

Poetry Series

**Bhartendu Second**  
**- poems -**

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## Bhartendu Second(5-7-1970)

I am none but a poet.

I am weak  
torn

and tormented

tears inwards  
the bold face all along

how could I reach you  
now or ever

the space is real  
like the distance of centuries

accumulated in our present  
only to frustrate

I am weak  
but sinking  
with the heaviness of my heart

sinking to renew  
and find a language  
that my whole being follows

and you approve gladly.

Bhartendu Second

# Beyond Words

I know this familiar landscape  
Of relations  
and faces

But I am living for  
a face or  
expressions  
over there  
beyond words

a sheer feeling  
a remote music  
Yes, your presence -  
a full stop that triggers my being

Bhartendu Second

# Books

Time acts  
in the orbit  
of our mental landscape

lonely we watch  
this world  
which is more than books

Its pulsating rhythms  
continue with the warmth of  
real human touch

Time as an independent agent is possessed by minutes and hours  
But we transform it into  
Our collective dreams

and individual passions

- private and intense  
unlike books

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# Dilemmas Of Self

When I am alone  
and quietness breathes  
into my lungs

a sparrow enters  
the silences of my being

Fractured I watch  
floating selves  
suggesting  
new horizons  
to my  
rigid ego

I find many in  
what I had known  
as the indivisible one

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# Direction

This way

nobody goes  
only a screaming is heard

sharpened teeth  
and bloody daggers  
are hanging on trees

dipping blood  
fresh  
human  
innocent

comments  
on this direction

which is waiting everywhere.

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# Existence

when it was certain  
that life and death  
walk side by side  
with full faith  
in each other

He created  
our universe  
at his own peril  
with vague blessings

And a wretched trust in His own  
glory  
to be nurtured and worshipped  
Without any logic or witness

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# Fears And Tears

No one really

wish to feel the agony  
of my disturbed melody

the distant horizons  
unknown and unfeeling  
as they seem

are my true sharers  
of the fears my dreams carry  
and the tears my eyes hold back

behind all countenance of patience  
or forbearance

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# Horror And Terror

It is wrong to say  
'all feel like us'

It is wrong to believe  
' only we think and do democracy'

It is wrong to propogate  
' we are all for peace and humanity'

It is really wrong  
not to feel what others know  
about you and your deeds of horror

Is it wrong to ask  
anybody! anywhere!

Will 'undemising horror'  
fight it out against 'terror'

It is wrong to ask  
But it is, perhaps, wise to answer

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# Hungers

I am walking  
on a land  
that feeds my hungers

and waters my deprivations

Still I love it  
As this very land is the people  
and crops

Capable of redeeming my 'likes'

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# I Am Glad

I Am Glad

There is nothing in mind  
like an idea  
or the memory of a sweet dream

There is no waters  
to remind tears or agony  
not even a drop  
to tell that this desert  
is not all  
I am glad the nightmare is my only awareness

Bhartendu Second

# I Am Weak

I am weak  
torn

and tormented

tears inwards  
the bold face all along

how could I reach you  
now or ever

the space is real  
like the distance of centuries

accumulated in our present  
only to frustrate

I am weak  
and sinking  
with the heaviness of my heart

sinking to renew  
and find a language  
that my whole being could follow

and you approve gladly.

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# If

If You are the desert

where ozymandias  
was lying with cold looks

I am anxious to meet your master  
Yes, the sculptor

Who is simply absent in the landscape

Yet the sweet obsession of all  
who look at the emperor  
and his vanished regime

How many Ozymandiases  
We are adoring even today

With some perceptive artist  
around us!

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# Last Line

I am the last  
line of her poem

her last poem  
that sings  
my betrayal  
her own faith  
in a person

she knew so well  
despite all agony and loss

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## Last Line-2

It the was the dead end  
of a sorrowful song

with silent sobbings  
and mute cries of  
my sad being

now when the lovers  
of faceless emotions  
come to me for 'instructions'

my skelton dances  
on an unknown music

and proclaims the eternity of  
love and joy  
our bodies feel  
but only our souls decode

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# Last Word

Last word

is

unspeakable

like last breath

followed by a huge silence

no re-birth breaks it.

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# Laughter

It was terrible

The cutting edge of its teeth  
was vocal with furies of desires

Someone was laughing  
Against the delicacies of  
His/ her own heart

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# Memories

Like history  
they are with me

For interpretation  
and contentions

I hold them

with a sense of possessing something

otherwise

These interiors of my mind  
Are tools to kill  
Abstractions -

living forces to link  
Here and then

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## Mother -2

I know  
It is difficult to anticipate

I know  
It is all real and unavoidable

I know  
She is finally taking leave

I know  
I will miss her

I know  
Knowing all this is of no use or consolation

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## Mother -3

When you talk about  
Vomiting or lack of hunger

Or the energy and stamina  
Betraying you

The Sunset begins  
To haunt me.

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# My Mother

My Mother

She is restless in her sleep  
her fingers are moving

her forehead has the customary strain of field and food  
muttering to herself

she is carrying on  
with the unfinished tasks

she knows no sleep or rest  
she is a perenial 'karmayogi',

the tireless worker on the earth

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# Never

It was an evening  
with messages of hope and love

with memories of friends  
fated never to return

it was the imperative  
conclusion of the warmth  
of a day

that I slipped into  
your bosom  
and decided never to depart  
like the fading day!

