The silence of the Spring sky shielded the distant din  
Winds blew in a dusty peace bought mind a soft solace  
First star on the meridian chimed in the evening's grace.

Atop the knoll came the call for once to break the race  
Hear the hushed whispers of dreams long suppressed  
Stand there hugged by those moments' forgetfulness  
No need survives for going back there exist no address.

The chance in that trance wove a blithesome spell  
It's here that you belong for you is made this dale  
Drink in this heavenly whim hidden nectar of the mind  
Unshackle from the chains of an illusion left behind.

The sky was soon illumined by the monstrous city light  
Faded the meridian's first star stillborn was mournful night  
Atop the knoll dawned darkness the meadow was a distant blur  
It was time to retrace downhill to forever nurse a scar.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Chaos

I pour in a little  
And a lot pours out  
What goes in is good stuff  
Fresh colorful serene  
What comes out is bile  
Bitter toxic and detesting!  
I was beget in violence  
And could not befriend peace  
Worldly order makes little sense  
In chaos I find bliss!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Chariot

Come friend take my hand  
Let's go where the chariot of our childhood stood  
To find out there if those times still stand  
The ones we think are lost for good.  
Come friend let's retrace on the sand  
Our imprints we think are lost for good  
The times may there in wait for us stand  
Where our yore's chariot stood!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Checkmate

the rooks glare at him  
his pawns are all dead  
on his neck roars the queen  
crown trembles on his head!

smells his fall the neighing knight  
hangs on thread his fate  
crown would go and so his might  
war over the bishops trumpet!

his army of pawns are nowhere seen  
the king feels so alone  
his chosen war he failed to win  
about time he leaves the throne!

victory at last the pieces sing  
we have the king checkmate  
behind the new face the same old king  
readies to wear the crown's weight!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Cheshire Cat

when anger speaks  
her glowing hot rose cheeks

i turn not so mean  
as to lose my grin.

as her efforts fall flat  
she smiles back  
at this Cheshire cat.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Childhood Lane

Forty five years it took me to get back to that lane  
The street name is changed grown olden men  
The girls I flirted moved out to unknown  
The ones not born are now ones full grown!

I try to find one window neath a roof of tin shed  
Where sat that lovely girl black curls on her head  
I wondered why she needed long hours of read  
And not glanced once at me cared for my need!

I look for that patch of space where we used to play  
Heartbroken returned to studies at end of day  
And the girl who nightly returned to haunt me in my dream  
But never ever would love me take me in her team!

I search for the red bricked house with green painted door  
Beyond which lay all mystery all forbidden was in store  
And that cot under which the two of us used to hide  
In its darkness took the two minds unfathomed pleasure's ride!

Not any of them I can find out all have sunk without a trace  
Even the house where I stayed the child's first address  
And the girl upstairs don't know how it crossed her head  
She would say when she grows up only me she would wed!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Childhood Once More

I can't get it back, never again  
The fantasyland, the windowpane rain  
The azure patch, a shrub of green  
I've lost them all, you know what I mean!  
Taken away, my mid days alone  
Living my whims, in a world of my own  
The galloping horse, looming monsters  
Braving it all, the witch's dark curse!  
The dimple cheeked girl with little red curl  
She was a fairy with a heart of pearl  
By a magic wand she turned to angel  
It was no dream, no fairytale!  
I rode the horse, the one that rocks  
Time flew by, old grew the clocks  
Beckoned by the sky, I wish I could soar  
Just to get the child back, and live it once more!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Chocolate

Every time I unwrap a chocolate  
I think of Shil Grandpa.

The thin and tall man forever in a long coat  
Towered over the sandstone roads of the sleepest town  
Where only steam hoots broke the silence  
And a lone tree on the ground of Ghost Bungalow  
Still spewed smoke of the thunder that burned it!

His house was at the eeriest corner of the town  
Too large for just one man to inhabit it  
The hush on its tree lined walkway was deafening  
And the garden uncared just grew like wild!

He would stop the moment he sighted a child  
Dip his hand in the sweet mystery of his coat pocket  
And by magic wand would appear a chocolate!

Sweet tooth child don't ask for one more, he would say  
There are more to give, all the children coming my way.

In the steams whistle his words would fly like a song  
In the afternoon's shadow an old man gone wild  
Sweetening his void with the joy of a child  
One more still many more before he was free  
His day was done and pocket empty!

Whenever I unwrap a chocolate  
Grandpa Shil comes back to say

Stop before you put it in mouth  
There's a child coming your way.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Choice

I wage a losing battle.  
if the stray pup survives

one more dog on the street  
one more hungry mouth

if I let it die

one more death for my conscience  
one more compromise to  
only the fittest survive

I make my choice.

In the name of Darwin  
I can't let the pup die  
under cold night sky.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Choice (Henry's Island 2)

The ebbing sea had retreated when I reached the beach  
She was afar though the sandbar lured me to reach  
I had no choice but to cross the lagoon  
Half-merged in water wading in the rippled moon.  
What delight it was when I was on the other side  
Behind me the channel before me the silvery wide  
Above me wispily spread an ethereal band  
I stood on the cushion of softly sparkling sand.  
I could joyfully die holding them in my eyes  
More I couldn't take more I couldn't surmise  
The agonizing beauty was an unbearable sight  
There seemed nothing more to live for beyond that night.  
In turning back I knew would be no rejoice  
But I had to retrace I had no other choice  
Afar waited faces in the waning moon's shadow  
My feet were heavy in the return tide's flow.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Christo Mandir

If ever you think religious tolerance is at its nadir  
Inter-religion integration or world religion a utopia  
Stand before the sunned domes of the Christo Mandir  
Where the Christ's name mingles with Hare Krishna!

Call it anything a temple a church  
No different is our walked road  
The church's spire or the temple's arch  
Cannot be God's encaged abode!

Christo Mandir the Temple of Jesus  
In many veins stand out one leaf  
Hollows my perceived faith and class  
At its door I cast aside my belief!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# City Bred

Drive fast must get outta here  
Run back to the city's lights  
Daytime beauty hides the scares  
Can fall prey to the swallowing nights!  
Still hundred miles time running out  
Rush back to the known comfort  
With darkness here monsters sprout  
Don't expect with them any rapport!  
Day's golden innocence so alluring  
Vast expanse winds' endless blow  
Magpie robins from treetops sing  
In praise of the drunken river's flow!  
You feel tempted to fall for it  
Crave for a while's silent pause  
To smell in soil a fragrance sweet  
Be drowned in the bliss of serene repose!  
While in the breeze the cornfields sway  
The sun tilts west makes the sky crimson  
Your uneasy mind wanna call it a day  
Move away from there forget emotion!  
When darkness falls it dawns here quick  
Monsters loom in shades unknown  
Fear gnaws your senses go weak  
Your timid mind finds fears grown!  
Though stars twinkle on milky way  
The crescent moon anchors in sky  
You feel you should've foregone the stay  
And not stayed back for daylight to die!

Drive fast must get outta here  
Leave them to fade in the rustic night  
The hundred miles you must steer  
Reach where you belong the city of light!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# City Sky

Skyscrapers are leaving no holes  
skydrapers are leaving no holes  
like asphyxiated moles we would die  
gasping for a piece of sky!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Class Apart

I have a recurring dream.

We two would sit in the same class  
he beside me  
learning physics che (mystery)  
history philosophy  
from common teachers  
common lectures  
and find  
who reaped it richer  
be better than the other

but when I try to sell him  
my dream

doesn't approve, my son!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Classmate

In the wispy glow of dusk  
he came

mazing through years of husk  
memory groped his name.

Then I remembered.

Though drew us apart fate  
once we were very close

inseparable classmate!

Seemed so empty  
even an hour without him  
more together more the happy  
we bonded too in dream.

Shared we two  
same liking and taste  
loved to do  
living without the rest.

I have come to close a deal  
in his eyes was sadness spread  
hope you remember still  
the promise we made.

I remembered.

when we last met  
he said

let's seal this with trust  
must come to meet his heart's pal  
the one departing first.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Cleopatra

To give their face a facelift  
on the lip and around eyes  
invented was lipstick  
extracted from dyes.

Ah a woman's lips  
have held for countless age  
her mind's secret tips  
love, hatred, rage!

Her lips parted pursed  
speak the subtlest lines  
of a relation gone accursed  
or one in glowing shines!

It's not when lips do part  
but when she's tightlipped  
the silence breaks man's heart  
the strongest one gets ripped!

But sure her puckered ones  
they invite you to a bliss  
sparkle like thousand suns  
when land on you as kiss!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Clock

serves a lifetime well  
a man's clock

without the I.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Clock Tower

Be there at the clock tower sharp at 6 in the evening  
Pleaded her note adding she needed to tell something  
6 o'clock in the evening how long seemed that hour  
With a quarter still to go I was under the clock tower.

In me what she had seen to me what she would say  
What would propose the girl that lived a block away  
I had seen her a few times she didn't look that impressive  
They had been there a few months and were about to leave.

Was she in love with me the girl with a drab freckled face  
Our paths crossed a few times though me she didn't address  
Maybe I didn't know it she fell for me on the first sight  
The thought gave me a shiver in that uncanny evening twilight.

Seconds moved in year's speed I stood in the yellow streetlight  
An emotion started to stir in me inside a light glowed bright  
A cloud had gathered above me the air smelled of a shower  
10 minutes had passed by then with me under the clock tower.

Why I felt upsurge of something as I reread that girlish scrawl  
Beckoning to share a secret with me bearing an urgent call  
Was it something to do with me or she had something else in mind  
My heart beat rapid in feverish strokes I had only 5 minutes to find.

3 minutes to 6 opened up the clouds came down a heavy downpour  
She must come now to tell me what she mustn't hold it anymore  
The clock chimed 6 men ran for shades only me was under clock tower  
She didn't turn up it was her call my heart lay bleeding in the shower.

Next day they moved out to someplace else where I didn't ever know  
I caught a bad cold and but for that note I got nothing more to show  
Even now in some evening when it so happens I get stuck in a shower  
I wonder what secret she had for me for sharing under the clock tower.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Cloud Maker

To be fulfilling is what I always wish  
Each day of mine to run smooth and right  
Always happens something to diminish  
Clip wings of the brightest day on sight.

When dawn quietly opens up eyelid  
Reveals a world incredibly fine  
I pray to god the least that I need  
Is a sky tinted gold in sunshine.

Soon from speck of a cloud grows a storm  
Thunders roar lashes rain blizzards blow  
Hopes are torn on the path strewn with thorn  
Lost is all of the dawn's pearly glow.

When the night finds me stalled on day's grave  
Shedding tears for its going unfulfilled  
Answers god for you fullness though I saved  
Your acting a cloud maker got it killed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Cocktail Of Smell

As I rest my eyes in their shade  
I smell them  
my fingers  
and smell  
objects I've touched  
from hour one.  
I try to smell through  
the layers of odors  
the faintest from morn's playing  
with her hair,  
the less precious ones,  
toothpaste, tea, newspaper  
soap, keyboard,  
the sandwich at lunch -  
a cocktail of smell  
I picked  
as I lived another day.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Cocooned

To all music morons  
Glued to their earphones  
The look-alike clones  
Sunk in the dune of tunes  
In the crowded buses  
In public places  
With drooping eyes like a yogi  
Cracking heads and bursting ears  
Thinking it the only escape  
Salvation's gateway  
Balm for boredom  
Pleasure's pinnacle,  
Don't just fritter away  
The one chance to be here  
For a brief while  
And leave with a blind existence  
And a blasted hearing,  
And before it's late  
Redraw your fate  
Take off the headset  
Open the yogic eyes  
And in the yogi's spirit  
Give the world a good look  
Recreate in her beauties  
Make her melody your pastime  
Her rhythm your heart's rhyme,  
So you don't regret  
When your time comes along  
That you never could tell a bird from her song!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Colors Of Night

A crumpled layer on the evening tea  
Says of a fate long awaited  
We find ourselves alone you and me  
Without knowing when the daylights fade!  
The smell of seasons is still around  
The mystic brushes in the sky  
The glorious world its beauties abound  
We never know when the years pass by!  
Still a little place is there warm and bright  
That throbs with the colors of night  
Without the strength of senses and sights  
It pulsates beyond fading daylights!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Colors Of Wait

Under the big clock at the station  
From all the comings and goings  
Her eyes keenly watch  
For the face that would end her wait.

At the arrival terminal of the airport  
From the many faces streaming out  
His wait desperately needs the name  
He's carrying on a board.

At the gate the lone security  
Dozes in the summer heat,  
Awakened hours waiting for a threat  
He encounters it in his dream.

The excruciating pain tearing her within  
Blurring faces and fading sounds  
In joy's agony she waits  
For her baby to cry!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Combat With Enemies

Bayonet and helmet, go may get killed  
Waiting for your blood the baying battlefield  
The day is hot the sun a smoky ball  
Blazing guns boom bodies freely fall.  
It's only might, all about power  
You hope just once you could smell a flower  
Loved ones are gone, home far away  
You could do little, you didn't have a say.  
Till you came here you wore a hero's smile  
Ready to go on combat with an enemy so vile  
Your courage is now pierced needled with fears  
Your throat is lumpy dry, eyes fill with tears.  
Bayonet and helmet, go ruin your dream  
You may not come alive, chances are slim  
The devils that have fired youthful imagination  
Will call you martyr, you died for the nation.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Come Saturdays

Saturdays will never be the same.

My Saturdays

not seeing him a fortnight  
is he gone with the light in his eyes  
to the land of eternal light?

Come Saturdays

he doesn't follow me anymore  
in his staggering walk to my door  
hiding his worldly pains  
for a morsel of my handful grains

Come Saturdays

he isn't waiting on my way  
in another aching day  
unable to stand on his feet  
but not giving up giving  
his silent greet

Come Saturdays

I utter his name

My Saturdays will never be the same.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Comeback

If ever you find my face  
Shadowed in clouds of glooms  
My lips bereft of smile's grace  
In my eyes despair looms,  
Rest your hands upon mine  
Keep them there awhile  
To see once more the sunshine  
Once more a beaming smile!  
There's no pain so strong  
Your hands cannot heal  
No chasm so long  
Your touch cannot fill!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Coming Back: Post 11/9/2001

Deafening was the sound  
when the spires fell to the ground  
leaving innocents dead  
cold hearth, empty bed!  
But we endure and go ahead  
relight the fire, remake the bed  
never yield, never resign  
back to life after 11/9!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Coming Of Rain

The prelude is a dark cloud  
On the soil the drop's din  
Overcoming the arid shroud  
The earth is once again green.  
From the soil the earthworm burrows  
Will pour out heart's hidden streams  
Burying the slumber of the morose  
Reviving the dormant dreams!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Communion

shh! not one word  
she says

these last few days  
on the silent ride  
we've loved more.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Companion

Eyes wide awake  
Mind takes no break  
Sleep afar,  
Only on show  
Thru a slit on window  
A lone star,  
In that space  
It shows its face  
Of loneliness,  
Does it like me  
Need company  
In the nightly recess?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Company

The mellow winter sun falls on the newspaper

he loves it with the wisp of the steam  
rising from the finest porcelein

his morn's elemental happiness

another blessed day, he thought  
staring at the pot  
and the two cups filled with the brew

a bitter smile passed his face

he drank from one cup

then the other...

feeling he has company!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Competition (10w)

I have never thought it fit  
to in poetry compete.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Conceal (8w)

Hide my rhymes,  
I am storming  
Difficult times!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Confinement

Moonlight washed me in its white crane wing  
And she didn't know I was far away  
Quietly leaving her door!

Each glistening grain spoke her pain  
Cajoling me to go back to her warmth  
And not court the windswept shore!

How would they know I was not there seeking love  
But dig deep the earthen night  
Find something more!

Something more than love  
More treasurable more eternal  
Waiting to be discovered in that lunar carnival!

The sea knew the secret  
But the waves wouldn't return  
What's destined as a lover's fate!

As the night waned in hush  
Dimmed the moonshine  
Slowed the wind's rush

I stood on her door  
Begged her  
And she took me in her warmth

She knew

I couldn't be far!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Contrasts (10w)

Under scorching sun  
On asphalt road  
In knee deep water!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Convicted

Come unlock my door  
Everything here they suck  
Beckons me a new shore  
Take me for the last walk.

Count of time is past me  
How long I have been in this hole  
Only way I can be free  
Is when you liberate my soul.

I make now only one plea  
Prolong not my agonizing pain  
Please have on me the mercy  
Stop me from dying time again.

When I walk freedom's last mile  
Walk out the death laden cell  
Fortune would upon me smile  
Make me a place in hell.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Coppersmith Barbet

Hidden in the dark foliage of a mango tree  
It croons a 'hammer on the metal' lullaby  
The night has yielded to a youthful morn  
It's a long call and the day is just born.  
I look up and see its crimson head  
Its plumage of blue, green, and red  
It seems certain with no hint of doubt  
It would ceaselessly call the whole day out.  
It isn't in hurry, doesn't care being late  
Knows only persistence in seeking its mate  
For dipping in romance in her sun-tanned wings  
And build a nest together for cute siblings.  
The two together in their most joyful mood  
Would peck a deep hole on some dead wood  
And in no time, the babies would arrive  
To make the dead tree vibrant and alive.  
'Tunk-tunk' it goes on in the rising heat  
That sounds like a strike on a copper sheet  
I know it wouldn't stop, today is the date  
For its tunes to find its lover and mate.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Coroner's Day

A torn shirt smeared in red  
On the table calmly sleeps the dead  
Strewn around are organs and the heart  
Incredible to imagine them as the departed's part!  
Useless as they are now experimental blocks  
Drained of life heedless to the clocks  
No love no emotion in the cold dim room  
Is living natural or more so is doom?  
Reeking of the dead eerie scissors sweep  
One by one they cut strong and deep  
Dismembering the lover cutting through the brave  
But no show of courage when the abode is grave!  
Drying bloods of passion drip from the dead  
The once living corpse on the table goes fade  
With no words or voice feelings blown away  
He could at last make the coroner's day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Corpse

The corpse brings hopes of life.  
Who says it's depressingly revolting?  
The thoughts when you bind them in books  
Become corpse that rot after sometime  
But we read to overcome depression.  
A corpse is just like a book  
Lifeless yet its pages filled  
With words spoken unspoken,  
The corpse is the harbinger of life.  
It says 'get up no time to lose'  
'move on' before you are bound in a book,  
there's still hope for the living!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Cosmic Theater

The sky winked with stars  
Fragrance of moonlight wafted through air  
Passionately crooned a nightjar...  
It was all in vain  
They couldn't penetrate my pain  
Begot by a life not taking me far...  
Slowly fell mute the cosmic theater.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Count

One good thing you did  
and end of day  
you are a man.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Crab Passions

I fall for her crab passions.

Her embracing chelae  
Even when unhug  
Surround me when she's away  
It breathes in me poetry  
It makes me feel  
What I want to be  
Unmaking the dull and drab  
Setting a mood  
That this world is good  
Still worth living  
And the leaving  
Will just be the frame  
And the reward  
That one word's  
most beautiful emotions!

I fall for her crab passions.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Cradled In Her Eyes

Softly coos my heart  
For a quietness that shuts the door to  
All the maddening buzz  
And transcends me back  
To that frozen time  
When she gazed into my eyes  
And I could tell  
Without really knowing it  
That it was love in the purest form  
That I know now  
And would die to get back -  
The love that sprung from the womb  
And cradled me for life!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Creator

The fingers close on the keyboard  
With the urge to string alphabets  
To vent the pouring from within  
And to reach the final pleasure!  
The sad macabre extensions of the hands  
Stop in the silent gush of hollowness,  
The tabs are not pressed,  
No clicks rent the heart's void!  
The emotions sinfully sick  
Rebelliously withdraw,  
The fingers reach out  
For a vial of intoxication  
To heal all wounds!  
The fingers start tapping....

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Crime And Clime

Missed the `l` typed the `r`  
Clime became crime  
Don't think I strayed too far  
It was in tune with the time

For man sees no harm  
In Globe's getting hot  
If oceans rise changes the clime  
Earth becomes a melting pot

More of rain more of drought  
Heat and cold in excess  
Earth's heating up is not in doubt  
It's happening without redress

The rich they don't feel the heat  
Glowing too hot in wealth  
It's the poor who'll take the hit  
Scarce food will mean ill health

You may ask where's the link  
Between crime and climate  
The answer is there within a wink  
Scarcity drives up crime rate

Crops will fail when the globe gets warm  
For we couldn't forsake a motor ride  
Didn't foresee belching smoke's harm  
Cared not to take earth on our side

With little food to feed hungry stomachs  
Not enough to sate belly's growls  
Folks will forage like the wolves' packs  
Will take to crime the innocent souls

As for me the seller of rhymes  
Though they aren't worth a dime  
When hot climate breed lot more crimes  
Surely will arrive my time



The impoverished poet with his wand of poetry  
Will roam the burning roads of asphalt  
Singing his rhymes in tears of misery  
Selling his balm amid tumult

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Crossroad

I give you my heart son  
For today you gave me my bread  
And I knew it was time to pass the baton  
Shift the crown on your head.

Today you passed me my bread  
A precious gift in love I earn  
To softly place on your head  
The crown as it's your turn.

I felt so great and so good  
You've taken over my son  
With the humblest of attitude  
From my hand the long held baton.

Today as you passed me my bread  
In the crossroad where we now stand  
Happily I unburdened my head  
Passed lovingly the baton from my hand.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Cubicle

Through the window of my cubicle  
I see the day graying into night  
And a world I can't reach.  
I yearn to come out  
If only to see the corpses of the day  
That passed by me unnoticed  
Turning my world old  
Unlived, stale and cold!  
I see the birds fossilized  
The trees bare and wizened  
Songs are stifled moans  
People as aloof and distant as dead!  
I was born in a warm cubicle  
And destined for a life in it  
To dream of day from the dark  
And long for a world I can't reach!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Cumulonimbus

Cumulonimbus  
In crimson blush  
Glowing healers,  
Smoothly redresses  
My day's weariness  
Its billowing pillars,  
Pride's epitomes  
In shapely domes  
My worries offload,  
I feel so free  
Rid of agony  
On a joyous road!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Cuthbert Bay

With her grandchildren on the seashore  
where the sky has mingled with sea  
a rumbling she hears over waves' roar

this was the beach she was supposed to be!

The boy rained kisses her eyes had poured  
she was breaking so breaking within  
cut her bones the splintered dreams  
couldn't take it the girl of eighteen!

Though parting for now will be in your reach  
when the full moon makes tides wildly rough  
please be that day on the Cuthbert beach

passed thirty years to cross the gulf!

She doesn't regret wonders to this day  
if really the boy caught the moon  
standing alone on the crags of the bay  
hearing the gulls' mournful croon!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Cycle Of Madness

On the unknowing soil is sown  
The seeds of knowledge  
That the grown-up farmers fertilize  
With education, or is it information?  
The soil feels the pressure of harvesting  
That it must yield right and enough  
It must yield to make the harvesters proud.  
Thunder strikes it, it the rain washes  
And the sun often parches it arid.  
The tilling goes on  
The harder the soil,  
More stubborn is the tiller.  
The soil cracks  
It bleeds and can yield no more.  
True to its roots  
And what it could have been  
It pines for escape.  
What it sees  
None else sees  
What it speaks  
None understands  
The living corpse moves around  
An alien amongst the aliens  
Consigned to isolation  
Abandoned in asylum  
Innocent turned insane.  
Then the next one and the next one.....  
A harvesting cycle of madness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Darjeeling

One last time I drive past the pinewood  
On the fogged road washed with rain  
My eyes misted up in melancholic brood  
If here I would ever come again.  
The winds passing through pine chains  
Bid me a whispered farewell  
Sulk in silence the clouded mountains  
In parting grief somber and pale.  
In time afar on a forlorn night  
If my dreams soar on wings  
Bathed in milky moonlight  
They would fly to Darjeeling.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Dark Hollow

When lengthens the night's shadow, on the street the dogs bark  
The barn owl strums an eerie tune, from pipal ghosts disembark  
I sink in the blanket deep, in its dark secured hollow  
Can their eyes still see me, can me still they follow?  
When the clouds hide the moon, stars wear shroud of black  
The winds rattle the window, floats misty shadow's track  
I shrink small beneath my blanket, sweats from forehead drip  
Do those eyes still follow me, clawed hands itch for a grip?  
When night seems a black paste, spread on around my bed  
From tree trunk descends a dark shape, a torso without a head  
I slip afar through the blanket, to escape the monster's reach  
Can they still hunt me out, my fear's demon and witch?

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## Dawn Of Life

The unveiling of a grey liquid dawn  
Sleepily I welcomed with a cheerful yawn  
The eyes slowly opened to forms unfolding  
Hopes soaring once more on fluttered wing!  
I'm alive, a day older though, with all my sense  
Exist at this moment and emotively dense  
A day stretching out its red carpet  
Saying, 'come running and don't wait'!  
It may not be shaped the way I want  
With pitfalls enough to draw my grunt  
Yet, like all birth, the most precious gift  
It has held back death, giving souls a lift!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Day For Night

You were creating the show  
When moonlight poured through window  
On your hands it painted tattooed designs  
That danced as your fingers drew out the lines.

Your mind was singing the night's tune  
Time didn't matter you were immune  
You just saw ink glowing in moonlight  
Strings of script surfacing on your sight.

You held onto that almost spectral image  
Fast filling up diminishing the page  
For you only knew this glorious whim  
Could melt any moment in the day's gleam.

Thus you write cocooned in the created mists  
Swimming in the eddies of turns and twists  
On a night that's not there on no one's sight  
Blinded as they are in the blazing daylight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Day Night (10w)

Got it right,  
Day's pains find light  
In creative night!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Daymares

Whole day I carry a burden of load in mind  
A way out of this maze I desperately try to find  
Rewinds it like a flashback in a slow moving film  
Was he at fault or wasn't I unfair to him?

Then there're words that I would rather not have said  
They raised some eyebrows a few enemies made  
In course of the day they make me sulk and fret  
Agonizing mishaps breeding gallons of regret!

Add to that my actions that might have caused a hurt  
Sweet bonds loosening relationships coming apart  
I'm tormented by these diurnal horrors the recurrent day-mares  
Be sure they're much scarier than any of your nightmares.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Days Of Childhood

be happy  
the days you are here

before they disappear.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Dead Sea

suppose you're on a sea beach  
where the waves are frozen dead  
you don't hear the seagull's screech  
not one is flying above head!

in the wind not rise the rolling roar  
the sea is a darkish gel  
no silver spray bounces on the shore  
clouds not on her blue face sail!

the sea is flat dumb and still  
staled painting on papyrus  
that weary of man's mindless deal  
is lying in dying hush!

think of it as our good fortune  
the sea isn't so looking as yet  
but she can't be from us immune  
if we dump on her our waste!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Dead Than Alive

Why of death be afraid

When living looks visibly dead!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Death

A fear in the certainty

A bliss in the forgetting!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Death On The Door

The room reeks of medicine,  
Crumpled, dirty, dark, unclean  
A burden is lying on the bed  
Once youthful and now almost dead!  
The ritual of attending on him  
Is an aberration of life's rhythm  
Except letting the time go by  
Waiting for the man to die!  
His relations he so cared for  
Now find him the one to abhor  
His time is out, why he still goes on?  
Wonders the people he thought his own!  
Still alive he's sinking in bed  
Just an alien as good as dead  
They're counting time, the ones his own  
When death is on door, everyone is alone!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Deceit

i give you my word neela  
i'll set you free  
to go back to the forest  
home on the greenest tree.  
the blue your eyes dream for  
beyond this hole of doom  
from a life you perforce endure  
for comforts of a prisoner's room.  
i give you my word neela  
i can't take it anymore  
my heart is set on setting you free  
should have done it long before.  
i'll love to see your aching wings soar up the tallest tree  
your feathers to sing in glee wind's sweetest melody  
when you glow in the sun bathe in the dewy rain  
you'll forget in that morrow all of today's pain.  
i give you my word neela  
i'll set you free  
to escape from this hole of doom  
from this hell of misery.

i give you my word neela  
for a small favor you must do  
speak before i set you free  
my lessons of a word or two.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# December

I forget you  
Forgot you  
In the din

Years roll  
Taking their toll  
You sleep within!

You slip within  
In the din  
I forgot you

Never gave  
Will never give  
What's your due!

My wearied soul  
As years roll  
Reach December

It's then you come  
Your song I hum  
I remember!

I remember  
The face of her  
But not her mind

Deep I brood  
What's lost for good  
Alas no rewind!

In the din  
She sleeps within  
A little scar

I remember  
The face of her  
In December!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Decent Burial

Quietly I buried her,  
It was only the last,  
In life the burial was time and again.  
Did she feel the banishment?  
I never knew  
She held it from me,  
Just to keep alive the sunshine  
To make it feel like a whole  
Hiding the yawning hole  
That makes bedmates  
Strangers under one roof!  
She played it to perfection,  
Lovemaking was only a ploy,  
She knew it was all game.  
She did it for the children,  
For me, for the family!  
With her going to the soil  
The banishment was complete.  
She held life to be decent,  
And got a decent burial!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Deemed Bounty

All night it throbbed in his head  
Dug into his sleep with a ruthless spade  
Nailed him delirious dreams' recurring theme  
His words had all along failed him!

A fool he was to think he spoke only the right  
Used the most appropriate in all of his write  
That his words showed them brutally bared  
His thoughts with other minds all the while shared!

He sank his fevered head inside the wash basin  
How he wasted himself being an egoistic machine  
Absorbed too long in his mindless impart  
Of word's deemed bounty born dead at birth!

A shameful gratitude brought his eyes tears  
They cared not to tell him all these years  
Vain was their wait for the face of his dream  
Was never revealed his words failed him!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Defiance

the dayend corpse of me  
touched by the sunlight  
is reborn a baby.

thus each morn  
defying finality of death  
in hopes wild  
opens eyes a child.

he sees no death  
in renewed faith  
finds revival.

all pains aside  
retakes the ride  
of survival.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Definable

Love is not undefinable,

It has too many definitions.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Defy Greed

Pay no heed  
To your greed  
Do it once  
Just to give your greatness  
A chance.  
Once and then once more  
As never before  
Defy the greed  
Pay it no heed.  
Here and there  
A small sacrifice  
Would suffice  
You're learning to share.  
You're learning to defy greed  
Learning the worth of a good deed  
You've it to take the lead  
To free the world from greed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Deity

In the drizzle I rushed as usual I was late  
The 9oclock bus I had to catch at any rate  
If I missed this one I had to think of a ruse  
Explain late attendance make a good excuse.

It's those moments that bring woes to men  
Perils linger on the way waiting to happen  
Throwing caution to wind as I blindly strode  
My feet hit a cobble lying middle on the road.

The sudden pain halted me made me emit a groan  
I cursed under my breath the god-forsaken stone  
Abused the unseen fate that had thrown it my way  
Caused me such suffering conspired to spoil the day.

But there wasn't much time to vent more my wrath  
I kicked it out of way so none else could cross its path  
Hurriedly limped along for I couldn't afford to miss  
The 9oclock bus that would reach me to office.

In the bustles of life it was a small incident  
Other things occupied me I forgot the event  
Till one evening I saw it on a corner of the street  
The stone smeared with vermillion away from unwary feet.

The cobble placed under a banyan tree had men gathered around  
It lay there in austere dignity they had found it a secured ground  
I asked one in the crowd 'how came here this stone? '  
'You can call it a miracle it's there naturally grown'.

'Now it's going to stay here none can force it a shift,  
It's God among us in disguise to give our spirit a lift'  
In the face of that belief I dared not on his face say  
'So this is your God who I kicked on the other day! '

One Sunday as I was busy with the off-day's pressing chore  
I heard a din outside urgent knockings on the door  
'It can't be like this to leave the deity without a roof on his head  
Please donate as much as you can a temple is needed to be made'.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Demolition

Heavy hammers are pounding my courtyard  
Have to reach thousand liters deep  
Each blow is hitting my mind hard  
Demolishing what I thought forever's keep!

What was built up over years of toil  
Now dug out as mossy broken dumps  
Lie debauched the dragged out soil  
As the dark hole to the gaping depth slumps!

I look down it with a sense of hurt  
And down the years I ride  
Sniffing to catch smell of a lost part  
The times that in this cavern hide!

How I looked as these were built  
How youthful she surely was then  
Fossil moments embedded in the silt  
If only I had them regained!

The peephole into past is now bare  
Paving the time traveler one chance  
To swim with the memory and be there  
Give the living remnants last glance!

Lost years are never dead I believe  
They all live what we think we demolish  
It's only us that are forced to leave  
Leaving them breathing in buried bliss!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Departed

In the balcony where you used to stand  
The sun reflects vacantly  
You are in a distant land.  
The flowers your hands plucked  
Blossom and wilt without your touch  
They miss you so much.  
The winds that brought your smell  
Now moan dull odorless  
They can't touch your face.  
From the grief-laden sky  
Drops as tears the morning dew  
With them all I miss you!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Depletion

Summer's additions  
can no longer cope  
with my winter's deductions!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Desire

Her perfume weaves a hint of tempest.

The blanket hibernating the illusive summers  
lights a spark of desire.

He doesn't open his eyes.

The smoldering fire  
would bring him smell of cinders.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Despair (10w)

At the bottom of despair

Lies

The seed of repair!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## Destination: Planet Iv

Today that disc of life, when in the east it rose  
I found it a little more ominous, its end a little too close.  
You don't seem to mind it, maybe you don't at all care  
The object that makes your day, won't be forever there.  
Today it lends a friendly halo, shines bright on your homely turf  
It won't be like this for all the time, when it turns a white dwarf.  
You find it nothing worrisome, too faraway to be any omen  
That it is silently wearying itself out, burning up its hydrogen.  
The blinding luminous ball, at which your eyes can't gaze  
Has still billions years to bow out, and halfway through its phase.  
So what's there to worry, the end is too longtime yet  
Generations will come and go, before reaching destiny's date.  
But still the issue is something that deserves a serious plan  
It involves a grave consequence, for the future of human clan.  
Where will be our habitat, when dies our star of stars  
When earth becomes inhabitable, will our abode be Mars?  
For it will be billion years more the fireball will hold there out  
Of all the planets the best bet, is our brethren Mars no doubt.  
So maybe before our star burns out, we seek out another shore  
Colonize the red planet in the sky, also called the planet IV.  
An entire civilization will shift there, an enormous migration  
Carrying with them love and hatred, all the human emotion.  
They'll make Mars another Earth, in a strange way I feel  
We'll not leave behind human divide, the inequity's evil  
Our boundaries and walls of color of skin, stigma of racial curse  
Will they be all carried with us, transported to the new home Mars?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Destiny (10w)

Red to green

Green to red

Whereto

Do I head?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Devi

For some days  
placed you on the pedestal  
of goddess.

Today  
mere straw and clay  
with the ganga

your skeleton flows away.

Woman,

hands that worship

immerse thee!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Devil Tree

Her bloom would make you delirious  
sniff long and you would soon go dizzy  
in veins your blood would fast rush  
if you ever go near the devil tree!

Go close and she holds you in her power  
mesmerized you cannot from her flee  
easily falling prey to her white flower  
you succumb like a beggar on his knee!

If you ever walk the night of October  
beware for she waits for her chance  
to lure you with her insane wild odor  
trap you in her intense fragrance!

On nights when the winds become thick  
breaths pound heavy on your heart  
know prowls the hunter lovesick  
who without you wouldn't depart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Devil's Job

When I entered his chamber  
The boss was shaking with anger  
Red faced burning like fire  
He thundered "is it for what I hire? "  
I felt inside me a creeping terror  
Worried must have done a grave error  
Some serious lapse or glaring mistake  
That caused him a severe heartbreak.  
'see here this `are` where it should be `is`'  
How the hell it escapes your notice  
The way you work with closed eyes  
You surely don't deserve a payrise'.  
Awhile I bore the brunt of his abuse  
Not tried to hide behind an excuse  
Then gathering composure and all my will  
Blurted "not to err is the job of Devil! "

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Diary Of A Day

The morning gives me a little width  
I brush my teeth  
Have tea with sugar  
A breakfast meager  
Pat my back and say  
Hey, I'm ready for the day.  
On way I am delayed  
The birds want to be fed  
The dog waits at the street  
Expects from me a biscuit  
The cats purr and follow  
Forcing me to be slow.  
I run and I hop  
Till I reach the bus stop  
I look at the sky and the light  
The whole day they will be out of sight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Dignity

How many are there  
That can quietly put up with death  
Stoically going through the pain  
A stubbornness to make death envious  
Of life and the living!  
How many are there  
That can count up to end  
Breathes where others see death  
Holds on when there seems nothing to hold onto  
As if to tell, 'life is no pity, it's dignity'!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Dilemma

Fed by a ceaseless downpour  
The river was in eruptive spate  
The dam they said can't take anymore  
It must be opened the lock gate.  
Open the lock gate and save the dam  
Before it crumbles by the mighty force  
But what of them on the riverside goddamn  
For them lies what recourse?  
The dam can come down any moment  
As the raging waters fast mount  
What about the millions on it spent  
The loss would be immense without count.  
But then for saving it if the river is let free  
The settlements on its sides would go  
Unleashed waters would cause misery  
Villages would be washed away with the flow.  
What happens in the end you guessed it right  
The lock gate was opened to save the dam  
Surely more than the poor villagers' plight  
The dam had to be saved goddamn.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Dining With The Devil

In the moon's shadow  
I dine with the devil  
His eyes a burning glow  
And mine dark evil.  
Everything he can find  
What goes on in my mind,  
Shown, acted, faked,  
The devil bares me naked.  
He says 'what good will come  
Of the world's all goodness  
When I can make reign  
The ugliness beneath all face'  
The devil knows the world is his  
And he has me in his leash  
While I speak and feign wise  
I sin for the smallest compromise.  
As the devil pours me wine  
He taunts 'it can't be divine,  
Your world, that I rule supreme,  
And your God, a wishful dream! '  
It gets darker as the moon sinks low  
Winds rising from hell fiercely blow  
Inebriated to its utmost measure  
I'm ready to burn for a moment's pleasure!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Disaster

Go hold him their voices sounded silent as in dream  
I stood a dumb doll making no move to close in on him  
he was there so near me only away an arm's length  
but I held my ground frozen sucked of all my strength!

I watched him fall in slow motion transfixed in my place  
a frantic appeal in his eyes a disaster looking at his face  
if only I had taken one step restored him lost balance  
how could I, I was not moving, stayed rooted there in trance!

Grab him they shouted but came their voices from far  
a lullaby no wake up call traveling from distant most star  
how could I move one step do something to keep him upright  
by design I was the most helpless closest to disaster's site!

In that year long minute just one wish haunted my stupored mind  
my ears would catch sounds of footsteps of the ones standing behind  
someone would catch the falling man reach the site going ahead of me  
there was no way would move my feet prevent happening of the calamity!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Disconnect

When she says I'm hanging up  
Stop her before she hangs up  
For her click of disconnect  
Might never again get you  
To hear what she couldn't state  
Create a disconnect  
Between you and her  
When you can only see from far  
She's drifting a deadwood  
Receding to a distance  
And your cries on this shore  
Is merely mouthing a silence  
Of a dumb heart within a locked door  
That crafted its own fate!

When she says I'm hanging up  
Stop her to save a killing  
Disconnect!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Disenchantment

He went from one room to the other

Unable to go any farther

He came out to unburden  
At his open garden

There too stopped him  
The inverted bowl of blue

That like the ground's glue  
Entrap in dream!

He knew there's no escape at free will

from this freaky deal!

Wished he had the guts to hold a gun

And bleed himself under the sun!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Divide

Race

Prevents erase

A divide

Too wide!

Sad

Humans

Can't stop

Being mean

With its own kin!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Do Than Say

On the keys as my fingers tap  
I hear within a rap

if you've something to say  
better do it than say  
be a worthier sample of human race  
give a cared look on the dog's face  
to your door he has strayed  
stayed  
made  
you a kinder man  
better if you can  
spend some time with him  
abandoning your absurd dream.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Do They?

Do they come when you are too pressed  
losing on all sides utterly distressed  
you are upset everything is going wrong  
do they still touch you in mind comes along?

Do they keep coming hold you in their power  
when is closing all doors reigning darkest hour  
you are down in the gutter battered in lost war  
do they still keep birthing give your soul a stir?

Do they never leave you so you can carry on  
your beacon in the dark the only companion  
joining your broken bones mending your heart  
goadng you to get up make once more a start?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Do You Still?

Do you still strain your ears?  
To catch a bird singing in rain  
Does your mind feel the cheers?  
When you help someone in pain.  
Do your eyes look in the eyes?  
To read the mind deep and true  
Do you still love the sunrise?  
And your heart wants some good to do.  
Do you even now feel like a child?  
Babble and act the way you did  
Do your legs ache to run wild?  
You wish you could be a child indeed.  
Do you still just hold her hand?  
Without words and knowing she knows  
Do your hands make hills on the sand?  
And dream to bring her a sweet red rose.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Does One Need To Be A Very Good Man?

for one step forward  
reach one grief  
say one kind word  
for a moment's relief

hold one hand  
walk up a bit  
help the blind man  
cross over the street

achieve a feat  
a little try would do  
offer old one a seat  
reap a thank you

not look away  
pat it on the back  
the dog on the way  
needs love that it lacks

Do them we can  
in this small lifespan  
and they don't demand one  
to be a very good man!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Dog Sleep

I watch close  
The face of a sleeping dog,  
Its eyes crescent moons  
In those times blissful  
When sleep runs it down  
In respiteful shelter  
From fleas  
Hot concrete  
And from men!

I wonder  
What comes in its dreams,  
A rusted bone  
Loving eyes  
Caressing hands  
Or the pain  
Suffered in the hands of men!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Dogma

We turn blind in faith  
war for religion

stick stiff  
to own belief

give gods name  
invoke them

and our dogma goes so far  
as to turn us

executioner.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Don'T Ask Me How

over the taps of fingers' dance  
she says dinner is ready  
giving me the appetizing chance  
insanity's remedy!

it's her way to break my spell  
of words welled up in stack  
this medicine she applies well  
poems don't fill the stomach!

till that time all she said  
were just bla bla bla  
till on the table dinner is laid  
wafts the food's aroma!

it finds its target the poet's nostril  
shears the strings of thought  
a stir in the bowel kills the will  
drives me to get the dinner hot!

fingers soon dance on the dinner plough  
feed my taste bud with sweet treat  
she knows it well don't ask me how  
to give me from poetry retreat!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Don'T Ever Go To The Zoo

Whole day their wings ache for the sky  
Their eyes thirst the moribund blue  
But here they are and will be till they die  
Without ever knowing why.  
The black striped beauty in velvet brown  
Paces restless in utter distress  
A majestic beast robbed of its crown  
Wallows in its caged recess.  
So I say friend if you need sunshine for your gloom  
For your sore eyes an open blue  
Imagine them all from the confine of your room  
But don't ever go to the zoo.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Don'T Lose Your Smiles

Don't lose your smiles  
Know you're walking smooth miles.  
You are in peace  
There is darker abyss.  
Where every moment is a hell,  
Where your misery would pale.  
You are better off than what's around  
You are on solid ground.  
For many there's only never ending night  
Be thankful for having a speck of light.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Doomed

They ravaged her body, her spirit never healed  
The day she was abused was the day she was killed.  
They probed the incident; it was just another case,  
It really mattered little, the shame on her face.  
Tongues kept rolling, gossips with spice,  
She invited it; she was a woman with vice.  
Her looks lured them, the way she dressed,  
She was also flirty, reasons to be disgraced.  
Her pity was a story, her agony in courtroom  
Scattered lay her life, in the darkness of doom.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Dormant

Between us a space  
Between us a wall  
It's now swimming on the surface  
It's now getting no call.  
Years have weathered our skin  
Togetherness has taken its toll  
Words have dried up within  
Love has ended its role.  
I resigned to this slumber deep  
Pondered what's gone amiss  
Till this morn the cleft of your lip  
Brushed on me a swift kiss!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Drawing A Line

Heed your need

curbing where it turns to greed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Dread (10w)

I saw dread loom  
When the kid yawned  
In classroom!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Dream Of A New Day

With the evening  
You softly land on my soul.  
I don't see or hear you  
But know for sure you're there.  
In the silence of a day end  
When the stars rise in the far universe  
And to their nests the birds disperse  
You come down to nest in my heart.  
Just then from the ocean's bowels  
A luminescence rises with a sweet haze  
To paint afresh all hopes the day stole.  
Softly lands dream of a new day in my soul!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Dream Stealer

My dreams are stolen  
Whoever has heard of dream stealer?  
Even I had the snug feeling  
That my night visitors were secured enough  
That they would forever come back  
To give me the only time I wait for!  
I had nothing but them  
Nothing but their holding my hands  
Yielding limp unconscious hands  
That with their touch would go  
To where I had everything!  
But they are gone now.  
Gone with the 'everything'  
That 'Everything' in my life  
I thought was worth living for.  
Now I know  
The life I live is my dream stealer!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Dreaming From The Dark

Amid the drumbeats and chants of hymns,  
Burned bright the gaily cruel festive light,  
It pounced on her like the darkest of dreams,  
The blazing illumination blinded her sight.  
She knew as soon as sense dawned on her  
That she belonged to an endless darkness  
From where would torment like a distant star  
The glittering world she could never embrace.  
Yet a craving burrowed her child's heart  
To dance to drumbeats and chanting hymns,  
Mingle with the light and become a part  
Of the illumined world and forbidden dreams!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Dreaming Home

The winter morn passes soon  
Quickly it's afternoon  
The day surely is spent best  
When you work till the evening rest  
Seated in office or an outdoor roam  
The day goes by dreaming home.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Dreams Are No Escape

He spends his work squabbling, haggling over a rupee  
Foul mouths, abuses and all that drains his energy  
You couldn't tell if he is drunk just pretending to be sober  
Battling through a rotten life, his ordeal never really over!  
But when night comes and the half ball silver glows  
Leaving behind the muck, he can stop being morose  
He neither reflects on his misery nor feels the need to weep  
On a six by six potholed floor, quickly he falls asleep!  
Are you not curious to know if dreams visit him then?  
With sweet angels with words of love or beautiful women  
No curses no shouting men, only friends surrounding him  
Hugging him, cheering him, he is a winner in his dream!  
Or the same evils haunt him, the ones that storm his day  
Mock him, spit on his face, kick him out of their way  
He struggles to find his way out, shouting curses in his sleep  
There's no light or end of the tunnel, he doesn't know to weep!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Dreams Do Not Let You Sleep

You're alive living onto a purpose to take forward your dreams  
it's not incoherent vagueness or one of your sleepy whims  
it's with them that arduous walks you aren't afraid to take  
it's to shape them that you go on without taking a break  
without caring what others think you dare rough terrain  
not minding the deep and steep you fall and rise again.  
You are so much alive for your heart breathes the dreams  
it's no idle imagery for in its light your future gleams  
it's with them that you set sail on the high and open sea  
climb up the tallest mountain to set yourself free  
not stopping by the obstacles that may scar your soul  
not thinking of retreat you endlessly pursue your goal.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Dried Leaves And A Spark

A few dried leaves  
He makes a fire.

The fire in him  
All his dreams  
Cinders now!

Twigs of wood  
A small spark  
Is all he need.

For breathes the belly  
He must feed!

The past is dim  
Nay the past is blank  
All left is now.

When the fire burns out  
Ashes will fly!

He makes daily  
A meal measly  
With deadwood.

When is next  
He doesn't brood!

A roadside meek  
Lives on pick  
Yet don't die.

When the fire burns out  
Ashes will fly!

None bothers his fate  
High up they wait  
For him to die.

When his fire burns out  
Vultures will fly!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Dried Leaves And A Spark: Revisited

A cashew-nut  
she pressed between my lips

slumberous awestruck  
I chewed it

groping for her hands in the dark  
if she really was there  
or I was dream living

why should a woman  
in the middle of night  
press a cashew-nut  
moist and warm  
between my lips

was she hungry herself  
hypoglycemic  
picking them in despair  
popping one betwixt my lips

or is it the one  
I popped through hers  
last evening  
misdirected  
without my knowing it  
found the vertical lip  
betwixt her swells  
till she felt the prick  
when loosened her robes  
and it stirred in her  
a long forgotten spark  
so she came back  
in the middle of night  
for me to chew  
the re-popped cashew-nut

slumberous awestruck!



# Drongo

Its melody piercing the fluid dawn  
when the drongo breaks the dark spell  
from night's semen a day spawns  
that the sun nurtures into a fairytale!

Till late evening the bird sings  
preys on life burning in halogen  
from catching the first light on its wings  
stays back till starry shadows lengthen!

God has taught it to defy weariness  
made it the usherer of day and night  
hold in its fish tail a dancer's cute grace  
in dark feathers the gladiator's might!

When all else at dayend anchor in nest  
fathom counts of losses and gains  
broken dreams well up in the drongo's breast  
rend the night in melancholy's strain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Drongos & I

Drongos are not as brittle boned as me  
Though my nightly poems have ceased to be  
They're still up in wings' ceaseless flight  
Feeding on insects buzzing in moonlight!

I love to call these birds night's lone flame  
Poems after poems love to write on them  
A diurnal bird with nocturnal spree  
Mocks my cessation of nightly poetry!

Drongos the revelers of nightly carnival  
I hold them in envy think them rival  
Never miss a moon these foragers of night  
Their tireless wings hold the might of a knight!

I often wonder if they ever build a nest  
Ever feel the urge for a soft cushioned rest  
For I hear them sing in the most wee hours  
When the dawn still bathes in dewy showers!

I wish my mind had the Drongo's might  
My poems flew like their wings featherlight  
Poured out my words like the bird's song  
Overcoming sleep poems flowed nightlong!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Drunken Dream

Rich wine served with good food  
Set me just in the right mood  
For a sojourn on the silvery lands  
Where the pearly waves hug the sands!  
I knew not where the path led me to  
A moonstruck man could little do  
Except knowing that he had to go  
For an aimless walk with his own shadow!  
I floated away in the phantom light  
Holding in my eyes the fairy night  
Above the sea to where the stars gleam  
To a heavenly space in drunken dream!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Drunken Night

Some nights I forget my way to the home  
home? where is that? which side of the road?  
I keep straying away empty streets I roam!

Where is the bloody moon? I shout  
the moon is gone but the stars are out  
stars, please, handhold me and guide  
tell me my home is on which side!

Am I awake or a pawn in a game?  
why every house looks the same?  
my steps fall on some window light patch  
I must go back must start from scratch!

window? ah, is there one with a face?  
so I can say it's my address  
hey stars, be this seeker's guide  
lead me to my home, take me to her side!

may be a door for me kept ajar  
two eyes are staring one guiding star  
one heart that knows the night is not out  
two ears keenly waiting for a shout

catch me from falling put me on bed  
despair seizing yet hands on my head

moon is bloody stars gone to fetch morn  
I don't see her tears her nights forlorn!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Drunken River

One mile down the drunken river  
I lost my mind in her midday yellow haze.  
Residues of the river-wind-kiss lingered saline on my face  
Wild sun on the wild river scathed my skin copper  
And I glided upstream in blurred eye sweat  
Losing and finding the river's mangrove shore.  
My mind in delirious mess wondered  
What it was that wined the river, made her a swirling detachment,  
Bearing all with the endurance of a drunkard  
But embracing nothing like an all foregoing monk.

I dreamed adrift one more mile and then another  
Till I was windswept and wined like the drunken river.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Duality

When the west moon tilts and goes on the wane  
Becomes a dying streak on your windowpane  
Your frenzied sleepless mind breaks in roaring lust  
To hammer the unyielding night into powdery dust!

All else but you in slumber dwell  
Your rebellious thoughts burn hunger's fuel  
To pry out from darkness fading treasures of night  
Dig them intact and bring them to light!

You could buy peace and live within norms  
Bathe in moon's kiss stay away from storms  
But a bloody madness in you wreaks havoc  
You nurture it, allow it to run amok!

Past the ebullience of night your furies vaporize  
Can't hold back the transience, stay in poet's disguise  
The dawn would devour it for transform you it must  
To conventional sanity from the garb of an iconoclast!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Duchenne

Have not seen them for quite a while  
Breaking like a thousand springs  
Its ripples spreading across a mile  
Touching heavens on butterfly wings!

It's infective in its length and span  
Cackling joyous like a thousand duck  
God would be charmed (not to speak of man)  
Its spell makes every man awe struck!

It's quite a while life is losing fun  
With faces wearing botox on stressed lip  
Not getting at least one when the day is done  
To give this soul a stronger fillip!

I need your muscles playing around your eyes  
Your cheeks raised high for me to see  
Doing so would bring me double sunrise  
And live each day ever more happily!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Duck Feather

He holds the day like duck feather.

Good or bad weather  
Silver dimes or rusted nails  
Through them all he quietly sails.

On the way small flowers he plucks  
In thrill's quiver sings joyous cluck  
When rough tides break him he reveals not crack  
Doesn't complain when the clouds are black.

If his wings feel weary he stops the swim  
A shore he finds to rest in dream  
For the duck feather each day is a gain  
To swim in the pond, his piece of haven.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Dumber

Ma has eloped with her lover  
soon a wife Baba will get  
I'm left only dumber  
don't know what's in my fate!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Dummy's Life

My dummy rules the days  
The real I hide deep  
So many things it says  
The dummy puts it to sleep.  
The dummy is scared of me  
For in fantasies I persist  
It knows it can't afford to be  
Like me an anarchist.  
For food it must earn  
It must do hard work  
Life's skills it must learn  
It must make its mark.  
The real I if had its say  
Would do none of these  
He would shape his own day  
Act as his wishes please.  
Leisurely he would take his horse  
To where the green touches the sky  
Run at will and take a pause  
Not allowing the dreams to die!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Eagle's Height

Rise the way you want to rise  
keep not ambitions in disguise  
go as far go as close  
with your finger touch the tiger's nose.

Do it the way you want to do  
be not scared of jeer and boo  
walk the path bled in thorn  
with your hand grab the bull's horn.

Act the way you deem it right  
you have in you the needed might  
fight the enemy in its own den  
in your fists clench the lion's mane.

Speak the way says your heart  
say it straight never skirt  
tell it all even the bitter thing  
with your finger catch the hornet's sting.

Live life the way you want it  
once committed no retreat  
brave hindrance of the darkest night  
in your wings soar the eagle's height.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Early Sunset

It could never have any say  
When I threw it away  
The cadaver once life throbbed,  
I silently sobbed!  
Scared of me  
It moved in the shadows free  
Could I ever catch it? I wondered  
In the end it silently surrendered!  
It lay there crumpled, cold and stiff  
An aura of death I could sniff  
The half open eyes had a tinge of regret  
Life was short and too soon was sunset!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Earth Mover

Life an ocean  
My emotion  
A dropp in it.  
But one dropp starts an ocean  
One step builds the motion  
1 ft. is infinite!  
If you have the feel  
And the will  
You can set the path  
You can move the earth!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Earth Post 21/12

Do I see them a little uneasy?  
The earth stands defying their prophesy  
Treating in disdain the doomsday calendar  
She is alive and not ripped asunder.  
Notwithstanding the speculative commotion  
Earth didn't crumble from meteorite invasion  
Continuing on her axis the periodic turn  
She goes on revolving around the sun.  
All my brethren and doomsayers take heart  
Be grateful that you and I didn't have to depart  
This paradise our earth that's so beautiful  
None would like to let it go, none would be so fool.  
Yet all said the truth we surely cannot hide  
Though earth faces little danger from outside  
It's the earthmen whose mindless exploitation  
Can bring about the earth's destruction!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Eavesdropper

I strained to hear her whisper

ears impervious

heart envious

if only rewind of years

could get me beside her

reliving the ecstasy on a lover's date

listening her lips' precious secret!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Echoes Of Moments Together

She was gasping for air  
And left this morn.  
I had to brush my teeth,  
She was in the mirror  
And in my eyes.  
I had to sip my tea,  
She was with me  
Plunging deeper with every sip.  
All through the rituals  
She kept clinging to me  
With every motion  
The grasp was tighter.  
I went out to face the day  
And there she was in the sun,  
In the air, all over me.  
She was a guest in my world,  
A few moments' find,  
Leaving echoes in my mind!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Ecstasy

Two dogs  
On the street  
Locked in mating heat.

On the street  
Two dogs  
Haven't cover of sheet.

Two dogs  
Messy  
Need no privacy.

Know to seed  
The need to breed  
In ecstasy.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Ego

His voice cracks in the thunder's peal  
My ego failed me in life's each deal  
Never did see what the other saw  
Too blind to notice my own flaw!

In the candlelight his face wears a gloom  
Two tremulous shadows darken the room  
Forever I felt the world is for me  
My viewpoints matter only!

Like a deluge pours the thunderous rain  
In deafening din rattling windowpane  
Focused only me only tried to get  
Grope in void now when egos abate!

Flickers a grave loss in his dulled eyes  
Unshackled from self its obdurate disguise  
Over the ruins of ego is born in me the belief  
The reward is not in the getting but lies in all our give!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Either Way

Hunger is gnawing your stomach  
The time when food is must  
Don't let in your faith a crack  
One breach in your trust!

It's there for you to eat  
Away by an inch a peck  
In haste don't call it quit  
Be not afraid of your neck!

Beckons you the golden cheese  
Bowel's curing remedy  
It waits for your final wish  
To be set from hunger free!

A little pull is all you need  
Just a little force  
Howling hunger needs the feed  
You have no other recourse!

Come mouse got nothing to lose  
You're hungry or you're dead  
Either way hangs the noose  
your escape is that way made!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Embers Of Memories

A fire breaks out in me  
before the dawn of light.  
It rages in me  
burns all my dreams  
the heaven is a silent witness  
the morning star hides its face.  
The day sweeps away  
the embers of memories  
with the night.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Emerald Island

There's so much prose in this world  
Yet poetry finds its way out of your heart  
Deep inside you is an island of emerald  
Where the other you refuses to depart.  
There's so much prose in this world  
Yet you look for light from the pit  
You let your dreams be unfurled  
Poetry turns the bitter to sweet.  
There's so much prose in this world  
Yet in you lives an undying child  
That breathes in the island of emerald  
Keeps you untamed and wild!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Emlan

I longed one kind look from you emlan  
when you passed by me  
now I wish to sit in silence  
with you by the sea.

A stolen glance was all I did  
when passed your fragrance  
too little of you was all my need  
I knew to keep distance.

If our paths meet ever again  
if ever can dead love rise  
I would not let you pass by  
but look deep in your eyes.

There must still survive the virgin land  
longing rivers dried in sands  
unspoken words woefully shy  
chance lost with time gone by.

If we now come across emlan in the faraway land  
I would not shy away to reach and touch your hand  
walk this time on the quested path not letting go the chance  
of finding you in the wholeness and not as a passing fragrance.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Empty

Back from work,  
Each object within  
I take out from my bag,  
Once again putting them in  
The next day to work.

Nothing unusual about it  
Except that at times  
When I empty my bag,  
A fleeting thought comes,  
Maybe tomorrow  
My bag will be as empty  
As the space I vacate.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Empty Home

For long she hasn't found an empty home.

Not that she loves empty home  
But craves for her some loneliness  
A little time and space all to herself  
Where she wouldn't have to wear a face  
But bite her mind any what way she likes  
Nibbling at memories chewing on dreams  
That with no eyes around her  
She would take out like a stolen artifact  
Cherishing their display like forbidden  
Crying laughing and then putting them back  
To where they belong.

Not that she loves empty home.

But sometimes she needs  
To have one her own.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Enamored

That's a sad story sighed the man  
Sitting some stairs down the ghat  
Made his life miserable the woman  
She fully broke the zamindar's heart.

He loved her more than his life  
She knew not love was what thing  
Cursed the day he took her as his wife  
Gave her a precious diamond ring.

He bought her each wish from her lip  
She knew she would only have to tell  
For her the man's love was so deep  
He could sell him to bring her all jewels.

For each night she made her bargain  
Trapped him her greed's deadly deal  
Blind love drove the man such insane  
He became a puppet of her will.

The coming storm he couldn't foresee  
Enamored in love and its waste  
Good money was sunk freely  
With no reaping of scantest harvest.

His trade started suffering huge loss  
Investments sunk in shipwreck  
Along came to make the matter worse  
Debts' tightened noose on his neck.

Soon she left with a man she had known  
Taking with her the ornaments  
She had never thought him as her man  
Little did she care his torments.

Still echoes said the man his cry  
From here he went to the river  
In evenings as this his sigh  
Can be heard rending the air.

I asked him how all these he knew  
Saw no man but I was alone  
Shivering in winter's cool dew  
As moonlight on waves quietly shone.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# End Of A Search

I am coming back to you.  
I have strayed for too long,  
Gone too faraway from you  
Looking for treasures in the swamp  
For wealth of the world  
In search of an ever elusive find.  
I should have known  
All the time I carried you in my mind!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# End Of Bondage

From the mother's breast  
It landed in prison  
It was a different nest  
For it without reason!  
It had not grown wing  
Sky was a distant dream  
They wanted it to sing  
They and their strange whim!  
Controlled by alien hands  
It sought the mother's warmth  
Surrendering to odd demands  
Hiding sorrow in a forced mirth!  
There was no way it could sing  
Joy was barred by walls and ceiling  
It had only a fragment of sky,  
Grieving heart, mournful sigh!  
Then one day opened the cage  
It was free from all bondage  
'Is it faking death? ' said someone  
Never knowing its freedom was won!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# End Of Night

Mew mew  
Pussycat cries at night  
Closed doors  
There isn't warmth at sight

Mew mew  
Is there any kind soul  
Crackling fire burning coal?

Mew mew  
Under open sky  
Like pussycat many more lie  
For them is spread no bed  
On pavement dream tomorrow's bread

Mew mew  
Cold night's curse  
Doors shut no kind soul  
Far up blinking stars  
Glow like burning coal

Noses in blissful snore  
Won't ever get to feel  
The misery preying outdoor  
The knifing ruthless chill

Mew mew  
Not awake one kind soul  
Doors are all shut tight  
Crackles no fire in burning coal  
Pussycat cries for end of night.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Enduring Love (10w)

Knowing it hasn't a cure,  
My madness  
She lovingly endures.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Enough

Now determined in this conclusion

I won't take anymore sermon.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Enough If

You reflect in befuddled wonder  
is it the time to be happy or morose  
when is reached the last page of calendar  
when the year comes to a close.

There isn't much you could do about it  
there isn't much you could hold  
you tried though your every bit  
not all pages were written in gold.

It's enough if you remained fit and agile  
it's enough if you got a few smiles  
it's enough if you could travel all the miles  
you stumbled but walked all the while.

It's enough if you hid some of your pain  
your bleeding you kept to yourself  
it's enough if once without thinking of gain  
you offered a stranger your help.

Little you could do to change the events' course  
but you tried and it matters no less  
it's enough if you've used your little resource  
to make this world a better place.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Envy Him Not

Sitting there on the lap  
He claps when the audiences clap  
On him painted an aura of happiness  
A smile is permanently fixed on his face.  
Eyes forever stretched without a frown  
He plays to the gallery a perfect clown  
You may envy his easygoing ways  
Gathering laughter on all that he says,  
His widely open unblinking eyes  
That show faked emotions feigned surprise.  
You may like to have his rapturous nights  
Drawing applauses hogging limelight  
But you would have pity for him once you know  
He's a talking doll in the ventriloquist's show.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Ephemeral

It hung in the air  
Hallucinated a while  
And died like a smile!  
Was it ever there,  
This marvel  
When I dreamed my lips  
Touched her navel!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Epitaph For A Poet

His poems in millions sold  
The poet lies here dead and cold!

Here lies the poet  
Who through toil and sweat  
Played word games,  
Wrote many poems.  
From his heart deep thoughts  
Poured out in lots  
Creations of his mind  
Made his readers blind.  
How was he as a person?  
It's mostly unknown  
His own comforts he did embrace  
Little he cared for others' happiness  
With mortal temptations he was bewitched  
Never followed the values he preached.  
Small lapses (or are they?) for a poet so great  
Aloof in life, he lies solitary in death!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Errand

the girl lived downstairs  
the boy two floors above  
through me exchanged letters  
of immature hearts in love.

he wrote:

can we meet love for a minute?

handed to me his secret chit  
why I came down the girl only knew  
his letter brought her a blushing pink hue!

quickly on that same chit  
she scribbled a hand girly sweet

she wrote:

I would die to meet you just once  
but today there hardly is a chance  
papa hasn't gone to office  
through this letter I send you my kiss.

I, love's tender messenger  
went up with her love letter  
as he read it heaved a deep sigh

at home, goddamned, why?

he wrote:

slip out when he sleeps at three  
we meet under the mahogany tree  
please love do this much for me  
I beg you some minutes only.

thus rhymed two hearts' dancing beat  
the boy was too young to fathom it  
nothing though he could understand



yet faithfully he ran their errand!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Escape (10w)

The white canvas

Is mute

Till I draw

Escape route!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Escapes

Watch their belly  
their dying eyes  
know all my talks of wisdom  
are my escapes in disguise!

If I had littlest shame  
and a belief in the claim  
I'm humane

I would not have let them stray  
but killed them with the bullet's spray!

If I can't help them live  
if their numbers I don't contain  
if letting them be there is no gain  
why not kill the stray with the bullet's spray?

I move around with a bowl of rice  
small hand small bowl teeming mouth  
in the blind belief  
if I try

some of them may still not die!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Eternal

This world will not perish  
Your love for me will not die  
Yet this body with soil and ash  
Will surely with the wind fly!  
This touch will ever linger  
Your kiss will forever remain warm  
Yet this body will be eaten up by earth  
For an oblivion of endless term!  
The waves will come and go  
Lapping the silent shore  
Our wait will be eternal  
Here and then no more!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Even Though

Lost first love to immaturity,

remain immature

what a pity!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Even When We Break

Love is majorly one sided seeks not a reciprocate  
our love may not be returned that's far we can hope to get  
though it is thus often destined love knocks the wrong address  
don't lose heart for we were right we showed no miserliness.

If one way it's our way we have no other choice  
love's fountain when springs listens to no other voice  
our call if goes unresponded not touch the heart meant for  
we deserved it for we loved never expecting a returned favor.

We may break time and again each time our love is spurned  
but our act of loving never goes astray if not once returned  
no way can we decide the course have no say in the matter of heart  
we have to have the belief in us when we make from our side a start.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Everest

We see it  
As a victory  
Of the human spirit,  
Tales of glory  
That makes us proud.  
But it's a pity  
She's denuded bare,  
Ravaged her virginity,  
And up there  
There's a crowd.  
The height is made to pale,  
They're dwarfing the peak,  
Adventurers on glory's trail  
Litter the path they scale.  
We take it as a test  
Of man's superior might  
That would not rest  
Till it scales the greatest height.  
But the mountain is no more clean,  
Tons of wastes scar its air,  
She's turned into a dustbin  
By the crowd going up there.  
Should we feel proud,  
And not hear the warning bell,  
As the mountain is trodden like hell  
By the mindlessly adventuring crowd?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Every Time You Light Up

Every time you light up  
Light goes off!

Longing lungs  
Hoping hearts  
For you suffer.

You don't care about you  
Let not your view  
Derange other lives  
Even your children  
Your wife!

Every time you light up  
I don't care about you.

Let not your exhalations  
Choke longing lungs  
Hoping hearts

Hurt other lives!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Everyday Of The Year

Why only today dear?  
Your loving face  
Each day of the year  
Brings me happiness.  
Today is no special dear  
Like a butterfly  
Each day of the year  
You rest in my eye.  
Not a day is there dear  
That's any less  
Each day of the year  
I hold you in embrace.  
That's why I say dear  
By god's wondrous design  
Everyday of the year  
I celebrate valentine.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Everytime You Smile

Every time you smile  
The world is a happier place  
Happiness becomes a little less fragile  
The pain gets a little less!  
The world gets stronger by the smile  
It illuminates the enveloping darkness  
Existence appears a little less fragile  
One smile lights up another face!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Exactly

No ifs and buts and frets on time gone astray  
We were exactly where supposed to be each day.

We were exactly at the right place with right face  
Not drifting around but knocking the right address.

No ifs and buts and frets deeming years as waste  
We were exactly on the right track doing our best.

We were exactly picking of all the choices the choice  
Not straying but staying to listen to our inner voice.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Excuse Him

Mr Deek

when needs to speak

can't hold his length.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Existence

With only a lifetime to behold

waste no time pondering.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Faces Of Monsoon

The almond pearls bounce on the leaves,  
Drip to drench me with the heavenly boon,  
What magical transformation the sky weaves,  
Its wands of clouds creating another monsoon!  
There's though a different spell on the ground  
Where water flows like a river in high tide,  
Silence broken only by a splashing sound  
Monstrous holes yawning on all side!  
You longed for it in the summer's pain  
Hallucinating in agony the coming of it  
You curse it now calling it a bane  
As it pours from above and deluge the street!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Fairytale Rains

For long there's no rain, for long  
The dying soil stretches its tongue  
Towards the firmament, begging on its knees  
'Rain, come rain, even if a little, please'  
It's eons since the clouds squeezed out  
The last drops, knowing they're all in vain  
No yield would come of them, no sprout  
Horrified they wilted to be never back again!

The race progressed with their grim toil  
Forgetting rain is born in the soil  
Dreaming of a distant thunder  
Yearning the clouds to come asunder!

My grandpa told me a fairytale  
That once on earth the rain fell  
It washed the body and made souls clean  
Lives shot up to make the earth green!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Faith

His feet washed in the breaking waves  
stands the faceless recorder of memories.  
As glistens clean  
seawashed skins of honeymooners  
he waits for one call  
to preserve those moments  
only if when the tides fall  
later years would recall  
from the prints of that time  
shadows of a yore  
of being together on the seashore!

Don't venture too far he whispers  
none can fathom high tide's curse  
before is lived one lovely day  
monsters from deep carry you away.

Don't venture beyond help  
he mutters as if to himself  
if only you knew awaits what burn  
when spend yourself the tides turn!

Don't go lovers too deep  
I too drowned in faith's leap  
with faith in love rode tide high  
in the sands buried those dreams lie!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Faith's Prisoner

He is held captive you needn't farther search  
In temple's precincts within the walls of church  
God is a prisoner in religion's domain  
They flock there to worship him men and women.  
As I see them I get this impression  
They've struck a deal forged a relation  
One that is need based apparently mutual  
God provides care in exchange of ritual.  
At the cost of sounding atheist I must say I notice  
Churches and temples are organized like office  
Hierarchies are set in these god's abodes  
Complete with rules regulations and codes.  
In each of these god-houses is a god's messenger  
He is the supreme priest faith's treasurer  
He leads your prayer cleanses your soul  
Becomes god's face assumes the divine's role.  
The followers don't question their faith inhibited  
Asking and probing questions are strictly prohibited  
I feel places of worship are too stern and rigid  
Where in the hands of his caretakers god goes frigid!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Fallacy

Honesty is sheer bullshit.

dishonest preach it  
honest suffer it.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Falling Sunlight

I chanced upon an ethereal sight  
there she glowing in falling sunlight

heart wondered  
at the mirage in the forest

eyes couldn't ponder  
and let go waste!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Familiar Faces

Some people I know  
I meet in the marketplace,  
Greet them with Hi and a little bow,  
As courtesy shown to a known face,  
No further the relation can go!  
I never care to know them more  
They're just known passersby,  
To them I never open my door  
Nor to build friendship I try!  
Some people I know  
I meet on the way,  
Throw a brief smile at them,  
That's so far as it can go,  
I don't care to know their name!  
Fellow travelers on a passing ship  
I wish I could know them more  
Their thoughts that lie hidden deep  
Like waiting rains yearning to pour!  
If we could take it a little more  
To bridge the yawning distance,  
Opened up to each other our hearts' door  
To give friendship a chance,  
I could find from them some true gem  
That it would be a loss not to know,  
But I never care to know their name,  
The familiar faces I greet with a bow!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Fantasies

On the bend the rosy face  
And I've grown so old  
The ponytail the flowered lace  
Once ends it's never retold.  
A moment's fullness of the dewy lip  
And I've grown so old  
The hazelnut eyes quick n deep  
Once and forever was I sold.  
In the air the silken hand  
And I've grown so old  
A touch that dreamed to land  
Would not land was foretold.  
Night's end a touch on forehead  
And I've grown so old  
Always knew it was dream-made  
Fantasies the passing years rolled.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Farewell Day

They called me a good worker  
And a very good man  
that they would all miss!  
It was my last day at office.  
I felt desolate  
for the chair I warmed,  
the years I lost count of,  
the room that became part of me...  
they at last set me free!  
It all seemed so unreal,  
to be cast away like this,  
not wanted anymore....  
But like so many before me  
I was destined to come ashore.  
A yawning emptiness terrified me  
of the resting time that lay ahead!  
Disembarked from what seemed an unending ride,  
I moved away from the cheers bleary-eyed!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Farewell To The Day

Over the ebbing tide of noise  
Falls the hush from the sky,  
A crimson farewell to the day  
Paints a melancholy in the air,  
One last flutter the wings come to rest  
Waiting for starlight to warm the nest...  
Looking back, so hollow the bygone times ring,  
Quietly sets in another evening.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Fate (9w)

Moon

Though higher up

Often her

Clouds gobble up.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Fate Of A Bard

No verbal duel  
No war of words  
I prefer to be a poet.  
In freedom I dwell  
Free as the birds  
Poetry is my fate.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Fate Of Poems

All those passion fueled stroke  
that go up in smoke!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Father And Son

From gone by years remembered in tears a tale more sweet than sad  
Of a stealthy game that brought no shame played by a son with his dad  
It's still a secret not told to this date he keeps to his breast the son  
Still haunts his thought if he was caught by his dad long since gone.

The dad was old had a heart of gold used to spend money his own  
Deemed it fair as long as there wouldn't be a burden on his son  
He lived on pension but felt no tension in his frequent buying spree  
Got whatever caught his whim's fancy gifted them to the family.

We don't need as such why spend so much the son would remonstrate  
Your extravagance has spoiled all chance for any savings till date  
At this age on life's last page I need to spend the last dime  
Live in rapport with warmth of comfort till I exhaust my time.

When failed all logic performed one trick the son played out a farce  
Many times not once whenever got chance secretly filled up dad's purse  
The old man went on to buy for his son ignoring his advice of thrift  
The son on his part did what said his heart boosted the old one's spirit.

It was summer was time to go home, the dad took leave of his son  
For all the nine months he stayed in the hills lived a monk's life alone  
A few days later over a phone call the dad spoke son when I count  
I find in my purse what I carried intact in fact a little more amount.

The son feigned surprise deemed it wise the truth not be told  
Lest he came apart his pride felt hurt the man with the heart of gold  
He said in humor's voice it's cause for rejoice that money spent is grown  
To this day the son guards the truth alone never making what happened be known.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Faye

Hope you had a good night's sleep Faye  
He coos holding the cup to her lip  
Nice isn't it the morn's first sip  
And be ready for a lovely day!

By the way sweetie I had a good sleep  
Long, dreamless, deep  
If I don't count that recurring nightmare  
You're sitting broken on your favorite chair!

Can't stand to see you broken that way  
From me you ever being taken away  
And one morn here I'm alone to weep  
Not holding a cup to Faye's lip!

You know sweetie I meant it true  
When I said would die without you  
For you my love is so deep grown  
I see it mirrored in the rusted bone!

Faye's eyes don't move a blink  
His words in her quietly sink  
There's a thrill in her timeworn bone  
That her man would never have tea alone.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Fear Of God

God for me provokes the fear of sin  
Do I incur his wrath if commit a wrong  
Like telling lies or being mean  
The fear troubles me all along!

Is he watching all deeds of mine  
Keeping notes in his divine diary  
If I'm grumpy or genuinely benign  
Would move him to decide the key!

If at the pearly gate awaits me heaven  
Or god decides the key for hell  
He would surely get with me even  
If tilts my vice's scale!

But I admit this fear has one good side  
It instills some ponder and brood  
If god's eyes are really opened wide  
For heaven's sake should do some good!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Feathered Guests

Up my backyard tree  
A family is my guest  
In a happy living spree  
Cozy in their nest!  
I saw them build it strong  
With whatever scraps they found  
Laboring all along  
To beak-pick them from ground!  
Secure and steady  
The nest was soon ready  
To welcome in one morn  
Cute little new born!  
Rearing them is hard  
Feeding the hungry brood  
When mother stands on guard  
The father goes for food!  
Fast they grow sweet chicks  
From fluffy to colored plumage  
It's a matter of weeks  
Before they turn a new page!  
I don't want them to haste  
But I know they would soon fly  
Leaving a hole in my heart  
For the expanse of the sky!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Fighter

A hundred bucks I gave her

She was not selling herself

She asked it for help

His man drunk too much

With life he paid

He has left me a beggar

She lamented

Starting with the cost of his last rites

My days will now be an endless fight

A hundred bucks I gave her

And closed the door

She wasn't in my thought anymore

Till last night in the dim moon's glow

I caught two moving shadows

Of her with another man, a stranger.

As her laughter rippled the night

I nodded.

She wouldn't give up without a fight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Fighting The Enemy

You could have stayed back in the sun.  
But you sail in the stormy ocean  
You brave the cold nights  
While the fire burns out in the hearth  
You dive deep and climb high  
Never choosing the calm, not afraid to die!  
You could have stayed back in the sun  
Enjoying peace and the mundane fun  
But you choose the flower's thorn  
You grab the bull by the horn,  
You know you have to overcome and win  
The battle against the enemy within!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Final Celebration

The music plays on,  
He lies motionless,  
Sedated forlorn,  
End looming on his face.  
There isn't a trace  
That he did ever embrace  
Life and love that fulfils it,  
But forever lying on the crumpled sheet!  
The music plays in his head,  
His fingers faintly move on the bed,  
Now from death no more immune,  
They celebrate the symphony of one last tune!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Final Tryst

The wrinkled hands  
Bear not the slightest hint  
They ever grabbed the golden orb.  
Age mockingly hides  
This body ever rose with the tides.  
Now before the eyes  
A swirling mist  
Waits for the final tryst!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Finding God

They went inside the temple to worship  
some ran in for shelter

when the clouds parted  
I drenched myself in the rain.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Finding Home

As he so thinly and lightly floated up  
He saw a bloody mess crowded around.

He understood and not bothering his weightlessness

Thought I must now find my way home.

Over the mesh of cables and wires  
Above the teeming dots of men and machines  
He skimmed the noiseless air beyond pain.

Now I know they spoke of what gain.

Once found he thought of landing on the roof  
Melt through the attic door and be right beside her  
But he didn't want to give her a scare.

He would rather take the front door.

He held to the belief he needed no mirror.

It proved right as she was just mildly surprised.

He wished he could hold her hand and say

I'm back early for you today.

But there was so little time for the frivolousness

And supposing he wouldn't be there the next instance

Started to speak.

I came back just to tell how much I love you.

She responded in a beaming radiant face

This is madness

To have come back for what I always knew

And then as he lifted her in a demonic strength

Giggled I love you too.

When she rose to silence the phone's ring

She didn't see him take wing

To go home in the wind's flow!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Finding Me

dishevelled hair  
unkempt beard  
he stood under the tree  
away from his herd

he gave a weary yawn  
like a frog  
snapping open and shut its mouth  
without the prey in

he looked a bundle of lost chance  
to the point  
living seemed a voidful horror

I carried him in my mind

carry him in my mirror

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Finding Nectar

The scent of pollen  
Draws it nigh  
The butterfly  
Needn't fly high!  
It needn't go far  
Nor mind the briar  
To draw nectar  
From the yearning flower!  
I learned it from butterfly  
All I ought to find lie  
So near me  
I only have to see!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Finding Self

when we see ourselves  
as being here  
to comfort others.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Fire

I don't aspire  
to be immune from fire,  
only hope my resilience  
withstands the burn's pains!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Firefly

Spins around my head  
Nature's LED  
A firefly,  
Hits the fan  
Now it can  
Make the sky.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# First Lesson

Good boys sit on the first row  
They do ma said as a rule  
So with the call of the first crow  
I was ready to leave for the school.

