

Poetry Series

amitav mazumdar
- poems -

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amitav mazumdar(14/02/1973)

Born in India, a Hindu by faith. Believes that every thought breeds another and then another and then another..... First published poem published poem A TREE DIED INSIDE ME was published in The Statesman in 2005. Poems are mostly influenced from the writings of Li Bai- an insane poet rejoices in lazy wanderings.

A Few Ends

And there stopped everything, every roads
A ghastly flow of wind, with fiery swords
Bloods crawl up, bones heaped over
Half of the day gone, clouds began greyer.

Twilight masked above, few stories told
The end wafted, all gods are sold
A parrot is caged, from the windows horizon bleed
All the udders dried, mama make me feed.

The heave is on, grazers munches slowly
Amidst the wilderness, everything is only
Those early budders, in the quiet garden
A whisper is heard, silence crushed all of a sudden.

Feeble souls merry, banquets sprawled out
That black sailor, moored his canoe and shout
"When sea mingles, horizon shakes a little
Every drop spills, every fate becomes brittle."

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After A Rape!

We shall not forget
We shall throw away our birthday cake

We'll wear a smile in disguise
We've to hammer ourselves and alchemise
The Cross still dangles silently on our chest
And we pray and eat like a solemn guest

A rape over an old flesh and soul
She put her sobs in an invisible bowl.

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After The War

The day started when my little brother usually writhes in pain
He had a hole on her left thigh, the war from which he gain
The wound almost healed, but a deep, blunt scar he carries
Sometimes he falls on the ground, never he keep his feet still and he buries
A long bloody war, tears rolled down his cheeks sometimes, he grieves
The tropical sun went raging, when my brother walks on his wooden leg and
heaves

His black skin dangles coldly like an unburnt coal in an abandoned pit
We're famished here, sometimes we starve silently like a dog in the shit
Though we faced wars, for nothing, sometimes our own blood spilled
Our misery is tattooed on our blackness, our destiny is sealed

The day goes to an end, when the warmth of the earth is puffed up
We straddled face to face, sometimes inside the room our shadows overlap
A swarm of mosquitoes licks our wounds, we looked for a glass of milk
After some crumbs of bread we eat, a sleep wind us to the path of silk
There we dream of greenness, of vastness, of everythingness
If the barking of a stray dog awake us, we lend our ears to silence.

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Amdist A War

Long gasps strewn all over
After the war,
Oh my dear! Clung to me
I'm in fear

The shell brings fire
Guts spilled out
My enemy lurks
everywhere
to dance
and cheer.

My fingers ache
My eyes shook
A giant cloud
Envelope
My son
And my daughter

We're in fear
an owl cries faraway
the dead stinks
in the mud
in the water.

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An Episode Of Love

I'll fly to make your wings flap
Birds even dare to ascend high
The enormous space and beneath the blue sky
Our body'll spin like flashy ride
Even if you fears to step outside.

I'll go to catch your glimpse
The earthy threshold whereon you stood like a toadstool
my lips'll stuck like a dead fly there
The sparkling moon'll melts upon and pour over
hundreds of spears and arrows will dance
and crisscrosses in the air
My eyes'll become warm for you
Like the Tropical Sun
And when at the time of floods
I'll swim and swim
In the depths of your flesh
And churn out all the passion
Without a single embrace.

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Around My Words

(I saw my tears rippling down in the streams
I found all my pains dancing in my dreams)

(1)

In a white uncrumpled paper, I would
I could do so before, my stumbling mood
A standalone shadow, when overlaps another
Gets some space finally, like a good neighbour
However exhumed, without any trace to follow
Deep inside so much, ne'er to glow-

(2)

When the window shuts, without any force
I found myself, locked up in an unmined source
Everything precious, well-handed with preciseness
But I dips and drops in a black unholiness
Still something would, perhaps after many winters
I may behold that, without a drop of single feathers

(3)

The paper white as an ivory flutters up sometimes
But nothing I could put, as fresh as limes
When a bird I saw wandering above in vain
Weariness the word I prefer and a thankful strain
The golden streaks and luminous fragments of evening
But I couldn't capture to get something a little simmering

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At The End Of The Day

At the end of the day
I rummaged all the corners
Everything is so distinct and clear
Yet I end up as a loser.

