

Poetry Series

Bhaswat Chakraborty
- poems -

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Bhaswat Chakraborty()

Born at Deoghar, India - in the eastern province of Jharkhand. Trained in Canada in medical research. Bhaswat Chakraborty finds writing poetry is a way to be in tune with the Self, one's true nature. He writes mostly in Bengali.

Bhaswat Chakraborty is deeply moved by the noble and divine aspects of the human beings. He likes to focus on the graceful, innocent and wholesome side that each and everyone of us have been given without asking. What a fun to be aware! ! Aware of existence, beauty and love!

A Friend From Far

Oh, ho! Oh ho, here you are
My friend, my friend from far
Am I glad to see you here
Oh my friend, oh dear, dear!

All this road you have treaded
All its rough have you coped
Don't know what you were fed
Don't know what you had groped

Let me wash your feet
Oh friend, oh love of mine
Let me offer you a seat
Let your big smile shine

Tell me, tell me all that you want
It's been long we saw each other
Skipping anything? No, you can't
I demand all of it to hear

I don't have a lot to go but
I'll offer it all I got in the hut
Even if it's not there in what I got
Do tell me dear you want what

Those days of your modest help
And my limited little means
Remember how our strong self
Learnt and got by since!

Stay here as long you like
May be stay here for ever
Your presence is such a hike
Think of leaving never

Oh good neighbors, come here
Come here and see who I have
It's my friend who has come from far

It's my friend whom I much love
He's my heart, he's my soul
Shower him love and cheer! !

PS

'Is it not delightful to have a friend come from afar? ' – Confucius

Bhaswat Chakraborty

A Moment Of Rapture

They cleaned up the dandelions
From their beautiful lawn
It is all green and pest-free
O, what a relief!
Now we can all sit and walk
Home free on this backyard
They also cleaned up their previous neighbor
who had clamorous children
By moving here

From the authority of civilization
Many justifications arise
They are just as you own
They are just as you want
They are not just because
They are as they are

Where did we miss the boat
of being natural as well?
That is with fun of course
Fun along with run
With the noodles of challenges
A crystal glass of water
Didn't we miss that boat?

If you allow a moment of rapture
Silence is the loudest statement
of serenity and non-violence
only if you allow a moment of rapture!

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Accept This Tagar (A Small White Flower)

Accept this tagar now
That's all I can offer at this moment
Limbs of my expression are not elaborate now
Just a little flame
Of my wish to give you something
If you accept, I can rest

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Access To Hearts

It took me a little while
to understand that we were
Exchanging words and emotions
Sometimes, simple and sophisticated at others
Even with a gentle ease most of the time
But there was very little
As a conversation

What went through?
And what was floating
in the non-discernible interest?
There was hardly any electric light those days
But I could read your whole book
Clear and loud – word by word
What went through and what was floating
Those days?

What happened when nothing special
Happened to tickle our senses
What happened when we
Looked at each other
without any reference?
What happened when
Love didn't have to arrive with table manners

The night dawned into morning
Fresh and lovely dew drops
of possibilities
the morning was open
in all directions of nobilities
the sky held up the enthusiasm
What happened in that morning?
There was something bigger than celebration
there was an access to our hearts

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Awareness

I see
I hear
I intend
I extend

I see the seeing
I see the hearing
I see the intension
I see the extension

Life after life
I have lived
Without seeing I live
Deaths after death
I have died
Without seeing me dead

So have I traveled thus far
Without seeing the Path
So have I known the things thus far
Without knowing the Knowingness

Now if I see the Path
And know the Knowingness
Beyond the dying of death
And living of birth
Now if I see the Dance
With joy and compassion
With a heart of a friend

I also see this is because of my Guru.