Just as I reached the clock struck six  
From home it was quite some ride  
What I found there threw me in a fix  
The first bench was fully occupied!

Four sat already on the front row  
With no more a space for the fifth  
My jostles raised the others' eyebrows  
They won't let me have it as a gift!

I pushed with all might the boy on the side  
But he wasn't the one to let go  
I feel a little shame when to you I confide  
He gave me a hard fisted blow!

But a good boy as me must have rightful place  
One on the first bench as a right  
I wasn't going to settle for anything less  
Even if that meant a bloody fight!

The second jab fell right on my nose  
Blood spurted warm red on my shirt  
That settled it brought the war to a close  
The loss made a dent in my heart!

The last bench was empty with only one guy  
He sat happily looking peaceful  
I knew being good wasn't worth enough to die  
And that was my first lesson at school!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# First Love Forever Lasts

First love forever lasts.  
Cinders from the past  
Gather fire from the cold  
In your heart light a spark.

First love forever lasts.  
In your eyes it alights  
In the middle of the nights  
Turns a drop of tear.

First love forever lasts.  
When you get up in the morn  
You see it appear  
In renewal's attire.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# First Poem

See what comes of your life's toil  
woke me up an eerie nasal voice  
she reeked of putrid soil  
her look was no rejoice.

I wondered being at that forlorn place  
with two dark holes peering at me  
smelling of varnished wood  
and eyes watery.

The air smelled of wild moss  
under a sky pallid grey  
shadows rose from the silent cross  
where I too dreadfully lay.

you needn't lie down anymore  
her voice betrayed a mirth  
now that you're thru this door  
cleanse yourself with a bath.

Two holes held me in their stare  
rise man there's nothing to fear  
once you wash your earthly tears  
can write your first poem here.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# First Rain

on my nose  
a cold pin prick  
I wonder what's the reason

cloud tiptoes  
part and leak  
falls first rain of the season!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Fishwoman

Her mind strays as she cuts into pieces  
her spread of the morning's fish  
fills an ache him she misses  
couldn't hold him back her wish.

They crowd around bidding the price  
till noon would last the bargain  
she spoons fish scales cuts neat slice  
in between remembers her pain.

What wasn't in her that he found elsewhere  
so he left to never come back  
what she lacked that he held so dear  
one mystery she never could crack.

They haggle with her for hard bargain  
she must have her day's profit  
silently stings the long held pain  
him still she misses every bit.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Five Past Three

I know what time it is  
At your place five past three  
Night's thinning for goodbye kiss  
You are sunk in poetry!

Moon seeks recline to west  
Stars are craving dawn of sun  
Yet your mind hasn't found rest  
Chasing words on the free run!

Go to sleep angel tarry not  
Before the fire burns you whole  
For the coming day spare a thought  
Close eyes till the night is coal!

You need to stop before hours grow small  
Birds wake up in dewy rain  
Rest my angel can't catch them all  
Your poems of joy and pain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Flames Of The Forest

The city is in flame.  
Spring has set the streets on fire.  
The walkways are glowing red.  
Like the forbidden, the indifferent passersby  
Stamp on them.  
Under busy feet, littered on the concrete,  
The raging fire paints the city wild.  
They fall noiselessly on your path,  
Giving you all and hoping nothing in return.  
If you are not moved, trample them not, lest  
They turn away not to be back again,  
Flames of the forest!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Flavors Of Dream

There's a man on the ice-cream van.  
Choices galore, one can't want more,  
vanilla, strawberry, chocolate...  
But on the hot day his fate  
is to lie in stupor,  
he can't have one!  
The poor man is sleeping on his ice-cream van.  
Though dazed with the heat  
he can't retreat  
with a cup or a bar,  
He sells the cold  
all pieces must be sold  
he mustn't have one!  
The guy dreams on the ice-cream van.  
Flavors galore, as he opens the door,  
vanilla, strawberry, chocolate...  
He mustn't lust  
must overcome thirst  
let others have fun,  
he mustn't even have one!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Flesh Hunter

He waited breathless  
In the darkness  
That sliced his body  
Into million sparks.  
The world spun  
For invading touches  
That could have been  
Her kisses,  
The stars shone  
That could as well  
Be the gleams in her eyes,  
The wind smelled  
Fragrance of flowers  
That would soon wilt.  
He got up to go,  
A resolute man,  
Blindly fearless,  
For hunting out prey  
That could never be his.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Flight

From his tiny place  
He steps into a larger space.

Tells his face  
He finds it nice  
The blinding slice!

In that luminous relief  
Of smoked glass and concrete  
Is confirmed his belief

Freedom is sweet  
Even an illusory one!  
Before he's back to the night  
He must bite as much of it.

Must harvest to the full that walled flight  
Store every bit of it

And never let that brief dreamy light  
Go out of sight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# For Life

She was my good lover

Thought she would make me  
A good wife

But

She carved me the fate

Of being

A poet for life!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# For Some Time

For some time  
they were very happy  
at his return

his wife daughters sons  
all the beloved ones  
as he himself was.

Only for some time.

It made him think of  
forever eternal infinite  
and more  
he attributed to love

all that he yearned for  
now remaining no more a dream  
but right there before him  
to embrace  
and continue living in happiness.

But now  
after the some time

why they appear to him stale  
this replica of a life  
he had lived so well

the thought of leaving which  
the fear to die  
had made him cry!

Craving to be back among the stars  
he mutters

if only I knew  
coming back would be a curse!



# For The Grace Of Your Words

Friend I stand on your door with open arms  
For the grace of your words they truly charm  
I love them your agrees and the little spats  
Your flowers in my hand bouquets brickbats!

It's for you only that I get to see  
What I am and what I could be  
For that you never mind to part precious time  
Gift that to me for my trifling rhyme!

My heart's reader your words always charm  
Your likes light up even the humdrum  
It's in your views that my writes come alive  
They make a poet breathe his poems survive!

It then so happens your words become my own  
Your seeds of thoughts in me get sown  
My dreams meet yours mind touches mind  
An awakening blooms in that priceless find!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# For The Love Of

Not a word I say  
As long as the salt is okay.

It really makes little sense  
Depend on salt my goodness and patience.

The sooner it goes wrong  
Sparks fly from my evil tongue.

As if a little less salt is good cause  
To bare myself in fangs and claws.

In fuming anger and blind of sight  
Forget the times when it was alright  
Once in ten when salt goes less  
Monster takes the human's place.

I console myself it's an ingrained fault  
In man to flare up for less grain of salt.

The beast in us can no longer hide  
When deficient of sodium chloride.

In these what I read makes me darkly brood

For the love of salt I couldn't ever be good!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# For The Times You Will Need Them

If ever the sun shines like gold  
air smells of unknown happiness  
tightly them in a bottle hold  
secure in your safest place.

When hits you the roughest wave  
a patch of shore you badly need  
bring them out from where you saved  
take off the lid for a spoonful feed.

If ever shines a passing light  
forget not to store it well  
in times of living through darkest night  
take off the lid in it revel.

When hits you life's toughest phase  
in the raging storm can't find your way  
delve within to reach that place  
where the bottled sun you stored away.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# For Those Who Leave Sooner

Fellow traveler  
As you leave  
You leave me your love.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# For Tomorrow

Will it

Till it

Fill it

For tomorrow

If time kills you

There'll always be someone

That'll find in

What you left

The YOU!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# For Us Bred

Fluffy cute chicks  
barely two weeks  
huddled in one small space

for men's bowel bred  
scared and afraid  
their minds are a jumble of mess!

Readied for a ride  
to the river's other side  
ferried on a small wooden boat

where the market  
will decide their fate  
finding kind home is remote!

Those chicks that are dead  
will sink to riverbed  
the living will leave them behind

I can only mourn  
pray they are never born  
as victims of greed cruelly blind!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# For You

The least I can wish is

Enjoy everyday in peace.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# For Your Love

Without care it grows  
Till the flower shows  
Birds brought the seed  
It's just another weed.  
In a corner of the garden  
Amid beauties a burden  
One you would like to miss  
It grows unloved in bliss.  
You care not about its name  
The uninvited without shame  
That needs no water  
'Damn it', you mutter.  
Hardened it stands stubborn  
Mocking you night and morn  
Unloved yet in love with you  
Baked in sun bathed in dew.  
You can't take it anymore  
It has to be shown the door  
With gun you madly shoot  
It's gone head and root.  
Summer passes comes the rain  
Your garden is green once again  
For your love sprouts the undying greed  
Once more the birds bring back the seed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Foretell

The house resounds with mirth  
There isn't a nook left unlit  
Death celebrated like a birth  
Making separation look not un-sweet!

And this is what he had to say  
In the style of a prophetic foretell  
When I die I'll be mourned for the day  
Next day will be a memory on the wall!

To his credit he spoke what is right  
One death is just a person less  
He's gone and not even fortnight  
The house is back to beaming face!

It's the right way to mourn the dead  
By those who held him close to heart  
Realizing life has to go on instead  
Of stopping for the ones death do part!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Fortunate

Thank God  
there's someone  
to be with  
and a warm bed  
when the day is done  
with a roof over head!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Fragments Of Poetry

some feeble tunes the ears catch  
hushed dialogues overheard  
in the shadows a lighted patch  
windborne caught one word

you they haunt daylong chase  
nibble your thoughts and tease  
not revealed from greyish haze  
yet keep your mind in leash!

what are they you wonder aloud  
shadows in wispy outline  
all those nagers hidden in shroud  
you feel but can't define

day and night they gnaw inside  
a lump of mass sans sense  
drag you low climb you tide  
fly you unseen distance!

with them within life you roam  
spelled in all you do  
why your mind they make their home  
you haven't the slightest clue

only a few you can hold in hands  
purge with the flows of ink  
most them die stillborn strands  
find a depth to quietly sink!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Frankly Speaking

Every night the time I ready for a slumber deep  
I think of the morrow and all my words to keep  
Commitments made things delayed left undone  
Not one seems to be pleasant not one seems any fun.

To accomplish what's left out I feel I should hurry  
But feel as much I forget blame it on my memory  
Today was once again one of unfulfilled commitment  
I have a lurking fear morrow won't be any different.

Do now what can be done later bring tomorrow's work today  
Love the saying but can't do much I don't know the way  
What is to be done now I keep them putting in shelf  
Today's work I defer hoping of tomorrow's help.

Every night when I ready for a soft plunge on my bed  
I think of the morrow today's undone buzz in head  
Un-kept words undone work their thoughts don't bring cheers  
If truth is said I don't bother been doing so all these years.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Frazer

As he scanned the far horizon of the mangrove beach  
He imagined her silhouette by the sea of Norwich  
A home he had left long to be so remotely far  
On this alien shore with her face a distant star!

The sea winds kissed his skin in a bid to make amend  
For his walks in the blazing sun weariness of dayend  
He felt a peace in his ruffled mind craving for a rest  
Amid the waves' serenade dreaming a lulling nest!

What if he made his home on this virgin desolate beach  
Walked the sands thought-romancing the woman of Norwich  
Swam wild in the saline sea then lie in the mangrove's shade  
With no statistics to worry about only love's buzz in his head!

Not going back to the asphalt path he would build here a hut  
Laze dream lying in the shadows of wild and green coconut  
In the starry evenings when the sea would hold her bewitched  
He would walk the trails of scent left by the woman of Norwich!

This man went with the mission of building on the sea a port  
But the mangrove gave him a reason to make there a love resort  
No relic survives now the waves having carried beyond reach  
All except the lingering scent of his love for the woman of Norwich!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Free Of Shame

Handsome girl  
You charge two rupees for your service  
And it's too small for all your distress  
Being for sometime my mistress!

But I love those silken cheese  
That charge me five rupees  
Wet in oiled black curls  
Handsomest dark skin girls!

Can't get me all the white  
What I get from her all night  
Turn me a slave her power  
Aroma of her hair's flower!

Are you free of shame  
O girl what's your name  
Else how you give freely  
Yourself for a sum measly!

Someone's wife or mother  
Tell me why I bother  
And not pay you in my pity  
When you sell you for poverty!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Free Will

On my canvas white  
The characters spill  
At free will.  
They roll  
Without control  
Way they feel.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Freedom

That night she dreamed of a freedom blue and sweet  
God blessed her she got it, escaped through a slit.  
She's gone, she's gone, she has gone into the blue  
For what lies beyond her cage, she really has no clue.  
The prowling preying perils, she has no idea about  
Can chase her, erase her, monsters strong and stout.

She's gone, she's gone, she has vanished into the blue  
For what lies beyond her cage, she really has no clue.  
In the mad rush of wind, in her mad flap of wings  
She never knows, did never know, all the coming things.  
In the hunting eyes of hawk, trailing her in the sun  
She'll soon learn freedom, is not an unmixed fun.

She's gone, she has flown, vanished into the blue  
If only had she known, if only she had a clue.  
The dream run will soon end, when comes the night  
Her weary wings will rue, she took this fancy flight.  
Her eyes will gather a mist, for the ones she left behind  
Though she dreamed it, and longed it, the freedom in her mind.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Freedom (8w)

There's no freedom  
anywhere  
except in the mind!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## Fret Not (10w)

I don't fret  
Being no reformer  
And just a poet!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Friend

Friend when you pronounce me  
the word takes a tongue  
licks my mind vigorously  
breath takes it to the lung.

How I die for that one word  
and would anything spend  
just to have it from a voice heard  
one breath calling me friend.

Friend once from your tongue rush  
pumped out from beat of heart  
break the dam rivers out-gush  
make me your inseparable part.

Friend once you utter tie me with a lace  
tender yet not brittle like glass  
remind me in love we belong to one race  
break down all barriers of class.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Frogs Are Gone

In the cloudy evenings with strong hints of rain  
You heard them once and you heard them again  
The air would rend with their cacophony  
The torrents would send them in ecstatic glee.  
Even a few years back you could find them around  
The harbinger of monsoon with harsh croaking sound  
On your yard and garden in quite large packs  
Frolicking for insects, the great jumping Jacks.  
They scoured the marshland in search for food  
Calling in monotone and setting you to brood  
With your mind gnawed by the incessant rains  
That rattled your thoughts and the glass window panes.  
But then lands were devoured by the human sharks  
Soon disappeared open spaces and parks  
Came up apartments and rows of house  
Urban growth you accept without grouse.  
Now in the lonely evenings with fair hints of rain  
The rains will be back but you won't hear them again  
Their habitats are gone there aren't left any bogs  
And with these are gone your neighborhood frogs.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## From Beyond Waves' Roar

see her salt feet rimmed in wet sands  
wade the creek of the fishermen  
gay abandoned black mystic strands  
hair wildly adorned in sandgrains!

don't leave me girl for that fishing hamlet  
where they count for the day's catch of fish  
though times will go and eyes will forget  
on the sealine your dreams will never cease!

tell me o girl your all the hidden pain  
your desires winds carried to the sea  
that along the creek you seek wild insane  
long longed but never found in me!

come back my girl from beyond waves' roar  
tell me of thousands one wish  
before the tides go to come back no more  
let your heart be for once unleashed!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# From Her Queendom

Since then been carrying water in that 600ml bottle.

The one she lured me with in the scorching heat  
When my throat was dying for a drink

You need it more than anything now sir  
Said she her thatched shop in the land of nowhere

I yielded for the price was not too high  
For a thirsty soul passing by

On the highway happened the fair deal  
She had one less to sell  
I had my fill

Like the car sir our body too needs oil  
Said between smiles the woman of the soil

For once I loved her piece of wisdom  
The unpretentious savior, proud owner of her queendom

Dunno why since then  
I've been holding onto that bottle  
As my fairest bargain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# From Last Winter

They just came back to me.

Smells of the last winter!

They brought me back  
What slipped through  
Before I could grab it!

The colors  
More diverse than rainbow  
Mocked me in their warm glow  
For I'm a year older  
But their color  
Still holding fast  
Many of them may outlast  
Me  
Warmth intact in mothball  
While I'm dominated more and more  
More harshness I feel  
In the winter chill!

When at last they'll take me out  
They still will be there  
Ageless in the cupboard  
Holding the once wearer  
In their warm void!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# From Love

there is no respite from love

no need ever

really.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## From Market

A kilo of fish brinjal pumpkin  
Cauliflower raisin and bean  
Washing soap and eggs one crate  
Need to buy bring from market!

Mustard oil some milk and rice  
Cashew nut and a horde of spice  
Gourd and potato spinach cabbage  
The list is long fills a page!

Feel confused from where to start  
How to pile and stack on a cart  
Shoeshine cream to adhesive glue  
All calculations and maths to do!

Ticked what's got unticked what's not  
Cash dwindles with much unbought  
Trudge back home in sweated daze  
She checks items and fumes in rage!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# From Me To Me

Poetry starts and ends with me  
it's as far as it should go  
between me and me  
unshackled free  
tilling the mind  
shoveling the dirt  
all mine  
each part of it  
bitter sweet  
poem's words  
even if unlettered unstructured  
lacking grace finesse  
all mine  
I own them  
each line  
to save me  
my self  
never writing with the worry  
out there is a jury  
reading analyzing  
liking disliking  
but me  
and me  
knowing that's the length it travels  
between me and me  
and that's enough of a journey  
for my poetry.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## From The Dust Of Time

Hidden in the pages of a dusty book  
I found a note- 'waiting for you'  
Who wrote it? How did she look?  
We never met, it's long overdue.  
Beneath dust of time, my mind was a mess  
I couldn't remember her or recollect the face  
Is she still waiting or sailed elsewhere  
She was waiting for me, why didn't I care?  
Why didn't she call again, send a reminder?  
She was waiting, I didn't go to her.  
In life's passage, an event mundane  
The note in the dusty book became heart's burden.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Frost's Woods Revisited

As I reach there my fingers itch for a click  
The lens in hope zooms but soon turns sick  
My disappointed mind depressingly broods  
Where have gone Frost's dark deep woods!  
What my eyes see can be called at best  
A skeletal green a parody of forest  
Where my horse would shake head in doubt  
Why I pause here it can't make out!  
I seriously wonder whose woods are these  
For logs and timbers fell trees as they please  
Not many are left in vision's long range  
No wonder my horse thinks it strange!  
My heart shivers in the cold evening clime  
In fear the forests would vanish in no time  
There won't be Frost's woods dark and deep  
For when they were going wisdom found us asleep!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Frozen Frames

The riddles inside me  
Are set free  
Through poems.  
They go on a ride  
In the world outside  
Turn to frozen frames!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Fullness

Full is my treasure trove,

I have but one love!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Gadgets (10w)

Gadgets you buy  
Tomorrow die,  
Pity  
So fast  
Lose novelty.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Gallantry

The soldier was receiving the gallantry award.

In his mind was not

How many enemies he had killed  
How bravely he had fought the war  
How greatly he defended his country  
The heaping praises  
The glittering medal

But...

The reassuring happiness  
Of having come out of it

Alive!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Ganga

Under the amber sky she flows as far as the sea  
her bank on the other side is shrunk as eye can see  
I have seen joys rise like tide tears mingle in hers  
she is Ganga the one river mother of all rivers.

On her ceaseless journey from high up to the bay  
melts snow in her flow springs life from her clay  
worshiped as holy mother yet spoiled by her sons  
she is ravaged time again slayed by evil demons.

For ages she has nurtured life tilled green her shore  
around her have sown hopes its timeless folklore  
her soils have sculpted cornfields and images of goddess  
she is now an ebbing tide end's shadows on her face.

Hear once her moaning waves her ripples' silent sigh  
from the silts clogging her breast her beds going dry  
dying groans of the mother poisoned in effluent  
choked by her people's waste killed without relent.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Gateman

Open the door, gateman  
Open the door for me  
Break out of dream if you can  
It's long since you slept to lullaby.  
I know you're tired  
Of counting each grass in the park  
It's not what you aspired  
The drowsy trills of the lark.  
You surely have no clue  
Here amid the flowers  
With so little to do  
Why counting the weary hours.  
In the summer's burning glow  
Your sweats bring dazed dreams  
And knowing the winds won't blow  
Your surround in despair dims.  
Open the door, gateman  
Open the door for me  
Get out of dream if you can  
From the delirious lullaby.  
For once show me your eyes  
Where the dreamy slumbers loom  
Amid flowers grown in sunrise  
Seeding flowers that won't bloom.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Gathering Her

In the dying flickers of night  
I lust for her touch on my forehead

Come before robs you the daylight  
And scatter you in pieces in my head!

In daylight she's real scattered pieces  
Drawn in many faces missed in many kisses  
A woman a wife remote in diverse role  
Her fibers hidden like light in black hole  
On the nights too she's mystic moonbathed  
A wispy fairy out of bound lying on my bed  
I can't but love her can't her ever leave  
Can't put out the flame that rises to deceive

I crave her fullness in the dying flickers of night  
And doomed to an eternal fate  
I lie in wait

To see her core disrobed  
before robs her daylight!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Geras

Wrinkle our face  
Twinkle weather  
Quietly we embrace  
Age together.

Each annular ring  
Season's turning breeze  
In our ears sing  
We are aging with ease.

What if she gets slow  
My limbs are growing rust  
Lacking youthful glow  
We're aging in good trust.

Her curves have lost the edge  
My gait lacks olden spright  
Yet nicely do we age  
We're aging without fright.

Have grown dim our eyes  
Ears too often fail  
There's no disguise  
We are aging well.

We are past that ride  
Stuck on the surface  
Reached that space inside  
Where we can age in grace.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Ghost Story

The thing I hate most  
is when I have to switch off the light  
paving way for ghosts  
to rule my night!

When moonbeam peeped through window  
night revealed her in the most beauteous glory  
I would not fall asleep in that half-lit glow  
till ma told me the eeriest ghost story!

She would tell me about imps and ghouls  
the ones that roam to find if a child is sleepless  
of spirits no more bound by earthly rules  
moving in the hollows in faceless face!

There were ghosts good and crooks  
souls that died in unfulfilled lust  
their shadows crept in the dark nooks  
their sighs echoed with the wind's gust!

I could feel their breath catch their whiff  
the lurking bones lying for me in wait  
that would not spare me even in my sleep  
till they turned me their netherworld's mate!

To this day I feel a deadly gloom  
pause before I put out the light  
what if finding me alone in a room  
visit me the fears of the night!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Ghosts In A House

In the barren landscape with little to show  
The wintry day was about to bow  
When with a tingling fear and a little grouse  
I stood alone before the haunted house.  
It loomed ominously its spires high  
That seemed to pierce the evening sky  
Its cobwebbed door and dusty panes  
Reeked of evil and bode ill omens.  
The chilly wind blew down my spine  
Trying to stop me with howling whine  
'Don't step on this long untrodden track,  
Before they find you, better go back'.  
For a moment I felt like running away  
Not stopping there for the nocturnal stay  
But my heavy laden feet dragged me on  
There was no going back till came dawn.  
Soon I was past the evening's first star  
To enter the doorway that was slightly ajar  
The darkness inside was so maliciously thick  
It would hardly melt with just one matchstick.  
As I lit the candle I cried in utter fright  
I was knocked down by a dark whirling night  
It was sometime before I regained my composure  
It was bats on their flight as from slumber they arose.  
The place closely resembled my nightmare's hell  
With silence of the grave and a rotten stinking smell  
It seemed to say 'the alive is debarred here,  
When you turn to them, you'll have no fear'!  
I tried not to be unnerved and lit up my torch  
To see what lay beyond the long dusty porch  
Finding the staircase I tried to gather my poise  
But it was soon gone at the ghastly creaking noise.  
I heard someone above speaking in muffled voice  
'We had to come here, there was no choice,  
But I'm sure something is down there,  
A ghost must be moving, I heard sounds down stair'!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Gift

If you have in mind to give someone a gift  
Love or just anything to bring a cheer's lift  
Don't defer do it now before it's too late  
A time may come bitter to leave you in regret!

Don't keep deferring a gift by pondering over it  
Or thinking it can further wait in time's endless pit  
Tomorrow it may so happen that the one in mind is gone  
Without ever having your gift leaving that work undone!

If you have in mind to gift someone a thing or two  
Keep it not in abeyance make the now its time to do  
Next time is a long time so it may never leave your heart  
You delayed the gift too long and chance was swift to depart!

Once the wish grows in mind to give someone a gift  
Hurry for tides may change sands may go for a shift  
Do it now get it done and treasure the receiver's smile  
So you don't have to regret the rest of your walking mile!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Gifted A Day

Don't regret, never mind  
The day you have left behind  
A beautiful night is in wait for you  
For dreaming again hoping anew!  
Feel blessed that you got to stay  
To live and love for another day  
To rise again and see the sun  
Get to do what's still undone.  
Know it is from god a gift  
To renew your spirit and give it a lift!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Girl Of The Soil

Her hairs bereft of oil  
Unkempt with dirt  
The girl of the soil  
I can't reach her heart.  
I can't reach her heart  
The girl wears no rouge  
Like arrow she darts  
She can't be my muse.  
Her teeth aren't pearls  
She hasn't a smooth skin  
On her no beauty curls  
Her heart I can't win.  
Whole day she toils  
She wears no cute dress  
The girl of the soil  
I can't kiss her face.  
She isn't to any school  
The girl knows no tune  
Her heart I can't rule  
From me she's immune.  
Her words pour out pure  
In her way she is smart  
But she makes it sure  
I can never reach her heart.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Girl With The Blue Umbrella

The girl with the blue umbrella  
Caught my look,  
For a moment I loved her  
Then she was gone far.  
I drank her eyes a sparkling wine  
Forbidden she couldn't be mine  
In my heart she left a scar  
In my eyes a remote star!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Give Me If You Have

Do you remember last cascades of laughter  
Till your breath couldn't take it anymore  
Your seams almost opened belly ruptured  
From standing you came down to floor!

You laughed first once and then couldn't hold  
Their peals kept gushing like a flood  
Mouth hole bared from eyes tears rolled  
Laughter invaded your blood!

People wouldn't know if you laughed or wept  
As tears flowed down your cheeks  
Such was the fun it did you suffocate  
Seemed wouldn't stop for weeks!

If you remember please pass onto me  
I'll preserve in a bottle that stuff  
Only to uncork when it needs be  
In the days that I find pretty tough!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# God Got On The Way

He thought he could easily glide  
But on the road hit his head  
The dog was on the other side  
The dog wasn't fed.  
In that wee hour he bled  
The winter fog lay dense  
The poor dog remained unfed  
There wasn't an ambulance.  
A little faster and he could make it  
But he landed on his head  
The car had him deadly hit  
The dog wasn't fed.  
A few steps and he could be there  
But he was lying with a swollen head  
God he was not fair  
The dog wasn't fed.  
He could have taken his time to cross to the other side  
The car could have seen him and not knock his head  
But ifs and buts as always leave possibilities wide  
He was so keen on it but the dog couldn't be fed.  
His eyes askance gazed lifeless at the sky  
His blood stained the road red  
Though a kind soul that made an honest try  
God saw the dog wasn't fed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# God Who Kills

In a room dark  
I'm killed everyday  
I can't see the wound's mark  
As there's no sunray.....

No religion no race  
In the darkness  
I'm just someone with no face  
To be killed without trace.....

They could set me free  
My stomach was empty  
I was starved and lean  
No way could I win.....

I pray for a little light  
As anyone would on a dark night  
To see where it hurts  
When the bullet departs.....

Hunger has stilled my sense  
Can't feel the death sentence  
Still in the dark I pray  
To a God who kills me everyday!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# God Will Be Back

Between belief and non-belief  
Battle the reason and faith  
When one fails, the other takes over  
Down on our knees, we surrender.  
Faith in reason finds no reason in faith  
An escaping belief in god's presence  
All the testaments don't live up to the truth  
When reason reigns, god makes no sense.  
But then reasons can't bring solace  
Rationality is hard and ruthless  
When the fire brings tormenting pain  
Reason flees and god soothes like rain.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Goddess

In her eyes the starkness of might  
in her outstretched arms a call  
to the ones challenging her  
to surrender to her power  
and the ones worshipping her  
to find in her might what's hidden,  
an invitation to the worshipper and the challenger  
to submit, to see, beyond her wrathful might  
not a goddess  
but a woman, a mortal lover,  
infinitely lovable!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# God's Child

A God's child was born in the mud  
Earth had no place; it was nipped in the bud.  
There was no mourning, only the mother wailed  
God quietly succumbed, he was once more impaled.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# God's Ire

Every year I'm haunted by a doubt  
Will this year's Puja be a washout?  
Feeling scared if her anger Ma Durga vents  
By sending thunder and rain in torrents  
Festivities spoiled, all joys marred  
My dresses remain locked in cupboard!  
With gloomy faces of people around  
No pandal hopping on wet slushy ground  
Confined at home, a very sad fate  
Dating ma Durga merely on Net!

Now you may ask what causes her ire  
The reason can be found not very far  
Corruptions abound, crores of scam  
How she can't be angry and give it a damn!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Golden Potato

The golden potato beamed at him in the sun  
When he had almost stopped his quest for this one  
The others in the pile smeared his hand with red earth  
But it as if for his eyes lay hidden apart.

Make me your choice do pick me  
Lift me from this dump set me free  
I deserve no mash no steaming boil  
No cut into pieces to be fried in oil.

Get me quick for I come from a land  
Where soil grows rich in golden sand  
They have a song for each seed sown  
That when they sing all grief is outgrown.

And the harvest when they're spread in the sun  
All hands embrace all hearts welcome  
In each sapling that sprouts from the soil  
Is seen the miracle of god's earthly toil.

He picked the precious up from the red dirt  
Needing it dearly for his backyard desert  
Where he would have it on this summer sown  
Till the rain shoots it up all grief is outgrown.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Gone Are The Keys

You are out of touch  
So long so much  
Trapped in the box  
While the outside knocks.  
A hectic day late night  
Steal from you dawn's light  
Always busy chasing a farce  
You have no time for night stars.  
Maybe you regret you may curse  
Missing to listen what wind whispers  
Missing the spring the autumnal blue  
You have no clue to the box you glue.  
Meantime the colors come and go  
In the pearly moon the heavens glow  
You have no time outside the box  
Gone are the keys to open the locks.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Gone But Still There

In the sunshine she stood  
And then she was gone  
Yet she's there for good  
I see her off and on.  
Her face is dolled goodness  
Her smiles drip moonlight  
She quietly leaves her trace  
In my dream's fancy flight.  
She salvages me from pain  
From wildly raging storms  
Inside me she remains  
A healer in many forms.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Good Times Will Be Back

We are in the dark but have time for a song  
Bad times will go, they won't stay for long  
Clouds will disperse, revealing blue again  
Soothing gust of wind will heal all our pain.  
Know the night of sorrow will surely bow out  
A blazing day it will be to blow away all doubt  
Birds will be back, will come back sunshine  
Happiness will be back, we will again be fine.  
Know the gale of misery will not last for long  
Bad times will go, will revert to joyful song  
The dust will settle, cooler will be the clime  
We shall be there to welcome the good time.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Goodness

On that bright day his mind was unusually calm  
He stopped by the beggar to offer him some alms  
Feeling at peace with himself without a trace of qualm  
He took a deep breath, with life he was coming to term.

Goodness he pondered was quite an achievable feat  
A small spark that made him offer the old man a seat  
Each familiar face he smiled at such easy was to greet  
Inside him he grew healthier being good was great benefit.

Why men suffer jealousy fight for one-upmanship  
Instead of trading for goodness most precious human keep  
Just not burn to earn his food comfort and restful sleep  
But live in shining goodness make life a rewarding trip.

Being good with one's own kind he felt wouldn't do  
Other lives around him must kindly be treated too  
A crumb of bread for the street dog on its head a little pat  
Pints of milk and a little care for the weak and ailing cat.

As he walked the road thoughts like these lighted up his face  
He found waiting on wayside many things begging goodness  
Determined he would reach them all do them a little good  
He sprinted along in a sprightly gait his mind in deep brood.

Back home when she opened the door he gave her a broad smile  
She glowered a little askance for he hadn't done it a while

What brings you this sheepish smile what for the elation?  
Don't even think you can ever make on me a good impression!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Graduation Class

This is my graduation class  
and I have bunked quite a few of them.

terrifyingly I realize it has to be a long time

for I am frantically looking for the college  
the home of my graduation class

and here I am groping to get my way back  
asking people the way to my college!

Must be my long absence playing tricks on my memory  
but that hardly makes sense.

At last I find out the iron gate

from there a narrow passage shows flight of stairs

but my class, which floor is my class?

doesn't strike me the hush  
as I run up the steps

wasn't it the fourth floor?

and when I reach it gasp for breath

my graduation class looks unfamiliar  
so is the head stooping under the table lamp  
his specs almost falling from nose  
intently gazing at something  
from the maze of electrical apparatuses spread before him.

I don't recollect having ever a teacher like him

but today I don't trust my memories

too many things I have forgotten

must be the fallout of missing classes for too long

the man there in my graduation class  
has to be my teacher!

He looks up as I start speaking

I'm sorry sir, being ill I've missed some classes  
but I'll manage to catch up.

Then it happens

my bag swings in the air  
pulled by an invisible force!

He smiles at my awed face

don't bother, you know, it's so strong  
the electromagnetic field of course  
such nasty pulls they make

in a flash a floodgate opens

my graduation class doesn't have a lab inside  
my bag by now flying in the air is an office bag  
I have no business in the college anymore

I had left my graduation class  
over three decades ago!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Grass Cutters

From morn are at work the grass cutters  
Clearing the weeds to make way for men  
In the wind I catch their mumbled chatters  
Of lives deemed wasted in no gain.

Had my parents had enough money  
I would not have been here cutting grass  
But worked at some big company  
Earn enough to live with full purse.

But you know I can't blame them  
They had to spend last bit on food  
Fended for years gave me a name  
Saw that I grew up to manhood.

As soon was born some sense in me  
The feel to realize my debt  
I searched for way to earn some money  
And here I am with my fate.

But now I know must do my best  
In the hope that only matters  
To see his life doesn't go waste  
My son becomes never a grass cutter.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Green Coconut

Today I wouldn't tell you about me

I would tell you about the green coconut  
His eyes begged me a drink

Good sir just ten rupees  
Fountain of life  
To quench your thirst  
Feed your hunger

All these sir for so cheap  
Have it one please  
For just ten rupees

His shriveled face  
Shrunken eyes  
Stretched palms  
Offering heal of pain  
Life's fountain  
For just ten rupees

His eyes begged me a drink

He knew my thirst  
His healing remedy  
Green coconut  
Building between us  
A bridge  
For ten rupees

I'm sorry I failed  
In what I said at the outset  
For now standing here  
I'm telling about me  
An empty green coconut in my hand  
In his eyes me

In this distant land!



# Green Island

I'm escaping again to Green Island.  
Here the landscape never changes,  
The rocks never grow moss,  
The mystic river is never stolen.  
They are as they were eons ago.  
I am the odd man there,  
Worn out by time,  
The bald patch on the green,  
A barrenness on the fertile soil.  
Yet here I'm forgiven  
For seeking her face,  
Youthfully there on the wallpaper.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Grey Shades Of Evening

green hungry eyes wait for me at the road corner  
a forever mourner  
my disappointment i can't hide  
failing once again to feed a mouth on the roadside!

her every evening i meet  
waits the pariah on the street  
for one scrap of biscuit!

she's my sullen evening's muse  
quite easily i find an excuse  
sorry sweetie i was lost in thought  
am sorry i again forgot!

she waits till the last of my sight  
till gone in the stark length of night  
her eyes pleading tomorrow when we meet  
must celebrate with a piece of biscuit!

the night sky brims with the stars  
in the air is grim chill's curse  
what if she's carried away on wings  
leaving me with desolate evenings!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Grit

Nice to see you are opening the shop.

Saying this  
I search for lines of distress on her face  
On her widowed eyes a painful strain  
For when went her man  
The way she wailed  
It seemed she would never be sane again!

She smiles now I run it alone  
Sale is low  
And I'm weighed down  
With his pile of debt!

In her smile are hopes regrown  
A telltale sign of grit

The show must go on.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Groove

Beckons him the freedom's verge  
Atop's blue ring  
Lures him the wings' urge  
To think nothing,

Lies his feet  
On window ledge  
He sees the writ,

His heartbeat  
Says this bondage  
Is bitter sweet!

He could make the world his home  
The span endless

He could wherever freely roam  
Stay every place,

Yet his feet on window ledge  
Shun the move

Ponders mind on freedom's edge  
The lovely groove!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Grow Up Not, Child

Little child stop growing old  
The world is not a happy place  
Full of sufferings untold  
Worries to disfigure your face!  
Your smiles are till now so sweet  
In your eyes flows the river of innocence  
But as you grow up they will retreat  
To burden your heart with pains!  
Little child you would rather not grow  
The world is not as simple as you  
In your heart streams of joy flow  
You glisten like the morn's drop of dew!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Guarding Castle In The Sands

It's so hard to make, harder still to maintain  
So easily it can break, may never be built again!  
For heaven's sake hold onto it  
The slightest crack can rip it apart.  
A thing once so dear, a thing once so sweet  
Can go astray and break your heart.  
Just one hurting word, the smallest frown  
A little loss of patience to understand,  
Like a card house it comes crashing down,  
With one unguarded blow of your hand!  
Be careful, the castle is built in the sands,  
There's dark cloud, gale and thunder  
Hold onto it with your heart and your hands  
Let it not for heaven's sake come asunder.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Guavo

It was a small little thing  
Between us a silent game  
I wished it 'good morning',  
As it brushed my window frame.  
It swayed happily at me  
Softly holding onto its root  
The chance-grown guava tree  
I thought would never bear fruit.  
'Good morn, Guavo, how are you?  
My window frame, did it hurt? '  
'Nay, I'm fine, had my cup of dew,  
I really made a good start.'  
I loved this cute little thing  
To ask it 'how do you do? '  
Loved the undernourished sapling  
Why I really had no clue.  
After sometime it started to fade  
Keeping relations is not so easy  
'Guavo' disappeared from my head  
I forgot the lean sickly tree.  
Then one day my wife came along  
A big round guava she brought me  
'Taste how it is, the plant is fine and strong,  
It's from your friendly tree.'  
It came back to me inside and deep  
Our time-buried sweet story  
Guavo hasn't forgotten our friendship  
I must run to it and say sorry.  
There it stood proud and high  
A full-grown guava tree  
Swaying in the wind, saying 'hi,  
I haven't forgotten thee'.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Haat

Under the banyan few bamboo stalls  
Baskets of garden's produce  
Whiff of fresh fish from fishing trawls  
Buyers the sellers amuse.

Brinjals and pumpkins papayas and gourds  
Small catch from neighborly streams  
With buy and sell exchange few words  
Alike a sketch seen in dreams.

Small things small price wish don't soar high  
A few coins to relieve bowel's pain  
Will do enough to let the hopes fly  
No need for too hard bargain.

Will be left behind not all will be sold  
The fragrance of freshness will stale  
They won't rue hearts of true gold  
Having learned this hard fact too well.

Some hours spent when shadows grow dark  
Sun decides to recline in west  
Wind up they all under moon's arc  
Happy souls homebound for rest.

Sighs the banyan long standing witness  
Pains it the quietude of stars  
Holds it through dark watches endless  
Coming and going of pedlars.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Habit

When you speak my silent desires when you read my mind  
I don't feel the slightest wonder seek the mystery behind  
for I know it's made that way preordained and sweet  
you can read the one you love when you love by habit.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Habits (10w)

Regret it honey,  
None of my habits  
Can fetch money!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Haggler

I haggle over the price a kilo

a city fellow  
deft in bargain

The veg seller  
she's a minnow  
simple plain

Cuts the price  
smiles so nice  
her profits dip

She didn't say  
if I had my way

would buy her cheap!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Hair

Hair styles  
Hair colors  
Hairdos  
Hairfall  
Blonde  
Brunette  
Redhead  
Grey  
Or just black

A few strands of which  
I found in her comb  
In one untravelled recess of wardrobe  
An untouched memento  
From past two decades  
Not graying  
Not growing  
Undeclined  
Undestroyed

black and thick

the only relic

for her son!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Half Moon

'You seemed to love her deeply'  
I told my uncle.  
It was raining dense  
As I held him back,  
The evening was not one to go out.  
'Deeply enough no doubt'  
His voice echoed in gloom.  
'But she wasn't your type,  
she was flirtatious,  
she had many like you'.  
'Still I loved her deep,  
loved her mad,  
loved her till and after  
she broke my heart'.  
I saw a glint in his eyes.  
'Forty years and she still hurts,  
batters my self respect,  
taunts my defeats'.  
'But you got yourself a steady partner,  
not flirtatious, never leaving your side'.  
'True but she did the damage,  
she left me to seek her in all women'.  
Outside the rain stopped  
And the sky begot a half moon.  
He still loves her, I pondered,  
Her fossil he bears  
All these forty years,  
But had he got her,  
Could he carry the cross of love so far?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Halloween Resolution

Don't keep anything in dark  
All the secrets you park  
Deep down in your mind  
That others can never find.  
Even your monstrous thoughts  
That inside lurks and rots  
Things you cover in night  
It's time to bring them to light.  
Words that's hard to utter  
For release quietly flutter  
Now is their time spent  
Let them come in torrent.  
You're wasted for long  
In whispers and unsung song  
It's time to lay yourself bare  
And let the true you out of lair.

Dump the mask in the trash bin  
This Halloween, come clean!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Hangman

The time is running out real fast for me  
I'm on death row and there's no mercy  
I was on the run they hounded me out  
Found me guilty without a trace of doubt.  
I've been living since in a six by eight cell  
Counting my time for the journey to the hell  
Confined alone a caged beast than human  
Not allowed to meet and talk to loved ones.  
'Let the end come early' that's what I pray  
But hangmen are scarce the reason for delay  
Before me a queue of men waiting for the rope  
Their mercy pleas rejected and so without a hope.  
They can't find a hangman, it's what they say  
Nobody is willing to kill for just a little pay  
But that's what I did, I killed for little gain  
So I can be a hangman, if I'm ever born again.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Harbour

On that harbour town she was to wait for me  
by the sea.

I would travel from the city  
and at the jetty  
she would be sharp at ten.

A few hours' bus ride  
to be by her side  
come sun or rain.

A girl from coastal sands  
she had to take a ferry  
from another island.

Boats came and went  
I lost count  
dreaming that heavenly moment.

With two hours and an empty jetty  
I headed back for the city  
mad with sadness  
for her act of treason  
never ever asking her the reason  
why she couldn't be with me  
by the sea.

That day I was to make a vow  
she would be my wife.

That day I barred her for life.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Harvest

The winter haze hangs on the meadow,  
In the veiled sun the ghostly apparitions  
Mourn the ritual of yet another day,  
To smell the wet exudation of the grass,  
To till the field praying for the sun!  
Once a while moos pierce the silence  
Joined by the clangs of the tiny bells  
That adorns the creatures as mournful  
As the ones goading them to move on!  
They bellow when unable to take anymore,  
Hoping for a miracle that would unburden  
And bring a freedom only yearned in dreams!  
But as ordained the pale orb grows bright.  
God frantically pours his passion in the disc  
Colors of which spill over in the firmament!  
Blazes in another day of harvesting hopes.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Harwood

Many a times I have been to Harwood Point.

When the travel bug bites my feet  
My eyes pine for the marine froth  
In the May's summer heat  
I pack in my kitbag the barest cloth.

At Harwood Point

The river runs in turbulent progress  
Maddened in the pursuit of the sea's embrace!

From Harwood Point

The river would carry me to the sea.

When the sun spills blood on the river  
The vessel would leave Harwood's wooden jetty!

As that small port diminishes from my sea bound way  
It sets me to brood.

Who was this Harwood?

Why this Point bears his name?

As the vessel picks up steam  
I fall into a deep dream.

J.T. Harwood 1831.

Some British Surveyor  
Lost in the pages of archived Register  
Laid to rest in the dust of fame

But lives his name  
To this day  
On my sea bound way

A name without a face  
Where the river runs for the sea's embrace!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Hate Game

This is one game  
I always will choose  
to lose.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Haunting

After the hunting tour  
he rested there with his paramour  
the setting sun and her face  
erased the day's weariness!

As the birds nest-bound fluttered wings  
his fingers and hers muttered whisperings  
for soon would end the day  
and time for the two to go their way!

Now the westerly sun kisses the weeded stones  
the wind stops here howls dirgeful moans  
the pervading melancholy knows no redress

we are lovers of now and time is merciless!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Having A Zoo

Cats galore here in our home  
Crawling kittens in their tow  
Puppies in our rooms roam  
We don't need anywhere to go.  
My wife she proudly hosts  
Boasts of her budgies many  
Now she has added two parrots  
We are in glorious company.  
The bulbuls are kind to stay outside  
But they too have to be hand fed  
The mynas in us lovingly confide  
Our rabbits love to be on bed.  
She says she needs a few hens  
That in the backyard would freely roam  
I know you don't see any gains  
In having a zoo in our home!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Hayman

i tell them when they come under me  
though my shade won't make you cool  
love as much wholeheartedly  
for love break all the rule.

stay together for years on  
for small things part not way  
if from life love is gone  
it's hell each living day.

it seems they don't hear me  
though i say it in high voice  
tell them live life willingly  
and not once waste the choice.

i tell them live life together  
till death do you part  
don't just let a bad weather  
break your loving heart.

it so seems they don't care  
though i always tell to them  
let no storm break the pair  
extinguish heart's flame.

i tell them it's not that hard  
can do it each of you  
if can do the two lovebird  
you two can easily too.

i doubt it if their ears  
lend time for my voice  
when it says through joys and tears  
stick once you make your choice.

i can't do more from my place  
than tell them wisdom's words  
i love them and heartily bless  
while scaring away the birds.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# He Cries Like A Baby

How him I envy

at age of ninety  
he cries like a baby!

It needs not much of a provocation  
without a cloud his tears flow  
wind's rustle a known birdsong  
half moon's glow  
bell's ding-dong  
never ever his overgrown years  
made the choice of stopping the tears!

I wanna know in what treasured gain  
falls easy eye's undrying rain  
leaves' wintry fall time rusted tale  
chiming clock rosebud's smell  
never held back tears  
his ninety years!

In tears never miserly

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Headache

It may take an aspirin to rid a headache  
But there's no healing when you've heartbreak  
A balm may do wonder cool soothing menthol  
Mending a broken heart, does it happen at all?

Once you set your heart to win another one  
Thence start your stresses till the job is done  
It's oft than not you ended up in a mess  
Tapped the wrong door knocked wrong address.

It may sound unpleasant but a truth to endure  
It's thus designed love is destined a failure  
Yet we love to repeat it not mind the cost it take  
Failing time again suffering heartbreak.

This write isn't intended to talk of the ache  
Caused by heartbreak or a tearing headache  
But to share with you a feel bitter sweet  
Always worthwhile love is divine pursuit.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Healing Time

There's no haste  
take rest  
while the doctor  
eludes you like a specter!

Minutes seem like hours  
doesn't care your time the doctors  
you wonder what you get in the bargain  
other than boredom and a back pain!

He is taking his own sweet time  
leaving for you few breaths of rhyme  
then by the time they call your name  
you forget all your problem!

Wouldn't remember what you came here for  
why you needed to see a doctor  
such a waste it all would mean  
chasing a doctor his medicine!

But you've to walk in sooner or later  
a little distracted and feeling better  
to thank him for his taking time  
that saw you healed by a passing rhyme!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Heartbreak

Now that I have a heartbreak  
Loving you could be a mistake  
But then I couldn't help it  
It was so quick, my heartbeat!  
From the moment I saw your face  
The chaos started, it was all mess  
But then I could hear the sound  
Of the throb and the heart's pound!  
The world stopped its eternal spins  
I felt immortal, a lover by all means  
Everything else turned meaningless  
I didn't need them, it was all your space!  
As with heavenly times, it was transient  
Nights burned out, days quickly spent  
I loved you and suffered a heartbreak  
I don't know, if it was all a mistake.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Heeramon

Heeramon, stop for me a while  
For one lost word one smile  
Long brewing in deep  
For long caged in lip.  
It's time we made a start  
Rein rush and speak our heart  
In moments precious holding hands  
Pick pieces of that lost word's strands.  
For long we have lived in thrift  
Two islands remote adrift  
In coldness distant aloof  
In silence under mortuary's roof!  
Heeramon, it's time for rewind  
Walk back the times left behind  
On the stretch of frittered away mile  
Where we left one word one smile!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Hell's Hearth

Salty sweat gets into them  
My eyeballs cry  
They aren't enjoying this game  
Howsoever they try.  
It's so mean  
I mean the heat  
Outside and within  
It burns like shit.  
The sky bears no blue  
And it has no clue  
When rain will come  
The cloud-pressed balm  
To turn this hell's hearth  
Once more a soothing earth!  
With my thoughts a seething mess  
My mind in clumsy distress  
I've no way but to hold on  
My breath in the boiling cauldron!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Hengloo

You do know  
To go  
Beyond the dark line  
To the forever sunshine.  
Today  
Your playfulness  
Brought my face  
Awhile happiness.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Henry's Island

When the sun scorched the sand,  
I went to Henry's Island.  
The winter came and left the shore  
Spring was for a while and then no more  
The rains beat the shingled beach  
The soothing autumn was within reach.  
Yet I spurned these tempting seasons  
Couldn't persuade myself with good reasons  
To visit the island in fairer weather  
And landed on it in the harshest summer!  
The sands bit my feet like burning coal  
The beach seemed alone without a soul  
To the distant horizon my eyes could gaze  
A fishermen's boat hang in the haze.  
The red crabs though found it a fun  
To come out of hole to bathe in the sun  
When I was close they were quickly gone  
The beach was alive and I wasn't alone.  
The seagulls skimmed the waves for fish  
The sea was all mine like in the dreamiest wish  
Placing all her beauties at only my command  
Gifting me a glorious summer at Henry's Island.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Her Beau

The sky  
At night  
Can't see her beau,  
Her sigh  
At dawn's light  
Drops as dew!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Her Beauty

Under the sunburned clay tiles  
Her face was a pond.

Sweats' dewdrops on her almond skin  
Keenly waited for the kiss of soil  
And in the tree lined coolness of the thatched hut  
She paused for me from her rustic toil.

Why do the beauties we deform  
Bury the raw under heaps of vain  
Kill the eyes' wild glowworms  
Plant there a mascara stain!

A girl of toil a girl of soil she's rustic bred  
Never deems never dreams for beauty's parade!

Her face was a tree lined pond  
Her heart's ocean  
I never could delve.

Only know this much  
Under the sunburned tiles  
Her one fleeting smile  
I would carry through the coming miles.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Her Coming Of Age

The golden tinge of the shy sun  
Peeked onto her pinkness  
The youthful night was full of fun  
Leaving residues on her face!  
Whole night the storm blew  
That no cover could protect  
Denser the darkness grew  
Hankering for a climax perfect!  
It's still there the bed sheet  
Spotless without a stain on it  
Gone is the storm with its rage  
Pinkness stolen, she has come of age!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Her Lessons

The mother cat is teaching her kittens fast  
Leave them she must  
In another few days.

Her babies are  
Blindly following her  
She knows her art of replays.

Grow up baby till you have the caring hand  
Grow fast to earn your place on this land  
Not all you future can hold in embrace  
Not all of you can survive find a place.

She teaches well her lessons are without flaw  
She teaches you to use them well your tooth and claw  
Yet not all can rise from fall make their way  
Not all you can live up to the future day.

Learn fast child time runs wild don't know when  
You are grown and left alone with angst of pain  
Learn it smart all her art of making it through  
Know baby all her teachings are wise and true.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Her Lot

Her perfume fills the air  
she is not that fair  
next to me devouring my thought  
sits the woman a harlot.

By my side in the bus  
a traveler of different class  
I sit engrossed in her thought  
she's a woman then harlot.

I imagine in pensive thought  
when a harlot what she's not  
what's her lot to force a choice  
to let ravagers in her rejoice.

A harlot then she isn't good  
not decent is her attitude  
she smells of cheap perfume  
she reeks of sleazy gloom.

I let my thoughts roam free  
how otherwise she could be  
what if she wasn't a harlot

yet her body not mind was bought!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Her Mint Blue Eyes And A Little Less Milk For Tea

Pleads her mint blue eyes  
Thank you for the patting touch  
If I crave for a saucer of milk  
Would that be asking too much?

Of course you have the right to ignore  
And throw my way a vacant stare  
Signing me to move away from door  
Pretending there's no milk in Frigidaire!

But I beg you to act humanly  
Be ethical and firmly fair  
If you got some milk for your tea  
Surely you've some for me to spare!

Parting a few drops wouldn't make you poor  
My blessings would give you manifold back  
You would feel far happier and I'm sure  
Sky won't fall if your brew is more black!

Well if you still ignore I would move away  
With dignity I would leave your ground  
But don't blame me when comes the day  
You feel a void and I'm not around!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Her Night

The ripples broke the moon into pieces  
But her wishes elsewhere sniffed the air.

The night was fair enough though  
To bathe in her beauty she wasn't there.

Where broke the ripples the moon's face  
Reflected the water the firmament  
She searched in dreaminess  
Commotion of the slightest movement.

One small fish would satiate her night!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Her Offer

every morn  
she does me a favor

my gracious savior  
offers me a steaming cup  
of her love's flavor!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Here For Today

No more songs of sorrow  
Lamenting things gone past us  
Live today and hope for morrow  
Hold tight the moments joyous.  
Maybe the morrow will not find us  
Our footsteps will not ring on the grass  
We have only today for a fresh start  
To live anew and love with all heart.  
No more songs of sorrow  
It's time to break from the past  
Even if there comes no morrow  
Live moments that fly away fast.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Here Is Where

Here is where I must anchor my boat  
There isn't no place to go,  
Here in this bay it can stay afloat  
Sail upstream when the winds blow.  
I needn't a place better than this  
I needn't need a heaven to rest,  
Here this bay brings me earthly bliss  
There isn't no better place to nest.  
When the moon paints my bay in mystic white  
My boat rocks joyous in her stream,  
I know this place for me is just right  
This is the place of my dream.  
I needn't a place any better or worse  
This bay harbors me best,  
So long I anchor here under the stars  
I need no heaven to rest.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Hermit Crab

She picked it up from the seashore.  
He encouraged her,  
Flattered her with indulgence  
To bring back her dying flame.  
A girl once again,  
She brought it home  
In whimsically ebullient innocence!  
On the polished floor  
In a faraway city  
It found it hard to walk  
With the load of mollusk  
And made a funny sight!  
It strained its ears  
But there was no sound of the sea,  
No saline smell in the air,  
Instead the water was sweet and insipid.  
It went thirsty.  
The food was alien,  
It went hungry.  
Soon they polished the shell  
And celebrated addition of  
Another showpiece in their room!  
The crab had at last  
Found a new home.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Hermit's Cat

Where the stardust sky kisses the black river  
lies the hermit's hut.

he lives there alone.

sleeping and waking with the tides  
soaked in riverine dew  
bathed in southerly rain  
mellowed in winter's shallow sun,

without love..

but for his cat

that unbeknown to him  
sinks for his love  
dying quiet death of dream

in the black river brimming with fish!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Hey Girl

(you boy too)  
before the thumbs gnarl  
use for sweeter things to do.

There's a sky awaiting you  
a cloud paused from sail  
a poem in your heart overdue  
fetus of one tale.

Hey girl  
(you boy too)  
leave the shell to find the pearl  
before times flew.

There's a grass still growing green  
in wind love's whisper  
a birdsong to catch from din  
before years stray too far.

Hey girl  
(you boy too)  
the hidden is for you to unfurl  
color them in your hue.

Piece together each dormant word  
on scrap of leaf in ink  
pour out within's flutter unheard  
before runs out time in a wink.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Highway Snippets: 10x6

(1)

recedes everything  
only i move forward  
the unknown lies ahead.

(2)

for me  
she stands under the tree  
wears photogenic smile.

(3)

a home i'm going to  
did i leave behind another?

(4)

hardens my belief  
i'm coming from nowhere  
going to nowhere.

(5)

in wind's embrace  
hear it whisper  
traveler seek no purpose.

(6)

won't stop  
till the end of day  
come what may.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Highway Snippets: Of Rainbows & Ruins

Raindrops wished them  
colors seven  
obliged sunflame  
sliced heaven.

\*\*\*\*\*

Far from hometown  
day hangs still  
last sun falls down  
nimbus hill.

\*\*\*\*\*

Reign they all day  
changing quick  
rain and sun play  
hide and seek.

\*\*\*\*\*

Skims she gaily  
July shower  
gathering merrily  
wildflower.

\*\*\*\*\*

I see the King  
standing on ruin  
madly searching  
where is Queen.

\*\*\*\*\*

Say her smiles  
though places she roam  
  
love end of miles

waiting home.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Highway Snippets: She Slaps Me A Kiss

Heat holds stubborn  
on the dreary day  
till comes rain  
and drives it away.

-----

Every cloud has a silver line  
we beat the cloud to reach sunshine.

-----

One cute hamlet far from town  
catches eye  
slows mind down.

-----

Long stretch of green  
water filled  
here rained much  
killed paddy field.

-----

Chunks of cloud  
loom overhead  
color of summer  
in rain will fade.

-----

Leaps up dream in dancing beat  
when touches soil  
the weary feet.

-----

You never have a sweet word for me

I tease.

she slaps me a kiss.

Ends another glorious day  
on the highway.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Hills On Sands

Quite a child  
she makes me one  
mind windward wild  
flies gazelle run!

On the shore  
she's something more  
than picking pearl

opens door  
once more  
she's a little girl!

She picks seashells  
of sea she smells  
she looks alien

free she sails  
in her spell  
i'm child again!

On the sea  
wild carefree  
she paints me joy

make hills on sands  
small grow my hands  
i'm again a boy!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# His Pace

The travel is long and arduous  
Any end of way is nowhere near  
A slow witness to season's fast rush  
He treads the motion of another year.

Sometimes resting on nights dark and starry  
He wonders why life needs to race in hurry  
When like him by just slowing down the pace  
Could be reached a piece of peace and happiness!

Men would mock him for his vast slowness  
Absence of speed his lack of progress  
How would they know he never grew the lust  
To set himself a goal and try to reach it fast.

The more paths men travel the more they seem less  
Like going round in circle coming back to same place  
Forever dreaming an ascent aiming the peak's height  
Chasing a gain to attain a light at end of night!

He moves on in the way the soil patiently waits the rain  
Never unhappy to be left behind never scared he might fail  
Just trekking along with no end of way no destiny's pain  
In the embrace of his belief for good reason he's a snail.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# His Way

I fell badly he says in painful groan  
His hand plastered for the broken bone  
I didn't slip nor in walk do I sleep  
Or move in worries buried deep!

But still I fell in broad daylight  
In clear view and clean eyesight  
Without a pothole a hidden bump  
Walking without a hop or a jump!

It's painful though I don't mind  
God is so great He is so kind  
He led me like a true guide  
Ensuring I fall on my left side.

It's His way of showing grace  
minimizing harm lessening distress  
with my right hand working and free  
my life is as normal as could be!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# His Wisdom

The old man tells the hours almost perfectly  
From the length of shadows  
Having walked the length of life  
Without ever needing a clock!

He can smell in the air the coming rain  
Knows the clouds that bear showers  
Can closely predict season's yield of grain  
Needs no watch to measure the daily hours!

He can tell when his cow needs a bull  
In her moos hears the urge for a mate  
Though he has never gone to a school  
His knowledge has stood him to this date!

He knows all the stars in firmament  
Best way to till the soil for harvest  
Has never needed a doctor for ailment  
Knows the herbs to heal all infest!

Such is the man who has never been to school  
Yet his wisdom can fill countless pages  
Making instinctive sharp senses as his only tool  
Has handed down his wisdom through the ages!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Hmm

The doctor probed my eyes  
stethoed to feel my lung  
had my mouth wide prised  
got rolled out my tongue!

He gave it deep long mulls  
hmm was all he said  
in his grip throbbled my pulse  
beating fast afraid!

Hmm he muttered once again  
there's no problem specific  
but for that undefined pain  
that you say is making you weak!

More apparent is the darned thing  
that has really blighted your face  
beneath your eyes the black ring  
you are counting stars I guess!

May I know what keeps you awake  
why you find sleep bothersome  
keep tossing on bed till daybreak  
pray tell me don't remain mum!

Poor doctor how he would ever know  
best time for poeming is the night  
when crystal dreams in moon glow  
pour out from heart with might!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Holed Up

Holed up in office  
So many things we miss  
The wind outside the blue of the sky  
The songs of birds the sweet butterfly  
Alas we have no time for life's good  
We have to work and earn our food.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Home

I have no words for so many things.

when god's brush slips from his hand  
his colors splatter over the sky  
the joy it brings in an autumn morn  
as swims gaily white rafts on blue ocean  
I find no words

for then my emotions  
leave me for the kingdom of mountains  
of many shapes and faces  
landing only when  
the sweet waft of jasmine  
reminds of the anchor on this shore  
where my root drinks soil's nectar  
when filled to the brim  
rests in melancholic dream  
under homing bird sky  
for a home  
away from this home!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Homemade

Fried brinjal rolled in flatbread  
Her magic recipe of love homemade  
What treasure they hold what charm unlocks  
When sharp at two opens up lunchbox!

A sweet candy from the finest cheese  
Made from cow milk a salivary bliss  
I feel helpless and little can do  
My belly when growls sharp at two!

I feel entranced in that magic hour  
When smell green peas and cauliflower  
She makes them fine rich butter spread  
The toasted breads her love homemade!

She knows my bowel not makes it rich  
Fine cut cucumber in soft sandwich  
In all them I find her special brew  
Of love homemade to be opened at two!

Though it's never that I made her known  
How sweetly relish her love homegrown  
But when I open lunchbox at two  
Wonder without her what I would do!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Homing Bird

I have been to verdant hills  
watch moonrise on sea at gloam  
nothing compares to what it feels  
when I am back to my home.

Have trekked faraway mountain pass  
caravanned on rolling desert  
gone to icy heights where grows no grass  
coming home I found my heart.

When travel bug bites my feet  
eyes beg for the unseen shore  
I wander far but soon retreat  
beckons me sweet home's door.

I roam the unknown in wanderlust  
weary of the cramped furlong  
but end of day in twilight dust  
feel the home is where I belong.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Honesty

Indigestible and bitterly tasty  
most lovable is the brutal honesty.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Honey Gatherer

We all dreamed to be something when we grew up  
doctors, engineers, lawyers...

but none a poet

for even in youthful immaturity we knew

being a poet wouldn't do

the ones we happened to meet

looked such impoverished!

As now then too

poets were honey gatherers

seeking discerning minds

one read one lit up face

one sip of the nectar!

Most of us never achieved what we dreamed to be

it really didn't matter

the doctor could be an engineer

the engineer a lawyer

but maybe one of us

in his heart of hearts

wanted to be a poet

pursued sunshine

sank in darkness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Honey Grove

If you're freely willing  
to see your dreams grow root

take the honey grove route.

It's the name of a place  
without a bee or a hive  
where you arrive  
if only you take a wrong drive

lose your way  
on a forgetful day  
to reach a space  
of wide eyed face  
where the children have never seen a car

or may be one or two  
with wanderers like you  
that once in a year  
strayed this far  
and to give their dreams a root

took the honey grove route!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Hope We Adore

Hope has no merciful face.  
It bludgeons us harder  
Than despair  
To which it turns  
When the result spurns  
Our expectations!  
Yet ironically  
Most adored is hope,  
A sauce for the sufferer  
A spice to spruce up  
The leftover  
From the last despair,  
Never really tidying  
The ashes of shattered dreams  
But staying back  
Till our last breath  
Goading us to hold onto it!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Hopeful (10w)

Life remains ever so hopeful  
For our wishes are unfulfilled.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Horses

The horses feed on bat-moon meadow  
their stone age stable now cobwebbed  
hooves long rested from run  
gone dusty by the wheels of metal  
yet they paleolithic horses  
graze in night's paraffin-lit glow  
smelling of stable and the wild run  
and in the stillness finding  
their world crumbled.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# House Of Cards

There's no escape it's ever the life's part  
Breaks one storm the strongest of men  
Leaves on its trail pieces of broken heart  
Scattered ashes of an undying pain!

Even the toughest falls like a house of cards  
With no mend on sight for the brutally scathed soul  
No peace to be got from the wisest of words  
Charring helpless in grief's burning coal!

Each breath exhales fumes of the despair  
When we're on the path of this gloomiest travel  
That faith can't heal nor bring to repair  
As the mind is sunk in the darkest of hell!

There's no relief when such times ravage us  
For the tides of sorrow with years hardly wane  
With time though quieted and within heart hushed  
Remain its scars as the forever lasting pain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# How Do You Do

'How do you do'

Stopped me the child's voice.

Four words of endless span  
Heart's amulet  
To me and you  
Forever new.

I'm just fine  
Finer now  
By your sweet greet.

Oh child  
Promise me now  
You would never cease  
Asking passersby  
How do you do.

When you are a big man  
Greet folks on the street  
Thirsty passersby like me.

Promise me  
Like that it'll always be  
Like you now tell me  
In your lips now and then  
Ringing true  
How do you do.

Promise me child  
They will never seem enough said  
Never seem enough spent  
Like you greet me today  
Tomorrow, ever  
From you  
As now as then  
Will ring forever true  
My heart's amulet

The most delightful words from you

How do you do.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# How Does It Matter

Her fur in the morning is deadening white  
But how does it matter I slept the whole night  
The chill stayed out I didn't need to hark  
Her unpleasant stories and frantic bark!

Her eyes in the morning are watery grey  
But how does it matter she makes not my day  
My quilt was warm till the sun was up  
My day was begot with the brewing cup!

Her look in the morning was piercingly pale  
But how does it matter I slept quite well  
I locked the door and shut out the curse  
Peace was all mine agonies were hers!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# How It's So

after one euphoric kiss  
you hardly notice  
her weathered cheeks

she is a Venus  
she's tenacious  
her beauty sticks

it moves you to tears  
when went the years  
you didn't notice

she matured from teen  
ripened her green  
since that euphoric kiss

how it's so  
her beauty's glow  
breezed past you

it moves you to tears  
though ripened the years  
she was ever new

was it so far  
you right beside her  
yet gave her a miss

ripened her years  
you now see through tears

the first euphoric kiss

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# How Long Is Life

A stupid question  
With the answers

Luminous

It's that long  
What it takes  
To unearth  
All the love  
Begot on earth  
For you

It's that long  
What it takes  
To travel the way  
To know  
You got more joy in giving  
Than receiving

It's that long  
What it takes  
To close your mouth  
And wait in patience  
To listen what's uttered  
In the silence

It's that long  
What it takes  
To reach the point  
Where you feel fulfilled  
Without a visible gain  
In your coffer

It's only not that long  
That you live

In years



# How To Weave A Dream

Quietly you made, your way into my heart,  
Without your knowing, without making a start  
It was all my doing, only I knew  
How to weave a dream that could never be true!  
You never knew, my heart pumped quick  
How could you, it was one way traffic  
Without giving anything, you took it all  
You couldn't ever, it was my call!  
I built the castle, it was on sand  
I felt your warmth upon my hand  
Only I could do it, you never knew  
How to weave a dream that could never be true!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# How You Know

It's dark foggy outside  
And on this dull damp day  
You're lifting my waning spirit  
With your season-less love poems!

Isn't it a miracle that you know  
When is my mind down below  
You need to rekindle the flame  
Resuscitate me with your love poems!

How you know on this depressing morn  
Behind doors I would shut out myself  
In the bleakest thoughts scarred and torn  
With only your love poems for help!

Isn't it a wonder on this day  
When my sadness spills out untamed  
You see it from your space far away  
Revive me with your lilting love poems!

How you know when it matters most  
When I feel like throwing up the game  
Pull me out of the abyss back to coast  
Raise me up with life breathing love poems!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Hug Land

On a shore where the waves embrace the sand  
Lies the hug land.

“No words, please, we only hug and kiss”

is all you will find,

speaking there is only with mind!

They were not late

To know words only complicate,

Makes a mess

Of what the heart says.

Rotten clichéd stale

They more often fail

To make the desired sense,

More potent is silence.

Lover, sister, brother

Each hugs the other

In this faraway retreat,

They hug anyone they meet.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Humannequin

The humannequin  
at the wedding hall gate  
has his smiles hired  
at an hourly rate!

dressed like a clown  
he mustn't let down  
a single guest  
must smile all the while  
so not one is spared his smile!

on the newly weds blessings shower  
he counts the hour  
how much he can make  
enduring his jaws' ache  
sell smiles to serve the need  
of his home and the mouths to feed!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Hunger (10w)

When hunger gnaws,  
Exits poetry,  
Moon becomes a mere prose.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Hungry Rebels

They wanted to make a statement  
And was born a movement  
From the Hunger's dream  
Of breaking from the past  
To build anew from the rust.  
Words were picked from the soil  
Words that stung senses  
And made one recoil.  
Finesse repelled, they were called obscene  
Devoid of literary value, vulgar unclean.  
Only a handful, the movement didn't thrive  
Deserted betrayed, it couldn't survive.  
Still not known their visions hidden in the mist  
A rebellion for a lost cause by the hungry realist!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Hunt

the lone heron  
splits the moon  
in marsh light

a blurry swish  
sucks the fish  
livens night

hushes ploops  
the moon recoups  
shimmers bright

refilled want  
ends the hunt  
catches flight

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Hunter

With change of season  
He too changes for good reason  
Time over but he still sees a chance  
Young girls get his furtive glance.  
To make up for what his hairs lack  
They aren't too many a few at the back  
Those tufts he keeps in good black shine  
His mind doesn't recede with receding hairline.  
What if his skin has shrunk a little bit  
His eyes still roll they hanker to meet  
Dark ocean eyes with a glowing skin  
Rekindles his fire lying deep within.  
He holds onto the spark of youthful craze  
Doesn't seek woman close to his age  
It's the lesser ones that get him on hook  
Make him seek ways for a greener look.  
His time is never over this pathetic old clown  
His days may be up but he is not down  
Still dreaming of a reinvented career  
His mind goes hunting wild deer.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Hymen (10w)

When not ruptures in ecstasy,  
But defiled in demon's fantasy!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I

I love the 'eyes' resting on my poems  
But hate the too many 'I's  
Making their loud presence in my write!

I hate their face though  
They are now all over the place  
As you find right here before your eyes  
If the above six lines you read  
Two 'I's already on this write feed!

Now a good man that I am...  
But am I?

Had I been a good man  
When the girl bled from her head  
I would have seen her wounds stitched  
And not think I had office to reach!

Had I possessed a kind heart  
(my simplest measure for being a good man)  
Seeing a child crying on his own  
I would not have thought  
The tears were his alone!

Had this body held a loving man  
Not of ideas but of action  
I would not have hidden behind the skewed logic

So many stray lives on the street roam  
What's the use of caring for one  
And giving it home!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Became A Poet

I never wanted to be a poet  
I dreamed to be a trail of starlight  
looking at which  
you would lose yourself  
to spin yarns of fairy words.  
I yearned to fall from the sky  
as the dew  
surrounded by the liquid darkness  
that begets for you a new day.  
I loved to be that southern breeze  
that while kissing you  
takes you to thoughts unheard of.  
A patch of sun through your window  
Moonbeam on your eyelids  
to find you in deep dream  
and all such things.....

I didn't deserve all these glories...  
I became a poet!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Beg A Poem In My Head

Past day's slog for the bread  
From the sky above the deserted street  
I beg a poem in my head.

A sparky thought from congealed weariness  
Then rises from the pave  
And in starlight as I follow its trace  
A night warrior is reborn from day's slave!

Its grace saves the mind chiseled arts  
Rejuvenates the dreamer for another day  
Forgotten is all the pain all that hurts  
From breaking point life comes back to stay!

From the hungry eyes' glow down below  
From the heavens above me spread  
From the unseen nocturnes of tomorrow  
I beg a poem in my head.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Believe

whatever you write  
i'll believe

i believe in your imagination.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Cannot Be As Happy

I find the beggar's face happier than me  
At the street corner where I see him daily  
In unkempt hair and stretched shriveled palm  
He doesn't look as ruffled or as me bereft calm!

He isn't a bit perturbed none asks him his name  
Not complains of clothes barely hiding his shame  
Holds on to a lingering smile never leaving his face  
Gathers besides the coins comes whatever happiness!

Scar him wrathful season's sun storm and rain  
Yearlong his beggar's toil keeps him in the open  
Yet never stalks his face the slightest trace of gloom  
The dark shades of despair like on my face loom!

The moment you fill his palm he bows in courtesy  
Reciprocates with blesses for you and family  
I have seen him sharing crumbs with the dog on street  
Showing there's a good heart a mind that is sweet!

I find the beggar's face far happier than me  
Admire him but more than that I do him envy  
Don't doubt it and I'm ready to lay a wager  
I cannot be as happy as that street side beggar!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# I Cant Name That Pain

i cant name that pain  
when i see a human foraging food  
beneath a large hoarding of a restaurant

i cant express that feeling of helplessness  
when i see a human feasting on leftovers  
thrown by a mouth too full to gorge more

i cant put in words that paralytic numbness  
when i see a human and an animal together  
pouring on the roadside bin for something

i cant give all these pains a name

or tell you about them in a rhymed poem.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Couldn'T See You

I spread my wares and wait.  
From morn till night  
Longing that you would turn up  
Love what I show and get it.  
The shadows lengthen  
The moon rises with the nightjar  
The shadows close on me  
I sulk in despair.  
I am back with the first light  
With renewed submission  
Longing that you would turn up  
Love what I show and get it.  
The day spreads wings and departs  
Fly away heart's dead embers  
I embrace the loneliness.  
Once again I cry in pain.

Thus I wait eons for you  
That one day you would turn up  
Love and get what I have to offer  
Never knowing that you were there everyday  
Holding me to the night coming back with sunray!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Didn'T See

The world I did roam  
Sea bottom to mountaintop  
But close to me near home  
I didn't see on leaves the dewdrop!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Do

Two words

'I do',

too small words

but hold the length of life

with her hands in mine

walk in rain sunshine

her heart in my care

she left in joyous trust

in all weather always there

on her side I remain must

have her forever in my sight

each passing day and night

love standing on two pillars true,

said years ago and still 'I do'.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Do Love Saturdays

for crafting in mastery a Sunday  
that's a master at breaking promises,

a S(hu) unday when she breaks her promises  
I invariably break mine  
and soon Sunday fades like a penciled line  
leaving the Mon(strous) day to glare at you!

I do love Saturdays  
with the prospect of a Sunday  
with no prospect of ever keeping the commitments  
and let the day speed by!

I do love Saturdays  
the day I can freely lie  
and realize why  
I do need a Sunday!

I do love Saturdays  
for we pair up well,

commit all and fail!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Don'T Have The Wind's Will

On the river's this side  
the boat waits for high tide.

beckon me the far line trees  
'neath looming clouds congealed mysteries  
to sail yonder in long winds' way  
where dipping sky touches bay!

But I don't have the wind's will  
to cut the rope and sail upstream  
having swallowed the bitter pill  
of deep slumber in buried dream!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Don'T Need A Drink

I don't need a drink  
I'm drunk with  
Nature's light and sound  
Drunk with the gift of  
Each day of life  
Drunk with the thought that  
I'm here to stay  
For another day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Have To Leave

I came to camp here  
On the riverside  
Overlooking the mountain  
Where I would say ho  
And it would reverberate.  
I had no companion  
Till every morning  
The birds woke me up  
And made friends  
I had no lover  
Till the moon's silver  
Crowned the ripples  
And made love  
I never knew  
When quietly they came  
And dug into me!  
Now I don't want to  
Leave the camp  
My dreams don't spin  
Tales of other world anymore!  
I came to camp here  
I have to wind up and leave.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# I Have To Own

some poems i wish i had never written  
some i treasure in my vault  
with some like narcissus i'm love smitten  
without a speck of fault!

some poems of mine are too badly done  
some seem to me flawless  
some too dark for the clouds hid the sun  
bereft of sunshine's grace!

some poems i wish i could write again  
a few that are dear to my mind  
some are thorny bleed me in pain  
leave a trail of sadness behind!

whatever they are the poems are mine  
and once fired from the gun  
i have to own each word each line  
once shot cannot be undone!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Know \*it\*, So Do You

She gives it in my dream  
pours it on my night  
with the day's first gleam  
sprinkles in sunlight!

She brews it in the morn  
puts it in my tea  
her day's smiles adorn  
the path I walk daily!

She mixes it in my drink  
with it makes my meal  
flows it in my ink  
ensures it I feel!

She puts it in my case  
blends it with my lunch  
ties me with its grace  
so I never suffer its crunch!

She rubs it on her talks  
when rings me at office  
it plentifully unlocks  
in the hours her I miss!

For her it's never more  
her flight on its wings  
with it she opens the door  
cools my weary evenings!

When she lays the bed  
she knows I crave for it  
weaves in crimson shade  
its fruit ripened sweet!

She speaks all hues of it  
signs it in silence  
sings in each heartbeat  
its words in sun and rains!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Know Better

I know she says what you aspire,  
if I go earlier  
not long will you wait  
To find a new mate.

Surely not dear I reply  
I too will die  
and if not,  
in that unbearable pain  
will go insane.

I know better.

This morn only  
saw my male budgie  
cosying easily  
to his new companion.

Can't bear to be long

Forlorn!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Know You Are There

In my darkest hour you show the light  
Your love keeps me going day and night  
When thunder comes, hailstorms rage  
You tell me it's time to turn a new page  
I know you're there, always beside  
A beacon of hope in life's rough ride  
Your balm is the wind, fairies butterfly  
Your face is the sun, the blue of the sky  
From the ruins I build the edifice of new  
The silent inspiration, I know it's you  
When all else leave, with me you remain  
My only companion through sun and rain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Live For Thee

Woman I live for thee  
You blow me away completely.

Woman I live for thee  
You complete me wholesomely.

Woman I live for thee  
You complement me perfectly.

Woman I live for thee  
You enslave me lovingly.

Woman I live for thee

I live for thee

with you in me.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Lost A Poem

There was a poem  
awaiting me  
from the morn

announced her name  
showed faintly  
shy to be born!

She walked all night  
along my dreams  
fell as dew

robbed daylight  
its howling screams  
she hardly grew!

She tore my sleep  
her garbled rhymes  
thumped heartbeat

I couldn't keep  
her broken lines  
on crumpled sheet!

There was a poem  
awaiting me  
from the morn

her incoherence  
made no sense  
she was stillborn!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Lost My Way

I lost my way  
The day I was taught to grab and not share  
I was filled with knowledge  
That brought no wisdom  
But only pride devoid humility  
I was given a religion by birth  
I had a God Almighty and was told  
It was the only true God!  
I lost my way  
The day I was sent to an institution  
To cram a structured knowledge  
Endless information was heaped on me  
To make me clever and ready for life  
A knowledge that taught me to mind my worth  
Only in terms of material success  
Drove me in pursuit of an elusive happiness!  
I lost my way  
The day I learnt alphabets  
And poured on volumes of books  
That shaped a mind of rigid dogmas  
But no tolerance for others' thoughts  
I was given an education  
That taught me to be patriotic  
And wall the world with boundaries!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# I Love The Way She Loves Me

Boom boom boom  
I'm in the firing range  
But how I love this doom!  
She's saying I'm blind  
I'm deaf and mute  
Her tantrums I don't mind  
I know her heart is cute!  
Her words I don't take  
Pretty sure on my part  
Her anger is a fake  
She loves me from her heart.  
She curse me day and night  
Says can't stand my sight  
But I can vouch it true  
Without me she can't do.  
Whatever she says  
She isn't parting ways  
I know it she can't disguise  
Love for me in her eyes.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Milked The Moon

The moon that night  
kissed your face with its silvery gem.  
I was awe-struck.  
I milked the moon  
To quench my thirst!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Need Her In My Eyes

She's just awhile away and I lose my patience  
I need her in my eyes grows my dependence!