The music of festivity and celebration
Shall roar about in a time
our boleros are not yet over
When a rainbow arcs over the mountain.

It's time to sniff, to pick up
Hours left us dry and parched
Moments became heavier than wild hogs
And our wounds too, needs a soft rub.

So when I found my possession
Been lost years ago
May not've that kind of strength
Taut it like a bow.

At the end of the day
I rummaged all the corners
Everything is so distinct and clear
Yet I end up as a loser.

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Axes And Shovels

Those are not my mine, deep scars on the face of destiny
Every verses be it satanic or holy –
A jewel adorably been close to my chest
In a feathered cup like my own breath.

While on the dusty way, when my shadow pursues me
And there in the midst of the thoroughfare
A gruesome moment awaits and thrashed upon
Breaks all the ties of a rope that swings the sally.

Those are not mine, bereft of wisdom and wine
Each spell cast a thunder be it fun or ruin-
A sublime path forces upwards, past the shroud of clouds
Beneath all eyes are shut -sleepy and in dream.

Before the vast expanse, when waves twirls forward
And every silent heart dips into, waits for an upward surge
The last foam dies alone miserably across the shore
Where warm sand snugs and beckons the venturous large.

Those are not my mine, votive tears that sprinkle down
A surface wet of salty waters, all the smiles run
Needles prick desperately in the charm
When illness and poverty makes a cruel fun.

At the onset of winter, the northern light shone
Every speck of blue, the clouds become unfamiliar
And the spirits go high, glides with the drifting birds
All our dear eyes, rages the cold glaciers.

Those are not mine, in the piles of dust and dirt
A pillow tattered entrails of which almost ripped apart
All the softness it carries lost in the beauty of mud
My memory rings awhile, I bow down my damn head.

If a storm raises, the dust of faraway lands
Be piled up and there in the distance, stands alone
A festival of silence, all my woes are gone
The incessant blows of shovel and axes surrounds.

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Beyond The Beyond

There was no one, when I was in the meadows
A frail sycamore stood, with its leafy shadows
Lambs faraway, beyond the barbed fence
It was midday, the sun looked grim and tense
Anything far or near, it was only the blue above
Sometimes winds sway off, sometimes memories shove
A car whizzed away past, fumes left behind in the air
My memories fumbled, where the horizon free and bare

I roamed around a vast green, the shepherds where dream
A brown hill stood alone, beside the sound of a passing stream
My legs kept moving, I walked ahead and beyond where eye stares
Rocks threatens me, stood like dark silhouettes sat on grey chairs
Though I move on and on, where the horizon inclined a bit towards
My eyes feed only the miracles, be on the soil or in the sky upwards

The thing delights me, I behold the divine vastness
I bowed my head, and prayed towards that nothingness.

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Carrying Nothing!

I ne'er carry anything with me
Some green memories
Crawl all over my inside like a grasshopper
When I was on the way to far
To a journey-
I began to remember
What
I left in hurry;

Alas! I couldn't gather
Winds flow in and take me away
I ran and ran, sometimes over the meadows
Over the farmlands, marshes, over the hills
I pulled back, stop myself
But the sway stronger enough
I couldn't help;

I lie obscurely
Sleep consumes me
I started wandering again
Climb up in the air
Paint myself blue
I strain the clouds
Hard
And make the day's stew;

I ne'er carry anything with me
Except some old manners and ways
A patient face to everyone
Solemn and grave
like a harbinger of death
I frisk over-
The standing horizon
The benign cattle
The ruddy evening
The wailing river
The paroxysm of the day's end
I pour out

Every moments I've honed
Without any day's saving
I ne'er carry anything with me
If you get me at any crossends-

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Crimson Mail

It came serpently
And laid in my
Age-old mailbox.

There was no name
Nothing to find from where it came

A crimson envelope
Hides a crimson mail.

The letters on it
Are bold and bare-bones
'if you cross the line
You'll be no more'.

The outraging lines are distinct
A threat to my existence
Stuffed in a mail

I rose to tear it
Into umpteen pieces
In a laze noon
But I didn't

I know
I hadn't crossed
Any line
Any limit that could.....

I've sailed only
To unnavigable oceans
I've crossed all the limits
Of desire and pathos.