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Beauty And Truth

Attracted as I am like John Keats
To "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever"
Sometimes I am uncomfortable
To beauties of certain flavour

There is one of the plastic kind
With all the right chiseled curves
Everywhere with the right finish
But without any kernel reserves

And there are ones that are so soft
They are like a lump of butter
A slight breeze of a light difference
Makes their hearts go in tremulous flutter

Tough beauties are like statutory gods
A statue with a lot of legal demands
A mistake on a given protocol
Can arouse their wrath and reprimands

More varieties are there
But the case in point is
Beauty's even more beautiful
When it comes with truth and ease

When truth lies at the heart of beauty
It is even more sumptuous
Beauty and truth
How I wish they were synonymous!

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Being The Self

From the stay of the Being
Emanates the river of the Self
A river that runs through the hearts
A river that runs through the faiths

From the stay of the Self
Emanates the stream of awareness
An awareness of the One
An awareness of everything
Appearing in the One

Of journey and destination
Being is the home
Of roads and the abodes
The Self is the Name
Name of the Being that stays
Stays till eternity
Stays That reality

Look at the river of life
It is the Being itself
The cause and the caused
The love and the beloved

In the stay of the Being
It is you, you ...and only you

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Earth

Holding the seas, boasting the mountains
You invaded the sky with grace and glory
Tolerating the wild, keeping all terrains
Mother earth, what is your story?

The brutes, the beasts tear you apart
You smile and watch in quiet silence
They quarry, they blast your tender heart
Whence do you find (such) abiding patience?

You mentor the growth of all of life
Alike – gentle or rough, feral or tame
You nurture the seed, you foster the strife
You devour the dirty, you support the lame
You secure the weak – compassion's allegory
Tell me mother Earth, what is your story?

Mother, do you cry for the modern man?
You precocious yet short sighted child
Developments of all sorts he would plan
At any obstacle, he is riled
Blind sighted, he's ruined your balance
But he would deny that in legal parlance
His liberalism hides his greed so well
At any hint of guilt, he'd yell
Mother, you protect him too, and his factory
Tell us dear, tell us your story

Mother Earth, tell us your story
Of your love and of also your fury!

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Fire

It burns in the stars
To make the universe possible
It burns in the stars
To have the heavens going
It burns the stars
to make the worlds end
whenever the end's inevitable

From the beginning-less time
Fire has been the main sustenance
of life and all its paraphernalia
Fire is your breath
And fire is your thirst
Polemically all the rivers
are nothing but fire
Fire flows to quench the fire of all!

The ancient mother earth
Still cherishes the fire
In the hearth of her heart
To keep her progenies warm
And her oceans so fluid

It is also the same fire
The fire in your belly
Your guts, your glory.....

P.S.
And so is your beauty
A fire par excellence

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Form And Formless

With beautiful white daisies
There was a flower vase
Just a week ago it was glowing
On the green carpet grass

May be something happened
But that's not shining my heart
I wondered the course of reality
When "artistry" departs the art?

Where does the beauty go
When the form ceases
Does it return to a storehouse
Or unto formless it releases?

Your eyes are so beautiful
And your heart so dear
If eyes are so formed
Why's the (formless) heart so near?

Who knows what happened
When nothing was to happen
Who knows what happens
When everything is to happen!

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Horizons

Sun rolls down in dusky smoothness
Along the line of day and night
Silhouettes of life begin to caress
the body of darkness in search of light

The day spreads its glorious wisdom
For the sentient and rogue as well
Where is the gospel in night's kingdom?
That is the lesson for learned to impel

Lo, Adam and Eve's purity of hearts
Who yet not found the knowledge fruit
They know not the pain (that) identity imparts
They know not the twinge at ego's root

Was that the horizon where prayers rose
Came to the fore the innocent love
The heavens, the gods and Adams and Eves
Bound in oneness with nothing above

Then the sphere of knowers drew
Closer to power, nearer to clouts
Man lost, (his) paradise didn't accrue
Faith withered to shed cardinal doubts
The world of struggle, feat and defeat
The clutter of logic, ideas deadbeat

From that debris of disorder prime
Sprang but hope in mystic reason
The night and darkness found a home
"Accept the unknown" the soul sings on
The novel, the funny, the joyful risk
An adventured life – graceful, brisk