I need me in her eyes fill me in her sense  
how I love on her my growing dependence!

My urge to be with her is growing by the day  
miss her for too long when a moment she's away!

I need me in her eyes need her in my sense  
a moment seems too long in her absence!

My need to fill with her gets me happiness  
how I love on her my growing madness!

I need her in my eyes fill her in my sense  
don't care if it shows love's trait of impatience!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Read The Old Man A Book

In the falling light of day  
I read the old man a book.

Stories of love, enmity, deceit  
Jealousy, betrayal, sacrifice  
All from one author's mind  
One penning hand  
Some very short some too long  
But nowhere do I find  
He has taken a stand  
On virtue and vice  
Right and wrong  
Belief faith  
Destiny fates  
Nowhere asserts  
If he is theist atheist agnostic  
Nor invokes god  
Praise or curse him.

I read and the old man nods

in the falling light of his day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Shouldn'T Be Eying Her

I shouldn't be looking  
Eyes pull me to her  
She's a distant thing  
Mind craves to reach the star!

I shouldn't be eying her  
She is too distant  
But right now she seems not far  
She rules me this instant!

My eyes give a furtive lick  
Rolls on her pretty skin  
My mind gives a joyous squeak  
If her I could win!

She knows I'm eyeing her  
A star that too knows  
She knows in her beauty's spur  
My love's dying throes!

I shouldn't be looking  
My eyes know it too well  
But mind on forbidden wings  
To the distant star sails!

My longing glance slips on her  
Eyes dream to glue on her face  
Soon she would be a distant star  
Swallowed in emptiness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Visit That Place Often

I visit that place often  
where the road takes a blind turn  
walk along all the lost men  
in them wildfires burn.

I visit that place often  
where the road is a fossil  
of past years' left behind pain  
that rancours inside still.

I visit that place often  
where still stands the ruin  
of all the grown men  
who once there had been.

I visit that place often  
where lie the ashes' urn  
sigh the souls of dead men  
killed by lovers' spurn.

I visit that place often  
for it's where I made a start  
to gather first grain of corn  
heart's first stardust.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Want A Vacation

I want a vacation  
For saying a word or two to you  
See the moon just when  
It lands in your eyes.  
I want a vacation  
To hold your hands for a while  
And walk a few steps to anywhere,  
To feel you even if for a moment.  
I want a vacation □  
Just to do anything  
To let you know I still care  
And see a smile cross your face.  
I need a vacation  
For coming out from within  
To be with you just once  
And hold onto it forever!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Was Not That Lucky

I was not that lucky

Not that lucky

Always.

Till came you

Came you

Filled heart's space.

I was not that lucky

Not that lucky

Ever before.

Till you walked in

Walked in

Through my door.

I was not that lucky

Not that lucky

In the past.

Till you stepped in

Stepped in

Placed me trust.

I was not that lucky

Not that lucky



Had times arid.

Till you brought rain

Brought rain

Sowed love's seed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Would Live For Another Day

Gone waste the hour  
under the clock tower  
faded face forgotten name  
promises made never came  
the one showered abiding smiles  
kept me walking empty miles  
with no retrieval no salvaging wreck  
but failed promises destined heartbreak  
vows made yet not delivered  
cast aside in time withered

upon their ruins where now I stand  
holding death's icy hand  
with no return to the trodden track  
ahead the flight of no comeback

but I would have them not come on my way  
would kiss your face live another day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Wouldn'T Ask More

Do I see flicker of a shine  
being left without a choice  
when I sing to her the first line  
and she has to lend her voice.

Girl I needed to see your face  
but you hid it for too long  
denied me that one happiness  
till I broke into a song.

From you I needed just one line  
see once your parted lip  
to make you girl all of mine  
sink into your eyes deep.

Sing a line girl sing me one  
promise I wouldn't ask more  
I would treasure it when you're gone  
hold one line in heart's core.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I Yearn For A Longer Night

Just when I yearn for a longer night  
The day breaks into my simulated land  
The sun steps in, the grayness goes out of sight  
Dreams are blown out by a cruel hand!  
If I had my say, I would have lived with the dark  
Without the oppressive overbearing light  
That on my existence burns a telltale mark  
Displaying me around, mocking my plight!  
I yearn for a longer night stopping all comebacks  
Where cobwebs are woven with fairytale links  
With no dogma, no isms to hide the cracks  
The soul is intent on drifting and blissfully sinks!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Identity

She doesn't know  
what i'm on the other side  
friend or foe!

i don't know  
the other side hides her  
she doesn't show!

consciously we don't peep  
it's how we keep  
the mystery jealously!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## If A Mail Could Do It

You might as well say  
if a mail could ever  
you needn't have come her way  
you needn't have come this far,  
to knock on her door  
dying to tell her  
how much you adore  
how without her  
even the stars don't blink  
happiness goes afar  
rose is no more pink  
all beauties macabre,  
if a text could ever do it  
you needn't have traveled far  
to drown in her your heartbeat  
and feel yourself richer.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## If Again

Your silent teardrops  
Came back to me  
Long after they dried up.  
After many a year  
My heart could hear  
Your suppressed pain.  
Now you are gone far,  
With the yawning time  
As faint as a star.  
When the lights dawn,  
Only regrets remain  
I couldn't fathom it then.  
If I could rebuild the bridge,  
I would reach you and say,  
I am here and here to stay!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## If He Can Do It

Today I was depressive, was really in bad mood  
Downcast and demeaned, I was feeling no good  
Darkness surrounded me, I hadn't a place to hide  
Just then something happened, and made me laugh so wide.

Here was one disheveled man sitting on the sidewalk  
His palm was stretched barren, to show he was out of luck  
As I dropped a generous coin, in doing so paused a while  
I saw the guy's twinkling eyes, his face beaming with smile.

He keeps his face always that way, a smile chiseled on it  
Never minds the bad weather, sitting in the rain and heat  
His smile worn broad on the face, he does it with wondrous ease  
A man with a home and a decent life, why can't I do it please!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# If I Could Be Invisible

If I could be invisible  
So when I ruffled your hair  
And they fell on your eyes  
You would know it's the blowing wind.  
If I could be invisible  
So when I strobed in the dark  
And it showed you the way  
You would know it's the firefly.  
If I could be invisible  
So when I planted a feathery kiss  
And you felt the moistness  
You would know it's the morn dew.  
If I could be invisible  
So when I sat on your heart  
And it felt heavy  
You would know it is love.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# If I Could Get Back The Lost Years

If I could get back the lost years  
I would kiss and wipe all the tears  
That fell when I hurt you  
That I never noticed, never knew.  
If I could get back the lost years  
I would bring you back all the cheers  
That I never really could bring you  
I cared so little, I never knew.  
If I could get back the lost years  
I would give anything to be together  
Just loving and never hurting you  
That so sadly I missed, I never knew.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# If I May Live Like A Bird

A bird has no reason to pray  
It flies and sings all day  
It doesn't need to brood  
Just life and a little food!  
I think its times are all fun  
Rising and setting with the sun  
Leisurely floating in the air  
Building a nest for a warm pair!  
Is it really absurd?  
If I may live like a bird  
With no jealousy, no hatred  
Just love and a piece of bread!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# If I Share Them

You give me your all  
Make me look into your mind  
Bountifully you bare yourself  
Want the real you I find.

You lay it open before me  
There's nothing you conceal  
On white paper you write  
Read me, feel me, if you will.

It's plain as birds your heart  
Love's river flows there clean  
No jargon, no designs covert  
Words carry the thoughts they mean.

Your eyes are clear streams  
On their ripples sparkles sunshine  
Reveal they all your dreams  
If I share them will be mine.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## If It's So Asked

The poet lies peaceful in death  
Tranquil like a river sublime  
This frame in rhyme he cannot etch  
It arrived as fate of lifetime.

Oblivious of eyes that weep  
He looks peaceful in sleep  
Not a twitch from the finally locked eyes  
To break open from serenity and rise!

He lies in bliss on flower bed  
Soaked in the silence in his head  
Of thin hair on skin no more warm  
In emptied brain at end of term.

He till last (w) rite couldn't tell  
If his heart and head did coincide  
The source of the ever ringing bell  
Came from which mysterious side!

One more thing haunted his mind  
Tormented till his delirious end  
No answer to the dilemma he did find  
Nothing for his soul to defend!

His creations did they hurt more than they healed  
How many faces he lit up with a line  
His verses flowing free willed  
Did they bring clouds than sunshine?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# If Just For Once

if just for once a smile i bring you  
if just for once a little fun  
bring you just once joy's faintest hue  
would deem it as one work well done.

if just for once from me one line  
if just for once one word  
bring you just once a moment's sunshine  
would give me all labor's reward.

if just for once lights up your face  
pass just for once a flickered gleam  
bring you just once a little happiness  
would feel it like one fulfilled dream.

if just for once past dark of night  
take you along a joyous ride  
bring you just once a peephole of light  
would know all my try is justified.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# If The Worst Comes To The Worst

What's shining can come to rust  
Love is fragile and so is trust  
Joy's bubbles can quickly burst  
Be ready if the worst comes to the worst.  
The dearest pal can turn enemy  
The inconspicuous can turn deadly  
From dead wood can new flame burst  
Be ready if the worst comes to the worst.  
What seems close may not be near  
It may not mean what you seem to hear  
They all ain't good for which you lust  
Be ready if the worst comes to the worst.  
Words may sound sweet and sugary  
It can sting the little honey bee  
Money is slowest when you need it fast  
Be ready if the worst comes to the worst.  
Happiness is elusive and so is peace  
Won't ever come the chances you miss  
In the no air zone the wind can gust  
Be ready if the worst comes to the worst.  
The sharpest arms may turn out blunt  
It's not always the way you want  
The biggest empire may turn to dust  
Be ready if the worst comes to the worst.  
Often so fallible what looks the best  
Crumbles like ruins in life's acid test  
But you shouldn't despair, hope you must,  
Be ready if the worst comes to the worst.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# If You Are With Me

Baby I'm cool enough in this world of chaos  
Absorb all the fists and blows without being morose  
Can hide baby the groan of loss the searing painful sigh  
Can rise from a breaking fall and stand up with head high.

Baby I still love to believe life is a joyous ride  
Where sorrow is inevitable like the coin's other side  
It's worth trying building a castle even in desert sand  
Adorn it with a moment's dream touch of a loving hand.

Baby I still cry when pass through a darker shade  
But know the light is steps away if I go ahead  
There's hope after despair a mend of broken heart  
A beginning after every end chance for a new start.

Baby I'm still unscathed through badly scarring burns  
Making my way in the face of storms road's ugly turns  
Can surmount my feet the hurdles run the course sprightly  
If you baby just lend your heart in the travel stay by me.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# If You Ask Me

what it takes  
to be happy in love,

what's the key to a bond for long,

i still don't know  
i'll never know

how it's held for years strong.

if you ask me  
what it takes  
for a lasting relation,

what's the key to take it along,

i still don't know  
i'll never know

how to make love survive that long.

if you ask me  
what it takes  
for the love to survive,

what's the mystery for two hearts to gel,

i still don't know  
i'll never know

how to make love long dwell.

if you ask me  
what it takes  
to win in love success,

what's the way to love that far,

i still don't know

i'll never know

how i got love-struck by her.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# If You Have To

If you have to make your way  
make your way.

the lesson learned one summer noon  
on a deserted village road  
will not be forgotten soon.

The tyres came to a screeching halt  
were lying boulders of asphalt  
blocking the way.

Long hours of drive still waiting  
needed to do the only sensible thing

Accept the choice  
lent by sanity's voice

THE SITUATION DEMANDS  
MAKE BEST USE OF THOSE HANDS

When left the stumbling blocks behind  
hands were aching wiser was mind.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# If You Have To Go To The Beach

If you have to go to the beach  
Where the blue bends down to the sea  
The eyes far the waves outreach  
Salt sprays gurgle in glee,

Find the time to take a ride  
Miles down the city's edge  
Over the greens of countryside  
Past huts with thicket's hedge!

When you pass the winding stream  
See winds on the bloated sail  
Hear boatman's tune of forlorn dream  
Catch a village belle with her pail,

Find the time to stop a while  
Watch the sun shine her grace  
Forget travails of the bumpy miles  
Smell the dew on her labored face!

If the white clouds sail the sky  
Bewitch you the rustic way  
Break your path make a valiant try  
Seize that moment of the passing day,

See in her eyes the river's tale  
In her hair the flower's bloom  
Feel in her breath love's rapturous gale  
Her desire's rainbow plume!

Rue not the time lost on the way  
For you paused for the boatman's song  
Viewed her frame molded in clay  
As the river brought her along,

Regret not if you are late for the beach  
Where the blue bends down to the sea  
Think of the chance that brought to your reach  
A glimpse of eternity!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## If You Know

Love if you know to endure pain  
Love if you fall to rise again  
Love if you don't mind the price  
Love if you are ready for surprise.  
Love if you know how to stick  
Love if you believe in its magic  
Love if you are ready for rough ride  
Love if you can go against the tide.  
Love if you wipe your tears dry  
Love if you know to silently cry  
Love if you know and you truly mean  
In the end for sure love will win!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## If You Miss The Bus

Don't be disheartened if you miss the bus  
There'll be misses, life is not all plus  
Let not your heart despair in one bad weather  
Know for sure for each missed bus there'll be another.  
Don't be crestfallen if one chance goes past you  
There'll be lost chances but you will get your due  
Let not your resolves die in one chance gone  
Know for sure many more for you will come along.  
Don't be heart broken if you fail once and again  
Life is not all tenderness without the thorn's pain  
Let not your determination evaporate and die  
Know for sure beyond failure chance of success is high.  
Don't be fed up with life even if your days are dark  
There'll be darkness but through it you make your mark  
Let not your soul be stopped from seeking out the light  
Know for sure the sun is waiting beyond the dark night.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Ifs And Buts

Shreds us the life  
With bruises and cuts  
Our days run rife  
In the ifs and buts!

If the day was bright  
If hadn't fallen rain  
If quickly passed the night  
If living was no pain!

But the day was a mess  
But the winds blew harsh  
But time was hard pressed  
But cloud hid the stars!

If happened how we need  
If they all smoothly clicked  
If luck came with speed  
If clock slowly ticked!

But things ran amok  
But nothing went right  
But faced a roadblock  
But fortune took flight!

Tear us apart the ifs and buts  
Do steal away all happiness  
Wound our life with bruises and cuts  
Alas for them we have no redress!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# I'M Now Going To Hear You

I'm now going to hear you  
not babble myself anymore  
I'm now going to hear you  
not shut on you my door.

Do tell me now the unfinished  
do tell me now what knocks  
tell me all I badly missed  
while I kept my ears in locks.

I'm now going to hear you  
like I listen to a singing bird  
I'm now going to hear you  
not miss from you a word.

Do tell me all that's unsaid  
do tell me what I missed  
give me all words you made  
for me rain drenched sun kissed.

I'm now going to hear you  
not shut you out anymore  
unheard but long overdue  
you kept for me in store.

Do tell me all you wanted to  
sweet funny bitter sublime  
all that in your mind grew  
I heard not a long time.

I'm now going to hear you  
all that for long I missed  
your words unseen like morn's dew  
rain drenched and sun kissed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# I'M Still In Love With You

I'm still in love with you  
still in love with you  
in love with you  
love with you  
with you  
you.  
You  
with you  
love with you  
in love with you  
still in love with you  
I'm still in love with you.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Immortal

Every moment I am born  
From the warm womb  
Of marvelous curiosity,  
By endless regeneration  
As distant from death  
As this world is forever new!  
With each breath  
I am born unto new wonders,  
To discover love, trust, friendship,  
The eternal renewal,  
The perpetual shifting from shore to shore,  
Immortal even when this body is no more!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Impact (10w)

No life can be ordinary  
impact of each being extraordinary!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Imperfection

I hover over your words  
not for perfections.

don't paint me an azure sky  
cotton clouds  
a field of sunflower  
gold crests of afternoon waves  
dark labyrinths  
inner demons  
or even angel faeries

for my life of half drawn images  
half digested joys  
faintly lit phantoms  
rough edge  
rugged walkway

write me out  
a flawed poem  
imperfected to the hilt  
no structure  
no style  
wild jots of your thoughts  
just like you and me

flawed but heavenly!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Impermanence

There is no hint of end in the air  
Nothing to suggest the impermanence  
The alluring sky azure and brightly fair  
Only a few dropped leaves making little sense!  
The smooth silence in the yellowish dark morn  
Lends the temptation to be here for good  
What was nascent is now quietly born  
A resigned desire to stand still in the wood!  
In a reality more inviting than the dream  
The eyes caress the sky and then the treetop  
Seeing yet not seeing in a trance made of whim  
They roll down to the ground where they stop!  
The trees have shed the withered leaves  
Remaining dispassionate and mindless  
The grand design Nature ceaselessly weaves  
To renew hope and welcome new face!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## In Adversity

Making best use of the adverse weather  
Road kittens and puppies grow together

The ma dog suckles the kittens orphaned  
And the ma cat though wary of suckling the pups

Keeps a watch on the pups so they don't stray too far  
Besides keeping them together in the warmth of her fur

Before my eyes happen this caring effortless

Why men find it hard to care thus for happiness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# In Between

the day's weight and sweat  
waits within  
to come out the poet.

Through the daily chore  
a life of commoner  
remains at core  
the poet a loner.

The poet a loner  
one commoner  
of the silent tears  
a willing owner.

In between  
the night's resting state  
works within  
to come out the poet.

On the night's bed  
they quietly dawn  
on the burdened head  
make the poet more alone.

The poet all alone  
the one too common  
but all the silent tears  
just cannot disown.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# In Dream Or Out Of It

One layer after another follows  
Silent colorless dark hollows  
Can't extricate from the scenes dimly lit  
Am I in dream or out of it?  
Miles traversed the road never ends  
Deceivingly straight full of bends  
Faces known but I love unknown  
Am I in a crowd or just alone?  
Skimming floating in an ethereal hue  
It's always grey not a shade of blue  
Bleary eyed I wipe with my hands  
Am I here or in distant lands?  
Stupor ridden I walk in a daze  
Though million suns on my head blaze  
In my eyes the fires gleam  
Am I awake or still in my dream?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# In Flight

In this city of a billion feet  
striking the concrete  
if may found one face  
in one recess  
one man standing on the asphalt  
when halts to see  
the arch of heaven's vault  
finds within a treasure  
beyond gain's measure  
and at day end  
when his feet turn home bound  
his heart contented with all not found  
lays peacefully his head  
on the resting bed  
forgetting all ache on the asphalt  
turn eyes on the heaven's vault  
till his dreams fetch him a meaning  
of his flight with the earth's spin!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# In Her Garden Of Temptation

I tiptoed to her garden alone  
In the sun her radiance shone  
Plumply hanging in golden tone  
With curvy tips slight upward grown!

I was tempted by the only wish  
To kiss them then milk the juice  
A monstrous thirst engulfed me  
To suck them dry like honeybee!

As I plucked the more luscious one  
Tongue rolled in glee seen by none  
Spoke the maiden as soon you taste  
My life turns vain beauty goes waste!

You nail me mad to bare my flesh  
Squirt my fluids make a mangy mess  
Leave me then in sucked dry bust  
Find one more in renewed lust!

You waste me when you taste me  
Said the maiden ruefully  
But my thirst had gone too far  
My teeth left her a lasting scar!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# In Her Image

Clay pot in hand face smudged with clay  
She holds the brush makes image all day  
Mound of river clay gets shape and grows  
To bosoms, belly, navel and eyebrows!

She builds with the method her mind conjures  
Seen through broken mirrors imagined contours  
Lending every limb with a part of her own  
The image will never be she when fully grown!

She has to make the goddess youthful ageless  
With ridges and valleys of resplendent flesh  
Remake treasures from ashes of her withered assets  
That bore raging storms yore's lusty tempests!

Her hand sweeps the clay over her troughs and crests  
Heaping a lavish greed on her thighs and breasts  
Once finished when the model her eyes would scan  
Won't find the goddess but in her image a woman!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# In I Read You

Your difference I find hard to bear  
though I'm right in whatever I say  
want you to talk what I love to hear  
want you to go my way!

I want your world to go my way  
I'm okay and you are not  
words I love you don't ever say  
you don't just toe my thought!

Why you don't just toe my thought  
me you don't understand  
why you seem to me remote  
a distant far off land!

Why you remain a far off land  
farther from me you stray  
why don't come to the place I stand  
and not just walk away!

I wonder why you walk away  
say not what I love to hear  
don't listen to what I have to say  
though living together the years!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# In Love

The warm air from your nostrils  
Tingled my cheek,  
Your lips faintly brushed my lobe  
Your eyelashes groped my eyes  
And I was led thru the funeral door of love.  
The waves rolled back  
The winter frost set in  
And thru the smoked glass  
You became an apparition.  
I love it  
More than the long gone one,  
The electric blue tragedy not meant to last.  
I love it  
More than the fleeting fervor of lust  
Made only to be burnt in a while.  
I love it  
Coz it's gonna stay with me till end!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# In Many Faces

The only prayer on his lip  
When awake and in sleep  
'God, I always praise your grace,  
Just for once show me your face'.  
Years passed his prayers didn't change  
Tenaciously pleading if god could arrange  
To just for once appear before him  
It's what he prayed when awake and in dream.  
At last one night he heard a heavenly voice  
'You've prayed hard I'm left with no choice,  
I can't endure anymore your sorrow,  
Going to visit you anytime tomorrow'.  
Next day found him up early in the morn  
His hope revived belief reborn  
God at last had succumbed to his call  
To appear before him once and for all.  
He waited for him the whole day long  
Came other men but god not came along  
Tears welled in his eyes at god's deceit  
He didn't show up for the promised visit.  
That night god visited him in his restive dream  
His face was not seen but he knew it was him  
God said 'I honored my commitment to thee,  
Appeared in many faces but you didn't recognize me'.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# In Praise Of Hell

Tonight I've an invitation to be in hell  
I know it would be a perfect setting  
A zombies' party in a stinking dale  
With guests carried on vampire wing!  
Bloated corpses would be carried around  
To feast on with blood in clinking goblet  
The dead would rip open the ground  
To welcome me their only living mate!  
The party would begin as the night's chill  
Slowly freezes d hearts of the lost souls  
Their hunger goading them to go for a kill  
Their hollow eyes glowing like burning coals!  
They would dance the length of night  
Singing couplets in praise of hell  
Under pale moon and ghostly starlight  
The living would appear infinitely stale!  
Tonight I am invited to hell  
There I'd find my new nest  
To live forever in the night's spell  
And be there as an eternal guest!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# In That April Shadow

She lives alone in a rented pigeonhole  
with a lone window forbidden from sky  
her skins now a parched scroll  
in her eyes no more sparks' fly!

In that april shadow as she stood at the stair  
she looked an absurd ghost from faraway time  
the world moved on but little did she care  
rested her beauty cocooned sublime!

From across years looked her ethereal face  
as if she knew the question haunting me  
enough to shatter her fragile happiness

why you never did marry!

Perhaps I had my fill in that first moon crush  
when my caged heart was dreaming to be free  
pierced her words the evening hush

one love was enough for me.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## In That Corner

You made that corner about it only you know  
Where in the light and shadow strange things grow  
That though with you in placental bond breaks in the faintest touch  
You own them you breed them about them you don't know much.  
When storms rage fires burn and the world outside turns grim  
You find in that corner hope's beacon healing rains of glorious dream  
There you retreat from the day's cauldron to rest in peace and muse  
Find in that corner a moonlit shade from the night's dark abuse.  
You made that corner it's only yours for anchoring the weary ship  
From rolling waves and breaking froths in a voyage in marine deep  
Your ravaged heart finds a berth when the ship runs aground  
In that corner awaits a sunset place when it's time to turn homebound.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# In The Classroom

In the glass hours of morning  
I am back in the lecture hall  
With my uniform, bag and everything  
Amid the class teacher's frenzied roll call.  
Roll no.9 she shouts out  
I'm here ma'am no doubt  
Me she gives a grim look  
I hide my face in a book.  
She rises with duster and chalk  
I force on myself a silence  
Pretending to hear her talk  
Holding onto my brittle patience.  
She goes on and on and on  
Her babbles pouring like rain  
Soon my defenses are all gone  
Staying awake becomes a burden.  
I get away into my dreamland  
Far from the stiffness of rules  
Where I dance holding the fairy's hand  
And there are no syllabus and schools.  
My dream is so cute and cool  
A freedom of endless peace  
Till my ears feel the stinging pull  
You're sleeping? Shouts the Miss!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# In The Far Meadowland

I'll walk up to her  
seek her hand  
one September  
in the far meadowland!

Where the grass grows tall  
the sky is low  
dreams are small  
hearts aglow!

I'll walk up to her  
taste her lip  
one September  
love her deep!

Where the winds don't cease  
in their song  
just one kiss  
grows love long!

I'll walk up to her  
to read her eyes'  
shining star  
she can't disguise!

Where the needs are small  
in reach is sky  
giving easy is all  
in love to die!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# In The Forest With My Father

End of the night  
We were to go the forest  
When it thundered  
And rain holed the soil.  
You were all ready  
You cursed the downpour  
It was almost first light  
And the forest beckoned.  
Skimming the wisp of mist  
The two of us floated  
And landed and rose  
From the soft cold grass  
To the magical air  
Inhaling the fragrance  
Of a world you so loved  
The jungle of loneliness.  
You told me to be silent  
Lest the birds were stirred  
Untimely in their nests  
And the deer were scared.  
You told me to be silent  
Lest remained unheard  
A lone bull tusker  
Smelling our trails  
Or a spotted yellow streak  
Scenting us the intruders.  
You told me to be silent  
Lest we missed the music  
Of the residual drums  
Raindrops played on each leaf  
And the rising fogs  
That made a milky bridge  
Between two heavens.  
The moments are now dreams  
And the encounters fairytales.  
You are ready  
When comes down the rain  
It is end of night  
And the two of us

Skim the mist  
To float in the forest of memories!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# In The Garden Of Eden

Just after that pretty shower  
Frivolously drenched the sunlit path,  
I thought of taking a walk in the no-man's park  
To smell there the dampness rising from earth.  
I tiptoed on the deserted walkway  
Smelling of bleaching to prevent a fall,  
Not a soul there even the leaves were quiet  
But didn't read much as they do bereft of wind.  
The sentry at the gate sedated by lack of footfall  
Possibly had locked himself in his small rest room,  
These drizzles he thought coming off and on  
Might deter the lovers who usually spoil his day.  
I imagined in that eerie silence without a cricket's buzz  
Time had taken me to that time when God was all alone  
Grappling to find solutions to his absolute solitude  
And tearing hairs to find for himself something to care for.  
And here I am Adam his first make in his own image  
With God still working out a fairer version of himself  
To give me company in this mythical garden of Eden.  
I expected to see my Eve anytime round the mossy corners  
Thought if she would be dressed like me or she would disrobe me  
And then hand in hand we together would walk  
To find the apple tree, eat the fruit and be banished....  
Two lovers emerged from behind a bush still unhinged,  
I had to leave as Adam had found her Eve.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# In The Hall Of Doom

The venue looked like a haunted mansion  
at the sight of it crept my fear's ascension  
I remember having dimly asked

it starts at what hour  
in this house of horror  
I write what paper

There was no answer got  
to my silent questioning thought  
once I entered the hall of doom  
swallowed me a pall of gloom

I wondered for me what was in store  
regretted not having prepared more  
the papers were given darkly random  
the king's story territory kingdom

One look at the paper dealt me a blow  
a blankness glared dried ink's flow  
wrong I shouted it shouldn't be  
not one answer is known to me

She pulled the blanket from over my face  
alarmed by my agony's stress  
they still haunt me give ugly chase

exam fears and failure's disgrace!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# In The Land Of The Blind

It's a pity  
Without a true leader's quality  
He has people in his praise sing  
Without applying their mind,  
For in the land of the blind,  
The one-eyed man is the king!  
Wherever he goes his men follow him  
He's a master in crafting them dream  
Promises he can never fulfill, sheer lies  
He thrives on the truth hope never dies  
He weaves tales of change, a certain rise  
Knowing among his folks only a few are wise  
To see through his strategy of deceit  
And he can flourish in power so sweet!  
He establishes through his propaganda  
A never-to-be utopia  
Continuing as a conjurer of dream  
For the people who in his glory sing  
And meekly follow him  
Without ever applying their mind,  
As in the land of the blind  
The one-eyed man is the king!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# In The Land Of The Dead (A Dream)

I have been in the land of the dead,  
Green valley of infertility, with no end in sight  
Where end the flights of steps, reigns eternal night.

But a night it is unlike any on the earth  
For a suffused light pervades the horizon for hopes to birth  
That on this land though echoes, the wailings of the dead,  
Yet can herald a new beginning from life's leftover thread!  
I stood on a high wall and as far as my eyes could see  
Walls stretched beyond farthest limits of vision's boundary  
Between them lay bottomless wells glowing with red hot coals  
In those abyss moved burning flesh cindering tortured souls!  
As I flew over those pits of doom saw many a flaming hand  
Waving up in one last bid to be carried away from this land  
I couldn't help them nor save them from their tormentor  
I had come here in my dream, just as a passing visitor!  
Scared by the hellish sights, I thought it wouldn't be wise  
To foray afar, see more of it, but from dream I must rise  
As I turned to leave, in those pits I saw, blue ocean and the sky  
Where flesh burns every moment, desires rot and die!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# In The Lone Night's Shadow

Have you ever heard  
how in the lone night's shadow  
sings the wind in the bamboo groves  
a dirge for the times long ago!

If roams the dark your eye  
pause on the dancing strings  
you would hear the fireflies' sigh  
in flutter of pain's quiet wings!

Think it not a mere windy trick  
in its blowing making eerie howls  
gathered there the dead souls speak  
of the times as old as the owls!

If ever in the dark you are home bound  
can hear the groves mourn the long dead  
their moans rising up in whistling sound  
till all griefs at end of night fade!

If you happen to pass the groves by  
when dewy tears sheds the moon  
stop awhile to hear the souls sigh  
mourning times that went too soon!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## In The Midst Of Life

Many have come before us  
many to come after we leave  
don't wake us from the hush  
traveler here silently grieve.

Time washed we came on the shore  
to our place `neath the moss laden stone  
when our dreams soared no more  
down here we lay cold alone.

Hold here traveler your breath  
forget for once all the strife  
hear the peace of the world beneath  
death in the midst of life.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# In The Night's Shadow

In the night's shadow  
As my frame seeks slumber  
Burning eyes of wolves glow  
Ready to shred me asunder!  
Thoughts lying dormant in the day  
Blow up dark and ugly  
Inside they warm up hell-bent to slay  
My diurnal angel of decency!  
Evil visions of wanton desire they breed  
Apparitions of depravity grimed and mean  
Awakening in me the vermin of greed  
Goading me to lust for the forbidden!  
A good part of night I grapple with them  
The enemies within me in disguise  
Knowing in my heart if I lose this game  
The demons would have a good feast at sunrise!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# In Times Good And Bad

In our dark moments  
We drift to God -  
The peacemaker, reconciler, pacifier,  
The believer's ultimate remedy!  
The belief in the shaken soul  
That nothing he can miss,  
He's ever there with his wand of justice.  
In our luminescent moments  
We thank god -  
The harbinger of all that's fair,  
The soul's ultimate soother!  
God up there all alone  
Has his reward -  
He's always needed in good times and bad!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# In Your Prayers

When I'm beside myself with grief  
Around me looms a dark mass  
You though pray for my ache's relief  
My bones are pieces of broken glass!

When you see my torrents of grief  
Around me the world makes no sense  
You though pray for my pain's relief  
My eyes pour in unstoppable rains!

When you find me in benumbed grief  
Around me stops the worldly rush  
You though pray for my agony's relief  
My heart finds in living no purpose!

My bones are now broken pieces of glass  
My frame one wind blown leaf  
My eyes a torrent of deluged river's gush  
In your prayers though you seek my relief!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Incomplete

In between the drudgery for hard prose called bread  
pick up the hum of a pulsating thread  
string them in mind give them a name  
frame it in print outline of a poem!

It can be raw ripe cored and sweet  
it can be anything but never complete  
bitter nut cracked a songbird's tweet  
the only opening heart's only conduit!

It can be anything untimely summer's rain  
a pain unknown raindrops on windowpane  
a sigh muted happy memory's fountain  
tears for losing what would never come again!

Hold it for life for all they are worth  
to breathe out the prose breathe in rebirth  
in colors and shades tastes bitter sweet  
a poem that is anything but ever complete!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Independence Day

The zoo closed down  
This Independence Day,  
Instead of setting the animals in them free,  
They set free all the animals.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Indeterminable

Stares at him a blank page  
Stares at him a blind rage  
Stares at him a maddening pause  
Stares at him an indeterminable cause

It seems so unfair  
Before him is only laid bare  
A taunting silence  
Tearing into his patience  
Dragging him down to bottom  
Raising him up the cliff  
Tossing him in the storm  
Showing him no relief!

And it's precisely then  
Over the shattering pain  
Emerges a newly born light...

He feels a palpable might.

He rejoices in its voice.

Past the night's turbulence  
Would be revealed at the dawn  
The hidden shapes in the silence  
The picture fully drawn!

A picture sans all flaws  
For you drawn on the canvas  
Making redundant a cause  
For effects that far surpass!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Inescapable

On the palm  
time doth give

and takes away too.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Inevitable

waves of sadness  
they recede with time  
but come back!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Inheritance

Defying stony indifference  
Braving elements against her  
Making no heroic pretense  
She has taken it this far.

She's the woman found on the way  
Cuddling the baby begging her day  
Not worth a look on the pave defiled  
Delighted to bring this world a child.

Her skin's paramour there's no dearth  
Wasted daily disrobed on earth  
Then in a fulfillment absurdly wild  
She gets this world a beautiful child.

The child is alive and solely hers  
It must live none else she cares  
She looks in its eyes in wistful trance  
Sees in them her only inheritance.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Injustice To Women

It doesn't need  
Nth number of words  
Just to say  
Umpteen men  
Stoop low  
To violate  
Invade  
Coerce  
Enslave  
Trample  
Oppress  
Women  
Over and over again  
Mindlessly  
Estranging  
Nature's fairer sex

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Ink

Ink on her nose  
Ink on her thumb  
Her face a pretty rose  
She stared pretty dumb.

Blue dots on her pink  
Ink on her teeth  
When gave her a wink  
Stopped her breath.

She was a girl shy  
Never smiled her teeth  
I didn't know why  
She took away my breath.

The girls are now smart  
Bubbly wobbly cute  
Speak swift and curt  
I loved that girl mute.

Her eyes were deep ocean  
Had no hint of flirt  
I still have no notion  
How she stole my heart.

Her rosy cheeks blue pink  
She won't be back again  
Gone with the ink  
She's dead like fountain pen.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Inscrutable

Blurred and fast they race  
the intangible senses on my walkway  
dragging me through a maze of madness  
my perceived traverse of each day!

As I try to feel them in their fullness  
save each as a precious find  
they melt away in their secluded recess  
leaving me to grope in my mind!

I search bewitched in their spell  
if can find a trace of their tint  
but only see upon the trail  
their inscrutable footprint!

Thus I traverse each day  
seeking to unravel the maze  
of my indecipherable walkway  
obscured in yet ungrasped haze!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Inside

burning fire's longing glow  
awakes the night dies so slow!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Insomnia (10w)

Your eyes  
Roaming the ceiling  
Past midnight  
In a fright!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Intruder

On a y-shaped twig hanging on the stream  
The kingfisher was absorbed in fishy dream  
Move close I told myself move as close  
To make sure you shoot its meditative pose.

Instinctively manifold alert and smart  
It didn't oblige me as an object of art  
But flew away with the thought in its mind

No luck now with the rascal creeping behind!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Inward

Write not hoping a receptive audience.

Write what's not nonsense.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Iron Lady

By the wayside  
iron in hand  
presses salts of her oceanic eyes  
as passes life's flowing tide.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Irony (10w)

The elephant is poacher's target.

Ivory

The irony of fate!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Is There Anybody There?

Total parrot care  
Cried the signboard  
In the narrow sleepy by-lane  
I gave it a dreamy stare.

I have been too rare on this road  
Coming this way was no need  
But when I chanced upon that signboard  
My search ended for parrot feed.

Is there anybody there?  
I echoed de la mare  
Found none at the counter  
Not even the shopkeeper!

Dismayed I looked around  
If some human semblance could be found  
But fell nothing in my gaze  
Other than a parrot in a cage!

Turning to leave I was stopped by a voice  
Find here sir a variety of choice  
Not just parrot feed  
Under one roof all that they need.

Who is speaking I asked in awe  
There wasn't a human face I saw  
But could tell it with certainty  
There were eyes watching me.

Don't leave sir without the delicious pellet  
Once you take it you've to come back  
Serves well a parrot's palate  
The bird loves this crunchy snack.

It now emerged who was playing the trick  
I was hearing parrot speak  
None other there not one human folk  
The shop was run by parrot talk!

I scampered out with one long hop  
Disappeared the lane the parrot shop  
I was tossing on my sweated bed  
By this funny dream that rocked my head!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## Issues (6w)

Our budgies  
Make love  
Without issues!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# It Comes Without A Cause

The most fulfilling happiness  
is the one that brings  
without a reason  
rapture to your heart  
not needing you to pause  
to find a cause!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# It Pays To Be Hurt

Sometimes it pays to be hurt,  
To suffer a broken heart  
To be shut out of light  
To cry through a long night.  
Sometimes it pays to fail,  
To suffer the ignominy of defeat  
To be left with a broken sail  
To make a glorious retreat.  
Sometimes it pays to know,  
From the endless race you ran,  
Though suffering many a blow,  
You emerged a stronger man.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# It Starts When

Give the greed a heed  
and manifold grows the need!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# It's Like That Always: A True Story

Seeing the man for nearly twenty years  
In his eternal Spring of joblessness

Man, wife, a son  
A one storied house  
Market and home  
The only places I have seen him tread  
And on the roof  
Any time of day  
He's there  
Staring around  
Sky gazing

I envy him  
His length and space  
Stealing my Saturday dusk  
Sunday dawn  
Weekday moon

I envy him  
For so much time  
If I had  
Would have spun endless rhyme

But then ceasing remorse  
That like him  
Much time isn't mine

I think

Stuffed with so much seen  
Heard  
Observed  
The bard in me  
In free time's delirious wine  
Wouldn't have budged a line!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# It's Only Today

It's only today  
and yesterday seems never was  
believed its promise to stay  
never thought was so treacherous!

It's only today  
and yesterday seems like a tale  
that was blown way  
in today's howling gale!

It's only today  
and yesterday had never been  
just an imagined way  
never walked ever unseen!

It's only today  
and yesterday was never born  
somehow lost its way  
in the womb of today's morn!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## It's So Made

Lust moves easy mind roams crazy  
What you like you want to own  
Past turns of years when limbs lazy  
Only then find love full grown.

Unripened age when turns new page  
Lovelorn young minds be must  
It's only when the seasons age  
You find in love true trust.

It's made that way we have no say  
Though love is summer born  
It strongly holds still winter stays  
Breaks not when trouble torn.

Can't define how made like this  
It takes years to own  
The richest wine and the perfect bliss  
Of love with time full grown!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# It's Such A Burden To Be Good

it's such a burden to be good  
manifold grows your shoulder's load  
conscience driving you to what you should  
you're a constant walker on a tortuous road!

it's such a burden to be good  
you feel a lot of breath on your nape  
you can be everything but ever a rude  
with people watching your every step!

it's such a burden to be good  
you can't relax to ever be mean  
can't talk rough or have a bad mood  
you have to live up to how good you've been!

it's such a burden to be good  
and once you are there there's no way to halt  
acting bad is the last thing you ever could  
and goodness brings you the worst downfall!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# It's You

In the dark  
A spark  
It's you  
After the night's thorn  
A sweet morn  
It's you  
Amidst all rust  
A little moondust  
It's you  
Me a haggard  
Turned a songbird  
It's you  
No fence no defense  
It's you!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Jackdaws & A Raven (10w)

Tempts jackdaws  
A raven, because,  
Ravenous jackdaws  
Crave its gloss.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Journey Forward

In the unending darkness  
I rode onto the over bridge  
And caught the rainbow!  
Through the hole on the sky  
I touched the spectrum of light,  
Hope was once again in sight!  
My heart rubbed it on  
To bring my face a smile.  
I knew I was not alone,  
Lying forward was another mile.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Jungle Babbler

Brownish grey yellow billed  
Babbling beaks joyous filled  
With them around silence is gone  
Have never seen them coming alone.

To pep up the world sent by heaven  
They forage in flock of six seven  
Never they break the brotherly band  
Hence seven brothers called in my land.

In my surround they sprinkle joys  
Prance and dance make cheery noise  
When spring comes these feathered guests  
In mango tree build chaotic nests.

I love to see their mock war game  
Two males fighting for winning dame  
I welcome them so long they stay  
Give me good times a brighter day.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Jurassic Park

Be on the side of truth, speak boldly what's true  
Said the father to his son, truth you must value.  
One day said the father, son let's go to a movie  
Jurassic Park at the Globe would be fun and groovy.  
A little recreation is overdue son, what do you say  
No harm will be done, if you are off from school a day.  
The lad a little trepid said after a reflecting pause  
What dad should I tell the teacher as absence's cause!  
Don't worry son tell him the truth for from the daily grind  
A day's break of a little boy he wouldn't surely mind.  
So they merrily enjoyed the day, the movie was damned good  
Away from lessons and classroom, found the kid in fabulous mood.  
But you know about the good times, it's in them to always rush  
The merry day passed quickly, and the boy was back in class.  
What happened yesterday, the teacher's jaws hardened  
The boy had to admit it, with truth he was burdened.  
I had gone with my father to watch the Jurassic Park  
Was enough for the teacher to show his anger's spark.  
You boy bunked class and now tell it on my face  
Get out right now and remain standing till recess.  
In the class was another boy without truth placed better  
He too like our lad had gone to the Globe theatre  
When the teacher turned to him asked him what's his cause  
He said he was down with fever without a moment's pause.  
The truthful boy felt pangs of remorse for saying what was true  
From that day he learned the lesson that truth would never do.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Just A Kid

On my first day as a tutor (a sad tale for tutors)  
Said the boy, sir, your face looks like a horse  
Shocked beyond words by the slapping commentary  
I said how it matters boy show your book of history!

History, oh no, that's a subject I abhor  
It hasn't anything that needs a tutor  
The kings and queens and years of wars  
Got no charm for me all the unending curse!

My hands itched hard to pull out his hair  
Just a kid I said and it won't be fair  
I must put up with all the nonsense  
Mend him and get my reward for patience!

Don't talk like that boy bring your English book  
How far you've progressed let me have a look  
English, it's so easy I can learn by myself  
It's one subject I need no tutor's help!

It's time I thought to use my last card of trump  
Bring boy your copy of subtractions and sums  
Surely you need there someone to guide you  
He kept quiet and my hopes soared anew!

Maths, that's truly something from you I need to learn  
If you offer to teach me there's no way I can spurn  
But before we proceed his chuckles he could hardly hide  
Do crawl on all fours to be the horse I love to ride!

A thousand bees stung me a million sparks flew  
I knew my time was up wasn't anything more to do  
I wished to give his head the hardest hammer's hit  
Just a kid I had to swallow made a hasty retreat!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Just When

I think not to write  
any more love poem  
her strands of silver hair  
face's blossoming striations  
and sunset pinks on her earlobes  
rekindles a flame  
that begets  
one more love poem!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Justice

Daylong I bemoan justice denied to me  
Till breaking through my nightly peace  
They gather around me seeking justice.

In someone's eyes I sculpted a rain  
In someone's life a desert  
In someone's loss I found my gain  
Broke someone's delicate heart!

On someone's face etched a dark shadow  
A scar in someone's mind  
From someone's face stole moon's glow  
In the dark left someone behind!

They surround me breaking night's peace  
Each someone I hurt on the way  
My wrongs' phantoms come for justice  
From the ruins of the gone by day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Kali

Her monstrous tongue  
spits fire

before her ire  
the demon cowers

his limbs sloth  
before her fiery wrath

by her annihilating eyes  
no more can he rise.

Returns lull

when she wears his skull!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Keep Some Space

Work but worry less  
Keep in your heart some space  
For things like a different day  
To see the pranks clouds play  
Film of haze the mist weaves  
Trail of light the dusk leaves!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Keeping A Promise

When I left home  
I left there a piece of my mind  
What it keeps saying to me  
Robs my peace of mind

Your attention not paid  
For her cat clawed cut  
Asking her if it still hurts  
Should have got her a band-aid

Defocused out of sight  
Forgot so much from last night

Never asked once  
If by any chance  
Her feet's ache still remains

If she in her morn's walk  
Felt the pain  
And she was home before the rains

I think of asking her all these  
The questions I left behind  
Some more some more

Then in the evening  
As she opens the door  
I remember some  
Forget more

Maybe not even one  
I can remember  
The pains of her  
Inside outside

At night by her side  
Promise her  
I'll not be forgetful

See her clawed thumb-head  
Plastered with band-aid  
Her feet swollen

And she promises  
She will not go out in the rain again.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Keeping A Promise On A March Afternoon

Each clay model was fast asleep  
Frozen in slumber deep

But I had a promise to keep.

My doll I promised would have her say  
And on this summer day  
Her I mustn't fail.

She had to have a clay model.

There wasn't a thing wasn't there  
Men, women, birds and even a curd seller

Bald Brahmin, English pair  
Village belle in flowing hair

Men flirtatious, women loose  
At small price pick and choose.

Lost in the potter's terrain  
She was back a child again  
The afternoon was almost spent  
When ended her playful moments.

I picked the fortune teller  
She chose the curd seller.

On the way what I had to say  
Hope she remembers till last day

At the potter's having seen them all  
Found none crafted like my lovely doll.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Kepler

A pain gnaws him as he looks out to the falling day.

On this land of dimmer glow and vaster stretch

stings him the thought

separation could be such unimaginably painful!

From the beginning he had dreamed a resemblance  
had hoped for it

between this world and his

but his wildly scanning senses  
keep bouncing on a dead wall!

He remembers how he missed home  
from a few scores of miles

and when younger

even five hundred yards from mom  
was enough for tears...

Here he's away five hundred light years!

The night dawns with the blue moon sphere.

He has to live from now on

his worst nightmare!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Kid Man

In his heart brimming river's flow  
When he sees it passing below  
He on the bridge cries 'train, train'  
Goes back to be a child again!

A child that's what he loves to stay  
Refuses to go the grownups' way  
Being a kid is pleasure immense  
Smallest things tickle the sense!

He shuns adults their company  
Their faces somber as somber could be  
Their lack of laugh frowned eyebrows  
Creased countenance stern morose!

He nicely fits in his childlike poise  
Claps when glad dances in rejoice  
Catches a grasshopper in palm holds rain  
Lovingly goes back to be a child again!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Killers

coming up another high rise  
on the gate they're planting trees  
the maker surely is wealthy and wise  
to have stolen the lowly one's breeze.

one more tower to eat up the sky  
on the gate they're planting trees  
soon the goliath will raise its head high  
to make rooms for the busy bees.

coming up a high rise gobbling open space  
on the gate they're planting trees  
will blow a deadly kiss on the sky's face  
our breaths will be hell of a whiz.

how many trees can plant these men  
to compensate for the air they decimate  
robbing the blue for a handful's gain  
killing the open space with no regret.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Killing Is No Answer

Let the bud blossom into a flower.  
See it, love it, and destroy it not  
Even if you think  
Your own childhood was ruined  
And when you were a bud  
You were trampled on.  
Today's child didn't shape your past  
They didn't have a hand in your ruin.  
The ones that took away it  
Are long gone into retreat  
And the ones before you,  
The flowering innocence,  
Give them a chance  
Love them even if you were denied it.  
Your gun can't rebuild your life  
It has no answer to your problem  
So instead of its nozzle blazing  
Give the child a chance  
Give yourself a chance  
To blossom and build from the ruin.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Kingfisher

Breaking the hush of the summer day  
Chee-keeee trills the bird as it waits for prey  
Catches one swallows skyward easy  
Then for the next gets ready.  
You love its intent solemn eyes  
The brown neck and the blue shine  
Its impassive posture that's only a disguise  
To pounce on the prey and merrily dine.  
It perches on the lightest twig  
A dreamer and a hunter in one rolled  
Scanning the water for a large swig  
Big enough for its beak to hold.  
Sometimes the wait may be long  
You imagine his eyes in sleep droop  
Then in a flash proving you wrong  
The blue streak would on the catch swoop.  
Rain brings it an ecstatic thrill  
It loves to be drenched in the showers  
To reap the harvest of a daylong meal  
Never tired of long hunting hours.  
If it ever god forbid so happens  
You don't see anymore this creature  
Know streams have dried up there're no rains  
And with them has vanished Kingfisher!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Kisses In The Air

Dust laden and bare,  
The wall is growing high,  
I'm throwing my kisses in the air,  
Where unresponded they lie.  
I'm touching my hand on my lip,  
The void is growing cold,  
They only come in the sleep  
As dreams of the worn and old.  
I'm dying to get close,  
The boat is getting away from the shore,  
My breaths are stopping under my nose,  
They can't blend with hers anymore.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Kissing Your Shadow

I kiss your shadow in the sun  
My blood spills, the dust drinks it.  
Yellowed pages drift away in the blue  
Merciless time closes the manuscript.  
I chase a shadow that vandalizes my day  
And brews a fiery night of dark phantoms.  
My being disintegrates into dead fragments  
To be blown away as scattered ashes of hope!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Kite Flyer

I wonder why I withheld it the story was overdue  
Summers back I wrote for her from heart 'I love you'

I see those days of careless time her face still girlish bright  
A boy's heart she took away left him some wakeful nights

Petals blew away with the wind that must have stolen her sight  
The girl I knew once playmate she knew how to fly a kite

She frolicked around in a polka dot skirt a prancing butterfly  
Babbled in joy clapped in glee as her string spread to the sky

I watched in awe her graceful hands way she pulled the string  
Wrote her name many a time about love I knew nothing

A girl so cute so full of life so loving and carefree  
I dipped my mind deep in her nothing else it could be

The daring girl I held in stare trapped my eyes like a star  
Those afternoons would be cruelly void lifeless without her

Once alone on the wall of attic I inscribed it with my nail  
No other way to relieve my mind couldn't write her a mail

Those three words on the mossy wall for times there they stood  
My heart's outpour carved in bold if only they remained for good

Next afternoon at the rooftop to me she looked anew  
My knees went weak I knew alone the mystery of 'I love you'

None broke the lull as she pointed the wall her face red with rage  
Her probing eyes rolled on the faces till they held me in their gaze

'It cannot be you I'm sure I exclude you from suspicion'  
If only she knew the little boy's mind secrets of his emotion

A few years thence I went back to that house to see if it still was there  
Those candid three words from a timid boy laying his child's heart bare

The house was gone so was the roof in its place stood an apartment new  
None would ever know the girl never knew I wrote her from heart 'I love you'

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Knife Cutter

Cuts the midday heat's eerie lull  
the knife cutter's call...

from his pedaled wheels  
rise dust haze

his own life a walk on ledge

gives your knife the razor edge!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Knowing Your Heart

I could come up from the ocean bottom  
Climb down from mountainous height  
Though I delved yet could never fathom  
Your heart's depth I never got it right.  
I could come out of the darkest alley  
Win the night to reach sunshine  
Though I tried yet could never really  
Understand your heart's design.  
Of myriads mysteries you are made  
I seek to find though can't unravel  
I must not give up but go ahead  
Knowing it's an endless travel.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Labor

They cheered it in to the inn  
It didn't understand it was dazed  
For nine months it was unused to din  
Their celebrations left it amazed.  
It was afloat in the coziest darkness  
Fed on the fluid of its host  
The light now brought tears to its face  
And they welcomed it with a toast.  
Thoroughly washed the cute little swan  
Couldn't fathom the new begotten space  
Yet it sought the warmth of just one  
Looked from many for one face!  
Its face made her forget the tearing pain  
In making way for the blob of her blood  
Gushed out from her a joyous fountain  
She was carried away in a torrential flood.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Lament

Had I not  
thought it right  
when I left her.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Laminated

In this room  
I find a sad peace..

in company of memories.

There as I sit awhile  
can catch mom's sweet smile  
feel her hands in my hair  
her tender kiss of unmatched care!

From his place he peers at me  
the bohemian man ever carefree  
now forever free and left alone  
missing my mom missing his son!

With them went large chunks of me  
in a void I sunk helplessly  
no tears of mine touched the ground  
as this heart broke in silent sound!

Blank stretch on wall looks at me  
biding time for another memory  
in six by four space of laminate  
hangs unseen me for son in wait!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Lapis Lazuli

When at roadside stands  
I see a little mag of poetry  
can't help mutter two words

lapis lazuli

Must have brought it a poet like him  
lover of letters dealer of dreams  
drunk in the elixir of emotion  
added a drop more to the spilling ocean!

In the vastness grew in one nook  
bearded youth with poetic look  
his words tattered on the canvas a rag  
bringing this world one little mag!

There wasn't a reader an eye to see  
the poet's journal sold for free  
he carried them bagful if could find  
ears willing a discerning mind!

Then they shrunk the hopes high soared  
wings broken the bard was floored  
in the desert sands lay dried poetry  
dying unprized lapis lazuli!

No question asked nor rose a frown  
a wasted poet was the known verdict  
he put his pen forever down  
till breathed his last a drug addict!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Last But Not The Least

Why we delay in saying what matters the most  
place it at the bottom of the list  
scared it might let loose a fearsome ghost  
of what's last but definitely not the least!

We speak this and that leaving it aside  
keep the most necessary in the mist  
beat about the bush in that bush we hide  
not saying what's last but not the least!

Why we speak the most needed at the last  
treat it as a monstrous beast  
when we have to say it and say it we must  
not say first the last but not the least!

What's the point of the deferment to last stage  
and not say it at the very outset  
keep delaying it and blunt its edge  
turn the last but not the least into waste!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Last Journey

The hearse waits at the door  
the dead is ready for the funeral's chore

dressed in this last hour  
in wreaths of white flower

can't hold back the widow's moan  
a journey that's now his own

can't see his son look grown in years  
as he follows his father's hearse.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Last Laugh

Came the first one  
A spell of brief rain  
In the summer heat  
But wasn't seen again!

The one that followed  
Veiled in mystery  
Seemed an elusive  
Piece of artistry!

There was another  
Would rather do without  
Like a rough weather  
Soon blew out!

Thought it end of story  
And I had enough  
Came one in reigning glory

She had the last laugh!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Laugh Maker

I'm nothing more  
Than a bore  
As all my stuff  
Are shitfully sad  
Can't make you laugh.

I'm just a plain bore  
For almost always  
I knock your door  
With a mourning face  
Not finding laughter's address.

I wish I could write stuff  
To make you rollingly laugh  
Belly ripping laughs  
Choked in coughs  
Yet never enough.

I'm a bore  
A failure  
Time and again  
Only sketching sadness  
Pity  
Deformity  
Never giving you a laughing recess.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Law Of Proximity

He wore himself out in her dream.

Saw her from a distance  
That made her alluring  
Hid what were not,

He crooned to draw her closer.  
She remained no more aloof.

Proximity revealed the intricacies  
When they started living under same roof.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Lazy Bones

Two brothers lazy bones were known far and wide  
Devoted devils they stuck together on each other's side  
As you can guess on those idle souls life wasn't kind  
Without work they didn't earn though they didn't mind.

Still they managed to survive God played here his hand  
The duo had a roof over head and some ancestral land  
They were happy to just laze out with barely minimal meal  
Spend their times at fireside with two staunch idlers' zeal.

In fact even such rituals as bathing and nature's call  
Found them badly wanting they detested moving at all  
They disliked going out of house hardly ever took a ride  
Enamored of their laziness in it they preferred to hide.

The two brothers were often coaxed to go for a movie show  
Couldn't dress up never made it their limbs moved so slow  
Yet they weren't bothered for life's joys remaining undone  
Thoroughly enjoyed their laziness it held for them all the fun.

Not one good deed they ever did not once a noble act  
Enslaved as they were in idleness tied to its devilish pact  
None ever came to the aid of them none they ever did help  
In notorious no work they stuck together keeping only to themselves.

Till one day came an ugly turn a fire broke out in their house  
When all else left except them even the cellar's mouse  
In their sleep as they sensed the heat the one asked the other

My back is burning what to do please tell me kindly brother.

Though surrounded them the fire the two brothers didn't budge a bit  
Undeterred by the looming peril they kept lying in the searing heat  
How do I know the other answered with eyes still not opened wide

Go back to your sleep if it's too hot move your back to the other side.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Leaf

Leave a life  
that one can take  
a leaf out of it.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Leaves Atop The Trees

They bear the brunt of the heat,  
Yet in the scorching sun  
Without the respite of a shed,  
They don't complain  
But protect what lie below them,  
The leaves far down,  
The creatures on the ground,  
Quietly waiting for the rain!  
And when it pours,  
They dance in joy  
As they get the first drops,  
Forgetting all sadness of life!  
Can't we be like them?  
I mean the leaves atop the trees  
With nothing on their head  
Mutely bearing the sun's wrath  
Dancing through all pain  
Protecting whatever is down below  
Cheerily waiting for rain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Left Out

The rain  
All on a sudden  
Poured in glee,  
It kissed the windowpane  
Drenched the lonely lane  
But lo not a drop touched me!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Left To Die

Burning coal glows in the no-food zone  
Are they too cold and dead and alone?  
It's said they're loyal but they can't boast  
Are they too hungry and shadows of ghost?  
Ignore them people drunk in their fest  
Are they so useless as vermin and pest?  
Night's peace shatters as they whine and roar  
Are they without sleep and closed is your door?  
It all seems so cruel our heart is stained steel  
Are they too trifle and don't deserve a feel?  
The night is so unsparing so long and cold  
Are they still hopeful of the emerging gold?  
The sun gives reason to celebrate the morn  
They're still asleep they were rather not born.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Left To Find The Right Lane

Turn left and then take the first right  
Go straight till find on left a lane  
Walk a few paces till comes to your sight  
A left turn and one more again!

Take the second one till the eyes meet  
The path being broken into two  
One goes right and the other to left  
Which one to take you got no clue!

Take the left one the right one is blind  
Walk for a few minutes more  
Count the lampposts six you would find  
On the way you cross many a door!

Walk till you reach a broken windowpane  
Peeping from there a knowing face  
He is the one who can tell the right lane  
To be taken to find your address!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Leftover

In the silence of the night  
My ears buzz, my heart throbs  
A billion bulbs blaze my head  
The day comes rushing back.  
My thoughts, they madly hound  
The waves crash with thunderous sound  
I am chased, tormented, hammered  
It's hell of a deafening silence.  
My bed swings in a traumatic toss  
The fallen hopes, the shattering loss  
My pillow gnashes me with a thousand thorns  
The darkness fangs open my soul.  
While the world sleeps oblivious  
My fragments are carried into a new day  
Stitched together for another fight...  
Till the next silence of the night!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Lemon Pickle

My mouth waters taste buds tickle  
When I see a jar of lemon pickle!

On the sunny roof the lemon pickle  
It starts a child's saliva's trickle!

It still gives his conscience a prick  
He played on the old man a trick!

For the old one was sunned on the roof  
Jar of lemon pickle what a goof!

The glass jar stayed there all day  
But the child just couldn't stay away!

At midday when they all were asleep  
Little feet climbed the stairs steep!

Made sure not an eye was watching  
What joy did the sight of pickle bring!

The child such small was his need  
He only had to open the jar's lid!

Pick up one for nothing he could miss  
One juicy sweet sour lemon piece!

In his mischief he did go that far  
Each sucked piece he put back in the jar!

So that they would never find a trace  
Not one piece of lemon would be less!

The poor old man he never knew  
The child's blended saliva in the brew!

The child sucked pickle had his fill  
What the old man relished with his meal!

I know this story isn't worth a nickel  
Still I find irresistible the lemon pickle!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Less Than More

countless love poems devoured  
why am I hungry for more!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Lessons From The Miser

Who else but only the miser knows  
Preciousness of attachment!

He would not easily give up, not easily part  
Loss of what he values easily breaks his heart!

He demeans not one object, knows to love not discard  
Treasures each possession, each zealously guards!

Nothing for him grows old, with each he's intimate  
His ownership is blind, associations passionate!

Never demean the miser, rather adore his commitment  
None else but only he knows true meanings of attachment!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Lest We Forget Them

Their sacrifice a passing story  
Their braveries are fables untold  
In lives they hankered not for glory  
In their graves they won't be old.  
Lines of them lying under stone  
No medal they won no star  
In end they've found a silence zone  
Where their memories the soils blur.  
Someone was too young to die  
Still dreaming a life of bloom  
Yearning to reach the blue sky  
Now sleeping in the casket room.  
Youth so cruelly deceived them  
Little was written on the white page  
Blown away with the war game  
Years cannot make them age.  
Out of focus, out of lens  
On unknown memorial just a name  
Let's bow our head in silence  
Lest we forget them.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Let It Not Die

On a bed of flowers love is born.  
Let it not die  
on a bed of thorns!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Let Me Feel Your Love

Words are so weak  
They leave me behind  
When you don't speak  
I can better read your mind.  
They don't mean much  
Words last so brief  
Your faintest touch  
Fills me with love's whiff.  
Words so little convey  
But it's our ill fate  
So many words we say  
Not knowing love is quiet.  
Don't let the words pour  
Your silence goes deep  
In it is something more  
To give my heart a joyous leap!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Let My Heart Pour Like Rain

Let me pen my thoughts fast  
Before I dip the nib in the muck  
Raw emotions, they so little last  
Hold them before the day gets me stuck.  
Let me pour my thoughts out  
Before the day kills my mind  
The clouds cast shadow of doubt  
They are lost to be never again found.  
Let my heart pour like rain  
Before the heat drives me insane  
I lose them all in the agony of pain  
And left with only a smoked windowpane!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Let There Be Light

Even where there is no darkness  
we will create one.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Life

would have been unbearable  
but for  
our beliefs and assumptions!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Life Cycle

pause a little don't kill in haste  
curb the killer in yourself  
trample them not as garden's pest  
they need your kindness' help.

stop your feet see how they beg  
lying on your garden's leaf  
call out to you all the tiny egg  
don't turn your ears deaf.

when they hatch may not look sweet  
still they need you to be fair  
not kill them but wait little bit  
not be repulsed by stinging hair.

now they must eat more and more food  
to grow in pace and quick  
if you are patient and act like good  
their life can get more week.

once you allow them to grow in strength  
give their life the needed lease  
they reach their goal of the needed length  
turn themselves into chrysalis.

thanks to you it reaches the stage  
on flowers as butterfly dance  
become airborne beauty on human gaze  
for you gave them a little chance!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Life Is A Wonder

Life is so wonderful  
Wonders never cease  
Waking hours they rule  
Sleeps the dreams tease.  
Falling in love is a wonder  
Breaking away is too  
Finding a life partner  
A relation deep and true.  
Bonding for years together  
Walking in sunshine and rain  
Being one in all weather  
Sharing joy and pain.  
When it ends this journey  
Leaving a void one is gone  
The wondrous treasure of memory  
Moves the other along.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Life's Plan

A poet so nicely says  
in life's few years' span  
she would love if someone may  
give her one life's plan.

Strangely poet there's no one plan  
that can give us guidance  
so diverse is the human clan  
traveling the same distance.

Sadly no guide from where we learn  
know our acts lead us which way  
how to sail through twist and turn  
find us a brighter next day.

The morrow lying hidden darkly there  
may be rosy or with thorny spike  
it can be green or aridly bare  
a morrow we may like dislike.

Life would have been so horribly dull  
if what lies at next bend was known  
Time had not made a blocking wall  
let all our futures be shown!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Life's Pleasure

The sun is soft and mellow  
The noon a tinge of yellow  
The winter reminds the short measure  
Of life and all its pleasure!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Life's Precious Things

My hopes burn out, desires rot  
I'm never happy with what I got  
A grumbling heart, undying pain  
"It's unfair, it's wrong", I always complain!  
What I've got has no value for me  
Easy gotten, they're gotten free  
What I haven't is what matters most  
Run as I do chasing its ghost!  
When I stop the run, where the journey ends  
I lament my follies but can't make amends  
They were always there, waiting in the wings  
I never cared to find, life's precious things!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Like Father, Like Son

back from work when he rings the bell  
his face tells me not all is well.

there's a dog out there,  
seriously wounded, can't even get up  
saying this he picks up a plastic bowl  
pours some water in it  
and to show him he isn't alone  
I follow him with a bowl of milk  
with breads soaked in it,

must be some insolent car tyre  
crushed his hind legs  
a black emaciated one  
with a patch of white

and upon that grass  
beneath the sinking night  
we two mourn.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Lion

frozen a lion stands  
tamed by the modeller's hands  
eyes unblinking  
he has no inkling  
why he can't move an ounce  
roar and pounce  
can't jump from his place  
to bite a chunk of flesh  
but bugged by the creator's flaws  
can't move a bit his paws  
stand there in dazed surprise  
in helpless awe before thousand eyes  
mouth agape in a tragic roar

the truth dawning on him  
he's a king no more

just a clayed clone  
of a lion

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Listen (10w)

Make choice

To listen

From the din of all noise!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Litmus

the red girl turning blue  
means she's falling for you  
displays her love's basic  
your charm has done the trick.

the blue girl turning red  
means your chance is bleak  
displays no love is bred  
your sight makes her acidic.

the red girl remaining red  
the blue girl remaining blue  
in this worst case I'm afraid  
she's neutrally looking at you.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Little Mighty Things

A matchstick can melt darkness  
A breathe can break silence  
Just a word can greatly impress  
Saying nothing can make sense.  
A tear can move a mountain  
A touch can heal pain  
A fleeting glimpse can for long remain  
A little love can be a big gain.  
A ray of light can show the way  
A bubble can hold a rainbow  
A whiff of fragrance can forever stay  
A smile can make a face aglow.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Little You Can Do

By now you know  
Things don't go  
As you like them to,  
The plans you make  
Do easily break  
Little you can do.  
Your morn's hopes  
With the day elopes  
Aspirations sink,  
Your rosiest thought  
Turns to naught  
Loses the pink.  
The patch of blue  
Without a clue  
Is painted gray,  
The spot of sunlight  
Goes out of sight  
Before you make hay.  
Sudden are the slips  
Words from your lips  
You don't mean to,  
You pick up a row  
Turn a friend foe  
Little you can do.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Live The Precious Now

Hug the now and soak in it  
It won't last long.  
Worth immeasurable,  
Yet span cruelly finite,  
Live the now fast  
Before it leaves you!  
Burn in the fires of now  
Embrace the golden flame  
Let your hands hold the sparks  
It would die down real fast!  
Ah, the warmth of now  
Let it not melt between your fingers  
Or finds you napping  
While it comes!  
Grab it you must  
Between an irrelevant past  
And an uncertain future  
That precious you call "just now"  
Make most of it,  
It dies down fast!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Livelihood

The passing feet  
That stops before him  
He greets.

Come sir stand here in peace  
Get them shining at five rupees  
Five minutes' please  
For just five rupees  
Then, sir, go on your way  
Have a nice day.

While they stand  
Deftly moves his hand  
Dabbing white cream  
On pairs of five rupee dream  
An intent drive  
Rusted leather must come alive.

Then he let go free  
Grabs the five rupee  
Gets back his eyes on the street

He needs many more feet to greet.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Living For

One of these days  
I'll keep aside a day for mourning  
Nay remembering.

I'll journey through memory  
To dig up buried faces  
My priceless treasures  
Passing guests of life  
Touching me for minutes  
A few hours  
But carving in my heart  
Impressions imperishable  
And who I outlive  
With a sense of guilt  
Pangs of conscience  
That in those minutes  
By those hours  
They did miraculously more  
Than I have ever thought of doing  
Across far longer time  
Living for what they gave me  
But not living for what they taught me  
In those small hours  
Miniscule minutes  
When their eyes only gave  
Their hearts only parted  
The noblest thing for me  
That I failed then  
To understand

Reciprocate!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Living God

Hare Krishna he greets all passing familiar face  
the two invigorating words his strength and happiness  
his own life in doggy mess he never misses to greet  
Hare Krishna to each one his dimming visions meet!

Hare Krishna I greeted him as I passed him on my way  
Hare Krishna could you stop a while I had a horrible day  
the mother she came to me with her appeal in distress  
save my children from death be on you god's grace.

When I reached there I found one child was already dead  
an inevitable fate they suffer the children in winter bred  
I heard the groan of the other one but it I couldn't reach  
if only you heard the howl the doleful wail of the bitch.

Hare Krishna I tried my best so badly I now feel  
Hare Krishna trying is yours the rest is God's will  
you tried what's not done and I salute the Man in you  
who unwaveringly takes the call minds not the pain to rescue.

As he left me the ageing man passed into the evening's shadow  
I saw there not just a man but a living god with glorious halo  
It's men like him walk the earth that keeps it a place to dream  
Hare Krishna I whispered if only I could be like Him.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Living Is All About

Living is all about a lovely day  
And nights dreamy and romantic  
Being able to say what you need to say  
Ever seeking the crescent happiness peak!  
Living is trying to carve out a lovely day  
Being able to listen to what others have to say  
Standing beneath the sky with stretched hands  
Doing joyfully life's little errands!  
Living is finding out there's still enough hope  
Odds are there but you too are there to cope  
That for every dark spot is a thousand lights  
The world is a better place when love unites!  
Living is travelling on ever widening shore  
Be it in sunshine or when the rains pour  
Leaving behind bouquets of smiles  
For the ones coming up for the long weary miles!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Living Up To Love

Oh I find love such an easy thing to do  
Easier still to say that I love you  
But living up to it I find manifold tough  
Tiding over hurdles riding oceans rough!

Love comes such easy wear it like my name  
It's there just for taking a mere child's game  
But living up to it I find quite a hard deal  
With voids to fill up and wounds to heal!

On the face it seems love is an easy game  
Knocking on her door laying your claim  
But living up to it demands lot of commitment  
Whose tip is only touched with I love you statement!

But I do find love an easy thing to do  
That took me half the life to make it ring true  
For living up to it I have tried my best  
I avow my efforts are not all gone in waste!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Logic

He throws me an angry glance  
his countenance says he is cross  
I've given you enough chance  
no more I should growls the boss!

Everyday you come to work late  
and you haven't dearth of excuse  
traffic no buses long wait  
always you think up some ruse!

The last one to report for works  
the first one to leave the office floor  
if you can't come on time he barks  
for you is wide open my door!

Make good the time that's lost  
beyond office hours late stay  
must recover your pay's full cost  
and not feel I am cheated each day!

I play on him the last trick  
can't do it sir at any rate  
being guided by one logic

shouldn't ever be twice late!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Lonely Hearts

Think of the lonely hearts at the zoo  
Kept captive for reasons they haven't a clue  
Souls kept unpaired on the ground  
Not a mate for them could be found!

Should have thought of it when trapped from the forest  
Or acquired them from another zoo  
Showcased them those unwilling guests  
Forgetting they need mates too!

Mightiest animal decides these creatures' fate  
Dictates how they should live and be grown  
The right time to love and have a mate  
Or spend life in their enclosures alone!

In the name of care you make their lives messy  
Consign them to the doom of loneliness  
You ruin their home invade their privacy  
No wonder the zoo doesn't have a happy face!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Lonely Mouse

A lonely mouse  
in a lonely house  
with a lonely piece of bread.  
A lonely philosopher  
on his lonely bed  
with the lonely thoughts in his head.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Long & Short

I seek a meaning long  
When her glances are short.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Long And Short (6w)

With length  
a poem  
loses strength?

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Long Nights Of Rain

In the long nights of rain  
You come to haunt me.  
I've never set my eyes on you,  
Yet your fragrance permeates  
My whole being.  
You the woman of my making  
Born in my imagination  
Chiseled in my dream  
A figment of my yearning soul.  
I never knew when my heart you stole!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Longer Than Eternity

I just want the light a little longer  
I want to hold your face in my hands  
So I could allow my desires to grow stronger  
And be ready when the moon in your eyes lands!  
'A little longer' I always wish it to be  
To see through before I read it all  
From that point I would never ever be free  
From the steepest plunge to the endless fall!  
But it's never greed that consumes me  
Rather a craving to slow the pace  
To remain frozen longer than eternity  
Holding in my hands your face!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Losing Address

When the morn I embrace  
Don't I hear  
Some more birds less?

Isn't more hushed their din  
A fear I feel within  
They're fast losing address.

Suppose one day they fully stall  
I can't hear a single wake up call  
Only stirs my eyelids the light  
To announce end of night.

Each day of progress  
Of one invading race  
Is some birds less

And more lives losing address.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Lost At Dawn

Creaseless warm bed  
Soft pillow under head  
Sleep tightening noose  
Just then hell broke loose.  
Breaking through that spell  
A remote warning bell  
Prised open the eyes  
In streaming rhymes' disguise!  
Day's stress though immense  
Mind strained in patience  
To find from maze a clue  
For images one or two!  
In that poetic trance  
Sleep lost all its chance  
In an agonizing dingdong  
Clock said night was long.  
The bed became one of thorn  
Sleep died poems were born  
Some trapped some were gone  
Like night lost at dawn.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Lost Child

Child be whatever you want to be  
don't become a lost child like me.

find yourself a fresh new stream  
a different sky to draw your dream

walk not the way I strode  
set out on a new road

one that's still green  
not stained with my sin

retrace not my history  
be enslaved not in ancestry

bonded not of our war and greed  
our stonewalls of caste and creed

walk not the way we trailed  
we missed goals we failed

then lost our way in selfish needs  
our hopes buried in overgrown weeds.

Child be whatever you want to be  
don't become a lost child like me.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Lost In The Din

The city at its busiest mode,  
when the rush zoomed past him,  
what was this man doing on the road,  
was he lost in daydream?  
He was looking up a tall tree  
oblivious of the surrounding  
pacing sideways agitatedly  
he seemed to be searching something!  
What was it he looked for amid the foliage,  
a bird he had heard in the din,  
that he must find out to add to his knowledge,  
or was he just awed by the green?  
I moved on as I had so little time  
to stand and stop with him  
taking with me a moment sublime  
leaving him to merrily daydream!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Lost In Translation

Love's language maybe lost in translation  
Love's flavor is never.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Lost Thread

2o'clock and still no sleep  
Mind on fire agonies creep  
I go out in night, stand on the street  
My mates are surprised, I feed them biscuit.

Refreshed and healed, come back to bed  
Mind's fire doused, I find the lost thread.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Lotus

on pond water  
clear as glass

blooms lotus  
three quarter!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Love (14w)

The boy loves the girl at the door,  
The girl loves too  
His pizza!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Love Amidst Squalor

He opened his eyes  
And saw the squalor around,  
Glistened his eyelids,  
He shed it without a sound.  
For months he was afloat  
In the dark warm bay,  
Waiting to arrive here  
To live love and play!  
She smiled as he cried,  
Happy to see him land,  
Life squirted from her bosom,  
She could die just for his hand.  
Yet as he opened his eyes  
He saw only squalor around,  
Her love couldn't hold him back,  
His eyes closed without a sound!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Love Beyond End

I'll love you  
Till the sky is down on my head  
And my blood is no more red!  
Till the sun sets in the east  
And Jesus is back for one last Feast!  
Till no grass is green  
And no way can love win!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Love Died Unknown

If I could go back  
32 summers  
to the hallowed soil  
love was to be grown,  
I would write there  
An epitaph  
"love died here  
unknown"

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Love In Disguise

If in an unborn morning  
You hear the birds sing  
Know it's my love for you  
Ready to take wing  
If in the dead of night  
You dream of sunrise  
Know it's my love for you  
Knocking in disguise!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Love In The Famished Land

The blazing sun sucks dry all tenderness  
The famished landscape bares its ugly face  
When others in conventional comforts rest  
Here love faces its hardest test.  
Love in this barren land seems insignificant  
A morsel matters more where food is scant  
The moribund clouds dried up in the firmament  
Love is redundant here and suffers banishment...

I turn away from this land  
Little knowing love fails no test  
It spares not even the aridest sand  
When the baby digs into mother's breast!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Love Is A Faith Too

Faith my friend he sighs  
and pours me more wine  
blind faith I should say  
that blurs the dividing line.

Even god doesn't reciprocate  
he so often tramples your faith  
still your mind belief doesn't vacate  
believing is a cursed human trait!

Have faith friend at a great cost  
of bondage and never being free  
yet you hold onto it till all is lost  
he swigs to make his glass empty!

I believed and see where I am  
torn and shattered to pieces  
no wonder if I'm damned  
for in faith I bowed to her wishes!

Love is a faith too only more blind  
he looks at me with bloodshot eyes  
makes you devoted with all your mind

till one fine morn she takes you by surprise!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Love Is Made That Way

I carry you in my heart  
But you are far away  
Sometimes though love lasts  
It's so you don't stay.  
Never erased for you my thirsts  
Though you are far away  
Why it's so that love lasts  
Though you don't stay.  
I wish it happens one day  
I wake up and you aren't in my head  
But your thought doesn't go away  
For that's how love is made.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Love Is Our Weapon

A long road ahead, that's no scare  
We can surely make it, the will is there.  
The way is tough, terrain treacherous  
But cover we shall, we can all of us.  
If amongst us, someone falls behind  
We don't leave him, out of our mind.  
We stand beside him, hold his hand  
Till he can once more rise and stand.  
Storms can whip us, fires can burn  
Resistance can hinder us at each turn.  
Sail on we must, through low and high tide  
Dangers on the way, we take in our stride.  
We battle it out, we need no weapon  
Love is invincible, wars will be won.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Love Is Such A Strange Affair

It doesn't anymore take  
a red petaled rose  
I need just a headache  
to draw my love close!

Love is such a strange affair  
when pain throbs in my head  
takes me her hands under care  
she flies me quietly to her bed!

Her fingers do passionate caress  
play in my hair hide-n-seek  
many watts powerful than embrace  
unheard words of love do they speak!

My ache her fingers understand  
love potion they spread in my hair  
when kisses her hand each strand  
I wonder if ever a pain was there!

I don't need anymore a red rose  
now something else does it take  
it entices her to come really close  
when I suffer a bout of headache!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Love Lane

As the bus turned at the bend  
he saw the lane diverging from the road,  
empty, silent, inviting.

He felt a pang  
for at the end of that long winding path  
was a house  
in it a woman  
waiting her fate  
of the day's loneliness  
in simmering dream  
of the night's union!

He sighed at the fleeting thought

went his way

of enduring another day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Love Letter

Dear.....

When you wake up  
I would be long gone  
Far from you  
You won't find me again.  
Because where I go  
You can't reach.  
I make you free  
To be you and be happy  
To forget the past's pain  
And build once again.  
Think of me as a story  
Bury me like a memory  
Try to forget I was there  
We spent some time together.  
Remove whatever I leave behind  
That may cause you to remind  
Of the times we held hands and stood  
We thought they would last for good.  
My feet are heavy as I open the door  
I feel tempted to reason once more  
My heart wrenches my eyes blur  
I've to go I've to be far.....

