

Partha Sarkar

They should light the hearts

They are without jobs
And without pays for the days
And wait with the fobs
For the message from the rays.
There are ups and downs
Of the hopes
As the state very often frowns
To console them with a rope
To hang them if they whine
For a while for their dues.
And calls the bastard army with wine
To stop the simple demand with rainbow hues
And then to shelter their souls come the pyres
With the priest and the minsters- the damn liars.

The op art and the clodhopper

The innocent bird
Coming out of the sea
Oil-slicked
Looks blank sadly
And the op art of the wisdom,
Not of the foolishness
Closing the motherhood of the river
Plays chess with the hemlock smiling.
I meet both of them in a grey tent
With my two companions –
The failure and the darkness when
Shows me the bird the simplicity of the dews of the morning
When shows the op art the gobbledygook
Which I cannot understand and
I come out with a bright and positive thought –
Let us be wise with
The clodhopper
The oral society
And the oral contraceptive
As the more there are the human births,
The much hemlock there is in the laboratory
And there is least atonement of Attila beyond the womb.