*****Dedicated to the Teachers of Primary Schools*****

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Journey's End

This is where the journey ends
And therefore, we can call it home
All the knowledge of navigation
Finds a rest here
And therefore, we can call it home

This is where we get a bit of affection
A smile, even a touch and hug
This is where the things are simple
And therefore, we can call it home

This is where the struggling feet
Slow down and dance a little
This is where you can sit for a while
And therefore, we call it a home

Be it a journey from a town to another
Or from birth to death
Even if it is a journey of several lifetimes
Through wisdom, truth and energy
Or through folly, helplessness or misery
Wherever we can surrender
our burdens of both good and evil
Wherever we rest, we can call it home

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Liberation

Do the senses bind you?
Do the senses bind you to a point
That you are blind to you soul needs
That you understand but accept not
That you see but witness not

Seeing things as they are
Ain't easy for anyone
The illusions lay as much
In front of the wise as they do for the fools
But the wise see with a sight
But the sight of the fool fights
Or races for the scene
Ending with no knowledge of use

What is it that the senses want
being bound to the objects around?
What is it that He who sees
Has not found in the senses abound?

Who is it that sees Him with heart?
Who is that ushers Him
Into the inside of your Home so clean
So unbound to the shine of the Sound!
Is it the sound of the soundless
Bound by the Silence alone.

The senses cease
Where He sees
And he sees as it is
As it is, unbound by senses, liberated
He sees the Home in where senses cease
In peace for the One
Whom the Seers see as the life sees!

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Life After Life

'Moner manush aslo kachhe
Tare dhorline tui jadaye....'

You didn't embrace the beloved
Who came in your warm reach
To meet you many storms he braved
But why did your heart breach?

He came to illumine you
In the abyss of murky dark
What your mind went through
To push him away so stark?

Life after life he seeks your heart
Deeper and deeper he lands
Only the "Lover" knows him smart
For millennia long he stands

*****Translated from original Bengali poem*****

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Life And Non-Life Aggregates

Life gathers aggregates
Like the iron grows rust around it.
The rust is not iron although
it derives itself conditionally from iron

Life gathers aggregates
Like I, mine, myself
Like feeling, ideas and isms
Like senses, dreams and analyses

True emptiness is iron, solid liberation
But the loneliness could be an aggregate
Just watch it deeply, closely and without attachment and aversion
The very awareness that it is an aggregate
Brings one at the centre of life

And the centre of life is all life
Free of aggregates.

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Love

It all begins with yourself
All love and all friendship
The unity beyond duality
And all meaningful relationship

Who are you without love?
With yourself be the kindest
Love yourself first so that
You love and appreciate the rest

Other limitless qualities – all noble ones
They all have their seed in love
Even for compassion and equal mind
Kind love is the key to serve

Only you can have love unbound
As you are yourself boundless
That is you – the one beyond duality
Love all and may God bless!

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Moonlight

The passage from cradle to grave
A voyage of sheer consciousness
Some make it with laugh and fun
Some make it a total mess

Childhood and tender youth
For everyone, these times are naïve
Innocence reins, simplicity prevails
Always vibrant always alive

It is the adult who feels the burden –
The right and wrong and do n don't
This is where you either make it
Or you have not lessons learnt

Success often gets the ticket
To get to go to the life's choir
To love, to serve, to sing along
To climb the ladder higher n higher

"You're a winner", existence whispers
The life force serenades you
You look around in sweet raptures
You feel good about what you do

And if you did have a tougher luck
Or if you did not have the smarts
The going can be topsy turvy
If you couldn't figure life's charts

They are the ones strive and struggle
Although my heart cries for `em
Unsung heroes and wasted loyals
Ordinary men devalued gems

Who applauds and who does care
Who celebrates these wretched souls
Nothing quite works for them
Bereft of feats bereft of goals

For some the delight easily comes
They float as they get it right
Other, happiness rarely earns
After a toil or even moonlight

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Mother

Of all human manifestations
May I say, you are the greatest
As you give milk, food and protection
What to say of love, peace and rest!