The crimson mail
Is still in my shelf
Like a knife
Could slit my throat open

I dare to open it
I could not part with it.

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Dreaming Times

(1)

Not so profound, not so deep
Wounds in the bodies dig a sleep

Writhing like a leech about to suck
After a few winks, sleep forms into a crystal arc

Eyes hardened like a brittle glass stood on the wall
Every wink, every spell rotates under the squall

A glimpse appears, not-so-far
At the horizon of the bed, dream wafts into the sleeper.

(2)

Bodies mingle with silence after that
Dream gazes at like a fearful cat

Those serene moments licks up all
Dreams and only dreams makes us fall

A colourful rainbow, a pestering ostrich
Comes all at a stroke then yawns out with a feeble screech

Before the final shake, a faint touch
Began to soothe, eyes fumble at large

All the colours from the dreams elope
When the pillows like an abandoned wife pull and shove.

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For You

you asked me to be silent
I summoned the horizon to be your friend
you asked me to get naked and lie
I called upon the sky.

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From Behind

Behind the instincts, when your fierce steps trod
I thought of you, you became my thought
The wooden cross dangled, always in my hairy chest
The thud became more piercing, my strength would gone to rest
If it is humanly, with all flesh and bones alive
The tongue hasn't tasted honey, there is no room in the beehive
Someday at somewhere, I shall meet you
Perhaps there'll be no wind, only silence reigns in the milieu

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From The Hills

Beyond the reach
Atop
Swings slowly
A puff of clouds
I've tried to catch
And failed almost
At every bouts.

The shake is still
In my heart
It began anew
When I passes a hill.

Down below there
Where I've lost
Years ago
Amidst the valleys
And frost.

Now the wind is gone
Those golden heights
Sparkles
I ran and ran
Till I stopped
lofty and lone.

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Have You Been There!

Everyone lurking out
With deathly silence
The sun like an unchaste wife
Appears on the threshold

And the trees all over
Pine birch spruce
Swaying with the river

Have you been there?

A monk breeds a monk
The rock-built temples
In the hills atop
Bells gonged at every sunrise
Candles inflamed Buddha
Sitting cross-legged
Like a paleolithic human

Have you been there?

Birds crisps air at
Their small dry mouths
A melancholy poet sits
And alchemise sorrows
Fire nestles in the realm

Have you been there?

The prose burns
The words turns into ashes
From it an obscure
Borns
Would you like to be there?

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I

I'm not I, perhaps someother person
Who bail every life through an easy bargain.
Thereof I ne'er go with the flow
Down at the grass softer, I used to mow
I wanted to come out as brook from a river
But ne'er happen, deserts forbid me farther
Slowly to be and gentler like a lazy afternoon
I gather round myself, I scoop up some old dust in a spoon.

I'm not I. perhaps someother person
Anger bleeds under my teeth sometimes, I became the sun
Though I meditate often, like a Buddhist even ran to the farthest
Whereof I could learn from the lambs, silence is the bravest.

I'm not I. perhaps somether person
By the shadow of yours, I slapped all my shame
Those hygenic jokes, seethes upon unbrazen
I used to solemnise, sexed with a forbidden.

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I Was There

I was there very much
Alone like a toadstool
The warmth of the sun
Deadliest and African

A sum of passion
Carries the thickets of
My hunger the disease
And my animalsome

I took my thoughts
Down by a wailing river
A civilised tree precisely
Close to my arms
Sticks out its branches

A cloud came above
My head overlaps
then one then another
grew and became elephantine
swords of trumpets crosses over
agitates and then
fly all around

now I was in air
the sky naked and bluer
like a girl undresses
for the first time
before a mirror

I was there in the clouds
The sea sleeping with the sky
The sky freeing himself to fly

The clouds on my shoulders
On my head soothing me
Everywhere
I was a nibbler of

The air that descends down
Sunlight streams the darkness out
Thoughts that borns in the air
To be precious than humaner

I was there very much
Alone unfeathered and
Truly such.....

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If I Could!

