

Poetry Series

Aloke Mukherjee
- poems -

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Aloke Mukherjee()

A Day In Andaman Island

Somewhere in the rain-forest, it was drizzling still,
I went in search of a girl lost years ago in a full moon
night, I did not know where, I couldn't recall her face..
Years ago in full-moon night, I lost part of my soul. She
used to live in my heart sharing my days and nights...

She used to live in my soul hanged in a closet by
the door which I forgot to retrieve when the agony
nibbled at my heart. You are the soul, you are the breath
blowing over the sea, ultra marine is the color hovering
over the island, a little shadow crouching over my being, for
moments stitched into a wreath of dewdrops on the green.

Down on the balcony, a lingering sun prolong the day by
an hour, I wear a charm to withstand the charm of her
lips, neck, the curves of the bodily contour, a dream-
cast by a lone palash blazing red with the flowers.
I tried hard and stay focused for ages as to why to be
or not to be, why I am made immortal for an hour?
Palash- This flower is called Palas in Bengali.
It starts blooming end of JANand arround mid March it is in full bloom.
Perhaps the most attractiveflower of the season.

Aloke Mukherjee

A Departure

I saw your face, somewhere it was raining-
beneath your brow, your eyes floated like lily
on the placid water, on the shore your house
embraced you like a dear forgotten song with a refrain
of forsaken love, nearby stood the plush but elegant
Palm tree but you were apart from the life you
lived. You were, dear friend, you turned away from
the light of your cozy room to the cloud above with
your baritone- sang a song of mindful soul, you
sang a song for thousand years- millennium to come.

you loved the life with your arms, genitals, mind and soul
so the heartbreak, let down by love but love blossomed in
spite of the jilt, in spite of the gloom, in spite of thousand storm
caged inside the body- you assured me the green leaves, the
white lilies, the red roses would abound in my garden with a
marble pedestal on which an incredible, indelible dream of a
life desired for a while; for moments we live, for moments we die
a false continuity numbs our frontal lobe with slithering touch.
You smiled significantly to tie a knot with death!

Aloke Mukherjee

A Night Of Desire

Hold me tight until I merge onto blue-sky,
onto a paradox named life....a string of pearls dissolving
Into a blue murmuring ocean- a nameless existence until that hold me, dear!
Only moment I am alive, I am,
When I draw you out of you and let me mug you, smother you.

It is raining, patter-patter, night is closing in on, a miasma
reeking of putrid soul, will you remember me for a while
I am you, throbbing with a song long- forgotten- - the way
You smile, the way you dance, the way you walk through my
My life, through a lane shaded with desire to enter you.

In nearby shop someone is chattering, some folks in a saloon
start a brawl, a girl standing alone in the drizzle, hawking her
flesh and lot of gibberish in between, relentless night throwing light
and darkness, love and hate, facts and fantasy confounded into a
cliffhanger—probably Tara, the poetess weaving a tale.

Who is there? Right in the middle of circle of passion and pain.
Forlorn night desiring warmth enter an empty sex like a restless
dream- - who can decipher the riddle of being and being nothing
into a chimera of world of this night with you and me on the swing.

Aloke Mukherjee

Alone In The Darkness

I can not see the blue of the sea now,
the night sits down with her black cape
thrown all over me with sweetest caresses.
In the pervading black, I can see
phosphorescence gleaming on the wave
like some weird fire-flies flying into the night.

Indeed, I can hear only the howl of the gale
blowing over viscid gloom, roaring of thousand
lions with pent-up fury in the sea. The waves bare
their white teeth like the skulls of unknown faith.

Now, in the fading darkness, the waves are slow,
growl and howl are dozing, in the simmering night
waves slowly breaking down on the beach. I can now
see them. I can see the vague outline of life behind
the curtain, a lonely drunk singing in his baritone,
the cliffhanger is still there, but soon he will not be.

