

Poetry Series

Nibedita Deb
- poems -

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Nibedita Deb(27.12.1989)

Beyond The Ophthalmic

three bright blue anemones
and the grey womb of sea,
tweaked
in stringent endeavour,
and synergised to frame
bright blue dreams in the grey womb of reality.

suddenly a posthumous world mocked.

Severely.

There's no external fracas in the world of water
To hush my inner scream
Whopping incessantly at the roots of conscience.
Only the flay of anemone-like desires
Striking against the grey wall of 'impossible'.

I had been there again and again
askance
fearful
weak
HUMAN.

And I wondered 'Where is God now? '

Someone smiled.
Astonished, I turned back.
A fourth anemone.
A little one.
Just born.

The wonder instilled by creation,
Replaced the monotony instilled by mere bequest.

**Probably the most odd poem I have ever written. Somehow I couldn't simplify it to the level I wanted. You have your poetic licence to interpret it as you want, but here's a word on what it stands for me:

Sometimes unexpected 'losses' invade us. They overstep our emotional boundary. They scream within us, while we stay silent, depressed, resigned, extinguished, and suffer the excruciation.

I discovered an odd healing balm - the joy of creation.

Unfurling touch-me-nots, snake-eggs hatching to snakelings, bacteria breeding, bees assisting in pollination, and wow! A surprise! I came to know that there are bamboos that reproduce through seeds, as opposed to the common ones that multiply by shoot-systems! ! ... the list is unnumbered.

I watched this in tv, tirelessly, incessantly, until the music of creation silenced my inner screams.

God reveals himself in His creations. I had ignored this wonder for so long.

Nibedita Deb

K I S S

Superpose your silk eye-lashes in anticipation
And here as I bestow a new world upon your lips
Feel the shredded brush of lip-lines smudging & reshaping
Into newer landscapes

Here we lie feigning repose to the reposing world
While all that's within us shakes and shivers in wonderful wakefulness
Till all the flowers that constitute the delicate sculpture of your face
Slowly melt and dissolve into dreamland

Till blue angels of the night guard the glory of this moment
Till my tired fingers slip your arms and the Goddess of sleep leads me away
Till the magic whisperings of night strive to equal the music of your breath
Till music and poetry all give way to the threshold of eternity.

Nibedita Deb

Shadows Trapped

Like the empty wall after you removed a years-old portrait
And suddenly the dust and spider-web, or even an infant spider for that matter
Suddenly piercing your heart...
Like winter evenings
Slowly spreading intolerable silence
Worse than all the cold and darkness -
'Cause, now nothing can hush the inner you...

Nibedita Deb

They Both Tried.

They both tried -
One tried to teach language
Another tried to teach silence.

She had to say -
How drops of words coalesced to form words
Millions of years from now
When grains of earth coalesced to form stones
Stones became mute stocks of earth's wealth
Dead.
Word-drops formed rivers in the labyrinth of human hearts
Islands of poems appeared in the horizon
Living.
Rivers of words rushing to meet the sea of expression.

He had to say -
How inner world of deepest emotions
Is at loss in the external, precarious world of language
Criss-crossing ripples of rivers
Erred to speak what lay deeper in the womb of river-beds
As often language falls short of the enormity of silence
'Rivers of words rushing to meet the sea of expression'
To express an expressionless form
Only palpable through eternal communion.

They both tried -
One tried to teach language
Another tried to teach silence.

Whoever spun this web of Language and Silence?

Love smiled.

Nibedita Deb