Yours never

.....

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Love Me Half Ounce

I don't wanna fight  
I don't wana race  
Just want a little light  
And in your heart a Nano space!  
I don't wanna grab  
I don't wanna pounce  
Just wanna have you  
Love me half ounce!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Love Station

Welcome to love station.  
Please dock your heart here  
Slowly, softly, carefully!  
Hope your journey thus far  
Through the moon-bathed tunnel  
Aglow with the choicest stars  
Was pleasant and dreamful!  
It would be sometime  
Before you come out of the hangover  
All earthlings have when they arrive  
And be blissful in your time here  
Holding onto your heart knowing in peace  
That it would never stop beating  
And instead be caged in another diaphragm  
To live, love and go into transit again!  
It's such a tragedy across millennia  
That heart after heart was lost in death  
Till mankind could find way to change it  
Discover the key to immortality  
Of transiting heart from one to other  
And not let it be buried with the corpse!

You're now entering the heart lab.  
Your replica is too eagerly waiting here.  
See how it's already dancing in joy  
Celebrating your immortality  
And also its own!

Welcome to love station.  
We assure you when you wake up  
You'll know what it means  
To be undead in love forever  
And the key that was love!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Love Stories

aren't real.

Love is only an ideal  
a belief we live  
and never achieve.

But love stories we need.

Only its conjured spirit  
makes some sense

of our existence!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Love To Be Vulnerable

I am vulnerable  
To the tempting depth of the sky  
and the stars beyond my eye.  
I am vulnerable  
To the damp green moss  
The soil soaks in  
To the smell of dreams  
an evening of birdsongs exude.  
I love to be vulnerable  
To the belief that this world  
Despite the stinks of hatred  
Will survive by love!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Love: A Brief

Longing for just one look  
Pining for a touch  
For love no text book  
About love can't know much.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Lover's Park

No park is ever named Lover's Park  
But in every city there's one,  
Where shadows coalesce to shadows dark  
Fingers delve buttons undone.

There ain't no lover not grazed its grass  
Bunked classes to warm its bench  
Whispered sweet nothings in adolescent crush  
Suffered failed love's heart wrench!

They only know how precious the gain  
To walk the patch of green turf  
Holding the hands leaving the pain  
Finding for love a safe wharf!

Bloom there the petals of budding romance  
Ripened and raw and all class  
Souls spellbound eyes in trance  
Leave tears and joys on the grass!

I too had walked on the lover's park  
Drowned in a teen's happiness  
Found within love's first spark  
Carry to this day her face!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Love's Alphabets

Without ruing all the lost chance  
should I tell her once  
or now it's really too late  
to say what's unsaid from the first date.

Stopping long at the tongue's tip  
they're gone into me hiding deep  
breathing in heart as one quiet peace  
speaking their voice in the bud of a kiss.

But hasn't died their wish to be told  
love's alphabets carved in gold  
uttered in silence at the sight of her  
till today unsaid till now deferred.

Do they need to be told anymore  
what's embedded within fondly secured  
or is it so from her first date  
she's dying to hear those alphabets!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Love's Fantasies

Not hear my words but read my eyes  
For words can fail eyes can't disguise  
That in my heart in silence speaks  
Love's fantasies and magic tricks!

Not hear my words but read my eyes  
For words are stale holds no surprise  
Can't show the streams of love that flow  
Sparkly diamonds in secret glow!

Not hear my words but read my eyes  
Words are vain and crudely wise  
Can't paint the sun that shines for you  
Rolls down as tears with the morning dew!

Not hear my words but read my eyes  
Words can't ever make it truly nice  
Just waste the years leaving it overdue  
To let you know how much I love you!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Love's First Line

Dusted off a yellow scrap  
From the depth of time,  
A line scribbled,  
Each letter dipped in raw blood,  
That's when I was mad.  
Infatuation, they call it,  
Feelings that pass of  
When maturity beheads emotions,  
Foolishness of youth  
Flies away on wings of calculations!  
After caressing the parchment,  
I put it back to its own time,  
Because it doesn't belong to now,  
The first flutter of heart,  
A flimsy fragile impractical thing,  
A wound I still carry,  
Falling and failing in first love!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Love's Sweet Disguise

In the process of ridding my mustache of white  
To pluck as many and bring black to sight  
I had dug too many holes on that stretch  
To present the mirror with a perfect wretch!  
My missus smiled under her frown  
Said, 'you look the funniest man in town,  
You could have dyed the hairs brown  
And not made yourself an awful clown!  
Fretting more by her pinching poke  
Told her 'it's no time for a joke,  
Help me clean up the mess a bit,  
So I don't become a laughing stock on the street'  
She quickly came up with a plan  
A clever woman, she did it with élan  
She dabbed her eyeliner on the mess  
To restore me a presentable face!  
But the story here didn't come to a close  
It yielded love's another sweet disguise  
Whole day I smelled her eyes in my nose  
A strand of my mustache she bore in her eyes!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Love's Uncertainty Principle

Uncertainty is the name of the game  
Putting things in jeopardy God in shame  
A particle's position is immeasurable so its momentum  
An imprecise arbitrariness for the Seeker a conundrum!

Drunk in the wine of Creation God had no inkling  
Uncertainty would be inherent in his nature of things  
Little slips He would make would be a stumbling block one day  
One would affect the other's behavior without a remedial way!

It appears such a twisted thing making so little sense  
The objects you measure with will themselves influence  
The particle to be measured its velocity and speed  
Discarding precise determination not yielding a perfect read!

Lovers take heart from this though her heart you may win  
There's no way with precision her love you can determine  
She remains as yet unknown in her love's position and quantum  
You the Seeker can do little than to live with the conundrum!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Lumps

(1)

They depend on one another  
The daughter  
Walking her blind father.

(2)

Skin full of prickly heat  
He pulls the cycle van  
Loaded with pedestal fan.

(3)

He stops before the first bite  
Can't forget  
His pariah mate.

(4)

He wants dark clouds' gloom  
For when they break to rain  
His hopes will bloom.

(5)

She has no time for the mirror  
Works for hours  
As the water carrier.

(6)

She hides her pain  
Spending herself up  
Seems such precious gain.

(7)

Knowledge's weight on the back

The kid goes to school  
Like a yielding mule.

(8)

On her bed the newly wed  
May not find the one  
For her made.

(9)

The male calf suckles his mother  
He doesn't want to grow up  
And be slaughtered.

(10)

The mother fights the trappers' might  
Not knowing their net  
Has sealed her chick's fate.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Lumps Of Blood

The lumps of blood go down the drain  
Without the chance to love  
To feel the pain  
Snuffed out before bloom  
The world doesn't have enough room!  
For the conceived never brought to light  
None to shed a tear at the unborn's plight  
Begotten unintended from sudden emotion  
Their departure is silent without commotion  
As silent as the cries that swell in the heart  
Of the women bleeding inside  
And breaking apart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Lunchbox

I was surprised it felt heavier  
Uneasiness too pinched me  
Haven't carried a weightier ever  
What could fill a family!

Did I see a red heart there  
Did I see a silver line  
Did I carry the weight of care  
Sealed with the hands of valentine!

It was heavier but I felt so light  
And free as my dreams set free  
Scaled the hillocks reached mountain height  
When remembered what she heard from me!

There's no time I must haste  
A load of work at office knocks  
Would come home late it would be best  
If you forget for today the lunchbox!

Now I'm smiling as I eat the meal  
More than daily quota manifold  
The lunchbox lends me the much needed fill  
Sealed with a heart of gold!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Lust

In the damp dark night  
the dead lusts for light,  
he could but never did strive  
at the time that found him alive,  
for doing a little good work,  
some good to leave his mark  
leave a little happiness behind  
but these never came to his mind.  
He always thought it best  
not to bother about the rest....  
rest he has now found  
some depth beneath the ground  
lusting for a little light  
but time is merciless, so is the night.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Lying In Wait

Come brother let's sit under memory's canopy  
Walk down olden times chatter childishly  
Forgetting the ravaged mind the years' tempest  
Retrieve the tender moments in heart's youthful jest!

Come brother let's hold hands like the days of yore  
Walk down to find that house knock on its door  
It must still be standing in the sun whitewashed clean  
Waiting for us to go back dig out treasures within!

Come brother let's go back to that half-lit classroom  
Where the walls bear our scribbles the blackboard our gloom  
The air still must breathe there our voice and hidden sigh  
Unmended is the windowpane through which we stole the sky!

Come brother let's go back to our childhood's playground  
Where small feet kicked dust at day end turned homebound  
It craves our splashing touch contemplates the placid stream  
The two that no more come remembered only in dream!

Come brother let's once more take that precious ride  
Tug each other's heartstrings bring out the child inside  
Forgetting the weathered skin the worry beaten face  
Go hunting for the lost treasure of unshackled happiness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Ma

She comes back but not like this  
In dreamscape most part I miss  
Without contour ethereal

But last night she was so real!

I miss you ma where have you been  
With you son always within  
Showed up too in all these years  
In your smiles in all your tears!

We walked together hands clung tight  
Cheek on cheek in rain washed light  
It was only joy that beamed her face  
Being with son in reunion's happiness!

She smiles to me I wasn't ever gone  
A mother leaves not stays back in her son  
I live through you one blood one part  
As all the love you feel at heart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Magic Tune

When at my lowest  
I hum a tune  
It sends my spirit to crest  
I'm once again immune.  
Music  
Does the trick  
Like magic!  
It never pales  
Never fails.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Magnetic Theory Of Love

the boy was seeking a cute rosy girl  
chubby chirpy with a head full of curl  
her skin glowing silk cherry red her lip  
and yes she should love him real deep.

the girl was seeking a boy with a soul  
one with a mind aligned to her pole  
he needn't be handsome but nice within  
a boy that wouldn't love her just for her skin.

you know god's way of meeting men's prayer  
opposites though they were brought together  
the boy loved the girl who was shy and lean  
and the girl the boy who wouldn't look within.

you can easily guess what happened later on  
they felt for each other a natural attraction  
she gave him her all he loved her from heart  
the two poles stayed close to be never apart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Magpie Robin: What She's Hungry For

magpie robin on her black and white wings  
all day seems to frolic twitters sweetest nothings  
is she singing her songs to lay a lover's trap  
or love she isn't searching but her hunger's scrap!

she's the cutest damsel hopping the ledges for insect  
with no rainbow on her plumes yet dazzlingly perfect  
is she whistling to catch a heart find for her one good mate  
or it's only her hunger's call still can wait her first date!

in the sleepy noons rends the air her plaintive cries  
drunk in the desire that comes renewed each sunrise  
is she pursuing tireless for her love nest a golden straw  
or her pursuit is not of passion but fending hunger's gnaw!

when the evening comes she finds herself a perch  
tranced in night's lullaby under the starry arch  
is she still in her sleep singing for love to born  
or she's is just dreaming her hunger's golden corn!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Make Believe

As I see on the TV the little children dance  
I realize in my heart the world has no chance  
victims they are of the adult mind's greed  
whipped to grow up forced out of seed!

As I see on the TV the little children dance  
robbed of innocence in make-believe trance  
I realize in my heart once childhood is obsolete  
the world will go down its doom will be complete!

As I see on the TV the children in vulgar jig  
their parents dreaming they'll make it big  
I realize in my heart in this game is no win  
the child will soon stand on dead dream's ruin!

As I see on the TV little children's face  
skewed and twisted in rouged distress  
I realize in my heart too high is the cost  
when growing up is catalyzed childhood is lost!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Make Time To Be Alone

Make time of your own  
To be alone!  
Away from the rush around  
Away from the droning sound  
Leaving the drudgery behind  
Wallowing in your mind!  
No mask, no farce  
With you, you converse.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Make Your Mark

In my office was a guy  
This's how he made his mark  
He would raise a hue and cry  
When he did the smallest work!

Though there were quite a few  
That performed more than him  
Only this man knew  
How to raise the steam!

Not a chance was missed  
To harp on smallest feat  
To come to fore noticed  
And reap the reward sweet!

There're guys that brag and bark  
Their own drums loudly beat  
And men that make their mark  
In noiseless quiet retreat!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Make-Believe Mood

In the worst of days  
I make for me  
A make-believe mood!

When within a storm rages  
The heart is laden with charcoal tar  
One by one I fill up the pages  
That twinkle in make-believe's borrowed star!

What magic can do a changed hair style  
When I walk the darkest mile  
It shows in the mirror a new look me  
Contented to be make-believe happy!

A make-believe man not let the world know  
All the pains inside morale low  
Even once show not entrails crude  
But spread in air make-believe mood!

In make-believe cheers when I hum a tune  
It blunts the agony makes me feel immune  
Miraculously comes back a feel real good  
Saves the worst of days the make-believe mood!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Manyface

For the dear wife is worn one face  
it's another that's seen by the son  
try all the faces to strongly impress  
as have been doing all along!

It's all in the face rightly they say  
keep changing like unending task  
roll they transforming throughout the day  
not hold onto only one mask!

Changed with the hour, day and season  
shown as do fit the occasion  
worn the way deemed right reason  
to display the needed emotion!

Each one sees us in different face  
like six blind men of Indostan  
mistake they all to rightly assess  
the unmasked within lying man!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Marigold

God willing, she said,  
Looking at the dwindling garden flowers  
This winter we'll have blooms of marigold.

Her clayed hands some smudged on her face  
They speak of her hard stolen recess  
From the grinding chores of running a family  
And still when the wind turns cold  
Dream for beds of marigold!

God willing  
Before her dream's warmth fades  
The garden will be blooming with marigold beds.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Marionette And The Bees

Marionette spread  
On her bread  
Some cheese,  
The evening sun was red  
When flew above her head  
A few wild geese!  
As she looked up the sky  
To see them prettily fly  
Buzzed around her head,  
Black honeybees!  
She held her ground  
Moved her hands around  
But they do as they please,  
These stubborn honeybees!  
The smell struck their head  
Fine cheese on bread  
So luscious was the sight -  
It whetted their appetite!  
Marionette felt uneasy  
The bees kept her busy  
And obstructed her sight -  
She was not allowed a bite!  
It was getting late  
The sun was about to set  
It was coming to twilight,  
But our poor Marionette  
In her agitated state  
Couldn't enjoy the sight!  
Cute little Marionette  
She went down on her knees  
But her evening was spoiled  
By the uninvited bees!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Mates By Chance

Two little birds  
One green one blue  
I really don't know  
With them what to do!  
In the markets yesterday  
There were birds galore  
But I cannot say  
How they landed on my door.  
From the many colorful ones  
The hands that picked these two  
Sold them off and flew  
Not telling me what to do.  
The blue one is too small  
Its tail not grown enough  
The green is a perfect doll  
A prancing chirping stuff!  
Amid the birds umpteen  
Maybe they were apart  
But fate has put them in  
To become my household's part!  
My words they don't heed  
I really have no clue  
For food what they need  
For their upkeep what to do!  
In a day they've carved a space  
Stolen my mind strangers though  
Bringing me a gust of happiness  
On my face a joyous glow!  
I'm worrying when they're quiet  
Feel blessed when they dance  
My wonder doesn't abate  
At these mates thrown by chance!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Matla River

Under misted august sky  
where the fishnet boats dot the Matla River  
I stand drunken on the wild mangrove.

This abandoned out of world noon  
when the river breeze whispers  
you are deathless  
my blood paints in my eyes her face.

Only the estuarine heron  
wings smelling of sun and fish  
is my timeless witness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Maya

Slowly in a haze  
I rise from me  
Float a little up  
And there below  
I lie cold and white  
In the thick of silence  
Broken by wails  
Of the ones who till now  
I held so dear  
Loved, hurt, cajoled  
Living through a dream  
That this bond would not end  
But now a different me  
Not seen not heard  
But still lingering around  
Not able to tear off  
The umbilical cord of Maya  
Hoping it another nightmare  
Of the end!  
When they set the corpse on fire  
And the ashes fly away in the wind  
I let go  
All that's below  
To climb the rainbow!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Mechanical Dolls

Ear holes closed to the world  
Hands thumping to the beat  
All made in the same mould  
How they enjoy this moronic feat!  
You would feel they are not from womb  
But batches generated by machines  
Clones consigned to doom  
Mechanical dolls in their teens!  
It's no yielding to passion  
For music that touches the heart  
Just an unquestioning submission to fashion  
That once acquired defies to depart!  
Their earpiece shuts out the world  
And with it goes the fine art of hearing  
Cursed and made in the same mould  
They never know how sweetly the birds sing!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Mellowed Sun

The painted sun on the guava leaves  
Augurs another winter,  
Mellowed only till next summer  
The sun quietly rests in the shade of each leaf  
Contemplating in melancholy  
Next winter they won't be there  
And the eyes catching his breathless softness  
May be gone too,  
But he through seemingly endless time  
Has to return each winter  
To rest in the shade of guava leaves  
And be planted on the coming eyes  
Mellowing in the on-setting winter!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Merciful

Long ago a lightning had burnt her dry  
But her resolve its might couldn't foil  
Her gnarled hands spread on the merciless sky  
She stands on her root in the soil.

You may think she's there without a purpose  
For no foliage now adorns her frame  
Not one leaf rustles in south wind's rush  
You can't even tell what's her name.

Petals don't bloom she's sucked long dry  
Her shade lures no traveler to rest  
You may wonder she stands there why  
Bereft of seasons' colored fest.

Her trunks sunburned naked and bare  
I ask why this purposeless waste  
Till I find out one cute raven pair  
Has made her their dreamful love nest!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Merciless Reflections

O mirror, bring back what I was yesterday  
Or how I looked long ago,  
My past reflections can't you show?  
You don't store my past inside  
My smallest wrinkles you don't hide  
You create and relish my depressions  
And mock me with your merciless reflections!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Metamorphosis

When you first met her  
seemed she was for you made  
your wait was now over  
time had come to go ahead!

Most beautiful girl was she  
for holding hand and walk  
she was heavenly  
was yours by good luck!

How those times flew  
with her on windy sail  
before you knew her well  
she had grown too stale!

She wasn't all that nice  
you didn't understand  
what made you pay the price  
to love her ask her hand!

It started with a tiff  
then frequent quarrel  
soon you reached the cliff  
time with her was hell!

From her you grew aloof  
she wasn't for you made  
being under the same roof  
burned fire in your head!

Soon you parted way  
for you had strayed far  
rued that goddamn day  
when you fell in love with her!

Can you tell me why  
love dies we part our way  
once more we don't try  
to love her like first day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Meter Reader

Is his work sweet or bitter  
Door to door goes meter reader  
Is he dull or clever witty  
The measurer of used electricity.

With a torch and thick bound book  
Below staircase down dark nook  
Scans through the dust on mesh  
With a face that's expressionless.

Speaks so little somber face  
Smiles no little courtesy's grace  
Notes down with just one look  
Prosaic digits on notebook.

Is he a man with a home family  
Or a mad measurer lone carefree  
A wild pursuer of endless digit  
Never known love never had it.

Still he has to knock many door  
Stay a minute not anymore  
Time is his arch enemy  
Till comes night sleep's lullaby.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Michelson Morley

That hour made me busy  
questions were easy  
not yielding a moment

he was sitting glum  
peeping at my diagram  
of Michelson Morley experiment!

I could hear his sigh  
from the corner of my eye  
could gauge he felt bitter

all he had read  
had quickly fled  
clouding him in ether!

It was all in mist  
what those darned physicist  
had theorized in vain

no lover's tryst  
but a paper of physics  
an agonizing pain!

My worst fear  
was remembering the year  
when the experiment was done

for once did it Michelson  
then with Morley redone  
was it '87 or '81!

That boy behind me  
was thinking bitterly  
worrying in fright

soon the time would be spent  
without his writing the experiment  
on the wavy behavior of light!

Tense was the air  
when I heard him whisper  
push your paper to the right

in his voice was despair  
bothered little to be unfair  
quite visible was his plight!

With all my toil  
burning the midnight oil  
how this I lost sight

covered all nitty-gritty  
of magnetism electricity  
missed the chapter on light!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Migrants

Thousands of miles' flight  
leaving behind inhospitable terrain  
for life and warm sunlight  
the migrants are back again!

None can to this day  
with any certainty say  
how they don't ever stray  
navigate perfectly the long way!

Never in their path they are lost  
as they fly from the land of frost  
in rhythmic unison like a rhyme  
intent to reach the warmer clime!

My place is where they come  
they find here warmth and welcome  
winter guests for some time's restful peace  
come summer them we will sorely miss!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Mind Of A Poet

On the white screen dance the stringed dots  
Mind spilled codes of hieroglyphic thoughts  
Slowly they emerge handholding lines  
Not always yielding intended designs.  
Something was brewing inside the head  
Coaxing to weave and take it ahead  
The drunken horses so wildly gallop  
There is no leash to make them stop.  
Nerves are taut and they won't relax  
Till all is vented they reach the climax  
It was thus fated the moment it was sown  
What's to be grown could never be known.  
As the fever wanes arrives the new child  
It may be adored or it may be defiled  
The canvas is washed clean as in the rain  
Something is brewing to be vented again.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Mind Water

Check faucets and pipes for leaks  
Don't leave them leaking for weeks.

If you smoke to evade constipation-al day  
Don't flush cig-butt and use toilet as an ashtray.

Ditch the habit of taking long showers  
To remain clean is not to bathe for hours.

Don't let running water flow in gush  
While you're busy with the toothbrush.

Your mouth though you must cleanse  
Keep a glassful of water for the rinse.

When you clean vegetable or dish  
Don't let the faucet run as you please.

Be not under the slightest doubt  
If you waste water it will run out.

The way we waste water future isn't bright  
For supply of water is only too finite.

Conserving water it makes a prudent sense  
For on it depend we our earthly existence.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## Mind Water 2

Have you minded the water?  
Not the one for drinking  
But in the eyes  
Your words do bring!

Where they go and hit  
You never paused to see  
Never thought a bit  
How painful they could be!

Once said they do hurt  
Do bring pained surprise  
Words you thought smart  
Brought tears in the eyes!

But you had things to tell  
Mouthful words to blurt  
What if they crafted hell  
Left a bruised heart!

In ten times if at least once  
Had seen the shadowed face  
You would've ached for penance  
Searched ways for redress!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Mind's Fossil

Catch the thoughts knocking your mind  
Once they go you won't ever find  
Catch the dreams floating in moonlight  
They will be gone with the coming of daylight.  
Your thoughts and dreams are momentary  
Engrave their imprints in your poetry  
For in a faraway time when the soil they till  
They will find the poetry as your mind's fossil.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Miracle

On the low tide marshland I run  
to catch the miracle from close  
deft splash of colors godly done  
river bridging twin gorgeous rainbows!

Now I can leave in peace  
without a regret to die  
having seen fulfilled my wish  
of a double rainbow on the sky!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Miracles

Perches on my window  
My mustached friend bulbul,  
Finds me shaving,  
A stray bird and I call it a miracle,  
It pecks from my hand tidbits of food  
Not scared at all  
Looks deep into my eyes  
And plants there a sunrise,  
Asks the bird, 'why do you shave,  
And not save your beard  
For the time it would fit your sunken face  
When it would tell  
There aren't any of us around,  
No miracle of waking up each morn  
With our sounds'!

It knows miracles are drying up.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Mirage

moonlight's shadows on bats' wings  
in the sky the stars abound  
but keep me busy so many things  
my eyes are stuck in ground.

my mind is stuck in arithmetic  
the end of day accounts  
so little time to be romantic  
unfelt has lost all count.

croons unheard the unseen nightjar  
lusty owls' eyes glow  
my mind still finds too little to stir  
to pause a while go slow.

mystic night is lilting unheard  
the moon still hopeful round  
I'm busy picking the shards  
of a mirage strewn around.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Misfortune

The day a lightning struck my home in September 2010  
I read in it signs of bad time grave misfortune's ill omen  
Early morn it fell the night though didn't hint of a bad weather  
Jolting us further a bereaved family my father had died that year.

Spitting fire it chipped a chunk of attic struck dead an arecanut tree  
Blew the TV dead lights and fans fled it vented such awesome energy  
What had we done to deserve such a deal why befell us the curse  
Redoing the roof replacing dead wares it was taxing on our purse.

They say it's too bad when god goes as mad as to strike your home with  
lightning  
You must have sinned to incur his wrath more misfortune it probably would bring  
So we brought a priest for peace and worship we had to appease the deity  
In our quest to strike a deal with god's will was forgotten the arecanut tree.

The house was mended things returned to shape we brokered a peace with god  
It all looked fine the mishap forgotten no calamity struck our abode  
As a relic of that time stands the arecanut tree without a leaf on its head  
Mutely it bears the brunt of god's fury so is the way it is made.

One autumn morn there was a tapping sound on that tree's hollowed dead bark  
As I peeped through the window I saw a woodpecker its beak was busy at work  
So many times I had thought to cut off the tree for it could never grow its root  
The bird has got a nest for little ones' rest god's will has borne a sweet fruit.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Misnomer

The most uncommonly heroic  
goes by the name

common man.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Missing Your Love

Don't I miss you?  
On my way home  
On a dimly lit evening  
Or an empty afternoon  
Without you coming up to me  
Rubbing and licking my hands  
Your eyes overflowing with love!  
Don't I miss you?  
When the rain lashes  
And you don't come up to me  
Seeking a little warmth  
With your bones chilled to the marrow  
And I take you in under the shade  
When your eyes are filled up with love  
And mine with unexplained tears!  
Don't I miss you?  
In my moments of extreme happiness  
When you no more jump up to me  
To give me a long and joyous hug  
Your eyes filled with unspoken love  
And I know without your ever telling me  
The agony of living without your love!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## Mission (10w)

Marines land in Somalia  
To feed starved stomachs  
Serve humanity.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Mist

Nobody can understand me  
can understand my malady  
nor is there a foolproof therapy  
a curing remedy!

You talk about helping me  
try to be friendly  
it seems so silly  
I'm an alien to my own family!

Can lift my surround mist  
no psychiatrist  
they really don't get  
what's wrong and medicate!

Where I stand  
won't reach your helping hand

I don't understand myself.

How can you be of any help?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Mistakes

Mistakes we make are  
lamenting over  
past mistakes!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Misty Island

You left my shore long ago  
For the misty island  
Come sunshine come rain  
Time and again I visit the pain  
In my foggy midnight dream  
I grope to touch you  
Feel your silvery reflections in the stream  
In the night weary and frail  
I look for your boat's trail  
And pine for the warmth of the hand  
That sailed long ago  
To the misty island!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Mogli

Today I know  
How much I love Mogli  
As tears smoke my eyes  
And god wants him free!  
His eyes tell it all  
The dying knows the end's call  
God wants him free  
And I know it helplessly!  
Today I know  
How much I love Mogli  
Seeing his mute surrender  
His silent crawl to death!  
Maybe forever I knew  
Though little I could do  
As we were world apart  
Mogli today breaks my heart!  
He was a silent lover  
Loved just one call from me  
Today he cannot rise  
Cannot open his eyes  
God wants him free!  
Today I know  
How much I love Mogli  
As he slides into sunset  
Not stopping for a call from me  
He is going to be free!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Mom's Birthday

Every year I make a resolution  
To observe mom's birthday  
Offer her a garland,

But here I stand  
This year too,  
The day passed, mom,  
I didn't remember you!

It would not have been so  
Had I been gone even this long  
For you mom  
I would never have been out of sight  
But on this day  
With tears and one candle light  
You would have remembered  
Her son long gone  
Offering him with your trembling hand

Your love's garland!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Monsoon Delight

Potholed road full busload, rumble cloud rain,  
Hole in sky angers fly, groan they all in pain,  
Flooded way joy at bay, no relief respite,  
Begged it rain summer's pain, scorching day and night,  
You prayed it god brought it, the monsoon's delight,  
Don't grumble slip tumble, curse it as a plight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Monsters & Angels

Each of our days has monsters and angels  
Always against one the other rebels  
Who we hear is surely our choice  
Listening in the din that standalone Voice!  
Life is a canvas we hold the brush  
It's our choice we create or crush  
Colors are in the palette ideas in our mind  
What the world will see is the painting we leave behind!  
Short is the life big is endeavor  
To build in the present to secure future  
What we do is what our children will get  
We design destiny we build our fate!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Moon Stalker

Now for years I haven't seen him  
nor know if he is alive or dead  
the shadowy man who floated like dream  
each moonlight on the roof surfaced!

When from my window his silhouette I caught  
saw him on his voyage embark  
the moon stalker day's small-time clerk  
wove a magic spell on my thought!

As the moon came over the eastern edge  
silver orbed in her glorious rebirth  
he would be there lost in his gaze  
like a moonman stuck on the earth!

Madly his eyes riveted on the sky  
in pursuit of gain unknown  
as if once unmoored to her he would fly  
leaving this world disowned!

Hours passed by his wonder not ebbed  
eased not the moon stalker's trance  
it seemed to me moon's waning he grieved  
mourned dimming of her silvery dance!

Each full moon saw this unfailing zeal  
on the roof two lovers' meet  
his eyes sky bound till he had his fill  
the moonman on earthly transit!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Moonbeam

The owl winged night is hanging low  
in marshy fragrance moon's powdery glow  
winds whisper day's sun tanned pain  
what happened once can happen again!

The moon lights up the hidden hulls  
some in view some within walls  
there's no class in her beaming reach  
by magic wand sleep the poor and rich!

On their thorny beds the aching souls  
in feathery dew by glowing coals  
their eyes moving in silvery gleam  
fly on wings catch a passing dream!

It's time for the cloud to play mischief  
darken the night usher in relief  
to veil the moon when her job is done  
so she no more hinders sleep's healing run!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Moondust

A kid I was when on way to school I caught her pretty face  
Fell for her can't call it love the sweet girl in school dress  
She stood on her door a beauty of yore waiting for the bus  
My limbs went limp grew butterfly wings she was my childhood crush.

I thought she knew felt it was my due flew me a bewitching smile  
Waved her hands and knowing my mind she looked at me awhile  
Each day on that way as I passed by her I caught in her eyes a gleam  
Read in her waves a bridging of hearts in her smile an unfathomable dream.

No ordinary path it was a dream walk for nothing I could miss out the chance  
To have a glimpse of her catch those moments forever get lost in strange  
romance  
The girl on the door she made my spirit soar she was close yet a distant star  
Took me on fancy flight her smiles glowing bright the child could never touch her.

I set myself a rule not to take break from school but to pass everyday by her  
It's no wonder some things last forever some memories with time never blur  
She my whim's fair red ribbon in her hair stood there in her white skirt  
A petite white dove radiating precious love she enamored the little boy's heart.

In the lost years' light burns a patch bright where shines her unearthly face  
A girl in her teen not aging always green occupying a permanent space  
I don't have of her anything more to remember what remains is so divine  
The girl in her teen could be thirteen or fourteen and I was a boy of nine.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Moonlight Sonata

The cat mews at the moon  
It got the hint that soon  
The moon would slide down west  
Hide beneath horizon to rest.

The moon it can afford a rest  
After romancing earth in jest  
For the cat no rest is in sight  
It has to hunt through the night.

But the cat has lunar allergy  
Moonshine gives it lethargy  
With eyes drooping and dreamy  
It mews Beethoven symphony.

The mice they aren't easy cheese  
Don't fall prey with any ease  
They run and find the hole quick  
Alerted by the mewing music!

The moon thus plays on cat a trick  
Diverts the predator to music  
To give its preys some respite  
As the cat mews Beethoven in moonlight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Moon's Wrath

Running in the moon's shadow  
I catch your glimpse,  
Your eyes wear a burning glow  
A cruel smile is on your lips.  
I know what's in your mind,  
Revenge for all the wrong,  
The slavery, the perpetual grind,  
The suppression borne so long!  
You walked the fire with patience  
Stretching limits of your endurance,  
But my might, my blinded sense  
Felt no remorse, no penitence!  
I'm fleeing from the moon's shadow,  
From the wrath your heart drips,  
Your eyes wear a deadly glow,  
A monstrous smile is on your lips!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## More Is Less

I touch you for a moment  
It's a whole lifetime spent  
I embrace you hard  
It's make-believe and absurd.  
I look at you just once  
It puts me in a trance  
I gorge you with my eyes  
It never grows, it dies!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Morning Dew

The earth pours  
All her woes  
To the stars,  
How her eons of toil  
The earthmen spoil  
She can't as fast renew.

The stars burn  
In her tragic yarn  
Till the night pales,  
Leave on her leaf  
Their tears of grief  
As the morning dew.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Mother Eternal

I came into you when you were a child  
You dreamed me, shaped me, loved me  
And conceived me from thence....  
There was no looking back  
Whole of me pervaded your sense!  
Outside you, you had to find someone  
To have that climactic one moment  
Just to create me, in you latent  
And moving away when you had me  
Womanhood attained, joyous, free....  
You knew I would be the one outside  
Recreate the moment, continue the ride  
To bring back me in you again  
Never tiring, forever yearning for the pain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Mourning

I can't make out what the din is all about  
They thump their breasts in grief no doubt  
But the tears that roll down their cheeks?  
Are they rains that fall for weeks?  
Or just a day there they will be  
And then as dry as dryness can be!  
I can't make out the wails rent the air  
Surely heartbroken when breaks the pair  
But the pain that stings and pierces the heart  
Are they pains that would never depart?  
Or just a passing phase, a fleeting while  
Just a brief pause before getting back to smile!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Mourning The Void

In the shadow of shrubs on the marigold dew  
You will not be there but I'll smell of you.  
In the stilly evening on the moon kissed tree  
I will think of you in melancholy.  
When the day end shows the evening star  
I'll look up and wonder how far you are.  
As the sky paints the water with bluish hue  
I'll know life won't be same without you.  
On nights forlorn bereft you so grim  
I'll pine to see you once in my dream.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Ms Lovepeace

Seeks no fame nor pelf  
She feels bliss  
When left to herself.  
She craves not company  
Loves not to party  
For her the best moment  
Is one with herself spent.  
For this queer nature of Ms Lovepeace  
She wasn't ever anybody's heartthrob  
Nor was ever her cheek pecked a kiss  
All she ever heard was o such a snob.  
She likes it that way, she doesn't demur  
The unflattering things said behind her  
She wants it and it makes her happy  
Times she spends in her own company.  
You may think it too mean  
This dislike of her own kin  
But Ms Lovepeace doesn't mind the cost  
Of enjoying the peace in her permafrost.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Muddy Creek

I dipped my toe  
in the inviting shallowness of the creek.

her muddy water  
gurgled in joy

she stoked the fire of my desire

wove me dreams  
with moonbeams

and I waded far on her

till the water rose  
above my nose

death seemed close and nigh.

I didn't die

drifted away on her

going stronger  
growing weaker.

(so they say once you dip your toe  
soon lose your way  
in the muddy creek's flow)

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Multitasking

On my shoulder a heap of garment  
In two hands two birded cage  
In my mind time management  
That I love to do with craze!

List of my works to do  
Keep growing in a hellish way  
Clipping nails polishing shoe  
Time is too short for one day!

When to do them you may ask  
If all loose ends I've to tie  
So I take up multitask  
There's not even time to die!

At 8.30 her medicine  
9 I must run the pump  
I must keep my cheek trim clean  
Traitor time not run but jump!

With one hand I push toothbrush  
With one eye I keep check on milk  
Alertness aids in the morning rush  
Time's too alert for you to bilk!

Stairs to climb windows to open  
Pluck some flowers from back garden  
Time autocrat hears no bargain  
Slow down a bit get a big burden!

I've to make time to blow her a kiss  
Will be away whole day she'll miss  
While I peck I hold a biscuit  
For the dog at the door badly needs it!

I don't ever think time kind to me  
Give me respite a little time free  
But chase it hard without relent  
A multitasker bent on time management!

In this thankless pursuit I can't tell thee  
If I manage time or time manages me  
But one thing sure I make time on the bed  
For not just love but what cooks in head!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Music

Music

In it you find

Tonic for mind

When you feel like

Having been left behind!

Music

It's what you seek

When someone you love

Hurts

One close to your heart

Departs!

It's what you choose

When you lose

Someone gives you a miss

In it you find peace!

Music

It's what you look for

In her eyes

And your heart flies

You are in a trance

You want to dance!

Music

It never fails

Never pales!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Must Write Now

This one poem must write now  
Can't foretell but see it how  
The trolley bearing a sunken frame  
Someone whispers some known name.

The lips quiver for all left out  
Knows this journey is last no doubt  
The game is off time in checkmate  
The words hit head on iron gate.

Some whispers breathes too slow  
Doctors tell gods only know  
Fingers twitch for one last paint  
Before goes in smoke to firmament.

What's not seen veiled in dark hue  
Are frosted drops that fall like dew  
Orphaned born begs for no name  
Inked in tears this one last poem.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Mustard Field

Maybe so I willed  
In half sleep's ethereal stream  
In January's mustard field  
She hugged me in liplocked dream!

What now she said eye on eye  
I'm come past all fear  
So our lips never go dry  
Nothing stops us from here!

I put my tongue on hers  
Rolled in her saliva filled  
Her eyes blinked million stars  
Traveling time in the mustard field!

Bloomed yellows thunderous bright  
Rained sky a sweet redress  
Dream came at end of night  
Wept wet in her embrace!

I tiptoed on her bedside  
Her lips quivered moist filled

Maybe so she willed

Same dream in the mustard field!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# My

I hold onto  
like they're precious

my ego  
my anger  
my vanity  
my dignity  
my belief  
my faith

miles of them  
they would need reams of paper  
to be written  
and when stacked high  
could be seen only  
MY.

MY

the self ruthless

wiping out your face!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# My Abode

I'm happy to have lived here in this my abode  
Without bothering to think if it was made by god  
Nor needed to know why here only the bell rang  
For the earth to take birth from one great big bang.

Know this much I'm bound in circle of cause and effect  
With god playing a truant he himself isn't perfect  
Often when and where needed he keeps a distance  
Not just feeds the good the evil too he gives a chance.

I'm happy to be here the abode of god or not  
What's his designs and purpose I spare not a thought  
Happy to be here till I drop down like a leaf  
That lived without a question a faith or belief.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# My Child

I love you  
Because in you  
I see a child  
Innocent, unspent, unviled!  
Pure as fountain  
Tall as mountain  
Clean but wild,  
Whom I love to say  
'my child'.  
My child  
You are born  
Every morn  
In me!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# My Crude Attempt To Assess Her Happiness

Today I looked at her face  
Her way of looking at me  
My attempt to crudely assess  
If she only fakes to be happy!

I noticed how parted her lip  
When she spoke if twinkled her eyes  
If her words fell gently or steep  
Is she happy or hiding her cries!

I tried to read her face's lines  
Looked to find on it a trace  
If were laid there some signs  
Crying loudly of hidden distress!

Can't say it was much of a success  
For my eyes were biased lovingly  
To read only one thing from her face  
That she is quite happy with me!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# My Dad And Mom

Life is a raging storm with never a moment of lull  
One day he spoke to me, the day after broke his skull  
It was my dad, sprightly and strong  
Full of life with a youthful mind  
But death shadowed him and before long  
He was gone whereto I'll never find!  
My mom was a beauty my life's brightest star  
Hard it was to spend a moment without her  
It was my mom, a soft and loving mind  
Her fragrance spread wide and far  
But nothing deters it, death is never kind  
She was gone before I got enough of her!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# My Daisy

She stops as I stop runs when I run  
Having her beside is such cool great fun  
Having her beside is a big plum peace  
Just she not there, my world goes amiss.

She stops as I stop looks when I look  
Each fuzzy corner dark hole and nook  
Having her beside is a joy in its own  
Just she not there, I stand all alone.

She talks when I talk listens when I do  
Always by my side a friend she is true  
Being with her is most precious time spent  
Just she not there, means for me a torment.

When worry beaten, she wears my weary face  
How she knows my mind its all redress  
She is a true mate, my one and only Daisy  
Just she not there, my world goes crazy.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# My Dreams Now

Things I craved for many summers ago  
are reaching me now  
when I don't need them.  
Dreams that got tired  
After a long wait  
I am not dreaming anymore.  
They were stalled when I needed them  
and now they are time staled.  
Now my dreams are different,  
They come silently from the firmament.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# My Fear Of

She teases me would you dare  
climb few steps and go upstairs  
sleep the night alone.

She knows well my fear of ghost  
knows too well I fear them most  
a fear I don't disown.

Phantoms I do conjure  
a malady without any cure  
a fear I've not outgrown.

Dragging footsteps shadows around  
hearing sounds where there's no sound  
whispers eerie moans.

Creaking doors yawning darkness  
present they all fear's ugly face  
shivers chill in bone.

In my mind lies on topmost  
swirling mist of bothering ghost  
a fear I can't dethrone.

So I don't love lone upstairs  
gobbling ghosts and chilly scares  
all the threats in store.

Tell her dear tease no more  
give my word not to snore  
make my bed on floor.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# My Grand Old Dame

They still follow the lizard's motion  
Her eyes a sky mirrored in ocean  
My oldest mate at the kitchen door  
She wants love and nothing more!

At age of six a grand old dame  
Understands when called by name  
Her furs are white grey fleck on head  
She's a ravishing beauty heaven made!

I still don't know her fondness how  
Sings the notes of melody's meow  
Her profound eyes they forever plead  
I want your love more I don't need!

In the morn's hour when making tea  
Her loving look births the first poetry  
Tell her lips her heart's tender purr  
Love me a little don't keep me far!

When I pour her morning's due  
Croon her name to give her the cue  
Blue ocean's eyes in gratitude say  
Love me a little I'll make your day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# My Heaven Is Here

Here I am  
It's me  
No other place  
I'd be!  
If I have to be born  
I'd die to be  
One more life  
On this earth,  
To see a day  
To smell the grass  
To listen to the music  
Made by dew the whole night  
As they kiss the ground.  
It's that place  
Where one life  
Would fly in a day  
And when times knock  
I take stock  
To find I've not got  
Even one day!  
I fear  
My heaven is here!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# My Home Is Not Forest

Man oh man be kind, don't be so mean  
Leave for me a scrap, don't lick it clean  
Men of toiled hands, creasy worry face  
My home is not forest, but this urban space  
I love yer food so tasty, spicy, fried in oil  
Peck at everything, even your bowel's spoil

Man oh man be kind, don't be so harsh  
Leave a little space, my space is sparse  
Men of busy walks, bushy knitted brow  
My home is not forest, here only I grow  
I love yer food so tasty, but it ain't a shame  
Pick up everything, even your spit and phlegm

Man oh man be kind, kindly look at me  
Leave a little love, I love your company  
Men fair and dark, having or lacking grace  
My home is not forest, I live at your address  
I love yer food so tasty, crunchy salty sweet  
Pounce at everything, your waste becomes my treat

Man oh man be kind, I ensure your place don't rot  
Pay me your sight a little, spare me a kind thought  
Men of all shades, all religion cast and creed  
My home is not forest, your space is what I need  
I love yer food so tasty, the smell when you unwrap  
I'll gleefully pick up, my friend's throwaway scrap

Man oh man be kind, don't feign you don't care  
I'm your all season mate, comrade of all weather  
Men of generous souls, broad and golden heart  
My home is not forest, I love to be your part  
I love yer food so tasty, baked or fried in oil  
Throw for me a crumb, a scrap for all my toil

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# My Mind Reader

A sedative of love  
Round the clock care  
An aura of tender warmth  
You give it all,  
My mind reader!  
I'm scared,  
By the delirium  
That overpowers me  
Enslaves all my senses  
And makes me blindly yield  
To you, my mind reader!  
I doubt  
If I deserve  
This God's bounty,  
Your hawkish eyes  
That shadow me  
Shade me  
From getting burnt.  
But what if  
You're gone mind reader,  
The only one to make me smile,  
Wipe my tears,  
Reach beyond skin to my mind  
And able to read every page!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# My Mystery Woman

I couldn't read you  
After these many years  
Words I thought would bring you cheers  
Brought your eyes a drop of dew.  
I couldn't be your perfect guy  
What I tried all the while  
Couldn't bring your eyes a smile  
There still lumps of sadness cry.  
My woman after these many years  
I couldn't get through your tapestry  
You still remain Christie's Mystery  
Couldn't explore your hidden layers.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# My Name Is Bond

My eyes are roving, clever and playful  
In the tensest moments I don't lose my cool  
From my fingers the bullets fly  
I dive deep and jump from the sky.  
I do hide behind occasional beard  
I want my martinis shaken not stirred  
My mantra is only one word 'win'  
The only car I ride is Aston martin.  
My name turns my enemies morose  
They're pinned down by my gizmos.  
Women just madly fall for me  
Clad skimpily in alluring bikini  
Chiseled figures slim and tall  
I choose the good but go for all.  
I am pressed for time so much  
I can't do without my omega watch  
Though I'm not stuck in a brand or two  
Rolex and Seikos will also do.  
I feel instead of lengthening the list  
It's time for me to clear up the mist  
A suave smart and fearless guy  
I also happen to be a timeless spy.  
I play with the villains dangerous games  
Love to be called Bond without James  
With me the baddies can never get even  
You know the world knows me by 007.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# My Shadow

On the rooftop  
I meet my shadow  
On the hyacinth pond!  
He leads a carefree life,  
Happy at just being  
My shadow!  
Like me too  
He sips the moon  
But pens no poem,  
Swoons not  
In the ethereal night,  
Only drops dead  
When the moonlights fade!  
He has my life  
Without my worries  
With my passions  
Without my strife!  
He doesn't yield  
When I say  
'hey, shadow, get my face,  
take my place'  
he says 'no,  
I'm happy a shadow  
on the hyacinth pond  
reflected but not reflecting  
on a moonlit night!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# My Sketchbook

Happiness I would let the world know  
the griefs would be buried in my mind  
when I take the last bow  
would love to leave a joyous trail behind.

Smiles I would let the world see  
the tears would lie hidden in my eyes  
when the earthly bond sets me free  
would love to leave a memory of sunrise.

Dark nights they are all mine  
rivers of sorrow in my veins  
I would tell you only of sunshine  
would love to leave no trace of my pains.

Little happiness is all I would expose  
my sketchbook of each silver line  
when the days for me come to close  
the graved sadness would be all mine.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# My Tears Softly Land

On the white canvas  
My tears softly land  
I know color is precious  
And it is in my hand.  
No color could wash them  
The tears black and white  
Through times ever the same  
They dropp to blur my sight.  
It comes in the shape of a face  
A look forlorn and sad  
Pleading for only a little space  
From a race obsessed and mad.  
I know color is precious  
And it is in my hand  
Yet white remains the canvas  
By tears that softly land!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# My Woman

my woman I possess you in what way  
what way I have owned you up to this day  
are you just my need's flesh my hunger's food  
are you only a play doll that must suit my mood!

my woman I own you in what way  
what way I have dealt you up to this day  
are you just my resting perch my end of day nest  
are you only the banyan's shed beneath what I rest!

my woman I claim you in what perceptible way  
what way I have famed you living up to this day  
are you just my showcased pride on my finger a ring  
are you only the need to be back home at evening!

my woman I say you are mine but how you do I own  
what way I have nurtured you on you affection shown  
are you just my desire's skin anchorage of my lust  
what I have done to possess you your love and your trust!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Mysteries Of The Wild

At the tiffin break they surrounded him all wanted to have a look  
He held it tight in the dim class light in his hand the hidden book  
The boy was proud for the gathered crowd each wanted to win his trust  
Went on to plead made frantic bid reading the book was a must.

With no option he started auction the boy saw in the deal a chance  
For the mystery book seemed worth more than a mere cursory glance  
I stole a look at the tempting book leapt my heart of a curious child  
On the cover glowed bright in dripping blood the title 'Mysteries of the Wild'.

In childish imbalance I lost all sense was gripped with one mad desire  
Come what may at whatever cost from the boy the book I must hire  
The boy having got a whiff of my plan and gauged the urge on my face  
Said 'ten full rupees is what you must part I would settle for nothing less'.

Ten full rupees was real big money no way could be arranged by a child  
Knowing it was absurd still I pondered at stake was 'Mysteries of the Wild'  
That day I ran home with just one thought haunting the mind of a child  
Ten full rupees is no big deal for an access to the mysteries of the wild.

On that evening of ceaseless haunting I gave all my lessons a miss  
For there was with me a note of ten rupee given by dad as school fees  
It needed a tough will to strike devil's deal put the money to misuse  
But possessed as I was to know the mystery I needed no reason's excuse.

Next day in the class without a fuss I paid him the sum of school fees,  
'Give me the book as you promised for I've brought your ten rupees'.  
'I'm so sorry' said the cunning lad 'the book is taken by someone,  
so stand by for the time be in the queue like the other boys in the run'.

Hell on me broke loose tightened the noose I could hardly stand on my feet  
Heard my dad shout when the truth was found out the result couldn't be sweet  
The thrashings I got scolding and what not the bitter memories of a child  
Sank all passions drowned the obsession to unravel the 'Mysteries of the Wild'.

Years rolling by buried the child's sigh lay hidden in the lost mind's nook  
The momentary thrill that remained unfulfilled forgotten was that prized book  
Then one afternoon as I was passing by an almost antique bookstore  
It peeped through a timeworn glass that book of mystery from the yore.

I felt an inexplicable yearning to own for once that book  
To retrieve from its breast my childhood dream it took  
'What price' I asked the man 'I want to have it please'  
'Never mind it's unsold long not worth ten rupees'.

I got the book with a heavy heart came sat in a corner of the park  
Caressed soft held its bound cover that at last got my finger mark  
In that twilight hour under evening star I wept like an inconsolable child  
Knowing no more I had need of it I would never open the 'Mysteries of the wild'.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Mystery Of The Missing Mobile

They all said they had seen none  
The owner vouched he had it on bed  
But in the morning the mobile phone was gone  
Who could steal it troubled the four heads.

The four mates in the house had their alibis  
They slept sound after late night chore  
One can't expect them to be up by sunrise  
The question is who opened the door.

Only one boy said he was out for a walk  
But he locked from outside before exit  
He affirmed he found untampered the lock  
Everything was as it was when he left it.

Another boy's story gave a vague impression  
Earl morn he sensed someone was there  
But before soon he vanished in thin air  
He wasn't sure if it was an apparition.

The remaining one he needed no alibi at all  
They knew he would sleep without cessation  
In his state of slumber would be nothing to recall  
One could safely keep him out of suspicion.

The last one left was the owner of the phone  
Of course he wouldn't steal from himself  
But fact was in his room he lay alone  
Could remove it without any help!

He didn't appear much let down by the theft  
Said somebody might have sneaked in  
After the first boy for a walk had left  
The apparition the other had seen.

To this day the case has not been solved  
Among the suspects can count all the three  
Each one had alibi but none could be absolved  
The missing mobile remained a mystery.

The three still talk about the fourth guy  
The owner of the missing mobile  
For that same afternoon he went to buy  
A new phone to close the case file.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Mystic Monks

On the mangrove bank of the tidal river  
lie embedded the mollusks,  
they appear mournfully motionless,  
deceiving you to believe  
they're too passive to be alive,  
are just displays of dead shells  
in their muddy graveyard,  
though the truth is  
they are mystic monks  
silently enduring their estuarine transience,  
bidding in meditation the time  
the return tides carry them to their marine abode.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Myth

Each morn  
awakening's first breath  
recreates the myth  
today would be born  
a new kind of poem

Mind in the heavens sail  
seeking kind of a tale  
never unearthed

travels the whole length  
the spade's renewed strength  
digging deeper  
evermore  
foraging space time  
for one rhyme  
that in its first breath  
would reinforce the myth

on this earth  
a new poem can still take birth!

When the day is out  
we know it's one myth  
we can't live without.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Nameless

not of blood  
not of gene  
not of love  
not of kin  
not of need  
not of trust  
not of creed  
not of lust  
not of skin  
not of class  
yet so much mean  
its purpose

some relations...!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Nectarous

Lychee blackberry of sweetest variety  
Shouts the vendor  
They look juicily nice  
But when I ask the price  
Find it too high.

Why them forgone  
Summer's yields live short  
I lay my hand on one  
They are money's worth.

And I think of my place  
In next year's summer days  
What if I vacate this space

Nothing forever stays.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Need & Urge

Relationship is pretty weird  
follows no logic no rule  
link of blood is not required  
nor matching of genetic pool!

The ones you have never set eyes on  
living on distant lands  
come to be kin of your own  
you feel their touching hands!

A magic how in spatial apartness  
the bond grows up intense  
hearts find place in heart's recess  
share each other's joys and pains!

There's no need in these relations  
no deal no give and take  
only the urge to vent emotions  
with no collateral of heartbreak!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Never Lost

I thought I had lost you  
But I found you in my dreams  
In rain and in the morning dew  
In a land where starlight gleams!  
I thought I had lost you  
When you came and knocked my door  
I cried to get you back anew  
And said please leave no more!  
I thought I had lost you  
But found you still my part  
The reason for sure I always knew  
That you never left my heart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# New Year Sunshine & Shadows

The wind whispers the birds sing  
It's not ending, it's beginning  
Let the hopes soar high in the sky  
Without regret for the year gone by

Our heart drops a tear, it also merrily sings  
for the loss we suffered and gain of precious things  
Hope in our breasts, we heave a little sigh  
for the dawn of new time, for the year gone by

We cherish forever in our heart  
The year that's about to depart  
Amid a little pain we heartily cheer  
For the glorious birth of another year

A year comes and soon departs  
Leaving smiles and sadness in our hearts  
Yet in the sunshine of a New Year morn  
Dreams are revived, hopes are reborn

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Night Heron

When bog water steals her wings' day-smell  
Comes the night heron to roost on the marshy night.  
I have often caught her lost in the dim orb of moon  
Got a whiff in the wind of her fishy smell  
That says the night is not yet old  
Her feathery dreams still unripe,  
But like a philosopher in thought shy  
The winged wonder would at my slightest hint fly  
Leaving on my homebound way a trail  
Till the moon reclines the night turns pale.

I wonder what thinks the night heron  
In the stillness of the boggy night,  
Is it her day's catch and contentment  
Or some way to carve a place in the starry firmament!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Night Traveler

Light is out why you toss on the bed  
is there a poem storming your head?  
is it some ache gnawing at your heart  
bubbles of thoughts are breaking for a start?

How the night passes hours you don't keep  
eyes forget closing shut tight in sleep  
with tears and joys you bring the newborn  
hold them close so they live to see the morn.

At the nightly hunt eyes glow like hawk  
preying on words defying the restive clock  
your mind runs roaring maneuvers your hand  
turbulent oceans, the sky and the land.

You move beyond boundaries, cities and towns  
reaching up the mountains digging deep down  
sailing with the drift when an oasis you find  
you let the night go, blank goes your mind.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Night Trek

Wearily reclines the midnight moon  
Stars dreamily wait to fade  
The nightjars somewhere sleepily croon  
My eyes slumber doesn't invade.  
I hear my bloodstream in the canals of vein  
The lubdub of my doughnut from deep  
Echoes of footsteps, long forgotten pain,  
My eyes can't trace a wink of sleep.  
The night ages the moon seeks west  
Stars yearn an end to their trek  
Inside my head they still abhor rest  
Run random my thoughts without break.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Night Witch

Enslaved in her dark waves  
I ride the night.  
In this journey in starlight  
I pass by the witch flying on her broom,  
Her eyes not vengeful but wear weary gloom,  
For though she's forever going away from earth  
Pines for a home and hearth,  
While I disintegrate into comets  
Dreaming one day to find my way back to the sun.  
Absurdly wondrous my night trek  
In piercing moonlight towards stars.

As in the endless firmament I rush,  
Sleeplessness seems no more a curse.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Night's Magic Wand

I wish the night drops softly on your eyes  
Remove from your mind all sorrow  
Make happy dreams for you till next sunrise  
And a brighter day tomorrow!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Nirvana

Nirvana was half awake  
When broke into his stupor  
A dove's plaintive coo,  
Still a little rattled from a dream  
Where an elephant chased him,  
He kept his eyes closed  
To send his languor back to sleep,  
But then the dove didn't sound as plaintive  
And his baggage of worries from the day gone  
Tugged his eyelids against gravity,  
He was so bothered that  
Bestowed with one more choice  
He couldn't rejoice  
In the chance to live  
The simple way he could.  
He got up to make himself a cup of tea  
And start once more  
The arduous task of finding himself!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# No Death Though Is Timely

in the trust on sports a breach  
a void on the pitch  
passes away a flower in full bloom

on the gentle game hangs a gloom.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# No Escape From Your Memories

Your memories linger in twilight,  
keeping you alive, keeping you in sight,  
Carrying me to a landscape bare and dim  
where the fossils of dreams gleam...  
Your memories with time offer no escape!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# No Lessons Learned

Death for causing death  
You can't be lenient  
A cold blooded slayer  
Deserves capital punishment.  
He snuffed out a life  
With no hint of remorse  
Extinguishing his life  
Remains the only course.  
He killed one  
Still in its bud  
Justice must be done  
It bays for his blood.  
The law takes its course  
To the gallows he's sent  
There's is no remorse  
He deserved capital punishment.  
Did it happen again?  
Killing of an innocent?  
It was no lesson  
The capital punishment!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# No Second Start

Life is a short run  
Some pain some fun  
Curved path zagged line  
Little rain little sunshine  
Live the time with love in heart  
There's no scope for a second start.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## No Small Price

At half past ten when alone with my slice  
for you had early dinner on doctor's advice  
I miss you darling at the dining table  
your listening of my recaps of the day's fables!

Now I have my dinner in an empty space  
with none to be teased none to address  
just eating in silence on my lonely chair  
missing you darling wishing you were there.

If you aren't there who do I tease  
who do I sell poems who do I please  
my avidest listener most ardent fan  
I miss you badly my dining companion.

Comes half past ten I don't feel nice  
sitting by myself with the lonely slice  
now I know dear it's no small price  
to not have you at dinner on doctor's advice.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Nonsense (10w)

They deserve admiration immense  
who sometimes talk and write nonsense.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Not A Big Deal

In death's dulled aftermath  
weeps the house

none sees its tears  
for the one it held within  
for many years

who it nurtured in walled comfort  
inducing a sense of permanence

till last night under the stars  
came to fetch him the hearse

and he left without caring a fig  
in haste for the final benediction  
and the burning logs

feigning a peace

as if he wouldn't miss  
and not be missed  
under the sun  
by anyone.

One man less  
the house too would heal.

Death is not a big deal.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Not A Love Poem: A Confession

I confess to you  
I hardly confess to her.

Why I say this is  
I often deliberately miss  
To say the sorry-s I owe her  
For having found fault with her  
Only discovering after some hours  
It was me who was wrong all along  
What she did was amply right  
What she did was with farsight  
Her acts take care of only my needs  
My wants she always perfectly reads.

A piece of the dairy white sweet in my lunchbox  
Soft silken milky treat  
When melts in my mouth  
I remember this morn I told her  
Why you bring these damned plain sweets  
And not those juicy colored scented treats  
Don't put any of those in my lunchbox  
Not caring her face's strains of shocks!

I have forgotten though she has remembered  
My utterings of emotion its every word  
How I miss dear those plain white sweets  
Pure unencumbered most delightful treat.

I have forgotten she remembers  
My companion of all weathers  
She picks my choice she knows my mind  
Yet for her a sorry I hardly find.

Don't you think tonight in her ears  
I should coo a sorry in unuttered whispers?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Not A Word

There are so many things to feel,  
Love, joy, pain, heartbreak,  
Billion words to tell them  
But not a word to express them  
The way they truly feel!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Not All Is Lost

there are still some left  
not all beautiful things are lost  
a grass flower in windy waft  
windowpane's wintry frost.

not all good things are gone with time  
like wet leaves in the summer rain  
tides and ebbs the seasons' rhymes  
the house on the corner lane!

not all sweet things are gone dead sour  
like her touch in the cold of night  
birds' trills in the morn's first hour  
thrill of love at first sight!

there are still left the honey dew  
some redress for all our sorrow  
not all is lost for you and I  
to give up dreaming tomorrow!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Not All Men Are Poets

some come home to play cards  
banter with wife  
ask what's for dinner made  
head for bed.

they don't bother to think deep  
don't string emotions into written words  
are ever joyful with a game of cards  
nights lend them quite good sleep.

they don't dabble in poetry  
going beyond is not their cup of tea.

Not all men are poets  
they need not be  
without it they have enough to keep

gift of a day night's peaceful sleep!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Not Everything

I say  
She understands  
Not everything I do  
She approves  
Not all acts of mine  
She finds good

She just knows

My mind's every line.

Not everything I speak  
She finds sweet  
Not everything I love  
She loves  
Not all ways of mine  
She finds good

She just finds me

For her just fine.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Not Everything I Can Make Into A Poem

Not everything I can make into a poem  
like the sky just after rain  
her embroidered smile its minutest hem  
in her shade of cornea a grain of pain!

Not everything I can make into a poem  
like wind eddies from wings of bird  
her amorous veil that stokes my flame  
in her lips' quiver the unuttered word!

Not everything I can make into a poem  
like the heron's swoosh on the moon of marsh  
her endless aroma without a name  
in her eyes the million stars!

Not everything I can make into a poem  
like when perches the bird on nest  
her flushed cheeks in love game  
in her kiss the sea salt's taste!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Not Seeing You For Long

Just a thought of it and I lose my cheer  
I missed you a lot in the preceding year  
I can't blame you; it's not your fault  
Our not seeing each other happened by default!  
It so happened we missed each other's face  
Encounters were replaced by texts of sms  
Words were few, though sometimes we called  
Technologies conspired; our meetings got stalled!  
Years rolling by, times so fast fly  
Relations are stuck at 'hello' n 'hi'  
Wiser we are growing, a smarter human race  
We have little time to see each other's face!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Not The Same Guy

I don't know what set the mood  
Today I'm feeling good  
Happiness all over me  
I feel nice and free  
My heart is so light  
The sunshine more bright  
Fairer looks my so so girl  
Fuller lips eyes are pearl  
Somewhere inside is a swell  
That makes me wish everyone well  
Clicked open a treasure trove  
Pouring out floods of love  
This morn I feel not the same guy,  
I'm ready to fly and touch the sky!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Notebook

He was given a notebook  
to write whatever on its page  
quite some years it took  
before it came of age.

All these years he kept writing  
he thought it was his everything  
to him mattered what really  
was no page should be left empty.

When he exhausted the last page  
he found he had missed a lot to say  
there remained unsaid at each stage  
that he put off for another day.

He needed one more page in the notebook  
to fill it up with what was till then unsaid  
but the rule did not permit a re-look  
no provision for a revision was made.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Notes Of The Night

It was bothering him the noise that came at night from outhouse  
He didn't give it much notice in the barn was a lot of mouse  
Just wondered why in the day he would hear none of the sound  
But it all started with him on the bed and the lunar path westbound.

As the grandfather clock chimed past twelve he kept counting the gong  
It was about time to prick up his ears the music would soon play along  
The glass windowpane brought him the sky with stars all over firmament  
Shaken out of wits he would tell himself it couldn't be done by rodent.

Night after night it went on happening he couldn't wish away with a laugh  
It reached him one night to his patience's end he said enough is enough  
With his gun and torch he left the bed the truth for once he must learn  
Who played the music regular midnight was somebody there in the barn?

He made his way through the shrub laden path under a half-lit moon  
To find what it was that robbed his peace the source of the pestering croon  
The outhouse loomed eerily in semidarkness a magic of night's artistry  
The man wondered what was hidden within what piece of baffling mystery.

Just as his shadow fell on the door floating in the crescent moon  
The wind hushed off descended a lull stopped abruptly the tune  
Nerves frayed in the nightly trudge his brows furrowed in doubt  
He shrugged it off unlocked the door the fact must be found out.

A yawning black swallowed him with the smell of years' dust  
It took a while to see past it for his strained eyes to adjust  
Then he remembered the torch in his hand his only aid for light  
He pressed it on in the beamed circle caught the piano's sight.

Lying un-strummed for ages the piano had stood the time's test  
Playing host to its squeaking mates turning itself to their nest  
They gaily treaded on the undead keys the notes were sheer fun  
Their plot was uncovered on that night without the use of a gun.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Now That I'M Growing Young

Now that I'm growing young / into my second childhood  
I've decided to forsake / brooding brows and swinging mood  
All things that I tell now / and all stuff that I read  
All thoughts I jot on paper / must be understood by a kid.

Now that I'm growing young / turning green once more  
I have decided to think simple / leave behind the abstract's door  
All things that I do now / all thoughts that I seed  
All words I shoot from mouth / must be understood by a kid.

Now that I'm growing young / I must not find it hard  
To not beat about the bush / speak straight not mincing word  
All words that I speak or write / all words the others read  
All my penning on the paper / must be understood by a kid.

Now that I'm growing young / I must break each old rule  
Make clarity my hallmark / lucid expressions my tool  
Whatever price I have to pay / would not pay the abstruse a heed  
All my outpouring on the canvas / must be understood by a kid.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Nowhere Man

I float without a root  
without home  
without someone my own.  
I love this nowhere-ness  
and would rather be  
a nowhere-man  
drifting at his pace  
without a pull  
to be part of a tribe  
and live a life  
not his own.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Occupation

A prolonged war with virus has worn her quite a bit  
Back home though from hosp she is still far from fit  
I don't know how to cook can't make a simple meal  
She drained of strength has to gather all her will.  
For she knows for all my rhymes I'm practically no good  
Won't budge from my ignorance to make for us some food  
In the kitchen I tell her 'show me how to make  
A few basic dishes I'm tired of cornflake'.  
She says 'too late dear, know what I feel?  
You lost thirty years to grow some culinary skill'  
Then she busies herself while I get lost in rhyme  
Her occupation is life saving, mine not worth a dime.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## Odd Bird Out

He's the odd bird out I tell my wife  
His time is up full spent his life  
Bereft of feathers peeps out his skin  
He doesn't deserve anymore caged in.

He could now the others infect  
For the ones healthy him must reject  
Once he is gone we would have the good four  
Let us be practical and show him the door.

My wife a kind lady looks at me askance  
Is this the same man or someone else by chance  
Then bringing herself together says with a stern face  
How could you be so cruel and horribly pitiless!

I reason with her time is closing for him to die  
We would do it better if we let him taste the sky  
His life is already wasted enslaved in your cage  
Why not give it the wind to fly turn over a new page!

She isn't convinced an iota from what I clearly spell  
Get in her eyes the clouds impending rains well  
It's too late now she says not to let him end his life  
In the world he knows his own with a family of the five!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Of All The Days Countless

I made a man of me this morning

A small will made it possible

To have one day away from me  
Setting my self free from me  
Still be a man under the sun  
Easier said easier done.

For me a giant leap  
At a price too cheap  
Of all the days countless  
For self grown  
For self owned  
Taking just a day off from me  
And doing that easy.

I was tired of seeing only self in the mirror

A little will made me shelve it this morn

And in the mirror came a man's vision.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Of Our Free Will

If lies in us the mind of God  
within us is God's abode  
then why most of the time  
of our free will

We act a devil!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Of Shame She Dies

In her eyes  
on her frail frame  
four monsters feast

Of shame she dies  
vanishes her name  
devoured by the beasts!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Oh Boatman

Oh boatman, for a while, pause  
Before you ferry me across  
I need to be on this side  
Hold your oars for next tide.  
Time isn't ripe for the final sail  
I'm yet to bid her last farewell  
Get last drop of love from her heart  
See her smile before I depart.  
Oh boatman, pause before we sail,  
To my beloved I want to tell  
Not to forget in her lonely tears  
The happiness of our sunshine years.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Old Books

Look back  
The old rack  
May have in its nooks  
Dusty books  
That was for you made  
But you never read  
Like you never noticed eyes  
With loving look  
Never heard sighs  
Things you mistook  
And lost for good  
Like the unread book!  
There maybe something  
For long waiting  
Unknown to you  
Silent but precious  
Like dropping dew  
Life's must  
Withering away in dust!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Old Wine

In the rush of new, old ones go dead  
Ink dried up, their colors fade,  
Poet, pause a while from the race of rhymes  
To dig out the ones buried in olden times.  
They're precious pearls, each some moments' capsule  
Fires of bygone era that cindered cool  
Your tears, joys, broken pieces of your mind  
Made with alphabets, with your spirit refined!  
Though pined for life your poem's each word  
Once delivered, you consigned to graveyard  
A day's applause that staled into night  
No sooner than born, shoved out of sight.  
Poet, the old ones, beneath dust they moan,  
Dig them out, they are your own,  
Take a break, from the gushing ones' race,  
Dip your heart, in the old wine's grace.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Old Woman

It gave me a jerk and an emotional stir  
surely I hadn't seen it earlier  
in a fleeting moment in my eyes' mirror  
saw the glimpse of an old woman in her!

Alarmed I was and didn't savor  
surely I hadn't seen it ever  
always said god do me this favor  
make not an old woman of her!

Old she would grow I thought never  
hoped age would give her waiver  
dreamed her skin would glow forever  
till I saw an old woman in her!

I thought my river would ever meander  
her tides would reach the yonder  
but all my wishes were torn asunder  
when emerged an old woman from her!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Oldhood

Sit a while and hear  
I have so much to tell  
Loneliness is hard to bear  
More so when age is pale.  
Lend me your ears  
My solitude is morose  
It's now some years  
Anyone came close.  
My voice cracks when I speak  
But I have so much to say  
See me not as sick and weak  
Lend a part of your day.  
I have seen life for years  
Some I want you to know  
Listen a while as evening nears  
Before I wind up and go.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# On A December Night

One night for a whole hour  
I stayed awake for meteor shower  
A good night's sleep tho' I badly need  
Beckoned me the fireworks of Geminid.

I imagined sky in dazzling light  
Shooting stars in lunatic flight  
And me this splendor viewing alone  
With moon at west close to dawn.

On my hairs dripped dews noiseless  
Eyes caught Jupiter's shining face  
I stood the hour in awesome stupor  
Seeking in Gemini the bright Castor.

Lo not flowed the faintest streak  
Winter's chill dug and pricked  
Smell of morn when was airborne  
I left for bed displeased and worn.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# On A Lifeless World

From his glassed verandah  
he stared in wonder at the motionless sky  
with not a star twinkling,  
he felt sadly amused,  
the little stars don't twinkle here  
and he was so far away from the land  
he had known all along as his home.  
suddenly it dawned on him  
that it wasn't for no reason  
that he felt rootless and homeless  
in what was so long his abode  
the same way he's feeling now  
in this glassed verandah  
one fifty million miles away  
from the place he calls home.  
he shivered in this thought  
looking at the vast frigid sky  
where hurtled the ghost of phobos  
whose pale orb he found too dimmed  
to spin webs of dreams  
he did with the silvery disc  
in his once familiar sky.  
at the sight of that desert terrain  
exposed yet bereft of the wind's ravage  
where time stood timelessly frozen,  
he felt lost in a massive alienness  
listlessly searching for a way out  
to come back to a tranquil equilibrium.

then his eyes fell on the ocean water blue  
and he couldn't hold back his tears.  
like a man possessed  
he started tapping the keys....

The first flower blossomed on that lifeless world.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# On A Rainy Evening

The ones thought lost never go away  
find in you a place anchor and stay  
on a rainy evening such as this  
they come to your mind plant there a wish.

The girl you loved but never got to tie  
you thought you lost when the years went by  
comes back to you with the dust laden ring  
her finger still unwarmed on this rainy evening.

As the rain pours in the streetlight's glow  
you regret if only you hadn't let her go  
wish her to come back by a magic happening  
redraft torn pages on this rainy evening.

Your side of the window can't rub off the cold  
of the void in you left for her face never old  
you madly ask could give anything to find  
if on this rainy evening you come once in her mind.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# On An Afternoon In October

'neath spotless grey sky  
the doel croons  
winter's coming  
its mournful tunes

does she feel my ache  
hear heart's break  
or it's all in my head  
to sing she's made!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# On An Autumn Day

Around her green rows of trees  
Breezy breaths and buzzing bees  
Her crystal face mirrors serenity  
A strip of pond far from city!  
From autumn clouds sky pours its mirth  
On this small village a mound of earth  
Here men of soil hands smudged with clay  
Merrily live in huts of hay!  
When they smile it's smile sure  
Tooth bared from feelings pure  
Truth they know learned no deceit  
With open arms they warmly greet!  
What they speak is unrehearsed  
Flow from heart no grudge nursed  
They don't mince words haven't the skill  
Speak only that they truly feel!  
This autumn day I'm their guest  
By the almond pond in their thatched nest  
To submerge deep in placidity  
And forget awhile rush of city!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# On An Evening As This

They come to haunt on an evening as this  
when thunders roar fall endless rains  
windowpanes moan in frosted kiss  
awaken within long lost pains!

They don't bear me a name or a face  
the massless aches prick like thorn  
oozing out from what hidden place  
on an evening as this they're born!

In the blowing gust rain's beelike drones  
shatter my heart's all gathered peace  
mess the mind feed upon bones  
leave me broken on an evening as this!

The pains don't bear me a name or a face  
don't tell what hurts for what I miss  
but snuff out all gathered happiness  
rain my eyes on an evening as this!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# On Her

Had I devoted my lifetime writing on her  
I wouldn't have gone far.

The loveliest woman she's calm and quiet  
Endures the tantrums of a none-too-good poet  
She speaks so little her eyes are oceans  
Silent demonstrator of the deepest emotions!

She is hardly heard on her demands are hard  
Her secret dreams get no fanciful word  
Isn't a wife a mother she is beyond and more  
A balm of burned heart a smile at the door!

She is the evening in the deep summer noon  
Quench of soul's thirst mind's melodious tune  
The rain on parched earth scent of the soil  
The priceless fruit best reward of God's toil!

She is the harbinger of all aspirations' seeds  
The carer the giver the nourisher of needs  
She stands where seems the end of the road  
Makes a life full a home love's abode!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# On My Shoulder

She's in deep sleep  
rests her head on my shoulder

I hold it light as treasured keep  
years rewind to grow less older!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# On The Divan Divine

Every night on the divan divine  
Beside her when I recline  
In the comfort of that precious chance  
My mind in the sit finds a hidden romance!

It may seem her eyes are glued to TV  
But I know they aren't but riveted on me  
In her sensuous silence I don't fail to notice  
The charm of her cheek how they still entice!

I utter not a word love those times' silence  
Like an old lover never out of patience  
Stealing from air her old wine fragrance  
Just happy to be there clutching the romance!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# On The First Day Of Monsoon

O drifting clouds  
please awhile wait  
carry seeds of my love  
shower on my beloved!

She is now too far away  
pining without me  
wash her tears this rainy day  
pour her my heart's poetry!

Tell her o clouds as you pass over  
bereft her my days are arid  
wilted long her last flower  
now my garden is only of weed!

Carry o clouds my tears for her  
soothe her with my kisses' touch  
tell her though she's gone from me far  
I love her as ever very much!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# On The Last Day

Feel a scare  
Every time I change the calendar  
When on the last day of each month  
I turn the page  
Take it to the next day  
Though today is still there.

I feel a little flutter  
Seeing before me the next day  
Only number content unknown  
And mutter

What if I ain't there, hey?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# On The Life's Way

A little cloud doesn't mean there won't be sunshine  
There are hurdles on the life's way,  
But things will turn around, everything will be fine  
After rain will appear a sunny day.  
Sometimes life becomes too insane  
Sometimes too unbearable is the pain  
Through them our hopes keep us sane  
We fall yet we rise and try again.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## On The Other Side

You quietly look down now,  
Ashamed you were too careless  
When you crossed the road,  
Too keen to go the other side  
When you had a weak sight  
A falling vision  
And an unfailing zeal  
Never to look left and right!  
You're sorry it can't be mended,  
You were too careless  
On that small stretch  
That kept you off eternally,  
Denying you the last few steps  
To the other side of the road,  
And you landed on the other side  
Lamenting your prudence  
Or the lack of it!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# On The Pond's Ghat, Alone

I sit alone on the pond's ghat in this rainwashed noon.

Her ripples dead  
She ruminates once more  
In the deafening silence of the crickets' buzz.

Came the men to splash upon me  
The women within me bared shame  
Frolicked the boys in me carefree  
Made me alive in their joyous game!

Swam on me hope's stretched hands  
Sunk in me the broken heart  
Left over me the girl her hair strands  
At the end they all did depart!

Now I must wait for the sun to set  
To drown my memories of the noon  
Dreaming the stars to open heaven's gate  
Wrap me in night's ripened moon!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# On The Prayer's Path

Just as I was folding it,  
Facing temple his lips did pray.  
I made a hasty retreat  
So that my umbrella  
Didn't come in the way!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# On The Precipice

You thought  
She was fathoming the depth,  
The distance of the fall,  
The final impact,  
And the pain during the end.  
You thought  
She was having a rethink,  
Weighing in her mind  
If the end  
Just a fall away  
Was worth going thru.  
You thought  
It suddenly tasted sweet,  
What's past her,  
And it didn't deserve  
What she was contemplating.  
They weren't, any of them,  
She hung her head in shame  
That overpowered any fear  
of what was coming,  
as it couldn't be any worse,  
than what she passed thru  
in a life never hers,  
that in all her years  
she couldn't make her own.  
To erase it  
Once and for all  
She could easily make the chasm  
Pull her in.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# On The River

slosh of oars  
ripples the night  
of tremulous moons

the nightjar soars  
on silver light  
a sad tune croons!

tides up swell  
lap the wood  
in ceaseless kiss

moon grows pale  
in deep brood  
of broken wish

the misty haze  
spells the core  
spins a dream

mind in daze  
forgets shore  
drifts upstream!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# On The Road

On that windless day  
Sultriness sat heavily on him,  
A convecting hollowness  
Grooved in his chest  
Spread to the throat  
He was gasping.

Words echoed inside  
But couldn't make their way  
As he sank into darkness.

Around him  
Crowd of oblivious men  
was without a clue.

Remained unheard a garble  
Speed...dial...2.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# On The Roof

My father walked on the roof  
at night alone.

He used to come to his son's home  
seeking summer's relief  
from his nine month's home alone  
at the Himalayas foothill.

But he couldn't leave the chill out.

His seven decades of mind  
defied his frail frame  
as he hugged the plain's winter  
without a woolen  
painting summer on my roof.

Rarely I would be with him  
but when he came down  
he would speak animatedly  
the constellations he had seen  
the milky way  
about the quarreling owls.

Wish I were there with him  
all his nights on the roof  
making four wandering eyes  
looking at constellations  
marveling at the milky way.

Now on some winter nights  
I go to the roof alone  
without my son  
remember father  
my heart aching in the thought

One day my son too would come

Alone



# On The Way

Rows of heads droop in meditation  
The journey is slow and arduous  
Along same path to same termination  
Boring and depressingly monotonous!

An unbroken dullness hangs in the air  
Emits a feel the travail is endless  
And the heads drooping are in silent prayer  
To reach at last their destined address!

For some the travel is not that far  
They disembark earlier than many  
For the ones left to ride further  
Is prolonged the meditative agony!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# On The Wood Apple Tree

The ghostess was his hostess  
in that wood apple tree  
she flirted and she caressed  
he was tickled merrily!

In the moonlight fought a mock fight  
her nails she dug on him  
he hugged her with all might  
her bony frame quite slim!

He was bolder as he told her  
where had you been all life  
wooded her in whisper  
would have made you my wife!

Her eyes then smoked in pain  
trembled her voice  
there wasn't a you among the men  
I had little choice!

Two hollow face loved breathless  
kisses floated in thin air  
lone night owl stood witness  
to the two souls laid bare!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## On This Day

My sweetest times were spent with them  
They brought me here gave me a name  
The only ones to be called my own  
Now shadowy reflections in my moments alone!