I might've given up that day
Everyone could make me a face
My last speck of dignity would be dusted away

I rather pulled up my sleeves
The fight is yet to sweep over
Wounds are again to leak

I began to roar again
After a few moments, and then after sometime
Still silence bravely reign

I couldn't find my foe
The roads're misty and dark
A few stray dogs often bark and go

I was lost before I escape
The cold enveloped me hard
And the snow drips inside my flake.

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If I'M So!

I need a hunt
My claws are straight and sharp
Narrowed at the ends
Penetrates easily into
all –saintly friends

The golden evening
Fallen on the woods
I'll made no mistake
I just've to run
And became animalsome.

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I'M There!

there was no one, in the open
i saw a tiny ant lurking in the rain
before i sway my eyes across
the ant'd gone, somewhere in the moss

there was no one, in the home
i sat on the sofa, around everything melts like a foam
the wires, the paperbacks, the tea pot, the human heart
from a far off, where sea mingles with sky in mirth

there was no one, when my dream snapped from
i was rubbing my eyes, a heart struggles in a storm
the wind was high, taking off all my strength
my write-ups, my memory, my drunken faith

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In My Courtyard

A poet came into
His eyes brought oceans near
Hairs are wet since
The last monsoon showers
Lips dry like of desertlands
And his fingers run all my forgotten errands.

A poet came into-
His footfalls evades
The fear of the child lost in the woods
His nostalgic face fetches
All the mystic neighbourhoods
He is in my courtyard
Smiling like a wildfire
As if my homeland stood
In a bloody attire.

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In The Queue

A long train of people always
at the cabstands, doddering
with all stink and dirt

there it was between the narrow
passageways of slums, nearby
shroud with third world mirth

the well-offs from the apartments
behind their sunglasses cooled of;
stands at the ATMS to encash their lives

on the other stands, knocked up one another
shake their legs past midnight
whenever they alchemise all their bribes

even stars in the bluer surface
jostled up, hurdled up with a
gap decently drawn between them

a face sometimes glimpses from the horizon
behind it many awaits;
every one has its own detiny,
a future to be in the queue
even if one has to stake all its shame.

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Living For Others

(1)

Our lips are locked
We're chewing love

Perhaps some other time
We'll make a coup.

A feather hungs on the air
Before the nightfall

An owl hoots somewhere
And the moon spews gall.

(2)

Beyond it
I eyed once

And saw nothing
But I'll not
Peep again.

(3)

The silent lambs
In the midst of the day

The little steps
Falters, rubs all the grey

Before the sun
Grazes down
The evening satirical
And the end so far

Lambs still beckons
Beyond the flare.

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Mushroom Pickers

The sun grand at its glow....making simmers....down at the downest plains....beside the hillside...a motion of mushroom pickers....
Light shovels in their hands....a cane-basket tied at their backs...eyes tilted beneath...always....towards the soil.....sometimes slithers...at the glare of mushroom pickers....
Where the hill slackens....a little curved...and the woods began....thick and thicker....dense to denser...with the sway of mushroom pickers...
Their bodies are bendable....like the green climbers...easy to low down....asking for mercy....but could uproot deftly....the edible fungal growth....may be egg-white...or a little pinker....at a single touch from the mushroom picker...
Before the sundown...their legs turned homewards...thank the soil and the sky.....for their toil and search.....even if their baskets are unbulky...inglorious to a farmer....though they welcome the next sun...to the wait of the mushroom picker..

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My Neighbourhoods

The autorickshaw drives in
A crowd of silence gathers around
Pavements rose to feet
Poverty handed me an ice-cream

The stars above nibbled themselves all the shine
Empty tandoors in the sidewalk have no fuel
Hunger is still feasting on
My neighbours pretty dine

An air cloaked in night sleeves
Past, the boulevards and mansions
Eyes those are blurred from youth
Dreams and in dreams- believes

There'll be a hole in my neighbours wallet.

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My Runaway Friend

chasing away the swarms of flies-
he makes awhile busy
a crumpled hat a tattered shirt
peeps his narrow chest hairy

talking to noone- he cried
sometimes miserably
some old rags a few plastic bottles
he is treasured solemnly

making face to a stranger
he readies for a combat
a streetside tree or
beneath the flyover
he stretches himself on a mat

pissing in front of the ministers
he exhibits his democracy
with a pair of castaway shoes
he walks lazy.

all the sweeping dust
shines on his face
he is not a bit
shame to ablaze.

