

Poetry Series

shreya chatterjee
- poems -

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the poet in me is born out of conflict, despair, boredom, and from the very rare moments of absolute poems depict strings of my mind.... to read them, is to read my mind, to feel them requires to be near me..... thus in the other sense to know me one must read the invisible letters hidden in my poems.....

2-Lost Words

In the dark alleys of my mind
They run about.
Sometimes lost, sometimes found.
Sometimes emerging faintly through the dark
Sometimes vanishing in thin air.
They emerge, only to half-disappear.
Only the sounds of laughter left behind,
Perhaps tiny footprints here and there.

As I sit to recreate these
In dark silent dead nights
On blank non-reflective sheets
Less than half-the-words stare up-

Rest are lost beyond recovery
In the dark alleys of my mind.

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4-Hiatus

What is this hiatus?
Between one pain and another?
A brief spell of laughter
A means of endless flatter
A bribe made to awe-struck mortal
A keep hoping... for the END
From one hiatus
To the other
Lives the heart-filled
Smiling spell.

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5-Dreams And Thoughts

Suppressed below they try to break through
Suppressed down the ages, they try to
Reassess their identity
Regressive attitude have marked their entity
They like you and me
Trying to minimize the gap
Between their short falls
And their springing achievements..
Beyond all ages they want to score..
Beyond all times, they want to triumph..
They are thoughts and dreams..
We all feel them thumping
Inside our rotting cage..
Desolate being we remain like this..
With our dreams never translating into reality.

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Blood

Blood is still oozing out from the deep slit...
A sheaved hand,
Few gapping mouth,
There was a blast here...
A duty-bound reporter mutters
Live on the camera...
Blood is pouring out...
The lines have their place
In each and every copy-
-Of Julius Caesar...
A wife has seen the nightmare...
Nothing new to talk about...
Many such unheard wives have seen such dreams
Night after night
Some before the death of their husbands and children,
Some after the fatal loss...
Some like Keats have wondered about the redness...
Some have just whipped it off
-For fresh blood to ooze out.

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Little

What more can I ask
From the morning sun?

A pinch of good luck
A sleepy, silent night...

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Voice

Eyes no more close to sleep
I hear the groaning
Pagan voice,
Neither it speaks of it pains-
Nor it calls out my name,
It calls for someone lost in tide...
It calls for friends lost in night...
Pagan drums beat in rhythm
Cauldrons heating the day's feast...
Macbeths and shylocks plotting ahead...
A pagan cry I still hear on...
A wounded lion gnawing at its wound...
A demon or a cursed Lucifer...
A man with a tired soul and a sore heart...
The pagan voice yells again
But no voice from this world answers back..

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