Now, the tamarisks on the shore wailing like a
forsaken love, seeking the hands of her consort
sudden pang gripped me, a wind blows with a
howl out into the sea, you never know what,

Night stops for few moments, stoop low for kisses
I stand alone in the darkness for an eternity
I hold for moments, you and me is one for this voyage.

Aloke Mukherjee

Campfire At The Middle Of Nowhere

I can tell you a tale of water, creeping like a cheetah caught them unaware, while they were dreaming the Sunlight flooding the land of their forefathers with the aroma of paddy- our guide telling us stories to spend the night, we were sitting around the campfire at the far side of a polder. We reached here with the twilight breeze cooling us for the night ahead.

Behind the clearing an array of Sundari, Garjan, and Hental stood firm on their ground, sentries for their kings. It was an eerie night, flames of the fire flickering, playing a curious chiaroscuro except occasional shrieks of rhesus monkey, a pall of quietude descending on the ground, It was moonless night, a few stars shone on the sky. You would see the pug mark nearby in the morning, the night was reeking of ominous smell. They had come to quench their thirst, flip-flop on water.

He resumed- -I can tell you- one night striped beast fell on the boat like lightning, boards creaked, the boat swayed- his canine bit deep onto the jugular of the man sprouting blood and dream, a jigsaw puzzle yet to unravel Where those dream were living- - an island, a small plantation, she beside him.

Our guide was rambling- -I can tell you of a twister that twisted the life of a couple smashing the cottage, their son hanged awry from a hental tree with still a divine smile lingering on his face, no one saw a large cumulus cloud was poised like a witch for the kill, I wonder how justice is meted out. Note. Sundarbans, the swamp forest lying on the vast delta of Bay of Bengal formed at the confluence of four great rivers Padma, Brahmaputra, Meghna in Bangladesh and Hooghly in West Bengal, India. Hental, Garjan, Sundari are part of the flora of this region. It is world's largest Mangrove area is affected by cyclone and big Tidal wave. The fauna includes Bengal Tiger known as Royal Bengal Tiger I went deep into West Bengal side of this swampy forest. Other animals in this area are rhesus monkey, crocs, spotted deer.

Aloke Mukherjee

Crazy Syndrome

am living for you, when in the night,

The stars are blacked out, you are flickering like

a lone lamp, probably pushing up times

I want to infect the whole world with deadly viruses

to eliminate crawling desire, species—Homo sapiens,

squirming creatures without spines, the lusty rats running

for holes of life onto the space, to exist is not alive!

Crafty bastards, the bell tolls for you in the apocalypse!

With the hollowed palms, I shall keep the lamp burning

I won't let you die yet baby; I won't let boys over the world lose

their boyhood, I'll stand like a giant between you and the greedy

fucking wall before they turned the gal into a whore in the middle of

heartless nights. They don't know what life is but beauty of

a soul with rhythmic passion of poetry, it is work of master artist

living in the DNA of the meaning, a soulful entity living beyond time.

I know my days are dying; nights are closing on, whisper of the wind

Kissing my skin, probably I know meaning of this all, who knows but the world

may end tonight. You and I will drive along the trail of setting sun for a while.

For a while, I will scatter the life along the path, choose the seedling before I am

no more on this damned earth withinfinite possibilities of the being.....

Aloke Mukherjee

Eyes, Your Eyes.

Eyes, your eyes-
that draws me out
of world mundane,
I am flowing out
of the life's depth
to touch you
to feel you around
to be immersed in you.

I crossed the limit
of your being-deep down
the space where the thousand
suns rises, where beauty hovers
over the petals of time for a while-

And you my dear!
waits for me
in the timeless ocean.
your blue eyes-
your eyes forever.

Aloke Mukherjee

Forsaken

You were my starry night, darling- glittering with a smile.

A wind blowing from south sighing behind the screen,

It was quivering for your debut, I wonder at the apocalypse-
of your presence, fragrance of your body, odor of your soul.

You were more than you, dear, you were the eventide, you were the soul.