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My Waltzes

I measured my steps
before I waltzes
A day ago that moment came
to doorstep
Rains of yellowed leaves
swam down crackled and slept

I measured my steps
before I waltzes
Someday a wind from the hills
with cold stories came and visited
my parlour
'I'm here for you-
come and braces me'.
A drink from a sparkling glass on my hand
spilled further
All the curtains began to sway
as if flames from the fireplace raises
Shadows surround me all the room
and dances like Dames
I measured my steps
before I waltzes

The wind as well the sullen leaves
hit my face and flew off-
I was there on my room
like an unripened crop.

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Nightmares

The grey dusk on the fringes
Every roofs like upended tongues
Licks up the last string of evening rays

Before a cloud passed and mingled
With another afar
A crow shrilled, a cat mewed, a lame
On her wooden legs from cul-de-sacs

A star appears
From the depths of blue
in the lone sky
Every door like a mystery box
Shut and not to be opened again
After a defeated try

If it is so, let it be
The shame of being naked
Every moment pressed under the thumb
Patience wore thick blanket in trance
Towards an uncomfortable distance.

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Perhaps Those

Those steps snugly crosses
The Alps and The Bosphorus
Have kicked up dust and snow

Became cross-legged
Like Buddha
Meditatingly slow

Those eyelids which've
Ne'er flipped
Or Succumbed to sleep

Sailing in a canoe
And the water sometimes
Flows over it

Those hands which've
Ne'er raised or hunted

Making fires
And of it yellowness
Spurs to fly,
Undaunted.

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The Craze And The Carol

The day mistful wasprofoundly shadows.....at the eyes.....however, so
sweetly entwined.....around the hearts.....a ship loaded with joyful
trinkets.....resounds at the shore..... stories of mariners..... harbours a bit far
more.....otherwise endness lasts a little.....like a frog's leap.....hopping and
croaking.....in the ponds and fens...

Now the skylless above....birds and bats twirling....black and blackness.....dark
silhouettes hissing freely.....on the empty streets....trees stood like
relic.....nothing eerie, nothing chic.....a caravan of tiny pilgrims..... from the east
trundled.....dry faces, fingers like red ambers....they've canons.....you became
animalsome.....killing your neighbours and brothers....closer to your hearts...you
pleases yourself only.....like a leopard relishes the bloody flesh.....the timid deer
gets its throat busted....leopard reins

The evening sets on.....mariners left the shore....pilgrims way back to their
places.....ships unloaded....dreams in the open strewn all over.....neighbours left
their doors ajar.....roads are all bloodred.....a limping resonance of footfall
invades.....words and notes scattered like broken chairs....trinkets drowned deep
inside the sea....small ripples came writhing.....in my unvisited veins

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The Sunday Painter

It was a day break from the chores of toil
My neighbour with broad glasses have a soil

A gleam of light when enters slowly and flashes
All the papers rolled like white stacks amazes

There in the hold of the fingers that almost
A feathering touch sways like glossy frost

Nothing comes sometimes the wind pulls in
And the old curtains raises feebly and swings

The sky would peep and the clouds spreads over
My neighbour be in friendly way artfully deliver

In the noon when everything like an infamous death
The choir sang and the cross stood there in a resolute faith-

Wherefrom a thought arrives and leaves an ocean there
And the secrets of land floats like a feather in a rogue air-

My painter neighbour ne'er stop and puts his fingers down
His Sunday lazes and snugs within the easel for a mystic drown

Though I ne'er disturbed him for a while
He explored every Sundays to those dreamstruck miles.

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The Virgin Rain

The dry earth swallowed
Every drops of rain
A year or a few months back
My periods had began.

Every fissures in the sky
Drained lots of water down
All my belongings're drenched
Except my bloody undergown.

Water and water everywhere
All the worms buried in mud and silt
I kept my window open
To display my adultly guilt.

When the rain'll come to an end
When the earth fills all its thirst
I would become a virgin
Full of fun and lust.

