

Partha Sarkar

It is sad it rains

The morning bell.  
The drooping temple.  
Billows the smoke and  
One after another  
The turbulent sea waves  
Hunger  
Strike  
Hunger strike and  
Comes the telegram with a message –  
The harpoons are non-violent as  
At the shore  
There are the shrill cries of the innocent seagulls.  
Yet it is sad that  
It has been raining since morning and

The wombs are broken in the asylum  
At midnight.

Rain will not cease now

“Will there be no door after the truth?”  
“Surely there will be an orange colored  
Negligence...the elegant one... with its  
Grey diary that allows the mob to yawn  
When a torn heart... the reddish one...  
Electrifies the worthless ideology...”

Thus a question  
And an answer  
And play on kids with Sun  
When none of the old dead follow the twitter –  
‘Make hay while sun shines’

And perhaps rain will not cease now.

A passport at the marginal station

A passport at the marginal station.  
Has stopped the warrior to pick up the hatred.  
Goes alone the arrow to the river to drink nectar.  
Has seen enough the yellow post cards  
Yet no letter from it for others  
And letters for it.  
So, will there be no pious child?

Has spread its hands the artery  
To bloodless tomorrow  
Wishing a white morning with blood donation camp.

The broken horse and the third sky is incomplete

The broken horse  
And in the middle of the war  
There is the third sky which is incomplete and  
The war is not fake  
And everyone is sure that  
Will go towards east the conjugal hope  
In search of the sunrise  
And that is inevitable

Though not sure  
Whether there will be a balloon yellow in color.

Waits eagerly an urn  
With an utter failure.

I have buried all scornful blood

I have buried all scornful blood.  
Nowadays I happy.  
No lamentation.  
No grievance.

It is cloudy graveyard.  
Let it be bright.  
Nowadays there should be  
No sorrows  
No grief.

I have forgotten all  
The fragile playing 'hide and sick'.  
Now it is a broad daylight.  
Now I have to win a bitter battle.  
Let me fight.  
Now there should be  
No blood  
No frowning.  
After being defeated  
Let me allow to think  
How she used to love me cordially.

Now it is an endless painful night.