You will be the little girl when I would be the old- Someone would be
playing the Raga Iman on Sitar in the night before, the tunes
playing with her tresses, transcendent soul of music floating
on the sky, a cloud and moon composing moonlight sonata- immortal
love of yore, dusk to dawn, Iman would be wailing for the forsaken dream
of foregone years of love and unlove to make a piece whole.

You were here, my love, bathing in the sun, your body, curves of your desire,
contours of the urge, depths of black, a memory of a stance flushing me with a
yearning;

You were here, my flame, but you were too far, I could not reach you with my
hands.

A brackish sea of tears between us, I had to cross thousands of miles before I
reach.

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Aloke Mukherjee

Give Me Thy Hands

Give my thy hand, great anarch!
Give me thy sinews with power stored
in my fiber to fiber synapse to synapse,
to defy the Olympian order, or give me Hemlock
to die bound on a rock before they can eat my heart.

I have a soul to live with, a heart to love my woman.
On the sky, I see the eagle circling, swooping down to
burn my soul, your slave, making excuses to eat my
heart! what do you think? I am whimpering wimp
'cause I am a poet, 'cause I paint the beauty of this
magnificent earth on a big canvass- you know, I brought
the fire for the dreamers, I tilled the virgin soil for the
green. lo, the glaciers are drifting down on my little valley
to suck in the little warmth I brought from Olympian dale

My sweetheart, before the end closes on like a vicious darkness
I want to enter your young beautiful body, love will burn in the
in the crystal, split into many hues of rainbow and tide will swirl
in my arteries, for world will watch for a while as I rise from
the ashes like a titan challenging my gods on the Olympia!

Aloke Mukherjee

Homeless.

At the midnight, when street lights make
chiaroscuro on the face of unknown straggler,
someone raps on the door 'are you home, my sweetheart? '
He stands-like a lonely tree on meditation,
like a wind rustling through the leaves,
like an old refrain 'are you home? '

The sweet pain numbs my heart for a while-
the moon with pale face rises behind the curtain,
someone plays a note of my saddest dream,
a high wind from the sea blows away the curtain-
I stood naked before the night with awful question,
' are you home, my dear? '

Aloke Mukherjee

I Rule The Midnight City

I have a chaise-longue beside my window
sitting on it, I rule the midnight city.

The stars and the whores,
the occasional dogs barking into nights
-the pavement dwellers gazing onto the the sky,
while they embrace their consorts-the night
tiptoes down the stairs.

The faith swerves in the room,
shuddering in the hope of a rape-
a possible penetration and
birth of a new life-a paradigm
of desire, hope and to be born again
into a night of stars which sent the
angels of light to touch and see
the man on the chair.

Aloke Mukherjee

Inferno

I want to burn me, set me up on the pyre
Devour me with vengeance, set me up ablaze,
The holy fire, burn my legs, my hands which is
Grimy with sins of unlove, spill over to my crotch
To burn my progeny of lovelessness, come deeper,
Lick me with your tongue, let the flames into
Cerebellum, delete one thousand gigabyte there.

Save only my two eyes to see the face of laughing
Child, to see beautiful hills and dales, to see the
Dream to be. Save only my two eyes to shed enough
Tears to wash away the dirt, then burn them to ashes
To save the roses from inferno, to blush alone on the pyre.

Aloke Mukherjee

Is Calcutta Burning?

Is Calcutta burning? The dusts and carbons churning in the
Wind? Is spring coming? It is mid march, Shana! Krishnachura
still casting shadow in the college square, a lovers' arbor for awhile

The tree blossoms ablaze into a fire. Fire is my bro, my dearest schatzi

The red, crimson, blue- hues are many; my soul likes to be singed,

Die with warmth of knowing I am alive, alive for a day or two, till

The rain quenches my thirst, till the consciousness drip, drip, drip...

Schatzi, is the earth dying? Dying with ruthless lack of warmth,

Cities, towns, metropolises, I caught a whiff of putrid souls-

No harm killing already dead, a city of zombies, of walking shadows.