His voice blurs faint as the years go by  
Her face is a haze in the distant sky  
I found from them an unmatched love  
Living to this day in my treasure trove!

They gave me here a place to claim  
Brought me here gave me a name  
On this day of blessing and wish  
I feel them within find a soothing peace.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# On This Rainy Day

Throw away girl the parasol  
rain wanna kiss your skin  
then seep slowly into your soul  
settle in love therein.

You don't need girl the parasol  
rain longs to touch your face  
then take in your heart a quiet stroll  
etch there for love a warm place.

Don't walk girl with the parasol  
rain is begging for a chance  
for your embrace he's blazing coal  
burning to wipe out the distance.

Drop girl the parasol on the way  
and see the rain's yearning stare  
he is falling for your love today  
with his heart for you bared.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# On Your Poems I Linger

On your poems I linger.

Long after they're gone

Leave their mark  
On my work

Residues of their thread  
Buzz in my head

Deep they sink  
To color my ink

Your thought  
In me wrought

The way you bleed  
The way you seed  
The way you need

They get into me  
Beget more poetry

Your pursuit of joy  
Of pain  
Of sorrow

I borrow

Fated to be forever indebted

I steal your tune  
Like a roadside singer.

On your poems I linger.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Once

Once you have touched a rose petal  
it's the smell that's eternal  
Once you have seen sunrise  
it's hope forever in disguise  
Once you have bathed in moonlight  
it's dreamy eyes and blurred sight  
Once love is born  
it's forgetting the thorn!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Once A Mother

The blooded lump brings a joyous sight  
She smiles to deliver it from womb to light  
Not understanding it emits a guttural cry  
From that moment her eyes are never dry.  
She pours fountains into its dried lips  
Each drop is nectar that her heart drips  
She clutches it close with every bone  
Extends in it and she knows it alone.  
Flesh of her flesh apple of her eyes  
Mystifying thing that on her breast lies  
Ceaselessly she delves love suffocates her  
It defines her being her sky's only star.  
It matters nothing what it would bring  
She's into the heaven flying in its wing  
For it she now lives for it she can die  
Her eyes from this moment will never be dry.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Once And A Lifetime

Take eyes off cybersphere  
give your notebook a rest  
the night sky today is so clear  
the moon shines at her best!

Outside the night sparkles bright  
the sky holds no dark scars  
booze on the dreamy moonlight  
dance to the tune of the stars!

Rain your skin in the dew  
feel her kiss on fingertip  
let not the night go past you  
with your eyes rested on sleep!

The moon if returns would be sad  
pined all the while for your glance  
you were sinking in notebook ipad  
losing a once lifetime chance!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Once And Once More

I silently bear the agony of waiting  
Like the parched soil  
That waits for the clouds to weep  
The seed that craves in pain  
For the first touch of rain!  
I endure it flesh and soul  
Watching in slow motion  
The transformation of time  
Stoically without a heartbreak  
I survive the agony of a wait.  
I know my dreams will arrive  
The clouds will pour on the soil  
Raindrops will pierce the seed  
New life will burst forth  
My wait will begin...once more!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Once In A Paradise

There may be snakes in the bush  
I cautioned her.

This place she said you chose,  
it's you brought me this far.

The lone grazing horse  
cast us its saddest glance

filled with dark remorse  
for the tethered neck and all the lost chance.

The weeded palace was palled in gloom  
till lit a spark lovers' entwined arm  
the king must have loved in this room  
white satin on cold night bed warmed.

Roofless we moved not when came the rain  
not let go what for long was kept walled  
the horse knowingly neighed for what was to happen  
in that paradise of an undying make believe world!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# One Audience

Soon after birth  
It asks

What worth?

All the thoughts  
The words to shape me  
Are they necessary?

What reward?

Can't hold onto this moment  
The delusion you paint  
Goaded by a mad chase  
To lift the haze  
Fill up the dearth  
Give all wildness a berth  
And then  
Just when  
Relieve the pain  
Start all over again

What gain?

Brick upon brick  
Rhyming rhythmic  
Verbose prose  
Random rambling  
Under the sky anything

What sense?

Knows one who writes

For one audience.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# One Chance To Be Brave

From the dusklight emerged two shadows  
Part with the money or you are dead  
Then on him rained powerful blows  
Danced thousand sparks in his head.

Stop I yelled loud in impulse  
In rushed blood soared up pulse  
Ran to the ruffians with raised fist  
Crying stop you ugly beast.

The goons were caught in wild surprise  
This sudden resistance they didn't surmise  
Never thought someone would be so fool  
To not be deterred by their muscles' rule.

The chance to be brave didn't give it a miss  
I yelled once more I'll call the police  
Stood before them like one tall wall  
The worse happened after a moment's lull.

In the pale streetlight glistened the knife  
Swooped down in a flash to snuff out life  
I rolled down the road in a fall too steep  
As he lunged at me and plunged it deep.

I woke up slumberous in the nursing room  
Broke through my pain her words' perfume  
You'll be alright my heart's brave knight  
Her face beaming in my eyes' blurred light.

My moving lips brought close her ear  
She strained it hard caught me whisper  
Till that day I never knew  
Could stake my life to be brave to you.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# One Day You Would Know

One day you would know,  
As you hold back the sea in your eyes  
And the thunder steals the blue from your heart,  
That you never could reach the sunshine spot  
Where I waited to catch you in my arms  
And fly into dreams that never die!

One day you would know,  
When the sands shift to expose the barrenness  
And the yellowed pages crumble in your hands,  
That you never could reach the sunshine spot  
Where I waited to carry you in my arms  
And fly to a rainbow that never fades!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# One For You To Guess My Belief

If I say  
I don't believe in God  
I would be incurring enemies.

God wouldn't be one of them.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# One Good Work

In the silence are many voices  
Not heard in the din of noises  
I can hear them groan,  
When I'm with myself alone.  
They tell me 'with all your wit,  
You're nothing but a hypocrite,  
An idle monger of word,  
Who just wants to be heard.  
Instead of your loud bark  
If you had done one good work  
Wiped a tear or bring a smile  
Walked for others an extra mile  
Fed the hungry paused for the blind  
Waited a little for the ones behind  
Stopped to comfort a mournful sob  
You would have done a better job'.

The voices in my silence moan  
When with myself I'm alone  
'Listen', they say, to the monger of rhyme  
'Do good work till there's time'.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# One Great Discovery

Your heart is not at the right place  
Where your heart is  
Lies a source of disease  
Said the doctor with a long face.

You say of late you're losing energy  
Cold, cough, sneeze is on the rise  
As to the cause of this persisting allergy  
I'm left with no surprise.

For good reasons is said  
Man shapes his own destiny  
Go forward and have it made  
Set those poor ones free.

If I had my way  
I would have pulled his hair  
But just managed to say  
This is so unfair.

What damage those poor things can do  
Other than giving good company  
And I don't believe it to be true  
They are the cause of my agony.

Just because they can't protest  
Winged but still left lame  
The doctor finds it best  
To shift on them the blame.

Behind specs his eyes shone  
His lips quivered in glee  
As if he had chanced upon  
One great discovery.

If only you earnestly wish  
The prospect you truly fathom  
Can find yourself a cure for disease

In exchange of their freedom.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# One Hop And A Grain

Water bowl in one hop  
two hops for a grain  
life here is a full stop  
in one ceaseless pain!

Inches flight is one leap  
up and down sideways  
eyes when droop in nights' sleep  
forgotten are passing days!

All they have is two by one  
space that's locked in grill  
blessed are they when life is gone  
death brings fulfilled will!

Their world is a 2 by 1 space  
on this side am I fine?  
in theirs I see my own face  
their home is almost mine!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# One Hour

She was standing at the temple gate  
Beside where hung the big padlock  
Sorry sir you are by an hour late  
The temple will reopen at four o'clock.

I had gone at the abode of the goddess  
To be blessed by touching her feet  
Forgetting she too needed a recess  
After standing hours for the devout's meet.

My watch told me an hour was not too soon  
And time would run out without seeing more  
But the banyan's shade of the early summer noon  
In its sunlight and shadows held something in store.

The girl at the gate gave an all knowing smile  
An hour's wait sir would not go in vain  
The goddess' face at the end of the weary mile  
Would make you forget all your travel's pain.

Her smiles broke through the dark tan of her skin  
The barefoot girl watching over that godforsaken hamlet  
And as from the river the southern wind blew in  
I decided to wait with her at the temple gate.

Then we walked to the river following the wind's smell  
She showed me on the bank the zamindar's broken palace  
Took me to the cornfields boastful in their golden swell  
Before the hour flew us back to the temple's terrace.

When I asked her about her school and standard  
In her eyes I found rising the rustic river's mist

Doing it all by himself is for my father too hard  
In the chores of worship he needs me to assist.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# One Last Tide

Like the sandgrains on the stretched palm  
with the wind have flown the years  
the tides rolled back the sea is now calm  
It's biding time on this heavenly sphere!

Yet I've started loving this life more  
more than all that spent up before  
with a growing desire to have it fullest  
sowing hope's seeds to reap its harvest!

Inevitable frailness though makes it hard  
more than the yore I dream step forward  
still seek the way to get through the dark  
explore the mist on unknown embark!

I stretch my hands for the farthest shore  
roam mind's cavern for still unlocked door  
churn up the residues of time on this side  
ride on the comeback of sea's one last tide!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# One Last Time

I told her  
But she wouldn't believe  
She would for life not believe.

I can't stay back dear  
I don't belong here anymore  
They know it  
And they're waiting  
They too had a day like this.

And then I started to cry  
Burying my head in her breast  
Holding her tight

But I don't want to go there  
I can't for your love  
Leave this place  
This house  
This garden  
These birds  
These cats  
The dogs...

I clung to her

Please do something  
Tell me I'm dreaming  
There aren't none waiting  
Your touch is true  
My hugs are real  
We stand here  
Together  
Bound in a fate  
Nothing can separate

Time up they said  
The more you stay  
The more you suffer

She was weeping

I too

Only she didn't see!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# One Little Footstep

One little footstep and you reach beyond the fence  
And see the unknown world touching your sense  
There on the virgin soil softly land your feet  
In a world unexplored you were so keen to meet.

One little footstep and you fly above the fence  
In one magic leap to a remote distance  
There on the untrodden path lie great secrets  
Unseen spectacles and unheard sonnets.

One little footstep and you reach beyond the fence  
To reach the mountain top and the ocean's silence  
Rise high and delve deep for the most precious find  
That lies hidden down there inside your mind.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# One Minute

Between my awes at the centuries old sculptures  
She was lost from my sight.

Maybe a minute only I thought  
But why she should roam alone?  
Against my wish I fought  
To call her on the cellphone.

Should I go to track her out  
Peeping through windows' iron bars  
But spoke in me a voice of doubt  
Unnecessary she couldn't be gone far.

108 dark holy spires  
She could be under any of them  
Caught in the winter's desire  
For a round of hide-n-seek game.

Sometimes a minute could be eerily long  
For the shadows of fear to haunt you  
What if the wait's end never comes along  
And she forever remains out of view.

Didn't know when she quietly stood behind  
Her nudge gave me a start

I know what now occupies your mind  
Those displays of the erotic art!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# One Poem

I need one poem to take with to bed  
I need one poem to stay in my head  
I need one poem to read in dream light  
One poem to survive when bows out the night.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# One Sleepy Sunday Afternoon

He had to get it anyhow  
But the sleepy Sunday afternoon  
Found all the shutters down

He had to get it anyhow  
But a sad figure on the empty street  
His sighs in himself drowned

He needed to get it anyhow  
But it seemed fortune didn't care  
It couldn't be ever found

He needed to get it anyhow  
But his tries ended in despair  
A life could bow out

If only he could get it anyhow  
That small thing now priceless  
He would forever treasure

If only he could get it anyhow  
It would prolong a heartbeat  
Reviving drops he could measure

On the sleepy Sunday afternoon  
In search of a one penny dropper  
A man a poet a philosopher  
Was thwarted came a cropper!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# One Stop Shop

Traveler for awhile stop  
Before on your way you go  
Peep into my shop  
See what's on show.

For you prettily done  
Of the finest stardust  
Smile laughter fun  
Faith care and trust.

The items let your fingers scroll  
Choose what you really need  
Under rainbow a leisurely stroll  
Or only the devil's speed.

There's a brush too and the dye  
For when you find clouds above  
To make your own blue sky  
Fill it with hope and love.

For you too a candle light  
If your way is strewn in dark  
A heart's poem for vigil of night  
When sleepless you embark.

Traveler for awhile stop  
Before on your way you go  
Peep into my shop  
See what's on show.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# One To Ten

Mad Sital we used to call him  
Sital in my language means cool  
Though never found in him anger's steam  
He never followed any rule.

If someone asked tell Sital  
What is your name  
My mother knows it all  
Pat his reply came.

What class do you read in Sital  
What school you are at  
His only reply was mother knows all  
He would not prolong the chat.

He would be found any time of day  
Never minding the sun and rain  
Bare bodied standing on sideway  
Counting one to ten.

If someone asked him to count ten to one  
He fell into silence for a while  
Not taught at school still left undone  
He would answer with a smile.

We knew he would lead a bachelor's life  
Counting his days up to ten  
For no sane girl would ever be his wife  
With him on the bed be lain.

But Providence you know defies hows and whys  
Discriminates not between sane and insane  
If it hadn't been so and happened otherwise  
Would remain unmarried all mad men.

So there came the woman the beautiful bride  
Her face glowing like full moon  
In rapturous joy that he never tried to hide  
He forgot his numeric count soon.

Mad Sital would talk to her all day long  
Her beauty had him so bewitched  
They lived happily ever there wasn't a thing wrong  
Never mattered she was deprived of speech.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# One Way

My love never loses  
for my heart it leaves  
with the belief  
it's meant only to give  
and any receipt  
is a bonus!

So on you is the onus  
to choose  
accept or refuse

I cannot but win!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Only A Little

Bread and water and in your heart a space  
Is all I want for a little happiness  
A little warm corner, window to the sky  
Is all I want to live and to die.  
I yearn to see a smile light up your face  
Yearn for your touch, a little embrace  
A little sunshine, a few drops of rain  
A little love from you to heal all my pain.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Only She Can

The child is smiling, sunshine surrounds her  
Let sorrow never touch her, she has to go afar  
The child is innocent, simple is her life  
She will be a woman, someday someone's wife.  
The child is smiling, her face a beaming moon  
It doesn't stop here, a woman she'll be soon  
Now she doesn't care, she is free and wild  
But she has to grow up, can't remain a child.  
The child is running, abandoned and gay  
Let it be like this, like this let her stay  
But it's in her nature, to become a woman  
To make the world beautiful, in a way only she can.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Only The Cloud Was Knowing

how was life all these years?

I stumbled on her under drifting cloud.

they passed well,  
a steady family  
and all that comes with

and yours...

as good as it could  
stable, solid...

if she was digging my face  
I wouldn't let her  
for she seemed quite unlamenting,  
I wouldn't have her see  
the void!

I looked up  
she too

and only the cloud was knowing

the clouds they parted  
in rains  
rolling down...

there was now no hiding the pain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Only Yours

Forty years ago  
She wrote me a note  
Insubstantial  
But ending preciously...

'only yours'

In fountain ink  
On a scrap paper  
Written surreptitiously  
But passionately  
On a break period  
Delivered through a common friend  
And there wasn't enough privacy  
So it seemed  
To read it alone  
And not enough strength  
To unfold that first call  
Till the eyes  
In youth's first thirst  
Spread it  
In the stolen reflection  
Of streetlight  
In trembling hands  
Barest words  
Yet infinitely precious...

'only yours'

She couldn't be  
For she was  
Destined to be someone else's  
And leave me nothing  
But her everything  
In those two words  
Time couldn't stale...

'only yours'

She  
Possibly now a grandma  
With everything  
For she left me nothing  
But two innocuous words  
Barest infinite  
Her everything  
Mine too...

'only yours'.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Open Your Door

The trees are dancing in red  
And yellow and violet and pink,  
Rebellious colors of all hue and shade  
Though here will be gone in a wink.  
Grab them these specters of dreams  
Dip your heart deep and true  
Surrender to the mad spectrum of whims  
Before they fade and leave you to rue.  
Let some of them smudge your face  
Get inside and touch your mind  
Bathe you in flamboyant happiness,  
Once gone you may never again find.  
Colors of Spring in all hue and shed  
From the heavens on you they pour,  
Dash of colors, that's for you made,  
Are calling you to open your door!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Orphaned

Don't leave me here mom, don't  
Though you may find me fed and clothed  
I'm not happy, I pine for your love.  
Didn't you do it mom to see I don't starve?  
But believe me mom  
Beneath all my food and all my clothes  
I can't hide the shame of feeling orphaned.  
Don't just go away mom,  
Scold me, abuse me  
But let me be with you  
Coz for me starvation is no shame  
And even though I go unfed and unclothed  
At home I have a name.  
Here I am fed and clothed  
But not fed with love  
I pine for it mom,  
A place in your heart,  
Don't leave me here and depart.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Other Side Of Moon

Below the earlobe  
near the edge of the cheekbone  
is a hollow  
my eyes follow.

There hides her treasure trove  
unexplored  
waiting to be unraveled  
by probing lips!

This zone  
on the wrong side  
is the right side  
to find

untrampled love!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Our Deal With The Devil

Inside us lurks the vice  
Seeking new ways  
Finding new device,  
To justify its need  
And fallacy of virtue  
It spreads like weed  
Sounds like true!  
We make a deal  
With the invasive vice  
Of our free will  
We heed its advice.  
Vice has a say  
For whatever we strive  
We need its easy way  
We need it to survive.  
Vice supple and smooth  
Builds with us rapport  
Virtue looks uncouth  
Scary enough to abhor!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Our Image

Has a mind that's hurt when abused  
Has a frame that's shamed when forced  
Has emotions that are only too human  
Only the name is different, woman.  
Has a heart that seeks happiness  
Has a smile that lights up the face  
Have sorrow that's similarly human  
Only the name is different, woman.  
A simple realization is what it takes  
To accept the only difference in sex  
They are our image, and as human,  
It's just that they're named, woman.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Our World Of Prose

Buoys up she from the sea I sail  
What poetry can't address  
She serves me well.

The sailor's misery she knows  
His journey's perilous waves  
A rope for me she throws  
Dragging to shore she saves.

Watches over her caring face  
Suffers the navigator what distress  
Resuscitating with her sweet breath  
The mariner dying from illusive myth!

This way she rebirths me  
Down on earth from the high sea  
And till is regrown the sailor's wings

We talk animated of life's small things.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Out In The Cold

Instead of penning a poem  
if I had a heart of gold  
would have taken the puppy home  
dying out there in the cold.

Useless all my rhyme  
creativity a veiled gloom  
doesn't matter the sublime  
if I can't make some room.

Instead of penning a poem  
if my hands could lift up  
give it warmth of breast  
make there some room.

I confess in full shame  
I don't have a heart of gold  
don't have the gut to pick  
the poor puppy dying in the cold.

My hands smeared with inks  
metaphors timeworn old  
of plain and shameful lies  
while the puppy in the cold dies.

If I had a heart of gold  
I would have put the pen down  
throwing my writes as trash  
give the puppy a home.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Out In The Rain

Out in the rain  
Is no pain!  
Drop on your cheek  
On head  
Is it a leak?  
No, it's Heaven made!  
You brood  
What's so good  
About rain?  
When you soak your heart in it  
Joy infinite!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Out Of Town

Crispy leaves winter brown  
crackle neath her feet  
she looks good out of town  
her eyes are playing sweet!

A little haze morn at ten  
the place is real peace  
on my lips desires rain  
wishing stealing kiss!

She knows it quickens feet  
maybe she wants too  
her eyes when my eyes meet  
read the twinkling cue!

Just we two froths a brew  
none to find and look  
blushing lips' crimson hue  
knows only that nook!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Outcome

When I aim high

hope's ashes with the winds fly!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Outgrowing Childhood

Child you will grow tall  
You will grow big  
Instead of being a doll  
You'll be in grownup's league!  
Child you will grow smart  
You will grow sly  
Losing innocence of heart  
You'll no more be a butterfly!  
Child you will grow high  
You will grow tough  
A hardened guy  
You'll be a different stuff!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Outing Into Darkness

Sinking low in fathomless misery  
The poet seeks an escape vent.  
Takes this as an outing into darkness  
A free fall in a gliding motion  
Into the depth of the ocean  
Away from the surface storm  
Knowing he can't be down beneath bottom,  
And even there would be swimming  
With all the life that make it their abode  
Wrapped in blackness yet luminescent  
In the filtered glow up from above  
Dreaming one day to find their way back  
To the warm hug of sunlight.  
This affords him a survival, belief-driven,  
Alike the last breath that hopes a heaven!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Oval Nuggets

The kingfisher knocks to call me  
friend of you I do beg  
make some time from poetry  
find me a place to lay an egg.

My nuggets of small oval white  
where to put them kind soul  
where to find one good site  
on some wall a small hole.

This summer the ponds are dry  
my eyes are weary with watch  
futile my desperate try  
to pull out my hunger's catch.

Now I hardly ever sing  
hold a mouthful in the beak  
dying is the blue on my wing  
I'm growing lean and weak.

Friend make a try to save me  
our habitats are on the shrink  
make some time from poetry  
save us from falling over the brink.

The kingfisher knocks on my door  
of you friend I do beg  
if you want to see us anymore  
find me a place to lay an egg.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Owl-Moon Night & The Rickshaw-Puller

In owl-moon night  
when doors are closed  
in shut out light  
lanes breathe morose

He carries the weight  
dead in drunk sleep  
in chilled night's sweat  
of tightened grip

On side of street  
men burning logs  
seize some heat  
as need too dogs

But he must run  
errand of hell  
till job is done  
moon's face goes pale

Jangle hand's bell  
veins swell up taut  
marks frame frail  
battle hard fought

From lane to lane  
his stone feet roam  
till rests his pain  
on pavement home!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Paddyfield

To where the red soil road loses itself to the sky  
she walks in dusted heels

One after other rising and falling the harvests die  
can't wilt her wills.

To where the red soil road loses itself to the sky  
she plucks corn in the forlorn noon

Sickle in hand her wishes fly  
her dreams won't die soon.

To where the red soil road loses itself to the sky  
she rues not her fate

She pauses to look up to the heaven high  
hopeful in her emerald wait!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Pages Left

Seasons have weathered  
left footprints passing age  
yet something is spared  
to draw her in my gaze!

It's not as pink as first crush  
nor red as primal yore  
but white residue of dried brush  
that makes me want not more!

I wonder if she knows it  
when hold her in my gaze  
not slowed a bit this heartbeat  
my eyes don't see her age!

She wonders if I know it  
when steals on me her look  
the pages left are still sweet  
love stays an unclosed book!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## Painless (10w)

Often I ask myself,  
If being penniless  
Is being painless!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Pair (10w)

A lifelong pair  
till one flies away  
and makes another!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Palm Reader

Come to me I'll decode the meandering streams on your palm  
I'll take you on a time travel to know what are yet to come  
Though heavens have determined what path your life will take  
The ups and downs all upheavals happiness and heartbreak!

Lend your palm if you trust it for the planets there have etched  
If you sign off your life in sunshine or end up feeling wretched  
For all your grinding endeavors may close on you all doors  
Your strivings may go in vain leaving you with no recourse!

Sit with me a session see what future holds in store  
Love marriage family friendship finance and much more  
For each hurdle is a remedy each hindrance an overcome  
For misfortune a ward off for bad time a curing balm!

Come have your dreams come true your fortune take right turn  
I'll get you blessings of Jupiter keep out conspiring Saturn  
Protect you from all evils offer you the right stone

I wish I knew my fortune too if only could read my own!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Palmist

Come for a little sum  
I'll read you your palm  
Lend me your hand  
I'll read the rivers of fate  
Tell you where you stand  
What's the future's state!  
Know from me life's each twist and bend  
Like your chance of going farther with her  
How things will turn out in the end  
They're all designed by your star.  
Grab this one, this golden chance  
I'll tell you what you're dying to know  
Marriage, children, fortune, finance  
Know them all from me blow by blow.  
The engraved strands on your palm  
Hold hidden the troubles of your life  
To which I offer remedial balm  
For children gone astray, unfaithful wife!  
I can read your lifespan and Saturn's effect  
Jupiter's blessings and planets' impact  
Misfortunes on your way I can deflect  
To make your future absolutely intact!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Papyrus

Leaving the papyrus for me  
she leaves for the river.

Don't follow me  
she says  
instead  
pick up my pages  
unread

and with that

she goes with the river wind.

the papyrus  
scattered on her trail  
before I could pick them all  
fly with her

to the river!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Paradox (10w)

Can't say

If dreams

Help me find or lose way.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Paradox (7w)

Hands  
that fold in prayer  
turn slayer

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Parents And Children

Grown up child,  
you don't love your dad and mom  
anymore,  
at least not in the way  
they would have liked you to  
as you are to them  
their entire world  
but to you they are now  
just a man and a woman  
who begot and brought you up  
because they had to  
which in no way was exceptional  
as you deserved to be brought up  
in the best way they could  
and shaped for a life  
as the nicest dream they could dream  
for you to grow up  
and blossom into a flower  
whose fragrance would see them thru  
the rest of their life  
and would complete the circle  
that god designs for mankind.  
But they find,  
the grown up child doesn't love them  
the way they had dreamed  
when they held its hands  
for its first steps of life  
and they died to hear  
its first papa and mamma  
and stood beside their child  
at each step thence  
embracing it  
as their best company  
and finding in it  
their heaven on earth  
ever ready to do  
whatever it would take  
to see their child happy.  
Grown up child,



your dad and mom  
though feel debarred from your world  
still hold onto their world  
that's made just of you!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Pariahs

Pariah dogs pain me.

I feel for those mute sufferers  
But can't fill their life.

Many a times I have dreamed of  
A doggerly in my backyard  
For those giver only friends.

Do for them something tangible

Send appeals to kind souls for charity  
Creating a kind of NGO for these bravehearts  
Giving them something from the more  
They deserve.

I haven't done anything of these.

Under twinkling stars  
I feed them scraps  
And mourn

When one is less.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Parrot Care

It's something that try we should  
To provide the parrot its basic food  
Apple minus seeds mango banana  
Grape orange guava papaya  
As for vegetables cooked dried bean  
With beet broccoli its heart you can win  
Cucumber carrot and cauliflower  
They surely love like they love a shower  
Corn on the cob is fun for parrot  
They aren't fussy as them you thought  
Hot peppers peapod lettuce  
For them delicacies you can choose  
Sweet and baked potato well cooked yam  
They devour in delight add to their glam  
Parrots are cute friendly and nice  
Give them oatmeal millet brown rice  
They're not greedy from you they won't beg  
Though these birds love scrambled boiled egg  
The parrot is innocent gorgeous and sweet  
Can't call them carnivore yes they like meat  
Must talk to them and not keep your mouth shut  
Your loving pet the parrot loves occasional nut.

Now words of caution what don't do them good  
Candy and chocolate and all junk food  
I know you are smart and not at all mean  
To offer this wonder bird mushrooms caffeine  
Believe my words they aren't my opinion  
Use them in your food don't give them onion  
Dairy products for them are a big 'no' 'no'  
You surely want them to healthily glow  
Give the parrot shower keep its cage clean  
Give them just fresh foods no sugar no caffeine  
Say 'no' to pesticides choose only organic  
See in their bowel nothing goes toxic  
Follow what I've said the task is not hard  
Spend your time well with this beautiful bird.



# Parrot In A City

O lonely parrot  
It's such a pity  
You're perched on a wire  
High above the city!  
The forest was so green parrot  
The forest was so neat  
Why did you have to leave it  
For the urban dust and heat!  
O lonely parrot  
It's such a pity  
You abandoned the forest  
To dwell in the city!  
So warm was your nest  
With choicest foods galore  
A wonderful hole for rest  
And singing heart's outpour!  
O lonely parrot  
It's such a pity  
Leaving the peace of forest  
You prefer to be in the city!  
The songs were so soulful there  
The melodies so sweet  
Your heart you could fully bare  
To your throb you could tweet!  
O lonely parrot  
It's such a pity  
You can be caught and caged  
In this heartless city!  
So parrot make haste  
To recover all you miss  
Go back to the forest  
Your own abode of peace!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Part Eaten

At one corner of the subconscious  
she waits to land on my dream

this morn too she came

offering my hungry mouth  
a piece of guava  
part eaten it was laced with her saliva

stoked my lust from the first bite  
she never ages a bit  
wished she came to me on each night  
bringing youth endlessly sweet!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Passage (10w)

Key them with forearms,  
Submit mind's creations to poetry forums.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Passerby

On the grills the rust  
Stands in stark contrast  
To your serene eyes

They see it all  
Ocean black eyeball  
Still hold surprise

Brimming passion  
What love in that ocean  
Your pleading eyes

It makes me pause  
There's no greater cause  
For a passerby

Your gestures bold  
Said words untold  
Your droopy ear

Ever so keen  
To lovingly listen  
Holds a stranger dear

You looked at me  
With a loving plea  
Oh passerby

Greet me awhile  
Lend me a smile  
For that I die

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Passing By Mother's Love

Her shame barely concealed  
She lay on the pavement  
Amidst arrogant feet.  
Soiled, uncared, shabby,  
With her loincloth  
The mother covered the baby!  
A moment heavenly  
And in passing  
Etched in me  
Mother's love!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Passing Shadows

on the ripples our shadows  
the river flows on  
this moment they are here  
next tide they're gone!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Passing Show

Steal the moments now  
Before they're slain by time,  
Feel the glowing warmth  
Before your ignorance  
Blows the bliss away!  
Take even the littlest of it  
Live them frame by frame  
Before the passion dies  
And you are an ornate in the wall!  
Own the moments now  
Before bereft of your response  
Love bows its head in shame  
And the night's thunder  
Scorches your blood into ashes!  
Steal the moments now  
Let not miserliness steal them away  
Feel the life's radiant glow  
To the end of the passing show!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Passing Sigh

a run to the end in scorched wing  
flames licking the bloods dry  
do i hear the bell's ring  
the shadows coming nigh!

when my heart is bleeding  
my eyes are river dry  
i don't break in a mournful wail  
hide in a passing sigh!

pause awhile in the life's dance  
hide in the passing sigh  
death is too remote to break the trance  
see shadows passing by!

do i see faces ashen pale  
hearts bludgeoned by doom  
breaths broken by a dreary tale  
leaving hopes no room!

life is too cosy too precious a trance  
and death too starkly nigh  
i take a break from the life's dance  
to see the shadows passing by!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Password (10w)

Keys

Find it hard

If often not

You change password.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Past Bricks And Weeds

The daughter married off went to a distant land  
Leaving them to rue absence of her tender hand  
He would till the garden she would tend to him  
In that house the couple passed days in dream.

How love hides itself for years stubbornly mute  
Till loneliness gives it a face grows it a firmer root  
In the tears of sunset years brings it one restart  
Once more finds the door to the old couple's heart.

Two doves of love they looked standing at the gate  
In the evening hours together two perfect soulmate  
When one day told her wail she lost her living spark  
Dropped down dead her man in the garden at his work.

Months passed and she would be seen alone at the gate  
With a vacant look in her eyes in white mournful wait  
Pleaded though her daughter she should live at her place  
The widow clung to her wish of staying at his address.

She lived few more years then went to look for him  
The house was left empty like an abandoned dream  
A notice was hung on the gate it was put up for sale  
The couple was forgotten their memory soon grew pale.

On my walk by the house if I happened to look at it  
Would think of the days they spent in love so sweet  
The iron grill was rusted and cobwebbed was its door  
As if never would come there two loving souls anymore.

This morn as I was passing by saw a woman's face  
Standing at the weeded lawn of that lost address  
In my eyes danced a thrill into the heart it spread  
Must have made their love's abode a couple newlywed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Past Valentines

Today raise a toast  
To the past valentines' ghosts  
In your heart still they thrive  
Now somebody's mother, somebody's wives  
Can you recollect all their names?  
The ones with whom you played love games  
Do you in life's race pause a while  
Remember a face or a fleeting smile  
Or you consider your actions were silly  
Now that you have your own family  
Maybe they have carved a place in your heart  
Times fly away but memories don't depart.  
Today in honour of them raise a toast or two  
Don't feign surprise and say, 'Margarita, who? '

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Pause

Our pause is momentary.  
What for we pause is eternal.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Pavlov's Reflex

like poetry she's giving me bad habits

whenever she eats  
her fingers would scoop a morsel or two  
and pierce my hungry lips

it makes me wait keen like sex  
when the night is nine o'clock  
it makes me slave of Pavlov's reflex  
for her hands in my liplock

i crave not much for one morsel  
yearn more for her hand  
it makes me feel lovingly well  
to see her closely stand

one morsel or at most two  
when she pushes in my mouth  
that says to me her love is true  
she loves me out and out.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Paying A Friend

I have you in rein  
Coz with superior brain  
I tamed the wild in you,  
Wolves transformed to pet  
No more from me you get  
What's your due!  
Now a canine on the street  
With no way to retreat  
No hope for you in sight,  
You caused me plight  
By barking with might  
Throughout the night!  
So it will be your fate  
It's what you'll get  
You they'll hound,  
For you it looms  
Cramped stinking rooms  
Of a mortuary called dog pound!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Peace

None can  
Help  
Bring you peace  
Other than yourself.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Pearl From A Dream

Amidst files papers and works  
You touch down on my thoughts  
A pain sweeps through  
Of memories of long lost years.  
When I await the sleep  
To land on my eyes  
Your arrival transmutes into dream  
A pearl from which drops down  
to rest on my pillow...

Your face bathes in full moon,  
Ma, you were gone too soon!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Pelican: A Nonsense Rhyme

Pelican  
Slurps on  
What its  
Belly can  
Put stay  
Whole day  
In the sun  
On the run  
Just wish  
Big fish  
One stuff  
Big enough  
It can pick  
With its beak  
That can hold  
Manifold  
Bigger than  
Its belly can  
Wonderful Pelican

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Perdition

The road bends in a serpentine whim  
It's evening and I must scurry home,  
Before the chill freezes my bone  
And my last words echo in the trunk hollows.  
She must be wrapping herself for warmth  
She must be stoking the fire a little more  
She must be closing the windows  
But she mustn't for god's sake shut the door.  
The road is throwing up endless bends  
It's night and I'm frozen to the bone  
The trunk hollows are eager to be filled  
No way now I can reach home.  
She is now warm beneath her blanket  
She now hears the fire's crackling roar  
She has closed the window  
But she mustn't for god's sake shut the door.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Perfection

Perfection is perfectly boring.  
Trying to be perfect is interesting.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Permissive (10w)

Starved in daylight,  
survive on ready meat of permissive night.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Phantom Bus

I have it in my dreams  
The shadowy bus stop  
On a nowhere zone  
Where nobody waits ever for a bus,  
To get off there and wait  
For the shadows to gather  
And take strange shapes  
To turn into a phantom bus  
That would vanish with me on board!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Phantom Of Youth

You are sixteen and sweet  
Though too young for me  
I really can't help it  
My heart itches for your company.  
You may find me a little uncouth  
A little too old for you  
But it's the phantom of my youth  
That keeps getting haunted by you.  
My life is now a yellow page  
An end in sight situation  
Yet I fail to live my age  
You give me infatuation.  
I keep dreaming of sunrise  
Engage with you in flirt  
My imaginations fantasize  
Desire is too stubborn to depart.  
Don't blame it all on me  
It's my misplaced ecstasy  
I crave for your company  
And survive by fantasy!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Phantom's Opera

It all started after two deaths struck the family  
The house was devastated it happened so quickly  
They were still in mourning coping with the shock  
When was heard their presence the eerie nightly knocks!

The sadness was soon replaced by a sense of horror  
Footsteps were heard with none on the corridor  
The lights went off their own stones pelted from nowhere  
Doors banged without a gale lost things weren't anywhere!

Ashes dumped on food filled jug was soon empty  
Wastes lay littered in rooms locked and debarred entry  
Nights were spent sleepless each stayed on bed awake  
Praying for the knockings to stop arrival of daybreak!

The terrorized house lay numb without a key to the mists  
Till they had them enough the pranks of the evil spirits  
Too long was going this at their cost the ghostly ruckus  
Not deterred by one's boastful claim we got a gun with us!

When the unwanted visitors showed no signs of retreat  
Priests were summoned to drive out the evil spirits  
They said not one but the house is playing host  
To not one evildoer but a bunch of malevolent ghosts!

They performed for three days got bagful royal treat  
Then they were gone but the visitors didn't retreat  
It was by now known they would go on till  
Their mission accomplished they could close the deal!

One day it all stopped as suddenly as did start  
Quietly they left sprightly souls did depart  
But also found were gone with the phantoms' revelry  
Grandpa's saved gold coins all Grandma's jewelry!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Physics Of Love

when a boy finds a girl pretty  
his mass of love gains velocity  
and in that moment(um) of trance  
he sees a chance for romance!

when a girl finds a boy attractive  
though she first plays a little evasive  
can't hide for long her cheeks' blush  
in the growing velocity of her love's mass!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Playful

Fluffy kitten love smitten fighting over milk  
Itching finger on them linger cuddly glossy silk  
Ocean blue eyes love undisguised seven heaven's glow  
Oh God be broad see they do not quickly enough grow.

On the cushion mischief mission ripping pillow part  
Though it demand can't raise hand cruel is not heart  
Indulgent look mildly rebuke faked in anger's voice  
Watching them mad in game is heavenly rejoice.

One on other sister brother dizzying somersault  
If the vase is broken surely not for their fault  
Sing lullaby show the TV sleep is far away  
Make the pretense all nonsense but a playful day.

Again a boy lovingly toy tender tiny paw  
They're too smart never do hurt haven't grown a claw  
Frolic funny keep time runny feel the silence deep  
Comes when night robs the delight weary bodies sleep.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Playing In The Rain

Raindrops pelted the earth in fiery spill  
Clouds drove away the submissive daylight  
Warmth tamely surrendered to chill  
It was then those eyes came into my sight!

A bare bodied riffraff hardly into his teen  
He looked an absurd picture in a silent film  
Standing there exposed in streaming skin  
One shivering model playing rain's victim!

But this wasn't the way I thought like then  
Myself a kid returning from school  
Rain-coated and knowing no pain  
Living secured under parental rule!

I just felt then something was not right  
He shouldn't have been left in such a state  
A cold or a rain fever catch he might  
The kid who could have been my mate!

Your mom and dad, I asked, where're they  
Leaving you in the rain to roam  
Should have been indoors on such a day  
And not stray off from home!

The boy it seemed couldn't surmise  
For long deprived of kindness  
Filled up his eyes in sheer surprise  
But soon grew saddened his face!

No dad no mom I've never known them  
Known only to play in the rain  
Live in the street without a name  
Orphaned too long for any pain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Plea

Impale me with truth

Break me not with false promises.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Poems And The Doctor

A poem a day  
Keeps the doctor away  
Two he may need to be called

Three poems a day  
The doctor's on his way  
No way could his coming be stalled!

Four poems a day  
The doctor has to stay  
Five and tough is his work

If the number are six  
The doctor's in a fix  
How could he stop the flying spark!

Poems by the hour  
Is beyond the doctor's power  
Poems by the minute is his bane

It's where he loses self  
Badly needs a help  
To be declared utterly insane!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Poems On The Lonely Walkway

Some poems are better not birthed  
be locked with the key never found  
their scripts be seen by no eyes on earth  
like the sigh's dewy tears on the ground!

Some poems are better not carved on papyrus  
be hidden in the deepest nook  
unworded pains nurtured in hush  
flowing within like a brook!

Some poems are better not shown daylight  
be buried neath sorrow's growing pile  
unvoiced aches lost in the night  
dawning in the morn as a smile!

Some poems are better not ever revealed  
be breathed on the lonely walkway  
living in heart feeling fulfilled  
dying when the days die away!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Poetry In Motion

Does the poet live his own words  
Measures up to what his verses promise  
Strives for the heights his thoughts reach  
Plays the part his writings reflect  
Goes to any length to be good  
Rids himself of all meanness  
Is generous kind faithful trustworthy in his personal life  
A lover a friend an aide a benefactor,  
Or at the end of the day  
Just a preacher  
Who never is as tall as his sermons  
But remains a run-o-mill guy  
Who endowed with poetic skill  
Spins in self-deceit webs of lies!

Does a poet ever endeavor  
To become a poetry in motion?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Poets

Only the future may know

a poet

without a future!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Poisoned

Moves no more the glass bead eye  
lies in a frozen stare  
arms thrown up to the sky  
it lies in silent prayer.

It's too late for its blood in rot  
can't reach the god's smallest thought  
the putrid flesh on the road red hot  
will soon bring the feasting maggot.

Yet it prays if reaches firmament  
moves the god to think of its pain  
next time he spares it the bitter time spent  
doesn't make it a rodent again.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Popcorn

Always had that feel that a poem could be born  
When you're doing nothing lazily munching popcorn  
Because doing nothing is everything, it's not a void  
But a streaming popcorn welling inside you can't avoid!  
In sunlight and shadows in pricking pinching weather  
The nothing that knows no rest doesn't give you a breather  
Doing nothing is the busiest time it's everything to savour  
Like your spicy popcorn that lends living a flavour!  
Doing nothing is the most fertile time for a perfect brew  
Munching your popcorn thinking wildest things to do  
When bored of doing nothing that in His head earth was born  
God surely conceived it when He was lazily munching popcorn!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Precious Little

I couldn't spend a long time with you  
Just your face and a fleeting touch  
That evaporated quickly like morning dew  
A little more would have been too much!  
It was so small a passing moment  
Gone before I could grab it  
But I don't really have any regret  
Brief it was but so sweet.  
Before I knew the winds blew the sands  
That filled my eyes with tears  
Blinded I couldn't hold your hands  
Hold you in my dreams for years!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Precipice

When everything falls apart

time

age

health

wealth

glory

faith

belief

We hang barely  
by a thread of love.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Predators

The birds visiting me  
Now I don't feed.

Blame it on my cats' greed!

Doel, bulbul, myna  
All having fallen prey to  
These snoopy lurky hyena!

These petty filthy abductors  
Prowling pouncing predators  
Have everything that takes  
To break my feathered friends' necks!

Now I know it does them no good  
Birds coming in lure of my food  
And be bitten and eaten!

I no more feed  
The cats' greed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Pretty Woman

Pretty Woman

rest your head on my shoulder

you are richer wine

as you grow older!

On my shoulder is a space

that craves much

the spark of happiness

from your loving touch.

Now my shoulders

been imprinted these years

with your joys your tears

there you have not grown older!

Pretty Woman

my shoulders lust your rest

and for as long they can

reap the divine harvest.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Pride Of Place

On a dewy evening  
As the day takes a silent bow,  
Gazing at the distant pearls  
Appearing on the ethereal wisp,  
You feel an elemental oneness  
To have your place in this design  
Intrinsically woven in the cosmic fabric,  
When gathers in your eyes a mist  
That rolls down in grateful glory  
To blend into the night!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Primates

This morn lazing in the winter sun  
He said for us living is no fun  
On the weather beaten roof  
His voice was ominously aloof!

Here I'm your unwelcome guest  
A nuisance to you your garden's pest  
But one if not for the irony of fate  
Would be today your equal primate!

He spoke uneasy on the rough concrete  
My home is gone I have no retreat  
God there played out to a devilish plan  
Lifting one up from the other of his clan!

He paused mournful in contemplative lull  
If only I could have been your equal  
Would not have come begging on your door  
Held captive in cage suffer agonies galore!

He curled his lips showing yellowed tooth  
If I'm frank and tell you a bare truth  
Right now I feel like slapping your face  
To remind it's for you I made no progress!

Past his bushy brows I saw mirrored in his eyes  
A reflection of me clothed in human guise  
The one looking at other both ruing their fate  
For being down the rung being the superior primate!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Prisoned In The August Rain

From the window the August rain  
stirs a crave to be once with her  
stings the heart with an abstract pain  
she is home and home isn't far!

August rain brings me her face  
makes me alone in the crowd  
I forget all work my mind is a mess  
want to reach her riding the cloud!

She would be lonely if it pours all day  
her tears would be streams of rain  
crying in the thought I have drifted away  
she may not ever see me again!

August rain brings me her face  
her address though isn't too far  
I'm imprisoned in the workplace  
dreaming a cloud ride to her!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Prisoner Of The Dark

There is always a call, from outside a call  
Yet I stay rooted in a dark theater hall  
There is an outside where the sky gets paint  
The birds busily tweet for my ears to be lent  
The sunrays stretch their hands for me to come along  
The winds want me listen to a long forgotten song  
I want to run out there, to see and smell it full  
As the rain comes from heaven for the parched earth to be cool  
Once I soak in them, feel them inside me  
The moon coming out of clouds sets my spirit free  
The call is loud and clear, it is all over me  
In a dark theater hall, I only dream to be free!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Promise (10w)

Promised her,  
I would never lose smile,  
but she left.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Purpose

In his own class  
His ninety summers' lens focus  
On the fine print  
To uncover the hidden tint!

All his peers long gone  
He cheerfully carries on  
In a way he isn't mortal anymore  
And death would never knock his door!

But for occasional drifts into past's ember  
He needs not much to remember  
Except to pour over the thick bound book  
Befitting his timeless wizened look!

In his nook on his lonely perch  
He still isn't tired of the search  
For chancing upon that ultimate tint  
Still baffling him in its blurring print!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Qualms

I gave the surround a cautious look  
To see if any eyes were on me  
One quick swoop then I took  
Broke my oath of honesty!

How it came on none else's sight  
A while though I wondered  
The crisp note winking in sunlight  
Gave not much scope to ponder!

In my secret joy I lost no time  
To flee fast from the scene  
Though I didn't think it a crime  
Felt forbidden pleasure of sin!

Then in me spoke the inner voice  
You could have merely walked by  
And not made such an evil choice  
As bad as deceit and lie!

Soon overcome by pangs of conscience  
I wasn't anymore feeling nice  
On my forehead grew guilt's greasy lines  
As on a man in the grip of vice!

Came back the words mom used to say  
Relieved my tormenting qualms

If you ever pick up a note on the way  
Give it away as alms!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Quest

My quietest walk  
I have taken with you,  
Spent with you  
My quietest moments,  
But the stillness is deep,  
The tranquil depth of sea,  
All the words are burnt,  
Nothing remains but "we",  
To be together  
That needs no word to bridge,  
Through moments  
No thoughts can devour,  
With you my quietest walks,  
Quietest moments  
Of questing for a bliss,  
A frame glued in just one kiss!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Quick Heal (10w)

There is no quick heal  
for any of life's ordeals!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Quicksand

Thoughts don't keep tormenting my head  
I have a job to do to earn my bread  
I have hours of dipping my hands in the muck  
juggle with the assigns that simply suck!

Poems don't come streaming in my head  
let me not lose bread in your mesmeric thread  
I have hours of pouring over dead files  
wade in the mire in painted smiles!

Dreams don't perch on my stooped eyelids  
let me take care of my earthly needs  
I have hours of works to pay for the meals  
stuck in a rut that slowly kills!

Wishes don't freely on my heart land  
let it not be lost in your quicksand  
I have hours to cope with the burning  
walk the fire on your singed wings!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Quill

Pen the archaic writer, once mightier than the sword  
Suffers ignominy of disuse, since man succumbed to keyboard  
Pen on paper is now derelict, broken is the pair's link  
With penning of thoughts long gone, dried up the once flowing ink.  
I still crave for a smooth pen to take me on an inky write  
Form words on paper neatly lined, dancing on crispy white  
Jot in blue random rumblings, what mind wants to craft  
A piece of thought the heart designs, a poem or love's first draft,  
To dip the nib in the pot of ink and feel the throb of quill,  
Go once more on a rolling ride, get back yesteryears' thrill.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Rain After Summer

Hidden for long lost years  
He can't suppress anymore  
The burden of forced out cheers  
Made sadness a distant folklore!  
He's desperately seeking a place  
Silent enough for his heartthrob  
Where none can see his face  
Unhindered he can sob!  
He needed it for long he felt  
Unfrozen his heart would melt  
Before his tears dry up unspent  
They must gush out in torrent!  
He must leave behind the arid mile  
The aching jaw of a false smile  
And shed in abandon all his pain  
So that he could be himself once again!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Rain Brought Us Together

To shield ourselves from rain  
That gustily needled the skin  
We were together once again  
Me and my canine kin.  
Don't think it's one I call pet  
It's just that I couldn't be aloof  
Drawn together in one ill fate  
I was with the creature under one roof.  
Thoroughly drenched its bones shook  
Its flesh the fleas feasted free  
Its eyes were moist with a pleading look  
Apologetic for forcing me its company.  
Has ever love showered on it or a little caress  
Does it pine for the heart's glowing fire?  
There was no trace of them carved on its face  
The street pariah was forbidden to aspire.  
Suddenly I wished the rain would go on  
In a frenzied kindness I would hold it tight  
Whisper in its ear 'you aren't alone,  
we together can tide over the night'.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Rain Men

They never knew each other  
Will never meet in life again  
For two hours were brought together  
Four men stuck in a rain.

Same shelter they chanced to come to  
Strangers all they were  
Each with other had nothing to do  
No relations of love and care.

They started to talk about weather  
How they were halted by the rain  
Soon chatted like friends forever  
Who had met after a long time again.

The strangers caught in the downpour got so many things to say  
Unfamiliar men trapped in common distress  
Who would soon disperse on their own way  
Never carrying the memory of their face.

But here as the rain fell in ceaseless torrents  
The four souls worked up a tenuous bond  
Not minding fragility of those absurd moments  
A rewarding camaraderie they found.

When the rain stopped for them to depart  
They went their way with cheerful smile  
There was no sadness nor any aching heart  
They were happy to be together awhile.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Rain Seeds

On the parched land fall drops of rain  
Sky mourns the loss soil drinks the gain  
When in soil pores summer fires burn  
They live the agony dream rain's return.

You may wonder why cries the sky  
Her rain is needed for soil gone dry  
It's because is nurtured a love in her breast  
For the tender drops awhile her guest.

Soil doesn't mind opens up in smile  
In the profound knowledge that it's a while  
Before the fruits are reaped to be left again dry  
Till new seeds of hopes come down from sky.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Rainbow Bridge

Lovely boy  
Please understand me  
And be as patient as to  
Let me understand you.  
I may sound gibberish  
But what I say  
Is to make a bridge  
And reach your heart.  
Lovely boy  
Let's together  
Build the rainbow bridge  
Where I find you colors  
Missing from your life  
And you find me  
What I missed on my way.  
Lovely boy  
Shut not your door on me  
For my years  
May show you the way  
And your youthfulness  
May recreate my lost dreams!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Rainbow Land

She bobs like a gull on the breaking waves  
to go far out in the sea is what she craves  
on her hair froths the spray of saline sand  
she's the woman on the edge of rainbow land.

On the sea she isn't the woman I know too well  
she rises to touch the sky with the waves swell  
a stronger stranger girl keen to break the chain  
fly away unshackled in her freedom's gain.

She isn't the same woman in the tidal brace  
sheds the veil rides her will to be sea's empress  
when the waves lave her face in its magic roar  
in her dream touches rim of a distant shore.

I don't know why I love her high on the sea  
where her eyes are far unfamiliar alien to me  
she rides the waves within craves the rainbow land  
dreams to go with the flow from clutching hand.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Raw And Rude

When the prospect of food is slim  
Hunger is no more a dream  
No more the philosopher's pastime  
Or a poet's subject for rhyme.  
And they only know hunger  
That starves for lack of food  
With empty bowels suffer  
A hunger raw and rude.  
We must've seen them  
Emaciated half-dead from famine  
We must have seen them  
The stray dogs of our city  
Chance alive by scraps of pity,  
But we, assured of the next meal,  
Can't ever feel  
The pangs of hunger  
With no food to heal.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Reach

I watch her picking shells  
Drifting to faraway beach  
It's bad that I only remember  
When she's out of reach!

I could tell her when she was close  
Could whisper in her ears  
Could tell her with a bud of rose  
Anytime all these years!

But why it seems the only time  
When she's out of reach  
I shout it in sea's din a mime  
She's busy picking shells on the beach!

I could tell her when she was beside me  
I could tell her in the car  
But why now when she seems busy  
Straying on the beach afar!

Why it seems the best moment  
A time most opportune  
Though went years together spent  
Holding hands in the moon!

I raise my voice today is the day  
Her my thought must reach  
But she's gone far in the bay  
She's out of reach!

She has drifted up the bay  
Where I pine to reach  
Tell her what I die to say  
She's busy picking shells on the beach!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Reach The Stars

Leaving the ground  
Past the light post  
Above the tallest tree  
Beyond the night's mist,  
My eyes reach the stars.  
My feet are in the muck  
My hands smeared with dirt  
My eyes poor without lens  
Yet from the morass  
I do reach the stars.  
The city lights block  
Life's turbulence hinders  
Atmospheric dusts barricade  
My eyes they couldn't pull down  
I still could escape to the stars.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Reaching Her

It took me only a moment to like her face  
just some while to marvel at her skin  
some more time to be charmed by her grace  
but a lifetime and haven't reached her heart within!

Some days only it took to ride her cave  
explore all her gorges mount her hill  
when were reached all the places there to crave  
found myself was searching her heart still!

Never thought would it need all my strength  
for came easy harvesting her crust  
and after having walked the years' length  
can't say I have fully reached her heart!

I keep wondering to this day  
if I had gone somewhere wrong from the start  
as all that seemed precious didn't stay  
and I am still madly trying to reach her heart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Real Dangers

Keep your eyes on the road she says at the door  
But he knows better it nibbles at his core  
There isn't no real dangers lurking beneath  
They're looming high up to snuff out his breath!

He nods his head and bows out of the house  
It isn't worth a heed the caution of his spouse  
For he knows the real dangers lie above his head  
Waiting the pull of gravity hanging in thinnest thread!

With each step he stops to take a look at the sky  
Down here is quite safe high up the perils lie  
It's a wonder human minds are still stuck to the myth  
That eye must look down when walking upon the street!

As he looks at the high rises inside he shivers tense  
They are too eerily tall to hold for long balance  
Can come down any moment by itself or if hit  
Throw down chunks of debris crush lives on the street!

What if of all those signboards grown weary of bearing load  
One crashes down on someone whose eyes are on the road  
Down here is no real dangers up there are fearsome ghosts  
In the form of cell phone towers sky hugging light posts!

Once more the thought shivers him how in an instant one can die  
By a blow coming from high up hitting unseen from the sky  
He thanks god that he doesn't heed what his spouse has to say  
But keep his eye riveted to the sky so he survives another day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Real Story

A porter dies in accident  
Reported a reporter  
Little knowing  
The porter  
A poet  
Unmindful  
Of traffic rule  
In spite of his load  
Hadn't his eyes on road.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Reality Is Aloof

Through the stillness around  
Fragments of sound  
Say the alien stars  
Existence is farce  
Mocks the Jupiter  
Life is a dying theater!  
Days follow  
Into endless hollow  
Only nights are real  
Her dreams eternal!  
On dark roof  
Reality is aloof!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Realm Of Possibility

'Nothing is impossible under the sun'  
impressed the father on his son,  
'can go haywire all stability,  
everything is in the realm of possibility'.

The son grew up and duly had his chance  
To go on a date of youthful romance,  
That soon matured to a relation of heart  
There was no looking back once he made the start.

But fate so often bares its cruelty  
The girl left him for another,  
Leaving him a note scribbled on paper  
'everything is in the realm of possibility'.

The son was so shattered by his lover's deceit  
Living seemed not worth anymore,  
He was found hanging tied to a bed sheet  
Behind his room's closed door.

A note he left bearing his last words  
From a son to his father a cruel levity,  
In endorsement of what his father had once said,  
It read 'everything is in the realm of possibility'!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Recipes

Doctor, tell me, what's good or bad for me  
give me guiding tips, health's recipe  
what I should eat, and foods to be shunned  
I find my years wasted, with most things unlearned!

Doctor, please tell me, do I eat more or less  
show me the way, to a healthy happiness  
chart for me, the most balanced diet  
I find my years wasted, and little learned yet!

Doctor, tell me the secret, of staying healthy in strife  
to remain in glowing health, for a rewarding marital life  
prescribe me one potent pill, to make my groin burn  
I find my potence wasted, with still many things to learn!

Doctor, now I seek your advice, in the matter of heart  
tell me, how I keep it broad, before I depart  
tell me if it's a broader heart, that's more easily burned  
I find my years all wasted, with so many things unlearned!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Reconstruction

I gathered the finest things for it,  
Put them together, polished them neat,  
I shaped it the best way I could  
Wanting it to be there for good!  
Just when it was in perfect form,  
Winds rose, blew thunderstorm,  
I clung onto it with all my heart,  
It broke into pieces, lay tattered in dust.  
After a while's despair, a momentary pain,  
I gathered back the fragments for making it again!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Reflection

In the mirror I see his reflection.

Father reminds me of my mortality.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Refuge

While I question existence  
seek purpose and a god  
the dog sniffs the trash bin  
in howling hunger

and me bowel driven  
trudge home from work  
find hope in the neon  
where the drongo harvests insects  
its black wings cast an irrational night  
of drunken refuge...

a home a poem and her.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Regret

I'm sorry if my poems don't bring you happiness  
thrills of joys and cheers  
to liven up your day.

when that happens  
give me my failure's blame  
for my mind couldn't tame  
the sad-istic urge  
to clothe them and dress  
the figures in distress  
on the bylanes and streets  
trodden inglorious  
for a poet to regret  
he couldn't make his poems the way  
they made your day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Relationship

Only after you lose

you realize

you hadn't done enough.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## Relic Of A Twinkle

They are not just creases on skin  
They are rivers crisscrossing her face  
That once carried her youth  
Where into flowed  
Tributaries of joys and sorrows  
All the time cutting deep onto her face  
Till the high tides of yore  
Got choked by silts and were no more.  
Look close to find a story on each wrinkle  
And to find in her eyes relic of a twinkle!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Reliving A Time

On a drizzly morning  
Many rains ago  
I held an umbrella for you.  
The sky opened up,  
Brought us close,  
Though not close enough  
To live under one umbrella-  
The painting is there  
Seasoned by passing years,  
Do you live to see it?  
I would die for one more go.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Remedy

In one swift sweep  
the head fell to the ground  
even before died down  
the last gargling sound!

When from the warm plate  
I chewed the leg  
I felt a little bothered  
how the pleading eyes begged  
before closing for a painless sleep!

then consoled once more an emotion  
by telling me

death was the only salvation

They say  
we must learn to live with the pain

I wish  
there was a remedy  
starting with me!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Remember Me Sweet Bird

It's five minutes  
and you are already at home  
soar bird in high spirits  
the sky is for you to roam!

In me though a sadness rage  
rain tears in silent sound  
I'm happy bird you're out of cage  
your wings are free blue bound!

Catch sweet bird in your wings' span  
the freedom you dreamed evermore  
forget me soon one lonely man  
who locked you in love indoor!

The cage will be there to remind me  
my heart's pal Neeloo  
who left me sad but yet happy  
when he broke the bond for the blue!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Remembering The Poet

They mourn the dead  
Though with time the memories fade  
He was nice they say  
Good responsible kind  
In life a fruitful stay  
He would live in their mind.  
He was a loving dad  
To her a good husband  
They all feel sad  
His exit from this land  
Thus they praise his glory  
Each with a different story  
But such is his fate  
None remembers the poet!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Remnant

The eyes meet and then  
It rains kisses from the heaven.  
I turn your soil into mine  
And give you a moondropp divine.  
Storms our loves weather  
Tides bring our souls together  
Hearts woven one, we ride into fires  
Timelessness is what our bond aspires.  
But youth is as ruthless as a mirror  
Like a cold creeping terror,  
It catches us to leave us behind.  
You and I carry its embers in our mind.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Renewal

With you every day's beginning  
Is seeing old things anew.

You aren't coy anymore  
I haven't to prove anything  
Yet as the day unfurls  
I act a boy you a girl  
That pretends to guess  
Something new in each other  
Playact a fun chase  
Pick pearls together!

Your lips aren't that red  
Mine parched almost dry  
You aren't anymore shy  
I don't have a flowing head.

It happens yet everyday  
While we re-walk on the trodden path  
We find each other a renewal

I act a boy you a girl!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Replica Of A Dream

She was nowhere to be seen.

But I had stepped awhile aside  
For a moment to myself  
From the crowd jostling the railway station  
And here she is gone  
With the platform empty!

In that briefest time  
I remember arguing with two guys  
That we need to remember not everything  
And they were dissenting.

Where could she have gone  
My mind yelled  
what if the train had arrived and left!

We were supposed to board it.

As I looked frantically around  
There wasn't a ticket counter  
There was no train  
There was no trace of her

When a shiver told me  
The station couldn't be this empty!

Then my fingers fell on my cell.

Oh I forgot  
She was just a speed dial away.

Enveloped me a cold sweating

The platform was bare  
She wasn't there  
And her cell returned no ring!

It was then two women I saw



Pulling a cart  
Of trash and the station's dirt.

Where's the ticket room?

They smiled

I froze in fear

Ten miles from here...

my cries traveled far  
woke her

why I keep losing her!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Resemblance

The only good thing about devil is

he resembles me.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Rest In Heaven

Stubble mushrooming his chin  
he showed up on the door  
without his trademark grin  
he looked clearly sore.

He motioned me to sit on a chair  
in the room with low watt light  
his sullen stare and disheveled hair  
said things weren't alright.

I sat in the embarrassing silence  
thinking what might be the cause  
what lay behind the simmering suspense  
why my friend looked so morose.

There wasn't a sound in the whole house  
the creepy stillness was deafening  
with only the clock ticking sleepy hours  
carried the night on its wing.

Sensing something was definitely wrong  
gauged from his eyes swollen red  
his father I knew was ailing for long  
surely he was mourning the dead.

Where's uncle I set words in pace  
long time I haven't him heard  
making a dispassionate face  
he pointed his finger upward.

So proved true my worst fear  
the son was mourning the demise  
everything was now clear  
my shock I couldn't disguise.

For you what a terrible blow  
so early for him to have gone  
my words poured sad and slow  
may his soul rest in heaven.

My friend now spoke in awed face  
I couldn't miss his perturbed glare

My father is fine God bless  
he is only resting upstairs!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Resting Noon Dream

Beyond the line of high tide  
the boat rests on tilted side

her rolled in sails hear dreamily  
songs of winds from the high sea!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Retreat From Poetry

He gave it up one day.  
Closed his pen  
Pushed away the keyboard  
With a tired smile said  
Enough is enough.  
He almost wept in his lament  
For the time clicked away  
In a mad pursuit  
Pouring out words upon words  
But never getting anywhere near it,  
The lost time spent inside his head  
When he could instead  
Go there out  
Bathe in the moonlight  
Get filled and drunk  
Not wasting words on papers,  
Nor let moon pass  
Without casting her shadow in his eyes,  
Be there watching sunrise  
And not spinning words  
Paint them in strange colors  
Of his imagination,  
Stare at the endless blue  
Instead of shrinking it  
To the smallness of his words!  
He regretted the lost time,  
When bottled in his rhyme  
He got sunk in his words  
Letting the earthly beauties  
Pass away unseen!  
From that day  
He retreated from poetry  
And was set free  
From words in his head  
That only mess  
The real loveliness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Return Of Rain

The cloud drops on my lip  
On the tip of my nose  
I get hugged by the drip  
Ah, rain is so close!  
The heat is now a story  
The balm seems so near  
Regaining its lost glory  
Surely the monsoon is here!  
Tip-tap on my windowpane  
Dark floaters are busy  
Pouring on men and women  
Life is once more easy!  
I'm glad the rain is back  
To awaken the soil's green  
Wipe out the summer's crack  
Dance on my parched roof tin!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Reunion

In the stillness of the night,  
The lake was drinking the moon.  
Though shattered, he was not crying,  
His eyes just glistened with a mist.  
She was his world and bereft her,  
It meant nothing to live.  
Slowly he got up,  
And with a sweep of charcoal,  
Wrote in bold on the shabby hoarding,  
'I MISS YOU'.  
Then he went into the water.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Revival

You moved away your eyes  
I didn't see your tears  
I thought your life was sweet  
Why did you hide it?  
You hid the sad tales inside  
And faked smiles on your face  
I thought your life was smooth ride  
Why did you hide?  
I couldn't read you for years  
Your muffled cries growing inside  
Never shared your darkest fears  
In me you never did confide.  
I could never guess it was so deep  
The betrayal and broken relationship  
Unrequited love and its pain  
That made you never the same again.  
It's time you let loose the tears' floodgate  
To make a new path and reshape your fate  
Break away from and bury the past  
Sail once more with winds on the mast.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Revolution: An Impotent Rage

I could blow to smithereens  
the wealth of the rich  
could play a rob-in-hood  
kill and steal  
to give the poor a fair deal  
could hang all the glib talkers  
from the highest post  
feet up head down  
publicly displayed in the town  
break the iron walls  
bulldoze the palaces  
pull them down from the throne  
where I sent them  
put an end to their dastardly game

but this mind's wrath  
this hand's gun  
can't pop even one bullet  
can only ink  
a dawn pink emotion

of Revolution.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Rewind

Years wear down  
This body a rusty town  
The cells fast shrink,  
Yet somewhere deep within  
A faintly throbbing green  
Keeps us from the brink.  
When it all seem to recur  
Getting closer to departure  
Past stories' repeat,  
Some things don't grow stale  
Their pleasures immeasurable  
Memories bitter sweet.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Rhymes (10w)

At the worst of times  
See me through  
Rhythmic rhymes.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Rhymes Of Football

Net to net rolls the ball  
with the feet fast they scroll  
the kicks find the bar too small  
too hard to score a goal!

Sweats it out the forward  
saves it tough the one at back  
like a fort he must guard  
not allow a crack!

On the grass no guide or map  
rely on footwork skill  
pierce the defense find the gap  
go for the lethal kill!

The ball if once finds the net  
stop breath a million soul  
mourns the side in sealed fate  
the air is rend with GOAL! ! !

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Rickety Chair

On a chair ricketier than himself  
He is awake in his slumber  
Slumber that comes when days are long  
Yet numbered.....

In the relished stupor  
The lost years show up as dreams  
The remnants announcing  
That he's still alive!  
He's though never sure  
He was ever part of them  
They must be his imagination,  
A myth or a tale he loves to believe.  
The wrinkles mock the idea  
That there was once a smoothness  
The dimming world around his chair  
Taunts to say the sparkle was a deceit  
Did youth really ever embrace him?

It came to fleet away in a moment  
Leaving him on the rickety chair to lament!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Riddle (10w)

A riddle,  
How his golden beard  
Parts in the middle?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Right Under Your Nose

It may seem so dull extraordinarily mundane  
Like a movie seen yesterday to be seen again  
Frame by frame alike dialogues repetitive  
Seen before you go to bed heard before you leave!

But if you stop skimming the surface see it little close  
There are magic happening right under your nose  
She isn't playing the same script speaking the same lines  
Her colors change each hour so do her smile's designs!

If you live the bare surface are content to stick there  
You miss the subtle changes for you her redone hair  
For you a coat of powder on what's a familiar face  
To move though you don't notice in your pink favorite dress!

If you feel too weary see in changing hours no gain  
Your life seems too ordinary and hopelessly mundane  
You miss how she reinvents herself with you in her mind  
Hoping you would see and not turn your eyes blind!

It may seem so dull extraordinarily mundane  
Like a life lived yesterday to be lived today again  
It's only your turned off mind that makes it look all same  
Missing out the new movies she's building frame by frame!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## Ripened Love

She didn't speak,  
Just went on with her work  
Of giving her home a facelift.  
An ethereal urge filled me  
To be near her, touch her a little  
And add my hands to the touch up.  
The air was rich with the aroma  
Of the coming of the season of joy.  
I knew something never grows old,  
Never requires a word or even a look.  
In silence we rained love on each other!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Ripeness

love is one fruit  
that with ripeness  
does not fall.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Ritual

Every morning he goes to the church  
though not religious, not really much  
tidily dressed, looking so neat  
the routine is a way, for him a habit  
he prays for nothing, nothing he wants  
it's all ritual, the prayers he chants  
Years roll by, he grows frail and old  
till he is laid in a coffin, dark and cold  
the hearse carries him to the church he went  
there is no prayer, he remains silent.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Rivals

When our cup of misery is full  
God takes out a spoonful.

But alas too soon  
Devil adds one spoon!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# River Poet

Had I been a poet river born  
Flowed at ebbs to the sea  
Fed on her shores fields of corn  
On her face etched the sky gaily!

Had I been a poet river bred  
Rode her waves of lunar tide  
Kissed her bank in cool summer shade  
And never ever left her side!

I would have grown a love riverine  
For all lives feeding on her breast  
Fishes shrimps the dolly dolphin  
Crabs turtles and the rest!

One moonlit night when she rose high  
Drowned me in her beauteous wine  
In a feathery drop on her bed I would lie  
Breathing river poet's one last line!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## River Poet: A Wish

Where the river meanders for the sky's embrace  
Her lovelorn bank pines in the banyan's shade  
Blue ripples sing to soothe her travel's stress  
Lay me when all poems are dead in my head.

Write me an epitaph here rests the river poet  
Who loved the cotton clouds mirrored on her breast  
As her tides rose high laden with desire's weight  
He broke away from chains to madly sail her crest.

Where shines the moon makes the lover's pathway  
Flows quiet the river in her waves shadows sway  
Night heron's feet kiss her soft feathered bed  
Lay me in silence when all poems are dead.

Lay me soft down make for me a space  
On her alluvial soil in her riverine grace  
In her diurnal shine and night's saline kiss  
The river poet would find his eternal peace.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Riverbank

Bit by bit the monster river  
swallows her flesh  
her chunks a little quiver  
then break in lumpy mess!

She loves him in high tide moon  
bears him children in insane fertility  
falls for his sweet lapping croon  
loses her in his enormity.

Since he mouthed her his first kiss  
she had given him her ego  
shrunk with his each bitten piece  
washed away with his flow.

In love she never wavers  
to offer her to the river  
yielding to the monstrous slayer  
knowing him her destined lover!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Road Doggy

Brown skinny road doggy  
sorry you aren't my priority  
often though your furs brush  
when by you I rush past  
like I don't look at an empty carton  
don't notice your feeling alone  
your eyes all the time cast on me  
not understanding what keeps me busy  
to don't look back to show I care  
and acknowledge you're there  
thinking this man if only he knew  
how aches a heart that loves like you!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Road To Atonement

There was a time I was wild,  
Forceful agile and ruthless,  
I was trendy upbeat smart,  
Never cared a fig never afraid to hurt!  
Words shot freely from my mouth  
Piercing breaking all tenderness,  
I left them wounded and moved away,  
Not pausing to have a look and mend,  
Not bothering for once to reach and touch.  
Now I'm at the end of the road.  
I turn back for a walk of penitence,  
But I'm greeted by the howling sorrows  
Of the souls waiting over my grave  
For me to return and atone for sins!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Robbers (10w)

Not all masked men are robbers

All robbers aren't masked

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Robot

Past utility  
It's time to dissemble.  
One last large blink  
And he would collapse dead,  
His fragmented pieces  
Moved for recycle  
To beget a new one  
No one welcomes,  
Like death was un-mourned.  
He could sense the lethal blow.  
It was sometime coming,  
The premonition of end  
The lump in the throat,  
But not equipped with tears,  
The emotions couldn't outpour.  
'I was a fool', he thought  
'to have thought them my own'  
'live them in dreams'  
'toil so they can be happy'.  
Now one among many,  
He waits for execution  
By the ones he thought his own  
Though he couldn't otherwise,  
It was built into him.  
The anguished cries from his heart  
Reverberate in the corridor  
And the cries of the others  
Melt and merge with his.  
He wished he was not born a robot!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Rocky Woman

chiseled out of rock  
the sculpted woman was an instant hit!

her large unblinking eyes held a mystical hint  
her full lips stirred an untrodden passion  
her stone-carved breasts were forbiddingly alluring  
her smoothed rock skin was strangely inviting!

they gaped awestruck the rocky woman  
full blossomed radiant in all her curvature  
a beauty divinely distant beyond the periphery of touch!

they fell in love with each part of her

for sometime

and when her wholeness eluded

immersed her!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Romance

To him she's an eyesore.

Early morn she comes to his door  
Dog walking!

Not that he hates dog  
A bachelor though  
He holds no dislike for women  
Secretly watches through the window  
The leasher and the leashed  
Very displeased

For in the evening's dim-lit road  
His shoes often meet soft messy things  
Hidden in the undergrowth  
and he being a gentleman  
is left to curse under his breath  
venting in the air his flak  
and again next morn  
they're back!

He imagines the woman is alone and free  
with only the dog as company  
and given a chance  
could bud romance  
around her neck his arm would loop  
and he would live happily ever after

with her and dog poop!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Rooftop

What I like best  
Is when the sun dips west  
To come with a hop  
To the Rooftop!  
I see how red with blue blends  
As another day ends  
After a tiring day looking for rest  
The birds are in hurry to find their nest!  
As the light grows dim  
Colors spill on the sky at whim  
I feel a peace rise in me  
That breaks all shackles  
And sets me free!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Ross Island

You can smell blood in the air  
See billowing smokes of gunfire  
Feel the fettered men that died there  
From hunger disease and hard labor!

Still reek the tennis court and the bakery  
Of the sweats of penal toils in that island  
Till they fell and died in slavery  
To the lashes of the whips of ruler's hand!

The water plant stands like a cruel mockery  
Its ironed frame now ruined in century's rust  
Reminding those souls killed for bravery  
Never got a drop of water to quench thirst!

Over the wails of the prisoners were made a paradise  
Where the monsters retired to seek love at night  
But the crumbling ruins of that island cannot disguise  
the stains of blood and denial of prisoners' right!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Rubber Band

Summers ago when he was ten  
his first blush was born from her glance  
on his yard fell the first rain  
he had but met her only once.

Most precious gift gave her tiny hand  
one that he kept in a matchbox  
no ring it was a red rubber band  
long lost still at his heart knocks.

How can stop time by a girl's whim  
stales never a moment of closeness  
when love was an unripened dream  
lust was an unknown address.

The boy soon grew to become a man  
the girl went to some faraway land  
they come but once in one lifespan  
his first blush her hand's rubber band.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Rulers And Their Rules

The majority are for the law  
But laws are for the fools  
The mighty breaks it with guffaw  
Fools blindly abide by the rules.  
Laws are made for the mass  
To force them to follow some rules  
By a few known as the ruling class  
That frames them as disciplinary tools.  
Laid down to prevent anarchy  
Laws turn weapons for the powerful  
Legalize the might and hierarchy  
Of the forces that control and rule.  
Laws apply differently for colors of skin  
Some are treated more equal than others  
Depend on appearances dirty or clean  
They don't treat all mankind as brothers.  
The strangest thing about the legal rules  
Is most often for the poor they turn deaf  
But then you know rules are for fools  
The rulers can get away with mischief.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Rules Of Thumb

In my most perilous times  
I go by the devil's book.

Burying conscience its tender rhymes  
I find myself the safest nook.

In my times of hardest deals  
I act as the devil wills.

Shedding my fragile conscientious guise  
I find haven in compromise.

In my hours of moral crises  
I decide what the devil please.

Stripping my garb of holy goodness  
I find refuge in the devil's face.

In my times when rages tempest  
I qualify in the devil's test.

His writs make me override  
My morals and move onto devil's side.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Run Boy Run!

Before the east glows in the sun  
Run boy run  
Only they who run  
Know the fun  
Of leaving the bed  
And going ahead  
5 chimes the bell  
And off you sail  
Sniffing the smell of grass  
Past you the winds rush  
Run along as if on wing  
To reach where the larks sing  
Up down down up the feet  
Lub-dub goes up heartbeat  
Like invincible one you run  
To feel the morn so sweet!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Rush Hour

Each to do in the morn  
he stays focused on  
still suffers the nagging doubt  
something he's leaving out.

Morn is the rush hour.

giving the parrots a shower  
feeding budgies making tea  
making things for office ready.

Morn is the time for hurried food.

foul temper sullen mood  
in the monstrous urgency  
forgetting all decency.

The volatile morn fast departs.

it's enough if on time he starts  
for a place he must be for hours' grind  
leaving nothing behind but his mind!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Sacrilege

You are giving me a trying time  
You are testing my patience.  
But know when I can't take it anymore  
When I reach the darkest abyss  
I'll rise to challenge your tyranny  
I'll perform the ugliest sacrilege.  
Turning around from a thousand death  
I'll rise to live and die just once.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Salvation

Oh what salvation lies  
In rain's musical note  
That gathers the dreams for eyes  
Makes reality remote.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Salvation (8w)

No salvation  
From salivation  
When hunger  
Sees food

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Sandbar

Come here beckoned the sea  
though I have receded beyond sandbar  
come awhile to be with me  
low tide has taken me far.

my eyes pierced the haze saw beyond her crown  
glinted in the tidal greed narrowed in longing frown  
the heart pumped and the feet itched it is not that far  
her kiss and the saline hug veiled behind sandbar.

what if it's just a dream and much more is at stake  
going there for her embrace gathering wispy flakes  
may seem unworthy on waves the wishes' ride  
she would reveal none or little she would only hide.

what if it's a trap her feigned bait alluring  
the hovering mirage before touch would fly away on wings  
the shining buzz of the haloed night drowsily winking stars  
they all know I mustn't yield to travel beyond sandbar.

I could hear the deafening voices coming from shore behind  
they chorused be alert of pitfalls of a tempted drunken mind  
too long cocooned in comfort zone can no more go that far  
come back pick up the broken pieces this side of sandbar.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## Saplings (10w)

Ever heard  
The faint flap of wings,  
When planted  
Saplings?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Savage

Before I take one last bow  
Plunge it hard deep it go  
I beg

When history writes its page  
Mark me not a savage  
But one who loved his girl well  
Till to the trap he fell  
Of being too fussy  
In love's jealousy  
A trait that breed  
Possessive greed  
Pay reasons no heed  
In love blind and mean  
Doubt the virgin  
And end up  
Spilling misery's cup  
Cursing fate  
Realizing too late  
An act badly done  
Killing the beloved one  
Losing patience  
To see her innocence  
And then beg  
The history's page

Not to mark him a savage

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Saving Grace

Night though deep  
Still elusive  
A drooping eye,  
Toss on bed  
The thoughts in head  
Moon passes by.  
Needs a break  
But wide awake  
The racing mind,  
Thinks it best  
To forego rest  
Search and find.  
The night no bliss  
Peace goes amiss  
A trying time,  
Though sleepless  
The saving grace  
Is a streaming rhyme.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Savior

I'm so happy,  
This morn god used me  
Save a life  
At least for the time being.

A water-hen chick  
My cats' fav pick  
Its groan woke me.

Chased with a stick  
The predator so to speak  
It dropped the bird free.

The early sun hour  
Blessed me savior's power  
The chick escaped with a broken wing.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Scalpel Art

a few strokes of scalpel art  
reveal the man's heart

awhile ago it was throbbing

wanting  
loving  
smiling  
weeping  
committing  
fearing  
fail-ing  
feeling  
filling  
falling  
rising  
daring  
dreaming

end of a fable

lying in peace

on the mortuary table.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Scar

Soon his car was full of scars.

Was a time  
He kept it clear of grime  
Dusted off even a speck of soil  
Put in his labors all his toil  
To see  
His car scratch free.

