

Partha Sarkar

Suffrage for the dead. Suffrage for the state

There is no swing-door to flee

Yet flees everyone.

There is no postcard

Yet knows everything everyone

And then

'God will come very soon to sully the sullen..'

'Don't give up hope...'

The synopsis of the religious epic

And go far

The synapse

The same blood in the tent

And the same suffocation in the blood

And opens the book at page 0 the hermit

And

Still here is a swamp

Still there is sweated labor.

Then should one meet the fishing tackle

When sea is morbid?

Who cares the privy purse when prize-fight kills the shadow.