Far below this crust of illusion, a molten fire rumbling and growling to its

Day, fissure to open up, an eye opener too late or a drift of icy death from

The north, who knows in spite of the dream in our blood, we have ceased

To dream to paint a beauty of our ageless soul, this earth, this construct of

Dream. Lo, the winds caressing this beauty of dusk dressed into a bride of glow

Aloke Mukherjee

Kedarnath- A Saga Of A Night

I never lost foothold on the cliff in that night

I clung to the mother-rock breast for life-

I was not a rock-climber though, I was just cliff-hanger. In that black night,
the time flowed like molten jet lava- it had been raining
since yesterday. Mandakini was rising to touch the starless sky.

Such was the night, the cimmerician shade rumbling in the gorge below,
Why I did not loosen my grip and let me fall in the darkness for a oblivion?
What does these all mean? A free fall for a thousand feet would have been
a bliss! Craving for a few years more! I knew my cells were mutating even
at faster rate. My little pro tem home swept away in a vague gesture of a god.

Such is the life in a little niche of the rock, the blizzard swept past me,
the chill biting my bones, I was shaking horribly, the wind-cheater did
not hold any warmth. I tried to remember my old flame, as if sex could drown
my pain,
the image of her plump sexy hillocks on the breast, her swaying gait with huge
behind could eventually erase this plight but it seemed better to lose me, a man
losing him as rocks and boulder, the gale, the incessant rain and nature's violent
rage. Till, how many days, I do not know, rough hands with human warmth
touch
me again for a newer dream, a blue sky overcast with glimmering molten gold

for a while.

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touch
me again for a newer dream, a blue sky overcast with glimmering molten gold

for a while.

Aloke Mukherjee

Lachung

Now, Lachung hugging me with warm blanket
To spend the night with dreams.

Why I come back to this snow-capped peaks?

Why the hullabaloo in the dining hall-

Why the thrown away beer cans on the snow?

Why the people come back here? why I come here again and again?

I have tears in the flask, the desolate evening in the rucksack-

I have covered the blue melancholy with jeans.

Degenerated we in living our life-

So this yearning for snowy grandeur

So this woman in front of me.

Yet this Lachung woman knows what

We mean to them-we are lots of money

in our wallets- we are glasses of wine

scattered around the day, we are the

Pollution, we are the people strutting in

Emptiness- this mountain knows.

Aloke Mukherjee

Life For Ever

Heaven is my ex- motherland, my lebensraum

I built a log-house to live in—to live in an acre of green grass;
I love the dell where I built a sunset city, the twilight never dies
In the crimson flavor, the beautiful lips half-parted with a hope,
Desire quivering with expectation of moments and moments stitched
In a wreath of being and not being- -give me only two spoonfuls of

love

Give me a pinch of love to live with a spoonful of dream in this world
Of bare flesh, mucous membrane and this bare existence,
Of living forever in a dead soul, what other meaning life can have than
Living with two spoonfuls of love and the eyes with glow of another
dimension.

You are, sweet-heart, you are and I did not find heart in my brain.

Clasp my hand, hug me tight, and let me enter the desire before the
night ends.

Aloke Mukherjee

Love

Love came one day at my door just before night fall,
darkness biding its time, Sweetheart, you were not
there, but whiff of you were floating in the air, your
tresses touching me with infinite care, light was still there
One man waited for beauty behind the curtain, he awaited
ages- -

So love came to my door in hushed footsteps, sometimes
like snakes. It would bite, it poured poison which never left
your blood. Traces of it remains till you die or to the next, who
Knows.

Who knows I kept the love with a shriveled rose-bud in my
closet, I kept it in my left ventricle, I kept it in my synapses like
a perpetual dream or reality, what else can perpetuate

I knew you were coming, I heard you in the rustle of the leaves as
wind blew through the trees and undergrowth, in the putter-patter of
rain on the dirt road behind my cottage, You were coming all along.
but you never came. My butterflies are afraid of death and dead.
The two hands of prayer in wreath of time, praying for pleasure,
of sex and just living in puzzling time but the sweet odor of love
persists, an impalpable angel hovering between the life and aftermath.