You are the womb of the universe
The waterbed of beings
You are the lap of heavens
And mother of all earthlings

You were the sweet lullaby
When I needed some sleep
You became the inspiration tall
When I had to dive very deep

From the foes you saved me
Allowed friends to be close
You took the prick of the thorn
And handed me the rose

You burnt your fingers so often
To cook a meal for your child
You took so many insults
So that his life is styled

Tell me Ma, tell me honest
Did you, else, ask for anything?
Even in your loftiest dreams
Other than my sheer wellbeing?

Now that tells me the secret Ma
of the sacred smile you always wore
and how you hummed the blessings
Even as doing the hardest chore

*****Dedicated to my mother, dedicated to all
mothers*****

Oh Load-Bearers Of Humanity

When I gasp for strength
I borrow it from you, oh the strong ones!
You carry the load stupendous
Of the humanity
Time and time again
Since the dawn of awareness

How do you do that I wonder
The weight of ignorance
The mountain of evil
The heaps of malice
of billions (and countlessly repeated)
You carry the cross of non-love alone
Time and time again
For others to feel loved
Appreciated and pleased

How do you do that I wonder
How do you stay so calm
Amid the whirlpool of clamour
Kind and compassionate
In devouring face of brutality and mayhem
How do you spread your light
Right through the forest
of fear, delusion and stupor
You salvage the soul
For others to be safe
And to feel light and restful
In a life of little wisdom

How do you do that I wonder
How do you spread your magic
Of charm, nobility and honour
In hearts so dark there
that beasts may refuse a habitation
How do you pull that trick
of giving the innocence back
so that he is human again!
How do you enthrall

the dull, the doped, the ordinary
to carry the torch
of your divine glory

Oh load-bearers of humanity
I wonder how you carry the load so awesome
But when I gasp for strength
I take refuge in your strength
I take refuge in you!

Bhaswat Chakraborty

On The Thirty Sixth Day Of The Month

My eyes lay there on the path
That you tread when you remember love
They relent not for a moment
Though your sight is rare to come by
Devotion knows not profit! Alas!
Knows not the risk
It stares the path in oneness
It takes the wrath in oneness

Who played the music over yonder
On the violoncello of human faith
He wrecks the instrument to build a note
His music is a torment and yet a road
Who plays the scales of love in there
He squashes the beloved to get his love
My eyes lay there on your path
That you tread when you remember love

The thrashing of love and long waits
Where is the transcend that love longs for
And yet the expectation of the first day
Fulfils not till the end of the summer June
On the calendar of love,
A few drops trickle
Only on the thirty sixth day of the month

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Petals

One.

I am a little petal of hue and smell
I am gorgeous you can tell
Tremble do I with a heart so blithe
And dance so good with a shank so lithe

Two.

I woke up in the sun so bright
At the smell of rays o' light
Could my stalk not hold me down
I spurt to wear my rightful crown

Three.

We love the buzz of mystic bee
An ascetic lost in playful glee
Lo, how he loses his heart in us
Try that you too hey gloomy gus!

Four.

Blossom I am in the hey days
Big and bountiful spread as blaze
My glamour lights up the environs dull
A band of mirth breaks laze and lull

Five

I have admissions but a few
I can take a sun or gale anew
From the rough touch I can trot
I can face honey hunters a lot
(But) I do bend by the weight of dew
I do shake near the time of adieu
Bye!

Pilgrimage

There are flowers
On both side of the road
that leads to the shrine
These are wild flowers
with incredible fragrance

The road itself is broken here and there
Vanishes in the surrounding
fen, mound or shrubs
Rather than a determination to lay still
till the temple archway
and the binary rows of jungle jasmine
there isn't much to the road

The wise one lived here
with his whole entourage
A century ago – perhaps that's what I was told
There are myths and legends, of course
and there are folklores propagated
by the octogenarians
about the miraculous disappearance of all

I must warn you
That very few come here
Devotee or otherwise
Actually very few know the existence of the shrine
Despite the talks and the stories
My father told me once
that's all there is to my orientation