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The Visit

it was snow almost flown
every surface of the sphere
i was invited alone.

the streets are like giants snakes
waded out from the rivers
a fig tree by the roadside
shrouded in white flakes.

i've to go downhill
where all bends turned
and turned till...

a house there at the small hillock
stood like a wailing virgin
and that was my stop.

but the clouds sometimes
without any indulgence
wafts and sublimes

if i've to go there
i threw up my limbs
before the sunrays grew fainter

i came at last to the doorway
there i heaved a little
and make myself thrown in a fray...

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To My Closest Neighbours

Behind those walls, I never eavesdropped
Everytime a chime plop, my glances thronged
My mother shoved hard, I withdraw my eye
And a lizard ran, the blue walls become sky

When I saw my moustache first, the old mirror smiled
The distance between my neighbours, prettily viled
Perhaps if I could make, what has not been done before
Neighbours stood like strangers, seas lost their shore

Because of every footfall of my neighbour, a mystery creeps into
A box of pandora, they saved with all the way ushers into
When a girl lost all her shine, becomes a geek
And then at those last years, she breaks her walking stick

I know of nothing, the walls draws me near
Perhaps a small effort, many times I tried to stir
It is not so easy, timid hearts cannot make
Everyone leaned upon it, everything is at stake

Even if a giant banyan like Buddha, though leafy stands alone
The clouds if, fails to keep pace with an evil storm
I'm quite sure, there'll be no earthful of mud
Maybe a decade after, all their arms makes a little thud

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To My Dearest Verses

Those pavements hundreds of feet
Trampled every day,

My words softer than kiss
Lay there, some crosses the bay,

The prey screeches under the talons
Before beaked to death,

My verses are likewise
Bleeds and bleeds to a watery red,

Those green hycaniths on the bogs dance
My thoughts born there
And then drowns in a sublime laze.

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Ttribute To Slavery

My skin is black
Yes, sir blackened by tropical sun
Nothing I've white, whiter like
You, except my dentine

Centuries have passed
Like rolling cans filled with moments
My back was lashed with
I would've liberty but I bents

I was changed hands
Masters to whom I paid for
Sometimes in the plantations,
Sometimes in the householdchore

When I walked alone to have some air
the grass beneath my steps
led me towards- nowhere

I felt a low life, a disdained being
Often thrashed and beaten miserably
When sweat and blood dripped like a slow rain

I'm a slave, have a master
The destiny of mine is on his hands
Before I could escape from all the shackles
Free to be man -better

The family I left without a bid
I was transported to the south
Even farther down where my past was stolen
And then nothing, for myself I could did

My childhood became a haunted field
I ploughed everyday, furlongs a many
With those weak hands, I tamed the wild cattle
I'was drifting like a rainless cloud, sometimes stilled.

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When

When the morning appears with all its shine
Like a stolen jewel in the museum again
When the noon comes tiptoe near my window
Like a stranger lost his way and murmurs
When the evening races away from the eyes
Like a very old friend in a speeding train
When the night flaps out all her glamour
Like a swan still marvels on the blue waters

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When I Was Not Born

Those ancient pagan music, bed-time folklores
Satyrs and nymphs ruse, sex on the grassfloors
Whispers swirls all over, like our modern cellphones
Even the half-bloods, the demi-gods, the idolized stones

Gospel flinted long long after, words fly with arrows and cut apart
The leaves were braided and crowned, breastmilk strained down as a dessert
Everything gets jinxed, sooner the moon unzips her blouse
Bloods boiled in the fire, bones were taken to the slaughterhouse

Life struggled hard, omens and prophecies reigns the mind
Even a crooked or a bent human, who had dreamy eyes and not blind
Buddha was meditating then, before he becomes ascetically skeletal
Wisdom stuck like a trapped prey, trees only pray slowly like our ancestral

Rocks giant and elephantine, we use them as our artistic fancy
Tears and stains moisten the wilderness, every damned heart shine in glory
Only the words rolled over like scooping dust "Beware, Just Beware";,

We stood on the way, rainbow veils above, on skewered lambs, we're bare.

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When The Day Is Over

The day is over now
lands are yet to plough

a flock of lambs lost there
the sun is gone down below near

the clouds mask the sky blue
some birds flew some cows moo

arise from the depths of shadow
the stars lit enough - bravo

those leaves on the ivy branches
welcomes a sojourn and trodden stances

the day has songs all being sung
a burning forehead and a parching tongue

amitav mazumdar