The beautiful lips quivering with expectation, a space between, love
and unlove, in the middle of desire, hopes dancing a waltz, are you ready?

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Aloke Mukherjee

My Days

My days tiptoed down the lonesome path of trail
you left in the hours of dusk, the twang of the
faraway guitar stopped a sudden, the tryst with you
was fixed by the sorrow, you smiled, like an empress.

I painted you, drew a love, an image thrown over the time.
You were there with lonesome days, feverish nights, sat on
lush soil, the night before you were with me in a coffee shop.
I was talking, meditating, dreaming with a poison in my blood.

A curious god came to my house and the bell is ringing
For whom the bell tolls? For whom the bell tolls?
The God is tired, he sang a song, God is dead on his feet.
Still he danced, spinning on his feet with a rhythm foretelling
future of numerous souls- they're seeking a nice niche to lie.

The god is wailing under a greenwood tree, liars who are
shouting in the parliaments did not see this God, a God
forlorn, a God whispering infinite tale, a God bleeding for
little fragile Man but you and me in the coffee shop, on
the lush green, on a paradise lost for ever had the quick
look of a dying God- for whom the bell tolls? For whom?

Aloke Mukherjee

On Death Of A Friend

I saw your face, somewhere it was raining-
beneath your brow, your eyes floated like lily
on the placid water, on the shore your house
embraced you like a dear forgotten song with a refrain
of forsaken love, nearby stood the plush but elegant
Palm tree but you were apart from the life you
lived. You were, dear friend, you turned away from
the light of your cozy room to the cloud above with
your baritone- sang a song of mindful soul, you
sang a song for thousand years- millennium to come.

you loved the life with your arms, genitals, mind and soul
so the heartbreak, let down by love but love blossomed in
spite of the jilt, in spite of the gloom, in spite of thousand storm
caged inside the body- you assured me the green leaves, the
white lilies, the red roses would abound in my garden with a
marble pedestal on which an incredible, indelible dream of a
life desired for a while; for moments we live, for moments we die
a false continuity numbs our frontal lobe with slithering touch.
You smiled significantly to tie a knot with death!

Aloke Mukherjee

On The Rooftop

The day is overhung with cloud,

A curious dream alights on the rooftop.

On the verandah, I am drinking

A book of poems-it is a good day

for drinking a slow world.

Inside my brain, a line of song returns

-of Tagore, ' still you remember me'.

In this fall-leaves in pattern floats down on

the naked ground- a couple sits on a bench.

They are as old as eternity-Love froze them

three million years ago. On other side of

the park lit-up window shows a magic.

In the melody of Malkosh from sitar played by the

the great maestro behind the clouds,

I am drowned-it make me an actuality

sans flesh and bones, sans intellect and

language; I threw my heart on the pavement
it leaps onto the sky like a moon so beautiful
that words fail.....

What is it? you are no longer to answer me.

In the melody of sitar I drowned my self-
It made me only an existence,
sans flesh and bones, sans intellect and language.

I threw my heart on the pavement,
it leaps to the sky like a moon so beautiful
that words fail-what is it?

Aloke Mukherjee

One Night Stand

It is time now to tie the hands of beauty and throw her over to immortal kisser like the black hole in the arena, it will gulp her down the entrails. You see the flowers are exploding in teeming colors in my little garden, some are vibrant, some are sad but beauty exploring a thousand ways to stop at heart. You know I had a fling for her slim waist, her swinging gait but what it is? Is it bones, flesh, mucous membrane and skinny pigments? I cannot touch her.

I cannot lay hand on you in spite of testosterone flowing in my blood, you are seagull floating on the blue, Ole buttermilk sky, the music composed in my DNA or ever fleeting dream of being.