After the wise one's demise
A few festivals took place
with an obligatory mood
Nothing really sustained after that
No rituals, carnivals or pedestals
No sects evolved nor any line of ascetics

When I finally entered the relic
A couple of doves immediately vacated a niche

Leaving the auspicious sound of their wings behind
and a family of somewhat docile baboons
looked at me with neutral gaze
A teenage boy appeared from nowhere
and asked if I was someone from the films

I reflected on my dream
of meeting the wise man here
Sitting on his chair
(may be in his hey days)
with a sea of his followers
I also remembered a few words
of my father and the nearby village elders
about the deliverance he brought
to the people far and near

I floated in several sojourns of my mind
Standing there for the next little while
There was hardly anything there
Except for a wall mounted
Concrete Hanumana carving
and a reminder of a wall
with a few masoned slots and arches

The teenager asked me
If I was on a pilgrimage then!

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Prayer 1

Lord!

My Soul, My Life

Empty this vessel of its habits,

Empty this jar of its colours

Empty this room of its preferences,

Its décor, its importance

And fill it with You,

Fill it with Your Grace, Your Glow

Fill it with Your Hue

Lord!

Fill this soul with Your Life

As Your Love fills it,

It becomes You, Your Love.

Lord!

Let everyone be Your Love.

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Prayer 2

The sun is Your smile
I smile big in the sun
The moon is Your tip of the teeth
I wonder at the beauty of the moon

The sky is Your hand
One that signals your grace
and gives the gift of fearlessness
You hold my soul in Your sky

The stars are Your nails
I keep gazing at the stars mesmerized
The thunder is Your voice
I stand in awe and caution when it thunders

The wind is Your touch
It thrills my heart to be in the breeze
The earth is Your sandals
I touch them in deep respect

The oceans are Your sight
Far, deep & kind
I dive deep – very deep
In the oceans of consciousness

Love is Your Being
I love to be in Your Love forever!

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Rise, Rise To The Occasion

Rise, rise to the occasion
Rise, rise to the invitations of life
Oh rise, rise to the music of joy
Uh rise, rise to the victory over strife!

This is the time for you to march forward
Oh son of the Mighty! Valor is the key
This is the urgency to show courage abundant
Oh daughter of Energy! Courage is the key

Rise, rise to the tide and rise to the low
Defeat lethargy and defeat fear
Mind the goal and attain it
The guts are here and the glory is here

Face the challenge, embrace it
Cross the puddles and the furrows
Calm the heart and fight the battle
Celebration's for you – not the sorrows

Rise, rise then, rise O bright!
Rise, rise then to the right
Tire not, rise till the end of the path
Rise, rise then to all the might!

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Silence Of Rumi

I read Rumi several times
And every time I went through
the same sincere silence
That unites the human with the divine
Silence of Rumi as though
Is the silence Sublime—
The heart of all sounds!

I dove deep down that silence,
A child's wonder of sort
Why do I start my poems with words?
When they end only with silence!
His silence is deep
Deep as the existence at the bottom of the ocean
Deep as the calmness of a wise man
And yet he is in conversation
With the silence
And through it, time and again

His silence is the silence of a flute
Empty, easy and melodious
It turns separation into liberation
Oh what a joy—Rumi's silence!
His silence is an invitation
To join the journey of the soul
A sweet beacon to lose yourself
In the Self of existence
And yet it is conversational
You can toy with it safely

Who can turn his back
Having heard Rumi's silence
In its sincerity
In its entirety
Who can escape from Rumi's silence
Having been there for a moment
Who can not hear his silence
Having heard it with the thumps of his heart

Oh love! Go and meet this evening
Silence of Rumi in its serenity
Of heavens
This must be the highest
Of souls
This is the highest!

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Sound Of Your Footsteps

I hear, I hear intently
the sound of your footsteps
I rush to the door gently
To greet you with peeps

My heart is your regal throne
You are my highest need
My celebrations have nubile grown
around you, my sacred meed!