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# Not Now

I am willing to travel  
and discover where  
Colombus left his journey

But not now  
as the ghosts of all  
great travellers  
are pale and angry  
for what we have made of their  
innocent cravings  
and romantic dreams

a time may come  
when they will say

the ship is ready  
and the sea is inviting

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# Now Or Ever

there is a sky  
beyond the reach  
of that starving child

his hunger  
his dimming eyesight  
even before it could look  
at the world of joys

that child is not  
a poetic enigma  
but the haunting face  
of a real world

refusing to offer anything  
better to him  
now or ever

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# On Abstraction

It is not without links or anchors  
It is rooted in my world

Dear and distant ones  
provoke it

It is fathomless  
Amidst surfaces/ artifices

I dedicate this inner weight  
of passions and thoughts

To you  
with deep ruptures  
vague and fulfilling

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## On Abstraction - 2

It is again with me today  
alongwith a sadness

about my incapability  
of emotions  
acceptable

and a mind  
reaching horizons of feelings  
immediate and flimsy

again the unkown world  
longingness is drifting  
away

in the abstract sphere  
I know  
and fear can never know fully.

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# On Her Departure

you were wrong

in all your assessments  
and beliefs

neither was it a family  
where you lived in  
nor a society of humans  
with human hearts

you trusted their faces  
but they followed  
their own primitive promises

when you told them  
'you had a lover', they already knew  
you would say that some day

scared of your 'heretic passions'  
they offered you a wedding gift-  
'brutality cutting the cake of your life'

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# On His Exit

no one knows  
the mystery of your exit

it was sudden  
and a laboured one

like a modern poem  
packed with hasty allusions

now I feel an absence  
and often cry

but only to tell myself  
'you are gone, forever,  
and far away'

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# Political Motives

They say  
'like ideology politics is dead'

They argue  
' this stravation, violence, crimes without faces  
are all there but in a text'

They have similar arguments  
about man, woman, black, white, dalit, brahmin  
and about everything in the universe

And more confidently they assert  
this world has reached sustainable beauty  
stability for a real future

They hate wars  
and love peace

But their idiom has symptoms  
that make millions dread them  
and hate their motives

To say this all  
has a political background  
and a veiled confession  
that despite their claims  
'we need a better world'  
with human heart

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# Separation

my grief is orphaned  
with hopes travelling  
far away along with you

I am unable to ceremonize  
Our separation

It makes no sense  
Except some words -  
Revelations of consolence

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# Shy Moon

Living in a setting of

Hope and despair

possessed by intimations

of warmth

and belongingness -

experience without precedence

I mean  
the lonely bird

on the mehua tree

chatting whole night with the shy moon.

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# Survival

let the sky  
cry out in its natural instinct

the warplanes hovering  
around

bombing kids, women  
old and young  
animals  
trees, vegetables  
mountains  
and Earth

are not harbingers  
of life  
or survival  
of anybody

let the sky  
cry out in its natural instinct

let its anger and agony  
finally  
touch the Earth  
and our hearts

let it have a role of its own choice in the universe.

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# This World

no, the cry is not  
really so far away  
as they paint

no, the mother is not  
with a milky breast  
or any such possibility

no, the doctor is not  
working in the O T  
and anaesthesia  
has failed on the patient

is'nt it a farce  
to coin so many no's  
nothing's  
when the world is  
still alive to its  
shames and stupidities

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# To Anu

she is my love  
and hope, desire  
and determination

fragrance of unknown  
worlds sweep through  
my dreams  
my cravings  
for fullness

when she comes  
with her gentle bosom  
and silences my words  
with a better language

I pray company  
and mutuality for all

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# To Her Memory

You are abruptly lost

Like a kite  
flying on raw threads

Your loss is my memory  
Your face hangs in the sky

Against the wind

Oh! your memory!  
my words are far away from

The metaphors that could hold on  
you to the landscape of my mind

Your memory sings against language  
or sounds  
You defy my familiar tools  
And dimly expose an unknown  
familiar to ages  
and ages of our species

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## Unknown Victims 2

their laughter and life  
are now silent monuments

now they are walking  
in a new land

where the arrogance  
of national flags  
and all other absurdities  
are dumb to tell  
the horror of the truth  
they lived  
and finally died for  
without ceremonies  
of honour or grace

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# Unwell Homes

unwell homes  
send desires

wrapped in words

and dry tears

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# War

Nobody knows  
the death of  
somebody

war treads on  
a path where  
warriors carry  
the bones of  
their own dreams

when announcements  
of revenge are made  
to settle what only  
wisdom and dialogue could

an infant grips her mother's breast  
young lad assures his beloved  
that they are not coming for them  
And

the ghosts of ancient knights sing  
elegies for the new participants

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# Without Fight

You gave up  
too early

desires belied  
you  
your stamina betrayed

you were a warrior  
calm and brave

I never expected  
the storm was stronger  
or the waters really fatal

The road you rided  
that day  
was not everybody's food

you gave up too early  
to make  
things difficult for ever.

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# You Are Terrible

around me your presence  
grows like a shadowy tree

birds chirping and ripened fruits  
hanging on it

you are away

my affections dancing for you  
the inner music of soul  
exploring newer rhythms

nowhere I belong now  
except the horizons  
that assure your crimson face

on a path that perpetuates journey  
without destination

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