Stop by the lakeside, stop to see the reflection in the moonbeam,
It is time to throw her over to immortal kisser before you ceases to be.

Aloke Mukherjee

Seeking Through A Pane

Sometime I seek him in the sea
calm as in a Lagoon.

Sometime find him on the rocks,
Sometime in the cold wind
gripping me in the fall.

In the rain, we can not see
Through the sheet, someone told us
- See and hear what we don't tell him
For stepping ahead in the fog
Stuck to the big trees.

Stay, where you are
You are not born to set it right
You will only gather fruits of
Your instincts and the rest
Of life is an inanity as they drift
Through feckless infinity.

Sometime I sought him in the sea,
Sometime on the rocks
Sometime in the wind blowing from
here to eternity.

Aloke Mukherjee

Sin Of My Loin

Oh! sin, today you've touched me

On the sandy dunes of the beach,

You have caressed me with your purple lips-

A foreplay to a song long forgotten.

Stay tonight- in the breeze from the island,

In fragrance of falling petals of time to be.

Tonight, I will cross the sea with your torso

on my shoulder. I shall touch the eyes of god

with you rushing in my blood, blue with desire.

Blind is the night, touch me with soft seductive touch-

Stay for tonight in the rain, sleep with me till the sunlight

bathes you in the purple desire, the earth oozing a fecund

scent, behind the bush a snake is mad, it raises its head

to strike, I will open my soul to the sky today.

Aloke Mukherjee

Stay With Me

I sniffed along the green grass to have whiff
of life- in this time of the year
dew drops flash on the blades for a
few moments more, stay with me baby till
the day is old, til the time is ripe
enough to be fraught with a soul making love
with you hundred times more.

Forget me not baby even you love a guy more
when days are long, you wouldn't like
to dance or sing, when night is like your faded jeans,
Wear sari for a change, crimson red of setting sun,
a wind sighing behind the screen.
I loved a mirage, baby, who is not any more.
Distance kept it alive, darling, till you enter my soul.

I step along the path of metropolis to have a flash of the
big game, instead I have a déjà vu simmering
on the road. I hate you till you hate me to regain the paradise lost.

Aloke Mukherjee

Storm

She had unswerving love in her enchanting eyes,
I could not face her, lest some some malady of hesitation
come out and shows the hurt in the heart.

Rather, let her live in my affectionate vision,
like a peacock dancing around the time
So that the forest in years to come see her,
Thirst of dream dies a natural death in the
Burning embers- a passion try to outlive our time.

We live in a world painted by a Van Gogh of our time
a world upside down with unnatural color- on an Island
Surrounded by an eternal sea of wish- undulating to reach
to bridge the chasm- - a darkness come to prevail over lovely
face of you I drew on this land never to be, eyes with a glimmer of the
Other world- a cryptic message sent over time space without time.

Aloke Mukherjee

The Sorrow Fixed The Day.

The sorrow fixed the day,
we met beneath sal and Palash
In the winding lane to the hilltop.
I smiled like a king-hi babe, where is
the way to the top, top of the world!

I swam across the lake of her blue eyes-
I climbed the darkest path under the
age-old mossy boughs of pine,
And the grief fixed the day as the stars
peeked trough the slits of the clouds.

I heard as the hours struck- the waves
black with the sadness leaped to kiss the dream,
Death is a way of parting or parting of the ways.

we had a tryst on the distant hilltop to
find out the meaning of it all-why a painting still hangs.

Aloke Mukherjee

The Train On The Track.

I live in third world, may be second, I dunno.

Some savant sitting in his university-office, big

Ole daddy, divided earthly crust between ourselves.

I am one of the teeming millions, jostling in the

over-crowded trains, people hanging on the

door-handle. The train rolls on keeping us alive,

we move to and fro just to survive. I wish I could

derail the train to see what happens to my soul

in the cold night-train carrying souls in limbo.

