

Poetry Series

Braja K Sarkar
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Braja K Sarkar(18/02/1960)

A resident of Durgapur, near Calcutta, the cultural capital of India. Literary activities started from school. Writings were published in a literary magazine at the age of 22. A graduate in Commerce from Calcutta University, Kolkata and degree in Cost & Management Accountancy, started career in Insurance Industry and later in Steel Industry, presently working as Manager(Finance & Accounts). A creative bilingual writer, writes in Bengali language and in English. Thousands of poems, literary criticism, translated poems, Literary Criticism have been published in various magazines in India and abroad. Edit a reputed literary magazine, called 'TRISTOOP' since 2001.

My Motto is to help nature is priority apart from family. I believe in humanity. Passion for literature, Arts & craft, travelling, painting, reading and Friendship with broad-minded people etc. My poems have been translated in many languages.

Back To Square One

She came alone!

She entered into the womb of
night and illuminate the dark
of her body...

An angel came and touched her
hair, her snow-white breasts and
her secret river
And all she belongs.

You are mine, you can't
stay alone! said
The angel.

He showed her the origin of the
Universe with unknown rhythm

And left her in the womb of night.

She went back to
the square again!

31/12/2009

Braja K Sarkar

Back To The Roots

Looking behind the past, I
Discovered a land I had never
Visit: People roaming in this
Obscured land seems strange
And indifferent, a few of them
Came to me, touched and went
Back to their destinies

like sea wave!

I could not recognize the faces
Appeared before me, thousands
More who watched me and a few
Asked me about the history of the
Time buried under the monument
Of dead settlers of minds. I could
Speak in a language not known to them
And they locked me inside a house
Surrounded by the deep woods of
Memories and hanged a large mirror
Before me!

All around me, a wilderness grows....

23/07/2010

Braja K Sarkar

Coffins With Words

A lover, a dreamer, a poet
And a digger:

All are severely looking for
The things they have
Never known!

A fortune-teller and his
Captive bird under a holi-tree
Show the hieroglyph
That was never read.

All daylong I have been
Making coffins with words
For me and all.....

Braja K Sarkar

Colours

Dark has many colours,
They are omni-present!

A lady from Senegal sent
This SMS:

I never been to Senegal.
If only I could meet her
At Senegal or elsewhere,
I could show her the darkness
Sparkles in her eyes! When the
Glowing Sun sets at the shore of
Desires, young night tenderly
Burns the dark of her body!

The day breaks with laughter.....

10/06/2010

Braja K Sarkar

Echo

Nothing seems pleasing, no words
Touch me nor any songs of hurts
Play in my heart these days as
You fascinated me years before!

The words have changed their
Minds and often take different
Shapes of is a
Dancing of the past running
in my blood...

Sometimes telephone rings at the
Middle of my broken dreams.
Who needs me! I try to guess;
Who tries to wake up the wounded
Soul buried in the womb of night!
It hurts the syllables of silence...

Sometimes, something vibrates
Inside me, I realize. My hands,
My fots, sleepless eyes and all my
Sins committed in a previous birth
vibrate in silence....

I hear the words you have never
Spoken, songs, you never sang and
The echo of my soul passing through
My veins in unknown symphony...

17/10/2009

Braja K Sarkar

From The Pages Of History

The blood as I know
Has no colour nor any flavour
Except it's history
That flows through the ages.

Neanderthal or Neolithic men,
Homo sapiens, warriors or peasants...
Nobody knows the chemistry of blood
Except the sharpen swords!

Since my birth I watch
The bloodstained pages of history
Fly over the dark sky.....

Braja K Sarkar

I Never Mind

I never mind your business.
It is you, who indulges me.

You often change your mind,
Divert my attention
To unknown mission.

Eversince I nestled
In your warm heart,
You made me burnt
Alive!

Even if you are a season,
I never mind
Dear love.....

Braja K Sarkar

It May

You use to suffer from Cold!
Nothing new, an old habit,
 Never dies..
At evening, you must have a
Shower, you can't escape it.
 Right?

But for old time's sake,
Stay indoor. Be aware of rain
Because it may wet your soul,
It may lead you to insomnia
Even If, you see a doctor
Time & again.....

23/07/2010

Braja K Sarkar

It Means

It means nothing to me when
You close the doors and remain
Inside, leaving the legacy of light.

Doc says, you are sick and will remain
So till the doors are closed. It seems
You are a serpent provoking men!

A small-time poet knocking at the
Door of night, desperately trying
To make you woman to love.

It means nothing to you, I know
But of yours solitary vanity
And inheritance of darkness...

21/10/2009

Braja K Sarkar

Leaves Of Memories

The day breaks with your memories
Full of dews, condensed at night!

Autumn is the best of all seasons,
Once you said: And the memories are
Like strangers, visit once in a while,
Leaving colours of the rain behind us...

My Sundays mourn the death
Of our dear Autumn as the Sun
Burns the leaves of memories...

10/06/2010

Braja K Sarkar

Legacy Of Love

□

Love is injurious to heart.
They said.

More you love, the heart beats
Faster and bleeds more!
They wondered.

Man loves,
Man hates,
Man dies,
Man lives
Even he is a living dead..

Love is a kind of freedom
She said.

A legacy of love
Flows through my blood...
I whispered.