That's how when the birds tweet
Moving sound of the falling leaves
Heralding your arrival sweet
are clues that my heart believes
Days go by, the nights pass
Your thoughtsjust outpass

*****Translated from original Bengali*****

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Succinct

Yes or no

Is succinct for you
but not yes and no

For me

It is yes and know.

Bhaswat Chakraborty

The Dance

Both dance the same dance
The creator and the created
Own the same truth to dance the same dance
And hence the grace

If you see the green of the leaves
The shine of the crystal
And the black of the night
You realize it is the same dance
The artiste and the art

What dawns on the creator
To push the veil
To run the rail
Until movement happens
Who else is the movement but the moved
Yes, both dance the same dance
And hence the true grace

Where does the dance go
Having come with the dancer?
What could then dance be
Other than the dancer
And hence the fluid grace

Since they dance the same dance
The dance remains
And hence the grace

Bhaswat Chakraborty

The Naked Child

The war stopped, the great one
About seventy years ago
All said and done
There is now peace – peace aglow

UN, NASA, WHO and democracy
Thrived along as never before
Wall Street, NASDAQ and their intricacy
Made the richest history implore
Health and education improved
Everywhere as behooved
Progress...human rights...stable regimes
Humanity can dream now big dreams

But take a sober look
Take a look at the other side of the moon
These achievements by the book
Are they really misleading dune
In as much as the human heart wants
Some basics and warm smiles
A little care that the love commands
A little respect without guiles

The city of Los Angeles
And a small village in Sudan
One common they both do possess
A small child – a tyke human
A child in these two places
Their ways of growth you assess
Short of a bias, take a sober look
Take a look at the side beguiled
A pair of pants may be all it took
To uphold the truth of a naked child!

A child unfed, cold and distraught
Laughs at the face of civilization's galore
The truth of human progress is naught
If it has this naked truth to ignore

The Rain

"Drip, drip, drip... the rain falls
The river floods the sides
Lord Shiva is getting married
Given the three brides"
My mother sang in Bengali
Whenever there was a friendly rain
that did not scare her
to bring bad memories

The downpours excite me
As though a call from the heavens
They cool down and drench the dry
Work like the life blood
of the seedlings just sown
Oh water of rain you shower
Like the Grace
even unto the humble

The drip-drops calm me down
Like the touch of my mother's hands
All the fire and half-ashes
of the anxious and beaten-up heart
extinguish with a lovely hum
Oh water of rain you shower
Like the Grace
even unto the restless

"Drip, drip, drip... the rain falls
The river floods the sides
Lord Shiva is getting married
Given the three brides"
My mother sang in the shadowy evenings
Whenever hope and love lit up her face
In the evenings with friendly rains

Bhaswat Chakraborty

The Seeker

In the womb as a germ of humanity
I sought life to begin with
And to grow – to grow as a human
Later... much later

Seeking to be human
Seemed to me different
Than smelling, touching and speaking
Like a man or a woman
The stakes are very high
To seek to be a human

Seeking life as a human
Was different to be alive
With a functioning airtube
and the upheavals of the chest
Seeking life was a journey
more difficult than erudition,
intuition, inspiration and involution
The stakes are very high
To seek to live like a human

Seeking to grow
In the bosom of humanity
in its shade and sun
faced me with tough questions
Who am I, what are my needs?
Who is my friend and
Who is the foe?
What are my rewards
and why are my reprimands?
Who grows and who remains unchanged?
The pain of growing is very high
To seek to evolve as a human

In the home of humanity
All meals are not wholesome
And all moments not restful
The pain of being is very high

To seek to be a human

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Thebans! Form Of Life Is Deathless (Socrates)

Come, caress this cup of hemlock
There is nothing to worry, Simmias, let's talk!
All that you have in mind and body
All that is chattel of gods
Nothing cheap and shoddy
As you owe it to them
The body – you cannot kill or condemn
If possible, combat death
Take not a mortal breath!