In the fall, the fields are bare, nothing grows

Let us come deeper, in the entrails of life, burning

with hunger, with naked body, hands thrown up

in prayer. Do you smell the scent of soil? sweetened

with body's sudor-budding life for the next summer,

so I sow the poetry on the lonely fields.

Aloke Mukherjee

Wind Was High

Wind was high—your face tilted up

It gave your hair a lift, disarming,

Drowsy—gradual and deep

I love a gale, a lively girl

Swooping on me.

I cast glance

To your face, a nameless pang

Gripping my heart, I might have the

Seizure, I loved this seizure often.

I entered the hut lit almost,

May be half-lit, you came shuffling

Along, a false reality, a bride. In the twilight.

Forgive me, I love the wreckage aftermath!

Aloke Mukherjee

Woods

Found downtown, in midday traffic, hushed woods-
a lonely island of solitude, of Julia Diaz, it was not spring.
She was fated to love a chimera of faith, of beauty, flower
blossoming in a desert, moirai laughed for all the time even
when night closed on, somebody cried madly in the whorehouse.
She hanged herself each day from an electric fan, she loved.

she loved more than anyone else- she loved love for her love,
stay for a while in this downtown lane, touch her body still warm
with love, lights played an age-old game of chiaroscuro, of here
and eternity, the girl laughing and crying, she hiccuped and coughed-up
blood running in her arteries and veins, perhaps signifying she lived in vain.
I found downtown, Julia Diaz, swinging from felicity to pain, as night ends.

It was the world of Julia Diaz, woven in dream and delight, soulful life
and soulless men, from rustic song to a clevermix of rock and concerto grosso
from here to eternity, from infected lungs to windy woods to cool her limbs.

Aloke Mukherjee

X

I want to kiss your lips for the last-time'

I want to sink my desire below your navel

once more before I move on to the abyss,

I want to love as love can be; before void

closes on me.

Once more I want to climb the mounds of wreckage

to the sky of limitless clouds till my weak knees give in

Once again, perhaps the last! I can not find you but in

the anamnesis or in the little heavens on the snowy peaks.

Once again, I will drink life to the lees, the crystal glass

ornate with exquisite etchings of love, desire and hate!

I know I am to die but I've found an egress to athanasia!

Once again, once again I'll go to you, to my goddess for life.

Aloke Mukherjee

You Are My Heart

Sometimes I want to enter the carnage.
where flames flow freely burning our souls,
the circus is going on. a clown failed to make
us laugh instead the tears rolled down the
cheeks, of a heart broken, of a drama enacted
with sound and fury without climacteric affair.

Spectators clapped and shrieked, they had
taste of blood, elusive sunlight made it a fun
So I butted in the tent- in the orgy of the riotous
fun, facing the life glittering with destiny, should I
end drama with only two acts? Did I fear the unborn?
The life unfolds- a lone man on the bank of a river,
A still-born baby, milk gushes forth from virgin mom.

Indeed, matter is to be released from the bounds of
matter, liberated with a bang the thousand suns of
love and wisdom. You are one, you are the one,
this blue big marble in your hand, draw the curtain
feed the baby with passion and dream, she will be alive.

Aloke Mukherjee

You Wanted A Dream

You wanted a sun in midnight sky
in depth of April, a moon shone awry instead.
underneath the tree, faith is pining away his days
in shadowy past- those are the dreams.

Those are dreams spent in a life of vagrant desire,
in a faraway land of myths and sorceress, the lotos
eater dreaming for a break of sickly song of a siren.
Who is the woman standing on the threshold of reality
and dream, she told me she was seeking beauty to bathe.

You can steep into moonshine, drench your clothes with
empyrean glow, you can break the soul in million pieces
into a neural orgy of yesteryears but stand in the placid
water and bellowing horn, listen a lioness roaring in the
wilderness of concrete Jungle, it is time for a dream as
night is fading into a dawn, it is time for bid Latah to all

Aloke Mukherjee