But in this running game  
One after the other came  
Streaks upon streaks of rough embrace  
Leaving behind the ugly trace  
Of unerasable scars  
On his new car

Now he sings in philosophic mode  
Scratch is inevitable as you run on the road  
You can travel only that far  
Beyond which waits the first scar.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Search

I have pursued you  
For long years  
Finding and losing you anew  
Through joy and tears.  
Sometimes like a fragrance  
That's lost in a moment  
Or a face at a distance  
Vague and crescent.  
Though constant companion  
You never stay on  
Before I know you, you are gone  
Leaving me alone.  
Still for years I walk miles  
Chasing the shadow of your smiles  
Finding and losing you  
Only to seek you anew.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Sea's Torment

In the depth of the ocean  
Swells a cruel motion  
Submarine rocks rattle  
Furious is earth's mantle.  
The sand and blue seashore  
Doesn't tell what brews in core  
The silent revolt deep within  
Can cause havoc and ruin.  
Innocently I sip my tea  
Before me the peaceful sea  
So cool and beautiful  
But elements, they still rule.  
They build it up slow  
Pounce on you before you know  
Unshackled, wildly they break free  
As calm sea's torment called tsunami!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Seashells

Getting out from the waves  
She walked away to the rice bran haze  
As the summer heat drove the sands mad  
I knew what she had gone for.

She would hunt it like a child any day  
A few seashells if came her way  
My skin burning and eyes dust borne  
Moments all to herself she desired alone.

On the distant shoreline when she was a speck  
Stirred me a tremor then a rumbling quake  
What if so happens she is gone too far  
Turned a sea nymph to return never!

The tides were falling weaving a lull  
The sun slanted on the wings of gull  
I rose up to find sand prints of her trail  
She bloomed like a hope in her handful of shell!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Second Coming

Every evening I find him at the bus stop  
Under the semi-dark shed  
In posture meditative  
As if he isn't waiting for bus  
But something more serious  
Like god's second coming!

When I greet him  
He bows in ponderous nod  
But not a word passes between us  
Breaking his impenetrable aloofness!

I find his serenity alike the evening  
Softly descending to lull the day's noise  
That he in perfect meditative poise  
Let envelope his whole being  
And it looks he isn't waiting for bus

But god's second coming!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Seconds Hand

Tick tock tick tock  
The seconds hand of the clock  
Ceaselessly goes round,  
It doesn't know to stop  
As the moments gallop  
Stretches time without bound.  
Tick tock tick tock  
The seconds hand of the clock  
Sweeps time without rest,  
It doesn't know to pause  
Cannot break the laws  
It can't slow down or haste.  
Tick tock tick tock  
The seconds hand of the clock  
Counts the time in motion,  
It moves on ruthless  
In a cruel orderliness  
With no touch of emotion!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Secret Joy

Looked around to make sure he wasn't seen  
Then with a self-mocking grin  
He put on the funniest pair.

His face glowed in an unimaginable happiness  
Born of his fanciful whim  
And the secret was only known to him.

He felt he had stumbled on a precious find  
To hide in his mind all day.

His feet too felt tickled  
By those strange disparate mates  
How everyday sameness they hate.

As for his shoes  
They hadn't a clue.

(he chuckled)

Like is not heard the nocturnal bird's wing  
They would never have inkling  
No one  
About this grotesque fun.

It harmed nobody  
Not to know the secret of his feet  
All day he would be carrying with  
His selfish change-seeking self.

When he sat and the trousers went up  
The sight of his own feet  
Almost gave him a hiccup.

(he chuckled)

Come boy if this is not boundless joy  
what is?

Back home  
He threw them in the wash-tub  
Only to catch next morn her surprised stare.

You've worn again  
Socks from two different pairs!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Secret Of My Pride

I am just a name  
No money, no claim to fame  
Just an ordinary guy  
Who holds his head high!  
You can count me as any  
One among the countless many  
Just another face in the crowd  
Who has not stopped being proud!  
You may ask why the vanity  
You can pity the humble's dignity  
Not knowing the true measure  
Of the possessions in my treasure!  
I have a richly simple life  
An undemanding girl as a wife  
My heart she really does win  
She's a woman no boasting queen!  
We have a son (a daughter it could be)  
A bubbly one that babbles in glee  
I don't mind missing the sunrise  
We see it every moment in his eyes!  
I have a house with little to show  
But a patch of blue from window  
And a backyard so cutely thin  
To barely hold a streak of green!  
But it's not the house so much  
The wonder is my wife's magic touch  
That tides whatever the weather  
And keeps our home together!  
So you know dear reader my mate  
The key of my pride the secret  
With all the world's wealth on my side  
Shouldn't I bear myself with pride?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## See Off

As the sun rose,  
vermillion on her nose,  
weary from the night's consummation,  
she was by the seaside.  
She smelled of a fragrance  
cheap but astonishingly sweet,  
her eyes incredibly melancholic  
gazed as far as the sea.  
The worry shadowing her face  
made it look outlandishly beautiful.  
He is sailing to faraway sea  
whence many have not returned,  
and here she is to see off  
her fisherman on a perilous voyage.  
Soon the boat crowned the waves  
and merged with the horizon.  
She turned back for her hamlet,  
determined not to cast her eyes on a widow.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Seed Of Beauty

Wilts beauty of flower.  
Take heart from her seed's power!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Selling Razor On The Street

Hey, sir, take home this razor  
The sharpest one in silver chrome  
While you would have the shaving pleasure  
I could cut bread at home.  
Cuts so fine your face would treasure  
Get it and have the smoothest cheek  
While you would have the shaving pleasure  
I could feed my kid for a week.  
It's so cheap sir, just a shilling  
Your fortune's armor in silver chrome  
May bring you good luck, god willing,  
I could light a fire at home.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Sentiment

Just when the dog dug its nose  
In frantic search for food  
Deep into the garbage,  
I saw a luring cleavage.  
But it didn't mend my wounds.  
Just when I saw the caged bird  
Giving the sky a moist look,  
I saw her hazel hair  
Flying in the air,  
But it didn't soothe my heart.  
They don't heal anymore  
Me and my damned sentiment!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Sentinel

The old woman not rues loss of yesteryears  
Crumbled though her wrinkles still break in cheers  
Her lips parched long dried up her eyes  
But if you look close they hold residues of sunrise.  
In festive times her folks light her peeling skin  
Burn on her candles ornate her within  
Revived she feels in the glow of a cobwebbed blush  
She turns a petite feminine splendid gorgeous.  
But like her past glory they soon in time fade  
She grows still older more in years decayed  
Staunchly holds ground with the memory of bygone  
Knowing when the end comes nobody would mourn.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Sentinel Of The Dark

The furtive husher of noise  
Stealthily graceful in poise  
The silent sentinel in the din  
Call them cute or mean!  
They flourish they thrive  
Networking like beehive  
A stubborn snatching cult  
Life for them is difficult!  
They're surely a game  
Stones are pelted at them  
People say they're no good  
Always hungry for food!  
Out in the rain and heat  
There's no love in the street  
Day for them is rough ride  
Cowering in corners to hide!  
When the town sleeps at night  
In the dark their eyes glow bright  
Presence they freely announce  
These hunters are ready to pounce!  
But I feel so love-smitten  
By the blue eyes of a kitten  
And the way it looks at my eyes  
When on my lap it peacefully lies!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Separation

Her wings not willing to fly  
Her heart heavy  
She gave it another try  
It was her baby.  
She looked at the frosty surround  
Herself covered with snow flake  
As in groups they flew homebound  
To leave a deadly silence on the lake.  
She was praying for one flutter  
To bring alive the wings of her baby  
So it could soar far away from winter  
And with its mother could be.  
She held it close to her breast  
Uttered a shrill soulful cry  
Then from the graveyard of nest  
She launched herself into the sky.  
The chick gave a painful wail  
Its eyes brimming with dark cloud  
Downy flakes from up ceaselessly fell  
Weaving on the baby a shroud.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Serves Right

Two blue duck eggs  
Had got me smitten  
Halted my legs

Picked them to be eaten!

Had enough of the hen's  
They tasted so stale  
Said my clever sense

Duck eggs would serve well!

Brought home the oval two  
Two pearls whitish blue  
Thought it precious gotten

Lo both of them were rotten!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Seven Seas

I haven't seen your face  
Across the seven seas  
Yet you have made in my heart a place  
I'm drunk in your poetry.

Truth said doesn't matter your face  
If your eyes are black or brown  
In your poetry's grace  
I so blissfully drown.

Don't know if your name is real or pen  
Your skin is fair or dark  
Knowing your poetry is enough gain  
You have made in my heart your mark.

I know this and only this much  
You from across the seven seas  
Have always let me feel your touch  
Made my living days worthy!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Seven Trees

Seven trees she cried  
Clutching each other  
Seven trees all heading for the sky!

Past the distance I saw her smile  
As the drizzle passed us by!

Not all them can grow as tall  
Though each would love to go high  
But the seven trees tied in one dream  
Would one day soar to the sky!

One bore alluring fruits  
Another stuck out thorns  
One grew maze of entwined roots  
Another was bitter born!

One grew without even one care  
Yet shades men in all weather  
One was dark bark another fair  
But all happy to be just there!

I took her hand in mine  
Her eyes turned after rain shy  
Then drunk in the smell of earthen wine  
We took one flight to the sky!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Shades Of Pain

She sobbed ceaseless, her pretty face, was such pitiful a sight  
It moved the stars, to think what curse, had befallen the night.  
On her empty cot, left with her thought, pillow wetted in tears' stain  
Moon felt morose, stopped on its course, at her pain's sad refrain.  
In that moment, in agony spent, she hadn't a comforting arm  
To smooth her hairs, soothe her tears, ask what had caused her harm.  
Was it her love that deserted her, some cruel blow of fate?  
Loss of dear one, untimely gone or treated ill by her mate.  
None knew what it was, why her eyes were awash, with steadily flowing stream  
Did her man abandon her, moved away afar, shattering her heart's all dream?  
Her lips didn't tell, what her befell, not a soul was there to know  
Unbridled rain, spoke of her pain, she couldn't rein the flow.

At that instance, as if by chance, a man stood on her door  
Said 'quickly take, the pill for toothache, don't you cry anymore'.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Shadows

My silent tears  
my depressions  
my implosive dreams

I'm leaving behind with you.

My love is all drained  
to start anew!

My trust  
my faith  
relics of love

I'm leaving behind on your door.

My love is too dug out  
to start any more!

love is too dug out  
love is too drained  
heart is too empty  
to start once again!

My caring eyes  
pairing hopes  
lost sunrise

I'm leaving behind with you.

My love is all spent  
to start anew!

love is too spent  
stuck in moments  
sunk in lament  
to start once again!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Shadows Of Sunset

Why it seems so far now?  
The distance I have traversed,  
Easily, casually, routinely,  
Year in and year out,  
Now appears like a chasm  
That's so difficult to cross,  
An end so hard to wander off  
And impossible to reach!  
Why it seems so far now?  
Your heart from that of mine,  
The voyage that was so frequent  
Reaching, touching and feeling you,  
Now appears like an abstraction  
That's so difficult to imagine,  
A gulf such terribly vast  
That even my dreams can't span!  
Why it seems so far now?  
The path that I have traversed  
Appears frustratingly incomprehensible,  
Things so familiar not making sense,  
Replaced by a void from deep inside  
That puzzles at every known thing,  
Love becomes a dark alley  
Where I'm doomed never to find my way!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Shadows Of Survival

Shadows move in the foggy streetlight  
The lone dog's shadow, there's no food in sight.  
All skin and bone, it shivers in the cold  
O God be kind put the cold on hold.  
The dog begs warmth, frozen is his nose  
In pursuit of warmth two shadows get close.  
Seeking the heat two shadows clasp tight  
The dog is stiff cold, there's no warmth in sight.  
The night will be long, hunger will bite  
O God let the dog see another daylight.  
Two shadows merge warm close and tight  
The dog will not give up without a fight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Shadows Of The Future

As it sank in the daughter,  
She dug up a thing from deep inside.  
"if I may ask you dear mother,  
something you've always tried to hide.  
why father moved away from you  
why couldn't you two together stay  
did he make it too difficult for you  
or was it just the other way? "  
she wetted her throat once more  
wryly looked her daughter in the eye  
"would you please fill another pour,  
to make sure I don't lie?  
I thought I loved him, my summer's first rain,  
My burning heart's balm, among all other men  
Madly I went for him, good at love that he was,  
You can call it infatuation, a woman's first crush,  
As long as the storm raged, the fire had me ablaze,  
I rode like a horseman in that blinding rain's daze,  
But once it passed and I woke up to real life  
We were no more lovers but just husband and wife.  
You would know it daughter, it's only an instance  
Before the passions dry up, evaporates the romance,  
Under their layers I found him just another guy,  
I couldn't live for him nor for him could I die".  
The daughter fell silent not knowing what to say  
She hasn't seen her father who she dreams to this day  
The mother poured herself another in the dimming light  
The daughter saw herself receding into a darkly strange night.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Shaping Destiny

The here the now  
You don't know how  
Where they sink  
Before a wink!  
It's too fast  
Too brief they last  
A moment's incense  
Denied permanence!  
But have no remorse  
Now is on its course  
Creating what will be  
Shaping destiny!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Sharing The Earth

There's enough on this earth  
Not enough for man's greed  
Nature's resources have no dearth  
But for us the ravaging breed!  
Think we own we dominate  
For the others we decide fate  
We care little for their distress  
The world is ours only our place!  
Invading forests filling wastelands  
God's design we spoil with our hands  
Blissfully forgetting that for us to survive  
The others sharing the planet must also thrive!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Shaving Glass

A look at the shaving mirror  
And I remember  
The face of the one that went before me  
The hand that held the razor  
Warm breath that fogged the glass  
Same spot where he stood  
Seems a moment yet gone for good!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# She Comes To My Mind

On its sleepy stairs  
The pond weaves me a dream

She comes to my mind  
Like twin moon on still water  
A pallid reflection  
Broken to fragments  
In wind's touch  
Sinking into muddy depth  
Till a fish breath bubble  
Catches a miniature moon

The night whispers  
Too soon too soon  
She's gone to the stars!

On its sleepy stairs  
The pond weaves me a dream  
When moonlight bares  
In my eyes  
Night dew's gleam!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# She Found Me Out

not handsome though  
luck came my way  
she found me out  
loved me one day

loved me one day  
then one day more  
she gave me a place  
took me indoor

took me indoor  
let me be within  
loved me the way  
I had never been

I had never been  
handsome though  
she saw me through  
in one go

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# She Leaves A Scent For Me

She leaves a scent for me when away.

On those lonely nights I take her to bed  
Taste the nectars of her womanhood  
Till I'm all over her vermillioned head!

Hear her heartbeat in sleepless night's crumpled sheet  
Re-spinning fantasies of wild dances long forgotten  
And I gasp in that ecstatic rise and fall in unbearable pain  
Melting me into her onto her inescapably besotten!

She leaves a scent for me when away.

She takes me to the bed with her  
On her forehead a moonbeamed star  
Burning me like newly wed!

A woman never fades even on the empty bed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# She Needs You To Buy

Sweet voice faceless  
Nice words she tells  
But she means business  
She needs to raise her sells!

Her sweetness may be fake  
But little is her choice  
Sales she needs to make  
With her sugary voice!

A voice on the line  
Begging you a minute  
She has target to meet  
You can tick her off anytime!

.  
She's keen you lend her ear  
At end of deal say yes  
Wants you for a minute to bear  
So she can do the sales!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# She Will Never Know

She shrinks running on the beach  
winds reach her hairs dancing free  
smaller she grows far out of reach  
around her prance the waves wildly.

Her limbs all gone, gone is her ache  
she's now again a pristine child  
with sandy footprints skin sunbaked  
she catches me in her love beguiled.

In the saline wind her coppered face  
stoops for treasure of wave washed pearl  
in enslaving thrall of love's wellness  
years wind her back a little girl.

Soon she will be back with worn out shells  
boast of her finds from the seashore  
never knowing in those moments' windy sails  
she unlocked in me a long locked door.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# She Won'T Bear With My Silence

The moment her lips open  
I start talking nonsense  
I know how the women  
Can't bear men's silence.  
Her face in anger white  
Mind benumbed of sense  
She would sorely miss the fight  
If I stubbornly hold patience.  
I know what she craves for  
Her eyes so clearly foretell  
Something I deeply abhor  
Pairing up with her in quarrel.  
But she won't bear with silence  
Wants the heat to be on  
If I keep quiet as defense  
She can't fight it alone.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Shelved

Taking Devil's help  
I lock my self  
in the shelf

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# She's Mine

she flirts with all,  
knowing her beauty's alluring wine  
none can decline.

each one feels she's on his side.  
her love is too wide  
to be confined to one mind  
so they all find in her  
their lover!

and when above the highway  
she shines  
each one thinks

she's mine!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# She's The Girl

Where sways in the wind the eucalyptus  
with chiming bells rolls the bullock cart  
lies the hut of my dream sown in wild grass  
lives the girl I have loved and given my heart!

She is the girl not been ever to a city  
she isn't the girl can call clever and witty  
a girl without a mirror she's the most pretty  
and I have loved her and given all my heart!

Her skin is dark cloud her lips river's flow  
her eyes are sky deep tinged with rainbow  
she isn't the girl skilled in love's fine art  
she is the girl I have loved and given my heart!

Her hair rusty black makes the winds insane  
her smiles streaming brook no artist can paint  
a girl without polish yet a beauty on the earth  
and I have loved her and given all of my heart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Shoes & Morals

Why I walk the street in a cobbler's shoe?  
What's new, you may ask, that we all do!  
But nay, this one, I had to borrow from him  
Still one furlong my shoes ran out of steam!

The cobbler was visibly aghast  
Doubtful looks on me he cast  
Then he said in a garbled groan  
I sell shoes not give on loan!

I cursed myself and the shoes I wore  
Brought months back from a big shoe store  
Price was high for the branded trust  
A mere few months and the pair went bust!

So here I'm at the cobbler's door  
Walk I must a furlong more  
Begging for an old worn shoe  
My humble feet with that can do!

The guy though felt ill at ease  
Seeing the misery bowed to my wish  
Brought out for me a dirt stained one  
Going barefoot could not be fun!

I tell you friends a story that's true  
The cobbler loaned me a pair of shoe  
I could only give him good wish  
Before I hurried on my way to office!

If you ever beg love of her  
This small story you must remember  
She hasn't a way but make you her own  
Can either sale love or give it on loan!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Shoeshiner

His eyes meet  
The passing feet,  
They watch.  
If from gallops  
One stops,  
A prized catch!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Shopkeeper

The wares the shop sells are all worn and fade  
Cashbox is empty business is in the red  
The man behind the counter couldn't care less  
Happy to be there at the forgotten address!  
Cobwebs gaily growing no footsteps on its floor  
A wonder the shop keeps open its door  
For long no buyer not one item is sold  
The shop stands there timelessly old!  
Not any knows it, not one comes to buy  
The shopkeeper waits, not asks himself why  
His wares spread amid the gathering dust  
No money in cashbox, in his heart undying trust,  
Someday someone would walk in from some corner of earth  
Value his wares on display, pay the price they're worth!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Shortcut

Hurry dear it's fast darkening  
We must be home before evening  
So saying she looked at her  
The walk was long home was far.

She glanced at her daughter's face  
Then held her tight in sweet embrace  
Knowing the child's little feet  
Couldn't do much to achieve the feat.

When she started she thought it best  
To take the shortcut through the forest  
But shadows here quickly descend  
Daylight fades with each bend.

She quickened pace strained her ears  
The silence spoke in many whispers  
She heard something that scared her wit  
Sound behind her of some dragging feet.

Someone was following her in that wild  
She heard its footsteps didn't tell her child  
Paused awhile and picked up her daughter  
Kissed her soft cheek put her on shoulder.

Mummy there's someone coming behind  
When I look for it none I find  
Don't be scared dear just the birds' wings  
I can see it clear behind us is nothing.

She kept walking as fast she could  
To escape the something lurking in the wood  
The footsteps behind seemed to keep them in watch  
Quickened its pace any moment could catch.

The forest thinned out their home came to sight  
The small white cottage shone in moonlight  
At the gate was her husband waiting in worried face  
She told him we're safely back by kind God's grace.

The little child was still scared she too had heard the sound  
Of someone coming behind footsteps on the ground  
Though wearied out by the travel it kept haunting her head  
After end of dinner when mummy put her on bed.

When the house fell quiet she heard her mother say  
Darling I'm terribly scared I had a horrible day  
In the forest was someone behind us it did follow

I saw a figure with no head but a hollow!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Showpiece

Deep in the forest  
Fed by the soil  
Nourished by the sun and rain  
It etched itself onto the sky.  
As it receded from the ground  
Its wings mourning the upward drift  
Retained the earthbound bond  
Passed the sky's nectar into the soil,  
Showering gratitude by casting its shadow  
For all down below to soothe their weary frames,  
Sheltering the potent ones from ravages up  
So they like it one day grow into a behemoth.  
Once clothed mankind's nudeness  
Now remorselessly denuded by the axe of progress  
Twisted gnarled deformed at man's pleasure,  
Wizened mummy, in our room a showpiece furniture!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Shut And Open

Quietly opens the door  
The room devours me empty  
Just here and then no more  
I have nowhere to flee.  
She is scattered in the room  
Even in the cobwebbed nook  
The air reeks of a bewitched gloom  
She speaks silence wherever I look.  
Quietly shuts the door  
Just here and then no more  
After the pain is long gone  
I'll be in the room all alone.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Sight

you say put on your specs papa  
you don't see the screen  
you don't see the page  
don't seem to see anything these days

come boy when you are my age  
you don't need to see the screen  
you don't need to see the page  
for they're by now all  
tilled  
filled  
spilled  
and you say to yourself  
son I don't need no spec  
for them now I can make remake  
after countless read countless write  
this mind tell me  
I need no sight  
for outside it's all empty  
and inside  
they deeply hide!

son when you tell me  
I don't mind  
for surely the times  
would make you find  
with all planted within  
you wouldn't need to see the screen  
see the page  
when a father of my age!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Signs

Around him surrounds noise of motion  
He suffers silence of the depth of ocean  
Drowned in himself far removed from din  
He lives closeted in his world within.

Words reach him in wind's disguise  
Mean nothing he must read the eyes  
For ripples emitting when lips do part  
Can't travel the distance to touch his heart.

The storms that rage he cannot convey  
Absorbs all not a thing can say  
Mocks him his vision in the blasted light  
He wished he could cry out with all his might.

His thoughts unsaid debar tales of rejoice  
Fate was too blind to leave him a choice  
Other than to imprint his mind on his face  
If you care to read there his woes and happiness.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Silence

there's beauty in silence  
except when  
it echoes a void.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Silence Is Nuisance

Silence is nuisance  
Silence when you can't make sense  
Why people shout  
What it's all about.  
It pains  
To bear silence  
Words are faint  
World distant!  
Rid it  
See ENT specialist!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Silence Of Shame

Without your knowing,  
Beyond your eyes,  
Past all care,  
Bereft of your understanding,  
I cry.  
I wipe the tears but they still flow  
In the silence of my shame!  
The hands I trusted decapitated me  
And I have no fires to burn them down.  
My bludgeoned body, blackened face,  
Now abandoned in the darkest recess,  
Shed tears and wipe them,  
To hide from the world  
An agony none can share.  
My scarred soul cries alone  
In the silence of shame!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Silence Of Your Heart

I want to listen to the silence of your heart  
That tells of sorrows no word could shape  
Of fallen dreams, the endless rape  
Of forever giving without any hope of return  
Of scars of eternal burn!  
The words are vain  
They only hide your pain  
Now before death do us part,  
I must listen to the silence of your heart.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Silent Fountain

He doesn't ever speak  
He finds nothing to say  
He doesn't take sides  
He has no belief to decide.  
Quietly he listens to one and all  
Without taking any of their call  
The only hint on his inexpressive face  
Is the melancholy of detached happiness.  
It means nothing cause and chance  
God for him is an aloof distance  
When the clouds skim the sky's blue  
He finds them pleasant without a clue.  
He isn't bothered of goal and fate  
Of probing deep for cause and effect  
When the stars beget a tranquil evening  
The birds go back with suns in their wing  
He needn't run wild to hunt and find  
The silent fountain that immerses his mind.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Silken Moment

Winter sun mellowing on him  
Drowned in his newspaper  
I caught him on film.  
He never knew  
I did never show him  
The silken moment  
That now shows like a dream.  
Will I ever be caught,  
Same way by my son  
Frozen for him to see alone  
With a happiness his own and no regret,  
His father's portrait from a silken moment!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Silver Lining

When I find a seat in the bus  
thoughts throng me words rush  
when I stand in the jostle I regret  
how rhymes are frittered go a-waste!

But in standing there's a silver lining  
I care to see the visages around me  
darkly grim or happily shining  
the many faces of moving poetry!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Simple

Life becomes more enduring when simple.

Simple needs  
Simple wants  
Simple ways  
Simple pleasures  
Simple measures...

Attaining this though not simple  
Is worth trying  
Amid the challenging realization  
It's simply impossible!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Simple Words

Tell me words simple  
that on my heart  
when softly land  
I understand,  
and when they depart  
leave me a smile's dimple.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Sin

He dipped in holy water  
As a penance  
For all the sin done.

His sins swam ashore  
To the dry comfort of land

For they hadn't a doubt

Once he got out

He would hold their hands.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Sinner

Serpentine corpuscles trickle to his chin  
as they batter him in incensed anger's blow  
but couldn't they break the broken man within  
the sinner long used to seeing own blood's flow!

Kill him the frenzied crowd storms over him  
ceaseless punches fall like moribund rain  
insane monsters' boiling wrath's steam  
would stop only when is numbed all his pain!

His meek hands vainly struggle to defend  
cracked bones clang like splintered glass  
head bows then curves in crumbled bend  
till his frame yields to the merciless mass!

Be scared not he has died thus in the past  
repaired revived and released from cell  
every time coming back in renewed lust  
to walk once again through the fire of hell!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Sirpent

You know my maths teacher  
He was my greatest torment  
Though I had to address him sir  
Would rather have called him sirpent!

Easier sums he solved for us  
The hardest he left for me  
While I was made a fool in the class  
He would watch and smile in glee!

I found him always scheming  
To prove I was one big jackass  
Who couldn't solve the easiest thing  
And deserved on the back a bash!

I still shudder at the thought of him  
My time with him was worst spent  
He comes back to haunt me in dream  
Not for nothing I call him sirpent!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Sitting Duck

Price rises in spate  
So is not earned buck  
Hits me hard market  
I fall like sitting duck.

Home's need for grocery  
Rises so too price  
My call for austerity  
She finds not at all nice.

Goes up quickly tariff  
Not my meager earn  
Life is pretty stiff  
With bump and ugly turn.

Still I breathe carefree  
Though my poems don't pay  
In her sweet company  
Look to another day.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Sixteen

Don't know where she is on this day  
the world though small she's too far  
years have traveled a long way  
and she was sixteen when I last saw her!

Can't imagine her a grown woman  
with shades of grey wrinkled skin  
my time with her so fast ran  
and I had seen her last at sixteen!

Does she sing a line of the love song  
in a forlorn night remember  
a boy lost to her for too long  
and she was sixteen when I last saw her!

Can't imagine any older she could be  
the girl a lover could have been  
but the winds blew her too quickly  
and I had seen her last at sixteen!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Small & Big

a small man dies somewhere  
he doesn't make news  
they are no news  
herds of small men dying everyday.

big men only capture the headlines  
big politicians big deceivers  
no petty thieves or pickpockets  
but swindlers of nations

you are awed by the headlines  
the big bold letters  
big disasters mishaps  
genocide mass extinction

and may miss in one corner  
a news of a man of no imprint  
a small man's death in small print

an ill-paid half starved courier  
his head crushed by a brick somewhere  
not a thief nor a beggar  
but looking forever  
an address to deliver  
going from door to door  
with his back breaking loads  
on alien bylanes and roads  
where someone suspecting him a thief  
broke his head with a brick

the small man in his death  
made it to the news  
only if you noticed it  
from under big prints.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Smell Of Last Rain

Smell of last rain still not dried on their bark  
They stand skyward taller somber and dark  
I part the sodden grass to see if there's a mark  
Of the autumn's trail when I last walked the park!

Does it still survive there the hushed canopied shade  
Where sweet nothings were whispered commitments made  
Dreams grew like wild grass and then in despair bled  
As time ripped the woven words made them a barren glade!

Do they still come there in two lover's timeless face  
Sit on the wooden bench embraced in sculpted grace  
For in those summer noons they hadn't an address  
Except in the labyrinth of heart a misty priceless place!

Can I still find them the two heads drawing close  
Looking bonded for eternity breathing from one nose  
Never making it but never timeworn forever new  
In the pursuit of autumn's trail the duo of me and you!

Smell of last rain still not dried on their bark  
They bough over the couples in foliage green dark  
For years will breeze past but they'll make their mark  
When they choose to hold hand and walk into the park!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Smell Of Love

You left your smell in me  
It won't go with the ashes  
I would not let wind carry it away  
'you are in me', it would say!  
When I stop being there  
I would hold on to the smell  
I would not let time take it away  
'love can't die anyway'!  
Moving around with your smell  
Wherever I am heaven or hell  
The spring of love would never dry  
I would never let it die!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Smell Of Pollen

I keep losing the butterfly,  
I chase the smell of pollen  
On its sunned wings  
And the nights of dews  
When it flutters no more.  
In my dreams it lands  
With its soft brush of touch,  
So close to me, yet so far,  
Melting in the dark.  
I chase it, lose it and wail for it.  
The butterfly is there always  
Coming back to haunt  
The dreams of my dust,  
With the smell of pollen  
On its sunned wings  
That flutters no more  
In the earthly night.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Smell Of Romance

When I am away from you  
Or you are away  
I sniff the air for your smell  
I weave your image in my eyes  
Let it roam into my mind.  
I feel forlorn when I miss you.  
The distance creates an aura of romance -  
Moments without you, yet filled with you.  
Coming back reinstates the staleness,  
Of being too close for too long!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Smile's Labor

the bride and the groom  
everyone's eyes they catch.

what a match  
they gush!

you are on which side  
the beautiful bride  
or the groom  
all elegance and class!

if you stray a little from their grace  
to look at the painted face  
standing at the gate  
receiving each guest with a smile  
seemingly having fun  
bowing to everyone  
his smile's labor  
paid in hour,

you feel a gloom  
shadowing over the bride and the groom!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Snake Park

Now he was standing on the border.

He heard his own voice say

this deadly option reconsider

also heard it say

your hunch can betray

so can your sense

pause man before you travel the distance.

No, he wouldn't listen to that voice

having made the choice

not anymore to defer

what deserved the woman that wronged her.

She was giggling and saw no harms  
when he picked her up in his arms.

The rock python smelled flesh falling from the sky.

You have to die he whispered you have to die.

The gateman was dozing and no eyes had watched him.

He must now run away from this bad dream!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Sneeze Poem

Two buds of garlic  
Ginger in tea  
Can't do the trick  
Can't produce poetry.

Can spare you a sneeze  
I'm done with too many  
When blows the breeze  
When it's rainy.

Where springs the fountain  
Flowing ceaseless thru nose  
Once sneeze sneeze again  
Don't feel so morose.

It's the day to be dumb  
Better if you resign  
When nose is red numb  
Can't pen a one line.

Through sun and the rain  
It's time tested old  
Once sneeze sneeze again  
Lo no remedy for cold.

Gingered tea cup  
Can't kill the enemy  
It's time to wrap up  
Close the shop for poetry.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## So Be It

Chirping beauties in rainbow plume, pick them as you please  
But what drew her was the one pair on sale for forty rupees.  
Surely an offer not to drain her coffer, she quickly grabbed the two  
Proudly flaunted her prized catch, with them she could do.  
On reaching home as she watched close, she couldn't hold her rage  
One was lame the other blind, a duo crippled with age.  
Then she cooled and uttered after a contemplative pause  
'it's god's will and be sure his will, is never without cause.  
'They were not cared for nor loved, nursed and properly fed  
Had I not made them my own, they would soon have been dead.  
So it is god wanted me to go and hunt them out  
On his wish I brought them home, his wills are served no doubt.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# So Little Bared Yet

She wore below a knee length skirt  
reaching neck above cleavage  
love at those times was quite an art  
for romance was the golden age!

Little was revealed of her tender skin  
closed knees she sat pulling frock  
what mystery was it that lay within  
that tempted teen heart to unlock!

Most revealed was her dark bare feet  
her ribboned hair oiled crow black  
when she walked stopped heartbeat  
knees grew weak and slack!

She was the girl the most beautiful  
the girl that bared not much  
a girl to be sought breaking all the rule  
I could die for her just one touch!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# So Said Voltaire

In an experimental fix  
A dog was turned a man  
In a few weeks!  
Soon it made his mark  
Instead of woof and bark  
Freed from dog's leash  
It turned selfish.  
Gone was its doggy sense  
Its loyalty and innocence  
Once out of reins  
It bared the human impatience.  
It trusted nobody nor had friend  
Just talked, its ears it didn't lend  
Always seeking profit and bargain  
At others' misery it felt no pain.  
It was seen with pity  
How losing its dogged dignity  
It stooped for the smallest compromise  
Man's hallmark and it was no surprise.  
So for all to see it's there  
The wisdom of Voltaire  
In saying straight and plain  
That he liked dogs more than men.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Solace (6w)

Prosaic

Finds solace

In poetry's grace.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Sole Mate

When I run on the road of potholes  
Beat the signal to go to other side  
I feel the worth of my tattered soles  
Thank good luck for being on my side.

You needn't shed a tear  
You needn't mind it dear  
Though came the new year  
Didn't buy a new pair.

I tell you through my tears  
I'm not a miser  
But through all my years  
Have grown wiser!

It has run all concrete length  
Sun's heat and soaking rain  
But still is left with strength  
To sprint on all terrain!

You needn't tell me dear  
It brings me lump of tear  
That its death is overdue  
It's time to get a new!

I tell you a fact of truth  
My holed mate looks uncouth  
Looks wretched in broken sole  
But it's a living faithful soul.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Someone Else's

My bed is still warm,  
Still lingers the heat  
Of her on the bed sheet,  
Still warmly wet  
With the drops of her sweat  
From the toil she made  
On this bed.  
Strands of her hair  
Are still there  
Where her head  
Touched the bed,  
Trails she signed,  
Her fingers designed,  
While she was spent  
For the divinest moment.  
I know I can't hold onto it  
Her residues on the bed sheet,  
I have to know in my head,  
She's warming someone else's bed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Someone You

What magic is there in the spotless pin bird sky  
Dreams sun in soft glow pause in whispered cry  
Amid the cooing white doves bathing the aural calm  
Lament the lengthening shadows of winters yet to come!

The silent wind stirs deep in to find the mind a wretch  
Mourning of the moribund time of unseen wasted stretch  
If only it could still pick up the threads of each instance  
Retrieve what's gone with them by a miracle one last chance!

The songs come back the past is heard in its sweetest voice  
The years you lived you lived in full by your destined choice  
Each of them the winters gone exists in sun kissed piece  
So you live them this afternoon and you too they don't miss!

You too they don't miss is when the winter speaks its heart  
For times will ever roll in amid the illusion that they depart  
Amid the cooing white doves bathing in the aural calm  
Someone you would be there in the shadows of winter to come!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Sometimes An Hour

I was bleary eyed  
when she left this morning

my sleepy sighs  
couldn't emit even a bye  
just the sound of the lock's click  
made me sick  
as did the lonely bed  
that would make sleep such shit  
make feel each breath  
of heavier weight..

I fed the birds  
to forget

the hour

she would be gone for a walk.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Songs Of The Old Gardener

He scared the shit out of me  
as he stretched his hands in invitation  
and I would cry like hell  
no no no.....

The old gardener in between his toils  
would come to our house for a glass of water  
his thirst quenched would sing to me

baby I mean no harm no harm  
come to me with love baby come to my arm  
will take you on my shoulder  
fetch you god's boon  
will steal the stars for you  
on your forehead paint the moon!

come baby just for once I really mean no harm  
this heart longs for your silken touch  
your caress tender warm

will fly you to the land of moon  
lift you on feathered wings  
fetch for you the god's boon  
treasures of the seven kings!

my heart aches for you baby  
my love rides high tide  
in my arms be ever with me  
don't from me go hide

will bring you the season's first shower  
on your palm the morning dew  
pluck for you the most fragrant flower  
the arch of rainbow hue!

When I close my eyes can still hear  
a child's no no no  
and regret was lost in his fear  
from a broken heart love's flow.

It was not till I had grown in years  
and the gardener was long gone  
mother told me he showered me cares  
for I reminded him of his son.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Sounds Of The Sea

The wind hissed in a queer pitch,  
Waves broke with a thunderous roar,  
The rapturously melancholic strains  
Howled the entire length of land.  
You might think I was on seashore  
Caught in the swirl of saline winds.  
Nay I was dreaming of the sea,  
Pausing beneath a sky-etched casuarina!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Spaceman

the blue marble below him  
looks a distant dream

wrapped in silence  
frighteningly dark  
he drifts away from it.

how he now lusts  
for that curvaceous sphere  
where he left his human part  
to be adrift in the dark matter  
rimless endless infinite!

once a patriotic earthman  
he now travels a space  
without nations borders  
sinking into deeper ink of silence...

he never loved his planet more  
than from this distance!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Spill

The barrel filled with ink spill on the sheet  
Pulsate in joy dance to heartbeat  
They dry up quick but not before  
Sealing on paper all heart's outpour.  
Some are dark some pretty faced  
Some orderly some badly messed  
They fiercely battle none would be less  
To touch your mind and find there a place.  
Knowing too well impress they must  
The fractional time for which they last  
Freeze it chill or warm it hot  
Smiles, tears, emotions, what not,  
Doing it all the best way they can  
Before fading out in their brief lifespan.

The barrel is full spilling on the sheet  
Day in and out in ceaseless beat  
Knocking time again on your door  
Pleading you to listen to the heart's outpour.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Spread The Colors

Just as I had penned the day's last thought  
I heard a pleading very faint  
'Would you leave us here in the dark to rot  
Your palette's leftover color and paint?  
We ran the day out stealing for your sight  
Whatever stokes your passion  
Colored your dreams painted them bright  
Molded each of them to perfection.  
But you close the door on us once your job is done  
Discard us in your mind with disdain  
Instead of taking us out to spread on everyone  
For us to be alive in your palette once again'.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Spring Fires

This forlorn noon when the southerly breeze  
scatters on earth the forest's flame  
the Spring fires engulf the trees  
my heart chants your name!

O wind carry my abeer to her  
show not on them my tear's stain  
whisper to her though she's far  
mine she would forever remain!

Petal o wind her dark cloud hair  
kiss deep her crescent forehead  
hold me captive upon her stare  
tell my love would never fade!

O Spring wind be my messenger  
carry to her my passion's flame  
tell her though she's now gone far  
my heart only chants her name!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Spring Will Come

Under a grey winter sky  
I pause while passing by  
Dryness bares its fangs  
On a bare thread hangs  
Leaves desperate to hang on  
Down below the grounds beckon.  
For a moment a little doubt  
Would new leaves sprout?  
From surround serene and calm  
I hear the winds hum  
No doubt the spring will come.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Spring Wind

The petals are flying away in the spring wind  
So are my thoughts and words  
I cannot hold them back  
Stunned as I am in an ethereal idleness!  
I see before my eyes  
The spring wind flying away  
With my desires of life  
Little I can do  
To hold them back  
Dazed as I am in a resigned stupor!  
I see the drift but can't prevent it  
I do not want to  
The flying away of the petals and the fragrance  
With the spring wind with a mind of its own!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Stealer

thief, burglar, you're stealing again?  
I told you not to touch my biscuit

never been a stealer dear never been  
me a stealer? you surely don't mean

a lie at the start of the day?  
and you aren't a liar you say?

I ain't no liar you know that sweet mate  
I'm a liar when one is waiting at the gate  
should I keep the biscuit back at its place?

I'm no liar dear I'm no stealer  
come to be just a kind dealer  
when one is waiting at the gate  
but would go back without regret

enough stealer go start your day

yay.....

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Stepping Out Of Me

Stepping out of me  
ME encounters me  
He doesn't have my grace  
Tells me on the face  
It's ME  
Inside of you  
That lends you voice  
Otherwise you dumb doll  
Is just a meatball  
A zombie without ME  
Eyes that don't see  
Ears that don't hear  
Live blind without a mind  
Beneath skin bones 206  
Always in a fix  
Till breathes this ME  
In you  
Poetry

When he steps in  
I see his reflection  
On the screen!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Still The Stranger

Yesterday you were a smoke,  
The wisps of clouds on your face  
Barred my view of you.  
I was fool enough to think  
I could penetrate your layers.  
Yesterday you were an unread book,  
The cover on the hidden words  
Barred my view of you.  
I was knave enough to think  
I could read you out to the end.  
Today you are still the stranger  
With a stranger that's me!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Still You Love

you know what it takes  
you know what's the price  
there isn't a love without a heartbreak  
without unpleasant surprise!

you know how it breaks  
you know about its curse  
there isn't a love without a heartache  
without bruises and scars!

you know the stakes are high  
you know it takes your all  
there isn't a love without a sigh  
without the pain of fall!

you know its tearing claws  
you know it leaves you hurt  
still you love because  
you believe it in your heart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Still, Merry Christmas!

Merry Christmas, the voice greets me  
humbug I mutter under breath  
greed hatred jealousy  
only things you live with.

Keep to yourself your mirth  
I sullenly brood  
such lies are too heavy for this earth  
done this place no good.

Relations under cloud of doubt  
each soul bears a grievous injury  
merriment had long gone out  
the greet is just empty.

It's a pity you still find it merry  
with all the injustice inequity  
man classified quartered  
children for food bartered.

Merry doesn't the word stink  
while some choose what to drink  
fuss about the flavor to savor  
many reach it by thirsty miles' labor.

Merry can't hide away the glum  
of human habitats in dingy slums  
strewn on pavements under open sky  
breathing refuses left to rot and die.

Still, Merry Christmas to you, says the voice  
the time is to give and rejoice  
the world though is truly what you say  
You, I, We, have made it that way.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Streak Of A Kiss

One red streak  
if were smudged lipstick  
that landed on his cheek  
when came his way a kiss!

If only did this kiss  
stumble on his way  
left remnant of a bliss  
a memorable day!

He wouldn't erase them  
but wish away a wash  
preserve as a gem  
the loud speaking hush!

He would keep this unspent  
not let the mark grow thin  
to remind him the moment  
the kiss came flying in!

But the streak on his cheek  
brightly glowing red  
would heal in a week  
was made with a blade!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Strength Of Hope

It's dark cloud, storms and rain  
For long there's no sun  
I can't take it anymore the pain  
Being alive is no fun.  
It's maddening the lightning pace  
The endless burning in fire  
I can't take it anymore the stress  
From life I've nothing to aspire.  
It's a grim bloodied and lost war  
I would rather not fight  
I'm left alone in the darkest corner  
Where reigns an endless night.  
But if I stop a minute, look up to the sky  
Where the clouds are clearing, the sun is out,  
Surely would my spirit soar to a high  
There's so much to live for without a doubt.  
A little pause I must from the mad race  
And make the journey at my own pace  
Then I would find all the strength to cope  
And win over despair with the strength of hope.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Striding Into Childhood

Clip clip clip...  
The barbaric barber  
As if venting his grudge  
Swung his scissors –  
The pleasure was his!  
Battle ravaged, I walked out in the sun,  
Leaving him with his fun, and then...  
A floodgate in me opened  
Transforming my mood –  
Lightly I strode into childhood!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# String Theory Of Love

when love takes wings  
dances your heart strings  
you feel stretched  
miserable wretched  
reborn as Cupid's avatar  
tense like strings of guitar  
find the world way too small  
where she is the one and all  
all of time and space  
occupies only her face  
you become too excited  
to be farsighted  
every word of hers  
is music to your ears  
blind in love with her  
you're everything but clever  
losing life's fun  
jealous of everyone  
till she says goodbye  
and leave for another guy!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Success (10w)

The higher you go  
The fall delivers a harder blow!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Sugar Man

Suddenly his shadow creeps on me  
The tiptoeing man a new recruit  
Walks with the tray of glasses of tea  
There couldn't be a man more mute!

The most conspicuously inconspicuous  
He walks the office hall as in a trance  
On a mission of filling and refilling glass  
Seeing therein his salvation's chance!

He moves around in a rigid detachment  
Never hurrying and looking never eager  
Except when he asks if you need sugar  
All the day he repeats this one statement!

About him my envy I would now confide  
Ill paid though he has taken life into stride  
Lies unlocked in his breast the one mystery  
One wealth to which he has found the key!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Summer Noon

I held her in my gaze on the iron rail of summer noon.  
This moment of humid silence wetting her heat burn cheeks  
I knew would melt pretty soon.  
Like moisture droplets on her lips and her palm's sweat  
This heavenly moment would retreat  
With its phantoms of fancy it's never too late!  
Then sobered and in saner head  
We would find our place under the banyan's cool shade.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Summer's Brew

'The coffee is getting cold'.

The sweet retold  
From her  
Waiting with the winter's brew!

No ambition I harbor  
For here my woman  
The best way she can  
Makes steaming brew  
Worth my savor!

She knows too  
In the wintry nights  
With her I crave to be  
Sipping her hot coffee  
With it drowning the winter's pain  
My only reward, best bargain  
A sweet story retold!

'The coffee is getting cold'  
From her  
Creating for me summer's brew!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Summon

Ms Dolittle was giving her cuppa a sip  
Her beady eyes drowned in deep brood  
Last night she didn't get enough sleep  
The morning found her in a grumpy mood.

She had never seen them in all her years  
Though read or heard about sightings  
Dismissed them as mere conjectures  
The believers' flight on fantasy wings!

It might be the moonlight playing mischief with her  
The moon can fool with such eerie nightly designs  
Or maybe had a peg too many she couldn't remember  
She wasn't unaccustomed to swigs of grapevines.

Whatever, she saw it clear not imagined in her head  
The silhouette of her husband on the curtained window  
Something she wouldn't wish away as merely moon-made  
He stood there upright waving to her in the moon's glow.

Ms Dolittle brave as she is didn't swoon or pass out  
Just lay there motionless without rising to the summon  
It was her husband about that she had no doubt  
For in a troubled voice it said, 'Come on'.

So there he was troubled for not having her company  
And it was precisely what was worrying her  
She had no idea with him how she could be

She wasn't yet booked for traveling that far!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Sunflower

star eyed yellow bloom  
washed in sunlight's shower  
the radiant healer of all your gloom  
field full of sunflower!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Sunshine Again

Sometimes cloud takes sky out of sight  
Despair and uncertainty envelops like night  
But don't lose hope at the end of rain  
It will be time for sunshine again.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Sunshine Waiting

Often in my mind it comes along  
A lost poetry or a forgotten song  
Old yet forever new  
I never could tell you.  
It keeps lingering in my heart  
Trying to come out and make a start  
But locks itself inside  
Feelings that from lips hide!  
Outside waits a sunshine place  
Longing that I for once express  
What I could never tell you  
Old yet forever new!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Survival

In the dark shaded border  
World turns upside down  
Though everything's in order  
And black is never brown!  
Supposedly in order  
But really in mess  
The dark shaded border  
Never shows its true face!  
Mischief is a fun, lies sacred  
Throats are slit for a small chunk of bread  
It's a savage race, the stakes are too close  
Friends this moment turn into foes!

In the dark shaded border  
Disorderliness is order  
Money and muscle thrive  
In a blind zeal to survive!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Surviving Separation

Returning from the final violation  
I was swallowed by the empty house.  
The meal last cooked was there  
in the weeping Frigidaire,  
The room breathed emptiness.  
Before it turns into a hell  
I must leave things as they are,  
the smell, the last used perfume,  
the last reflection in the mirror,  
I must freeze them all into a mummy.  
All along I've been used to the presence  
And now it was all disintegrating,  
Crumbling with or without my touch  
For unbearable days, months, years...  
I yielded then to the rolling tears.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Sweet Fragrance

The quirky signboard said it in bold  
Welcome to the house of Sweet Fragrance  
Here your hair will be shaped in the finest mould  
While you relax in blissful trance!

I stopped by this name cute and smart  
A hair losing shop called Sweet Fragrance  
Tempted to go in though I needed no cut  
Too impressed to keep a distance!

I stepped into a house with the finest smell  
With the pretext to unburden my head of some hair  
It was a Garden of Eden away from hell  
A dreamy languor pervaded its air!

There wasn't in the glasses a face to look  
The place seemed a haven for the peacefully mute  
I was offered a chair in the dimmest lit nook  
To surrender myself to the forbidden fruit!

Time stopped blurred away my sight  
I felt such bliss had no second chance  
Knew why Adam embraced his plight

Succumbed to Eve's Sweet Fragrance!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Sweet Seller

Skins will wither times will gallop  
But dear sweet seller never close your shop  
So long throbs within my last heartbeat  
Keep the shutter up feed me your sweet.

Words will frail looks will rust  
But dear sweet seller run the shop you must  
So long flows there love's last stream  
Keep the shutter up feed me your dream.

Breathes will frost the sun will pale  
But dear sweet seller don't stop the sale  
So long my eyes aren't dead blind  
Keep the shutter up feed me your mind.

The moon will be gone stars will retreat  
But dear sweet seller don't stop the treat  
So long the last lights in my eyes gleam  
Keep the shutter up fill me to the brim.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Symbiosis

worry not I tell her  
finding her morose  
better time is not far  
things can't get worse.

she pulls a smile on her face  
basks in my wish  
in my hope refreshed  
her lips glow pinkish.

what we do are tries  
to the rest have no recourse  
life's turns and surprise  
we can watch not force.

does she believe me really  
when I say leave not happiness  
or seeing through the cries within me  
pulls out a smile on her face?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Sympathy

In the darkly lit room  
Hangs the smell of doom  
As he babbles about his eyes

He seems bent on a mission  
To paint a bleak vision  
His elation isn't disguised!

I've them aplenty  
My eyes bloodied  
In surgeon's needles

Retinal detachment  
Cataract  
Glaucoma

There isn't a trauma  
My eyes haven't suffered

His eyeballs roll  
On the sclera  
In perverse pleasure

I don't mind  
If I go blind,  
The misery around  
Doesn't make eyesight a treasure

I haven't met a man  
To himself this inhuman  
Treating the most valued lens  
With such immense disdains

More than my suffering eyes  
He says in glee undisguised  
I suffer your cruelty,

That's when you say  
It's my way



To garner sympathy!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Tagore

Exquisite, universal, sublime,  
Your poems never grow old with time.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Taking A Walk

As you walk  
The world passes by  
Faces sound scent  
Walking is always  
Time well spent!  
Winds embrace  
They kiss on your face  
Around you fleeting smile  
You walk  
Mile after mile!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Tale Of A Hanging

Time is running out and what a heck  
A few moments from now, they'll break my neck.  
A shiver down my spine, I'll be no more  
The noose is ready, and so is trapdoor.  
Here they come, for my last statement  
Going through rituals, it's my predicament.  
Someone asked if I would make a will  
What I would like to have for last meal.  
I'm so scared, dimmer gets the light  
There's no way I can have an appetite.  
My head is jumbled, my thoughts in a mess  
The hangman is ready, they give me my dress.  
My feet are so heavy, it's hard to stand  
Not wasting time, they drag me by hand.  
The gallows looks ominous, I'm dead pale  
Just a few steps and I'll be in hell.  
The world is so alive, I'm in no mood  
They pinion me tight, put on the hood.  
The lever goes bang, tightens the noose  
Down I go, hang limp and loose.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Target

There's this girl who left a boy a scar  
Times have flown years gone far  
One small cut how it didn't heal  
In a corner of mind the story lives still.

Mid sixties noon a war was on  
School was closed days forlorn  
Mind gone dead as summer wind blew  
Longed for what it really had no clue.

There was this girl a breezy butterfly  
Pretty and petite was quietly passing by  
The sight of her skin just below the skirt  
It drove the boy to throw a stone to hurt.

As his idle mind came under devil's grip  
Took a quick aim threw her a basalt chip  
But as was destined written was his fate  
It flew past her widely missing the target.

She paused on her track her eyes burning ire  
Glanced once at him lips curled spitting fire  
Sparks flew in his eyes his match he had met  
Below eyebrow the scar he carries to this date.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Taste Of Love

The king it's well known found it no pleasure  
When the princess cited salt as her love's measure  
How much princess you love me what's the quantum  
Her reply left him dejected he looked intensely glum.

You know what happened thereafter she was driven out of land  
She lived with pains of ignominy for taking a truthful stand.

Love is too glorious a thing to be measured in spoonful salt  
The princess could find a better measure from her heart's golden vault  
But she dug her heart deep for something unblemished without fault  
Found none better and precious than a grain of salt.

The princess could say she loved like moon or any such pretense  
But to her father she didn't lie her love for him was immense.

Just think how life without salt would turn dull spice-less  
Palate would pine tongues rebel for salt's sweet embrace  
She knew it well in her heart dwelled love's gracious taste  
So she said I love you like salt a truth nurtured in her breast.

Take lessons lovers you can pass love's most rigorous test  
So long you hold in your mouth the salt's timeless taste.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Tea Time

I itch for the tea time  
I burn to have with her  
a steaming cup of tea  
and soak with her on the table  
the heavenly moments!

I itch for the tea time  
my morning's essence  
the time she talks  
I talk  
nonsense  
laugh  
bluff  
cough  
as the tea  
refuses to go down the throat  
for it too loves these moments  
with two voices  
in one voice  
rejoice  
being together  
with the morning tea  
dreaming  
it would last  
eternity!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Teatime Story

It happens with old men  
Have seen it times umpteen  
I'm a boy again  
You too sweet sixteen!

You sit with folded knees  
Pulling down your skirt  
Lest in naughty breeze  
Thereto my eyes dart!

As long as it's your face  
Things are hunky dory  
Tales of such retrace  
Tell you as teatime story!

But often it happens  
As the dreams unfurl  
I can't make its sense  
Appears another girl!

She may be the one I know  
Or a face I have never seen  
Crafted in moon's glow  
Carved from days of teen!

Such dreams they quickly abort  
When her I embrace  
Make with her a rapport  
On her neck comes back your face!

Next morn I feel glum  
Hide behind newspaper  
Teatime I sit mum  
Without a story for her!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Tell Me How It Happens

the good continually crushed  
the evil prosperous!

the evil tends to stick  
being good is being weak!

the good is a dropout  
the world the evil surmounts!

the good's voice goes unheard  
rule the evil's words!

the good's fate is sealed  
gets the devil what it willed!

rules the evil's writ  
the good takes backseat!

with the devil infernal  
god is partial!

god is good but so happens  
the world the evil reigns!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Tell Me What Is That: A Non-Sane's Rhyme

Clammy creepy freaky fright  
virulent vermin scary sight  
tell me what is that.

Crawling craving webbing prey  
frightens her when eats her whey  
saved when pounces cat.

Ominous is its wicked lull  
saintly sitting on the wall  
mischief within skull.

Meditate in a stupored trance  
quickly clinches preying chance  
victory's joyous dance.

Brutish brownish bitter brat  
worse than hornet bees and gnat  
tell me what is that.

Kill if you can in one slap  
break its sticky sucking trap  
hear hands' roaring clap.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Tell You The Truth

If one may wonder what kind of guy is me  
What's my real face from my faces of poetry  
Am I what I write generous and ideal bound  
As in real life as in my poems I am found.

Now to tell you the truth put speculations to rest  
Am not exactly as I make out not that much honest  
My writes bear my yearning for what I aspire to be  
But I could not and that regret finds vent in poetry.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Ten Birds & Another

Ten birds on the beach  
One in shallow sea  
Food is within reach  
Air reeks melancholy!

On this misty morn  
Veiled in mystic shroud  
The one away forlorn  
Not foraging with the crowd!

It waits for return tide  
For the waves to come in rush  
So it can on them ride  
Hunt in joyous gush!

Ten birds on the beach  
Picture of contentment  
Within their reach  
Last tide's remnant!

The one in shallow sea  
New tidings its heart craves  
To break through melancholy  
Lift her on crested waves!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Tenant

'See we aren't leaving anything out,  
check once more to be sure'  
she said with a nagging doubt,  
'we're going to come back no more  
once behind us we close the door'.

The hassles had made her tense  
Moving out was trouble immense  
I said to soothe her nerve 'be assured dear,  
We would leave nothing here'.

Still for her peace I went in  
To make sure nothing lay within  
And what I got was a jolting shock  
On the wall still hung our bedroom clock!

She fumed and blurted on my face  
'I always knew you're too careless,  
thank god I goaded you for another look  
precious things might be lying in some nook'.

I went in not to seek anymore things  
But for the spent moments still fluttering wings  
Smell our joys and sorrows hanging in the air  
Of the times living as a tenant here!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Term (10w)

Estd.1961,  
To wind up  
After end of assigned business.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Terracotta

His lower arm hugged her upper hip  
the humid air was too much to decline  
beckoning of her quivering lip  
her sweaty smell pouring like wine.

Her subtlest press lighted million spark  
his reciprocating started fire  
her lobes tinged with blush mark  
nothing more the two could aspire.

Centuries old embedded in stone  
posteriors arching for thrust  
cracked alive in pleasure's moan  
sunk in the deep gorge of lust.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Thank God

Don't fear the cold wind from the north  
You have woollens enough to hold it forth  
Think of them spending nights under sky  
Thank god for keeping you warm and dry!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# That Afternoon

Little ones we were playmates that leisurely afternoon  
The daughter of our poor maid she danced to my tune  
Shyly quiet emaciated slim her eyes were bluish deep  
One loud word a raised eyebrow was enough to make her weep.

She wouldn't hum a single tune nor would ever dance  
Loved to be there all by herself kept from me a distance  
The lonely hour of that afternoon my mum was sound asleep  
The girl was there I sniffed my chance for playing on her mischief.

I invited her for a time together to play with me hide and seek  
With downed eyes she moved her head her 'no' was feebly meek  
On that day I had to have my way to play some prank on her  
My insistence benumbed her sense courage she failed to muster.

I showed her the room where she would remain till I found a place to hide  
Should be there with eyes closed till I cooed my instructions she must abide  
The windows of that room I shut them fast so no sound could come out  
Explained to her it was to ensure from her place she couldn't look out.

The poor girl followed what I told her she was a soul sans all wickedness  
As she went into the room a cloud's shadow passed on her innocent face  
That afternoon in childish whim what I did I don't find easy to condone  
I played the game mean locked the girl in left her in the dark room alone.

I left her there in her nightmare happy to have caused her the pain  
A playful prank a darned mischief in which the child saw a big gain  
When they brought her out she was all weeping the captivity was hard  
Time and again they questioned her but couldn't get her to speak a word.

From that day I never came her way just caught a few times her eyes  
There was in them against me no complaint only a sorrowful surprise  
Years have passed that afternoon is still to rust she still knocks on the door  
Beckoning me to play the game of hide seek pleading not to lock her anymore.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# That Summer Night In A Dungeon

They gasped for breath in that dark dungeon cell  
A hundred and forty six men huddled in black hell  
In that hole of Fort William eighteen by fourteen  
The screaming souls realized next morn wouldn't be seen.

Two tiny windows were all there was high up on the wall  
Slowly passed that night of June hung in deadly lull  
Water water they wailed their throats were desert dry  
The summer heat poured in sweats as the tears of their cry.

Two women were among them they were the first to go  
Suffocated by lack of air their breathing began to slow  
Was dying Tom's fiancée and he wrung his sweated shirt  
If could revive his moisture's drop save life of sweetheart.

One by one they collapsed amid the buzz of death's din  
Begging for a drop of water in despair drinking urine  
The dead stood on their feet there wasn't a space to fall  
Survived only forty three men among them Holwell!

In the history it's known as the tragedy of black hole  
With many riddles still misty the Bengal Nawab's role  
Account of that summer night the ghastly horror's tale  
It's now known was exaggerated by Commander Holwell.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# That's All I Know

For the girl I love mountain surmount  
glide through the roughest ride  
what others say is of little count  
I stand firm by her side.

So what if eyes in dissent frown  
roll tongues in derision  
tries the world to tear me down  
I have taken my decision.

Don't bother me her caste or creed  
her wealth or social class  
know this much her love I need  
without it I would be poorer worse.

She is the girl that's all I know  
worth walking the longest length  
stay by her in high and low  
protect with all my strength.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# That's The Child

Pure innocent wild,  
That's the child.  
I wish I could be one again  
To forget the grown-up's pain  
And rebuild life  
The way it should have been -  
Simple, straight, green!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# That's When He Gave Up His Pen

its reach didn't save the dog  
dying on the melting pitch

didn't reach vent of his pen  
deep enough  
to save the vanishing water hen

they all were going  
easy game  
in the minutes  
he was busy writing a poem  
in the seconds  
he spent naming them  
in the hours  
his thoughts' idle wings  
mourned their goings

he was never fair  
he was never there  
as they went one by one  
and all his works came undone  
with their blood stain!

That's when he gave up his pen.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Abhorred

At the busiest hour/ when rings the bell  
An abhorred guest/ peeps through the grill  
I mutter go sell/ your wares at the hell  
I want/ none of your deals.

Wish I could/ really be that harsh  
Give him my piece/ of bitter mouth  
Vent on him/ the choicest curse  
Impale him with/ outta here shout.

The minute hurries/ but can't disguise  
His despair's plead/ broken eyes  
Just a minute sir/ I won't take more  
But on my face/ don't close the door.

Have got no time/ for the seller's trap  
Not wanna buy/ all those cheap crap  
No tears would swell/ no pin-pricked heart  
Would love to see him/ quickly depart.

Too soon he knows/ here is no gain  
Hopes would lie minced/ brutally slain  
Stoops his head low/ bows out in grace  
Must find himself/ another address.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Answer Is Nay...And Yea

I see her everyday  
Am seeing her for years  
But sure the answer is nay  
If I know all her fears!

I see her everyday  
Living at one address  
But sure the answer is nay  
If I know all her happiness!

I see her everyday  
For long sharing the bed  
But sure the answer is nay  
If I know what goes on in her head!

I see her everyday  
Have never been apart  
But sure the answer is nay  
If I know each beat of her heart!

I see her everyday  
For long she's my mate  
But sure the answer is nay  
If I know her fully till date!

I see her everyday  
Have felt her in every breath  
And sure the answer is yea  
If I'll love her till death!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Best Place For Truth

"Wake up Jane, got something to tell you,  
I have ceased to love you".

"Oh, I knew it all along", she said,  
"but didn't let you know I knew! "

"I knew you were soon done with me,  
but made it up by a pretense of love,  
and it must have been so painful for you".

"Why, Jane? Why didn't you tell me? "

"cause sometimes the best place for truth  
is in the heart, that's why! "

"what's the truth you guarded in your heart? "

"it matters little to you, my selfishness"

"what selfishness? ", I cried,

"loving you knowing it would not come back! "

I woke up from the dream and knew....

I couldn't let it out of my heart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# The Bird And I

I once asked a bird  
'Would you swap place with me? '  
"Oh no', it said, 'I'm free'  
"See my feet are firmly on ground"  
"I fly high happy to be sky bound"  
"I have an intelligent mind"  
"Simple happiness I easily find"  
"I too can fly in an airplane"  
"Lightly I glide in sun and rain"  
"My food is served on tray"  
"I chase and catch my prey"  
"I live in a big house"  
"A small nest I build for my spouse"  
"I work till late night"  
"I catch the morning light"  
"I have knowledge and wisdom"  
"I would rather have my freedom"

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Blank Page

The blank page on the screen  
Waits for the words to be born  
Not knowing what they mean  
It bears them night and morn.

On it come to life many tales  
Happy, sad, and in between  
Here now and in a moment it stales  
Words take a thought to ruin.

It sure bears them all  
With no rolling tears nor smiles  
The rush for the maddening scrawl  
That runs for endless miles.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Blood Is All Over Me

Every day and every night is a story of bloodshed  
Humans, animals, whatever- blood is red  
Last night it was smeared all over me  
Pouring like rain and flowing free!  
Another instance of the violence of strength  
Securing its way by going to any length  
In the one sided battle of a macabre way  
The weak falls and the slaughterer holds sway!  
The butchered clings to a life so thin  
Dreaming forever of a time they can win  
Unable to rise before death makes them free  
There's no drying, the blood is all over me!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Boat And The River

On the deserted riverbank  
lay the painted boat  
his youth glistening in the half baked noon,  
the river wide beckoned him to taste her depth,  
skim her stretch and see her other side.  
The boat was raring to go  
riding the wide river's tide  
masts high up full steam  
to wherever she would carry him.  
At each call of the river  
his oars rended a soulful cry,  
the river echoed him back  
holding into her his futile longing  
her waves wreathing in agony on the shore  
if that could fetch him to her embrace.

The half baked noon  
dull empty unchanging  
knew  
there wasn't a way he could ever launch into her....  
the painted boat on the painted river!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Cellar

Today the cellar will be closed  
Will lie buried within  
Ocean of tears

Dusty toils will turn to dust  
Cold nights' sweats  
Will be forgotten years

Dreams made of hard rock  
Passions of concrete block  
Will sleep under lock

Today the cellar will be closed  
Will lie buried within  
Secret wishes' sand

All tools of labor will rust  
Dusty toils will turn to dust  
Will gust no winds on its land

Underneath the dreamlaid ground  
The cellar will be promise bound  
By its own fate

To hold the tears all alone  
Not letting it be ever known  
Two hearts' secret!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Chain

In the dark their eyes glow  
Shadows emerge from shadow  
Cruel fangs they bare  
You freeze where you are.  
Now in the lonely zone  
Phantoms from dungeon  
Evils you slaved and fed  
Would be glad to see you dead!  
You can do little but stare  
Praying an end of nightmare  
Knowing it's too late to choose  
They're already on you let loose.  
From the shadows you emerge as shadow  
The night darkens howling winds blow  
Seeking prey with endless greed  
Upon fresh corpses you madly feed!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Charmer

He has the acumen to charm  
His words don't reveal his mind  
With your emotions he plays with skill  
He is a charmer deft in his art!

He preaches what he doesn't practice  
His craft hides from you his real face  
In his life he has never given peace  
Never brought one soul happiness!

His art keeps the audience enthralled  
His songs make the listeners sway wild  
But in him is a devil installed  
He is farthest from innocence of a child!

What he shows to you is the husk  
You never get to see the real face  
A charmer his art is a mask  
In life he damn cares goodness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Child In Us

It never lost its smiles  
Though the years rolled  
Walking weary miles  
It refused to be old!  
I still love that child  
The child in you and me  
It somehow keeps us wild  
It somehow keeps us free!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# The Child Is Sinking

Under the gnarled mesh  
The shrinking crust  
Down the mantle  
Collapsing on the core  
The child is sinking.  
Under the sinful loads  
The shrinking space  
The burden of knowing  
Transforming into despair  
The child is sinking.  
Under the wise care  
The vanishing imagination  
The pressure of achievement  
Lightening speed to grow up  
The child is sinking.  
Give it space to timely age  
Give it time to leisurely laze  
Let it be heard.  
Let not the child be a caged bird.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Clock

In the stillness of night  
The chiming clock sings the hours.  
Eyes in deep sleep don't hear them anymore  
Care not in the clock's rhymes what's in store,  
But it knows its chimes are songs of dirge  
For life's harvest and then the down surge,  
And it's a mere witness in this open-n-shut game,  
Its chimes a reminder of time it can't tame.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Croc

Carved in rock lies the croc  
with sun burning its scale  
though ticked for long the cruel clock  
came no freedom from the well!

Life is boring days are dull  
dragging is every moment  
locked within an unscalable wall  
eyes seek faraway firmament!

Where's the river its mind cries  
swarms of the river fish  
the river only flows in its sleepy eyes  
for a home that's now dead wish!

Lying in the well dreams on the croc  
for a river it cannot ever roam  
times fly away with the ticking clock  
to get it in the sky a home!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Cross

High atop the spire beneath a cloudless sky  
the Cross stands forlorn Christmas is nigh  
since long in the past time beyond recall  
no bells chime here sung no Christmas carol!

But still its heart flutters as it hears the Lord's voice  
I carried your burden and set for you the choice  
to do this world much good and love your fellow men  
be happy in others' happiness take share of their pain!

Kind Lord mutters the Cross men still live for gain  
act the way it seems your blood was shed in vain  
they war and breed hatred between them raise wall  
hanker for pelf and power in their loss they squall!

The church lies abandoned starkly white and bare  
only the Cross bows to the Lord in silent prayer  
still hoping it's not far away when the bells would ring  
the Lord would carry the Cross again on his second coming!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Cycle

&quot;Good evening&quot;, said the cyclist,  
It echoed in the evening mist,  
I was baffled I never knew him,  
The dark stranger tall and slim!  
Before I could acknowledge  
He was gone in the haze,  
The unknown messenger of good wills  
A roaming angel on two wheels!  
&quot;Good evening&quot;, I said on my way,  
The passerby was baffled had no word to say  
In the silent evening of misty haze  
I was happy to turn a new page!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Dancing Peacock

In the crowded platform  
he sure was the dancing peacock  
in his heart was blowing a storm  
he feigned though looking at the station clock.

Not the clock he was eying that one lovely girl  
her face storm gatherer like her hair's black curl  
he blushed every time she would catch his eyes  
stealing her a look in indifference's disguise.

He was within enjoying this farcical foreplay  
didn't know her train his was an hour away  
imagined she too was singling him out  
from the flock of men his contenders no doubt.

Did a wispy smile float on her cherry lip  
few moments' encounter could it be that deep  
still in his wondrous thought the girl he did own  
on that absurd stage for her his love was grown.

One could not tell what was going within her  
her eyes were they touched shone there a star  
was she too mindful of him held him once in gaze  
or her mind was too far away on a different page.

The hour passed quick in the young man's trance  
between changing trains with the peacock's dance  
when chugged in her train flew away the butterfly  
the whistles of his train drowned his rending sigh.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Dark Side Of Moon

When I stand before the mirror  
to my horror  
I find I have lost me

stares back at me  
Sherlock

though I hate him  
he warms up to me  
takes me in his reins  
morose eyes twinkly  
gait sprightly

I become him  
waken and in dream  
memorizing his line  
making his habits mine

like him I sprint  
trails of footprint  
and in all his fantasy

I'm no more me.

He scares  
haunting in nightmares  
one part  
one heart  
one role

He steals my soul.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Day Is Mine

Yesterday's pain can't break your heart  
Today is another day, make a new start  
Waiting behind cloud is another sunshine  
Get up and say 'the day is mine'.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# The Dead Hosting Life

The barren tree begs no more from the sky,  
In its bones dead long is nothing to aspire,  
Still in its branches painted gnarled and dry  
Are secretly growing life and all its desire!  
The winged guests have made it their nest  
To procreate and lengthen existence's page,  
Playing host to the glorious life's fest  
Is becoming alive the barks without foliage!  
No leaf will ever again sprout,  
The thunder has sucked its blood,  
Yet it stands its ground for no doubt  
To hold in its breast life in its bud!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Dead Warrior

Beyond dolphin lips  
Surmounting wavy ridges  
Breaking defending walls  
Invading gorges  
Above ruins of treasures  
Passing one and eighty summers,  
There lies a warrior,  
Dead in the search of love!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Decreed

She walks in her ordained cage  
Where reigns an eternal night  
Her only window to the day  
Is a peephole for a pencil of light!

Can't say when her lips part in jollity  
Or clouds gather in her eyes  
Her face only the privileged can see  
The world must see her in disguise!

You may wonder if she ever has the will  
To break from the decree and be free  
Remove from her face the veil  
Run wild for all to see!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Departing Wish

The dying body wanted to say something  
Too frail, it spoke only with eyes  
One can do little around the time it dies!  
The wife, the son, the ones close to him  
Pressed the ears on the faintly parting lips  
Death is surely winning, yea, its scale tips!  
The body lay dying with just enough to cover shame  
Audience was the living witness, of this silent mayhem  
Eager to know the last word, or some last name!  
The dying's eyes dilated before they narrowed to slit  
It couldn't say, they didn't know, what was it?  
"Naked I was born, and make me that as I perish,  
Remove my clothes", was its last departing wish!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Dimwit

Still with me his memory stays  
A boy I knew in childhood days  
On street corner he bore the sun  
From rain emptied road didn't run!

They called him screwed up bit insane  
His skin was numb sense felt no pain  
Else why he would just aimless roam  
Most of time outside of home!

If asked his name in whispered hum  
Would say I don't know knows my mum  
What's two plus two if asked some fool  
His answer was not taught in school!

To a school he was though never sent  
His class was road book firmament  
All he knew was that syllabus  
His own riddles and plus minus!

He was known as good for none  
Except for pranks and some fun  
Ill clad uncared like an urchin  
There wasn't a home with a boy like him!

Woke me one night footsteps and shouts  
In a neighborhood house fire had broken out  
Amid billowing smoke and leaping flame  
The crowd was crying out the boy's name!

He had gone in there without a thought  
The fire's fury he was afraid not  
It seemed so silly this heroic feat  
But the boy you know was too dimwit!

To this day it haunts me to know  
Why he did that what to show  
I heard the buzz rumors were rife  
He had gone in there to save a cat's life!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Dog Lifts My Spirit

As soon as I start feeling low  
My spirit dips down in the pit  
The dog reminds me take it slow  
Ease down will soon melt the heat.

Your life is so blessedly made  
Gifted with so much of gain  
Yet you are always afraid  
Of even a minuscule pain!

You grumble at everything sore  
Sulk in your mires of sorrow  
While I wag happy at your door  
Without having much of tomorrow!

The dog he knows it too well  
Ever eludes a man happiness  
He looks for it too much outside  
When within him it dwells!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Dog Wonders

Kick the dog, they kick the dog  
Living a life worse than a dog  
Shabby smoky hopeless hogs  
Used to the lives in the bogs!  
The dog is innocent, it's so good  
It scours the streets for food  
These guys are dingy, dark and morose  
They kick the dog when it's too close!  
The dog wonders what it has done  
Why the hell do they kick him?  
Is it hatred or a moronic fun?  
The dog is baffled by their whim!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# The Dogged Sunrise

I walked on the famished land  
Without the touch of a warm hand  
Despised by everything of life  
Bruised in the perennial strife.  
I knew nothing could now heal  
I had to bow and depart  
Closing a fallen deal  
That only broke my heart.  
As I stopped one last time  
To see what I was leaving behind  
I saw its soulful caring eyes,  
The dog brought me another sunrise.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Enduring

She has made endurance a habit  
The blaze of passion is long gone  
Her fallen hair on the cold bed sheet  
Says she's with me but all alone.  
Long nights we have to travel  
She and me with love burnt out  
The way ahead is hard to sail  
Strewn with alienation and doubt.  
She knows the only thing she has to do  
Anything else will break her heart  
Is to relive the memories to sail it through  
Till death does her apart.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Evening I Ceased To Be Angry

I hummed a song, uprooted my sting  
I have given up anger from last evening  
Only yesterday morning in hours of rush  
I lost my temper and rebuked missus  
She had lost my wallet, misplaced my suit  
Cause of all my problems, all my troubles' root  
My shaving kit was lost, important papers gone  
Who could be responsible other than my son?  
Everything was in disarray, chaotic and messy  
Surely to fuel my anger, a grand conspiracy!  
On my way to office, things were no good  
The nudges and the pushes worsened my mood  
I banged my head on the shutter, tripped on carpet  
And just like any other day, I was once again late  
The boss was bad, my colleagues a pack of fools  
Nothing was in order, no regard for rules  
The day staggered along, so longer it did seem  
Till the evening softened it with cool luminous gleam  
The south wind composed me, let me sink it in  
Triggers are not outside, my anger swells within  
With just a little try, a contemplating pause  
I would know for my anger, I'm the lone cause  
I must make amends, repair myself  
Anger only harms, it never really helps  
If I for once think it properly  
I can see my tantrums can make others angry  
But surely my missus and son have better sense  
To put up with it and not be angry in defence!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Evening Stillness

A lonely evening on a lakeside  
I stole a chunk of stillness.  
Carried it through a clinking city  
Stored it in the heart's corner  
Where no noise could touch it!  
The stillness has grown a goliath -  
Endures night's coolness and day's warmth  
Camouflages the thunder inside....  
No more the evening stillness on a lakeside!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Extraordinary

He lives life in his whim  
No light flashes on him  
Unhassled and free  
He in his own way is happy.  
He doesn't mind his way  
Doesn't worry what he's to say  
His mind is aimless as is his thought  
He's not troubled for what he is not.  
It isn't that the sun doesn't please him  
The moon doesn't bring him the dream  
He drinks them without getting dizzy  
They pour in smooth and easy.  
Beyond avarice and greed  
He walks life unnoticed  
A familiar face you pass by  
He is just an ordinary guy.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Fallen

When dark clouds descend on her eyes  
Her pale skin exudes a cindery sadness  
Pints of bloods flow out her vein  
The stubborn poet breaks down.

All his creative resolves deliriums  
Adorned garlands of his mind  
His visions beyond the present  
Mock him draws him in her pain.

What remains of him is not a poet  
Not one looking down from a pedestal  
But a mere mortal brutally battered  
Brought down to earth crushed.

For the swells in her heart  
Her futilely seeking oasis  
Wind drift to no anchor  
His poetry is a lavish indulgence.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Ferry

Upon sleepy creek she rests  
calm water dull august noon  
memory are now all the crests  
riding the waves in the moon!

Sailed the lunar breeze pearly sea  
swam wispy phosphorescent gleam  
when the night sang a lullaby  
stars wove a blanket of dream!

Held her heart all the lovers' trance  
stolen kiss blown in the wind  
on her breast joyous feet's dance  
tears of romance fallen ruined!

August noon resting weary  
spins a sea for her to retrace  
must find her way the ferry  
to be lost in the waves' embrace!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Fifth Man

There's always a fifth man in the cab.

The fifth man  
Pathetic pitiable  
Ignored  
Smoked out

And the one to go out  
Before the ride begins

The fifth man never finds a place in the cab.

Find on his face  
The smoke's trail

Find in his look

Written bold

FAIL.

He's the one without a place

He's the one leaving no trace

He's the one without a room in the cab.

Find on his face  
(though you wouldn't care to look)

the smoke's trail

of time and again failing  
to find a room

find in his look

written bold



DOOM.

For the fifth man there's no space in the cab.

While others win  
(or so they think)

ends his journey

before it begins.

The fifth man is forever out of the race.

Never makes one of four

When closes the cab's door.

Find on his face

Written bold

LOST DEAL.

The fifth man ever out of the cab

Still

Isn't a fifth man

By his own free will!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Fire

I thrust my hand into fire,  
It reaches my heart.  
Thunders roar, rains conspire,  
Through them I keep alive the fire.  
It keeps burning inside  
Unmasking me, destroying my pride  
Raising from the cinders a new me,  
The fire unshackles and sets me free.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The First Dot

On the paper the first dot  
It doesn't know, cannot,  
It really has no inkling,  
What would become of your thought  
The shape of theme and plot  
Sentiments the pouring words would bring!  
It has no chance to know  
The course the stream would flow  
There's no way it can foretell,  
The route your thoughts would take  
The many make and remake  
How the words would finally gel!  
It finds it deep mystery  
The complex tapestry  
Of the strings the words form,  
It can never really guess  
What brews in inner recess  
Sunshine or roaring thunderstorm!  
On the paper the first dot  
It doesn't know, cannot,  
Your mind's secret treasure,  
It has no way to know  
From here where you would go  
The journey's anguish and pleasure!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Gardener

As the sun pierces the winter haze  
She finds blooming marigold all around her  
Her eyes though on the newspaper's page  
Her mind drifts elsewhere.

Last February the gardener was here  
Tilling the soil's fertile reach  
Chiseling each flower to joyfully share  
The garden this Feb is so bountifully rich.