What are you so petrified for, Crito?
Bury the body wherever you'd like
In an Athens' cemetery or in grotto
As such, the body matters only to a tyke
The wise buries his body even as alive
as he knows its difference from the soul
Inconsequential it is, what he has to contrive
Is To leave behind it for the abode of life
That is the soul – the eternal vive

Combat death as a homage to gods
And embrace death even it's at odds
With your common sense and belief
Give it to the soul, this relief
Gentlemen, arise to your feet
And let us toast Phaedo
Let me toast my hemlock and your wine, Elite!
Wipe out the death, even its shadow

For a life of eternal construct
There is no death, concrete or abstract
Life is life absolute, indeed
There is no opposite creed
See Phaedo, pinch the body that is dying

Yet intangible that what is living
Only life there is no contrast
Life lives on – space and time surpassed
Lament not on this little loss
Take my message across

'Dear Thebans! The form of life is deathless
Oh immortal ones, thou I address
Fear not death as soul is there
Immortal the soul is, what to fear? '

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Where Are You, My Son

Where are you, my son, where are you?
I miss you very much, I miss you.

You said, you were happy with me
Why, then, did you leave me my son?

You opened your heart to me
Time and again
And I witnessed timeless innocence
Time and again

Why does the innocent hurry
to be one forever
with the Supreme Innocent
Why is it that most beautiful
Blossoms only for a while so short?

Do I know that you're deathless and yet..
Do I know you'll be alive in my heart
And yet...

Where are you my son?

***** On untimely demise of my student, Vikas Raj *****

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Your Birthday

This morning when you wake up
A sweet smile will meet you
When you reflect within yourself
A moment of truth will greet you

Birthdays signify love – not aging
As love ages not when deaths arrive
For whatever is worth in an ordinary day
Love enlivens it for the entire life

For those who cherish you in their hearts
A day such as this is brilliant
They can hug you or remember you
A little special which good friends want

This is the day your Mother will look at you
May be with a little more pride
And your brother will give you a kiss
As his affection he cannot hide

Your father will always bless you
With happiness and joy unbound
May you live safe and sound
With friends and well-wishers all around.

****On my daughter's (Dhriti) recent birthday****

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Your Face: A Galactic Window Of Happiness

Walking – have I not been
For thousands of years?
If not with this name and form
But as the species human
and as its habit of life.
And in this journey so long
Despite some sporadic rest and recess
of death and birth
and of periods of lull
as a settled person somewhere
with a name and form,
I have experienced fatigue,
restlessness and dejection
of centuries!

From the time beginningless
This journey of mine
The universe has witnessed
(And also sometimes
The universe appointed me to watch it
as the witness one!)
My differentiation from the universe
For reasons valid or not so valid
Has caused me pain and loneliness

And I have witnessed this pain of mine
Myself
On behalf of the
Self imposed beloved universe

Yes, I have been a witness
to the suffering of millennia,
and the vicissitudes of existence
and the ghastly dance of discomfort!

Then, suddenly you came along
First, with your possibility (of being)
Then your manifestation
Maybe you were there

Beyond my witness sight
Perhaps you sat with an accomplished smile
Beyond the boundaries of toil
At the yonder of human experience
of stay, toil and persevere

I don't know whether you have
always walked beside me
in this journey infinite or you will
continue to be a consort
But the joy of your company now
Tells me that you, - your face
Is the galactic window of happiness
For me for endless time to come!

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Your Grace

You picked me up
From the rubbish of pride and ambition
From ignorance and insult
You picked me up
And exalted to simplicity –
The world of
smile, innocence and beauty

I am not the only one
Everyone who's come to your court
Even to judge and scorn
You picked them up
And exalted to peace –
The abode of truth and serenity

A little flame
Burns like a thousand suns
In your hands with your grace

Bhaswat Chakraborty

Your Song

I remember all about you
When I sing the song you wrote
The eyes get wet as they knew
The lifelong generosity you dote

Your words and your themes
Touch my heart as the morning sun
Melting into easy streams
The icebergs of my pain and burn

You appear in my reflection
You pervade my senses' grip
You stay in utter perfection
On the altar of my worship

*****Translated from original Bengali*****

Bhaswat Chakraborty