Braja K Sarkar

Life Is Like That

Living together for years means
Nothing but proximity to this
Land of silence:
She murmured.

An usual phenomenon, you know;
Life is like that-
I wishpered.

She closed her eyes;
Night grows like petals blossom..

Darkness burns:

All of a sudden
There is a laughter of rain...

Silently
We moved to the shore again!

Braja K Sarkar

Magic Of Relationship

Close relation is very strange
to me for I had never been to
school, nor did I find a professional
to teach me what does it means!

Relationship, I feel, is a kind of
freedom that never achieved.
It starts with colors of heart and
lost in the wilderness.

I had tried my best to make me
understood what is life without
colors and what is love which
makes relation that never opens...

31/12/2009

Braja K Sarkar

One Day No More

I have closed the doors of night
And locked myself in.
Beside the lone window
A silver tree listens to
The songs of emptiness....

I watch how the Sun burns
My desires and make them ashes.

I observe my friends go hands in hands
In search of me
Along with my enemies.
They have never found but
Distanced me in exile.

He is a Nowhere man!
They said.

Tonight I must break off my exile,
Shall stay with you
Dear Love
For oneday
I am no more....

Braja K Sarkar

Possibility

Nothing is impossible:
She said.

Solitary evening-sky mingled with
The syllables of darkness
That invaded us
Like an unfamiliar war.

We were departed
Once again!

Possibly
There is a rain
With thunderstorms....

Braja K Sarkar

Scent

The elusive rain has left me
 Alone,
But I am not lonely.

There was a violence in the air,
Tide water had reached
At the shore of our bodies...

Minutes ago,
The last train to the city
Has vanished into the dark

A scent wanders around me,
Seems familiar!

Night grows tenderly
In my eyes.....

Braja K Sarkar

Shadow

I know the man and his women
For years. I know them as my
Neighbors and friends.

Man, they said,
Is a social animal.
I search the origin
Of the Universe!

Birds cast their shadows on the
Ground but know nothing about:
Their wings never touch the shadows.

I wander around the world and
My shadows follow me
Like the Death.

Sometimes I am tired of them
But they are indifferent!

Men cast their shadows
Upon themselves
Like a supernova....

Braja K Sarkar

Shadows Of Time

And now, you are a rain tree
And bring down the Stars
From the Heaven!

It happens.

Sky is the limit-
Once you said.

An image larger than your life
You have created.

It happened.

Crossing over the limit of
Your own, you have become
A tree touching the hands of
My God unreachable!

There is nothing limitless
Except the shadows of Time
I want to touch...

Braja K Sarkar

Skeleton Of Time

All I have learnt in the passage of time
Is a Two person zero sum game..
I tried to fill the empty space lies
Between life and death and
Nothing else. Started from zero,
I added more and more, excelled
In and won the game!

Air is filled with bubbles and
all that remain today
Is a skeleton of Time!

21/08/2010

Braja K Sarkar

Songs Of Rain

Tonight, through the lonely window,
The Moon comes down and sits on
The edge, touches the darkness of
Your hairs...

You close your eyes, cover your
Face with colours of night and
Respond to the unknown fragrance
Of the Moon mingled with your breasts

You just listening to the songs of
The rain...

Braja K Sarkar

The Sustenance

I look forward to
The bright path
Paved up to the
Distant hill.

I am a blind traveller,
Have dragged on a narrow passage
Through the thorny bushes.

I have nothing but
The creepers and grasses and
A vile grain of corn as my
Means to the end.

A radiant horseman running steadily and
Off and on breaks
The sound of the plunging hoofs.....

Braja K Sarkar

Theosophic

God created my body,
Not my soul and mind.
I have possessed this mortal
Home, not belongs to me.

I have created my world
Of desires and hope, a world
Of words and consciousness and
I decorated it with colours.

I have saved nothing
Since my birth but some
Pieces of pride and intrinsic
values....

There is nothing simpler than
These Theosophic words
I have ever written.....

03/09/2009

Braja K Sarkar

Volition System

It burns my domesticity!

There are restless clouds in the boat- journey.
That girl returns after selling self,
Leaves her embryo by the desolate road
And all these make the wind
Lose its heart!

Yet, the Nile flows with strange fastness:
Cleopetra dives into the river after
Undressing all her wears,
Then starts
Heated vibration at every system.

Desire triumphs at the end!
It deserves nursing of body and mind.

An one-eyed deer starts hermetic running.....

Braja K Sarkar

Wake Up Call

A wake up call keeps me alive!
And your miss calls bring me
High tide flowing over the bank
Of my dormant desires!

All day long I float on the river of
Your words I have never heard!

23/07/10

Braja K Sarkar

Words Of War

I have drawn numerous lifelines
On the shore of time.

I fought thousands of wars,
More and more battles
I have never win!
My wounds are getting old,
They are still bleeding

I draw the borderlines of my skies.
But time and again
The dark clouds cast their shadows on
The History of time.

There is nothing remains
But the wounds of life
And words of war...

Braja K Sarkar

Yellow River Never Meets The Sea

A yellow river flows
Through my bloods.

I know the colours of the rain
And how the blue bloods often
Turn into spoiled grains!

All roads lead to the destiny
Unknown.....

Yellow river inside me
Flows silently,
It never meets the sea
I have ever known.....

Braja K Sarkar