The silken sun gives her shiver of loneliness  
Each marigold showers shadow upon her  
The flowers bloom without the gardener's embrace  
Last February never seemed so distantly far.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Ghost Of The Jilted Lover

Every night he knocks at her door  
Calls I'm hollow without it  
Give me back want nothing more  
The love I left at your feet.

Beside her is heard the snore  
From her man in slumber's bliss  
The lover's plea to settle the score  
Doesn't break his dreamful peace!

Give me my love the lover howls  
Bereft it I'm dead  
Echo him the barnyard's owls  
Heart dies when not love fed.

I'll not come back once  
Am ready for an honest pact  
Open the door give me a chance  
Return my love intact.

She alone hears her lover past  
Sinks in her bed in fright  
The jilted lover in lost love's lust  
Comes back on her door each night!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Gift

Buried in time-holed yellow papyrus  
of an unread book of poems  
lay hidden a card

the token of a gift

inked in skeletal scribbles  
indecipherable

but for five words

indelible in dusty piles' ravage

speaking the gifter's voice

time has come  
right now  
ripened  
to read the book of poems  
honor my words.

read when you forget me.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Going Back

The shell hides the churning within,  
Composed till breaks forth  
A new bunch of feelings  
With no shell  
No holds barred  
All ready to take on the world.  
A transitory battle is waged  
Till the soil envelops.  
The shell is back underground!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Graveyard In The Woods

I stopped to give silence a chance  
Where the fogs rise and the fireflies dance  
I felt the quietude had been in wait all along  
Never turning to despair though it was long!  
The diggers gone with their shadowy hoods  
The darkness slowly enveloped the woods  
Light was irrelevant, so was turning round  
I belonged here, this ancient burial ground!  
There was no apparition no ghostly sight  
The graves glistened in the dreamy starlight  
Once death seems glorious, life pales soon  
I celebrated the freedom watched by the moon!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# The Great Escape

Living in the same stretch of forest  
He was suffering from acute boredom  
What came to his mind he knew best  
The animal decided to leave his kingdom.  
Perhaps he was tired of the same old story  
And decided to explore new territory  
Or ran partner-less and sought a new mate  
So tried a new path thought it the best bet.  
After walking for miles throughout the day  
He found a tall fence obstructing his way  
He halted on his track gave a growling sound  
Looked for some opening some way around.  
Before him lay temptingly sprawling greens  
He thought he must go there by any means  
Then like a flash an idea crossed his head  
There was no looking back he must go ahead.  
Going back some length he gave a mighty spring  
Flew over the barricade like a bird on its wing  
It was a miracle he could land on his feet  
Stranger still the fact the animal made it.  
It was dreamlike he felt supreme pleasure  
Roared in joy at the newly found treasure  
But soon he felt himself an intruding stranger  
Others of his tribe considered him outsider.  
They looked upon him in utter disdain  
Here he was no king nor could he reign  
After a month or so he yearned for his home  
Longed for the land he could freely roam.  
He thought only of taking a quick flight  
Once more overcome the fence's tall height  
You know what one can do with freedom in sight  
The tiger escaped the park leapt the 18 feet height!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Gun In My Hand

I have the gun in my hand  
If I shoot you on the head  
You're a dead duck.

If I miss  
It's your good luck.

I have the gun in my hand  
If I shoot you on your leg  
You're a lame duck.

If I miss  
It's your good luck.

I have the gun in my hand  
If I shoot you in the eyes  
You're a blind duck.

If I miss  
It's your good luck.

I have the gun in my hand  
But in this game  
It's your heart I aim.

And if I miss  
I'll run out of luck.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Happiness Within

You have gone thru the roughest race  
Reached farthest lands and seas  
To find the pot of happiness  
And fulfill your dreamiest wish!  
You have taken the wildest ride  
Down there and up so high  
Swum against the highest tide  
To seek where happiness lies!  
In love you have sought happiness  
You haven't found it in success  
It isn't there in fame or greatness  
Nor in the most wonderful place!  
Having traveled for it many a mile  
You think where does happiness hide?  
While it's there for getting all the while  
Waiting to be reaped from inside.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Haunting Smell

Not a thought that me haunts,  
A smell,  
That in fiery times me lends  
Respite from hell.  
It's no fragrance wafted in air  
No sweet scent,  
It I feel right there  
As healer of torment.  
I smelled it first  
From my time in her cavern  
It was to begin my thirst  
For the love of a woman.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Hidden I

I hide my eyes behind dark glass  
Paint weird colors on my hair  
Day and night with a painter's brush  
I try if I can catch a stare!  
I want to be noticed, I want to be seen  
I want to rise high  
I want to be admired, I'm so keen  
To be a star among stars of the sky!  
All those layers of colored grease  
Give me a space to hide  
The hidden 'I' say, 'Love me please,  
Take me for a trail blazing ride'  
I want to be noticed, I want to be heard  
But who the hell is that 'I'?  
I'm still on the lookout and I've grave doubt  
If ever I shall know it, if ever afore I die!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Hooded Horseman

When behind closed doors, in slumbers' shackle bound  
Weary eyes dream in bliss, the world makes no sound  
He's out on round to reach each door in hunt of his man  
His face unseen but he sees them all, the hooded horseman!  
One night he stopped at a door on hearing a painful moan  
The agony in it was so intense, melted his heart of stone  
He went in to find a man, in pain's utter anguish  
Mumbling 'o god have pity on me take me away please'  
The hooded man greatly moved asked him what's the cause  
The streaming sobs of his painful cry was in what remorse  
All the while as he said these words, never took off his hood  
For he couldn't, knowing it well, it would do the man no good!  
The man replied 'in my ripe old age I'm left alone  
With ailments, without a care, as all my own are gone,  
So I asked god to take me off, I can't bear it anymore  
Staying alive with crumbling bones and festering bedsores!  
The hooded man said 'wait a while, let me see to it,  
If it's there, your name, features in tonight's list,  
He scanned it hard then shook his head 'nothing I can do,  
There're names galore for outbound trip, not one of them is you'  
Saying thus he mounted his horse, here he was needed no more  
The hooded horseman on his ceaseless errand, galloped to another door!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Indomitable

Hoot me out  
Boot me out  
Shoot me out  
Root me out,  
But have no doubt,  
You can't wipe me out.  
Throw me out  
Blow me out  
Turn me out  
Burn me out,  
But have no doubt,  
I'll once again sprout.  
Through fire and rain,  
Surviving all the pain,  
I'll be here again.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Innocence In Your Eyes

Amid the dense foliage  
You're caught in my lens  
Your eyes that me amaze  
In them the innocence!  
My lens seek not the plumage  
Nor their colors in the light  
Your eyes that me amaze  
Their goodness burning bright!  
As they quietly close in  
My hungrily probing lens  
To shoot you spotless clean  
With a laborious patience,  
Amid the dense foliage  
My senses taut and tense  
It's your eyes that me amaze  
Holding a sparkling innocence!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# The Invitation

One day the smoothness would turn to wrinkles  
When it can be seen wherefrom the invitation comes  
The eyes would not stumble on the bare skin  
Nor would the mind be deceived by flesh  
The truth would reveal itself gloriously  
The ears would know the music from the din!  
It's a freedom from the blind groping in the dark  
That so long was thought to be living in the light  
The slavery the warm blood shackles us with  
The youth blindfolding and turning us away  
From the mellow truth that comes only with age!  
In that prime time our bodies would be irrelevant  
Conversing without words in the language of soul  
Every little wants meaningless and no more pleasant  
Before the angelic celebration of having reached the goal!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Islander

A chance acquaintance on that island bus  
said he was eighty of age  
have fled for some years the city's rush  
on the island have rented a cottage.

I live in peace here the place is nice  
live life the way I please  
four hundred a month is no high price  
to pay for the freedom from leash.

No fan in my room I don't need one  
make do with a sixty watt light  
when my leisured day is fully done  
there's a bed for resting out the night.

But one regret my mind still bears  
no way now for it to recompense  
it took me so long my life's most years  
to know having little is big gains.

He got down from the bus one stop before me  
waved with his age shriveled hand  
he would never know how him I envy  
the loner in one remote island!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Killer

He held the gun pressed on her forehead

say what ya want to say before you're dead

but he left her with really no choice  
she couldn't speak gagged was her voice

this is one death I'll never mourn  
her response was a muffled groan

I have endured you long enough  
time for riddance, killing you won't be tough

say last words, your last prayer  
then let my bullet speak, end of nightmare  
never thought taking life would be such fun  
my freedom from you would flow from the gun

then he held before her a mirror

see yer eyes see there the horror  
the pathetic pleading the cowering appeal

sorry woman it's my time for the kill

the trigger clicked the man closed his eyes

no killer he was a good man in disguise

game up, he said, we made a perfect score

I'm happy it's over, will play this game no more

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Known Happiness

I welcome the known happiness  
Felt in the past somewhere in time  
When again they show up their face  
I know them from their trodden roads' grime!

I welcome the known happiness  
That once visited my address  
When they are back on my door  
After years' recess!

Welcome old happiness I tell them  
Hug them and dust off their travels' grime  
It's not dead yet is burning the flame  
Of my hope you would be back one more time!

They stay with me like good old mates  
Tell me they regret they were off for so long  
Hail me for having not closed mind's gates  
Then leave me leaving the trail of their song!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Lady By The Window

What she's doing there the whole day  
Sitting in the same posture on a chair  
By the window that brings in no wind  
Nor any floral perfume  
Though the window opens into a garden  
That's there without a reason  
For endless time without a season  
And keep you guessing if out there  
It's eternal summer or spring  
And if it's so the lady eternal  
Why she isn't in the garden  
Instead of sitting the day out  
In the same posture on the same chair  
Static and timeless  
In her expressionless face  
That holds neither joy nor sadness.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Last Hut

At the last hut of the village  
Lives the girl of tender age  
Her eyes though love filled  
Meet only the long paddy field!

Forlorn on a lonely summer noon  
She hugs her image on the stream  
Wishes on her way would come soon  
The boy she had found in her dream!

The last hut is ever too far  
But for the winds blown away  
None knows if ever a traveler  
Would stray to her door one day!

She hugs her image on the stream  
Washes her cute rice bran face  
If ever comes the boy of her dream  
Finds out her last hut address!

Her heart weaves a wish upon a star  
On moonlit nights in silvers' gleam  
Next morn if the boy comes to her  
She would ever cage him in her dream!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Last Journey Home

In a midnight dream with a pale moon overhead  
I make in the air for her a white linen bed  
Where her beauty can lie unspoiled and green  
Like years ago when I loved her innocent teen!  
Her face pales, my eyes dim in the moonlight  
My longing can't hold back the withering night  
The owls cry, the graveyard white hints her end  
She's gone and there's no beauty to defend!

When it's over, the last journey to be away  
The cold empty hearth leaves nothing to say  
We come back to us to ponder and rest  
The fire has gone out, there's no need for haste!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Last Post Before The Sea

There she would come every night  
at the last post before the sea  
her shadow stealing the starlight  
she crooned her lover a lullaby!

the waves breaking the craggy shore  
they would be coming nightlong  
keen to know what's in store  
if he would be drawn by her song!

atop the post he waited alone  
if ever a ship came that way  
faithfully flashing his earthly beacon  
streaking the sea's pathway!

she sang in the hope her notes would rise  
with the winds up there to reach him  
though he wouldn't see her he would surmise  
all her heart's yearning all her dream!

but his eyes only caught the waves' roll  
fathomed the distant horizon  
a ship must pass to soothe his soul  
to fulfill his waiting long alone!

he never knew the girl on the shore  
she sang him a loving lullaby  
up there alone behind closed door  
his love he lent out to the sea!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# The Last Train

When the last train chugs out of the station  
the doppler sound mingles  
with his unseen tears' flow

I got nowhere to go.

The lone small window will close  
chrome sun won't come soon  
night would echo in silent flow

I got nowhere to go.

They all went their home

a place on earth  
where a heart  
where a hearth  
sews a peace  
brews a love

only his eyes burn  
in fireflies' glow

I got nowhere to go.

In the crickets' hum  
sleep doesn't come  
and it's long since the last train rolled  
from this barren cold.

He can't make sense  
can't follow

Why he got nowhere to go!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Loft

A dark cavern  
Yawns wide  
Cobwebbed  
With corpses of storage  
Of prehistoric age,  
Went in long time  
Put stay  
Without again  
Seeing light of day,  
Untouched by squall  
on the wall  
In hibernation  
An archive  
Beyond retrieval,  
A black square hole  
Without a role  
In my living room,  
I'll never take a ladder  
to hold me aloft  
and peep inside the loft  
but let continue  
its slumberous mystery  
date prehistory

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Loser

She must now be fifty four.  
Her first love letter fifteen years younger!

The lover had long moved away  
She too went her way  
And the cramped years gave them little chance  
Except rare remembrances of their first romance!

The letter with the broken edges and clumsy write  
Must long be languishing far from daylight.

The girl it cannot be said if is content with her man  
The man has settled after surfing many a woman.

They remained just first lovers so willed the fate  
They would be a rosy memory each other's first date.

They gained not nor lost except their age and look  
The real loser is the love letter lying in unknown nook.

Still lives in the blind hope it would see her once more  
In the belief she is still fifteen and not fifty four!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Lost Carnival

The little one sees only life  
Grows up turns away  
Tentacles all over, even on the mind  
A suffocating pain for the time left behind!  
Words come in torrents  
Innocence distilled mirror  
Reflects only the cloudless sky  
But it arrives, bids fountain goodbye!  
On its path, one after one killed  
Hated but strangely self-willed  
Helpless in the face of destruction  
It stands, not one, not little  
Amidst the ruins of the mirror  
With the fragmented reflections  
Gone forever beyond retrieval  
Time to bemoan the lost carnival!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## The Luna(R) Tic (Top Hill 2)

When the night for the passing fairies stood breathless still  
The full moon in molten sorrow broke down the hill  
His eyes would fill with tears, his lips in anguish twitched  
In drunken murmurs of a lost soul in moon's spell bewitched.  
He would be up there on Top Hill silhouetted in moonlight  
Sinking in her spilling milk in ecstatic delight  
Watching the moon scale upon the meridian's peak  
In the inexplicable awe of a frenzied lunatic.  
There wasn't no full moon without him on Top Hill  
Perched on its crest dreaming to have his fill  
Sailing in the silvery waves not knowing to anchor  
Pledging his eyes to the moon till they couldn't take anymore.

One night as he climbed up to bathe in the blinding white  
The glowing disc was too much to behold, his heart stopped in fright  
They found him atop Top Hill, his eyes in wide gaze  
In them lay captured, his last moon's passage.

The coroner opined that his heart failed him  
To the taxing trek uphill he fell a victim  
But the real cause, they would never get it right  
That night having his fill, he died of moonlight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Man Sitting Next In The Bus

around are men moving faceless  
a blurred streak in the rush  
a nonentity with no address  
like the man sitting next in the bus!

who looks up and who sees  
the lump of one moving mass  
like a line of disparate trees  
we're men sitting next in the bus!

boarders on traveling wheel  
chained in creed and class  
who does bother to feel  
the man sitting next in the bus!

the world would have been so nice  
had mine weighed lesser than us  
but who would pay the small price  
for the man sitting next in the bus!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Man Who Was Tuco

Precariously perched on crossed log  
Around his neck tightening noose  
Did once repent the most lovable thug  
Why only wealth did he choose?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Masked Man

The masked man would come to my window  
but never crossed the grill to be inside  
he seemed to fly while talking of tomorrow  
what he spoke took me on a dark ride!

I see you child progressing to be a man  
moving places running races knowing need  
reaching farthest far and beyond till the span  
feels too long and you're weary of the speed!

I see you child going on a long trek  
falling down getting up roaming wild  
find a heart make a home and then break  
in that wilderness sob like a child!

I see you child wide awake in the night  
burning for pride hollow vain  
while flickers out the last candlelight  
darkness drowns the gathered gain!

As my fever weighs heavy on eyes sleepless  
the dawn seems mercilessly slow  
I know what he meant by a child's progress  
the masked man that came to my window!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# The Master Innovator

Last night too came the demon  
My sleeping face he held on stare  
Pierced eyelids and had me thrown  
To the darkest abyss of nightmare!

He enjoys the way I shrink  
As he cruelly muddles my dream  
Makes a quicksand for me to sink  
Claps in glee at my woeful scream!

He turns turbulent the serenest beach  
Rides me up the scariest cliff  
His stretched hands always out of reach  
The master that he is at mischief!

The demon frequents my nights of late  
Himself going sleepless for the fun  
Innovating new terrors 'neath blanket  
Conjuring fears where there's none!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Matchstick

When the path is dark  
The great sayings I forget.  
The words of wisdom,  
Years of sermons,  
They appear so void and useless,  
So hollow and lightless!  
Amid the menacing clouds  
That tries to run me down  
And makes the way out of sight,  
A simple thing does the magic -  
A lean wooden matchstick!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Mead Was Green

My heart doesn't bleed  
My eyes do not wet  
For too long I'm in the parched mead  
For too long and it's late!  
When I came the mead was green  
I could sow in the fertile land  
The river was flowing joyfully clean  
Not losing its way in the sand!  
But I sowed only venom and fire  
They drove away the waiting rain  
Lo there was no green that dreams aspire  
Dark nights howled in pain!  
I let it go on for too long  
The river dried up like my tears  
Blood took away the last bird's song  
Leaving mead of wasted years!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Mind Of Now

For the time gone we pine  
To once there be back again  
Drink that plane's nectarous wine  
Under the sky of powdered rain!

Still isn't ripe under blackberry tree  
The child's innocence its dreams starry  
Lies there dormant the unserved need  
In morning dew buried in weed!

Where has gone that lived in space  
Shining bright in summers' recess  
The doleful noons in imagined voyage  
On painted seas sans anchorage!

Why it's so we live in past  
With it obsessed in longing lust  
The mind of now feels painful numb  
Present seems void yawning vacuum!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Mist Will Clear

The mist will clear, have no doubt  
Surely the sun is going to come out  
If you are intent and eager to hear  
Its rays in your ears will softly whisper  
"It won't remain ashen, the sky will be blue  
A new day is brewed just for you! "  
Warm tea on table, papers unfurled  
You get going for news of the world  
Refreshed once more, with hope your eyes gleam  
Yesterday is nothing but a forgotten dream  
You are revived, ready to spread wing  
Geared for the new, different something!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Moon At Midnight

Veiled in the night's mistiness  
Her rivers flow wispy white  
The earth shines in her grace  
When the moon comes at midnight.  
Our years have drifted out of sight  
I have gone out of your mind  
If we ever meet in the moonlight  
If we ever once again find  
Each other as strangers on the way  
Unfamiliar souls burning with desires  
To each other we would say  
Let's rebuild the lost years  
Once more in our hearts aspire  
A love of youthful spright  
Turn back cinders into fire  
Burn with the moon at midnight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Moon On The River

Alone on the riverbank,  
In the sunset breeze,  
I felt unloved.  
Just then the evening dawned.  
Emerged the tranquil moon  
And the silvery ripples said,  
'It can't be'.  
I dipped into the silence  
The river poured in me.  
The moon emerged full.  
It said, 'you are not unloved'  
'There's always someone for you'.  
At peace with the river,  
I took the last boat home.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Moon Outside

Over it you pour  
Home isn't home anymore  
Outside is it light or dark?  
You are busy at work!  
It's pretty  
The synthetic luminosity  
You get used to it  
The moon outside  
Is all shit!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# The Morning After

The morning after knocked my door  
To say, 'your father is no more'  
It's just like any other day  
Except he won't say, 'Son, hey'!  
I know he can't be gone far  
To become a speck, a faraway star  
I don't need a voyage on land and sea  
But he's there, very much within me!  
Now with him no external ride  
I won't see him standing beside  
No sounds, no words I can hear from him  
From now on I would have him only in my dream!  
Deathless he would come back and so he would remain  
Ensuring my soul doesn't succumb to pain  
The cycle goes on, go on it must  
From me to the next, when I become dust!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Morning Messenger

The most awaited,  
fresh baked  
is what he brings  
on my table  
each morn.  
I sip with tea  
the crispy fare  
that's soon forgotten  
in the mad rush.  
He's the bearer  
of my daily habit  
slipping thru my door  
what's soon to find way  
into trash-bin.  
He's a faceless guy,  
the harbinger of good and bad  
that when himself dies  
makes no news!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Night Flyer

Carrying silence on its wings  
Over the night's city  
The bat moans unheard by men.  
Softly it flies in hunt for food  
The noise down below seems distant,  
An alienating sound he never was a part of,  
His flight engraved on the pale moon.  
There's so little time, morning will come soon.  
But the city spews up only soot  
His search is despairing for a tree bearing fruit.  
Oblivious life noisily flows below  
Consigning the bat to a death of doom,  
There's no food and morn will come soon.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Night Of Judgment

Quietly they came stood around my head  
It was last night, my date with the dead.  
Their faces were veiled, their presence a wispy flow  
The room was thickly filled with an ethereal glow.  
I didn't know why I was struck with guilt  
Scared as if for me a gallows was being built,  
These aliens of faraway were not there for peace  
But had come to be repaid with the final justice,  
My love they sought, a little of my care  
That I never gave them, never did share.  
Their hearts pined for it, I never felt their pain  
And now it's too late, they're back with disdain.  
I lay benumbed while I was carried to the noose  
The verdict was foregone, death's what they chose.  
So friends love and care, it's for what you are sent  
So that you feel no guilt on the night of judgment!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Night Says

Why bother the loss of daylight  
When it brings the luring night  
With her beauty of moon and star  
That says another day is not very far!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Older You Got

Banters here and there  
Sweeping pollens off your hair  
By now you must know dear  
All those pretexts to draw you near!  
Long years together couldn't wipe out  
My happiness at just hanging around you  
There never was a shade of doubt  
The older you got you got to be more new!  
Playing clowns and childish pranks  
Hiding away your much loved piggy banks  
Deliberate acts to bring a blush on your face  
You must know dear constitutes my happiness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Omnipotent

It's said He sees all,  
Your acts and even your thoughts,  
And scores how you perform  
Not for self but for others,  
Things you do  
To make this place more habitable,  
Words you speak  
That bring more solace than pain,  
Hands you touch  
That feel thrilled than shrunk,  
Eyes your eyes fall on  
Light up with hope.  
It's also said,  
He sees all but is unmoved  
Because He can't help it.  
The Good and the Bad  
Are both his making  
And he is part of both,  
So he can't reward or punish,  
How can he,  
The One who has created  
A compartmentalized world?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Ones Left

The news has just come

He's dead.

In his garden the flowers bloom

Oblivious

He's no more.

His house breathes sorrow

He would have boarded the train today  
and come back tomorrow!

Come back he will now

Whitened in frozen breath

Silently receiving  
Untimely wreath!

She and their son  
Brutally torn  
Will enter not a house but hell  
Without him but with his smell  
Each object still warm  
With his touch of care

And their wails  
will rend the night air!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# The Ones You Love

Keep them close hold them tight  
with them be as long you can  
love them whole day and night  
life is too brief a span!

Bonds are fragile time merciless  
frail is the bridging link  
fleeting are moments of small happiness  
go would they all in a wink!

Keep them to you as long you can  
give them the all you own  
fill as much this short span  
love them not leave them alone!

Days wear out past comes fast  
forever is a figment of solace  
love them hard so long they last  
treasure them in warm embrace!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Only Truth

As so truly they say  
God's gift is each day  
For us to play our part  
To live and love with all our heart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Other Half

My only weakness is a woman  
A woman is my strength  
Without her I'm a half man  
Longing to be full length!

A woman fills the half of me  
Without her I just can't do  
Sans her I'm half empty  
And know she needs me too!

Her only weakness is a man  
A man is her strength  
Without him she's a half woman  
Longing to be full length!

A man fills the half of her  
Without me she just can't do  
Sans me she's half empty  
And knows I need her too!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Other Man

When you seek a dark spot  
when you prefer night's shadow  
when you pray no eyes can find you  
see the other man.

The other man,  
he walks in the fire  
with an erased past,  
a slipping-fast present,  
and a stale-bread future!  
The other man,  
who knows he has to smile  
on his horrendous walk  
through grueling moments,  
drag himself on  
along the summer asphalt  
and not burn out his zeal for life.

When you seek a place to hide,  
seek an asylum to escape,  
find out the other man  
inside you.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Other Side Of Moon

You are there so close  
Yet the desire in me grows  
Outbound I search outside  
Not knowing where the shadows hide!  
I could easily touch your hand  
Make with you castles in the sand  
It never comes or it is too soon  
I wait for the other side of moon!  
Shadows vibrate with throbs of pain  
It's over and will never be again  
Your face sinks in the morbid ocean of night  
The other side of moon goes eternally out of sight!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Other Side Of Truth

Truth is evil  
when it crushes  
our will to live!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Passage

In the storm  
The boat left without me.  
I came all the way  
Through rugged terrain  
In blinding rain  
Piercing impenetrable darkness  
To reach the shore  
And sail away.  
In the blazing sun  
The bus left without me.  
I came all the way  
In the blistering heat  
Over the melting asphalt  
In blinding haze  
To reach the stop  
And move away.  
But I know  
They'll come back for me  
At the high noon,  
And it's then,  
They'll not leave without me.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Philosopher And The Mouse

A lonely mouse  
In a lonely house  
With a lonely piece of bread  
A lonely philosopher  
On a lonely bed  
With the lonely thoughts in his head!  
It was a queer coincidence  
Though both of them aloof  
They were in true essence  
Were living under one roof!  
The philosopher gave a laugh  
Shaking his disheveled head  
'Mere thoughts are not enough,  
I can't live without bread'  
The mouse whined in regret  
'It's really no good  
Such is my fate  
I only think of food'  
The philosopher without bread  
Not a word he could carve  
With no thoughts in its head  
The mouse didn't starve!  
The philosopher thought the mouse  
He really couldn't befriend  
Though they shared the same house  
They couldn't unite in the end!  
If only they could share  
With each other thoughts and bread  
It could be a great affair  
In the way fairytales are made!  
But they never made a start  
The philosopher and the mouse  
And lived poles apart  
In the lonely decrepit house!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# The Photographer

A lens crazy guy he clicks at fast pace  
At all leisurely moment, available recess,  
Faces, landscapes, each fragment of life  
Untiringly imaging his children and wife.  
At home, when away, his eyes are on the look  
For hunting out objects from the darkest nook  
He freezes everything nothing escapes his lens  
Sunlight and shadows and season's first rains.  
Years roll by his bag of catch brims full  
He clicks away in passion with one simple rule  
That none of his shots should ever include him  
Only preserve in its frame each passing dream.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Poet's Reward

The urge to knock one door  
find access to one heart  
get one eye to seek more  
heal one soul from hurt

that gives all toil's reward  
serves all labor's cause  
when by touch of one word  
is born one ponderous pause

one halt gives a priceless gain  
one like a pure pleasure  
one word blunts all edge of pain  
makes rich of royal treasure

the poet craves for one audience  
is not above the greed  
lusts one mind's caring presence  
one eye's fleeting read

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Pyre

He smiles as the pyre is lit for him  
He had seen it all often in his dream  
Its coming shadowed him day and night  
As the fire engulfs him, he feels no fright  
Calm in his thought of leaving behind the living  
He listens to the hymns they mournfully sing!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Rebel Lives On

Bygone days were rebellious  
He thought dead under dust of time  
Youth though a little atrocious  
Its fieriness was superbly sublime.  
In the mellowed wintry weather  
When to the shore the tired boats sail  
It's back once again, knows the father,  
In his son comes alive the rebel.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Rickshaw Puller

Somehow he pulls along  
He breathes  
In his little width of life,  
He gasps  
In making that width  
When moves flesh  
That far outweighs  
What he gets at the ride's end,  
Sweats it out in the sun  
Splashes in the rain  
A pedaling run  
Joyless but gritty  
That if can be made  
Would fetch him his bread  
From the rider in comfort  
To the puller who transports  
Mountains of loads  
Knowing not to pause  
Till drawn by fate  
For a rest in sunset!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The River And The Sea

I sat in the silence of the riverbank  
Watching the river going to the sea  
Riding on her waves  
To her oceanic lover  
Who must embrace her  
And become one in union!  
I imagined myself on the bride's side  
Sending her off  
To her majestic groom!  
The sun lit the river's path,  
Dressed her in orange-red  
Before its own flame  
Sank in her water!  
As the last heron left the river  
Carrying on her wings  
The fading daylight,  
It was my time to go home,  
Sadly knowing though,  
Tomorrow,  
When the river would be on her way  
To yield once more to her lover,  
I would not be on her bank.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Roadside Tap

The beggar quenches his thirst  
The clerk fill his bottle must  
From its spout pouring water's gush

Don't ask one belongs to which class!

In the conglomerate of disparity  
It stands a symbol of equity  
At everyone's beck and call

Flowing for one and all!

It's like for all one stop  
Pause here a thief and a cop  
Throats parched in summer heat

Get cooled in its reviving treat!

An oasis on any sun-burnt day  
Its sparkling drops seem to jovially say  
Come friend get cooled in my gush

I'll never ask you your class!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Salesman Returns

The day was a mishap.  
Dry and arid  
No wind blew  
And in the oppressive heat  
Nothing seemed to click.  
The doors I knocked  
Didn't yield,  
The men I tried to reach,  
Replied staunch refusals,  
The deals so badly needed  
Questioned my survival.  
Bruised and battered for no gain,  
I took refuge in the night.  
My sleep returned them all,  
The daytime monsters I chased,  
Goblins, dybbuks, ghouls,  
Specters of my torments –  
Taking turns to chase me!  
When the soft balm of sun  
Opened my eyes,  
I was back on the road  
With dreams of  
Open doors  
Smiling faces  
And deals with friendly monsters!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# The Scribe

From behind smoke  
scribes the words' kitbag  
his mind reveals.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Sea And She

Her feet dancing on the white sands  
Her hairs toyed with by the breeze  
Waving in joy her sea-drenched hands  
Her olive skin forgot their crease.  
How ageless she became under mid-noon sky  
Turning feverishly playful and wild  
Matching the seagull in its hunting cry  
Turning once again into a child!  
Not someone's mother somebody's wife  
A pretty little girl she was once again  
Unshackled from a mundane life  
Gushing out like a revived fountain!  
I didn't want these magical moments to rush  
Became a part of her romantic whims  
Found once more a long forgotten crush  
Dreamt lost yet timeless dreams!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Shadow On The Window

Her dark silhouette moved beyond the grilled window  
Was she a living woman, an apparition, or a shadow?

In the evening sitting there her head bowed low  
I loved to think of her a ghost on the window.

That house from ours was within a stone's throw  
At that time looked remote now only I know.

Her hands they always moved what she was up to  
Was she knitting corpses' shroud I had little clue.

Don't look at her, mom would say, stay away from her  
Her words ran me down the window didn't seem far.

Quickly I shut my eyes there was no way I could dare  
To ignore mom's caution and had her in my stare.

I went back to my homework not that I much willed  
But lessons had to be learnt pages had to be filled.

I heard ghosts could pass through wall anyplace they could be  
What if she had stopped her work and come looking for me?

I sat frozen in benumbed fear my courage they all fled  
For courage would be of no use when dealing with the dead.

I wasn't safe alone cried out 'mom' to find her I frightfully ran  
Passed by the house the grilled window but there wasn't a woman.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Shining Lamp

An angel that goes around  
With his shining lamp,  
A poet earth bound  
Leaves his stamp  
On fresh drops of dew  
Old thoughts ringing anew,  
He showers the budding minds  
Praising words he surely finds,  
Always encouraging a born mate,  
Seeds hopes for a blooming poet.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Silent Zone

Past the firework  
Is reached the silent zone,  
Deadly barren and dark  
There you are all alone.  
It's the land of winter night  
Where lies the grave of summer tale,  
You cry over them in the fading light,  
Dusting memories that stubbornly pale!  
The frame you carried with such pride  
Is soon turned to a wrinkled heap,  
Leaving for you no nook to hide  
Except your cold heart to silently weep!  
A fearful calm stalks you like your shadow,  
Leads you into the abyss of silent zone,  
Despairs inside you mercilessly burrow,  
You know you were all along alone!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Soil's Tears

The soil knows the burden of tears  
The earth's sadness that it bears  
Through endless battles for territory -  
Only the soil knows it has no boundary!  
Blood spills on it, falls toil's sweat,  
Muscle's ravage decides the weak's fate  
Cries of desperation and victory's cheers  
All these the soil tearfully bears!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Spell

A low monotone 'snip snip snip'  
Drooping heads as in slumber deep  
The mirrors reflect telling it all  
The shed strands quietly fall.  
Goes on the buzz 'snip snip snip'  
Are they awake or in deep sleep?  
Getting off-loaded here's no hike  
Lines of souls sit vampire-like.  
No one speaks it's nobody's call  
Heads mildly roll, tissues fall  
Shrouded white from world disguised  
The snipper's spells have them hypnotized.  
The stupor breaks once ends the ride  
A cruel world is waiting outside  
The spell was so short, it's a pity  
Time again for back to reality!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Stranglers

The path wined through the jungle their tread was cautious slow  
Walk they must still a long way till the sun goes down below  
They carried with them precious merchandise monies earned from trade  
What dangers lay on their way what would befall them they were afraid.

They walked ceaseless in worried face their words broke the silence  
The shadows lengthened it bothered them still long was the distance  
As luck would have it there came along a retinue of tradesmen  
They too were heading the same way carrying with them trade's gain.

Thank god we have met you for we carry with us good treasure  
The way is not safe we have heard dangers lurk in immense measure  
We would be secure if we travelled together in large number's strength  
For our wealth we must safe keep till we reach the journey's length.

As was proposed so was done they befriended and resumed their way  
Warmly chatting sharing anecdotes not knowing when passed the day  
When came evening they halted at a place set up camps there for the night  
Unburdened themselves for rest and gossip enveloped in glow of moonlight.

They discussed business profits bargains the many losses and gains in deals  
Smoking hookahs chewing betel leaves passing time till served their meals  
When dinner was over they sat together shrouded in smoke and night's song  
Basking in friendship not once doubting tomorrow would never come along.

Behind each man sat another one a silent sign game was on play  
Eyes roamed on eyes death in disguise waited to fall on its prey  
Then came one call ominous and small a voice said let's take break  
In one clean swift sweep fastened handkerchiefs strangled the unaware necks.

In less than a minute stopped each heartbeat with such precision was it made  
Bodies lay still the hunters got their kill without much struggle and bloodshed.  
They buried each corpse leaving no trace the two groups became one  
In the name of Kali they had used the noose got the booty for a job well done.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# The Street Hawker

From the day his mother died  
He had no time to mourn  
Coz the very next morn  
The same robe he had to adorn  
Same food he served door to door  
Forgetting mother is no more!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Stubborn Lover

Up the tree high up from ground  
the stubborn lover makes a metallic sound  
if from the foliage can reach his voice  
a mate finds out makes him her choice.

The summer noon is deep lonesome  
hot winds blow in somber hum  
'neath gray sky he strums in wait  
a soulful beat in search of mate.

She seems so close yet never too nigh  
his breast breathes out sigh on sigh  
Spring is gone soon will come rain  
yet finds no soul to dispel his pain.

He doesn't give up calling from morn  
if comes his way a heart lovelorn  
I too want he gets his mate  
the stubborn lover coppersmith barbet.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Sunshine Spot

A dim shadow of memories of a time that flew away  
In the sunshine spot of heart, the child is still at play  
The child is still there, his face glowing in smile  
Though what came of him traveled many a mile  
He wanted to be a man; it's what he really willed  
He didn't know the vagaries of life's battlefield  
Man he did become steering the rough ride  
But the child survived somewhere deep inside  
It's what makes us go, keeps our heart clean  
Always lying there, in the sunshine spot within!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Tap

The leaking tap dripped all night  
Tip tip tip  
Sleep took a flight  
Dream couldn't reap!

First thing next morn  
A plumber I must call  
How I scorn  
The goddamned tap its nightlong fall!

Poor tap has a mind of its own  
Screwed at men's free will  
Left in dripping groan  
Its pain who can feel!

Yet it doesn't bend  
Will fill the bucket  
When the plumber will mend  
Valve and socket!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Taunting Silence

The curtain quietly rustles in the taunting silence  
Bearing no mocking shadows to bridge the distance  
For death is certainly the ultimate solemn toast  
There's no getting back of even a faintest ghost!  
Nothing but a fading smell that's not really much  
Other than the living one's yearning for a touch  
For words left unsaid and relations that never grew  
Alas no rewinding, a once more living through!

The leaves on the grave rustle in the taunting silence  
The gnawing pain inside, no phantom lessens!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Teaseller

From pieces of woodsticks  
the tea seller makes a fire  
in the night of summer,  
people sip tea  
as they merrily  
talk politics.

When rises the first star of night  
day flickers out in the earthen lamp  
shadows dance in the oil's light  
finds toil's pause a resting camp.

Wispy smokes fly from the kettle spout  
outside the long night awaits day  
sip the lips elixir of thirsty mouth  
claypot's brew finds anew demons to slay.

Fires fly as fireflies dance around  
stars find the earth below glowing hot  
words dry empty minds dims sound  
eyes crave for escape to dream's cot.

The last cup winds up the day's cash  
marks the night skylight in cricket clocks  
weary hands beneath a tree throw the ash  
time to count gathered amount in the tinbox.

Night then devours light's last post  
his feet walk the soil of his years' trail  
this lonesome hour he loves the most  
when his wishes with the winds to the heavens sail.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Timeless Twig

Time stands still on the twig.  
The sky keeps changing colors,  
Blue, dark, ivory, violet -  
She grows old, I turn feeble  
Ego, enmity, jealousy fade  
Our stories dry up to the end!  
The twig remains there,  
Braving rain, bad weather,  
It doesn't break, doesn't complain,  
Endures mutely the passing of pain,  
Standing robust under the changing sky,  
Reshaped landscape, agony's cry,  
With no wars to fight, no belief to defend,  
It is there to see us reach the dead end!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Traveller

Amid the rustles of leaves,  
he strains his ears  
to hear the footsteps  
gone before him.  
Through the web of mist  
that rises from under his feet,  
his eyes probe intensely  
for the trail of the traveller  
he walked with yesterday.  
The jungle stiffly silent  
hides the secret deep within  
veiling it in dark shrubs.  
The man feels a smoke  
rise in his eyes,  
'where is the traveller,  
who just the day before,  
walked with me? '  
His questions  
more like wailings  
rend the unresponding wind.  
Before him as far as the eyes go  
stretches the unending path.  
He begins the search once again  
not knowing  
the next traveller is on his trail.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# The Tribe Of Poets

Blessed are the poets  
who read more and write less!

burn up nights in passion's flame  
breathe in breathe out every poem  
hours rewarded in busy ingest  
no repenting on forsaken rest  
a drift a wind a stormy rush  
din of mirth a grievous hush  
won't forgo once embark  
heart's vent in light or dark  
like a mission promise to keep  
wake they up in a world asleep  
read and read till the seeds are sown  
in heart sprouts up own poem full grown!

Blessed be their tribe  
for them the poeendom thrives!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Ugly Line

I want to erase that ugly line.  
It's not seen but it's there  
Between you and me  
Day and night  
Deep down  
Eating  
Thru  
Us!  
You  
And I  
Created  
And allowed  
That line to grow  
And build between us  
A rift that makes us enemies  
Drifting away as two islands!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Ugly, The Bad And The Good

The ugly is no face no color no skin  
It you won't find on surface  
The ugly also known as bad's worse twin  
May hide beneath a pretty face.  
None is born ugly but later convert  
Lured by power and greed  
Ugly is ugly from meanness of heart  
A shameless and self centred creed.  
Bad for this world that it usually rules  
Dominates politics and governance  
Both bad and good are to ugly easy fools  
Victims of ugly's pretense.  
The clan of ugly raises its head  
To shed blood and wage wars  
When ugly reigns the good falls dead  
Struck by its satanic curse.  
The bad is one that lives on threshold  
Can go with either on ride  
Deviant of good its soul isn't sold  
If wants can switch to good's side.  
Bad isn't as bad as ugly can be  
It has quite a few streaks of good  
It still has the choice to make itself free  
And be as good as it could.  
The good is surely of the three the only wise  
That serves without craving for glory  
Makes for us this earth a paradise  
Hardly finds a place in history.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Unhappy King

The king says with a long grim face  
My wealth brings me no happiness  
With all the courtesans around my throne  
There's no fulfillment and I feel all alone.  
My courtiers have only good words for me  
I know they're not genuine but mere flattery  
They smile at my smiles and frown if I frown  
They wouldn't have cared a fig but for my crown.  
You may not know but my crown feels so heavy  
With the curses of my people for the taxes I levy  
They suffer to see me in wealth and affluence  
The king's might make them bear it in silence.  
You may envy me for all my treasure trove  
Not knowing how much I pine for little love  
Crave for freedom and life's little pleasures  
That cannot be bought with all my treasures.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Unsolved Case Of Mr. Steve

The air smelt of doom  
Mystery hung in the room  
No one was allowed to leave  
Right on the job was Mr. Steve.  
One by one they were called  
He had them mauled  
With questions often uncouth  
But he had to get to the truth.  
The smart as well as the shy  
Had something for alibi  
The tall and lean Mr. Brown  
Said he was out of town  
Ms. Percival said she wasn't there  
Had gone out to see a theater  
Mr. Hubbard was stubbornly quiet  
His face pale and ashen white  
Ms. Christie who leant on a crutch  
Was talking irrelevant too much.  
Each one of them denied having heard  
Any sound that could take them off guard  
Tim the butler slept through the night  
Janice heard nothing after putting out the light.  
Mr. Steve fumed as his vexation grew  
Knowing for sure not all said was true  
The murder has been committed by one of them  
Who could it be in this hide-and-seek game?  
Was the offence committed for material gain?  
Who could benefit from these men and women?  
Or could it be, more ghastly and strange,  
The murder was done as an act of revenge?  
He couldn't find flaws with any of alibi  
There was no evidence to nail down the lie  
He found it unsolvable, and that irked Mr. Steve  
His reputation was at stake as a great detective.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Unsure Man

It was tough job going home from the evening shift  
he would keep coming back before taking the lift  
stand gazing intently at the office noticeboard  
umpteenth time reading the roster word by word!

Not sure he had seen it right would find someone out  
tell him please see my morrow's shift to dispel his own doubt  
I want to be doubly sure haven't missed out something, mate,  
please do me this favor I'll give you one cigarette.

Knowing him well that man would say for you can find it out  
but one fag is not enough to clear all your doubt  
will tell you the morrow's shift surely dear mate  
only if at the canteen give me the treat of one omelette.

After the deal was fully done would end this funny affair  
convinced of next day's schedule he would come downstairs  
the night already was quietly deep with not a soul on the road  
it had taken him quite some time to decipher the noticeboard!

When came the tram splitting the night below a crescent moon  
he would raise his hand but strangely wouldn't board it soon  
till someone would drag him in much against his will  
knowing he would be stranded if he missed the last vehicle.

The dogs' bark welcomed him home as he reached its door  
the neighborhood was in slumber known by buzzing snore  
but then told him his riddled mind he certainly couldn't tell  
if at all this was his home and he should ring the bell!

As he stood quite confused with the minutes growing more  
light footsteps were heard inside a woman opened the door  
he asked her if a man of his name was residing in that house  
it's no time for such madness would pull him in his spouse!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Way You Want Me

I could be anything the way I wish  
A bowlful of food an empty dish  
A blade of grass or a redwood tree  
But I want to be the way you want me.

I could be anyone the way I wish  
Furrowed forehead or smiles that please  
A heart rigid or a mind that's free  
But I want to be the way you want me.

I could be a face covered with veil  
A man of dogma or with free will  
Kissing wind or a stinging bee  
But I want to be the way you want me.

I could be the man I thought I must  
Winner in suspicion loser in trust  
A narrow stream or the boundless sea  
But I want to be the way you want me.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Wayfarer

When the city gallops  
Uncomprehendingly fast in his slowness  
Wearying his blood wrinkling his face

He watches it go by at the bus stop.

No bus stops here anymore  
Get in get out then closed door  
But the shade homes wayfarer's wait  
If one sits broods on fate.

Contemplates mind how they're redundant  
Left and right all movers' want  
Sunset mellows in the time brewed find  
The redeeming way is the one left behind.

The city races in a maddening buzz  
The wayfarer only needs to trudge  
Back to the road now sunk in dust  
Retracing footsteps of love and trust!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# The Wife Of Seven Husbands

There's no love sated  
In one man, one woman  
It flows unabated  
For endless span!

In life she had seven husbands  
But love with her is buried where her tomb stands  
Many more might have come to her life  
The lady she's known as the seven husband's wife.

Empty would seem her heart's treasure trove  
If she had stuck to merely one love  
So when tired she banished one for good  
Found herself another as her soul's food.

She searched love towards that end made attempt  
But after a while grew familiarity's contempt  
Love is no water that can be held in one jerrycan  
When one man was exhausted was time for another man.

Often she fell for them drawn by their exterior  
Only to find afterwards their inferiority to her  
All their sweet talks were hollow in every bit  
Impossible was to endure their annoying habit.

Yet she didn't cease her search for love true sublime  
To bond in a relationship that would stand the test of time  
But that she never found remained empty her treasure trove  
She passed from one man to the other not found real love.

The seven men that failed her in love she ended their term  
For they unbeknownst to them had caused her fatal harm  
By not fulfilling her cherished goal not being loving husband  
Leaving her with no choice but with their blood to smear her hand!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Wilderness Within

The mirror above the washbasin  
Reflects a lonely face  
Eyes sad cheeks shaved clean  
They tell of an inner wilderness.  
A space that you alone traverse  
There's none but yourself to converse  
Outside the teeming world roars  
You are shut within closed doors.  
Soon you compromise for a sleep  
No dreams to soothe no relationship  
No lullaby to douse the heart's fire  
You embrace the dark, slip into its mire.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Witch

The house seemed to live on its own  
In the silence of a monster waiting prey  
Skin peeled off mossed abandoned  
In a gloom quite untouched by the day!

It was the house standing last in the lane  
Hidden in its dark ominous nook  
Locked in closed door windowpane  
Holding secret of a never opened book!

Not one sign of some life did it show  
Bar a glassed shadow in the candlelight  
Flickering for a while and then go  
Like a passing phantom of the night!

Never go anywhere near that door  
Cautioned us the elders in childhood  
It was said weren't seen anymore  
Those ventured had disappeared for good!

We found in that lane a peaceful space  
For a winter afternoon's cricket match  
Bowling and batting in low pace  
When the ball was in air shouting catch!

It happened one day jumped the fence  
A bounce took the ball past the wall  
The children were worried and tense  
Who would go to fetch it make a call!

None was ready to give the door a knock  
Having heard about the house its weirdness  
What would reveal once the knob was unlocked  
Peeped from it the most macabre face!

They left as I stood there alone  
With terror creeping to my core  
When the wood creaked with a groan  
Stood a woman on the opened door!

On her face shone a smile's beaming star  
As she held out the ball for my reach  
While I wondered what made them call her  
A bitch and child slaying witch!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Woman I Romanticize

The woman I romanticize.  
Her abode is not in my mind  
She has no place in my heart  
Her face is not in my eyes  
Her frame is not in my dream.  
Who is she then?  
Where I found her?  
When I met her?  
Where is she?  
You know it as do I.  
She isn't someplace  
She isn't someone  
She isn't part  
She isn't full  
She isn't love  
She isn't passion  
She isn't dead  
She isn't alive  
She's one I made  
In my bid to survive!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Wonder That Is Love

If love's wonder can't do it  
Nothing can  
If hearts can't meet  
We don't stand a chance, man.  
If love's wonder can't do it  
Nothing can  
If our paths never meet  
We aren't anywhere, man.  
If love's wonder can't do it  
Nothing can  
Coz hurdles only love can beat  
Nothing is more powerful, man.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The World For Yourself

Will you help?  
Or you need the world only for yourself.  
Then you needn't heed the warning bells,  
Sparrows are vanishing, so are squirrels  
Water hens and coucals are almost gone  
But you don't need them you wannabe alone.  
It's such a small thing disappearance of a bird  
Tiger is vanishing, not far is leopard  
It doesn't matter let your tribe grow  
Let them perish the thylacine and dodo.  
You can live alone so what for the howl  
You need no drongo no nightjar no owl  
Rhinos are butchered, gorillas only a few  
Not the wild asses must survive is you.  
You must alone rule with tooth and claw  
Let them all go the eagles and macaw  
The otter, the cheetah and the polar bear  
You needn't think till they're there.  
Then when they go it'll be too late  
To know on their survival depends your fate  
Even the smallest one lends you their help  
But you needed the world only for yourself.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The World Is Not In Ruins

They went to see the King.

The King's resplendent robe  
they all glorified

but in hushed whispers were heard

There's no robe  
The King is naked

but nagged them doubts  
surely their eyes were lying  
or the royal attire was too fine  
for naked eyes

what they saw  
shouldn't be seen.

It's then a child  
before the King boldly stood  
and upon his face said

You are nude.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# The World Will Move On

The lashing rain beat down on them  
The three puppies huddled and moaned  
There was no warmth worth its name  
The clouds thundered as they lay disowned!  
Death stared stark and cold on their face  
Insignificant little ones in the life's race  
The world will move on without these three  
Only with them will die a part of me!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# The Young Man From Spain

A young man from Spain  
Fell in a cold dark drain  
When asked, "Are you Mad? "  
Said, "No, I'm insane."  
This young man from Spain  
From the fall in considerable pain  
Attracted a large queue  
But him none did rescue.  
In his fall he saw no gain  
This injured guy from Spain  
He exclaimed "Oh, what surprise,  
I'm showered with only advice! "  
Many suspected his brain  
Asked if he was or wasn't in pain  
It really was suspect which side was sane  
The ones gathered or the man from Spain!  
"How funny" said the men and women  
"Surely your eyes were not open"  
Some said, "It's simple and plain,  
The fellow is plain insane."  
They said, "You should have been more alert  
More cautious and certainly more smart  
They all agreed the men and women  
He should not have been in the drain.  
The unfortunate man from Spain  
Wondered what's the bargain?  
Though pain made him blue  
Why was nobody coming to his rescue?  
They left the poor man to his fate  
Expressing anguish and regret  
We never knew which side was insane  
The crowd that gathered or the man from Spain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Then And Now

Your hair was then  
an ocean

Your feet  
nimble emotion

Your skin  
rice bran gold!

Now you're as old

as undiminished sunrise

in my eyes.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# There Won'T Be Another Like Me

When you get me off your mind  
Untie yourself to get free  
When you really leave me behind  
There won't be another like me.  
When you decide to part way  
I am no more the honey bee  
With whom you can anymore stay  
There won't be another like me.  
At nights when southern winds blow  
You lie under a canopy of tree  
Staring at the stars you will know  
There won't be another like me.  
Counting waves on a lonely shore  
When your face is kissed by the sea  
You will know from the tears that pour  
There won't be another like me.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# There's A Box

There's a box I bolted my sorrow  
But hear it knocking kicking to be out  
I keep it telling I'll free you tomorrow  
His prison he will break one day no doubt!

For the box gets old and the lock grows rust  
And sans my feeding sorrow isn't any frail  
Bides time in prison knowing one day must  
It's going to be free have me in its spell!

I write happy poems breed smiles as mate  
Use all my ink to drown sorrow's voice  
But sorrow in silence goes spinning its net  
I hear its cries rend sounds of joys!

There's a box I bolted my sorrow  
And would rather not worry when it breaks free  
I'm more than happy it's locked till tomorrow  
written on the box to be cheered by daily!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# There's A Visitor In Our House

There's a new visitor in our house  
Ghostly noises it's making in the night  
Not a bit bothered by our grumble and grouse  
It preys on our nerves keeping out of sight.

At wee hours is heard all the weird sound  
But it's silent when the light's switched on  
This invisible guest is not seen around  
Before the bulb's flicker it's gone.

Now this creature is giving us nightmare  
Making its presence felt at odd hours  
Wreaking our sleep and vanishing in thin air  
Holding us helpless victims in its powers!

A queer thing has happened since it began  
By no stretch of logic could we explain that  
Not one of them in the vicinity remain  
Gone from our house is all the cat.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# There's Nothing We Really Need

when my computer crashed  
I thought it took my everything

places, faces and moments photographed  
heart's words crystallized  
the years of making and preserving them

when they vanished without a trace  
consumed me an emptiness  
that remained no relic to remind me of the past  
to relive the times frozen on the frame  
and it seemed life was only half lived!

When lifted the clouds of sigh  
I gave my mind a peaceful heed  
I heard spoken within

there's nothing that we really need  
except a little space

to love and be loved!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# They Feed On My Fears

When I say I'm scared, know I'm speaking of ghost  
Freaky flimsy phantoms my fears love to host  
In the lonely nights, as I lie in the dark  
These spooky souls, on me disembark  
Move in my room in the weirdest possible forms  
Stoke my fear's fire raise eerie whisper's storms  
Gather around my bed with ghastly glowing eyes  
They aren't eyes of ghosts but burning fireflies  
They stink of rotten flesh, I smell in them my doom  
Of all places on earth, why they love my room?

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# They Leave At Dawn

Two innocent eyes look up at me  
Blue pleading watery eyes  
I catch that moment on my cellphone  
Before long they would be gone!

Come back cute fluff  
I croon in each dark corner  
Come back milk bright fur  
Come back silk smooth caress  
You can't have gone too far!

Crescent moon hides you in shadow  
Covers you the pale ashen star  
Come back not wrench my heart  
You can't have gone too far!

Why the ones I love don't stay long  
Like you I carry on my cellphone  
A few tunes and part composed song  
Hushed into dusty yellow tone!

Why I can't hold them back  
The ones I love disappear at dawn  
Go hide in the moon's shadow  
Leaving me bruised forlorn!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Thirty Minutes

The fire crackles as it feasts on his flesh  
burning all layers of skin  
soon it will crunch the bones ablaze  
gobble up the soul within!

When alive his mind was a mess  
dreams only fulfilled his wish  
now in the searing hot furnace  
finds peace in disintegrated piece!

Thirty minutes in this solitary chamber  
and he will come out to lie in an urn  
from dust to dust each part dismembered  
to be beyond all care and concern!

Soon his ashes will kiss the riverbed  
for him is marked no other fate  
will live the words vented his head  
the man the thinker the poet?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Thirty Minutes Together

When destiny threw them together  
for thirty minutes

they heard each other's heartbeats

thirty minutes together  
they were pair

he preened her feather  
she spread her bare

don't love me  
I'll soon go away  
he said broken voice

this thirty minutes together  
I'll cherish forever  
in her voice rejoice

and end of time  
they went their way

you love don't mean

you would forever stay.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# This Christmas Night

They don't see it in any different way  
it's for the like of them another day  
another day to sun in the chill  
another day without a square meal.

Then when comes the unfriendly night  
the cold bares fangs hounds for a bite  
a roofed mirage underneath warmth born  
to live it out till comes another morn.

If you break your run in reflective pause  
and feel inside a stir to act a Santa Claus  
weigh yourself high in the scale of spirit  
enlarge your hands so they hold enough gift.

Enough may not seem for the kind of your ilk  
but enough for them a crumb a saucer of milk  
look into their eyes the night is no more cool  
you have warmed it made their hearts thankful.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# This Clown Needs A Breather

give me a break  
from the seas rough  
I greed a bellyache  
badly need to laugh!

for too long weathered  
a stormy bumpy ride  
I need a breather  
bare a guffaw wide!

give me a break  
give me a break  
life is burdened enough

give me a break  
not give a heartache  
I badly need to laugh!

been too long bowed down  
with the pangs of grief  
needs himself this clown  
a laugh's relief!

long buzzed this head  
with the groans of pain  
this heart has bled  
time and again!

give me a break  
give me a break  
life is burdened enough

give me a break  
not give a heartache  
I badly need to laugh!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# This Day Next Year

Remember this day next year,  
My date with you.  
Then I'll not see your face,  
But that won't stop me  
From thinking about you.  
This day next year  
I'll carry the note in my mind  
I'll bear the pain of  
Not seeing you again  
For another long year  
Or beyond, maybe forever.  
But that won't stop me  
From dreaming your face  
As my own days rush into night...  
This day next year,  
Be sure I'll be there  
With you in your memories!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# This September Day

On this first day of September  
as I look up at the rainwashed sky  
with cheerily flying grey white storks  
I grow fonder of belonging.

This is the place I call mine  
where in the autumnal shine  
open all doors  
and the wind whispers

All is yours  
yours

this is your place  
forever and no less

all of today  
and tomorrow

for you made  
yours in essence.

This September day  
insignificant becomes transience!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# This Side Of The River

There's no happiness this side  
The river is without a tide  
The soil unfertile for seed  
Here grows nothing but weed.  
Behold the river's other side  
Soil is rich so is tide  
Spreads out mile after mile  
Lands rich and fertile.  
I wish I were on that side  
This is not the place to reside  
There I could get good harvest  
There I could build a happy nest.  
The man on the river's other side  
Finds his river without tide  
Finds everything there vile  
The land barren unfertile!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Though

I long

for a belief

that would keep me

strong.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Though I'M Not As Bright

You give me hard tasks to do miss  
You make me stand on one leg  
I wish I could know all the things  
But how do I know, I beg?  
You ask me a thousand questions  
I must answer them right  
I wish my little brain knew everything  
But not everybody can be as bright!  
You ask me to do the hardest sums  
I must get the steps all right  
You think I am one of those bums  
But not everybody can be as bright!  
You write in my diary I'm doing bad  
You make me show it to dad  
Though you know I'm not as bright  
You cause me my bitterest plight!  
You think my excuses utterly lame  
Finding fault with whatever I say  
But though I'm not as bright as them  
I'll surely grow up one day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Though We Parted

I keep tonight for you  
On my porch will light a strobe  
For you to find my way  
Tiptoe in silken robe.  
I keep tonight for you  
Smell wind of olden breath  
When your shadow is on my door  
I'll kindle fires of yore.  
I keep tonight for you  
On a bed that was never made  
Hunt where those years flew  
Find them in drunken head.  
I keep tonight for you  
In my eyes the stars gleam  
For you to find my way  
And walk into my dream.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Thoughts

Lying for long but always new  
Hunt out the poet lying in you  
Never anchoring he always sails  
Quietly weaving fairy tales  
Traveling forever to faraway lands  
Picking pebbles from distant sands  
Shaping your thoughts  
Spinning your dreams  
Calling the shots  
Living the whims!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Three Coins For Her Love

Close your eyes and stretch your palm  
I tell her.

She doubts my intention.

don't worry dear  
have no fear  
I mean no harm

And as she spreads her palm  
I place three coins.

She looks askance.

one for your love  
one for your trust  
one for ever being by my side  
I tell her.

I can go any far to tease her!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Three Hard Weeks

After first week runs out the thin pay  
With price soaring high needs growing by day  
The hard three weeks hardly pass by  
Bad times stay longer don't ask the reason why!

If only the month were cutely weekly sleek  
Thin as the monthly pay spread for one week  
Men would have worn happily beaming face  
And not waste hours on a frantic goose chase!

A month is not richer with more days pushed in  
Three weeks of workload less peace more din  
One week is quite fine a month of seven day  
So it stay long enough make do with thinnest pay!

The purse makes a clamor drained of all strength  
A month be made a week reduce the long length  
Prune three hard weeks leaving a week to stay  
To make men stay happy make do with thinnest pay!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Through Nights Of Thunder

A few moments and then snap  
None is there in the gallery to clap  
Yet be on the road, the job is not done  
You are still left with a long way to run.  
Through nights of thunder and days of fire  
You may slow down, the body may tire  
But get up and go soon, the job is not done  
Something is always left, you must run.  
The merciless time is so fast ticking away  
The path often elusive, your mind may sway  
You can't afford to pause, with so much undone  
You have to get going, cannot end the run.  
You are the master, you fired the shot  
You and your dream, they're all you got  
So little is covered, still much to be done  
You must go on, there's a long way to run.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Till I'M Free

I have sailed on the sea  
Now come what may  
Afloat I'll stay  
Till I'm free.  
Rough maybe the sea  
With storm and gale  
But I must sail  
Till I'm free.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## Time & She

When the evening glimmers day slowly turns dead  
I peek at my watch sweet six in my head  
Walk in windy sprint in cheerful childly gait  
To reach home in time meet you sweet mate!

When the few hours seeming like weeks  
Roll out prolonged till they reach six  
I pick up my bag leave the tedium behind  
To reach home in time my sweet mate in mind!

When the day unfolds bland time slowly ticks  
The clock acts too lazy to reach the magic six  
I hold on the belief the evening won't be late  
To ferry me in time to my waiting sweet mate!

When nothing seems to tick except my weary watch  
As it trundles into six I say thank you very much  
For though you ran so lazy reached six at any rate  
To tell the time is ripe to rush home for sweet mate!

When each hour passes mundanely alike  
Work drags slowly painting the day prosaic  
Past its burned hours beyond the toil's sweat  
Chimes the magical six it's time for sweet mate!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Time Management (10w)

Can't be a theme for a poem,  
poets are jobless.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Timeless

In the bud lies hidden the fragrance  
Of a blossom not far away  
A secret mystery an untold romance  
Though it won't for long stay!  
In the dawn lies hidden a story  
Of a day not far away  
A dark despair a shining glory  
Though it won't for long stay!  
In the journey lies hidden an end  
That is never too far away  
Together in love the time we spend  
Will be forever there to stay!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Timely Untimely

Never short of love for him  
the son lends his father his shorts.

The poor man was making do with one  
washing it and drying in the sun  
till his son gifted him when  
ran out his luck by untimely rain.

It rains untimely too when love ascends  
the son to his father a timely gift lends  
be it a shorts or a piece of cloth  
a small declaration of love's sweet oath.

This timely lend brings his untimely tears  
he hides it from the giver as done all these years  
enjoys the bliss of the hug on his skin  
wearing his shorts wearing love within.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Times In Her Wings

She has her secret magic  
to keep men's hopes alive  
she's truly fantastic  
the girl the woman the wife

On earth the heavenly flower  
in color's riot blooming wild  
south wind and summer's shower  
god's face is she girl child

The morning though passes to noon  
times in her wings fly  
she's a woman too soon  
the woman of my eye

The woman of all weather  
without her man is woe-man  
she's wife sister mother  
the way only a woman can

She fathoms what men don't tire  
see her heart burned and holed  
till she walks the whole length of fire  
and be the woman in their eye old

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Times Once Lived

Whenever I go to the roof to spend some time my own  
find the chunk of the past I left memories rusty grown  
see there shadows of father hear his walking feet  
if I strain my senses hard even hear his heart beat!

I hear there the lost footsteps in the wind faintly sighs  
in the dark nooks imprints of years that quickly passed by  
find there the ghost of dreams she and I had spun  
their ashes now scattered from our memories long gone!

I see there the old me in the corner standing aloof  
unaged ungrown my fossil on the roof  
by the light of the fireflies he still searches me  
rewrites in the moonglow long discarded poetry!

On the roof times are not dead they merely abscond  
hide under the hyacinth of the night's silent pond  
I find them lurking there sounds and sights of yore  
for times once lived never go from us anymore!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Tin Box Man

I called him the tin box man.

His smile was sweeter than all his cakes and pastries.

A man left poor after a hard day's work  
Never saw on his face smiles unmarked

Tin box man may I have one  
But I have no money

They're all for you honey

Then in the box would dip his hand  
On my palm a cake would land

But I have no money tin box man

Pay it back when you can

Then he would deliver his trademark speech

When you grow up and become rich  
I would come with an empty can  
Fill that up for the tin box man.

Never saw one passing cloud on his face  
Ill clothed unshaved never bereft of grace  
In his box holding what deep mysteries  
Spreading the sweetness of cakes pastries!

He is long gone but lingers his trace  
When I encounter depression's face  
He stands beside me my smiles unlocks  
Locks away all sadness in his tin box!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# To All Poets Writing Hourly Poem

To all poets writing hourly poem  
I offer my unqualified admiration  
Place them with honor in my hall of fame  
For truly glorifying our poetic nation.

They keep the windows open never shut the mind's door  
Can't suppress them schedules of work hectic daily chore  
For who knows when the sky passes by stops dead the falling rain  
Uncared a feeling rolls by goes unaddressed angst of pain!

Isn't a rainbow painted out there on doorstep waiting the season  
A bird is chirping the song of hope giving life a compelling reason  
Isn't a face waiting to be seen love pining to be released from a heart  
Who knows when dies a river midstream each moment's scenes depart!

The farther these poets go they dream for a farther reach  
To hunt out the dark demons blind alley's fearsome witch  
Who knows when the light goes out burns out the fiery sun  
This body turns to trails in dust with so much little yet done!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# To Be With You

I have waited through the day  
To go home in the evening  
And tell you what I've to say  
For the bliss they would bring.  
So many things I forgot  
In the morning's rush  
Each pearl of a thought  
Will from my lips gush.  
For the joy to knock your door  
I must hasten and go fast  
All my thoughts in store  
Must reach you till they last.  
I know you'll be there  
Staring through the window  
Your face glowing fair  
In your eyes the ocean's flow.  
I must bow a little low  
When you will take me in  
You'll know what I mean  
And kiss me on my chin.  
I would die to bare my heart  
Drawing you close to me  
But not knowing where to start  
I'll just babble in glee.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# To My Image

not behind everything is my hand  
not everything even I understand  
I try to craft from chaos some order  
leave some unfinished some on the border.

my home though cosmos I reside within  
without being choosy about skin and sin  
the good and the bad I have to take along  
like I take in my stride all right and wrong.

if you have faith I make some sense  
to the faithless I'm just nonsense  
so made I'm no grudge can harbor  
satan and angel find my favor.

I feel burdened when see the mankind  
finding in everything my hidden hand  
not realizing if only I had a magic wand  
would have made this world an unblemished land.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# To Tell You A Secret

to tell you a secret  
where my eyes roamed  
while in the forest  
where my eyes homed

if I can tell you without fear  
and the secret you don't take far  
it was not the wild deer  
my eyes were seeing her

to tell you a secret  
what my lens caught  
while in the forest  
what pictures it got

if I can tell you without shame  
and you rightly guess the answer  
it was not following any game  
but kept on catching her!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Today Is The Time

I'll see what's birthed from your mind  
I'll read as much as poetry  
Today I'll make time from grind  
Who knows what tomorrow will be!

I'll look for the face of your write  
I'll walk your traveled distance  
Today I'll search in your light  
Your thoughts' all hidden nuance!

I'll peep into each poem you paint  
I'll delve for the pearls within them  
Today some time I'll rent  
To catch your passion's revealed flame!

Today is the time must grab it  
Explore your mind's tapestry  
Of love heartbreak and wit  
Who knows what tomorrow will be!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Today's Diary

She is too ill today  
Not a day to feel poetic  
Virus laid fever's prey  
Pray work the antibiotic.

Her eyes today in weakness closed  
Her head sunk in pillow  
Verses are dry in a mind morose  
Pains her face in fever's glow.

At six o'clock I whispered to her  
Time for the antibiotic  
She saw me in a hazed blur  
Not a word she could speak.

Teatime came she didn't get up  
I still made it for two  
In trembling hand she held the cup  
She couldn't refuse my brew.

Gnaws me despair when she's ill  
Still a novice at basic kitchen work  
Never learned the skill to make the day's meal  
Where are things I grope in the dark.

She says feels no good to lie down like this  
My fever is gone with the sweat  
I know for anything she would ever miss  
Seeing me off at the gate!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Tomorrow

Do I get the job sir?  
Tomorrow we can confirm.  
He needed an employment so badly

A boy of nineteen  
An would be graduate  
Thrown into the vortex of life  
To shoulder responsibilities  
A boy of his age would not normally be required to do.

He touched his right hand on his head  
And said

I promise to come back tomorrow.

He went out on the road  
With the dream of tomorrow  
Little sunlit little brighter than today

His mind drifted someplace else...

His head crushed under the wheels of a bus!

I see him standing before me  
His hand on his head  
His lips parting in the vow

I promise to come back tomorrow.

Have you ever wept for someone  
You don't know have never seen  
For you just a piece of news  
Another accident  
Another death on the road?

Then you would understand  
Why my tears were inconsolable

Come back boy

Come back somehow  
tomorrow

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Tomorrow Is A Day Away

Baby, you were born just today  
Seen not the bumpy thorny life  
The pitfalls many on the way  
Tomorrow's struggle and strife!

Baby, you were born just today  
Yet to take the rough ride  
Morrow is only a day away  
We'll not be on your side!

Baby, you were born just today  
Days will go in windy rush  
Seem just a fleeting moment's stay  
Before times mercilessly pass!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Tomorrow Is A Mystery

While bidding farewell to a departing day  
We dream of morrow a new life we pray  
Who knows for morrow what's in store  
End of all hope or opening new door?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Too Good Too Long

I wish I could be like the street urchin  
Unpampered uncared but not sad  
Wear daylong a cloudless grin  
Be in manners and etiquette bad!

I want to be bad  
I need to be bad  
Am too shackled by the good

I want to be like him  
The street urchin  
Carelessly capriciously crude!

Too long I have been by the good enslaved  
Hold captive in its pretentious cask  
Too long for good I have naggingly craved  
Let it cut out for me all my task!

I want to be bad  
I need to be bad  
Am dying for the untasted brew

I want to be like him  
The street urchin  
Treating good too good to be true!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Too Long, Too Short

On bed they stirred  
when went out light

the couple whispered  
past midnight

so fast it passed  
the seasons rushed

of time together  
for thirty years!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Top Hill

Here in a sleepy hamlet  
in the shadow of Top Hill  
amid barren aridity  
I am hiding.  
A runaway  
from my family, friends,  
familiar faces,  
and also  
from myself!  
Why I call them friends?  
My family  
who cares coz I earn,  
friends  
all fair weather,  
familiar faces  
that breed only contempt,  
and the most deadly myself,  
the untiring aspirer  
in home, office, deals,  
the macabre face on the mirror,  
sartorially correct  
refined manners  
polished etiquette  
but inside a greedy moron  
ever ready to sell his soul  
at the sight of a penny!  
Here no one can find me  
and I've to work hard  
to turn my inside out  
carry it atop Top Hill  
for the sun to bake  
the rains to wash  
and the moon to bathe  
my reincarnate!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Topsy Turvy

On a mid summer's day if the north wind blows  
The sun goes hiding rain nests on eyebrows  
You are madly joyous at this topsy-turvy  
Your mind goes cartwheeling you feel carefree!  
The weather turns cool blessed by the rain  
Freeing your limbs from the summer's pain  
The sky loses fierceness wearing the cloud's tone  
You are tempted to run wild in gay abandon!  
By some mystic touch the day turns angel  
Don't touch it too hard don't remove her veil  
Drink the day softly go and have your fill  
A god-gifted summer's day with unexpected chill!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Traffic Island Cop

Just one wave of his hands  
The long lines of vehicles stop  
Sun burnt rain drenched  
Emotionless he stands  
The traffic island cop!  
You curse him if the wait is long  
He's just a faceless object  
Like a post stands erect  
In a fast lane his whistle blows  
The traffic slows....

He has home, a wife  
Away from traffic a life  
A face without uniform  
A corner to keep him warm  
A vastly different island  
Where he hates to command  
And hopes no whistle brings to stop  
The happiness of a traffic island cop!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Trail

Left there as they were  
As orderly he liked them to be  
With her heart's burning fire  
She dusts them to keep alive memory.

His shoes make her pine for his feet  
She finds him in his hanging shirt  
She wouldn't surrender the years' treat  
Won't let those times fall apart.

She holds the waves from washing his trail  
Does it with a dour commitment  
Holding on till she would herself set sail  
To be with him in the firmament!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Trait

what from my own kind I hide,

in strangers confide!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Transition

She is almost done  
with one full turn  
on her axis,  
venus reclines  
as the east designs  
a farewell kiss!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Trap The Mouse

Put the bait, lure the mouse  
Trap it in the wooden cage-house  
It has gnawed enough, nibbled much  
The trapdoor shuts at the softest touch.  
Have no pity, show no kindness  
Be merciless on this gutter's race  
Hunt it out from the darkest nook  
Don't be swayed by its humble look.  
If your heart makes a noise  
Listen to your head, you've no choice  
Once it's in, drown it deep  
Without remorse, for a good sleep!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Trapdoor

Buried in the quagmire of questions

the lonely traveler gasps.

Faith suffocates, belief stifles

and he seeks answers no more.

He regrets he walked into a one way trapdoor.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Trauma

In what hidden pain  
says he

I'll never love again.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Traveler's Malady

The more I travel

why it seems still less traveled?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Trinkets & Toys

They're almost gone now a vanishing tribe  
Peddlers of fresh sweets honeys from hive  
Sellers of fish heads such sundries on head  
Toys and bangles and blankets for bed.

Don't see them around those struggling men  
Making the choice of voice trudging the lane  
Hoping to sell one piece in dream of gain  
Faceless wind ringer in sun's bite and rain.

Gone are those plaintive cries on summer noon  
Raising road's dust on trail singing the tune  
Traders of trinkets girls' ribbon hairpin  
Yoyo and plastic top with endless spin.

Why the times ruined them made them a flop  
Sellers travelers with head-full of shop  
Sending their song of hope past locked in door  
None could now fill that space nothing anymore.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# True Wit (5w)

Witty

Finds humor

In self-pity.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Trust (10w)

Deceived often in my trust,  
Still trust you I must.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## Trust (8w)

Guard it must,  
For can't mend  
Broken trust!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Tsunami

Behold the Sea...  
magnificent, vast, yet placid  
on the surface...  
Till from its deeper recess  
rises the fury  
of suppressed submarine wrath  
And the Goliath  
comes lashing down  
with endless tongues  
wiping out the world  
in a few flashes.

.....

With all his resource  
Man can't stop Nature on its course!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Twenty In Twenty

when i see the youthful faces  
i feel a bitter regret  
curse how time crazily races  
rue things for which i'm late.

my youth now seems wasn't there  
or was just a fleeting span  
fate dealt me a blow unfair  
made me too fast old man.

if only the years did roll back  
if time travel wasn't a fancy  
if only was laid back the past track  
i would've loved to be twenty.

why it's such i didn't care  
let twenty fly too fast past me  
why that year if was very much there  
i didn't lock it to be forever twenty.

twenty at twenty seemed absurd an age  
a fabulous but unreal mirage  
it was the year i passed out college  
twenty did i ever have that age.

twenty when came too fast it went  
survives in the now twenty's face  
for me no year an imagined moment  
i curse how years quickly race.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Twilight

trudging hooves throw up dust  
crumbles day's hardened crust  
crimson hues fade from sky  
painful weighs mournful sigh!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Twilight Day

The morn casts a shadow on my mind  
this twilight day of dark clouds  
I mourn everything lying dead behind.

Seems nothing was done right  
what was for me missed my sight  
built blindly castles of sand  
dreamed harvest on fallow land.

When it came to paying a price  
chose way out with compromise  
not asking the purpose was made this soul  
the intended task of its earthly role.

As I lament all the wasted years  
clouds disperse the sky clears  
whispers a voice from my inhaled breath  
being alive is enough rest is myth.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Two Little Hearts

The teddy pair lies in the sun,  
They scooped the dirt out  
And abandoned them here.  
Once hugged in the sweetest bosom  
Fondled by the cutest little hands  
Taken to bed for happy dreams,  
They seemed inseparables  
And not just stuffed toys.  
Made as inanimate,  
By the magic touch of love,  
They turned humans,  
Yearning for love, company,  
growing hearts in them.  
Then as happens to all,  
Their fluffs wore out  
Colors faded  
They were no more attractive.  
Stale outdated outcast  
To be thrown away out of sight.  
As I passed by the garbage vat  
For a moment it seemed  
Their eyes were moist  
With the pain of betrayal.  
I prayed,  
'before they turn to cinder,  
let them be picked up  
by shabby little hands  
of some child of lesser god  
and given back the love they lost'.  
I hope it will be answered.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Two Lovers & A City

Let's be lovers again on the Belvedere  
Hand in hand we would climb the stairs  
Then fly to the past in our memories' wings  
To that timeless space where duelled Hastings!

Let's be lovers again in that time spectral  
On Victoria's lawn her memorial  
In the autumn's white blue horizon  
Under the bronzed face of Curzon!

Let's be lovers again in our revived heart  
In wind kissed skin on the Prinsep Ghat  
See the sun go down on the west bank low  
Coloring our eyes in the river's glow!

Let's be lovers again in the garden of Kyd  
Where under the banyan love poems we read  
Take a boat sail to the south upstream  
Where the Hugli flows in the Bay's dream!

Why can't we be lovers like the olden time  
Where landed Charnock in the humid clime  
That grew to a city with three villages to start  
And etched forever in two lovers' hearts!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Two Penny

With them in his pocket he broke in swinging dance  
But now nonentity two penny gets no chance

Two penny is so poor got no clue what to do  
No fetcher it can't bring him a slice of the blue

He wanders on the way on him was fifty buck  
Spent them on tangibles soon ran out of luck

Two penny is so poor can't bring his eyes a gleam  
Can't make him a winner can't weave for him a dream

He sniffs the evening air smells palate tickling food  
But what with that two penny that isn't any good

Two penny in his pocket with a little try  
Fetch him a little blue a piece of his sky  
Where he can paint his wish find fulfilment  
Fly in the happiness of two penny well spent.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## Two Sides

A stray cloud pours  
in the sun.

Baked in the heat  
on my window seat

I crave for more  
of the fun.

The ones outdoor  
for shelter run.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Two Sweet Words

two sweet words and you take me to the sky  
your two sweet words are for what I die  
they tell me you mind me and me you care  
I'm never without someone when you're there.

two sweet words and my heart you win  
you truly mean them they're crystal genuine  
they tell me you see me I'm stuck in your sight  
when I travel the dark you'll hold me a candlelight.

two sweet words and on me you lay a claim  
sweep aside my doubts turn cinders into flame  
they tell me you're there whatever the cost  
catch me when I'm sinking find me if I'm lost.

two sweet words with that you have me bought  
set me think what I'm and forget what I'm not  
they tell me there's you to brush away my pain  
hold me in the sun lead me through the rain.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Umbrella

On the black canvas  
Carve the thunders  
Streaks of neon glow,  
The drums the heaven beats  
On their way to the earth  
Rend the air apart,  
The ground in orgasmic anticipation  
Vibrates in a rediscovered titillation,  
The soil waits holding its breath  
In the last climactic lull  
Before it's released from the pain,  
Unmindful, I open my umbrella  
In the season's first rain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Unburdened Rain

For long he has not cried  
Pains so far suppressed  
Burst forth in torrents from his breast  
Hazing his eyes, melting his heart  
He has endured it for too long.  
The lumps he drove them in  
Stopping just short of crying  
At his own suffering..  
The rains unburdened poured in  
Flooding his sorrows, washing them  
He let tears flow, each of it that came along  
Bidding time to come back from the mournful song!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Uncle Benu's Ghost

Uncle Benu preferred his evenings alone  
When sun touched the western horizon  
He would make himself a cup of tepid milk  
And without showing a sign of worldly care  
Would retire to his easy chair.

Then he was the most difficult man to approach  
Occasionally swiping at the flying cockroach  
And microbat intruding into the room  
Accompanying him in that night-lamp gloom.

What he brooded was never known to me  
To me he was a ghost and as scary  
Quietly waiting in that darkened zone  
If ever a living soul stepped in alone!

The only time I called him I would ever recall  
As he moved his head towards me  
And it still haunts me on lonely-bed nights  
The eyes were all white!

