

Partha Sarkar

The revolution is at the spoiled embryo

The ancient bugle.

The sophisticated siren.

Welcome the morning the mild air strikes.

Outside of the ancient scar there are the broken wheels of the chariot

And after all footnotes again the ambassadors in the rendezvous

For the sake of safety of the wingless white dove-

'Are there no dead twigs in imagination to tread? Bring them.

Is there no hollowness in the prosperity? Fill it with stinky attire.'

Suddenly come out of the fashion parade the sunglasses.

Try their best to keep the pyres in the rows

And a sightseeing –

A running father catching hold the wounded clock through the red smoke.

The sealed report and the stinky war

Atrocious city and the lone lantern in the hill-station.
Meets every corner of the wallet the shivering game.
Goes towards the hospital the silent saline when leafless
Trees read the low profile report of the season and
Gets disappeared fog
But it is not eternal frost

And believes it firmly the indifferent tower that
Winter always rules before and after spring.

The fixed siren and the lone pyramid

Every dawn with a utopia. The positivity with a zero face.
I fly to the gazing star to get the red flag to move to the uncertainty.

The fixed siren. The frozen toothpaste.
You may get the ticket the address of the soil
'But where shall I go? If you ask the question if I may say –
'There are
The diverted morning. The lone pyramid.'

Actually the advancing winter with an aloof moon
Meets the dilapidated mob when other bastards with quid
Spread the series of the eclipses

And nothing get nothing but ashes from devil.

The morning with dead children

A smoke from the skull.
A jingle from the knoll.
But none get unhappy
In the morning with dead children.

The altered job cards.
The congested philosophy.
Absurd signature of the avatar
And everyone is happy in the desert-
The destitute platform for the orphans.
But does any hand get destination?

Stop asking volatile questions.
Only 'nowhere' is the destination for the knives.
No other place is not safe for the wars.

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Very much silent the world

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Out of doors and within.

Keeps the peace in the equation silently

The generous revolutionary.

Even the tobacco-pouch gets shrewd

When there is no possibility of ploughing

The uncultivated land and

Get the share only the formality

And the outward gloss.

So, it will be the wise if there is no fake news of conception.

Moreover, gets the reward the spinal chord

In the ice age.

I am not going back

Fire has led me to the fine arts
As it has burnt the slums to ashes
And none so-called hearts have come forward
To put forward their hands to the ashes
To rebuild the humanity
And I am not surprised
As it has taught me to understand the depth of fine arts,
That is, the ambiguity of the faces.
But I will not go back to the soft tears
As I know those ashes are the alluvial soils

As I know I have to plough the scorched land.

I am not going back to the meat of pornography –
The meaningless fine of arts.

The earth is round

'The earth is round....that's why we meet with one another...'

The corridor.

The vast map

And everyone is a traveler

And everyone does not know where the destination is.

How are you? have you heard the news?

Goes behind one after another the trees.

Mother gets haunted by chemical

And then a fine morning

And the pall-bearers.

And here comes AI.

Any question?

Flees the final destination.

The history of the canker and the white marble palace

Every morning with usual charisma
And the state as usual unscrupulous in
Telling a lie
Kidnapping the sunrays to kill
And with a message 'This highway heads for...'
Comes every morning with new confusion
And gets up every morning the axe to brush the edge
When spread the pebbles
The white marble palace,
The green meadows
And the glassed utopia.

But is happy everyone with the red signal with

Have you seen the joker with white fume?
A question from the skull every morning.

Caws the ancient crow in great social infrastructure
And loses its fragrance the affordable competition in the closed doors.

The oceanic salt and the seaweed

'I have to do something special...'

The oceanic salt yet we will get much nectar

If we demolish the polyclinic near the stone.

The troubled water and dips into it the round

Biscuit. Generally during the sultry days comes

The climate summit and plays the dice the precocious

But do not get surprised the wallet of emancipation

When comes and goes as usual the little kitten in the inn.

And thus even the grass gets no comfort in the deep slumber

As no hand is not raised against the uneven chemical who pulls

The earth down to the smog of the development and when

Commits suicide the ship before it is stopped from being sunken.

Remain silent the foodie intellectuals in the nerves and gets coagulated

Blood in the cognition.

A prolonged tiredness.

Comes a deep lumber at the ankles and yet a warning for me-

'I have to do something positive..' and begins to smile% cholesterol.

So, no tension in taking the letter from now the more light and crispy sweet.

Perhaps one day all divine myths will be the closed chapters

And at the silence, I am blind and so is yellow poverty at the blue window.