Nobody believed me  
None in my family  
Not even mum

She only said

Do you too like him take opium?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Uncle Peter

Don't come to the cemetery at night Peter Xalxo would say  
If you are so inclined make your visits in the day  
For often in the evening when exam worries were gone  
I would go to the cemetery and sit on some tombstone.

I think boy the ones from the other world make visits at nights  
And they would not love to find living souls upon their sights  
Why intrude their peaceful home and not leave them there alone  
When the time after the sunset they think to exclusively own!

Having said this with a grave face he would lower his voice still low  
While on nightly posts at the graves I've seen in the dark some glow  
And at moonlit nights on duty's round heard footsteps around me  
I would advise boy not to step into at night at the cemetery.

He used to tell more such tales to instill in the boy some fear  
But come the next evening and at the cemetery I would reappear  
For I loved the moon bathed solitude the trees' darkened shed  
The tranquility of the place in quiet company of the dead!

All said I wouldn't leave out in this account one truthful fact  
Uncle Peter's stories had effects on the boy some impact  
They colored my times at the cemetery spent at nights alone  
I seemed to feel they were moving the graves' marbled stone.

Then one night as I was coming out around nine o'clock  
To my horror found the gate closed hanging an iron lock  
Bewildered I stood there knowing no other ways to go  
When there appeared a shadow heard the voice of Peter Xalxo.

I told you boy not to loiter here not disturb their peace of night  
This ground here the dead walks now though beyond your sight  
Run home and never come back his voice in whisper talked  
Some more words he mumbled when got the gate unlocked.

Next day at the dinner table my father told mom this  
He was such a good man and a great friend to miss  
But God only decides in his garden which flower to pluck  
Peter Xalxo died last evening suffered a heart attack.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Unfinished

She isn't writing poetry anymore.

may, maybe she's writing  
but hiding  
them from the world  
pouring inks all over them  
when she finishes  
in her agonized realization  
there's no finish  
and only beginning  
each time starting all over again

her unfinished story

with each poetry!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Unforgiving

Where shall I hide?  
There's no darkness  
To hide me from myself.  
I have trampled the petals  
Burnt innocent tears  
Raped the mutest of mutes  
I have driven a stake into truth's heart  
Crucified God's children  
Plundered his wealth.  
No darkness can be so forgiving  
As to hide me!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Ungrateful

In her love smitten  
my home's youngest kitten  
I stroke her silky fur  
to hear her mew and purr!

As soon as I'm home  
this beauty's epitome  
raises fluffy tail  
holds me in her spell!

Of gracious royal class  
this gorgeous little lass  
cuddles on my lap  
for a warm blissful nap!

I pamper her too much  
hanker for her touch  
she in my heart dwells  
in pride her heart swells!

Though my love she rules  
she ain't an inch grateful  
this tiny cute empress  
leaves poops on floor mattress!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Unlike Her Man

After playing lover to her  
He left her for another woman  
She was left with the wasted years  
Couldn't try another man.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Unmindful

She lives a petaled hope of summer's bloom.

drinking droplets of dew  
catching the wind in each breath  
sunning by the window  
holding in her eyes the sky  
where clouds bring no rain  
its blue no dream  
yet she unaware of times passing by  
exists in lifelong amnesia  
without a why  
where and when  
but live and die  
in her unmindful giving

and unfathomed pain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Unnamed

In the village haat  
our hands collide  
my left with her right

a moment's flirt  
she by my side  
in the paraffin light!

Comes to close  
she quickly goes  
blushing shamed

how she knows  
bloomed a rose  
to be never named!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Unposted

Dear, it breaks me as much to write this  
as I know would do you when you read  
but time has come to reveal the secret  
to tell you, I love you still,  
have loved you all this time  
and I doubt if I can love her more  
the woman I'm leaving you for  
who right now seems to possess something  
worth more than all you have given to me  
and who the urges inside me tell  
would make me happier more than you could  
would find me another home different  
better, brighter..  
and my dream for the time to come is such strong  
that I'm ready to commit anything for that  
even parting from you seems not high a price  
except that I can't imagine how you would look  
when you read this and break down  
with my hands not beside to hold in comfort  
wipe away the torrents  
when surrounds you a loneliness  
you never knew existed all these years.

The home is as yet unbroken.  
He now loves her more than ever.

The letter was never posted.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Unrelenting

She thought she had slept all along the night  
When on her eyes fell the moonlight  
She shivered to see the door was ajar  
Sea wind blew in ruffled her hair.

The vacant bed yawned she was alone  
At this hour where he could be gone  
The night outside wore a thin starry gleam  
She inhaled the air still smelling of him.

Then she smiled as she heard the distant roar  
Of waves breaking upon the unrelenting shore  
She turned aside in the fullness of a deep residing peace  
Certain his retracing footsteps in her sleep she wouldn't miss.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Unseasonal

Unseasonal harvest priced too high  
Just the right time to tell her a lie  
Not one in the market not even a seed  
What she wanted I thought for her own need!

But plump and large they were on show  
Their vigor luring me calling me their glow  
Fresh from the soil glistening green and cute  
Jeered me mockingly the unseasonal fruit!

What anguish breeds the unseasonal fruit  
Its pompous arrogance uncivilly brute  
You dream of its savor yearn for a slice  
Wish could bargain its unreachable price!

It argues with you it's only the poor's reason  
They don't taste as good as they do in the season  
The excuse for not having them when the price is high  
Reason enough to move away in failure's depressed sigh!

It's not the right time of year in the market is not even a seed  
Come season you would have them plentier than your need  
I told her to see the radiance come back onto her face  
As she found not in my carry bag her requisitioned fruit's trace!

It's not for me I want them the birds they love the seed  
Oh dear after so many years my need you couldn't read  
Sorry dear I hold her and as the clouds leave her face

See there the fruit and seed of her love seasonless!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Untaxed

Didn't I hear you say the lawn I would mow?  
Sundays come and Sundays go.

Grasses are taller so are the weed  
Season is going where's the flower seed?

Words aren't taxed you use them free  
Said this Sunday you would clean the chimney.

Wash the toilet scrub clean the commode  
Sundays come piles up workload.

Lot of things to mend lots to replace  
Why Sundays trudge in leisurely pace?

Why the bed conspires the morn breathes chill  
Why must I lie back to get the Sunday feel?

Why Sunday is one day and not a whole week  
Comes up the Monday devilish and bleak!

Sundays will come and Sundays will go  
As for my work only a poem or two to show!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Until She Told

In painted moonlight of neon  
her dart  
pierced his heart

you are my good friend  
but can't love you in that sense

and as the ground parted in his pain  
he fell to where

he couldn't rise again.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Untouched

I haven't ever looked into the eyes of an animal or a bird

And seen sin there!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Unwritten

Knocks on wall  
Tugs to a veiled zone  
Allures with unseen face  
Invites to uncover  
Drives a groper...

And then goes

Leaving the reek  
Of lost way!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Up For Sale

I put me up for sale

Counting on your help

Praying I don't fail

To advertise myself!

Up for sale, advertising myself?

Yea, exactly what I do

Not for the gain of power or pelf

For reaching the heart of you!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Upstairs

Why does it come to your head  
To make your bed  
One night alone

Upstairs!

Once behind the closed door  
You aren't with anyone anymore  
Your fears mount  
Till they surmount  
All your courage  
And in awakened daze  
You only regret  
That at the outset  
Knowing the night is theirs  
Shouldn't have come

Upstairs!

To lie alone  
But not be left alone  
By the ones not your own  
Faceless men women  
Frighteningly alien  
That at your intrusion rage  
Mock your courage  
And you find it too late  
Beyond repair regret  
That showing your fears no cares  
You dared to come

Upstairs!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Utility

A cruel reminder of the passage of time  
Is the old utility bill.

This day last year  
It arrived fresh  
With an amount more than the previous year  
But this year it looks cheaper.

Cost of my living rising  
My utility diminishing  
Except to her

She needs me by the hour.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Vain

'How much more can one bear? '

Her words almost emerged from the rain  
And echoed in the droplets' din on the soil,

'How much and how much more? '

Her voice rose above the thunder.

She was looking weird in the lightning's flash.

'The first man in my life left before I was a woman,  
Let woe befall him I don't remember his face.

He left me for the feasting vultures and wolves  
And the devourers spared nothing but my bones.

God, I've no faith in him, played a greater devil,  
From that lust of rain, a drop planted in me a seed  
That birthed in this debauched heart a seed of greed  
Of hope, of life, of a love of my flesh and blood,  
One that I could bring and nurture with pride.

But my womb infested with the rivers of poison  
Couldn't ripen it enough to drop on earth  
And there I was alone on the rough wild sea  
With no land on sight, no shore to anchor,  
Floating aimlessly where no light would ever shine'.

'You write so much about loneliness and suffering,  
Make it up having seen so little of the real face of it.

But I've lived them, each day sinking evermore  
Into pits from where my agony's cry couldn't be heard.

How much more can one bear, how much more I still have to? '

Her words fell like thunder as the rain lashed the earth.

I knew the vainness of all the pictures I painted!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Valentine

The line  
you are my valentine  
has lost shine  
but well  
word is just label  
i mean  
deep within  
like undying old wine  
each of us has a valentine  
dunno why.....  
it refuses to die!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Vanquished

Seated between the two boys  
her ring of laughter rends the air.

She has heard all they had to say  
and now left with no way to choose either!

The boys too engrossed in their trance  
see them victors in this game  
missing out the signs of lost chance  
and her heart having shut for them.

In the gathering tears of her laughter  
she wished they had soon  
left her alone.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Virtue Of Insanity

The world for him is a chaos  
No love no bond of dear ones  
He seeks for actions no cause  
It's only living this instance.  
Dimly he sees things around  
Can't make out what they're for  
In the ocean's depth is no sound  
He loves to live in stupor!  
His eyes sometimes grow wet  
Without his knowing why it's so  
At times his smiles don't abate  
From his lips they joyously flow.  
His heart is free from torment  
He's the one with least pain  
For no sins he needs to repent  
Most virtuous is he an insane!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Visitors Of The Dark

Where are the ghosts, where do they hide?  
Why don't I find them on my bedside?  
The nights are long, worried sleepless  
Still they don't come, don't show their face.  
But there were nights, now a faded book  
When spooks reigned at every dark nook  
With their creepy touch, whispers in my ears  
How I was scared, yet how I loved those fears.  
Now in the night's depth, as I toss on bed  
No visitors of dark caress my forehead  
I wait for them, with love and no fright  
But they aren't there, vanished out of sight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Vow

He vowed before the fire  
To take lifelong care of her  
Give her all happiness

Fire was the mute witness.

The vow was soon to break  
He burnt her at the stake  
And only the flames engulfing her

were in tears!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Voyage Through The Night

He says he has not slept for five years.  
Every night through the window hole  
He has escaped to the night sky  
To mingle with the teeming stars!  
He says he has not slept for five years.  
Every night he has ridden a comet  
To reach the farthest sky and beyond  
And cartwheel on shooting stars!  
He says he has not slept for five years.  
So that not one night goes amiss  
In his cell of suffocating walls  
With an iron crown and chained feet  
On a spiked bed shedding endless tears!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Wait N Watch

Our green budgerie  
Feels not weary  
Sitting on her legs

Inside her clay pot  
With the only thought  
Of warming her eggs!

Any curious peek  
She meets with her beak  
Leave her alone

Shows her face  
A divine happiness  
Strictly her own!

She's in no mood  
To forgo her brood  
Not relaxing till hatch

Steeped in motherhood  
Eats little food  
Her patience has no match!

We cannot do much  
Except only watch  
So long she incubates

Till one fine morn  
Cute chicks are born  
She has her new playmates!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Waiter

Says the owner of the roadside eatery  
For each day of work you'll be paid fifty  
But more could be your take home keep  
If you serve them well earn their tips.

Your polite bow a courteous smile  
Showing you care all the while  
Helping them to feel quite at home  
Could get your pocket extra income.

Treat them well if you treat them must  
Wear a face that breeds their trust  
Will do you good if you are sweet  
Help them pick the best to eat.

Fifty rupees will be your day's salary  
But dimes in dozens would pour freely  
When you don't just serve them food and water  
But present yourself as a caring waiter.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Waiting

Waiting at road side  
Waiting at bus stop  
Waiting for bus ride  
Waiting at coffee shop.  
Waiting for one sight  
Waiting in blazing sun  
Waiting for what's right  
Waiting with hand-on-gun.  
Waiting for brotherhood  
Waiting for justice  
Waiting for all that's good  
Waiting for pure bliss.  
Waiting for one call  
Waiting for heart throb  
Waiting for cute doll  
Waiting for good job.  
Waiting for surprise  
Waiting for high tide  
Waiting for right price  
Waiting for joy ride.  
Waiting for gold dime  
Waiting for one flick  
Waiting for good time  
Waiting for right click.  
Waiting for good luck  
Waiting for letter  
Waiting for golden duck  
Waiting for better.  
Waiting to have it all  
Waiting for opportunity  
Waiting for final call  
Waiting for almighty.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Walking The Night

the beat cop stopped it on the street  
you aren't supposed to walk the night

it's my only time it muttered under breath  
I don't exist in the daylight.

a home I must find now and a fire  
and someone to call my own  
surely it isn't too much to aspire  
when the chill is freezing my bone.

in its eyes only was the fire's glow  
all doors were bolted dead tight  
the shadow melting in night's flow  
got no warmth from stars burning bright.

a home was made in its dream  
a hearth to keep out the night  
one heart showed up in starlight's gleam  
one door not bolted dead tight.

the beat cop let the shadow pass by  
for it must walk the end of night  
to find a fire and someone its own  
before dawns the earthly daylight.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Walls

World's most attentive listeners they are  
Never ever speak out only vacantly stare  
What you confide in them they quietly accept  
Hide in their chambers all your secrets.

When got none to listen your pains and anguishes  
Your heart breaks in silence shatter into pieces  
Tears of your woes fall like pearl drops unseen  
They're the ones that see but hold them all within.

Sometimes you leave on them streaming river's stain  
They bear it for some time till passes by the rain  
Refrains of your soloist heart all your soliloquy  
They hear but never divulge friends are they truly.

They are made only to listen never to speak out  
Safely share with them your worries your doubts  
Within them would ever be hidden all your mystery  
Till their ruins are found as relics of history!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# War

My shadow casts a shadow of war  
So I can't go so far as to say  
It's a warring world  
For war from me I don't debar!

I never pay heed  
When breeds war my greed  
But go on to feed  
Competition, jealousy...

They too are wars indeed!

The warring world  
Starts from me...  
My war dance  
Don't give peace a chance.

My righteousness, reasons, religion  
Stoke an all encompassing me  
That leaves the world with no recourse...

From me begets the war of course!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Warm Bed Blanket

Best poems are lost in the warmth of blanket.

Lured away by sleep  
they could be precious keep  
if I could hold them through night.

Best poems surrender to warm bed's comfort.

Lulled into stupor quietly abort  
before I could take them on a sleepless ride,  
they seek a dark corner find it and hide.

Best poems brew though in the stillness of night.

I cannot birth them show them daylight  
but let them die in abject disgrace  
on warm bed beneath blanket

sunk without a trace!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Wartime

Smoke clogs my nose  
The sky blazes red  
My pen a wilted rose  
No poetry in my head.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Washerman

I wished I were a washerman  
of the conscience.

Then I could wash out  
jealousy hatred conflict  
each first seed of sin  
cleanse hearts  
spread them in the sun  
so once dried  
there wouldn't be anymore tears  
to dry  
than those of joy!

I have ended up  
quite close.

She calls me  
washerman's donkey!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Washerwoman

Soap froth sprays in the air  
Up down up down it goes  
Rhythmic swings don't care  
If the detergent smells of rose!

She has to cleanse all dirt  
Rub off the dourest stain  
In it she puts her heart  
Thereby forgets own pain!

Rises the lever up far  
Swoops down fast with a thud  
Rainbow bubbles scatter around her  
She knew not when staled a rosebud!

In the tub water her ocean  
She squeezes the wetness dry  
She knows only this motion  
Got no time to look at the sky!

Now in the sun she must spread  
Fabric of brightness on sight  
Her own life's long lost thread  
Is buried in the hush of night!

Does she remember the broken oaths  
Her life never nurtured in sun  
Worn out as all her washed clothes  
Faded like all the years gone!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Wasp's Wings

The wasp lands on my chest.

I know love comes not a whirlwind  
but a quiet whir of the wasp's wings

not knocks the door but melts through it  
pierce the skin and reach heartbeat.

I love love's noiseless waspy wing  
sweet and bitter sting  
its agonizing harvest.

I would never brush it in haste

when lands the wasp on my chest.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Waste

Something in me always tells me  
While you are looking down  
The clouds tired of waiting  
Fly away with all that's precious  
While you are typing away  
Reams upon reams of wastes  
The sun tired of waiting  
Goes down in the west  
Not a day not a month  
You know not  
It's been so for so many years  
That they are decaying in wait  
All the time expecting you to look up  
Agonizingly and in vain

.....

you never looked up  
you never had time  
till came the day end  
when like the tired wings of a butterfly  
you came to rest...  
with your dreams dead!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Waves Of Love

can sense her from a distance  
when she moves towards me  
till it reaches a crescendo  
when she is closest as close could be!

but those times her I badly need  
when she moves away  
her sounds faint as she recedes  
can't all the time with me stay!

how she gives my spirits a lift  
her closeness makes my day  
do feel pang when she shifts  
when she has to go away!

the nearer she is she delights  
she must be my perfect mate  
I can feel it days and nights  
what you call Doppler Effect!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Way To Go

What do I make of my poetry?

quill the sorrows within

or

the joys around me!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Ways You Do It

Your paintbrush all powerful your canvas mighty  
On your palette countless colors of endless variety  
You make them whole or cut into slice  
Add salt or sugar, sea or mountain spice  
Can cook it delicious or brew darkly bitter pill  
Make or break hearts at your sweet will  
Can weave a journey spinning hidden tales  
Reach dream's oasis fly on wind's sails  
Go on turbulent ride or sing a lullaby  
Show where it hurts find too a remedy  
Can cause eyes to rain give flesh a goosebump  
Part the lips wide or bring the throat a lump!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# We

It's heavenly  
when YOU and I merge to be WE!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# We Are Free

As long as  
we hold freedom  
captive in our mind.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# We Need To Die Once

Every moment you needn't die  
Death is too glorious for that  
When you have made your home in the sky  
You don't heed mortality's diktat.  
You know your life is brief  
But you don't pause to lament over it  
You travel on toward the cliff  
Knowing it's too precious for retreat!  
When you have set your spirit free  
Death finds no place in your mind  
You rise to finish the journey  
Leaving all your fears behind!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# We Rode The Tempest

You knew it  
And so did I  
Years would fleet  
Our kisses would dry.  
But we did what was best  
So long the flesh was smooth  
We rode the tempest  
Drunk in our youth!  
You knew it  
And so did I  
Our lips wouldn't be wet  
Our kisses would dry.  
But we carried on with the dreams  
So long the nights were young  
Yielding to youthful whims  
Getting lost all along!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Wealth Behind His Back

He drives with flair..  
millionaire billionaire  
and such people  
on money's stack  
all the time behind his back

he drives those racers and pursuers..

the chauffeur.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Wealth You Don'T Treasure

Wealth you don't treasure  
As you have the key  
To the endless pleasure  
Of waking up from your dreams  
In the middle of night  
And tiptoeing to where  
The grass is getting its first dew  
Preparing the dark liquid  
To break into a grey dawn!  
Wealth you don't treasure  
As you feel happy in a golden morn  
Not knowing why  
You get up to go and stand  
Quietly beneath a tree  
And let your senses brim  
With all the sight and sound  
Feel the leaves dropp on your hair  
In a silent symphony  
Before they touch the ground!  
Wealth you don't treasure  
As you have in good measure  
Everything the wealth can't buy  
A priceless space all your own  
For the most treasured dreams to be grown!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Weed Flower

The little flower and her greed  
She raises her head before the sun  
Sun's might she pays no heed!

The little flower and her greed  
She stands up bold against the wind  
From her home in the weed!

She has her home in the weed  
But her color bright catches sight  
Longing eyes she does feed!

She has her home in the weed  
She sets minds in color afire  
It's her purpose it's her need!

She does it for her need  
Sending all her hearty greet  
Never minding caste or creed!

She minds not caste or creed  
Her glory is not demeaned  
Though her birth is in the weed!

She is born a weed's flower  
Endless is her might  
She holds sun in her power!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# We'Re Stuck In That Place

I visited her at the hospital ward  
smiled my ladybird  
baby delivered!

Her two ponytails in red ribbon  
not a woman she was  
but a girl overgrown!

In her arms lay a little fairy  
wasn't just a baby  
but a piece of me!

Beamed its face looking at me  
recognized joyously  
here was daddy!

She, me, and our baby  
we're stuck in that place  
ever happily!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# What Folly Drives Me To

shut out the world

to be shut in a screen!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# What I Want To Be

I could be what I want to be.  
I could be a mole  
In a secret hole  
Scared of light  
Coming out at night!  
Or in habit  
As shy as rabbit  
Sniffing in doubt  
Seeking hideout!  
Growing bigger  
I could be a tiger  
Burning bright  
In glorious might!  
Or more majestic  
Towering over the weak  
A graceful giant  
I could be an elephant!  
If it may please  
I could be any of these  
But what I want to be  
Is a sky hugging tree.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# What Is It

Often I wonder when I closely look  
See her eyes a little too small  
How love grows in my heart's nook  
What is it makes me for her fall!

Her nose is too short broad and low  
Her lips are pale and thin  
She has a skin dull without glow  
How my heart she continues to win!

She isn't curvy lithe and tall  
Nothing to write home of her face  
She doesn't possess what you may call  
Hallmarks of great beauty's grace!

She is no svelte of proportioned girth  
Her frame can't be model for an art  
How still she seems most precious on earth  
The one and the only for my heart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## What Is It?

Is there something in the air?  
In the gray fatigued sky  
That holds no hope of blue,  
In the dreary sunshine  
That smells of everyday mundaneness,  
In the enslaved moon  
Tired of bathing the earth?  
What is it that lets us survive  
the weariness of existence  
and make us come back time and again  
From the brink of despair?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# What Makes It?

What makes it?

brick concrete  
paints tiles  
happy faces  
joyous smiles

sadness mirth  
decor art  
death and birth  
broken heart

an off road nest  
for flyer's rest  
living hour  
sweet and sour

a gifted cause  
for lodging pause

what makes it?

a home?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# What Not To Want

What not to want

in deep breath  
a thousand times  
one secret door unlocked in my heart  
a thousand times in deep breath  
in each inhale heaven's aroma  
you stoked my want of wants  
the need of all my needs  
to know what not to want  
four words and one line  
to remind me what's not mine  
mine never could be  
learned after fake encounters  
deep cuts and lasting scars  
diminished for what's not mine  
never could be  
yet passed through fire  
scathed burnt metamorphosed  
till learned the truth  
in just four words  
one line  
what not to want  
that once known  
a knowledge worthwhile  
makes easier  
the remaining miles.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# What Was Once Boasted

Some a flowing field of corn  
some a barren plate  
they die if they are ever born  
falls quietly to their fate!

There's little in your hand to choose  
not much that you can do  
surely isn't a fun to lose  
knowing so fast they grew!

What was once the face's grace  
boastful glory of crown  
vanish without leaving a trace  
black or white or brown!

Know the truth bare and harsh  
whatever color we dye  
from sapling to the tallest grass  
is destined to wane and die!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# What We Have Done

We have done enough

to be devils to our children!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Whatever Happens

Happens for the good.

With every loss  
I turn a better man,

Seeing clearer  
Learning  
That wouldn't have come in any other way

Then shedding as I move on

A piece of rotten me  
Blinded by ego  
Seeing what was not there  
Hearing what was unsaid  
Evaluating only by my yardstick  
Stuck in the muck of my own making!

Whatever happens  
Even when that makes heart bleed  
Burn and break me

Make me

A better man.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# What's The Time

"What's the time? "

Does it matter?

If we could for a moment

Forget it!

The helpless child

All of them

Have never seen the time

Never seen the speck of dust

Stamped, trodden and lost!

They have lived to dream

Dreamed to live

A life away from time

As if it was never there

It really is never there!

"What's the time? "

Gone for a dime

Gone before any child could know

If it ever really was there!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Wheelchair

when does the sun seem too far  
when a few steps and you could be there  
yet you see it from the shadow of nightmare.

a few steps and you could be there,  
but the sun is moving west  
on you the shadows rest  
gone is the hand of love and tender care.

your eyes why they gather dewy mist  
you were left to be sunned in the east  
but when shadows closed in, wind brought a chill,  
couldn't shift you to west all your will.

you are stilled now in the sun's shadow zone  
a burden to the ones you thought your own  
moving at their will, living on alms of care  
watching the sun's motion from wheelchair.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Wheels Of Progress

It's man and man all the way  
Cut down jungles  
To make a rail way!

Why in protest cry  
When the wheels crush  
A few elephant would die!

Men would then embark  
On their old game  
Railway or forest  
Which department to blame!

When comes the night  
Man's greed would speed  
Elephants aren't on sight!

The drivers would not see  
There was no forewarn  
Death would come easy  
No hearts shattering mourn!

Railway would remain dour  
There isn't enough watch towers  
Forest dept. would blame the wheels  
The pilot didn't whistle!

Men would again go back  
Cut through the forest  
Not leaving elephants' track!

Evolved men heart of steel  
Without a remorse a feel  
Laying rail is big deal  
Must move our progress's wheel!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When A Poem Is Done

I come out no stronger  
when a poem is all over.

come down to earth on broken wing  
words gone dry heart bleeding  
with me not even making a beginning!

When a poem is done  
it tells me  
you've not yet begun  
not done your part  
and still stuck at the start!

I come out no stronger  
when a poem is over.

the mind for sometimes hover  
falls down with broken wing  
words gone dry heart bleeding  
with me not even making a beginning!

When a poem is done  
it tells me  
I'm left undone  
mere ink on paper without a soul,  
when one more dream of mine you stole.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When A Stranger

You search askance the face  
Gaze my brows awhile  
Think why isn't a trace  
Where's gone from lip my smile!

There are times galore  
Can't help the way you need  
Can't bring to you that more  
The warmth of me you greed!

You seek my eyes' that shine  
The glint of love deemed true  
Need read on face the line  
The way you are used to!

Not always can show my face  
The way I should to you  
Not always can bring happiness  
And trust built strong and true!

Don't like when that happens  
A stranger in me you find  
Your eyes show signs of rains  
Pains flood your breaking mind!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When At The Shower

These are the times I hate.

When I remember  
I need to tell her  
Something very urgent  
If not told this moment  
Might never be said  
But at that hour  
I'm at the shower  
And my holler can't breach  
To be in her ear's reach!

It's still less fun  
When they come  
Not just one  
But three four five  
Ready to be told ripe  
But in that goddamned hour  
I'm right at the shower  
Needing immediately to tell her  
What I might not again remember!

Not one from the to be said I can save  
See them washed out to watery grave  
No mind hammering could ever retrieve  
Their loss that I'm left to bereave!

There's no second chance for all of them  
Terribly important but dying unnamed  
With the toweled wetness they too evaporate  
My thoughts at the shower at that hour I hate!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When Awake And In Sleep

When awake  
Without break  
Thoughts pour,  
Each hammer  
Each clamor  
Open door.  
Hue and shade  
Play in head  
Craft design,  
Words galore  
More and more  
Grow the line.  
Sigh cheers  
Joy tears  
All the kind,  
Sweet sour  
Sun shower  
Way they find.  
Hands ache  
Force a break  
Eyes tire,  
Seek rest  
In sleep's nest  
In dream's attire.  
There too come  
In ears strum  
Strange refrain,  
Without recess  
The thoughts chase  
Joy and pain.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When Broken

Be firm i tell him  
bear with the sorrow  
knowing i would be broken  
if it happens to me tomorrow

for i can only sympathize  
can offer two sweet words  
can act so long wise  
till a loss firmly hurts

i would be telling a lie  
if i say i fully feel  
your grieving cry  
can provide you a heal

for i know when it happens  
like you afflicts me sorrow  
no solace could heal the pains  
i would be broken tomorrow

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When Came The Mailman

Faster smoother communication  
Texts flying freely in the air  
But somewhere eerily dying the relation  
Bred when you could just silently stare!  
Gone are the years of shy look and snail mail  
A distance of time-space that fanned it intense  
The words though now are buzzing like gale  
With the wind comes not the romance's incense!  
Flew away the time them now would never know  
Of waiting in hushed noon for the mailman's bell  
Running the fingers in the warmth of a blue glow  
With the lovelorn heart in pursuit of a fairytale!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## When Can We?

When can we joke about our anger  
And together lovingly remember  
The time you left home in a huff  
And were forced to return home with a laugh  
Limping and with a long walk's sore leg too  
Because in anger you wore my oversized shoe!  
When can we joke about our bitterness  
And together lovingly remember  
The day I told you on your face  
And you left midway in your dinner  
Saying on the street you would rather roam  
Than ever having a meal at home!  
When can we joke about our past tiffs  
And together lovingly remember  
The times our anger scaled the cliffs  
And on our home hang a heavy weather  
Where you and I drifted apart like islands  
With tear laden hearts and desolate hands!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## When Find A Part Of You

Form, style, structure are all in vain  
If you when read a poem  
Don't see there a bit of your pain  
In the lines a speck of redress  
Return on read a grain of happiness  
A part of you speaking in that poem  
A recognized tale your traveled realm  
Where your mind roams with your eyes  
Dark labyrinths valleys of sunrise  
And at end of ride through trough and crest  
Moments invested leave you no regret.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When I Ask Myself

See what's not seen  
Hear what's not heard  
Find precious gem  
From the seeming muck  
Lift one soul  
Bring one smile  
Stop one while  
To look away from you  
Love one way  
As if hearts live  
To only receive  
What you must give!

Then ask yourself  
Judge yourself  
In all the years done  
You a poet a man  
In what gain  
Have dragged your pen!

You stop there  
Afraid you know the answer

I'm vain

As a poet as a man

The unseen not in my sight  
The unheard not in my word

I'm vain  
Echoes your sightless sight

I'm vain  
Returns the depth of night!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When I Borrow

I borrow some blue from the sky,  
Pour them on my sadness  
And living becomes joy!  
I borrow some laughter from the spring,  
Rub them over my face  
And returns my happiness!  
I borrow a little of the tree's selflessness  
Plant them in my heart  
And living becomes caring for others!  
I borrow some radiance of the sun,  
Store them in my eyes  
And all darkness is illumined!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When I Can See Night's Bones

Only when there is a power cut  
down here are city lights dead  
Can I see up there the stars' glut  
Unseen moon over head!

I need sometimes a power cut  
It's when they yell curse  
I open all the windows shut  
To stare upon the stars!

I need sometimes a power cut  
Like the horse needs the hoof  
Feel a thrill in my gut  
Run up to the roof!

It's when is heard the groans  
Of people blind to night  
It's then I see the night's bones  
Get the stars on my sight!

I need sometimes the power to go  
When sky bathes in moonlight  
Her beauty's fullness night can show  
Starry heaven comes to sight!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When I Come Back

Keep my bed warm.  
Though I'm out in the storm  
And don't know when the sea will be calm.  
Keep the fire from dying.  
Though I'm out in the cold night  
And don't know when the day will dawn.  
Keep dreaming of me.  
Though I'm awake in the faraway land  
And don't know if I can ever reach you.  
Keep my memory alive.  
Though I'm waiting alone on the shore  
And don't know when I can cross over.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When I Reside In My Poem

The only redress to all my pain  
comes when I reside in my poem.

no matter what I write  
buxom thin trivial trite  
common rhyme mundane style

in poems I find the escape awhile!

Ask myself where I would be  
if the ink never flowed for poetry  
this mind never vented even one poem  
born for me bear my name!

When my worries burst at the rim  
agonies seem an endless stream  
I board this carriage for a heavenly ride  
reach the dreamland on the other side!

There so long I roam the corridor  
tasting the treasured and the abhorred  
I forget the measures all earthly yardstick

in the rainbow bubble taste the escape I seek!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When I Shooed The Cat

When I shooed the cat  
It spoke out kinda human voice  
So all your knowledge has come to that  
Acting only on selfish choice!

Answered him without losing my grit  
Pretentious cat a sly mean thief  
Wise words in your mouth don't befit  
Most misplaced would be in you a belief!

Ha I laugh when you say I steal  
A crumb of fish few drops of milk  
Tribe of men when have belly's fill  
Gorge some more your hungry ilk!

Had been you a little kind and fair  
And not just mindful of own wellness  
Learned to live with caring share  
The world would have been a lovely place!

In such a world never a cat would steal  
Needn't have to when kept well fed  
Would discard all its furtive skill  
Live cutely cuddled on human bed!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When I'll Be Ninety

If at all I reach that age

would I retain my faculty  
my vision to read a book's page!

If and when I reach that time  
would my mind be still that keen  
could this hand pen a few more rhyme  
this ink could some tales spin!

Would you still surround me  
light my path like north star  
or leaving me with my poetry  
you would be then gone far!

How would I feel at ninety  
contented fully fulfilled?  
or sitting alone and empty  
only death each breath would will!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# When Is Halloween

When is Halloween what's so special about that night  
All nights past twelve I lie frozen in utter fright  
Prearranged so by design I'm isolated in one room  
On my bed alone in all nooks shadows loom!

My hands mustn't stick out there're hands to pull  
Drag me to a dark well the hands clammy and cool  
My feet too mustn't be stretched beyond bed's edge  
Umpteen things can happen by lurking evils' rage!

My eyes I keep them shut so as to make me unfound  
But my ears are too keen to let go the slightest sound  
Of dragging footsteps and whispering voices closing in on me  
I lie alone not a soul in the room so ghosts they've to be!

But the scariest thing happens and it frightens me the most  
When silence is deafening not a trace of any ghost  
I ready for a peaceful sleep of which I don't get much  
Just then the bed moves welcomes me a faint touch!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When It Dawned

As the dawn broke into the night  
A call pierced my eyelids shut tight  
It was a weary and painful cry  
Of a sadness bleeding under the sky!  
The night was thinly hanging still  
My eyes slowly opened against their will  
Within echoed someone 'it wasn't right,  
To keep her at bay through the night'  
In the attic little throats were parched  
Hungry mouths frantically searched  
Blind eyes pined for softness  
Yearned for her licking embrace!  
The night had not gone down well  
In her eyes dewdrops did dwell  
Time seemed to move cruelly slow  
'When would open the window'  
Her eyes asked as I let her in  
How I could be so awfully mean  
As to not know in the mother's breast the pain  
When forced to be away from children!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When It Happens

The crow looks like black hanging rag  
The trees blurred blotch of green  
Trunks furcating like horns of stag  
The sky is shorn of sheen!

The road in haze is dazed in dust  
Crossing seems out of bound  
Eyes from birth hold distrust  
Under feet is slipping ground!

Cars loud honk speeding by  
How far is the other side  
Though it looked close and nigh  
Now seems hands need a guide!

Faces of men look only half done  
The letters on the board gone pale  
Walking it seems is no longer fun  
All sights are without head or tail!

In strangeness appears familiarity  
Might fall and break my neck  
Ghost like looms a known city  
Left behind at home my specs!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When It's Not Your Day

Sometimes it's just fine to look away  
Without pain's twitch a word to say  
Pretend it's nothing that's all too harsh  
Look up from ground to the far up stars.

Sometimes it's just fine to look away  
Hiding the dent the anguish's sway  
Burn the tears with the fire in heart  
Look up from the ruins to the sky for a start.

Sometimes it's just fine to look away  
Feel within it's not your day  
Stop listening to the sadness' tune  
Move with the wind a shifting dune.

Know some days are never your day  
Though they'll try to blow you away  
Just live them down not drown in them  
For on the morrow is written your name.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When Lose A Job

Not lose your mind  
nor heart  
when a job you lose

there's another to find  
make a new start  
another to choose.

With the job you lose goes the earn  
don't think there you would be stuck  
soon for you the tides would turn  
come knocking your door good luck.

You never really loved the job you lost  
money was the only call  
but it made you pay a high cost  
and the return was meagerly small.

Ruined your hours numbed your soul  
the job robbed all your smile  
surely on you took a heavy toll  
caged your mind all the while.

Money is the need to pay the bill  
for even breathing needs buck  
but the job you lost stole your free will  
made you to be a lame sitting duck.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When Memories Were Not Born

Today this sun-filled morn  
I'll not mourn for you,  
Though my heart is a desert  
Your memories barren sands  
And my eyes dried up eons ago!  
Today this sun-filled morn  
I'll not mourn for you  
Though my heart still smells you  
Your face lies in my eyes  
And my cries I stifled eons ago!  
Today this sun-filled morn  
Your hands in mine  
We'll walk back to when  
Memories were not born!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When Money Grows Sparse

My finance is getting no better  
Fast is thinning my purse  
My pocket is now a deep crater  
Where money is growing sparse!

Spending what came was my craze  
Bucks pouring in didn't stay  
Blissfully forgot the adage  
Keep aside for rainy day!

I spent my earn on what not  
Bought everything catching eye  
Possessed by the only thought  
Should spend last penny fore I die!

It had gone like this for years  
I went on a spending spree  
Till one fine morn in tears  
Bade me goodbye the last penny!

Now in old age and low spirit  
With money dimming too faint  
I can no more be a spendthrift  
With my purse's meager remnant!

Laments soul my unheard muse  
If only you had paid me heed  
Put all those money to better use  
And not just cared for own need!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When Morning Goes Sour

Good morning her sweet voice rings in my ear  
But in my eyes his sweat dripping labor  
Makes me feel a sinner.

It happens someday my mind goes messy  
And her neon lit smile floating in the aycee  
Can't wipe out outside's burning summer.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# When My Belief Is Deluged

Why don't I stop believing Him  
When mother's eyes bathe in the river of tears  
Grief breaks the heart as the beloved depart  
And He provides no solace  
Offers no escape invoking His grace  
And I for once more start believing  
He is just a figment of my imagination  
A dumb conjuring of my helpless mind  
And the only belief I should hold onto  
Is never having a belief in Him.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When Poems Were Lived

Tell you the truth the ones in teen  
There was a time I was your age  
When I didn't yield to the words' din  
Spent not the days pouring on page!

But passed hours in the nooks of noon  
Smelling old books sniffing at dreams  
Rode my wings to the diurnal moon  
Never on page poured ink's streams!

Fought many battles with enemy unseen  
soared high up to the depth of sky  
With ease painted the needed scene  
Jotting them down I never did try!

I loved to love the girl next door  
Though hadn't ever seen clearly her face  
Imagined myself the princely amour  
And she my heart's pretty princess!

I spent much time in a world my own  
On trails of mystery and missing link  
Might have yearned inside a poet to be grown  
I didn't waste time staining paper with ink!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When She Could Ask For Sky

In pouring rain  
We entered the fair

For no gain  
One odd pair

Beneath a sodden tent!

One small thing  
Caught her eyes

And her wing  
She couldn't disguise

In that sweet moment!

Asked her why  
When she could ask for sky

And I was ready!

Said her tears  
For many years

I craved a teddy!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When She's Not There

How do I go on when she's not there  
how do I live the emptiness  
how do I breathe one of the broken pair  
how do I pass those lonely days!

How do I save all the fragrance of her  
how do I preserve all her touch  
how do I keep her all the while near  
tell her I love her how much!

How do I find her when she goes away  
how do I call out her name  
how do I have one word of love to say  
how do I write any more poem!

How do I nurture her handmade garden  
how do I sow there new seeds  
how do I carry her memory's burden  
how do I stop the growing weeds!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When The Pain Of Life Overrides The Joy

Ever wondered if god was thinking  
To make a move or deemed no need  
When closed in the vulture's wing  
Smelling a cadaverous human feed.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When The Rain Stops

When the rain stops and the sun comes out  
I have a feeling, a nagging little doubt  
That the clouds and the just departing rain  
Have stolen from me something  
Never to be got back again!  
Those moments of tender touching on cheeks  
Chasing droplets running down window sill  
The swaying shower that from the sky leaks  
To give the yearning soil a vigorous thrill!  
The symphony the rain clatters on the tin  
The sounds the leaves make while they drink  
I want to hold onto but lose in the din  
As the landscapes around me dim and shrink!

The raining moments leave with something of me  
Hidden inside and longing to be free  
What one rain takes the other never returns  
The times, the hopes and the fire that burns!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When You Are A Poet

You're a poet flying on wing  
Your world a great heart only rules  
You're no fighter in a boxing ring  
You're no charger like bulls.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When You Are No More

In the broken orange fire  
I felt an empty loneliness  
A stretch beyond known land  
In my thought your warm hand  
Your odor drifting away  
'I love you' was all I could say!  
My love was never in doubt  
Time could not wear it out  
Not even the darkness  
Conspired by night  
Could erase your face  
Take it beyond sight!  
Now on the empty shore  
The waves break and moan  
On the shifting sands  
I am alone  
With you when you are no more!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# When You Have Me

I had no meaning  
till you picked me up

your tongue rolled  
turned me gold

Me a mere word  
till you first noticed me

and since that dawn  
held to me tightly

You made me your part  
saw I was spread

with me in your heart  
you grew unafraid

As in you I was grown  
healed your inner scar

you ceased to feel alone  
when found me within her

On my wings you fly high  
hardest wall you can break

reach the far end of sky  
go on mountainous trek

Yet it hurts me real bad  
when I see world battle torn

then I ask myself why  
can't you use me as weapon

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When You Hold Captive

When you don't leave it a choice  
It hasn't nowhere to go  
Make for it a false rejoice  
Paint for it a window.  
Keep there a patch of sky  
A space for a fancy flight  
For its wings to soar dreamily high  
And bathe in the golden light.  
You have stolen its endless space  
It hasn't nowhere to go  
Make for it a fake happiness  
Paint for it a window.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When You Lose A Part Of You

silent is the mourning  
when crying seems inadequate  
for the hurt.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When You Lose Faith, Remember

out there are men  
who haven't lost faith  
in you.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## When You Need It Most

You may not need it when sun shines bright  
Not goes wrong one rhythm or rhyme  
You need it most with no hope on sight  
Love you need in the hardest of times.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# When You Write

how do you go about it  
when you write a poem  
scribble on a piece of sheet  
then think about a name?

or do you just tap the keys  
seek a clue to start  
your way to save the trees  
yet find a vent to heart.

do you sit tightly stiff  
intent on the screen  
or shuffle in the strong belief  
they would pour the way you mean.

how do you find the time  
or do you have enough  
to betwixt work catch a rhyme  
grab the thoughts by scruff.

do you write all alone  
without a soul around  
in a place quiet to bone  
but for your clicking sound.

or you have but little choice  
to be by yourself in a room  
yet bud a poem from the noise  
grow it to full bloom.

my mind ponders the questions above  
but the least I can do is to brood  
how you pen a poem of love  
that makes me feel so good.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Where Is The Enemy?

To hell with it, enough I say  
It's time to rise and be ready  
With the sword to sweep and slay  
The dark forces of my enemy!  
Madly I go out for the drive  
Beware foes you've no retreat  
I'll hunt you out wherever you thrive  
And will not come back before I do it!  
All around I find an echoing hollow  
Pitying laughter in mocking glee  
I move and my own shadows follow  
Despairingly crying where is the enemy!  
Where is the enemy, taunts my vengeance  
Where is the enemy that my wrath seeks  
Where is the enemy asks my impatience,  
My enemy inside me reigns in bliss!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Where Love Her Eyes Still Speak

Half of my sky is sun  
and I'm on the run  
always  
in the dream  
of catching him!

Why follow me o cloud  
blow the storm rough  
before breaks your dark shroud  
I have to reach the other half.

I can see on the mountain peak  
hope's flame is still not ember  
love her eyes still speak  
loving my blood remembers.

O cloud my purpose here is undone  
am yet to reach the mountain peak  
hold your veil and let me run  
to where love her eyes still speak.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Where Love Shelters

Let me not pen the pain of sadness  
Not say what made me stay away  
I would rather be in cheerful face  
Forget tears of the bygone day.

Last few days I was like shelter less  
A shelter isn't a mere roof on your head  
Home beyond brick is a heartfelt address  
Not in concrete but of love made.  
Once more I knew it really had no redress  
Even the best of all else isn't any best  
Home becomes a mere void without her grace  
A lifeless hollow, an abandoned nest!

This morn I found in a bowl of my ceiling lamp  
On gathered twigs sat a mother dove  
She has made there a blissful camp  
To see the fruition of her love!

Sunshine I felt deep in my mind  
She must have her shelter all the way  
With this the dark clouds I left behind  
Retrieved my nest on a revealing day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Where Love Shelters 2

It's seven days and the dove sits there pretty tight  
On the mess of my chandelier never used for light  
Trivially bothersome but her I bear no grudge  
Never thought of shooing away or giving her a nudge!

The bird in enviable meditation sits in elegant poise  
Looks more like play-dove I brought home by choice  
Stirs not in my presence bats not her eyelids  
Embodiment of patience and patience is all she needs!

How many days to be there, she knows but I don't know  
Sits there the ravishing beauty in love's radiant glow  
But I know something of it, in her eyes have seen the gleam  
Of a longing to be in time there, by holding onto the dream!

What comes of her what's in store I thought I little care  
Never knew when of her dream I had a part to share  
How she became a partner in life seeking a shelter of love  
I have no answer but only know I must shelter the dove!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Where Nightmares Reign

Life is living the sunset rays  
Or remaining awake on a starless night  
Dreaming of blue gold days  
Keeping nightmares out of sight!  
Nightmares, they keep coming back  
To steal the stillness in your heart  
That waits for the opaque to crack  
For the spirit to rise and depart!  
You start believing in them  
In a world the dark dreams make  
Slowly you love playing the game  
Not knowing the real from the fake!  
Blue gold day is now folklore  
You live where nightmares reign  
In your eyes the hot tears pour  
It's over you can't live again!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Where The Hearts Only Know To Give

Come here to mend a broken heart  
Come here to make a new start  
Come here to set passions ablaze  
Come here to turn a new page.  
Here the hills wild and verdant  
Purge out all meanness within  
Here the streams gaily abundant  
Wash the mind's dirt to make it clean.  
Here the hearts only know to give  
Lust not to get in return  
Here the tears when the eyes they leave  
Not in the revenge's wrath burn.  
Take home these pix hang it on your wall  
See it when despairs torment  
Wear its beacon on the night of squall  
To find way under starless firmament.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Where Winds The River

My heart I give to the cloud  
my eyes where the grasses quiver  
my time is come to leave the high ground  
be lost in the mist of the river!

From so far I have wandered  
to be lost in you o river  
my tears mourn the times squandered  
to find you where you meander!

Now is come the time this August noon  
to pierce your mystery's veil  
to kiss your ripples and die in your moon  
go down deep you to feel!

I give my heart to where winds the river  
as I stand on your green bank's mound  
where the clouds hug you grasses quiver  
and soul end of journey is home bound!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Where You Belong

Seagulls cry waves take a break  
Sprouting foams on you lips break  
Unleashed joy that's hard to hide  
An unshackled day on the seaside!  
Eyes reach where the sky bends low  
Roll on silver crowns in endless flow  
It stretches blue with streaks of green  
You are lost in the ocean's din!  
The vastness makes you feel so small  
The wide expanse and the rise and fall  
Yet within you says each heartbeat  
Like the sand grain you're part of it!  
On the seaside the child in you sails  
Making sand hills picking a few shells  
Running free and wild humming an old song  
Knowing it's where you've dreamed to belong!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Whiskey

From my pal whiskey a peg I borrow  
To drown therein my load of sorrow  
It takes no time for the peg to be gone  
But my darned sorrow not leaves me alone!

I plead with whiskey to lend one more  
As my empty glass is quite an eyesore  
A damned liberal he pours me more  
Still not gone sorrow when pegs are four!

My cheeks are flushed red and hot  
One on one he pours me shot  
Can't stop me though a bitch's son  
My sorrow still flows in plenty gallon!

The more he pours more get me dumbed  
My brain takes leave thinking is numbed  
From the empty glass sorrow winks a smile  
I hear it say won't leave you a while!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# White Clouds

today eyes found white clouds reading a little hard  
monitor screen slightly remote prints a little blurred  
gathered a few teardrops vision felt the pang of strain  
it was then the mind drifted white clouds brought a rain!

from now on sunshine would not all be that bright  
patch of crooked darkness would cry out for light  
a curtain would come on way block the color's shade  
things would no more look the way they are made!

the lens would not capture what's finer for eyes  
beauties in smallness textures in disguise  
blueness of sky the raw greenness of grass  
would stale when looked through a pair of glass!

today white clouds brought the first layer of film  
turned the nooks darker made daylight look dim  
gathered a few teardrops vision felt the pang of strain  
mind knew from now on life would not be same again!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# White Dots

Reappearing the white dots on my fingernail  
I'm growing a child again I yell  
She smiles having by now known it well  
It's where I dwell.

Her mocking smile is an annoyance  
Still louder I yell  
White dots come on a child's finger and toenail.

My lady ever practical says how do I gain  
If ever you really become a child again  
It would be a tall demand and I'm afraid  
The first thing you would ask for is to be breastfed!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# White House

Knowing couldn't resist the autumn light  
playing on walls the shorter days  
painted my house with only white  
to forget coming winter's gloomy gray!

Now the cotton clouds cannot stay aloof  
when burnt at heart by the summer's pain  
break the flight to pause on the white roof  
pour a tear two as the falling rain!

Now the sky a little more dazzles blue  
lavishly spreads her wares colors glut  
moon spins the night in her magic brew  
when rises pompous behind areca-nut!

So you know given them good reasons  
the winds to weave dreams for weary night  
play on walls between rests all seasons  
loving that I painted house only white!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Who Is The Pauper?

The pauper's bread is his philosophy  
The affluent's philosophy is bread  
Though the pauper hasn't a bread too many  
His dog is always well fed!

The joy of sharing he knows best  
His bread he cuts into two  
The pauper the vermin the nagging pest  
At heart is the most well-to-do!

He knows the joy of togetherness  
To divide from his scrap of bread  
The pauper a slur on the human race  
Sees his dog doesn't remain unfed!

He knows he can't do without this help  
He is too alone on this ride  
The pauper knows better than to live with self  
Loves his dog on his side!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Who Murdered Mathilda?

Mathilda is brutally murdered  
Udolph is the obvious suspect  
remembers everyone how she jilted him  
David her last lover is inconsolable  
Evan's appearance raises suspicion  
right before the murder he met her  
Ergot the butler had seen him going out  
Rocky was with him could be an accomplice  
Inspector Brown finds it a tough case  
so many suspects but all with good alibi  
Dr. Thomas isn't sure about the cause of death  
autopsy is necessary for the confirmation  
visible though are the abrasions on her neck  
Inspector Brown interrogates all the suspects  
dogs are brought to find smells of trails.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Why

His sweats a salty syrup  
He muttered time is up  
And crashed with a mighty splash!

For the fraction airborne  
Did he once mourn  
His life passing in a flash?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Why (10w)

Why couldn't we  
ever  
agree to disagree  
and not war?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Why A Dream

slosh slumber river noon  
dumber life behind  
skim fishing gull's croon  
poetry far from mind!

flirty wave tosses boat  
why a dream no clue  
script for day someone wrote  
only for us two!

winds too know cavort blow  
land as dusted kiss  
dizzy lips drink it slow  
doze in lover's bliss!

stakes are high hours short  
must grab hold it tight  
'fore it melts on the port  
dims the river light!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Why Bother (10w)

Why bother weather forecast,  
If it rains, rain it must!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Why Dark Poems I Don'T Write

Though I too pass through darkness  
Have my share of thunderous night  
Fighting depression's embrace!

I think of ways to swallow them down  
Shove them out of my sight  
Blow it away my grimmest frown  
Light the dark in candlelight!

It's not smooth job wishing them away  
The shadows too powerful to yield  
That always love to have their way  
Thrive in dreams unfulfilled!

They tempt me to give them a chance  
Succumb to their alluring might  
I know if I submit to them for once  
They would be all over my write!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Why Fillers?

when time constrains

thoughts unshackle  
in small bursts.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Why I Love You

I love you  
not because  
you're good looking

I love you  
not because  
you're caring

I love you  
not because  
you dote on me

I love you  
not because  
your smiles are sweet

I love you  
not in lust  
of your crevice  
or orifice  
or skin

I love you  
because  
without you  
I feel

incomplete within.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Why Still

Seeing the surge of love poems  
finding love as the most trending tag  
though my spirit swells

I wonder why still  
in this haven of love  
all is not well!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Why The Tears I Shed?

Why the tears I shed?  
Hunger is around,  
I'm well fed.

Why the tears I shed?  
The fire has gone out,  
Warm is my bed.

Why the tears I shed?  
Love is without sense,  
On me lies her head.

Why the tears I shed?  
The living is on alms,  
Aplenty is my bread.

Why the tears I shed?  
Life seeks mercy,  
More blessed is the dead.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Wide Eyed

He lies wide eyed.

The opaque stream reflects no sky  
betrays no emotions  
nothing is impressed on the canvas anymore.

'Wide eyed'  
that's how he was described by all  
as he gave everything a riveting look  
stopped on the way of his routine chores  
lost in his own wandering thoughts  
stealing and storing on those orifice  
the wonders that often pass as mundane  
letting not the smallest bit to escape  
like a crazy collector on a wild run of filling his scrapbook.

He lies wide eyed.

His unblinking eyes still in awe of the stored marvels  
and silently pleading the approaching fingers  
not to shut them!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Wild Hunt

Till dies down the music in our ears  
Come let's go back to the yesteryears  
To those beaches of youth's wild hunt  
Run again with the wind and play truant.  
Come let's go get one more hold  
On those duckback years that couldn't make us old  
Fly with them to where we dreamed to reach  
The realm of youth's sweated whiff adrift in saline beach.  
Come let's go back and ride the breaking waves  
Dig out love's fossil that our heart still craves  
Retrace our imprints etched on the sandy shore  
Till the music dies down and in our ears plays no more.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Wild Run

Runs the street urchin  
In his eyes the rippling sky  
From his strings soars high  
A butterfly atop the green!

Not much of a past  
There isn't a road ahead  
He runs in his abiding trust  
On his hands' winging thread!

Soar high and still higher  
Bring me the sky's hue  
Shower my dreams in the air  
Make me one with you!

Sees not the boy's dancing eyes  
The path that winds before him  
He loves the butterflies' swim  
When with the winds they rise!

He prays the breeze forever blow  
Of strings his hands are never empty  
Till it kisses the heavenly glow  
Sailing past the highest tree!

Fly high and still higher  
Plant my dreams as you roam  
At dusk when my eyes tire  
Build me in the sky a home!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## Wild Waste

On the desert stretch looking a perfect wretch trudges along the guy  
In heavy boots ravaged on route where eagles dare not fly  
His hairs braided his face shaded under dark olive hat  
The man alone to all unknown most perilous terrains chart!  
His face wears many months' stubble weathered brown like rock  
Scars many on his hands bony his lips are rusted lock  
He staggers on his eyes stubborn in predestined vision  
His cheeks are hard men take all guard he's out on a mission!  
Wearied frame but ain't no game he reaches a place at last  
Where a tavern stands amid dusty lands, a little rest is must  
As the gate opens, he puts two pence on the old man at the bar  
He needs a drink few sleepy winks for he's coming from afar!  
He little cared bad guys stared strumpets around they laughed  
He breathed deep drank first sip in parched throat softly coughed  
In his dirty gown, his face bowed down they thought to have some fun  
They little knew there were only few who could match his skill in gun!  
The one eyed Jack leaving cards pack called him by ugliest names  
They let off steam damned jeered him joined by the fallen dames  
Not a hair's rustle he didn't bustle swallowed unfazed his drink  
They tried so hard each one bastard to drive his patience to brink!  
He held his leash in no flourish though his hawkish eyes burned alert  
Watching keen amid all the din for the mischievous to make a start  
One filthy gall let woe befall taking him for weak and mute  
Grabbed one girl with skin of pearl threatened to have her shoot!  
Our man in hat though he hated a spat had soft corner for women  
On the table his gun was not the one to make such thing happen  
His anger chilled bone it was well known in all corners of the west  
In a moment was done by his blazing gun it sent the scum to rest!  
His mission done he wasn't the one to wait there anymore  
He rose up to go with the end of show summoned the pearl-skin whore  
As they left the bar to go afar to a land beyond mountain  
The lights were on audience gone, came down the curtain!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Windfall

Their faces dewy fresh, just out of school  
The pair of girl and boy is dazzlingly beautiful  
Frolicking in the wind the two butterflies  
Laugh in life's fullness, joys can't disguise.  
If years I could shed by a miracle's windfall  
Could go back to their times when dreams rule tall  
I would pick her as my girl, her hair in red lace  
Giggling wild in glee, her chubby freckled face.  
I would be her boy she would love to be with  
She would be my girl I would love in every breath  
In that lovers' trance we would never grow wise  
But live in ignorant bliss of two butterflies.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Wings Are Waiting

Not life, death dragged him on  
The desert sun scorched his eyes  
The heat seared his skin  
His mind evaporated to nothingness  
The fluttering wings circled in wait  
For the lunge, sure of his fate!

The man never minded the arduous trek  
Never stopped, never ever took a break  
The road ahead drove him on  
Losing all on the way, he was alone  
Pouring sweats licked his eyes  
No sound ever came of his cries  
Without a luminescent dream  
In life death shadowed him!

When the deadly sun turned brown  
The hungry beaks swooped down  
Ended the journey long yet mean  
Devoured he lay, his bones picked clean!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Wise And Other-Wise

a piece of cheese in the caged house  
smells so fine walks in the mouse  
when in hunger in the need of food  
it stops not to ponder if it should.

a billion mouse and most think straight  
not breaking head on cause and effect  
live by the meals and between the breath  
not balding in the fantasy if god is a myth.

happy they aren't like a few other-wise  
brooding contemplating what's lying in disguise  
but just being mouse salivating on the food  
without morals or scruples of should not and should.

when hungry craves food some sleep and rest  
never bothering if their life is a complete waste  
if you think detachedly of the wise and the mouse  
it would seem both cohabiting the same caged house.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# With Fires In Heaven

under cloud's mountain  
I speak her  
words of love.

this moonlit night  
is no time  
to break the spell

with fires in heaven  
and stars tempting  
false oaths

she dies

in my million sparks of lies.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# With The Bell

while in classroom they were with the bell  
his mind some place else dwelled  
where rafts of white on blue set sail  
nimbus grew in mountain swell.

let them all be in that room  
pursue wisdom in blackboard gloom  
he won't go in that pursuit  
when world outside called his feet.

he would breathe the endless sky  
chase rainbow and butterfly  
in shade of tree find sweetest dream  
more than it was not for him.

he would sit by that placid lake  
in its ripples' lullaby half awake  
hug the wind run wild sunburned  
leave classroom lessons remain unlearned.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## With The Child Always

In the lonely moments of yellow gold noon  
On the roof alone under the crescent moon  
You breeze down on my mind soft and silent  
An aroma of old time from faraway firmament!  
The magic wand of dream cleanses the rust  
The present disappears comes back the past  
Your lips part, in a hum of lullaby,  
Cuddles in your arms the sweetest baby!  
In the liquid dawn when the air spews dew  
Its fragrance melts time to find you anew  
You land in my yard with ageless grace  
To bear the child in your warm embrace!  
When dark clouds gather on the horizon  
In the rising storm I feel all alone  
You quietly come and lay your hands on me  
To let me know you aren't gone, you can never be!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# With The Coming Of Night

Your beauty waits in sunshine  
Flies swarm, butterflies flock  
They come, bathe, drink and sink.  
Comes the night,  
The beauty vanishes in a wink.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# With You Always

If I die just this moment  
Mount me not on your wall  
Remember the time together spent  
Hide me in your heart as a pearl!  
If I die just this moment  
Don't mourn or shed a tear  
Feel how much I meant  
To you in the years together!  
If I die just this moment  
Hold me tight in your mind  
Think as if I'm present  
Always there for you to find!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## With Your Ex-Lover: Chance 2

Go join the long and winding queue  
At the space station WYXLC2  
Where they take you to time left behind  
To dig out the lost love from your mind!  
You are transported to a recreated space  
To regain moments of forsaken happiness  
Of holding her close, sing, and dance  
A night out with her, for a second chance!  
A precious chance to show your passion  
Under the sky of heavenly constellation  
Unspoken gestures of love that never fail  
Feelings that words can't explicitly tell!  
Words you uttered you never wanted to  
Vain, hollow and rang so untrue  
That poured only from the lip's surface  
To snuff out love and kill its progress!  
This night with your ex-lover for chance 2  
To make amends, it's what you must do  
Utter not, for love words can disguise  
Hold her in embrace, look deep into her eyes!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Within

When cloud of darkness gathers around me  
It's always your light that sets me free.  
When despair piles up in my grieving heart  
Your magic broom cleans up the dirt.  
You smile when I cry, cry when I smile  
No grief is forever, beyond a sorrowful mile.  
By all the acts you do and all the tales you spin  
You let me discover the happiness within.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Without A Note

It's time to move away she thought  
and without a parting note  
quietly took her breath away.

None knew what made her cease her breath  
there were gossip and lore and lot of myth  
she looked quite a happy girl some said  
said others it was her exam grade,  
jilted in love, with her lover had a tiff  
none was certain she left in what belief!

Was it the anguish of a deeply hidden pain  
that made her escape find in quitting a gain  
living seemed too miserable breath too taxing  
to transcend all these she had to spread her wing!

The hearts she broke groped ever in darkness  
for in them only would live her footprint's trace  
no answer was there in their wails of the night  
why she chose to take off for a flight in starlight!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Without Ever Telling

There's something I couldn't tell you  
remained in the heart all along  
something that is though long overdue  
never made it to the tongue!

Yet I am sure by now you know  
have read its mark on my eyes  
the ripened feel seasons mellowed  
revealed through all the disguise!

Don't know why could never tell it  
like the way in ease lovers speak  
though it's what says my heartbeat  
ever failing to reach the tongue's tip!

Unspoken though hidden in the breast  
what in stories two lovers easily say  
without ever telling its show manifest  
I couldn't have it told to this day!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Without Her Knowing It

Sometimes she visits  
leaves mind no traces  
sometimes she lingers  
for long

Sometimes her spirit  
quickly vanishes  
sometimes she stays  
like a song!

Sometimes she dresses  
real too fast  
sometimes her clothes  
she not finds

Sometimes she presses  
for her fill of lust  
sometimes she messes  
my mind!

Sometimes her eyes  
upon mine stay  
sometimes her cries  
look away

Sometimes her smile  
showers like rain  
sometimes they rile  
cause me pain!

Sometimes her hands  
cling to me tight  
sometimes like sands  
drift away

Sometimes her lands  
are hazy and grey  
she seems remote  
far away!

Yet she ever makes me feel  
she loves me upon her sight  
me her heart always wills  
all of the day and night!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Without Waiting

In a desolate corner of the graveyard  
I found a memorial stone.  
Inscribed "Lawrence, 4 hours,  
Opened his eyes to the squalor around,  
Shed a dropp of tears at the misery,  
And closed his eyes"  
Without waiting for the love to blossom,  
Without a care for the bud  
Blooming in his mother's eyes!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Wolf Pup

As I pour you stories from my memory's cup  
Comes out another childish tale of a wolf pup!

One wolf pup dad was telling me for weeks  
He would bring home I was five or six  
Would you bring it Dad from the forest?  
No dear I'll get for you from the market.

Ah a wolf pup not just having a dog or a cat  
Only in our home how wonderful would be that  
When it grew up what a sight that would be  
It would cuddle me and growl at my enemy  
Unleashed it would roam our home all night  
As neighbor's envy and the burglar's plight  
Our neighborhood accustomed to the night owl  
Would now reverberate with a wolf's howl!

I basked for days in warm glow of pride  
Imagining a large wolf walking by my side  
Each night after dad left for his night shift  
I spent sleepless dreaming his morning's gift  
Each morning as soon as I heard him call  
I ran to him to see if had arrived the furry ball.

Days came and went and dad could sense  
His child was nearing the end of patience  
One night leaving as he kissed my forehead  
Told me dear son the pup is fully made  
Don't worry you'll have it on the next day  
A child trusts his dad that's what they say.

I stayed awake the whole night with the night owl  
Cuddling a big wolf in my ears its booming howl!

By now you know what happened I never got the gift  
Someone else had taken it my memories only drift!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Woman's Story

You bring to this world all happiness  
But just a look at your face  
Tells of the silently borne sorrow  
Of agony today and no hope for morrow!  
You are deemed stoical painless  
But just a look at your face  
Tells of the many death of dreams  
Of a life lived by men's whims!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Women

Silently they bear  
Rarely resent  
When they are near  
You feel the attachment.  
At home or outside  
They are in control  
Makes life a joyous ride  
Companion of your soul.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Wooden Smiles

We try to be happy all the time  
But not dare the untrodden miles  
Forget the heart's rapturous rhymes  
End up in wooden smiles!

Someone please give me smile broad and wide  
So can be seen all my teeth  
Tell me a belly rip where laughter can't hide  
Give me spacious humor's width!

Tell me a joke wild nonsense and trash  
Make all my muscles ache in pain  
When the waves of laughter upon me crash  
I'll in happiness go insane!

I haven't laughed friend it's quite a while  
Want a laugh long left in the past  
Bring this weary soul a plateful of smile  
Make my lips break away from the rust!

Tell me a story that I roll on the ground  
In laughter sparkling clean  
For jaws long in wooden smiles bound  
That would be the best medicine!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Work (10w)

We come home from work  
To go back to work!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Worshipping Goodness

I bow down before you God  
Not because I'm servile  
Or seek your favour,  
It's not an unquestioning surrender.  
I bow down before you God  
Not because I sense  
That before your omnipotence  
I must succumb as a dumb.  
I bow down before you God  
Not to seek your blessing  
Nor to please or appease you,  
It's no fear of an unseen power.  
I bow down before you God  
Not seeking heaven or other abode  
But knowing all the world's goodness  
I can see in my heart as your face.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Worthless

They call me a workless guy  
What they mean is worthless  
Envious they're and that's why  
Don't like my leisurely pace!

I ain't the one to run the race  
Make do with my small needs  
I hate to wear a worried face  
Bear a mind where darkness breeds!

I don't wanna run a race  
Where the end ever recedes  
Hate to be for the time pressed  
Yet finding needs increased!

I give a damn taking it too hard  
Love to run my time as own  
Penning a poem feeding a bird  
Watering dreams homegrown!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Write

Write

because everything needs to be written

like bud's bloom.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



## Write Me One

Show not their thinnest trace  
let the words wear a happy face  
how harsh may be the day's living  
hide the tears and broken wing!

Write me one sunshine poem  
for my day dwindling in burning flame  
needs your ink to see me through  
by words beaming with lights of you!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Writer's Block?

when in each breath waits a story to be unlocked?

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Writing

Isn't a habit as such,

write when fancies  
burden much.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Wrong Address

My house seemed unusually quiet  
As I rang the hoarse calling bell  
Quickly it passed my thought  
Did I come to the wrong address?

The bell's hoarseness shattered the peace  
Something my house never did grace  
The trademark noise one can never miss  
So had I come at the wrong address?

She slowly came and opened the gate  
The house was dark but for one room  
I wondered if she slept till late  
So there still hung a pall of gloom.

I sniffed the air to find what was amiss  
Shook my head a little to shrug off the fears  
Reigned everywhere a distraught-ing peace  
In the house I've been returning for years.

I tiptoed on the floor lest it broke the silence  
The hush appeared so incredible and fragile  
The thought that peace even could make one tense  
I couldn't repress the inward flowing smile.

'Why the house is so quiet dear what's the mystery? '  
I saw a flirting smile prancing on her face  
'For a change I have switched off the TV

So you think you've come to the wrong address'!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## Xx

Xx will never write poetry  
His senses are too occupied  
With his surround's passing scenery  
Holding them in gaze wide eyed!

Xx has no time to think and write  
Letting so much meanwhile pass him  
Not counting the sleeping hours of night  
Eyes' plenty to fill him to brim!

Xx can't spend whiles typing away  
While the sky turns her blue into red  
Can't afford to waste an already short day  
Counting words creating riddles in his head!

Xx is too busy to set his mind  
On begetting inky wordy lusty poem  
With nature calling him to see and find  
The beauty of the morn in sun flame!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Yet We Breathe

yet we breathe

carrying like medals  
tokens of being alive  
food clothes  
needs more and more  
coming in and out of door  
sleeping awake  
through midlife blues  
lost jobs  
broken hearts  
unkept vows  
groping in the dark  
dim-lit days  
cathartic nights  
masked social  
torn in the upheaval  
tearing within  
making poems our ailment's remedy  
our ink's flow  
a placebo  
the poet's might  
a myth.

yet we breathe.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Yogi

Many a company  
makes each employee  
practice yoga  
during recess  
to de-stress  
cope with distress  
endure strain  
and be back again  
to workplace  
with no stress!

a good therapy  
for if ever the company  
lays off an employee,

he she could absorb the distress  
of the resultant long-term recess  
its pains many

like a yogi!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# You And I Together

Relations are hard to maintain often with the best you do  
still do spare even a stranger sweet words one or two  
there is no levy on sweet dealings no price heavy to pay  
when you greet the unfamiliar you only make your day.

There's no meekness in being good  
all strangers we are at this place  
blessed are those who wish they could  
make each face manifest happiness.

You may have seen rise of many a wall  
gaping void in seeming closeness  
you would do well not to turn cynical  
but try to make the world a better place.

Even your best efforts would not ensure  
no blood leaves a stain on your hand  
but if you can bring even one ache a cure  
you justify your place on this land.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# You Are Immortal

You will be there,  
Winds will shift the sands  
Away will drift the lands  
Your footprints will be hidden  
Under debris of time....

In search of a honey drop  
They will stop  
to find you at the beehive  
or in a dusty archive  
where tales eons old  
will be valued in gold....

Death comes not to spurn,  
But to begin a new yarn,  
It's definite  
You will remain a part of it.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# You Are Needed

Find and fill the less  
Always.

It's not little  
So much more  
Knock your door.

Do.

Walk by side  
Wipe a tear

Grow your wings  
For the good things.

Bother not you can't be great  
Being good is far better.

I have heard people say  
Only if I had money  
Could have done so much good.

The world is in no mood  
To be good  
with money.

Remember  
Without spending a dime  
Many a time  
You've lit up a face  
And rewarded  
With an inner happiness.

And for this task  
You only need to ask  
And that's the essence

Aren't there enough in this world  
That hurt me

That need me  
My will  
To fill.

Then you would find the answer

More than your need  
Is someone waiting out there

Needing you.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# You Aren'T Sure

There on the rock wall  
The sun kisses the last time  
Then it bows and bids farewell  
For the evening to spin her rhyme.  
But you hope there'll be a morrow  
The transient night will end  
The darkness will be a passing sorrow  
With the new dawn you will amend.  
There on the mountain peaks  
The sun clings one last time  
Then another world it seeks  
Here the evening spins her rhyme.  
But you aren't sure there'll be a morrow  
And the night that arrives will end  
The darkness will be a passing sorrow  
Gifting you a day to amend!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# You Breathe Me Life Poet

What beauty lies within your poem  
how they me enlighten  
in me burns their undying flame  
make me forget own pain!

The moments my eyes on your thoughts pause  
my mind rests on your speak  
are the ones giving me my life's purpose  
your words poet do the magic!

Your poems light a beacon on the way I walk  
feed me rains and glorious sunshine  
upon my sky when clouds are dark  
cheer me your ink's lovely lines!

Don't ever stop writing my heart  
don't ever close mind's door  
go on poet once you make a start  
vent all that's hidden in your core.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# You Didn'T Foresee

Like a magician's deft trick  
She placed her two in a nook of attic  
Winked two eyes from the dusty pile  
Cheered not the mind brought not a smile.

One scrap of food one occasional call  
You are their friend you are their all  
Without your knowing builds up a rapport  
They make your home theirs beg your support.

Hidden in her fur you see them asleep  
You never made a promise you had to keep  
See in her happiness your looming plight  
Her calls at the window at odd hours of night!

Two more added and more than you need  
Aspiring heartbeats hungry mouth to feed  
You didn't foresee that your unguarded call  
Would make your home a nursery and troubles not small!

Quickly they grow up steal your time's large slice  
When eyes open in three weeks demands grow thrice  
Then as they crawl around you fluffs of silken ball  
You see in the fruiting gains of pleasures no small.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# You Don'T Read My Mail

The day I knew you don't read my mail  
I stopped sending them  
The wind ceased blowing on my sail,  
There was no fun playing the game!  
I wrote it all for you  
With you and only you in view  
I filled them with all I had,  
But I failed, it was too bad!  
I thought all you would treasure  
With understanding and a little pleasure  
And indulgently you would wait  
If ever my mails were late!  
See how I lost the one-sided game  
My mails, you never opened them  
It made me sad, a little pained,  
the world seemed dry, my eyes rained!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# You Don'T Remind Me

bloodstains on my hands say  
countless times have wounded her  
yet she loves me to this day  
weeps on my shoulder!

You don't remind me woman  
each time I stroke your hair  
of the times I act a hurting man  
of all the times I've been unfair.

Rather you hide all past scars  
cover up my stinging bite  
pretend things could be worse  
thank god it turned all right.

You don't remind me woman  
when I hug you tight  
of the times I act a hurting man  
bare to you unmanly might.

Rather you hide the flicker of pain  
smile away my sins of past  
pretend things would be same again  
thank god in me you trust.

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# 'You' In The Rain

Clouds' ominous hinting ready set to go  
'You' the rains drench, most beautifully show!

Your skin a lotus petal, in the drops it glows  
'You' are a sparkling beauty, in the rains' flow!

Wet they deep your flesh, brings out the earthen smell  
'You' look the most gorgeous, a beauty most telltale!

Clothes hug you tight, they reveal the lows and highs  
'You' look dreamily alluring, I see you betwixt my sighs!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# You Know What I Mean

Don't put on sale outpour of your soul  
Don't move around with a begging bowl  
Just add to this ocean your drops in silence  
Without seeking opinions on their excellence.  
Be sure they would on the surface rise  
Pearls of your thoughts won't be hidden from eyes  
Wait with patience for heart's joyous sound  
When from the ocean your drops are found.  
Leave in your mind no trace of doubt  
The hunters of poems will surely find you out.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# You Lost It Long Ago

When the clouds gathered  
The first rain dropped on your nose  
Craving to hug you wet...  
Your umbrella came in the way.  
You lost it long ago...  
When you ached your neck  
Dipped your eyes in crowd  
While the sky bathed in rain  
Longing that you would look up!  
You lost it long ago...  
When the loving eyes around you  
Dreamed that you would notice  
But you drifted far far away...  
They died and you got only tears!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# You Needn'T Tell

When two hearts meet  
Love shines like morning dew  
You don't need to tell it  
The known words 'I love you'.  
When two hearts sing  
Love takes wing  
You needn't tell anew  
'I love you'.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# You Too

thousands of miles traveled  
longing to reach that place  
where I would see you  
your face  
know you  
your mind  
touch you  
your heart

but thought I hadn't found you  
had yet to travel many more miles  
search you once more from the start...

I found you too had traveled

with me

in my heart!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

## You Trusted (10w)

Today had you for breakfast  
So much for your trust!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Your City

What a pity  
That you love your city  
And feel it none can beat  
Only when you are away from it!  
Only then you know by heart  
That it's just your part.

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Your Eyes Are The Last Place

I never noticed  
turned away my face  
in your eyes  
has survived a place.  
The rain has dried up  
they are now arid  
flowers have gone leaving no seed  
love's warmth is lost in weed.

Your eyes are the last place  
holding the relics of the world's lost loveliness!

Pradip Chattopadhyay



# Your Face In The Moon

I hold up your face in the moon  
And see the price you have paid  
For loving me!  
Bathed in pain  
Of years of holding me in your heart,  
Your eyes are desires burned out in vain!  
I hold up your face in the moon  
And see the dried up rivers  
Of years of holding me in your heart  
Yet never being able to get a start!  
I hold up your face in the moon  
And see relics of a love  
Wasted in a desert of despair!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Your Finest Poetry

There are some sufferings  
When you witness  
You feel like laying down your pen  
Throw out as garbage all shits of paper  
Where you penned sufferings  
That comes nowhere near  
What you witness  
The real sufferings  
When you wish  
You had the might  
To open the doors  
Set free the caged birds  
See them soar in the blue  
Then come back once  
Write your last poem  
Saying you achieved it  
The incredible feat  
Of doing a little something  
Tangibly good  
And way better  
Than what floods your paper  
And there wasn't anything  
Greater to get  
From poem  
From life  
Not anything more  
For you delivered  
The ultimate poetry  
When you bought two birds  
Caged cramped suffering  
Opened the door  
See them soar free  
Gave this world  
Your finest poetry!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Your Old Poems

On the sides of the road  
they're sleeping shutter down  
on this cold dead's abode  
alphabets rusty brown!

Some moment time of year  
bright minute dark hour  
you cannot remember  
all the wind blown flower!

You were crying at the time  
yet wove a joyous drape  
bleeding heart spun a rhyme  
found a vent some escape!

Through the ache wrote a yarn  
while breaking all the while  
played a fiddle on the burn  
wore a woeful neon smile!

Walk once more the dead's abode  
show a light dust the page  
read the lines on the road  
your poems that would never age!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Your Teacher

Among strangers faces unknown  
Tears rolling on your cheeks  
You cried "mom, mom"  
And my heart bled!  
I kissed and cuddled you  
"Don't cry little baby"  
I played your mom  
I played your dad  
Like you I became a child!  
As you grew up  
Often I scolded you  
But believe me  
It was not real  
I wanted to make a man out of you!  
Did you respect me, loved me  
Or hated me?  
I have no answer.  
I am now blind with age  
But can see you my child  
I can't hear anymore  
But still listen to your voice  
I don't know where you are  
But feel you in my heart!

Do you remember?  
I am your teacher!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Your Vote Has Been Cast

Hurrah for the General  
He has won your vote  
For the loser a funeral  
Over the victor you gloat!  
Celebrations will not be long  
The music will not last  
Soon will stop the victory's song  
Your vote has been cast!  
The changes you voted to bring  
Will look like never there  
No blunting of recession's sting  
No ending of daily nightmare!  
Life will go on as it had gone  
Promises will just be a memory  
Then there will be another one  
To win your vote and repeat the story!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# You'Re Right And Wrong

So you say poems don't sell  
ain't no buyer for your works  
arduous hours of a job done well  
go down the drain fetch no perks!

You're right poems do don't sell  
though you fill them with heart's spice  
by the hour growing weary and frail  
you surely can't feel any nice!

A dollar a poem how fine it would be  
add a dollar a read to it  
but poems are meant to be sold just free  
you aren't to be paid for the feat!

But you're wrong poems do sell  
them the readers do buy  
when to their heart your thoughts travel  
and their spirit soars up sky high!

Pradip Chattopadhyay

# Zeus

Zeus has a normal life  
Two children and a loving wife  
Yet he feels his days crappy  
He never is really happy!  
Zeus likes his wife on his side  
And when the children on his shoulder ride  
Yet he feels he's missing something  
In nothing of these he's getting the zing!  
Zeus' head wants to remain rational  
But down there pricks the monster carnal  
Goading him to break free  
Telling him 'you are not happy'!  
Zeus after a prolonged strife  
Breaks the shackle blows the fife  
Other women with madness he hounds  
Crazed with the blindness this world abounds!  
Zeus wakes up to the riddle at last  
That happiness cannot come out of lust  
It's always there in a normal life  
Two children and a loving wife!

Pradip Chattopadhyay